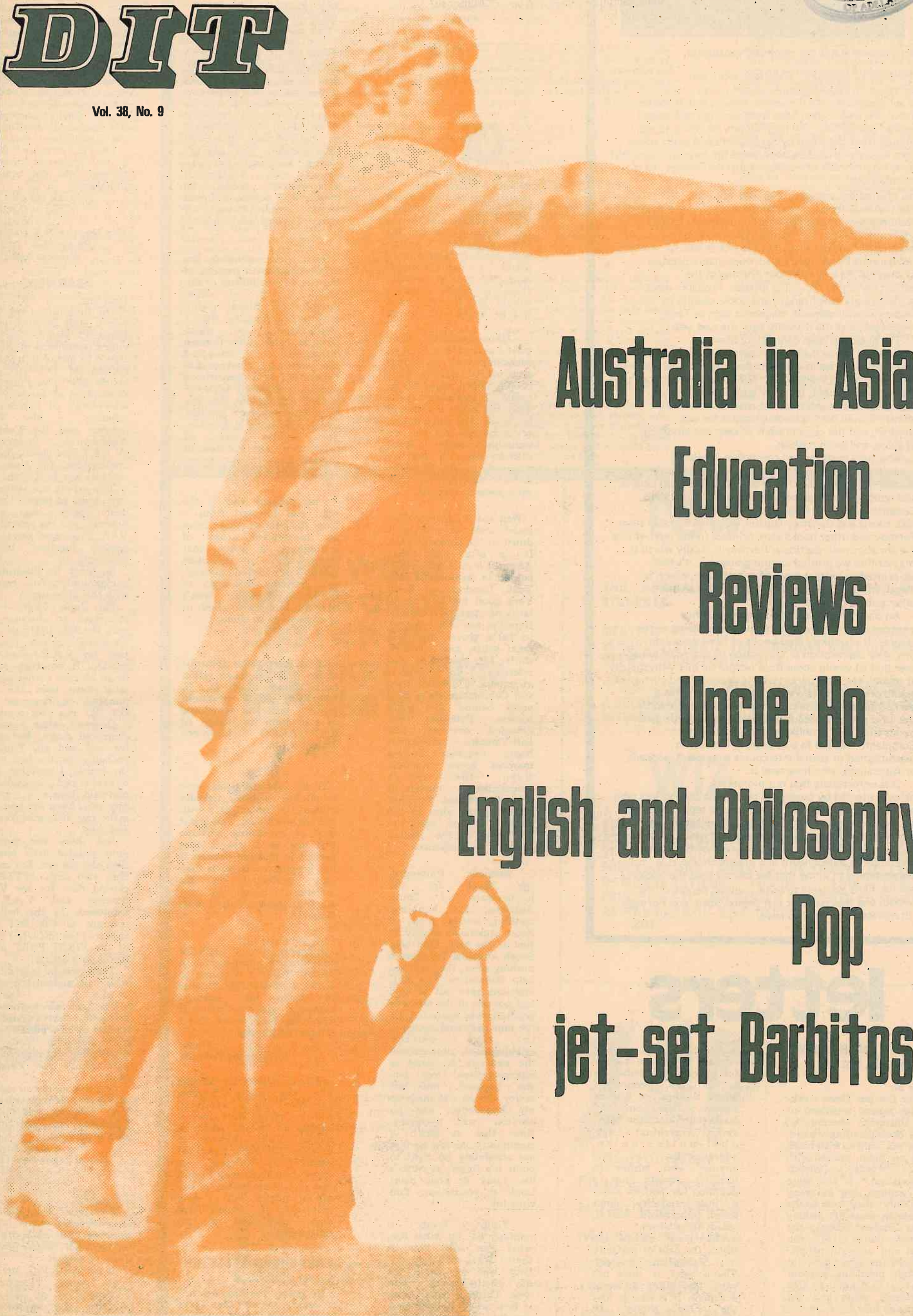


SR
C-2

ON DIT

Vol. 38, No. 9



Australia in Asia

Education

Reviews

Uncle Ho

English and Philosophy

Pop

jet-set Barbitos

Portnoy's Complaint

A statement about the book and censorship.

"Portnoy's Complaint" is a clever satire and comment on middle class American values and society. Much of it has to deal with the Jewish family, and attitudes to sex. Portnoy's complaint is his constant and urgent need to masturbate; and his methods for doing so are unique. He is disturbed by his problem and seeks advice from a psychiatrist. The book takes the form of a constant rambling narration of his life related by Portnoy, to the psychiatrist.

We printed the extract to find out what the reaction would be, and to demonstrate that our copy had been sent through customs undetected. There are probably dozens of copies in Australia, yet one hears of incidents such as the one in which "Winnie the Pooh" was seized presumably because of the title. As expected, our printing of the extract generated only mild interest. Probably most students had never heard of the book, despite its discussion and review in magazines such as Time, Newsweek, and the Bulletin, over the past year.

The book has been completely banned in Australia. Nevertheless, this particular copy was sent from America in a plain brown paper parcel and went through customs unmolested. The customs and censors are getting more lenient, but they are still inept and inconsistent. For instance, the customs recently seized "Fun in Bed" a book of games for sick children, and the censors seem to keep out anything of value, and let in rubbish.

Why have customs and censorship if banned books and films can get into Australia; are reviewed, quoted from, discussed freely amongst interested people, and nobody is ever prosecuted? Witness "Australia's Censorship Crisis" by our two local intellectuals Max Harris and Geoffrey Dutton, in which extracts from Portnoy and other books were printed. In the light of this the stir about our particular Portnoy is hardly worth it. It's not that we printed anything obscene; it's that we printed an extract from a banned book, which is illegal. In that case Max and Geoffrey and several other publications would go also.

An obscene publication is one which "has a tendency to deprave and corrupt," according to the censors. It is unlikely that books or films would do this. Any depravation or corruption of character (whatever that is) would come from people we mix with socially, at school, etc. Any person who is depraved and corrupted would probably have a weak character receptive to wicked suggestions; so presumably he is corrupted by the lurid personal accounts of crime and sex life given by his friends. It is unlikely that "Portnoy's Complaint" has led to a noticeable increase in masturbation or sexual intercourse amongst Americans, or Australians, who have read it.

It is unfortunate that our morals are being protected by crusty old politicians and censors who have an immature and outmoded moral sense. What they decree runs counter to what most of the people want. It would be ideal if we could see hear and speak, all the evil we wanted to; what books we read or films we see should be an independent and private choice. It is disheartening to know that we cannot read the books or see the films available to other civilised people of the world, and that we rank just behind Spain and Portugal in repressive censorship laws.

EDS.

letters

"SMASH IMPERIALISM" No. No. Not that.

Dear Sir,
For the last three weeks or so, several members of the University community, have been parading around, little red badges, with black fists on them, headed with the words "Smash Imperialism." If this were not enough, last Saturday (4th July) they took to the streets in mass (?) making nasty noises about the United States. Oh, you cruel and uncouth people. Haven't the Americans got enough problems without this too! Is it noble to kick somebody when he's got his hands full?

No don't smash Imperialism, if you want to smash something smash Materialism. Now there would be a cause, that

people could rally to and support. Here there is scope for everyone. Whether he be an Arts, Economics, Social Studies, or Science student. Here our red feathered friend, the black swans (Anarchists) Clergy, anti-pollutionist, educationalist, in fact anyone who wishes to improve society has a common foe. So how about a little audacity, don't smash imperialism, stuff it, smash Materialism.

This leads me to the topic, the role of audacity in Australian society. That's right it does not exist, this surely makes it decadent. It is strange that the Emu should be regarded as the national bird. The characteristics of being large and stupid do no justice to the Australian character. Something much

more suitable would be the Lyre bird. It's characteristic apart from its plumage is that it has no tune of its own to sing, but is very adapt at imitating any other bird that happens to be passing by. This lack of originality or audacity as I prefer to call it, is not only notable on a personal basis, but prevales in the national out-look as well.

Why can't Australia be neutral, in the East-West political games? If little Austria and Finland, who happen to be located next to imperialistic Russia have done it for the last twenty years. Why in the hell can't remote Australia. We have nothing to loose and everything to gain. Should anyone suggest that our defence may be in jeopardy, take a leaf out of Cambodia's experience. Why it was neutral for the last twenty years, and the U.S. came to its rescue with out even having to be asked. I don't suggest isolation, on the contrary there is much Australia should do, but this need not be restricted to arms.

Have audacity that's what I say, offer a hand of friendship with no strings attached. It's novel and the people helped might like it. Smash Materialism that's what the catch cry should be. If the Australian dollar, or technical skill can do something positive in Asia, then to hell with what we get out of it. With an attitude like that, one may get a pleasant surprise.

Well that's audacity on a grand scale, let's bring it down to the personal level. It is often said that Australia is only six months behind in fashions to New York, London and Paris. Very good but how many fashions start in Australia. Here I'm not only referring to hat's, gloves, mini and maxi skirts, and coloured shirts for men. I'm also referring to general awareness, in Social Justice and Censorship, we're fifty years behind the world leaders. Pollution was detected overseas. The anti-Vietnam movement began overseas. Protest marches began overseas. Even the Smash Imperialism movement started overseas. I'm not knocking the aims of the people involved, what I'm knocking is the limited vision of us Australians.

Adelaide University, the haven for the intellectuals of South Australia, the bubbling, seething, restless focus of South Australian society. If that is the case, God help South Australia, for there is nothing surer, they will not help themselves. The SRC elections have just be held and not one of the nineteen positions was contested. Of the nine thousand students, in this worthy establishment, ninteen had the audacity to stand as representatives. Not one was opposed, not one policy speech was made to my knowledge, and no election was necessary. Now that is sick! A community, as low as that has absolutely no right to point it's finger, at other's ills. Look at your own! Look at yourselves! You virile lot.

Yippy, Prosh is coming, ho, ho, what fun, what fun. Will you be there? What shall you do? How will we spend the day? In the library - how wise. Throw a bag of flour - how novel. Collect some dough - how nice. You're a philosopher - no, it shall not be any good. Let's stay at home.

M. Sarossy

BARBITOS YET AGAIN

Sir,
The depth of aesthetic vulgarity, to which Ignatz Mueller alludes (ON DIT, No. 8) and to which I have sunk, are too commonly agreed upon to be any longer disputed. Far beyond the reaches of vulgarity, I might even be accused of aesthetic pragmatism.

Perhaps the main point of my reply to Prue Goward was the critical division of bad adolescent poetry into two types: (1) aiming to save the world (be it social, spiritual or aesthetic) through cliches or catchphrases borrowed from someone else; and (2) aiming to pour out the inmost soul. A decided improvement could be produced, I suggested, by an honest confrontation of sexual (two-people) themes.

Such advice obviously has little relevance to persons of the august sensibilities of Mr. Mueller. Such an arrant disciple of Blake might, however, appreciate that a world-vision, in which Urthona and Los (human imagination) can transcend the world of Tharmas and Urizen (the constricted senses), is not easily achieved. Blake's first poems take rise from contemporary politics, social conditions in London, 'the golden net of matrimony', and the state of childhood.

And perhaps this is the right end to start from - from the bonded senses, from an incomplete sense of relatedness. A poetry that begins with 'an unbroken symbolically loaded universe', that borrows this apex of Romantic thought, won't have any summit to climb to or any energy to climb.

If we have to be apostolic about this, I'd much rather trail round after D. H. Lawrence (as a twentieth century sage and something of a medium for Blake). In KANGAROO Lawrence drops the hint:

In his supreme being, man is alone, isolate, nakedly himself, in contact only with the unknown God. This is our way of expressing Nirvana. But just as a tree is only perfect in blossom because it has groping roots, so is man only perfected in his individual being by his groping, pulsing unison with mankind.

I believe such struggle for relatedness is indispensable to poetry. While I continue to do so, I can tell Mr. Mueller to stick his 'essential harmony' where he thinks it will bring most relief, and I can spit on his pity.

Yours,
Christopher Pollnitz.

P.S. Next time Mr. Mueller lifts the quote 'psychic excrement' out of its context, will he please note that it applies to poetry which is hidden away forever in drawers. The closet treatment given it warrants its appellation. But since I don't cast such abuse on the 'power of the poetic soul', I only wish that Mr. Mueller was more accurate in his shitslinging.

LAST BARBITOS LETTER

Dear Sirs,
Re letter "Barbitos Again" It seems to me that Igatz Mueller would be an excellent co-editor for "Barbitos." Seems it would be a smooth balance - Like KALI + ILAK Jacques Molericieff

McCook Replies to Wilson

Sirs,
Dear me, what a state of indignation Mr. P. N. Wilson (hereinafter referred to as "P.W."), has got into. It reminds me of the little boy who was caught with his finger in the pie. Oh well P.W.; we are all guilty of lack of imagination it seems. Please accept my apologies for revealing yours. Who said "Tell a big enough lie...?"

I suppose I was foolish to believe Horace when he wrote, "Let fiction meant to please be living near to truth." Then again, such is life (or did Ned Kelly say that).

I can say no more P.W. may a few grains of mercy be thrown into the scales of literature.

All my own work,
("Eppur si muove")

Ron McCook,
Member, U.A.S.A. (discredited)
Ex-member, Australian
Wankers Association.

BAD NEWS

Dear Sirs,
On June 3rd, 1970, I sent you a copy of an article by Bernard Mullu Narokobi, with a polite little note asking that it be included in the next edition of ON DIT. This article gave a very masterful description of the why's and wherefore's of two NUAUS schemes - the Village Scheme and the Volunteer Assistance Programme (V.A.P.). The closing date for applications for these two schemes was June 30th.

This article was written on two sheets of paper: the first dealt with the Village Scheme, and the second with V.A.P. These two sheets were pinned together, with a paper-clip.

So much for the historical background. To continue with this little saga:

On June 18th, I was infuriated to discover that only the SECOND half of Mr. Narokobi's article (i.e. the part on V.A.P.) had been printed. It was tucked away in an obscure corner of what must have been the most jumbled centre-spread that ON DIT has ever produced.

However, after a while I simmered down, fortunately for one and all. You have probably lost the first half of the article, I included. Poor, overworked, underfed, non-paid beasts - I had to pity you. Even the best of us make our little mistakes now and then.

But there was more to your pitiable little mistakes than met the eye. For on July 2nd, two days AFTER the closing date for the Village Scheme and V.A.P., it happened. In the hallowed columns of ON DIT there appeared the SECOND HALF of the FIRST PART of Mr. Marokobi's article!

There was no indication of who had written the article, or why.

The part which you chose to print started from the middle of an argument which Mr. Narokobi had been developing throughout the part which you chose to omit!

Was this simply an example of gross incompetence on your part, or was it some interesting little game of your own invention?

Mary Wighton,
Local Papua-New Guinea
Officer

Dear Mary,
Probably gross incompetence, and many apologies. But we quote from an editorial written for the June 17 edition.

"And the S.R.C. sits back in portly complacency content if an ON DIT comes out occasionally, because we must have a student newspaper, even if the news in it is a bit stale. And we must have an organ to transmit S.R.C. and

N.U.A.U.S. news (which is never read) to the students — but what about "Bread and Circuses"; and doesn't N.U.A.U.S. have an adequate budget for its own news service?"

EDITORS BOMB AGAIN

Dear Sir,
The last copy of ON DIT incorrectly signed my name to a column on page 4 headed "It's not too late." This attack on the present lack of purpose and wrong direction of the liberal club was written by club member Chris Mueller (It's not only the Left that broadcast their pluralistic tendencies).

The attack opened with charges of "masochistic self pity," "paternalism" and "frustrated moral totalitarianism."

My close involvement may prevent me achieving the objective observer status of Mr. Mueller but my conception of liberalism is an essentially optimistic one; e.g. belief in rational persuasion and anything but "morally totalitarian." I would endorse Buchners statement that "we are all fools, and none of us has the right to force his own particular foolishness on others."

I do not think intentions and reality have differed far enough to support Mr. Mueller's contentions.

By using some concept of liberalism I have not heard of before, political effectiveness is denied to liberals unless they contradict their principles. Obviously Mr. Mueller is using a different definition of liberalism to the one currently in usage to arrive at this conclusion. Then the solution to the liberals' problems is given as changing our conception of man as a rational being, and replacing it with Social Man shaped by "existential, social determinates of political reality."

I fail to see these two concepts as mutually exclusive, but if Mr. Mueller's Social Man is to retain the humanitarianism and egalitarian principles of liberalism he must retain his belief in rationality.

These issues and differences will be argued over at the liberal club meeting 7.30 p.m. Thursday, 11th July.

Yours sincerely,
G. W. Battersby.

DARK CORNERS

In the last couple of weeks a number of female students have been approached by "strange men" in the University grounds after dark.

In one case, a girl walking along the alley behind the Art Gallery was propositioned by a strange bloke, older than the average student, with his pants half off. The man did not, however, pursue the girl.

In another case, a girl who was using a phone booth at the top of the Barr Smith steps suddenly became aware of a strange face (male) plastered against the window. The man m d away when the girl screamed but followed her at a distance as she went to the Library.

In both cases, although there was no indication of violence, the girls concerned received severe shocks. Consequently female students should be careful in some of the less well-lit areas of the campus.

If there are any further occurrences of this nature could the "victims" please notify the SRC office. If the number increases, and these incidents seem to be caused by members of the public, it might be wise to call in occasional police patrols.

Peter Balan.

FLINDERS BALLS - UP

Well at last it's happened, a Flinders' ball has dried up before it got going at all. Over the past couple of years there has been a gradual trend at Flinders' balls for the beer, not to mention any other drinks which may have been supplied, to run out earlier in the evening. And last Friday's I.D. represents the all-time record, necessitating a few words of comment at least, though at the time I was feeling in the mood for legal action. Having arrived at the ball by no means an unreasonable hour of ten thirty, I spent a quarter of an hour forging my way through the hot, steamy crowds towards the main beer serving point. I was a little perturbed by the fact that the bloke in front of me at the bar shoved two saucepans under the bar-tender's gun and even more perturbed when, having asked for two beers, was told I would have to find some sort of receptacle as all the cups had been used. The time, mind you, was 10.45. Nevertheless a glimmer of hope still burned in my heart as I made my way down to the buttery and the other bar, with parched lips, swollen tongue and defiant expression. The trip downstairs was a partial success as two unused cups were indeed found next to the three empty eighteens. Now it was back to the refec. with bird in tow, a final struggle through the last obstacles. But what was this, the crowds were starting to thin near the bar. A searing pain wrenched my gut as I watched the last blobs of foam fall into the milk-shake container of the guy in front. Ten past eleven and the only beer you could get in the place was what you could lick off the floor.

For five minutes or so the bar-tenders commiserated with me over our common misfortune. In their opinion, fifteen eighteens was the absolute minimum for a show of that size. And how many kegs had the generous Flinders convenors obtained? An unexplainably meagre nine kegs.

For an hour or so we managed to stave off dehydration symptoms by drinking sickly, sweet Coke but that too was destined to run out. Oh, for a camera, when at some time around midnight I saw some poor bloke, desperate for a drink, putting money in one of the Coke machines. There can be little doubt that the brave few who stuck it through to the end extracted the last drips from the machines as well. All I know is that as I staggered away from the ball in a daze of stunned sobriety, there were two blokes queued up at the water fountain with their cups.

One conclusion is inevitable from all this. In the future all Flinders' balls must be boycotted unless some sort of assurance can be obtained that there will never again be a repeat of the I.D. catastrophe.

Richard Jonas.

ID

SLIM JANE INDEPENDENCE BALL

Well at last it's happened, a student has admitted that a Uni ball is merely an excuse for a piss up. Besides this, Mr. Jonas' letter contains false statements, misplaced allegations and complete misunderstanding of the whole situation.

Firstly, I question his statement regarding the trend at Flinders' Balls for the beer to run out earlier and earlier on the grounds that at the previous two balls there was beer taken back to the Victoria Hotel. I do sympathise with him over the lack of cups, but it seemed not unreasonable to provide 2,000 of the same to satisfy the alcohol drinkers from a total of 900 people.

Secondly, that the bar-tenders should commiserate with him is quite understandable; they had been 'done out of' a drink, except of course from the chap who thoughtfully planted a couple of bottles or more behind the bar. Besides this, it should be obvious to Mr. Jonas that it would be in their interest to sell more beer.

Vernon Lewis
Co-Director
Slim Jane Id Ball

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AUC

Nominations for AUC
 committee close Monday July
 13th.

First meeting to be held on
 Tuesday morning (not Friday
 night).
 Other nominations close on
 Tuesday, July 14th.

Would anyone who knows
 the present whereabouts of
 the TREVMAR P.A.
 amplifier which was stolen
 from the Flinders ID Ball
 please ring Flinders S.R.C. or
 61-3757 to arrange for its
 return.

WANTED - Students with a
 house to share. Can afford 5
 bucks a week. Contact S.
 Spears at Law School office.

4-ON DIT, July 13, 1970

ALBERT LANGER



THE
**ALBERT
 LANGER
 AFFAIR**

The NUAUS Executive interviewed Mr. Albert Langer, following his exclusion from Monash and Melbourne Universities. We have examined the relevant documents from both Universities, and we are convinced that Mr. Langer has been excluded from these universities on grounds which are not academic, but transparently political.

The executive believes that the gross injustice to which Mr. Langer has been subjected, warrants the strongest possible protest by all students and in particular strong action by students at Monash and Melbourne Universities.

Consequently, we strongly support the direct action taken by the General meeting of Melbourne University students in protesting to the recent professorial board meeting of the university and further, we urge the students of Melbourne University to continue this course of action, until the unjust decisions of the university authorities is reversed.

At Monash University, in addition to being refused permission to enrol Mr. Langer has also been refused permission to merely attend lectures in Information science which he has been doing since the beginning of this academic year.

This refusal by the authorities of Monash University, represents a direct threat to past academic practice. The decision shows a blatant disregard of the free choice extended to other people wishing to attend lectures in which they are not enrolled.

At most, other universities' students are encouraged to "broaden their education" and need only obtain the lecturer's permission to attend, the only grounds usually considered for exclusion would be when an irregular student deprives an enrolled student of education facilities.

This has not been the case with Mr. Langer; his inability to sit-in on lectures has been decided by senior university authorities for other than academic reasons.

It is indeed unfortunate that the university authorities have taken this regrettable stand, as it casts grave doubts on the impartiality and non political function of Melbourne and Monash Universities.

For we believe the political convictions of our individual should have no relevance in considering his application for university enrollment, but clearly, this has been the overriding consideration in Mr. Langer's case.

In the hope that the same unjust attitude does not exist in other universities, NUAUS will ask its university constituent members to investigate whether or not similar practices are used in their own enrolment procedures.

NUAUS TRAVEL

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Student Representation

Peter Balan

You are probably aware that the Commonwealth and State governments finance the Universities in three-year periods or triennia.

The next triennium will be 1973/75 and the University will this week begin to prepare its financial submission for this period. This submission, when approved by the University Council at the end of the year will go to the Australian Universities Commission (AUC) which will recommend to the Governments how much money all the Universities should get for the period 1973/75.

The submission will be divided into two major parts. One is concerned with academic requirements (e.g. staffing) including new projects (such as the setting up of a chair of Anthropology), and the other is concerned with capital expenditure (new buildings, major items of equipment etc).

A committee has been established to prepare this submission, which will involve going through the recommendations put forward by all the various Departments of the University and the Waite Institute. These recommendations, which make up a file already over an inch thick, will all have to be costed and evaluated in terms of feasibility and priority. This will mean that the committee will have to meet for at one morning a week (3 1/2 to 4 hours) for the next two months).

STUDENTS TOO

The SRC has been invited to nominate two students to act on this committee which is likely to have its first meeting on Friday night (10th July). Therefore the SRC requires nominations for these two positions for these two positions by 5.00 p.m. Thursday, 9th July at the SRC office.

If you are interested and want some more information contact Peter Balan.

The present members of the committee are: Professor N. T. Flentje (chairman), Professors Badger, Trevasakis, Lawton, Neal, Rutland, Wright, and Drs. Cole and Mayo.

CAPITALISM AND RESEARCH

AT its last meeting on July 3rd, the University Council established a committee to:

(1) examine the current situation concerning the financing of research projects by external sources such as USAF, NASA, Dept. of Supply, Standard Oil etc.

(2) to make recommendations to the Council concerning the attitude which the University should adopt when accepting such external finance. i.e. the nature of the projects concerned and the nature and functions of the funding bodies - will have to be evaluated against certain (moral) principles which it is hoped the committee will help establish.

The committee will have as its chairman the chairman of the Education Committee, Professor N. T. Flentje, and will have six members of the (professorial) staff to be nominated by the Education committee. The Post-Graduate Students' Association has been asked to nominate two students and the SRC has been asked to nominate four.

This committee, to achieve its objectives, will have to examine a large number of research projects in all faculties (about 150 projects are financed by external grants).

Nominations for the four positions will close at 5.00 p.m. on Tuesday, July 14th at the SRC Office.

Direct any enquiries to Rob Durbridge, Michael Duigan, Keith Oehme, or Peter Balan.

CONFERENCE

In May, 1971, there will be a conference on the theme 'The University as a Community' to be held at the University of New South Wales.

This conference will be sponsored jointly by the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee, the Federation of University Staff Associations and NUAUS. There will be a main paper presented each day (such as 'A General/Students'/Academics/Administrators' View of the University') and there will be discussion groups on these papers.

The SRC has been asked to nominate one student for inclusion in the University delegation of nine members. NUAUS will pay the travelling expenses, and there is likely to be some assistance from the SRC as far as accommodation expenses are concerned.

If you are interested and want more details, contact Peter Balan.

Nominations close on Tuesday, July 14th at 5.00 p.m. at the SRC Office.

SUMMARY

- AUC Submission - two students. Nominations close Thursday, July 9th.
- Research investigation - four students. Nominations close Tuesday, July 14th.
- Third Australian Universities Conference (May 19-21, 1971) - one student. Nominations close Tuesday, July 14th.

art work of Bali, Indonesia

By Brian Shepherd, in conjunction with NUAUS TRAVEL

1. The island of Bali - now much in the news for tourist exploitation - lies two miles east of Java, and about 1,000 miles north-west of Darwin. It is approximately circular, 60 miles across and can be reached by train and bus-ferry from Djakarta for about \$3. (Djakarta-Surabaya about 500 miles for \$1.25 on 'limited express' train, with student's concession).

2. In the last 50 years, particularly in the last 10 years, artists from all parts of the world have come to reside in Bali, being attracted by the atmosphere of tranquility and harmony, between Man and Nature, as well as the natural artistry of the people. Into this setting the international tourist industry has recently rudely intruded, with the building of an international airport and a "luxury class" (and price) hotel at Sanur Beach, a few miles from Denpasar, the capital. Consequently a regular schedule of Balinese dances has been established in some villages of the purpose of entertaining tourists. However, since the Balinese have survived 300 years of Dutch colonial rule and then Japanese occupation, before becoming part of Indonesia, it is hoped that their culture will survive the impact of tourism and the modern world. - at least in the villages.

Denpasar is a dusty, bustling town of some 80,000 people, far removed in atmosphere from the tranquility of the villages typically set amongst a landscape of terraced rice fields, cleverly maintained by irrigation channels. The intense yellow of the paddy and green of the coconut palms, contrasting against the blue sky, make a sight of beauty unmatched in my experience.

3. The cultural aspect of Balinese life consists of endless ceremonies and festivals to pay tribute to the gods, from whom the Balinese believe their island was borrowed. Happiness is achieved through compliance with their Hindu-Balinese religion and their outlet for self expression - an amazingly fine and versatile folk art.

4. The subjects used for their paintings and woodcarvings have been taken from a classical Hindu epic called the Ramayana, and from various folk dances and festivals. Whereas Java and Sumatra experienced a Moslem invasion some 600 years ago, Bali retained the previous Hindu culture (called Hindu-Bali) which predominates in all non-tourist art work. Ramayana paintings portray people, animals, demons and gods in various modes of interaction. The main theme of such works is

the conflict between good and evil, as depicted by some of the figures.

Folk art paintings depict scenes from temple dances such as the Legong, Barong, Monkey, Butterfly dance and various others. Many paintings show the graceful forms of two girls attired in gold embroidered silk garments, portraying a traditional story through a ballet-like performance. Graceful movements of bodies and hands are blended with a storyteller's narrative.

Other dances involve players wearing fantastic disguises to simulate the demons, witches and gods demanded by the Hindu-Bali culture. These subjects are reproduced in water colour paintings and sandstone carvings.

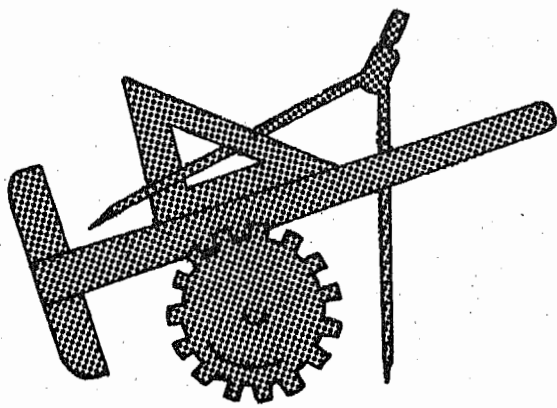
All Balinese people are natural artists - peasants, princes, priests and children. All can perform the intricate temple dances, paint, carve in wood, bone and stone media and play instruments of the gamelan orchestra. The boy sculpture who works without instructions or drawings is not regarded as an artist, but an ordinary Balinese, who at other times may be found in the rice fields behind a team of water buffaloes. Hence many Balinese paintings are left unsigned, the final product showing the characteristic style of Balinese art.

Festival performances are held in beautifully decorated temples. Wearing dresses of silk and gold brocade the Balinese bring sacrificial food to the temple in intricately hand carved silver bowls, and perform their ballet-like temple dances to a refined and complicated gamelan orchestra.

In the past twenty years, the motivation for producing art works has largely changed. The influx of Western culture, the modernisation in (the capital city) Denpasar, and more lately the commercialising of tourism have created a high demand for Balinese art work, which has resultantly tended to become mass produced. [The term "mass production" is intended to imply the production of large quantities of hand carved or painted works, with the aim of selling for money, rather than as an outlet for self expression.]

As a result the quality of the work, while still excellent, has suffered both with respect to detail and authenticity.

An exhibition of Balinese Art will be held on July 20-25 in one of the Union rooms. See notices and advertisements next week, and in Bread and Circuses. Types of items available are wood carvings, (traditional style and modern), Ramayana style paintings, folk art paintings, Ramayana bone sculpture, kris (sword), bone rings, also Javanese batik and paintings.



EDUCATION OR ASSESSMENT

In being asked to talk about education and assessment it seems I have been given a very unenviable task, for I have been asked to tell you all that you are illegitimate. You are the products of a union between a couple who were never in love for they are basically incompatible, but they had a relationship of convenience, a relationship arranged by the state to produce illegitimates which it could manipulate for its own ends. I refer of course to the rape of education by assessment. What I am mainly interested in talking about here is the incompatibility between the two and the reasons why they have been forced into a relationship which has appearance of respectability.

There are three types of questions I want to have a look at,

Firstly: Is assessment possible? And if so what is being assessed?

Secondly: What is the relationship between education and assessment?

And thirdly: In a wider social context — What attitudes and values does an assessment ridden education system tend to encourage and reinforce in society, and whom do such attitudes benefit?

The first question — Is assessment possible and if so what is being assessed? is in fact so trivial that it has even occurred to some academics. The rhetoric of assessment clearly implies assumptions about it being objective, impartial and in accordance with some clearly identifiable standards. This is one of academia's more cherished myths. Clearly, any assessment process involves partiality, bias, subjectivity, arbitrariness and so on. Many of you are probably familiar with some of the surveys which have been conducted to investigate just how objective assessment is. One report involved the marking of a paper by a variety of 'educators' (I use the term loosely) who were all involved in the relevant discipline. It was found that the marks they gave to the paper (given a maximum of 20) ranged from 4 to 16! This was not in some subject where we could expect the subjectivity of the examiner to play a significant role, like English or History — It was in fact in mathematics.

It was found also that the same paper when presented to the same 'educators' some weeks later produced a different assessment from all of them.

There is much more proof available but I do not think it should be necessary to prove that assessment is necessarily subjective, partial and arbitrary. The 'educators' response to such criticism is usually a form of mysticism which invokes, despite all the evidence, "objective, academic standards." I'll refer later to the reasons why they feel the need to resort to such obvious fantasies.

The answer to the question about what is being assessed seems equally shrouded in mystery. Just what is it? A certain quality of mind? Originality? Critical judgement? Verbal or debating skills? The ability to concentrate? Creative thought? Memory of facts and details? Knowledge of relevant ideas? A problem solving capacity? Breadth of knowledge? or perhaps some permutation or combination of these? Even the assessors themselves seem undecided as to what exactly they are assessing, even if they could assess it adequately. Their usual retreat when posed such questions is to claim that they are assessing something of all these things, and when asked what weighing they give to creative thought e.g. as opposed to the retention of a body of facts, they tend to reply that this is something that cannot be explained — only learnt by a lengthy acquaintance with what constitutes academic standards. Academic standards of what?

Thus the student goes on being assessed, knowing that such assessment is impossible and that it will vary from one assessor to the next and knowing also that neither he nor his assessor knows what it is he is being assessed upon.

EDUCATION AND ASSESSMENT

The second type of question I think should be looked at is the compatibility or otherwise of education and assessment. This is a more important question because it reveals how seriously assessment has distorted and perverted the very meaning of education. It arises because the current education system is almost completely oriented to assessment, to "getting a degree," to winning the annual exam competition so that we can lift ourselves a rung higher on the success ladder with all the status and social rewards this entails. The question here is not whether assessment is possible but whether it contradicts the very process of education itself. Our concept of what education looks like thus becomes important.

It is easier to say what education is not. It seems clear that education is a long way removed from the assimilation or memorisation and retention of facts, even though much of what is called "educational" reform is concerned with increasing the efficiency with which facts can be imparted and assimilated and retained. The reason why so much of 'education reform' is so oriented is because education is considered as a process which can be mechanised and commercialised into a production line system; it is considered as a commodity to be measured and marketed and distributed and then evaluated by means of cost-benefit analysis. It seems to me that education is not that which you acquire by passing an exam or finishing a course or gaining a degree or that which enables you to get a job. And yet if we suppose that assessment is an integral part of educating, and the current system assumes this, then education does become something very much like that outlined above — a teleological process which has exams as its final end — i.e. all our endeavours are structured by this orientation towards exams at the end of our course. These exams give our study meaning, because when we have passed them — then we will be educated. The demands made by exams absorb our attention. We must acquire a certain amount of factual knowledge, must reach a certain level of methodological sophistication, have a certain degree of control over our material or fulfil some other criteria which we consider our assessor is going to take seriously. The acquisition of these standards becomes the education process itself.

Education or Assessment

WHAT IS IT?

Education is no longer a process involving imagination and feeling, understanding and insight. Education is no longer a search for "truth," or a critical enquiry, with the assistance and encouragement of others, into reality or society or oneself, nor is it borne along by curiosity or what Aristotle called "wonder" or the perceived intelligibility of reality and the desire to comprehend it — it has become instead an experience where we sit and we watch and we listen and we take notes from a teacher who doles out in generous measure hundreds of facts and figures and dates and formulae which at the end of the term or year we then hand back to him at Wayville or in essays or in practical exams or whatever. Education has become the production line process of acquiring a narrow body of knowledge — a process which is borne on by the "threat and the lure" of exams. The important point here is that assessment is not simply an unfortunate appendage to a perverted educational system — it is in fact the very cause of the perversion. Assessment is not accidental to the current educational system — it plays a major part in determining its nature, and the type of education it produces is quite inimical to any formative process which undertakes a critical examination of society or reality or oneself.

When the purity and virginity of education was violated by the assault of assessment, its whole character was deformed to such an extent that education is no longer an end in itself, a process of personal human development but a means to a further end. It has become a means in order to gain a pass, a job, a certain amount of status. It has become training rather than education.

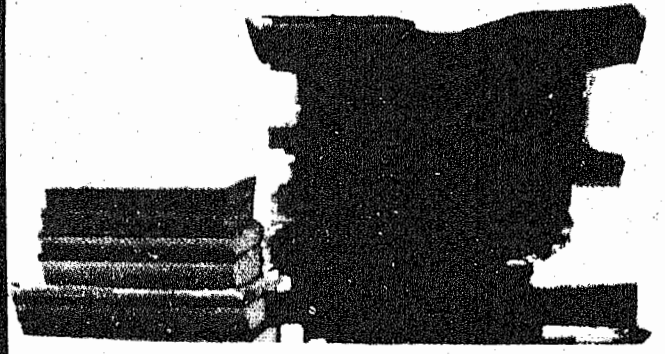
To replace the joy and enthusiasm and co-operation which accompanied the education process, the student has a new set of attitudes imposed upon him. He must become competitive for the aim of the game is the selection of the winners to be rewarded. We have probably all had some experience of the violent nature of exams and the violence done to students because of them: the people who have had to be carried screaming or sobbing out of the library in swot-vac, or the people who have 'broken down' in lectures or those who have had what are euphemistically referred to as "psychotic episodes" at Wayville. Some of you are probably also aware that the already high suicide rate in Japan, perhaps the most competitive country on earth, takes an annual leap upwards in the weeks prior to exams. I put it to you that all this is no accident — it is rather the natural neurotic product of an education system that has become a competitive and selective training system. I put it to you also that this state of affairs will remain as it is so long as we continue to delude ourselves that education and assessment are compatible. By way of conclusion to the question of the relationship between education and assessment I would leave you with a quotation from Prof. Neal, which he wrote in 1967:

"How examination ridden Australian society is, right from Friday tests in the infant school to final examinations at the University. It really ought to be stopped — IN THE NAME OF EDUCATION!"

In a word — the universities have abdicated their responsibility which is to protect that vision of education which is entailed in such notions as the community of scholars conducting a mutual, active and critical enquiry into society and mankind.

If it is all so clear that assessment has got nothing to do with education and actually perverts it, we might ask why the system is not simply adjusted so that schools and universities do become places of education, as they are said to be. We can ask why some reality cannot be infused into all the rhetoric about these places being communities of scholars where the educators challenge the minds of their students, provoking their independent and critical thought. We can ask why the illusion that what happens in our universities is education be allowed to persist.

Talk given at M.P.E.
Teach-In on "Education & Assessment"
April 20th.



THE SOCIAL CONTEXT

The reasons why universities are maintained as they are, can be understood by looking at the third sort of question about their social context, and the types of attitudes which an assessment oriented education system tends to maintain within society. We can ask this question another way by asking "WHO benefits from the present system?"

One obvious group to benefit from the current arrangement and who are likely to resist changing it are the academics. The reason why the academics want to defend assessment or making piddling changes to it so that its basic violence remains unchanged is because their own position and authority would be threatened by its abolition. They are there because they successfully jumped more exam hurdles than most. They are what some would call the freaks and monsters who not only survived in a deformed educational system — but actually flourished in it — so their whole emotional security as well as their status and authority depends upon assessment being maintained. Remove assessment and you remove the very foundations of their existence and authority. They also benefit by merely having to set and mark exams rather than undertake the far more difficult task of stimulating intellects and provoking independent, critical enquiry. By erecting their exams into objective, infallible criteria of a person's worth they can oppress the student quite anonymously because bureaucratically, into believing that his pass or failure was simply the result of the "system" rather than any one assessor's subjective judgement. Such a system also leaves the academic free for his more preoccupying tasks — the updating of the bibliography on his previous books, the writing of his next article, the establishment of his status and that of his department so that it will not be left behind in the continuing competition for money and privileges on the campus. I am not suggesting that the life of an academic may not be busy and anxious, but where it is, it is the business and anxiety of careerist competition that fills it, not concern for their students.

But the principal group to benefit from an assessment oriented education scheme is the ruling elite of our society. The rape of education by assessment took place a long time ago — there have probably been few eras in history when the university has been anything better than the handmaiden of official society moulding reason to the pattern of contemporary authority. The university performs all the functions society imposes on it — and its most important function, which every social system requires for its existence — the justification and rationalisation of its established structure of power and privilege — is efficiently achieved by the mechanism of the exam, which ensures that students become proficient in the ways of conventional wisdom or be classed forever as failures. Dissent is thereby effectively discredited, and the deficiencies of the system effectively idealised. The populace also is no longer potentially dangerous because it has been adequately standardised. The university, under its 'elm trees' and in its 'halls of learning' quietly training whatever functionaries the current status quo requires. The universities have become "emporiums of marketable skills" where their main function is not criticism of society but "service to the community", rationalising the systematic dominance and privilege of the ruling elite. The academics' role in all this is one of complicity, for when he attains his higher degree his interests fuse with those of the ruling class. His existence and his privileged status depend upon the maintenance and reinforcement of the system which recognised his excellence and his intelligence.

The collaboration between university, government and the larger corporations has become so entrenched in America for instance that "the American warfare state has had no great difficulty finding academic hirelings for any project — bar none — than its totalitarian opposite numbers. Ranking physicists and engineers at the "best schools unquestioningly pursue classified research in the refinement of the thermonuclear arsenal (schools like MIT and the University of California—Berkeley derive a major part of their budget from 'service' of this kind). Biologists at the University of Pennsylvania work under secret contracts to develop chemical-biological weaponry. As part of the Army's Project Camelot, leading social scientists (have) pooled their expertise in order to help the American military plan counterinsurgency activities in Latin America. In order to provide the US Information Agency and the military with cold-war propaganda of a scholarly cut, the Uni. of Southern California sets up, with generous support of a radical right wing industrialist, a Research Institute on Communist Strategy and Propaganda. And so on. And so on. ("The Dissenting Academy" Roszac, p. 17-18.)

The Australian system is following the same pattern of collaboration. The government, particularly the military, and big business are playing an increasing role in determining the character of university education, whether by their tied financial assistance or the influence of company directors who sit on university councils. (Arena, No. 21 B. Abbey & R. Cathey, "Universities: The Neo-Capitalist Context" p. 26-40.) Such groups have an obvious interest in seeing that a university produces cogs which fit neatly into the machinery of advanced industrial society. Influences like this are playing the major role in turning the university into a tool of society rather than its critic. And the structure which governs the university is competitive, authoritarian and hierarchic — values which of necessity must be inculcated into the future mandarins of society to perpetuate the existing hegemony of its current ruling elite. As has been seen the means used by academia to impose the irrelevant banalities which go to make up our reserves of conventional wisdom and ensure its continued propagation — is assessment — the only method by which academics can impose their collection of trivia on students.

In conclusion then we must choose between oppression by an elite which exerts a cultural, economic and legal dominance over us and is so organised that if we don't respond in the manner it wishes, i.e. by learning its norms — then we must suffer the trauma and the guilt of failure in their assessment. We must choose between oppression — the oppression that underlies assessment and the liberation, intellectual and emotional which underlies education. This issue is a critical one for everyone here. The alternatives being faced are mutually exclusive in theory and they are contradictory in practice. We must decide what we want, Education or Assessment.

Greg O'Leary.

arts

PART 1

English at Adelaide

"Artists create literature — academics create the subject." (1)

Basically, literature serves to enlarge our perceptions of reality and of ourselves. Thus we enjoy plots, love and ham characters, and immerse ourselves in the subtleties and deep insights of writers' visions. We who share grief, experience pain, suffer alienation and are led through wastelands. Literature demands involvement, it is something disturbing, something essentially exciting.

The study of English literature should be built on that premise. It should not become a detached examination in which the unfortunate text is stretched out, pinned down and carved into pieces suitably labelled for the November regurgitation. The aim of an English Department then, should be to lead students to appreciate literature as fully as possible, and we believe that the following criteria facilitate such appreciation.

1. The syllabus should allow a wide choice of texts within which the student should be required to study only as many texts as he can comfortably respond to in one year.

2. Students should be encouraged to study both the life and times of the authors. Literature gains immensely from such study and need not be submerged in Freudian analysis or become merely a primary source document for historians in the process. (This is elaborated below.)

3. Texts should be placed in context within the development of English literature. This entails not only chronological study but also the study of genre and of given periods in their totality. (See Leavis "Education and the University" p 48-9, 60 on the merits of such a study of the 17th Century.)

4. Since the study of literature necessarily leads to the use of criticism, there should be some formal study of the theory and history of criticism.

5. Finally, we emphasize that no matter how well a course is structured and how worthwhile its texts, a bad assessment system can utterly ruin the course. (See below.)

How does the English Department measure up?

[The writers are all doing English III. The numbers refer to the above criteria.]

1. Syllabi are overloaded.
2. When attempted, evocation of social and historical background is usually inadequate. Lives of the writers are covered a little more satisfactorily but the opportunity to read full-scale biographies is lacking.

3. Neither genre study nor 'total studies' are attempted (English II is partly exempted), English III has potential though — with judicious pruning and suitable fertilizing, much could be achieved.

4. Not attempted.
5. Assessment system is highly unsatisfactory.

Reference: (1) S. Goldberg in "The Critical Review" No. 9 (1966).

Literature and Society

The strong reaction against the Leavis school of criticism [with its emphasis on the moral value of literature, and the consequent exclusion from study of authors without any such effect] which has occurred in critical circles over the last few decades has led to a rejection of studying literature as closely inter-related with society. (This was another fundamental of the Leavisite position.)

So, (and this is the situation in virtually all Australian English Departments except Melbourne) literature is studied in isolation from the social, political and cultural environment in which it was written.

Yet many writers, e.g. Milton, Dryden and the Romantic poets, were profoundly influenced by the events of their societies, and many of their works were written in direct response to an event of the time. To relate literature and society is not to deny the University of some works, but to amplify one's understanding of a particular work.

The study of literature as something completely separate from the culture of its period has led to a concentration on the style (although there are no new aesthetic theories) while the meaning, or message, of a work, is pushed aside. All in all, the study of literature shows, as Louis Kampf puts it, "a blissful ignorance of ideas." (2)

And the view of literature as something detached is safer. In so doing you don't have to relate it to your own society, you don't have to re-assess your own values and you don't have to do anything. This attitude, too, safely contains literature as a force for social change (which it obviously can be since real social change involves a change in values). The isolation of literature from society and politics inevitably means that the existing values and structures are accepted.

Reference: (2) Roszak (ed). The Dissenting Academy. p. 52.

Literature and Assessment

The study of English literature is incompatible with notions of assessment; just as a piece of literature itself cannot be graded A, B or C, neither can a piece of literary criticism. Individuals judge literature on a great variety of merits and there is no ONE criteria for ordering these merits.

Students who enter into English literature courses at Adelaide are supposedly in a position to adopt their own particular methodology in their approach to English; they are encouraged from the beginning to use initiative and imagination in their essays and assignments; in fact, in response to all their text reading. This choice in approach to literature is an essential part of its study — there is no ONE way to criticize, nor one way to appreciate a given text.

But the English course is framed within an assessment system and thus denies the student the chance to choose. He must orientate his thought, his initiative and his appreciation of literature towards the examinations; he must examine and criticize an author's work in accordance with the department, often being marked on how close he is to the tutor's approach. Literature and literary criticism lose their creative and artistic value; they become, like mathematics, nothing more than an academic exercise, to be appraised on the black/white percentage continuum. The literary mind cannot be marked; its stimulation is essentially personal and individual and must inevitably be spoiled by another's judgement of it.

The English department has opted for a chronological approach to literature in its three-year syllabus, and it has already been stated that this approach lacks socio-historical perspective. But, furthermore, the other possible approaches to a study of literature are not catered for at all. Again, in this assessment is a writing factor demanding the narrowest field of expression. In pursuing the study of English toward an examination, the student will not be encouraged to develop his own modes of interpretation; he will do best if he doesn't.

It seems obvious that it will be some time before assessment is abolished, but this MUST be our aim. A few intermediate steps which could be implemented in the meantime should be considered.

1. the abolition of examinations in the English department: they are, and can be, nothing more than a speed test in writing, and thinking, and literary criticism is NOT a race.

(ii) assessment on a series of essays and/or a project to be handed in during the year at the student's discretion, with topics chosen by the student concerned, and marks being awarded as a result of a discussion of the assignment between the marker and the student, not the marker alone.

If the English department can recognize the damaging consequences of assessment in an English literature course, then they must aim to work around it, rather than toward it. Assessment must not divert students and academics in their pursuit of a deeper understanding of both the minds and works of the authors they study, and of themselves.

Robyn Lewis (Eng. III)

Suggested Reading:

F. R. Leavis "Education and the University."

L. C. Knights "Explorations." (Essay on English and History.)

S. Goldberg in "Critical Review" for 1966 and 1969.

L. Kampf in T. Roszak (ed.) "The Dissenting Academy."

by Linda Burnett
Brian Samuels
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Philosophy

"What does 'philosophy' actually mean?" asked the MTT inspector as I told him the reason for my presence at Centennial Hall. "Be damned if I know," I replied, "They haven't told us that yet."

Contrary to many students' preconceptions, the Philosophy department does not attempt to give "the word" of His existence, nor to teach one how to remain calm and contemplative in the face of those inevitable "overwhelming odds." One does not study total "philosophies of life" (they are left for prophets and madmen) or particular philosophers (indeed the Maharishi is never even mentioned), but rather the traditional type of questions (which bother ALL THINKING people at one time or another) such as "Does God exist?", "What is the nature of mind and how does it relate to the body?" or "What do we mean by 'good'?" and worst of all "What does 'mean' mean?"

"What a waste of bloody time!" Maybe it is by your production-conscious criteria, but I reject your criteria. After a while (say 2 or 3 years) of chasing your tail and pulling at your bootstraps, the verbal and conceptual maze of philosophy becomes fun and an intellectual delight forever (as will inevitably happen with anything taken seriously for long enough). Its ideas insidiously seep through one's conceptual constructs until at last one reaches the heights of intellectualism in the realization that nothing exists and that one must have as much fun in this dream land while it is still there.

Despite its apparent pre-occupation with unsolvable problems (for as soon as a problem is solved it ceases to be philosophical) the Philosophy department is not entirely out of contact. Next year it will be making some overdue changes in its courses: Logic, the bug-bear of many arty freshers is to be less formalized and deal more with erroneous reasoning and arguments while it will be possible to avoid logic completely in higher years. Three courses will be presented for Phil. II, (logic, metaphysics and philosophy of mind), of which the student must do two. For Phil. IIIA four courses will be available (among them logic, philosophical method and Wittgenstein's philosophy); of these the student must do three. In both these years the logic will be harder and more specialized than at present.

Philosophy IIIB (concerned with Aristotelian ethics) will remain unchanged. Students wishing to proceed to honours must have Phil. I, II and IIIA, with logic up to at least Phil. II level.

The strong emphasis on metaphysics and philosophy of science at present felt in the Department is a direct result of the interests of the lecturers who are able to lecture on what they choose. There is some criticism of the lack of historical philosophy in the courses available but this is due to lack of staff resulting from the general lack of finance. Besides which, studying historical philosophy could be like studying 19th Century physics in a physics course.

As far as lecturing goes, the standard in the Philosophy department (5 lecturers, 3 tutors for 300 students) ranges from exceptionally good to absolutely and completely appalling. Would it be "setting a dangerous precedent" to sack a member of the academic staff for incompetence and lack of teaching ability?

while Medlin, for all the sardonic humour and merciless irony of some of his poems in celebration of adultery (which is another name for Love, or Lust, or both if you cannot separate them) is in fact ever aware that he can love but the one woman — yet their marriage has broken down (in using these terms, I am not forgetting that the "I" in Medlin's poems is not Medlin any more than the "I" in Gellert's poems is Gellert; yet it is only rational to proceed on the basis that the "I" in each work "is" the writer if not Every man).

Gellert in *Isle of San* eventually marries his Grey-Eyed girl, Scar of Sin notwithstanding, for he has come to appreciate their common humanity and the frailty of human relationships:

"Accepting life, I only stand
Holding the fingers of a hand,
Whose grasp may someday fall and fail." (p. 139)

Medlin's tale moves in the opposite direction, but towards a similar acceptance of life as it is; his work deals with the consequences of a broken marriage and an undying (though no longer practised) relationship. If he preaches, he does so self-consciously, as though aware that he should not be:

"It won't pay you to read
These as a set of accidental songs,"
(Prologue) he says, quite unnecessarily, and
"What I've tried is to approach the truth.
How you use it is your own affair."
(Epilogue)

He even finds it necessary (though it is not necessary; and, if it were, would have implied a weakness in the poems) to justify the unifying theme of the series:

"Though it's been used to unify the book
There's nothing so important about sex.
Nothing except that, if you take a look,
Most of us live from one . . . to the next."
(Epilogue)

The affected flippancy is not wit: one cannot help feeling, as one reads the work, that Medlin is essentially a shy man inclined to smile (sometimes to smirk) when speaking most seriously) which suggests that he expects to be misunderstood, an unfortunate attitude in a poet, for poems must be allowed to speak for themselves.

Medlin's essential concern is with the past — not the historical past which has been attracting the attention of such South Australians as Dutton, Harris, Thiele and Nancy Cato, but his own personal past; yet, despite this, the poems are not immediately self-revelatory, except in occasional flashes — Medlin hides his nakedness behind a screen of physical actions and sensations. For example, the passage

"What I know you do not need
To learn. The words flourish and fail.
I touch your hair, you turn your head
Once, and we have said it all." (p. 57)

leaves us to infer what he "knows" and what the "turn (of her) head" means; the verse is not rich enough to convey the (presumably) subtle experience.

In concentrating on his own states of mind Medlin does not ignore the outside world: ironical thrusts of academic life recur, and there are salty dreams of honest self-criticisms. But these are not merely asides; while the main speeches in the drama, so to say, deal with the "I-you-she" triangle or triangles, this treatment is enriched and deepened by the background poems which serve a valid organic purpose in the work; the man who loves is the man who attends committee meetings and drinks cups of tea while regulations are made and academic articles discussed.

The key poem of the series is the one beginning "The tongued and tufted sea, sea-green" (p. 44 — the poems are neither named nor numbered); this poem, like the volume taken as a whole, is concerned with the breakdown of marriage and the persistence of the relationship of the parted couple. Nothing can more than distract the poet from his one true love (who is always "you", all other girls being "she"); the poem concludes

"I think of you, as she and I
Walk together, going home." (p. 44)

This is the best poem in the book, but even of this it could be said that the verse is too desiccated; Medlin himself knows what the trouble is:

"The words leap to me quick and clever.
I cannot capture my confusion." (p. 45);
In a later poem, he says:
"For what it's worth, I've spoken out
Now on my behalf and yours,
Without effect, but from the heart,
My only act a bit of verse." (p. 94).

A Book of Poems to a reader in the future may well be a compelling example of the aridity of life in our society at a time when many authors were seeking fatuously to "enrich" it by heroicising the colonial past. In some of the poems Medlin makes it clear that he knows that he has "succeeded" in life in the conventional senses of the word, yet his final advice is

"You won't last long, however long you last,
Or do too well, however well you do."
(Epilogue).

He sees himself (and every worthwhile person) as the victim of "Mortal Man", the god and devil of the race, to whom the final prayer must be

"Take the fruit of thy labour:
Having made us, be our saviour:
Let me cry unto thee
And blow us all to buggery." (p. 92)

This may be seen as defeatism: it may also be seen as rugged Australian individualism thumbing its nose at Man and Fate — elsewhere Medlin says

"I'd say your best bet's to employ the past
To learn there's nothing special about you
And then forget it." (Epilogue)

Nevertheless, it is the past, in fact, which haunts him; the ghost of the broken partnership lingers at his soul's windows like an invisible though not voiceless peeping-Tom. It not only watches him (even in bed) but dominates his thinking:

"And if I ask for what is true,
I can only think of you,
And how the little I recall
Though insufficient, yet is all." (p. 87)

At times abrasive, cuttingly impatient with shams, including his own; at others, though more rarely, warmly human, almost mellow, Medlin has hidden himself like a conjuror's rabbit in a deceptively conventional-looking hat of verse: he is never fully there, but always likely to appear quite unexpectedly anywhere. He has, in fact, achieved his stated aim:

" . . . don't get clever, don't try to abstract
Author from persona, or indeed
Try to discern mere fiction from mere fact;
For take my word for it, you won't succeed.
Judge the whole lot by one criterion:
Whether what I've said is partly true."
(Prologue)

It is partly true: but not full human, though genuinely human (the academic philosopher in search of his humanity). By contrast with Patricia Hackett, South Australia's only woman poet of passion, Medlin's verse (and Gellert's, for that matter) lacks the restless yearning which some of us have experienced: to have learned to accept life as it is may be wisdom, but Patricia Hackett did not do so:

"My strength, my body and my mind
My living self my dying soul I'd give
For one strange dream."

There is a vividness in her writing of love and passion which neither Gellert nor Medlin, for all their apparent frankness, achieve: as in her picture of the representative Woman who destroys men by making them love her —

"Naked she was and slim and long,
And fair as the flowers of her bed—
Flowers that she crushed with the points of
her breasts
And laughed when she saw them dead."
After that, Medlin's mention of a girl with lipstick on her nipples seems restrained.

A BOOK OF POEMS

REVIEW of A Book of Poems by Brian Medlin (duplicated, foolscap, 100 pages + Prologue + Epilogue, no imprint, no date, 1969?)

by Paul Depasquale
(Research Student,
Dept. of English,
Flinders University of S.A.)

Brian Medlin's A Book of Poems is a major contribution to the poetry of passion in South Australia, whose verse has been poor in this genre. It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which local verse has been dominated by didacticism, facile religious or anti-religious faith, and prudery (to be distinguished from puritanism, which implies a view of life). Leon Gellert's *The Isle of San*, (Sydney, 1919) the only formidable forerunner to Medlin's book, is a phantasy in which seven dreams (with interludes) give expression to the poet's (or his representative's) struggle to learn to distinguish between love and lust — and to learn that they lodge together. Norman Lindsay, in his Introduction to *The Isle of San*, aptly sums up its drift:

"Not life is repudiated, but all that pollutes life; not Love is rejected, but human cowardice that brands it with the Scar of Sin."

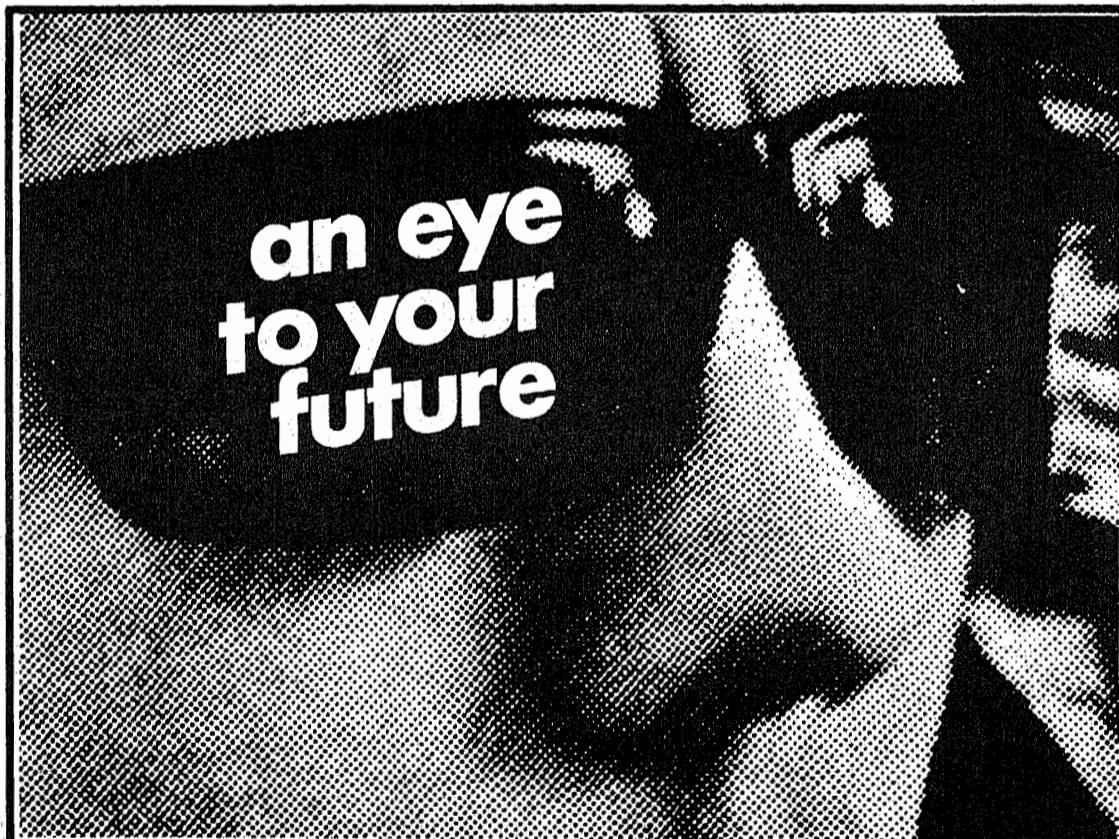
This (whether he was aware of *The Isle of San* or not) also describes the moral of Medlin's work, for A Book of Poems is a didactic work, and, in that sense at least, typically South Australian. (I do not infer that verse elsewhere may not be so, but didacticism is the besetting sin of South Australian verse; to explain why, would be to explain why Adelaide is, and always has been, smugly aware of certain moral superiority over her sister cities in Australia).

Both Medlin and Gellert are concerned with singing of love; as Gellert puts it,

"A song so very young, and yet so unutterably old." (p. 56).

and both are concerned with the distinction between lust and love, sex and a relationship. Gellert says

"Although I sang of Love, I feared
That Lust from shadows somewhere peered
And called me by my name;
And though my heart with love was filled,
And all my body leaped and thrilled,
My soul was touched with shame." (p. 57)



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Record Reviews

All records reviewed are kindly supplied by EMI, RCA, Festival and Phonogram records.

GRAPEFRUIT

DEEPWATER

B+

It's a long time since the Grapefruit were launched so spectacularly by the Beatles and failed to miserably to live up to the publicity. Back on a different label with a changed lineup, the group feels more at home with hard-rock, a genre they obviously enjoy and have a lot of feeling for.

RENAISSANCE

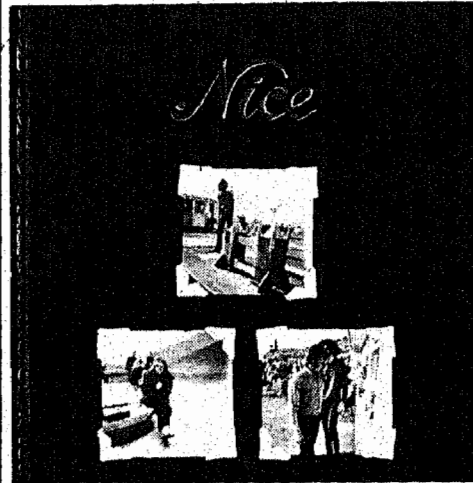
RENAISSANCE

B+

Yet another group formed from the ashes of the Yardbirds have arrived. Jimmy Page formed Led Zepplin, Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton both made successes, but little was heard of the rest of the 'Birds until this LP was released. Keith Relf (vocals) and Jim McCarty (drums) have formed Renaissance. They take a musical step in the opposite direction to Zepplin and Beck: their classic rock is lighter, with excellent piano from John Hanken. McCarty's drumming (particularly bass) gives it a solid background while Louis Cennamo provides very good electric bass.

Two ten-minute-plus tracks with several straight classical breaks in each form the backbone of the album. One of these, 'Bullet', with light jazz and even Spanish influence is probably the best track of all. Relf and sister Jane do sparse vocals — instrumentation is by far the main part of the album. Another ex-Yardbird, Paul Sanwell-Smith has produced a successful LP.

David Brown



NICE

Nice

A

It's not unusual for pop groups to use excerpts from the classics to enhance their own compositions. Rarely do pop groups blend these idioms so competently and completely, breaking down all the barriers between them.

The group owes much to Keith Emerson, organ player extraordinaire, who can take Dylan's 'She Belongs to Me' and move from hardrock to baroque, medieval church music, free from jazz and back again, making each change seem perfectly logical and consistent with the basic melody. Or adorn Tim Hardin's 'Hang On To A Dream' with Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor and a children's choir without losing the sense of a romantic ballad.

The Nice deserve far more recognition than they have received.

LAURA NYRO

THE FIRST SONGS

B-

Nyro has been a writer of songs rather than a singer of them, with successes like 'Stoned Soul Picnic,' 'And When I Die,' 'Blowing Away' and 'Wedding Bell Blues' (which will probably be the most recorded work of 1970). This album contains her versions of these last three and they are the best tracks, showing her powerful delivery, contrasting well with her sensitivity. The remainder of the album reveals her Motown and Gospel origins but the mediocre songs prevent her from developing what she promises.



FRIENDSOUND

JOYNEL

B-

Friendsound consist of the Brotherhood and a few of their friends who decided to cut an album of studio jam sessions. Naturally it is an album of self-indulgence and overproduction, but it is also a very inventive, often beautiful L.P. studded with a few hard rock exclamations.

YOUNGBLOODS

EARTH MUSIC

B

Very similar to CSN&Y's 'Deja Vu' in concept, the group's base of jugband and country music is not blessed with a slick production and the harsher harmonies tend to jar with the SINCERE, HONEST, GOOD EARTH, TRUE-GRIT backing. Yet somehow one gets the impression that the album is far closer to American music of the 20s and 30s.

TIM HARDIN

THE BEST OF TIM HARDIN

A city folkie like Ron McKuen but with aspirations of being ethnic (there's a 1965 word!), Hardin is probably best known for writing 'If I Were a Carpenter' and 'Lady Came From Baltimore', both on this album. Pleasant enough without any of the slickness in production that can destroy the feeling of simple melodies and simple thoughts.

EVIE SANDS

ANYWAY YOU WANT ME

B-

Schlock Rock is exemplified by Tom Jones, Four Seasons etc. and is generally recognised by a lush orchestral backing dominating a basic rock beat. 'Anyway That You Want Me' is an excellent album by a new schlock singer. Equally at home with the Motown 'Take Me For a Little While' and the Soul-based 'Close Your Eyes, Cross Your Fingers', Evie Sands brings her fresh approach to a much maligned section of pop music.

JOE SOUTH

DON'T IT MAKE YOU WANT TO GO HOME

B

Since the success of 'Games People Play', a certain standard, Joe South has been unable to produce further great chartbusters. Three of his later singles have been re-issued: the title track, 'Children' and 'Walk a Mile in My Shoes.' The album is consistently good but has nothing which is particularly outstanding.



EXCITERS

CAVIAR AND CHITLINS

B

The Exciters had only one hit: that was 'Tell Him.' They have reappeared with a sophisticated Soul Package in the same genre as the Four Tops and The Temptations. They are certainly not much worse than these groups, though they lack a large-scale acceptance which is important if you regard a group's talent as a joint effort of musical and promotional ability.

AMEN CORNER

FAREWELL TO THE REAL MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

C

An erratic album. Horrendous harmonies in 'The Weight' and a feeble vocal in 'Proud Mary' contrast with the more inspired 'Hello Susie', 'Welcome to the Club'. Their previous single 'Half As Nice' is featured on the album.

FREE

TONS OF SOBS and FREE

An English group who formed during the recent British Blues boom, Free have had much success in England. Their music is simple and solid — top musicians playing guitar, bass and drums with good vocal work.

The first LP, 'Tons of Sobs' is strongly blues-orientated with songs like 'The Hunter' and Howlin' Wolf's 'Going Down Slow.' The album has been given the 'heavy' treatment — loud bass and drums throughout.

The second LP, 'Free' their style has been developed further, though emphasis on volume and blues has been toned down. There are many slow and not altogether successful numbers on the album, but in the faster pieces the group works well.

On neither album are extended solos featured — in both it is very much a case of 'togetherness' all the way, more like Taj Mahal than anything else. Their full and simple solid cooh is a change from the mountains of brass from ten-to-fifteen piece rock bands.

D.B.

THE CLIMAX BLUES BAND PLAYS ON



CLIMAX BLUES BAND

The Climax Blues Band Plays On

C+

A new British blues group that offers monotonous vocals with an uninspiring backing. The group comes out of its stupor for 'So Many Roads' (the best blues track), 'Cubano Chant' (an out-of-place bossa nova) and 'Mum's the Word' (so heavily plagiarised from '2001' that it should be called '2002').

ROD MCKUEN

THE BEST OF ROD MCKUEN

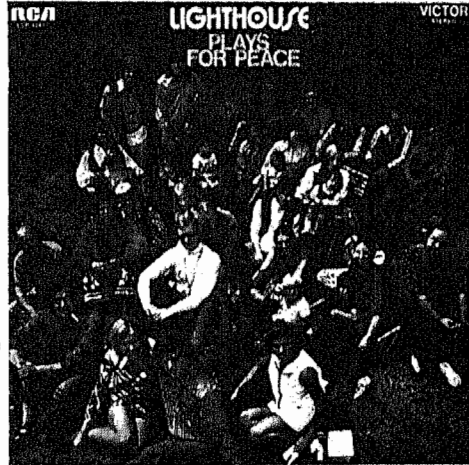
The young singer's Andy Williams strums his guitar and maintains his lonely wistful cool throughout eleven romantic and sentimental ballads. Marvellous fare for the Maggie Tabberers of the world.

TURTLES

TURTLE SOUP

C

One of the most durable purveyors of emasculated rock, The Turtles have been unable to maintain the success of 'Happy Together' and 'She'd Rather be with Me', which better suited them than their protest bit. 'Turtle Soup' is a further example of the group struggling to recapture their earlier feel without much success. It would be an adequate album only for their most fervent fans.



LIGHTHOUSE

PLAYS FOR PEACE

B-

Lighthouse is 14 people (maybe they were thinking of 'Boardinghouse') who play jazz-rock. Without the bite of Blood, Sweat and Tears it is much sweeter, almost schmaltzy at times. It would take a very good communion of minds to keep a 14-person group tight, yet their only real failure is an unfeeling treatment of Lennon's 'Day In The Life', which serves merely as a vehicle for musical meanderings.

BLUES POWER

The World of Blues Power

C

John Mayall's Bluesbreakers (with Eric Clapton and Peter Green) Ten Years After, Savoy Brown, Champion Jack Dupree (with Mickey Baker) and Eddie Boyd. The artists read like the Who's Who of British bluesmen yet the performances are lifeless with the exception of the incomparable John Mayall, an adequate Ten Years After and Eddie Boyd.

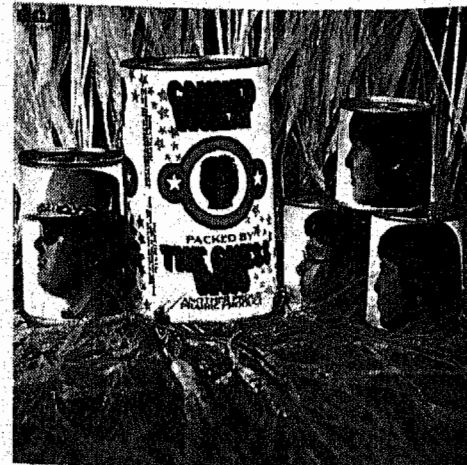
GUESS WHO

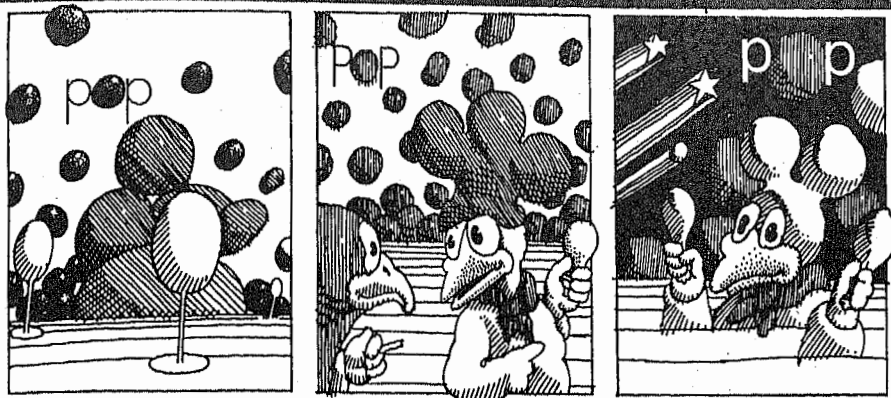
CANNED WHEAT

B

Another new musical form has been discovered — Wheatfield Soul or the Prairie Sound. (Good Grief, Charlie Brown!) The album predates 'American Woman' by a year and has presumably been released here to pick up reflected glory generated by that single.

The glory is not entirely misplaced. The group's strong vocals are cleverly linked together and are supported by the gifted Randy Bachman on lead guitar. The Guess Who have produced an album of imaginative Top 40 pop.





POP IS ACCUSED OF KILLING ROCK NEGLECTING MUSIC AND OTHER HORRID CRIMES.

Lack of space prevents us from printing Trevor Mule's letter in full. The first page and a half contends, briefly, that jazz was killed (sic) because critics and reviewers 'intellectualised' it and prevented the musicians from spontaneously creating, thus making it "even harder for any audiences to spontaneously react." In the same way, according to Mules, Rock is being killed by a 'horde of prying searching critics and writers.' He continues:

will you, the buying public, thus creating a closed loop of everyone saying, buying, playing what they feel they ought to in order to appear mature in their musical tastes. The end result will be a pop culture devoid of spontaneous excitement, a musical form which requires so much concentration and intellectual effort from its audience that it loses its audience. And then it will be truly underground like jazz, not only dead but buried as well.

Trevor Mules

BUT AQUITS ITSELF ADMIRABLY WHILE YET MAINTAINING AN INEFFABLE COOL

I would agree with Trevor Mules that a lot of the pretentiousness in music and lyrics today has been fostered by the host of quasi-intellectual articles elevating the complex and downgrading the simple. The example of the Creedence is a good one since 5AD following their self-made role of arbiters of good taste, ignored the first album and the 'Susie Q' single for almost eighteen months even though the single made the Cashbox top ten. 'Proud Mary' was programmed only after the rest of Australian radio were giving it heavy airplay and even then the cover version of Solomon King's was preferred, presumably because he used brass and that made it a better record.

However, Mules has misunderstood my review of the Archies. If I canned a record because it was a product of the capitalist society I'd have to can them all. Mules doesn't seem to realize that only records that are thought to have sales potential are released and in the case of the Archies I stated that the sales potential had been more determinedly manipulated than usual and the various problems of using human capital had been eliminated. I rated the Archies' album on its musical content.

Although most people tend to see rock as another art form it is important to realize that its art and its business were created simultaneously and have never been separated. What Mules calls 'spontaneous' and 'exciting' I'd call 'successful.' If he thinks he has a choice in what he likes he is ignoring all the dollar-money the record corporations spend to manipulate his taste. Everything that he hears or plays himself has been determined by records that were chosen for release by the companies according to their own formula.

Let's be fair Mules, most of the reviews are content descriptions and occasionally we feel that something more should be said about a record. If you want 'it's-got-a-good-beat-and-you-can-dance-to-it' reviews you'll find them in Go Set.

J.L.

The reason I dug Airplane was primarily the music, not the lyrics. It is incorrect of Mr. Mules to say that my liking of the record was because the lyrics are anti-American and anti-establishment. The opinion that the album is (musically) very, very good is not mine alone by any means. (Even my house critic Pat Thompson agrees about that judgement). It is surprising that Mr. Mules takes such aversion to Ed Nimmervoll, whose knowledge of Pop and empathy with the media has always impressed the Oracles at Pop.

A.H.

If you need a classic example of the truth of what I'm saying take a look at the 'Pop' page in some recent ON DITs. The classic was when Hann and Lewicki "reviewed" the records "Volunteers" by Jefferson Airplane and "Jingle Jangle" by the Archies. It seems the true revolutionary can never get his mind off the revolt. Hann really dug "Volunteers" and he makes it quite obvious why. The lyrics are anti-American and anti-establishment. At the same time Lewicki ridiculed the Archies as being products of the corporation or capitalist word.

Hey Jules, did you play the record? What about the music, man, did you hear it? Don't get me wrong, I'm no fan of the Archies. However, I take issue with the principal of canning a record because it's the product of a record company and hence of the capitalist society which we all hate. If you didn't like the music then say so, tell us what the music does to you or doesn't do to you. Don't just tell us it's typical of conservative middle-class American society and therefore bad. Politics and music mix admirably as Dylan can demonstrate, but don't judge music by the political implications that you yourself are inventing.

On the subject of "Volunteers" I can say that I have heard the disc at the first Rock Record Jam and was not spontaneously aroused. I'm prepared to admit that if you're a revolutionary then the words will turn you on but musically speaking it is nothing but plain bullshit to say as Hann did that "this is one of the best records to be released by any Pop Group at any time." This is only your opinion Adrian baby, and it is not one which found consensus at the Rock Record Jam.

But Hann and Lewicki are really still learning, although they're showing promise. The real experts at decomposing rock work for the magazines. For example read Rob Smyth's analysis of Country Joe and the Fish in a recent Revolution magazine or Nimmervoll's review of "Moondance" by Van Morrison for examples of a couple of nails in the coffin of Rock. Smyth devotes much space to the politics of Country Joe, his background and influences but hardly a mention of his music. We don't know if it's typically fast, slow, rhythmic, melodic or what. Meanwhile, Nimmervoll writes of how Van Morrison has been misunderstood since the break-up of "Them" and quotes many of his wistful lyrics as an illustration. Good! But what of the music? Hardly a whisper.

The trend is now very strongly entrenched in the culture and will take another "Beatlemania" type event to reverse it. Without such an event, the future is not too bright. The critics (e.g. Freeman in "The News") will slam the simple like Creedence and elevate the contrived and complex. The musicians will respond and so

BOY BLUNDER STRIKES AGAIN!

or, WILL THE REVIEWER GO FLICK HIMSELF WITH HIS CULTURAL CRINGE?

I agree with Adrian Hann's verdict that "Volunteers" is the best Jefferson Airplane record yet. I disagree with his interpretation of it as the product of a "truly revolutionary" group - I would suggest his own preoccupation with Revolution has not only led to the adulation of this record but also to the rejection of "Deja Vu." How he could call this record "heavy" I don't know. It seems to me an earnest attempt to explore can traditions; when this is taken in context with "trucking" cartoons, surrealist art, the popular use of crude Fabian Socialist rhetoric, jug-bands, maxis and Kate Hepburn heads a picture of a fairly widespread sympathy with the 1930s is formed. This seems to me to be just as much a part of the scene as the Woodstock Nation, and cannot be rejected merely because it is popular (e.g. Charleston and Tin Can Alley each have sociological significance.)

It is true that the Airplane have been busted for possession of pot (though there are strong rumours that say this was a frame), that they do use the Black Power salute and were the first to introduce to the public the word "motherf...er" (Dick Cavett Show). Aren't these just as theatrical as the MC5 revivalist rhetoric - mere gestures, not truly radical actions? Why would a revolutionary group, dedicated, one would suppose, to the smashing of capitalism, make a series of commercials for Levi-Strauss? And are they really pro-drugs? "White Rabbit" has been the bone of contention - some say it advocates the use of drugs - others that it condemns on the grounds that continual use of hard drugs effectively inhibits the ability and desire to communicate.

The so-called "revolutionary" songs on the album (all two of them) are a parody on the MC5 et al just as "Bud Dollan" and the "Roland Stoves" are unobtrusive satirisations of whatisnames. The "Volunteers" on the front cover are stiff, wooden, unnatural and absurd caricatures. That's where it's at for the Airplane. Rethink the

*We are all outlaws in the eyes of America!
In order to survive we steal, cheat, lie, forge, warp, pike and deal!
We are obscene, lawless, hideous, dangerous, dirty, violent and we are!!*

and take note of the

*... Consider, how small you are!
Compared to your scream!
The human dream
Doesn't mean shit to a tree...*

Weary and disillusioned, completely cynical and nihilistic, this song is directly antithetical to the revolutionary concept.

The other main area in which I disagree with Adrian is his concept of the corporation, and the actual revolutionary effect of rock.

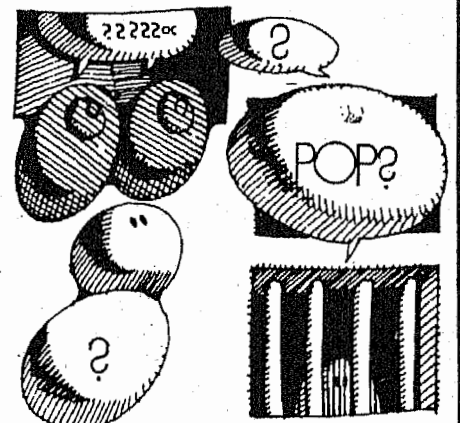
Briefly, (1) he assumes that the corporations can comprehend the possibility of a revolution (Zabriskie Point illustrated this brilliantly).

(2) Revolution is not only big business, but also has become part of the established political scene in America (Uncle Dicky has the Good Panthers in for coffee and donuts). Revolution is now a part of youth culture, which the oldies try to emulate anyway and revolution, in a form, such as music, is perfectly acceptable.

(3) The paradox of communication i.e. the very use of the media tends to emasculate the revolution. But this is not to say that rock music in its basic nature - driving, sensual rhythms, screaming voices and tearing, biting guitars has not, and is not, playing an important role in catalysing anti-social actions and analyses. How much this constitutes "revolution" is debatable.

The important thing about the record is not the Message, but the Music - as such it is, as Adrian said, "one of the best records to be released by any Pop Group at any time."

- Pat Thomson
(who would like to acknowledge heavy plagiarism from Ramparts Jan. 1970 and June 1969).

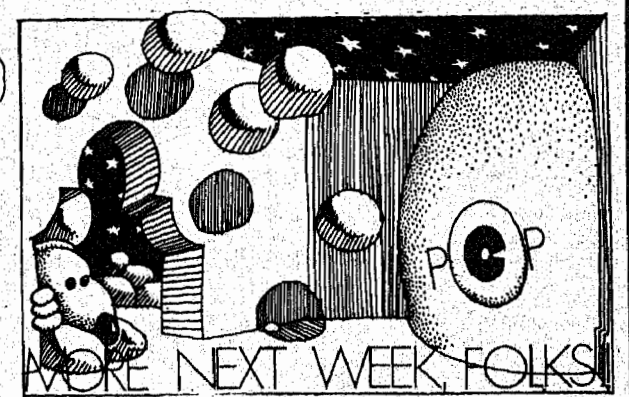
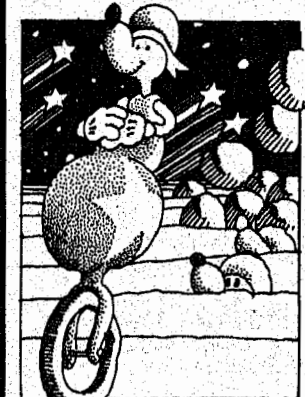


BB CONFESSES..

I'm not sure about the cultural cringe bit, but boy blunder is certainly right. When discussing the record with several friends before writing the review, the song we agreed got to us the most was the first track (repeated again on the last track). We thought that the lines were 'Got a revolution, got a revolution' although the words were obscured. 'Start a revolution, not THE revolution' was a suggestion, but it lost favour to the first. On further hearings we are fairly certain that the Airplane say 'Counter-revolution, not the revolution.' Which obviously changes things rather. Blunder acknowledged.

A small point: my use of the word 'heavy' made reference jargonistically (tooth-in-tongue) to the scene (as in 'man, it's a heavy scene') and not to the music (as in heavy or hard-rock). It is reprehensible to use jargon that makes sense to an esoteric few and for a culpable linguistic slip boy blunder apologises.

On Pat's assumptions of my assumptions: 1) I do think that corporations can conceive of a revolution, at least as it directly affects them (otherwise, why do they react?). 2) and 3) are almost exactly what I think with regard to Rock and Revolution and I'm not sure where in my review Pat gets the notion that I think otherwise. I agree with the last paragraph as well - the Music IS the message. However, when words are (or seem) an important adjunct, I think it is worth mentioning them. I admit the review was all too hastily written. I should have listened more carefully and for a longer period of time.

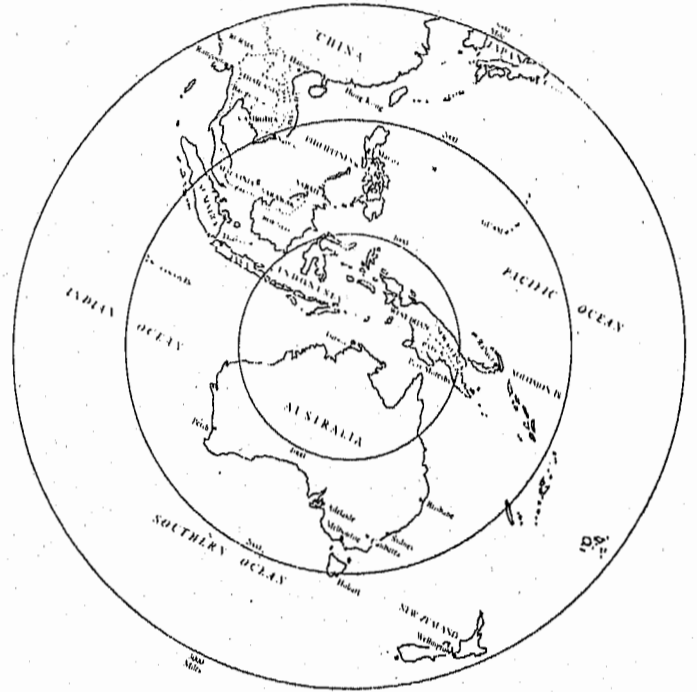


Australia in Asia

The second in a series of three articles on Australian Foreign Policy by John Tapp

The first in this series of articles set out to show how members of both the Liberal and Labour parties operate on basically the same precepts and assumptions in their examination of Asian politics. The A.L.P. has never provided any real alternative or opposition to the prevailing (L.C.L.) view of the world, but has acquiesced in it completely.

This too, can be said of those institutions which are concerned with the shaping of public opinion (e.g. the education system) or even those which should be concerned with criticising government policy (academics). The three institutions examined here: the education system, the press and Australian intellectuals, during the years of the Cold War, have been noted by their virtually complete and wholesale support of the official mythology concerning the Government's actions in Asia.



THE EDUCATION SYSTEM

ALL education systems, besides their traditional role of the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, are concerned to produce 'good citizens.' 'Good citizens' are those who admire the status quo and are concerned to exert themselves for its preservation. All nations and societies indulge in this process of making their children ready to fit into and perpetuate, the existing system — the continued existence of the society depends on it.

In Capitalist Australia, this means that children must be 'socialised' into respecting the Capitalist system as a system; and this means inculcating the virtues of respect for property, humility before authority (be it teachers, parents of the State), active patriotism and material and spiritual competition. This is manifest in many ways, some more obvious than others. For example, there is the traditional weekly assembly; the Anthem, the flag saluting, the liturgy; 'I love my country, I honour her flag, I promise to obey her laws' etc.

There is, however, a political bias within the school system on quite a different level, and that is to be found in lessons explicitly dealing with politics and current affairs; in particular, history and social studies. For example, take a document entitled 'Social Studies for Area Schools', which is an Education Department handbook issued to teachers in the country schools as a teaching guide. The list of points it 'advises' teachers to stress in the teaching of the 'strategic importance of S.E. Asia' in their Intermediate social studies classes are as follows:

'King pin of the Eastern Hemisphere — between Indian and Pacific Oceans, between poverty stricken, democratic India and Communist China; between affluent, democratic Australia and Communist China; between bustling industrial nations, and trading partners — Australia and Japan (examine statistics to gauge how important a market Japan is to Australia). Political uncertainty — Communist or non-Communist? Democracies or Dictatorships? — Attempted Communist advances in Laos and Vietnam; Communist guerillas in the Philippines; Communist influence in Indonesia; recent Communist terrorism in Malaysia; army dominated governments in Burma, Thailand, Vietnam, Indonesia; Australian troops in Vietnam; S.E. Asia is a vital source of raw materials... for western countries and Japan. S.E. Asia's 220 millions as a vast market for the products of industrial nations (refer to Australia and export action). Singapore's geographical position and its role as military base and entrepot — its withdrawal from Malaysia.

The course outlined here will be backed up by suitable textbooks, which are usually accepted as authoritative in an uncritical way by most school students. One set of texts which has just been withdrawn because of criticisms, but which until recently was widely used in schools in South Australia, has constant references to 'the global struggle between the Free World and the Communists' in which 'Asian people are playing a major part.' In one of these books, China is pictured as wishing to 'spread Communism' while 'the US stands for freedom and self determination.' One text currently in use in the Leaving History course describes China as 'a potential threat to the US and our Free World allies.' It goes on to say that since 1949, the 'Chinese Government with almost fanatical single mindedness and vigour has been pursuing policies designed to make itself the greatest power centre in Asia.'

All this does not say that our schools are simply a massive form of political indoctrination, but it does mean that it is certainly no where near as 'impartial' as is sometimes suggested; it means that the views our schoolchildren receive on events in Asia are likely to be more heavily biased in one direction than the other. Moreover as they grow up these biases tend to be reinforced by other institutions, in particular, by the press.

THE PRESS

It is well-known that the editorial policies of ALL the major Australian newspapers, with the sole exception of 'The Australian' (whose circulation pales into insignificance when compared with the combined totals of the others) is characterised by a faithful and lasting support of the Liberal Government's policies in Asia. They would, of course, assert that this is not of much significance because (a) not many people read their editorials anyway and (b) their editorial opinions do not affect the journalistic standards — 'objective' reporting of 'the facts', and so on. The fact is, however, that editorial policies, especially over a long period of time, can play a great role in moulding or reinforcing opinions. This is done in many ways. Headlining is a good example: 'ENEMY THREATENS CAPITAL' is obviously not a 'value free' way of drawing attention to a Viet Cong encirclement of Saigon, and one could certainly not, by any stretch of the imagination, force an Australian newspaper referring to American policies in headline as 'aggressive' or 'imperialist'. Editorial opinion also affects news content and emphasis: Viet Cong 'atrocities' are played up, allied defeats non-existent, Vietnamese peasants 'resettled' or 'relocated' etc., etc. Editorial opinion also influences the nature and content of feature articles.

Here, the syndicated columnists, the so-called 'South East Asian experts', who write feature articles and interpretative articles for Australian newspapers are all, with a few possible exceptions (Creighton Burns, Pat Burgess, Robert Duffield) distinguished by a loyal tendentiousness and continual endorsement of official mythology which surrounds our activities in Asia.

Take Denis Warner, for example. He is recognised as an Australian 'authority' on S.E. Asia, having lived and travelled in the area for over twenty years, is widely syndicated throughout the national press (including the 'Advertiser'); the author of numerous books on Asia and has been head of the Australian Associated Press services stationed in Tokyo. His writings are characterised by a hysterical conservatism, and his morbid anti-communist paranoia on occasion can even exceed that of Messrs. Jones and McLeay, an moreover, he has been preaching it since before 1954. He sees behind just about every disturbance in Asia in the past two decades as Mao with his dictum 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun' and the 'clenched fist' and 'red flag.'

On the other side of the fence, in the Vietnam debate at least, is Robert Duffield, foreign editor of 'The Australian', who at least has not been prepared to acquiesce in the myths propagated by the Liberal Government. Yet even HIS opposition is extremely limited and circumscribed, based on the following:

'What worries me is that as long as America chases this mirage of military victory there will be far more horror in Indo-China than there would be otherwise. And I don't think my stomach can take it.'

Thus his opposition to the Government policy is not based on a recognition of the historical nature of the war and the attribution of blame to the US and Australia. In fact, last year he was saying such things as 'Thieu deserves more time' and warned: 'If the Americans get out of Vietnam too quickly the Saigon regime will collapse...'. His 'opposition' is based rather on the fact that he sees the impossibility of a clean, efficient victory.

'The Australian' therefore does not in any fundamental way challenge the dominant world view; all it is prepared to do is to exercise a cautious criticism and dissent — and this is the only newspaper in Australia, with the possible exception of Melbourne's 'Sunday Observer' which from all accounts is very similar to 'The Australian' that is prepared to go even this far.

ACADEMICS AND INTELLECTUALS

Tradition has it that the academics and intellectuals of a society should act as its 'conscience', that they have a responsibility to hold it up to criticism and try to keep it on the right path. In Australia, however, and this happened in other countries as well during the height of the Cold War, the academic establishment has been a faithful upholder and eager perpetrator of the official mythology; from Donald Horne's 'The Lucky Country', to the more studious works of Sir Alan Watt, T. B. Millar, J. D. B. Miller etc.

Professor Millar, for example, in his book 'Australia's Foreign Policy' advances and often explicitly approves of past and present Government policy, criticisms being rare and peripheral. On China he says: 'she has for nearly

twenty years been fomenting violent revolution and dissatisfaction in a number of countries in Asia.' He has, moreover, been supporting the Government's policy in Vietnam ever since the first 'teach in' held on the war in 1965. Millar is only one of a number of similarly-minded professors and political scientists, including not only the aforementioned gentlemen but by and large the members of such august bodies as the Australian Institute for International Affairs and the Australian Political Science Association. Before the Vietnam War itself emphasised and revealed to many people just how wrong the prevailing interpretation of events in Asia could be, criticism of the Australian perception of revolutions in Asia by academics was virtually non-existent. (One of the very few critics was Dr. John Burton who adopted a position similar to that expounded by Dr. Cairns today). Even now, the majority of academic critics, and this goes for the Australian 'peace' movement as a whole, do not systematise their opposition to the Vietnam War into a form which challenges the basis of the dominant myths about revolution in Asia — they do not challenge, for example, the belief that capitalism is the best form of social development.

Thus, 'it seems to me, as I have shown in these first two articles, that amongst the political leaders of this country, and within at least three crucial social institutions, the views and mythology are either supported and acclaimed or receive no fundamental challenge or opposition. It seems to me that this position is gradually changing at the moment, but despite this comparatively recent development, the situation, as I have described it, existed in the two decades after the second World War.'

The ideology of the ruling class in Australia has had an unchallenged popularity and authority and has embraced virtually the whole social system. Australians have never been presented with an alternative set of social values or alternative political doctrine. This is one of the reasons, why Australians see political radicalism and nonconformity generally, as something 'foreign', something that is 'imported' and hence 'unnatural.' The widespread predominance of the ideas of the ruling class is, of course, the most efficient method the ruling class has for class control. They do not need to call out the police to stop strikes etc — the set of community values immediately condemns such action. It is only in times of crisis (such as in the US in recent years and to some extent in Australia recently) that the power of the ruling class State need be revealed.

It is in these terms that our commitment to the Indo-China war needs to be viewed. It is on the one hand the inevitable result of the way Australia views revolutionary movements in Asia, a view which has had hegemonic dominance in Australia for over 20 years. At the same time, it is a crisis on an international scale for the world bourgeoisie and its system of imperialist exploitation. We could not let liberation movements in the under-developed countries challenge our position as a rich, exploiting power, and this aspect of Australia's international behaviour will be discussed in the concluding article in the next issue.

Alcoa will give you a chance to contribute not just offer a job.



BIRD OF THE WEEK

Mandy Dunstan enjoyed the extract from Portnoy's Complaint in the last edition of ON DIT; however this did not bias the ON DIT's reporter in making his choice for Bird of the Week. What did bias the ON DIT reporter was that Mandy is beautiful. Mandy is occupied with Arts I with majors in French and English.

A keen supporter of blues and anythings anti-classical, Mandy finds Uni life more normal than she expected - strange! As for those types who aren't normal, for example drop-outs - no comment. On the whole, however, Uni males are 'rather ordinary.'

Not a participant in demonstrations Mandy doesn't think they achieve anything, although of course she agrees with the causes. Violence is definitely the result of police provocation but with perhaps a little help from the more radical students. Surprise! Mandy is going to receive a book token courtesy of the Union Bookshop just for being a beautiful bird.

mandy dunstan



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Imagination in aluminium



The last testament of Ho

In our patriotic struggle against American aggression, we may indeed have to endure greater difficulties and consent to new sacrifices, but we are bound to win total victory.

This is a certainty.

I intend, when that day comes, to tour both the North and the South, to congratulate our heroic compatriots, cadres and combatants, and to visit our beloved old people, youth and children.

Then, on behalf of our people, I will go the fraternal countries of the socialist camp and the friendly countries of the whole world and thank them for their wholehearted aid and support for our people's patriotic struggle against U.S. aggression.

Tu Fu, the well-known Chinese poet of the T'ang period, wrote: "In all time, few are those who reach seventy years."

This year, being seventy-nine, I count among those "few"; still, my mind has remained very lucid, though my health has somewhat declined in comparison with previous years. When one is on the wrong side of seventy, health deteriorates with age. This is no wonder.

But who can say how much longer I shall be able to serve the revolution, the Fatherland and the people?

I therefore leave these few lines in anticipation of the day when I shall go and join the venerables Karl Marx, Lenin, and our other revolutionary elders; in this way, our people throughout the entire country, our comrades in the Party, and our friends in the world will not be taken by surprise.

FIRST I WILL SPEAK ABOUT THE PARTY: Thanks to its close unity and total dedication to the working class, the people and the Fatherland, our Party has been able, since its founding, to unite, organise and lead our people from success to success in a resolute struggle.

Unity is an extremely precious tradition of our Party and our people. All comrades, from the Central Committee on down to the cell, must preserve unity and oneness of mind in the Party as the apple of their eyes.

Within the Party, the best way to consolidate and further solidarity and unity is to achieve broad democracy and to practice self-criticism and criticism regularly and seriously. Genuine affection should prevail among all comrades.

Ours is a Party in power. Each Party member, each cadre, must be deeply imbued with revolutionary morality and must show industry, thrift, integrity, uprightness, total dedication to public interests and exemplary selfishness. Our Party should preserve absolute purity and prove worthy of its role as leader and truly loyal servant of the people.

THE WORKING YOUTH UNION MEMBERS AND OUR YOUTH on the whole are of excellent nature, ardent to volunteer for vanguard tasks, undeterred by difficulties and ceaselessly striving for progress. The Party must foster their revolutionary virtues and train them both as "reds" and as "experts" to be our successors for building socialism.

Training and educating future revolutionary generations is an extremely important and necessary task.

OUR LABORING PEOPLE, in the plains and in the mountain areas, have for ages endured hardships, suffered feudal and colonial oppression and exploitation; furthermore, they have experienced many years of war.

Yet, our people have shown great heroism and courage, ardent enthusiasm and great industriousness. They have always followed the Party since it came into being, and they have always remained loyal to it.

The Party must work out a very effective plan for economic and cultural development in order to continuously raise the living standard of the people.

THE RESISTANCE WAR AGAINST AMERICAN AGGRESSION may drag on. Our compatriots may have to face new sacrifices of property and of human life. Whatever may happen, we must keep firm our resolve to fight the American aggressor until complete victory. Our rivers, our mountains, our people will always be; to my young and infant nieces and nephews, I leave my boundless love.

Whatever the difficulties and the hardships ahead, our people are sure of total triumph. The American imperialists shall have to pull out. Our Fatherland shall be reunified. Our compatriots in the North and in the South shall be reunited under the same roof. We, a small nation, will have earned the signal honor of defeating, through a heroic struggle, two giant imperialisms - French and Americans - and of making a worthy contribution to the national liberation movement.

ABOUT THE WORLD COMMUNIST MOVEMENT: Having devoted my whole life to the revolution, I am as proud of the growth of the international communist and workers' movement as I am grieved by the dissensions now dividing the fraternal parties.

I hope that our Party will do its best to contribute effectively to the restoration of unity among the fraternal parties on the basis of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism, in a way which conforms to both reason and sentiment.

I am sure that the fraternal parties and countries will unite again.

ABOUT PERSONAL MATTERS: All my life, I have served the Fatherland, the revolution and the people with all my heart and strength. If I should now depart from this world, I would regret nothing, except being unable to serve longer and more.

When I am gone, grand funerals should be avoided so as not to waste the people's time and money.

Finally, to the whole people, to all our Party, to all our armed forces, to my young and infant nieces and nephews, I leave my boundless love.

I also convey my cordial greetings to our comrades and friends, to the youth and children throughout the world.

My ultimate wish is that our whole Party, and all our people, closely joining their efforts, build a peaceful, unified, independent, democratic and prosperous Vietnam, and make a worthy contribution to the world revolution.

s/Ho Chi Minh

Chi Minh



review page

LYSISTRATA

Union Hall: St. Anne's and Aquinas.
Produced by Deborah Osman.

The reviewer became familiar with Aristophanes' comedy through having taken part in the AIDS production of *Thesmophoriazusa* in 1968 at the Monash Drama Festival. Sydney's Victor Emiljanov began a post-performance seminar by saying that it was the "best production of Aristophanic comedy amateur or professional" that he had seen. He spent the next twenty minutes tearing the production to pieces.

The Anne's-Aquinas production was not of the standard of *Thesmophoriazusa* on the other hand, if you had gone to see *Lysistrata* for a good laugh, you certainly got your money's worth. This was mostly because of the bawdy wit of Aristophanes, though sometimes the laughter was at the expense of the actors, and occasionally because of some good acting.

The selection of the cast must necessarily have been difficult because of the limited numbers available from the colleges involved. The choice of play however was ideally suited to paraphrase the programme notes: 'What better play to choose for a male and female college than Aristophanes.'

SCOTS ACCENT!

Looking most Athenian-like, Penny Turner performed admirably as *Lysistrata*. A little stilted in voice and movement at the start, Miss Turner warmed up as the play progressed and lost most of her initial awkwardness. Helen Fairweather as a rather ungainly apple-munching *Kalonike* got more laughs than perhaps she really deserved by delivering her lines with a Kenneth Williamsesque twang. On the subject of accents, I'll concede that bagpipes originated from Greece, but to give the women (and men) Sparta Scots accents, not altogether consistent anyway, was unforgivable (begorrah).

As leader of the women's chorus, Brenda I'Dell was more than a match for Kevin Moriarty, the choragus of the Old Men. If the battle of the sexes were to be extended to the actors and actresses, St. Anne's won hands and tunics down. Apart from Amazon-like posturing (hands on hips etc.) the women of Athens moved well and confidently; the Chorus of Old Men were little better than a mob (advisedly) of fidgetting paraplegic spastics.

SUPERB SEDUCTION

The bawdy wit of Aristophanes stopped things from bogging down in what was largely a disorientated and slow-moving production. Only once did the acting show itself worthy of the lines: this was the superb seduction scene between *Myrrhene* (Petrea Lillecrapp) and *Kinesias* (Brian Johnston).

Both parts were very well chosen; Miss Lillecrapp and Mr. Johnston looked good on stage; better still, they acted very well indeed. They romped through their lines where those before and after them managed little than a fast dawdle. Their timing was excellent, their acting witty and restrained. Miss Lillecrapp's supposed coquettishness was delightful.

Indeed, a general criticism of the production might well be that the performance as a whole lacked the very qualities which *Myrrhene* and *Kinesias* displayed. Bawdy humour is funniest when played with vigour and a sense of fun while yet maintaining your cool. In a situation where control and restraint in the actors' movements and delivery are lost, bawdiness loses much of its wit and appeal.

The producer (Deborah Osman) seems not to have disciplined her cast well enough. Not all old men are palsied decrepit epileptics who can manage forty fits per line. There was throughout the production an unpleasant emphasis upon the grotesque and the deformed, something which Aristophanes' work does not warrant.

EXTREME GROTESQUERY

With the audience's attention altogether too closely drawn to extraneous and unnecessary movement, the verbal sting was blunted and subtle inuendos lost among the arms, legs, gaping mouths, stutterings, leaping, gruntings, stoopings, cacklings and so forth which emanated at a prodigious rate from the men's chorus.

The drunkard at the end of the play should never have been allowed on stage. Atrociously over-acted, he was grotesque in the extreme, quite unpleasant to watch and seemed totally irrelevant to anything that was going on.

One of the great difficulties with *Lysistrata* is of course the treatment of the bawdiness itself. The Great Australian Self-Consciousness was understandable all the more present amongst cast members. *Kinesias*, as uninhibited as he was, found it necessary to clutch at this thigh when clearly his problem derived from his member; the chorus of women disrobed only their leg-coverings, leaving their tunics intact, when the lines calling for taking everything off. One felt (hoped?) they could have got away with a lot more (or a lot less if you like).

The production overall was disjointed, though occasionally Miss Osman strove for tolerable groupings of characters. The set was simple and uncluttered as it should be. The use of strobes during action scenes was interesting but could have been much more effectively used. A word about costumes (or the wardrobe mistress will kill me); they were certainly very colourful, but perhaps a little unimaginative. But then you can't do an awful lot with Athenian undergar.

Adrian Hann

THE APPLE TREE

Introduction to "The Apple Tree" — Australian Premiere.

One night in mid-September of 1964, two writers anxiously awaited the rising of a curtain which was to show to the public, ardent theatre-goer or not, what the word entertainment meant. The production was titled "Fiddler on the Roof" and even if you have never seen it, you have certainly heard of its world-wide acclamation and probably regretted missing it ever since.

Four years ago those same two writers watched the rising of yet another curtain and again rejoiced at its response of tumultuous approval. Another production called "The Apple Tree", directed by Mike Nichols, director of "The Graduate" and "Catch-22", held (incredibly), all the ingredients of the verve, power and simplicity that made "Fiddler." It did not follow "Fiddler" in so much as reaching the audiences of Australia — not until 15th July, 1970 that is, for it is on this date that "The Apple Tree" makes its Australian Premiere here at the Scott Theatre in Adelaide.

Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick have linked the stories of Mark Twain, Frank Stockton and Jules Felffer in hilarious dialogue and enchanting music. The plot follows the progress of Adam, Eve and Snake from the Garden of Eden, through the barbarian kingdom of "Lady or the Tiger", to the modern day fantasy of "Passionella", the chimney sweep who becomes a movie star.

Far from superficial, the theme of simplicity in love is intricately bound in the three musicals. Not just the universality of love is shown, but that the truth and simplicity of love is universal. You will soon see why "The Apple Tree" has been classed as "A new musical" — original in music, in exposition of theme, and resolution of all the theatrical forces into a satisfying two and a half hours.

Its season will begin on July 15th at 8.00 p.m. in the Scott Theatre and continue to Tuesday, July 21st. It's very seldom that one gains the opportunity of attending a premiere, yet seven performances (including a Saturday matinee) can only hold so few. Go along and see "The Apple Tree" staged by the Adelaide Teachers College Music Club and take that chance to see a truly "once in a lifetime show."

ST. MARKS REVIEW

The basic problem of any amateur revue is that it is amateur. The St. Mark's revue would have been quite good fun for all those involved, and those not involved who went along and laughed even though they had heard the jokes from their friends before (those that weren't blatantly stolen). The parents would have laughed because it was either their own lad up on stage or because the revue is the one time of the year when they can laugh at their sons (or son's friends) being vulgar and occasionally critical of the church (say "irreverent" and smile). The St. Anne's girls laughed when their St. Mark's boyfriends did. I imagine they all had a pretty good time. Production was shoddy and the 'acting' was atrocious. The general level of humour was consistent with the scene where they had a boy dressed up as a girl with big tits singing falsetto.

FLOYD GREENHOUSE

JULIUS CAESAR

The newest film production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" comes complete with 70 mm technicolour, multi-track sound, and the latest in Hollywood "realism" — dogs underfoot. Despite this, the film must be seen as a failure, since once again Cassius completely dominates Brutus. In the last production this was due to the excellence of Sir John Gielgud's Cassius, in this one it is due to the abysmal acting of Jason Robards as Brutus.

The gentle, introspective Brutus is transformed into a sluggish dullard, and the poetry and self-doubt of his soliloquies is completely destroyed by Robard's drawling monotone. Gielgud is back in another role, and is superlative as the supremely arrogant, yet slightly unsure, Caesar. Of the remaining performances the best is that of Diana Rigg, whose Elizabethan experience shows in her beautifully sensitive portrayal of Portia, the wife of Brutus.

Richard Johnson, performed well as Cassius, and Charlton Heston's hammy style fitted Antony perfectly. I have always considered Shakespeare's Antony as a caricature, and Heston, who should really be doing Tarzan films, is a type-cast. The slimy Casca is played by Robert Vaughn, whose big, innocent eyes are featured almost as much as they were in "The Man from Uncle."



All that remains is to mention that Richard Chamberlain was surprising as the whining "peevish schoolboy" Octavius. (Perhaps, as with Heston, he is type-cast). Also surprising were the excellent settings which proved an intelligent contrast to the marble pubs and hovels of the last production.

Despite reasonable and in some cases good acting, I think that any production of "Julius Caesar" without maximum emphasis on a self-torturing Brutus as the key character, is a failure.

By this criterion, M.G.M.'s new release has failed as Shakespearean cinema.

Peter Goldsworthy.

Adelaide International Film Festival

CUL-DE-SAC

Cul-de-Sac as a film reflects in its title both in its setting, a physical dead end, an island instantly cut off from the land by the tides, and in the emotional dead-end of the leading characters.

The three central figures are a criminal, an ineffectual and the ineffectual's wife. The most important character in the film is the ineffectual, whose attempts to establish effectualness provides both comic relief in the

film and also the tragedy, both his own personal tragedy and the tragedy implicit in the hopelessness of human relations.

All these elements are brought out in the scene where the ineffectual kills the criminal. This comes after some sort of rapport had been established between the two of them. On his own he would never have attempted to kill, but he is both actively egged on by his vicious, child-like wife and also by his beliefs concerning manliness and identity — the idea that he can 'prove' himself.

As he shoots the criminal, repeatedly, he looks over his shoulder at his wife, but the approval and proof he desires is not there, it never could be there. He instead has destroyed the world, unsatisfactory as it was, that he had erected.



This situation which is initially pathetic rapidly changes through the grotesque to the threatening and through onto the comic, when the car, a Jaguar, that he prized, is destroyed by machine gun from the dying criminal.

This aspect of the film this continual shifting and suspending of the boundaries between terror, horror, the grotesque and the comic contribute strongly to the effect of this significant and at times sensitive film.

Peter Flynn

STOLEN KISSES

STOLEN KISSES which I considered to be a superbly comic film (as was testified by a friend of mine who was sitting on the other side of the theatre and apparently kept on muttering throughout the film 'there's bloody Flynn laughing again'). I would call the central mechanism of the film the existential transformation of the Chaplinesque which I chose because it is a beautiful, ringingly pompous, apt phrase.

Jean-Paul Sartre, in Being and Nothingness discusses a waiter in a cafe, 'he returns, trying to imitate in his walk the inflexible stiffness of some kind of automation while carrying his tray with the recklessness of a tight-rope-walker by putting it in a perpetually unstable, perpetually broken equilibrium which he perpetually re-establishes by a light movement of the arm and hand. All his behaviour seems to us a game.'

Truffant's Antione is absurd but reality, as the prospect of self-awareness, instead of being a tragic counterpoint, out there; provides by its constant intrusion, a slatting of Antione's pretending at-being-real.



The clearest example of this is the scene near the end of the film where his girl-friend, Christine's parents have left their house for the weekend. Antione is at this time employed as a T.V. mechanic. Christine removes a valve from the back of the set, and then rings up for him to come and repair it.

He pulls up in the repair van, steps out, collects his tools with all the overt manifestations of efficiency, fumbling of course in a style reminiscent of Chaplin and walks into the house. On entering he literally marches up to the T.V. set turns it around and says the first words to Christine, 'who interfered with the back of the set.' Thus completing the pretence of being a real T.V. repair man, not a human being and by this completion, bringing out the comic absurdity.

It is through this mechanism and the deft touches like the camera tracing out the path that everybody knows Christine and Antione used to get to bed and on reaching the bedroom, show us an empty bed; wrong bedroom; that this film is constantly funny and constantly perceptive.

Peter Flynn

CHRISTIANITY

Out of the cave, back to the altar

Dave Crocker

ACT I — IN THE BEGINNING . . .

SCENE: the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Hippies from Europe and the Middle East are celebrating the Feast of Agape, the feast of love, in memory of Christ, the Anointed One. Seated, and discussing the universe are Capt. Israel, his friend Little Egypt and their mutual acquaintance Yogi Krishnamurti. All are industriously chewing the fatted calf and swilling down local Arak.

Israel: I found my thrill on the road to Emmaus.
Egypt: Yeah, didn't we all.

K'murti: The thing that bugs me about Christians is that they talk about love and yet they live in a loveless society.

Israel: Whaddya mean?

K'murti: Well you got people like C. S. Lewis, C. P. Snow, Erich Fromm and Freud TALKING about love — and a host of others, but they don't DO anything about it. I mean that love is a word that is coined almost exclusively in abstract terms. To me Christ didn't imply that.

Israel: Christ said love is all there is.

Egypt: No man. You got it wrong. You gone commercial all of a sudden. Christ said "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light." He didn't sell love with a gimmick at all, he just set an example for others to follow. His was the Way, his was the Truth, and His was the Light. His idea of love was the idea that people were given to see and follow.

Israel: How would you define love?

Egypt: Man I wouldn't have the foggiest.

Israel: Then how do you know that the example that Christ set was one of love.

Egypt: I think that it's irrelevant whether or not love can be defined in words, I think that words are meaningless unless they have some really concrete evidence to support them. You can only use other words to describe love: words like compassion, humility, sensitivity and charity.

K'murti: Charity doesn't have anything to do with love.

Egypt: Why not? I always thought that charity was a part of love. I don't mean that charity could be equated with love, far from it.

Israel: But now you're trying to tell me that you can equate something to love when you don't know what love is itself.

Egypt: Agreed. But my concept of love is one which says that love is a topic which can't really be discussed dispassionately anyway. It's futile to ask objectively what is love because there is no answer. Our only guidance is that God is love and Christ is the son of God. Christians therefore believe that love is shown through Christ.

K'murti: Hindus agree with the Christian idea to the extent that love is an outgoing, giving thing and that is given rather than received. They talk of the Self as a basically "giving" creature from which life and love is given. This is analogous to the Christian view when they say that "my cup runneth over with love". It means that love is GIVEN. It means therefore action and involvement. So Christians and Hindus are very involved persons.

Israel: You're a very involved person Krishna, if you believe that. What about the religious feuds and years that have been covering up the landscape with bodies since Christ was around. The two sources of wars are money and religion. That mucks up your theory about Christians being good and all.

K'murti: Man your high, I didn't mention being good at all. I meant simply that the Christian and Hindu implication of love is one of giving.

Israel: Now you're trying to talk about comparative religion.

K'murti: Well, why not?

Israel: Well because you don't understand enough about Christianity without talking of other religions.

K'murti: Oh no. You see I've become a hippie because it was the next step up from intellectual snobbery. Sort of played down bohemianism.

Israel: Do you believe that?

K'murti: No. But it seems to me, that part of the concept of Dharma-bumming is to live the life that you believe in.

Israel: You really have become Hindu?

K'murti: Yes.

Egypt: Why?

K'murti: Because, as I implied before, the Hindu concept is much more realistic, especially when you consider the moral and intellectual needs of a person. There are of course many more Gods to pray to and please but Hindus are generally more satisfied with their state in this life and are better disciplined than Christians. They are also easier to live with.

Egypt: I suppose when you consider it, Hindus have done pretty well for themselves without having assistance from anyone who specifically stated he was God.

K'murti: But the masters are in contact with God, and these are our spiritual leaders. We learn our religion at the feet of our masters. There, seel Proof that God is continually evolving Cosmos and Man.

Israel: God is evolving?

K'murti: The Earth is evolving, Man is evolving and so is his cosmos. God is evolving.

Israel: What is your concept of God?

K'murti: Ultimate reality, or as Tillich puts it "the ground of our being." He is the basis of our existence, our purpose for living and dying. He is with us, as Christ says when "two or three are gathered together," meaning that He is made manifest through brotherly love.

Israel: God is love again. Love is all there is again. Yeah, I dig that. But what justification is there that God actually exists now, or ever did exist for that matter. If our concept of God is that of infinite dimension why think of God at all? Why make him a finite, secular being?

Egypt: God is just a word Man. Like "life". Full of sound and fury and signifying nothing. To say that God exists presupposes existence, but how do we know we exist?

Israel: I THINK, therefore I am.

Egypt: Yeah, and I FEEL therefore I am too. I THINK that the ontological argument for the existence of God is a pretty feeble one.

K'murti: Hindus say a lot about cosmology, that creation is the EFFECT and God its CAUSE. They bring this lane of life into their own cities, being the law of Karma. Everything that one does is owed or bestowed on that person as a form of Karmic debt in their next reincarnation on earth.

Egypt: Any definition of God describes the concept of God but cannot prove the actual existence of any such being. I think ontology is futile and cosmology equally so. Personally I believe in the Moral argument, that man has been given the Free Will to either do as God has commanded or to turn against him. This to me is the epitome of love. That God "so loved the world" that he created "Man in his own image" to DO AS HE CHOOSES. There is in this the element of TRUST. In a nutshell. We have the free will to do right or wrong. We know when we have done either because of our conscience.

Israel: So you see Man as a reflection of God's love, proving the existence of God and love.

Egypt: That's right. Man you're tuning in.

Act I was written primarily to express the futility of an over-rational approach to a religion, any religion. Whilst religion itself only means a CONVICTION, the difficulty which is attached to a conviction about the validity of a THEISTIC religion seems to me to be entirely personal. I mean it seems to be centred around the person's NEED for a God. In this case it is just as easy for a person to say "I need God therefore God exists" as it is to say "I don't need God therefore He doesn't exist."

Any conviction, in the final analysis, appeals more to the emotions than to the reason. Here I think one has to distinguish between the meanings of two words "faith" and "belief." As an illustration I think one can say "I have faith in John Gorton's government because of reasons b and c" which is quite different from saying "I believe in John Gorton's government" without having to give reasons. So there is a subtle difference between the two which it seems is entirely dependent on the bias emotions of the individual.

The Russian Marxist philosopher Plekhanov conceded this in an essay written about freedom and the individual. He said that one must have a "NECESSITY" or "PASSIONATE DESIRE" to be "FREE" otherwise one is held in the yoke of a "painful and shameful" restriction. Hegel also in "Wissenschaft de Logik" says "necessity becomes freedom, not by disappearing, but only by the external expression of an inner identity." So one must have the "inner" desire to believe and through this desire one attains freedom. This

particular kind of freedom is implied by all of the religious leaders, and can only be achieved by becoming a follower of the particular religion.

The recent TV play entitled "Son of Man" was an attempt to portray Christ as man rather than divinity. Christians believe him to be both, but really this is the sort of portrayal that seems to make more sense in our man-made culture. Christian theologians since Bonhoeffer and Tillich have been trying to stress the idea that God is not necessarily an "old man, out there, in the sky" but that he is here among us. He is the reason for our existence, the purpose of our being and is expressed in our love for one another.

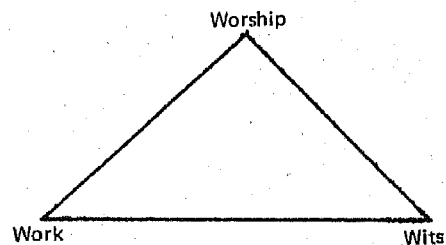
Dom Robert Petitpierre, a Benedictine monk of Nashdom Abbey, England, published an interesting interpretation of Godly living in 1968. He represented his concept of Christianity in the form of two triangles, both representing attributes of Christianity.

In the first triangle, he said that Man, natural man, may be thought of as made up of 3 parts—

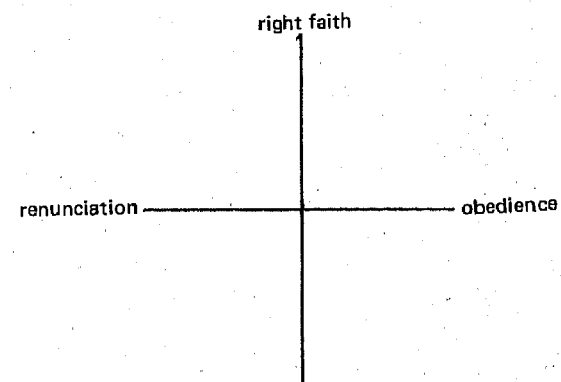
1. BODY with which he works in the world around him, and through which he receives impressions of that world.
2. MIND, with which he thinks, judges, plans and directs the actions of his life.
3. SPIRIT, a set of ideals and ambitions which control what he is aiming at in life. These ideals point to the object of his worship, whether that be God or self, money or power, pleasure or security.

These three elements can be summed up as the three activities of Work, Wits and Worship.

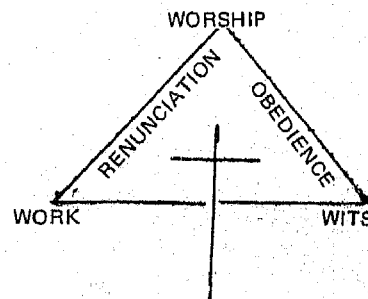
i.e.



The second triangle summarises the life of the new creation, symbolised by a cross, the arms of the cross standing for the three baptismal promises



The second triangle is the Cross of Jesus, his life of obedience to God worked out in this world planted down and embedded in the first triangle and gradually transforming it, so joining earth to heaven. The Cross, so planted by Jesus and accepted by us, keeps our daily life straight and firm and makes it produce the right result: the work and thinking and service which God expects.



Pacifist Society

—By Roger Bourne,
2nd year Arts.

More and more people are accepting the maxim that "violence begets violence" and that if violence is used to bring about a new social order then violence will be inherent in that society. Coupled with this new outlook on life goes the attitude that the individual has the right to govern his own life, the right to make his own decisions about the things that affect him. Finally there is one further premise that needs to be mentioned and that is, that society has for centuries been fighting and crawling over each others dead bodies, in order to survive. Engels wrote that he thought Darwin's origin of the species was a great satire on human nature; little did he realise that the philosophy of the "survival of the fittest" was to become a fundamental psychological barrier to the development of a more humane and socialistic state in which people produce (where necessary) according to their abilities and people receive according to their needs.

One of the growing facts about our society is that it has gone far beyond the simple production of people's needs. Research carried out in the field of distribution has shown that men could satisfy all of their "national" needs and still only have to work for about ten hours a week. But the absurd situation in

our society of people doing ridiculous and superfluous jobs, like those in the advertising industry, in the Banks and Insurance companies, let alone those in the army, navy and air force (plus the absurd expenditure) is perpetuated by the golden philosophy of a "decent day's work."

It is no wonder that our society is so full of frustrations which show themselves in irrational fears and contradictions when such a system is maintained.

However, it is both the fortune and the misfortune of our generation to be in the position to exploit this situation. There is little sense in trying to convert the old, perhaps anyone above thirty, to accept any other philosophy than the ones prevalent at present. Nevertheless, new societies (or ways of life) are formed (or created) not by uprooting and transplanting (which is as absurd as us trying to impose "liberal democracy" on Vietnam and the underdeveloped countries), but by a process of exploiting the present affluent situation in such a way that the rationality (or creative spontaneity) of this new way of life will become the pattern and model of identification for the succeeding generations (even though the erroneous

mass media will condemn the movement and show it as perverse, people will be gravitated to it even if it is only to see what is perverse).

The problem of exploiting our magnificently clean automated society is perhaps not as easy and as immediately apparent as I may have given the impression (witness the outcome of the "Easy Riders" — bourgeois fiction) but this does not mean that it cannot be exploited. Examples of different ways to exploit the system might be found according to the approaches the new liberated individuals may see as feasible (Christ may not be out of date yet). Nor am I suggesting that a new way of life in contrast and within an old way of life can be achieved without sacrifice, but it has been a characteristic of all creative thinkers and examples that they have to work against prejudice and the threat of being socially ostracised (e.g. Christ, The Easy Riders). But the persuasion against this can be found in looking at the alternative, that is, becoming an overworked, anxious automaton full of stupid inconsistencies and physical, psychological and sexual suppressive violence.

The opportunities open to us either consciously through a conscious

awareness of the potential of what can be exploited or unconsciously in that the "goodies" will be there to be taken (perhaps because of our bourgeoisie upbringing, that's immaterial) can only lead to a new "liberated" culture.

However, if we want to join or even initiate this new "liberated culture" free of inconsistencies, violence and competition, we will have to start our own individualistically orientated "hippy movement" or free will life conception and not go around shouting like frustrated children putting on anger tantrums and throwing stones(!) and shouting "Smash Capital," "Smash Imperialism," "Smash! Shit!" and all the rest of the pornographic revolution.

That is, if you want a new way of life — live it — and live it free of violence, and all that you are against, and in doing so exploit the system so much that it can no longer exploit.

CHURCH FORUM

A new series of discussion services will be held in the Archer St. Church Hall (North Adelaide) at 7 p.m. on Sundays July 19th and 26th, and August 2nd, on the theme "Pr4leims in Human Relations". The first and last will be based on films; on July 26th, Brian Douglas, of the Adelaide Children's Hospital will talk on Euthanasia.

BRING YOUR BRAINS TO CHURCH.

on dit sport

Fencing

Medal Epee Competition

This was held at the Uni Gym on Friday, May 22nd, with most Fencing Clubs represented. After a late start, some determined, if not precision fencing was displayed ending in a three way barrage between "Big" Bill Rouse, Greg Steen and Andy Toth, all three winning four out of the six, possible victories. Steen (Uni) skillfully held out, to take the deciding bout 5-4 from Rouse (Adelaide Amateur) with Toth (Uni) finishing third. A notable feature of the whole competition was the enormous amount of bouts won or lost 5-4 showing the evenness or luck of the competitors with this weapon of patience.

Fencing Camp

The Fencing Camp held at "Camp Kursa" Aidinga over the last 3 days of the May-June vac. was besides hay and frolic and some serious training, damn good fun and therefore not surprisingly entirely successful.

A tactical full scale invasion on Friday night was slightly hampered by the only entry to the camp being via a riverbed of mud and slush. Many cars still bear brown splatterings near their aerial tips. A few might still be there given away only by the few mm's of foil blade tips, tied onto aerials, left protruding. Eventually the camp was reached, quite surprisingly with full numbers. The rest of the night—morning being taken up by a midnite wade to a dry beach; 3 a.m. — bridge, pontoon and other games; 5 a.m. — bed.

However, even these plunges, lunges, bogged cars, and a lake separating the dorms (unfortunately, no canoe was provided by the hostess) did not dampen the spirits of either the AUFCC or ATCFCC fencers as flagons floated freely. Training was at its peak on Saturday with many striving for perfect co-ordination, facilitated by mechanical accuracy of movement, guided by enthusiastic coaches. Foot work, simple and compound attacks were stressed, and full utilization of physical resources could have been stimulated by fresh air fencing, if more than 10% of the coaches and fencers had been fit and not hanging over from early 'spirited' breakfasts. Let's hope more of us are fit by I.V.

Saturday night saw a B.B.Q. party with Beer steins and blankets at work. Rolling onto the fire was common procedure and some nearly froze to death sitting around it all night. Most did not take an "on guard" position out of lunging distance, and kept warm.

The mixed handicap foil competition on Sunday showed some fierce, yet intelligent fencing by some of the State's top fencers.

Ablly assisting was an ABC-TV cameraman whose wit far outclassed the sharpness of the bladework. The competition was eventually won by Tony Zacharia (Postal Institute) followed by Bill Rouse (Adelaide Amateur — Uni) and Di Bradley (ATC) third.

Women's Basketball I-V.

After travelling for almost 48 hours as paying, second-class guests of the respective state rail services, the Adelaide crew arrived in the beautiful city of Newcastle confident of great things to come.

The first battle we fought, and won, was for the supply of transport to take the teams the eight miles across town to the courts. It was in the shape of a run-down, double-decker bus which really kept everyone amused every morning as we took a nostalgic trip back to childhood.

Our great team image was almost smashed in the first game when we were 6 down to Tasmania at the end of the third quarter. Our true form showed through in the last quarter, though, and we finished on top.

Next day, with thoughts of Hunter Valley wines and barbecued steaks on our undemourished minds, we were defeated by Flinders. How inglorious!

This loss caused us to be more determined in the other matches, and we won all the following games, beating last year's winner, Melbourne, and the W.A. team. We won against W.A. by one goal in a game in which the lead changed several times. This was the only match they lost, and so, although we were equal on points, they had almost double our percentage, and were declared winners, with Adelaide second.

They were real triers and took all their games seriously, but went home with only two injury-free players. The mighty Blacks played only two matches with their proper line-up. We were all given many chances to show our diverse talents in the other matches.

Four of our star-studded cast were included in the combined uni's team — Mandy Dunstan, Lee Sandercock, Astrid Strazolin, and Judy Wright who was selected captain. Well done team!

Our catch cry of 'Lift your game, Blacks' was heard on and off the field, at official and unofficial functions, and in some of the grottiest dives in the city, where we made our own fun after the organised shows fizzled.

Next year it's our turn to host the fair, and maybe on the home ground, we'll even manage a win, having been runner up for the last two years.

A.U. Car Club Sprint

MALLALA 28/6/70.

Weather — fine and windy.

Perhaps it would have been better to machine against the clock than with it as this would have given competitors a 70 mph tail wind down the back straight.

Practice got under way surprisingly early, but due to some chronic cases of Saturday-night-itis no spectacular times were recorded.

Practice over, members congregated around sundry barbecues to bicker about who owned which chop and whether the onions were cooked or not. Stomachs full, the serious business of beating the stop-watch got under way.

Despite the head wind, new member Barry Trembath turned in some respectable times in his baby Honda. As the day warmed up so did the competition, with Mick's new flying IMP leaving most of the rubber he brought with him behind on the track.

The screaming supercharged Simca (Paul Harland), after a number of successful runs, retired in abject defeat amidst a cloud of blue smoke. In their class, Nick and two-week-old licenced brother Chris secured 1st and 3rd positions even though the Lancer was seen to be travelling in circles a great deal of the time.

The only entry in the sports cars class, Bob Butcher, was dogged by pieces of a recently misplaced sock which had in some way found its way into the petrol tank and thence into the fuel line. Regardless, Bob still had the fastest time of the day.

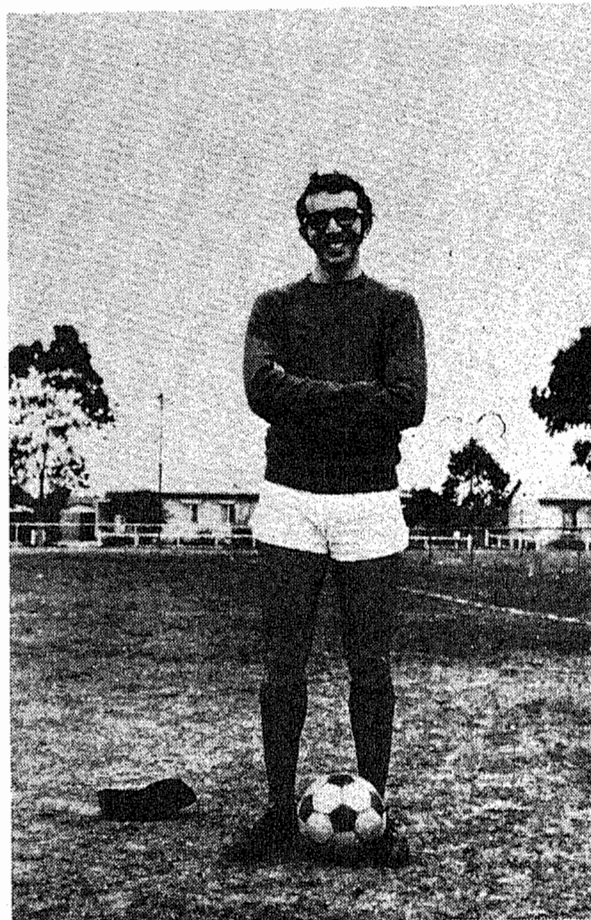
Having held all four carb. barrels permanently open with fuse-wire, Jeff Boundy found that the 327 had more go (even when braking), resulting in the unexpected establishment of a private car park in the verge of Woodroffe's Corner.

Contrary to expected form, the flying Torana stayed on the track and Herb took out touring class honours. A very enjoyable time was had by all competitors and wives/girlfriends/lovers alike.

RESULTS

TOURING under 1100 cc.
M. O'Shaughnessy; Imp — 1:49.8
B. Trembath; Honda — 1:56.2
J. Cambell; Mini — 1:58.4
P. Bianchet; Mini — 2:00.2
TOURING 1100 — 1500
Ed. Thumm; Alfa — 1:46.9
Peter Harland; Anglia — 1:48.0
TOURING 1500 — 2000
N. Humphris; Lancer — 1:43.7
G. Small; Cortina — 1:49.2
G. Humphris; Lancer — 1:50.8
P. Harland; Simca — 1:51.4
A. Ford; Rapier — 1:52.0
TOURING over 2000
J. Neal; Torana — 1:40.9
J. Boundy; Monaro — 1:41.0
B. Margitich; Holden — 1:49.0
G. Boulden; Zephyr — 2:02.0
SPORTS CARS
R. Butcher; Bolwell — 1:32.5

SPORTSMAN OF THE WEEK



George Manos — Soccer

We present for your admiration George Manos, the quiet man, both on and off the sporting arena.

A 20 year old Dentistry III student, George has been actively playing THE game since Greece last won the WORLD CUP — well, actually since his primary school days. His sporting record, although not as distinguished or glamorous as that achieved by previous sportsmen of the week, belies his natural ability, keenness and football skill.

What could have been a most promising career was unfortunately shelved (temporarily we hope) through study commitments when he entered University. That the skill and ability were there was amply testified to by his almost immediate inclusion into the A.U. "A" team, no mean feat considering that at that time Varsity were fielding a complement of no less than 6 full teams each week.

From there it was only another quick jump upwards into the top University team, the Graduates. He has never, to this stage, been replaced once during those 3 years in that team.

His most outstanding success to date (within the narrow sporting limits to which he is regrettably confined) has been his selection as the sole S.A. representative in the All Australian side at this years Soccer I.V. (Sydney), a meritorious achievement on this his first Intervarsity Competition.

We strongly believe that, given the opportunity, George has the potential to reach the pinnacle of this sport in Australia — representation in the National Squad. Certainly he is a true sportsman — if by that we mean his integrity, dedication and conduct on the field befit the character of his chosen profession.

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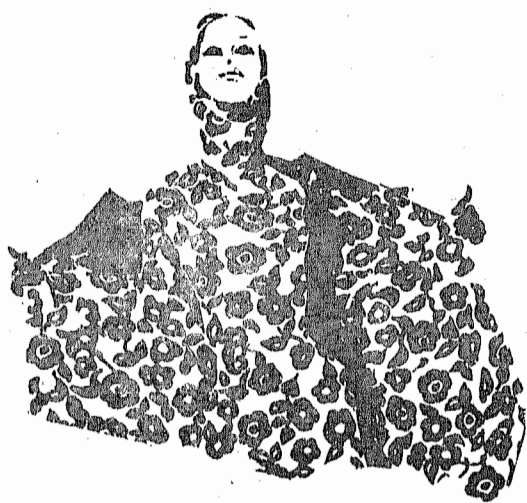
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JULY 27

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Mr. W. Kneebone
Supervisor of Education and Training
Caterpillar of Australia Ltd.
P.O. Box 35, NIDDRIE, Vic. 3042
Telephone 338-2811



THE REVOLUTION

A
PERSONAL
VIEW

So you print your little underground broadsheets and casually sprinkle them with . . . and catchwords of the Revolution. So this is the only underground activity you indulge in. So maybe you occasionally plot revolution and make flags and plan where to march in next Saturday's demonstration of solidarity. And you grow your hair and wear blue and black and berets and scarves and badges and boots and say Marx and Marcuse and pig and the people in your conversations. But then you drink your coffee and make love and eat meals and go to the toilet and go to bed at night and you have squabbles with your family and would like to own your lovers and feel comfortable and you like electric radiators and going to films and digging blues and you get vacation jobs and you own a car and your car breaks down and you go swimming and drink at the pub and smoke and have hangups and ignore the badge sellers on Friday's and you like to gossip and you pay your fees and go to lectures and attend exams and think about the job you'll get when you graduate. So then you decide to get together occasionally for a demonstration of your views and hold flags and march safely in the middle of the group and scream at the police and audience. And play games in the middle of the road that are terribly clever and which you nod wisely at. And you feel good and romantic and beautiful and you are carried forward proud and correct, head high and you have cast off all your middle class values and inhibitions.

The Revolution is all that matters. But where is the Revolution baby? Just around the corner are 30 cops on their big 650's. Boots helmets and gloves. Paddy wagons, horses. Foot cops. Plainclothes. ASIO cameras. And they grab you and hit your girlfriend and arrest your friends and rip your armbands and grab your flags and you can't crush them baby.

So you go back to Uni on Monday and tut tut about the police and think that Donnie is a traitor and say pigs and imperialism and comrade and the people and capitalist exploitation. So you must have a time and a venue and a welcoming host and a comfortable convenient place for your demo. So you always get dressed and make the scene and do your party thing and drift off home. So you always do it externally. Congregate. Speeches. March down streets the world over. Speak to the masses. Answer their jibes. And the police are always there. They smash you. They break up your noisy party. They hit you. They arrest you. They fine you. They gool you. And the Revolution is no nearer. So perhaps you could help it come instead of holding hands with both sides, standing still and dreaming. Try doing it properly underground. Talk. Examine its weaknesses. Attack accurately from within. Exploit the corruption and hypocrisy in the government, civil service, army, police, education, universities, business and society. Infiltrate yourselves and then start to quietly weaken it. Integrate and educate. Spy on the system and help it beat itself. Sabotage. It's going to take a long time, but you will gradually scare them and they'll fold. Demonstrate, sure, but they don't know what you're talking about. You only do it because you need a sense of community and union. You can't meet them on the streets. There's too many of them and they've got leather and clubs. They'll smash you all over the pavement.

Garry Disher



PROSH .. AND THEN.

SALUTE TO NEW PROSH '69

This year's program will open with the ceremonial burial of the spirit of last year's New Prosh. The burial will be held on the Tuesday of Prosh week at lunch time and take the form of an Indian spiritual rite and the remains of New Prosh '69 will be cremated on a large floating funeral pyre. Bring your own beer. The ceremony will be conducted by the chief, high Larma of Rhyshkabutindivar with chief assistant Chapputadinlara and his fourteenth wife, Shari Sheratiynra.

RAG . . . ANOTHER PERIOD

Articles are still required so get cracking and write a screed for the rag. There will be a General Student meeting next week to approve the allotment of money to the charities nominated.

The Rag will be distributed from Thursday afternoon, 6th August. If you are interested in distributing the rag, see Grant Chapman, Dave Freeman in the SRC Office.

SCULL'A JUG, A JUG, A JUG

This year the beer sculling will consist of individual and team sculling of jugs. We decided on this format to give the scull a bit more interest to spectators and competitors alike. It will also give the sculling champions of Technol, Law, Science, Sciases, Flinderr and others a chance to show just how good they really are. There will also be female jug sculls in teams to give them a go. If any bird wants to challenge a fella then she will have a chance to prove her superiority. Entry forms from SRC Office.

CEMENT A DYKE IN RUNDLE STREET

That's one of the ideas that came forward in the stunts department of Prosh's general store. If you have got any good ideas submit them to the committee. Financial assistance will be given to the worthwhile.

UNION NIGHT ON THURSDAY

This year will probably see the introduction of a night of combined entertainment by all clubs and societies interested. We envisage judo (tag your own scrag), table tennis matches, plays, films, record sessions and a disco to finish the night. If your club is interested in taking part get them to contact the Directors.

P.S. A groggy adjunct to this event will be run for the alcoholic heroes and heroines of Prosh. Meanwhile the ball rolls hairily along!

INDULGE IN PROSH TITUTION!

LES GIRLS

In Kings Cross, Sydney, there is a revue called "Les Girls." It has an all-male cast, and they are dressed as beautiful showgirls. Above the nightclub there is a bar open until 3 a.m. for "patrons of the nightclub."

The Cross cold and windy on a Friday night. Walking to the Les Girls bar. A tip that it's open until 3 a.m. Pavement hard, pros on corners, prowlers in cars, stripjoints garish. Beautiful people coming from "Hair," hippie peddlars on doorsteps, selling rings and beads.

12 p.m. in the Cross. Shivering in the doorway. Les Girls doorman handing out tickets. "You went to the nine o'clock show, right? This is your seat reservation." Up three flights. Narrowstairs, thick carpet, large bar, red walls, red lighting, dim lighting, lattice windows. Tables with thick black chairs, and a scratchy record playing in the background. Smoke pricking eyes, poor paintings, a deer head trophy.

Up three steps to the bar. Busy swaying crowd, tense and talking and watching. Hand on my arm. Friendly squeeze. "Have you got a light darling?" "No, sorry pal." Rebuff.

Vodka and lime, two brandies and coke, 60 cents each.

Nine of them sitting on a long wall seat. Pretty shaped hair, sideburns, and flairs; leather, suede, neckerchiefs, shiny grained leather shoes. Smoking, drinking, talking, hands on arms, hands on knees, stroking. Eyes searching, tense and lonely.

He walked through quickly, haughty, mincing; hips, steps, hands, handbag, pretty face, eyeshadow, mild voice. He met some friends. "Hello dear," kiss on cheek, hand on arms; in a hurry, time was precious, met more friends. Chimp Malayasian. Happy, flouncing, witty, always smiling. Negro, tall, handsome, smooth cool, long leather coat.

Some like us, sitting quietly, drinking and watching.

Les Girls. Tall, proud, cool peacocks. Limp wrists and elegant. Long dresses and culottes. Dark beauties with small chests and deep voices and beautiful bodies. Cool shoulders, arms, wrists.

Smoking, drinking, kissing greetings, eyes wondering, composed and uncomfortable.

Loud scratchy record, stinging smoke, constant noise, shuffling people, two pretty waitresses, bored manoeuvring through the crowd.

Quiet scared girl and boyfriend in corner. Apprehensive middle aged group from the night club. Loud drunken woman and friends. Mildly interested drinkers. Two mocking jock-strappers laughing at them all. Like us. Sitting, watching, self-satisfied. Discussing the homosexual plight in modern society. Nodding wisely.

3 a.m. Down three flights. The Cross cold and dying on a Saturday morning.

Garry Disher.



FALUS

For the enlightenment and entertainment of unhappily enised colonials, here are impressions from BARBITOS's international reporter, John Healey, on the scene in London, where it's all happening. Normally the local vocal parochels get a chance by sending contributions to BARBITOS, C/- English Dept. Office, Uni. of Adelaide, Adelaide 5001 - or to the ON DIT Office.

A LETTER FROM JOHN HEALEY

Chris,
Have job in London supermarket restocking shelves - piling up boxes, cartons, bottles, tins, so the poor masses, who don't know what's good for them and what isn't, are confronted by a dazzling array of containers.

ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!

The scene in London.

Political - there are 500 left-wing organizations - I say no more.

Films - excellent - e.g. "Week-End" - Godard - Attack on materialism and absurdly illogical patterns of behaviour.

"Bed-Sitting Room" - Good film about the final nuclear 'misunderstanding' - the girl, Rita Tushingham, is 17 months pregnant - the Queen is Mrs. Ethel Crump, next-in-line out of those left alive, etc., etc.

Poetry - wealth of books from professional publishers - also some amateur publication of anthologies and slim volumes - usually expensive - poetry periodicals and sheets - hard to get hold of - not distributed much through bookshops.

Poetry readings quite frequently - say one a week - at one I went to Adrian Henri (enclose a poem he wrote especially for this meeting, organized by Amnesty International - unpublished and a first for BARBITOS) Brian Patten, George MacBeth, Ted Lucie-Smith, plus 2 or 3 others - about 120 people there.

I have been dreaming up plans for a poetry centre when we get back to Adelaide.

* Shop in centre of city - accessible to people in their lunch-hour and through-out the day

* My collection of books of contemporary poetry on racks along the walls - to be read there

- * Take-away duplicated poems on foolscap sheets - selected each week
- * Periodic stapled-together sheets of no. of poems by one particular poet
- * Periodic readings of local and overseas poets
- * Space for best work of local poets to be exhibited
- * Wall-space for local painters (and sculptors) to exhibit work free of charge
- * Periodic articles written on contemporary poetry and trends in the arts - pinned up to be read
- * Suggestion box so that those who frequent the place can have a say in what goes on
- * Millionaire (benevolent, stupid) to back all this.

FUNDAMENTAL PREMISE - POETRY IS THE COMMON POSSESSION OF THE PEOPLE AND SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED FREE AND UNIVERSALLY.

I enclose three poems of my own for BARBITOS if you think they're O.K. "Blake" I wrote on the ship starting with a list of words taken from a novel - the first word of the first line of the first page then the first word of the 2nd line of the 2nd page then the first word of the 3rd line of the 3rd page etc. But it has changed a great deal in the writing. I was reading Blake at the time so that it why it turned out to be a poem about him. "Raven Dream" actually was a dream I had a couple of weeks ago. Normally I'm very hesitant about dream material because so much of it is trivia deriving from things one saw or did that day. But this dream seemed to be unusually self-contained, and had nothing I recognized as irrelevant junk from the recent past. One thing I was slightly worried about was that it was not conceived originally in words - an important thing in poetry I think - but was a description of a visually perceived scene. However, the words did seem to form themselves more or less as I wrote them down half asleep.

The last about Kent State.

Revolutionary greetings, etc.
John Healey

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism. If people were forced to eat what they killed, America would be destroyed internally." Abbie Hoffman

a poem for
the white dust settling on the Californian grapepicker's hand
the tradeunionist seeing the sun go down behind the Parthenon
through the bars of his cell
the poet singing songs that no-one hears
in the winter barbwire landscape
the night-school kid who burned his draftcard
and didn't go to the graduation ball in the jungle
for the Czech student dying like the phoenix
mourned with a thousand flowers of hope
for the black leader dying in the white sun
on a Memphis balcony
for African freedom fighters
where the sun never sets on tyranny and injustice
for the women and children
huddled together in the burning village
for the midnight printing press
for
the flowers on the bloodstained pavement
for the
tired eyes under glaring lights
for the hopes
falling as the cell door closes
this poem

Feb. 1970
for Amnesty International

Adrian Henri



the best reaction to the world
is silence remarked Hsueh-tou
Hui-t'ang continued to watch
the river in silence
David Gleave



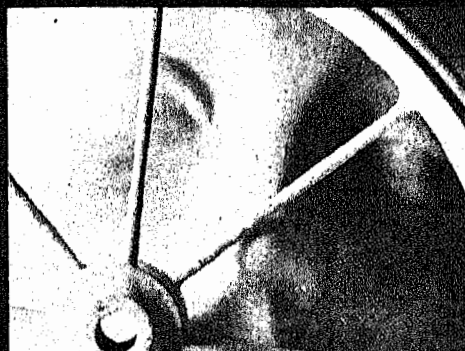
"Art is always free and liberates the objects to which it applies itself." Hans Arp



ON THE MURDER
OF 4 STUDENTS BY
THE NATIONAL GUARD

This
is the Time of the Assassins.
Stay cool
if you go outside
baby.

There's
Amerika
out
there.
J.H.



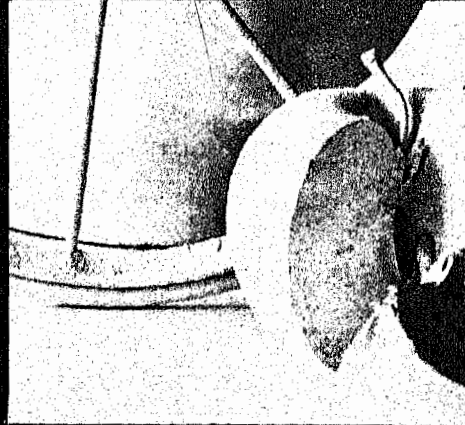
BLAKE

Seeing the mountainous sun
he peopled it
and plumed it,
seized it between his mind
and shook it into form,
fanned its desire
to flare against the shades
he dropped around it,
turning all beauty fiercer.
And in the wild shadow of that conflict
angels despaired
and devils spread their wings.
J.H.

"More I acquaint my dog, less I lik my man" Prague students '68



"A
nail
in
the
wall
is
vertical
if
the
wall
is
horizontal."
- Pop Artist



RAVEN DREAM

The raven
in the wrought cage
wants to come out
But I won't let him
Someone has to stoke the fire
Otherwise the boat won't go

I re-light the jet
The raven steals the coke
Why doesn't he do his job?!

The boat grates over the road.

The boy comes and tells me
it's 11.30 already
and I should go to bed
But how can I?
The raven is proving troublesome
and will not co-operate

J.H.

