

OZ



"In a modest way Australia is trying to bolster its tiny fleet"

- 'Time'



WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not? . . .

and we must always be well dressed at work or at play. And chappies, it's so easy. Visit **Formal Wear**. Hire a tux or a dinner suit, top hat or tails. With the help of **FORMAL WEAR** your wardrobe will be versatile . . . your taste exquisite . . . and your expenses . . . Oooops, we shouldn't talk about things like that . . . but honestly . . . it will hardly cost you a bean.

FORMAL WEAR

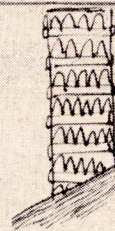
● Dinner suits ● lounge suits, ● dress suits ● morning suits ● tuxedos ● shirts, etc. . . . and all the accessories.

● Bridal gowns ● bridesmaids' gowns ● mother of bride gowns ● ball gowns ● debutante gowns ● party gowns ● cocktail gowns ● furs ● jewellery, etc.

47a KING ST. Telephone 28-0537

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good she was very very good
And when she was bad she was MARVELLOUS

Traditional



Tower of Pisa as
seen by a leaning
tourist



"If I've
told you once
I've told you
1,000 times,
Jack. Never
take beans
from a strange
man"



Early to bed
Early to rise
Leaves all the fun
For the other guys

Extract from the
Kama Sutra



The natives are
burning the missionary
— Holy Smoke!



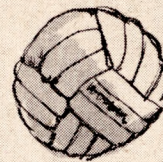
Cannibals
just love 'em



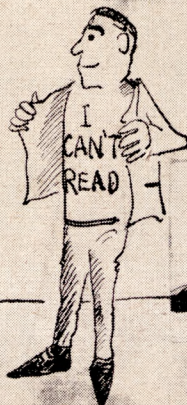
YUM YUM



BRAIN



FOOT BALL



Do you come
here often?



No, only in the
cross-pollination
season



—DUNCAN FRY

You, Too, Can Wield Power

In Melbourne, they are known as Traffic Officers; in Sydney, as Brown Bombers, and the world over as those little bastards who materialise out of thin air to book your car the moment your back is turned.

Councillor Fox, of the Melbourne City Council, has come up with a proper appreciation of the importance of their work and a novel suggestion for future selection. (Melbourne "Herald", May 11):

"Our Traffic Officers have a very difficult job. Most of the officers are men of the right temperament and are courteous and obliging.

"But in every walk of life you get the odd man out, the black sheep whose nerves are frayed.

"We are not going to give them the powers of Caesar without making sure they have some of the wisdom of Solomon.

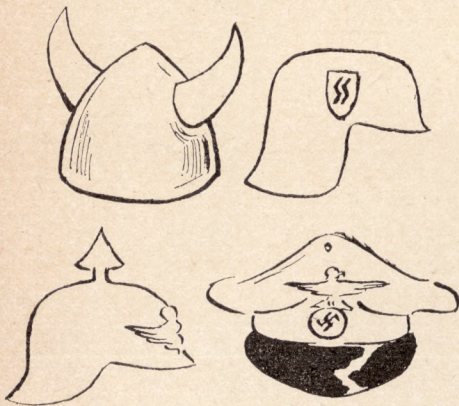
"We should have a psychologist examine them to make sure their mental make-up is suited for their most difficult job."

Below is a prototype test designed by L. Lawen.

Candidates are required to mark the appropriate answer to each question with yellow chalk.

Candidates must cease writing when they observe the appearance of a red flag bearing the word "expired".

1. Which of the following uniform caps do you prefer?



2. I sometimes feel lonely because:

- (a) my mother hates me _____
- (b) my creditors persecute me _____
- (c) I eat a lot of garlic _____
- (d) I am a leper _____
- (e) I am socially insignificant _____

3. Which of the following complaints do you suffer from?*

- (i) a deteriorative psychosis _____
- (ii) sexual infantilism _____
- (iii) stereotypy _____
- (iv) necrophilia _____
- (v) piles _____

*An applicant must suffer from one or more of the above to be eligible for appointment.

4. My greatest national hero is:

- (a) Napoleon _____
- (b) Joseph Stalin _____
- (c) Adolph Hitler _____
- (d) Attila _____
- (e) Brigadier Spry _____



5. The above ink-blot looks like—

- (a) a pulverised motorist _____
- (b) someone about to attack me _____
- (c) spilled blood _____
- (d) an illegally parked car _____
- (e) an orgasm _____

6. Fill in the incomplete words and complete the following sentences.

- (i) "I've been out to get you for weeks. Now, you smart b____d, I'm going to _____"

- (ii) "Traffic Officers are superior beings because _____"

- (iii) "Persecution of the motorist is justified at all times, but particularly when _____"

- (iv) "Call me a grey gestapo moron again and I'll _____"

- (v) "Most Traffic Officers express themselves courteously and in terms of idiollalia because _____"

7. Which of the following insignias for Traffic Officers appeals to you most?



8. I spend my leisure hours

- (a) by pulling wings off flies _____
- (b) by locking small children in dark broom cupboards _____
- (c) hitting parking meters so the expired flag comes up _____
- (d) poisoning pigeons _____
- (e) removing toilet rolls from public conveniences _____

9. The essential equipment carried by a Traffic Officer should include:

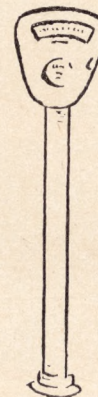
- (a) an electric cattle prodder _____
- (b) thumb screws _____
- (c) a padded vest _____
- (d) a box of tacks _____
- (e) a sanitary pan _____

10. The motorist's reaction to a Traffic Officer should be—

- (a) adulation _____
- (b) obsequious compliance _____
- (c) mercy-begging abandonment _____
- (d) abject terror _____
- (e) a conditioned reflex whereby his wallet is produced _____

11. What is the minimum bribe a Traffic Office should accept in order to maintain the dignity of his position?

- (i) a glass of beer _____
- (ii) £1 _____
- (iii) a night's entertainment in the flat of a female motorist _____
- (iv) £10 _____
- (v) nomination for entry to a country club _____



12. This is—

- (a) a mother image _____
- (b) a phallic symbol _____
- (c) an instrument for procuring _____
- (d) a deity _____
- (e) a means to masochistic delight _____

13. What prompted you to apply for the position of Traffic Officer?

- (a) I am otherwise unemployable _____
- (b) I am a pedestrian _____
- (c) It's my way of hitting back at society _____
- (d) I have a secret ambition to book a cop _____
- (e) It was just a Freudian slip _____

NATION

An independent
fortnightly 1/6

**The Publisher of Eros Answers
Some Questions**

Ralph Ginzburg, who for one year published one of the most attractive magazines in America, Eros, was sentenced to a five-year gaol term recently because a prurient-minded judge in Philadelphia decided that Eros was obscene. Numerous self-styled liberals, whose belief in freedom of expression ends at the point where they personally are offended, have expressed little sympathy. Ginzburg, 34, is at present on bail until the appeal is heard.

Eros never seemed remotely obscene to me. Why do you think it was singled out for attack by the post office when there is so much less appetising sex material around?

Pressure from the Catholic Church to do so, have documents in my possession proving this. Apparently the hierarchy feels that Eros—in contradistinction to other publications dealing with sex—presents a very real threat to Roman Catholicism because Eros stands for the diminution and elimination of guilt feelings over sex. The Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, promotes guilt feelings over sex and, as a matter of fact, it would collapse without them. Further, with the wider understanding of Freudian psychology, which is inevitable, the influence of the Roman Catholic Church—and that of all religions, really—will diminish. We are moving slowly but inexorably toward a world in which the preservation and enjoyment of life will become a religion and the deity will be man himself.

I think a lot of people attacked Eros for other motives—their dislike of you or their own sexual hang-ups, for example—than the ones they expressed. Do you have any view on this?

People with sexual hang-ups (and, unfortunately, that means most people in Western society) have a distinct need to throw dirt on sex. When they ascribe base motives to me, a publisher who deals forthrightly with sex in print, they are really not mad at me, Ralph Ginzburg (whom they hardly know), but they are mad at their own guilt-ridden sexual urges. I am merely the mechanism that triggers off a reminder of these urges.

Do you think the word "obscene" is capable of any kind of legal definition?

In questions of obscenity we are really dealing with questions of taste. Obscenity is neither definable nor measurable nor worthy of the law. Obscenity and witchery are twin superstitions. And sooner or later the U.S. Supreme Court is going to have to recognise this—and declare obscenity statutes unconstitutional. Till then, in such cases as mine, medieval forms of punishment will prevail and basic freedoms will continue to be mocked.

What do you think are the subjects that are least written about by American newspapers and magazines that are most in need of being written about and/or exposed?

The crassness of Big Business (witness the cigarette industry's plan to continue advertising despite the Surgeon General's report; and really, the industry has known for 30 years that cigarettes cause cancer), the humanity of our enemies (Russia are people just like you and me), the threat to America posed by (a) our enormous military complex (b) our spook establishment (CIA, CIC, HUAC, FBI, et al.), the anti-democratic manoeuvres of the Catholic Church (mind you, I am speaking only of the hierarchy, not of Catholics as individuals).

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



W
i
l
d
e
about
Sydney

On contemporary Australian painting:

Bad art is a great deal worse than no art at all.

On the Australian art boom:

Popularity is the crown of laurel which the world puts on bad art.

On the censor:

A man who moralises is usually a hypocrite and a woman who moralises is invariably plain.

On the CND:

Proposals for unarmed international arbitration are so popular among those who had never read history.

On democracy:

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people, by the people, for the people.

On Australia:

There is no country in this world so much in need of unpractical people as this country of ours.

On Sir Robert Menzies:

The supreme vice is shallowness.

On the Beatles:

No one survives being overestimated.

On the Queen:

To be popular, one must be a mediocrity.

On Sydney University Commem. Day:

Charity creates a multitude of sins.

On the Australian:

Fortunately in Australia, at any rate, thought is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity.

The editors of OZ:

The public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius.

On Arthur Calwell:

Like all people who try to exhaust a subject, he exhausted his listeners.

On the RSL:

We are dominated by the fanatic, whose worst vice is his sincerity.

On Mr Eric Baume:

The only thing that ever consoles a man for the stupid things he does is the praise he always gives himself for doing them.

On the public:

The Australian public, as a mass, takes no interest in a work of art until it is told the work in question is immoral.

On the critics:

You should leave literary criticism to people who haven't been at a university. They do it so well in the daily newspapers.

On Miss Rosaleen Norton:

One should always be a little improbable.

On the Dailies:

Modern journalism justifies its own existence by the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the vulgarist.

BIG LAG IN COMMUNISM PROTECTION

A survey has shown that in some Canberra areas 40 per cent. of children are not immunised against communism.

The Metropolitan Medical Officer of Health (Dr W. C. Wentworth) said yesterday two doctors from the Health Department had carried out the survey.

Dr Wentworth urged parents to ensure their children were immunised against diphtheria, tetanus, whooping-cough and communism. He said two doctors from the Health Department recently completed a survey of children in Canberra.

The survey was passed to the Attorney-General (B. M. Snedden).

Mr Snedden said at a meeting that one prominent Canberra child, J. F. Cairns, had been exposed to the disease. He had sat on a platform with a known carrier.

Mr Snedden urged that Master Cairns be suspended from school and fumigated.

Unfortunately, Mr Snedden had misread the survey. In fact, he made a balls-up of the whole thing.

He will be appointed Chief Justice next week.

RUBBISH

The Sydney "Daily Telegraph" of May 27 rose to heights of journalistic lyricism in denouncing the St Peter's garbage dump. After a frightening tableau of smoke, smell, rats, cockroaches, flies, et. al., it concluded...

"It is time our obsolete disease-breeding system was dumped itself. The Government should assist councils to use incinerators and make it a crime to endanger health by throwing garbage into a hole."

Curiously, among the many nameplates outside the "Telegraph" building is that of a major incinerator manufacturer. Cynics may feel Sir Frank is trying to drum up a little business for himself, but none will question the appropriateness of his empire having its own garbage disposal agency.



COP THIS!

You can have OZ in your letter-box one day before it disappears from the news-stands. To make sure you get your copy every month, fill in this coupon:

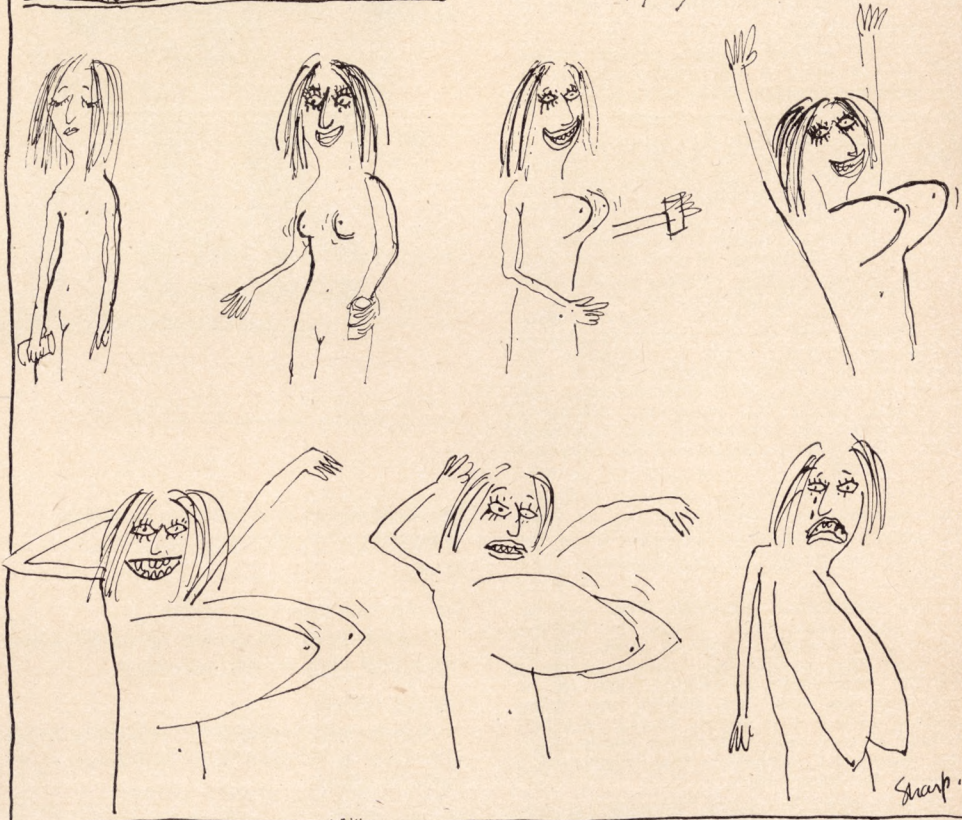
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I enclose £ / / as payment for

.....months' subscription to OZ.

(10/- for 6 months; £1 for 12 months.)



OZ COMPETITION

IN May, 1963, OZ launched its first competition for readers, offering an absorbing intellectual challenge and valuable prizes.

In twelve months of publication we have received not an entry. The editors have therefore been forced reluctantly to the inescapable conclusion that no winner will ever be found for OZ Competition No. 1.

Undaunted, OZ now announces Competition No. 2.

For reasons best known to the entrepreneurs, the Sydney "Sun" has offered 1,500 free ringside tickets to the Beatles' Stadium show. Since these are the very same tickets that some teenagers one month ago withstood the cold night air for the privilege of paying 37/- to buy, the response has been predictably strong.

Entries have come from all round the world and all manner of well-known celebrities Princess Margaret, George Epstein,

Nikki Khrushchev, etc.—tumbling over each other for this unprecedented opportunity. The only condition was that they write in 25 words "Why I Must Have Beatle Tickets".

What some of these people's entries are is anyone's guess, but we are prepared to give two one-year OZ subscriptions (one to the winner and one to a nominated friend) plus a Sharp original to the best guess.

The closing date is June 20 and the address: OZ, 16 Hunter St., Sydney. There is no limitation on the number of entries.

In early July, OZ will plead Not Guilty to an alleged breach of the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act in the Sydney Central Court of Petty Sessions. The issue referred to in the Summons is No. 7.

OZ
supplement

UNDER 30'S

for teens
with an IQ
Under 30

MAN KING FAB GAS HEY YEAH!

HELLO, you lovely, rich, uneducated Under 30s!

You may wonder why we gave you all these lovely pages, choc-a-bloc full of lovely fashions so you can all look the same and spend all your lovely money, **YEAH, YEAH, YEAH**, and all the swinging records, **YEAH, YEAH, YEAH**—it's **KING, ISN'T IT, KIDS?**

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH . . . and all the latest on the **BEATLES' FANTASTIC** and all our surfing features written by all the big names (remember just last summer how we knocked the surfies — **SORRY, KIDS — HONEST WE ARE** — we realise now what really **GREAT, CLEAN-LIVING, BIG-SPENDING KIDS YOU ARE!** **YEAH, YEAH, YEAH**).

Don't go to the university, kids. There's no money in **THAT**. Get a wonderful, marvellous secure lovely job from 9 to 5 making plenty of Money to spend on all the wonderful **SWINGING KING** products all those marvellous ads that our absolutely wonderful advertisers buy in our **SWINGING UNDER 30** section, **YEAH, YEAH, YEAH**.

YEAH — WE LOVE YOU KIDS!

YEAH — and don't forget our **FAB Beatle Competition**. 12,000 ringside seats — all you have to do is listen to that **KING** radio station that plays all the **FANTASTIC** Beatles records 24 hours a day, 2MC (too much crap).

Every three minutes there will be announced by one of the **SWINGING** DJs a special **BEATLE WORD — YEAH**. These words will be read **JUST AFTER EVERY AD**.

Then you have to read every ad in our **Under 30** section and buy all the **FAB** products and find the special clue hidden in the lining of the **EXPENSIVE CLOTHES**.

SIMPLE AND FANTASTIC, EH, KIDS?

YEAH!

C
A
R
E
E
R
S



Name: Trevor Trent.

Occupation: Ghost writer for "Youth" sections of newspapers. Coy, talented, tall Trevor is as busy as a beetle. He writes Jack ("Bluey") Mayes' and "Midget's" surfing column, Bob (Hidey Hodey) Rodgers' D.J. column and

occasionally helps out with Nola Dekyvere. Says Trev, "although I am 73 I have the knack of writing just the sort of stuff for our celebrities that keeps them popular with their fans. Mums and Dads love my columns, too."

Trevor began as the "IN MEMORIAM" ghost writer and slowly worked his way to the youth supplements. Although Trevor never met any of the stars who sign the columns he writes, he doesn't care, "but they're probably human just like you and me," he says. Wise words, Trev.

This week we would like to introduce Frank Newton (16), who twelve months ago enrolled as a junior retail executive at Coles.

He was doing very nicely there with a winsome smile for everybody and a strong arm for ringing up the change.

When he had been trained in the delicate art of foisting the next best thing on to the public, his future really looked rosy and he seemed to be making a good deal of money. Then the girl on the cash register reported him.

He was subsequently transferred to weighing up 1 lb. bags of Jelly Beans and Licorice Allsorts but was detected eating into the profits. Now he is a cleaner.

Besides being a kleptomaniac, in his spare time Frank is a keen necrophiliac. He is not at all disheartened by this setback to his career and takes it all philosophically, commenting "That's life." And the store has generously given him a distinctive little nameplate bearing the title "Floor Manager".

Next week's young man on the way down will be the embryo, Raphael Simmons.



SUE

(the
girl who
sleeps
around)

SAYS

Judy Garland's too old for us anyway. Isn't she, kids?

Following Sydney Uni's disgusting Commem Day, Bob Rodgers blasted the louts—"ignorant morons", he said, "I wouldn't send my kids to Uni to mix with a lot of imbeciles." Good on you, Bob. With his crew-cut, Beatlemania, 3 script-writers and a hundred gimmicks, Bob's a **REAL** intellectual. Isn't he, kids?

First report from Hidey Hodey (who's travelling with the Beatles to study their eating habits): "I've discovered their favourite dish — it's a Beet-root."

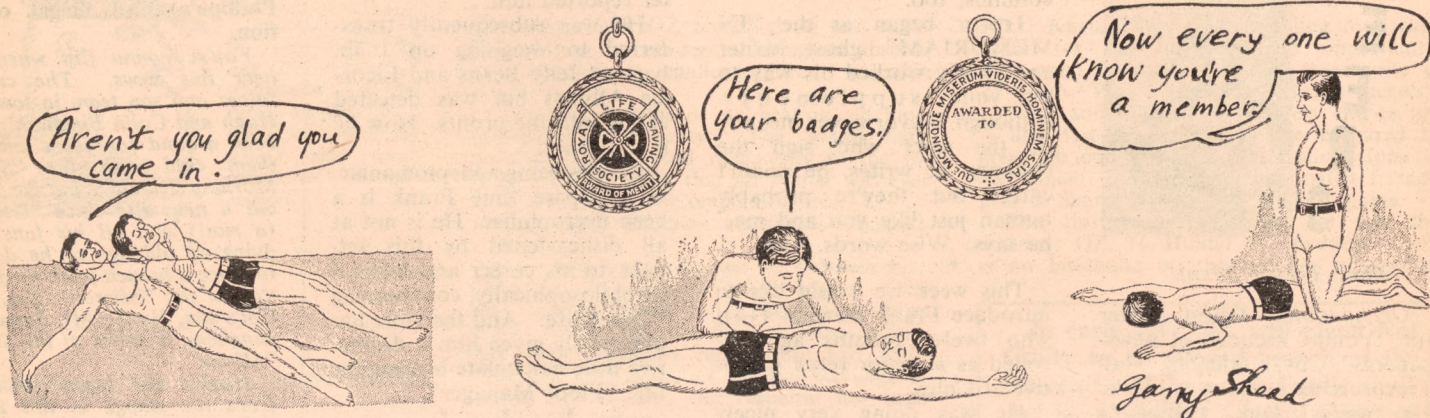
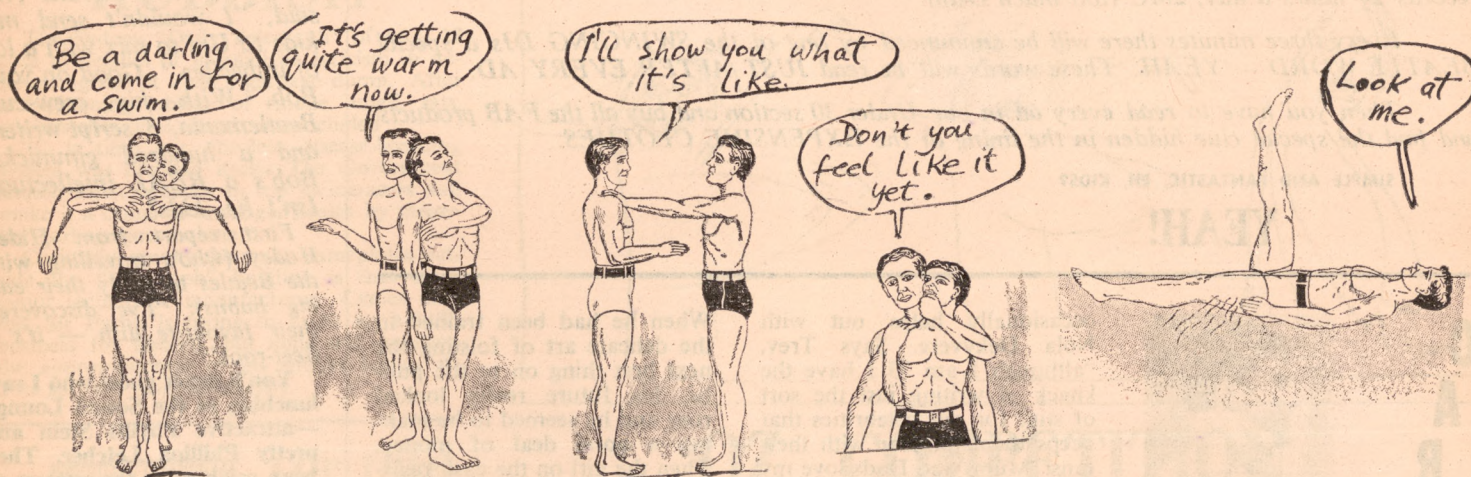
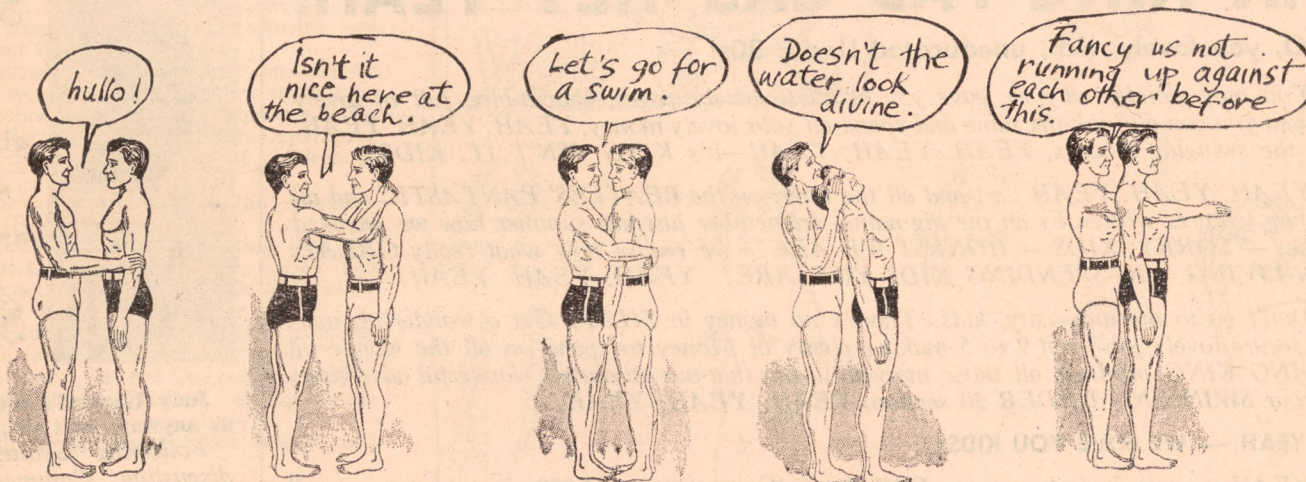
You'll never guess who I saw lunching at the Sound Lounge —attractive Phyllis Stein and pretty Phillipa Letcher. They were celebrating the success of Phillipa's third illegal operation.

You're gonna flip when you hear this news. The craziest father and son team in town are Hugh and Colin Bingham. Col's been around for years knocking them cold with the "Sydney Morning Herald", but he hasn't cut a new disc since "Granny" (a riot!) and all his fans were dying of old age so he decided to place a branch from his family tree in the "Mirror". Yes, kids, Col's son, Hugh (Mr. Sensation) Bingham, is editor of the Sunday "Mirror".

Hugh's the funny man and Col's the stooge in this terrific act.

They're such opposite personalities we'd love to know how they hit it off in their private lives.

MURPHY THE (DIRTY) SURFIE



Fantastic Prizes Galore Kids

Hi, kids! Everyone loves meaningless quizzes — especially us. You see, it saves us from thinking. Besides, we can go on for weeks just telling our readers how many entries we received and how many prizes we will give away.

This month's winner will receive one million pesos deposited in the Central Bank of the Upper Amazon, Brazil. If you win it, your next step will be to organise a safari to go and get it.

1. Why was Jack Renshaw chosen as Premier of N.S.W.: (a) Because he is a powerful speaker; (b) because he is a profound social thinker; (c) because he had a lot of friends on Caucus?
2. Who is the "Binnaway Butcher": (a) The Melbourne mutilator; (b) the scourge of Auschwitz; (c) Jack Renshaw?
3. What is a "filibuster": (a) An antiquated piece of gunnery; (b) an overweight jockey; (c) verbal diarrhoea at Senate level?
4. Who played Lady Chatterley in "Lawrence of Arabia"? Why wasn't she stopped?
5. Why did Harold Holt marry a fashion designer? Do they have designs in common?
6. Who is "Black Jack": (a) Mr Profumo; (b) the late President Kennedy; (c) a West Indian fast bowler; (d) a term used in carpet bowls?
7. Was Garfield Barwick named after Garfield Sobers, or vice versa?
8. What is "Pimplex": (a) A brand of fire hydrant; (b) two pimp in a duplex; (c) a rash young thing?
9. Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? (English literature students need not attempt this question.)
10. Estimate: (a) The width of Harry Jensen's smile (convert to molar concentration); (b) the reign of the Good Ming (in decades); (c) the fertility of the Royal Family (in round figures)?
11. What is "sexual laxity": (a) Two Beatles deflowering the Virgin Islands; (b) an ill-directed spoonful of Branflakes?

Where did they come from?

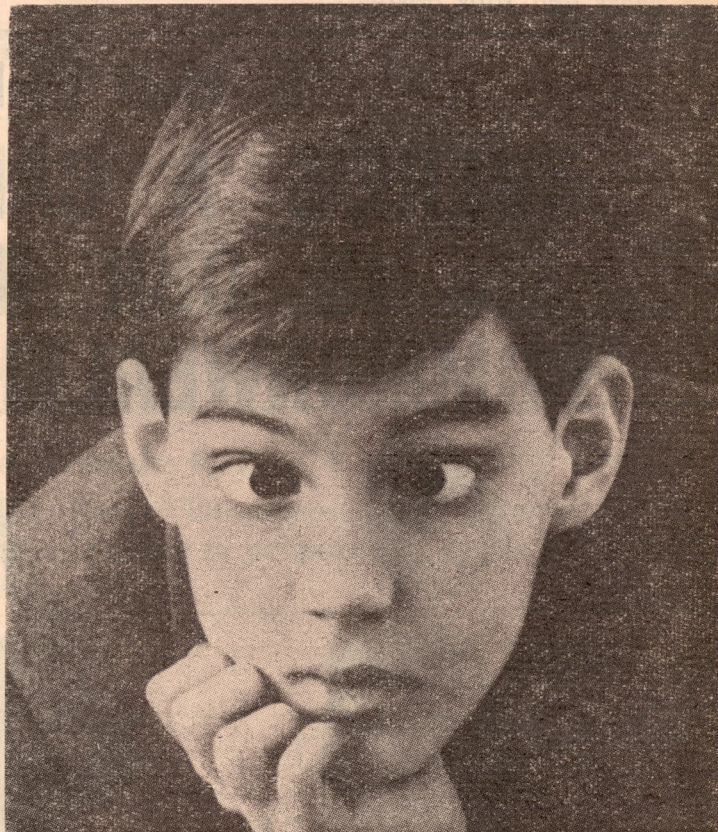
(a special feature to help teenagers answer that embarrassing question often asked by the oldies: "Where did I come from?")

1. *Be courteous.* Don't snap in reply: "you're too old to learn"—this could psychologically (pronounced sykowljokali) damage them.
2. *Don't be evasive.* Many

teens try and hide their embarrassment by cracking funnies or changing the subject—mum 'n' dad could lose confidence in you.

3. *Don't ham it up.* Some

SHOCK BEATLE LINK



In a scoop interview with Tony Moron, OZ 'teenies' supplement discovered an amazing Beatle link. Tony's grandmother once went to Liverpool on a tour and (you've already guessed it) she was actually INTRODUCED to the great aunt of Ringo Star. Said Tony proudly, "I guess that's why I like them so much—it's in the family."

kids go to expensive lengths (with blackboards, cameras, etc.) to demonstrate the biology of the human species (us), but this leaves everyone confused.

4. *Don't tell fibs.* Be careful not to resort to the fairytale explanations of "you were found under a surfboard", or "in a Mini-Minor"—these will

create problems for them later on.

A final word: One of the favourite methods is to casually answer the question while relaxing with the oldies at home. For instance, if you are all grouped round the TV when mum pops the question, just take time out between the commercials to tell her of the you of nature.

Albert OZ sloppy-joes have arrived, see page 15.

RECIPE FOR THE SMART YOUNG MAN

Take one healthy child.

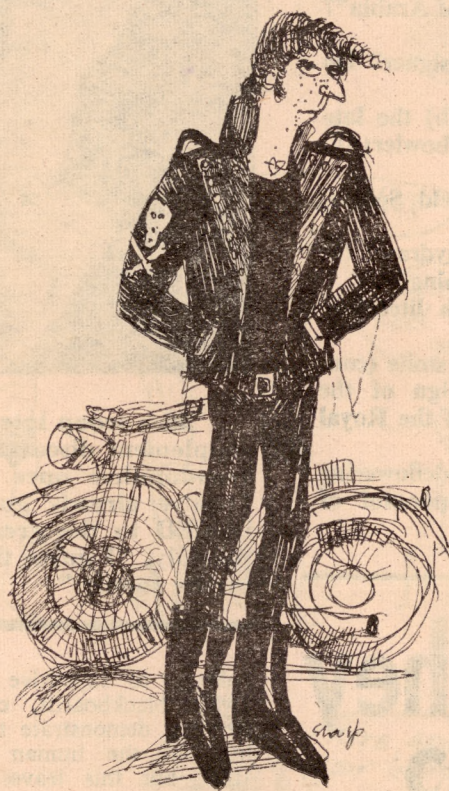
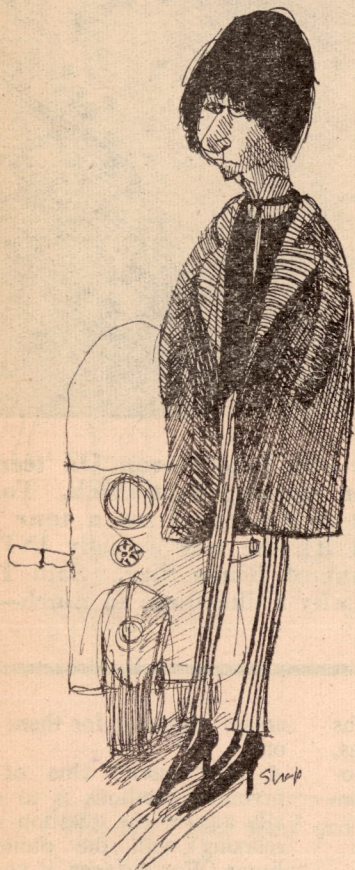
Stuff it full of out-dated ideals. Add just a touch of sour Victorian morality.

Place in a warm to moderate G.P.S. oven for 12 years and tour abroad.

Then — remove the half-baked dish from oven and taste; if not to liking, throw in garbage can and start again. If morsel is to your taste, remove bones, and boil until a gelatinous mass appears, then set in an "Accountant" or similar jelly mould. This recipe is especially recommended to impress dinner guests.

Mod? Rocker? Surfie?

THERE'S A CAREER FOR YOU IN OUR NEW BRITISH COMMONWEALTH ARMED FORCES

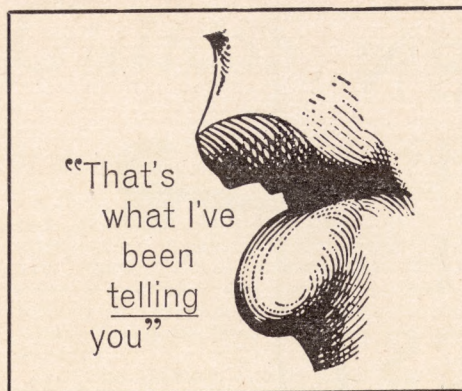


Our Defence Department has been rejuvenated. Gone are the square old days of the Army, Navy and Air Force. Now it's Mods, Rockers and Surfies. These lads have already proved their courage, their ruthlessness, their patriotism in heroic and unforgettable landings at Clacton-on-sea and Manly-on-the-brine. They are in hot demand the world over where old women and children are causing trouble.

As one of the older recruits put it: "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

Casualties will enjoy full adult pension. You will be completely outfitted (flick-knives, machine-gun mounted surf-boards, Beatle-wigs, Ajax, etc.) at the Department's expense. Come on kids, join and you'll have (as we say in the Services) a KING time.

haven't you any consideration for your mother?
 after all we've done for you
 we don't ask much in return
 some people your age support their parents
 it'd do you good to have to do without for a change
 it's self, self, self all the time
 I never thought you'd grow up like this
 why don't you take a page out of so-and-so's book?
 you haven't even made your bed
 just remember who you are
 if you think you can get away with that sort of caper you've got another think coming
 well, if that's lunch, I've had it
 I'm still your mother you know
 we've given you every opportunity
 he's gone downhill
 I've just about had enough from you, my girl
 you'll live and learn
 now you can stand on your own two feet
 what do you find in these people?
 If it's not one thing it's another
 it's not as if I ask much
 I know what's best for you, my girl
 don't think I don't know what's going on
 I've done everything in my power
 He's been a good father to you
 you'll learn the hard way
 don't back answer me
 I'll give you what for, my girl
 I've given up trying
 I can stand so much and no more
 if only you could see yourself
 we've tried, goodness knows, we've tried hard enough
 mark my words
 sooner or later you'll find out
 we all have our weaknesses but...
 you think we're not good enough for you
 he's old enough to be your father
 why do you push yourself so hard?
 do you think you can go on leading this life forever?
 we've tried to do our best
 somebody's going to get hurt in the long run
 do you think you can go on using us forever?
 can't you find a nice young set of people to see?
 what's wrong with your own home?
 you're worrying your poor mother (father) to death
 your mother's going through a very difficult period—you'll have to understand
 not by a long chalk
 get in or get out, but don't just stand there in the cold
 you're all tarred with the same brush
 men are all the same
 one day you'll learn, but it'll be too late
 then you'll be sorry
 it's your father's money you're spending
 you never think of us, do you?
 in one ear and out the other
 when I think of...
 the things we've done for you
 the way you behave
 how it will all end up
 I don't want to hear another word
 I know no good would come of it
 you show respect for your father
 I knew you were up to no good
 I'm sick and tired of your behaviour
 well we'll put an end to that, my girl, and those are my last words on the subject
 as if there isn't enough to worry about
 we've sacrificed everything for you
 and that's how you show your gratitude
 a nice state of affairs
 what will the neighbours think?
 what'll I tell your father?
 no good will come of it
 you've never been the same since... a, b, c



we're worried sick to death and now this!
 don't we have enough trouble without you, etc., etc.
 I give up
 I wash my hands of the whole thing
 I try to be reasonable and you turn round and take advantage
 we've worked and slaved to give you a decent home
 you've got everything you want
 we've never denied you a thing

you've got the best of everything
 what's come over you; you were never like this before?
 what do you see in him?
 I won't have you raise your voice in my home
 sometimes I wonder
 I never thought I'd live to see the day
 what've we done to deserve this?
 I expressly told you
 I could have kicked myself
 that shirt owes you nothing
 if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times
 I'm just not feeling up to it today
 so-and-so did X and Y and he hasn't looked back
 you've got a lot coming to you, my girl
 I knew I should have done it myself
 I wasn't feeling the best
 I think he'd been drinking
 give you an inch and you'll take a mile.
 you've had a fair innings
 I won't take rudeness
 you're not going out like that? I thought
 you said it was a party
 Is it any wonder your mother looks run down? You think your father and I
 are fools, don't you?

MARGARET FINK

And they're all made out of Ticky-tacky too . . .

OZ reader Barry Thompson was prompted by last month's Sociological Survey to prepare this guide to Sydney's homosexual underworld.

SPORTS

UPPER CLASS

Featuring at the Purple Onion in dark glasses
 Appearing in TV commercials as squares
 Belonging to a progressive theatrical group
 VOGUE (Australia)
 Doris Fitton

MIDDLE CLASS

Talking about how they get off with girls
 Getting married and then divorcing
 after having two or three children
 Strolling through Hyde Park (at night)

LOWER CLASS

Gonorrhoea
 Gynaecology
 Getting bashed up
 Throwing champagne parties
 Having 1 doz. love affairs per year
 Being a Beatle
 Abortive suicides

AMBITIONS

UPPER CLASS

To have an aide-de-camp
 To entertain in Paddo Heights
 If ageing, to have a protege
 To feature at an art gallery with a box of snuff
 To become an advertising executive
 To make love to Jean Cocteau

MIDDLE CLASS

To be a heterosexual
 To be respectable
 To have the law on homosexuality amended
 To get married
 To be seen, by those of the same persuasion, walking through town holding hands with a girl

LOWER CLASS

To travel to England or Hollywood
 To practise Housewifery
 To be in the audience of the Dave Allen Show
 To audition for Bandstand
 To seduce that divine little surfie who works at the office
 To have Ben Casey's baby

WHEN YOU ARE ARRESTED



(The following is based on a pamphlet prepared by a legal panel of the Council for Civil Liberties. It is wallet-sized and sells for a shilling.)

A Policeman May Arrest You:

- (a) on a warrant,
- (b) on a hunch,
- (c) on a vacant allotment late at night.

Can The Police Use Force To Arrest You?

Yes.

Do You Have To Answer Questions?

A policeman has the right to ask questions, and in the case of a motor traffic accident or offence you must give him your name and address.

Apart from this, you are not obliged under any circumstances to answer questions or to make a statement. Any 'friendly encouragement' by the police to answer questions should be regarded with suspicion. The rubber hose is especially suspicious.

Your Rights In The Police Station:

When you are charged you may be

searched, have your photograph, fingerprints and palm prints taken, and in some cases may be examined by a doctor. You may be tortured, starved and thrown naked into a cell with hardened criminals.

Collecting Evidence:

If you have been ill-treated and injured,

- (1) Go straight to a doctor and ask him to report on your injuries
- (2) have any visible mutilations photographed by a competent photographer
- (3) contact any persons who saw you not long before you were arrested and ask "How do I look now? Pretty beaten-up, eh?"

When Do You Go Before A Magistrate?

An arrested person has a right to be taken before a court without unreasonable delay. Although the police may offer you the convenience of avoiding a trial—thus going straight to gaol—it is wise to attend the court on the off-chance you may be acquitted.



Should You Have A Lawyer With You?

There is a tendency for any person accused of an offence which he has not committed to think that he has no need of a lawyer, and that his innocence will protect him. This is a mistake.

How Should You Plead?

When brought before a court, plead NOT GUILTY just for the hell of it.

Where Can You Get Help?

If allowed, you should obtain the services of a solicitor. Choose your own rather than any that will be recommended by police.

What If You Cannot Afford Legal Advice?

Tough.



This is Ludovic Slobobostik. He is a Croat, who works in a munitions factory. He is a very conscientious employee and brings some of his work home every night.

He is very sociable and has his friends in every night for gunnery practice. He is also very religious, so he has a few priests in to supervise things. Everyone has a lovely time. They wear black shirts and jackboots so's they won't get their ordinary clothes dirty.

Sometimes they get a bit jaked with just practising all the time and go out and bomb a few Serbs or sneak back to the Fatherland for sabotage. On Saturdays they go to the soccer for unarmed combat practice.

I think it's really tremendous the way Australia allows the Croats and Itties and Wops not only come here but bring their own feuds with them. Really makes them feel at home! And isn't it terrific of the politicians to join them in their squabbles? The Libs are helping the Fascists and Labour is swinging along with the Comms. It seems to give it an authentic atmosphere.

My wife does not agree with me. She says Ludovic's bombs frighten the babies. She says she is kept awake at night by the jackboots. When all things are considered, I think I must agree with her —

YUGO HOME, CROATS & SERBS!

The Gutless Society

In response to his article in the "Libertarian Broadsheet" (which attacked the "gutlessness" of Sydney's Push), Frank Morehouse was asked to speak at a recent meeting of the Humanist Society, where he extended his remarks to include the older generation. The text of his speech is printed below. Frank Morehouse, 25, is Assistant Secretary of W.E.A., and has written short stories for the current issues of "Overland" and "Westerly" magazines.

THERE are those who kick, those who get kicked, and those who kick back. I suppose all people kick back at some time, but some people kick back more than others.

In Sydney the social process of kicking back seems to have become in some cases club-footed, in some cases wild, and in some cases nothing more than a twitch.

Recently, having observed in the younger generations a tendency to "twitch" instead of "kick", I became angry both with my generation and myself and described it as "**gutlessness**". I saw that many were engaging only in timid, club engagements at the Left Club, the Royal George, the Surrey or the Newcastle. It was engagement locked in its conventions and cushioned by its camaraderie. It is like publishing protest poems in literary journals. Not that I was denying that this clique-talk and clique-publishing was of value. But concern with inhuman or authoritarian actions was being expressed in little more than a whine.

Late last year, when the Namoi Regional Library Committee banned James Jones' novel "The Thin Red Line" from its 35 libraries, five people did organise themselves into a protest group. They wrote, printed and distributed leaflets and talked with local people about censorship. The results of this protest are not fully known yet, but it did help keep the matter a live issue and reach 3,000 people with a leaflet arguing the case against censorship.

Five people did this while 500 others were irritated by the committee's action, but did nothing. Perhaps they stood in their pubs and said that such action could be expected from hicks in the country. Perhaps they saw that this was a precedent for every local government to make itself a censoring authority. Perhaps they saw that it was an infringement of the aspiration of the free public library scheme because it meant that libraries could be looked upon as an instrument for the controlled dissemination of ideas by those in power. Perhaps they said all these things but what was missing was the initiative to act—they couldn't or wouldn't make the jump from anger and indignation to action. Somehow society has created in many people an intellectual short-circuit. Many people have kicked back and won—in the Trade Union movement; in the civil liberties movements; and in the anti-church movements. But somehow in many of the younger generations there has been bred a "loser psychology".

IN Britain and the U.S. young people have been employing very strong social action in the resistance to nuclear weapons and in the struggle for racial equality. Some of the action has been **storming the headlines** and some **storming the laws**. In the West, mid-twentieth-century these actions are probably the equivalent to "storming the barricades" of

the last century. The purpose of many of these demonstrations is to drag people's attention to an issue. By dramatic behaviour they force ideas into the public arena. It is an expression of impatience and in both those cases I think that it is justified impatience. It serves to get ideas into circulation quickly, to create an awareness in the community, and produce a response from the government and electorate.

But I am generally uneasy about this kind of political action. There are seeds of authoritarianism in it. First, it attempts to make its point by the use of the spectacular and the dramatic rather than by strength of argument. It has in it the temptation to move from the **presentation** of a policy to the **forcing** of the policy on people. Direct action can be the expression of frustrated minorities who want to have their own way without interference. It can be the political demanding without the right of the opposition to reply. Somewhere direct action can move into social gangsterism and sabotage of those decision-making processes which allow for full discussion and information. I'm not saying that this has happened, but I think it is a danger.

THIS storming of headlines and laws is an expression of impatience. There is a social sickness in many younger people which is linked with impatience. I've called it **functional impatience**. In many ways it is similar to the sexual problem of functional impotence. It is the desire that something should be done without the instrument or ability to do it, and as is often the case with functional impotence, the loss of faith that something can be done.

It is most concretely demonstrated by the general attitude of young people to the committee or meeting method of handling a problem. The suggestion that a problem can be tackled by going to a meeting, becoming elected to a committee, or moving a motion, produces a response of impatience. The answer is made that these methods are too slow, too unsure, too time-consuming. But I've found that in most cases the committee is wiser than any one individual—it has more information collectively than one individual. Perhaps an exception should be made for genius or those who claim to possess it. But generally it is the most satisfactory procedure for examination, discussion and decision. The committee is traditionally egalitarian, co-operative, and free. Most importantly, the rejection of the committee system is a rejection of a huge superstructure of ideas and methods. Embodied in the rejection is the wish to have one's own way without interference and to possess ideas without criticism. I argue that the decorum of rationality and formal procedures of the traditional committee are important and valuable. I know no other way of proceeding in human affairs which allows for the systematic pooling of information, the clash of hypotheses, critical scrutiny, and which provides methods for agreement.

I've been talking mainly about my own generation, but there are features of the older generation which deserve examination.

FOR one thing, the people in the older generation in Sydney who like to kick back seem to be suffering from lack of **organisational birth-control**. I think there is a tendency for the older generations to look for

salvation through giving birth to a new organisation, or a new journal. Interestingly it seems to be a reverse of **functional impatience**. When the older generation sees a problem or has a disagreement it tends to see a new committee or a new organisation. As far as I can see, the establishment of a Humanist Society when a Rationalist Society already existed is a sign of this. The peace movement has illustrated the characteristic by dividing on every known basis—sex, occupation, locality, religion, class, age, and sometimes reason. Of course a new organisation can sometimes be justified. Extreme disagreement on fundamental policy justifies a new group. But the peace movement with its hundreds of different groups marches only by clumsy co-ordinating machinery as one in Sydney. I think that peace campaigns produce many new organisations because of a frustration from never seeming to win.

THE urge to set up new committees with new mailing lists, new office-bearers, new letter-heads, but with old causes is probably a complex one. But I think it does tend to express the search for "re-birth" among older generations. The inaugural stages of a new organisation are idealistic and grand with manifestos and long speeches. It is only later that the routine work, the jealousies, the disagreements and the tough work of decision-making comes. But initially, there is the wonderful sensation of giving birth and the unreal creation of new hope. "We will build a new world from the ashes of the old." In Sydney there seems to be a needless proliferation of organisations with a dissipation of energy and lack of co-ordination.

Connected with this new hope or re-birth element is another aspect which I've called the **wise young man panacea**. In many organisations the hope is in recruiting young people. It shows itself throughout the society in government, and even in art. Older people think they have found an "out". They say the hope for the future lies with the young people. They have convinced themselves that the young people somehow have new wisdoms and new answers. But, unfortunately, the young are usually ill-equipped by their very age for many important forms of human endeavour. Lack of knowledge and experience is the common characteristic of the young. The attempt by the older generations to get out of their responsibilities and activity by leaving it to "the young people" is dangerous. Young people are usually best as satirists, angry young men, and critics rather than as administrators or negotiators.

I will make one important qualification. Young people can have important differences which come from the expiration of a crucial experience in the life of the community. So we have generations which have not been through the Depression or in a world war. These experiences can dominate the action and thought of a community until the younger generations cause the experience to lose a degree of influence. Usually the older generations are wiser for having had the experience but, on the other hand, the new assessment by the young can sometimes be correct.

FINALLY, I'd like to label many of the older generation as **furtive radicals**. They are furtive in the field of sex. There have been obvious changes in human sexual life

caused by cheap, readily available contraceptives, greater equality and independence for women, increased leisure, and the decline in religious influence. There seems to be a large minority engaged in the exploration of sexual relationships outside the conventions. But the interesting point is that this exploration and its results are being concealed by many of these people. Where this concealment occurs among people who are concerned with freedom of action, freedom of information, and the creation of an open society, then they can be criticised. But I want to be gentle in my criticism because I realise that there are immense personal problems in becoming a sexual radical. The obvious case of extreme difficulty is the homosexual. If he behaves openly he will be persecuted and gaoled.

But our society is in desperate need of openness about sex. Somehow children need to be protected as much as possible from erroneous sexual information and from the blatant suppression of information. Most people who are concerned with freedom would not conceal from their children, central partner or friends the fact that they were atheists or communists or humanists. They would probably not conceal it from their workmates. In early times, people who fought for political and religious freedom did not hide their views. What about people who believe in some degree of sexual freedom or at least freedom of information on sexual matters? Otherwise freedom-loving and courageous people take extreme precautions to conceal their views on sexual relationships and how they live sexually. Sexual radicalism means that we should share our sexual information and experience with at least our

friends and children, and I would argue, with the society, too. In all areas of social intolerance the penalties for making oneself a banner for ideas are great. But I guess that this is the test of the true radical. Somehow we have first to forge in our sexual relationships the confidence which will allow us to talk openly and freely about our problems

and experience. The personal problems arising from sexual honesty are tormenting. But if young people continue to grow up ignorant and misled in a sexually-sick society it will be partly because their parents and others they trusted practised in their sex life a censorship and suppression similar in every way to that of the society around them.

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FOR the traveller it is important to know the suave thing to say, depending on the country of origin of your companion, in the first sobering light of morning.

Bone up on the following and smooth your way to success in international relations:

Scottish: *Fiona, I think we should be properly grateful for mackintosh.*

Chinese: *And how is my little deflowered of the Orient to-day?*

Italian: *Good morning, Mary.*

Irish: *I'll call you Rose, you'd better call me honeybee.*

German: *Brecht was right — your schwärzwald is really cold.*

Eskimo: *Your name isn't Nell by any chance?*

Australian: *But I honestly thought you'd prefer it that way up.*

English: *My dear, I feel positively limp!*

Japanese: *So that was satori.*

Swiss: *Another roll, dear, or shall we have an English breakfast?*

Austrian: *Well, I thought you said Freud meant joy . . .*

CLASSIFIED ADS

OLD established Bereina concern requires private secretary for inter-departmental liaison. Varied and interesting position. Salary by negotiation. Only king birds need apply to: Secretary, Box 1, Bereina, Papua.

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146-148 Bourke Street, Sydney, Phone FA 0839, still wants a few more members.

Young men with engineering and mechanical know-how and/or inclinations preferred. The project is a spare-time undertaking. Impecuniosity does not per se preclude a person from becoming a member.

Sir,

Congratulations for your fearless publication, "OZ". Have a few suggestions which you may care to consider. First, for benefit of those interested in the Bible. I suggest you publish a Bible Quote monthly. Appropriate Quote could be obtained from the "Bible Handbook" for Freethinkers and Enquiring Christians, by G. W. Foote and W. P. Bull, and published by Pioneer Press, 103 Borough High Street, London.

The chapters are Bible Contradictions, Bible Absurdities, Bible Atrocities, Unfulfilled Prophecies and Bible Immoralities, Indecencies and Obscenities.

Also, occasionally, we may have some quotes of Popes. An example would be Pope Innocent III when he wrote: "We give you strict command that, by whatever means you can, you destroy all these heresies and repel from your diocese all who are polluted by them . . . If necessary, you may cause the princes and people to suppress them with the sword."

Best of luck,

R. DILLON.

Sir,

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps for which please send me a copy of OZ, which John Wilcock has described as "a literate, satirical . . . outpost in Australia".

ELLIOT L. PASTERNECK,
Jackson,
New Jersey, U.S.A.

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EIRE

*Brendan Behan, a man for the grog,
Had a smile like an Irish peat-bog
But joy passed him by
In his old Borstal tie
And he died of a hair of the dog.*

HAITI

*In Haiti they fear "Papa Doc"
And his fetishist-Bullyboy flock;
They say that if you do
Get punished by voodoo
You never get over the shock.*

ITALY

*Did you go to see Dolce Vita?
(O Roma senza moralità!)
Did you get a laugh
Out of 8½?
You did! Is your life any sweeter?*

SIBERIA

*Way out on Siberian snows
Two Stalinists told of their woes
"Remember when Stalin
Was everyone's darlin'?"
They sat and they talked and they froze.*

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

*A peasant from Tristan da Cunha
In Soho sat swigging a schooner
The curse of this nation
Is civilisation—
I wish I had found this out sooner!"*
—Grant Nichol.

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