In a modest way Australia is trying to bolster its tiny fleet

'Time'
WHAT? FOOTBALL IN TAILS? . . .

Yes, sir, and why not? . . .

and we must always be well dressed at work or at play.

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

- Dinner suits • lounge suits, • dress suits • morning suits • tuxedos • shirts, etc. . . . and all the accessories.
- Bridal gowns • bridesmaids' gowns • mother of bride gowns • ball gowns • debutante gowns • party gowns • cocktail gowns • furs • jewellery, etc.

FORMAL WEAR

47a KING ST. Telephone 28-0537
There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good she was very very good
And when she was bad she was MARVELLOUS

Traditional

Early to bed
Early to rise
Leaves all the fun
For the other guys

Extract from the
Kama Sutra

The natives are
burning the missionary
— Holy Smoke!

Cannibals
just love 'em

I LIKE GOD

Do you come here often?

No, only in the
cross-pollination season

—DUNCAN FRY

OZ, June 3
In Melbourne, they are known as Traffic Officers; in Sydney, as Brown Bombers, and the world over as those little bastards who materialise out of thin air to book your car the moment your back is turned.

Councillor Fox, of the Melbourne City Council, has come up with a proper appreciation of the importance of their work and a novel suggestion for future selection. (Melbourne "Herald", May 11):

"Our Traffic Officers have a very difficult job. Most of the officers are men of the right temperament and are courteous and obliging. "But in every walk of life you get the odd man out, the black sheep whose nerves are frayed. "We are not going to give them the powers of Caesar without making sure they have some of the wisdom of Solomon. "We should have a psychologist examine them to make sure their mental make-up is suited for their most difficult job."

Below is a prototype test designed by L. Lawen.

Candidates must cease writing when they observe the appearance of a red flag bearing the word "expired".

1. Which of the following uniform caps do you prefer?

2. I sometimes feel lonely because:
   (a) my mother hates me
   (b) my creditors persecute me
   (c) I eat a lot of garlic
   (d) I am a leper
   (e) I am socially insignificant

3. Which of the following complaints do you suffer from?*
   (i) a deteriorative psychosis
   (ii) sexual infantilism
   (iii) stereotypy
   (iv) necrophilia
   (v) piles

*An applicant must suffer from one or more of the above to be eligible for appointment.

4. My greatest national hero is:
   (a) Napoleon
   (b) Joseph Stalin
   (c) Adolf Hitler
   (d) Attila
   (e) Brigadier Spry

5. The above ink-blot looks like—
   (a) a pulverised motorist
   (b) someone about to attack me
   (c) spilled blood
   (d) an illegally parked car
   (e) an orgasm

6. Fill in the incomplete words and complete the following sentences.
   (i) "I've been out to get you for weeks. Now, you smart b--------d, I'm going to ...........................................
   (ii) "Traffic Officers are superior beings because ...........................................
   (iii) "Persecution of the motorist is justified at all times, but particularly when ...........................................
   (iv) "Call me a grey gestapo moron again and I'll ...........................................
   (v) "Most Traffic Officers express themselves courteously and in terms of idiolalia because ...........................................

7. Which of the following insignias for Traffic Officers appeals to you most?

8. I spend my leisure hours
   (a) by pulling wings off flies
   (b) by locking small children in dark broom cupboards
   (c) hitting parking meters so the expired flag comes up
   (d) poisoning pigeons
   (e) removing toilet rolls from public conveniences

9. The essential equipment carried by a Traffic Officer should include:
   (a) an electric cattle prodder
   (b) thumb screws
   (c) a padded vest
   (d) a box of tacks
   (e) a sanitary pan

10. The motorist's reaction to a Traffic Officer should be—
    (a) adulation
    (b) obsequious compliance
    (c) mercy-begging abandonment
    (d) abject terror
    (e) a conditioned reflex whereby his wallet is produced

11. What is the minimum bribe a Traffic Officer should accept in order to maintain the dignity of his position?
    (i) a glass of beer
    (ii) £1
    (iii) a night's entertainment in the flat of a female motorist
    (iv) £10
    (v) nomination for entry to a country club

12. This is—
    (a) a mother image
    (b) a phallic symbol
    (c) an instrument for procuring
    (d) a deity
    (e) a means to masochistic delight

13. What prompted you to apply for the position of Traffic Officer?
    (a) I am otherwise unemployable
    (b) I am a pedestrian
    (c) It's my way of hitting back at society
    (d) I have a secret ambition to book a cop
    (e) It was just a Freudian slip

NATION
An independent fortnightly 1/6
The Publisher of Eros Answers Some Questions

Ralph Ginzburg, who for one year published one of the most attractive magazines in America, Eros, was sentenced to a five-year goal term recently because a puritan-minded judge in Philadelphia decided that Eros was obscene. Numerous self-styled liberals, whose belief in freedom of expression ends at the point where they personally are offended, have expressed little sympathy. Ginzburg, 34, is at present on bail until the appeal is heard.

Eros never seemed remotely obscene to me. Why do you think it was singled out for attack by the post office when there is so much less appetising sex material around?

Pressure from the Catholic Church to do so, have documents in my possession proving this. Apparently the hierarchy feels that Eros—in contradistinction to other publications dealing with sex—presents a very real threat to Roman Catholicism because Eros stands for the limination and elimination of guilt feelings over sex. The Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, promotes guilt feelings over sex and, as a matter of fact, it would collapse without them. Further, with the wider understanding of Freudian psychology, which is inevitable, the influence of the Roman Catholic Church—and that of all religions, really—will diminish. We are moving slowly but inexorably toward a world in which the preservation and enjoyment of life will become a religion and the deity will be man himself.

I think a lot of people attacked Eros for other motives—their dislike of you or their own sexual hang-ups, for example—than the ones they expressed. Do you have any view on this?

People with sexual hang-ups (and, unfortunately, that means most people in Western society) have a distinct need to throw dirt on sex. When they ascribe base motives to me, a publisher who deals forthrightly with sex in print, they are really not mad at me, Ralph Ginzburg (whom they hardly know), but they are mad at their own guilt-ridden sexual urges. I am merely the mechanism that triggers off a reminder of these urges.

Do you think the word "obscene" is capable of any kind of legal definition?

In questions of obscenity we are really dealing with questions of taste. Obscenity is neither definable nor measurable nor worthy of the law. Obscenity and witchery are twin superstitions. And sooner or later the U.S. Supreme Court is going to have to recognise this—and declare obscenity statutes unconstitutional. Till then, in such cases as mine, medieval forms of punishment will prevail and basic freedoms will continue to be mocked.

What do you think are the subjects that are least written about by American newspapers and magazines that are most in need of being written about and/or exposed?

The crassness of Big Business (witness the cigarette industry's plan to continue advertising despite the Surgeon General's report; and really, the industry has known for 30 years that cigarettes cause cancer), the humanity of our enemies (Russia are people just like you and me), the threat to America posed by (a) our enormous military complex (b) our spook establishment (CIA, CIC, HUAC, FBI, et al.), the anti-democratic manoeuvres of the Catholic Church (mind you, I am speaking only of the hierarchy, not of Catholics as individuals).

On contemporary Australian painting:
Bad art is a great deal worse than no art at all.

On the Australian art boom:
Popularity is the crown of laurel which the world puts on bad art.

On the censor:
A man who moralises is usually a hypocrite and a woman who moralises is invariably plain.

On the CND:
Proposals for unarmed international arbitration are so popular among those who had never read history.

On democracy:
Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people, by the people, for the people.

On Australia:
There is no country in this world so much in need of unpractical people as this country of ours.

On Sir Robert Menzies:
The supreme vice is shallowness.

On the Beatles:
No one survives being overestimated.

On the Queen:
To be popular, one must be a mediocrity.

On Sydney University Commem. Day:
Charity creates a multitude of sins.

On the Australian:
Fortunately in Australia, at any rate, thought is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity.

The editors of OZ:
The public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius.

On Arthur Calwell:
Like all people who try to exhaust a subject, he exhausted his listeners.

On the RSL:
We are dominated by the fanatic, whose worst vice is his sincerity.

On Mr Eric Baume:
The only thing that ever consoles a man for the stupid things he does is the praise he always gives himself for doing them.

On the public:
The Australian public, as a mass, takes no interest in a work of art until it is told the work in question is immoral.

On the critics:
You should leave literary criticism to people who haven't been at a university. They do it so well in the daily newspapers.

On Miss Rosaleen Norton:
One should always be a little improbable.

On the Dailies:
Modern journalism justifies its own existence by the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the vulgarist.

OZ, June
BIG LAG IN COMMUNISM PROTECTION

A survey has shown that in some Canberra areas 40 per cent of children are not immunised against communism.

The Metropolitan Medical Officer of Health (Dr W. C. Wentworth) said yesterday two doctors from the Health Department had carried out the survey.

Dr Wentworth urged parents to ensure their children were immunised against diphtheria, tetanus, whooping-cough and communism. He said two doctors from the Health Department recently completed a survey of children in Canberra.

The survey was passed to the Attorney-General (B. M. Snedden).

Mr Snedden said at a meeting that one prominent Canberra child, J. F. Cairns, had been exposed to the disease. He had sat on a platform with a known carrier.

Mr Snedden urged that Master Cairns be suspended from school and fumigated.

Unfortunately, Mr Snedden had misread the survey. In fact, he made a balls-up of the whole thing.

He will be appointed Chief Justice next week.

RUBBISH

The Sydney “Daily Telegraph” of May 27 rose to heights of journalistic lyricism in denouncing the St Peter’s garbage dump. After a frightening tableau of smoke, smell, rats, cockroaches, flies, etc., it concluded . . .

“It is time our obsolete disease-breeding system was dumped itself. The Government should assist councils to use incinerators and make it a crime to endanger health by throwing garbage into a hole.”

Curiously, among the many nameplates outside the “Telegraph” building is that of a major incinerator manufacturer. Cynics may feel Sir Frank is trying to drum up a little business for himself, but none will question the appropriateness of his empire having its own garbage disposal agency.

OZ COMPETITION

In May, 1963, OZ launched its first competition for readers, offering an absorbing intellectual challenge and valuable prizes.

In twelve months of publication we have received not an entry. The editors have therefore been forced reluctantly to the inescapable conclusion that no winner will ever be found for OZ Competition No. 1.

Undaunted, OZ now announces Competition No. 2.

For reasons best known to the entrepreneurs, the Sydney “Sun” has offered 1,500 free ringside tickets to the Beatles’ Stadium show. Since these are the very same tickets that some teenagers one month ago stood the cold night air for the privilege of paying 37/- to buy, the response has been predictably strong.

Entries have come from all round the world and all manner of well-known celebrities—Princess Margaret, George Epstein, Nikki Khrushchev, etc.—tumbling over each other for this unprecedented opportunity. The only condition was that they write in 25 words “Why I Must Have Beatles Tickets”.

What some of these people’s entries are is anyone’s guess, but we are prepared to give two one-year OZ subscriptions (one to the winner and one to a nominated friend) plus a Sharp original to the best guess.

The closing date is June 20 and the address: OZ, 16 Hunter St., Sydney. There is no limitation on the number of entries.

In early July, OZ will plead Not Guilty to an alleged breach of the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act in the Sydney Central Court of Petty Sessions. The issue referred to in the Summons is No. 7.
MAN KING FAB GAS HEY YEAH!

HELLO, you lovely, rich, uneducated Under 30s!

You may wonder why we gave you all these lovely pages, choc-a-bloc full of lovely fashions so you can all look the same and spend all your lovely money, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, and all the swinging records, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH—it's KING, ISN'T IT, KIDS?

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH... and all the latest on the BEATLES' FANTASTIC and all our surfing features written by all the big names (remember just last summer how we knocked the surfs — SORRY, KIDS — HONEST WE ARE—we realise now what really GREAT, CLEAN-LIVING, BIG-SPENDING KIDS YOU ARE! YEAH, YEAH, YEAH).

Don't go to the university, kids. There's no money in THAT. Get a wonderful, marvellous secure lovely job from 9 to 5 making plenty of Money to spend on all the wonderful SWINGING KING products all those marvellous ads that our absolutely wonderful advertisers buy in our SWINGING UNDER 30 section, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.

YEAH — WE LOVE YOU KIDS!

YEAH — and don't forget our FAB Beatle Competition, 12,000 ringside seats — all you have to do is listen to that KING radio station that plays all the FANTASTIC Beatles records 24 hours a day, 2MC (too much crap).

Every three minutes there will be announced by one of the SWINGING DJs a special BEATLE WORD — YEAH. These words will be read JUST AFTER EVERY AD.

Then you have to read every ad in our Under 30 section and buy all the FAB products and find the special clue hidden in the lining of the EXPENSIVE CLOTHES.

SIMPLE AND FANTASTIC, EH, KIDS?

YEAH!

CAREERS

Name: Trevor Trent.

Occupation: Ghost writer for "Youth" sections of newspapers. Coy, talented, tall Trevor is as busy as a beetle. He writes Jack ("Bluey") Mayes' and "Midget" surfing column, Bob (Hidey Hodey) Rodgers' D.J. column and occasionally helps out with Nola Dekyvere. Says Trev, "although I am 73 I have the knack of writing just the sort of stuff for our celebrities that keeps them popular with their fans. Mums and Dads love my columns, too."

Trevor began as the "IN MEMORIAM" ghost writer and slowly worked his way to the youth supplement. Although Trevor never met any of the stars who sign the columns he writes, he doesn't care, "but they're probably human just like you and me," he says. Wise words, Trev.

This week we would like to introduce Frank Newton (16), who twelve months ago enrolled as a junior retail executive at Coles.

He was doing very nicely there with a winsome smile for everybody and a strong arm for ringing up the change. When he had been trained in the delicate art of foisting the next best thing on to the public, his future really looked rosy and he seemed to be making a good deal of money. Then the girl on the cash register reported him.

He was subsequently transferred to weighing up 1 lb bags of Jelly Beans and Licorice Allsorts but was detected eating into the profits. Now he is a cleaner.

Besides being a kleptomaniac, in his spare time Frank is a keen necrophilia. He is not at all disheartened by this setback to his career and takes it all philosophically, commenting "That's life." And the store has generously given him a distinctive little nameplate bearing the title "Floor Manager".

Next week's young man on the way down will be the embryo, Raphael Simmons.

SUE (the girl who sleeps around)

SAYS

Judy Garland's too old for us anyway. Isn't she, kids?

Following Sydney Uni's disgusting Commem Day, Bob Rodgers blasted the louts—"ignorant morons", he said, "I wouldn't send my kids to Uni to mix with a lot of imbeciles." Good on you, Bob. With his crew-cut, Beatlemania, 3 script-writers and a hundred gimmicks, Bob's a REAL intellectual.

Isn't he, kids?

First report from Hidey Hodey (who's travelling with the Beatles to study their eating habits): "I've discovered their favourite dish — it's a Beet-root."

You'll never guess who I saw lunching at the Sound Lounge — attractive Phyllis Stein and pretty Phillipa Letcher. They were celebrating the success of Phillips' third illegal operation.

You're gonna flip when you hear this news. The craziest father and son team in town are Hugh and Colin Bingham. Col's been around for years knocking them cold with the "Sydney Morning Herald", but he hasn't cut a new disc since "Granny" (a riot!) and all his fans were dying of old age so he decided to place a branch from his family tree in the "Mirror". Yes, kids, Col's son, Hugh (Mr. Sensation Bingham), is editor of the Sunday "Mirror".

Hugh's the funny man and Col's the stooge in this terrific act.

They're such opposite personalities we'd love to know how they hit it off in their private lives.
MURPHY THE (DIRTY) SURFIE

Surfing Section

hullo!

Isn't it nice here at the beach.

Let's go for a swim.

 Doesn't the water look divine.

Fancy us not running up against each other before this.

Be a darling and come in for a swim.

It's getting quite warm now.

I'll show you what it's like.

Don't you feel like it yet.

Look at me.

Aren't you glad you came in.

Here are your badges.

Now every one will know you're a member.

Garry Sheal
Hi, kids! Everyone loves meaningless quizzes — especially us. You see, it saves us from thinking. Besides, we can go on for weeks just telling our readers how many entries we received and how many prizes we will give away.

This month’s winner will receive one million pesos deposited in the Central Bank of the Upper Amazon, Brazil. If you win it, your next step will be to organise a safari to go and get it.

1. Why was Jack Renshaw chosen as Premier of N.S.W.: (a) Because he is a powerful speaker; (b) because he is a profound social thinker; (c) because he had a lot of friends on Caucus?
2. Who is the “Binnaway Butcher”: (a) The Melbourne mutilator; (b) the scourge of Auschwitz; (c) Jack Renshaw?
3. What is a “filibuster”: (a) An antiquated piece of gunnery; (b) an overweight jockey; (c) verbal diarrhoea at Senate level?
4. Who played Lady Chatterley in “Lawrence of Arabia”? Why wasn’t she stopped?
5. Why did Harold Holt marry a fashion designer? Do they have designs in common?
6. Who is “Black Jack”: (a) Mr Profumo; (b) the late President Kennedy; (c) a West Indian fast bowler; (d) a term used in carpet bowls?
7. Was Garfield Barwick named after Garfield Sobers, or vice versa?
8. What is “Pimplex”: (a) A brand of fire hydrant; (b) two pimps in a duplex; (c) a rash young thing?
9. Who’s afraid of Virginia Woolf? (English literature students need not attempt this question.)
10. Estimate: (a) The width of Harry Jensen’s smile (convert to molar concentration); (b) the reign of the Good Ming (in decades); (c) the fertility of the Royal Family (in round figures)?
11. What is “sexual laxity”: (a) Two Beatles deflowering the Virgin Islands; (b) an ill-directed spoonful of Branflakes?

Where did they come from?

(a special feature to help teenagers answer that embarrassing question often asked by the oldies: “Where did I come from?”)

1. Be courteous. Don’t snap in reply: “you’re too old to learn”—this could psychologically (pronounced sykowlojikali) damage them.
2. Don’t be evasive. Many teens try and hide their embarrassment by cracking funny jokes or changing the subject—mum ‘n’ dad could lose confidence in you.
3. Don’t ham it up. Some
4. Don’t tell fibs. Be careful not to resort to the fairytale explanations of “you were found under a surfboard”, or, “in a Mini-Minor”—these will create problems for them later on.

A final word: One of the favourite methods is to casually answer the question while relaxing with the oldies at home. For instance, if you are all grouped round the TV when mum pops the question, just take time out between the commercials to tell her of the you of nature.

Albert OZ sloppy-joes have arrived, see page 15.
RECIPE FOR THE SMART YOUNG MAN

Take one healthy child.
Stuff it full of out-dated ideals. Add just a touch of sour Victorian morality.
Place in a warm to moderate G.P.S. oven for 12 years and tour abroad.

Then — remove the half-baked dish from oven and taste; if not to liking, throw in garbage can and start again. If morsel is to your taste, remove bones, and boil until a gelatinous mass appears, then set in an “Accountant” or similar jelly mould. This recipe is especially recommended to impress dinner guests.

Our Defence Department has been rejuvenated. Gone are the square old days of the Army, Navy and Air Force. Now it’s Mods, Rockers and Surfies. These lads have already proved their courage, their ruthlessness, their patriotism in heroic and unforgettable landings at Clacton-on-sea and Manly-on-the-brine. They are in hot demand the world over where old women and children are causing trouble.
As one of the older recruits put it: “We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.”
Casualties will enjoy full adult pension. You will be completely outfitted (flick-knives, machine-gun mounted surf-boards, Beatle-wigs, Ajax, etc.) at the Department’s expense. Come on kids, join and you’ll have (as we say in the Services) a KING time.

Mod? Rocker? Surfie?

THERE’S A CAREER FOR YOU IN OUR NEW BRITISH COMMONWEALTH ARMED FORCES

Our Defence Department has been rejuvenated. Gone are the square old days of the Army, Navy and Air Force. Now it’s Mods, Rockers and Surfies. These lads have already proved their courage, their ruthlessness, their patriotism in heroic and unforgettable landings at Clacton-on-sea and Manly-on-the-brine. They are in hot demand the world over where old women and children are causing trouble.

As one of the older recruits put it: “We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender.”
Casualties will enjoy full adult pension. You will be completely outfitted (flick-knives, machine-gun mounted surf-boards, Beatle-wigs, Ajax, etc.) at the Department’s expense. Come on kids, join and you’ll have (as we say in the Services) a KING time.

OZ “Under 30’s”, June
Haven't you any consideration for your mother?
after all we’ve done for you
we don’t ask much in return
some people your age support their parents
if I’d do you good to have to do without for a change
it’s self, self, self all the time
I never thought you’d grow up like this
why don’t you take a page out of so-and-so’s book?
you haven’t even made your bed
just remember who you are
if you think you can get away with that sort
of caper you’ve got another think coming
well, if that’s lunch, I’ve had it
I’m still your mother you know,
we’ve given you every opportunity
he’s gone downhill
I never thought you’d grow up like this
don’t back answer me
He’s been a good father to you
if it’s not one thing it’s another
now you can stand on your own two feet
I’ve just about had enough from you, my girl
I’m still your mother you know
it’d do you good to have to do without for a
it’s self, self, self all the time
if you think you can get away with that sort
you haven’t even made your bed
I’ll give you what for, my girl
I’ve given up trying
I can stand so much and no more
if only you could see yourself!
we’ve tried, goodness knows, we’ve tried hard
mark my words
sooner or later you’ll find out
we all have our weaknesses but...
you think we’re not good enough for you
he’s old enough to be your father
why do you push yourself so hard?
do you think you can go on leading this life
forever?
we’ve tried to do our best
somebody’s going to get hurt in the long run
do you think you can go on using us forever?
can’t you find a nice young set of people to see?
what’s wrong with your own home?
you’re worrying your poor mother (father)
to death
your mother’s going through a very difficult period—you’ll have to understand
not by a long chalk
get in or get out, but don’t just stand there in the cold
you’re all tarred with the same brush
men are all the same
one day you’ll learn, but it’ll be too late
then you’ll be sorry
it’s your father’s money you’re spending
you never think of us, do you?
in one ear and out the other
when I think of...
the things we’ve done for you
the way you behave
how it will all end up
I don’t want to hear another word
I know no good would come of it
you show respect for your father
I knew you were up to no good
I’m sick and tired of your behaviour
well we’ll put an end to that, my girl, and
those are my last words on the subject
as if there isn’t enough to worry about
we’ve sacrificed everything for you
and that’s how you show your gratitude
a nice state of affairs
what will the neighbours think?
what’ll I tell your father?
no good will come of it
you’ve never been the same since...
a, b, c

And they’re all made out of Ticky-tacky too ... 

OZ reader Barry Thompson was prompted by last month’s Sociological Survey to prepare this guide to Sydney’s homosexual underworld.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SPORTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>UPPER CLASS</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Featuring at the Purple Onion in dark glasses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appearing in TV commercials as squares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becoming a progressive theatrical group</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VOGUE (Australia)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris Fitton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MIDDLE CLASS</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talking about how they get off with girls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Getting married and then divorcing after having two or three children</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strolling through Hyde Park (at night)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LOWER CLASS</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonorrhoea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gynaecology</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Getting bashed up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throwing champagne parties</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Having 1 doz. love affairs per year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Being a Beatle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abortive suicides</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AMBITIONS**

| **UPPER CLASS** |
| To have an aide-de-camp |
| To entertain in Paddo Heights |
| If ageing, to have a protege |
| To feature at an art gallery with a box of snuff |
| To become an advertising executive |
| To make love to Jean Cocteau |

| **MIDDLE CLASS** |
| To be a heterosexual |
| To be respectable |
| To have the law on homosexuality amended |
| To get married |
| To be seen, by those of the same persuasion, walking through town holding hands with a girl |

| **LOWER CLASS** |
| To travel to England or Hollywood |
| To practise Housewifery |
| To be in the audience of the Dave Allen Show |
| To audition for Bandstand |
| To seduce that divine little surfie who works at the office |
| To have Ben Casey’s baby |

Margaret Fink

OZ, June 11
WHEN YOU ARE ARRESTED

(The following is based on a pamphlet prepared by a legal panel of the Council for Civil Liberties. It is wallet-sized and sells for a shilling.)

A Policeman May Arrest You:
(a) on a warrant,
(b) on a hunch,
(c) on a vacant allotment late at night.

Can The Police Use Force To Arrest You?
Yes.

Do You Have To Answer Questions?
A policeman has the right to ask questions, and in the case of a motor traffic accident or offence you must give him your name and address.

Apart from this, you are not obliged under any circumstances to answer questions or to make a statement. Any 'friendly encouragement' by the police to answer questions should be regarded with suspicion. The rubber hose is especially suspicious.

Your Rights In The Police Station:
When you are charged you may be searched, have your photograph, fingerprints and palm prints taken, and in some cases may be examined by a doctor. You may be tortured, starved and thrown naked into a cell with hardened criminals.

Collecting Evidence:
If you have been ill-treated and injured,
(1) Go straight to a doctor and ask him to report on your injuries
(2) have any visible mutilations photographed by a competent photographer
(3) contact any persons who saw you not long before you were arrested and ask "How do I look now? Pretty beaten-up, eh?"

When Do You Go Before A Magistrate?
An arrested person has a right to be taken before a court without unreasonable delay. Although the police may offer you the convenience of avoiding a trial—thus going straight to gaol—it is wise to attend the court on the off-chance you may be acquitted.

Should You Have A Lawyer With You?
There is a tendency for any person accused of an offence which he has not committed to think that he has no need of a lawyer, and that his innocence will protect him. This is a mistake.

How Should You Plead?
When brought before a court, plead NOT GUILTY just for the hell of it.

Where Can You Get Help?
If allowed, you should obtain the services of a solicitor. Choose your own rather than any that will be recommended by police.

What If You Cannot Afford Legal Advice?
Tough.

THIS is Ludovic Slobobostik. He is a Croat, who works in a munitions factory. He is a very conscientious employee and brings some of his work home every night.

He is very sociable and has his friends in every night for gunnery practice. He is also very religious, so he has a few priests in to supervise things. Everyone has a lovely time. They wear black shirts and jackboots so's they won't get their ordinary clothes dirty.

Sometimes they get a bit jaked with just practising all the time and go out and bomb a few Serbs or sneak back to the Fatherland for sabotage. On Saturdays they go to the soccer for unarmed combat practice.

I think it's really tremendous the way Australia allows the Croats and Itties and Waps not only come here but bring their own feuds with them. Really makes them feel at home! And isn't it terrific of the politicians to join them in their squabbles? The Libs are helping the Fascists and Labour is swinging along with the Comms. It seems to give it an authentic atmosphere.

My wife does not agree with me. She says Ludovic's bombs frighten the babies. She says she is kept awake at night by the jackboots. When all things are considered, I think I must agree with her.

YUGO HOME, CROATS & SERBS!

12 OZ. June
In response to his article in the "Libertarian Broadsheet" (which appeared in Sydney's 'P'uck), Frank Morehouse was asked to speak at a recent meeting of the Humanist Society, where he extended his remarks to include the older generations. The text of his speech is printed below. Frank Morehouse, 25, is Assistant Secretary of W.E.A., and has written short stories for the current issues of "Overland" and "Westery" magazines.

THERE are those who kick, those who get kicked, and those who kick back. I suppose all people kick back at some time, but some more than others.

In Sydney the social process of kicking back seems to have become in some cases club-footed, in some cases wild, and in some cases nothing more than a twitch.

Recently, having observed in the younger generations a tendency to "twitch" instead of "kick", I became angry both with my generation and myself and described it as "gutlessness". I saw that many were engaging only in timid, club engagements at the Left Club, the Royal George, the Surrey or the Newcastle. It was unlike the intelligentsia in its convolutions and cushioned by its camaraderie. It is like publishing protest poems in literary journals. Not that I was denying that this clique-talk and clique-publishing was of value. But concern with inhuman or authoritarian actions was being expressed in little more than a whim.

Late last year, when the Nami Regional Library committee banned James Jones' novel "The Thin Red Line" from its 35 libraries, five people did organise themselves into a protest group. They wrote, printed and distributed leaflets and talked with local people about censorship. The results of this protest are not fully known yet, but it did help keep the matter alive and reach 3,000 people with a leaflet arguing the case against censorship.

Five people did this while 500 others were irritated by the committee's action, but did nothing. And I suppose that said that such action could be expected from kicks in the country. Perhaps they saw that this was a precedent for every local government to make itself a censoring authority. Perhaps they saw that it was an infringement of the aspiration of the free public library scheme because it meant that libraries could be looked upon as an instrument for the controlled dissemination of ideas by those in power. Perhaps they said all these things but that was missing was the initiative to act— they couldn't or wouldn't make the jump from anger and indignation to action. Somehow society has created in many people an intellectual short-circuit. It is like publishing protest poems in literary journals. Not that I was denying that this clique-talk and clique-publishing was of value. But concern with inhuman or authoritarian actions was being expressed in little more than a whim.

THE urge to set up new committees with new mailing lists, new office-bearers, new letterheads, but with old causes is probably a complex one. But I think it does tend to express the search for "re-birth" among older generations. The aim is not to launch a new organisation, the objectives are idealistic and grand with manifestos and long speeches. It is only later that the routine work, the jealousies, the disagreements and the tough work of decision-making comes. But initially, there is the wonderful sensation of giving birth and the unreal creation of new hope. "We will build a new world from the ashes of the old." It seems to be a needless proliferation of organisations with a dissipation of energy and lack of coordination.

Connected with this new hope or re-birth element is another aspect which I've called the wise young man panacea. In many organisations the hope is in recruiting young people. It shows itself throughout the society in government, in art and even in the body of the society itself. It is a common characteristic of the young. The attempt by the older generations to get out of their responsibilities and activity by leaving it to "the young people" is dangerous. Young people are usually best as satirists, angry men and critics rather than as administrators or negotiators.

I will make one important qualification. Young people can have important differences which come from the expiration of a crucial experience in the life of the community. So we have generations which have not been adequately prepared. The danger of deceived and mistaken experience is the common characteristic of the young. These experiences can dominate the action and thought of a community until the younger generations cause the experience to lose its importance. If the older generation are wiser for having had the experience but, on the other hand, the new assessment by the young can sometimes be correct.
caused by cheap, readily available contraceptives, greater equality and independence for women, increased leisure, and the decline in religious influence. There seems to be a large minority engaged in the exploration of sexual relationships outside the conventions. But the interesting point is that this exploration and its results are being concealed by many of these people. Where this concealment occurs among people who are concerned with freedom of action, freedom of information, and the creation of an open society, then they can be criticised. But I want to be gentle in my criticism because I realise that there are immense personal problems in becoming a sexual radical. The obvious case of extreme difficulty is the homosexual. If he behaves openly he will be persecuted and gaoled.

But our society is in desperate need of openness about sex. Somehow children need to be protected as much as possible from erroneous sexual information and from the blatant suppression of information. Most people who are concerned with freedom would not conceal from their children, central partners or friends the fact that they were atheists or communists or humanists. They would probably not conceal it from their workmates. In early times, people who fought for political and religious freedom did not hide their views. What about people who believe in some degree of sexual freedom or at least freedom of information on sexual matters? Otherwise freedom-loving and courageous people take extreme precautions to conceal their views on sexual relationships and how they live sexually. Sexual radicalism means that we should share our sexual information and experience with at least our friends and children, and I would argue, with the society, too. In all areas of social intolerance the penalties for making oneself a banner for ideas are great. But I guess that this is the test of the true radical. Somehow we have first to forge in our sexual relationships the confidence which will allow us to talk openly and freely about our problems and experience. The personal problems arising from sexual honesty are tormenting. But if young people continue to grow up ignorant and misled in a sexually-sick society it will be partly because their parents and others they trusted practised in their sex life a censorship and suppression similar in every way to that of the society around them.
Classified ADS

Old established Bereina concern requires private secretary for inter-departmental liaison. Varied and interesting position. Salary by negotiation. Only King birds need apply to: Secretary, Box 1, Bereina, Papua.


SKIS, size 195 — £20 (with stocks). C/- OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

The Hover Vehicle Construction Group of Australia, 146-148 Bourke Street, Sydney, Phone FA 0839, still wants a few more members. Young men with engineering and mechanical know-how and/or inclinations preferred. The project is a spare-time undertaking. Impecuniosity does not per se preclude a person from becoming a member.

Sir,

Congratulations for your fearless publication, “OZ”. Have a few suggestions which you may care to consider. First, for benefit of those interested in the Bible. I suggest you publish a Bible Quote monthly. Appropriate Quote could be obtained from the “Bible Handbook” for Freethinkers and Enquiring Christians, by G. W. Foote and W. P. Bull, and published by Pioneer Press, 103 Borough High Street, London.

The chapters are Bible Contradictions, Bible Absurdities, Bible Atrocities, Unfulfilled Prophecies and Bible Immoralities, Indecencies and Obscenities. Also, occasionally, we may have some quotes of Popes. An example would be Pope Innocent III when he wrote: “We give you strict command that, by whatever means you can, you destroy all these heresies and repel from your diocese all who are polluted by them... If necessary, you may cause the princes and people to suppress them with the sword.

Best of luck,

R. Dillon.

Sir,

Enclosed is 25 cents in stamps for which please send me a copy of OZ, which John Wilcock has described as “a literate, satirial... outpost in Australia”

Elliott L. Pasternack, Jackson, New Jersey, U.S.A.

For the traveller it is important to know the suave thing to say, depending on the country of origin of your companion, in the first sobering light of morning:

Scottish: Fiona, I think we should be properly grateful for mackintosh.

Irish: I'll call you Rose, you'd better call me honeybeer.

German: Brecht was right — your schwarzwald is really cold.

Eskimo: Your name isn't Nell by any chance?

Australian: But I honestly thought you'd prefer it that way up.

English: My dear, I feel positively limp!

Japanese: So that was satori.

Swiss: Another roll, dear, or shall we have an English breakfast?

Austrian: Well, I thought you said Freud meant joy... .

Eire

Brendan Behan, a man for the grog,
Had a smile like an Irish peat-bog
But joy passed him by
In his old Borstal tie
And he died of a hair of the dog.

Haiti

In Haiti they fear “Papa Doc”
And his fascist-Bullyboy flock;
They say that if you do
Get punished by voodoo
You never get over the shock.

Italy

Did you go to see Dolce Vita?
(Or Roma senza moralita?)
Did you get a laugh
Out of 8½?
You did! Is your life any sweeter?

Siberia

Way out on Siberian snows
Two Stalinists told of their woes
“Remember when Stalin
Was everyone’s darlin’?”
They sat and they talked and they froze.

Tristan da Cunha

A peasant from Tristan da Cunha
In Soho sat swigging a schooner
The curse of this nation
Is civilization—
I wish I had found this out sooner.”

—Grant Nichol.

PRIMAVERA

Winter collection by
Chris Jacovides,
388 New South Head Road,
Double Bay, N.S.W.,
Australia.

2 NEW SWEAT-SHIRTS!

Albert OZ and Beethoven... two new designs now available, hand-printed on warm sweat-shirts—three sizes: SM, M, XOS.

Just the thing for winter.
Only 30/- each, post paid.
Immediate delivery.

Tear out the coupon below and mail it in now!

TO: POP-ART STUDIOS, P.O. BOX 416, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me ________________________ Beethoven Shirt/s

______________________ Albert OZ Shirt/s

I enclose postal note/money order or cheque for 30/- to cover full purchase price and postage for each shirt.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

SIZE REQUIRED

OZ, June 15
BINKIE’S BURGERS ARE BEST

binkie’s drive-in restaurant
210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli
open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week