Crime of the century

Valcenta 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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Just off Bourke Street, right next to the Bercy Theatre
"It could have been serious," says Calwell

ESCAPE FROM DEATH

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, 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.
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 protest 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 garulous 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”. 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 well-intentioned 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 Slaughter, 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 edging out.

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 knew 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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The infamous (?) edition with illustrations by Francis Baconhurst. Which are very broad. Also as written. A straight translation from an early Italian ms. 97 illustrations, 598 pages, clothbound. $4.00. This is of course also on the Index.

ANOTHER COUNTRY.
By James Baldwin. Raw, lusty, gusty, human. 414 pages. $3.35.

AND . . a book by one of the greatest con men of all times. A seducer whom we are now told was against seduction, and a writer we must read for a realisation of what moral values are . . . Introducing D. H. Lawrence, and his book of cottage love, gamekeepers, creepers, dills, ratbags, bores and others . . . "Lady Chatterley's Lover", which with 364 pages of wading, 15 pages of interest, clothbound, the whole dreary lot, $2.30.

"ULYSSES".
By James Joyce. Still, I believe, banned in Ireland, that last bastion of sods, potatoes, pest and censorship. 933 pages. Hard to read, but it is good. Unexpurgated, as written. $4.10.

THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.
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35mm. COLOR SLIDES. Nudes. Glamor. $1.00 for 3 samples.
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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
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."
* 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.

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

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.

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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.

DO NOT SEND TO OZ, as this publication has nothing at all to do with OZ. We'll send your order by return mail in plain wrapper — but 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 pray, 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 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-MOUTED BULBUL:
Famed for its loud squawking at imaginery 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".

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.

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 Editor 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 cats.

The difference of opinion among the R.S.P.C.A. about the work for cats which is carried out by this Society, the position of the stray cat population would be impossible and the lot of the unwanted cat would be deplorable.

According to statistics the number of a female cat in ten years could reach 1,000,000 (one million). It therefore, seems incredible that in ten years the 130,000 cats put to sleep could have produced off-spring to the number of 130,000,000,000 (one hundred and thirty thousand million).

R.S.P.C.A. relies on desexing and when that is not practicable, in putting the animals to sleep by an injection of Nembutal; an exceedingly costly drug, which ensures that the animal has a remarkably easy, quick and painless end.

When it is considered that approximately 13,000 cats are treated in this manner each year, the cost of collecting and the cost of drugs, it is no exaggeration to claim that about one-third of our expenditure at the Dog's Home (average per annum £27,500 over the last four years) is used in this manner.

We, therefore, categorically state that without the work for cats which is carried out by this Society, the position of the stray cat population would be impossible and the lot of the unwanted cat would be deplorable.

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 ads Health Dept. Revenue from TAB and Bookies would be lost to Government Councils for hire of Grounds Department from licence many others would also lose income viz. Doctors Undertakers Gravediggers crematoriums Vets Muzzle Makers Flyscreen Makers Chemists Greyhound Ass'rs, 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 newspaper is very hostile the dogs piss over his billboards as the greyhound population increase so does hepatitis and flies.

The Mirror rewards people for putting clean rubbish in bins later on. Councils issue licences for dogs to piss anywhere times have changed since Mother Hubbard's day when the ween to the capture to get a bone. Bone neutralises dog shit now that canned foods and boneless too 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.

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 to Haughton & Byrne as exterminators. 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".

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UNWANTED RODNEY

RODNEY GARGLE was seven years old and one day he abroke and called "Frodel, frodel!" to which his mother came and unlocked his rage.

Her crun was greatly teased at his billboard as the greyhound population increased so does hepatitis and flies.

and when that is not practicable, in putting the animals to sleep by an injection of Nembutal; an exceedingly costly drug, which ensures that the animal has a remarkably easy, quick and painless end.

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

War on Poverty, ignited the opposition to Vietnam, exploded into Mass 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 Alf — though he sews a flag on his rucksack and sleeps six 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.

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 bludgeon 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 rack 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 Khyber 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.

To a double room, swiping equipment and flunking debts. No European can rent a bicycle at any of the many hire shops 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 Afghan 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 incoherence, is contemptuous of meeting fellow travellers and is viciously rude to those to whom he is placed in temporary social ascendency such as waiters and bus conductors.

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

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
streets bloated with erotic Buddhist art, a Government shop retailing causes they took "On the Road" seriously. In Kathmandu, a start-

by the breath-taking Himalayas, draft, to smoke pot freely or be-

hash for a few pence an ounce —. 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 unrel-

ated 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 are Alf bums.

Why do Bums travel?

Push bums travel to avoid the draft, to smoke pot freely or be-

cause they took "On the Road" seriously. In Kathmandu, a start-

lingly 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 imme-

diate aim is to "haul ass out of this dump".

Neither bum type is particularly interested in the customs or charac-

teristics 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 discrimi-

natory generosity on the part of the transport minister. Thai bus conduc-

tors have become so used to bum hitch-hikers refusing to pay that they no longer attempt to collect their fares — which, incident-

ally, at the fixed price of tuppence, are probably the cheapest in the world.

Push bums are best at eluding public transport fares. When conduc-

tors beckon, bums look confused, shake their heads and speak an unintelligible language. The Oriental conductor is too polite to

 patrons. 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 ignorance convincingly.

Bums sleep free at railway stations. 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 (India, Singapore, Malaysia) and Buddhist temples (at the risk of being oblig-

ated to teach some monks some English).

Cities are rated according to their bludgeonability. Vientiane (a dismal, dispirited, decaying capital) is popular because an obling-

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

citing nursery rhymes or telling dirty jokes while gesticulating with a bottle of pills. The accomplice "translates" this into an enthusiast-
ic 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 150 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 play Parisians of treacherous Frenchmen who meet murky ends.) 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 occasionally splurge on faked ob-

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ments do not welcome hitch-hikers — they spend no money. (The Push occasionally 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

Our Tragic Tale opens with a healthy intelligent young lad, Wally Groatley-Fang (brother of the famous TV show "Cat and Mouse"

They indulge in the traditional Australian manner of celebrating such a momentous event.

The pub crawl, round sydneys hygienic tile lined and "friendly atmosphere of mateship" hotels, quaffing immeasurable glasses of the real essence of Australian joy.

On completing the George St. high spirits and searching for true pub joy one fine day, they stumble into the "vile stink" of the north drinkers.

There, in healthy and watchful loving innocence they quaff a few fine lagers of healthy lagers (alcohol content of the north drinkers)

They are in the very heart of the perverts and vile smokers of that depraved narcotic "Indian Hemp".

Wally had run out of his normal packet filter cigarettes and remembered so in John's disappointment.

He noticed the herds of greasy types conferred with his regular handpicked finest Virginia leaf and he longed for a good ciggy... smoothly and king-size... mild, not too "droppings of a horse."... Wally was hooked.

患病 (once perfect) began creating to his physical deterioration was incredible and revolting.

The fabulous narcotic, and before you could say "Dinner Ale"...Fully type... the pub became the regular haunt of the once decent fun-loving kid.

He was seen kicking in the windows of the premises... and the law was drawn on.

Once upon a time...

From This to That?

If young Wally had his own wicked life to live over again, if he had the choice, we know which path he would follow, what "The Track".

Once upon a time...

OZ, July 1966
VIETNAM: SEEN FROM EAST AND WEST
ed. Sibnaranjan Ray, Thomas Nelson (Mel-
bourne), paperback, price $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 about 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 main-
tained, but certainly tyrannies. But although
it is axiomatic that liberals do not apologise,
or seek excuses, for the萨igon Salazar's, Franco's, South Africa or Ian
Smith's Rhodesia, it is not axiomatic that no
apologies or excuses are given for Com-
munist 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-Com-
munism? Was anti-Fascism sterile? All op-
position 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 Na-
tional Liberation Front. The book is edited
and introduced by Professor Sibnaranjan Ray,
who is currently Head of the Department
of Indian Studies at Melbourne University,
and there are four Australian contributors
(Geoffrey Faithfull, 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,
and two Indians. (The Laotian contribution is a pretty undistinguished af-

f.)

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 in-
tervention 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 govern-
ments, and of operating in a country where
big property and gross inequalities have
survived.

However, he looks forward to the establish-
ing 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 dom-
ninated by the National Liberation Front.

Does not liberal bear a heavy responsi-
bility if he nevertheless advocates acquies-
cesence 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 a real benefit to
the South Vietnamese people, there must be
firstly a military victory over the NLF, sec-
tion, the achievement of political stability,
and thirdly the establishment of an effec-
tively democratic and progressive govern-
ment.

What are the chances of all this occurring?
Military victory now looks a possi-
bility, but stable, much less democratic
and progressive, government is still to be
sought.

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 ad-
verb 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 effec-
t 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 de-

ies that Communists will then control
South Vietnam. Many people will be liqui-
dated, independent thought will be sup-
pressed, 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
moral of Communist insurrectionaries in
Asia that he must guess. In large part, I sup-
pose, the decision will depend upon one's
estimate of how far America, and to a lesser
extent, the West generally, really are com-
mitted 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 impos-
sible. But I think that it does give a
plausible account of the nature of Com-
munist activity in Asia in general and Viet-
nam in particular, and presents a strong
case for the correctness of the policy of
military resistance to the National Libera-
tion Front.

OZ, July 1966 13
Pass off banalities as profundities, stick to a rabid Right-wing policy, saturate the pages with some tear-jerking reminiscences and quote liberally from Lincoln, Kennedy and Fred Schwatz. 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 bookstands — 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 pottered 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 his 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.

Little known when INSIGHT was launched is that its editor confides. Let's hope he doesn't make the Bench.

Although three-quarters of his article is devoted so that the lot of these unfortunate 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 their effusions.

If INSIGHT was really dedicated to publicising the plight of the blind, there could be no objection. But for the few political stances of the 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 Missused 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 moralising).

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.

“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 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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DING A DING DAY
12-minute film: 6 years to make.

FOUR EYES THE FASTEST GUN
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**Men! Get a "charge" when you need it most — at the end of a busy day.**

"I never had such a fantastic 'feeling'," writes E. K. of Vic.

Effective for 3 hours. 10 capsules £4 ($8). Order by mail from Bunch Laboratories, Dept. C, Box 9, P.O., Lane Cove, N.S.W. Mailed in plain wrapper.

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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 hummed "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.

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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P.S: Satisfaction guaranteed.

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**COMMENT**

NEW RADICAL MONTHLY


**100% MALE**

Exhausted? Can't make it?

Try this incredible formula: METHYL EQUIDINE. Vital for men and women who want to overcome tiredness, worry, boredom at the end of a busy day. Within 20 minutes of taking one Methyl Equidine capsule in water, you'll feel alert and awake. Start the evening's outing with that fresh, "early morning" feeling. Men! Get a "charge" when you need it most — at the end of a busy day.

"I never had such a fantastic feeling," writes P. K. of Vic.

Effective for 3 hours. 10 capsules £4 ($8). Order by mail from Burrich Laboratories, Dept. C, Box 9, P.O., Lane Cove, N.S.W. Mailed in plain wrapper.
POSITION VACANT

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,

for knowledge of the

causes of social evils.

We're after mod gear, art jewellery, op pop pots and paintings. In fact, anything that would GO in a new North Sydney boutique.

Touche

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.

SOON
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.

(OOne of Sharp's illustrations for Peter Dratlin's forthcoming "Pop—a novel", to be published by Horwitz.

OZ, July 1966 17
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 fiction propaganda line and carries incredible testimonies from people like Gilbert Ofoile, 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 rut through the backwash of condensation and wearing it thin. It settled long ago for dull on the proceeds. It is also more hypocritical, because it is more insidious and disarmingly so now 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 Maro 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 camel colours. Page two is always devoted to some unsolicited testimony by a suitably prominent citizen: this one 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, 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, 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. It's 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.

No magazine has a more enviable opportunity of performing a real service as a forum of diverse opinion. Pope Paul—\(\text{\ldots}\) even Pope Paul—had his "Questions and Answers" 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 \(\text{\ldots}\) 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 unladylike; this 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 flashbacks 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."
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