NEW YORK, Thursday. — A new controversy hit the American fashion world with the unveiling of a gown adapted from Roman garb. It was called "Knees Up Mother Superior." The outfit, modeled by a nun's and a monk's dress, was designed by 34-year-old Walter Holmes for Paraphernalia. The creation aroused an immediate storm. Radiopicture.
MAY 20: CAIRO. Eight people were trampled to death here today in the stampede to see a "vision" of the "Virgin Mary" which was said to have appeared in one of Cairo's suburbs.

A spokesman for the Church said he couldn't be sure about the "vision" but it was certainly a miracle that more hadn't been killed. He hinted that this was "a sure sign that God's on our side." The Israeli Foreign Office declined to comment.

At last report, none of the victims appeared to have been resurrected.

MAY 23: Gorton left for the USA; Mrs. Gandhi prepared to leave Melbourne for Sydney. The Indian PM's courtesy continued; the Australian PM's discourtesy was evident.

MAY 29: The RSPCA decided that they would accept the Joe Borg fortune. "We can only speak from the animals' point of view," barked RSPCA assistant inspector, Mr. F. Powell, "and I don't think they will give a damn where the money comes from."

The RSPCA will use the money to construct a new section for stray girls.

John McEwen announced to Parliament that ASIO will have cost the nation $34 million this year and can be expected to cost $4 million next year.

It is expected that the Commonwealth's contract for security work may be taken away from ASIO and given to Hector Crawford Productions, who in the past have been able to come up with a crime/solution ratio of one a week on a somewhat more modest budget.

JUNE 6: "Ruthless pruning: Menzies" (The Age). It was Sir Robert riding off on his universities' finance hobbyhorse, his last
chance to do something worthwhile for the country—but it might just as well have been
his comment on the RFK assassination.

**JUNE 7:** The editor of the Melbourne
“Jewish Herald”, Mr. David Lederman,
vowed to fight an ultimatum from the Vic-
torian Board of Deputies to drop Sydney
columnist, Mark Braham, or to face a boy-
cott: “I don’t make a living out of my Jewish
advertisers. If I go down, I’ll keep
fighting to the end for the freedom of the
Press.”

Braham’s column, which had recently
criticised the intransigence of Israel’s
Foreign Policy, was later dropped—a
very sad and serious reflection on the Jewish
community’s tolerance of a free discussion
of the Middle East question.

**JUNE 8:** Arthur Rylah joined The Group,
as did the Big Z. (who at least was witty
tenough to know it wasn’t on her own merits,
bless her) and Sir Denham Henty (nee Senator
H.) for allowing Gorton take over
the leadership of the Government in the
Senate last year without too much fuss.

Lionel Rose was MBEed for being an Abo-
rigine (aren’t we all at heart?) and Rolf
Harris was also, for being a national cari-
ature. There was also a whole host of
eminent forgettable people and missing
from the list some truly greats, which is as it should be.

Mrs. Mary Sirhan, mother of the
son of the same name, sent a
telegram to give condolence to
the Kennedy family and, incident-
ally, to let her fellow-Americans
know she existed. Cheques should
be marked “Not negotiable” . . .

**JUNE 9:** The Kennedy Funeral. Two inci-
dents suggest that even the First Family
themselves are capable of tasteless maud-
liny—the presence of Mrs. King at every
turn and Jackie’s homage to
Gurinji, Sir Denham Henty, was unavailable to accept the accol-
ade of the Party.

**JUNE 10:** DLP Deputy Leader McManus’s
revelation that there had been talks between
his party and representatives of the ALP
came just in time to cause the greatest im-
 pact in ALP circles—coincidental with the
Eastern State conferences. Whatever their
religiosity, there can be little doubt of the
DLP’s lack of political faith.

**JUNE 12:** The Queen may visit Sydney in
1970 for the 200th Anniversary of the land-
ing of the British in Australia. In the re-
enactment she will play the small cameo
part of Captain Cook.

**JUNE 10:**: The SMH carried a small story
about Sen. McCarthy’s victory in New York.
The next day they ran it again, bigger, next
to Gorton’s Press club speech. There must
be an awful lot of those much-publicised
“nuts” in New York.

At the Eleventh Hour, electoral con-
vassors for the vital South Australian seat of
Millicent discovered a small cache of 70
voters, previously untouched, and rushed in
to woo them. At this stage everyone vote
seemed vital. One had visions of the rivers
being dredged for election-winning votes.

**JUNE 21:** Police used tear gas
against demonstrators at Washing-
ton’s “Resurrection City” and
also arrested large numbers.

**JUNE 22:** Billy Wentworth staged an Abo-
rigine Bar-B-Q for the Federal and State
Health Ministers (confering at Darwin of
all places) and their wives at Groote Eylandt
—shark, stingray, python and other exotica.

While the Health Ministers were attuning
their palates to a preparation for any future
threat from the North takeover, the local
Aborigines were doing much the same thing,
feasting on rice, curry, and chow mein.

“An Aboriginal named Nagaguma said
as he pointed at his plate of curry and rice:
This number one tucker. More better than
bush tucker.” (S.M.H.)

**JUNE 23:** Robin Askin returned from over-
seas with the conviction that there was a
great need for more such trips by other poli-
ticians.

Even before his careful analysis of the
situation had been made public, most of his
own Ministry were doing the international
rounds ‘on spec.;’ as it were, that the Premier
would consider it a good idea.

Askin explained that the main purpose of
his trip was to return the visit to Australia
of Italy’s President Saragat. If that is true,
the rate of exchange between Italian and
Australian politicians must have recently suf-
fered a sharp decline.
Recent public opinion polls show that Australian are:

- Against abortion for prostitutes
- For euthanasia for consenting homosexuals
- ARE EQUALLY DIVIDED on the question of increased pensions for deserted Asian war-brides.

The board of O'Connell Oil Explorations announced a new strike last night. The company holds prospecting leases over the Sydney Stock Exchange, the site of Australia's richest nickel mines and oil wells.

Also in the news today was Silver Speculators NL, whose shares jumped spectacularly last week. Companies Branch investigators reported a "good show of hydrocarbons" in the company's Melbourne office after it was discovered that the companies books had been burnt when the directors fled to Chile.

The Joseph Borg Lion Park, due to open near Sydney in August, is threatened by court action. Mr. Borg's widow will contest the will of her late husband who left most of his fortune for the establishment of "a lion show". It will be alleged that the will misrepresents her late husband's intentions and that he was never at any time interested in lions. The court will be asked to declare that there was a misprint in the will and that all the Borg fortune should be used to set up a 37-acre loin show.

Victorian police have issued 14 summonses against Monash University students involved in a mock Crucifixion ceremony. Acting on a reliable tip-off from a paid informer, charges of "offensive behaviour" were laid against Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Andrew, Thomas, Simon, Timothy, Paul, Mary, Pontius and Pilate.

Professional League footballer and TV idol, Mark Keynes, was convicted today on charges of overstating his income and of lodging too many tax returns. Keynes, father of a thalidomide baby which also suffers from muscular dystrophy, clasped the hand of his paraplegic wife as he admitted that he had claimed nothing for family medical expenses.

"It was a stupid thing to do," he told Mr. Engles S.M. "I knew that someone would find out sooner or later but everyone says the Tax is fair game."

A man who pleaded guilty in Central Court yesterday to a charge of indecent exposure, appeared wearing a pink see-through voile suit with matching cerise wedge shoes. The man, Sir William Gun, claimed to be a "grazer and publicist". Police evidence established that the man had offered to expose his "pure natural fibres" to a woman in the next cubicle.

The "Cyclamatic controversy" took a new turn today when manufacturers of another artificial sweetener conceded that their product should be used "with caution and always under a doctor's supervision." The company, Colonial Sugar Refining Co., was reacting to reports of holes in the teeth and hearts of young babies. "Cardiac caries" were first noted at Crown Street Women's Hospital and subsequent West German enquiries have caused international concern.

The Crown's chief witness in a pack rape trial admitted today that all the youths charged had known her by a nickname and that she had indulged in "jungle ceremonies" with them almost every weekend for several years. The girl, Susan "Akaela" Hale, denied that she had led the youths on by nicknames, constantly addressing them as "pack" or as "wolf cubs".

Hale testified that she had been surprised by the attack as she had previously considered the youths to be "good scouts". She admitted that the youths and she had spent frequent weekends together in National Park. All youths were acquitted.
Sydney’s University Club usually restricts membership to university graduates. Doctors and lawyers comprise the bulk of members and it is known as one of the more exclusive of the city clubs.

However, a short time ago, Premier Robert Askin (who is not a graduate) let it be known that he’d love to join. There was a fierce debate and at least one threat to resign membership but the People’s Choice was admitted in the end.

Perhaps emboldened by Askin’s success, non-graduate Sir Frank Packer was nominated last month. This displeased a number of members who thought he might be out of place in a club for professional men with little of his taste for political intrigue and flamboyant editorials. The club committee received several letters protesting against this invasion in no uncertain terms.

But again, victory went to the big battalions and the ailing mogul was admitted to pass his autumn years in those surroundings to which several members still wish he was not accustomed.

However, for the time being, fortunately, the University Club is being spared Sir Frank’s presence by his sojourn in South Africa, where he is currently holidaying as a prude and getting all the gen. on how to shoot negroes, how good apartheid is and the spicy savour of that long string of plastic-coated delicacies which has emerged from ATN since “Jonah” and “Autumn Affair” clings to every daytime viewer’s palate.

Devotees of the channels “drama” and “human interest” output receive a feast of such variety that it would be unbearable if it were not, in fact, just different episodes from the same old sausage.

After a while, “Casebook”, “People in Conflict” “Marriage Confidential”, “Beauty and the Beast” and “Motel” all blend together and can be regarded as instalments in the one Big Daytime Show. Deja vu is greatly assisted by ATN’s cut-throat budgets. The same sets appear with almost the same actors for different shows; whole lighting plots are borrowed and everything is almost identically under-rehearsed.

Forgetting the quality of the output, the quantity is staggering. In just one week, one ATN compere (Geoff Stone) worked on 23 shows.

One half-hour “Motel” has to scramble on to the screen every day, “People in Conflict” gets little rehearsal but still takes time and while the housewife quickies are being pushed through, “Mavis Bramson”, “McGooley” and “The Battlers” must somehow squeeze in.

As well, there are the experiments for new shows. Recently, several pilots were made for a new Carol Raye show scripted by Ann Deveson while everyone admitted it had been a disaster. Even “You Can’t See Round Corners” was subject to experiment in its death throes.

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this would cost some $90. So, in a worthy attempt to save money, the voltage on the camera was boosted (over technicians protests) and the shooting was done at no extra cost.

Unfortunately, when it came to processing, all the soundtrack was out of synchronisation because of the penny-pinchng voltage change.

Film editors then spent months repairing it. The results must, we hear, be seen to be properly appreciated.

**Loan or loss?**

South Vietnam's chief of secret police, Loan, was the pin-up boy on the front cover of last OZ. He was pictured glowing another mind for the Great Society. The mind in that particular case was the VC soldier captured during the Tet offensive in Saigon. Without question or pretence at a trial, Loan drew a gun and shot him in the head.

Several film crews and a dozen press photographers seem to have been on hand for the show. Within a day the photo was familiar right round the world. Not all the atrocities during the Tet were committed by the vicious Charlies.

Some days later, Loan was watching U.S. troops go into Cholon, the Chinese quarter of Saigon, to kill the last of the infiltrators. He was in an observation post with six other high-ranking Vietnamese officials when U.S. artillery opened up in support of the troops. It was very accurate shelling and then one dropped so astoundingly short that it collected the post, wounding Loan and killing most of the others.

Significantly, they were all supporters of Marshal Ky, whom the Americans are trying hard to displace. Thieu is the current choice for full power status but Ky will not accept defeat gracefully; Loan is one of his strongest supporters and, as chief of the secret police, he has enormous summary powers.

The suggestion is that the shell did not drop short—rather that it was dead on target.

Loan is so badly injured that he must go overseas very shortly for treatment. The logical place to go is America. But public reaction to the Tet murder—which received far more coverage than the VC soldier captured during the Tet offensive in Saigon—was furious.

Standing before a National Press Club still reeling from the inanity of Mr. Gorton’s speech, Mr. Reid mentioned with his usual frankness that Loan was known as “The Lucky Country.”

And by God, with Mr. Gorton as Prime Minister it’s going to need to be.

The last few months have shown that Mr. Gorton’s most serious critics have been abysmally wrong. He is not only going to be a bad Prime Minister, as most people were already convinced; he is not only going to be a worse Prime Minister than Harold Holt, which six months ago would have been straining credulity; he is not only going to be the worst Prime Minister in the world, which is a situation Australia is growing used to. He is going to be—in fact he already is—the worst Prime Minister this or any other country has ever had.

Next, Mr. Gorton, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Sir Anthony Eden and the peacetime Churchill were paragons of reason and restraint. Calvin Coolidge and General Eisenhower were models of thoughtful progressiveness.

The danger of Mr. Gorton is not that he can’t think: this has never been tested, and anyway it’s a failing common to politicians, including some very successful ones. The real problem is that he refuses to listen to people who can.

Since the first picture of him holding a shovel appeared in the Press shortly after he became Prime Minister (immediately before he drunkenly sang Waltzing Matilda in a Brisbane nightclub) the man has gone from worse to appalling. His loyal cabinet colleagues are more disillusioned, they’re downright scared. It is an open secret that most of the decision making in Cabinet is now carried out by McMahon, Fairhall and Hasluck, with Bury carrying the can, McEwen running interference (for both sides) and the junior ministers vainly trying to buttonhole the PM in corridors. One in five of the junior ministers is aVietnamese refugee child. On the grounds that it could be given faster and better in Vietnam. What is it about Loan that brings about an abrupt change of attitude? It is not as though the hospitals were to be properly appreciated.

One can hardly blame him. On the state front, the Liberal Party in Queensland is tearing itself apart, the coalition is in real trouble in Victoria and Western Australia, and the infighting for the leadership of the N.S.W. Upper House is the dirtiest ever.

So what does the Prime Minister do to give a lead in this chaos? Asked about New Guinea, he replies: “I believe—perhaps wrongly, but certainly...” It is a
It was not altogether an idle suggestion. The seven men were all federal secretaries of very large unions, and they had a lot of support. And while they could not break the power of the Trade Union Defence Committee—and therefore the Victorian left—overnight, they could certainly do a lot about bringing it to heel.

Mr. Whitlam listened to them with interest, and they came away with the impression that he would do his best. It is not known what he did, but it is quite certain that the N.S.W. right wing, run by the state president, Mr. Oliver and the state secretary, Mr. Colbourne, refused to give the left wing any say at all.

The situation in Victoria is no better. When Mr. Brown, scion of the left, attacked Whitlam, the conference stood and applauded; Mr. Holding, the parliamentary leader, looked round nervously and decided to stand too. Discretion, in a Labor conference, is the better part of valor—and the retention of power, however meaningless, is the best part of all.

This, and other equally depressing incidents in both states, were open to the left wing any say at all.

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The DLP was saying openly that it had contemplated it himself after a few goes at preaching unity to the unconvertible. There is no doubt at all now that it has all come down to a personal basis: there are people in the party who do not just disagree with each other—they hate with a hatred that transcends all reason. And as most of them hold some sort of power base, the chances of reconciliation within the party are nil, no matter how many unity pleas are made.

The most interesting of the dozens that were made in the two states came from Mr. Bourke, who, by virtue of being the oldest member present (61 years in the party) was given the privilege of winding the N.S.W. conference up. Mr. Bourke, of course, said that Labor would never get anywhere unless it was united, and he spoke of the enormous fines the unions were due to pay after the protracted strike campaign over awards in the metal trades. Wouldn't it be nice, he went on, if this sort of money could be made available for a Labor Party election fighting fund? The union delegates jaws dropped, and then they roared with laughter. Put money on Whitlam to beat the worst Prime Minister in history? You must be kidding.
I HAVE A DREAM
THE STORY OF MARTYRED LOTHAIR KING IN TEXT AND PICTURES

...I HAVE A DREAM. IT IS A DREAM FIRMLY ROOTED IN THE AMERICAN DREAM.

I HAVE A DREAM THAT THIS NATION WILL RISE UP, LIVE OUT THE TRUE MEANING OF ITS CREED: ‘WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT, THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.’

I HAVE A DREAM THAT ON THE RED HILLS OF GEORGIA, SONS OF FORMER SLAVES AND THE SONS OF FORMER SLAVE-OWNERS WILL SIT DOWN TOGETHER AT THE TABLE OF BROTHERHOOD.

I HAVE A DREAM THAT MY CHILDREN WILL LIVE IN A NATION WHERE THEY WILL NOT BE JUDGED BY THE COLOR OF THEIR SKIN BUT BY THE CONTENT OF THEIR CHARACTER.
I HAVE A DREAM THAT EVERY VALLEY
SHALL BE EXALTED, EVERY HILL AND MOUNTAIN SHALL BE
MADE LOW. THE ROUGH PLACES WILL BE MADE PLAIN, AND THE
CROOKED PLACES WILL BE MADE STRAIGHT.

ALL OF GOD'S CHILDREN WILL SING,'FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, GREAT
GOD A-MIGHTY WE ARE FREE AT LAST'

WITH THIS FAITH... WE WILL BE FREE.

MARTYRED LOTHAR KING
Newspapers. "The Australian" reached the 100,000 circulation three months ago but delayed breaking the good news until it knew it could maintain it. "Everybody's" folded.

When Darcy Dugan was released from prison he sold his memoirs to the Sydney "Telegraph". The odd thing is that Sir Frank is still making payments to Darcy.

Magazines. "Quadrant" is having a trot of the libels. Stephen Murray-Smith's successful action against the editors (for allowing one of their letter-writers insinuate that Stephen's reviews were affected by the position he holds with Heinemann) has apparently tempted Max Harris to have a go. Max has been receiving the rough end of their editorial pineapple for some time.

Possibly to make up for any future deficits, "Quadrant" have now themselves instigated an action against—of all people—Perkins the Paste-up writer and Telegraph News Editor. Perkins apparently threw "The Last of the Queen's Men" together in such a frenzy that he couldn't even get the facts right about his friends. Somehow he let through the statement that "Quadrant" had got more than its fair share of the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

Advertising. The older ad-men were shocked to see "The Australian" devote a whole supplement to commemorate the first birthday of newcomer Ogilvie & Mather. "The Australian" was a little shocked too when it realised that what they were being paid for this extravaganza hardly covered all the comings and goings of the O. & M. men, whose nit-picking would have shamed their worst client. While the ad-men were making endless last-minute alterations to the copy, "The Australian" was busy about other things—like the RFK funeral. One of the notable deletions from the proud O. & M. record of achievement was the resignation of their Sydney manager a few weeks earlier, in disenchantedness at their wheeling and dealing methods.

It looks like McCann-Erickson's Sydney office (already depleted by the defection of their creative director to J. Walter Thompson's) is at last going to lose their N.S.W. Egg and Milk Board accounts. This is only fair since the accounts originally were awarded on the basis of Hansen Rubensohn's long-standing handling of the Labor Party's account. Perhaps by right the accounts should now also go to J.W.T.'s (the Country Party's agency) but a "wholly Australian-owned" agency is being preferred.

Film-making. The supremacy of bullshit over talent has been shown very nicely by the recent success of Peter Clifton, the "maker" of the highly successful ABC-TV series "Now Time".

On his arrival back in Australia from Britain, where the 13-programme series was made, Peter was interviewed by the Sun-Herald. Here's how he made the series, to coin a phrase, "on a shoestring": "It was five months' hard gruelling work in which he virtually made a TV series single-handed." The single-handedness of the venture is stressed throughout with vivid accounts of shooting routines: "Mr. Clifton filmed and interviewed dozens of film stars . . ."

The truth, as we understand it, is a little different.

Clifton went to England and made contact with Richard Mordaunt of Lucia Films, whose production "Somewhere Between Heaven and Woolworths" he had previously entrepreneurs in Australia.

"Now Time" was shot and edited by Richard Mordaunt of Lucia. Mordaunt (who did not even rate a mention in the Sun-Herald's account of the "single-handed" venture) told our London Correspondent: "Peter contributed nothing to the films in a creative sense." But such matters are notoriously subject to exaggeration.

Henry Herbert did most of the interviewing and he and Mordaunt claim to have shared the directing. Clifton's shoe-string finances must have been considerably alleviated by being able to leave England owing Lucia Films about £5000 (later repaid).

Of course, there's a happy ending. The ABC, understandable enough, has been highly impressed by this attractive pop series. They have asked Clifton to do another 26-series programme for them when they can find the dough and, in the meantime, a one and a half-hour spectacular.

While many talented young Australian film-makers languish unrecognised, it is heartening to see at least one brash talent that knows all the ropes.

Yogi Baird
sydney underworld

revisited

In October, 1965, OZ ran a Guide to the Sydney Underworld. The response was amazing. Sydney’s No. 1 crim. wrote us a long threatening letter and demanded a retraction of our allegations about him. His no. 1 enemy, Jacky Steele, bought up issues of OZ and sent them to a few friends. He was later shot from a moving car and only a miracle saved him. Steele was attacked because of his OZ postings—we know because we got hold of the relevant police minutes (published in OZ No. 26).

Three years later the underworld is still shooting at each other.

When Australia’s High Commissioner to Malta, well known bike rider Hubert Opperman, received a knighthood in the Queen’s Birthday Honors List, Sydney crime reporters were not surprised.

It seemed a fitting tribute to the man who is at present running our immigration campaign in the country that has produced more successful Australian businessmen than any other in the world.

The most publicised, of course, was gentle animal loving illiterate Joe (the Writer) Borg, various parts of whom we retrieved last month from around his utility truck, under which an acquaintance had left a gelignite bomb.

But, as stray dogs throughout Sydney rejoiced at finding themselves in possession of $250,000 worth of cat houses, a number of us, bemused by the fact that, had Warren survived, he had planned to shoot Lennie McPherson, Stanley Smith, Johnny Reagan and Detective Sergeant Dave James (the last’s survival is, of course, a source of disappointment to the underworld rather than the police.)

It would perhaps have been unfair to be very optimistic about Warren’s chances of getting Lennie. People have tried before, the most recent being Ducky O’Connor, who was shot to death in the Latin Quarter in the presence of two detectives.

The man who shot him is at present in custody on a relatively minor charge—minor, that is compared with some of the things they should be charged with.

In fact several of the better known gangsters round town are at present doing time for such minor offences as rape and conspiracy. Stanley Smith—Lennie McPherson’s bodyguard—is in Perth gaol; Johnny Reagan is in Long Bay; Johnny Stuart is now in Morrisset Mental Hospital. On the other hand there are others who are not doing time.

McPherson is still shacked up in a bulletproof mansion at Gladesville, with all the usual mod cons like alsatians and broken glass on the walls. The purpose of these, of course, is to keep away unwelcome clients such as Jackie Steel, a crimi who has been shot and beaten up on more than one occasion. The police do not call, even since the retirement of a well-known detective with whom McPherson used to correspond.

However, the mortality rate remains fairly high and if all these people are as kinky about alsatians as the Writer, the RSPCA seems assured of a steady income for some years.

Final note to would be assassins: if your intended victim is standing in the corner of a pub—as Sydney’s best known intended victim does—a frontal attack is unwise. He will probably have a friend on each wall ready to hit you with crossfire. If using gelignite, attempt not to emulate the example of boxer Graham Leslie Moffatt, who crossed the wrong pair of wires while setting up a car, and had to be scraped off the ceiling. Better still, hire someone else to do it for you; the going rate is $2000 for a real pro, but amateurs can be obtained for as little as $500.
PRANGO!

THE AIR ADVENTURES OF BUNGLES
by Capt. W. C. John (dec'd.)

Everyone knows about the air adventures of Bigglesworth ("Biggles" to his friends) but few have failed to be equally stirred by the famous tales of Sen. I. G. Gorton (known as "Bungles" to everyone) who brought down a couple of good planes (his own) during an all too short flying spell with the RAAF during World War II. Since then he has been limited to VIP flights BUT READ ON:

"Got you, you Hunnish swine!"
The harsh familiar voice came from the bottom of the garden.

Bungles was playing "Hobarts" and "Sparrow rockets" with the Army Minister in Lynch's backyard pool when Algy arrived. Inside, the "Bungless", as the Chief affectionately called his American wife, was listening to her favourite "Fats" Domino records. The pair of them lived, ate and even danced to politics. Together with Algy, they had just returned from winging through Asia.

Algy flipped through the log-book, which lay open, to remind him of those whirlwind days.

SAIGON. They had arrived just in time for the shelling. At first Bungles had mistaken the noise: "Chinese New Year", he explained, immediately showing that grasp of local customs for which he is renowned.

"Chinese New Year all year round here", explained one of the local aides and he took it down carefully in his notebook for future speech-making.

There was a nice crowd lining the road into town — quite a lot of them soldiers and peasants chanting messages in a foreign tongue which Bungles assumed to be friendly. Banners in English had spontaneously been thrown across the street saying: "Welcome Aussie", "Greetings" and a small one almost out of sight, "Turn back, stupid".

SINGAPORE. On his arrival, Bungles called a Press Conference to prove he was still alive. They asked him about Australian troops in Singapore, what was the capital of Malaysia and other searching questions.

Adroitly running the gauntlet of the questions and missing the point of others, he told reporters that he would "like to keep all his options open". From time to time he even allowed them gaps.

In the evening was a formal dinner and an excellent opportunity for one of his famous convoluted speeches. He spoke well but with a slight intellectual impediment.

Digressing from the prepared text, he told an interesting anecdote about the Bishop and the Chinese prostitute. A few people were seen to smile.

At the conclusion of his speech, Bungles decided to look into the future. Adjusting his Moshe Dayan "Israeli-style" eye-patch, he saw a region with a technical base, an educational capacity, an administrative "priesthood" and a White Australia.

It all seemed to go down terribly well with the natives, even if, as The Bungless explained later, the choice of the word "priesthood" had shown a slight cultural gap.

KUALA LUMPUR. Next day he arrived in Kuala Lumpur just in time to miss the vital Five-power Defence Talks.

At his Press Conference he was asked his impressions of possible threats to security in the area. He said it was always difficult to spell out future threats. Illustrating the point, he proceeded to leave the "a" out of the "threats".

To a Malay reporter who asked about Vietnam, he carefully explained: "The situation clearly is that fighting is continuing." There was much sage head-nodding at this example of Bungles' tough-minded, pragmatically Australian way of thinking.

INDONESIA. And so it was last stop Djakarta. As ever, the Chief got along very well and the Bungless made little speeches in Malay, which went down about as well as the Indonesian speeches she had made in Kuala Lumpur.

Bungles' blunt, bluff style seemed to meet the approval of this land of bluff politicos.

On leaving Indonesia, Bungles was presented with a Pact and when the Pact was opened it turned out to be of a cultural nature.

"Just what I wanted", exclaimed Bungles, swallowing his disappointment behind his crumpled smile. Then turning to Algy: "What's culture?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Next month:

THE BUNGLESS AIMS HIGH
June 17, 1968—A date that will live in infamy. In the still hush of dawn, before any declaration of war, HMAS Hobart was devastated in a kamikaze raid by USAF suicide pilots.

Hobart was innocently masquerading as a fleet of VC helicopters at the time of the unprovoked attack. "We thought we'd just dress the ship up a bit", the Captain explained crawling across the cabban to his triple brandy, "seeing it's my birthday".

"We've been practising this trick for years," gritted a US spokesman. "First of all those VC fishing sampans, then Russki ships at Haiphong, English merchants in the Saigon River and only the other week we got the police chief right in the city! Name an ally and we've hit them".

Back on board, Hobart's navigation officer doodled collision courses as he said: "We thought we were safe. Jervis Bay is miles away—and Melbourne's still in dry dock".

Despite the shock, Hobart's commander quickly ordered his guns into action shortly after all aircraft had left the area. The USAF flight leader later praised this as "the sort of give and take that can only strengthen the alliance". Washington observers were optimistic about the future of US-American co-operation and one stated that he was positive it would continue so long as Australia had ships and men.

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the OZ organisation is expanding

Since April, 1963, OZ has been flashing its naughty look at the current scene—and receiving lots of attention in return. OZ isn't a student production and it sells many more copies off-campus than on. Subscribers read it in Saigon, London, Singapore and from New York to Vienna. At home, it goes coast-to-coast every month being sold by newsagents, railway bookstalls, department stores, bookshops and newsboys.

As Australia's first and only satirical magazine, OZ has lampooned the popular and popularised the unknown. We made national figures of:
- Mr. Ed (Clark) The Talking Horse.
- Phil—the kingest hamboner of them all.
- Alf—the scourge of suburbia.

Not to mention the court case which won important precedents for free speech, th OZ newsroom on Mavis Bramston, OZ Revue—and triumph in winning Playboy's 1965 Award for Bad Taste.

Our first Underworld Guide provoked threatening phone calls, a gangland shooting and a letter from the gaolled gunnie. With that sort of attention, how can you go wrong?

Archbishop Gough's hurried emigration, cops, Pop, tall poppies, cowpokes, Ming don't go go, Mona Lisa topless, new London OZ, how not to be a transcript, Holt from first flip to last, full Voyager rundown, annual awards for those whose best wasn't quite good enough and a host of unmemorable more.

NOW we need:
- business representatives in each State — for a watching eye on advertising, promotion and retail contact;
- new writers—whether refugees from advertising, disgruntled novelists or raw novices;
- cartoonists sick of drawing on walls;
- Sydney and Melbourne advertising space salesmen.

Don't wait for the OZ Doorknock Appeal, write to us. Don't offer money, warm clothes or blankets—because OZ pays you.

YES! I want to
- sell advertising space
- be a state business rep.
- draw
- write for OZ

Cut out and RUSH to
OZ, Box H143,
P.O. OZtralia Square,
N.S.W. 2000.
Thomas Keneally is **IN**; Morris West is **OUT**. Ibos are **OUT**; Abos are **IN**. Anarchists are **IN**. Meditation is **OUT**; India is **OUT** (and forced to follow on). Brothel-keepers are **IN**; brothel-creepers are creeping back. Rape is **IN** (in large groups). The New Frontier is **OUT**; the Great Society never came **IN**. Alf Garnett's **OUT**; Hancock's **IN** (posthumously). Ikebana and bonzai are **OUT**; kama-kaze is **IN**. Arson is **IN**; carnal knowledge and homosexuality are **OUT**. Drugs are **OUT**; magic is **IN**. Trips are **OUT**; caravans are **IN**. Body-painting is **OUT**; body-stockings are **IN**. Andy Warhol is **OUT** (and may be some time). Andrew, Barry, Susan and Mrs. Jones are **OUT**. Iris Murdoch is **IN** (for children). Len Deighton is **OUT**; Kingsley Amis is **WAY OUT** (under a different name). Student and Black Power are **IN**; Power Rinso and Bequest are **OUT**. Tin Pan Alley's **OUT**; Taraq Ali's **IN**. Speaking Indonesian is **IN**; speaking Italian is **OUT**. Posters are **OUT** (except in China). Censorship is **OUT**; prison reform is **IN**. Anti-fluoridation is **OUT**; anti-kangaroo shooting is **IN**. Drug-running is **OUT**; parrot-smuggling is **IN**. Christine Jorgenson is **OUT**; sex tests for athletics are **IN**. Max Harris is **OUT**; W. C. Wentworth is **IN**. Culottes are **OUT** but sansculottes are **IN**. The Mini is still **IN** in a small way; the Maxi never made it. Bonnie & Clyde are **OUT**; calling a spade a Sidney Poitier is **IN**. Mia Farrow is **OUT** (but not with Frank Sinatra). Divorce's **OUT**; bigamy's **IN**. The Pill is **OUT**; Interruptus is **IN**. The Roller Game is **OUT**; Indoor Bowling is so far **OUT** it's **IN**. Yoghurt and yoga are **IN**; yogi are **OUT**. Campbell's Soup is **IN**; gelato is **IN**; Ray Taylor and Coon Cheesewent **OUT** together. Psychedelicatesseis are **OUT**; Cabanossi is **IN**. "POW" is **OUT**; "PHFFFFT" is **IN**. LSD is **OUT**; S.F. is **IN**; UBU is so far **IN** it's **OUT**. Nickel-fossicking is **IN**; Silver Valley and Mary Kathleen are **OUT**. The wharfies are still **OUT**. Communists are **OUT**; Rough Reds are **OUT**. Smooth leather is **OUT**; corduroy is **IN**. Alpine underwear is **OUT**. Nylon shirts are no more **OUT** than they ever were. Ivy League is coming back **IN**. Beatles are **OUT**; ballads are **IN**. Reg Lindsay and Chad Morgan are coming **IN** for a short spell. The Naked Ape is **OUT**; The Body is **IN** (another body). Cholesterol and chlorophyll are **OUT**; geriatrics and pediatrics are **IN**. Cancer's **OUT**; autism's **IN** and diphtheria's on the way. The dogs are **IN**; the Trotskyists are **OUT**. Peter Westerway and Australian Reform are **OUT**. Ainsley Gatto and the DLP are **IN**. Robert Helpmann's **OUT**; Betty Poulter's **IN**. Barry Humphries is **OUT** but not as far as Will Rushton. Texans are **OUT**; Baptists are **IN**. Don Lane's **OUT**; Joe Borg's **OUT**; Sir William's **IN** (the Gunn). Simon Townsend's **OUT**; John Percy's **IN**. Svetlana's **OUT** but Philby's still **IN**. Hertz Rent-a-Tank is **IN**; mail order rifles are **OUT**. E II R, F-111 and A.I.D. are **OUT**. Beepafone is **OUT**; F.M. is **IN**. Tax evasion is **IN**; speculation is **OUT**. The Navy's **IN** (deeper than ever); CMF's **OUT**. Another Captain Robertson's **OUT**; earthquakes are **IN**. Mercy dashes are **OUT**; mercy killings are **IN**. Fijians and Nauruans are **IN**; Lebanese are still **OUT**. Brave Arabs are **OUT**; unicorns are **IN**. Japanese Westerns are **IN**; dubbing is **OUT**. Open tennis is **OUT**; closed minds are **IN**. Charles De Gaulle's **IN** (by a nose); 10 million French workers are still **OUT**. Stripping is **OUT**; Sandra Nelson's further **OUT** than most. Sexis **OUT**; dancing is **IN** (only the straight up-and-down stuff). Prostate glands are **IN**; monkey glands are **OUT**. Skiing is **OUT**; apres-skiing is further **OUT** again; skating is **IN**. Monaco's **OUT**; Biafra's **IN**. Single-handed circumnavigitation is **OUT** and so is circumcision.
It began in the normal way. Five hundred Monash University students, protesting at the University's attempt to discipline students for smoking pot, staged a sit-in at the Administration Building. After having sat in the lobby for several hours, an impasse developed because the Vice-Chancellor wanted to go home. The University's parking attendants were summoned, and after a pitched battle three were sent home badly injured and seven students taken to the University's medical centre.

"Carnage at 'Varsity", read Truth the following morning, and related, in orgiastic detail, how several girls had lost their skirts in the fight.

The following day three Liberal back-benchers introduced a Bill to compulsorily draft all student demonstrators. Eight hundred students sat-in at Monash, and two Melbourne Professors, who had defended the Administration, were picketed. Dr. Knopfelmacher pointed out that all this was following a classic pattern of Communist take-overs, as first practised in Bavaria in 1919.

Over the week-end twenty-three unions threatened a general stoppage if four-year-old claims for wage increases were not met. The Premier, by the latest Esso-B.H.P. complex, said that the community could not tolerate economic blackmail. The Catholic bishops called for a day of prayer, and two Anglican ministers told their congregations that as God was dead it was a waste of time to come to church and they should be out demonstrating.

On Monday morning three thousand students and unionists, four clergyman, an unspecified number of Communist agitators and a dog marched on Parliament House. The dog was run over by a police car. At Parliament House they were addressed by the leader of the Free Students' Commune at Melbourne, the Melbourne Committee for Democratic Reconstruction, and a visitor from Sydney. All of the speakers, as the Premier stressed in the House, had beards.

At Yallourn electricity workers went out on strike, leading to severe power restrictions. On the stroke of midday tram-drivers parked their trams at all major intersections and walked off. The wateriders ended their twelve-day stoppage over the quality of waterproof clothing so as to be able to go out again in support of the electricity workers.

The Premier, now foaming slightly at the mouth, called for new anti-strike legislation.

The following day most of Melbourne had come under rebel control, and allied groups seized control of Bendigo, Yallourn, Morwell and Numurkah. The Premier, noticeably thinner, appeared on the balcony of Parliament House and begged for amnesty. Five thousand demonstrators called for his head, before remembering that they opposed capital punishment. The Cabinet decided to resign and communicated their desire to the Governor by carrier-pigeon.

Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, the Chancellor of Monash University and the President of the Stock Exchange were being held hostage in the Trades Hall.

On Tuesday morning the Governor announced he would summon the leaders of the Student and Unionists' Committee to take over the State Government provided they immediately held fresh elections. There was a temporary emergency as none of the leaders could find an appropriate suit to wear to meet him, but eventually the leaders of the rebellion were appropriately clad and commissioned.

The new Government has since taken a number of revolutionary steps, none of them of any consequence.

D.P.A.
I'VE HIT THE ROAD, JACK

SHOT IN THE KITCHEN! CAN'T WE RESTAGE IT IN A MOTORCADE?

GEE WHILLIKERS BOBBY, PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL.

I AM THE ONLY CANDIDATE OPPOSED BY BOTH BIG BUSINESS AND ARABS.

...I MISSED THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

BUT THE DYNASTY LINGERS ON...