FORMAL WEAR

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IT'S MAGIC WIN A HEART

WITH FORMAL WEAR
NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

Here is the National News from the A.B.C. read by Jim Dribble.

A Coup-De-Grass by certain members of the A.B.C. Melbourne staff against the loyalty deserved by Head Office in Sydney, was carried out today between the hours of one and two p.m. It lasted exactly 10 minutes before the Manager unexpectedly returned to retrieve his purse from the clutches of an overpaid staff who were in the throes of distributing its contents to that deserving charity organisation, the A.B.C. Staff Association. Upon discovery of the Coup, the three leaders were hauled before the Commission and promoted to high executive positions within the A.B.C. It is hoped that in time they will become highly confused with the Red Tape and thus lose their way forever in the maze of a Semi-Government Bureaucracy.

When asked to comment on the Coup, the Manager replied that, “certain members of the A.B.C. were developing an inferiority complex as no one ever bothered to stage violent demonstrations or takeovers.”

In Melbourne today, the Leader of the Opposition in Exile, Mr. Caldwell, denied all rumours of dissent and strife within the ranks of the Australian Labour Party. Standing before his loyal band of three followers, he told them that, “Unity within my party is at a unique level. Never before have we been able to present such a front to the people of Australia. I speak with great confidence when I state that I shall be the next Prime Minister of Australia.” When asked to comment about Mr. Whitlam’s challenge to his leadership, Mr. Caldwell replied, Gough is just a young lad letting off some pent up emotional steam. He’ll eventually come to his senses. If only he’d reconcile himself to the fact that both of us cannot be the next Pope.

Meanwhile in Sydney Mr. Whitlam was still fighting it out with members of a fanatical Sect lead by a White Haired Old Man of 72, at the Mascot International Air Terminal. The trouble apparently began when Mr. Whitlam was trying to board his aircraft for Moscow. A demonstrator ran across the tarmac screaming, “Down with the Witless Gough Drop!” Mr. Witless turned to the demonstrator and accused him of being a “devesiationist and a revolutionary reactionary.” He further told the demonstrator that he should return to his home in Haverback Avenue and learn to take retirement gracefully. Commonwealth Security Police intervened on behalf of Mr. Whitlam and the shooting began. Late tonight, reports indicated that although the casualties were high on both sides, there seemed little hope of an early settlement.

Mr. Whitlam, told an A.B.C. reporter that he was seriously considering asking for American Aid. He also expressed concern at the ease with which the other side had managed to arm itself. “We suspect that they’d have taken the damn place over the Liberal Government. If they weren’t, they’d have taken the damn place over long ago.”

This news comes to you from the Australian Broadcasting Coup-mission.

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COMPETITION

Bigot jokes are sweeping America, which means pretty soon they’ll be all the rage here. To help boost an indigenous joke-culture, OZ offers two years’ free subscription for the best set of All Australian bigot jokes against Italians, Greeks, Asians and Aborigines.

Overseas samples:
What’s the smallest book in the world?
The Polish Who’s Who.

Why do Italians always have garbage in 'Italian War Heroes.'

Why does it take five Italians to kidnap A Pole dressed up.

What do you call a Polish girl running when he’s Christened, married and elected.

What do you call six Poles standing in a circle?

What’s the smallest book in the world?

How do you change the oil in a Volks-wagon?

What’s red, while, blue, yellow, pink, green and purple?

A Pole dressed up.

What’s the smallest book in the world?

‘Italian War Heroes.’

How do you know when an Italian has drowned?

A Pole dressed up.

What does the kidnapping, the other four write the ransom note.

One does the kidnapping, the other four write in their pockets.

For identification.

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100% MALE

WITH A REPUTATION
to live up to!

MEN take one 
Methyl Equidine
capsule with water to experi-
ence an amazing 
vaso-dilatory effect that is vital for one purpose only! (Try a 3 letter word beginning with S.) Effective, surgi-
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comes the tiredness, disinterest and bore-
dom often associated with long years of marriage.

Nerve stimulation and excitement occur in 15 to 20 minutes. Lasts 3 hours. 10 capsules $8 (£4). Order by mail from Burich Laboratories, Box 9, P.O., Lane Cove, N.S.W. Mailed in plain wrapper.
I'm All Right, Jacky

Of course, I don't hold with any of this race prejudice business, John, any more than you do. I mean, you don't think your people — you wouldn't call 40,000 pure-bloods a race, would you — I don't think your people are any worse than mine. Or any better if it comes to that.

You agree, don't you; 'course you do. No, I don't think you're really different apart from, say, a natural sense of rhythm and you don't hold your drink in quite the same way (not that it's a virtue) and you need less to eat. Then again, we don't hold the same values, Jacky. (I can call you Jacky, can't I? Good boy, Jacky, it comes easier than John.) You have these marvellous tribal values which we lack in our over-civilised city way, you know? Like sharing food and if you have any money, let's say you've been working, if you have any money then all the relations can hop in for their bit, isn't that right?

Well, there's just not enough sharing in this old world, is there? Mind you — and I'm being frank here Jacky because you seem one of the brighter boys — mind you, I do draw the line at womenfolk. Sharing wives because they're so . . . I notice the difference, though. Bet I would, in womanfolk. Sharing women because they're so.

You agree, don't you; 'course you do.

Must admit though, you've made great strides. You've only got to see Jimmy Little (you all like him I guess) or Pastor Doug Nicholls even if that half-caste er, Charlie er, you know the one . . . Perkins. Yeah, that Charlie Perkins for a coloured boy he's pretty good. Aussies are good at sport and it's really good to see him fit in like that with the Aussie soccer teams, isn't it? Well — of course, your lot don't go much for education, do you, but that's understandable with the different values. A belly full of damper and the boss's tucker, wash it down with some plonk and that's as far ahead as most of you can think. Isn't it, eh? Well, what's wrong with that, I say, if that's all a black wants in life well I say that's O.K. with me. You agree, don't you; 'course you do.

Costs me less in taxes, Jacky, I don't mind saying. You wouldn't know much about tax, would you, not paying it — but take it from me, it's the white man's burden, Jacky, a real black curse to any businessman.

But before I go, I want to congratulate you all on your artistry, I really do. Namatjira was one of the greats, wasn't he? You paint at all? No? You should, you know, you'd make a killing if you were as good as him and I guess you all are. You could form the La Perouse school of artists (and those houses could do with a lick while we're at it) and make a small fortune! Buy bras for all the lubras and haircuts for the piccaninnies, eh? God knows they need them. You agree, don't you.

That's just the way it is, son, the world isn't going to change overnight, eh?

Well, I've got to be off now so I'll have that one on fish on it, yeah, and with the kangaroo all over the lubra, that's a beauty. No doubt about you lot, plunky dinkum stuff and it's all made right here. I've got to hand it to you; Aussies, who else would set up a boomerang factory in Redfern?
BLANCHE d'ALPUGET
CONDUCTS...

The new "Sun" column that gives the treatment to everything under the sun.

DON'T BLAME ME, BLAME THE SYSTEM, weeps DAVID McNICOLL, the voice of Sir Frank's Daily Telegraph.

The views expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the writer. The view expressed by the Daily Telegraph are not necessarily those of its readers.

I've never believed anything I've written. I've never been allowed to write anything I believed. I believe nothing. No one reads what I write anyway. Help me, I'm a hack.

THE TRUTH IS NON SECTARIAN genuflects Arch-bishop Gough, Greek Orthodox lay Preacher.

The outline of contraceptives in the sinuously tight jeans of these lovely Victorian youths aroused Rev. Gibson to passionately admonish them with his hand.

I don't often agree with members of the opposite church, but the spankings in this case were surely God ordained and no doubt released the pent up emotions of the Reverend. I'm God ordained too.

OP FLOP UTZ OUT, purrs JOHN PRINGLE,

The roof musn't leak! The building must fulfil its function! Utzon is a genius but can he keep the rain out? His resignation is a sad but wise decision.

Another sad but wise decision is Holt's compliance with American military strategy. It's a pity that 20-year-olds must be sacrificed to help support an unpopular, despotic tin pot Government. But diplomacy before morality, a few hundred deaths before American disdain.

I NEED THE TREATMENT, by BLANCHE d'ALPUGET, 42, re-writer.

I promise to tell the truth, the whole truth and the police tell everything but the truth. So help me! God, I don't know what's wrong with the Victorian police. Maybe it's just me. Maybe it's all the people like me that drag the Force down and out into the glare of publicity.

IT'S A YOUNG WORLD, says GOUGH WHITLAM, 49, Member of Parliament.

Whatever anyone else says (and they've said it often enough to us, haven't they?) I say that the future is in the hands of you young. We are the Wilsons, Kennedys and the Calwells of the future. (More specifically, I am.) No matter what role in life your past may have fitted you for (and mine is a long past) it is up to YOU to make your own way and push, push, push. You may push into temporary oblivion but don't worry, the future is always ahead.

I know that I have a great future ahead of ME — somewhere, sometime, somehow.

TREATMENT'S TREATER,
by BLANCHE d'ALPUGET, 42, re-writer.

I begin with a short sentence?
Yes, that's what I do.

And so do all the other 'Treatment' writers! Coincidence? No. We all have short sentences, gimmicky punctuation and my lousy jokes.

Do you know why . . . ? Guess! That's right, it's because I re-write all that the brilliant young minds send in. Fancy . . . we give them absolute carte blanche. Carte Blanche d'Alpuget, that is.

OZ March 5
The only movement that is not hypocritical and a pointless attempt to recapture the past order is the cultural re-affiliation in Britain which has been said to form a "new class". This class is known by a number of giggle-inspiring names. Chief of them is the "With-it" Society. Its snob-values are those of Negro intellectuals slightly modified. Hip is in. Cool is in. Knowing smart places before the feature in the fashion mag. is in. Money is in. Worrying about it is out. And yet this is not just another fad by which the younger generation protests its superiority to the one that went before it. The social heroes of the class are not a group but a collection of unconnected individuals, each pre-eminent in his sphere, which sphere in itself is camp, chic and most important, professional.

This collection, dubbed the "Switched-On Set" (the allusion is to pot not television) serves the same function of figurehead as the Royal Fam. does for the squares. Naturally there is little sentimentality in the adulation given them. Rather envy. That's the dark side, of course; an artificial elite aiding manufacturers and the commercial machine; only symbolically, possessing the glamour that makes them noteworthy. The better side exists. At least they were elected to their symbolic posts because of skills rather than birth. Even if the skill was only making money.

Beneath this tiny elite lies the comfortable mass of the New Middle Class — better educated, more cynical, more commercial even than the one before it. But smarter. Better dressed. More worldly. Sophisticated. Traveled. Rather impeccable. Able to hold his own with the German, the French, quite superior to the Swiss, laughing discreetly at the vulgarisms of the American. And, of course, despising the group beneath, the New Proletariat.

The music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, the Animals and The Who is inspired by the cultural vigour of the urban folk music of the American Negro. It weds this vigour with British ideas of harmony, texture and colour, to create a music that is both popular in the commercial sense, and of real musical interest. The best of it serves its functions: to suggest happiness, inspire dancing. Often outstanding tunes contain real drama or pathos.

Most recently both the Beatles and the Rolling Stones have begun to incorporate devices from other, older musical cultures — the use of the ancient, many-stringed Indian sitar, Hammond Organ effects, string quartets. These additions not only add textural and colour variety; combined with consistently creative song-writing, they amount to a music which satisfies all the requirements of a genuine folk music in its initial stage — today's folk being both urban, in the main, and in far greater control of their environment than ever before.

It is, by the way, the New Proletariat which causes psychologists to express grave doubts for the future.
hyper-male characteristics of brutality and hyper-female traits of connivance and tantalisation. Today's gentler proles may place their incipient early adolescent conflicts in abeyance. But they do love. And I can see no better way to submerge the atrophied deviant urge than prolonged and continued heterosexual satisfaction.

This group is becoming less deprived economically — also culturally — and this is a healthy sign. That it must remain the victim of indiscriminate expansion of unnecessary and quickly redundant "luxury" goods is sad. It is not catastrophic. And yet this group is the most primitive of the new primitives.

Lack of cultural communication invariably breeds hatreds, jealousies and social disruptions. Despite the spirit of synthesis which animates the music of the British pop-culture initiators, despite the breakdown of frigidity between sexes culturally and philosophically, there is still a caste system. Its differences utterly smash whatever health could accrue from the superficial homogeneity of teenage fashions. A bottom dog in tomorrow's world is heir to a long tradition of hate.

Affluence created this new social distribution and permitted its healthy self-defining cultural manifestations. And its sins. Money is its overt (and possibly real) god. While love is taken as a birthright.

It is the spirit of the Negro which inspired this radical shift in Anglo-Saxon cultural attitudes, precisely as it was the taboo-powerful art of Africa which inspired Picasso to paint the picture that metaphorically (and practically) destroyed the hold of the renaissance Classical ideal on European art.

The floodgates of instinct were open! For all to see! They had been opened 27 years earlier, however.

Mahler in 1880 wrote an Adagio movement in his first symphony which he wished to call "Funeral March". It was a wild, rorty, vulgar, brilliant, cynical parody of the author's musical and social background, his own earlier love songs and the popular music of the day. It scandalised Brahms.

In recording the deepest, surest loathings of his soul in a manner at once witty and shocking Mahler was a hipster.

Picasso, in a blind passion of instinctual love and dark discovery was as much a hippie as the Mods. It had to be the British though. The Europeans were still too aware of the ambivalence of being to fall hook, line and sinker for the self-hate that creates such brilliant aesthetic artefacts or such total revolutions.

In their instinctualism, their lack of reason, their selfishness, the members of the "With-it" Society are "switched-on" to nothing more terrible than the pure life-instincts out of which the human imagination was slowly fashioned. If conservative England presented man as a Centaur's head, then the new society accepts man as a headless Centaur. Both are warped. Of course, both are partial. Only, the latter is at the beginning of the regenerative cycle.

In the Technological Era urban folk culture will create the balance offsetting the human aridity of an automatic world of things. It will re-express the indefatigable human urge to create and enjoy in a new series of styles, dictated by the age. Ho! Hum! This all happened before! Does it really matter whether the central spirit is Caucasian or Negroid or simply human? It will still follow the same path.

What WERE you saying about the End of the World?

Adrian Rushing

QUEEN

England Swings Like a Pendulum

QUEEN

Queen

OZ March 7
THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED.

These are the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

This is the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the men responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the ambitions that guided the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

This is the artist who threatened the ambitions that guided the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

These are the tactics used against the artists who threatened the ambitions that guided the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

This is the rat that adopted the tactics used against the artist who threatened the ambitions that guided the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon designed.

This is the house created by the rat that adopted the tactics used against the artist who threatened the ambitions that guided the men that replaced the men that were responsible for the gambles that financed the bungles that swelled the budget that killed the hopes that rested on the house that Utzon half-designed.
YOU KNOW THAT "PIMPLE" YOU HAD DOWN THERE FOR ABOUT THREE WEEKS? THAT'S WHERE THE SYPHILIS GERMS ENTERED YOUR BODY. THE FIRST SIGN OF SYPHILIS USUALLY A SORE ON OR NEAR THE SEX ORGANS, OR ON THE LIPS OR TONGUE.

WHAT ABOUT THE SIMPLE KIND OF SYPHILIS... YOU KNOW, THE CLAP? "CLAP" IS GONORRHEA. IT IS A DIFFERENT DISEASE, BUT BOTH SYPHILIS AND GONORRHEA ARE VENEREAL DISEASES—VD FOR SHORT. GONORRHEA CAN MAKE PEOPLE UNABLE TO HAVE CHILDREN AND MAKE ALL THEIR JOINTS STIFF AND SORE.

I'D BE A HEAL-JERK IF I TOOK A CHANCE ON TURNING MYSELF INTO A CRIPPLE LIKE DOC TOLD ME ABOUT. AND MAN, I CAN'T CHICKEN OUT IF I WANT TO GET ELLEN BACK!

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S OFTEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR A WOMAN TO TELL WHETHER SHE HAS GONORRHEA, FOR THE SAME REASONS THAT SHE SOMETIMES CAN'T TELL IF SHE HAS SYPHILIS.

THE ONLY WAY PEOPLE CAN GET VD IS THROUGH SEXUAL RELATIONS OR OTHER VERY CLOSE PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS IT AND THE ONLY THING TO DO ABOUT IT IS SEE A DOCTOR. OKAY?

BUT WHATS A GUY GONNA DO, MR. KANE? IF YOU CAN GET VD FROM PEOPLE, TOILET SEATS, DRINKING CUPS...

BUT ELLEN COULDN'T HAVE...! I MEAN, WE...WELL, WE NEVER WENT ALL THE WAY...
Join the advertising industry. Here unskilled workers can earn more money than doctors, politicians or nuclear scientists. Education is not essential for a successful career — it can even prove a hindrance. There is no apprenticeship system (many top executives have never worked in the despatch department) and creative talent is redundant.

If you are an underpaid clerk, an overworked greengrocer, or on the dole, then you should consider the opportunities offered by a career with an advertising agency. You could be an Account Executive or a copywriter. There are other occupations within an agency, such as layout artists or media consultants, but these require semi skills.

Advertising is the art of selling. First, the aspiring Account Executive must learn to sell himself. His job is to mediate between the client and the creative department. A good Account Executive is liked by the former and tolerated by the latter.

He must seek client approval for the advertisements created by the agency.

"Let's run it up the flag pole and see if the natives salute" is not the way Account Executives talk. It is the way they think. It means, "let's kiss the client's arse and see if he likes my ad, baby."

If the client likes the ads, the Account Executive rises in his prestige and thus his position in the agency is consolidated. If the client doesn't like the ads, the Account Executive usually avoids censure by blaming an irresponsible creative department.

The client is never wrong. A good advertisement is one that is approved by the client. If the client likes the advertisement but it fails to sell his product then the agency is at fault for its bad media strategy. If the client disapproves of an ad which is accidentally inserted and it is effective, then, although the ad is still bad, the product is fabulous. The Account Executive must learn to smile in the face of these interpretations.

He must also learn to smile in the face of his creative department when he is rejecting their suggestions.

"Nice, very nice"

Though he will only do this mentally. Antagonistic copywriters and artists are of no use, so an A.E. must learn how to accept artwork and copy from them smilingly with one hand, and shove it in the dustbin with the other. Later he can tell his creative team that the client canned the ads.

In reality he could never afford to show clients ads that are risky, otherwise the agency might get canned. That's why even if an imaginative, original, well written and aesthetic ad is done, it is never shown to the client. Its novelty would offend him.

Don't be deterred by the seeming sneakiness of this occupation.

There are many perks. You can help select models for television and magazine ads, you will be able to take the clients to expensive and chic places on the agency expense accounts and you can ride taxis for free.

At Christmas time "fun" ads are often prepared for clients. You can pressure the agency's most used photographers to round-up some delectable young girls. The anxious models don't like cooperating but they need your business the following year.

The "fun" ads you prepare will be of you (and in some cases the client) horsing around with the models, fingers on tits, arse, etc.

Often you will get discounts on the client's products. This can mean cheaper cigarettes, whisky, cosmetics, menswear and so on. This almost compensates for the fact that you are required by agency managements to use clients' products exclusively. Account Executives have been fired for smoking non-client brands, of cigarettes at agency liaison meetings.

Just as the Account Executive has to ingratiate himself before the client, so there are many representatives from the press, radio and TV who will kiss your arse. These people want you to place ads for your clients in their media. They will give you presents at Christmas and remember your birthday. Treat them gently. One day they might become clients.

Despite the money ($120-$160 weekly) you might feel that the image of an A.E. is too mundane for you. After all, you might want to sport a gay beard (this is frowned heavily on by management. Some clients do not like beards), wear zippy suits and camp it up a bit. You will have more freedom to develop a "with-it" personality in the creative department of an agency and in some circles you will have more prestige. Try being a copywriter.
Usually a copywriter never sees the product he tries to sell. He only reads about it from an agency briefing-sheet. This briefing-sheet is an Account Executive's interpretation of what he thinks the client thinks the agency ought to say about his product.

No matter how bad the product is, agencies always contend the competitor's product is worse. In most cases the product you are asked to write about has been advertised consistently in overseas media. Agencies abound with supplies of overseas magazines and have regular screenings of overseas TV and radio commercials. These are not difficult to adapt. Sometimes TV commercials are copied word for word and their treatments made identical to American counterparts. (Esso Tiger in Your Tank, Fab White Knight, Tab Soft Drinks, Malboro.)

If by chance you should test the product, don't be inhibited by its drawbacks. They can easily be disguised for the purposes of advertising. The only limit to a copywriter's imagination is the threshold of consumer believability. You can bullshit most of the people most of the time.

TV and magazine colour ads are faked. The foods shown in the "Women's Weekly" purporting to come from packets or tins are, in fact, exotic fresh foods prepared by agency kitchens. Unfortunately, foods straight from the tin reproduce in magazines looking like foods straight from the tin.

When the Persil-white shirt must contrast favourably against other "white" shirts for TV advertising, Charlie really does wear a "nice shade of grey".

A conscience, if he has one, can sometimes prick a copywriter. Not because he is permanently inventing benefits for phoney product differentiations (petrol, cigarettes, soap, dandruff lotions) but because he is sometimes required to promote products that might do a consumer actual harm (cigarettes, the army, either political party).

Don't worry. The gay social whirl of copywriting society soon insulates you from the realities of cancer statistics, war casualties and the incidence of heart disease amongst saturated fat (butter/cheese/milk) consumers.

Scratch a copywriter and you'll find minor literary pretension underneath. Copywriters scratch themselves in pensive moments to expose ambitions of writing The Great Australian musical or Strine Film.

Scratch him again and you'll find a shoe-salesman.

As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Rifol! Rifol! Rifol!
Met a girl named Rosie Dare
Seventeen times I saw her on that road; then I never saw her again.

Not till yesterday, at least. Rifol. Etc.
then there she was as large as life, totin her Rifol. Folly-diddle-dee, folly-diddle-dee. I said to her:
"Come with me, and bring your Rifol".
No, I would not.

"You rotten bitch", I says, I'll give you £24 and that's the limit. She tossed her golden locks contemptuously.
"I want at least £998 before I'll come with thee", she sneered.

"DONE," said I, and slapped a fat cheque down.

The Strawberry FAIR AFFAIR
Mike Brown

OZ March 11
I've been in London for nearly 5 years now... Yes of course I miss Australia... the sun, the beaches, the surfing. But I couldn't survive there. Spiritually suffocating. The censorship... the aching. The Suburbs... Spiritually suffocating, the censorship. The Suburbs... I was in a farrow. I had to get out, travel, seek my muse. Yes I'd like to go back... for a holiday of course. Pick up some material, but I couldn't stay long... My home's here now, my friends, my career, my life. Here I'm fulfilled. I'm a success, in Australia. I was nothing, dead here in London. I'm ALIVE. Recognised. I've carved a place for myself... in London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked boomerangs a week...
Once upon a time there was a nobody called David Duncan — oops, sorry, David Douglas Duncan.

In the early ’60s he established an identity as a nonentity by contributing some insane stories to honi soit.

Later, he disappeared into a type-setting machine and emerged at the peak of the anti-censorship movement in 1964. He cashed-in on this (aided and abetted by two other notorious opportunists) by publishing a magazine called “OBSCENITY”. The first issue swiped reviews of banned books from overseas magazines and reprinted Government regulations on “obscenity.”

The second issue is no less unremarkable. It was created single-handed by D.D.D. It reprints butchered and badly translated extracts from Marquis de Sade, Boccaccio and other “names.” It swipes more overseas reviews. It accuses OZ of plagiarism on one page, then prints an atrociously illustrated derivation from a Sharp cartoon on another—crediting D.D.D. with authorship.

Most nights of the week you will see D.D.D. standing on a Kings Cross corner shoving his “Obcenity” into the bewildered faces of passers by. Flushed with success, Duncan’s next adventure is to be “KEYHOLE”. He announced to “The Sydney Morning Herald” that he wasn’t prosecuted for “Obcenity” and he didn’t think he would be for “keyhole”.

This magazine will consist entirely of black and white reproductions of photo feature spreads appearing in past issues of “Playboy.” D.D.D. realises that it will be impossible for “Playboy” to sue for breach of copyright.

The next move of this upscrupulous, profiteering, insensitive parasite will probably be to re-publish the rare first issue of OZ. That’s the sort of idealist Duncan is.

Everybody comes to see what’s
Seems that we're dominated here in the wide brown land of Orstralyer by people called Patty. Putting down gas sets of grooves in the pop industry is Little Patty, and in the Fair and Square cities of Canberra and Melbourne there's the Wife of Ming, loverly and talented Dame Patty. Last, and by now means least, there's Little Patty White, pusher of imposing and, I would venture to say, posing prose. It's so brilliant that the ununkched few like meself mistook it for crap first time magazine round. But a peek at the blurb on the back soon gave us the drum on the fact that this was great prose.

Of course, he should be good. So would you if you did your bit at the old Varsity King's Coll., Cambridge, as a matter of fact. And then he's done nothing but right. Write? According to the blurb on the back of my dinkum digger Aussie Penguin (the bird himself looking a little insecure under a triumphal arch of bookerangs). White then went to London "determined to become a writer". Which he did. Good on you, Patty. I reckon any bloke who tries to write and is determined and has the old family dough behind him so they can, should be a bit of OK after all those years.

And he is. The Alf's Story had reviews like "...a tour de force (farce?) and...electrifying...and...one of the best twenty novels of the decade". I seem to recollect something about "Voss" which said at it stood like a "Cathedral among booths" or something along those lines. Or that might have been for Riders. Not sure. Think it was Davenport in the Observer, or it might have been Walter Allen—us satirists don't have to have the facts, we're just here to knock. (Knock, knock. Who's there? OZ. Knock, knock. Who's square? Its readers.)

On with the show.

I can see the old hackles rising now. Who is this guy, gettng me and knocking Our Boy? Well, readers, I dipped out of Eng. I at the Varsity (Farcity?) and that means I've got a brain or two or so and I bought a few Little Patty paperbacks to carry in the hip, hip-pocket of me jeans, and I read a bit of a couple of them by mistake, and here's what I might have seen on the White scene: "Isabel was silent, because old. But Alf did not hear silences. Therefore he did not speak. The engine of the car was a gavotte in the morning, each note hanging in the stillness. Isabel turned each sound over, gently, in her gloved hand. And was silent."

In the front seat sat Catherine. There was the youngness of the morning and her thoughts. Those thoughts were reflected black and back in the old eyes of Aunt Isabel, watching in the rear vision mirror the flowing and fluctuating world of reality which was a madness. Her thoughts transformed the thin metal skin of the speeding car to water, easy, so that the wind was flowing and flowing to hurt around the whorls of her ears and laps of her hairs. The thin metal, beaten out no doubt by sweaty armpitted workmen in some factory somewhere in Victoria.

All swore at a car ahead of them which was pulling out of the traffic stream. "What was that?" asked Aunt Isabel. Her voice had again the quality of water and gum trees which the more sensitive of her maiden lady friends had marked before, but never remarked, it was not the thing to do. The wheels of the car spun back the black of the road and the white of the day, preparing her defence, which, as on other historical and perhaps a little hysterical occasions, was attack. For she knew what was coming as the road slid under the small black hunch-backed Beadle of the car, as they neared the flat which was the plain. "All, you are driving too slowly."

But of course that wasn't what I say. It wasn't anything like that clumsy sendup long and trying so hard. But for the reader to come straight out of the Normal World of reality which was a madness. Her thoughts were reflected black and back in the old eyes of Aunt Isabel, watching in the rear vision mirror the flowing and fluctuating world of reality which was a madness. Her thoughts transformed the thin metal skin of the speeding car to water, easy, so that the wind was flowing and flowing to hurt around the whorls of her ears and laps of her hairs. The thin metal, beaten out no doubt by sweaty armpitted workmen in some factory somewhere in Victoria.

"Alf, you are driving too slowly."
formed and certainly everyone would be much happier reading it.

God, even Hugh Gough isn’t as bad.

ROBERT CARMICHAEL.

Sir,

I have read your article by Mr. James about his trip to North Vietnam.

The main fact that he is trying to establish is that the National Liberation Front represents the people of South Vietnam and that all foreign troops should leave. Correct?

Well, my reaction is to find that all that Mr. James has said is completely irrelevant to the true situation.

A few weeks ago I listened on short wave on the 31 metre band to Radio Peking.

The Red Chinese announce speaking in good English (as they always do), read out an article from the official Chinese army newspaper. This is what he said:

"The aims of the Russian and Chinese people’s Republics are the same, and that is to spread the revolution throughout the whole world.

"But whereas the Russian revisionists’ policy is one of peaceful penetration; the Chinese believe that the most desirable way of spreading world revolution is by War.

"Now, it’s no use trying to tell me that I read this in a capitalist newspaper—I did not; I received this information first hand from the mouths of the Red Chinese themselves—they desire war, they made no bones about it—the announcer went on to say that the Chinese actually desired nuclear war—because Mao said that if 300 million Chinese were killed by hydrogen bombs, there would still be 300 million left.

Mr. James says that “he didn’t see many Chinese in Hanoi”—as though this would prove that the Chinese had nothing to do with the war. Does he want to try to prove that the Chinese are fools, or that they are too cowardly to help the North Vietnamese in their fight against the “dirty American Imperialists”?

The true facts are that Vietnam is the present locale of the war against the West that the Red Chinese desire (the words are theirs, not mine). If America pulled out of Vietnam—then the desirable war would move to Thailand, Cambodia, then onto Malaysia, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand and South America.

How can you deny this when the Red Chinese have announced to the world that their aim is world revolution—they said it—I didn’t.

Now I am enclosing a stamped addressed envelope—I hope that you will find the time to send me a few lines which will prove to me that the Red Chinese don’t desire war—even though I have heard with my own ears they say that war is the most desirable way of spreading world revolution.

S. A. VALENTINE,
P.O. Box 17, Newport, N.S.W.
First, privvy schooies. They're an old favourite of mine in the Long Tall Aunt Sally Department, so let's go.

Rikapody and a flapping fandooogily, swinging. So I mean all you knobstruck jobs in Dad's firm fang in the family Jag shag in the jag old school Con Temporaries of mine, let's look back at the crashiest drears of our lives, I mean, behind the ivied walls of the old Alma Mater, which is American for Olde School which is English for the better Schools, which is N. Shore-ese UP SCHOOL which is King's School dialect as far as I'm concerned for right up to the elbow with the lot of them. The whole class education thing is yeah, sort of a load of old roobish, note John Bitter-Lennon, the adult soft kink. And now I'll drum you in with some risque reminiscences.

We used to have chapel ten times a week, nine for noncommunicants, and there was a camp master (one was sacked last year, but they kept it quiet), and I'd be the last person to say that boarding schools encourage homosexuality, I mean, look at me, but thing is, they discourage hetero relationships, so it's the same thing, only different. Ah well, at least they educate all the sons of old boys who get there. Well, sort of. At the one I went to, an Associated School, they're the ones who didn't make it to the GPS; well anyway, there the failure rate at the Leaving Certificate was higher than the State average. That's really something, and a real bargain, considering the four hundred dollars a term you pay, boarders. Of course, very coarse, for that small, exclusive all inclusive fee there are such fringe benefits as compulsory cadets, compulsory football, old time religion, Kultcha, learning. And at the end of it all you have the choice of joining, yes, wait for it, the Old Boys. You can actually pay them money, and that entitles you to buy it, the old school tie. Then you can wipe whichever bodily orifice you like with it — I mean, that's a personal opinion.

Quite a bit doesn't get printed in the OB's notes in Skool Mag, but here's a bit of interesting gear about some of me old mates. One did a stretch in Long Bay I'm told, seemed to used to strip down daddy's cars and sell the parts. The daddy wasn't his either, and he called the constables. I remember that he used to shoplift from school when he was a nipper in short pants. Another 'bloke I met after years of sad separation (he left under a cloud) turned up in a push pub, all the kit, purple ski pants, knee boots, and he told me he was gainfully employed as a male prostitute, fiver a go and a big bum, but of coarse that was before the dollars came in.

This is all too sordid, I won't continue, I mean, I don't want to sound n-gratefool for the Advantages it gave me.

PETER DRAFFIN

Those who have heard the voice of Wayne Newton—and mistaken it perhaps for that of a big-throated girl—should not be misled.
MRS. CALWELL'S DIARY

Yet another “flatout” month for yours truly here at 30 Baroda Street! When will it all end, I wonder? Arthur seems to think it will all be over very soon but I really think that he's being a little pessimistic. Of course, he only says these things to me and I'd hate them to get around, Dear Diary, but he has been very downcast over the last few weeks. Nothing seems to cheer him up.

When the radio man announced our wonderful victory in that Queensland seat I rushed into the kitchen and just blurted out the news to him but it only seemed to make him feel worse for some reason.

But as Arthur went on with his alterations, Gra would just get more and more modest. To hear him talk, you'd think he didn't write a single word. Of course, though, the biggest event of the month was Gough’s nervous breakdown. I do feel so sorry for his wife and four lovely kiddies but I suppose he was bound to lose control sooner or later. Arthur is more sensitive than most when it comes to seeing nervous conditions in others and he has always said that Gough had those delusions of grandeur. And now they have overwhelmed what used to be a very sweet personality. Poor Gough.

As I write, Arthur is trying to book him into a sanatorium well away from Canberra and politicians because being near the hurly-burly makes him pitifully unmanageable. Unfortunately, many rest homes insist that two doctors must certify him before admission to a closed ward can be arranged. Arthur will try every avenue to admit Gough before subjecting him to this painful business. As he says, he can get seven of Australia’s top medical minds to say that poor Gough is unbalanced so why do they need two doctors? Dear me, it is a sad episode. Here he was, all set for a good steady career as deputy opposition leader and now this happens! As if this wasn’t bad enough, Arthur is afraid that Gough’s disease has spread in some funny way. He didn’t like the look of Alan Fraser on the news the other night and I must say that even I thought Alan was saying some very strange things. In fact, twelve of them seem to have caught it from Gough — and very badly, too.

Arthur was saying just last night that Gough seemed to think he was Jesus Christ and the rest imagined they were his disciples. At first he thought that he had better go along with this ‘delusion’ and began arrangements for a sort of modern-day crucifixion of Gough. It was the only thing that would satisfy them, he said. For a while it did seem to be the only thing but they seem a little better now. Arthur hopes he’ll soon be able to wash his hands of the whole business.

Look, NO radio-activity!

IT WAS SUCH A PITFY BECAUSE WE
WERE A VERY CLOSE-KNIT GROUP—GRA, ARTHUR AND MYSELF. WHEN HE WASN'T READING UP ON SOMETHING AT THE LENDING LIBRARY OR HELPING ARTHUR WITH THE ELOCUTION GRA WOULD MAKE HIMSELF EXTREMELY USEFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE. MANY'S THE TIME OUR LAWS HAVE BEEN CUT OR THE WASHING BROUGHT IN BY GRA.

He was a model press-secretary in many ways although he was always terribly modest about the effect his words would have on public thinking. When Arthur sat down to whip Gra’s writing into acceptable form for his speeches and books, he would often tell Gra just what help he was.

As he says, he can get seven of Australia’s top medical minds to say that poor Gough is unbalanced so why do they need two doctors? Dear me, it is a sad episode. Here he was, all set for a good steady career as deputy opposition leader and now this happens! As if this wasn’t bad enough, Arthur is afraid that Gough’s disease has spread in some funny way. He didn’t like the look of Alan Fraser on the news the other night and I must say that even I thought Alan was saying some very strange things. In fact, twelve of them seem to have caught it from Gough — and very badly, too.

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DAD: You mean it's not going to be a meaningful experience again?

MOM: It's never a meaningful experience any more. It's just a ritual we go through each time.

DAD: I'm sorry, but — do you realise how heavily committed we are?

MOM: Darling, that's what marriage is all about. Total commitment.

DAD: No, no, no — I'm talking about how heavily committed we are in Vietnam.

MOM: Oh, all you ever care about is what's going on in the world. Don't you ever care about my feelings?

DAD: Are you aware that we now have 750,000 troops over there?

MOM: I don't care if the whole American Army is over there.

DAD: You heard what the President said on television. That we should all of us not go to bed any night without asking whether we have done everything we could do that day to win the struggle in Vietnam.

MOM: I'm sure he didn't mean that literally, dear.

DAD: Well, I take it literally. I can't help it. I want to do something.

MOM: They already are doing something.

DAD: It's always they. Never we. I want to feel involved in the world situation.

MOM: I'm going to tell you something sweetheart, and I want you to listen carefully. I'm getting sick and tired of a marital relationship that has to serve as a barometer of international tension.

DAD: Oh, come, now, it can't be as bad as all that.

DAD: You mean it's not going to be a meaningful experience again?

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MOM: I don't care if the whole American Army is over there.

MOM: Oh, yes it can. The day they built the Berlin Wall, a barrier went up between us.

DAD: I couldn't help it. I was suffering from universal guilt.

MOM: Nonsense. You were suffering from a severe case of unrequited nationalism.

DAD: Sometimes you talk like a Commie sympathiser.

MOM: And then there was Korea. The day they crossed the 38th Parallel, you became impotent.

DAD: It was only temporary. I regained my virility.

CUT TO: Close-up of a toaster. Immediately following the words "my virility" in previous scene, two slices of toast pop up.

MOM's hand reaches for them. The family — MOM, DAD and college-age SON — are having breakfast. DAD is reading the newspaper. SON is trying to get his attention.

SON: Say, Dad?

MOM: They already are doing something. DAD: (Camera behind him shows him underlining with a pen certain lines in an editorial.) Just a minute, Son. (He writes, "That's so true!" in the margin.) Yes, what is it?

SON: I was thinking about what the President said on television last night about Vietnam—

DAD: And you felt you wanted to participate in some way?

SON: No, I don't want to kill any Vietnamese.

DAD: Look, you don't have to kill anybody directly. I have a friend of a friend in the Defence Department. What with your ROTC credits, I think we might be able to get you into their special Military Adviser training programme.

SON: Dad, what I'm trying to say is that, as far as participation goes, I mean where I— me — where I could really do something concrete . . . well, what I was thinking of was the horrible danger lurking only ninety miles from our own shore.

MOM: You mean Cuba?

SON: No, Mississippi . . . I'd like to go there this summer.

DAD: But, son, it's dangerous down there.

SON: I know that, but I've been doing a lot of soul-searching, and, Dad . . . Mom . . . I — I've decided to become a voter registration worker in the South.

MOM: Oh, God, how have we failed!

DAD: Now you listen to me, you have no business going to Mississippi—

SON: But, Dad—

MOM: Oh, God, where did we go wrong!

DAD: Don't but-Dad me. If you were really concerned about voting rights, you'd want to go to Vietnam and do something about ensuring free elections there . . .
POSTMASTER: You show me yours and I'll show you mine.

SON: And what are your plans, Mom?

MOM: I think today I'm going to report some obscene mail to the postmaster. (DOORBELL rings. Mom answers door. It's the mailman. He gives her mail. She looks through it.) Uh, disgusting!

SON: Can I see them, Mom?

MOM: Certainly not, they're obscene photographs. (Heads for telephone.) I'd better make an appointment right now. (Beginning a non-dialogue scene, we hear music — the theme to which POSTMASTER and MOM were dancing.)

CUT TO: A telephone ringing. The postmaster picks it up, brings it to his mouth. As he speaks, camera moves back to show him sitting at desk.

POSTMASTER: Postmaster speaking. (POSTMASTER's voice) yes, ma'am, yes ... two o'clock this afternoon would be fine ... oh, Ma'am, that will be sure to bring the obscene mail with you ... swell ... I'll see you then ... thank you ... goodbye. (Hangs up. Then licks his chops and rubs his hands together.)

CUT TO: Attractive, college-age GIRL, talking to SON, on campus.

GIRL: You can do whatever you want (she says to SON), I won't protest. I know you've demonstrated with other guys.

SON: Look, I'm not asking you to marry me ... I'm not even asking you to go steady ... all I want you to do is go on one lousy picket line with me.

CUT TO: DAD's office. He presses buzzer of intercom. Secretary's voice says "Yes, sir?"

DAD: After you finish typing out those sales orders, I'd like you to do a little research for me. I want you to check into the height of the average Viet Cong gook.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER'S office. MOM enters. He has the window-shades down ... candlelight ... soft music on phonograph.

POSTMASTER: Did you bring the obscene mail?

MOM: Yes.

POSTMASTER: You show me yours and I'll show you mine.

MOM: All right, that's enough — please, no arguments this morning. (To Dad)

DAD: You say the average height of a Viet Cong gook is four feet seven inches ... are you sure?

CUT TO: MOM and POSTMASTER dancing.

POSTMASTER: Can't I just meet you at the movies after the demonstration?

DAD: I have a sneaking suspicion that some of these so-called Viet Cong I've seen on the news are actually Regular Chinese soldiers. (DAD looks at his hands together.)

CUT TO: POSTMASTER and MOM necking furiously on his desk.

CUT TO: GIRL: I told you, I don't go all the way.

CUT TO: Close-up of a strange man's face. He is a RAPESTER. He is talking to his victim.

RAPESTER: I'm going to rape you.

POSTMASTER and MOM necking.*

CUT TO: SON, nuzzling girl's ear and mumbling into it at the same time.

SON: Please, you don't even have to carry a sign or anything. I just want you to be with me.

CUT TO: RAPESTER: Promise me you won't scream.

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will. (screams.) Help — criminal assault, criminal assault — help — help, I'm being criminally assaulted — help! (She keeps this up, a parody of That Scene in The Knack, and a crowd gathers around her, being careful not to interfere.)

RAPESTER: I love you.

VICTIM: Years from now ... when you talk about this ... I'm going to report you to the Postmaster General.

CUT TO: RAPESTER: I'm going to rape you.

SON: I want me for my body.

VICTIM. Her dress has been torn — the height of the average Viet Cong gook is four feet seven inches — and DAD's reaction, over which we hear his inner voice each time we return to the scene of the rape, his strain clearly visible).

DAD'S Voice: Why is everybody just standing around and watching? ... This is different from Vietnam — there's a perfect chance for personal involvement here ... Nobody else is doing anything about it, what don't you? You've been waiting all your life for an opportunity like this ... Go ahead ... Go on ... Now! (DAD surges through the crowd and pounces on the VICTIM, pummelling her madly, and ripping at her underthings. The crowd applauds and yells its encouragement to him. The crowd suddenly turns into cherring spectators in a baseball stadium, where the attack is now taking place at approximately Second Base. The noise of the onlookers gets louder and louder, reaches a fantastic pitch, and then ...)
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