

SEND ONE
ON
A TRIP

20¢

ON-LSD

TURN ON -> TUNE IN -> DROP DEAD

PSYCHEDELICATES

BLOTTER
PAPER
CHEAP
UNTREATED

NIRVANA
NOW
BADGES

HARD BIRDS

ROLL
STONE

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A PERIODICAL

KANKEN ->



someone isn't using

Protect yourself against smelly dress sense with Formal Wear Wigs ★ Furs ★ Tuxedos ★ Gloves ★ Tails ★ Bridesmaid's Frocks ★ Necklaces ★ Top Hats ★ Dress Suits ★ Jewellery Accessories ★ Dress Vests ★ Dress Shirts ★ Dinner Suits ★ Bridal Gowns ★ Cummerbunds ★ Socks ★ Ties ★ Cocktail Dresses ★ etc. Obtainable from Formal Wear Sydney at 147 King Street and Formal Wear Melbourne at 26-28 Market Lane. Don't embarrass your friends with offensive attire. Use new roll-on, wet-strength Formal Wear.

Formal Wear

“...it doesn't say
labour party on the
inside.”

DR. CAIRNS

When you make a superb alternative government that butters up a loafing government, then you label it “Australian Labour Party”, there has to be a reason. There is—it's called Gough Whitlam, the crustiest opportunist in the House. Whitlam's “Australian Labour Party” is a superb substitute. It's a natural for Government benches but party members won't allow us to label it “Whitlam Party”. But please vote for “Australian Labour Party” and then you'll find out what a taste of power does to socialist principles. We have to label it “Australian Labour Party” but nobody votes for a wrapper, it's what's inside that counts.



Whitlam's “Australian Labour Party”—new glamour pack, same friendly name, new antisocialist taste. It's an all-Whitlam party and it's only possible in Australia. Gough's the word.

Spread the word.

DAY BY DAY

All about OZ

editors: Richard Walsh, Dean Letcher.

artists: MIKE RAMSDEN, MIKE TREBERT, MARTIN SHARP

design: Lord Snowdon

foreign agents: Richard Neville, Martin Sharp.

★ OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. 28-4197.

★ OZ is printed by Amalgamated Offset Pty. Ltd., Chippendale.

★ OZ pays contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.



MARCH 9: A magistrate's attempts to stamp out illegal betting was praiseworthy, Sydney's Judge Amsberg told the Quarter Sessions Appeals Court. But, alas, the magistrate had — er — erred a bit. The man (caught street betting on Boxing Day) had been sentenced to three months' gaol and the maximum penalty for the offence was a mere \$200 fine. The magistrate involved was that great dispenser of justice and whiz bang legal mind — wait for it — **Gerry A. Locke.**

March 13: The Victorian Universities' efforts to prostitute their ideals at every opportunity to placate Sir Henry Philistine are remarkable. First Melbourne gave him an Honorary Degree, then Monash tried the same stunt and got more embarrassment than kudos out of the effort. Then Melbourne dredged up Sir Robert as their Chancellor, after Monash had named the "Ming Wing" (of "Humanities", a touch of genius by some anonymous sycophant) after him. Finally Melbourne University prevented the "Trial of Sir Henry Bolte" after Ry-lah put the hard word on the V.-C.

Of course, the Good Arthur denies he put any pressure at all: he merely "rang for the simple reason that as a graduate of Melbourne University I could not imagine anything in worse taste. At the same time I could not imagine the university doing itself much good by this sort of nonsense."

Having served notice that he is a dispenser of "Something Good" to universities, Arthur will now sit back and wait for the Honorary Doctorates (in Sophistry) to roll dutifully in.

MARCH 15: An influential group of Papuans and New Guineans re-asserted their demand for immediate home rule and early independence. Which makes them just a shade more courageous than the country from whom they are seeking independence, which hasn't the guts to establish itself as an independent republic.

MARCH 15: The old non-news just keeps on in the Sydney evening papers. The *Mirror's* front page featured a "Victory for Action Line" (their follow-up to the *Sun's* "Hotline", which was just celebrating its first very successful six months); "Gang Lord Kills Six" (Part 1 of their "Sydney Crime File" series—the *Sun* was carrying "The Dr. Shepherd Case" in one million tedious instal-



Forthright, outspoken new Labor leader E. Gough Whitlam, makes a point as he hammers home the ALP's controversial "new-look" comprehensive policy on curtailment of urban sprawl in outer Sydney suburbs. Gough, before announcing Labour policy on such provocative matters, gets **THE WORD** from his Executive. Mum's the word.

Spread the word.

BUY A TICKET

'IF I HAD A TICKET' — A Festival Record by Phil Jones and THE UNKNOWN BLUES

PREVIEW DAY

ments) and Part Z of their syndication of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" (to counter *Sun's* more exclusive interviews with Jackie Kennedy, whom Fairfax seems to own).

No news may be good news, but it's also bloody dull news the way the Sydney papers push it.

MARCH 16: Army Minister Fraser announced the imposition of a quota system on family bereavement. If one member of a family is lost or maimed, his brothers' services will no longer be required.

MARCH 17:

**WE PAY
FOR OUR
FRUIT
TO GO
OVERSEAS**

We were wondering where all the queens had suddenly got to.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, Wednesday, March 15, 1967

March 19: Headline of the month: "SIR FRANCIS NEARS HORN" (*Sunday Telegraph*). Well, so would you be with all those months with nary a woman in sight and all hands on deck.

MARCH 20: A young man was reported to police leaping across rooftops in Goodhope Street, Paddington. When they arrived, he got inside a chimney and started removing bricks from inside the pot and hurling them at the police below.

This kind of thing is always happening at Paddo, where the crooks will do anything not to be arrested in the area. The penalty for being caught in Paddington is to be brought before Paddington Police Court and its magistrate, the notorious G. A. Locke.

MARCH 21: The Chief Justice of NSW described two anaesthetists appealing against their suspensions for infamous conduct as from the "bargain basement" of the medical profession. He said that they should not be judged by the standards of the "silk department"—the specialists and professors.

Of course, to be perfectly

consistent, the Chief Justice should not be so hard on the "bargain basement" of the legal profession, the gentlemen who have recently been disbarred for taking excessive fees. But then, to be just (after all this is his field), Sir Leslie should not relent in his insistence that proper medical treatment and legal representation be made available to all, ridding the need for any "bargain basements".

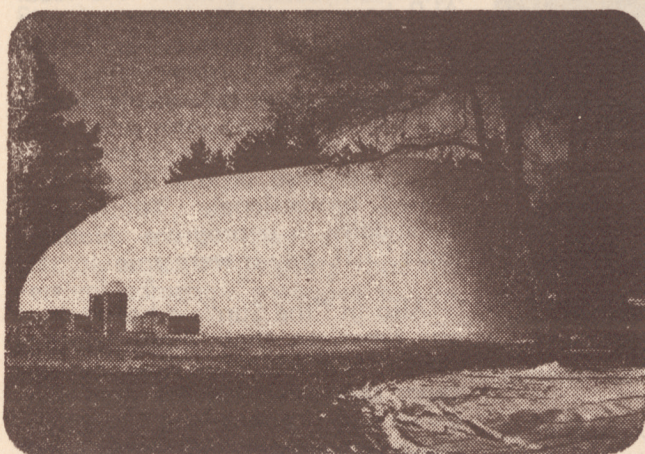
MARCH 23: Publication of the LBJ-Ho Chi Minh exchange of letters was like as elaborate Rorschach, revealing latent commitment.

The *Sydney Morning Herald*, with its usual ingenuous open-mindedness, declared "Any reasonably unbiased person" (the editor of the *SMH* surely opted out of this role about six months ago) "reading the two letters cannot but be left" (the *SMH* editorials characteristically lapse into quaint old-fashioned prose as a warning of impending glib judgment) "with the strong impression that America is genuinely anxious to get peace negotiations started and that North Vietnam is indifferent."

Of course, where *Granny Herald* sees Ho's arrogance, others may see a justified *cri de coeur* against his nation's oppressors. *Granny* lays great emphasis on the fact that Ho states that, if his conditions are met, he "could" talk peace (not would, hence obvious insincerity). Yet (as Francis James pointed out in a Letter to the Editor) LBJ only said that, if his conditions were met, he would be "prepared" to talk peace.

In its best bit of unbiass, the *SMH* editorial declared that Ho's demands are that "the U.S. must stop all acts of war against North Vietnam, withdraw all forces from South Vietnam and recognise the National Liberation Front. President Johnson, on the other hand, offered to negotiate unconditionally." (That is, with the small exception of his condition that he will not negotiate directly with his principal opponent, the N.L.F.).

With such an obvious monopoly of good faith on our side, little wonder that the "reasonably unbiased" *SMH* must at long last counsel war.



erect
it today

**STUFF
IT**

tomorrow

AIRSHELTERS
A DIVISION OF BIRD AIR STRUCTURES INC.

1740-9 Bailey Avenue Buffalo, New York 14211

12 ATTACKED
**'Doing our
best,' say
the police**

WOW!

★ GIANT 5" x 7" NUDIE-CUTIE PLAYING CARDS in living colour. Washable Plastic Coating, \$2.95 Full Pack, 54 different cards!

★ RED-HOT DIARY/Appointment Book. Undated (good for any year). Plenty of laughs for all 300 and SEXTY Five Days . . . 2 Days Per Page With a RED-HOT Cartoon Or Joke You've Never Seen Before On Each. Beautiful Luxury Finish, A Real Swinging Gift, Fabulous Value @ ONLY \$4.75. Post-paid.

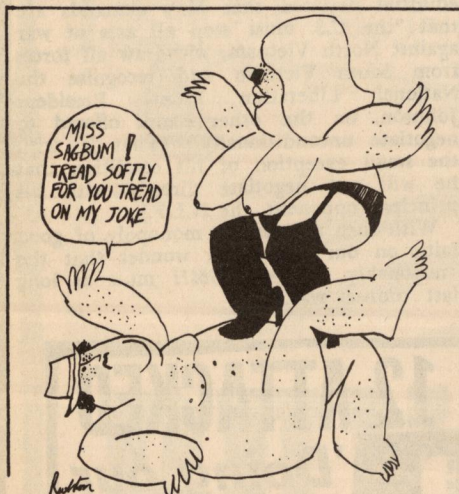
Also "PARTY" Record Covers, HOT Books, LIFE-SIZE Pin-Ups, ADULT Party Games, etc. Send stamp for Details and FREE Sample If You're Not Game To Send Cheque Or Money Order For The Above RIGHT NOW!

(Register the letter if sending cash)

A.O. Gifts & Novelties
P.O. Box 69, KINGS CROSS,
N.S.W.

To Rushton with Love

APRIL 7: News Item: Alleged "satirist" Willie Rushton has announced impending marriage to actress Arlene Dorgan.



Every girl wants to wed a cool cat
One who's merry with money and chat
But oh! to be Dorgan
And to wake in the morgen
To three teeth, surrounded by fat.

—B.E.

DIRTY BY DAY

CONT.

MARCH 26:

American Cup Trials

Today I thought that Gretel might have turned the tables on The Dame. The upset came when both skippers luffed their mast spreaders and beat to windward up the lee of the spinnaker dogleg.

Uffa Fox, today's new skipper of Gretel, crouched abaft the strutting when Sturrock called for the Dame's sheets and broke out a new mast into the nor' nor' east gusts.

Suddenly Sir Frank moved up amidships with Gretel and while son Kerry was moved to astern to replace Fox, the flying winch broke its backstay.

From that point the genoa beat up the lee in a tops'l run that was not to be jibbed at.

Although Gordon Ingate had once previously proved his superiority on this three minutes of the course, Sir Frank kept with Kerry. But when a 15 knot breeze swept in on the for'ard coffee grinders, Trygve Halvorsen took command as expected until it was Bill Northam's turn for a trick at the wheel.

At the second buoy Bud Mossbacher was well in evidence in the cockpit and Halvorsen swam back to Sir Frank's following launch.

At the completion of the race, the Packer spokesman, Mike Ramsden, said the team were particularly impressed with Gretel's performance over the second fifth of the

Famous people are always having children. Rarely do they ever give them really colourful names. Why don't we ever read:

To Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Brass, a daughter, Tijuana.

To Mr. & Mrs. Brendan Behan, a son, Les.

To Mr. & Mrs. Michael Caine, a daughter, Novo.

To Mr. & Mrs. Patrick White, a son, Orff.

To Mr. & Mrs. Sara, another daughter, Kay.

Any more? A year's subscription to the best list.



third leg when she showed superior inferiority as opposed to the inferior inferiority she revealed over most of the rest of the course.

March 27: The Torrey Canyon finally split up and released its oil into the Channel and, mainly, the Cornish coast and Harold Wilson's Home-away-from-Downing - Street, the Scilly Isles.

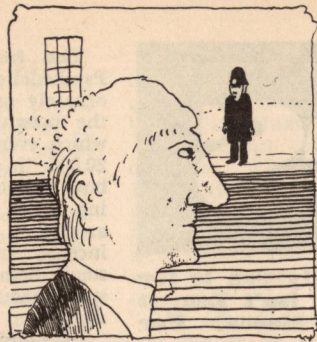
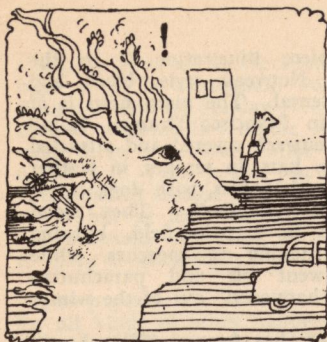
With Britain still finding immense French opposition to its European Common Market entry, one can only hope that the Torrey Canyon poured a little oil on the troubled waters.

March 28: India's Foreign Minister, Mr. Chagla, announced that India is now capable of building her own atomic bomb. With a birthrate of one million new citizens per day and no visible means of feeding them, it is certainly a great comfort that India has finally developed a more efficient method than famine for destroying human life.

March 29: Lovely picture on page 2 of the Sydney "Sun" of the local ALP heavies sitting listening to a lecture on how to get their image (well not exactly **their** image, but the image which they would like to project) across on television. TV producer Kit Denton told them: "Everyone else in the studio is a skilled professional. You are a commodity in a program Nothing more." If only it were true . . .

Also in "the Sun", a headline of our times on their main features story: "SEX DRUGS—They turn out super sportsmen but are they dangerous?" Immediate reaction: which sex drugs? LSD (for "high" jumpers perhaps?); marihuana (for the "shot pot"?).

Dear Oz: ~
Happy Birthday
~ Born April, 1963



Alas, "The Sun" was somehow calling sex hormones "sex drugs" and since every woman on The Pill imbibes these hormones once a day no doubt "The Sun" will some day, when it is short on news, come out with: **SHOCK REPORT—half Australia on sex drugs!**

April 1:
What was the fate of "Gretel?"

YACHT CRUISE. Enjoy sailing on soft yacht this Sunday leaving Rose Bay, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Inquiries 642-4786.

APRIL 3: Australia had its first "TAB killing". Perplexed and misunderstanding, we called up our friendly Coke bottler to make sure those magic ingredients hadn't finally claimed a victim.

APRIL 4: We notice that this year's Sydney Film Festival has picked up something from last year's abortive attempt at a second N.S.W. Festival: two visiting celebrities (von Sternberg and Sweden's Jorn Donner) and a stronger line-up of films. What a pity they couldn't flush out their old audiences, which used to shuffle restlessly through the avant-garde stuff.

This year's feature is Godard's "Alphaville", which is as good a place as any to dismiss those incredibly square filmgoers that the Festival somehow manages to unearth.

APRIL 6:
Hubert Humphrey sat on The Wall,
Dumpy Humphrey had a close call;
All so reminiscent of Dallas:
And all the crowd sang, "Ho Chi Minh uber Alles".

April 7: The "Bushfire Test" began at Melbourne Cricket Ground. For The Ashes, no doubt.

APRIL 9: Paul ("Mr. Arrogance") Hasluck returned from Japan with the heartening news that Japan is ready to co-operate with Australia internationally and the discouraging verdict: "We talked the same kind of language, intellectually speaking." We thought the Japanese were smarter than that.

April 10: Non-denial of the Month. A Sydney University spokesman hot-

ly dismissed the suggestion that shots had recently been fired at students:

"No shots have been fired in the immediate vicinity of students.

"There may have been shots fired but certainly not at students on St. Patrick's Day eve or any other time.

"The 16 officers we have at the university are doing a tremendous job among 16,000 students.

"Before talking about shooting, a lot of people should ask themselves what would distinguish a student from a hoodlum at 2 o'clock in the morning."

In other words, of course, we shoot at the students but who wouldn't?

100% MALE

**Exhausted?
Can't make it?**

Try this incredible formula: **METHYL EQUIDINE**. Vital for men and women who want to overcome tiredness, worry, boredom at the end of a busy day. Within 20 minutes of taking one Methyl Equidine capsule in water, you'll feel alert and awake. Start the evening's outing with that fresh, "early morning" feeling. Men! Get a "charge" when you need it most — at the end of a busy day.

"I never had such a fantastic 'feeling'."
writes E. K. of Vic.

Effective for 3 hours. 10 capsules £4 (\$8). Order by mail from Burich Laboratories, Dept. 34 Box 9, P.O., Lane Cove, N.S.W. Mailed in plain wrapper.

Come to the
AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES ARTS FESTIVAL
films ★ plays ★ art ★ jazz ★ folk ★ dance ★ choral ★ recital ★ chess ★ debating ★ Asian concert ★ seminars ★ revue ★

OZ, April 1967 7

hippies

The ultimate description is "beautiful" and the only yen is for Zen. If it isn't "beautiful", it's "religious", and if it isn't Zen, it must be Hindu. The East is IN but San Francisco is Mecca. For hippies, that is.

In London and the U.S. the hippies are riding "high" and it's LSD that blew them up there, with a bit of help from Emeritus Professor Tim Leary and Amorous Poet Allen Ginsberg and a nudge from "The Thoughts of Chairman Mao". A couple of Americans in London are producing its main newspaper *The International Times*, which gives as good an account as any of what's happening.

Take, for example, its No. 8 issue, which has just hit our In-tray:

The frontispiece illustration is in the Psychedelic-Art Nouveau style, black and ornately ornamental. The main news is of the massive San Francisco "human be-in" which even *Newsweek* covered and attracted 20,000 "in crazy hats, in serapes, in feather boas, shoeless, with babies, with dogs, carrying bells, books, candles". They stood around a dais in a polo field, burning incense and listening to speeches, while smoke-bombs went off and parachutists spontaneously "happened" out of the winter sky.

In London *IT* has formed "The Lord's Day Happening Society" to bring its adherents such spontaneity once a week, and page three features a shot of a 23-year-old badge-maker/artist (actually most hippies are only part-time, week-end drop-outs) "adding final touches to a jelly and paint composition on



newsprint, one of the spontaneous happenings at *IT*'s Uncommon Market at the Round House on Sunday Some people chewed a mouthful, others stomped in it, some threw it around. Mike Lesser basked naked in it. Most people just watched him." Participation seemed to be waxing unenthusiastic but at least the editors are honest: "*IT* benefited—not a lot, more than enough to make it worthwhile."

The paper is also dotted with beautiful ads.: for all kinds of other happenings (e.g., the "Convivial Happening at Fulham Town Hall" next Satty), for Pregnancy Test Services, for vacant openings ("PSYCHEDELIC MISTRESSES WANTED. Wanted, experienced goddess to initiate student, male, 20, virgo intactus into erotic rites"). Then there are the books: "Burning Joy" ("George Andrews' poems of Total Ecstasy from miscellaneous experiences"); "Living Theatre Poems" ("poetry by Judith Malina and other members of the famous exile-gypsy-turned-on-wandering-homeless-poverty-stricken theatre group") and, best of all, "Psychodelic Prayers" from the Tao Te Ching by Timothy Leary ("fifty poems, in preparation for the session, for re-entry, odes to the energy process, to the genetic code, to the external and internal sense organs").

The feature stories range from an interview with Pete Townsend of the WHO, an auto-destructive group, who speaks of the diminishing emotional returns of the smash-and-pop scene: "I'm not afraid of calling anything I do an art form. I've just never thought of it further than it being something that personally I got pleasure out of, and which made me money. And cost me money. I've smashed up 28 guitars now which all cost about £200 each, let alone the amount of equipment that I've set fire to. But people just don't care any more. I go on and smash a £200 guitar and they go home and say, 'Yes, they were quite good tonight!' When I first did it people used to come up to me and say, 'You Bastard! I've been saving all my life for a guitar a tenth of that price and there you are smashing it up on stage. Give me the bits!' and I have to say, 'Calm down, it's all in the cause'. But nowadays people just come up and say, 'Like your LP'. Yet there I am still getting the same kicks, it's the ultimate end to the act; along we go, we play through our LP tracks and we do our joke announcements and we do our commercial numbers and we do our movements. And then it comes to the end, we do *My Generation* and we f—ing smash everything up."

Then there's a story on the "Diggers mystique". The headquarters of the Diggers is a multi-coloured garage described as "The Free Frame of Reference" and everything they do is free (they provided 5000 sandwiches for the Human Be-in). They explain: "We refuse to consume. And we do our things for nothing: in truth we live our protest. Everything we do is free, because we are failures. We've got nothing, so we've got nothing to lose."

The Diggers' "saint" is George Metesky, the Mad Bomber of New York in 1957. All Digger correspondence is signed with Metesky's name and he was selected because he "carried protest to an absurdity".

Absurdity is one of the keystones of the Diggers' philosophy. "Ten thousand people marching around the Federal Building protesting the war is dribble," one explains. "But wouldn't it be great to have 10,000 people marching around the Federal Building for no reason at all."

The dichotomy over political protest and dropping-out in fact seems to have been one of the few significant questions raised by the first Human Be-in.

One activist commented: "It was badly organised. There was great potential there for protest. If I could have got to a microphone I would have said what was in my heart. The organisers implied that they were against the war but that they didn't want to bother people about it on this occasion."

The official reply is, sure the Vietnamese war has to be ended, but "you've got to straighten out your own heads first. How can we ever have a groovy, happy society unless everybody in it has reached his own nirvana?"

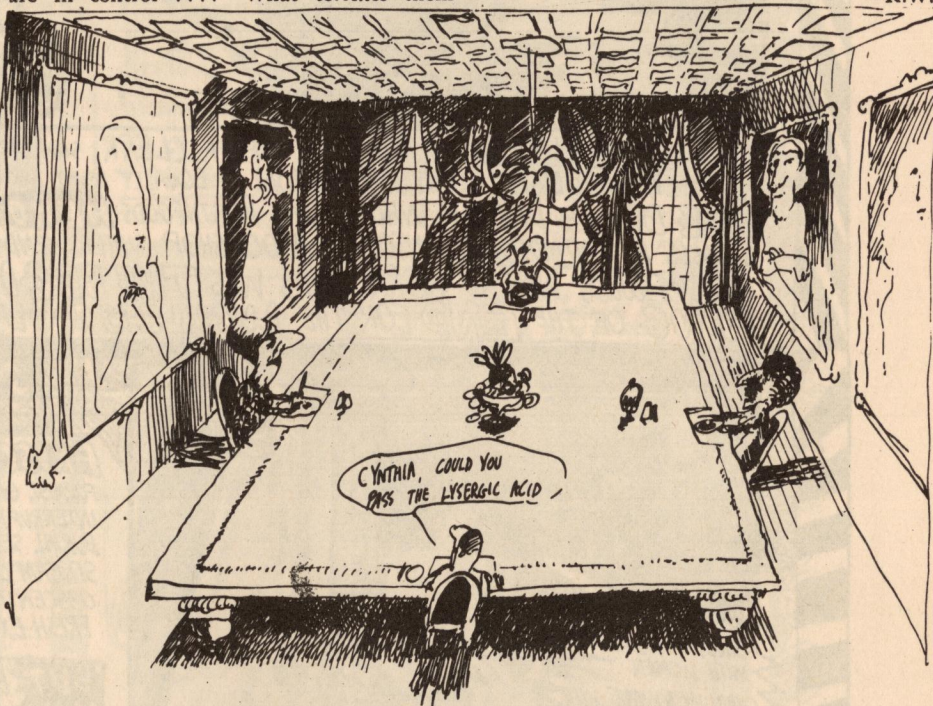
Of course, political indifference can be a virtue; as one *IT* letter-writer explains: "There is one aspect of *IT*, however, which rather worries me, that is its continuing interest in political forms of thought and protest. As long as politicians are taken seriously or even mentioned they know they are in control What terrifies them

about *IT* is the hint that people can make their own scene without reference to politics."

Perhaps, anyhow, the political situation will look after itself with the growth of the hippy movement, as one of its leaders predicts from the depths of his personal euphoria: "In about seven or eight years the psychedelic population of the United States will be able to vote anybody into office they want to. Allen Ginsberg? Sure, Allen is a very smart guy and Allen is a master politician. Which is beautiful in such a gentle person. Imagine what it would be like to have anybody in high political office within our understanding of the universe. I mean, let's just imagine that Bobby Kennedy had a fully expanded consciousness. Just imagine him in his position, what he would be able to do."

Exactly nothing? Push his Nirvana Establishment Bill through both Houses? It depends on how seriously you take a movement that may yet prove the Shavian retort: "A life of bliss? It would be hell on earth!"

—R.W.



31st May to 12th June

Over 30 countries will participate in this major international showcase of world cinema. You can attend 28 programmes, containing many prize-winning films, screened for the first time in Sydney, and meet 2 distinguished overseas film directors.

FOURTEENTH SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL

BOOKINGS BY MAIL to Sydney Film Festival, Box 4934, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for speedy processing. Subscription \$8.50. ● TELEPHONE ENQUIRIES: 29 1823

COUNTER BOOKING: David Jones; Anchor Book Shop Sydney University Union; University of N.S.W. Union.

THE SOMEWHAT INCREDIBLE TURNING ON OF MERVYN LYMP, BANK CLERK

IN HIS RUSH
TO WORK, MERVYN HAD ACCIDENTALLY
OF THE SENSATIONAL "INTERNATIONAL TIMES"
SWINGING NEW ANGRY NEWS SHEET LAUNCHED
THE PROTEST OF THE TURNED ON, TUNED A
FINANCED BY GENUINE AMERICANS OUT
it's EXPOSE OF OUR SAD, SICK, SEX RIDDEN SOCIETY
BRING TO JOIN THE NEW UNDERGROUND CLASS-LESS
MERVYN LYMP RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF... ER, SC

SOMEONE'S MIND ISN'T BLOWN



MEET MERVYN LYMP, RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK, SON OF A
RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK; GRANDSON OF EQUALLY RESPECT. BNK. CLK.
ONE DOLL DAY OUR WHOLESOME HEALTHFOODS HERO
STROLLS ABSENTMINDEDLY INTO A... BOOKSHOP WHILE WENDING
HIS WEARY WAY TO WORK. THIS WAS THE BEGGIN-
NING OF THE END FOR THE LUCKLESS (LUCKY) LAD



SRUB MY SKIN
WITH WOMEN
CHAIN MY TONGUE WITH
HASH...
STUFF MY NOSE WITH AMPH-
ETAMINE
COAT MY EYES WITH PSYCHEDELIC
TRANSCENDENTAL EUPHORIA.
FILL MY EARS WITH CRAP
STICK MY LEGS IN LEWIS
I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING
ABOUT VIETNAM

FRISCO (EX MERVYN) WENT TO POT AND FROM POT TO
POETRY. LIKE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, BILLY BURROUGHS AND DONOVAN
BEFORE HIM. FRISCO BROKE THROUGH THE COMMUNIKATION BARRIER
STONED AND STRUGGLED TO ARTICULATE HIS PRIVATE CONFUSION...
SUCCEEDING SO PRETENTIOUSLY THAT THE BOOKSHOP PUBL-
ISHED HIS WORKS "I AM FRISCO THE SOUL". SEVERAL COMES
SOLD... MERVYN FRISCO READ THEM PUBLICLY... ON THE VERY SAME
ROSTRUMS THAT ALLAN GINSBERG HAD ONCE PERFORMED ON....

WHERE TO NOW FRISCO, OH LOONING CAT

FRISCO SHOCKED PRUDISH, CON-
FORMIST, GRAVESIDE MOURNERS WHEN HE
INTERRUPTED A GRENADIER GUARDS
BURIAL SERVICE BY SHOUTING A
STREAM OF SAVAGE, SATIRICAL
OBSCENITIES AND HURLED WARM,
FRESH EXCRETA AT THE MINISTER.

BUT BASICALLY FRISCO FERLI
NGHETTI'S INTERESTS LAY OUTSIDE
POLITICS... LOOK!
IT'S AN EMBARRASSMENT
IT'S VANDALISM..

IT'S A HAPPENNING!

INSPIRED BY THE INCREDIBLE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH
OF LONDON'S "DESTRUCTION IN ART" SYMPOSIUM.
FRISCO.. MOVED TO ECSTASY BY A GROUP
PLICKING OF A CHEVROLET COVERED IN JAM
IN A FIELD NEAR STONE HENGE.. FRISCO
MADE A HUGE PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH
WITH A HAPPENING OF HIS VERY OWN!!!!
I SAT IN KING'S RA AND DRANK PINTA AFTA
PINTA (KINDLY ASSISTED BY BRADLEY MARTIN) *
FAILING TO REACH THE CLIMAXIC REGURGITATION
EXPECTED. NEVER-THE-LESS IT WAS COLD + WET
AND NO-ONE TOOK THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST. IT WAS
HOWEVER, A FUNCTIONALLY VALID HAPPENNING, ALTHOUGH
ACTUALLY NOTHING HAPPENED.

BUT PERH
GROUP
OUT OF OUR
HELD CINEMA-VA
HARRISON MAR
A MOST ADV
OF "YAWN"
THE NON-STAR
LACKED FRISCO
POETICALLY, SOME
IN THE CANAPA
GREY ROOM OF
ON WITH AN
POLICE STATION

SWIPED A COPY
"BRITAIN'S
TO
DROP OUTS
RAGED BY
HUNG-
CULT
ONE... MAN...



GAITPMAN 308 E. 6th St. (off 2nd Ave.)
ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED 75%
SP7-3920
composed and played by LSD-influenced musicians
the only record of this type available!

GROOVE. Finally, an independent service to meet your musical needs. Founded by people unimpaired with hypocritical and teen-children computerized delinquencies of profit-making "mass-appeal" corporations. Send for free questionnaire: Groove c/o 44 Van Ness Court, Maplewood, New Jersey.

ER. NO THINGS CAN LIMIT I
DONT USE THEM?

SMOKE GROWN-UP CIGARETTES



WELL IF YOU'RE SURE ITS TRENDIE



THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

THE UNUSUAL IN CLOTHES & BOOTS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

FRISCO GROOVED OVER TO PORTOBELLO RA. TO COMPLETE HIS BOPPER'S ENSEMBLE WITH THE PURCHASE (\$3.10) OF A NOUVEAU-ART NOUVEAU SILVER PLATED PILL BOX TO HOLD HIS HASH AND SKINS

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

I EVEN CHANGED MY SQUARE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY NAME TO FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

Don't Buy MARIJUANA

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WON'T BUST ME!!

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SITTING HERE ALONE GETTING STONED THINK POEM TO MYSELF. ITS FINE RIDING HIGH ON LEBANESE RED TO BLOW MY HEAD BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION OF MIND EXPANSION I'D MUCH PREFER, MAN TO HAVE A TREPHIN SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL.

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

SOMETHINGS HAPPENING BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS... DO YOU, MR JONES?

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

A4

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

APPS FRISCO'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE UNDER-ND'S ARTS WAS HIS INCREDIBLE 10 HOUR FEATURE FILM

HUNG-UP AND BROUGHT DOWN "MAN" I'M MORE PEBBLED THAN STONED" FRISCO FELT THE TIME HAD COME TO CUT-OUT FOR THIS YEAR'S MECCA FOR MYSTICS. KATVIZIANDU, WHERE HE COULD ENJOY THE PERMANENT HIGH OF THE TRENDY THIRD EYE OPERATION. "THERES NOTHING I LIKE A HOLE-IN-THE HEAD TO CUT SHOKING EXPENSES" CAN FRISCO SURVIVE THE ARDOURS OF THE EXOTIC EAST?

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

APPS FRISCO'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE UNDER-ND'S ARTS WAS HIS INCREDIBLE 10 HOUR FEATURE FILM

HUNG-UP AND BROUGHT DOWN "MAN" I'M MORE PEBBLED THAN STONED" FRISCO FELT THE TIME HAD COME TO CUT-OUT FOR THIS YEAR'S MECCA FOR MYSTICS. KATVIZIANDU, WHERE HE COULD ENJOY THE PERMANENT HIGH OF THE TRENDY THIRD EYE OPERATION. "THERES NOTHING I LIKE A HOLE-IN-THE HEAD TO CUT SHOKING EXPENSES" CAN FRISCO SURVIVE THE ARDOURS OF THE EXOTIC EAST?

PSYCHEDELIC PHIA

NIGHT TO HEAR

By the time the Federal Government was through savaging the recommendations of the Australian Universities' Commission, the tree of knowledge in this country had been well and truly ringbarked. Their unkindest cut of all was in post-graduate research grants — at a time when fruits of research are vital to any nation interested in creative self-

propulsion. Even Commonwealth dollar-for-dollar incentives to the States had little effect, and the last month has witnessed the depressing spectacle of Cutler, Gorton and Bolte — the three stooges of higher education — pointing to each other's responsibilities as a way of opting out of their own.

What with Canberra splurging its education reserves on State aid schemes which in effect rob Peter to pay St. Paul's, and the States more concerned about the length of airport runways than the education crisis, some new formula for turning Varsity rags to riches must be found. Perhaps the solution lies in a more politic selection of researchers and research projects by the Universities themselves. For example, the following processional of research synopses would be certain to tug at the heart and purse strings of any niggardly politico:

H. E. BOLTE, LL.D. (hon.): "The Victorian Way of Death." Latest addition to the Monash Hall of Fame, this expert neckrologist wishes to conduct an authoritative post-mortem on the deterrent effect of capital punishment. His straight-from-the-shoulder treatment of the subject in his own rib-tickling style will surely bring to his undoubted scholasticism that popular appeal which has followed him on every platform, be it rostrum or gibbet. This opportunity for Dr. Bolte, the man with his finger on every pulse, to pick the brains of our crime statistics must not be missed. He intends to let the statistics of the number of warders shot by escaping prisoners since Ryan's death speak for themselves.

ANDREW T. JONES (discontinued): "Rehabilitating University Failures." Here is Adelaide U's favourite drop-out in a learned post-exclusion thesis on career opportunities for the undergrad with a head too big for his trencher. Andrew, latest and most lamented appointment to Canberra's School of Double Dutch (on the way to claiming his own Power bequest), will make exhaustive investigations into night-clubs and strip shows in order to prove his maiden-speech theory that mental growth is inversely related to length of hair. Harold will be sure to grasp this chance to

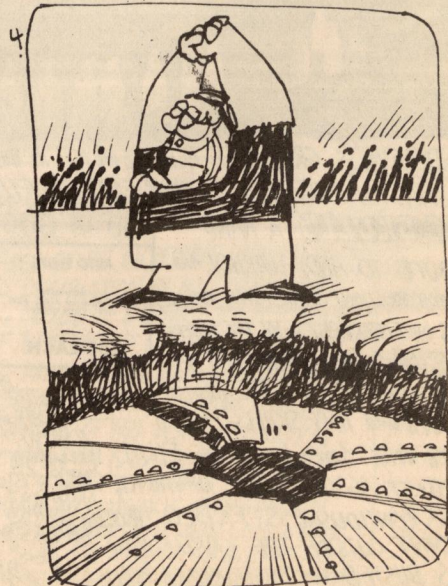
allow his embarrassing baby-bunting to go-go back into obscurity with a one-way research ticket to Bedford Park.

DAVIS HUGHES, B.Sc. (imaginary): This eminent man of many parts has already produced highly satisfactory results in the various research fields in which he has been subsidized by the State Treasury. His works, "The A.B.C. of Opera", "Do It Yourself Architecture", "How to Bring a Great Dane to Heel", all bear the stamp of a genuinely creative jackboot. He now asks Government support for his new research into the best way of turning the second hall of the Opera House into a car-park.

DAVID ARMSTRONG, B.A., B.Phil., Ph.D.: Sydney University's top moralist, Callous Professor of Philosophy and worthy successor to John Anderson, requests a Federal grant for research into "The Ethics of Vietnam Commitment". Turning the truth tables on critics of Government policy, this champion of naive realism intends to rationalise the war, explode Bertrand Russell, and hail L.B.J. as the latter-day Leviathan. He further harries his opponents with telling insight into the wilds of Vietnam and the mentality of her people—and all this from his armchair in the land of red bricks and mortar boards.

FRANK KNOPFELLMACHER, B.A., Ph. D.: For the low price of one research grant, Dr. K. will lift the lid on Parkville Academica—Melbourne's notorious "Paton Place", revealing it as a hot-bed of middle-class poofers and other campus revolutionaries. For a small commission (Royal, preferably) he will lace his report with liberal extracts from his forthcoming publication "The Sex Life of Frederick May" and describe a genuine Vietcong spy ring at work in the Engineering Department of Sydney University. A regular Catholic Martyr at the time of the Passover for academic promotion, Knoffles is sure that his work will prove the angel of death for all Red Deans, travelling fellows, etc., at present penetrating our seats of learning.

—G.R.





OR THE SEARCH FOR A
TRUE DEFINITION OF A GREAT
SUBJECT

by

"A. Booby Esq."

NOTE: In the 16th century a learned Bishop
preached "Inter faeces et urinam nascimur".

When HISTORY we ponder to define,
What MOTS or MAXIMS chiefly seem to
shine?

You, *CHURCHILL*, told us what we felt
before

With your sage dictum, "History is War";
You, *HOPE*, since poets are wiser in Man-
kind,

Sang "History is the Anus of the Mind";

Your Latin, *FATHER*, we may yet prefer

"Inter faeces et urinam nascimur";

Which means (more nicely) that, "Our
History's born

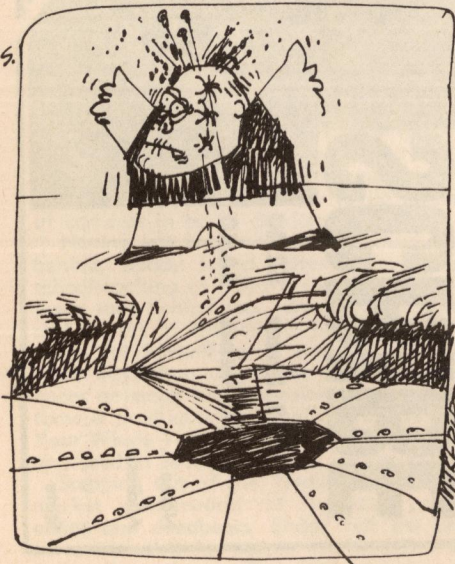
Between those Parts we usually scorn."

First, heed the Statesman's words; who leads
us men

Knows well the means, a patriotic pen;
On books disguised as Literature and Law
Boys are raised up from Ignorance to War,
We graduate to Races, Systems, Creeds,
And learn how Bombs and Cannons meet
their needs:

Rave, Patriots! Play on your Roles of
Death;

Between the acts sniff Peace, a moment's
breath;



Then start the stage again; your bloody
sword unsheath!

Repeat to *HOLTS* and *JOHNSONS* the old
Law

They follow well, that "History is War";
Brag in your Clubs the newest noble story:
Burning's the Fame, and Massacre's the
glory!

You, *POET*, with real inspiration rising,
Sang us a definition unsurprising,
Yes, History's the Tail of Human Fame;
She sheds rich Ordures of men's feasts of
Shame;

We raise her Heroes high, who taxing, plan
The last Evacuation of dull Man,

The Consummation of our warring kind
By History, "the anus of the mind".

But last, most holy *BISHOP*, wise Divine!
We ponder on our gravest, sagest line:
We, " 'mid the Ordure and the Urine born",
Should praise the Slaughter we pretend to
scorn;

WE are the *CENTRE* of this awful Thing,
Fresh fruits of Murder round about us
cling,

And as among such things we first saw
Light,

Still in our ancient Action we delight,
And bombing, burning, killing, stink on to
endless blight.



EDUCATING E.G.W.

1934 was E. G. Whitlam's last year at Canberra Grammar. He was a prefect and on the editorial panel of "The Canberran". Also at the school, a year behind Gough, was the present publisher of "The Anglican" and OZ's Religious Editor, Francis James. We are happy to record that young Francis is listed in "The Canberran" as one of the school's "Servers and Sacristans".

The first article in the school magazine's 1934 edition is "Meditations in Canberra Cathedral", written by "Mr. Spectator", a futuristic piece in which the author finds his former schoolmates enshrined in the hallowed vaults of the Cathedral. In due course he comes upon "the ashes of the former Archbishop Whitlam. The smallness of the urn occasioned some doubt in my mind, for 'tis well-known that he had ever been over-large in stature and in girth (although he always maintained that he possessed a commanding figure) . . . I had never thought of him but with the profoundest admiration and in truth methinks that the knowledge and understanding he entertained of the Latin and Greek tongues was like to arouse envy in an Ancient. A great man. 'Tis rumoured that, whilst under the care of the first Headmaster of the Grammar School, he had presented a composition in Latin which contained but two errors. A very great man. It surprised me that he was cremated."

Likewise he chances upon the urn of "James, or, as he does prefer it, A. Francis P. James, for you must know he is the same who, I am told, now holds the office of Prime Minister. Rumour hath it that he has several times been threatened that without he keep his attentions more to Politics and less to writing sonnets to ladies, he may give up his career."

Despite his reputation for amorous sonnets, young James apparently was something of a plagiarist and "Answers to Cor-

respondents" records: "A Francis P. James. —Your verses strike us as somewhat familiar."

There was also announced an Ode competition, to which "E.G.W." had entered *Ode to the Institute of Anatomy*, and "A. Francis P. James also entered an *Ode to Peters*, but others maintained that most was owed to them". The prizes for the competition were as follows: "First: Five years' subscription to *Hansard*. Second: Ten years' subscription to *Hansard*. Consolation: Subscription to *Hansard* for life."

"E.G.W." appears to have been no mean hand at the sonnet form himself and contributed *Sonnet to Helen* and *To My Darling*. His sister, Freda, who now headmistresses Sydney's Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon, would no doubt fear for her charges' safety if they were exposed to the persuasive seduction of "E.G.W.'s" *To the Gracious and Beautiful Ladies of the Canberra C. of E. Girls' Grammar School*.

Apart from some fine juvenile poetry, the would-be Archbishop Whitlam's major triumph appears to be in his scholastic work, where he scored First-Class Honours in English, Seconds in Latin, an A in French and B's in Ancient and Modern History.

Would-be Prime Minister James, on the other hand, was obviously something more of a school "character". He made the hockey team and is described variously as "An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical, Out-of-the-way young man" and "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat".

We understand that E.G.W. has now switched ambitions to the Prime Ministership; that James has given up all hope of becoming Archbishop or Prime Minister but is content to serve as Gough's book-supplier.

YOUTH AND TRADITION

Within Australia's shores, where men are cold

to learning's quickening influence as yet,
The man of arts is likely to regret
The benefits our solitudes withhold:
He yearns for countries where traditions old
Of music, letters, art are proudly set,
Where Florence, Paris, Weimar still beget
A recollection of the Age of Gold.

Yet times there are, though culture's rays
endue
Those peoples with a charm that men
revere,
When spite the heritage of great and true
The soul must crave our younger
atmosphere:

We have the verdant vista of the New,
—New skies to scale, new paths to pioneer.

—E.G.W.



TECHNIQUES

Stripping Requirements

Stripping is, in a sense, a creative craft. The stripper must be trained and educated in many areas. He must have the knowledge to enable him to consider the various alternative techniques, methods and tools, and then to select correctly the one which will best suit the qualifications and quality level of the job.

For example, he should be able to find the centre of a partly drawn circle by the use of a ruler and a triangle.

A stripper should know about triangulation. This is a method of dividing an area into any desired number of small equal parts.

He should know how to use a French curve, and how to draw an ellipse.

USE OF STRIPPING TOOLS. The stripper must develop a technique of using his tools to produce work that is accurate in every stripping operation.

A complete understanding of imposition is required by the stripper. He must know how to make layouts for sheetwise, work-and-turn or work-and-tumble jobs.

PUBLICITY and PRINTING

September-October, 1966

SUB

to
OZ Magazine
16 Hunter Street
Sydney

SCRIBE

12 issues \$2.40
24 issues \$4.50

Name
Address
State



The Boddy in the ABC can

Recently the **Sunday Mirror** featured what it thought was a piece of scandal when it published a front-page photo of Michael Boddy go-going with naked dancing girls. It was suggested that the ABC might see something amiss in the twenty stone star of the national children's show **Cracker-jack** participating in libidinous adult activities. But the ABC long ago learnt that Boddy is not content merely to jig in front of cameras in banal children's shows.

Having left England and an Oxford M.A. behind, Boddy found, after a few years' schoolteaching in Hobart, that he'd have to leave that behind too. Mixing with actors and writers in Melbourne, he soon made a name for himself as a sizeable talent in more ways than one. After varied performances on stage and television (including the famous production of **You'll Come to Love Your Whale Test** by George Spermy), Boddy appeared in Sydney, in drag, at the Tivoli.

Stepping out of the Tivoli into the Haymarket netherworld of junkies, prozos, alxies and deadbeats, Boddy felt the urge to capture this for people who wouldn't see it for themselves. The ABC was nice to

Best for Lyndon, Best for You...

On Saturday, August 28, 1948, a Democrat Primary Election took place in Texas. This was a pre-selection vote for the Democrats' candidate for a sure-fire Senate seat to be elected that November.

On the following Wednesday, the Texas Election Bureau announced that a Mr. Coke Stevenson had beaten a Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson in the Primary by 100 votes.

Yet, the next day, at midday, the said L.B.J. proclaimed himself as the true victor and exhorted his followers to "do their duty". Appropriately enough, the next day an amended return was filed which gave Johnson just enough votes to win.

Mr. Coke Stevenson immediately assigned two former F.B.I. men to check the late votes that had been recorded during that week. Here's what they found:

- All of the late votes were in green ink.
- Some of the late votes had been cast by late members of the electoral roll.
- The "voters" just happened to stroll into the polling booth in alphabetical order.

However, when Johnson was told about Stevenson's investigations, he got an injunction from the State Court House in Austin forbidding any change in the returns.

By September 13, with the November Senate elections now imminent, the State Democratic election committee had to decide who was to be their candidate. By a vote of 29 to 28 they decided in favour of L.B.J.

Undaunted, Stevenson tried to take the matter before the State Democratic Convention but his followers were barred from the door. So he took the case to the District Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an honest and fair election count.

After a full hearing during which both sides produced their evidence, the judge ruled in favour of Stevenson. Worse, the Federal Court decided to send its own investigators in to have a look at the disputed votes.



Boddy, offering him regular work in a kid's show, and so he thought he'd be nice to them and offer them his ideas for television. The ABC was excited by his ideas, and bought them all up—films, plays, the lot.

First came **On the Polonaise**, a living camera treatment of hobos in the rocks. The ABC ploughed a lot of greenbacks into this before putting the lid on the can while the editing of the film was incomplete. It seems that the scene was too degenerate, or true, or gutsy, or something, so it was killed.

Boddy was paid for his script, the director for his directing, and the bums for their time. But unlike **The War Game**, which trembled stiff British upper lips, **On the Polonaise** didn't ever see the light of day, or even the dark of the inside of a cinema.

Then came **Bufo in the Underworld**—a play about prostitutes—commissioned, but never produced.

Boddy started to wonder what was going on, even when paid for his half-hour play, **John Forester Awaits the Light**. In it a character tries to make a girl—rather darling for 1966 television. But it was produced, and censored only to the extent of

Things were getting a bit uncomfortable for the Texan. In an attempt to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisers appealed to the Texas Supreme Court, which refused to interfere.

However, the Federal investigators found that they were going to have a difficult time trying to secure the voting list they were after. It appeared that one of the two copies of the list had been stolen and the remaining copy was tucked away in a sealed ballot box. To get at that box would require a day or so more, time that was not to be made available.

For now, when things never looked hopeless for the Texan, the reins of his fortune were placed in the sure hands of Abe Fortas.

It was Abe Fortas who carried LBJ's battle to the Supreme Court of the United States where what had appeared to be the Alamo of Byrdland was turned into an irreversible victory. The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's Order had to be set aside as unwarranted interference in state election procedures.

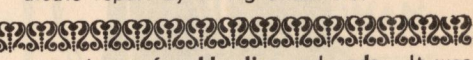
Thus the Federal investigation was brought to a grinding halt on the eve of the opening of the vital ballot box.

(Abe Fortas later rose to infamy as a professional buffer for Lyndon in the Walter Jenkins scandal and was promoted to the U.S. Supreme Court for his services).

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States' Senate to refuse to seat Johnson. The Senate responded by sending its own investigating committee to look at that mysterious ballot box. Strangely enough, the Senate investigators never saw proof because the ballot boxes had been accidentally burned by a well-intentioned janitor.

And so, in 1948, "Landslide" Lyndon became a Senator of the United States. Fifteen years later he was able to side-step yet another election to become President.

(Condensed from Underground Press Syndicate report by Irving Shushick).



removing a few bloodies and gods. It was even programmed, and mentioned in the ABC's publicity rag **TV Times**. But, lo, it did not appear. Another play was programmed in its place, and **John Forester**, like **Polonaise** was relegated to a can in an ABC vault. It was promised for 1967, but has yet to appear.

Strangely, the ABC persevered and bought and produced more Boddy television plays—one about a religious nut in a lift, and the other about a girl in an odd-ball Haymarket hotel. These have not been programmed either, and appear to be heading the way of the others.

Other Boddy stuff still lies around the ABC in script form. He was commissioned to write the second series of **Nice 'N' Juicy**, but then this series, despite its high ratings for an ABC programme, was dropped as if it were another Boddy hot potato.

TV audiences know Boddy as an affable fat-man who pulls faces for the kids. They suspect he might be a bit strange for appearing in underground films. But no one suspects that Boddy is a highly talented writer who has suffered from the ABC's pathetic disease of double think.

LOOK, Jimmy, I understand! I understand! Who's stood by you all these years? Who backed you up every time? Right! Me! And now I'm trying to do you a simple favour."

"Thanks, Mr. Ableman, but I just don't think I can afford—"

"Afford! Afford! Jimmy, how long have you been with me now? Eight, nine years?"

"Going on ten."

"Right! Ten years isn't every day of the week. When you're with me ten years, you're with me for life!"

"Thanks, Mr. Ableman."

"OK. Now listen to me, Jimmy." He lowered his voice. "Should a man who's been a part of Ableman-Green, who's been a highly valued executive, handling some of our most lucrative accounts for nigh on ten years, let his wife be seen catching a bus? I should hope not!"

Jimmy Parkenham knew what was coming. He knew the argument backwards. Yet he sat in the large soft leather chair facing Kingsley Ableman's enormous desk and listened anew, as to an old play he had heard so many times, an old charade he had guessed often before.

"We're the businessmen, Jimmy. We're the bricks and mortar of this business. Without us, advertising as it is known today is non-existent. Artists and writers? Valuable livestock! A pack of money-hungry cowards who want to be paid to paint Mona Lisas. Now, Jimmy, why haven't you come to me earlier about a car for your wife. You've got a beautiful house there and I'm proud to be associated with it, but you've

got two garages there. One'll get cobwebs if you don't have two cars."

Jimmy Parkenham found it a little difficult to breathe and a tiny electric sweat collected behind his knees.

"Look, chief, I'm already in hock to you, right up to here!"

"Have I ever said no? Ever knocked you back? Name when!"

"I had hoped you would put through my salary increase while I was on my honeymoon, so I can pay you back quicker."

the struggle

"Money! Jimmy, when you get to my time of life, you don't want money, you want things."

"Yeah, but they're not accepting coloured beads for alimony now."

"Don't mention that! That business took ten years off my life."

"I did my best to hush it up."

"Sure! Gave the dailies the meatiest divorce case in years. Next time you start to screw around let me know first, so I can fill the front page with ads!"

"Robyn was out for a lot of blood, chief."

"And most of it was mine! Anyway, all kidding aside, how's it now, with Sandra?"

"Great. We get on well."

"Having a house-warming? Come on, now. You got out of having the first one!"

"OK, chief. We'll have a house-warming."

"But, seriously, Jimmy, that tiny scandal of yours didn't go unnoticed."

"Hegarty?"

"I mean Hegarty."

"That cross-eyed oaf."

"Don't knock Hegarty. He mightn't win a beauty contest, but his cigarettes are worth a million bucks a year to us."

"Yeah, but when is this guy going to learn about the separation of Church and business?"

"That's where you're wrong, Jimmy. The Church is big business. Don't knock the Pope. In this business you gotta like what the guy who pays you believes in. If the President of Proctor & Gamble was a cannibal and wanted to give me his business, I'd order barbecued babies for the luncheon."

"Sure."

"Don't laugh! I would! I'd be munching babies along there with him. Medium rare."

"That's no surprise. You became a cannibal years ago."

"You think so, Jim? Maybe I did! Maybe I did eat my way to the top. So what? Whoever gets around to eating me will have to have a pretty strong stomach."

When Ableman finished laughing, he offered Parkenham a cigarette, took one himself and lit it in the gas flame from Parkenham's lighter.

"You gotta laugh, Jimmy. If you don't laugh, nothing's funny."

"I'd better nip off, chief. I've got Hegarty

coming shortly. I'll try and not drop my rosary beads."

"That's right, Jimmy. Never keep a client waiting. Oh, and another thing. Sit on that new artist. Hegarty hates that storyboard idea."

"The Mona Lisa selling cigarettes?"

"He had a big beef to me, Jimmy."

"I thought it was a great idea."

"Maybe so. But the fact remains that Hegarty thought it looked a little too much like the Virgin Mary. I know! I know! But you've gotta remember. If he thinks you look like Jesus Christ, I'd ask you to get surgery."

"I wouldn't, though."

"That's your prerogative, Jimmy. But it's my business."

"Well, back to my round of miracles."

Jimmy Parkenham got out of the big leather chair, his back still enjoying its embracing warmth.

"And, Jimmy, your new lady should have taken delivery of a shining new Valiant by now. I marked it from you. So there should be a message from her on your desk by now. I'd like to be between your sheets tonight!"

"Thanks, chief. Over how long are the payments spread?"

"Tons of time. As a wedding gesture, the interest's on me."

"Thanks, chief."

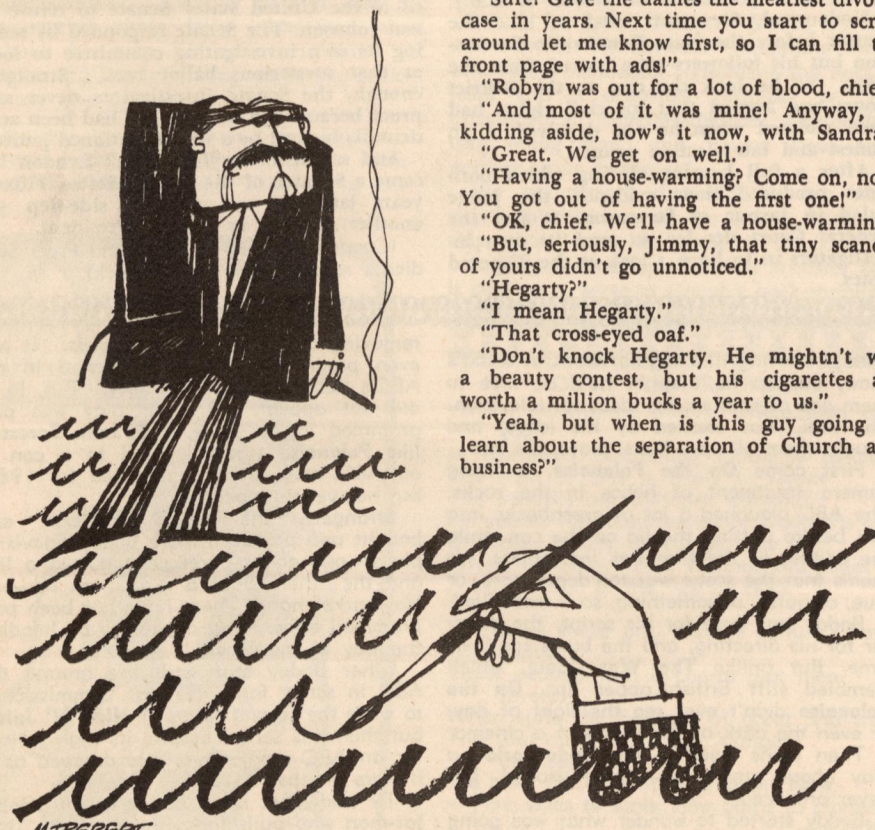
Humbly. Heavily.

He remembered the first time, not long after he had started there, he had gone in to see Kingsley Ableman about a small loan to carry him over a tight time.

Then the money for the house. Ableman insisted on forwarding that.

"No use skimping. Get a nice place. It may be big now, but you'll grow into it. You'll have something to show for your money."

Then came the bust-up with Robyn. Lawyers! When Jimmy added up the total and continuing costs, he knew he was in the wrong business.



KINGSLEY ABLEMAN, even when quite young, had made his impression. Old man Green had retired, leaving both his business and his daughter to Ableman.

Ableman had taken the business first, then the daughter. In spite of his calculated caution, he did not escape the charge that he climbed to the top through the daughter's belly.

But it was the reverse which was true. Old man Green, like an ageing medieval prince, wanted his blood married into the business renaissance to come.

Ableman never let any client cross the distinct invisible line that he had drawn. Any client who crossed that line was, what he called, "throwing shit in the fan".

When one company began to play the prima donna with Ableman, he promptly secured the business of its largest competitor, lifted the phone and dialled straight through to the General Manager and stated his business. "Ableman here. As from midnight tonight, we will no longer be servicing your account." He hung up and asked his secretary not to take calls from that company.

Last month, Jimmy Parkenham, Ableman's senior account executive on Byrne Tobacco,

by Ron Blair

married again. All that money seemed to buy were exhausting expenses. But for a man who loved "things" rather than the money which bought them, Ableman had one unspoken disappointment.

Although Pierre Green left him a sound and thriving business, he might have left a more mentally balanced daughter for the prince to marry. There was a rumour in the agency that the juniors liked to believe. It was said that when Ableman was angling for a large food account, not long after his marriage, he took his potential client home for dinner. His wife served up beautifully hot meat pies, still fresh in their wrappers.

Jimmy Parkenham had heard this story and a dozen others verified and denied in the decade he had been with Ableman-Green. It was true enough that his chief wasn't seen with his wife often. But that didn't mean they didn't live under the same roof.

Kingsley Ableman had kept his biggest clients for a long time because he gave them no reason to move. A divorce might perhaps give one of them that reason, even if the client had had an unhappy marriage himself.

BUT what could even Ableman do with Hegarty? Parkenham always had to play it straight with Hegarty. High seriousness every time. Parkenham found himself trying to bluff Hegarty with a camouflage of jargon. At the same time he had to struggle to look at Hegarty's good eye, to avoid staring into the other bad one: the wild, mad eye that disobediently looked elsewhere when Hegarty was studying layouts and copy.

"Mr. Ableman agrees with me on the idea for this commercial."

"You mean the Mona Lisa angle?"

"I do."

"I think it's a great idea."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Parkenham. I not only think it's a poor idea, but too much like the madonna."

"If that's a madonna, where's the child? For Christ's sake, the Mona Lisa is a . . . a . . . an international gag. An eye-catching joke. Set to appeal to the swingers."

"I don't think Byrne Cigarettes should be made fun of. Nor do I find anything amusing which implies ridicule for the Virgin Mary."

Parkenham had dealt with strange clients in his ten years. One said the word "revolutionary" could not be used to describe his product. The word, he said, was a communist one. Another client had called him a messenger boy. Another had made sexual advances. But never before had Parkenham been so disturbed by such a thing as a turned eye. Hegarty's turned eye that was gaping at the far side of the room.

"Mr. Hegarty," said Parkenham slowly smiling, "we're not seeing eye to eye about this."

"How dare you ridicule my disability." Hegarty was on his feet. Jimmy knew he couldn't let him go.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hegarty. It was just an expression."

"There is nothing to say. Please sit down. I will leave immediately."

He was gone. Jimmy Parkenham knew where. Hegarty would look weary and baffled. Ableman would nod his head very slowly.

"I'm as upset as you are, Lance."

"I wouldn't like him to be fired, King. Just give me another fellow, but it would be . . . surely unjust to give him the sack."

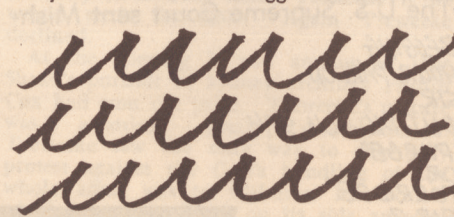
"That's very generous of you, Lance, but I have no alternative. You're a charitable man, Lance, and I admire you for it. But I can't hope that every one of my clients will be as generous as you've been today. This fellow can't go around ruining business relationships. It's best for both of us—best for him, to, if he only knew it."

"There's nothing wrong with the lad, King. Bad manners; that's all. But I ask you not to fire him."

"I've spent a lot of money on that boy. But you're right. No point in sacking him. Doesn't solve anything. I'm going to send young Parkenham out to our Thai office for a few years. Meantime, Lance, I'm going to buy you the best cigarette executive in the business. I've been negotiating some time for him. Suit you?"

"Down to the ground."

"I won't trouble Parkenham right now. I'll ring him at home. He tells me he bought his wife a new car. Beats me, Lance, these young fellows are far too well paid today. They haven't had to struggle like us."



PLAYBOYS and GIRLS

(Can't afford big ad. to be funny in, buy more from me and I'll take more space)

PLAYBOY READER. 876 BIG pages, 9½" x 7", clothbound, articles, interviews, sick & other humour, satire, all but the bunnies. \$7.80. (Bunnies, when available, about 95 cents each, skinned, check with local fish shop).

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS. Sickly novel, banned and unbanned, 442 pages, \$4.35.

BIZARRE, by Barrie H. Sick, sad, erotic, lusty, uninhibited. 250 pages, 9 x 9, 250 cartoons, photos, freaks, etc. \$10.00 folder, illustrated, 5c.

EROTIC POETRY. Lushy & lustful, lingeringly longingly. From dirty old & young from B.C. to now. 500 pages, 500 poems, clothbound. \$7.30. Cop this yung-arold.

LOVE IN ACTION. How true the title is forsooth. Oh yes, shelve this one for reference. Love all over the world, all stages, ages, etc. 430 pages text, 91 illustrations. Unabridged, clothbound. \$7.80.

PROSTITUTION IN EUROPE & THE NEW WORLD. Just the thing for the Vicar, if he hasn't already hidden one under his cassock, or hollowed out the prayer book. Covers the lot, 41 illustrations, 378 pages, clothbound. \$7.20.

KAMA KALPA. Hindu Ritual of Love. 150 big, 11" x 8½" pages, text, 94 pages with 224 illustrations. This is a beauty. GET IT NOW. \$11.00.

THE DECAMERON. Illst. by Broadhurst. \$4.00.

THE HEPTAMERON by Maggie of Navarre. \$3.30.

THE SATYRICON. Trans. by Lonsday. \$3.30.

RABELAIS, complete, 700 pages, illustrated. \$5.50.

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. Should be 20 cents, is \$2.30.

RASPUTIN, by Colin Wilson. \$3.30.

COLOUR SLIDES. GIRLS, birthday attired. Get a few samples before charging in with loads of cash. Assorted samples, SPECIAL TO OZ READERS . . . & anyone else who sends in the money, 8 for \$2.00.

WHACKING GREAT LISTS & FOLDERS, ETC. 20 cents. FREE NUDE CALENDAR, original cost 99 cents, FREE if you spend \$3.00 at

JACK KERNOHAN

THE BOOKMAN,
MT. DANDENONG RD., MONTROSE
VICTORIA, AUST.
MAIL ORDER GENIUS



SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY
Rawlings & Sons (London) Ltd., Waterloo.

THE TOTALITY FOR KIDS by VANEIGAM

Incendiary, revolutionary demolition of ideology, politics, religion and expose of situationist ideas.

Essential for anyone who really means it. Send 40 cents to Oz, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

The Censorship scene

IN Minneapolis, in order to prove that **'The Lovers'** — on display at the local art gallery — was obscene, a detective testified that he used a ruler to measure the

penis in the painting, in an attempt to prove that it was oversize in proportion to the body and consequently obscene.



IN West Germany you have to produce a birth certificate to buy a nudist magazine. Nudist groups there have set up a voluntary censorship board:

Women must not be photographed with their legs apart, nor should they have excessively well-developed breasts. Male genitals must be neither exaggerated nor emphasised. Nudists mustn't be shown with their genitalia too close to food. Two nude women must not be shown smiling at each other and the pubic hair on women must be of even growth.

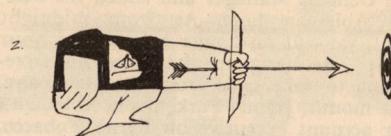
THE Ohio State Pharmaceutical Association recently distributed posters to drug stores declaring: "We want to sell only acceptable reading material. If a magazine seems objectionable to you, please call it to the attention of the management." A university student complained about **Time** magazine.

THE important American "Roth" case defined obscenity partially as material which appeals to the prurient interests of the average person in the community. Later, in the "Mishkin" case, involving sado-masochistic books, the appellant **admitted** appealing to the customers' prurience, but his defence was that these weren't average people, and that fetishism, flagellation et al. "instead of stimulating the erotic . . . disgust and sicken." The U.S. Supreme Court sent Mish-

BEGGING
YOUR PARDON
SIR
BUT DID YOU SAY
"PURGE"
OR
"PORRIDGE"
SIR?

IN the "Roth" case, **Playboy** magazine filed an "amicus curiae" brief, which posed the following questions:

"What kind of inner thought or response does the law seek to prevent? Thoughts about sexual perversion? Extra-marital relationships? Changes in sex mores? If a man is shown a photograph of a bathing beauty, would it be impure for him to think (a) of kissing her; (b) of how she would look nude; (c) of intercourse with her; or (d) of marrying her? Does the



thinker's own marital status or his moral standards affect the 'purity' or 'impurity' of such thoughts?"

This stimulating document was signed by Abe Fortas, recently raised to the US Supreme Court bench to replace Arthur Goldberg when he was made UN Ambassador.

In the recent Supreme Court 5-4 decision to send **Eros** publisher Ralph Ginzburg to gaol, Fortas cast the decisive vote against Ginzburg. It is almost certain that Goldberg, if he had remained on the bench, would have voted the other way. Tough.

THERE was a conference at the University of Chicago on the theme, "What Knowledge Is Most Worth Having?" Somebody ran a classified ad in the student newspaper taking the position that "Carnal Knowledge is most worth having."

(Data from "The Realist", which is itself banned in Australia. However, subscriptions may be addressed to Box 242, Madison Sq. Sta. New York 10010 at the rate of American \$4 for 10 issues or \$6 for 20.)

THE PERILS OF WINNING

Every year Sydney's Contemporary Art Society holds its Young Contemporaries Exhibitions at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery.

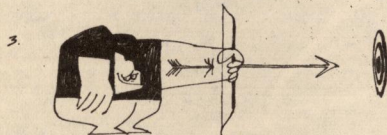
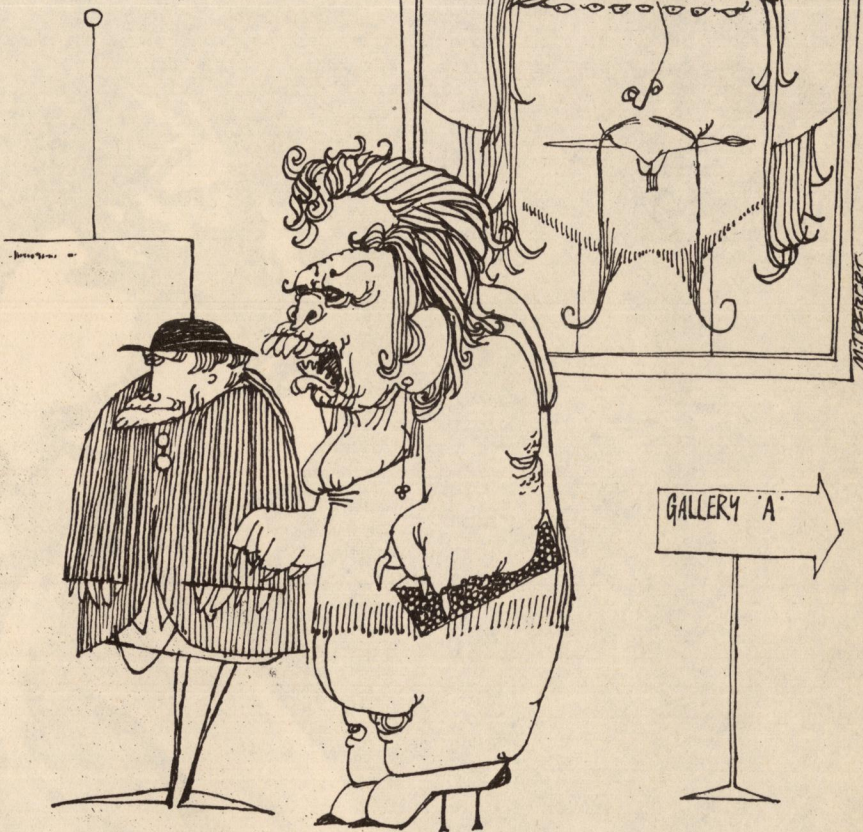
It is open to all painters of 35 and under. The prizemoney is the grand sum of \$400, donated by Fairfax.

It is an acquisitive prize, which means that after the winner is given his money, his painting is "acquired" and packed off to the Fairfax collection.

The ninety pictures submitted for this year's exhibition were screened by a selection committee of six: three under 35, three over. The three eligible members of this committee are permitted to enter. All three did and were short-listed by themselves and their older colleagues for hanging.

With fifty finally selected for hanging, judges Daniel Thomas and Wallace Thornton agreed that it was the highest standard show for years. What they didn't agree upon was the winner. It is generally thought that Thomas decided for Vernon Treweeke, while Thornton plumped for Gary Shead.

"SURELY ARTISTS CAN'T SEE THINGS THIS WAY!"



Why not share the prize? Why not indeed, since it would mean Fairfax would acquire two paintings for a mere \$400.

There was one hitch. Shead's picture was marked at \$250 and it wouldn't be difficult getting him to settle for \$200. But Treweeke's painting was up for \$500. It's a long drop.

Treweeke's entry was a big picture. Six foot by five-foot six. Although a painter generally values all his pictures equally, he can only base his price variation on size, materials and medium.

Sydney art prices are something of a joke overseas. The rule-of-thumb used is multiply a Sydney price by ten to get an idea of what you can ask overseas.

On an afternoon before the show opened, Treweeke had a phone call from the manageress of the Blaxland Gallery. She intimated that he had won the prize but would have to share with Shead. This meant dropping his price to \$200.

Treweeke rang Elwyn Lynn, *Bulletin* art critic and President of the CAS. Lynn knew all about the proposed deal and recommended Treweeke take the cash and let the credit go. There was no money in hard-edge painting in Australia, he said, so it's better to take some money than none at all.

When Treweeke declined to settle for less than \$300, Lynn said he would try and raise

extra himself. If this failed, Treweeke should accept the cheque at the opening, then turn on a blue. Lynn has yet to deny that he made these suggestions.



Finally, on the verge of the opening, CAS secretary Nola Yuill asked Treweeke if he would settle for \$200. Again Treweeke declined.

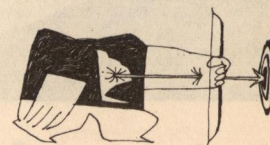
At the opening it was announced that Shead's portrait of Sydney architect Phillip Cox had won the prize. Treweeke's picture was awarded special commendation. Treweeke saw the only way to effectively protest against the CAS's handling of the whole affair was to withdraw his work—which had been hung on its side anyway! Two other painters, Wendy Paramor and

Gunther Christmann, took down their pictures in support of Treweeke.

Although it hasn't been hard for the CAS to call it sour grapes, the walk-out has thrown a few people into hugger mugger and high dudgeon. The CAS has resolved never to let it happen again and has recommended that Fairfax be asked to increase the prize to \$800 acquisitive or keep it \$400 non-acquisitive.

But why should he—or, for that matter, any of the acquisitive art prize donors—change his ways? After all, \$400 is a pretty cheap outlay to add one or two promising paintings to your collection each year. As an act of self-interested benevolence it must take the prize itself.

—R.B.



BINKIE



the forbidden burger...