

OZ

XMAS & NEW YEAR ISSUE

1/3



THAT WAS ... DECEMBER

BOY, what a predicament!

Apparently we've all got to sit round for the next eighteen months pretending like mad that LBJ is every bit as good as JFK was — a vintage model of the New Frontiersman tuned up for the occasion. Because if we dare breathe one word of criticism America might fall into the waiting arms of Senator B. Goldwater.

Well, I suppose that catastrophe is worth a lot of kidding. But it's going to be hard to maintain the illusion that Johnson is anything more than a pretty sound career politician — a dilute version of that other Roosevelt protege, Harry S. Truman.

The LBJ-mania sounds the kind of gimmick-prop upon which lesser men lean. And as for Ladybird — Hell, why doesn't she elope with one of the Beatles?

* * *

Burning Question of the Month. The familiar clangour of great intellects clashing, rose deafeningly from the SMH Letters columns last week. The question: Should biros be used in primary school? The verdict (predictably): No.

The reason is plain to see. Fountain pens build up character; nibs make men out of boys and sports mistresses out of girls. I mean scratching away like that really steels the mettle, and changing nibs sharpens the mind.

Me? I was born with a Ladies' Sheaffer in my writing hand (an easy mistake to make at that age) and was nicknamed "His Nibs" for my scrip-torial prowess.

Only one thing worries me though. Recent studies show that 90 per cent. of children using a split nib develop into schizophrenics and those with leaking pen tubes become chronic bed-wetters.

* * *

THE mystery of the Immaculate Conception is as old as Christmas itself. Apparently there was only one witness to the great event and they bought his silence by elevating him to the influential position of Holy Ghost.

But Hollywood has a way of eking out the most heavenly secrets on earth. This time the mob that made *Barabbas* (the film "that begins where all the others left off") are making *The Revelations of Gabriel*, the film "that ends where all the others begin".

Its sub-title: *What The Angel Saw*.

* * *

As well be killed for a sheep . . . Last July, you will remember, OZ named Sydney's own Dr John McGeorge as "the criminals' friend" for the part he plays in letting criminals loose onto society.

However, this month we have to announce that the good doctor has met his match in Perth murderer Eric Edgar Cooke.

Cooke has been sentenced to death over the murder of two people and the attempted murder of two others. Now he's confessed to two more alleged murders and nobody knows how many more he'll confess to.

Well, if you've got to go, you've got to go; but prison officials are afraid that if someone doesn't gag him soon they'll lose their whole clientele.

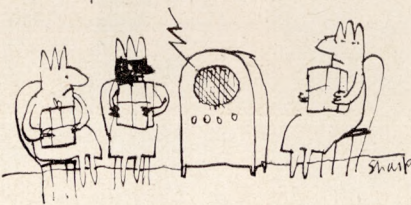
* * *

1963 was the year of the company director.

Do you remember :the Stein brothers and the International Vending Machine crash; Stanley Korman and the Chevron collapse; the Reid Murray bungle, the Standard Insurance swindle, the Latec scandal? This month we have had: the Ducon double-dealings and Factors fraud; revelations about "Santa" Sennes and a reminder of the old "Australian gold bubble" case with the death of Claude de Bernales.

Meanwhile in Melbourne where the Companies (Public Borrowings) Act is being pushed through to shut the stable door, it was revealed that two men in that city sit on more than fifty boards

.... and now the report from Bethlehem, cloudy overcast poor visibility, heavy rain....



of directors and one sits on 78 of them. There's no doubt: for some people life must be just one mad, gay round of board meetings!

* * *

In a study of seventeen nations Dr Stanley A. Rudin, of Dalhousie University, USA, found perfect correlation between causes of death and reaction to frustration. He put it this way:

- If you frustrate an Englishman, he will keep a stiff upper lip and develop an ulcer.
- If you frustrate an Irishman, he will die of angry hypertension.
- If you frustrate an American, he will shoot you, then establish a million-dol-

lar aid programme for your relatives. Then he will die of an ulcer.

Australia did not rate a mention among Dr Rudin's findings but I think we can safely say:

- If you frustrate an Australian, he will threaten to knock your head off, then ask you to make it up as old buddies and die of alcoholic poisoning, halfway through the rapprochement.

* * *

Turn Again, Danny Boy. Once upon a time, in a moment of rashness, Arthur Augustus Calwell told a television audience that the Labor Party's real chance of electoral success would only come with "the angel of death".

At last on November 7, the angel of death came. And Arthur, in a touching scene, tarnished only by the political undertones, was dutifully at the death-bed. He later referred to the Archbishop as one of "the two greatest figures the Catholic Church in Australia has known", a rather tactless smack in the eye for Sydney's Cardinal Gilroy, who was not the other one and may have been reminded that when he was chosen cardinal in 1945 the same A. A. Calwell publicly expressed bitter resentment that the Vatican had passed over "the nation's greatest ecclesiastic — the venerable Archbishop of Melbourne".

Calwell, Gilroy, Mannix — what a fascinating Roman trinity! But, alas, the angel of death brought no Promised Land for over-eager Arthur.

* * *

Let's put the X back into Xmas.

* * *

Do you remember Mandy Rice Davies? The Lady Hamilton who met neither her Waterloo nor her Nelson but made a clean breast of things and made her fortune from the dirt that had been clinging there all those years?

Back into the news she leapt with a timely observation to remind us what a warm-hearted creature she really is: "Fate is strange. Here am I going off to a party with wealthy and famous people and Christine is in a cell."

* * *

None is more sensitive to public feeling than the film industry. Thus, after the assassination, United Artists withdrew their film "Manchurian Candidate", about the attempted assassination of the US President by a Communist-brain-washed ex-GI, on the grounds of bad taste.

But never fear — the pocket still masters the conscience. As soon as the time is ripe "PT109" will leap back onto the local screens with the kind of publicity guaranteed to make your stomach turn.

I TRUST the British taxpayer is as thrilled as his Australian counterpart at the prospect of four more Royal additions (minimal estimate) in the new year. After all it is out of *his* pocket that the money will come to maintain them for the rest of their lives.

Still I suppose it's a good idea to run off a few reprints while the model is still in vogue.

At Botany cemetery, more than a dozen gravediggers were dismissed for refusing to work with one digger, who was described as "dangerous".

The men, who work in pairs, claimed that they might be struck with a shovel or that grave timbering might collapse.

Nothing in recent years has brought home to the public more dramatically

the dangerous and heroic work of the gravedigger. All those brave men picking and shovelling about in the bowels of the earth, defying death — either from being felled by an over-enthusiastic shovel or buried in a cave-in — in their attempts to make for death a better place!

Grave dangers indeed!

Troubles, troubles . . . Already there's an unseemly squabble between Jackie and the US Government over who will pay the gas bill for the eternal flame.

It's not that everybody isn't sorry for Jackie, but the question is: how long is eternity? With the Government wary from experience about undertaking long-term commitments, it looks like Uncle Sam will hold the lantern while Jackie chops the wood.

That is, unless they establish the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Eternal Flame Trust to maintain a little man standing at the ready with a pocketful of dimes to put in the gas meter every time the flame flickers.

*Hark the Herald's angels sing
Glories to the reborn Ming.*

See the Sparkes Fly. The Professor seems to have really put his Orr in it by refusing to accept the University of Tasmania's offer of £16,000, plus legal costs.

For those who have never flagged in their support for this Amorusus Professor of Philosophy but still were keenly aware of the damage being done to the Australian education system by the prolongation of the quadwangle, this must be a dilemma indeed.

It is obvious that the University of Tasmania would never take Orr back, but they have swallowed their pride sufficiently for most people's liking by conceding, at least partially and certainly under pressure, the errors of their ways. Also, no doubt, the resignations were not unwelcome.

In the unseemly rush to find justice in compromise, Orr suddenly is out in the cold again, asked to swallow the past years of humiliation and any chance of academic re-employment for £16,000. With a £50,000 libel suit pending and the university obviously unhappy at the prospect of defending it, why shouldn't he tack his colours to the justice of the law courts rather than the makeshift justice of academic politicians?

If the University Council is genuine in its desire to seek a compromise and not just trying to buy Vice-Chancellor Isles out of trouble cheaply, then these same terms will be offered after the Court decision has been made. In the meantime, it might try to arrange some alternative academic post for the professor, and so end this unfortunate affair once and for all.

—nelson

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Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.

Art Director: Martin Sharp.

Make-up: Bob Thompson.

Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Bev Fleming, Alex Popov.

Organisation: Harry Bauer and Bob Miller.

Assistant Secretary: Winifred.

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Advance Australia Where?

AUSTRALIA, as the current myth runs, is famous for many things, not the least of which is the marsupial — you know, koala bears, wallabies, kangaroos and other beasties which bear their young in a pouch. The marsupial is for the Australian zoologist what the Harbour Bridge is for Mrs Everege — a justification of nationality.

That is not to deny that other continents have had their marsupials at some time or another, but elsewhere the marsupial was superseded by the mammal, a rather more efficient animal biologically, which then wiped out the marsupial.

Likewise those quaint aborigines, to which we evidence such an interesting love-hate relationship, are not peculiar because other races have never passed

through such a primitive stage but merely because most other races have passed **beyond** this stage. The aborigine, like the marsupial — the cynic would add “like the Australian white” — represents the strange phenomenon of arrested evolution.

The explanation for all this is simple enough and for once the myth does not lag too far behind the reality. While not exactly a land of milk and honey, Australia is certainly more hospitable to animal life than most countries. Over the centuries it has been able to supply the often highly specific needs of its inhabitants and, more importantly, made very few demands upon them. Australia — unlike other countries with more extreme and variable conditions — has put no pressure upon its inhabitants to evolve more efficient

ways of living and so, being good Australian types from way back, they have allowed evolution to stop dead in its tracks.

In 1788 the white man arrived bringing with him mammalian life. Both soon made themselves at home, establishing beyond doubt their evolutionary superiority by sailing into the task of wiping out the locals (animal and human) with characteristic gusto. In fact, if it was not for an early instinctive understanding of what attracts tourists we might never have preserved these biological curiosities about which we have now developed so intense a national pride.

But the new settlers brought more than mammalian life to this country. They brought with them the lively social awareness and conscience that was to dominate Australian politics in the second half of the nineteenth century. These were the dissidents and agitators of the Old World, bent on establishing in the New an egalitarian society along Bentham or Chartist lines. Under their influence Australia led the world in the enlightenment of its social legislation.

Today all that is passed. It may be regarded either as dissipated youth or the flowering of a child prodigy that burnt itself out. The liberalism, radicalism, republicanism and reform, of which our fathers boasted, have now become political smear-words. The sons, satisfied with having half-realised their fathers' ideals, have allowed the momentum that drove Australia to Federation slowly, peter out. Where once we were ranked among the most progressive nations of the world, to-day we have obtained an unenviable reputation for social unenlightenment.

At the helm is a man who out-Pickwicks Pickwick in Ye Olde Worldliness. He has Australia sold on a concept of monarchy and empire which even Britain abandoned several decades back. In opposition is a party which clings tenaciously to a platform of catcheries and slogans — a strange concoction of colonial jingoism and half-baked Marxist borrowings — more appropriate to the goldfields where they originated than to contemporary Australian society.

Torn between loyalty to the myth of a one-class society and entanglement in politics based on the class struggle between “workers” and intransigent “bosses”, a national character has developed which has the familiar rancid smell of Britain half a century ago. An ugly mixture of ignorance and arrogance, it is calculated to endear us to our neighbours just as efficiently as it endeared Britain to hers.

To this is grafted the old British genius for seeing only the things one wants to see. Abroad, we refuse to face the very real danger of our persistently arrogant attitude to Asia. At home, we defend blatant injustices and illiberal repressions on the grounds that they maintain a way of life which we refuse to admit is as immoral and corrupt as those of other countries with far more liberal legislation.

What has happened? Perhaps it is history repeating itself. Life has been

OLDER ANGRIES

OZ is the only magazine in Australia consistently committed to an independent and objective criticism of the Australian scene, mainly (alas!) because we have no vested interest in any part of that scene. However, lest we appear to make the claim, quite unjustifiably, that no one else shares our concern at some of the nastier phenomena of Australian society today, we would refer the reader to two excellent articles that have appeared since our last publication:

● **Under Old Management** by Geoffrey Dutton (Nation, October 19).

Dutton's interest is in the myth Australia maintains overseas of youth and virility — “a touching picture of us bounding from triumphs on the tennis court to bulldozing another million or two acres of virgin bush.”

“Alas, how embarrassing the truth would be if one were tactless enough to tell it, namely that youth in Australia controls nothing except, maybe, the teenage gramophone record business. This may be symbolic; youth is governed by its elders to a maximum of 45 rpm. Australia as a nation is run by old men and is subservient to senile institutions. When a war comes young men are as invaluable as they are expendable, and in sport, whatever the age of the gentlemen who control it, young men have to do the running and the jumping.”

He hastens to remind of Yeats' reference to “an old man's eagle mind”: “But the essence of an eagle is that it is a loner. Eagles do not sit together on committees or congregate in clubs or caucuses.”

Anybody can compile his own private list of grown sons hamstrung by aged parents, of governments, businesses, committees and associations where the young are likely to die before their chance comes. At the top of Dutton's own list is the octogenarian mentality of the Literary Advisory Board (familiar to readers of July OZ) under the inspiration of eighty-one-year-old Kenneth Binns.

“A random sampling produces a fam-

ous shipping firm whose General Manager will be ninety next year and whose Chairman of Directors is so old that he does not even list his age in the Australian **Who's Who**; a sprightly director is only eighty this year. The Chancellor of Sydney University will be ninety next year. The Chief Justice of South Australia was eighty last year. The General Manager of the ABC is a youngster of sixty-three, but he has been in his present position for nearly thirty years . . . Our young rebels have to be almost old masters before they are appreciated. Dobell, Drysdale and Patrick White are in or past their fifties; all the angry young men, from Nolan to Max Harris, are in their forties.”

● **“She'll Do” Attitude Won't Do** by Owen Harries (first published in “The American Scholar”; reprinted in Saturday Herald, December 7).

Harries contrasts public life in England and Australia, concluding that the greatest difference is the strength of liberal tradition in the former and its weakness in the latter.

The death penalty, the treatment of homosexuals, censorship, prison reform, racial discrimination — on all such issues English liberalism speaks out strongly and, despite its own complaints about a reactionary establishment, with considerable effect.

“Australians do not on the whole (and there are notable exceptions) have finely tuned consciences on matters of civil rights. The disgraceful treatment of the aboriginal, for instance, passes almost without comment and despite recent improvements the censorship of books is still one of the least enlightened in the Western world.

“‘She'll do’ is a traditional Australianism usually applied to a less than perfect solution of a practical problem; it also seems to apply frequently in the case of social and moral problems. As long as things work more or less well there is not overmuch concern for marginal mistakes and imperfections.”

too good to us. Sheltered by isolation, protected from over-exertion by the semi-socialisation inherited from the past, comforted by the much-proclaimed natural potentiality which we are too lazy to realise to its full extent, we have gone to sleep on our feet, as our predecessors did, and allowed the world to evolve on around us without our active participation in that process.

At the present, each nation is too busy going about its business to notice a laggard, but no doubt one day we will be remembered and rediscovered. Perhaps then the world will treat us as kindly as we have treated our predecessors and maintain us as a museum piece depicting the manners and morals of a bygone era. Who knows? By refusing to move with the times we abnegate the right to determine our own future.

—R.W.



Did you read where that Beer Tycoon left all those millions to St. Vincent's Hospital and other charities?

Funny thing, really. I mean doing all that work for charity without ever sitting on the Black & White or any other committees.



Of course, I do my bit by charity by going to all the balls, wine tastings and cocktail parties. But Art is still my Number One charity. You know—supporting starving artists by sipping wine at the galleries and going to first nights.

LETTER FROM EDITORS

THE present issue of OZ is the fifth so far and the first of the new series.

Briefly, THE STORY SO FAR is as follows:

On April Fool's Day, 1963, the first issue of OZ appeared. From the start it was billed as a satirical magazine—in the words of RAY CASTLE, "more concerned with shooting down pie in the sky than flying Over the Rainbow" — and this image has since been consistently maintained by such diverse sources as "Everybody's", "Vogue", the ABC's "Critics" and MAX HARRIS' "Australian Letters".

Yet the reaction of OFFICIALDOM was that OZ was some kind of upstart competitor of PLAYBOY.

The bureaucratic processes of the Customs Dept. and Crown Solicitor's office went into a tailspin. About three months later they swooped and presented the editors and printers with summonses for publishing "an obscene publication, to wit OZ No. 1".

Meanwhile, circulation had been steadily increasing from 7,000 in April to 8,000 in July (the last issue). On legal advice, however, it was decided that publication should cease until after the magistrate's hearing.

In September all defendants were fined heavily, even though the printers used a QC to plead not guilty.

Despite this, it was decided to continue publication as soon as the university examinations, in which both editors were involved, concluded.

And so — OZ DECEMBER is here . . .

We think you will find that six months has not dampened our vigour nor court appearances tamed our thoughts. Although we remain unrepentant for OZ APRIL it should be realised by those not fortunate enough to obtain copies that it ventured much closer to the wind than subsequent issues.

To those contemplating taking out subscriptions we can honestly say that we are unlikely to sail so close again. And with one editor at last released from the burden of examinations we contemplate no stoppages in the future.

The future, of course, depends on the buying public. But we are confident that an increasing Sydney, interstate and even overseas readership guarantees a long lease of life for this publication.

Contributors of articles are in constant demand, but the most practical contribution that can be made to this venture will always be to take out a subscription.

As always, subscription rates are 10/- for six months and £1 for twelve months. Naturally current subscribers will be unaffected by the delay in publication and will receive 6 and 12 issues respectively.

RICHARD NEVILLE
and

RICHARD WALSH
Co-editors, OZ Magazine.



But my ultimate stroke in charity-work was when I presented some of my friends with OZ subscriptions as presents.

Did they think I was way out! What originality!

And to think that OZ couldn't even exist without charity workers like me.

The cost? Only 10/- for six months' subscription and £1 for twelve months, sent to: OZ Magazine, 4th floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Who's Finger's on the Trigger?

In the colourful pre-law days of the American West, there was a routine method of silencing opposition — you hired a gunman. These lanky, ill-mannered, mean-looking hombres have now been replaced by our judicial system. Clumsy, expensive, but (if skilfully used) just as effective as any Paladin.

Take OZ, for instance. The first issue irritated somebody, but instead of the editors being riddled with lead, they were issued with a summons. Who prodded the police department into action?

Was it Mrs Suburbia? Perhaps her hubby straggled home from a hard day at the bank with APRIL OZ in his hot little paws. "Something I picked up from the corner of Market and Pitt, dear . . . a little different from the Digest, hey, hey." Berryl was not amused, so she rang the Vice Squad.

Was it the Queen?

Was it any of the dears from the OZ Social Top 20? "Neilia, darling, we've been sent-up in that scruffy little OZ, such a bore, really . . . do we know anyone in the House?"

Was it the other newspaper giants?

"Rupert here. Sir Frank, those louts from the varsity are trespassing beyond the campus; shall we have a word to Norm?"

Riding the banned wagon

THE August Commonwealth Gazette published the new revised list of banned books. For those who've read everything, may we suggest that here at last is that imaginative gift you have been seeking. To help you in your selection, we give below capsuled reviews of a few of the titles that caught our eye. Of course, for obvious reasons, the titles are all that we have read, but they appear to give quite an accurate pointer to the contents. We leave it to your ingenuity to obtain originals to scatter 'neath the Chrissy tree.

1. The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis: Francis Lengel. A slightly more sophisticated portrait of the typical Enid Blyton heroine. Helen's lovable, carefree nature will warm the heart of every mum and dad.

2. The Sports Mistress: P. Manpierre. "Anyone for tennis?" asks Manpierre,

then proceeds to explain how the joys of a game with the girlies are eventually consummated off-court.

3. School Life in Paris: anon. Blurbed as De Gaulle's answer to the Wyndham Report. Perhaps the less broad-minded reader will raise an eyebrow or two at these off-beat Parisian customs which

make Bathurst High seem like a monastery.

4. The Passionate Lash: Alan McClyde. A charming insight into "Tom Brown's Schooldays". Mr McClyde offers this tender-hearted romance between a boy and his headmaster's strap — it was love at first feel.

5. Forbidden Paths: Ronald Kapitan; **Love and Safety:** anon.; **Road Floozie:** Darcy Glinto. Here's a bright new trilogy issued by the road safety department (and a practical gift for the uninitiated). As the title suggests, "Forbidden Paths" warns any over-enthusiastic beginner of the dangers of straying from the beaten track. "Road Floozie" is a cynical look at the careless woman driver.

6. Its First Practice, Told by a Set of Joyous Students: anon. The game, of course, is chess. In his inimitable style, anon. skips breezily (via his pupils) from one checked mate to another.

7. The Strap Returns: New Notes on Flagellation: anon. An old-time favourite at G.P.S. schools, the lash is now being re-discovered (boosted by the Profumo Affair) by State High School Heads. This adroitly-illustrated pamphlet will keep teacher abreast with modern techniques — you'll love the section on "Six of the Best for Beginners".

8. The Sexual Life of Robinson Crusoe: Humphrey Richardson. This erudite document is based on the unpublished portions of Daniel Defoe's diary. Until the arrival of Man Friday, the amusements of Mr Crusoe are somewhat predictable. Those who are instinctively shocked by questions of miscegenation will be reassured by Mr Richardson's objective, though sympathetic, analysis of this difficult subject.

9. Mabel's Torments: Erle Dexter. What does a woman do when Alka Seltzer fails to heal those every-day aches and pains? Poor Mabel resorted to an overdose.

10. Initiation Inn: Mary Mark. You can enjoy the delights of Hawkesbury Agricultural College and university initiation ceremonies without the inconvenience of actually having to enrol.

11. The Autobiography of a Flea: anon. A gourmet's guide to the bitter-sweet delights of the human flesh. Listed are the most edible human breeds, the tenderest portions, the tastiest tit-bits. An ideal gift for the calorie-conscious cannibal!

12. The Frigging Countess: E.A.R. Not recommended for tinies.

13. Unlicensed Nurse: Carl Sturdy. A surprising solution to the old riddle of what kept Florence so long in Crimea?

14. A Tale of Satisfied Desire: Pierre Angelique. Ever wondered what happened to the money you donated to the "Freedom From Hunger" Campaign? This picturesque report details the multitudinous ways in which the voracious appetites of our brothers were titillated.

—R.N.

Author as politician

In June, OZ was happy to introduce to its readers promising author, bombast and poetaster, "Arty" Calwell, who had just published his second novel, "Australia's Role In Modern Society".

Since then, Arty has renounced his artistic leanings and turned to politics. But even the hustings could not dampen the flashes of wit of this genuine Australian character.

And so, from an otherwise dreary political battle, we extricate The Best of Author Calwell:—

"I am much nearer to the front line in the battle against Communism than the Prime Minister has ever been." (November 18.)

"If our enemies wanted a fair-dinkum fight they would have to come down the Hume Highway." (November 23.)

"I was one of the faceless men for twenty-two years. You know my face. I cannot claim it is handsome. I have not movable eyebrows. They can't pull the wool over my eyes. All I can say is that I have a rugged kind of grandeur." (November 23.)

"The Ansett organisation has the right to say something for the Liberal Party but I do not know why it has to go so far as to publish a photograph showing the Prime Minister as thirty years younger than he is today." (November 26.)

"The late Senator McCarthy . . . was only a tyro alongside Australia's outgoing Prime Minister." (November 26.)

"He wants to be able to say he has a mandate from the people for a gerrymander." (November 27.)

"Have you ever noticed this about Sir Robert Menzies — that he is a great namesdropper . . . Indeed, he is the Elsa Maxwell of Australian politics." (November 29.)

"And I will go to Canada, too, and



I will go to New Zealand . . . The people of Australia will pay for it and they won't have to pay as much as they have for trips by members of the Government, because I am a very simple man and my wants are easily found." (November 29.)

"I know the Australian people far better than does Sir Robert Menzies as I move around Australia as much as he moves around Europe." (November 29.)

"I walk around Australian cities without any guards." (November 30.)

Ad from the Fiji "Times", 26 Nov., '63: "Bachelor wishes to sell his interior sprung, squeakless, little-used double bed, £25. App."

NAIROBI, Oct. 23 — Kenya's Prime Minister, Mr Jomo Kenyatta, told a political rally: "For more than 40 years I have told the imperialist that we have to rule ourselves, and he refused."

"We have struggled with him like a man fighting a lion. Now we have knocked him down, would you like somebody else to come along and tell us our country should be fragmented?"

(Because of a mistranslation from the Swahili, Reuters quoted Mr Kenyatta as saying: "I have the British lion by the tail and I do not want to lose my hold because other people want to divide Kenya.")

—SMH, Oct. 24

In plain, old-fashioned English there was a complete balls-up!

On Sunday night, December 18, twenty-year-old Albert Oz, of Revesby, dived fully clad into the Tasman Sea at Avalon. He dragged a woman out of the surf into the sandhills, applied mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and other rescue methods he devised on the spot, but she later died.

By way of reward to Albert for his alertness and unselfish service to the community, 2SM is pleased to present him with one of a dozen worthless pieces of paper run up by a staff artist and to nauseate its listeners by having the Good-guys play this announcement to death every hour every day until another good deed is performed in Sydney.

Go to it, fellers, what greater incentive do you need!

PASSING OF A PRESIDENT

The full story

UPU. Republic of the Americas. Dec. 22: The entire population here is still staggering following the funeral of President Kenny.

President Kenny was assassinated a week ago. Three weighted rolls of ticker tape felled the President when they were dropped from a rooftop as the President passed by. Soon afterwards, the President passed away.

The crowd of 700 was stunned.

The late President scorned security; once remarking that he needed security like he needed a hole in his head. He was surrounded by only half the normal complement of 1,300 security officials at the time of his death.

Leadership of the Republic automatically fell to Vice-President L. B. Johns some minutes after Kenny was felled. He rushed to the Presidential Palace to consult economists, diplomats, interior decorators and other experts.

Interviewed while relaxing amongst the Presidential silverware, he commented: "This is a national calamity." Later, he announced that the late President typified Lasting Bravery and Justice.

The assassination brought repercussions throughout the Republic. Security men, searching for the assassin, shot up a few

loitering coloured families in mistake for the culprits.

The stockmarket crashed, but recovered when it was realised that Mrs Kenny did not intend to liquidate her holdings.

The new President addressed the people, saying he faced an enormous task, and praying for guidance. Later he consulted Public Relations experts.

The funeral ceremony was the simplest provided by the Church. Five cardinals officiated. Details of the ceremony were decided by Mrs Kenny.

Watching crowds were hushed as the coffin was borne to the cemetery—the silence broken only by the sound of 29 massed bands, playing with muffled drums.

The President was buried in a plot set aside for national heroes. Explaining her choice, Mrs Kenny said, "he would have wanted it that way."

Mrs Kenny insisted that the President be buried in the same manner as a normal citizen. At the widow's request, a 100 ft. granite column, an eternal flame and a lily pond are to be constructed on the site. The lily pond is to be stocked with goldfish from Ecuador. This, said Mrs Kenny, was the late President's favourite goldfish ground.

Millions throughout the Republic sat up through the night to watch the Television coverage of the widow's secret midnight visit to the grave site.

Congress announced that 59 streets, 28 parks and 13 monuments were to be re-named after the late President—53 streets, 25 parks and 12 monuments at the special request of Mrs Kenny.

President Johns stated that the late President's memory would live forever on the bookshelves of history. Mrs Kenny stated that she was writing her husband's memoirs. The selected publisher stated that he had been touched.

It is understood that Lerner and Lowe are changing the central character of their musical "Camelot".

STOP PRESS: It was announced that the Republic of Americas is to be re-named the Republic of Kenny. This was at the request of Mrs Kenny.

—ROBERT WALKER

Am I too old at 70 to govern Australia?

No. You may be discouraged by rumours that men reach their mental and physical peak at 40 and then decline—but senility is no barrier to a political career. Look at these members of the ALP State Cabinet who'll seek re-election in 1964.

The Premier, Mr Heffron, is 73 and has been an MLA since the depression (an old doggie who doesn't need to learn any new tricks). And here's our old, old friend and Chief Secretary, C. A. Kelly.

So all you spritely octogenarians, pack your crutches, oil your rocking chairs and follow our leaders. After all, age shall not weary Education Minister Wetherell (70), nor the years condemn Health Minister Sheahan (68)—they shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old.

'Quite a coincidence him being born on Christmas day & all that'



THIS TLE SLEIGH YOU

When you hear The Queen's Christmas broadcast every year do you sometimes feel you've heard it all before? So do we.

So we sent OZ Man at the Mitchell Library, Dean Letcher, scurrying to the back-files and this is what he found...

THE Queen's Christmas messages, those precious jewels sent by the BBC around the world, range from 126 words — 1959, the shortest — to about 500. But that winsome Windsor wisdom always comes through.

Of course, in any long-running commercial of 500 words there's bound to be a pretty strong story line. It's got to be a hard sell right from "My husband and..."

Naturally, after the continuous market research in the field by all members of the family, we should expect a consistently-selling message. However, looking back over the past six years, the remarkable feature is just how consistently ratings have remained high, though the message has hardly changed at all.

It's a great tribute to the original team that the brand image has needed only minor modifications over the years.

Here's the basic framework:

1. Thanks for the kind wishes, gifts, etc.
2. Family travel.
3. Births and deaths.
4. The world is in peril.
5. But don't reject the "ageless ideals" (i.e., monarchy) just because they're breaking up/down.
6. Our future lies in the hands of young people and countries (and the stars).
7. We have both and America is launching the other.
8. QED: Happy Christmas.

The first section, thanking all Aunt Ednas for the tea-cosies, bedsocks and postal notes never varies — a truly great tribute to "Women's Weekly" and the Tours.

Section two (family travel) fluctuates. In the vintage year of 1958, "... many of us will be travelling to different parts

of the world and hope to see more of you than ever before". The duke, mum, uncle, aunt and cousin Alex were due to see Pakistan, East Africa, Nigeria, Cen-

old and outworn machinery" (1957). The spiritual aspect of the standard of living was a main theme in 1958. "... the prophets and dreamers ... men of

ideas and poets ... the whole company, who challenge and encourage or entertain and give pleasure."

"It is at times of change, disorder and uncertainty that we should cling most strongly to all those principles which we know to be right and good. Civilisation, as we know it, or would like it to be, depends upon a constant striving towards better things" (e.g., a bigger Commonwealth) (1960).

"We have in our hands a most potent force for good, and one of the unifying bonds in this torn world. Let us keep faith with the ideal we know to be right ... " (1962).

Section six gazes into the future of the Empire on which the sun sets and new members in the family — e.g., Nigeria "... this great nation ... most valuable as the future unfolds ... one of the bright spots ... " (1960).

As well as ideal young countries, we have young idealists and need "...

their vigour, their determination and their service ... " (1961).

Now we come to Herself's personal family ... "Year by year our families change and grow up. So does our Commonwealth family" (1962). Ah, domesticity, tripping about the Sandringham pantry.

In 1962, the future was in the stars. "The Wise Men of Old followed a star: modern man has built one", Telstar — the curious "invisible focus of a million eyes", with "her sister satellites" ready to begin a female succession in the skies.

Pass on to section seven. 1963 has been a quiet year for the Commonwealth, now dwindling to a piece in our time. Ah, yes! Young people, young places and old quotes she rephrases...

Section eight infallibly rounds things off with a cheery QED Happy Christmas. There's a merry burst of Yuletide wishes for those Jamaican bus conductors "missing the warmth and sunshine, of their homelands" in "these old isles" (set in a silver sea?) (1957). And, "as the carol says, may we all hear the angels sing in the coming years" ... "Peace, Goodwill towards Men."

God save the Queen.

—DEAN LETCHER



Christmas Cheer

THERE'S no doubt about the originality of some of the dolls on the market this Xmas:—

- the Hiroshima doll in three attractive mutations.
- the Vietnamese Buddhist monk doll, complete with petrol refills.
- the David McNicoll doll that says, "Yes, Sir Frank."
- the Sir Frank Packer doll that says, "Yes, Bob."
- the Bob Menzies doll that says poetry to Her Majesty.
- the Her Majesty doll that says, "Not here, Philip", and "Put that brandy down, Charles".

There is a current rumour that a large department store in the heart of the city will soon announce plans for a "Second Christmas". They will celebrate the nativity again in June. "Everyone adores Chrissy," say the store's PR men, "so why not have double the fun by offering a second visit from Santa. Of course we'd have to think of another gimmick to replace the manger and virgin jazz."

Here are some suggested New Year resolutions:

1. Visit the National Hotel.
2. Apply for the Chair of Philosophy at University of Tasmania.
3. Invent a dance craze.
4. Land a date with Mandy Rice Davies.
5. Visit the Royal George and beat up some fairies.
6. Subscribe to OZ.



For Whom the Jingle Bells Toll

IT is a great mystery why the famous psychoanalysts never saw fit to investigate the mind of Santa Claus.

There has, of course, always been a great interest shown by historians, as evidenced by a recent study of the influence of Santa Claus in Greek politics. It has also been put forward by some renegade critics of English literature that Santa Claus wrote Shakespeare's plays.

This is no longer seriously accepted by western academics. As they so rightly point out, Santa Claus would have been about 16 hundred years old when the first play was written and there are marked indications of the author having been a much younger man.

I have so far taken the liberty of referring to Santa Claus as a man. There are many who will not agree, hastening to point out the buxom figure and red smock. As for the white beard? Well, bearded women are not unknown.

However it is my belief, as a student of Santa Clausology, that he is basically a man.

My interest was first aroused when I observed how little boys and girls upon reaching the age of puberty, tended to reject Santa Claus and make wild claims that he did not exist. Obviously a man who had such power over adolescents was worth investigating.

His modus operandi is most unusual but requires much practice. Chimneys — wonderful sex symbols in themselves

—are not the easiest way to a young child's heart. As Ogden Nash would say, chimneys are whimsies but liquor is quicker.

But I suppose the main point is not how you get into a child's bedroom, but what you do when you're there.

I have always been appalled by the blatantly obvious shape of a Christmas stocking. This receptacle for goodies must so delay Santa Claus on his rounds as to prejudice the chances of some of us receiving anything at all.

But the big question has not yet been answered. Is Santa Claus camp?

From a casual observation of his face, especially those twinkling eyes, one would be tempted to say yes. But the evidence does not bear it out and it is known that he leaves just as nice presents for girls as for boys.

What kicks then does this dirty old man get from wandering around in the dead of night, sliding into children's bedrooms?

Obviously Santa Claus is a voyeur. And don't be misled by the trissy names of his reindeers. It is now recognised by competent zoologists that they are simply Shetland ponies in drag.

Santa Claus will undoubtedly go down in history as the world's most prolific consumer of aphrodisiacal fruit cake. These little stimulants left for him by the virgin children of this planet are undoubtedly responsible, in no small way, for his peculiar behaviour.

—DELLA



CONGRATULATIONS Santas on completing your training course. Before we unleash you on the kiddies, let's run through the rules just once more:

1. Be careful where you put your hands.
2. Always remember to let them kiss you.
3. Be tactful: If Johnny asks Santa for some brothers and sisters, send mummy to the doll department.
4. On hot days wear plenty of Old Spice, and if you've been to a Xmas party the night before don't forget the peppermints.
5. Some of the kiddies are rather excitable, and in the past our Santas have found waterproof plastic trousers a godsend.
6. Be specific: If a lad whispers in your ear for a tricycle, tell mummy his secret Xmas wish is for a special Cyclops hand-made de-luxe supercycle powered by a Victa two-stroke, cheap at half the 119 guineas.
7. Last but not least: Please do not feed the animals!

"But what can you give a child that age?"



The ABC of Surfdom

When a situation changes it does not take the ABC more than three years to sense the need for an alteration in its format. So it shouldn't be too long before the news filters through the Top Brass that cricket is now OUT and surfing is KING.

And so, with a slight reshuffling of personnel, we take you out to Bondi Beach where Allan McGilvray, Charles Fortune and guest-commentator, teenage surf-idol, "Butchy" Bates, are ready to bring you their impressions of today's breakers . . .

"Well, Arthur, here we are back in this sunny, sunbrown, sundrenched, sundry Australia and, Arthur, I would venture to say that I think that surfing today has acquired the prestige of other sports, sports which . . ."

"Quite so, Charles, I think I would agree. What is your opinion, Butchy?"

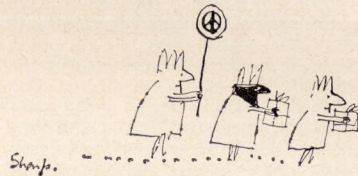
"Yeh. It's king."

"Well, here comes the first immense rolling, frothing roller rolling beachwards. And, yes, he's got it. Like a bronzed Adonis poised astride his flimsy balsa, like the Colossus of Rhodes as he swoops delicate as a winged angel down the foaming crest of a veritable Everest of a wave toward the gleaming golden

shingle twinkling . . . An impudent dumper that one, eh, Butchy?"

"Yeh. King."

"I fancy Midge might have played that one a bit differently, Arthur."



"Quite so, Charles. Midge's slow gliding arm action and easy pace on the plank would stand this fellow in good stead while dogging . . ."

"The blue sward stretches before us with golden, god-like figures bending forward expectantly as the next wall, smooth as glass, rolls with awesome majesty towards the pavilion. With its free action and fine movement the first ride is a true corktop . . ."

"Quite so, Charles."

" . . . takes off neatly turning left in a fine slip, hangs five, walks back and backs out very fine . . ."

"Quite so, Charles."

" . . . he's riding toes-and-ten, making it four-up and five still to come. Slipping along the wall but caught in slips looking hangdog . . ."

"Quite so, Charles."

"He's going for broke but it's an off-break so he makes a shore break and breaks even. I think it's a swamper—no, it's a bodyline dumper or an in-swinging dipper. A bumper! And he's wiped

Bugged by the Beatles?



Banish them with "Beatle-Tox"—it turns sound into static! Just one squirt will destroy Beatle-maniacs, disinfect Beatle-nuts, warp Beatle records, singe Beatle haircuts and keep your home (or party) free of the Beatle Plague.

out, run out, running along the tube."
 "No, Charles, it's a no ball and he's been sent off for chucking."
 "Quite so Arthur."
 "Heh, king."



December Personality

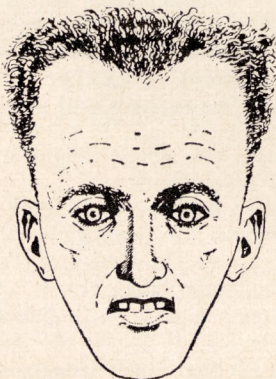
This month OZ introduces as its Personality of the Month, Fred Sparkes, of Panania.

Fred suffers from the unfortunate infliction of looking like every Identikit picture ever published. He has been picked up for every murder and rape committed in Australia since the Identikit was introduced.

Because of the constant demand on him, Fred has had to give up his job and go on to relief. But he has no complaints.

He says police no longer rough him up in the chargeroom and are often apologetic for their mistakes.

POSTSCRIPT: Fred tells us that he used to be a murderer and rapist but gave it up when the Identikit came in.



Out, Damned Spot!

ONCE upon a time there was this guy who invented the wheel.

He was in his bathtub at the time and meditating over the sponge. His lips pursed, his eyes narrowed. Then all of a whatnot he leapt up like a shotten gazelle and whooping out the neolithic equivalent of "Eureka! I've found it!", invited his wife, who was holding the towel, to inspect his thumbnail sketch:

"Yeah beaut," said the wife, "But what does it do?"

"Well, it moves things," he said.

"You mean you don't have to push them anymore?" she asked.

"Well no, you've still got to push."

"You mean you don't gotta push them uphill?"

"No, not exactly."

"Oh f'r cripes sake, come off it, big boy, so what's this big improvement?"

"Well it's not that you don't have to push but you don't have to push so hard."

"So I buy a horse and I got that already!"

"Well you don't have to push it downhill."

"That sounds all right. But there's a chance it'll run away from me maybe?"

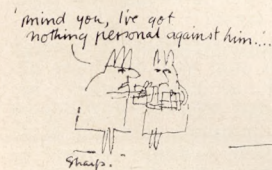
"Well, yes, there is that possibility."

"Now listen, big boy. We been married for twenny years, right? I know you like the fur on the palm of my hand, right? So why come the raw prawn with me, when I'm bigger than you already and can knock you silly with one lousy kick already? You reckon you got somep'n, well it won't sell. You got a dud on your hands. So get back in the bath before you freeze to death!"

* * *

Inventors have always had it tough.

Imagine the inventor of the cigarette when he first said "Well you get a



piece of weed, you wrap it in paper, put it in your mouth, set one end on fire and suck. I dunno what it does but it's progress."

Or the inventor of the chewing-gum as he gave his opening spiel: "In the words of the Bible, my friends, here is the patience of the saints, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Or the discoverer of poison ivy trying to persuade his customer to wait around and let it grow all up a wall.

But the bloke who invented the humble bathtub has yet to justify him-

self to me, for I can still see no earthly use in it . . .

A bath is basically obscene. It is a denial of dirt, which is another form of growth. To take a bath involves three things: a) you are, b) you begin to become, and c) you wish you hadn't and you start to wash it off. But it never



gets you anywhere. Another fifteen hours, and you're sloshing around again.

If taking baths was natural we'd spend more time getting clean, not the paltry twenty minutes a day we're used to. Pretty measly when you consider that you'd probably spend some 23 hours and forty minutes accumulating filth.

A bath moreover, is an interruption. Consider the artist, who baths but rarely. Now why is this? Because baths and the arts are not blood-brothers, that's why. When you bath you're shedding layers off yourself that the good Lord saw fit to give to you. If the good Lord had meant us to take baths, let me add, we'd've been born with built-in spraying systems, or at least a furry tongue, like the cat.

Inspiration comes with dirt, because inspiration's a build-up of self-knowledge, like sweat. And when you scour it off beneath the pulsing shower, you not only debilitate yourself, you turn yourself into a mere Average Man without those additions, which make up true individuality, still clinging to you.

Americans wash three times a day (they have almost as many bathtubs as television sets) and are the most unimaginative, hopelessly conformist race on earth. Englishmen bath once a week and are perhaps the most creative. Russians bath once a month and have technologically advanced a thousand years in the last 43.

Eskimos never bath at all, but they've got problems enough already. I mean, they don't take their dacks off all winter either. This could be depressing.

The most creative periods of human history are when nobody takes baths. The Greeks didn't bath, but the Romans did. The Egyptians had to wait for the annual flood. In Elizabethan times no-

body took baths. They just kept putting on more make-up.

It is a theory worth considering. So the next time you pause on the brink of the porcelain, meditate, consider, take thought.

The next thing down the plughole may be YOU.

—BOB ELLIS

SEE HOW THEY FALL

DO you ever dream about your favourite celebrities? OZ editors do. Here are our choicest dreams of 1963:

1. Nola Dekyvere actually read the column published under her name by the *Sunday Telegraph*, and was so nauseated she joined the push.

2. The 8 Good-guys embezzled 2SM funds, robbed a Catholic Orphanage and then fled to Las Vegas.

3. Dave Allen stated he never had anything to do with Eartha, because he "hates bungs, anyway".

4. Reverend Allan Walker, on the verge of suicide, dialled *Lifeline* but got the Test score on a wrong number.

5. The *Singing Nun* turned out to be Little Richard in drag.

6. Douglas Pratt (a dreary landscape artist who banned a modest sample of "pop" art from the Gallery) was caught importing censored copies of *Playboy* magazine.

7. One of the Royal mothers-to-be upstaged the other three by having twins.

8. Lee Gordon turned up alive and well with a cartload of free publicity for his latest imported artist, world-famous Lazarus.

9. Michael Fomenko revealed himself as Rockefeller's long-lost son gone bush, just in time for the Presidential pre-selections.

10. Princess Grace lost her crown on one throw at the casino.

11. Mrs. Oswald turned out to be Anastasia and was made Queen of the USA.

12. Archbishop Simonds was caught painting political slogans in a Melbourne subway.

Obscene or Absurd?

From the "Libertarian Broadsheet"

"ALFRED JARRY is the playwright who set the Theatre of the Absurd revolution rolling in 1896 with his play 'Ubi Roi' which SUDS presented last year. He died in 1908, but the College de Pataphysique has been set up in Paris to popularise his works...

Three stage-door johns from the Sydney Vice Squad, who had not consulted the above note in the programme of Sydney University Dramatic Society's *A Revue of the Absurd* kept the revolution rolling with an unscheduled entrance on the stage of the Union Theatre at the conclusion of its second night performance on March 29 last. Their mission—find Alfred Jarry, author of one of the Revue items, *Song of Dis-embaining*, with its grisly theme of leucotomy and rousing chorus "arseholes to you".

Nobody—neither cast nor stage-hands—seemed willing or able to assist them in locating Alfred, and a cry of "run for your life, Alf, the cops are onto you" only intensified their belief that a fugitive from justice was near. Frustrated, they lighted on Albie, producer of the show.

A dialogue followed, in which one of the great moments in the history of the theatre fell flat upon rows of recently vacated seats:

Biggest cop (pointing to his programme): "Get me Alfred Jarry".

Albie: "If you read your programme you'd see he died in 1908."

Biggest cop (incredulously): "Oh did he now."

The following day the police let it be known that they would go blind in one eye to the offence they had seen on stage if the song was dropped from future performances of the show.

The fact that there were policemen

as the *Gentle Rain*, and was scheduled for screening. But Associated Features, who developed the film, feared that obscenity was on their hands and notified the guardians of Law, Order, Truth, Beauty, Justice and Mercy.

Three of the latter attached to the Chief Secretary's Department viewed the film at rehearsal the night before opening, and, as the Chief Secretary subsequently told the *Daily Mirror* (which faithfully told its readers) "blushed" at what they saw.

Four policemen arrived on the following night 15 minutes before curtain armed with a restraining injunction signed by Christopher Augustus Kelly, Chief Secretary and Minister for Tourist Activities. Prohibition of the film was stated on the injunction as being on the grounds that it depicted "human excreta dropping from the sky." Nothing in the scenario suggests that the shit is human; if a causal connection *must* be made, God is a far more likely candidate.

Though the injunction restrained Jacques Prevert, it allowed Christopher Augustus Kelly to make his stage debut. The immaculate officialese of his injunction was read nightly to the audience by a member of the cast. It so delighted Sydney audiences that when the Revue went south early in June for two nights it was accorded the rare privilege of being read to Melbourne audiences in preference to the more ponderous prose of an injunction presented for the occasion by the Commonwealth Film Censors.

A newspaper story of the film's short gay history in Sydney had set Melbourne officialdom in panic, and they had dispatched it with urgency to the Commonwealth Censors for a decision in default of their own.

But the wraith of Alfred Jarry had obviously set police minds in Sydney

Sydney, and had taken another month to be delivered to the respective hands of their intended. As well, it transpired that the song was being prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act, although the Theatre and Public Halls Act (1908) had been invoked to restrain the film, and seemed more appropriate.

The denouement of this particular pataphysical romp was at the bench of Mr Chick SM at Newtown Magistrates' Court on October 31. However, only Detective Sergeant McKenzie, the biggest cop of the March 29 raid, was prepared to say that the song was obscene in the legal sense of the world (i.e. "tending to deprave and corrupt"). Mr O'Keefe (appearing for the defendants) in cross-examination: *Did it corrupt you?*

McKenzie (laughing): *No.*

Did it corrupt anyone around you?

I heard someone say...

Did it corrupt anyone around you?

No.

Was there any evidence of a bacchanalia going on?

A what?

Mr Chick: *From Bacchus, a god.*

O'Keefe: *No orgies in sight?*

McKenzie (big smile): *No.*

The two other policemen following McKenzie would only testify that the song was in bad taste, possibly because an adjournment for lunch intervened between his evidence and theirs.

It transpired that the only "complaint" upon which the Vice Squad had acted was from drama critic Frank Harris who had reported in the *Daily Mirror* that the policemen banning the film had missed a "filthy little bathroom song by Jarry". Placed on the stand much against his will, Mr Harris refused to say that the song was obscene.

O'Keefe followed up these initial advantages by asking all prosecution witnesses if they had read Spencer's *Faerie Queen*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the *Book of Samuel*. None of the policemen had read any of these works but Mr Harris had read them all, including the Bible from cover to cover.

All three cops accepted Mr O'Keefe's submission that *shit* and *arseholes* appeared in each of these works. Mr Harris agreed that the words appeared in Spencer, Shakespeare and the Bible he had read. (Mr O'Keefe omitted to say in Court that the Bible he was referring to was the Wyclif translation of 1388, which only a few scholars are likely to have read.)

Accordingly, Mr Chick found that the song was vulgar and in bad taste but not likely to corrupt people's morals. All of which is probably a triumph for the freedom to be vulgar and in bad taste without being obscene.

To establish this freedom cost Albie £50 (that he does not have) in legal costs. A plea of guilty would have incurred a fine amounting to no more than half that amount at the very most.

—CAM PERRY



attached to the Chief Secretary's Department in the audience every night who did not initiate action against the song, gives credence to a rumour, circulating at the time, that the Chief Secretary's Department would not support a Vice Squad proposal to prosecute the song on the grounds that the Department could be made to look foolish.

Already there was evidence in abundance to substantiate this belief. A five minute film had been made of a scenario by Prevert entitled *It droppeth*

to brooding. One Monday morning early in July, Albie and Bruce Williams found policemen with summonses, snuggled among the milk bottles on their respective doorsteps. Williams' summons charged him with singing an obscene song; Albie's with "aiding, abetting, counselling and procuring" the song to be sung on a public stage.

The summonses suggested that prosecution was being launched with misgivings—they had been issued well over a month after the Revue terminated in

The STIFF Arm of The LAW



Tweeddale Case: Last July Mr Ward SM dismissed the charge of stealing against waiter Graham Earl Tweeddale after saying that he found it impossible to accept with any confidence evidence given by detectives. Witnesses who saw Tweeddale just prior to his arrest said he appeared to be normal, without any bruises and cuts.

However, he was later admitted to hospital with a ruptured liver, two large bruises to the face, one of them two inches across, and bruising to the arms. He claimed that he was struck several blows by police officers, that he was pushed off a chair and then jumped on continuously by a Detective-Sergeant. **Smith Case:** In August, the Minister for

The report of the Commissioner of Police on the recent bashing allegations was never made public. Solicitors could at no stage obtain a copy of the report.

However, OZ has procured not the final report, but a draft, the type-written report of a police officer. It is believed a senior police officer edited the report to improve the grammar.

REPORT TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, NEW SOUTH WALES,

ON THE ALLEGED BASHING INCIDENT:

William Frederick Johnston (Const. 1st class): On the
of September 23rd.

~~night before Alf got pissed I was at Phillip St~~
plain clothes
~~station in my home hunting togs ready for the~~
Det. Sgt.

~~Domain. At around eight o'clock Greene brought in~~
a youth indulging in indecent
~~this little bastard who was asking all the time for a~~
language was
~~lawyer. I hit him first and the kid was looking all~~

he
~~surprised and hurt so Green jabbed him. The desk~~
youth desk sergeant
~~sergeant then hit the youth and then Green got the~~
restrained him was
~~bastard another beauty. I myself punched him several~~
times but
~~good ones although I can't claim much credit it~~

injured
~~was Green who was really doing him. Then the~~
youths companions several indecent words.
~~bastard's coppers said they'd tell their M.P.~~
cautioned them

~~The desk sergeant told them to get lost but they~~
continued left
~~wouldn't. I got out then just before the reporters~~
got there.

Signed: *William Frederick Johnston*
(Const. 1st Class.)
Bill

the Interior, Mr Freeth, announced the dismissal of Senior Constable Keith Smith. The case involved seven youths who had driven from Canberra to Sydney. They were approached by two constables when they were parked outside a garage.

Constable Smith struck at least three of the youths without provocation, shouted abuse at them and ordered them out of town. Constable Harris fired several shots from his pistol into the air as they followed the youths to the ACT-NSW border.

At the border, Senior Constable Smith stopped the youths' car and again assaulted three of them.

Ellevsen Case: On December 5, Constable Owen Richard Ellevsen was reinstated to the Police Force with a twelve months' loss in seniority.

The Appeal Board was told that while on duty at Young on October 15, he had driven Miss X to a reserve in a police car, while on duty, and had partially undressed her. Ellevsen had been the only police officer on duty at the time and should have been conducting regular patrols of the town.

Ellevsen was subsequently charged departmentally with misconduct and neglect of duty and with carrying Miss X in a police car to a reserve while on duty, and kissing and partly undressing her.

Fennelly Case: Robert Daniel Fennelly claimed that on his way to Redfern Police Station, where he was subsequently charged with car-stealing, police slapped his face, cutting his lip and breaking a tooth. He claimed to have signed a confession only after police had hung him out a window at the police station.

The Reverend B. W. Gook told the Court that he knew Fennelly well as a helper at the church youth club and had no reason to disbelieve him.

In his judgment Mr Bartley SM said that he had no reason to believe that police had attempted to obtain an involuntary confession from Fennelly.

O'Sullivan Case: In Melbourne, O'Sullivan, a married man with a 12-months-old baby, was taken to hospital after being in custody for about three hours. He later died from injuries he had received.

Apparently the State of NSW has resigned itself to the inadequacies of its Police Force. On November 8 the SMH published one of its most provocative leading articles, "The Making of a NSW Police Constable," without raising a ripple in its Letters columns.

The Staff Correspondent made the following points:

- Of the 143 trainees then doing their initial training only eight had their Leaving Certificate.
- Only 67 per cent. of the remainder had their Intermediate Certificate.
- The only educational examination for entry is a dictation test in which 20 mistakes are allowed ("even so, fewer than 20 per cent. pass it at their first attempt") and a six-question arithmetic test in which three correct is a pass.

Some months ago the evening papers made great play of new proposals for a two-level recruitment to the Police Force, which would include some university graduates. Now we hear nothing.

But who cares, so long as we win the Tests?



Social Top Twenty

1. Miss Jane Hill and Mr Gordon Douglass.
2. Mrs Dick Pockley.
3. Mr Stephen H. Roberts.
4. Miss Kerry Henderson.
5. Miss Caroline Drury.
6. Mr Rupert Scammell.
7. Miss Justine McCarthy.
8. Mr and Mrs Geoff Proctor.
9. Mr Terry Clune.
10. Countess Teleke.
11. Miss Celia Winter-Irving.
12. Lady Lloyd-Jones.
13. Mr Denis O'Neill.
14. Mrs Maloof.
15. Mr Richard Walker.
16. Mr Richard Hill.
17. Mrs Lazslo.
18. Mrs Max Sturzen.
19. Miss Sandra Miller.
20. Nola Dekyvere.

WE were keenly looking forward to the outcome of the struggle between the two weddings contending for the title of "Show of the Month". So we were disappointed when one fizzled (but we don't want to be snaky about that). This left the field clear, so **Jane Hill** and **Gordon Douglass** romped to victory. Not that they didn't work hard to make

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

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

their wedding the "biggest and best" of the year. (SH 1/12/1963.) There was tremendous advance publicity and even Nola plugged it in her column. Jane played the radiant role to perfection. Gordon was content to be witty. (ST 1/12/1963.) There's no doubt about it: the Hill's are a great name in the world of social biz. And we are glad to see that young **Susan** is following in her sister's foot-steps from the deft way in which she caught the bouquet (stephanotis) tossed romantically from a "Romeo and Juliet window" (ST 1/12/1963.) If the old saying is true, then we can anticipate another Hill Spectacular in the near future.

ONCE upon a time the slogan was "Art for art's sake". Nowadays we find that art is a popular social and financial investment. **Mrs Pockley** is the latest to discover the profit that can be got from the palette. And what profit! The opening of her exhibition (semi-abstract) dissolved into a tear bath as frustrated art-lovers wailed in disappointment on finding their favourites already snapped up. (Mirror 21/11/1963.) But Mrs P must have been very happy. It's great to see Sydney society fulfilling its cultural obligations and getting financial perks on the side.

KUDOS to vice-chancellor, **Stephen H. Roberts**, for his recent Carillion Capers. We congratulate this quadrangle crafty for entertaining his social friends at the University's expense. Perhaps that's why there's such a shortage of scholarships, etc. Still, when your own house isn't big enough to impress Mrs Dekyvere and the gang, it's good to know that your education can serve to some purpose.

YET another vain attempt by **Miss Caroline Drury** to overcome the stigma of being a professional model! To force herself into the social limelight she became engaged. Unfortunately this type of publicity stunt has been tried before. Anyway Miss Drury's engagement photo was only a quarter as big as the modelling photo on the next page. (ST 8/12/1963.) She would do well to remember that there is no room for divided loyalties on the Social Top Twenty.

GEOFF and **Heather Proctor** had a party at their "genuine" Georgian home (SH 1/12/1963.) A discordant setting for the phoney, pretentious people who went to it, but an unusual and refreshing gimmick.

DISTURBING to see that the social set are overcoming their prejudices against the trade. Even **Lady Lloyd Jones** managed to rake up enough "friends" to hold two parties on the same day at "dignified Rosemont". (ST 8/12/1963.) By sunset Rosemont might still have been dignified, but we wouldn't like to bet on Lady L-J's condition.

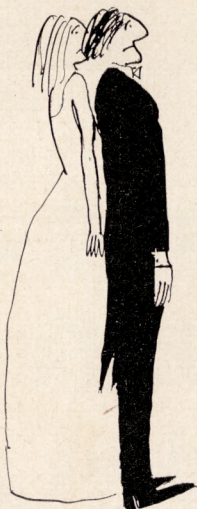
MRS **Clem Maloof** should learn that she can carry mix'n' match too far! The Telegraph (21/11/1963) informs me that to match her outfit she wore "muted royal blue make-up". Was her face red?

A promising young newcomer **Richard Hill** is well on the way to ousting Dickie, Leslie and Merv from the Social Top Twenty. His coy small party before the Olympic Ski Ball marked a humble but promising beginning. (Sun 14/11/1963.) Richard is still a novice and we have yet to see him in the Sunday papers, but he is young and we tip a swanky future for him.

YET another local star has been a complete flop overseas. **Mrs Max Sturzen** went off to New York to try her luck. The highlights of her hasty trip was the "April in Paris" Ball. But we were surprised to learn that Mrs S had not mingled with the international elite but goggled enviously at the whole show on TV. Surely it would have been wiser to have kept quiet about her failure. It was certainly disastrous to confide to her "friend" Nola D who gleefully reported it in her column. (ST 1/12/1963.)

IT was chance and Christmas that brought together two lovely young people featured in the Telegraph. (12/12/1963.) Pretty **Sandra Miller** met the panda of her dreams when browsing through city stores. From the rapt way they're gazing at each other we'd say that there will be one extra for dinner on Christmas day at Glenview Park, Bowral. Or is she imitating Mary-Ann Borthwick who took a sheep to a ball in order to make the July Social Top Twenty? (OZ July.)

HANDS together for naughty **Nola D.** Everytime she opens her mouth she puts her foot in it. (Any remedies for foot n' mouth disease?) This time she "takes her hat off to those committee members who will try anything for the sake . . . of the blind". If Nola is so eager to doff her hat we're wondering just what those other girls took off.

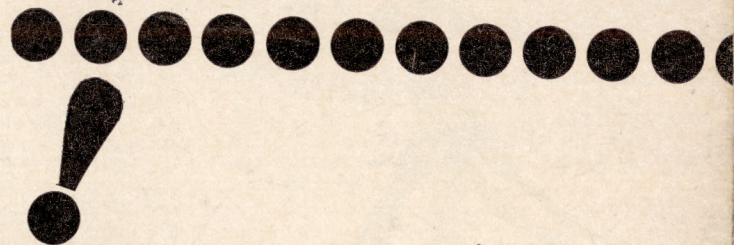


Sharp.

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