

# OZ

# SATIRICAL MONTHLY

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# The Spirit of Australia



## An Australian Catechism

**I**N Australia one may not read about, write about or think about sex. In fact, one may only practice it in so far as it is necessary to keep the population figures respectable.

**O**NE should not mention urination, criticise Royalty or the R.S.L. or god, or do anything else that might conceivably cause the least embarrassment to any single person.

**S**OLDIERS have died for such freedom. May their souls rest in peace.

God Save Queen  
Victoria!



# PEN PALS' PAGE

Sir,

The follies and futilities of fornication, vandalism and drink were put very delicately by Sharp in his Whale Beach party story last month.

As Marghanita Laski said about *Fanny Hill*, its first merit was that it told a gay and enjoyable story — but, of course, the important thing was the sex.

The great merit about the sex here was that it ran so true to type; the style so refreshingly simple and the idiom so authentic — like a breath of hey-nonnie-nonnie, hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding and things.

And yet, although it was all about the Age of Innocence and Sydney's own *enfants de paradis*, I can imagine few things more calculated to fill Puritans, ostriches, censors, etc., with one mighty panic alarm: But what will happen to our kiddies if they read *that*?

How do you tell them that these *are* their kiddies or those next door or that nice youth who mows the front lawn on Saturdays? That this is a tale they have in fact heard a thousand times before!

Ironically enough, the only people within an ace of being corrupted are all the Mums and Dads; and for running that risk you will be lucky to get off with three months' hard labour — assuming Dennis is still working for you.

**T.P.,  
Crows Nest, NSW.**

Sir,

David Dale's suggestion to legalise prostitution is worth consideration, especially at this time when other off-course procedures may be legalised. He will realise, of course, that it is only the bookmaker who gets booked in this country. The punter and the filly go free.

The catch is, of course, that the tax-gatherer will see an opportunity to tax all three, and a secretary will be required to record all the transactions. To avoid taxation the filly will try to take her charms further underground. As tax collections improve it will then be only a short step to taxation of that rival institution, marriage. Divorce could obviously be even more highly taxed.

Let's not stir up the hornet's nest.

I have a possible alternative solution to one of his worries, namely, venereal disease. Let's all get immunised for VD. The Commonwealth Serum Laboratories could cook up the vaccines if they tried hard enough, and then we could use the horrified moralists as the guinea pigs, to make sure the new vaccines did no harm.

**Uncle Jim.**

\* \* \*

**The times are changing and some of us find it disturbing.**

Great air-conditioned cages spring up overnight, laced with lifts, glazed with glass. The little old relics of Victorian Sydney crumble; those comfortable dingy offices with thick leather chairs and heavy wooden desks; the tea shops where one could sit for hours over a pot of tea — away they go before the gale of con-

struction. Barrack-like buildings mushroom under the doubtful guise of Leagues clubs. Regional shopping centres litter the landscape.

Nor is uniformity restricted to buildings. University students dare not deviate from the set courses for fear of poor essay marks and low end-of-the-year grades. Initiative and research are stifled; and the result is a group of technically qualified, but academically ignorant, graduates, all of whom have read the same texts, studied from the same roneoed notes and repeat the same viewpoints.

One of the most indicative fields is perhaps that of theatre. The Elizabethan Trust struggles on, season after season, incurring gigantic losses. The big professional theatre chains, like J.C.W. and Garnett Carroll, may stage one or two noteworthy dramas, such as "Season at Sarsaparilla", and be forced to follow these up with several seasons of revamped musical melodies. Only the tiny theatres, such as the Ensemble, Tote, and Pocket, can hope to run at anything approaching a profit, and then only because they are supported by a hard core of inveterate theatregoers, who can be counted upon to come to every production, year in and year out.

Theatre, art and music fight a losing battle. The great mass of Sydney people have lost the ability to think analytically. Stuffed with outdated political truisms, garnished with the commercial largesse of the affluent society, they are content to live out the measure of their days in a chrome-plated cocoon of illusion. Enterprising young men used to wonder what they could contribute to this world; now they ask only for the comfort attendant to twenty-five pounds a week and an expense account.

And the George, Lorenzini's, Paddo — indeed, the push itself — all these are, in their own way, as phony and pseudo as their social patrons from the Eastern Suburbs and the North Shore. All of them are trying to extract something from the arts; very few have the drive necessary to contribute to Sydney life. Seeking the notoriety of unconventionalism, they become, because of their sameness, yet another convention in the process.

Take OZ itself. A magazine whose editorial commitment is "independent and objective criticism of the Australian scene", it is perhaps the healthiest thing that's happened around town in a decade. And what a reception OZ received! Scandalised matrons slurped in their teacups, unfurled their husbands and marched to their local members. Poona-like gentlemen forgot their gout. And the very square wheels of the law ground into action.

Sydney is dying of apathy; reeling under the ever-accelerating pace of its own mercenary existence. Unless some new spark of individualism, some inkling of creativity takes place soon, Sydney will be just another concrete canyon — a dead monolith to her citizens' gutlessness.

—IAN BODEN.

## All About OZ

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\* OZ will now appear on the first of every month. It is available from street-corner vendors, city railway bookshops and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide.

\* The price for a subscription has not altered. Complete the coupon in this issue.

\* Back copies of OZ are available for a shilling each — issues 2 to 6.

\* Circulation has now reached 10,000. Advertising rates are cheap, and in future OZ will publish a classified column — 15/-, but keep it brief.



# There's a Career for You in the

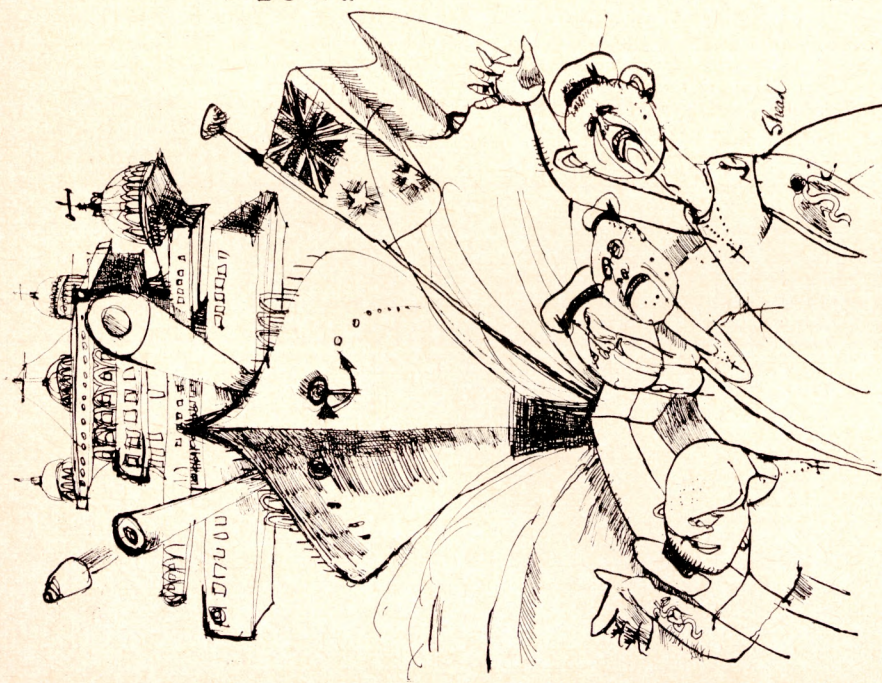
## Royal Australian Navy

Stuck with a dreary, safe, 9 to 5 office job? Why not take a gamble? Join the navy and thrill to the excitement of modern war even in peacetime.

Our record of catastrophe is unequalled anywhere in the world (as the Yanks say, 'there's always more sailors down under, Down Under'); here is proof:

- February 10, 82 die in the Voyager-Melbourne collision.
- last October, 5 officers lost their lives in a whaler during sailing exercises off Hayman Island.
- last May, the submarine Tabard and frigate Queensland collided off Jervis Bay during an exercise.
- last March, the Tabard sliced into a wharf on the Brisbane River.
- October, 1960, the ammunition-carrier Woomera blew up and sank. Two ratings were killed and the 25 survivors were attacked by albatrosses as they struggled in the water to stay afloat for nearly an hour before rescue ships arrived.
- September, 1960, the destroyer Tobruk was holed by its sister destroyer Anzac during gunnery exercises off Jervis Bay.
- July, 1958, the destroyer Vendetta crashed into a caisson at the Williamstown dockyard, Melbourne.

Become a disabled seaman now! For recruits at 17, we offer full adult pensions.



**F**RANK BROWNE, Australia's bluntest journalist, is also apparently a seer without peer.

The following profile of that unhappy pair of vessels, "Voyager" and "Melbourne", with its incredible exposure of RAN incompetence, was written by Browne, amazingly enough, in his confidential news digest, "Things I Hear", on April 28, 1960.

No wonder Browne says the current tragedy "had to happen".

H.M.A.S. Voyager was commissioned only three years ago, on February 12th, 1957. Since then she has blown both boilers on FIVE occasions. Her present whereabouts is Hong Kong where she is prices to have her boilers retubed. She steamed for the last three days in company with Royal Navy vessel H.M.S. Cavalier acting as an escort in case she broke down and had to be towed. There

was some evidence to back up this gloomy outlook. The forward boiler blew a tube before Voyager even got to Darwin. The after boiler is completely out of action.

The joke is that the ship is in Far Eastern waters to take part in a SEATO exercise. It is now pretty certain that the ship will miss at least half the exercise.

On April 13th, three days out of Hong Kong, it was found that the bulkhead between an oil fuel tank and a diesel fuel tank had split, contaminating the diesel fuel. Before this was noticed the contaminated fuel had been used to drive three very shaky diesel generators due to carboning up, etc.

At present, one of the turbo generators is operating, the other having been out of action for twelve whole months. The one generator working is being worked on day and night to keep it running, carrying a very heavy load indeed. But

missing the exercise this year would be preferable to what happened last year, when the Australian Navy was in charge of the exercise, and succeeded in making us a SEATO laughing stock. Here's the chapter of accidents.

- (1) H.M.A.S. Voyager blew one boiler during the exercise and one immediately after.
- (2) H.M.A.S. Anzac arrived to take part in the exercise with one of her 4.5 inch gun turrets (part of her main armament) jammed at 90 degrees.
- (3) The aircraft carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne, flagship of the exercise, got salt water in her boilers, and had to put in for repairs at Singapore.

H.M.A.S. Melbourne must be put down as our leading white elephant. She was commissioned only in 1955 at a cost of many millions, with more millions for her planes which were obsolete when purchased. Now the Fleet Air Arm is to be terminated in 1963.

## SCOREBOARD

Aircraft carriers: 1 (out of action)  
Troop transport: 1 (in dock)  
Daring class destroyers: 2 (Voyager sunk)  
Battle class destroyers: 1  
Anti-submarine frigates: 3  
Minesweepers: 6  
Fleet tanker: 1 (recently damaged)  
TOTAL COMBAT FORCE AT SEA: 13 SHIPS

**Ships sink; but the navy must go on.**

**This week a new group of recruits prepared to face the adventure and possible immersion involved in life in the navy. Here is the Commanding Officer addressing his new men:**

Gentlemen,

As you can imagine, for any island nation the whole defence system must rely upon a powerful and modern navy.

At the present moment the Royal Australian Navy is very fortunate indeed to have 13 ships in its combat force. It may not seem very much, of course, but—well—to be honest with you, we find it takes all our wits to keep THAT afloat.

The strength of a navy depends very largely upon the supporting air strength it can carry with it on manoeuvres, by means of aircraft carriers. Once upon a time, in the good old days, we had two of them. But then we decided to do away with the Sydney. So now we have—well, had—one, the Melbourne. That's out for about two months at present. A bit of a pity. Puts us at a slight disadvantage, of course.

You may have read where the Melbourne was going at full speed when it collided with the Voyager. That's 23 knots. At that pace it would take our 13-ship navy about four days to get from Jervis Bay to Darwin in the event of a surprise attack.

As you can imagine, it is hardly likely that any future war or attack would last that long. So I think I can safely say that, no matter where the attack came from, it is almost impossible for our navy ever actually to get to it fast enough to participate.

In other words, if you can survive the dangers of peacetime in our navy, I promise that you have nothing to fear in the case of war.

Good luck then, gentlemen. Remember—chins up and keep your life-jackets always at the ready!



# THAT WAS



# FEBRUARY

LAST month we received a charming little note from our Melbourne distributors "regretting to advise" that the Victorian Customs Department as well as the Vice Squad of Victoria Police had advised "to withdraw this issue from sale".

"Victorian customs" we had always understood to mean "the mode of behaviour characteristic of the end of the last century" and here obviously was a department that was prepared to live right up to its definition. This is the third time in as many months that publications available in other States have been banned in Victoria.

To Australians anywhere and Victorians in particular, this is an insult. What is more, it is subversive. While Australia is elsewhere attempting to export the image of a rugged, virile race, the Customs Department is apparently busying itself giving away the fact that we are a lot of half-wits, so feeble that the sight of three men at a urinal is enough to plummet us to the depths of depravity. Or is it that we are so damned rugged that to see girly shots or read about sex is sufficient to precipitate us into mass carnage and rape—a kind of dirty rag to the bull?

All this must seem very strange to our European immigrants, of whom Melbourne has a large (but depleting) population. After all, in Europe—with the notable exception of Ireland—naughty books are so freely available that they are really regarded as quite a bore. It must come as a surprise to the fellow-countrymen of Chaucer, Rabelais or Boccaccio that in 1964 urination should be deemed an indecent subject.

Since virtually all Australians are descendants from that libertine continent, Europe, one must assume that in transit to the Great South Land a softening-up process occurred. Apparently, while passing over the Equator, our natural resistance to the influence of what we read suddenly broke so that we all became terribly and irretrievably susceptible to the effects of porn and smut.

The upshot of it all is that we understand the Customs Department is now manning the Victorian border into both New South Wales and South Australia, where OZ No. 6 was freely available, in a last-ditch stand to maintain Victoria as a smut-free, tame-life sanctuary.

Interviewed at his Albury sentry-box, one of the officials told a reporter: "To hell with the aphids and fruit-fly, I haven't got a copy of OZ for myself yet."

\* \* \*

THE editors have informed me that this month is OZ's first big attempt to take the Victorian magazine market by

storm, the Customs Dept and Melbourne Vice Squad permitting.

Of course, somehow it has happened that almost every major publication in Australia has its headquarters in Sydney. But, afraid of lousing up the lucrative Southern market, they throw in a "Melbourne letter" sop — *Batman* or *Melbourne Spy*—to soften the blow and make Victoria feel as though we're all terribly interested in their Moombas and King's Bridges and things. And so the editors have humbly requested: *Could I do a small piece on Victoria, please, just so's they'll feel wanted?*

Well, frankly, my geography is not what it might be and, a bit confused about the readership I was aiming at, I decided to look "Victoria" up in the big Oxford Dictionary. You can imagine my confusion at finding the following definitions:

1. *The word employed as a shout of triumph.* That reminded me of one of those terrible Melbourne bores—a Southern jingoist with one hand brandishing a middy of the Victorian breweries' best and the other propping him up against his hobby-horse.
2. *A light, low, four-wheeled carriage having a collapsible hood, with seats (usually) for two persons and an elevated seat in front for the driver.* Sounded like a fantastic tableau representing the bicameral system with Mr Bolte at the helm.
3. *A gigantic species of water-lily.* Mr Bolte again?—top lily in the smallest pond.
4. *A variety of plum characterised by its luscious flavour and rich red colour.* Obviously a sly reference to that plummy Grammar School accent.
5. *A variety of domestic pigeon.* Mr Bolte, his chest out at full puff.
6. *One of the minor planets.* No comment.

\* \* \*

**HOW ATTITUDES CHANGE.** Almost a year ago now our first issue caused so much offence that we were brought before the courts and fined. Amongst the "offensive" articles was an interview with two abortionees and an abortionist.

This month NATION'S "Melbourne Spy" (surely the coyest spy in captivity) encountered an abortionist and the State Health Ministers' conference in Melbourne was confronted with a motion "To allow any girl who is pregnant, but forbidden to marry on account of age, to have her pregnancy terminated at her on request by a qualified medical practitioner."

Abortion will never be legalised in this country but — who knows? — some day it may actually be legal to discuss this important question openly.

\* \* \*

**ATTITUDES CHANGE BUT CENSORSHIP JUST GOES ON AND ON.** Month by month we attempt to document the appalling extent of Australian censorship and attempt to draw attention to our country's notoriety overseas for suppression.

But never imagine that this notoriety is newly found. Way back in January, 1939, H. G. Wells addressed an audience at Sydney's Wentworth Hotel and had this to say:

"I hear dreadful stories of illiterate people who interfere with your radio talks here. I hear dreadful stories of half-educated policemen who decide what is indecent in your books and who intercept books, speakers and writers at your ports. That kind of thing is an outrage against freedom. You are a half-Fascist country until you get rid of every form of censorship."

\* \* \*

**BURNING QUESTION OF THE MONTH:** Can Jack Ruby counter the upstaging of Judge B. Brown?

So far Ruby has done a fair job displaying a commendable emotional range. At one stage he is more worried about his receding hairline (which he imagines makes him look like Lee Oswald) than the trial or is conducting a running Press conference in court; at others he is clenching his hands nervously or breaking into beads of perspiration. He has gone to the Bible for consolation (time-proven gimmick) and expressed himself "extremely flattered" by the huge Press coverage, which he said gives his trial "class".

But at this moment the Judge appears to have all the honours and must be tipped to win, so long as he can retain jurisdiction of the trial, which shouldn't be too hard seeing that decision rests with him. On the first day he "sauntered into the court chewing gum and smoking a pipe" saying he felt "lousy over the weekend". Previously, we are told, he earned fame at the trial of a stripteaser when he left the bench to snap a picture of her, so he obviously has a lot of gimmicks still in reserve.

I must say that I had felt a bit case-hardened to judicial informality by the Perry Mason series and a life-long love for G & S's "Trial by Jury", but even I felt a bit shocked when Judge Brown announced "if somebody's going to run this Court, it's going to be me". It was that "if" that troubled me.

Incidentally, Brown and Ruby—when they finish off their memoirs — must join Mrs Tippitt and Mrs Oswald as the four most likely to make personal fortunes out of the Kennedy assassination.



ONCE upon a time the Yanks used to complain that they were the only ones who said what they were going to do, the Russians being satisfied to say what they had done and to leave unsaid what they hadn't.

This month the Americans again failed to take the much-wanted close-ups of the moon's surface with Ranger VI but, lacking anything else to congratulate themselves on, their scientists were excited by "the fact of markmanship" of being "20 miles from its planned target". Now the point here seems to be that we only learnt what the target was afterwards and — well — there's just the faintest suspicion . . .

*I shot a rocket in the air,  
It fell to ground I know not where.  
Wait! Upon the moon it's come to moor  
THAT must be where I was aiming for.*

RAY CASTLE recently revealed that Lord Mayor Harry Jensen has a financial interest in the firm now importing Japanese stomp-sneakers. A harmless revelation reminding that most aldermen on the city or local councils do have vested interests.

Which raises the pertinent question: how much would an alderman earn in hard cash each year from tenure of office due to personal contacts and favours, however innocent, incurred? No doubt if Harry did nothing more than go into Public Relations work when his term

expires, his Lord Mayoralty would have proven a very sound financial perk.

At present five Bankstown aldermen are standing trial for the alleged extortion of £500 apiece from a development company. While, on the face of it, there is the world of difference between straight-out extortion and the subtleties of Public Relations work, basically the fact remains that holding public office is a very profitable business, whatever your methods.

HOW long can the orgasm last? Press, radio and television are pushing the Beatles just as far as they can go but the publicity wagon may have made its dash too soon.

The Beatles will not be here until late June. By that time the newspapers may have run out of things to say, the psychiatrists may have exhausted their Freudian interpretations, virility may have been revived as a virtue — and even the Beatles' *Obiter dicta* run dry.

But while the sun still shines, Britain is congratulating herself on this sudden dollar-earning extravaganza. The Prime Minister announced that this year there would be no dollar crisis, thanks to "a group of young men using techniques which Mr Butler and I might have found it difficult to employ". (I think Sir Alec should at least have given it a try.) He went on to say that "youth could do some things better than age and vice" (Syd. "Telegraph", Feb. 17), which is very true.

Of course, the drain on American resources goes further than the dollars which the Beatles are earning from appearances and record sales. While they were in America it must have cost the security boys a fortune to keep them safe. At Miami there were guards on every floor of the hotel in which they stayed, including the basement.

The basement man seemed happiest: "I can always use the extra money — and it's good training," he said.

"We got the Liston-Clay fight next week and then the President comes on February 27. We should know how to protect anyone by then".

Let's hope so, anyway.

— Nelson

## — Hear Ye! Hear Ye! —

### *Announcing the formation of:* **Accident Viewers' Association**

Owing to the tremendous popularity of Spectator Sports, and Spectatorship, in general, in this country, Australia, the land of the Spectator . . . we of the Transport Department, in close conjunction with the Department of Main Roads, have decided to form the A.V.A.

HAVING observed the unbridled enthusiasm with which Australians rush to the scene of car smashes, drownings and such similar occurrences, and also having observed the unruly ranks crowding round the dead and maimed and also having observed the disappointment of those spectators not obtaining a satisfactory view, it has become apparent to us the urgent need for the organisation of these above-mentioned spectators into an efficient association to enable them to gain full enjoyment and satisfaction from their stimulating Pastime.

HENCE the formation of A.V.A., to promote and cater for the superior viewing of accidents. For a small subscription A.V.A. will provide the following services:

1. Special buses to rush Association members to the BEST AND BLOODIEST accidents.
2. The speedy erection of Floodlights and Grandstands to guarantee comfortable and unimpaired viewing.
3. Provision by our caterers of Light Refreshments at the scene.
4. To ensure excellent viewing conditions, the Department of Main Roads will erect misleading signs, mazes of roadworks and constantly change the direction of One Way streets.
5. As a special offer to our Seafaring Members the Association will hold cruises, to follow at a safe distance our Royal Australian Navy when on practice manoeuvres.

ALSO

6. For those members at times unable to join the above-mentioned activities, special seats will be reserved in the waiting-rooms of the casualty wards of all the major hospitals.

*Don't forget to bring your Colour Cameras!*

*Yours in Accident Anticipation,  
Phillip Prang,  
President.*

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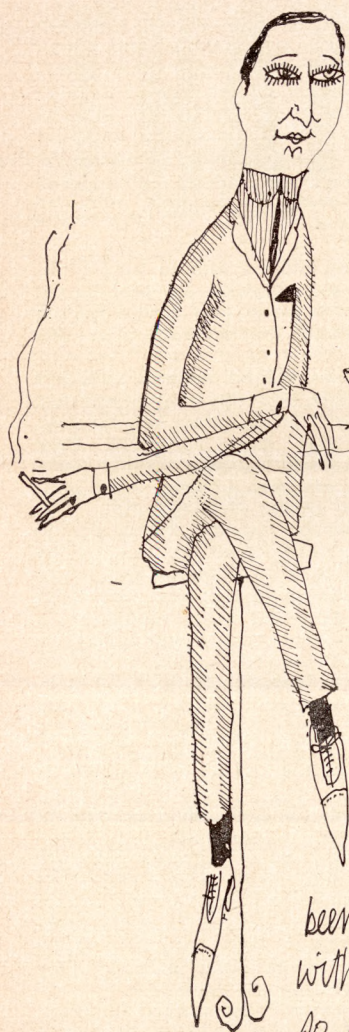
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I consider myself one of Sydney's best dressed men, and socially I am considered one of the 'most eligible'... I used to shop at HVNTS... but now I shop at 'LANE and YELDHAMS'... I used to drink at the back bar of the Rex, but the Chevron really is much nicer... one simply must move with the times...

I AM extremely well preserved for my age and I really have got a superb tan... I always have

been so popular... especially with the young people... I do so pride myself...

I work in an extremely AVANT-GARDE advertising agency and I hold an extremely good position... even if I do say so myself and I have an absolutely MAD little terrace house in Paddington... it's just too too DIVINE... it was really nothing when I got it... and so cheap too... and Vogue are going to do a Colour feature on it and I'm just too thrilled for words and I just simply love having divine little

dinner parties... I had a too too divine boy from the office up for drinks last night... square of course... they always are... but really, he was SO divine.

After martinis I had a very serious discussion with him... a MAN to MAN talk really... if he wanted to become anything in life it would be very much to the dear child's advantage to... er... well to play along, to put it bluntly (oh dear I do so hate putting things bluntly, it's so tasteless) You see dear child I do pride myself at being so influential at the office, I mean just look at all the great people who were...

Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Somerset Maugham, Oscar Wilde, Socrates... dear child one could go on for ever... well just look at me for instance... er another martini?

olive?... yes... it does speak for itself rather, doesn't it? and of course everyone, SIMPLY everyone has it in them, it's just latent that, all... why even your father... dear child... NOW NOW don't get CROSS... it's quite natural...

... another martini... THERE THERE... Now if all these great men were it couldn't be wrong now... could it? And if your latent and don't realise it, it would be a disgrace not to find out what you're really like... wouldn't it?

I have an absolutely DIVINE little Debell in my boudoir you would like to have just a little peek, wouldn't... WHY you NASTY NASTY little SQUARE! calling me a latent heterosexual!

SHARP



# A Short Round of the Camps

ONE reason for the Beatles' amazing success is that they are camp. By camp I don't mean that they are pooves; I am restricting the term to describe mannerisms and dress habits rather than sexual activity.

Just look at a description of the Beatles: *They are pretty boys with long hair, and wear tight black tailored clothes ... they display a few mannerisms which seem a shade on the feminine side, such as the tossing of their long manes of hair ... Ringo wears four rings on one hand and a gold mesh bracelet on each wrist ... the others flash rings on almost every finger.*

The popularity of the Beatles is just another example of the fashionability of camp behaviour these days. In Sydney alone this has had pronounced effects. Trousers are all tapered and cuffless, and the colours of men's clothing have long gone beyond the dour brown-blue-grey of the post-war period. Rings are fashionable for men, and who would have thought ten years ago that it would become fashionable for men to bleach their hair? Nowadays, gentlemen prefer blonds.

Another incredible aspect of the fashionability of camp behaviour is the upsurge in camp revues around Sydney. There is little satire, wit, or anything else; the sole entertainment is in the fact that the performers are men in drag.

This is a sad comment on Sydney show business but drag numbers have been the mainstay of show business for centuries. I need not refer to Shakespeare's boys in drag or the popularity of *Charley's Aunt*; but remember the Kiwis of the early post-war period? Here was the first really successful drag show. Returned servicemen who had been putting on drag shows in Japanese war prisons got together, put on a full-scale show in which performers did solo drag numbers and sang duets in which one man serenaded another (in drag).

My mother took me to see this show and this started me off on a theatre kick

which I'm still trying to shake off. I don't think it was the camp nature of the show that turned me on, but I started going to see all the Tivoli variety shows until they died out recently. Apart from all the tits-&-ass which I enjoyed immensely, a feature of all these shows was always someone like George Wallace or Roy Rene in drag. These old comics would dress up and tizz about the stage, goosing each other and having the time of their lives with all sorts of dildoes masquerading as hand props. This old form of drag act is still perpetuated in pantomime for children.

It has now become obvious to me that drag numbers are necessary for success in theatre. I produced a show not so long ago called *Waiting for Godot*, about a couple of old ponces who tizz about on stage for a couple of hours with nothing to do. Twice a young boy comes along and they try to get off with him, but both times he runs away. Otherwise the show is a long bore.

Now it has occurred to me that this show really does have audience-attracting potential. If the two tramps were in drag instead of the old rags they wear, then the play would be a smash at box offices, instead of the unglamorous old bore that it is. Or perhaps if the two old ponces were played by young camps in Beatle wigs things would be improved.

Effeminacy is in these days. No one wants hairy old wharfies entertaining them—boys in drag have much more appeal. This is the post-war generation, and a lot happened in the war that changed our culture. Cut off from women in Army and POW camps, soldiers went homosexual and were entertained by men in drag. A fashion was established which today has become the norm. Soon all entertainment will be pushing the camp line. Already what used to be called poofterish clothing is now worn by everybody in the entertainment business, and soon shoulder-length hair and dresses will be the order of the day.

—ALBIE.

DARLING,  
I just had  
a divine GAS  
LASH!



Dearest Mr. Henty,

Humbert tells me after all this time ya might let me come an see you. But he says ya gotta examine me real closely in case I'm a bad influence or something. Honestly, Hent, I'm just dying to meet ya cause Fanny Hill told me you and the fellas at Customs House were **crazy** and had the cutest little blue pencils. And I can't wait to get down under with you, cause the kids at college say that normal healthy Australians couldn't care less about literature or anything stuffy so we could play Beatle records and chasings, and cause you're a Senator you probably got Roman gear and orgies an all that.

Bye now, Hent, Darling,

*Lolita*

## THIS MONTH IN CENSORSHIP

● **February 12.** Professor Lyle Blair, of Michigan State University, writing in the "Herald", complained that the Customs Department had not notified him of the interception of books, even though the sender's name was clearly marked on the parcel: **This small incident is only part of a larger whole which should be of great concern to all Australians. Politicians, businessmen and university administrators are everlastingly bemoaning the "brain drain" from Australia, while failing to realise that the remedy is in their own hands. Until they create an atmosphere of intellectual liberty and enlightenment the "brain drain" will continue.**

● On the same day, almost as if to underline Professor Blair's comments about the lack of enlightenment, SM Feather-

stone at Coff's Harbour ruled that the word "bloody" was indecent and fined a man accordingly. This action immediately raised overseas comment. One of the greatest authorities on the English language described the decision as "unbelievable".

● **February 13.** It was announced that Dr Brissenden, of the Australian National University, had decided to set *Lolita* as a reading text for his American literature students.

● **February 19.** Ken Buckley, of the Council for Civil Liberties, also writing to the "Herald", explained that the Customs Regulations provide for the prohibition of **Literature which, by words or pictures, or partly by words and partly by pictures, in the opinion of the Minister (a) unduly emphasises matters**

**of sex, horror, violence or crime; or (b) is likely to encourage depravity.**

He explained that the Council had set up a committee of one Queen's Counsel and one barrister to investigate the possibility of testing in court the Customs Minister's decision to ban James Baldwin's **Another Country**. However, it was found that no testing could be made of the Minister's decision as the department had only to prove that the Minister had formed the opinion required by the regulations.

● **February 22.** Martin Sharp's satirical cartoon in *Tharunka* provoked a violent reaction from Eastern Suburb housewives, Eric Baume and Mr Darby M.L.A. Vice Squad officials are now investigating to decide who should be prosecuted.



# HELP SAVE ART

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS CALWELL is now 67 and many think at the end of his political career. If he, veteran of twenty years' rough-and-tumble Labor politics, is to be dragged down in another caucus coup, it will be a fitting climax to a career of reversed fortunes in which he has seen his former spiritual hero (Mannix) condemn him to electoral failure and his life-long bitter enemy ("The Sydney Morning Herald") carry him almost to electoral victory.

The irony and the man are typical of the party, a weird mixture of humble self-service and arrogant bluntness.

It is in the dark war years of 1944 that Arthur first rose to public prominence. At that time he was Minister for Information in the Curtin government and the "enfant terrible" that wouldn't stop rocking the Labour boat.

It was the time of the Nationalisation Scare. Curtin had gained victory with his promise of unity in the face of a Menzies-Country Party split and with the pledge of not carrying out nationalisation. However, Arthur and Eddie Ward appeared to head a group that wanted to use the war as an excuse for nationalisation.

Hardly a month went by that the Press

did not find some indiscretion to slam Arthur with. Mr Forde, the Acting Prime Minister during Curtin's absence overseas, seems to have expended a good deal of his war effort on his feet apologising for what the Press called "his very junior Minister".

The more he was criticised, the fiercer became Arthur's determination to smash back at the Press. But this was doomed to failure. In April the High Court quashed his attempt at repressive censorship.

During all this turmoil Arthur never lost the love or respect of staunch Labor supporters and, in particular, his

own Melbourne electorate, which he once described as "one of the poorest in Australia". These people no doubt felt, as he honestly did, that the Press were abusing their power and they rallied round their hero.

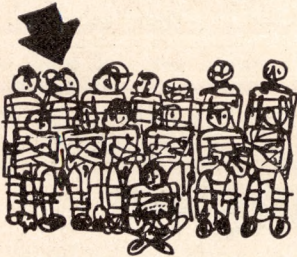
On June 20, 1944, more than 1,500 men and women attended a "complimentary social" at Melbourne Town Hall in his honour. The chairman explained that the social was tendered "as a tri-



## Great moments in Arthur's career

### "ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR" COUP

In 1943, Arthur managed to persuade the representatives of motion picture interests to have "Advance Australia Fair", "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" all played at the end of each performance. He explained: "It will help develop an Australian national spirit."



On December 4, the "Herald" gleefully reported:

"Although 'Advance Australia Fair' has been played by the ABC at least four times a day for more than three years, there are apparently many people in Sydney who do not know the tune.

"At the Plaza Theatre, at the end of the performance last night, a picture of The King was thrown on the screen and 'God Save the King' was played. The audience stood still.

"At the end of the National Anthem, 'Advance Australia Fair' was played on a Wurlitzer organ, and the people who stood during the National Anthem immediately put on their hats and began moving from the theatre."

After a general hullabaloo, the Acting

Prime Minister, Mr Forde, explained that there was no compulsion on the theatre proprietors. Arthur commented: "I did not suggest 'Advance Australia' was fine poetry, but its sentiments, at any rate, are excellent."

### THE 2ND A.I.F. FAUX PAS

Addressing an Old Boys' luncheon, Arthur was incautious enough to say that many young, and even middle-aged, men joined the 2nd A.I.F. to be placed on a payroll. He went on to say that when the war was over they would not wait to be told when they could go home. They would probably find their own way home.

The "Herald" commented: "It fits ill with a Cabinet Minister's authority to encourage, even obliquely, indiscipline in the Army." The RSL President, Mr Holland, was even harsher, complaining of "a slur on the motives of men who volunteered. If this is the kind of information the Minister puts out it is a pity he cannot be censored himself".

### THE HIGH COURT INDISCRETION

In 1944, when a High Court decision was made against Arthur and in favour of the Press which he had tried to censor, he claimed "the case was prejudiced from the start" and that two of the justices "threw away their wigs when they took their seats on the High Court Bench and openly barracked for the Press".

Mr Forde, speaking on a censure motion against Arthur's folly put this down to "lack of parliamentary experience" and explained that at least Arthur had had the decency to praise the Chief Justice: "With all he said in praise of the undoubted impartiality of our dis-

tinguished Chief Justice I wholeheartedly agree, but Mr Calwell then proceeded to make some comparisons in his characteristic style which I will not repeat here." (November 29, '44.)

### ATTACK ON CARDINAL GILROY

When, in December, 1945, Cardinal Gilroy's elevation was announced, Arthur, with his by now customary sense of acidity, proclaimed that the appointment "will be received with very mixed feelings by Catholics in Australia. While there will be congratulations for the new cardinal, widespread consternation and bitter resentment will be felt that the honour, which rightly belonged to the great Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Mannix, shall have gone elsewhere and to a comparatively junior member of the Australian hierarchy."

In reply, Mr Justice Brennan, of the Queensland Supreme Court, said: "Mr Calwell's criticism of the impending elevation of Dr Gilroy to the Council of Cardinals is arrogant and impertinent. Mr Calwell's assumption to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Australia is unwarranted and exaggerated vanity."

### THE MAN OF LEAST DISTINCTION FOR 1949

During his last weeks as Minister for Immigration after a series of rather virulent attacks on Asiatics the "Hong Kong Standard" saw fit to award our Arthur "the man of least distinction for 1949".

The citation: "What we particularly admire is the whole-hearted manner in which he has defended his policy of Asiatic exclusion, giving little regard to such insignificant matters as logic, humanity or even commonsense."



# THUR

bute for the wonderful work Mr Calwell has performed and for the fight he put up to maintain the liberty of the Press".

Here in essence was the true Arthur Calwell, the man of the people amongst his people:

"For anything I have done in recent times I make no apologies. Nothing that I have said do I withdraw, because all the time I have been actuated by only one motive — serving the common good of the people of Australia. I am no different from any of my colleagues. Other members of the Federal Parliament on the platform would also have taken the same broad patriotic attitude that I did."

With the conclusion of the war Arthur re-channelled his energies into the Immigration portfolio. It was a ticklish task. The shortage of transport available meant that he had the unpopular job, for example, of restricting the travel of Australian sportsmen and the existence of the White Australia Policy in his Party creed gave him the responsibility of budging many Asiatics who had managed to put down fairly strong roots here during the war years.

He went about the task of removing expatriates with a relish that almost made him a marked man in some countries. He described Sydney's Chinese as a pack of deserters consorting with prostitutes. He antagonised Asia with such remarks as "You can have a White Australia or a Black Australia, but a mongrel Australia is impossible" and Holland with his observation that "Dutch officials in this country have been playing a tricky game about the repatriation of their citizens and the payment of their debts. They owe us thousands of pounds for repatriation of these citizens, but they claim this is a sort of lend-lease."

The "Hong Kong Standard" chose him as "the man of least distinction for 1949". After the Gamboa case, when theippines accused him of racial prejudice, their Consul in Australia decided to call his baby grandson Arthur:

"We are calling him Arthur in affectionate remembrance of Mr Calwell," he added with a laugh that seemed to be tinged with irony. "Mr Calwell does not know about it yet." (SMH, July 21/49).

In 1949 he handed over his portfolio to Harold Holt with the fall of the Labor government. The anti-communist issue — fanned by his former idol, Dr Mannix — has kept him and his party on the opposition benches ever since.

Occasionally we obtain glimpses of Arthur's family. At a 1955 Port Melbourne rally, after a speaker had claimed Arthur was on the side of the Communists, his brother George shouted at the slanderer: I wish your brother Bert was alive, he would choke you." In 1948 his 11-year-old son died of a rare blood disease after fifteen weeks' illness.

His wife, constantly at his side, is the solid kind of woman you would expect.

In the bosom of his family, Arthur Calwell is all that a former age strove



for. A self-made man, yet not grown too proud to sever his humble connections; a fluent and gifted orator, never afraid to speak his mind; a trier, industrious and cunning. If his virtues are those of his party, so too are his faults—his insularity and jingoism; his lack of sophis-

cation, sense of timing or social grace; his out-dated political vision.

A political party must find the leader that characterises best its strengths and weaknesses. Where could the Australian Labor Party find another Arthur Calwell?



# ARTHUR VERSUS THE PRESS



No one in recent politics—with the possible exception of the late Eddie Ward—has ever carried to such extremes and with such personal acrimony his hostility to the Australian Press as our Arthur during his tenure of the Ministry of Information during the last two years of World War II.

On December 15, '43, Arthur launched his first great diatribe against the Press:

*With some notable exceptions, the Australian Press has played an inglorious part in this war... Ill-mannered complaints against practically every Minister and every war department appear almost daily in some newspapers. Every effort of every department which organises the nation for war is prejudiced at its birth by deliberate newspaper attempts to implant doubt and suspicion in the minds of the public.*

## Great Sydney Newspaper Seizure

The crux of the whole business was the question of censorship, which was supposed only to cover material of pos-



sible use to the enemy. Under Arthur's direction, censorship became particularly severe and the newspapers were forbidden either to mention that censorship was being carried out or to leave blanks to show its extent.

Finally, on April 16, '44, the whole business blew open. In an interchange of statements by Calwell and Henderson (at that time President of the Australian Newspaper Proprietors' Association) in the "Sunday Telegraph", Henderson's statement was mauled by the censors and an editorial deleted. The issue was subsequently seized when the editor refused to fill up the sizeable gaps left on the first and third pages.

On the Monday, all four Sydney newspapers were suppressed for attempting to relate what had taken place the previous day. At the newspaper premises there were amazing scenes as Peace Officers detained lorry drivers at gun-point.

In the afternoon, the High Court, on application from the newspapers, re-

strained the Censor from preventing publication of articles and editorials relating to the previous censorship.

## The Calwell-Henderson Marriage

At the elections of December, 1961, the "Sydney Morning Herald" and Sydney "Sun", both under the control of "that Quilp-like creature, Henderson", decided to reverse a policy of almost twenty years' standing and support the Labor Party at the Federal hustings.

Menzies delivered his policy speech on a Wednesday. The Thursday "Sun" and "Herald" described it as "a policy speech without a policy". They found his "lofty paternalism" and "unshaken complacency" not only "shocking" but "frightening". On the same day Arthur delivered his very first policy speech as Federal Leader and on Friday the Fairfax Group had discovered "a genuine and possible alternative". "To a great many Australians, indeed, Mr Calwell's lively and positive approach will come as a breath of

fresh air after a long stagnation of Government thinking".

Two days later the "Sunday Mirror" published probably the most famous piece of satirical journalism in Sydney's history. Under the heading **BROADWAY MELODY 1961** it printed the Calwell-Henderson Wedding Notice and under **MR MENZIES JILTED** a picture of Arthur's Commonwealth car at the Sun-Herald Building.

On page three we had **GRANNY DYES HER HAIR—PINK** and **She'll Walk Beside Him**.

The "Mirror" commented: "The Calwell-Henderson political wedding attracted wide attention on Friday as the strangest and possibly least glamorous of the season."

"The Prime Minister, Mr R. G. Menzies, was at Wagga and could not attend. In fact, he was not asked."

"The terms of the marriage settlement are not disclosed. Granny Herald, however, is known to have been unusually generous."

The "Broadway Melody" failed to linger long. Arthur lost this election by a short head but could not retain Granny's sympathies long enough for support in 1963.

# His greatest speech

Arthur's "Yoizuki speech" is considered by many his finest.

At the end of the war, the Japanese and Chinese who had been detained in camps in this country had to be returned to their homelands. The "Yoizuki" was one of the ships so employed. It was a rather delapidated old tub into which had been squeezed 1,005 POWs and internees. One hundred were Formosan women and 112 were children. Of the women, fifteen were stretcher cases and two were pregnant.

The Press stage-managed a public outcry against the appallingly overcrowded and unsanitary conditions on board.

*This is a "Herald" stunt from beginning to end. I have not the slightest doubt, on the display of "The Sydney Morning Herald" and the Sydney "Sun", that if the Japanese had landed in Australia—as I have not the slightest doubt they would have done if Mr Menzies had remained Prime Minister—the first to throw their greasy hands up to the Japanese and surrender would have been the editorial boards of these two papers.*

*I know that Quilp-like creature Henderson. "The Sydney Morning Herald" would not have ceased publication. It would have come out next day as "The Sydney Morning Shimbun".*

(Leaning across the table to point to Mr Menzies) *You are the worst pro-*

*Japanese agent in this country. We don't forget the Brisbane Line and the scrap iron to Japan. You are a mongrel and a cur.*

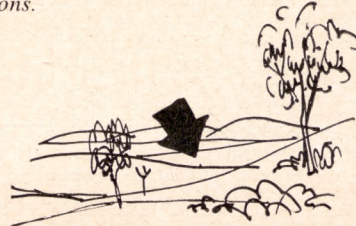
(Asked by Speaker to apologise) *I withdraw but I remind you that Mr Menzies has called me a piece of scum. I don't ask him to withdraw because I treat him with absolute contempt. (Continuing) We saw in the Sydney "Sun" that the "Yoizuki" was sailing into a cyclone, and "The Sydney Morning Herald" had it in heavy seas. It never was.*

*That was nothing else but an editorial fabrication.*

*Mr Anthony went to a cheap picture show and said that what he saw made him feel sick. No one believes that. If the honourable member was sick I will tell you what made him—*

MR. ANTHONY: You did.

ARTHUR: Mr. Anthony was sickened by the sight of so much cheap labour leaving Australia and his banana plantations.





# Ludwig Van Beattle

Ludwig Van Beattle was the son of a drunken court musician and a cook.

ONE DAY WHILE PLAYING HIS ORGAN SOME COURTIER'S HAPPENED TO OVER HEAR HIM.

AGNUS DEI  
AGNUS DEI  
AGNUS DEI

I like his music it's so novel

wild and uninhibited

that must be why it tickles my fancy

I'm rather fond of his hairstyle.

LUDWIG BEATTLE WAS A BOY OF CHARACTER AND PASSIONATE INTEGRITY.

Let me be your manager and I will make you a fortune

OK man done.

At the Vienna Academy Ludwig began a concert tour accompanied by a violinist and a pianist. This novelty drew huge crowds.

Christ it's exciting!

A VIENNA CRITIC WROTE:

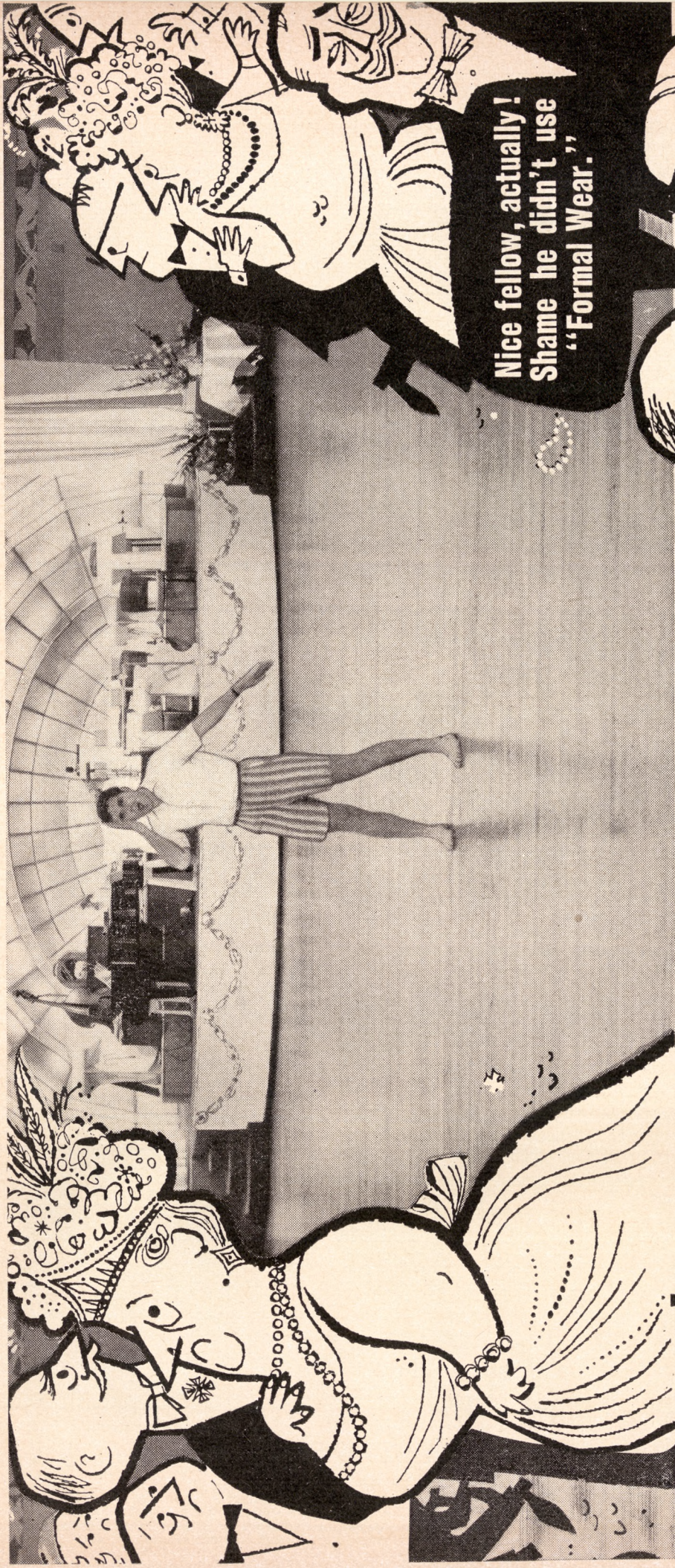
Ludwig Beattle is a combined religio-sex symbol of enormous potency and significance.

You have a great future Ludwig you wild devil!

Speak a little louder chicken, you'll make me think I'm going deaf.

Shead Feb 66





# WHEN IT'S FRIGHTFULLY IMPORTANT TO GO FORMAL... GO TO FORMAL WEAR

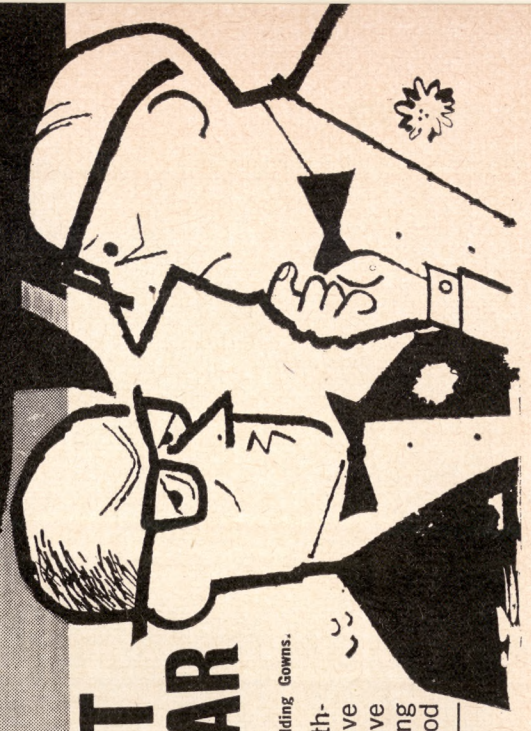
THEY HIRE FIRST-CLASS EVENING WEAR : FOR MEN: Tuxedos, Dinner Suits, Dress Suits, Lounge Suits, complete accessories.  
FOR WOMEN: Cocktail Gowns, Ball Gowns, Debutante Gowns—even beautiful Wedding Gowns.

It's really a shame, after all he used the right toothpaste, the right deodorant, the right after-shave seduction! Yet for a mere pittance he could have gone in style if he'd discovered "Formal Wear" Hiring Service in time. (We must admit though—it's good to see a few brave individualists still exist—embarrassing though they may be!)

## FORMAL WEAR

147 KING STREET. TELEPHONE 28-0537

Nice fellow, actually!  
Shame he didn't use  
"Formal Wear."





# to catch a thief

CAT burglary and big business differ only in complexity: the task of both is to get bloke A's possessions into bloke B's family vault.

I myself prefer cat burglary. It has all the directness of honesty, without, happily, any of the concomitant miseries. For whereas honest people starve, cat-burglars die young and are spared their lot. In my many years as an amateur cat-burglar (strictly kids' stuff — like burgling one's own home because you're too drunk to find the door-key) I have observed several interesting facts. Gather round.

First of all, nobody believes you're really there. Spend an evening scuttling around a roof some full-moon night and see what I mean. Witnesses in multitudes will peer up at you and then look away embarrassed, walking on. I have walked in the broad daylight of a sober Sunday along a window ledge with half a dozen guardsmen watching me; swooped inside to drink a fridge of lemonade and cheese, and come out with a bulging shirt to pass quiet words with them and drift off unmolested. The wisest burglars burgle in the nude.

**Maxim One: Invisibility is three parts nonchalance.**

Secondly: The surest way to conceal a theft is to blab about it. When the

prawn behind the counter says "Can I help you, sir?" tell him "No, thanks, just doing a bit of shoplifting" and he'll grin and leave you quietly alone.

During university exams two years ago I was broke and much in need of books. So I used to take a laundry bag into the university library, fill it up with texts and drop it out the window. (The library is on the first floor.) One day I met a prominent librarian at the bus stop and a numbskull walking with me told the beak that the laundry bag I was carrying was full of library books. Whereupon this official blushed and went away. No more was heard of him.

This set me thinking. Pretty soon I wrote for the university paper a playlet about the woes of an average library thief. The hero's name was Ellis, so no one in his right mind could mistake the reference. By these means I diverted suspicion away from myself and was able to take my laundry bag in and out of the library for ever after without so much as a peep of disapproval.

**Thus Maxim Two: To divert suspicion, confess the theft and do it loud and often.**

Also I found that if you want to go about your business relatively unchecked, it is best to first establish yourself in the public mind as a dashing young cat-burglar-about-town. Be seen struggling in your kitchen window as often as possible or scrambling up your girlfriend's drainpipe on a social call. Enter via your Vicar's chimney to ask him about the theological derivations of

Santa Claus. Be found sitting in your neighbour's pantry shelf when borrowing a cup of sugar. It will thus fall out that, when you are, in fact, out looting, people who know you will observe you, saying: "Oh that's just Ellis. Quite a character, isn't he?"

**Thus Maxim Three: Loot for fun in public, for gain in private and people forgiving the lesser, will forgive the greater sin.**

Be adventurous as possible. The more perilous your straits, the likelier your escape. One night when I was out burgling (trysting with a woman, actually) I had the bad taste to bring my briefcase along. Since I figured a chap would look a mug coming through a second-storey window carrying a briefcase, I dumped it over a neighbouring fence but it was fanged. The damn thing had my initials on it too, as well as being gorged with personal documents.

The situation smelled of ten years in the jug. But taking heart in fist, I tottered down a moderate slope to the front door of the house. I planned to knock and brave it out. But, so glorious was my fortune that I espied my briefcase smack behind the portal. The latter was ajar. So I nipped it and went on my way — yodelling, if I remember.

If you want a philosophical rationale of burglary, it goes like this. All art is transplantation of property from hither to yon. The poet, painter, writer, does it through the filter of his personality, producing representations of it on canvas, parchment, stone. The burglar does it whole, employs no filter. Hence, the burglar is the perfect artist, for his art is total. Try that one at the cookie jar next time.

— BOB ELLIS

## Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

### FRANCE

*A long haughty Frenchman, De Gaulle,  
Had a telegram sent by Pope Paul:  
"I really can't stand your  
Delusions of grandeur,  
Now shut up and try and play ball."*

### INDONESIA

*Swore a despot who lived in Djakarta  
(Well known as an anti-Dutch martyr)  
"I'll wipe all Malaysia  
From maps of East Asia  
With tactics I borrowed from Sparta."*

### GHANA

*A Messiah called Kwame Nkrumah  
Was blessed with a keen sense of humour  
He said, with a nod,  
"Yes, it's true that I'm God,  
That I'm Jesus is only wild rumour."*

### EGYPT

*Spare a tear for the Land of the Sphinx  
Where politics tend to the pinks  
Abdel-Nasser has vowed  
He will quickly enshroud  
Those who tell him his policy stinks.*

### RUSSIA

*A bald-headed Russian, Nikita,  
Went down on his knees to St. Peter,  
"I hate Beatlemania,  
Red China, Albania,  
But I'd trade the Ukraine for Lolita."*





what  
ever happened  
to

# SSSSSSSSSYDNEY??

TRAVELLERS like to tell each other, "You can't really *know* a place until you live in it." I lived in Sydney most of my life and considered it pretty, provincial and passé.

Writers are forever telling people, "One can't *really* tell what a place is like till one leaves it." So I left Sydney.

Depending on my whereabouts and circumstances, I remembered Sydney as: a drab rat-race (wallowing in Sutras and shocking-pink silk in India); crass and callow (on the ancient monument circuit in Italy and Spain); a worker's paradise, a loafer's Utopia stocked with beautiful, witty hedonists and good, cheap restaurants (down-and-out in London and High Wycombe); as good a place as any to die (stricken with a surfeit of Ouzo and paranoia in the United Arab Republic).

So I came back three years later. And let me tell you—we've *all* been wrong. A city revisited is seen with the unfamiliar clarity of a painting held to a mirror.

I saw Sydney as being more Asian in feeling than European (try telling that to the Minister for Immigration), fashion-wiser than Paris, more cosmopolitan than London, with better trains than Spain, less peak-hour panic than Cairo.

And that's not all I noticed about Sydney. Just *what* has been going on lately? Apart from the obvious new buildings, Chevron Hilton's swimming pool and

Utzon's Revenge (is it true he was once jilted by a diva?), Sydney shows evidence of having been got at!

Item: *Whatever happened to The Sign of the Cross?* The drive down William Street is just not the same with the symbolic Dunlop ad. immobilised. A possible explanation is that it is overawed by the ominously shrouded thing directly beneath it.

And from what overwrought imagination blossomed the William Street daisy-chains? A few Venus Flytraps or carnivorous orchids would be a marvellous tourist attraction.

Item: *Wine, Dine or Make a Night of it Department.* The Kashmir just isn't the same any more. They seem to have had a tiff with Rosaleen Norton, removed her murals (with Quick Strip and holy water, no doubt) and installed plenty of chrome and a cover charge. As if that wasn't enough they went and became a member of the Diner's Club. Alas! the end of an era!

The George, too, has been at it. They have done things with their lights (Oh, joy, you can even see with whom you are drinking!) and opened up their oubliette for business. The decor is a clever mixture of drainage pipes and old Libertarians. I bet Leslie Walford wishes he had thought of that first.

And something nasty has happened to the Push's favourite eating house. Apart from making the mistake of putting old waiters into new jackets, they have upped the minimum by a couple of bob and taken to spicing their Attic specialities with foaming detergent. At this rate one will be unable to live on Unemployment Benefits.

Kings Cross is disenchanting. Once upon a time it had a secure, hometownish kind of aura. A seething, restless kind of hometown; but home all the same. Coffee-shop acquaintances were easily

formed. One could always find someone who wanted to talk Life, compare troubles, model for a life class, give the address of a party, join one in a flat or suicide pact. The only deviation was on New Year's Eve when every Fred, Alf and Shirl came to "look at the beatniks" and defecate in doorways. The natives stocked up on grog and batted down the hatches till everyone went away.

Now nearly every night is like New Year's Eve. Maybe the surfie-rockie stomp parlours have succeeded in taking Young Australia off the suburban streets. I cannot tell.

One little backwash of nonconformity has popped up at the Cross. It's a strip-and-not-much-tease place that defiantly advertises an "All Girl Show". It's my bet that they are playing it smart. They know that soon they will cash in on their novelty value as the only non-drag show this side of the rabbit-proof fence. They'll change their sign to "Real Girl Show" and slap huge cover charges on Sydney's newest minority group — the confirmed heterosexual!

And drag doesn't stay behind footlights either. I can remember when drag queens' only public appearance were at Movie and Artists' Balls. Now the only way to tell the sex of the Mauve Bouffant-and-Pink-Thai-Silk in the Supermarket queue is to look at the legs. If they are hairy, it's female.

Obviously it is all a cruel plot to render women redundant! Even the Sydney Council is aiding and abetting the plot. Why else the gesture of tearing up the surrounds of the Archibald Fountain (subtly indicating that trolling is no longer necessary) and planting banks of pansies.

By the time Sydney Square is finished it should be the only one left in town.

—S.H.



## OVERLAND

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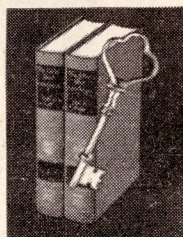


# These are the books that Hitler burned



Keystone Press Agency photograph of the burning of the books, Berlin, May 10, 1933.

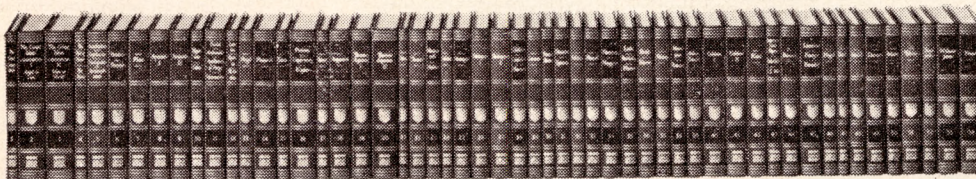
"Some books," said Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." "Agreed," replied Adolf, "but they must first be cooked." And, whoosh, he held a barbecue. A book barbecue. Probably the most celebrated social event of all time. (Stomping guests pictured above.) Even Bacon sizzled on Hitler's spit. Plato, Copernicus, Voltaire, Freud (rather overdone), Darwin and many other rare delicacies were barbecued by this famous host. Much thought for food indeed! And now Hitler's very own prized recipe can be yours . . . These Great Books contain the same ingredients that made his supper



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