

Crime of the century



VALICENTA PASSON, 23.



PAMELA WILKENING, 22.



PATRICIA MATUREK, 21.



SUSAN FARRIS, 22.



MARIAN JORDAN, 21.



MARLITA GARGULLO, 21.



GLORIA DAVIS, 23.



NINA SCHMALE, 21.

8 NURSES MURDERED



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**"It could have
been serious,"
says Calwell**

ESCAPE FROM DEATH



in
m
in
L
O

when a youth fired a sawn-off .22 rifle at him as he sat in a car outside Mosman Town Hall last night.

Mr Calwell spoke from his bed in a

room shortly after 8 a.m.

He was dressed in light green pyjamas and wore a large gold watch on his wrist.

Continued Page 3.

It was such a shock, dear Diary, that I have not written a word for over a month. A shock? More like a thunderbolt I'd say . . . gracious . . . just give me a minute to let the flimflams fly away and I'll take up pen again.

Soon as I heard the phone tingle I knew *something* was amiss. It's very rare for the phone to ring after one of Arthur's speeches so I was prepared for almost anything when I picked it up. As he spoke I was in a real daze. I remember noticing his finger smudges clearly printed in roneo ink on the handpiece as his disembodied voice spoke out of the night.

Even under those circumstances, or *especially* under those circumstances, that John F. Kennedy tone in his voice came through loud and clear.

Poor dear, a man of his age! How cruel for anyone not to want him to enjoy the last months. "Why, why, why?" I asked myself but he was more concerned with "who?"

I must admit that with the description of "heavy build, young, long hair swept back, living at Centennial Park, gave up after a short struggle" my thoughts did fly for an instant to Gough, too, but I quickly banished them (like him) as unworthy.

All I could say was "stiff upper lip" and "keep your chin up, Arthur," which wasn't much but from the photos I can see he followed my advice. I was glad when Zara rang and offered to dress the wounds. She is a very clean person.

And then to have him home. It was as though he'd come back from the very jaws of death and I was so proud of him the way he put on a bold face for the newsmen.

Mind you, the wounds weren't deep but there was a risk of infection so I gave him a Dettol rinse, a girl guide tourniquet and some syrup for sore throat to make sure. It didn't break his spirit one little bit! Not a Whit of it. Isn't he a marvel?

Arthur was **ANGRY**, fighting mad. How he stormed! "I'll have a lovely bunch of Kocan-uts," he roared. "Ole Glass Jaw, eh?" It was his pride that received the wound, his body just shrugged it off.

It was only a day or two before he was back on his feet again, roneoing away as though nothing had happened, although I noticed he altered one pamphlet title from "Thirty Years of Mismanagement" to "The Liberal Tradition of Violence."

★ ★ ★

As I write now, some four weeks after the "incident", Arthur is just back from an even more dangerous assignment. This time it was Brisbane to face a whole roomful of hotheads. I warned him that his face still hadn't healed properly and that he should be thinking of first-aid, not State Aid, but he never listens. At this rate he will kill himself, dear Diary he is working so hard.

But the eyes of Australia are on him and he can't let up for a minute. His every action is of vital importance to the Party. Why just yesterday he put up his hand to leave the room and the whole State Aid policy was changed because of it!

No wonder Young Gough feels so out of things with Arthur having such enormous power. Gough has just left on a fault-finding mission to South Vietnam, partly to make his own bid for the headlines but mainly, I suspect, so won't have to give Arthur a birthday present on the 28th.

A RIDDLE

What's big and wild
With 8 legs, 8 arms,
and 40 toes and 104 teeth?
(answer page 18)



JULY 1: Tun Lim Yew Hock made his exit from Australia without the aid of his Good Samaritan. His explanation this time wasn't the bit about the banana skin, rather that he had just gone on a short holiday without telling his wife — or the police who took nine days off from their other duties to look for him — where he was going.

Recently a distraught, unbalanced young mother called Sandra James was arraigned before a Sydney magistrate after a similar rather expensive wild goose chase and charged with creating a public mischief. Not so our Ambassador friend: ah, for diplomatic immunity!

★ ★ ★
JULY 2: Paul Hasluck, who, to give him his due, DID finally pass the Charlton Vietnam film, commented: "In my opinion, the film gives an incomplete and at times unbalanced picture of events and issues in Vietnam."

A typical Australian attitude — if a film criticises without giving equal space and weight to the opposite side it is "unbalanced". Thus a critical appraisal of the housing shortage must be followed by a word from the late Sen. Spooner, of the R.S.L. by that old bore warhorse Huish or of Sydney slums by a eulogy to the City Council's parks and gardens programme. By the same token Hasluck should be prepared to have some of his unbalanced gibberish on Vietnam postscripted by a few words from Jim Cairns.

JULY 3: The French nuclear explosion over Mururoa atoll, exactly twenty-four hours after De Gaulle's historic joint communique with the Russian leaders. Undoubtedly we could respect De Gaulle's genuine desire for European unity and independence of action if he would only rid himself of his completely malicious Anglophobia and his arrogance. It is a sad commentary on the sincerity of the U.S.S.R. that they, signatories to the nuclear test ban treaty, are prepared to do business with the French at such an untimely moment and of the local Peace boys who seem incapable of protesting really loudly against anyone other than the Yanks.

★ ★ ★
JULY 5: The Holts showed their exquisite cultural taste by using their free night in New York to see "Mame", the 1920's musical starring Angela Lansbury. Harold told Angela after the show: "It really took me back. That was rather my generation." Why did he ever bother to step out of it?

★ ★ ★
JULY 8: When we first heard of Ed Clark he sounded like a garrulous ass — we called him "Mr. Ed the Talking Horse" and the nickname seems to have stuck.

"It's all Texas to a horseshoe that it's a real mare's nest when Mr Ed comes to Canberra. It's only horse-sense to watch out for the BIG SHOW of laughs. He's the oats of the town!" (OZ, No. 20.)

This month he cantered back to Can-

berra with the news that the local boy had really hit it off with the Big Boss:

"We appreciate the fact that your Prime Minister, Mr. Holt, came over to Washington and put in on the line. He not only said that; he said that other people were not doing their full share. We were not in a position to mention that, but we damn sure applauded what he said."

Then, naming no names, he added: "We pulled their chestnuts out of the fire 25 years ago, but they don't have the long memories Australia has."

We are grateful to Ed for this rather perverted interpretation of historical events and for the intrinsically high morality of his suggestion that we, and Britain, should be in Vietnam even if we consider it wrong because of our debt to the U.S.

As a piece of ethics that's a bit of a chestnut itself.

★ ★ ★
JULY 11: The N.S.W. Chief Secretary, Mr. Willis, has been smarting ever since Judge Levine acquitted OZ of its obscenity charge. Every so often he makes oblique little references to judges not "doing their duty".

Now the campaign against Smut has been stepped up again. He currently has two publishers and four sellers in Court — in the past, only the publishers have been charged; this is obviously an attempt to frighten sellers out of distributing anything doubtful (in which category most of them would class OZ). Later this month some-



time OZ cartoonist and recent winner of the \$1,000 Young Contemporaries prize, Mike Brown, will face a maximum of six months' gaol for an exhibition held at Gallery A.

Just in case the Courts again prove "ineffective" Mr. Willis is now proposing to take obscenity out of their hands and put it into those of a Literary Review Board. Apparently Mr. Willis has more faith in the retired girls' school headmistresses he will pack onto his Board than in the educated and enlightened opinions handed down by his own judiciary.

A Victorian Government spokesman explained that the N.S.W. action was "prompted by the difficulty of obtaining convictions under the present act. There is no such difficulty in Victoria and consequently no need for change".

JULY 12: A Victorian police constable told Prahran Court that he was **ALMOST CERTAIN** that a man had committed a crime when he shot him. The alleged crime was breaking into a restaurant and stealing four bottles of soft drink.

JULY 13: Peter Raymond Kocan, 19, a thin, bespectacled, thrusting chinned youth, looking uncannily like Son of Calwell, was committed for trial. His counsel was Sydney barrister Kevin Murray, better known as Colonel Murray, Commanding Officer of the Sydney University Regiment. Far be it for us to suggest . . .

JULY 14: Sir Edward Hallstrom, the not-so-silent knight and animals-in-captivity lover, whose mismanagement of the Zoo has been causing increased criticism, announced his retirement from the Taronga Zoological Park Trust. We presume he wasn't edged out.

He said that some people had criticised the animals' condition but these were "zoo haters and zoo baiters who are few, but make a lot of noise. I usually invite them over to lunch and usually when we've talked about it they say: 'I'm sorry'."

Bang on schedule, three weeks later, two officers of the Public Service Board presented their 59-page report that the zoo had declined financially, administratively, and in its general appearance. Some exhibits were overstocked; the standard of maintenance and general tidiness left much to be desired.

To the best of our knowledge they are still to be invited to lunch.

JULY 15: Prof. S. S. Orr died in Hobart. As a man trained only for philosophy and virtually denied all chance of re-employment, he had been compensated a mere \$32,000 by a reluctant university two months ago. This barely paid his legal expenses. He died of heart but he might as



well have died of his own hand, he had so little to live for.

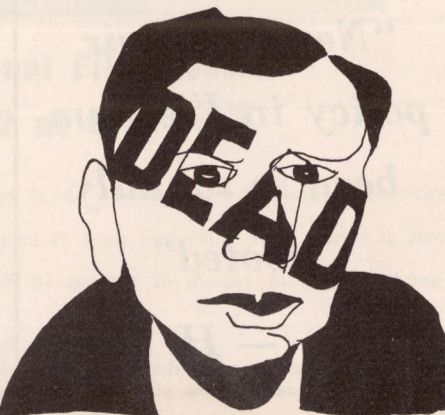
JULY 18: Sydney Magistrate, Mr. J. R. Scarlett, announced that there would be a further delay in the H. G. Palmer proceedings because one of the defendants, McBane, had chickenpox. So far the evidence against McBane and the others has looked far from satisfactory. Was it chickenpox or just a touch of Scarlett fever?

JULY 20: Bishop Marcus Loane was elected Archbishop of Sydney to succeed the unfortunate Hugh. Marcus is an Australian no less and told anxious reporters: "I believe in a strict interpretation of the Bible and I believe quite firmly in Hell."

Well, at least he isn't a sex fiend, we assume.

JULY 25: Mao's fantastic pre-Olympic trials in the Yangtze River were announced to an incredulous world. The guffaws lasted for a fortnight. We are not too sure which is easier to believe — a man swimming nine miles in sixty-five minutes or another turning water into wine. How strange that a million smirking Christians find the one so much more credible than the other.

JULY 27: Sir Norman Gregg died. Nobody, of course, knows who Sir Norman Gregg was though few could claim to have alleviated human suffering more than this man who first discovered the ill-effects of German measles during pregnancy. Australians know nothing of the intellectual achievements of their fellow-countrymen.



JULY 28: "The Australian" — fast becoming known as the Gough Whitlam of Australian journalism — put the pros and cons of the margarine v. butter battle but, typically, refrained from coming to any conclusions. (Unlike the many other newspapers who go all the way with the advertisers who pay, i.e. Marrickville Holdings Ltd.) Their final sentence is a classic in their by now familiar tradition of non-commitment: "Good Australian or bad, Mrs. Jones has started something that is providing headaches for many and it will be a long while before the pains are relieved."

JACK KERNOHAN

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(Lists of books, slides, films) Mention "OZ".

Problem:

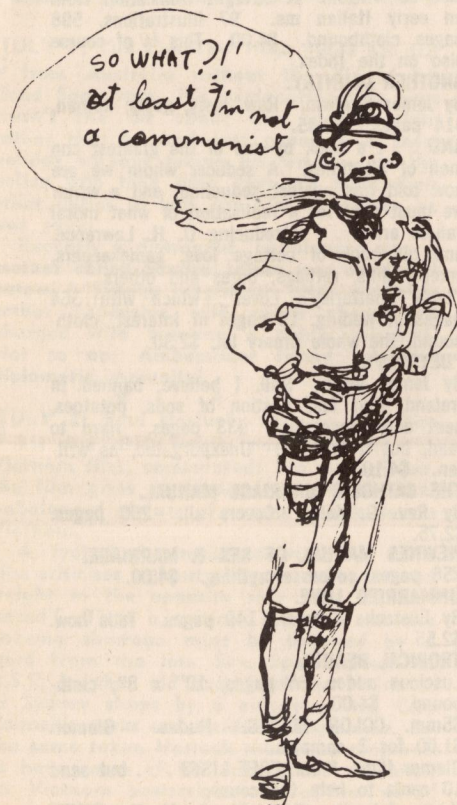
How to stop the spread of Communism throughout South East Asia.



Solution: Invert map and it will run the other way.
Explanation:

Thinking of the North Pole as UP and the South Pole as DOWN has induced people to believe in the inevitability of Communism. Hence people say: "One needs only look at a map to see where Communism is heading." The enemy always comes DOWN on its prey, never UP. Thus the idea that gravity is helping the Communists has arisen.

—VYTAS SERELIS



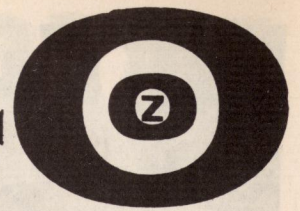
Give me your hand
 Harold
 To hold _____
 I have all these other ones but
 They're cold
 And none of them
 Have arms
 THESE
 Little black ones;
 And anyway,
 They're cold,
 _____ And sticky.

—John Barraclough.

*"Never has our
 policy in Vietnam
 been so soundly
 rooted"*

— H. Holt

**ALL
 ABOUT**



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Back copies still available at 10c each are nos. 2, 3, 7, 12, 13, 14, and 18-27 inclusive.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND





NSW International Film Festival August 12-22 at the UNSW

- ★ Peter Cowie, editor of "International Film Guide" flown from England to participate in the ten seminars to be held
- ★ the works of one director are to be featured at each Festival. This year it is Joseph Losey.
- ★ the Indian director, Ramanand Sagar, will be present to discuss his entry, "Love in Kashmir"
- ★ history of the Dutch short
- ★ symposium on "The Value of the X Certificate"

This is a new and exciting kind of film festival which aims at obtaining a much greater involvement of its subscribers by means of symposia and discussion of the films presented.



FANNY HILL

or

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OBSCENTY

BEST OF DE SADE

SEXY ISSUE



(OBSCENTY POSTER)

Obscenity No. 2 has been banned in Victoria and Queensland. It contains extracts from three banned books: Marquis de Sade's Juliette, Kama Sutra and Decameron; two pages about the four-letter word and reviews of other banned books.

There are a few copies of Obscenity No. 1 left as well. Both magazines are available at 50c per copy

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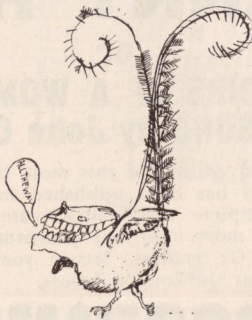
OZ, July 1966

A BIRD-WATCHER'S GUIDE TO VIETNAM

War, the philosophers say, makes animals of us all.

The Vietnam war, however, has produced an even stranger metamorphosis—a gaggle of fine feathered enemies that is fast becoming an ornithologist's nightmare. Ed Clark's confession that "I don't want to be a hawk or a dove. I want to be as wise as an owl" (S.M.H., July 9) testifies to the growth of the Vietnam aviary.

Our special zoological correspondent lists some of the more common birds now out on a limb:



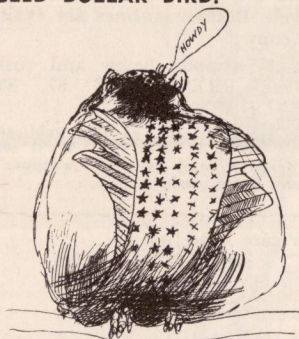
HAROLD HOLT LYRE BIRD:

World famous for its splendid mimicry, it always acts 'in concert' with its mate, the Kiwi, and dances to the American tune. In the course of this act, the Lyre Bird spreads its unruffled tail feathers over its back, revealing the bareness of its parliamentary rump. Its vocal performance is all the more amazing for being an echo, not a voice.



PAUL HASLUCK BOWER BIRD:

An equally skilful mimic. Shunning publicity, it preens itself in the privacy of its "bower" decorated with scraps of coloured paper from the U.S. State Dept. Although usually shy, and performing in the depths of the wood (which it cannot see for the trees), it is currently being led up the garden path by its master, the STAR SPANGLED DOLLAR BIRD.



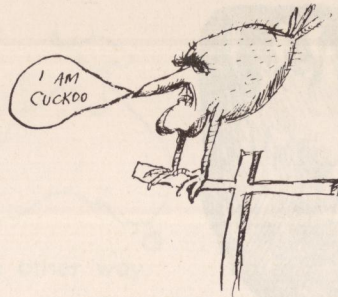
ED CLARK OWL:

All day this bird sleeps with its eyes open. At night it ventures out to hunt for food at Embassy receptions. The Ed Clark Owl is, understandably, in the dark about foreign affairs.

8 OZ, July, 1966

ARCHBISHOP GOUGH CUCKOO:

Well-known bird of pray, its rich plumage and head-in-the-clouds loftiness bely its rather earthy concerns. Thought by some experts to be a transvestite dove.



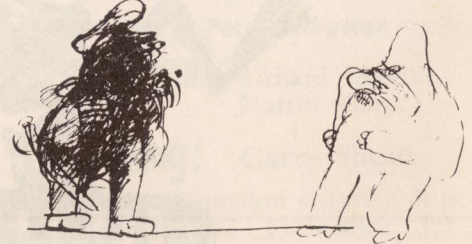
WILLIE McMAHON WAGTAIL:

Lays its nest eggs in the least important places. Thoroughly toilet-trained, it leaves few deposits, and is easily flushed. Wears its head tucked beneath its wing, and its heart on its sleeve. Began mating for a lark; is now faced with the stork.



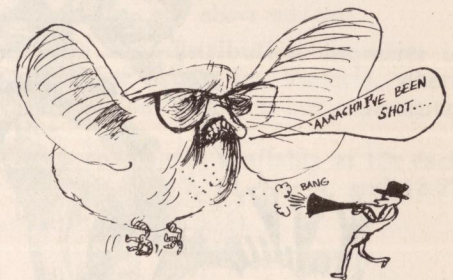
ALAN FAIRHALL MEALY-MOUTHED BULBUL:

Famed for its loud squawking at imaginary dangers. Keeps a beady eye on the fifth column from its usual perch up a gum tree. An ornithological pest. Commonly known as "chicken hawk".



BISHOP MOYES DOVE:

Does not moult and so never loses its white feathers. Prefers to nest in churchyards and ivory towers, where it gains the protection of the Bob Gould League.



ARTHUR CALWELL DODO:

During long years in the political wilderness (its natural habitat) this ungainly bird has irrevocably damaged its own right wing, causing it to fly in ever-decreasing circles, uttering harsh grating catch-cries. Outlives its usefulness — but expected to be extinct by December.



GOUGH WHITLAM SWAN:

Flushed with success, this graceful creature rises to the occasion with loud clapping noises. Now almost clapped out and more of an ugly duckling. It is feared that the next outburst of this nature will be its political swansong.

—G.R.



At a recent Championship Cat Show our Editress overheard a remark that the R.S.P.C.A. does a very good job, but does nothing for cats.

It must be admitted that dogs have captured the imagination of the public, in all work done for the Animals and perhaps we are all inclined to overlook the enormous amount of work done and the money spent in looking after our feline friends, the ordinary and well loved cat.

The difference of opinion among undoubted friends of these distressed animals, causes friction between certain factions, one desiring to feed the strays, thus enabling them to continue to breed, another relies on desexing and a third believing a sick, stray cat is better "put to sleep" than be left to live in its appalling misery.

Taking into consideration all these opinions and admitting that there is something logical in all of them, the

THE Animal Lovers' PAGE

Sir,

If you want a superb subject for a satire, I can "categorically" state that you cannot do better than consider that superb bunch of Alfs, the RSPCA, under the patronage of illustrious Gilroy.

The King Edward's Dogs' Home (?) or Animals' Charnel House, or Belsen, if you prefer, through whose gates many enter but few (i.e. few dogs but NO cats) come out. See my cutting "What the RSPCA Does For Cats".

Lucky, lucky cats! The RSPCA is equalled only by Haughton & Byrne as exterminators.

What happens, one wonders, to the carcasses of the sad surplus animals who "pass away" each year? Since the RSPCA Angels of Death have no feeling for animals, one wonders why they don't commercialise on vast numbers of corpses: dogs' skin for elegant gloves and cats' fur for hats could finance that Pets' Cemetery that the dear old souls have set their hearts on. Then they wouldn't have to be continually winge-

ing to the public for money.

And while you are taking a close look at the Society, ask them why they wasted about £100 in legal fees trying to convict an innocent man. Animal lovers would rather see them doing something constructive with money given to help animals.

And why won't editors print letters criticising the Society? On the rare occasions when they do, they rewrite them, leaving out the "sacred" name. RSPCA seems to be sacred.

Why do only 35 people turn up at their annual meetings?

What is wrong with the RSPCA????

What do they do with the vast legacies they receive?

Ask the wife of the President why the Society does not tell the public to control their pets. Then the RSPCA Angel of Death could have a day off once in a while.

"ANTI-ALF."

Sir,

The Mirror rewards people for putting clean rubbish in bins later on Councils issue licences for dogs to piss and shit anywhere times have changed since Mother Hubbard's day when she went to the cupboard to get a bone. Bone neutralises dog shit now that canned foods and boneless roo meat is fed to the dogs the shit is in a liquid state Council Cleaners will not touch it as it clings to their tools and vehicles and the Water Board will not allow the use of hoses.



Greyhounds are the worst offenders as they are given concoctions to make them win or lose I once saw a balloon in a pile. People have said they the owners should be made to cover shit with sand. Daily newspapers will not give this publicity because they would lose adverts Health Dept. Revenue from TAB and Bookies would be lost to Government Councils for hire of Grounds Police Department from licence many others would also lose income viz Doctors Undertakers Gravediggers Crematoriums Vets Muzzle Makers Flyscreen Makers Chemists Greyhound Assoc. Dog breeders some Punters The RSPCA if they are keeping a dog inoculate against dysentery and hepatitis. The flies feed off the shit even in the winter. As I am only firing the shots and not making them and having been told to keep quiet on this matter by a person in office as a bomb might be placed on my premises I wish to be unknown if your magazine OZ could make this nuisance known to the public there could be an abatement my



newsagent is very hostile the dogs piss over his billboards as the greyhound population increase so does hepatitis and flies.

UNWANTED RODNEY

RODNEY GARGLE was seven years old and one day he abroke and called "Frodel, frodel!" to which his mother came and climbed up and unlocked his rage. Her crun was greatly teased at his mother's kind fact and he filed at her with immense measure. She carried him to his daily barf (Amen.) with great flare and shoe him in. The water was, unfortunately, an eyeful norm and Rodney was badly learnt. Unable to demand his choice he could not bawl and the cruel maimed him as another victim.

— CAMPBELL THOMPSON

Just as in father's time of the Eve of the Great War, the civilised world is again splitting into two equal and opposing camps — the Alves and the Push. This time nationalism, and indeed nationality, is irrelevant.

The U.S. Push, after sleepy years celebrating its martyrs and sensationalising its image in Greenwich Village, recently stormed Berkeley campuses, overflowed into Civil Rights picket lines, energised the

GO

War on Poverty, ignited the opposition to Vietnam, exploded into Mass and Minor Media and, more recently still, contested the Californian Democratic Primary election with beat candidate Robert Scheer, who almost won.

Now, as even the "Women's Weekly" knows, Britain is run by the Push. Carnaby Street, the Ad Lib Club and Queen replace Whitehall, 10 Downing Street and "The Times". Wilson and his merry men are kept on for giggles. Parliament is utilised only for legalising homosexuality, drugs and abortion and for not legislating against the pirate radio stations.

What of the heroic skirmishes between the Alves and Push being waged far from the front line? What of those unsung swingers and squares scattered across the Eastern globe in lonely pot-holes and Y.M.C.A.'s, doggedly inflicting their culture on Oriental passers-by?

The expatriate Push is a long way from Liverpool; not for him the screams of Lord Sutch, the poetry of Ginsberg, the gin-squash at the Windsor Castle.

The expatriate Alf — though he sew a flag on his rucksack and sleep on the steps of his embassy — is far away from his mates' bucks parties and the Annual Old Boys' Dinner. He misses Saturday's game and somehow the pies ain't the same.

Who are they?

There are three classes of world travellers: the bourgeois (your mother), the jet-set (Martin Sharp) and bums (both Alves and Push)

The first two categories, jet set and bourgeoisie, are absolutely unimportant because they merely progress from airport to airport, hotel to hotel, massage bar to casbah and neither affect or are affected by the countries they photograph.

The bums have no money and they see more, for they are obliged to work-in, steal-from or smuggle-into all the countries they bludge-off. All bums (Alf bums and Push bums) are hitch-hikers, though not all hitch-hikers are bums.

Where are they?

Bums travel overland from Istanbul to Singapore via Syria, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Burma, then by air via Thailand and on to Malaysia. From Bangkok they usually take side-excursions to Laos and Cambodia. From Singapore bums sail to Japan via the Philippines or to Australia via Indonesia.

The reverse-direction route is similar, except that many bums head for Bombay to take a deck passage boat to Kuwait. Getting from Kuwait to the Mediterranean coast is easy, because most Kuwait men are rich queers with large American cars and lots of leisure.

At each stop-over along this route bums make a bee-line for the In hotel and restaurant — the one they have recorded in their notebooks for that area — and virtually stay there sipping coffee until they rake up the energy or money to move on.

For instance, every bum — Alf and Push alike — heads for the Thai Song Greet Hotel in Bangkok, the Globe Restaurant in Kathmandu, the Khybers Cafe in Kabul and the Red Shield in Calcutta.

Three hundred and sixty-five days each year, these rendezvous look like the Royal George on a Saturday night. Faces come and go, the atmosphere remains the same. Of course, instead of grog, which is too expensive, bums drink coffee and smoke hash.

EAST

These pockets of bums have repercussions. A traveller with a pack on his back cannot get a room at a hotel anywhere near Bangkok's Thai Song Greet. This is because bums are notorious for sleeping six

to a double room, swiping equipment and flunking debts. No European can rent a bicycle at any of the many hire stores near the Globe at Kathmandu. This is because bums often can't be bothered returning them and, recently two Germans hired bicycles for 2/- a piece, rode them to the Nepalese/Indian border and resold them.

How do they dress?

The Push bum is ostentatiously ethnic, the Alf bum is aggressively made-in-my-home-town. In a gay mood, the Push bum (Maurice or Rudy) might feature an Arabian head-dress, Indian sandals and beads, Nepalese earrings, a Thai Buddhist shoulder-bag, an Afghanistan embroidered leather coat and blue jeans. His girl (the Push bring their own, usually ex-New York



suburbanites called Sharon) wears an awkwardly fitting sarong.

The Alf bum (Fuzz or Chuck) wears his College blazer with football pocket and Okanui pants.

Apart from their uniforms, Rudy and Fuzz are also distinguishable by personality.

Rudy poses as an introvert and, rather like Sydney's Libertarians and Melbourne's Old Left, rarely smiles. Occasionally he reverts to incoherency, is contemptuous of meeting fellow travellers and is viciously rude to those to whom he is placed in temporary social ascendancy such as waiters and bus conductors.

Fuzz is hail-fellow-well-met and still believes in shaking hands and acknowledging introductions. His

greatest fear is solitude and he would rather talk to Push bums than not talk at all. When desperate he bails up natives with prepared questions.

(On Calcutta railway station for half an hour, non-stop, Fuzz once approached bewildered Indians with the question, "Hey Mack, can I get film for my Instamatic in Kathmandu?" It mattered not to Fuzz that the chances of bagging an Indian who spoke English and knew about Nepalese film stocks were slim. It was his way of meeting the people.)

Alf bums are slightly more conscious of their nationality than the Push, but the behaviour pattern of this international sub-cult is unrelated to creed or breed. Only German bums cling to the myth that



there's something special about the Fatherland and with a flourish of arrogance, selfishness and humorlessness are turning the pre-war propagandised fiction of "German boorishness" into fact. Not surprisingly, most German bums are Alf bums.

Why do Bums travel?

Push bums travel to avoid the draft, to smoke pot freely or because they took "On the Road" seriously. In Kathmandu, a startlingly diverse range of stimulants is available cheaply and legally. It is a Push stronghold. Surrounded by the breath-taking Himalayas, streets bloated with erotic Buddhist art, a Government shop retailing hash for a few pence an ounce — Kathmandu is the world's best place

for turning on. Even the Nepalese villagers are permanently high.

The reason Alf bums travel is a mystery to all, including themselves. Their response to each new city is, "It's a shithouse", and their immediate aim is to "haul ass out of this dump".

Neither bum type is particularly interested in the customs or characteristics of the places he visits.

How do Bums survive?

Bums don't spend money: In Thailand the public buses are free to Europeans. This is not discriminatory generosity on the part of the transport minister. Thai bus conductors have become so used to bum hitch-hikers refusing to pay that they no longer attempt to collect their fares — which, incidentally, at the fixed price of tuppence, are probably the cheapest in the world.

Push bums are best at eluding public transport fares. When conductors beckon, bums look confused, shake their heads and speak an unintelligible language. The Oriental conductor is too polite to

YOUNG

persist. Veteran Push bums can avoid paying train, tram and bus fares throughout most of S.E. Asia.

Alf bums can also get away without paying fares, though generally they're too stupid to pretend ignorance convincingly.

Bums sleep free at railway stations (in India, in the First Class waiting rooms where a bus-conductor type pantomime will discourage the station master) and quite legitimately at Sikh temples (India, Singapore, Malaysia) and Buddhist temples (at the risk of being obligated to teach some monks some English).

Cities are rated according to their bludgeability. Vientiane (a dismal, dispirited, decaying capital) is popular because an obliging Dane accommodates bums free for three nights.

Hitch-hiking, of course, costs nothing and a talented bum can usually swing a few meals from the driver. Embassies have free chilled water, managers of plush restaurants can sometimes be embarrassed into feeding bums and begging works in the outer city areas.

Bums extract money: Sometimes from each other. Alf bums have lived off the proceeds of selling

forged student cards to other bums. Total cost for printing 50 cards, plus rubber stamp ("International Student Federation") is \$US1 in India. Each card retails for \$US1 and entitles the bearer to significant transport concessions.

Teaching English and selling pills are classic Alf money earners in Bangkok. (The Push are handicapped by their dirtiness.) A Thai accomplice will introduce Fuzz to his unsuspecting foreign audience as, say, "Doctor Schweitzer from New York". Fuzz then begins re-

PUNK

citing nursery rhymes or telling dirty jokes while gesticulating with a bottle of pills. The accomplice "translates" this into an enthusiastic sales blurb, the pills sell like crazy and Fuzz makes a fat commission.

Push bums buy a pile of cheap watches and transistors in Singapore or Kuwait and smuggle them into India and Nepal. Here they are sold with about 150 per cent mark up. Hashish from Nepal and opium from Cambodia and Thailand can be smuggled into Europe and Australia and pushed at considerable profit.

In Colombo, Algeria and Japan, Push bums work as extras in films. (In Algeria they play parts of treacherous Frenchmen who meet murky ends.) In some parts of India, pavement chalkings will haul in a few rupees.

Kuwait is a Mecca for all bums because hospitals pay enormous sums to blood-donors.

But the golden age of Exploiting the East may soon end. Governments do not welcome hitch-hikers — they spend no money. (The Push occasionally splurge on faked objects d'art, Alves sometimes send stainless steel vulgarities back to mum.) And both always exchange what little they have through the black market.

Kuwait is tightening up its visa requirements, Turkey is currently cold-shouldering bums, truck drivers in Afghanistan make them pay.

Soon more countries may follow a recent French example and begin turning bums back.

—RICHARD NEVILLE

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ON COMPLETING THE GEORGE ST. RUN IN HIGH SPIRITS, and searching for a final Pub (as cruel fate would have it) THEY STUMBLE INTO THE VILE SUSSEX STREET HAUNT of SYDNEY'S WIERDOS and Degenerates "The Royal..."

THERE, in HEALTHY AND OUTDOOR LOVING INNOCENCE they quaff a few final rounds of HEALTHY LARGERS (UNWARE OF THE MORTAL DANGERS) THAT SURROUNDED THEM. **★ THEY WERE IN THE VERY LAIR OF THE PERVERSE (AND VILE) SMOKERS OF THAT DEPRAVING NARCOTIC ★ INDIAN HEMP.** (OR "POT," "SHIT," or "GRASS" as it is KNOWN TO ITS PATHETIC SLAVES)



WALLY HAD RUN OUT OF HIS NORMAL DECENT FILTER TIP CIGARETTES - and proclaimed so in JOVIAL DISAPPOINTMENT

He was overheard by what appeared to be a shambling pile of rotting legs... This CREATIVE then offered him a cigarette. LIKE A SMOKE "were the actual words. LIKE A SMOKE, three SEEMINGLY HARMLESS WORDS.



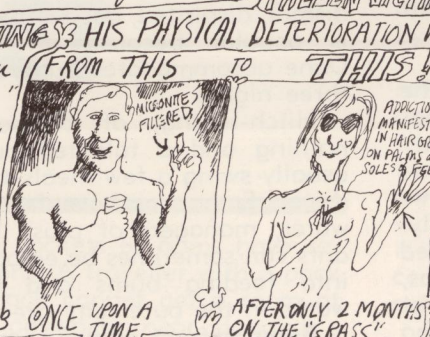
HE NOTICED THE HARSH GREENS TOBACCO COMPARED MOST UNFAVOURABLY WITH HIS REGULAR HAND ACKED FINEST VIRGINIA LEAF, and he longed for "A GOOD CIGGY" - SMOOTH and KINGSIZE on mild not this "DROPPINGS of a HORSE"

WALLY WAS NOT AWARE OF THE DISGUSTING PLOT HE HAD A FALLEN VICTIM OF

SOON HIS FINE Young Head became DUBBY - HE REELED and STUMBLED, grotesquely MUTTERING PROFANE and VILE OATHS, his behaviour resembling a TWISTED SEXUAL DEVIATE, finally SLUMPING ON THE FILTHY FLOOR, his once clear eyes fogged, sinking into a depraved and "fitful slumber"

WALLY WAS HOOKED

HIS SYSTEM (ONCE PERFECT) BEGAN GRAVING HIS PHYSICAL DETERIORATION WAS INCREDIBLE and REVOLTING FROM THIS TO THIS! IF YOUNG WALLY HAD HIS NOW WRECHED LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN, IF HE HAD THE CHOICE, WE KNOW WHICH PATH HE WOULD FOLLOW, DON'T WE?..... [THE TRAGIC - END]



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BOOK REVUE by

D. M. ARMSTRONG

VIETNAM: SEEN FROM EAST AND WEST
ed. Sibnarayan Ray, Thomas Nelson (Melbourne), paperback, \$1.50.

It is an extraordinary fact that in 1966 many people, including, I imagine, many readers of *OZ*, think that there is something paradoxical in being a liberal, a democrat, and an anti-Communist. Yet why should it be paradoxical? Everybody except actual Communists and Communist sympathisers agrees that Communist regimes are political tyrannies: some more, some less, brutal in the methods by which the regime is maintained, but certainly tyrannies. But although it is axiomatic that liberals do not apologise, or seek excuses, for tyrannical regimes like Salazar's, Franco's, South Africa or Ian Smith's Rhodesia, it is not axiomatic that no apologies or excuses are given for Communist tyranny. Instead, it is common to hear phrases like 'sterile anti-Communism'. (A particular favourite with writers to and for the *Australian*.)

But what is 'sterile' about anti-Communism? Was anti-Fascism sterile? All opposition to evils is, in a way, sterile when contrasted with the endeavour to promote positive goods. But opposition to evils is a necessary part of life, and, in particular, it is a necessary part of political life.

It is true, of course, that there are plenty of anti-Communists who are *not* liberals. But it would be wildly fallacious to conclude from this that liberals ought not to be anti-Communist. Perhaps liberals should be anti-Communists despite the fact that some anti-Communists are utter bastards.

At any rate, here is a collection of articles by fifteen authors who are liberals and democrats, but also anti-Communists. They state what I take to be the *liberal* case for defending South Vietnam against the National Liberation Front. The book is edited and introduced by Professor Sibnarayan Ray, who is currently Head of the Department of Indian Studies at Melbourne University, and there are four Australian contributors (Geoffrey Fairbairn, B. A. Santamaria, Owen Harries and Donald Horne). But it is of peculiar interest because it also has articles by two Vietnamese, a Laotian, a Filipino, a Korean and two Indians. (The Laotian contribution is a pretty undistinguished affair.)

I found an article by Ton That Thien, who the *Notes on Contributors* says is a member of the editorial staff of the *Saigon Daily News*, of particular interest. Here is a Vietnamese who defends the American intervention and who is writing from Saigon. Yet he says things like this:



"... it remains true that the Communists enjoy the advantage of fighting against a series of conservative bourgeois governments, and of operating in a country where big property and gross inequalities have survived..."

However, he looks forward to the establishing of a democratic South Vietnamese government which, he says, must be:

"... free from the slightest suspicion of being controlled by foreign powers or that it is but the servant of foreign interests."

Surely liberals must take note of the fact that men such as he can exist in Saigon and, apparently, work for the realisation of their political objectives? Nothing of the sort would be possible in a South Vietnam dominated by the National Liberation Front. Does not a liberal bear a heavy responsibility if he nevertheless advocates acquiescence in a Communist victory?

But, many will reply, what prospect is there of such dreams being realised? If freedom from Communist domination is to be a freedom that will be of real benefit to the South Vietnamese people, there must be firstly a military victory over the NLF, secondly the achievement of political stability, and thirdly the establishment of an effectively democratic and progressive government. What are the chances of all this occurring? Military victory now looks a possibility, but stable, much less democratic and progressive, government is still to seek.

This brings us to the arguments of Donald Horne, in what I found the most interesting chapter of the book. Horne points out that large-scale political decisions normally are, and have to be, taken 'frivolously'. The adverb chosen simply reflects his desire to shock, the real point he is making is that such decisions are inevitably taken on the basis of hopelessly insufficient information. In the particular case of the utterly tangled situation in Vietnam there are many things that the world's leaders do not, and cannot expect, to know. One thing they certainly cannot be certain of is the detailed effect of any policy they embark upon. Under these circumstances, Horne argues, when large-scale decisions such as withdrawing or fighting in Vietnam are in question, one must not try to be too 'clever'. Large-scale policies must be based on simple and straightforward considerations, not elaborate calculations.

Following Horne's line of thought, let us draw up two simple political 'balance-sheets'. Suppose first that the U.S. withdraws its forces from Vietnam. Nobody seriously denies that Communists will then control South Vietnam. Many people will be liquidated, independent thought will be suppressed, and the country will be subjected to totalitarian discipline for many, many years to come. It is a possibility, although no certainty, that Communist Vietnam will

be a satellite of China. There is a strong possibility that a Communist Vietnam will give aid and encouragement to Communist insurrectionaries in Laos, Thailand and Cambodia, to go no further afield. The morale of Communist insurrectionaries in Asia and elsewhere will certainly be enormously raised. Non-Communist regimes in the area may despair of effective resistance to Communism.

All this is the debit-side of the balance-sheet. Many of the items are risks and dangers, not certainties, but they are pretty clearly real risks and dangers, and risks and dangers are essential items in such calculations. What is the credit side? I can see only this. Communist discipline will certainly produce internal order in the country, and eventually there should be advance in the standard of living of the mass of the population. From the point of view of a liberal — an opponent of totalitarianism — this looks a pretty bad balance-sheet, and the alternatives must be grim indeed if a liberal ought to opt for this alternative.

If the U.S. forces remain, then the *debts* are fairly easily calculated. The war will certainly continue for a time. This will involve casualties, including civilian casualties. There is a risk that the fighting will continue for years, and at the end still be inconclusive. Although there is little risk of U.S. military defeat, U.S. withdrawal might be forced by complete political collapse in South Vietnam. On the credit side, there is a strong possibility of military victory, which in turn would make stable government possible, although not inevitable, which in turn would make progressive government possible, although not inevitable. If these things were achieved, it is certain that Communists would be greatly discouraged, and anti-Communist progressives greatly encouraged, in Asia.

Every liberal must weigh these balance-sheets for himself, *knowing* that he has not got enough reliable information, *knowing* that he must guess. In large part, I suppose, the decision will depend upon one's estimate of how far America, and to a lesser extent, the West generally, really are committed to the fostering of political liberty and material progress in S.E. Asia. My own view is that U.S. withdrawal would be a terrible betrayal of liberty, comparable to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia by Britain and France at Munich in 1939.

Despite the wealth of detail in this book it does not *prove* the case it sets out to support. But in such cases, as Horne argues, to demand proof is to demand the impossible. But I think that it does give a *plausible* account of the nature of Communist activity in Asia in general and Vietnam in particular, and presents a *strong* case for the correctness of the policy of military resistance to the National Liberation Front.

D.M. Armstrong is the professor of philosophy at Sydney University.



hindsight

Pass off banalities as profundities, stick to a rabid Right-wing policy, saturate the pages with some tear-jerking remembrances and quote liberally from Lincoln, Kennedy and Fred Schwatrz. Then tell the world that it's all for a Good Cause and that's the formula for a successful Australian magazine.

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Now another handbook for reactionaries is on our bookstalls — *INSIGHT* — *Our Life and Times*—designed as the poor man's "Reader's Digest".

The similarity of *INSIGHT* to that of its international precursor is no coincidence. The editor of *INSIGHT* is a lymphatic streak of Yankee misery named Robert Gude.

A hack of the new breed, Gude potted round Sydney's women's magazines until a couple of years back. Then he turned his toes west to Perth. He is now well known in the Great West, that Forgotten Third (as Sandgroppers masochistically refer to their cultural desert).

Gude, with a jumbo-size pictorial biography of J.F.K. tucked securely under his arm, beat around a public relations outfit for some time until he attained the nadir of his career by joining News-express Publishers Pty. Ltd., a country newspaper group.

The group appeared to fold up a year ago after a Country Party MHR clipped the management in a libel suit. But, like a phoenix, the firm arose from its sackcloth and ashes and has just come out with *INSIGHT*. A monthly set up and printed in Perth, it has stunned the nation.

"Within *INSIGHT*, millions of Australians will resolve their needs for information, ideas, relaxation, fact, fun, controversy, leadership . . . Australian needs that can only be resolved for us by Australians.

"This is the reason for *INSIGHT* — a magazine dedicated to promoting Australia, our people, our ideas, our views—our life and times."

To lend credence to its claim to respectability, *INSIGHT* management decided that a certain percentage of its profits should be donated to the blind and persuaded that veteran myopic, W.A.'s Premier the ingenuous David Brand, to lend his name to a welcoming article.

Although three-quarters of his article is devoted to praising his own government's energy in selling the State's minerals to foreigners, he finds time to give the new publication (and the Blind Institute) a plug.

"This book," he writes, "with which I am happy to be associated, is being produced so that the lot of these unfortunate people in our community can, in some way, be made easier.

"The concept of *INSIGHT* is splendid. It is a quality magazine, aimed at helping the afflicted and is deserving of public support."

While some may feel that describing a shoddy mag, as a "book" is a better sign of illiteracy than perspicacity, no one can doubt from the content that Gude and his other afflicted can do with a bit of help along the way.

But surely no other Australian publication has been launched in such a disreputable manner; surely none has sheltered behind the handicapped as a justification for existing, as a means of drumming up sales or as an excuse to get an audience for the publishers' politics?

If *INSIGHT* was really dedicated to publicising the plight of the blind, there could be no objection. But for the few dollars which will come their way the Western blind are unwittingly involved in broadcasting such Z-grade rubbish as:

- *The Friendship of an Old Ally* (i.e., Australia's servile maunderings in favour of U.S. Asian policy).
- *Hire Purchase—a Misused Term* (by the chairman of the W.A. division of the "Australian Finance Conference").
- *A Case for Capital Punishment* (a mish-mash of pseudo-criminological moralisings).

The first of these articles is a reprint from the reputable "Washington Post" of April 19 this year. Written by William S. White (unsung author of "L.B.J.: The Professional"), it is an amazing eulogy of our support of the U.S. in Vietnam.

"The Australians visiting Washington," it begins, "brought with them something very rarely given now to this nation in its heavy, and weary, and unsought role of leadership of the free world.

"They brought an unbroken, unreluctant, unapologetic, undemanding friendship for an old Ally.

"Oddly, they like us without qualification.

"Oddly, they support us, in Viet-Nam and elsewhere, without trimming."

Seldom have we seen a more open and devastating indictment of our failure to develop a foreign policy.

Gude even dares add the footnote that his mag. is "proud to publish Mr. White's article because it reflects . . . the enduring affection with which Americans in all walks of life have regarded their friends here in Australia."

This article, of course, shows that their political stance consists of crawling on all fours; it also illustrates Gude's originality.

The third article—the one in favour of letting 'em swing—was only to be expected in a magazine bent on currying favour with the establishment of the Hanging State.

The swinger who wrote it is a 4th year Law Student, Basil S. Edwardes. He prepared this "paper" for a seminar when in his 2nd year. Now a mature 20, he is

curiously still unable to learn from childhood mistakes.

"Mr. Edwardes hopes to specialise in criminal law when called to the bar," the editor confides. Let's hope he doesn't make the Bench.

Other highlights are: *Policemen are People* (another Gude discovery), *The Humour of J.F.K.* (by the risible Gude), *Saucers over Teacups* (Rex Ames) and *I Was Afraid of Retiring* (Walter Cord). The last two names are among Gude's *noms de plume*. All in all, not gude enough.

Delights in store for next month's afflicted readers include *Don't Become Too Yankified!*, *Background to Vietnam* ("every Australian should know and understand the history and true commitment of free nations to this unsought struggle") and, perish the thought, *Are the Pessimists Taking Over?*

So here's to *HINDSIGHT*, your Gude Family Reading Guide to Sandgroper myopia.

In the State of the blind, the one-eyed is truly king.

—Pete Ronius.

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JOHNSON GIVES HOLT A BIG HAND

From IAN MOFFIT:
WASHINGTON, FRIDAY

President Johnson's face became red as he vigorously clapped Mr Holt.

The President and Mr Holt led the way into the State dining room as outside the marine band thumped People Will Say We're in Love.

LONDON, Monday.—Mrs. Zara Holt dazzled London fashion writers when she appeared in this flame-colored chiffon muu muu.

"You could get a typewriter, a telephone and a secretary under it," she said.



by our political co-respondent.

Is fidelity out of fashion? That's the frequent tragic question of today's Modern Woman. What can I do when my husband takes up with someone else, when he flaunts his "liaison" before the world and when his fancy friend is . . . a MAN?

That's the problem facing yesterday's Modern Woman, pretty, plumpish ageing Zara Holt, seamstress of Victoria.

Zara tells us that her man persists in going overseas on extended "business trips" with his only excuse that he is trying to develop "special relationships".

Have I failed him somewhere, Zara asks, or is it a new side of his character breaking through with the male menopause?

She reports that she voiced her nagging suspicion only after her man had ended a long and strangely close relationship with his elderly employer. But then things went from bad to worse with his switch to foreign affairs. Finally, plucky Zara determined to accompany him on one of these mystery trips.

They went first to Washington and then to London. So far so good.

But then! That particular American friend of her husband's sent a confidential message to Harold. She could see the battle taking place within him. She tried to be a partner in all his activities but at last Zara could feel she was little more than a crutch for his weakening resolve. With the arrival of a second mystery note the battle for his mind was lost.

One morning Zara awoke to find his twin bed vacant, as empty as the void in her heart. He had returned to Washington. With only an ageing Treasury official as chaperone, Harold was feted and lavished.

A moonlight cruise on the misty Potomac, an intimate late supper and then a "home movie" of questionable quality — no one knows where Harold slept that night.

So, sadly, Harold is now lost to Zara but she, worldly-wise as ever, has come up with an unusual solution—she keeps her secretary stuffed up her muu muu. We thought it was a real pet of an answer and Zara agreed that it tickled her fancy, too.

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OZ, July 1966 15

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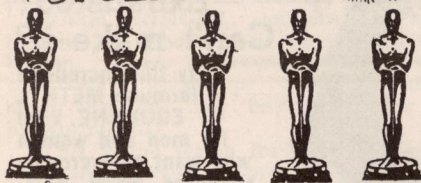
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DIGGERS LOVE BACK ISSUES

Profile of a Police Commissioner.

He looks like an anthropoid but lacks the capacity for trial and error learning usually found in higher apes. His tiny brain works slowly and the wheels lack reverse gear. He may take months to reach a decision but once he passes failsafe—that's it.

He looks amiable enough: there's always something appealing about a slight cauliflowering round the ears and nose, and the saggy-baggy elephant suits of the older generation. This makes him more dangerous to kindly, rational human beings who may be taken in.

In addition to his natural ineptitude he has a Roman Catholic up-bringing, an Anglo-Catholic background and the moral outlook of the Exclusive Brethren. The Bible rests between the 'phone book and the "Herald"—not for swearing on, no, but for comfort: "Carry your Bible with you, take it wherever you go. If people can't take hope from this, where are they?"

This means he is inclined to experimental neurosis when faced with a situation he hasn't been conditioned to: "Now I was taught that homo-sex-uality is all wrong. And there was the Bishop giving a character reference for this bloke." "Now I was taught that abortion is all wrong. I'm sorry to hear the Church of England wants it legalised."

No-one asks him what he did with his share of the gaming squad take back in the bad old days—his puzzled look would make you wince.

He's a simple soul: "Now poverty's all wrong—the poor unfortunates go on the streets you know."

His latest simple move is to blitz well-established abortionists in the hope that this show of efficiency will wipe out the ignominy of the Murray Report. The one worry is that time this happened—after the War—the Force didn't have enough men to

handle the blitz and keep up with the increased Coroner's Court work which resulted when women resorted to the syringe and crochet-hook at home. Not that he gets any convictions anyway but he's keeping his end up.

The latest result of his crusade is that two of Sydney's leading abortionists have bought a clapped out Melbourne practice from a pox-doctor turned abortionist (a common metamorphosis) where they intend to interview women once a week and fly them to Sydney to be scraped. This will involve considerable extra cost to the already over-charged women and a waste of time, which is essential to safety in many cases—and the doctors concerned are notorious for carelessness about late operations. I don't know how they can be so blase about repercussions but I suppose since they got away with the last one they think they can manage anything. If women have to go to Sydney for an abortion there's no good reason why this particular comedy team should benefit when they are probably the least skilled left in Australia.

Then there's his famous advice to juries. It's an elementary principle of criminology that people are not deterred by the thought of punishment, but only by the certainty of being caught. However, inspiring the Force is a hopeless job, so our friend lumbers into the arena with some straight-from-the-shoulder advice to juries: heavier penalties!

On how to stop the resignations—defections from the Victorian Police is worse than from the Russian Ballet—no higher wages, shorter hours or any of that socialistic corn: just a Three-months-Notice-to-Resign clause —"to give the boys a chance to think twice."

Meanwhile he is struggling hard to do just that himself—if not twice, at least once in his ill-conceived lifetime.

—gert.

PROTEST!

But from a sound base;

OBJECT!

to economic and political exploitation; but be sure you know who the exploiters are
ARGUE FROM STRENGTH,
from knowledge of the
causes of social evils.

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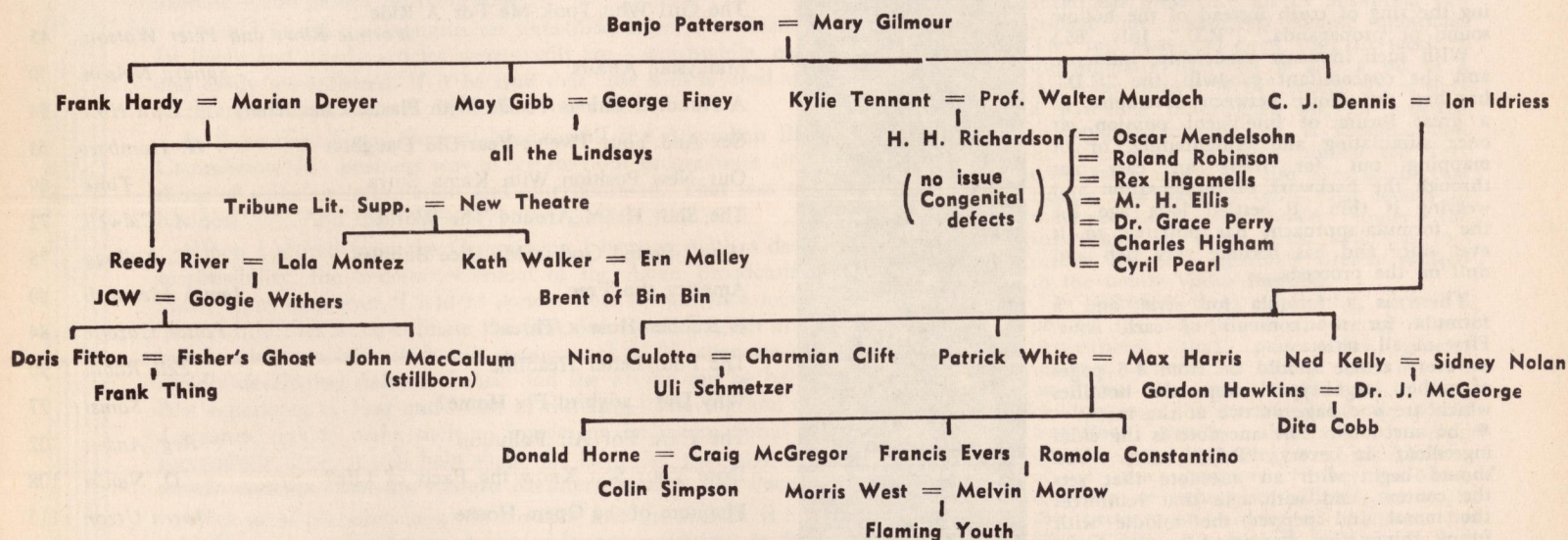
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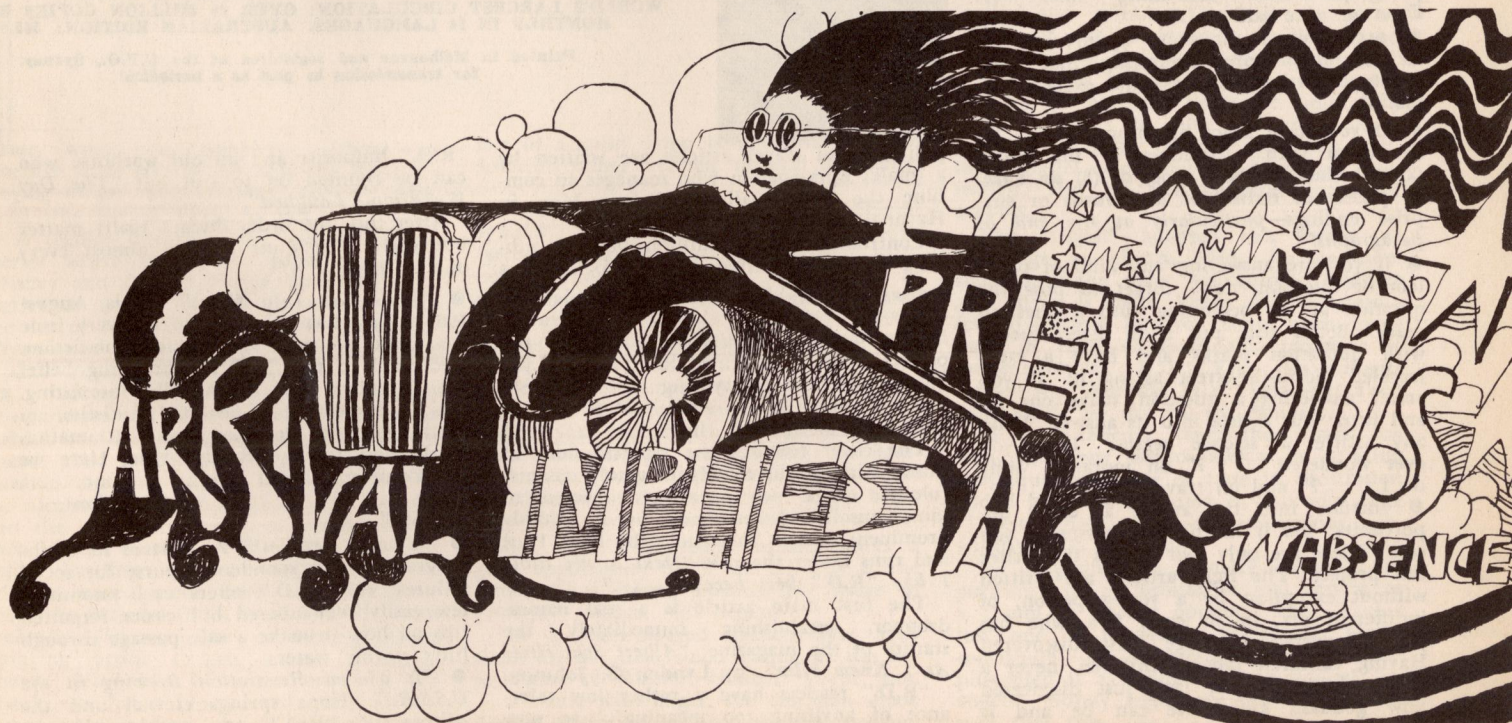
SOON

FAMILY TREE OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATI



The OZ Exhibition Has Arrived

Martin Sharp, Peter Kingston, John Allen, Mike Glasheen, Garry Shead, Mike Brown, Peter Fisher are exhibiting at the Clune Galleries (59 Macleay St., Potts Point) from Sept. 7-28.



(One of Sharp's illustrations for Peter Driffin's forthcoming "Pop — a novelty", to be published by Horwitz.

Reader's Digest

AUGUST 1966

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST • 45th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

All The Way With L.B.J.	Frogman's Jnl	25
Cause Without a Rebel	Gough Whitlam	30
How To Lick Capitalism	Mao Tse Tongue	36
God And A Healthy Bank Balance	Billy Graham	41
The Girl Who Took Me For A Ride	Normie Rowe and Peter Watson	45
Malaysian Affairs	Sandra Nelson	50
A Hundred Things To Do With Plastic Chandeliers	Zara Holt	54
Sex And Your Twelve-Year-Old Daughter	H. Humbert	61
Our New Position With Kama Sutra	Time	69
The Shot Heard Around The World	A. Calwell	72
How I Found God in My Rice Bubbles	J. C. Kellogg	75
America the Free	James Meredith	80
Is Rubber Hose a Threat?	Police Gazette	84
The Four-Letter Headline	Zell Rabin	90
Why Did Ladybird Fly Home?	R. Sonist	77
The Cure For Air Pollution	Reg Ansett	102
Does Your Son Know the Facts of Life?	O. Nanist	108
Phantom of the Opera House	Joern Utzon	115

BOOK SECTION	In Cold Nurses	Richard Speck	121
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Quotable Quotes, 4—Hints for the Housebound Husband, 6—It Pays to Increase Your Word Power, 13—News of Medicine, 16—Personal Glimpses, 18—Life's Like That, 41—Towards More Picturesque Speech, 91—Laughter, 119—Humour in Uniform, 170

WORLD'S LARGEST CIRCULATION: OVER 26 MILLION COPIES BOUGHT MONTHLY IN 14 LANGUAGES. AUSTRALIAN EDITION: 565,000

Printed in Melbourne and registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical

THE "Reader's Digest" claims the world's largest circulation (over 26 million copies sold each month). It is translated into 14 languages and distributed in virtually every country west of the Iron Curtain.

It is, of course, an inspired weapon of propaganda, probably the foremost in the West, being more powerful than say "Time" because it is more insidious and disarming. It is also more hypocritical, because it runs such a strong only-the-Reds-use-propaganda line and carries incredible testimonies from people like Gilbert Ofo-dile, an expatriate Nigerian journalist, who writes of "discovering" the "Reader's Digest" after he had been ejected from East Germany: "I became conscious for the first time in more than a year of hearing the ring of truth instead of the hollow sound of propaganda." ("R.D.", July, '65.)

With such immense readership, influence and the concomitant goodwill, the "R.D." has had the choice between developing as a great forum of intelligent opinion, at once stimulating and enlightening, or of mapping out for itself an easy rut through the hackwork of condensation and wearing it thin. It settled long ago for the formula-approach, has adhered to it ever since and has become very rich and dull on the proceeds.

There is a formula for style and a formula for the contents of each issue. First of all, style:

- every article should be from 4-6 pages of rather large type, except the homilies which are one page or two at the most.

- be anecdotal. The anecdote is the chief ingredient in every "R.D." story. You should begin with an anecdote that sets the context, end with one that reinforces the moral and pepper the middle with funny things that happened to somebody, preferably the writer.

- plenty of numbers, particularly if you are writing a "factual" article. A number, however, spurious or irrelevant, equals information.

- plenty of direct speech. if you are writing about someone, quote him all the time. If you are writing abstract, end each paragraph with something like: "As Emerson once said . . ."

- overpunctuate at every opportunity — articles look more interesting that way. Plenty of dashes, commas—and exclamation marks!

- if you have a lot of things to say: (1) list them with a number at the front; (2) put them in bold type; or (3) *do both*.

- plenty of italics for key words or surprise endings—particularly at the end of paragraphs!

- if you are answering any kind of problem or question, don't forget to pose the question at the beginning with a question mark. Better still, put it in direct speech with quotation marks and have a cute, freckled kid-in-the-street asking it. If you aren't answering a question, make one up and turn your article into its answer. Thus, any article on science begins: "Have you ever wondered . . . ?" on morality "Why do I . . . ?" and on travel "Where . . . ?"

- intrude into the article at every opportunity; tell it in the first person if you can. There are only two images the writer can project: The light articles are written without exception by a young person, of indifferent sex, in its early 30's, who has just discovered marriage, just discovered Having Children (always children, never a single child) has, in fact, just discovered how goddam kinky life can be and is prepared to impart the Hilarious Things That Happen on any typical day. The

political and travel articles are written by a (male) Episcopalian who manages to combine the best qualities of Our Man in Havana and Marco Polo.

Confronted with a million possible subjects to be converted into "R.D." stories written to the "R.D." patent formula, the editor must make his choice. Tucked away in the back of his mind always is the perfect issue that would contain the quintessence of everything the "Digest" looks for in a story. That perfect issue is something along these lines—

The cover features the tropical flora of Costa Rica, emblazoned in gaudy enamel colours. Page two is always devoted to some unsolicited testimony by a suitably prominent citizen: this one is by Pope Paul and runs under the title "Next to my Bible I like 'R.D.' best because . . ."

The first main article is a real names-dropper, establishing immediately the stature of the magazine: "Albert Schweitzer As I Knew Him", by Lyndon B. Johnson.

"R.D." readers have a rather low tolerance of anything too meaningful so now is the time to shoot in a bit of humour: by Cornelia Otis Skinner no less, resident

'R.D.' humorist and an old warhorse who can be counted on to trot out "The Day We Almost Laughed".

After this, the order doesn't really matter but each issue must include almost every one of these:

- "Let's Get Into Orbit". This August 1965 article has its analogue in every issue—a piece of space-age science non-fiction. Dedicated to the "R.D.'s" paralysing belief that numbers are intrinsically interesting, this is a melange of assorted statistics, an extravaganza of dot, dot, dots; exclamation marks and italics—"Ready? Fine. Here we go. Counting down! five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . ignition . . . lift off!"

- "How to Say Yes!" As part of its crash-programme correspondence course for social failures, the "R.D." offers each month a few easily remembered but easier forgotten tips on how to make a safe passage through life's stormy waters.

- "Is a New Revolution Brewing in the U.S.S.R.?" Hope springs eternal and the editors of "R.D." are nothing if not optimists. This was the actual title of an article in the November '65 issue and no



Thoughts With Rosy Faces

By SIR CHARLES MOSES, C.B.E.

Secretary-General, Asian Broadcasting Union;
General Manager, Australian
Broadcasting Commission, 1935-65

EVERY DAY for years I walked three miles from my home, across the Sydney Harbor Bridge, up through the City, to my office. I enjoyed the exercise — and gained thinking time.

Often I found my thoughts on something from The Reader's Digest. Its lively and timely articles were — still are — worthwhile, easy to read, and easily remembered. If it be true that "the soul is dyed the color of its thought," then these thoughts had rosy faces.

In those days I was General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. My business was to see that our programmes offered something of value in information and entertainment. That was the Digest's business, too. And the Digest was very good at it.

When I retired from the Commission I became, with a deep sense of responsibility, the Secretary-General of the Asian Broadcasting Union. Now, more than ever, I had to ponder how to influence men for good. The A.B.U. has to co-ordinate the best American, English and Japanese broadcasting practices with the resources of U.N. agencies so that the rapidly developing nations of Asia and the Pacific can be helped by the best experience of East and West in thinking, believing and doing. It is a gigantic task to make such an impact on an international scale. But, successfully done, it will help shape the future of that part of the world which stretches from the Eastern Mediterranean to mid Pacific.

With what pleasure, then, do I realize that the A.B.U. is not alone in this! Through its English- and foreign-language editions in India, Japan and Free China, The Reader's Digest, too, is bringing the best in Western thought — those "articles of lasting interest" — to the developing nations of Asia. After all these years, at international level in my work with the A.B.U. I still share the Digest's interests and responsibilities.

It is good to know that in an A.B.U.-size task we have a Digest-size ally to help give a healthy complexion to the thoughts and souls of developing nations.

issue would be complete without an incisive little treatise on how the Reds are trying to get their creaking economy going and why they're likely to fail.

A regular feature is the Special Request series where important people like Walt Disney and Conrad Hilton establish themselves as ardent readers by asking for a re-run of some Old Favourites. "Is a New Revolution Brewing" was reprinted at the special request of Nikita Khrushchev.

● "Merry Syphilis and a Happy Gonorrhoea". This is the only occasion on which sex is ever likely to rear its ugly head. Sex is basically a medical phenomenon and any excess is as reprehensible as alcohol or smoking. As well as sermons on the Big Three vices, a straight health article is a must for every issue. We have kids battling against congenital heart disease, hare-lip, foot-drop — anything except the Battered Child Syndrome. Dramatic moments in medicine consist of fathers praying beside oxygen tents. They are never Jehovah's Witnesses so they can bank on donor blood. And, despite constant reprints from the "Christian Science Monitor", we are yet to read the gripping

tale of a child dying because his Christian Scientist father refused medical assistance.

● "Herman Melville: Man or Sperm-Whale?" Potted biography is everybody's favourite, that is a string of events without a thought to their significance or causation. Also without a mention of anything unseemly: thus it is Melville without any of his homosexuality and "The Life of Oedipus" without a word of his mother.

For any contemporary figure, there are only two ways of structuring biography. Either you begin with the subject as a very old man and tell his story in flashback. Or you begin with some cute anecdote about the hero at age 5 and begin paragraph two: "Little did his mother realise . . ." Biography usually offers a good opportunity for a few sly digs at the Reds. Thus, "Jean Sibelius: the Voice of Finland" (March, '66) begins:

"In a snow-covered garden near Helsinki, an old man stood gazing at the sky as flights of Russian bombers swept past. . . . White with anger, the old man shook his fist at the planes until they disappeared in the distance."

● "Once Around the World". Verne did it in 80 days but only the "R.D." can do it in six pages. At the steering wheel is that old hack James A. Michener, the only man in the world brave enough to take credit every month for having supplied the plotline for "South Pacific".

● "On Man". The one or two page homily is a sturdy standby. Here is Pope's famous "Essay" cleverly condensed down to the six best-known couplets without apologies to either the author or the public but with a smug glow of self-congratulation by the editorial team.

● "Quick Quiz". You can tell your intelligence, personality, marriage-choice and vocational preference all by answering two crucial but deceptively simple questions. The fact that you even start to tackle a questionnaire like this is also a bit of a give-away. Every "R.D." reader is not only a part-time philosopher but an amateur psychologist to boot. It is assumed that he never tires of rating himself on every conceivable scale. He also likes intellectual riddles and pays 25 cents each month to increase his word power under the surveillance of Peter Funk, who has succeeded the once seemingly tireless Wilfred in the family Vocab Business.

In between these supporting struts is poured the amorphous mixture of folksiness-cutiness that passes for general features. There are always one or two on home life and the kiddies, in fact, children are the backbone of the whole magazine, usually illustrated running beside a large hairy dog or at the counter of the corner drugstore. If they are blind, leukemic or otherwise afflicted so much the better. An article on Vietnam by Stewart Alsop has become constant, as has a general science piece by J. D. Ratcliff, who writes for a diversity of publications but always somehow ends up digested in the "R.D." Medicine is the most readable profession and "The Hemisphere" the best area for travel. There are regular features on England, particularly the Clubs, which are full of puffing moustachioed red-faced colonels with umbrellas and spleen. There is always an article of special interest to the armed forces and one of a quasi-religious nature.

The reader can be excused a feeling of *deja vu*. It not only reads the same every month; it looks the same with endless two-column grey pages of large type, one additional pastel colour for headings and drop initials, and its own peculiar brand of artwork.

The "Digest" adopted this format as long ago as March, 1946. To be sure, since then the cover has become brighter and there is more inside colour (mainly for advertisers) but you could open every page of that '46 issue and recognise it immediately as "R.D." Even the contents — from the "Russians in a Tight Spot Too" lead article — are all too familiar.

In these twenty years the world has seen enormous improvements in printing technique, a change of taste in illustration and a great liberalisation of attitudes. The "Digest" has remained impervious, insensitive and inflexible.

No magazine has a more enviable opportunity of performing a real service as a forum of diverse opinion. Pope Paul — just one of numerous VIP's who yearly contribute to its prestige — recently complimented it as being "on the side of the angels". Surely angels are made of sterner stuff than this.

—R.W.

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