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.

After all, Rugby is the sport of gentlemen

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

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things like that . . . but honestly . . . it will hardly cost you a bean.

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• 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.
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!

I AM SAM THE TERROR

I CAN'T READ

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 are required to mark the appropriate answer to each question with yellow chalk.

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

4. My greatest national hero is:
   (a) Napoleon
   (b) Joseph Stalin
   (c) Adolph 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 unemployed
    (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

4 OZ, June
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 purient-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. I have documents in my possession proving this. Apparently the hierarchy feels that Eros—in contradiction to other publications dealing with sex—presents a very real threat to Roman Catholicism because Eros stands for the limitation 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. Furthermore, 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 witchcraft 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).

(By special arrangement with the ‘Village Voice’, New York.)
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, et. al., 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.

COP THIS!

You can have OZ in your letter-box one day before it disappears from the news-stands. To make sure you get your copy every month, fill in this coupon:

NAME: ____________________________
ADDRESS: ____________________________________________

I enclose £ __________ as payment for __________ months' subscription to OZ.

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

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 withstood 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 Beatle 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 surfies — 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's" surfing column, Bob (Hidey Hodney) 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 Licerice 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 necrophiliac. 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)

Judy Garland's too old for us anyway. Isn't she, kids? Following Sydney Uni's disgusted Commey 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 Hodney (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 Philippa Letcher. They were celebrating the success of Phillips's 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. Colin'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, Colin's son, Hugh (Mr. Sensation) Bingham, is editor of the Sunday "Mirror".

Hugh's the funny man and Colin'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.
Surfing Section

MURPHY THE (DIRTY) SURFIE

- 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.
- It's getting quite warm now.
- I'll show you what it's like.
- Don't you feel like it yet.
- Be a darling and come in for a swim.
- Look at me.
- Aren't you glad you came in.

Here are your badges.

Now everyone 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. Who is Harold Holt’s wife? 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 or changing the subject—mum ‘n’ dad could lose confidence in you.

3. Don’t ham it up. Some

In a scoop interview with Tony Moron, OZ ‘teenies’ supplement discovered an amazing Beatle link. Tony’s grandmother once went to Liverpool on a tour and (you’ve already guessed it) she was actually INTRODUCED to the great aunt of Ringo Star. Said Tony proudly, “I guess that’s why I like them so much—it’s in the family.”

Where did they come from?
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.

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.
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.

**SPORTS**

**UPPER CLASS**
- Featuring at the Purple Onion in dark glasses
- Appearing in TV commercials as squares
- Belonging to a progressive theatrical group
- Vogue (Australia)
- Doris Fitton

**MIDDLE CLASS**
- Talking about how they get off with girls
- Getting married and then divorcing after having two or three children
- Strolling through Hyde Park (at night)

**LOWER CLASS**
- Gonorrhea
- Gynaecology
- Getting bashed up
- Throwing champagne parties
- Having 1 doz. love affairs per year
- Being a Beatle
- Abortion suicides

you've got the best of everything
what's come over you; you were never like this before?
what do you see in him?
I won't have you raise your voice in my home
sometimes I wonder
I never thought I'd live to see the day
what've we done to deserve this?
I expressly told you
I could have kicked myself
that shirt cost you nothing
if I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times
I'm just not feeling up to it today
so-and-so did X and Y and he hasn't looked back
you've got a lot coming to you, my girl
I knew I should have done it myself
I wasn't feeling the best
I think he'd been drinking
give you an inch and you'll take a mile.
you've had a fair innings
I won't take rudeness
you're not going out like that? I thought
you said it was a party
Is it any wonder your mother looks run down? You think your father and I are fools, don't you?

MARGARET FINK

**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 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 surfer who works at the office
- To have Ben Casey's baby

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!
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 do it 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 "gutless-ness". 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 engaged in its conventions 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 whine.

Late last year, when the Nomai 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 went, 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 fresh issue live 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. The Liberals stood in their pubs and said that such action could be expected from hicks 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 control and dissemination of ideas by those in power. Perhaps they said all these things but what 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. Many people have kicked back and won—in the Trade Union movement in this country, in the Civil Disobedience movement and in the anti-church movements. But somehow in many of the younger generations there has been bred a "loser psychology".

In Britain and the U.S. young people have been employing very strong social action in the resistance to nuclear weapons and in the struggle for racial equality. Some of the actions have been storming the headlines and some storming the laws. In the West, mid-twentieth-century these actions are probably the equivalent to "storming the barricades" of the last century. The purpose of many of these demonstrations is to draw the attention of the state to an issue. By dramatic behaviour they force ideas into the public arena. It is an expression of impatience and in both cases I think that it is justified impatience. It serves a purpose to an issue. By dramatic behaviour they force ideas into the public arena. It is an expression of frustrated minorities who want to have their own way without interference. It can be the political demanding without the right of the opposition to reply. Somewhere direct action can move into social gangsterism and sabotage of those decision-making processes which allow for full discussion and information. I'm not saying that this has happened, but I think it is a danger.

This storming of headlines and laws is an expression of impatience. There is a social sickness in many younger people which is linked with impatience. I've called it functional impatience. In many ways it is similar to the sexual problem of functional impotence. It is the desire that something should be done without the instrument or ability to do it, and it is often the case with functional impotence, the loss of faith that something can be done.

It is most concretely demonstrated by the general attitude of young people to the committee or meeting method of handling a problem. The suggestion that a problem can be tackled by going to a meeting, becoming elected to a committee, being patient, produces a response of impatience. The answer is made that these methods are too slow, too unsure, too time-consuming. But I've found that in most areas the committee is wiser than any one individual—it has more information collectively than one individual. Perhaps an exception should be made for genius or those who claim to possess it. But generally it is the most satisfactory procedure for examination, discussion and decision. The committee is traditionally egalitarian, co-operative, and free. Most importantly, the rejection of the committee system is a rejection of a huge superstructure of ideas and methods. Embodied in the rejection is the wish to have one's own way without interference and to possess ideas without criticism. I argue that the decorum of rationality and formal procedures of the traditional committee are important and valuable. I know no other way of finding in the most affairs the truth. The method for the systematic pooling of information, the clash of hypotheses, critical scrutiny, and which provides methods for agreement. It's been my experience that older generations are wiser for having had the experience but, on the other hand, the new assessment by the young can sometimes be correct.

For one thing, the people in the older generation in Sydney who like to kick back seem to be suffering from lack of organisational birth-control. I think there is a tendency for the older generations to look for salvation through giving birth to a new organisation, or a new journal. Interestingly it seems to be a reverse of functional impatience. When the older generation sees a problem or has a disagreement it tends to see a new committee for organisational birth-control. As far as I can see, the establishment of a Humanist Society when a Rationalist Society already existed is a sign of this. The peace movement to illustrate the characteristic by dividing on every known basis—sex, occupation, locality, religion, class, age, and sometimes reason. Of course a new organisation can sometimes be justified. Extreme disagreement on fundamental policy justifies a new group. But the peace movement with its hundreds of different groups marches only by clumsy co-ordinating machinery as one in Sydney. I think that peace campaigns produce many new organisations because of a frustration from never seeming to win.

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. These attempts at new organisations are idealistic and grand with manifestos and long speeches. It is only later that the routine work, the jealousies, the disagreements and the hard work of day by day working 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 co-ordination.

Connected with this new hope or re-birth 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 and even in art. Older people think they have found an "out". They say the hope for the future lies with the young people. They have convinced themselves that the young people somehow have new wisdoms and new answers. But, unfortunately, the young are usually ill-equipped by their very age for many important forms of human endeavour. Lack of knowledge and experience is the 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 young 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 experience of a crucial experience in the life of the community. So we have generations which have not been the child of the Depression and have new wisdoms and new answers. These experiences can dominate the action and thought of a community until the younger generations cause the experience to lose a direct political power. Older generations are wise 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 partner 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.
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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,

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

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

Japanese: So that was satori.

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