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

WHY? Because our huge range of quality menswear allows us to cater for the individual tastes of every single customer. Come, try on a Cashmere coat or a mohair cardigan, see our fashion-styled shirts, our off-beat accessories. You can enjoy the luxury of allowing us to hand-tailor a suit for you—at a budget price! (And wives... bring your husband along to try on a topless swimming costume).

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

SO YOU THINK YOU’VE SEEN EVERYTHING

You haven’t until you’ve seen Dick Keep’s Travel Agency. They take the hustle and the bother out of travelling. Whether it’s a trip to the Capital or a safari to Sicily, let Keep deliver you without a hitch. See him now at 59 Macleay Street, Potts Point: 35-2971; 35-1569.

PUBLIC HANGINGS

More to see at the same address. Paintings by Sydney’s most talented and important artists — hanging always at Terry Clune Galleries: 35-2212; 35-1855.
- My name's Zel Rabin, I'm editor of the Daily Mirror. I'm also a writer. ....I write some of these .......... ....I'm only in my early 30's...aren't I clever!
HATE!

SCAPEGOAT:
1. JEWISH ANTIQ. A goat upon whose head was symbolically placed the sins of the people, after which he was suffered to escape into the wilderness, as part of the ceremony prescribed by Biblical Law (Lev. XVI.10) for the Day of Atonement.
2. ANTHROPOL. Any animal or person to whom sins, evil, ill luck, etc., is ceremonially attached, the victim then being sacrificed or driven out, as symbolic of dispersing evils.
3. Hence a person or thing bearing blame for others.
(Websters International Dictionary).

WHY YOU NEED A SCAPEGOAT
End all this by hating others. There's nothing like HATE to add meaning and purpose to your life.

Why must you hate someone?
Because if it wasn't for THEM the world would be a much nicer place to raise your kiddies in.

You needn't hate all of THEM (some of your best friends might be . . .), just hate what they stand for.

With a little ingenuity you can blame everything from a personal inconvenience to the H. Bomb on a scapegoat.

SOME TYPICAL SCAPEGOATS
Catholics, Communists, Jews, the Press, Big Business, Politicians, Niggers, Students. For those who'd prefer a larger-than-life challenge, we suggest you HATE God, Women or the Indonesians.

Others may like the odds in their favour: try these evergreens—Homothe Icelandic-Nomads.

Big Business: Finally, one for the man who likes facts and figures. Plenty of documentation available for the man who likes facts at his finger-tips. Where can you see one? On the docks—drinking our tea, smoking our cigarettes and smiling our sunny Australian smiles. If you're wary of close contact, just watch the papers for details of this scapegoat's activities—hell, look who started the third world war.

Communists: Here's a good old stand-by, particularly for the BUSINESSMAN. Plenty of documentation available for the man who likes facts at his finger-tips. Where can you see one? On the docks—drinking our tea, smoking our cigarettes and smiling our sunny Australian smiles. If you're wary of close contact, just watch the papers for details of this scapegoat's activities—hell, look who started the third world war.

Nazis: Some people for ethnic or other reasons find Jew hating a little old hat. To fill their needs, the Nazi party has been formed in Australia. Here's a group for everyone to hate—even the kids. Diggers: this should appeal to you—it beats being beastly to the Japs.

Negroes: You'll need a little imagination to add this to your scapegoat list. Very popular overseas, of course. It's the mark of a travelled man to hate niggers. Remember that filthy hotel in Acra and that Alabama mammy who never washed?

Don't be deterred if you've never been outside Australia. Take a trip to Moree or a bus to La Perouse. The Aboriginals are seething with discontent—beware, or one day there'll be a black Eureka Stockade.

COMMUNISTS: Here's a good old stand-by, particularly for the BUSINESSMAN. Plenty of documentation available for the man who likes facts at his finger-tips. Where can you see one? On the docks—drinking our tea, smoking our cigarettes and smiling our sunny Australian smiles. If you're wary of close contact, just watch the papers for details of this scapegoat's activities—hell, look who started the third world war.

Big Business: Finally, one for the poor and the cultured. Who's responsible for the great Australian Ugliness? Where has the corner grocer gone? B.B. has taken the fun and the beauty out of life. Besides, everyone knows Company Directors are perverts. The best things in life are free.

Found a scapegoat to suit you?

Letter From Cyprus

This is a note from Detective Sergeant Greenhorn to his wife. Greenhorn is part of the Australian Police contingent sent to Cyprus. OZ thanks his wife, Bertha Greenhorn, for her kind permission to print this heart-warming letter.

Dear Bubbles,

Thanks for knitting me a kit-bag like the real soldiers. That good old Aussie lair is causing a lot of comment in the Mess — and frangerpanny pink is sure eye-catching.

Cyprus is not as big as Australia. Not as good either I reckon.

I have arrested several enemy (a war term for felons) but the Pommies won't let us get confessions from them. They are put in P.O.W. camps instead (Just by the by, these camps are not as tough as our good old Sydney lock-ups — they even feed the prisoners.)

Old Freddie got into awful trouble yesterday. He captured an enemy red-handed but of course released him for £10. Well, the Pommies don't like us taking these bribes and we have to be careful in future.

I keep my eyes open, and I got a few secret weapons to show NORM when I get back. There's Hand Grenades for instance. I can't tell you too much about them in case a Communist spy sees this. But I can just say they'll be mighty useful next Commemoration Day.

Also, I'll recommend to Norman that we have regular bayonet drill in future, gee, the bugle just sounded.

Lots of love,

Percy.

XXX
Hello.

I'm the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Gough.

Every time I open my mouth, I make news.

Especially when I talk about sex.

Look at what I said the other day (Mirror, Aug. 4): "The present generation is wallowing in a mire of sexual immorality."

—aren't they lucky?

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**Bare look guilt**

**CHICAGO, Saturday.**—Miss Toni Lee Shelley, 19, above, who wore a topless bathing suit, has been found guilty of indecent exposure.

A jury of eight women and four men took nearly 33 hours to reach a verdict.

Sentence was postponed to allow the defence time to file a motion for a new trial.

"It was all a misunderstanding," the shapely model told reporters after the hearing.

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**THURSDAY JULY 16 1964**

**THE AUSTRALIAN**

The scorn of the Geelong stand knew no bounds.

Boys hooted; girls jeered; old ladies sneered; men rocked with derision and nudged one another.

A short, battered man standing alongside me, who looked like an ex-lightweight boxer, screamed out "Ya couldn't thump ya ol' girl, yer peanut," and looked around for approval.
WHY THESE MEN PRODUCED A NEW DAILY NEWSPAPER

For responsible people who really want to know what's happening in the world

Are these men REAL editors?

Yes. See how RESPONSIBLE they look. And serious. Two of them wear glasses. That's to aid their NATIONAL VISION.

This busy editorial team is NATIONALLY minded. See how they dress. Look at their clean WHITE-AUSTRALIAN shirts. How RESPONSIBLE they look with their coats on! One man, is wearing a vest. The vest is made of wool. Wool is a National fabric. An important National fabric. The man in the vest is important too.

These men really want to know what's happening in the world. Look at all the BOOKS in the background. They will provide a CONSTANT SOURCE OF REFERENCE for this responsible editorial team.

Look at them again. Can't you sense the rhythm of their concentration? They are all analysing the picture that the fat man is holding. The editor on the far left is analysing the back of the picture the fat man is holding.

Look at the man on the far right? He is too far away to see anything. He will soon make the tea.

worst of both possible worlds

● A speech to members of the Australian Journalists Association by Mr J. D. Pringle on his return from overseas recently. Mr Pringle is the new editor of the “Canberra Times” but, ironically enough, it seems that it is his chief rival, “The Australian”, that has taken greatest heed of his words.

MY first impression on returning to Sydney six months ago was how little the press had changed since I left six years before. The type and makeup were the same. The handling of stories was the same. Very often the stories themselves seemed the same. Column 8 was still in column 10. I couldn't find a single new feature or single new writer — though some of the writers, of course, had changed papers. Admittedly, some of the papers had new proprietors, but I'm bound to admit that sometimes old Rip Van Pringle still felt that he was really reading Ezra Norton's “Mirror”, though he rather missed those charming historical extravaganzas which they used to print on the middle pages.

Of course, there were small changes. I was pleased to see that the children at Oxalis Cottage had grown up and were five years older, though I couldn't help wondering why some newspaper executive hadn't sent the most brilliant and witty writer in Sydney on a year's holiday abroad and brought him back to do something completely different.

I couldn't find a new columnist, a new cartoonist or even a new comic strip — oh yes, one new comic strip bought from England.

The great and important change has nothing to do with newspapers — it is the emergence of three or four quite excellent periodicals, of which I must mention with special honour the “Bulletin” in the last two or three years. I think it's reached a very fine standard. I was particularly pleased at this, because in a lecture which I delivered at Melbourne just before I left Australia I did advocate periodicals as the way in which there might be immediate and practical improvement. Well, it's happened. I think Australia can be quite proud to have the Bulletin, the Nation, Quadrant, Meanjin and others — I would like to mention OZ, too — I think it's extremely encouraging.

But as far as the daily and Sunday press of Sydney goes, and indeed of all Australia, it seems to me fairly deep in the rut in which I left it in 1957. I couldn't help contrasting this with the press in London, during the five years I was back in Britain. During that time there's been a tremendous revolution. In fact, two Sunday papers and one national daily and a London evening paper disappeared completely — that's going a bit far for change. It's sad, but at least it does suggest the intensity of the competition which is going on there. A new Sunday newspaper, “The Sunday Telegraph”, was born. The “Daily Herald's” is being reconstructed. The Manchester Guardian has become a national paper, printing in London. The Sunday Times has published the first colour supplement, which is now going to be followed by both
the Observer and, I believe, by the Sunday Telegraph and possibly by the Sunday Express.

Now these are just the obvious mountains which everybody can see. They are great changes. For journalists like ourselves, there are a dozen others even more exciting and significant. There's been a new revolution in makeup in these five years, led, I must say, so far as the quality newspapers go, by the Observer and perhaps for the popular newspapers, by the Daily Mirror. A return to a more austere use of type, much more use of lower case instead of caps, much more use of white, plenty of blank space, all this is a tremendous change which has hardly penetrated here at all. Oddly enough, the only place I notice it is in the leader page of the Sunday Mirror which does seem to be to reflect some of this exciting change in typography and makeup.

New names have emerged to take the place of the old. The brilliant young men of "Private Eye" have thrust their elbows rather unceremoniously wide. Names like Bernard Levin, Michael Fyfe, Alan Brem, Kathleen Whitehorn, Penelope Gilliatt have become leading names and have taken the place of old hacks of about 35, like Ken Tynan. On all this, I can't remember a month while I was there when some newspaper didn't introduce a new feature, a new writer, a new page, a new way of doing something.

Even new names have been discovered. A very brilliant journalist called Anthony Samson, who first wrote under the name of Pendennis in the Observer, has invented a new kind of gossip writing, which I would call intelligent gossip. Instead of writing about film stars and debutantes and ears, he wrote about politicians and civil servants and the new Africa in an intelligent, personal way which made the vital and interesting to the reader. He also discovered that the story of what really happened, told a week later, six months later, or even six months later, may be more interesting than the same event as told by the papers the next day. You really have to dig and find out what did happen.

Of course, you've probably read "Anatomy of Britain" where he applied the same technique to writing about the country as a whole in book form, and showed down the corridors of power and uncouth civil servants who have previously been obscure. He's gone and dug out the headmasters he's dragged bishops, blinking, into the public gaze, half annoyed about it, half rather pleased. But he's told us, or helped to tell us, how Britain is really governed, who governs it, how it's done. He's gone into the city and found the people who run the big businesses.

Now Britain's full of imitators of Anthony Samson. Every paper has one. Where are they in Australia? I haven't seen one. I can't help thinking Australian journalists have missed some of these developments, because their eyes are fixed so firmly on the United States. Australians are temporarily obsessed by America. If I saw this in television. Any programme produced in America is bought unseen. It must be good. Much better programmes produced in Britain — they either don't know about them or think a long time before they buy them. But I think this applies to the press, too, because this great revolution in the press has taken place almost entirely in Britain, and has not yet penetrated Australia.

The great virtue of the American press is their responsibility. They're a very responsible lot, they're very factual. They give a great deal of information. As papers of record they're unrivalled. But in many ways they're very dull and they're very badly written and they're very badly made up. I can't help feeling that the Australian press has gone for the worst of both possible worlds. They've imitated the sensationalism and irresponsibility of the British press and the dullness, bad makeup and typography of the American press.

Well, things are moving here at last, and I am glad that I am part of the move. I'm delighted that new papers are going to start in Australia. I think it's about time. But much more necessary I think one of the first things to be done is to restore the primacy of writers in the Australian press. There are writers and reporters in the Australian press today, who are absolutely first class, and I'm glad to name some of them. I've praised before, and will praise again, the marvellous, lucid style and sly wit of Ross Campbell. Gavin Sinter is one of the finest reporters. I think, writing in the English language. Alan Reid is a political correspondent of extraordinary judgement and knowledge. Reg. Foster, to whom I owe a lot, has been writing vigorous, intelligent comment for 50 years, and is still readable every Sunday. These men are a credit to the profession.

But how much encouragement do they get? In Australia, money, prestige, advancement go to those who leave writing as early as possible and become administrators or executives. Even the most brilliant writers aren't paid as much as an advertising manager or circulation manager. Brilliant young men are refused a by-line as long as possible — and even after. When they get it, it's in as small type as possible. I'm sick of this anachronism.

How can we compete with television, where every announcer is a sort of public star, without to some extent building up the names — and include faces — of our most brilliant writers?

But the fault doesn't lie only with management. Where indeed are the bright young writers? I'm appalled when I go about newspaper offices in this country to find how thin talent is, and how many of the young men in journalism today have no ambition to become "writers".

Young men are content to do their reporting as straightforwardly as possible, using tired old phrases to report tired old facts. Whose fault is it? News Editors? Chiefs of Staff? The young men themselves? I'm not quite sure. I think it's the system. There are great virtues in the Australian cadet system. I don't under-rate them. Australian journalists get probably a better and more thorough training than any journalists in the world. At least they do know these basic things which are absolutely essential. But unfortunately, the cadet system admits into our newspaper offices every year too many young men and women who never could write, never will write, and never want to write — young men to whom journalism doesn't mean much more than plumbing.

We are after all, up against television now. I spent the last six months in television. I have a considerable admiration for television. I enjoyed working for it. There are some things television can do better than journalism can do. But I am convinced that journalism can only compete with television by good writing, and that we must develop and create real writing talent and promote it when we get it. We must encourage new men to do different kinds of journalism, and get out of this rut in which I feel the Sydney press has fallen.

I can't help noticing an awful silence has fallen on this room in the last quarter of an hour.

Thank you
On June 9, 1955, Frank Browne and Raymond Fitzgerald were summoned to appear before the House of Representatives after Federal Parliament had found them guilty of a breach of parliamentary privilege. The breach arose out of attacks published in the Bankstown "Observer" on the Member for Reid, Mr. A. J. Browne, and his brother, Mr. Court Browne, and of suggestions that they were involved in a "smuggling racket". Fitzgerald was the proprietor and Browne the editor of the "Observer".

The two men were refused legal representation at all stages and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment, part of which was served in Goulburn jail. No civil action was ever taken against them by any of the men whom they were supposed to have libelled.

The Prime Minister moved the motions adopting the report of the Privileges Committee, request­ordering their imprisonment. It was later revealed that the committee's minutes--Mr. G. A. McLarty--included the following speech of Frank Browne, in which he declared he had no right to appeal:

"I took the opportunity of saying I did not imprison political opponents"

--Sir Robert Menzies at the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference; from 'The Australian', July 20.

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"I took the opportunity of saying I did not imprison political opponents"

--Sir Robert Menzies at the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference; from 'The Australian', July 20.
GOD and me aren't experts, but by Goldwater I think it's about time this country stood up to Commie conspirators everywhere and said to them: Commies, go for the draw, Commie! I WANT to tell you and I want you to listen when I tell you, whatever I tell you. And then I'll tell the Generals its their problem. My old grandaddy used to say to me before Yom Kippur: Son, he used to say, I want that you should remember that there's nothing wrong with being a Jew, son, because Christ was a Jew too, and, as far as I'm concerned, Santa Claus is an Episcopalian. And, Barry, he used to say to me, my old grandaddy did, if God's on your side, who can be against you? And if God's not on your side then bribe him. If God's not a nigger or a Commie or a cheap eastern columnist or a yankee fluoridator, you can bribe him, son.
And I looked up and I said to my ole grandaddy: Grandaddy, I said, one day I'll make up for the cheap, nasty tricks you've played on my daddy and my mommy and all the Episcopalians you've swindled in all of Arizona. One day I'm gonna turn this country into what you've always reckoned it ought to be, grandaddy, and then you'll spew in your grave.
And that's why I'm here today. I'm here to tell you, and I'm here to tell you all, all of you, regardless of whether you're Northern Episcopalians or Southern Episcopalians or Northern Baptists or Southern Baptists, regardless of whether you hate niggers because they sleep with your sisters or whether you hate niggers because they smell. And there's no prejudice in my party!

I'm here to tell you that what I do, I do for you and when you're done for I've done it, because I'm your servant and you're my slave.
I saw Kruschev come into my department store, flashing them sassy Havana cigars, I'd say to him, I'd say: Get out of here, you Commie rat. Oh, I'm no hand at making speeches.
I ain't been educated like some of them Harvard Easterners over there, because I failed. I failed in college, but I'm not ashamed to admit that I failed. If more red-blooded American boys failed in college, this'd be a simpler country. Once again we'd know what it was like to fight for our living and scrimmage and scrounge in the rat-holes for a massly passel of cheese to feed our dying grandmothers, and that would be a damn good thing.

We get to hear a lot these days about poverty, but I'm here to tell you poverty is good. And prejudice is good! With poverty and prejudice a man can really feel alone. Way out there among them cornstalks with nothing but a bottle of cider and a lynchin' rope and the sky all blue as blue way up above.
And that's what it is to be a man. And that's what it is to be an American. And that's the way I want to die, out among the cornstalks, with the stars coming out and a copy of the Talmud and the Bible and my original bound edition of the Constitution asleep beside me.
And I want you to hear this in your hearts and carry it with you like a sacred thing, when you go back home to your poverty-stricken clapboard shacks, one day I'll bring back slavery and then you can learn to read!
The Balloon Goes Up

Melbourne drinkers greeted the news that Sydney brewing firm, Millers, plans to market their beer in Victoria with cries of joy this week.

Millers are expected to establish sales links in Victoria with independent hoteliers and caterers who have expressed their growing dissatisfaction with the activities of the C & UB monopoly.

The general manager of Carlton & United Breweries, Mr. R.G. Fogarty, was at first unavailable for comment yesterday, but later gave the following answers to reporters' questions:

Does your company plan an immediate takeover bid for Millers to eliminate competition by the same wonderful processes of free enterprise as you have employed in the past?

"No comment".

Does this mean you will now have to treat licencees with respect for fear that they will remember the harsh and restrictive treatment they have received in the past, and take Millers instead of Fosters?

"No comment".

Will C & UB now try and increase the quality of their service rather than the size of their dividend?

"No comment".

Is it true that C & UB's 'Z issue' shareholders are all A over T now that Millers has made this move?

"I cannot comment at the moment".

A rumour is current in Melbourne at the moment that you have been unco-operative with the press. Is there any truth in this?

"I refuse to comment on the grounds that it may incriminate me (and my company)".

Is it true that you are Mr. R.G. Fogarty, general manager of C & UB?

"No comment".
THIS is me during the day at work

I'm private secretary to some accountants. I earn enough money to pay mummy and daddy some rent ... I also save enough for a holiday. Kosciusko or Lord Howe ... my ambition is to TRAVEL ... Switzerland, Capri, London ... I want to study art. But most people nowadays say it's not really necessary to go all the way to the Continent because they're all coming here anyway.

Some nights I play squash with the girls at the office and on other nights ... TURN ME UPSIDE DOWN AND LOOK ..........
IN THE GARDEN

CARDINUS GILROYUS

Choose a luxurious home for this ancient flower to display its finery. The Gilroyus is a prolific bloomer and makes a magnificent display en masse. However to thrive it requires complete dedication since it must have rich soil and constant attention. The Gilroyus comes from an old Roman strain which is

ON THE PROWL

Thank you, dear OZ, for publishing that poignant memoir of a prowler in the last issue. May I add something?

You see, I used to be a prowler too. A female prowler. I loved to stare at men undressing. But no one ever took me seriously. I didn't frighten a single soul... no indignant householder attacked me... there was no publicity.

Often when I was on the prowl, the police cars pulled up and the officers insisted on escorting me home—to save me from the prowler. How I longed to see those friendly Detective sergeants in the raw.

I finally kicked the prowling habit after I met my boy-friend. I shall never forget our first meeting. This young couple were stripping off, and I was gazing at the husband when I suddenly spied HIM on the other side of the rosebush. He was staring at the wife.

We've been going steady ever since. We strip off and just stare at each other. No sex. We just stare.

READY FOR A DAY IN BED

“I'm not too bad for an old man,” the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies told reporters at Kingsford Smith airport yesterday.
After reading this; wash your hands

Obscene and Indecent Publications (Amendment) Act, 1955
Section 15.

"Whoever—

(a) prints, photographs, lithographs, drawings, makes, sells, publishes, distributes or exhibits any obscene publication or assists in so doing or
(b) publishes a newspaper containing any indecent or obscene advertisement or report or

c) gives or delivers to any other person any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter with the intent that the same or a copy thereof should be published as an advertisement or as any newspaper or

d) affixes to or inscribes on any house, building, wall, hoarding gate, fence, pillar, board, tree or any other thing whatsoever so as to be visible to a person being in or passing along any street, public highway or footpath or affixes to or inscribes on any public urinal or delivers or attempts to deliver or exhibits to any person or throws down the area of any house or into the garden or curtilage of any house or exhibits to public view in the window of any house or shop or otherwise publishes any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter or
e) gives or delivers to any person any such pictures or printed or written matter with the intent that the same or some or one or more thereof or a copy of any such picture or printed or written matter should be affixed, inscribed, delivered, exhibited or otherwise published in contravention of the provisions of this section or

(f) posts or causes to be posted for transmission by post any indecent or obscene picture or printed or written matter or

g) prints any picture or printed matter published or posted in contravention of this Act shall be liable, if a body corporate, to a penalty not exceeding one hundred pounds and, if any other person, to a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding six months."

Section 27 (1) "Indecent" advertisement or picture or printed or written matter includes any advertisement, picture or printed or written matter relating to any complaint or infamy arising from or relating to sexual intercourse or to nervous debility or female irregularities or which might reasonably be construed as relating to any illegal medical treatment or illegal operation. Without prejudice to the generality of the foregoing definition, any advertisement in relation to contraception or contraceptives shall be deemed to be an indecent advertisement.

(2) Without prejudice to the generality of the meaning of the word 'obscene' any publication or advertisement shall be held to be obscene if it unduly emphasises matters of sex, crimes of violence, gross cruelty or horror.

In determining for the purposes of the Act whether any publication or advertisement is obscene the court shall have regard to

(a) the nature of the publication or advertisement; and

(b) the persons, classes of persons and age groups to or amongst whom the publication or advertisement was or was intended or likely to be published, distributed, sold, exhibited, given or delivered;

c) the tendency of the publication or advertisement to deprave, corrupt or injure the morals of any such persons, class of persons or age group, or to the intention that a publication or advertisement shall be held to be obscene when it tends or is likely in any manner to deprave, corrupt or injure the morals of any such persons, class of persons or age group.

The provisions of this Act, other than sections twenty to twenty-nine, both inclusive, do not apply to the printing, publishing, making, possessing, selling, delivering or distributing or the exhibiting in the window of any shop or the posting or causing to be posted of—

(a) any work of literary or artistic merit; or

(b) any bona fide medical or scientific book, pamphlet, magazine or periodical, or any medical or scientific book, pamphlet, magazine or periodical, that notwithstanding its literary or artistic merit or its character as a medical or scientific book, pamphlet, magazine or periodical, the publication, making, possessing, selling, delivering or distributing or the exhibiting in the window of any shop or the posting or causing to be posted was not justifiable in the circumstances of the particular case having regard, in particular, to the persons, class of persons or age groups into whose hands it was intended or likely to come."

QUEEN VERSUS OZ

Last April, the editors of OZ, its cartoonist (Martin Sharp) and its publisher (Francis James of the Anglican Press) received charges alleging that the February no 6 issue had contravened the above Act. On July 23 and 24 the defendants appeared in the Central Court of Petty Sessions, Sydney, to plead not guilty. After two days Mr Locke S.M. adjourned the case to August 28 when counsel will begin to address the Court.

Being a journal at the present time, any prolonged discussion of the case needs to be postponed, although we hope next month to publish some of the choicest selections from the transcript. In terms of the Act we are denying that there is any "undue emphasis on sex". However, on this point we are allowed to call no witnesses, as this is a matter for the Court alone to decide. But on three other points expert witnesses are allowed and we have used them to attempt to prove that: a) both the magazine as a whole and a cartoon by Martin Sharp, in which the prosecution has concentrated ("The word flashed round the Arms . . ."), have some literary and artistic merit; b) that the magazine is unlikely to tend to deprave and corrupt. If both parts can be successfully maintained then under section 4 of the Act we should be acquitted.

The witnesses called by the defence were:

•  Prof Alan Stout, professor of philosophy, Sydney University
•  Prof Frederick May, professor of Italian, Sydney University
•  Dr Harry H eselt ine, English lecturer, NSW University
•  Stanely Tick, English lecturer, NSW University
•  Adri an Coleman, English lecturer, NSW University
•  Geoffrey Little, English lecturer, Sydney University
•  Mungo MacCallum, author and literary critic
•  Mrs Madeleine Armstrong, drama critic
•  Miss Betty Arcadle, headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College
•  Rev Peter Benny, warden of St Paul's College, Sydney University
•  Gordon Hawkins, lecturer in criminology, Sydney University
•  Dr Ellard, psychiatrist
•  Dr Jim Durb tine, psychiatrist
•  Alex Carey, psychology lecturer, NSW University
•  John Olsen, painter
•  E llywyn Lyne, art critic
•  Tom Fitzgerald, editor of NATION

This OZ (no 12) marks the completion of the first twelve months of publication. Issue no 1 was produced on April 1, 1963. 6,000 copies were distributed from an office in the old Rocks area of Sydney on the basis of £50 working capital, 30 subscribers and no full-time staff.

In twelve months we have doubled that circulation, attracted 800 subscribers, acquired an office in the middle of Sydney, a Melbourne editor and a full-time staff of one.

With every 1,000 new readers we are in a better position to attract writers to the lure to which, despite their popular image, they are highly susceptible. Fortnightly distribution is also a target for the near future.

OBSCENE BOOK TO BE BURNT

In Central Court today, Mr, Folk, SM, in summing up on the "Holy Bible" case, said from the bench that although he could not read he had heard plenty of evidence to suggest the "book contains some pretty hot stuff." He went on to say that the cross symbol on the cover represented Kings Cross, "which we all know is a den of depravity.

He declared the book an obscene publications and ordered that it be burnt immediately. Folk sentenced the printers, The Oxford University Press, the publisher, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland and the defendants on all counts, and the authors, Joshua, Ruth, Samuel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Daniel, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Malachi, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Peter, Jude, and Revelations, each to 1,000 lashes.

None of the defendants were present in court.

13 August
Lord Boothby and I were just good friends.

Where will I take her, him, it tonight? To MAXIMS naturally. Where else can you enjoy delicious Pizza, blended with warm, home-grown, folk singers? Yes, it's the same pie that attracts a million Pizza maniacs to Rome every winter, the same folk music that packs Washington Square every Sunday. MAXIMS is the most romantic location in Sydney: Newport. Come along — if you swim, land on the southern side of the beach; if you drive, park in Barrenjoey Road.

All About OZ

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh
ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp
ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston.
STAFF: Anou, A. G. Read.
MELBOURNE EDITOR: Paul Lawson

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* OZ appears on the first of every month. In Sydney it is available from street-corner vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Mary Martin's Bookshop sells OZ in Adelaide and Cheshire's sells it in Canberra.
* Back copies are available for a shilling each. The last issue (which was restricted in some areas) is 2/-. No. 1, 6 and 8 have sold out.
Off to a barn dance in Bourke? A wedding in Walgett? A dinner date at Dapto? . . . You've got nothing to wear? Quick, clip out this coupon and send us your measurements. Be first to take advantage of this unique service to OZ readers—and be second (since Cinderella) to enjoy the luxury of being the best-dressed belle (or boy) at the ball with so little effort. Besides, we guarantee not to change you into a pumpkin.

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