

REGISTERED G.P.O. ADELAIDE
FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A PERIODICAL

GUESS WHO? SEE PAGE 8.

The Catering Caper

... it is tasteless, it is too dear, it is monotonous, etc. These statements and many more like them appear regularly in student newspapers the world over and have done so for years. I wrote something similar over 40 years ago when I published Manchester's first student newspaper — it sold like "hot cakes". Three years later I helped to plan, design and administer Manchester's first Union Coffee Bar. I then found that catering — on a large scale and at speed — is far from being the simple exercise of estimating how many cups of tea one can get out of 1 lb. of tea.

There are many forms of catering and the Cafeteria system popularly used in most University Refectories is one of the most difficult to administer and ensure that all members are at all times satisfied.

MIDDAY RUN

In order that the general member of the Union may have some better idea of the problems I would like to give the following information about our Refectory. During term times (approximately seven months of the year) some five to six thousand transactions a day are made through the three cafeteria races and the two milk bar counters. The busiest period naturally is lunch time, when each race handles approximately 780 customers in an hour and a half, at a speed of not less than eight customers per minute. The milk bar counters, open from 10.30 a.m. to 10.15 p.m. also serve considerable numbers.

The range of foodstuffs is wide and perishables are obtained fresh from the best sources each day. The menu of hot meals rotates over more than 60 different dishes in any one week and the choice of such hot dishes in any one day covers approximately eight or more. In addition there are the usual and ever popular meat pies and pasties etc.

On the question of prices it may interest members to learn that the Refectory charges have, despite increased costs of foodstuffs, services and wages, remained constant for the past five years, except for a few small increases early in 1965 on some items, and will stand comparison with those in any similar establishment that is called upon to give services to its members throughout the whole year.

Some part of the Refectory is open every weekday from 10.30 a.m. to 10.15 p.m. throughout 50 weeks of the year, and it is therefore nec-

essary to carry the overheads of the profitless five months of vacations. Last year's trading amounted to over £75,000 and in addition over £2,000 of catering was done for special functions, resulting in a deficit of £688 on the year — an amount not much more than that spent in replacing lost and damaged crockery and cutlery!

WELCOME IDEAS

The House Committee, myself and the catering manager wish to do our collective best to make our Refectory service as good as it is possible, and welcome the members interest in achieving this aim. Members who have good ideas and suggestions to help make the Refectory even better will always be given a welcome hearing. It will help if they would put their ideas in writing and address them to:

H. SWALES SMITH,
Secretary,
Adelaide University Union

Meds. Make Amends

It seems there has been some embarrassment in the Med. school, that "other world" across Frome Road, where they have rescinded their motion not to support the Work-Out. This was done last Thursday night by a vote of 140 to 30.

A large number of medical students were not aware that the motion had been passed in the first place (and many are apparently unaware that it has been rescinded). While some of them felt that the meeting had been seriously uninformed, others had a change of heart in the light of new facts.

They were conspicuously, the only body in the University opposed to Work-Out, whilst not only were the staff, union, clubs and societies in favour but many external organisations as well, including Mr. Loveday and the Vice-Chancellor, and this was one reason which swayed them.

INSULAR HERD?

By rescinding the motion, they are acknowledging that they were ill-informed on a matter of great importance to student affairs, which does open themselves to criticism. It also indicates that they are not all an "insular herd of Goldwaterites" as Mr. Searle suggested.

Which is not to say that some of them would prefer to be just that.

For example, it was suggested by one speaker against rescinding the motion that AMSS had every right to exhibit "other-worldliness" because they would be earning a higher income when in practice and would be hit hardest by the raising of taxation to cope with problems of education. Assuming, as he does, that improvements will be made in education, then it is lucky that every other student didn't think of the same argument since we are all likely to be in a higher income bracket.

The reaction to the AMSS at Flinders was very strong. The last word from there was

that they were considering the closing of Union facilities to AMSS. The rescission of the motion was even further evidence of their vacillation, serving only to condemn themselves, they thought.

WORD FROM 'LUX'

However, those Med. students who opposed Work-Out were not alone. Among the many voices which were heard was that of a contributor to "Lux Gentium" — the Law School publication.

He suggested that educating the masses would lead only to a shortage of labour and eventual collapse of the economy (as in the US and other places with a more equitable education system than ours, I suppose).

Also, as we have the lowest poverty rate in the world and our people appear more happy, why upset them, he said.

Upset who — the ones who have been excluded from universities or suffered from the hundred other defects of our education system?

GRASS ROOTS

These sort of sentiments are safe enough coming from the security of those stuffy stacks of legal parchments so full of that wisdom which lawyers manage to relate to anything whatsoever, or from the Med. school, or the Engineering faculty or anywhere else.

These arguments, though coming from a minority, were quite numerous during Work-Out. One hope which they do raise is that the Apathy Club has a strong, ready-made grass-roots basis on which to revive itself. But, then again, I don't suppose any of those people could be buggered calling a meeting on its behalf.

Contrary to a report appearing in The News last Tuesday, response to our gargled cry for illustrations for "Abreast of the Times" has been most gratifying. See the first results this week on Page 9.

WORKOUT SUCCESS

by Garry Hiskey, Chairman Work-Out Committee

The Work-Out on Wednesday, April 20, was the focal point of the most diversified and ambitious programme of action ever undertaken by the student community in Australia.

It is impossible to evaluate at this stage the nature or extent of the impact which the Work-Out has made, nor the extent to which the aim of education reform will be realised. An attempt to do this will be made in the first edition of On Dit next term.

In South Australia features of the Work-Out were:

- The distribution of broadsheets to about 85% of the homes in the metropolitan area.
- The distribution of a further 50,000 broadsheets to country areas.
- Wide Press, radio and TV coverage of the campaign (for example, Channels 7 and 10 contributed over \$2,000 worth of free advertising time).

- Students of Western Teachers College giving up a day's pay and donating it to the Australian Council for Education Research.
- The translation of a condensed version of the broadsheet into Greek, Italian and Yugoslavian and its subsequent distribution through the migrant community.
- Students at Flinders University distributing 40,000 broadsheets in the areas surrounding their University.
- A work force of some 280 students taking part in a Work-Out in schools. In terms of its organisation and execution the Work-Out was clearly a success. The Work-Out Committee thanks all the student volunteers who contributed to this success.

"On Dit", 1966:

Editors: Jim Beatty, Bill Latimer.

Review Editor: Alan Driver.

Sports Editor: Julian Disney.

Artists: Ross Bateup, Steve Ramsey, Jack Lewis.

Photography: Leigh Taylor.

Business Manager: Penny Holmes.

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The next edition of "On Dit" will appear on Wednesday, June 8. Deadline for copy is Wednesday, June 1.

Contributions should be left in the box provided in the S.R.C. office or given directly to the editors. The "On Dit" office is the last office on the left on the first floor of the George Murray wing of the Union Buildings—above the S.R.C. office.

Contributions and letters are accepted on any subject and in any form which does not unreasonably outrage the laws of libel, blasphemy, obscenity or sedition.

The writer's name should accompany all material submitted, not necessarily for publication, although the policy is that all articles which are not editorial material should be signed, unless there is some good reason to the contrary.

BIRD OF WEEK



BIRUTA VILMANIS

Sympathy

April 27, 1966.

Dear Sir,
I am sorry that a student was upset in one of the practical classes held in Zoology I during an experiment in which the central nervous system of a frog is destroyed. "Achate's" complaint must refer to a class held in a previous year because the experiment has not yet been conducted in 1966. All that I can say is that when a frog is "pithed" it dies immediately and that the method of pithing is always carefully explained and demonstrated to the class by the Senior Demonstrator in Zoology or by me so that students can see how to kill the animals quickly and humanely. Moreover, we employ extra demonstrators for the classes on those days when experiments are conducted that make use of kymographs. Cruelty to animals is unnecessary and intolerable and it is my opinion that at no time during the course are we cruel to them. However, I will investigate "Achates's" complaint.

Yours sincerely,
S. J. Edmonds.
(Lecturer responsible for these classes in Zoology I)

Dear Sir,
In the article in your issue of April 6 on the subject of bonding of student teachers, the author contended:

- (1) that lecturers in our teachers' colleges are "not free to speak up when they wish on any subject which they choose, as university staff can, and do."
- (2) that "Lecturers and students are at present hemmed in by public service regulations on public debate of controversial or just serious issues. They cannot express their views freely."
- (3) that "Freed of the very real threat of the public service act the colleges could begin to develop as rigorous, controversial contributions to the life of the community, the very life blood of education."

The author concluded by stating that "Finally in this particular area the only statement I can make with absolute confidence and positiveness is that there is a tremendous need for much investigation of the issues I have outlined and that the research to fulfil this need is almost non-existent."

How true this conclusion is! The lecturers and students of our teachers' colleges are NOT subject to the Public Service Act. Furthermore, I seem to remember some lecturers from our teachers' colleges speaking from the Bonython Hall platform on the controversial issue "Education — Crisis Or Not".

Yours faithfully,
R. R. LOVEDAY,
Minister of Education.

Rationality Required

Dear Sir,
In reference to Simone's letter we suggest the following comments are relevant.

In his opening sentence Simone says "A lot of immature junk has been written and spoken condemning our involvement in Vietnam". Here is a sweeping statement unsupported by facts or by logical argument. The same criticism applies to his second statement which says that "Most of it comes from people who refuse to understand the situation or why we are there."

Of course Simone is entitled to his opinions, but opinions without a factual basis cannot be accepted as the last word on any subject.

In his second paragraph Simone states that "At the University to be a rebel is IN, but to be a left-wing is IN, to be for the Federal Government is OUT, to be against Vietnam is IN..." which would seem to imply that the conventional or "IN" attitude is to be critical of the status quo. He then goes on to say that "... to use your own mind is OUT..."

Does this necessarily exclude the person who wants to use his own mind from being critical of the status quo? Whatever is meant is certainly not clear from the argument and to our mind this is the second indication of impression in this letter.

The letter continues by asking whether we have "... asked the men who are fighting in Vietnam how they feel about our involvement? Let us face the fact: These men should know more than us about it, some of them are dying here."

To ask the question "... have you asked the men etc." is irrelevant because it ignores the fact that now, more than ever, the soldier is a professional fighting unit who fights for whatever the government commands. His obedience is the duty he owes to the lawful government, irrespective of the issues involved.

Anyway, the suggestion that soldiers are necessarily better equipped in political theory than other Australians because "some are dying there" has no rational basis. Simone has asked us to "... face the facts..." and yet has given us none in support of his arguments.

Simone quotes, at length, the views of a few of our fighting soldiers. We would question this being a representative sample of the views of soldiers, and even if it were this would only prove that our soldiers supported continued Australian involvement in Vietnam.

It does not prove that the idea of involvement is necessarily right. From our argument above viz. that the fighting soldier does not necessarily know more about political issues involved than other Australians, it follows that the views of this small section of Australian people

is of no more value than the views of any other small section of the community.

In passing, the views expressed by the soldiers in the quotations given indicate an intolerance of the democratic beliefs for which they are allegedly fighting, in particular the freedom to publicly dissent from Government policies.

As for the statement "They warn you because they believe in what they are fighting for", this perhaps indicates that it is a policy of the army to condition the soldiers to accept the prevailing government attitude in order to make them more efficient soldiers.

Because we do not agree among ourselves on the question of involvement in Vietnam, we cannot state a representative view. Our aim in writing this letter is to plead for national discussion.

Fleming, Smith and Douglas.

Apathy

Dear Sir,
It is with some trepidation that I write this letter, since it was only by initial pushing from one of my friends, and the highly efficient organisation of the Education Campaign, that I was shaken out of my own apathy. But, once having been aroused, I very quickly became aware of the massive inertia of the majority of the student body.

Late on the eve of the campaign I decided that delivering broadsheets might be accomplished more efficiently with two than one. So, fairly confident that I would succeed in unearthing some assistance, since I was offering transport, I started my enquiries. After trying six people I gave up. I was too angry to listen to any more weak excuses and not very polite refusals.

The first two whom I asked said that they would be only too glad to help, but one was in a Parliamentary delegation, and the other was "working out" at a kindergarten. Then the fun began. Number three's excuse was that she had promised her uncle, a Federal senator (Liberal), that she would not work out, because he did not approve of all these students behaving as they were, besides, she had too much work and could not afford to miss lectures. Number four had an essay that had to be in in a fortnight, and her mother would not let her anyway, "if you're going to take a day off you can work at home". Number five had to go to a practical which had been messed up the week before, when I said that I was under the impression that students were meant to go on strike, I was told that the whole campaign was useless anyway, and not likely to achieve a thing. Number six told me that it served me right, and that he had no intention of doing any thing stupid like that, and that I was mad anyway; which I thought was beside the point.

There have been so many letters sent to the editors this week that we cannot possibly include them all. However, we shall try to include them next issue.

After that, like the Little Red Hen, I decided to do it myself, and on Wednesday afternoon my mind was fully occupied with the vast problem of student apathy, and shame at not having stirred myself before; and I wondered how people who profess to come to University to further their education, could show no interest in the education of others.

Christabel Saddler.

Letters will not be published unless accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication.

We shan't try to coax him from his lurid fantasies of "insular herds of Goldwater-ites" by pointing out, for example, that the president of the SRC and organiser of the Workout, Tony McMichael, is a med. student and we shall resist the temptation to launch a retaliatory diatribe against the arts student; to dwell on this generally scruffy poser with its attendant gaggle of anthropophagerous birds would be to merely repeat truisms of which all but these queer fellows are weary of.

However, while realising that a reasonable letter would have provoked a national admission from most medical students that apathy in their faculty was at least as bad as that in any other, we cannot allow the general "slating" of medical students to go unchallenged and it seems relevant to briefly discuss the major differences existing between the medical and most other students.

The most important is that the medical student knows where he is going (and exactly what he must do to get there) and thus he finds himself in a narrow and intensive course of study. Secondly, everyone in his faculty is heading in exactly the same direction, the same way and thus a stronger corporate spirit is built in this faculty than in any other. The third and least important point is that the medical student knows he is to enter a responsible profession and can't allow himself the adolescent luxuries of beard, jeans etc. which so often seem to be identified with intellectual liberty.

There are moments when the medical student envies those pottering in the arts etc. and longs for an opportunity to freely expand his knowledge and interests, but I think this biased, irrational (what did National Health have to do with the matter? Presumably doctors are still needed) letter must disillusion them for, from the evidence of this pack of malicious misrepresentation, it seems that to stuff an amorphous mind with varied agglomerates of learning is to produce, no more, no less than a mind truly stuffed.

Yours etc.
John W. Schrader.

Debating Club Column

WINNING STREAK

The Club has started this season with a run of wins in the SADA Competition, but in all cases they have debated to a minimal audience. In future, all debates will be advertised on the boards outside the refectory and it is hoped that those interested will attend occasionally.

RESULTS

The AI team successfully argued, "That the U.S. is giving the free world good leadership". Many aspects of American policy were examined, University holding that the U.S. was doing the best under existing conditions, while the opposition, Rostrum 8, maintained that she was making too many mistakes for it to be good leadership. The A2 team debated the other side of the same proposition and also won. Both our third speakers, Don Laws and David Fleming for A2 tipped the scales in our favour with skilful technique and summing up.

The C3 team, submitting "That preparation leads to war" defeated Rovers. University argued that prepara-

tion was the outcome of a desire for war and hence would result in it, while the opposition suggested that it was man's nature to fight fellow man. They tended to offer opinions and not proofs. The C1 team also had a convincing win owing to a forfeit by the opposition.

INTER-FACULTY DEBATES

The interfaculty competition is due to start early in second term, so if you want to quell the conceit of the Law School, why not get a team together now? If your Faculty society refuses to rise out of its slough of apathy, then contact Di Howard or Eric Frank or anyone else on the Debating Club Committee. But in any case do something for the good name of your faculty.

Students A Political Force

by Abe L. Kelabora

The term "student" in English has an ambiguity of translation in Indonesian. It could be translated into either: (1) "peladjar", literally means one who is learning, which is used to denote all who are learning at any educational institution, both government and non-government, except those at university or any institution at the same level; or (2) "mahasiswa", which is used to denote all who are studying at the university or any institution of learning at the tertiary level.

Here when I say "student" I simply mean "mahasiswa", a University student and not "peladjar", a high school student.

INTELLIGENTSIA

The Indonesian students' movement is a part of the youth movements in general. The latter is older and wider than the former. Before the Second World War one can



SCHOOLING TODAY IS FOR EVERYONE

not talk validly about students' movement as a separate group in Indonesia, mainly because there was no University at that time to provide a strong basis for the existence of any students' community. Also students constitute an important part of Indonesia's Intelligentsia. What is interesting is that students are not only potentially but actually part of the Intelligentsia.

As a part of the Intelligentsia students constitute a particular social group, a political force, with certain characteristics. Firstly, students in Indonesia are nationalist, for they have been fighting for the cause of nationalism since the opening of the century. Secondly therefore, they do not tolerate Imperialism and Colonialism in any manifestation. Thirdly, they are revolutionary and progressive because they are the most energetic and ambitious section of the community. They believe in the revolutionary methods of social transformation. There must be a society, a just and prosperous one, beyond the present sufferings of the people, and it has to be achieved, if necessary, by revolutionary means.

MILITARY ROLE

With these characteristics one can conclude that any action by students in Indonesia will be nationalist socialist and revolutionary. Whether or not this is the case it can only be seen in practice.

The discussion of their activities, I am sure, will throw some light on this conclusion. In this case I would like to discuss their activities in terms of: (1) military role in defence; (2) cultural role; and (3) the organisation of the masses.

In the first place, students' military role dates back to the Second World War. In the history of their movement. They received their intensive military training from the Japanese military regime between

The enormous difference between the role of students in Indonesian politics and Australian politics would be apparent to all newspaper readers. Here the writer suggests reasons for the present place of Indonesian students. The difficulty in comparing the two situations is that if words and concepts as used in Indonesian society are directly translated then they do not mean the same thing. For instance, prior to Independence, and possibly even still to some extent, "student" included not only those persons currently studying but also many of those who had graduated. This error of analysing Indonesian society through European eyes becomes even more likely when considering such classifications as "left" of "right" as indicating defined positions on the political spectrum. It is submitted that a better appreciation of the current situation can be gained by not attempting to impose a Western framework on the Indonesian social and political society.

1942-45. It was intended by the Japanese to prepare the students, youths, workers and labourers as an effective military force to defend 'the Great Japanese Empire'. A students' military tradition was established in this era.

But, for four years after 1945, they were actively engaged in guerilla war to defend the young Republic of Indo-

nesia against the British and the Dutch forces. They were fighting to defend their own country instead of Japan; and this was so because Japan capitulated to the Allies in the early August, 1945.

They were waiting to be schooled and this meant that 138,000 teachers were needed immediately.

In January, 1950, some students organisations submitted to the government a Compulsory Teaching Scheme. Under this scheme, University students are to teach at High Schools for at least one year under the government sponsorship. After this period a student may return to his University to continue his study again, but now he is being paid by the government. He is 'a government employee who is studying', and he is allowed to do so whenever his course requires. This scheme was accepted and has been implemented with great success.

EDUCATION

The campaign for education was also extended from the classroom into society. Adult education classes were opened, public libraries were introduced, discussions and seminars were held from towns to villages. Many students have volunteered for these jobs. By 1960 it was a fact that Indonesia had surplus teachers at primary, secondary (equal in level with intermediate in Australia), and high school level. These improvements necessitated the organisation of the tertiary education. And in fact, there has been such an increase in the number of University students and the Institutions of higher learning, that a Minister for Higher Education and Science was appointed, after 1960.

CULTURAL

Secondly, students cultural role and other social functions. Since 1930s students and youth in general have played an important part in promoting the acceptance of Indonesian as the National Language, the development of the Indonesian literature, and the restoration of the respect upon the national culture. These activities constituted an essential part of the Nationalist movement towards independence.

After 1950 they played another cultural role in "the campaign for education" and "the war against illiteracy". The immediate task before the nation after the War of Independence was national reconstruction. But a reconstruction after nearly 10 years of continuous war and chaos meant an overall social-economic revolution. But how could such a revolution be launched if more than 90% of the population was illiterate? Moreover, there were only 81,000 teachers throughout the country for six million children aged between 6-12 years; another six million

were waiting to be schooled and this meant that 138,000 teachers were needed immediately.

THE MASSES

Thirdly, the organisation of the masses. This is the most complicated part of students' actions in the last 20 years. Here, they have a close co-operation with the youth and other social organisations, the government and the Armed Forces. The nature of this role is this: to organise the masses of the people to respond to the demands of an immediate situation. And, these demands vary from time to time.

I have shown above the role played by the students in "the campaign for education" and "the war against illiteracy". This is the kind of activity which can be classified into the category of the organisation of the masses. The same role had been played before and during the general election 1955, where students and youth had prepared the people for, and organised them towards, the election. Again in 1962 many students and youth had volunteered in carrying out the national census. It was the first nation wide census and it was successful. In these 'peaceful duties' students and youths worked in a very close co-operation with the government. Indeed, without such a co-operation they would have done nothing which is nationally important.

Students and youths also play an important role in any national emergency in preparation for war, or in the actual



ORGANISING THE MASSES

The socio-political importance of these campaigns were far more fundamental. They had successfully laid the foundation for the National Education. This is a system of education based on Indonesian culture and aimed at the development of this culture to its utmost. Moreover, these campaigns have convinced the people that education is not only necessary for national development but it is a public enterprise. Indeed, "the campaign for education" and "the war against illiter-

war. I have remarked earlier about the role of the students and youth in the War of Independence. It was an actual war. Also, since early 1950, students and youths have championed the campaign for the liberation of West Irian. They have organised the masses toward this end and by 1961 a state of war existed between Indonesia and the Dutch over this territory. In these cases students and youths work hand and hand with the Armed Forces.

Students and youths also organise public meetings and rallies in support of certain policies; they also organise demonstrations against foreign countries, or against certain ministers in the cabinet or against certain political parties. Such demonstrations sometimes get out of hand. But in these situations, like the storming of the British Embassy in 1963, one can not possibly differentiate between the students, youths, workers and so forth.

NON-PARTISAN

From what I have written above we may be able to draw the following conclusions: Firstly, that students constitute a strong and centralised political force in Indonesia. They are a social minority. If this minority comprise a pressure group, indeed it is an effective one. But whether or not it is a pressure group is a question which will not be examined here.

Certainly, this minority is not a political party, Students associations are non-political but their programmes and actions are political. They belong to no political party but they share the same grounds, religious and political, with many political parties. This peculiarity comprises their strength. For, it has been noted in the history of their movements that whenever they are closely associated or become involved in party politics and personal power struggle, there are always some victims, on their part.

MILITANT

Secondly, students constitute a militant revolutionary force in the country. This is the product of the combination of their well established revolutionary traditions, nationalism and socialist tendencies. Their nationalism is Indonesian nationalism; and their socialism is the socialism for the 'marhaens' (Indonesian word for 'proletariat').

Their militancy therefore, is a patriotic one. That is, why it is a misconception to describe students and youths movements in Indonesia as pro, or anti-communist; it is equally fallacious to say that they are capitalist or not capitalist. For, they do not see themselves through these 'West-made' concepts. They have their own criterion of classifying themselves to the left or right. This criterion, may vary from time to time. It seems to me that for the last 20 years, they have consistently viewed the politics and 'political forces in action' in Indonesia in terms of: 'who is for', and for the people and the country; 'which is for', and not for the constitution and revolution. Only on these grounds can students movement in Indonesia be properly understood.

NATIONALISTS

Finally, the presence of the students and youth in political arena is indispensable. This is because students were part of those forces which successfully brought the national independence into existence. That is why they 'must have a say' in national affairs from time to time. Their non-party organisations have been proved to be the best and the most acceptable place for leadership training in Indonesia. Almost all those in the present generation of the Indonesia's leadership are the products of the students' and youths' movements. And it seems true that this trend is to continue. That is why every government in Indonesia since 1945 has tried, in one way or another to include and to accommodate the students and youth in their national framework. This is essential and necessary for the political stability and national development.



"Is apartheid the answer?" asked Alan Moore in the last issue of On Dit. An affirmative conclusion was reached. It is hoped, however, that by a critical analysis of that article the conclusion reached is not the right one by virtue of the points raised.

In his opening paragraph, Moore questions emotional and rash appreciations of the "Apartheid" issue. Hopefully, Moore will not dismiss this article on these grounds. I am neither abnormally emotional, nor, having spent most of my life in South Africa, am I unaware of the problems involved.

It is respectfully submitted that Moore's article lacks sceptical qualification of fact, and is composed of a series of points which do not always in themselves lend support to his final contention — that things should be left as they are in the interests of the "non-white".

These points deserve separate analysis, and, for the purposes of this article, have been summarised (it is hoped with reasonable accuracy) as follows:

1. It is wrong to regard the White South African as "settlers" because: (a) the original inhabitants of the Cape have died out or been absorbed, hence "finders-keepers", the Whites have a homeland; and (b) the Bantu settled to the north of the Afrikaaner, and are thus entitled to those lands, and those lands alone under the homelands scheme.

2. As there is racial conflict between so many races, Separate Development is viewed by the SA Government "to be a positive solution is the answer. Government shows "sincerity" by plans for the "establishment of industries". The Bantu in the Transkei support the Bantustan policy.

3. Bantu in South Africa, through Government activity, possess a higher standard of living than those Negroes in other parts of Africa. Quotes figure to show superior housing, more doctors and hospitals, better education facilities, higher incomes and more political freedom than some. Even foreign Bantu enter the Republic for work.

4. Proposes that the SA Bantu do not wish to be "liberated" from the outside, and may well be in support of the Bantustan plans.

5. Suggests we let sleeping dogs lie as "Apartheid" could be the answer. Outside intervention would only make things worse.

DIVISION OF RESOURCES

It is not quite clear what Moore means to show by the first point. There are perhaps two alternatives: firstly, it is meant that areas settled by black and white should be accurately and respectively divided but this cannot be meant by the White nationalists, as their well nigh exclusive control of valuable industrial and natural resources would be lost; secondly, it is an argument that the Whites should be given a fair go in South Africa and not be regarded as settlers who might be removed.

This is in principle quite reasonable. The nationalism of the White is strong — the Republic is his home. But in practice, the White still gets the benefit of, to all intents and purposes, all industrial and mineral resources.

GUNGA DIN

If it is legitimate to claim a fair go for the White, it is just as legitimate to claim the same for the Black. (Perhaps an Afrikaans translation of Kipling's "Gunga Din" would have a very different concluding line, Mr. Moore?) On this point Moore can have it one way or the other, but it is

to be doubted whether either support the actual subdivision of South Africa today.

Moore's second point is that integration does not work — even for those with far simpler race groupings. This may or may not be so. For the sake of argument it will be taken that racial integration in South Africa is an impossible pipe-dream.

With this allowed it may then be said that the South

On Dit this week received articles from two contributors, N. S. Walker and A. K. Haines, both in answer to Alan Moore's views on apartheid. Both will be published in order of receipt. This article is by Nicholas S. Walker.

African Government's course of action is the right one — if a fair economic distribution of land for ethnic groups is made, and is indeed possible.

RECOURSE TO EQUITY

Arguably, this distribution should be on a per capita basis. But this distribution has not been made and it is ridiculous to suppose that such an equitable policy would ever be planned, let alone put into practice.

For Bantu agriculture to meet the ever-increasing requirements of the African populace, it has been thought necessary to institute quite sweeping reforms. (Tomlinson Commission, 1954.) Land redistribution is being carried out, and, admittedly, it is not an easy task. The result of a more forceful application of these plans would be to accelerate the already clear trend of producing a labour surplus.

INDUSTRIES A JOKE

The Commission proposed the establishment of industries WITHIN the Reserves. But despite what Moore implies, very little industry has been introduced — and that which has been is of a predominantly agricultural nature.

Indeed, the Government rejected the Commission's recommendation that European capital should be spent to establish industries within the reserves as a contradiction of the principles of Government policy.

In contrast, the SA Government has rather different ideas on the setting up of industry OUTSIDE these Reserves. The 1965 Year Book declares: "Many potential industrial centres in the Republic are near the exclusive Bantu homelands. In many of these borders or peripheral areas, basic facilities exist or can be made available. These regions are well situated with regard to labour and sources of raw materials and are well placed for the export trade."

It is easy to see whose pockets are to be the better lined! Bantu-owned industry is not going to be promoted while White-controlled establishments can prosper and multiply.

It is submitted that the existing economic integration would not be divided under

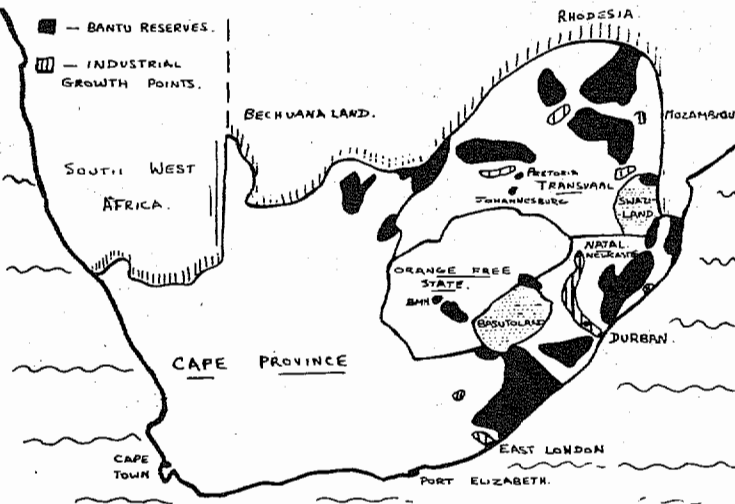
present policy and it is very doubtful whether such a separation would be conceived by the SA Government while industries are geared to the use of cheap labour supplies.

In using the election result of Chief Kaiser Matanzima as an implied proposal that the Bantu are in favour of Government policy, Moore may well be misleading his readers.

The desire of the Bantu to be free and independent must not be underestimated — it may even manifest itself in the acceptance of an offer which is not nearly so fair as it might be. Professor Munger, of the American Universities Field Staff, has said of this election:

COMPROMISE

"The so-called split between pro- and anti-Government Chiefs and other Africans is exaggerated. They are Africans. They are Xhosa. They do resent endless White domination. They do want change. They will use the means at hand to achieve change. They do not share the exile's implacable opposition to compromise. The Bantustan philosophy may well serve as a vehicle for their purposes."



Although the educated Bantu's view may well be that some degree of autonomy is better than none, the question being asked by many outsiders to the problem is whether it is at all likely that full independence (economic as well as political) will be achieved under present plans.

LABOUR FORCE ONLY?

It is indeed debatable whether the SA Government has any intention of establishing a number of small but highly populated countries deeply indenting its borders — countries poor and most probably economically dependent on the Republic — to be likely trouble spots if disputes should arise, say, over the treatment of migratory labour.

It is far more likely that the Government is aiming at the formation of a passive "Melkkoei" from which to draw labour required with the least maintenance possible.

In his third point, Moore is in effect arguing that because the SA Bantu possess a higher standard of living than those Africans elsewhere, the SA Government's treatment of them is fair and reasonable.

This does not at all follow. When this is realised, Moore's

analogies with other African States have rather a diminished stature. In the one case there are poor, new, nations undergoing what has been described as their "Renaissance", and, on the whole, trying to do all that is within their power to improve living standards; in the other, there is an established nation maintaining a very prominent inequality of living standards.

STATISTICS

It would appear that Moore, with his claim that things should be left as they are, is in favour of maintaining this inequality. If readers doubt the plausibility of the contention that the inequality is indeed so great perhaps a few figures comparing Black versus White are in order.

For instance, the figure of £100 per annum earned by the average Bantu is not very impressive when it is realised that the average White earns tenfold.

With all the rigours of the "Work-Out" passed, perhaps a greater interest in education has been stimulated in Adelaide University. It is hoped that if any figures are to be digested this field is good as any.

Bantu taxation is paid into the Bantu Educational Account to make up the total available. It is intriguing to note that the Bantu are paying no small part for their own education. The new Universities, based on tribal units, recover their capital and running expenses from this source.

These bodies are not free from other criticism. They have been declared to hold the Africans back with their encouragement of petty nationalism. At present, only 28 lecturers at these Universities are Bantu. It is more than probable that the criticism that teaching is slanted towards "Apartheid" is correct. Undoubtedly the SA Government wishes for Bantu graduates — but are they for the maintenance of the "Melkkoei"?

LIBERATION

The proposition that the Bantu do not want to be "liberated" from the outside may well be so. Much depends on the interpretation of the term. Quite possibly the majority of the Bantu would not conceive outright war as the answer to their problems.

But economic sanctions, say, could be an altogether different prospect. If indeed the Bantu is accepting the "Homelands programme" it is arguably so for two reasons. Firstly, because he has no conception of or faith in outside help; secondly, because time is on his side.

In both cases, the policies offered are better than none. But the reasoning behind the latter is the more political freedom gained, the more educated men produced, the larger the numerical superiority, the more the chance of claiming social "rights". Unquestionably, if these views are correct, it would be peculiar to deduce that the Bantu majority is in "support" of the "Homelands" scheme.

"Let the experiment be", declares Moore. If it could be believed that the SA Government is doing all that is within its power to produce independent and separate nations, with equitable distributions of wealth conceived, this view might be worth consideration. But, it is submitted, that the Bantustan schemes tend towards the settlement of poor, but barely satisfied, "Melkkoei" whose development is to stay laborious.

EXTERNAL PRESSURE

Moore's belief that external pressure can only make matters "worse" and inflict "untold suffering to all the peoples of South Africa" is questionable. Afrikaaner Nationalism, rapidly gaining the support of English-speaking Whites, is admittedly very strong, and is not to be underestimated. Whether a more equitable solution for the coloured races in SA could be achieved by outside forces is open to debate. Only practical application of those forces will bring a conclusive answer.

WUS Looks Around

by Alison Michael

You will have been aware of, or I hope taken an active part in the recent Education Work-Out. This current, prolonged "crisis" situation looms big in our eyes, and compared with the rest of our economy, it is a crisis.

How advanced, though, it all seems when we look at the African, Asian, European and Latin American countries where WUS is active, and see what elementary instruments of education WUS is helping to introduce and develop.

Do you know that at the University of Ibadah in Nigeria almost 200 students are unable to come into residence for the second term of the 1965/66 academic year, as they lack the fees? This situation is common to the five universities of Nigeria. WUS International and local funds are creating a revolving loan fund to assist such students.

OUT OF SCOPE

In Paraguay, a country with an appallingly high death rate, and a rising birth rate, medicine should be increasing in importance, and more doctors should be training to cope with the situation.

However, there are restrictions on entry to the faculty of medicine (familiar story?) and, due to lack of equipment, academic standards are falling. An indication of this is the fact that in the Department of Internal Medicine in the Faculty of Medicine, "There is not one microscope available for the use of students". WUS is stepping in again, and hopes to provide 20 microscopes this year for the Department.

Again, in Indonesia, WUS is needed. Student housing is one of the biggest problems. Hostels are limited in number and those that do exist often have three to six people sharing one room. General study, sport and recreational facilities are very inadequate.

Here in Adelaide we have complaints about the refectory food; but 34 per cent. of our men students do not have body weight below average,

nor do they suffer from nutrition deficiencies as they do in Indonesian Universities.

Across to Turkey and the University of Istanbul. With 25,000 students — 10,000 in the Faculty of Law. Imagine what study facilities would be needed! At present, 200 students only are able to use such facilities at one time.

PSYCH I STEEPLE

Then there is the alarming picture of a Colombo University, where 3,000 Arts students share a faculty at the racecourse. They have no library, decent canteen facilities, or hostels. Lectures must be chaos with only one stairway into the grandstand, and a lecturer who is almost out

of sight of the students, making his points by microphone.

Students cannot be expected to give of their best in such conditions, especially when the lack of good food is so marked. In 1966 WUS International plans to assist two co-operative canteen projects at Perodeniya and Colombo universities for which \$1,280 will be needed.

Yes, Australia is in the middle of a crisis in education from primary to tertiary levels. However, most of the reforms suggested in the National 10-point plan are "Improvements" or "Increases", hence these things do exist, even if inadequate.

But in many more than the few countries mentioned above, WUS has the problem of initiating basic education facilities. Improvement will then follow, no doubt.

MILK FOR INDIA

by Jill Prior

From May 6 to 13 WUS and CAA are sponsoring the 'Milk for India Campaign' within the University.

During the period we are asking you to donate your empty bottles by putting them in the crates which will be around the refectories. The proceeds will be sent to the South Australian Milk for India Appeal.

The famine in India is approaching the point of disaster worse than in 1943 when millions starved in Bengal. This crisis has been developing for some time following two successive years of poor rainfall, and unless extra food is provided, some 12 million will starve by September.

Visitors to India from December to March did not often see obvious signs of people dying from hunger, but in some areas farmers were eating the grain reserved for next season's planting which

to a subsistence farmer is the worst that can happen. The southern states looked almost as green as they usually do in winter, but everywhere the tanks or dams had little water compared to normal seasons.

Aid has been promised by many countries, notably the USA, and the Australian Government has made a grant of wheat, pesticides and powdered milk. CAA usually associates itself with aid of a long-term, self-help nature, but because of the extent of the famine in India, and the prospect of its aggravation, this is one occasion when immediate relief is essential.

Support the "Milk for India" appeal, and put your empty bottles in the crates provided in the refectory.



You may well ask, "Why, who or what is Barjagaloopi?" The fact of the matter is, we dunno either — it depends on what Gaffer finds interesting, amusing or what somebody tells him to put in the column. Gaffer has been specially engaged by the On Dit lot to indulge in the odd pleasantry and what-have-you every issue and he hereby appeals to you lot to give him the hot word anytime you feel inclined. And if you want a show plugged then all you need is an angle.

A curve may suffice in certain circumstances.

By way of a grand opening burst, anybody who thinks up a reason for calling this bit Barjagaloopi gets a free subscription to On Dit for the rest of the year and a little prezzy. Beaut, eh?

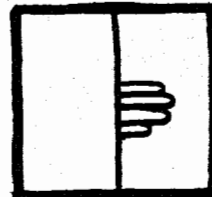
There could be only one thing worse than a Barja... competition and that is a Staff Sergeant Barry Saddler one. Still, he did write and sob all the songs himself. But wait — even the good Sergeant pales before that sodden monologue, "History Repeats Itself". And it was a DISCOVERY yet! Congratulations, 5AD, on out-galloping Barja.

"He never was a poet of God's making."
But, unperturbed, Gaffer waxes lyrical—

I ride me tred to Uni
I ride it all the week
And you may think it's gooney
But you are up the creek.
For riding tredleys thru the park
Is more than just a silly lark—
It solves the endless problem
Of a bluddy place to park.

Life on the other side of Torrens quickened in pace a little last week. A 60-strong task force, carrying no markings, came out of the night and re-allocated the St. Ann's pillow supply to the Lincoln College front lawn. By an uncanny co-incidence, the St. Mark's bell disappeared on the same night; it reappeared a few days later looking suspiciously shiny — just like as if an engraved Lincoln emblem had been polished out. Funny, really. Ask any Marksman to tell you how funny he thinks the fines which ensued are.

Wot is it?
the inside of
Napoleon's coat, fool.



Tell yez later why it's "Gaffer".

Gaffer.

CRAVENS



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FILM FESTIVAL PREVIEW

NEW RELEASES

International Cinema

Book now for the 1966 Adelaide Film Festival . . . a fortnight of international cinema . . . your chance to see, for the first time in Australia, some of the finest films to come out of Europe in 1965 . . .

These are not empty cries. The merest glance at the current brochure for the Eighth Adelaide International Film Festival reveals an impressive line-up of films from all over the world.

From East Germany comes *The Adventures of Werner Holt*, award-winner at Moscow and Edinburgh; from Czechoslovakia comes *Diamonds in the Night*, winner of the Grand Prix at the Mannheim Festival; from Japan *Woman of the Dunes*, awarded the Special Jury Prize at Cannes Festival; from Italy *Sandra*, Golden Lion winner at Venice. And there are more, from Argentina, Denmark, France, Poland, and the USA. Films never before released in Australia, films which may never reach our cinemas again.

Opening on Monday, May 23, and continuing until Saturday, June 4, the Festival will present eight major feature films, with additional programmes on both Saturdays. Once again, each feature film will be shown three times, sessions will include short films and features and three different types of membership may be purchased.

SUBSIDY

This year, daily sessions will be at 6.00 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. The three memberships will be type "A" for one evening of each programme of the Festival; type "B" — any six of the eight major programmes; and type "C" — any three of the eight major programmes. All members of the Festival will be entitled to attend the additional programmes on Saturday, May 28, and Saturday, June 4.

Preferential bookings — it is advisable to book as early as possible to ensure good seats — are now open, and a preferential booking form is now available at Allan's Booking Office, John Martin's Booking Office, or the Adelaide Film Festival Office above the

University Bookroom. All enquiries regarding the Festival should be made at the Adelaide Film Festival Office.

Last year, for the first time, the Adelaide University Film Society arranged for a subsidy to be paid to every University Union member who purchased a membership of the Film Festival. This year, the same arrangement will stand, and students who present their Film Festival membership card and their University Union membership card to the Union Hall Box Office between 12 noon and 2.00 p.m., on Wednesday and Thursday, May 4 and 5, and again on May 11 and 12, will receive a subsidy of one dollar. The Film Society Committee hopes to be inundated with requests.

LOVER'S DIFFICULTIES

But what of the films themselves? Looking through the Festival booking form, one finds it difficult to know which to give most space to in an article of this kind. Each feature listed in the form comes to the Festival with some special recommendation; it is either a prize-winner at one of the European Festivals, or it was well-received on showing to London critics. All the films are by internationally famous directors.

Let's start, then, with the first on the list — *A Blonde in Love* from Czechoslovakia, first shown at the Venice Festival. Directed by Milos Forman, whose *Peter and Pavla* came to the Adelaide Festival in 1965. *A Blonde in Love* is a very engaging, very funny story of the difficulties faced by two young lovers.

In a sequence set in the same kind of dancehall that provided comic passages in *Peter and Pavla*, three love-sick soldiers attempt to pick up three attractive girls by sending over a bottle of wine. But the wine goes instead to three wall-flowers at an adjoining table, with wonderfully funny results. One of the girls spends the night with a young pianist from the dance-hall, and the couple find themselves on the verge of falling in love. But when the girl later visits the pianist at his home, her motives are hopelessly misconstrued by the boy and his parents alike.

One is reminded of the misunderstandings between father

and son in *Peter and Pavla*. But Milos Forman is not trying to make social comment, or to put in a word for the teenagers. Rather, by dwelling on ordinary people in ordinary situations, he is concerned to show the essential shyness and diffidence of human beings.

His leading characters, the three soldiers or the two lovers, try desperately to meet and find out about each other, but their reluctance to uncover their own feelings defeats them. This situation is accepted as one of the conditions of life, and with a basically gentle touch, Forman portrays the bemusement and confusion which results from it.

Also from Czechoslovakia comes a very different film, but one which is also concerned with modern youth. Jan Nemeč's *Diamonds in the Night* deals with two boys who, towards the close of the last war, escape from a Nazi transport (presumably on its way to the gas ovens of a German prison camp) and attempt to evade their pursuers in a forest. As they plunge desperately on, their appearance and outlook become more and more degraded and animalistic. Director Nemeč uses the full resources of the camera to reveal the fears, distortions and hallucinations developed in the minds of the boys by their condition both as hunted animals and as members of a nation destroyed.

OUTCASTS

The boys are outcasts, branded with the mark of the concentration camps, and, forced back into subjectivity by a hostile, unfeeling, even repulsive world, they come to welcome the forest as a friendly refuge, unaware that the haven demands degradation of the mind as its price. Finally, inevitably, they are recaptured, but recapture does not provide the end one looks for as an escape from the horror and humiliation presented in the film. For *Diamonds in the Night* has no conventional, comforting end: just as much of the film is taken up with flash-backs,



FROM "A BLONDE'S LOVE"

AWARD WINNERS

vague recollections and painful memories which slowly become more vividly focussed in the boys' minds, so, as their sufferings and indignities increase, one becomes more and more aware that the film deals with a larger theme than the war-time setting suggests.

We are shown here the bestiality, the cruelty, selfishness and lack of feeling, which lie not very far beneath the surface of civilisation, rather as we are shown the decay and reversion of human values in William Golding's allegory *Lord of the Flies*. And, like Golding, Jan Nemeč presents his meaning on two inter-related levels. *Diamonds in the Night* succeeds simply as a film of fear, danger, and suspense, but woven into the threads of the plot is a disturbing and penetrating vision of human life.

If *Diamonds in the Night* is not one to be missed, neither is the entry from Japan, Hiroshi Teshigahara's *Woman of the Dunes*, awarded a Special Jury Prize at Cannes Festival. A literary parallel to this film, if one wanted to find one, would certainly be found in the work of Samuel Beckett.

In *Woman of the Dunes*, a young entomologist lazily searching a beach for specimens is kidnapped by villagers and lowered into a huge sand-pit to join a woman who spends her life there shovelling sand. Why, we are not clearly told, but nor are we told in Beckett. The man makes several attempts to escape, but after seven years he is still a prisoner of the villagers.

RAPE

The climax of his experience comes when the villagers agree to let him out if he will make love to the woman in front of them; when she refuses, he rapes her, while the villagers dance round the pit in weird, primitive ritual. The woman becomes ill while pregnant and she is removed from the pit. The man, now completely alone, ceases to think of the pit as a prison and ignores the opportunity to escape provided by the absence of any villagers and their neglect of the rope ladder.

Whatever social comment one might find in the various situations of the film — one could compare it with *Diamond in the Night* as well as *Waiting for Godot* or *Endgame* — the real theme of the film is the descent of the young scientist into his own individuality. In solitude he feels no need of escape; only when other people surround him does he think of the sand-pit as a prison.



FROM "WALKOVER"

Like *Diamonds in the Night*, *Woman of the Dunes* is "open-ended". One is unable to think of the last few feet of the ladder as final. For the film pictures a world, our world, in disintegration, through the symbol of the shifting, sliding sand, and through the conflict of the young man with the villagers and the woman. It is a profound, troubling theme, even though the man comes to accept his situation, a theme especially suited to film presentation and brilliantly adapted to that medium.

Both *Diamonds in the Night* and *Woman of the Dunes* have received particular praise for the quality of their camera work, for the use of special effects as well as for their effective use of camera and editing techniques.

But for those who already feel they want to take the films less profoundly, it is possible to become absorbed entirely in the strange happenings portrayed, some of which have been mentioned. Film

sums up this point of view, emphasising the sheer entertainment offered: "For those who can de-allegorise Beckett, Teshigahara's *Woman of the Dunes* will doubtless be child's play, but interpretation hardly matters because it is so completely absorbing to watch simply as a series of happenings. It is certainly the most incandescently carnal film that I can remember — by the half-way mark the slightest close-up of flesh is enough to generate erotic frissons."

Whatever view-point you finally adopt about the film, this is certainly one not to be missed. But which one of the dozen listed in the booking form should be missed? Impossible to make a choice: see them all.

ADULTERY

Another must is Francois Truffaut's *La Peau Douce* (English title, *Soft Skin*). In this film, Truffaut, whose *Jules et Jim* and *400 Blows* have both been recently shown here, organises a wealth of impressionistic detail into a treatment of adultery, somewhere between tragedy and comedy in tone. This is no stock handling of the hackneyed triangle theme, but a fresh, realistic portrait of convincing, entirely credible people, set, like the characters of Truffaut's other films, against real backgrounds, brilliantly photographed by Raoul Coutard.

A middle-aged literary man falls in love with the air-hostess who attends him on a flight to Lisbon, but the progress of the affair is hampered by his sensual wife, and by provincial enthusiasm and homing of the literary celebrity. Around the triangle Truffaut sets an objective camera, picking out the humour of the characters, touched with sadness — at one point the wife reacts divertingly to the advances of a stranger — and the drama and pathos in which the situation could easily explode, above all the

succumbed entirely to the twisted doctrines of militaristic Fascism. When the Russian Army advances on Berlin, Werner Holt turns savagely on the ideas which had surrounded him for so long and attacks a group of SS men who are publicly hanging deserters.

The film is fundamentally concerned with the clash of conflicting ideologies, and one must accept it on its own terms as a bitter attack on Fascism from the point of view of Communism. The film is not, however, merely propagandistic: as Werner Holt discovers more and more about himself, about his friends and acquaintances, and about the ideas by which men live and for which they die, he learns respect for human dignity and for the human values of kindness and gentleness.

It would be a pity if a narrow point of view, unable to see further than the political ideology which the film presents, and unwilling to accept the premise that a filmmaker has every right to present a particular ideology, were to blind one to the qualities of the film. For *The Adventures of Werner Holt* is above all a brilliantly directed piece of work.

CLAUDIA CARDINALE

Luchino Visconti's *Sandra* is Italy's entry for the Festival. *The Leopard* was the last film of Visconti's to be shown here, and there are some points of comparison between the two films. At an obvious level, both number Claudia Cardinale among their players. More importantly, in both films Visconti seems to be exploring the psychological and social relations which exist between the old world and the new, or between cultured, sensitive views of life and materialistic, utilitarian attitudes.

Set in the ancient Etruscan city of Volterra, beautifully photographed, the film relates the story of Sandra, daughter of a celebrated Jewish scientist who died in a Nazi concentration camp. Sandra grows up in Switzerland and marries an American, member of an international organisation and one of the new "get-ahead" breed. The film concentrates on two days of a visit to Volterra by Sandra and her mother, together with Gianni, Sandra's sensitive brother who has literary aspirations, and on the resulting clash of personalities.

DECADENCE

Visconti himself is on record as saying that *Sandra* is a re-working of the Electra theme from Greek mythology and tragedy, but the leading character might also be compared with the character played by Ingrid Thulin in Ingmar Bergman's *The Silence*.

Reverting to black and white photography after the wonderful pastel colours of *The Leopard* (and also of his episode in *Boccaccio '70*), Visconti uses his camera to point out the decadence of the countryside and society in which his characters move, a decadence which is mirrored in the characters themselves. One of them describes Volterra in words which might stand as the theme of the film:

" . . . in the course of time, landslides have swallowed up the city's houses, churches, convents and walls. All attempts that have been made to halt this slow but inevitable decline have been useless . . . It is the only city I know which is hopelessly doomed to die from natural sickness, like most human beings."

And from Poland comes Jerzy Skolimowski's *Walkover*, International Critics' Week Selection at Cannes. Adelaide has already seen examples of this director's abilities in the films *Knife in the Water* and



FROM "SANDRA"

Outstanding Selection

The Innocent Sorcerers, both of which he co-scripted. In *Walkover*, all his talents come together, for he not only wrote and directed the film, but also plays the leading role. But the film is no mere tour de force, but a penetrating study of a social misfit.

The hero, Andrzej, is thrown out of his engineering college because he is a "disturbing element" — the kind of man who doesn't want to sing party songs or join party committees. He has made a kind of living going round the country participating in boxing matches for "beginners", and by the time the film begins, people have begun to suspect that he is no longer a beginner. He arrives in a new town where he meets again an old school-mate, the girl who denounced him years before at his college. She tries to persuade him to take a job in the local factory, but he cannot resist entering the semi-finals of another boxing contest for beginners, which, of course, he wins. The girl, however, has failed at her job, and Andrzej, deciding that the finals of the boxing contest will prove too tough for him, decides to skip the town with her.

SURPRISE ENDING

The film does not end there, but the comment of a Sight and Sound critic—"The end of the film succeeds in being at once surprising, logical and ambiguous" — was sufficiently interesting to make unattractive a diligent search for further information.

Walkover, like other films previewed here, is distinguished not only by its important theme but also by its use of cinema techniques. Overseas critics have noted and commented on the editing, which brings the thirty-four

shots which make up the film into exciting, paradoxical juxtaposition, seemingly disjointed but in fact building up to a synthesis of the hero's impressions and ideas. The film is almost a kind of patterned argument or dialectic, maintaining both subjectivity by its concentration of one central figure and objectivity by the means of concentration used. All in all, it would seem, another "must".

NAME-DROPPING

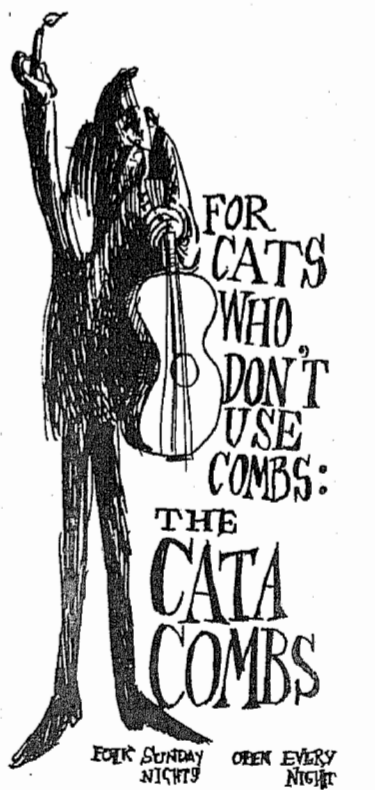
It is an impossible task to summarise the impressions one has gained from reading what international critics have had to say about the entries for the Eighth Adelaide Film Festival. And there seems little point in trying. After all, what this article has presented has been mainly extracts and paraphrases of overseas articles on certain of the films to be shown. Since none of these films has been shown in Adelaide before (a basic fact from which the Film Festival derives much of its interest and success) one cannot give first-hand impressions. But even if one could, in the long run every filmgoer would have to judge for himself. See the films, then make up your mind about them.

A little name-dropping, in conclusion, ought to convince the most doubtful that this Festival offers a splendid, international line-up of films. Among the directors we find Truffaut, Forman, Teshigahara and Visconti. And among the award-winning films we find *Diamonds in the Night*, *Walkover*, *The Adventures of Werner Holt*, *Sandra* and *Woman of the Dunes*. In fact, over half of the films listed in the Festival booking form now available, not all of which have been previewed here,

have been awarded some special recognition at international screenings.

The Eighth Adelaide Film Festival promises to be not simply a festival, but a feast of brilliant films selected from the best films of the recent European festivals.

Don't miss this feast. Book now, while the best seats are still available, and later take advantage of the Film Society's subsidy for Union members. Can you think of a better way to spend some of the nights of the May vacation?



FROM "THE ADVENTURES OF WERNER HOLT"

Dylan And The Press Gang

"Y'know, if people'r nice t'me, I'm nice t'them. But if people got somethin' else in the back of their minds, I can destroy 'em!"

So said Mr. Zimmerman, alias Bob Dylan, as he continued mentally vivisectioning his interviewers at the Press Conference in the South Australian Hotel on the day before his concert.

Up until that conference, I had never had any particular thoughts about Dylan or his music. I had heard the man and his music discussed in several quarters. I had heard him damned and deified. And all this simply passed in and out of my mind at the same rate as other apparently superfluous material.

However, when he entered the room in a quietly spectacular fashion, with a flowing retinue of folksy bums, he could be ignored no longer.

A puff of smoke, exhaled from the region of a small pale, bony face, announced the arrival of his diminutive figure, fashionably draped in pin-stripes, corduroy and suede. Dylan gave the impression that he had just spent two or three hours staring at the reflection of his semi-dazed pupils and sagging eyelids in the mirror, and anxiously teasing his hair into the knotted, sweaty mass of curls that now bobbed into sight.

The significantly perceptible silhouette over, lights, cameras and microphones swung into action, and Dylan was speaking . . . or rather mumbling unconcernedly.

My impressions of Dylan were formed in the space of half an hour.

from his handling of the Press, his tone of voice, general attitude and appearance, and can perhaps best be conveyed through quoting a series of comments he made to different members of radio and television staff.

PRESS: What made you decide on this sort of music for your career?

DYLAN: It's all I can do. I can't do anythin' else.

PRESS: We've heard a lot about you protesting about this, that and the other. Naturally you're entitled to say you're not protesting, but your lyrics suggest that there's an air of protest.

DYLAN: Well, if they do . . . they do. If you wanna think they are, I'm not gonna argue.

PRESS: Deep down, you must have convictions about . . .

DYLAN: Nah! Deep down, there's nothin' but guts, intestines.

The reporter had approached Dylan with an air of superiority and proceeded to attempt to rubbish the man by pretending that Dylan could not understand his questions. However, on this occasion, as on all others Dylan was in a position of power and knew it. He was the master in charge. Thus, faced with the opportunity to play with the Press and their inane little questions, he did just that.

He likes playing with words — especially when they can be used to play with people.

He searched for ambiguity in the questions asked him and deliberately misinterpreted them. He feigned ignorance, necessitating the repetition and rephrasing of many questions. And he picked up sentences and threw them back at his interview-

ers, often achieving satisfying results.

PRESS: Success . . . what is it really?

DYLAN: What do you think it is? Are you successful?

PRESS: Well . . . er . . . I'm supposed . . . to be in my own field.

DYLAN: I'm supposed t' be in my field too.

PRESS: What is it . . . money or something? . . . I don't know.

DYLAN: What do you think? I wanna hear your words.

PRESS: All right . . . er . . . my words are . . . ah . . . my success is having real satisfaction in the job you're doing. Do you agree?

DYLAN: I agree . . . well . . . I agree I guess . . . Yeah. You said it — I didn't.

On some occasions, when someone stumbled across something that interested him, he would perhaps take the matter seriously, as when he was asked as to how, precisely, did he write his poetry, Dylan said, "I write the same way I drink a glass of water. You know, if you're thirsty, you drink a glass of water. If you're hungry, you eat. That's how I write."

And yet, some time later, when faced with the same question . . .

PRESS: When you actually write a song, do you sit down and think what you're writing, or do you just go ahead and write?

DYLAN: I've answered that question for the television cameras.

PRESS: Er . . . we weren't here then . . . Could you repeat it?

DYLAN: Watch it on television.

PRESS: This is radio . . . We wondered if you'd like . . .

DYLAN: Look! I answered it on television.

One couldn't help feeling that the Press were unimpressed. They were also embarrassed and hurt to a certain extent . . . that is, if their 'ers' and 'ahs' and sudden blushes were any indication.

And yet, on the other hand, I'm sure he was justified in his action. He doesn't care about his image particularly. He doesn't really need to. When asked whether he liked money, he replied, "Yeh. I don't dislike makin' money." And again, in reply to the question, "What do you want to do with your money?" he said, "I wanna do all the great things you're supposed to do with it. I can't spend it all. I don't know what t' spend it on."

Dylan is extremely perceptive, with a weird sense of humor. He is certainly not dumb, though he may be immature in many ways, in his blatant display of selfishness and in the way he inadvertently revealed himself through his attempts to hide, and to confuse the Press.

During one brief outburst, in answer to a question bearing on his early life and his opinion of teenagers today, Dylan said, "I never was a teenager. I never played football, basketball, soccer. I never was at trackmeets. I never got good grades at school. I never was in the Honours Society. I never graduated in high degrees. I never took an interest in anything." His tone of voice could have been interpreted as regretful and bitter, or defiant. It didn't matter. He didn't care.

I liked Bob. I couldn't help it. The Press conference was a ludicrous and tedious affair, and in my opinion he handled it with skill.

Looking back on the man, on his poetry and music, I have to agree with his words, "I happen to be a very good singer, sir!"

DYLAN: THE FALLEN IDOL

by W. K. Parish

Ever since Bob Dylan walked onto the stage at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival to demonstrate for the first time in public his new invention "folk-rock", there has been a major split in his legions of followers throughout the world.

On the one hand it is argued that this sort of psycho-dramatic blank verse poetry set to the driving beat of rhythm and blues indicates the true direction in which folk music is now destined.

Many eminent critics have rallied to Dylan's cause — Paul Nelson for example, one time editor of Sing Out, blasted the Newport audience (who booed Dylan off the stage after only three numbers) for attacking him over "something as superficially silly as an electric guitar . . . for choosing suffocation over invention and adventure" (Nelson went on to stake his critical reputation that he was right).

FALLEN IDOL

To many, however, it seems that Dylan, the finest of all contemporary song writers and singers, had fallen from his throne. To them, "folk-rock" is not very good "rock" and rather shocking "folk".

Josh Dunstan, another prominent American folk music commentator said of the new Dylan ". . . musically, he has utilised one rock and roll cliché after another. True, his side men can keep a beat, but there is no soul in the music . . . and when the words do come through they don't mean very much." ("Sing out" Vol. 15, No. 6.)

Both sides have valid arguments, but it is undisputed that Dylan is no longer a latter day Woody Guthrie. He has stopped singing, talking blues and causes — peace or civil rights. He travels by plane, admits to having a lot

of money and is intent on making a whole lot more; he has discarded the sheep-skin coat and jeans image for high-heeled shoes and high-style clothes from Europe.

As a Dylan fan from way back it was, then, with considerable trepidation that I went to see him at the Palais last week. The first half — nothing startling, not bad; Dylan, looking bored and ignoring the audience, singing the more obscure numbers from his repertoire (with the notable exceptions of "Good-bye, Baby Blue" and "Desolation Row") and accompanying himself on guitar and harmonica.

DISCOTHEQUE

However, when I came back from a quick drag at interval, I thought perhaps that I had accidentally stumbled into some gigantic discotheque or a Friday night Princeton Club.

Dylan was hopping around like an animated marionette, three electrified guitars were screaming, an electric organ and piano thumping and a greasy-haired rocker pounded the drums. All that was missing was an army of screaming pubescent females.

True, it was an exciting sound, but as Dylan wriggled his little bottom around the stage and the amplifying system shook the walls, it was noticeable that the applause had definitely cooled and many embittered persons were leaving.

In fact, only the spectacle of Dylan enjoying himself so much and some rather hot piano work by an unnamed member of the Dylan Contingent stopped me from joining them.

"Rumour is", I read in the programme afterwards, "the



Photo courtesy News

purists are grumbling and sulking about the electric guitars and about the obscurity of some of the lyrics, but can they really be listening?"

I don't consider myself a purist (or, for that matter, any real authority on folk music) but I listened hard, honest I did, but all I could hear were occasional snatches of words from somewhere between the electric organ and the bass guitar.

Yes, Paul Nelson, I am one of those damning Dylan for something as "superficially silly" as an electric guitar. Dylan's greatest fault — his overwhelming selfishness —

● Continued on Page 10

DYLAN: THE LIVING POET

by Justine

Impertinent in conversation, boorish in manners, Bob Dylan was magnificent on stage.

For a full 2½ hours, Dylan kept a hushed and attentive audience in the Palais Royal.

For a full 2½ hours he sang poetry of a dreamlike and unreal nature.

He talked of mankind, how it thinks, feels and acts.

Often he made man look like a puppet, he made the individualist look ridiculous, he made intellectuals look fools.

ETHNIC FEAST

The first half of the show was a feast for his ethnic followers.

He devoted this half to his old-style, the style that made him great and made the critics call him 'genius'.

With his harmonica wired over his shoulders, he strummed his guitar, and looked distractedly to his right as he sang.

But the ethnics got a shock at the second half of the show when Dylan was joined by two guitarists, an aggressive drummer, a pianist and an organist.

Clutching his electric guitar, Dylan shouted his poetry over the thunderous rock band, bounding around the stage to the beat of the music.

He was like a child with a new toy.

He didn't quite know what to do next. He harmonised with another guitarist, danced a little, tried another number on the piano and danced a little more.

Occasionally as he stood in front of the microphone he would draw one leg sensually up against the other, and one would wait for the pubescent girls to scream.

But there were no screams and whistles. For he was a rocker of a different school.

His audience was not a mob of screaming fans, tearing their hair with the passion of the music.

They were a subdued group of all ages, listening to the poetry of Dylan, oblivious to the presentation.

SURREALISTIC

They were neither insulted by his obvious boredom in the first half, nor disturbed by the volume of his backing sound in the second half.

They listened intently to his every word — his surrealist images, his incongruity of thought, his biting witticisms, his snide comments at aspects of human behaviour. Nothing did they miss.

But there were the few who made their disapproval clearly felt.

"Bring on the Go Go girls" was one cry that went up from members of the audience, when Dylan appeared with his greasy-haired backing group.

"And he calls himself a folk singer" was another comment from a disgusted middle aged couple as they stormed back up the aisle.

Throughout the 'folk-rock' part of the performance the sound of footsteps heading towards the exit was clearly audible.

They were the ethnics, outraged by a rock and roll medium being used to convey the words of Dylan.

They were the traditional folkies, who had never dreamt that poetry could be conveyed with noise.

And they were insulted that Dylan had 'had them on' by changing his image from a subdued 'protest singer' to a protesting rock singer.

SPOILT BRAT?

It may be true that Dylan has been and is still having us all on.

He has made his money from the public, and he can afford to sit back and ridicule their unquestioning worship.

He in fact cares little for

● Continued on Page 9

The Trojan Women

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild is doing its first play since the Festival in the last week of this term. It will be Euripides' war tragedy "THE TROJAN WOMEN", which opens on Monday, May 9, and closes on the following Saturday. For the second successive time, the Guild has imported noted producer-actor-writer Peter O'Shaughnessy to produce a play for them.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy promoted Barry Humphries in Melbourne in 1958, and was pleasantly startled by the enthusiastic response. He has led his own theatre group in Melbourne for eight years, and has acted with highly esteemed companies in England and Ireland. In Dublin he first performed *Diary of a Madman*, which he adapted from Gogol, and with which he was later to tour Australia.

I was curious as to how Mr. O'Shaughnessy managed to stay so busy here, in a land where there is obviously little theatrical opportunity. He assured me that it was the diversity of his activities, being producer, actor, writer and promoter at different times, or various combinations of these at the same time, which has allowed him to remain in Australia. Less ingenious Australians, it seems, must go to, and remain in England.

The general public is inclined to say of such a man as Peter O'Shaughnessy, "He's been in Melbourne for a long time — he couldn't be that good." So he must play the game according to those rules, and move about from state to state, and occasionally overseas, letting absence make the public's heart grow fonder.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy was impressed by a London production of *The Trojan Women* as the best theatrical protest against war that he had seen. The play naturally has much relevance to us in this respect

because we are now partly responsible for many of the horrors which at this moment are taking place in Vietnam.

Before Euripides wrote *The Trojan Women* he had been deeply shocked by the siege and capture by his fellow Athenians of a little island called Melos, the massacre of all its adult men and the enslavement of the women and children. The island's only crime was that it refused to surrender its neutrality to support Athens in its war with Sparta. *The Trojan Women* parallels this theme. Homer's Greece, when it conquered Troy, enslaved the women, making them whores to the Greek princes. The play deals with some of these women and the horrors they endure. Gilbert Murray, the Euripidean translator, writes of the play, "slowly, reflectively, with little stir of the blood, we are made to look at the great glory, until we see not the glory at all but shame and blindness and a world swallowed up in night."

Mr. O'Shaughnessy intends to present an account of the enslavement of Melos, on which the play is loosely based, in the form of a moral argument, the Melian dialogues of Thucydides. This will serve as a prologue to *The Trojan Women*, in which the Greeks enslave the women of Troy with the same power-based, and horrifying, carelessness of human right and dignity.

by Stephen Ramsay

Peter O'Shaughnessy will avoid methods used in the above-mentioned London production, which presented the play with a clear and simple formalism in its clean sets and uniform chorus. The Adelaide production will be more 'realistic', in the vein of Brecht's social realism. The sets will be unevenly textured, conveying an atmosphere of physical and moral decay, and the chorus will be multi-form, its members acting more independently of the whole. Ian Mooney, who is designing the sets, has worked in Jan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop at Stafford East, London, where Miss Littlewood's Brechtian social protest productions will surely help. Mr. Mooney achieves a similar concept in this one.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's production in the Union Hall, stage-directed by one of the best stage-directors in Australia, Miss Anne McLeod, stars Mari Tomasetti as Hecuba, and the talented Gordon McDougal as Talthybius, supported by Carmel Millhouse, June Ball, Audrey Sterne, Brian Coughlan and Chorus. It will be something I shall look forward to. You too.

Workout With A Big Cat



Photo courtesy Advertiser

One of the numerous projects undertaken for the Work-Out was at East Adelaide Primary School. The school had a block of land that needed clearing for a playing area, and having seen the area it was decided that a bulldozer would be a marvellous help. Mr. Crane has no connections with the University, but when he was rung up and asked to help he did not hesitate. He lent us his time, drivers and a 'cat' — all for free. So anyone, if you want a reliable, helpful driver and bulldozer, see Mr. F. A. Crane.

TO FAREWELL FEUDALISM

It is about time that all rational Australians recognise the necessity for this country to break the old feudalistic bonds which tie it to a bygone age. Australia, if she is to be recognised in her own right by other countries, must develop her own traditions and culture rather than depend on those of the United Kingdom. How must the many Continental European migrants feel when they discover that they have transported themselves and their families not to a progressive, modern-thinking country but to one that is bound down by the traditions of a European country not always popular with the migrants.

Australians must face facts. Firstly, a purely materialistic one is that Australia's axis of trade is shifting inevitably to the "Pacific Basin" particularly Japan which is Australia's largest wool customer. Unless we change our ideas (and, purely by the by, the preferential tariff) these countries may be alienated. Secondly, Australia offends her non-British migrants by forcing those who wish to become naturalised to swear allegiance to a British Royal Family and by calling them British subjects and not Australian citizens. In fact, there is no such thing as an Australian citizen — he is a natural born British subject or a naturalised British subject. Yet politicians wonder that so few seek naturalisation!

ANTHEMLESS

Another irksome fact is that Australia has no national anthem. When our athletes win gold medals at Olympics the band plays "God Save the Queen." How would Britons react if, in similar circumstances, the German national anthem was played for a British win? After all, the Anglo-Saxons came from Germany.

On Australia Day or Anzac Day one looks at the flagpoles in the city to see that half at least are flying the Union Jack. To remind us of our past traditions and heritage? Surely the Union Jack in the top left hand corner (which is, apparently, there to stay) of the Australian flag should be sufficient for that.

As far as one can make out the cause of this can be laid at the doorstep of the famous Australian apathy. The average Briton could not give a damn whether Australians fly the Union Jack or Australian cinemas play God Save the Queen, and neither apparently could the average Australian citizen — Sorry! British subjects resident in Australia!

RUSSIA TRIP?

Recently, Mr. Geoffrey Dutton had the unspeakable gall to utter sentiments similar to these and the Monarchists became hysterical. Brig. Eastick, livid with rage, said that Mr. Dutton should be transported to Russia "where per-

haps he would get the sort of treatment he deserves". Others wrote to the Press stating that the Crown is the symbol of freedom.

Not freedom of speech or opinion, apparently, to Brig. Eastick's mind.

DIE FOR WHOM

Brig. Eastick went on to say that "many thousands of Australians have died for Royalty". Australians may have "fought for Royalty" in the Boer War and perhaps World War I but not in World War II and certainly not in Korea, and to say that Australians are fighting for Royalty in Vietnam is just too absurd. But perhaps this impression is the fault of the Army for when one takes the form and signs on the dotted line, there is a lot about the Queen and her successors but the words Australia or Australian are not mentioned.

This is a quote from a letter published in *The News* (19/4/66) "To state the Queen is British not Australian... is an affront to all those who sacrificed their all in World Wars I and II and Korea and who now face the challenge of Vietnam." Walk down the street and ask anyone whether the Queen is British or Australian and see what answers are forthcoming. Perhaps Brig. Eastick would find that an admirable way to celebrate Anzac Day (in between counting Union Jacks).



The main obstacles to overcome are the Great Australian Apathy, people (like Brig. Eastick and Sir Robert Menzies) who refuse to face reality on the subject and who live in the past, and people (often politicians) on the look out for that odd MBE or Knight of the Thistle or even Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports (if they're lucky).

I suggest the coming elections should be fought not on the issue of conscription, but on Australian citizenship for the 11 million British subjects resident in Australia. Short of that we could form the Australian Republican Army and stage a rebellion next Easter! Oh, for a nice clean War of Independence!
TONY CAMILLERI.

Dylan: The Living Poet

Continued from Page 8

his public. He says and does exactly what he wants. Perhaps this is because he is an individualist, with his way out clothes and blunt and insolent manner, or perhaps it could be that he is just a spoilt little boy.

But either way, his followers care little.

He is Dylan.

He was the first of the so-called 'Protest singers'. He introduced what soon became a rage, commenting on the evils of human self-destruction.

But after this had caught on, it seems that Dylan soon bored with it. He found it old hat.

So he moved to something different.

He revolutionised folk singing, by swinging it.

Just as classical music fans were shocked at jazz, so the folk music fans were shocked at folk-rock.

But doubtless it will soon catch on, or fall into oblivion. Indications are that it will catch on, for Dylan's latest record, folk-rock predominating, has sold like hot cakes in city sores.

Dylan has been called a genius so many times now that it must bore him.

He has been awarded literary prizes for his poetry.

He has earned money and acclaim.

But the genius of Dylan still remains a mystery to many.

His voice is rough and tuneless, his guitar playing is only passable, his harmonica is played with agile contortions of the lip and neck, but without melody and his music is often repetitive.

DYLAN THE POET

His only real claim to fame seems then to be his poetry.

This is neither academic nor lyrical. It is a strange combination of rhyme, rhythm and thought.

It is perhaps this latter, the thought of Dylan that has given him his claim to fame.

He is imaginative. One could never say creative, for his songs mainly comprise comments of life, or hypothetical states of life.

NARCOTIC TRANCE

A prevalent quality in his poetry is the surrealist feeling that one gets under a light dose of narcotics.

There are many reports that Dylan, in fact is partial to the odd drug or two.

According to one report from a member of a band who has played with Dylan, he is well and truly addicted to the mildest of drugs, marijuana.

But regardless of whether this is so or not, it is certainly fair enough to say that his poetry suggests the dreams of a narcotics trance.

This is not a bad thing, for this state can bring about the most startling originality and poetic awareness.

"Desolation Row" is a song which epitomises this.

In this song, Dylan describes "Einstein dressed up as Robin Hood", bumming cigarettes, sniffing drainpipes and reciting the alphabet.

He also describes Ophelia whose "sin was her lifelessness".

One can see in his songs, the contrast of profundity and absurdity.

Whilst he sends up, he comments.

The idea of Einstein descending to the grade of a bum in fancy dress is ludicrous, but whilst Dylan makes this suggestion, he could also be commenting on the transience of greatness, or the inevitable fall of the famous.

His songs could be interpreted in a variety of ways. This is one of the beauties of them.

So while he may not be a genius, or an intellectual, he is undoubtedly a living poet, whose ideas shall remain, if not in the minds of many, in mine at least.



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Pierrot Says . . .

LET'S COMMUNICATE

You've seen them standing — drab, grey, dirty often, lifeless driftwood waiting, waiting among the echoes in the railway station. And, no doubt, you've thought what useless lumps of humanity they are, how unimaginative, uninspiring, uninspired; in fact, what wastage of good lives. You've dismissed them from your thoughts, confident that in those thoughts they find no place, comfortable in the knowledge that even if they heard your thoughts they would never understand.

Or swaying, strangled-staring from the straps in buses, hang yet more blank figures on their way to work among the window-frosted mornings, and you've thought just how dull they are, and how conformist, no part of your exciting world. With a prediction that they like TV, stews, Sunday drives and plastic flowers, your curiosity stops dead.

So we, the intellectual cream of the population, discuss our politics and academic theories, ponder on the higher mysteries of religious experience, sink our bathtubs in the Torrens, organise a protest, all secure within the wall of esoteric university life. Because our parents or the workers or the clerks cannot or will not talk our language, we become more insular, finding solace and enjoyment only in our kind, believing all the others certainly different, probably inferior, members of the species.

And our attitude is natural and normal, hence right, because so rarely do we know what other people are thinking, and even if we did, we wouldn't want to know about their kids and Holdens and how you have to put a piece of paper behind the geraniums on the mantelpiece to stop the hairspray getting on the mirror because it isn't clear like the ad. says. And we talk about Barry Humphries being such a scream and so clever, and many of us never realise, throughout our tin-plated little lives just how similar we all are.

When, for example, that grimy, ill-shaven, open-collared chain-smoker mutters over his kit-bag to his travelling companion on the 5.15 that Holt's a stupid bastard, we so easily think how typical of uninformed unionist opinion, and fail to see that what the man is really saying, and what his friend understands him to mean, is that he's on \$50 a week, one of his three kids has got polio, his wife's pregnant again, the car needs new tyres and his widowed bitch of a mother-in-law lives in because she can't get a job. He blames anyone but himself, and preferably someone far enough away not to hear — he blames his hating-pole, synonymous with bad luck — he blames Mr. Holt.

If he ever said that to many of our fathers, he'd nearly have a fight on his hands because, as a contrasting example, our fathers might say that Labor's a mob of socialist bastards; we pity them, and think it's no wonder we can't talk to our parents when they're obviously so small-minded and prejudiced. But what men like our fathers mean is that they were brought up in the depression and have struggled hard to save their kids from experiencing the same wants, have often made of their family a religion, for whom they worked long hours to build up a practice or profession or business and now the local Labor Government is having the effect of restricting liquidity, hence these men can't get the capital they need for expansion to make more profits to secure their family from economic insecurity when they retire or die. And so they blame Labor because socialism to them is contrary to the self-help, free-enterprise Bible they had to learn and now know off by heart.

You may well think that all this is very windy and self-evident, but so far we're only half the way: having understood the need to translate the shorthand jargon of one form or another in which everyone talks, only then can we see how similar our experiences are, particularly on the emotional level. When we deride the obsession among suburbanites to acquire the latest automatic 25 inch pink-strip non-flick TV set with a varnished blondewood slim-line cabinet, we cannot see that the desire to own a Nolan original, Osborne-framed, or a Chinese rug is often part of the same urge, transmitted through different values, to both secure and translate our economic or artistic status in material terms. We refuse to see that the creativity which may cause poetry to be written is similar to the creativity in a different form which prompts the proverbial housewife to spend hours in a dingy backyard to grow a row of glorious glads.

No, this is not an exhortation to believe in "Brotherhood of Man" or "loving your neighbour", it's aimed merely at pointing out the difficulties that we, and most other sections of the community, have in communicating with each other, and at showing the arrogance and intolerance which characterises our relations with these different people because of our mutual failure not only to "see the other bloke's point of view", but also to appreciate its common emotional basis with our own. Once all that's realised, then you can decide whether you want to love the riff-raff at the station, or your parents, or the grey-suit clerks in buses as much as you love yourself, and, more exactly, why.

The Fallen Idol

Continued from Page 8

has at last brought about his downfall; he doesn't give a hoot what people think of him (this explains his blatant hypocrisy over his "protest" songs, the unconventional way of singing to start off with, his extraordinary hair-do and now, the way he blasts an audience with rock and then seems to start defiantly out across the footlights saying, "This IS me now — take it or bloody-well leave it").

As he showed in the first half, he is still a very fine "straight" folk singer. He also remains the greatest of the modern folk song writers. However, his "folk-rock", to my mind, comes a poor second to the Stones, the Beatles and the Righteous Brothers in pure sound appeal.

POETRY

"What about the poetry in his songs?" the faithful cry. Dylan has been called a counterpart of Yevtushenko, a poet in the style of Brecht and Weill, a modern Dylan Thomas (from whom he took his name). Evan McColl, however, has likened his blank verse to "elderly female school-teachers in Greek tunics rolling hoops across lawns at weekend theatre camps".

For a serious study of his poetry, I would recommend that students purchase one of his albums and read it on the back, for it is obviously impossible to concentrate above the roar of a rocker band. English I students would perhaps like to unravel the following verse from:

"Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man"
 "Take me disappearin'
 through the smoke rings
 of my mind
 "Down the foggy ruins of
 time far past the frozen
 leaves
 "The haunted, sheltered trees
 out to the windy beach
 far from the twisted reach
 of crazy sorry
 "Yes, to dance beneath the
 diamond sky with one
 hand wavin'
 "Silhouetted by the sea,
 circled by the circus
 sands,
 "Drivin' memory and fate
 beneath the waves
 "Let me forget about today
 until tomorrow."
 I leave it to you!

BEHIND THE TIMES



The News, on Tuesday 3/5/66, printed a large story (about one short paragraph) about busts which had appeared in On Dit on 20/4/66.

They missed the point, too.



"OH YES — NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN A BROAD BETWEEN THE SHEETS! WON'T YOU COME IN, MISS — ?



VERMOUTH
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on-the-rocks

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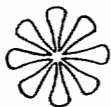
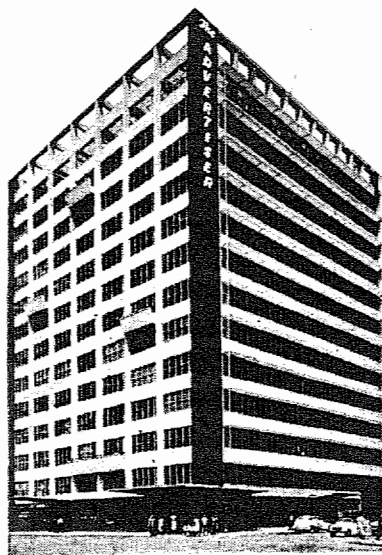
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SPORT SHORTS



RUGBY

University As, after a great win against Elizabeth 39-11 two weeks ago, came out and won the big one against Old Collegians last Saturday. In a high standard, vigorous game, the Uni. combination looked fitter and had better teamwork than their opponents to run out comfortable winners, 20-3. Uni.'s close checking and fierce tackling unsettled the Collegians' backs, whose fumbling led to defeat. This convincing victory clearly established University as the team to beat in Division 1.

To cap off the weekend, it was announced that Uni. player Mick Guerin would lead the State team against the British Lions — a great honour, both for Mick and for the Club. Other University men in the final squad for this match are Jans, Rosewell and Westerman.

April 23 — As defeated Elizabeth 39-11. Best players: S. Hohnen, Rosewell, Jans, Marjoribanks, Horwood, Millar.

April 25 — As defeated Port Adelaide 54-8.

April 30 — As defeated Old Collegians 20-3. Best players: Westerman, Blakeley, Guerin, Kingston, Jans, S. Hohnen; Bs defeated Southern Suburbs 13-6; Cs lost to Old Collegians 18-3.



Photo courtesy News

FOOTBALL

A good win against Semaphore Central steadied the Uni. As, after their surprise loss to Exeter the week before. New full-forward Andy Sangster notched four goals, while Kevin Brenton who was promoted from the Bs to play in the pivot, turned in a great debut to be best for the Blacks. Johnny Woodburn continued his great start to the season. Other results were mediocre — the Cs and Ds both went down, leaving the Bs, who won well but not brilliantly from Seaton Ramblers, as the only Uni. team to win all three matches so far.

An eighth team will be in action from next week. The Hs will be in Grade A5, led by the dynamic Dinks.

April 23 — As lost to Exeter 10-8 to 9-8. Best players: Woodburn, Greger-son, G. Muecke, A. Sangster, Blake, Grierson; Bs defeated Teachers' College 7-8 to 7-7.

April 30 — As defeated Semaphore Central 11-11 to 5-6. Best players: Brenton, Woodburn, Morton, Jay, Edgley, Parkin; Bs defeated Seaton Ramblers 13-20 to 8-12; Cs lost to Alberton United 11-7 to 8-10; Ds lost to Semaphore Central 6-5 to 3-4; Es defeated Seaton Ramblers 12-5 to 2-7; Fs defeated Alberton United 7-16 to 3-4; Gs defeated Wattle Park 8-11 to 8-7.

SOCCER

The As lost again in Third Division, going down to Modbury 4-2, which was the same score as when it lost to Mitcham the week before.

However, a depleted Uni. team were unlucky to only draw with South Adelaide in a knockout cup tie on Anzac Day.

April 23 — As lost to Mitcham 4-2.

April 25 — Cup Tie — As drew with South Adelaide 2-2. Best players: Koukourou, Iwaniw, Neill.

April 30 — As lost to Modbury 4-2.

Bs lost to Modbury 2-1; Cs lost to Port Adelaide 2-0.

MEN'S HOCKEY

After a surprise loss to Brighton the week before, University As sprung a surprise in their favour with an impressive win in a hard-fought match against Port Adelaide. An inspired second half gave Uni. their victory. The other teams made it a clean sweep for the students.

April 23 — As lost to Brighton 2-1. Best players: Phillis, Iverson, Thomson, Giblin.

April 30 — As defeated Port Adelaide 3-2. Best players: Mitchell, Iverson, Freak, Giblin; Bs defeated Brighton 3-2; Cs defeated Elizabeth 6-0; Ds defeated Graduates 2-1.

BASEBALL

The A team went down to Woodville, whose pitcher restricted Uni. to one hit. This left them seventh on the premiership table with one win, two losses and a draw.

April 23 — As drew with Sturt 7-7.

April 25 — As defeated Goodwood 6-4.

April 30 — As lost to Woodville 9-0; Bs lost to Woodville 9-3; Cs lost to Centrals 14-4; Ds lost to Western Teachers 7-2; Es defeated Glenelg 14-6; Es lost to Enfield 5-4.

LACROSSE

Although going down to new premiership threat East Torrens 17-8, the University As continued to look a good side. The week before, East Torrens had beaten Sturt, 1965 premiers, 23-10.

April 23 — As defeated Brighton 21-7.

April 30 — As lost to East Torrens 17-8; Bs defeated Glenelg 22-8; Cs lost to East Torrens 25-0.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

April 23 — As lost to Garville 25-21.

April 30 — As defeated ATC 55-26; Bs lost to Tango 52-16.

SET FOR SURFERS PARADISE

by Perry Nolan

After two years of unofficial existence, the Adelaide University Water Ski Club is now an affiliated body of the Sports Association. Apart from the obvious aim of skiing for pleasure, the club does plan to train teams to compete in both local competition and the Inter-Varsity competition.

BOAT HOPES

At present the club has to rely on the hire of speed boats and so because of the expense, a charge of 50c per quarter hour skiing must be levied on skiers. However, it is hoped that the club will eventually own its own speed boat, thus reducing the running costs of the club, not to mention the added convenience.

The Club at present has only 70 members, so if any person is interested in joining they are asked to pay \$1 membership fee either at the Sports Association Office or at any of the club's ski-days.

BARMERA WEEK

This year two ski-days have been held, both on the Patawolonga boat haven. The next function planned is a ski-week at Barmera to be held from Monday, May 16 to Friday, May 20. Any person who wishes to attend this week is asked to contact Peter Freeman at 63 2417 as soon as

Women's Basketball

by Ballbird

'Cheesed Off'

The Women's Basketball Club, otherwise the cream of University femininity, turned a little sour in the face of defeat in the opening matches.

The As met Garville whom they had narrowly beaten in the semi-finals last year for the first time that season. The president of the S.A. Umpires Association, Mavis Buckingham, had promptly appointed herself as "neutral" umpire of that match in which she had an overt and one-eyed interest since she was also University coach. Thus the thwarted Garville girls were rolling their eyes, gnashing their teeth and filing their nails!

United, under the leadership of Trish Bonnin (fortuitously coaxed from fretful retirement), the Uni. team swept immediately into attack and stouped the upstarts! But unfortunately a match does not end at half-time, University just thought it did.

WAXING LYRICAL

In the third quarter, the team floundered helplessly with about as much drive and direction as their pseudopodan forebears. This applied particularly to the torpid forward line where a mish-mash of players jumped fitfully up and down to the scream of a whistle while the ball was hurled haphazardly hither and yon and but rarely through the goal circle. The final score of 21-25 indicates

possible. People interested are also invited to go up for a day of two if they are unable to stay the whole five days. Bear in mind that we are interested in people at all stages of skiing ability.

The 1966 Intersvarsity is to be held at Surfers Paradise Gardens in the middle week of the May vacation. The team will be selected during the

May ski-week, and any persons who slalom, trick and jump are urged to attend this week if they wish to represent Adelaide University. Two years ago Adelaide University won the competition with Robert and Peter Freeman (both of whom represented the State in the National titles), we expect to repeat that effort this year.

Photo courtesy News

ROWING

by Perry Nolan

Ready For Intersvarsity

After more than two months of confusion, the 1966 Intersvarsity VIII is, at last, showing signs of becoming a crew. The training squad, hampered by sickness, breaking equipment, and people being unable to decide if they have time to row or not, has now been reduced by elimination to nine members.

These members are: R. Elleway, R. Nicholls, B. Southcott, P. Nolan, J. Sidgely, R. Walker, G. Minuzzo, D. Clayton and R. Hume. The only settled member of the crew is A. Johnson the cox. Only three of those in the squad rowed in senior competition this year, and so it can be seen that the club lacks one of the most important elements — experience.

SENIORS LOST

The apparent loss of interest in rowing by three senior oarsmen of the club is a serious blow to their crew; because of their experience (all three rowed King's Cup in 1965) the always needed steadiness may have been achieved if they had rowed.

However, because of the keenness of those actually in the squad, the final crew promises to be very fast. All members are not afraid of hard work, and this is one of the main factors in a three mile race.

Mr. H. Morphett, the controversial new senior coach of the club is pressing his ability to coach and train a crew. He is assisted by Mr. F. Bonnin and Mr. P. Cudmore. Any coach who can take a poor junior crew (which was the start two months ago) and develop them into a fast senior crew is worthy of great praise. Mr. Morphett has captured the confidence of those training under him, and this is one of the most difficult tasks of a coach.

NEW EIGHT

Early next week this club expects to take delivery of a new eight and a set of oars — so that the constant delay caused this year by faulty old equipment will be stopped. At present the squad is in the ridiculous situation of not having a complete set of oars and is rowing with a collection of different-shaped blades to make up a set of eight.

The new eight, the first of its kind in South Australia, is a modified Italian design with adjustable riggers and slides, and will be a section boat. It is only 58 feet long (instead of the "usual" 62 feet), thus reducing the wetted area. This, together with an improved hull design, is reputed to increase the possible speed of the boat.

Thus, with the new equipment, if the crew improves at the rate it has been, it is expected that the Adelaide University crew offer a serious challenge for the Oxford and Cambridge cup this year.

I-V AT MANNUM

There will be the 10 universities competing in the Intersvarsity this year, which is to be held at Mannum on May 28. This will make it the largest number of crews ever to compete in all I.V. events — the Eights (over three miles) the Lightweight Fours, and the sculls race (both over 2,000 metres).

Preparation for a race of this kind is a big undertaking, but because of the willingness of most members of the club, the job is being done and it is hoped that we can make the 1966 Intersvarsity as good as other universities have done in the past.

APRIL 23

As lost to Garville 21-25.
Bs drew with Postal, 32-32.
Cs lost to Wattle Park 25-37.
Ds d. Wattle Park 32-15.

FOOTBALL

BLACKS LOSE SKIPPER

by Dinks

Peter Clark, captain of the Blacks for 1966, will not play football again. On Saturday week, against Exeter, he came down on an ankle and sustained a very serious injury. No bones were broken but Clark's doctor has advised him to give up playing football for ever.

In the last issue of On Dit it was reported that Clark was an injury-prone player. Regrettably this statement has been proved correct. A number of reasons have been given for Clark's final breakdown. He was training well and appeared to be fit, but he is a spectacular player who does not protect himself well, and this may have caused his injury.

TEAM WEAKENED

Clark's absence from the captaincy and the team will undoubtedly weaken the Blacks at Intervarsity and for the remainder of the season. Apparently Clark was in two minds about playing football this year. However, the possibility of leading the Blacks and going on Intervarsity in Melbourne in May lured him to play again. It is hoped that he will continue to work for the club on the Management Committee and on the Sports Association Grounds and Finance Committee.

The club's constitution does not provide any machinery for the appointment of a replacement captain or vice captain. But it is expected that Ian Edgley, present vice captain, will become captain,

with Peter Morton as vice captain. It appears that another election will have to be held for the top three playing positions in the club.

SHOCK LOSS

The Blacks started the season brilliantly when they defeated Riverside, 1965 runners-up, by 52 points. However, on Saturday week the Blacks lost to Exeter by one goal in a hard-fought game on University Oval. The Blacks



trailed all day except for a short moment five minutes before the game finished. Exeter lost its opening game for the season against Semaphore

Central, a supposedly weak side this year.

The sudden reversal of form by the Uni. team recalls similar defeats for no apparent reason in previous years. The Blacks can never complain of being understrength because they have enough reserves to field two more AI sides. Coach Greer will have to see to it that the Blacks do not have another season of ups and downs. But it's true that the odd defeat can sharpen a top team, and the As do at times become complacent.

Players to do well so far this season are John "Spider" Gregerson in the ruck, Peter Morton with nine goals in two games at full forward, Woodburn, Geoff Muecke and young Andy Sangster, who played in the As against Exeter after Bob Waltham withdrew from the side. Sangster made the most of the unexpected chance in the A team. The Blacks have a very strong ruck combination in Clapp, Parkin, Gregerson, Waltham and Sangster.

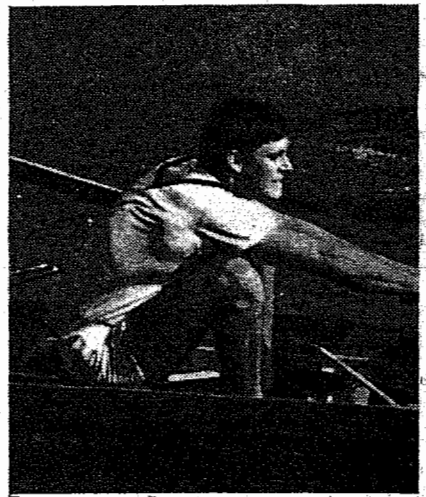
UNDEFEATED

Dennis Dall has the Bs working well with two wins so far. However, if this team wants to play AI next year it will have to improve its football. David Cherry, out with a broken finger, and Johnny Valtenbergs are expected to return to the side soon. And it will not be long before Cherry gets a run in the senior side.

The Cs are the other undefeated side. Trevor Obst, a new recruit playing ruck rover for them, looks set for promotion soon. He is a strong, fearless player of medium height and weight.

The Blacks now have 195 registered players. With so many reserves to call upon the top three sides should have an excellent season. But with Intervarsity and holidays coming up, the Blacks will be understrength during May. This will provide an opportunity for those players who have not had a run as yet to prove themselves.

On Dit Sportsman of the Week



ANDREW RAMSAY

For the fifth issue in succession, the On Dit Sportsman of the Week is a State senior representative in his sport. This week it is 22-year-old Andrew Ramsay, who has, for several years, been a stalwart member of the University Boat Club.

Ramsay, a fourth-year Medical student, has been a member of the University Senior VIII since 1963, including last year's State Senior Champion crew, which was the first Uni. crew to win the title since 1910. He has been in two I-V crews, but due to pressure of work will be unavailable for this year's event, which is to be held at Mannum.

KING'S CUP OARSMAN

His greatest achievement, however, was being selected in the SA King's Cup crew in 1965 and again this year when the crew led for much of the race and finished a close third, to stamp itself as one of this State's best crews in the last thirty years. In both these State crews, Ramsay rowed in the important No. 7 seat.

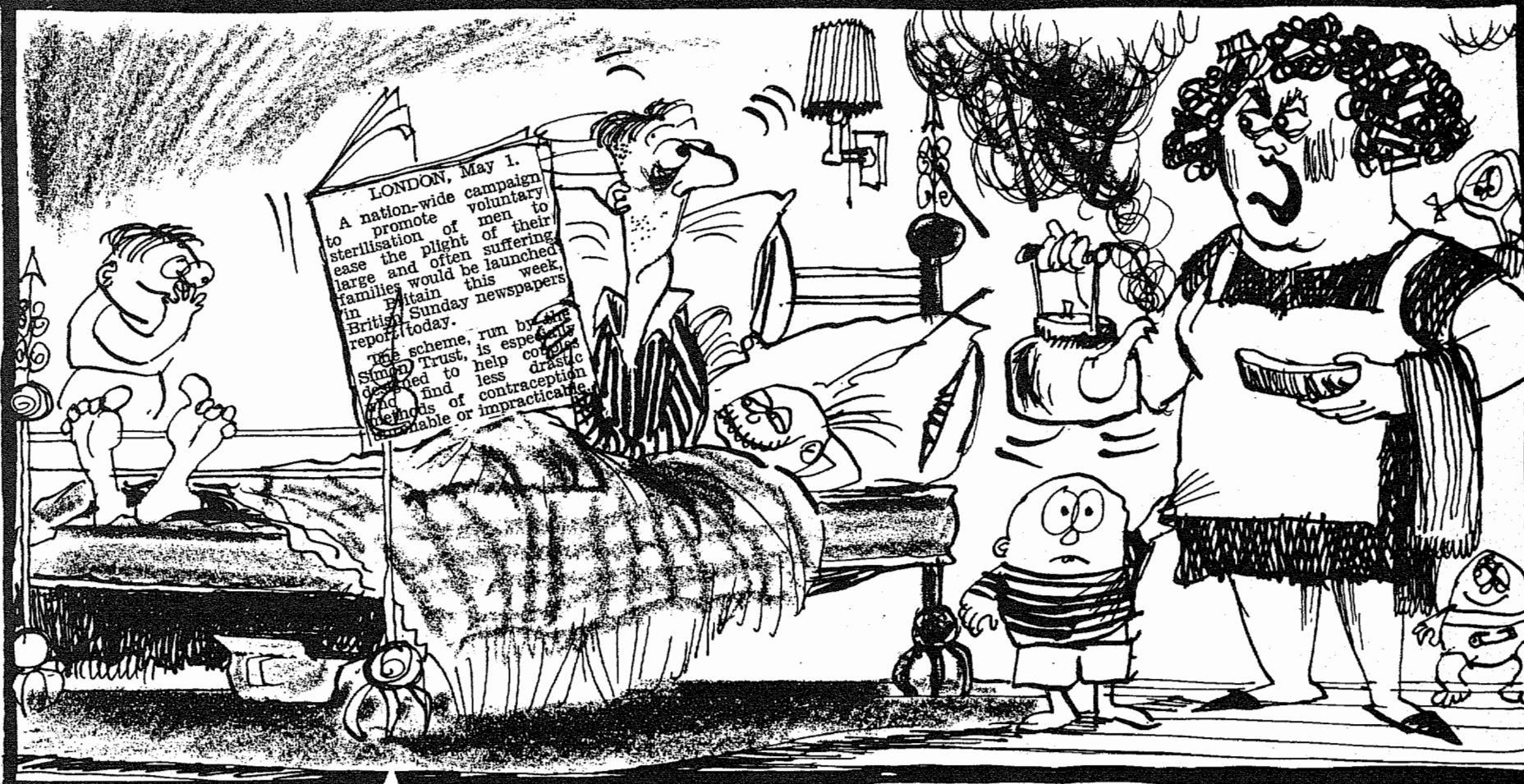
He coaches a schoolboy eight, and has been a member of the Boat Committee for three years.

Provided he can find the time to leave his studies Ramsay, who is one of Uni's most outstanding rowers for many years, seems certain to become a veteran State oarsman.

MEN GET YOUR HAIR OFF.

LEO MALONEY
 MASTER CRAFTSMAN
 HAIRDRESSER
 George Murray Bldg
 Phone - 8 40 am - 5 30 pm
 Uni-extension 403.

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