NEW YORK, Thursday.—A new controversy hit the American fashion world with the unveiling of a collection adapted from Roman garb. Models parade in “mini-medievals” modeled on nuns’ and monks’ dress, designed by 34-year-old Walter Holmes for Paraphernalia. The creations aroused an immediate storm.
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.

NEWS ITEM: June 22. Sir William Yeo has approved the issue of the Vietnam Medal.

The medal portrays a naked Anzac, symbolising Australia's lack of defence-preparedness and the latent homosexuality of the mateship ethos.

The naked Anzac is seen disappearing up Australia's international credibility gap.

JUNE 6: "'Ruthless pruning': Menzies" (The Age). It was Sir Robert riding off on his universities' finance hobbyhorse, his last
THE JOB

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 Leberman, vowed to fight an ultimatum from the Victorian Board of Deputies to drop Sydney columnist, Mark Braham, or to face a boycott. "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 enough 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 smashed for being an Aborigine (aren't we all at heart?) and Rolf Harris was also, for being a national caricature. There was also a whole host of eminently 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, incidentally, to let her fellow-Americans know she existed. Cheques should be marked "Not negotiable!"

JUNE 9: The Kennedy Funeral. Two incidents suggest that even the First Family themselves are capable of tasteless maudlinry—the presence of Mrs. King at every funeral and Jackie's homage to JFK straight after the burial. Funerals are for homage to the recent-dead, not for displays of widow solidarity.

JUNE 10: One of the delegates at the Queenslands Liberal Party Conference was an Aborigine, Mr. Nev Bonner. Explaining his choice of party, Mr. Bonner explained that the Libs hadn't done much more than any other party for his people, which is strictly accurate if a little unfair. Well-known friend of the Gurindji, Sir Denham Henty, was unavailable to accept the accolade 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 impact in ALP circles—coincident 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 landing of the British in Australia. In the re-enactment she will play the small cameo part of Captain Cook.

JUNE 13: What is it about the Call of the Services that makes Capt. Robertson prefer ignominy to beaming the Navy? Or makes Capt. Rule, after his Army ordeal, assert: "I have no intention of giving up the Army. What has happened is just one of those things?" Announcing the dropping of all charges against Rule, Army Minister Lynch told the House that Rule had "emerged with no stain on his character or reputation." It's possible Lynch believed it—he's certainly stupid enough to.

JUNE 14: Simon Townsend finally won his exemption from National Service. After the decision he went to Eastern Command personnel depot, signed several forms and underwent a medical examination, the first military instructions he had obeyed voluntarily for a long time—sell-out!

JUNE 20: 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 canvassers for the vital South Australian seat of Millicent discovered a small cache of 70 voters, previously undeclared, and rushed in to woo them. At this stage every vote seemed vital. One had visions of the rivers being dredged for election-winning voters.

JUNE 21: Police used tear gas against demonstrators at Washington's "Resurrection City" and also arrested large numbers. JFK's much-vaunted Fight Against Poverty seems to be getting particularly vigorous.

JUNE 23: We promised them a weighted vote, mused SA's Steele Hall on the Millicent results. "There's no logic in the way electors vote," he muttered as he quaintly re-distributed his middle.

JUNE 23: Billy Wentworth staged an Aboriginal 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 Nagama said as he pointed at his plate of curry and rice: 'This number one tucker. More better than bush tucker.' (S.M.H.) Federal Health Minister Forbes had the good sense to be in ill-health and declined to participate in this culinary dominance.

JUNE 24: Robin Askin returned from overseas with the conviction that there was a great need for more such trips by other politicians.

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 suffered 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
counterparts 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 misrep-
resents 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 lion show.

Victorian police have issued 14
summons against Monash University
students involved in a mock Crucifi-
xion 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 thalido-
mide baby which also suffers from
muscular dystrophy, clapped 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 Gunn, claimed to
be a "grazier and publicist". Police
evidence established that the man had
offered to expose his "pure natural
fibres" to a woman in the next cubicle.
The defendant said that he always
dressed in an individual manner and
upbraided the magistrate for being a
double-breasted conservative as he was
led away.

The "Cyclamatic controversy" took
a new turn today when manufacturers
of another artificial sweetener con-
ceded that their product should be
used "with caution and always under
a doctor's supervision." The company
concerned, 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 Hos-
ital and subsequent West German
enquiries have caused international
center.

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
constantly addressing them as "pack"
or as "wolf cubs".

Hale testified that she had been sur-
prised by the attack as she had pre-
viously 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.
buttocks seems to be a mingling of prying and prudery."

When the official report of Sir Victor’s judgment was released in the Australian Law Journal, there was no sign of this particular passage.

Was Sir Victor censored by the A.L.J. editor, or did Chief Justice Barwick recall every copy of the transcript in order to delete the offending paragraph?

Whoever the culprit, we only hope the old soldier will have the courage to put up a legal battle against such a blatant abuse of his freedom to express prejudice. Perhaps a protest to the N.S.W. Court of Appeal?

**Pack 'em in**

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 with the University Club is being spared Sir Frank’s presence by his sojourn in South Africa, where he is currently holidaying.

**Snags at 7**

Sydney’s ATN7 has long been known as the Sipping Sausage Factory.

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 slices 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 Bramston”, “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 before everyone admitted it had been a disaster. Even “You Can’t See Round Corners” was subject to experiment in its death throes.

Terrorized that the studios would remain great in that summer “lauyoff”, someone decided to make a feature film of “You Can’t, etc.”. After all, they had sets, technicians, colour film cameras and anyone can whip up a script.

The only trouble was that the studio cameras ran at 25 frames per second and cameras for external location work ran at 24 frames. Something had to be done. The simplest method was to replace a few cogs in the location cameras—but ATN (Australia’s Tightest Network) found that

**A prude prying**

Last month’s OZ reported the High Court’s considered judgment that a few weak jokes and flabby paps in “Censor” constituted “indecency”, despite a strong judgment to the contrary by the highly regarded New South Wales Court of Appeal.

The most long-winded advocate of censorship in the High Court was Sir Victor Windwery, who went so far as to cast aspersions on the moral fibre of his more liberal brethren in the Court below:

“To examine the photographs of young women one by one and to note in each what parts of their bodies were visible and to assess decency by reference to breasts and
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 blowing another mind for the Great Society. The mind in that particular case was 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 Chinese enemies.

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 Marshall 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 no special expertise to justify the trip.

Perhaps Australia is just a bit more placid?
— but certainly

phrase that should be engraved on his gravestone, and probably on a lot of other people's as well.

And this is the man, you laugh, that they put up to beat Whitlam? Well, just take a look at Whitlam.

Even before the three State conferences in June, it was fairly clear the ALP was going to do itself more harm than good by public debate. Mr. Harradine, now fairly well established as the Man Who Burnt the Reichstag, had apologised for calling members of the Federal Executive "friends of the communists," and by doing so had knocked down any hope of a special federal conference to try and sort things out. The DLP was saying openly that it had been approached by certain members of the Federal Executive to try and use theirs to get some of his supporters on the Victorian executive.

The DLP was saying openly that it had been approached by certain members of the ALP with a view to reuniting. The stage was set for a massive split between left and right.

There was at least one attempt to forestall this, by a number of N.S.W. left wing union officials. Seven of them went to Mr. Whitlam, and made it fairly clear that if he could use his influence to gain a reasonable left wing representation on the N.S.W. State executive (say a third) they would try to use theirs to get some of his supporters on the Victorian executive.

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. When 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.

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OZ JULY 7
I HAVE A DREAM

THE STORY OF MARTYRED LOTHAR 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 Almighty we are free at last.'

I've stopped having those crazy dreams.

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 taw 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's) 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 disenchentment 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 entreprenured 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 re-paid).

Of course, there's a happy ending. The ABC, understandably 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

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3/1 Nixon, Rockefeller
9/2 Governor Wallace
5/1 The Maharishi
7/1 Cassius Clay
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10/1 The Beatles, Ronald Reagan
14/1 Tiny Tim
15/1 Westmoreland
20/1 Liberace
25/1 Doris Day, Elvis Presley
50/1 John Laws
86/1 Ward Austin, Don Lane
60/1 Swingin Sue, Brian Adams
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IS ON THE INCREASE

10 OZ JULY
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 were 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 posses-

sion of $250,000 worth of cat houses, another successfully illiterate Maltese—also confusingly named Borg—and a woman named Joan Marshall started to look over their shoulders, and under their cars.

The live Borg, and Marshall (familiar to readers of Sunday newspapers as “the woman in red”) are the two largest extant brothel owners in Sydney. They both have holdings in East Sydney—and they are both—according to both police and underworld—having a little trouble keeping their businesses going in the free-enterprise way Mr. McMahon would wish.

But there are certain differences of opinion between the police and the underworld as to why this is so. The unofficial police version, leaked assistidously over the last few weeks, is that Joe Borg (and possibly the others too?) was being somewhat leant on by Sydney’s best known standover man, whose name is quite familiar to those who read court reports, but can hardly be used in this context for fear of libel and loss of life.

As Mr. Borg would not play, the police explain with a smug shrug, he got His. And, while it would be unfair to say there was rejoicing at the CIB, it would be a downright lie to suggest the entire police force was pleased with the outcome of the Joe Borg case. The police were glad they could finally charge someone (or rather two men who are most unlikely to survive their trial, either through outside help or sheer old age); but their natural pleasure was somewhat marred 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 shackled 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 unwelcoming types such as Jackie Steel, a criminal 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 “well call” 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 politicians.

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 BUNGLES 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 merchantmen 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 cooperation 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, cowcockies, Ming don't go-go, Mona Lisa topless, new London OZ, how not to be a transcrib, 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.

INS & OUTS

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 bonsai 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 IN; 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 Cheese went OUT together. Psychedelicates- sens are OUT; Cabanossi is IN. "POW" is OUT; "PHFFFT" 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 in. 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 Pounder'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 IN; Beepaphone 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 circumnavigations is OUT and so is circumcision.
The Campus was taken over by students, who proceeded to wrangle over a concerted drive for their base in the eastern suburbs. On Thursday the students and union leaders announced a rival government, and allied groups seized control of Bendigo, Yallourn, Morwell and Numerkah. 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 summons the leaders of the rebellion were approached 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...