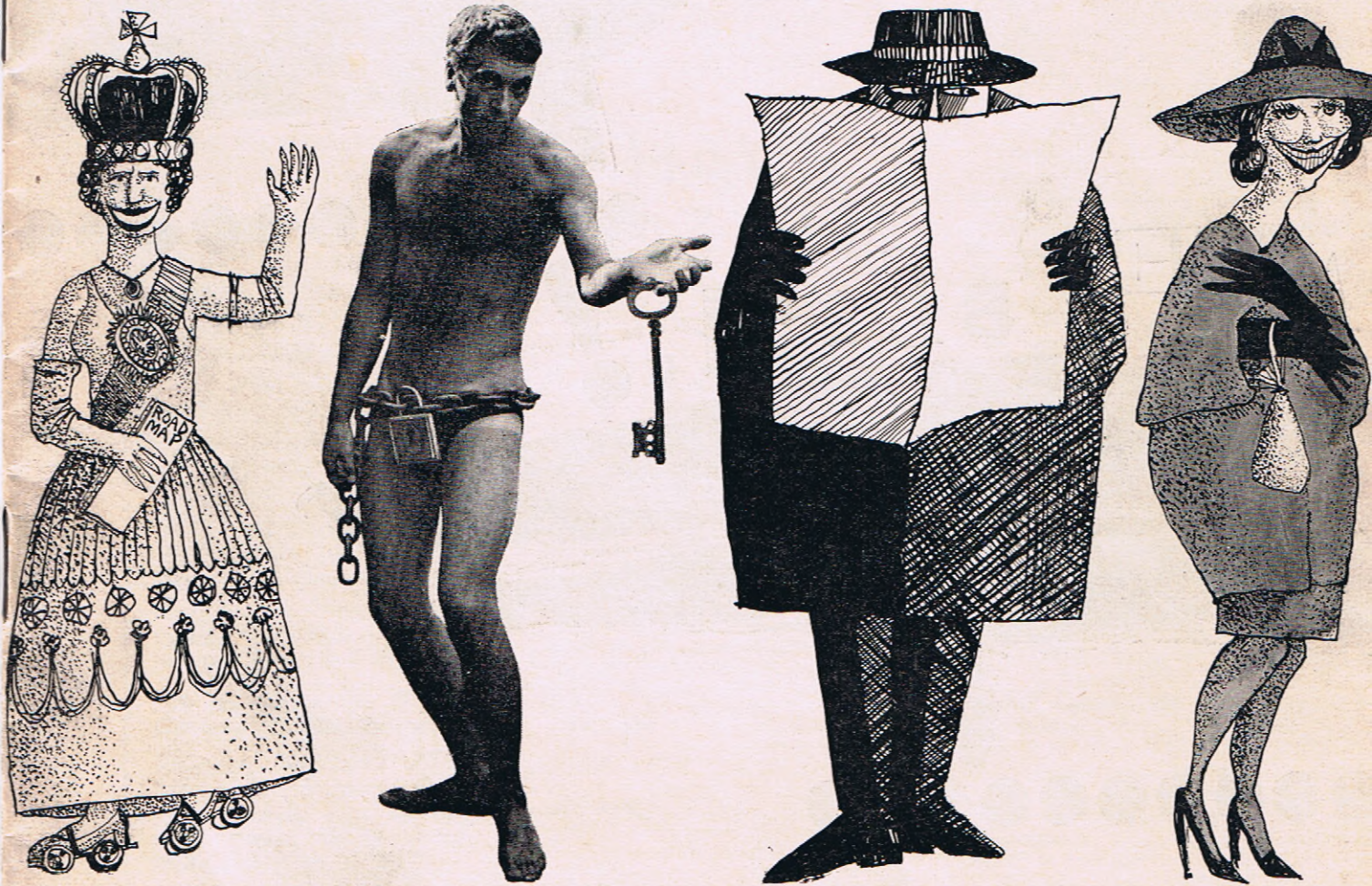


OZ

is a new magazine



royalty, chastity belts, skripov, society

**Abortion, Public Documents That Should Have
Remained Private, Sydney By Night, Ozword**

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EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT OZ!

SYDNEY'S CRITICS RAVE

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"More concerned with shooting down pie in the sky than flying Over the Rainbow." **R. C. Telegraph.**

"Ridicules the pompous things in life and take a monkey out of everything serious." **R. W. OZ.**

A STAND-OUT SOPHISTICATED MAGAZINE FROM SYDNEY — MODERN INTELLECTUAL SOCIETY OF TODAY — A REAL EPIGRAM OF DEPRIVITY — PERHAPS TONY CRERAR'S CHASTITY BELT POSE ECLIPSES EVEN PLAYBOY'S "PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH" — OUR OWN CRITICS MESSRS. JIM MACDOUGALL AND RAY CASTLE ARE ENTHUSIASTIC CALLING IT A "CRAZY MAG".

Editors: Peter Grose, Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

Art: Martin Sharp, Michael Glasheen, Michael Cooke.

Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Copper, Rosemary Gerrett, Lyn Murray, Alex Popov, Garry Shead, Mike Robertson.

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N.B.

OZ is at present being offered to the public through newspaper vendors and booksellers. However, due to the cost involved, it is not envisaged that OZ will continue on anything other than a subscription-only basis.

So, good sir, madam, miss (delete where inapplicable), if your palate is at all whetted, your curiosity roused or your charity touched by the pages that follow, may we suggest that you grab a pen in one hand and write in bold capitals thus:

NAME

ADDRESS

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THE EDITORS, OZ MAGAZINE

3 HARRINGTON LANE, SYDNEY, BW 4197

She ate and drank a little with the guests, though the Duke plucked an occasional glass of beer from a passing waiter's tray.—S.M.H., February 19.



Asked by the Sun-Herald whether Tania and he were planning any small productions in the near future, Showman of the Month, Peter Young replied:

"When it's a girl like Tania, I say 'Why not?'"

When it's a girl like Tania, we expect Youngster No. 1 pretty soon.

These days it seems that every profession kicks off its year with a church service—even the boxers.

This year Rocky Gatellari read the lesson and they wound up with "Fight the Good Fight".

An Oxford University magazine was recently banned for carrying on its cover a reprint of Raphael's "Madonna and Child".

The caption? "I haven't told his father yet." (courtesy Libertarian Broadsheet).

Grand Bonus Prize in the Opera House raffle goes to lucky Joern Utzon of Mowlah Heights (late of Sweden).

Raking off a cool 5% of the total cost (£20 million?) he looks like grossing a million pounds with his one bizarre stroke of the charcoal.

Will Carolyn Kennedy marry a commoner?

Another Harbour Bridge at last!

The late Joe Cahill was never backward in allowing permanent monuments piggyback his name down to posterity.

So why not Heffron Bridge? Illuminated on the western aspect, of course.

We understood the opening ceremony will be a re-enactment of the Harbour Bridge opening.

Heffron will play J. T. Lang and Billy Sheahan will do the De Groot bit.

Me? I'm saving up to go back to work.

—NELSON

OZ, April 3

abortion

Mrs. Y., 40

Why did you have an abortion?

For two reasons. The first was economic. I simply couldn't have afforded, at the time, to have another child. But I was also psychologically in a mess. I read somewhere once, that mothers who have abortions are usually "sick people in sick situations" and that applied to me.

I see. Your first abortion was after the birth of your oldest child; did it interfere with your having the other children?

I've had several abortions. Some in between the birth of my children and others following them. My two youngest children are quite healthy.

Could you describe the circumstances of your first abortion?

I was four months pregnant. Friends arranged for me to contact a nurse. Her normal fee was £15. When she heard I was four months on she charged £17/10/-.

How long ago was this?

Seven years.

Have your subsequent abortions been performed by this same nurse, or at the surgery of a registered doctor?

Neither . . . I do them myself.

Isn't this rather unusual?

No. Many of my friends operate on themselves.

Surely this 'Do It Yourself' method is dangerous.

Well, it's risky, but no more risky than leasing your body to a back-yard quack.

What about a sympathetic and qualified doctor?

I simply can't afford the 60 guineas asked. The only time I have ever contacted a doctor was during the initial stages of an unwanted pregnancy. About 50 per cent. of doctors will give you an injection and this is only 50 per cent. likely to result in a miscarriage.

When I asked whether the 'Do It Yourself' method was dangerous, your attitude seemed one of partial agreement. Have there been any ill-effects of your self-induced miscarriages?

N.S.W. Crimes Act 1900:

"Whosoever, being a woman with child, unlawfully uses any instrument or other means, with intent in any case to procure her miscarriage, shall be liable to penal servitude for 10 years." . . . "Whosoever unlawfully administers to, or

causes to be taken by any woman, whether with child or not, any noxious thing, or unlawfully uses any instrument or other means, with intent in such cases to procure her miscarriage, shall be liable to penal servitude for 10 years."

In two cases I suffered infection plus a haemorrhage. This meant a visit to hospital. The doctors there treated it as a routine case. I regarded it as a minor complication.

Did the nurses or doctors suspect the real origin of your ailment?

No. Because I produce what appears to be a perfectly normal miscarriage.

Although you seem resigned to the fact that you have had several abortions, has it affected you emotionally? Do you have any regrets about the "lost children"?

Well, I must admit that my first abortion, performed at four months, upset me. At this stage the foetus was recognisable as a child. All my operations since then have been performed before the embryo has developed, and have not disturbed me in any way.

Now I want you to be as honest as possible. You've said previously that you advise friends to perform their own abortions. When your daughter reaches, say 18, let's suppose she became pregnant. Would you similarly instruct her?

There is less stigma attached to illegitimacy nowadays. But it's a heartbreaking experience. Adoption is no solution. I should want my child to have an abortion. Naturally I would prefer to employ a gynaecologist. If I could not afford this, then there would be no other alternative but to offer the advice I do to my friends.

Your attitude towards illegitimacy seems almost derived from first-hand experience.

Yes, I had a baby before I married. The child was eventually adopted. Having him wrenched away from me was more emotionally shattering than any abortion.

Does your husband know about your abortions? Does he disapprove?

He knows and disapproves. My third child is the result of his disapproval.

I should have perhaps asked this earlier: You have procured your own miscarriages on a number of occasions. Surely your pregnancy in the first place could have been avoided?

I think 30/- a month is too much for oral contraceptives. I use a diaphragm. Now, although doctors say "to insert one is like cleaning your teeth", we all forget to clean our teeth occasionally.

Do you plan to have any more children?

No.

Sandra, 17, single

When did you have the abortion?

Four months ago.

Why?

My parents would have been shocked if they had known I was pregnant. I would never have been forgiven. And I could never have married Michael — that's my boy friend — because they hate him.

Did you feel like marrying Michael at the time?

I'm not sure . . . I do love him but I'm far too young. Anyway, it would have interrupted my studies as well as Mike's.

Who actually decided that abortion was the only solution?

Both of us really.

How were the necessary arrangements made?

Mike's friends supplied him with three names, all of these were qualified doctors.

What were the fees of each, and what influenced the final choice?

Sixty guineas was the average price. We decided on Doctor X because Michael had heard that he was O.K.

Please outline the circumstances surrounding the actual operation, especially your own feelings and emotions as you recall them.

I was as scared as hell! Reports of rather gruesome abortions given to other teenagers upset me terribly. And sometimes I used to think it would be rather nice to see what the baby would look like. You see, I had already started to produce milk.

Tell me about the day of your final visit.

Mike drove me to the doctor's. A nurse asked him for the money and then told him to wait down the road. There were about a dozen people in the waiting room. Some of them had travelled from Wollongong and Newcastle to the doctor.

Were the patients all young girls?

No. Mostly older women. One woman was saying that her husband couldn't afford to support another kid.

Well, go on.

I was eventually taken in to the surgery. It was large and clean.

At one stage the Queen was so relaxed that she stood, one foot behind the other and with her hands on her hips as she gazed about.—Telegraph, March 4.

There were several doctors. They were very friendly and tried to calm me down. I remember shaking an awful lot.

Was the actual operation painful?

No. But it seemed like hours. Thank God my body was hidden under a sheet.

How long were you in the surgery? Where did you "recover"?

They ushered me back to the waiting room. I had to lie down. The nervousness and tension had made me feel nauseous. Oh, the abortion took about 7 minutes. Later I was served tea and biscuits . . . this reminded me of the time I donated blood to the Red Cross.

Did you ever see the doctor again?

In the waiting room the nurse gave me six tablets and I was to take these daily. I returned to Doctor X a few weeks later for a check up and he told me the operation was successful.

Assuming then, you made a complete physical recovery; did your outlook towards sex alter?

Yes. You've probably got the impression I'm 'going steady' with Michael but I've always mixed with other boys. Although I concentrated my attention on Mike, I used to pet and neck with others. But anyway I guess one good thing about the abortion was that it's drawn Mike and me much closer together. In fact, in the last few months I've been physically revolted by every other guy I went out with.

To be more explicit . . . you've slept only with Michael since the operation? Yes.

If you become pregnant again will you have another abortion?

No, I would rather marry.

Have many of your friends had an abortion?

A few of them.

If your sister became pregnant would you advise her to have an abortion?

If it was impossible for her to marry, then I guess there'd be no other choice.

Will you eventually marry Michael?

Probably. But no matter who I do, I want four or five children.

Dr. X., abortionist

Are you a registered doctor?

Yes.

How many abortions do you perform weekly?

I'm not prepared to say.

Why?

No other doctor would disclose this sort of information — it's personal business.

Why do you perform abortions?

Somebody has to do them.

That's not answering the question. Why have you chosen to accept the responsibility?

I've seen some unpleasant accidents occur to women who've fallen

into clumsy, unqualified hands. If a pregnant woman is desperate enough to risk mutilation, then she should be allowed to have the operation under proper conditions and performed by a qualified doctor.

What are your fees for an abortion?

I'm sorry but I won't answer that.

The usual charge is £70. Wouldn't the lure of a healthy profit be part of your motive for doing abortions?

Not at all. Ever had your appendix removed? It costs the doctor £30 or £40 to operate, plus £10 to pay assistants, £8 for an anaesthetist, £6 for the theatrette, £40 for a week's hospitalisation. There are middle men involved in every sort of operation. The price seems unreasonable because the patient has to pay in advance. Yet when you buy groceries, instant payment is the accepted thing.

How do you avoid police detection?

I can't answer that.

~~~~~  
These three interviews were arranged by spreading the word that OZ was interested in a full treatment of the abortion question. The people interviewed contacted us and said they would supply the information we needed. We do not know who they are or how they could be contacted again. The names used are fictitious.  
~~~~~

Is the operation dangerous?

Not if done carefully. Remember, gynaecologists perform exactly the same operation quite routinely for many reasons other than an unwanted pregnancy. There is some danger if the patient is more than 12 weeks pregnant, but in that case I would not operate.

Do your patients fit into any sociological category?

Not really, they're a good cross section of the community. You get the middle aged woman with a premenopausal pregnancy. She's already reared several children and doesn't want to devote her later years to a new baby. And, of course, there's the 14 or 15 year old girl who's too young to marry. She has the alternative of adoption or abortion. Between these age groups are the single girls who've had a casual affair or the young mother who's been unfaithful to her husband.

Do you ever advise your patients to have the child adopted?

Yes, I'm in the process of arranging several adoptions at the moment. But many women hate the prospect of enduring nine months of pregnancy. The final decision is always left to my patient.

How would you advise a young girl?

Firstly, to tell her parents and let them decide.

Aren't girls reluctant to do so?

Sometimes, but it would be stupid of me to operate without her parents' knowledge. In my experience mothers have always rallied around. Fathers, admittedly are often more concerned with the family's reputation than the daughter's misfortune.

Do many women operate on themselves?

It's difficult to judge. But I'm constantly surprised by the number of women who calmly inform me of their self-induced miscarriages. Women who are such chronic "offenders" are usually ignorant or lazy. Public hospitals could supply them with oral contraceptives very cheaply. A privately sponsored organisation known as Racial Hygiene distributes orals for about 10/- a month.

Do women ever regret having an abortion?

I don't think so.

Do you ever regret giving them?

No. Some of my patients have been in such a desperate condition that a refusal would make me feel guilty.

Are you a religious person?

No.

Do your friends know you perform abortions?

Most of them.

Do you only perform abortions?

No, like most other "sympathetic" doctors, this is merely one part of a large general practice.

Do you think abortions for other than therapeutic reasons should be legalised?

Yes, if only to prevent "butchers" benefiting from the scarcity of qualified doctors.

Are there many such people?

In the lower class suburbs there are.

Those who oppose legalised abortion argue that a pregnant woman's attitude to her expected child is ambivalent and it is unfair for a doctor to act on a decision that she may regret later.

Women who decide to terminate their pregnancy do not act on a whim. In the case of a teenager, her parents have spent long hours discussing the matter. A married woman usually confers with her husband before approaching a doctor.

If your teenage daughter was pregnant, would you operate?

The final decision would depend on her.

What would be your parental advice?

I don't know. I would outline all the alternatives. But this question is too hypothetical. I honestly don't know.

I realise I've asked this before: How do you avoid detection by the police?

I still won't answer it. I don't know who you are. If I'd been a sensible man I would never have come here in the first place.

“Mr. AIKENS (Townsville South): Tonight I am going to deal with a document that has caused me considerable concern. When it came into my possession I asked myself, first of all, ‘Could I possibly use it?’ and then, ‘Could I use it in Parliament?’, because, although it contains no word or phrase that is unparliamentary, it is perhaps one of the foulest documents that have ever been penned. Consequently, my first reaction to it was one of absolute disgust and I said, ‘I will have nothing to do with it’. Then I received information and I checked up on it. As you will see, it is a photostat copy of a newspaper called “The Freethinker”, which circulates very freely at the Queensland University.

Every young boy and every young girl, who are students, and in fact every old girl and every old man who happens to be on the staff

Abridged from the Hansard of the Queensland Parliament, 11/10/62.

liament. But we can do something about the Queensland University.

Mr. WALSH: Not much.

Mr. AIKENS: I am going to read this document. It is, as I have said, perhaps the filthiest thing ever written. It was written by a man named Mc. Queen, who was the A.L.P. campaign director in the last Federal election for Mrs. Guyatt. It was written in collaboration with a man named MacFarlane.

Mr. EVANS: That is the boy who lectures the kiddies.

Mr. AIKENS: He is a man who recently was expelled by the Communist Party and was immediately taken in with open arms by the A.L.P. That is something that they will have to settle for themselves. So many odd-bods have joined the

this debate had suggested five changes in our present moral codes.

“He suggested, first of all, people have the right to fornicate or not to fornicate as they so desired; secondly he said that every house should be equipped with a centrally placed room, which he described as a ‘masturbatorium’, for the convenience of the inmates.

“Dr. Kenny then spoke for some length about the possible dangers of masturbation, which, he said, ostentatiously stroking his large beard, we all knew was responsible for the growth of hair on the palm of the hand, and elsewhere; but he could assure the waverer that the whitish discharge which appeared at the end of the penis would not result in the loss of any brain tissue. Further, Dr. Kenny said, there was no moral law, and that homosexuals should be granted the same rights to marriage as heterosex-

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS that should have remained private

there, get a copy of it. That did not affect me very much because, when all is said and done, with the new conception of university education, I suppose some of us older hands have become a little case-hardened to the fact that things of this sort circulate in the university; but the fact that finally swung the balance in favour of bringing it here was that ‘Hansard’ is never read by any adolescent or any child. Consequently, there will be no danger of corrupting the mind of any adolescent or child by my reading it and having it published in “Hansard”.

Mr. HOUSTON: That shows how little you know of what is going on in the schools. “Hansard” is read in the schools.

Mr. AIKENS: If “Hansard” is read in the schools, it is time hon. members opposite did something about this matter, and I will tell the committee why. That was a very unfortunate interjection for the hon. member for Bulimba to make.

Mr. HOUSTON: It is true, and that is all there is to it.

Mr. AIKENS: This document affects three organisations in Queensland. Two of them we as a parliament can do nothing about. We cannot do anything about the Australian Labour Party; that is a matter between themselves and their members and their conscience. We cannot do anything about the Australian Broadcasting Commission, because that is a commission set up by the Federal Government and it does not directly concern this par-

A.L.P. since 1957 that it has become something like the Aegean stables. I do not know what they are going to do to clean it up, but that is their problem, not mine.

The article is about talks that were given by Dr. Kenny, who, amazingly enough, is Director of Research for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. I am no more surprised that a man like that can obtain and hold a well paid position in the Australian Broadcasting Commission than I am that men who write this sort of stuff can become members of the A.L.P. I have long publicly expressed the opinion that the Australian Broadcasting Commission is a tyrannical monstrosity. It is a home for men who hold jobs that can be described only an sinecures, and, if I may use the vernacular, the sooner the cleaner is put through it, the better it will be for the people of Australia.

It reads:—

“On May 1, the Chancellor of the University of Sydney, Sir Charles Bickerton-Blackburn, called a meeting of the Students’ Representative Council to discuss the conduct of the Council’s Orientation Week. At the meeting, Sir Charles discussed talks given by Dr. Peter Kenny in a symposium “Are Morals Outdated” and also the present length of Orientation Week. Dr. Kenny, who has recently received a Doctorate in Philosophy from the Sydney University Psychology Department, had taken part in a discussion with Dr. Kinsella and during

uals.”

I am pleased that the Premier is in the Chamber to hear that filthy thing read. There it is. It is a photostat of a newspaper that was freely circulated at the Queensland University among our young boys and our young girls by men who are drawing salaries from the public purse, men like Mc. Queen and MacFarlane.

Mr. WALSH: You have heard about the so-called academic freedom.

Mr. AIKENS: As I have said, I have no objection to freedom. No one here would say that I am squeamish, I do not make any claims to being squeamish. When all is said and done, I am probably less squeamish than most hon. members. As a man who, to use an old western expression, has been up every dry gully, I would probably have read the first three or four lines of it and thrown it away. But when I realised — I am not going to harp on this — that it was published by two prominent members of the A.L.P., I really thought we should do something about it. Had it been circulated in Spring Hill or in South Brisbane where the type of people congregate who would like this sort of thing, there could be no objection to it. But are we going to allow this sort of moral and oral and verbal filth to be circulated at our University and do nothing about it?

Now I am going to deal with our friend the co-author of that shockingly filthy and disgusting document, Mr. Bruce MacFarlane.

With the reporters and photographers cluttering the rocks all around the Pinnacle look-out he had ample opportunity to clown or make one of his renowned “cracks”.

—Telegraph, February 28.

He was expelled from the Communist Party not so long ago and is now such an honoured member of the A.L.P. that we read this in last Sunday's "Sunday-Mail", and on the front page, too— "Nambour — To talk about the 'fantastic potential' of North Queensland was 'nonsense and guff', a Queensland University lecturer in Economic Development said yesterday.

"He is Mr. Bruce MacFarlane, who was addressing 40 people at the Young Labour Association's annual school of political science.

"Speaking under the gum trees near the Wappa Creek waterfall, he said North Queensland's 'fantastic potential' had never been supported by techno-economic studies."

How does a condemnation of the potential of North Queensland—

Mr. EVANS: And it is mostly untrue.

Mr. AIKENS: Of course it is untrue; it is the sort of thing one would expect from a sexual pervert.

Mr. EVANS: And a Comm.

Mr. AIKENS: I am speaking now, apart from politics, and purely and simply as a 100 per cent. North Queenslander. In North Queensland we deal with these things purely on a non-political basis. Some of

the political bigots might think it is strange that I should talk in this strain because, of course, everyone who does not agree with them politically is a Tory or a Fascist, or something else. I am neither of these things; I am purely and simply a North Queenslander. One organisation that has done a particularly good job is the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of North Queensland, most of them, admittedly, Tories, if you speak of them in a political sense, but all of them good North Queenslanders, if you speak of them as citizens. Only recently they held a gib meeting in North Queensland and they read a report, a statement made by their chairman, Mr. Davies-Graham.

In his report, Mr. Davies-Graham stated, inter alia, that the Chambers of Commerce had a master plan drawn up for the development of North Queensland. Apparently this sexual pervert, this MacFarlane, this member of the A.L.P., heard nothing about it. I would suggest that the Leader of the Opposition, or one of the northern A.L.P. members of Parliament, send this 'pervo' a copy of the master plan drawn up by the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of North Queensland.

This sex pervert MacFarlane probably does not know that we have

a branch of the C.S.I.R.O. in Townsville which is investigating questions such as pasture improvement, the improvement of herds, fertility, soil conservation and plant conservation. But, of course one would not expect this masturbation artist to know anything about that. He would not be able to grasp that. He is too busy grasping something else. To use the vernacular, he is too busy grasping the willow. But these things go on.

It was said by a very wise man — I think it was Professor Baxter — A Government Member: Not Bill Baxter!



The CHAIRMAN: Order! The hon. member will refer to members of this Chamber by their proper titles.

OZWORD

Across

1. There were very few really good British films in the immediate post-war years. This one, viciously starring Dirk Bogarde, stood out like a beacon.
8. The Elizabethan Duchess of dramatist John Webster.
9. The Burmese proverb "An ember about to blaze glows brightly" might well have been applied to this distinguished Burman.
10. Who flew through the air with the greatest of ease, abetted by his consort Jane, and swam in Hollywood pools (which wore African jungle makeup)?
11. Where in Florence are Raphael's portraits of that homely duo, Angelo and Maddalena Doni?
12. Tropical American serpent with a crush on tropical American mammalia.
13. Greek poetess who lived on Lesbos with a group of extremely friendly women.
14. I has had more recorded eruptions than Acne vulgaris.
16. "Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly . . . ride on to die." (Henry Milman).
17. Who was the Christian

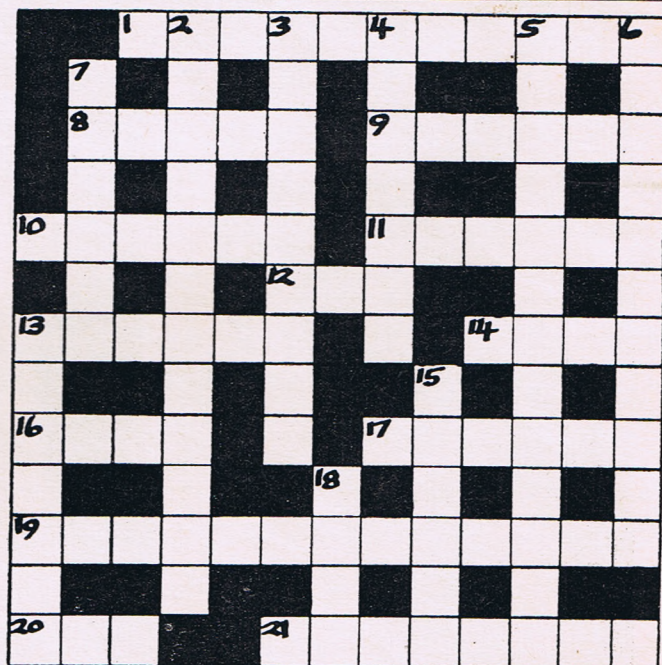
By Grant Nichol

mother of the Roman emperor Constantine the Great?

19. "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:"
Who wrote the American Battle-Hymn of the Republic?
20. "Cease! drain not to the dregs the . . .
Of bitter prophecy"
(Shelley, *Hellas*)
21. Who wrote "There is a delicious pleasure in clasp in your arms a woman who has wronged you grievously, who has been your bitter enemy for many a day, and is ready to be so again"?

Down

2. What was the screwball Olsen and Johnson film in which 'Stinky' Miller was asked to leave the cinema and go home to mother?
3. King of Ireland who, as an old man, had many victories over the Danes.
4. Where is José Gervasio

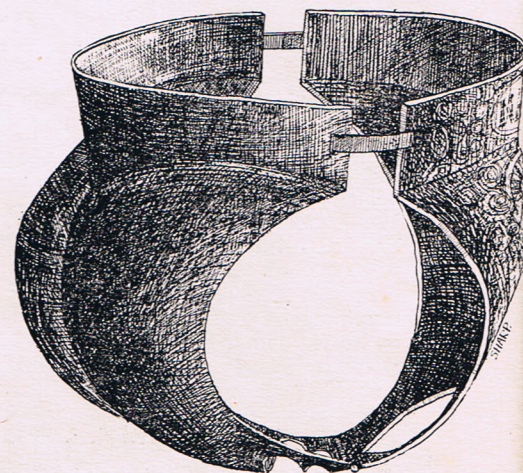
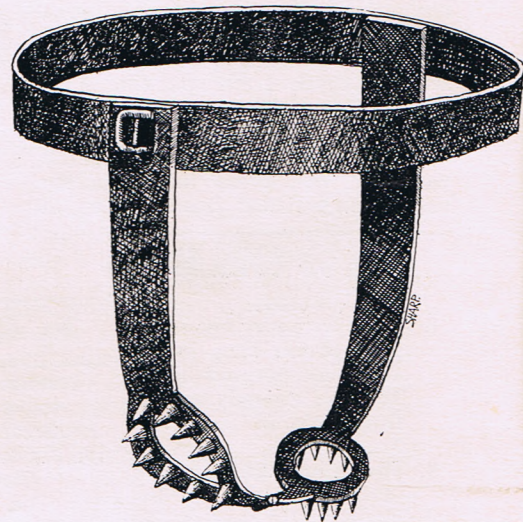
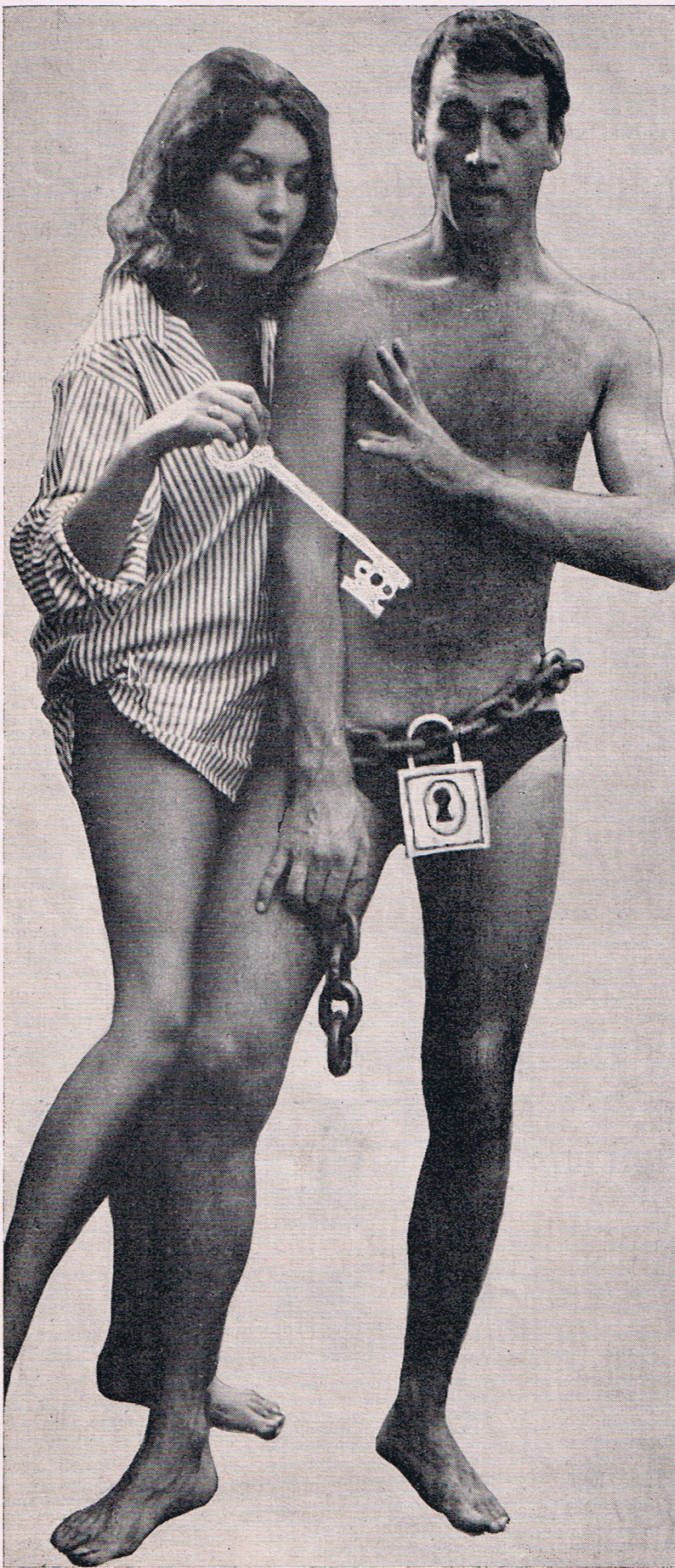


- Artigas regarded as a national hero?
5. Who held Rome to ransom for, among other things, "3000 lb. of pepper"?
6. Where in Florence is Fra Bartolommeo's tender *Descent from the Cross*?
7. A South African antelope.
13. A South American monkey.
15. Here was a famous treaty signed in 843 A.D. by the sons of Louis the Pious.
18. "And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart, And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry. . . ." (Edward Lear)

It was pointed out to the Royal couple that the Opera House was more than a mere building . . . The Queen and Prince Philip seemed to appreciate this.

—Telegraph, March 4.

THE MAIDE TO CHASTITY



N'S KEY

MODESTY was introduced with Christianity. But it was not until the time of Henry II of France that people decided not to leave it to chance.

The result was enforced chastity and in the middle ages the chastity belt ensured that wives were painfully conscious of their sense of propriety.

At first this device was not given the cordial welcome one would expect, as many blacksmiths found when they tried to sell them at fairgrounds. But they soon caught on because crusades kept the knights pretty busy, and intellectual entertainment for the womenfolk was scarce.

Girdles of chastity came in all shapes and sizes from the economy model of plain metal to the high-fashion variety covered in red velvet. Although these girdles were intended to preserve the nation's purity they could not avoid a risque element which lowered the tone of the whole experiment.

An example is the engraving on the front plate of a belt showing a couple kissing passionately, the woman sitting on the man's knee. Underneath is inscribed: "Alas this be my complaint to you, that women are plagued with the breeches."

On another a woman holds in her hand the bushy tail of a fox, which is creeping between her calves. Below are the words "Stop little fox! I have caught you. You have too often been through there."

Something else which detracted from the value of this device was the easy access to skeleton keys.

Chastity belts are now thought of as relics of a bygone age. But this is not so. Recently a family used the device to prevent their daughter's inveterate masturbation.

In 1931, the mother of nine children was admitted to a New York hospital. In the course of a routine examination she was found to be wearing a metal girdle. She admitted wearing this for 20 years on her husband's insistence, he being the victim of erotic dreams. The husband was charged with second degree assault.

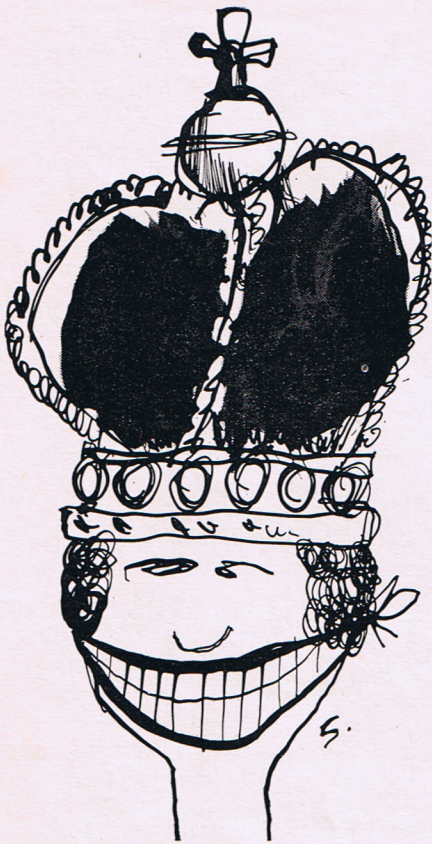
The following year M. Henri Letiere was convicted on the same charge when he forced his wife to wear a chastity belt for three months. M. Letiere had also spent 325 francs of his wife's money purchasing the article. A year later he was arrested for repeating the offence.

In 1933 a New Zealand boy met a girl near a mining camp. In the course of the evening's entertainment he discovered she was equipped with a modified belt—a small steel plate covering the relevant aperture, and obviously intended to be worn for short periods only.

In December, 1933, the League of Enlightened Magyars put forward as point 19 of their national programme that all unmarried girls over 12 should wear such a girdle, and that the key should be entrusted to the father or some competent authority.

The Croats had a variation on the chastity belt. It served the same purpose but was considerably cheaper. They simply dabbed a corrosive substance on the pubic region. This soon produced a sore which made cohabitation impossible. It was doubly effective because it repulsed any advances from the males as well.

SMILE . . .



Wednesday, February 6: The Queen arrived in New Zealand at the Bay of Islands.

Local and imported Maoris staged a welcoming ceremony and later applauded wildly when the Queen spoke a few words to them in Maori: "Araha-nui kia ora koutou", meaning "Love and good luck to you all".

Fifteen of the imports were un-luckily killed when the bus in which they were returning home toppled 200 feet into a valley.

AUCKLAND

Thursday, February 7: The Queen arrived in Auckland and attended an opera in the evening.

In the foyer fifty people were treated for shock and heat exhaustion.

Friday, February 8: The Queen visited carpet and pottery factories. The Duke inspected a company making forestry products and another making domestic appliances.

The Duke asked many penetrating questions. He asked one man if he had bought his car on the "never never" and a woman if she had a family.

The woman became so confused that she turned and fled.

WELLINGTON

Monday, February 11: The highlight of the Queen's day in Wellington was a children's rally and

—being a diary of the Queen's excursions in the great cities of her Australian and New Zealand subjects, culled from Sydney's adoring morning newspapers.

shearing contest at Fraser Park.

In the grounds of Wellington Hospital a 14 year old crippled girl crawled across the grass by the driveway and on her knees saw the Queen go by in her car only three feet away.

The girl, in nightdress and bed jacket, moved fast on her knees from her seat as soon as she saw where the Royal car would pass.

With a delighted smile, she waved to the Queen.

DUNEDIN

Friday, February 15: Twenty children were taken to hospital when a bus careered down a steep hill and crashed through the iron gates of Dunedin Botanic Gardens.

Two were admitted to hospital and the other 18, slightly injured, were hurried back to the Royal Garden Party.

The Duke quipped to 9 year old Vicky Sherwin, who lost two front teeth, "You won't be able to eat for a while".

Another small girl with "a sore head" said that the Duke had jokingly asked her if she would be walking home.

* * *

Monday, February 18: The Queen arrived in Australia.

In the evening 600 packed into King's Hall to stare.

The Prime Minister was reminded of "the words of the old seventeenth century poet who wrote: 'I did but see her passing by and yet I love her till I die'."

The episode was immortalised by the Daily Mirror's "Ming Makes Queen Blush" banner, while the Sydney Morning Herald revealed that the lines were actually written by Barnabe Googe (1540-1594) in the English version of Latin stanza by Thomas Naogeorgus.

Replying, the Queen said: "Mr. Prime Minister, I am delighted to forgive you and your parliamentary colleagues for your charming speeches this evening."

ADELAIDE

Wednesday, February 20: 9,500 people turned Adelaide's Royal Garden Party into a free-for-all.

Fashionably dressed women with shoes off clambered on to chairs for a better view of the Queen.

The Duke picked up a handkerchief for a tiny woman in her seventies and said loudly for all those nearby to hear: "There you are. Now we'll make a date."

People laughed, clapped and cheered at his gesture.

During the evening a gala music festival was held. In an overcrowded stand eighty choristers collapsed.

Thursday, February 21: At Victoria Park race course 65,000 children were packed in for a rally.

With the temperature soaring into the 90's the South Australian Education Department installed extra toilets and brought in iced water supplies.

700 children collapsed.

MELBOURNE

Saturday, February 23: A section of Melbourne's racegoing public staged the worst display of rudeness of the tour.

Matrons in new summer ensembles climbed half way up the fences surrounding the mounting yard and for several hours did not cease gawking at the Royal party.

One woman in a smart blue frock and large blue hat teetered on top of the fence gazing at the Queen.

She had a small Union Jack stuck on the top of her binoculars and another mounted on her camera.

Sunday, February 24: In the morning Her Majesty attended the Scots Church, which was filled with 800 people, many of them regular worshippers.

In the evening several people were hurt when spectators ran out of control at the Myer Music Bowl.

The rush began when Miss Lauris Elms and the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir were performing "Land of Hope and Glory".

The crowd knocked down and trampled on middle-aged women and children. Handbags were trodden into the lawn.

As the Queen stood outside the Royal box talking to concert performers, ambulancemen 10 yards to the rear were treating middle aged women who were lying on the ground.

Monday, February 25: 500,000 people came to the city to see the Moomba parade and Royal couple.

The Queen examined a portrait of herself in the hospital foyer before she went to the general wards.—S.M.H., February 22.

You're on Candid Camera

Watching the parade the Queen saw a second, but unscheduled, procession.

The impromptu parade was made by stretcher bearers carrying women who had fainted near the Royal dais.

The Queen appeared to be concerned.

SYDNEY

Saturday, March 2: Organisers were gratified by the number of small craft on the harbour to greet the Britannia, despite the rough weather.

Several small boats capsized.

At Circular Quay, before the Queen stepped ashore, a tour official with a loudspeaker, told waiting dignitaries how to behave.

He told them to stand up when the Queen and the Duke entered the wharf building, to sit during the Queen's inspection of the guard of honour and not to stand on chairs.

Thousands lined the city streets for the Royal progress. In all, twelve people collapsed and had to be taken to Sydney Hospital.

In Bedford Street 32 crippled children waited two hours to greet the Queen.

At Hyde Park a youthful choir sang "A Rose in the Land of the Wattle". The Queen waved to the girls, who were blind.

After the progress the Queen remarked: "I'm very pleased with the large crowd that came to see us."

Sunday, March 3: In the morning the Royal couple attended St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Along the route the excitement proved too much for 13 children, who fainted.

The couple made an impromptu tour of the Opera House site with Professor H. Ingham Ashworth, who reported: "I think they both realised it was unique."

At a special quayside ceremony, during which he accepted the keys of a new boat for the Outward Bound movement, the Duke was greeted with the cries of "Rhubarb! Rhubarb!" from some teenage girls.

It was reported that the puzzled Duke was told that "Rhubarb" was a general purpose catch-cry adopted from the "Goon Show". It was a term used to express pleasure or annoyance, enthusiasm or disdain.

Monday, March 4: In the morning the Queen opened the Wallace

Wurth School of Medicine and the School of Biological Sciences at the University of N.S.W.

Professor B. J. Ralph showed the Queen over the school. He reported: "She appeared very well informed and her questions were very intelligent, not as if she was just making conversation. We discussed our process for the manufacture of protein from yeast."

Professor Ralph added: "Knowing the Duke's reputation for tricky questions we left him to Professor Baxter."

In the university grounds 50 people collapsed and one woman suffered a heart attack.

The Royal couple made a surprise visit to the Moore Park children's recreation centre.

Bert Balbi, 11, said: "When I saw the Duke I asked if he was someone special and if he was the Queen's husband. The Duke said 'yes' but it did not matter if I did not know who he was."

Jimmy Moshides, 13, asked Prince Philip: "Do you play the trumpet?" He later sheepishly admitted to reporters that he had the Duke of Edinburgh mixed up with Duke Ellington.

BRISBANE

Friday, March 8: Before the Queen's arrival in Brisbane, the loyal citizens were reminded by

their Premier to give "resounding cheers and forests of waving flags".

The highlight of the day was the unveiling of a memorial commemorating the discovery of the Moonie oilfields. The ceremony was held at Bulwer Island, a spot transformed almost overnight from a mangrove swamp into a tropical haven.

Fully grown palm trees were planted around the Queen's dais and the whole area was sprayed with mosquito repellent.

Citizens of a nearby suburb irreverently complained that the island's mosquitoes had moved into their homes.

Saturday, March 9: In the morning the Queen attended a rally of 82,000 children, of whom 100 were treated for heat exhaustion.

In a remarkable change of form, the skies almost washed out the Royal Surf Carnival at Coolangatta.

Before the Royal car arrived a band playing on the beach gave up when some of the instruments filled with water and policemen stood ankle deep in slush to hold back crowds near the road.

As the Duke stepped from the car, people nearby were shocked to hear him remark: "It's bloody wet."

Q. Mr. Ward, has the SkripovTM affair been used against the labour party?

A: I think that there has been an effort to use it against us but I don't think it has succeeded. It has proved a squib.

Q.: Do you think the Skripov revelation was sprung at a politically appropriate time?

A: Hard to say. You would have to know whether the government was considering a snap election at the time. They may have decided to abandon it for some other reason.

Q.: Do you consider the Press handling of the Skripov affair was just?

A: I don't think the Press' handling was any different from their handling of many other matters. The newspaper proprietors have always displayed prejudice against particular labour men and against the Labour Party generally.

Q.: Does that include the Sydney Morning Herald?

A: It does. I think that the Sydney Morning Herald at the moment, probably for reasons not yet disclosed, have adopted a critical attitude towards the Prime Minister, rather than to the whole Liberal Party. However, I think that this is only a passing phase and their main interest is basically anti-labour.

Q.: Do you think that the Skripov affair has in any way justified the existence of the Australian Intelligence and Security Organisation?

A: I say there would have to be more evidence as to their effectiveness before a claim could be made that they have justified their existence. But the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General refuse to answer any parliamentary questions on its activities or achievements. All that Parliament is ever asked to do is to budget papers to carry it on.

As they stepped aboard the launch, two women gave a self-conscious cheer and began giggling.—S.M.H., March 9.

SOCIAL

TOP 20

1. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby.
2. Mr. Mervyn Horton.
3. Miss Nicholina Ralston and Mr. Peter Kuner.
4. Mrs. Dick Allen.
5. Mrs. "Wiska" Listwan.
6. Mr. and Mrs. Rudi Tolnay.
7. Mrs. Doris Austin.
8. Mrs. Leith Myerson.
9. Mrs. Dick Pockley.
10. Mrs. "Bubbles" Ayers.
11. Dianne Klippel.
12. Dickie Keep.
13. Mrs. Katie Galbraith and Gail.
14. Anne van Bochove.
15. Mrs. Max Sturzen.
16. Mrs. Norman Jenkyn.
17. Lady Berryman.
18. Mrs. John Lazzlo.
19. Anne Williams.
20. Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere.

IT'S not hard to decide which of the recent "do's" should win the award "Social L.P. of the Month". Mrs. Warwick Fairfax was responsible for one of the functions featured — **The Concourse of Canine Elegance** — attended by 60 dogs (pedigreed) and 600 humans. Star performer here was Mervyn Horton. Merv, troupier that he is, insisted on dressing up as a monk to escort his St. Bernard. "Also in the crowd was . . . Nola Dekyvere . . ." (Sunday Mirror).

Flip side to this is the **Northern Feline Fancy of N.S.W.** Featured here are "200 kittens . . . including Mrs. H. Grigg of Roseville. Mrs. P. Zimmerman of Chatswood and Mrs. C. M. McIntyre of Lindfield" (Telegraph, 7/3/63). I can't go too far in recommending this to all animal lovers.

ELSA JACOBY is big on the Top Twenty Charts after her appearance at the premiere of *Flaming Youth*. She was accompanied by her daughter **Toni**, who was so appropriately dressed in a red floral strapless dress. Nothing like a mother and daughter team to go over really

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialites, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily papers.

big with both the oldies and the teenagers. We'll be hearing more of Elsa soon when she organises the Opera House Ball. The theme for this is "La Traviata", which in translation means "led astray". Let's keep our fingers crossed, shall we?

HATS off to **Merv Horton** as the most versatile performer on the Sydney social scene this month. His appearance at the Concourse of Canine Elegance was a sure-fire hit. Both his small dinner party (Mirror, 10/2/63) and his cocktail party (S.H., 10/3/63) were voted tops by all those lucky enough to attend. No doubt about it — Merv's become a very popular boy with the younger (and older) sets. He was mobbed by the girls of the Darling Point Group of the Australian American Association, after a lively talk about Art. Nola D. wrote in her column: ". . . the American ladies weren't as backward as most Australian women in bombarding him . . ."

MAKING their way hand in hand up the social charts are **Leith Myerson** and **Doris Austin**. They're a small but very active team, though somewhat limited in their range of activities. Leith gave a farewell buffet dinner for Doris one week (S.H. 17/2). Next week Doris gave a farewell buffet dinner for Leith (S.H. 24/2/63). Grand old timer Nola D. hopped on the social band wagon with a farewell luncheon for both (S.T. 10/3/63). Leith and Doris have done well to make the Top Twenty this month, but the monotony of their arrangements could cause them to drop in the charts. Perhaps they'll pick up a few new ideas overseas.

NOWADAYS socialites are arty.

And hep, man. Which brings me to one of my favourite subjects — **Dianne Klippel** — one of the most original acts in the entertainment field today. From **Nola Dekyvere** I received the great news that plans are afoot to ship this top-line performer to America later this year. "Dianne, who's making a name for herself as a sculptress, is following in the footsteps of her

Uncle Robert, who is now in New York." Unlike **Silver Collings** with whom she's often compared, Dianne should be classed as an entertainer rather than as a sculptress.

DICKIE KEEP maintains his position on the charts with an "enjoyable small soiree" (S.T. 3/2/63). This suggests an effort to enhance his adult appeal and emerge as a really mature "man about town". The setting for this quiet evening was colourful but restrained. According to columnist Hedda Holt (S.M. 3/2/63), "There is a distinct air of Victoriana about the living room with its deep red carpet and green velvet curtains". I noticed it failed to get a mention in Di's column. Still I'm sure this small soiree went over big because Dickie has such a large following.



Which reminds me. Newcomer, **John Lane** scored well with before dinner drinks in an Italian garden, a far more imaginative setting than Dickie's "with Hawaiian lamps lighting up the statues where guests sat sipping champagne" (S.M. 3/2/63). Dickie may find it difficult to maintain his position against this determined and promising arrival on the social scene.

Watch out, Dickie!

IT'S a pity that **Lady Berryman** had to compete with the powerful voice of spiritualist Alan Walker, at the Lifeline Committee Luncheon. Alan's voice, described by Hedda Holt as "inspiring" (S.M.H. 21/2/63) completely drowned Lady B's. Another mistake was to be photographed among the rejected paintings for the Archibald, Wynne and Sulman Competitions. (S.H. 3/3/63.)

DEPARTMENT OF FACT

On March 20 the Daily Mirror printed the following story under the headline "Department of Fact".

"The Daily Telegraph (the paper you can trust) said on January 25: 'The State Government has accepted a £50 million plan for redevelopment of the Rocks area, west of Sydney's Circular Quay.'

'L. J. Hooker Investment Corporation submitted the plan.'

The Daily Telegraph (the paper you can trust) said today: 'State Cabinet has accepted in principle a £30 million scheme of James Wallace Pty. Ltd for redevelopment of the Rocks area, west of Sydney's Circular Quay.'

The paper you can trust?"

Perhaps the Telegraph's facts cannot be trusted. But we give first prize to the Mirror for twisting them to suit a purpose.

On Friday, March 1, William Perry, Daily Mirror man with the Queen, wrote:

"In Canberra crowds were virtually non-existent.

In Adelaide they were quiet and subdued.

Melbourne turned out in force but was content to wave flags.

Hobart was shy, overawed by the occasion . . .

Sydney, will you please cheer the Queen."

On March 18 the same William Perry wrote on page two of the Daily Mirror:

"No one can doubt the sincerity and warmth of Australia's welcome. Look at the record:

- ADELAIDE loved every minute of the royal visit. The crowds there were enormous.

- MELBOURNE turned out in force. The people waved, gawked and had the 'staringest' time of their lives.

- HOBART was constrained, shy, perhaps overawed. But its people stood in thousands to cheer and wave."

A wise man changes his mind;
a fool never will.

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Mr. Menzies amused the Queen by mistakenly introducing 18 year old Eileen Hannan of Melbourne as Mrs. Hannan. "I thought she looked a little young," said the Queen, when greying Senator G. Hannan explained she was really his daughter.

—Mirror, February 19.

Sydney by Night

LEGITIMATE THEATRE

The Cherry Orchard: This is a superb production of Chekov's immortal play by Robert Quentin.

The sale and destruction of the cherry orchard, symbolic of the decline of the Russian aristocracy, is told with gentle insight by Chekov.

One of the best casts available in Australia — including Sophie Stewart, Ellis Irving, Ron Haddrick, Gordon Chater and Mary Reynolds — gives a sympathetic, united performance.

Flaming Youth: An Australian "20's" musical.

Flaming Youth is a gay, inconsequential production with catchless tunes, saved from ignominy by the brilliant acting of Robina Beard and Jill Perryman.

Necessarily tightened and re-written since the opening night, the evening is now lightly enjoyable.

But why did they bother after "The Boy Friend"?

G. & S.: This production is part of a current rash of old favourites.

John Larsen, as the noticeably greying Frederick, is far and away the best performer. It is only a pity that he wore his "Rose Marie" outfit by mistake during the second act.

Richard Wordsworth, as the doting judge and cowardly major-general, is better as the first, because here his poor enunciation is more plausible. The sopranos are unexceptionally weak and the chorus maintains the G. & S. tradition of never allowing a clear word come across the footlights.

Through this ordeal, the original libretto and music comes through almost unscathed. The 75 per cent. of the libretto which can be heard clearly is enough to remind of the timeless brilliance.

A Shot in the Dark: A play which would have been a hit in the mid-fifties.

The Parisian import, Martine Messager, has to work hard to encourage laughs after the first act. David Mutcheson, her co-star, runs through his gimmicks without adding much to the humour.

Unfortunately this plot has been seen too often before for the cast to maintain the suspense until the climax.

The odd selection of accents accounts for the buzz in the gods.

My Fair Lady: The farewell performance before the arrival of the film.

The initial glamour of "My Fair Lady" has long since faded and been eclipsed, but she retains some mature charm.

Cast and novelty wane but the nostalgia lingers on.

Show Boat: Jerome Kern's gruelling musical, titivated for the oldies.

The original music retains its antiquated charm; the inserted music is memorable, if only for its vulgarity.

It lacks the Ava Gardner-Howard Keel impact; no one reaches the heights of Katharine Grayson.

Keep the family away.

BASTARD CINEMA

La Notte: The latest Italian sterility-of-life film, "The Night", is a sensitive study of the egocentricism of two people.

The pair spend one night at a party in an abortive attempt to make contact with the world beyond their own.

The morning brings only a psychological hangover and a physical compromise.

Waltz of the Toreadors: Slick, bawdy, brilliant comedy.

Peter Sellers, as the aging general, romps his way through this superb piece of cinematic theatre.

He is formidably supported by Margaret Leighton, John Fraser and Dany Robin.

A colourful French type farce.

The Island: A slow moving, intense experiment.

It records the life of a silent isolated family, toiling their livelihood from the earth.

Economically directed, this Japanese film depends on splendid photography rather than action. Unfortunately inter-

est tends to lapse through tedium towards the end.

A gimmick which almost works.

The Longest Day: The systematic extermination of 42 top cinema stars proves admirable entertainment.

Darryl Zanuck's cinemascope cameras take in a broad sweep of the tension, excitement and pathos of D-day.

At the end, the 42 stars and other credits are presented alphabetically, just to remind that democracy prevailed.

West Side Story: In the latest mode of musical extravaganzas.

This modern version of the Romeo and Juliet saga, soon to be re-written using Rockies and Surfies, suffers little in the adaptation to screen.

Unfortunately the photography deteriorates after the superb introduction to the West Side, but the big production numbers are well controlled and visually exciting.

Such a shame Natalie Wood can't dance.

Divorce Italian Style: In anyone's language this is old hat; Peppe tires of wife, falls in love with convent girl, decides to dispense with wife under the most mitigating circumstances devisable.

A trite plotline is propped along with the full gamut of cinematographic gimmicks — flashbacks, dream sequences, film played back, even the wonderful staccato trailer for "La Dolce Vita".

Somehow Marcel Mastroianni is made up to look like David Niven with Eric Baume facial tic.

Show Of The Month

The volume of pre-publicity surrounding the Queen Spectacular makes the critics' task doubly difficult.

It has had fantastic international success since it began at the London Palace almost 10 years ago, with a continuous run broken only by short overseas engagements.

As is now customary with all such large overseas extravaganzas, Sydney only got second bite at the plum. The Australian premiere was held in Melbourne, after a small out-of-town warm up in Canberra and Adelaide.

In the title role, Elizabeth Windsor gives a sparkling performance. She projects her coldness and aloofness so convincingly that she seems almost by sheer repetition to have incorporated this incredibly sterilised characterisation into her own personality.

The critics were unanimous in their ecstasy: "radiant" (Melbourne Herald), "beautiful" (S.M.H.), "lively and lovely" (R.G.M.).

The only flaw in an otherwise perfect performance is that she still shows a slightly imperfect knowledge of some lines, impeding spontaneity and conviction at times. This is a double pity because she

is called upon to handle some of the worst lines in the whole show.

The male and female romantic leads have been played by the same actors during the whole ten years' mammoth run. During this time the Duke has developed a fine range of personal mannerisms and impromptu stage business.

With great stage presence and dramatic timing, he is able to take many liberties with the script, usually quite justifiably.

Robert Menzies, as the buffoon of the piece, is a fine foil for the intensity of the leading pair.

This fine Australian actor came to the company only after arranging an interruption of his highly successful and lucrative season with Canberra Repertory.

His build, reminiscent of the great comic rotunds, is in the tradition but the eyebrows and double chin are his own endowments to the comic art. Only his delivery now needs perfecting — there is a tendency towards overplay, particularly in his famous "I am a Queen's man" speech.

As the toadies, cronies and parasites, the male and female chorus jostle delightfully; the decor is always extravagant.

—R.W.

Although a little hesitant at times, the Queen sensed when her guests were too embarrassed to start a conversation and always had something — often pertinent and lively — to say. —Telegraph, February 20.

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