POPE PILL VI

40 AUGUST 20c

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

As usual, we will be the only ones to congratulate ourselves on yet another outstanding contribution to the national welfare. But we hear the unspoken thanks of a grateful nation and we voice them as we say sincerely, loudly and modestly: Congratulations, OZ, well done!

COME BACK MING, ALL IS FORGIVEN

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

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

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

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

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

Government by rhetoric is better than no government at all.
HAROLD HOLT IS ALIVE AND LIVING ON KING ISLAND

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

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

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

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

Somehow, mediocrity tomorrow seems better than incompetence today.

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile, Arthur is busying himself around the house, nurturing the warts that are breaking out all over the face of his Memoirs and polishing up his part as the Vietnam Possum in the A.L.P. Christmas Panto.
Hi there, Oztralia! It hasn't really been a very social month but not to worry, there's always enough to fill the Diary. Social days, social daze and there's no time at all to think, but who cares?

DOMINATING the Sydney social whirl was a very well known and very dear friend of mine, WAL MELLISH. And was he the talk of the town! Wal held a swingin' turn recently that lasted the proverbial week. Locale was his gracious home in the outer Sydney suburb of Glenfield. Wal spared no expense (spies tell me the do cost over $4,000!) and aided by his petite blonde wife BERYL, most of Sydney was entertained by Wal.

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

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

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

AFTER Wal's turn, a few of the set decided amongst ourselves to raise some funds for that well-known old charity . . . the ACTU. So, off to Melbourne for petrol and then back to Paddy's Market for a gas turn selling it at $10 a gallon. Profits enormous too . . . so half to the ACTU old folks and the other half to yours truly's favourite charity, yours truly.

AND while tripping down to Melbourne, guess who? Saw none other than educated abo. "CHILLA" PERKINS, leading a group of three Arunta tribesmen in a protest march to Tasmania. Topic? . . . "Why pay for a Vietnam war orphan when you can get an abo. picaninny for nothing".

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

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

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

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

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

Lots of romance in the air for our trendy Cabinet Ministers and consequently no surprise when Prime Minister JOHN GORTON announced his engagement to charming lubra PEARL BROOME during the Black and White Ball. Believe there was much excitement on the floor when John rose to toast his dusky fiancee and leaked out the happy news. John and Pearl plan a "boomerang" marriage at La Perouse and will then leave by air to spend their honeymoon away from it all at lazy Wattie Creek.
A Yank in the wrong direction

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

The son, Bill Junior, wears tartan jackets and says that Australia is the only place big enough for a growing boy; the daughters, nauseating ever to appear outside the Baptist who has succeeded the Talking Horse as the man to tell us what our foreign policy is, has one undeniable distinction: pictorially, his family must be the most nauseating ever to appear outside the "Saturday Evening Post".

Mary Elizabeth and Noel Eileen, are identically blonde and fight over the Australian terrier LBJ provided as an image-builder, and which they have named "Adelaide".

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

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

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

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

On Friday afternoon the bail-jumper turned up in Sydney, saying he wouldn't have gone if he had thought his wife would have decided to toss him overboard. The heartless may think she deserved all she got—even if her children didn't.

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

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

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JULY 1: Mr. Fairhall announced in Canberra that he had plans afoot to defend Australia. It was called a Joint Staff, an idea not unknown in other countries where defence is taken seriously. At the head would be, predictably, Mr. Fairhall, then his Secretary Sir Henry Bland, then Rear-Admiral Dovers with the new title First Director of the Australian Joint Staff.

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

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

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

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

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

Moss pointed out that this constituted an incitement to public nuisance—another of Arthur's little weaknesses.

JULY 4: Horses were used by police to charge a Melbourne student demonstration. Meanwhile in Sydney the police were helping Wally sort out his affairs. At first glance it would appear that criminals get better treatment than students but it must be remembered that Wally is a better type of crim—he supports the Government in Vietnam.

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

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

Mr. Askin said that police tactics at Glenfield were "unsual".

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

JULY 9: The Mellish melee ended after Norm finally decided that he could break a promise (Wally asked that "I go to Hots-

Apart from going to hell for his false swearing, Norm is looking for a knighthood—which Norm promised but did not keep).

JULY 10: Wentworth and Nixon finally announced that there will be no township at Wattie Creek. In any other democracy W.C., after all his previous promises and castiga-
tions of “hand outs”, would resign his port-
folio in disgust.
After waiting so long to get in and know-
ing that he wouldn’t ever get a second op-
portunity if he went out, we don’t blame
him for staying.
It was confidently predicted that McCaw
will take up the N.S.W. Agent-Generalship
in London.
His predecessor, Abe Landa, left the ALP
in the lurch when he originally took up the
position (his vacated seat was won by the
Libs.) So far Abe has got, for his services
on that occasion, a 3 year sinecure and an
O.B.E. Soon he will be put on the N.S.W.
Bench and knighted. They don’t come
cheap, these ALP turncoats.

JULY 11: The formation of an Australian
company to produce men’s, women’s and
children’s throw-away briefs (retailing at
8c.) Barristers have shown particularly
strong interest.
Snedden told a U.S. audience that Aus-
tralia does not bar skilled Negroes. We
just insist on them being graduates in a
socially useful faculty (not Arts, thank you
very much).
From Washington, Billie went on to
South America, where we don’t make it
quite so tough for them to migrate. Latinas
are a paler shade of black and Catholic—
less rhythm, more method.

JULY 13: N.S.W. Attorney-General McCaw
remarried after previously being divorced. It
is understood that his bride agreed to marry
him after his latest outburst in favour of
whipping.
Residents of Woolgoolga, N.S.W., com-
plained that the “Four Corners” coverage of
the opening of their new Sikh Temple had
lacked that important ABC ingredient “bal-
ance” in its exploration of racial discrimi-
nation in the town.
If the cap fits . . . “Four Corners” might
have replied. Or, as they say in Woolgoolga: Sikhs and ye shall find.

JULY 18: Ill-fated ex-Air Minister Howson
told the Press that a lot of people were say-
ing that he should “go for Higgins” (the
electorate of the ungrateful Gorton, who
dropped Harold’s pal from his New Look
Ministry). “I’ve got more of my Liberals in
Higgins than the P.M. has”. Perhaps How-
son and the P.M. could have a fun run-off:
a sort of battle of the political midgets.

JULY 22: Russian Armour units
began a slow withdrawal gambit
in the chess game with Czecho-
slovakia. Dubcek announced that
he wanted to go three squares
forward and none to the left . . .
and the reds lost a Czech mate.

JULY 23: Peter Shaffer’s “White Liars” and
“Black Comedy” died in Melbourne so the
show was re-named “Lights Out for Fun,
or A Lark in the Dark” for Sydney’s so-
plicated taste. “King Leer”, “Secret Fug
of Harry Warr” and “Half A Sextants” are
doing great business, too.

JULY 24: A general hubbub about Askin’s
“Drive over the bastards.”
The only person to come to Robin’s de-
fence was the American Consul in Sydney,
Basil Capella, who apparently thought the
operative part of the directive was the word
“bastards”: “You know that in Australia you
use bastard in various ways. Mr. Askin used
it in a laughing way—in a kind way.”
Mr. Askin finally confessed that what he
had said was “careless and politically stupid”—fitting testimony to his political good-
sense and moral ill-health.

JULY 26: Black Jack McEwen marries
again. No rust on that old ear of wheat!
The Australian Left—that fearful, shrouded, undercover Communist Front of dupes and fellow travellers, agitators and the great unwashed, which is second only to the Peril from the North as a government vote catcher—does not exist. What does exist is a mess of eight distinct groups, with memberships varying from 25 to several hundred.

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

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

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

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

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**THE LEFT**

- Marx
- Mao
- Trotsky
- Lenin
- Jesus
- Trotsky
- Lenin
- Jesus
- Buddha
- Ho
- Che
- Sartre = Beauvoir
- Camus
- H Rap Brown
- Fanon
- Marcuse
- Danny le Rouge

**THE OLD OLD LEFT:**

Hardline trades unionists from the Left of the Labor Party and the traditionalists in the Communist Party. It still believes in the working class road to peaceful socialism and frowns on student extremists. No real leaders, except perhaps the Communists: relies for its public appeal on such dynamic figures as Slater of the Postal Workers and Clancy of the N.S.W. Building Workers.
THE MAD LEFT: The Melbourne oists, mainly students led by Albertinger, who lives in daily fear of a linist purge. Ted Hill, boss of the Communist ty (China Line) rules from an air conditioned penthouse and spends ch of each year in China, getting line (Mao foots the bill). There a minor splinter group: the Old d Left, representing a couple of Melbourne unions.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laver is now off on a year-long trip round the world; the New Left is likely to fall apart without him.
"Love me—I'm a Liberal!" says the button the Young Libs are sporting on their double-breasteds. As far as is known, no one has yet taken them up on it. But it might be worth a try for the Prime Minister to wear one into the next cabinet meeting. He could hardly do any worse than at present.

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Gorton was definitely in the Alec Douglas-Home position of being most people's second choice in January, and since then has managed to alienate even his own proteges. Mr. Wentworth, for instance, is known to feel he has been sold down the river on Aborigines and pensioners, because he, poor fool, trusted the Prime Minister.

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

The emergence of the Libs' answer to the Basic Industries Group, the Businessmen for Democratic Government, should be seen against this background. The businessmen have never really trusted Gorton since the postal strike; they consider he tried to play "John the Strong", and his insinuence and ineptitude helped to prolong it.

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

They held a long and boozey meeting, at which were between 50 and 100 people, representing a vast amount of money and a good deal of influence within the Liberal party.

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

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

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

Fairhall, on the other hand, was senior, and had clean hands from the last fight. It had also been widely suggested that, had Mr. Gorton's defence against all this has been to get it. His thinking is based on a desire to test the new electoral boundaries, which on the whole favour the Libs; and it is not based on a fear of a great Labor resurgence next year.

He has support in Cabinet, from those who don't want to replace him and honestly feel he would be a loser in 1969. The opposition comes from those who do want to replace him, and from those who feel there's bloody well got to he a hard budget this year or the economy is going to get right out of control.
The following is the next of a letter, drafted by Mr. Francis James and sent to all Liberal Party branches, all parliamentary members of the Liberal Party, and various businessmen within the businessmen for Democratic Government happen to know. The footnotes are by our political correspondent.

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

It is no secret that there are widespread doubts about the Prime Minister's performance. Some of you who will read this letter already know what we feel. There is grave dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister in the Cabinet, in the Parliamentary Party, in the Public Service, in the State Executive, and in the branch of the Party which have helped us in the past, will be of no help whatever if we are in the same condition.

At this point, let us make one thing clear. We have not been moved to action by any personal feeling against Mr. Gorton. On the contrary, some of us, especially from Victoria, have a high regard for many of his qualities. He is as dignified as the rest of us. Sir Robert Menzies is a good example of what we mean. So is the late Anthony Eden. In our opinion, he just wants to keep it that way. Sir Robert's Prime Minister, with the public's opinion, with the Cabinet, and right down to better and so on. There are dozens of similar instances, which we view with contempt. What Mr. Gorton does with his private time, for instance, is his own business, and so on. Any man can make a mistake. Nothing could be more damaging. He has failed to consult his colleagues before making any rash statements in America and Asia, and made our Government look silly. He insulted the Prime Minister of India by going to set out a long list of Mr. Gorton's shortcomings. They are better known to members of the Executive, and the Parliamentary Party, than to us. In any case, they can be summarised shortly.

One thing disturbs the Cabinet most. It disturbs us most. It is Mr. Gorton's off-the-cuff way of speaking, without careful reflection. This rashness has already led to a public relations disaster. Nothing could be more damaging. He has to have his words back far too often. He fails to consult his colleagues before making statements on matters that concern them, and they express their doubts about the Prime Minister's performance. Mr. Gorton has to go, as his successor to Mr. Gorton is Mr. Fairhall. Also, we agree, that as a matter of politics it is politically possible for a Prime Minister to refuse to do his duty. Mr. Fairhall is the most suitable choice. We know that the Federal and N.S.W. Executives of the Party share our concern, and our view. Most of our Members of Parliament agree that a change is needed, but for personal and all sorts of other reasons there seems no clear opinion among them about the best successor. If this is where you can help, as a Liberal supporter, we ask you to think it over. If you agree, then we ask you to telephone or write to your Federal Member. (If he is a Labor man, write to one of our Senators.)

Mr. Fairhall is obviously not going to threaten the Prime Minister. Mr. Fairhall has no choice but to say he is not interested. Do not be deceived by that. We have reason to believe that, when the hour comes, he will not refuse to do his duty.

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

Businessmen for Democratic Government.

1. Everyone thinks he's an oaf.
2. They hate him.
3. Wentworth; also possibly Fairhall.
4. See 2.
5. When he is needed in Cabinet.
6. Or Several drinks.
7. They always have a better drink.
8. Which we are doing our best to exert.
9. That's how we heard about them.
10. A bad example for a Prime Minister.
11. Some want the job: others want to make sure an enemy doesn't get it.
12. We have been deceived by this.
13. Also a bad example for a Prime Minister, which is why we made sure all papers got a copy.

OZ AUGUST 11
Sir Frank Packer has attempted to lock other people out of their offices—e.g., his Great Siege on Francis James' "Anglican". Last month it happened to him.

Following a peaceful (and therefore largely unpublicised) student march through Sydney, about 50 militants decided the "Telegraph" would be a good place for a sit-in. About 20 of them actually made it inside before Det.-Sgt. Freddie Longbottom, showing a good turn of speed for his age, caught up and blocked one of the building's many doors. They then played hide-and-seek with a very scared security officer (Sir Frank looks after his old reporters) for some time, before Clyde, Sir Frank's son and heir, stormed down and ordered most of them out.

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

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

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

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

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

Clydes, as Sir Frank is known to his employees (for both physical and political reasons), has all the odds on his side. The students have not been able to find a barrister prepared to go ahead with the libel action, and they are unlikely to; no names have been mentioned in the Packer anti-student editorials, and you can't libel a crowd.

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

**Graft in low places**

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

It was alleged at the councillor's trial and in other enquiries that there were at least eight councillors involved in a syndicate which formed a majority on council, split the bribes and guaranteed success. Although the records of council meetings show that a group thought with a single mind on many topics, this was not concrete evidence. No follow-up charges were laid.

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

Even if crime does pay, at least it doesn't pay tax-free.

**Vatican Squares**

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

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

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

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

The papal encyclical, which Muldoon described as "positive, beautiful, and elevating" was translated from the Latin into an almost incomprehensibly flowery English—all 8,000 words. Bluey read a letter from a mate in Rome describing the anguish Paulus PP VI went through as he spent three years on his knees trying to think of a way to axe the progressives. Then Muldoon explained what it all meant.

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

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

"It's a real pleasure," said Bluey, his face all but breaking in half with bon-homie, and the press conference ended. The reporters went off to spend a few hours on their knees contemplating Muldoon's summing-up: "I think Catholics will have a great sigh of relief—at last we have a decision from the Vicar of Christ."
The A.B.C.: 1968's radio entry to the Italia Prize "The Non-Commercial Traveller," by Melbourne ad-man and poet Richard Packer, will never be heard in Australia. It is a stereophonic production and Australian radio doesn't have stereo.

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

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

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

Despite his presence in Australia for some time, Manara still has not fully mastered the language, not in itself a particularly grave fault but not the most likely credential for directing an Australian literary classic. However, Manara was chosen to produce Special Projects' version of Lawson's "The Drover's Wife". Nyngan was chosen as the film-site; scenic, yes, but is it Lawson country? The film crew did their stuff and, apart from a bush-fire that got out of control, returned without mishap.

The film is generally conceded to be a flop. It has gone through enough editings and that the Sydney Mirror has overtaken the Sun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Cinderella", the Press had called her. Bungles kept a nervous eye on the time.

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

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

Later, he struck up a conversation with the Eskimo, who ran a small mixed business (his wife was French) at Winnipeg.

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

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

A brief official communique last night said the 70-year-old Pepe would continue his work, but at a reduced rhythm.

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

And, they say, the police wanted Wally dead so he couldn't talk to Mr. Allan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The drama paralleled in many details the fantastic siege of 1964, involving a deranged Danish migrant and his six-year old baby. On that occasion a diminutive draftsman was left holding the baby.

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

"When dealing with a person like this, we have to expect that he will not honour his promises to come out at a certain time or under certain conditions. Not long ago the man told us that he would give up for $50 million after three years."

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

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

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DAILY TELEGRAPH, JULY 29
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?