Part one of an interview taking place at the Oakley Hotel in the United Kingdom between Mr Rolf Harris and Dr Sarah Brown from the State Library of Western Australia, and Professor Mark Balnaves from Curtin University of Technology on Thursday 20 January 2011.

Mr Harris, Rolf, welcome and thank you for agreeing to this oral history interview.

HARRIS Thank you. I am eating a butter scotch biscuit at the moment so you'll probably hear crunching as it's being recorded.

SB Best way to go. So, yes, this is an oral history that will be housed by the State Library of Western Australia. So I will hand over to Mark and we'll start.

HARRIS Can I, before we start, can I just say how thrilled I am to be involved in this and how thrilled I am to have been asked, you know. It was a momentous year of my life that trip back to Perth, to my hometown to actually run the children's session on TVW. It just changed my life. Incredibly, yes. Okay, well it's lovely to be here. Let's do it.

MB Thanks Rolf. And as discussed before Sir James Cruthers' Collections has a lot of the letters which surprised us about the discussions and your intense interest in setting things up before you arrived. Sir James also was very keen to check up on you and, you know that your mother was a very much a pro-active agent for you.

HARRIS Yes, gosh, a great PR lady.

MB Including with Sir James and so this letter, I thought this letter was a good one to get a quote from HR Marshall. I thought you must have known him but obviously not. Chief of Bureau the Melbourne Herald Cable Service. As Sir James is a journalist he's getting the Journalist I suppose to give an impression. But the quote here as it says, "He's unlike many performers. Mr Harris does all of his own scripts complete with necessary instructions for camera angles, cuts, captions and the many other details demanded in the production of a program." Rolf you seem to have come... when you came to Channel 7, with a clear idea of the kinds of things that would be good for setting up TVW-7, the opening and so on, but also an incredible insight into television as a new medium. Could you just comment on...?

HARRIS Well I've been very very lucky in my introduction to television in London because I came over here as an art student. I was going to go to art school, "I thought." I imagined that I would become a famous portrait painter like my grandfather, Welsh grandfather, who was a portrait painter in and around Cardiff. And then moved out lock, stock and barrel with the whole family just after the First World War as a result of my father promoting Western Australia and saying how wonderful it was because he'd gone out there and returned to Perth after the First World War. He was responsible for my grandad and all of the rest of the family coming out to Perth. Of course when he got to Perth he realised that there was no way he was going to be able to find rich clients who would want their portraits painted in and around Perth. Not enough to keep him going. So very soon after that they moved lock, stock and barrel to Sydney where they hoped they would find more people with a bit more affluence who could afford to commission portraits.

He died before I was born. He died in 1927, I think '27, '26 or '27. I was born in 1930 so I never met my grandad. But his paintings were all around our house. Lovely portraits. I conceived... I had a fantastic support from my dad who was a really a frustrated artist because his father, my grandad, had said to all the boys in the family, "Don't whatever you do, do what I do. Get a real job. Because if you become an artist you will always be broke, you'll always be begging people to buy your work and it's very degrading. Get a real job." He point blank refused to let the boys in the

family study art. At the same time he encouraged the girls to study it because it was an elegant thing for ladies to do in Victorian times. To study in watercolours and become, you know, very gentile painters. I mean all of my, not all of my uncles, but most of my uncles were keen on art but were sort of put off it by their father. My dad took up painting when he was in his forties I suppose. But you know and I know, certainly know that if you don't do these things when you're young and fearless you're always timid about everything. If you start to learn a new format or a new trade or a new something or other when you're in your forties, fifties you lack that feeling that you're invincible and you can do everything. Children have it. I can do this, I can do that, I'm going to do this, I'm great at that. If they're supported by their parents and people around them and if they get encouragement they can conquer the world. But if you leave it till you're 40 it's a different story. My dad was always doing the odd watercolour paintings. He never tackled any oil colours but he did watercolours and sketches and did cartoons and things for his workmates. He used to illustrate funny things that happened in his job. His job was a turbine driver in the power station in East Perth. He did what his father said, he learnt a trade. He went to university in Perth and studied electrical engineering and things. Finished up cycling to work every day from Bassendean, seven miles there, seven miles back, all his life. Just was a working bloke, an ordinary working bloke. But he saw the talent that I had and saw the ability that I had as a child and he bent over backwards to encourage me. It's like the swing of the pendulum going back the other way. His dad said, "No way, you're not to do it, you mustn't do it, get a real job." And he, I mean he was just an ordinary working man, couldn't afford very much but what he could afford he got. He got the best watercolour paper. Always, I had always brilliant brushes. He would get me one brush you know a brand new brush in a year maybe. But that brush was perfect bristle, you know soft bristle watercolour brush which lasted me forever really. He would always get the best Winsor and Newton watercolour paints. What he gave me, which was invaluable, was a tremendous critical back-up. He was able to say, "That's lovely, I love the way you do that. You should watch out for the... do that, do this and but yes that's really good. I love the colours there." He taught me to look at colours. Taught me to look at things and see that there was maybe a bit of blue in that shadow area over there or a little bit of reflected light coming back from that brilliantly lit orangey sort of wall there and it threw a lovely warm brown colour into that grey shadow area. And that lovely reflected light coming back there. He

taught me to look for those things and to put them into the paintings. I got to be really, really good at the technique of watercolours. Watercolours is a funny old medium. It's one of those things that you've got to be constantly in training for. If you leave it alone for a couple of months you come back to it and you're absolutely rubbish, you can't do it. And you have to, you have to paint and paint and paint and try out things. Watercolours, I don't know whether you know anything about watercolours, but they are a medium that rely on the fact that the light is reflected through the colour and reflects the whiteness of the paper underneath and that comes back through the painting. So if you can keep your watercolour wet, even if it's just slightly damp, keep it wet, and paint wet on wet and control that and get those colours strong enough to read the way you want them to read when they've dried out. I don't know whether you know about watercolours but if you go to the beach and you see some lovely stones under the water you pick them up and you think oh great, wonderful. You take them home and they dry out and they're absolute rubbish. You don't see the joy in them until you wet them again. Watercolours is just like that. Once your watercolour's dried out you lose about a half the guts of that colour. So what you have to do is look in advance and look ahead and say, if I want that to look as strong as this I've got to paint it twice as strong. I've got to mix that colour up to be twice as gutsy as that otherwise it's going to dry out and it's going to be rubbish. And so you've got to get that knack, you've got to be able to painting all the time so that that becomes second nature so that you've got those colours reading the way you want them to read once they've dried. Dad was marvellous at helping me to do that. My mother was very supportive but didn't have the artistic flair that my dad had. She would forever be saying, "Paint a pink sunset. I want to see the pink clouds and the lovely pink sunset." She would say, "Why do you always paint terrible old sheds full of rubbish?" I'd say, "Because mum there's all those lovely shapes and there's this black thing. See that bit that comes through there and this bicycle hanging up there and it's a lovely silhouette against it?" "Yes but it's so dreary," mum would say. I'd say, "No, no look there's a..." And my dad could see what I was after and my mother couldn't. She always wanted a pretty pink sunset that was her sort of aim in life. A set of pink flowers or something pink. I don't know why she had this desire for pink. As a kid, I don't know whether you had this experience, but if you have a certain talent and one of your parents doesn't quite understand that talent or hasn't got that sort of relationship you start to distrust their

critiques and distrust their comments and dismiss their comments as being worthless. Then you gradually dismiss everything that they say as being worthless based on the fact that you don't believe that their critiques and their comments about your paintings, you don't think that they had any merit. So then you consider that their comments about everything in your life they don't have any merit and you start to dismiss... I started to dismiss my mother as not being of very much worth in my life. You don't realise until so much later that without her knowledge of plays and play acting and knowledge of how to write good prose and knowledge of mathematics and things, I would never be where I am today because she helped me in all sorts of other areas.

But it's funny I came across to England because they had always held up London as being the centre and the hub of the universe. That's where it all happens, that's where it all is. People said, "Why don't you go to Sydney? Why don't... there's plenty of wonderful art galleries in Sydney." But I knew if I went to Sydney I would finish up living with one of my aunties or staying with uncle, you know, Uncle Markus or Aunty Pixie or Aunty Ruby or who, you know I would finish up and it would be just like still being attached to my mother's apron strings. It would be an aunty instead of mother, you know and I wouldn't be standing on my own two feet. I really wanted to go to London to see if could stand on my own feet.

This is a long rounded, long winded round-about way of explaining that when I got to London, art school was certainly not a revelation, it was a shock. Because they assumed you knew all the things about art. I don't know why they would assume that. But I was expecting to be taught about colour and how to make colours and how to get the correct colours and how to see the correct colours. I was expecting to be taught about what brushes and what paints to be used and this, that and the other and they assumed you knew all that. They just never taught anything of the things that I was hoping to learn. I thought it would be like a wonderful holy grail turning up to art school in London. It would be like, whoa, you know, hey, hey, I've got it now I'm getting all the information I want. It was nothing like that. I realise now, much later, but what I was doing was a foundation course. I didn't understand that at the

time. Didn't know anything about foundation course, what does that mean? I didn't know. But it basically means that you try everything. You do a bit of etching, you do a bit of murals, and you do a bit of planning posters, and you do this, that and the other. You learn about etchings and you learn about stone carving and you learn about, you know, sort of drawing, drawing figure drawing. I was a bit of a weirdy because... well not weirdy, but all my life I had been patted on the back about my painting. I had always been best in the class, best in the school. Going to Perth Modern School was the making of me because it put me in amongst a bunch of kids who were all so much brighter than me. I remember the maths teacher saying to me, "Now look Harris, all these other kids they can do all these maths problems in their head [clicks fingers] like that. They just see the problem and there's the answer. They write it down. But you're not as sharp as that in maths so you've got to write down every step. You've got to say, this, this, this, write it down and that equals that. Then the next step is this divided by that equals this, write it down. Then at the end of it if you've got the wrong answer you can go back and you can check every step and say, "Ah there's where I made the mistake." But these other kids they do all those 11 steps in their head, bang like that, and they've got the answer. But you've got to work at it." That was a revelation.

I also finished up with an art master who was just wonderful. A fellow called Frank Mills, FE Mills. Frances Edward Mills, I think his name was. But he was known affectionately as Effie, from his two initials FE Mills, Effie Mills. He was just wonderful at enthusing everybody. I turned up being a really good artist and he latched on to me and I was like pet boy, you know, turn up and I could do the things that he was talking about. He taught me about lino cuts and how to do two colour lino cuts, three colour lino cuts. Oh gosh I jumped on to that I loved it. Then once again I was patted on the back all the way through high school because I was a good artist. I can remember it when I was in third year, the beautiful girls from the fifth year, the final year of school, 16, 17 year old girls, coming to me and begging me as a lowly third year to do posters to advertise the sports club dance or the, you know, sports day dance. "Could you do a poster for us please, Rolf?" It was like oh these beautiful girls are begging me to do you know, how wonderful to be in demand.

So I turn up to art school over here and suddenly everybody else can do it and I can't. I go along to life drawing classes and I couldn't do it. I was busy trying to draw pretty pictures. I wasn't trying to learn, I was trying to draw pictures to get praised and say, "Eh that's good Harris, very good." But I would look at the other people's work around me in the studio and they could all do it and I couldn't. I'm ashamed to say that I dropped out of life class, dropped out of it because I couldn't do it. I'm forever sickened by the fact that I did that, that I didn't study the things that I couldn't do. I didn't pursue them. But I'm pretty good nowadays at drawing what I see and getting the anatomy right.

But I very soon, very rapidly ran out of money. When you're living at home everything is supplied. When you get to a foreign country, you turn up, you've got to pay for lodging, you've got to pay for food, you've got to pay for laundry, you've got to pay for bus fares and wow suddenly... I had £300-odd which I thought was a fortune, it was gone in three months, phttt, wow, rawk, gone. You know you'd think, where did that go? what am I going to do? So I was very lucky I turned up with a friend, the son of the Agent General for Western Australia, Max, Max Nimet, his name was. He said, "Look there's a club opening in Fulham next week. They're going to open up next Wednesday. Why don't you bring your accordion down and we'll have a sing son." Great. So I turn up with Max Nimet and a few other mates that I knew. Took the piano accordion down and I finished up singing songs for about three hours, 8 o'clock till about 11 o'clock, at this club and it was great. I was exhausted at the end of it. But the following week the club owner got in touch with me and said, "Is there any chance of you doing it on a permanent basis, come down every week?" I said, "No it was too tiring for me." He said, "Well we'll pay you." I went, "Oh." I was in a state where I was getting no money for anything at this time. So I went down every Thursday night and sang, sang my heart out for three hours with the accordion in this smoky atmosphere for 30 shillings, which was £1.10s. One and a half quid, for three hours work. It was like wonderful, you know, to get money coming in.

At the same time I had some relatives, my mother's, who lived in a very posh house in Roehampton which was a fairly posh suburb and...

MB And you ate as much as possible to last through to Tuesday.

HARRIS Oh yes you've read my bits have you?

MB Just a guess.

HARRIS We used to go out there every Sunday to see them. I say, "we", I, I used to go and get a great meal and it would last me until, as you say till about Tuesday. I remember watching television, they had a television set. This guy came on doing drawings for kids.

MB Oh they had a TV? Sorry to interrupt that's just... yes of course.

HARRIS Yes this was 1952, '53. They had television there. It was quite a small set. They had two young children, a four year old and an eight year old. Ricky was four and Liza was eight, and very beautifully spoken. Very posh in my terms. I thought gosh, that's how you're supposed to speak. I spent a long time trying to lose my Australian accent because I was told early on by an agent, "You must lose that atrocious accent old boy otherwise you'll never work at all you see. You sound like some second rate Cockney, old chap." When you're 23, you know this 60 year old guy is telling you this, you think it's gospel. You think that's the truth and you better do it. So for seven years I tried to speak like my second cousins twice removed, Liza and Ricky. I tried to pronounce things correctly the way they did.

But I was watching this television program with those two kids and it was a fellow called Tim somebody or other. I think his surname was Tim Ashenko or something, I don't know. But he had a thick middle European accent and you couldn't understand a word he said. He would be saying things like, [speaks with an accent] "And so the dog comes over to there and they put the thing down and do this." And you think what did he say? And he was a really good artist and he drew images of the little dog called Bengo, the boxer puppy. He would draw this. He would start with the nose and he would draw the chops around the nose and then the chin and then the eyes perfectly. Then the two ears and then he would go down and draw the legs with the little paws. Then he would be talking all the way through this drawing and he would say, "And then Bengo would [unclear] and he would come across and ran and he grabbed the thing and..." But he never illustrated the story that he was telling. He would get rid of that piece of paper with this beautiful image of the dog and then he would start again with exactly the same drawing. "And then Bengo would, here's his nose and here's his mouth and the chin and the eyes and there's the ears and the legs. And Bengo would then, he would take his meat out of the plate and he ran across the road..." Drawing this stationary blasted dog again. No illustration of any action. I watched in amazement as these two kids went out into the garden to play. I thought, well he is as bad as I think he is because if children are going to walk away from television and it's such and engrossing and gripping medium, if they're going to walk away and play rather than watch this guy then he is as crumby as I think he is. He is not engaging them at all. He's boring. The drawings are always identical, they're always perfect but there's no action in them. I can do better than that. Because I used to do drawings for these kids and make up stories based on what they would say. The little girl would say, "Draw the fairy princess and she's got her lovely little castle there and she's wearing these flowing robes." And the little boy would say, "And put the sword going right through the middle of him and blood everywhere, draw the blood! Then he cuts his head off. Draw the head, draw the neck with the bone showing where he's cut the head off and draw the blood." "No, no," Liza would say, "No, draw the fairy princess and her wings there and the lovely silk..." So I would do drawings to engage them and I would tell them stories and I would illustrate the stories with action pictures. It didn't matter whether you drew the anatomy perfectly as long as you showed that sword going through the guy. And the other arm up at the back and the eyes closed as the fellow gets stabbed to death.

His mouth grimacing and his hands up and he's lost his sword and he's falling backwards. You illustrate that and you show it and then bang you're on to the next drawing quick. Here's the body lying, there's the blood. "Draw more blood." "Okay," more blood. I used to have them engrossed in stories. I thought if I couldn't do better than this guy with this Bengo the boxer dog I'd want my head examined. So I wrote in for an audition and... I mean it's a long long story. Do you want the whole story of the audition or do you want to get on with it?

MB As long as you don't mind telling the long story of the audition.

HARRIS Well I went along and I'm conscious of my Australian accent and I'm very busy trying to sound British. When I get to this audition - I've written in saying I can do wonderful stories for children with illustrations – and they said, "Would you care to come along?" "Yes I certainly would." So I turn up, walk down this long corridor. There's a fellow, Michael Westmore, he was head of Children's Television at the time. He's sitting there dictating letters to a secretary. "Dear Sir, Yours of the 15th instant," "Come in old boy, yes take a seat. Be with you in a moment." "In relation to the..." Not there Angela, could you file those in that pink box, yes, yes. File those in there." Where was I Jenny? Oh yes Dear Sir, Yours..." and he was running two sort of secretaries at the same time while purporting to listen to me. Then he'd say, "So tell me old boy, what do you have in mind?" It was quite strange because I was very nervous about this audition so I had done all the drawings the night before for the story. And instantly I had thrown away my one selling point which was the fact that I could do really fast, really interesting drawings while telling the story. I'd done all the blasted drawings the night before in, you know, a panic of nerves. What amazes me now is that I used an ordinary sort of lined exercise book to do the drawings in. I didn't even get a pad with blank paper so I could do really good drawings to show them. I had this dreadful blasted ruled lined exercise book with pencil drawings. So I got in there and showed them all the drawings and I'm telling the story. And he's, "Yes carry on old boy." "Dear Sir, yes," and he's still talking to the secretary, "Not there Angela, no those go in the green folder." So I'm there saying, "And the octopus and the shark, the shark and the octopus." And as an

Australian the more nervous you get the faster you talk, right. I think it's true. And in the end I couldn't understand myself I was talking so quickly. Saying, "The octopus and shark, sharks and octopus and shark..." and at the end I came to a faltering sort of stop. He eventually realised I wasn't talking any more. He said, "Oh you finished old boy, yes jolly good. Look we'll give you a ring, we'll get in touch, yes, jolly good." I got up and I walked out of that room. I went down this long corridor and I'm thinking to myself, I've blown it, there's my big chance gone, all gone. He was totally unimpressed. Dear oh dear I have blown it, my big... fancy doing the drawings the night before I want my head examined, I'm thinking as I walked down this dreadful long corridor. Caught the bus back to Earls Court in despair. Anyway two days later he rings up. "Oh the story of the octopus and the shark, old boy, jolly good, yes we won't use that. We've got another idea, wondered if you would care to come in?" could I, whhhttt, I was there so fast you wouldn't believe it. He said, "Now we've got a new program which is starting this week. It's called Jigsaw and it's an hour long program. We've commissioned a special puppet to be made for this program. This is Robert Harbin. Bob has made this puppet and this is the puppet. Perhaps you could explain it Bob." So Robert Harbin who came from South Africa 20 years earlier he was a magician. Probably the greatest creative magician of the last century. He invented all those illusions like the zigzag woman, you know, where you put her in a box, close this lid, close that, and close this. Then you move her head over there and you move her arm and you move a foot there. You put big sheets of metal through where you think her body is. He invented all those wonderful illusions. Great guy. He made this little puppet called Fuzz. He explained it and operated it and showed me. They said, "Our presenter is called Richard Warner and he point blank refuses to do any work with the puppet. He says, and rightly so I suppose, "I'm an actor and there's no way that I can relate to a puppet like this. I act and I perform with other actors and I can't..." "And we suddenly thought of you old boy and the drawings. And we wondered, having shown us those lovely drawings of the octopus and the shark, we wondered if you could do some drawings of the puppet and tell the stories to the puppet about his life. What do you think?" I said, "Well yes, yes of course, yes sure." He said, "Would you be able to do some quick sketches now of the puppet?" I said, "Yes, yes." He said, "We've got some paper here." And so I said, "Well sideways you'd draw him like this, his little nose there. I'd probably put the eyes on a little bit of a slant to give him a cheeky look and there's his little bowler

hat. Then from the front you'd draw him like this." I can remember them all going, "Oh yes."   Quite impressed that I could draw so quickly and accurately this little puppet. So he said, "Well I wondered if you could maybe you could be telling Fuzz, that was the name of the puppet, you could be telling Fuzz about the adventures of his ancestors. Perhaps King Fuzz hiding in the oak tree as the Roundheads were searching for him down below through the New Forest, whatever. Do you think you could perhaps work out a story with say six illustrations for next Saturday?" I said, "Yes. Is this for another audition?" And he said, "Oh no we go to air live on Saturday." Well my stomach went [makes noises] did a complete flip. Scared the wits out of me. I almost said, "I only do auditions, you know." He said at that time, "Bob will help you, you know, get it together and organise it." So Bob Harbin took me under his wing. He was like a father figure to me, 20 years older than me. Coming from South Africa he had that same colonial relaxed attitude that the Australians have and we got on like a house on fire. And so we did the first program.

I can remember reading an article in *The Sunday Times* in Perth when I was about 16, 1946 that was, just after the war. They were saying about how this new thing was taking over America, some new little square box in the corner of the main room. People were leaving the cinemas in droves and staying at home to watch this thing called television. It detailed in this very, very telling article, it detailed the fact that all the big names on the radio were falling by the wayside because they had never had to work without a script in their hands before. They were always totally at ease with a microphone here and a script there and they could do all the comic lines and this, that and the other. But suddenly when you've got a camera on you and you can't be seen to be reading a script they would disintegrate and be useless. Also people who had heard their voice only on the radio had created an image in their mind of how good these people looked and quite often they looked absolutely dreadful. You know chap with a matinee idol voice might be a bald-headed dreadful looking guy you know, scruffy looking chap that they wouldn't turn sideways to look at. And so people who were big names on radio were failing miserably to achieve anything on television because they looked wooden and they were seen to be reading a script off the side of the, you know, their eyes would be moving along lines of script. It was saying that the only people that were any good on television were the people who

were able to look down the lens of the camera and believed that they were talking to one person at home in a room. The people that were succeeding were the people who could gauge the level of their voice to that one person. It mentioned in this article the fact that, it’s silly to assume that because you’re getting 7.1/2 million viewers that you have to shout to reach all those viewers. It isn’t as if you’re in a theatre with 3,000 people, you don't have to reach the back of the stalls. You don't have to reach the people sitting in the gods with the power of your voice, you can speak in an ordinary voice and let the microphone enhance your voice and take your voice in a conversational way to everybody who’s watching. So the people who were succeeding were those people who could talk in a conversational voice to the people who were sitting at home in ones and maybe two, possibly maximum of four people in a room, and you gauged your voice to that level so that you’re talking to those people. If people were saying, “HELLO LOOK AND I WANT...” The people at home would say, why is he shouting, there’s only me here? You know why is he shouting at me?” They were saying that the only people who were getting through were those people who could achieve that. Who could look right down the lens and talk sincerely as if to another person sitting in the room with them. The people at home related to that and felt honestly that it was a one to one basis with two people themselves and the person on the other end of the camera. Those people were getting through and the others were falling by the wayside.

I can remember thinking at the age of 16, I could do that. So here I am now all those years later, almost 10 years later. Oh eight years later, here I am in London rehearsing with Bob Harbin in the rehearsal rooms. Sulgrave Boys’ Club I can remember it was called. We were rehearsing there and I can remember being Jack the Lad and knowing it all. I know how to turn to camera. I’d be doing the drawings and I would turn to camera and I would say direct to camera, I’d say, “And then what happened then was he...” you know, I would have the person at home thinking I was talking straight to them. And so here I was, Jack the Lad, knowing all the technical thing about how to do television. I’d only ever read about it when I was 16. So when we got to the actual live performance I was about 40 minutes into the hour before I was due to go on so I knew it all. I had it all like that, I had it at my finger tips and I was going to be great. Then I thought, well I’ve got 40 minutes, I’ll just go outside the

studio and walk up and down the corridor to you know calm my nerves a bit. So I went to the studio door and I got to the door, do you know I didn't have the nerve to open the door and go outside in case I missed my bit. I stood there for five minutes and I thought I can't bear, what happens if they come to me and I'm not ready. So I scurried back to where I was and I sat in my chair and I waited. For the next 20 minutes I waited for my bit. And so nervous I couldn't tell you how nervous I was. We got through the story and I did my bit. After the show – it was like a trial thing, it was an audition basically live to air – and after the show the director, a fellow called Robert Tronson, who was a wonderful guy. He's dead now sadly. But he was an ex-submarine commander from the war. He was a wonderful director. He came out and he said... I said to him, "What do you think?" He said, "Well you were very nervous, that was obvious, but it was good. The content was good, the drawings were good and very lively and you know you covered all the action. It was good, yes. We'll certainly book you for the next six." Then two days later he rang up and said, "Sorry old boy you're out." I said, "What?" He said, "Yes, sorry." He said, "The head of children's television, she's never been known to watch children's television, she's always busy making her own series of filmed segments but because it was a new program she watched. She said, old boy I'm sorry about this, but she said that we can't have two artists with beard and glasses on children's television doing drawings and telling stories because it would confuse the kiddy winkies." This was how they spoke you know. "It would confuse the kiddy winkies." I said, "Well who's the other artist?" He said, "It's a chap called Reginald Jeffries." I'd actually seen Reginald Jeffries, I'd seen him working. What he did was, he would start drawing and it would cut to an animated filmed section where they did animated film of that drawing happening. Then they'd come back to him to finish the story. On top of that he was about 65 I suppose. He had thinning grey hair, hardly any hair on his head. He had wire frame glasses and a sort of a whitish grey beard. I was 23, I had a beard which was the same colour as your hair, really dark and great shock of dark hair and black horn rimmed glasses. I said to Bob Tronson, I said, "We're nothing like each other. I'm nothing like him, you know." He said, "I know old boy but she's the head of children's television." To my undying credit I said, "Well did you think it was any good?" He said, "Yes. I said I thought you were nervous but you know I thought it was great." I said, "Well if you thought it was great, is there anyway round it?" There was a big silence and he said over the phone, what on earth do you mean old boy?"

I said, “Well if you thought it was good, I mean just that, is there anyway round it?” He said, “How extraordinary,” he said. Another silence. Then he said, “Well look I’ll tell you what I would be prepared to do. I mean she has to sign all the contracts for the next six programs for all the different people involved. That’s a huge stack of paperwork to sign and she’s never been known to read them, she just signs them.” So he said, “I’ll tell you what I’ll be prepared to do old boy, I’ll write out a contract for you for the next six programs and I’ll put it in the middle of the pile. Now if she queries it I will have to say it was a mistake but if she signs it then you’re in old boy.” Which is what happened, she signed them, she signed them all, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Got to my signed it, didn’t even read it. Signed them all. So there I was for another six programs. I was a fast learner, I was able to get better and better at what I did. I started making moving graphics where you pulled a little tab and the arm would move or you would have somebody throwing a knife and you pulled the little tab and the knife would suddenly appear, bong like that sticking in the tree. It had been up vertically behind the tree with the little slot there and as you pulled the tab the knife would go bang down to this new position and suddenly appear. So you had animation but not with a film animation. You had animated graphics that I was making. So I got better and better. I was on that program for the whole of the rest of the year. I did 18 shows. Then the chap who was the studio manager, a fellow called Desmond O’Donovan, he was promoted to being a director the following year. He said, “Look Rolf” – he was an Irish chap – he said, “Look I love your work but I hate that puppet, that bloody Fuzz, I hate that. I think if there’s anyway you can come up with an idea that you could do something new and we could use that but with the same sort of thing where you’re doing drawings and telling stories. I would love to use you but you know it’s up to you. You come back to me if can think of anything.” I then invented a character called “Willoughby” that was a piece of aluminium that I had cut into a slot where the mouth appeared and opened and two holes for the eyes and the eyes would go back and forth. So this little character would then be operated from behind by an actor who would work the mouth and work the eyes and talk back to me. And I would talk to this drawing which I had previously done in vision so that people would see me on camera doing the drawing which then came to life. It was like an animated thing but without the huge cost of filming everything. And so Desmond was as good as his word and he booked me to do these Willoughby programs. I did those for the next four years and getting

better and better with the animated graphics all the time. I would play the piano and sing songs relating to the story that I was telling. So all of sudden I'm getting £30 a week for doing these programs. I'm still doing the Down Under Club in Fulham for the Australians and New Zealanders at 30 shillings a week. But that was paying for nothing the rest of it was paying my food and lodgings. On the strength of having that contract I bought a car on the never never, little Morris Minor.

MB [unclear] Morris Minors.

HARRIS Yes little Morris Minor Traveller, you know with the wooden back, that lovely station wagon little thing. Beautiful shape. So when these two fellows came across from Perth, chap called Jim Cruthers and a fellow called Brian Treasure, they came over and they contacted me towards the end of the fifties. I was busy doing... actually when commercial television started I was the only artist working on both channels. I was on the BBC once every two weeks and on commercial once a week. And they were at daggers drawn they were like commercial was the enemy. The BBC was their enemy and they hated each other. The people who left the BBC to go to commercial they were treated as pariahs. But somehow they didn't care about children's television, that was beneath them, that was not flash enough and not important enough so I was able to do both camps. I was in commercial and in the BBC. So when Cruthers and Treasure turned up talking about coming back to Perth I was really excited. They'd watched my programs on both channels and saw what I was doing. They made me an offer which I was thrilled with. I had just got married. I said to my agent at the time, "I think this is great, I want it." They said, "It's ridiculous money, you know, it's not enough money, you should get more money." I said, "No but it's an opportunity because they're going to let me try, try to do some variety things as well as the children's television. I'm going to be doing, this, that and the other and it will give me a chance to try out all sorts of things. Like I'd really like to do some big paintings on television, big ones like the size of a wall." Because I'd started doing some paintings on a program called "Bearded in his Den", which I was doing on commercial television, children's television. I was supposed to be an artist and they were supposed to be looking at my studio. I had these big white walls and I

started painting with a big four-inch house painting brush because I had got fed up with trying to get a decent black on television. Because I'd used black chalk on a grey board. They couldn't use white board because the cameras couldn't take the fierce light bouncing back from a whiteboard so you worked on a medium grey coloured board. No matter how hard you scrubbed with that black chalk you couldn't get a decent black line. It was sort of...

MB Interesting.

HARRIS Yes it never looked black, it always looked like you know grey. Scumbaly, crunchy looking grey. I thought how can I get it black? In those days there was no felt tip pens, they hadn't been invented then. I thought you could use poster paint, you could use black poster paint with a little brush but you would be forever dipping into the paint all the time, that would drive everybody mad. What if I did them big and I used a big house painting brush. You could dip it into the paint, into a black emulsion paint, and you could dry the brush off on the lid of the paint can and then you could paint big areas of black, wonderful black. Or then you could flatten the brush against the edge of the paint can and you could do like a dotted line, bomp, bomp, bomp, which would appear to be a straight line from a distance. Then have the camera way back so all those big brush strokes they would look really intricate and small from a distance.

I had met my artist friend, a fellow called Hayward Veale, when I was really bored with art school and was leaving and missing days at art school. Missing out because I was bored witless with it and wasn't learning anything from it. I met Hayward Veale he was like an idol of mine. He was my hero when I was a kid. I used to see his paintings in the gallery in Perth. He painted these wonderful impressionistic paintings. I would look everywhere for a pencil line and I couldn't find it. I would think, how on earth has he done this? How did he...? I would love to learn how to do that. Has he drawn any? No he hasn't drawn anything. So how does he know where to put the brush strokes. And so I met the man over here for goodness sake, there

he was. Met him on Earl's Court Tube Station. Went up to him and said, "Oh excuse me are you Hayward Veale?" And he nearly fell off the platform with surprise. He said, "Yes." I said, "Oh I've always admired you and I want to paint like you." He said, "Well your luck's in because I'm taking over Heatherlies Art School for two weeks during their summer vacation and I'm running my own art school there. Why don't you come along?" I said, "Oh I've got no money I couldn't afford it." He said, "Don't worry about that, just turn up. Let's see what you're like and see if I can help you." So he took me under his wing. I just loved the way he taught and I loved what he wanted me to do and I could do it, instantly did it. He said, "I want you to paint the whole picture. Not just a section of it. I want you to do the whole picture. Start it as a blur, look at that and look at your blur. Then say to yourself, what's the biggest difference between that image there and that blurry picture that I've just painted? Pick three or four things and decide which is most important." "That dark bit on the left." "Okay, fix it up put the dark bit in. Don't try and do every little detail just roughly put it in. And while you're doing that dark bit any other dark bits of the same importance put them in as well. Okay now what's the biggest difference between that and that?" "Okay that dark bit's too big." "Okay make it smaller with a bit of rag and some turpentine. Okay, now what's the biggest difference?" "Well I haven't done that white section." "Okay, turpentine on a rag, wipe that out, create that white bit. Now you've done that, what's the biggest difference now?" "Well the shape of that is slightly wrong at the bottom there." "Okay, fix that." I loved it, it was just wonderful. The whole thing developed like a blurred photograph slowly coming into focus. I've painted like that ever since. So I had just learnt all this stuff from him basically. So what I was doing with this big brush was doing an impressionist painting on the wall. I thought to myself when I get out to Perth I can do some, instead of just black I will mix up some different tones because it was all black and white television in those days. I will mix up some tones of grey from dark grey to pale grey and have black and white and on a neutral sort of medium grey background. Then you can create a wonderful three D impression of a something or other, a scene of trees in the forest or an Australian bush scene with some fence posts and a gum tree. And so I was all fired up to go and do this program.

But if you can realise that for the whole of the seven years that I was in London I'd been trying to "speak correctly". I'd been busy trying to sound right and trying to speak correctly. The only time I could relax was at the Down Under Club on a Thursday night when I could just be myself and say, "Can you shut up, up the back there, I'm busting a gut here trying to bloody entertain you." Everybody spoke the same, we were all in the same boat together. Then the rest of week I would wear collars and ties and speak correctly. Thursday night was like a gigantic safety valve for me to be real.

So I turned up in Perth. We turned up in October. I was busy trying to speak correctly you know. Well you can imagine how well that went down with Australians. Yes, I'm saying, I'm trying to speak correctly. At least I didn't say it to anybody but I was busy trying to. [speaks in posh English accent] "I say you there, jolly good old boy," in that sort of voice. People would look sideways at me and wonder why I was talking in this weird way. When it got to doing the shows I didn't have time to bloody think about my accent, so busy trying to do the programs and I instantly reverted to being me. Just to being my own self in talking. Having that knowledge of how to look at the camera and talk to people at home everybody in Perth believed I was talking to them personally through the screen.

When I got to Perth most of the people who were on television had come from the theatre and they had visions of a stage with a proscenia march and they would come in from the side and enter. Come and declaim and talk loudly, you know, to people at the back. I was trying to explain how to do it and nobody wanted to be told how to.

MB How interesting.

HARRIS How to do television. Nobody wanted any sort of... they didn't want any upstart young bloke coming in and saying, "Excuse me, you're doing it wrong. Why don't you do this?" So any attempts to talk sense about television presentation to

anybody didn't go down at all well with people from a theatrical tradition who knew all about how to be on stage. I couldn't explain to them the situation with, you're there and there's a camera there and you just turn to the camera and do the line and then come back and you're on a wide shot from here and... they were sort of entering from the proscenia march and walking across to the centre of the stage. Not being aware of the fact that the camera's following them all the way. They could have stopped anywhere and they were on screen you know. So it was really hard to try and get through to that. I eventually stopped trying to help anybody because they just point blank didn't want advice from anybody about anything so keep your own counsel, just shut up and get on with your bit.

But the thing that I found out was that you didn't have the luxury of a week's rehearsal for anything. When I was doing the show in London I would have a week to write the script and to rehearse it at home in my little room and go through all the bits and work out. I used to pretend that the door knob was the camera. I would do my drawings and practice the drawing and then turn to the camera, do the close-up to the camera. Talk to that doorknob on the door in my room, pretend that's the camera. Then come back to the drawing, have the wide-angle camera here in my mind there and just looking up to that and then turning to... So I had that all planned and I was able to do that. Then I would do that for a couple of days at my home and then I would be into the boys' club, Sulgrave Boys' Club to rehearse there where we had the director saying, this is the camera here and you imagine that. This camera here and you turn to that one and do this. Okay there's the drawing, this camera's on those drawings. Then you're sitting at the piano and you turn to camera and this camera will now be over your left shoulder. So they would rehearse that, rehearse it for a couple of days, just your one little five minute section. You'd have two days of rehearsal for that. Then you'd go live into the studio to rehearse in the studio the day before transmission so you're there all afternoon to do it. A one hour show you would be there for the whole day planning the camera moves and this, that and the other. Then you'd come to your bit. Okay this camera's already moved across to where you are and you talk to that camera and then the others come across while you're there. So you'd do all that for a day. In the afternoon you do a run through for timing for the whole thing. Then the next day you're there alive at 4.30. You've got to be there

ready to go. Five o'clock you're on air for an hour and it's live. So anything you do wrong you've got to get out of it. You're there, you're on your own, you've got to correct your mistakes. It was a wonderful education.

Now we get to Perth and I'm doing a half hour show every day, Monday to Friday. I didn't have time to rehearse anything. We just said to cameras, "Okay, I'm doing the drawings here, you be on that camera for the drawing." Then I turned over my shoulder to this close up camera to do my close up bits and you'd do that and then when we finish all the drawings then I'll turn to camera and say, "And then, look I'll tell you tomorrow." We'd leave them hanging on there and do a serial story which continued next day. So I was stuck with the, for example this character called Willoughby that I had invented where the drawing came to life. I brought all that equipment with me to Australia thinking to myself I will get an actor to sit behind that and to operate that. But I realised, when are we going to rehearse that? When will we get... there's no way that I'm going to write the script and then we're going to rehearse that together with the actor. Then we're going to get into a studio and rehearse with the cameras and then we're going to go live to air. We haven't got time for that, there's no money for you to do all that rehearsal with anybody. So it all devolved down to things that I could do off the top of my head like telling a story about Oliver Polip the Octopus. I had invented that character for television in London. It was great because you would stand your hand up like that and draw a little smile there, two eyes there and two eyebrows and have a bowler hat with an elastic band and that would sit on the top. Then this character would walk up, and jolt, "Look out, look out. What's the matter? what did you slip on a banana skin? Get rid of that. That's it, wave to the, that's it give them a wave. What happened? Oh you've got to go to the toilet okay, off you go." And you would have a big close-up on that and it came to life and it was wonderful. And you could do it at [clicks fingers] at the drop of a hat. You could make up the stories about this octopus and I used to do the drawings of the octopus and say, "Now count the legs with me. One, two, three. And you'd look at camera and you'd say, "Now hang on a minute there's somebody's not counting. Come on count legs. We've done one, two and three. Here we go, next one, four. Four. Count the legs with me," you know, and kids at home would go, ohh, he's talking to me. So I would count the eight legs. We got to a situation where every

child up to the age of about one could count to eight. That was it they couldn't count any further. Now had I had any sense at all I would have done something like Sesame Street where you kept going and you counted up to ten and you did... oh and you had A. We're going to A now. And a capital A looks like this and a little 'a' looks... I would have done all that stuff. But you know until you see the brilliance of what they did you had no idea that you could have done that whole teaching thing so much better and so much more expanded than you did. But they were wonderful programs. It was a half an hour children's program and I would do about 10 minutes of it doing drawings and telling stories. Then we would have a naturalist on each week to talk about the animals that you could see in the bush. Harry Butler became a star performer in that, he was just incredible. I can remember him talking about snakes. I said to him, "Now look I want you to turn the camera and say straight to the camera, snakes are dangerous. Then go right in close and say, leave them alone!" And that, that almost stood people's hair up on the back of their necks when he did that straight to camera. You were able to realise how strong and how powerful the television medium was that you could get right to everybody and change their lives basically.

MB And that closeness comes out in the audience responses doesn't it there. That sense of a personal attachment to you?

HARRIS Yes.

MB And, yes no negative comments all just... including I like one from a 15 year old girl who writes to the station concerned about it. So it's from all different levels of life.

HARRIS Yes. See I knew nothing about any of that. I didn't know until this morning.

MB Okay.

HARRIS I'm just finishing this chocolate brownie. You can possibly hear the crunching of it. A glass of water and we're away.

MB We can order more.

HARRIS I should think. Okay. So I think we've effectively dealt with the fact that there was no time for rehearsal. There was oh, no way that you could pay for the amount of time that you rehearsed. And to be running a daily half-hour show and preparing it and booking people to do it and doing bits of film for it and getting people like Harry Butler to come in and talk about animals and talk about what is possible to see in the Australian bush around you. You just had to say to them, "Prepare something and we will run until we run out of time and, you know hopefully you will have deal with all the facets of what you're talking about at that time. If you haven't I will give you a sort of a rough wind-up with my fingers here doing a circular motion with my index finger to indicate that it's over and you come to an end as soon as you can. Then I will carry on with the next bit of the show. They got to be very very good on that. The only time we had any trouble was when one of the presenters had it all organised what he was going to say about ants doing this, that and the other. One of of the naturalist guys and he ran and ran and ran over and we didn't know what on earth to do because it was going over and over. The director was lady called Beverley Gledhill from New South Wales. She didn't know quite what on earth to do because he was the last one on the program and he was running over time. In the end we were seven minutes over our half hour.

MB Heavens.

HARRIS They went mad, they wanted to lynch Beverley Gledhill. Lloyd Lawson who was running things at the time, he came down and had the most almighty row with Beverley. And she said, she didn't know what on earth to do because there was no way they could get any message to this guy. He wasn't receiving any visual sort of cues to wind up to finish to end the program. He was on and on about the ants doing this, that and the other. It was fascinating stuff but we were out of time. She got a huge row about that. We realised from then on that we had to stick to... it wasn't as casual as we thought it might be. We had to stick to it and we had to, you know, we had to go from the children's channel 7 bit which was my half hour and then it went to on to Caroline Noble and she was presenting the next half hour. So if we ran seven minutes over we'd cut seven minutes out of Caroline's bit. It just wasn't good enough, you know, we had to be half hours and come to a stop on those things. So it wasn't as casual as we'd hoped it might be.

But I had a couple of momentous things happen to me in that year. One of them was a song that I had written for a club in London, the Down Under Club in Fulham. I'd written this song based on the Harry Belafonte Calypso. I think the Calypso went something like, [sings] "Don't tie me donkey down there, let him bray, let him bray. Don't tie me donkey there, let him bray, let him bray. Me donkey want water, hee ho..." anyway the song, I thought that would be great to change it to kangaroo instead of a donkey and we could sing that at the Down Under Club. Except that kangaroo was one syllable too many and it didn't fit. [sings] "Don't tie me kangaroo down there, oh... Don't tie my donkey down there, let it.... Don't tie me kangaroo down," aargh it doesn't fit. So what do you do? I couldn't get it out of my mind, "Don't tie me kangaroo down there." I thought get rid of the Don't because it's very negative, make it, "Tie me kangaroo down there, time me kangaroo down there." That's a very important word that, "there", and it's such a gutless word because that's an important beat. Tie me kangaroo down mmm... "there" is no good, what can we say? Tie me kangaroo down mate," yes that's all right. Tie me kangaroo down sport." Make it a really Australian word. That sounds good we'll go with that, "Tie me kangaroo down sport." And the tune seemed to hand itself to me. From up on high, some superior being said, "Here's the tune. It goes Tie me kangaroo down sport." Then you could go, "Tie me kangaroo down." Like a lovely flattened sound, boomp,

boomp, boomp bay. Then repeat the first bit, “Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom bah. And resolve it, doomp, doomp, doomp, bah doomp, doomp, doomp, doomp bah. Come to the tonic in the last bit. So there was the chorus as simple as that. “Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down. Tie me kangaroo down sport, tie me kangaroo down.” Over the years with usage the third line became a slightly different melody. So you’ve got, “Tie me kangaroo down sport, Tie me kangaroo down.” And the third line went, “Tie me kangaroo down. Instead of going Tie me kangaroo down sport it went Tie me kangaroo down sport and then the resolution, Tie me kangaroo down.” I had invented an accompanying rhythmic sound. I was painting a portrait of Robert Harbin that I mentioned earlier, magician extraordinaire and great friend of mine. I wanted to paint him in a very mysterious sort of magical way. I’d found a sheet of hardboard at some television studio somewhere and it had been lying on the ground while they painted the ceiling white and there were big splotches of white paint all over this bit of board. I said, “Do you want that?” And they said, “No.” So I brought it home with me, I thought that will make a great background for a painting of Bob Harbin with all those splotches of white paint. I covered the board over with blue so that the white shows through like a ghostly pattern. Then I will do the painting of the magician against the blue and that will be a most mysterious sort of colour for a magician to be portrayed against. I arranged for him to come round to do the sitting. He was coming on a Saturday morning to my little flat in Camden town. I remember we were married then, Alwen and I. Living n this two roomed flat sharing a bathroom on the landing down the stairs from us. We had a main room and a bedroom. The main room had like a lounge and piano there and a kitchen, little kitchen area. It was just small. We had an oil heater to heat up the room because it was quite cold. The oil heater stood about three feet or two foot six tall I suppose and it had a round surface and you could boil a kettle on it. The heat came straight up out of that. It was a kerosene fire that burned inside this little heater to heat up the room. Anyway I covered this board with a mixture of turpentine and linseed oil and this blue paint. And I thought because of all the turpentine in it, it would dry instantly almost I thought. Wrong. After about a half an hour I tested the board and it was still sticky. It was like texture of peanut butter, you know, and you could imagine trying to paint in oil paints into peanut butter, it would be disastrous. He was due to arrive in about a half an hour for this portrait sitting and this awful surface that I couldn’t work on. So I propped it between the little table there and the back of a chair and sat the oil heater

underneath it, about six inches below it. The smell of turpentine was atrocious with the heat on it. I went to the window, opened the window, and I went to the door of the flat and opened the door so there was a gale blowing through to get rid of the smell. Awful pong of linseed oil and turpentine. I suppose after about five minutes I just tested the edge of the board to see if the paint was drying. With my third finger I went psssst, oh, great big blister came up on my finger and it was like red hot. I had visions of the whole thing bursting into flame it was that hot. So I picked the board up from the table and the back of the chair. It was too hot to hold so I just propped it between the palms of my hands on the edge of the board and I fanned it to cool it down. Whooppp, this incredible sound. I did it again whooopp. It was just amazing and it seemed to have its own rhythm, whooopp. Being a musician and, you know really keen on Dixie Land jazz and just rhythmic things I just loved it. I started accenting every second beat, whoop [plays wobble board]. I had already written the song, "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport," and you know it fitted perfectly. [plays wobble board, sings and whistles] hitting every second beat, one, two, one, bit a bong bah. And it just fitted beautifully. [plays wobble board] while singing "Tie me kangaroo down, sport. Tie me kangaroo down." And I'm busy doing this walking round the room and the fellow from the flat downstairs came up on to the half landing, saw the door open, and he shouted out, "I think one of the pipes in the attics burst mate. I can 'ear water pumping everywhere." I said, "Oh it's probably this." [plays wobble board]. He looked at me as if I was a lunatic. He said, "Oh." I said, "Is that what you were hearing?" [plays wobble board] He said, "Yes, yes it was. Yes." I said, "Well it's all right, don't worry about it, it's not a pipe, it's this." [plays wobble board and whistles Tie me Kangaroo Down, Sport.] So I mean it took that long. I mean it was just amazing, this wonderful sound.

Now Bob Harbin turned up and I painted a marvellous portrait of him but he never got it because I started using the portrait of him to accompany the song. I remember going on to a BBC program with a Canadian comedian called Bernard Brayden. His program was called Breakfast with Brayden." And he said, "Here's a fellow who accompanies his song with a portrait." So I did the, "Tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo down." So I did that whole song on his show. That was the first time it was aired.

I remembered trying to get various other people to record this song. I went to a chap called Edmondo Ross who did West Indies songs and calypsos and things. I took the song to him and said, “You know it would be a great song for you to record.” He said, “Well it’s not for me thank you. Not for me thank you very much.” He was the only one I took it to. I was, in those days, quite easily put off so I never took it to anybody else.

On the way out on the boat to Australia to take up this post for TVW I sang the song at some concert that we all put on and I got a fantastic reaction to it. I had some chap from Festival Records who said, “Look if you’re interested I would love to record that.” I said, “Oh yes, yes.” Thinking oh yes I’ll get in touch with this bloke some day. I never did. We got to halfway through the year and I introduced the board and I played it and showed them the sound. [plays wobble board] Then I had this weird pretend thing that I’d invented with a bicycle that stood up on a special stand. I told the camera that I had recorded this sound on to the bicycle spokes and as it went round there was a little censor taking that wobble off each individual spoke as it went past. I was so convincing that I believed it myself. So then I said, “Right I will just start this going and I’ll get somebody up from the audience.” I got somebody up to turn that. “Try and keep it going at a regular speed. Okay, and we’ll queue in the recording device to happen.” So they played back the sound from the tape recording that they’d made of it and I sang the song with the studio audience. I got them all singing. I got a fantastic reaction from it. I had over 400 letters which was amazing in that following week, asking me could they have a copy of the words. I was thrilled to pieces and I photocopied all the words and sent them out all these letters to people. That following week a group of guys called the Horrie Dargie Quintet came over from Melbourne, I think it was. Yes Melbourne. They came over to launch a new Ford car in Western Australia. They came over for the launch and they were the cabaret for the launch. They had a regular weekly television show in Melbourne. And when they came to the studio to see this new TVW studio they came round and it was like old home week because I’d worked with them when they were in London many years earlier. It was like, “Oh g’day, how are you?” “Great.” “What are you

doing?" I said, "Oh I've just recorded this... I've just done this song and got a great reaction." I handed them out copies of the words. I said, "I use this board to do the background sound. It goes [plays wobble board] Tie me kangaroo down, sport." And I sang them the whole song and they were really knocked out by it. The chap that had come with them was a fellow called Peter Howard from Western Australia. He was the EMI representative in Perth. He said, "You should do something with that. Give me a yell, you know, give me a shout sometime if you want to do something because that could be, you know, that could be quite a good song. It could be a good record." Anyway I didn't bother with it much. Then I got a telegram from the Horrie Dargie quintet saying, "We performed the song on our show, great reaction, can we get permission to record it?" I thought how marvellous and I sent them back a telegram saying, "Yes go ahead, how good is that." Then I thought, Peter Howard. I rang Peter Howard at EMI and said, "Isn't it great that Horrie Dargie Quintet want to record my song? Isn't it great?" He said, "Well I suppose it is but didn't you want to record it? Wouldn't you rather record your own song?" "Oh," I said, "Yes, yes sure." He said, "Well let me tell you a little bit about the recording game. Whoever puts a record out first that is the definitive record. Any other recording is a cover version of the definitive one. So the definitive one is the one that gets all the kudos and if you put yours out after theirs then..." and I said, "Well what will I do?" He said, "Well I would send them another telegram saying, "Sorry change of heart, I want to do it myself." I said, "But won't they be annoyed?" He said, "It's your bloody record, you know, what do you want to do, do you want them to do it first?" I said, "Well no, no, I suppose not." He said, "Do a recording of it and I will send it over to EMI and see. But get on to that telegram straightaway to stop them recording it." Which I did and it was the most awkward telegram to send. I was embarrassed out of my mind to say, "Yes", and then half an hour later to say, "No." They never forgave me really for it, they were really dirty about the whole thing. But they did it as a sort of a... their version was like a comedy, a comedy silly, silly voices version and it didn't have any of the reality of the one that I did eventually.

But Peter said, "Get a recording together and I will send it over." So I did a recording of it. I brought it in to him on tape. I had a huge tape recorder which I'd brought over from England, weighed a ton. It was called a Ferograph.

MB Oh you did get a tape recorder it was in your letters to Cruthers. You were talking about purchasing equipment and purchased equipment they might need as well and you mentioned the tape recorder.

SB Yes tape recorder.

HARRIS Yes I brought this huge Ferograph thing and it weighed a ton, absolutely enormous. Bloody dreadful thing. I recorded the song and I took it into Peter on a tape, little sort of four-inch tape recording. He played it and he looked at me and he said, "Where did you bloody record this, in your bloody bathroom or something?" I said, "Well, yes I did actually because I thought that would be the quietest place." He said, "Jesus, what if you... you did it with the accordion?" I said, "Yes well I couldn't do the wobble board and the accordion and I thought I'd need some music with it." He said, "Look, these people in EMI they get at least 60 or 70 tapes a week sent into them. They listen to the first couple of seconds and if doesn't grab them in the first half minute they just ditch it, throw it away. He said, "They wouldn't listen pass the first 10 minutes of this, they just wouldn't listen, they'd just dump it, it's so amateurish. Look spend a few bob, book a bloody studio, get some musicians, do the best that you can possibly do with it. Give it a chance you know." He talked to me like a Dutch uncle and I thought, god he's right you know.

So what I did was I got the sound guy at TVW to set up a microphone on a big boom stand above us. I booked a group called The Rhythm Spinners, a West Australian singing group with two guitars, three voices and two of them playing guitars. I booked a bass player, a fellow called Brian Bursey. He was from England and a great bass player. They all came round and we stood round in a circle underneath the microphone. Me with my wobble board and the guys with the instruments and we started up. I sing the first bit, [plays wobble board] "There's an old Australian stockman lying, dying. He gets himself up on to one elbow, turns to his mates who

are gathered round. And he says, “Watch me wallabies feed, mate, watch me wallabies feed. Hey look they’re a dangerous breed mate, so watch me wallabies feed. Altogether now tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo...” and to my horror The Rhythm Spinners came in singing it in a broad American accent. So I’m going, “Altogether now,” and they come in, “Tie my kangaroo down, sport, tie my kangaroo down.” I stopped and I said, “What are you doing?” They said, “What, what do you mean?” I said, “Where’s the bloody American accent come from?” They looked at me mouths open and they said, “Oh well you know you’ve got to do it with an American accent otherwise it’s just a disaster, it will disappear without a trace.” I said, “Look it’s my bloody song, what are you putting an American accent on an Australian song for?” “Well you’ve got to do an American accent otherwise it will never go anywhere.” I said, “Look just sing the way you bloody talk, don’t put a phoney bloody yank accent on it’s ridiculous for an Australian song.” “Well you’re wrong, you know, you...” I said, “It’s my song, okay. Let’s do it again.” So with very bad grace they sang, “Tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo down.” Then they went into harmony, “Tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo down. We got through it and it sounded good. We did one take on it, it was great. I said, I haven’t discussed money at all in this. We’ll just finish up.

SB So we’re continuing with Rolf Harris and we were just talking about money for the pre-recording to go to EMI.

HARRIS Yes. The next problem was the money. What am I going to pay these guys for doing the recording? This was how green I was in the recording game. I didn't know anything about it. I said to the guys, “What do you want to do about payment for this? I can give you 10% of the proceeds of the record?” Now can you imagine in saying you’re going to give away 10% of what you earned. I must have been mad to say that but I didn’t know anything about it. It sounded like a logical percentage to give them for doing the backing. “Or,” I said, “You could have a recording fee.” Without hesitation the three Rhythm Spinners and the bass player all said as of one voice, “We’ll take a fee thanks very much.” Because they were so sure it was going to be a total bomb and fail miserably because it didn’t have an

American accent. So instead of paying them 10% of everything that I earned from Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport, I gave them £7 each. So that was 28 quid for the whole recording. They went away quite happy with that. And I took this into Peter Howard in EMI and he said, “That’s more like it.” He sent it off to EMI in Sydney. I waited to hear a response from them. The next thing I know the recording is out and it was number one in four weeks. They never contacted me, they never got a contract or anything, they just put it out as a record. Sorted out a contract later. So I was like a bit bemused by this. That was as far as I was concerned, a trial recording. It wasn’t good quality levels. The bass was almost you can almost hardly hear the bass player and you know it should have been recorded with the bass specially microphoned and the separate guys on the guitars and me on the wobble board. But that was just, as far as I was concerned, a trial recording to see if they liked the idea. Out it came as a single and in four weeks it was number one Australia-wide. Huge success. Just amazing. It’s gone on to be translated into about nine different languages. There’s a Spanish version, two German versions. “Hou dost Kangaroo fest boy”, and the other one is Kauf Nistest cutsee him sack Jack.” And there’s a Dutch one goes, “Op om Kangaroo eiland waar je kangaroos vind, waar de kangaroo moeder zoeked a kangaroo kind.” Yes, so it was just lovely. There’s an Irish version in Gaelic and a Swedish version, which goes, “Slecht me kangaroo uit rute, slecht me kangaroo uit.” So it goes on. It was just a marvellous hit and three years later it went to number five in America. These guys could have all been on 10%. Such was my rash statement to them. Oh dear.

Anyway so something else which was of huge interest to me. Somebody came rushing up to me in my office. I’d been slung out of my little private office by Brian Treasure who wanted the space for himself and I was now sitting in an open planned section with everybody else in the place. Somebody came tearing in and said, “There’s a guy playing the didgeridoo on the woman’s hour program. You want to get into the studio and have a listen, it’s absolutely marvellous.” I dropped everything and went running into the control room and listened to this fellow who was a chap called Trevor Jones. He was a Professor of Music at Monash University from Melbourne. He’d come over and he was running the music section of the University of Western Australia at Claremont. He’d come on to talk about the didgeridoo. Here

he was playing the didg. and it was just wonderful. It stood the hair up on the back of your neck to hear this sound. I had already heard some recordings of didgeridoos played to me by Harry Butler and we were working on a song called, Sun Arise, based on one of these recordings that he'd done. To hear this guy actually playing the instrument was incredible. I spoke to him afterwards, after the thing, and said, "That was wonderful. Could you teach me how to do that?" He said, "Yes sure, come along." So I went to the university one day the following week and he showed me how to do the cycle breathing. Now I don't know whether you know about cycle breathing. But what happens is that you play the basic instrument sound and you get the didg. here. The didgeridoo is just a hollow tube made of wood and it's got a mouthpiece which is, if you want to get a really good mouthpiece for a white bloke you need it to be something like an inch in diameter, an inch and a quarter maximum possibly. If you've got an aboriginal guy playing it their mouths are much wider and he can resonate an instrument with a two inch mouthpiece but white blokes can't. So if you're a white bloke and you want to learn to play one you get one with a small mouthpiece. What you do is you imagine that you've got a crumb on your tongue and you're spitting it out and you go, pttt, like that, pttt. Sort of start with the tongue between your lips and pull it in as you make the sound, pttt. Pull it into your mouth and keep that buzz going, ptttttttt like that. So you do that down the barrel of the instrument and you get this sound [plays the didgeridoo]. Ha, ha, great. The problem is you run out of air very quickly and the sound stops. So the way the aboriginals play this instrument is they have to breathe in through the nose while they're still creating that sound with their lips. To do this they've got a thing called cycle breathing which jazz musicians use on trombone, saxophone and some on trumpet. A fellow called Clarke Terry, I think, does it on trumpet. But you use the cheeks, the muscles of your cheeks to squeeze the air out, pttttt, like that. Just imagine you're going ptt, pttt, pttt, pttt, and if while you're doing one of those mouthfuls of air squeezed out by the muscles of your cheeks you breathe in through your nose like this psssttt. So you can actually fill your lungs completely while you're squeezing out one mouthful of air. I'll do it again. You're going pttttt squeezing out that mouthful of air and breathing in at the same time. I will get close up to the mic. so you can hear the breath going in. Psssss. Okay. So the cycle goes from the lungs, you're squeezing out from the lungs making that sound. When you're running out of air from your lungs you keep the pressure going with the muscles of your cheeks while you

fill your lungs up through your nose with a quick snatch of air. Then the pressure goes back to your lungs. So the cycle goes like this, from the lungs first pttttt. When you run out of air transfer to the cheeks and breathe in, pttttt, psssss, pttttt, psssss, ptttt, pssss, ptttt. So you can see you get a sort of a pulse. Every time you change back to lung pressure you get a sort of a pulse and the aboriginals use that to make a rhythmic thing going. So we'll do that on the instrument. Here we go. [plays didgeridoo]. Isn't it magic. I love the sound.

The way to learn to do that cycle breathing, because it's very tricky, it's a knack you have to learn. You have to practise it like mad. But I've worked out a simple way to do it. A lot of people say if you have a straw and you put it in a glass of water and you blow air through the straw and practise breathing in. But it doesn't create the thing that you need to do which is to force that air out under pressure with your cheek muscles while you breathe in. And the way I've worked out how to demonstrate it to people is you get a mouthful of water. Squeeze that out into the sink or into another glass while you breathe in through your nose. Okay? Here we go. Mouthful of water first and then squeeze it out. Right you've got that. Snifff. Okay. Now if you do it wrong you drown. [laughter] so you know you've done it wrong. I'll just run it again for you. Mouthful of water, squeeze it out into a glass of water, breathe in through your nose at the same time. Snifff. Okay so I have filled my lungs completely just while I am squeezing out that mouthful of water. Now if you practise that every night when you're cleaning your teeth before you go to bed pretty soon you've got a situation where you can at any time you just point the finger at anybody and you go sniffff, like that. Squeeze out the air, breathe in. Snifff. You can fill your lungs. Sniffff. That's the principle. So you go straight from that to back to the instrument. Here we go. [plays the didgeridoo] Sings: "Sun Arise he come in the morning, flutter in the skirts all around." [plays didgeridoo] sings: Sun arise he come in the morning. Sun arise come in the morning, spreading all the rain all around." [plays didgeridoo] Sings: Sun arise," and so forth. Isn't it a good sound. I just love it. And the way that song went together with the didgeridoo... although when I did record it with George Martin in London, he... I'll tell you about that later because that's another story altogether.

SB Go for it.

MB Well Rolf, Jim Cruthers says as I was saying. You sent a note to him as a note of thanks after when you'd left saying that it had helped build your confidence.

HARRIS Oh really. I don't remember that. I don't remember sending that note but it certainly was a great confidence booster to have the reaction that I had from everybody. I mean everybody in Perth felt that they knew me personally because I was talking straight to them down the camera lens. I really, I was really sorry when the ABC created these wonderful new studios in Perth but they didn't do an live shows. They took everything from the Eastern States and just relayed it to the people in Perth. I felt they lost an incredible amount of personal real contact in, for example in the stories I told about "Oliver Polip the Octopus". He would be walking down St George's Terrace and go down a little alley way between this and that and he saw some burglars trying to break in through a wall with chisels and hammers trying to dig a hole, you know, and he as able to foil this robbery. People thought gosh he's talking about our town, that's Perth, it's St George's Terrace in Perth. "And he's just come down Barrack Street, turned right walking along St..." and it's like you've got a personal thing where you're talking to people about their own town. Nothing that came from the eastern states mentioned any part of Perth that anyone would know about. I just felt it was very sad. All the children's shows we would deal with charity events happening for the Glider Club of Western Australia putting on a big show at such and such, and if you get a chance go along. You know it was all local things talking to people, local people about local events. I believe that now there is no live stuff produced in Perth for TVW.

MB No.

HARRIS I think it's a terrible error. It might cost a bit more but what a difference it makes for people to think that they've got somebody producing something specifically for them, it's not for some indeterminate faceless person somewhere in the globe. It's for them in Perth. I think the globalisation of entertainment is a sad thing when you lose that personal touch. However, I came to the end of my contract and they said, "We'd like you to stay on for another year. I said, "Well, I think I'd get divorce proceedings from my wife if I did because she's hardly seen me for this year. I've been spending every waking moment at TVW. Then on Saturday nights I would be doing a show at the Charles Hotel. I would do a, like a Down Under Club evening singing all the songs that I knew for the patrons of the Charles to make a few extra quid. We'd timed the whole thing to the end of the year and I was going to leave at the end of the year. And so come the end of the year that's what we did. They said, "Well we could offer you more money." I said, "No it's not that it's just we've done it and we've done some things. "Relax with Rolf" was sort of a variety show thing that we did on a Monday evening which you let me try out my ideas for comedy and variety. Some of them worked and some of them were disastrous and some of the film bits worked and some... I mean I did one was we were talking about a flood which had happened in a country area in the west. We had a guy, probably me, I think, talking on the telephone to a plane which was flying in with a bag of supplies for me. He was going to drop these supplies and the parachute would lower it gently to the house. So I'm talking to him on the phone, all on camera, and we had a guy sitting up on the gantry up where the lighting grid was with a big sugar bag full of bottles of soapy water which would be dropped from the gantry as if it had failed to land properly and had gone right through the roof of the house. It would hit the floor and explode and all the soapy water would come out and it would look like beer flowing out and foaming and frothing on the floor. The problem was that to get it to work properly you really needed 11 cameras on it. You needed one doing a slow motion job on it. And, of course I didn't realise this until after the event but when the guy was queued to let go the sugar bag full of beer bottles from up on the gantry, he let it go and it went shoomp like that. It took that long and went boomp on the floor and the camera missed it.

MB Oh no.

HARRIS The camera's looking up there and the thing had fallen, hit the floor and the camera wasn't on it. It came down to the floor and the foamy thing of water was already spread out to about eight feet wide and he missed it. No fault of his own it was just he had no idea it was going to go that quickly. We hadn't rehearsed it of course, we took it for granted that we would catch it. But we should have done a slow motion view of it and edited it into the program later to show that bag descending and hitting the floor. Then bang exploding and all the foamy water coming out through the permeable sugar bag and going all over the floor. So a great idea but didn't work. We had other ideas which did work. I had a girl sitting in a car seat with me. I'm driving and we've got a film background on a film screen behind us projecting the road going past us and I'm talking to the girl and the girl's saying this, that and the other. Telling me this and she's giving it lots of that with her mouth going clap, clap, clap, telling me this, telling me that, opinions about this, that and the other. I'm getting more and more irate and I say, "No." "Yes you did." "No I did not." "You did." "Look I know if I did or not." And I'm looking directly at the girl and then you hear this terrifying crash, poom. And we both froze, absolutely motionless and then we cut to a film section of her and I still sat in the same position which had been filmed earlier carrying on the argument. "You said..." "No I didn't." I said, "I'm not staying here to..." and there's the two of us sitting absolutely motionless in the car seat and the ghostly figures get up still arguing and walk out of the car and leave and go off. And still arguing like mad about who said what and when they did. That worked like a dream you know that. Some of them worked, some of them didn't. We did comedy sketches that were good fun and we did comedy sketches which were a bit puerile. We did a lovely one. They had a program called, Top Pro Golf, and they had a commentator talking about the golfing thing. It was all just wonderful to see these golfers playing. "The ball is just there and he's going to just putt that to see if he can putt it in." And there's straight in through the front, you know, bang into the... and they're covering this, "And there's a big wide shot and there's a dog leg to the right and it's 180 yards on a dog leg or 360 yard dog left to the left. A water hazard here and this, that and the other other." And they follow this all and I made a big graphic, a moving graphic where you saw the ball moving across the green and disappearing into the cup. Then we had a golf hole somewhere and a little sort of

swing door like a pub door where the fellow's saying, "Straight in through the front door." And we putted the ball in through that little swing door, it went poop, bang and into the cup. And we did, we dealt with every comedy element that we could possibly think of, of this Top Pro Golf program. He did it in a voice like, "Now they're coming up to the 13th green, the 13th, the hole in the 13th and it's very tense now because..." you know that very quiet sort of voice. So we did all the commentary like this alive, having filmed it first of all. I did the commentary live and it was just magical and very well received. But sadly the film of that disappeared. Nobody knows where the film went because I wanted to actually put the recording of my voice over the top of that and maybe sell it to somebody in the eastern states to show on television. But somebody must have taken the film home with them. It had no commentary on it, no sound at all but it was very funny. But some of those things worked and some of them didn't but it was a great learning curve for me.

Came the end of the year we were looking forward to moving on. I was offered a tour round the country because.... oh there was one thing that I did. I used that ability to paint scenic things in the Hayward Veales style, impressionist style, I used that to create background scenery for various amateur plays that were put on for television. I painted this scenery on 11 foot high cardboard panels, four foot wide, 11 foot high, all around the studio and all stuck together with masking tape. Painted this set of a scene with trees and grass and you know forest and all done beautifully tonally and done without any pressure at all. Not done against a stop watch but done with lots of time. We had some wonderful sets created by myself just with paint brushes and different greys and whites and blacks on this ordinary cardboard, coloured cardboard. It looked just sensational. I was offered a tour round the country by Balm Dulux Paints at the end of my contract. They said, "We want you to perform, Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport," which had been a huge number one hit in Australia. "Go round to the paint outlets and perform the song in the paint shop and do a painting using our paints." Which I did all round the country. It was a wonderful tour. At the end of that we were off to Canada. It was quite an incredible trip because we went to Canada by mistake. I'll explain that to you later.

HARRIS Okay let's do it.

SB Let's go, okay. So we're here again today on Friday the 21 January, continuing our interview with Mr Rolf Harris. Rolf we...

HARRIS You forgot to mention, the lovable Mr Rolf Harris.

SB The lovable Mr Rolf Harris.

HARRIS More like it, yes.

SB We sort of finished up yesterday with you were just getting set to leave Perth and move, well take your chance trip to Canada.

HARRIS Oh yes I was talking about going to Canada by mistake.

MB By mistake.

SB That's right by mistake. And we are going to come back to that I hope a little bit later but before you know once you left Perth there was an amazing response. We sent to you a number of letters that have come up in the State Library's Media Archive when Perth residents started writing in en masse.

HARRIS I didn't see those letters until this week.

SB Until this week.

HARRIS At the time I had no idea that people were up in arms about me finishing my contract.

SB Well we thought we would, for the recording, read one of these letters in particular out that we just thought really captured the sense.

MB And Rolf it went right up to the Premier, it was that kind of an event. Because there was a lot of pressure on Jim Cruthers from round the state it was really quite... he's got all the notes on that sort of impact. So we thought we should let you know it's an historical event. Obviously you weren't aware of any of this were you?

HARRIS No, nothing at all. I never got any feedback from anybody in the television side of things. I mean I didn't know anything about the eastern states' interest in my performances in Perth until just this week so I mean this is fascinating.

MB And you could have got your room back from Brian Treasure.

SB Well we'll read one of these letters out and then we just thought we'd get you to sort of tell us a little bit about how this feels for you today so much further on in your career. But this particular letter was written on 6 April 1960. "Dear Sirs, Our television viewers consist of half-a-dozen teenagers and three or four old ages. Scene: Monday night 9.50 pm, screams, shouts of abuse, streams of lavatory language and groans, "Swindled, chiselled etc." why? No Rolf Harris. As nominal

head of the house I was first of all blamed and then instructed to do something about it PDQ. Acting as per, I am seeking the aid of your two mighty pens in this hour of national crisis, alarm and despondency."

HARRIS Who was that addressed to?

SB It was written to Mr Rigby and Ward.

HARRIS Oh Kirwan Ward, yes, oh gosh. They had a column in *The Daily News* at that time written by Kirwan Ward, illustrated by Paul Rigby. That's great.

SB Well this letter was asking for their assistance to use their influence to have our only artist reinstated. In short we want Top Pro Rolf. By the way take advantage of this example of gross mismanagement to sell your TVW shares and invest the money in the Hotel Charles on Saturday night, a hole in one for sure. But arrange for a loan in case Rolf gets another long contract. Yours sincerely, VA Ferguson, self appointed secretary, Restore Rolf Campaign, and pretty quick too!" That just sort of seemed to catch the sum of the response and we just wondered whether you could comment for us today on it. And how reading these things now so many years later?

HARRIS Yes. Well you know I read through all of those letters that you sent me on email with great feeling of warmth inside and a feeling of sadness to have left all those people in the lurch when I finished that contract and moved on. Because I had become such an integral part of their week doing the children's hour every afternoon. Monday to Friday half an hour of Children's Channel 7. [sings: Yah pah, pah, pah, pahmer, and it's great to have you here. Wop, pop, pop, pah." Yes. I was doing, once a week I was doing a program called, Relax with Rolf, where I did comedy bits and had people coming in and singing duets with me and comedy sketches. Trying

to be a little bit like The Two Ronnies who became famous many years later. But trying to do things like those comedy things that I had seen in the UK and thinking how can I make those comedy things relate to me and to relate to Australia. And relate to, particularly to Western Australia. I think that was the joy of it because the people watching it knew that the whole programs were created for them. They weren't created in America and flown in. They weren't created in the eastern states and sent across. They were made in Perth, about Perth and for the Perth people. It was very special, I think. I know it was from my reaction to people that I met everywhere. Of course they referred to the Charles Hotel because I was working there every Saturday night doing stuff like the Down Under Club in London. Singing myself hoarse every Saturday night. I loved that, I loved all those sing-a-long things that people would join in with. But it's amazing to hear about this now rather than then. At the time I would have loved to have known all that. But I don't think they would have changed my mind because we'd basically come to the end of the contract and we'd come to the end of something that we had planned to do for a year only. We wanted to move on. My wife and I wanted to head back to the UK. I did, as I said, I was asked to do a series of concerts and performances, not concerts so much but performances of Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport in paint shops all round the eastern states promoting Dulux Paints, Balm Dulux Paints. At the time judging by the reaction that we got from everybody all around the state you would have thought that they would have approached me to advertise their paints on television but it didn't happen. Then in 1970 I was approached by a rival group called British Paints to advertise their paints. I said, "Well I'll do it on one condition and that is that I've got to believe what I'm saying. If you're faking images to show how good the paint is I won't do it. Unless you're actually using the paint and filming the paint as it is rather than faking up how good this looks with a fake touched-up photograph. They agreed to that. In the very first commercial we were doing a commercial about the high gloss paint, Gloss Master. The line was, "I can't see myself using any other paint," and they were on a big close up of me and then they pulled back to reveal that it's not me, it's a mirror image of me reflected from a painted door. It's... and then you look across and there's the real me looking at the door and looking through the mirrored reflection on the gloss paint into the camera. The director said, "Yes what we're gonna do here is we'll get a mirror and we'll shoot you in the mirror." And I said, "Well I won't do it." He said, "What?" I said, "I won't do it." "No," he said, "No, we've

got to get a really good image of you and we'll shoot you in a mirror." And I said, "Well you might shoot me but I won't be there." He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Well if the paint's as good as you say it is shoot me in the reflected image on a painted board, painted door or painted wall. High gloss painted door." He said, "No, we want to get a really good reflection." And I said, "Well I'm not doing it in a mirror so it's up to you. If you want to do it in a mirror get somebody else, I'm not doing it." They approached the representative of British Paints and said, "Mr Harris refuses to do this in the mirror." And the guy to his credit, a fellow called Norman Tonge, he said, "Well he's right. If the paint is as good as you say it is shoot him in a reflected painted doorway, painted with high gloss paint." The guy said, "Oh, oh, oh right." So they painted this beautiful doorway with this high gloss dark blue paint and got me with good lighting reflected in that doorway. And they shot it from the side and pulled back to reveal that it wasn't me, it was a mirror image of me reflected from a sheet of painted board. It was a most amazing image. You can't imagine. From then on we had a great rapport, me and British Paints, everything worked like a dream. I did 17 years with them. Those commercials were some of the best. I invented that little sound which went [slaps hands on can] "Trust British Paints, sure can." One of the best ones was where I dropped the tin of paint, where I go, "Trap it", and a tin of paint goes squuh down on to the ground and I look down. And they would use that just now and again, they would never use it all the time. But everybody is so used to me saying, "Trust British Paints sure can," [slaps hands] And I go "Trust... and the paint can's disappeared from the shot. It was wonderful what a dramatic reaction. We did all sorts of lovely things. There was one where we were on a moving house which is being taken along on rollers to move to somewhere else. A policeman comes up on a motorbike and says, "You dropped this?" and he hands me a big paint brush. I look to camera and say, "My first brush with the law." You know it was nice little lines like that. They were good, they did some great things. One of the commercials that they're now reusing, with some extra bits added from me, is a painting of a light house painted with Four Season's Paint. The line is, "It expands in the heat and contracts in the cold. And the paint copes with that and boom boomp boom. And they had a line, "Brushes and rollers wash out in water." They had me standing there with yellow oil slick jacket and standing by the side of the ocean. A huge wave comes in and engulfs me as I'm standing there. "Brushes and rollers wash out in water," and boof from this wave completely engulfs me and I'm standing

there with the brush and the roller dripping with water. But it was a most wonderful thing. We did eight takes on that. None of them worked at all. They had people with a big net waiting in case I was swept off into the sea. They were really worried about my safety on this but on the eighth one there was a wave you would have paid your eye teeth to have, you know, wonderful wave. Yes. They created so many amazing things. I was sorry when that came to an end. That was for British Paints. But Balm Dulux could have grabbed me all those years before had they had the foresight to look ahead and say, "What about in a couple of years time you come back and we shoot a series of commercials about Dulux Paint?" I would have loved it. There you go.

SB You've touched on it in the beginning there that doing TV programming you were thinking about how you could make, Relax with Rolf, something similar like The Two Ronnies here in the UK so that it responds to or is for a Perth audience. It was sort of something that Mark and I were discussing that all the way through your career you seem to have this amazing knack I guess to respond to your audience responses. If that makes sense? It's just sort of something we thought was really interesting. Just you read your audience so well and you seem to...

HARRIS Well when I first started out doing cabaret in England I had a stroke of luck which was unprecedented and unparalleled and was just marvellous. I suppose it's only a stroke of luck if you react to that and do something about it. But you have a piece of advice given to you and it proves to be the most important piece of advice you've ever had in your life. I always relate this to anybody who is trying to get into show business. I relate this piece of advice because it was the making of me really. This was in the late fifties when I was trying to do sort of high class cabaret in the London scene sitting at the piano playing my songs and singing to the audience. I was in a small review which was put on by a chap called Olive Moxham. He was building a night club at the same time as he had this little review theatre upstairs. But he was building a nightclub on the ground floor, just near Hyde Park corner. I said, you know, "Have you got anybody booked for the cabaret because I'd love to do your opening night cabaret?" He said, "Really?" I said, "Yes. Play songs and piano and

sing this, that and the other." "Oh okay." So he put me on. On the night there was a lady in the audience called Hermione Gingold who was the highest paid cabaret entertainer in London at the time. You may remember her, she was in the film, Gigi, do you remember Gigi? She was the old flame of Maurice Chevalier. "We met at 8.00, we met at night. I was late, you were on time. Oh yes I remember it well." She was his old girlfriend in that film. She went to America and she had a long running part in a television series about a witch. She was a witchy poo or something, I don't know who she was but she was a fantastic cabaret artist. I did my 20 minute spot and then Oliver Moxham invited her up. "She's just come back from performing at the Savoy and she's dropped in to see our new club and I've prevailed upon her to sing just one song." She got up and she had a piano player with her, accompanist. I remember this was the time of the very first sex change operation. Some big butch guy had changed his sex and was now Grenadine McThrappage or something you know. Charlene Scringburg or something, I don't know what his name became. But he was now a girl with great muscly arms and with long blonde wig and everything. So what she did, Hermione Gingold she put a cap on, shoved all her hair up underneath the cap and she sat up on the piano. She was dressed in long trousers at the time and a stunning blouse. She sat on the piano and she sang this song, which I can remember to this day, the very beginning of it. It went, "I changed my sex a week ago today." And it was like it dealt with every possible, every possible context of what you might think was funny about that sex change. I mean it was highly politically incorrect at the time but nobody cared about political correctness then. It was as funny as a circus, it was just wonderful. She had the people in the palm of her hand, she was wonderful. Anyway after her performance Oliver said to me, "Would you like to meet Miss Gingold?" I said, "Oh yes sure." I was introduced to her and she said, "Can I tell you something about your performance?" I said, "Yes of course, yes." I can remember to this day, I can remember composing my face so that I shouldn't looked to thrilled when she told me I was the greatest thing she'd ever heard. Well you've got to have that sort of self [unclear] otherwise you never get into show business in the first place. But what she actually said to me was, "You never looked at me once during those 20 minutes." I almost said, "You've got the wrong script, you know, I almost corrected her. You're supposed to be saying how good I was, you know. She said, "You never looked at me once." I said, "Well I didn't know who you were sitting in the audience at the time until you know you were just

introduced now, I didn’t know who you were.” She said, “No you misunderstand me young man. You never looked at anybody in the audience. You were working to a point on the wall at least two feet above all our heads. And what you’re effectively doing, I don’t know who advised you to do that, probably somebody in the theatre who invariably advise everybody not to look at the audience but to look above their heads because you’re pretending to be something else in a play and you have to get across a play but if you want to make contact with that audience you must look at them. And unless you have the courage and the confidence to look at people’s eyes in the audience you will never achieve your potential. Doesn't matter how good your songs are, how great your jokes are, how well you talk between songs, you will never get to be as good as you could be unless you have the courage to look at people and you must look at everybody. You must make sure that you know what’s happening in the whole room. If somebody sneezes, no good pretending it didn't happen, somebody has interrupted your performance and you must have something ready to do that. [clicks fingers] And as a result of that I always say if somebody sneezes in the middle of something, “I say bless you, nicely handled.” A lot of people can’t handle a sneeze like that in a crowded room. You know you see people do the big build up, ah ahhh haaah and then at the last minute they decide they’re not going to sneeze and they hold their nose and the whole back of their head goes qaaaahh. But you handled it very nicely, a straightforward atissue, like that, an honest to goodness sneezing sound all over the shirt of the fellow in front of you.” And you get a great laugh from that. Then you say, “Now what was I talking about? Oh yes, so he’s got this girl by the leg... No what was I talking about? I’ve forgotten where I was.” People will correct you and they’ll say, “No you were saying about this and that.” And you go, “Oh right,” and you get back on to your show. You’ve had a good laugh. The people who’ve sneezed have interrupted your show and you’ve got them back on track so that they’re all with you again. She said, “You’ve got to, if somebody drops a tray of drinks, no good pretending it didn’t happen. There it’s happened and you know, do something. Have a comedy line, like, “Gosh the lady’s dropped a contact lens or something, you know.” Or if somebody falls over or trips, be real and be genuine and jump off the stage if necessary to help them up. But show concern for people if they’re in trouble in the audience. But you must be aware of everything that’s happening. If you look at a spot on the wall you’re effectively giving everybody permission to pay no attention to you at all because they know you’re talking to

somebody else, somebody up there, not talking to them. So they feel emboldened to start making arrangements for a date with somebody or get up and go out to light up a cigarette in the foyer or chat amongst themselves and you know adjust their shoes or shoelaces or start writing a memo to themselves about something or other. They feel you've given them permission by not looking at any of them. So that advice was the making of me. It takes a lot of courage to start it because it's really scary to go from looking at a spot on the wall which doesn't look back to suddenly looking at individuals. But it's great. You can point out somebody's got a lovely dress and get them to stand up and turn around. "What a great, gosh don't you look good." And be genuine about compliments. It's no good picking some miserable looking bat of a lady and saying, "Gosh don't you look lovely this evening." Because she'll come up and whack you, you know. But it's got to be real, you've got to be real and people have got to relate to you as being a real person. And you've got to react to what is happening in the room. Use your microphone to convey the voice, you don't have to shout to people in the back of the theatre because the microphone does all of that. You just talk in an ordinary conversational way and it relaxes people, makes them calm. At the end of your performance they feel as if they've been with you in a one to one situation in your front room just chatting away. What a difference that's made. She also said that if you're on television, you must be able to look at that camera and know that you're talking to one person in a room on their own or a maximum of say four. But gear your voice to that level, don't shout if you, you know if you've got seven million viewers don't feel you have to shout to reach them all they're all just on their own watching you in a room. So just chat away.

MB That principle that you're talking about comes out. When I was listening to the Arctic Club recordings you were engaged with the audience, you don't shout in any way, and you've got the audience with you the whole way.

HARRIS I was more or less learning that all at that time because it wasn't long before that that I had been given this advice by Hermione Gingold. And, you know a year ago I thought I'll get in touch with her and I'll just tell her how much that advice has meant to me. I pursued the whole thing and discovered that she had died the

year before. I was so disappointed. I thought to myself, why didn't I do it years ago when I was, you know, benefitting from that piece of advice. Best bit of advice I've ever had.

SB And we're back on.

MB Well Rolf we're, I suppose at the point where you're on the way to Canada. I think a children's choir had been organised to sing, "Tie Me Kangaroo Down."

HARRIS Well let me tell you how we got to go to Canada first of all. It was a complete non-planned event. We'd booked tickets to go on the Oreana on its maiden voyage. My wife and I had read about this brand new ship. It was coming to Honolulu and it was going across to America to Los Angeles. It was going to be the inaugural trip for what was to be a regular route from England to America via this, going through, through via Honolulu through the Pacific. So we booked the tickets in Perth. When we came across to Sydney to collect the tickets a couple of weeks before we were to go the chap said, "Yes where did you book these?" I said, "In Perth." "Oh yes well what do they know in Perth." He said, "I don't know whether you know but Honolulu is now a North American port, has been for quite some time. It's a new state of America and the American shipping laws say that you cannot travel from one North American port to another North American port on a British vessel if there is an American shipping line covering the route. Unfortunately there is an American shipping line going from Honolulu to Los Angeles so I'm afraid you can't travel on the Oreana to Los Angeles." My face fell, my wife was there with me. We both went, "Oh, you know we'd set our heart on that." He said, "What I could do is I could give you a rail pass to go from Vancouver down to Los Angeles." I said, "Where is Vancouver?" He said, "It's in Canada. That's the stop before we go to Los Angeles, we go to Vancouver in British Columbia on the west coast of Canada. Then the ship goes down to Los Angeles so I could give you a rail pass if you really want to go on the ship." So we said, "Great, let's do that." So we went to Honolulu and we travelled

and we caught the ship in Honolulu and we travelled across the Pacific to Vancouver. When we got there we came in first to Victoria which is on Vancouver Island, that was the first stop. We picked up a million journalists and we picked up camera crews and you know all this and that, reporters etc. etc. Funnily enough somebody walked off the ship when it got to Vancouver with a camera, with a television camera under their arm. Walked off and stole the camera. A really expensive camera. But there you go that's another story. But we got on the ship... oh we were on the ship but all the press got on. There was a fellow there called Jack Webster who was an aggressive probing journalist who asked awkward questions, demanded answers. Jack Webster, a Scottish guy. "What do you think about this and that and the other? Yes but you said, you originally stated..." You know he was one of those probing journalists that jumped on people and forced them to admit that they had made a mistake doing this, that and the other. He started asking probing questions at me and I would come back to him and say, [speaks in Scottish accent] "It's no good shouting at me Jimmy." And he got really upset because I was mocking his Scottish accent. [speaks in Scottish accent] I said, "Just relax for god's sake. I'm not a journalist and I'm no good at answering probing questions. Ask me a little bit about my life and what I'm doing. But did you hear the one about the Scottish family? Father takes them out for a bang slap up feed, sausage, egg and chips. And the little boy at the end of the meal says - he's left a sausage untouched on the plate - the father says, "Eat it up!" "I don't want it daddy." "Eat it up!" " I don't want it." "Eat it up!" "I don't want it." So the father calls the waiter over, "Garcon could you wrap this sausage up, I want to take it home for the dog." And the little boy says, "Oh does that mean we're going to get a dog?" I told him the joke and he laughed and we had a ball. I just told him joke after joke after joke. It finished up we had a great time together and he stopped asking probing questions about awkward answers. When we got to Vancouver he said, "Well look here's my phone number, give us a ring and," he said, "I've got a very good friend called Kenny Stoffer who runs a nightclub there and I'll get him to give you an audition and see if you can do some work here, while you're here." I said, "Oh great." He said, "Meantime I'll see if I can get you some accommodation. Find you somewhere to stay when you get here for a while. How long you going to be here?" I said, "No idea, you know, we've got a train ticket to Los Angeles." He says, "Well it's worthwhile going to see Kenny Stoffer because he's a lovely man and if he could give you a job in his club it would be great." Okay

so we get there and the boat docks in Vancouver, brilliant sunny day. Gorgeous brilliant sunlight on the Narrows Bride and... Lion's Gate Bridge I should say. Narrows Bridge that's in Perth. What's the matter with me. But it was just wonderful and this huge new ship coming in and the first trip of what was to be a regular shipping route. Everybody from P&O were trying to find ways to promote the arrival of this new vessel. They'd found out I was on the ship and I had had a huge hit with Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport in Australia so they got a copy of the record from some radio station, CKLG I think it was, radio station, and they taught this to a school boy, school girl choir from a high school. We get there and my wife and I were hanging over the top deck on the railings and looking at all these people down there and this little choir about 50 kids they launch into, Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport, with a broad Canadian accent. It was just exquisite. My heart's going boomp boomp, boomp, you know it was as you can imagine they were all singing my song. I rushed down to my cabin and got the wobble board and came running up with this portrait of Robert Harbin which I was using as a wobble board. Bounced it up and down and of course it was in the wrong speed for the song they were singing, it didn't fit at all. But oh it was great. I came down and we had a lovely welcome from everybody.

Rang up Jack Webster when we got there and he'd found us accommodation. We moved into this little flat that we stayed in. Then he arranged for us to go and see Ken Stoffer at the Cave Nightclub, big, big, place. A couple of thousand or so, no 1,500 seats. Big, big joint. I can remember going in, nothing to lose, they didn't know who I was. I told them how great I was and what I did. I had this piece of board that I bounced up and down and I played the didgeridoo and I'd do this, that and the other and I'm a really good entertainer. You know I could move into the Cave now, this week if you want. He said, "Why young man we don't work like that, I'm booked up three months in advance here but why don't you go across to a smaller club that we have called the Arctic Club on Pender Street and talk to Bert Williams there, he's my manager there. Get him to put you on. Do an audition and see how you go." So I said, "Great." I went over and saw this Bert Williams chap who was very doubtful about me. I rehearsed with the band. They had a four piece band. Three piece, three piece. Piano, bass and drums. The piano player was a guy called Chris Gauge. His real name was Chris Gaisinger but it sounded too German and he changed it to

Chris Gauge. He was an absolute brilliant piano player and orchestrator. There was a fellow called "Cuddles" Johnson on the bass and a chap called Jimmy White playing drums and they were like a tight knit little trio, they were great. I was talking to them and saying, "Now what I'll do here, I'll get the audience to join in and if they don't join in I'll stop and I'll make them join in." I saw the three guys looking at each other from the side of their eyes and going, oh yes, you know, can you believe this bloke? They didn't believe me and I thought oh, we'll show them. So I'm doing a rehearsal with them and there's four girls had already arrived and were sitting at a table just by the stage while we were rehearsing. I went down and I said to them, "Are you going to be here tonight for the show because I'm doing an audition show tonight?" They looked at me strangely and they said, "Why yes, why sure." I said, "Well will you sing the chorus with me because I'm going to want everybody to join in the chorus. This is the only song that anybody would have ever heard of mine. So I'm going to start with that and I need everybody to join in the chorus so if you four will join in. It goes "Tie me kangaroo down, sport." And I taught them the chorus and they looked at each other and sort of doubtful. Anyway they agreed they would sing it. So when we got to the show on the night I was singing the thing and I said, "Altogether now, "Tie me kangaroo down, sport..." And I stopped and said, "What happened to you four?" And they went, "Huh. " "You promised you were going to sing the chorus. It's a pretty simple chorus. Tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo down, tie me kangaroo down, sport, tie me kangaroo down. Let's run it again." Gets himself up on to one elbow, turns to his mates who are all gathered around and he says, "Watch me wallabies feed mate, watch me wallabies feed. Hey look they're a dangerous breed mate, so watch me wallabies feed. Altogether now, tie me kangaroo... and I said, "You're not singing still you four. Are you going to sing or not?" Aagh and they sort of went "aah". I said, "Come on, I mean is it really that difficult. If you're not game to actually make a sound could you just move your mouths in time to the music to give me a bit of confidence? It's my first ever show here tonight. Come on let's do it again." End of the chorus, "Altogether now, tie me kangaroo..." and very halting they sang, they joined in. And pretty soon everybody joined in and... and I had nothing to lose because for the first time in my life nobody had any preconceived idea as to who I was.

When I came across to England from Australia I was very conscious of the English accent and my position in relation to that accent. Who ever spoke to me with that sort of voice [posh English voice] “I say you there.” I was like, “Yes and no sir, three bags full sir. Tug the forelock, down on one knee you know and bash me if you wish sir but here I am.” I was like a peasant and he was like your lordship. I always felt that from the first time I got here that the accent threw me into the position of being a second rate citizen. When I came back to Perth it was a funny old situation because I wasn’t like a hero coming back to my home town, I was like everybody. “Oh yes we knew Rolf when he was a kid you know. I used to help his mother change his nappy. Yes, oh it’s only young Rolf.” So you had no kudos at all, you had no status, you were... I mean I remember one Sunday getting up going to the toilet which was just... my wife and were sleeping on two separate beds on the veranda where my brother and I used to sleep. Nine o’clock on a Sunday morning and a lady walks in the door with two little kids because we never locked the doors in Perth. Two little kids, one about seven and the other about four. “Oh hello Rolf.” I’m just coming out of the toilet in a pair of underpants. There’s a lady standing in the bloody hall, in the sleep out, “Hello Rolf, I’ve just brought the kids round to see you and wondered if you could sign an autograph for them.” I went, “Ah oh, oh yes, oh yes. So I signed a bit of paper for these two kids and off they went. I’m standing there thinking, I can’t believe this. But then that was the attitude, you know, it’s just oh he always lived there and we just live around the corner so I’ll take the kids round to see him. He’s doing quite well on television and it’ll be lovely for the kids to see him in person and just turning up. I couldn’t get any feeling in Perth of being anything special. It was like, ‘Oh he’s just the kid up the road, you know, he’s just the boy next-door. Oh yes, oh well he does some good songs, yes.” But you know he’s nothing special, he’s not like, he hasn’t come from the eastern states, you know, he’s not from America.

So when I got to Vancouver nobody had any idea as to who I was or what I was. I could be who I liked. I didn’t care if somebody said he was Sir Giles McClappage, if he was talking in the middle of it I would say, “Could you bloody shut up a minute, I’m busting a gut to entertain you, you know and you’re talking to that Sheila next to you. What’s the matter with you?” I had the courage to do that, I didn't care who they were. This little club was so lovely because you could see everybody it was like 125

audience only. You could see everybody, you could see all their faces. I was telling jokes, questionable jokes but in a charming way so that people could, girls could pretend they didn't understand it if they wanted to you know. I found that most Vancouverites, most Canadians, when telling jokes they have to be crude. The jokes have to be rude and crude and aggressively embarrassingly rude, you know with bad language. So I made sure that all the jokes were funny but told in a charming way so that even though it was like a questionable gag about some sort of a naughty situation but you told it in a way that they could pretend they didn't understand it, the girls, if they wished to be seen to be pure and innocent. But those jokes they got such great reaction. It's the first time anybody had ever heard a joke told in a nice way but really caused gags. I knew a lot of jokes. It was lovely.

Ken Stoffer rang up the following day and spoke to Bert Williams and said, "How did he get on, the young Australian chap?" Bert said, "Well he did everything wrong, he did nothing right as far as I was concerned but the audience love him." So they booked me to stay on for the end of the week. By the Thursday of that week they'd booked me for another four weeks. They were paying me what I considered a lot of money except I was translating Canadian dollars into pounds sterling. I was thinking you know $250 wow, thinking £250 a week, wow. It's like $250 it's about less than 100 quid a week. It was like 60, £60 or something. Sixty-five, £70. But I was amazed and they as the crowds got bigger and bigger they kept giving me more money which I thought was really good because they didn't have to they'd agreed to pay me so much. Then by about the end of the month I was getting $1000 a week, and it was people were queuing for the second show, queuing up the stairs to wait for people to clear off so they could come in. It became the talk of the place. We did seven weeks and I was exhausted. Two shows a night. Never done that many shows before, ever. Sunday off. But two shows a night every night, 7 o'clock and 9.30.

At the end of that we went down to Los Angeles. I'd done so well there that I went to the Hungry Eye to Mr Bandoochie. The Hungry Eye, the Kingston Trio had had a huge success there singing folks songs. The biggest one was... what was the one about? The Kingston Trio what did they say about the...? Can't think of the name of

the song. Oh about the captain of the ship, the ship was going sailing out and they're all on deck.

SB Sloop John Peel.

HARRIS What is it?

SB Sloop John Peel?

HARRIS [Sings] "Am on the Sloop John Peel, my granddaddy and me. Om bah dant dah, dah, dah, bah, pah, bah, bah, dee. I want to go home. I want to go home." They made a huge success the Kingston Trio from just being put on there and entertain the university crowd. So I thought I will do the same as I did in Vancouver. Go in, do an audition in front of an audience and I'll be a huge success in Los Angeles. Mr Bandoochie said, "I don't work that way young man," you know. I said, "Just put me on with... I'll do it for nothing. Just in front of an audience so you can see that what I am telling you I'm going to do you can see how it works with an audience because you won't believe me." He said, "Allow me to know my audience." I said, "Well allow me to know what I can do with an audience." "Listen young man, do you want to do this audition or do you not?" "Well okay but you won't believe it." I sang all my songs to one man in an empty room, it was just embarrassing and awful, you know. Trying to say this is what I do and I'd turn to the audience there and I do this and I do that and they all sing the chorus." "Yes, yes," he couldn't believe any of it. So at the end he said, "No it's not for me, young man." I said, "Look it's perfect the university audience is perfect because they're all a thinking crowd and they know it and they get the gags and they'll...." "No, no." So I hung around Los Angeles, I rang him every day, I kept going back in to see him again thinking he'll change his mind, he'll put me on but he never did.

We were planning to buy a car and drive across the states and we couldn't be bothered. My wife was so anxious to get back to England and see her folks and get back and stop travelling. And so we flew to New York where I had a very good friend, Frank Dumine and his wife. He was in newspapers and they'd offered to put us up in Queens where they stayed so we stayed with them. I got a telegram from the Arctic Club and it said, "Come home, we need you," from Vancouver. I think the word "home" did it for me. I said, "I've got to go back, if they're really keen you know." Alwen said, "I can't bear it you know I'm so close to going home." So we agreed that she should head back to England and I should go back to Vancouver for a while for a couple of weeks. Do another couple of weeks maybe then I would join her in England. After four weeks she flew back to Vancouver and joined me again in Vancouver. I was held over for 31 weeks in that club getting paid more each week. Just an amazing reaction.

I learnt my cabaret trade in Vancouver and I learnt to be myself and to have my courage and confidence in who and what I was. I didn't have to bow the knee to anybody or tug the forelock or I could just be me and they had to accept me as I was or not accept me at all. It was wonderful at the age of, what was I then? I was 31. At the age of 31 to suddenly find who you are and know how you are and what you are and have the confidence in being you was a wonderful revelation.

Then Christmas Eve the blasted Arctic Club burnt to the ground. The place next-door had a fire in the boiler, it blew up and the whole of that block went and the Arctic Club block went. The only thing that was saved in the Arctic Club was my piano accordion which was in my little changing room under the stairs. The piano accordion was standing in the case, in the open case and it was full of water. The case was four inches deep in water and the accordion stood in it. So I got the news from a friend of mine, a chap called Greg Morotie rang up and said, "The Arctic Club burnt to the ground." I said, "Oh yes, ha, ha." He said, "No seriously, have a look on the news so I switched the television on and there it was. So I raced down and looked at this place which was just smoke and crap everywhere, you know just awful, water everywhere. The whole of the floor of the place had gone and the piano,

grand piano had gone straight through to the basement and smashed itself and everything burnt except for just under the stairs there was my squeeze box. So I grabbed it and I raced round to a piano accordion repair shop and he fixed it for me. He took it all to pieces, every piece apart, laid them out to dry. Ken Stoffer was just redecorating the Cave at this time so he cancelled the redecoration and moved me lock, stock and barrel in with the Chris Gauge Trio into the Cave at this huge place, 1,500 people instead of 125 people. Scared the hell out of me. But if he hadn't done that I would have still been in 125 seat places you know. So everybody who had been a member of the Arctic Club was given free admission to the Cave. It was just wonderful.

I kept going back to the Cave every year, a couple of times a year, doing a month there or three weeks or whatever he could fit me in. I became a firm favourite of the Vancouver crowd so it was wonderful.

MB Rolf we've left the Arctic Club now and we're moving back to the UK. So talking about also your emergences as very much a serious artist.

HARRIS Yes. By the way before we leave the Arctic Club, everybody in Vancouver pronounces that Artic as if it's A R T I C, they leave the 'c' out in the middle.

MB Ah. Oh that's why you've had it as Artic in one of your promotional things. I thought Artic doesn't have the 'c' in.

HARRIS No. Yes they just pronounce it Rolf Harris at the Artic, Artic. They wouldn't say Arctic Club. But it was a great time and what a difference that made to my life. But coming back to, I was doing a program called Animal Hospital and it had huge success. It started off in the first week, I think they were expecting possibly to

get maybe a million viewers, a million and a quarter, something like, Tomorrow's World, which is a program about inventions and new things in the electronic field and this, that and the other. By halfway through the first week, we did a week of performances Monday to Friday, half an hour each night, edited version of what had gone on through the day all linked with me live. By the Wednesday we had seven million viewers tuned in. By the Friday it was closer to eight million. I think mainly because an owner of a dog burst into tears while discussing the fact that the dog was on its last legs. He had to go and phone his father up to say the vet says, really there's no way he can help her at all. What was the name of the dog? Flossie.

SB Flossie.

HARRIS No there was no way. You know the vet said there's no way he can help Flossie. We can't fix her heart, her heart is enlarged and she can't walk more than four steps without having to rest for half an hour. And, you know she collapses if you walk her more than four or five steps. She can't go upstairs and as you live on the first floor flat have to carry her up and down and you're getting on dad and you know. The vet said that it would be kindest to put her to sleep. So that he came back and he said to the vet, "Yes dad agrees." And there was this awful silence and for the life of me I could not remember the name of the dog. You know that awful moment when you want to say, "How long have you had Flossie?" And could I remember the name Flossie, I couldn't remember it. So I said to this young man, I say young he was about 35 I suppose. I said, "How long have you had the dog," because I couldn't remember her name. And he just looked at me and he burst into tears. He buried his head on my shoulder and into my neck and sobbed against my shoulder. I put my arm around him and gave him a squeeze and I said, "You know don't be embarrassed." And I finished up in tears myself, you know, in comforting him. I think it was the first time the audience had seen two grown men unashamedly crying about an animal on television. The reaction the next day was incredible. Everybody talking about it and the viewing figures that night as I said something like eight million. That program we did 10 years of that. Ten years.

SB It's a long time.

HARRIS I don't know how many series. Twenty-six programs a year.

MB Yes we got it in Australia of course.

HARRIS Yes. Yes, gosh. It was a powerful program. It's being shown now on Sky and it's still compulsive viewing. The lady in charge of that, can you remember her name?

FEMALE VOICE Sarah Hargreaves.

HARRIS Sarah, Sarah Hargreaves called me in and she said, "Everyone I talk to about you mentions the huge paintings that you used to do with the big four inch brushes way back in the sixties and seventies and into the eighties. Would you ever be interested in doing some more painting on television?" I said, "Would I," you know, "just point me at it." She said, "All right, well what sort of area would you be interested in?" I said, "Well impressionism. I like to deal with impressionism because that's where my interest lies in Van Gogh and Monet and Degas and all these guys. I would love to look at their work." She said, "Let's work out how we could make it work for you." So it was her suggestion to have me do a painting in the style of Van Gogh for example which was the first one. We had one camera on that first show. We went to France and went to the south of France where he went to Arles, where he was... Then we went up to where he finally shot himself, we went to that area as well. We went to all over the place and I did paintings in his style. The Church at Auvers, I did the painting of that. But we had one camera and it took all day for me to paint that picture because the camera would cover me squeezing paint out on to the

pallet. Then we'd come round to get a shot, wide shot of me sloshing on the paint on the first bit on the empty canvas. Then it would come to a close up of me putting the... then he would move back again and reposition the camera to do this. Then he would come to a close up of my face when I would turn to camera and said, "The interesting thing about this is that..." you know. So the poor man was forever leaping about, changing the focal length, changing the position of the tripod, changing, going from one side of the canvas to the other side. Coming to me holding a brush, coming to... and it took forever. It took all day to do that first one. I finished up covered all over in bright blue paint all over my hands, paint everywhere. It was the messiest thing you've ever seen. After that first program, I mean we were about a week doing that, I said, "We can't do this with one camera, we really need another camera doing the wide shot and you on close ups or vice versa him on close ups or him on a shot of the paint being mixed and squeezed out, you know, so we can cut, cut and you stay in the same spot because otherwise we'll be forever doing these so he agreed. And they to their credit, they said we've got to have two cameras. So they had eventually two cameras plus a fixed camera on the wide shot fixed on a tripod to cover that in every eventuality you always had the fall back position of those shots on the wide. But they were great. I mean I remember we were in the hospital where he was kept, where he did a lot of his paintings. I did a self portrait in the style of van Gogh there and I'm painting away and two people came into the hospital. "Oh what are you doing here?" "Wonderful to see you. It's Princess Alexandra and husband Angus Ogilvy they were over there visiting the hospital. We'd met several times before and I had a lovely chat. Then I said, "What are you doing? " I said, "Well I'm in the middle of painting a self-portrait for the camera." And they went, "Ah oh terribly sorry and we've interrupted it all." I said, "Yes, but a nice interruption it was." Very delightful. So they went on their way and that was lovely.

But those programs they started getting enormous figures equal to animal hospital. By about six million viewers it was getting six million more than any program on art had ever got anywhere in the world on television ever before. So we were on a regular situation of seven-and-a-half million viewers each week at a half-an-hour show a week. By far ahead of any other show that had ever been shown on the art sort of side and it was such a wonderful feeling. Then we get all the critics. We had

one critic who said, “Rolf Harris is the essence of naff, wherever he appears he’s always dressed wrongly for whatever occasion he’s in.” And you think to yourself, what has that got to do with my art? You get critics who write a criticism for the sake of showing how good they are with prose and they quite happily destroy you. If you come back to them and remonstrate with them they love that because it’s giving them kudos and gives them another chance to write in their column. “Oh Rolf said this and I was able to come back and flatten him again with this statement you know.” So you daren’t pick them up on these stupid statements they make some of them. You just leave it go and you just try and grit your teeth and ignore it but it hurts. Quite often it hurts, you know, to have them say how naff you are and how crummily you dress and how this, that and the other. You think what has that got to do with the television program? But anyway what I was trying to do on these programs was to take away the mystique of art and to let people know that it was okay not to know what you’re looking at when you go to a gallery. It’s okay to go in and be a bit nonplussed as to why that white canvas with the red spot is worth 10 million. You know it’s like, what? What is that? A totally black canvas with three yellow stripes going across it and a blue dot. Oh. You can’t imagine why it’s worth all that. But you want people to be able to go in and fearlessly go into a gallery and have a look round. Most people won’t go because they’re afraid that they're going to be made to feel small when they get in there and don’t understand any of it. But you know art exhibitions are purely and simply for people to look at what other people are painting and see if they can find something which they like. If you like something enough to buy it and hang it on your wall, great, do it. If you can’t stand the things don't do anything about it. But the programs they were quite honest and fearless in showing how I went about doing certain things. How I start by roughing in the paint with you know turpentine and rough colour and sloshing it around and then gradually refining that. Okay what’s the difference between this and that. Okay let’s fix that difference. You show people how you approach various things. Looking at LS Lowry for example, the artist who painted all the working men going to the mill and going to all these industrial places in Manchester. He painted all these people with flat caps and all as skinny as rakes and you know all on the edge of extinction. All broken, no money anywhere and they’re all working themselves stupid in these sweat shops. He painted them all. I was able to show people how he approached, how he fixed his canvas, how he made the surface of the canvas by putting white lead paint on with a

pallet knife and then lifting the pallet knife off to create a sort of spiky overall effect on the canvas. Then he would leave it for a couple of years while that dried solidly. The white lead would go a sort of a dingy grey colour over those two years and he loved that colour because against that you could have a white would show out bang against that dingy grey background. It was a good sort of medium sort of colour to have everything else stand out against. And you were able to show his approach and show his attitude to people and to show how you could show how perspective was done and how you got the lines disappearing into the distance. How you actually worked it on the canvas and how you found a vanishing point where all those lines vanished. It's always at eye level of the painter. The vanishing point is always where your eye is. Horizon is always at the height of the eye of the artist. If you're sitting down then your horizon is low. If you're standing up and he's a tall bloke your horizon is up there. You just look at where the building lines vanish too and you take it down to it there and they intersect on the horizon at your eye level height. They intersect there and everything in that same plain vanishes to that one spot. And you're able to show that and people would you know contact the BBC and say, “That's a revelation, I never knew that, you know, nobody ever told me that. Why didn't they teach us that at school?”

So I'm going to write a book about perspective from the simplicity of how I've had to learn it, you know, to use it in my painting. But I've done a couple of books showing the progress of paintings from the first start, the roughed in canvas to the finished product. I'm going to do some more I think because people are very interested in it.

MB And you're genuine about this openness of art because you won't sit on competitions I think, will you?

HARRIS Well I hate going in... people say, “Will you be a judge, we've got a competition to choose the best artist in this school with these kids?” I hate saying one kid is better than another kid because they're all totally different. I guess if they're going to have a prize for something or other they've got to have a judge to

say this is better than that. But I think you should award prizes for the amount of effort the kids put into it, not for the prettiness of the end result. I just won't be a party to judging and saying this one's best. I mean I don't think you can say this piece of work is worth seven out of ten and this piece of work is only worth three out of ten. This piece of work, I don't see how you can do it. The same with creative writing. I don't see how you can say this is worth nine out of ten but this is only worth four-and-a-half because it's all very subjective. Yes.

MB Rolf, did the masters, and your exploration of the technique, did it effect your view or the way you approached?

HARRIS Yes it certainly did. I mean I use Lowry's approach a lot now to create a background with spiky bumpy bits. Yes I use it a lot. I've always been interested in impressionist painting. To find out that Degas used photography a lot in his work that fascinated me because I loved to use photographic reference and I get a great charge out of it. To find out that you're following in the footsteps of somebody as good as Degas is really nice.

SB Can you comment briefly – we have to ask you – meeting the Queen? Having the opportunity to paint the Queen. Because your grandfather painted, was it the Queen's...?

HARRIS Her grandfather.

SB Her grandfather, yes. So I mean for you that must have been nice following in your grandfather's footsteps and then having that opportunity to paint the Queen.

HARRIS Yes it was an interesting thing. People say, “When you got the commission to paint the Queen.” It wasn’t a commission. What happened was the [unclear] Art people at the BBC said, “How would you feel about doing a portrait of the Queen to commemorate her 80th birthday? Would you be game to try it?” I took a big breath and swallowed and said, “Yes, I’m game to try it.” So they then approached Buckingham Palace and said, “We would like to do this, this and we would like to have cameras in. Two cameras and a fixed camera with the Queen and Mr Harris painting a portrait.” Two weeks later they came back and said, “Very happy, everybody thinks it’s a wonderful idea. Can you get Mr Harris to contact the Queen’s personal secretary as to what he wants the Queen to wear.” What do I want the Queen to wear? It’s like you’re kidding. “No, no,” she said Angela - can’t think of her surname - Angela she said, “No the artist always decides what the Queen wears. What would you like her to wear?” I said, “Well something vibrant and exciting. Maybe a shocking pink colour or something purplish or maybe turquoise.” She said, “I’ll bring six outfits on a clothes hanger to Buckingham Palace and if you can come along and choose.” So she brought, a week later, she brought six of the Queen’s outfits. I said, “Well that pink doesn’t work definitely but that turquoise blue would be great.” “What jewellery would you like the Queen to wear?” I said, “What jewellery?” She said, “Well she always wears her pearls. She loves to wear her pearls. She also has a brooch that she had commissioned for her mother’s 100th birthday. She commissioned this brooch and she would love to wear that I am sure.” I said, “Well that’s great by me, I am happy with that.”

Interesting at the exhibition the other night I met the man who designed and made that brooch for the Queen. He said he was thrilled to bits to see it being painted on the portrait.

SB I bet.

HARRIS And he said, “The Queen absolutely loved that portrait and she loved the experience.” I said, “Well she never said anything.” He said, “Well she never

does." But he said, "Take it from me I got reaction from her and she thought it was a wonderful experience, she loved every minutes of it." So that was nice. She said to me as she left on the second day. " It's a very friendly painting." And I took that as a pat on the back.

SB You do, you see it in her eyes she's just got that glint and a beautiful smile that just...

HARRIS I wanted to create a real person. I wanted it to look like your favourite grandmother, you know, to look as if you...

MB That's what I thought, she doesn't look like she's been minted on the coin in the...

SB No, no she does not.

HARRIS She looks like a real person which I was thrilled with. I loved the fact that you get the blue veins in the hands and the brown age spots and things happening here and there. And the fact that her hands look like an 80 year olds hands. And I know because I'm 80 now and I'm just looking at mine. [laughter] No she was a delight. She chatted away. Just before she came in on the first day we had to be there before 11.00 because the changing of the guard happens at 11.00 in Buckingham Palace. So you have to get through that courtyard and into the palace before 11.00 because the whole area is occupied by the soldiers marching up and down. We got in at 11.00 and she wasn't due until 2.30 so you could imagine by half-past-eleven I'd set up and was ready to go. I had three hours to now wait and the butterflies proliferated in my stomach and the nerves grew and it got worse and worse and more and more panic stricken. At midday there was an almighty bang right outside the window, frightened the living daylights out of everybody. When the

Queen came in I said, "You missed a good changing of the guard this morning your Majesty." She said, "I understand they were very good." I said, "Yes, there was a huge bang went off at 12 o'clock, frightened the wits out of us all." She said, "Do you know what that was for?" I said, "No." She said, "Neither did I. I had to ask." I waited and I waited and eventually I said, "Well are you going to tell us?" But as I was saying that she said, "It commemorates the Coronation which happened on this day back in 1950," whatever it was.

SB Three.

HARRIS Three was it. Yes. And I said, "I was there, I was out there with a blanket round my shoulders with the drizzling rain. I had the piano accordion underneath the blanket and I played Waltzing Matilda to anyone who was fool enough to stop. But I was there, sat there all night waiting for you. Then the coach came round and it was like the sun rose as the coach appeared, you looked so good and everybody was thrilled." She said, "Yes I remember it was quite cold and very wet."

FEMALE VOICE But she did smile while you were... it was really lovely watching because she smiled as you were telling her about your experience of the coronation. Yes.

SB So we're sort of nearing the end of our interview with you now and from everything we've sat and listened to over the last of couple of days with you, you've had a fantastic career with some amazing opportunities. A career that's spanned many different forms from your music to painting, live performance and TV production as well. I guess for us we were sort of wondering you're driven, you've driven yourself to get to where you are today that's clear, but the support you know of your family and your friends and just those how you've got to where you are today I guess is where we thought we'd...

MB You don't talk much about Bruce in your autobiography. And I still think of the 11 year old Rolf in Bassendean what he would have thought about where he would have ended up way back then.

HARRIS I don't think I had any great driving ambitions as a kid. Everything seemed to happen by accident really. I was a good swimmer because we lived by the river and I was forever swimming. I was offered the chance to go to Melbourne to compete in the championships. But we had to raise money to get there because the swimming association didn’t have enough money to pay for more than one person so my arch rival a fellow called, Garrick Agnew, was the best swimmer in the state and he was paid for. But I had to raise £76 for the air fares to Melbourne and back.

MB I didn't realise Garrick was paid for.

HARRIS Yes he’d won all the trials and things and I was second in everything so I had the chance to go but I had to raise the money to do so. So all the local people in Bassendean got together. I went up to the local pictures on a Saturday night and got up on stage and played the piano and sang songs to people. They did a big spiel about this young lad’s got the chance to go to Melbourne and we’re taking round some buckets now, if you’ve got any spare change we need to raise £76. And we got that money that night, we raised it all. In those days, 1945 and ’46, that was a lot of loot you know. So I went across to Melbourne. Was one of a group of about 10 people. Garrick was the champion, he was going to be the killer. When it came to his 110 yards freestyle championship they had a false start. They fired the gun the second time and everybody stopped except Garrick who didn't hear it. So they dropped the rope across the baths and he swam straight over the rope, kept going flat out to the other end. Somebody stopped him and grabbed him by the arm as he did the turn at the other end and stopped him and he fought them, practically dragged them into the water. They said, “There’s been a false start.” But he’d shot

his bolt, he'd gone haring up that 55 yards at break-neck speed. They had a 20 minute pause before they ran the race again but he came fourth whereas he would have won it easily. But then I was swimming in the backstroke championship, under 16 backstroke, and all my practice I did in the actual pool that we were going to use. All the practice I did was to get a decent turn because in backstroke if you don't get a good turn you're dead in the water. I worked it out by trial and error that as we passed this huge doorway if I counted from there, counted the strokes, 16 strokes and I would hit the wall and turn with an amazing turn. Sixteen strokes and I did it over and over again. Got to that doorway, bang, 16 strokes, wow perfect. On the night I'm in lane No. 1, I'm right against that edge and bang away we go. Swimming down the thing and going like mad and I thought, where's the door? I'd passed it. I'd passed the door, it was way back there. In the excitement I had forgotten all about the damn door. I thought, how many strokes have I done past the door? Three. I made a guess, three strokes so I'll do 13 strokes and I will turn on the 13th stroke. So I swam flat out into the wall, counted 13 and reached up and there it was. I grabbed the thing and did a spin round and got the best turn you've ever seen in your life. I came into the turn last and I came out of that turn first. I came out ahead of everybody by about a yard and so I was able to just sit there and watch the whole field behind me and just stroke my way through to victory. It was the most amazing sensation. I swam that race every night in my dreams for the next six months. Woke up sweating like mad having just won again. It was amazing, it changed my whole life. Came back as the champion and my deadly rival Garrick didn't get a championship at all so it was quite staggering.

I remember one of my teachers at Modern School said to me one day, took me out of the class and took me out in the corridor and said, "Now look Harris, I know you've just won the Australian Junior Backstroke Championship but there's no reason for you to roll your sleeves up to the shoulders and dress like an absolute lair with your collar up and your tie undone. You've got to, you know, we know you've won it and congratulations and it was a great victory but for god's sake dress like a sensible person. I won't say any more but you're right out of order at the moment." But it made such a difference to me, that gave me huge confidence in myself. Yes it was

wonderful. And to feel that the public had helped me to do it that was the best bit. All the people in home town all got behind me and got me over there.

And, you know during my life when it got to about 1980 somewhere around there my brother who's always been very conscious of money and finances and things, he said to me, "How much money do you have?" I said, "I don't know." No he said, "How much do you have in bank?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "What do you mean you don't know?" I said, "Well I don't know." He said, "Well have you got money in the bank?" I said, "Well no I don't think so. My agent always pays whatever I earn into their bank account and if I want any money I'll say, can I have £50 and they would go across to the bank and draw it out and give me the £50 in cash." He said, "That's ridiculous are you serious?" I said, "Well yes." He said, "But they are earning interest on your money in their bank account." I said, "Are they?" He said, "Yes. Don't you know anything?" I said, "No I don't." So he came back and then he looked at my affairs and he said, "This is ridiculous, you should get some sort of an agent who knows what show business is about. This agent you're with doesn't have a clue as far as I'm concerned." So he talked me into changing my agency and I went with a chap called Billy Marsh who was just amazing. The first time I did a job with Billy Marsh, that week I received a cheque with their commission taken out, I got a cheque in the post that week. It's like first time, you know, revelation.

SB This is what's supposed to happen.

HARRIS This is what show business is about. He was just marvellous and he nurtured me and nursed me into getting better and better. I'm still with him. They're a great agency and great negotiators. My brother still manages me worldwide now from Sydney. He makes the decisions in consultation with the agency over here. He's just been remarkable in turning my life around really from 1980 not knowing how much I was worth and where it all went and what happened to the money. "How much do you get paid per show?" "I have no idea." "You've no idea what you get paid?" "No." He said, "What is the matter with you? Aren't you interested?" I said,

"Well ah oh... because my dad, our dad he always said, "Money was the last thing that was important." He said, "As long as you've got enough to live and perhaps have a holiday now and again. But it's not something to be treated as a god you know. Money is..." So I took on board that attitude of my dad's. Also took on board my mother's attitude about drink. She was from a Methodist, not Methodist, the Chapel situation in Wales. Her father was a lay preacher in the Welsh Chapel. To my mother anybody who took drink, took strong drink at all was by definition a drunkard. If you went into a pub you were a drunkard, defined drunkard, you were a drunk. I think as a kid growing up you either take on board your parent's attitudes or you reject them completely and go the opposite way. My brother went the opposite way and I went along with mum on that so I never drank. I never was interested in it. My brother drinks in a normal way. He loves wine with every meal. He's not a drunkard at all but he quite happily drinks in a regulated way, in a sensible way. But I don't, it just gives me headaches. I wonder whether a lot of the headaches are as the result of me imagining that my mother is still watching me. But I took on board my mum's attitude. I don't like drunks. I'm embarrassed by drunks. I hate to have the feeling that I might get to a stage where I don't know what I'm saying and I'm as stupid as some of these people appear to be. When they are loud mouthed and... and then you get drunks that are so aggressive when they get drunk, they want to lash out at everybody. I guess in vino veritas is very true isn't it?

SB Mhm.

MB Definitely.

HARRIS Anyway I would just like to thank all the people at the office and my agency, Billy Marsh Associates who are just incredible. Sue De Vris, Sue is my PA, just helps me with day to day everything that I do in my work and is always there for me. Pat Lakesmith who is my PR lady. She's brilliant at organising all the press and stuff that happens. Well you've dealt with Pat and you've dealt with Sue.

SB Yes. Yes. They've both been wonderful.

HARRIS Yes. I mean they're remarkable and they point me in the right direction. "You shouldn't do that. No you mustn't being doing... I don't think you should do it. But this would be a wonderful thing to do. Why don't you... I'll rough it out the way you should answer this. Put it into your own words but this is a rough idea," Pat would say to me. So then I'd grab that statement and I'll say, "Well I couldn't say that I'd put it more like this. It sounds a bit pompous." Yes but it's been a remarkable career. And, of course my wife is the most important one, the fact that she supported me. She is artistic alongside of me and she knows what I'm doing. She knows, you know, she's a great critic. She says, "That doesn't look right. You know when you do a painting," she said, "Well that head is in the wrong position. Surely you've got that swivelled to the side, it looks really wrong. Or that shoulder is out or this that doesn't work. She's just a wonderful critic and a wonderful supporter in everything I do. She gets really fed up with me beating time all the time. I'm forever doing this [slaps hands] creating rhythms, [slapping hands and humming.] She says, "For goodness sake can you stop that." You know all the [hand slapping, humming and wobble board] I just love any sort of rhythmic thing which is a repetitious gorgeous sound, ongoing sound. I love it and it drives her mad because I do it without knowing I'm doing it most of the time. I walk along going [humming, making sounds] Yes etc. etc.

SB Well I think on that note that is a wonderful place to end. Well it's been a fantastic interview. Thank you very much Mr Rolf Harris.

HARRIS Oh what a joy it's been and thanks for coming all this way over to do it. Good on you.

SB Thank you very much.

END OF INTERVIEW