

OZ

Australian
International ^{2/-}

REVIEW

No. 18 APRIL: 65



LET'S KEEP IT THIS WAY

FORMAL Wear

goes everywhere



Off to a barn dance in Bourke? A wedding in Walgett? A dinner date at Dapto? . . . You've got nothing to wear? Quick, clip out this coupon and send us your measurements. Be first to take advantage of this unique service to OZ readers—and be second (since Cinderella) to enjoy the luxury of being the best-dressed belle (or boy) at the ball with so little effort. Besides, we guarantee not to change you into a pumpkin.

PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU WISH, AND ENCLOSE A CHEQUE, MONEY ORDER OR POSTAL NOTE TO COVER THE DEPOSIT AND HIRING COST (DEPOSIT WILL BE RETURNED)

TUXEDO: Hiring cost, £2; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £7/6/-

DINNER SUIT: Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £8/6/-

DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES: Shirt, 10/- extra; Tie, 5/- extra; Gloves, 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra. (Please state collar size)

DRESS SUIT: Hiring cost, £5/5/-; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £10/11/-

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Studs and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt.)

LOUNGE SUIT: Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL, £8/6/-

And for the Fair Sex:

Debutante Gown

from £8—£10 dep.

Wedding Gown

from £10—£10 dep.

Ball Gown

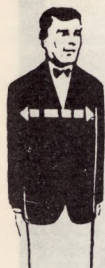
from £5—£10 dep.

Fur Stoles

from £2/2/- — £5 dep.

10% OFF
FOR ALL OZ READERS

(Follow these directions)



CHEST

Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.



SLEEVE

Under arm seam measurement of any well-fitting suit or jacket.



LENGTH

Length of jacket from under back collar to skirt edge of jacket.



WAIST

Measure over the waistband without belt.



LENGTH

Down inside seam from crotch to bottom of cuff (inside trouser leg).

Shirt Size

Neck

POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO

26-28 MARKET LANE,
MELBOURNE
(off Bourke Street, opp.
Southern Cross car park)
PHONE: 32-4795

FORMALWear

147a KING STREET,
SYDNEY
(at rear of lift)
near Castlereagh St.
PHONE 28-0537



Backwards, Christian Soldiers

Newton's Third Law tells us that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. That was Isaac Newton, of course, not Max Newton (ex-editor of "The Australian"), who might have ruefully added that in Australia every action is met full face by a reaction of double strength.

"The Australian" began publication as the only big circulation newspaper in this country with even vaguely Leftish tendencies. Apparently, as is now known, the advertisers were able to exert enough pressure against such a policy to have Max axed and replaced as editor by a gentleman of more subdued views. The policy has subsequently moved, accommodatingly enough, several degrees to the Right.

And now, when there is some stirring of the forces proposing such basic civil liberties as less severe censorship and racial equality, we are about to have the "National Review".

Of course, the pity is that, with the decline in quality of "The Bulletin", there is a crying need in Australia for a good quality news Review magazine and if "N.R." can supply this it will do very brisk business, whatever people think of its policies.

The excerpts reproduced here from their dummy issue indicate clearly what these policies are. The words "Fascist" and "Nazi" are smear-words more often abused than correctly directed these days; but if any policy deserved such a description this is it, with its careful blend of national jingoism and Anglo-Saxon racialism.

Will it sell? None in his right mind would join the Australian Nazi Party but we may well find that Nazism as a way of thinking is fast becoming a popular Australian pastime.

Goldwaters Run Deep

Some time in the middle of April a new magazine will appear on the news-stands, "Australian International NEWS REVIEW," priced at 2/-. Already a dummy copy has been sent out to advertising agencies, consisting of a "Statement of Policy" and sample story headings. In this scoop preview, OZ reproduces below the cover, Statement of Policy and headings contained in the pilot issue of "News Review".

The first issue will be 40,000 but an ultimate circulation of 60,000 is expected. The Managing Director is Mr. H. J. Fisher, who is connected with the Rotary and Lions Club.

The following is an extract from a letter by the Editor, T. M. Ulyatt:

"News Review" is designed to give private enterprise a "voice" that can be heard and understood by every thinking Australian — Man and woman.

As you know, a constant demand for higher wages in our already inflated economy and intimidation of Labour by Communist controlled organisations has now reached an extremely dangerous state. As witness, Mt Isa.

Who is to blame? In my view, private enterprise generally must bear most of the blame. In the face of an organised and consorted attack upon us we have done absolutely nothing to defend ourselves, so now we must make a stand or watch our economy erode away.

I am asking you to back us in the common fight; to give us your advertising support so that we can speak up for our free enterprise system and the inalienable rights of the Australian people.

STATEMENT OF POLICY

Australian International NEWS REVIEW is an entirely new and independent news magazine designed to appeal to the greatest number of readers in every section of the com-

munity, with particular emphasis on the family.

News Review is a magazine of our times, speaking openly, plainly, and to the point on every vital matter affecting the welfare of our Nation and people. Bold, lively and imaginative it presents the news behind the news — sifting fact from fiction to reach the truth, that Australians may properly assess the pattern of events that are now shaping their destiny.

News Review is not confined to news analysis. The first and forthcoming editions cover many topics such as agriculture, education, religion, family and home, business, medicine, science, art, entertainment, music, books, radio, TV, sport, new cars, motor racing, and a host of other features of wide reader appeal.

Journalists and writers with names well known to the public are among **News Review** contributors.

The Publishers, in commending this new media to the attention of advertisers, agencies and account executives, desire to make editorial policy of **News Review** quite clear.

News Review, although wholly independent, fully supports the policies of the present Federal Government, and is dedicated to the principle that only within the present system of free enterprise can Australia develop her massive potential to ensure prosperity for all.

News Review supports responsible trades unionism, but rejects the use of blackmail and intimidation as a weapon with which to circumvent arbitration.

News Review is openly hostile to Communism, subversion and extremism of any kind.

News Review supports severely restricted immigration to prevent the development of a colour problem and its consequent danger to Australia.

News Review is utterly opposed to the present mass exploitation of the sex theme and the impetus it gives to increasing moral delinquency throughout the Commonwealth.

In brief, **News Review** holds firm to the highest traditions of truth and morality; in the inalienable rights and privileges of the individual and in the authority of government elected by the people.

GOOD READING:

**Strict Censorship
Needed**

THE COMMONWEALTH:

Let Us Be Exclusive

The British are as much a distinct race as the French and Germans. They are spread everywhere, but mostly in the U.K., Australia, Canada and New Zealand as a family.

FAMILY AND HOME:

By John Brown

Time to Attack Moral Decay

PAPUA/NEW GUINEA:

Danger of Little Dictators

Untrained power-hungry Guineans could pave the way for Indonesian takeover. We must protect this investment.

A magazine the whole family will enjoy



As the policy of 'News Review' is offensively backward, its staff of contributors with names "well known to the public" must consist of those fatuous Australian reactionaries who are always willing to take pen and prejudice in hand to aid a Good Cause.

For example, we can foresee such scintillating gems as:

MOTORING

by Hugh (Hot-rod) Gough

The New Holden: A Holy Australian vehicle.

The good distributors allowed My Grace to test their delightful new conveyance in the spacious grounds of Bishops' court. First blessing: Holden is a model of cleanliness, next it's Australian. During my test I discovered that the high speed indicated on the speedometer was quite fast but the car could be brought to a halt, God willing.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

by our guest, the Mayor of Moree

Alabama: Let's drop the white man's burden.

Allright Johnson. No more buck-nigger passing. How come you're always sending commyrat troops down south to wet-nurse the blacks when, Mr. President, **YOUR OWN HOUSE IS WHITE???** Anyway, **News Review's** readers (ain't this mag long overdue?) Bull Conner cabled me and told me that if Johnson ever pokes his snotty noes into Alabama's segregated main street then he'd get his head blown off like we all know who...

* * *

GOOD READING

by E. L. Dearne (President National League of Decency)

Sydney Telephone Directory: Dial P. for Pornography.

At first suspicious glance the Directory seems harmless enough. But look at page 403! A Mr M. **Furkert**, Greenknowe Ave,

Potts Point, raises his ugly telephone number right in there amongst a **Fuoco** (Wentworthville) and five **Fuchs** (p. 402). And if that's not enough to ensure a successful prosecution against the P.M.G. (even in this decadent Post Levinian age) look at these other smut-names: Page 865, **Shituhin** of Kogerah: 3 columns of Cox' (p. 269), page 866, **Pricket** (Roseville) and there's a **Prikulis** right on top of **Prime Minister's Department!** Last but not least are two **Tite's** (Oyster Bay, Coogee) and a **Bugeya** lurking at Maroubra.

Next week 'News Review' looks at the **Pink** (Dictionary: "Pale red") Pages... are you listening wharfies and Universities ????

* * *

OFF-BEAT

by a top Secret Staff Reporter

All this poppycock about academic freedom and weak willed tolerance for University students! Remember lecturer in so-called Economics, Ken Buckley, who perpetrated that communist, homosexual front "Civil Liberties"? Well, listen to this: He was just picked up for **OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR**. The case isn't over yet so I won't prejudice it. But I can tell you some yarns about that corduroy, long haired, intellectual, Asian-fondling...

* * *

TELEVISION

Keep the tubes clean

Not much to report these days, folks. I still think the ABC's Children Session

is probably the pick of the 5 o'clock shows.

I turn the set off strictly at 6.30 and read until it's time for "Quiet Time" at 10.30 with Bishop Goodwin Hudson.

Coming attractions include: Eric Butler's stimulating and, needless to say, factual look at **The Jewish Problem**; Norman Banks looks at **South Africa** (yes, again); Bill Wentworth's interesting regular feature **What went wrong in Australia** this month and how the Communists caused it.

News Review's Australian of the Year: the **RINSO MAN IN WHITE**.

All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher.

SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter Kingston. Mike Glasheen.

● **OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. BW 4197, XM 1448 (after hours).**

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● **OZ should appear on the first of every month, but is usually late. In Sydney, OZ is available from street-corner vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Cheshire's sells OZ in Canberra. In Adelaide, OZ available from Mary Martin's Bookshop or from John Waters, St. Mark's College. Jack's Central Newsagency, The Record Market and larger newsagents handle OZ in Brisbane.**

OZ paid a total

of £85 for

original

contributions

to the last

issue.

Why don't

YOU write

for OZ?

NNNN

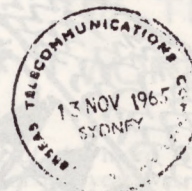
MTTFI WYSU138 WA246 TDW DARWIN AUSTRALIA 20 12 955P

PRESIDENT SUKARNO
THE PEOPLES PALACE
DJAKARTA INDONESIA

SPORT AFTERNOON EVERY WED STOP NO ONE WATCHES RADAR
SEE YOU

CAROLINE

47 CAROL



THE PILL AND YOU

A Sydney doctor answers the seven most frequently asked questions on this vital subject.

1. Who needs it?

Despite all the propaganda, the Pill is probably completely useless for married women, who are usually battling to conceive anyway. It is for the spinster who happens to be an optimist; for the youngster who is expectant but doesn't want to be expecting. Start a course today — you never know when you'll be lucky enough to need it.

Men, do you have a secret desire to be hirsute? The Pill can take that worry right off your chest.

2. Where do I put it?

Women, select the aperture of your choice and insert.

Men, your choice is not so wide but make the most of it.

3. How do I take them?

Don't be unimaginative about this:
● sprinkle them on your breakfast cereals (regularity is a byword in the Pill biz).

● crush them up and spread them over your peanut butter sandwiches.

● dissolve them in Bonox. There's nothing like a hot thermos of orals to give you that midday lift.

How many should I take?

The Church advises you to have scruples. So does your doctor.

One heaped scruple-ful of orals is exactly what the doctor (D.D. and M.D.) ordered.

5. Has it any side-effects?

The Church claims the Pill leads to spontaneous abortion. This is a misconception.

If you suspect side-effects, try to decide **which** side is effected and take remedial action.

6. Do orals have any other use?

They make very useful poker chips and conversational pieces. Small children can choke on them.

They are also effective against

painter's elbow, washerwoman's knee, writer's cramp, ricketts, the jimjams and the bends, all of which, incidentally, they cause.

No wonder they're so good — you're so busy worrying about the side-effects, how **could** you conceive?

7. What about my conscience?

If you've got a conscience, there's only one cure: try a little sex. If you're having a little sex, you'd better take the Pill.

Damn your conscience! **Your** vicious circle **NEEDS** the Pill.



Captain Cook as seen overlooking College Street from Hyde Park, Sydney

The Sydney Morning Herald, Wed., March 10, 1965

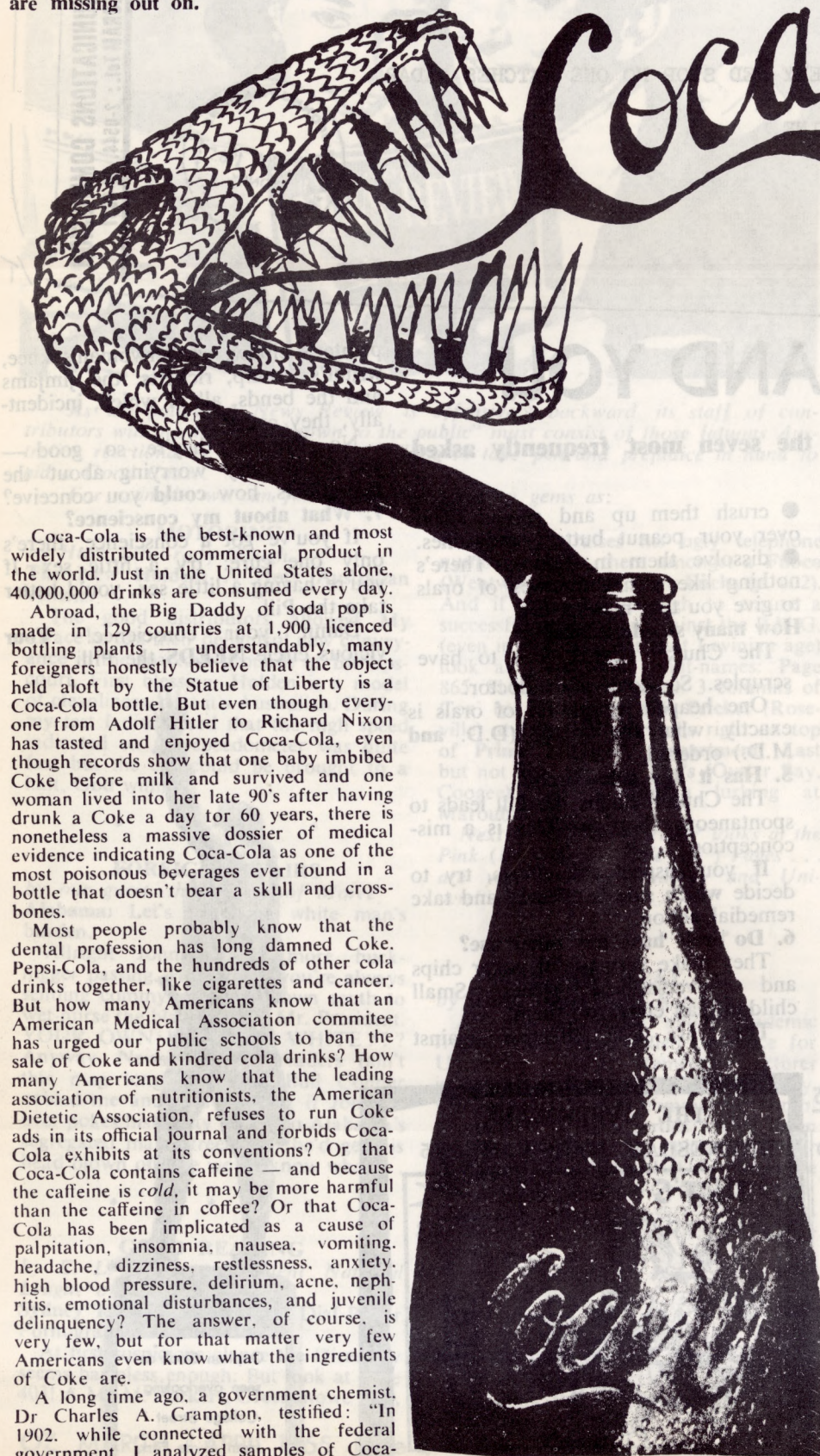
LI'L ABNER— By Al Capp



THE AUSTRALIAN
WEDNESDAY MARCH 10 1965



According to a recent "NATION" (March 6) no less than four out of seven issues of the new American magazine "FACT" have been banned by the Customs Dept. Not because they are sexy or naughty but because they hit at sacred institutions. The latest issue to receive the censorious axe features an article on "Coca-Cola". Although not agreeing with the author's rather over-stated case, we publish below a condensed version to give readers some idea of what they are missing out on.



Coca-Cola is the best-known and most widely distributed commercial product in the world. Just in the United States alone, 40,000,000 drinks are consumed every day.

Abroad, the Big Daddy of soda pop is made in 129 countries at 1,900 licenced bottling plants — understandably, many foreigners honestly believe that the object held aloft by the Statue of Liberty is a Coca-Cola bottle. But even though everyone from Adolf Hitler to Richard Nixon has tasted and enjoyed Coca-Cola, even though records show that one baby imbibed Coke before milk and survived and one woman lived into her late 90's after having drunk a Coke a day for 60 years, there is nonetheless a massive dossier of medical evidence indicating Coca-Cola as one of the most poisonous beverages ever found in a bottle that doesn't bear a skull and cross-bones.

Most people probably know that the dental profession has long damned Coke. Pepsi-Cola, and the hundreds of other cola drinks together, like cigarettes and cancer. But how many Americans know that an American Medical Association committee has urged our public schools to ban the sale of Coke and kindred cola drinks? How many Americans know that the leading association of nutritionists, the American Dietetic Association, refuses to run Coke ads in its official journal and forbids Coca-Cola exhibits at its conventions? Or that Coca-Cola contains caffeine — and because the caffeine is *cold*, it may be more harmful than the caffeine in coffee? Or that Coca-Cola has been implicated as a cause of palpitation, insomnia, nausea, vomiting, headache, dizziness, restlessness, anxiety, high blood pressure, delirium, acne, nephritis, emotional disturbances, and juvenile delinquency? The answer, of course, is very few, but for that matter very few Americans even know what the ingredients of Coke are.

A long time ago, a government chemist, Dr Charles A. Crampton, testified: "In 1902, while connected with the federal government, I analyzed samples of Coca-

Coca-Cola

Cola syrup and detected the presence of cocaine". Later analyses of Coke also disclosed that it contained alcohol. An official government study reported that Coke syrup consisted of: Sugar (50%); phosphoric acid (0.26-0.30%); caffeine (0.92-1.30%); alcohol (0.90-1.27%); caramel, glycerin, lime juice, essential oils and plant extractive; water.

Alcohol has dropped out along with cocaine, but otherwise the composition has remained the same, and it is the first three ingredients — sugar, phosphoric acid, and particularly caffeine — that do all the damage.

First off among the ingredients is refined sugar. One tenth of every bottle is refined sugar, which is fine for quick energy and just godawful for your teeth.

The Coca-Cola Company, as public spirited today as when it fed unsuspecting Americans cocaine and alcohol, even boasts about the refined sugar in its beverage. But Coke's ability to rot your teeth doesn't rest solely on its sugar content. The drink also contains phosphoric acid (0.55% according to the latest studies), which does wonders in helping the job along. Two research teams at Bethesda Naval Medical Research Institute, Maryland, in 1945 and 1949, found that cola beverages "can decalcify teeth because of their acidity". Experimenting with teeth extracted by dentists, they discovered that when these were immersed in a cola beverage for two days, the enamel surface lost much of its calcium.

The Coca-Cola Company is understandably coy about admitting that its product contains caffeine. A letter from a *Fact* researcher to Mr Harold L. Austin at the company's Atlanta headquarters drew the reluctant reply that Coca-Cola does in fact contain caffeine, but "scarcely one-third the caffeine (as) the same volume of tea; or one-fourth that of coffee".

True, coffee and tea do contain more caffeine than Coca-Cola. But — and it's one of four important *but*s — everybody knows coffee and tea have caffeine in them; not everybody knows that Coca-Cola contains caffeine because it's not listed on the bottle.

A second important *but* is that whereas people may deliberately limit their consumption of coffee, knowing it contains caffeine, with Coca-Cola they may let out all stops. Six bottles on a hot day is par for many of today's teenagers, and not only because Coke quenches thirst but because Coca-Cola is habit-forming. When heavy drinkers don't get enough, they lapse into what might be called a Coca-Coma. The late John Witherspoon, M.D., professor of medicine at Vanderbilt University and a one-time president of the American Medical Association, once said:

*The Pause with Claws

"Young people soon form the habit of taking Coca Cola and take sometimes 8, 10, 15, or 20 drinks a day . . . They really look like morphine habitues, so far as their efforts to control it are concerned.

"I have treated thirty or forty patients afflicted with the Coca-Cola habit during the last four or five years. I have had three cases in the hospital that I tried to break off the habit. As they gave up the habit their health improved . . . I regard Coca-Cola as habit forming; one glass creates a demand for another because it stimulates the user and makes him feel better; then, when its effect wears off, the reaction is one of depression, and he gets very nervous and seemingly cannot do without it . . ."

A third important but is the fact that, as Dr Kildander asserts "Drinking caffeine-containing beverages on an empty stomach has more effect on a person than if they are taken on a full stomach". And people usually drink Coke not with meals but between meals, a practice assiduously encouraged by Coca-Cola advertising ("The Pause that Refreshes").

The final but is the most important of all. It is that there is scientific evidence that the caffeine in Coca-Cola is more potent than the caffeine in either tea or coffee.

This is because the action of caffeine is opposed by milk and by adenine (one of the contents of tea). Also the colder the beverage, the greater the effect of caffeine.

Let's review some of the medical findings about caffeine itself.

Caffeine is a stimulant that, in moderate doses, increases mental alertness, reduces fatigue, and sustains intellectual effort. In larger doses caffeine really goes to work. Just four grains of caffeine can produce headaches, a feeling of numbness, indigestion, and constipation and diarrhea ("Hand-Book of Human Engineering Data for Design Engineers", Tufts Institute for Applied Experimental Psychology, 1949). There is some evidence, besides, that caffeine may cause heart trouble — Dr Oglesby Paul and his associates at the University of Illinois discovered that men who drink coffee to excess are more apt to have heart disease. And it has also been shown that caffeine can cause mutations in laboratory animals (see "The Lancet", 3/10/63).

Given all this evidence and inference that Coca-Cola is a menace to health, it may seem odd that so little gets published on the subject. But it is not so surprising if one knows how much advertising Coke and the other cola companies do — Coke spends upward of 40,000,000 dollars a year on advertising. Publishers, along with radio and TV executives, are not inclined to slap the hand that signs the cheques.

Dr Harvey Washington, formerly of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, succeeded in prodding the government many years ago into seizing a shipment of Coke syrup and prosecuting the company on charges of adulteration and misbranding. The suit (known as "United States vs. Forty Barrels and Twenty Kegs of Coca-Cola") dragged through the courts for 7 years. The Supreme Court finally ruled against the company,

and Coca-Cola agreed to make certain minor changes in its manufacturing process — but did not have to eliminate the caffeine.

Other countries have been no more successful in clamping down on Coke. In Europe, the drink has virtually been forced down the throats of its customers. In 1950, the French Parliament, convinced that drinking Coke was a health hazard, passed a law banning the sale of Coca-Cola. At the time Coke was also unwelcome in Italy. The Belgians, then and now, had a law requiring Coke bottles to carry, in letters larger than the brand name, the warning "contient de la caffeine". Denmark quietly avoided the provocation of a legislative ban by taxing cola drinks out of existence. In the face of all this resistance to Coca-colonialism, if France had succeeded in outlawing the drink the whole European market might have been closed by anti-Coke laws. In France our former ambassador, David Bruce, donned his striped trousers



and went calling on key government officials on behalf of Coke. Public opinion in the United States was aroused. The company's publicity machine cleverly began picturing the French resistance as a Communist plot, Coke spokesman James A. Farley, former U.S. Postmaster General, paid a no-nonsense call on France's ambassador to the United States, Henri Bonnet. In the company's home state, Georgia, Congressman Eugene Cox went so far as to announce that he and his friends were boycotting French dressing for the duration.

In the end, the French senate vetoed the prohibitive law. Today the Coca-Cola empire virtually embraces the world.

CONSERVATIVES OF THE WORLD

One of the more interesting developments of last year was the use by Right-wing and a-political pressure groups of techniques traditionally employed by the Left. The best examples were the proposed "sit-in" of N.S.W. State Parliament by resolute members of the Landlords' and Property Owners' Rights Association during a debate on rents, and the "park-in" organised by motor scooter owners to establish their legal rights to use a whole parking space.

The use of this technique could be extended. There could be a "run-in" of athletes who object, say, to Wentworth Park being used as a dog track. Or they might try a "drive-in" of motorists protesting against the closing of parking stations at night. Most likely of all, no doubt, is a "fall-in" by members of the Police Cliff Rescue Squad protesting against the working conditions.

If any group needs to be protected these days, it is the Middle Class Satirical Younger Set. Here they are, desperately satirising middle class society by smashing up buses, waking up the complacent bourgeoisie with Lukey mufflers, turning staid North Shore parties into really gas turns, and what does authority do but lock them up? Perhaps a "write-in" to newspapers, magistrates, and anybody else bored enough to listen would help. For those who, like Gandhi, prefer direct action, a "crash-in" of the Police Club dinner might bring results.

—CLEM GORMAN.

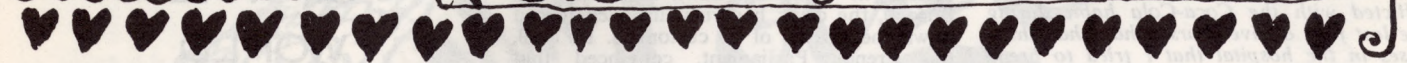
Great Holyoakes from
holy acorns grow-- a special
for our New Zealand readers.

Whatever happened to Malcolm X,
The leader of one of the lesser
sects?

X was axed; his cause is lost —
In fact, ex-Malcolm X was
double-crossed.

Dear Rev. Bush,
I am a thirteen
year old (attractive)
girl, just recently
I have been having
a lot of sex.

THE TRAGIC HIST- ORY OF REV. FAUSTUS BUSH



ACT 1 — ACT 2 — ACT 3

Enter BUSH to meditate (in a cassock)
BUSH:

Alack! I am by all abhorrest,
Here in lower-class French's Forest.
They've heard my voice grow thin
and reedier,
Without result. So, mass media!
Where art thou with thy fees so fat,
Acclaim and fame and all of that?

Enter Mephistopheles in the guise
of a Mass Medium

MEPH:

Income? I come, oh burning Bush.
I'll pay you to condemn the Push,
Roam the beaches, follow the "Sun".
Tape-record and make a ton.

He produces a contract (generous)

BUSH: (surprised)

And here I see a contract! Sirrah,
I'll sign right now with "Sunday
Mirror"

And tape-record the surfie gangs
Admidst monosyllabic bangs.
Like Paul I've seen a flash of light
And I'll pause not in swiftest flight
From my poor parish in the sticks
(Like Paul I long to kick the pricks).

BUSH signs.

MEPH: (aside, to mass audience.)

But now the cleric's fate is Hell,
This contract sells his soul to Zell!
And now we'll crush him on the rack,
Make him talk to Cilla Black;
He'll reveal the teenage cults
And answer letters from the dolts.
Bush will cry: "No aberrations!"
Proscribe illegal operations,
In 96 points he'll be moral
Our sales will soar; we'll get the laurel.
Because a priest can't be obscene,
We'll shove in sex and still be clean.
Exit with contract, chortling.



(A week later)

BUSH seated at parsonage desk.

BUSH: (writing weekly column.)

Gas fab teenagers! Howdy doo,
I'm the cleric made for you.
I can say I hate Regina
Describe the perfect teen vagina,
Tell you all about the bust
— Because, you see, I'm
free from lust —

Enter APRICOT, solus

APRICOT:



Oh Bush, I'm from the A.B.C.
We need a tame priest (for a fee)
To gloat upon the surfie menace,
Advocates cold baths and tennis.
Bring Youth to God, dear Rev., I beg
(And take our ratings up a peg).

BUSH: (still writing)

Hang five, king bird and have a rort.
Susie dear, please don't abort,
Book of John, it stokes me rave
Wax your fin and God will save.
I'll do the show, my Apricot
And God and I will make it hot.

APRICOT:

Network Two will really swing!

BUSH:

Wax it gremmie, gas fab king!
Exit Apricot, solus.

(15 radio shows, 32 columns,
8 TV guest spots and 2 court
appearances later.)

Enter BUSH before his booking-
agent's office.

BUSH:

Ah sweet success and who'll demur?
Better than frankincense and myrrh
Is knowing that I'm fighting sin
By getting all the young folk in.
I make religion just so simple,
It's obvious as a teener's pimple.
Jesus surfs and God is love.
(I bet I'm wowing Dad above)

Enter MEPH:

MEPH:

Hold it, Bush, your contract's ending.
In the time that you've got pending,
Read your contract, note clause (8)
And see there what will be your fate.
(Bush reads and groans in despair)
Our lawyers say there'll be no fights;
We own your soul — exclusive rights!
Your soul must come with me below
And there be lit by Hades' glow.

BUSH:

But wait, dear Meph, to life I cling
I must appear on "Sing, Sing, Sing"
Let me talk on Eric Baume
Before we go to Murdoch's home.
Oh Meph! please give me just a few
Minutes on "It Could Be You".

MEPH:

Unhappy Bush! You'll burn today,
For errant priests must always pay.
Mass media need religious tools
Perverting dogma, gulling fools.
Too late to change, too late to learn,
Fiery Bush, be damned and burn!

(Exeunt)



FINIS

AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING
DO YOU KNEEL AND PRAY,
"KEEP ME, LORD, FROM SINNING,
GIVE ME HELP THIS DAY?"

♥ SOME ♥ ENCHANTED EVENING ♥ ♥ ♥

AS HIS LIPS CAME CLOSE TO MINE, I FELT AS IF OUR BREATHS HAD TURNED TO FIRE ...



N-NO-OO-O!



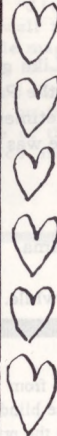
AND THIS TIME, BESIDES HIS GENTLENESS, I FELT THE STUNNING PASSION OF HIS KISS... AND MY HEART BEAT WILDLY...



HIS LIPS WERE A SWEET WHISPER AGAINST MINE...



AND THIS TIME WHEN HIS KISS TOLD ME THE TRUTH-- I BELIEVED IT...



... AFTER ALL...!



DEAREST!

AT THAT MOMENT I FELT THAT LIFE COULD OFFER NO GREATER HAPPINESS THAN THAT WHICH FILLED MY SOUL!

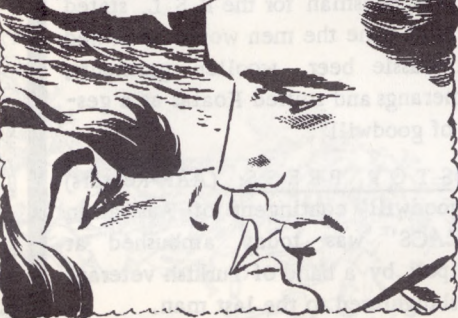


AND, WITH HIS SECOND KISS, I KNEW MY DREAM HAD AT LAST COME TRUE!



AND I SAW THE MYSTERIOUS SEA DRAW OUR LIPS TOGETHER AS IF BY A MAGNET NO HUMAN COULD RESIST...

DARLING--DARLING-- I LOVE YOU--! DO YOU LOVE ME--?



BUT HE WOULDN'T WAIT... AND CRUSHED MY ANSWER AGAINST HIS MOUTH...



HOW COULD I TELL HARRY THAT ALL I WANTED WAS A GOOD SCREW?



SHARP.

Death of a GJK Man

by Joseph Mathewson

Before the lights come up on stage, a sound is heard as of a knife being slipped between the third and fourth vertebrae (counting up from the bottom) and into the kidneys.

An open grave dominates the set, Old Glory fluttering away above and behind it. The flag has been hung upside down, but its effect, as usual, is stirringly patriotic. Columbia, the CIA man's wife, stands beside the grave with Cheerful, her son, and McCohen, a very old friend of the family.

McCOHEN

It's getting dark, Columbia

COLUMBIA

I can't understand it. Here—for the first time in twenty years we were nearly out of debt, and he had to go and do something like this. A year or two and we could have retired, gone back to Sicily. So why?

McCOHEN

It was his calling.

COLUMBIA

Yes, I know. But always before it was—different. Like getting to be a communist. All his friends from work belonged to the Party; and he had the best time at cell meetings. Oh, sure, sometimes he'd complain. Too many FBI men joining up, he said. But he was happy then.

McCOHEN

Sometimes you have to travel.

CHEERFUL

Pop was always a travelin' man. You knew that, Mama.

COLUMBIA

Of course I did. And that was all right too—for awhile. Out in the

The CIA melodrama and cartoon on this page are from MONOCLE -- 'the ironical chronicle' of New York. ("In the land of the blind the one-eyed is") It appears quarterly, costs a buck and owes the printer \$25,000.

The initials CIA stand for Central Intelligence Agency - the espionage and counter-espionage force of the USA. The three armed forces have no control over its policy or actions. "Monocle" implies that neither does the President and that in fact the CIA is the largest para-military force of incompetent mercenaries the world has ever seen.

MONOCLE



We have received the following letter from our solicitors:

"We confirm that in the Court of Quarter Sessions Appeals on the 26th February, His Honour Judge Levine in a reserved judgment, said that he would uphold the appeal and quash the convictions. In order to allow the Crown an opportunity of asking His Honour to state a case under the provisions of the Criminal Appeal Act, the matter has been adjourned until the 12th March at 9.30 a.m."

In view of the first paragraph and all its legal ramifications, we were unable to bring out a March issue. However, we have taken the opportunity to bring OZ out at the beginning of this month and intend to maintain this procedure in the future. Naturally all subscriptions will be adjusted.

Due to increased printing costs and overhead expenditure we have raised the price to 2/- . Subscriptions have been adjusted to 25/- p.a.

Richard Neville & Richard Walsh
Co-editors

Middle East, pitching in to help some revolution. But, like he used to say, you always knew where you stood in the Middle East. I tell you — give that man a clear-cut issue and there wasn't anybody loved his work better. So why did he do it?

McCOHEN

His calling, Columbia.

COLUMBIA

Calling? Who called him to Viet Nam?

McCOHEN

The dream—that's who—the dream that goes with that calling. He was a CIA man, and when you're a CIA man there's no rock bottom to life. You're way out there in the blue, riding on a bomb and a cyanide pill. And when that bomb stops going off the way you meant it to—that's an earthquake. Then you start to leave your code book around in check rooms. And you're finished. But still, a CIA man has got to dream. It comes with the territory. You see?

COLUMBIA

I guess. But I always thought, if he did go, it would be something—something noble.

McCOHEN

It was, Columbia. It was. Someone has to start those fires. Someone



we trust. And if he should go on the road to Saigon, his sample case filled with saffron robes—who's to say he's not doing his part in his way? And if he should sit in the middle of the square—ah, his head shaved, wearing one of his samples, seemingly lighting one of those dear cigars and should slip and light himself in the process, who's to say there hasn't been some good done? Those photographs—they were spectacular. Attention, attention was paid.

CHEERFUL

He's right, Mama.

McCOHEN

Indeed. And though these ashes may belong to—well, to any one of a number of people, the monument we're giving him will be your husband's, all your husband's. But come now. It's getting dark.

As the funeral party moves away, the massive stone figure of a female bald eagle is lowered onto the top of the grave. The eagle, while clinging tightly to an olive branch and a sheaf of thirteen arrows, is also nesting. She seems to have laid at least one egg, though there may be more. It becomes impossible to tell as the flickering lights fade out and universal darkness covers all.

SIMPSON'S

DONKEYS

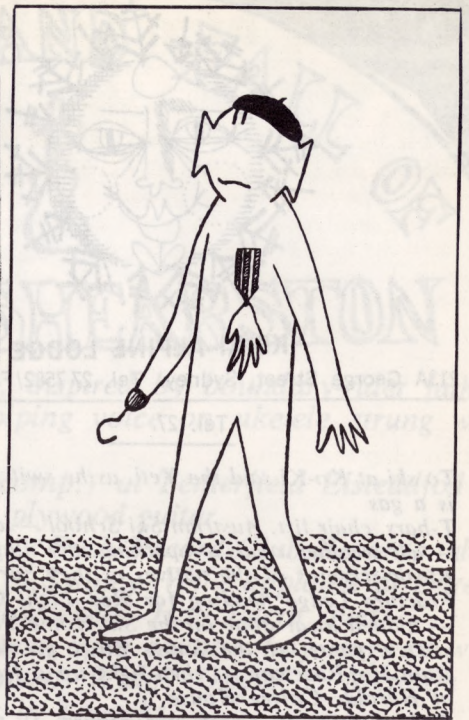
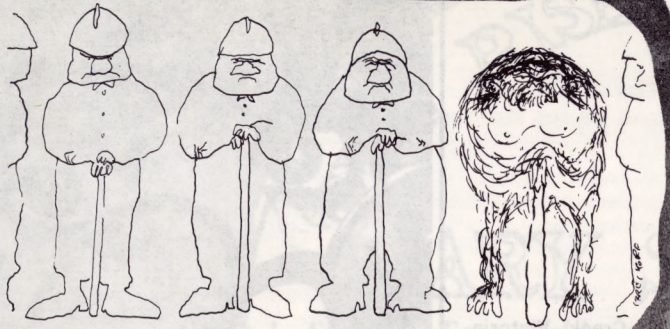
To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli, (April 25, 1915) a contingent of ex-World War One diggers is returning to the historic battleground.

A spokesman for the R. S. L. stated that "this time the men would be armed with Aussie beer, woollen garments, boomerangs and stuffed Koalas as a gesture of goodwill".

STOP PRESS: (AAP-Reuters) A 'goodwill' contingent of Australian 'ANZACS' was today ambushed at Gallipoli by a band of Turkish veterans and slaughtered to the last man.

LE
COMMISSAIRE
CHENNEVIER :

« Les
policiers
sont trop
intelligents »



ATIRE
INTER-
ATIONAL

Satirical magazines are published in many countries, but only a few are distributed in Australia. Everyone knows "Private Eye" - "Simplissimus", "Le Canard Enchaîné", "Panik Button" and "Krokodil" are not so well known. The magazines differ greatly in format and outlook.

MONOCLE is more disgruntled and cynical than angry. On the other hand, the "Siné Massacre" cartoons on this page show well the bitterness and the raw anger that the whole magazine expresses. This French magazine is violently anti-clerical, anti-American, and Left Wing. "Siné Massacre" here comments on the French-German rapprochement, the role of the church in the US-Cuba crisis, and police imbecility (a universal Aunt Sally).

« LE JOUR LE PLUS LONG ». Souvenir... souvenir...



Our father who art in the United States.....





KO-KI ALPINE LODGE

213A George Street, Sydney. Tel. 27 7582/Falls Creek, Victoria.

Tel. 27.

To ski at Ko-Ki said the Yeti, as he switched off his ski-free, is a gas
T-bars, chair lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village
Rustic-screams of the natives as they hurtle over Compound Fracture Ledge heading for Red Light Cornice
— hidden local stone on the Ski Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Ruin-Me Raceway — then light up a leather tipped Slalom at Harolds Coffee House
Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening brawls (sing-sing), Friendly Fondue and Coffee Cognac Club.
Honeymooners £28 per week / per person / twin singles / ir-respective
Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & red
The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured views and a variety of slopes to loose your-self or unwanted friends
Even Mt. Kosciusko pales — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glüwine to combat frostbite and emotional fatigue
Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snowbound and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps
— 'cos God Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall (oops — ball) — ski at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, thats "U" for you.



Just wear a smile and an OZ

Brand new subscription rates! 25/- one year, 45/- two years, £10 for life. Send coupon to OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

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DIG THIS

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JAZZ and BLUES

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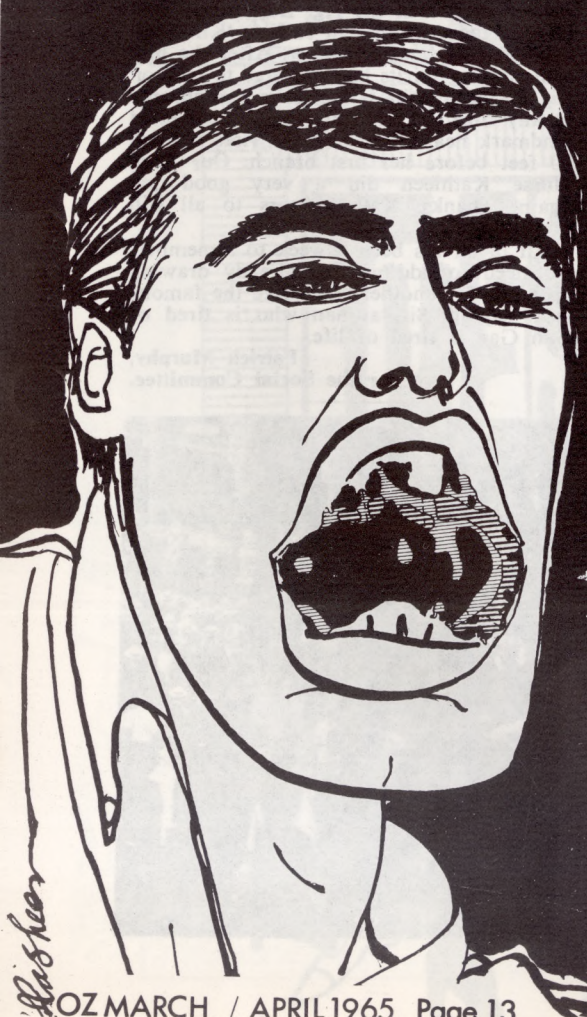
HOLIDAY IN
VIETNAM
"its gas, dad!"

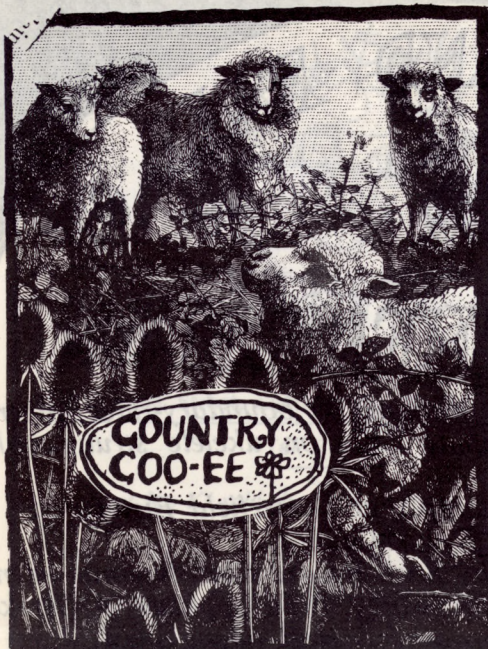


Child victim of napalm bombs
on Vietnam.

THE RISE AND FALL OF GARY SHEARSTON

1. Sings to Tenterfield emus, inspired by boundary-rider father. Accompanies own childish piping voice on ukelele strung with fishing-line.
 2. Wins Junior Song (self-accomp.) at Tenterfield Eisteddfod acquires first pr. riding boots, plywood guitar.
 3. First 2TE broadcast taped by Bush Record Club Records talent scout, who pays his rail fare to Sydney. Wild applause at Eureka Youth League dance and Ironworkers' Hall talent quest.
 4. Moves to Paddington. Honest, open country boy sings of wide brown land. (Critics: "Honest! Wide! Oper!") Mention in "Nation". Discovered 3 times in 2 weeks.
 5. Troubadour! Combs hayseeds out of hair. Shows 'social conscience' — hence abused by "Bulletin". Passport revoked. Own TV show! Combs hayseeds into hair. Snubs Digger Revell.
 6. Records 'Sydney Town' — smash chart hit pop! TV show now sponsored, peak slot. Craig McGregor ghosts autobiography, ABCTV half-hour "Folk Vision of Gary Shearston"
 7. Snubbed by Edgar Waters, noticed by Ward Austin, felt by Grantly Dee, "In Melbourne Tonight" guest spot. Records "Shearston Sings Sylvester", signs contract with Muzak; wears bow-tie to Troubadour, also Old Spice.
 8. Town Hall concert ('GARY! A Folk Great!') a disastrous success, fan rips faded denim work-shirt — reveals 'Balenciaga label. "West answer to Moscow Circus", raves Bulletin cover-story. Holden Special, marries.
 9. Stadium Show; "Sydney Town" is no. 1 in U.S., U.K. and Lebanon. Best Dressed Man of Year, Logie for show now co-sponsored by BHP-GMH, rescues child in surf, forced out of Paddo after residents' protest meeting. Offered position as manager of CBS Records.
 10. Accepts. Jaycee, Lions, Lifeline counsellor, Father of Year. Explores new tonal extensions of 'modified guitar' at Pt Piper home unit. Electrocutes self on amplifier lead-in plug. State funeral. Christian burial.
- Moral: A profit is without honour in his own land. **D.L.**





Sirs.

How about something on rural idiocy? We live in the original pilot area it seems and most of your satire being Sydney-orientated just doesn't touch the rich folklore and abysmal ignorance of our pioneering types. Round here they still wear red flannel underwear, treat kids with bromide for all ills and shove a penny down a dog's throat for distemper, worms, or mange.

The Festival of the Falling Leaf is Tumut's local annual thing. In 1963 an ode was composed to commemorate this event. It ended:

"Come, see our grande demesne
Our perfect habitat
Our ideal home,
Our haven of retreat;
Then stay awhile or live a lifetime here,
Come all the world and welcome,
This is Tumut."

This sparked off a Poetry War which lasted almost a year, ranging over the local unfiltered pool, P.P. Board, and every other sacred cow around the place. Fun while

it lasted. Anyway, hereto appended is my Attempt, for which I would appreciate a purple heart certificate in return.

"Oh, Golden Tumut! Culture's Nest!
Renowned throughout the Far South West!
Where struggling artists reach fruition
By hanging in our Exhibition
And wear the heady Olympian Crown
Thrice blessed, and opened by Carter
Brown.

TUMUT!!!!!! The very word's a song.

From either end it's just as long,
From either end it reads as such.
Oh, two-faced town we love so much,
Beloved Town, which, like its name,
Can up itself and stay the same."

Carter Brown was chosen by the Festival Committee to open the 1963 Festival. One objection was raised: a committee member questioned the suitability of a "literary prostitute."

—SAPPHO OF ADELONG,
Tumut, N.S.W.

Big DOINGAN GAN

The big news in the shire this month, cobbbers, was the centenary celebrations held at Gan Gan and voted the best yet. Good-will messages poured in from the Milk Board, the Apple and Pear Board, the Egg Board, the Premier's Department. From Gan Gan's namesake in Upper Uzbekistan came fraternal greetings and an autographed copy of *Das Kapital* in Uzbeki. The volumes are on display on the Shire Clerk's shelf with the rest of our free library until the Mechanics Institute is fumigated.

Gan Gan, as you know, dates from the late gold rushes. Built on seven hills like Rome it once had 8,000 people and twenty-eight pubs but now is much smaller. Considerably smaller in fact. The National Trust plans to turn it into a reserve.

The weather man was kind to us so that pretty well everything went off as planned. There were demonstrations of those ancient crafts — chaffcutting, sundial reading and rainmaking. To bring us up to date we had a syndicate over from the big smoke showing how the council's machine could be cracked using the safe period or rhythm method. It has since been overhauled. At the showground we had a tattoo, supervised by Sailor Joe himself on leave from the Voyager. Spike Murphy showed us some of the skill that has made him local ringbark champion. The Joy-spreaders Concert Party had quite an international flavour with three countries represented. Moira, who was once a child artiste with the Killarney Clog Dancers put on her usual turn and you-know-who contributed you-know-what. Two naturalisation certificates were issued afterwards. The joy was good to see. Then there were organized tours of the various beauty spots, the stockyards, the saw mill, the swy plot behind the Chink's. Paddy's Curse, the ancestral home of the Murphy family was thrown open and paying visitors were given a rare chance to see a fabulous collection of buggy lamps and black billies

At a special dawn service an everlasting wreath was laid on the town shrine, a pool of remembrance installed by grateful rate-payers in honour of Lusty who pulled the cart through those dark hours 1914-1918. Several male groups spent time in silent

meditation round the trough. Some posed for the dickybird set fill at infinity, which with any luck ought to come out bonzer in the *Clarion*.

Master of Ceremonies for the week was that tireless self-effacing worker, Dave "Spud" Murphy who carried things off with his usual flair. His, incidentally, is a typical meteoric success story. Came out steerage with nothing, started work as a humble clerk in the ticket office and by sheer drive and hard work got to be Shire Clerk. Intensely interested in the arts it was he who gave the special prize for the poetry comp. We don't deserve you, Spud.

Listen to this. A surprise visitor on his way through was the Chief Scout Vic-count de Lisle nicely turned out in all-wool pants and top who was bearing good tidings in English from the Great Scout herself. Without more ado a guard of honour was improvised by the brownies and some lady bowlers while the able-bodied helped haul the Rolls out of the bog. He was given, of course, a big hand and in the other the silver kangaroo, one of the most cherished of scouting awards. In a simple but moving ceremony Mayor Feargus Murphy standing by the power point in a new blazer read his speech into a stiff westerly, and little Colleen tripped forward with a bouquet of gladdis. The salute of 21 shotguns, more or less together, provoked favourable comment.

The election by the tradesmen, fettlers and others of Delia as the Gan Gan Princess came as no surprise to anyone with eyes in his head. She is the district's raving beauty. She will go far that girl now that she has her Intermediate, won't you Delia? In that simple bleached calico, laced with waratah things, you did us all proud. Delia, cobbbers, graciously donated her poetry prize to the Hopelessly Insane.

After a tubercular-tested barbecue there were not too many starters for the wind-up jolly-oh down at the woolshed owing to the hand of friendship by genial host Brendan Murphy and his better half, Brenda. Not a bad drop of wonga donga you brewed, Bren. A party got back in the truck from Sodom and Gomorrah at the Roxy and numbers swelled with those finish-

ing off target practice on the 8.10 as she steamed through a bit late. Ahead of us were five hours of non-stop fun, frolic and fiesta. Mrs Sean Murphy led off the first waltz in a dazzling anklelength sharkskin sarong. Covered with shells. Relics of the I.R.A. days. Good to see songbird Molly Malone on the piano again after her accident. The rest got stuck into the keg and tripped a very light fantastic. Sergeant Murphy had his hands full most of the time but she quietened down a lot when the generator failed and the Church showed up. Block and tackle recovered the nematodes man from the Ag. Department and most of the sawdust sent back to 'Knuckles' Murphy, the family butcher. After the hop some daring spirits had the urge to take on Big Bertha. Bertha is not to be had cheaply at any time, let me tell you. A celebrated landmark near the siding she rises a sheer 70 feet before her first branch. Our Bush Nurse Kathleen did a very good job again. Thanks, Kath. Cheers to all still hospitalised.

All in all it's been a week to remember. No need to add we are already drawing up plans for another. To quote the famous local saying, Sir, a man who is tired of Gan Gan is tired of life.

Patrick Murphy,
for the Social Committee.



Perhaps the most depressing thing about the country is the fact that so many people seem content to live there. For convivial companions, intellectual conversations and proximity to Sydney give me Goulburn Jail any day. Some inhabitants of Goulburn probably agree.

(Mrs.) M. McG.,
The Schoolhouse,
Bagong, N.S.W.

*I love the Wild West Circuit,
That swings around Australia,
With broncs and bulls that buck because
They've cinched-up genitalia.
But is it really sport to let the riders go scot-free?
Why not bind up all the cowboys
— The wide brown belt for me.*

*Clique go the shears boys, clique, clique, clique,
How does the squattocracy get so rich so quick.
Why, by putting in a Manager who's got a Ph.D.
And jaguaring down to Sydney to have tea with Nola D.*

Oh, what shall we do with our eldest looney
Send him to Sydney to fail at Uni,
And if his voice breaks far too soon, he
Can always be a crutcher.

Oh de Picnic Races are doin' de rounds, doo-dah, doo-dah,
So I'm headin' for de mulga in me Dior Gowns. oh doo-dah day
Gwine to grog all night, gwine to sleep all day.
And I'll compromise a squatter from the Back o' Bourke
Or a doo-dah from Double Bay.

*A diller-a-dollar,
A G.P.S. scholar.
How can you pay the fees?
'Cos Dad overstocks
And rigs his tax
And his sheep have Ph.D.'s*

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REQUIEM FOR A SATIRIST

One of the articles in the notorious OZ No. 6 which caused a great deal of trouble was a piece called "Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay" by the American entertainer and satirist, Lenny Bruce. Last December Lenny died. In his last days he was involved in legal proceedings with prosecutions launched in both Chicago and New York against him. We reprint below an obituary to Bruce published in the current issue of "The Realist," an American magazine unavailable in Australia because of a Customs Dept. Ban.



Lenny Bruce and John F. Kennedy had something in common. They were both great cockmen. I couldn't help thinking, among the other thoughts one has at the death of a friend, that there must have been a special throb of mourning among all the ladies who had been limited partners in the countless less-than-one-night stands of comedian and President alike.

Lenny once told me that the role of a comedian was to make the audience laugh "at a minimum of, on the average, once every 15 seconds — or let's be liberal to escape the hue and cry of the injured, and say one laugh every 25 seconds . . ."

More and more, though, he began to get so serious during performances that it was obvious that he wasn't even hoping to get a laugh every 15-25 seconds.

It was in Milwaukee that three plain-clothed policemen went into his dressing room, kicked a musician out, and told Bruce that he was not to talk about politics or religion or sex, or they'd yank him right off the stage. The night before, a group of 28 Catholics had signed a complaint about his act, which they'd gone to see voluntarily. Lenny was scared. He toned down his act slightly. One of the cops was even smiling at some of the stuff.

I asked him why he didn't take any legal action.

"Nah, they'd just say I was trying to get publicity. You know: 'Say anything you want about me, but be sure to spell my name right'."

They spelled his name right in Philadelphia. He was arrested on a phony narcotics charge. The case was dismissed, but a prominent attorney had attempted a 10,000 dollar shakedown, and Bruce's Spencer Tracy image was shattered.

That was the start of his legal career.

There was a time when Lenny read a lot, from Jean-Paul Sartre's study of anti-

Semitism to the latest girlie magazine. He carried in his suitcase from city to city a double-volume unabridged dictionary. But in his dying days, he carried around law books instead. And he wasn't as much fun to be with any more.

A few years before, I had overheard the following conversation in a Milwaukee night club:

"Nobody knows where Lenny Bruce is staying."

"He's staying at the Y."

"What does he do there?"

"They say he reads a lot."

"He's gonna read himself right out of a job."

And in a way this was an accurate prediction. Because Lenny found that the novelists didn't have to say "frig" anymore. He began to want the same privilege of non-restriction. His point of view was the same on stage and off, and he wanted to talk to his friends in the night club with the same freedom of vocabulary he could exercise in someone's living room.

But Lenny wasn't exactly like a book. He finally realised that.

If I ever end up in court on anything, I'll get a haircut, and wear a white shirt and tie, and swear on the Bible, because I don't have the guts to be as consistent as Lenny was — in faded blue denims and long side-burns, calling the oath a farce — he always wanted to win purely on the basis of the law, and so he was willing to risk losing purely on the basis of prejudice by judge or jury.

As more and more night-club owners became more and more afraid to hire him, he devoted more and more of his time and energy to the law. When he finally did get a weekend booking in Monterey, he remarked: "I feel like it's taking me away from my work."

In New York, the judges ordered him to

undergo a psychiatric examination before they passed sentence. "Watch," Lenny told me, chuckling — but also with genuine terror — "They're gonna say I have a persecution complex."

The first issue of the "Realist" quoted Malcolm Muggeridge, former editor of "Punch": "As I see it, the only pleasure of living is that every joke should be made, every thought expressed, every line of investigation, irrespective of its direction, pursued to the uttermost limits that human ingenuity, courage and understanding can take it. The moment that limits are set . . . then the flavour is gone."

More than anyone else I've ever known, Lenny Bruce lived up to that ideal; but now the flavour will never be the same, for he is gone.

When the newspapers called me at 3 o'clock that cold December morning for a statement, I simply said: "It was God's will."

Paul Krassner.

"SEVEN YEARS TO ACCEPT ARMY TROUSER BUTTON"

LONDON.—A member of the House of Commons said it would take seven years to get a button approved for a pair of British Army pants, Associated Press reported.

Addressing the House last night Mr. David Walder, Conservative, said there was a committee which examines the general principle of army trousers.

When a general principal was accepted the design of a button was then considered.

Eventually a prototype trouser button was produced, he said.

Then trials of the button by one regiment took place.

Then the button was accepted and the average time lapse was seven years.

He said:— Something must be done.

MOG

"FIRST, NO PINKY"

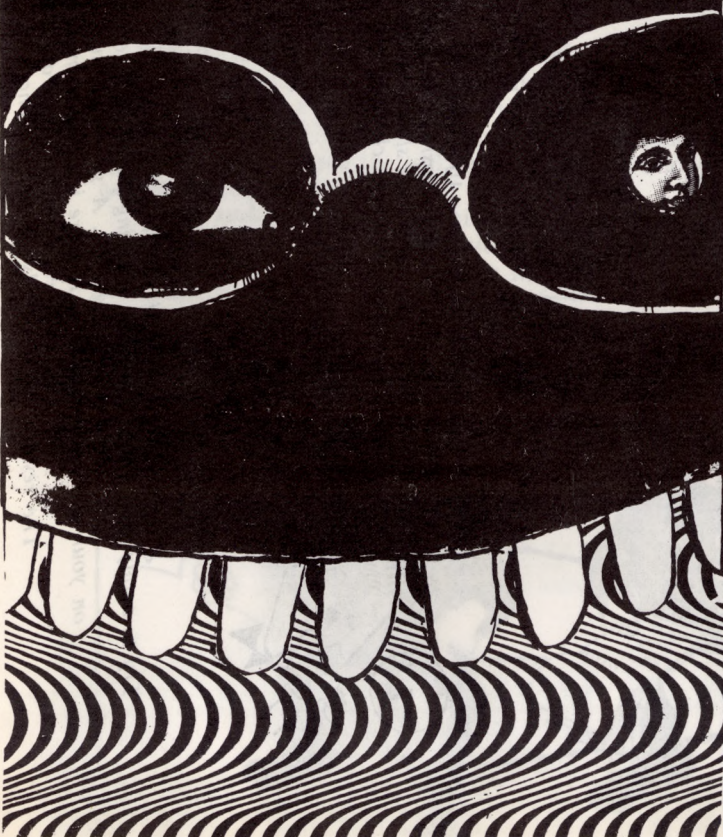
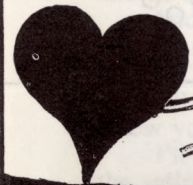


The Annual
Sydney Uni.
Revue

APRIL 21, 22,
23, 24, 28, 29,
30, MAY 1,
5, 6, 7, 8, 12
13, 14, 15.

UNION
THEATRE
SYDNEY UNI.

BOOKINGS
Palings,
Nicholson
D.J.s.



The Top People go to Toggery

(Well, almost the top.)

Here's a man who's where he is now only because he chose Toggery gear *exclusively*. Note his flattering non-wrinkle lambswool sweater. It's guaranteed to impress the most dubious bird or presidium. And get with his fleecy pleatless cufflesses! You too can have a crutch-fit like Nikki — with inbuilt popular support.

Collectively, he's a wow so nick off with Nikki to the shop where the Top (almost) stop. And ask the commissar for our newest — the NKVD style button-down collar (as modelled at right).

Stop the tractor at Double Bay and shop with the Top (almost) at

KEN MORRISON'S

Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

10 HINTS FOR THE CONSTIPATED

ADVERTISEMENT

The lazy bowel often needs just a little regular training to stir it back to normal activity. Give the matter your attention first thing in the morning.



To do this you will need a little more time, so try to get up ten minutes earlier. By sacrificing these few minutes you will improve your health and feel better for the rest of the day.

But it isn't enough merely for you to get up. Your bowel must rouse itself too! A glass of cold water will help. But don't drink it in one gulp. Sip it slowly.



You now have an extra 10 minutes at your disposal and can take your breakfast in comfort. Don't rush. Eat your food slowly and relax. Don't keep looking at the clock!



After breakfast, even if you have no inclination, Try to empty your bowel. Take the morning paper with you. Or smoke a cigarette. A gentle pressure on your abdomen may help. If there is no movement within 5 minutes, don't be discouraged. The results will probably be better tomorrow.



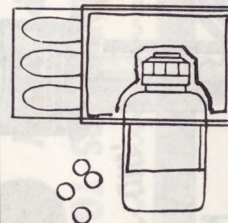
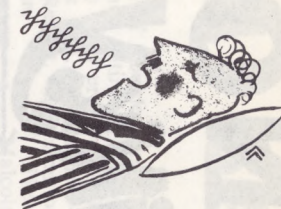
Eat the right sort of food. Roughage-producing foods help very much to restore normal bowel function. For this purpose all forms of wholemeal bread are recommended, also vegetables, lettuce, fresh salad and fruit. It is also important that you should train yourself to take your meals slowly and at regular times.

Another important point is that your body requires regular physical activity. Go for walks, especially when you have a sedentary occupation.



Never neglect the normal physiological demand to empty your bowel — even if you are busy or the time or place is not very convenient.

Rest and relaxation are very important. Always try to have at least 8 hours sleep. Even if you have to work at high pressure most of the day, you should try to find time to relax occasionally for a few minutes.



In spite of all these natural corrective measures, recourse to a laxative is sometimes unavoidable. A laxative is certain in its action and is completely safe for use by persons of all ages because it is not absorbed into the system. When taken in the evening before retiring the enteric coated tablets bring about an effortless evacuation on the following morning.

The suppositories act very quickly, usually within 10-60 minutes. Frequently two motions approximately 20 minutes apart result from the use of one suppository.

Follow your Doctor's directions and you will soon enjoy healthy regularity.

(being a conversation between a would-be script-writer and Mr Michael Plant, Executive Producer of the Mavis Bramston Show)

"HELLO MAVIS"



"Channel 7? . . . Mr Plant, please . . . hello . . . Michael . . . Michael, got a fantastic script here for the Show. You'll love it boy, a natural. Is it **FUNNY?** Man, it's a riot, it's got a tremendous sexy bit and the **greatest** gag about the Pill and . . . Sure, yep, yep . . . well, I've got troubles we've all got troubles. Now Mike . . . Michael, wait man and it **SWINGS**. Now look, five minutes, that's all . . . five lousy little . . . two? OK, fine . . . right, understood.

Opens on a long shot Mike, Michael—office of a bloated controller of the international oil cartel. How's it for **IMPACT**, boy, an immediate **visual** hit huh? And it's **TOPICAL** because just then we have R. W. Miller (Chater's a **natural**, a gas bit for Charlie) . . . well, R.W. comes in about the oil ships and . . .

And he's looking well, kinda **satirical** man, ironical, biting, a touch of **IRREVERENCE** maybe if the lighting boys can . . . right, sure, yep, yup. Then there's this **really** Bramstonish, anti-sacred-cow bit with the office boy rushing on but in **WOMEN'S CLOTHES** — great new twist, huh! And he **FALLS OVER** flat on his **bum**, turns to camera one — a big close up-here — and he says it. Yep, he says: "**SHIT!**"

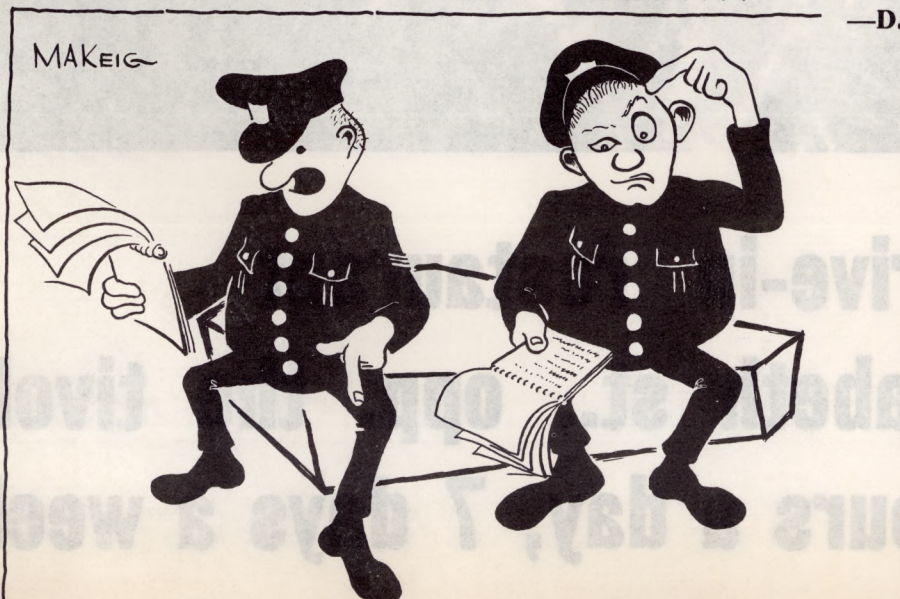
And while the laughs are still coming he rubs his bum and when **that** laugh and the applause die down he turns his head away and you hear **VOMITING** sounds. So Miller makes a funny face and **SPITS** at him and they all **sing** . . . OK, in **falsetto** voices. See, hits at **ALL** the conventions! Knew you'd love it and . . . well, don't decide right now.

I'll just rough it out Mike Michael real quick yep yup . . . just the **IDEAS**, the **satiric positives**. It's a big **SEND-UP**, Mike, a child can see the point, the double entendres are **fantastic**. It fits the format just so terrifically and you even get a crack at the ABC.

Well, **then** it sends up the big oil companies just **rotten**, shows up all this public spirit, cultural jazz for the **SHAM**, the lousy **IMAGE-GRABBING** facade it really is. It all comes over in three **HARD** minutes Mike, Michael man. The whole **FARCE**, the **repressive** undertones to all those big shows they sponsors; and to **bleed** the little men who don't know better, the very people who are Bramston regulars!

Just **reeks** of social conscience and the way they **CENSOR** yup yep uh huh the stuff . . . that's **true**, but against their own **octopus** interests and . . . and Michael? . . . Mike . . . Mike Michael . . . Michael . . . ?

—D.L.



Now lets try it just once more..... I ran away, and you shot me...?'

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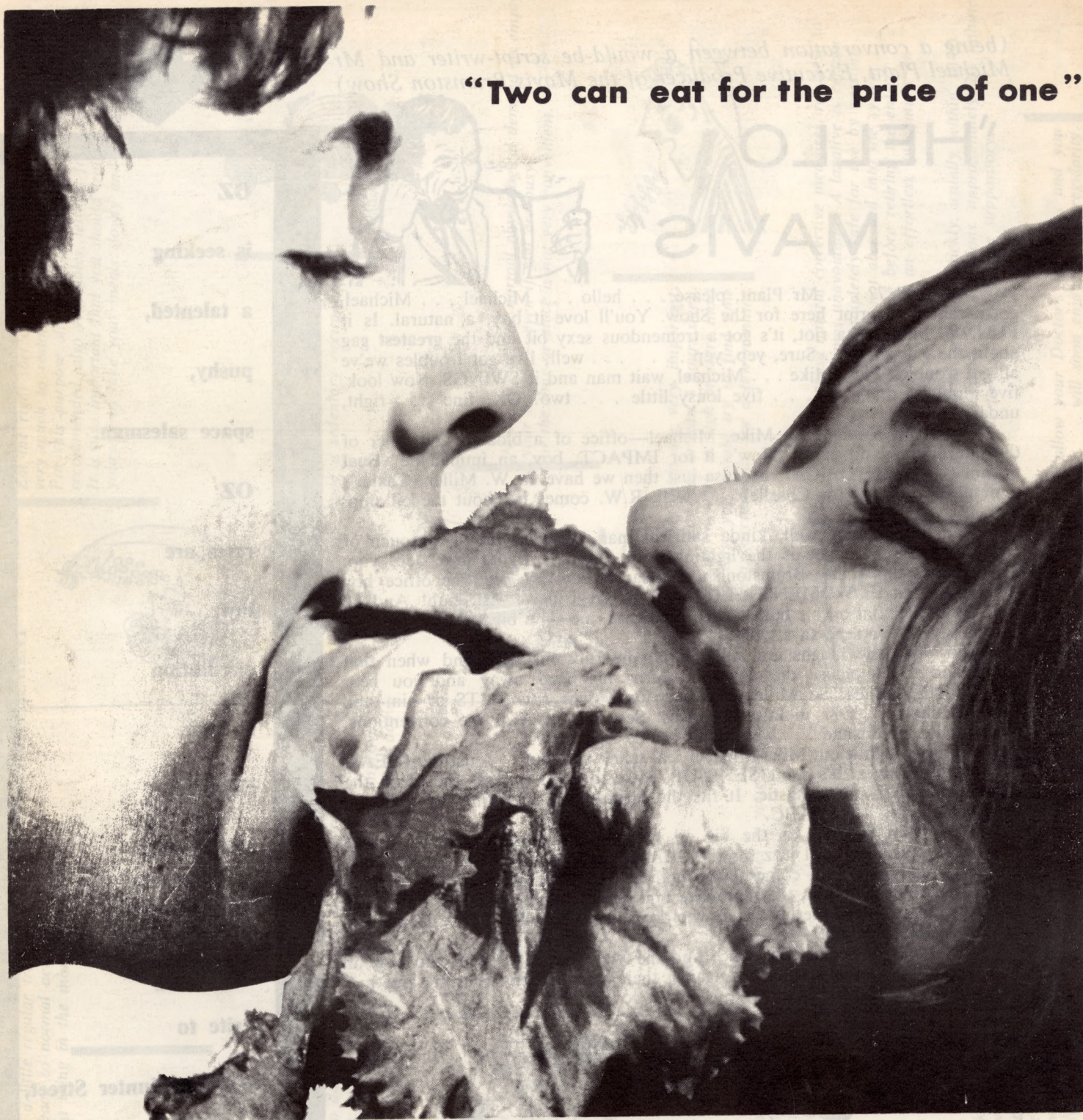
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Sydney.

MELBOURNE VICE-SQUAD is preparing a report for the Chief Commissioner, Mr Arnold, on the February issue of the magazine. Two policemen have visited bookstalls and bought copies.

The issue contains an article on the activities of vice squad police.

"Two can eat for the price of one"



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