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 bustle 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
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 dispelling evils.
3. Hence a person or thing bearing blame for others.

(Websters International Dictionary).

WHY YOU NEED A SCAPEGOAT

Tired? Listless? Lustless?
Nervy? Depressed? Bored?
Do you hate yourself?
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—Homosexuals, anti-fluoridationists, academicians or Rosaleen Norton. Or, if you'd like to be original, try hating the Icelandic-Nomads.

The great Australian scapegoats are The Pommies, The 'Roos and Educated Louts.
OZ scapegoats are Cops and the RSL.

HOW DO I CHOOSE A SCAPEGOAT TO SUIT MY NEEDS?

Easy. Just scan this scapegoat catalogue:

Jews: Is business slack? Still struggling with your income-tax forms? THEY'VE been at it again. Who do you think runs big business in this country, anyway: Why don't they go back to selling rags? Hitler was right.

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—be aware, 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 your needs? I'd rather be right than be President
I'd rather be Left than be Prime-Minister

There's many more. Some people have just one (Satan is a historic solo) but you can have as many as you like. Eric Baume has 6 every day. For any further information: write to OZ, scapegoat department.

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 soldiery 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.
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?

---

**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 roared with derision and nudged one another.

A short, battered man standing alongside me, who looked like an ex-lightweight boxer, screamed out “Ya couldn’ thump ya ol’ girl, yer peanut,” and looked around for approval.

---

**Village square**

The column of lasting insignificance

Everyone Is Assumed To Be an Ally

Everybody is assumed to be an ally unless he opts for aggression (sometimes before meeting you) on no stronger grounds than that you are being yourself. I always assume, until given reason to believe otherwise, that each of us has the same objectives: to get through life, from birth to death, with the minimum amount of inconvenience to others while deriving the maximum amount of pleasure and happiness for ourselves.

I offer a handshake, a friendly wave in passing, and any help that’s within my power to anybody who wants to live such a life without interference; sometimes because genuine alliances are formed, long- or short-term depending not only on the extent of our agreement but on how far we can disagree and still respect each other's motives.

There is no time for the fools who think that progress lies in fighting, still less for the belligerent bullies (cowards?) who think their progress lies in fighting you. Offer them a gift to emphasize your peaceful intentions. If they don’t accept, ignore them, by-pass them, give them what they want and go away. Only the naive define going away as cowardice instead of survival.

Join things, if you will, always remembering that a little piece of personal integrity disappears with each compromise. Sometimes group action is the only means of getting things done. Quite often it is the only route to freedom from some iniquitous burden or unfair restriction. But groups have a way of enforcing rules of their own, and I never met or heard of any messiah who didn’t want to govern as well as guide.

Any expression of identity, whether it be unorthodox behavior or unpopular opinions, is grounds for the charge of exhibitionism. But all individual thinkers are exhibitionists so far as the conformists are concerned. An “exhibitionist” is usually making an honest statement of who and what he is so that the like-minded can reach him. He cares not at all about the dummies who condemn him, and why should he? They are not worth a second thought.

Every individual's hang-up is less a question of what he can be than of what he has been already. The twin molds of environment and heredity have stunted his growth as much as they have shaped his character, and the extent of his potential is in direct ratio to how little he has been allowed to be himself.

It is harder for some to break away from their backgrounds than for others, but it is possible for everybody. The first thing that must be accepted—and how few people will allow themselves to accept it—is that you are alone. Who thinks your thoughts? Who feels as you feel? Who dies when you die? You are alone, you have a life to live and you must have allies.

No, that is wrong. There are no needs beyond physical needs. There are only wants. It is easier with allies but not impossible without. If you declare yourself, if you are honest in your intentions (whatever your intentions), you will always have allies.

The most important thing of all is to remember that there are almost always alternatives. It is worth noting the choice between black or white, A or B, Communism or Fascism, yes or no. We build a box around our freedom of action and complain that there is no room to move about. Knock down the walls, burn the box, vote maybe or perhaps, spoil the ballot.

There are too many morals and not enough morals. Spread out your opinions and your middle-class norms for all to see, but do not insist on making them into law. Do not impose others what has been done to you. There is only one immorality, and that is in insisting that others live as you do.

(By special arrangement with the 'Village Voice', New York.)

by John Wilcock
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

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 one 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 its 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...
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 revolution in writing about the country as a whole. "Anatomy of Britain", which everybody can see. It's really on a level with plumbing.

I am inclined to blame the cadet system. It is really on a level with plumbing. It's like plumbing. 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 is only a level with 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 new 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
"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.

Oh, doesn’t he?

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. Thomas, and his connection with the White Australia migration racket. Fitzgerald was the editor and Browne the publisher 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 Goal. 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, request-ordering their imprisonment. It was later revealed that the Opposition for some weeks, Mr. G. M. Wren, Minister for Post and Telegraph, had_collaborated in closing the microphone on the ABC’s tapes of the proceedings. These tapes which he outlined the injustices involved:

Mr. MENZIES—I suggest we hear the other person charged.

Mr. SPEAKER.—Sergeant-at-Arms, informs Frank Courtney Browne that the House will now hear him.

Mr. COURTNEY BROWNE having appeared at the bar of the House,

Mr. BROWNE.—Mr. Speaker and honorable members, I have something to say in extenuation of the breaches of privilege which occur, but it must remain a slightly impersonal plea, because I have been convicted of an offence which, according to Australian justice, has been proved. I base that on this: It is considered the right—

Mr. SPEAKER.—You will take your hands off the bar.

Mr. BROWNE—it is considered the right of every Australian citizen charged with an offence that he, first, must be charged; and secondly, he must have legal representation. So to me even if you prove the case against him proved, and he need not answer inquiring questions. Then there is the fact that he must have the right to examine his accuser. And last, he must have the right to appeal. There is also another inherent right which is always preserved in every court in this Commonwealth, and every court where there is any question of a breach of privilege—that he shall present his case in an atmosphere which shall not have the effect of prejudicing him before he comes in.

Now, let me ask you how you have done. Let me ask you how you have done. Frank Browne in this assembly does not matter very much. He is an obscure and inconspicuous figure in the community—not a newspaper baron, nor a man who can command a mighty organ with which to intimidate a member if he tried. No, I cannot do that. I produce an obscure suburban newspaper of four sheets of foolscap a week, so I am not a very big man. But that is not the case. I want to appeal. I want to be heard. I want to appeal to the elemental principles of justice which they are struggling towards democracy in South-East Asia. If you expost the locomotives and you expost the export some of the principles of justice which they know nothing about, well, it will all be in vain. Your Colombo plan will be nullified. Everything you give them they will misuse, including the rights of legislative bodies.

Now, sir, I do appeal to you. It is not a question of the merits of the case, and it is not a question of the rights of the case. I know that you have unlimited rights. If I were tried for murder and convicted after due trial, I suppose I could look forward to being out in about fifteen years, if I were good. But, sir, I do not know what I can look forward to here. You may say, in effect, “Put him away and shut him up”, and what welcome news that would be to some of the members present! Sir, if you fall back on the old rights—to deal with me here, you will have forfeited any right—not you personally, but every move in that direction, however tempered—if it consists of an apology—the principle has gone. Sir, it establishes the fact that here is not only a court, but a court which absolves itself of every idea that we have had incultated into us on the score of natural justice when a person is charged with an offence—in fact, a court that is prepared to convict him without charging him. Even the Star Chamber, that body which is banded around every time somebody wants to justify himself as a true blue democrat, did not go that far. I say this, and I say it quite sincerely: That what you do to me is of no moment, perhaps, in a physical sense to anybody but me—no moment whatever. But you are exporting locomotives and other things to those countries that are struggling towards democracy in South-East Asia. If you expost the locomotives and you expost the export some of the principles of justice which they know nothing about, well, it will all be in vain. Your Colombo plan will be nullified. Everything you give them they will misuse, including the rights of legislative bodies.

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The law of this country has ample provision for any punishment that I have earned. I ask that this House not take a final step of inflicting punishment, because will ever move in that direction, however tempered—it if consists of an apology—the principle has gone. Sir, it establishes the fact that here is not only a court, but a court which absolves itself of every idea that we have had incultated into us on the score of natural justice when a person is charged with an offence—in fact, a court that is prepared to convict him without charging him. Even the Star Chamber, that body which is banded around every time somebody wants to justify himself as a true blue democrat, did not go that far. I say this, and I say it quite sincerely: That what you do to me is of no moment, perhaps, in a physical sense to anybody but me—no moment whatever. But you are exporting locomotives and other things to those countries that are struggling towards democracy in South-East Asia. If you expost the locomotives and you expost the export some of the principles of justice which they know nothing about, well, it will all be in vain. Your Colombo plan will be nullified. Everything you give them they will misuse, including the rights of legislative bodies.

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GOD and me aren't experts, but by Goldwater I think its 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'm here to tell you furthermore that if 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 scramble 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!
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

By WARATAH

said to have no roots. The original of the species — Cardinus Magdalena Virgo — is believed to have been self-pollinating. This quality has now been lost, but the species retains an extraordinary sensitivity to interference in the breeding process. Flowers are a deep bluey colour and reach their finest show around Easter time. All specimens of this genus require frequent applications of bull manure.

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 doing so 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

g) 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 in any newspaper or

e) 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 15.

(1) "Indecent" advertisement or picture or printed or written matter includes any advertisement, picture or printed or written matter relating to any complaint or contraventions that 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 is subject to be obscene if it unduly emphasises matters of sex, crimes of violence, gross cruelty or horror.

(3) 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, so that 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 person or group shall be: (a) in any such class or age group, notwithstanding that persons in other classes or age groups may not be similarly affected.

Section 4.

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, unless the publication or advertisement is subject to be obscene if it unduly emphasises matters of sex, crimes of violence, gross cruelty or horror.

The Oxford University Press, the publisher, with every 1,000 new readers we are a library position to offer writers 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 publication and ordered all copies to be burnt immediately. Folk sentenced the printers, The Oxford University Press, the publisher, James, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland and defender of the Faith and the supporters, Joshua, Ruth, Samuel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Malachi, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Timothy, Titus, Philémon, Peter, Jude, and Revelations, each to 100/- fine.

None of the defendants were present in court.

13 August 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.

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STANLEY TIECK, English lecturer, NSW University

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GORDON HAWKINS, lecturer in criminology, Sydney University

DR ELLARD, psychiatrist

DR JIM DURDIN, psychiatrist

ALEX CAREY, psychology lecturer, NSW University

JOHN OLSEN, painter

ELWIN LYNN, artist critic

TOM FITZGERALD, editor of NATION

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Lord Boothby and I were just good friends.

MAXIMS

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ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston.
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* 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.
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goes everywhere

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VICTORIANA
FRI, SAT, SUN.

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