"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
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/-.

**DRESS SUIT:**
- Hiring cost, £5/6/-;
- Deposit, £5;
- Postage, 6/-;
- TOTAL, £10/11/-.

**LOUNGE SUIT:**
- Hiring cost, £3;
- Deposit, £5;
- Postage, 6/-;
- TOTAL, £8/6/-.

**DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES:**
- Shirt, 10/- extra;
- Tie, 5/- extra;
- Gloves, 5/- extra;
- Dress Jewellery, 5/- extra.

**DRESS SUIT:**
- Hiring cost, £5/5/-;
- Deposit, £5;
- Postage, 6/-;
- TOTAL, £10/11/-;
- Hiring cost includes: Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Studs and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt.)

**LOUNGE SUIT:**
- Hiring cost, £3;
- Deposit, £5;
- Postage, 6/-;
- TOTAL, £8/6/-.

For the Fair Sex:
- 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**

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 abstention from contraception, 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)

“Yeah, I like the job. I can get top billing 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 the pay’s good.” (Beyond the Fringe)

“Hey, I like the job. I can get top billing 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)

“The Ku Klux Klan isn’t guys with pointed hoods on. It’s guys covering up their pointed heads.” (Name withheld)

By this time you’re probably wondering what this all is about. It doesn’t seem a bit far fetched to suggest that there’s enough going on in Australia to provide the makings of anything like a political revue which runs every Sunday night throughout the year, with all concerned on a paid basis, but that’s the suggestion.

In the words of the great Jewish humorist King Solomon: “Not only must something happen, but something must also be seen to happen.” The suggestion is that plenty does happen in Australia, but that it does not seem to happen.

This is partly due to the policy of our governments and our press, which, in their concern for the continued tranquility of the Australian people, feel that it is better they shouldn’t know too much about what’s going on. It’s also partly due to the fact that there are too few people (intellectuals) amongst us who are conceptualising the events which are allowed to know about.

For example most of us have a pretty clear concept of how British politics work. Most of us could name as many British cabinet ministers as Australian ones. We know that the main role of the British cabinet is an institution designed to provide jobs for old Etonians, whose classical background makes them unemployed. Are we concerned whether the employment of Australian Old Public Schoolboys is a similar social problem — whether they are a casualty of the Australian welfare state? We may feel morbidly about the outcome of British elections than Australian ones, and follow the public opinion polls in East Anglia more closely than East Melbourne.

Do we know, or care, about the sexual habits of our men of power — in British experience this is not unimportant for understanding political relationships and particularly the operation of the Security Service.

Or America. Do we know Ian, Ken and Heather Menzies as well as Caroline and John — John, or Lynda Bird, Lady Bird, Lucy Barney, 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 point which I am trying to make. These things exist in Australia, but the machinery by which the facts are marshalled, communicated and conceptualised allow them to escape our notice, patterns fail to emerge 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 revues. Sometimes 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 various 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 Queans, censorship, suburban ennui, blood-thirsty Generals, political vanities, stupiditiy and pomposity, handled in a generalised way, usually amount to nothing but an attempt 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 got on as it is 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 animate cardboard cutouts 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.
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 bothersome task of earning his living. He is feeling vexed, having sipped too many sherries and been rebuffed by an interior decorator.

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

Nemo crosses to his 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 briskly 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 scripture!". Dearie me, I made a little pun!

Nemo dissolves into small heap of helpless mirth. Recovered, he sinks back into depression, and two, purple-hearts, downs second cocktail and shakes himself.

Paces the room discomfotately, 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. Scheidt, Merde, Keich and Orduire at the Hungry Ah. Oh, and that beastly Fiqurative fellow....I suppose I could've splintered on him....no, no, but passe now, the worm's beginning to turn.

With an air of decision Nemo crosses to his desk, and puts away his diary.

"All over this city there are halls full of balls. Hundreds of artless little kitschies people under the impression they are the young man's initials. Actually they stand for "Bull Baffles Brains". Nemo takes two more pep pills. Effect of these and third cocktail beginning to play queer tricks with Nemo's mind.

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 screws paper furiously into his typewriter and types: "The Young Tem.....Lies, affectation...it would be good to be superlative, impartially. I shall—

The telephone rings. Nemo crosses to it rapidly.

"Hello. DARling! Yes, LOVED your show! Come round? Of course. Wonderfully, my dear. Lu..."
The GAS THRASH
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

On Saturday mornings 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 twin-fanged carburettors, chromed grease nipples, triple flute perforated enigmatic exhausts, octagonal voodoo pleated cans. The WORKS... TOO MUCH... gives her at least an extra 3 mph in top... We work on 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 orientational... 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 had done this GEAR wheelie round the traffic lights... we yelled out to the 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... because 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...

OZ, October 7
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."

**Students**

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.)

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 terrors for me thanks to ARMY. Since El Alamein I have used no other."

**ARMY - the only non-atomic all-white deterrent**
In its defence, OZ pleaded, in the terms of the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act (see August OZ for a summary of this Act): (1) that there was literary and artistic merit; (2) that the publication was unjustified in that it would not deprave or corrupt. The following expert witnesses were called to support these submissions. Each was, however, by giving their qualifications to give such evidence and was then cross-examined. For obvious reasons, only the briefest outline of this evidence is given. The following abbreviations are used: S.M. = Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Locke, P.P. = Police Prosecutor, Sergt. K. Ellis, D.C. = Defence Counsel (Messrs. T. Martin & L. Waddy).

The evidence 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' goal 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 Ink Ltd., was fined £100 and the printer, Francis James of the now defunct Anglican Press, £25.

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 distributed and incapable 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 extent of this evidence may fairly, in my view, be summarised as follows. It sought to show:

1. that the magazine contains no obscene matter.
2. that the magazine contains no material which is or is intended to be obscene, repugnant to decency, or likely to corrupt or injure 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 complained of.
3. that the proof of literary and/or artistic merit (in varying degrees from academic and other qualifications—gave evidence for the defence and the ordinary meaning that word to the matter alleged to be obscene and having regard to this magazine or parts thereof, and so with the public in general and to its price—it is not the law of this land. For it is well settled, both here and in England, that it is for the Court to determine, upon an examination of the material alleged to be obscene, whether or not the evidence in this regard was probably inadmissible but, as the words were, it is for the Court to determine, upon an examination of the material alleged to be obscene, whether or not the evidence in this regard was probably inadmissible but, as the ordinary meaning of that word to the literary and/or artistic merit (in varying degrees from academic and other qualifications—gave evidence for the defence and the ordinary meaning that word to the matter alleged to be obscene and having regard to this magazine or parts thereof, and so with the public in general and to its price—it is not the law of this land. For it is well

Turning now to the particular sections of the magazine to which attention is given, the weight to be given to these opinions is, of course, by the nature of things and the manner in which the evidence is given, not to be measured by the opinions expressed by the witnesses but to the whole of the evidence led for the defence in this case. The question, obscene or not obscene, is then for the Court to determine.

Turning again to heading (1) above, if witnesses were to be permitted in proceedings of this nature to introduce their opinions as to whether or not the magazine is obscene, and to the ordinary meaning of that word to the weight to be given to these opinions is, of course, by the nature of things and the manner in which the evidence is given, not to be measured by the opinions expressed by the witnesses but to the whole of the evidence led for the defence in this case. The question, obscene or not obscene, is then for the Court to determine.

Some remarkable evidence of the witness J. Olsen deposing, amongst other things, "Distortion in the feeling that I have as to whether it is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous or sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. If I mention the phrase 'The Ra Ra' is in my view grossly offensive, blasphemous and sacrilegious. 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The sexual activity, by juxtaposition in this article, is therefore equally given to us as repugnant and to be abhorred. It is not a matter for us to judge the actions, which are therein provided. This I then take to be literature and satire of considerable merit.

Rev. Peter Bennie. Warden of St. Paul's College, Sydney University; Master of Arts with First Class Honours in English; Licentiate of Theology with Honours; for seven years Archdeacon of the Diocese of Carpentaria; for ten years Rector of All Saints, Brisbane; author of the book “Church and Marriage in the Twentieth Century” and occasional verse. Submitted that the magazine had literary merit and would not deprave or corrupt.

Cross-examined about the page seven article: (7)
P.P.: Don’t you feel that the author there is tending to encourage the reader to visit this place? Well, I think that the activities of young people as opposed to Rev. Bush’s broadcasts? No, I do not. I think you can see a certain character of Mr. Bush here — he is over-idealistic and insufficiently realistic, which is a familiar criticism of our generation. P.F.: Don’t you feel that more would flow from the author suggesting that the reader should listen to the Rev. Bush than read this type of article? Well, Mr. Bush doubtless once a week expressed his learning and force and it appears that the particular audience that the author of this is addressing is not taking any notice of him.

P.F.: Of course, this article you feel was written to benefit University graduates and students at the University? I am not aware that this magazine has any particular relationship to the University. I think that on the cover of it I recall reading it is a magazine of satire. I believe that the real purpose of this magazine is to break through conventions, literary and other, in order to 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.

Dr. John Ellard. Legally qualified medical practitioner; consultant and lecturer in psychiatry; Member of the Royal Australian College of Physicians. Testified that in his opinion the February OZ would not deprave or corrupt.

John Lennon. Professional artist; worked as cartoonist for “Sunday” and “Bulletin”; has paintings hanging in every State gallery in Australia, except South Australia; has lectured at the University of N.S.W.; in the Architectural Department and at Sydney Technical College. Submitted that the magazine had artistic merit.

Cross-examination: D.C.: Do you think they are of artistic merit, the cartoons of Sharp? Yes, very sophisticated cartoons. They are sort of a parody of at times even world famous cartoonists’ ways of working. I call to mind Jules Feiffer in his stylistic connotation.

D.C.: To an inexpert eye, I like mine, they appear crude. I don’t think they are crude in their drawing. One has to remember and to be very clear on this particular point that these distortions are absolutely necessary in order that the artist can express what he wants to say. Distortions in art is absolutely normal. There is no real work of art or real satire that is not distorted.

Mungo McCallum. Graduate from Sydney University with Honours in English; has published two novels; author of a book of literary criticism; formerly with the ABC. Testified that there was literary merit in the article on page seven: (7)

P.F.: Any 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.F.: Is it true to say quite frequently at the conclusion of the programme the panel, including the Chairman, are sometimes in complete disagreement would they often disagree over certain details, yes. P.P.: And 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 at Oxford; 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, it was not as far as I can determine from an investigation, a travesty, I was shocked not by this writing the article but by learning that the kind of people he depicts there and the goings-on do in fact happen. That shocked me, you think so, yes.

D.C.: Do you think it tends to deprave and corrupt people? Most emphatically not. I would suggest there is a message in the sense of a satirical implication that this is in fact aesthetically displeasing.

S.M.: Do you think it contains obscene terms? Most emphatically not.

D.C.: Did you feel, sir, that the typed words have never corrupted anybody. Four-letter words or terms hurt anybody. Four-letter words have never corrupted anybody.

P.P.: Does it now strike you as being some such thing that this person is trying to get over to someone else? I am sorry, I have really failed to see your point.

Brian Colman. Lecturer in English at University of N.S.W.; Master of Arts with Honours in English at Glasgow University. Submitted that there was 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? I would suggest there is a message in the sense of a satirical implication that this is in fact aesthetically displeasing. P.F.: What is aesthetically displeasing — the people urinating or trying to urinate there? No. What you have described as a fountain. P.P.: Of course, you felt that the author is setting out a message with the article on page seven: (7). Yes.

P.F.: And that message, of course, is this — this is 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, etc. He is not I think suggesting — if I may so put it — do not urinate in pieces of public architecture. P.P.: How can you draw that distinction between messages that this person is trying to get over to someone else?

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

Headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls’ College; Bachelor of Arts and Master of Laws; eleven years principal of Women’s College at Sydney University.

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

Jeffrey 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? I would suggest there is a message in the sense of a satirical implication that this is in fact aesthetically displeasing. P.F.: What is aesthetically displeasing — the people urinating or trying to urinate there? No. What you have described as a fountain. P.P.: Of course, you felt that the author is setting out a message with the article on page seven: (7). Yes.

P.P.: And that message, of course, is this — this is disgusting behaviour, see that is does not happen to you, something like that. P.F.: 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, etc. He is not I think suggesting — if I may so put it — do not urinate in pieces of public architecture. P.P.: How can you draw that distinction between messages that this person is trying to get over to someone else?

I am sorry; I have really failed to see your point.
The meaning in this text of an odd past participle hadn't worried me greatly.
S.M.: No alternative suggests itself to you?
No, I would say there would seem to be possibly a pun here, but I couldn't be more certain than that.
S.M.: That is as much as you would be prepared to say about it? Yes.
S.M.: Using what you describe as an odd word, which may not be a word at all! Yes.

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 only effect to have the effect of warning people about the ugliness and crudity of the kind 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 'Harlot's Progress'."

DR. JAMES DURHAM. Psychiatrist in charge of Rozelle Psychiatric Clinic; medical graduate from Adelaide University; obtained Diploma of Psychological Medicine at Melbourne; eleven years in practice.

Claimed that the February issue of OZ would not deprave the morals of either old or young people.

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 or corrupt.

Cross-examined:

HAWKINS: If one can distinguish between delinquents and non-delinquents, in respect of reading matter, the difference is that non-delinquents don't tend to read at all. It isn't that they read different books, it is just that they don't read.

P.P.: I suppose you frequently hear of some of our most outstanding company heads ending up in gaol. You are not suggesting they are persons who don't read, are you?
No, I am sorry, perhaps I should have defined delinquent more carefully.

P.P.: When you talked about young persons — whose morals this magazine was unlikely to corrupt — did you have any particular age group in mind?
Yes, under 21.
P.P.: Down to any particular age? Well, the age they start reading, I suppose.
P.P.: Don't you agree there could be many adults who might possibly be shocked if they read this magazine?
I think they might be shocked. I don't think they would be corrupted.
P.P.: Nor depraved? I think it is very unlikely.
P.P.: Did you buy this magazine or was it given to you? My daughter gave it to me.
P.P.: How old is she?
She has two teenage daughters. The one who gave it to me is 16.
P.P.: Of course, when you gave your opinion about the magazine and the moral effects it might have on our young people, you had in mind that there is a similarity of topics between this magazine and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress'?
No.

MRS. MADELINE ARMSTRONG. Arts graduate in English; drama critic for the 'Observer' and 'Bulhr'; book reviews for 'Quadrant'.

Claimed that the magazine had literary merit and would not deprave or corrupt.

P.P.: Did you read the article as a whole?
Yes.
P.P.: Did you notice the words above?
Yes.
P.P.: Do you think the page seven article is opposed to some kind of nastiness?
S.M.: In my judgment it is, Mr. Martin.

F. ROBERT PLATT. Assistant professor of Italian at the University of N.S.W.; A.B., M.A. from New York University; post-graduate studies at Columbia University; awarded the Basser prize in 1961 for the best critical article of the year in "Quadrant".

Claimed the magazine had literary merit.

P.P.: Did you consider that as a whole on the top of page 4? The comic strip bit?
Yes.
P.P.: Did you notice the words above?
Yes.
P.P.: Do you give them any thought? I thought they were a pun.
P.P.: On what? A standard pun using the lines reference, which is not limited 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 obscene to you on the cover of the magazine? Obscure?
S.M.: 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 I see to your own words.
Yes, I would say, 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 home in 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 the prosecution summed up. 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 definition 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...
from across the Harbour would be justified for comment such as this. (The cover consisted of a photograph of the fountain in the side of the P. & O. Building, which is straining a gushing exclamation that it was in fact a urinal, and three young men pictured apparently using it. — eds)

2.

The second matter, going from the front page, was on page 4 and there a figure — described as masculine or feminine, according to the witness — is straining a guttural exclamation that it does not mean that the author himself is deiing the person fact one puts an “ed” on the end of it does not make it obscene. Obviously I could see the reference to an Australian phrase of great usage in some classes. I think Your Worship must bring his knowledge of the world to bear to see any allusion in this at all and must know the word beforehand. In my submission the word “fart” is not obscene and I would submit that — whether it has ever been seen as a word or not — the fact one puts an “ed” on the end of it does not make it obscene. Obviously I could see the reference to an Australian phrase of great usage in some classes. I think Your Worship must bring his knowledge of the world to bear to see any allusion in this at all and must know the word beforehand. In my submission the word “fart” is not obscene and I would submit that — whether it has ever been seen as a word or not — the fact one puts an “ed” on the end of it does not make it obscene. Obviously I could see the reference to an Australian phrase of great usage in some classes. I think Your Worship must bring his knowledge of the world to bear to see any allusion in this at all and must know the word beforehand. In my submission the word “fart” is not obscene and I would submit that — whether it has ever been seen as a word or not — the fact one puts an “ed” on the end of it does not make it obscene.

4.

The fourth matter adverted to was in the first column underneath that on the second page. It seems to me that a four-letter word which I have read in the Bible and it is prominent in many other places. Notwithstanding that it does appear all too frequently on Railway cuttings and I think it is prominent in lavatories — even in proximity to this Court — S.M.: You say it is in the Bible?

Yes, Your Worship.

S.M.: I do not recall having seen it in the Bible. It is in the Old Testament and it is a reference to the names of one of the Israelite Kings: “They shall drink their own *** and eat their own ***”. That I think is the Authorised Version, Your Worship. I have paid no attention to it since then.

S.M.: One would have to ask which Bible — there are so many. I have no doubt by some interpreters all sorts of things are likely to appear in the Bible or elsewhere for that matter.

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 goaded 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

5.

The fifth matter is on page 6 and that was a figure kneeling at the side of a bed with a lady and a jerry-pot underneath it. I suggest that there is nothing about that cartoon which needs may go over it. Your Worship. Certainly the busts of the woman are displayed. One could hardly suggest that that, in itself, is indecent.

6.

The sixth matter is at the bottom of that page, signed by the person Sharp. That was referred to in order to merely because a person signs an article — and I think that article is written in the first person — it does not mean that the author holds himself out as being the person concerned. Indeed, if that were so, the versatile Sharp would be a folk singer on the fourth page, a “Mirror” reporter on the sixth page and the gentleman in the Australian hat on the seventh page.

7.

The seventh matter adverted to in the article is the magazine the article “The word flashed round the arms” and the printed part above it. It would submit that Your Worship will find the article as a whole. In doing so, Your Worship will find the article towards the centre. It is given no prominence. It is not given anything to direct attention to it. It is not captioned in any way and it is not given prominence on the front page, as one commonly finds with the type of publication which has been the subject of proceedings at Court.

(This was an apparently first-person account by a surfe of a gate-crashing evening, during which his mate managed to “smash” most of the guests and have sexual intercourse with the daughter of the hostess. In the typed introduction it is explained that the Rev. Bush was interviewing surfe for the ABC, but “if you read the story aloud in a gututal, awkdually emphatic monotone, then you will enjoy a more accurate understanding of our beach boys’ habits than a hundred ABC pro­grammes could supply”. — eds)

8.

The next matter is entitled “I Spry”, with a man in a cowboy hat and an old-fashioned army uniform sitting on a camel with a naked female with a flower through her toe holding on to his neck. It was suggested to one of the witnesses that that in itself was crude or indecent. But I would submit to you that looking at the detail in the drawing — even in the minutest detail — it discloses nothing would arouse and nothing which would particularly deprave or corrupt. The matter underneath it again is satire.

S.M.: Obscene libel perhaps.

Well it may be, Your Worship, but S.M.: It is a clear allegation that the lads associated with the Italian Security Services are harlots but that they are not paid for their services. That is the clear intention of that letter, isn’t it?

Yes, working from the factual situation — S.M.: But, of course, the sublety is, of course, that a body can’t be libelled. So, if anything, it is a criminal libel, isn’t it?

I really hadn’t given it close consideration as to whether or not such an action would succeed. But there is again nothing 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.

S.M.: But, of course, the sublety is, of course, that a body can’t be libelled. So, if anything, it is a criminal libel, isn’t it?

I really hadn’t given it close consideration as to whether or not such an action would succeed. But there is again nothing 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.

9.

The next is a cartoon entitled “His Master’s Voice” — a gramaphone and a person in clerical garb sitting in the position of a dog on the His Master’s Voice label. That is more or less a nihilist concept of religion — atheistic is the most one could draw from it. I have looked at it for some time endeavouring to find out what it could mean.

S.M.: Such is the subtlety of the author of this that nobody but himself knows what the message is.

The illuslion is that ministers listen to the voice of God with the same attention that a dog does to his master.

S.M.: It might be the voice of £.s.d. See the strokes of the “H” look like “E” signs. It may be that the Minister’s master is the voice of which he suggested that as a possibility and nobody else saw it, it seems.

I realise that Your Worship did suggest that. I would think it is. If I have to agree with Your Worship. It is too subtle and it could easily have been made more explicit by putting £.s.d. on the gramaphone.

S.M.: One looks for a message, though, and there is no message in saying for example, that a minister of religion listens to the voice of God. There is nothing novel about that, nothing extraordinary, that is worth the shorthand of which it is said.

Therefore, there is a message tucked away somewhere.

I think the message would be that the minister listens uncritically to the same thing again and again in question­ ing it. In other words, likening the minister to a pet which does what it is told.

On page 13, I think there was some reference made to “Bowler Nola Bats With Max”. I read it at that time but there was nothing in it which struck my eye which was obscene.

S.M.: Would you like to comment on the reference to the man named there.

(Counsel reads.) “Mr. — has bowled many a maiden over.” There is no doubt as to the reference. It is a cricketing term and is set out as a cricketing term. There is no doubt about the innuendo.

S.M.: Inescapable innuendo.

Well so say, Your Worship.

S.M.: If you agree, there is no need to say any more. It is a libel on the face of it I would think it is.

S.M.: Obviously we are not concerned with libel here but I just passed that comment, that is a clear and obvious libel and an actionable libel.

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 indivi­ duals, even though they can be held 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 advertised 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.
Requiem in Black

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 newspapers. Man sat 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 the blood-wood, as a little 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 reports him of his banality, wickedess—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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ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.
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SLAVES: A. G. Read, Steedman, Lawson and Louise.

OZ is an independent magazine. It is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. BW 4197, XM 1448 (after hours).

OZ makes a token payment to contributors. Articles should be typed. They do not necessarily have to be satirical. Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

OZ should appear on the first of every month, but is usually late. In Sydney, OZ is available from street-corner vendors and larger city newsagents. Collins Book Depot distributes OZ in Melbourne; Cheshire's sells OZ in Canberra. In Adelaide, OZ available from Mary Martin's Bookshop or from John Waters, St. Mark's College. Jack's Central Newsagency, The Record Market and larger newsagents handle OZ in Brisbane.

Back copies are still available for 1/-.
Nos. 1, 4, 6, and 8 have sold out.

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.

WANTED:

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.

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 Pooren, 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").
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 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 Anglicophile who bears a depressing resemblance to Sir Robert himself) being helped out of a funeral Rolls Royce that bears the number plate 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 any 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 pneumoniacally round the north, distributing Australian recipe books (Boundary Riders' Flan, 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 warm(ish) 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 greeny and a bird. Those that remained were morose. "Look at this bloody painter making good here," one said. "Brett Whiteley. He was Bert Whiteley 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.

Dr. Gough's "GOUGH" drops
Banish Oz, Tharunka, the new syllabus, and other complaints with Dr. Gough's new formula
GOUGH drops - they take the fun out of life, the Christ out of Christianity.

But in Australia ming just goes on and on

Barry is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in all-white pastures;
He leadeth me beside Greenly's Sunshine.
He troubleth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of brinksmanship for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy bond and thy army they comfort me - provided I am an American national.

Surely Rightness and McCarthyism shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

- or until someone pushes the button.

Once upon a time there were six people who decided to have a Peace Conference: a trade union official, a minister of religion, a philosophy lecturer, an economist and two Communists.

But then the six began to have second thoughts.

The minister of religion suspected that the Communists might "use" the conference, so then there were five.

The economist felt the Communists might dominate the conference and then there were four.

The trade union official decided that half the conference was Communists and so there were three.

The philosopher realised that the majority present were Communist sympathisers. Then there were two.

The two Communists decided to have their Conference anyway. And when the minister, the economist, the unionist and the philosopher read in the paper the resolutions that had been passed, their suspicions were confirmed beyond their wildest expectation: every one at the goddam conference was a Communist. So they knew they had done the right thing.

Which only goes to show that the best way to beat the Comms is to run away from them.

Maybe we'll have a peace conference on our own some time, just as we did in nineteen hundred and . . . When was it last that we had a non-Communist peace congress in Australia?
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, a constant critic of his own Party, he is also one of those back-benchers least likely to succeed.

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 panic, it is 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 mind. 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 doubt must be regarded as idiots. Yet sometimes even an idiot may be right, though perhaps for wrong reasons. Sometimes, 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 wisdom of another generation 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 need to commit 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 we have about 20,000 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 required. It is something like half this number of combat troops. We would have to subtract all the lines of communications troops and the basewallahs. 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—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 a hurry. Nobody could think of anything except from the trained-up C.M.F. units. Where would reinforcements come from? There is simply one source—national service. I do not know what effect these men will have. I do not know whether they will be useful, but we have no other source. I was commenting on this point. Mr. Turner has suggested 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 sent 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 troops about to go 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, but whatever the effect, by God, they will 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 for a young Australian unless he gets into the uniform advertised for a business executive and carries as his weapon a briefcase. 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 not a journalist 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 the things I have said are true. Despite the fact that they may not have been said from the Labour side of the House or, if said, said with something of a debating point and not because they were meant, they should be said from this side of the House.

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I MANAGE THE AFFAIRS OF MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. I NEGOTIATE WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.
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 bark paintings 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.
I thought they might have given us supper.

Stop pinching me!

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