

# OZ

# OZ



NOV. → DEC.

No. 15. ONE and SIX



# DONT COMMIT

# SOCIAL SUICIDE!

## GO TO FORMAL WEAR

Hanging around in the right  
circles . . . means hanging  
around in the  
correct formal attire  
. . . so join the smart set  
who go to FORMAL WEAR.  
For your next swinging  
formal function (Christmas  
cocktail parties, evenings  
at Chevon, Menzies . . .)  
Let FORMAL WEAR dress you  
up to kill (or be killed).  
Come, hire a tux, dinner-suit,  
dress suit . . . Girls hire the  
gown of your dreams for only  
a small hiring fee. Some  
valued at over 100 gns.



PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU  
WISH, AND ENCLOSE A CHEQUE, MONEY ORDER OR  
POSTAL NOTE TO COVER THE DEPOSIT AND HIRING COST  
(DEPOSIT WILL BE RETURNED).

TUXEDO: Hiring cost £2; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-; TOTAL £7/6-/-  
DINNER SUIT: Hiring cost £3; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-;  
TOTAL £8/6-/-

DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES: Shirt 10/- extra;  
Tie 5/- extra; Gloves 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery 5/- extra.  
(Please state collar size).

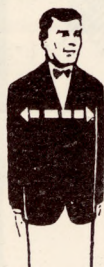
DRESS SUIT: Hiring cost £5/5-/-; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-;  
TOTAL £10/11-/-

Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, White Vest, Studs  
and Cuff Links, White Gloves and White Tie. (Please state  
collar size of shirt).

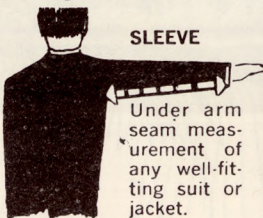
LOUNGE SUIT: Hiring cost £3; Deposit £5; Postage 6/-;  
TOTAL, £8/6-/-

And for the Fair Sex:  
Debutante Gown  
from £8—£5 Dep.  
Wedding Gown  
from £10—£5 Dep.  
Ball Gown  
from £5—£5 Dep.  
Fur Stoles  
from £2/2/-—£5 Dep.

(Follow these directions)



**CHEST**  
Round chest  
high under  
arms and  
over shoulder  
blades.



**SLEEVE**

Under arm  
seam meas-  
urement of  
any well-fit-  
ting suit or  
jacket.



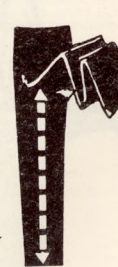
**LENGTH**

Length of  
jacket from  
under back  
collar to  
skirt edge of  
jacket.



**WAIST**

Measure  
over the  
waistband  
without belt.



**LENGTH**

Down inside  
seam from  
crutch to  
bottom of  
cuff (inside  
trouser leg).

Shirt Size

Neck

POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO

# FORMALwear

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY  
( at rear of lift )  
near Castlereagh St.  
PHONE 28-0537



# THE PRESS GANG



■ **LIEUT. FRANK PACKER**, of the Tank Corps, and "Daily Telegraph" chief, snapped at Moorefield yesterday. He was formerly stationed at Fuka-punyal and is a frequent visitor to the week-end race meetings in Sydney. Angus, in which he has a third interest, won the first division of the Maiden Sydney's "Sunday Truth" August 24, 1941 p. 3

Congratulations to the armchair generals of the Australian Press for pushing the Prime Minister into a "get tough" stance to Indonesia. And into conscription, despite the advice of the military generals.

The press boys really know what they're talking about.

● **FIELD-MARSHALL "RAGS" HENDERSON** spent WWII in Sydney campaigning against the Australian government's wartime censorship. Steeped in this battling tradition, he is in a good position to tell us:

## Wise Decision

In these circumstances the decision to introduce selective compulsory service was not only wise and courageous; it was inescapable

● **LIEUTENANT FRANK PACKER** was apparently not sufficiently engrossed in the Second World War to be unable to make fairly frequent visits to Moorefield races and Romano's. From this wealth of experience he is able to say:

This country has no other choice.

● There is even some doubt about **SIR ROBERT**'s own wartime (WWI) experiences, during which he is alleged to have resigned his Commission.

If the journalists really want a bit of Australian confrontation here is a suggestion: Why not draw the first battalion of conscripts from the belligerent ranks of the Australian Journalists' Association under the strategic command of those Old Battlers, the newspaper proprietors. The Packer Gang on the Right Wing; "The Australian" boys on the Left and *Granny Herald* plum in the middle. Perhaps Perc Galea could head a small cavalry division.

Not merely dreaming up news, boys, but out there **MAKING IT**.

The pen may be mightier than the sword but here is the big chance for the Australian Press to prove it is the master of both arts.



## SYDNEY FOLK CONCERT '64

### UNION THEATRE

**Dec. 18th, 19th, 21st**  
**at 8.00 p.m.**

**BETH SCHURR (18th, 19th)**  
**MARIAN HENDERSON (21st)**

**ROBERT IRVING**  
**JEAN LEWIS**  
**DECLAN AFFLEY**  
**PAUL MARKS**  
**JAN DE ZWAAN**  
**MARTIN JAMES**

6/- & 8/-

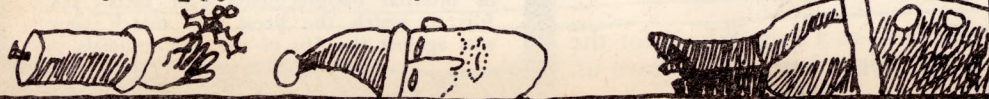
Bookings: Nicholson's, Palings  
Union Theatre

## STOP PRESS

The appeal in the OZ case is to be heard on December 14. Therefore, there will be no OZ until the beginning of January next year.

Due to the success of the OZ Legal Appeal Fund, we have been able to obtain senior counsel to conduct our case. We wish to thank all those who contributed to the Fund. In particular, those who organised the successful Charity Concert on Dec 15: John Finlayson, Garry Shearston and the Tinas Date and Kaufman.

A Blessed Nativity to all our readers and a wholly happy New Year.





# SIMPLE AS THE ABC

Just call  
me  
Darling

It's all a question of discipline, not politics, just a matter of discipline. These men are wild, impetuous, **controversial** you might say, unless that's too harsh and I wouldn't wish to appear harsh. Better delete that. Make it **topical**. These men are **topical**.

Now to talk of political pressure is absurd and quite unrealistic. I will admit that the West Australian premier objected about that hanging film that wasn't made (and won't be shown either if I have a say in it). And Sir Robert and Sneddon had a definite point of view on the peace affair. And the RSL has said a few words in the past and they are one of the few organisations with direct access to the government, as I believe Mr. Schwartz has said. And he should know.

But that wasn't why we disapproved, no indeed. It was not political expediency that made us do it. It was a much **larger** point, an issue of principle and that principle was discipline (principally).

It was like a . . . well a **headmaster** disciplining his wayward charges. It's something that happens all the time and no one objects—except when it's one of those public mass-caning affairs—and the ABC never does these things in public. Dr. Darling is an old headmaster himself and has a lot of experience in canings and such like. He doesn't like it and I can assure you that it hurts him more than it . . . well, it's not a pleasant thing for anyone. I hope you don't imagine we take pleasure in this.

Think what would happen if we didn't discipline them. The Board of Education (to continue the metaphor) would have to step in and they'd probably discipline the head and senior masters as well as the children. You see, this **principle** of discipline applies all along the line—from the head down to the tinies.

If you think of the ABC as a school you can appreciate the position much better than if you conceive of it as a . . . well, something else. You can think up your own examples.

Those fellows were bringing discredit to the ABC and giving it such a bad name that parents wouldn't **want** to send their boys to us. You can't have bad conduct from the individuals that go to make up an ABC and expect people to be generous, can you? You don't realise that every year we have to go to the government and ask for a certain sum for those extras like equipment, overseas air fares, wages and suchlike.

And what did these fellows do, these senior boys who should have known better? They unthinkingly besmirched the honour of our ABC and threatened our exchequer. You can't tell me they showed any ABC spirit. These chaps don't care about the honour of the ABC. Well, there's nothing for it. There's a principle here. They **must** be disciplined. Or even expelled if it comes to that.

We've no patience with their type of slow learner around here! We tried all the corrective measures—remedial news reading, friendly chat with the Head, a fortnight's gating and stopping their pocket money but nothing changed. If they don't own up to their misbehaviours and they don't make the grade, why they'll just have to drop out.

We're proud of our name and not every ABC can quote a list of old boys as distinguished as ours. Take the Charlton lad, for instance. Looking back, he's a real credit to us, what with that Rhodes' scholarship or whatever it is. Looking at him from this distance, we feel . . . frankly we feel pride. He's gone a long way and we started him on the road. Even if he doesn't work for us now, every film he sends back is a fine tribute to us which we are proud to show, after editing. Then there's all the Project 64 team and a couple on Seven Days. Got their early schooling here and do you think they aren't grateful? May have outgrown us in little ways but you can see their initials carved on the desks here and we left our mark on them, too.

Yes, the ABC is performing a wonderful job—as a Prep School for the big boys of Commercial TV. What a pity the bright boys always leave us. I wonder why!

You know the old TV game of "Tell the Truth?" This has just been revived (off camera) by the ABC.

Although the game has always involved telling lies—in the Channel 9 version a panel is required to select the authentic Mr. "X" from a batch of pretending participants—the ABC has now widened the rules to include the general public.

We have to guess whether the ABC **officials** or their **employees** are telling the truth when they offer contradictory replies to the same question.

Actually, the first time they played this game was before the Arbitration Commissioner, Mr. Birkett, during a salary dispute between the Commission and the Staff Association in 1958.

Sir Charles Moses and Mr. Talbot Duckmanton, on behalf of the ABC, submitted a document purporting to describe the duties and responsibilities of its senior officers.

But Mr. Birkett was rather a spoilt sport and told Sir Charles he had "exceedingly grave doubts of the consistency of some of the facts." He also found that there were inconsistencies between it and other evidence he had heard.

The most recent clash was between Clement Semmler and Alan Ashbolt. In this case the public had an abundance of clues and it was relatively easy to decide who was really telling the truth.

Other instances are more subtle and require some research. When the Chairman of "Any Questions" was fired some time ago, the official reason was that he had failed to apply for a permanent position and his contract had elapsed. But the Chairman, Charles Stokes, was quoted in the student paper, "Honi Soit," as saying that he had in fact applied for a permanent position on several occasions. Coincidentally, the sacking occurred during a time when pressure groups had been complaining that "Any Questions" was far too "un-Christian."

Another time, an ABC official was contradicted not by the statement of an employee but by a fact of life. Channel 2 had acquired a BBC print of an interview with French politician M. Bidault but declined to show it because, they said, it was technically unsatisfactory. However, Channel 7 screened the same interview. It later became known that the Government had asked the ABC not to show the film because Bidault was critical of De Gaulle.

There are many other trivial instances of internal disagreements over facts. It's fun to watch the press and match your wits against the fibs of the ABC officials.



THIS IS BETTER THAN THE POLICE FORCE

I LOVE MY WORK IN THE ARMY IT IS SO INTERESTING

THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB THAT MOST INTERESTS ME

I LIKE THE WAY THE UNIFORM WE ARE FORCED TO WEAR

SO DO I

YOU GET GOOD WAGES AND INTERESTING WORK

MY FUTURE IS ASSURED FOR THE NEXT 50 YEARS

THE ARMY MADE A MAN OF ME

YOU KNOW I WAS A BULLY AT SCHOOL

YES I WAS A BIT OF A BULLY ONCE

I WORK OFF MY FEELINGS DOING FUTILE THINGS LIKE THIS

IF ONLY MUM COULD SEE ME NOW

THERE WAS EVEN A JOB FOR ME IN THE ARMY

I USED TO BE A BODDIE BEFORE I JOINED

ITS GOOD TO BE ONE OF THE BUCKS

HULLO THERE I'M IN THE ARMY

HELL I'VE RUPTURED MYSELF

IT'S A MAN'S LIFE IN THE ARMY THAT'S WHY I JOINED

# A WAY OF LIFE

The Bible legend tells us that the absence of labour — idleness — was a condition of the first man's blessedness before the Fall. Fallen man has retained a love of idleness, but the curse weighs on the race not only because we have to seek our bread in the sweat of our brows, but because our moral nature is such that we cannot be both idle and at ease. An inner voice tells us we are in the wrong if we are idle. If Man could find a state in which he felt that though idle he was fulfilling his duty, he would have found one of the conditions of man's primitive blessedness. And such a state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is the lot of a whole class — the military. The chief attraction of military service consisted and will consist in this compulsory and irreproachable idleness.

L. N. TOLSTOY: War and Peace, Bk. VII, Chap. 1.

Garry Shead



# THE OZ AUSTRALIAN HISTORY BOOK

Do you ever get the idea you've heard it all before? Conscription, immorality and unenlightened government seem to be topical at present but when Frank Moorhouse went scuttling back to the history books he discovered Three Lessons for Political Beginners . . .

## Lesson 1.

Good Morning Children,

In the last lesson on the first settlement in Australia we learned that the main problem faced by the new colony was the finding of sufficient food.

Today we will study the second major problem faced by the authorities in the new colony—how to enforce conventional sexual morality.

The situation was mildly described as "out of hand" when the Government sent Governor Bligh to the colony in 1804. One of Bligh's commission's was to enforce marriage and church-going in the colony.

But he was not particularly successful, having other problems, both personal and public, to worry about. He was probably still wondering why the crew of the Bounty had tossed him out.

Later the colony of N.S.W. rebelled against him, too—or at least part of it.

Governor Macquarie followed Bligh and had little success with the morals of the colony—people still showed no interest in marriage.

The British Government became worried about this, and other matters, and sent out a special investigator, Commissioner Bigge.

He reported to the Government on the state of the colony and a large section of the report dealt with the appalling morals of N.S.W. and Tasmania.

He said that, "although the free population has gradually, and within the last three years, rapidly increased . . . the numbers of annual marriages had not borne any proportion to that increase."

Governor Macquarie sadly supported Commissioner Bigge saying, "the morals of the great mass of the population is in the lowest of debasement and religion almost totally neglected."

Macquarie noted, "the scandalous and pernicious custom so generally and shamelessly adopted through this country of persons of different sex cohabitating and living together unsanctioned by the legal ties of matrimony . . ."

It was estimated that two-thirds of the children in the colony were not baptised—and therefore illegitimate.

It was to take 20 years of pressure from the administration and the Church of England to bring the wayward colony back to respectability.

Tribute was paid to the good example set by the arrival of some respectable married British middle-class families.

Question one: If religion represents a strong natural craving in man for a spiritual life why did so many people in the colony of N.S.W. ignore it for so long?

Question two: Do you think that the imposition of legal marriage made the lives of the colonists happier? If so, how?

References: Commissioner Bigge, *The State and Character of the Population of N.S.W. and Van Diemens Land*. A. P. Elkin, *Marriage and the Family in Australia*.

## Lesson 2.

Good Morning Children,

You will have read that the Liberal Party led by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, has introduced conscription for 20-year-old boys.

Today we will study the first conscription legislation introduced in Australia—way back in 1910.

Compulsory military training was introduced for boys between 14 and 18 years. The intention was to make "every man a soldier"—whether he liked it or not. Many people didn't like it.

In the two-and-half years that followed the legislation the government prosecuted 27,749 parents for failing to register their boys for training.

In 1912, about 17,000 boys were registered out of a possible 40,000.

The government then decided that the children had to register themselves—they felt that the parents might be holding them back.

But the boys appeared to be as equally unwilling to register as the parents had been.

The government began to prosecute the boys for failing to register and during 1912-13, averaged 262 cases a week.

From 1913 to 1914, the courts imprisoned 5,732 boys for failing to attend military training.

Broken Hill was an outstanding centre of resistance. British historian, Dr. L. C. Jauncey, said that "Broken Hill did not take kindly to conscription and for many months the law was practically a dead letter there."

The courts made an example of a boy, Alfred Frederick Giles, was was sentenced to a fortnight's bread and water.

In New Zealand at about the same time similar legislation was passed and the boys formed a Passive Resisters Union. The authorities arrested the leaders of this movement and gaoled them.

The New Zealand Socialist Party supported the cause and each week published a Roll of Honour of the boys who were imprisoned. There were "Peace Rallies" and "Peace Congress" then, too.

During the war two referenda were held in Australia in an attempt to have overseas conscription introduced and in both cases the vote was "no."

But there was plenty of support for the war—volunteers were plentiful—and all parties supported Australia's participation in the war.

It seems that what people resented was the authoritarian nature of conscription—it was a "don't shove" reaction.

Question one: Do you think Australians are more docile now than in 1910?

Question two: Do you think that the real test of a nation is the number of people who will fight for it voluntarily?

Question three: Do you think that people should be forced to fight for freedom?

References: L. C. Jauncey, *The Story of Conscription in Australia*. G. Greenwood, *Australia, a Political and Social History*.

## Lesson 3.

Good Morning Children,

Today we study the life and times of William Morris Hughes, affectionately known by many Australians as "the little digger."

Now that he is dead his hat is placed on a chair in Martin Place on Anzac Day so that the men and women who are marching to mark the two world wars fought for freedom can observe it with respect.

You may, as today's lesson unfolds, find this link between freedom and "the little digger" difficult to understand.

"The little digger" was Australia's most successful tyrant.

He gaoled and deported men for their opinions, he censored and banned newspapers and organisations, he censored the official records of parliament, he censored the mail of parliamentarians, he created a special police force, he expelled a member of parliament for disloyalty and he opposed racial equality in the League of Nations.

During the first world war, Hughes, as Prime Minister, was the leading advocate of overseas conscription.

Conscription, children, is the method governments use to force men to fight in wars when they are not necessarily interested in fighting.

Our story begins in 1915 with Hughes as a labour party Prime Minister. Against the wishes of many in the labour party and against the spirit of the labour party, Hughes decided to introduce overseas conscription. He held a referendum and was defeated.

The labour party split on the issue and Hughes together with some rebels (known by the labour party as "rats") formed a new government with the opposition.

I'm pleased to see some children noting the fact that Hughes was able to switch sides so easily.

Under Hughes' leadership the Crimes Act, the Unlawful Associations Act, the War Precautions Act were passed. The three Acts gave the government wide powers to censor, to suppress organisations and to make political arrests.

They were directed against pacifists, anti-conscriptionists, and others who in some way opposed the war effort and in particular against an organisation known as the "Industrial Workers of the World" or the "wobblies."

The I.W.W. saw the first world war as two thieves (Britain and France) fighting a third (Germany). To attend a meeting to hear what the I.W.W. had to say became an offence.

In 1916, twelve I.W.W. leaders were arrested and received sentences of between five and 15 years under the Acts.

In 1920, another government ordered a retrial and 11 of the men were released.

Later, during a strike, more than 70 I.W.W. men were arrested and gaoled. Two were deported.

Hughes held a second referendum on overseas conscription (using a loaded question) and was again beaten. During the campaign Hughes used the various Acts he had passed to harass the anti-conscription advocates.

He censored parliamentary reports and the mail of parliamentarians. Many anti-



conscription newspapers were censored.

An anti-conscription speech made in the Queensland parliament was printed in Hansard (No. 37) and Hughes had its transmission through the mails stopped and then sent military officials to the Government Printing Officer and had all copies seized.

During the conscription campaign Hughes was speaking in the Queensland town of Warwick and a man threw an egg at him. The Queensland policeman at the meeting refused to arrest the man and at the next sitting of parliament Hughes created his own Commonwealth Police Force.

In 1920, Hughes, after an hysterical speech, was able to have the member for Kalgoolie, Hugh Mahon, expelled from parliament. Mahon had made a speech in support of the Irish rebels which Hughes condemned as disloyal to the Crown.

During the formation of the League of Nations after the first world war, Hughes opposed a racial equality clause in the covenant and was successful in having it deleted.

If accepted, the clause would have meant recognising the Japanese as our equals and would have weakened the White Australia Policy.

You should note, children, that Japan was our ally in the first world war, our enemy in the second and is now our ally again.

Well, that ends the lesson on "the little digger" and I would like you to answer the following questions:

Question one: Hughes did not serve in the war but is now known as "the little digger." Why?

Question two: Would you say that our present Prime Minister, Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, in strengthening the Crimes Act, attempting to ban the Communist Party, maintaining censorship, refusing to oppose apartheid and introducing conscription shows similar characteristics to "the little digger?" If so, would you say they both respected freedom? Which part of his clothing should become a symbol in Anzac Day observances?

References: L. C. Jauncey, *The Story of Conscription in Australia*. G. Sawyer, *Australian Federal Politics and Law*.

## PERILS OF THE DANCE

DANCING is for the most part attended with many amorous smiles, wanton compliments, unchaste kisses, scurrilous songs and sonnets, effeminate music, lust-provoking attire, ridiculous love-pranks; all which savour only of sensuality, of raging fleshly lusts. Therefore it is wholly to be abandoned of all good Christians. Dancing serves no necessary use, no profitable, laudable, or pious end at all; it issues only from the inbred pravity, vanity, wantonness, incontinency, pride, profaneness, or madness of men's depraved natures. Therefore it must needs be unlawful unto Christians. The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-rout: No way is large or smooth enough for capering roisters, for jumping, skipping, dancing dames, but that broad, beaten, pleasant road that leads to hell.

WILLIAM PRYNNE, *Histriomastix*, 1633

## HONG KONG

Hong Kong is a town, very smelly,  
Where Privation crawls on its belly.  
Where Poverty grovels,  
In thousands of hovels,  
Without any carpet or telly.

## UNITED STATES

"Come Crow-shooting with the Ku Klux,  
Men, get out your rifles and trucks.  
If niggers ain't nippy,  
In old Mississippi,  
They end up as dead sitting ducks."

## HAWAII

The tourists are dancing the hula,  
The islanders sit (so much cooler).  
They remember a time,  
When the tribe in its prime,  
Had Kamehameha as ruler.

Grant Nichol

The old saying "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" is, we feel, just as true today as it ever was. This could well be one reason women think every man in a position of responsibility should be married.

Anyhow, here are a few conversations picked up over the past few weeks between well-known wives and husbands (and if you can't identify them you'll just have to ask the character sitting next to you in the bus):

But, Warwick, you can't still be mad at him about that.

I suppose Sir Robert's doing his best, dear. But I do think it's time he made you Sir Reginald.

Phil, I do wish Charles wouldn't be so controversial.

Frank, he must be a Communist.



THE POPE'S GIFT TO  
THE POOR OF THE WORLD.





# Voilà!

NOW YOU CAN FLY FRENCH FROM SYDNEY WITH UTA THE GREAT FRENCH AIRLINE... ROUND-THE-WORLD... EAST OR WEST... FROM NOVEMBRE 18



# Voilà!

NOW YOU CAN FLY FRENCH FROM SYDNEY WITH UTA THE GREAT FRENCH AIRLINE... ROUND-THE-WORLD... EAST OR WEST... FROM NOVEMBRE 18



Both the above advertisements appeared simultaneously in 'THE AUSTRALIAN' (left) and the 'Sydney Morning Herald' (right). Some newspaper executives have 'Bloomer-phobia'. September OZ featured a cover showing how the word 'bloomer' had been censored from a cartoon in the Melbourne 'Sun'. This time Sydney 'Herald' executives panicked when confronted with a row of realistic French bottoms and applied a coat of whitewash. Thus OZ was hardly surprised when the 'Herald' refused to accept an ad for OZ in the Magazine Section of their Saturday edition. They would consider placing the ad elsewhere if we deleted the word 'naughty'. The OZ ad appeared untouched in 'THE AUSTRALIAN'.



"She may be a dame,  
but she's Little Pattie to me.  
— Wilpar.

The Australian Federal Cabinet was built in 1901. It is a solid wooden one capable of being modified. Its original style was quaintly Victorian (an after-thought really). The Cabinet is rather battered now, probably due to three laborious attempts to re-model it. Of late, a regency style has shown through its musty exterior, and after the big 1963 clean-up, 'Made in Britain' was discovered stamped on the base.

Its drawers were last replaced fifteen years ago, and now the Top Drawer has become stuck because it's never been cleaned-out. The other drawers are replaced, interchanged or cleaned every three years, but often the cleaning is very superficial. One of the more unusual features is the austere-looking Money Drawer — it pops open every August, just like clockwork, but unfortunately in recent years it's only contained small change.

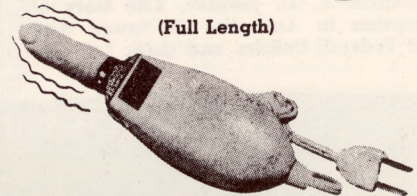
The Cabinet is only open for public inspection at certain times of the year, for the remainder it is stored and inspected for Borers and dry rot.

Despite all modifications, the Cabinet's outlook has remained square.

—AGGY-BUILT

## Vibra Finger

(Full Length)



Novel Design allows localized massage in needed areas!

Lack of proper massage can bring on such problems as pyorrhea, soft irritated gums; it can result in loosening of teeth and bad breath. Send today for your personal hygienic VIBRA-FINGER. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 5 days. Only \$9.95 postage paid or \$3.00 deposit and balance C.O.D.

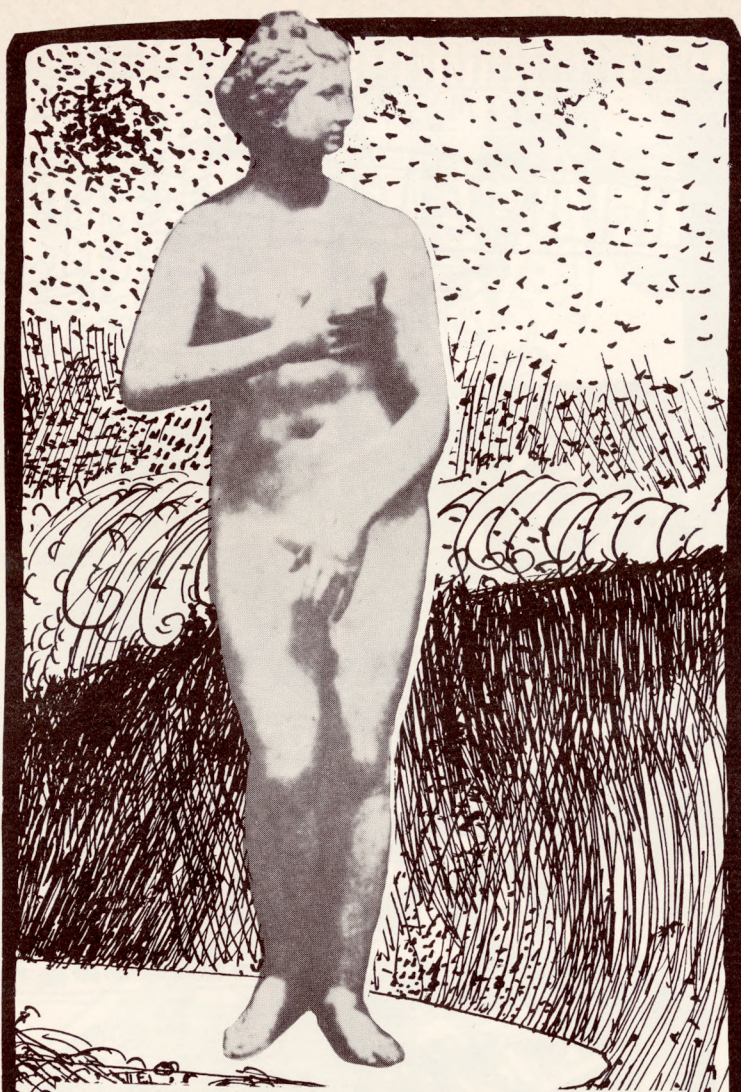
## ATLAS INDUSTRIES

—Alfred Layne, 56, died today as the result of a fire in his wooden leg.

The fire destroyed the next door house and damaged his flat when flames jumped from his blazing clothes to furnishings.

Police said it was not known how Layne's leg caught fire.





## SOMMARTRAD

*Swinging surfwear,  
hawaiian and tahitian  
hipsters, beach parkas,  
bikinis, shirts and board shorts*  
**Macmillan Court, Avalon Beach**  
**918-7096**

# Jardel

Custom  
Knitting

KNITTED ORLON SWIMTOGS  
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

425 CLEVELAND ST. REDFERN  
SYDNEY • PHONE 69-1680



## The Endless Summer

On any day of the year it's summer somewhere in the world. Bruce Brown's latest color film highlights the adventures of two young American surfers, Robert August and Mike Hynson who follow this everlasting summer around the world. Their unique expedition takes them to Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Hawaii and California. Share their experiences as they search the world for that perfect wave which may be forming just over the next Horizon.

**BRUCE BROWN FILMS**

● **SYDNEY** : UNION THEATRE  
Parramatta Rd.

Exclusive season commencing Nov. 23rd.  
Bookings at Surf Dive n' Ski.  
411 George St.. Phone 29-7080.....

● **MELBOURNE** : DENDY THEATRE, BRIGHTON.  
Bookings Phone 92-3191 .

Season starts Thurs., Feb. 4th.









WILL LAST  
FOR  
MORE  
THAN ONE SEASON

24

REVEALED  
AS MR. X

13.



12.

START  
HERE

MAKES  
THE WORLD GO  
ROUND

22.

CAMPAIGNS  
FOR FOR  
DEATH PEN  
TALTY FOR  
DEBTORS

BUY  
STEEL  
SHARES  
AND PRAY  
FOR WAR

SELL  
SOUL  
TO  
SAMMON

3

THE CHISEL  
OUT OF  
CHRISTMAS

20

SON ENROLS  
IN  
ARTS COURSE

17.



HAS A  
"NAUGHTY"  
WITH THE  
MANAGING DIRECTORS  
DAUGHTER AT  
THE CHRISTMAS  
OFFICE PARTY

5

18.

FOR

A  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT, OPENS  
A BANK ACCOUNT  
FOR 3 MONTH OLD  
DAUGHTER

2

CONVERT A  
YOUR WIFE  
INTO DECIMAL  
CURRENCY  
oooooooooooo







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**TURN YOUR BACK ON**  
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Scene: A nightclub. Three figures occupy the centre foreground. Figure 1 is a dark lady. Figure 2 is a composite square-built square jaw and square head. If you peer deeply into his eyes you can see that his brain cavity is occupied by a large wooden shoe. Figure 3 is an Australian. He is drunk.

Fig. 1: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I'm Miriam Makeba.  
 Fig. 2: And I am Johannes Hendrikus Pretorius Oompaulus van Skumm, the voice of die Vaderland in Australia!  
 Fig. 3: 'Ave a gin, ya gin! I'm drunk!  
 Fig. 1: I'd like to sing for you . . .  
 Fig. 2: Shut up, Kaffir!  
 Fig. 3: Go 'ome, ya black cannibal!  
 Fig. 1: For my first song—  
 Fig. 2: Talk white, Kaffir!  
 Fig. 3: Yer uncivilised!  
 Fig. 1: Please . . .

Fig. 1 turns appealingly towards a hitherto unnoticed figure standing silently in the shadows.

Fig. 2: Who are you, man?  
 The figure bows deeply and replies in a whisper:

I am the management of Chequers. The customer is always right.

I am the management of Chequers. The customer is always right.

I am the management of Chequers . . .  
 —K.B.

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 Richard Walsh.  
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 Sharp.

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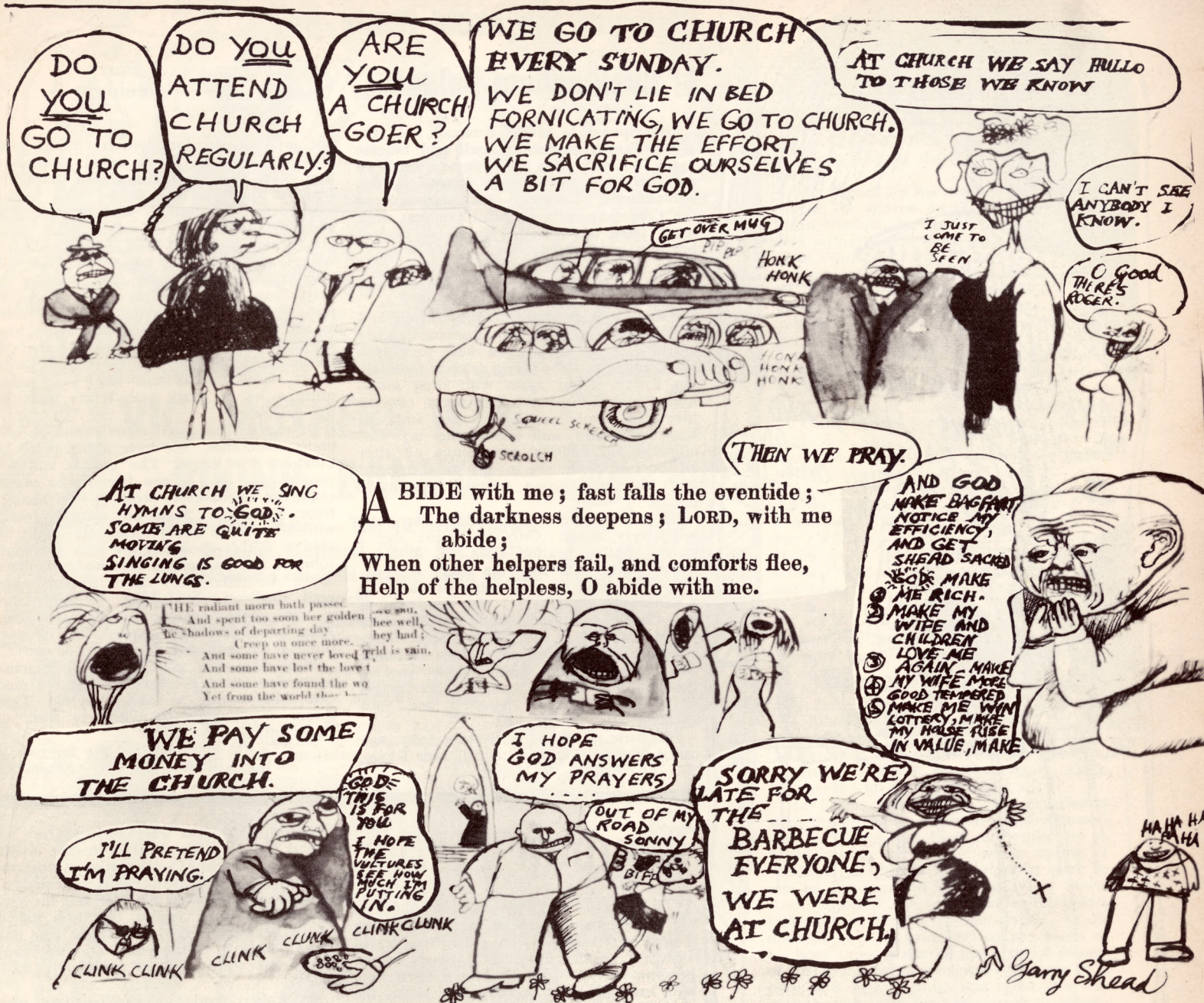
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# THE GOOD PEOPLE



## ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AS the current theatre season in Sydney has fallen into a stagnant slump it is time to review some of the long-running "off-broadway" style productions, which seem to be attracting large attendances.

One of Sydney's oldest established long-run theatres is St. Mary's (or the "Old Till" as theatre-lovers refer to it), picturesquely seated between Parliament House and the Museum it is currently as popular entertainment fare as the more G.P.-aimed Jewel Box or the Music Hall.

The current Gilroy production, reputedly reproduced from the original Peter III, has many changes from the original—so much so that the spirit of the original seems to have been lost. But as a lovable pensioner remarked on the steps "After the spirit is dead, the latin lingers on"—which brings up the heated arguments by patrons in the foyer of whether the work should be performed in the original language.

As a weekly event (curiously evading the Chief Secretary's Dept. by having donation instead of admission) Sunday at St. Mary's gets packed houses, with intermediate sessions introduced so as not to stop attendance on a day already packed with exciting and diverse entertainments.

The production itself has the benefit of modern three-sided staging (probably based on the experiments of Tyrone Guthrie, or vice versa).

It is unfortunate that after the excellent staging of the first act, with off-stage choruses and a brisk pace, that the main star should let down the generally high standard by an unfortunately insincere smile. Perhaps this goes to prove that the producer can never be objective enough about his own acting to fulfil both jobs. Audience participation is disjointed and could be cut without any effect on the work as a whole.

Sets and costumes are on a grand scale but the producer's obvious insistence on tradition has inhibited the designer—a Desmond Digby is required here. Another annoying point is the obvious lightweight construction of props (crosses, etc.).

Admission prices depend on your activities during the week but an expensive, extensive range of programme material is available in the foyer. There are two points commercial managements could take up.

First are the cute little dressing rooms around the theatre perimeter which allows patrons to meet individual members of the cast and discuss their problems with them. The second is the abolition of interval and instead allowing patrons to partake bread and wine (no liquor licence needed) at the conclusion of the performance.

—JAMES SHARMAN.



# Changing the Avant-Garde

## At Buckingham Palace

by  
Barry  
Baldwin

In response to recent demands that the Royal Family modernise itself and become more in touch with the common folk, we are privileged this month, instead of the old-fashioned Christmas Day message to the Commonwealth, to print the text of a letter from our radiant Queen to one of her loyal subjects:

"Dear Mrs. Lennon,

Your husband and I . . . no, that can't be right . . . my husband and you . . . no, that's a State secret between myself and Mr. Hogg . . . er, my husband and I would like to thank you and your husband and his three young friends for making Britain Great again with their songs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (a very nice man) wrote to me last week and said that he would not be cutting my free allowance of £400,000 per annum off after all, because of all the money your husband and his three young friends have made for us.

All of us here at the Palace like your songs very much. Only the other day I caught Philip beating time to 'A Hard Day's Night' with his Polo stick.

I am writing to you today primarily as a mother to a mother. I was wondering if my Charles and my Anne might come round and play with your baby. They are both keen on music. They are both well behaved and quite nicely spoken, though they haven't had the advantages of a bad education like you and your husband.

Of course, I have a fairly new baby, too, called Louis. I wanted to call him Ringo,

but my Minister for Colonial Affairs said it would be nice if we called him after that black man in America who plays the trumpet quite a lot. So we did, but I was sorry. I think I shall change my Ministers tomorrow. I mean, black men are quite nice in their place, playing cricket and such like, but I did draw the line at that Mr. Cassius Clay wanting to marry my Anne. As my sister Margaret said, "I don't mind having the black man as my brother, but I do mind having him for my brother-in-law." Wasn't that a clever thing to say? Not that she's prejudiced, mind. After all, her Tony does quite a lot of Black and White work in his profession.

Of course, you could come round to our house sometimes. We have a big place in London, you know. The guards will let you in. We have a new friend who comes round to see us every week. Uncle Harold from Yorkshire. Such an amusing man, with all sorts of funny ideas. He might be able to find a good job for your husband, John. I have a penpal overseas in a place called Australia. He's called Robert somebody . . . a Scots name I think. Well, he wants a new Governor-General. Perhaps your John would like that. Robert will do anything I tell him to.

Must close now as it is time to practise my smile. We've got that tiresome old man Churchill coming to dinner again. That means the house will positively stink of cigars for weeks!

Bye for now,  
Elizabeth."

## London Letter

WHILE still quivering under the shock of winning a gold-plated medal or two at Tokyo (very nice, very cheap) Britons learnt with a yawn that they had a barely labour government. Australians around town were still less agog, but perked up a bit at the thought of the first meeting between Mr. Harold Wilson (economist, thinker, socialist and Puritan) and Sir Robert of the Thistle.

On the face of it the two have at least something in common: they both know a lot about cricket. But it seems unlikely that this by itself will be enough to revive the whisky-laden days of the last Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference, when Sir Robert arrived as a father figure to lecture to a group of tolerant friends and deferential pupils.

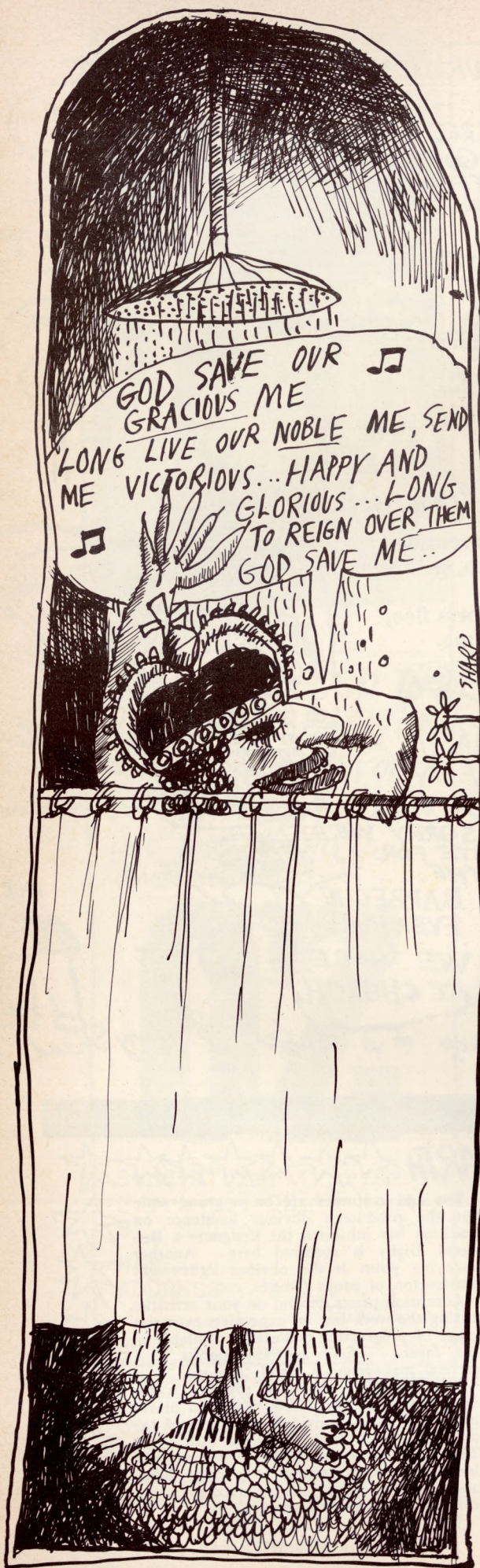
Sir Robert and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the late unlamented Prime Minister of Britain, had so much in common that it looked like nepotism. Both were white Knights, confident of their ability to outmanoeuvre the black pawns; both thought of themselves as guiding a complacent country to more and more prosperity, i.e., hire purchase. Sir Robert's disastrous incompetence in foreign affairs was neatly offset by Sir Alec's in economics. And finally, even if Sir Robert could drink Sir Alec under the table, he was friendly enough to do the same for himself as often as possible. Sir Robert was a sort of poor man's Sir Alec, only fatter.

Naturally, it was easy enough for Sir Robert and Sir Alec to arrive at that mystic entente so beloved of conservative politicians, the Special Relationship. This consisted of Sir Robert doing what Sir Alec and his axeman, Mr. Duncan Sandys, told him to; in return he was given the best seat (the one with a view of the garden) and not shut up except when he was completely incoherent.

Sir Robert made an excellent yes man during the diplomatic strong-arming of the black nations over Southern Rhodesia, a process made the easier by his rather blurred accent and fondness for latinisations, especially when talking at people to whom English was a second language. Indeed as the conference rambled on, it was only this ability to say nothing convincingly that counteracted his increasingly boorish behaviour.

However, Mr. Wilson will be something else entirely. He may even adopt the revolutionary innovation of taking a line over Commonwealth and colonial questions, and if that happens Sir Robert's days of preferential treatment are numbered: not only might he be unwilling to follow the English lead, but he probably wouldn't even understand it. And if Sir Robert is left to find his own way through the complexities of Commonwealth politics, he is likely to sink without trace. For his sake we can only hope Mr. Wilson's interest in cricket will outweigh both his leftish views and his abstemiousness; because Sir Robert certainly hasn't made many friends in the rest of the Commonwealth.

—AUS.





## IS DOROTHY DIX REALLY HAPPY?

ON the oiled Teak desk, with its black tube section frame, sat his *Smith Corona*, the world's first typewriter-cigar. As he typed with the tip of his seventeen guinea Tan Bali shoes, he glanced quickly into the five gold-framed mirrors set around his room, and decided that the rumours were all unfounded. If he were an egotist, as the rumours had it, then his mirrors were to blame.

He reached for his correspondence. Glancing at the address on the first letter, Blackburn Victoria, he broke the heavy wax seal and withdrew the blue pastel tinted paper. Dear Narcissus,

I am an attractive boy of fifteen and live in Victoria. In winter I am called a Jazzer, and in summer a Surfie, while my seventeen year old brother is a strict Rocker, but we get along just fine.

My brother brings home all his rocker friends and I bring home all my friends (who are jazzers or surfies depending on the weather). Most of our evenings are taken up with heavy bantering about what we wear and how we wear it, with only an occasional broken bottle deciding the fashion trends for young moderns.

Please don't get me wrong. I am not a Rocker and I never could be. But I feel I understand Rockers and like them a lot, but I still keep my beliefs and they still keep theirs, and I know that I will never have a serious fight with one (a rocker) through not being able to tolerate his beliefs and ideas.

I am a very good living Surfie/Jazzer (c.f. weather map) and go to my Jazz Dance every Sabbath, and I have only ever used hair oil once.

The point I am trying to make is; if I play Dave Brubeck Recording, but secretly like Johnny Chester, am I living a lie?

Fifteen and very attractive, BLACKBURN Scratching the tip of his ear with his Florentine Leather Handled Paper Knife, he searched for a meaning to it all.

He hastily recalled his own experiences with this problem, when on a hot summer's day in '62, he had been confronted by an acned youth of twelve while riding a "dodgem car" in an entertainment park in one of the southern suburbs. "Jazz down, Rock Forever," the youth had cried, before kicking him heavily in the groin. As he doubled over in pain, tearing the knees of his bone linen swags, he had a quick mental of Christians being torn apart by lions in a stone and toga amphitheatre. But this was only the first of many experiences to follow.

He sighed heavily, stubbing out his Mahaba Cigarillo in his Hermia Boyd terracotta ashtray.

He moved swiftly to a free-standing easel, mounted a fresh canvas and deftly mixed a small amount of turquoise pigment with a dash of Sepia, and started.

Dear Fifteen and Very Attractive,

In reply to your letter of the first inst. I would advise you to fill out the enclosed mail order form and return same with the sum of four guineas (postal note/money order/cheque/Lan Choo Tea Packet Tops) to the above address.

In return you will receive post-free one seven inch disc, "Johnny's Greatest Hits", and one twelve inch L.P., "Rondo A La Turke".

I would suggest on receipt of these that both recordings be played simultaneously, at a volume of no less than ten decibels. Repeat the process every two hours, and at the end of the third day you will have your answer.

Yours,

The next letter he opened contained another burning problem. He looked at the signature. It had been written by a Buddhist Monk.

—GEOFF FITZPATRICK.

## VIC. MOTHERS WANT BIKINIS BANNED

MELBOURNE, Mon. — The Victorian Federation of Catholic Mothers' Clubs has written to 19 Melbourne councils asking them to ban bikinis from their beaches.

THE Federation Secretary (Mrs. C. Hamilton) said the mothers' clubs wanted bikinis banned to protect the morals of youth.

She said the move had the backing of more than 18,000 mothers in the clubs.

"We believe that these abbreviated bikinis lead to sexual offences."

"They place immoral temptations in the path of teenage boys and girls."

"We have heard the tops of these bikinis offer very scanty covering."

SHARP



# Heroism at the one remove

a short story by Noel Macainsh

I ONCE wrote a poem. Whether it was any good or not, I don't know — not that the critics wouldn't tell me. But their views were confused. Besides, I really preferred those critics who had been fond of their fathers, and such critics were hard to find. My poem was in praise of rockets, of those brave men who circumscribe the earth in satellites. Surprisingly, since I had used no religious reference, my poem was quite a success. Fame was mine. So much so, that I received a letter from a well-known government. They wished to honour me, and invited me to ride in the next satellite to be launched.

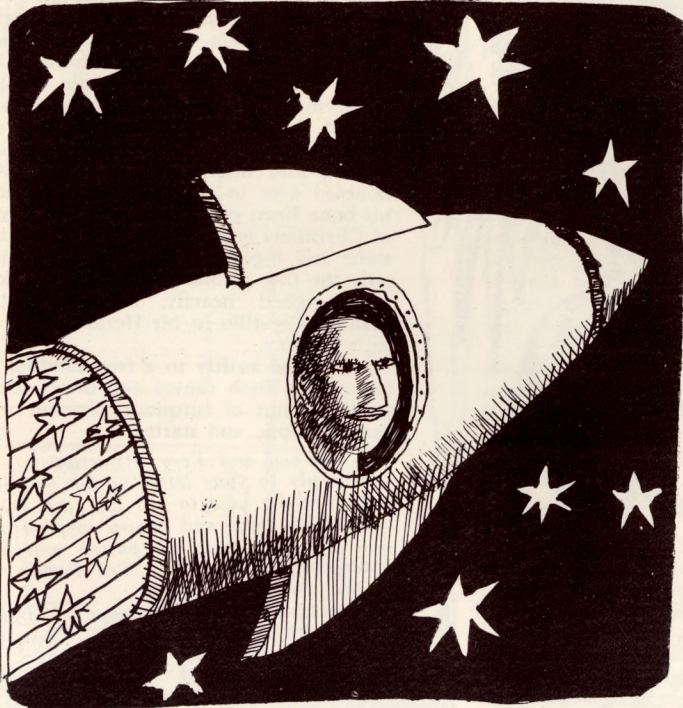
Normally, with a proposition of this nature, it would have pleased me to have quietly refused, or to act as though I had not received it. However, most unfortunately, this government's offer was featured in the newspapers; I was expected to back up my poem. As ever, the expectations of the public were on the side of action. Privately, I foresaw myself, sitting in the satellite. At the crucial moment, I pulled the wrong lever by mistake. I burnt to death, flaring across the headlines. Alternatively, I veered out into space — to a lonely and hungry oblivion. Of course, there was a chance that I might return. But then I did not consider this seriously.

Supposing I did reach solid ground again? The public would expect me to write more poems about Space. But frankly, I didn't think I had it in me. My original poem was about flies on a water-wheel. I altered things a little because I knew very well that rockets were more acceptable. There are still flies and even a few water-wheels, but no one is interested in such things now. I could, of course, have escaped into illness. Poets have justified their lives, and even made themselves endearing, by the right amount of physical excuse.

But the invitation remained. I accepted. Inevitably, there were delays. It was hinted that the technical equipment of this particular government was not very reliable. Several craft, of the type that was to carry me, had proved dangerous. But improvements were being made. In the meantime, my fame was growing. So much so, that I was elected to the panel of judges of a beauty-contest.

It was during this contest that my constant anxiety about the forth-coming flight was temporarily allayed by a curious incident. I became infatuated with one of the contestants. I passed strange nights with heated dreams. Alternately, the streaming red hair of this beautiful apparition turned into flames, and back again. There were rivers of flowers, showers of sparks. I clasped her in my arms, and drifted through the stars, gasping for air.

Eventually, the whole thing came to earth. Behind closed doors,



a committee of my fellow judges urged me to restraint. It appeared that various leagues, composed of mothers, idealists and other vicarious people, were watching me intently. My impending flight, and possible sacrifice, might not be pure. Besides, several of my fellow judges were, in relation to the contestants, also verging on personal problems. Caution was strongly urged all round.

Also, on the following day, when the contestants had to speak for

the first time, I discovered that this celestial creature of my dreams was a shrew. Several propositions that I put to her were promptly rejected. Obviously, she saw no future in me. I was disappointed. Yet, on descending from these clouds, I found that, in the height of my passion, I had written a poem to her. Not bad at all! I altered it a little, to appear as a celebration of my future ascent in the rocket. I would use it later, when I reached earth again, or perhaps broadcast it to the world, from orbit. It was called, "Up! Up!"

THE day of launching drew near. I now had an office to handle advertising propositions. These were growing more every day. Practically all industries were represented. My face emerged from among the celebrities featured on bottles and packages in the supermarkets. However, this constant photographing in various poses weighed upon me. I was forced to employ a stand-in. The flash-lights affected my eyes. So much so, that the oculist prescribed glasses, which detracted from my public image. The myth of the hero did not allow for glasses.

My stand-in was a god-send. He looked exactly like me, and was perfectly willing to pose in every attitude. He had no literary fame, such as I had, and was pathetically anxious to shine. At the same time, he was pathologically self-conscious. His fear of failure was so great that he would risk no action on his own behalf. Only if appearing to the world as me were his intolerable inhibitions removed. His repressed and exhibitionistic self then shone with the force of several suns. At breakfast, he would pose with dozens of proprietary foods in turn, surrounded by photographers, and changing his clothes continuously. He would smoke and drink without end, new brands all the time. His day was a whirl — swimming, bowling driving, dancing, leaning over beautiful women. A most varied intercourse! His life was perfect.

At the same time, something came over me as well. Somehow, my own life had improved. Most mornings, I would lie happily in bed till midday, reading literary reviews in which very perceptive people were constantly discovering new depths in my poem on Space. I learnt a good deal from these reviews. I assembled the points they made into a list. I then arranged the sentences into the shape of the nose-cone of a rocket. At this stage, I passed the whole thing over to a dying scholar who translated the vertical sentences into Japanese and Chinese (Formosan). The rest of the words were translated or otherwise, into various world-languages, on the basis of population. It was a universal poem. It might seem meaningless at first. But subsequent scholarship would undoubtedly probe to the profound observations it contained. In the literary stock-market my shares were bound to rise. The bear would yield to the bull.

I might add that out of gratitude I bought an expensive car for this old scholar. It was secondhand but indistinguishable from new. It was a great comfort to him in his last days to be driven through the town, with something of the prestige to which he had always felt entitled.

Contentment grew. My stand-in was happy, living to the full his role as me. I was happy, living a full life without getting tired. Only one problem remained. Even that, I felt, was not insuperable.

Several times, the date for my launching was deferred. Technical failures. It was on one of these occasions that my stand-in broke down. To him, the prospective end of his uninhibited life as me



was more than he could face. He begged me to let our arrangement continue, to let him ride in the rocket, even at the peril of his life—which he felt was my life, anyhow. It was heart-rending. I felt that to refuse him might be fatal or, at a minimum, provoke a severe mental disorder. I certainly did not want to do this.

We drew up a business-like arrangement. In the event of his return to earth, he would need my poems. So I sold him "Up! Up!", together with the second one, which I had called "Homo Celestia". Also, I sold him the advertising-business. All-in-all, these transactions came to a very tidy amount. He was very fortunate in this, since he was able to liquidate large hereditary assets. Apparently, wealth had been a contributing factor to his peculiar inhibitions.

For my part, our arrangement meant removal. This, however, was no hardship as I now found that my literary interests had changed. With the aid of geographical and tourist information, and a world-survey of income-tax, I located a very pleasant area in South America. It really appeared that everyone there was contented. Progress was a long way off. Nor did they believe in extradition.

We shook hands, and looked each other in the eyes. It was a strange look. Perhaps each was not certain where his life lay. Overcome with emotion, I put my arms about him and wished him everything well. He thanked me deeply.

SEVERAL months elapsed since that parting. The final launching was again delayed. But technical improvements were in hand.

In the meantime, I was by no means idle. Out of a quite natural and very powerful curiosity about the future, I felt constrained to revive my studies on planetary-influences. After the manner of Regiomontanus, I set up a Horary Figure. Previously, I had let these studies lapse, on moral grounds, since I was told that those who practise divination to excess (and the impulse is difficult to restrain) are gradually deprived of all self-reliance. Morally, it is apparently better to travel blindly — even though a large part of our life must involve divination. Who of us, be it from his broker or the weather, has not suffered from a forecast?

However, I was tempted — and astounded to find that for one of the announced dates, the Moon and Venus were in square to Herschel, lord of the ninth. Also, Mars was hastening to the opposition, and a very tempestuous voyage was indicated. Not only that, but according to Ptolemy (Ashmand's translation, 67th and 68th Aphorisms) it was plain that the years of the native were diminished by the imbecility of the receiver, i.e., a matutine malefic clearly signified an accident.

Horrible, I returned to my studies of Spanish. *Vide, que voy a hacer! Que voy a hacer!* Yet, underneath, I was worried. It was the problem of identity. Would I be affected if he should die? I remembered from my childhood studies in Buddhism that underneath the surface of our ephemeral personalities we are all identical. The differences are not real. I had been very affected by this doctrine, since so many people believed it.

But I wanted to experiment, so I sat still and waited for the feelings of my distant friend to come through to me, from underneath, or behind, or from whatever indefinable source. At bottom, we are all the same. At bottom, I felt a slight pressure but nothing definite. Besides, I realised that this procedure involved a very naive interpretation on my part.

How would I sort out his influence from the rest of mankind? Did I really want to be connected with the various personal experiences that, doubtless, were occurring around the globe at that very instant? The orgasms, yes. But, the pious aspirations, the tensions, feuds, ravings, vomitings, itchings? I became discreet again — just in time to read through the veil of a Spanish newspaper that the rocket had gone up and landed safely. *Vida, que voy a hacer!*

However, not till later, alongside the soda bottle, did I penetrate further and find that the rocket had made a half-orbit only. It had landed in the sea, off the coast of Russia, and was now impounded. But the Russians were very decent. Patronisingly, they were making a great fuss of the short-flighted hero. As a gesture of international co-existence, they proposed to export a Russian poet in the same way.

All this must have been too much for my friend. Apparently, he was seduced by the acclamation of speeches he could not understand, and delighted to find that his picture was now appearing in a whole new series of supermarkets, not to mention the countless Russian literary journals that were devoting entire issues to his honour. These journals were unanimous, as if the numerous editors were but one man.

Ambitious poets were moving in swiftly, writing poems to him. The authorities had examined the rocket and found nothing offensive. Nihil obstat! Except that my poems, "Homo Celestia" and "Up! Up!", were now in the hands of the linguists. "Up! Up!" was soon translated and hailed as a great success. I had long ago lost the original copy and was very pleased to fill in a morning at the Consulado, admiring the Spanish version of the Russian. Really, it was beginning to show the anonymous perfection of collective creation. I felt a new respect for the author who had started it all — he too was becoming a collective creation. And from the first hesitant translations of "Homo Celestia", from the scholarly hypotheses, the deepening import of each successive revelation, I knew that I had started, like Snorri Sturluson, a new branch of literary enquiry. Here was a fresh field



## The best-dressed men in town shop at the Village Toggery

The sextet pictured above were outfitted exclusively by tailors from the Tempe tip. But there's no need for you to travel so far — the Village Toggery is at Double Bay. Come, fondle our fabulous new Summer wear . . . try on a silk top that looks like hessian, see our striped French T-shirts from Spain, love our mammoth range of Continental accessories from Australia . . . also, why not let us tailor you a new light-weight suit for Summer?

# Village Toggery

336 new south head road, double bay — 36-4418

for many a dissertation. My friend and counterpart in Russia, from whom I have not heard to this day, was, on these matters, and as suited the scholars, agreeably dumb.

All of which, as you may well understand, has given me much to think about. On the one hand, I am a successful and busy personality in Russia. On the other, I lead a very leisurely life of retirement. I have fame, yet my friends like me for myself. This is a state not often attained.



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DE PRESSED ?



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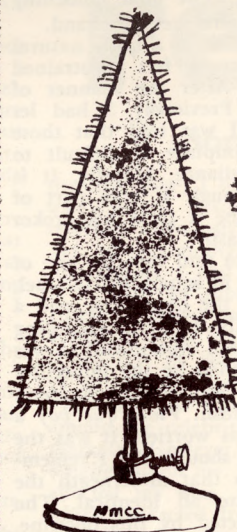
### Plastic Tree



Made by plastic people in the Kneesdon Chemical Co. Consists: plastic hose trunk, branches of plastic foam wound on coat-hanger wire, sprayed with shredded plastic lunch bags and sprinkled with ground-up Weeties packet toys.

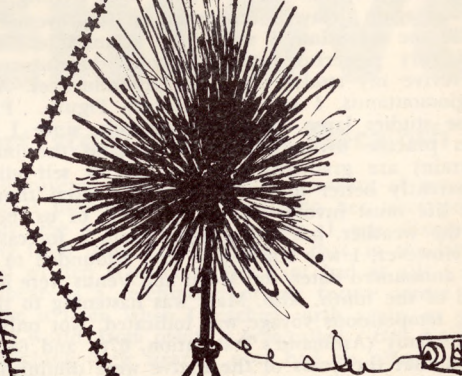
Couldn't be more plastic. Good for hanging plastic presents on. Good for erecting in plastic houses. In just thirty-six years it'll pay for itself.

### Fibre-glass Tree



We crept around the steel foundry and gathered up all the spun road metal. Then we siliconised it, electrified it, and sprayed it onto a tin template shaped like a tall triangle. Don't be satisfied with the real thing. Accept only imitations. Will delight fibre-glass kiddies.

### Camphor Tree



This one's melted camphor that's crystallised, strengthened, magnetised, and bashed until it sort of looks like a tree. Will appeal to children who haven't seen trees. Watch their eyes glow when you plug it in and it springs into shape. Watch them glow if they stand too near it.

Glow in the dark. Glows in the day-time. Plug all of the household appliances into it. Take colour-slides by the light of it.

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**SWEPT** before February's dry Westerlies, the grass fire raced down the Hunter Valley. The heavy smoke pall carried over Newcastle, mingling with the sulphurous smog, and gently the thousands inhabiting the industrial city gave themselves up to history's greatest narcotic orgy . . .

A delightful fantasy. With medical and social authorities the world over speculating that marijuana could be a much more pleasing and less damaging social drug than alcohol comes the news that a forty mile front of rank growth of the plant is marching relentlessly down the banks of the Hunter. For the first time the wild growth of the plant in Australia has received extensive publicity. Perhaps this is the big breakthrough. Certainly it will be very hard to suppress the use of "pot" in New South Wales after this, though no doubt some savage sentences will be handed out to a few takers of the drug before any change in the legal position comes about.

Although almost unknown in Europe until the middle of the nineteenth century, the history of the drug is very long in Asia. Dr. R. S. de Ropp, in his book "Drugs and the Mind" says this of the background:

"Norman Taylor, in a vivid account of the plant's romantic story, describes it as being well known to the Chinese Emperor Shen Neng, whose work on pharmacy was written in the year 2737 B.C. An aura of suspicion hung even then about the plant, for that which gave easy happiness was, then as now, an object of disapproval. The active preparation from the plant was therefore labelled *Liberator of Sin*. Later a more indulgent generation of Chinese sages called it *The Delight Giver*, while the tolerant Hindus termed it *The Heavenly Guide* and *The Soother of Grief*.

The taking of "bhang", "hashesh" or "marijuana" has continued through the centuries despite the disapproval of many priesthoods and governments. It has in various places in various

times been legal and illegal, encouraged and suppressed. Do-gooders with more regard for social order than for truth have spread the idea that it is addicting (it is not) that it is an aphrodisiac (it is not), that taking it is some mysterious way to a prelude to taking cocaine and opium, drugs in completely different classes to each other as well as to marijuana itself, that it is injurious to the health (it is less so than alcohol) and to the "character". The puritan always believes that happiness is injurious to the character. But the plant is hardy and adaptable, and the preparation of the active drug is easy, so the custom has proved impossible to stamp out.

The simplest way in which marijuana is prepared and taken is merely by drying the flowering tops of the female blooms (which ripen around February in the Australian climate) and smoking them preferably on an empty stomach to get the full effect. More colourful and exotic ways include the manner in which the "charas" of Central Asia is gathered by labourers wearing leather aprons running through fields of the blooming plant. The resinous material containing the active drug collects on the apron, and is scraped off and pressed into green cakes which are one of the most concentrated forms of the drug known.

We can well wonder in what form the Hunter's newest crop could best be offered to the domestic and export markets. Perhaps it could be scraped off the uniforms of the armed police reported to be patrolling the fields, and thus be associated with that stern figure who every day comes closer to representing the Australian image at home and abroad. But at this point the would-be inhaler, or intending "viper" should be cautioned not to expect too much. A considerable body of medical opinion has it that the "drug" has no effect whatever, the taker merely experiencing what he expects to feel.

—DERMOTT H. FORD.



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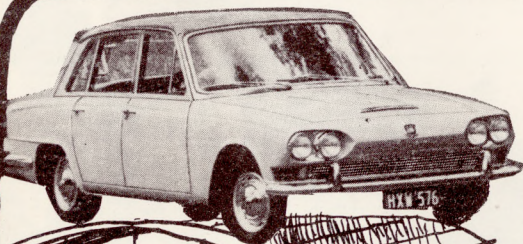
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