

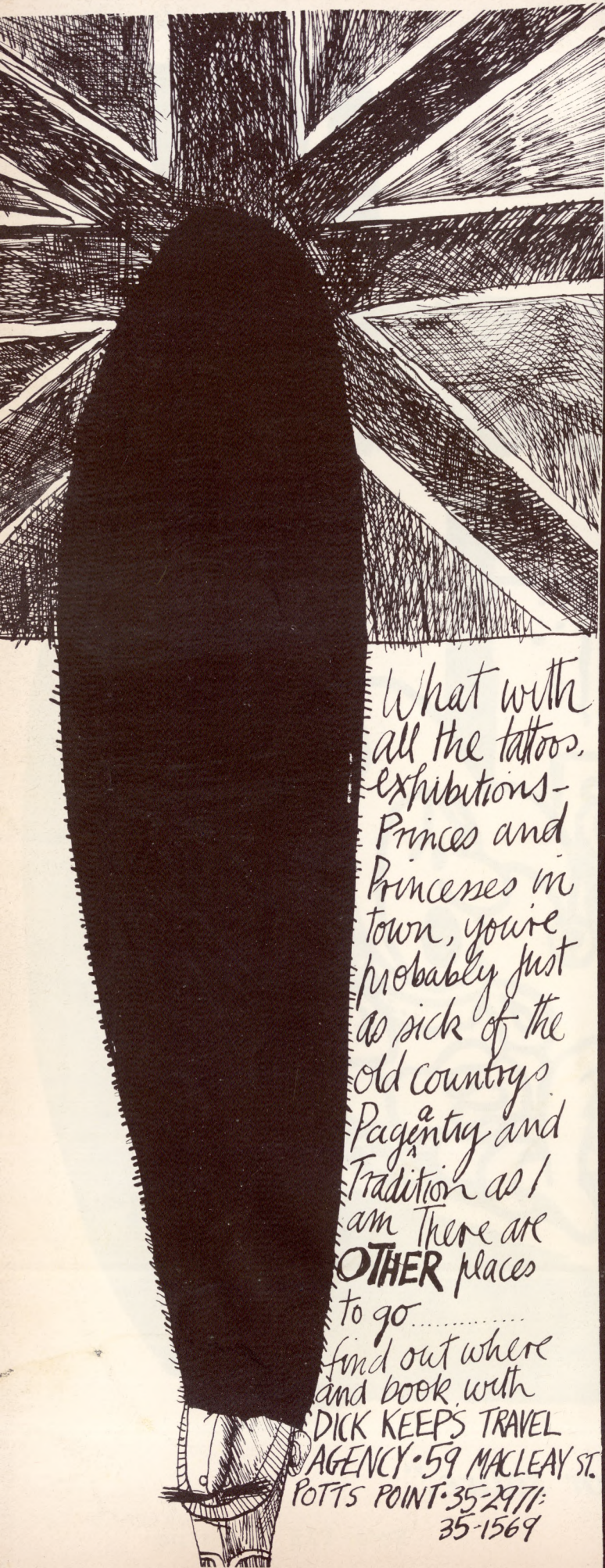
# OZ



*"Well, so much for satire."*

From PIX Magazine





What with  
all the tattoos,  
exhibitions-  
Princes and  
Princesses in  
town, you're  
probably just  
as sick of the  
old country's  
Pagentry and  
Tradition as I  
am. There are  
**OTHER** places  
to go.....

find out where  
and book with  
DICK KEEPS TRAVEL  
AGENCY • 59 MACLEAY ST.  
POTTS POINT • 35-2971  
35-1569



None of the artists appearing at the Stadium  
have ever been dressed by the Village Toggery

Thank God!

Clothes. That's our business. Good clothes. Elegant,  
distinctive, tasteful clothes. Come, see for yourself.  
Visit the Village Toggery, you'll love the new gear  
for summer.

**Village Toggery**

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



UNITED STATES:

NEGRO SLAIN

EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER HELD.

VIETNAM:

CATHOLICS BEHEAD BUDDHIST CHILD.

CYPRUS:

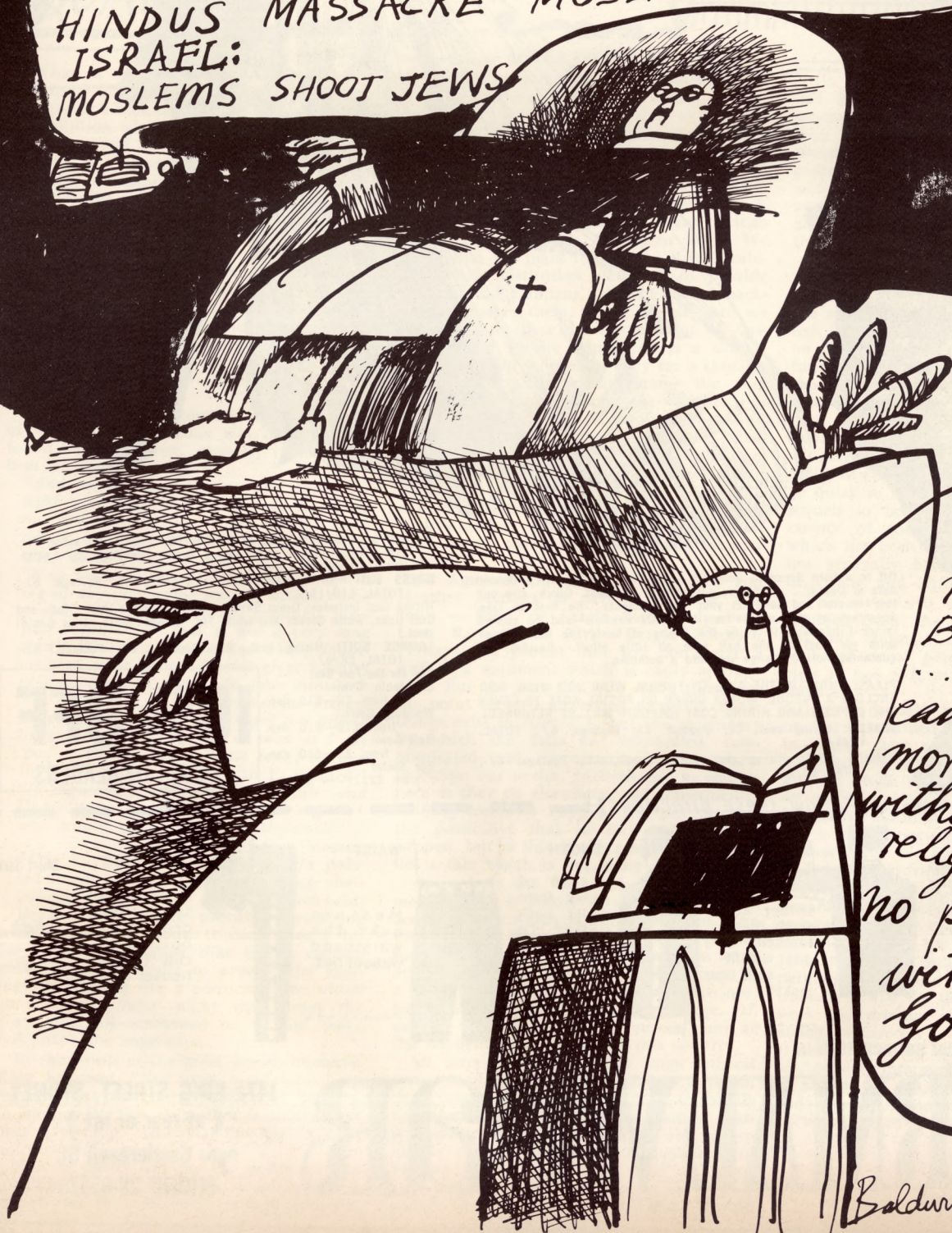
ARCHBISHOP STARVES TURK VILLAGE.

INDIA:

HINDUS MASSACRE MOSLEMS

ISRAEL:

MOSLEMS SHOOT JEWS



....and  
remember  
Brethren.  
...there  
can be no  
morality  
without  
religion and  
no peace  
without  
God.

Baldwin Shead



# FORMAL wear

goes everywhere



Off to a barn dance in Bourke? A wedding in Walgett? A dinner date at Dapto? . . . You've got nothing to wear? Quick, clip out this coupon and send us your measurements. Be first to take advantage of this unique service to OZ readers—and be second (since Cinderella) to enjoy the luxury of being the best-dressed belle (or boy) at the ball with so little effort. Besides, we guarantee not to change you into a pumpkin.

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—£10 dep.

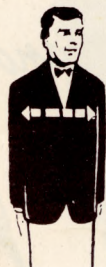
Wedding Gown from £10—£10 dep.

Ball Gown from £5—£10 dep.

Fur Stoles from £2/2/- — £5 dep.

**10% OFF**  
FOR ALL OZ READERS

(Follow these directions)



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



**SLEEVE**

Under arm seam measurement of any well-fitting 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



QUADRANT  
THE LITERARY  
MAGASINE  
FOR  
PEOPLE WHO CAN REED  
QUADRANT

FOR THOSE WHO  
LIKE THEIR SATIRE  
NEAT

NATION

Jardel Custom  
Fenitting

BY  
APPOINT-  
MENT  
ONLY.

425  
CLEVELAND  
STREET  
REDFERN  
N.S.W.  
PHONE  
69-1680

# ADVERTISEMENT

What is to be done? Revolution is out, because, according to theoretician Knoepfelmacher's famous axiom "You cannot have a revolution when most people would rather stay home and watch it on TV". Again looking to Dr. Knoepfelmacher for guidance, we have the inspiration of his stirring prose: "This is the end of the road for those who sit on the fence."

Supposing we decide to get off the fence, there still remains the problem of which side to come down on. Marx, suggested revolution. Marx was OK in his own teutonic way, but I can't buy his friends. Knoepfelmacher suggests joining the DLP, but that means total abstinence from contraception, and no reading dirty books. This is too high a price to pay for one's convictions.

It is immediately obvious to any student of society that the same way out has been found in most every country; if you can't beat it, join it:

*"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made . . . THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS."* (BBC)

*"Now we shall receive four minutes warning of any impending nuclear attack. Some people have said, 'Oh my goodness me—four minutes? — that is not a very long time!' Well I would remind those doubters that some people in this great country of ours can run a mile in four minutes."* (Beyond the Fringe)

*"Yeah, I like the job. I can get top billing on the national hook-up as soon as I say 'Bay of Pigs', I get a house rent-free, and the pay's good."* (John F. Kennedy)

*"If Krushchev, Johnson, de Gaulle and Home were in a plane crash together, who would survive? The whole world."* (ZVPX 103/519-4, Siberia)

*"The Ku Klux Klan isn't guys with pointed hoods on. It's guys covering up their pointed heads."* (Name withheld)

By this time you're probably wondering what this is all about. It does seem a bit far fetched to suggest that there's enough going on in Australia to provide the makings of anything like a political revue which runs every Sunday night throughout the year, with all concerned on a paid basis, but that's the suggestion.

In the words of the great Jewish humorist King Solomon, "Not only must something happen, but something must also be seen to happen." The suggestion is that plenty does happen in Australia, but that it does not seem to happen.

This is partly due to the policy of our governments and our press, which, in their concern for the continued tranquility of the

Australian people, feel that it is better they shouldn't know too much about what's going on. It's also partly due to the fact that there are too few people (intellectuals) amongst us who are conceptualising the events which we are allowed to know about.

For example most of us have a pretty clear concept of how British politics work. Most of us could name as many British cabinet ministers as Australian ones. We know that the main role of the British cabinet is an institution designed to provide jobs for old Etonians, whose Classical background makes them unemployable. Are we concerned whether the employment of Australian Old Public Schoolboys is a similar social problem — whether they are a casualty of the Australian welfare state? We may feel more strongly about the outcome of British elections than Australian ones, and follow the public opinion poles in East Anglia more closely than East Melbourne. Do we know, or care, about the sexual habits of our men of power — in British experience this is not unimportant for understanding political relationships and particularly the operation of the Security service.

Or America. Do we know Ian, Ken and Heather Menzies as well as Caroline and John — John, or Lynda Bird, Lady Bird, Lucy Baynes and Little Beagle Johnson? Perhaps you protest that you don't give a stuff — a sentiment which is easily appreciated. But the fact that you don't illustrates the point which I am trying to make. These things exist in Australia, but the machinery by which the facts are marshalled, communicated and conceptualised allow them to escape our notice, patterns fail to emerge here as they do elsewhere, and consequently nothing seems to happen. I'm not denying the possibility that in fact nothing does happen, but if this is the case, even therein lies a tale which is not being told.

Apart from the basic defects of the mass media, there is plenty of material which is accessible but which is not being used. The Phillip Street Revue has been only a partial success, for reasons which, in common with other Australian revues, I will discuss in a moment. OZ is a very creditable attempt, based on the proto-type of Private Eye. OZ can be counted a satirical success and at the moment it is unique in this country.

All sorts of people try to stage satirical revue. Student revue is as good as any, but that's not very good. The reason is usually that the scripts are not funny enough. This is because the script writers are drawn mainly from people who know theatre to varying degrees, but have only a distant acquaintance with the aspects of society which they attempt to represent. Having

little detailed knowledge it is necessary to fall back on the presentation of popular stereotypes. Advertising, God, The Queen, The Queens, censorship, suburban ennui, blood-thirsty Generals, political vanity, stupidity and pomposity, handled in a generalised way, usually amount to tilts not at perceptible reality, but at symbolic Aunt Sallies. The process of debunking a conventional image makes no-one uncomfortable.

The whole art of the satirist is to present popular experience in such a way as to highlight previously un-noticed aspects of the situation. When Barry Humphreys created Sandy Stone, the interpretation which he placed on lower-middle class society was funny in itself because no-one had quite thought of it like that before. It was the new interpretation which was funny. Funny guys who use Humphrey cut-outs to carry their gags, not only start way behind scratch in getting a response, but they are also guilty of the error of taste which they would be quick to decry when Hollywood produces sequels to box office successes. The whole essence of good satire is that a situation which has been accepted as normal but has not generally been thought about is cast in a new, and ludicrous light.

This revue will not use any of the stock zombies from the theatrical wardrobe. It will not animate cardboard cutouts in a series of ritual peregrinations. Political review is not a form of traditional Japanese theatre.

There are many people who can be called on for specialised insights into the areas in which they are employed or involved. They will be drawn in to write about the area in which they practice, either to write on specified subjects, or on a submit it and see basis. Nothing will be used which is not a new interpretation or a presentation of new facts. We hope to get free legal aid to fight the inevitable suits.

If the effort is to succeed, it must become possible to pay cast, expenses, and pay for scripts at a fairly early stage. At present the intention is to use Melbourne's Emerald Hill theatre on Sunday nights, and use a permanent cast of about four men and two women. I will do the initial organisational work and produce it, with one of the cast acting as director.

Control will be by a board, consisting of one person from each of the main divisions of activity — cast, writers, business, theatre and effects, and advertising.

Please get in touch if you're interested.

John Paterson,  
18 Madden St.,  
North Balwyn,  
Victoria.



# The Weak in Art

a melodrama in several acts

ACT THE FIRST

**SCENE:** The penthouse apartment of Nemo Pseud, Sydney's art critic. Nemo has just returned from a hard day doing nothing. He has spent it looking at paint and talking to gallery owners. Nemo is now faced with the bothersome task of earning his living. He is feeling vexed, having sipped too many sherries and been repulsed by an interior decorator.

Nemo (thinks): Oh my dear, what a beastly rebuff. I'm still burning. Perhaps if I do some work ... horrid thought! I need a drink ...

Nemo crosses to well-stocked cocktail cabinet and mixes himself a drink. He downs it at a gulp and then shakes himself. Somebody has told him this is the vogue in Biarritz. A convulsive shudder passes through him. He prepares rapidly another cocktail and carries it across to his desk.

Nemo (thinks): God, who am I tonight? James Gleeson, Daniel Thomas, John Henshaw ...? What vile names! Pity I can't use my own—but then, I don't exist ... oh dear ...

Ah, diary. Mm ... suppose I'd better do me 15 pars ... "Junk sculpture wins painting scholarship" ... Or perhaps "Scrap culture — crap sculpture"! Dearie me, I made a little pun!

Nemo dissolves into small heap of helpless mirth. Recovered, he sinks back into depression. Takes two purple hearts, downs second cocktail and shakes himself. Paces the room disconsolately, pausing once to pour himself another drink.

Nemo (thinks): What have I seen this week? Helena's junket, of course ... Young Temporary's — millions of those. Scheidt, Merde, Keich and Ordure at the Hungry Ass. Oh, and that beastly FIGurative fellow ... I suppose I could vent my spleen on him ... no, no, bit passé now, the worm's beginning to turn ...

With an air of decision Nemo crosses to his desk, and puts away his diary. Takes out dinky portable typewriter inscribed "Love from fellow conspirators" and his Magic Par Manipulator. This is a device he uses to write his reviews. It contains some thirty meaningless paragraphs (a few of which contain words like paint, colour and texture to keep, as it were, the beat) which he inserts between the names and biographical details. The front is heavily scored with the letters BBB done in ballpoint by a young aircraftman Nemo once invited to the flat. Nemo was and still is under the impression that they are the young man's initials. Actually they stand for "Bull Baffles Brains". Nemo takes two more pep pills. Effect of these and third cocktail beginning to play queer tricks with Nemo's mind.

Nemo (thinks): O how stale, flat, wearisome but not unprofitable seem to me all the paintings of this world. And I, what am I but a parasite — a cultural Dekyvere withal! "Hello, all! Here I am again with me 15 pars, Magic Manipulator, Roget's Thesaurus and a thumping headache ..."

Lies, affectation ... it would be good to be savage once in a while ...

Nemo screws paper furiously into his typewriter and types: "The Young Temporary's contemptible show is an exhibition of the most infantile, unimaginative, talentless, cynical, imitative, gimmick-ridden bandwagon bilge it has been my misfortune to view since the last time I went to a gallery."

"All over this city there are halls full of balls. Hundreds of artless little kitschy people under the impression they have only to scrape their undried recta across a grubby piece of masonite and play noughts and crosses on it and they'll be rich—an impression I and the freaks who buy their products have given them."

Nemo sinks back on his chair exhausted. Aware of sweat trickling down his face and the light shining in his eyes. Nemo, feeling very odd indeed, slowly types a footnote:

"What you, the public, do not know is that I, Nemo Pseud, have just become a person, a human being, I have come alive and for the first time in my shallow tawdry life I have told the TRUTH."

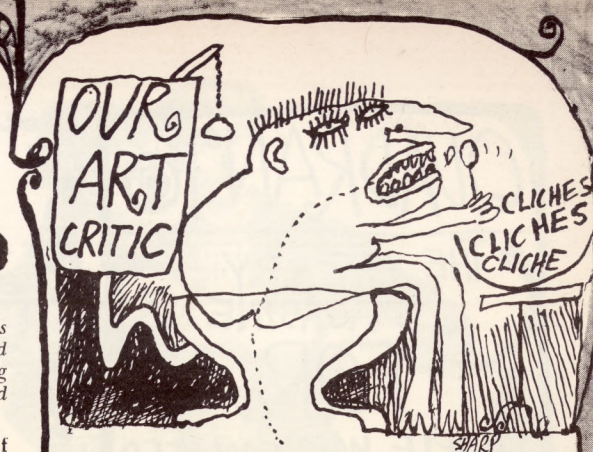
Nemo now sits quietly at his desk, his initial elation giving way to prospects of financial castration and social ostracism. Voices of his friends echo in his skull, joined in a muted chorus with that of Mr. W. C. Wentworth: "Traitor! Traitor!" Nemo slowly pours himself another drink, gulps it but neglects to shake himself. On impulse he opens a drawer and pulls out a sheaf of his old reviews.

Nemo (thinks): Nevertheless, I have done with all this. It is all behind me. I shall face the future as a new man, come what may. I shall tell the truth fearlessly, impartially. I shall—

The telephone rings. Nemo crosses to it rapidly.

"Hello. DARling! Yes, LOVED your show! Come round? Of course. Wonderful, yes, superb! Ah, those compartments of well-balanced calligraphic form suggesting a worn Arabic manuscript, that delicately hued certainty of a Persian decorator, that relaxed romanticism combined with a tougher, stricter understanding of form whose final fusion is an individual expression of impotence—I mean importance—those well-controlled colourful expositions of impersonal geometry whose scale is calculated to impress etc. be round in twenty minutes ...

K.B.



**I HAVE** sometimes wondered what their reactions would be, if, by some fiddling about with times, Phidias and Pericles could visit the Elgin Room at the British Museum.

Yet so powerful is the wholeness and character of the final statement, so commanding the balance of formal design and mystery, that Underhill emerges as an assured and individual artist.

On a patch-work of metal (with an effect of stitching in metal of the components used) he forms his erupting jutting, jagged shapes. At times, admittedly, the protrudences are aggressively repellent in their attack, but

Only one can win, and there is salve for shattered hopes and wounded egos in the knowledge that a defeat does not necessarily indicate inferiority.

He who loses may be as excellent as he who wins.

it surely points the way to a new stage in the artist's search for a finer, more flexible and more expressive pictorial language.

A gentle charm is the only gain in place of active perceptive minds and strongly coursing artistic lifeblood.

He takes the structural order of Braque and much of the poetic inflection and colour of Bonnard and fuses these magical ingredients with an English lyricism.

We are arrested by it as we are by the tolling of bells.

Curiously enough this limitation created a pleasing sense of unity.

But there is a disturbingly figurative quality about them that teases the mind and haunts the imagination.

Most of the pieces are tomb figures taken from the mausoleums of once powerful dead men.

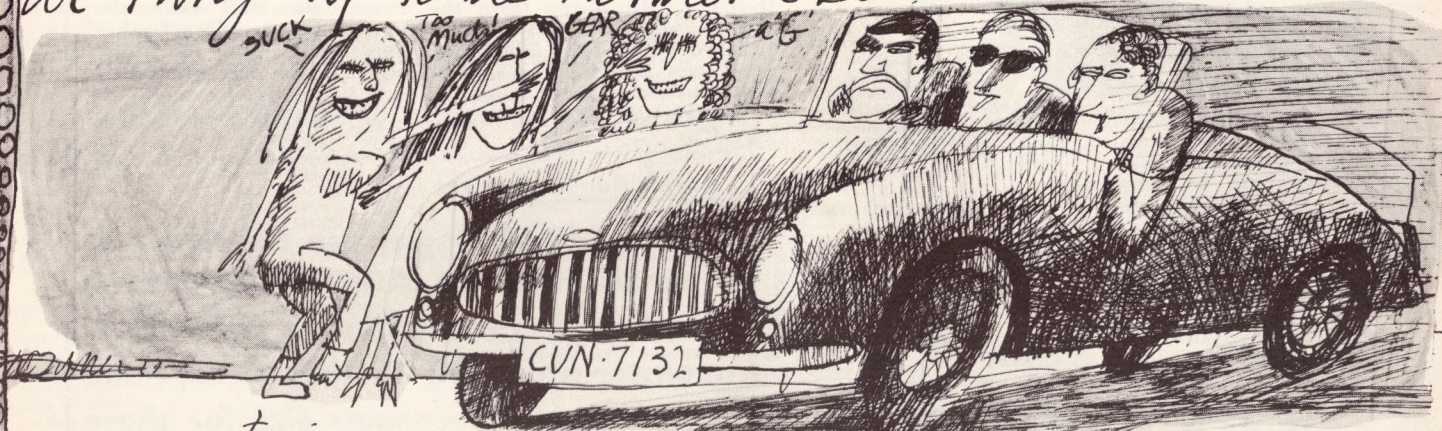
There is a valuable lesson to be learnt from this exhibition.



# The GAS THRASH

## SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL ☆

ON SATURDAY mornings I get up early, and go over to Doug's. Then Doug and I go over to Mick's. .... Mick has a HOT G. REALLY HOT... CAN IT PERFORM! ... spliced sliced head... twin-fanged carbies, chromed grease nipples, triple flue perforated enigmatic exhausts, octagonal vortek pleated cams. The WORKS... TOO MUCH... gives her at least an extra 3mph. in top. .... We work on the G all morning, then after-lunch we Fang up to the northern Beaches.



..... sometimes we get in convoy with some other G's and drag through the FOREST... sometimes we just cruise round and wave at the other G's... just a small wave of course... nothing ostentatious. .... Then at night we drive up to the ROSS and mock the 'pleb' rockers and pick up birds... y'know what happened last sat. night... we'd just done this GEAR wheelie round the traffic lights... we yelled out to the 3 birds ... and y'know wat. we got caught in the traffic and They came OVER and TRIED TO GET INTO THE G... Talk about embarrassing... we just managed to get away... beside there's ONLY room FOR 3 in a G... besides who needs birds when your best mates got a hot G with chromed grease nipples. .... ?



**T**HE latest Army recruiting drive has flopped. It attracted all the morons and misfits.

The army spends £237 on ads for every private it gets. To get recruits with high ability and real drive, the army is re-thinking the whole campaign.

Any ad man will tell you that copy pitched at a specific age or occupation group is the best way of selling even the hoariest old product. Someone has just told the producers of Australia's hoariest old ads, the Army, about this fact of life.

Now they're getting with the new approach and dropping the stuff about a life of adventure and security. Look for the change on your favourite hoarding. Here's a sample:

### Philosophers

"A bayonet sure has the edge on Occam's Razor!" says Al ("Killer") Stout, the Whitehead boy of the NEW Army.

"I don't make many probabilistic statements but the army's a sure bet for any young philosopher and that's a moral certainty." Al is shown here with his prized possession—authorization to change his name from Stout to Slim. "I've always admired him", says Al. "He's an idealist and pragmatic, too."

Al is leaving for England soon on a special mission: it's a matter of honour, something only Army men understand.

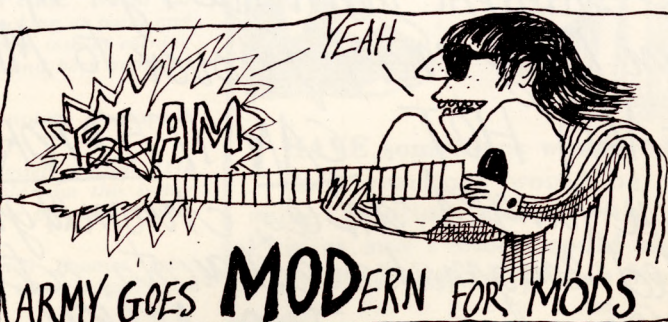
"Bert Russell's the only white feather in our crowd", Al gritted today at the barracks, "so I'm going over to see Bert and I'll just double-time up to Trafalgar Square and tell him: 'Bert, get up off your ass, Australia needs you!' I just know what he'll say".

Al is particular about his propositions but he reckons the Army's got universal appeal to men who think like Al. Army life has sorted out his philosophical problems, how about



you!

"The army is just practical philosophy," opines Al, "take streetfighting. You just get into the premises and find the enemy subjects. When you get to your object, out with a bayonet, distribute the middle and make a conclusion. Then you go and predicate the women."



Bryan says "Get with it, the Mercy Sound! What's a guitar got that a sten hasn't? Rock those boongs, roll back the yellow horde, stomp the wog, twist that bayonet, stop."

Says Bryan: "Get with the action. Once you learn the basic steps you automatically get a world tour and make all the big-time scenes in riotous personal appearances. ARMY's the label for you."

With present distribution system, ARMY people are making world-wide hits all the time — in Cyprus, Vietnam, Singleton.

Best U.S. and British backing groups supplied so throw away those dull show-suits and the dowdy white feather accessories. Make the music front and go over the top!

If it was good enough for Elvis, ARMY is great for you.

### Advertising Executives

8 out of 10 ideologies use the Army as their selling media. Army comes in three great sizes - the big Luxury U.S. size, a monster expanding CHINK package and the Australian economy size for those small wiping up jobs.

Australian ARMY is a quality low cost product, guaranteed to be sold out wherever you go. Distributed by SEATO Industries.

Listen to what housewife Mrs. Tunku Rahman says: "Australian ARMY is a household word in my neighbourhood. I use it for general cleaning chores and my 1964 spring cleaning held few terrors for me thanks to ARMY. Since El Alamein I have used no other."

**ARMY - the only non-atomic all-white deterrent**



**STUDENTS**  
THERE'S A  
**KOREA** ★  
FOR YOU  
IN  
THE NEW ARMY

Only the Army offers you the education needed for the Twentieth Century. Unexcelled facilities and opportunities for prac. work, small tutorial classes with your friendly sergeant, grapple with your problems, learn about Communism on a person-to-person basis . . .

**English Students** — Your own field ambulance as driven by Ernest Hemingway. Also used by Rupert Brooke. Meet Yevtushenko.

**Law Students** — Study martial law. Join up now and let those scales of justice fall from your eyes. Make your biggest courtroom appearance as you try to retire.

**Engineering Students** — The Army needs YOU. Help us to modernize. Learn as you rejuvenate Sabres, Centurion tanks, Lee-Enfields, Stens, 25-pounders. (No spelling test.)



# The Judgment of Mr. Locke

On September 23 the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. G. A. Locke, found that February (No. 6) OZ breached the N.S.W. Obscene and Indecent Publications Act. He sentenced the editors, Richard Neville and Richard Walsh, to six months' gaol with hard labour and the artist, Martin Sharp, to four months'. (They were later released on bail, pending an appeal to be heard next month.) The company, OZ Publications Ink Ltd., was fined £100 and the printer, Francis James of the now defunct Anglican Press, £50.

Below is Mr. Locke's judgment in full. The only deletions that have been made are legal references and the opening section in which he established that OZ was widely distributed and capable of falling into anyone's hands:

A number of witnesses—having a variety of academic and other qualifications—gave evidence for the defence and the effect of this evidence may fairly, I think, be summarised as follows. It sought to show:

(1) that the magazine contains no obscene matter.

(2) that the magazine contains no matter which tends or is likely in any manner to deprave, corrupt or injure the morals of persons into whose hands it is likely to fall. Indeed their evidence is that its effect is more likely to be the reverse in regard to some at least of the matter complained of. That is to say, that it is more likely to have a salutary and healthy effect.

(3) that the magazine is a work of literary and/or artistic merit (in varying degrees from witness to witness) and that it acquires these attributes by the use of satire, puns, style, calligraphy etc.

Dealing with (1) and (2), it is open to doubt, to say the least, whether the opinions of these people have any relevance at all. The whole of their evidence in this regard was probably inadmissible but, as it was not objected to, it was, rightly or wrongly, admitted. These witnesses were, one supposes, chosen because of their known views and no doubt the defence might have brought many more such witnesses from many strata of society, as carefully chosen as those whom they in fact brought, to express the same opinion. Just as one supposes the prosecution might, if such evidence were relevant, have brought many witnesses to express the opinion that the document is obscene.

No doubt the method adopted by the defence commends itself to the defendants and to those who would make common cause with them but that is not the law of this land. For it is well settled, both here and in England, that it is for the Court to decide, upon an examination of the matter alleged to be obscene and having regard to the ordinary meaning of that word and to the statutory provisions in that connection, whether or not the matter is obscene within the meaning of the law.

Turning again to heading (1) above, if witnesses were to be permitted in proceedings of this nature to give evidence of opinion, all sorts of absurdities could arise in other branches of the law. For example, witnesses might be brought to say whether or not a given act was negligent, where negligence was the very fact to be proved. The question, obscene or not obscene, is then for the Court.

As to the opinions referred to in heading (3) above, I am inclined to the view that some at least of the evidence led for the defence in this regard was admissible as to whether or not the magazine has literary and/or artistic merit. The weight to be given to these opinions is, of course, for the Court to determine.

Some remarkable pieces of evidence assist in assessing the weight to be attached to these and other opinions expressed by some of the witnesses for the defence. As an example, we find the witness J. Olsen deposing, amongst other things, "Distortion in art is absolutely normal". In another place he said, "There is no real work of art that is not distorted". A second example: the witness A. K. Stout said, "I do not know what an obscene term is" and in another place he said, "Four-letter words never corrupted anybody". When asked this question, "But girls aged 15 years can buy it?", his reply was, "And it won't do them any harm. They won't know what it is about." The third example is the witness Miss Archdale who said, amongst other things, "To be obscene a matter must have a sexual implication" and when asked, "Have you seen a copy of this magazine in the possession of one of your student girls?" (between the ages of 7 and 17) she replied, "No, I hope not".

There were other witnesses, however, who were prepared to ascribe literary and/or artistic merit to this magazine or parts thereof, and so with some considerable hesitation and doubt I feel

bound in law therefore to hold, on the evidence, that the magazine does have literary and/or artistic merit.

But the matter does not end there.

To the extent that defence witnesses who might be held to be expert in particular fields have deposed that persons of particular age groups or persons of particular classes are not likely to be adversely affected by a reading of the matter complained of, that evidence is rejected because such opinions run counter to one's experience of life and are in effect an affront to the Court's intelligence. Surely no reasonable person doubts that depravity and corruption and the like are in general conveyed from person to person by word or by deed, just as no reasonable person doubts that the indiscriminate use of four-letter words is likely to corrupt or deprave. Tangible or empirically acceptable evidence of these things is, of course, impossible by the nature of things and it is absurd to demand the impossible, although this demand is sometimes made by otherwise intelligent people. On its form and presentation—and having in mind its ready availability to the public in general and to its price—it is reasonable in my opinion to assume that it would probably come to the hands of adolescents and of immature or unhealthy minded adults.

Looking now at the magazine itself, we find on page 4 over a comic strip the words "Get —". Defence witnesses agree that these words have a double reference and that the other reference is to "Get —". They then described it as a witty pun appearing as it did over a folk singing comic strip. But this word is not known to our language. And the pun, if it is a pun, would be better described as a smutty pun. Smut with humour is the literary device of the gutter; it is usually found on the walls of latrines. Smut remains smut even when satire is used as its vehicle, as in the offending section on page 7 of the Exhibit, which I seriously doubt—even though there is much evidence for the defence—is in fact satire.

Turning now to the particular sections of the magazine to which attention ought to be paid when deciding whether or not the magazine as a whole should be held to be obscene, we find firstly that the cover is indecent and that such a cover is designed to attract certain types of adolescents and perhaps immature and unhealthy minded adults. Secondly, in addition to the reference already made to other matter on page 4, we find the use of the words "Ming is a . . .", in the first letter to the editor on that page. Thirdly, on page 5—right-hand column—a series of smutty puns. Further down, in the same column, we find a disgusting piece of blasphemy. On page 6 we find a drawing that is quite unpleasant to say the least of it. On page 7 that filthy and disgusting record of events, whether real or imaginary. On the same page we find what is in reality an obscene libel. Sixthly, on page 13 we find a childish but none the less obscene libel of a prominent citizen. On page 16 the article "Ta Ra Ra" is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and obscene. In my opinion the publication would deprave young people or unhealthy minded adults so injudicious as to fancy it as literature and so misguided as to cultivate the habit of reading it. Upon consideration of the whole of the evidence, the following specific findings are made:—

(1) That the magazine is obscene in that it unduly emphasises matters of sex, crimes of violence—that is rapes and assaults—and horror, and I am satisfied that the publication was not justified in the circumstances.

(2) That the magazine, Exhibit 1, is obscene according to the ordinary meaning of that term and I am further satisfied that the publication was not justified in the circumstances. In reaching these conclusions attention has been paid to all the cases cited by either the prosecution or the defence, with the result that I am satisfied beyond reasonable doubt of the guilt of each defendant and each defendant is convicted.

In its defence, OZ pleaded, in the terms of the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act (see August OZ for a summary of this Act):

(1) that there was literary and artistic merit;

(2) that the publication was justified in that it would not deprave or corrupt.

The following expert witnesses were called to support these submissions. Each began by giving his qualifications to give such evidence and was then cross-examined. For obvious reasons, only the briefest outline of this evidence is given. The following abbreviations are used:

S.M. = Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Locke.

P.P. = Police Prosecutor, Sergt. K. Ellis.

D.C. = Defence Counsel (Messrs. T. Martin & L. Waddy).

Numbers in black type refer to the summing-up of Mr. Waddy, where a brief description of each of the offending parts is given.

## DEFENCE

DR. HARRY HESELTINE. Lecturer in English at University of N.S.W.; Master of Arts with First Class Honours; Doctor of Philosophy from Louisiana State University; Associate Editor of "Meanjin"; published two anthologies of prose and a chapter in the Pelican Guide to Australian Literature.

Asked on the literary merit of the article on page seven (7):

I take it what distinguishes literature from other kinds of writing is that literature does not deal with direct statement or with moral imperative but creates or imagines some set of circumstances and so proceeds to contemplate the possibilities or limitations of human conduct within that set of circumstances. If we can say this is happening in a piece of writing, I would be prepared to describe it as literature. If that set of circumstances is created consistently and coherently, I would ascribe merit to it. As regards this piece from OZ, it seems to me the section in the box is not given to us as though of the author's own voice. This is not the author reporting. This is made clear simply by the typography, the setting apart of the box by the typed introduction at the beginning. Within the boxed section on page 7, it seems to me that a given set of circumstances is created, both consistently and coherently. A character emerges from the speaker. He is deliberately given to us as at least sub-literary. He cannot punctuate very well. He occasionally mis-spells. He has a very limited educational standard. The only way he can express enthusiasm is through one or two fairly slangy sub-colloquial intensifiers. The character is created consistently and the attitudes which he is implied to have are created coherently. He is clearly given to us as sadistic. Every time he comes across the word "belted", or some synonym, the word is underlined, suggesting a sadistic pleasure in what is going on. There is ugliness in some of the acts which he reports—the vomiting. There is senseless waste in the destruction of the television set. All of these acts, I would suggest, would be repugnant to any normal and decent person.



The sexual activity, by juxtaposition in this article, is therefore equally given to us as repugnant and to be abhorred. It seems to me that the boxed section of OZ is consistent and coherent and, most importantly, by being set off from the introduction and by, as it were, the stage direction in the introduction "a guttural, awkwardly emphatic monotone". This is given to us as sardonic on the part of the author — asking us to contemplate and to judge the false morality and the ugliness of the actions, which are therein provided. This I then take to be literature and satire of considerable merit."

**REV. PETER BENNIE.** Warden of St. Paul's College, Sydney University; Master of Arts with First Class Honours in English; Licentiate of Theology with Honours; for seven years Archdeacon of the Diocese of Carpentaria; for ten years Rector of All Saints, Brisbane; author of the book "Church and Marriage in the Twentieth Century" and occasional verse.

Submitted that the magazine had literary merit and would not deprave or corrupt.

Cross-examined about the page seven article (7):

P.P.: Don't you feel that the author there is tending to encourage the reader to visit this Hotel and get a better insight into the activities of young people as opposed to Rev. Bush's broadcasts?

No, I do not. I think you can see a certain criticism of Mr. Bush here — he is over-idealistic and insufficiently realistic, which is a familiar criticism of our generation unfortunately.

P.P.: Don't you feel that more good would flow from the author suggesting that the reader should listen to the Rev. Bush than read this type of article?

Well, Mr. Bush doubtless once a week expresses his opinions with learning and force and it appears that the particular audience that the author of this is addressing is not taking any notice of him.

P.P.: Of course, this article you feel was written to benefit University graduates and students at the University?

I am not aware that this magazine has any particular relationship to the University. I think that on the cover of it I recall reading it is a magazine of satire. I believe that the real purpose of this magazine is to break through conventions, literary and other, in order to make moral criticism, to point out, without the usual regard to those things of social compromise that you and I carry on to our cost in middle age.

**DR. JOHN ELLARD.** Legally qualified medical practitioner; consultant and lecturer in psychiatry; Member of the Royal Australian College of Physicians.

Testified that in his opinion the February OZ would not deprave or corrupt.

**JOHN OLSEN.** Professional artist; worked as cartoonist for "Sun" and "Bulletin"; has paintings hanging in every State gallery in Australia, except South Australia; has lectured at the University of N.S.W. in the Architecture Department and at Sydney Technical College.

Submitted that the magazine had artistic merit.

Cross-examination:

D.C.: Do you think they are of artistic merit, the cartoons of Sharp?

Yes, very sophisticated cartoons. They are sort of very stylistically aware of at times even world famous cartoonists' ways of working. I call to mind Jules Feiffer in its stylistic connotation.

D.C.: To an inexperienced eye like mine they appear crude?

I don't think they are crude in their drawing. One has to remember and to be very clear on this particular point that these dis-

tortions are absolutely necessary in order that the artist can express what he wants to say. Distortion in art is absolutely normal. There is no real work of art or real satire that is not distorted.

**MUNGO McCALLUM.** Graduate from Sydney University with Honours in English; has published two novels; author of a large volume of literary criticism; formerly with the ABC.

Testified that there was literary merit in the article on page seven (7):

P.P.: You have appeared on the programme 'Critics'. Yes.

P.P.: That programme consists of three critics with qualifications similar to yours? Roughly, yes.

P.P.: And a Chairman who appears to have similar qualifications? Yes.

P.P.: The panel usually discusses a film, book, play, painting, any two of those four items, each programme? Two or three of them, yes.

P.P.: Is it true to say quite frequently at the conclusion of the programme the panel, including the Chairman, are sometimes in complete disagreement? I would say they often disagree over certain details, yes.

P.P.: And in their expressed opinions about certain matters? Yes.

**ELWYN LYNN.** Artist and school teacher; B.A. at Sydney University; Diploma of Education; President of the Contemporary Arts Society; Art Critic for "THE AUSTRALIAN" and winner of the Blake Prize for Religious Painting in 1957.

Submitted that the Sharp cartoons in the magazine had artistic merit.

**PROFESSOR ALAN STOUT.** Professor of Philosophy at Sydney University; Master of Arts, Oxford; Chairman of the Board of Social Studies and of the Board of Studies in Divinity at Sydney University; Patron of the Howard Prison Reform Council; original member of the Australian National Film Board; Governor of the Australian Film Institute; member of the Humanities Research Council; represented the Commonwealth Government at the third plenary of UNESCO; chairman of the Australian Journal of Philosophy.

Cross-examined on the article on page seven (7):

D.C.: Did you feel, as I felt myself, shocked and horrified?

When I read it first I found it hard to believe that what Martin Sharp was here recording did in fact happen. I thought it must be a travesty; I was shocked he should have written it. When I discovered it was not, as far as I can determine from an investigation, a travesty, I was shocked not by his writing the article but by learning that the kind of people he depicts there and the goings-on do in fact happen. That shocked me, yes.

D.C.: Do you think it tends to deprave and corrupt people?

Most emphatically not. I think it would tend to wake people up to something to abhor and shun. It doesn't glamorise what it describes, on the contrary it paints a very abominable picture of it.

S.M.: Do you think it contains obscene terms?

If you are going to satirise obscenity I do not think you can do it without using obscene terms. I do not know what an obscene term is: I prefer obscene opinions rather than words or terms. I do not think words or terms hurt anybody. Four-letter words have never corrupted anybody.

S.M.: Then you are of the view that four-letter words could be used here without restraint, without any possibility of it being properly described as an obscene article?

Depends entirely on the context in which they are being used. In the process of de-

scribing the lives of persons who habitually use them, if you do not use them you distort the truth and I am against distorting the truth.

**MISS BETTY ARCHDALE.** Headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College; Bachelor of Arts and Master of Laws; eleven years principal of Women's College at Sydney University; six years in the Royal Naval Services in England; member of the Council of International Law and the Institute of International Affairs; on the committee of the Outward Bound Movement and the Council of the Girl Guides' Association; a member of the Senate of the University of Sydney.

Submitted that the publication would not injure the morals of young boys or girls.

**GEOFFREY LITTLE.** Lecturer in English at Sydney University; Master of Arts with Honours from Melbourne.

Claimed the whole issue had literary merit.

Cross-examined about the cover (1):

P.P.: And do you feel that there is a message from the author or publisher there to the reader, on the front page?

I would suggest there is a message in the sense of a satirical implication that this is in fact aesthetically displeasing.

P.P.: What is aesthetically displeasing — the people urinating or trying to urinate there? No. What you have described as a fountain. P.P.: Of course, you felt that the author is sending out a message with the article on page seven? (7). Yes.

P.P.: And that message, of course, is this — this is disgusting behaviour, see that it does not happen to you? Something like that.

P.P.: But, of course, it is not a similar message that he is trying to get over on the cover page? — this is disgusting behaviour, don't do this!

He is not I think suggesting — if I may so put it — do not urinate in pieces of public architecture.

P.P.: How can you draw that distinction between messages that this person is trying to get over to someone else?

I am sorry; I really have failed to see your point.

**ADRIAN COLMAN.** Lecturer in English at University of N.S.W.; Master of Arts with Honours in English at Glasgow University.

Submitted that there was literary merit.

Cross-examined on the page seven cartoon (7):

P.P.: Didn't you feel, sir, that the typed words above the written article were published to inform the reader of the meeting place of this type of person?

No, that would not have crossed my mind. S.M.: You see there was nothing to stop the authors from heading the article "Students or Young People Beware: this might happen to you!" was there?

Oh well, that would have destroyed the satirical impact. You can't write a satire and head it "Beware, this is written to warn you".

Cross-examined on the page four cartoon (2):

S.M.: Is there any such word as "folked", Mr. Colman?

No. I am wondering, sir, — may I be quite frank about this — is Sharp implying a pun of some kind.

S.M.: Yes, I think he may be.

P.P.: Does it now strike you as being some sort of pun?

It could be. It is possible.

S.M.: If you don't recognise that as a word or as a past participle — if it could be so described — then surely you are looking to ascribe some other meaning to it than that associated with "folk"?



The meaning in this text of an odd past participle hadn't worried me greatly.

S.M.: No alternative suggests itself to you?

No, I would say there would seem to be possibly a pun here, but I couldn't be more certain than that.

S.M.: That is as much as you would be prepared to say about it? Yes.

S.M.: Using what you describe as an odd word, which may not be a word at all? Yes.

**ALEX CAREY.** Lecturer in Psychology at the University of N.S.W. Honours degree in Science from London University.

Asked whether the page seven article (7) would have a tendency to deprave or corrupt: "No, I hold a quite contrary view. I think its aim is to have the effect of warning people about the ugliness and crudity of the kinds of behaviour which are supported by certain small groups which have rather more standing amongst our young people than one would wish. In other words, I think it aims at and has something of the effect probably of Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' and 'Harlot's Progress'."

**DR. JAMES DURHAM.** Psychiatrist in charge of Rozelle Psychiatric Clinic; medical graduate from Adelaide University; obtained Diploma of Psychological Medicine at Melbourne; eleven years in practice.

Claimed that the February issue of OZ would not deprave the morals of either old or young people.



**GORDON HAWKINS.** Senior lecturer in Criminology at Sydney University; president of the Australian Society of Legal Philosophy; First Class Honours in Philosophy at Cardiff; former police commandant and magistrate at Assam; for seven years a prison governor in England; for two years in charge of a young prisoners' training centre; recently wrote on juvenile delinquency for the Current Affairs Bulletin and prepared a "Study of the Problem of Pornography".

Claimed that in his opinion the February issue of OZ would not deprave or corrupt.

Cross examination:

HAWKINS: If one can distinguish between delinquents and non-delinquents, in respect of reading matter, the difference is that non-delinquents do tend to read and young delinquents don't tend to read at all. It isn't that they read different books, it is just that they don't read.

P.P.: I suppose you frequently hear of some of our most outstanding company heads ending up in gaol. You are not suggesting they are persons who don't read, are you?

No, I am sorry, perhaps I should have defined delinquent more carefully.

P.P.: When you talked about young persons — whose morals this magazine was unlikely

to corrupt — did you have any particular age group in mind? Yes, under 21.

P.P.: Down to any particular age? Well, the age they start reading, I suppose.

P.P.: Don't you agree there could be many adult members of our community that might well be corrupted if they read this magazine?

I think they might be shocked. I don't think they would be corrupted.

P.P.: Nor depraved? I think it is very unlikely.

P.P.: Very unlikely? Impossible.

P.P.: Did you buy this magazine or was it given to you? My daughter gave it to me.

P.P.: How old is she? I have two teenage daughters. The one who gave it to me is 16.

P.P.: And, of course, when you gave your opinioned evidence that the magazine is not likely to corrupt one's morals, did you have that daughter of yours in mind? Amongst others, yes.

P.P.: You felt that it wasn't likely to corrupt her morals? I did.

**MRS. MADELINE ARMSTRONG.** Arts graduate in English; drama critic for the "Observer" and "Bulletin"; book reviews for "Quadrant".

Claimed that the magazine had literary merit: "It varies in its satire. There is an English magazine called 'Private Eye', with which we could compare it, which is also a satirical magazine. I think it compares quite favourably with that."

Cross-examination:

S.M.: I am quite confused about a lot of this evidence. There is no evidence before the Court at this stage that the author of this article is not one of the actors in the events he relates. Well, I think

S.M.: Would you consider that as a possibility?

No, I wouldn't consider that as a possibility.

S.M.: Did you consider that as a possibility?

Did I? Well after reading the piece that would be the last thing that would enter into my mind.

S.M.: So you did not consider it as a possibility?

Well, I would say that it is not.

S.M.: You would say it is not a possibility?

On the evidence of the tone of the article—

S.M.: What do you mean by that?

I do not think anyone who gave evidence of that kind of disgust could at the same time indulge in the behaviour indicated in the article.

S.M.: Where does he evince disgust? Throughout, I would say.

P.P.: When you say "throughout", can you put your finger on any word or phrase that indicates a disgust on the part of the author?

When I speak of the tone of the article, I mean the whole thing and I think it has to be read as a whole.

S.M.: That is a slightly evasive answer, surely, witness?

D.C.: Is it, with respect, Your Worship?

S.M.: In my judgment it is, Mr. Martin.

**TOM FITZGERALD.** Editor of "NATION".

Submitted that the article on page 7 had literary merit: "I think it is in the tradition—but not of the same standard—of very good modern writers who have reproduced the kind of people we are, the kind of world we live in—without any illusions at to what we are but doing it in a way that heightens it and makes you aware of its sadness. James Joyce, I suppose, began this kind of candour, in discussing things of this kind, with the object, I am sure, of making you feel a kind of compassion and awareness. For example, the phrase "went through her like a packet of salts" is to some people an unusual phrase. That brought to me the conception of sex for

some people— young people, especially—as a kind of process of elimination of the body and nothing more. I think it was a very effective phrase. I was struck by it, impressed by it and moved by it."

**PROFESSOR MAY.** Professor of Italian at

Sydney University; two Bachelor degrees from the University of London—the first in French, Italian and English; the second a specialist degree in Italian (literature and language).

Submitted the magazine had literary merit and would not deprave or corrupt.

**STANLEY TICK.** Lecturer in English at

University of N.S.W.; A.B., M.A. from New York University; post-graduate studies at Ohio State University; awarded the Basser prize in 1961 for the best critical article of the year in "Quadrant".

Claimed the magazine had literary merit.

P.P.: Did you read the article as a whole on the top of page 4? The comic strip bit, you mean?

P.P.: Yes. Did you notice the words above? Yes.

P.P.: Did you give them any thought? I took this to be a pun.

P.P.: On what? A standard pun using the word folk, which is clearly applicable to the comic strip underneath, using that and punning on it in a way that doesn't seem to me terribly obscure.

P.P.: Of course there is nothing obscure to you on the cover of the magazine? Obscure?

P.P.: The intention of the article is quite clear, is it not?

There is not much obscure. The intention I take to be a witty comment on the subject.

P.P.: You know that is part of the front wall of a city building, don't you? Yes, I do.

P.P.: You are not an authority on sculpture, are you? No, I am not.

P.P.: Is your impression the editors of this article are opposed to some kind of nastiness, I think, to use your own words?

Yes, I would say, to come back to the article you have talked about on 7, the fictional thing, they are being satirical and like all satire it calls attention to something which is a folly or vice with the hope of correcting or remedying it.

P.P.: You see that in the article, can you? The aim of it, if I understand it properly as satire, and I think I do, is to call attention in order to point out the folly and vice of this behaviour.

Mr. Martin: That is my case.

Anything in reply?

P.P.: No.

#### SUMMING-UP

At the conclusion of the witnesses' evidence, the defence counsel summed up. Mr. Trevor Martin concentrated mainly on the legal questions involved and Mr. Lloyd Waddy went systematically through the parts of the magazine which the prosecution had objected to. The following is a condensation of this part of Mr. Waddy's address:

I think I noted ten parts of the February issue of OZ which was subject to comment by the prosecution.

1. The front page is a picture of the Bass Fountain in the P. & O. Building and I would submit to Your Worship that there is nothing in that pictorial representation or in the writing underneath it which would come within the definition of obscene. I would submit it is a fair comment on the Australian Ugliness, as it purports to be. It might well be the fountain does invite some sort of comment and that the positioning of the fountain in this nature in a building which bears a title to be seen



from across the Harbour would be justification for comment such as this.

(The cover consisted of a photograph of the fountain in the side of the P. & O. Building, with the explanation that it was in fact a urinal, and three young men pictured apparently using it. — eds)

2. The second matter, going from the front page, was on page 4 and there a figure — described as masculine or feminine, according to the witness — is strumming a guitar. It is an obvious representation of a folk singer. The matter which was specifically referred to was the caption above it. It is given very little prominence; in fact, a couple of witnesses took some time to find it. The word "folk" is not obscene and I would submit that — whether it has ever been seen as a past participle or not — the fact one puts an "ed" on the end of it does not make it obscene. Obviously I could see the reference to an Australian phrase of great usage in some classes. I think Your Worship must bring his knowledge of the world to bear to see any allusion in this at all and must know the word beforehand. In my submission the mere allusion to the word could not be obscene in the popular sense and neither could it be obscene in the technical sense.

4. The fourth matter adverted to was in the first column underneath that — the fourth word. In my submission that is a four-letter word which I have read in the Bible and it is prominent in many other places. Notwithstanding that it does appear all too frequently on Railway cuttings and I think it is prominent in lavatories — even in proximity to this Court —

S.M.: You say it is in the Bible?

Yes, Your Worship.

S.M.: I do not recall having seen it in the Bible.

It is in the Old Testament and it is a reference to the names of one of the Israelite Kings: "They shall drink their own \*\*\*\* and eat their own \*\*\*\*." That I think is the Authorised Version, Your Worship. It is some time since I read it. S.M.: One would have to ask which Bible — there are so many. I have no doubt by some interpretations all sorts of things are likely to appear in the Bible — or elsewhere for that matter.

versatile Sharp would be a folk singer on the fourth page, a "Mirror" reporter on the sixth page and the gentleman in the Australian hat on the seventh page.

7. The seventh matter adverted to in the magazine is the article "The word flashed round the arms" and the printed part above it. I would submit that Your Worship should look at the magazine as a whole. In doing so, Your Worship will find the article towards the centre. It is given no prominence. It is not given anything to direct attention to it. It is not captioned in any way and it is not given prominence on the front page, as one commonly finds with the type of publication which has been the subject of proceedings at Court.

(This was an apparently first-person account by a surfie of a gate-crashing evening, during which his mates managed to "smash" most of the guests and have sexual intercourse with the daughter of the hostess. In the typed introduction it is explained that the Rev. Bush was interviewing surfies for the ABC, but "if you read this aloud in a guttural, awkwardly emphatic monotone, then you will enjoy a more accurate understanding of our beach boys' habits than a hundred ABC programmes could supply". — eds)

8. The next matter is entitled "I Spry", with a man in a cowboy hat and an old-fashioned army uniform sitting on a camel with a naked female with a flower through her toe holding on to his neck. It was suggested to one of the witnesses that that in itself was crude or indecent. But I would submit to you that looking at the detail in the drawing — even in the minutest detail — it discloses nothing would arouse and nothing which would particularly deprave or corrupt. The matter underneath it again is satire.

S.M.: Obscene libel perhaps.

Well it may be, Your Worship, but — S.M.: It is a clear allegation that the ladies associated with the Australian Security Services are harlots but that they are not paid for their services. That is the clear intention of that letter, isn't it?

Yes, working from the factual situation —

S.M.: But, of course, the subtlety is,

it. I have looked at it for some time endeavouring to find out what it could mean.

S.M.: Such is the subtlety of the author of this that nobody but himself knows what the message is.

The illusion is that ministers listen to the voice of God with the same attention that a dog does to his master.

S.M.: It might be the voice of £.s.d. See the strokes of the "H" look like "£" signs. It may be that the Minister's master is the voice of £.s.d. It was I who suggested that as a possibility and nobody else saw it, it seems.

I realise that Your Worship did suggest that. I must confess that I have to disagree with Your Worship. It is too subtle and it could easily have been made more explicit by putting £.s.d. on the gramophone.

S.M.: One looks for a message, though, and there is no message in saying for example, that a minister of religion listens to the voice of God. There is nothing novel about that, nothing extraordinary, nothing worthy of comment about it. Therefore, there is a message tucked away somewhere.

I think the message would be that the minister listens uncritically to the same thing over and over again, without questioning it. In other words, likening the minister to a pet which does what it is told.

On page 13, I think there was some reference made to "Bowler Nola Bats With Max". I read it at that time but there was nothing in it which struck my eye which was obscene.

S.M.: Would you like to comment on the reference to the man named — there.

(Counsel reads.) "Mr. — has bowled many a maiden over." There is no doubt as to the reference. It is a cricketing term and is set out as a cricketing term. There is no doubt about the innuendo.

S.M.: Inescapable innuendo.

I would say so, Your Worship.

S.M.: If you agree, there is no need to say any more. It is a libel on the face of it.

I would think it is.

S.M.: Obviously we are not concerned with libel here but I just passed that

**And I was very pleased indeed to see — and I don't care whether these people who talk about liberties and so forth jump in the lake — I was very pleased to see that three young men were gaoled on charges of publishing an obscene publication, OZ magazine. Well, that's a good thing — to wipe OZ out will be one of the best things for the country. A dirty little rag with filth in it!**

**—Eric Baume**

5. The fifth matter is on page 6 and that was a figure kneeling at the side of a bed with a lady and a jerry-pot underneath it. I suggest that there is nothing about that cartoon which needs my comment, Your Worship. Certainly the busts of the woman are displayed. One could hardly suggest that that, in itself, is indecent.

6. The sixth matter is at the bottom of that page, signed by the person Sharp. That was referred to in order to show that merely because a person signs an article — and I think that article is written in the first person — it does not mean that the author holds himself out as being the person concerned. Indeed, if that were so, the

of course, that a body can't be libelled. So, if anything, it is a criminal libel, isn't it?

I really hadn't given it close consideration as to whether or not such an action would succeed. But there is again nothing in it which would lead anyone to join the Secret Service or to become a Russian spy or to behave in the way set forth. There is no tendency in it to deprave or corrupt.

9. The next is a cartoon entitled "His Master's Voice" — a gramophone and a person in clerical garb sitting in the position of a dog on the His Master's Voice label. That is more or less a nihilist concept of religion — atheistic is the most one could draw from

comment, that that is a clear and obvious libel and an actionable libel.

Distasteful and obnoxious as it may be, it is not a matter for this court.

S.M.: Except that it is part of the general picture. If it can be shown that there are repeated libels of individuals, even though they can be civil on the face of it — that has to be taken into considering the whole of the publication.

I don't think anything else in the magazine was adverted to in evidence, unless Your Worship would like me to advert to anything else in the magazine. S.M.: No, I think you have been pretty exhaustive, Mr. Waddy.



# Requiem in Black

At Macquarie Street on a corner of lunchtime Man crossed the zebra by Saint James—in Her Square now—and met the black man under the elms. Very spooky. Hyde Park is very newspaperly, very sit down on the wet grass and eat a pie with the sea gulls. The black man was out from the box and balding in the wind. He met our man.

Father, I am in sin.  
How long for?  
All last week.  
Then go back my son.

We fumbled in the long pockets of that borrowed brown coat and produced a knotty lump of blood-wood, still green from last Sunday's picnic with Mum. Hit the black man, and he broke like a brittle black wooden pyx, for sacrament came out in bits and blew with the leaves down College Street. Ointment and incense were a momentary fragrance, but went with the blood down the row. Man blessed the four corners of Her Square, Holy Unction blew thin and to nothing beneath the elms. He went free, and it was the end of the first week.

As free, free are the rivals to war again, he ambled off up the paving to face upwind from Archibald's obscenity to dead-soldier shrine.

One step.  
Two step.

Three steps for the Holy Ghost. Hip, hip, hip.

The pond had all leaves and no two shillings at bottom, sheets of newspaper floating half way, with white clouds skimming on top. Like it would have been so serene had it been the Thames at Oxford on a late summer afternoon, and people punting past. But a tweedy old requiem who was sprawled on a bench hiccupped twice and raised his ancient arms to the autumn sky. And the steps to the shrine were a welter of school girls playing stiff variations to a theme by W. Shakespeare. Or was it Rudigore? A flurry of pigeons high above caused a momentary fluctuation in the market price of guano shares. The dead stayed that way. How odd of them, and hopeless, yet had you or I known what made Britten write the Requiem, or how much money Coventry Cathedral cost in the first place, had we known all this the tweedy fellow would seem just as foolish as those twits in sheets on the steps—and just as white.

But he hasn't got an earthly. The black man's father died for us, and his cutting-fence-post grandfather cursed the knotty blood-wood. Hopeless crap, and all our dearly beloved background.

Man. Throws bleeding blood-wood into rectangular pond, moves off-stage left and back to centre desk. Terribly organising bird nothing like Mum. Just what he needs to probe anatomy, Gray or Burton, each day. Reads and repents him of his banality, wickedness—strike out the inapplicable. Darling point to Pymble. O my darling. O Christ wake up it's cold, reach for the knotty wood and strike out the inapplicable. Hand it back to the blonde at the desk and go bleed in sin a whole week, for he did, after all, raise his ancient arms to the sky.

—PETER HERRICK

"WHERE HAVE ALL THE PLASTIC FLOWERS GONE?"

BLACK IS THE COLOUR  
OF MY TRUE LOVES  
FEET



HERE IS JOAN  
SHE IS PRETTY  
SHE IS ETHNIC  
SHE LIVES IN TREES  
LAST YEAR SHE MADE  
10,000 DOLLARS  
SHE DRIVES AN 'E' TYPE  
SHE ONLY SINGS PURE TRADITIONAL  
BALLADS.... LIKE I'M ALL THE  
WAY WITH L.B.J. AND THE  
"TRIALS OF JACKIE K."



NOW IS THE TIME  
FOR YOUR TEARS

This is Bobby  
He is beaut  
He sings his own  
words... and copyrights  
old tunes... he was known  
as a wandering poet he  
was also known as a bum  
But the times they are a  
changing... BOB is now  
A TRUE PURIST... He has  
Albert Grossman for a  
manager! Soon he will  
become ethnic... and  
have a world tour with  
P.P.+M.

MITCH MILLER  
IS  
GOD



This is Petie  
He is also ETHNIC  
He is ethnic because  
he can't sing.  
He plays 15  
instruments to compensate  
He goes on world tours...  
Everywhere he goes he  
chops wood on stage....  
This is known as Realism.  
THAT IS WHY HE IS A PURIST.  
He has also made over 60 ALBS  
..... and lots of money.

(PUFF THE MAGIC CIGARETTE)



THESE ARE  
THE KINGSTON TRIO  
P.P.+M.

THE BROTHERS 4  
THE LIMELIGHTERS  
THE CHAD MITCHELL TRIO  
THE FOLK SMITHS  
THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS  
ETC... ETC... ETC.....

THEY ARE NOT PURISTS...  
THEY ARE "COMMERCIAL"  
THEY DISCLOSE THEIR EARNINGS.

WORDS. D.H. MUSIC M.S.



# All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville,  
Richard Walsh.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin  
Sharp.

ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter  
Kingston.

SLAVES: A. G. Read, Steedman,  
Lawson and Louise.

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Bookshop or from John Waters, St.  
Mark's College. Jack's Central News-  
agency, The Record Market and  
larger newsagents handle OZ in  
Brisbane.

• Back copies are still available for 1/-.  
Nos. 1, 4, 6, and 8 have sold out.

During a gap between  
results a naked colored  
man waded into the foun-  
tain.

Several girls followed  
him in.



SOMEONE ISN'T USING THE PILL...

## WANTED

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secretary.

Qualifications: Competent typist, initia-  
tive to organise and maintain the office  
without supervision. Shorthand would  
be an advantage.

Duties: Book-keeping, answering cor-  
respondence, recording subscriptions,  
telephone, etc.

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suitable for singing by University Students and, if possible, should be accompanied by  
Music.

This book is to be sold all over Australia, so watch for it!

All enquiries and contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Song-  
book, C/- The Students' Union, The University of N.S.W., P.O. Box 1, Kensington.



## OZ APPEAL

WITHOUT reflecting on the  
merits of the case one way or  
another, there are many people  
who feel that the young defen-  
dants in the "Oz" appeal  
should be entitled to the most  
expert legal assistance. Such  
assistance is necessarily expen-  
sive and beyond the means of  
the editors of "Oz". There are  
probably many people in the  
community who would care to  
offer practical and immediate  
financial aid.

Therefore the undersigned  
are launching an Oz Legal De-  
fence Appeal. All donations  
should be made payable to Alf  
Van Der Poorten, Oz Legal De-  
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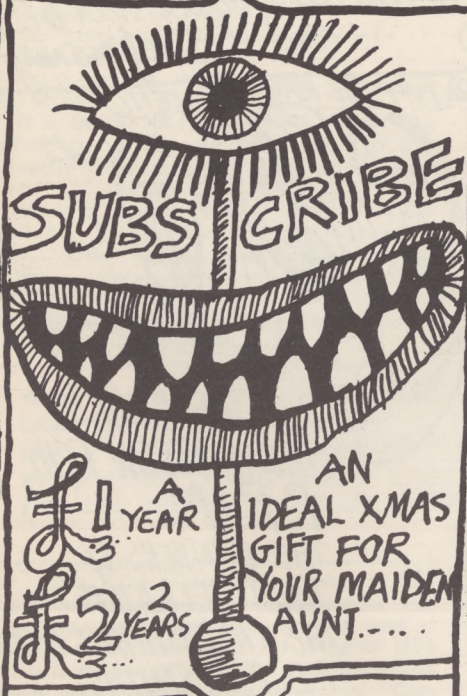
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CHANGE  
IN  
BRITAIN



CHANGE  
IN THE  
KREMLIN



CHANGE  
IN  
U.S.A.?



## London Letter

A PART from all the sunsational Australian products, called things like Kangaroo (butter) and Emu or Bushy Tree (claret) which are at present sweeping the north of England like myxomatosis, the average Englishman's knowledge of Australia is about as acute as his knowledge of the sex life of the duck-billed platypus, and a good deal less interested. The main outlet for Australian utterance in this country tends to resolve itself into the press statements of Sir Robert of the thistle, and Englishmen find it hard to reconcile this salivation of the Queen's foot with the attitudes of the Australians they meet.

Australia House was put there partly to correct this impression; partly to lure Englishmen to Australia for £10 who would have been sent there for nothing 150 years ago; and mainly to advise on, and control, Anglo-Australian Trade. Here one may see, almost any week-day around 10 a.m., the High Commissioner for Australia (an Anglo-phile who bears a depressing resemblance to Sir Robert himself) being helped out of a funeral Rolls Royce that bears the number plate AUS 1, and being escorted inside. Here one can watch the test matches on television, and put down one's name for the monthly Boomerang Tea Party.

But there is action, too. Witness the conversation I had last week:

AUS: Good morning. I would like to find out about Australian trade with West Germany, and in particular who handles the advertising.

A.H.: Yes. Well, we have a library. But you won't find it there. I'm afraid I can't tell you any more than that. Perhaps you might write to Bonn . . . or Canberra . . .

AUS: Never mind, by the way who handles your advertising in England?

A.H.: Yes. Well, really I've no idea. I don't know who could help you. Except perhaps our advertising agency. And of course, I don't know who they are.

READERS of this column will remember that the agency concerned is called Greenly's, and that the account is something of a headache to them. One reason is that importers of Australian goods into England are allowed a shilling a case for "publicity," and in theory Greenly's should get this to advertise them. But "publicity," is a big word. Since the case of the executive who claimed that buying his mistress a fur coat

was the best way of bettering the company's image in England, Australia House has clamped down a little—for instance, executives' cars purchased out of this fund must bear the name of the company on the outside (perhaps on a two-by-one sticker on the back window).

Even so, publicity can still be fun. Australia House itself employs various artificially sunbronzed Australian girls to go round the country promoting. With a scream of joy some of the private companies have thrown their public monies on the bandwagon, and none more so than Ardmona (anagram: no drama), The Fruits of Australia's Sunshine. The underclad Ardmona Girls rush pneumoniacally round the north, distributing Australian recipe books (Boundary Riders' Flan, and Parramatta Peach Pie) to wide-eyed customers at supermarkets, and trying to persuade the supermarket managers to order yet another ton of tinned pears on the strength of it. An ex-Ardmona Girl explained to me that, while none of them have been sacked explicitly for refusing to go to bed with either a company executive or a supermarket manager, nonetheless statistics show that of those who have lost their jobs, etc., etc.

THE Surrey (the Australian beer pub) has been fairly empty this month. Taking advantage of the warm(ish) weather, most of the regulars packed a couple of tubes of steam and a groundsheet and took off for Cornwall to try and crack a greeny and a bird. Those that remained were morose. "Look at this bloody painter making good

here," one said. "Brett Whitely. He was Bert Whitely at school. I'm chucking it. I'm going home. See, I've got my ticket to Amsterdam. That's near Australia isn't it? Isn't it?" Weeping into his beer, he was led away.

—AUS.

BUT IN AUSTRALIA MING  
JUST GOES ON AND ON

Harry is my shepherd; I  
shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down  
in all-white pastures;  
he leadeth me beside  
Goldwaters.

He troubleth my soul; he  
leadeth me in the paths  
of brinksmanship for his  
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow  
of death I will fear no  
evil; for thou art with me;  
thy bomb and thy army they  
comfort me - provided I am  
an American national.

Surely Rightness and  
McCarthyism shall follow  
me all the days of my life;  
and I shall dwell in the  
house of the Lord forever.

- or until someone  
pushes the button.

ONCE upon a time there were six people who decided to have a Peace Conference: a trade union official, a minister of religion, a philosophy lecturer, an economist and two Communists.

But then the six began to have second thoughts.

The minister of religion suspected that the Communists might "use" the conference, so then there were five.

The economist felt the Communists might dominate the conference and then there were four.

The trade union official decided that half the conference was Communists and so there were three.

The philosopher realised that the majority present were Communist sympathisers. Then there were two.

The two Communists decided to have their Conference anyway. And when the minister, the economist, the unionist and the philosopher read in the paper the resolutions that had been passed, their suspicions were confirmed beyond their wildest expectation: every one at the goddam conference was a Communist. So they knew they had done the right thing.

Which only goes to show that the best way to beat the Comms is to run away from them.

Maybe we'll have a peace conference on our own some time, just as we did in nineteen hundred and . . . When was it last that we had a non-Communist peace congress in Australia?



Dr. Gough's  
'GOUGH' drops

Banish OZ,  
Tharunka,

the new syllabus, and  
other complaints with Dr.  
Gough's new formula  
GOUGH drops - they take  
the fun out of life, the  
Christ out of Christianity.

*Art Sydney*

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO  
Captain Robertson ?

The Sydney Morning Herald,

Sat., Oct. 17, 1964

LEARN Celestial Navigation quickly in your own home by private evening Lessons from ex-Royal Navy Officer. Very reasonable rates. No. 16268, Herald. CUTTER 42ft. Ideal coastal cruiser.



# Is there a rebel in the House?

*The following speech, demanding the re-establishment of National Service, was delivered to the House of Representatives by Mr. H. B. Turner during the course of the Budget debate. Mr. Turner is Member for the Sydney electorate, Bradfield, a so-called "blue-ribbon" Liberal seat. A constant critic of his own Party, he is also one of those back-benchers Least Likely to Succeed.*

I believe that the mood of the people is this: They are perturbed about the things that are happening to our north. This is not panic. It is quite natural fear. Indeed, only last week we were debating the incidents that had happened in the Gulf of Tonkin and in South Vietnam. The sound of the guns from the Gulf of Tonkin is still ringing in my ears, Sir, and I can still smell the burning villages and sense the tears and blood very close to us in the north. I cannot quite get these things out of my senses. That is why this debate seems to me so utterly unreal. The Australian people are concerned about these things, but they say: "If the Prime Minister is not concerned about them, we suppose that all is well." I am not so sure that we can adopt the old saying—

*God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!*

The Government, of course, has great wisdom. They have at their command information obtained from their intelligence sources and elsewhere that is not at the command of backbenchers. Therefore, those who doubt must be regarded as idiots. Yet sometimes even an idiot may be right, though perhaps for wrong reasons. Some-

times, a person regarded as an idiot in one generation may be regarded in another as a wise man. The question for us, however, may be: Will there be another generation to do justice to the idiot who is right today?

What is the theory about our defence preparations? The theory is that South East Asia is Australia's front line and that, if it falls, the enemy will be on our doorstep at Darwin. The theory is that all we need are forces consisting of military, naval and air components, co-ordinated for the one purpose of dealing with what the Americans describe as bushfire wars in South East Asia. For this purpose, of course, our forces must be highly trained. They must be mobile. They must be available for service in South East Asia. The Citizen Military Forces probably are not, for Australia has always adhered to the old fashioned notion that nobody should serve outside Australia unless he has volunteered to do so.

In reality what forces do we have? I shall not concern myself with the Air Force or Navy. I want to concentrate on the Army. I think we have something like 24,000 men in the Army, with a target strength of 28,000. Suppose our Army had to go into action tomorrow. I suspect that the 24,000 would be reduced to something like half this number of combat troops. We would have to subtract all the lines of communications troops and the base wallahs. We would have to subtract the number of those who, on compassionate or medical grounds, could not be sent into front line service. So we would have a spearhead of perhaps 12,000 men — a very small spearhead. I do not know how sharp it would be but it would certainly be very small.

Where would reinforcements come from? Suppose these forces went into action in jungle conditions. Many honorable members recall from personal experience, and others will find no difficulty in imagining, that casualties are very high in these conditions owing to tropical illnesses and the like. These front line forces would have to be reinforced from the C.M.F. by men who would not be able to go in as units, because there are practically no C.M.F. units at anything like full strength. They are depleted. The citizen units are weak in numbers and they are untrained. Many months would have to pass before assorted members of the Citizen Military Forces could be trained and put into action.

May I say a word about our attitude to the idea that we should make an effort similar in kind, if not in degree, to the effort that America makes? We suffer from what I would call atavistic colonialism. Let me explain. For centuries we were protected by the British Navy and the broad oceans. We had a "moat defensive", as Britain had, to protect us against "the envy of less happier lands". The moat has shrunk considerably and the British Navy has gone. But we became accustomed to the idea that Britain would look after us. We did not have to worry. We could be children; we could be colonials. Hilaire Belloc wrote a nursery rhyme that exemplifies the position.

He said—

*Never leave the hand of nurse  
For fear of meeting something worse.*

We had nanny to look after us. But she has gone so we have had to look for someone else. In our anguish and our fear we turned, of course, to another parental figure. Children must always have a parental figure. This one was Uncle Sam. That is what I call atavistic colonialism.

Suppose the undoubted abilities of the Minister for External Affairs (Mr. Hasluck), who has been described as a journalist and an historian, were devoted to writing a book in defence of the Government's attitude and of the attitude of the Australian people, he would call it "*Allies, Not Arms, or: Defence Without Weapons*". The book, of course, would appear in the well known series, "*The Secrets of Other People's Jobs*". He could dilate upon the secret of why it is America's job to defend Australia.

The honorable member for Parkes (Mr. Hughes) has asked that recruiting figures, showing the number of recruits and the wastage of recruits up to 30th June last, should be given to the House. I suggest that these figures should be given to the House and to the public of Australia month by month. Let us have no doubt but that our potential enemies will have these figures very accurately. Accordingly there is no reason why the information should be concealed from the Parliament or from the nation. Honorable members may remember the story of how the Duke of Wellington reviewed the troops who had come under his command in the Peninsula War. Having reviewed them he addressed them and said: "I don't know what effect these men will have upon the enemy, but, by God, they terrify me." I do not think that the revelation of our recruiting figures will frighten an enemy but they may terrify the House and the people of Australia.

In his speech the honorable member for Sturt (Mr. Wilson) indicated succinctly what was needed as far as national service is concerned. He said that we need an intake of about 15,000 men a year serving for two years and that these men must be available for service anywhere. If South East Asia is our front line, these men should be available for service in the direct defence of Australia.

Service in the armed forces should carry with it prestige. At present there is no prestige for a young Australian unless he gets into the uniform advertised for a business executive and carries as his weapon a brief-case. The time has come when the leaders of industry must see, if they wish to lead, that there is some prestige for those who serve their country and not merely for themselves.

Of course, what is said by a back-bencher who knows nothing may fall on deaf ears. But if he had the eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Pitt or a Menzies still the Cabinet would not hear. If he argued with all the logic of Aristotle or Einstein or even Sir Mark Oliphant, when sometimes he talks about the physical sciences, still he would not be heard or understood. Nevertheless, I believe profoundly that the things I have said are true. Despite the fact that they may not have been said from the Labor side of the House or, if said, said with tongue in cheek merely to score a debating point and not because they were meant, they should be said from this side of the House.

If on this side of the House there are many Ministers who can say nothing and many others who prefer to say nothing, it devolves upon those who see the need and who do not hesitate to speak to say the truth that is in them.

Mothers, sisters, relatives and friends of the youths, packed in the public gallery, shouted out in anger and dismay.

**Women sobbed and screamed hysterical abuse at the Judge, and two collapsed.**

One was the mother of James Thomas Logan, 19, a youth with carefully combed, black, wavy hair, who was gaoled for life.

She spat and shook her fist at Mr Justice Collins.

The father of James and Ian Logan said today, "My boys aren't so bad as they were painted."

"We think the sentences of life for James, and 12 years for Ian, were a bit stiff."

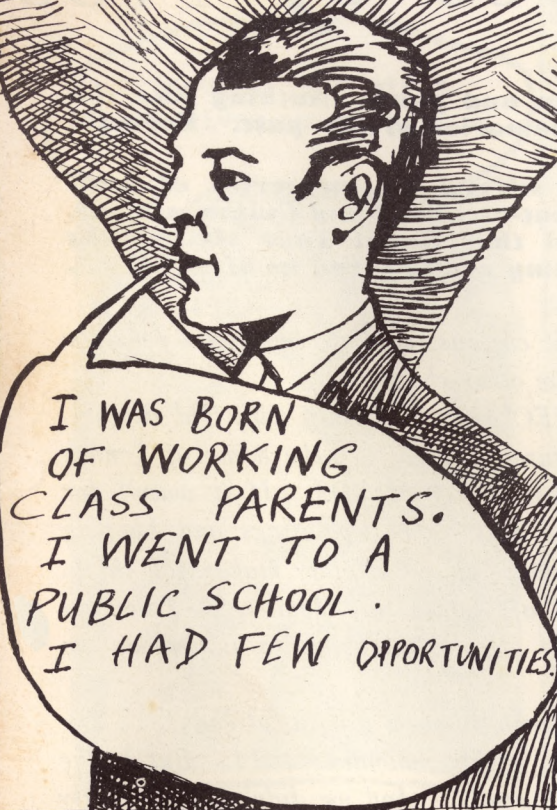
"It was a terrible thing, but when you get in a mob things can happen which normally would not."

Mrs Hazel Wilson — mother of Robert Leslie Wilson, who was sentenced to seven years' gaol — said she had lived in fear of the trouble he might get into at weekends.

Mrs Wilson said, "He is the youngest of my four sons, and I sometimes worried that he would try and be 'big'."



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# On Waves of Nos

**British Fortnight's been and gone. Nothing like the British, really, to stir up memories of the past. Even OZ was stirred.**

**We were particularly stirred by memories of mid-1962, when life wasn't all "pat-a-cakes" and Guinness Stout. The Common Market. And that Royal Tour six months later to remind us that Mummy really loved us after all . . .**

*British FORTNIGHT, eh? A bit curious, isn't it, when you consider that a mere week is enough for the other charities . . .*

*Still I suppose we do have a SPECIAL relationship with Old Blighty. The birthplace of Australian culture, y'know . . . the home of Tennyson, Kipling, Lennon and all those other MINDS. If it wasn't for Britain, Australian culture would still be barkpaintings and burping down bits of gumtree and that's about all. Certainly makes you think. No Britain'd mean no Merchant of Venice, no Hamlet, no "Xanadu did Kubla", no Ancient Marina . . . 'd be a big loss to us here on the Asian fringe.*

*Mind you, it isn't as though we haven't done a fair bit already . . . The giving hasn't all been one way. I still remember 1914. But I like to think she was fighting FOR US really. And we didn't do too badly anyway. Got a big slice of national honour and you can't call Gallipoli a loss — well, not out loud.*

*I was a bit disappointed that we had to send more men across in '49. Still, I suppose the Huns were threatening US too. Then, of course, there was Malayasia. U.K. said it was an emergency. I know they're still up there but then Rome wasn't built in a day.*

*Speaking of Rome . . . bit of a flap over that Treaty of Rome, common market thing and so forth a few years ago. I can't believe Blighty would have gone in and cut our markets like everyone ASSUMED. Dangerous things, assumptions. Anyway, she didn't join in the end so no harm done, eh?*

*And Suez . . . well, error of judgment, miscalculation perhaps, and anyway we agreed with what she did. Most of us. Well, at least ONE of us. Yes, overall, got a lot of things in our Way of Life to thank the Old Country for. Why, there's . . . too numerous to mention as they say, a heritage we take for granted but something we'd all miss, EVERY ONE OF US, if Britain went under.*

*So that's why I was glad to see everyone pitch in and go to the Tattoo and the Visit and the Exhibition and all the other sideshows. Took a big effort for a little country with a past like Britain's. And if we didn't want to buy the sausages, bloodhounds and haggis and all the other industrial things . . . well, it's only courtesy to go along and LOOK, isn't it? I mean to say, isn't it?*

—D.L.



This is just our  
normal simple Sunday  
Service





# talgia

I thought they might have given us supper.



Stop pinching me!



## HUNTERS

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ALL THE NEWS THAT MATTERS

FORECAST: Fine, mild. Gusts W. winds.

Special Lottery 882, Page 48.

# ANGRY!

**Menzies will fight**

## Daily Mirror

THE INDEPENDENT PAPER

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# SOLD OUT

## Aust. loses in market battle

United Press International



\* Mr. Menzies in an angry mood at his press conference London.—Radiopicture.

### 'It's not out of cup of tea'

LONDON, Wednesday. — Mr. Menzies tonight gave Mr. Macmillan a piece of his mind.

The 'Australian Prime Minister had reached London today on his 'save Australia' mission in a bellicent, even angry.

From DOUGLAS BRASS, editorial director of Mirror News papers, who is accompanying Mr. Menzies on his Common Market mission.

# AUSTRALIA LEFT OUT IN COLD

From PETER GLADWIN

LONDON, Wednesday. — No comfort for Australia emerged as the two-day Common Market debate in the House of Commons got under way today.

The chief British negotiators, the Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Edward Heath, trotted out all the routine assurances on protecting Commonwealth interests.

**Labor sits on fence**



MR. HEATH ... on defensive

# ANZACS BLAST BRITAIN

## Word not kept on market deal

United Press International

LONDON, Friday.—Australia and New Zealand today issued a common statement which practically accused Britain of bad faith in Common Market dealings.

Hard-hitting and straight to the point the statement was issued by the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and the Deputy New Zealand Prime Minister, Mr. Marshall.

It said, in effect, that Britain had given

# REPORT ON MARKET GRIM

## Aust. loses in market battle

United Press International

BRUSSELS, Wednesday.—Britain has sold Australian manufacturers down the river—and that's OFFICIAL!

The Common Market countries announced tonight that Britain has agreed to apply their common external tariff against manufactured goods.

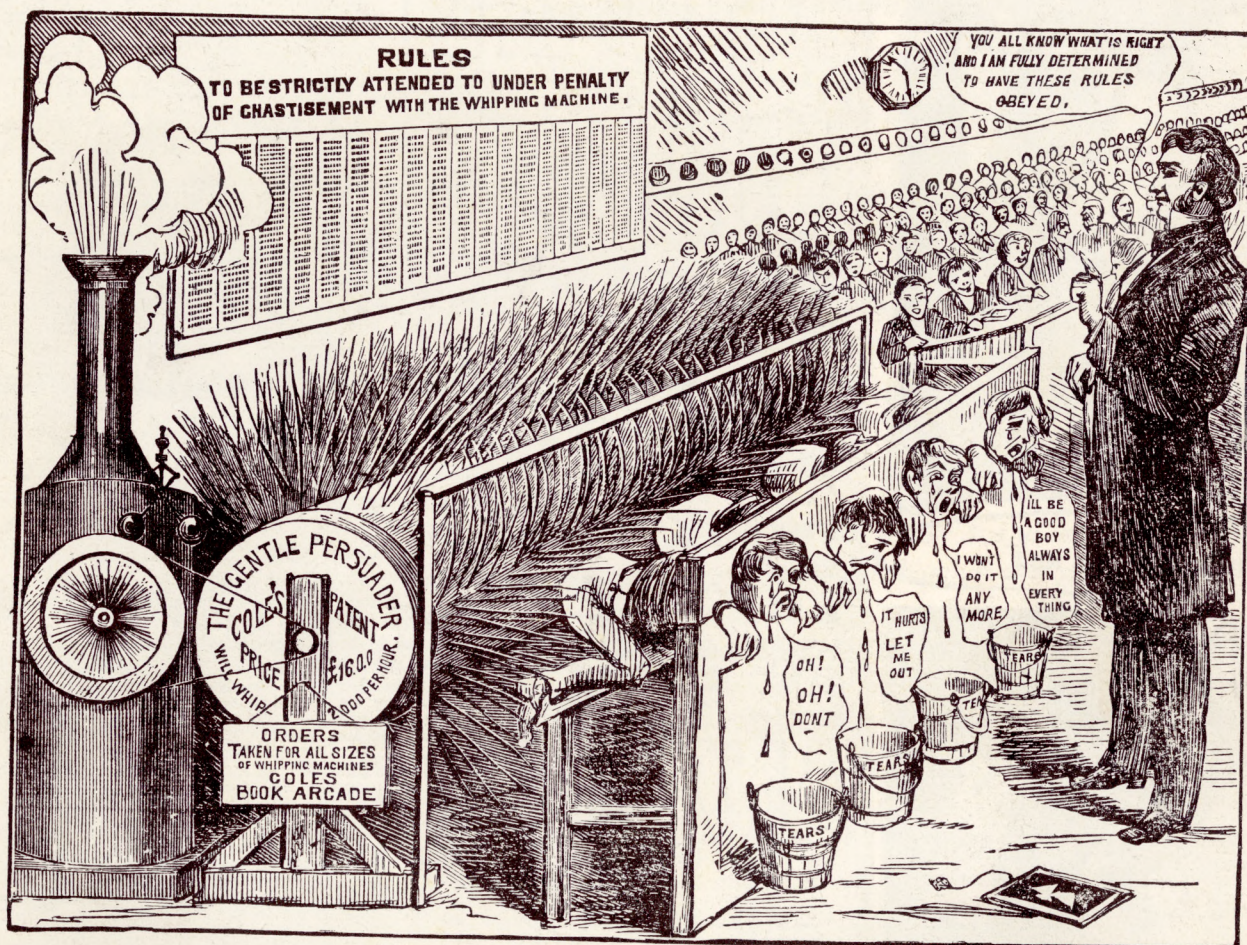
This is the beginning of the end of Commonwealth preferences between the

markets worth £5-million a year.

The next—and much more important—step is the Common Market



# THE GASH



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