

May

OZ TALKS TO GOD

1/3

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Censorship, Bob Hughes on 'Ban the Bombers'**

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OZ MAY --- with love and squalor

Sir,

There might be 16 ozs. to the pound but perhaps in future editions the title could be 1/32 ozs. so as to overcome any delusions of grandeur on your part. (Of course the price would be adjusted accordingly.)

My 1/3d. bought me (14?) pages of undergraduate sallies at all kinds of old chestnuts. Instead of an intellectual approach to important issues of the times, I received a lot of immature nonsense on all the "old favourites", Royalty, socialites, pornography. In fact I sometimes wonder whether the student editor's mind can get past these three mental blocks.

Doesn't anyone there know anything about Malaya, Australian politics, the Bishop of Woolich, the Public Service, Big Business, the Common Market, Television, Theatre; or are these the sort of topics which require those horrible things known as "facts" combined with skilful reporting.

People suffering from nymphomania and satyriasis form a small part of the reading public. It would be good business to enlarge your market.

**Allan G. Hogan,
Sydney**

Sir,

Re your article on Chastity Belts on pages 8 and 9 of April OZ. It begins: "Modesty was introduced with Christianity".

I suppose the writer meant Chastity. He would be wrong in both cases anyway. Modesty is an attitude of mind. Chastity a condition of the body AND mind.

Why do you think it (modesty and/or chastity) "was introduced with Christianity"?

What about the Turks and their yashmaked women?

What about the Hindus and their Saris?

What about the Japanese and the emphasis placed on chastity there, so that a "dishonoured" girl was obliged to commit suicide as reparation?

What about the Chinese (pre-Communist anyway) and their insistence on chastity and the cruel punishments for unfortunate girls (not men) who fell from grace?

What about the New Guinea pre-Christianised tribes whose girls were so modest that a drunken tribesman who whipped off a maiden's grass skirt caused her to kill herself from "shame"?

What about the pre-Christian Jews who, as husbands, displayed publicly their brides' wedding sheets, duly stained, as evidence of her prior chastity?

If you MUST write off-beat articles on such things as chastity belts please be sure you are ON the beat regarding the facts FIRST, and avoid making such stupid statements as "Modesty was introduced with Christianity".

Anyway Nature gave females a built-in chastity belt in the form of the maidenhead, or have none of you ever heard of it? Ask your biology dept.

**"Grannie",
Mt. Victoria, N.S.W.**

OZ's special Chastity Belt Correspondent replies:

I did mean Modesty — that attitude of mind which results in the bodily condition of chastity. It was introduced into our society with Christianity because almost only in the Christian world is modesty sexual. In primitive societies it is mostly associated with social customs such as eating and drinking.

Unfortunately in refuting my statement, the mistake has been made of regarding the phenomenon from our own cultural position and of measuring it by a standard to which we have become accustomed by centuries of Christian ideals.

What about the New Guinea natives? Nudity is not to be equated with a lack of modesty, but with superstition or fear.

What about veils? Among Islam women fear neurosis was attached to the face and they were not so worried about the exposure of the genitals. The passage in the Koran (Sura 33) which refers to the veiling of women has been overplayed probably to suit male jealousy.

And what about the Tahitians? Modesty was unknown to them till they came in contact with degenerate Europeans who destroyed their natural purity.

Concepts of modesty and respect for virginity are not innate in the psyche of mankind. They are generally the consequences of repression and inhibition which accompany social development.

Though chastity (i.e. the bodily condition only) may have been valued among non- and pre-Christian societies, the reasons for this were more often physical than spiritual.

Sir,

Congratulations to all the staff on the first issue of OZ. I thought you might be interested to know that OZ's circulation already exceeds the following:

Australasian Insurance Journal
Australasian Sportsgoods and Toy
Retailer

Australian Fashion News
Australian Hardware Journal
Draper of Australasia
Mingay's Electrical Weekly
Newspaper News
Tailor and Men's Wear
Goulburn Evening Post
Grafton Daily Examiner
Lithgow Mercury
Murwillumbah Daily News
Orange Central Western Daily
Bairnsdale Advertiser
Colac Herald
Gippsland Times (Sale)
Wangaratta Chronicle Despatch
Warwick Daily News
Port Lincoln Times
Port Pirie Recorder
Renmark Murray Pioneer
Whyalla News
Albany Advertiser
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"Market Researcher", Sydney

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Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Lyn Murray, Mike Robertson, Bob Thompson.

Secretary: Harry Bauer.

Assistant Secretary: Helen Saunders.



Mummy and daddy were so thrilled when I passed my Intermediate Certificate they said I should stay at school and learn



some more.

But I knew better. I joined the CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. It was fun. When they found out I could read, they put me in charge of ban-



ning filthy publications.

I pounced on bookshops and confiscated everything obscene; or things I couldn't understand. I confiscated a lot.

TWILIGHT OF SANITY

APRIL is a strange month for people to get censorious in.

Because, of course, on April 25 we have a great festival to remind us of the lives lost in achieving the little freedom we have.

But people are very censorious in April; in fact, if April 1963 is any indication, they tend to be more censorious in this month than any other.

To be more explicit—

- In April the A.B.C. publicly apologised for an "Any Questions" programme in which the Queen was satirised; made heavy cuts in the interstate videotape of a Tania Verstak sketch on the Bryan Davies' Show; and completely cut the interstate videotape of a Royalty sketch on the same show.

- In Newcastle the Customs Department showed that it was keeping up its sterling work maintaining Australia's censorship as one of the most repressive in the world by trying to confiscate a book from the local Municipal Library on the strength of one complaint.

- In Sydney the same department maintained the same efficiency by informing the Crown Solicitor that they would not have permitted OZ APRIL to enter this country if it had been a foreign publication.

Strange events indeed for April but the events surrounding the latter, being closest to home, interest us most.

The premonition that OZ APRIL might offend some people had not escaped us. There are always some people sufficiently insecure as to think any frankness will bring their little worlds crashing down about their heads.

What was not expected was the lengths to which people are prepared to go to show their dissatisfaction: people ripping up OZ's in the streets, talking loudly about "pornographic trash", complaining to authorities etc. It's apparently no good just **being** offended, you have to **show** you are as loudly and as often as you can.

The attitude of officialdom is even more perplexing.

The Maritime Services Board, which has absolutely no authority in the field of public morality, officially expressed its displeasure at the fact that the editors of such a magazine should conduct occasional meetings in a workshop sub-let from them.

The Customs Department, which has

absolutely no authority over internal publications, not only offered advice to the Crown Solicitor, gratis and without request, but also asked one of Sydney's main distributors why they had not been informed about OZ. The distributor in question told them very rightly to go to hell.

All very strange happenings, indeed, for a month in which we are supposed to contemplate the price paid for democracy.

For any kind of democracy the price paid—15 million Allies lost their lives in World War II—has been phenomenal. For Australian-type democracy it is fearsomely so.

The conclusion to be drawn from these and similar events is that Australians are not convinced in freedom as a way of thinking but merely as a principle half-embodied in legislation.

Democracy, in Australia, is the right of the individual to interfere as much as he can in the lives of his fellow-men and the privilege of institutions to cater for the lowest common denominator of public taste.

When anything of a controversial nature is said, how the censorious vultures circle squawking for action! And the government departments, big advertisers, newspapers offering minimal resistance yield to their clamouring.

The attitude of an organisation like the A.B.C. is seen all too clearly in the Queen episode on the Bryan Davies' Show. Sir Charles Moses explained to the "Mirror" that 63 people complained—"None of my friends found it amusing"—and so off it goes. No mention of the other thousands who saw the sketch and did not complain.

If 90 per cent. of viewers were offended . . . so what?

Surely the moment the 63 were offended by the Bryan Davies sketch they should have switched channels or turned off and played Scrabble. That would have been the decent—not so say unhyphenated—thing to do.

If you are offended by a television show don't watch it; if you are offended by OZ don't buy it.

There is no justification in the world for censoring "offensive" material, unless the offended are forced to read or view it.

Democracy demands that you should allow people the right to see or read things, even though you yourself find them offensive, unless in so doing they are in some way interfering in your life. And, however much it irks you, that is the kind of freedom which we commemorate on April 25.

It is interesting to note that "That Was the Week That Was", a controversial B.B.C. weekly production, receives 500 complaints every week and yet there is no talk of the B.B.C. withdrawing it.

Why are Australians so incredibly soft that material which is freely available in other countries is presumed to corrupt our citizens?

The freedom from censorship on the continent of Europe is legendary and yet they seem no worse for their experience.

It is a pleasure, of course, to hear some of our citizen-censors talk darkly about "illegitimacy rates" and immorality on the Continent. It's a pity for such people that Australia's morality statistics are not more reassuring. With over 70 per cent. of Australian women unchast at marriage it would seem that our stringent censorship hasn't done us much good.

But even if we concede that continental Europeans are in some way godless people leading lives made even more scandalous by their lack of censorship and that only Anglo-Saxons know how to behave, it would seem that most Britishers undergo a sort of softening up process on arrival to Australia.

In Britain, they can laugh at the Queen and read Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or Miller's "Tropic of Cancer". Here they cannot.

Apparently during their long passage to Australia the whole Anglo-Saxon stock, which comprises the majority of Australians, have suddenly become terribly susceptible to the ill-effects of dubious material.

Physically we claim to be he-men; intellectually we are infants.

Of course, none will deny that the public needs protection from libel. Nor from obscenity. But obscenity in the true legal sense of the word, i.e., "tending to deprave or corrupt", not just "offensive".

If we are going to call something "obscene" we must be very clear on two things: (1) we must have a definite idea



No vice ever entered the country. Once I burnt 500 issues of 'Playboy' magazine.

When OZ was released I contacted Gordon & Gotch and complained

that I hadn't been given a copy to read. They told me it was an internal publication . . . so I rang up the Chief Secretary and told him that I would never have let OZ into

the country.

My job is difficult . . . but it has its rewards . . .

. . . I've got the biggest collection of filthy books in Australia.

of what "corruption" would entail; (2) we must be quite sure that the material really does corrupt.

People have at times made all sorts of wild statements about certain things corrupting. We have been told, for example, that certain kinds of comics and TV programmes "corrupt" and yet when people of a scientific bent try to prove that this has happened—miracle of miracles!—there never seems to be a scrap of evidence.

It would be very illuminating for some research worker to turn up something which he can conclusively show has actually corrupted then we would know what to avoid in our newspapers and magazines. In the meantime, the censors should know what they are talking about—and, what is more, be able to prove it—when they run around shouting "obscene".

One thing that certainly does not corrupt is truth.

The lawyers say "The greater the truth the greater the libel"; however, "The greater the truth the greater the obscenity" is a hard proposition to maintain.

Ignorance is notoriously the great ally of vice. The high correlations between sexual ignorance and sexual promiscuity

has never failed to amaze the sexologists. Medical men, who presumably "know all", rarely show the ill-effects of their sexual sophistication.

In OZ APRIL there were two articles which caused the greatest offence: one concerned with masturbation and the other with abortion.

In America the Kinsey report showed that no less than 90 per cent. of the population periodically masturbated. Presumably the figures would be similar here so why should the mention of an activity—the facts of which are almost universally known — cause so much complaint?

The complaint about the abortion article coincided, ironically enough, with a case in the Quarter Sessions in which a 78-year-old dentist was sentenced to three years gaol for carrying out an abortion that killed a girl.

The girl in the case was 17.

Her boyfriend was with her, paid the dentist £65 (later refunded) and helped drag the body to an adjoining room. He has been sentenced as an accessory.

The dentist had no training in medicine and conducted his operations in chambers which police described as disgustingly filthy.

The case was buried in the news-

papers, described as a "manslaughter" case. One wonders which is worse; that this sort of thing should go on day in and day out without anyone bringing it into the open or that someone should raise the question of what is to be done?

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is inescapable.

Democracy in this country is not a code to be lived by. It is merely a catchcry.

People have never really been converted to the basic tenet of democracy that people should be allowed to lead their own lives, so long as they do not interfere with others. Despite the great democratic victory prejudice and intolerance are still the great twin-curses of our civilisation.

Democracy is a principle for which millions died. Yet it has barely survived their sacrifice.

In a world of diminishing freedom, of continued intolerance, of persistent anti-semitism, of man still arming against man, how contemporary are those lines of Southey:

"But what good came of it at least?"

Quoth little Peterkin,

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

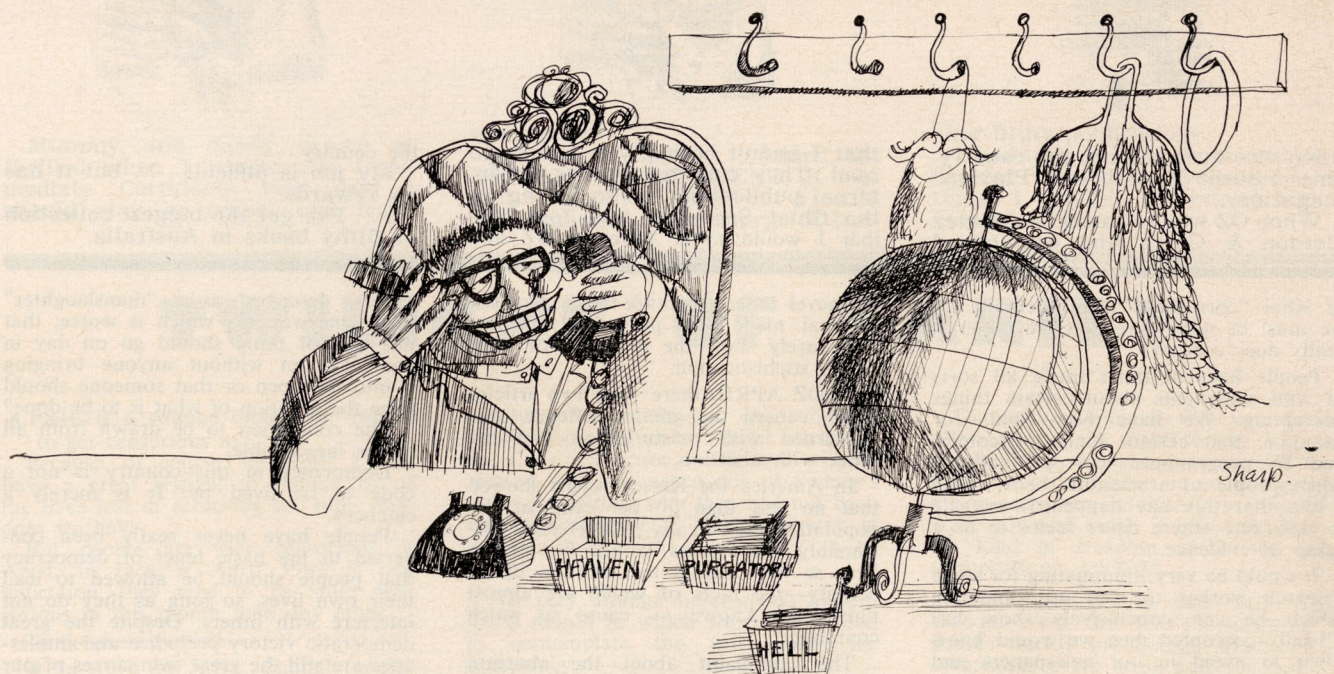
—R.W.

LAST DAYS!

PLAYER'S ROMEO AND JULIET

produced by Ed Allison, designed by Cedric Flower

**Thursday May 2 . Friday May 3 .
Saturday May 4**



God is in His Heaven

Is all well down there?

By P*tric*a R*lfe

THE light of enthusiasm shines in God's eyes when he recalls the early days of Christianity. As the cigar smoke drifts past the plush pastel curtains, the panelled walls, the well-lit Mercator with pins to indicate key sales positions, he discusses the first thousand years.

"They thought we were a lot of cranks then. Fellows with an idea that would never catch on. We had plenty of prophets, but not many sales."

He leaned back and smiled quietly at his own joke.

"Not that they weren't first class men, some of them. Moses invented the protest march, a gimmick that's only coming into its own today.

"You have to remember that they didn't have the advertising media that we have now. They had to go out and make themselves known without so much as a singing commercial.

"They relied on stunts like smashing open rocks and looking surprised when I let loose a little water from inside. We got to know the value of teamwork in those days.

"But we couldn't be satisfied with things the way they were. I decided that the whole operation needed a shot in the arm.

"So we ran a saturation pre-

publicity campaign, with free baptisms, and people going round saying 'He's coming! He's coming!'

"Then I put in a new management consultant with instructions to find a brand new board of directors. To make sure things went smoothly I gave my own boy the job.

"From that time on we never looked back. I called my lad up shortly afterwards to congratulate him. The people he left in charge have kept things running ever since."

God frankly admits he could never have survived without publicity. Early gimmicks like water-in-wine and loaves-and-fishes aroused crowd interest. The Roman stunt of feeding Christians to the lions had set people talking, even if it had temporarily created a bad image.

A promotion book on Christianity, the Bible, is still one of the world's best sellers. It was toppled from the No. 1 position by Dr. Spock's book on baby care, but God hopes a film based on the Bible will set the sales graph on the way up again. His agents were expecting an early settlement of a dispute over whether the slogan should be "You've read the book, now see the picture" or "You've seen the pictures, now read the book".

God adds that the publicity has some unfortunate aspects. "I find

a lot of it is directed at me personally," he says sadly.

"If I took seriously every Tom, Dick and Harry who said he'd walk with God I'd spend my whole day parading up and down arm in arm with the world's tenors.

"Then every time a ship sinks they all grind out 'Nearer My God to Thee'. I've told my housekeeper to use it as a signal to make up more beds.

"We have to employ a chap up here full-time collecting the mentions we get in the Press, in films, and in pop songs.

God says a lot of the salesmen have managed to build up an individual following, complete with personal mentions in the Press.

"Hugh down here," he said, jabbing at the Sydney flag on the wall map, "gets himself into more strife than Speed Gordon. I open up the papers and there he is saying there's free love at university, or else that the Queen ought to live in Australia. Sometimes I think I ought to get the auditors in to see if he's doing any work.

"We seem to get more than our share of scene stealers in Sydney. Alan and Gordon are much the same, although I think Gordon probably shudders himself when that Dekyvere woman twitters about him every week.

that was . . . APRIL

"This publicity is something we have to live with. A solid chap like Billy, who's probably got the best sales record in the whole organisation, can't seem to shake it off."

Is God worried about the competition from other religions of the sabotage from the Devil?

He begins by saying that competition is basic to any free enterprise system. But he believes he offers a superior product, one that can lead to greater personal happiness without the rigours of other religions.

Sabotage is another matter.

"He tried to get at my boy," he says, his eyes blazing with anger. "Forty days and forty nights he hammered away at him, but I'm proud to say my lad took it like a man. We both laugh about it now. Still, it's the sort of dirty trick you'd expect.

"What about the new ideas in religion, especially the Bishop of Woolwich's 'Honest to God'?"

"It's not much different from the way petrol companies advertise. One of them claims he has a new additive that will revolutionise motoring. In fact it's the same old petrol. But people think they're seeing progress because they've been told they're buying something new.

"You find that nearly everybody with something to sell tries the same stunt. Some cigarette companies market as many as five different brands, each with their own brand image.

"The buyers select the brand image that's most in keeping with their own image, and that's the cigarette they buy. We're offering a hundred images—ritual for Catholics, masochism for Methodists, cleanliness for Baptists, and so on.

"It's all the same religion, and I'm head man for all the brands, but people are happier because they think they are being discriminating.

"And you probably know that when two rival brands are operating there are more sales than if they combine to form a single brand.

"The position is exactly the same with us."

"What new developments could we expect in the near future?"

"We're always talking about staging a second coming. That would involve another big promotion, although we could probably cash in on the spate of religious films at the moment.

"It's something we haven't given much thought to.

"But you can quote me as saying we're always on the lookout for new ideas."

KINGS have been having princes by Caesarian ever since Caesar himself.

When on the throne do as the kings do . . . And so it's a third for Jackie.

In '56 Jackie was pregnant when Jack was running for vice-president (he lost both: election and baby) and Jackie bore pregnancy right along with the presidential campaign. One snap election coming up?

Jackie's ways are so much the ways of the world these days that this new stroke should really catch on. Elections could take on the guise of fertility rites.

DUNTER of the Month was *Les Haylen*, Labour member for Parkes.

In January Les made the following predictions for the commercial television licences:

"In Sydney the AWA-Email-Bank of N.S.W. group are outright favourites."

"In Melbourne the Richardson-Sellick group is the shade of odds-on. This group is beautifully bred by pomp and circumstances out of cop the lot."

"In Adelaide the Sir Phillip McBride group is long odds on. From the powerful Menzies stable, it knows every turn in the course."

"Perth is a rather confused position. The current favourite is the local newspaper group."

"In Brisbane Sir Arthur Fadden's company is such a well-performed candidate that no one will hear of his defeat."

At month's end Les had one loss—Austerama in Melbourne—and one win (in Sydney) with his Adelaide and Brisbane tips still performing beautifully in trackwork.

Not to be outstripped by a Scot, Rev. A. ("Headlines Alan") Walker leapt into newspaper this month with a novel explanation for the current poor weather: "Christ weeps over Sydney".

Hot Tip from London: The British Revolution is at last on its way.

With two preliminary rehearsals behind them—the Battle of Westminster and the Spies for Peace Demonstration—the people are poised for their great act of political coming-of-age. And only 200 years behind the French too.

What a film Hollywood will make out of it; the siege of the Tower of London, **Bertrand Russell** (Britain's answer to Voltaire) pacifying the agitators and finally a spectacular pan in on **Harold** and **Dorothy MacMillan** in the tumbrel.

THE minting of a new coin really brings out the whimsy.

Harold Holt confided that he would like to see the new major unit called an "auster".

Mr. Calwell saw political, if not capital, gain in such a move: "Mr. Holt is going to call it an auster—it reminds him

of the austerity he has forced on the country".

Mr. Daly (Lab., N.S.W.) suggested "ming", as a permanent reminder of the decline in the value of money since the present Government took office.

Senator Branson (Lib., N.S.W.) suggested calling the major unit a "Menzies" and the minor unit a "Calwell".

Why not just call it an "aussie" and put a hole in its head?

Baloney Heights: Isn't it strange how some newspapers have a real flair for ferreting out the news and others never seem to get off first base?

Take the Killarney Heights Parade of Homes, probably the most exciting event in the whole of April (it ends May 5).

Every day the Herald and Sun have offered a feast of newsy items about: how to get there, the opening by the Premier, what buses to catch, the visit by Tania Reschke, how to go by car, the Easter Bonnet Parade, the quickest air routes, etc.

Really chunky stuff and yet the Telegraph and Mirror seem to act as though it didn't exist.

Don't they like "Woman's Day" or something?

And when is "The Move is to the Mirror" going to be countered by "Stay with The Sun"?

INCIDENTALLY the title of Aquatic of the Month has gone to that great all-rounder, *Sir Robert Menzies*, for his "to be a triton among the minnows is not half as bad as being a minnow among 36 tritons" (the No Confidence Debate of April 4).

Moses Among the Bull. Speaking about the episode of the Queen sketch on the Bryan Davies Show, **Sir Charles Moses** told the Sunday Mirror: "We didn't have a single call or letter of congratulations."

Yet we read in the Sunday Telegraph of the same day (April 14) that "Some viewers wrote saying that they had enjoyed the satire."

The Telegraph is the paper you can trust. What about Sir Charles?

GRAPPLER of the Month is **Ald. R. S. Turner**, representative of the ultra-fashionable Kuring-gai Ward of Wahroonga.

Ald. Turner on April 9 grappled on the floor of the Kuring-gai Council Chambers with **Ald. Jago**, State M.L.A. for Gordon.

As the pair rose from the floor, having been separated by six other aldermen, Ald. Turner said: "I would like to thank the aldermen who kicked me in the face while I was on the ground."

Next elections Wahroonga is going to put up a tag team. —NELSON

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag . . ."

ERIC BAUME

AS

A PLAYWRITE

MOST of us have at least heard of Mr. Eric Baume, in at least one capacity: War Correspondent, News Commentator of **This I Believe**, Executive Producer at 2GB, Popular Speaker of many and diverse symposia, Compere or Judge at Easter Bonnet parades, etcetera.

Few of us know of him as a dramatist. His play **And their Eternal Home (A Comedy of Faith)** will receive its first Sydney reading by the University of New South Wales Dramatic Society within the next few weeks.

Though sub-titled, **A Comedy of Faith**, it is purely comedy of the classical sense, in that everything works out lovely in the end.

The theme is an investigation of the question: who remembers and loves the dead of the two world wars? But the play's gimmick is its treatment of this theme, adequately summed up by one of the main characters: **TREVOR (JUNIOR)**: . . . "Blythe Spirit" and all that kind of thing. **TREVOR (SENIOR)**: Never heard of it.

The first act takes place in a kind of military purgatory: a misty battlefield in France, a misty wharf and a destroyer's Mess Deck. The remaining two acts are set in the Trevor home in Surrey, England.

ACT ONE

Scene 1

A foggy road somewhere in France. Sounds of explosions, flashes that could be sheet lightning or the colours of shellfire.

An officer is discovered smoking a pipe, humming, dressed in the battledress of World War One. Another officer in World War Two battledress enters, smoking a cigarette, whistling "Roll Out the Barrel".

CAPT. JOHN TREVOR (SENIOR): Oh, good morning.

CAPT. JOHN TREVOR (JUNIOR): Oh, is it morning?

TREVOR (SNR.): One wouldn't really know, would one?

They talk at cross-purposes for some time until they realise that they are both dead.

TREVOR (JNR.): . . . , but I've never seen you before in my life.

TREVOR (SNR.): (*Half to himself*). You never will see me again in your life.

Each have been killed in their respec-

tive wars. Both are aged twenty-four, both have the same name. And the climax of the discovery: one is the son of the other!

TREVOR (SNR.): Knew you—why, you caricature of George Robey, I'm your father, and I'm the same age as you are, and thank heavens nobody's going to hear about it. (*He begins to roar with laughter.*)

But in this he is wrong — people certainly are going to hear about it, and this information is ushered in by a strange figure.

(*There is the sound of someone walking, and in a second or two they hear "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kitbag". A TYPICAL INFANTRY SOLDIER, . . . caked with mud enters. He stops singing. Then comes forward . . .*)

His name is Corporal Willis, he is a kind of minor arch-angel, sent by Supreme H.Q. to be their batman. For they are to be granted leave; to go home for one day to see their families.

WILLIS: We 'aven't got no Grenadier Guards Band to march us off, sir, but wherever we go, we'd better get there.

Scenes 2 and 3 serve to introduce their companions on the voyage home: an Embarkation Officer, a Cameron Highlander (named Miller, and Roman Catholic), a Church of England Padre, a French Officer of the Dragoons and a German Officer of the Guards Infantry (who, it transpires, killed Trevor Senior). During the interminable voyage the Padre begins to have severe doubts about his faith and his agony manifests itself in an almost suicidal frenzy. He has lost all purpose in life. But the E.O. calms them all by leading the company in the **Lord's Prayer**. So they disembark light of heart to see their loved ones; all but the Padre who has been made the new Embarkation Officer.

PADRE: Embarkation Officer? (*He is alone, he falls on his knees as the curtain falls slowly. Gunfire is heard before it drops.*) So I was given a job after all.

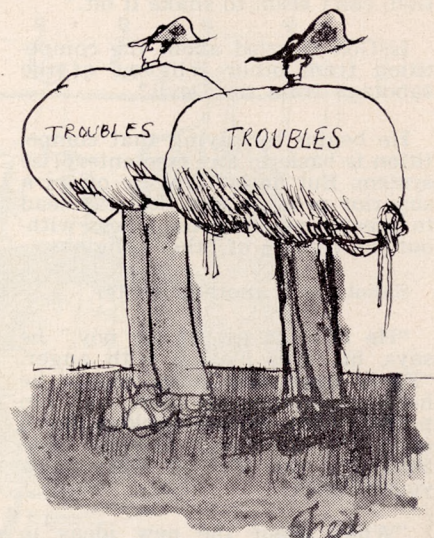
SLOW CURTAIN

ACT TWO

The story really starts.

The scene is the living room at the Trevor home in Farnham, Surrey. It is 7 a.m. JANE, 18 years old, is in riding kit, and she hums as she dusts photos of her grandfather and father on the mantlepiece. A corgie, TEENA, lies near her.

NOW WHAT DO
WE DO WITH
THEM



She obligingly has a page of exposition telling us about the state of the family:— She is the daughter of Trevor Junior, the year is 1959, her mother is going to re-marry in several days, her grandmother (now aged 68) has never re-married.

And then, enter **CORPORAL WILLIS** to shatter the peace of the household. Any sort of narrative precis at this stage breaks down. These are the episodes:

JANE is happy to see her ancestors, this is why they are here:

WILLIS: There's no dates about Supreme Command. So they just want you to meet them because you've never stopped loving them and you never saw them. Some people forget the soldiers. . . .

And you Miss Jane are the England that counts. Dusting their pictures. Praying on Armistice Day. We know, you see.

MAJOR GEORGE LOWE (formerly Life Guards) is not pleased to see them: he is about to marry **TREVOR JUNIOR'S** wife.

(*George looks at Trevor Junior, looks again, goes white, jumps out of the armchair and falls flat on his face in a dead faint.*)

GEORGE: (*After reviving*) Well, good heavens, I don't know what to say.

MRS TREVOR SNR. does know what to say, and says it; but like her granddaughter she is somehow pleased at seeing her husband and son again.

MRS. TREVOR SNR.: The dead ought not to return, except in horror books like the story of the "Monkey's Paw" . . . I am a grateful, happy woman, widow if you like. Sex or too much drink never interested me. John used to call me a cold frog, said I read a newspaper making love.

MRS. TREVOR JNR. is, understandably, the least happy about all this.

MRS. TREVOR JNR.: For God's sake, stop all this nonsense. I can't stand it—I hate it all. It's a horrible business . . . Anyhow, ours was a quick wartime marriage. I don't think I ever loved the man.

(*THE BUZZER SOUNDS.*)

(This buzzer works on a different principle to Samuel Beckett's bell — it sounds when a character tells a lie — however, the influence of this dramatist is very strong here.)

They settle down to play Bridge and wait for midnight (when all ghosts either return or come out) as the act finishes.

ACT THREE

The setting is the same as the previous act.

MRS. TREVOR JUNIOR repents and appologises for the scene she had. The family is reconciled again.

The telephone rings, it is for WILLIS, he answers it.

(He puts down the telephone. He looks shattered. He walks to the window, a funny little man, but a great little man.)

It would appear that this little foray up the Styx to the realms of light was

not planned by Supreme Command at all but by the "Enemy". He just wanted to cause bitterness and unhappiness.

JANE: *(Rocking with laughter)* Well, that's about the biggest sell Satan's ever had. I thought there was something screwy about the whole business . . . But if ever there was a victory *(she holds her father's hands)* it wasn't gained by the people Willis is frightened about.

All that is needed now is the re-entry of the mysterious Padre of the first act who had been right all the time. They do not say the Lord's Prayer this time to herald the departure.

(JANE fixes drinks.)

JANE: *(standing centre)* To God! With gratitude.

ALL: To God!

And the spirits descend, leaving a

multitude of thoughts, impressions, emotions, doubts and resolves. The play is best summed up by the author's final directions:

(The men group at right upper entrance, in a bright white light, waving and saying farewell to JANE, left, who stands, hands behind back, legs akimbo . . . All stage lights flicker and die. There is no more sound. The lights come on after a few seconds to reveal JANE, centre, head raised, arms extended in the empty room.)

JANE: *(Very softly. The clock starts to chime midnight.)* And their eternal home.

(The last phrases of a hymn are heard with choir and organ as)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

—LINUS

the best of donald duck

Bob Ellis
ventures
into Disneyland



SOMEDAY when you're old and cackly and wrinkled as autumn and shrivelled as prunes and your head hums with old hymns and ticks with the tick of a grand daddy clock, and your eyes are blooded with time, when your wrist curls back and your toes rot off and you can smell yourself a mile away, when your dandruff turns brown and your thumbnails yellow, when at last you care enough to remember, in pain, the days you cared not a jot, you may then, in the afterward-world, as I do now, in the meanwhile world, go out with a pain in your head and buy a copy or twain of "The Best of Donald Duck".



YOU may read awhile and snuckle, as of olden times, at Donald's nornewogging devil-may-take-it-but-I'm-still-George Washington-to-the-true-blue-core as he palpitates and curses round the landscape like a cottonpuff meteor entering stiffer layers of atmosphere, but after a time you will get to be filled with a nameless dread. Your ripening Agnosticism blossoms into full-bosomed horror and disgust, by God, disgust.

CONSIDER a few things. Donald is a drake who calls himself a duck. His neighbours are dogs. He associates with mice who wear eyelashes and rouge and trousers with tail-holes and white gloves and puffy little yellow booties and are ten times bigger than the biggest rat. The ducks are the same size as the dogs, who (with the exception of Pluto, who is not just a dog, he's a dogdog) in turn are not much bigger than the mice and much smaller than the cats (Black Pete, the Beagle Boys) and they all speak the same language and drive cars.



EVERYBODY wears trousers except the ducks, who go naked in the world and are not ashamed. They wear the top half of sailor suits only. But (and mark this) if they ever take a bath, they invariably emerge with a towel around their bottom half, betraying a dormant modesty in spite of the pervading dogma that they have nothing to hide.

DONALD is courting Daisy, who is his cousin. Gladstone is Donald's cousin and he is a goose. Huey, Dewey and Louie are Donald's nephews but their parents are never seen or even discussed. One presumes Donald found them as eggs on the doorstep and hatched them himself. Yet in one episode Gladstone and Donald pelt each other with eggs (think about that for a while if you can bear to) and in another they all eat barbecued chicken.

They keep forgetting they are merely poultry themselves, albeit civilised. On one occasion the anti-phonal-minded brats peer up at Unca and say—

"Yes and if"
"We had wings"
"We could fly."



ACTUALLY their pinions have mutated into little arms: but they have only three fingers on each hand. Some are more transmogrified than others: Gladstone has wavy hair, Scrooge has sideburns and sometimes teeth. Scrooge (who claims to be Donald's uncle, though his name

is in fact McDuck, and is neither Gran'ma's brother nor her son) is highly civilised. He wears a top hat, specs, and shoes on the top of his feet. But no ears. Sideburns but no ears. His specs sit on his broad duckbill and do not slide. Donald wears a sailor suit and never says why, or where, the bell bottomed trousers got to. The boys never go to school, show interest in girls or even grow up. The age of everyone concerned is highly contentious. Scrooge (an old Klondike man and a naturalised Scot) is over ninety but spry. Gran'ma, who belongs to the generation before Scrooge (making her at least 110) still chandles corn. Donald is over thirty but still single. Daisy is like Della Street. She'll wait till the sea runs dry. But she's getting a mite desperate now. She's premeditating wedlock with a goose. All right, I suppose, but not the most conducive thing to compatibility and bliss.

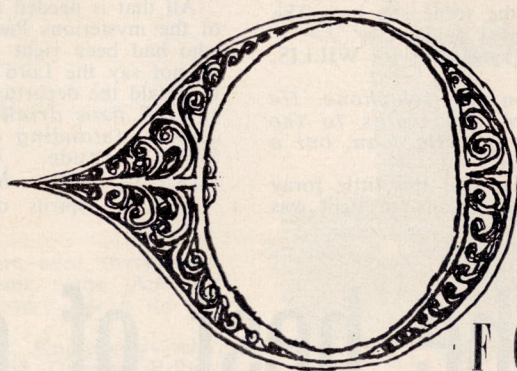
It's plainly symbolic. It's got to be. It's a parable about man striving out of bestiality into divinity. He denies his bestiality and betrays his fellow beasts. Donald is Everyman: just a guy. Scrooge is Ambitious Man, the Artist. The boys are the Greek-chorus-cum-guardian-angels (with their junior woodchuck brand of modified magic). Gladstone is the Antichrist and Daisy the Virgin Mary.

Otherwise they got no excuse.



ONE day, later, when we bomb ourselves silly and get dug up by scholars with spades "The best of Donald Duck" will be the "Hamlet" of its day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, or we're lost.

It's worth buying anyway. Much better value than two helpings of Fulton Sheen on the pay-TV, or even five paddlepops (which now come in butterscotch, so this is praise indeed).



F COURSE

it wasn't as much a ball as everyone was hoping. But the goddam enthusiasm was there.

Even Frank Hardy turned up. You know, Frank and the bloke who wrote that novel about Packer or whatever his name was. "Power Without Lottery", I think.

No. He didn't actually **march**, but he's a bloke with spirit, the Com—, I mean the other demonstrators for peace must have been proud of him. Do you know he told us that his seven-year-old daughter turned up to march? Couldn't keep her away, he said.

Now if I had a kid—not that I have, pills and all that y'know, I wouldn't want Caitlin to lose her figure before she's thirty—I'd like that kind of loyalty.

Just shows how big the issues are if a seven-year-old can understand them.

Bernie Preak, you know Bernie from the Psych. Department, he sent his kid too. No, the one he had by that art student from Albury just after we all moved to the George. Five years old, marching along with a sign round her neck reading "Don't Kill My Unborn Children".

Bernie didn't like that at first, he doesn't object to abortion, but his wife thought it was so moving they let the kid wear it.

Didn't you like the slogans? I wrote most of them. Well, not all of them perhaps, we got some in the mail from Bertrand Russell.

We get telegrams from him, you know. I've got three. Originals.

BOB HUGHES COVERS

THE BIG CAMPAIGN

Snatched them from Lance Sharkey when his back was turned, on the platform last year.

I sent one back to Russell to autograph it. But I never got it back. I suppose it went astray in the post.

Oh, I'm good at slogans. Used to write them for the Libertarian Society.

I've been politically active ever since I got to Uni. I guess that must have been before your time, or after it, or you'd remember me. I stuck out my tongue at a cop once.

Filthy authoritarians, I suppose they're just waiting to grab us today, you can see they've got their tear-gas hidden.

See that one over there? The one that yawned? Trying to put us into a sense of false security. Well, we'll see.

Another time I organised a big demonstration against Menzies out at Mascot. We got two cars together and went out in them. Saw him for at least a minute, too. I yelled out "Fascist!" and I swear he looked at me, he turned his head, right between the eyes he looked at me.

God, that was a rewarding moment. He'll remember.

Well, yes, I suppose the march did straggle a bit. So what about that bloke in a loincloth carrying the crucifix with CND on it? I can't see it'll offend people.

Look, I think you're being god-dam offensive. Of course I'm not a Christian, I'm an intellectual. Well, I mean I'm not quite sure whether there is one or not. I don't know. I suppose you could call me a radical.

All right, so it didn't look too organised. But it was. No, none of the organisers marched. I know there was a par about that in the paper. You can't expect them to

march, they'd been working so hard they needed a bit of rest.

Anyway, it was pretty spontaneous. You should see the job some of the blokes did at the last minute.

See those ones over there? The eighteen guys in blue double-breasted pinstripe suits carrying that ten-foot-by-eight banner that reads BOILERMAKERS' UNION DEFIES PIG-IRON BOB FOR PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS THE WORLD OVER?

You wouldn't think that was whipped up at the last moment, would you?

You'd be surprised how many oldies turned up. Mind you, they didn't sing or anything, they only walked. Funny thing, that.

We stick together, you know. Have you heard our marching songs? I ain't gonna study war no more, I aint gonna study war no more, I aint a gonna study, erp . . . well, it sounds better when you get fifty of us singing it in chorus.

Oh, you've heard it? You'd know then.

We've got a good one that goes to the tune of the People's Flag, too.

I suppose you think this is a Communist front, don't you? I thought so. All you Fascists think in terms of labels.

Of course it's useful to march. At least twenty people watched us last Sunday. Think of what **that** did to their consciences!

The bit I liked best was the concert. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since Harry Hooton kicked the bucket. Those Fascist sods at the Chevron don't know what they're missing. I mean, who would you rather listen to, Johnny Earls or Francis Faye?

We have sincere musicians. Look at Graeme Bell. He's an idealist. We tried to get Ray Price, but he cost too much; I told them he was a cynic anyway.

That's why we knocked back the offer from Lee Gordon to put us on at the Stadium. People mightn't take us seriously.

I don't know why people even talk about Communism and us. You should have seen us at the concert. Those smart bastards on the "Bulletin" think you can tell a Communist on the spot, like he had horns or something, but I can tell you that if the placards hadn't been there you wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. Anyway, we're all people, aren't we? They don't have to be wrong on every issue, do they?

I don't know what happened to the donations after they sent round the hat—some things, like peace, have to be built on trust.

Yes, of course I'm a pacifist. Well, I suppose I am. I mean if you gave me a machine-gun I might fight, but I rather draw the line at pressing the button. I don't know what the world's coming to. If the R.S.L. has its way we'll all be fighting the Indonesians soon.

No, of course I don't like the R.S.L. Mob of Fascists, no mistake about it. All they know how to do is follow the leader. I hate herd instincts. That's why I joined the march.

You walk along with a thousand or so individualists like yourself and hold the right banners—it really gives you a sense of belonging. As an intellectual, I mean. Do? What on earth d'you mean, what do we do after the march?

Good God, man, don't you know what liberalism **means**?

ATAVISTIC RITES . . .

paganism and you

ANZAC Day bothers some people, and one of the bothering things about it is that it seems such a paradox. You have your beginning in the austere cold of first light and solemnly commemorate the dead. Then you have a paramilitary parade through the city. After that, the serious business of the day—quite widespread heavy drinking, and some infringement of the Gaming laws. It is a programme of activities we certainly don't follow every day.

There is another paradox too: a day that was instituted by Australians to unite all Australians in common emotions and observances seems to produce almost as much dissension as harmony—at least, if we take Mr. Alan Seymour's play as a fair indication of current opinions.

The young men want to condemn what they think is sentimental militarism and drunken hypocrisy in their elders; and some of their elders seem to think that the young pups have forgotten, if they ever knew, what the words honour, sacrifice, mateship and glory mean. Both sides in the controversy—which has been bitter at times—could profit from a little reflection.

Young men might find that being shot at on bare steep hills is an interesting experience that changes your ideas about a lot of things. Older men might remember that there was a time when they were young too, and didn't yet belong to the Establishment. They might remember also that they used to complain enough about "the generals" and "the politicians" who represented the older generation in 1915. Churchill and Sir Ian Hamilton probably came in for more criticism in Australia than Enver Pasha and Liman von Sanders ever did.

But even if people were much more reasonable than they actually are, Anzac Day might still be an irritant and a paradox. You would still have the contrasts—the sombre ferocious past and the comfortable boozy present, the piety and the insobriety, the solemnity and the squalor. At least, that's what you'd seem to have, unless you could place Anzac Day in a wider cultural setting. And you can do that if you think of it not as "the one day of the year" but as a popular festival like Easter, Christmas, and New Year. All these holidays have similar programmes; **they all conform to a single paradoxical type.**

Take Easter. It is the most important festival in the Christian year, and religious preparations for it start weeks ahead. Christians deny themselves all sorts of things that they normally enjoy. They put off their weddings. They attend long ceremonies. They go to church at

hours that they would usually think thoroughly inconvenient. Some people go to church twice or more at Easter; and even irregular church-goers put themselves to special trouble.

But after the religious duties—festivity. You give each other chocolate eggs (a thing you don't do at any other time in the year), and you may exchange more expensive presents too (a thing which the shop-keepers love). And if you go to church on Easter Sunday and to the races on Eastern Monday, no one complains. If you go both to church and to the Show—a monument to commercialism and secular vulgarity if there was ever one—no one complains. A million people went to the Show this year, and no doubt many of them went to church too.

They did both things with impunity: no one will write an argumentative play about it. Yet the pattern of austerity combined with frivolity is the same as on Anzac Day.

Take Christmas. If ever a religious festival was thoroughly mixed up with secular celebrations, that's it. Christmas is one of the high points of the Christian year, and yet it is a season when there is more tolerance of drunkenness and mild disorder than at any other time. Again many people go to church; but when can you more publicly kiss other men's wives than under the mistletoe? When can managing directors more safely dance with their teenage typists? And when can office bosses more openly take their secretaries on to their knees?

You go to solemn church services in the morning—sometimes the very early morning—but after that is done, you go home and eat the most prolonged, elaborate, and heavy meal of the entire year. And everyone knows the sort of things that people get up to on New Year's Eve; yet January 1 is also a religious festival, and in the Catholic Church at least is a holy Day of Obligation. It is another example of the same paradox: austerity and solemnity celebration and frivolity.

Historians of religion can supply an explanation. They say that simpler societies than our own think that the life of the community comes in leases, which expire at regular intervals and must be renewed. At certain times in the year, the whole community participates in the expiration of the lease, and they symbolise it by auterities of one kind or another and religious ceremonials.

Then when the new lease is assured and begun, they celebrate that with festivities and frivolities that are neither

allowed nor dreamed of at ordinary times. The pattern can be found in various forms all over the world. It is partly magical.

Australians have inherited this ancient, essentially agricultural pattern from Europe, but they now make increasingly little sense of it. In Europe the great ends and beginnings are Easter (approximately the spring equinox) and Christmas (the winter solstice). At those times the cosmic cycle, the rural round, and the liturgical year all co-incide in a very impressive and satisfying way.

But not in Australia. Here, the seasons shade into each other without much sense of change. People send each other pictures of snow-men and sing "Jingle Bells", but Christmas Day is often hot and sultry. And Easter, when we exchange eggs and Easter bunnies as symbols of new life, is the same time when we eat the last of the grapes and put away the surfboards and bikinis. The old calendar and the old customs are out of place in the new land.

Anzac Day is, in some ways, an attempt to adapt an ancient agricultural festival programme to an historical event of the twentieth century. It worked for a while when Gallipoli was still fresh in people's mind. Now that historical event is only half-remembered, now that we mostly live in cities, now that we have a different seasonal pattern, the festival programme seems less and less relevant to anything. By the year 2015 Anzac Day will be an anomaly, or else it will be converted into something else.

The last veterans of New Guinea and Korea and Malaya will either be too old to get up at 3 a.m. and stand in Martin Place, or else they will be dead. Anzac Day will then have no frame at all to support it.

But while it is still with us Anzac Day serves as a reminder that not everything we do is exclusively conditioned by twentieth century Australia. Uneasiness over Anzac Day is part of a wider and more pervasive uneasiness. That uneasiness springs from the feeling that we are still in some ways trying to do old-world things in the new world, from the feeling that we are still a European community, though isolated to the south of Asia.

We still cling to the customs of the ancient, rural, European past, but we can make less and less sense of them. It will be interesting to see what has happened to Christmas and Easter by 2015. Check it, if you're around to see.

'Pro Bono Publico'

Once upon an evening there were 2 newspapers which were full of lousy ads and nasty copy... and every day they held a competition between each other to see who could make up the most sensational and misleading banners and con the commuters and schoolchildren into buying their paper rather than the other... e.g.

**HER
DRESS**
RACE DETAILS

WHICH DIDNT SELL
AS MANY COPIES
AS →

**HER
DRESS
IN
COLOR**

These papers used to send out talent scouts (called reporters) to find murderers and pervers and rapists and snuffies and socialites to fill in the spaces between the ads. Other topical events of world wide importance like the Queens cough, J.F.K's pregnant wife, Ben Caseys song hit(?) and Liz Taylor's sex life were covered in minute detail by overseas peeping toms.



I buy both papers so I can get my full quota of sex and divorces and socialites and the big front page pinup of the lovely young girly-girl splashing happily in the surf... then I have lots and lots to talk about with the boys down at the pub.

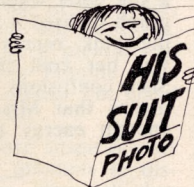
and the competition went very well... and much money was made.



we diggers
will show
them commies
a thing or 2.



she's a n.....!
THIS I BELIEVE!



all this
for only
5d.



isn't she
lovely!

Then came a very cold winter and the murderers went into hibernation, and the brothels were opened and the sex-perverts laid off the kiddies, and no one discovered any "death-drugs" and the Royal Family was healthy and there was nothing to write about except **WAR**, **WAR** in Laos, **WAR** in Indonesia, **WAR** between the snuffies and rockers, **WAR** in Cuba but none of these wars came off and sales dropped and eventually no one brought any newspapers at all,



AND THEN!



The papers were overjoyed a real war! AT LAST! australia invaded! sales will skyrocket!

WAR
LOVELY COLOURED
PHOTOS
LAST RACE DETAILS

screamed
the banners
and the
newsboys

BUT no one was interested in reading about any more 'phoney wars' and no one brought any papers..... BUT..... there was a war.....
..... and everyone was killed.

SHARP.



Social Top Twenty

✓ Position
Last Week

1. Mrs. John Laslo 18
2. Anne van Bochove 14
3. { Miss Nicholina Ralston
 { Mr. Peter Kuner 3
4. { Miss Caroline Drury
 { Mr. Dennis O'Neil -
5. Mrs. Strath Playfair -
6. Mrs. Norman Hill -
7. Robert (Robin?) Ashton -
8. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby 1
9. Mrs. "Bubbles" Ayres 10
10. Mrs. Bill Edwards -
11. Mrs. "Wiska" Listwan 5
12. Mr. John Lance -
13. Dianne Klippel 11
14. Mrs. Leith Myerson 8
15. Mrs. Doris Austin 7
16. Mr. Leslie Walford -
17. Lady Berryman 17
18. Mr. Dickie Keep 12
19. Mr. Mervyn Horton 2
20. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere 20

AS usual, No. 1 on the charts this month is a mixed bag. On one hand **Mrs. Laszlo** appears in dull group photos (Australian Woman's Weekly, April 24, S.H., 21/4/63) and on the other hand there is the excellent picture of her at the opening of The Young

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialities, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press.

Painters Exhibition at the Blaxland Gallery. Add to this numerous nondescript mentions and the quantity, if not quality, ensures Mrs. L. top rating.

ZOOMING towards the top of the charts this month is a country visitor hailing all the way from Newtown. There's a bit of mystery surrounding his name at the moment. While the Sunday Telegraph reported that **Robert Ashton** attended an Easter cocktail party (14/4/63), he appeared as **Robin** in the Mirror (14/4/63). Never mind Robin (Robert). A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

UNFORTUNATELY holding her No. 1 position was a task beyond **Mrs. Jacoby**. Strangely enough the large photo of her at Randwick in the Sun Herald (14/4/63), was the main reason for her downfall. They quoted her as wearing a silk beret when even the Sunday Telegraph realised it was "a helmet of shocking pink osprey feathers" and that it was her coat that was made of silk. Such confusions among her press agents means that Mrs. J. just isn't devoting enough energy to public relations.

MRS. AYERS continues to make the charts on the strength of the name alone — "Bubbles". Living up to her theme song "I'm forever blowing", she was "particularly pleased to make the announcement of an engagement" at the Town and Country Ball (S.H. 14/4/63).

JOHN LANCE has hit the big time this month as one of the owners of the Nanook, a new restaurant. The opening was splashed all over the social pages. There's nothing like turning your dinner parties into a paying proposition, is there John?

AFTER such a glowing write-up last month it's disappointing to see that **Dianne Klippel** has fallen two places. Still Di (S.H. 14/4/63) tells me "Klippi" was a big hit at the Melbourne Uni. Commencement Ball and that she's dying to tell all her friends about it. Even so when you have to go inter-state to mix with the intellectuals you can't really expect your rating to rise.

I'M sorry to note that **Leith Myerson** and **Doris Austin** have slipped down the charts this month. There was a temporary split up in the team when Doris upped and offed to the East, while Leith battled on as best she could alone. Now I'm glad to announce they're together again in yet another farewell buffet dinner party where they are joined by Marno Parsons. "It is a three-sided affair" Marno quipped to Di (S.H. 21/4/63). This will be the second time round for Doris, and I can only hope that it will be even more profitable than the first.

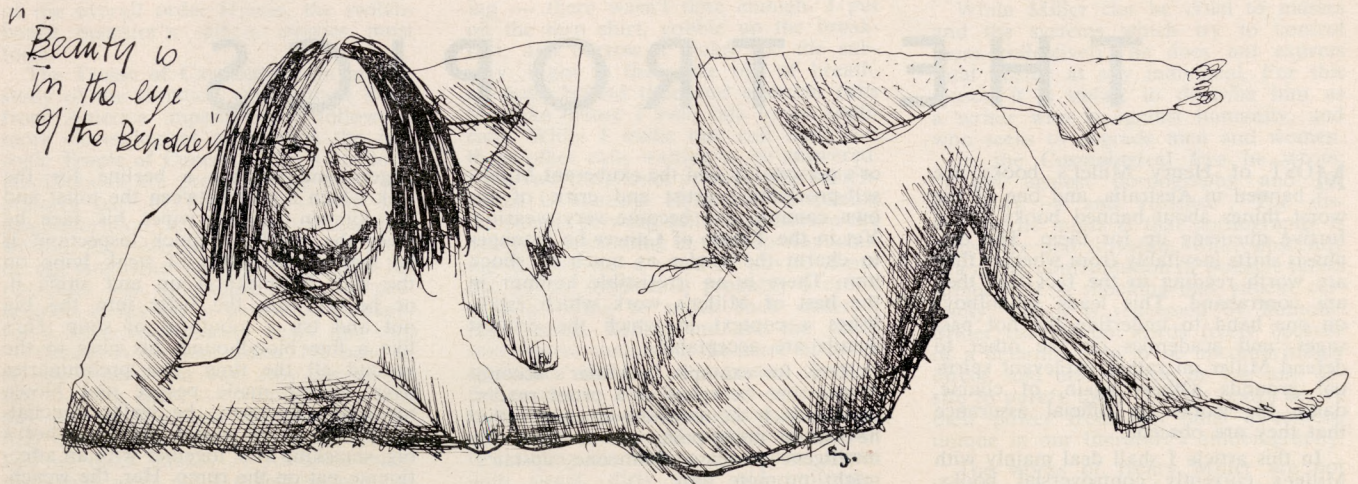
WE all make mistakes and I'd be the first to admit mine. I won't deny I was shocked by **Merv Horton's** lightning fall in the charts this month. His only appearance was in a crowd scene. "Others I saw at the party were . . . Mervyn Horton . . ." (Hedda Holt, S.M. 14/4/63). It's always sad to see a great star fallen on bad times but I know we will all be looking for a comeback next month.

LESLIE WALFORD gets my nomination for exhibitionist of the month. He was star performer at Dennis O'Neil's fay Point Piper Pirate Party on the 14th of this month, dressed in "tatty old half-masts, a brocade waistcoat . . . and a chain of the chain gang variety around his ankle." (Hedda Holt S.M. 21/4/63). Captain Hook or Tinkerbell, Leslie?

BABS PLAYFAIR and **Joan Hill** have come out of the tomb for their annual resurrection. Bab's husband, Strath, is president of the R.A.S. and she has made great social capital out of this as hostess to many large scale functions for our country cousins. Joan, as president of the Peter Pan Ball committee looked so elegant in her "emerald draped chiffon" (S.T. 7/4/63) that we'd like to see more of her. It's a pity that Easter comes only once a year.

NO. 20 this month is still well known columnist **Nola Dekyvere**. It's hard to know just where to place this long established artiste on the charts. Until recently I would have had no hesitation in putting her high up. But 99 per cent. of Nola's mentions have been in her own column. This may explain her new nick-name Payola Nola. It's a pity to see a socialite who once believed in publicity for publicity's sake, go commercial.

Harry Seidler's Functional Ugliness



LIKE an upended hammer-head shark against the horizon at dusk, the Blues Point Towers hits the northward bound commuter in the eyes after a busy day at the office. Perhaps the office he works in is situated in the metal cage on Bene-long Point called the Civil and Civic Building, which interstate visitors sometimes point to and say "when is that building going to be finished?" Perhaps he has friends who live at Ithaca Gardens, Elizabeth Bay which sails in mid air above the blue of the harbour like a concrete meccano set.

And who is the man who master-minded all these buildings, as well as many others dotting the Sydney scene? Born in Vienna in 1923 Harry Seidler studied under Walter Gropius at Harvard after World War II and obtained his Master's degree. In 1948 he entered his name on the roll in Sydney and has been practising here ever since. Having ridden the storm of early disputes with the Master Builders' Association and irate municipal councils, he is in 1963 now at the top of the architectural ladder, being generally recognised as our foremost avant-garde architect as well as being married to tall, pretty Penelope, daughter of Clive Evatt.

Now that the battle for modernism in architecture has been largely won, it is time, I think, to start looking critically at the work of individual Australian architects. Merely the fact that an architect is progressive does not ipso facto mean that his work is aesthetically pleasing. An architect such as Harry Seidler who is responsible for the Australia Square project, the Melbourne Olympic Stadium and Pool as well as the buildings outlined above and many contemporary homes and other projects, is obviously having an important influence on our day-to-day living.

What are Mr. Seidler's aesthetic principles?

In his book "Houses, Interiors and Projects", first published in 1954, he

By GEOFFREY LEHMANN

writes, "Decoration should be OF a thing not ON a thing. A riot of flowery patterns so prevalent today only succeeds in destroying the form of the object to which they are applied and result generally in a tasteless conglomeration of shapes . . . This applies no less to every object of use in the house, such as crockery, cutlery, ash trays, etc. Each of these should be a pleasure to use and behold, however humble their value. Let there be no useless 'cut glass' and tasteless knick-knacks."

Mr. Seidler is therefore suspicious of stone facing or of any attempts to disguise lift towers. This approach has quite interesting effects on his domestic architecture. For the Miss Muffit brick Australian box bungalow Mr. Seidler has substituted airy metal and timber cubes of space suspended on steel supports and stone bases. Expanses of glass replace poky windows. Vertical metal louvres are used as a more practical sun protection than our hallowed venetian blinds. Often side walls and roof projects to shade a whole wall of glass, and Mr. Seidler is much more aware of the individuality of our climate than the traditionalists were.

His houses are pleasant, even if rather spartan.

However I am not so fond of his larger buildings. Many of these look as though they have not been finished and do not employ timber and stone in the way that his houses do, to relieve the harshness of the basic concept. Acres of metal louvres on a public building offend the eye and look bitsy. His basic puritanism creates relentless monotony when employed over wide areas.

Undisguised lift towers stare at one mercilessly from the sky and Mr. Seidler in his daring space-gymnastics often seems to have juggled away the human element. It is human to want "useless cut-glass and tasteless knick-knacks" as, after all, what use is an appendix? Stone

facing is devious, but then so is human nature.

I quarrel, too, with Mr. Seidler's colour theories. In his book he states that because of the complications of modern living, colours should be simple to assist relaxation, with broad expanses of neutral colours, white or grey, in which "float" occasional pieces of primary colour.

Mr. Seidler's use of colour has always reminded me of later Mondrian, and in fact Mondrian is one of the two or three artists reproduced in his book.

However is simplicity necessarily relaxing? I find Mondrian's simplicity profoundly disturbing, precisely because it is so simple. One can sum up a whole Mondrian painting at a glance and after that there is nothing of interest to occupy the eye. Mondrian is simple. Like death. In a Fairweather painting however the warm complexity of the surface with calligraphy dancing on dissolving planes of light is profoundly satisfying. You feel the painting has more to offer than you can extract.

I feel that Mr. Seidler's colour theories are a negative solution to the problem of bad taste. He provides a ready made formula by which the average man can avoid tizz and a higgledy-piggledy excess of colour. However nothing really creative in terms of colours can possibly arise from his theories. The new sumptuous Fisher Library, with its topaz-coloured glass, is, I feel, a fine refutation of his arguments.

An evangelist in his desperate search after simplicity frequently finishes up with neuroses which are greater than the neuroses he was trying to avoid.

The Chinese potters showed great cunning and insight when they intentionally always left some flaw in each work.

Life is complex.

Buildings should be as complex as life . . . after all, who wants to live in a well-lit coffin?

APPROACHING THE TROPICS

MOST of Henry Miller's books are banned in Australia, and one of the worst things about banned books is the furtive queueing up for them. The emphasis shifts inevitably from whether they are worth reading to the fact that they are contraband. This leads schoolboys on one hand to underline the hot passages, and academics on the other to defend Miller on rather irrelevant spiritual grounds. Others again, of course, damn his works on official assurance that they are obscene.

In this article I shall deal mainly with Miller's currently controversial books, **Tropic of Cancer** and **Tropic of Capricorn** in an attempt to arrive at a more reasonable approach.

Much of the blame for the spiritual approach to erotic literature must rest with D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence is to be admired for his attempt to write sincerely and fully about sexual love, but it is a pity he included so many fey passages about flaming, fainting lovers governed by a system of polaric tensions. In trying to re-establish a spiritual value for sex, he became lost from time to time in confused metaphysics and didactic theory. His righteous attitude is a questionable legacy, used all too often in criticism to justify assumptions about moral purpose.

The fullest sexual expression may depend on the involvement of the whole personality, but sexual desire can in fact exist without spiritual commitment. It is unfair that an author should be judged pornographic on the grounds that he recognises this, just as it is not fair to base a literary defence on moral grounds.

Henry Miller's **Tropic of Cancer**, first published in France in 1934, has recently been released in the United States. A preface by Karl Schapiro contains the statement "Morally I regard Miller as a holy man, as most of his adherents do — Gandhi with a penis".

It is my contention that a man can be a good writer without being a spiritual leader, and that Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrencian love ethic is fine to live by, but it is not something to judge by.

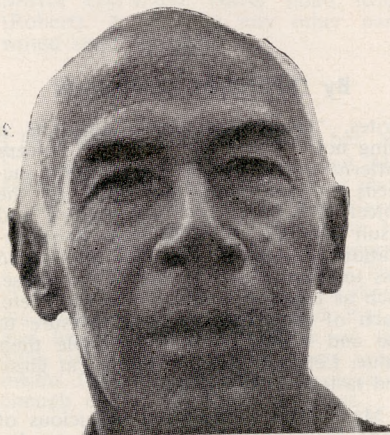
Henry Miller's writing is that of an indignant American expatriate, but one with a difference. His flight from New York took place in 1930, when it was no longer the vogue for writers to go to Paris. He lived in poverty in Europe for some years, occasionally taking a job, but depending largely on friends for his livelihood. There is no doubt that his life as an 'artist' was very self-conscious, but the sharp contrast with the stifling, organised existence he had left must have made this inevitable.

Paris provided an emotional release for him which made possible **The Tropic of Cancer**, an episodic, more-or-less autobiographical account of his life there. It is a book which is meant to shock people. Its success depends on the auth-

or's personality and the exuberant Miller, self-proclaimed artist and critic of his own country, can become very wearing. Yet in the **Tropic of Cancer** he manages to charm the reader as much as shock him. There is an irresistible humour in the best of Miller's work which establishes a context in which the crudest details are acceptable.

Here, for example, is Miller's account of the time he spent as a proof reader, work which he enjoyed so much that he was at great pains not to seem too intelligent in case "someone upstairs" might promote him:

"At Monsieur Paul's, the bistro across the way, there is a back room reserved



for the newspapermen where we can eat on credit. It is a pleasant little room with sawdust on the floor and flies in season and out. When I say that it is reserved for the newspapermen I don't mean to imply that we eat in privacy; on the contrary, it means that we have the privilege of associating with the whores and pimps who form the more substantial element of Monsieur Paul's clientele. The arrangement suits the guys upstairs to a T, because they're always on the lookout for tail, and even those who have a steady little French girl are willing to make a switch now and then. The principal thing is not to get a dose; at times it would seem as if an epidemic had swept the office, or perhaps it might be explained by the fact that they all sleep with the same woman. Anyhow, it's gratifying to observe how miserable they can look when they are obliged to sit beside a pimp, who, despite the little hardships of his profession, lives a life of luxury by comparison.

"I'm thinking particularly now of one tall, blond fellow, who delivers the Havas messages by bicycle. He is always a little late for his meal, always perspiring profusely and his face covered with grime. He has a fine, awkward way of strolling in, saluting everybody with two

fingers and making a beeline for the sink which is just between the toilet and the kitchen. As he wipes his face he gives the edibles a quick inspection; if he sees a nice lump of steak lying on the slab he picks it up and sniffs it, or he will dip the ladle into the big pot and try a mouthful of soup. He's like a fine bloodhound, his nose to the ground all the time. The preliminaries over, having made peepee and blown his nose vigorously, he walks nonchalantly over to his wench and gives her a big, smacking kiss, together with an affectionate pat on the rump. Her, the wench, I've never seen look anything but immaculate — even at three a.m. after an evening's work. She looks exactly as if she had just stepped out of a Turkish bath. It's a pleasure to look at such healthy brutes, to see such repose, such affection, such appetite as they display. It's the evening meal I'm speaking of now, the little snack that she takes before entering upon her duties. In a little while she will be obliged to take leave of her big blond brute, to flop somewhere on the boulevard and sip her digestif. If the job is irksome or wearing or exhaustive, she certainly doesn't show it. When the big fellow arrives, hungry as a wolf, she puts her arms around him and kisses him hungrily — his eyes, nose, cheeks, hair, the back of his neck . . . she'd kiss his ass if it could be done publicly. She's grateful to him, that's evident. She's no wage slave. All through the meal she laughs convulsively. You wouldn't think she had a care in the world. And now and then, by way of affection, she gives him a resounding slap in the face, such a whack as would knock a proof reader spinning."

This passage illustrates most of the features of Miller's humorous technique — his casually irreverent attitude, his calculated overstatements, his superb sense of timing, and his underlying human sympathy. Not everyone in Miller's books is similarly happy, healthy and attractive, yet all the characters are described with this exuberance. Miller has an eye for details which sustain the breezy tone, even when he is being his most profane or most profound.

Miller does not regard anything as sacred and gleefully ignores all the written and unwritten codes of discretion and propriety. Yet this too is a legitimate humorous technique. There are certain affinities with Rabelais in Henry Miller's outlook, but I cannot think of any English writer with whom parallels should be drawn, except perhaps Sterne.

Miller is a Lawrencian insofar as he upholds the view that sex must be fully accepted in literature. But, as I have made clear, he is not a puritan; he is never concerned with preaching or improving his readers.

Even in his metaphysical discourses he is never far from satirical comment. In the **Tropic of Capricorn** he discusses at some length Bergson's theory of evo-

lution. Chaos, he solemnly informs us, is only order which we do not understand. At one point, he seems quite serious, at another, he wonders what part of the overall order Hymie, the switchboard operator's, wife's, ovaries must form.

The **Tropic of Capricorn** is an intense study of the situation which made flight from America imperative. It follows a more chronological order than the episodic **Tropic of Cancer**. Miller's boyhood recollections are probably the most impressive part of this book — his old neighbourhood in Brooklyn is recalled without the bitterness that pervades most of his American memoirs. Not that his bitterness was unjustified: the grim description of his life as personnel manager for a telegram company bears this out:

"Chaos! A howling chaos! No need to choose a particular day. Any day of my life — back there — would suit. Every day of my life, my tiny microcosmic life, was a reflection of the outer chaos. Let me think back . . . At seven-thirty the alarm went off, I didn't bounce out of bed. I lay there till eight-thirty, trying to gain a little more sleep. Sleep — how could I sleep? In the back of my mind was an image of the office where I was already due. I could see Hymie arriving at eight sharp, the switchboard already buzzing with demands for help, the applicants climbing up the wide, wooden stairway, the strong smell of camphor from the dressing room. Why get up and repeat yesterday's song and dance? As fast as I hired them they dropped out. Working my balls off and not even a clean shirt to wear. Mondays I got my allowance from the wife —

carfare and lunch money. I was always in debt to her and she was in debt to the grocer, the butcher, the landlord and so on. I couldn't be bothered shaving — there wasn't time enough. I put on the torn shirt, gobble up the breakfast, and borrow a nickel for the subway. I got to the office out of breath, an hour behind time and a dozen calls to make before I even talk to an applicant. While I make one call there are three other calls waiting to be answered. I use two telephones at once. The switchboard is buzzing. Hymie is sharpening his pencils between calls. MacGovern the doorman is standing in the doorway waiting to give me a word of advice about one of the applicants, probably a crook who is trying to sneak back under a false name. Behind me are the cards and ledgers containing the name of every applicant who had ever passed through the machine. The bad ones are starred in red ink; some of them have six aliases after their names. Meanwhile the room is crawling like a hive. The room stinks with sweat, dirty feet, old uniforms, camphor, lysol, bad breaths. Half of them will have to be turned away — not that we don't need them but that even under the worst conditions they just won't do."

In this passage there is a mounting feeling of horror culminating in all the repulsive details which accompany human beings in a mass. The details of Miller's routine are piled on deliberately one after another, yet there is no attempt to hide that this is a composite account drawn from hundreds of irritating days of breathless routine. The exaggeration does not disguise the gen-

uine anger, but even when Miller is angry he notices the human details — Hymie sharpening his pencils between calls.

While Miller can be cruel to masses and the systems which try to control them collectively, he does not express total horror at any individual. For this reason it is unfair to describe him as a writer who is against humanity, and who seeks to degrade men and women.

In the **Cosmological Eye** he wrote: "I am against pornography and for obscenity — and violence". The distinction he infers is that pornography is suggestive and titivating, while obscenity is a direct confrontation of possible taboo subjects. It is shocking and violent certainly, but it is redeemed by humour. Miller uses taboo words freely because of a determination to be uncompromisingly direct, and not because he has any desire to purify them. Yet his books derive their power from this same directness, unique in our literature's autobiography.

The works of Henry Miller are not likely to be admitted to Australia for some considerable time, if they ever are. **Tropic of Cancer** was sold openly in England for the first time last month. Moral arguments may prove useful in its defence — as they did in the case of **Lady Chatterley's Lover**, but it is a pity that they should be needed.

For Miller's works, including the two **Tropics**, should be seen in the context he creates for himself. Shocking, perhaps obscene, almost certainly brilliant. But above all the work of a humorist, who should be accepted as such.

—C. DELLIT

OZWORD NO. 2

Across

1. 6. Sexpot with a chest measurement only 4 in. less than Sonny Liston.
8. "To evil habit's earliest wife
Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile—
Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
Nor e'en admit the . . . nose" (Lydia Huntley Sigourney).
11. A favourite quotation from the beak of Edgar Allan Poe's Raven.
12. The Danish Hall where Beowulf hung the bloody arm of the mere-monster, Grendel.

SOLUTION TO OZWORD No. 1

ACROSS

1. The Blue Lamp; 8. Malfi (the Duchess of Malfi); 9. U Thant; 10. Tarzan; 11. Uffizi; 12. Boa; 13. Sappho; 14. Etna; 16. Pomp (from Ride On); 17. Helena; 19. Julie Ward Howe; 20. Urn; 21. Stendhal (Marie Henri Boyle).

DOWN

2. Hellzapoppin; 3. Brian Boru; 4. Uruguay; 5. Alaric the Goth; 6. Pitti Palace; 7. Impala; 13. Sapajou; 15. Verdum; 18. Tart (Nonsense Songs, the Jumbles).

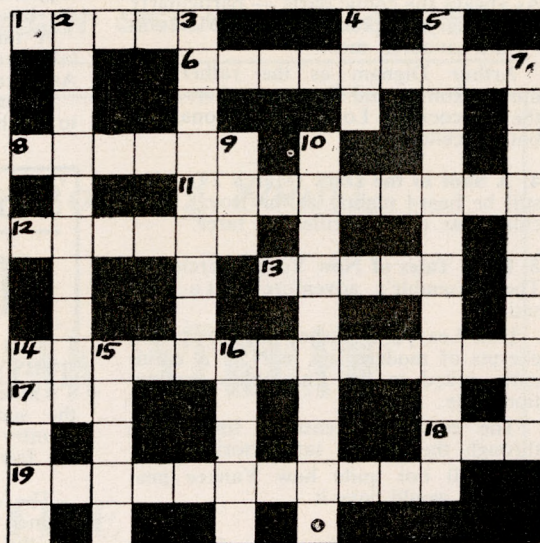
13. "'Tis a gross . . . , held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools" (John Gay, Fables).
14. Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Caldwell wrote **Love and Money** (not that there is any connection)?
17. The Rain in Spain fell generously for . . . (My Fair Lady) Harrison.
18. Harvard's journal **Lampoon** awarded a cellophane fig leaf trophy for "false modesty" to . . . (Lolita) Lyon.
19. Benjamin Britten's first opera excited the musical world when it was first produced in 1945.

Down

2. Who starred with Michael Wilding for the first time in **Piccadilly Incident**?
3. Who painted the stark and gloomy face of the **Prophet** in 1912?
4. Town of the Yoruba people in Nigeria, where many remarkable statues in terracotta and bronze have been found.
5. Who was the first of J. D. Salinger's patently precocious characters to commit suicide?

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7. A group of islands in the Aegean Sea, which include Rhodesia and Kalimnos.
9. Who was the 'brother' and murderer of the Egyptian god Osiris?
10. Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Caldwell was born in Georgia (not that there is any connection)?
14. "Who said, 'Peacock Pie'? The old king to the

- sparrow:
Who said, ' . . . are ripe'? Rust to the harrow" (Walter de la Mare).
15. "And all the men and women merely players: They have their . . . and their entrances;" (Shakespeare, **As You Like It**).
16. What was the airship in which Amundsen and Nobile flew from Spitsbergen to Alaska?

Sydney by night

a review
of April's
entertainment

LEGITIMATE THEATRE

(Commencement dates are bracketed)

1. The Old Tote (April 17): A courageous successor to "Cherry Orchard".

Producer John Clark falls into the trap of sending up Ionesco but enough of the original intent remains to make "Bald Prima Donna" enjoyable. Brian James, Gwen Plum and Mary Reynolds handle the dialogue with distinction.

Max Fricsh's morality "The Fire Raisers" pays only lip-service to its claim to be "without a moral".

John Bell continues his fine acting, unfortunately without the foil required of Jack Allen.

Worthy of the most reputable theatre-goer.

2. Revue of the Absurd (March 28): Gained much from some sane publicity.

A brilliantly conceived idea of presenting excerpts of works of future classical writers of the absurd, although the participants could not quite match the standard of the conception.

"The Sandbox" and "Act Without Words II" were the ones most in keeping with the tradition, although Gus Kelly showed immense promise.

3. Romeo and Juliet (April 18): Ed Allison's production has everything but the assurance of a professional presentation.

Movement, speech and even duelling is carried out with great competence. As always the comic parts — particularly Stefan Gryff's plum part as Mercutio — are savoured most.

Arthur Dignam as the rather bemused Romeo and Rosemary Gerrett as the precocious Lolita of Verona are both excellent.

4. A Shot in the Dark (March 29): May still be heard nightly at the Royal. Low calibre as either thriller or farce.

5. Fairy Tales of New York (March 29): The Ensemble's adventure into the satirical.

Don Leavy's workshop play ridiculing excerpts of modern life in N.Y. is eminently suited to the Ensemble's production style.

The economical cast of four move through their paces satisfactorily.

It's all not quite how Yankee propaganda would have it.

6. My Fair Lady (March 30): Casts and novelty wane but the nostalgia lingers on . . . and on.

BASTARD CINEMA

1. The Naked Night (April 5): Ingmar Bergman's "Sawdust and Tinsel".

Produced in 1952 it is interesting to watch early Bergman direction and compare his development in later films.

The symbolism and control are erratic; the photography lacks the clear-

ness and point of say, "Wild Strawberries".

However, it is a suitable follow-up to "Accattone".

2. The Longest Day (26/12/62): Night-fall is still some way off. In the meantime, a really first-class American film coverage of D-day.

3. West Side Story (7/6/62): Leonard Bernstein's immortal musical makes a slightly less memorable film.

4. The Love Arts (April 19): A sophisticated sequel to the World by Night series.

The nightspot visits are gummed together with shots of attractive women and Gallic pleasantries on the love business.

A cut above similar shows, it contains some really beautiful photography.

5. Guns of Navarone (22/12/62): Still reverberating at the Barclay.

An out and out adventure story where men are men and women are men or traitors.

After a preliminary sally into amateur philosophy and psychology the whole film settles into the pure entertainment groove, in which it is eminently successful.

6. How the West was Won (26/12/62):

An out and out adventure storey where Debbie Reynolds in her best film yet is supported by a cast as long as the arm of the law.

A family saga plot and corny script take great liberties with a large bite of American history.

Technically it is awesome from start to finish.

Show of the Month

THE OLD ROUTINE

THIS year's Royal Easter Show varied little from former productions. All the sights, sounds and smells of the country were coupled with the fun of the fair.

The set as a whole was made up of former productions and tended to be on the tatty side. However, fresh details added sparkle to the various scenes, such as the replica in polished Granny Smith apples of the Britannica with the sentimental "Au Revoir" of Jonathans above.

Spectacle in movement as usual was the keynote of the big production numbers of the central arena. The intricacy of the various patterns contrived by the Herefords and Aberdeen Angi are always a delight to the eye.

Bawdiness was kept to a limit, although the stage manager and director

7. Mutiny on the Bounty (January 17): Brando plays Napoleon . . . again.

Dramatic seascapes and lots of beautiful lashings — a must for the seafaring sadist.

The sourer notes are Tahitian lovelies wearing rubber falsies and Brando's heroic death scene as the model of the Bounty slides flaming into the studio tank.

8. Jessica (April 12): A colourful mixture of "Lysistrata", "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Miracle".

The attractive midwife in a French town causes Female Spouses Union to strike.

Not even a pious Maurice Chevalier can save it.

9. Birdman of Alcatraz (April 11): Burt Lancaster at his impassive worst.

The birdman is never a birdman at Alcatraz — all that happens at Leavenworth. He only plays the hero at Alcatraz.

If Truth is more entertaining than fiction, this is the exception that proves the rule.

10. Sodom and Gomorrah (March 1): The Plainman's guide to the fleshpots of the Old Testament.

A really gay spectacle — mass drownings, impalings, incinerations, tortures, rapes and stonings, all in beautiful colour.

Apparently sadism is No. 1 vice on the plain.

Stewart Granger's is not a happy Lot but Pier Angeli, as his wife, is really a pillar of strength.

Make sure the kiddies see it — they'll never look back if they do.

in the poultry pavilion encouraged a few chuckles with "Breeding trios".

The eternal appeal for comic relief was catered for in the obvious way, although at times obscured by the tawdry. The headless woman, the pygmies and the man changed into a woman probably topped the publicity bill, but it was the Ferris wheel and Wildmouse that provided the thrills.

Refreshments were more than adequately provided — the fairy floss, toffee apples and waffles added the festive touch of something different for the child connoisseur.

A good critic cannot close without words of advice for future productions, but the directors know well enough that their patrons expect a version of the same thing each year and no doubt that's what they will supply.

—L.M.



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