THE SLOWEST GUN IN THE EAST

NOV. 2 DEC. NO. 15. ONE AND SIX
Hanging around in the right circles ... means hanging around in the correct formal attire ... so join the smart set who go to FORMAL WEAR.

For your next swinging formal function (Christmas cocktail parties, evenings at Chevon, Menzies ...)

Let FORMAL WEAR dress you up to kill (or be killed).

Come, hire a tux, dinner-suit, dress suit ... Girls hire the gown of your dreams for only a small hiring fee. Some valued at over 100 gns.

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item Description</th>
<th>Hired Cost</th>
<th>Deposit</th>
<th>Postage</th>
<th>Total Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TUXEDO</td>
<td>£2</td>
<td>£5</td>
<td>6/-</td>
<td>£7 6/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DINNER SUIT</td>
<td>£3</td>
<td>£5</td>
<td>6/-</td>
<td>£8 6/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TUXEDO ACCESSORIES</td>
<td>10/- extra</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRESS SUIT</td>
<td>£5 5/-</td>
<td>£5</td>
<td>6/-</td>
<td>£10 11/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lounge Suit</td>
<td>£3</td>
<td>£5</td>
<td>6/-</td>
<td>£8 6/-</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For the Fair Sex:

- Debutante Gown from £8—£5 Dep.
- Wedding Gown from £10—£5 Dep.
- Ball Gown from £5—£5 Dep.
- Fur Stoles from £2/2—£5 Dep.

**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/-.
- 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/-.

And for the Fair Sex:

- Debutante Gown from £8—£5 Dep.
- Wedding Gown from £10—£5 Dep.
- Ball Gown from £5—£5 Dep.
- Fur Stoles from £2/2—£5 Dep.

---

**POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO FORMAL WEAR**

**147a KING STREET, SYDNEY**

( at rear of lift )

near Castlereagh St.

PHONE 28-0537
THE PRESS GANG

Congratulations to the armchair generals of the Australian Press for pushing the Prime Minister into a "get tough" stance to Indonesia. And into conscription, despite the advice of the military generals.

The press boys really know what they're talking about.

- FIELD-MARSHALL "RAGS" HENDERSON spent WWII in Sydney campaigning against the Australian government's wartime censorship. Steeped in this battling tradition, he is in a good position to tell us:

**Wise Decision**

In these circumstances the decision to introduce selective compulsory service was not only wise and courageous; it was inescapable

- LIEUTENANT FRANK PACKER was apparently not sufficiently engrossed in the Second World War to be unable to make fairly frequent visits to Moorefield races and Romano's. From this wealth of experience he is able to say:

This country has no other choice.

- There is even some doubt about SIR ROBERT'S own wartime (WWI) experiences, during which he is alleged to have resigned his Commission. If the journalists really want a bit of Australian confrontation here is a suggestion: Why not draw the first battalion of conscripts from the belligerent ranks of the Australian Journalists' Association under the strategic command of those Old Battlers, the newspaper proprietors. The Packer Gang on the Right Wing; "The Australian" boys on the Left and Granny Herald plum in the middle. Perhaps Perc Galea could head a small cavalry division.

Not merely dreaming up news, boys, but out there MAKING IT.

The pen may be mightier than the sword but here is the big chance for the Australian Press to prove it is the master of both arts.

Stop Press

The appeal in the OZ case is to be heard on December 14. Therefore, there will be no OZ until the beginning of January next year.

Due to the success of the OZ Legal Appeal Fund, we have been able to obtain senior counsel to conduct our case. We wish to thank all those who contributed to the Fund. In particular, those who organised the successful Charity Concert on Dec 15: John Finlayson, Garry Shearston and the Tinas Date and Kaufman.

A Blessed Nativity to all our readers and a wholly happy New Year.

Sydney Folk Concert '64

UNION THEATRE

Dec. 18th, 19th, 21st
at 8.00 p.m.

BETH SCHURR (18th, 19th)
MARIAN HENDERSON (21st)

ROBERT IRVING
JEAN LEWIS
DECLAN AFFLEY
PAUL MARKS
JAN DE ZWAAN
MARTIN JAMES

6/- & 8/-

Bookings: Nicholson's, Palings
Union Theatre

OZ PAGE 3.69

COCKTAIL PARTIES

• PRIVATE ANd BUSINESS
  FUNCTIONS • WEDDING-FUNCT
  IONS • ALL EXPERTLY CATERED
  FOR • UPSTAIRS COCKTAIL BAR
  CORNER OF NEW SOUTH HEAD RD AND
  DARLING RD RD 3112 26 •

SYDNEY FOLK CONCERT '64

UNION THEATRE
It's all a question of discipline, not politics. Just a matter of discipline. These men are wild, impetuous, controversial. I mean, if they don't own up to their misbehaviours and they don't make an effort to improve, I don't see how one can say, 'Well, if they don't work for us now, every film they send back is a fine tribute to their spirit.'

If you think of the ABC as a school you can appreciate the position much better than if you conceive of it as a... well, something else. You can think up your own examples.

Those fellows were bringing discredit to the ABC and giving it such a bad name that parents wouldn't want to send their boys to us. You can't have bad conduct from the individuals that go to make up an ABC and expect people to be generous, can you? You don't realise that every year we put a lot of money into facilities—equipment, overseas air fares, wages and suchlike.

And what did these fellows do, these senior boys who should have known better? They unthinkingly besmirched the honour of our ABC and threatened our exchequer. You can't tell me they showed any ABC spirit. These chaps don't care about the honour of the ABC. Well, there's nothing for it. There's a principle here. They must be disciplined. Or even expelled if it comes to that.

We've no patience with their type of slow learner around here! We tried all the corrective measures—remedial news reading, chummy chat with the Head, a fortnight's gating and stopping their pocket money but nothing changed. If they don't own up to their misbehaviours and they don't make the grade, why they'll just have to drop out.

We're proud of our name and not every ABC can quote a list of old boys as distinguished as ours. Take the Charlton lad, for instance. Looking back, he's a real credit to us, what with that Rhodes scholarship or whatever it is. Looking at him from this distance, we feel... frankly we feel pride. He's gone a long way and we started him on the road. Even if he doesn't work for us now, every film he sends back is a fine tribute to us which we are proud to show, after editing. Then there's all the Project 64 team and a couple on Seven Days. Got their early schooling here and do you think they aren't grateful? May have outgrown us in little ways but you can see their initials carved on the desks here and we left our mark on them, too.

Yes, the ABC is performing a wonderful job—as a Prep School for the big boys of Commercial TV. What a pity the bright boys always leave us. I wonder why!
The Bible legend tells us that the absence of labour — idleness — was a condition of the first man's blessedness before the Fall. Fallen man has retained a love of idleness, but the curse weighs on the race not only because we have to seek our bread in the sweat of our brows, but because our moral nature is such that we cannot be both idle and at ease. An inner voice tells us we are in the wrong if we are idle. If Man could find a state in which he felt that though idle he was fulfilling his duty, he would have found one of the conditions of man’s primitive blessedness. And such a state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is the lot of a whole class — the military. The chief attraction of military service consisted and will consist in this compulsory and irreproachable idleness.

L. N. TOLSTOY: War and Peace, Bk. VII, Chap. 1.
Lesson 1.

Good Morning Children,

In the last lesson, the first settlement in Australia learned that the main problem faced by the new colony was the finding of sufficient food.

Today we will study the second major problem faced by the authorities in the new colony—how to enforce conventional sexual morality.

The situation was mildly described as "out of hand" when the Government sent Governor Bligh to the colony in 1804. One of Bligh's commission's was to enforce marriage and church-going in the colony.

But it was not particularly successful, having other problems, both personal and public, to worry about. He was probably still wondering why the crew of the Bounty had tossed him out.

Later the colony of N.S.W. rebelled against him, too—or at least part of it.

Governor Macquarie followed Bligh and had little success with the morals of the colony—people still showed no interest in marriage.

The British Government became worried about this, and other matters, and sent out a special investigator, Commissioner Bigge.

He reported to the Government on the state of the colony and a large section of the report dealt with the appalling morals of N.S.W. and Tasmania.

He said that, "although the free population has gradually, and within the last few years, rapidly increased; the numbers of annual marriages had not borne any proportion to that increase."

Governor Macquarie sadly supported Commissioner Bigge saying, "the morals of the great mass of the population is in the lowest of debasement and religion almost totally neglected."

Macquarie noted, "the scandalous and pernicious custom so generally and shamelessly adopted through this country of persons of different sex cohabitating and living together unsanctioned by the legal ties of matrimony."

It was estimated that two-thirds of the children in the colony were not baptised—and therefore illegitimate.

It was to take 20 years of pressure from the administration and the Church of England to bring the wayward colony back to respectability.

This was paid to the good example set by the arrival of some respectable married British middle-class families.

Question one: If religion represents the Government's interest in fighting, then why did so many people in the colony of N.S.W. ignore it so long?

Question two: Do you think that the imposition of legal marriage made the lives of the colonists happier? If so, how?


Lesson 2.

Good Morning Children,

You will have read that the Liberal Party led by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, has introduced conscription for 20-year-old boys.

Today we will study the first conscription legislation introduced in Australia—way back in 1910.

Compulsory military training was introduced for boys between 14 and 18 years. The intention was to make "every man a soldier"—whether he liked it or not. Many people didn't like it.

In the two-and-half years that followed the legislation, the government prosecuted 27,749 parents for failing to register their boys for training.

In 1912, about 17,000 boys were registered out of a possible 100,000.

The government then decided that the children had to register themselves—they felt that the parents might be holding them back.

But the boys appeared to be as equally unwilling to register as the parents had been.

The government began to prosecute the parents for failing to register during 1912-15, averaged 262 cases a week.

From 1913 to 1914, the courts imprisoned 5725 boys for failing to attend military training.

Broken Hill was an outstanding centre of resistance. British historian, Dr. L. C. Prunies, said that "Broken Hill did not take kindly to conscription and for some time the law was practically a dead letter there."

The courts made an example of a boy, Alfred Frederick Golen, who was sentenced to a fortnight's bread and water.

In New Zealand at about the same time similar legislation was passed and the boys formed a Passive Resisters Union. The authorities arrested the leaders of this movement and gaol them.

The New Zealand Socialist Party supported the cause and each week published a Red of Honour of the boys who were imprisoned. There were "Peace Rallies" and "Peace Congress" then, too.

During the war two referenda were held in Australia, and both times supported overseas conscription introduced and in both cases the vote was "no."

But there was plenty of support for the war—volunteers were plentiful—and all parties supported Australia's participation in the war.

It seems that what people resented was the authoritarian nature of conscription—was it a "don't shelve" reaction?

Question one: Do you think Australians are more docile now than in 1910?

Question two: Do you think that the real test of a nation is the number of people who will fight for it voluntarily?

Question three: Do you think that people should be forced to fight for freedom?

conscription newspapers were censored. An anti-conscription speech made in the Queensland parliament was printed in Hansard (No. 37) and Hughes had its transmission through the mails stopped and then sent military officials to the Government Printing Office and had all copies seized.

During the conscription campaign Hughes was speaking in the Queensland town of Warwick and a man threw an egg at him. The Queensland policeman at the meeting refused to arrest the man and at the next sitting of parliament Hughes created his own Commonwealth Police Force.

In 1920, Hughes, after an hysterical speech, was able to have the member for Kalgoolie, Hugh Mahon, expelled from parliament. Mahon had made a speech in support of the Irish rebels which Hughes condemned as disloyal to the Crown.

During the formation of the League of Nations after the first world war, Hughes opposed a racial equality clause in the covenant and was successful in having it deleted. If accepted, the clause would have meant recognising the Japanese as our equals and would have weakened the White Australia Policy.

You should note, children, that Japan was our ally in the first world war, our enemy in the second and is now our ally again.

Well, that ends the lesson on "the little digger" and I would like you to answer the following questions:

Question one: Hughes did not serve in the war but is now known as "the little digger." Why?

Question two: Would you say that our present Prime Minister, Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, in strengthening the Crimes Act, attempting to ban the Communist Party, maintaining censorship, refusing to oppose apartheid and introducing conscription shows similar characteristics to "the little digger"? If so, would you say they both respected freedom? Which part of his clothing should become a symbol in Anzac Day observances?


HONG KONG
Hong Kong is a town, very smelly, Where Privation crawls on its belly, Where Poverty grovels, In thousands of hovels, Without any carpet or telly.

UNITED STATES
"Come Crow-shooting with the Ku Klux, Men, get out your rifles and trucks. If niggers ain't nippy, In old Mississippi, They end up as dead sitting ducks."

HAWAII
The tourists are dancing the hula, The islanders sit (so much cooler). They remember a time, When the tribe in its prime, Had Kamehameha as ruler.

Grant Nichol

The old saying "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" is, we feel, just as true today as it ever was. This could well be one reason women think every man in a position of responsibility should be married.

Anyhow, here are a few conversations picked up over the past few weeks between well-known wives and husbands (and if you can't identify them you'll just have to ask the character sitting next to you in the bus):

But, Warwick, you can't still be mad at him about that.

I suppose Sir Robert's doing his best, dear. But I do think it's time he made you Sir Reginald.

Phil, I do wish Charles wouldn't be so controversial.

Frank, he must be a Communist.

PERILS OF THE DANCE

Dancing is for the most part attended with many amorous smiles, wanton compliments, unchaste kisses, scurrilous songs and sonnets, effeminate music, lust-provoking attire, ridiculous love-pranks; all which savour only of sensuality, of raging fleshly lusts. Therefore it is wholly to be abandoned of all good Christians. Dancing serves no necessary use, no profitable, laudable, or pious end at all; it issues only from the inbred pravity, vanity, wantonness, incontinency, pride, profaneness, or madness of man's depraved natures. Therefore it must needs be unlawful unto Christians. The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-rout: No way is large or smooth enough for capering roisters, for jumping, skipping, dancing dames, but that broad, beaten, pleasant road that leads to hell.

William Prynne, Histriomastix, 1633
Both the above advertisements appeared simultaneously in 'THE AUSTRALIAN' (left) and the 'Sydney Morning Herald' (right). Some newspaper executives have 'Bloomer-phobia'. September OZ featured a cover showing how the word 'bloomer' had been censored from a cartoon in the Melbourne 'Sun'. This time Sydney 'Herald' executives panicked when confronted with a row of realistic French bottoms and applied a coat of whitewash. Thus OZ was hardly surprised when the 'Herald' refused to accept an ad for OZ in the Magazine Section of their Saturday edition. They would consider placing the ad elsewhere if we deleted the word 'naughty'. The OZ ad appeared untouched in 'THE AUSTRALIAN'.

The Australian Federal Cabinet was built in 1901. It is a solid wooden one capable of being modified. Its original style was quaintly Victorian (an after-thought really). The Cabinet is rather battered now, probably due to three laborious attempts to remodel it. Of late, a regency style has shown through its musty exterior, and after the big 1963 clean-up, 'Made in Britain' was discovered stamped on the base. Its drawers were last replaced fifteen years ago, and now the Top Drawer has become stuck because it's never been cleaned-out. The other drawers are replaced, interchanged or cleaned every three years, but often the cleaning is very superficial. One of the more unusual features is the austere-looking Money Drawer — it pops open every August, just like clockwork, but unfortunately in recent years it's only contained small change.

The Cabinet is only open for public inspection at certain times of the year, for the remainder it is stored and inspected for Borers and dry rot. Despite all modifications, the Cabinet's outlook has remained square.

—AGGY-BUILT

She may be a dame, but she's Little Pattie to me.
—Wllpar.

8 OZ, November

Vibra Finger
(Full Length)

Novel Design allows localized massage in needed areas!

Lack of proper massage can bring on such problems as pyorrhea, soft irritated gums; it can result in loosening of teeth and bad breath. Send today for your personal hygienic VIBRA-FINGER. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 5 days. Only $9.95 postage paid or $3.00 deposit and balance C.O.D.

ATLAS INDUSTRIES

Alfred Layne, 56, died today as the result of a fire in his wooden leg.

The fire destroyed the next door house and damaged his flat when flames jumped from his blazing clothes to furnishings.

Police said it was not known how Layne's leg caught fire.
The Endless Summer

On any day of the year it's summer somewhere in the world. Bruce Brown's latest color film highlights the adventures of two young American surfers, Robert August and Mike Hynson who follow this everlasting summer around the world. Their unique expedition takes them to Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Hawaii and California. Share their experiences as they search the world for that perfect wave which may be forming just over the next horizon.

BRUCE BROWN FILMS

SYDNEY: UNION THEATRE
Parramatta Rd.
Exclusive season commencing Nov. 23rd.
Bookings at Surf Dive and Ski.
411 George St. Phone 29-7080.

MELBOURNE: DENDY THEATRE, BRIGHTON
Bookings Phone 92-3191.

Season starts Thurs., Feb. 4th.
BUSINESS MANS

SNAKES AND LADDERS

REPLACED BY MACHINE

CULTURE IS MONEY

MARRY FOR LOVE

MAKE A SMELL AT AN EXECUTIVE LUNCH

LOVE THY NEIGHBOURS MONEY

MONEY IS AN END, NOT A MEAN TO AN END

SPONSORS ART

QUEST FOR MOST OPulent WATTLE-GUM WATER-COLOUR LANDSCAPE

ISSUES HONEST PROSPECTS

CAUGHT TRYING TO EVADE TAX AND FAILS TO BRIBE HIMSELF OUT OF IT

30. TAKE THE MONEY

36. OFFERS A GOV'T MINISTER A DIRECTORSHIP FOR LEGISLATING TO PRESERVE 25TH HIS MONOPOLY

31. GOD

R.M.R.W.M.S.
Scene: A nightclub. Three figures occupy the centre foreground. Figure 1 is a dark lady. Figure 2 is a composite square-built square man with a square jaw and square head. If you peer deeply into his eyes you can see that his brain cavity is occupied by a large wooden shoe. Figure 3 is an Australian. He is drunk.

Fig. 1: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I'm Miriam Makeba.

Fig. 2: And I am Johannes Hendrikus Pretorius Oom Paul van Skumm, the voice of die Vaderland in Australia!

Fig. 3: 'Ave a gin, ya gin! I'm drunk!

Fig. 1: I'd like to sing for you...

Fig. 2: Shut up, Kaffir!

Fig. 3: Go 'ome, ya black cannibal!

Fig. 1: For my first song—

Fig. 2: Talk white, Kaffir!

Fig. 3: Yer uncivilised!

Fig. 1: Please...

Fig. 1 turns appealingly towards a hitherto unnoticed figure standing silently in the shadows.

Fig. 2: Who are you, man?

The figure bows deeply and replies in a whisper:

I am the management of Chequers. The customer is always right.

I am the management of Chequers. The customer is always right.

I am the management of Chequers...

—K.B.

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.

ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.

• 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.

GIRLS, GLAMOUR, ART

Color Slides & B & W Negatives acclaimed the best available.

Now over 1,000 to choose from (supplied only to adults)

COLOR SLIDES—21/- per set of 5 B & W Negatives 7/6 per set of 5

Color Filmstrips - 70/- per 20 exp.

Send 5d stamp now for complete free lists, 60/- for Catalogue folder or 40/- for all different glamor and art contact prints for 80/- (proof sheets, 20 studies, 4/6 ea.)

260 NEW SLIDES AVAILABLE

RIP VAN WINKLE STUDIOS

BOX 295 CROWN ST. P.O., DARLINGHURST, SYDNEY

"35MM. GLAMOUR SLIDES" FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Catalogue of 400 Glamour prints 80/-

Attractive figure studies in full, rich Kodachrome.

Set of 5, 21/- or 4/6 each.

Extra Proof sheets (20 studies) 4/6.

Neg. sets of 5 Exposures 7/6.

Color filmstrips 65/- for 20 Exposures.

Large range of B. & W. Photos, 8mm.

Glamour Films and Art Books.

320 New transparencies available.

Send 5d stamp now for complete list FREE.

"MANDI'S GLAMOURS" (Regd.)

BOX 169 CROWN ST. P.O.

DARLINGHURST

MOG DRAG
As the current theatre season in Sydney has fallen into a stagnant slump it is time to review some of the long-running "off-broadway" style productions, which seem to be attracting large attendances.

One of Sydney's oldest established long-run theatres is St. Mary's (or the "Old Till" as theatre-lovers refer to it), picturesquely sited between Parliament House and the Museum it is currently as popular entertainment fare as the more G.P-aimed Jewel Box or the Music Hall.

The current Gilroy production, reputedly reproduced from the original Peter III, has many changes from the original—so much so that the spirit of the original seems to have been lost. But as a lovable pensioner remarked on the steps "After the spirit is dead, the latin lingers on"—which brings up the heated arguments by patrons in the foyer of whether the work should be performed in the original language.

Sets and costumes are on a grand scale but the producer's obvious insistence on tradition has inhibited the designer—a Desmond Digby is required here. Another annoying point is the obvious lightweight construction of props (crosses, etc).

Admission prices depend on your activities during the week but an expensive, extensive range of programme material is available in the foyer. There are two points commercial managements could take up.

First are the cute little dressing rooms around the theatre perimeter which allows patrons to meet individual members of the cast and discuss their problems with them. The second is the abolition of interval and instead allowing patrons to partake bread and wine (no liquor licence needed) at the conclusion of the performance.

—JAMES SHARMAN.

OZ, November 13
Sir Robert could drink Sir Alec under the only fatter.

Sir Robert was a sort of poor man's Sir Alec, purchase. Sir Robert's disastrous incompetence in foreign affairs was neatly offset by his profession. Sir Robert is likely to sink without trace. For his sake we can only hope Mr. Wilson's interest in cricket will outweigh both his leftish views and his abstemiousness; because Sir Robert certainly hasn't made many friends in the rest of the Commonwealth.

GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS ME
LONG LIVE OUR NOBLE ME, SEND ME VICTORIOUS...HAPPY AND GLORIOUS...LONG TO REIGN OVER THEM...

London Letter

WHILE still quivering under the shock of winning a gold-plated medal or two at Tokyo (very nice, very cheap) Britons learnt with a yawn that they had a barely labour government. Australians around town were still less agog, but perked up a bit at the thought of the first meeting between Mr. Harold Wilson (economist, thinker, socialist and Puritan) and Sir Robert of the Thistle. On the face of it the two have at least something in common: they both know a lot about cricket. But it seems unlikely that this by itself will be enough to revive the whisky-laden days of the last Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference, when Sir Robert arrived as a father figure to lecture a group of tolerant friends and deferential pupils.

Sir Robert and Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the late lamented Prime Minister of Britain, had so much in common that it looked like nepotism. Both were white knights, confident of their ability to out-manoeuvre the black pawns; both thought of themselves as guiding a hapless country to more and more prosperity, i.e., hire purchase. Sir Robert's disastrous incompetence in foreign affairs was neatly offset by Sir Alec's in economics. And finally even if Sir Robert could drink Sir Alec under the table, he was friendly enough to do the same for himself as often as possible. Sir Robert was a sort of poor man's Sir Alec, only fatter.

But my Minister for Colonial Affairs said it would be nice if we called him after that black man in America who plays the trumpet quite a lot. So we did, but I was sorry. I think I shall change my Ministers tomorrow. I mean, black men are quite nice in their place, playing cricket and such like, but I did draw the line at Mr. Cassius Clay wanting to marry my Anne. As my sister Margaret said, "I don't mind having the black man as my brother, but I do mind having him for my brother-in-law." Wasn't that a clever thing to say? Not that she's prejudiced, mind. After all, her Tony does quite a lot of Black and White work in his profession.

Of course, you could come round to our house sometimes. We have a big place in London, you know. The guards will let you in. We have a new friend who comes round to see us every week. Uncle Harold from Yorkshire. Such an amusing man, with all sorts of funny ideas. He might be able to find a good job for your husband, John. I have a penpal overseas in a place called Australia. He's called Robert somebody... a Scots name I think. Well, he wants a new Governor-General. Perhaps your John would like that. Robert will do anything I tell him to.

Must close now as it is time to practise my smile. We've got that tiresome old man Churchill coming to dinner again. That means the house will positively stink of cigars for weeks!

Bye for now,

Elizabeth.
IS DOROTHY DIX REALLY HAPPY?

On the oiled Teak desk, with its black tube section frame, sat his Smith Corona, the world's first typewriter-cigar. As he typed with the tip of his seventeen guinea Tan Bali shoes, he glanced quickly into the five gold-framed mirrors set around his room, and decided that the rumours were all unfounded. If he were an egotist, as the rumours had it, then his mirrors were to blame.

He reached for his correspondence. Glancing at the address on the first letter, Blackburn Victoria, he broke the heavy wax seal and withdrew the blue pastel tinted paper.

Dear Narcissus,

I am an attractive boy of fifteen and live in Victoria. In winter I am called a Jazzer, and in summer a Surfie, while my seventeen year old brother is a strict Rocker, but we get along just fine.

My brother brings home all his rocker friends and I bring home all my friends (who are jazzers or surfies depending on the weather). Most of our evenings are taken up with heavy bantering about what we wear and how we wear it, with only an occasional broken bottle deciding the fashion trends for young moderns.

Please don't get me wrong. I am not a Rocker and I never could be. But I feel I understand Rockers and like them a lot, but I still keep my beliefs and they still keep theirs, and I know that I will never have a serious fight with one (a rocker) through not being able to tolerate his beliefs and ideas.

I am a very good living Surfie / Jazzer (c.f. weather map) and go to my Jazz Dance every Sabbath, and I have only ever used hair oil once.

The point I am trying to make is; if I play Dave Brubeck Recording, but secretly like Johnny Chester, am I living a lie?

Fifteen and very attractive.

Scratching the tip of his ear with his Florentine Leather Handled Paper Knife, he searched for a meaning to it all.

He hastily recalled his own experiences with this problem, when on a hot summer's day in '62, he had been confronted by an acned youth of twelve while riding a "dodgem car" in an entertainment park in one of the southern suburbs. "Jazz down, Rock Forever," the youth had cried, before kicking him heavily in the groin. As he doubled over in pain, tearing the knees of his bone linen swags, he had a quick mental of Christians being torn apart by lions in a stone and toga amphitheatre. But this was only the first of many experiences to follow.

He sighed heavily, stubbing out his Mabah Cigarillo in his Hermia Boyd terracotta ashtray.

He moved swiftly to a free-standing easel, mounted a fresh canvas and deftly mixed a small amount of turquoise pigment with a dash of Sepia, and started.

Dear Fifteen and Very Attractive,

In reply to your letter of the first inst. I would advise you to fill out the enclosed mail order form and return same with the sum of four guineas (postal note/money order/cheque/Lan Choo Tea Packet Tops) to the above address.

In return you will receive post-free one seven inch disc, "Johnny's Greatest Hits", and one twelve inch I.P., "Rondo A La Turke".

I would suggest on receipt of these that both recordings be played simultaneously, at a volume of no less than ten decibels. Repeat the process every two hours, and at the end of the third day you will have your answer.

Yours,

The next letter he opened contained another burning problem. He looked at the signature. It had been written by a Buddhist Monk.

Geoff Fitzpatrick.
ONCE wrote a poem. Whether it was any good or not, I don’t know – not that the critics wouldn’t tell me. But their views were confused. Besides, I really preferred those critics who had been fond of their fathers, and such critics were hard to find. My poem was in praise of rockets, of those brave men who circumscribe the earth in satellites. Surprisingly, since I had used no religious reference, my poem was quite a success. Fame was mine. So much so, that I received a letter from a well-known government. They wished to honour me, and invited me to ride in the next satellite to be launched.

Normally, with a proposition of this nature, it would have pleased me to have quietly refused, or to act as though I had not received it. However, most unfortunately, this government’s offer was featured in the newspapers; I was expected to back up my poem. As ever, the expectations of the public were on the side of action. Privately, I foresaw myself, sitting in the satellite. At the crucial moment, I pulled the wrong lever by mistake. I burnt to death, flaring across the headlines. Alternatively, I veered out into space – to a lonely and hungry oblivion. Of course, there was a chance that I might return. But then I did not consider this seriously.

Supposing I did reach solid ground again? The public would expect me to write more poems about Space. But frankly, I didn’t think I had it in me. My original poem was about flies on a water-wheel. I altered things a little because I knew very well that rockets were more acceptable. There are still flies and even a few water-wheels, but no one is interested in such things now. I could, of course, have escaped into illness. Poets have justified their lives, and even made themselves endearing, by the right amount of physical excuse.

But the invitation remained. I accepted. Inevitably, there were delays. It was hinted that the technical equipment of this particular government was not very reliable. Several craft, of the type that was to carry me, had proved dangerous. But improvements were being made. In the meantime, my fame was growing. So much so, that I was elected to the panel of judges of a beauty-contest. Practically all industries were represented. My face emerged from among the celebrities featured on bottles and packages in the supermarkets. However, this constant photographing in various poses weighed upon me. I was forced to employ a stand-in. The flash-lights affected my eyes. So much so, that the oculist prescribed glasses, which detracted from my public image. The myth of the hero did not allow for glasses.

My stand-in was a god-send. He looked exactly like me, and was perfectly willing to pose in every attitude. He had no literary fame, such as I had, and was pathetically anxious to shine. At the same time, he was pathologically self-conscious. His fear of failure was so great that he would risk no action on his own behalf. Only if appearing to the world as me were his intolerable inhibitions removed. His repressed and exhibitionistic self then shone with the force of several suns. At breakfast, he would pose with dozens of pin-prat-faces in tiny photographers, and changing his clothes continuously. He would smoke and drink without end, new brands all the time. His day was a whirl – swimming, bowling driving, dancing, leaning over beautiful women. A most varied intercourse! His life was perfect.

At the same time, something came over me as well. Somehow, my own life had improved. Most mornings, I would lie happily in bed till midday, reading literary reviews in which very perceptive people were constantly discovering new depths in my poem on Space. I learnt a good deal from these reviews. I assembled the points they made into a list. I then arranged the sentences into the shape of the nose-cone of a rocket. At this stage, I passed the whole thing over to a dying scholar who translated the vertical sentences into Japanese and Chinese (Formosan). The rest of the words were translated or otherwise, into various world-languages, on the basis of population. It was a universal poem. It might seem meaningless at first. But subsequent scholarship would undoubtedly probe to the profound observations it contained. In the literary stock-market my shares were bound to rise. The bear would yield to the bull.

I might add that out of gratitude I bought an expensive car for this old scholar. It was secondhand but indistinguishable from new. It was a great comfort to him in his last days to be driven through the town, with something of the prestige to which he had always felt entitled.

Contentment grew. My stand-in was happy, living to the full his role as me. I was happy, living a full life without getting tired. Only one problem remained. Even that, I felt, was not insuperable.

Several times, the date for my launching was deferred. Technical failures. It was on one of these occasions that my stand-in broke down. To him, the prospective end of his uninhibited life as me was a shrew. Several propositions that I put to her were promptly rejected. Obviously, she saw no future in me. I was disappointed. Yet, on descending from these clouds, I found that, in the height of my passion, I had written a poem to her. Not bad at all! I altered it a little, to appear as a celebration of my future ascent in the rocket. I would use it later, when I reached earth again, or perhaps broadcast it to the world, from orbit. It was called, “Up! Up!”

THE day of launching drew near. I now had an office to handle advertising propositions. These were growing more every day. Practically all industries were represented. My face emerged from among the celebrities featured on bottles and packages in the supermarkets. However, this constant photographing in various poses weighed upon me. I was forced to employ a stand-in. The flash-lights affected my eyes. So much so, that the oculist prescribed glasses, which detracted from my public image. The myth of the hero did not allow for glasses.

My stand-in was a god-send. He looked exactly like me, and was perfectly willing to pose in every attitude. He had no literary fame, such as I had, and was pathetically anxious to shine. At the same time, he was pathologically self-conscious. His fear of failure was so great that he would risk no action on his own behalf. Only if appearing to the world as me were his intolerable inhibitions removed. His repressed and exhibitionistic self then shone with the force of several suns. At breakfast, he would pose with dozens of pin-prat-faces in tiny photographers, and changing his clothes continuously. He would smoke and drink without end, new brands all the time. His day was a whirl – swimming, bowling driving, dancing, leaning over beautiful women. A most varied intercourse! His life was perfect.

At the same time, something came over me as well. Somehow, my own life had improved. Most mornings, I would lie happily in bed till midday, reading literary reviews in which very perceptive people were constantly discovering new depths in my poem on Space. I learnt a good deal from these reviews. I assembled the points they made into a list. I then arranged the sentences into the shape of the nose-cone of a rocket. At this stage, I passed the whole thing over to a dying scholar who translated the vertical sentences into Japanese and Chinese (Formosan). The rest of the words were translated or otherwise, into various world-languages, on the basis of population. It was a universal poem. It might seem meaningless at first. But subsequent scholarship would undoubtedly probe to the profound observations it contained. In the literary stock-market my shares were bound to rise. The bear would yield to the bull.

I might add that out of gratitude I bought an expensive car for this old scholar. It was secondhand but indistinguishable from new. It was a great comfort to him in his last days to be driven through the town, with something of the prestige to which he had always felt entitled.

Contentment grew. My stand-in was happy, living to the full his role as me. I was happy, living a full life without getting tired. Only one problem remained. Even that, I felt, was not insuperable.

Several times, the date for my launching was deferred. Technical failures. It was on one of these occasions that my stand-in broke down. To him, the prospective end of his uninhibited life as me

16 OZ, November
was more than he could face. He begged me to let our arrangement continue, to let him ride in the rocket, even at the peril of his life—which he felt was my life, anyhow. It was heart-rending. I felt that to refuse him might be fatal or, at a minimum, provoke a severe mental disorder. I certainly did not want to do this.

We drew up a business-like arrangement. In the event of his return to earth, he would need my poems. So I sold him "Up! Up!", together with the second one, which I had called "Homo Celestia". Also, I sold him the advertising-business. All-in-all, these transactions came to a very tidy amount. He was very fortunate in this, since he was able to liquidate large hereditary assets. Apparently, wealth had been a contributing factor to his peculiar inhibitions.

For my part, our arrangement meant removal. This, however, was no hardship as I now found that my literary interests had changed. With the aid of geographical and tourist information, and a world-survey of income-tax, I located a very pleasant area in South America. It really appeared that everyone there was contented. Progress was a long way off. Nor did they believe in extradition.

We shook hands, and looked each other in the eyes. It was a strange look. Perhaps each was not certain where his life lay. Overcome with emotion, I put my arms about him and wished him everything well. He thanked me deeply.

Several months elapsed since that parting. The final launching was again delayed. But technical improvements were in hand.

In the meantime, I was by no means idle. Out of a quite natural and very powerful curiosity about the future, I felt constrained to revive my studies on planetary-influences. After the manner of Regiomontanus, I set up a Horary Figure. Previously, I had let these studies lapse, on moral grounds, since I was told that those who practise divination to excess (and the impulse is difficult to restrain) are gradually deprived of all self-reliance. Morally, it is apparently better to travel blindly—even though a large part of our life must involve divination. Who of us, be it from his broker or the weather, has not suffered from a forecast?

However, I was tempted—and astounded to find that for one of the announced dates, the Moon and Venus were in square to Herschel, lord of the ninth. Also, Mars was having to the opposition, and a very tempestuous voyage was indicated. Not only that, but according to Ptolemy (Ashmad's translation, 67th and 68th Aphorisms) it was plain that the years of the native were diminished by the imbecility of the receiver, i.e., that any malefic evilly signified an accident. Horrified, I returned to my studies of Spanish. Pide, que voy a hacer! Que voy a hacer! Yet, underneath, I was worried. It was the problem of identity. Would I be affected if he should die? I remembered from my childhood studies in Buddhism that underneath the surface of our ephemeral personalities we are all identical. The differences are not real. I had been very affected by this doctrine, since so many people believed it.

But I wanted to experiment, so I sat still and waited for the feelings of my distant friend to come through to me, from underneath, or behind, or from whatever indefinable source. At bottom, we are all the same. At bottom, I felt a slight pressure but nothing definite. Besides, I realised that this procedure involved a very naive interpretation on my part.

How would I sort out his influence from the rest of mankind? Did I really want to be connected with the various personal experiences that, doubtless, were occurring around the globe at that very instant? Two orgasms, yes. But, the pious aspirations, the tensions, feuds, ravings, vomitings, itchings? I became discreet again—just in time to read through the veil of a Spanish newspaper that the rocket had gone up and landed safely. Vida, que voy a hacer! However, not till later, alongside the soda bottle, did I penetrate further and find that the rocket had made a half-orbit only. It had landed in the sea, off the coast of Russia, and was now impounded. But the Russians were very decent. Patronisingly, they were making a great fuss of the short-lived hero. As a gesture of international co-existence, they proposed to export a Russian poet in the same way.

All this must have been too much for my friend. Apparently, he was seduced by the acclamation of speeches he could not understand, and delighted to find that his picture was now appearing in a whole new series of supermarkets, not to mention the countless Russian literary journals that were devoting entire issues to his honour. These journals were unanimous, as if the numerous editors were but one man.

Ambitious poets were moving in swiftly, writing poems to him. The authorities had examined the rocket and found nothing offensive. Nihil obstatl Except that my poems, "Homo Celestia" and "Up! Up!", were now in the hands of the linguists. "Up! Up!" was soon translated and hailed as a great success. I had long ago lost the original copy and was very pleased to fill in a morning at the Consulado, admiring the Spanish version of the Russian. Really, it was beginning to show the anonymous perfection of collective creation. I felt a new respect for the author who had started it all—he too was becoming a collective creation. And from the first hesitant translations of "Homo Celestia", from the scholarly hypotheses, the deepening import of each successive revelation, I knew that I had started, like Snorri Sturluson, a new branch of literary enquiry. Here was a fresh field...
times been legal and illegal, encouraged and suppressed. Drug users with more regard for social order than for truth have spread the idea that it is addictive (it is not), that it is some mysterious way to a prelude to taking cocaine and opium, drugs in completely different classes to each other as well as to marijuana itself, that it is injurious to the health (it is less than alcohol) and to the “character.” The puritan always believes that happiness is injurious to the character. But the plant is hardy and adaptable, and the preparation of the active drug is easy, so the custom has proved impossible to stamp out.

The simplest way in which marijuana is prepared and taken is merely by drying the flowering tops of the female blooms (which ripen around February in the Australian climate) and smoking them preferably on an emptystomach to get the full effect. More colourful and exotic ways include the manner in which the “charas” of Central Asia is gathered by labourers wearing leather aprons running through fields of the blooming plant. The resinous material containing the active drug collects on the apron, and is scraped off and pressed into green cakes which are one of the most concentrated forms of the drug known.

We can well wonder in what form the Hunter’s newest crop could best be offered to the domestic and export markets. Perhaps it could be scraped off the uniforms of the armed police reported to be patrolling the fields, and thus be associated with that stern figure who every day comes closer to representing the Australian image at home and abroad. But at this point the would-be inhaler, or intending “viper” should be cautioned not to expect too much. A considerable body of medical opinion has it that the “drug” has no effect whatever, the taker merely experiencing what he expects to feel.

—DERMOTT H. FORD.
ALL THE BEST PEOPLE DO THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT THE TERRY CLUNE GALLERIES

59 Macleay St. Potts Point
35-2212 35-1855

SUGGESTION: give grandpa a lovely framed PICASSO thumbprint.

current exhibition of French Painting

Take me for a ride in your car car

And the most sophisticated, luxurious car of all is the TRIUMPH 2000. (Voted best car of the year in U.K. and Australia.) If you don't believe us, come to 'British & Continental Cars' for the test drive of a lifetime... enjoy 6-cylinder silkiness, disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, independent suspension... in fact so many high performance benefits that's where the 2000 probably got its name... there are 2000 reasons why you will love to own the TRIUMPH 2000. Come, trade-in your father's car tomorrow.

BRITISH & CONTINENTAL CARS PTY. LTD.
151-153 WILLIAM STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA 31-9151 31-5926
See the World... and his mistress at

THE GAS LASH DISCOTHEQUE

DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE

212 ELIZABETH ST. SYDNEY. RESERVATIONS 211-2732.