“Who knows – one day he may grow up to be Prime Minister”
There are occasions when one must tog oneself up in some grouse gear. When such an occasion occurs I need look no further than that superior establishment FORMAL WEAR... am I right Dolly?

You are only too right Gas Swinger... personally I would never go elsewhere... and not a lovely situation... 147a KING St. SYDNEY Phone: 28-0537... AND 26 MARKET LANE MELBOURNE Phone: 32-4795... isn't that just too much?

Write for further details and self-measuring form to the above address.
Sir,
I have been rather ill for sometime now and the other day I became ill again after reading your magazine which my daughter had hidden in her basket and I can only hope that the Lord in his infinite mercy will forgive you for your hideous sins and dreadful perversions which no doubt have deprived many flowers of our youth by such things as the naked and erotic pictures of the young men performing an indecent act under the shower and if I had a bit more go in me I would come in and give you young perverts the flogging of your debauched lives as I have whipped other young boys like you before who slinked along the street in their leather jackets and their other obscene clothes like coloured shirts and long hair. I do not think you have the guts to let your readers know how easily I can size you up and put you down but you are a bunch of vile characters I would like to see castrated and I would do it too.

Edward Hines
(84 years better than you are)
85 Sandgate Avenue, Botany, N.S.W.

Sir,
2SM has banned the record If You Gotta Go, Go Now by Manfred Mann. No announcement was made of this fact, but I phoned 2SM with the obvious question. After being put on to four people, none of whom would discuss the matter, I was finally told by the Programme manager's secretary that: "2SM wouldn't want to play anything that might harm kids' morals. The record will never be heard on this station again, even if it reaches number one in the charts."

The offending verse in the song (written by Bob Dylan) would appear to be:

Now I don't want to make you give
Anything you never gave before,
It's just that I'll be sleeping soon,
It'll be too dark for you to find the door.
But if you gotta go, go now,
Or else you've got to stay all night.

2SM's attitude is rather amusing, considering that they are at the moment unreservedly playing a record about the adventures of a drug-addict (Get Offa My Cloud by the Rolling Stones).

DAVID DALE,
Coogee, N.S.W.

"If You Gotta Go, Go Now" has been banned by every radio station in Sydney. Buy it fast before the police grab all the copies from record stores. I am now completely enraged at this invasion of individual freedom. Only 2UW is exempt from my wrath - I phoned them and a girl with a very sexy voice said that they would play it if they could but the Federation of Commercial Broadcasting has forbidden all its members to play it.

Here's a great new game to test your powers of observation. Illustrated here are four great ladies accompanied by four sets of sets. All you have to do is match the set with the picture of the Great Lady you believe the set belongs to and you could win a subscription to OZ.

Just put the letter of the set in the square alongside the Great Lady and send your entry to OZ Magazine, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. Entry fee is 24/- if you want to win a one year subscription or 42/- if you want to win a two year subscription.
WILD GIRLS FOR HIRE
Don't let guests collapse with boredom at your Christmas party — hire the "Vamps" — they're Australia's first female rock group. Details: Marsha at OZ, 28-4197; Paul Landa, 26-1881.

To fix for Fango photos by Peter Draf tin, geer photographer, anywhere anytime, ring Marsha 28-4197.

BOOMERANGS!
Genuine returning type, can be thrown by a 7-8 year old boy. Quality made, each one flight tested. £1 each, post paid anywhere. Details: Marsha at OZ, 28-4197; Paul Landa, 26-1881.

Ming Don't Go-Go buttons obtainable from OZ office at 1/- each.

Also old OZ posters for 1/-. Still a few copies of the August edition of OZ. A singer who is fighting the Viet Cong and sends him OZ left for 2/- each.

MODERN JAZZ BALLET
Taught by JOOLEE COLLINS late of the ALVIN AILEY School — NEW YORK, at Phyllis Bates, 99 Liverpool Street (Phone 61-5754), Mondays 6 p.m., and Fields Studio, 2A Waverley Street, Bondi Junction (Phone 38-8921) Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.

N C 0V E M B E R 5: The Sydney Mirror's columnist Ron Saw deserves to be read by a wider audience than his home city. On this Friday, Saw tried to tip up the awful chilled formality of Doc Evatt's funeral.

He failed miserably because his overwriting (which earned him this year's Walkley award) was not half so effective as the facts themselves ("His portrait doesn't hang in King's Hall, and it should. No Labor office or meeting place has a picture of him on its wall").

Perhaps only in his final two paragraphs did that ring true. "So they buried the poor, passionate, tragic Doc and when the pale brown earth has settled they will raise a cross or a stone or a tablet over his grave.

"And that will be the only tangible mark in the city he loved and which gave him so little love in return."

November 7: The Libs lost the Bondi by-election.

Bob Askin has certainly taken little time to learn all the tricks of "professional" politics; sending Landa off to London in the first place, sending his to set off to shake the electorate's hand, announcing the new Governor and the extent of the Opera House fiasco at a crucial moment in the election-eering.

Anything and everything was grist to his mill.

He called the result a "moral victory". A "morale victory" surely he meant, for Bob himself has proven that in politics there is little hope for morality.

Whatever happened to Det-Serge. Harry Giles?

November 9: Sydney Mirror headlines:

AUSSIE GRIP IN VIET. It concerned a "Newsweek" article stating that Australians are upset that they are not consulted by the U.S. command in every joint action.

Aussie Grip of this type has often affected our troops during wartime, particularly in the tropics. Fortunately, it rarely affects the average civilian, even when his mates are dying of it abroad.

November 10: Sir Robert stood in front of the new Canberra headquarters of the Liberal Party (a £50,000 two-storey building of Georgian style architecture), one of the few prominent figures in the world today who can afford to be boastfully reactionary.

"I am an old fashioned, reactionary Tory when it comes to architects", he disclosed, as though it was not self-apparent. "And perhaps in other matters", he rebutted his double-breasted and mentally crossed himself at the thought that the Queen and modern times had passed him by. "This building has charm. It does not look like a dairy" (milking the audience for laughs with his gauche idea of the humorous simile).

If these modern architects have their way for 50 years; no one will know what city he's in", he said, trusting against hope that in 50 years time people would mistake Canberra for 19th century London.

Is Farouk fa real?

November 14: Prince Charles turned 17. His mother was 14 when she began making radio speeches and other public appearances. So far there has been an ominous silence from this shy young future P.T. instructor.

It is believed that after the Timberhew sojourn the Prince will return to Gordonstoun. Higher education plans have not been disclosed.

Mainly because they cannot be contemplated.
COPPULATION: Where the population is raped by its own police force. The Commissioner is trying to stamp out such intercourse between constabulary and citizens.

GET TYNANED

November 11: Rhodesia's Declaration of Independence. Throughout the crisis, the P.M. has managed to mask admirably his inner conflict —

Between, on the other hand, his notorious and never concealed distaste for the coloured folk, reflected in Australia's attitude to South Africa and fortified by the support of Mr. Ian Smith, of Rhodesia.

Yet, on the other hand, he has been so successfully wooed by Wilson, ever since the Commonwealth Conference, that it is more than his ego could bear to break with his new-found and highly unlikely Whitehall pal.

Of course, the Queen's partisanship clinched it and — presumably to the utter amazement of the Africans — Bob is really pulling his weight and acting for all the world as though he has never heard of White Australia.

November 15: A 64 year-old Biblical scholar, well-known for his modern translation of the New Testament and some 300 commentaries on Biblical history, has just published in Britain a book which should really go over well here (if it ever arrives). It is "The Passover Plot" by Dr. Hugh Schonfield.

Dr. Schonfield suggests:

- Jesus, believing himself to be the promised Messiah, schemed throughout his life to manipulate people so the Old Testament prophecies would be fulfilled.
- The vinegar passed to Jesus on a sponge was really a drug passed by an accomplice, enabling him to simulate death.
- The linen and spices used to wrap his body acted as dressings for his injuries.

Local Christians will not have to read the book to be able to compose satisfactory Letters to the Editor condemning this book.

Wizards of U.S.?

November 21: The "Sun-Herald" quoted a long article by a Reuter correspondent published in The "Washington Post" under the heading: "Sydney's bright lights glow in world of crime."

Sample:

- Jesus, believing himself to be the promised Messiah, schemed throughout his life to manipulate people so the Old Testament prophecies would be fulfilled.

* * *

Wizards of U.S.?

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Sample:

It adds: "Houses of perversion have declined in recent years, according to reports, but there is one establishment in Bayswater Road which announces delights which we dare not offer to beginners."

Which sounded kind of familiar:

There are establishments in Kirribilli and Bayswater Road which offer delights we dare not recommend to beginners.

OZ, October

The following appreciation of R. G. Menzies' lovely "In Memoriam" won our literary competition announced two issues ago and $5:

Freedom-lusting patriot - premier - poet Menzies, in this short sonnet, has really turned on something out of the box for us diggers he nearly joined in heather-clad romantic Gallipoli.

There are seven f's in the poem (there's alliteration for you) and plugging the pretty side of war. "An Empire's message flashing" suggests both the gaiety of Soho (compare "call to arms") and shimmering shell-bursts. Blood pulsing in veins may seem commonplace but it's the blood of CHIVALRY and you get nostalgic at the prospect of it all spurring out so soon in a rich red riot like Waratah petals.

"He could not stay/Let other wait" reveals the potential courage of a budding thistle who deserved posthumous glory in the front lines himself and "tyrants humbled" the penitence of a truly humble tyrant.

The odd "clouds and thunder" dawn contrasts astoundingly with "the glorious day" and the human little "glee." Majestic violence abounds, too, in the chaotic metre of the next line. "Fray", like "o'er", shows Menzies' gift for choosing time-honoured poetic cliches and he must have chased clean through Thesaurus for "noble, brave."

"He went" is a deliciously happy, absurdly short ending — so merrily mysterious it had us yelling wildly: "Where? Where?" all over the R.S.L. club!

—Paul Vernon-Roberts
On Saturday night, Mum, Dad, my girlfriend and myself went to SYDNEY'S THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR and really had a good time. We left home and luckily there was no sign of rain because we had "open seating" to see THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR at 7 o'clock the same evening. We got off the 395 bus which had taken us as far as Moore Park, squeezed through the turnstile and found ourselves in the midst of THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.

The first thing we saw was the International Pavilion. We couldn't understand why GERMANY had so many big machines on show. "After all," Mum said, "we're not interested in big machines." My girlfriend and myself agreed but Dad pointed out that they showed how Germany was rearming again and added that the rest of the world should heed the danger signs. My girlfriend and myself agreed. Actually, the exhibits that caught our eyes in this pavilion were the Dancing Fountains. These were Australian, and we all felt sure they could hold their own anywhere in the world. My girlfriend wished in one of them but wouldn't tell me what she wished for. We also looked at ISRAEL, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, POLAND and PAKISTAN as well and thought they all put up a fine show.seeing they are all Communist Dominated.

Dad then reminded us that we had to see the German Woodchopper. At the ROYAL EASTER this is always my favourite spectacle so I was looking forward with anticipation to compare our boys with a continental.

What a disappointment this turned out to be! Full of hope, I arrived to see this German CARPENTER carving a statue of OUR LADY. Not that I'm against arts and crafts mind you, but I was looking forward to seeing some woodchopping. We left there in a hurry because, on top of this let down, they weren't giving out any pamphlets, and we all feel you can take a bit of the outing home with you if you collect pamphlets.

We then "travelled" through INDIA, HONG KONG, THAILAND (SIAM), AUSTRIA and FREE CHINA but didn't see much of interest and besides you couldn't help feeling they were putting their best feet forward to try and impress us. We all said we'd rather see what life is really like in these underprivileged countries.

Just about now we started to feel the excitement welling up inside of us... THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR was due to commence presently.

We all bought a pie and an orange drink, queued up and were soon seated. Sitting there waiting for the commencement, I thought over what I had seen. I had learnt a lot and widened my outlook. I also marvelled at the wonderful map of Asia lying out there in front of us on the Showground. The craftsmanship in this alone showed that Australia can "really turn it on" when it comes to putting on a show, but neither myself or my girlfriend could see why Australia was included in a map of Asia.

There were five big film screens around the ground showing slides of the various countries respectively. We all thought that it must have taken a clever mind to think up something like that and we all liked the idea because the pictures reminded us of the travel films we like so much.

Darkness fell, a ring of light sprang up around INDONESIA, and we saw real AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES doing one of their folk dances and wearing their traditional costume. They certainly looked better than any I've seen in Sydney and it made me realise that the aborigines should be left in the outback where they belong. Then came a CAMBODIAN girl singing a song standing on a crane, I knew then it was truly going to be a spectacular.

After Cambodia came PAKISTAN but they couldn't be there because of the trouble and so some Aussie boys from exotic DENILIQUIN showed us that they were every bit as good as the originals. Indeed I'm sure our boys from Deniliquin were, perhaps, a little better than the real thing.

CEYLON'S turn was next and they were certainly clever with their hands when they played the BONGO DRUMS. My girlfriend pointed out that their skill probably didn't come from picking tea leaves. Dad laughed and added, "The teas that please are Ceylonese" and we all laughed after that.

Until now, Dad had been enjoying all the PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR but he happened to look beside him and see there was a real ASIAN sitting right next to him. This was too much for Dad, he had to leave soon after.

As he said when we got home, "It's alright them out there entertaining but it's a different thing when they start sitting next to you." Some people have short memories, he said, and we all agreed. (Dad doesn't forget things easy.)

After Dad left us we saw a fireworks display from HONG KONG with an exciting Dragon parade which let us know just what goes on "behind the scenes" in the Asian religions.

JAPAN's contribution to the "SPECTACULAR" was a let down for me at first. All they sent over to represent their country was a girl tight-rope walker and I personally thought that seeing they sell so many of their toys, cameras and cars to Australia, they could have afforded a more impressive entry.

After this, the next act to interest me was the King Elephant Parade from INDIA. The Indians couldn't come either (I got the idea it had something to do with Pakistan) but their Ceylon "cousins" stood in for them and we couldn't really tell the difference.

It was a moving ceremony but even with all its majesty I couldn't help thinking one of our own elephants from BULLEN'S CIRCUS could have done just as well.

Then there came the PHILIPPINE dancers who danced in and out of bamboo sticks which were being hit together. The loudspeaker said they were imitating birds, and we joined in as the whole crowd applauded their nimble feet. Mother said she was sorry Dad wasn't there to see them because he had always been light on his feet.

At last came the THAILAND Royal Barge. Myself and my girlfriend had been looking forward to seeing this all week because her mother breeds Siamese cats. It was a truly beautiful sight, full of Asians pretending to row it around the Showground.

Someone imaginative could almost imagine Yul Brynner sitting there like he did in the film but we were disappointed to learn that it was only a model and not really the Thailand Royal Barge.

NEW ZEALAND came next but the Maoris looked pretty fat so we decided to leave early and avoid the rush. On the way out we met Dad who had almost recovered by now and we all managed to get a seat on the 395 bus back home, changing at Central.

After Dad had paid the fare we talked about what we'd seen and all agreed we had learnt a lot. This discussion made the bus trip seem very short and we all finally arrived home tired but happy.

KEITH JOHNSON.
Christmas is upon us again with its usual sordid collection of sloppy, sentimental cards and useless, totally unimaginative presents. However, by following this advice you can at least make one aspect of this year's holy season worth looking forward too.

1. Pick out all the people you can't stand. Send them a card. They'll either think you're a two-faced bastard or not such a bad fellow after all. Either way it doesn't matter. Next time you see them—snub them! Keep the scunges guessing till next year.

2. Think of a few people you haven't exchanged cards with for a couple of years and post them one two days before Christmas. You'll probably get a new year's card but just ignore it. Snub them when you see them, too. They'll probably ask you around for drinks. Always have another engagement.

3. Pick out people whom you know and just happen to be of a different social standing to you. Send them perfectly normal cards with perfectly normal messages, but sign them “from John and Tweetie, the budgie.” Make sure these are sent early—they'll feel obliged to send you one in return and to humour you will most likely sign it “from Mr. and Mrs. Van Dratt and Freddy, the goldfish.” Then you show the card to all your friends who start to wonder how people as childish as the Van Dratts managed to climb as high as they did on the social ladder.

—C.S.

With summer on the way, kiddies' learn-to-swim classes have begun all over Australia. And who better than happy instructor H. Holt (left) to demonstrate that swimming is child's play.

Harold must take care that tiny air-bubbles don't cause the “bends” so he wears this special anti-inflation suit whenever he dives deep into those troubled waters he knows so well.

“It's sink or swim,” said Harold as he sunk. But no need to worry. Harold is happiest when he's out of his depth (which is most of the time) because then he can just sit on his favourite bottom and let problems go over his head.

Harold's services are much in demand and he has just promised to teach the new South African ambassador to skin-dive. “This proves that I'm not colour-conscious,” said Harold and friends agreed that where colour was concerned, Harold had no conscience at all.

But some races interest him more than others and he confided that in one at least he hoped to end up as leader. “A curious race!” I said when Harold explained that his training consisted of smoking cigars, drinking all the brandy he could and then vomiting as accurately as he could over anyone standing in his way.

Apparently these are the training methods of the retiring champion and he has won for twenty years running (or vomiting).  — D.L.
Dear Diary,

Well, what a month I've had here at 30 Baroda Street. Arthur has been so busy that the lawns have suffered badly and not one rosebush has been pruned.

Sittings in the House always tire him and when he does get home it's all he can do to get up the front steps and lean on the chimes button. Poor dear, he has to be on his toes all the time, what with Sir Robert to face and Gough at his back. But, when I answer the door, he's never too tired to let his mouth slide sideways into his own genial smile and I know he's pleased to be home.

Some nights he's so exhausted that he doesn't remember to shut the garage doors and all the back windows frost up on his Mini. When he comes home like this all he wants is a hot Horlicks and to flop into bed, so even then I don't get a chance for a good talk. Or anything else.

It was so nice to have him home for Cup week-end but even then he was terribly busy. On Saturday morning, we took Gertie (my palest-green Mini) down the street to do the holiday shopping. Arthur was in a hurry to trim the edges and then prepare for an Executive meeting so he parked quickly and we sped off to the Foodfair. Picture our surprise, when we returned, to find a traffic policeman leaning on Genie! Arthur, of course, introduced himself but the fellow kept on writing so Arthur had to write out a writ for £100,000 damages there and then before you could say Isle of Capri. He said that he moved in high places and that his was a "moving hand that having writ moved on." The policeman said to move on. This was a blow, but Arthur didn't grumble about the money for the fine, "We'll soon have more than enough," he said. I wonder what he means.

About 4 o'clock Arthur was just wiping his plate when that dreadful Victorian Executive arrived. While he answered the chimes, I dashed about with the antimacassars and spittoons. I was glad Arthur had a clean Glo-weave, even if the others were wearing blue singlets.

It was a very late night, but I retired after serving the Jatz and savoury dip. Arthur was up early next morning working away on his book. This project is still "top secret" but someone is bringing out a whole series of books of the wittiest sayings of various people. I've seen "The Wit of Prince Philip." Sir Robert is next and Arthur is hard at work on "The Wit of A. A. Calwell." Though he is by no means a stranger to print, Arthur is taking the book very seriously and I'm sure his readers will do the same. He goes through our bound Hansard volumes (same shelf as the Condensed Books) marking the bits in his speeches that are especially funny. Until I looked, I didn't realise that Arthur had so many "loud laughter"s, "govt cheers" or "prolonged laughter and applause"s, and often on the most unlikey occasions.

After a salad, we passed our "pleasant Sunday afternoon" at home and, for the first time in weeks, we had a good talk. Arthur does have his problems with the Party, but, as he said, "We all have our crosses to bear." I asked him about young Gough and he agreed with me that he was a worry. "Well Elizabeth," he said, "we all have our double crosses to bear," and laughed so much he had to wipe the foam from his lips. (I suggested he put that one in the book).

But our happiness was not to last long—Tuning into the news we heard of Old Doc's sad passing. Although he and Arthur were not always the best of friends, the hatchet was buried with him. Arthur, humming sadly, found a pencil and penned his definitive obituary for The Australian. It was lovely the way he "accentuated the positive" and ignored all those little disagreements and trifling altercations. I hope that Arthur, too, will be called an "almost-great Australian" when he dies.

Then, after a last leaf through the France travel brochure, Arthur put out the tin and so to bed.

Help take the Christ out of Christmas with hilarious Xmas cards by Martin Sharp beautifully printed in full colour on glossy art paper. Cost? Paltry at ten shillings for six post free!

Please send me 6 assorted, different Xmas cards by Martin Sharp (with envelopes) by return post
1 enclose 10/- for each set

Name: ________________________________
Address: ______________________________
State: ________________________________

Rush coupon to Gildrose Cards, Box 87, Sydney Mail Exchange
Although OZ encourages outside contributions, most of them are, alas, unprintable. Occasionally, however, faith in our readers is restored by a manuscript of outstanding quality. Such is "The Unholy Grail".

Since its length made it initially unsuitable for OZ, we have added extra pages in the conviction that you will be as excited as we were by this witty, clever allegory.

Consider the ad pages of the glossy magazines. There, in soft-focus background is to be found a certain brand of man. He admires twin sets. He acclaims suits. Or — and very Americanised this — wolf-whistles his approval of a classic dress. His presence lends tone to the ad and at the same time suggests that the clothing advertised will increase the buyer's desirability.

His suit is dark, its cut verging retrogressively towards the Edwardian. He wears a multi-coloured vest, sports a coke, carries brief-case and umbrella. He is almost too immaculate. But for all his sartorial perfection he is very much a man's man. Which is to be expected since he is the creative exec's own creature.

Such was Sebastian as he walked along Oxford Street one December morning. In addition to umbrella and brief-case, however, he carried a parcel gift-wrapped in Christmas trimmings. In the parcel, in tissue paper, cellophane and cardboard box, secured by Sellotape, was, so Sebastian was convinced, the Holy Grail.

Saints, and sinners, have searched for the Holy Grail and volumes have been written on their quests. Some men have seen it and the vision was the climax of their lives. Throughout the centuries the Grail has been the symbol of unattainable perfection.

Sebastian had bought his Grail at the cosmetic counter of a Regent Street store for £3/19/11.

He waited for a break in the traffic and began to cross the road.

From the distance the forest had given no indication that it would be other than that which he might expect. But now that he had reached it Sebastian realised that it was no more a real forest than a photograph of a bush is a real bush. The grass was artificial. The trees were two dimensional, lopped short some ten feet from the ground, and their leaves were green plastic. Even the sky above was only blue paper electrically illuminated. It was a department-store window forest.

It was noon when he entered the forest and once in the forest, Sebastian, like Felix, kept on walking. Later he began to think that either the forest was much larger than he had at first anticipated, or that he was travelling in a circle. Sebastian stopped, laid his brief-case, umbrella and parcel on the ground and sat down. He removed his bowler, brushing it once or twice with the...
palm of his hand and then placed it beside him. He lit a cigarette. He realised:

a) that he was lost,
   b) a) in an immense ballet-decor forest, and c) while taking time-off from the office,
   d) that he hadn't the faintest idea of how he had got there.

From a bough some distance away a paper-sculptured owl viewed his bewilderment with Indian-inky eyes.

There was a sudden burst of unearthly laughter. "Allow me —," thundered a jovian voice.

Sebastian saw a ghostly, but well manicured masculine hand, a shadowy wrist disappearing into a Swedish style button-thru cuff, and the beginnings of a silk pinned sleeve. The hand preferred itself to be shaked. Much against his better judgment Sebastian clasped the hand and was relieved to find that it felt as natural as its appearance was unnatural.

"To explain," concluded the voice.

"I'd rather," Sebastian replied, wondering at his own daring, "hear the explanation from a complete man. Not that an explanation under any circumstances won't be most welcome," he added hurriedly, "if you are unable to materialise further."

The hand removed a cigar from unseen lips and stooped into nothingness.

"Damn!" exclaimed the voice.

Sebastian watched the hand return. Then the other hand. Followed by a foot. The rest of the body came in disjointed segments like the picture a jigsaw puzzle makes as the pieces are assembled.

Sebastian found himself regarding an impeccably dressed, middle aged gentleman.

"My name," said the apparition, "is Logos."

Sebastian accepted a cigar and, following the other's example sat down on the paper turf. Mr. Logos unscrewed the golden cap from his cigar and poured two large measures of whisky into glasses, which he con- jured from thin air. Soda, from an air-borne syphon followed. The whisky, Sebastian realised slipping appreciatively, was just what he needed.

"Nice grill you've got there," began Mr. Logos conversationally.

"It's more than a grill," Sebastian replied quickly, without wondering how Mr. Logos knew the contents of his parcel. "It's the Grill," empathising the definite article. "I'll show you. I began unscrewing his parcel. "I got it for Verity. She's my fiancee, he added. Then, as he removed the final tissue paper: Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beauty," Mr. Logos answered, somehow making his natures trum sound as if it were an original thought, "lies in the mind of the beholder. What do you see?" he asked.

"What do I see?" Sebastian exclaimed. "Yes," Mr. Logos replied, bending down and hiding his present under the bowler hat.

"In which case shall I leave you," said Mr. Logos, presently. "Two is a question at a lovers' meeting."

Sebastian, running forward to meet Verity scarcely heard Mr. Logos' parting words. "Darling!" he kissed his fiancee's. "But what on earth are you doing here?"

"What on earth," Verity echoed, "are you doing here?"

They walked back to the tree where Sebastian had been sitting with Mr. Logos. The area, which had been artificially au naturel, was now an executive-style lounge, but lacking roof and two walls.

Sebastian and Verity stood hand in hand and

blissfully: What does he expect? A written declaration from Jesus Christ in person, witnessed by the twelve apostles that this is the Grail? "What about the explanation?" he asked in a I'm-in-no-mood-to-be-trifled-with voice.

Mr. Logos examined the lengthening ash on his hand and pointed to the middle foreground. "Explanations can wait," he said. "But time, tide, and attractive young women wait for no man."

Sebastian glanced in the direction indicated. "Verity!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

"The fiancee of whom you spoke, I presume?" Mr. Logos queried.

"Yes," Sebastian replied, bending down and hiding his present under the bowler hat.

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Sebastian and Verity stood hand in hand.
receiver. And the stereophonic, variable-speed record-player. Sebastian found himself sitting on the ground again, as bewildered as ever, while the paper-sculpted owl watched him with the same indignant eyes.

Sebastian saw the girl while she was still some distance away. As she came nearer he noticed that her only clothing was a diamante, brushed-nylon, leopard-skin cache-sex. She was young, he decided, and beautiful in the year's accepted fashion. She walked delicately, proudly, and in a soft jingle of bells. He rose to meet her and, as he did so, saw the reason for the silver notes preceding her like an invisible rope around her neck. Two silver bells dangled from filigree thimbles, encasing her nipples.

The girl said: "My name is Amanda."

And: "Have you a bottle opener?"

"I said I'm Sebastian," said Sebastian. "Yes, I have."

Amanda took Sebastian by the arm, barely giving him time to jam his bowler hastily on the back of his head, his umbrella in a brief-case under one arm and to pick up his parcel and hurried him off into the forest.

They came at last to a small glade. Sebastian noticed first a pool so clear, so still, it might have been a mirror. Which it was. Around its banks luxuriated fern and artificial bull rushes. In one corner of the glade on the bank of a shallow stream, two wax Victorian bloods each in flannels and blazer, shared a picnic basket with two wax nudes. The characters and the setting reminded Sebastian of a painting he had once seen.

Amanda gave the smaller dummy a push. "Move over, honey," she said. The dummy rolled awkwardly down the slope and came to rest furthest away from their pool. Amanda pointed to the picnic basket. "Food. Real food. And beer. Chuck us your bottle opener."

"There is nothing," said Amanda later, fastidiously wiping a blip of mayonnaise from her belly with a dummy's shirt tail, "quite as charming as luncheon al fresco."

She accepted a cigarette and lay down, her eyes. Sebastian smiled sadly. "What else would you expect?"

"Verity! My fiancee!" Amanda laughed. "From what I see she doesn't need任何东西. She rode the tiger as to the manner born."

Sebastian had to admit the truth of Amanda's statement. "You might as well sit down again."

"Let me get my facts straight. Or try to get my facts straight," he corrected himself. "This is a cardboard forest. With looking-glass pools. And paper-sculpted birds. But that was a real tiger."

"A very real tiger," Amanda agreed.

"But a tiger with a difference. Its eyes were miniature T.V. screens and it carried car registration plates. Its stripes were Cheque-crossings. Just in case you didn't notice," Amanda added.

"I didn't. But I'll take your word for it."

"And you're going to provide my young friend?" he asked, distastefully, as naturally as a marachino cherry fits a dry martini, she was as out of place in the forest as a marachino cherry.

"I know it!" Amanda was annoyed. "I knew you were one of the enemy! Despite your Grail."

"Mr. Logos spread his hands deprecatingly. He tapped Sebastian on the shoulder. "Your road is clear, Mr. Logos. Take it and live with your Verity in your own personal dungeon."

"And every day will bring disclosures as mortifying as this afternoon. Choose my road and, at the end of it you'll take Verity, swing down a dale, and call me ugly. Distractions can be quite amusing?", in an inviting voice."

Mr. Logos threw back his head and roared with laughter. "And what distractions are you going to provide my young friend?"

Sebastian, thinking of the limousine and its broad back-seat, believed the question superfluous, to say the least. He stepped on his line of demarcation, and crushed it wonderingly between his fingers. The bruised stalk was real, sappy and cool to his fingers. Two hundred yards away, grazing cattle, their heads, looked gravely at them, and returned to the lush green grass.

Amanda tapped a foot impatiently. Sebastian noticed that she wore a silver slave bangle tightly around one slender ankle. Noticed too, that while she had fitted the forest as naturally as a marachino cherry, she was as sexless as any nude study who ever heard of a gimmick being useful?"
"What," Mr. Logos asked himself, as he watched the patient queue, "is one among so many?"

On the far side of the clearing, sheltered by overhanging branches stood an ornate pavilion whose silken walls fell in heavy folds to a right-embroidered carpet. From the top of its scarlet and gilt centre pole a pennant fluttered bravely. In front and to one side of the pavilion a knight in full armur sat upon a motionless charger. Under his right arm was a massive lance and on his left forearm he carried a shield. His coat of arms was an eye, open and staring, azure, under a skilfully collared crimson. The motto was... "PASSE WITHOUT BUYING." Tastefully embroidered on his mantle, in Gill Sans Ultra Bold Condensed was his name: Sir Point de Sales.

"Hold!" the knight commanded, his voice hollow bened away from us.", she looked base or highbrow, serif or noble, I must needs engage you." He raised his lance until it pointed directly at Sebastian, spurred his mount to a lumbering gallop, and charged across the clearing.

"What on earth," Sebastian asked anxiously, "do I do now?"

"Tell him you'll have it," Amanda replied in a well-trained voice that wanted-you-it tone of voice, in a if-only-you'd-taken-my-advice-this-would-never-have-happened tone of voice.

"Have what?"

"Whatever he is selling, of course." Sir Point was halfway across the clearing and Sebastian noted apprehension that he showed no signs of stopping. He was just about to shout that he would buy, which seemed an ineffectual defence against so terrifying an opponent, when he noticed a ghostly but well-manicured hand, a shadowy wrist disappearing into a Swedish style button, and the beginnings of a dark pin-stripe sleeve. The hand wielded a sword. And the sword, after having inscribed a rapid arc in mid-air, neatly beheaded the charging knight. Sir Point's head went to the right of his body to the left, and the riderless horse stopped and began cropping the daisies. But of the hand, or the sword, there was no now sign.

Sebastian stared at the decapitated knight. And then he did. He noticed a man run from behind the pavilion: a weedy, in-effetctual character dressed in a corduroy suit, suede shoes, and a floppy bow-tie. "Weally, Mandy," the man lisped, "you should all be able to find yours-" "You'll find out soon enough," Amanda objected at last. She shook herself free of Sebastian's grip and began to walk beside him.

Sebastian began to laugh again. "A cardboard knight! The best you could bring against me was a cardboard knight!"

"No," Amanda objected. "Not the best. Only the first. Soonier or later you'll scream for mercy. And then, in a deep, dry voice, she added, "in the arms of all the others." She laid a hand on his arm. "Sebastian, let me take you to the Castle now."

But Sebastian, still laughing, hardly heard her.

A grey, amorphous something, skulking beside the path detached itself from the shadows.

"Kingsize," said the Word, wrapping its tentacles affectionately around Sebastian.

"Kingsize. Oh, I'm a lovely word. Think of all my pleasant associations. For a king. That's the first and the most important. Of superior quality. That's why, of course, kings only use the best. And large. Somehow I feel I mean large. Which infers economical - everyone knows its cheaper to buy in bulk. Kingsize." The Word repeated in self-satisfied tones, "why, I'm as good as a By-Royal-Appointment crest on any advertisement."

"Here! Let me get at him! Move over, Logos. Giant!"

"Jumbol!"

"Magnam!"

"Mighty!"

The Words and Phrases hurled themselves in all probability.

"Administration, community; resources of a community; Political economy of production & distribution of wealth."

Large Economy, howling, followed Kingsize back into the forest. It had begun. One by one the Words and Phrases slipped from him like jellyfish from sea-smoothed boulders and disappeared.

"There's no need to be quite so rough," Sebastian shouted after them. "You're all nonsense!"

Once again Sebastian and Amanda were alone in the forest and the road to the Castle had vanished.

Sebastian grasped his tie, picked up his bowler hat and the parcel he had dropped in the fray, and looked at Amanda. "Well," he asked, "what did I call Amanda crossly. "You said I'd never get past the Words and Phrases."

Amanda shrugged her shoulders and the two pendant bells jingled melodiously. She smiled. "That," she said, "was only a preliminary skirmish. If you think you've beaten the Words and Phrases - you'll never beat the Words and Phrases. Not as long as I'm around. They'll be watching you. Waiting to slip under your guard. Whenever you pick up a paper. Whenever you watch T.V. Whenever you listen to the radio."

Despite himself, Sebastian shuddered as he realised the truth of Amanda's words. He glanced nervously over his shoulder. "Why don't you give up?" Amanda asked. "Oh, I know you beat Sir Point de Sales. But," she added quickly, "it wasn't in fair combat. And for the moment you've bested the Words and Phrases. But only for the moment. And there are many more. And even if you beat them all there's, her voice dropped to a whisper and Sebastian had the impression that had she been a Catholic she would have crossed herself, "always the dragon. And with him you'll never know whether you've won. Or lost."

"The dragon?" queried Sebastian.

"Yes. It's sad to find out soon enough," Amanda answered.

Sebastian sat down on the paper turf. He disposed his hat, his brief-case, and his parcel carefully to one side. On second thoughts he thought better of it and held it beside him raised up in the air to the Grail at arm's length. Was it his imagination, he wondered or had the stones lost some of their hidden fire? He looked again at the small lilac-style bottle half hidden by the Grail's other phials and jars. . . . fantassling perfume. With Sin in it. And a promise to him in it. . . ."

Sebastian thought, as he had thought before, of sin. And Verity. And then of Verity. And then of Amanda. And thinking of Amanda he thought of Logos played you a pretty dirty trick."
The Unholy Grail

wore, sported a heavy diamond ring, diamond cuff-links, a diamond tie-pin.

"Introduce us, please, Amanda."

"Sebastian, Mr. Apollon. Our, in hushed and reverent tone, 'agency's Senior Executive.

Mr. Apollon extended a bejewelled hand.

"A pretty dirty trick," Mr. Apollon repeated. "Your fiancée had simply no idea this morning of what was to happen this afternoon. That was Logos' idea. He wanted her to be at his disposal. Quite naturally she was unprepared. Why, as any girl knows one touch of Morning Myst dissolves unsightly, under-arm hair."

"Morning Myst gives under-arms Unexpected wonder charms. Dissolves unsightly hair."

"Just a touch of Morning Myst Makes you so nice to be kissed anywhere apressively. "Anywhere," sang an unseen choir of oh-so-feminine voices.

Mr. Apollon raised an index finger, a conductor on his rostrum and brought it down to the last syllable of "Anywhere."

"Thank you," he said, nodding in dismissal.

"Where, Where, Where," echoed the voices softly into the distance like bells at evening peeling.

"It is really amazing," said Mr. Logos, materialising unexpectedly and addressing Sebastian, "how obtuse our friend can be on occasions. Sebastian," he continued, but to Mr. Apollon now, "was not disillusioned because he knew a full performance fell short of that perfection which advertising —" he paused, and smiling apologetically, "misleading advertising had led him to believe was the accepted norm, but because he realised that he found this difference important."

Sebastian, who had not analysed his emotions as objectively as Mr. Logos, wondered if, by any chance, Mr. Logos was right.

Mr. Apollon gave a deprecating laugh.

"You really mustn't blame my profession, Logos," he said smoothly, "for giving Sebastian high standards."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Logos for once, apparently, at a loss for words. Quite naturally he accepted a martini.

"Commercial television, Sir," the waiter prompted.

"Of course!" realised Sebastian.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Apollon, tasting his martini apreciatively. "It must be Martin's. The traditional gin in today's taste."

"When it comes to gin," advised an unseen Mr. Logos. "Of course!"

"Where, Where, Where," thought Sebastian, "is the tea? After all, the two go together. Like —" and Amanda used a self-service store. "Yes. I suppose there is a difference."

"You suppose? Is that all?"

"Anymore," countered Sebastian, "you were doing it hardly for someone who supposedly doesn't approve of Martin's gin."

"Whatever gave you that idea?" asked Mr. Logos. "Is a perfectly good gin. Why, I've even bought a bottle — once in a while," he added, "the gin tiddler which I object, only the reasons Apollon gives to trick people into buying it."

Sebastian digested this information. He wished he had drunk another martini before Mr. Apollon and the waiter disappeared.

"You think you're very clever, don't you?"

Amanda began, addressing Mr. Logos. "Well, quite clever as well, Mr. Logos," replied Mr. Logos with complete conviction. He changed the conversation. "You didn't miss much," he said to Sebastian. "Only dinner."

"Dinner?" Sebastian exclaimed reproachfully, realising how long it was since his last fresco luncheon.

"So, if you will excuse me. My butler wished he had drunk another martini before Mr. Apollon and the waiter disappeared."

Amanda yawned. "Bed time," she said. Then: "You'll need all the sleep you can get. We have to be up early in the morning!"

"Why?" asked Sebastian, who disliked early rising.

"Amanda arched her eyebrows and smiled an enigmatic smile, rather as a cat smiles when watching a mouse. She did not trouble to answer Sebastian's question. "Let's go and find somewhere to sleep."

"The large, ornate bedroom in which Sebastian found himself, as the expensively-furnished, style lounge had been, too clinically shallowed. On his short legs bowed, its flat rectangular face creased in an expectant grin."

"Sebastian realized the bed was a large circular bed which, under a canopy of misty Terylene, dominated the room. The same misty Terylene curved the window and draped the dressing table."

"Amanda pulled down the counterpane. She discarded the thin thin, thickly encasing her nipples, wriggled out of her cashie-sweat and into bed."

"Despite the memory of Amanda's plaintive "I'm only a gimmick. And whoever heard of the nine out of ten top hostesses!" he snorted. "You'd think how he'll Pop Crackle! and Snap!" hissed a second carton, edging its way towards Sebastian down the other side of the alley way.

"No need to even light the gas!" laped a third, joining the other two. "Just a dash of sugar. A splash of milk. And —"

"Instant breakfast!" shouted the three, rubbing their hands together in a frenzy of anticipation.

The cartons ran to catch towards Sebastian.

"All man! Just what I need to keep me regular!"

"I wonder what give-aways there'll be inside him!"

"More than half my daily requirements of honest-to-goodness sludge and of all imaginable groceries."

"The new breakfast for cartons," chanted the three together, "in the man-sized pack!" they added.


"But where, thought Sebastian, "is the sugar? And why on earth can't they put it next to the tea? After all, the two go together. Like —" he searched his mind for a suitable simile, "like bacon and eggs. I suppose they've got those at opposite ends of the shop, too."

"But of course," a voice replied behind him.

Sebastian turned.

The Motivational Expert smiled disarmingly. He peered, suddenly into Sebastian's eyes. "Dear me. Blink-rate normal. Now that's disheartening. Very disheartening to say the least."

"You think you're very clever, don't you?"

"Amanda asked, taking no notice of the Motivational Expert's observation. "You haven't answered my question."

"Which was?"

"Amanda's mouth didn't put the sugar near the tea?"

The Motivational Expert raised his eyebrows.

"Look," said Sebastian, his patience fast becoming exhausted, "I came here to buy a packet of tea and two pounds of sugar. I found the tea easily enough. But as for the sugar, — I've walked past shelves of beans."

The Motivational Expert nodded.

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"Yes," the Motivational Expert agreed. "Cake mixes —"

"That's right. Following the flow pattern, that's good. But don't tell me you walked past those luscious, mouth-watering instant desserts!"

"Damn your luscious, mouth-watering instant desserts!" Sebastian shouted. "All I want is sugar!"

"Oh, you're still a long way from the sugar. The sugars are right at the other end of the shop! The Motivational Expert giggled. "You'll really have to look to find the sugar." He took Sebastian's arm. "It's all quite simple," he said. "Now, earlier on you were tossing that tea and sugar went together like, correct me if I'm wrong," he added hurriedly, "like bacon and eggs!"

Sebastian agreed.

"But my dear fellow, that's precisely the reason why we put them at opposite ends of the shop! If you wanted to buy bacon and eggs and they were on adjacent counters, why — you'd be straight in. Straight out. And that would be bad. But my way — you buy one and then you've got to go looking for the other. And Heaven only knows what you'll pick up in between!"

"You seem to have got things down to a fine art," Sebastian remarked grudgingly. "Not a fine art," the Motivational Expert replied. "The fine art. Believe me," he continued earnestly, "beside the art of selling all other arts pale into insignificance." He paused. "Now, suppose I wanted to push my bacon sales—"

"You'd drop the price," Sebastian interrupted.

"Precisely. But —" The Motivational Expert wagged a warning index finger. "That isn't all. Oh, deal with it!"

"No?" queried Sebastian. "No," the Motivational Expert answered decisively. "I'd drop the price of bacon — and increase the price of eggs!"

"So that losses on the roundabouts meant profits on the swings?"

"Yes, exactly. The Motivation Expert continued dreamily. "Soft sell. And it always works!" he added.

"Not with me it doesn't," Sebastian replied. "The only thing you can sell me at the moment is two pounds of sugar!"


"Sugar," Sebastian replied incisively. "Just plain, common-or-garden, bad-for-the-heart, fattening sugar."

"And every shell," continued the Motivational Expert, "packed full. Did you know that half-empty shelves are bad for business? Customers won't buy from half-empty shelves. It makes them think subconsciously that you're depriving others. Gives them a guilt complex."

"Isn't that the sugar down there?" Sebastian asked.

"Of course," the Motivational Expert continued, "no self-serve, no super-market worthy of its name really sells anything tangible. Now look at that steak," he continued, pointing towards the frozen foods' section, "no self-serve, no supermarket fatty! The intern has ever seen. She advanced towards him clutching it as a rugger forward clutches the ball before scoring."

"Hey!" exclaimed Sebastian, about to point out that the Doctor had meant the pill for the first patient and not for him, when any further protest was silenced as Nurse Amanda poured the contents of the measuring glass down his throat.

The Doctor began to walk past the waiting patients without pausing between each diagnosis. Sebastian could feel the anger he found the truth. "You're not a doctor!"

"Of course I'm not," agreed the Doctor sympathetically. "And I don't remember ever saying I was. But if you want to assume that any woman who wears a white coat is an M.D., then that's all the M.D.'s murmured the Doctor happily. "Bed-wetting! Biliousness!" he exclaimed ecstatically.

"No!" screamed Sebastian, only to find that, despite his violent resistance his troubles had, somehow been removed and that Nurse Amanda had taken an unforgivable liberty with his person. Blushing madly he recovered his trousers. In humiliation and rage he found the truth. "You're not a doctor!"

"Of course I'm not," agreed the Doctor sympathetically. "And I don't remember ever saying I was. But if you want to assume that any woman who wears a white coat is an M.D., then that's all the M.D.'s murmured the Doctor happily. "Bed-wetting! Biliousness!"

And with each diagnosis Sebastian was given either a pill, a noxious draught, or smeared with some foul-smelling unguent.

"You're making a mistake!" he shouted. "I'm not!" he spluttered violently as Nurse Amanda poured the contents of the measuring glass down his throat.

The Doctor paused. He gazed blissfully at his next patient. "Haemorrhoids?" he explained ecstatically.

"No!" screamed Sebastian, only to find that, despite his violent resistance his troubles had, somehow been removed and that Nurse Amanda had taken an unforgivable liberty with his person. Blushing madly he recovered his trousers. In humiliation and rage he found the truth. "You're not a doctor!"

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"Impostor!" shouted Sebastian.

"Oh, you've one of those special pink pills, the Doctor ordered. Sebastian felt himself swallow yet another pill. "What was that for?" he managed to ask at last.

"Period pains," replied Nurse Amanda.

"But never mind, Sebastian. You'll enjoy those three extra days every month."

The Doctor, Nurse Amanda and the waiting patients burst into laughter and then, bubble like in thin air.

"That was alone in the room. "It's meant personally," said Mr. Logos. "I think you deserved everything you got." he paused. "I suppose a few vitamin pills wouldn't hurt me!" he quoted in disgust.

"Whew!" he threw up his hands in disgust. "Oh, that's the use
of talking!"

Sebastian hung his head in shame. "Amanda..."

"I can't help him to justify himself."

"Tricked you good and proper," concluded Mr. Logos. "She's clever, that girl. I wish I had her on my side," he added. Then:

"Oh, I know you're going to say she took you off-guard. Very disheartening. Perhaps that's taught you that you can't afford to be off-guard."

"Yes," said Sebastian.

"Not exactly. Never," continued Mr. Logos. "Still, if you've learnt your lesson?"

Sebastian nodded his head.

"Mr. Logos sighed. "And there's still the dragon — he sighed again.

Sebastian gathered from his tone of voice that not only did he, Mr. Logos, doubt that he, Sebastian, had learnt the lesson, but also that he, Mr. Logos, doubted that he, Sebastian, would manage the dragon. He was about to reassure Mr. Logos on this point when he noticed that Mr. Logos, like his sigh had faded into nothingness.

Amanda, no longer Nurse Amanda but only Amanda the gimmick, entered the now empty waiting room. "We've got to hurry," she said. "That is, if you still want to reach the Castle?"

Sebastian jammed his bowler hat firmly on his head, picked up his brief-case, his umbrella, his gift-packed grill. All right. I'm ready, thought Sebastian firmly. "Let's go!"

"But I know this view," he said wonderingly looking at the neat chequerboard fields separating the hedgerows. And then:

"As if it was an illustration from Alice in Wonderland!"

"Through the Looking Glass," Amanda corrected. "And we've got to run too!"

Seizing his hand Amanda began to run, pulling Sebastian along with her. And as they ran the countryside which had been empty of people, suddenly filled with men, women and children and all running, running, running.

"Faster!" Amanda cried.

Sebastian, clutching bowler, umbrella, brief-case and parcel ran as best he could.

"Faster!" Amanda cried, a wild bacchante drunk with speed. "Faster! You must keep up with the Joneses!"

"I must keep up with the Joneses! I must keep up with the Joneses!" Sebastian repeated over and over again. "I must keep up with the Joneses!" He dropped his bowler hat.

"No time to pick it up! You must keep up with the Joneses!"

Sebastian realised that everyone, young and old and everywhere all chanting the same refrain: "We must keep up with the Joneses! We must keep up with the Joneses! I must keep up with the Joneses!"

"I must keep up with the — WHY?" he asked suddenly. "WHY must I keep up with the Joneses?" He stopped abruptly, so abruptly that Amanda, who was still holding his hand, fell flat on her face and as she lay, sprawling on the grass, Sebastian reflected that she had quite the most adorable bottom that he had ever seen for a fraction of a second.

Sebastian smiled from radio receivers and television screens. "Repetition brings results!" Sprang at him from newspapers and magazines. "Repetition brings results!" Dashed upon Sebastian. "Repetition brings results!" And then — out of a corner of his eye Sebastian thought that he had spotted something that emphasised his figure, a tray of Starchie Crisps suspended against her mid-riff by a cord around her neck, learnt over Sebastian.

"Starchie Crisps? Two packets, Sir?" Amanda asked with relief.

"Starchie Crisps! Starchie Crisps! Delic-ious Starchie Crisps!"

The salesgirl, clad in an elaborated costume that emphasised her figure, a tray of Starchie Crisps suspended against her mid-riff by a cord around her neck, learnt over Sebastian.

"Starchie Crisps? Two packets, Sir?" she asked.

"Dear me, no!" Sebastian said. "I never touch them. But I'd love a double whisky —"

"There was a burst of herculean laughter.

"And by George, that's just what you shall have!"

Sebastian was reminded of their first meeting as Mr. Logos unscrewed the golden cap from his cane and poured two large measures of whisky into glasses which he conjured from thin air. As before, soda from an air-borne syphon followed. "Skold!" said Mr. Logos, holding his glass at arm's length towards Sebastian. "You know, for one awful moment I almost thought you were going to fail for that subliminal malady."


Sir Point de Sales, his helmet plumage streaming in the wind charged towards him. He stood in his stirrups, levelled his lance, and shouted his war cry: "Repetition brings results!"

In line of battle on either side of Sir Point stretching as far as the eye could see, others knights, similarly accoutered, reared in their saddles, levelling their lances and echoing their leader's paeon. "Repetition brings results!"

"Repetition," they shouted again, "brings results!"

The ground trembled beneath the thundering hooves of the battle chargers. "Repetition," screamed Sir Point, "brings results!"

"Repetition," echoed his visored knights, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Kingsize, wrapping his tentacles affectionately around Sebastian, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Large Economy, "brings results!"

Giant, Jumbo, Magnum and Mighty, the vanguard of a host of Words and Phrases ran towards Sebastian. They jumped at him from newspapers and magazines. "Repeti-tion, repetition!" repeated them from posters and hoardings. "Repetition brings results!" Sliothered towards him from let-ter boxes. "Repetition brings results!" Charg-ed him from radio and television screens. "Repetition brings results!" Fell on him from snomy writings in the sky. "Repe-tition brings results!"

And still Sebastian could see the ever nearing lances of Sir Point and his armoured knights.

"Dear me," said the Motivational Expert, "dear me! Blink-rate normal. Now that's very disheartening. Very disheartening to say the least. Still — Repetition brings resul-ts! The Motivational Expert removed his glasses. Wiped them carefully with his handkerchief. Held them up to the light. Hunged. Wiped them a second time and replaced them. "Repetition," he stated dogmatically, "brings results!"

Sir Point and his charging knights bore down upon Sebastian. "Repetition brings results!"

The Words and Phrases clawed at his mind. "Repetition brings results!"

"The Motivational Expert reassured: "Repetition brings results!" with the conviction of a priest intoning a mass and hurled a heavy leather bound copy of "Psychopathia Sexualis" at Sebastian. You've other treaties followed. Then, in quick succession came the collected works of Jung and Adler. Sebastian reeled under the sheer weight of this psychiatric knowledge. And still the Motivational Expert continued to say: "Repetition brings results!"

"Dear me, you're not looking your best," the Doctor commiserated. "Do you ever wake up feeling tired?" he asked compassionately. "Here, have a suppository —"

"Run!" ordered Amanda. "You must keep up with the Joneses! You must keep up with the Joneses! You must keep up with the Joneses!"

And all the while the dragon, the dragon that could only be seen for a fraction of a second skulked barely within vision. Usually he grazed the grass on a grassy bank overlooking the road which led to the Castle gateway.

"This," said Mr. Logos regretfully, "is where I leave you. All you have to do is to claim your Victory and return with her to..."
The Unholy Grail

the outside world. They can do nothing to stop you. They have tried, and failed. They have lost. You have won. You have seen through their stratagems. Sir Point de Sales will no longer rush you into impulsive buying—"

Sebastian felt himself glow with pride. "— and you have learnt," continued Mr. Logos, "to analyse, and hence confound, the Words and Phrases — and they were your most dangerous foe."

Sebastian felt the glow of pride diffuse his whole body. "You have," he added firmly, "will have a

"I too must congratulate your young protege," interrupted Mr. Apollon with the sincerity of a crocodile weeping for the unrequited love of a hogshead. "The Salesmanship is selling," said Mr. Apollon slowly, syllable by syllable, as if speaking to a retarded child. "What else. It will be the result if people were allowed to buy only what they needed —"

"You tell me," suggested Sebastian, making the mental reservation that nothing, but nothing would induce him to drink a cup of coffee at that particular moment. "Chaos. Absolute chaos. Whole factories would close down. Dividends would drop. Employees would be dismissed. The national economy would suffer." Mr. Apollon paused as if listening to the wheels of industry grind to a discordant halt. "There is only one sure preventative—Salesmanship! The Salesman's prospect, in this case You must not be allowed to say No. Or rather, the Salesman must make it easier for the prospect to say Yes. And it's so simple by phrasing the questions correctly. You would like a cup of coffee, wouldn't you? This café's so convenient, isn't it? We can speak in the time, can't we? The creation of the affirmative attitude." Mr. Apollon continued earnestly, enthusiastically, "is the basis of salesmanship."

"But I don't want a cup of coffee," said Sebastian firmly, recognising the waltz as Amanda's yet another of her disguises. "Two capuccinos. And bruges." Mr. Apollon ordered.

"One capuccino," Sebastian corrected. "I he added firmly, "will have a citron pressé." Amanda noted their respective orders, turned and Sebastian again admired her obvious feminine charms and regretted her lack of other, not so obvious feminine attributes. He sighed. Realised his mental infidelity towards his fiancée, and sighed again.

Mr. Apollon smiled. Returned Amanda. Mr. Apollon seemed himself liberally to Kafaree Koffee Krystals and stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "Have you considered what you're going to do next?" he asked finally.

"Collect Verity," Sebastian said.

"And after that?"

"Return with her to the outside world," Sebastian replied, consciously quoting Mr. Logos' earlier remark.

Mr. Apollon admired his manicured finger-nails. He sipped his coffee. He seemed immersed in thought. "My dear Sebastian, your victories in the forest — What were they? A preliminary skirmish only. And if you return you're committed to the fight."

Sebastian mentally acknowledged the truth of this observation. Mr. Apollon took another mouthful of coffee. "An unpleasant prospect. And such an unnecessary one, more especially since the alternative is so attractive."

Sebastian waited for Mr. Apollon to continue.

"You could always join me. Now I'd say you have the makings of a first-rate copywriter —"

Sebastian stared at Mr. Apollon in amazement.

"There's no need to look quite so startled," Mr. Apollon observed. "Many of my best creative staff joined me after a trip through the forest — Not that they didn't win," he continued hurriedly, "it was the prospect of the continuing battle that decided them."

Sebastian wondered if he really could have the makings of a first-rate copywriter.

"But there's no need to decide anything immediately. Talk it over with Verity."

"Yes," Sebastian agreed. "I will."

Mr. Apollon glanced at his diamond-studded wrist watch. "She'll be in church at the moment," he said.

"Church!" exclaimed Sebastian. "Well, chapel really."

Mr. Apollon, taking Sebastian's arm and leading him across the courtyard. "We have a chapel on the Castle premises. Interdenominational, of course. I giggled. "It's interdenominational. I'm not sure if we believe in anything. But I like to feel that I have the blessings of Mother Church."

Sebastian heard the distant choir, soft, syrup sweet with a tremulous backing of vox humana and echo-chamber crescendo as they walked along the corridor.

Inside the chapel, a dim (interdenominational) half-light and Jeffy stained-glass windows illuminated by electric neon. Sebastian admired a pink, blue, and golden Madonna and child, blondly Nordic high in the apse. In the bottom, dexter corner in easily readable mock gothic was the acknowledgment: COURTESY OF BREAST FOOD INC., LTD., et CIE. THE BEST FOOD FOR YOUR BABY.

Sebastian glanced round the chapel. Verity, an immaculate Verity, who forewarned had prepared herself with those products designed to enhance a woman's desirability, smiled in greeting, her Pink Pashminas around her lips opened in a smile so blotted by Wite purle (gives daylong protection against halitosis).

Sebastian felt his blood quicken.

Above Verity's head a prong-tailed Mr. Logos skilfully delineated in scarlet, mauve and purple glass, vainly tempted a whiter-than-white Mr. Apollon.

Sebastian looked around again, at the over-large, over decorated crucifix across whose taught, interspersed with the more usual I.N.R.I. were the words: COURTESY OF METAL FOUNDERS AND ALLIED TRADES. Beneath the crucifix, resting on the dextrorotund altar, in a space of the continuing battle that decided them."

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BY OUR OWN
MARTIN SHARP
Alec Downer has been described as one of the few people in Australia who can boast among his private possessions his own deer park and chapel. This is symptomatic of the man—he is rather more distinguished for what he has than what he is.

Number One amongst Sir Alec's prize possessions is a particularly fine pedigree. His father was Sir John Downer, K.C.M.G., Member for Barossa in the South Australian State Parliament, later premier and a father of federation.

If Sir Alec tends to the womanish in his mannerisms it would not surprise the amateur psychologist to learn that he lost his father at the age of 5 and thus lived the major part of his formative years under the influence of his mother, one of the most active women in the Anglican diocese of Adelaide. When she died, he built a chapel around her memory (and body)—"I built a chapel at Arbury Park in memory of my mother, who was a beautiful, spiritual and good woman, because I believe memorials to people should be living ones."

When young Alec came of school age, apparently nothing Adelaide could offer was good enough, even St. Peters, where his father had gone. So off he went to Geelong Grammar and later to Oxford at Brasenose (the word means "brazen knocker" but, alas.

SIR ALEC ON THE ARTS

In October, 1963, Peter Coleman interviewed the then Mr. Downer and discovered the width of his cultural appreciation which has only now been revealed in his decision on the Australia House sculpture:

Are you very interested in the theatre or cinema? Not in cinema. I like Shakespeare and Shaw.

Contemporaries? Noel Coward.

You have a reputation as an art-collector. What type of painting do you prefer? My tastes are rather conservative. I like the Renaissance masters and the Italian Schools.

Australian painters? I think Ivor Hele is the best portrait painter in Australia. I have two of his of my wife, one of me, and three drawings of my children. Some of my treasures are landscapes by Heysen, Streeton, Will Ashton. But I don't care for Nolan or Drysdale (whom I went to school with).

Alec has never been one of those.

After taking his Dip.Ec. and Pol.Sc. (Oxon), he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple London in 1934. The next year he returned home and was called to the South Australian Bar, a predictable step since his father and uncle had founded G. & J. Downer, for a long time perhaps the leading legal firm in Adelaide. Yet within a year he had thrown up the law and bought a 200-acre estate in the Adelaide hills at Arbury Park. Here he practised gentleman-farming. He told the "Herald" in 1958—"I love the country and farming. I go in for fat lamb breeding. I used to have a Jersey stud, too, but I sold that when I came into politics."

Alfred Deakin once said about Sir John Downer: "Australian as he was, his appearance and character alike were thoroughly and typically English . . . He was a conservative to the core, though not reactionary, and only prevented by reserve and indolence from playing a far greater part than he did in South Australian and Federal Politics." Already in 1936 the young Downer was beginning to show the indolence and Anglophilia he had inherited from his father.

In 1940 he joined the A.I.F. as a gunner and, after the fall of Singapore, spent 3½ years in Changi, an experience which had a profound effect on his later administration of the Immigration Portfolio. Yet not even Changi could obliterate his carefully nurtured consciousness of class. Russell Bradon in "The Naked Island" writes:

"Oxford educated, wealthy and gifted, Alec found the social restrictions imposed by his rank of 'gunner', irritating and unjustifiable. He therefore modelled his prisoner-of-war life carefully upon the principle of knowing 'people in high places' and making sure that they did what he wanted them to."

After the war he returned to Arbury Park and in 1947 chose his soulmate. His choice, Mary Gosse, was not bad, at least socially. She was the only daughter of the late Sir
James Gosse (Adelaide Steamship Co.) and of Lady Joanna Gosse, a Barr-Smith (Elder Smith), which somehow better connected the already well-connected Mr. Downer to those much-sought-after "people in high places."

If Sir Alec is a snob he has every good reason to be.

Three years later (aged 40 and beginning to show the maturity of his beloved Barossa wines), Alec decided to seek pre-selection for the blue-ribbon S.A. Liberal seat of Angas. Since he had shown up to this time only a perfunctory interest in politics, his plans were not well received in political circles and Archie Cameron, the strongman of the Liberal and Country League, assured him he didn't have a ghost of a chance of pre-selection. But he got it anyway.

Alec spent all his years in Parliament seeking (unsuccessfully) after the External Affairs portfolio. His maiden speech (March 21, 1950) was devoted to the threat of Japan in the post-war era—"at heart the Japanese nurture unlimited ambition, combined especially when they are in the ascendency, with insufferable arrogance." He proposed that the peace treaty be not signed unless there was a provision for "universal education of the Japanese on a Christian foundation". Two years later he voted against the Government over the signing of this treaty.

Besides this minor altercation with his own party, Alec spent the first five years of his Parliamentary life biding his time. He served with the Backbench which had served him and his father so well, with questions on bushfires and wines and dried fruit.

**COLLECTED THOUGHTS OF SIR A. R. DOWNER**

On England. "I think it's the most spiritual country in the world—just as it's the most political."

On his Anglophilia. "On this matter of my anglophilia, a terrible lot of nonsense has been written. Someone once wrote that I was such an admirer of England that I had cleared all the Australian trees off my land at my home, Arbury Park. In fact, from the house you look out over a rather Italianate garden towards a range of hills crowned by a forest of stringy-bark trees, in the middle distance several beautiful white gums!"

On the Church. "I believe that the two greatest callings a man can answer are politics and the Church. If you are not good enough for one, then the other."

On the dispute over running a freeway through his home, Arbury Park. "Some of the possibilities are appalling. They would shatter the whole concept of the property, bisect it, and convert a quiet valley to an elevated freeway. I feel that houses like mine belong not so much to me as to the nation."

On the Commonwealth. "In 100 years' time, will Australia still be a member of the British Commonwealth? I have unlimited faith in what this country can do."

On his politics. "I'm not so much a Conservative as a Tory, and Tories are often radical."

On Sport. "Some of my family were and are keen on polo and hunting, but I am not at all horsey."

The Prime Minister, of course, insists on all his ministers being witty and urban. Sir Alec tries. Below is his best try so far:

DOWNER: I have in my constituency a man and his wife who have produced 18 children in 24 years of pleasant married life. (Laughter.) As a reward for such a manifestation of good citizenship, would the Government consider establishing a procreational prize to be awarded to mothers or fathers of 10 children and upwards so that Australians—and I hope members of this House—may be induced to emulate this happy, patriotic and old-fashioned example.

Minister for Social Services: Mr. Downer has a singularly fortunate family. He used to be the Minister for Primary Industries, Mr. W. McMahon, has remained a bachelor. If fortune favours Mr. Downer, and in the fullness of time he sires 18 children and thus reasonably thinks he should be compensated for his good fortune, then surely Mr. McMahon ought to be compensated for his desperate loneliness. (Laughter.)—May 2, 1956. (Footnote: In the fullness of time, Alex was only able to sire three daughters and a son; Mr. McMahon, of course, is only now making a desperate bid to terminate his loneliness.)

In fact, it is not until September, 1955, that he made the Sydney Morning Herald again, when he suddenly hit the news as a rebel once more, criticising the Government for its failure to economise. Five days later he put forward his important suggestion that schoolchildren should be given free fruit juice and raisins instead of milk. A fortnight more and he was suggesting that Australia should recruit more domestic workers from Europe to aid its own workers. (Speaking later in the debate, SA's Laborman, Clyde Cameron, claimed the only flaw in the proposal was that a man on the average wage of £16 a week could not afford domestic help.)

From this time on, Alec's name keeps bobbing up with quaint suggestions or penetrating, well-rehearsed Foreign Affairs questions. He gained a reputation as an independent backbencher. In February, 1956, he participated in a Revolt when three backbenchers forced the Government to cancel its plans to push a bill right through Parliament in one day. The SMH records his emotional fervour on that occasion: "Mr. Downer...thumped his fist on the bench."

Fortunately, Alec never forget politics completely and was quick to warn the Press the next day against misinterpretation—"Let me emphasise that this difference with the Government was very much a personal one, and confined to a manner of procedure."

Two years later, in March, 1958, he was appointed Minister for Immigration. That was as close as Alec ever got to his cherished External Affairs portfolio. We wish we could record that this position was retained solely on merit, but we can't.

It was known at the time that SA's only representative in the Ministry, Sir Philip McBride, was about to retire, which made it politic for another South Australian to be recruited to satisfy that State's aspirations.

As usual, Menzies had chosen the wrong portfolio for his new-chum. How could Alec reconcile his undeviating suspicion of Asians and his burgeoning Anglophilia with the proper administration of the Department of Immigration? The former led to an inflexible approach to the White Australia Policy (e.g. the famous Willie Wong case); the latter to such incidents as the Brenner affair, which ultimately made a fool of him.

Brenner, a lecturer at London University, was not allowed to take up his appointment to Adelaide University for undisclosed reasons. It was presumed that the dominating factor was that Brenner had been a member of the Stern Gang, an Israeli secret organisation which terrorised British forces during the Palestine occupation period.

Downer, in fact, denied that it was Brenner's former membership of the Stern Gang (i.e., anti-British activities) which had precluded his entry into Australia but when the Prime Minister was asked what were the real reasons he cited his membership of the gang. Not the first time that Ming has virtually made one of his ministers out to be a liar.

Perhaps the P.M. felt no loyalty was owed to the once so independent backbencher. His dissatisfaction with the job Alec was doing was evident and was finally confirmed by that famous seal of the Great Ming's Disapproval—the kick upstairs.

In Alec's case, Sir Robert knew exactly what bait was necessary to entice our man out of politics—London's High Commission, and a Knighthood, announced in December, 1965.

And that is how Sir Alec returned at last to his beloved England—to fawn upon the great and besport himself amongst "the woods and coppice." He has now even bought himself an English manor and no doubt intends to spend days there. Particularly since, some years ago, he failed to dissuade Sir Thomas Playford from putting a freeway right through the middle of his farm at Arbury Park, despite his offer to pay for a detour.

Manors maketh man. Alas, despite his obvious intelligence and integrity, manors hath made Sir Alec exactly what he is today—a bumbling dilettante and an absurd sycophant upon the English snobocracy.
SNAPS FROM AN ALBUM

Me on my bike 21/1/60

Our Gang (for Stinkfinger, Toad, Luke and myself at the Minerva. 1/3/61

This is the day I went to the station to see about finding Dog Licence. The Sarge said I'd make a good copper when he saw how good I looked on the bike. 3/6/61

This is me looking good on a bike. My BIG DAY 1.4.62

What a day! (ользовано из интересной книги)

One day directing some young ladies to the People's Palace.

The next helping an old bag back onto the straight and narrow... or collecting rent for the sarge.
EVERY so often the editors of OZ lapse into a profound introspective depression. Such as when VOGUE reveals us in the guise of "Youthquakers" or the BULLETIN condescends that we are "witty . . . and competent".

To lesser men such praise would intoxicate; to us it stupefies. Doubts niggle: Perhaps we are becoming Establishment? HORROR.

Then along comes October OZ to prove we are still on the outer. For example:

- We have just discovered Sydney's most unlikely but greatest Sacred Cow: the Underworld.

In the past, we have knocked religion and known we were doing something naughty. We have knocked the Monarchy, the R.S.L. and Bob. They are our stamping grounds.

Then we thought we would do something on the Underworld, to get us back in the good books of that other Sacred Cow, the Police (or are they now the same)?

Since publication of last month's flippant but authentic "Guide to the Underworld", OZ has been threatened by offended hoods, scolded by anxious fans ("they'll get you") and reported to the Attorney General by Eric Baume.

Meanwhile, a truce has been reached with the Underworld on the condition they can reply with an alternative Guide. We hope it will reach us in time for the New Year edition.

- Also, a letter:

Dear Sir,

Referring to your most recent copy of OZ, I would like to congratulate you on its humour, most articles being on the ball. I would like to suggest your reporter on crime is a little astray on certain points:

Example 1: One of the characters connected with the Baccarat is not of Eastern descent.

Example 2: Number two in your Underworld Top 20 has never at any time been proven to have left any trace of fazzigging (informing). Can you back up your claims?

Yours in Good Humour,

A.P.

To A.P.: You are right in both instances. Ronnie is not Chinese but is probably (as our crime correspondent puts it) "the offspring of a gendolier paddler". And, rest assured, Lennie is not an informer.

- Even that veteran bandwagonner Eric Baume felt he shouldn't get in on the act.

We missed what he said about us and wrote requesting a transcript.

Eric replied:

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note of November 3. Our company policy does not permit the issuing of transcripts and in any case there is no charge.

In a word I said that I regarded some of the material in your latest issue as offensive and also I objected personally to the type of reference to a very old friend of mine, Mr. Joe T.*

Yours faithfully,

(ERIC BAUME)

* here Eric hazarded a guess at the identity of Joey T. We shall not print his guess or comment on its correctness, knowing the laws of libel perhaps just a little better than Eric.

- We rediscovered good, old-fashioned Unofficial Censorship and relarted what it does to your finances.

Some people didn't like our Duke of Edinburgh cover. Unfortunately, two of the people who didn't like it were our Sydney and Melbourne distributors.

Of course, legally there was no worry, not even in Victoria, where everyone was aware that they could handle it without any unexpected Vice Squad swoop. But TASTE is another matter and it was alleged taintlessness that left us with about 10,000 OZs which nobody dared touch.

That other bandwagonner, Andrea, missing her opportunity to defend one of her cronies, had a go at us for the cover:

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