LET'S KEEP IT THIS WAY
Off to a barn dance in Bourke? A wedding in Walgett? A dinner date at Dapto? ... You've got nothing to wear? Quick, clip out this coupon and send us your measurements. Be first to take advantage of this unique service to OZ readers—and be second (since Cinderella) to enjoy the luxury of being the best-dressed belle (or boy) at the ball with so little effort. Besides, we guarantee not to change you into a pumpkin.

PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU WISH, and enclose a cheque, money order or postal note to cover the deposit and hiring cost (deposit will be returned).

**TUXEDO:**
- Hiring cost: £2; Deposit: £5; Postage: 6/-; TOTAL: £7/6/-.
- Dinner Suit and Tuxedo Accessories:
  - Shirt: 10/- extra; Tie: 5/- extra; Gloves: 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery: 5/- extra (Please state collar size).

**DINNER SUIT:**
- Hiring cost: £3; Deposit: £5; Postage: 6/-; TOTAL: £8/6/-.
- Dress Shirt and Collar, white Vest, Studs and Cuff links, white Gloves and white Tie. (Please state collar size of shirt.)

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

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

**DRESS SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES:**
- Shirt: 10/- extra; Tie: 5/- extra; Gloves: 5/- extra; Dress Jewellery: 5/- extra (Please state collar size).

**DEBUTANTE GOWN:**
- From £8—£10 dep.

**WEDDING GOWN:**
- From £10—£10 dep.

**BALL GOWN:**
- From £5—£10 dep.

**FUR STOLES:**
- From £2/2/- — £5 dep.

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**CHEST**
Round chest high under arms and over shoulder blades.

**SLEEVE**
Under arm seam measurement of any well-fitting suit or jacket.

**LENGTH**
Length of jacket from under back collar to skirt edge of jacket.

**WAIST**
Measure over the waistband without belt.

**SHIRT SIZE**
Neck

**LENGTH**
Down inside seam from crutch to bottom of cuff (inside trouser leg).

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POST BACK OR RUSH IN TO

26-28 MARKET LANE,
MELBOURNE
(off Bourke Street, opp. Southern Cross car park)
PHONE: 32-4795

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

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10% OFF FOR ALL OZ READERS
Goldwaters Run Deep

Some time in the middle of April a new magazine will appear on the news-stands, "Australian International NEWS REVIEW," priced at 2/-. Already a dummy copy has been sent out to advertising agencies, consisting of a "Statement of Policy" and sample story reproduces below the cover, Statement of Policy and headings contained in the pilot issue of "News Review".

The first issue will be 40,000 but an ultimate circulation of 60,000 is expected. The Managing Director is Mr. H. J. Fisher, who is connected with the Rotary and Lions Club.

The following is an extract from a letter by the Editor, T. M. Ulyatt:

"News Review" is designed to give private enterprise a voice that can be heard and understood by every thinking Australian — Man and woman.

As you know, a constant demand for higher wages in our already inflated economy and intimidation of Labour by Communist controlled organisations has now reached an extremely dangerous state. As witness, Mt Isa.

Who is to blame? In my view, private enterprise generally must bear most of the blame. In the face of an organised and concerted attack upon us we have done absolutely nothing to defend ourselves, so now we must make a stand or watch our economy erode away.

I am asking you to back us in the common fight; to give us your advertising support so that we can speak up for our free enterprise system and the inalienable rights of the Australian people.

STATEMENT OF POLICY

Australian International NEWS REVIEW is an entirely new and independent news magazine designed to appeal to the greatest number of readers in every section of the community, with particular emphasis on the family.

News Review is a magazine of our times, speaking openly, plainly, and to the point on every vital matter affecting the welfare of our Nation and people. Bold, lively and imaginative it presents the news behind the news — sifting fact from fiction to reach the truth, that Australians may properly assess the pattern of events that are now shaping their destiny.

News Review is not confined to news analysis. The first and forthcoming editions cover many topics such as agriculture, education, religion, family and home, business, medicine, science, art, entertainment, music, books, radio, TV, sport, new cars, motor racing, and a host of other features of wide reader appeal.

Journalists and writers with names well known to the public are among News Review contributors.

The Publishers, in commending this new media to the attention of advertisers, agencies and account executives, desire to make editorial policy of News Review quite clear.

News Review, although wholly independent, fully supports the policies of the present Federal Government, and is dedicated to the principle that only within the present system of free enterprise can Australia develop her massive potential to ensure prosperity for all.

News Review supports responsible trades unionism, but rejects the use of blackmail and intimidation as a weapon with which to circumvent arbitration.

News Review is openly hostile to Communism, subversion and extremism of any kind.

News Review supports severely restricted immigration to prevent the development of a colour problem and its consequent danger to Australia.

News Review is utterly opposed to the present mass exploitation of the sex theme and the impetus it gives to increasing moral delinquency throughout the Commonwealth.

In brief, News Review holds firm to the highest traditions of truth and morality; in the inalienable rights and privileges of the individual and in the authority of government elected by the people.
As the policy of 'News Review' is offensively backward, its staff of contributors with names "well known to the public" must consist of those fatuous Australian reactionaries who are always willing to take pen and prejudice in hand to aid a Good Cause.

For example, we can foresee such scintillating gems as:

**MOTORING**
by Hugh (Hot-rod) Gough


The good distributors allowed My Grace to test their delightful new conveyance in the spacious grounds of Bishops-court. First blessing: Holden is a model of cleanliness, next it's Australian. During my test I discovered that the high speed indicated on the speedometer was quite fast but the car could be brought to a halt, God willing.

* * *

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS**
by our guest, the Mayor of Moree, Alabama: Let's drop the white man's burden.

Alright Johnson. No more buck-nigger passing. How come you're always sending commyrat troops down south to wet-nurse the blacks when, Mr. President, YOUR OWN HOUSE IS WHITE ??? Anyway, News Review's readers (ain't this mag long overdue?) Bull Conner cabled me and told me that if Johnson ever pokes his snotty noes into Alabama's segregated main street then he'd get his head blown off like we all know who . . .

* * *

**GOOD READING**
by E. L. Dearne (President National League of Decency)

Sydney Telephone Directory: Dial P. for Pornography.

At first suspicious glance the Directory seems harmless enough. But look at page 403! A Mr M. Furkert, Greenknowe Ave, Potts Point, raises his ugly telephone number right in there amongst a Fuoco (Wentworthville) and five Fuchs (p. 402). And if that's not enough to ensure a successful prosecution against the P.M.G. (even in this decadent Post Levinian age) look at these other smut-names: Page 865, Shituhin of Kogerah: 3 columns of Cox' (p. 269), page 866, Pricket (Roseville) and there's a Prikulis right on top of Prime Minister's Department! Last but not least are two Tite's (Oyster Bay, Coogee) and a Buigeya lurking at Maroubra.

Next week 'News Review' looks at the Pink (Dictionary: "Pale red") Pages . . . are you listening wharfies and universities . . . .

* * *

**OFF-BEAT**
by a top Secret Staff Reporter

All this poppycock about academic freedom and weak willed tolerance for University students! Remember lecturer in so-called Economics, Ken Buckley, who perpetrated that communist, homosexual front "Civil Liberties"? Well, listen to this: He was just picked up for OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOUR. The case isn't over yet so I won't prejudice it. But I can tell you some yarns about that corduroy, long haired, intellectual, Asian-fondling . . .

* * *

**TELEVISION**

Keep the tubes clean
Not much to report these days, folks. I still think the ABC's Children Session is probably the pick of the 5 o'clock shows.

I turn the set off strictly at 6.30 and read until it's time for "Quiet Time" at 10.30 with Bishop Goodwin Hudson.

Coming attractions include: Eric Butler's stimulating and, needless to say, factual look at The Jewish Problem; Norman Banks looks at South Africa (yes, again); Bill Wentworth's interesting regular feature What went wrong in Australia this month and how the Communists caused it.

News Review's Australian of the Year: the RINSO MAN IN WHITE.

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**ALL ABOUT OZ**

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

OZ paid a total of £85 for original contributions to the last issue.

Why don't YOU write for OZ?
THE PILL AND YOU

A Sydney doctor answers the seven most frequently asked questions on this vital subject.

1. Who needs it?
Despite all the propaganda, the Pill is probably completely useless for married women, who are usually battling to conceive anyway. It is for the spinster who happens to be an optimist; for the youngster who is expectant but doesn't want to be expecting. Start a course today — you never know when you'll be lucky enough to need it.

Men, do you have a secret desire to be hirsute? The Pill can take that worry right off your chest.

2. Where do I put it?
Women, select the aperture of your choice and insert.

Men, your choice is not so wide but make the most of it.

3. How do I take them?
Don't be unimaginative about this:

- crush them up and spread them over your peanut butter sandwiches.
- dissolve them in Bonox. There's nothing like a hot thermos of orals to give you that midday lift.

How many should I take?
The Church advises you to have scruples. So does your doctor.

One heaped scruple-ful of orals is exactly what the doctor (D.D. and M.D.) ordered.

5. Has it any side-effects?
The Church claims the Pill leads to spontaneous abortion. This is a misconception.

If you suspect side-effects, try to decide which side is effected and take remedial action.

6. Do orals have any other use?
They make very useful poker chips and conversational pieces. Small children can choke on them.

They are also effective against painter's elbow, washerwoman's knee, writer's cramp, ricketts, the jimjams and the bends, all of which, incidentally, they cause.

No wonder they're so good — you're so busy worrying about the side-effects, how could you conceive?

7. What about my conscience?
If you've got a conscience, there's only one cure: try a little sex. If you're having a little sex, you'd better take the Pill.

Damn your conscience! Your vicious circle NEEDS the Pill.
According to a recent "NATION" (March 6) no less than four out of seven issues of the new American magazine "FACT" have been banned by the Customs Dept. Not because they are sexy or naughty but because they hit at sacred institutions. The latest issue to receive the censorious axe features an article on "Coca-Cola". Although not agreeing with the author's rather over-stated case, we publish below a condensed version to give readers some idea of what they are missing out on.

**Coca-Cola**

Coca-Cola is the best-known and most widely distributed commercial product in the world. Just in the United States alone, 40,000,000 drinks are consumed every day. Abroad, the Big Daddy of soda pop is made in 129 countries at 1,900 licenced bottling plants — understandably, many foreigners honestly believe that the object held aloft by the Statue of Liberty is a Coca-Cola bottle. But even though everyone from Adolf Hitler to Richard Nixon has tasted and enjoyed Coca-Cola, even though records show that one baby imbibed Coke before milk, and survived and one woman lived into her late 90's after having drunk a Coke a day for 60 years, there is nonetheless a massive dossier of medical evidence indicating Coca-Cola as one of the most poisonous beverages ever found in a bottle that doesn't bear a skull and crossbones.

Most people probably know that the dental profession has long damned Coke, Pepsi-Cola, and the hundreds of other cola drinks together, like cigarettes and cancer. But how many Americans know that an American Medical Association committee has urged our public schools to ban the sale of Coke and kindred cola drinks? How many Americans know that the leading association of nutritionists, the American Dietetic Association, refuses to run Coke ads in its official journal and forbids Coca-Cola exhibits at its conventions? Or that the Coca-Cola Company, as public spirited today as when it fed unsuspecting Americans cocaine and alcohol, even boasts about the refined sugar in its beverage. The Coca-Cola Company, as public spirited today as when it fed unsuspecting Americans cocaine and alcohol, even boasts about the refined sugar in its beverage. But Coke's ability to rot your teeth doesn't rest solely on its sugar content. The drink also contains phosphoric acid (0.55%, according to the latest studies), which does wonders in helping the job along. Two research teams at Bethesda Naval Medical Research Institute, Maryland, in 1945 and 1949, found that cola beverages "can decalcify teeth because of their acidity". Experimenting with teeth extracted by dentists, they discovered that when these were immersed in a cola beverage for two days, the enamel surface lost much of its calcium.

The Coca-Cola Company is understandably coy about admitting that its product contains caffeine. A letter from a researcher to Dr Charles A. Crampton, once said:

> *First off among the ingredients is refined sugar. One tenth of every bottle of refined sugar, which is fine for quick energy and just godawful for your teeth.*

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> *True, coffee and tea do contain more caffeine than Coca-Cola. But — and it's one of four important buts — everybody knows coffee and tea have caffeine in them; not everybody knows that Coca-Cola contains caffeine because it's not listed on the bottle.*

> *A second important but is that whereas people may deliberately limit their consumption of coffee, knowing it contains caffeine, with Coca-Cola they may let out all stops. Six bottles on a hot day is par for many of today's teenagers, and not only because Coke quenches thirst but because Coca-Cola is habit-forming. When heavy drinkers don't get enough, they lapse into what might be called a Coca-Coma.*

A long time ago, a government chemist, Dr Charles A. Crampton, testified: "In 1902, while connected with the federal government, I analyzed samples of Coca-Cola syrup and detected the presence of cocaine". Later analyses of Coke also disclosed that it contained alcohol. An official government study reported that Coke syrup consisted of: Sugar (50%); phosphoric acid (0.23-0.30%); caffeine (0.92-1.50%); alcohol (0.90-1.27%); caramel, glycerin, lime juice, essential oils and plant extractive; water.

Alcohol has dropped out along with cocaine, but otherwise the composition has remained the same, and it is the first three ingredients — sugar, phosphoric acid, and particularly caffeine — that do all the damage.

**Coca-Cola**

Cola syrups are missing out on.

Coca-Cola is the best-known and most widely distributed commercial product in the world. Just in the United States alone, 40,000,000 drinks are consumed every day. Abroad, the Big Daddy of soda pop is made in 129 countries at 1,900 licenced bottling plants — understandably, many foreigners honestly believe that the object held aloft by the Statue of Liberty is a Coca-Cola bottle. But even though everyone from Adolf Hitler to Richard Nixon has tasted and enjoyed Coca-Cola, even though records show that one baby imbibed Coke before milk, and survived and one woman lived into her late 90's after having drunk a Coke a day for 60 years, there is nonetheless a massive dossier of medical evidence indicating Coca-Cola as one of the most poisonous beverages ever found in a bottle that doesn't bear a skull and crossbones.

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than the caffeine in either tea or coffee. It is that there is scientific evidence that the caffeine in Coca-Cola is more potent than the caffeine in either tea or coffee.

Pause that Refreshes.

Le's review some of the medical findings about caffeine itself.

Caffeine is a stimulant that, in moderate doses, increases mental alertness, reduces fatigue, and sustains intellectual effort. In larger doses caffeine really goes to work. Just four grains of caffeine can produce headaches, a feeling of numbness, indigestion, and constipation and diarrhea (United States Department of Agriculture, 1949). There is some evidence, besides the caffeine drug, that caffeine may cause heart trouble — Dr. Oglesby Paul and his associates at the University of Illinois discovered that men who drink coffee to excess are more apt to have heart disease. And it has also been shown that caffeine can cause mutations in laboratory animals (see "The Lancet", 3/10/83).

Given all this evidence and inference that Coca-Cola is a menace to health, it may seem odd that so little gets published on the subject. But it is not so surprising if one knows how much advertising Coca-Cola and other cola companies do. Coca-Cola spends upward of 40,000,000 dollars a year on advertising. Publishers, along with radio and TV executives, are not inclined to slap the hand that signs the cheques.

Dr. Harvey Washington, formerly of the United States Post Office, paid a no-nonsense call on France's ambassador to the United States, Henri Bonnet. In the company's home state, Georgia, Congressman Eugene Cox went so far as to announce that he and his friends were boycotting the company; filtration for the duration. Whatever happened to Malcolm X?

The leader of one of the lesser sects?

X was axed; his cause is lost

In fact, ex-Malcolm X was double-crossed.
Dear Rev. Bush,

I am a thirteen-year old (attractive) girl, just recently I have been having a lot of sex.

The Tragic History of Rev. Fausius Bush

Act I

Enter Bush to meditate (in a cassock)

Bush:

Alack! I am by all abhorrest,
Here in lower-class French's Forest.
They've heard my voice grow thin
And reedier.
Without result. So, mass media!
Where art thou with thy fees so fat,
Acclaim and fame and all of that?

Enter Mephistopheles in the guise
Of a Mass Medium

Mephistopheles:

I'll pay you to condemn the Push,
Roam the beaches, follow the "Sun".
Tape-record and make a ton.

He produces a contract (generous)

Bush: (surprised)

And here I see a contract! Sirrah,
I'll sign right now with "Sunday Mirror"
And tape-record the surfie gangs
Admidst monosyllabic bangs.
Like Paul I've seen a flash of light
And I'll pause not in swiftest flight
From my poor parish in the sticks
(like Paul I long to kick the pricks).

Bush signs.

Mephistopheles: (aside, to mass audience.)

But now the cleric's fate is Hell,
This contract sells his soul to Zell!
And now we'll crush him on the rack.
Make him talk to Cilla Black;
He'll reveal the teenage cults
And answer letters from the dolts.
Bush will cry: "No aberrations!"
Proscribe illegal operations,
In 96 points he'll be moral
Our sales will soar;
We'll shove in sex and still be clean.

Exit with contract, chortling.

(A week later)

Bush seated at parsonage desk.

Bush: (writing weekly column.)

Gas fab teenagers! Howdy doo,
I'm the cleric made for you.
I can say I hate Regina
Describe the perfect teen vagina,
Tell you all about the bust
— Because, you see, I'm
free from lust —

Enter Apricot, solus

Apricot:

Oh Bush, I'm from the A.B.C.
We need a tame priest (for a fee)
To go on the surfie menace.
Advocates cold baths and tennis.
Bring Youth to God, dear Rev., I beg
(And take our ratings up a peg).

Bush: (still writing)

Hang five, king bird and have a rort.
Susie dear, please don't abort,
Book of John, it stokes me rave
Wax your fin and God will save.
I'll do the show, my Apricot
And God and I will make it hot.

Exit Apricot, solus.

(15 radio shows, 32 columns,
8 TV guest spots and 2 court
appearances later.)

Enter Bush before his booking-
agent's office.

Bush:

Ah sweet success and who'll demur?
Better than frankincense and myrrh
Is knowing that I'm fighting sin
By getting all the young folk in.
I make religion just so simple,
It's obvious as a teen's pimple.
Jesus surfs and God is love.
(1 bet I'm wowing Dad above)

Enter Mephistopheles

Mephistopheles: (aside)

But now the contract's ending.
In the time that you've got pending,
Read your contract, note clause (8)
And see there what will be your fate.

Bush reads and groans in despair

Our lawyers say there'll be no fights;
We own your soul — exclusive rights!
Your soul must come with me below
And there be lit by Hades' glow.

But wait, dear Meph, to life I cling
I must appear on "Sing, Sing, Sing"
Let me talk on Eric Baume
Before we go to Murdoch's home.
Oh Meph! please give me just a few
Minutes on "It Could Be You".

Mephistopheles

Mephistopheles: (aside)

Unhappy Bush! You'll burn today,
For errant priests must always pay.
Mass media need religious tools
Perverting dogma, gulling fools.
Too late to change, too late to learn,
Fiery Bush, be damned and burn!

(Exeunt)

At the day's beginning
Do you kneel and pray,
"Keep me, Lord, from sinning, Give me help this day?"
AS HIS LIPS CAME CLOSE TO MINE, I FELT AS IF OUR BREATHS HAD TURNED TO FIRE.

N-NO-OO-O!

AND THIS TIME, DESPITE HIS GENTLENESS, I FELT THE STUNNING PASSION OF HIS KISS, AND MY HEART BEAT WILDLY.

HIS LIPS WERE A CHERISHED WHISPER AGAINST MINE.

AND THIS TIME WHEN HIS KISS TOLD ME THE TRUTH— I BELIEVED IT.

... AFTER ALL...

DEAREST! AT THAT MOMENT I FELT THAT LIFE COULD OFFER NO GREATER HAPPINESS THAN THAT WHICH FILLED MY SOUL.

AND, WITH HIS SECOND KISS, I KNEW MY DREAM HAD AT LAST COME TRUE!

HOW COULD I TELL HARRY THAT ALL I WANTED WAS A GOOD SCREW?

AND I SAW THE MYSTERIOUS SKY DRAW OUR LIPS TOGETHER AS IF BY A MAGNET NO HUMAN COULD RESIST.

DARLINGS— DARLINGS— I LOVE YOU— DO YOU LOVE ME—?

BUT HE WOULDN'T WAIT AND CRUSHED MY ANSWER AGAINST HIS MOUTH...
Death of a CIA Man

by Joseph Mathewson

Before the lights come up on stage, a sound is heard as of a knife being slipped between the third and fourth vertebra (counting up from the bottom) and into the kidneys.

An open grave dominates the set. Old Glory fluttering away above and behind it. The flag has been hung upside down, but its effect, as usual, is stirringly patriotic. Columbia, the CIA man’s wife, stands beside the grave with Cheerful, her son, and McCohen, a very old friend of the family.

It’s getting dark.

I can’t understand it. Here—for the first time in twenty years we were nearly out of debt, and he had to go and do something like this. A year or two and we could have retired, gone back to Sicily. So why?

It was his calling.

Yes, I know. But always before it was—different. Like getting to be a communist. All his friends from work belonged to the Party; and he had the best time at cell meetings. Oh, sure, sometimes he’d com­

The CIA melodrama and cartoon on this page are from MONOCLE -- ‘the ironical chronicle’ of New York. (“In the land of the blind the one-eyed is .............”) It appears quarterly, costs a buck and owes the printer $26,000.

The initials CIA stand for Central Intelligence Agency - the espionage and counter-espionage force of the USA. The three armed forces have no control over its policy or actions. “Monocle” implies that neither does the President and that in fact the CIA is the largest para-military force of incompetent mercenaries the world has ever seen.

The final Appeal Act, the matter has been reserved judgment, said that he would uphold the appeal and quash the conviction. In view of the first paragraph and all its legal ramifications, we were unable to bring it out on a March issue. However, we have taken the opportunity to bring 0Z out at the beginning of this month and intend to maintain this procedure in the future. Naturally all subscriptions will be adjusted.

Due to increased printing costs and overhead expenditure we have raised the price to 2/-.

Richard Neville & Richard Walsh
Co-editors

SIMPSON’S DONKEYS

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli, (April 25, 1915) a contingent of ex-World War One diggers is returning to the historic battleground.

A spokesman for the R.S.L. stated that “this time the men would be armed with Aussie beer, woollen garments, boomerangs and stuffed Koalas as a gesture of goodwill”.

STOP PRESS: (AAP-Reuters)

A ‘goodwill’ contingent of Australian ‘ANZACS’ was today ambushed at Gallipoli by a band of Turkish veterans and slaughtered to the last man.
Satirical magazines are published in many countries, but only a few are distributed in Australia. Everyone knows "Private Eye" - "Simplissimus", "Le Canard Enchaîné", "Panic Button" and "Krokodil" are not so well known. The magazines differ greatly in format and outlook.

MONOCLE is more disgruntled and cynical than angry. On the other hand, the "Sine Massacre" cartoons on this page show well the bitterness and the raw anger that the whole magazine expresses. This French magazine is violently anti-clerical, anti-American, and Left Wing. "Sine Massacre" here comments on the French-German rapprochement, the role of the church in the US-Cuba crisis, and police imbecility (a universal Aunt Sally).

Notre père, qui art en les United States...
To ski at Ko-Ki said the Yeti, as he switched off his ski-free, is a gas
T-bars, chair lift, Austrian Ski School — downhill type slopes — all weather roads — parking at Village
Rustic screams of the natives as they hurl over Compound Fracture Ledge heading for Red Light Cornice
— hidden local stone on the Ski Home Trail. Exploding pink stretch pants as the Snow Birds go for a Burton down Ruin-Me Raceway — then light up a leather tipped Slalom at Harolds Coffee House
Falls (optional) Creek via Albury — per Plane, Train or Steam Car (loaded with steam) Evening brawls (sing-sing), Friendly Fondue and Coffee Cognac Club.
Honeymooners £28 per week / per person / twin singles / irrespective
Peasantry £24 (all in together) for vitamins, bed & red
The Mountain also boasts powder snow, blinding snow storms, coloured views and a variety of slopes to loose yourself or unwanted friends
Even Mt. Kosciusko pales — temp. steady at 22 degrees — locally brewed Glühwein to combat frostbite and emotional fatigue.
Are you in a little rut — we'll fix that — become snowbound and be glad to come out alive We love the Alps — 'cos God Alps those who alp themselves Have a fall (oops — ball) — ski at Ko-Ki Be miserable and stiff, thats "U" for you.
1. Sings to Tenterfield emus, inspired by boundary-rider father. Accompanies own childish piping voice on ukelele strung with fishing-line.
2. Wins Junior Song (self-accomp.) at Tenterfield Eisteddfod acquires first pr. riding boots, plywood guitar.
3. First 2TE broadcast taped by Bush Record Club Records talent scout, who pays his rail fare to Sydney. Wild applause at Eureka Youth League dance and Ironworkers' Hall talent quest.
6. Records 'Sydney Town' — smash chart hit pop! TV show now sponsored, peak slot. Craig McGregor ghosts autobiography, ABCTV half-hour "Folk Vision of Gary Shearston"
7. Snubbed by Edgar Waters, noticed by Ward Austin, felt by Grantly Dee, "In Melbourne Tonight" guest spot. Records "Shearston Sings Sylvester", signs contract with Muzak; wears bow-tie to Troubadour, also Old Spice.
Moral: A profit is without honour in his own land. D.L.
Sin.

How about something on rural idiocy? We live in the original pilot area it seems and most of your satire being Sydney-oriented just doesn't touch the rich folklore and absurd legends of our pioneering types. Round here they still wear red flannel underwear, treat kids with bromide for all ills and shove a penny down a dog's throat for distemper, worms, or mange.

The Festival of the Falling Leaf is Tumut's local annual thing. In 1963 an ode was composed to commemorate this event. It ended:

"Come, see our grande demesne
Our perfect habitat
Our ideal home,
Our haven of retreat;
Then stay awhile or live a lifetime here.
Come all the world and welcome.
This is Tumut.

This sparked off a Poetry War which lasted almost a year, ranging over the local unfiltered pool, P.P. Board, and every other sacred cow around the place. Fun while it lasted. Anyway, hereto appended is my Attempt, for which I would appreciate a purple heart certificate in return.

"Oh, Golden Tumut! Culture's Nest!
Renowned throughout the Far South West!
Where struggling artists reach fruition
By hanging in our Exhibition,
And wear the heady Olympian Crown
Thrice blessed, and opened by Carter Brown.

T U M U T ! ! ! ! ! ! The very word's a song.
From either end it's just as long.
From either end it reads as such.
Oh, two-faced town we love so much.
Beloved Town, which, like its name,
Can up itself and stay the same.

Carter Brown was chosen by the Festival Committee to open the 1963 Festival. One objection was raised; a committee member questioned the suitability of a "literary prostitute."

—SAPPHO OF ADELONG,
Tumut, N.S.W.
Sir,

Perhaps the most depressing thing about the country is the fact that so many people seem content to live there. For convivial companions, intellectual conversations and proximity to Sydney give me Goulburn Jail any day. Some inhabitants of Goulburn probably agree.

The best remedy for the country ills of drought, non-decentralisation, et al. is probably a dam stretching from Broken Hill across to the Great Divide and down to Albury. Then they could plug up the Murray and flood the whole inland to a depth of 600 feet. This is the only conceivable use for any land on the windward side of Katoomba. Even include Katoomba if the level could be raised high enough. Bagong, incidentally, is a State school of 12 unteachables being taught at approximate cost of £500 ea. pa. by my B.A. husband. If you know of anyone that wants a cheap private school, this is it.

(Mrs.) M. McG.,
The Schoolhouse.
Bagong, N.S.W.

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I love the Wild West Circuit,
That swings around Australia,
With broncs and bulls that buck because
They've cinched-up genitalia.
But is it really sport to let the riders go scot-free?
Why not bind up all the cowboys
— The wide brown belt for me.

Clique go the shears boys, clique, clique, clique,
How does the squattocracy get so rich so quick.
Why, by putting in a Manager who's got a Ph.D.
And jaquering down to Sydney to have tea with Nola D.

Oh, what shall we do with our eldest loon,
Send him to Sydney to fail at Uni.
And if his voice breaks far too soon, he can always be a crutcher.

Oh de Picnic Races are doin de rounds, doo-dah, doo-dah.
So I'm headin' for de mulga in me Dior Gowns. oh doo-dah day
Gwine to grog all night, gwine to sleep all day.
And I'll compromise a squatter from the Back o' Bourke
Or a doo-dah from Double Bay.

A diller-a-dollar.
A G.P.S. scholar.
How can you pay the fees
'Cos Dad overstocks
And rigs his tax
And his sheep have Ph.D.'s.

---

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10

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REQUIEM FOR A SATIRIST

One of the articles in the notorious OZ No. 6 which caused a great deal of trouble was a piece called “Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay” by the American entertainer and satirist, Lenny Bruce. Last December Lenny died. In his last days he was involved in legal proceedings with prosecutions launched in both Chicago and New York against him. We reprint below an obituary to Bruce published in the current issue of “The Realist,” an American magazine unavailable in Australia because of a Customs Dept. Ban.

Lenny Bruce and John F. Kennedy had something in common. They were both great cocksmen. I couldn't help thinking, among the other thoughts one has at the death of a friend, that there must have been a special throb of mourning among all the ladies who had been limited partners in the countless less-than-one-night stands of comedian and President alike.

Lenny once told me that the role of a comedian was to make the audience laugh “at a minimum of, on the average, once every 15 seconds — or let’s be liberal to escape the hue and cry of the injured, and say one laugh every 25 seconds . . . “

More and more, though, he began to get so serious during performances that it was obvious that he wasn’t even hoping to get a laugh every 15-25 seconds.

It was in Milwaukee that three plain-clothed policemen went into his dressing room, kicked a musician out, and told Bruce that he was not to talk about politics or religion or sex, or they’d yank him right off the stage. The night before, a group of 28 Catholics had signed a complaint about his act, which they’d gone to see voluntarily.

As more and more night-club owners began to want the same privilege of non-judgment by judge or jury, Lenny was scared. He toned down his act as well as his language.

But Lenny wasn’t exactly like a book.

A few years before, I had overheard the following conversation in a Milwaukee night-club:

“Nobody knows where Lenny Bruce is staying.”

“He’s staying at the Y.”

“What does he do there?”

“He’s gonna read himself right out of a job.”

And in a way this was an accurate prediction. Because Lenny found that the novelists didn’t have to say “frig” anymore. He began to want the same privilege of non-restriction. His point of view was the same on stage and off, and he wanted to talk to his friends in the night club with the same freedom of vocabulary he could exercise in someone’s living room.

But Lenny wasn’t exactly like a book. He finally realised that.

If I ever end up in court on anything, I’ll get a haircut, and wear a white shirt and tie, and swear on the Bible, because I don’t have the guts to be as consistent as Lenny was — in faded blue denims and long side-burns, calling the oath a farce he always wanted to win purely on the basis of the law, and so he was willing to risk losing purely on the basis of prejudice by judge or jury.

As more and more night-club owners became more and more afraid to hire him, he devoted more and more of his time and energy to the law. When he finally did get a weekend booking in Monterey, he remarked: “I feel like it’s taking me away from my work.”

In New York, the judges ordered him to undergo a psychiatric examination before they passed sentence. “Watch,” Lenny told me, chuckling — but also with genuine terror — “They’re gonna say I have a per­secution complex.”

The first issue of the “Realist” quoted Malcolm Muggeridge, former editor of “Punch”: “As I see it, the only pleasure of living is that every joke should be made, every thought expressed, every line of investigation, irrespective of its direction, pursued to the uttermost limits that human ingenuity, courage and understanding can take it. The moment that limits are set . . . then the flavour is gone.”

More than anyone else I’ve ever known, Lenny Bruce lived up to that ideal; but now the flavour will never be the same, for he is gone.

When the newspapers called me at 3 o’clock that cold December morning for a statement, I simply said: “It was God’s will.”

Paul Krassner.

LONDON.—A member of the House of Commons said it would take seven years to get a button approved for a pair of British Army pants, Associated Press reported.

Addressing the House last night Mr. David Walder, Conservative, said there was a committee which examined the general principle of army trousers.

When a general principal was accepted the design of a button was then considered.

Eventually a prototype trouser button was produced, he said.

Then trials of the button by one regiment took place.

Then the button was accepted and the average time lapse was seven years.

He said:— Something must be done.
The Top People go to Toggery

(Well, almost the top.)

Here's a man who's where he is now only because he chose Toggery gear *exclusively*. Note his flattering non-wrinkle lambswool sweater. It's guaranteed to impress the most dubious bird or presidium. And get with his fleecy pleatless cufflesses! You too can have a crutch-fit like Nikki — with inbuilt popular support.

Collectively, he's a wow so nick off with Nikki to the shop where the Top (almost) stop. And ask the commissar for our newest — the NKVD style button-down collar (as modelled at right).

Stop the tractor at Double Bay and shop with the Top (almost) at

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10 HINTS FOR THE CONSTIPATED

The lazy bowel often needs just a little regular training to stir it back to normal activity. Give the matter your attention first thing in the morning.

To do this you will need a little more time, so try to get up ten minutes earlier. By sacrificing these few minutes you will improve your health and feel better for the rest of the day.

But it isn't enough merely for you to get up. Your bowel must rouse itself too! A glass of cold water will help. But don't drink it in one gulp. Sip it slowly.

You now have an extra 10 minutes at your disposal and can take your breakfast in comfort. Don't rush. Eat your food slowly and relax. Don't keep looking at the clock.

After breakfast, even if you have no inclination, try to empty your bowel. Take the morning paper with you. Or smoke a cigarette. A gentle pressure on your abdomen may help. If there is no movement within 5 minutes, don't be discouraged. The results will probably be better tomorrow.

Another important point is that your body requires regular physical activity. Go for walks, especially when you have a sedentary occupation.

Rest and relaxation are very important. Always try to have at least 8 hours sleep. Even if you have to work at high pressure most of the day, you should try to find time to relax occasionally for a few minutes.

In spite of all these natural corrective measures, recourse to a laxative is sometimes unavoidable. A laxative is certain in its action and is completely safe for use by persons of all ages because it is not absorbed into the system. When taken in the evening before retiring the enteric coated tablets bring about an effortless evacuation on the following morning. The suppositories act very quickly, usually within 10-60 minutes. Frequently two motions approximately 20 minutes apart result from the use of one suppository.

Follow your Doctor's directions and you will soon enjoy healthy regularity.

N.S.W. Dept. of Health
"Channel 7? . . . Mr Plant, please . . . hello . . . Michael . . . Michael, got a fantastic script here for the Show. You’ll love it boy, a natural. Is it FUNNY? Man, it’s a riot, it’s got a tremendous sexy bit and the greatest gag about the Pill and . . . Sure, yep, yep . . . well, I’ve got troubles we’ve all got troubles. Now Mike . . . Michael, wait man and it SWINGS. Now look, five minutes, that’s all . . . five lousy little . . . two? OK, fine . . . right, understood.

Opens on a long shot Mike, Michael—office of a bloated controller of the international oil cartel. How’s it for IMPACT, boy, an immediate visual hit huh? And it’s TOPICAL because just then we have R. W. Miller (Chater’s a natural, a gas bit for Charlie) . . . well, R.W. comes in about the oil ships and . . .

And he’s looking well, kinda satirical man, ironical, biting, a touch of IRREVERENCE maybe if the lighting boys can . . . right, sure, yep, yup. Then there’s this really Bramstonish, anti-sacred-cow bit with the office boy rushing on but in WOMEN’S CLOTHES — great new twist, huh! And he FALLS OVER flat on his bum, turns to camera one — a big close up-here — and he says it. Yep, he says: “SHIT!”

And while the laughs are still coming he rubs his bum and when that laugh and the applause die down he turns his head away and you hear VOMITING sounds. So Miller makes a funny face and SPITS at him and they all sing . . . OK, in falsetto voices. See, hits at ALL the conventions! Knew you’d love it and . . . well, don’t decide right now.

I’ll just rough it out Mike Michael real quick yep yup . . . just the IDEAS, the satiric positives. It’s a big SEND-UP, Mike, a child can see the point, the double entendres are fantastic. It fits the format just so terrifically and you even get a crack at the ABC.

Well, then it sends up the big oil companies just rotten, shows up all this public spirit, cultural jazz for the SHAM, the lousy IMAGE-GRABBING facade it really is. It all comes over in three HARD minutes Mike, Michael man. The whole FARCE, the repressive undertones to all those big shows they sponsor; and to bleed the little men who don’t know better, the very people who are Bramston regulars!

Just reeks of social conscience and the way they CENSOR yup yep uh huh the stuff . . . that’s true, but against their own octopus interests and . . . and Michael? . . . Mike . . . Mike Michael . . . Michael . . . ? —D.L.
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