

CHRISTMAS 1965

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No. 24 XMAS 65 2/-

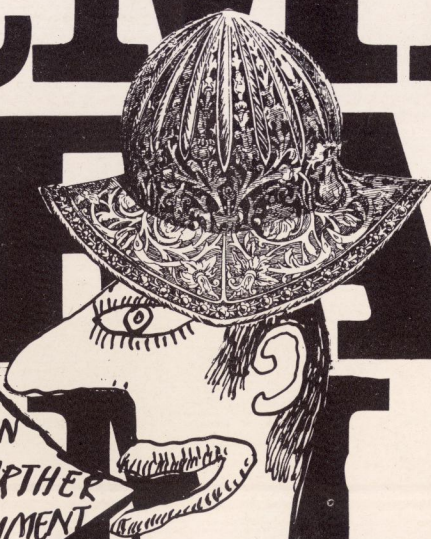


AUSTRALIA

"Who knows – one day he may grow up to be Prime Minister"

FORMAL

THERE ARE OCCASIONS
WHEN ONE MUST TOG
ONESELF UP IN SOME GROUSE
GEAR, WHEN SUCH AN OCCASION
OCCURS I NEED LOOK NO FURTHER
THAN THAT SUPERIOR ESTABLISHMENT
FORMAL WEAR... AM
I RIGHT DOLLY?



YOU ARE ONLY TOO RIGHT GAS SWINGER... PERSONALLY
I WOULD NEVER GO ELSEWHERE... AND WOT A LOVELY
SITUATION... 147a KING ST. SYDNEY (at rear of
Phone: 28-0537... AND 26-28 (off near
MARKET LANE MELBOURNE (off Bourke St
Phone: 32-4795... ISN'T THAT
JUST TOO MUCH? (off Sultan Cross



Write for further details and self-measuring
form to the above address.



All About OZ

editors: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

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

★ Back copies are still available for 1/- each. Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16 have sold out. For collectors: a few copies of No. 17 have turned up so rush your shillings to OZ.

Sir,

I have been rather ill for sometime now and the other day I became ill again after reading your magazine which my daughter had hidden in her basket and I can only hope that the Lord in his infinite mercy will forgive you for your hideous sins and dreadful perversions which no doubt have deprived many flowers of our youth by such things as the naked and erotic pictures of the young men performing an indecent act under the shower and if I had a bit more go in me I would come in and give you young perverts the flogging of your debauched lives as I have whipped other young boys like you before who slinked along the street in their leather jackets and their other obscene clothes like coloured shirts and long hair. I do not think you have the guts to let your readers know how easily I can size you up and put you down but you are a bunch of vile characters I would like to see carstrated and I would do it too.

Edward Hines
(84 years better than you are)
85 Sandgate Avenue,
Botany, N.S.W.

Sir,

2SM has banned the record *If You Gotta Go, Go Now* by Manfred Mann. No announcement was made of this fact, but I have a suspicious mind. It struck me that I had not heard the record for a while, and knowing the B.B.C. banned the song a

while back, I phoned 2SM with the obvious question. After being put on to four people, none of whom would discuss the matter, I was finally told by the Programme manager's secretary that: "2SM wouldn't want to play anything that might harm kids' morals. The record will never be heard on this station again, even if it reaches number one in the charts."

The offending verse in the song (written by Bob Dylan) would appear to be:

*Now I don't want to make you give
Anything you never gave before,
It's just that I'll be sleeping soon,
It'll be too dark for you to find the door.
But if you gotta go, go now,
Or else you've got to stay all night.*

2SM's attitude is rather amusing, considering that they are at the moment unreservedly playing a record about the adventures of a drug-addict (*Get Offa My Cloud* by the Rolling Stones).

DAVID DALE,
Coogee, N.S.W.

"If You Gotta Go, Go Now" has been banned by every radio station in Sydney. Buy it fast before the police grab all the copies from record stores. I am now completely enraged at this invasion of individual freedom. Only 2UW is exempt from my wrath - I phoned them and a girl with a very sexy voice said that they would play it if they could but the Federation of Commercial Broadcasting has forbidden all its members to play it.

OZ PICK-THE-SET COMP



A Andrea



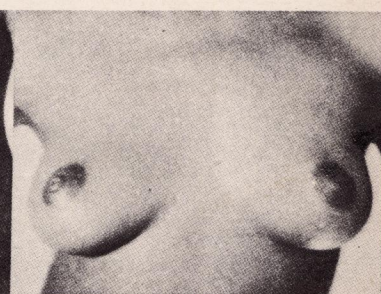
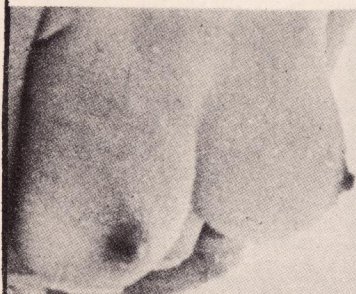
B The Shrimp



C Dame Patty



D Elizabeth Rex



Here's a great new game to test your powers of observation. Illustrated here are four great ladies accompanied by four sets of sets. All you have to do is match the set with the picture of the Great Lady you believe the set belongs to and you could win a subscription to OZ.

Just put the letter of the set in the square alongside the Great Lady and send your entry to OZ Magazine, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. Entry fee is 24/- if you want to win a one year subscription or 42/- if you want to win a two year subscription.

OZ: Pick the Set Competition,
OZ Publications,
16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Herewith my entry fee



HENERY.—F. M. in memory of Detective-Sergeant Frank Henerly, who departed this life October 19, 1959. Always remembered by the Vice Squad.

WILD GIRLS FOR HIRE

Don't let guests collapse with boredom at your Christmas party — hire the "Vamps" — they're Australia's first female rock group. Details: Marsha at OZ, 28-4197; Paul Landa, 26-1881.

To fix for Fango photos by Peter Draffin, gear photographer, anywhere anytime, ring Marsha 28-4197.

- **Ming Don't Go-Go** buttons obtainable from OZ office at 1/- each.
- Also old OZ posters for 1/-. Still a few copies of the August poster (**God bless dear Daddy who is fighting the Viet Cong and send him OZ**) left for 2/- each.

BOOMERANGS!

Genuine returning type, can be thrown by a 7-8 year old boy. Quality made, each one flight tested. £1 each, post paid anywhere in the world. Money back guarantee. Specify if left handed. Comm'l and private inquiries equally welcome.

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MOG

MINI-DRAW sold at
100 Queen Street, Woollahra.

Day by dreamy Day...

October 23: 49 people were arrested in Sydney during the clash between citizenry and constabulary annually staged as one of this city's major tourist attractions.

The demonstrators were demonstrating over Vietnam; the police were being demonstrative all over the place.

The police claimed the demonstrators had sat down at an intersection and held up traffic; the demonstrators claimed the police were standing at many intersections and holding up traffic.

The tourists who had by 5 p.m. taken up most of the vantage points for this amazing and unique ritual said the demonstrators in their gay With-it outfits were very attractive, but the police were even more arresting.

About 49 times more.

What this country needs is another Farouk.

November 2: A Very Important Day, i.e. Melbourne Cup. All very exciting.

It was good to know that the G.-G. ("a very occasional punter" the SMH informed, with just the merest hint of a moralising rebuke to those that aren't "very occasional") picked the right geegee, to wit Light Fingers.

There were two big falls: Matlock et. al. at the five-furlong mark and The Shrimp from grace. Ho, hum.

Oh, by the way, something else happened on this day: Doc Evatt died.

Who says Farouk is dead?

November 3: A small par in the SMH announced that Federal Parliamentarians are to get a gymnasium. This is the second stage in a "keep fit" campaign among members.

In the first stage, the accent was mainly on team sports. The Government team has been concentrating particularly on softball and buckpassing.

The physical Labor men have been working enthusiastically at their karate and back-stabbing under the eagle eye of experienced trainer G. ("The Wrist") Whitlam. Amongst the aquatics, Dr. J. ("Gym") Cairns has proved unequalled at rocking the boat.

Insana mens in sano corpore?

NOVEMBER 4: Congratulations to the NSW Government for having the good taste to appoint a youngish (49) Australian of non-Establishment background (Sydney Boys' High, no less) to the post of Governor.

Of course, it was another of those decisions "above politics" but, for all that, being announced just two days before the Bondi by-election it might just have made that little difference that mattered.

It didn't.

A doctor was publicly castigated for his mismanagement of a simple tnyroidectomy; his practice doubled on the strength of the publicity. A solicitor was struck from the rolls, took up real estate and is now doing very well, thank you.

A doctor who featured in a famous abortion fatality case reports that business is booming better than ever.

A singer who is pending trial for carnal knowledge has never had it so good. I only wish I could bring myself to do something really nasty — it's so good for business you know.

NOVEMBER 5: The Sydney Mirror's columnist Ron Saw deserves to be read by a wider audience than his home city. On this Friday, Saw tried to sum up the awful chilled formality of Doc Evatt's funeral.

He failed miserably because his overwriting (which earned him this year's Walkley award) was not half so effective as the facts themselves ("His portrait doesn't hang in King's Hall, and it should. No Labor office or meeting place has a picture of him on its wall").

Perhaps only in his final two paragraphs did the pathos ring true:

"So they buried the poor, passionate, tragic Doc and when the pale brown earth has settled they will raise a cross or a stone or a tablet over his grave.

"And that will be the only tangible mark in the city he loved and which gave him so little love in return."

November 7: The Libs lost the Bondi by-election.

Bob Askin has certainly taken little time to learn all the tricks of "professional" politics: sending Landa off to London in the first place, sending his Cabinet off to shake the electorate's hand, announcing the new Governor and the extent of the Opera House fiasco at a crucial moment in the electioneering. Anything and everything was grist to his mill.

He called the result a "moral victory". A "morale victory" surely he meant, for Bob himself has proven that in politics there is little room for morality.

Whatever happened to Det-Sergt. Harry. Giles?

November 9. Sydney Mirror headline: AUSSIE GRIPE IN VIET. It concerned a "News-week" article stating that Australians are upset that they are not consulted by the U.S. command in every joint action.

Aussie Gripe of this type has often affected our troops during wartime, particularly in the tropics. Fortunately, it rarely affects the average civilian, even when his mates are dying of it abroad.

November 10: Sir Robert stood in front of the new Canberra headquarters of the Liberal Party (a £50,000 two-storey building of Georgian style architecture), one of the few prominent figures in the world today who can afford to be boastfully reactionary.

"I am an old fashioned, reactionary Tory when it comes to architects", he disclosed, as though it was not self-apparent. "And perhaps in other matters", as he rebutted his double-breasted and mentally crossed himself at the thought that the Queen and modern times had passed him by.

"This building has charm. It does not look like a dairy" (milking the audience for laughs with his gauche idea of the humorous simile).

"If these modern architects have their way for 50 years; no one will know what city he's in," he said, trusting against hope that in 50 years time people would mistake Canberra for 19th century London.

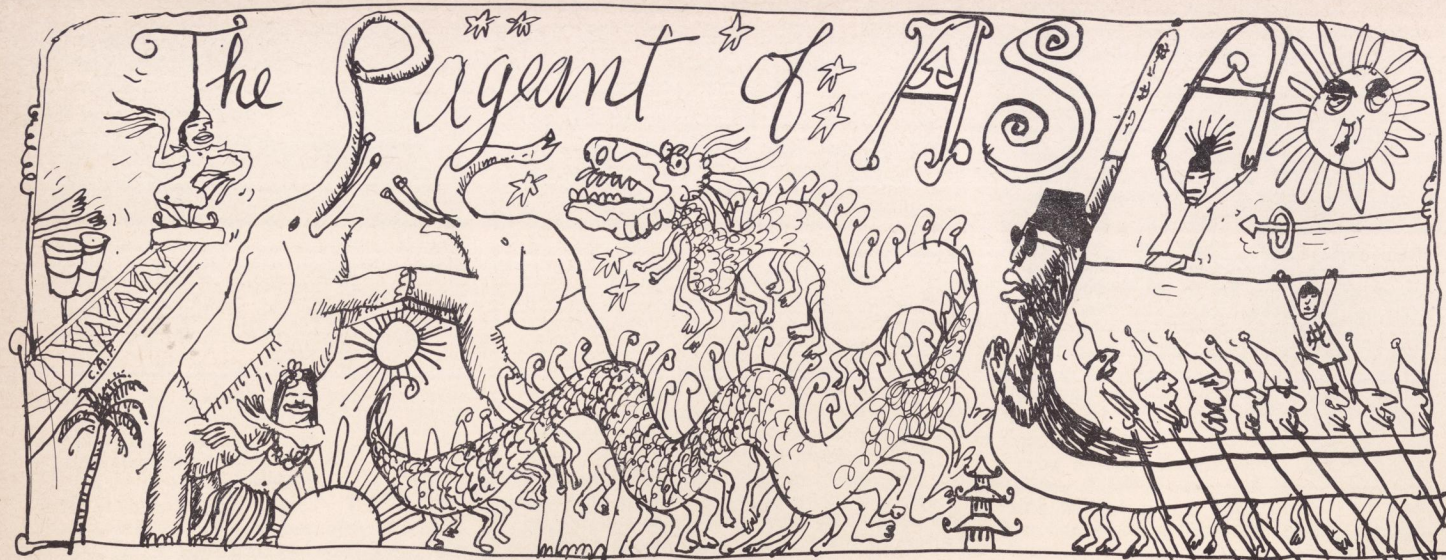
Is Farouk fa real?

November 14: Prince Charles turned 17. His mother was 14 when she began making radio speeches and other public pronouncements. So far there has been an ominous silence from this shy young future P.T. instructor.

It is believed that after the Timbertop sojourn, Charles will return to Gordonstoun. Higher education plans have not been disclosed.

Mainly because they cannot be contemplated.

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On Saturday night, Mum, Dad, my girlfriend and myself went to SYDNEY'S THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR and really had a good time. We left home and luckily there was no sign of rain because we had "open seating" to see THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR at 7 o'clock the same evening. We got off the 395 bus which had taken us as far as Moore Park, squeezed through the turnstile and found ourselves in the midst of THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.

The first thing we saw was the International Pavilion. We couldn't understand why GERMANY had so many big machines on show. "After all," Mum said, "we're not interested in big machines." My girlfriend and myself agreed but Dad pointed out that they showed how Germany was re-arming again and added that the rest of the world should heed the danger signs. My girlfriend and myself agreed. Actually, the exhibits that caught our eyes in this pavilion were the Dancing Fountains. These were Australian, and we all felt sure they could hold their own anywhere in the world. My girlfriend wished in one of them but wouldn't tell me what she wished for. We also looked at ISRAEL, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND and PAKISTAN as well and thought they all put up a fine show seeing they are all Communist Dominated.

Dad then reminded us that we had to see the German Woodchopper. At the ROYAL EASTER this is always my favourite spectacle so I was looking forward with anticipation to compare our boys with a continental.

What a disappointment this turned out to be! Full of hope, I arrived to see this German CARPENTER carving a statue of OUR LADY. Not that I'm against arts and crafts mind you, but I was looking forward to seeing some woodchopping. We left there in a hurry because, on top of this let down, they weren't giving out any pamphlets, and we all feel you can take a bit of the outing home with you if you collect pamphlets.

We then "travelled" through INDIA, HONG KONG, THAILAND (SIAM), AUSTRIA and FREE CHINA but didn't see much of interest and besides you couldn't help feeling they were putting their best feet forward to try and impress us. We all said we'd rather see what life is really like in these underprivileged countries.

Just about now we started to feel the excitement welling up inside of us . . . THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR was due to commence presently.

We all bought a pie and an orange drink, queued up and were soon seated. Sitting there waiting for the commencement, I

thought over what I had seen. I had learnt a lot and widened my outlook.

I also marvelled at the wonderful map of Asia lying out there in front of us on the Showground. The craftsmanship in this alone showed that Australia can "really turn it on" when it comes to putting on a show, but neither myself or my girlfriend could see why Australia was included in a map of Asia.

There were five big film screens around the ground showing slides of the various countries respectively. We all thought that it must have taken a clever mind to think up something like that and we all liked the idea because the pictures reminded us of the travel films we like so much.

Darkness fell, a ring of light sprung up around INDONESIA, and we saw real AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES doing one of their folk dances and wearing their traditional costume. They certainly looked better than any I've seen in Sydney and it made me realise that the aborigines should be left in the outback where they belong. Then came a CAMBODIAN girl singing a song standing on a crane, I knew then it was truly going to be a spectacular.

After Cambodia came PAKISTAN but they couldn't be there because of the trouble and so some Aussie boys from exotic DENILQUIN showed us that they were every bit as good as the originals. Indeed I'm sure our boys from Denilquin were, perhaps, a little better than the real thing.

CEYLON'S turn was next and they were certainly clever with their hands when they played the BONGO DRUMS. My girlfriend pointed out that their skill probably came from picking tea leaves. Dad laughed and added, "The teas that please are Ceylonese" and we all laughed after that.

Until now, Dad had been enjoying all of the PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR but he happened to look beside him and see there was a real ASIAN sitting right next to him. This was too much for Dad, he had to leave soon after.

As he said when we got home, "It's alright them out there entertaining but it's a different thing when they start sitting

next to you." "Some people have short memories," he said, and we all agreed. (Dad doesn't forget things easy.)

After Dad left us we saw a fireworks display from HONG KONG with an exciting Dragon parade which let us know just what goes on "behind the scenes" in the Asian religions.

JAPAN'S contribution to the "SPECTACULAR" was a let down for me at first. All they sent over to represent their country was a girl tight-rope walker and I personally thought that seeing they sell so many of their toys, cameras and cars to Australia, they could have afforded a more impressive entry.

After this, the next act to interest me was the King Elephant Parade from INDIA. The Indians couldn't come either (I got the idea it had something to do with Pakistan) but their Ceylon "cousins" stood in for them and we couldn't really tell the difference.

It was a moving ceremony but even with all its majesty I couldn't help thinking one of our own elephants from BULLEN'S CIRCUS could have done just as well.

Then there came the PHILIPPINE dancers who danced in and out of bamboo sticks which were being hit together. The loudspeaker said they were imitating birds, and we joined in as the whole crowd applauded their nimble feet. Mother said she was sorry Dad wasn't there to see them because he had always been light on his feet.

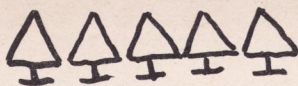
At last came the THAILAND Royal Barge. Myself and my girlfriend had been looking forward to seeing this all week because her mother breeds Siamese cats. It was a truly beautiful sight, full of Asians pretending to row it around the Showground.

Someone imaginative could almost imagine Yul Brynner sitting there like he did in the film but we were disappointed to learn that it was only a model and not really the Thailand Royal Barge.

NEW ZEALAND came next but the Maoris looked pretty fat so we decided to leave early and avoid the rush. On the way out we met Dad who had almost recovered by now and we all managed to get a seat on the 395 bus back home, changing at Central.

After Dad had paid the fare we talked about what we'd seen and all agreed we had learnt a lot. This discussion made the bus trip seem very short and we all finally arrived home tired but happy.

KEITH JOHNSON.



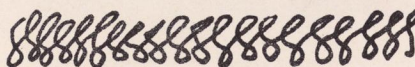
Christmas is upon us again with its usual sordid collection of sloppy, sentimental cards and useless, totally unimaginative presents. However, by following this advice you can at least make one aspect of this year's holy season worth looking forward too.

● Pick out all the people you can't stand. Send them a card. They'll either think you're a two-faced bastard or not such a bad fellow after all. Either way it doesn't matter. Next time you see them—snub them! Keep the scunges guessing till next year.

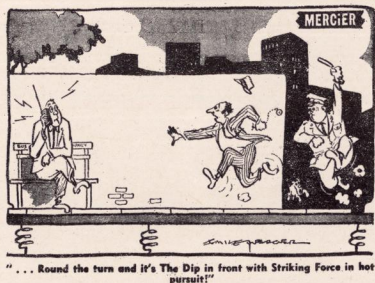
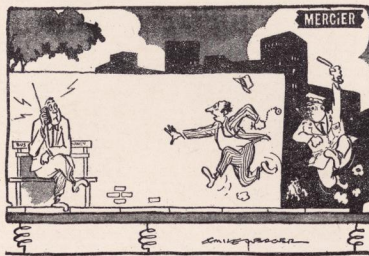
● Think of a few people you haven't exchanged cards with for a couple of years and post them one two days before Christmas. You'll probably get a new year's card but just ignore it. Snub them when you see them, too. They'll probably ask you around for drinks. Always have another engagement.

● Pick out people whom you know and just happen to be of a different social standing to you. Send them perfectly normal cards with perfectly normal messages, but sign them "from John and Tweetie, the budgie." Make sure these are sent early—they'll feel obliged to send you one in return and to humour you will most likely sign it "from Mr. and Mrs. Van Dratt and Freddy, the gold-fish." Then you show the card to all your friends who start to wonder how people as childish as the Van Dratts managed to climb as high as they did on the social ladder.

—C.S.



Sydney's "SUN"
November 2 - Early &
Late Editions



HAROLD HOLT comes to the surface

With summer on the way, kiddies' learn-to-swim classes have begun all over Australia. And who better than happy instructor H. Holt (left) to demonstrate that swimming is child's play.

Harold must take care that tiny air-bubbles don't cause the "bends" so he wears this special anti-inflation suit whenever he dives deep into those troubled waters he knows so well.

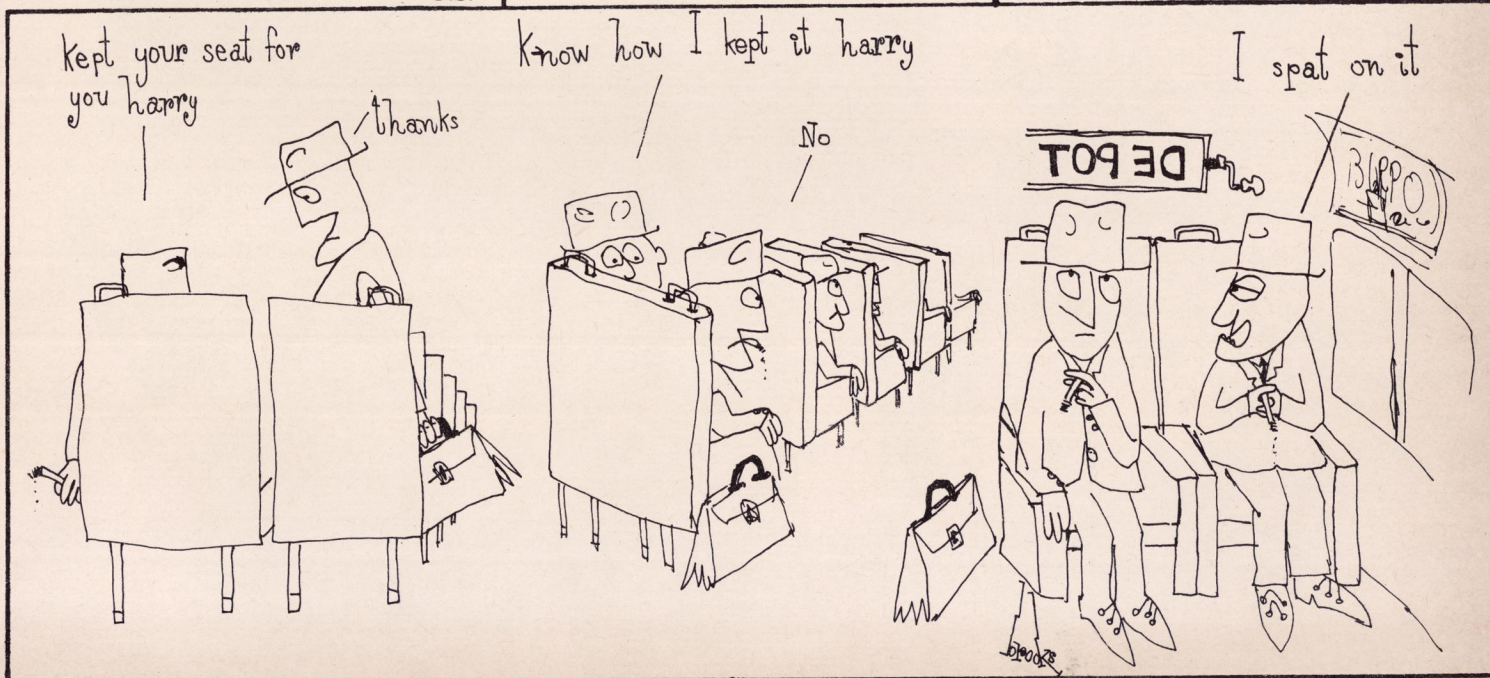
"It's sink or swim," said Harold as he sank. But no need to worry. Harold is happiest when he's out of his depth (which is most of the time) because then he can just sit on his favourite bottom and let problems go over his head.

Harold's services are much in demand and he has just promised to teach the new South African ambassador to skin-dive. "This proves that I'm not colour-conscious," said Harold and friends agreed that where colour was concerned, Harold had no conscience at all.

But some races interest him more than others and he confided that in one at least he hoped to end up as leader. "A curious race!", I said when Harold explained that his training consisted of smoking cigars, drinking all the brandy he could and then vomiting as accurately as he could over anyone standing in his way.

Apparently these are the training methods of the retiring champion and he has won for twenty years running (or vomiting).

— D.L.





MRS. CALWELL'S DIARY

Dear Diary,

Well, what a month I've had here at 30 Baroda Street. Arthur has been so busy that the lawns have suffered badly and not one rosebush has been pruned.

Sittings in the House always tire him and when he does get home it's all he can do to get up the front steps and lean on the chimes button. Poor dear, he has to be on his toes all the time, what with Sir Robert to face and Gough at his back. But, when I answer the door, he's never too tired to let his mouth slide sideways into his own genial smile and I know he's pleased to be home.

Some nights he's so exhausted that he doesn't remember to shut the garage doors and all the back windows frost up on his Mini. When he comes home like this all he wants is a hot Horlicks and to flop into bed, so even then I don't get a chance for a good talk. Or anything else.

It was so nice to have him home for Cup week-end but even then he was terribly busy. On Saturday morning, we took Gertie (my palest-green Mini) down the street to do the holiday shopping. Arthur was in a hurry to trim the edges and then prepare for an Executive meeting so he parked quickly and we sped off to the Foodfair. Picture our surprise, when we returned, to

find a traffic policeman leaning on Gerie! Arthur, of course, introduced himself but the fellow kept on writing so Arthur had to write out a writ for £100,000 damages there and then before you could say Isle of Capri. He said that he moved in high places and that his was a "moving hand that having writ moved on." The policeman said to move on. This was a blow, but Arthur didn't grumble about the money for the fine, "We'll soon have more than enough," he said. I wonder what he means.

About 4 o'clock Arthur was just wiping his plate when that dreadful Victorian Executive arrived. While he answered the chimes, I dashed about with the antimacassars and spittoons. I was glad Arthur had a clean Glo-weave, even if the others were wearing blue singlets.

It was a very late night, but I retired after serving the Jatz and savoury dip. Arthur was up early next morning working away on his book. This project is still "top secret" but someone is bringing out a whole series of books of the wittiest sayings of various people. I've seen "The Wit of Prince Philip." Sir Robert is next and Arthur is hard at work on "The Wit of A. A. Calwell." Though he is by no means a stranger to print, Arthur is taking the book very seriously and I'm sure his readers will do the same. He goes through our bound Hansard volumes (same shelf as the Condensed Books) marking the bits in his speeches that are especially funny. Until I looked, I didn't realise that Arthur had so many "loud laughter's", "govt cheers" or "prolonged laughter and applause's", and often on the most unlikely occasions.

After a salad, we passed our "pleasant Sunday afternoon" at home and, for the first time in weeks, we had a good talk. Arthur does have his problems with the Party, but, as he said, "We all have our crosses to bear." I asked him about young Gough and he agreed with me that he was a worry. "Well Elizabeth," he said, "we all have our double crosses to bear", and laughed so much he had to wipe the foam from his lips. (I suggested he put that one in the book).

But our happiness was not to last long—Tuning into the news we heard of Old Doc's sad passing. Although he and Arthur were not always the best of friends, the hatchet was buried with him. Arthur, humming sadly, found a pencil and penned his definitive obituary for **The Australian**. It was lovely the way he "accentuated the positive" and ignored all those little disagreements and trifling altercations. I hope that Arthur, too, will be called an "almost-great Australian" when he dies.

Then, after a last leaf through the France travel brochure, Arthur put out the tin and so to bed.

Give her a diaphragm...

Give her anything...

But take her to...



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for reservations

**Help take the Christ out of Christmas
with hilarious Xmas cards by Martin
Sharp beautifully printed in full colour
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by
ANTHONY RIGHTON



Although OZ encourages outside contributions, most of them are, alas, unprintable. Occasionally, however, faith in our readers is restored by a manuscript of outstanding quality. Such is "The Unholy Grail".

Since its length made it initially unsuitable for OZ, we have added extra pages in the conviction that you will be as excited as we were by this witty, clever allegory.

Consider the ad pages of the glossy magazines. There, in soft-focus background is to be found a certain brand of man. He admires twin sets. Acclaims suits. Or — and very Americanised this — wolf-whistles his approval of a classic dress. His presence lends tone to the ad and at the same time suggests that the clothing advertised will increase the buyer's desirability.

His suit is dark, its cut verging retrogressively towards the Edwardian. He wears a multi-coloured vest, sports a coke, carries brief-case and umbrella. He is almost too immaculate. But for all his sartorial perfection he is very much a man's man. Which is to be expected since he is the creative exec's own creature.

Such was Sebastian as he walked along Oxford Street one December morning. In addition to umbrella and brief-case, however, he carried a parcel gift-wrapped in Christmas trimmings. In the parcel, in tissue paper, cellophane and cardboard box, secured by Sellotape was, so Sebastian was convinced, the Holy Grail.

Saints, and sinners, have searched for the Holy Grail and volumes have been written on their quests. Some men have seen it and the vision was the climax of their lives. Throughout the centuries the Grail has been the symbol of unattainable perfection.

Sebastian had bought his Grail at the cosmetic counter of a Regent Street store for £3/19/11.

He waited for a break in the traffic and began to cross the road.

From the distance the forest had given no indication that it would be other than that which he might expect. But now that he had reached it Sebastian realised that it was no more a real forest than a photograph of a bush is a real bush. The grass was artificial. The trees were two dimensional, lopped short some ten feet from the ground, and their leaves were green plastic. Even the sky above was only blue paper electrically illuminated. It was a department-store window forest.

It was noon when he entered the forest and once in the forest, Sebastian, like Felix, kept on walking. Later he began to think that either the forest was much larger than he had at first anticipated, or that he was travelling in a circle. Sebastian stopped, laid his brief-case, umbrella and parcel on the ground and sat down. He removed his bowler, brushing it once or twice with the

palm of his hand and then placed it beside him. He lit a cigarette. He realised:

- a) that he was lost,
- b) in an impossible ballet-decor forest,
- c) while taking time-off from the office,
- d) and that he hadn't the faintest idea of how he had got there.

From a bough some distance away a paper-sculpted owl viewed his bewilderment with indian-inky eyes.

There was a sudden burst of unearthly laughter. "Allow me —," thundered a Jovian voice.

Sebastian saw a ghostly, but well manicured masculine hand, a shadowy wrist disappearing into a Swedish style button-thru cuff, and the beginnings of a dark pin-stripe sleeve. The hand proffered itself to be shaken. Much against his better judgment Sebastian clasped the hand and was relieved to find that it felt as natural as its appearance was un-natural.

"To explain," concluded the voice.

"I'd rather," Sebastian replied, wondering at his own daring, "hear the explanation from a complete man. Not that an explanation under any circumstances won't be most welcome," he added hurriedly, "if you are unable to materialise further."

The hand removed a cigar from unseen lips and slowly faded into nothingness.

"Damn!" exclaimed the voice.

Sebastian watched the hand return. Then the other hand. Followed by a foot. The rest of the body came in disjointed segments like the picture a jig-saw puzzle makes as the pieces are assembled.

Sebastian found himself regarding an impeccably dressed, middle aged gentleman.

"My name," said the apparition, "is Logos."

Sebastian accepted a cigar and, following the other's example sat down on the paper turf. Mr. Logos unscrewed the golden cap from his cane and poured two large measures of whisky into glasses, which he conjured from thin air. Soda, from an air-borne syphon followed. The whisky, Sebastian realised sipping appreciatively, was just what he needed.

"Nice grail you've got there," began Mr. Logos conversationally.

"It's more than a grail," Sebastian replied quickly, without wondering how Mr. Logos knew the contents of his parcel. "It's the Grail," empathising the definite article. "I'll show you." He began unwrapping his parcel. "I bought it for Verity. She's my fiancée," he added. Then, as he removed the final tissue paper: "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beauty," Mr. Logos answered, somehow making his following truism sound as if it were an original thought, "lies in the mind of the beholder. What do you see?" he asked.

"What do I see?" Sebastian exclaimed. "Why, a two handled silver chalice, intricately carved, inlaid with precious stones." And was piqued that Mr. Logos apparently found the writing on the box of more interest than his description of its contents.

"In this chalice, symbol of perfection," Mr. Logos quoted, "a new, all-embracing range of cosmetics for a new, all embracing you."

The mouth of the chalice was closed with taut, wrinkle-free cellophane, and inside were vials and flasks, jars and mysterious packages. Sebastian was just able to read part of the label on a small, lalique-style bottle. "... tantalising perfume. With sin in it. And a promise to him in it . . ." Sebastian thought of sin. And Verity. And then of Verity. And sin. He found it a pleasing combination.

"Here," said Mr. Logos, passing him the carton. "You'd better wrap up your grail again."

Sebastian, noticing the tone in which Mr. Logos pronounced the word "grail" thought

blasphemously: What does he expect? A written declaration from Jesus Christ in person, witnessed by the twelve apostles that this is the Grail? "What about the explanation?" he asked in a I'm-in-no-mood-to-be-trifled-with voice.

Mr. Logos examined the lengthening ash on his Havana and pointed to the middle foreground. "Explanations can wait," he said. "But time, tide, and attractive young women wait for no man."

Sebastian glanced in the direction indicated. "Verity!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

"The fiancée of whom you spoke, I presume?" Mr. Logos queried.

"Yes," Sebastian replied, bending down and hiding his present under the bowler hat.

"In which case I shall leave you," said Mr. Logos benevolently, adding: "Two is a quorum at a lovers' meeting."

Sebastian, running forward to meet Verity scarcely heard Mr. Logos' parting words. "Darling!" He kissed his fiancée. "But what on earth are you doing here?"

"What on earth," Verity echoed, "are you doing here?"

They walked back to the tree where Sebastian had been sitting with Mr. Logos. The area, which had been artificially *au naturel*, was now an executive-style lounge, but lacking roof and two walls.

Sebastian and Verity stood hand in hand

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in what would have been the door had there been a wall in which to place it, and stared in approval at the large picture-window draped with Japanese bamboo curtains, at the dull-copper slow-combustion room-heater against the rough-brick wall, at the two abstracts in shadow-box frames, at the contemporary Swedish furniture, at the television receiver, and at the stereophonic, variable-speed record player.

"Heaven!" breathed Verity. "It's like an article from *Harper's Bazaar*."

"Heaven!" agreed Sebastian, with the mental reservation that he would play merry hell with someone or something if Verity's present were missing. "It's like an article from *House and Garden*."

Verity crossed the room and sat down. She looked round. "Everything," she said appreciatively, "is so right."

Sebastian, exploring the cocktail cabinet built into a knotty-pine wall discovered a comprehensive range of wines and spirits. He mixed and poured two drinks. The record on the player, he noticed, was entitled: "Music for Seduction; One Hour of Dreamy Reverie."

He pressed the button and a muted *Vie en Rose* caressed the room.

Sebastian passed Verity a martini and sat down beside her. His intentions were strictly honourable but Verity's semi-reclining posture and the firm delineation of her figure beneath an orlon jersey made

him think less of the strangeness of the past few hours—which he had intended to discuss—and more of the immediate future. He kissed her. He remembered the lalique-style perfume bottle in his Grail, and the wording on the label "... with sin in it. And a promise to him in it . . ." His hands, which began by stroking her hair came, by way of forehead, cheek, and neck to rest on her breasts. Sebastian's hands were no strangers to his fiancée's clothed breasts, but further than that they had not been allowed to venture. But now his hands, unimpeded found their way beneath jumper and brassiere. Eventually, his right hand, tiring of the naked nipple swollen between its fingers, dropped knee-ward. Verity, eyes closed, lay relaxed while Sebastian's hands explored her body.

Verity drew away from Sebastian, stood up, and began to undress. She pulled her jumper over her head. She let skirt and slip fall to the ground. Sebastian noticed that she smiled in a way he had never seen her smile before. He noticed too that the real woman compared very unfavourably with any model in any underwear advertisement. Her bra was wrinkled. Her girdle was asymmetrical, and had left its impression upon her flesh. Her stocking welts dipped loosely between each individual suspender. As she unhooked her bra behind her back he realised that her armpits were neither as smooth nor as completely hairless as the armpits of a woman modelling depilatory creams.

He had never anticipated such imperfections.

Verity, naked, sank back onto the divan. "You're wearing far too many clothes, my darling."

Sebastian, embarrassed not by his fiancée's total nudity and the all too obvious demonstration of her charms, but by the fact that, despite himself, he found her suddenly physically repulsive, felt himself begin to sweat. He stood facing her, for what seemed to him an eternity, endeavouring to find some excuse for his critical lack of desire. Then, sounding like a character in a cheap novelette, and knowing that he sounded like a character in a cheap novelette: "Not now. Don't let's spoil it. When we're together for always —", only to find that he was speaking to Mr. Logos. And that Verity had vanished.

"I," said Mr. Logos, "have just got you out of a fix. An awkward fix. A very awkward fix." He examined his cigar and repierced its tip with a match stick. "Never," he remarked conversationally, "use metal on fine tobacco." His tone of voice changed. "You are a complete and utter fool. You refuse a beautiful woman merely because she isn't as perfect as the faked, touched-up, worked-over photographs of carefully posed professional models."

Sebastian lost his temper. "And whose fault is it? Feminine perfection is thrust at me from every paper, every magazine I see. Smoothly contoured bras tempt me from every poster. Girls in creaseless undies pose invitingly for me on T.V. screens." Sebastian was shocked to find himself in tears. "But I do love her," he whispered.

Mr. Logos rubbed his hands. "Capital," he said. "Capital. Then you want my help?"

"I want Verity," Sebastian replied. "And I want myself to want her."

"You," said Mr. Logos, "are going to have a long, hard fight." And like the Cheshire Cat, Mr. Logos faded slowly away, leaving only the aroma of his expensive Havana.

Faded, too, the executive-style lounge. The Japanese bamboo curtains. The dull-copper slow-combustion room-heater. The two abstracts in their shadow-box frames. The contemporary Swedish furniture. The television

receiver. And the stereophonic, variable-speed record-player. Sebastian found himself sitting on the ground again, as bewildered as ever, while the same paper-sculpted owl watched him with the same indian-inky eyes.

Sebastian saw the girl while she was still some distance away. As she came nearer he noticed that her only clothing was a diamante, brushed-nylon, leopard-skin cache-sex. She was young, he decided, and beautiful in the year's accepted fashion. She walked delicately, proudly, and in a soft jingle of bells. He rose to meet her and, as he did so, saw the reason for the silver notes preceding her like an audible perfume; two miniature bells pendant from filigree platinum thimbles, encasing her nipples.

The girl said: "My name is Amanda." And: "Have you a bottle opener?"

Sebastian said "I'm Sebastian." And: "Yes, I have."

Amanda took Sebastian by the arm, barely giving him time to jam his bowler hastily on the back of his head, his umbrella and brief-case under one arm and to pick up his parcel and hurried him off into the forest.

They came at last to a small glade. Sebastian noticed first a pool so clear, so still, it might have been a mirror. Which it was. Around its banks luxuriated paper fern and artificial bull rushes. In one corner of the glade on a small hummock, two wax Victorian bloods each in flannels and blazer, shared a picnic basket with two wax nudes. The characters and the setting reminded Sebastian of a painting he had once seen.

Amanda gave the smaller dummy a push. "Move over, honey," she said. The dummy rolled awkwardly down the slope and came to rest face down in the mirror pool. Amanda pointed to the picnic basket. "Food, Real food. And beer. Chuck us your bottle opener."

"There is nothing," said Amanda later, fastidiously wiping a blob of mayonnaise from her belly with a dummy's shirt tail, "quite so charming as luncheon al fresco." She accepted a cigarette and lay down, her head in Sebastian's lap. "Well?" she asked.

"Well what?"

"Why are you here?"

"Why are you here?" Sebastian countered.

Amanda blew an insolent puff of smoke in Sebastian's face. "I live at the Castle," she said with an air of finality, precluding any further questioning. "Now it's your turn."

"I wish I knew."

"That's odd."

"Is it?"

"We only get two kinds of people in the forest," Amanda explained. "The Castle guests. And they can't get to the Castle quickly enough. And the enemy. Generally Sir Point stops them. Or the Words and Phrases. I've never heard of anyone getting past the Words and Phrases," she added.

Sebastian said: "You may know what you're talking about. I don't. All I know is that I was walking down Oxford Street on my way back to the office, and the . . ."

"What's in the parcel?" Amanda asked, changing the conversation.

"The Holy Grail," Sebastian answered with a touch of pride. "I went into —" here he mentioned a famous London store, "— to buy a bottle of scent for Verity. She's my fiancée —"

"Yes?"

"And then I saw the Grail. It was on a counter of sales-price discontinued lines."

"Do let me see."

Sebastian unwrapped Verity's Christmas present for the second time.

"Oh!" Amanda exclaimed. "Isn't it lovely!"

"What," said Sebastian, echoing the question Mr. Logos had asked him, "do you see?"

"What do I see? Why, a two handled silver chalice, intricately carved, inlaid with precious stones."

Sebastian heaved a sigh of relief.

"And all those heavenly cosmetics! Your Verity is a very lucky girl."

Sebastian purred with pleasure.

Amanda set the Grail on a nearby papier-mache rock. It glinted, gleamed and the stones flashed with hidden fires.

From the forest came a distant roar and Sebastian jumped to his feet. Amanda laughed and the two silver bells tinkled in sympathy.

"It's only another visitor to the Castle."

Into the clearing a tiger bounded, a tiger with a woman on its back and the woman was Verity. The tiger raced across the clearing towards, past them, urged on by its rider. Within seconds it had disappeared again into the trees. Sebastian heard his fiancée's wild cries of "faster! faster!" grow faint in the distance and then all was silence.

"I must rescue her!"

"Who?"

"Verity! My fiancée!"

Amanda laughed. "From what I saw she doesn't need rescuing. She rode the tiger as to the manner born."

Sebastian had to admit the truth of Amanda's statement.

"You might as well sit down again."

Sebastian sat down. "Let me get my facts straight. Or try to get my facts straight," he corrected himself. "This is a cardboard forest. With looking-glass pools. And paper-sculpted birds. But that was a real tiger."

"A very real tiger," Amanda agreed.

"But a tiger with a difference. Its eyes were miniature T.V. screens and it carried car registration plates."

"Its stripes were cheque crossings. Just in case you didn't notice," Amanda added.

"I didn't. But I'll take your word for it."

"A/C Payee only and Not Negotiable."

"No & Co?"

Amanda blushed. "I'm sorry. A/C Payee only, Not Negotiable, and & Co., of course."

"Of course. Now," Sebastian continued, "you said the tiger was taking my fiancée to the Castle?"

"Yes," Amanda agreed. "Its a form of transport we reserve for very special guests."

"Will you show me the way?"

"That's my job," Amanda paused, "though I may as well confess that I thought at first you were one of the enemy. But as soon as you showed me your Grail I knew there'd be a dungeon waiting for you."

"A dungeon!"

"All our guests live in executive-style dungeons. And very comfortable they are too. They have their own key so that they can let themselves out whenever they want to if that's worrying you. Not that they ever do," she added as an afterthought.

Sebastian ran his fingers through his hair. "Its all beyond me," he admitted.

"Never mind," Amanda said soothingly.

"You come with me and do everything I say and you and your Verity will live happily ever after." She stood up. "We mustn't waste time."

Amanda waited while Sebastian picked up his belongings and then, linking her arm through his, drew him into the forest. They walked for half an hour until, as swimmers breaking surface, they were out of the forest and into a sunlit countryside. The contrast was so sudden, so complete that Sebastian turned to convince himself that the forest still existed. Behind him the two dimensional cardboard trees, the paper-sculpted birds on their boughs, the crepe paper sky; before him a rolling English countryside resting under an afternoon sun.

Sebastian stooped, picked up a buttercup, and crushed it wonderingly between his

fingers. The bruised stalk was real, sappy and cool to his fingers. Two hundred yards away grazing cattle lifted their heads, looked gravely at them, and returned to the lush green grass.

Amanda tapped a foot impatiently. Sebastian noticed that she wore a silver slave bangle tightly around one slender ankle. Noticed too, that while she had fitted the forest as naturally as a marachino cherry fits a dry martini, she was as out of place now as an artificial rose in a hawthorn hedge.

Before them, like the red carpet the commissioner unrolls before a visiting potentate, a road, starting where they stood, suddenly sped across field and dale into the distance. A broad road, marble tiled, and shimmering in the haze. The road, straight as an arrow flight, led to a distant hill, and on the hill was a castle which might have served as the original model for the Gibbs Dentifrice ads. of pre-war days. From where they stood it appeared to have been carved from solid ivory. A Hollywood dream of a Rhineland castle.

Amanda sighed with relief.

A car appeared. Such a car as Sebastian could only describe to himself as a "luxurious limousine" and dismounted not the chauffeur, but two liveried flunkies who opened the door for them.

Sebastian was not surprised to smell the, by now well known fragrance of a Havana cigar.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Logos.

"I knew it!" Amanda was annoyed. "I knew you were one of the enemy! Despite your Grail."

Mr. Logos spread his hands deprecatingly. He tapped Sebastian on the shoulder. "Your road," he said, "lies through the forest." He pointed to a small track which Sebastian had not noticed. A narrow, winding track leading back the way they had just come.

"But Verity," Sebastian objected, "is at the Castle. And this road leads directly to the Castle."

"Agreed. But this road is reserved for Castle guests. Take it and live with your Verity in your own personal dungeon. And every day will bring disclosures as mortifying as this afternoon. Choose my road and, at the end of it you'll take Verity, sweat and all as a man should take a woman."

Amanda shuddered fastidiously at the word *sweat*. "Sebastian, Darling," she whispered. "You love your Verity —" she rubbed herself against him so that the silver bells tinkled melodiously, "— but no one would call me ugly. Distractions can be quite amusing?", in an inviting voice.

Mr. Logos threw back his head and roared with laughter. "And what distractions are you going to provide my young friend?" he asked.

Sebastian, thinking of the limousine and its broad back-seat, believed the question superfluous, to say the least.

Mr. Logos reached forth his hand, slipped a finger into the belt of Amanda's cache-sex, and pulled it downwards towards her ankles. Sebastian saw with horror that Amanda was as sexless as any nude study in any G.P.O. registered magazine. Mr. Logos smiled sadly. "What else would you expect?" he asked. "She's as false, as spurious as everything else in her imitation world."

Amanda cried softly. "It's not my fault," she whispered. "I'm only a gimmick. And whoever heard of a gimmick being useful?"

"All right," Sebastian said to Mr. Logos. "I'll take your road." He seized Amanda by the hand. "But she comes with me!" He pulled Amanda towards the narrow track reaching back into the forest.

Behind them, men similar to Sebastian and each escorted by gimmicks identical to Amanda waited for the limousines taking

them to the Castle.

"What," Mr. Logos asked himself, as he watched the patient queue, "is one among so many?"

On the far side of the clearing, sheltered by overhanging branches stood an ornate pavilion whose silken walls fell in heavy folds to a richly embroidered carpet. From the top of its scarlet and gilt centre pole a pennant fluttered bravely. In front and to one side of the pavilion a knight in full armour sat upon a motionless charger. Under his right arm was a massive lance and on his left forearm he carried a shield. His coat of arms was an eye, open and staring, azure, under a skilfully coiffured brow. The motto was NO ONE PASSES WITHOUT BUYING. Tastefully embroidered on his mantle, in Gill Sans Ultra Bold Condensed was his name: Sir Point de Sales.

"Hold!" the knight commanded, his voice hollow behind his visored casque. "Be ye base or highbrow, serf or noble, I must needs engage you." He raised his lance until it pointed directly at Sebastian, spurred his mount to a lumbering gallop, and charged across the clearing.

"What on earth," Sebastian asked anxiously, "do I do now?"

"Tell him you'll have it," Amanda replied in a well-this-is-the-way-you-wanted-it tone of voice, in a if-only-you'd-taken-my-advice-this-would-never-have-happened tone of voice.

"Have what?"

"Whatever he is selling, of course."

Sir Point was halfway across the clearing and Sebastian noted with apprehension that he showed no signs of stopping. He was just about to shout that he would buy, which seemed an ineffectual defence against so terrifying an opponent, when he noticed a ghostly but well manicured hand, a shadowy wrist disappearing into a Swedish style button-thru cuff, and the beginnings of a dark pin-stripe sleeve. The hand wielded a sword. And the sword, after having inscribed a rapid arc in mid air, neatly beheaded the charging knight. Sir Point's head went to the right, his body to the left, and the riderless horse stopped and began cropping the daisies. But of the hand, or the sword, there was now no sign.

Sebastian stared at the decapitated knight. And then at Amanda. He noticed a man run from behind the pavilion: a weedy, ineffectual character dressed in a corduroy suit, suede shoes, and a floppy bow-tie.

"Weally, Mandy," the man lisped, "you ought to pick your friends with more care, that's all I can say. Oh, I am so cwoos!"

"Sir Point," Amanda objected, "was at least fifteen yards away from us." She looked at the fallen knight. "A clean cut, Basil," she whispered, "and Sebastian was unarm-ed —"

Basil examined Sir Point. His glance shifted uneasily around the clearing.

Sebastian, following Basil's example, looked about him. Half concealed behind the nearest tree he saw a beckoning Mr. Logos. Leaving Amanda and Basil in muted argument, he walked towards Mr. Logos.

Mr. Logos laid his fingers across his lips. "Sssh," he cautioned. He led Sebastian further into the forest. "I don't think they'll hear us now," he said.

"Thank you," began Sebastian.

"Thank you?" Mr. Logos looked at Sebastian questioningly. "You haven't really got the idea yet, have you?" he said. He patted Sebastian as one pats a pet dog. "Never mind. You will. Now run along and have a look, a good long look at that terrifying knight, Sir Point de Sales."

As Sebastian walked towards Amanda he saw with disgust, that Basil was attempting to position Sir Point's head upon his shoulders. His revulsion turned to sudden amusement as he realised that Sir Point was as

artificial, as synthetic as everything else in the forest. He began to laugh and his laughter echoed and re-echoed through the paste-board trees. "And to think —" Sebastian began, "and to think —". He intended to say: "and to think that I was frightened by a cardboard knight in cardboard armour," but his laughter prevented him from forming the words.

"And to think what?" Amanda demanded. Her tone of voice cautioned Sebastian that she was angry. Very angry.

"Mandy, darling," lisped Basil, "be an absolute angel and fetch me my glue from the pavy."

Sebastian began to laugh again. He picked up his parcel, jammed his bowler jauntily on the back of his head and booted Sir Point's visored head in a great triumphant arc across the clearing. "Let him fetch his own bloody glue!" And taking Amanda by the arm he led her across the clearing.

"All right, Sebastian," Amanda threatened. "You're very pleased with yourself just now but you wait until the Words and Phrases get at you!"

On through the forest, following a narrow path, Sebastian dragged a reluctant Amanda. "There's no need to be quite so rough,"

Amanda objected at last. She shook herself free of Sebastian's grip and began to walk beside him.

Sebastian began to laugh again. "A cardboard knight! The best you could bring against me was a cardboard knight!"

"No," Amanda objected. "Not the best. Only the first. Sooner or later you'll scream for mercy. And you'll finish up in a dungeon like all the others." She laid a hand on his arm. "Sebastian, let me take you to the Castle now."

But Sebastian, still laughing, hardly heard her.

A grey, amorphous something, skulking beside the path detached itself from the shadows.

"Kingsize," said the Word, wrapping its tentacles affectionately around Sebastian. "Kingsize. Oh, I'm a lovely word. Think of all my pleasant associations. Fit for a king. That's the first and the most important. Of superior quality too, because of course kings only use the best. And large. Somehow I feel I mean large. Which infers economical — everyone knows its cheaper to buy in bulk. Kingsize," the Word repeated in self-satisfied tones, "why, I'm as good as a By-Royal-Appointment crest on any advertisement."

"Here! Let me get at him! Move over, Kingsize!" shouted a Phrase elbowing its way towards Sebastian. "Large Economy," the Phrase bellowed in Sebastian's ear at the same time wrapping two tentacles round him. "Nothing suggestive or tenuous about me," it continued in clipped, military tones. "Say what I mean and mean what I say. I'm a good, solid, down-to-earth, hard-selling phrase. And I do my job: make you buy the larger size!"

"Giant!"

"Jumbol!"

"Magnum!"

"Mighty!"

The Words and Phrases hurled themselves at Sebastian carrying him to the ground. And all shouting. Shouting. Shouting.

It was unendurable. He was unable to think. The Words and Phrases tore at his mind and burrowed into his brain. Then, from under the Words and Phrases, from outside the Words and Phrases Sebastian saw the road leading to the Castle. Oh, for the blissful peace and quiet of his own personal, executive-style dungeon, he thought. He had only to relax. To cease struggling.

"Kingsize," he heard himself saying. "Kingsize. If it means anything it means the same size as a king. But which king?"

Little Louis Red Shoes, who was so small he wore high heels to increase his stature —"

He felt Kingsize slip from his mind.

"Economy," he began to quote from the concise Oxford Dictionary, "administration of concerns & resources of a community; Political E— theory of production & distribution of wealth."

Large Economy, howling, followed Kingsize back into the forest.

The rout had begun. One by one the Words and Phrases slipped from him like jellyfish from sea-smoothed boulders and disappeared.

"Nonsense!" Sebastian shouted after them.

"You're all nonsense!"

Once again Sebastian and Amanda were alone in the forest and the road to the Castle had vanished.

Sebastian straightened his tie, picked up his bowler hat and the parcel he had dropped in the fray, and looked at Amanda.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well what?" replied Amanda crossly.

"You said I'd never get past the Words and Phrases."

Amanda shrugged her shoulders and the two pendant bells jingled melodiously. She laughed. "That," she said, "was only a preliminary skirmish. If you think you've beaten the Words and Phrases — you'll never beat the Words and Phrases. Not as long as you live. They'll always be watching you. Waiting to slip under your guard. Whenever you pick up a paper. Whenever you watch T.V. Whenever you listen to the radio."

Despite himself, Sebastian shuddered as he realised the truth of Amanda's words. He glanced nervously over his shoulder.

"Why don't you give up?" Amanda asked. "Oh, I know you beat Sir Point de Sales. But," she added quickly, "it wasn't in fair combat. And for the moment you've bested the Words and Phrases. But only for the moment. And there are so many more. And even if you beat them all there's," her voice dropped to a whisper and Sebastian had the impression that had she been a Catholic she would have crossed herself, "always the dragon. And with him you'll never know whether you've won. Or lost."

"The dragon?" queried Sebastian.

"You'll find out soon enough," Amanda answered.

Sebastian sat down on the paper turf. He disposed his hat, his brief-case, and his parcel carefully to one side. On second thoughts he unwrapped the parcel and held the Grail at arm's length. Was it his imagination, he wondered or had the stones lost some of their hidden fire? He looked again at the small lalique-style bottle half hidden by the Grail's other phials and jars. "... tantalising perfume. With sin in it. And a promise to him in it ...". Sebastian thought, as he had thought before, of sin. And Verity. And then of Verity. And sin. The combination was by no means as pleasing as he had first found it. The picture of an unexpectedly all too imperfect Verity was still fresh in his mind.

"Personally speaking," said a voice behind him, "I think Logos played you a pretty dirty trick."

Sebastian started to his feet and Amanda, despite her unsuitable lack of clothing, dropped into a full court curtsy, head deferentially bowed.

The speaker was tall, dark, swarthy almost. He too, as Mr. Logos had been, was impeccably dressed, but whereas the latter's appearance had spoken of Saville Row and of a conscientious valet who, in all probability, had once been his batman, the speaker's appearance suggested a New York tailor and a continental man-servant. The stranger

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wore, sported a heavy diamond ring, diamond cuff-links, a diamond tie-pin.

"Introduce us, please, Amanda."

"Sebastian. Mr. Apollon. Our," in hushed and reverent tone, "agency's Senior Executive."

Mr. Apollon extended a bejewelled hand. "A pretty dirty trick," Mr. Apollon repeated. "Your fiancée had simply no idea this morning of what was to happen this afternoon. That was Logos' idea. He wanted her to be at a disadvantage. Quite naturally she was unprepared. Why, as any girl knows one touch of Morning Myst dissolves unsightly, underarm hair —"

"Morning Myst gives under-arms Unexpected wonder charms. Dissolves unsightly hair."

Just a touch of Morning Myst Makes you so nice to be kissed Anywhere. Anywhere. Anywhere, sang an unseen choir of oh-so-feminine voices.

Mr. Apollon raised an index finger, a conductor on his rostrum and brought it down to the last syllable of "Anywhere".

"Thank you," he said, nodding in dismissal.

"Where. Where. Where," echoed the voices softly into the distance like bells at evening peeling.

"It is really amazing," said Mr. Logos, materialising unexpectedly and addressing Sebastian, "how obtuse our friend can be on occasions. Sebastian," he continued, but to Mr. Apollon now, "was not disillusioned because his fiancée's physical appearance fell short of that perfection which advertising —," he paused, and smiling apologetically, "misleading advertising had led him to believe was the accepted norm, but because he realised that he found this difference important."

Sebastian, who had not analysed his emotions as objectively as Mr. Logos, wondered if, by any chance, Mr. Logos was right.

Mr. Apollon gave a deprecating laugh. "You really mustn't blame my profession, Logos," he said smoothly, "for giving Sebastian high standards."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Logos for once, apparently, at a loss for words.

Sebastian thought he had, perhaps seen the approaching waiter before. But where? The question was unimportant, anyhow. He accepted a martini.

"Commercial television, Sir," the waiter prompted.

"Of course!" realised Sebastian.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Apollon, tasting his martini appreciatively. "It must be Martin's! The traditional gin in today's taste."

"When it comes to gin," advised an unseen masculine voice, "go for Martin's. The best people do."

"Served," continued Mr. Apollon, "by nine out of ten top hostesses."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Logos who, Sebastian noticed, was already drinking

his second martini, "but would I be correct in assuming that nine out of ten means nine out of every ten?"

A sudden gust of wind rumbled the tail feathers of the paper-sculpted owls, stirred the plastic leaves on the cardboard branches, stroked the artificial grass and of Mr. Apollon, or the waiter, there was now no sign.

Sebastian scratched his head in bewilderment with the hand that, seconds before had been holding a glass. He ran his tongue round the inside of his lips retasting the martini, or the illusion of the martini he had been drinking.

"And good riddance to bad rubbish!" Mr. Logos called out rudely. "Nine out of ten top hostesses!" he snorted. "You'd think he'd know better than to try that old gag on me, of all people!"

"Nine out of ten," repeated a bemused Sebastian. Then: "Nine out of every ten. Yes. I suppose there is a difference."

"You suppose! Is that all?"

"Anyhow," countered Sebastian, "you weren't doing too badly for someone who supposedly doesn't approve of Martin's gin."

"Whatever gave you that idea?" asked Mr. Logos. "It's a perfectly good gin. Why, I've even bought a bottle — once in a while," he added hurriedly. "It's not the gin to which I object, only the reasons Apollon gives to trick people into buying it."

Sebastian digested this information. He wished he had drunk another martini before Mr. Apollon and the waiter disappeared.

"You think you're very clever, don't you?"

Amanda began, addressing Mr. Logos.

"Yes," replied Mr. Logos with complete conviction. He changed the conversation. "You didn't miss much," he said to Sebastian. "Only dinner."

"Dinner!" Sebastian exclaimed reproachfully, realising how long it was since his *al fresco* luncheon.

"So, if you will excuse me. My butler hates to be kept waiting," Mr. Logos added apologetically. "Good servants. So hard to find these days." And with a smile to Sebastian and a half-bow to Amanda he faded into nothingness.

Daylight did not fade into dusk and deepen imperceptibly into night. Daylight ceased abruptly. Was, and then was not. A sudden blue light now separated the shadows in the forest.

Sebastian started with surprise.

Amanda yawned. "Bed time," she said. Then: "You'll need all the sleep you can get. We have to be up early in the morning."

"Why?" asked Sebastian, who disliked early rising.

Amanda arched her eyebrows and smiled an enigmatic smile, rather as a cat smiles when watching a mouse. She did not trouble to answer Sebastian's question. "Let's go and find somewhere to sleep."

The large, ornate bedroom in which Sebastian found himself was, as the executive-style lounge had been, too clinically perfect. It had an uninvited, unloved-in appearance.

Sebastian noticed the bed first. A large circular bed which, under a canopy of misty Terylene, dominated the room. The same misty Terylene curtained the windows and draped the dressing table.

Amanda pulled down the counterpane. She discarded the filigree platinum thimbles encasing her nipples, wriggled out of her *cashe-sex* and into bed.

Despite the memory of Amanda's plaintive "I'm only a gimmick. And whoever heard of a gimmick being useful?" and the evidence of his eyes, Sebastian found it impossible to believe that Amanda was as sexless as she appeared. Naked, beside her naked body, he felt himself respond as any

normal man would respond lying beside a normal woman.

"Oh! For Heaven's sake!" Amanda exclaimed peevishly. "If that's what you want you'll have to wait until we meet the Family Planners. Or one of the Tampon girls. They're all —" and Amanda used a word she could scarcely have learnt from even the most off-beat advertisement.

He was dreaming. Sebastian knew he was dreaming. And, with a dreamer's knowledge knew, too, not only that he was lost in a labyrinth, but that the labyrinth was a self-service store.

"Crispy! Crunchy!" mouthed an enormous carton in a reverberation of "R's". "Oh ho! How I'll enjoy him on my breakfast table!" The carton sidled towards Sebastian, its short legs bowed, its flat rectangular face creased in an expectant grin.

"Just think how he'll Pop! Crackle! and Snap!!!" hissed a second carton, edging its way towards Sebastian down the other side of the alley way.

"No need to even light the gas!" lisped a third, joining the other two. "Just a dash of sugar. A splash of milk. And —"

"Instant breakfast!" shouted the three, rubbing their hands together in a frenzy of anticipation.

The cartons began to run towards Sebastian.

"All man! Just what I need to keep me regular!"

"I wonder what give-aways there'll be inside him!"

"More than half my daily requirements of honest-to-goodness sludge in one mushy mouthful!"

"The new breakfast for cartons," chanted the three together, "in the man-sized pack!"

Sebastian turned and fled. Past the shelves of tinned beans — beans baked in rich tomato sauce; beans baked New England style with all the flavour of cottage-smoked ham; beans baked with appetising pork sausages. Past the shelves of spaghetti — spaghetti with meat balls; spaghetti in Parmesan sauce; spaghetti Bolognese. Past shelves of sardines. Of pilchards. Of kippered herrings. Past shelves of rock salmon (guaranteed not to turn pink in the tin). Of middle-cut salmon and choice-cut tuna. Past shelves laden with all imaginable groceries. Shelves bearing the delicacies the contemporary Lucullus craves.

"But where," thought Sebastian, "is the sugar? And why on earth can't they put it next to the tea? After all, the two go together. Like —" he searched his mind for a suitable simile, "like bacon and eggs. I suppose they've got those at opposite ends of the shop, too."

"But of course," a voice replied behind him.

Sebastian turned.

The Motivational Expert smiled disarmingly. He peered, suddenly into Sebastian's eyes. "Dear me. Blink-rate normal. Now that's disheartening. Very disheartening to say the least."

"You," said Sebastian, taking no notice of the Motivational Expert's observation, "haven't answered my question."

"Which was?"

"Why on earth don't you put the sugar near the tea?"

The Motivational Expert raised his eyebrows.

"Look," said Sebastian, his patience fast becoming exhausted. "I came here to buy a packet of tea and two pounds of sugar. I found the tea easily enough. But as for the sugar, — I've walked past shelves of beans —"

The Motivational Expert nodded.

"Spaghetti —"

The Motivational Expert nodded again. "Tinned fish —"

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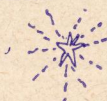
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"Frankly, I was disappointed"



"Yes," the Motivational Expert agreed.

"Cake mixes —"

"That's right. Following the flow pattern, that's good. But don't tell me you walked past those luscious, mouth-watering instant desserts?"

"Damn your luscious, mouth-watering instant desserts!" Sebastian shouted. "All I want is sugar!"

"Oh, you're still a long way from the sugar. The sugar's right at the other end of the shop." The Motivational Expert giggled. "You'll really have to look to find the sugar." He took Sebastian's arm. "It's all quite simple," he said. "Now, earlier on you were thinking that tea and sugar went together like, correct me if I'm wrong," he added hurriedly, "like bacon and eggs?"

Sebastian agreed.

"But my dear fellow, that's precisely the reason why we put them at opposite ends of the shop! If you wanted to buy bacon and eggs and they were on adjacent counters, why — you'd be straight in. Straight out. And that would be that. But my way — you buy one and then you've got to go looking for the other. And Heaven only knows what you'll pick up in between!"

"You seem to have got things down to a fine art," Sebastian remarked grudgingly.

"Not a fine art," the Motivational Expert replied.

"The fine art. Believe me," he continued earnestly, "beside the art of selling all other arts pale into insignificance." He paused. "Now, suppose I wanted to push my bacon sales —"

"You'd drop the price," Sebastian interrupted.

"Precisely. But —" The Motivational Expert wagged a warning index finger. "That isn't all. Oh, dear me no!"

"No?" queried Sebastian.

"No," The Motivational Expert answered decisively. "I'd drop the price of bacon — and increase the price of eggs!"

"So that losses on the roundabouts meant profits on the swings?"

"Precisely. Soft sell," the Motivation Expert continued dreamily. "Soft sell. And it always works."

"Not with me it doesn't," Sebastian replied. "The only thing you can sell me at the moment is two pounds of sugar."

"What about some biscuits?" the Motivational Expert suggested. "After all, who ever heard of tea without biscuits? Arrow-root? Oatmeal? Ginger? Assorted fancy-creams that melt on the tongue? Chocolate fingers — rich, satisfying creamy-milk chocolate and crisp, more-ish biscuit flake with just a hazy hint of lemon? Or —"

"Sugar," Sebastian replied incisively. "Just plain, common-or-garden, bad-for-the-heart, fattening sugar."

"And every shelf," continued the Motivational Expert, "packed full. Did you know that half-empty shelves are bad for business? Customers won't buy from half-empty shelves. It makes them think, subconsciously that they're depriving others. Gives them a guilt complex."

"Isn't that the sugar down there?" Sebastian asked.

"Of course," the Motivational Expert continued, "no self-serve, no super-market worthy of its name really sells anything tangible. Now look at that steak," he continued, pointing towards the frozen foods' display. "We're not selling steak. We're selling the sizzle —"

"Then how about forgetting I want to buy sugar and selling me its sweetness?" Sebastian asked rudely.

"It's the idea behind the food that's important." The Motivational Expert removed his glasses. Wiped them carefully with his handkerchief. Held them up to the tinted fluorescent light. Hurred. Wiped them a

second time and replaced them. "A woman's purchasing habits," he said suddenly, "are closely linked to her menstrual cycle."

Sebastian waited for amplification of this profundity, but since it did not appear to be forthcoming: "Why are you telling me all this?" he asked at last.

"Why?" The Motivational Expert laughed disarmingly. "Why am I telling you all this? Because, my dear, dear fellow, I happen to be dreaming and you are only a creature, a figment of my imagination!"

"On the contrary," Sebastian replied with what he considered to be a crushing rejoinder. "It is I who am dreaming. And its you who are the creature, the figment of my imagination!"

Sebastian seized a two pound packet of sugar which was suddenly within easy reach, placed it beside the tea in his otherwise empty pusher and walked towards the cash desk where the cashier, a tutelary goddess, presiding sure-fingeredly smote the keys. The bell on the cash register rang and became the bell on the bed-side alarm clock.

Sebastian yawned. Sat up. Rubbed his eyes with the back of his knuckles and looked round.

Amanda, her body glowing from shower and Turkish towel, her finger and toe nails freshly iridescent, her lack of sex provocatively concealed by freshly drip-dried nylon, flaunted into the bedroom. She stared at Sebastian. "You look awful," she said.

"My blink-rate's normal, anyhow," Sebastian replied, saying the first thing that came into his head and as yet insufficiently awake to gauge his feelings.

"Your blink-rate?" Amanda queried. Then: "Oh, your blink-rate! You've been talking to our Motivational Expert." She looked closer at Sebastian. "Really awful," she repeated. "How do you feel? Nervous?"

Sebastian shook his head.

"Irritable?"

Sebastian shook his head a second time.

"Depressed?"

Sebastian shook his head a third time.

"I still think you'd better see a doctor."

"I don't need a doctor!" Sebastian protested. "Or do I?" he wondered. He eased himself into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Combed his fingers through his hair. Shook his head. Blink. Passed his tongue around the inside of his teeth. Swallowed. Shook his head again. "Ugh!" he said. Then: "I always feel bloody first thing in the morning."

"There you are then!" Amanda exclaimed. "Isn't that just what I've been saying?"

"I suppose a few vitamin pills wouldn't hurt me. I must admit I do feel a little — well, as if a course of vitamins might help," he concluded lamely.

Amanda sighed with exasperation. "Then we'll go to the doctor's immediately after breakfast," she decided.

"Breakfast!" echoed Sebastian.

"Yes. Breakfast. B-R-E-A-K-F-A-S-T," Amanda spelt out. "And if your friend Logos hadn't been such a smarty-pants last night we wouldn't have missed dinner. So, please, don't ask him round until we've eaten."

Despite his recent experiences which, Sebastian thought should have accustomed him to abrupt and illogical change he was unable to conceal his surprise as the morning room in which Amanda and he had breakfasted changed, in the blink of an eye into what appeared to be a doctor's waiting room. Could only have been a doctor's waiting room judging by the hard uncomfortable chair in which he found himself sitting. The assorted magazines, all in various stages of decay which lay upon the table and the assorted men, women and children, equally in decay, who sat around the perimeter of

the room.

The door opened and Sebastian realised that the nurse, immaculate in crisply starched white was none other than Amanda.

Nurse Amanda stood to one side as the Doctor entered. She closed the door and together they walked to the first patient.

"Hmm," said the Doctor thoughtfully looking the unhappy patient up and down. "Hmm. The acid in your stomach would burn a hole in a carpet." He tapped his right ear with his stethoscope. "Give him a great big liver pill," he ordered.

Nurse Amanda extracted, from the confines of her bag the largest pill that Sebastian had ever seen. She advanced towards him clutching it as a rugger forward clutches the ball before scoring.

"Hey!" exclaimed Sebastian, about to point out that the Doctor had meant the pill for the first patient and not for him, when any further protest was silenced as Nurse Amanda hurled the pill into his mouth. Sebastian swallowed convulsively.

"Children," said the Doctor, smiling malevolently at a little girl clutching her mother's hand, "need a gentle cough syrup. Honey mild yet strongly soothing."

Nurse Amanda produced a bottle and spoon and forced the prescribed draught between Sebastian's clenched teeth.

"Disordered stomach?" queried the Doctor of his next patient. "Can't face food? What you need is —"

And Sebastian watched in horror as Nurse Amanda poured a concoction from a large bottle into a measuring glass.

"You're making a mistake!" he shouted. "I'm not —" He spluttered violently as Nurse Amanda poured the contents of the measuring glass down his throat.

The Doctor began to walk past the waiting patients without pausing between each diagnosis. "Aching feet! Acne! Alopaetial And that's all the 'A's'" murmured the Doctor happily. "Bed-wetting! Biliousness! —"

And with each diagnosis Sebastian was given either a pill, a noxious draught, or smeared with some foul-smelling unguent.

The Doctor paused. He gazed blissfully at his next patient. "Haemorrhoids!" he exclaimed ecstatically.

"No!" screamed Sebastian, only to find that, despite his violent resistance his trousers had, somehow been removed and that Nurse Amanda had taken an unforgivable liberty with his person. Blushing madly he recovered his trousers. In humiliation and rage he found the truth. "You're not a doctor!"

"Of course I'm not," agreed the Doctor sympathetically. "And I don't remember ever saying I was. But if you want to assume that any woman who wears a white coat is an S.R.N. and that any man who carries a stethoscope is a registered M.D.," the Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's your affair isn't it?"

"Impostor!" shouted Sebastian.

"Oh, give him one of those special pink pills," the Doctor ordered.

Sebastian felt himself swallow yet another pill. "What was that for?" he managed to ask at last.

"Period pains," replied Nurse Amanda. "But never mind, Sebastian. You'll enjoy those three extra days every month."

The Doctor, Nurse Amanda and the waiting patients burst into laughter and then, bubble like into thin air.

Sebastian was alone in the room.

"Speaking personally," said Mr. Logos. "I think you deserved everything you got." He paused. "I suppose a few vitamin pills wouldn't hurt me!" he quoted in disgust. "Why, you poor, ignorant —" He threw up his hands in disgust. "Oh, what's the use

of talking!"

Sebastian hung his head in shame. "Amanda —" he began to justify himself.

"Tricked you good and proper," concluded Mr. Logos. "She's clever, that girl. I wish I had her on my side," he added. Then: "Oh, I know you're going to say she took you off-guard suggesting you ought to see a doctor. Perhaps that's taught you that you can't afford to be off-guard."

"Yes," said Sebastian.

"Not for an instant. Never," continued Mr. Logos. "Still, if you've learnt your lesson?"

Sebastian nodded his head.

"I only hope so," Mr. Logos sighed. "And there's still the dragon —" he sighed again.

Sebastian gathered from his tone of voice that not only did he, Mr. Logos, doubt that he, Sebastian, had learnt his lesson, but also that he, Mr. Logos, doubted that he, Sebastian, would manage the dragon. He was about to reassure Mr. Logos on this point when he noticed that Mr. Logos, like his sigh had faded into nothingness.

Amanda, no longer Nurse Amanda but only Amanda the gimmick, entered the now empty waiting room. "We've got to hurry," she said. "That is, if you still want to reach the Castle?"

Sebastian jammed his bowler hat firmly on his head, picked up his brief-case, his umbrella, his gift-packed grail. "All right. I'm ready," he replied firmly. "Let's go!"

"But I know this view," he said wonderingly looking at the neat chequerboard fields separating the hedgerows. And then: "It's like an illustration from *Alice in Wonderland*!"

"Through the Looking Glass," Amanda corrected. "And we've got to run too!"

Seizing his hand Amanda began to run, pulling Sebastian along with her. And, as they ran the countryside which had been empty of people, suddenly filled with men, women and children and all running, running, running.

"Faster!" Amanda cried.

Sebastian, clutching bowler, umbrella, brief-case and parcel ran as best he could.

"Faster!" Amanda cried, a wild bacchante drunk with speed. "Faster!!! You must keep up with the Jones!"

"I must keep up with the Jones! I must keep up with the Jones!" Sebastian repeated over and over again. "I must keep up with the Jones!" He dropped his bowler hat.

"No time to pick it up! You must keep up with the Jones!"

Sebastian realised that everyone, young and old alike were all chanting the same refrain: "We must keep up with the Jones! We must keep up with the Jones!" "I must keep up with the Jones!" Sebastian repeated. "I must keep up with the — WHY?" he asked suddenly. "WHY must I keep up with the Jones?" He stopped abruptly, so abruptly that Amanda, who was still holding his hand, fell flat on her face and as she lay, sprawling in the grass, Sebastian reflected that she had quite the most adorable bottom he had seen for a considerable time.

Sebastian realised that Amanda and he were alone in the middle of the field and that of the thousands who had been running alongside him, there was now no sign. He heard the refrain: "We must keep up with the Jones! We must keep up with the Jones!" grow fainter into the distance. Sebastian sat down glancing over his shoulder as he did so and, far away he could vaguely discern the frantic runners. But they were behind him and falling further behind with every passing second. The bowler hat that he had dropped earlier floated gracefully through the air towards him and dropped deferentially at his feet.

Amanda, weeping tears of rage brushed the grass from her body. "You're clever,

damn you!" she sobbed. "But just you wait —"

Sebastian tapped her familiarly with his umbrella across that portion of her anatomy he had so recently admired. "What next?" he asked. "The dragon? Please let it be the dragon, Amanda. That's your last line of defence, isn't it?"

"No. Its not our last line of defence. But if that's the way you want it you can have the dragon!" She paused. "Or rather, the dragon can have you!"

"Temper! Temper!" chided Sebastian.

It was definitely dragon country, he thought. Grey clouds hung under a grey sky. The lush pasture of the Alice-through-the-Looking-Glass meadows had become thin earth, weed infested, and bare eroded rock. It was damp and a thin wind moaned through the desolation. Sebastian shivered. Even Amanda, he noticed, seemed oppressed.

Sebastian swung his umbrella jauntily to reassure himself and its metal ferrule caught a yellow-red fungus which burst with a heavy "plop", like a stone falling into thick mud, covering them both with its evil smelling spores. He began to whistle what he hoped was to be a defiant tune, only to find, on listening to himself, that his pursed lips were rendering Chopin's *Marche Funebre*.

And then — out of a corner of his eye he caught sight of the dragon. But it was a dragon that vanished before he had a chance to turn his head.

The Unholy Grail

Amanda laughed mirthlessly.

And again. And again. The dragon impinged upon his peripheral vision and then was not. A skulking dragon to be seen only for the barest fraction of a second.

Sebastian smiled to himself as realisation dawned. "Amanda," he said, "its very odd, but I've just had an urge for some delicious Starchie Crisps. I don't suppose we could buy a packet anywhere round here?"

Sebastian fancied that Amanda sighed with relief.

"Starchie Crisps! Starchie Crisps! Delicious Starchie Crisps!"

The salesgirl, clad in an abbreviated costume that emphasised her figure, a tray of Starchie Crisps suspended against her midriff by a cord around her neck, leant over Sebastian.

"Starchie Crisps? Two packets, Sir?" she asked.

"Dear me, no!" Sebastian said. "I never touch them. But I'd love a double whisky —"

There was a burst of herculean laughter. "And by George, that's just what you shall have!"

Sebastian was reminded of their first meeting as Mr. Logos unscrewed the golden cap from his cane and poured two large measures of whisky into glasses which he conjured from thin air. As before, soda from an air-borne syphon followed.

"Skold!" said Mr. Logos, holding his glass at arm's length towards Sebastian. "You

know, for one awful moment I almost thought you were going to fall for that subliminal malarchy."

Sebastian smiled a self-satisfied smile. "Skold!" he replied. Their glasses touched —

Sir Point de Sales, his helmet plumage streaming in the wind charged towards him. He stood in his stirrups, levelled his lance, and shouted his war cry: "Repetition brings results!"

In line of battle on either side of Sir Point stretching as far as the eye could see, other knights, similarly accoutred, reared in their saddles, levelled their lances and echoed their leader's paean: "Repetition brings results!"

"Repetition," they shouted again, "brings results!"

The ground trembled beneath the thundering hooves of the battle chargers.

"Repetition," screamed Sir Point, "brings results!"

"Repetition," echoed his visored knights, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Kingsize, wrapping his tentacles affectionately around Sebastian, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Large Economy, "brings results!"

Giant, Jumbo, Magnum and Mighty, the vanguard of a host of Words and Phrases ran towards Sebastian. They jumped at him from newspapers and magazines. "Repetition brings results!" Sprang at him from posters and hoardings. "Repetition brings results!" Slithered towards him through letter boxes. "Repetition brings results!" Charged him from radio receivers and television screens. "Repetition brings results!" Fell on him from smoky writings in the sky. "Repetition brings results!"

And still Sebastian could see the ever nearing lances of Sir Point and his armoured knights.

"Dear me," said the Motivational Expert, "dear me! Blink-rate normal. Now that's very disheartening. Very disheartening to say the least. Still — Repetition brings results!" The Motivational Expert removed his glasses. Wiped them carefully with his handkerchief. Held them up to the light. Hurred. Wiped them a second time and replaced them. "Repetition," he stated dogmatically, "brings results!"

Sir Point and his charging knights bore down upon Sebastian. "Repetition brings results!"

The Words and Phrases clawed at his mind. "Repetition brings results!"

The Motivational Expert murmured: "Repetition brings results!" with the conviction of a priest intoning mass and hurled a heavy leather bound copy of "Psychopathia Sexualis" at Sebastian. Freud's other treatises followed. Then, in quick succession came the collected works of Jung and Adler. Sebastian reeled under the sheer weight of this psychiatric knowledge. And still the Motivational Expert had ammunition to spare. Pavlov's "Conditioned Reflexes", Reich's "Character Analysis", "Masochism in Modern Man", —

"Dear me, you're not looking your best," the Doctor commiserated. "Do you ever wake up feeling tired?" he asked compassionately. "Here, have a suppository —"

"Run!" ordered Amanda. "You must keep up with the Jones! You must keep up with the Jones! Repetition brings results! You must keep up with the Jones!"

And all the while the dragon, the dragon that could only be seen for a fraction of a second skulked barely within vision —

Mr. Logos and Sebastian sat on a grassy bank overlooking the road which led to the Castle gateway.

"This," said Mr. Logos regretfully, "is where I leave you. All you have to do is to claim your Verity and return with her to

The Unholy Grail

the outside world. They can do nothing to stop you. They have tried, and failed. They have lost. You have won. You have seen through their stratagems. Sir Point de Sales will no longer rush you into impulse buying —"

Sebastian felt himself glow with pride.

"— and you have learnt," continued Mr. Logos, "to analyse, and hence confound, the Words and Phrases — and they were your most dangerous foe."

Sebastian felt the glow of pride diffuse his whole body.

"You have —"

"I too must congratulate your young protégé," interrupted Mr. Apollon with the sincerity of a crocodile weeping for the untimely demise of the creature on which it had just supped.

"Oh! You!" said Mr. Logos, his tone of voice indicating his uncharitable feelings. Then, to Sebastian: "Go and collect your Verity, my boy. Apollon here won't want to keep you waiting."

Sebastian rose to his feet. He jammed his bowler on his head, picked up his brief-case his umbrella and his parcel.

"What's in the parcel?" Mr. Apollon asked casually.

"The Holy —" Sebastian cut himself short. What was in his parcel, he wondered. He undid the wrapping and opened the box. Now, no longer a silver chalice intricately carved, the grail was only a cardboard bowl sprayed with a metallic paint and the inlaid precious jewels were merely pieces of coloured glass. For a long time Sebastian remained silent, looking at the tawdry catchpenny in his hands.

"Say what you like about truth," Mr. Apollon remarked to Mr. Logos. "He was far happier with his illusions." Then, to Sebastian, who was about to throw the grail away: "Please! If you don't want it —"

"Of course," replied Sebastian and handed Mr. Apollon the grail.

"Superb!" exclaimed Mr. Apollon, holding the grail at arm's length. "Quite superb!" "The grail?" queried Sebastian incredulously.

"Oh, no," Mr. Apollon replied in shocked tones. "Certainly not the grail," empathising the negative particle.

"Then what —"

Mr. Apollon raised his eyebrows. "Why, the advertising of course. The salesmanship that induced you to buy it. What else?" He carefully rewrapped the grail. "Since we're both going to my Castle," he said, "I may as well show you the way."

Mr. Apollon led Sebastian across the lowered drawbridge, under the portcullis, and across a tiled courtyard. Sebastian looked about him curiously. In one corner of the courtyard was an open-air cafe, gay with painted wrought-iron furniture and coolly inviting under coloured sun-shades.

"You'd care for a cup of coffee, of course,"

stated Mr. Apollon guiding Sebastian towards the nearest table. "You'll note," he continued confidentially, "that I don't ask: *Would you like a cup of coffee?*"

"No?" queried Sebastian, surfeited with fine distinctions.

"No," echoed Mr. Apollon. "If I were to ask: *Would you like a cup of coffee?* you could answer *Yes* or *No*. Either answer is equally probable. In fact —" and Mr. Apollon laughed, "— your answer would be conditioned solely by whether you actually wanted a cup of coffee or not. Which would be absurd."

"Why?" Sebastian asked.

"Because the essence of salesmanship is selling," said Mr. Apollon slowly, syllable by syllable, as if speaking to a retarded child. "What would be the result if people were allowed to buy only what they needed —"

"You tell me," suggested Sebastian, making the mental reservation that nothing, but nothing would induce him to drink a cup of coffee at that particular moment.

"Chaos. Absolute chaos. Whole factories would close down, Dividends would drop. Employees would be dismissed. The national economy would suffer." Mr. Apollon paused as if listening to the wheels of industry grind to a discordant stop. "There is only one sure preventative— Salesmanship! The Salesman's prospect, in this case you must not be allowed to say: *No*. Or rather, the Salesman must make it easier for the prospect to say: *Yes*. And it's so simple by phrasing the questions correctly. *You would like a cup of coffee, wouldn't you? This cafe's so convenient, isn't it? We can spare the time, can't we?* The creation of the affirmative attitude," Mr. Apollon continued earnestly, enthusiastically, "is the basis of salesmanship."

"But I don't want a cup of coffee," said Sebastian firmly, recognising the waitress as Amanda in yet another of her disguises.

"Two *capuccinos*. And *briages*," Mr. Apollon ordered.

"One *capuccino*," Sebastian corrected. "I" he added firmly, "will have a *citron presse*." Amanda noted their respective orders, turned and Sebastian found himself again admiring her obvious feminine charms and regretting her lack of other, not so obvious feminine attributes. He sighed. Realised his mental infidelity towards his fiancée, and sighed again.

Mr. Apollon smiled.

Returned Amanda.

Mr. Apollon helped himself liberally to Karefree Koffee Krystals and stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "Have you considered what you're going to do next?" he asked finally.

"Collect Verity," Sebastian said.

"And after that?"

"Return with her to the outside world," Sebastian replied, consciously quoting Mr. Logos' earlier remark.

Mr. Apollon admired his manicured finger nails. He sipped his coffee. He seemed immersed in thought. "My dear Sebastian, your victories in the forest — What were they? A preliminary skirmish only. And if you return you're committed to the fight."

Sebastian mentally acknowledged the truth of this observation.

Mr. Apollon took another mouthful of coffee. "An unpleasant prospect. And such an unnecessary one, more especially since the alternative is so attractive."

Sebastian waited for Mr. Apollon to continue.

"You could always join me. Now I'd say you have the makings of a first-rate copywriter —"

Sebastian stared at Mr. Apollon in amazement.

"There's no need to look quite so startled," Mr. Apollon observed. "Many of my best creative staff joined me after a trip through the forest — Not that they didn't win," he continued hurriedly, "it was the prospect of the continuing battle that decided them."

Sebastian wondered if he really did have the makings of a first-rate copywriter.

"But there's no need to decide anything immediately. Talk it over with Verity."

"Yes," Sebastian agreed. "Yes. I will."

Mr. Apollon glanced at his diamond-studded wrist watch. "She'll be in church at the moment," he said.

"Church!" exclaimed Sebastian.

"Well, chapel really," replied Mr. Apollon, taking Sebastian's arm and leading him across the courtyard. "We have a chapel on the Castle premises. Interdenominational, of course." He giggled. "So interdenominational I'm not sure if we believe in anything. But I like to feel that I have the blessings of Mother Church."

Sebastian heard the distant choir, soft, syrup sweet with a tremulous backing of vox humana and echo-chamber crescendo as they walked along the corridor.

Inside the chapel, a dim (interdenominational) half-light and lofty stained-glass windows illuminated by vari-coloured neon. Sebastian admired a pink, blue, and golden Madonna and child, blondely Nordic high in the apse. In the bottom, dexter corner in easily readable mock gothic was the acknowledgement: **COURTESY OF BREAST FOOD INC., LTD., et CIE. THE BEST FOOD FOR YOUR BABY.**

Sebastian glanced around the chapel. Verity, an immaculate Verity, who forewarned had prepared herself with those products designed to enhance a woman's desirability, smiled in greeting, her Pink Playgirl lips opening to reveal teeth glistened by Wite purl (*gives daylong protection against halitosis*).

Sebastian felt his blood quicken.

Above Verity's head a prong-tailed Mr. Logos skilfully delineated in scarlet, mauve and purple glass, vainly tempted a whiter-than-white Mr. Apollon.

Sebastian looked around again, at the over-large, over decorated crucifix across whose scroll, instead of the more usual I.N.R.I. were the words: **COURTESY OF METAL FOUNDERS AND ALLIED TRADES.** Beneath the crucifix, resting on the shimmering melt-dyed altar cloth — donated by **SYNTHETIC FIBERWERKEN** — was a Grail. Was the Grail. His grail.

Sebastian tiptoed towards Verity. As he approached her the hymn ended and the congregations sat in a rustle of drip-dry, no-iron minicars. The incumbent bowed towards the altar and walked slowly to the pulpit. He climbed the stairs and stood for a moment, his head bowed in silent prayer.

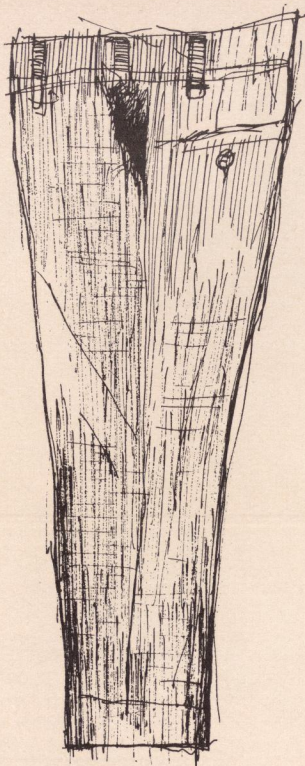
Sebastian touched Verity and as he did so noticed the Grail burst into unbelievable, iridescent corrugating light. Like a firework the Grail flared and then died into the cardboard catchpenny that he realised it had become.

The incumbent raised his head and looked at his expectant flock. "My sermon today is taken from the gospel according to St. John, chapter 1, verse 1: *'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was a Lie —'*"

Sebastian noticed that Mr. Apollon was standing beside him. "Because," Mr. Apollon whispered into his ear in response to the preacher's opening words, "the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it." Mr. Apollon giggled.

And from beyond the chapel, from a great distance away, Sebastian heard a welcome burst of herculean laughter.

SOME GAS CLOTHES . . .



SILK OR LINEN TROUSERS are a gas. Cream, brown, blue, green, etc. £7.19.6 and 99/6.

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The Delightful Wit of Sir Alec Downer



While most Australians greeted the news of Prince Charles' forthcoming transportation to Timbertop with passionate disinterest, one, Sir Alexander Downer, confessed an urge to "jump over the moon".

He didn't, unfortunately, deciding instead to celebrate with a sherry party for all Geelong Oldboys.

Sir Alec had previously made news with his violent reaction to Australia House's "modern art" mural, which he ordered to be removed and replaced with a "typical Canberra scene".

Below OZ investigates the past of this boorish bureaucrat and concludes that, taken all for all, we shall not look upon his like again. Thank God.

Alec Downer has been described as one of the few people in Australia who can boast among his private possessions his own deer park and chapel. This is symptomatic of the man—he is rather more distinguished for what he has than what he is.

Number One amongst Sir Alec's prize possessions is a particularly fine pedigree. His father was Sir John Downer, K.C.M.G., Member for Barossa in the South Australian State Parliament, later premier and a father of federation.

If Sir Alec tends to the womanish in his mannerisms it would not surprise the amateur psychologist to learn that he lost his father at the age of 5 and thus lived the major part of his formative years under the influence of his mother, one of the most active women in the Anglican diocese of Adelaide. When she died, he built a chapel around her memory (and body)—"I built a chapel at Arbury Park in memory of my mother, who was a beautiful, spiritual and good woman, because I believe memorials to people should be living ones."

When young Alec came of school age, apparently nothing Adelaide could offer was good enough, even St. Peters, where his father had gone. So off he went to Geelong Grammar and later to Oxford at Brasenose (the word means "brazen knocker" but, alas,

“

SIR ALEC ON THE ARTS

In October, 1963, Peter Coleman interviewed the then Mr. Downer and discovered the width of his cultural appreciation which has only now been revealed in his decision on the Australia House sculpture:—

Are you very interested in the theatre or cinema? Not in cinema. I like Shakespeare and Shaw.

Contemporaries? Noel Coward.

You have a reputation as an art-collector. What type of painting do you prefer? My tastes are rather conservative. I like the Renaissance masters and the Italian Schools.

Australian painters? I think Ivor Hele is the best portrait painter in Australia. I have two of his of my wife, one of me, and three drawings of my children. Some of my treasures are landscapes by Heyesen, Streeton, Will Ashton. But I don't care for Nolan or Drysdale (whom I went to school with).

”

Alec has never been one of those).

After taking his *Dip.Ec. and Pol.Sc. (Oxon)*, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple London in 1934. The next year he returned home and was called to the South Australian Bar, a predictable step since his father and uncle had founded G. & J. Downer, for a long time perhaps the leading legal firm in Adelaide. Yet within a year he had thrown up the law and bought a 200-acre estate in the Adelaide hills at Arbury Park. Here he practised gentleman-farming. He told the "Herald" in 1958—"I love the country and farming. I go in for fat lamb breeding. I used to have a Jersey stud, too, but I sold that when I came into politics."

Alfred Deakin once said about Sir John Downer: "Australian as he was, his appearance and character alike were thoroughly and typically English . . . He was a conservative to the core, though not reactionary, and only prevented by reserve and indolence from playing a far greater part than he did in South Australian and Federal Politics." Already in 1936 the young Downer was beginning to show the indolence and Anglophilia he had inherited from his father.

In 1940 he joined the A.I.F. as a gunner and, after the fall of Singapore, spent 3½ years in Changi, an experience which had a profound effect on his later administration of the Immigration Portfolio. Yet not even Changi could obliterate his carefully nurtured consciousness of class. Russell Bradon in "The Naked Island" writes:

"Oxford educated, wealthy and gifted, Alec found the social restrictions imposed by his rank of 'gunner' irritating and unjustifiable. He therefore modelled his prisoner-of-war life carefully upon the principle of knowing 'people in high places' and making sure that they did what he wanted them to."

After the war he returned to Arbury Park and in 1947 chose his soulmate. His choice, Mary Gosse, was not bad, at least socially. She was the only daughter of the late Sir

James Gosse (*Adelaide Steamship Co.*) and of Lady Joanna Gosse, a Barr-Smith (*Elder Smith*), which somehow better connected the already well-connected Mr. Downer to those much-sought-after "people in high places."

If Sir Alec is a snob he has every good reason to be.

Three years later (aged 40 and beginning to show the maturity of his beloved Barossa wines), Alec decided to seek pre-selection for the blue-ribbon S.A. Liberal seat of Angas. Since he had shown up to this time only a perfunctory interest in politics, his plans were not well received in political circles and Archie Cameron, the strongman of the Liberal and Country League, assured him he didn't have a ghost of a chance of pre-selection. But he got it anyway.

Alec spent all his years in Parliament seeking (unsuccessfully) after the External Affairs portfolio. His maiden speech (March 21, 1950) was devoted to the threat of Japan in the post-war era—"at heart the Japanese nurture unlimited ambition, combined especially when they are in the ascendancy, with insufferable arrogance." He proposed that the peace treaty be not signed unless there was a provision for "universal education of the Japanese on a Christian foundation". Two years later he voted against the Government over the signing of this treaty.

Besides this minor altercation with his own party, Alec spent the first five years of his Parliamentary life biding his time. He served well the electorate which had served him and his father so well, with questions on bushfires and wines and dried fruit.

“

COLLECTED THOUGHTS OF SIR A. R. DOWNER

On England. "I think it's the most spiritual country in the world—just as it's the most political."

On his Anglophilia. "On this matter of my anglophilia, a terrible lot of nonsense has been written. Someone once wrote that I was such an admirer of England that I had cleared all the Australian trees off my land at my home, Arbury Park. In fact, from the house you look out over a rather Italianate garden towards a range of hills crowned by a forest of stringy barks, and in the middle distance several beautiful white gums!"

On the Church. "I believe that the two greatest callings a man can answer are politics and the Church. If you are not good enough for one, then the other."

On the dispute over running a freeway through his home, Arbury Park. "Some of the possibilities are appalling. They would shatter the whole concept of the property, bisect it, and convert a quiet valley to an elevated freeway. I feel that houses like mine belong not so much to me as to the nation."

On the Commonwealth. "In 100 years' time—who knows?—Australia may be the predominant partner in the British Commonwealth. I have unlimited faith in what this country can do."

On his politics. "I'm not so much a Conservative as a Tory, and Tories are often radical."

On Sport. "Some of my family were and are keen on polo and hunting, but I am not at all horsey."

”

“

The Prime Minister, of course, insists on all his ministers being witty and urbane. Sir Alex tries. Below is his best try so far:

DOWNER: I have in my constituency a man and his wife who have produced 18 children in 24 years of pleasant married life. (laughter.) As a reward for such a manifestation of good citizenship, would the Government consider establishing a procreative prize to be awarded to mothers of 10 children and upwards so that Australians—and I hope members of this House—may be induced to emulate this worthy, patriotic and old-fashioned example

Minister for Social Services: Mr. Downer has a singularly fortunate family life, but the Minister for Primary Industries, Mr. W. McMahon, has remained a bachelor. If fortune favour Mr. Downer, and in the fullness of time he sires 18 children and thus reasonably thinks he should be compensated for his good fortune, then surely Mr. McMahon ought to be compensated for his desperate loneliness. (laughter.)—May 2, 1956.

(Footnote: In the fullness of time, Alex was only able to sire three daughters and a son; Mr. McMahon, of course, is only now making a desperate bid to terminate his loneliness.)

”

In fact, it is not until September, 1955, that he made the *Sydney Morning Herald* again, when he suddenly hit the news as a rebel once more, criticising the Government for its failure to economise. Five days later he put forward his important suggestion that schoolchildren should be given free fruit juice and raisins instead of milk. A fortnight more and he was suggesting that Australia should recruit more domestic workers from Europe to aid its overworked womenfolk. (Speaking later in the debate, SA's Laborman, Clyde Cameron, claimed the only flaw in the proposal was that a man on the average wage of £16 a week could not afford domestic help.)

From this time on, Alec's name keeps bobbing up with quaint suggestions or penetrating, well-rehearsed Foreign Affairs questions. He gained a reputation as an independent backbencher.

In February, 1956, he participated in a Revolt when three backbenchers forced the Government to cancel its plans to push a bill right through Parliament in one day. The *SMH* records his emotional fervour on that occasion:

"Mr. Downer . . . thumped his fist on the benches."

Fortunately, Alec never forget politics completely and was quick to warn the Press the next day against misinterpretation—"Let me emphasise that this difference with the Government was a very transient one, and confined to a matter of procedure."

Two years later, in March, 1958, he was appointed Minister for Immigration. That was as close as Alec ever got to his cherished External Affairs portfolio. We wish we could record that this position was attained solely on merit, but we can't.

It was known at the time that SA's only representative in the Ministry, Sir Philip McBride, was about to retire, which made it politic for another South Australian to be recruited to satisfy that State's aspirations.

As usual, Menzies had chosen the wrong

portfolio for his new-chum. How could Alec reconcile his undeviating suspicion of Asiatics and his burgeoning Anglophilia with the proper administration of the Department of Immigration? The former led to an inflexible approach to the White Australia Policy (e.g. the famous Willie Wong case); the later to such incidents as the Brenner affair, which ultimately made a fool of him.

Brenner, a lecturer at London University, was not allowed to take up his appointment to Adelaide University for undisclosed reasons. It was presumed that the dominating factor was that Brenner had been a member of the Stern Gang, an Israeli secret organisation which terrorised British forces during the Palestine occupation period.

Downer, in fact, denied that it was Brenner's former membership of the Stern Gang (i.e., anti-British activities) which had precluded his entry into Australia but when the Prime Minister was asked what were the real reasons he cited his membership of the gang. Not the first time that Ming has virtually made one of his ministers out to be a liar.

Perhaps the P.M. felt no loyalty was owed to the once so independent backbencher. His dissatisfaction with the job Alec was doing was evident and was finally confirmed by that famous seal of the Great Ming's Disapproval—the kick upstairs.

In Alec's case, Sir Robert knew exactly what bait was necessary to entice our man out of politics—a London High Commissionership and a Knighthood, announced in December, 1963.

And that is how Sir Alec returned at last to his beloved England—to fawn upon the great and besport himself amongst "the woods and coppice." He has now even bought himself an English manor and no doubt intends to end his days there. Particularly since, some years ago, he failed to dissuade Sir Thomas Playford from putting a freeway right through the middle of his farm at Arbury Park, despite his offer to pay for a detour.

Manors maketh man. Alas, despite his obvious intelligence and integrity, manors hath made Sir Alec exactly what he is today—

a bumbling
dilettante and
an absurd
sycophant upon
the English
snobocracy

NUCLEAR BLUES

Fall in with the fall-out;
Make love while you last.
There's no future, no doubt:
Better get yourself a past!

—Dorothy Bendick.

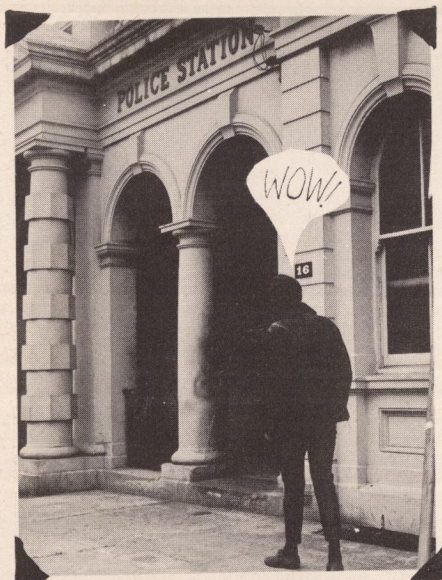
SNAPS FROM AN ALBUM



● Me on me bike 21.1.60

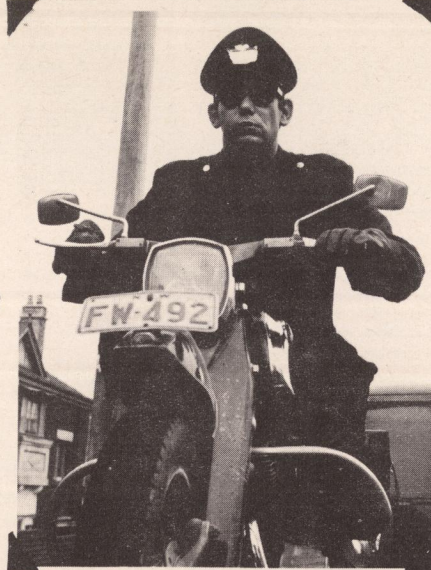


● Our Gang (l to r. Stinkfinger, Toad, Luke and myself at the Minerva. ● 1.6.61



This is the day I went to the Station to see about mum's Dog Licence. The Sarge said I'd make a good copper when he saw how good I looked on the bike.

3.6.61



This is me looking good on a bike.

me BIG DAY

1.4.62

What a varied and interesting career



One day directing some young Ladys to the Peoples palace



The next helping an old lag back onto the straight and narrow..



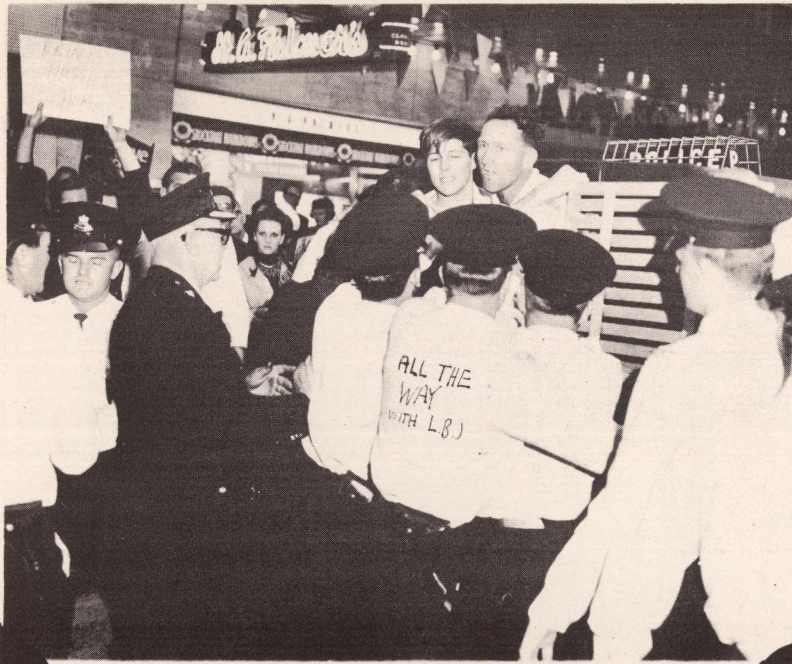
..or collecting rent for the sarge.



I nearly dropped dead when sarge asked me to deliver Last Dice Dickie to Murphy's place on my way home ... but who am I to question a superior!



The only way to deal with these Paddy Poofers is to put the boot in where his mother never kissed him. The Sarge says he does it for kicks.... HA HA How we all laughed...



Chatting with the sarge during lunch break, sarge, who was picking up poofers in the park his house, is a great Kidder in his panny outfit (he won first prize for it at the last police ball). That arvo. he got eight including ~~one~~ comot. weeks! but yer shoulda seen the one that got away!!!!



We always look forward to Commem. Day when we can tub, shoulda with those more fortunate than ourselves. This year the Sarge ~~stuck~~ with a stick up "WE SHALL OVERCOME" on his whistle as we bundled the Y.C.'s into PADDY



8th Dec.... Promotion at last... COCKTAILS with the Commissioner who asked me to head the police investigation into alleged misconduct IN THE Police forces those Sensational papers will do anything for a story. I'm sure Everything will be all RIGHT. They must be joking POLICE MISCONDUCT! That's a GOOD one!



Photos by Const. Molloy

NOW I'm SARGE



A SMALL section of the enthusiastic OZ readers who gathered for the OZ Protest March on Friday, October 29, outside the Menzies Hotel, Sydney. The demonstrators, wearing their "MING DON'T GO" badges (still available from OZ at 1/- each) demanded that the P.M. stay on forever (see details last issue). Some citizenry and many constabulary were perplexed by this spontaneous demonstration of loyalty.

CLASSIFIEDS

You can't hambone to "Jingle Bells". And your mother's Mantovani are alf enough to kill your turn, no risk. So hire a juke-box complete with the 100 selections you want. Only £5/10/- per night. No coins needed. Extension speakers for big sound. With a Hannan Products juke-box, nobody leaves a turn unstoned. Reserve now 68-3070.

MICHAEL'S hand-painted ties and smocks. Contact OZ for all inquiries.

EVERY so often the editors of OZ lapse into a profound introspective depression. Such as when VOGUE reveals us in the guise of "Youthquakers" or the BULLETIN condescends that we are "witty . . . and competent". To lesser men such praise would intoxicate; to us it stupefies. Doubts niggle: Perhaps we are becoming Establishment? HORROR. Then along comes October OZ to prove we are still on the outer. For example:

● We have just discovered Sydney's most unlikely but greatest Sacred Cow: the Underworld.

In the past, we have knocked religion and known we were doing something naughty. We have knocked the Monarchy, the R.S.L. and Bob. They are our stamping grounds.

Then we thought we would do something on the Underworld, to get us back in the good books of that other Sacred Cow, the Police (or are they now the same?).

Since publication of last month's flippant but authentic "Guide to the Underworld", OZ has been threatened by offended hoods, scolded by anxious fans ("they'll get you") and reported to the Attorney General by Eric Baume.

Meanwhile, a truce has been reached with the Underworld on the condition they can reply with an alternative Guide. We hope it will reach us in time for the New Year edition.

Also, a letter:

Dear Sir,

Referring to your most recent copy of OZ, I would like to congratulate you on its humour, most articles being on the ball. I would like to suggest your reporter on crime is a little astray on certain points:

Example 1: One of the characters connected with the Baccarat is not of Eastern descent.

Example 2: Number two in your Underworld Top 20 has never at any time been proven to have left any trace of fizzgigging (informing). Can you back up your claims?

Yours in Good Humour,

A.P.

To A.P.: You are right in both instances. Ronnie is not Chinese but is probably (as our crime correspondent puts it) "the offspring of a gondolier paddler". And, rest assured, Lennie is not an informer.

● Even that veteran band-waggoner Eric Baume felt he should get in on the act.

We missed what he said about us and wrote requesting a transcript.

Eric replied:

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note of November 3. Our company policy does not permit the issuing of transcripts and in any case there is no charge.

In a word I said that I regarded some of the material in your latest issue as offensive and also I objected personally to the type of reference to a very old friend of mine, Mr. Joe T.*

Yours faithfully,

Eric Baume
(Eric Baume)

* here Eric hazarded a guess at the identity of Joey T. We shall not print his guess or comment on its correctness, knowing the laws of libel perhaps just a little better than Eric.

● We rediscovered good, old-fashioned Unofficial Censorship and relearned what it does to your finances.

Some people didn't like our Duke of Edinburgh cover. Unfortunately, two of the people who didn't like it were our Sydney and Melbourne distributors.

Of course, legally there was no worry, not even in Victoria, where everyone was aware that they could handle it without any unexpected Vice Squad swoop. But TASTE is another matter and it was alleged tastlessness that left us with about 10,000 OZ's which nobody dared touch.

That other bandwagoner, Andrea, missing her opportunity to defend one of her **WORDS** cronies, had a go at us for the cover:



WILD . . . WAY OUT RECORD COVERS IN FULL LIVING COLOUR!!

There's a whole series to choose from, with witty suggested record names on the reverse side. Impress all your friends . . . be a wow at a party. You might even care to give a set as a Christmas Gift to your special friends. It's the craze that swept America, that created a havoc at some of Hollywood's most exclusive parties! Send stamp for FREE details and colour sample . . . you'll be really impressed.

PARTY RECORD COVERS

Box 3207, G.P.O. Sydney

ANDREA: With all due respects to these fellows I admire enormously — the producers of OZ, clever people — I think that this number, the October, 1965, number — at two shillings — that this cover picture of the Duke, His Royal Highness, the Queen's husband — I think that that is right out of perspective and right out of Court. I don't go for it, I will never go for it, and I don't believe that our Royal family should be subjected to it. I believe that these young people should be called to order for this front page.

PEARCE: Yeh, you'd like to see something a little more adult than that, wouldn't you?

ANDREA: But this is lavatory jokes.

PEARCE: That's right. You and I agree on this one, that the inventor of the toilet roll was never a very funny man.

ANDREA: Not at all. And another thing I would say is that whilst I enjoyed this OZ very, very much, I think that they rubbish themselves when they descend to this sort of John joke.

PEARCE: Still I was about to say it will probably sell a lot of copies of OZ but this is hardly the point, is it?

Poor old Andrea protests so hard that she's a Square in the vain hope that someone will mistake her for a latent Swinger. In fact, she is as passe as snobbery itself.

Never one to avoid the titillating lavatory allusion herself, she has the hide to label as a Lavatory Joke something which quite patently isn't.

Sir,

How about you with that Underworld Top Twenty last month. My associates and I agree that this list contains nothing but nobodies, has-beens, urgers, small-time knock-about, hoons, and managers for chicks who hock their boxes. No class! Just lamp your list . . . the top rater I've never heard of. No. 3 — Perce — is a few weeks off being a broke. The tax has jerried to him. Then you list a series of gigs and desperates whose any claim to fame is they run games, half of which have folded anyway. Big deal! Then follows a group of names that your informant has probably hoisted from a Damon Runyon short story. No. 18 — Hollywood G. — was sprung hiding in the bushes at Warwick Farm last Saturday. No. 19 — the Scholar — has gone so bad he has to take to sticking match boxes up the coin return in public phones. He can be seen any night of the week appearing in TV cigarette commercials for a quid. And you wind up your heap of rubbish with two old tarts who cracked it for the Boer War veterans.

What about the real heavies? Dutchie — how many murder charges has he beaten? Cain — 22 years old — with a pack of 18 gunnies. (Remember the armed siege of a Sydney private hotel six months ago.) The Paddo thieves and tank men — Bizzer and Dougie. Big Julie — a shoplifter who hoists any size, brand and colour suit you want. Once walked out of Prouds with a statue weighing 30 lbs.

And what about your "facts" on Underworld activities. Here's some true ones. Tarts all over the Rex and Menzies cocktail bars earning over 300 bickies a week. Pot is being grown in the grounds of a Government department. And one of the few

cinemas in the world showing horny movies in colour is found in Bondi.

So much for your article. I tell you uncle, you've upset many citizens more than somewhat. Why don't you stall Sydney before both you and your stooge are history. If you woke what really happened in the joint, you'd be terrorised.

"THE TOFF"
(name supplied)

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