On the corner of Hunter and Castlereagh Streets, Sydney, the P. & O. Shipping Line has completed its contribution to the Australian Ugliness—the P. & O. Building, officially opened by the Prime Minister in January. To alleviate the severe drabness of its sandstone facade, sculptor Tom Bass has set an attractive bronze urinal in the wall for the convenience of passers-by. This is no ordinary urinal. It has a continual flushing system and basins handily set at different standing heights. There is a nominal charge, of course, but don’t worry, there is no need to pay immediately. Just P. & O. Pictured is a trio of Sydney natives P. & O’ing in the Bass urinal.
Aid For Industrious Dolts

An outspoken academic recently revealed that the medical profession is one of the few where industrious dolts could earn at least £5,000 annually. Encyclopaedia Britannica has known this for 200 years. Dolts from all the professions bludge vital facts and information from the Britannica to combat their own ignorance—hence increase their prestige and salary. In a word, it saves you from thinking!

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ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED
257 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
SMOKING IS GOOD FOR YOU, DARLING

Cannabis Sativa — Indian Hemp is many things to many people. To the Middle Easterner it is hashish. To Indians, bhang. In the Western World it has many names, among them, pot, tea, marijuana. All of them spoken in undertones. The police call it "an addicting narcotic." The Press say (in heavy type) it is a "fiendish sex-drug". The British medical journal "The Lancet" suggested it be legalised, adding that it would reduce inter-racial tension and give a boost to Britain's tax revenue. The Moroccans know it as kef — an Arabic colloquialism for "well-being." To me it is a good, clean smoke. And I lived under a pot-cloud for six months. Not a furtive back-alley tea-pad, I may add, but in a country where social life centres on the humble hemp weed.

In Morocco, kef is considered not a dangerous drug, but a way of life. By the average man-about-the-Casbah, at any rate. The well-to-do consider it Non-U. if not downright paiochial; the police say, in accordance with International law, it is illegal. But that doesn't stop them for a moment. The shop-keeper, the fisherman, the Youth Hostel Warden all urge one to linger and share a pipe or two. A refusal to turn-on in Morocco is like toasting the Queen at a Vice-Regal banquet. According to Koranic law, Moslems are forbidden alcohol and Morocco is one of the most orthodox countries in the Arab world. Just to be sure His Most Serene Highness Hassen II prohibits the sale of liquor to his Moslem subjects. But pity not the deprived Isla-mite! A few pipes of kef does every thing a couple of quick drinks are supposed to do.

At your first puff, muscles relax, tension dissolves and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception sharpens and you discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and details. Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your girlish laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent as a "depraved pot-head" in Tangier were the healthiest of my life. I put on a stone in weight, slept like the heroine of an Ovaltine ad and ate like a farm-hand. My consumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (notorious on three continents), shakes, frustrations and general nerves qui tened down; I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreigners felt the same way — many did their best creative work in the lotus-eating atmosphere, forsaking marijuana (obtained with a minimum of worry and expense) heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being noticeably stunted. The anti-social and erotic effects with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed were very rare. The only aggressive Moroccans were backsliders who had been slyly tipping the vitriolic indigenous wines. Even with them the routine seemed to be "I'll kill (and/or rape) you! ... but tomorrow."

Moroccan tea shops, where most of the kef smoking is done, have none of the atmosphere of a Sydney pub. Or any other pub. Musicians have the full attention of the patrons. Games are played with cards and intensity — for nothing more than entertainment. The long, thin pipes are passed around like symbols of worship. Everyone shakes hands — formally and frequently. Quantities of sweets and nuts are consumed. Most un-pub-like of all is the rarity of fights. Nobody is able to raise enough adrenalin to even argue. And sex only slightly twitches its ugly head — it is too close to an act of violence for the average doped-up sex-maniac to do more than smile politely. It is far less an aphrodisiac than alcohol. Could be the story all started because only the female Indian Hemp plant can be smoked — and you know how some people get confused when genders are mentioned!

Now you understand why no government in its right mind would ever release marijuana for the masses. A country's progress-programme would never survive the shock. Why, people would stop worrying! They would secede from the young executive-on-the-way-up push, get themselves a seat in the stand and watch the rat-race scream past. And horror of horrors! they would see no point getting involved in anything silly as a war. Fidel Castro realised that when he ordered the hemp fields of Cuba to be destroyed. Poet Alan Ginsberg is reported to have asked a Cuban official why Castro didn't let his soldiers smoke it. "Ah," he was told, "but the army wouldn't fight then!" A "Pot for Peace" campaign, anyone?

Whatever the popular Press may infer, marijuana is not addicting. Not even as much as tobacco, alcohol or betel-nut; and however high you fly (and believe me, you can get completely stoned if the "blend" is strong enough) you'll never have a hangover next morning! Nor do you have to actually smoke pot if you don't want to: brew it like tea or eat it in cakes. (Recipes on request, stamped, addressed envelope, please.)

So if you are smoking more, enjoying it less and contemplating a change to marijuana — the smoother, more satisfying smoke, there are just three small points to remember:

1. You could end up in gaol.
2. In Sydney it's rather more expensive than a packet of king-sized.
3. Local supply is highly uncertain.

Far be it for me to encourage illegali ties of any kind, but ... At the Public Library, I am told, is a book that is a must in every bushwalker's dilly-bag — it is all about "The Recognition and Identification of the Female Indian Hemp Plant". And the approaches of Hornsby railway station, on the seeder end of the North Shore, could be, I am told, the most likely place to start hunting for pot-plants.

—S.H.

OZ, February 3
Sir,

I was disappointed by your Kennedy piece in the last issue. There are certain people who naively think that to scribble "Ming Is a Shit" on a railway-cutting is a form of political satire. Mr Walker's effort was on the same level. It wasn't funny in the first place; there wasn't an original or witty crack anywhere in it; Mr Walker had a less insulated mind he might have the decency to — well, not mourn him perhaps, but at least to turn off his transistor when the funeral goes by. I have no subscription to OZ, so I will not cancel it.

Bob Hughes

[Congratulations, Bob! You have won OZ's best-letter-of-the-month award—a year's free subscription.]

Sir,

Despite the elegance of artistic talent depicted on the frontpiece of the Xmas issue, I regret contemplating your very indiscreet attack, after being indicted only recently.

The illustration will almost certainly involve you in further difficulties with the group responsible for promoting previous legal proceedings.

If at any time you direct some constructive criticism at the P.M., I would reconsider my present position of not being a subscriber.

At the outset, I was interested because of an announcement that your work would concentrate on satire! This desirable characteristic appears to have been superseded by a desire to appease a rabble.

Yours,
D. Mackellar,
Lindfield, N.S.W.

Sir,

Cartoonwise, I think OZ could stand some improvement. Could we have a little more of Kingston and a little less of Sharp?

Ken Fickling,
King's Cross, N.S.W.

Sir,

OZ has met with phenomenal success; yet it has probably been found uninspiring, and not without cause, by the majority of its readers. In recent issues OZ writers have tried to express themselves more clearly. But the effort has only made them more obscure. For every one reader who has enjoyed OZ, there are probably a hundred who have not.

Although it deals with "satire", this little gem is not in the least entertaining, nor does it illuminate or dissect any futilities that have not already been over-exploited, though OZ does perhaps treat them more coyly than they have been treated before.

OZ is a simply perfect example of the conventions of precious exhibitionism and inverted prudery afflicting most underprivileged universities. These conventions, which become more inflexible with each issue, more from a fear of ridicule than from any genuine desire to conform, have turned a two-letter word that once had vaguely pleasant associations into a symbol for desperately kittenish double-talk. With the exception of R.W. (who copies nice little things out of anthropologies or somewhere), OZ writers are either unable (or afraid) to say what they mean or simply do not mean to say anything. But whatever the cause of their trouble, it does not lie in the least abate what must be a practically paranoiac urge to appear in print.

The saddest thing about OZ is its conception of satire — particularly sad because its very strident claim on the market rests on "Satire", which apparently is far too subtle for OZ to grasp in any recognisable form; nor should it be imagined that OZ has broken new ground in the field. Sixth form magazines and staff journals usually make the same sort of attempt, the natural difference in subjects being incidental.

OZ writers have worked out a simple mechanical technique they hope will save them the trouble of thinking; and in view of the pretty rosy competition around it excellently well. The writer seems to assess his true feelings about a matter, reverse them, then add a few self-conscious flippancies. Imagination and perception are not involved. One example of this is the tatty little assassination piece in the December issue. This kind of thing is sometimes funny when it is unexpected — but in OZ it is expected all the time.

Apart from all this, the editors have the makings of shrewd journalists. Their social page shows a great deal of opportunism and Sharp is brilliant, but far too brilliant to be left long with OZ in its present state. If they can produce something good before some heavyweight E-Type owning competitor (probably making ruthless use of the original OZ conception) wipes them off their feet, they have a good chance of cleaning up in a very lucrative field. But the present indications are not promising.

W. Stendhal,
Reading, U.K.

Sir,

I would like to present my opinion on a modern problem — prostitution. My solution is legalise it. Before the moralists begin screaming, I assure you that I make this statement with reservations (reservations at Brisbane's National Hotel, that is). What are the bad results of prostitution as it stands (or rather, lies) today? Apart from purely moral considerations, they are:

1. The spreading of venereal diseases by prostitutes.
2. The annoying of citizens by solicitors (in the non-legal meaning of the word).

I feel a system should be introduced under which a prostitute could only operate if she had a licence (renewable annually) stating that she had undergone a thorough medical examination and had no venereal disease. Secondly, it should be made illegal for streetwalkers to accost men in public places, and instead to wear some form of insignia so that men would know them for prostitutes.

Although I have made jokes in this letter, I assure you I am quite serious in my opinion.

Yours faithfully,
David Dale,
Coogee.

P.S. I still haven't received word from you editors about the article I sent you on "Vampire Rights". I have written five more in the series and am anxious to know if it is worth my while going ahead and writing further columns. Enclosed is a stamp which I forgot to send with my article so that you can write and tell me if you intend to print it or not and also if you want to see the next few in the series.
A Type of Earthbound Ghost

Last July, OZ published a letter from Mr John Jarred begging for “more articles on sex and sexual perversion of every type, articles on black magic, witchcraft and satanism.” Several days later OZ received another letter: “Here is an article in response to a request in my letter published in OZ July for articles on witchcraft, etc. Now I have taken this material from books on satanism, etc. They still have copy rights, but as far as I know it is not breaking the law to quote extracts less than 50 words. Yours sincerely, John Jarred.”

Hot on the tail of this contribution was another letter: “Enclosed find a longer article on witchcraft than the one you have already. You must understand that I am not trying to sell you anything, but merely submitting it for consideration because I honestly believe to be better than the other one. This one includes a fair bit stolen from books, as well as other things I have learnt in my studies, and expressed in my own words, and a few jokes of my own. Yours sincerely, John Jarred.”

Here are some samples from John Jarred’s Life in a Black Lodge (Improved Version): “One of the first things the Beast teaches his disciples is the technique of leaving the physical body at will and journeying about in the subtle or astral body. The method consists of projecting or imagining one’s mind working. As usual, there followed a revision: “Here is an improvement on the letter I wrote about Profumo.”

Dear Sir, I fail to understand the foul condemnation meted out to Profumo. It’s dirty, below the belt. Instead of violent resentment at his behaviour, in a large part of society there should be a building up of affinity with him on the basis of something we both do and in another part instead of indignation there should be admiration and respect for his attainment or ‘something we want but can’t get.’

“Impossibly to talk so sensibly with a woman, of course, but of the blokes I’ve spoken to many want to get on his back and ride him simply because he’s better than they are. I’ll succumb but maybe I’ll take you with me. One particularly degenerate Nazi type told me he would like to give Profumo a poisonous injection of snake venom!”

But look at the man’s pleasant points. I don’t blame Christine for loving him. I admit he wasn’t ‘hard up’ but then he wasn’t ‘stuck up’ either. He, of the upper crust, had a connection with Miss Keefer on the lower levels. And he didn’t have too much intercourse with the two wicked kings, Smo-king and Drink- ing, which, in my opinion is the root of much evil. I think Christine was a good girl, too. I say, even if she got Jack from Mrs Profumo she still deserves our applause, because I’d willingly give her the clap myself.

“Because, remember, St Paul said ‘to the pure all things are pure’. Likewise to the dirty all these things are dirty, Old Man.”

“If you wish to publish this letter you need not pay me.”

OZ dares not publish any more selections from J.J. as we have just received a letter requesting the return of all his manuscripts.

“The reason I do not want them published is as follows: I am not a black occultist. You are possibly aware that even at this present day in Sydney devil-worship is practised by various groups, and I mean it is intended as the real thing — not merely sex and drug orgies in disguise.

“Several characters are known for this kind of thing, and to build up an affinity with them is not good, for obvious reasons. Behind that gleaming smile is not happiness but intense malignance.

“Curse them! Curse them! Curse them! With my hawk’s head I peck at the eye of Jesus as he hangs on the Cross! I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed and blind him. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and Buddhist Mongol and Dn! Ballash! Ophelia! I spit on your crapulous creeds!”

Yours sincerely, John Jarred.”

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NOISE

First literary magazine of the University of New South Wales

Contributions Include:

* Criticism as Not Judging, H. P. Heseltine
* From the Sublime to the Absurd, Albert B. Weiner
* Judgements about Works of Art, Ray Walters

Also:

* Verse by Geoffrey Lehmann, and ten others

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OZ, February 5
The editor kneels at the foot of the bed, 
Droops on flabby hands, cynical head. 
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares! 
Newspaper editor’s saying his prayers.

**This Month in Censorship**

January has been a really big month in censorship, currently No. 1 in OZ’s Top Ten Bandwagons:

- The British film, “Tom Jones”, was chosen by the U.S. National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as the best of 1963. Yet this film is considered the “hottest” ever to be passed by the Australian censor.

- Subscribers to “Playboy” magazine received their regular letter from Customs informing them of seizure of the Xmas issue and that “if no action is taken, the publication is automatically condemned to be destroyed”. Technically, the magazine is not banned permanently as future copies might be acceptable. So each number, as it arrives, is scrutinised by some petty clerk, who then officially bans it.

However, weary subscribers note that the ronco’d letter of seizure is vague enough to cover all future editions, perhaps indicating confidence on the part of Customs that “Playboy” will always be too dirty to admit.

- It was announced that an Australian publishing company would undertake to print in Australia the banned medical text “The ABZ of Love” and, if necessary, fight a court action.

- The Terry report triggered off a delightful letter to the Herald from Mrs Barbara Bennett, of Cowra:
  
  “I don’t get it. I am not allowed to read “Lady Chatterley’s Lover” or “Tropic of Cancer”. I cannot read playboy or hashish. I must have a chest X-ray. All for my own good—to save myself from myself, so to speak.

  Yet I and, more importantly, by more impressionable younger Australians are constantly bombarded by advertising media which glorify the smoking of cigarettes.”

The reply of A. W. Sheppard, one of Sydney’s leading booksellers, was appropriate to the occasion: “One would assume that one of the major reasons for this is that nearly all of those who govern us are smokers but far too few of them are readers.”

**Top Ten Bandwagons:—**

God bless sex, I know that’s right, 
Wasn’t it fun on page 3 tonight? 
Give us this day our daily headline, 
But deliver it please, before our deadline.

Apart from Mafia, things are a bore, 
Dear God, there’s not even a cricket score. 
Scot’s have an assault on an innocent teen, 
Or another visit by the Duke and the Queen.

We can photo Jeff Chandler to fill 
In some space, 
(Though even our readers are sick of his face.)
Oh, send a blessing to the socialiates, 
Who are seen at balls and opening nights.

God, give us something exciting to print 
(a tragic slaying will earn us a mint). 
Not to forget the stand-bys, of course, 
Like a cancer scare or a Taylor divorce.

Or send us a kid who’s going to die, 
Or a politician who’s told a lie, 
A sneak visit by a famous star 
Or another blood-bath in Zanzibar.

The editor kneels at the foot of the bed, 
Droops on flabby hands, cynical head. 
Hush! Hush! Whispers who dares! 
Newspaper editor’s saying his prayers.
Methodist minister Reverend Roger Bush has been seen lately on Sydney’s northern beaches armed with a tape-recorder to conduct his own sociological survey of teenagers’ habits, morals, etc. Oz reproduces below a replica of a fairly typical conversation anyone can overhear at the Newport Arms Hotel (nerve-centre of the party-crashing clique) on any Saturday night. It’s the sort of thing Reverend Bush will be playing to his ABC listening audience; however, 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.

My name is Brigadier Sir Charles Spry. I am Director-General of the Australian Security Service.

It’s my job to hunt down the Russkies in this country and every now and then I land one. If that happens around election time I get a bonus – or a knighthood.

Last year we bagged that chappy Skripov. The agent involved was described by the Press as “an intelligent, attractive brunette”. We have many female agents and they are all intelligent and attractive but some are blondes.

They are allowed to do anything to get secrets off the Russkies. You see counter-espionage is much more important than morality. In fact, I run the largest brothel in the Southern Hemisphere. The only reason why the A.S.S. is not called a brothel is that the clientele gets the girls free and it is the Federal Government which foots the bill.

So my tip is:—

EITHER act really suspicious and we’ll send along a girl to keep you company and check on you twenty-four hours of the night OR help organise our service and get a knighthood for keeping Australia, if not clean, at least safe.

Maggy Hutchison

43 Rowe Street

Sydney

28-3525
COPPERS' SNAKES & LADDERS

TESTIMONIAL DINNER FOR 10,000 friends at the TROX. "DONATION" attendance expected.

Join Mafia

Raid a house of ill-fame without tipping them off first

Drink in a hotel before 10 p.m.

Pick up another plain clothes John in a public place

Book a wheelchair for parking outside St. Mary's

Refuse a bribe

Arrest abiding housewife... for anything

Show sympathy to a first offender

Beat a prospect unconscious and leave no trace

Fine a spastic for selling badges on Sunday

Faith Intemperate and join the Police Force

SMILE

Please note: This game to be played with loaded die only
THE staff of OZ hopes that a merry Yuletide was enjoyed by its readers, subscribers and even those parasites who won’t go and buy a copy of their own.

Still Chrissy wasn’t quite so gay for:

• the 24 drowning victims of the holiday period
• the 14 road victims
• the 91 dead and 950 surviving passengers of the “Lakonia”.
• the unnamed beach toll of blue-bottle and beer-bottle victims.

Every cloud has its silver lining and vice-versa.

Press

Before the law all men are equal, even God’s anointed.

On New Year’s Eve police broke up a Central Methodist Mission meeting on a busy Sydney city corner because its permit did not allow the loud-speaker equipment truck to park anywhere in the road and the crowd of 150 was obstructing traffic.

Police Sergeant to Alan Walker: “I don’t care if you have been conducting meetings for 800 years. You still have to get that truck out of the way.”

Lamented a disillusioned Alan Walker, himself a Superintendent (of Central Methodist Mission): “It seems you can do anything on New Year’s Eve except preach the Gospel.”

Grand prize of Quote of the Month goes easily to Dr Subandrio:

“The Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr Subandrio, told a Press conference in Manila today that Indonesia’s ‘crush Malaysia’ slogan was misleading and only figurative. It meant that a Malaysia manufactured by Britain had to be crushed.”—SMH, 11/1/64.

And Cartoon of the Month goes to the inimitable Nolan for his worried looking Indonesian telling an equally worried examining doctor: “... and sometimes for days I don’t feel like crushing Malaysia.”

A close second to Dr Subandrio’s prize-winning statement was another excellent piece of double-dealing: “The Indonesian Defence Minister, Dr Subandrio, said he expected it to take about a week for the cease-fire order to reach the rebels.”—SMH, 24/1/64.

It’d be a bit tough if one side heard about the ceasefire before the other wouldn’t it?

Readers (cf the letters page) sometimes complain that OZ is “cory” but nothing could be coyer than the Sydney Press faced with a bit of rather seamy information to impart to its readers.

You may remember how Christine Keefer started off as a “model” and ended up as a “prostitute” and worse.

Similarly with this so-called Tattoo Case, which sometimes reads like a low-brow beat-up of the Bogle-Chandler Case—

On January 7, the Herald reported that police were looking for a Bass Hill housewife, Mrs Marjorie Nolan. By the next day Mrs Nolan had become “a close friend of” Price, who “lived in the same house as Mrs Nolan”.

Henceforth to the present day the Herald has never deviated from referring to Ian Raymond Price and “his friend, Mrs Marjorie Nolan”.

The evening papers, unable to risk leaving the juiciest details to their readers’ imaginations, were not quite so subtle.

True, at first they too spoke of the couple “living in the same house” but

Naughty Harry Jensen! He just can’t stay away from those headlines.

Did you notice? A few days after the Terry Report, Harry turned up at the Town Hall with a pipe clenched in his famous smile, vowing that he had given up cigarettes for keeps. A few days later he came up with his great scheme to monorail Opera House-goers of the future from the Domain parking station.

Which only goes to show that no opportunity is too small—or too obvious—for our Lord Mayor to take advantage of. Stick at it, Harry! Something tells me your days are numbered.

2SM’s affiliations with the Catholic Church these days appear to be par-

ticularly obscure. Or is it all subtler than we think?

Perhaps the Good-guys are really morality figures and represent the Disciples (twelve disc-jockeys would have cost too much money) wrestling in a Tin-Pan Alley wilderness with the temptations of modern life. And could it be that Mad Mel represents the Devil incarnate, trying to beguile the Eight from the straight, his American accent emphasizing his alienation from the virtue of the Good-guys?

Ecclesiastics have spent centuries contending with the question of how it is that God, who is the epitome of goodness, could have created the Devil. And so, by the same token 2SM is hard put to give a theologically sound explanation of how it is they allow Mad Mel share the mike with them. We are told rather lamely than, although M.M. is not a Good-guy, he is “not such a bad guy after all”.

TOO MANY METAPHORS? “On the other hand, Mr Macmillan may take the bit in his teeth and break through all the red tape that has tied the board to the straight and narrow for so many years.”—Sun Sporting Editor, Jan. 22.

A POLICEMAN’S LOT... On Boxing Day police closed in on a fowl-shed in which were hiding double-murderer William Stanley Little and 14-year-old Susan Lyon (Lolita in drag). Unknown to the police, both were dead.

Commenting on the police party’s open approach at the fowl-shed, Inspector Ray Kelly said, “That’s what they’re paid for—one of our own fellows had been shot and you have to go anywhere.”—SMH, Dec. 27.

Is there not one defender of freedom in this country?

At the present moment the N.S.W. State Government is drafting legislation to allow police officers to belong to a political party. But—by the combined
opinion of both Government and Opposi-
tion—it looks as though they will not be permitted to join the Communist
Party.

If Communists are incapable of be-
coming capable policemen, how does the
Soviet bloc combat its crime?

Of course, the really ironical thing is
that—as the figures showed last election
—Australia probably has the smallest
percentage of Communists of any size-
able country in the West today. The
paranoiac fear that such a small group
constitutes a threat to our way of life
is a fitting commentary on the confidence
we have in the strength of democracy.

** * *

Frank O'Neill, of the Sydney “Mirror”,
surprised nobody but himself by his
cleverness in unearthing Colin Jordan,
leader of the British Nazi party, for an
exclusive interview. Jordan, just out
from serving a prison term and recently
married to a niece of Christian Dior, has
set himself up in quite a comfortable
exclusive interview. Jordan, just out
married to a niece of Christian Dior, has
from serving a prison term and recently
leader of the British Nazi party, for an

We read: Behind the pantomime of
Parliament, the little men of the old
parties dance obedience to their Jewish
paysmasters. The Closes, the Cottens
and the Wolfsons, the kings of chain-stores.
hire-purchase and take-over, are our real
rulers...

Radio and television debase the pub-
lic mind with the culture of the ghetto,
the gutter and the jungle.

Included is a Membership Application
Form which seeks out some really pene-
trating data:

Hair (colour) ...
Eyes (colour) ...

Have you served in the Armed Services,
and if so, in what branch, and with what
rank and with what special experience
or qualifications?

Are you physically fit?

Are you interested in participating in
special tasks?

Membership costs 2/6 per week. There
is a concession for students, pensioners
and (wait for it) disabled servicemen.

Just so they wouldn’t feel they had
wasted their time on us, we sent back a
spare membership form in the name
Elias Rosenburg, enclosing a photo of
Murray Rose.

** * *

One for the history books: In 1964
Charles de Gaulle discovered the main-
land of China.

** * *

Last month we published a quaint
little par in which the Kenya Prime
Minister had made an apparently anti-
British statement until it was explained
that this statement had been mistrans-
lated from the original Swahili and
really meant something entirely different.

This month the same thing happened
in Zanzibar. One of the rebel leaders
made a few rather nasty prognostications
about the Arab mortality rate on his
island. Then next day he complained to
the Press that his Swahili had been
mauled by the translators and he had no
such evil intentions.

A pretty difficult language, this
Swahili. It is fortunate that we have in
this part of the world some really in-
spired exponents of this ancient tongue.

Premier Bob Heffron speaks an in-
teresting dialect of Swahili to the news-
papers at times but he is lucky enough
to have a match in the N.S.W. Labor
Party Executive, who can clarify any
local mistranslations.

The Indonesians make all their public
statements in Swahili and spend days
afterwards at the unrewarding task of
retranslating what they have said.

There was a time when Arthur Cal-
well spoke Swahili and only the Herald
knew what he meant.

Billy Sheahan writes incredibly
laborious letters to the papers and makes
all statements in Swahili but no one else
speaks his particular dialect, which makes
it all a bit of a pity.

Music may be the language of love,
but for the politicians it’s Swahili every
time.

POST-CARD FROM ZANZIBAR

Sydney’s city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Sydney's city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Pretend for this luxury perk was to swipe bright ideas
 and incorporate them in the local struggle, but now they
 were deposed in a remote spot just as it was crashing into world
 headlines—the tiny island of Zanzibar.

OZ was lucky enough to intercept a post-card from our
 weary fact-finders:

POST-CARD FROM ZANZIBAR

Sydney’s city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Sydney's city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Pretend for this luxury perk was to swipe bright ideas
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 were deposed in a remote spot just as it was crashing into world
 headlines—the tiny island of Zanzibar.

OZ was lucky enough to intercept a post-card from our
 weary fact-finders:

POST-CARD FROM ZANZIBAR

Sydney’s city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Sydney's city Aldermen left recently for a globe trotting
 jaunt. Pretend for this luxury perk was to swipe bright ideas
 and incorporate them in the local struggle, but now they
 were deposed in a remote spot just as it was crashing into world
 headlines—the tiny island of Zanzibar.

OZ was lucky enough to intercept a post-card from our
 weary fact-finders:
All About OZ

OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter St., Sydney; BW 4197; XM 1448.
OZ is not sponsored by any institution, organisation or pressure group—it is the only genuinely independent magazine in Australia.
Plans are under way to enlarge and improve OZ.
OZ needs writers, advertisers, subscribers and readers.
OZ is available in Sydney from street-corner vendors, railway bookshops and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot handles OZ in Melbourne and Mary Martins in Adelaide.
It is difficult to contact OZ editors and staff because they are either earning a living elsewhere, on the dole, or doing exams. Those with complaints can ring JW 3650, preferably in the evening.
Meanwhile, if you like OZ, tell your friends; if not, write us a letter.

Round the World on a Limerick
Grant Nichol

SOUTH VIET-NAM
A lady R.C. from Saigon
Thought barbecued Buddhists très bon.
She declared, “Let them fry,
I don’t care if they die,
And Sunday night’s BAR-B-Q’s ON!”

ENGLAND
Have you heard about Mandy Rice-Davies?
Sold her Memoirs to four Daily Gravies
The result? Six proposals
From Army Disposals
And twelve from Her Majesty’s Navies.

CUBA
A bearded ex-con from Havana
One-day brandished a Bolshevik Banner.
How we laughed when he said,
“I have always been Red”
And the peasants stopped shouting “Hosanna”!

KENYA
Say “Mau Mau” to Jomo Kenyatta
And even his fly-whisk may shatter.
He’ll say, “O, I knew you,
Would blame the Kikuyu,
When nothing was really the matter.”
Bowler Nola bats with Max

The OZ selectors are proud to announce the OZ social eleven who will soon challenge a hand-picked team of Melbourne socialites. All the members of our team are outstanding for their skill in sensing what is cricket and non-cricket in society. And we think they add up to a pretty formidable side:

1. Mrs Nola Dekyvere
2. Lady Lloyd-Jones
3. Mrs Sam Hordern
4. Mr Warwick Fairfax
5. Mrs Elsa Jacoby
6. Mr Max Sturzen
7. Miss Dianne Klipple
8. Mr Terry Clune
9. Dr Mclnerney
10. Mrs Gilbert Pratten
11. Mr L. J. Hooker
12. Mr Mervyn Horton

As any socialite worth his snob value knows, if one’s money didn’t grow on trees or get left in the toothglass by a passing fairy, the source of income should have no relation to one’s ostensible occupation. Twelfth of income should have no relation to one’s ostensible occupation. Twelfth of income should have no relation to one’s ostensible occupation.

And while we’re on the subject of income, another family to catch the selectors’ eye were the Klipplels. Fast bowling daughter Dianne displays (amongst other things) remarkable agility in overcoming a major obstacle in her road to social success—namely the existence of Klipple’s Clip-on ties. (Such hot sellers at Gowings.) While the better families are “tying their own”, Klippy’s Clipp-ons do yeoman service among the also rans. But then, the upper classes have always asserted their superiority by exploiting the proletariat.

The Horderns, represented here by Mrs Sam, are another family who have practised really hard to make the OZ team. Apparently realising that commerce was frowned upon by the more discriminating members of the social inner sanctum, they used trade merely as a stepping-stone to secure a well-guarded seat among the landed gentry.

And practice brings to mind two other formidable members of the side, both famous for their field work. On the one hand we have that much experienced Warwick Fairfax, who has bowled many a maiden over. On the other, prominent Sydney obstetrician, Dr Bob Mclnerney, provides the necessary support with his speedy deliveries.

Two other team members have made it despite the almost insuperable odds facing them. Both have managed to live down a somewhat doubtful past. We heard that Max Sturzen has moved up in the world—from the rank of employee (soda jerk?) at Cahill’s Restaurant to that of employer. We heard also that Elsa Jacoby has moved forward—from the back row of the chorus to a starring role on the social stage.

But family background and source of income were not the only factors to be taken into consideration when we chose our team. It is their many and varied side talents that make us feel so confident about the outcome of their performance on the field. Val Prattten in her E-type Jaguar was too good to miss. Not only is this an unostentatious symbol of affluence. To race it, even if somewhat infrequently, indicates daring and initiative—something we feel the rather stodgy Melbourne side is going to lack. And we can count on Mrs Mclnerney for pulling off a few hat-tricks, remembering that garage stocked full of discarded Henrietta Lamotte models.

But lest anyone think the side is lacking in substance and depth we hasten to mention that our Warwick Fairfax, as any Who’s Who reader knows, occupies his spare time in cattle-breeding, philately and the arts. We have also to thank Warwick for three impressive contributions to the embryonic Australian theatre, viz., A Victorian Marriage, Vintage for Heroes, and The Bishop’s Wife. The Arts find other able patrons in Merv. Lady L-J., and Leslie, and not so able practitioners in the Klipple clan.

Add to this array of talent Nola’s long excursion into journalism; Elsa’s much briefer one into radio, and we are building up a side that Melbourne is going to find very difficult to handle. But the backbone of the team, and that which cements these essentially disparate talents and personalities together are those socially acceptable charities such as the B & W, the Art Gallery Soc., the Pied Piper and Peter Pan, on whose committees they meet together.

We must finish on a cautionary note. Up to now we have described the team’s prospects enthusiastically. Individually each is a brilliant performer. But can their loyalty to the great city which spawned them overcome personal rivalry and animosity? We think it can.

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(Tick relevant square.)

OZ, February 13
Say, it's an early grave you're Craven A?
Well, where there's a Wills there's a way

I SEE the Amalgamated Union of Yankee Toxicologists has rung up the drawbridge on tobacco consumers. You not only get cancer of the lung and thyroid, ophthalmia, epiglottitis and cistoid clavicle together with the whoopers, the jitters, the jimjams, ebullient quaking of the knee-caps tonsular tremors, heartburns, areovocular-interitis, mastitis, adnoidal contusions and gumball, but it puts you off your grub as well.

I am utterly delighted. I myself once ate a cigarette. Years ago, of course, when fags were mostly horse-dung and brown paper, which may have prejudiced my taste. But I'm dashed if I can work out what the masses see in them. Dirty little pellets.

I mean, first question that gallops into mind is, "When you've eaten them, how do you swallow the paper?" Shred it between the canines and scuttle it down the diaphragm like a lettuce salad, in long strips? Roll it into mushy little pap vars balls, tilt back the sconce and let gravity do the honours? Or sneak a wa of chewy in and gulp the mixture whole?

I think I'd rather have a pipe. (I speak with the sublime objectionableness of a non-consumer.) A pipe is a device for dripping in—a sort of mouth level spitoon. After you dribble awhile you tilt the stem and drink it back. By then it's got a different flavour. This happens because the bowl (or blowhole) at the broad end of the instrument picks up autumn leaves, bird droppings, scleet, snowflakes, parachutists and similar blessings from the sky. Thus pipe smoking is always an adventure—you never know where it's been, old boy. Pipe smoking's not a habit—it's a vocation.

In comparison, cigars might seem a little work-a-day. Dull. Plodding. All you do is gnaw, gnash, knead, spit, hack, suck, cough, wheeze, or blow bitter little dribble bubbles. Once it was adventurous; you had to clench the business end between your fiercest molars, grunt and twist it till it parted. The pure Virgin leveage then ploughed into the soup and you swallowed it, thus doubling the dangers of gastritis, split infinitives, glottal stops, and so on. Today it's more hygienic. You clip it off with scissors, like a midwife; the maiden weed leaps on to your tongue, and you spit it out, provoking nothing more toxic than, say, cynicism, or it comes to roost in various rotten cavities.

A hookah is your best bet. These coil and curve like rattlesnakes. And the good, mild, virgin vegie goes stark bonkend while out questing for your chops. Most hookahs come with air-conditioning (flute holes in the side), a water cooling system, and assorted packets of hashish, hemlock, boondeck, limbeck, and similar Eastern sedatives. That way your taste buds get so paralysed with fright they'll never know what filth and offal is hitting them.

Snuff is a pretty furtive smorgasbord. You take it on the quick, like religion. To whip it up you get a small iron box and three megations of Camel. You lay the Camel out on an acre-wide sieve and put on lead boots, then jump up and down till all the yellow juice drains off. Then take a large bellows and spurt it into the box. In the side of the box you slice a knot-hole, big enough for the human head. Ram your head inside the box, fasten the lid with padlocks and swallow the key. After that, inhale. You'll be so glad you did.

Bequeath the drained off liquid to your mother-in-law. It encourages fantasia. It also strengthens bandicoots. But never, never try to feed it to the pererodactyls. They are not real pererodactyls.

After this comes the parent-approved, or simple, method. Get a leather suitcase full of appropriate vegetable manure, empty into gutlet and clamp fangs tight till top of head blows off. The brownish runnels streaming from the corners of the mouth will pass off, in time, as character lines. N.B. You'd better clench the eyes as well. A small sulphuric bonfire will ignite each pupil.

After about seven months under these conditions you may feel like lying down. Do so. Pick a fresh, grassy spot. But how? An increasingly popular procedure is—wait for it—sneak a wad of chewy in and gulp the mixture non-consumer.) A pipe is a device for drifting in—a sort of mouth level spitoon. After you dribble awhile you tilt the stem and drink it back. By then it's got a different flavour. This happens because the bowl (or blowhole) at the broad end of the instrument picks up autumn leaves, bird droppings, scleet, snowflakes, parachutists and similar blessings from the sky. Thus pipe smoking is always an adventure—you never know where it's been, old boy. Pipe smoking's not a habit—it's a vocation.

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binkie's drive-in restaurant
210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week
A Catholic Priest was excommunicated last week in Syracuse, New York. The offence was rather unusual. The incriminating testimony was bizarre.

The witness for the Papal State testified, "I'm an ex-Marine from Brooklyn. When I moved up to Syracuse I joined the Sacred Heart Order and went to confession.

"I began to get suspicious when the Priest kept telling me to confess the same story over again: the one about the mother, the daughter, and her oddball brother who was camp: 'Tell me again the part about how you ripped her dress and the mother screaming: Me next, big boy.'

"Seein' as how he enjoyed the stories so much I just started making up new ones and it just got wilder and wilder. Then he started inviting friends in to hear the stories and there it was, High Mass; I was up there telling these far out stories to 2,600 people. They didn't have anything to do with the Bible; they were just good old horny stories.

"Sometimes, if the crowd would really get whipped up, I'd throw in a few craphouse poems like: 'There Was An Old Man From Nantucket'. Father Martin really got his gun off on that one and people were going to church every night bringing cake and wine; it was a real party!

"One Tuesday night, I was really hung over, and I had a couple of my old buddies there that I was on Omdha Beach with. I introduced them to Father Martin. They confessed some stories that really got him crazy.

"Leroy, he's from Raleigh, North Carolina, told him that one about the rich queer he beat up at three o'clock in the morning on Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, and how that od fruit kept yellin', 'Don't stop even if I tell you to'.

"Father Martin got in a damn giggling fit and, when everyone was seated, we started off the service with that song 'Ta Ra Ra Boom Te Ay, Did You Get Yours Today' and then right into a medley of 'Mr. Wong's Got The Biggest Tong in Chinatown! And that's when we got raided . . . .""

— Lenny Bruce.

Dear Sir,

I am applying for the job advertised in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on January 22nd.

I am a strong, willing and experienced senior Packer, with two highly trained juniors. For years, I've been packing garbage and stale refuse into dirty newspapers. Sometimes, when waste tit-bits were scarce, me and the boys would make-up stuff for the paper to sell for a Bob. If there was any junk left over, we tossed it into an old sewerage Channel 9 times out of 10 it would get washed out to sea. The completely useless bundles were packed into Bully-tins (to make a McNickel) or donated to Everybody's worn-out rag charity.

Anyone will tell you that we're the strongest, toughest Packers in town, so you'd better hire us. Or else.

Yours,
FRANK

The Times Press, 3-13 Queen St., Sydney