OZ TALKS TO GOD

Best of Donald Duck, Baume as a playwright, Censorship, Bob Hughes on 'Ban the Bombers'
I SPY
OZ Competition No. 1

WIN:

★ 3 Guineas
★ 12 months free subscription to OZ
   plus
★ A pin-up photo of Ivan Skripov
★ Also: 5 pairs of sunglasses to be
given away as consolation prizes

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:
Send us your favourite secrets . . .
Maybe you’re an important Government employee with a long list of official secrets . . .
or
perhaps you’re a housewife with just a teeny weeny secret about your neighbour . . .
or
could be you’re a schoolboy with embarrassing secrets about your teachers . . .
RUSH THEM TO US . . . WIN VALUABLE PRIZES . . . THERE’S NO ENTRY FEE!
The most revealing and most entertaining entries will be published in OZ No. 3. Contestants may submit a pen name to be used
(if desired) in case of publication.
All secrets remain the property of OZ and correspondence may or may not be entered into.
ENTRIES TO OZ Limited, No. 3 Harrington Lane, Sydney.

**************

OZ JUNE
Is busting out all over with:

☆ What you can do when the Indonesians come.
☆ The "Virile Powers of Superb Manhood".
☆ Impolite Interviews.
☆ Curlewis Youth Report analysed.

**************

THE POCKET BOOSHPHOP
ANNOUNCES
A BIRTH

We open our new shop at 8 STRAND ARCADE
on MAY 8
The largest selection of paperbacks in Australia

18 PENFOLD PLACE, 25 BOULEVARDE ARCADE
28-3119 25-3427

2 OZ, May
Sir,

There might be 16 ozs. to the pound but perhaps in future editions the title could be 1/32 ozs., so as to overcome any delusions of grandeur on your part. (Of course the price would be adjusted accordingly.)

My 1/3d. bought me (147) pages of undergraduate sallies at all kinds of old chestnuts. Instead of an intellectual approach to important issues of the times, I received a lot of immature nonsense on all the "old favourites", Royalty, socialites, pornography. In fact I sometimes wonder whether the student editor's mind can get past these three mental blocks.

Don't anyone there know anything about Malay, Australian politics, the Bishop of Woolich, the Public Service, Big Business, the Common Market, Television, Theatre; or are these the sort of topics which require those horrible things known as "facts" combined with skilful reporting.

People suffering from nymphomania and satyriasis form a small part of the reading public. It would be good business to enlarge your market.

Allan G. Hogan,
Sydney

---

OZ MAY ...
with love and squalor

OZ's special Chastity Belt Correspondent replies:

I did mean Modesty — that attitude of mind which results in the bodily condition of chastity. It was introduced into our society with Christianity because almost only in the Christian world is modesty sexual. In primitive societies it is mostly associated with social customs such as eating and drinking.

Unfortunately in refuting my statement, the mistake has been made of regarding the phenomenon from our own cultural position and of measuring it by a standard to which we have become accustomed by centuries of Christian ideals.

What about the New Guinea natives? Nudity is not to be equated with a lack of modesty, but with superstition or fear.

What about veils? Among Islam women fear neurosis was attached to the face and they were not so worried about the exposure of the genitals. The passage in the Koran (Sura 33) which refers to the veiling of women has been overplayed probably to suit male jealousy.

And what about the Tahitians? Modesty was unknown to them till they came in contact with degenerate Europeans who destroyed their natural purity.

Concepts of modesty and respect for virginity are not innate in the psyche of mankind. They are generally the consequences of repression and inhibition which accompany social development.

Though chastity (i.e. the bodily condition only) may have been valued among non- and pre-Christian societies, the reasons for this were more often physical than spiritual.

Sir,

Congratulations to all the staff on the first issue of OZ. I thought you might be interested to know that OZ's circulation already exceeds the following:

- Australian Insurance Journal
- Australasian Sportsgoods and Toy Retailer
- Australian Fashion News
- Australian Hardware Journal
- Draper of Australasia
- Mingay's Electrical Weekly
- Newspaper News
- Tailor and Men's Wear
- Goulburn Evening Post
- Grafton Daily Examiner
- Lithgow Mercury
- Murwillumbah Daily News
- Orange Central Western Daily
- Bairnsdale Advertiser
- Colac Herald
- Gippsland Times (Sale)
- Wangaratta Chronicle Despatch
- Warwick Daily News
- Port Lincoln Times
- Port Pirie Recorder
- Renmark Murray Pioneer
- Whyalla News
- Albany Advertiser
- Bunbury South Western Times
- Gerladton Guardian
- Kalgoorlie Miner
- Narrogin Observer
- Scottsdale North East Advertiser
- The Bulletin (Queensland)

"Market Researcher", Sydney

---

OZ IS A NEW MAGAZINE

... so new that copies are in short supply. Make sure OZ is on your doorstep every month — it's sent in a plain wrapper to avoid embarrassment. Fill in the coupon below and rush to OZ magazine, 3 Harrington Lane, Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose £ / as payment for

...... months subscription to OZ.

(10/- for 6 months; £1 for 12 months)

---

WRITING MORE, ENJOYING IT LESS?

OZ is now the trashcan for Sydney's liveliest minds.

If you have either

(a) trash

(b) a lively mind

send them in a scented envelope to

3 Harrington Street
Sydney

Published by 'OZ Publications Ink Limited' 3 Harrington Lane, Sydney; BW 4197.
Editors: Richard Neville and Richard Walsh.
Art: Martin Sharp, Garry Shead.
Editorial Assistants: Gina Eviston, Robyn Cooper, Lyn Murray, Mike Robertson.
Secretary: Harry Bauer.
Assistant Secretary: Helen Saunders.

OZ, MAY 3
April is a strange month for people to get censorious in.

Because, of course, on April 25 we have a good festival to remind us of the lives lost in achieving the little freedom we have. But people are very censorious in April; in fact, if April 1963 etc. indicated, they tend to be more censorious in this month than any other.

To be more explicit—

- In April the A.B.C. publicly apologised for an "Any Questions" programme in which the Queen was satirised: made heavy cuts in the interstate videotape of a Tania V erstak sketch on the Bryan Davies' Show; and completely cut the interstate videotape of a Royalty sketch on the same show.
- In Newcastle the Customs Department showed that it was keeping up its sterling work maintaining Australia's censorship as one of the most repressive in the world by trying to confiscate a book from the local Municipal Library on the strength of one complaint.
- In Sydney the same department maintained the same efficiency by informing the Crown Solicitor that they would not have permitted OZ APRIL to enter this country if it had been a foreign publication.

Strange events indeed for April but the events surrounding the latter, being closest to home, interest us most.

The premonition that OZ APRIL might offend some people had not escaped us. There are always some people sufficiently insecure as to think any frankness will bring their little worlds crashing down about their heads.

What was not expected was the lengths to which people are prepared to go to show their dissatisfaction: people ripping up OZ's in the streets, talking loudly about "pornographic trash" complaining to authorities etc. It's apparently no good just being offended, you have to show you are as loudly and as often as you can.

The attitude of officialdom is even more perplexing.

The Maritime Services Board, which has absolutely no authority in the field of public morality, officially expressed its displeasure at the fact that the editors of such a magazine should conduct occasional meetings in a workshop sub-let from them.

The Customs Department, which has absolutely no authority over internal publications, not only offered advice to the Crown Solicitor, gratis and without request, but also asked one of Sydney's main distributors why they had not been informed about OZ. The distributor in question told them very rightly to go to hell.

All very strange happenings, indeed, for a month in which we are supposed to contemplate the price paid for democracy.

For any kind of democracy the price paid—15 million Allies lost their lives in World War II—has been phenomenal. For Australian-type democracy it is fearfully so.

The conclusion to be drawn from these and similar events is that Australians are not convinced in freedom as a way of thinking but merely as a principle half-embodied in legislation.

Democracy, in Australia, is the right of the individual to interfere as much as he can in the lives of his fellow-men and the privilege of institutions to cater for the lowest common denominator of public taste.

When anything of a controversial nature is said, how the censorious vultures circle squawking for action! And the government departments, big advertisers, newspapers offering minimal resistance yield to their clamouring.

The attitude of an organisation like the A.B.C. is seen all too clearly in the Queen episode on the Bryan Davies' Show. Sir Charles Moses explained to the "Mirror" that 63 people complained—"None of my friends found it amusing"—and so off it goes. No mention of the other thousands who saw the sketch and did not complain.

If 90 per cent. of viewers were offended... so what?

Surely the moment the 63 were offended by the Bryan Davies sketch they should have switched channels or turned off and played Scrabble. That would have been the decent—not so say unhygienic—thing to do.

If you are offended by a television show don't watch it; if you are offended by OZ don't buy it.

There is no justification in the world for censoring "offensive" material, unless the offended are forced to read or view it.

Democracy demands that you should allow people the right to see or read things, even though you yourself find them offensive, unless in so doing they are in some way interfering in your life.

And, however much it irks you, that is the kind of freedom which we commemorate on April 25.

It is interesting to note that "That Was the Week That Was", a controversial B.B.C. weekly production, receives 500 complaints every week and yet there is no talk of the B.B.C. withdrawing it.

Why are Australians so incredibly soft that material which is freely available in other countries is presumed to corrupt our citizens?

The freedom from censorship on the continent of Europe is legendary and yet they seem no worse for the experience.

It is a pleasure, of course, to hear some of our citizen-censors talk darkly about "illegitimacy rates" and immorality on the Continent. It's a pity for such people that Australia's morality statistics aren't more reassuring. With over 70 per cent. of Australian women unchast at marriage it would seem that stringent censorship hasn't done us much good.

But even if we concede that continental Europeans are in some way godless people leading lives made even more scandalous by their lack of censorship and that only Anglo-Saxons know how to behave, it would seem that most Britons undergo a sort of softening up process on arrival in Australia.

In Britain, they can laugh at the Queen and read Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or Miller's "Tropic of Cancer". Here they cannot.

Apparently during their long passage to Australia the whole Anglo-Saxon stock, which comprises the majority of Australians, have suddenly become terribly susceptible to the ill-effects of dubious material.

Physically we claim to be he-men; intellectually we are infants.

Of course, none will deny that the public needs protection from libel. Nor from obscenity. But obscenity in the true sense of the word, i.e., "tending to deprave or corrupt", not just "offensive".

If we are going to call something "obscene" we must be very clear on two things: (1) we must have a definite idea...
No vice ever entered the country. Once I burnt 500 issues of 'Playboy' magazine.

When OZ was released I contacted Gordon & Gotch and complained that I hadn't been given a copy to read. They told me it was an internal publication... so I rang up the Chief Secretary and told him that I would never have let OZ into the country.

My job is difficult... but it has its rewards...

...I've got the biggest collection of filthy books in Australia.

of what "corruption" would entail; (2) we must be quite sure that the material really does corrupt.

People have at times made all sorts of wild statements about certain things corrupting. We have been told, for example, that certain kinds of comics and TV programmes "corrupt" and yet when people of a scientific bent try to prove that this has happened—miracle of miracles!—there never seems to be a scrap of evidence.

It would be very illuminating for some research worker to turn up something which he can conclusively show has actually corrupted then we would know what to avoid in our newspapers and magazines. In the meantime, the censors should know what they are talking about—and, what is more, be able to prove it—when they run around shouting "obscene".

One thing that certainly does not corrupt is truth.

The lawyers say "The greater the truth the greater the libel"; however, "The greater the truth the greater the obscenity" is a hard proposition to maintain.

Ignorance is notoriously the great ally of vice. The high correlations between sexual ignorance and sexual promiscuity has never failed to amaze the sexologists. Medical men, who presumably "know all", rarely show the ill-effects of their sexual sophistication.

In OZ APRIL there were two articles which caused the greatest offence: one concerned with masturbation and the other with abortion.

In America the Kinsey report showed that no less than 90 per cent of the population periodically masturbated. Presumably the figures would be similar here so why should the mention of an activity—the facts of which are almost universally known — cause so much complaint?

The complaint about the abortion article coincided, ironically enough, with a case in the Quarter Sessions in which a 73-year-old dentist was sentenced to three years gaol for carrying out an abortion that killed a girl.

The girl in the case was 17. Her boyfriend was with her, paid the dentist £65 (later refunded) and helped drag the body to an adjoining room. He has been sentenced as an accessory.

The dentist had no training in medicine and conducted his operations in chambers which police described as disgustingly filthy.

The case was buried in the newspapers, described as a "manslaughter" case. One wonders which is worse; that this sort of thing should go on day in and day out without anyone bringing it into the open or that someone should raise the question of what is to be done?

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is inescapable. Democracy in this country is not a code to be lived by. It is merely a catchcry.

People have never really been converted to the basic tenet of democracy that people should be allowed to lead their own lives, so long as they do not interfere with others. Despite the great democratic victory prejudice and intolerance are still the great twin-curses of our civilisation.

Democracy is a principle for which millions died. Yet it has barely survived their sacrifice.

In a world of diminishing freedom, of continued intolerance, of persistent anti-semitism, of man still arming against man, how contemporary are those lines of Southey:

"But what good came of it at least?"

Quoth Little Peterkin,

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

—R.W.

LAST DAYS!

PLAYER'S

ROMEO AND JULIET

produced by Ed Allison, designed by Cedric Flower

Thursday May 2 . Friday May 3 .

Saturday May 4
THE light of enthusiasm shines in God's eyes when he recalls the early days of Christianity. As the cigar smoke drifts past the plush pastel curtains, the panelled walls, the well-lit Mercator with pins to indicate key sales positions, he discusses the first thousand years.

"They thought we were a lot of cranks then. Fellows with an idea that would never catch on. We had plenty of prophets, but not many sales."

He leaned back and smiled quietly at his own joke.

"Not that they weren't first class men, some of them. Moses invented the protest march, a gimmick that's only coming into its own today.

"You have to remember that they didn't have the advertising media that we have now. They had to go out and make themselves known without so much as a singing commercial.

"They relied on stunts like smashing open rocks and looking surprised when I let loose a little water from inside. We got to know the value of teamwork in those days.

"But we couldn't be satisfied with things the way they were. I decided that the whole operation needed a shot in the arm.

"So we ran a saturation pre-publicity campaign, with free baptisms, and people going round saying 'He's coming! He's coming!'

"Then I put in a new management consultant with instructions to find a brand new board of directors. To make sure things went smoothly I gave my own boy the job.

"From that time on we never looked back. I called my lad up shortly afterwards to congratulate him. The people he left in charge have kept things running ever since."

God frankly admits he could never have survived without publicity.

Early gimmicks like water-into-wine and loaves-and-fishes aroused crowd interest. The Roman stunt of feeding Christians to the lions had set people talking, even if it had temporarily created a bad image.

A promotion book on Christianity, the Bible, is still one of the world's best sellers. It was toppled from the No. 1 position by Dr. Spock's book on baby care, but God hopes a film based on the Bible will set the sales graph on the way up again. His agents were expecting an early settlement of a dispute over whether the slogan should be "You've read the book, now see the picture" or "You've seen the pictures, now read the book".

God adds that the publicity has some unfortunate aspects. "I find a lot of it is directed at me personally," he says sadly.

"If I took seriously every Tom, Dick and Harry who said he'd walk with God I'd spend my whole day parading up and down arm in arm with the world's tenors.

"Then every time a ship sinks they all grind out 'Nearer My God to Thee'. I've told my housekeeper to use it as a signal to make up more beds.

"We have to employ a chap up here full-time collecting the mentions we get in the Press, in films, and in pop songs.

God says a lot of the salesmen have managed to build up an individual following, complete with personal mentions in the Press.

"Hugh down here," he said, jabbing at the Sydney flag on the wall map, "gets himself into more strife than Speed Gordon. I open up the papers and there he is saying there's free love at university, or else that the Queen ought to live in Australia. Sometimes I think I ought to get the auditors in to see if he's doing any work.

"We seem to get more than our share of scene stealers in Sydney. Alan and Gordon are much the same, although I think Gordon probably shudders himself when that Dekyvere woman twitters about him every week."
that was . . . APRIL

KINGS have been having princes by Caesarian ever since Caesar himself. When on the throne do as the kings do . . . And so it's a third for Jackie.

In '56 Jackie was present when Jack was running for vice-president (he lost both: election and baby) and Jackie bore pregnancy right along with the presidential campaign. One snap election coming up?

Jackie's ways are so much the ways of the world these days that this new stroke should really catch on. Expectations could take on the guise of fertility rites.

DUNTER of the Month was Les Haylen, Labour member for Parkes. In January Les made the following predictions for the commercial television licences: "In Sydney the AWA-Email Bank of N.S.W. group are outright favourites. "In Melbourne the Richardson-Sellack group is the shade of odds-on. This group is fully bred by pomp and circumstances out of the lot."

"In Adelaide the Sir Phillip McBride group is long odds on. From the powerful Menzies stable, it knows every turn in the course."

"Perth is a rather confused position. The current favourite is the local newspaper group."

"In Brisbane Sir Arthur Fadden's company is such a well-performed candidate that no one will hear of his defeat."

At month's end Les had one loss—Austerama in Melbourne—and one win (in Sydney) with his Adelaide and Brisbanite still performing beautifully in trackwork.

Not to be outstripped by a Scot, Rev. A. ("Headlines Alan") Walker leapt into newsprint with a novel explanation for the current poor weather: "Chrisi weeps over Sydney."

Hot Tip from London: The British Revolution is at last on its way. With two preliminary rehearsals behind them—the Battle of Westminster and the Spies for Peace Demonstration—the people are poised for their great act of political coming-of-age. And only 200 years behind the French too.

What a film Hollywood will make out of it: the siege of the Tower of London, Bertrand Russell (Britain's answer to Voltaire) pacifying the agitators and finally a spectacular pan in on Harold and Dorothy MacMillan in the tumult.

THE mintage of a new coin really brings out the whimsy.

Harold Holt confided that he would like to see the new major unit called an "austrer."

Mr. Calwell saw political, if not capital, gain in such a move: "Mr. Holt is going to call it an auster—it reminds him of the austerity he has forced on the country."

Mr. Daly (Lab., N.S.W.) suggested "ming" as a pertinent reminder of the decline in the value of money since the present Government took office.

Senator Branson (Lib., N.S.W.) suggested calling the major unit a "Menzies" and the minor unit a "Calwell."

Why not just call it an "aussie" and put a hole in its head?

Baloney Heights: Isn't it strange how some newspapers have a real flair for ferreting out the news and others never seem to get off first base?

Take the Killarney Heights Parade of Homes, probably the most exciting event in the whole of April (it ends May 5).

Every day the Herald and Sun have offered a feast of newsy items about: how to get there, the opening by the Premier, what buses to catch, the visit by Tania Reschke, how to go by car, the Easter Bonnet Parade, the quickest aquatics, etc.

Really chunky stuff and yet the Telegraph and Mirror seem to act as though it didn't exist.

Don't they like "Woman's Day" or something?

And when is "The Move in to the Mirror" going to be countered by "Stay with The Sun?"

INCIDENTALLY the title of Aquatic of the Month has gone to that great all-rounder, Sir Robert Menzies, for his "to be a triton among the minnows is not half as bad as being a minnow among 36 tritons" (the No Confidence Debate of April 4).

Mosquito Among the Bull. Speaking about the episode of the Queen sketch on the Bryan Davies Show, Sir Charles Moses told the Sunday Mirror: "We didn't have a single call or letter of congratulations."

Yet we read in the Sunday Telegraph of the same day (April 14) that "Some viewers wrote saying that they had enjoyed the satire."

The Telegraph is the paper you can trust. What about Sir Charles?

GRAPPLER of the Month is Ald. R. S. Turner, representative of the ultra-fashable Kuring-gai Ward of Wahroonga.


As the pair rose from the floor, having been separated by six other aldermen. Ald. Turner said: "I would like to thank the aldermen who kicked me in the face while I was on the ground."

Next elections Wahroonga is going to put up a tag team. —NELSON
“Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag . . .”

ERIC BAUME

AS

A PLAYWRITE

MOST of us have at least heard of Mr. Eric Baume, in at least one capacity: War Correspondent, News Commentator of This I Believe, Executive Producer at 2GB, Popular Speaker of many and diverse topics, Compete or Judge at Easter Bonnet parades, etcetera.

Few of us know of him as a dramatist. His play And their Eternal Home (A Comedy of Faith) will receive its first Sydney reading by the University of New South Wales Dramatic Society within the next few weeks.

Though a play at cross-purposes for some time until they realise that they are both dead.

TREVOR (JNR.): . . . but I’ve never seen you before in my life.

TREVOR (SNR.): (Half to himself). You never will see me again in your life.

Each have been killed in their respective wars. Both are aged twenty-four, both have the same name. And the climax of the discovery: one is the son of the other.

TREVOR (SNR.): Knew you—why, you caricature of George Robey, I’m your father, and I’m the same age as you are, and thank heavens nobody’s going to hear about it. (He begins to roar with laughter.)

But in this he is wrong — people certainly are going to hear about it, and this information is ushered in by a strange figure.

His name is Corporal Willis, he is a kind of minor arch-angel, sent by Supreme H.Q. to be their batman. For one day to see their families.

WILLIS: We ‘aven’t got no Grenadier Guards Band to march us off, sir, but wherever we go, we’d better go there.

Scenes 2 and 3 serve to introduce their companions on the voyage home: an Embarkation Officer, a Cameron Highlander (named Millar), and a Roman Catholic, a Church of England Padre, a French Officer of the Dragoons and a German Officer of the Guards Infantry (who, it transpires, killed Trevor Senior).

During the interminable voyage the Padre begins to have severe doubts about his faith and his agony manifests itself in an almost suicidal frenzy. He has lost all purpose in life. But the E.O. calms them all by leading the company in the Lord’s Prayer. So they disembark light of heart to see their loved ones; all but the Padre who has been made the new Embarkation Officer.

PADRE: Embarkation Officers? (He is alone, he falls on his knees as the curtain falls slowly. Gunfire is heard before it drops.) So I was given a job after all.

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT TWO

The story really starts.

The scene is the living room at the Trevor home in Farnham, Surrey. It is 7 a.m. JANE, 18 years old, is in riding kit, and she hums as she dusts photos of her grandfather and father on the mantelpiece. A corgie, TEENA, lies near her.

She obligingly has a page of exposition telling us about the state of the family.— She is the daughter of Trevor Junior, the year is 1959, her mother is going to re-marry in several days, her grandmother (now aged 68) has never re-married.

And then, enter CORPORAL WILLIS to shatter the peace of the household. Any sort of narrative precis at this stage breaks down. These are the episodes:

JANE is happy to see her ancestors, this is why they are here,

WILLIS: There’s no dates about Supreme Command. So they just want you to meet them because you’ve never stopped loving them and you never saw them. Some people forget the soldiers.

And you Miss Jane are the England that counts. Dusting their pictures. Praying on Armistice Day. We know you, see.

MAJOR GEORGE LOWE (formerly Life Guards) is not pleased to see them: he is about to marry TREVOR JUNIOR’s wife.

(George looks at Trevor Junior, looks again, goes white, jumps out of the armchair and falls flat on his face in a dead faint.)

GEORGE: (After reviving) Well, good heavens, I don’t know what to say.

MRS TREVOR SNR. does know what to say, and says it; but like her granddaughter she is somehow pleased at seeing her husband and son again.

MRS. TREVOR (SNR.): The dead ought not to return, except in horror books like the story of the “Monkey’s Paw” . . . I am a grateful, happy woman, widow if you like. Sex or too much drink never interested me. John used to call me a cold frog, said I read a newspaper making love.

MRS. TREVOR JNR. is, understandably, the least happy about all this.

MRS. TREVOR JNR.: For God’s sake, stop all this nonsense, I can’t stand it—I hate it all. It’s a horrible business . . . Anyhow, ours was a quick wartime marriage. I don’t think I ever loved the man.

( THE BUZZER SOUNDS. )
(This buzzer works on a different principle to Samuel Beckett's bell — it sounds when a character tells a lie — however, the influence of this dramatist is very strong here.) They settle down to play Bridge and wait for midnight (when all ghosts either return or come out) as the act finishes.

**ACT THREE**

The setting is the same as the previous act.

**MRS. TREVOR JUNIOR** repents and apologises for the scene she had. The family is reconciled again.

The telephone rings, it is for WILLES, he answers it.

(He puts down the telephone. He looks shattered. He walks to the window, a funny little man, but a great little man.)

It would appear that this little foray up the Styx to the realms of light was not planned by Supreme Command at all but by the "Enemy". He just wanted to cause bitterness and unhappiness. JANE: (Rocking with laughter) Well, that's about the biggest sell Satan's ever had. I thought there was something screwy about the whole business . . . But if ever there was a victory (she holds her father's hand) it wasn't gained by the people Willis is frightened about.

All that is needed now is the re-entry of the mouse only partly of the first act who had been right all the time. They do not say the Lord's Prayer this time to herald the departure.

(JANE fixes drinks.)

JANE: (standing centre) To God! With gratitude.

ALL: To God!

And the spirits descend, leaving a multitude of thoughts, impressions, emotions, doubts and resolves. The play is best summed up by the author's final directions:

(An old man, dressed in a white sheet and wearing a hat and sunglasses, paces the stage.)

(He speaks softly.)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

—LINUS

---

**SOMEDAY when you're old and cackly and wrinkled as autumn and shrivelled as prunes and your head hums with old hymns and ticks with the tick of a grand daddy clock, and your eyes are with time, when your wrist curls back and your toes rot off and you can smell yourself a mile away, when your dandruff turns grey and your thumbnail yellow, when at last you care enough to remember, in pain, the days you cared not a jot, you may then, in the afterworld, as I do now, in the meanwhile world, go out with a pain in your head and buy a copy or twain of "The Best of Donald Duck".)

---

**YOU may read awhile and snuggle, as of olden times, Donald's hornswoggling devil-may-care—take it or leave it, but I'm still—George Washington-to-the, true-blue, as he palpitates and curses round the landscape like a cottonpuff meteor entering stiffer layers of atmosphere, but after a time you will get to be filled with a nameless dread. Your ripening Agnosticism blossoms into full-bosomed horror and disgust, by God, disgust.

CONSIDER a few things. Donald is a drake who calls himself a duck. His neighbours are dogs. He associates with mice who wear eyelashes and rouge and trousers with tail-holes and, white gloves and purify little yellow booties and are ten times bigger than the biggest rat. The ducks are the same size as the dogs, who (with the exception of Pluto, who is not just a dog, he's a dogdog) in turn are not much bigger than the mice and much smaller than the cats. Black Pete (the Beagle Boys) and they all speak the same language and drive cars.

---

**CONSIDER a few things. Donald is a drake who calls himself a duck. His neighbours are dogs. He associates with mice who wear eyelashes and rouge and trousers with tail-holes and, white gloves and purify little yellow booties and are ten times bigger than the biggest rat. The ducks are the same size as the dogs, who (with the exception of Pluto, who is not just a dog, he's a dogdog) in turn are not much bigger than the mice and much smaller than the cats. Black Pete (the Beagle Boys) and they all speak the same language and drive cars.**

---

**EVERYBODY wears trousers except the ducks, who go naked in the summer and are not ashamed. They wear the top half of sailor suits only. But (and mark this) if they ever take a bath, they invariably emerge with a towel around their bottom half, betraying a dormant modesty in spite of the prevailing dogma that they have nothing to hide.**

**DONALD is courting Daisy, who is his cousin. Gladstone is Donald's cousin and he is a goose. Huey, Dewey and Louie are Donald's nephews but their parents are never seen or even discussed. One presumes Donald found them as eggs on the doorstep and hatched them himself. Yet in one episode Gladstone and Donald pelt each other with eggs (think about that for a while if you can bear to) and in another they all eat barbecued chicken.**

**The boys never go to school, show interest in girls or why, or where, the bell bottomed trousers got to. The boys never go to school, show interest in girls or even grow up. The age of everyone concerned is highly contentious. Scrooge (an old Kondike man and a naturalised Scot) is over seventy but spry. Gran'ma, who belongs to the generation before Scrooge (making her at least 110) still chandles corn. Donald is over thirty but still single. Daisy is like Delia Street. She'll wait till the sea runs dry. But she's getting a mite desperate now. She's premeditating wedlock with a goose. All right, I suppose, but not the most conducive thing to compatibility and bliss.**

**It's plainly 1's but to be. It's a parable about man striving out of bestiality into divinity. He denies his bestiality and betrays his fellow beasts. Donald is Everyman: just a guy. Scrooge is Ambitious Man, the Artist. The boys are the Greek-chorus-cum-guardian-angels (with their junior woodchuck brand of modified magic). Gladstone is the Antichrist and Daisy the Virgin Mary.**

Otherwise they got no excuse.

**ONE day, later, when we bomb ourselves silly and get dug up by scholars with spades and shovels the "best of Donald Duck" will be the "Hamlet" of its day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, or we're lost.**

It's worth buying anyway. Much better value than two helpings of Fulton Sheen on the pay-TV, or even five episodes of "The Best of Donald Duck" will be the "Hamlet" of its day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, or we're lost.

It's worth buying anyway. Much better value than two helpings of Fulton Sheen on the pay-TV, or even five episodes of "The Best of Donald Duck" will be the "Hamlet" of its day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, or we're lost.
it wasn't as much a ball as everyone was hoping. But the goddam enthusiasm was there.

Even Frank Hardy turned up. You know, Frank and the bloke who wrote that novel about Packer or whatever his name was. "Power Without Lottery", I think.

No. He didn't actually march, but he's a bloke with spirit, the Com—, I mean the other demonstrators for peace must have been proud of him. Do you know he told us that his seven-year-old daughter turned up to march? Couldn't keep her away, he said.

Now if I had a kid—not that I have, pills and all that y'know, I wouldn't want Caitlin to lose her figure before she's thirty—I'd like that kind of loyalty.

Just shows how big the issues are if a seven-year-old can understand them.

Bernie Preak, you know Bernie from the Psych. Department, he sent his kid too. No, the one he had by that art student from Albury just after we all moved to the George. Five years old, marching along with a sign round her neck reading "Don't Kill My Unborn Children".

Bernie didn't like that at first, he doesn't object to abortion, but his wife thought it was so moving they let the kid wear it.

Didn't you like the slogans? I wrote most of them. Well, not all of them perhaps, we got some in the mail from Bertrand Russell.

We get telegrams from him, you know. I've got three. Originals.
Snitched them from Lance Sharkey when his back was turned, on the platform last year.

I sent one back to Russell to autograph it. But I never got it back. I suppose it went astray in the post.

Oh, I'm good at slogans. Used to write them for the Libertarian Society.

I've been politically active ever since I got to Uni. I guess that must have been before your time, or after it, or you'd remember me. I stuck out my tongue at a cop once. Filthy authoritarians, I suppose they're just waiting to grab us today, you can see they've got their tear-gas hidden.

See that one over there? The one that yawned? Trying to put us into a sense of false security. Well, we'll see.

Another time I organised a big demonstration against Menzies out at Mascot. We got two cars together and went out in them. Saw him for at least a minute, too. I yelled out "Fascist!" and I swear he looked at me, he turned his head, right between the eyes he looked at me.

God, that was a rewarding moment. He'll remember.

Well, yes, I suppose the march did struggle a bit. So what about that bloke in a loincloth carrying the crucifix with CND on it? I can't see it'll offend people.

Look, I think you're being goddam offensive. Of course I'm not a Christian. I'm an intellectual. Well, I mean I'm not quite sure whether there is one or not. I don't know. I suppose you could call me a radical.

All right, so it didn't look too organised. But it was, No, none of the organisers marched. I know there was a par about that in the paper. You can't expect them to march, they'd been working so hard they needed a bit of rest.

Anyway, it was pretty spontaneous. You should see the job some of the blokes did at the last minute.

See those ones over there? The eighteen guys in blue double-breasted pinstripe suits carrying that ten-foot-by-eight banner that reads BOILERMAKERS' UNION DEFIRES PIG-IRON BOB FOR PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS THE WORLD OVER!

You wouldn't think that was whipped up at the last moment, would you?

You'd be surprised how many oldies turned up. Mind you, they didn't sing or anything, they only walked. Funny thing, that.

We stick together, you know. Have you heard our marching songs? I ain't gonna study war no more, I aint gonna study war no more, I aint a gonna study, erp . . . well, it sounds better when you get fifty of us singing it in chorus.

Oh, you've heard it? You'd know then.

We've got a good one that goes to the tune of the People's Flag, too.

I suppose you think this is a Communist front, don't you? I thought so. All you Fascists think in terms of labels.

Of course it's useful to march. At least twenty people watched us last Sunday. Think of what that did to their consciences!

The bit I liked best was the concert. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since Harry Hooton kicked the bucket. Those Fascist sods at the Chevron don't know what they're missing. I mean, who would you rather listen to, Johnny Earls or Francis Faye?

We have sincere musicians. Look at Graeme Bell. He's an idealist. We tried to get Ray Price, but he cost too much; I told them he was a cynic anyway.

That's why we knocked back the offer from Lee Gordon to put us on at the Stadium. People mightn't take us seriously.

I don't know why people even talk about Communism and us. You should have seen us at the concert. Those smart bastards on the "Bulletin" think you can tell a Communist on the spot, like he had horns or something, but I can tell you that if the placards hadn't been there you wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. Anyway, we're all people, aren't we? They don't have to be wrong on every issue, do they?

I don't know what happened to the donations after they sent round the hat—some things, like peace, have to be built on trust.

Yes, of course I'm a pacifist. Well, I suppose I am. I mean if you gave me a machine-gun I might fight, but I rather draw the line at pressing the button. I don't know what the world's coming to. If the R.S.L. has its way we'll all be fighting the Indonesians soon.

No, of course I don't like the R.S.L. Mob of Fascists, no mistake about it. All they know how to do is follow the leader. I hate herd instincts. That's why I joined the march.

You walk along with a thousand or so individualists like yourself and hold the right banners—it really gives you a sense of belonging. As an intellectual, I mean. Do? What on earth d'you mean, what do we do after the march?

Good God, man, don't you know what liberalism means?
ATAVISTIC RITES...

A NZAC Day bothers some people, and one of the bothering things about it is that it seems such a paradox. You have your beginning in the austere cold of dawn light and solemnly commemorate the dead. Then you have a paramilitary parade through the city. After that, the serious business of the day—quite widespread heavy drinking, and some infringement of the Gaming laws. It is a programme of activities we certainly don’t follow every day.

There is another paradox too: a day that was instituted by Australians to unite all Australians in common emotion, the observance seems to produce almost as much dissonance as harmony—at least, if we take Mr. Alan Seymour’s play as a fair indication of current opinions.

The young men want to condemn what they think is sentimental militarism and drunken hypocrisy in their elders; and some of their elders seem to think that the young pups have forgotten, if they ever knew, what the words honour, sacrifice, glory and pride mean. Both sides in the controversy—which has been bitter at times—could profit from a little reflection.

Young men might find that being shot at on bare steep hills is an interesting experience that changes your ideas about a lot of things. Older men might remember that there was a time when they were young too, and didn’t yet belong the the Establishment. They might remember also that they used to complain enough about the ‘generals’ and ‘the politicians’, who represented the older generation in 1915. Churchill and Sir Ian Hamilton probably came in for more criticism in Australia than Enver Pasha and Liman von Sanders ever did.

But even if people were much more reasonable than they actually are, Anzac Day might still be an irritating and a paradox. You would still have the contrasts—the sombre ferocious past and the comfortable boozey present, the piety and the insobriety, the solemnity and the squallor. At least, that’s what you’d seem to have, unless you could place Anzac Day in wider cultural setting. And you can do that if you think of it not as “the one day of the year” but as a popular festival like Easter, Christmas, and New Year. All these holidays have a religious festival program to an historical event. Anzac Day is part of a wider and more pervasive uneasiness. That uneasiness springs from the feeling that we are still trying to do old-world things in the new world, from the feeling that we are still a European community, though isolated to the south of Asia.

Historians of religion can supply an explanation. They say that simpler societies than our own think that the life of the community comes in leases, which expire at regular intervals and must be renewed. At certain times in the year, the whole community participates in the expiration of the lease, and they symbolise it by aures of one kind or another and religious ceremonies.

Then when the new lease is assured and begun, they celebrate that with festivities and frivolities that are neither allowed nor dreamed of at ordinary times. The pattern can be found in various forms all over the world. It is partly magical.

Australians have inherited this ancient, essentially agricultural pattern from Europe, but they now make increasingly little sense of it. In Europe the great ends and beginnings are Easter (approximately the spring equinox) and Christmas (the winter solstice). At those times the cosmic cycle, the rural round, and the liturgical year all co-incide in a very impressive and satisfying way.

But not in Australia. Here, the seasons shade into each other without much sense of change. People send each other pictures of snow-men and sing “Jingle Bells”, but Christmas Day is often hot and sultry. And Easter, when we exchange eggs and Easter bunnies as symbols of new life, is the same time when we eat the last of the grapes and put away the surfboards and bikinis. The old calendar and the old customs are out of place in the new land.

Anzac Day is, in some ways, an attempt to adapt an ancient agricultural festival programme to an historical event of the twentieth century. It worked for a while when Gallipoli was still fresh in people’s mind. Now that historical event is only half-remembered, now that we mostly live in cities, now that we have a different seasonal pattern, the festival programme seems less and less relevant to anything. By the year 2015 Anzac Day will be an anomaly, or else it will be converted into something else.

The last veterans of New Guinea and Korea and Malaya will either be too old to get up at 3 a.m. and stand in Martin Place, or else they will be dead. Anzac Day will then have no frame at all to support it.

But while it is still with us Anzac Day serves as a reminder that not everything we do is exclusively conditioned by twentieth century Australia. Uneasiness over Anzac Day is part of a wider and more pervasive uneasiness. That uneasiness springs from the feeling that we are still in some ways trying to do old-world things in the new world, from the feeling that we are still a European community, though isolated to the south of Asia.

We still cling to the customs of the ancient, rural, European past, but we can make less and less sense of them. It will be interesting to see what happened to Christmas and Easter by 2015. Check it, if you’re around to see.

‘Pro Bono Publico’
Once upon an evening there were 2 newspapers which were full of lewd ad and naughty copy... and every day they held a competition between each other to see who could make up the most sensational and misleading banners and con the commuters and schoolchildren into buying their paper rather than the other... e.g. .......

**HER DRESS**

**RACE DETAILS**

WHICH DIDN'T SELL AS MANY COPIES AS

**HER DRESS**

**IN COLOR**

These papers used to send out talent scouts (called reporters) to find murderers and harlots and rapists and conmen and society to fill in the spaces between the ads. Other topical events of world wide importance like the Queen's (cough, T.F.K's pregnant wife), Ben Carson's song hit (?) and Liz Taylor's sex life were covered in minute detail by overseas peeping toms.

I buy both papers so I can get my full quota of sex and divorce and society and the big front pages joints of the lovely young girls only... Anything happening in the row... then I have lots and lots to talk about with the boys down at the hub.

and the competition went very well... and much money was made.

Then came a very cold winter and the murderers went into hibernation and the brothels were opened and the sex stories laid off the kiddies, and no one discovered any "death drugs" and the Royal Family was healthy and there was nothing to write about except WAR. WAR in Laos. WAR in Indonesia, WAR between the Beatles and the Byrds, WAR in Cuba...... but none of these wars came off and sales dropped and eventually none brought any newspapers at all.

AND THEN!

**HEY BOSS, A SCOP CHINA'S INVADED US!**

**WAR**

**LOVELY COLOURED PHOTOS**

**LAST RACE DETAILS**

The papers were overjoyed a real war! AT LAST! Australia invaded! sales will skyrocket!

But Moore was interested in reading about any more 'phony wars' and no one brought any papers...... but there was a war.................

........ and everyone was killed.

SHARP
An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialities, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press.

Painters Exhibition at the Blaxland Gallery. Add to this numerous nondescript mentions and the quantity, if not quality, ensures Mrs. L. top rating.

ZOOMING towards the top of the charts this month is a country visitor hailing all the way from Newtown. There's a bit of mystery surrounding his name at the moment. While the Sunday Telegraph reported that Robert Ashton attended an Easter cocktail party (14/4/63), he appeared as Robin in the Mirror (14/4/63). Never mind Robin (Robert). A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

UNFORTUNATELY holding her No. 1 position was a task beyond Mrs. Jacoby. Strangely enough the large photo of her at Randwick in the Sun Herald (14/4/63), was the main reason for her downfall. They quoted her as wearing a silk beret when even the Sunday Telegraph realised it was "a helmet of shocking pink osprey feathers" and that it was her coat that was made of silk.

Such confusions among her press agents ensures Mrs. L. top rating.

MRS. AYERS continues to make the charts on the strength of the name alone — "Bubbles". Living up to her theme song "I'm forever blowing", she was "particularly pleased to make the announcement of an engagement" at the Town and Country Ball (S.H. 14/4/63).

JOHN LANCE has hit the big time this month as one of the owners of the Nanook, a new restaurant. The opening was splashed all over the social pages. There's nothing like turning your dinner parties into a paying proposition, is there John?

I'm sorry to note that Leith Myerson and Doris Austin have slipped down the charts this month. There was a temporary split up in the team when Doris upped and offed to the East, while Leith battled on as best she could alone. Now I'm glad to announce they're together again in yet another farewell buffet dinner party where they are joined by Marno Parsons. "It is a three-sided affair" Marno quipped to Di (S.H. 21/4/63). This will be the second time round for Doris, and I can only hope that it will be even more profitable than the first.

W E all make mistakes and I'd be the first to admit mine. I won't deny I was shocked by Merv Horton's lightning fall in the charts this month. His only appearance was in a crowd scene. "Others I saw at the party were..." Mervyn Horton "..." (Hedda Holt S.M. 21/4/63). It's always sad to see a socialite who once believed in publicity's sake, go commercial.

Leslie Walford gets my nomination for exhibitionist of the month. He was star performer at Dennis O'Neill's fay Point Piper Pirate Party on the 14th of this month, dressed in "tatty old half-masts, a brocade waistcoat... and a chain of the chain gang variety around his ankle." (Hedda Holt S.M. 21/4/63). Captain Hook or Tinkerbell, Leslie?

Babs Playfair and Joan Hill have come out of the tomb for their annual resurrection. Babs' husband, Strath, is president of the R.A.S, and she has made great social capital out of this as hostess to many large scale functions for our country cousins. Joan, as president of the Peter Pan Ball committee looked so elegant in her "emerald draped chiffon" (S.T. 7/4/63) that we'd like to see more of her. It's a pity that Easter comes only once a year.

As usual, No. 1 on the charts this month is a mixed bag. On one hand Mrs. Laslo appears in dull group photos (Australian Woman's Weekly, April 24, S./H. 21/4/63) and on the other hand there is the excellent picture of her at the opening of The Young

Social Top Twenty

Position

Last Week

1. Mrs. John Laslo 18
2. Anne van Bochove 14
3. Miss Nicholina Ralston (Mr. Peter Kuner) 11
4. Miss Caroline Drury (Mr. Dennis O'Neil) 19
5. Mrs. Strath Playfair 16
6. Mrs. Norman Hill 8
7. Robert (Robin) Ashton 10
8. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby 14
9. Mrs. "Bubbles" Ayres 20
10. Mrs. Bill Edwards 5
11. Mrs. "Wiska" Listwan 11
12. Mr. John Lance 7
13. Dianne Klippel 17
14. Mrs. Leith Myerson 12
15. Mrs. Doris Austin 9
16. Mr. Leslie Walford 13
17. Lady Berryman 15
18. Mr. Dickie Keep 19
19. Mr. Mervyn Horton 20
20. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere 20

No. 20 this month is still well known columnist Nola Dekyvere. It's hard to know just where to place this long established artiste on the charts. Until recently I would have had no hesitation in putting her high up. But 99 per cent of Nola's mentions have been in her own column. This may explain her new nick-name Payola Nola. It's a pity to see a socialist who once believed in publicity for publicity's sake, go commercial.
Harry Seidler’s Functional Ugliness

By GEOFFREY LEHMANN

writes, “Decoration should be OF a thing not ON a thing. A riot of flowery patterns so prevalent today only succeeds in destroying the form of the object to which they are applied and result generally in a tasteless conglomerate of shapes . . . This applies no less to every object of use in the house, such as crockery, cutlery, ash trays, etc. Each of these should be a pleasure to use and behold, however humble their value. Let there be no useless ‘cut glass’ and tasteless knick-knacks.”

Mr. Seidler is therefore suspicious of stone facing or of any attempts to disguise lift towers. This approach has quite interesting effects on his domestic architecture. For the Miss Muffit brick Australian box bungalow Mr. Seidler has substituted airy metal and timber cubes of space suspended on steel supports and stone bases. Expanses of glass replace poky windows. Vertical metal louvres are used as a more practical sun protection than our hallowed Australian blinds. Often side walls and roof projects to shade a whole wall of glass, and Mr. Seidler is much more aware of the individuality of our climate than the traditionalists were.

His houses are pleasant, even if rather spartan.

However I am not so fond of his larger buildings. Many of these look as though they have not been finished and do not employ timber and stone in the way that his houses do, to relieve the harshness of the basic concept. Acres of metal louvres on a public building offend the eye and look bitsy. His basic puritanism creates relentless monotony when employed over wide areas. Undisguised lift towers stare at one mercilessly from the sky and Mr. Seidler in his daring space-gymnastics often seem to have juggled away the human element. It is human to want “useless cut-glass and tasteless knick-knacks” as, after all, what use is an appendix? Stone facing is devious, but then so is human nature.

I quarrel, too, with Mr. Seidler’s colour theories. In his book he states that because of the complications of modern living, colours should be simple to assist relaxation, with broad expanses of neutral colours, white or grey, in which “float” occasional pieces of primary colour.

Mr. Seidler’s use of colour has always reminded me of later Mondrian, and in fact Mondrian is one of the two or three artists reproduced in his book.

However is simplicity necessarily relaxing? I find Mondrian’s simplicity profoundly disturbing, precisely because it is so simple. One can sum up a whole Mondrian painting at a glance and after that there is nothing of interest to occupy the eye. Mondrian is simple. Like death. In a Fairweather painting however the warm complexity of the surface with calligraphy dancing on dissolving planes of light is profoundly satisfying. You feel the painting has more to offer than you can extract.

I feel that Mr. Seidler’s colour theories are a negative solution to the problem of bad taste. He provides a ready made formula by which the average man can avoid tizz and a higgledy-piggledy excess of colour. However nothing really creative in terms of colours can possibly arise from his theories. The new sumptuous Fisher Library, with its topaz-coloured glass, is, I feel, a fine refutation of his arguments.

An evangelist in his desperate search after simplicity frequently finishes up with neuroses which are greater than the neuroses he was trying to avoid.

The Chinese potters showed great cunning and insight when they intentionally always left some flaw in each work.

Life is complex.

Buildings should be as complex as life . . . after all, who wants to live in a well-lit coffin?
APPROACHING THE TROPICS

MOST of Henry Miller's books are banned in Australia, and one of the worst things about banned books is the furtive queueing up for them. The emphasis shifts inevitably from whether they are worth reading to the fact that they are contraband. Others, of course, damn his works on official assurance and academics on the other to defend Miller on rather irrelevant spiritual grounds. Others again, of course, damn his works on official assurance that they are obscene.

In this article I shall deal mainly with Miller's currently controversial books, Tropic of Cancer and Tropic of Capricorn in an attempt to arrive at a more reasonable approach.

Much of the blame for the spiritual approach to erotic literature must rest with D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence is to Miller's currently controversial books, Tropic of Cancer and Tropic of Capricorn in an attempt to arrive at a more reasonable approach.

The fullest sexual expression may depend on the involvement of the whole personality, but sexual desire can in fact exist without spiritual commitment. It is unfair that an author should be judged by so many passages about flaming, fainting lovers governed by a system of polaric tensions. In trying to re-establish a spiritual value for sex, he became lost from time to time in confused metaphysical and didactic theory. His righteous attitude is a questionable legacy, used all too often in criticism to justify assumptions about moral purpose.

The fullest sexual expression may depend on the involvement of the whole personality, but sexual desire can in fact exist without spiritual commitment. It is unfair that an author should be judged by so many passages about flaming, fainting lovers governed by a system of polaric tensions. In trying to re-establish a spiritual value for sex, he became lost from time to time in confused metaphysical and didactic theory. His righteous attitude is a questionable legacy, used all too often in criticism to justify assumptions about moral purpose.

Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer, first published in France in 1934, has recently been released in the United States. A preface by Karl Schapiro contains the statement "Morally I regard Miller as a holy man, as most of his adherents do — Good". It is my contention that a man can be a good writer without being a spiritual leader, and that Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrencean love ethic is fine to live by, but it is not something to judge by itself.

Henry Miller's writing is that of an indignant American expatriate, but one with a difference. His flight from New York took place in 1930, when it was no longer the vogue for writers to go to Paris. He Lawrence is a moral authority, and Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrencean love ethic is fine to live by, but it is not something to judge by itself.

Henry Miller's writing is that of an indignant American expatriate, but one with a difference. His flight from New York took place in 1930, when it was no longer the vogue for writers to go to Paris. He Lawrence is a moral authority, and Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrencean love ethic is fine to live by, but it is not something to judge by itself.

Henry Miller's writing is that of an indignant American expatriate, but one with a difference. His flight from New York took place in 1930, when it was no longer the vogue for writers to go to Paris. He Lawrence is a moral authority, and Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrencean love ethic is fine to live by, but it is not something to judge by itself.
lution. Chaos, he solemnly informs us, is only order which we do not understand. At one point, he seems quite serious, at another, he wonders what part of the overall order Hymie, the switchboard operator's, wife's, ovens must form.

The Tropic of Capricorn is an intense study of the situation which made flight from America imperative. It follows a more chronological order than the episodic Tropic of Cancer. Miller's boyhood recollections are probably the most impressive part of this book — his old neighborhood in Brooklyn is recalled without the bitterness that pervades most of his American memoirs. Not that his bitterness was unjustified; the grim descent of his life as personnel manager for a telephone company bears this out: "Chaos! A howling chaos! No need to choose a particular day. Any day of my life — back there — would suit. Every day of my life, my tiny microcosmic life, was a reflection of the outer chaos. Let me think back ... At seven-thirty the alarm went off, I didn't bounce out of bed. I lay there till eight-thirty, trying to gain a little more sleep. Sleep — how could I sleep? In the back of my mind was an image of the office where I was already due. I could see Hymie sharpening a pencil, the strong smell of camphor, lysol, bad breaths. Half of them will have to be turned away — not that we don't need them but that even under the worst conditions they just won't do."

In this passage there is a mounting feeling of horror culminating in all the repulsive details which accompany human beings in a mass. The details of Miller's routine are piled on deliberately one after another, yet there is no attempt to hide that this is a comedy. When Miller is angry he notices the human details — genuine anger, but even when Miller is angry he notices the human details — Hymie sharpening his pencils between calls.

While Miller can be cruel to masses and the systems which try to control them collectively, he does not express total horror at any individual. For this reason it is unfair to describe him as a writer who is against humanity, and who seeks to degrade men and women.

In the Cosmic Eye he wrote: "I am against pornography and for obscenity — and violence". The distinction he infers is that pornography is suggestive and titrating, while obscenity is a direct confrontation of possible taboo subjects. It is shocking and violent certainly, but it is redeemed by humour. Miller uses taboo words freely because of a determination to be uncomprehendingly direct, and not because he has any desire to purely remain. Yet his books derive their power from this same directness, unique in our literature's autobiography.

The works of Henry Miller are not likely to be admitted to Australia for any considerable time, if they ever are. Tropic of Cancer was sold openly in England for the first time last month. Moral arguments may prove useful in its defence — as they did in the case of Lady Chatterley's Lover, but it is a pity that they should be needed.

For Miller's works, including the two Tropics, should be seen in the context he creates for himself. Shocking, perhaps obscene, almost certainly brilliant. But above all the work of a humorist, who should be accepted as such.

— C. DELLIT

OZWORD NO. 2

ACROSS
1. 6. Sexpot with a chest measurement only 4 in. less than Sonny Liston.
8. "To evil habit's earliest who lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile — Choke the dark fountain ere it flow; Nor e'en admit the nose" (Lydia Huntley Sigourney).
11. A favourite quotation from the beak of Edgar Allan Poe's Raven.
12. The Danish Hall where Beowulf hung the bloody arm of the mere-monster, Grendel.

SOLUTION TO OZWORD No. 1

ACROSS

DOWN

ACROSS
1. "Tis a gross . . . , held in schools, That Fortune always favours fools" (John Gay, Fables).
4. Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Caldwell wrote Love and Money (not that there is any connection)?
14. Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Caldwell wrote Love and Money (not that there is any connection)?
19. Benjamin Britten's first opera excited the musical world when it was first produced in 1945.

DOWN
2. Who starred with Michael Wilding for the first time in Piccadilly Incident?
3. Who painted the stark and gloomy face of the Prophet in 1912?
5. Town of the Yoruba people in Nigeria, where many remarkable statues in terracotta and bronze have been found.
7. A group of islands in the Aegean Sea which include Kallimnos and Kalimnos.
9. Who was the 'brother' and murderer of the Egyptian god Osiris?
11. Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Caldwell was born in Georgia (not that there is any connection)?
15. Who said, "I am against pornography and for obscenity — and violence"?
16. Who was the airship in which Amundsen and Nobile flew from Spitsbergen to Alaska?

— C. DELLIT

OZ, MAY 17
Sydney by night

LEGITIMATE THEATRE
(Commencement dates are bracketed)
1. The Old Tote (April 17): A courageous successor to "Cherry Orchard". Producer John Clark falls into the trap of sending up Ionesco but enough of the original intent remains to make "Bald Prima Donna" enjoyable. Brian James, Gwen Plum and Mary Reynolds handle the dialogue with distinction. Max Frisch’s morality, "The Fire Raisers" pays only lip-service to its claim to be "without a moral".
John Bell continues his fine acting, unfortunately without the foil required of Jack Allen. Worthy of the most reputable theatre-goer.

2. Revue of the Absurd (March 28): Gained much from some sane publicity. A brilliantly conceived idea of presenting excerpts of works of future classical writers of the absurd, although the participants could not quite match the standard of the conception. "The Sandbox" and "Act Without Words II" were the ones most in keeping with the tradition, although Gus Kelly showed immense promise.

3. Romeo and Juliet (April 18): Ed Allinson’s production has everything but the assurance of a professional presentation. Movement, speech and even duelling is carried out with great competence. As always the comic parts — particularly Stefan Gryff’s plum part as Mercutio — are savoured most. Arthur Dignam as the rather bemused Romeo and Rosemary Gerrett as the precocious Lolita of Verona are both excellent.

4. A Shot in the Dark (April 29): May still be heard nightly at the Royal. Low calibre as either thriller or farce.

5. Fairy Tales of New York (March 29): The Ensemble’s adventure into the satirical. Don Leavy’s workshop play ridiculing excerpts of modern life in N.Y. is eminently suited to the Ensemble’s production style.
The economical cast of four move through their paces satisfactorily. It’s all not quite how Yankee propaganda would have it.

6. My Fair Lady (March 30): Casts and novelty wane but the nostalgia lingers on . . . and on.

BASTARD CINEMA
1. The Naked Night (April 5): Ingmar Bergman’s "Sawdust and Tinsel". Produced in 1952 it is interesting to watch early Bergman direction and compare his development in later films. The symbolism and control are erratic; the photography lacks the clearness and point of say, "Wild Strawberries". However, it is a suitable follow-up to "Accattone".

2. The Longest Day (26/12/62): Nightfall is still some way off. In the meantime, a really first-class American film coverage of D-day.

3. West Side Story (7/6/62): Leonard Bernstein’s immortal musical makes a slightly less memorable film.

4. The Love Arts (April 19): A sophisticated sequel to the World by Night series. The nightspot visits are gormandized together with shots of attractive women and Gallic pleasantries on the love business. A cut above similar shows, it contains some really beautiful photography.

5. Guns of Navarone (22/12/62): Still reverberating at the Barclay. An out and out adventure story where men are men and women are men or traitors. After a preliminary salary into amateur philosophy and psychology the whole film settles into the pure entertainment groove, in which it is eminently successful.

6. How the West was Won (26/12/62): An out and out adventure story where Debbie Reynolds in her best film yet is supported by a cast as long as the arm of the law. A family saga plot and corny script take great liberties with a large bite of American history. Technically it is awesome from start to finish.

SHOW OF THE MONTH
THE OLD ROUTINE

This year’s Royal Easter Show varied little from former productions. All the sights, sounds and smells of the country were coupled with the fun of the fair.
The set as a whole was made up of former productions and tended to be on the tatty side. However, fresh details added sparkle to the various scenes, such as the replica in polished Granny Smith apples of the Britannica with the sentimental "Au Revoir" of Jonathans above.

Spectacle in movement as usual was the keynote of the big production numbers of the central arena. The intricacy of the various patterns contrived by the Herefords and Aberdeen Angi are always a delight to the eye. Bawdiness was kept to a limit, although the stage manager and director in the poultry pavilion encouraged a few chuckles with "Breedings trios".
The eternal appeal for comic relief was catered for in the obvious way, although at times obscured by the tawdry. The headless woman, the pygmies and the man changed into a woman probably topped the publicity bill, but it was the Ferris wheel and Wildmouse that provided the thrills.
Refreshments were more than adequately provided — the fairy floss, toffee apples and waffles added the festive touch of something different for the child connoisseur.
A good critic cannot close without words of advice for future productions, but the directors know well enough that their patrons expect a version of the same thing each year and no doubt that’s what they will supply.

—L.M.


This year’s notes are Tahitian lovelies wearing rubber falsies and Brando’s heroic death scene as the model of the Bounty slides flaming into the studio tank.

8. Jessica (April 12): A colourful mixture of "Lysistrata", "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Miracle".
The attractive midwife in a French town causes Female Spouses Union to strike. Not even a pious Maurice Chevalier can save it.

9. Birdman of Alcatraz (April 11): Burt Lancaster at his impassive worst. The birdman is never a birdman at Alcatraz — all that happens at Leavenworth. He only plays the hero at Alcatraz.

10. Sodom and Gomorrah (March 1): The Plimaman’s guide to the fleshpots of the Old Testament. A really gay spectacle — mass drownings, impalings, incinerations, tortures, rapes and stonings, all in beautiful colour. Apparently sadism is No. 1 vice on the plain.

Stewart Granger’s isn’t a happy Lot but Pier Angeli, as his wife, is really a pillar of strength.
Make sure the kiddies see it — they’ll never look back if they do.

18 OZ, May
Sydney University Revue Is Coming Soon!

"DRUMS ALONG THE TANK STREAM"

UNION THEATRE

May 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18

BOOKINGS: PALINGS, NICHOLSONS, S.U. UNION
Binkie's Burgers
ARE BEST!
binkies drive-in restaurant
210 elizabeth st., opp. the tivoli
now open