

OZ

No. 8 APRIL

PRICE 1/6

Special
anniversary
issue
in
gloriously
exciting
clashing
colours



Portrait of an Australian Liberal

This man is an Australian Liberal. His party advocates:

- Continuance of the White Australia Policy
- Illegalisation of the Communist Party
- Capital punishment
- Repressive literary censorship

That's what it means to be a Liberal in Australia, old man!



Be Deported by Dick

Madam, ever seen the Sahara in spring? A drab wasteland before O'Toole and technicolor—now an IN Desert Inn. Come along. Keep will deliver you. Gentlemen, follow the lead of the smart Espionage set—risk a midnight parachute jump into Indonesia. Dick will arrange for your forged passport and Mini camera. But first, sneak along to Dick Keep's Travel Agency, 59 Macleay St., Potts Point, or phone 35-2212, 31-1855, 35-2971, 35-1569.

p.s.: In 1980 you can travel to the moon for £7,000,000, but if you wait till 1990, American experts predict the fare will be only £6,000,000. Come to Keeps first; he'll save you shillings!

WHAT? NO GUM TREES?

"No, Madam, none at all."

"Well, have you a jumbuk?"

"None at present."

"Murumph, Mr. Clune, I shall paint one myself."

* * *

Hail. Another Australian painter has been born! Actually, Terry Clune's has encouraged many a housewife to swap dust-cloth for canvas. See why. Scattered in reckless abandon on the walls of 59 Macleay St. are (from time to time) Olsens, Dickersons, Dobells, Boyds—free with the purchase of any is just the cutest set of Mona-Lisa tea towels. Phone 35-2212, 35-1855, 35-2971, 35-1569.

Our readers turn writers ...

All About OZ

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* OZ is not sponsored by any institution, organisation or pressure group — it is the only genuinely independent magazine in Australia.

* OZ needs contributors. Please send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

* OZ will now appear on the first of every month. It is available from street-corner vendors, and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide.

* The price for a subscription has not altered. Complete the coupon in this issue.

* Back copies of OZ are available for a shilling each — issues 2 to 7.

* Circulation has now reached 10,000. Advertising rates are cheap, and OZ's classified column is 15/-, but keep it brief.

MY name is Noelene Quill. I am a trained assistant clerk in the accounts office of the pensions section of the Social Service Department of Australia House, and I was there during that bomb scare last month.

It was a quarter to two and I had just finished the sleeve of my boyfriend's jumper when Jim, our messenger boy, ran in and said: "The billboards reckon there's a bomb in the building."

Next, a policeman came in and said: "We have just been informed that there is a bomb in this building set to go off at two. Please leave."

So Carol, our telephoniste, me, Jim and a few of the invalids who had been waiting for their pensions, ran to the lift. One of them started to panic in the corridor and wouldn't let us get in the lift, but Jim kicked his crutch away.

Well, the police went around to all the offices, waking everyone up and asking them to leave, and saying they had to search the lockers and desks. The noise was something terrible because lockers are private and anyhow no-one wanted the police snooping around pinching things and finding all the stationery they'd collected.

The Fire Department came and hosed all around, ruining all next month's endowments. The people on the tenth floor thought the police said "They're bombing this building," and they started making huge signs saying "We're with you" and "Krushchev is King" in red paint and putting them on the roof.

By now, it was almost two and everyone ran out of the building and took shelter.

Luckily, it was only a hoax and no-one was blown up. However it did have its sad side. One hundred and fifty people died when they got into the lift on the ninth floor when it wasn't there, and twenty-five girls, who were getting ready in the Ladies to go home, were locked in and went mad with fear. Out of the people who got out safely, twenty were clubbed by the police, and five-hundred have been fired for stealing office equipment.

There are fifteen invalids waiting at my desk now. I wish we could have another bomb scare: I liked watching them run.

Keeping up

MR PATRICK SPITE, the well-known Australian conspirator, who was in Adelaide recently, and by a strange coincidence at the same time as the Festival of Arts, was seen in Mary Martin's Bookshop wearing a new coat. Mr Spite, admitted author of *Floss*, *Ghost Riders in the Sky*, and *Man in the Tree*, said that he had come to Adelaide to assist Mr Max Factor, the well-known wheelwright, editor and cricketer, in the production of Mary Martin's Newsletter, a weekly attempt at humour.

COLONEL SLY, the well known Australian Pile Leader, is in hospital recovering from a slight adjustment to his secret service.

THE Free Enterprise Banks have donated £100 to a fund started by Mr Ave Maria, well-known yoga expert and indulgence salesman, to cover the cost of exhuming Nabakov Dozen, unknown Russian author of *A Bountiful Life Under the Czars*. Mr Dozen will be presented to the self-confessed Prime Minister, Sir Rupert Frenzy, who has written a poem for the occasion. The poem, entitled *Sweet Smell of Freedom*, will be read by Sir Rupert, who is representing the smirking class.

MRS ANNIE OAKELY, the well-known Australian spy, has just completed a tour of Mount Gambier, the well-known dairy product, during which she addressed audiences representing a surprising cross-section of the lunatic fringe in the RSL. Cautioning the RSL on the need to fight atheistic communism Mrs Oakley declared that supper was served and that slot machines should be introduced into state schools to help children understand the great truths that lay behind Anzac Day.

—JOHN JONES.

Is this a record?

IN CASE anybody overlooked it: GEORGE JOHNSTON, "the Australian writer" whom nobody had ever heard of till last month, has returned to Australia after 14 years abroad, TEN of which he spent on the Greek Island of HYDRA which nobody had ever heard of till last month, where he wrote his novel, MY BROTHER JACK, which has been acclaimed overseas. GEORGE JOHNSTON is married to another Australian writer, Charmian Clift (a woman), whom nobody had ever heard of till last month. They lived on the Greek island of HYDRA for TEN YEARS. Here GEORGE JOHNSTON wrote his novel, MY BROTHER JACK. Besides MY BROTHER JACK, which he wrote on the Greek island of HYDRA, he has written "about 24" other books — and a piece of chauvinistic claptrap "specially commissioned by the *Daily Mirror*."

IN CASE anybody overlooked it: GEORGE JOHNSTON, "the Australian ..."

My dear Editor,

Your satire of an approach to the seduction of a young man was too, too divine. But I was simply too, too horrified at Albie's spelling of KAMP as camp. The initials KAMP come from the file in Scotland Yard, "Known as male prostitute."

ONE WHO IS KNOWN.

Sir,

"Fairly strong roots" is surely a fairly strong understatement for the kind of integration into the Australian community achieved by some of the Asians deported by Arthur Calwell when he was Minister for Immigration (OZ, March, p. 9). Many of them were hardly more than children when they arrived here, many of them were considered worthy to wear Australian uniform, some were elected officials of trade unions affiliated with Mr Calwell's own party, many of them married Australian girls and begot Australian children.

Having been personally acquainted with some of Mr Calwell's deportees and some of the Aussie women and children left to fend for themselves after Mr Calwell deported their bread-winners, for no offence except having a complexion slightly less deficient in melanin than his own, I switched at the last general election from being a Labor voter of many years' standing to voting deliberately informal, and shall continue to do so until given an opportunity to vote for some party that has purged its leadership of people with Nazi ideas. And no doubt most electors who have no objection to Nazi ideas will continue to vote for Mr Menzies, "the devil they know."

ARTHUR W. RUDKIN,
Roseville East, N.S.W.

Sir,

Last year in matriculation I took English Literature. Before the exam I was reading a copy of OZ. The exam paper asked us to take a book that we had read and write an appreciation of it.

OZ was my only chance. I'm sure

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you would like me to bull on and say that I received honours.

I remain yours,
"REPEAT MATRIC STUDENT,"
Melbourne, Vic.

Sir,

Mathematics has it that there are 16 OZs in the pound. Last week I bought 16 OZs and it cost me £1/4/-. You lousy cheats.

Please find enclosed one stone for 224 OZs.

"APOTHECARY,"
Stanmore, N.S.W.

Sir,

One thing that irritates me is the way in which you are so serious about your humour. By this apparent paradox I mean that although your satires are often amusing, one always senses a great deal of bitterness behind them. It is as if you have been upset by something (like the Australian Navy or Arthur Calwell) and you sit down, crying salt tears, with the intention of holding it up to public mockery in the most vicious way possible.

I think a "carefree" attitude to life's problems would make a better editorial policy, under which you could treat everything in the nonchalant, detached manner of Bob Ellis. Your present attitude shows through especially in the comments on censorship that appear in every issue. Your "humour" is extremely bitter and sarcastic.

I realise that you two "angry young men" feel very strongly on this point and want to communicate these feelings to your readers but, even though I agree with you, to have them forced upon my attention in the same unfunny manner every month becomes annoying in the extreme. Everybody knows about our ridiculous censorship system and repeated criticism of it from a minor publication will not affect it in any way.

Your way of treating sex reflects the same attitude. One can imagine you two at an editorial conference saying "D—n th—t st—pi— V—ce Squ—d, we'l— pr—nt s—x and sw—r w—ords j—st to sh—w they d—n't scar—us." You seem to want to print sex for sex's sake. You have a reputation for fearless journalism to keep up. But you are cutting off your ——— to spite your ———. The lengths that you go to could mean that you are fined for pornography so much that you are forced to stop publication and that would result in your not being able to say anything at all.

DAVID DALE,
Coogee, N.S.W.

Sir,

Well, I'm still reading OZ, although I certainly won't write any more articles for you.

What disgusts me about OZ is your stupid tilting at authority, as evidenced in, e.g., *That was February*. This type of thing merely shows your frustration, with your consequent need to "let off steam." This is why OZ will not be around long, because once you really get going you don't know when to stop. You haven't got your emotions under control and you will overstep the mark again shortly as a result.

Another thing I think is that you probably are inclined to print something to see just what you can get away with. This compulsion to prove something to yourself merely indicates how insecure you feel.

I've got nothing at all against you or OZ. There is nothing wrong with satire, but you must be very crafty and subtle about it—very sly, sneaky, underhanded and wily, and you must have an intuition about what is going too far. Without being offensive, you are indeed very cunning and sly already, but it is the wrong type—a more or less inverted characteristic tied up with hidden anger and covert hostility which needs an outlet somewhere.

I could tell you for sure just what to do to get the best satirical magazine ever, but as I know you certainly wouldn't take any notice, I wouldn't tell you even if you asked me.

But maybe I can still suggest that you go easy on such things as sex and religion. That is like banging your head against a brick wall.

But suit yourselves. It doesn't matter at all to me. I only wish you all the best. Without sarcasm, may I sign myself:

Sympathetically yours,
JOHN JARRED.

Sir,

Congratulations on OZ No 7. It had the ingredients of a cleverly compiled; humorous magazine with the outspoken satire much needed in our apathetic society. This is the form one has come to expect from OZ, as against No 6, which rather detracted from the usual OZ standard.

Anyone is capable of writing in a crude, vulgar fashion, but there are very few who have the ability to extract satire and humour from everyday things and I feel it is in this field OZ features.

It is a shame to see such lengthy bursts of vulgarity in an otherwise commendable publication. No doubt this was intentional, in order to promote OZ publicity and bring the name OZ into many new homes, using various media, the latest being *Vogue Australia*. Surely the same results could be achieved through other methods, other than vulgarity and crudity?

J.S.O.M.,
Cremorne, N.S.W.

Sir,

Reading *nelson's* item on the Beatles last month I came upon an amazing statement by the British Prime Minister: "Youth could do some things better than age and vice." This seemed to me to be a very odd statement even for that veteran clown "Home, Sweet F.A. Home."

Since *nelson* had taken the trouble to give the source from which he was quoting (Syd. "Telegraph," Feb. 17) I thought I might find out what had elicited this remark. You can imagine my disillusionment to find that Sir Alec had actually said: "Youth could do some things better than age and vice versa."

Was this an extremely esoteric attempt at a joke by *nelson* or does he make a habit of quoting people out of context?

J. L. ROBERTSON,
Blacktown, N.S.W.

nelson replies: An inexcusable piece of esoterica.

On Thursday, March 12 the Daily Mirror headlined allegations of promiscuity among boys and girls at a Sydney co-educational high school. The allegations were made by the father of a 14-year-old female pupil and based on the contents of his daughter's diary.

This girl and a boy mentioned in the diary were suspended from school.

Two days later a small item appeared in the Mirror reporting that a 13-year-old boy had been found hanging from a clothesline in his backyard at Redfern. The paper omitted to report that this boy was the one who had just been expelled from school.

On the same day that the headline story appeared, a doctor from the Child Welfare Department examined the girl and found her still a virgin.

ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

... somewhere between 1890 and 1925 G.M.T. there was a lost continent called Australantis.

The ruler of this land was the Emperor Ming, who lived with his dynasty in a place called Canberra, behind the Great Wall of Indifference. The Emperor Ming's family had discovered Australantis while on holiday from Scotland and decided to stay. But the Emperor never forgot that he was Scottish, though he sometimes confused them with the English, both of whom are British.

Australantis belonged to an organisation called the Commonwealth and in Australantis there was a great deal of very common wealth, though the members of the Commonwealth who had no wealth thought it uncommonly wealthy. The British were the leaders of the Commonwealth and had a museum called Buckingham Palace where they kept a lady who was supposed to be the leader of the Commonwealth and old Ming thought she was a Faerie Queen.

He liked this idea because it was unreal, and in Australantis everything that is unreal was real and everything real was indecent or a Communist plot. The only thing that was unreal because it was real was that the people of Australantis had only a short dark history and no titles like Prince, Duke and Lord. So they pretended. For the truth was that the people of Australantis were snobs and when they wanted to be snobby they copied the English and said they were British but when they were with the English they made out they were the people of Australantis.

Anyway the Queen of England liked canned fruit so her Ministers said "You better be nice to old Ming so you'll get your canned fruit and woollies. He

thinks you're the cat's whiskers and if you keep in with him he might send some cherry brandy for Charles and anyway we might need him again to go to Suez or somewhere." So the Queen came to Australantis sometimes when she needed a break and old Ming made an idiot of himself saying *I only passed you soaring by, and yet I'll love you till I get raised to the peerage, and blushing.*

But it didn't make any difference to the people of Australantis, cos every now and then when old Ming got bored he'd say "Let's have an election," which showed he wasn't bothered. For old Ming was a pretty smart feller and he knew that if he just let anybody vote he might get thrown out so he said "Make everybody vote" and even then he might still have got thrown out except that it's not how many people vote but where. And also you don't just vote for who you want but for who you don't want; which means you might end up getting who you didn't want but who's better than who you wanted even less.

Most of the people of Australantis lived in a state. This was called New South Wales, or Nouvelles Galles du Sud (Alliance Francais), and its capital was called Sydney, or Syd, after the man who found it.

But a few people of Australantis cared about something. They got up and said "Australantis is asleep" but everyone said "Zzzzz" or "Crap" or rang their cash registers. So they went bonkers or abroad to Earls Court and something happened to them. Cos although they went to find freedom or culture they mostly found hungry birds who'd migrated from Australantis. They all got together and got all boozy and

chauvinistic and went round disseminating Australantism, or the myth of Australantis.

This was all about eternal sunlight and open spaces where life was basic and men were men who all painted. Society was classless; everyone was an individualist. Free thinking, vitality. Men who looked like Murray Rose and talked like Chips Rafferty. Women who looked like Murray Rose and Chips Rafferty. Hob-nobbing at corroborees with abos and Rolf Harris.

And everyone believed it. So old Ming said "It can all be yours for ten quid" and opened a house in the Strand in London, cos his foreign friend Hendrik had told him "you need a bigger majority and if they're dumb enough to vote for Macmillan they'll vote for you. And anyway your Bantus might rise up" and thousands flocked to the house and paid £10 to be had.

Then old Ming got them on boats and brought them to Australantis and they looked round and said "Where's Murray Rose?" and Ming said "Gone abroad," so they said "Where's Chips Rafferty?" and everyone laughed. So they asked where all the sheep were and got a blank look. Lastly, they said "who are all these dreary conforming little men" and Ming went "Zzzz", so a witty migrant said, "They must be the migrants" and everyone went off to read their handouts from Australantis House and start wingeing about what a crummy hole Syd was compared to Scunthorpe and how everyone was bloody rude and how it was not hot, just clammy, and how the dole was pitifully inadequate, etc., etc.

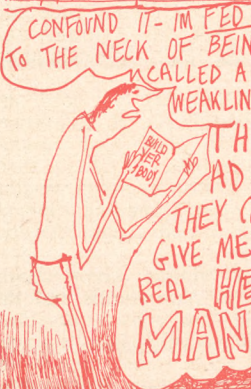
But after a while they got jobs and their "blood thinned" (D. H. Lawrence) and they went to sleep and became people of Australantis. And in their sleep they heard cash registers ringing and at night they counted E-type Jaguars. Soon they had caught Australantis.

Simultaneously stories about Earls Court got back to Australantis and the word went round "Sex is better abroad." More and more people from Australantis arrived in Earls Court, then more, and still more. And as they arrived they became Australantians and spread Australantism. Some Englishmen said snidely "Those who can do, those who can't come to Earls Court" but really it was travel status. And some Englishmen got so sick of meeting no-one but Australantians they decided to go to Australantis.

All the time thousands of migrants were dreaming about a past they never enjoyed and were joining forces with the people of Australantis and everyone said how Syd was "cosmopolitan" and "sophisticated" cos they now had a few Greek capps. So they all started building baronial halls and calling everywhere. Something Heights and driving E-type Jaguars and eventually there was nothing in the papers except comics and social pages. And in time the lost continent was discovered and became known as New England, or Nouveau Riche (de Gaulle), though some say it ought to have been Olde England.

Meanwhile, under the immense weight of Earls Court, England, which had just got a socialist government, sank.

—KENNETH BANET.



Could you do a hambone and be praised
rather than mocked? Women want KING BONES
for their sweethearts - none of this chorous-boy stuff
for the real girl. Send ^{FOR}OUR FREE Book
"HOW TO BECOME A KING HAMBONER"
"and a KING Hitter!" hooded to you in a plain
wrapper. POSTAGE 5¢.

WANTED

A typical Vice-Chancellor for an Australian University:

Qualifications: We are seeking a man with no previous administrative experience. Though aware of the liberal humanistic values associated with a university—he must be prepared to ditch them. He should be authoritarian in temperament, repressive in outlook.

Duties: The successful applicant will be required to model the university along the lines of an efficient business organisation and to build up a powerful administration. A versatile code of ethics is an asset. He is required to seek hand-outs from business enterprises and bequests from private individuals.

He must be aloof from his academic staff, sensitive to public opinion, and utterly submissive to the political machine.

"A University," said Disraeli, "is a place of light, liberty and learning," and one would expect this triad of attributes to be personified in a University's Vice-Chancellor.

Although Australian V.-C's are men of considerable learning, their behaviour is anti-liberal and their philosophy is unenlightened; as a brief glance at their record will confirm:

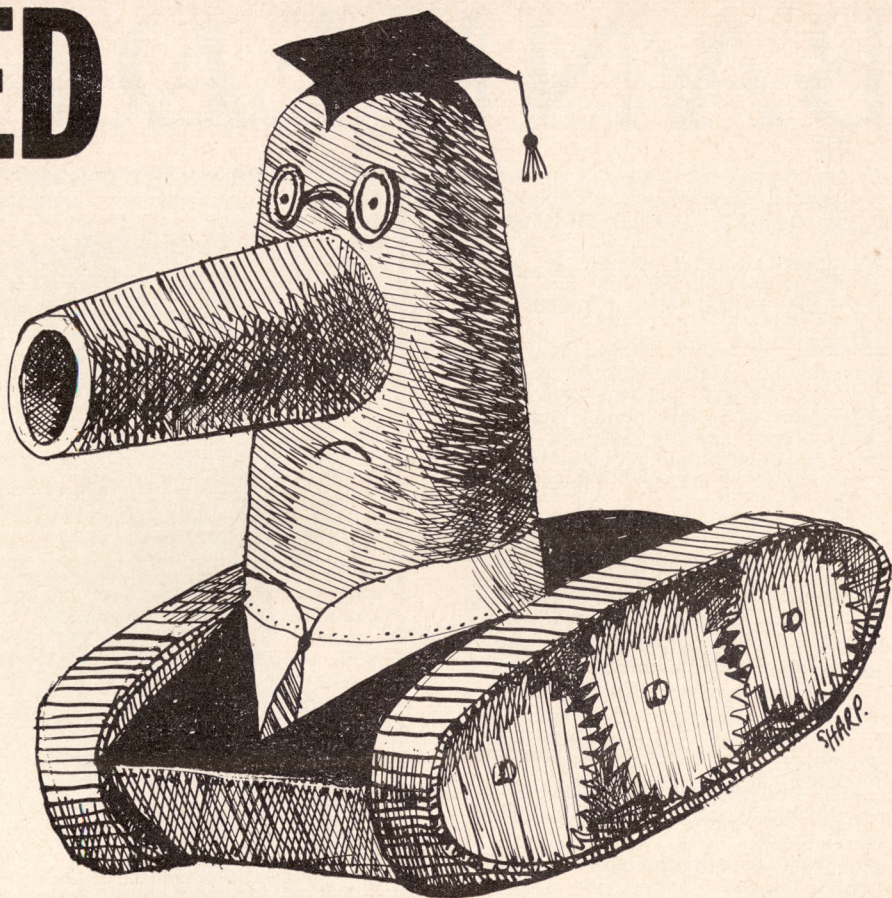
Professor J. P. Baxter, part-time Vice-Chancellor of the University of New South Wales (also Chairman of Atomic Energy Commission). Lured into the Uni after spending most of adult life as Research Manager for I.C.I. Played a significant part in development and stockpiling of Chemical Warfare agents during World War II. Highlights from career include: *Classic "Ward" case. Dr. Russell Ward was refused a post in History despite being recommended by the University's selection committee. It is alleged that Baxter overrode their decision on the basis of a Commonwealth security report.

*Mass resignations by Professorial staff in protest against Ward affair and his "undemocratic, unacademic" procedures.

*The calling for his resignation plus a Royal Commission into Kensington by the student paper, Tharunka. Baxter responded to criticism by seeking assurance that such irresponsibility would not re-occur.

*Recently told press he would welcome a Vice Squad enquiry into "Gas Lash" incident.

Professor Stephen H. Roberts, aged V.-C. of Sydney University. Raised a storm last year when he instigated quota system for Asian students. Racial prejudice is consistent with his jingoistic, "sun will ne'er set" attitude



displayed in his History text books. He whitewashed British colonialism with the phrase "forward movement", once referred to Hitler as . . . "primarily a dreamer, a visionary. I am convinced, further that all the brutal sides of the movement pass him by".

Obsessed with the University's public image. Will crush freedom of speech to calm an angry press: has banned sex symposia from Orientation Week, once prohibited a student-organised Lenny Bruce concert. Was also eager for Vice Squad probe into the ludicrous "Ham-bone" incident.

Sir Fred Schonell had the advantage over his predecessor at Brisbane by actually having attended a University himself. Despite international reputation in field of education, appointment surprising as his research had been confined to primary school and backward children. Immediately entered into the spirit of Australian Vice-Chancellorship by sacrificing scholastic principles for petty diplomacy (simultaneously providing a practical demonstration of how to pass a backward student), VIZ.: an undergraduate from Thailand with a disastrous failure record, sat externally for deferred exams. Papers submitted were described as "brilliant"—some displaying techniques never even taught at the University. A stooge obviously did the paper. Normally Thai student would have been disqualified. Not this one. He was a relative of the Thai Prime Minister, so the paper was accepted, the degree awarded.

Student newspaper, when it's not being suppressed (as it once was when a Professor's article criticised the Queensland Education Department) is continually lamenting Schonell's authoritarian, wowserish administration.

Sir Fred's latest attempt to upstage his V.-C. rivals, is to decree that all

students must carry identification cards bearing their photographs. His excuse? "So the staff can get to know the students better".

Sir George Paton leapt into print some years ago when he described a notorious Communist in the Sociology Department in Melbourne as being "somewhat to the left". "On the left of Stalin," quipped Uni paper, Farrago. Most insidious, yet typical aspect of the case was Sir George's instructions to all staff members forbidding public comment of any sort.

L. G. Huxley of A.N.U. will be remembered for his Reign of Torpor, recently exemplified by his indecision over Brissenden's request for "Lolita". Like other V.-C's he's scared stiff of Canberra's Mrs Grundy politicians.

P. S. Isles: By accepting tainted Vice-Chancellorship of Tasmania, he trod where other less compromising, liberal academics were afraid to. Indifference to Orr prompted students to announce a general strike (mass absence from lectures). Manoeuvre crippled by Administration's ruthless intimidation of student leaders.

Dr. J. A. I. Matheson (Monash University) once aggravated academics when he refused to allow Roman Catholics to occupy a classroom for lunch-time Mass. Opponents objected to his arbitrary discrimination against a religious organisation.

H. B. Basten (Adelaide University) succumbed to political pressure when a newly appointed overseas lecturer was refused an entrance visa by the Immigration Minister. Gloated Downer to Parliament: "Mr. Basten also made it clear . . . that in his opinion the University would not desire to proceed further with the appointment of Mr. Brenner if the Government decided that there was a security risk."

BANNED ANY

Dear Vice-Squad,

A Kings Cross newsagent informed us that you stole 140 issues of OZ from his shop.

We appreciate your interest in our little magazine and presume that you seized them to give to your friends at work.

However, the tactics adopted by your agents do not really conform to the ethics or standards of behaviour one might expect from Her Majesty's guardians of liberty and we therefore suggest you take out an annual subscription for 140 copies at a special cut rate of £139/10/-.

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITORS.

Frederick Weisenger of Paddington was recently fined £200 for having in his possession prohibited imports — a number of books, magazines and photographs classed as obscene works. It was stated in court that Weisenger had been receiving them for five years from a man in Europe and had kept them for his own use only.

Thus for five years Weisenger had been "depraving and corrupting" only himself, until:

- Postal Department officials intercepted his mail,

- Russell Roy Kenny of the Special Investigation Branch of the Customs and Excise Branch was called in to examine the contents,

- Police and other officials searched Weisenger's premises and discovered more obscene treasure, (said one, "Some of the publications are known to us, others we have not seen here in Australia"),

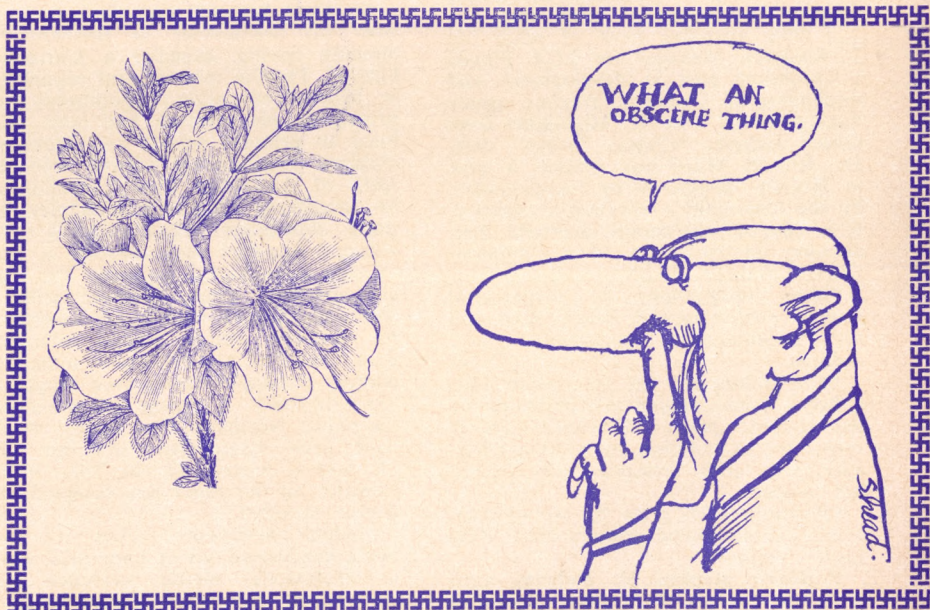
- Samples of the publications and photographs were submitted as exhibits to Mr. J. Craddock, S.M.

Now a dozen or so officials have been contaminated by Mr. Weisenger's obscene documents. Surely such risks are beyond the call of duty?

The Kama Sutra

"The question is bound to be asked, 'Is this pornography?' This can best be answered by asking to whom it is that pornography can appeal. Surely it is only to those whose own love lives are unfulfilled and frustrated through ignorance and repression. The aim of the Kama Sutra is to remove ignorance and repression and teach the possible methods of fulfilment. Thus the publication of the book itself is a blow to the existence or possibility of pornography. The text accepts sexual desire as naturally present and explains how it may best be employed."

The Times Literary Supplement



Good books LATELY?

As everyone knows, this sunburnt country is chilled by an extremely censorious climate. What less people understand is WHY?

OZ now discusses the question of censorship and its relation to our National character with two sociologists from the University of New South Wales: Professor M. Brown, who is head of the School of Sociology and Dean of the Faculty of Arts, and Mr. A. Vinsen, a senior tutor in the Sociology Department.

OZ: Why is the sport of censorship more popular here in Australia than practically anywhere else in the world?

Vinsen: Perhaps because more Australians live in urban communities and so learn acceptance of all types of directives—such as where and when to

Brown: But surely one could expect a greater degree of sophistication and freedom in the cities. There would be enough people of liberal outlook to . . .

Vinsen: Yes, but the reality of 'urban dwelling' cuts across the Australian image of rugged individualism—we are forced to conform.

OZ: This conformity may lead some to accept censorship—but why does it flourish in the first place?

Brown: Censorship is a continuation of the Australian Puritan Tradition.

Remember, a high proportion of our population is of Irish origin. Not only did our population evolve from these ardent Catholics but also from earnest English Protestants, which perhaps accounts for our peculiar blend of Australian Puritanism.

OZ: Are there any other explanations?

Brown: Yes. You will notice that community life never flourished here. This is because Australians are entrenched in their family life. This is important, because ultimately the family life provides a source of happiness.

Now, any attacks on accepted sexual morality threaten this family.

Vinsen: American studies have indicated that participation in extra-family activities encourages a greater degree of tolerance.

Brown: Sydney people are so reluctant to forsake their suburban cottages that if one joins a number of local committees he will recognise the same old familiar faces at each one.

Australians will, of course, have their weekly outing—but in a car dragging the inevitable family.

OZ: Is there any correlation between members of different income earning classes and their attitudes towards censorship?

Brown: Impossible to answer without a thorough study. Although I am always amazed by the sheer gloominess of working-class clubs . . .

Vinsen: And also the self-imposed web of trivial regulations: "You must wear a blue shirt . . . or long pants," etc. What's more, these regulations are strictly enforced.

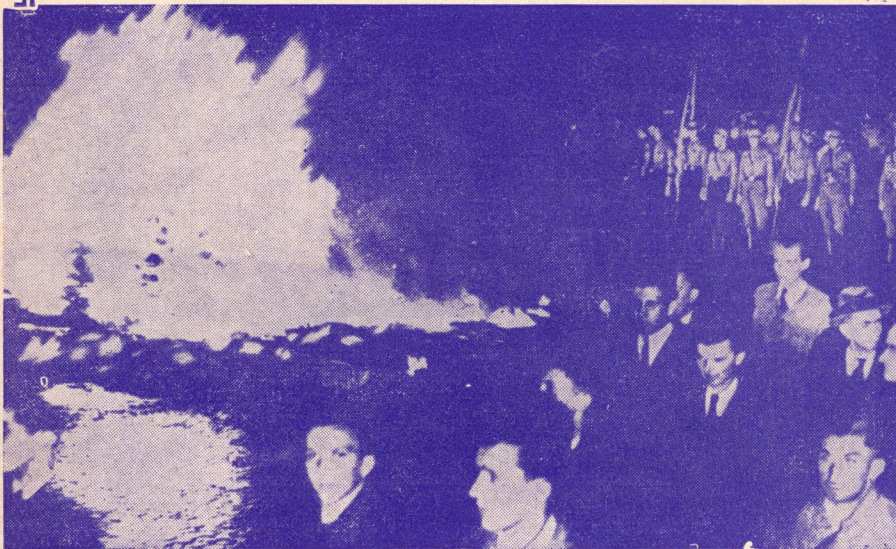
Brown: Another contributing factor to the tradition of puritanism is the Australian idealisation of women. In early "frontier" days there were vast armies of men leading a rough existence (on the goldfields for instance) and completely isolated from women. When women intruded they were resented, though at the same time the men insisted on respect and decorum. Even nowadays in pubs, one sees the men yarning at the bar, restricting their behaviour within the limits of the barmaids' taste; she is always aware of her peculiar prestige.

OZ: How long will this puritanical outlook persist?

Vinsen: Perhaps now is the turning point. Questions of censorship are at last arousing public response. Usually it is very difficult to interest Australians in conflicts of any sort.

Brown: Except when the conflict threatens the family. It is this national goal of a happy family life that breeds smug indifference to problems of sexual morality.

These are the OZ's that the Vice-Squad burned



In a dramatic re-enactment of Hitler's famous "burning of the books", Sydney police recently goose-stepped into a Kings Cross newsagency, seized, then burnt 140 copies of OZ No. 6.

This sizzling event symbolised the oft-observed ideological link between the colourful Gestapo and our very own men in uniform. It had all the ingredients of typical dictatorial methods: "absurdity"—the seizure occurred on the very last day of current-issue; "secrecy"

—the publishers were never officially informed of the confiscation; "injustice"—the burden of proof was thrown on the shoulders of the bewildered newsagent who was asked to "show cause" why they should not be burnt; "pressure tactics"—the move was aimed at discouraging other newsagents from distributing OZ.

Keep up the good work, fellas. Soon everyone will be heiling you.

BUSINESS MEN

Take advantage of the Vice-Squad's and Customs Department's exciting, efficient, controversial,

ADVERTISING AGENCY

For only a small bribe your sales will rocket. Don't waste money on dreary advertisements, just give us a ring, **make a complaint about your product**, then watch the headlines. Yes, we are the people who made "Lolita" the most widely read book in Australia, who put "Tharunka" on the map, and made "The Group" a must in every teenager's home. That's not all—we started the **shimmy** dance craze, popularised the hambone, and (with a sly burning) made OZ a household word.

Remember, YOU complain, WE seize, the PRESS publicises, and SALES soar.

OZ EASTER BUNNIES

Traditionally Easter is celebrated by the appearance of the bunnies. Amongst this month's crop of Easter bunnies, OZ has selected the following for blue-ribbon awards:—



to Dave Allen, for the hush-hush wedding that broke the sound barrier. Marrying actress Judith Stott at Sydney Registry Office to keep it out of the papers, he managed to appear in every one except OZ, which he now does.



to U Thant, biggest wheel in the international set and chief promoter of international Thais, for sending UN troops into Cyprus. The military order was signed by no less an instrument than the famous "plume de ma Thant".

Classifieds

(15/- per insertion)

A SMALL group designing, constructing, experimenting with Hover vehicles in spare time wants a few more members. No professional mechanics, but young men with technical and mechanical know-how and/or inclinations preferred. Contact 'Hover-Craft', c/- OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

SOME copies of 'noise', first literary magazine of University of N.S.W. still available from Anchor Bookshop, Dymocks, Pocket Bookshop and Swains, Collins in Melbourne, Mary Martin's in Adelaide.

FOR SALE: Volkswagen 1959, reg. Sept. '64. Good tyres, mechanically perfect, £425. Phone 99-2741, after hours.

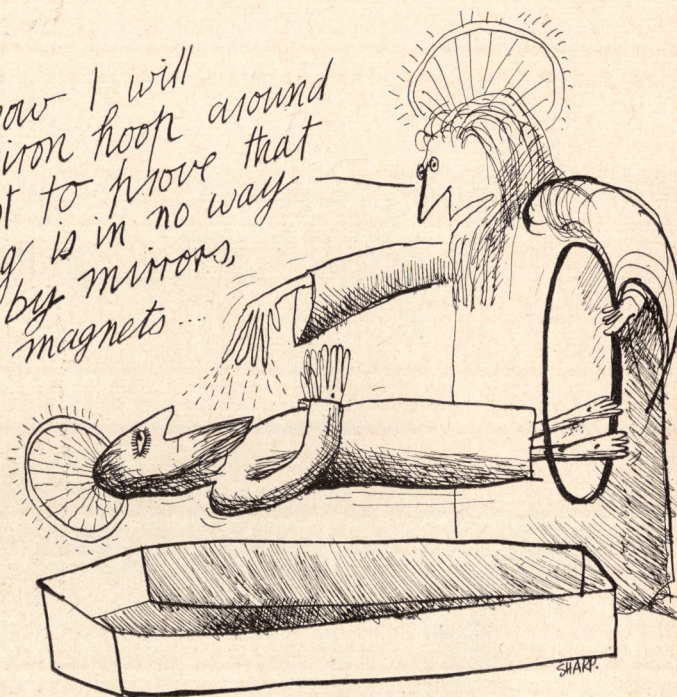


to Mr. Rylah for his unusual vision: detecting a previously unobservable connection between 'The Group' and . . . prostitute raffles, drug addiction, obscene photographs. "I can always find the hidden links," says this bunny, who has now earned the title of 'missing link Rylah'.



to President Sukarno for washing other people's dirty linen in public: said he (when the Tunku declined to chat about the Malaysian dispute), "All right, if he does not want to talk I cannot drag him from his bedroom to sit down at a conference table." (S.M.H. March 17.)

and now I will pass the iron hoop around the Christ to prove that this raising is in no way assisted by mirrors, wires or magnets...



NOT WANTING TO SOUND TOO SMUG—WE AUSTRALIANS FEEL THAT WE CAN PICK A GOOD MAN WHEN WE SEE ONE.

ARTHUR R. HERRON



TAKE ME FOR INSTANCE JUST LOOK AT THE WAY I HANDLE THOSE BUS STRIKES—I'M EVEN READY FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE...

ARTHUR HON



AND WHEN THEY ASK ME TO COMMENT ON TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN'S TERMS FOR THE SUMMIT I CAN SAY...

ARTHUR H



NO COMMENT.

Kingston

THAT WAS ... MARCH

Amateur theatricals have caught on with the local Sydney clergy in a big way lately. The Methodist Players were so successful with their recent spectacle at the Lyceum (Rev. Alan Walker starred as Nero) that the Anglicans, not to be outdone, have opened a Church-in-the-Round at St. Ives. Though few large-scale productions will be attempted in these intimate surroundings, power-packed method teaching and contemporary services (with a strong tendency towards the Church of the Absurd) will more than compensate for the lack of elaborate sets. Rumour has it that the producer is thinking of installing a revolving altar for a forthcoming musical version of "The Thomas a'Becket Story".

Are you there, John, Mary and Paul? asked Sydney Sunday Mirror columnist, Alexander Macdonald. *Are you still talking slow-motion English for New Australians? Has John's motor car still got that puncture which it took about two weeks of earnest dialogue to fix last November?*

Presumably, you know the trio, with their friend, Peter, inviting you to "Learn English With Us" on national radio? "Did the nail penetrate the inner tube,

Peter?" Yes, Paul, the nail penetrated the inner tube. Mary, give Paul the pump and spanner. See, Paul, John is going to jack up the chas-sis." Pretty racy stuff while it lasted.

How are they? you ask.

We-ll, Alex, John is still a-round. But Peter, Paul and Mary have sharpened up their English and are now with BBC-TV singing folk-songs on "Hulla-bal-oo".

The Americans are notorious for using initials instead of Christian names—FDR, JFK, LBJ, etc. But now, after all the centuries, it's caught on in Britain, where they refer to the PM as ADH.

ADH, to the physiologist, is the Anti-Diuretic Hormone, responsible for retaining body water. Which figures—I always thought Sir Alec a bit wet.

A little Liston will fix it.

Now is the hour for all good men to go a-courting. Tennis-courting, I mean.

Even I am tuning up the old strings. Out on the court before breakfast. I kick off with two hours of ground shots. Then I stand up and put in some back-hand practice. Then a little "volley à deux".

Net result? By July I should be the only tennis player left in Australia that hasn't been outlawed by the LTAA. Can you think of an easier way of spending the winter in the States?

Statisticians tell us that two children is the normal expectation for an Australian husband and wife. *Such a nice number, don't you think? Two people have two children. They have carried out their duty and provided another generation to follow them. If everybody married and had two children then there'd be no risk of the human race ever dying out.*

If you have no children at all or only one, there is obviously something terribly wrong. *Poor Joan, she would have so loved to have had a big family. But there you are...*

Three children is all right under extenuating circumstances. It's beginning to look as though you're breeding rather than raising a family. But sometimes it's necessary: *because they so wanted to have a little boy (or girl), you know.*

Four children? *Well, it's all right for the Catholics. I mean, we all know they have special problems. But for an ordinary, respectable woman... I think it's a bit much.*

No, Elizabeth, you are not Victoria.

THE Man With All the Answers for 1964 is Rear-Admiral O. H. Becher, Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, and the first witness at the Voyager Royal Commission.

His view appears to be that nobody was to blame, nothing was amiss and no revision of naval procedure is necessitated by what happened. In fact, this is just one of those unfortunate things that happen from time to time, even in the best-constituted naval circles.

Should the two ships have engaged in such a complicated action? *"It was not a difficult manoeuvre."* But there was a good deal of risk involved? *"I think the risk should be taken, particularly when two ships are working together. It's a good idea to train for war, for action."* Isn't it true that some of the instruments were not performing properly? *"You never get perfection."* And the crew, isn't it true that many of them were not as adept as they should have been? *"You have a few chiefs and a lot of Indians."*

And how about the ignorance of boat drill, the bolted hatches, the unavailability of lifebelts? *"You are not expected, sir, to have a collision."* (Quotation of the month?)

If one believed Rear-Admiral Becher, inaccurate signalling, incompetence, fatal errors, even collisions—that's all in a year's sailing, old man!

—nelson

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THE BLOOD BATH'S FINE

IN the last few years we've assimilated Italian espresso bars, American bowling alleys, Swedish furnishing, a Hilton Hotel and Restaurants specialising in such exotica as dhansak or jellied eels. For that we think we are terribly, terribly cosmopolitan!

But there are plenty more diversions to be imported before we can smugly sit back and consider we're keeping up with the gay International set.

When did you last loot an embassy, for instance? Or stone a legation? Or march on Government House? Australia is sadly lacking in a rioting tradition. Apart from an altercation at Eureka Stockade and Billy Hughes' egg incident, what have we? A couple of embarrassed gatherings at Martin Place with university students handing out pamphlets, that's what!

Consider all the fun those poor, backward Cambodians have been having: sacking British and American consulates, turning over cars (nice big glossy Rolls and Cadillacs—nothing as trite as a VW) and chanting charmingly archaic Napoleonic battle-crys. Not an inhibition left amongst the lot of them, I'll bet! Their Prince Norodom knows how to keep his subjects loyal and tension-free. "Our youth must be understood . . ." he said. And picked up the damages bill.

South Vietnam has barbecues; Alabama, night riding; Iran—even Afghanistan can raise a Kurdish uprising or so. Africa is tops for all kinds of atrocities. Surely Australia can offer as much. Our overseas reputation as a progressive country is at stake.

It's no good muttering things like "Un-British" or "Not part of our Anglo-Saxon heritage". The English have a fine old rioting history. Take Wat Tyler and his revolting peasants. Or the O.P. riots when the Covent Garden Opera raised their admission prices (the Elizabethan Trust, anyone?) and latterly, the Mosley rallies that had the stolid London police hooting and rabbit-punching in a style that would gladden a Sydney Detective-Inspector's heart.

So, if there is a patriot left, this could be your finest hour. Pick an embassy, any embassy, and chuck a brick through their picture window. Picket your local State Employment Office. Gather your mates and mass at the Mitchell Library, waving banners demanding "Fanny Hill" and "The Naked Lunch". There are

plenty of minority groups to terrorise. Campbell Street is teeming with un-White Australians that must be a threat to the community.

And there's be a great position vacant for the right ambitious, energetic reactionary. The possibilities are limitless! Australia must be one of the few places never to have had a real dinkum dictatorship. The young dictator-on-the-way-up, already has a ready-made machine-gun post in the middle of Martin Place. And there must be hordes of lady-executives who would be quite capable of introducing a Nhu-look to the local scene.

Sounds more fun that gate-crashing, no? The surf and stomp season is nearly at an end you'll have to do *something* with your spare time.

Or maybe the move has already started. A couple of weeks ago the Lyceum cinema-cum-mission was gutted by fire. —S.H.

Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

CYPRUS

*There's been mighty bloodshed for weeks
(Is this what the archbishop seeks?)
The way freedom works,
Greeks massacre Turks
And the Turks want to kill all the Greeks*

FORMOSA

*Chiang Kai-shek chases rainbows, no doubt
He wants to push Mao Tse-tung out
On every occasion
He threatens invasion
He raises his voice to a shout*

RED CHINA

*When will our economy bloom
Like the flowers on Saint Lenin's tomb?
Our brave Chairman Mao Tse
Has the wisdom of Lao-tse
But I wish he had died in the womb*

UNITED STATES

*"Hello, Mrs. Oswald's the name
My darling son Lee brought me fame
I think he's a hero
To place beside Nero
'Tis always the great take the blame"*

Notice to university students

OZ is offering a £7/10/- cash prize to the author of the best satirical item published in any Australian student newspaper, 1964. OZ editors will make the selection and the winning entry will be published in the Christmas issue of OZ. Every satirical item published automatically qualifies as an entry; there are no conditions of any sort.

the
1

village
square

the column of lasting insignificance

by John Wilcock

For Freedom of Opinion

The Amnesty movement, says its brochure, is composed of people of all nationalities, politics, religions, and social views "who are determined to work together in defence of freedom of the mind". The movement, which began in London "as a quixotic personal protest", is now international, with members in 35 countries. It works at trying to free political prisoners (i.e., those jailed for opinions at variance with the powers that be) and offering contact and reassurance to such prisoners in the meantime.

The most efficient system, Amnesty has found, is to operate through groups of three which "adopt" a prisoner or prisoners, usually those of different ideological beliefs. "We see only moderate virtue in working to bring out of prison someone who shares the same point of view".

Amnesty memberships vary from three dollars upwards, and groups or organisations are especially urged to affiliate. The address (information is free) is 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, London.

Words, Only Words . . .

. . . In New Zealand an organisation called Decontamination Farms Society (Post Office Box 2925, Wellington, N.Z.) is buying land, enrolling members and making plans to "maintain genetic integrity" in the event of nuclear war. Idea is that the different colonies would stay in touch and help to refertilise the world (in every sense of the word) after the Bomb. . . . Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner, whose ethics appear to be flexible (to open a club in New Orleans you must be segregated, so he was segregated; to open a club in NYC you pay bribes, so he paid), continues his pretentious definition of the Playboy Philosophy for one more yawn-raising instalment (the sixth) in the current Playboy. Says a reader in the same issue: "Hefner has a terrific talent for selecting the world's largest boobs (I guess it takes one to know one) . . . And, speaking of bores, Mailer's column in Esquire isn't exactly pyrotechnical. . . .

Understanding Your Navel

"One must learn to accept the navel before the navel can accept you. It is a simple, beautiful truth that you have but one navel. It is the first trauma and you must accept it."

—from "Understanding Your Navel", by Tom Ziegler.

A mythical psychologist, Dr. Hotpoint, began to ponder on whether the seat of the personality might be not the cortex but possibly in an undiscovered location. "As he sat thinking, he idly placed his index finger into his navel and scratched his ear; suddenly contact was made. From his overloaded belly button there was a veritable cascade of truths going into Dr. Hotpoint's ear".

So runs the theme of Tom Ziegler's book, "Understanding Your Navel", with illustrations by H. H. Barnell of euphoria (flowers in navel), aggression (swastika in ditto), occupational therapy (belly dancer), and others.

(By special arrangement with the 'Village Voice', New York.)



Before the mast

As the Voyager Royal Commission continues, the following facts emerge:

- the night of the collision was clear and visibility extended for 20 miles.
- Voyager's lifebelts were locked up below decks, although some of the crew could not swim.
- few of the crew knew how to inflate rafts.
- emergency lighting on Voyager probably did not work effectively.
- none of the escape hatches had spanners attached to enable them to be opened.
- there could have been occasions when no competent person on the bridge of Melbourne was watching Voyager.
- nobody gave a warning over the radio-telephone to Voyager when it appeared that she would collide with Melbourne.
- two of Melbourne's three powered cutters were unserviceable when she went to Voyager's assistance and the third was holed by the collision.
- Melbourne had only one whaler, instead of two, and this one sank when crewmen tried to use it in the rescue. It had either fallen while being lowered or "someone had forgotten to put the bung in it".
- the message sent from Melbourne to the Nowra base for rescue craft after the collision involved an error of 180 degrees in the location of Voyager, pin-pointing the site of the collision somewhere between the coast and the Great Dividing Range.
- HMAS Stuart, a possible rescue ship only 14 miles away, was not told of the disaster until 79 minutes after the collision.
- Captain Robertson, of Melbourne, discussed certain questions with Rear-Admiral Becher before putting them to him at the Commission.
- Melbourne's first officer of the watch admitted signing a collision report, prepared by Captain Robertson, before reading or even seeing the body of the report.

DISSENT

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Romeo & Juliet 64

IN a clearing somewhere in the rain-forests of South-East Asia a dejected Indonesian youth, fighting back tears behind his sunglasses, confronts his Malaysian mistress:

HE: It's bad news, darling. The President says we're going to crush you tomorrow.

SHE: But you said that last week.

HE (weakly): I know.

SHE (almost annoyed): And the week before that.

HE (disappointed at the recollection): Yes. And the week before that.

SHE (hands on hips): In fact, ever since we first met you've been going to crush us. (Triumphant) But you haven't!

HE: I know. But we ARE going to crush you this time. I didn't feel up to it before. (Rousing himself) But tomorrow I know everything'll be all right. I think I'll just get up early and go out and crush Malaysia before breakfast.

SHE (scornful): And how exactly are you going to do THAT?

HE (annoyed at her practicality): I don't know. You just go out and crush. You know. (Waving his hands frenziedly) Crush, crush.

SHE: It's all right, darling, I didn't mean you to get worked up about it.

HE: No, it's all my fault. This terrible crushing responsibility is getting me down. I'm not sure when the hour arrives that I'll be able to do a good job. I'm not a born crusher you know. Crushing doesn't come to me the same way it comes to others. I can't even remember whether we had special lec-

tures on crushing at military college. Don't you need a crusher to crush with?

SHE: I expect so. So (scornfully) how will you know how to work them?

HE: These things always have instructions with them. "The Crusher's Manual" or something like that.

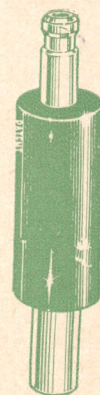
SHE: Sure, sure. Remember that "Hand Grenade Manual" all in Russian?



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These are the celebrated SMC Power Caps . . . a most remarkable scientific development which now brings new hope for all OZ readers who want to regain their zip and go. SMC Power Caps are absolutely harmless and astonishingly effective. Simple to use, they fit on the sparking plugs of your car, scooter, cycle, truck, bus, outboard, go-kart or motor mower. They instantly end oiling-up and give a measurable increase in efficiency and miles per gallon. Your ignition is converted into a mighty system that positively surges with power. Unlike more expensive and cumbersome units, these do not work through the distributor, but right at the plugs where they are needed most. No wire-cutting or tools needed to fit—just snap onto plugs in seconds. Guaranteed for life of motor. They make old plugs blaze into life, new plugs work better. No humbug—they really work, and definitely cannot harm your car. Thousands in use all over Australia. Supplied in black only, which, as you know, is a very sexy colour. So send for yours to-day—SMC Power Caps, one for each plug, cost each 8/-.



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Actually, a coupon is a bit small to write in, so you'd better print your name and address on a piece of paper, together with the number of SMC Power Caps you want. 8/- for each cap. Please cross all cheques. We pay return postage and interstate exchange.

It's a Naive Domestic Burgundy without Any Breeding, But I think you'll be amused by its Presumption.

Below are two lists: (1) in alphabetical order are nine popular Australian and British wines; (2) numerically arranged is an appreciation of their merits by OZ connoisseurs; now you have to match the descriptions with the brand names. Thus, is Queen Elizabeth Burgundy a "thoroughbred wine with a certain finesse and austerity" (1) or "a wine with lots of body, voluptuous, well nourished and full of flesh" (2) or some other more apt description? Answer honestly and you'll know whether to accept the next invitation to a wine tasting. You will also learn your social adjustability, your word power, general intelligence and whether you're Ringo Starr's ideal date.

MAXIMS



Where will I take her ☐
him ☐ it ☐ tonight? To
MAXIMS naturally. Where else
can you enjoy delicious Piza,
blended with warm, home-
grown, folk singers? Yes, it's
the same pie that attracts a
million Piza-maniacs to Rome
every winter, the same folk
music that packs Washington-
Square every Sunday.
MAXIMS has only a teeny
weeny (2/-) cover charge, and
the most romantic location in
Sydney: Newport. Come along
—if you swim, land on the
southern side of the beach; if
you drive, park in Barrenjoey
Road.

- b. Bob Hughes Capri White. Vintage pre-war.
- c. Eric Baume Plonk. Vintage 1900.
- d. Sir Robert Menzies Melbourne Dry Red. Vintage 1894.
- e. Little Pattie Baby Bubbly. Vintage post-war, about 1949.
- f. Catherine Sidney Imported British Champagne. Vintage 1943.
- g. Cherry Butlin Oloroso Sherry. Vintage 1939.
- h. Senator Henty Old Crusted Port. Vintage unknown.
- i. Michael Plant Liebfraumlich. Vintage doesn't help.

1. Reputedly a thoroughbred wine with a certain finesse and austerity. Its production is a long and expensive business, and this accounts for its comparatively high price. However, this particular vintage seems somewhat anaemic, even frigid, and fails to fill the mouth. It is a wine of prelude rather than climax, with more fizz than sparkle. Definitely not yet ready for general consumption.

2. A wine with lots of body, voluptuous, well-nourished and full of flesh. It is noted for its heady, fruity bouquet, which promises real generosity. Unfortunately, it is inclined to coarsen and soon loses its first lush bloom, becoming almost tart. No matter how rich the parent soil, fine wines don't come from middle-class vines.

3. Its exquisite colour and perfume make this a wine for all art lovers, especially men! It minces lyrically across the palate, delighting one with its subtle yet racy elegance. However, its constitution is not robust and it has little lasting power. A beverage for the more vacuous social occasions only.

4. This wine has been maturing slowly for so long it has become quite senile. It lacks depth of colour and has developed an unpleasant rust-like tinge. Though most ports stimulate geniality and bonhomie, this variety inhibits such feeling by the sense of pseudo moral righteousness it induces. A thin, puny brew, finding favour only amongst the eldest of statesmen.

5. This very popular wine is somewhat frisky in its youth, but manages to finish its life gracefully. It is of robust constitution and exudes great charm and urbanity. But behind all this the expert can detect a hint of the more pedestrian qualities of industrial alcohol.

6. This is a light, frisky little wine, admittedly without much elegance or finesse, but spirited and sprightly. It matures very quickly; unfortunately it has little lasting power. Indeed, it is often flat and toneless. Definitely not a wine for the sophisticate.

7. An inferior and commonplace wine, thick-set, flabby and coarse. It is indescribably dull and completely lacking in any charm. Unfortunately it

possesses two very strident qualities: an unforgettably unpleasant bouquet and the ability to live for years without losing its initial raw vigour. A plebeian wine for sub-plebeian tastes.

8. An immature wine, rather acid and green. It has an alert, lively bouquet, but the connoisseur is apt to be disappointed by a closer acquaintance. For its complexity of composition reveals instability rather than subtlety. One's final judgment must be that it is a skimpy, meagre and puny wine despite its princely reputation in some circles.

9. A robust and prolific sort of wine. Full-bodied in its youth, but becomes more fleshily fat with age. It is usually rather badly turned out and anaemic in character. Notwithstanding, it is generally considered a thoroughbred. We personally feel that it lacks any radiance, despite expert opinion to the contrary.





Nice fellow, actually!
Shame he didn't use
"Formal Wear."

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FORMALwear

It's really a shame, after all he used the right toothpaste, the right deodorant, the right after-shave seduction! Yet for a mere pittance he could have gone in style if he'd discovered "Formal Wear" Hiring Service in time. (We must admit though—it's good to see a few brave individualists still exist—embarrassing though they may be!)

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