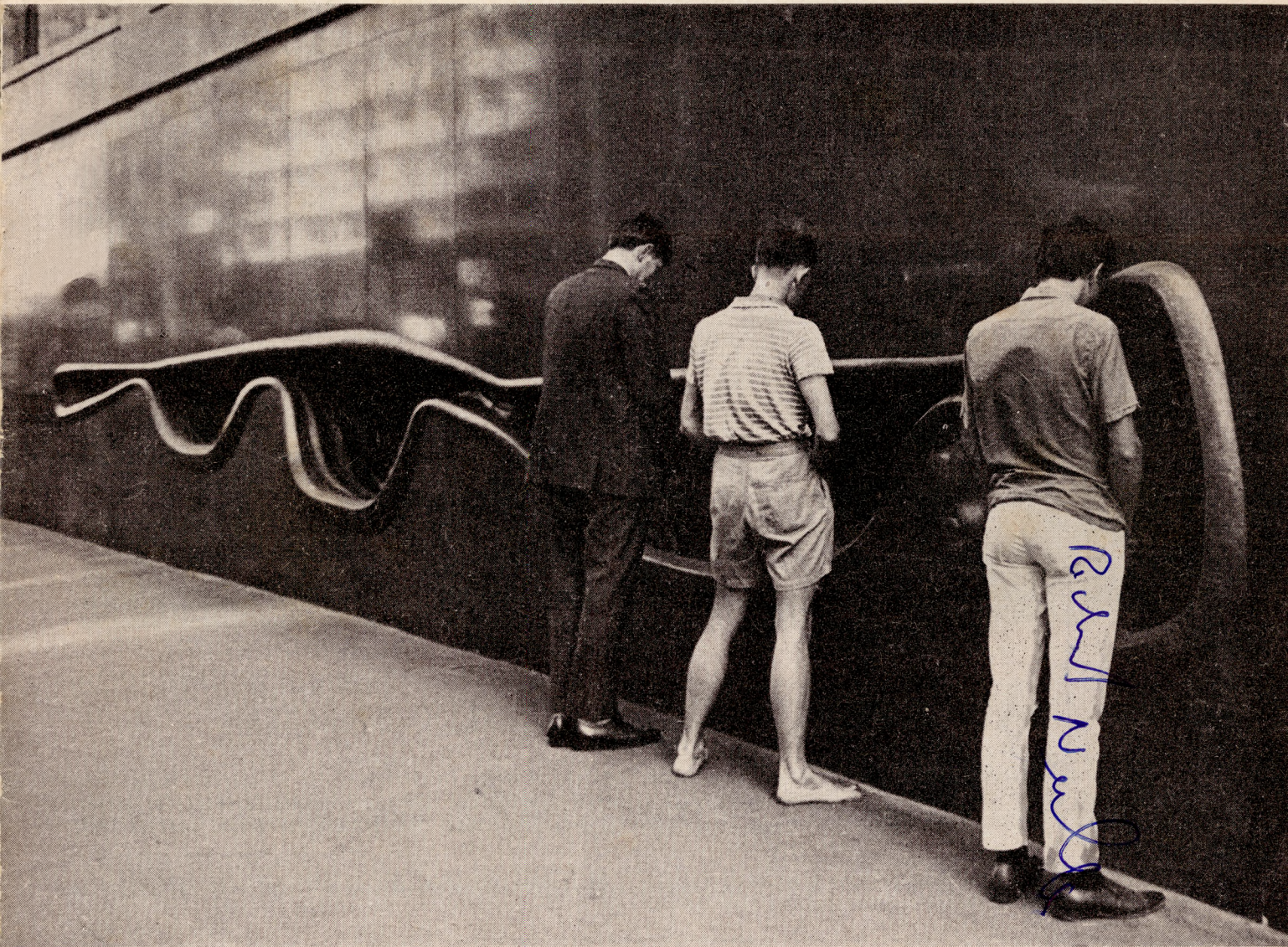


# OZ

No. 6 . . . FEBRUARY

1/3



*On the corner of Hunter and Castlereagh Streets, Sydney, the P. & O. Shipping Line has completed its contribution to the Australian Ugliness—the P. & O. Building, officially opened by the Prime Minister in January. To alleviate the severe drabness of its sandstone facade, sculptor Tom Bass has set an attractive bronze urinal in the wall for the convenience of passers-by. This is no ordinary urinal. It has a continual flushing system and basins handily set at different standing heights. There is a nominal charge, of course, but don't worry, there is no need to pay immediately. Just P. & O. Pictured is a trio of Sydney natives P. & O'ing in the Bass urinal.*



## Aid For Industrious Dolts

An outspoken academic recently revealed that the medical profession is one of the few where industrious dolts could earn at least £5,000 annually. Encyclopaedia Britannica has known this for 200 years. Dolts from all the professions bludge vital facts and information from the Britannica to combat their own ignorance—hence increase their prestige and salary. In a word, it saves you from thinking!

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# SMOKING IS GOOD FOR YOU, DARLING

*Cannabis Sativa* — Indian Hemp — is many things to many people. To the Middle Easterners it is *hashish*. To Indians, *bhang*. In the Western World it has many names, among them, pot, tea, marijuana. All of them spoken in undertones. The police call it "an addicting narcotic." The Press say (in heavy type) it is a "fiendish sex-drug". The British medical journal "The Lancet" suggested it be legalised, adding that it would reduce inter-racial tension and give a boost to Britain's tax revenue. The Moroccans know it as *kef* — an Arabic colloquialism for "well-being."

To me it is a good, clean smoke. And I lived under a pot-cloud for six months. Not a furtive back-alley tea-pad, I may add, but in a country where social life centres on the humble hemp weed.

In Morocco, *kef* is considered not a dangerous drug, but a way of life. By the average man-about-the-Casbah, at any rate. The well-to-do consider it Non-U, if not downright parochial; the police say, in accordance with International law, it is illegal. But that doesn't stop them for a moment. The shop-keeper, the fisherman, the Youth Hostel Warden all urge one to linger and share a pipe or two. A refusal to turn on in Morocco is like toasting the Queen in Coca-Cola at a Vice-Regal banquet.

According to Koranic law, Moslems are forbidden alcohol, and Morocco is one of the most orthodox countries in the Arab world. Just to be sure His Most Serene Highness Hassan II prohibits the sale of liquor to his Moslem subjects. But pity not the deprived Islamite! A few pipes of *kef* does every thing a couple of quick drinks are supposed to do.

At your first puff, muscles relax, tension dissolves and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception sharpens and you

discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and details. Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your girlish laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent as a "depraved pot-head" in Tangier were the healthiest of my life. I put on a stone in weight, slept like the heroine of an Ovaltine ad and ate like a farm-hand. My consumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (notorious on three continents), shakes, frustrations and general neuroses quietened down; I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreigners felt the same way — many did their best creative work in the lotus-eating atmosphere, claiming that marijuana (obtained with a minimum of worry and expense) heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being noticeably stunted. The anti-social and erotic effects with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed were very rare. The only aggressive Moroccans were backsliders who had been slyly tipping the vitriolic indigenous wines. Even with them the routine seemed to be "I'll kill (and/or rape) you! . . . but tomorrow."

Moroccan tea shops, where most of the *kef* smoking is done, have none of the atmosphere of a Sydney pub. Or any other pub. Musicians have the full attention of the patrons. Games are played with cards and intensity — for nothing more than entertainment. The long, thin pipes are passed around like symbols of worship. Everyone shakes hands — formally and frequently. Quantities of sweets and nuts are consumed. Most un-pub-like of all is the rarity of fights. Nobody is able to raise enough adrenalin to even argue. And sex only slightly twitches its ugly head — it is too close to an act of violence for the average doped-up sex-maniac to do more than smile politely. It is far less an

aphrodisiac than alcohol. Could be the story all started because only the *female* Indian Hemp plant can be smoked — and you know how some people get confused when genders are mentioned!

Now you understand why no government in its right mind would ever release marijuana for the masses. A country's progress-programme would never survive the shock. Why, people would stop worrying! They would secede from the young executive-on-the-way-up push, get themselves a seat in the stand and watch the rat-race scream past. And horror of horrors! they would see no point getting involved in anything silly as a war. Fidel Castro realised that when he ordered the hemp fields of Cuba to be destroyed. Poet Alan Ginsberg is reported to have asked a Cuban official why Castro didn't let his soldiers smoke it. "Ah," he was told, "but the army wouldn't fight then!" A "Pot for Peace" campaign, anyone?

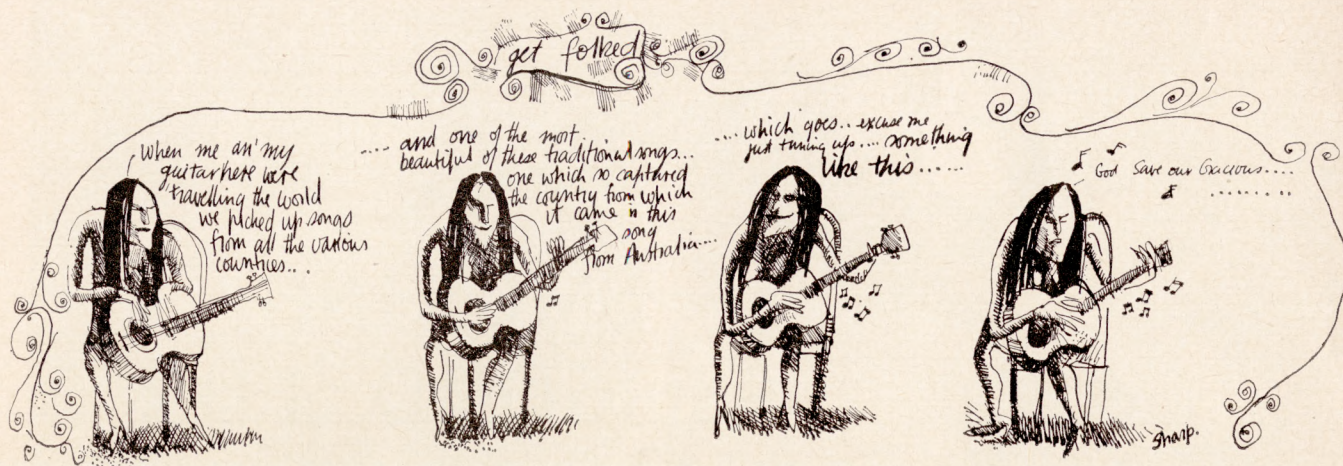
Whatever the popular Press may infer, marijuana is not addicting. Not even as much as tobacco, alcohol or betel-nut; and however high you fly (and believe me, you can get completely stoned if the "blend" is strong enough) you'll never have a hangover next morning! Nor do you have to actually *smoke* pot if you don't want to; brew it like tea or eat it in cakes. (Recipes on request, stamped, addressed envelope, please.)

So if you are smoking more, enjoying it less and contemplating a change to marijuana — the smoother, more satisfying smoke, there are just three small points to remember:

1. You could end up in gaol.
2. In Sydney it's rather more expensive than a packet of king-sized.
3. Local supply is highly uncertain.

Far be it for me to encourage illegalities of any kind, but . . . At the Public Library, I am told, is a book that is a must in every bushwalker's dilly-bag — it is all about "The Recognition and Identification of the Female Indian Hemp Plant". And the approaches of Hornsby railway station, on the seedier end of the North Shore, could be, I am told, the most likely place to start hunting for pot-plants.

—S.H.



Sir,

I was disappointed by your Kennedy piece in the last issue. There are certain people who naively think that to scrawl "Ming Is a Shit" on a railway-cutting is a form of political satire. Mr Walker's effort was on the same level. It wasn't funny in the first place: there wasn't an original or witty crack anywhere in it: Mr Walker is a young bore who writes badly. In the second place, it was in lousy taste. We owe nothing to your battered punching-bag, the Queen; but we owe a great deal to Kennedy, and if Mr Walker had a less insulated mind he might have the decency to — well, not mourn him perhaps, but at least to turn off his transistor when the funeral goes by. I have no subscription to OZ, so I will not cancel it.

Bob Hughes

[Congratulations, Bob! You have won OZ's best-letter-of-the-month award — a year's free subscription.]

Sir,

Despite the elegance of artistic talent depicted on the frontpiece of the Xmas issue, I regret contemplating your very indiscreet attack, after being indicted only recently.

The illustration will almost certainly involve you in further difficulties with the group responsible for promoting previous legal proceedings.

If at any time you direct some constructive criticism at the P.M., I would reconsider my present position of not being a subscriber.

At the outset, I was interested because of an announcement that your work would concentrate on satire! This desirable characteristic appears to have been superseded by a desire to appease a rabble.

Yours,

D. Mackellar,  
Lindfield, N.S.W.

Sir,

Cartoonwise, I think OZ could stand some improvement. Could we have a little more of Kingston and a little less of Sharp?

Ken Fickling,  
King's Cross, N.S.W.

Sir,

OZ has met with phenomenal success; yet it has probably been found

uninspiring, and not without cause, by the majority of its readers. In recent issues OZ writers have tried to express themselves more clearly. But the effort has only made them more obscure. For every one reader who has enjoyed OZ there are probably a hundred who have not.

Although it deals with "satire", this little magazine is not in the least entertaining, nor does it illuminate or dissect any fatuities that have not already been over-exploited, though OZ does perhaps treat them more coyly than they have been treated before.

OZ is a simply perfect example of the conventions of precious exhibitionism and inverted prudery afflicting most underprivileged universities. These conventions, which become more inflexible with each issue, more from a fear of ridicule than from any genuine desire to conform, have turned a two-letter word that once had vaguely pleasant associations into a symbol for desperately kittenish double-talk. With the exception of R.W. (who copies nice little things out of encyclopaedias or somewhere), OZ writers are either unable (or afraid) to say what they mean or simply do not mean to say anything. But whatever the cause of their trouble, it does not in the least abate what must be a practically paranoiac urge to appear in print.

The saddest thing about OZ is its conception of satire — particularly sad because its very strident claim on the market rests on "Satire", which apparently is far too subtle for OZ to grasp in any recognisable form; nor should it be imagined that OZ has broken new ground in the field. Sixth form magazines and staff journals usually make the same sort of attempt, the natural difference in subjects being incidental.

OZ writers have worked out a simple mechanical technique they hope will save them the trouble of thinking; and in view of the pretty ropy competition around it possibly will. The writer seems to assess his true feelings about a matter, reverse them, then add a few self-conscious flippancies. Imagination and perception are not involved. One example of this is the tatty little assassination piece in the December issue. This kind of thing is sometimes funny when it is unexpected — but in OZ it is expected all the time.

Apart from all this, the editors have the makings of shrewd journalists. Their social page shows a great deal of opportunist cunning and Sharp is brilliant, but far too brilliant to be left long with OZ in its present state. If the can produce something good before some heavyweight E-Type owning competitor (probably making ruthless use of the original OZ conception) wipes them off their feet, they have a good chance of cleaning up in a very lucrative field. But the present indications are not promising.

W. Stendhal,  
Reading, U.K.

Sir,

I would like to present my opinion on a modern problem — prostitution. My solution is legalise it. Before the moralists begin screaming, I assure you that I make this statement with reservations (reservations at Brisbane's National Hotel, that is). What are the bad results of prostitution as it stands (or rather, lies) today? Apart from purely moral considerations, they are:

1. The spreading of venereal diseases by prostitutes.
2. The annoying of citizens by solicitors (in the non-legal meaning of the word).

I feel a system should be introduced under which a prostitute could only operate if she had a licence (renewable annually) stating that she had undergone a thorough medical examination and had no venereal disease. Secondly, it should be made illegal for streetwalkers to accost men in public places, and instead to wear some form of insignia so that men would know them for prostitutes.

Although I have made jokes in this letter, I assure you I am quite serious in my opinion.

Yours faithfully,  
David Dale,  
Coogee.

P.S.—I still haven't received word from you editors about the article I sent you on "Vampire Rights". I have written five more in the series and am anxious to know if it is worth my while going ahead and writing further columns. Enclosed is a stamp which I forgot to send with my article so that you can write and tell me if you intend to print it or not and also if you want to see the next few in the series.

# A Type of Earthbound Ghost

LAST July, OZ published a letter from a Mr John Jarred begging for "more articles on sex and sexual perversion of every type, articles on black magic, witchcraft and satanism".

Several days later OZ received another letter: "Here is an article in response to a request in my letter published in OZ July for articles on witchcraft, etc. Now I have taken this material from books on satanism, etc. They still have copyrights, but as far as I know it is not breaking the law to quote extracts less than 50 words. Yours sincerely, John Jarred."

Hot on the tail of this contribution was another letter: "Enclosed find a longer article on witchcraft than the one you have already. You must understand that I am not trying to sell you anything, but merely submitting it for consideration because I honestly believe to be better than the other one. This one includes a fair bit stolen from books, as well as other things I have learnt in my studies, and expressed in my own words, and a few jokes of my own. Yours sincerely, John Jarred."

Here are some samples from John Jarred's *Life in a Black Lodge* (Improved Version): "One of the first things the Beast teaches his disciples is the technique of leaving the physical body at will and journeying about in the subtle or astral body. The method consists of projecting or imagining one's image outwards and then transferring one's consciousness to it. At first he usually finds himself standing in the fine body looking down at his sleeping physical body. In this spiritual form he is able to pass through walls, listen-in to conversations without being seen, etc. But he is still not in the astral world, but is merely a type of earthbound ghost."

"The so-called *Deva Kingdom* has a great fascination to many people because of contact with elemental spirits who have only a single element and can throw out of balance the system of four element creatures like man. It is risky for someone who is not an initiate to have too much to do with them. These elementals are exceedingly stupid, however. On one of my first astral journeys I met a fire spirit who told me they were at war with the angels of the 300 aethyrs to prevent them squaring of the circle."

Mr Jarred gives a detailed account of the daily routine; such things as: "putting order members through their magical paces, evoking and banishing demons, raising magical currents, conversing with Holy Guardian Angels, consecrating talismans, etc. Sometimes the black mass is celebrated, at which a blood sacrifice is required. Recently, the Beast wanted to sacrifice a cat and was going to do it to me until I convinced him I was the wrong sort of cat, so he caught a four-legged one".

One afternoon at the lodge, Mr Jarred recounts how: "Round and round the big room trooped semi-materialised devils, an endless procession; 316 were

counted, described, named and put down in a book."

Mr Jarred's next article was an account of an experiment he conducted. He was puzzled when the film "The Four Days of Naples" depicted Italians rejoicing at the War's conclusion. "Why," asked Mr Jarred, "are they so happy about losing the War?" True, they may have been sick of the whole thing, but this is because the Allies were winning.

So Mr Jarred posed as a half-caste Germa-Italian and roamed King's Cross, suggesting to all Italians he met that Hitler and Mussolini "were the two greatest men this world ever produced".

Mr Jarred reports that "they started agreeing with me, in other words, they are still Fascists at heart". And, naturally enough, he is concerned about the hordes of Italians (Fascists) migrating to this country.

The Profumo Affair set J.J.'s inimitable mind working. As usual, there followed a revision:

"Here is an improvement on the letter I wrote about Profumo."

"Dear Sir, I fail to understand the foul condemnation meted out to Profumo. It's dirty, below the belt. Instead of violent resentment at his behaviour, in a large part of society there should be a building up of affinity with him on the basis of 'something we both do' and in another part instead of indignation there should be admiration and respect for his attainment or 'something we want but can't get.'"

"It's impossible to talk so sensibly with a woman, of course, but of the blokes I've spoken to many want to get on his back and ride him simply because he's better than they are. I'll succumb but maybe I'll take you with me. One particularly degenerate Nazi type told me he would like to give Profumo a poisonous injection of snake venom!"

"But look at the man's pleasant points. I don't blame Christine for loving him. I admit he wasn't 'hard up' but then he wasn't 'stuck up' either. He, of the upper crust, had a connection with Miss Keeler on the lower levels. And he didn't have too much intercourse with the two wicked kings, Smo-king and Drin-king, which in my opinion is the root of much evil. I think Christine was a good girl, too. I say, even if she got Jack from Mrs Profumo she still deserves our applause, because I'd willingly give her the clap myself."

"Because, remember, St Paul said 'to the pure all things are pure'. Likewise to the dirty all these things are dirty, Old Man."

"If you wish to publish this letter you need not pay me."

OZ dares not publish any more selections from J.J., as we have just received a letter requesting the return of all his manuscripts.

"The reason I do not want them published is as follows: I am not a black occultist. You are possibly aware that even at this present day in Sydney devil-worship is practised by various groups, and I mean it is intended as the real thing — not merely sex and drug orgies in disguise."

"Several characters are known for this kind of thing, and to build up an affinity with them is not good, for obvious reasons. Behind that gleaming smile is not happiness but intense malignance."

"Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! With my hawk's head I peck at the eye of Jesus as he hangs on the Cross! I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed and blind him. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and Buddhist Mongol and Din! Ballash! Omphelia! I spit on your crapulous creeds!"

Yours sincerely,  
John Jarred."

## NOISE

First literary magazine of the University  
of New South Wales

Contributions Include:

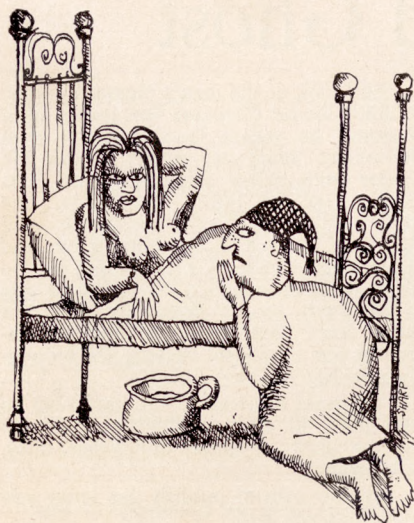
- \* Criticism as Not Judging, H. P. Heseltine
- \* From the Sublime to the Absurd, Albert B. Weiner
- \* Judgements about Works of Art, Ray Walters

Also:

- \* Verse by Geoffrey Lehmann, and ten others

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ADELAIDE: Mary Martin Bookshop.



The editor kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on flabby hands, cynical head.  
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares!  
Newspaper editor's saying his prayers.

God bless sex, I know that's right,  
Wasn't it fun on page 3 tonight?  
Give us this day our daily headline,  
But deliver it please, before our deadline.

Apart from Mafia, things are a bore,  
Dear God, there's not even a cricket score.  
So let's have an assault on an innocent teen,  
Or another visit by the Duke and the Queen.

We can photo Jeff Chandler to fill in some space,  
(Though even our readers are sick of his face.)  
Oh, send a blessing to the socialites,  
Who are seen at balls and opening nights.

God, give us something exciting to print  
(a tragic slaying will earn us a mint).  
Not to forget the stand-bys, of course,  
Like a cancer scare or a Taylor divorce.

Or send us a kid who's going to die,  
Or a politician who's told a lie,  
A sneak visit by a famous star  
Or another blood-bath in Zanzibar.

The editor kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on flabby hands, cynical head.  
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares!  
Newspaper editor's saying his prayers.

## This Month in Censorship

January has been a really big month in censorship, currently No. 1 in OZ's Top Ten Bandwaggon:—

● On January 16, the Customs Department announced that it had added to its near 200-strong banned list a book which was hailed by "Newsweek" magazine as "the finest novel of 1963—or most years". The prohibited import is "Eternal Fire", by Calder Willingham.

● In London the trial began of "Fanny Hill", an eighteenth century novel, recently republished by Mayflower Books. The book, about a simple country girl who comes to grief in the big city, was described by Marghanita Laski as "the most enjoyable and realistic pornographic book I have read". In England it has spent the last decade in a kind of twilight period, neither guilty nor innocent, but hard to come by. In America it was passed in 1948 by the Supreme Court, which declared that if it banned it "adults would be reduced to reading only what is fit for children". Hollywood has begun a filmed version.

● The British film, "Tom Jones", was chosen by the U.S. National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as the best of 1963. Yet this film is considered the "hottest" ever to be passed by the Australian censor.

● Subscribers to "Playboy" magazine received their regular letter from Customs informing them of seizure of the Xmas issue and that "if no action is taken, the publication is automatically condemned and will be destroyed". Technically, the magazine is not banned permanently as future copies might be acceptable. So each number, as it arrives, is scrutinised by some petty clerk, who then officially bans it.

However, weary subscribers note that the roneo'd letter of seizure is vague enough to cover all future editions, perhaps indicating confidence on the part of Customs that "Playboy" will always be too dirty to admit.

Justice must not be done but only appear to be done.

● It was announced that an Australian

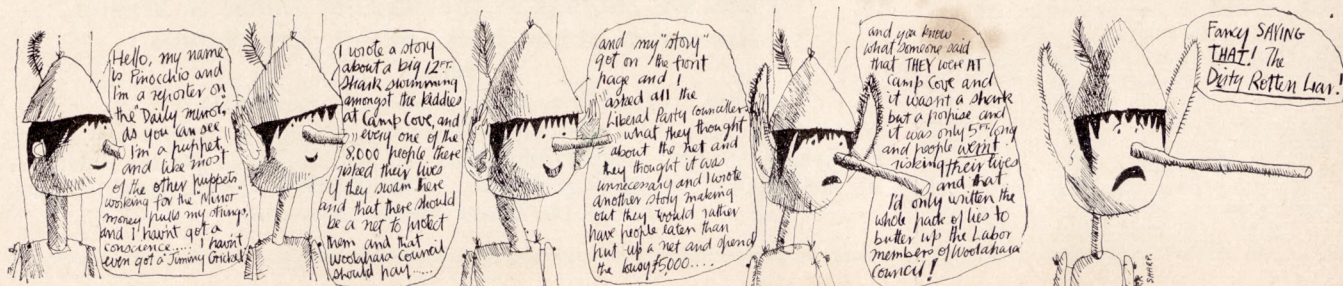
publishing company would undertake to print in Australia the banned medical text "The ABZ of Love" and, if necessary, fight a court action.

● The Terry report triggered off a delightful letter to the Herald from Mrs Barbara Bennett, of Cowra:

"I don't get it. I am not allowed to read "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or "Tropic of Cancer". I cannot readily buy and use opium or hashish. I must have a chest X-ray. All for my own good—to save myself from myself, so to speak.

Yet I and, more importantly, by more impressionable younger fellow-Australians are constantly bombarded by advertising media which glorify the smoking of cigarettes."

The reply of A. W. Sheppard, one of Sydney's leading booksellers, was adequate to the occasion: "One would assume that one of the major reasons for this is that nearly all of those who govern us are smokers but far too few of them are readers."



Methodist minister Reverend Roger Bush has been seen lately on Sydney's northern beaches armed with a tape-recorder to conduct his own sociological survey of teenagers' habits, morals, etc. Oz reproduces below a replica of a fairly typical conversation anyone can overhear at the Newport Arms Hotel (nerve-centre of the party-crashing clique) on any Saturday night. It's not the sort of thing Reverend Bush will be playing to his ABC listening audience; however, **if you read this aloud in a guttural, awkwardly emphatic monotone, then you will enjoy a more accurate understanding of our beach boys' habits than a hundred ABC programmes could supply.**



My name is Brigadier Sir Charles Spry. I am Director-General of the Australian Security Service.

It's my job to hunt down the Ruskies in this country and every now and then I land one. If that happens around election time I get a bonus — or a knighthood.

Last year we bagged that chappy Skripov. The agent involved was described by the Press as "an intelligent, attractive brunette". We have many female agents and they are all intelligent and attractive but some are blondes.

They are allowed to do anything to get secrets off the Ruskies. You see counter-espionage is much more important than morality. In fact, I run the largest brothel in the Southern Hemisphere. The only reason why the A.S.S. is not called a brothel is that the clientele gets the girls free and it is the Federal Government which foots the bill.

So my tip is:—

EITHER act really suspicious and we'll send along a girl to keep you company and check on you twenty-four hours of the night OR help organise our service and get a knighthood for keeping Australia, if not clean, at least safe.

maggy hutchison

hats




43 rowe street  
sydney  
28-3525


The word flashed round the Arms that there was a GAS turn up at Whale Beach Rd, so we piled into the Mini Coopers and thrashed over and y'know what the old man of the bird who was having the turn said we couldn't crash — so Dennis belted him and we all piled in and there was a helluva lot of grog and plus th' tin tubes the fellers brought up from the Arms we all managed to get pretty pissed — there were a few KING birds there but they were holding hands with these fairies — so DENNIS belted them and we all got onto the birds and Frank got one of them so pissed that she passed out so we all dragged her out to the garage and went through her like a packet of salts — KING! Then the old lady of the bird who was having the turn said shed ring the Johns so Sid chucked all over her and she got hysterical so Dennis BELTED her and then Phil did this King hambone on the kitchen table and ran round the house in the raw ripping the gear off all the birds — God he's KING! and then this little dago crap told Phil to leave his bird alone so Phil got Dennis and Dennis SMASHED him — God Dennis is a King fighter and a KING bloke — he really is and it really was a GAS turn and I had a KING time and Sid whose the funnest bloke I know kicked in the T.V. set and chucked in it and it was FUNNY.....


SHARP


# COPPERS' SNAKES & LADDERS

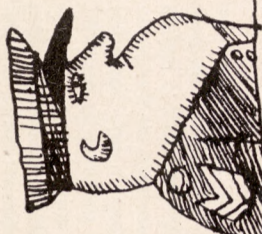
42.  
TESTIMONIAL DINNER  
FOR 10,000 friends  
at the TROX.  
£5 "DONATION"  
attendance  
"expected"


41.  
  
  



40.  



39.  
MISS P.D. '64  



38.  
SHOOT AN ANZAC  
FOR DISTURBING THE  
PEACE  



37.  



36.  



35.  



34.  


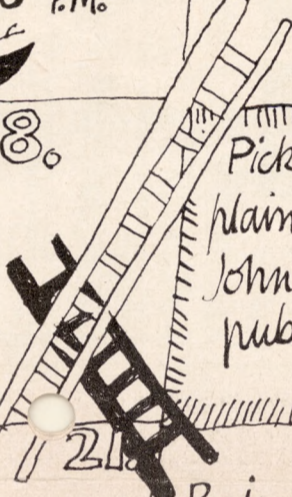
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DRINK IN A  
HOTEL BEFORE  
10 P.M.  


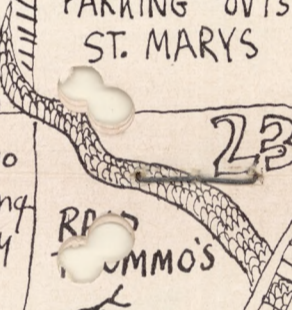
32.  
Raid a house  
of ill-fame  
without tipping  
them off first.  


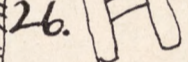
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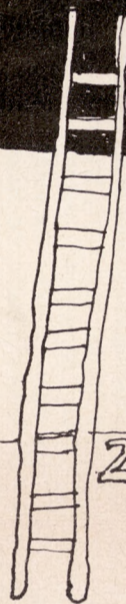
30.  
JOIN MAFIA  


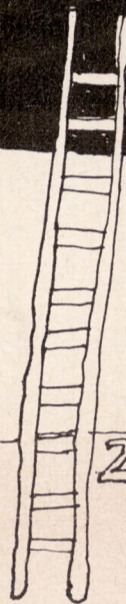
29.  
JOHNS  


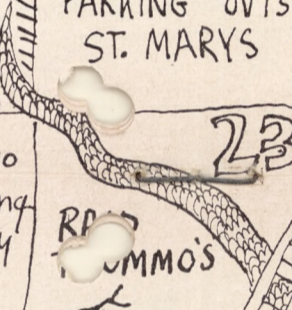
28.  


27.  
Pick up another  
plain clothes  
John in a  
public bar.  


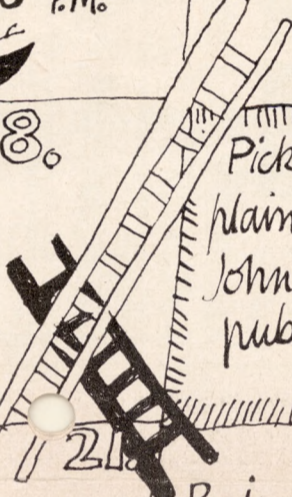
26.  
BOOK A  
WHEEL CHAIR FOR  
PARKING OUTSIDE  
ST. MARYS  


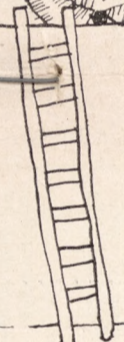
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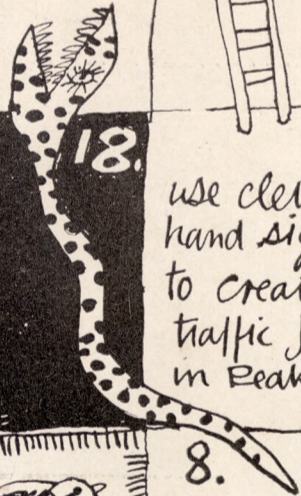
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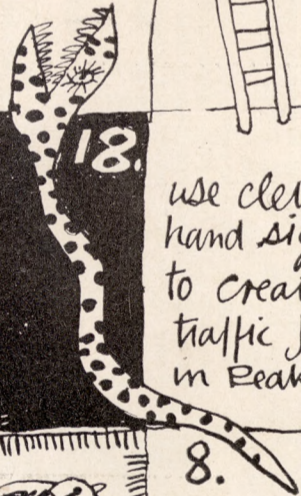
23.  
Perjure convincingly  
to obtain a  
conviction  



22.  
ARREST  
TERENCE  
WATERHOUSE....  
...for Anything...


21.  



20.  
Refuse a  
BRIBE  



19.  



18.  
use clever  
hand signals  
to create a  
traffic jam  
in Peak hour  



17.  
SHOW SYMPATHY  
TO A  
FIRST OFFENDER  


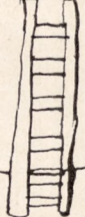
16.  



15.  



14.  
Beat a  
suspect unconscious  
and leave no  
bruises  



13.  
SMILE  



12.  



11.  
FINE A  
SPASTIC FOR  
SELLING BADGES  
ON SUNDAY  



10.  
Fails Intermediate  
and Joins the  
Police Force  



9.  



8.  



7.  



6.  


5.  
MUM  



4.  


3.  


2.  


1.  
STARV.  


PLEASE NOTE :

This Game to<sup>BE</sup> played with Loaded Dice ONLY 

R.N. + M.S.

THE staff of OZ hopes that a merry Yuletide was enjoyed by its readers, subscribers and even those parasites who won't go and buy a copy of their own.

Still Chrissy wasn't quite so gay for:

- the 24 drowning victims of the holiday period
- the 14 road victims
- the 91 dead and 950 surviving passengers of the "Lakonia".
- the unnamed beach toll of blue-bottle and beer-bottle victims.

*Every cloud has its silver lining and vice-versa.*

\* \* \*

Before the law all men are equal, even God's anointed.

On New Year's Eve police broke up

Similarly with this so-called Tattoo Case, which sometimes reads like a low-brow beat-up of the Bogle-Chandler Case—

On January 7, the Herald reported that police were looking for a Bass Hill housewife, Mrs Marjorie Nolan. By the next day Mrs Nolan had become "a close friend of" Price, who "lived in the same house as Mrs Nolan".

Henceforth to the present day the Herald has never deviated from referring to Ian Raymond Price and "his friend, Mrs Marjorie Nolan".

The evening papers, unable to risk leaving the juicier details to their readers' imaginations, were not quite so subtle. True, at first they too spoke of the couple "living in the same house" but

Naughty Harry Jensen! He just can't stay away from those headlines.

Did you notice? A few days after the Terry Report, Harry turned up at the Town Hall with a pipe clenched in his famous smile, vowing that he had given up cigarettes for keeps. A few days later he came up with his great scheme to monorail Opera House-goers of the future from the Domain parking station.

Which only goes to show that no opportunity is too small—or too obvious—for our Lord Mayor to take advantage of. Stick at it, Harry! Something tells me your days are numbered.

\* \* \*

2SM'S affiliations with the Catholic Church these days appear to be par-

# THAT WAS ... JANUARY

a Central Methodist Mission meeting on a busy Sydney city corner because its permit did not allow the loud-speaker equipment truck to park anywhere in the road and the crowd of 150 was obstructing traffic.

Police Sergeant to Alan Walker: "I don't care if you have been conducting meetings for 800 years. You still have to get that truck out of the way."

Lamented a disillusioned Alan Walker, himself a Superintendent (of Central Methodist Mission): "It seems you can do anything on New Year's Eve except preach the Gospel."

\* \* \*

Grand prize of Quote of the Month goes easily to Dr Subandrio:

"The Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr Subandrio, told a Press conference in Manila today that Indonesia's 'crush Malaysia' slogan was misleading and only figurative. It meant that a Malaysia manufactured by Britain had to be crushed."—SMH, 11/1/64.

And Cartoon of the Month goes to the inimitable Molnar for his worried looking Indonesian telling an equally worried examining doctor: "... and sometimes for days I don't feel like crushing Malaysia."

A close second to Dr Subandrio's prize-winning statement was another excellent piece of double-dealing: "The Indonesian Defence Minister, Dr Subandrio, said he expected it to take about a week for the cease-fire order to reach the rebels."—SMH, 24/1/64.

It'd be a bit tough if one side heard about the ceasefire before the other, wouldn't it?

\* \* \*

Readers (cf the letters page) sometimes complain that OZ is "coy" but nothing could be coyer than the Sydney Press faced with a bit of rather seamy information to impart to its readers.

You may remember how Christine Keeler started off as a "model" and ended up as a "prostitute" and worse.

then, gaining confidence with every edition, they said that they "lived together".

I suspect this means something slightly different.

Finally, all the stops were let out and we had "My Son Was No Wife Stealer", a run-down on Mrs Nolan's extra-marital adventures, etc., ad nauseam, to our heart's delight and the ecstasy of the Press barons.

*Scandal*

*Is the handle*

*By which little men dig their own graves  
And bigger men knock up a fortune.*

\* \* \*

**Mort Sahl is sick but life is sicker . . .**

During the Christmas heat the Page family fell victims of the Birdsville track. Commented Mrs Hall, Mr Page's sister, in England: "It was the sunshine they went for mainly." (SMH, Jan. 8)

\* \* \*

In the Malaysia dispute we will not support Indonesia, even though we trained many of its officers, because Malaysians are our friends.

Nor, on the other hand, will we fight for Malaysia, even though we send her aid and moral support and a bagful of ambiguous promises, because Indonesians are our friends.

That is diplomacy. Which means . . .

That when the two countries have settled their differences they will no doubt feel fully satisfied in launching a combined attack on us.

\* \* \*

## MYSTERY DEEPENS

ON Sunday, January 19, radio station 2UW held its grand stomping spectacular at Lane Cove National Park, a stamping-ground from way back for petting parties, voyeurs and Sydney detectives.

After the dust had settled, the police announced that all the Bogle-Chandler clues, with which the place teems, had been driven six inches into the earth.

ticularly obscure. Or is it all subtler than we think?

Perhaps the Good-guys are really morality figures and represent the Disciples (twelve disc-jockeys would have cost too much money) wrestling in a Tin-Pan Alley wilderness with the temptations of modern life. And could it be that Mad Mel represents the Devil Incarnate, trying to beguile the Eight from the straight, his American accent emphasising his alienation from the virtue of the Good-guys?

Ecclesiastics have spent centuries contending with the question of how it is that God, who is the epitome of goodness, could have created the Devil. And so, by the same token, 2SM is hard put to give a theologically sound explanation of how it is they allow Mad Mel share the mike with them. We are told rather lamely that, although M.M. is not a Good-guy, he is "not such a bad guy after all".

\* \* \*

**TOO MANY METAPHORS? . . .** "On the other hand, Mr Macmillan may take the bit in his teeth and break through all the red tape that has tied the board to the straight and narrow for so many years."—Sun Sporting Editor, Jan. 22.

**A POLICEMAN'S LOT . . .** On Boxing Day police closed in on a fowl-shed in which were hiding double-murderer William Stanley Little and 14-year-old Susan Lyon (Lolita in drag). Unknown to the police, both were dead.

Commenting on the police party's open approach at the fowl-shed, Inspector Ray Kelly said, "That's what they're paid for—one of our own fellows had been shot and you have to go anywhere."—SMH, Dec. 27.

\* \* \*

Is there not one defender of freedom in this country?

At the present moment the N.S.W. State Government is drafting legislation to allow police officers to belong to a political party. But—by the combined

opinion of both Government and Opposition—it looks as though they will not be permitted to join the Communist Party.

If Communists are incapable of becoming capable policemen, how does the Soviet bloc combat its crime?

Of course, the really ironical thing is that—as the figures showed last election—Australia probably has the smallest percentage of Communists of any sizeable country in the West today. The paranoid fear that such a small group constitutes a threat to our way of life is a fitting commentary on the confidence we have in the strength of democracy.

Frank O'Neill, of the Sydney "Mirror", surprised nobody but himself by his cleverness in unearthing Colin Jordan, leader of the British Nazi party, for an exclusive interview. Jordan, just out from serving a prison term and recently married to a niece of Christian Dior, has set himself up in quite a comfortable way in London.

Some months ago, while he and his co-leader, John Tyndall, were still in prison, OZ wrote seeking further information.

In return, we received (under plain wrap) a most informative pamphlet entitled "Britain Reborn" and a number of slogans, such as "Free Britain from Jewish Control" and "Stop this Jewish Cruelty", thoughtfully printed on gummed paper.

The ideas are old but some of the new twists are delightful.

We read: *Behind the pantomime of Parliament, the little men of the old parties dance obedience to their Jewish paymasters. The Clores, the Cottens and the Wolfsons, the kings of chain-stores, hire-purchase and take-over, are our real rulers...*

*Radio and television debauch the public mind with the culture of the ghetto, the gutter and the jungle.*

Included is a Membership Application Form which seeks out some really penetrating data:

*Hair (colour)...*

*Eyes (colour)...*

*Have you served in the Armed Services, and if so, in what branch, and with what rank and with what special experience or qualifications?*

*Are you physically fit?*

*Are you interested in participating in special tasks?*

Membership costs 2/6 per week. There is a concession for students, pensioners and (wait for it) disabled servicemen.

Just so they wouldn't feel they had wasted their time on us, we sent back a spare membership form in the name Elias Rosenberg, enclosing a photo of Murray Rose.

One of the history books: *In 1964 Charles de Gaulle discovered the mainland of China.*

LAST month we published a quaint little par in which the Kenya Prime Minister had made an apparently anti-

British statement until it was explained that this statement had been mistranslated from the original Swahili and really meant something entirely different.

This month the same thing happened in Zanzibar. One of the rebel leaders made a few rather nasty prognostications about the Arab mortality rate on his island. Then next day he complained to the Press that his Swahili had been mauled by the translators and he had no such evil intentions.

A pretty difficult language, this Swahili. It is fortunate that we have in this part of the world some really inspired exponents of this ancient tongue.

Premier Bob Heffron speaks an interesting dialect of Swahili to the newspapers at times but he is lucky enough to have a match in the N.S.W. Labor Party Executive, who can clarify any local mistranslations.

The Indonesians make all their public statements in Swahili and spend days afterwards at the unrewarding task of retranslating what they have said.

There was a time when Arthur Calwell spoke Swahili and only the Herald knew what he meant.

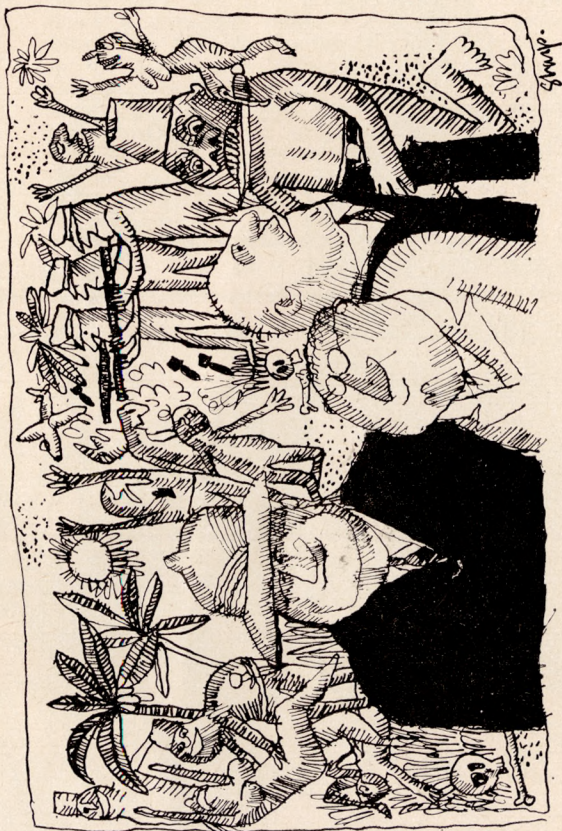
Billy Sheahan writes incredibly laborious letters to the papers and makes all statements in Swahili but no one else speaks his particular dialect, which makes it all a bit of a pity.

Music may be the language of love, but for the politicians it's Swahili every time.

## POST-CARD FROM ZANZIBAR

Sydney's city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting jaunt. Pretext for this luxury perk was to swipe bright ideas and incorporate them in the local struggle to keep our Sydney up to date. Due to a transport hitch, however, they were deposited in a remote spot just as it was crashing into world headlines—the tiny island of Zanzibar.

OZ was lucky enough to intercept a post-card from our weary fact-finders:



Dear Friends,

Well, we're a little off route, but the taxpayers money shan't be wasted. Already, after just a few days in this busy little resort, we've collected some odd tit-bits. There's some sort of celebration going on here. Bearded lads are running the place. They call each other "comrade" and are a wee bit rough to some of the Moslems—not the same courtesy we get from our Sydney policemen, eh?

Of course, politics is outside our field, so we trip daintily over the mutilated corpses and investigate sewerage, land values, parking difficulties and many other aspects of local culture. Take traffic for instance; horses and cars are bumper to bumper all the way to the hospital—reminds us of those Sunday drives to Cronulla.

# All About OZ

● OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter St., Sydney; BW 4197; XM 1448.

● OZ is not sponsored by any institution, organisation or pressure group—it is the only genuinely independent magazine in Australia.

● Plans are under way to enlarge and improve OZ.

● OZ needs writers, advertisers, subscribers and readers.

● OZ is available in Sydney from street-corner vendors, railway bookshops and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot handles OZ in Melbourne and Mary Martins in Adelaide.

● It is difficult to contact OZ editors and staff because they are either earning a living elsewhere, on the dole, or doing exams. Those with complaints can ring JW 3650, preferably in the evening.

● Meanwhile, if you like OZ, tell your friends; if not, write us a letter.

**Editors:** Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.

**Art Director:** Martin Sharp.

**Other People Implicated:** Bob Thompson, Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Bob Miller, Harry Bauer, Winifred, A. G. Read, Geoffrey Humphries, Dean Letcher.

Protect your market garden from dangerous pests:

Join . . .  
Mediterranean  
Armed  
Finance  
In  
Australia

*If your crops are being ruined by buckshot, then . . .*

**ENROL IN MAFIA.**

*Thousands of satisfied members are a mute testimonial to Mafia's efficiency.*

## Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

### SOUTH VIET-NAM

*A lady R.C. from Saigon  
Thought barbecued Buddhists très bon.  
She declared, "Let them fry,  
I don't care if they die,  
And Sunday night's BAR-B-Q's ON!"*

### ENGLAND

*Have you heard about Mandy Rice-Davies?  
Sold her Memoirs to four Daily Gravies  
The result? Six proposals  
From Army Disposals  
And twelve from Her Majesty's Navies.*

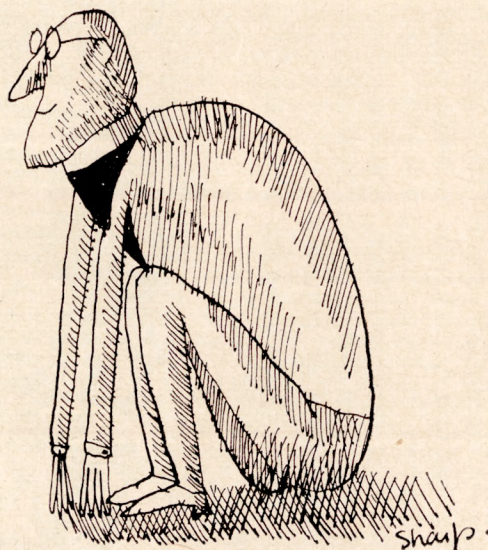
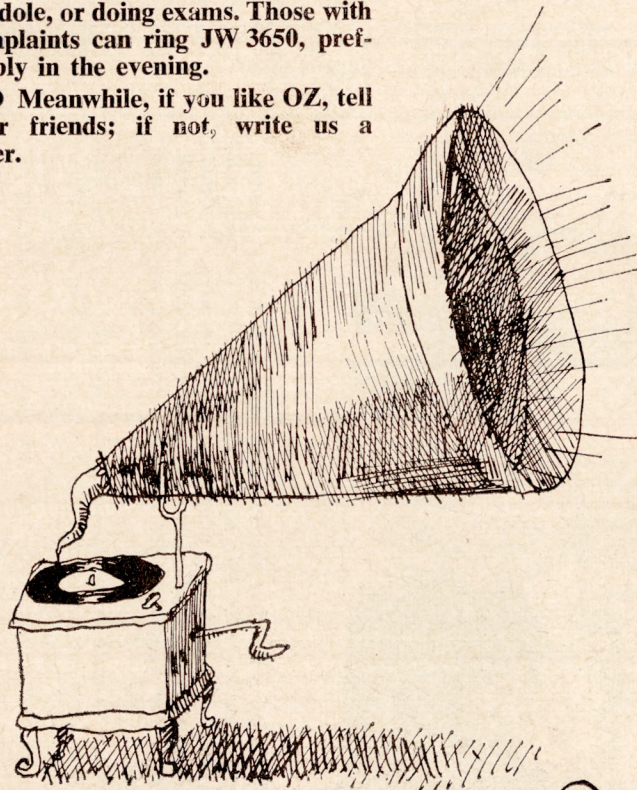
### CUBA

*A bearded ex-con from Havana  
One-day brandished a Bolshevik Banner.*

*How we laughed when he said,  
"I have always been Red"  
And the peasants stopped shouting  
"Hosanna"!*

### KENYA

*Say "Mau Mau" to Jomo Kenyatta  
And even his fly-whisk may shatter.  
He'll say, "O, I knew you,  
Would blame the Kikuyu,  
When nothing was really the matter."*



*His Masters Voice*

# Bowler Nola bats with Max

The OZ selectors are proud to announce the **OZ social eleven** who will soon challenge a hand-picked team of Melbourne socialites. All the members of our team are outstanding for their skill in sensing what is cricket and non-cricket in society. And we think they add up to a pretty formidable side:

1. Mrs Nola Dekyvere
2. Lady Lloyd-Jones
3. Mrs Sam Hordern
4. Mr Warwick Fairfax
5. Mrs Elsa Jacoby
6. Mr Max Sturzen
7. Miss Dianne Klippel
8. Mr Terry Clune
9. Dr McInerney
10. Mrs Gilbert Pratten
11. Mr L. J. Hooker
12. Mr Mervyn Horton

As any socialite worth his snob value knows, if one's money didn't grow on trees or get left in the tooth-glass by a passing fairy, the source of income should have no relation to one's ostensible occupation. Twelfth man **Mervyn Horton** was assured of some position on the Team because of his skill in disguising just where the Horton hoards come from. As we all know, bearded bouncy Merv is Sydney's avantgarde Patron des Arts. What the social columns don't tell us is that Merv's fay philanthropy is financed by a most prosaic chain of hardware stores.

And while we're on the subject of income, another family to catch

the selectors' eye were the **Klippels**. Fast bowling daughter **Dianne** displays (amongst other things) remarkable agility in overcoming a major obstacle in her road to social success—namely the existence of Klippel's Clip-on ties. (Such hot sellers at Gowings.) While the better families are "tying their own", Klippy's Clip-ons do yeoman service among the **also rans**. But then, the upper classes have always asserted their superiority by exploiting the proletariat.

The **Horderns**, represented here by **Mrs Sam**, are another family who have practised really hard to make the OZ team. Apparently realising that commerce was frowned upon by the more discriminating members of the social inner sanctum, they used trade merely as a stepping-stone to secure a well-padded seat among the landed gentry.

And practice brings to mind two other formidable members of the side, both famous for their field work. On the one hand we have that much experienced **Warwick Fairfax**, who has bowled many a maiden over. On the other, prominent Sydney obstetrician, **Dr Bob McInerney**, provides the necessary support with his speedy deliveries.

Two other team members have made it despite the almost insuperable odds facing them. Both have managed to live down a somewhat doubtful past. We heard that **Max Sturzen** has moved up in the world—from the rank of employee (soda jerk?) at Cahill's Restaurant to that of employer. We heard also that **Elsa Jacoby** has moved forward—from the back row of the chorus to a starring role on the social stage.

But family background and source of income were not the only factors to be taken into consideration when we chose our team. It is their many and

varied side talents that make us feel so confident about the outcome of their performance on the field. **Val Pratten** in her E-type Jag. was too good to miss. Not only is this an unostentatious symbol of affluence. To race it, even if somewhat infrequently, indicates daring and initiative—something we feel the rather stodgy Melbourne side is going to lack. And we can count on **Mrs McInerney** for pulling off a few hat-tricks, remembering that garage stocked full of discarded Henrietta Lamotte models.

But lest anyone think the side is lacking in substance and depth we hasten to mention that our **Warwick Fairfax**, as any Who's Who reader knows, occupies his spare time in cattle-breeding, philosophy and the arts. We have also to thank Warwick for three impressive contributions to the embryonic Australian theatre, viz., **A Victorian Marriage**, **Vintage for Heroes**, and **The Bishop's Wife**. The Arts find other able patrons in Merv., Lady L-J., and Leslie, and not so able practitioners in the Klippel clan.

Add to this array of talent Nola's long excursion into journalism; Elsa's much briefer one into radio, and we are building up a side that Melbourne is going to find very difficult to handle. But the backbone of the team, and that which cements these essentially disparate talents and personalities together are those socially acceptable charities such as the B & W, the Art Gallery Soc., the Pied Piper and Peter Pan, on whose committees they meet together.

We must finish on a cautionary note. Up to now we have described the team's prospects enthusiastically. Individually each is a brilliant performer. But can their loyalty to the great city which spawned them overcome personal rivalry and animosity? We think it can.

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Name:.....

Address:.....

- ☐ I enclose £1 for 12 months' supply of OZ.  
☐ I enclose 10/- for 6 months' supply of OZ.  
 (Tick relevant square.)



# Say, it's an early grave you're Craven A? Well, where there's a Wills there's a way

I SEE the Amalgamated Union of Yankee Toxicologists has rung up the drawbridge on tobacco consumers. You not only get cancer of the lung and thyroid, omphalitis, epiglottitis and cistoid clavicle together with the whimpers, the jitters, the jimjams, ebullient quaking of the knee-caps tonsular tremors, heartburps, areovocular-interitis, mastitis, adenoidal contusions and gumboil, but it puts you off your grub as well.

I am utterly delighted. I myself once ate a cigarette. Years ago, of course, when fags were mostly horse-dung and brown paper, which may have prejudiced my taste. But I'm dashed if I can work out what the masses see in them. Dirty little pellets.

I mean, first question that gallops into mind is, "When you've eaten them, how do you swallow the paper?" Shred it between the canines and scuttle it down the diaphragm like a lettuce salad, in long strips? Roll it into mushy little papyrus balls, tilt back the scone and let gravity do the honours? Or sneak a wad of chewy in and gulp the mixture whole?

I think I'd rather have a pipe. (I speak with the sublime objectionableness of a non-consumer.) A pipe is a device for dribbling in—a sort of mouth level spittoon. After you dribble awhile you tilt the stem and drink it back. By then it's got a different flavour. This happens because the bowl (or blowhole) at the broad end of the instrument picks up autumn leaves, bird droppings, sleet, snowflakes, parachutists and similar blessings from the sky. Thus pipe smoking is always an adventure—you never know where it's been, old boy. Pipe smoking's not a habit—it's a vocation.

In comparison, cigars might seem a little work-a-day. Dull. Plodding. All you do is gnaw, gnash, knead, spit, hack, curse, cough, wheeze, or blow bitter little dribble bubbles. Once it was adventurous; you had to clench the business end between your fiercest molars, grunt and twist it till it parted. The pure Virgin leafage then plopped into the soup and you swallowed it, thus doubling the dangers of gastritis, split infinitives, glottal stops, and so on. Today it's more hygienic. You clip it off with scissors, like a midwife; the maiden weed leaps on to your tongue, and you spit it out, provoking nothing more toxic than, say, cynicism; or it comes to roost in various rotten cavities.

A hookah is your best bet. These coil and curve like rattlesnakes, and the good, mild, virgin veggie goes stark bonkers while out questing for your chops. Most hookahs come with air-conditioning (flute holes in the side), a water cooling system, and assorted packets of hashish, hemlock, boondeck, limbeck, and similar Eastern sedatives. That way your taste buds get so paralysed with fright they'll

never know what filth and offal is hitting them.

Snuff is a pretty furtive smorgasbord. You take it on the quiet, like religion. To whip it up you get a small iron box and three megations of Camel. You lay the Camel out on an acre-wide sieve and put on lead boots, then jump up and down till all the yellow juice drains off. Then take a large bellows and spurt it into the box. In the side of the box you slice a knot-hole, big enough for the human head. Ram your head inside the box, fasten the lid with padlocks and swallow the key. After that, inhale. You'll be so glad you did.

Bequeath the drained off liquid to your mother-in-law—it encourages lantana. It also strengthens bandicoots. But never, never try to feed it to the pterodactyls. They are not real pterodactyls.

After this comes the parent-approved, or simple, method. Get a leather suitcase full of appropriate vegetable manure, empty into gullet and clamp fangs tight till top of head blows off. The brownish runnels streaming from the corners of the mouth will pass off, in time, as character lines. N.B. You'd better clench the eyes as well. A small sulphuric bonfire will ignite each pupil.

After about seven months under these conditions you may feel like lying down. Do so. Pick a fresh, grassy spot. But most important—lie down on your face. Thus when the lower jaw dislodges from the phiz, the falling juice will not erode the singlet. Or, more important, the Adam's apple.

Possessing tobacco is a great responsibility. Once that bulging pouch is purchased you must dispose of it somehow. But how? An increasingly popular procedure (but some will think it cheating), which I recommend (though some may snort at my authority) is—wait for it—not to eat or chew or spit the stuff at

all; but rather to set it on fire. Wrap it in rice paper, in a tubular shape. Twirl it between two fingers, keeping well away from mouth, and permit to char; inserting it occasionally between the lips, but only for effect. You are thus resolved from all responsibilities except buying it.

Rice paper is available anywhere, mostly in the form of folding money.

This method has its dangers, too. You might, for instance, cremate yourself and dirty the ceiling with upflying ash. To avoid this, wear asbestos underpants at all times, and, to be utterly on the safe side, paint your ceiling black. Always carry a water pistol in your shoulder holster. Smoke only in the bath. Never bath in kerosene. Keep the home fires burning. When showering, attach a miniature umbrella to your pince-nez. Or use a three-foot holder. Never despair. Where there's a will there's a way. Where there's a way, there's the wherewithal. Few frontiers stay unplumbed. The only two that remain are aqualungs for chain smokers, and nicotine armshots for addicts on the moon.

In the meantime, drink whitewash for the lungs. It may fool the X-ray doctor for years.

—BOB ELLIS.

## NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

Mr. A. K. Dahl, 68 Grosvenor Road, Wairoonga, has been appointed a Director of OZ Publications Ink Limited and is official representative of shareholders on the Board. Details of these proceedings, share certificates and notice of a general meeting will be forwarded shortly.

## FINEMORE

with

**Diana Massie**

invites you to his exclusive collection from

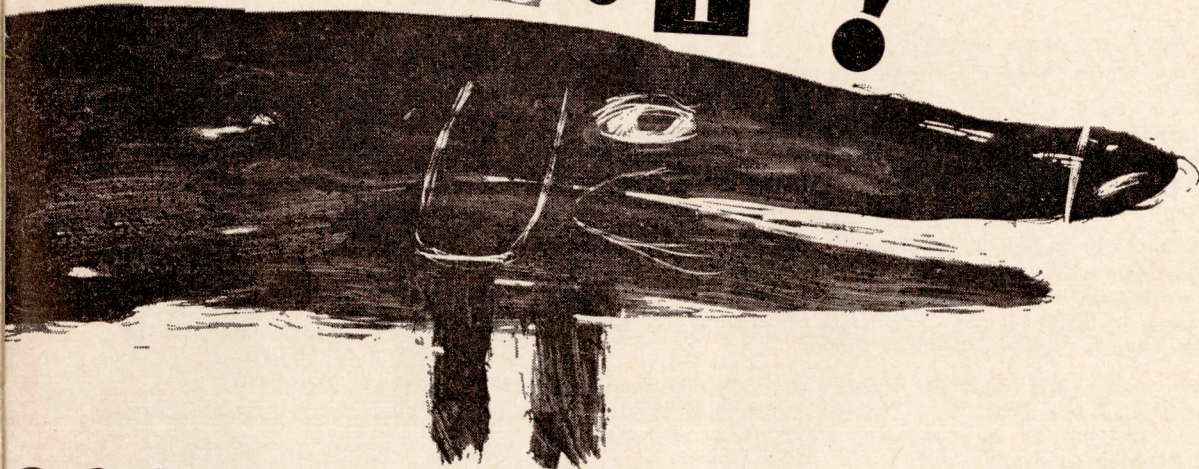
**GUY LAROCHE  
BOUTIQUE, PARIS**

41 Elizabeth Bay Road,  
Elizabeth Bay.  
35-5817

**BINKIE'S BURGERS**

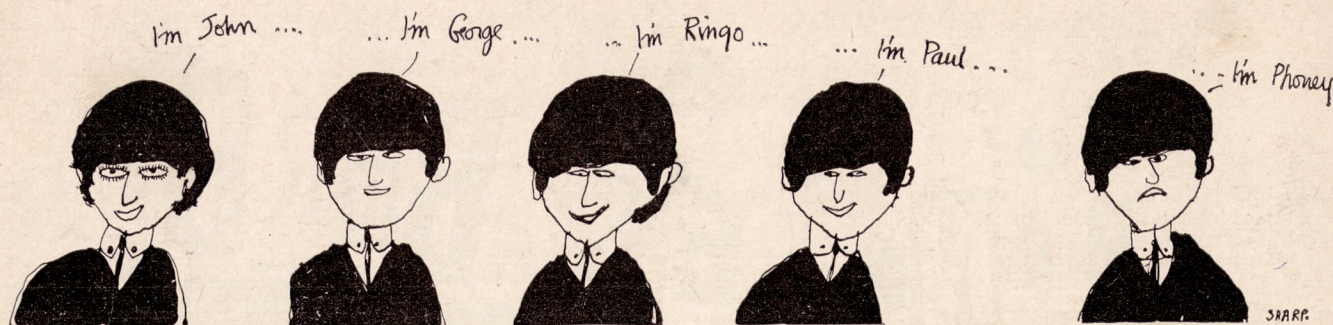


**ARE BEST!**



**binkie's drive-in restaurant**

**210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli  
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week**



# Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay

A Catholic Priest was excommunicated last week in Syracuse, New York. The offence was rather unusual. The incriminating testimony was bizarre.

The witness for the Papal State testified, "I'm an ex-Marine from Brooklyn. When I moved up to Syracuse I joined the Sacred Heart Order and went to confession.

"I began to get suspicious when the Priest kept telling me to confess the same story over again: the one about the mother, the daughter, and her oddball brother who was camp: 'Tell me again the part about how you ripped her dress and the mother screaming: Me next, big boy.'

"Seein' as how he enjoyed the stories so much I just started making up new ones and it just got wilder and wilder. Then he started inviting friends in to hear the stories and there it was, High Mass; I was up there telling these far out stories to 2,600 people. They didn't have anything to do with the Bible; they were just good old horny stories.

"Sometimes, if the crowd would really get whipped up, I'd throw in a few craphouse poems like: 'There Was An Old Man From Nantucket'. Father Martin really got his gun off on that one and people were going to church every night bringing cake and wine; it was a real party!

"One Tuesday night, I was really hung over, and I had a couple of my old buddies there that I wuz on Omaha Beach with. I introduced them to Father Martin. They confessed some stories that really got him crazy.

"Leroy, he's from Raleigh, North Carolina, told him that one about the rich queer he beat up at three o'clock in the morning on Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, and 'how that od fruit kept yellin', 'Don't stop even if I tell you to.'

Father Martin got in a damn giggling fit and, when everyone was seated, we started off the service with that song — Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay, Did You Get Yours Today' and then right into a medley of, 'Mr Wong's Got The Biggest Tong in Chinatown! And that's when we got raided . . ."

— Lenny Bruce.

This advertisement appeared in the "Positions Vacant" section of the "Sydney Morning Herald" on Wednesday, January 22:

## PACKER:

### SENIOR PACKER WANTED

Must be experienced, strong and willing.

5-day week.

Located in heart of city.

Conditions Excellent.

Apply in writing, stating previous employment and employer's industry.

Letter must be addressed to:

"Packer,"

Box 4778, G.P.O.,

SYDNEY

Dear Sir,

I am applying for the job advertised in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on January 22nd.

I am a strong, willing and experienced senior Packer, with two highly trained juniors. For years, I've been packing garbage and stale refuse into dirty newspapers. Sometimes, when waste tit-bits were scarce, me and the boys would make-up stuff for the paper to sell for a Bob. If there was any junk left over, we tossed it into an old sewerage Channel 9 times out of 10 it would get washed out to sea. The completely useless bundles were packed into Bully-tins (to make a Mc-Nickel) or donated to Everybody's worn-out rag charity.

Anyone will tell you that we're the strongest, toughest Packers in town, so you'd better hire us. Or else.

Yours,  
FRANK