

- [Home](#)
- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

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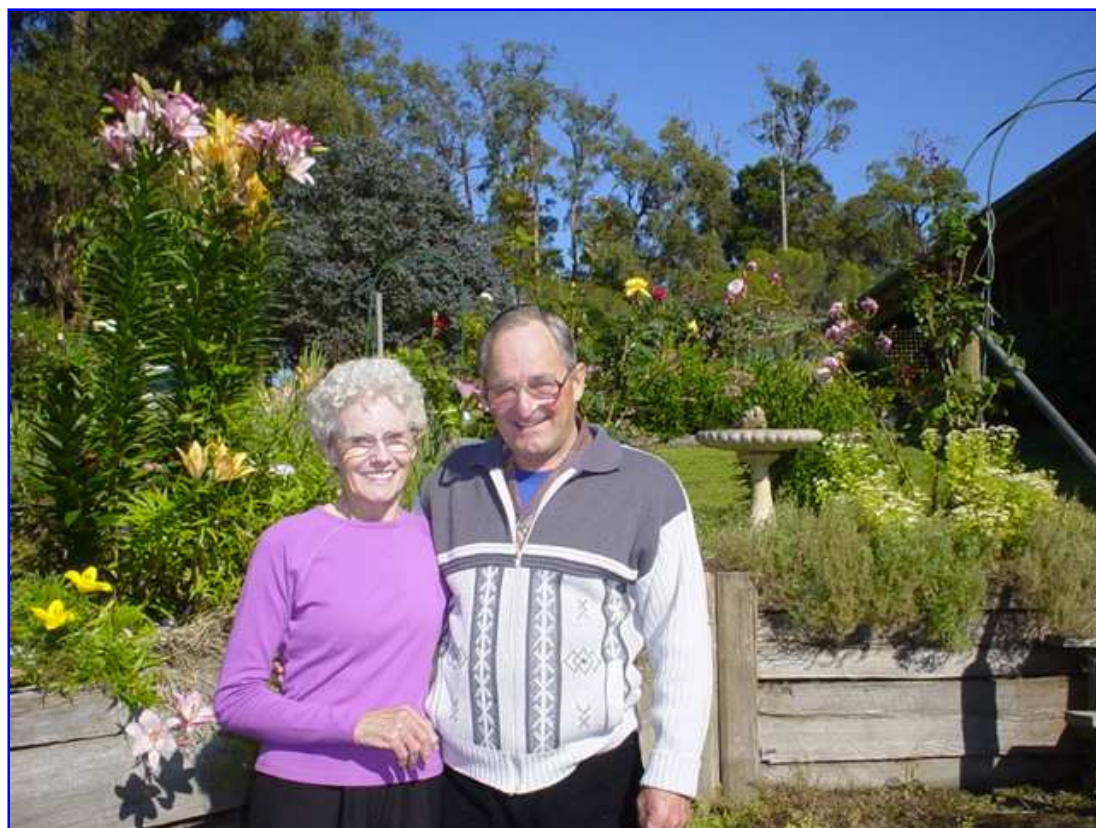
Australian artists sharing the good news

Feeds:

[Posts](#)

[Comments](#)

Ken Payne



This is Doris and Ken [Wacka] Payne of Willow Grove in Victoria. Don't let the name "Wacka" fool you. It has nothing to do with the level of my IQ nor the state of my mind. I must admit I spent 20 years in a mental asylum, but fortunately they

let me home every night and paid me every fortnight to stay there. The patients weren't that lucky and it must be said, the only difference between a lot of the patients and some of the staff, was that the staff got paid and the patients did not. The behaviour of both at times was identical. I picked up the name "Wacka" in the R.A.N. as did every other rating that bore the name of Payne. Every Gray was "Dolly, every White was "Knocker," and every Bell was "Dinger." And so on. I also picked up a little handy information in the Senior Service, I discovered like Henry Fonda did in the film "Mr. Roberts," that the real enemy often wears the same uniform. That's another story.

Doris is my wife of 48 wonderful years, and is in fact the "bright red-lipped young maiden" mentioned in the poem "**Value For Money.**" I met her in the Prahran Church of Christ in Melbourne in 1954. The R.A.N. and I became very bad friends towards the end, and I ended up doing time in the clink at Holdsworthy military jail because they did not like me taking 12 months leave without pay, however, if it wasn't for the Navy, I would never have met Doris.

Pig Iron Bob Menzies, the Prime Minister of the mid 1950's apparently did not like sailors. He granted full military benefits during the Malayan campaign to all members of the Air Force and the Army after serving 24 hours or more struggling in the comfort of their air conditioned houses and barracks. He denied the same benefits to men serving in the Navy who were doing it a lot tougher being tossed all over the oceans of the far east in stinking hot stifling tin cans [Destroyers] in the most inhuman conditions. No one could ever work out the ridiculous decision that came from between Menzie's ears discriminating against the Senior Service. But the wheels of justice finally turned, and 40 years after Menzies was gone, the government of the day awarded active service benefits to the men who had been wronged for so many years. I was one of them, and was later granted a TPI war pension. Of course the 40 year delay in granting our benefits was of little use to many of our comrades, who by this time, were too dead to know the difference.

I have always taken the serious outlook on life being the ultimate pessimist which probably resulted from my father wanting me dead before I was even born. Who wanted any more kids at the end of a depression and the building up of the great World War? I have never suffered fools gladly, but I am quick to recognise in life both the good and the bad. I have a compassionate heart as all who know me would be quick to point out. But I have another side also. In my book, "When The Walls Came Down" I pull no punches in naming the fools responsible for the mass emptying of mental hospitals beginning in the early 70's, resulting in the deaths, deprivation, abuse, and suicide of thousands of the most vulnerable in our society—the mentally ill. As Dr Jean Lenane, spokesperson for the National Association of practicing Psychiatry, and Peter Cundall both said of the emptying of mental hospitals, the stunt in, and of itself, was a "stroll down the Nazi path." The full tragic story can be read from my book.

I was born in Sydney in 1936 and at the age of 13 years, the family moved up to a southern suburb of Newcastle on the shores of Lake Macquarie where I fled from school the day before I turned 15. I started a job as apprenticed carpenter earning five bob [50 cents] for slaving my innards out in the hot blazing sun for 4 hours of a Saturday morning. My boss called it "over time," but it was really 'over the fence,' so was his behaviour of chasing sheilas every Friday when pay day came around and he went missing and I missed out on my 7 dollar weekly pay packet.

I ended up on the N.S.W. Railways for a time, then cleared out of a house that wasn't big enough for my father and I, and took a job in Sydney making dunny seats, ironing boards, and mouse traps. That was a real challenge in life that bored me to tears.

It was then I achieved the greatest thrill in my life. I was accepted into the Royal Australian Navy and loved every minute of it until the love affair ended and became a night mare. I lowered myself over the side of the ship one night at the Garden Island buoy, and swam 2 miles across Sydney Harbour to Darling Point and off to freedom. Crossword puzzles often describe deserters as rats which is a far cry from the truth. Many men deserted from the services to avoid killing a few of the gold-braided tyrants that harassed and victimised them. But ahhh, things were a little different back there in the 50's as can be seen in my book, "The Trilogy Of Michael J."

When my Navy days ended, I began a 20 year career in the Psychiatric service of the N.S.W. Dept of Health and rose to the rank of Senior Charge Nurse. Most of my time was spent in the maximum security section that housed 66 of the State's most vicious and crazy psychopaths and murderers. The term "Maximum Security" was in fact one of the State's best kept jokes. In ward 21 there were 44 homicidal lunatics who were cared for by 6 psychiatric nurses by day and 3 by night. The nurses were unarmed and inadequately trained. Any time of the day or night those inmates decided to kill the nurses, take the keys that hung from their belts, and let themselves out, they could have easily done so. The place ran on bluff and a lot of luck. One morning we watched our Charge nurse stabbed to death with a pair of garden shears plunged into his brain. The N.S.W. government could always be counted upon to take an interest in that place whenever there was an attempted escape or a stabbing, **but at no other time.** We were paid one dollar extra per 12 hour shift "danger money" for working in that hell hole. What more could you expect from such a grateful and totally incompetent Health Department?

I left the Health Dept in 1980 and went into the Commonwealth Bible College to undertake studies for ordination on completion of which I accepted a position as Chaplain-Manager of Australia's largest self-funded retirement village in Frankston Victoria, where I had almost 800 elderly persons under my care. It was during that time that I ran as a candidate for the Victorian seat of Dromana and the Federal seat of Flinders learning the filthy side of politics, hoping both electorates would have enough brains to vote for an Independent who held family and moral values above all else. I was a bit before my

time. Such was a delusion on my behalf and we can see from the on-going attitudes and behaviour and immorality of the Australian public and politicians in general, exactly where politics is heading for at this present moment.

At 50 years of age I found myself through no fault of my own, out of work, over qualified, and unemployable. So I ventured into the private enterprise of picture framing, working from my own premises. I became an excellent talent at my trade, discovered a lot of new friends, found how difficult it was not to rely on government pay cheques, and began to dabble in painting landscapes. My wife and I retreated from the city 11 years ago and have been enjoying the beauty of the Gippsland hills in retirement where I have been painting and writing, watching the remaining sands of our lives ebbing away, feeling our age, and looking forward with great excitement to the life that awaits us just ahead. That is of course, after the present one has expired. Which brings me to the real purpose of this website which is life, death, and eternity. The books, the poems and the paintings are of no real importance. The only thing of importance is the decision that you make during or after you have read the material on this site.

Here below then, is the best that I could do with a paint brush. None of us are perfect! All of my paintings are oil paintings, some being mounted behind glass.



1. The Old barn. 950×850 mm \$500. **Sold**



2. Blue Rock dam, Victoria. 1.1mx850mm. **\$600.**



3. Blue mountains, N.S.W. 1.1mx850mm. \$500. **Souvenired by wife**



4. Olinda, Victoria. 950×850mm. **\$500.**



5. Water hole, Northern Territory. 550×450mm. **\$250.**



6. Parched desert sands, W.A. 600×380mm. **\$190.**



7. National park, Queensland. 1.3mx750mm. **\$450.**



8. Old tin barn passed it's prime, Victoria. 950×850mm **\$500. Sold.**



9. Ralph's back yard, Morisset N.S.W. 550×450mm **\$290.**



10. Early morning Blue Rock, Voctoria. 500×400mm. **\$260.**



11. Backwater of the Murray, Victoria. 420×480mm. **\$200**



12. Lonely gorge, Victoria. 1mx750mm. **\$500. Souvenired by wife**



13. Water hole, central Northern Territory. 650×600mm. Not for sale



14. On the road to Canberra, New South Wales. 550×450mm. **\$280.**



15. A spot on a New South Wales beach. 550×450mm. **\$350.**

When you click on the paintings to enlarge them, you will probably be as disappointed with the colours as I am. It seemed to be a fault with the camera or lighting. The colours in the original paintings are quite natural.

There are a lot more paintings for display if requested.

[8 Comments »](#)

8 Responses

1. on [April 8, 2008 at 2:14 pm](#)



Chas Pieters


Speechless!! I have known Ken as my superior on night duty at that hospital and I admire and respect him till this day. I have not met him in person since I left for Europe in 1978, but one day, the Lord willing, we shall meet again, be it on the earth made new.



2. on [May 5, 2008 at 8:58 am](#)  *Pastor Norm Smallcombe*

Wonderful and truthful unashamed life story of Wacka Payne whom my wife and I have known since the early seventies when we Pastored the First Christian Life Centre in NSW at Jesmond Centre, Jesmond, Newcastle NSW. During that time we visited Wacka Payne at the Criminally Insane ward at Morisset Psychiatric hospital NSW to speak at a Bible study and Prayer group that Ken Payne ran for those under his care. Such a ministry and the concern and care that Ken gave those dangerous and hardest-to-handle patients was very commendable, because through his ministry many found real inner peace and security with a knowledge that they had passed from death to life and a changed disposition and outlook of life. We further got to know Ken and Doris Payne much better when my wife Kendrie and I accepted a call to be pastoral Directors of the huge Frankston Baptist Centre Church where Ken was a Chaplain. We love and appreciate Ken and Doris having driven to their farm for the past two Christmases. We love and appreciate them greatly and their gifts and talents of writing and art. Especially the book 'When the walls came down.' A shame wrought on a wonderful Psychiatric purpose-built centre on the Central Coast of NSW.




3. on [May 15, 2008 at 5:03 am](#)  *artsministries*

This is an amazing website, and an amazing way to reach people. How do I get a copy of "When The Walls Came Down?"

Bev Heale
Stratheden, N.S.W




4. on [May 15, 2008 at 10:37 pm](#)  *ken payne*

Once again Ken you have surprised me and I am filled with admiration because you have tackled and achieved the things that I would love to tackle and achieve—and you have done it so well. I love your paintings. Well done on all counts, etc, etc.

Deirdre R. Queensland




5. on [May 15, 2008 at 10:40 pm](#)  *ken payne*

Had a read through your stories there Ken-fascinating. Your site needs a bit of cleaning up, but apart from that, again, fascinating. Good for you.

Arthur C. Ballarat



6. on [May 15, 2008 at 10:43 pm](#)  *ken payne*

I think your website is wonderful and A1 but then, what more would I expect from you, you do everything so well. I think your paintings are beautiful but again, they are exactly what I expected. It was good to see a photo of you both, and no wonder you say Doris is beautiful, she most certainly is.

Helen M. Queensland



7. on [May 20, 2008 at 9:53 am](#)  *Otto S*

Ken, your heart of love and compassion for the lost shines through in your story on the website. Also, I had no idea you were such a talented artist as well as an author!

You know Ken, my idea of being “Aussie” is standing by your mates when the going gets tough! I want to thank you publicly on your website for the way you stood up for me at one of the darkest times of my life - incarcerated in a West Australian prison - even though you hated what I had done to be put there.

In addition, the tracts you have written have impacted many lives - not only here in Australia, but across the world!

When you finally get to Glory - and I hope it won't be all that soon - I am sure you will be surprised at the crowd that will welcome you as the man who was responsible for them being there!

I see you as a man among men, and I salute you!



8. on [June 12, 2008 at 5:09 am](#) [Peter Stokes](#)

Hi Ken

Thanks for sending the link to your site.

As I posted elsewhere - this is the sort of 'art' I like.

The art that has been talked about a lot in the media of late is dark and sends shivers down my spine. Yours brightens up my day and I'm sure that of everyone who sees your pictures and reads your story.

I admire your talent.

I have to rely on the camera lense and clever computer programs to creat my 'art' but it is always based on God's wonderful creation that shows His glory to us every day.

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• Pages

- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)

- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

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- [Comments RSS](#)
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- [Liza](#) on [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Jemmy Jack](#) on [Abortion](#)

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- [January 2009](#)
- [December 2008](#)
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