

No 12; August, 64: 1/6

**OZ**





# The best-dressed men in town shop at the Village Toggery

WHY? Because our huge range of quality menswear allows us to cater for the individual tastes of every single customer. Come, try on a Cashmere coat or a mohair cardigan, see our fashion-styled shirts, our off-beat accessories. You can enjoy the luxury of allowing us to hand-tailor a suit for you—at a budget price! (And wives . . . bring your husband along to try on a topless swimming costume).

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**Daily Mirror**  
**WHIPPING  
FOR WIFE'S  
HUSBAND RAGE**  
RACE RESULTS

**Daily Mirror**  
**TENNIS  
STAR  
SHOCKS  
PRIEST**  
LOTTERIES  
£12,000  
1128  
£8000  
5374

**Daily Mirror**  
**100 YARDS  
FROM HOME  
GIRL 13  
RAPED**  
COMPLETE OPERA LOTTERY No 99

**Daily Mirror**  
**GANG  
RAPES  
GIRL, 16**

**Daily Mirror**  
**MOTHER'S STORY  
'WHY MY  
SON IS A  
KILLER!'**  
LOTTERIES 5380-81 COMPLETE

**Daily Mirror**  
**OBSCENE  
BROADCAST  
ANNOUNCER  
QUITS**  
£12,000  
LOTTERY  
1135  
COMPLETE

**Daily Mirror**  
**PROWLER  
STRIPS  
WOMAN  
NAKED**  
LOTTERIES  
5385  
5386  
COMPLETE

**Daily Mirror**  
**BANNED  
SEX FREE  
FOR SOME  
BOOKS**  
£30,000 LOTTERY No. 25

**Daily Mirror**  
**LASH FOR  
3 JUDGE'S  
SENTENCE  
RAPISTS**  
COMPLETE OPERA LOTTERY No 95

**Daily Mirror**  
**PICTURE  
NUDE TOP  
IN BUS  
SYDNEY SHOCK**  
LOTTERY  
5371  
COMPLETE

**Daily Mirror**  
**SEX JUDGE'S  
ORDER  
OPERATION  
OR GAOL**  
£12,000 LOTTERY 1129 COMPLETE

**Daily Mirror**  
**WOMAN ATTACKED  
PROWLER  
STRIKES  
AGAIN**



— MY NAME'S ZEL RABIN, I'M EDITOR OF THE **Daily Mirror**  
I'M ALSO A WRITER .... I WRITE SOME OF THESE .....  
..... I'M ONLY IN MY EARLY 30'S... AREN'T I CLEVER!



# HATE!

## SCAPEGOAT:

1. **JEWISH ANTIQ.** A goat upon whose head was symbolically placed the sins of the people, after which he was suffered to escape into the wilderness, as part of the ceremony prescribed by Biblical Law (Lev. XVI.10) for the Day of Atonement.

2. **ANTHROPOL.** Any animal or person to whom sins, evil, ill luck, etc., is ceremonially attached, the victim then being sacrificed or driven out, as symbolic of dispelling evils.

3. Hence a person or thing bearing blame for others.

(Websters International Dictionary).

## WHY YOU NEED A SCAPEGOAT

Tired? Listless? Lustless?  
Nervy? Depressed? Bored? Do  
you hate yourself?

End all this by *hating others*.  
There's nothing like HATE to add  
meaning and purpose to your life.

Why must you hate someone?

*Because if it wasn't for THEM the  
world would be a much nicer place  
to raise your kiddies in.*

You needn't hate *all* of THEM  
(some of your best friends might  
be . . .), just hate what they stand for.

With a little ingenuity you can  
blame everything from a personal in-  
convenience to the H. Bomb on a  
scapegoat.

## SOME TYPICAL SCAPEGOATS

Catholics, Communists, Jews, the  
Press, Big Business, Politicians, Nig-  
gers, Students. For those who'd pre-  
fer a larger-than-life challenge, we  
suggest you HATE God, Women or  
the Indonesians.

Others may like the odds in their  
favour: try these evergreens—Homo-  
sexuals, anti-fluoridationists, aca-  
demics or Rosaleen Norton. Or, if  
you'd like to be original, try hating  
the Icelandic-Nomads.

The great Australian scapegoats are  
The Pommies, The 'Roos and Edu-  
cated Louts.

OZ scapegoats are Cops and the  
RSL.

## HOW DO I CHOOSE A SCAPE- GOAT TO SUIT MY NEEDS?

Easy. Just scan this scapegoat cata-  
logue:

**Jews:** Is business slack? Still  
struggling with your income-tax  
forms? THEY'VE been at it again.  
Who do you think runs big business

I'd rather be right  
than be President



I'd rather be Left  
than be Prime-Minister



in this country, anyway? Why don't  
they go back to selling rags. Hitler  
was right.

**Nazis:** Some people for ethnic or  
other reasons find Jew hating a little  
old hat. To fill their needs, the Nazi  
party has been formed in Australia.  
Here's a group for everyone to hate—  
even the kids. Diggers: this should  
appeal to you—it beats being beastly  
to the Japs.

**Negroes:** You'll need a little imagi-  
nation to add this to your scape-  
goat list. Very popular overseas, of  
course. It's the mark of a travelled  
man to hate niggers. Remember that  
filthy hotel in Acra and that Ala-  
bama mammy who never washed?

Don't be deterred if you've never  
been outside Australia. Take a trip to  
Moree or a bus to La Pouse. The  
Aboriginals are seething with discon-  
tent—beware, or one day there'll be a  
black Eureka Stockade.

**Communists:** Here's a good old  
stand-by, particularly for the BUSI-  
NESSMAN. Plenty of documentation  
available for the man who likes facts  
at his finger-tips. Where can you  
see one? On the docks—drinking our  
tea, smoking our cigarettes and smil-  
ing our sunny Australian smiles. If  
you're wary of close contact, just  
watch the papers for details of this  
scapegoat's activities—hell, look who  
started the third world war.

**Big Business:** Finally, one for the  
poor and the cultured. Who's re-  
sponsible for the great Australian  
Ugliness? Where has the corner  
grocer gone? B.B. has taken the fun  
and the beauty out of life. Besides,  
everyone knows Company Directors  
are perverts. The best things in life  
are free.

Found a scapegoat to suit you?

There's many more. Some people  
have just one (Satan is a historic solo)  
but you can have as many as you  
like. Eric Baume has 6 every day.  
For any further information: write  
to OZ, scapegoat department.

## Letter From Cyprus

*This is a note from Detective Ser-  
geant Greenhorn to his wife. Green-  
horn is part of the Australian Police  
contingent sent to Cyprus. OZ thanks  
his wife, Bertha Greenhorn, for her  
kind permission to print this heart-  
warming letter.*

Dear Bubbles,

Thanks for knitting me a kit-bag like  
the *real* soldiers. That good old Aussie  
wool is causing a lot of comment in the  
Mess — and frangerpanny pink is sure  
eye-catching.

Cyprus is not as big as Australia. Not  
as good either I reckon.

I have arrested several enemy (a war  
term for felons) but the Pommies won't  
let us get confessions from them. They  
are put in P.O.W. camps instead (Just  
by the by, these camps are not as tough  
as our good old Sydney lock-ups —  
they even feed the prisoners.)

Old Freddie got into awful trouble  
yesterday. He captured an enemy red-  
handed but of course released him for  
£10. Well, the Pommies don't like us  
taking these bribes and we have to be  
careful in future.

I keep my eyes open, and I got a few  
secret weapons to show NORM when I  
get back. There's Hand Grenades for  
instance. I can't tell you too much  
about them in case a Communist spy sees  
this. But I can just say they'll be mighty  
useful next Commemoration Day.

Also, I'll recommend to Norman that  
we have regular bayonet drill in future,  
gee, the bugle just sounded,

lots of love,

Percy.

XXX

● OZ August 4.



Hello.

I'm the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Gough.

Every time I open my mouth, I make news.

Especially when I talk about sex.

Look at what I said the other day (Mirror, Aug. 4): "The present generation is wallowing in a mire of sexual immorality," —aren't they lucky?



## Bare look guilt

CHICAGO, Saturday.—Miss Toni

Lee Shelley, 19, above, who wore a topless bathing suit, has been found guilty of indecent exposure.

A jury of eight women and four men took nearly 3½ hours to reach a verdict.

Sentence was postponed to allow the defence time to file a motion for a new trial.

"It was all a misunderstanding," the shapely model told reporters after the hearing.

THURSDAY JULY 16 1964

## THE AUSTRALIAN

The scorn of the Geelong stand knew no bounds. Boys hooted; girls jeered; old ladies sneered; men rocked with derision and nudged one another.

A short, battered man standing alongside me, who looked like an ex-lightweight boxer, screamed out "Ya couldn't thump ya ol' girl, yer peanut," and looked around for approval.

the

5



## village square

the column of lasting insignificance

### Everyone Is Assumed to Be an Ally

Everybody is assumed to be an ally unless he opts for aggression (sometimes even before meeting you) on no stronger grounds than that you are being yourself. I always assume, until given reason to believe otherwise, that each of us shares the same objectives: to get through life, from birth to death, with the minimum amount of inconvenience to others while deriving the maximum amount of pleasure and happiness for ourselves.

I offer a handshake, a friendly wave in passing, and any help that's within my power to anybody who wants to live such a life without interference; sometimes genuine alliances are formed, long- or short-term depending not only on the extent of our agreement but on how far we can disagree and still respect each other's motives.

There is no time for the fools who think that progress lies in fighting, still less for the belligerent bullies (cowards?) who think their progress lies in fighting you. Offer them a gift to emphasize your peaceful intentions. If they don't accept, ignore them, by-pass them, give them what they want and go away. Only the naive define going away as cowardice instead of survival.

Join things, if you will, always remembering that a little piece of personal integrity disappears with each compromise. Sometimes group action is the only means of getting things done. Quite often it is the only route to freedom from some iniquitous burden or unfair restriction. But groups have a way of enforcing rules of their own, and I never met or heard of any messiah who didn't want to govern as well as guide.

Any expression of identity, whether it be unorthodox behavior or unpopular opinions, is grounds for the charge of exhibitionism. But all individual thinkers are exhibitionists so far as the conformists are concerned. An "exhibitionist" is usually making an honest statement of who and what he is so that the like-minded can reach him. He cares not at all about the dummies who condemn him, and why should he? They are not worth a second thought.

Every individual's hang-up is less a question of what he can be than of what he has been already. The twin molds of environment and heredity have stunted his growth as much as they have shaped his character, and the extent of his potential is in direct ratio to how little he has been allowed to be himself.

It is harder for some to break away from their backgrounds than for others, but it is possible for everybody. The first thing that must be accepted—and how few people will allow themselves to accept it—is that you are alone. Who thinks your thoughts? Who feels as you feel? Who dies when you die? You are alone, you have a life to live and you must have allies.

No, that is wrong. There are no needs beyond physical needs. There are only wants. It is easier with allies but not impossible without. If you declare yourself, if you are honest in your intentions (whatever your intentions), you will always have allies.

The most important thing of all is to remember that there are almost always alternatives. It is very rarely a choice between black or white, A or B, Communism or Fascism, yes or no. We build a box around our freedom of action and complain that there is no room to move about. Knock down the walls, burn the box, vote maybe or perhaps, spoil the ballot.

There are too many morals and not enough murals. Spread out your opinions and your ideals for all to see, but do not insist on making them into laws. Do not do unto others what has been done to you. There is only one immorality, and that is in insisting that others live as you do.

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

by John Wilcock





An editorial conference at work on Australia's first truly national daily newspaper — The Australian.

## WHY THESE MEN PRODUCED A NEW DAILY NEWSPAPER

For responsible people who really want to know what's happening in the world

### *Are these men **REAL** editors ?*

Yes. See how **RESPONSIBLE** they look. And serious. Two of them wear glasses. That's to aid their **NATIONAL VISION**.

This busy editorial team is **NATIONALLY** minded. See how they dress. Look at their clean **WHITE-AUSTRALIAN** shirts. How **RESPONSIBLE** they look with their coats on! One man, is wearing a vest. The vest is made of wool. Wool is a National fabric. An important National fabric. The man in the vest is important too.

These men really want to know what's happening in the world. Look at all the **BOOKS** in the background. They will provide a **CONSTANT SOURCE OF REFERENCE** for this responsible editorial team.

Look at them again. Can't you sense the rhythm of their concentration? They are all analysing the picture that the fat man is holding. The editor on the far left is analysing the back of the picture the fat man is holding.

Look at the man on the far right? He is too far away to see anything. He will soon make the tea.

## worst of both possible worlds

● A speech to members of the Australian Journalists Association by Mr J. D. Pringle on his return from overseas recently. Mr Pringle is the new editor of the "Canberra Times" but, ironically enough, it seems that it is his chief rival, "The Australian", that has taken greatest heed of his words.

**M**Y first impression on returning to Sydney six months ago was how little the press had changed since I left six years before. The type and makeup were the same. The handling of stories was the same. Very often the stories themselves seemed the same. Column 8 was still in column 10. I couldn't find a single new feature or single new writer — though some of the writers, of course, had changed papers. Admittedly, some of the papers had new proprietors, but I'm bound to admit that sometimes old Rip Van Pringle still felt that he was really reading Ezra Norton's "Mirror", though he rather missed those charming historical extravaganzas which they used to print on the middle pages.

Of course, there were small changes. I was pleased to see that the children at Oxalis Cottage had grown up and were five years older, though I couldn't help wondering why 6 OZ, August

some newspaper executive hadn't sent the most brilliant and witty writer in Sydney

on a year's holiday abroad and brought him back to do something completely different.

I couldn't find a new columnist, a new cartoonist or even a new comic strip — oh yes, one new comic strip bought from England.

The one great and important change has nothing to do with newspapers — it is the emergence of three or four quite excellent periodicals, of which I must mention with special honour the "Bulletin" in the last two or three years. I think its reached a very fine standard. I was particularly pleased at this, because in a lecture which I delivered at Melbourne just before I left Australia I did advocate periodicals as the way in which there might be immediate and practical improvement. Well, its happened. I think Australia can be quite proud to have the Bulletin, the Nation, Quadrant, Meanlin and others — I

would like to mention OZ, too — I think it's extremely encouraging.

But as far as the daily and Sunday press of Sydney goes, and indeed of all Australia,

it seems to me fairly deep in the rut in which I left it in 1957. I couldn't help contrasting this with the press in London, during the five years I was back in Britain. During that time there's been a tremendous revolution. In fact, two Sunday papers and one national daily and a London evening paper disappeared completely—that's going a bit far for change. It's sad, but at least it does suggest the intensity of the competition which is going on there. A new Sunday newspaper, "The Sunday Telegraph", was born. The "Daily Herald's" is being reconstructed. The Manchester Guardian has become a national paper, printing in London. The Sunday Times has published the first colour supplement, which is now going to be followed by both



the Observer and, I believe, by the Sunday Telegraph and possibly by the Sunday Express.

Now these are just the obvious mountains which everybody can see. They are great changes. For journalists like ourselves, there

are a dozen others even more exciting and significant. There's been a new revolution in makeup in these five years, led, I think, so far as the quality newspapers go, by the Observer and perhaps for the popular newspapers, by the Daily Mirror. A return to a more austere use of type, much more use of lower case instead of caps, much more use of white, plenty of blank space, all this is a tremendous change which has hardly penetrated here at all. Oddly enough, the only place I notice it is in the leader page of the Sunday Mirror which does seem to be to reflect some of this exciting change in typography and makeup.

New names have emerged to take the place of the old. The brilliant young men of "Private Eye" have thrust their elbows rather unceremoniously wide. Names like Bernard Levin, Michael Frayn, Alan Brien, Kathleen Whitehorn, Penelope Gilliatt have become leading names and have taken the place of old hacks of about 35, like Ken Tynan. All this is going on all the time. I can't remember a month while I was there when some newspaper didn't introduce a new feature, a new writer, a new page, a new way of doing something.

Even new techniques have been discovered. A very brilliant journalist called Anthony Samson, who first wrote under the name of Pendennis in the Observer, has invented a new kind of gossip writing, which I would call intelligent gossip. Instead of writing about film stars and debutantes and earls, he wrote about politicians and civil servants and the new African leaders in an intelligent, personal way which made the vital and interesting to the reader. He also discovered that the story of what really happened, told a week later, a month later, or even six months later, maybe more interesting than the same event as told by the papers the next day. You really have to dig and find out what did happen.

Of course, you've probably read "Anatomy of Britain" where he applied the same technique to writing about the country as a whole in book form. He's burrowed down the corridors of power and unearthed civil servants who have previously been obscure. He's gone and dug out the headmasters he's dragged bishops, blinking, into the public gaze, half annoyed about it, half rather pleased. But he's told us, or helped to tell us, how Britain is really governed, who governs it, how it's done. He's gone into the city and found the people who run the big businesses.

Now Britain's full of imitators of Anthony Samson. Every paper has one. Where are they in Australia? I haven't seen one. I can't help thinking Australian journalists have missed some of these developments, because their eyes are fixed so firmly on the United States. Australians are temporarily obsessed by America. I've seen this in television. Any programme produced in America is bought unseen — it must be good. Much better programmes produced in Britain — they either don't know about or think a long time before they buy them. But I think this applies to the press, too, because this great revolution in the press has taken place almost entirely in Britain, and has not yet penetrated America.

The great virtue of the American press is their responsibility. They're a very responsible lot, they're very factual. They give a great deal of information. As papers of record they're unrivalled. But in many ways they're

very dull and they're very badly written and they're very badly made up. I can't help feeling sometimes that the Australian press has gone for the worst of both possible worlds.

They've imitated the sensationalism and irresponsibility of the British press and the dullness, bad makeup and typography of the American press.

Well, things are moving here at last, and I am glad that I am part of the move. I'm delighted that new papers are going to start in Australia. I think it's about time. But much more necessary. I think one of the first things to be done is to restore the primacy of writers in the Australian press. There are writers and reporters in the Australian press today, who are absolutely first class, and I'm glad to name some of them. I've praised before, and will praise again, the marvellous, lucid style and sly wit of Ross Campbell. Gavin Sinter is one of the finest reporters, I think, writing in the English language. Alan Reid is a political correspondent of extraordinary judgement and knowledge. Reg. Foster, to whom I owe a lot, has been writing vigorous, intelligent comment for 50 years, and is still readable every Sunday. These men are a credit to the profession.

But how much encouragement do they get? In Australia, money, prestige, advancement go to those who leave writing as early as possible and become administrators or executives. Even the most brilliant writers aren't paid as much as an advertising manager or circulation manager. Brilliant young men are refused a by-line as long as possible — And even after. When they get it, it's in as small type as possible. I'm sick of this anonymity. How can we compete with television, where every announcer is a sort of public star, without to some extent building up the names — and I'd include faces — of our most brilliant writers?

But the fault doesn't lie only with management. Where indeed are the bright young writers? I'm appalled when I go about newspaper offices in this country to find how thin talent is, and how many of the young men in journalism today have no ambition to become "writers".

Young men are content to do their reporting as straight as possible, using tired old phrases to report tired old facts. Whose fault is it? News Editors? Chiefs of Staff? The young men themselves? I'm not quite sure. I am inclined to blame the cadet system. There are great virtues in the Australian cadet system. I don't under-rate them. Australian journalists get probably a better and more thorough training than any journalists in the world. At least they do know these basic things which are absolutely essential. But unfortunately, the cadet system admits into our newspaper offices every year too many young men and women who never could write, never will write, and never want to write — young men to whom journalism is really on a level with plumbing.

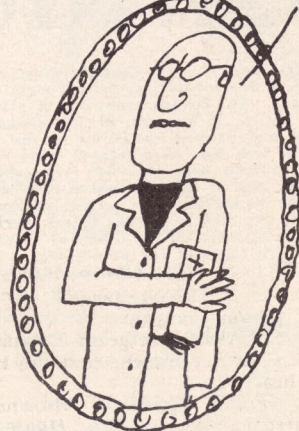
We are after all, up against television now. I spent the last six months in television. I have a considerable admiration for television. I enjoyed working for it. There are some things television can do better than journalism can do. But I am convinced that journalism can only compete with television by good writing, and that we must develop and create real writing talent and promote it when we've got it. We must encourage new men to do different kinds of journalism, and get out of this rut in which I feel the Sydney press has fallen.

I can't help noticing an awful silence has fallen on this room in the last quarter of an hour.

Thank you

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but... I subscribe to evade income-tax.



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OZ, August 7



# "I took the opportunity of saying I did not imprison political opponents"

—Sir Robert Menzies at the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference; from 'The Australian', July 20.

## Oh, doesn't he?

On June 9, 1955, Frank Browne and Raymond Fitzgerald were summoned to appear before the House of Representatives after Federal Parliament had found them guilty of a breach of parliamentary privilege. The breach arose out of attacks published in the Bankstown "Observer" on the Member for Reid, Mr. C. T. Morgan, for his alleged connection with an immigration racket. Fitzgerald was proprietor and Browne the editor of the "Observer".

The two men were refused legal representation at all stages and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, part of which was served in Goulburn Goal. No civil action was ever taken against them by any of the men whom they were supposed to have libelled.

The Prime Minister moved the motions adopting the report of the Privileges Committee, requesting the two men to appear before Parliament and ordering their imprisonment. It was later revealed that the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. A. G. Cameron, had ordered the destruction of the ABC's tapes of the proceedings. These tapes included the following speech of Frank Browne, in which he outlined the injustices involved:

Mr. MENZIES.—I suggest we hear the other person charged.

Mr. SPEAKER.—Sergeant-at-Arms, informs Frank Courtney Browne that the House will now hear him.

Mr. Frank Courtney Browne having appeared at the bar of the House,

Mr. BROWNE.—Mr. Speaker and honorable members, I have something to say in extenuation, and mitigation of my offences, but it must remain a slightly impersonal plea, because I have been convicted of an offence which, according to Australian justice, has not been fully proved. I base that on this: It is considered the right—

Mr. SPEAKER.—You will take your hands off the bar.

Mr. BROWNE.—it is considered the right of every Australian citizen charged with an offence that he, first, must be charged; and secondly, he must have legal representation. That is denied to me even here. He must have the case against him proved, and he need not answer incriminating questions. Then there is the fact that he must have the right to cross-examine his accuser. And last, he must have the right to appeal. There is also another inherent right which is always observed in every court in this Commonwealth, and every court where there is any reasonable conception of justice—that he shall present his case in an atmosphere which shall not have had the effect of prejudging him before he comes in.

Now, Mr. Speaker, let me ask you how what has happened to me this week squares up with that. First, I have been convicted and never charged. Secondly, at no time have I had legal representation. Thirdly, the case against me has not been properly proved. Fourthly, I have never had the right to cross-examine my accuser. And fifthly, I have no right to appeal. As far as the last is concerned, it is the inherent right for a man to have his case taken in an atmosphere that does not allow him to enter the courtroom with the hatred, not only of spectators but of practically every one in the courtroom, including the jury, stirred up against him to a point, where, if this was a community of another type, I doubt very much whether he would get into the court at all; he would be lynched on the way in.

I come to that last point. Last night, the right honorable the Prime Minister, the greatest orator in the history of this country—and you can put Alfred Deakin in, too—and, I suggest, one of the most vindictive men in the history of this country, rose and, in the way that only he can do, poured scorn on me. It has been done before, I know that, but never quite under these circumstances. In effect, last night he acted as a stage manager, and the purpose of his stage management was one thing and one thing only—"Bring Browne in here to grovel for

mercy, and if he does not grovel for mercy, put him in for life".

Sir, I am not asking for any rights for myself. I know very well that I have made personal enemies of members on both sides of this House in the course of doing what I believe to be right, no matter what other people think about it. There is no question about the attitude of the right honorable the Prime Minister, sir, towards me—none whatever. There is no question about the attitude of my erstwhile great and good friend, the right honorable the Treasurer towards me. There is no question, sir, about the attitude of some of the members on the Opposition side of the House. I have been facetious at least about some of them; I have been more than facetious about some of them. But that is by the by.

I am not asking merely for myself. I am not standing here as Frank Browne. What happens to Frank Browne in this assembly does not matter very much. He is an obscure and inconspicuous figure in the community—not a newspaper baron, sir, not a man who can command a mighty organ with which to intimidate a member if he tried. No, I cannot do that. I produce an obscure suburban newspaper of four sheets of foolscap a week, so I am not a very big figure. You might say that I am a worker—a phrase that is frequently bandied about—which I think I can claim to be classed as. So that I am asking not for myself, sir, but for those who may follow me, that this House does not seek to impose very strict punishment, but that it will delegate my trial to a body, a legal tribunal, in which I will have my rights, and if I am then shown to be guilty—well, the hardest gaol in the land is too good for me. And there would be appeal. I would not plead mitigation. I am prepared to take my chance under those circumstances. All I ask for is that the general public be shown, sir, that you do not bring people here to Canberra to deprive them of their rights, that the law-makers do not set themselves above the law, and do not place their good name better than that of the constituents they represent. Surely that is not too much to ask, sir.

I say that, if this Parliament establishes a precedent and takes the right of punishment into its own hands, the rights that have been fought for since 1215, and even before, are seriously endangered. The right of free speech is endangered. You talk about intimidation, sir. You visit exemplary punishment—or, for that matter, the degree of punishment does not matter to me—and what happens? There will not be a journalist in the land, not a newspaper proprietor in the land, who will feel free, because once you establish a precedent you might say, "Oh, yes, Browne did an awful thing". But you will not wait for someone else to do an

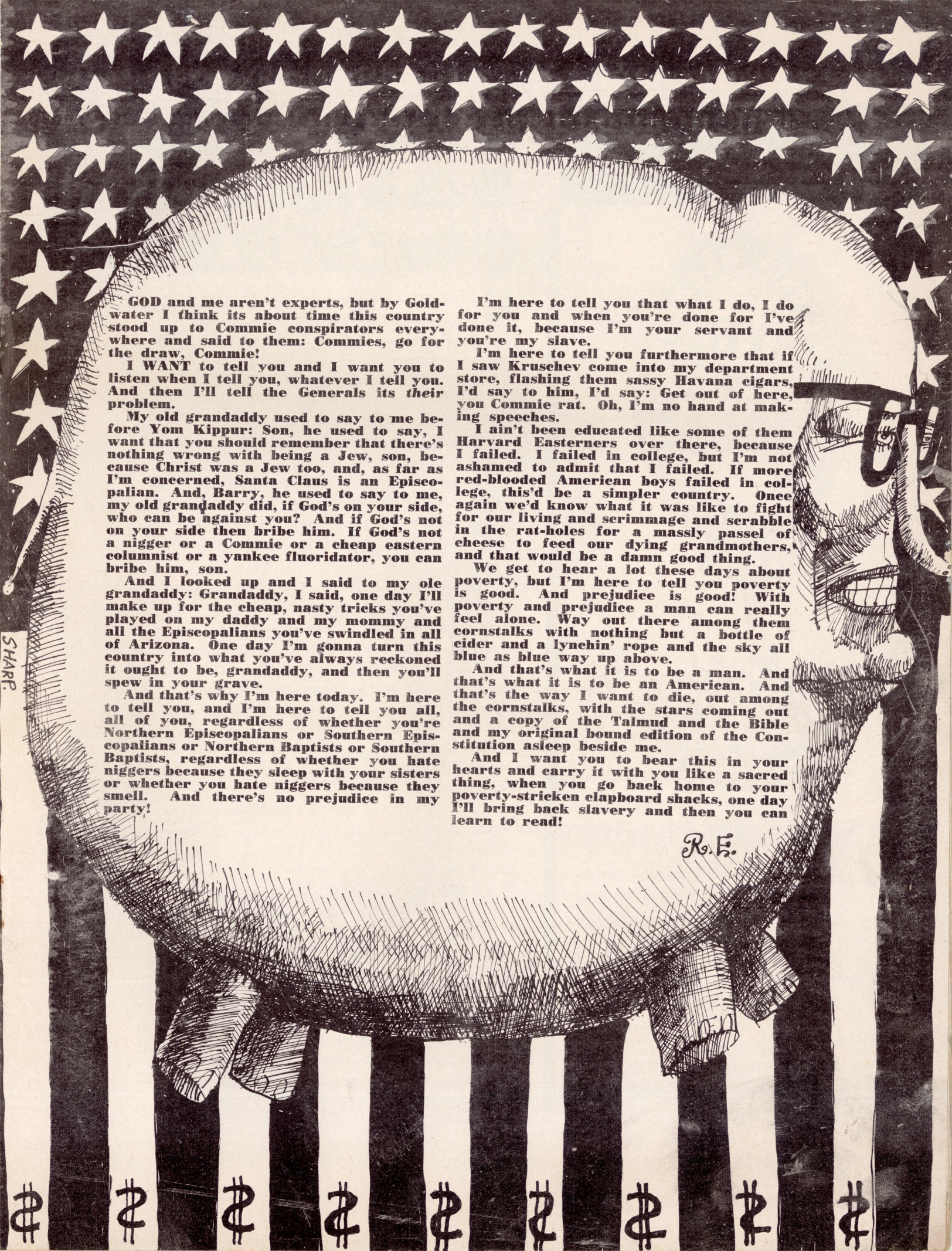


awful thing. You will get a borderline case and inevitably in a borderline case you get somebody who says, "Throw him to the lions; crucify him", and they crucify him. That has been the lesson of tyranny in every country. There is not a thing that Hitler did that he could not justify—not a thing. Read *Mein Kampf* and you will wonder how he ever went to war and, when he did go to war, how we could ever reconcile it with our consciences to fight.

The law of this country has ample provision for any punishment that I have earned. I ask that this House will not take a final step of inflicting punishment, because with any move in that direction, however tempered—if it consists of an apology—the principle has gone. Sir, it establishes the fact that here is not only a court, but a court which absolves itself of every idea that we have had inculcated into us on the score of natural justice when a person is charged with an offence—in fact, a court that is prepared to convict him without charging him. Even the Star Chamber, that body which is bandied around every time somebody wants to justify himself as a true blue democrat, did not go that far. I say this, and I say it quite sincerely: That what you do to me is of no moment, perhaps, in a physical sense to anybody but me—no moment whatever. But you are exporting locomotives and other things to those countries that are struggling towards democracy in South-East Asia. If you export the locomotives and you neglect to export some of the elemental principles of justice which they know nothing about, well, it will all be in vain. Your Colombo plan will be nullified. Everything you give them they will misuse, including the rights of legislative bodies.

Now, sir, I do appeal to you. It is not a question of the merits of the case, and it is not a question of the rights of the case. I know that you have unlimited rights. If I were tried for murder and convicted after due trial, I suppose I could look forward to being out in about fifteen years, if I were good. But, sir, I do not know what I can look forward to here. You may say, in effect, "Put him away and shut him up", and what welcome news that would be to some of the members present! Sir, if you fall back on your rights—and your rights are 300-year old rights—to deal with me here, you will have forfeited any right—not you personally, but every member here—to stand at next election time on the stump and sing hymns about liberty, equality and fraternity.





GOD and me aren't experts, but by Gold-water I think its about time this country stood up to Commie conspirators everywhere and said to them: Commies, go for the draw, Commie!

I WANT to tell you and I want you to listen when I tell you, whatever I tell you. And then I'll tell the Generals its their problem.

My old granddaddy used to say to me before Yom Kippur: Son, he used to say, I want that you should remember that there's nothing wrong with being a Jew, son, because Christ was a Jew too, and, as far as I'm concerned, Santa Claus is an Episcopalian. And, Barry, he used to say to me, my old granddaddy did, if God's on your side, who can be against you? And if God's not on your side then bribe him. If God's not a nigger or a Commie or a cheap eastern columnist or a yankee fluoridator, you can bribe him, son.

And I looked up and I said to my ole granddaddy: Granddaddy, I said, one day I'll make up for the cheap, nasty tricks you've played on my daddy and my mommy and all the Episcopalians you've swindled in all of Arizona. One day I'm gonna turn this country into what you've always reckoned it ought to be, granddaddy, and then you'll spew in your grave.

And that's why I'm here today. I'm here to tell you, and I'm here to tell you all, all of you, regardless of whether you're Northern Episcopalians or Southern Episcopalians or Northern Baptists or Southern Baptists, regardless of whether you hate niggers because they sleep with your sisters or whether you hate niggers because they smell. And there's no prejudice in my party!

I'm here to tell you that what I do, I do for you and when you're done for I've done it, because I'm your servant and you're my slave.

I'm here to tell you furthermore that if I saw Kruschev come into my department store, flashing them sassy Havana cigars, I'd say to him, I'd say: Get out of here, you Commie rat. Oh, I'm no hand at making speeches.

I ain't been educated like some of them Harvard Easterners over there, because I failed. I failed in college, but I'm not ashamed to admit that I failed. If more red-blooded American boys failed in college, this'd be a simpler country. Once again we'd know what it was like to fight for our living and scrimmage and scrabble in the rat-holes for a massly passel of cheese to feed our dying grandmothers, and that would be a damn good thing.

We get to hear a lot these days about poverty, but I'm here to tell you poverty is good. And prejudice is good! With poverty and prejudice a man can really feel alone. Way out there among them cornstalks with nothing but a bottle of cider and a lynchin' rope and the sky all blue as blue way up above.

And that's what it is to be a man. And that's what it is to be an American. And that's the way I want to die, out among the cornstalks, with the stars coming out and a copy of the Talmud and the Bible and my original bound edition of the Constitution asleep beside me.

And I want you to bear this in your hearts and carry it with you like a sacred thing, when you go back home to your poverty-stricken clapboard shacks, one day I'll bring back slavery and then you can learn to read!

R.E.

SHARP





A "Miller's" tale?



that phoenix cowboy

Goldwater —  
the fascist gun in the west!

from the US satirical magazine, 'Monocle'

# THE BALLOON GOES UP

**M**ELBOURNE drinkers greeted the news that Sydney brewing firm, Millers, plans to market their beer in Victoria with cries of joy this week.

Millers are expected to establish sales links in Victoria with independent hoteliers and caterers who have expressed their growing dissatisfaction with the activities of the C & UB monopoly.

The general manager of Carlton & United Breweries, Mr. R.G. Fogarty, was at first unavailable for comment yesterday, but later gave the following answers to reporters' questions:

Does your company plan an immediate takeover bid for Millers to eliminate competition by the same wonderful processes of free enterprise as you have employed in the past?

"No comment".

Does this mean you will now have to treat licencees with respect for fear that they will remember the harsh and restrictive treatment they have received in the past, and take Millers instead of Fosters?

"No comment".

Will C & UB now try and increase the quality of their service rather than the size of their dividend?

"No comment".

Is it true that C & UB's 'Z issue' share holders are all A over T now that Millers has made this move?

"I cannot comment at the moment".

A rumour is current in Melbourne at the moment that you have been unco-operative with the press. Is there any truth in this?

"I refuse to comment on the grounds that it may incriminate me (and my company)".

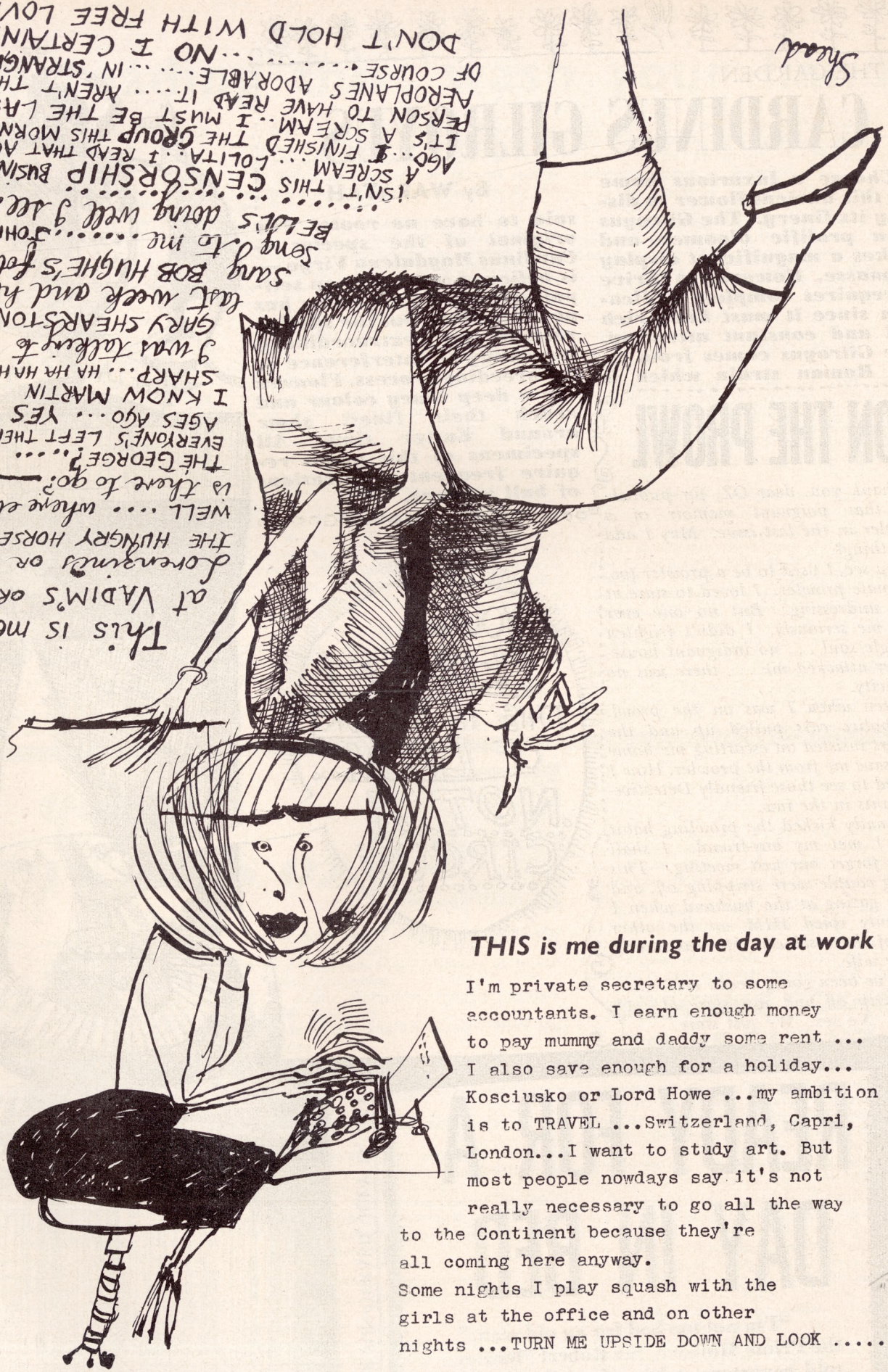
Is it true that you are Mr. R.G. Fogarty, general manager of C & UB ?

"No comment".



**THIS is me during the day at work**

I'm private secretary to some accountants. I earn enough money to pay mummy and daddy some rent ... I also save enough for a holiday... Kosciusko or Lord Howe ...my ambition is to TRAVEL ...Switzerland, Capri, London...I want to study art. But most people nowadays say it's not really necessary to go all the way to the Continent because they're all coming here anyway. Some nights I play squash with the girls at the office and on other nights ...TURN ME UPSIDE DOWN AND LOOK .....



This is me  
at VADIM'S or  
dorenzini's or  
THE HUNGRY HORSE...  
WELL ... where else  
is there to go?  
THE GEORGE?  
EVERYONE'S LEFT THERE  
AGES AGO... YES  
I KNOW MARTIN  
SHARP... HA HA HA HA  
I was talking to  
GARY SHEARSTON  
last week and he  
sang BOB HUGHES' folk  
song to me... JOHNNY  
BELL'S doing well I see...  
ISN'T THIS CENSORSHIP BUSINESS  
A SCREAM... LOLITA... I READ THAT AGES  
AGO... I FINISHED THE GROUP THIS MORNING  
IT'S A SCREAM... I MUST BE THE LAST  
PERSON TO HAVE READ IT... AREN'T THE  
AEROPLANES ADORABLE... IN 'STRANGELOVE'  
...NO I CERTAINLY  
DON'T HOLD WITH FREE LOVE.

Sheed



IN THE GARDEN

# CARDINUS GILROYUS

Choose a luxurious home for this ancient flower to display its finery. The Gilroyus is a prolific bloomer and makes a magnificent display en masse. However to thrive it requires complete dedication since it must have rich soil and constant attention. The Gilroyus comes from an old Roman strain which is

By WARATAH

said to have no roots. The original of the species — Cardinus Magdalena Virgo — is believed to have been self-pollinating. This quality has now been lost, but the species retains an extraordinary sensitivity to interference in the breeding process. Flowers are a deep bluey colour and reach their finest show around Easter time. All specimens of this genus require frequent applications of bull manure.

## ON THE PROWL

Thank you, dear OZ, for publishing that poignant memoir of a prowler in the last issue. May I add something?

You see, I used to be a prowler too. A female prowler. I loved to stare at men undressing. But no one ever took me seriously. I didn't frighten a single soul ... no indignant householder attacked me ... there was no publicity.

Often when I was on the prowl, the police cars pulled up and the officers insisted on escorting me home — to save me from the prowler. How I longed to see those friendly Detective-sergeants in the raw.

I finally kicked the prowling habit after I met my boy-friend. I shall never forget our first meeting. This young couple were stripping off, and I was gazing at the husband when I suddenly spied HIM on the other side of the rosebush. He was staring at the wife.

We've been going steady ever since. We strip off and just stare at each other. No sex. We just stare.

YOUNG  
PEOPLE!  
THIS IS A COURT  
OF LAW...  
NOT A  
CIRCUS

# READY FOR A DAY IN BED

"I'm not too bad for an old man," the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies told reporters at Kingsford Smith airport yesterday.

THE SUN-HERALD, JULY 19, 1964





# After reading this; wash your hands

Obscene and Indecent Publications (Amendment) Act, 1955  
Section 15.

"Whosoever—

a) prints, photographs, lithographs, draws, makes, sells, publishes, distributes or exhibits any obscene publication or assists in so doing or

b) publishes a newspaper containing any indecent or obscene advertisement or report or

c) gives or delivers to any other person any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter with the intent that the same or a copy thereof should be published as an advertisement in any newspaper or

d) affixes to or inscribes on any house, building, wall, hoarding, gate, fence, pillar, board, tree or any other thing whatsoever so as to be visible to a person being in or passing along any street, public highway or footpath or affixes to or inscribes on any public urinal or delivers or attempts to deliver or exhibits to any person or throws down the area of any house or into the garden or curtilage of any house or exhibits to public view in the window of any house or shop or otherwise publishes any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter or

e) gives or delivers to any person any such pictures or printed or written matter with the intent that the same or some one or more thereof or a copy of any such picture or printed or written matter should be affixed, inscribed, delivered, exhibited or otherwise published in contravention of the provisions of this section or

f) posts or causes to be posted for transmission by post any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter or

g) prints any picture or printed matter published or posted in contravention of this Act

shall be liable, if a body corporate, to a penalty not exceeding one hundred pounds and, if any other person, to a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding six months."

Section 3.

"(1) 'Indecent' advertisement or picture or printed or written matter includes any advertisement, picture or printed or written matter relating to any complaint or infirmity arising from or relating to sexual intercourse or to nervous debility or female irregularities or which might reasonably be construed as relating to any illegal medical treatment or illegal operation. Without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing definition, any advertisement in relation to contraception or contraceptives shall be deemed to be an indecent advertisement.

(2) Without prejudice to the generality of the meaning of the word 'obscene' any publication or advertisement shall be deemed to be obscene if it unduly emphasises matters of sex, crimes of violence, gross cruelty or horror.

(3) In determining for the purposes of the Act whether any publication or advertisement is obscene the court shall have regard to—

a) the nature of the publication or advertisement; and

b) the persons, classes of persons and age

groups to or amongst whom the publication or advertisement was or was intended or likely to be published, distributed, sold, exhibited, given or delivered; and

c) the tendency of the publication or advertisement to deprave, corrupt or injure the morals of any such persons, class of persons or age group, to the intention that a publication or advertisement shall be held to be obscene when it tends or is likely in any manner to deprave, corrupt or injure the morals of any such persons or the persons in any such class or age group, notwithstanding that persons in other classes or age groups may not be similarly affected."

Section 4.

"The provisions of this Act, other than sections twenty to twenty-nine, both inclusive, do not apply to the printing, publishing, making, possessing, selling, delivering or distributing or the exhibiting in the window of any shop or the posting or causing to be posted of—

a) any work of literary or artistic merit; or

b) any bona fide medical or scientific book, pamphlet, magazine or periodical, unless the court is satisfied that notwithstanding its literary or artistic merit or its character as a medical or scientific book, pamphlet, magazine or periodical, the printing, publishing, making, possessing, selling, delivering or distributing or the exhibiting in the window of any shop or the posting or causing to be posted was not justified in the circumstances of the particular case having regard, in particular, to the persons, class of persons or age groups into whose hands it was intended or likely to come."



## QUEEN VERSUS OZ



Last April, the editors of OZ, its cartoonist (Martin Sharp) and its publisher (Francis James of the Anglican Press) received summonses alleging that the February no 6 issue had contravened the above Act. On July 23 and 24 the defendants appeared in the Central Court of Petty Sessions, Sydney, to plead not guilty. After two days Mr Locke S.M. adjourned the case to August 28 when counsel will begin to address the Court.

Being sub judge at the present time, any prolonged discussion of the case needs to be postponed, although we hope next month to publish some of the choicest selections from the transcript. In terms of the Act we are denying that there is any "undue emphasis on sex". However, on this point we are allowed to call no witnesses, as this is a matter for the Court alone to decide.

But on three other points expert witnesses are allowed and we have used them to attempt to prove that: a) both the magazine as a whole and a cartoon by Martin Sharp, on which the prosecution has concentrated ("The word flashed round the Arms . . ."), have some literary and artistic merit; b) that the magazine is unlikely to tend to deprave and corrupt. If both parts can be successfully maintained then under section 4 of the Act we should be acquitted.

The witnesses called by the defence were:

- Prof Alan Stout, professor of philosophy, Sydney University
- Prof Frederick May, professor of Italian, Sydney University
- Dr Harry Hesselstine, English lecturer, NSW University
- Stanely Tick, English lecturer, NSW University
- Adrian Coleman, English lecturer, NSW University
- Geoffrey Little, English lecturer, Sydney University
- Mungo MacCallum, author and literary critic
- Mrs Madeleine Armstrong, drama critic
- Miss Betty Archdale, headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College
- Rev Peter Benny, warden of St Paul's College, Sydney University
- Gordon Hawkins, lecturer in criminology, Sydney University
- Dr Ellard, psychiatrist
- Dr Jim Durham, psychiatrist
- Alex Carey, psychology lecturer, NSW University
- John Olsen, painter
- Ellwyn Lynn, art critic
- Tom Fitzgerald, editor of NATION

This OZ (no 12) marks the completion of the first twelve months of publication. Issue no 1 was produced on April 1,

1963. 6,000 copies were distributed from an office in the old Rocks area of Sydney on the basis of £50 working capital, 30 subscribers and no full-time staff.

In twelve months we have doubled that circulation, attracted 800 subscribers, acquired an office in the middle of Sydney, a Melbourne editor and a full-time staff of one.

With every 1,000 new readers we are in a better position to offer writers the lure to which, despite their popular image, they are highly susceptible. Fortnightly distribution is also a target for the near future.

## OBSCENE BOOK TO BE BURNT

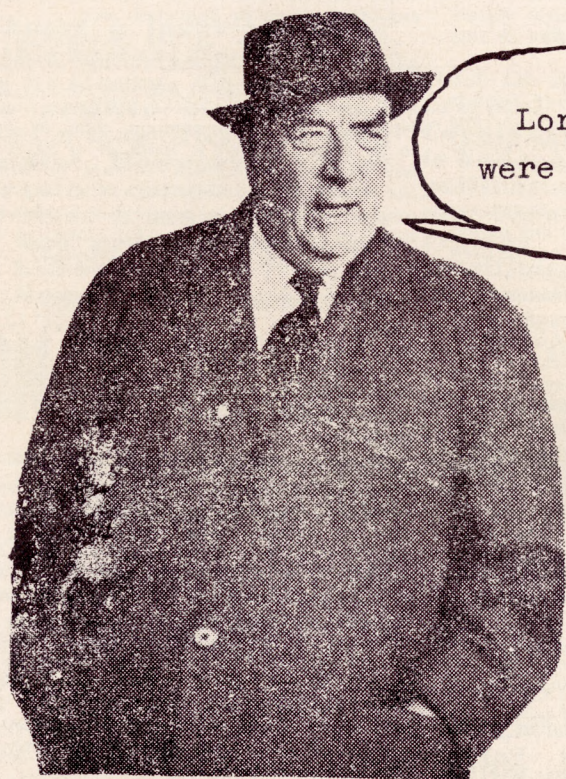
In Central Court today, Mr. Folk, SM, in summing up on the "Holy Bible" case, said from the bench that although he could not read he had heard plenty of evidence to suggest the "book contains some pretty hot stuff." He went on to say that the cross symbol on the cover represented Kings Cross, "which we all know is a den of depravity

He declared the book an obscene publication and ordered all copies to be burnt immediately. Folk sentenced the printers, The Oxford University Press, the publisher, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland and defender of the Faith and the authors, Joshua, Ruth, Samuel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Ester, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Malachi, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Peter, Jude, and Revelations, each to 1,000 lashes.

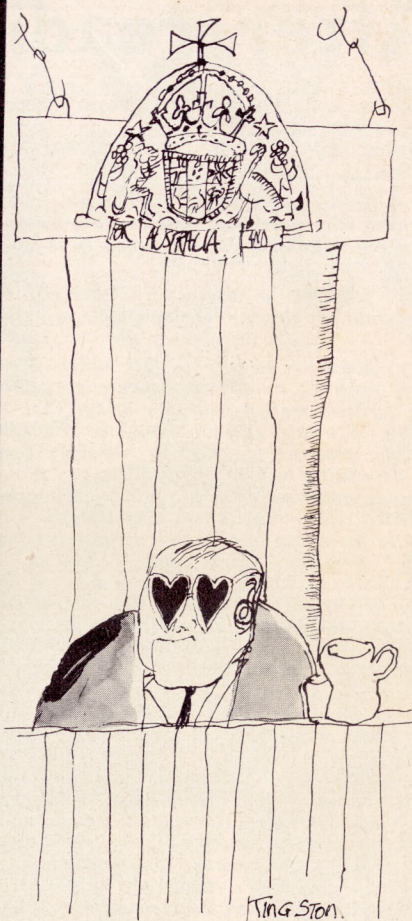
None of the defendants were present in court.

13.02 August.





Lord Boothby and I  
were just good friends



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LIKE THEIR SATIRE  
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1/6

1/6

**maxims**



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him ☐ it ☐ tonight? To  
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blended with warm, home-  
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the same pie that attracts a  
million Pizza maniacs to Rome  
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music that packs Washington-  
Square every Sunday.  
MAXIMS is the most roman-  
tic location in Sydney: New-  
port. Come along — if you  
swim, land on the southern  
side of the beach; if you drive,  
park in Barrenjoey Road.

**All About OZ**

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard  
Walsh

ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Mike Glasheen,  
Peter Kingston.

STAFF: Anou, A. G. Read.

MELBOURNE EDITOR: Paul  
Lawson

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scripts or artwork to the above address.

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vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins  
Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne;  
Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide  
and Cheshire's sells it in Canberra.

• Back copies are available for a shilling  
each. The last issue (which was restricted  
in some areas) is 2/-. No. 1, 6 and 8  
have sold out.

**MOG**

14. OZ. August.



# 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.)

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**And for the Fair Sex:**

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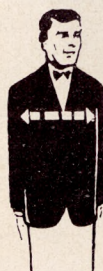
Wedding Gown from £10—£10 dep.

Ball Gown from £5—£10 dep.

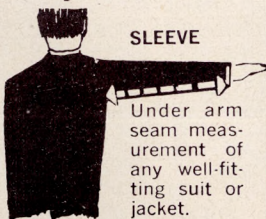
Fur Stoles from £2/2/- — £5 dep.

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FOR ALL OZ READERS

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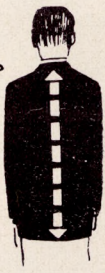


**CHEST**  
Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.



**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 crutch to bottom of cuff (inside trouser leg).

Shirt Size

Neck

POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO

# FORMALwear

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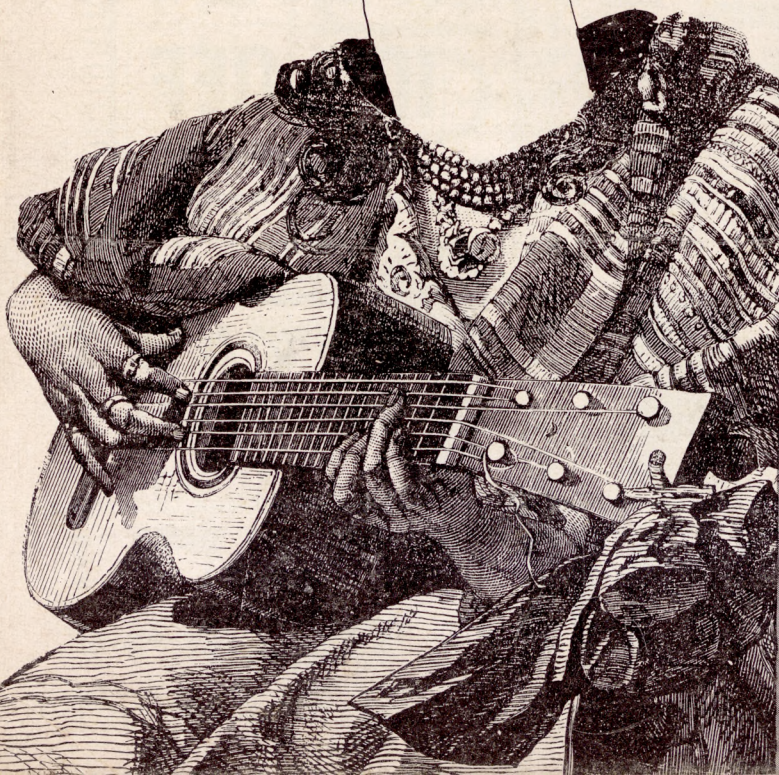
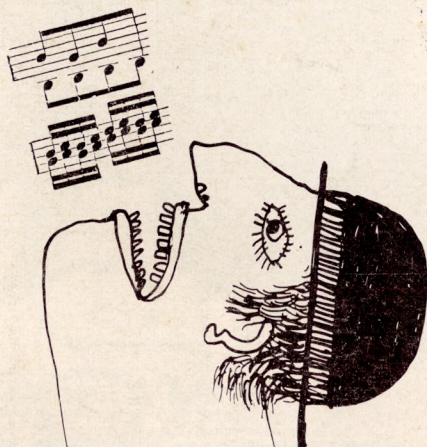
# THE GAS LASH

OPENS 21<sup>ST</sup> AUGUST

Central Station end of Elizabeth St, next to **BINKIES**

**FOLK SINGING**

MONDAY . TUES. WED. THURS DAY



**Victoriana**  
FRI. SAT. SUN.  
RULE BRITANNIA

