Crime of the century

VALICENTA PASSON, 23.
PAMELA WILKENING, 22.
PATRICIA MATUSEK, 21.
SUSAN FARRIS, 22.

MARIAN JORDAN, 21.
MARLITA GARGULLO, 21.
GLORIA DAVIS, 23.
NINA SCHMALE, 21.

8 NURSES MURDERED
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2 OZ, July 1966
"It could have been serious," says Calwell

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 newsman.

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, lighting 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, roncoing 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 communiqué 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 Canberra 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(intented) 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 gaffs 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 admired his 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".

OZ, July 1966
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
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".

A limited edition of this most famous banned book has been published in Australia. The complete and unexpurgated story of history’s most notorious prostitute is available to Oz readers. Secure your copy by filling out the coupon below.

FANNY HILL or MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE by John Cleland

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.

OBSCENITY BEST OF DE SADE SEXY ISSUE

(OBSCENITY 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.

Fill out the coupon below and rush it to GILDROSE PRESS, BOX 87, SYDNEY MAIL EXCHANGE.

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Please send me
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I enclose... Interstate cheque senders please add four cents NSW stamp duty. I am at least 21 years old. Please don’t send cash.

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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:

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

**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.

**WILLIE McMAHON WAGTAIL:**
Lays its nest eggs in the least important places. Thoroughly toilettained, 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.

**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.

**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.

**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”.

**GOUR 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.

8 OZ, July 1966
At a recent Championship Cat Show our Editor overheard a remark that the R.S.P.C.A. does a very good job, but does nothing for cats.

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 clogs 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 corpse 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 wingeing 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 its 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."

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 owners should be made to cover shit with sand, Daily newspapers will not give this publicity because they would lose ads from Health Dept. Revenue from TAB and Bookies would be lost to Government Councils for hire of Grounds Department. Many others would also lose income viz Doctors Undertakers Gravediggers Crematoriums Vets Chemists Muzzle Makers Flyscreen Makers Undertakers Greyhound Assoc. Dog breeders some Printers The RSPCA if they are keeping a dog inoculate against dysentery and hepatitis. The flies feed off the shit 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 broke and called "Frodel, Frodel! to which his mother came and climbed up and unlocked his rage. Her crun was greatly teased at his "great flare and shoe him in. The water was, unfortunately, an eyeful norm and Rodnei was badly learnt. Unable to demand his choice he could not bawl and the cruel maimed him as another victim.

— CAMPBELL THOMPSON

OZ, July 1966
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 hot-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 sews 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)
greatest fear is solitude and he would rather talk to Push bums than not talk at all. When desperate he
balls up natives with prepared questions.
(On Calcutta railway station for half an hour, non-stop, Fuzz once
approached bewidered Indians with the
question, “Hey Mack, can I get
film for my Instamatic in Kath-
mandu?” It mattered not to Fuzz
that the chances of bagging an In-
ian who spoke English and knew
about Nepalese film stocks were slim. It was his way of meeting the
people.)

Alf bums are slightly more con-
scious of their nationality than the
Push, but the behaviour pattern of
this international sub-cult is unre-
lated to creed or breed. Only Ger-
man bums cling to the myth that
there’s something special about the
Fatherland and with a flourish of
arrogance, selfishness and humor-
lessness are turning the pre-war
propagandised fiction of “German
boorishness” into fact. Not surpris-
ingly, most German bums live off the proceeds of selling
Hepburn. Veteran Push bums can
avoid paying train, tram and bus
fares throughout most of S.E. Asia.
Alf bums can also get away with-
out paying fares, though generally
they’re too stupid to pretend ignor-
ance convincingly.

Bums sleep free at railway sta-
tions. In India, in the First Class
waiting rooms where a bus-conduc-
tor type pantomime will discourage
the station master) and quite legiti-
mately at Sikh temples (Indira,
Singapore, Malaysia) and Buddhist
temples (at the risk of being obli-
gated to teach some monks some
English).

Cities are rated according to
their bludgeonability. 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 restaur-
ants 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 handi-
capped 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-
citing nursery rhymes or telling
dirty jokes while gesticulating with
a bottle of pills. The accomplice
“translates” this into an enthusias-
tic sales blurb, the pills sell like
crazy and Fuzz makes a fat com-
mission.

Push bums buy a pile of cheap
watches and transistors in Singa-
pore or Kuwait and smuggle them
into India and Nepal. Here they
are sold with about 1.50 per cent
mark up. Hashish from Nepal and
opium from Cambodia and Thailand
can be smuggled into Europe and
Australia and pushed at consider-
able profit.

In Colombo, Algeria and Japan,
Push bums work as extras in films.
(In Algeria they’re parts of
treacherous Frenchmen who meet
murkiness. In some parts of In-
dia, 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. Govern-
ments do not welcome hitch-hikers
—they spend no money. (The Push
occasionnally splurge on faked ob-
jects 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 driv-
ers in Afghanistan make them pay.

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

—RICHARD NEVILLE
OZ, July 1966 11
YOUNG FOLK BE WARNED
THE ADDICT

Their tragic tale opens with a healthy intelligent young lad, Wally Grafton Fang (alias of the sleuths of the Daily Mail, the Pork Pie, and other prominent speakers). Celebrating his victory in the National Match, he meets a few of his high-spirited, film-loving school chums.

The pub crawl around Sydney's hygienic tile-lined and "friendly atmosphere of mateship" hotels, quaffing immeasurable glasses of the local brand "elixir of Australian joy" on completing the George St. on high spirits and searching for food, the pub becomes a clash of worlds as they stumble into the "vile haunt of the North Dancers." There, in healthy andottois-loving innocence, they quaff a few final drinks.

Wally had run out of his normal ready-made cigarettes - and, believing in so in John's disappointment, to the store to buy more. Wally was not aware of the plot.

He noticed the harsh greens and tans, compared most importantly to his regular hand-picked finest Virginia leaf, and the need for a good ciggy. "Smooth," he mumbled, "I need a good ciggy." He looked at the world with a sneer, then seemingly harmless.

"Wally was hooked, Wally was hooked." The local wisecracks began in the pub.

"Once upon a time." "After only 2 months... on the grass." 

Wally had his last,工作 life to live over again. If he had the chance, he knew which path he would follow. "The track..." "I am back."

The advertisement was jointly sponsored by the United Breweries and the cigarette manufacturers of post in conjunction with the Federal Government.
VIETNAM: SEEN FROM EAST AND WEST
D. M. ARMSTRONG

BOOK REVUE

VIETNAM: SEEN FROM EAST AND WEST
by D. M. ARMSTRONG

It is an extraordinary fact that in 1966, many people, including, I imagine, many readers of OZ, think that there is something paradoxical about the fact that liberals are not anti-Communist and that anti-Communists are not liberals. 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, the crimes of the Saigon 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 Australians.)

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-Communist 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 Sibirayan 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 Viennese, a Latvian, a Filipino, a Korean and two Indians. (The Latvian 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 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 '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, know about), it does not seem certain, or even possible, that a collective decision can be taken by the world's leaders which in turn would make stable 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, are committed to the preservation 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, where there is no 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.
Pass on 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 Schwartz. Then tell the world that it's all for a Good Cause and that's the formula for a successful Australian magazine.

Both "Australian International News Review" (the clean Fascist mag, for all the family) and "Reader's Digest" have proved the effectiveness of this approach.

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 the poor man's Gude.

The third article—the one in favour of the establishment of the Hanging State.

The swinger who wrote it is a 4th year Law Student, Basil S. Edwardes. He presents his qualifications in the following terms.

I was afraid of retiring—now I am happy.

"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 disgraceful 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 shoddy 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.

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OZ is seeking an efficient, full-time secretary.

Qualifications: Competent typist, initiative to organise and maintain the office without supervision. Shorthand would be an advantage, as would any journalistic capacity or ability to carry out library research.

Duties: Book-keeping, conducting the day-to-day correspondence, answering the telephone, general editorial assistance.

Salary: Open to negotiation

Applications should be addressed to The Editors, OZ, 16 Hunter St., Sydney.

HURRY, HURRY CAN'T LAST FOREVER....

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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Opens at the end of August above "HERE", 53 Walker St., North Sydney.
Designers, hawkers, fences phone 92-1365.
Even if you're not talented, come and BUY at "TOUCHE" when we open.

16 OZ, July 1966
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 Druffin’s forthcoming “Pop—a novelty”, to be published by Horwitz.)
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 campaign on the propaganda line and carries incredible testimonies from people like Gilbert Ofodile, 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 "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 route through the hackwork of condensation and wearing it thin-. I 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 course, 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 I 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, dot; exclamation marks and italics—"Ready? Fire! 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. "It's a New Revolution Brewing" was reprinted at the special request of Nikita Kruschev.

"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 unpleasant; 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 flash-back 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 jack-Jack, Alfred Hitchcock, 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 also 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-cuteness 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, liquorish, 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 mustachioed 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 '46 and immediately 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 it—recently complimented it as being "on the side of the angels". Surely angels are made of sterner stuff that this.

—R.W.
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opp. the tivoli open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week