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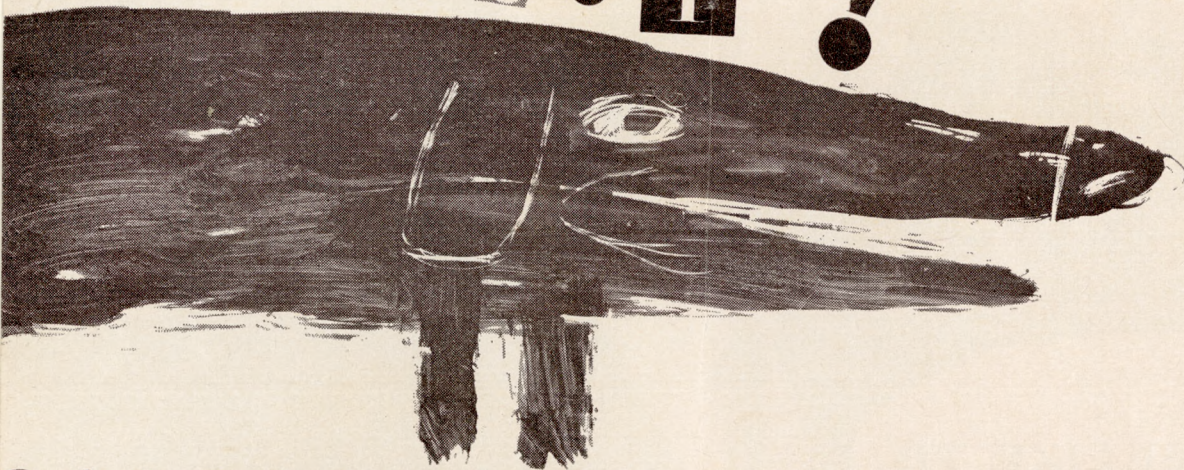


No. 4 . . . JULY

BINKIES' BURGERS



ARE BEST!



binkies drive-in restaurant

210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli

open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

THAT WAS ... JUNE

That *Mirror* again. This time the date was June 27.

On Editorial page we are given a leader on censorship, one of the *Mirror's* happier hobby horses. The excuse is the New Zealand Indecent Publications Act preventing the publication of the titles of banned books or recordings.

This, thunders the leader, "is a wicked and pernicious invasion of human rights and freedom of expression."

But on page two another Editorial appears. On this page we are given the fullest details of Dr. Bignold's eugenics proposals. The Editorial concludes: "We trust, for his peace of mind, that Dr. Bignold is just taking us on. If not, he must be shouted down — before he sows any more damage in foolish minds."

As if the contradiction in editorial sentiment wasn't enough, it is interesting that without the *Mirror's* illuminating article many foolish minds would have been quite unaware of Dr. Bignold.

WHY, asked *Queen* magazine recently, are all British sex-symbols foreign made.

From the Continent came B.B. (only rather obtusely connected with air guns) and C.C. (Claudia Cardinale). From Hollywood came Jayne Mansfield and the others in the mammary-glands-peroxide tradition of M.M. (Miss Barbiturate '62).

Anyhow at least one good outcome of the Profumo Affair has been the emergence of Britain's first home-grown sex symbol, C.K.

Miss K (easily the world's No. 1 initial) has neither the body of the Americans nor the *mots niais* of the Continentals. Her publicity campaign is based on the old line "Truth is stranger than fiction".

Whatever happened to all those Warriewood people? You know, the ones who used to spend all Saturday digging trenches for the Sunday papers and the rest of the week holding angry meetings and writing letters to the editor about the biochemistry of sewerage.

Either the bottom fell out of the affluent society or the newspapers moved on to bigger and more important things, like Liz Taylor's marriage arrangements or the Royal.

Or maybe the whole thing was a governmental hoax to distract us from the fact that half parliament is overseas. Maybe they never intended to empty the stuff into the sea.

Just a pipe dream?

YOU'VE tried *Bombe Alaska*? Why not try *Bombe Hiroshima*?—the chef's leftovers.

Mc. George the Dragon — tamer. The Florence Nightingale Award for Humane Deeds goes this month to Dr. John Mc. George.

Known jocularly as "the criminal's friend" the good doctor has made just another of those little fatal blunders for which he is so well known.

Although the criticisms of the penal system he has made concerning the Jenkins case are quite valid, the fact still remains that too much importance is often given to the views of this one man, whose fallibility is by now well substantiated.

Spoonerism: Getting one's A.B.C. messed up.

IS the Battle Royal quite over yet?

Nothing really characterises the Australian more than his absolutely obsessional preoccupation with life's trivia.

Never has so much been written by so many about such an insignificant event. As for the numismatic jokes which have been clogging up the columns and deadening conversations since April, the least said the better.

But before the whole subject is done, hand up he who submitted *OZ* as a possible name. The Sydney Morning Herald classified *OZ* as a "bizarre suggestion" rather than a "commercial name" thus doing untold damage to our stockmarket figures.

Mandy Rice: Twice as nice at half the price.

THE ways of justice are indeed devious.

Take this Sceptic River flute player case, for example.

Dr. Lake was charged under the Obscenities Act. The maximum fine is £50.

After a month's deliberations and prompted by one of the best line-ups of star witnesses — from Sir Herbert Read to Professor Maddison — S.M. Bott found the statuette not obscene "within the meaning of the act" although chastising Dr. Lake for his lack of "good taste".

However, the real sting was in the tail. The Magistrate refused to make the Court pay Lake's legal expenses. Having used Queen's Counsel defence, Lake would, in fact, be out of pocket by a couple of hundred pounds.

Innocence can be much more expensive than guilt.

Sometimes the juxtaposition of headlines can be rather amusing, like—

Profumo Case

**NEW
TWIST**

Official
**MORE
JOBS**

But usually they are just plain misleading. I am sure **BIG NAMES LIST** means that the newspaper is publishing the list and not just stating that such a list exists.

Now our distributing agents are demanding a royal commission.

Our Hollywood contacts (not Judy Garland) tell us that "Cleopatra" should arrive in this country in about six months time. After Senator Henty has taken out any scenes which might emotionally harm all the mentally defective, sub-five-year-old psychopaths among us (every possible audience must be thought of, you know) it is expected to run for about half an hour.

There will be a gala premiere simultaneously in all capital cities at the main newsreel theatrettes, where it will be screened with a re-run of "The Red Balloon".

THE latest issue of *NATION* gives half the intriguing story of the Murdoch-Packer rapprochement. It is now well known that Murdoch has obtained a 25 per cent. interest in TCN and both Murdoch and Packer have gained control of NBN Newcastle.

However, it is suspected that this is only the beginning of a greater exchange of shares between the two press magnates. In fact, it is supposed that the transfer of Alexander Macdonald to the *Mirror* (joining ex-Telegraph-man Macdougall) is only a beginning of the amalgamation of the Sunday Mirror and Telegraph.

Sir Frank has never disguised his desire to have an evening paper and the *Mirror* is now supposed to have outstripped the Sun at last. On the other hand, the Sunday Mirror was doing very poorly.

REMEMBER the *Bundles for Britain* during the last War?

OZ now announces a new series of *Bundles for Britain*. This time we are collecting second-hand Bibles and religious tracts to send back to the old country in their hour of spiritual need.

OZ's award for the **Best and Fairest Spectator** goes this month to soccer-watcher Igor F. Boravansky.

During May, Igor has managed to maim: 1 policeman (10 points), 3 players (3 points apiece), 1 goalie (5 points) and a hot dog vendor (1 point). Total equals 25 points.

He narrowly beat Josef Blomov (24 points) who maimed one goalie more than Igor but had a broken rib himself (6 points penalty).

With both men now serving six months' prison terms the July competition seems to be now wide open.

—nelson

Sir,

Thank you for sending me a complimentary copy of OZ.

I should offer you my gratuitous criticisms of the magazine were it not that your correspondent has done the task impeccably . . . I refer to one Claire Wagner. She is so clear, accurate and perceptive that there is little to add.

In the last issue the Honi-Soitism of the "You Need OZ" degenerates further into the secondary school juvenilia of "Tinned Nigger" and sub-Mad magazine humour.

And yet, bless you, that splendid send-up of the Olsen-Dickerson clan!

Your whole problem at the moment seems to lie in a grown-up choice of targets, if you will forgive such an offensively patronising way of expressing it.

But, as Claire Wagner says, the whole project has such promise as to oblige a responsible community to nurture OZ to its halcyon days of devastating maturity when you'll be able to look back as one does on one's early poems or magazines, with appalled embarrassment.

Max Harris,
Kensington Park, South Australia.

Sir,

Believe it or not even soldiers read OZ, mainly for laughs and occasionally for the sexually interesting contents of some. However, in all seriousness, I thought your Letter to the Editor concerning an army of homosexuals and

lesbians was one of the most sickening pieces I have seen in print. Whether it was meant to be funny (which to my strange way of thinking it wasn't) or whether it was anti-military propaganda doesn't interest me in the least, but to sign it "Digger" was a personal insult to all members of the Australian Army, either A.R.A. or C.M.F. Perhaps I am wrong but the bearded regulars of a certain hotel in Sussex Street often wonder why the Army pays frequent visits to that establishment. Well, part of the answer can be found in that piece of truly great literature I refer to. We have been led to believe that a person who would write that type of filth frequents the above hotel and naturally enough we go there to retaliate, although it is seldom that there is anyone game enough to do anything about it, EVEN against only one or two soldiers.

Gunner P. Turner,
1st Field Regiment, Kokoda Barracks,
Holsworthy

NOTICE TO READERS

On June 28, an adjournment was secured to September of a legal suit arising from our first issue.

It has been decided to delay further publication until this matter has been settled.

—R. Neville and R. Walsh.

21/6/63

Sir,

Some three weeks ago our Society was approached by Mr. Charles Stokes to participate in a televised programme of "Any Questions".

On Tuesday, 18th it was announced that Mr. Stokes had been dismissed from the A.B.C. Consequently, our Executive decided to cancel our engagement and sent the enclosed explanation to the Talks Department.

Since there has been considerable ad-

verse criticism of the A.B.C. recently you may care to add this to the long series.

Incidentally you may be pleased to know that as a result of your interview with Miss Joyce Belfrage, reported in your June issue, she has consented to address our Society on Wednesday, July 24 — relative merits or demerits of B.B.C., A.B.C. and C.B.C. (Canadian) or something of this nature.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) W. G. Weeks,
Secretary, N.S.W. Humanist Society.
Statement from the Executive of the N.S.W. Humanist Society to the A.B.C. re "Any Questions".

The recent history of the "Any Questions" programme causes us profound disquiet as the producer, Mr. Charles Stokes, has done much to vitalise this programme and enlarge its audience.

We see the termination of his appointment with the A.B.C. as only the last of a series of occurrences which will contribute to the discouragement of frank discussion of important and controversial issues.

In these circumstances we feel that to fulfil our engagement for the "Any Questions" programme to be recorded tomorrow night would be to give tacit support to a trend of events prejudicial to free discussion and from which, in fact, we should wish to be dissociated.

Alex Carey,
Vice Chairman, N.S.W. Humanist Society

Sir,

Dr. Gignold of Claremont, W.A., made headlines recently with his theory of 'positive eugenics'. He urged sterilisation of the inferior and suggested bonuses be granted to university students who have children.

Why all the fuss? There's nothing unusual about sterilising the inferior, inefficient and unfit. Many religious bodies seek vows of chastity from their staff — surely this is, at least, psychological chastity.

AM I TOO OLD AT 80

to seek employment as a public servant?

No. Many of our most active public servants are way above this mark.

Mr. Kenneth Binns, chairman of the Commonwealth Literary Censorship Board is 81 and he can wield a blue pencil as swiftly as the next pensioner.

Take Dr. L. H. Allen, a breezy 84-year-old. He's chairman of the Literature Censorship Appeals Board. He's an inspiration, say other virile Board members such as retired headmistress of Hornsby Girls High School, Miss B. Henson.

Quipped youngster (59) Senator Henty: "The oldies are so sharp at this game I hardly ever have to correct errors in their judgment. They are doing a fine job keeping serious literature out of Australia."



Anyway, I think it's about time Australia began breeding an elite — heaven knows, we need one. The Profumo scandal indicated that those in authority cannot be trusted — so let's begin by sterilising politicians, policemen, military leaders, socialites and other power-wielding groups.

Naturally anyone with an I.Q. of 120 or more should be financially encouraged to have children. Even in high school, exams would ensure selected entry into puberty — failure could join the choir.

Uni students would earn pocket money by persuading intelligent freshettes to indulge. Professors might enjoy their sabbatical leave on the stud.

Result? In a few years Australia would cease to be regarded as a remnant of a dreary convict settlement and become famous for its Utopia of intellectuals.

**Jill Jamieson,
Cronulla, N.S.W.**

Sir,

How about more articles on sex and sexual perversions of every type in your magazine? You are not doing too badly at the moment but these are subjects of universal interest and I would like to see you really worm them into the ground.

Also how about articles on black magic, witchcraft and satanism. Also more articles on racial segregation and sadism in any level of society, e.g. mental hospitals, prisons, etc.

You are publishing the secrets people are sending into you at your request. I would like to see you publish your own secrets without pretending to cover them up as a joke. Or, like me, do you agree that "If you tell the truth you are sure to be found out sooner or later."

Yours sincerely,

A Satanist,

John Jarred, King's Cross

WILL PATRICK WHITE WRITE FOR OZ?

Maybe. But why don't you?

OZ is looking for all sorts of contributions. Satirical, whimsical, newsy . . . send them to 4th floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Published by "OZ Publications Ink Limited", 4th floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. Phone: BW 4197; if unanswered 96-1448 or 918-3393.

Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.

Make-up: Bob Thompson.

Art Director: Martin Sharp.

Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Bev. Fleming, Sue Wright, Carla Christofiletti, Mike Robertson, Alex Popov, Garry Shead.

Sales Assistants: Anou Kiisler and Robyn Spence.

Chief Engineer: Mr. A. G. Reid.

Secretary: Harry Bauer.

Assistant Secretary: Winifred.

Advertising Representative: Vic Tarran.

CULTURED PRAWNS

Brutal Female. Before his experiments began to pay off, Dr. Fujinaga had to go back to the beginning — he had to pry into the prawn's most intimate secrets. For reasons known only to themselves, the little creatures mate only between midnight and 3 a.m. on perfect summer nights in calm, untroubled waters. Night after night Dr. Fujinaga waded hip-deep in his experimental salt-water pond, wielding only a flashlight.

Not until 1940 did he see the first prawn mating ever witnessed by man. "The ritual is truly bewitching," he reported. "The male prawn first chases the female; then she molts, or undresses for him. The male next embraces the naked female, and she, in somewhat brutal fashion, absorbs his sex organ entirely, breaking it off. He is incapacitated until he grows a new one."

His scientific voyeurism taught him little of practical value, and Dr. Fujinaga continued to spy on his prawns.

— TIME magazine, 29/3/63



I know I don't look very bright but I was originally drawn to look like a Customs Officer in OZ MAY.

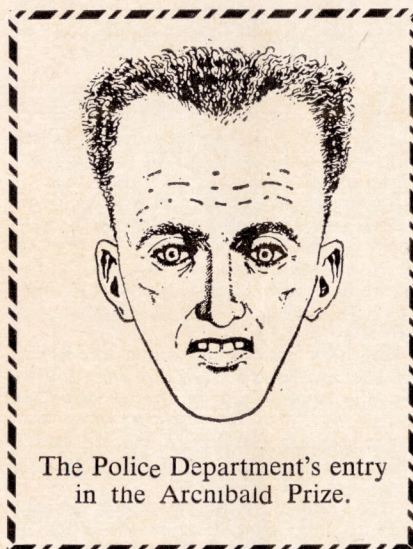


The editors say it's too expensive to illustrate someone intelligent for this ad. After all I can be re-used free.



Though it's a bit embarrassing to have a man like me TELLING READERS TO SUBSCRIBE TO OZ. But OZ swallows its pride for a pound (12 months' subscription) or even a teeny-weeny 10/- (6 months).

Send to: OZ MAGAZINE, 4th Floor, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.



The Police Department's entry in the Arcnibald Prize.

"Oh Mac, Poor Mac, Christine's Hung You In The Closet And Things Are Really Looking Black"

This Macmillenium state, Polaris'd isle,

This spawn of royalty and waiter's masks,

This other Eden, impotent as he (A Machiavell with cherry brandy Prince)

Against Miss Keller and the hand of War,

This Tory breed of men, this little world,

This precious ruling set in an RSG. Above them all, a radiant family's tree

Protects one vassal with the special branch

And shades him now with Denning's whitewash men

Lest one corruption should occasion good;

This foetid lot, this dearth, this Mac, this England . . .

—DEAN LETCHER

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose £ / / - as

payment for months subscription to OZ. (10/- for 6 months, £1 per year).

When a spade's not a spade

The Australian Broadcasting Control Board issues the following programme guide to all radio and television networks:

General Programme Standards

1. No programme may contain any matter which is:

(i) Blasphemous, indecent, obscene, vulgar, suggestive or of doubtful propriety.

(ii) Likely to encourage crime or public disorder.

(iii) Likely to be injurious to community well-being or morality.

2. Respect should be maintained for the sanctity of marriage and to the importance of the home. Divorce should not be treated casually or as a convenient solution of marital problems.

3. Reference to the use of intoxicating liquor, drunkenness and addiction to drugs or narcotics should be limited to the needs of the plot and characterisation and should not be presented as desirable.

4. Reference to mental or physical afflictions should be treated with caution, to avoid offence to sufferers of similar ailments.

5. References to sex relations should be treated with discretion: reference to illicit sex relations should be avoided where possible and should on no account be presented as commendable.

6. The presentation of cruelty, greed, selfishness, unfair exploitation of others and similar unworthy motivation should not be made in a favourable light.

It should be understood that these Standards are not intended to prevent the broadcasting in good faith, at appropriate times and in appropriate circumstances, of:—

(a) Genuine works of artistic or literary merit, or

(b) The serious presentation of moral and social issues.

Such programmes are, indeed, to be encouraged, provided that due warning of the nature of the programme is given, where necessary, both in advance publicity and at its commencement.

Family Programmes

These must be selected and presented with great care so that parents may feel secure in allowing children to hear these programmes without supervision and that family groups of all ages may listen with

complete confidence. The selection of subject matter and treatment of themes should be wholesome and fresh in outlook. On no account should the more sordid aspects of life be presented in such a way that they appear to play a greater part in life than they actually do.

Children's Programmes

1. All stories must reflect respect for law and order, adult authority, good morals and clean living.

Where applicable, the hero and heroine and other sympathetic characters must be portrayed as intelligent and morally courageous. The theme must stress the importance of mutual respect of one man for another, and should emphasise the desirability of fair play and honourable behaviour. Cowardice, malice, deceit, selfishness and disrespect for law must be avoided in the delineation of any character presented in the light of a hero to the child listener.

2. Adventure stories may be accepted, subject to the following prohibitions—

No torture or suggestion of torture.

No horror — present or impending.

No use of the supernatural or of superstition likely to arouse fear.

No profanity or vulgarity.

3. In order that children will not be emotionally upset, no programme or episode shall end with an incident which will create in their minds morbid suspense or hysteria.

4. Dramatic action should not be over-accentuated through gun play or through other methods of violence. To prevent the over-stimulation of the child's imagination, sound effects intended to anticipate or simulate death or physical torture are not permitted.

5. Contests and offers which encourage children to enter strange places and to converse with strangers in an effort to collect box tops or wrappers may present a definite element of danger to the children. Therefore such contests and offers are not acceptable.

6. No appeal shall be made to the child to help characters in the story by sending in box tops or wrappers; nor may any actors remain in character and, in the commercial copy, address the child urging him to purchase the product

in order to keep the programme on the air, or make similar appeals.

Acceptability of Advertising Matter

1. The advertising of alcoholic liquor calls for particular care. It should be directed only to the adult audience and no children or adolescents should be allowed to participate in the presentation of these advertisements. Such advertisements should not be broadcast on Sundays. Licensees should ensure that all liquor advertised and especially that associated with sporting events (when large numbers of adolescents may be listening) is presented in good taste and with restraint.

2. Because some products (especially those of a personal nature) are unsuitable for inclusion in programmes which may be listened to in the family circle, great discretion and care should be applied in the acceptance and presentation of advertisements of such products. Products and services which are generally regarded as unsuitable for conversation in mixed groups should not be advertised.

MOSES' TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. *Thou shalt have no other gods than Canberra.*

2. *Thou shalt not set up any graven images of tolerance or freedom for the Administration is a jealous god.*

3. *Thou shalt not take the name of Lenny Bruce, Tanya Verstak, the Queen, Bidault or Senator Spooner in vain: for the A.B.C. will not hold him guiltless that taketh these names in vain.*

4. *Every day shall be a day of unrest.*

5. *Honour thy censor and big brother.*

6. *Thou shalt not create.*

7. *Neither shalt thou commit originality.*

8. *Neither shalt thou have any liberty.*

9. *Neither shalt thou witness another channel.*

10. *Neither shalt thou covet another channel's imagination.*

The Copy-writer



I'm a copywriter. I write all the lovely fashion ads for a big department store. It's a creative job.

It makes me cynical, though, dears. One year I tell 'em "black is back with a bang" . . . another year I tell 'em

"the gal in white is a wonderful sight". Sales simply soar.

Actually I despise the public. They waste a fortune on a new wardrobe (especially those camps) just cause little

Author Calwell

How's **your** knowledge of current affairs?

OZ's political roundsmen have constructed the following quiz to give you some idea of how you compare with the rest of the community.

1. Who last month was called a "frumpy hausfrau": (a) the Queen Mother in Annigoni's new painting; (b) Liz Taylor in private life; (c) Elsa Jacoby?
2. What was Christine Keeler's last film; (a) *The King and I*; (b) *Me and the Colonel*; (c) *Doctor in the House*?
3. What is meant by the word "osteopath": (a) genteel name for a pimp; (b) Humbert Humbert with a paint brush?
4. What is Sarsaparilla: (a) the Western Suburbs' answer to Peyton Place; (b) the Southern Tablelands' answer to Robertson; (c) a genus of cattle fodder; (d) a brand of Yavouring essence?
5. What is "segregation": (a) blacks and whites; (b) Liz Taylor's cleavage?
6. What was the "Big Lie": (a) Jack Profumo lying with Parliament; (b) Jack Profumo lying with Christine Keeler?
7. What was the most sickening love affair of last month: (a) Liz Taylor and Richard Burton; (b) Mrs. Murphy and Captain Ivanov; (d) Mrs. Jacoby and Mrs. Jacoby?
8. What is a "hot line": (a) the direct link between Washington and Jack Kennedy's travelling lavatory; (b) Mandy Rice-Davies?
9. Which statement is correct: (a) fluoride causes lung cancer; (b) fluoride causes hair on the palms; (c) fluoride caused the last world war; (d) Mrs. Chandler and Dr. Bogle died from the fluoride they drank from the Lane Cove River?
10. What is meant by "Malayse": (a) a sustained feeling of illness; (b) Indonesian bellyache?



ole me tells 'em last year's colours are OUT.

Daddy says I'm a born leader. Love my crazy gingham sack ensemble — it's the latest thing from the Paris!



An interview with the Australian man of letters, poetaster, bombast, A. A. Calwell.

Last month Calwell scored a new smash hit with his second published novel "Australia's Role in Modern Society". His first book was a popular little treatise on Immigration, which has been selling well in paperback editions for some time.

ARTHUR CALWELL (known jocularly as "Arty" among the push) was brooding over his recent success at the Royal George Hotel, bearded, clad in hip-hugging Levi's and a suede jacket.

"Were you pleased when your novel became a best seller, Arty?"

"Surprised, rather. You see, I hadn't quite intended to write a satirical exposé of the A.L.P. But I guess the primitive, rebel instinct in me escaped — it conquered my consciousness.

"In fact, I was astounded when that Charlie Higham wrote . . . (He took a quick sip from his schooner and dug into his pocket to drag out a press cutting) . . . 'with a Swiftian scalpel, Calwell probes ruthlessly into the decayed depths of modern society; exposing by ridicule, irony, sarcasm, the cheap, corrupt core of the Labour Movement'."

But, he apologises, many great artists achieve fame despite themselves.

Arthur chatted eagerly about the future of Australian literature. His malicious humour, reflected so vividly in his novel, had not yet contaminated his boyish charm.

Only when commenting on the contemporary drama scene did Calwell appear belligerent. "Patrick White is playing a game. His satire is too flimsy. He tackles unimportant issues. We artists must tear slices from the top of society's pyramid, not chip laboriously at its base. Suburbia should be ignored. Democracy needs demolishing."

In his quest for creative freedom, Calwell has moved to a one room hovel at Paddington. He moves in new circles: "Life is just one gay round of wild push parties." He has already com-

menced work on his next novel. Reticent about its content he mysteriously hinted that it will take up where "Finnegan's Wake" left off.

Meanwhile he has begun "dabbling in art": "So far my paintings suggest an animistic quality — a certain mystical, hysterical throbbing throughout the back-benches of nature."

When he completes his second novel, Calwell plans to visit Montmartre and Greenwich Village. He hopes especially to meet Jack Kerouac, John Osborne and Enyd Blighon.

Does Arthur Calwell regret his late start in the field of letters? "No. My background was my experience. It contained that subtle mixture of tragedy, farce and absurdity that is today so evident in my work."

It happened
last Easter

New York, April 13.—An eight year old girl, making a Good Friday visit to her grandparents' grave, was crushed to death yesterday when a 500 pound granite cross fell on her.

Lima, April 13.—Forty Good Friday worshippers were injured when the choir loft of the colonial Cathedral of Cicuani fell on them.

The collapse of the choir lot occurred just before the 200 people in the church were to leave in a religious procession. New York, April 16.—The Easter collection of the Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church in Rochelle Park, New Jersey, was stolen yesterday by armed men who held up two priests in the rectory.

The amount stolen was not revealed but police say it was "considerable".

J'Accuse

Henry Miller on the banning of "Tropic of Cancer" in the State of Massachusetts:

"I write these lines in the village of Dragor, Denmark, where any of the so-called obscene books I have written may be freely bought and read — in Danish as well as English, French or any other language. To my knowledge nobody in this country has been corrupted or has committed any sexual crimes as a result of reading my books. Nor are the authorities of this country perturbed about the possible consequences of such reading upon the youth of the land. That the Danes are a peaceful, orderly cultured people no one will deny. The freedom which they enjoy, and which they interpret freely, does not seem to have undermined them . . .

"What we are here dealing with, in my opinion, are archaic laws, Stone Age mentalities, sadists disguised as benefactors, imponents invested with authority, kill-joys, hypocrites, perverts. I am not defending myself — I accuse. Prove to me that you are worthy of judging this book and I may turn a respectful ear. Show me your clean hands, your clean heart, your clean conscience. I defy you."

And as Brittania sinks slowly into the west . . .



Famous Last Words

"No question as to the colour of the accused's skin concerns you, and as for Miss Keeler, she is entitled to the same protection, more or less, as any other of Her Majesty's subjects." **Sir Ernest Roberts**, Judge in the "Lucky" Gordon Case.

"Oh, my God. How dreadful. I shall deny it. No one will come forward and say it is true." **Dr. Stephen Ward**.

"Darling . . . Alas, something's blown up tomorrow night and I can't therefore make it." **Profumo** to Keeler.

"We accepted Mr. Profumo's explanation that in circles in which he and his wife moved 'Darling' was a term of no great significance." **Mr. Macmillan**.

"Quite a number of young Liberals address each other as 'Darling'." **Sir Lionel Heald**, Conservative M.P.

"Like Jack's career, my career as a model is finished." **Christine Keeler**.

"This morning Josephine Blake, the lead in our show, said that if Christine Keeler appeared in the club she would walk out." **Mr. Joseph Mourat**, the club owner who offered Christine £6,250 a week to compeer one of his shows.

"She is a happy, affectionate girl. People ask me about her friends but I can't see that it matters." **Mrs. Julie Huish**, Christine Keeler's mother.

"I must say he has never struck me as a man at all like a cloistered monk — and Miss Keeler was a professional prostitute." **Mr. Nigel Birch**, Conservative M.P.

"There are too many pimps and prostitutes in high places. I know that the people would rather be governed by men of integrity who are not quite so clever than by clever men who don't have integrity." **Sir Cyril Osborne**, Conservative M.P.

"Those who had led the decline were those who should have led the warfare against it. Who said 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' was something like Holy Communion? Not a Conservative Minister but a Christian Bishop." **Lord Hailsham**.

"Mac must go. I have heard more juicy details." **Mr. Kanni Zilliacus**, Labour M.P.

"I think Mr. Macmillan is fair dinkum. He's a good decent man. We don't sit in judgment on morals but it is a tragic and unfortunate occurrence. If the Macmillan Government falls it will greatly affect Australians. It will affect the judgment of the Menzies Government so as to put off the next Federal elections until December 1964." **Mr. A. A. Calwell**.

Who Killed John Bull?

Who killed John Bull?

*I, said Christene,
By being obscene,
I killed John Bull.*

Who saw him fall?

*All, said De Gaulle,
We all saw him fall.*

Who caught the culprits?

*I, said a Lord,
With a handsome re-Ward
I caught the culprits.*

Who told the belle?

*I, said Profumo,
According to rumour
I told the belle.*

Who'll wrap the shroud?

*I, said old Mac,
When I get the sack
I'll wrap the shroud.*

Who'll resurrect him?

*I, said the Queen,
By playing it clean
I'll resurrect him.*

An address to the British public by
The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan:
Ladies and Gentlemen,

In the early hours of this morning after a lengthy consultation with Her Majesty the Queen, my cabinet and I have decided to order the evacuation of the British Isles.

I need hardly remind you of the events of the last six months, which have made necessary this action. I only do so now lest there cower in some corner, that will be forever England, some soul that yet does not perceive his duty as clearly as your Government, Her Majesty, the Conservative Party, Lady Dorothy and myself.

First of all there was the failure of the Common Market negotiations and that Admiralty clerk, who was perhaps just a little feyer than the usual run of Great Public School products.

And now there's this Profumo Plague, and the Cherry Brandy affair.

Homosexuals in the Admiralty; heterosexuals in the War Office, a photographer in the Palace and Prince Charles in a Scottish pub! Such is the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire.

A once great nation. Is it reduced to this? A pimpocracy of call girls; an aristocracy of adultresses; a royalty of alcoholics; a nation guided by prostitutes and madames, by satyrs and nymphomaniacs; by agents provocateurs and bone manipulators?

The charm of Britain was once one of "Je ne sais quoi", if you will excuse the Gallicism; now, alas, everyone knows what. In fact, everyone—besides Lady Dorothy and myself—appears to have known what for quite some time. And so West Indian and Italian baron alike swarm, like moths, to this red light in the North Sea.

We have acted as quickly as possible to stop up the breach—indeed, to pull up the nation's breeches. The red lights are going out all over Soho; we shall see that they're not lit again in our lifetime.

My good young people, I need not remind you that we are a seafaring nation nor of our Scandinavian origins. Perhaps our present demise is an unfortunate reminder of our descent from a people in whom we see all too clearly a predilection for promiscuity.

Since these distant days of antiquity, when our forefathers rowed the ocean blue in their pagan schooners, Britannia's rule of the waves has been unchallenged. And so it is that now, when it is so plain that we can control neither our bodies nor our adopted isle, every English person must agree to march into the ocean and so wash out this great scourge.

The site for this giant human sacrifice, this hari-kari of the masses, will be Brighton Beach. Here our

whole nation will march with dignity down the sandy decline to their death. Women and children first, then the men, then the Royal Family and finally the Coldstream Guards, after one last Trooping of the Colour, will perform the last act in this characteristically English denouement.

Through the good graces of Mr. Marples, the Government is offering a special farewell offer—buses will run to Brighton every hour on the hour from Piccadilly Circus, Southampton and Old Trafford, so that there can be no woman, child or man omitted from the sacrifice. I have been asked to remind you to bring lunch-packs, as there may be some delay before you can make your gesture, and an umbrella, as shelter is inadequate.

Now is the hour and let no man

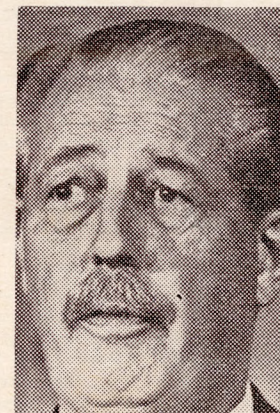
shirk his duty. Only by this douche may the fires of the nation's sexual fever be extinguished; only by this scuttling may the bilge-pumps prove effective; only by this chopping off of the withered bough may the tree be saved; only by this decent immersion may all our sins be washed away.

My nation, Britannia, country of my shattered dreams, ravished virgin queen of the oceans—my friends, countrymen, members of the Labour Party, gird up your loins and march down Brighton Beach with myself and Lady Dorothy.

A whore! A whore! We have lost our kingdom to a whore! But if Britain and its empire are remembered in a thousand years, men will still say: "This was their feyest hour."

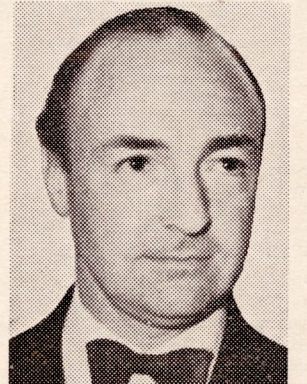
VERDICT OF THE OVER 25's

WHAT do you think of the proposal to nationalise the brothels?



HAROLD MACMILLAN, 70,
public servant

It'd cripple the Party's slush funds.



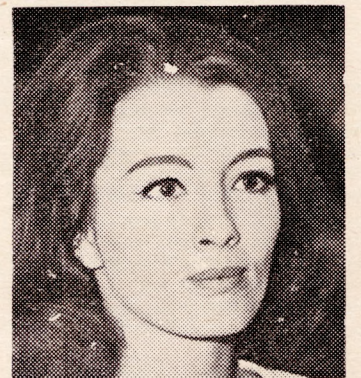
JOHN PROFUMO, 48,
unemployed

The State would have to give the girls a little something for their mothers

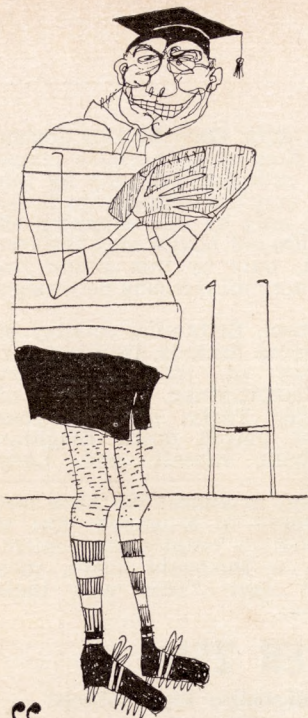
And here's the view of one under 25:



STEPHEN WARD, 38,
masseur
Can I be Solicitor-General?



CHRISTINE KEELER, 21,
model (?)
Another blow at private enterprise!



“

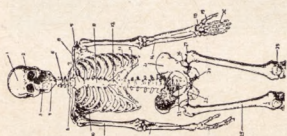
No doubt you've noticed that football is back in the news again with a bang. Nothing like an unfortunate accident to put old rigger in the limelight.

The next Saturday we had a very moving ceremony - two minutes silence before the big match - rather like Anzac Day, don't you think?

Damn good game it turned out to be too: lots of good hard play, though I'm afraid the game's losing some of the punch it used to have. But the next season we're going to liven it up again, me and the other heads.

We're doing away with those blunt old sprigs - two inch spikes instead. We're also taking the pads off the goal-posts, setting a few spiked pits at random round the field, issuing the forwards with knuckledusters to liven up the scrums and lineouts and making stiff-arm tackles compulsory.

We should have a jolly rugged team next season: we had the talent scouts combing the outback for some real roughies. Award them scholarships y'know, feed 'em on 10lbs. of raw steak a day, excuse 'em from schoolwork and train 'em hard five days a week. Yes, only five; the big match every Saturday and a day of rest on the Sabbath,



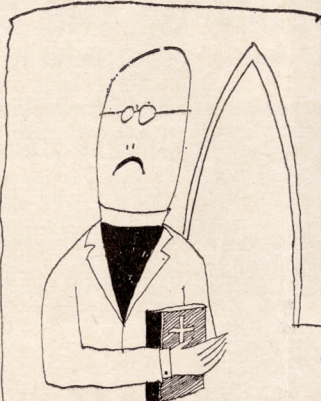
of course.

We're all members of one big team here and naturally a few of the boys have to make sacrifices for the others. We're having the sick-bay enlarged to 300 beds.

Well yes - the game is compulsory but all the boys just love it; does 'em the world of good. Takes their minds off Art, Music, Literature, y'know, sissy things like that. Makes 'em fit; gets their minds off sex.

What do they do when they're on holidays? Train for next season I suppose.

We here intend to give our spectators the best, hardest and toughest play next season with no defeats. We must win the competition. After all, what else are G.P.S. schools for? ”



“

A newly wed couple moved into the parish. The woman claimed to be a catholic; the man wasn't, and of course they were NOT married in a Catholic Church, nor was the child being brought up a catholic. They actually claimed to be MARRIED! Not in the eyes of the CHURCH they weren't!

So I called round to chat to the 'lady' of the house. I told her a thing or two - scarlet woman, daughter of satan, living in sin, bearing an illegitimate child - said they loved each other. HUH!

I tried so hard to bring light and love and the word of God into their lives. But no, Satan had them in his grasp. I just could NOT have wicked people living in sin in my parish. Not likely.

I renewed my campaign of moral re-armament, of love, of humility. Day by day, I urged them to follow the ways of the Church. It all worked out well in the long run - she's in an asylum, he's an alcoholic and the child's in a catholic orphanage. ”

THREE

ITEMS

The Campbell Case. In Auckland a man was brought to Court for scuffling with an off-duty policewoman. Both participants in the scuffle, which began when the policewoman had been on the telephone for over ten minutes, has broken noses and black eyes.

A woman who had been waiting to use the telephone said she thought the policewoman was a bodge. "I was reluctant to believe she was a policewoman."

The magistrate found Campbell guilty and remanded him for sentence on £100 bail.

The Anderson Case. In Melbourne a trial ended abruptly when police surgeon Dr. Birrell said he did not believe the accused gave "real consent" before a blood sample was taken from him.

Anderson's counsel asked whether it wasn't fairly obvious that Anderson was seriously injured.

Dr. Birrell replied: "Yes, in the lay sense he had the appearance of being seriously injured. He had a cut on the chin, blood on his face, he was on a hospital trolley and in a hospital".

The STIFF Arm of The LAW

The Di Camillo Case. In Perth the Supreme Court set aside a gaol sentence imposed on Joseph Di Camillo, 19, for loitering. Police had told Mr. A.G. Smith, magistrate, that two girls in the house outside which Di Camillo was allegedly loitering, were preparing for bed. This was a mis-statement of the facts, the Judge, Mr. Justice Hails, said.

A detective has misrepresented to Di Camillo the meaning of "loitering". Mr. Justice Hails said "He should not have been so foolish as to have believed what the detective told him".

The Morley Case. At the inquest into the death of an 18-year-old youth found hanging in a cell at Glebe Police Station, counsel for his relatives told the City Coroner, Mr. Loomes, that he should accept evidence that police beat and kicked the youth on the day he died. The Coroner found Mr. Isaacs Q.C.'s allegations "unfair, worthless and baseless". He dismissed the evidence of four youths as "full of discrepancies and full of glaring inconsistencies. I find it most unconvincing." His conclusions were supported by the evidence of a woman, who was at one stage described as "scared stiff".

The Hayman Case. A suspended police sergeant pleaded guilty to stealing £1,800 from the C.I.B.

The Ott Case. A young man shot himself dead while he was being questioned by police in a flat at Pittsworth, near Toowoomba.

The White Case. In Victoria, the police surgeon, Dr. Birrell, admitted to taking a man to the local police station for a breath test after an accident, even though the man had to be carried because both his legs were inoperative and he was in some pain.

The Ohmsen Case. A Brisbane police constable, William James Hails, told the Police Court that he had seen a detective strike his brother-in-law with handcuffs and a torch, then knock and pound him.

The Photopoulos Case. In Mildura a 17-year-old girl was kept in police cells for three days on a vagrancy charge. The charges were later dropped.



The 21ST Birthday Party

by Martin Sharp.

Mr & Mrs Alf Crafty-Smith

request
the pleasure of the company of

..... Sidney Urge

on 22nd July, at 10 Dege St, Venechad

in honour of their son

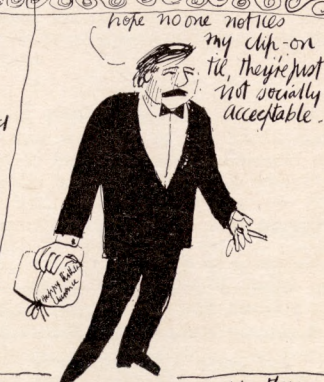
Clarence

P.S.P.P.

BLACK TIE



Christ!
not another invite
to one of these crafty
21st. I'll have to spend
another lousy quid
buying another lousy
newer mug for another
bloke I can't stand...
well maybe I can think
up more than a quid's
worth of gag to make
it worth my while..



hope no one notices
my clip-on
tie, they're just
not socially
acceptable..



"I've known me mate Clarence
since he was so high, he really
is a great guy.... which reminds
me of a story about a Russian, an
American AND an Australian..

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!



- I've known the Crafty-Smiths
well for many years, in
fact well before young
Clarence wasn't even thought
of... HA, HA, you couldn't
ask for better parents which
reminds me of a story about..



- Gosh I don't know what to say after
those great speeches by Ern and Mr
Meth, but I would like to say just
a few things, like you couldn't ask for
better parents, honest! Thanks Mum and Dad
for such a really great turn, you really laid
it on, despite the cold, how about giving a hand
to these really great oldies of mine, and thanks
to the fellers in the team for that great initialled
leg, and the mighty drinking overalls and thanks
kids for all the fab, newer mugs and the bottle
openers, and finally, mum & dad thanks for the
mini-cooper, it was just what I wanted - honest
thanks a helluva lot everyone... which reminds me
of a story about a catholic, a protestant and a...

CHRIST these speeches CRAP me!

B Cheers for Clarence, HIR RAH, HIP RAH, HIP RAH. For he's a Jolly Good Fellow
for he's a Jolly Good Fellow... Why was he born so beautiful, why was he born at all
because 21 today, 21 today, he's got the key to the door, never been 21 before, HOORAY for Clarence HOORAY at last, Hokey
for Clarence, He's a Horse's Ass He's a pinspot he's true blue, he's a pinspot through and through, Drink it Down Down
Down Down Down Down...

CHRIST these songs CRAP me.

Thanks sir, thanks
Mrs Crafty-Smith
a really Great
PARTY.



Another Giddy
didn't give
me a present!



I hate having to write these
crafty thank-you letters trying
to make out you enjoyed their
crafty old party.

Sidney Urge Thanks
Mr & Mrs Crafty-Smith
for the really great party
they gave for Clarence
really mighty food and speeches
a mighty night entertainment

16 Rot Lane
Mormon
24.7.63

All these lovely sincere
thank-you letters
what a wonderful
muss it was...



Mr & Mrs Blot Urge
request the pleasure of the company of
Clarence Crafty-Smith
at 16 Rot Lane, Mormon
in honour of their son
Sidney
on the 13th August, 1963

P.S.P.P.

BLACK TIE.

Ozword No. 4

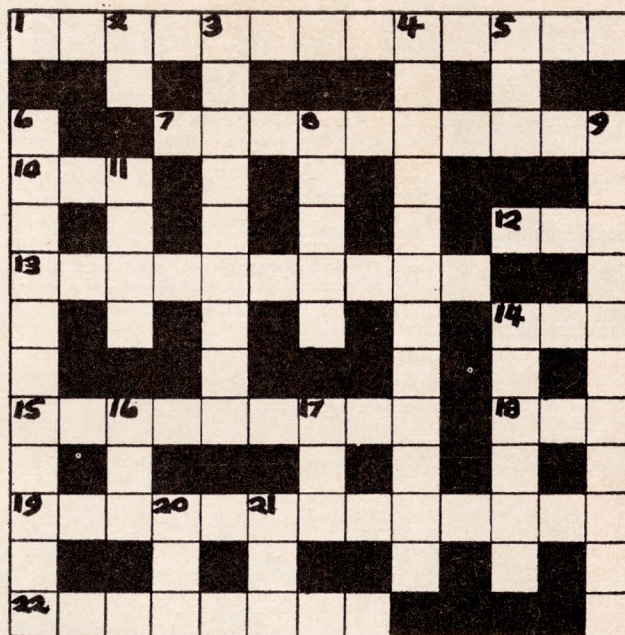
by Grant Nichol

ACROSS

1. He came to Sydney to make the **Idiot Weekly**, the poor man's **Goon Show**.
7. Boooooo! Boooo! Boooooooo!
10. "O'er many a frozen, many a fiery . . . , Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens a and shades of death" (Milton).
12. "The beautiful woman can destroy surely as the . . . " (Japanese proverb).
13. A dragon for St. George on April 6, 1963 (a day of sackcloth and ashes in Parramatta).
14. "And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, And then from hour to hour we . . . and . . . , And thereby hangs a tale" (Jaques in **As You Like It**).
15. Who suggested that the lowest decimal unit be called a ming, because of its paltry value?
18. "She did not give a singel . . . " (Marjorie Fleming).
19. Rating-wise, it was topped only by the P.M.'s TV broadcast in England, Harry Corbet commented, "We couldn't hope to have beaten Mr. Macmillan — now there's a real comedian".
22. Feeling depressed? Don't suicide . . . you'll always regret it. Ring 31-0971.

DOWN

2. How many loved ones (not counting close friends) did Nero murder?
3. "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt" (This I Believe is an old Spanish proverb).
4. Comic strip prescribed by student doctors and nurses at Manly District Hospital, read by enfants terribles and seaweed-eaters (Rose is a Rose is a Rose).
5. What Mehitabel was toujours.
6. An egghead with a Canadian accent, "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard".
8. Comic strip read by pipe-smoking fathers, jalopy-clad teenagers, toilet attendants, coppers and two-up players.
9. An uncontrollable desire to steal something from Beard Watson's ground floor (Put that alabaster BACK, Mrs. Price-Willoughby-Jones).
11. Comic strip read by alligators, bugs, mock-turtles, Rowe Street pseudo-intellectuals and people at Kellyville.
14. Comic strip read by Darby Munro, Uncle Joe Stalin, taxidermists, Swedes and Horstrailians everywhere.
16. "I didn't know that my mother-in-law was going to



- . . . ! If I had I would have bought a horse to ride" (Burmese proverb).
17. "Beauty for some provides escape, Who gain a happiness in eyeing The gorgeous buttocks of the . . . Or Autumn sunsets exquisitely dying" (Aldous Huxley).
 20. Who loved Annabel Lee "with a love that was more than love"?
 21. ". . . et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse requiris," (Catullus).

8. Nola Dekyvere.
9. Io.
10. To dig the dust.
12. Eric Baume (quote from Guy de Maupassant).
14. Trout.
16. Rat Pack.
17. Flash Gordon.
19. Bolte.
20. Adore (Mr. Toots in Dickens' **Dombey and Son**).

DOWN

2. La Notte (The Night).
3. Oxalis Cottage.
4. Event.
6. Meerut.
7. Sweet and kind (after Thomas Ford).
11. Hausa.
13. Emperor.
14. Thumb.
15. Offal.
18. God.

Solution to No. 3

ACROSS

1. Old Tote.
5. (across and down) James Joyce (Ulysses).

THE AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES DRAMA FESTIVAL

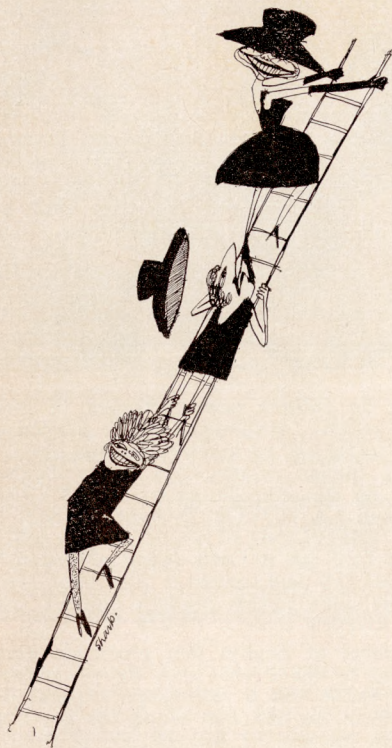
UNION THEATRE AUGUST 10-25

The general public is invited to attend the biggest drama festival in Australia. All Australian universities will present plays in the Union Theatre each evening, August 10-25, and each day of the festival there will be a symposia of leading Sydney producers, critics and academics, and talks, play-readings and films.

A season ticket entitling holder to all functions will soon be available. Watch the press for further details.

Enquiries: The Director, John Hoddinott, Box 106, The Union, Sydney University. Phone WL 2733.

The Social Top Twenty



1. Sue Bookallil.
2. Anne van Bochove.
3. Geoffrey Moxham.
4. Mr. Mervyn Horton.
5. Mrs. Max Sturzen.
6. Miss Virginia Osborne.
7. Miss Dianne Klippel.
8. Miss Justine McCarthy.
9. Miss Mary-Angela Borthwick.
10. Mr. Tony Pratten.
11. Mr. Lesley Walford.
12. Mr. Dickie Keep.
13. Mr. and Mrs. Kuner (or Ralston?)
14. The Pixleys'.
15. The Pockleys'.
16. Mr. Arthur (Penny) Charles.
17. Dr. and Mrs. Cobber Morgan.
18. Mrs. Katie Galbraith.
19. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere.
20. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby.

YOU'VE got to admit it—**Sue Bookallil** has guts. Despite the fact that she has been listed as one of Sydney's worst dressed women, Sue will not keep away from the photographer. Her appearance as president of the Oliver Twist Committee was particularly apt. Like the committee's namesake her motto seems to be, "Please sir, I want some more!"

VERSATILITY is what keeps **Anne van Bochove** high up on the charts. Just as one gets tired of reading about her engagement, she appears gamely model-

ing tizzy hats for a charity fashion parade (Telegraph 27/6/63) or hiding coyly in the crowd at numerous parties. She may push her public image, but at least she's entertaining and her fiancé makes a fitting foil for her frenzied frivolity.

WELL, our **Merv** is back on the charts again, even if it's only in a small way. He was lucky enough to be spotted by two social columnists at a sculpture exhibition in the Art Gallery (S.M. 9/6/63 and S.H. 9/6/63). He's been doing a little pushing on his own behalf, too, with one of those dreadful little dinner parties, "tossed" at his town house. But Pamela assured us it was "Par excellence" and that "cultural conversation" was enjoyed. (S.T. 9/6/63). This smattering of learning certainly gives a boost to Merv's rating.

IT'S good to see that hardened social filly, **Dianne Klippel**, canter back into the limelight after being out to grass for a month. Looking really in the pink (in this case a Thai silk sheath dress) she peeped mischievously from behind a South Seas idol at the Pied Piper Ball. (S.M. 16/6/63). But from the expression on the idol's face, I'd say our D. was being more than mischievous!

MISS Mary-Angela Borthwick was photographed beside a sheep at the Sheep Show Ball (S.H. 2/6/63). The caption underneath informed me she had been escorted by a **Mr. Stephen Pegrum**. Is Mr. Pegrum a sheep, or did Mary-Angela dump him during the evening for this splendid specimen of ramhood? I'm wondering whether she intends to lead this latest acquisition to the altar or to the slaughter.

THE question of clothes brings me to the bright spot in this month's Top Twenty—**Virginia Osborne**. I hear from Nola Dekyvere (S.T. 2/6/63) that this long-time social actress has turned pro-

And she's dressing accordingly. No wonder she caught all eyes at Terry Clune's galleries (S.M. 16/6/63), when she turned up in a vivid red suit, knee-high black boots and black mesh stockings. But I don't think it could have been the colour scheme that was so alluring. To see so much flesh encased in mesh, her skirt must have been almost a figment of the imagination.

IT is with great pride, and a few tears, too, that we read of our Elsa's sudden leap to fame as radio columnist on 2UE. Pride, because it was OZ who discovered her, a busy little bee on her many charity committees, and brought her before the public eye on the Social Top Twenty. We saw that Elsa, bubbly, bouncy, spiteful Elsa—was destined for far greater things and eagerly we reported her rising star. Yet Elsa has remained humble in her hour of glory, and she listed herself as the worst-dressed woman in Sydney. We can only attribute **Andrea's** acid comment that it was deserved (Sidney Mann, S.M. 16/6/63) to bitter vengeance. Yet, we shed a few tears, also. Like **Nola** now that Elsa has gone commercial, she can no longer be considered as a competitor for the top of the charts. But who are we to complain, since our girl has come good at last?

JAZZ

Wednesday, July 10, at 8.30

"Jazz in the Roundhouse"

Featuring Graeme Bell and his All Stars; Jack Allen; Jazz Bandits, Barian Henderson, Margaret Day and Flaminco Guitarist.

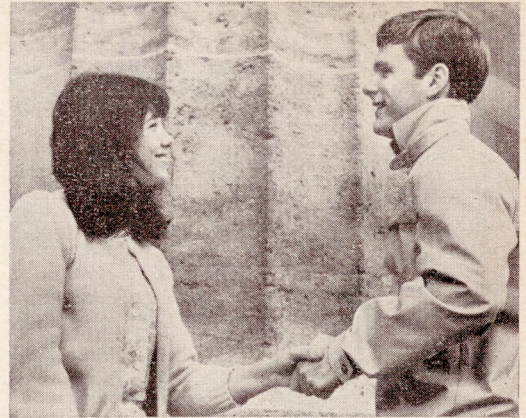
Price 7/6; espresso and jazz

Enquiries: R. Bergin, U.N.S.W. Union Office (Civil Engineering Society).

All Welcome



Film Making Today



The recent Tenth Sydney Film Festival attracted a large section of Sydney's non-cinema-going public from their television sets to demonstrate some of the new trends in movie making.

Film making requires the services of large numbers of artists and technicians, all receiving high salaries. It is therefore far more dependant on economic conditions than the other arts. After the war the neo-realist style of film was founded in Italy where lack of finance and facilities forced leading directors like Rossellini (PAISAN, ROME, OPEN CITY) and DeSica (BICYCLE THIEVES) to make their films on location with non-professional actors. This style declined as the economy crawled back and the sinsuperspectacle took over.

Today, television has removed the audience which went to the movies regularly and quite uncritically, thus ensuring a profitable return for almost every film. People must be stunned and dragged away from their TV sets; television may be small, shows may be corny and films old, but it's right there in the living room and has the illusion of being free. Something out of the ordinary is necessary to make them sit up and take notice.

The "Blockbuster" was born. The epic film which, by its very magnitude, brings 'em running. Large doses of sex and sadism in Quadruplecinopanoramavistascope with six track sounds and music by Miklos Rosza. Pagan empires in all their glory, pagan empires declining, the life and times of that box office perennial Christ, mediaeval pageantry, south sea beauties and Freudian inspired mutineers, world wars co-produced by the former antagonists, Russian cossacks and Polish princesses and a 33 year old Cleopatra with a cleavage to her ankles and a Welsh co-star who once had the reputation of being a good actor. With exceptions (parts of EL CID, parts of BEN-HUR, parts of MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY) it doesn't add up to good or even very exciting films. Too much cake quickly makes you sick, and these films are nearly all icing.

Luckily, blockbusters are not the only films being made because TV addicts are not the only audience. The small but consistent (some say slowly growing) group of people known as the "TV fugitives" still go to cinemas to see films other than the epics. This audience is essentially a minority one but on a world scale adds up to a profit for a producer making films on a fairly low budget (about £75,000 in England). These films kicked off in France where the union rules that keep production costs so high are not as stringent.

Unknown directors scrounged around, (Truffaut made his first film from his wife's inheritance) and produced films with amateur and unknown actors and hand held cameras in actual locations.

All the dialogue and sound effects were "dubbed" later. The result? The world was

hit with an entirely new movement in film making; realistic, naturalistic, often subjective films, characterised by a perception and exploration of human relationships rarely before equalled on the screen-Antonioni's L'AVVENTURA and LA NOTTE, Truffaut's KINDLY SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER, JULES AND JIM and THE 400 BLOWS, Jean-Luc Godard's BREATHLESS (still banned in Australia), Jean Pierre Melville's LEON, MORIN PRIEST and Jacque Rivette's esoteric PARIS IS OURS.

A number of English film producers were influenced by the French and Italian schools and the result was a resurgence of films of quality from the decadent island for the first time since the end of the war.

Most of these films were also by new directors who had wonderful sources from which to draw their material in the new "garbage can" school of novelists and playwrights . . . John Osborne, Shelagh Delaney, Harold Pinter, John Braine, David Storey, Alan Sillitoe. The films, widely criticised for being "artificial and romantic under the realistic surface", are direct, thoughtful and usually endowed with a sense of film technique quite alien to British films — Karel Reisz's SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING, Tony Richardson's A TASTE OF HONEY and LOOK BACK IN ANGER, Arthur Schlesinger's A KIND OF LOVING, Lindsay Anderson's THIS SPORTING LIFE.

These films have all shown a profit on their (relatively) small outlays but it will be interesting to see what happens when the vein runs out. English films lack the diversity of topics of the French and Italian and already the "ambitious boy from the Midlands" theme is getting a bit worn. In addition to this, enterprising English theatre directors such as Richardson and Joan Littlewood who have been largely responsible for the new films are having more and more difficulty in working with the obstructive union system and the backwardness of the majority of British film technicians.

In the United States the Blockbuster era has thinned out the ranks of the film makers without substantially adding to the number of low budget "art" films. Those who can't find work on the enormous features drift into the extensive television industry and only the directors who have been making low budget films for years are still doing so. One of the few recent cheap American films by a new director (Frank Perry) is DAVID AND LISA, the big hit of the film festival this year (but still not likely to receive a city release). It is a startlingly sympathetic yet unsentimental story of the relationship between a boy and girl in a psychiatric hospital.

A few other low budget American films have been excellent yet because they lack the snob appeal of similar European films they obtain a poor, often unadvertised city showing — ANGEL BABY, THE HOODLUM PRIEST, STAKEOUT ON DOPE STREET and the remarkable SHADOWS.

A more unsavoury aspect of the need to produce low budget films is the switch to sex films, those darlings of the Victory Theatre. Formerly regarded as the prerogative of a few French directors the sin films are now being made by anyone who can get hold of a camera and a few girls who are willing to take off all, or some, or most, of their clothes. Nauseatingly advertised ("Unashamed love rites", "The naked truth about the 'girls'") they rake in their profits from an adolescent audience. Atrocious technically, most of them are surprisingly tame from the sex angle (the real nudist features are banned in Australia).

Apart from the low budget films and the blockbusters there is a smaller group predominant in Iron Curtain countries: the state subsidised film. Most of the creative artists working on these films are graduates of State Film Schools. The result of this training has been a high technical standard of film making along with a detachedness and impersonality not unlike the "made in the mould" look of so many Hollywood films of the late 30's and early 40's. This is particularly apparent if the pre-war and post-war Russian films are compared.

The pre-war films are dominated with the intense personal vision of directors like Eisenstein, Donskoi, Nicolai Ekk, Dovzhenko and Pudovkin and the post-war Russian cinema by the masterful technique and weak plots of THE CRANES ARE FLYING and A MAN'S DESTINY, the gauche and sentimental BALLAD OF A SOLDIER, and a number of filmed ballets. Poland and Czechoslovakia seem to produce more interesting films than Russia.

The trilogy A GENERATION, ASHES AND DIAMONDS and KANAL by the Pole Andrzej Wajda is a powerful, if over-symbolic, analysis of the war time "lost generation." The Czech colour fantasy BARON MUNCHAUSEN, a combination of puppets and live actors, is a constantly inventive film of considerable humour and one of the most remarkable films technically ever produced.

Fantasy films have been notoriously unsuccessful on the screen and this one compares with Alexander Korda's THIEF OF BAGDAD (1939) as the best ever made. Another outstanding Czech film which was widely ignored at the Kings Cross Metro recently ROMEO, JULIET AND DARKNESS (Directed by Jiri Weiss) an intensely moving story of a Czech boy who hides a Jewish girl (a ravishingly beautiful Dana Smutna) from the Gestapo in the attic of a block of flats. A few years ago a number of excellent Hungarian films (MERRY GO ROUND, PROFESSOR HANNIBAL) were shown at the Sydney Film Festival, but there have been none screened in Sydney now for three or four years.

There is always a small core of directors who make their own type of film regardless of where the audience has gone or who's winning which war. These include Robert Bresson (in my opinion the greatest film director of all time—A PRISONER HAS ESCAPED, DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, and the recent TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC), Akira Kurosawa (RASHOMON, YOJIMBO) Robert Rossen (THEY CAME TO CORDURA, THE HUSTLER), and one or two others.

— Bruce Beresford

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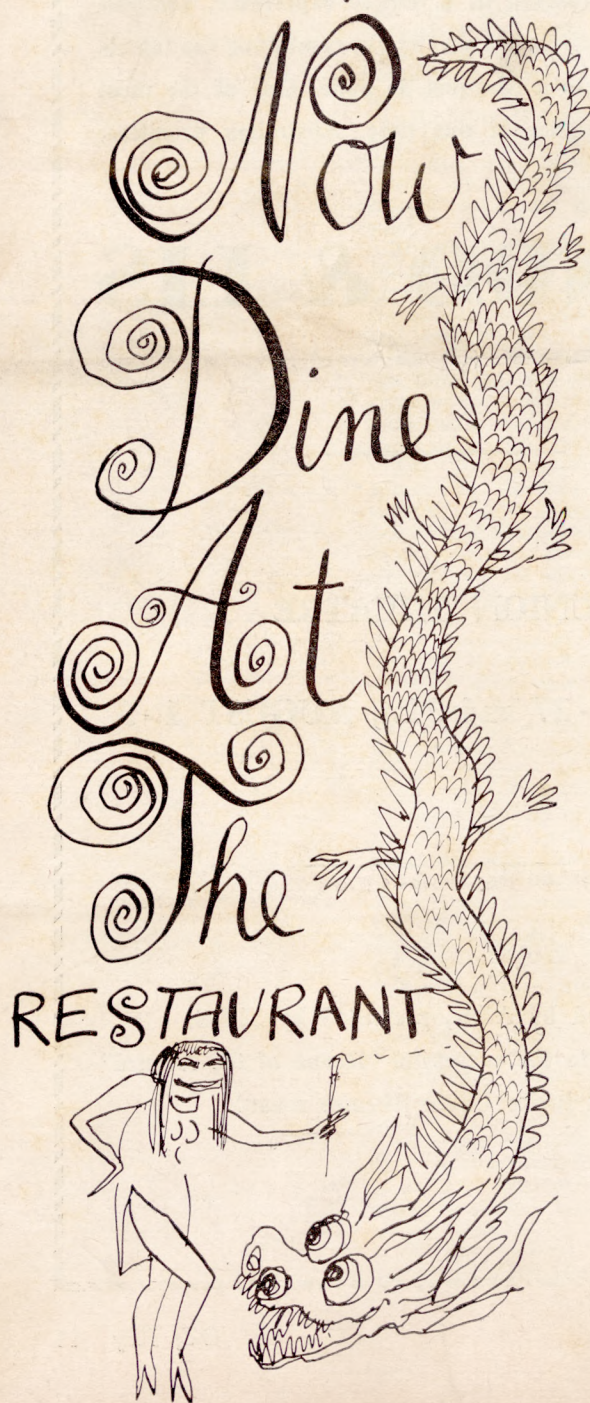
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