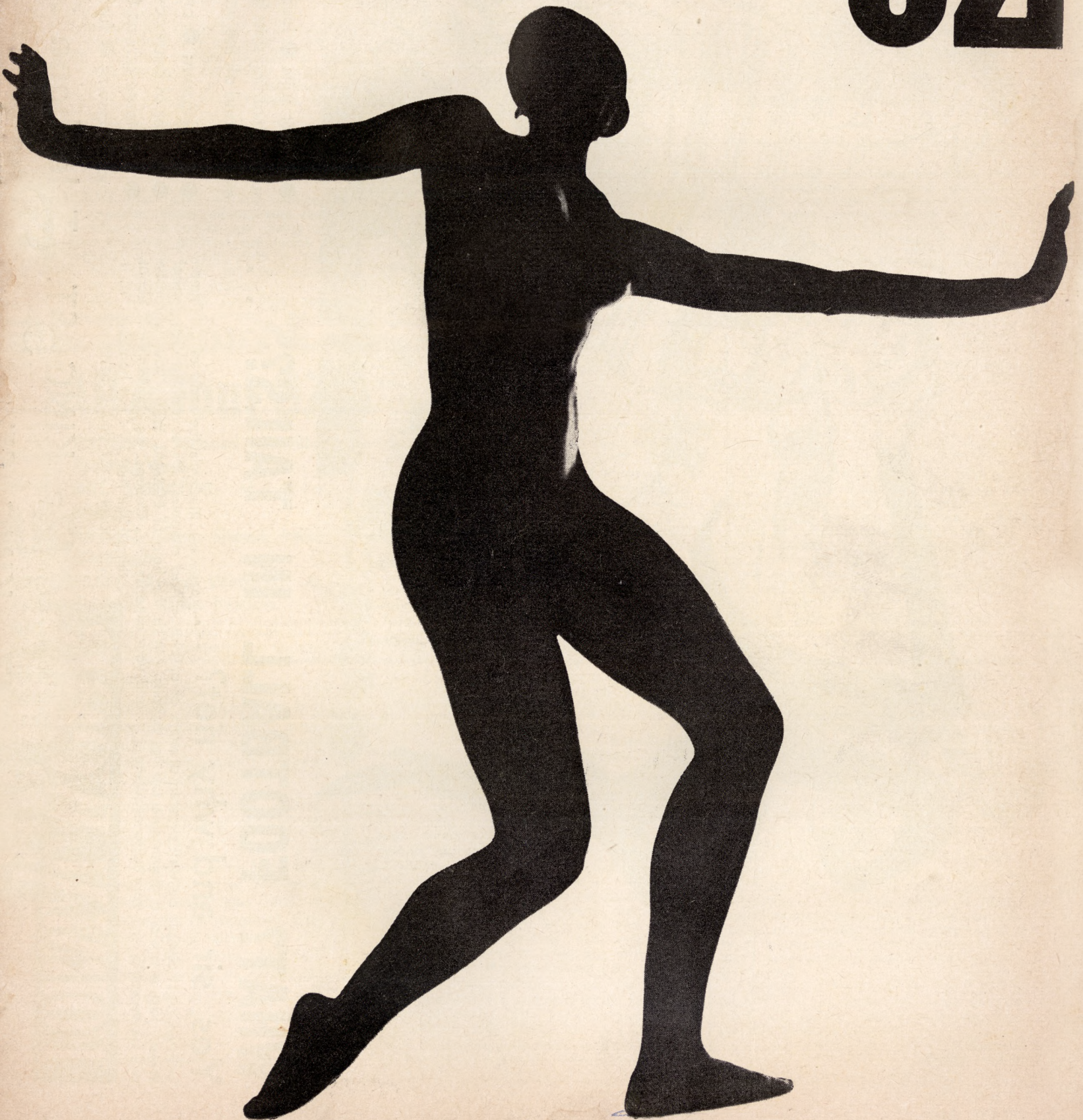


No. 9, MAY 1/6

OZ



Sir,

I suppose after twelve months of publication you reckon that you have "burnt off" any readers who believe in Christianity, decency or any of those other stuffy old ideas. However, as a practising Christian myself, I occasionally buy OZ "to see how the other half lives", as it were, and I am not beyond raising a protest at the utter tastelessness of Sharp's little Easter message last issue, where the Resurrection, the most sacrosanct event in all history, is compared to some sort of levitation stunt.

I thought you chaps had so ravaged the laws of obscenity, libel and sedition that you might have had enough restraint to avoid the fourth member of the quartet, blasphemy.

**Jack Ferguson,
Padstow, N.S.W.**

Sharp replies: *Let's hope God has a sense of humour. If he hasn't he's hardly worth worrying about.*

Sir,

I have read most of the editions of your magazine. Whilst pleased with the fact that attempts at satire are being made, because I believe political and social satire is essential in a society such as ours, I have been alarmed at the shoddiness of some of the material printed.

In this field I feel you have reached an all-time low in the article "Once Upon

A Time . . ." (OZ, APRIL). The only outstanding fact about this article is that the writer should actually have the nerve to put his name to such trash, which is barely of First Year High School standard. That such naivety and sensationalism should masquerade under the guise of satire is a slur upon the purpose of the magazine and an insult to your readers' intelligence.

**O. C. Tilbury,
Campsie, N.S.W.**

Sir,

Upon reading the latest edition of OZ I noticed your advertisement for literature on "How to become a King Hamboner and a King Hitter". One never knows when to take you seriously but I have enclosed a 5d stamp and shall expect such literature to be forwarded in the near future.

**Patrick Barry,
Killara, N.S.W.**

Sir,

John Jarred in his letter in the April OZ seems to have analysed you and found your personalities deficient. You are frustrated and consequently need to challenge authority. You have no control over your emotions and will soon be in trouble again. (I don't wonder.) You are insecure and compulsively show off in order to prove yourselves. You are cunning and sly, but not the right sort, because of your hidden anger and covert hostility.

Well, look. I'm perfectly willing to admit that all this is true, but I would like to point out to Mr Jarred that psychological conditions such as he detects have nothing to do with the effectiveness or quality or astuteness of literary endeavours. A good part of our most important literary heritage has been produced by people of genius who were motivated by mental disturbances of various degree and kind. Great work is not produced, of course, as many seem to assume, *because* the writer is sick, but emotional imbalance often provides the steam to run the boat. Happy people tend to sail through life more leisurely, enjoying the scenery, even when they're geniuses.

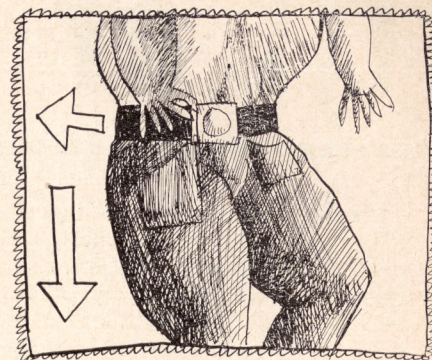
The point is, analysing you doesn't analyse OZ. A writer is not his work. His work is a reflection of him, but you can do a lot with mirrors. Mr Jarred seems to have fogged his up and he would be well advised to put away his Pocket Freud and go back to his Witchcraft for Beginners. We don't care how sick you are as long as OZ continues to improve. And if he promises to do that, I promise not to ask him how to edit the perfect magazine.

**Ross Smith,
Bundeena, N.S.W.**

Sir,

In 1961 I daringly made a trip to Hong Kong, despite the warnings of respectable Australians to the effect that it was a sin city and I would be raped on every street corner. Whilst in the Crown Colony I led an abandoned life — going to numerous movie houses and seeing perfectly innocuous motion pictures! One reason I enjoyed movie-going in Hong Kong is because there is no film censorship there and one goes to a motion picture knowing full well that, whether the picture be good, bad, or indifferent, it will run through without a cut.

One of the movies I saw there was BUTTERFIELD 8, and early in the piece the tarnished heroine, Liz Taylor, explains to a sympathetic Eddie Fisher that as a child of 12 or 13 she had been raped by an old friend of the family. Liz then adds, "But do you



FLICK-OFF JEANS ARE KING

Next time you're doing the 'bone, don't be embarrassed by jeans that won't come off the instant your act reaches a climax. How many times have all the birds heckled, all the blokes jeered contemptuously, while you've been up on the table **STRUGGLING** to get these tight jeans off? This won't happen again when you change to **FLICK-OFF**.

Our exclusive "Rip-Cord" belt action, plus special swift-acting zips down to the knees, lets you wear skin-tight jeans . . . BUT with just one tug at the "Rip-Cord" they float gently down to your ankles.

Laugh at your rivals when they writhe clumsily in their Levis—you can wipe them out with **FLICK-OFFS!**

know something? I enjoyed it. I enjoyed every bit of it!"

Upon my return to Australia, I went to see BUTTERFIELD 8 again. Knowing the fantastic idiocy of Australian censorship I should not have been surprised — but was — when a vital cut occurred in the sound track. Here, South of the Equator, where Men are Men, etc., Liz was allowed to say that she had been raped, but the piece of dialogue in which she expressed her enjoyment of the act was neatly excised.

Moral: Under Australian censorship laws it is O.K. for a girl of 12 to be raped, but she must not enjoy it.

**Roger Dard,
Perth, W.A.**

Sir,

Anything which attacks the Sacred Cows of Australia will have my undying support, whether it contains sex, politics, religion, royalty or even "lavatory" humour. However, if it involves crudity merely for the sake of seeing how far OZ can go without being prosecuted for obscenity and *not* because of sincere exposures of stupid official attitudes, then I fear your membership will never reach the heights of good circulation.

This I feel applies to the article on page 6 of your March issue. It gives an unfortunate impression of being one more attack on homosexuals. I find this strange in OZ as surely the homosexual has suffered under the hooves of Australian Sacred Cows too long as it is? Perhaps I misunderstood it, but that's the impression given to both my wife and myself.

Although I subscribe to the views of Voltaire ("I do not agree with what you say but I will defend," etc.) I would also hope that OZ keeps its integrity.

**J. Barnard,
Bexley, N.S.W.**

All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville,
Richard Walsh.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin
Sharp.

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Mike
Glasheen.

STAFF: Anou, Winifred, A.
G. Read, Gina Eviston.

* OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. BW 4197: XM 1448.

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

* OZ needs contributors. Please send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

* OZ appears on the first of every month. It is available from street-corner news vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide.

* Back copies of OZ are available for a shilling each — issues 2 to 8.



WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not? . . .

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

FORMALWEAR

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

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

147a KING ST. Telephone 28-0551

fiji or not fiji

"Poverty is a relative thing, and it can be said only that many children in Australia and Fiji are being raised without distress by parents in much less comfortable circumstances than those of Nancy's father, who is the owner of a house property at Suva and is a skilled tradesman in a field where there is a steady demand in Fiji."

—"The Times of Fiji."

Mr Prasad formerly was a Public Works Department foreman, but has not worked since his return from visiting members of his family in Australia.

He said he owned two houses at Suva, living in one and renting out the other.

"I have been offered several jobs," Mr Prasad said, "But the money was lower than I was getting with the Public Works Department."

—Sydney "Daily Telegraph," April 6, '64.

As I finished pouring their cool drinks, the faithful old retainers commenced fanning the Presshard family, including the newly arrived young ones who had come back to Fiji to invest in the family corporation. And I reflected back to that day when it all began . . .

I had been polishing their shoes at the Presshard home on the outskirts of Suva, the capital of Fiji, with one ear cocked to the excited babble coming from the den. I was beginning to get rather frustrated trying to make out what was going on. Then I spotted Ahmed, their courier, coming out of the den. Truly, yes, he had heard most of the conversation, for he'd been kept waiting while the old man double checked the rent Ahmed had delivered from the Presshard's other property.

It seemed, according to Ahmed, that after consultations with their accountants, the Presshards discovered that they could afford a little holiday. Like a four months' trip, across the seas to Sydney, Australia.

Now, with a sly grin and a chuckle, Ahmed told me what had eventuated when the family got to Sydney. Startled to find out that the basic wage was triple that of Fiji, the enterprising Presshards, forsaking all plans for a holiday, were loath to miss out; so they all took jobs. They pooled their savings, in the good old family tradition and purchased a house in one of the outer suburbs. Not too elaborate a place of course — they didn't want to make the Taxation Dept. suspicious — just a small place that they figured would gain a capital appreciation of between ten and fifteen per cent. per annum.

One night, setting aside his Financial Review, old man Presshard began to muse, something was worrying him; something disturbed his sense of security — their visas had expired! He contemplated changing their name to O'Pressard but rejected it because being a Black Irishman would not help at all. He wondered if he might buy each member of his family a Star of David? No, he considered that too expensive. Besides, that trick was passé. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and hastily summoned his comely daughters, who were at this time weaving baskets in the kitchen, following their shift at G.M.H. He decreed that they must promptly snare themselves fair Aussie husbands so that perhaps they could all remain in Australia.

Dutifully the daughters carried out Pop's orders and pretty soon they were paying more attention to their newly acquired Australian passports than they were to their newly acquired Australian spouses. Dad and Mum and Grans held out till the bitter end, fighting their deportation order, but very shrewdly, fearing a Means Test investigation, flew the coop. But not before they formulated a certain plan with kindly, courteous, well-regarded daughter Raye.

If only the sweet little six-year-old Clancy, with the big eyes could be allowed to stay . . . mmm., then perhaps the old folk back in Fiji, pining for him, would be permitted to come back and be with him. Pretty sneaky, eh?

Hastily vetting the Commonwealth Health Benefits Act, they shoved young Clancy into a hospital and forestalled his deportation by having his foreskin removed.

The boy improved, out of sound and out of mind, and Xmas came and Easter passed and Big Sister was too busy with all that overtime she was making to take time off from work to accompany the child back to his parents. She was so busy, she even forgot to cash in those tickets Qantas had given her for £200.

But Opp's boys were getting a bit jack of all this stalling and decided it was a bit much. Raye hid Clancy away with some neighbourly Sicilians, who were pastmasters at this sort of thing. Then she called Dad in Fiji.

Poor ole Dad, she related afterwards to the Press Conference she had called, was lamenting and wringing his wrists. How could he afford to keep poor little Clancy? Surely everyone could understand his situation. The market had dropped and they hadn't really made that much money on the Brisbane TV shares and didn't he have an ulcer and couldn't work and if he was in Australia he'd be still getting his Social Service?

Following Dad's instructions that if this didn't work, she was to invoke the Afro-Asian bit, sister Raye called in that Ghanaian Adjoola what's-her-name. The one who saw all, did all and knew all. Hadn't she married a fair young Aussie and now had access to the ears at the *Daily Mirror*?

The editorial and Over-52's column really brought lumps to the throats and tears to the eyes of many noted Sydney personalities. Andrea broadcast that she would never vote again. Father Noffs of the Darlo Metho Mission cried shame. The Union, the Town Hall, June Dally-Watkins, the Settlers' Assoc. all got in the act. The Prime Minister, interviewed while filtering his water into a gin bottle in the Ministerial ante-room, declared that it was a frightful piece of extravagance and that Australia was too jolly well generous.

Feeling like true champions of their faith, the Presshards relaxed with relief. Then it happened! Old Ahmed blabbed — shot off an anonymous letter to The Times of Fiji, because Dad Presshard wouldn't pay him for doing his laundry.

Oppy and his boys said they knew the facts of the case all along but actually it was Colonel Spry who dobbed them in — for getting Child Endowment.

—BELROY

round the world on a limerick

AUSTRALIA

"My Dynasty's endless, I'm Ming
My Reign is a cynical thing
We Knights of the Thistle
May glower and bristle
But I've shown Arthur Calwell who's
King."

EAST GERMANY

Herr Ulbricht then got up to speak
"Dear Comrades, the prospect is bleak
A baby's too small
To climb over the Wall
But a toddler defected last week."

RUANDA

"Watutsi cannot be denied,"
The Bahutu president cried,
"My plan is quite juicy:
Let's KILL the Watutsi!"
Before long, ten thousand had died.

UNITED STATES

"I'm Cassius Marcellus Clay
The greatest prizefighter today,
I owe my success
To my brilliance, I guess
And to Allah, who gives the O.K."

—Grant Nichol.

SUBSCRIBE

OZ OZ OZ OZ OZ
OZ OZ OZ OZ OZ

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I enclose £ / / as payment for

.....months' subscription to OZ.

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

THAT WAS

APRIL

If the Australian film industry is to develop it should be banned—Senator

Have you noticed? That Liverpool Sound is getting fainter and fainter. Exhausted by six months of ballyhoo, the bandwagon is grinding perceptibly to a standstill.

The unsold records can be melted down to be re-cast into the next big sound, but the wigs will have to go back to the factory. The Beatle stockings, divested of their distinctive labels, can descend once more to the bargain basement.

And the young girls can reserve their energies for the next hysteria — beautiful creatures biding their time. Les belles dames sans Mersey.

The eeriest thing about the Sydney mail strike was the way in which the Letters to the Editor columns of the daily newspapers were so singularly unaffected. Talk about Ghostwriters in the Night!

HAPPY ENDING: With an absolute minimum of fuss, Mr Justice Gibbs delivered his report on Brisbane's National Hotel. He found that there had been no neglect or violation of duty in relation to policing the hotel. All the witnesses, without exception, were unreliable and their testimony impossible to accept.

He reported that the liquor laws had in fact been broken at the hotel and Mr Max Roberts, the proprietor, should bear some responsibility for a "certain laxity" in the booking of "undesirables" into the hotel. He found that there was "a friendly relationship" between the Roberts family and many members of the police force, including Police Commissioner Bischoff. But, of course, the police knew nothing about what was going on—or, rather, there was insufficient evidence that they did, which is much the same sort of thing.

The really wonderful thing about it all was the timing of the publication of the report. It came out right in the middle of Queensland's Police Week. The very next day, what the "Courier Mail" called "an unexpectedly big crowd" turned out to cheer through Brisbane's streets a procession of 300 police from all States mounted on bikes, old style police cars and other P.R. paraphernalia.

In the flush of nostalgia, Brisbane's fearless, independent Press entirely forgot to raise any of the niggling doubts a few people entertained about the National Hotel Report.

Rice and Turkey. Mandy Rice-Davies — "Lady Hamilton" to those who remember — may never have got her Waterloo but this month she did experience her Gallipoli.

After entering Turkey for an Istanbul nightclub engagement, she was routed by the Turkish Mothers' Union, which complained that her example might send the young girls downhill and up veil.

After the Ministry of the Interior (come again?) issued an order expelling her "for her unwelcome behaviour in Turkey" she went to the British Embassy for consultation.

Turkey is a country of enormous political upheaval, with strong parties on both the Left and Right. But young Mandy did not allow her allegiances wander. I guess she just had too many friends in the Middle.

An American dental report has revealed that kissing may cause the spread of tooth decay. The Minister for Health, Senator Wade, confessed to Parliament that 40 years ago he would not have considered tooth decay a heavy penalty for kissing.

A pretty daring sort of statement for a parliamentarian that! I don't know why we don't just go ahead and make kissing an offence.

Poor Irene, disowned and disinherited because she wasn't going to have her wedding in Holland. She will go down in posterity as the princess who forsook the dykes for a Reign in Spain.

These animal graft operations are becoming increasingly common.

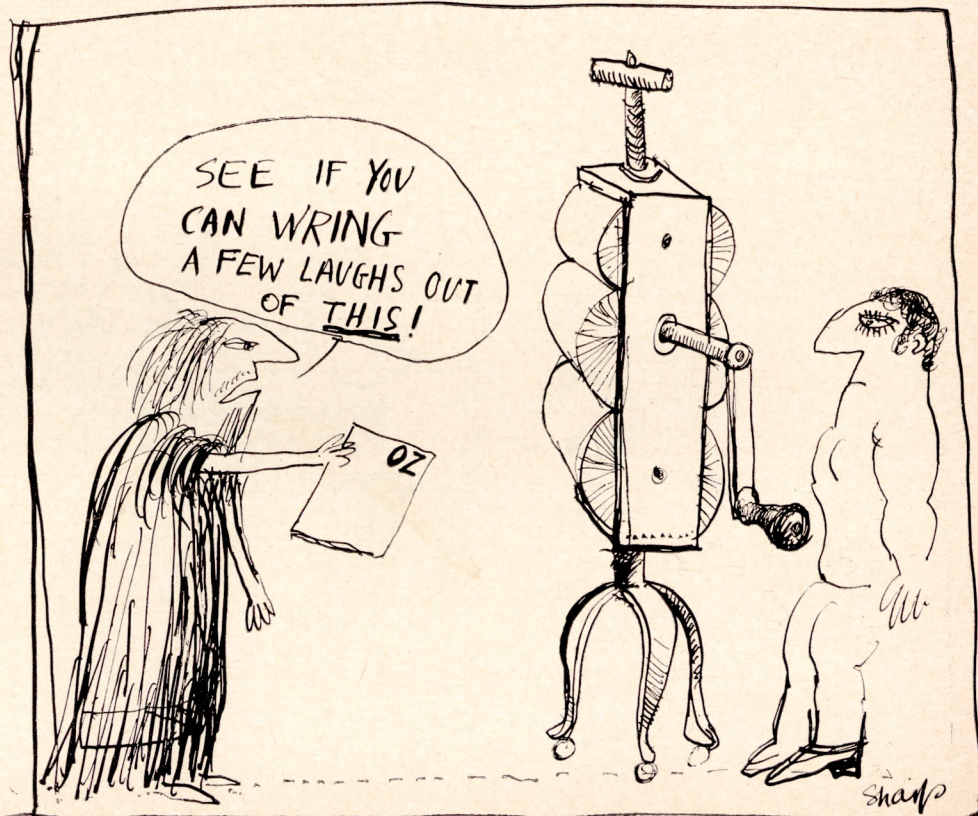
A friend of ours recently had one of her kidneys removed and replaced with a monkey's. Then she had part of her pancreas similarly exchanged. Finally, faced with sclerosis of the liver, she had to have the left lobe of a monkey liver grafted.

Everything is just fine now. That is, she looks to be quite healthy, if only they could persuade her to come down off the roof.

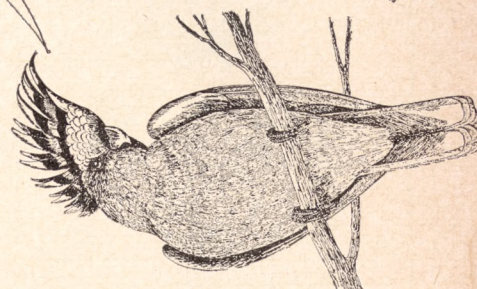
THE two greatest living clowns both this month celebrated an important birthday. Charlie Chaplin celebrated his 75th in Switzerland and Nikita Khrushchev celebrated his 70th in Moscow.

Soviet author Svet Kotenko eulogised: "the years have proved powerless to extinguish his kind, happy smile, his great love of mankind. He created and made dear to millions of people the character of a little man suffering under the brutal laws of a brutal society" (Melb. Herald, April 17).

—nelson



I didn't come down
in the last shower! I've
been to the WAR, I know
what goes on, there's
NO need to write about
IT, in fact there's NO need
to talk about IT.....
WE ALL KNOW IT
GOES ON... there's
NO NEED to talk about
anything... NOT that
I'm a punk... BUT
there's NO need to think
about IT..... In fact
I think it would be a
DAMN GOOD idea if
everyone STOPPED writing
AND talking AND thinking
and became DECENT
AUSTRALIANS



This month over half of the two million shares in United Telecasters (Queensland) Pty. Ltd., recently granted Brisbane's third T.V. licence, changed hands to "southern interests".

For a fortnight it was anyone's guess and everyone's side-bet as to which of the Big Four in newspapers, radio and television (Reg, Sir John, Rupert or Sir Frank) had bought the shares. And now we know

REG ANSETT was outright favourite as perpetrator of the coup from the start. Once a bus-driver, he has never quite managed to transcend the lack of manners characteristic of his former calling. He is the greatest unknighted sycophant of the Liberal Government. At the last Federal elections he inserted advertisements in the Press favouring the return of the Menzies Government.

His formal title is Chairman of Ansett Transport Industries Ltd. Came to public notice when he took over Australian National Airways. Extensive interests in road haulage, Pioneer buses and hotels.

Came into the big communications biz late. Has a vital 5 per cent. interest in the new Perth and Adelaide television channels. Austarama Television Pty. Ltd., granted Melbourne's new channel in April. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Ansett Transport Ltd.

He has never been one to avoid unpopularity. The Victorian Government was recently forced to initiate an inquiry into the methods by which he managed to forestall a Victorian State Rivers and Water Supply Commission plan to put a reservoir on part of the Mt. Eliza estate, from which he helicopters to work daily.

Since then he has annoyed Dandenong residents by the enormity of the land clearance undertaken in the construction of his new TV tower and chastened small punters who recently lost tens of thousands of pounds when he withdrew the favourite from the Australian Hurdle because he claimed the prizemoney of £1,300 was too small to be worth his consideration.

Senator Paltridge is reported to be inclined to underwrite Ansett's television interests as generously as his airlines: Sir Robert is reported to think that Ansett has

gone too far. The nigger in the Liberal woodpile is the new Attorney-General, Billie Snedden, avowed opponent of restrictive practices, who represented interests opposed to Ansett at the Mt. Eliza Case.

He is anathema to all present and potential Labour Governments, particularly that of N.S.W., which prevented his bulldozing East-West Airlines out of business. He is the golden boy of all true Liberals: particularly Henry Bolte (who took the witness stand for him during the Mt. Eliza case), Mr Anderson, the Director of Civil Aviation (who gave evidence for him before the Broadcasting Commission) and, last, but not least, Senator Paltridge, the Minister for Civil Aviation and his unflagging ally, who has undertaken to manipulate things so that Ansett is able to pay its shareholders 10 per cent. on capital after tax and "reasonable reserves".

SIR FRANK PACKER is no stranger to company take-overs. He bought into GTV Melbourne after it was awarded its television licence, has devoted some of the best years of his life to browbeating the directors of Angus & Robertson's and on one famous occasion actually used physical force in an attempt to take possession of Sydney's Anglican Press. He was second favourite in the Brisbane Stakes.

As well as GTV, he is chairman of TCN Sydney, has a strong share in the new Newcastle channel and smaller interests in Murdoch's channels. The Postmaster-General recently gave him a direct-line link between his Melbourne and Sydney channels at undisclosed, but presumably generous, terms.

The source of his wealth is "The Australian Women's Weekly", his extravagant baby is "The Bulletin", the great disappointments in his life are the now defunct "Australian Financial Times" and the ill-fated Gretel. His Sydney "Telegraph" is so one-eyed that even the Libs. take it with a grain of salt. But he has his knighthood for all of that.

SIR JOHN WILLIAMS, knighted for his services, is the Managing-Director of the Melbourne Herald and Weekly Times group. His principal newspaper interests are: The Melbourne "Herald", the Melbourne "Sun-

News Pictorial", the Adelaide "Advertiser" and Brisbane "Courier Mail".

The Herald and Weekly Times owns 85 per cent. of the shares in HSV Pty. Ltd., of Melbourne. Through its interest in Queensland Press it owns approximately 14 per cent. of the shares in BTQ Brisbane and, through Advertiser Newspapers, approximately 13 per cent. of the shares in ADS Adelaide.

Sir John's group has been described as the greatest purveyor of news in this country, but it is fairly selective about what news it sees fit to print. For example, NATION recently (December 14, 1963) revealed that in its coverage of the interim report on the Reid Murray collapse, this group omitted any mention of the part played in the disaster by the Equity Trustees Executors and Agency Company, one of whose directors is Mr G. A. Caro, chairman of Herald and Weekly Times Ltd.

MR RUPERT MURDOCH is the undisputed king of the yellow Press. His newspaper interests are: Sydney's Mirror Newspapers Ltd. (including a string of metropolitan weeklies), the Adelaide "News", Brisbane "Truth", Melbourne "Truth" and "TV News". He controls one television licence in Adelaide and one to a lesser extent in Wollongong.

Rupe is the white hope of fearless, independent journalism in Australia and remains unknighted for his endeavours in this field, unlike his father, Sir Keith. However, he has recently been engaged in undisclosed share-swaps with Sir Frank Packer, whose news-values are notoriously contagious.

This month the Prime Minister, with that over-weening humility so characteristic of him, predicted that the Liberal-CP coalition would win the next five Federal elections. But even Sir Robert has to admit that, even if it takes twenty-five years, one day the Labour Party must come to power. A Labour Party secretly committed to nationalisation of Press and communications utilities, frustrated by electoral failure and ready to blame the Press for its protracted humiliation.

What will happen to Sir Reginald, Sir Frank and their cronies then?

Nothing. By that time they will have things so sewn up that no one will even know that the Libs have quitted the Treasury benches.

And they're all made out of Tim



THE
UPPER
CLASS

SPORTS ambitions

Church
The Peter Pan Ball
Adultery
Tax Evasion
Shop-lifting

To Make Love to Albert Schweitzer
To Learn Indonesian
To become a Window-dresser
Entertain the Beatles "at home"

people that hate



Beatniks
State-schoolboys
Indigenous Australians
Greengrocers
Friendly Electrolux



THE
MIDDLE
CLASS

Stamp Collecting — from Ampol Garages
Turning Grass into Lawn
Writing Letters to the Herald
Beatlemania
Commuting



To throw a boomerang
To Pick a Box
To Ban the Bomb
To enter the Herald Garden contest

Atheists
Eunuchs
Russians
Picasso
Intellectuals



The
lower
class
↓



Poofter-bashing
Keymania
V.D.
Two-up
Drowning
Moving to the Mirror
Christianity

To Open an Account at DJ's
Coitus Interruptus
To Own a Set of the Great Books of the Western World
To Make the Social Pages
To Meet a Disc-Jockey



Upper-class
Middle-class
Abo's
Cops
Artists
Gordon Chater

cky-tacky . . .

ney

CAUSES

White Australia Policy

*Smoking does cause Cancer
but we don't care*

Export Action

Legalised Abortion

Sir Robert

"Hush Puppies"

Test Cricket

Pure fruit juices

"The Group"

*Standing for the National
Anthem*

*Eating an Extra Egga Day
Colour TV*

*That "Omo" really does
wash whiter*

"Pimplex"

Surfers Paradise

The Hasty Tasty

Santa Claus

*That Sir Francis Bacon
really wrote the plays at-
tributed to Shakespeare*



This is a beetle. It is defined by Webster's Dictionary as: "a heavy hammering or ramming instrument, usually with a wooden head, used for driving wedges, ramming pavements, etc."

These are four effeminate pop-singers from Liverpool who are quite nice guys with average talent.

This is Brian Epstein. A slick entrepreneur. He decided to manage the boys and call them the 'Beatles'.

These are a few English teenagers. They dig the Mersey sound.

This is a hack journalist. He was rung-up by Mr. Epstein and told how the kids were going crazy over the 'Beatles'. He writes lots of lovely stories.

Here are some English teenagers who read the stories and fall in love with the 'Beatles'.

This is a Sydney disc-jockey who is bored stiff. He reads about the 'Beatles' in a London magazine. He **loves** their records and can't wait to spin plenty.

These are the dreary mazagines that thrive on reprinting syndicated photos and phony articles about the mythical fifth 'Beatle' and the girl 'Beatle'.

This is a department store with a special 'Beatle-shop' (only they spell it Beetle 'cause they're too stingy to pay copyright). They sell 'Beatle wigs', 'Beatle jewellery', 'Beatle suits' and 'Beatle briefs'.

These are a lot more disc-jockeys, crap R.R. men and unimaginative advertising executives who cash in and tell us the world has gone 'Beatle-mad'.

These are some publicity-hungry teenagers who queue up 48 hours early to buy tickets to the Beatle concert.

These are the newspaper headlines reporting the riot.



***These are the rows of concert seats that still
haven't been booked three weeks later.***

NOW ON SHOW

PRIMAVERA

Winter Collection
BY
CHRIS
JACOVIDES



JUST above the
BUTCHERS opposite
WOOLWORTHS

1. Dame Margot Fonteyn.
2. Margaret Partridge.
3. Anne van Bochove.
4. Katie Galbraith.
5. Gillian Sharpe (nee Garland).
6. Lady Lloyd Jones.
7. Simone Dekyvere.
8. Tim Duval.
9. Mrs. John Laszlo.
10. Gillis and Naomi Broinoiski.

11. Mrs. Peter McAuley (nee Sue Bookalil).
12. Bill and Diana Milne.
13. Doug and Molly Lamb.
14. Sue Duval.
15. Peter and Jan Hanlon.
16. Annabelle Stirton.
17. Kerry Henderson.
18. Alan and Sylvia Beeman.
19. Denis O'Neil.
20. Nola Dekyvere. (Home thoughts from a broad).

social top

20

For sheer nerve, you've got to hand it to **Alan and Sylvia Beeman**. Either they don't like their friends very much, or they have so many they can afford to alienate a few. The big "treat" at their dinner party was not a flaming bombalaska or a rare old port, but—God help those poor guests—slides of S's and her daughter Lynne's trip! We feel that S's "very witty and knowledgeable commentary" did little to relieve the dreadful boredom. In any case, we were so staggered by such a bourgeois form of entertainment among our so-called upper-crust we couldn't resist giving the Beeman's a position on the charts.

Talking of bourgeois entertainments we are getting heartily sick and tired of **Denis O'Neil's** tancy dress parties at his Darling Point boatshed. Sydney seems to be desperately in need of new young social stars with original acts—in the meantime we simply have to include Denis. This time it was a "Wild West Party" (S.H. 29/3). What fascinated us were the guests coming on from the opening of Henry V. Did they wear their Wild Bill Hickock outfits to the show or did they slip on their holsters over the beaded brocades afterwards?

We predict that **Simone Dekyvere** is a young star that we are going to see a lot more of. She has been more or less pushed into the limelight by her ambitious parents—and the silver mink stole they gave her for her 21st birthday. (S.M. 19/4). As Hedda Holt remarked, she could not have worn it to the party at her Mosman home. This means that she'll have to go to lots of balls, etc., so that all that money won't have been wasted. Simone and her fur will become a well-known twosome on the Sydney social scene this winter, unless we are mistaken.

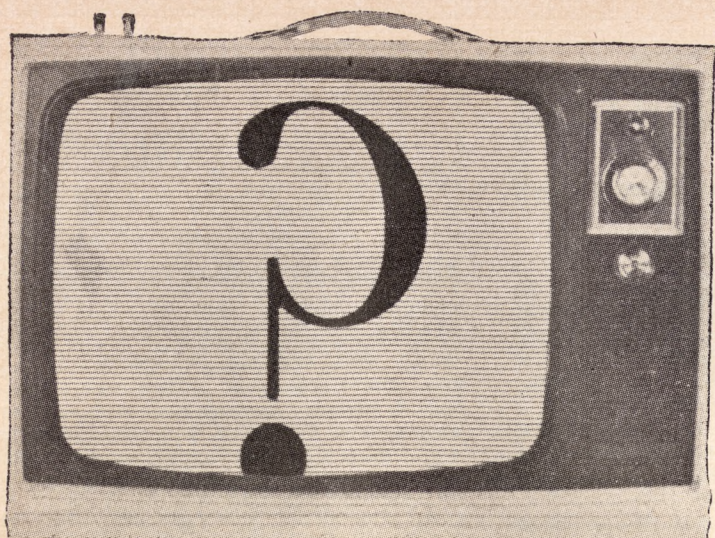
Social Top Twenty fans will feel a twinge of sadness when they learn that the second of the famous Garland sisters, **Gillian**, has been married. (Trinity and Gillian were one of the most popular teams performing on the social stage.) Still, it was good to see that Trinity, playing matron-of-honour, was on this show, which was quite a triumph. There were the usual pre-wedding publicity stunts—stag parties, kitchen, shower and pantry teas (S.H. 5/4/1964) leading up to the Big Performance. The First Act took place at well-known St Mark's Fun Parlour at Darling Point, the Second at the equally well-known Fernleigh Castle, and for the Third and Final Act the couple moved on to Lord Howe Island. (Best coverage S.H. 12/4). Probably

the most popular of the supporting cast was **Tweed Walton**, skiing enthusiast, who flew home from Austria to be bridesmaid (Herald 9/4) which just shows that Nancy wasn't the only one born to fly.

At first we thought **Lady Lloyd Jones** was merely trying to one-up Sydney's publicity-hungry Patrons des Arts in managing to endure both Patrick White and Sidney Nolan for a whole evening (S.T. 29/3/64) (though we nevertheless admired such stamina in a woman of her years. Perhaps old socialites are like old soldiers.) But it seems her alacrity in opening "stately Rosemont" to Sir William Walton springs from finer sentiments than a desire for prestige. This touching twosome has graced a number of gatherings lately, and after Sir W's coy remark, "I could steal your hat" (S.T. 19/4/64), nothing would surprise us. Of course the best thing about this romance is that Lady L.J. wouldn't need to sacrifice her precious title—doubtless a consideration that has held her back on previous occasions.

Apparently undaunted by her recent romantic reversals, **Anne van Bochove** is one performer who refuses to let her private life interfere with her social career. After taking things quietly for a while, Sydney's own Dutch Delight has come back onto the local scene in a big way. The Telegraph (9/4/64) spotted her "dancing divinely" on board the Ellenis this month in a dress whose top (according to one reporter's description) was scooped to the beaded hipline. So much bared bosom may be divine to some, but it's hardly our cup of ambrosia. And as a pre-ba!! publicity stunt Anne lunched at the Bistro with well-known social exhibitionist **Nicholina Kuner** (nee Ralston), ostensibly discussing final plans for the dance (Mirror, 2/4/64). After this act, we think Anne is ready to appear at Cannes' one Film Festival.

Though a newcomer to the OZ charts, **Margaret Partridge** has moved straight into No. 2 position on the Top Twenty. There's something insidious about Marg's publicity—she's been climbing the social ladder in sneakers. However, we must say at once that it's the quantity of her mentions and appearances rather than their quality that has put her where she is today. Every photo and press release is the same. She lacks originality and initiative and we predict a very short run for Marg. In a word—definitely not star material.



slapstick senators

The liveliest, most unpredictable, all Australian, all live variety show of the month was the Senate's debate on the Australian television industry. They were discussing the Select Committee's report on the Encouragement of Australian Production for Television. Here are some of the acts:

Senator Drake-Brockman: Why do we watch television? People watch television for different reasons. Perhaps no two of us watch it for the same reason.

Senator Henty: I like it. That's why I watch it.

Senator Drake-Brockman: That is a point. Perhaps some people watch television to be entertained and to relax. Other people might put some other reason first.

Senator Maher: I go to sleep.

* * *

Senator Kennelly: Only one per cent. of the drama televised in Australia is of Australian origin. Most of the remainder originates in the U.S. of America. I have no quarrel about that, but nonetheless television is a medium which we should employ to establish our own tradition, and, as I heard somebody else say, to immortalise our own culture.

* * *

Senator Kennelly: By way of interjection he (Senator Hannan) told the Senate that one Australian drama had a very good rating. I was interested but I forget its name.

Senator Brown: It was "Consider Your Verdict".

Senator Kennelly: Yes. I look at it sometimes.

Senator Brown: There was splendid acting in that.

Senator Kennelly: I will not comment on the acting.

* * *

Senator Breen: I think it extremely important there should be a woman on both these bodies (A.B.C. and the Broadcasting Control Board).

Senator Gorton: You would settle for a woman of experience, would you?

Senator Breen: Yes, a woman of experience.

* * *

Senator Cant: The statement of the television stations that they are giving people what they want rather reminds me of a story of a man that was brought before the Old Bailey in London charged with having distributed pornographic literature. The basis of his defence was that he was giving the people what they wanted.

* * *

Senator Wright: I say at the outset that I think I was drafted on to the Committee having no artistic attainments or experience in matters pertaining to drama, neither as an artist nor an actor.

* * *

Senator Cant: "Bonanza" is a western that is supposed to have very high rating. Almost everybody in this chamber would have seen this programme. It depicts the only cattle ranch I have seen depicted without any cattle on it.

I think the young people of Australia would want to know why a cattle ranch did not carry any cattle.

Such films lead to brainwashing and give viewers an impression that such conditions would be found if they went to the United States.

* * *

Senator Wright: When I sit back in my armchair with my slippers on and watch a television programme, I like to see a bit of fun; but at the same time I am one of those fellows who did not have the opportunity to go to

Oxford and who did not have long to spend in educative channels which would give to many of us, particularly the men of adult years in the country, and their womenfolk, the delights of literature's acquaintance, history's stimulation and other educational pleasures.

I believe there is a great proportion of population whose thirst for knowledge would derive tremendous satisfaction, whose souls would be stimulated and whose life would be entertained if educational purposes were in the minds of those who are developing this new and terrifically exciting medium by which knowledge, entertainment and information can be conveyed.

Senator Ormonde: You could not sell it to advertisers.

* * *

Senator Ormonde: When I saw it I thought there would be a lot of mothers all over Australia who would be feeling a bit worried on Saturday night, if they saw this film, about what was happening to their sons at Kings Cross. It was suggested to me that in a seaboard town you must have this sort of thing, that when the sailors come in they have to be looked after. And you do hear that expression of view in most unexpected places.

Senator Hannaford: Would it not be just as logical for many of the mothers to be worrying about what was happening to their daughters?

* * *

Senator Wright: There is a tendency to jump off the wall and say "We want Australian drama". I, for my part, yielding to no one in my appreciation of the values that make the Australian character, want to see the European way of life, the British way of life and, perhaps, the Japanese way of life.

The Perfect Murder

(only it aint murder)

The main idea is to have foresight—plan your slaying for some time. None of this hotblooded “crime passionelle” stuff. It doesn’t wash with Rotarians.

The only foolproof defence is insanity—tried and tested, the modern way to live. And to be a success with insanity, as with anything, you need background, a certain presence and good references. It helps to be truly committed to insanity.

Think it out carefully.

Have some lousy early experience, like taking a bite out of mum’s left breast or being toilet-trained with a pineapple. Any jury encountered in later years will latch on to things like this. Watch them shift about uneasily as the ghostly image of a pineapple rises within them.

In your childhood, play it shy, unhappy, withdrawn. Peep around the door when mummy and daddy make those funny noises. Then throw a tantrum.

The onslaught of puberty is the time for your first onslaught, too. When you feel the first pube inching around the bloodstream, swear at parents, go religious, don’t wash, go on a sexual rampage. (Don’t get carried away at this stage. It’s fun but first things first—you’re after a real killing.)

Up to now it’s all been preparation, mere groundwork. Now you’re ready for the big event.

Since your insanity is judged by the jury from the type of colourful crime you commit, ask yourself: Is it novel, is it Australian?

● Be *thorough*, do the whole bloody family. (An old and infallible favourite.)

● Make it bizarre, *get a gimmick*. Some

Melbourne woman was curiously satisfied by dismembering hubby and spreading his charms around Collingwood. Lawson did a nice job autographing his victim with lipstick (and a sheathknife). And remember the Mutilator?

● *Play it dumb* after the event. Stand there, if you’re not attempting suicide, and say there was a red haze, everything went blank and you loved her.

One nit tried to say he’d thought it all out and decided the best solution was to shoot his young son. Obviously a fiend: no good Australian would *think* in his position. What a laugh—he didn’t deserve a recommendation for mercy (didn’t get one either).

There are always openings for experienced men in this field. Insantly is pretty easy to prove if you’ve got off on it before. Some old hands have got it down to a fine art. Lawson is a shining example of a cobbler sticking to his last; another cobbler is due in court any day now in Sydney.

With a good juicy background and a solid sort of crime under the belt, you can approach the trial with complete equanimity. By the second day you’ve impressed psychiatrists, jury and journalists. When the trial collapses after your sensational attempted attack on the judge, you can go off and be content to weave baskets or clip the hedges until quite recovered from the ordeal of the court case.

Then, in a flash, away with dull delusions and pallid hallucinations! Be your normal self and you’ll be out, free at the governor’s displeasure.

—D.L.

the
2

village
square

the column of lasting insignificance

by John Wilcock

Notes on the Nature of Things

Esquire’s Christmas issue had 215 pages of ads (out of 334) and its inevitable nostalgic articles that yearn for better days. The men who started Esquire, in another generation so long ago, are still running it. In those days, as male fashion reporters, they endeavoured to set styles for their own commercial gain; now, 30 years later, they’re still trying to impose equally limited viewpoints about who’s “in” and who isn’t on a generation that (hopefully) is too bright to accept their edicts. Most intelligent readers can reach their own conclusions about what is the real and what is fake without any assistance from a hypocritical magazine whose aging publisher has complained that “sex just isn’t smart any more.” . . . As Esquire has become more and more entangled in the roots of its past, Playboy has been getting better and better. Playboy’s writing, these days, is the most interesting of any of the slicks, and its uninhibited discussions of such topics as sex, drugs, religious hypocrisy are the furthest out. Hefner, whatever other limitations he might have, obviously possesses the courage to stick his neck out for some of his convictions. . . . Ask the War Resisters League (5 Beekman Street, NYC 38) for its list of people who’d like Christmas cards — people in gaol around the world because they wouldn’t be drafted. . . . All the reasons why you shouldn’t waste any time in England would make a good book, and I’ve often thought of writing it. But British playwright Ted Hughes gives the most accurate summation of the English character I’ve ever read in the November issue of Canada’s Saturday Night magazine (25 cents from 55 York Street, Toronto). About the English accent, he writes: “The aloof, condescending superiority, the dry formality, the implicit contempt, the routine thought and extinction of feeling—above all, that pistol-shot, policing quality.” . . . Don’t dismiss the Black Muslims too lightly. Take a look at the Muslim Creed, printed in each issue of Muhammad Speaks (15 cents from 634 East 79th Street, Chicago 19)—it’s just what Christians believe with “black” substituted for “white”. . . . When will some New York bar or coffee house import those great jukeboxes with twist movies that are making a fortune for their operators in Europe and Japan? . . . More off-beat are the items listed in Hoover Hong’s mail order catalogue out of Taiwan (P.O. Box 4111, Taipei). Everything from painted scrolls to snakeskin handbags, prices from 1 dollar upwards. . . . Since the British developed their “Fylingales Early Warning System”, giving four minutes’ notice of an impending nuclear attack, a popular literary game over there has been to speculate on how to best spend that final four minutes. . . . Ten slogans—including Support New York’s ~~Finest~~, Bribe a Cop Today; Employ the Handicapped, Hire a Faggot; Report Obscene Mail to Your Postmaster, He May Want to Buy Some—are offered for 55 cents by Max Zpod (724 East 27th Street, Brooklyn), who also offers a “tape-swapping service” comedy, reviews, off-beat radio shows, discussions, etc.) for 4 dollars annually. . . . FYI, the Time-Life organisation’s house magazine, has been running household hints. The current one suggests that all odd nylons of the same general shade (beige or grey) should be boiled together for 30 minutes, at the end of which all will match.

(By special arrangement with the “Village Voice”, New York.)

“Apartheid is perfectly right

For those who are perfectly white.

For those who are black

**It’s a stab in the back,
And hatred is black as the night.”**

(Grant Nichol)

They will also be raising money for SACHED.

SACHED stands for the “South African Committee for Higher Education”. Under Apartheid, the coloured South African is forbidden to enrol at the white man’s University. SACHED enables non-whites to do a correspondence course at London University, thus providing him with the advantage of an education unattainable in his native land. Give to SACHED on Commemoration day — you’ll help students to help a South African.

Next Wednesday, May 6th, Sydney University students will be celebrating Commemoration Day.

("The censor and the pornographer are two sides of the same person." — Mary McCarthy.)

Mr W. A. Chaffey, Deputy Leader of the N.S.W. Country Party, in mid-April was lured into the N.S.W. Art Gallery by what he described as "adverse rumours". After inspection, he emerged protesting that entries in the N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship were rude and obscene: "Even worse than some of the things sometimes scrawled on the walls of public lavatories."

The next day, our watchful Daily Mirror caught Mr Chaffey making a return visit to the gallery and snapped a candid shot of him examining a nude—"It makes you wonder whether the drawings were taken from real life or imagination," he mused.

Aware that the exhibition could not last forever, Mr Chaffey decided to preserve a sample on celluloid and send to some friends . . . —er, "to warn them what to be on guard against".

One recipient, Mr Wetherell (Minister for Education), was predictably aroused: "I strongly advise him not to try to send copies of it through the post or deliver them to his electorate by hand. If he does so, he is likely to be arrested, and quite rightly lumbered off to Long Bay."

Mr Chaffey referred to the original nude as "gross depravity masquerading as culture".

We know a "gross depravity" who is masquerading as a censor.

The "Bulletin" is not a radical magazine. It does, occasionally, become pretty irritated about censorship (OZ has received sympathetic coverage), but a careful reader senses in its middle-aged pages an intrinsic prudishness.

Their Melbourne columnist, for instance, was particularly unenlightened when commenting on "the Group" incident. His angle seemed to be: "hell, if you think 'The Group' is bad, let me show you some really juicy stuff (which he distastefully described)—get hold of this instead". Then, with a display of virginal naivete, he proudly announced his ignorance of "voyeurism".

In the April 25 "Bulletin", a columnist wrote on the Christine Keeler movie recently premiered in Brisbane. His theme was "Britain banned it—why didn't we?" He was startled by "a very fleeting glimpse of her naked body complete with what appears to be a patch of pubic hair". Similar still life pictures are considered obscene by Australian Courts . . . He later continues: "sex rears its ugly and sometimes unctious head in every major scene" and notes the one exception.

Oh well, nothing like a suspected patch of pubic hair to send our local liberals scurrying in mad retreat.

The Queen Mum, bless her heart, did have an appendectomy, I suppose. I mean, you couldn't blame her for cancelling her visit to Adelaide under the circumstances. And her scheduled stopover in Malaysia. But we're all glad she was well enough to make a visit to New York, and to Jamaica, and to Trinidad, and to Barbados, instead. Too bad Tony couldn't stand in for her at the Adelaide Festival, but we might be lucky enough to get him for Anzac Day.

Bits

"Most Australians are well off in regard to creature comforts . . . yet the absence of the expressed desire for culture and for higher things, and their contentedness with the mediocre, make them perhaps the poorest rich people in the world to-day."

—Sir George Hubert Wilkins, the Australian-born explorer.

* * *
*God Save Our Specious Ming
He's more than had his fling
God Save Our Ming;
Send him Victorian
With chant Gregorian
To the historian,
God Save Our Ming.*

* * *
A short, balding man with a stubby black moustache denied there were any National Socialist Party members in the house. "This is a gathering of the Croatian Movement," he said.

*"You can tell that by our accents."
As he spoke, there was a chorus of voices
of "Seig Heil" from a room towards the
back of the house.*

—Sydney "Sunday Telegraph," April 19.

and Pieces

Hear No Evil

Speaking at a graduation of Arts students, the new professor of Italian, at the University of Sydney departed from the tradition of uncontroversial graduation speeches to say that censorship is never less than impertinence, but becomes a wilful act of destruction if pursued or tolerated by an intellectual community.

Professor May continued:

"The desire to censor is in direct proportion to squalor of mind and in inverse proportion to intellect and emotional maturity.

"Tacit acceptance of censorship by universities amounts to a deliberate stultification of the educational system."

The Premier of NSW, Mr Heffron, who holds an honorary doctorate degree at the university, was guest of honour at the ceremony. When asked to comment on Professor May's speech, Mr Heffron said: "Unfortunately, I was in a difficult position from which to hear and, so, cannot make any statement."

DISCUSSING the burning of Fanny Hill in a recent editorial (20/2/64), the authoritative Times Literary Supplement set out to discover how much effect obscenity had on readers. The answers it received were enlightening:

"Thus the Permanent Under-Secretary to the Home Office, on being asked if there was any relation between obscene publications and sex crimes or crimes of violence: *We have often asked ourselves that question. I do not know the answer. We have asked the police and they do not know.*

"The Chief Constable of Liverpool: *Well, it is awfully difficult to say how they affect people; I should think it is well nigh impossible to say that.*

"Finally, the Director of Public Prosecutions: *I do not know, and I do not suppose anyone else knows, what corrupts.*

"It is a pretty weak position for those who administer the law on this subject to find themselves in, and the result is that all along the line, from the investigating policeman and the sorter in the D.P.P.'s office right up to the final judgment in court, the authorities are trusting to instinct.

"Ninety-nine per cent., the Director told the committee, of the material that we look at . . . falls on one side or the other without having to go through any elaborate mental process . . ."

Mr. Rylah, employing a similar lack of elaborate mental process, would undoubtedly agree.

WANTED: The right kind of young thug for active police work.

Sergeant Crowley, secretary of the Victorian Police Association, hit the headlines this month with some remarkable observations on how to attract police recruits:

"I agree that the wearing of pistols is not really necessary in our service. But anything which will stimulate interest in a police career must be considered.

"Although this may not appeal to our commissioner and senior officers, I feel that to attract the right type of men between the ages of 19 and 22 in 1964, we must attach more glamour to a police career.

"Pistols worn openly in belt holsters are frowned upon in the Victoria police, but they are undoubtedly an attraction to the potential recruit who would derive considerable pride in being allowed to wear a gun."

* ALBERT OZ SLOPPY JOES ARE COMING.

dunciad book V

Being a review of the current issues of the Sydney University literary journals, "Arna" (edited by Ron Blair) and "Hermes" (edited by Neil MacPherson and Donald Anderson). Plus a comment on OZ.

LAURIE PAYNE

I walked the silent, darkened quad
And felt the presence of a God;
An awful voice within my head
Cried: Weep, for literature is dead.
Nothing's left but recitations
Of good old days and reputations.
Oh, why are the Pro's of yesteryear
Still melting in *Arnas* produced by Blair?
Who, safe in that bard's Valhalla Hall
Squeaks "*No-one else can write at all.*"
And scattering his pearls upon the ground
He writes like dead and raging Pound
In his own inimitable parataxis
That this his stunted age gone lax is.

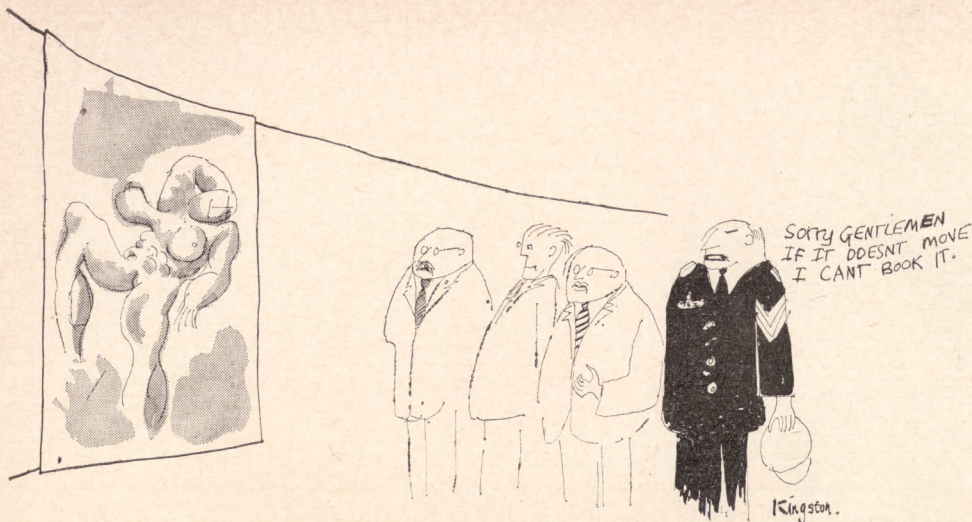
Too great, too proud, to stoop or plod
John Cummings died a literary God.
Gone his mind, interred; his figure,
In Ron Blair's sight, keeps getting bigger.
And all the rest keep coming back
Like a cureproof literary gout attack.
Turn to *Arna*, see inside
The passé wits that flowered and died;
See all the scribbling corpses there
That Ron once knew brought out to air.
Clive James' snap-crack wit repartee
In smoking packets leaps the sea
Brilliant, topical, we're assured
(Though no-one understands a word).
While Mungo's disembodied whine,
Becoming fainter all the time,
Like Agamemnon's beacon flame
That telegrammed Illyrium's shame
Garbed — nay, pastiched — in Sitwellian verse,
Keeps getting weaker, getting — no, that's impossible!
Ah, sighed the God, perhaps Blair's right
And time has dimmed our talent's light.

See Hermes, Ida's G.P.O.,
Has lost his wings and walks so slow —
Nay crawls from great lame Neil MacPherson
With sixty-three's bumauthorised version;
And Donald Anderson drags behind
Out-bid, out-bragged, out-fooled, out-rhymed,
Both wide awake (the reader's bored)
Like Echo and Ass, *du bon accord*:
"*Let's ask the readers to write,*" brays Ass.
"*Yes, man, yes!*" says Echo. "*That's gas!*"

"Then tell them we destroyed the muck
"And Puff! goes our ego, up, uP, UP."
"We'll plague the hacks, however hoary,
"Wake up Geoff Chaucer! But get a story.
"Since no-one reads beyond the name
"The first two items will be the same.
"The highest place for the lowest rot
"Will make our Hermes unforgotten."

Poet Powell in his rotten eclogue
Wishes he were a cocking-leg dog
Perpetually dripping on tree after tree.
So do we, Craig, so do we!
Clem Gorman's bewildered, he doesn't know,
But wants to affirm the status quo.
Must have battleships, must have beans,
Must have amateur poets it seems.
And Geoffrey Lehmann's epic song
Like parallel lines goes on and on,
Convinced that talent and productivity
Must meet up beyond infinity;
And in his cosmopolitan verse
(If you're Oriental read reverse)
Free from meaning, innocent of rhyme,
A total stranger to metre or time,
He shows that verse must be unspecific
To be an effective soporific.
Is it terrible poetry or terrible prose?
No-one — not even Geoffrey — knows.
Said the God, Of only one thing I'm sure
'Twas OZ that killed poor literature.

OZ, the newest magazine,
Almost satirical, almost obscene,
Our own Australian Private Eye,
Unconsciously sending itself sky-high.
OZ, Civil Liberty's errant knight
Fast with the gage, slow to fight;
Roaring the Censor Dragon's death
Sighs "*Guilty, sir*" the very next breath.
Throws it a maiden to quiet its roar
And sets out to fight its shadow once more.
OZ the Wizard, best defined
As magically foolish, dull, purblind.
OZ and buyer, madman and fit,
Clutching his *Guide to Secondhand Wit*.
"Come," said the God. "*Parnassus falls.*"
"*Let's go and write CRAP on lavatory walls.*"



MAXIMS



Where will I take her ☐ him ☐ it ☐ tonight? To MAXIMS naturally. Where else can you enjoy delicious Pizza, blended with warm, home-grown, folk singers? Yes, it's the same pie that attracts a million Pizza maniacs to Rome every winter, the same folk music that packs Washington-Square every Sunday. MAXIMS is the most romantic location in Sydney: Newport. Come along — if you swim, land on the southern side of the beach; if you drive, park in Barrenjoey Road.

Custom
Femitting

Jardel

Homespun, greasy wool knitwear
for men and women.
425 Cleveland St., Redfern, 69-1680

"It's a lie. It doesn't pay to advertise." Of course it doesn't — until you advertise in OZ!

But why should I advertise in OZ when I can get gigantic circulation in the daily papers?

Because people who read OZ are not drears who've thrived on the same brand of cigarette-paper, gramophones and candlesticks for a century. OZ readers are Swingers—they are **all** potential consumers of your product. (Anyway, your ad in a tabloid is suffocated by the "Flemings-are-Fabulous" spreads.)

I mean OZ readers are just so curious and snoopy. Even now, some of them (who ain't going to advertise anything) are scanning **this** just out of sheer nosyness.

If you want to boost your business, take an ad now: if you're an ad-man, persuade your client immediately. Sure, only 11,000 cats buy us—but (and here's the difference)—11,000 hungry customers read every word.

Let them read about your product, too! Phone our advertising manager and ask him to give you six good reasons why it will pay you to advertise in OZ—you might even be in time for our next issue. BW 4197.

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Censorship; Ingmar Bergman; Racial prejudice; the Voyager; Alfred Deller; Restoration Obscenity; the Stomp; University administration; Anthropology; Sydney Architecture; Lindley Evans and Frank Hutchens; Robert Helpmann; Shakespeare; Cyprus; the A.B.C.; homosexuality; God and other forms of sex; are all sent up in

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Richard Walsh, Richard Neville, Martin Sharp, Chester, Clive James, Andrew Fisher, Paul Thom and Vashti Farrer have written scripts for

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Michael Allison, Colin Anderson, Loch Blackett, Evelyn Cornelius, David Ferraro, Jack Gaden, Bobbie Gledhill; Germaine Greer, Carol Moyle, Michael Rolfe are the actors in

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE

Devised by Vashti Farrer and Michael Day,

THE JUMPED-UP UNI REVUE



UNION THEATRE, 8.00 P.M.

MAY 1-23

(BOOK AT ALL AGENCIES)



BINKIE'S BURGERS ARE BEST

binkie's drive-in restaurant

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