the trend is to go formal, and the trend is expensive... obviously it would cost a million quid... but wait! Does a few pounds sound so much? You see the trick is not to buy this handsome formal attire - but to hire it. Let Formal Wear dress you for your next social formal occasion (cocktail parties, evenings at Chevron, Menzies etc.)... pop in to Formal Wear and save.

Men's Evening Wear includes tuxedoes, Dinner, Morning, Dress and Lounge suits with complete accessories. (All fittings, latest styles.)

Ladies' Evening Wear includes Debutante, Party, Ball, Wedding and Bridesmaids' Gowns; Mother of the Bride Gowns, Furs and Tiaras.

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY (at rear of lift)
near Castlereagh St.
PHONE 28-0537
YOU NEED ATHEISM

"WE've got plenty of nothing"

- Be your own boss
- No dues
- Shock mum and dad

You don't have to be intelligent to be an Atheist. Send in for a few simple, easy to learn, refutations of god's existence. Be the life of the party with our special magic ingredient: Skepticism!

JEWS

Ye, folks, we were first.
Come, be in the Race-
plenty of travelling and:

* be 21 when you're just 13
* be circumsised
* avoid the Christmas rushes.

CATHOLICISM

Pray now, fly later.
One of the oldest and most re-spected firms has vacancies for new staff. We promise an eternal superannuation scheme and travel opportunities after retirement.

* Mass productions (bread & wine on the house)
* Limbo (exclusive)
* Vatican (expensive)
* Inquisitions (seasonal)
* Confessions (optional)

Other historic features include Nuns, celibate clergy, miracles.

BE A PROTESTANT

. More flavours... . Less fervour....

We take the irk out of worship, the wear out of prayer. There's so many flavours you'll find one to suit your taste: Presbyterianism for that Scottish tang, Sevn Day Adventism for happy little vegemites...there's Methodism in our madness too!

* Only English Spoken
* No kneeling, no obligation
* Lip service a speciality

OPTIONAL EXTRA: Church.

OZ FEBRUARY 1965 Page 3
In a city each day we receive thousands of visual impressions: see the faces of hundreds of people; see a street or a building or an activity that we have not seen before. It is likely that a dulling occurs from this so that after a time it is only the startling which will register in memory or cause an itch of curiosity.

This probably explains how a word like new becomes a key, basic advertising word and why window displays jump up and down desperately to attract our attention. Words like big, new, giant, and modern become familiar, normal, and old). When they tire they are worked in harness - big new and giant modern.

Of course they are fashionably acceptable words because they are associated with progress - even though it hasn't always meant improvement - and with increased material wealth - even though it hasn't always meant quality. But I wonder how much an atmosphere of newness, bigness, and giantness contributes to, or on the other hand reflects, anomie. Anomie was first used by the sociologist E. Durkheim and elaborated on by him in a book Suicide. He used it to describe bewilderment by competing beliefs. To quote Durkheim, the individual finds society meaningless and follows "a restless movement, a planless self-development, an aim of living which has no criterion of value and in which happiness lies always in the future."

Anomie is a serious social condition not only because of its actual destructiveness - anomie suicide - but also because of the equally fearsome urges it can ignite when a society attempts to free itself of it. Anomie makes totalitarianism and heavy authoritarianism attractive. Totalitarianism and authoritarianism can create a feeling of oneness, give a feeling of identification and meaning which frees people of anomie. Anomie is low, for instance, during wartime when a common danger and highly organised life give more people a sense of belonging and comradeship.

Christian Bay in his book The Structure of Freedom describes the relation between the growth of freedom and the growth of anomie.

Anomie is high in societies where the individual has the responsibility of deciding what is right and what is wrong, of planning his own life, and where there is no one church to guide him morally and no one supreme political party to order his existence, or no common belief or common set of values. Bay argues that people will have to accept a degree of anomie if they want wide freedom.

It is interesting then to speculate on the recent increasing use in advertising of another word - village. We have a village at Kings Cross, laundry villages, shopping villages, and even Beatle villages. Is the appeal of this word related to our feelings of anomie and isolation? Is it a switch away from words like big, new, and giant because they are in some ways psychologically cold and repellent? Village has the non-anomic associations such as small, quiet, traditional, and neighbourly. A village can be pictured as a place where everyone is known and where certain norms of behaviour are accepted.

Commercial villages in a big city are then perhaps just another of the sad illusions, one of the incongruities of our city life. But perhaps we are now adjusted to living a paradoxical life and the idea of a "city of villages" will sink into our subconscious mind with the other contradictions, illusions, and insanities to be, paradoxically, just another unhappy joke our society has had on us.

Frank Moorhouse
"Can you imagine anything like this happening between a man in public life and a woman he practically doesn't know, in his own office?" he said.

Mr Maher said he would give drinks to other girls and this practice was practically always in the afternoon.

He had said it was caused by worry and the responsibilities of his office.

She said he had made an improper suggestion.

Mr Maher had said to her: "You and I can have a lot of fun."
Gaolbreaker Sentenced

Judge Hidden yesterday told a prisoner who escaped from Long Bay gaol, "It is only natural for a man to try to escape if he can." — then he sentenced him to an additional three months' gaol.

(Sydney Morning Herald. Sat, Feb 6, 1965)

Dr. O. R. Schmalzbach, a Macquarie Street psychiatrist, testified that Barrett showed signs of a form of epilepsy. Several apparent suicide attempts and reported depressive states were probably connected with this epileptic condition. The prisoner also had a serious speech defect which would add to his problems. He was not legally insane.

Following is a non-interview with two court observers:

Q: If it is only natural for a man to attempt escape, isn't it an injustice to punish him for it?

Thursby: It seems to me that you are trying to draw a pseudo-distinction between 'justice' and 'law'. The law is very clear on this offence.

Q: Psychiatrists go to Long Bay quite regularly, though, don't they?

Thursby: Sort of.

Q: Is the prisoner receiving treatment to alleviate his speech defect?

Thursby: What, at Long Bay?

Q: Why didn't the Court order psychiatric attention for the prisoner?

Thursby: The Court has full confidence in the ability and good intentions of the gaol authorities. I am sure he will be placed at once in the Observation Wing.

Q: What happens there?

Thursby: He is observed. If he is found to be totally bonkers, he is then moved to a mental hospital.

Q: What if he is disturbed but not certifiable?

Thursby: Well, it isn't a hotel, you know. But here's M'friend. Now he had a very interesting case in mind where the man was disturbed but not certifiable.

Arsonist Gets Six Years

A 21-year-old man charged with arson and placing railway sleepers on a railway line was sentenced to six years' gaol by Judge Stephen in Sydney Quarter Sessions yesterday.

He pleaded guilty to these charges and asked that 12 other matters of arson be taken into account.

£131,000 Damage

Detective-Sergeant T. A. Chasing of the C.I.B. said the total damage to the shops was about £131,000.

Judge Stephen told Judge Stephen that there was no halfway house.

"Doctors won't certify you as insane and the only thing I can do is to put you out of circulation to protect the public," he said.

Law Attacked by Judge

Judge Hidden said in Darlinghurst Quarter Sessions yesterday that legislations had not kept up with modern thought on the treatment of homosexuality.

Judge Hidden said that Judge Hidden was sentencing two 20-year-old men, who pleaded guilty to having indecently assaulted one another at Paddington last January.

They were Lloyd Russell Lamb, salesman, of no fixed abode; and Wolfgang Manfred Ostrowski, labourer, of Wolli Creek.

"Nor has the legislature provided me with any institution to which I can send them on bonds of £100.

After lunch, Thursby was non-interviewed a second time about this later case.

Q: But stone walls do not a modern prison make. Surely, if we are dead keen to change these men the prisons can provide psychiatric treatment?

Thursby: Actually, stone walls are just about all our prisons do provide. Long Bay has two psychologists and a couple of psychiatrists who drop in once in a while to examine the new clients. But there is almost no time for therapy.

Q: So we have a flawless record of what's wrong with them and no time to do anything about it?

Thursby: Quite so, but everyone is kept very busy and the Health Department feels virtuous.

Q: But if you order psychiatric treatment?

Thursby: They get a real bang-up interview and no treatment.

Q: What if the prisoners demand treatment?

Thursby: No interview and a real bang-up.
Three survivors of the Voyager tragedy raised their glasses in a Sydney hotel last night and drank a toast "to departed shipmates"—the 82 officers and men who died on the night of February 10 last year.

Able Seaman Peter Howis, 23, tall, lanky and tattooed, said last night: "One moment I was about to down a can of grog and the next the world blew up. Lights out, yelling, things falling everywhere."

Said Leading Airman Richard Reynolds, 26, an official Navy photographer who had been in the Voyager only five days:

"They grinned at the memory of another shipmate whose modesty overcame his fear — he ran back into the sinking afterpart of the destroyer to put on a pair of shorts before jumping into the sea.

The three men laughed last night about the man in the Voyager who rolled up the legs of his pyjamas so that they wouldn't get wet as he jumped into a rubber lifeboat.

But they talked quietly of another man who couldn't swim, and who drowned despite the efforts of two others to save him."

"I remember floating under the stern and seeing the screws out of the water and thinking what a great picture it would have made, and I would have given my right arm for my camera."

Said Able Seaman Mike Brownless, 21, who was in No. 4 mess in the forward part of the ship: "I swam like hell away from the ship and then I heard someone yell out that the Melbourne was too. I thought we were really in trouble then."

The Australian Journalists' Association has established a code of ethics which all members are pledged to observe. Included in the code are the following provisions: To report and interpret the news with scrupulous honesty; not to suppress essential facts and not to distort the truth by omission or wrong or improper emphasis; to respect all confidences in all circumstances; never to accept any form of bribe, nor to permit personal interests to influence a sense of justice; to use only honest methods to obtain news, pictures and documents; to observe at all times the fraternity of the profession; and always to maintain, through personal conduct, full public confidence in the integrity and dignity of the journalist's calling.

EDITORS: Richard Neville, Richard Walsh.
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Dean Letcher.
SECRETARY: Marsha Rowe.
ART DIRECTOR: Martin Sharp.
ARTISTS: Gary Shead, Peter Kingston, Mike Glasheen.

OZ should appear on the first of every month, but is usually late. 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.

Send manuscripts or artwork to the above address.

Back copies are still available for 
Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, and 9 have sold out.

OZ FEBRUARY 1965 Page 7
Robert S. McNamara (48), the United States Defence Secretary, is a B. A. from California University. He is a Master in Business Administration from Harvard and was appointed Assistant Professor in that faculty in 1940. He became a Lieutenant-Colonel in the American Air Force, awarded the Legion of Merit. After the war he joined the Ford Motor Company and succeeded Henry Ford II to the presidency of that company. A month later, in December 1960, he accepted the Defence Secretaryship in the incoming Kennedy administration.

Dennis W. Healy (47), has just been appointed Defence Minister in the British Cabinet. He obtained his B. A. and M. A. at Balliol College, Oxford. He is a former major in the British Army, mentioned in despatches. He is a former Councillor of the Royal Institute of Strategic Studies, a frequent broadcaster and author of a large number of publications on defence and general political topics.

Recreations: travel, photography, music, painting.

Senator Shane Dunne Paltridge (54) is the oldest of the three and Defence Minister in virile, forward-looking Australia. By international standards his training for this important post is somewhat unusual. He left Sydney's Fort St. High School to join the bank in 1929. In 1936 he left the bank to run his own pub in Victoria, a suburb of Perth. He served as a gunner with the A.I.F. and has been Senator for Western Australia since 1951. The current "Who's Who" accredits him with no publications; he is an ineffectual debater. In interview he displays monumental disinterest and has a habit of mumbling almost incoherently.

Recreations: surfing, walking.

Senator John Dunne Paltridge (54) is the youngest of the three and Defence Minister in the incoming Ken­ ddy administration.

From Publican to Parliamentary

Some countries have the quaint habit of taking Defence seriously. Not so Australia. Recently faced with important new developments in the Indonesia-Malaysia vis-a-vis the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition quietly slipped away for short holidays, the Australian Ambassador in Djakarta saw no reason for cutting short his summer vacation and the Minister for External Affairs was somewhere in the West.

As a sop to public interest in what was going on the Acting Prime Minister Mr. McEwan announced that Senator Paltridge would go East to review the situation. Sen. Paltridge was recently reshuffled into the Defence portfolio after years of working for Reg Ansett as Minister for Civil Aviation.

We have no doubt the Government thinks Defence is important yet Sen. Paltridge's unique qualifications for this portfolio elude us. Comparisons are odious but...

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Recreations: surfing, walking.

The Solitary Sin.

Other names for this sin are, self-abuse, masturbation, pollution. Wilfully indulged in, it is a serious offense against God and is grievously contrary to nature. "The masturbator," says Dr. Jacob Vogel, "gradually loses his moral faculties; he acquires a dull, silly, listless, embarrassed, sad, effeminate exterior. He becomes insouciant, averse to and incapable of all intellectual exertion; all presence of mind deserts him; he is discontented, troubled, restless in company, he is taken by surprise, and even alarmed if required simply to reply to a child's question; his feeble soul succumbs to the lightest task; his memory and mind are weakened; fear and even despair overtake him." Such the results if the habit is frequent and endures for months and years. Even if practiced only occasionally, its victim suffers from "loss of self-respect, remorse, fear of serious results, and a sense of defeat in being unable to conquer the habit." (Paper issued by U.S. Public Health Service.) "There is not a vice more fatal to the conservation of man than masturbation," says Dr. Fournier, Paris. It deprives him of his life-energy and brings on bodily exhaustion, which makes him an easy mark for disease, for consumption, nervous and muscular troubles, epilepsy.

Aids to Purity

The Unqualified

Erik Langker (66), an action painter of the gum trees school Douglas Dundas (64), former head of East Sydney Technical College Harold Wyndham (61), N. S. W. Director of Education

The Unqualified

H. F. Heath, member of the Public Service Board
Hon. P. H. Ryan, N. S. W. Minister for Public Works
J. D. Bates, Deputy Chairman of P & O
A. H. Varcoe, industrialist
J. H. Myrtle, industrialist
Mr. Justice Nagle, Puisne Judge of N. S. W. Supreme Court.

I don't know much about Art but...

This year the judges have decided that there will be no award made in the annual Archibald Prize. Many critics felt that in so doing they had overlooked some worthwhile paintings in the modern genre.

Who are the judges of the Archibald Prize? The Trustees of the Art Gallery of N. S. W., appointed by the Minister of Education virtually for life.

In an article published in "The Arty Wild Oat" some years ago art critic Bob Hughes claimed that only two of the trustees were sympathetic to modern art. He said that they were not genuinely interested in art and at that time three of them had never set foot inside one of Sydney's leading private galleries.

The Trustees may be divided into three groups:

The All Rights
Walter Bunning, architect
MRS. H. V. Evatt, wife of Dr. Evatt and an art collector
Russell Drysdale, painter (very famous)

The Ageing Reactionaries

Erik Langker (66), an action painter of the gum trees school
Douglas Dundas (64), former head of East Sydney Technical College
Harold Wyndham (61), N. S. W. Director of Education

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Telephone: 92-7805
The recent rise in world prices makes copper hunting a paying proposition. No expensive extraction plant is needed. Surface copper is best found already processed on the floors of buses and trams. Alluvial copper is found in wishing wells, pools of remembrance, commemorative fountains. A preliminary check on the depth of the water is advised before wading in. Take the treasure in handy ton-loads to the bank of your own faith. Or hold it back until decimal changeover. Look after the coppers and Kitty takes care of herself. This is numinous.

Oil

There's plenty of good oil lying about. For the convenience of collectors, tankers from overseas often oblige by discharging their Moslem crude direct into the harbour. It has excellent adhesive qualities when blended with salt and can safely be used wherever heavy-duty work is called for - in ecclesiastical lamps for example or for lubricating the essential parts. Telltale signs of its presence are the number of sea birds that have difficulty getting aloft. Kerosene and high octane fuel is often dumped at sea too. No need to put up a derrick. Scare them with that bit about a bomb being on board. Thousands of gallons of it are there for a go-ahead type on a punt with a plastic mac and a couple of cocoa tins. This is aquatic.

Ambergris

This is a morbid product of the toothed whale. Wherever you find morbid whales with teeth you find ambergris. If it has a fatty taste, is lighter than water, melts at 140°F and dissolves readily in absolute alcohol or ether, it is what you've been looking for. Go over the beach carefully. Those sunbakers might be lying on some. Look under their towels. At night it can often be located by the musky, slightly nauseating odour. Give the sandhills a prowl. This is neurotic.

Iron

The aboriginal reserves in the tropics have the finest deposits but you have to be a foreign company to be allowed in. For the amateur Jervis Bay after a good storm is still promising. Also the Hume and Princes Highways for those burnt out semi trailers. The NRMA knows the best spots. Nearer home is the park. Check it over. What about the cemetery? Queen Victoria and Albert are old cremation favourites down at the smelting works. Don't forget the town council is putting bitumen over unsightly tram lines. Since it doesn't want you may as well do the council a service and dig them up. This is civic.
Ever wish you’d been to Chicago in the 30’s? Are you envious when mum n’dad tell tales of speakeasies, bootleggers, Al Capone and the massacre on St. Valentine’s Day? Well, it’s not too late to enjoy your own slice of vice - come to Queensland. Despite our State-wide Prohibition of everything from brothels to books (we even have our own vicious censorship board), we’re so dirty and corrupt that even the local press has been stunned into reconciliation. Read below to wet your appetite, then pack your bags for the holiday you’ll never come back from . . .

If you’re a worker, you’ll strike it rich in sunny Queensland. So much so, that the indigenous labourers are loathe to share the spoils and therefore discourage the ‘pick n’ shovel’ tourists.

Last December, for instance, the powerful Queensland Trades and Labour Council launched an intensive publicity campaign in Britain to try to stop skilled workers migrating to Queensland. (See The Australian, 9/12/64).

They sent a circular to all metal and building trade unions in England. The circular said that intending migrants should not be misled by glowing reports from Government sources and told them that Queensland is still a low wage State.

The circular further stated that the Government, employers and the Industrial Commission use “savage and vicious” penal provisions. The British Unions received the circular in early December and were asked to give it wide publicity. A supplementary advertising campaign for the British Press has also been organised by the Queensland Council.

This move outraged the Queensland Government who had previously announced a joint industry-Government overseas mission to recruit British workers. This four man mission will spend 10 weeks in England, Scotland and Ireland seeking metal and electrical tradesmen.

The Queensland Premier, Mr. Nicklin told Parliament: “I have come across some pretty scurrilous things in my life, but this reaches the lowest level of infamous defamation of the State, its Government and its people, that I have ever encountered.”

THE UNTOUCHABLES

Queensland Police made headlines last year during a Royal Commission into fun and games at the Brisbane National Hotel. The police were officially exonerated. However, there has recently been strange movement at the Stations. Sergeant D. Buchanan, one of Brisbane’s leading detectives and key witness in the National scandal, was mysteriously transferred from C.I.B. headquarter to a uniformed police branch.

The Sydney Morning Herald (21/1/65) reports further that:

A TYPICAL QUEENSLAND HOUSEWIFE

“Buchanan’s move follows the transfer last week of the Chief of the C.I.B., Inspector T. Donovan, to take charge of the Ipswich district.

“Police throughout Brisbane today claimed that dozens of recent transfers had weakened police morale.

“In another police development on Monday, the Police Commissioner, Mr. F. Bischof, ordered the withdrawal of all police personnel associated with the Police Welfare Club.

“Today it was revealed that Mr. Bischof had ordered a departmental inquiry into the disappearance of police union funds from the Valley police station.

“This followed a report that Valley members of the union passed the hat to make up more than £100 which had been misappropriated by a policeman.”
The President of the Queensland Trades and Labour Council is Mr J. Egerton. The following is a recent speech by Mr Aiken, made in the Queensland Parliament, November 20, 1964

"It is not so very long ago that Mr. Egerton was running around showing a big bundle of "tenners" which he claimed contained £4,000. He said he won that £4,000 at the races. In my honest and considered opinion, he did not win that money at the races. In my honest and considered opinion, it was given to him to pass on to other trade union officials at the Trades Hall in order that industrial peace might be bought at certain establishments in Brisbane. The practice of handing over money to trade union officials in order that the employee - usually a big industrial combine or concern - can buy industrial peace is not new in Australia or overseas. It is unfortunately true in the trade union movement in Queensland today that industrial peace can be bought as long as the money is paid to the right person and distributed to the right people.

When the big Mt. Isa strike occurred some years ago, Mr. Egerton went off to the Karumba gentlemen's hunting lodge, ostensibly to catch fish for the starving strikers at Mt. Isa. He did not catch any fish but he did chase a few pink elephants. Of course, the Karumba gentlemen's hunting lodge is owned and controlled by millionaire Reg Ansett, who I would say, is a very fitting recreational buddy for Mr. Egerton.

To see Mr. Egerton in the full flush of his power and glory one does not have to go to the Trades Hall; one does not have to listen to him at the Trade Union making charges of graft and corruption against Members of Parliament; one has only to go down to the Virginia Golf Club or Royal Queensland to see him in tartan socks, his yellow pullover and plimsouls associating with the assorted wealthy snobs of Brisbane."

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

Even Queensland's judges have a quaint way about them.

A leading member of the local judiciary was recently revealed as a tax evader.

He was Sir William Payne, president of the Queensland Land Court, who died two years ago, leaving £167,000.

In the latest report of the Taxation Commissioner it was revealed that between 1951-52 and 1960-62 his income was understated by £8594.

Mr. Aikens (Queensland Hansard, November 1964): "I was intrigued the other day to hear that a very prominent member of the Land Court, lately deceased, left an estate of £167,000 and diddled the Taxation Department to the extent of about £8,000.

"I think I am right in assuming all that money was not acquired by that man purely and simply as a result of the lawful emoluments that he received as a member of the Land Court or of the Land Administration Commission or whatever position he held."

As on so many matters that one would assume to interest the locals the Brisbane Press maintained remarkably quiet about these revelations.

**MYSTERY RESIGNATIONS**

Although Queensland's new Television station (Channel 0) is not yet operating it has, meanwhile, been providing the public with some rib-splitting entertainment.

When 40 per cent of the shares of United Telecasters changed hands on the first day of sale last April, everyone had fun playing 'who dun it?' After an investigation, the culprit was revealed as Reg Ansett. Now Reg has 'dun it' again.

Recently, three of the original eight Queensland directors of United Telecasters suddenly resigned and were replaced by Ansett men.

The nine-member board now includes five nominees of Ansett Transport Industries, giving Reg complete control.

(Although Ansett had originally competed with United Telecasters in seeking a Queensland licence, he was refused because of his interests in other States.)

When the chairman of the board announced the reshuffle, he stated that Ansett Transport Industries supported the policy of "promoting and operating the station to a definite Queensland image."

We hope the station's image is, in fact, cleaner than both Queensland's and Mr. Ansett's.

**Tourist TOWNSVILLE**

Winter or summer, lovely Townsville always enjoys perfect weather. It is a typical Queensland boom town. It lies dormant for every three years and then comes to life on the fourth, the year preceding each Olympic Games, when the Australian Amateur Swimming Association moves in. At such times it becomes a veritable Mecca for swimmers of the world-be, could-be and should-like-to-get-onto-one-of-them variety.

Townsville is rightly renowned for its beautiful Harbour and famous Overseas Terminal. Amongst the VIP's to use the Terminal's facilities in '64 were: William Willis, who went there by mistake (he was aiming for Sydney) and Belgian zoologist Sabbe, who made a mistake in going there (he was thrown into Townsville's equally famous lock-up for possessing that Northern Queensland, poached bird.

**OZ FEBRUARY 1965 Page 11**
Private exposure has become the talk of Sydney. But public exposure has been all the rage for years. One solicitor's opinion is that over 100 cases of "willful exposure in a public place" come before Sydney magistrates each week. The offences usually occur in public lavatories. Funny, isn't it? We have been in and out of city Johns for years and never seen even a suggestion of a proposition. Yet should a policeman (plain clothes, naturally) stray in then the perverts swarm like bees to the hive.

Of course, it is difficult to know the point at which an honest citizen's relief becomes provocative to the policeman standing next to him watching it all out of the corner of his eye. Some lawyers claim that there are certain public lavatories which the Vice Squad "Parks and Gardens" team guard so diligently no-one should risk using them. Such as the one in Green's Parks opposite St Vincent's Hospital, most of the lavs in Law Park and all in Centennial Park.

Perhaps diligence can be overcome. In the past years, at least one incognito cop, by mistake, picked up one of his mates (equally well disguised). It seems that the lavatories are becoming so clogged with Parks and Gardens men, all giving each other the eye, that the man off the street has trouble finding a vacant space. In its own diligent search, OZ unearthed the following documents. Read them at your convenience.

Recruitment Division,
N.S.W. Police Department.

Memo: To all Suburban Recruiting Officers

The following communication is designed to assist you in finding suitable material for an important sector of the Force. An official NOTICE to be displayed in buildings frequented by the public. NOTES for your guidance and a PROTOTYPE of the perfect interview are included. Hope to see you all at the next social. Yours ever, (signed) T. H. Osborn (Insp.)

RECRUITING NOTICE

VACANCIES exist in the New South Wales POLICE FORCE for certain types of men NOT NECESSARILY with previous experience or Intermediate Certificate.

Friendly recruiting officers have been ordered by our Commissioner to use their own JUDGMENT in choosing lads for these positions. Boys must be of PLEASING appearance, LIGHT beard-growth and LISSOME build. A PERSONALITY may be an asset but is not essential.

Such young recruits are to enter the PARKS AND GARDENS DIVISION.

(P.S. to Recruiters -- Sergeant Tyrrell has promised me a free plug for this on his top-rating 2GB show. Be prepared for a rush.)

NOTES to guide officers in selection of recruits for the Division:

1. APPLICANTS must show an interest in, and knowledge of, common shrubs and flowers. (For instance, he should know that a daphnimium provides very little cover, that elm branches may snap under the weight of an officer stretched full-length etc.)

2. APPLICANTS should be alert to the various secret signs that homosexuals use to identify themselves, e.g., "Good Evening", "My zip is jammed", "Go away", washing of hands after use of facilities etc.

3. APPLICANTS of un-Australian origin must not be accepted. They may falsely interpret the secret signal of a pervert as a phrase of a foreign language or a foreign pervert's admission of guilt as deniability.

4. APPLICANTS must understand that PARKS AND GARDENS men are required to wear uniform exactly as set out in Regulations. Sneakers must be WHITE and WITHOUT blue trim. Some more sensitive perverts may object to the rigid standardization. In this case, use humour, e.g., when referring to trousers, observe: "As Henry Ford said, 'You can have any colour you like --- so long as it's mauve'."

5. APPLICANTS requiring ARCH SUPPORTS cannot be accepted as canvas sneakers must be worn at all times. Similarly, hernia trusses hamper the officers in performance of duty and may not be worn on the job.

6. APPLICANTS must undertake not to associate with women as the risk of being blackmailed is ever-present.

PROTOTYPE INTERVIEW

Set down, son. So you'd like to join the Parks and Gardens, eh? Of course, we have to be careful who we select for this. The present lot are very nice lads, all nice boys, get on well together, never a cross word between them. I have to make sure you'll fit in, get on with the team as it were.

Name? Gray ... and Christian? Yes, well we all are but what's your first name? Dorian ... unusual ... but the sergeant might take to it.

Personally, I think you will fit in, you look suitable. Have I seen you before somewhere ... at the training centre perhaps?

Just fill out this form for me, will you, Dorian.

HEIGHT: elegantly tall
BUILD: slim, youthful, amazingly beautiful calves.
HAIR: Fair, curled in soft waves across a gently symmetrical face pleasing to the point of ugliness.
EYES: Mist grey, hazel flecks distant-looking.
FINE. Now a little about the work, Dorry. Have you heard of the "deviates"? No. 'Pervs'? No. That's all for the good, Dorry, and I feel we have a great deal in common. I think we're going to be good pals from now on ... and I want you to feel the same way about me. How about bringing your sandwiches up to my little office for a chat over lunch, eh?

You have to see the insurance people, you say ... my, that's a pity. And what would a fine young man like you be insuring? Quaint! How marvellous!

A portrait .......

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

WE KEEP YOUR LAUNDARY CLEAN

OZ FEBRUARY 1965 Page 12
I believe in "Free Expression" to educate those less fortunate who have been DEPRIVED of the benefits of a Liberal Education... I'm an IDEALIST... and this is MY ideal... This is MY cause... my motivation... I publish a number of magazines for MEN, STAG "GROIN" "The Nork Manual" "LUST" etc... Despite the names, these are high class cultural magazines... using SEX as a front......

[a front... covering up the culture, well aware of the anti-intellectualism... in this country... the very anti-intellectualism that makes Australia (next to Ireland, of course) the LAUGHING STICK of the Educated World... I, persecuted, prosecuted and thoroughly disenchanted by a society of Reactionary ALFS, unless I slip the articles... by such BRILLIANT and controversial authors as the Duke of Windsor, E.L. Drax, Harold MacMillan, Phyllis Stein, John Howard Reid, William Shakespeare, Prof Mayfield Sivers (I could go on forever), between blue jokes, thighs, massage and go... I want to, I must, it is my motivation... bring the shining light of great intellect to the people...... But the sacrifices one has to make for idealism... Do YOU KNOW that the last issue of 'Maturbator's Choice' would have been banned if I hadn't of Maturbator's Choice' would have been banned if I hadn't... hidden that Hemingway short story between black tape at Sydney's Strip Joints, and a 12-page colour FOLDOUT of "Screw of the MONTH"... amazing... wait til it!!]
For three-and-a-half years, from March, 1942, until September, 1945, I was held as a political prisoner in Australia, without trial. This outrage against civil liberties and basic human rights was perpetrated by a Labor Government in which the Attorney-General was Hubert Vere Evatt, Doctor of Laws.

As Minister responsible for the administration of Justice, H. V. Evatt on that occasion inaugurated and manipulated one of the most flagrant miscarriages of justice in Australian history. It will go down into history as such, on any impartial analysis. If the time has come to review the incident in historical perspective, I don't mind stating my opinion, which is necessarily biased, since I was the principal victim of the outrage. On the other hand, as Evatt was the perpetrator of the outrage, his view is also biased.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15
The matter to be assessed in historical perspective is this: During the Attorney-Generalship of H. V. Evatt, I, as editor and part-proprietor of a monthly newspaper, The Publicist, and president of a bona fide political organisation (The Australia-First Movement) was imprisoned for three-and-a-half years by ministerial edict under the National Security Act and Regulations.

On the face of it, this was a gross abuse of freedom of the Press and freedom of assembly. I had committed no offence whatever. At any rate, I was never charged before any magistrate with any offence. No indictment was filed against me. I had no trial before judge and jury. There was no case for me to answer. I was demonstrably not guilty in any way of any offence in the criminal or civil code. I was not seditious, either in words or deeds.

I was simply locked up, and kept locked up for three-and-a-half years, in "preventive detention," on no demonstrable grounds of military necessity, but merely by ministerial order. The onus was put on me of proving myself innocent of charges which I was not informed.

The instruments of my incarceration were secret denunciations, false accusations made under Parliamentary privilege, spynmania, trial by inquisitorial conclave in my absence, and the employment of government agents-provocateur, pimps, paid informers, and professional character-assassins—all this in an attempt to justify, ex post facto, the governmental suppression of a newspaper and a political organisation which was criticising the government.

The pseudo-judicial technique employed was that of the "spy-trials" under the Soviet Communist system of dictatorship of which H. V. Evatt was then, and still is, an ardent apologist. But the Australian National Security Act of 1939 was not originated in Russia. It was adopted, almost unaltered, from a similar Act in Britain. In Australian history, it was a throwback to the dictatorial methods of Governor Darling's day in New South Wales.

In company with twenty other Australians—one of whom was of enemy alien citizenship, birth or ancestry, but all British subjects by birth, and all except one (an Englishman) of Australian birth, I had the entirely unexpected experience—and I am an Australian of the second generation of the Australian-born—of being martyred in my native land, and in my father's native land, as I preferred to call it. I was a member of the Scottish Martyrs, and the thousands of Irish martyrs of the worst period of the Imperial Convict System in Australia, perhaps more crudely so, for we were not even convicts, as the earlier-day martyrs were, but merely "detainees."

Of these twenty-one detainees, sixteen were residents of New South Wales and one of Victoria—all, more or less, connected with The Publicist and The Australia-First Movement. The other four, residents of Western Australia, had nothing whatever to do with The Publicist or the Australia-First Movement. They were induced by a government agent-provocateur to take some part in the formation of a government agent in Western Australia. The seventeen arrested in the Eastern States were merely kept detained, and never put on trial. The four in Western Australia were tried. Two of them were found guilty of an offence against the National Security Act, and were given short terms of imprisonment, which sufficiently indicated that their culpability, as well as that of a government agent, was not very serious.

But then came the climax of absurdity. The two who were found "Not Guilty" at the trial in Western Australia were nevertheless interned for the duration of the war. The two who were found "Guilty," after serving their sentences on a prison farm, were also interned for the duration of the war. The seventeen in the Eastern States, including myself, who were never brought to trial at all, were kept interned for various periods. Fourteen of them were released after six months' detention, two after fifteen months, and I was held for three and a half years.

I am not authorised to speak here on behalf of the other twenty in this martyred number. Yes, I will speak of the whole incident. The main emphasis of the paper is this: During the Attorney-Generalship of H. V. Evatt's, in his jurisdiction, in his political and public record. There were questions asked in the Federal Parliament by Max Falstein, M.H.R., and in the New South Wales Parliament by Abraham Landa, M.L.A., demanding the suppression of the Australia-First Movement as an allegedly "anti-Semitic" or "Fascist" or "Nationalist." This was supported by a resolution carried by the then Communist-controlled Sydney Trades and Labour Council, demanding my internment.

Evatt answered Falstein's question (November, 1941) promising an investigation. A submission was made, in January, 1941, to the G.O.C. Eastern Command (General Freer) by a group of Sydney residents. The G.O.C. refused to sign this submission. It was after that that the agent-provocateur was put to work in Western Australia; to instigate a bogus Australia-First Movement there, with fantastic conspiratorial aims.

On 5th March, 1942, Evatt sent an order to Police Chief Mackay, in Sydney, to prohibit a meeting of the Australia-First Movement which we had called "an inquiry into ministerial responsibility for the indefensible action of Rasul, and for the destruction of the A.F.F. from the Middle East to defend Australia First."

On 9th March, a telegram was sent from Perth by Lieutenant-Colonel Sands, Representative of Security, to all Commands (including Eastern Command, with H.Q. at Sydney) announcing the discovery in W.A. of the "plot" of the (bogus) Australia-First Movement.

The sixteen members or associates of the bogus "Australia-First" Movement in Sydney were arrested on the morning of 10th March. That same day H. V. Evatt had left Australia to go to posterity. I remained for six months. That was how he attempted to cover his tracks, and to put up resistance to a bi-partisan attack on the Acting Attorney-General (John Beasley), who was not a lawyer, and stated in Parliament that he knew "nothing" of the case.

When Evatt returned from America, in September, 1942, he "reviewed" the cases at a Star Chamber Court held in the Senate Chamber, which recommended that thirteen of the sixteen detainees of Sydney should be released, and the other three (including myself) kept in—as scapegoats. None of these most concerned was invited to this Star Chamber hearing. We were tried in our absence; but Evatt read in Parliament extracts from letters purporting to have been sent to or from me, and proved them culpable. Some of these letters had been written during the 1914-18 war! Later, Evatt, in response to parliamentary uneasiness, appointed a Commissioner under the National Security Act to investigate the internments. This was not a Royal Commission. It was not subject to the rules of evidence. Soon after the Commissioner began taking evidence, Evatt gave him another appointment, i.e., to investigate telephone tapping. This delayed the hearing for many months.

When appointing the Commissioner, Evatt made an unprivileged Press statement that seriously prejudiced the inquiry. The Commissioner's findings, as regards the sixteen men of Sydney, were that eight of them (including myself) had been "justifiably detained" and eight "unjustifiably detained." In Parliament, Evatt falsely stated that the case had been investigated by a "Royal Commission."

Within the scope of this present short article, I need not enter further into the facts. When my application in Habeas Corpus was rejected, I had no further recourse to the law.

As for me, I have nothing to apologise for, or to retract. My writings in The Publicist and The Australia-First Movement are on record. That was a venture in independent journalism, a step forward from colonialism into Australian nationalism—the idea that something could be originated here.

Martyrdom in itself proves nothing. I was not persecuted, but I don't want to talk about it. Not the present generation, but their fathers, were the "beat" generation—woodwinked in a way that destroyed the British Empire, spread Communist dictatorship over half Europe and half Asia, and killed the pride of the white race. They were not only, men of the Evatt ilk, and I had no part in that.

Between 1950-52, a bored weatherman, stationed north of Hudson Bay, left a monument that neither government nor time can eradicate. Many white men have felt compelled to pile stone on stone to leave some mark in the arctic wastes, but he was the first to harness technology to this end. Using a bulldozer abandoned by the Air Force, he spent two years and great effort pushing boulders into a single word.

It can be seen from 10,000 feet, silhouetted against the snow. It's the first evidence of human life to be observed when flying south on the Thule route—Canada's greeting to travellers aboard KLM Flight 571. Government officials exchanged memos full of circumlocutions (no Latin equivalent exists) but failed to word an appropriate bill, for the destruction of this carnal, that wouldn't alert the press and embarrass both Parliament & Party.

It stands today, a monument to human spirit. If life exists on other planets, this may be the first message received from us.
SEE THE SIGHTS
BOOK A SEAT WITH KEEP.
KEEPS TRAVEL AGENCY.
59 MACLEAY ST. POTTS POINT.

BE POPULAR!!
KNOW MORE THAN ALL YOUR FRIENDS

W.E.A.
THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY AND THE WEA MAKE THIS POSSIBLE THROUGH THEIR PROGRAMS OF STUDY COURSES, "WEEKEND" SCHOOLS, AND PUBLIC LECTURES. A FREE SYLLABUS WILL BE MAILED UNDER A PLAIN WRAPPER TO ALL INTERESTED PEOPLE. CONTACT THE WEA.
52 MARGARET ST.
SYDNEY. PHONE: 29-2222

OZ FEBRUARY 1965 Page 16
"When everybody IS equal, we will treat them as equals"

Mayor of Kempesy on Aborigines

This is so you won’t get lost

They can’t hold their liquor like us

This is to teach him

he’s less than us
"Who’s Afraid of Peter the Wolf?"

A play about People
For People

ACT ONE:
Scene: The Sitting Room of a Paddington Home.
Cynthia and Neville are sitting.
If it were the Standing room of a Paddington Home Cynthia and Neville would be Standing.
It’s That sort of Play.
CYNTHIA:
Parties parties parties ... nothing but beastly parties. I don’t know why I ever came here to live in beastly Paddington!
NEVILLE:
Cynthia! You shock me to the very core. Don’t ever let me hear you say a thing like that again. Ever!
CYNTHIA:
(continues drinking Rothmans Dry Martini ... the extra length for finer flavour. She suddenly starts up, then falls to her knees at Neville’s feet. Neville is all ears.) Neville. (Sob) Neville I ... (Sob Sob) I have something I must tell you. (Sob) I’m ...... (Cynthia breaks down. Neville stands up. He is downcast but determined to remain upright.)
NEVILLE:
Cynthia ... Cynthia - do you mean? You can’t mean?
CYNTHIA:
Yes Neville. It’s true. Yes yes yes (CURTAIN ACT ONE)

ACT TWO:
The Living Room of a Marrackville Home.
Thea and Neville are Living.
Any resemblance to persons dead is Unfortunate.
THEA:
Knit knit knit ... nothing but rotten knitting. I don’t see why we can’t go and live in Paddington. Over there it’s parties parties all the way and not a drop to drink.
NEV:
Belt up Thea. You dunno what you’re on about. They drink in Paddo same as we drink here in Marrackville.

THEA:
Knit knit knit ... nothing but rotten knitting. I don’t see why we can’t go and live in Paddington. Over there it’s parties parties all the way and not a drop to drink.

THEA:
Not at all. We just thought you’d like to have this. We found it in the attic of our new old Paddington Home that we bought from you for twice its actual value.
NEVILLE:
What is it? You don’t mean it’s an ... Could it be our ...
CYNTHIA:
Neville. It is. It’s come At Last.

THEA:
It’s Our Baby!

CURTAIN
THE END

NOTA BENE: DO NOT PLAY NATIONAL ANTHEM.
Some Valentines (Feb 14)

To Ray
from Elizabeth
For you this Valentine I've penned,
As thru court corridors I wend
They say our love was just a flash
And that it only came to Ash!
But my heart knows and Heaven senses
That I'm your own emanuensis.

To Sir Alec
from Niki
To one who's toppled, from another:
A billet-doux from your Big Brother.
I trust, comrade, your exile's cheerier
Than these sunless salt wastes of Siberia
Where - if I see a flower bloom
My heart doth ache for Home, sweet Home.

To Sir Robert
from Arthur
I will love you till I die,
But why has life passed me by?

To Jackie
from Jack
Rubies are red
Revenge is sweet
Went off my head
Gave Oswald the heat
Critics are rise
(Prob'ly get life)
Juries are pink
Warren's a fink
Of you I think
In Dallas clink.

To darlings Hilton, Wilding and Fisher
from Liz
I loved you,
then,
I loved you not.
But
Do not think that I've forgot
Your passion in our marriage cot (s)

NEW GUINEA
A lady we know was elected,
By fierce Kukukuku selected;
They all came to greet her,
And soon had that lady dissected

RUSSIA
Said Suslov to Khrush "I accuse
You of soft ideological views,
Capitalist thinking
And far too much drinking,
And hogging the overseas news"

Grant Nichol

SOME FOLK
like it

Tickets:
Nicholson's
D.J.'s
Palings

from
Feb 8th
15/- & 10/-

OH COME A-LONG PEOPLE TO THE SYDNEY
TOWN HALL ON FEBRUARY THE TWENTIETH
AT TWO AND EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT'S ALL

- L -
THE ROLLING STONES WERE THERE...
SO WERE THE ALVIN AILEY DANCERS
AND MANFRED MANN

JOHN SMITH WAS THERE!!!

NOT THE JOHN SMITH...
AT THE GAS LASH... GOOD LORD

NO JOHN SMITH

THE GAS LASH DISCOTÉQUE 212 ELIZABETH STREET

THE JOHN SMITH WAS THERE