A Tale Of Two Cities

In a state in which neither ‘The Group’ nor OZ is safe to appear on the streets, it was inevitable that the Censor should not allow Dagwood Bumstead (how did that name ever get through Customs anyway?) go unmolested. These two cuttings are absolutely genuine. The incredible thing is not that someone should find the word “bloomers” offensive but that an organisation as large as the Melbourne Herald and Weekly Times should go to the trouble and expense of making the alterations.
Actually Formal Wear does not hire Fig Leaves, but — think what a disadvantage Adam and Eve had when Formal Wear wasn't around . . . but if they were, then Adam and Eve would have been the best dressed couple in the Garden of Eden—he in the craziest morning suit — she in the cutest bridal gown.

For Eves . . . glamorous ball, cocktail and Debutante gowns — veils, tiaras, gloves, petticoats, bouquets. Ensembles for bridesmaids and mother-of-the-bride.

For Adams . . . dress, dinner and lounge suits — all fittings in the very latest cut dress shirts, ties, studs, links, gloves, etc. Save money . . . save time — hire from Formal Wear.

FORMAL WEAR
147a KING STREET
Telephone 28-0537
Hello, there, Archbishop Gough again!

My word we've been having quite a hullabaloo with this new religious syllabus. In the end, the Premier, Mr. Renshaw, called on me and some of the other Church leaders to straighten things out — pour a little political oil on the holy water, as you might say.

Actually he met the delegation at my place, Bishopscourt, set very pleasantly indeed at fashionable Darling Point, Sydney. Yes, I know Our Lord said "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." But I intend to die poor. And if this Wetherell fellow has his way all of us in the Church biz will die poor.

Anyhow, the Premier came to Bishopscourt. There we were — Church and State, as it were — sitting up having tea and muffins, just like the good old days. So I told Mr. Benshaw we weren't very happy with the idea of letting the children know there were other religions beside Christianity.

I said it was bad enough having university students thinking for themselves without encouraging the young and I reminded him of all the great contributions made to our modern way of life by devout Christians. Such as Sir Robert Menzies. Actually I had a much better example than that at the time but I can't for the life of me remember who it was.

I told him it was quite clear that Henry Parkes in 1866 had granted the Christian churches a perpetual lease on the minds of Australian children and what was good enough for Parkes was certainly good enough for us. The Church has no particular desire to progress beyond 1866.

I thought it was a bit of a pity that, in order to swell our numbers, we had to ask some of the lower sects along, like the Congregationalists and the Salvation Army. I was shocked to find that one of these chaps actually turned up in ordinary street-clothes! Nothing like the old bib and dog-collars to put these politicians in their place, say I. Still, when your very livelihood's at stake you have to make a show of solidarity.

At about 5 o'clock my wife poured the tea. The Sally Army chap played the tambourine and the Rev. Allan Walker showed us a few of the modern dance steps he has picked up at his Teenage Cabaret. My word he's good at that bit where you have to bend over backwards.

I passed around the plate. The Premier seemed terribly impressed. Within twenty-four hours he ordered the withdrawal of the syllabus "for review." Just in time, because we had almost run out of volunteers to write angry protest letters to the papers.

Which only goes to show: politicians may not know much about the Church but we of the Church certainly know how to play politics.

On Thursday, August 13, Mr. Wetherell, N.S.W. Minister for Education, announced a new religious syllabus for primary schools:

- Religious instruction was to be removed from the social studies syllabus and so be unexaminable: “the effect of general religious teaching as defined is seen in the pupil's own conduct and is not properly measurable through written examinations.”
- Religious teaching was to become synonymous with the “teaching of ethical principles”. Although the Bible was to be regarded as a “rich source of teaching material” teachers were urged to seek additional material in the writings of other religions.
- The weekly Scripture lessons, given by visiting clergymen, were to be retained.

The main criticism of these changes seems to have been:

- Why weren't the Church leaders consulted? Pretty obvious in view of the changes contemplated.
- Mr. Wetherell is not a Christian. This is blatant namescalling. Nor were Albert Einstein or Mr. Nehru but we still listened to them.
- This syllabus panders to a small minority of non-Christians. That is better than denying the right of minorities and forcing dogma on those who do not want it. The weekly Scripture class is still retained and most Sunday schools have plenty of vacancies.
- This represents a CHANGE.

For anyone who believes that minorities should not be trampled underfoot by arrogant propagandists of the notion that there is always only ONE RIGHT WAY, the new N.S.W. syllabus is an important issue. For those who glibly descant on the abnegation of freedom in the U.S. and South Africa from the depths of their armchairs here is an opportunity to serve the cause on the home front.

This syllabus must not be retracted.
THE CULTURAL MERRYGOROUND

Harry was a failure. He was also anti-social. For a while he worked in a shop but he was sacked. Finally, Harry lost interest: his hair grew long; his face was unshaven. But he read a book. Lifting his eyes unto the mountain of Zen & Albert Camus, Harry shrieked: I'm an extentionalist.

So it was off to the domain on Sundays in sandals, jeans and duffle coat and lectures on "The Sex Life of the Australian Policeman". Then came the basement at Paddington, ram the bomb marches, a mistress from the art school.

The police removed Harry from the Domain. He was made. Violent letters to the editor followed. Harry was "a non-scientific reactionary" (Messel) and a "Communist Stooge" (Wentworth). Even more, he was no longer Harry Johnson but R. Baxter Huxley (Huxley hints of a rich genetic background), author of the great blank verse tragedy "The Return of Godot" which was filmed with Richard Burton reading dirty poems at the beginning—or as Harry would say: At the genesis of my work.

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THE CULTURAL MERRYGOROUND

Then followed the best-selling "Confessions of a Poet: Mother & The Other Women" dedicated to a mysterious Z.X. (Let the literary historians work those initials out!) It was banned in Victoria. Trucks rolled across the border by day and night.

The ultimate: Harry went academic. R. Baxter Huxley, Ph.D., for his book of essays: "Midcult and the Bomb: Does Mankind Deserve Bertrand Russell?" This only sold 3 copies and Mum and Dad didn't understand anyway but the Nobel Prize and a chairmanship of an ABC Critics Show really raked in. Gerald Lyons asked his views on censorship ("I haven't heard of Mary McCarthy but Noddy is one of the few not to have fallen into the anti-hero category"); Sidney Nolan painted the cover for his "Ned Kelly: Artist or Saint?"; Bill Dobell, the You Beaut Country Cultural Hero, painted him in the Archibald.

Social engagements were the next step in his Writers Progress. He presented the Winning Jockey with The Cup; kicked off for the Grand Final; placed the sash on Miss Australia with a lovable smile on those grand Aussie features; led the Anzac Day March; spoke out fearlessly against Communism. And retired to the English countryside.

Witty and impish he began to Speak After Dinner. But by the time dinner was finished Harry was stoned. Staggering to the platform, Harry fumbled the topic as (gasp: Yes) "The Sex Life of the Dario Cop" . . .

The Police Commissioner, sipping hot milk at his Ashfield home, said he was shocked and humiliated. The Festival of Arts Committee didn't send him an invitation. A fearless critic proclaimed: "a writer who betrayed the mainstream of life of his virile native soil".

It should end. But:

"Hux", just divorced for the third time,

writes scripts for Cinematic Arts Inc., California. Known for his wives, E-type Jag and friendship of Bergman, he owns a lavish villa in Switzerland ("A beautiful country. An ancient unspoiled land, the soul of the Old World . . . er, no taxes"). Homesickness set in. Harry came marching home again. With his magnum opus: "George, My Mate & Brother" and the critics raved. Then he went back to journalism . . .

He just keeps going round and round in circles . . .

TIM PIGOTT.

Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

CONGO
The Congo's a great bloody mess,
It's played like a mad game of chess,
Who the hell is the ruler?
Tshombe? Adoula?
Can even the Congolese guess?

NORTHERN RHODESIA
(ZAMBIA)
A prophetess, Alice Lenshina,
Had a following, like Sabrina,
She sat back and smiled,
When her Lumpas ran wild,
And her chances of Heaven grew leaner.

We put it this way
in the Navy - the best
scapegoat lies ten
fathoms deep

IN THE GARDEN

ALANUS WALKERUS

Genus: Lee Gordinicus
Species: Methodicus

The branches of Walkerus are strong and are said to possess life-saving elixirs. However, recent studies have shown that the elixirs may produce dangerous side-effects.

The Walkerus is a known climber but cannot be expected to attain great heights.

In recent years grafting and experimentation have caused radical changes in Walkerus until today it tends to overshadow the rest of the species. However, many people fear that the changes are not for the best and may even be stunting the growth.

A hardy breed which flourishes in almost any surroundings. Gaudy extravagant blooms and love for rock have earned for Walkerus the title of "Young People's Flower."

Walkerus delights in constant changes of position. It has a remarkable resistance to hardship and has even been known to survive fires.
UNMINTED
FAUNA

CALWELL GALAH: Best known for its intermittent hysterical squawk. Everyone's mate, it is invariably in labour. Has just learnt to fly using only its left wing.

ECHIDNA ANSETT, the spiny airways-eater. A night flyer — good at take-off; best at take-over. In between marauding flights, it is to be found hanging by its toes from lobby and backroom ceilings. Requires liberal feeding; will eat anything.

THE LIBERAL SHEEP have too much money to count in their sleep. Believed to be the only breed of sheep that actually fleeces others. A herd animal from way back, it follows the Good Shepherd Ming. Very non-ewe.

SANTAMARIA VAMPIRE: Feeds exclusively on A.L.P. blood (preferably ripe red). Note the missing left wing, causing it to fly in continually decreasing circles.

THE BUMBLE MING has a tired old sting; it oft is seen droning around the queen.

BARBED WIRE breakthrough. Tough work, but this is an exercise that C.M.F. men enjoy when away from their routine civilian jobs.

C.M.F. Camp Training

MORE

MORE
Good evening. Our guest tonight is Lord Robert Menzies, First Baron of Kooyong. Lord Robert was Prime Minister of Australia for two years up to 1941 during which he declared war, and for fifty years after 1949, during which he did nothing. Tell me, Lord Menzies, why was it you didn’t do anything?

I wasn’t in the mood. Besides, I had my reputation to think of. And, at any rate, what you say is not entirely correct. It is true that I did nothing. It is not true that I didn’t do anything. To do not do anything is merely wasting time. It’s negative. To do nothing, however, is positive, and can be done deliberately. It largely depends on the way you do it. I did nothing with style.

But surely in all that time you sometimes had access to other people’s ideas — ideas you could have put into effect and claimed as your very own?

True. But, my dear chap, why bother? I put it to you. The Mannix-Packer axis was on my side. I was assured of office for as long, well, for as long as my youth pills sustained me. Harold Holt continued in a state of eternal adolescence. Bert Evatt dribbled at the mouth and Cocky Calwell talked in that voice. On top of that my electors were getting younger and younger, and couldn’t remember a time when I wasn’t there. I was the mummy in the family cupboard, omnipresent and immovable. And so gradually I began taking credit for other people’s ideas — ideas I didn’t have to think for myself. So why should I bother?

What was the most exciting thing that happened to you in all those years? Well, aside from the thank-you note from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II?

She came on tours. I also wrote her sonnets, but unfortunately she never understood them.

After America was destroyed and you assumed the office of Titular Head of the United Nations, with head offices in Kookong, from where you did you gain your admittedly enlightened policies?

Read Bert Evatt’s biography. Got all my best ideas from Bert.

Going back a bit, would you say you were elected in 1949 because you personally sold. We were both in it for the money. We were both in it for the money. We were both in it for the money. We were both in it for the money.

The prosecutor, Sargent Ellis, claimed that the onus was on the defence to establish not only literary and artistic merit but also the justification of publication. The witnesses called to establish this merit, when pressed to elaborate, had been “most unconvincing”. He submitted that if the magistrate had any doubts in this matter at all he should find the defendants guilty.

The prosecutor said that the cover of the February issue (three men standing in comforts of promising positions in front of the P. & O. building) would lead most buyers to expect obscenities within the magazine.

They would not be disappointed. In fact, they would not be disappointed. In fact, they would not be disappointed. In fact, they would not be disappointed.

The Court seemed well supplied with copies of the magazine, presumably from the 120 originally confiscated by the police from a King’s Cross newsagent.
NEW MOVES PLANNED AFOOT

Controversy, crisis and chaos now seem almost imminent

It is rumoured by unusually reliable sources that the Government will issue a report in the next few days, months or years.

The details of this impending plan are still officially secret. It has even hushed our usually pliable, reliable inside sources. However, our confidential Cabinet sources have refused to deny that it is actually a report on new moves by our inside sources.

It is expected, unofficially, that far-reaching new trends will eventually when the report reaches the Prime Minister. A split in the ranks seems likely when Sir Robert reaches for the report.

Drastic changes, foreshadowed by the Treasury, are gaining currency but on this point our Mint sources are silent.

In the foreseeable future this submission afoot may bring many dissidents to heel. Opposition is expected from within and without Parliament.

Even without Parliament we will keep the impending projected controversy alive and bring you each day further exciting, informative details culled from our sources.

RAPER HUNG UP

When our man Ozzie Jumbuck rang up famous Rugby League footballer Johnny Raper to ask his opinion on last Saturday's match, he had the receiver slammed in his ear.

WIND CALLED MARIA

On the East coast met Monssoon Maria. The event was breathtaking: it was lust at first gust.

The two sapphires screwed over Miami beach most stop press

I want to stop it

NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF SEX

WE find, to brighten up an otherwise thoroughly dull page

FOR THOSE WHO TRUST THE WEATHER —

Mostly fine in some parts

BIG MINH OR GEN. KHANH?

YOU'LL havh to work it out fork yourself, if you canh, manh

I KHANH KHANH LIKE NGUYEN KHANH

FROM OUR MAN IN HAVANA

In the early hours of this morning a Plane of Jars landed on the Bay of Pigs.

This has brought life almost to a standstill in this famous international wildlife sanctuary in which are preserved in their natural habitat all manner of fauna, like U.S. Marines, etc.

In Washington this set of aggression is seen as an attempt to Viet Cong Cuba's latest attempts to cut into South Vietnam's most important export - foreign press releases.

According to the latest statistics, South Viet and all the young ousted Cuba as chief world supplier of this vital raw material.

In London a leading naturalist commented that the hay of pigs was a sound rarely heard to-day. An expedition of students has set out to try a taperecord of this as a form of posterity.

A spokesman for Whitehall said a complaint would be laid. A veterinary surgeon later visited the

Boy found shot in room

SASKATCHEWAN, SUNDAY

across the floor of his room early this morning Francisco junior later identified the metal as lead shot.

FRIDAY

SUNDAY

THIS IS THE YEAR OF ANSETT

- In Queensland, when they passed me over for the new TV channel, I just went and bought up the company that had been given the licence . . .
- In Victoria, when they wanted to build a dam on my property, I just bought up the place next door and talked the State Rivers Commission into taking that instead . . .
- In N.S.W., when the High Court decided the State Government could curtail my activities there, my buddy, Ming, decided that he might like to take over intrastate air control himself . . .

REG ANSETT

the opportunist who knocks twice and then lets himself in the back door

THE OZTRALIAN

NUMBER EIGHTY-SIX

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 31 1964

PRICE SIXPENCE
Witzig: Would you explain what you mean by saying the surfing movement is virtually asexual?
Thomas: Within the tradition of a teenage cult, there has been a very blatant and very self-conscious sex-peddling. In Rock'n'roll, for instance, Presley and Little Richard pushed sex in their presentation—in the body movements and so on. They were deliberately provocative. The lyrics of the songs emphasised sex all the time.
Surf music is, for the most part, instrumental. It's played by anonymous groups—there are no Presleys. The lyrics of the songs concentrate on the sport—surf, sand, waves. The actual dance is different from Rock'n'roll. The stomp is a mechanical thing. You dance it alone or girls dance with each other.
Witzig: I've mixed with a lot of different groups. Private school groups, University... there is more sexual activity among the surfing group than any other.
Thomas: Are you talking about Brenda-the-Bender type orgies: putting on a queue and thing? This is terrifically unromantic. Putting on a queue so you can blow once a week—so you don't have to worry about sex—so you can spend more time on the beach.
Witzig: That may go on but so does normal promiscuity. Surfing women are more sexually promiscuous. It starts younger and goes on further. You're wrong when you say the movement is asexual.
Thomas: Still, the emphasis of the surf movement is not on sex as in previous fads.
Witzig: But in any sport—football, golf, cricket—is the emphasis ever on sport?
OZ: Why is this lack of emphasis unhealthy?
Thomas: This is not what I called unhealthy. The complete subjection of individuality to group values and group attitudes is terribly unhealthy in a very big, young population.
Witzig: Very young people with a common interest are bound to develop group attitudes and a group jargon. The whole thing you're forgetting is that surfing is a sport. Real surfing is something you can get terribly involved in. It is tremendously rewarding, physically and emotionally.
Thomas: This is something that amazes me when I talk to people like you. This fantastic devotion... Witzig: Yes, that's right. You can become so deeply involved. Phil Edwards, a close friend of mine, used to be utterly devoted to the sport. He did nothing but surf all day. When he was out of the water he wore gloves. He would not touch doorknobs or money. He was afraid of being contaminated by other people's germs. That's deeply you can become involved in surfing. If this devotion occurs naturally, how can you say it's unhealthy?
Thomas: But some of the people I interviewed had an arrogant ignorance of anything outside surfing. "Bomie", for instance, lives off the dole, odd jobs and women. He's a full-time surfer. If it gets to the stage where that's all there is in life then it's terrifically bad.
Witzig: I think it's bloody brilliant. You can get to the stage where you can surf all day long and you don't want to talk to anyone, just go to sleep, get up next morning and surf again. You can get sexual fulfilment; you can get emotional fulfilment. It's tremendously satisfying.
Thomas: But how escapist for Chrissake. It's 100 per cent escapist.
Witzig: Yes, that's right. But some of the people I interviewed...
Journalist, Michael Thomas, a "New Statesman" on the colourful jibes were republished by the noted surfer, Paul Witzig, student at Sydney University course after meeting Bruce Brown to distribute his surfing film surfing Promotions

Witzig: It's wrong for you to say that one kind of human activity is worthwhile and another is not. You are not in a position to judge this. You say surfing is not contributory. But the musician is only contributory because he has a receptive audience. A surfer who perfects a technique is contributing something to those who love the sport.

Thomas: I think I am entitled to make some judgment of human behaviour. I think the person who goes away and makes a study of masturbation is not doing very much. He has the right to do it. But I don't think he is doing anything worthwhile. Witzig: That is because you haven't experienced it. You haven't got involved enough to understand what it can mean. It can be extremely significant.

Thomas: I'm amazed.

Witzig: If I spend weeks away surfing, I do nothing but eat and sleep. I don't need to drink, smoke or have any sex. I get complete emotional satisfaction.

Thomas: All I get is wet.
All About OZ
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FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEIR SATIRE NEAT...
1/6

NATION

MOG

* THIS DIGNIFIED AND TASTEFUL AD. IS A PRESTIGE AD. FOR THE CLUNE GALLERIES 59 MACLEAY ST. Potts Pt. JUST UNDER KEEPS TRAVEL AGENCY.
SYDNEY: VORTEX OF PERVERSION

"Cinematic corpses spattered the unctuously smelling streets of Ancient Sydney," by this author.

STUDIES of the ante-Oppenheimer period (before the Opera House) seem to confirm this assessment of Sydney in the 1960's. Particularly illuminating for the archaeologist are the popular journals ("newspapers") of the day. The following is a random sample of the headlines:

CLERGYNAN CANNIBAL, WROTH.

FIEND USES STEEL, WORKS CONTRACEPTIVE.

MOTHER WATCHES SPASTIC CHILD.

Though revolution means gratification for the light they shed on conditions that are not really known what purpose such newspapers served.

Linguistic studies have shown that "news" is an abbreviation for north, east, south, and west. It is therefore suggested that it was something hung up to see which way the wind blew. Of the "pap" little is known except that it was an ancient practice in a country called the "North." For trapping it is therefore postulated that "newspaper" was a device for thickening noxious objects out of thin air. What relation, however, this hypothesis has to these admirable crisp black insights into twentieth-century life when "homoosmoner" were desiccated in their beds or "Goons," etc., took a mere nothing, while his newspaper, the typical "Editor" postulated the theory that "Sydney's Women Can Fear Their Own Lives." This support of this is, it claims that "sexual maniacs" (a prominent pressure group of the time, whose needs society could not fulfill) were exposing themselves nightly in every Sydney street, and police would search everyone for loose "daily" and try to reconstruct what it must have been like.

Revoluting image

Professor Pygmalion (author of "The Interlocking Uppers"

"The Overbearing Undercutters"

"The Interfering Uppers"

"Studies in Classic Prostitution") has a theory that in an age when thinking as a habit had been largely replaced by smoking, the average Sydneyite needed at least one revolving image a day to keep his blood flowing. It mattered little what the image was (though it mostly mingled lust and death so long as it was loved "for shame" in thick black monochrome capitals. Thus "Mercedes -Mistress Sacked" took on that momentous importance as "Washington's Pygmalion Shot" (meaning "President Dies"). It struck the same momentous impotence.

And the amount of ink used up relating to the fact that we say, if a famous Sydney paper was not only disobeyed, but done so in an irregular and irregular manner, would fill fifteen pages of the "London Times".

As a matter of fact, a valuable contrast could here be made with the "London Times," which was a masterpiece of objectivity. In proclaiming, for instance, the outbreak of World War II in quarter-inch type at the bottom of page fourteen it recognised that to the man peddling socks in the front pages classified a war was as important as whether his socks were all. Thus it wisely applied the Oracle Parkinson's 7th Law: "When in doubt, shrug." The man couldn't stop it, so why should he worry?

Naked vampire

Its contrast with the Sydney journals is immediately obvious. In Sydney, the typical "Editor" was an extremely passionate man who worked on the assumption that if a housewife was minded to prostitute by a naked vampire in, say, Buche­rger, it should demand immediate relevance to Sydney.

It is not known how that apparent mental defectives gained such high positions, though the theory then that takes an idiot to please an idoit must not be overlooked.

A typical "Editorial" (meaning, presumably, "editor's word") postulated the theory that "Sydney's Women Can Fear Their Own Lives." In support of this, it claims that "sexual maniacs" (a prominent pressure group of the time, whose needs society could not fulfill) were exposing themselves nightly in every Sydney street, and police would search everyone for loose "daily" and try to reconstruct what it must have been like.

Professor Aristotle de­clares that Sydneysiders were unduly affected the sun (which one早晨 rituals involved physical jerks, a mock

An archaeologist looks back at Sydney in the 1960's and tries to reconstruct what it must have been like from the only evidence available — its afternoon papers.

Buggage

It appears that acts of bugeyery, decapitation, parrot-cutting, the smashing of alarm clocks, and other common crimes, claiming in a mystical fa­ashion that their breakfast cereals "talked" (we have films of this).

Professor Aristotle thinks that these rituals occupied the energies of the joyous sun-worship­pers until he went to "work," mostly via a darkened vehicle, in a smugy, multilevel cave, where the sun was henceforth hidden to him.

Note on the word "work." It is an odd word, meaning an extended period of time in which woman withheld his natural energies while watching over children.

He supports his hypo­thesis with the observable fact that many of them withheld his natural energies while watching over children.

Tax returns

Child-rearing costs, judg­ing by contemporary in­come-tax returns, were enormous. This would ac­count for the large pro­portion of murderers who, taking only their wives or the women they had just finished ravishing.

Other hypotheses that murdered were committed by men too poor to own an alarm clock or a break­fast cereal or by men who were bald and thus more susceptible to the sun, are too obscure to examine here. Scholars persisting with the "sun" theory al­ways leave out of their calculations the small but significant number of murders committed on rainy days.

My own thesis, I think, is far more realistic, and more in line with the admitted unscrupulous ra­tionality of those turbulent decades:

Plainly, the real facts are these. The newspaper editors, who were all wealthy men, required that the reading public, after a hard day's "work" (viz. sitting down) were stupid enough to believe anything. They therefore hired murderers to range and strangle octogenarians in the morning on the understanding that when they got out of jail — in five years' time on good behaviour — they would be eligible for positions as journalists (because of their suitable back­grounds.

Euthanasia

Thus the editors mixed self-interest with a bene­volent euthanasia of the unbiasssed panorama of contemporary life.

It was not possible for them to report every mur­der that took place; ob­viously there were thou­sands more daily. It was not, we must remember, the job of these papers to report all the news; only a fair sample; and then only that which was "fit to print!"

What untold horrors were also perpetrated in the corpse-mangling Sydney cannot be imagined. That disgusting side of ancient history must remain for the future. Alas. Or should I say thank-good­ness?"
ANYONE for a dip?

Sorry. We got so carried away pasting up the pickies that we forgot to leave any space for the column.

—ED.
Prime Ministers' Conference in the hope that he might come across something useful for the forthcoming elections, Sir Alec Douglas-Home was pleased to stumble over our Prime Minister in exile, Sir Robert of the thistle. Not, admittedly, in person (though even that would have been no surprise; many bets were lost round Australia House when he visited home before the end of the Test series) but as one of the few remaining pillars of the Great Conservative Dream of a Commonwealth in which White men lead the others towards a vague, but definitely God-Queen-and-Country-fearing, Utopia.

Bloody good stuff, thought Sir Alec. We can use that. But other Tory supporters were not so sure. Unquestionably Sir Robert had the right attitudes, but was he quite a nice person? With pain and gloom they reminded Sir Alec of Sir Robert's overnight stay at Chequers, which the other PM's had left shortly after dinner. Was it true, some one asked, that the only reason Sir Robert left at all was that lackeys poured black coffee into him and gently but firmly carried him towards the door?

And then there was that embarrassing business of Sir Robert blowing the gaff on Southern Rhodesia. After all the trouble Sir Alec and his advisers had been in drafting a resolution that seemed to commit Britain to some course of action, but in fact (by the judicious use of phrases like "the opinion was expressed..." or "some members also felt..." no one to anything at all, Sir Robert had to go and admit that it committed no one to anything at all. And this the very day that Jomo Kenyatta had publicly stated that what he had meant, and in fact what 90% of the delegates had meant, was that Britain actually had to do something at last.

And let us not forget that nasty affair of Sir Robert leaving in the middle of Jomo Kenyatta's opening speech; and not being there at all for Albert Margai's speech on South Africa; and then attacking Mr. Margai outside the conference, a gross and boorish breach of courtesy. In fact, about the only good thing that happened to Sir Robert was the fact that he was being made an honorary member of the Imperial Institute of Builders, and then most people thought the adjective was in the wrong place.

It was hinted that Sir Robert had become rather a bad joke, and not at all the sort of person to be linked with during a general election. But only Time (and of course the "Daily Telegraph") will tell whether Sir Alec decides to take a flyer on our Bob.

**London Letter**

The new advertising campaign for Australian foods in England features guess what? A man on a surfboard sliding down a very large wave, carrying a tray full of Australian foods, usually canned pears. The caption reads: ALL THE BEST FROM Australian foods, usually canned pears. The l'ears (or whatever).

This left no one around who knew very much about surfboards, and the stages the ad went through before it reached the great English public were ludicrous.

First it was demanded that the man, and even the props, should be genuine. So, from Australia came an expensive photo of a very odd model standing on a very motionless surfboard in very shallow water. This was thrown out. Then came a clever piece of faking, which would have been all right except that the man in question was wearing a quaint English bathing cap. This too was thrown out. It was at this stage that some genius suggested that a kangaroo would look better than a man, but repeated experiments showed that a man in a kangaroo suit could not stay upright on a surfboard, even when the tail was nailed down. And so it went on. Many, many taxpayers' pounds. Later came the end result: an American model on the Atlantic Ocean, carrying a tray of plastic canned fruit. All the best from Australia.

While desperately raking through the ashes of the recent Commonwealth:

**JAPAN 1964**

**Broadly** speaking, modern Japanese are of three types.

Firstly, there are the Pro-japanese Japanese, by which I mean the ultra-nationalists or, in modern parlance, ultra-rightists, who think, act and want everything Japanese. They hate all aliens whether they are from the East or West. I would call them, with all apologies to General Tojo (who after all, wasn't as bad as he was made out to be or not even bad at all), the "Tojo Tribe." And, believe it or not, there are still too many of them hiding in the most unexpected places and among the most unexpected people. They are still writhing and wriggling under the humiliation and defeat of the last war which they have neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Secondly, there are Anti-japanese Japanese. You may not believe this but there are quite a few who hate everything Japanese and would emigrate to any other country if they had the means and opportunity to do so. Most of them you will find among the younger generation, who have taken to the Way of the West and are fast joining the ranks of the Beatnik.

And thirdly, there are those who are too confused to know where they stand or what they believe or want.

Before the war, the Japanese, like their Chinese brothers, used to look upon all foreigners as barbarians. This is I believe, mainly due to their long isolation from the rest of the world and an uninterrupted history of national independence until a decade or two ago.

They still consider themselves superior to any other race on earth and the Tojo Spirit has never really died out. This is I believe, mainly due to their long isolation from the rest of the world and an uninterrupted history of national independence until a decade or two ago.

In fact, their minds are still moulded in almost every respect by Big Brother China. This is only natural. In the past everything has come here by way of China to which they were closely bound, being the nearest mass of land to their country. There is hardly anything—whether in art, science or language—which can claim its origin in this country.

That was until the end of the war. The crushing defeat turned the tables after that and now it's America they are looking to in almost everything. This is the case of the vanished following and imitating the victors. It is particularly true in the case of...
the younger generation born after the war. However, the greatest change has been among the young Japanese women who have found themselves absolutely free from the past bondage and traditions and are determined to enjoy that freedom fully. That is why they admire foreigners more than the boys and some of them even yearn to marry them. And were it not for the language barrier one does not know what would have happened.

The bitter lesson of the last war had humiliated and humbled them and cured them. And were it not for the language barrier one does not know what would have happened.

On the other hand, partly perhaps as a result of this, women and claims the leadership of Asia and Africa.

Today's Japanese suffer from many complexes of superiority as well as inferiority. He is jealous of the foreigner, particularly the American. He wants to vie with him and compete with him if possible, though basically he has nothing with which to compete. Unfortunately, he knows this too well and hence feels extreme inferiority complex which he can't overcome. On the other hand, partly perhaps as a result of this, women and claims the leadership of Asia and Africa.

General Tojo tried to establish this claim by force of arms but failed. But the claim has never been abandoned and is again being pressed forward, this time with the backing of America and some other Western nations. It is based on the economic boom at home and a trickle of financial aid advanced to these countries, mostly in the form of loans with interest. Isn't this enough to claim the right of leadership? they ask. However, the underdeveloped countries have different ideas. They ask for better qualifications for leadership than financial aid.

Anyway, the Japanese have a superiority complex toward their backward Asian and African brothers, who no doubt are terribly hurt when they are snubbed.

However, the Japanese know their dependence on the outside world and their helplessness. They know that their prosperity is precarious. They can't dispense with the foreigner and his trade without the entire economy collapsing. Thus many of them hate the foreigner, but fear him at the same time. Even if he is an evil, it's necessary evil they think, which they must tolerate.

That is the reason why there is such double talk and double dealing in almost everything.
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