“Well, so much for satire.”

From PIX Magazine
None of the artists appearing at the Stadium have ever been dressed by the Village Toggery

Thank God!

Clothes. That's our business. Good clothes. Elegant, distinctive, tasteful clothes. Come, see for yourself. Visit the Village Toggery, you'll love the new gear for summer.

Village Toggery

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

303x219
[Image 0x0 to 598x795]

What with all the tattoo exhibitions, Princes and Princesses in town, you're probably just as sick of the old country's pagentry and tradition as I am. There are other places to go, find out where and book with Dick Keeps Travel Agency. 59 Macleay St. Potts Point. 35-2977; 35-1569.
UNITED STATES: NEGRO SLAIN EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER HELD.
VIETNAM: CATHOLICS BEHEAD BUDDHIST CHILD.
CYPRUS: ARCHBISHOP STARVES TURK VILLAGE.
INDIA: HINDUS MASSACRE MOSLEMS
ISRAEL: MOSLEMS SHOOT JEWS

...and remember Brethren...there can be no morality without religion and no peace without God.
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.

PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU WISH, AND ENCLOSE A CHEQUE, MONEY ORDER OR POSTAL NOTE TO COVER THE DEPOSIT AND HIRING COST (DEPOSIT WILL BE RETURNED)

**TUXEDO:** Hiring cost, £2; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL £7/6/-.  
**DINNER SUIT:** Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL £8/6/-.  

**TUXEDO ACCESSORIES:** Shirt, 10/- extra; Tie, 5/- extra; Gloves, 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra (Please state collar size).  
**DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES:** Shirt, 10/- extra; Tie, 5/- extra; Gloves, 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra (Please state collar size).  
**DRESS SUIT:** Hiring cost, £5/5/-; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL £10/11/-.  
**LOUNGE SUIT:** Hiring cost, £3; Deposit, £5; Postage, 6/-; TOTAL £8/6/-.  

**DEBUTANTE GOWN** from £8—£10 dep.  
**WEDDING GOWN** from £10—£10 dep.  
**BALL GOWN** from £5—£10 dep.  
**FUR STOLES** from £2/2/-—£5 dep.  

10% OFF FOR ALL OZ READERS  

POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO FORMAL WEAR  

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY (at rear of lift)  
near Castlereagh St.  
PHONE 28-0537
What is to be done? Revolution is out, because, according to theoretician Knoepfellmacher's famous axiom “You cannot have a revolution when most people would rather stay home and watch it on TV”. Again looking to Dr. Knoepfellmacher for guidance, we have the inspiration of his stirring prose: “This is the end of the road for those who sit on the fence.”

Supposing we decide to get off the fence, there still remains the problem of which side to come down on. Marx, suggested revolution. Marx was OK in his own utopian way, but I can’t buy his friends. Knoepfellmacher suggests joining the DLP, but that means total abstinence from counter-revolution, and no reading dirty books. This is too high a price to pay for one’s convictions.

It is immediately obvious to any student of society that the same way out has been found in most every country; if you can’t beat it, join it:

“...and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. That was the week that was.” (BBC)

“Now we shall receive four minutes warning of any impending nuclear attack. Some people have said, ‘Oh my goodness me—four minutes — that is not a very long time!’ Well I would remind those doubters that some people in this great country of ours can run a mile in four minutes.” (Beyond the Fringe)

“Yes, I like the job. I can get top billling on the national hook-up as soon as I say ‘Bay of Pigs’, I get a house rent-free, and the pay’s good.” (John F. Kennedy)

“If Kruschev, Johnson, de Gaulle and Lucy Baines and Little Beagle Johnson? Perhaps you protest that you don’t give a stuff — a sentiment which is easily appreciated. But the fact that you don’t illustrates the possibility that in fact nothing does happen. I’m not denying here as they do elsewhere, and consequently nothing seems to happen. I’m not denying the possibility that in fact nothing does happen, but if this is the case, even therein lies a tale which is not being told.

Apart from the basic defects of the mass media, there is plenty of material which is accessible but which is not being used. The Phillip Street Revue has been only a partial success, for reasons which, in common with other Australian revues, I will discuss in a moment. OZ is a very creditable attempt, based on the prototype of Private Eye. OZ can be counted a satirical success and at the moment it is unique in this country.

All sorts of people try to stage satirical revue. Student revue is as good as any, but that’s not very good. The reason is usually that the scripts are not funny enough. This is because the script writers are drawn mainly from people who know theatre to varying degrees, but have only a distant acquaintance with the aspects of society which they attempt to represent. Having little detailed knowledge it is necessary to fall back on the presentation of popular stereotypes. Advertising, God, The Queen, The Queens, censorship, suburban ennui, blood-thirsty Generals, political vanity, stupidity and pomposity, handled in a generalised way, usually amount to nothing but perceptible reality, but at symbolic Aunt Sallies. The process of debunking a conventional image makes no-one uncomfortable.

The whole art of the satirist is to present popular experience in such a way as to highlight previously un-noticed aspects of the situation. When Barry Humphreys created Sandy Stone, the interpretation which he placed on lower-middle class society was funny in itself because no-one had quite thought of it like that before. It was the new interpretation which was funny. Funny guys who use Humphrey cut-outs to carry their gags, not only start way behind scratch in getting a response, but they are also guilty of the error of taste which they would be quick to decry when Hollywood produces sequels to box office successes. The whole essence of good satire is that a situation which has long been accepted as normal but has not generally been thought about is cast in a new, and ludicrous light.

This revue will not use any of the stock zombies from the theatrical wardrobe. It will not attempt cardboard cut-outs in a series of ritual peregrinations. Political review is not a form of traditional Japanese theatre.

There are many people who can be called on for specialised insights into the areas in which they are employed or involved. They will be drawn in to write about the area in which they practice, either to write on specified subjects, or on a submit it and see basis. Nothing will be used which is not a new interpretation or a presentation of new facts. We hope to get free legal aid to fight the inevitable suits.

If the effort is to succeed, it must become possible to pay cast, expenses, and pay for scripts at a fairly early stage. At present the intention is to use Melbourne’s Emerald Hill theatre on Sunday nights, and use a permanent cast of about four men and two women. I will do the initial organisational work and produce it, with one of the cast acting as director.

Control will be by a board, consisting of one person from each of the main divisions of activity—cast, writers, business, theatre and effects, and advertising.

Please get in touch if you’re interested.

John Paterson, 18 Madden St., North Balwyn, Victoria.
The Weak in Art

a melodrama in several acts

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE: The penthouse apartment of Nemo Pseud, Sydney's art critic. Nemo has just returned from a hard day doing nothing. He has spent it looking at paint and talking to gallery owners. Nemo is now faced with the boisterous task of earning his living. He is feeling vexed, having sipped too many sherries and been repulsed by an interior decorator.

Nemo (thinks): Oh my dear, what a beastly rebuf. I'm still burning. Perhaps it I do some work... horrid thought! I need a drink...

Nemo crosses to well-stocked cocktail cabinet and mixes himself a drink. He downs it at a gulp and then shakes himself. Somebody has told him this is the vogue in Biarritz. A convulsive shudder passes through him. He prepares rapidly another cocktail and carries it across to his desk.

Nemo (thinks): God, who am I tonight? James Gleeson, Daniel Thomas, John Henshaw...? What vile names! Pity I can't use my own—but then, I don't exist... oh dear...

Ah, diary. Mm... suppose I'd better do me 15 pars... "Junk sculpture wins painting scholarship"... Or perhaps "Scrap culture - crap scrupture"!

Dearie me, I made a little pun!

Nemo dissolves into small heap of helpless mirth. Recovered, he sinks back into depressively, rather purplish heart, downs second cocktail and shakes himself. Paces the room disconsolately, pausing once to pour himself another drink.

Nemo (thinks): What have I seen this week? Helena's junket, of course... Young Temporary's - millions of those. Scheitl, Merde, Keich and Ondure at the Hungry Ah. Oh, and that beastly Figurative fellow... I suppose I could vent my spleen on him... no, no, bit passe now, that's beginning to turn.

With an air of decision Nemo crosses to his desk, and puts away his diary. Takes out dinky portable typewriter inscribed "Love from fellow conspirators" and his Magic Par Manipulator. This is a device he uses to write his reviews. It contains some thirty meaningless paragraphs (a few of which contain words like paint, colour and texture to keep, as it were, the beat) which he inserts between the names and brochures details. The front is heavily inscribed with the letters BBR done in ballpoint by a young aircraftman Nemo once invited to the flat. Nemo was and still is under the impression that they are the young man's initials.

Nemo (thinks): O how stale, flat, wearisome but not unprofitable seem to me all the paintings of this world. And I, what am I but a parasite — a cultural Dekyvere withal! "Hello, all! Here I am again with me 15 pars, Magic Manipulator, Roget's Thesaurus and a thumping headache..."

Lies, affectation... it would be good to be savage once in a while...

Nemo screws paper furiously into his typewriter and types: "The Young Temporary's contemptible show is an exhibition of the most infantile, unimaginative, talentless, cynical, imitative, gimmick-ridden bandwagon bilge it has been my misfortune to view since the last time I went to a gallery."

"All over this city there are halls full of balls. Hundreds of artless little kitschy people under the impression they have only to scrape their undried recta across a grubby piece of masonite and play noughts and crosses on it and they'll be rich."

Nemo sinks back on his chair exhausted. Aware of sweat trickling down his face and the light shining in his eyes. Nemo, feeling very odd indeed, slowly types a footnote:

"What you, the public, do not know is that I, Nemo Pseud, have just become a person, a human being, I have come alive and for the first time in my shallow twaddle life I have told the truth."

Nemo now sits quietly at his desk, his initial elation giving way to prospects of financial castration and social ostracism. Voices of his friends echo in his skull, joined in a muted chorus with that of Mr. W. C. Wentworth: "Traitor! Traitor!" Nemo slowly pours himself another drink, gulps it but neglects to shake himself. On impulse he opens a drawer and pulls out a sheaf of his old reviews.

Nemo (thinks): Nevertheless, I have done with all this. It is all behind me. I shall face the future as a new man, come what may. I shall tell the truth fearlessly, impartially. I shall...

The telephone rings. Nemo crosses to it rapidly.

"Hello. DARling! Yes, LOVED your show! Come round? Of course. Wonderfully..."

Yet so powerful is the wholeness and character of the final statement, so commanding the balance of format design and mystery, that Underhill emerges as an assured and individual artist.

On a patch-work of metal (with an effect of stitching in metal of the components used) he forms his erupting jutting, jagged shapes. At times, admittedly, the proceedings are aggressively repellent in their attack, but only one can win, and there is salve for shattered hopes and wounded egos in the knowledge that a defeat does not necessarily indicate inferiority. He who loses may be as excellent as he who wins.

it surely points the way to a new stage in the artist's search for a finer, more flexible and more expressive pictorial language.

"Gente charm is the only gain in place of active perceptive minds and strongly coursing artistic lifeblood."

He takes the structural order of Braque and much of the poetic inflection and colour of Bonnard and fuses these magical ingredients with an English lyricism.

We are arrested by as we are by the tolling of bells.

Contemplously enough this limitation created a pleasing sense of unity.

But there is a disturbingly figurative quality about them that leaves the mind and haunts the imagination.

Most of the pieces are tomb figures taken from the mausoleums of once powerful dead men...

There is a valuable lesson to be learnt from the exhibition...
The GAS THRASH
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

One SATURDAY morning I get up early, and go over to Doug's.
Then Doug and I go over to MICK's... MICK has a HOT G.
REALLY HOT... CAN IT PERFORM... spliced sliced head
vun-fanged carbies, chromed grease nipples, triple flue perfor-
cated enigmatic exhausts, octagonal vortex pleated cams...
The WORKS... TOO MUCH... gives her at least an extra 3mph.

We top up the G all morning, then after-lunch
we Fang up to the northern Beaches...

Sometimes we get in convoy with some other G's and
drag through the FOREST... sometimes we just cruise round
and wave at the other G's... just a small wave of course... nothing,
orientations... Then at night we drive up to the CROSS
and mock the 'pleb rockers' and pick up birds... y'know
what happened last night... we'd just done this
GEAR wheelie round the traffic lights... we yelled out to them
3 birds... and y'know what... we got caught in the traffic and
they came over and TRIED to GET INTO THE G... Talk
about embarrassing... we just managed to get away... besides
there's ONLY room FOR 3 in a G... besides who needs birds.
When your best mates got a hot G with chromed
grease nipples...
The latest Army recruiting drive has flopped. It attracted all the morons and misfits.

The army spends £237 on ads for every private it gets. To get recruits with high ability and real drive, the army is re-thinking the whole campaign.

Any ad man will tell you that copy pitched at a specific age or occupation group is the best way of selling even the hoariest old product. Someone has just told the producers of Australia's hoariest old ads, the Army, about this fact of life.

Now they're getting with the new approach and dropping the stuff about a life of adventure and security. Look for the change on your favourite hoarding. Here's a sample:

Philosophers

"A bayonet sure has the edge on Occam's Razor!" says Al ("Killer") Stout, the Whitehead boy of the NEW Army.

"I don't make many probabilistic statements but the army's a sure bet for any young philosopher and that's a moral certainty." Al is shown here with his prized possession—authorization to change his name from Stout to Slim. "I've always admired him," says Al, "he's an idealist and pragmatic, too."

Al is leaving for England soon on a special mission: it's a matter of honour, something only Army men understand. "Bert Russell's the only white feather in our crowd," Al gritted today at the barracks, "so I'm going over to see Bert and I'll just double-time up to Trafalgar Square and tell him: 'Bert, get up off your ass, Australia needs you!' I just know what he'll say."

Al is particular about his propositions but he reckons the Army's got universal appeal to men who think like Al. Army life has sorted out his philosophical problems, how about you?

"The army is just practical philosophy," opines Al, "take streetfighting. You just get into the premises and find the enemy subjects. When you get to your object, out with a bayonet, distribute the middle and make a conclusion. Then you go and predicate the women."

Advertising Executives

8 out of 10 ideologies use the Army as their selling media. Army comes in three great sizes - the big Luxury U.S. size, a monster expanding CHINK package and the Australian economy size for those small wiping up jobs.

Australian ARMY is a quality low cost product, guaranteed to be sold out wherever you go. Distributed by SEATO Industries.

Listen to what housewife Mrs. Tunku Rahman says: "Australian ARMY is a household word in my neighbourhood. I use it for general cleaning chores and my 1964 spring cleaning held few fears for me thanks to ARMY. Since El Alamein I have used no other."

ARMY - the only non-atomic all-white deterrent

Only the Army offers you the education needed for the Twentieth Century. Unexcelled facilities and opportunities for prac. work, small tutorial classes with your friendly sergeant, grapple with your problems, learn about Communism on a person-to-person basis . . .

English Students — Your own field ambulance as driven by Ernest Hemingway. Also used by Rupert Brooke. Meet Yevtushenko.

Law Students — Study martial law. Join up now and let those scales of justice fall from your eyes. Make your biggest courtroom appearance as you try to retire.

Engineering Students — The Army needs YOU. Help us to modernize. Learn as you rejuvenate Sabres, Centurion tanks, Lee-Enfields, Stens, 25-pounders. (No spelling test.)
The Judge's Defense of Mr. Locke

On September 23 the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. G. A. Locke, found that February (No. 6) OZ breached the N.S.W. Obscene and Indecent Publications Act. He sentenced the editors, Richard Neville and Richard Walsh, to six months' jail with hard labour and the artist, Martin Sharp, to four months. (They were later released on bail, pending an appeal to be heard next month.) The company, OZ Publications Ltd., was fined £100 and the printer, Francis James of the now defunct Anglican Press, £50.

Below is Mr. Locke's judgment in full. The only deletions that have been made are legal references and the opening section in which he established that OZ was widely recognized as capable of falling into anyone's hands:

A number of witnesses—having a variety of academic and other qualifications—gave evidence for the defence and the effect of this evidence may fairly, I think, be summarised as follows. It sought to show:

(1) that the magazine contains no obscene matter.

(2) that the magazine contains no matter which tends to incite or is intended to incite to deprave or corrupt or the morals of persons into whose hands it is likely to fall. Instead the witness is that its effect is more likely to be the reverse, in regard to some at least of the matter contained in it.

Dealing with (1) and (2), it is open to doubt, to say the least, whether the opinions of these people have any relevance at all. The witness A. K. Stout said, "I do not know what people's habits and inclinations are, but I do know their evidence in this regard was probably inadmissible but, as long as it was brought as validly and sittably, it was terribly compelling. These witnesses were, one supposes, chosen because of their views on children and perhaps some of the evidence in this regard was probably inadmissible, but, so considered, it is clearly a matter for the Court to determine.

Turning again to heading (3) above, I am inclined to the view that some at least of the evidence led for the defence in this regard was admissible as to whether or not the magazine has literary or artistic merit. The weight to be given to these opinions is, of course, a matter for the Court to determine.

A number of witnesses might be brought to say whether or not a given act was negligent, where negligence was the very fact to be proved. The question, obscene or not obscene, is then for the Court to determine.

Some remarkable evidence in support of the defence exists in assessing the weight to be attached to these and other opinions expressed by the defence witnesses. For example, we find the witness J. Olsen deposing, amongst other things, "Distortion in language is no ground for finding books obscene," and "the ordinary meaning of that word to the layman is not obscene matter or not the matter is obscene within the meaning of the law." On the contrary, there is much evidence for the defence— is in fact substantial, in my opinion the evidence of these people has an altogether sustained and authoritative character. A character emerges from the whole of the evidence, the following specific findings are made:

(1) That the magazine is obscene in that it contains pictures of women that are themselves repugnant to any normal and decent person. In its defence, OZ pleaded, in the terms of the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act (see August OZ for a summary of this Act):

(2) that the publication was justified in that it would not deprave or corrupt.

The following expert witnesses were called to support these submissions. Each began by giving his qualifications to give such evidence and was then cross-examined.

Looking now at the magazine itself, we find on page seven, right-hand column, a series of smutty cartoons and I am further satisfied that the publication was justified in that the irrepressible and unbridled character that is emblematic of this magazine is likely to fail. Indeed their evidence is that its effect is more likely to be the reverse, in regard to some at least of the matter contained in it.

Turning to the particular sections of the magazine which are likely to be good in law therefore to hold, on the evidence that the magazine contains no matter or literary or artistic merit:

(3) that the cover is indecent and that such a cover may fairly, I think, be summarised as follows. The cover is likely to fail. Indeed their evidence is that its effect is more likely to be the reverse, in regard to some at least of the matter contained in it.

(4) that the acts of violence—that is rapes and assaults—and horror, that are contained in the magazine are not the law of this land. For it is well known that the prosecution is not the only one to have a salutary and healthy effect. The whole of the evidence, the following specific findings are made:

(5) that the considerate use of four-letter words was to be permitted in proceedings of the Court. As an example, we find the evidence of a witness whom they in fact brought, to express the same opinion. Just as one supposes the prosecution might, if such a case were relevant, have brought many witnesses to express the opinion of the prosecution.

(6) that the language is such that it is likely to deprave or corrupt. That language is such that it is likely to deprave or corrupt. That language is such that it is likely to deprave or corrupt.

(7) that the publication was justified in that it would not deprave or corrupt.

The following expert witnesses were called to support these submissions. Each began by giving his qualifications to give such evidence and was then cross-examined.

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(4) that the publication was justified in that it would not deprave or corrupt.

(5) that the publication was justified in that it would not deprave or corrupt.

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The following expert witnesses were called to support these submissions. Each began by giving his qualifications to give such evidence and was then cross-examined.
The sexual activity, by juxtaposition in this article, is therefore equally given to us as repugnant and to be abhorred. In their opinion, the activities of young people as opposed to the particular audience, the author suggesting that the artist can express what he wants to say. Distortions are absolutely necessary in order that the artist, with the use of literature, can carry on to our cost in middle age.

MUNGO McCALLUM. (Sydney University with Honours in English; has published two novels; author of a six-year history of literary criticism; formerly with the ABC.)

Testified that there was literary merit in the article on page seven (7): P.P.: You have appeared on the programme 'Critics'. Yes.

P.P.: That programme consists of three critics with qualifications similar to yours? Roughly, yes.

P.P.: An chairman who appears to have similar qualifications? Yes.

P.P.: The panel usually discusses a film, book, play, painting, any two of those four items, each programme? Two or three of them, yes.

P.P.: Is it true to say quite frequently at the conclusion of the programme the panel, including the Chairman, are sometimes in complete disagreement? They often disagree over certain details, yes.

P.P.: In their expressed opinions about certain matters? Yes.

ELWYN LYNN. (Artist and school teacher; B.A. at Sydney University; Diploma of Education; President of the Contemporary Arts Society; Art critic for 'The Australian' and winner of the Blake Prize for Religious Painting.)

Submitted that the Sharp cartoons in the magazine had artistic merit.

PROFESSOR ALAN STOUT. (Professor of Philosophy at Sydney University; Master of Arts, Oxford; The Board of Social Studies and of the Board of Studies in Divinity at Sydney University; Patron of the Howard Prison Reform Council; original member of the Australian National Film Board; Governor of the Australian Film Institute; member of the Humanities Research Council; represented the Commonwealth Government at the third plenary of UNESCO; chairman of the Australian Journal of Philosophy.)

Cross-examined on the article on page seven (7):

D.C.: Did you feel, as I felt myself, shocked and horrified?

When I read it first I found it hard to believe that what Martin Sharp was here recording could be used here without restraint, without any possibility of it being properly described as an obscene article?

D.C.: Do you think it tends to deprave and corrupt people?

Most emphatically not. I would tend to think people up to something to which they are not accustomed. And I don't glorimise what it describes, on the contrary it paints a very abominable picture of it.

S.M.: Do you think it contains obscene terms?

I am sorry; I really have failed to see any point.

S.M.: Do you think there were obscene terms. I do not know what an obscene term is: I prefer obscene opinions don't do this!

D.C.: Do you think it describes the lives of persons who habitually use them, if you do use them you distort the truth and I am against distorting the truth.

MIS BETTY ARCHDALE. (Headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College; Bachelor of Arts and Master of Laws; eleven years principal of Women's College at Sydney University; member of the Council of International Law and the Institute of International Affairs; on the committee of the Outward Bound Movement and the Council of the Girl Guides' Association; a member of the Senate of the University of Sydney.)

Submitted that the publication would not injure the morals of young boys or girls.

JOFFREY LITTLE. (Lecturer in English at Sydney University; Master of Arts with Honours from Melbourne.)

Claimed the whole issue had literary merit.

Cross-examined about the cover (1):

P.P.: And do you feel that there is a message from the author or publisher there to the reader, on the front page? No. I am wondering, sir, may I be allowed to ask you, Mr. Colman, whether you think it describes — then surely you are looking to something like that?

S.M.: Yes, I think he may be.

D.C.: What is aesthetically displeasing — the sexual activity, by juxtaposition in this article, is therefore equally given to us as sinister implication that this is in fact aesthetically displeasing.

S.M.: Do you think it tends to deprave and corrupt people?

No. What you have described as a fountain — is this disgusting behaviour, see that is does not happen to you. Something like that.

P.P.: But, of course, it is not a similar message that he is trying to get over on the cover page? — this is disgusting, behaviour, don't do that.

S.M.: No. I am thinking of the reader, on the front page?

D.C.: Do you think they are of artistic merit, including the Chairman, are sometimes in complete disagreement? I would say they are being used. In the process of describing.

P.P.: What is the real purpose of this magazine is to break through conventions, literary and other, in order to make moral criticism, to point out, without the usual regard to those things of social compromise that you and I carry on to our cost in middle age.

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MICHELLE ARCHDALE. (Headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College; Bachelor of Arts and Master of Laws; eleven years principal of Women's College at Sydney University; member of the Council of International Law and the Institute of International Affairs; on the committee of the Outward Bound Movement and the Council of the Girl Guides' Association; a member of the Senate of the University of Sydney.)

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S.M.: Do you think it contains obscene terms?

I am sorry; I really have failed to see any point.

S.M.: Do you think there were obscene terms. I do not know what an obscene term is: I prefer obscene opinions don't do this!

D.C.: Do you think it describes the lives of persons who habitually use them, if you do use them you distort the truth and I am against distorting the truth.
GORDON HAWKINS. Senior lecturer in Criminology at Sydney University; president of the Australian Society of Legal Philosophy; First Class Honours in Philosophy at Cardiff; former police commandant and magistrate at Assam; for seven years a prison governor in England; for two years in charge of a young prisoners' training centre; recently wrote on juvenile delinquency for the Current Affairs Bulletin and prepared a "Study of the Problem of Pornography". Claimed that in his opinion the February issue of OZ would not deprave the morals of either old or young people.

ALEX CAREY. Lecturer in Psychology at the University of N.S.W. Honours degree in Science from London University. Asked whether the page seven article (7) would have a tendency to deprave or corrupt: "No, I hold a quite contrary view. I think its object is to have the effect of warning people about the ugliness and crudity of the kinds of behaviour which are supported by certain small groups which have rather more standing amongst our young people than one would wish. In other words, I think it aims at and has something of the effect probably of Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' and 'Horlot's Progress'."

LEX CAREY. Lecturer in Psychology at the University of N.S.W.; drama critic for the "Observer" and "Bulldog"; book reviews for "Quadron".

Claimed that the magazine had literary merit. P.P.: Did you buy this magazine or was it given to you? My daughter gave it to me. P.P.: How old is the one who gave it to me? 16. P.P.: And, of course, when you gave your opinion that the magazine is not likely to corrupt one's morals, did you have that daughter of yours in mind? Amongst others, yes. P.P.: You felt that it wasn't likely to corrupt her morals? I did.

MADELINE ARMSTRONG. Arts graduate in English; drama critic for the "Observer" and "Bulldog"; book reviews for "Quadron".

Claimed the magazine had literary merit. P.P.: Did you read the article as a whole? Yes. S.M.: Yes. Did you notice the words above? S.M.: No alternative suggests itself to you? P.P.: Yes. '

STANLEY TICK. Lecturer in English at University of N.S.W.; A.B., M.A. from New York University; post-graduate studies of China at the University; awarded the Basser prize in 1961 for the best critical article of the year in "Quadron".

Claimed the magazine had literary merit. P.P.: Indeed? Did you buy this magazine or was it just as a whole on the top of page 4? The comic strip bit, you mean? P.P.: Yes. Did you notice the words above? Yes. P.P.: Did you give them any thought? I took this to be a pun. P.P.: On what? A standard pun using the word which is applicable to the comic strip underneath, using that and punning on it in a way that doesn't seem to me terribly obscure.

P.P.: Of course there is nothing obscure to you on the cover of the magazine? Obscure? P.P.: The intention of the article is quite clear, is it not?

There is not much obscure. The intention I take to be a witty comment on the subject. P.P.: You know that is part of the front wall of a city building, don't you? Yes, I do.

P.P.: You are not an authority on sculpture, are you? No, I am not.

P.P.: Is your impression the editors of this article are opposed to some kind of nastiness, I think, to use your own words? Yes, I would say, to come back to the article you have talked about on 7, the fictional thing, they are being satirical and like all satire it calls attention to something which is a folly or vice with the hope of correcting or remedying it.

P.P.: You see that in the article, can you hear the aim of it, if I understand it properly as satire, and I think I do, is to call attention in order to point out the folly and vice of this behaviour.

Mr. Martin: That is my case. Anything in reply? P.P.: No.

SUMMING-UP

At the conclusion of the witnesses' evidence and summation, Mr. Trevor Martin concentrated mainly on the legal questions involved and Mr. Lloyd Waddy went systematically through the parts of the magazine which the prosecution had objected to. The following is a condensation of this part of Mr. Waddy's address:

I think I noted in parts of the February issue of OZ which was subject to comment by the prosecution.

1. The front page is a picture of the Bass Fountain in the P. & O. Building. I would submit to Your Worship that there is nothing in that pictorial representation or in the writing underneath it which would come within the notion of obscenity. I would submit it is a fair comment on the Australian Ugliness, as it purports to be. It might well be the fountain does invite some sort of comment and that the positioning of the fountain in this nature in a building which bears a title to be seen
I suggest that one would have to ask which three youny men were yaoled on charyes of publishiny an obscene publication,^ OZ magazine. Well, that's a yood thiny — Eric Baume


And I was very pleased indeed to see — and I don't care whether these people who talk about liberties and so forth jump in the lake — I was very pleased to see that three young men were goaled on charges of publishing an obscene publication, OZ magazine. Well, that's a good thing — to wipe OZ out will be one of the best things for the country. A dirty little rag with filth in it! —Eric Baume

I really hadn't given it close consideration as to whether or not such an action would succeed. But there is aina thing in it which would lead anyone to join the Secret Service or to become a Russian spy or to behave in the way set forth. There is no tendency in it to deprave or corrupt.

And I was very pleased to see that three young men were goaled on charges of publishing an obscene publication, OZ magazine. Well, that's a good thing — to wipe OZ out will be one of the best things for the country. A dirty little rag with filth in it! —Eric Baume

The fifth matter is on page 6 and that was a story having to do with the fact that Your Worship should look at the magazine as a whole. In my sub­mission it is explained that the Rev. Bush was inter­viewing surflies for the ABC, but "if you read closely in a gutural, awkwardly emphatic monotone, then you will enjoy a more accurate understanding of our beach boys' habits than a hundred ABC pro­grammes could supply". — eds

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And I was very pleased to see that three young men were goaled on charges of publishing an obscene publication, OZ magazine. Well, that's a good thing — to wipe OZ out will be one of the best things for the country. A dirty little rag with filth in it! —Eric Baume

Distasteful and obnoxious as it may be, it is not a matter for this court.

S.M.: Except that it is part of the general picture. If it can be shown that there are repeated libels of indivi­duals, even though they can be civil on the face of it — that has to be taken into considering the whole of the public­ation.

I don't think anything else in the magazine was adverted to in evidence, unless Your Worship would like me to advert to anything else in the magazine.

S.M.: No, I think you have been pretty exhaustive, Mr. Waddy.
At Macquarie Street on a corner of lunchtime Man crossed the zebra by Saint James—in Her Square now—and met the black man under the elms. Very spooky. Hyde Park is very newspapery, very sit down on the wet grass and eat a pie with the sea gulls. The black man was out from the box and balding in the wind. He met our man.

Father, I am in sin.

How long for?

All last week.

Then go back my son.

We fumbled in the long pockets of that borrowed brown coat and produced a knotty lump of blood-wood, still green from last Sunday’s picnic with Mum. Hit the black man, and he broke like a brittle black wooden pyx, for sacrament came out in bits and blew with the leaves down College Street. Ointment and incense were a momentary fragrance, but went with the blood down the row. Man blessed the four corners of Her Square, Holy Unction blew thin and to nothing beneath the elms. He went free, and it was the end of the first week.

As free, free are the rivals to war again, he ambled off up the paving to face upwind from Archibald obscenity to dead-soldier shrine.

One step.

Two step.

Three steps for the Holy Ghost. Hip, hip, hip.

The pond had all leaves and no two shillings at bottom, sheets of newspaper floating half way, with white clouds skimming on top. Like it would have been so serene had it been the Thames at Oxford on a late summer afternoon, and people punting past. But a tweedy old requiem who was sprawled on a bench hiccuped twice and raised his ancient arms to the autumn sky. And the steps to the shrine were a welter of school girls playing stiff variations to a theme by W. Shakespeare. Or was it Rudigore? A flurry of pigeons high above caused a momentary fluctuation in the market price of guano shares. The dead stayed that way. How odd of them, and hopeless, yet had you or I known what made Britten write the Requiem, or how much money Coventry Cathedral cost in the first place, had we known all this the tweedy fellow would seem just as foolish as those twits in sheets on the steps—and just as white.

But he hasn’t got an earthly. The black man’s father died for us, and his cutting-fence-post grandfather cursed the knotty blood-wood. Hopeless crap, and all our dearly beloved background.

Man. Throws bleeding blood-wood into rectangular pond, moves off stage left and back to centre desk. Terribly organising bird nothing like Mum. Just what he needs to probe anatomy, Gray or Burton, each day. Reads and repeats him of his banality, wickedness—strike out the inapplicable. Darling point to Pymble. O my darling. O Christ wake up it’s cold, reach for the knotty wood and strike out the inapplicable. Hand it back to the blonde at the desk and go bleed in sin a whole week, for he did, after all, raise his ancient arms to the sky.

—PETER HERRICK
All About OZ

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Back copies are still available for 1/-.

WANTED

OZ is seeking an efficient, full time secretary.
Qualifications: Competent typist, initiative to organise and maintain the office without supervision. Shorthand would be an advantage.
Duties: Book-keeping, answering correspondence, recording subscriptions, telephone, etc.
Commencing salary: £14.
Applications should be addressed to:
The Editors, OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

OZ APPEAL

WITHOUT reflecting on the merits of the case one way or another, there are many people who feel that the young defendants in the "Oz" appeal should be entitled to the most expert legal assistance. Such assistance is necessarily expensive and beyond the means of the editors of "Oz". There are probably many people in the community who would care to offer practical and immediate financial aid.

Therefore the undersigned are launching an OZ Legal Defence Appeal. All donations should be made payable to Alf Van Der Poorten, Oz Legal Defence Appeal, and forwarded to the S.U.C. Office, University of N.S.W., Kensington, New South Wales.

R. F. BRISSENDEN (Senior English Lecturer, A.N.U.).
C. CHRISTESEN (Editor "Meanjin").
MAX HARRIS, ROSEMARY WIGHTON (Editors "Australian Book Review").
P. HERBST.
PROFESSOR H. MUNRO (For Freedom to Read Association).
S. MURRAY-SMITH (Editor "Overland").
JAMES McAULEY (Co-Editor "Quadrant").

WITH A HEY NONNY NO

Material (Songs, Poems, etc.) and Artwork (Cover Designs, Drawings, etc.) for Publication in the "COMBINED UNIVERSITIES SONGBOOK" to be published next year. Original contributions will be acknowledged. Songs should be of a type suitable for singing by University Students and, if possible, should be accompanied by Music.

This book is to be sold all over Australia, so watch for it!
All enquiries and contributions should be addressed to the Editor of the Songbook, C/- The Students' Union, The University of N.S.W., P.O. Box 1, Kensington.
London Letter

Apart from all the sensational Australian products, called things like Kangaroo (butter) and Emu or Bushy Tree (claret) which are at present sweeping the north of England like myxomatosis, the average Englishman's knowledge of Australia is about as acute as his knowledge of the sex life of the duck-billed platypus, and a good age Englishman's knowledge of Australia is about as acute as his knowledge of the sex life of the duck-billed platypus, and a good deal less interested. The main outlet for Australian utterance in this country tends to resolve itself into the press statements of Sir Robert of the thistle, and Englishmen find it hard to reconcile this salvation of the Queen's foot with the attitudes of the Australians they meet.

Australia House was put there partly to correct this impression; partly to lure Englishmen to Australia for £10 who would have been sent there for nothing 150 years ago; and mainly to advise on, and control, Anglo-Australian Trade. Here one may see, almost any week-day around 10 a.m., the High Commissioner for Australia (an Anglophile who bears a depressing resemblance to Sir Robert himself) being helped out of a funeral Rolls Royce that bears the numberplate AUS 1, and being escorted inside. Here one can watch the test matches on television, and put down one's name for the monthly Boomerang Tea Party.

But there is action, too. Witness the conversation I had last week:

AUS: Good morning. I would like to find out about Australian trade with West Germany, and in particular who handles the advertising.

A.H.: Yes. Well, we have a library. But you won't find it there. I'm afraid I can't tell you anything more than that. Perhaps you might write to Bonn ... or Canberra ...

AUS: Never mind. By the way who handles your advertising in England?

A.H.: Yes. Well, really I've no idea. I don't know who could help you. Except perhaps our advertising agency. And of course, I don't know who they are.

Readers of this column will remember that the agency concerned is called Greenly's, and that the account is something of a headache to them. One reason is that importers of Australian goods into England are allowed a shilling a case for "publicity," and in theory Greenly's should get this to advertise them. But "publicity," is a big word. Since the case of the executive who claimed that buying his mistress a fur coat was the best way of bettering the company's image in England, Australia House has clamped down a little—for instance, executives' cars purchased out of this fund must bear the name of the company on the outside (perhaps on a two-by-one sticker on the back window).

Even so, publicity can still be fun. Australia House itself employs various artificially sunbronzed Australian girls to go round the country promoting. With a scream of joy some of the private companies have thrown their public monies on the bandwagon, and none more so than Ardmona (anagram: no drama). The Fruits of Australia's Sunshine. The underclad Ardmona Girls rush pneumonically round the north, distributing Australian recipe books (Boundary Riders' Fan, and Parramatta Peach Pie) to wide-eyed customers at supermarkets, and trying to persuade the supermarket managers to order yet another ton of tinned pears on the strength of it. An ex-Ardmona Girl explained to me that, while none of them have been sacked explicitly for refusing to go to bed with either a company executive or a supermarket manager, nonetheless statistics show that of those who have lost their jobs, etc., etc.

The Surrey (the Australian beer pub) has been fairly empty this month. Taking advantage of the warmish weather, most of the regulars packed a couple of tubes of steam and a groundsheet and took off for Cornwall to try and crack a greedy and a bird. Those that remained were morose. "Look at this bloody painter making good here," one said. "Brett Whitley. He was Bert Whitley at school. I'm chucking it. I'm going home. See, I've got my ticket to Amsterdam. That's near Australia isn't it? Isn't it?" Weeping into his beer, he was led away.

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Dr. Gough's 'Gough' drops

Banish OZ, Tharunka, the new syllabus, and other complaints with Dr. Gough's new formula

Gough's new formula - they take the fun out of life, the Christ out of Christianity.

Oz, October 15
Is there a rebel in the House?

The following speech, demanding the re-establishment of National Service, was delivered to the House of Representatives by Mr. H. B. Turner during the course of the Budget debate. Mr. Turner is Member for the Sydney electorate, Bradfield, a so-called "blue-ribbon" Liberal seat, and constant critic of his own Government. He is also one of those back-benchers least likely to be ignored.

I believe that the mood of the people is this: They are perturbed about the things that are happening to our north. This is not just a quite natural fear. Indeed, only last week we were debating the incidents that had happened in the Gulf of Tonkin and in South Vietnam. The sound of the guns from the Gulf of Tonkin is still ringing in my ears, Sir, and I can still smell the burning villages and sense the tears and blood very close to us in the north. I cannot quite get these things out of my senses. That is why this debate seems to me so utterly unreal. The Australian people are concerned about these things, but they say: "If the Prime Minister is not concerned about them, we suppose that all is well." I am not so sure that we can adopt the old saying—

"God's in his heaven—All's right with the world!"

The Government, of course, has great wisdom. They have at their command information obtained from their intelligence sources and elsewhere that is not at the command of backbenchers. Therefore, those who do not must be regarded as idiots. Yet sometimes even an idiot may be right, though perhaps for wrong reasons. Someone, a person regarded as an idiot in one generation may be regarded in another as a wise man. The question for us, however, is: Will the Prime Minister do justice to the idiot who is right today?

What is the theory about our defence preparations? The theory is that South East Asia is Australia's front line and that, if it falls, the enemy will be on our doorstep at Darwin. The theory is that all we need are forces consisting of military, naval and air components, co-ordinated for the one purpose of dealing with what the Americans describe as bushfire wars in South East Asia. For this purpose, of course, our forces must be highly trained. They must be mobile. They must be available for service in South East Asia. The Citizen Military Forces probably are not, for Australia has always adhered to the old fashioned notion that nobody should be used to oppress Australia unless he has volunteered to do so.

In reality what forces do we have? I shall not concern myself with the Air Force or Navy. I want to concentrate on the Army. I think there are 13,000 men in the Army, with a target strength of 28,000. Suppose our Army had to go into action tomorrow. I suspect that the 24,000 would be reduced to something like half this number of combat troops. We would have to subtract all the lines of communications troops and the base wallahs. We would have to subtract the number of those who, on compassionate or medical grounds, could not be sent into front line service. So we would have a spearhead of perhaps 12,000 men — a very small spearhead. I do not know how sharp it would be but it would certainly be very small.

Where would reinforcements come from? Suppose these forces went into action in June. How could the Prime Minister recall from personal experience, and others will find no difficulty in imagining, that casualties are very high in these conditions owing to tropical illnesses and the like. These front line forces would have to be reinforced from the C.M.F. by men who would not be able to go in as units, because there are practically no C.M.F. units at any thing like full strength. They are depleted. The citizen units are weak in numbers and they are untrained. Many months would have to pass before assorbed members of the Citizen Military Forces could be trained and put into action.

May I say a word about our attitude to the idea that we should make an effort similar in kind, if not in degree, to the effort that America makes? We suffer from what I would call atavistic colonialism. Let me explain. For centuries we were protected by the British Navy and the British Empire. We had a "moat defensive", as Britain had, to protect us against "the envy of less happier lands". The moat has shrunk considerably and the British Navy has gone. But we became accustomed to the idea that Britain would look after us. We did not have to worry. We could be children; we could be colonialists. Hilaire Belloc wrote a nursery rhyme that exemplifies the position.

He said—

"Never leave the hand of nurse, for fear of meeting something worse."

We had nunny to look after us. But she has gone so we have had to look for someone else. In our anguish and our fear we turn to another parental figure. Children must always have a parental figure. This one was Uncle Sam. That is what I call atavistic colonialism.

Suppose the undoubted abilities of the Minister for External Affairs (Mr. Hasluck), who has been described as a journalist and an historian, were devoted to writing a book in defence of the Government's attitude toward the Australian people, he would call it "Allies, Not Arms, or: Defence Without Weapons". The book, of course, would appear in the well known series, "The Secrets of Other People's Jobs".

He could dilate upon the secret of why it is America's job to defend Australia.

The honorable member for Parkes (Mr. Hughes) has asked that recruiting figures, showing the number of recruits and the wastage of recruits up to 30th June last, should be given to the House. I suggest that these figures should be given to the House and to the public of Australia month by month. Let us have no doubt but that our potential enemies will have these figures very accurately. Accordingly there is no reason why the information should be concealed from the Parliament or from the nation. Honorable members may remember the story of how the Duke of Wellington reviewed the Blue coats and commanded under his command in the Peninsula War. Having reviewed them he addressed them and said: "I don't know what effect these men will have on the enemy, but God, they terrify me." I do not think that the revelation of our recruiting figures will frighten an enemy but they may terrify the House and the people of Australia.

In his speech the honorable member for Sturt (Mr. Wilson) indicated succinctly what was needed as far as national service is concerned. He said that we need an intake of about 15,000 men a year serving for two years and that these men must be available for service anywhere. If South East Asia is our front line, these men should be available for service in the direct defence of Australia.

Service in the armed forces should carry with it prestige. At present there is no prestige in this profession. When a young man gets into the uniform advertised for a business executive and carries as his weapon a brief-case. The time has come when the leaders of industry must see, if they wish to lead, that there is some prestige for those who serve their country and not merely for themselves.

Of course, what is said by a back-bencher who is nothing may fall on deaf ears. But if he had the eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Pitt or a Menzies still the Cabinet would not hear. If he argued with the logic of Aristotle or Einstein or even Sir Mark Oliphant, when sometimes he talks about the physical sciences, still he would not be heard or understood. Nevertheless, I believe profoundly that these things I have said are true. Despite the fact that they may not have been said from the Labor side of the House or, if said, said with some of the above-mentioned debating point and not because they were meant, they should be said from this side of the House.

And on this side of the House there are many Ministers who can say nothing and many others who prefer to say nothing, but devolves upon those who see the need and who do not hesitate to speak the truth that is in them.
How I Became A Leader in the Government.

I was born of Working Class Parents. I went to a Public School. I had few opportunities.

I wanted to better myself. I came across this ad, and soon I was a good speaker. I spoke at parties, balls and social gatherings.

After this initial success I began improving myself in all directions.

How to Obtain a Better Looking Nose. Improve your personal appearance. My free book tells you how. I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilages and fibrous parts, quietly, safely and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper provides, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to M. Trilety, Pioneer Nose Shaper, Overfield, Dept. 206, Binghamton, N. Y.

Learn to Dance. You can learn all the modern dances—the latest Tango steps, the new Fox Trot, dreamy Waltzes, smart Collegiate Steps, and popular Swing Steps at home, easily and quickly. New start method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner needed. Learn in a lifetime. Learn to dace with your own Free Trial. Equals $20.00 course. Send no money. Pay $2.00 per month at our office address. Money back if not delighted. Catalog Free.


Learn to Sell! Now learn at home, secrets of successful salesmen today making $4,000 to $10,000 a year. I was official examiner for 8 years. You pick the job you want; I'll help you get it. Get ready now for the government job at over $1,000 a month. Get my 32-page book, "How to Secure a Government Position," tells all about civil service; if you are a citizen, 18 to 35 years old. Free booklet. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book today to T. J. Frey, 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and big novelty catalog, Al For The Postpaid.

I was diligent in my job for 20 years, never late, never a word out of place to my senior, still I was never wanted. Boys! Throw Your Voice into a trunk, under the bed, under the pillow, the mouth out of sight, used by policemen or friends.

The Ventrilo a little instrument, fits in your mouth, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. American Ventrilo. A 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and big novelty catalog, Al For The Postpaid.

I still write-in for catalogues and courses to improve myself in order to do my job in the Government better.

Free Book on Prostate Trouble. If you have prostate troubles—bladder trouble—get up frequently at night, there should be positive and rapid relief for you. Home treatment, drugs or massage—without pain discomfort—privately at home. Our free book tells all. Write for your copy to A. R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert, 85 Winner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

How to Obtain a Better Looking Nose. Improve your personal appearance. My free book tells you how. I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilages and fibrous parts, quietly, safely and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper provides, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to M. Trilety, Pioneer Nose Shaper, Overfield, Dept. 206, Binghamton, N. Y.

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On Waves of Nos

British Fortnight's been and gone. Nothing like the British, really, to stir up memories of the past. Even OZ was stirred.

We were particularly stirred by memories of mid-1962, when life wasn't all "pat-a-cakes" and Guinness Stout. The Common Market. And that Royal Tour six months later to remind us that Mummy really loved us after all . . .

British FORTNIGHT, eh? A bit curious, isn't it, when you consider that a mere week is enough for the other charities . . .

Still I suppose we do have a SPECIAL relationship with Old Blighty. The birthplace of Australian culture, y'know . . . the home of Tennyson, Kipling, Lennon and all those other MINDS. If it wasn't for Britain, Australian culture would still be barkpaintings and burping down bits of gumtree and that's about all. Certainly makes you think.

No Britain'd mean no Merchant of Venice, no Hamlet, no "Xanadu did Kubla", no Ancient Marina . . . 'd be a big loss to us here on the Asian fringe.

Mind you, it isn't as though we haven't done a fair bit already . . . The giving hasn't all been one way. I still remember 1914. But I like to think she was fighting FOR US really. And we didn't do too badly anyway. Got a big slice of national honour and you can't call Gallipoli a loss — well, not out loud.

I was a bit disappointed that we had to send more men across in '49. Still, I suppose the Huns were threatening US too. Then, of course, there was Malaysia. U.K. said it was an emergency. I know they're still up there but then Rome wasn't built in a day.

Speaking of Rome . . . bit of a flap over that Treaty of Rome, common market thing and so forth a few years ago. I can't believe Blighty would have gone in and cut our markets like everyone ASSUMED. Dangerous things, assumptions. Anyway, she didn't join in the end so no harm done, eh?

And Suez . . . well, error of judgment, miscalculation perhaps, and anyway we agreed with what she did. Most of us. Well, at least ONE of us. Yes, overall, got a lot of things in our Way of Life to thank the Old Country for. Why, there's . . . too numerous to mention as they say, a heritage we take for granted but something we'd all miss, EVERY ONE OF US, if Britain went under.

So that's why I was glad to see everyone pitch in and go to the Tattoo and the Visit and the Exhibition and all the other sideshows. Took a big effort for a little country with a past like Britain's. And if we didn't want to buy the sausages, bloodhounds and haggis and all the other industrial things . . . well, it's only courtesy to go along and LOOK, isn't it? I mean to say, isn't it?

—D.L.
**HUNTERS**

Did you dip out on Dallas?
Come to Quebec — it's open season for Royalty.
THE GAS LASH

RULES
TO BE STRICTLY ATTENDED TO UNDER PENALTY OF CHASTISMENT WITH THE WHIPPING MACHINE.

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT A NICE
AND I AM FULL DETERMINED
TO HAVE THESE RULES
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