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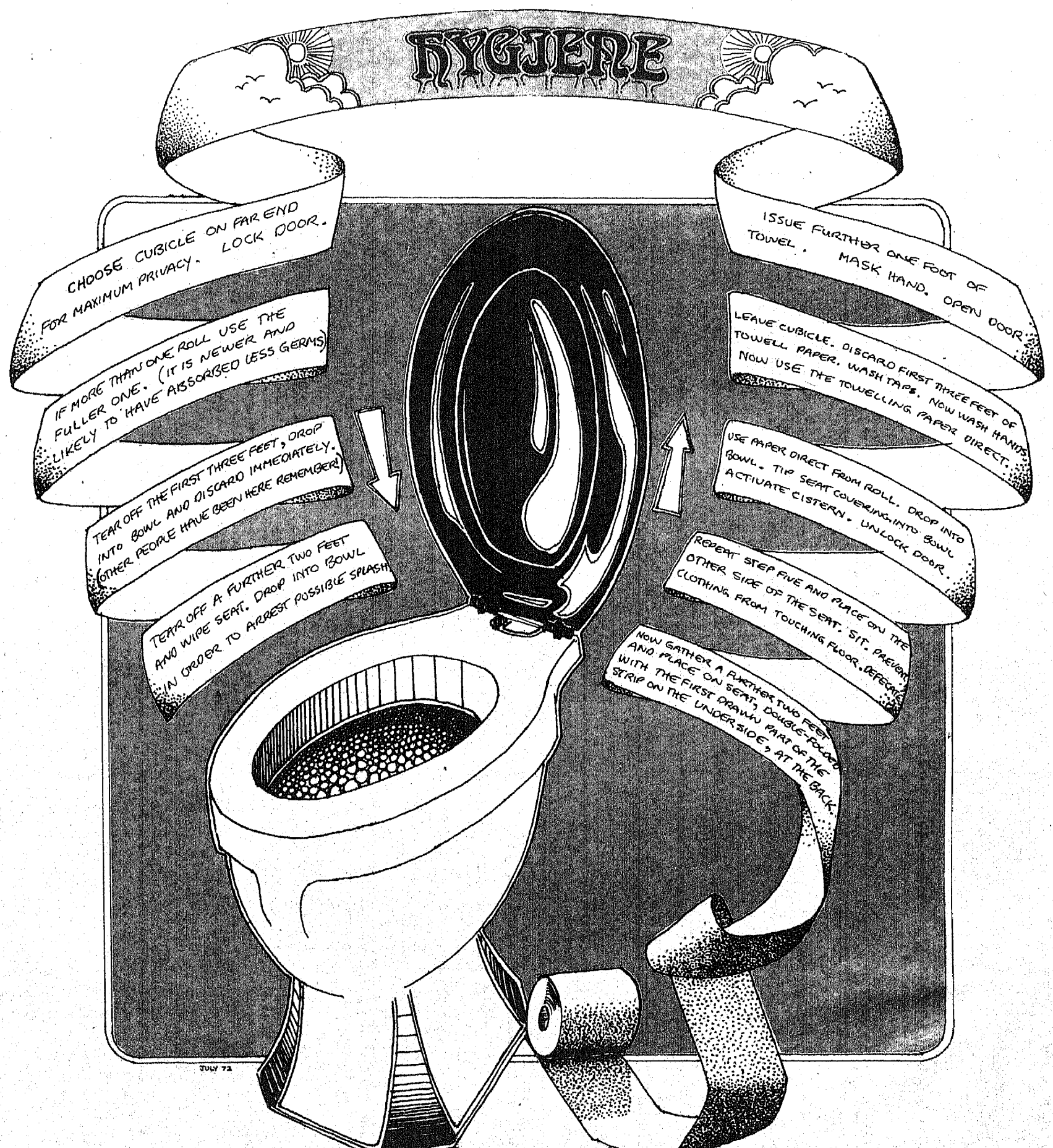
1 MAY 1973
UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

OpDi

VOL 4 NO 4

Registered for transmission by post as a Periodical Category 15

COMES CLEAN WITH ITS READERS, ADMITS FAULTS AND PROMISES TO TRY HARDER



THE STUDENT TISSUE

LETTERS



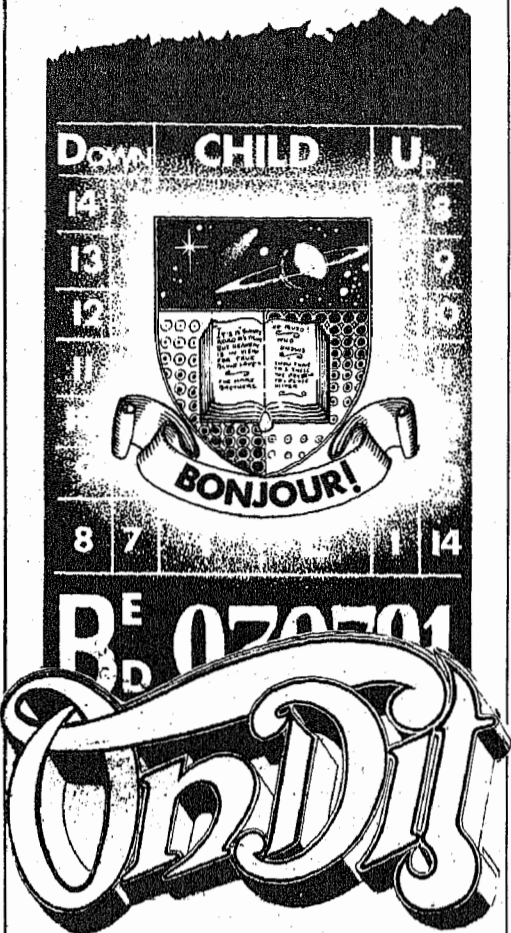
things about ON DIT being elitist and in-group and all that sort of thing, didn't you.

And I don't agree with the people who complain that you shouldn't have done it. They say that it wasn't a bad joke, but it was a very expensive joke which they reckon is a bit rude when its other people's money paying for it. The main reason I don't agree with this is that I didn't think it was a joke. I thought it was a very good way of making the point that the media, like almost any other more or less organised activity, inevitably creates a sort of in-group connected with it and an out-group of dispossessed, and so it's a bit silly to complain that something is elitist, whatever that's supposed to mean.

Also, I thought the way you did this was very effective. I haven't said here everything that ON DIT seemed to be saying, but it all seemed to be a fair enough sort of thing to be saying, and I don't think the usual pages and pages of boring writing in ON DIT could have made the point nearly as well. So congratulations. I guess that's what we elect ON DIT editors for -- to make points that seem important to them, and to make them as effectively as they can.

Of course, when a lot of people complain that something is elitist or whatever, what they usually mean really is that they don't like the sort of elite that is being formed, or the particular way the elite is going about its business. So, as I said, your ON DIT was very, very clever. It was clever enough to make a point, and then it was 50 per cent more clever.

Your friend, J. Cobbs.



Lots of people helped to get this edition out on time. Some of them were Steve Spears, Jeremy Johns, P. D. [Flasher] Haig, Neville X, FOE, an anon. Campus drug fiend, Hann and Kate, Nick Lainas, Bill Schoubridge, T. M. Rymill, Rosie O'Grady, Peter Flynn, H. F. Chorley, Stephanie, Colin, Phil Gerlach, the aptly-described Mary Venner & Dave Cottrell & Mary Magery, Emi, Len Lindon, B. Hann, Lyn Bean, Lawo Lock, P. Love, Annie Mac, Bernie & Oliver [who took those amazing photos of the Union cloisters falling in No. 3], Dave Clifford, the Multilith people, Vitas Serelis, A.A. Aardvark, the Australia Party people, Glenis, Margie, Rob Barth, David Fielding [our London Correspondent] and thousands of extras, whose names we forget just now. Paul Paech, Adrian Hann, editors.

I Sincerely thank Heather, Mary David John, Brian and EMI for their nocturnal assistance.

We're getting a lot of reviews on books, film, theatre, records and so on and we like the idea of printing as much as we can. Consequently we're trying five columns, a cleaner typeface which is smaller. If readers think it is too small will go back to large size. But we figure it might be better to have smaller print and more information. If you have opinions about any aspect of cultural carryings on, come and see us about getting things into print.

On Dit is published for the Students Association of the University of Adelaide and printed by Smedley Press, Hastings St. Glenelg, who, despite rapid cultural changes and general acceptance by the public (including the Advertiser and Nation Review) still won't print fxxx for us. (It's not that we want to swear, or anything like that, but golly gosh gee-whiz, everyone just talks like that!)

The opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the students Association, nor those of the University as a whole -- but then, I guess, nothing ever is.

Copy deadline for next issue, Thursday, 26 April.



2—ON DIT, Thursday, April 19, 1973

DISTREST

Dear Sir,

I was most distrest to read your latest issue, to my dismay I was to discover that my name or what I believe to be my name was omitted from the said issue. Could this mean what I have suspected for some time, i.e. one that I don't exist at all or two the printer wilfully obliterated my name through bad printing for which there can be excuse.

I would further like to sugest that if such a thing happens again, I will stamp on every Bus ticket I see. So be warned!

Yours Anonomously

P.S. I beleive the last issue (Vol 41 No 3) to blatant conspiracy by some fiendish creature to make students waste time fruitlessly looking for their names when they should be working.

TELEGRAM

CONGRATS ON ON DIT THREE STOP MOST EXCITED STOP HAVE FOUND LONG LOST SON ON THIRD PAGE STOP LEAVING SOUTH AFRICA FORTHWITH STOP

MATHILDE VAN DEN BOER

BUDDING DOCTOR

Jack Richards, impetuous and immature dupe of every school of disreputable and illogical thought that has been dish up to the disenchanting youth of the sixties does NOT consider himself a person of any more significance on campus than the most benignly unkempt parvenu from Ferrymen Park swotting his frustrating way through first-year Science; than the most obscenely venerated silvertail from Netherby soon to swell the decadent ranks of Adelaide's legal fraternity.

Moreover, he would contend that the whole platoon of nest-feathers, pipsqueaks, hack-bureaucrats and pox-doctors clerks that were included on the survey's roll-call would, by the very nature of the survey (regardless of how well intentioned) be merely, and in no insignificant way allowing their vanities to bloated more than the normal contingencies of daily Union -- University administration affairs already permit -- an inordinate, unhealthy excess!

The task of immediate urging is not to construct three-dimensional edifices of two-dimensional images, but to facilitate the transition of one-dimensional office-bearers into bi-dimensional humans capable of the articulation of critical and alternative ideas and projects.

Prominent persons, perhaps, to those who bother about their own government. Significant? Shrimps will whistle first. As for the sincerity and humility of my response, they are exemplary -- if you have any doubts, just ask Hank, my dog.

John Richards

He does however, unlike most of the students on campus, write a letter to On Dit in justifiably righteous indignation at an outrage he deems, (as a result of his particular philosophical beliefs, which are the 'result' of a vastly complex compilation, and codification, of a vastly higher number (running to very high powers of ten) of individual 'pieces' of uniformation 'fed' from the 'outside' environment some of which is inside his actual physical person,)

though ceasing at a limit somewhere near what most people think of as "consciousness" (or the 'I' of a person, an wine 'I') to be not morally, or logically, terrible or both.

BARTBOARDS

Dear Sir,

Did you know it's illegal to wear sandwich boards advertising in the city streets? I found out yesterday. (Excuse me, laddie . . .)

Now, bearing in mind that advertising per se can be a valid exercise, i.e. communicating information about what you consider desirable, it seems hardly consistent that neon signs and billboards can scream out trype about commercial products, but anybody with little cash, advertising an enterprise using only his own energy and feet, is breaking the law.

Need I make remarks about entrenched capitalism?

Bart Bother
(Mother of Six)

COMMON SENSE

Dear Editors,

Your ON DIT that was just full of names was very, very clever, I thought. You sure did take the mickey out of those silly people who were saying nasty

STUDENTISSUE

W i p e c l e a n
your arse
your campus
on
your newspaper
laughing
at warm tad-poles
upon stained bed-clothes
those orgasms away. smearing

Saik Lim.

[... too many names on too many pages ...]

GOOD OLD DAYS

Dear Sir,

This following extract might amuse your readers. It is taken from ON DIT, 21st March 1949, under the heading "Those Dirty Lawns: Action Likely" Leading With "Litter and crockery left on the Refectory lawns may be the subject of drastic action this year by the S.R.C." the article continues:

"A patrol of members of the Students' Representative Council was suggested by Mr. Roder (President as a means of enforcing tidiness. Two members of the S.R.C. should be on duty in the cloisters each day, he said. For the first fortnight of term, they would ask students to return crockery to the tables provided; after that, they would take the

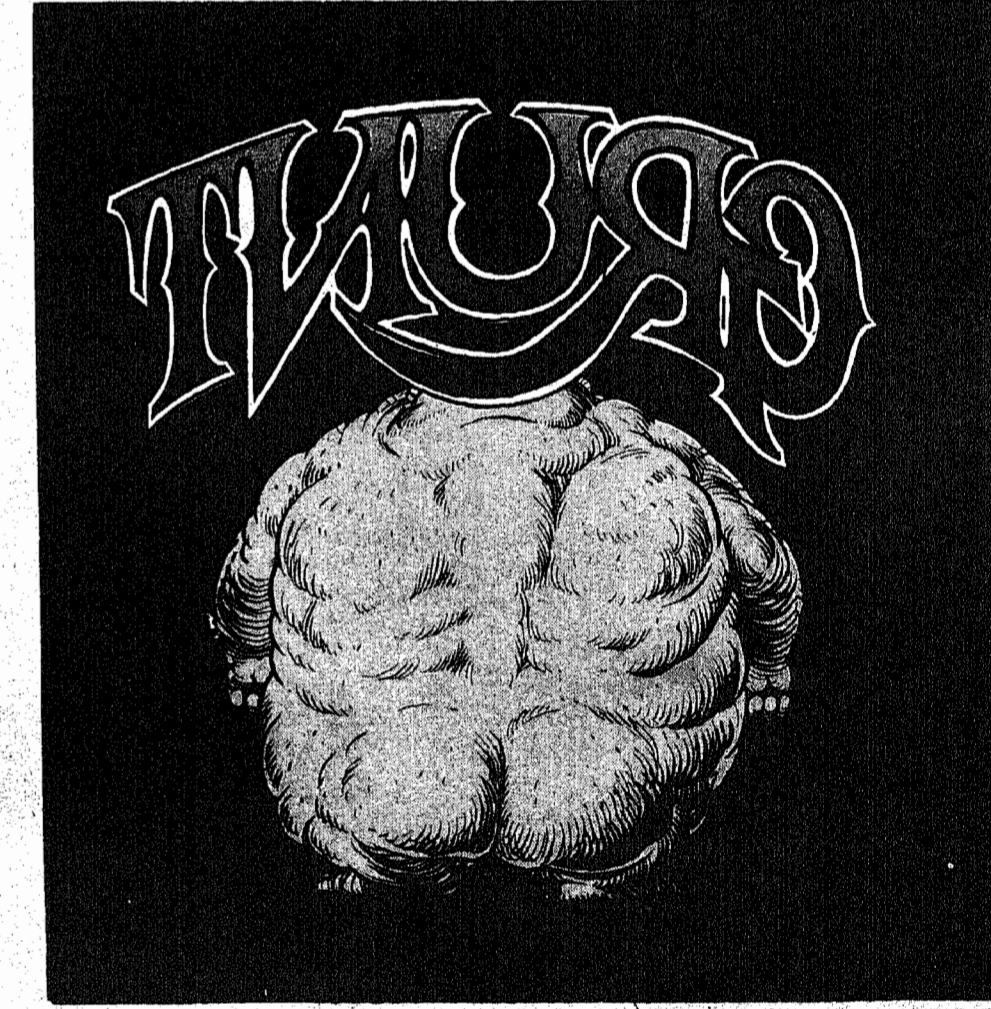
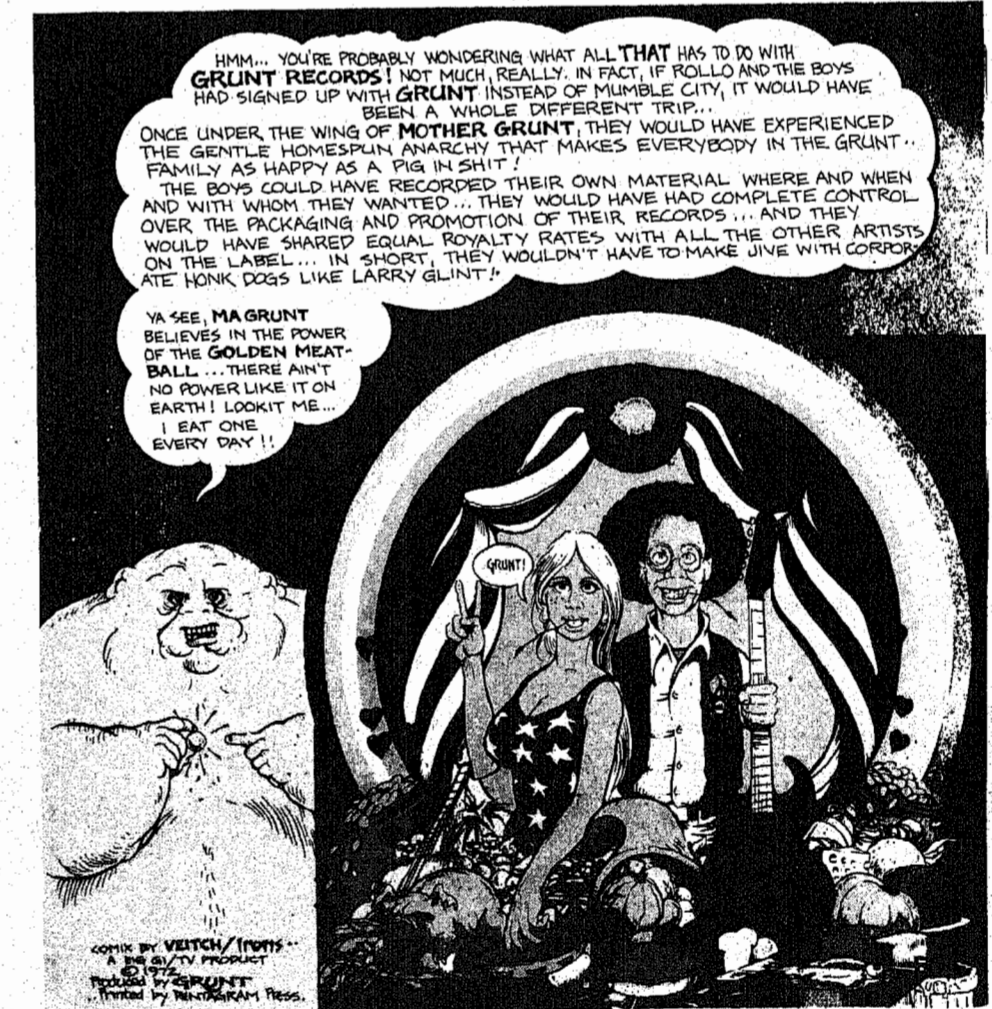
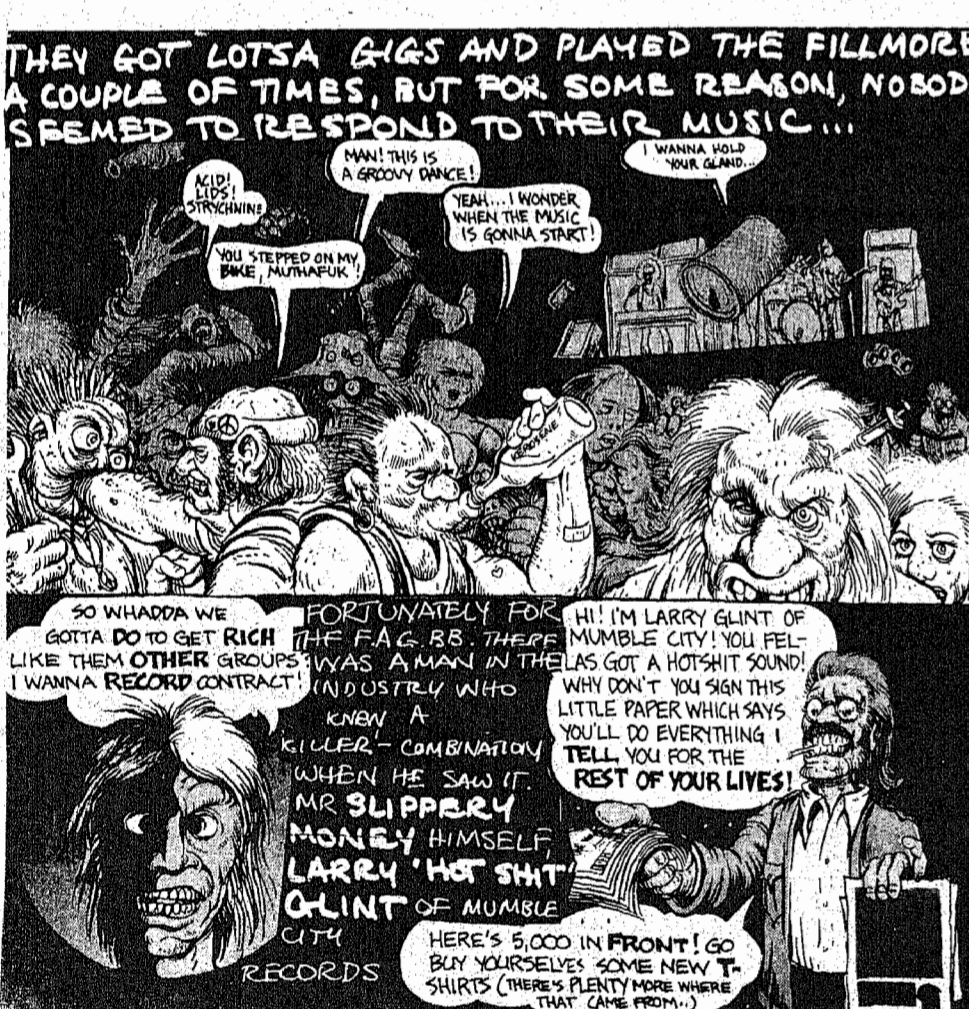
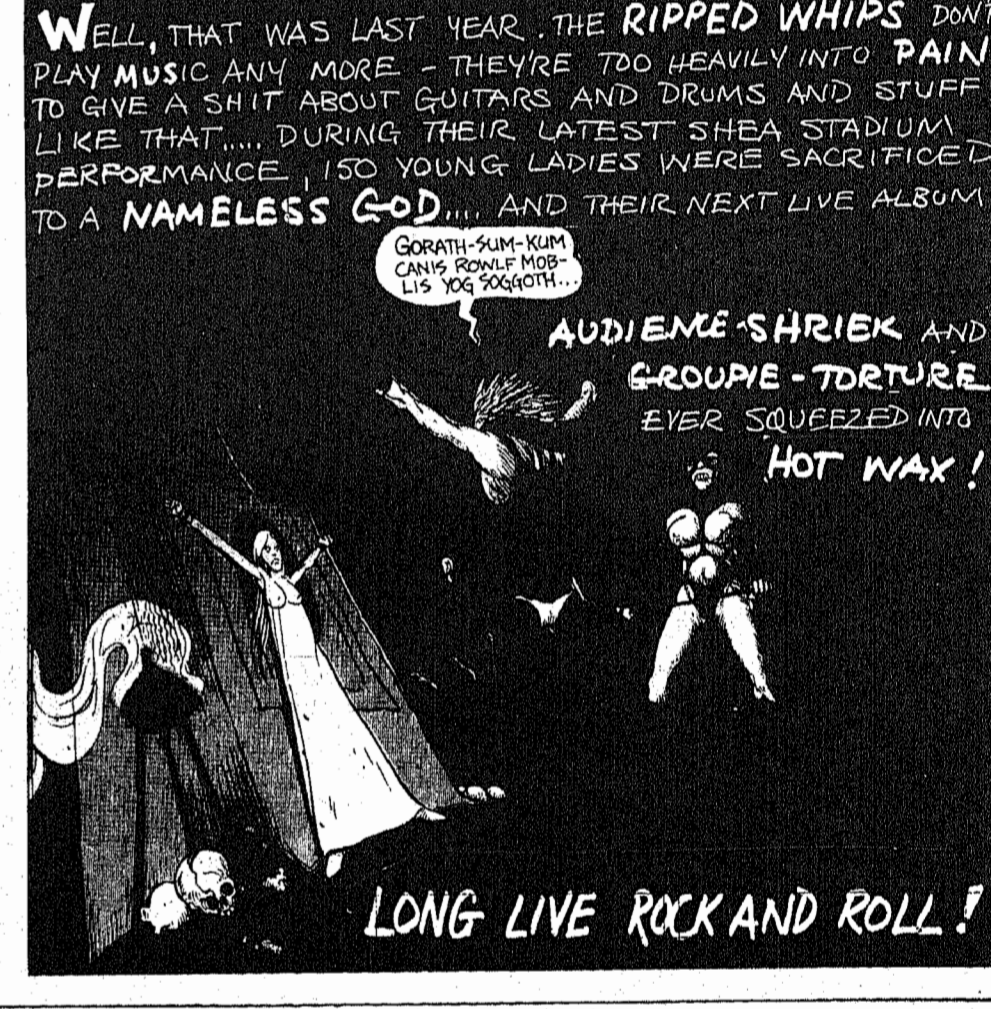
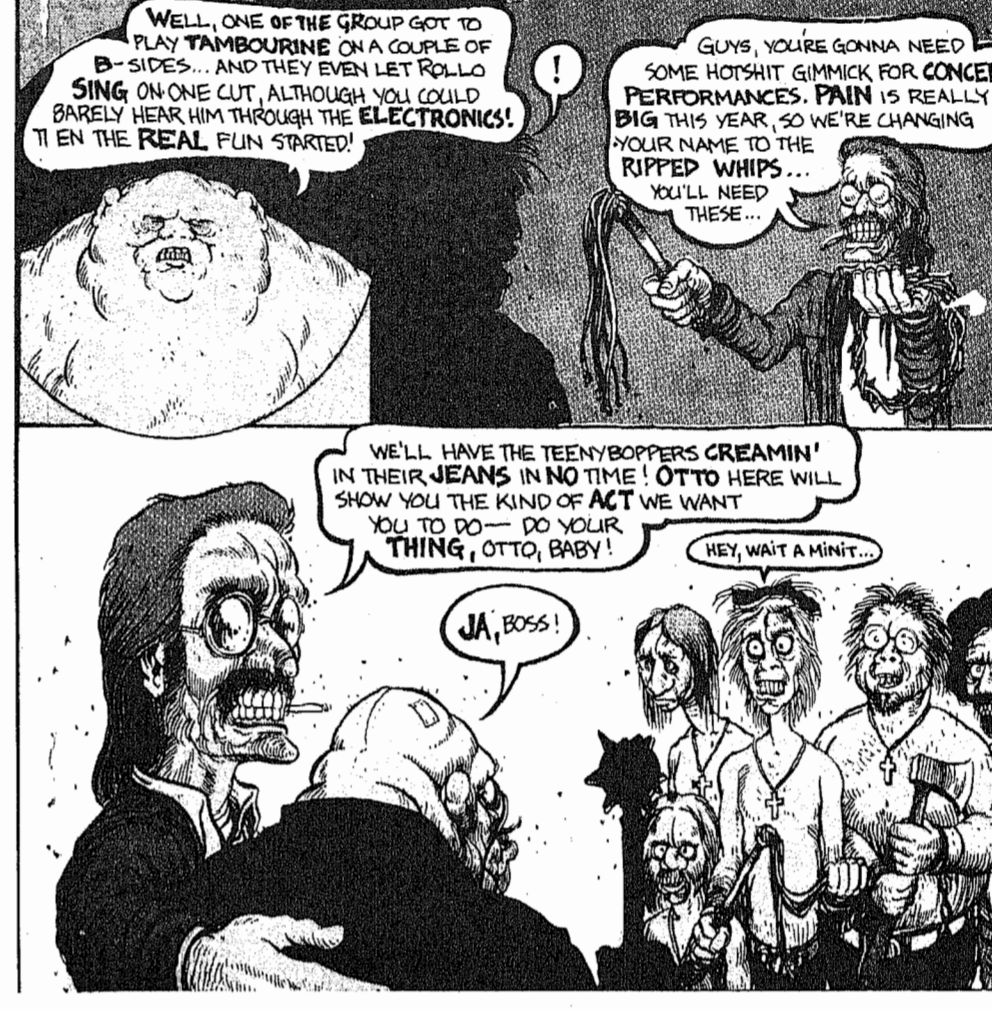
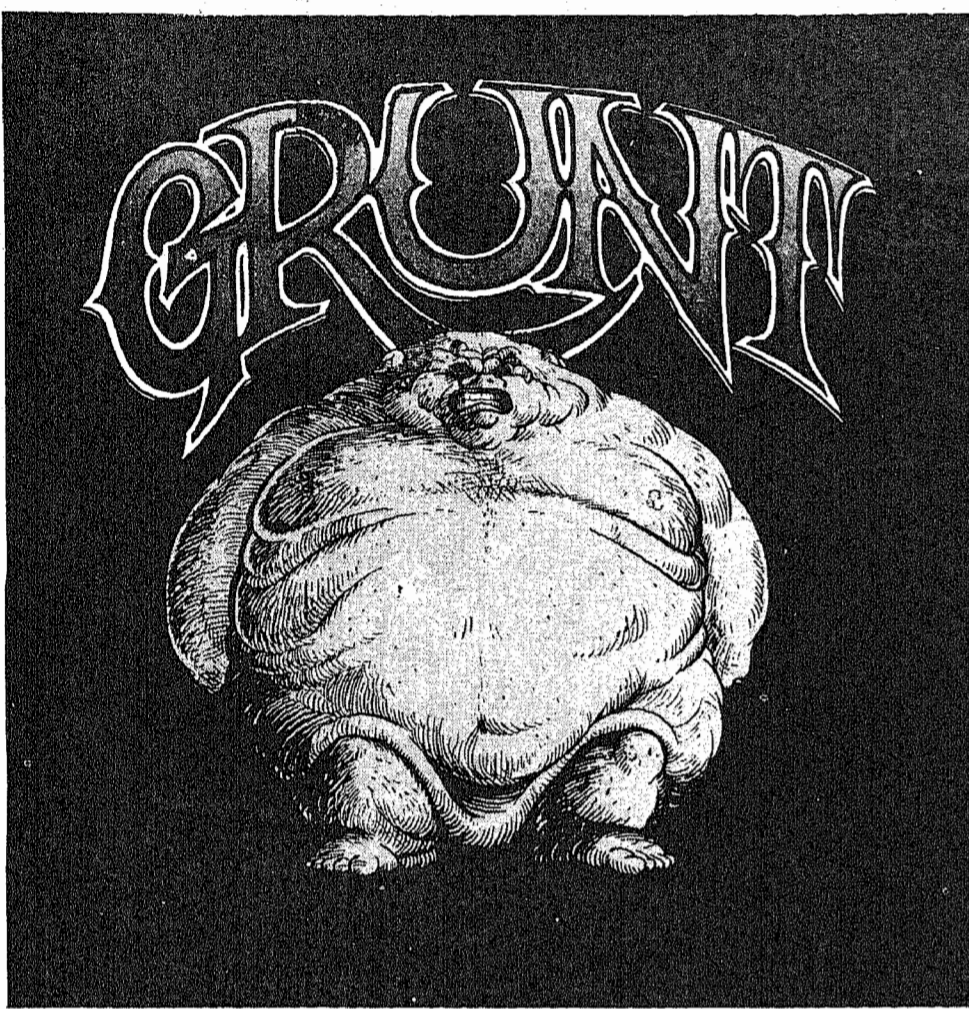
JOURNALISM SCHOOL

A meeting for all those who have written to us, plus of course any interested people, on **MONDAY APRIL 30, in the ON DIT OFFICE.** This will be to discuss times and arrangements for the Second Term. The Journalism School will probably consist of weekly meetings, where various aspects of journalism and print production will be discussed. As well, arrangements will be made for the group to see different methods of printing in operation. We'll send letters to those who have given us their names anyway -- but check us out to make sure.

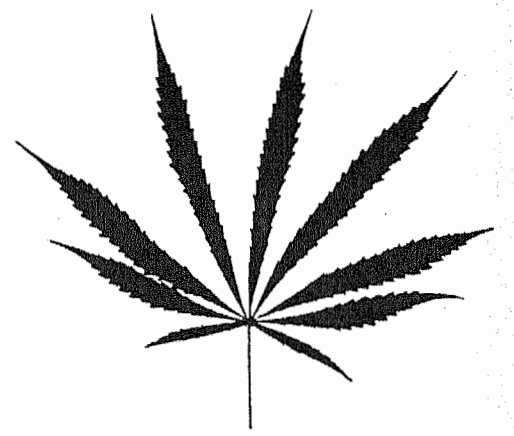
ON DIT PHOTOGRAPHY

On Dit has a pretty good darkroom which is just getting organised. If you're at all interested in or want to know about taking photographs, printing, enlarging, developing films (etc.) contact Oliver Ralph Frank or Bernie thru On Dit office. We need a team of lots of people who can take photos of events and people on and off campus. We'll be having a meeting on Thursday, April 26 at 1.10 p.m. in the On Dit offices (western end of cloisters).

ON DIT MEETING
FOR ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED
THURSDAY 26 APRIL 1~10
ON DIT OFFICES WESTERN CLOISTERS



JUST DRUGS



Without any reference here to an externally imposed morality, it is a fact that many of our readers use drugs. Don't be put off by that nonsense about drugs being dim dark and distant: they're light, bright and right here. This article which appeared mysteriously and anonymously on our doorstep, was written especially for ON DIT and will be followed by regular reports about availability, cost and quality of drugs on campus. The printing of this information should in no way be construed as encouragement or facit support of drug use. However, it shouldn't be construed the other way either.

Drugs in large quantities sell for lower prices. "Acid" (L.S.D.) sells, or used to, in Sydney, in hundreds, for \$120 to \$250. Those are the lowest and highest prices I've seen there, for that number, the most usual being \$150 to \$200. Here in Adelaide hundreds go for between 150 and 300 dollars depending on the state of supply. If it's scarce, the price goes up. If there's plenty around, it goes down. Inflation, and deflation are dependent on supply. Supply fluctuates like the weather.

Up until the writing of this I haven't seen any 'good' acid since all those "BARRELS"(1) were around in early seventy-two, and that's against the recent experience of white "dots"(2) pink "dots", orange "dots", and now, pink tablets. Its all "acid" though, and those are what's around at the moment.

Supply is short so prices are high. Campus price is about \$3.50 to \$4. That's what it was early last year, but in between then and now a few philanthropists bought bulk and sold it at cost; ONCE! The risk isn't worth it twice (so if every "freak"(3) did it once, then all the complainers would have their cheap "acid"). As it is the only incentive to run the risk consistently is profit, so the much maligned establishment scores a victory with the profit motive.

In thousands, "acid" doesn't seem to get to Adelaide, or at least, not for sale in those numbers. In Sydney I've heard of thousands for twenty-five cents a piece (\$250), but I've never seen it, and I don't believe what I haven't seen. A more realistic price would be between fifty cents and a dollar apiece, that is five hundred to a thousand dollars per thousand.

The "acid dealer"(4) soon gets worn down. Profits work out fine on paper, and terrible in the hand.

The other hallucinogens (mescaline, psilocybin, DMT and STP) are synthetically rare. I once heard in Sydney of STP for twelve dollars

a tablet, but considered its feasibility of existence as negligible. Mescaline, the principal among 28 hallucinogens found in peyote cactus, is also rare. I once bought a synthetic "mesc" tablet in Sydney for eight dollars. It was beautiful. The peyote cactus, or what is left of it, may be viewed in the Botanic Gardens. DMT (Di-methyl-triptamine) is equally rare. I've heard of orange capsules of powder that could be smoked in joints, or reefers, or even marijuana cigarettes, whatever you prefer. I have also heard of liquid DMT that could be ingested or injected. Both gave a half or three quarter hour effect (as compared to LSD's six to twelve, and STP's reputed twenty-four to seventy-two effect, otherwise known as a "trip"). Cost was not known, but I would expect about \$2.50 for DMT. Psilocybin I have never seen in synthetic form, but it can be found in mushrooms in the Adelaide hills. Just a few reference books, and a good eye, and NOW is the time to look for them. This is the mushroom season.

"Grass" (weed, pot, tea, marijuana, hemp, cannabis) seems to have infiltrated and permeated every class this state (South Australia) has to offer and the price seems to remain at \$25 to \$30 an "ounce"(5) for the general public. What you get in your "ounce" varies a lot though. You can get anything from three to ten matchboxes of "dope"(6) per ounce. A similar situation for supply applies as with "acid" (LSD), only the customers don't feel it as much, since the market is larger. I can't ever remember there being a glut of "weed" that the public couldn't purchase. Grass in Adelaide, in weighed pounds, costs from \$350 to \$500. "Hash"(7) which is the resin from the leaves made into a solid lump, sells for much more, and I couldn't give reliable price quotes for that field. Most people buy five, ten, or fifteen dollar blocks.

Dope is sold for ripoff prices, considering its a naturally occurring and growing thing, but when the legal sanctions enter into it then

consequences are (to use freak jargon) heavy!

Narcotics(8), barbiturates, and amphetamines(9) are fairly rare, although there was some opium around recently for thirty dollars a double-o capsule. That is expensive, but opium is rare, and rare experiences cost. Barbiturates are so easy to get on prescription, that they don't warrant further consideration. Amphetamines are rare, and bad news, but still there are always people who want them. It costs a Sydney-sider \$6 to \$8 for a hundred tablets of dexedrine, benzedrine or methedrine. Capsules I'm not sure about. The two campuses have no "shooting scenes"(10) worth mentioning. Cocaine is generally a titillating, but unknown, delicacy. I was once offered a pound for two thousand dollars in Sydney, but declined. For me, the risks were too great!

"Adelaide's drug scene" is different from Sydney and Melbourne. Over the last three years, despite Silverside's efforts, the marijuana plant has taken firm root and grown to the now-legally-recorded height of eight foot two inches: a magnificent effort for a local lad! The universities role in this aspect has not been inconsiderable, so the student cross-section has "turned on"(11) the corresponding suburban cross section. Association, it appears, gives rise to what the police force could term "infection".

All the drugs mentioned in this article have illegality attached to their possession, unless prescribed by an authorised medical practitioner. If you must come in contact with them, then expect (but avoid) contact with the law; particularly the (now C.I.B. affiliated) Drug Squad (a subsidiary of the Vice Squad) which is operational in three eight-hour shifts, making twenty-four hours, per day.

If you can't be good, be careful.

Top cop has a pot plant

★ INSPECTOR BARNETT, officer in charge of police on the Queensland Gold Coast has a real "pot" plant in his office.



Page 18—Australasian POST, January 25, 1973

JUST FOOTNOTES



(1) "barrels": Orange barrels, Traffic lights, Blue barrels, Yellow Sunshine — all brand names for LSD in tablets whose shape resembled a barrel.

(2) "dots" (microdots, abbreviated): tiny tablets not to be confused with Clearlight, or Window Pane, which are tiny gelatine squares.

(3) "freak": person who uses drugs; c.f. Furry Freak Brothers cartoons.

(4) "acid dealer": a person who buys quantity (usually hundreds or less) and sells at a profit to the public.

(5) "ounce": metrics have not caught up yet and would not mean anything to the buyer if they did. The quantity in an ounce is as arbitrary as the quality.

(6) "dope": usually applies to marijuana, but can also be a generic term for all drugs.

(7) "hash"(hashish, abbreviated): usually imported from Lebanon, Afghanistan, Nepal, Turkey, India, or anywhere in that area; also (in smaller quantities) from North Africa.

(8) "narcotics": the opiates, opium, morphine, and heroin, as well as synthetic substitutes, pethidine, amnipol, palfium, methadone, and many others; also the otherwise unrelated, cocaine.

(9) "amphetamines" (Speed): methedrine mainly, but also benzedrine, dexedrine, and ephedrine (brand names).

(10) "shooting scene": a group whose principle drug activity is intravenous drug consumption, usually narcotics or amphetamines.

(11) "turned on": in that context 'introduced to a drug'.

ARVO TEA WITH

THE GOV

She was a bit of all right, alright. Me an me mate and his little lady put our names down on the book at the gate and (you wouldn't read about it) we scored an invite to the arvo tea at the Gov's Place.

Not bein a bloke to turn down **Free P--**, we borrowed a bag o' fruit each and fronted. 'Course every bastard an 'is dog was in on the act an' for a while there we thought the whole thing was going' ta be a bit rats-- that is, until we tucked in to a few jugs of PIG'S EAR.

After about half an hour, me mate (who's a 2 PINT SCREAMERO) and the little (who goes down on a hatfull anyway) were startin' to feel free (as it were) an' it was all I could do to stop 'em goin' right up to the Gov'ner and puttin the **WORD** on im about what a great show it was.

Meanwhile I'd noticed me mate Ted Nettleton from the Railways all decked up as a waiter and he came over and slipped us one of them f---n great bottles of Champers.

Course I don't need to tell you that from then on she was a down-hill run -- p---ed as f--- we were. And at that stage we didn't give an Efgar Britt who we talked to.

An so it happens that, coming back from behind a big bush, (no bastard had any idea where the snakes was) bugger-me-dead, if it wasn't me mate and the little lady 'aving a go at Don Dunstan.

Well, I knew it was too late to stop im, so I went over to listen in, and when I got there Fred (that's me mate) was sayin' how e was at the pub one night an how one of his mates told him to keep the language' down cos Gretel was only a couple of tables away.

Well, I was a bit p---ed, but I could tell that it wasn't the right thing to talk about so I tried to change the subject by asking im about what 'e thought about that Creamcheeze poofita in the last election.

Just after I'd said that I remembered how that might not be the right thing to say either and I realized that one way or another we were really up s--- creek.

Funnily enough, the Don didn't seem to mind much an e told us a few stories about the election and so on and then p---ed off.

About then I noted Fred had a funny look in his eyes and I thought he might be ready for a chunder but he said he was apples and that was alright by me.

Course, nearly every other bastard had p---ed off by then which made it real easy to pick the stayers, but, judging from the look on all those officials, they don't appreciate real staying power at Govt. house.

So, it was off like a dirty shirt to the pub where, among other things, we drank his health (the Gov's that is).

She was a beaut show. Ya should've been there.

P.D. (Flasher) Haig

I guess you heard about the scene at Oliphant's place the other day -- well a few friends and I thought it would be cool if we rocked along and checked it out. Well, being a puppet of the State, Mark baby felt a bit uptight about dispensing with the formalities and you just wouldn't believe how all those cats stand still when they play God save the Queer (sorry Alhouse, I just had to put that one in).

Oh, have no fear friends, you don't think we'd go along to a show like that **straight!** No way. Paulo had this **incredible gear** he's just got from Indonesia and we were just so **whacked** that the whole scene didn't seem plastic at all. The only bummer was that they tend to cater for juicers at this kind of shake up and there just wasn't any orange juice around.

Oh, but the **music**. The music was unreal. The musos wore these incredible scarlet jackets and the robes were all shiney and they played stuff like Hey Jude -- it was far out: I mean **really** far out.

Looking back on it all in a slightly philosophic way, we really **believe** that our **being** there was a neo-surrealistic, almost **compelling** comment for those of us who seek truth through **alternative** ways of living and expression.

Yours in love, Jeremy Johns.

GET PLUSH

PRO-CAP SPEAKS

LIMITATIONS OF STUDENT REVOLUTION

Whatever one thinks of the theory of Spontaneous Revolution and the necessity of stimulation by an intellectual minority, it seems highly unlikely that any satisfactory total revolution can occur in these days of so-called "student revolution". In effect, the student revolution, an amalgam of mild-liberal to superficially anarchic sentiments, proliferated by a basically bourgeois section of the community, serves as a safety-valve for whatever revolutionary pressures may be lurking below the surface. Australia is proud of / hates its minority of serious young people / scruffies who are getting things done / wasting their time; either way the net result is zilch. The only way to get the ball rolling is to be totally and arrogantly REACTIONARY.

PRO-CAP MOBILISES

Aquarius C.A.O. Len Lindon said it first; "... the time has come for plush vulgarity". Campus heavy Steve Spears caught on; he sang:

"Make it plush and elegant,
Ritzy and extravagant
Why don't you give all your wealth to me?"

Then he wrote a show called **STUD**, and sure enough, people gave all their wealth to him. A.U.D.S. wrote a review (**PLUSH**) based on Steve's song. Then . . . **PRO-CAP!** Was Robin Argent for real? Was Mark Posa for real? Why did the C.S.C. refuse to affiliate the Pro-capitalist society?

THE EXPERIMENT

Wen we decided to give away free money, we treated it as a sociological experiment. All takers had to sign a form swearing allegiance to the capitalist system. We didn't think many people would be sufficiently thick-skinned. We thought people would be too embarrassed to take the 10c pieces and take the 1c or 2c instead. In fact, hundreds of people signed and the 10c's vanished in seconds. **THIS IS A HEALTHY TREND!** Because if we bourgeois liberals get richer, and the poor get poorer, and we're arrogant with it, only then will the oppressed majority become sufficiently oppressed to knock us off. And, plush paternalists that we are, as we stand up against that wall, a faint smile will cross our faces as we whisper, "It worked! Dear God, it worked!"

NEWS ITEM!

Today, Adrian Hann was pursued by a horde of unenlightened bourgeoisie and beaten to death with Mel Torme cover versions of Simon & Garfunkel records.

WHY NOT DROP GEORGE A LINE?

Cut out this message and send it to:

M. Le President
Palais de les Elycees,
Paris France.

get as many people as you can find to sign it and who knows what will happen then?!
Postcards available from S.A.U.A. office.

PAR AVION



AFFIX
18 CENT
STAMP
HERE

M. Le Président,
Palais de les Elycées,
Paris, France.

Nous Protestons

Nous qui sommes en Australie n'acceptons pas que le progrès scientifique et militaire puisse justifier les risques qui s'attachent aux essais nucléaires atmosphériques entrepris par la France dans l'océan Pacifique.

Nous nous opposons à tous essais nucléaires atmosphériques par toute nation.

Nous vous prions d'arrêter cette menace à la santé et au bien-être des Australiens

et des autres peuples du Pacifique. Nous lançons cette protestation au nom des générations futures qui ne peuvent pas parler pour elles-mêmes.

We Protest

We in Australia do not accept that scientific and military progress can justify the risks attached to French atmospheric nuclear tests in the Pacific Ocean. We oppose atmospheric nuclear testing by any nation.

We urge you to stop this threat to the health and welfare of Australians and the other peoples of the Pacific.

We make this protest in the name of future generations who cannot speak for themselves.

SIGNATURES:

Distributed by the Australia Party, 1 Arundel Street, Glebe, N.S.W.

HUMAN RELATIONS GROUP

An intensive human relations group will be held in the Student Counselling Service from 21.5.73 to 25.5.73 (including Adelaide Cup Day). The group will meet each day from 9 to 5 and will be limited to 15 students. Roberta Mathers and Norm Greet will be co-leaders of the group.

The group is designed to increase personal awareness, to facilitate communication and enhance sensitivity to others. Each group member will undertake to:-

(a) accept responsibility for their own participation and progress on the course; for their own personal growth or lack of growth;

(b) strive towards increased awareness of thoughts, feelings and responses and to communicate these in the group;

(c) strive to relate honestly on a concrete and specific I-thou here and now basis;

(d) own and accept responsibility for their own perceptions, interpretations, feelings and thoughts and allow others to do likewise;

(e) abstain from attacking others and speak out to discourage anyone else from attacking. (The positive use of emotions, e.g. anger, are permissible, used constructively.)

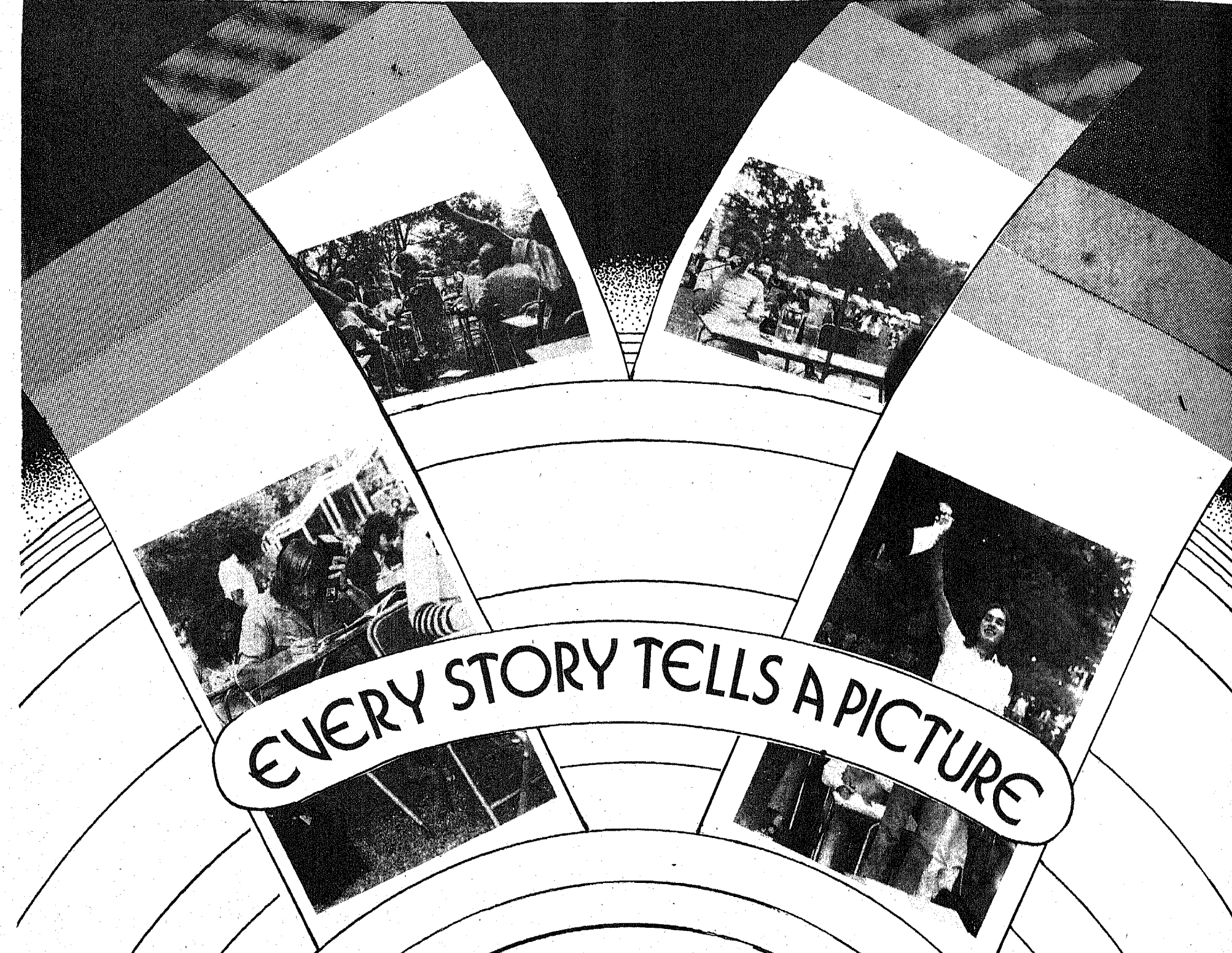
This type of group is specifically designed to assist participants to move through the various impasses that arise when they discard the more indirect cliché, role and games type of relationships, and move towards direct person-to-person relating.

Should you wish to be included in this group or obtain further details please contact Norm Greet - Student Counsellor, top floor George Murray Building (above Students' Association office).

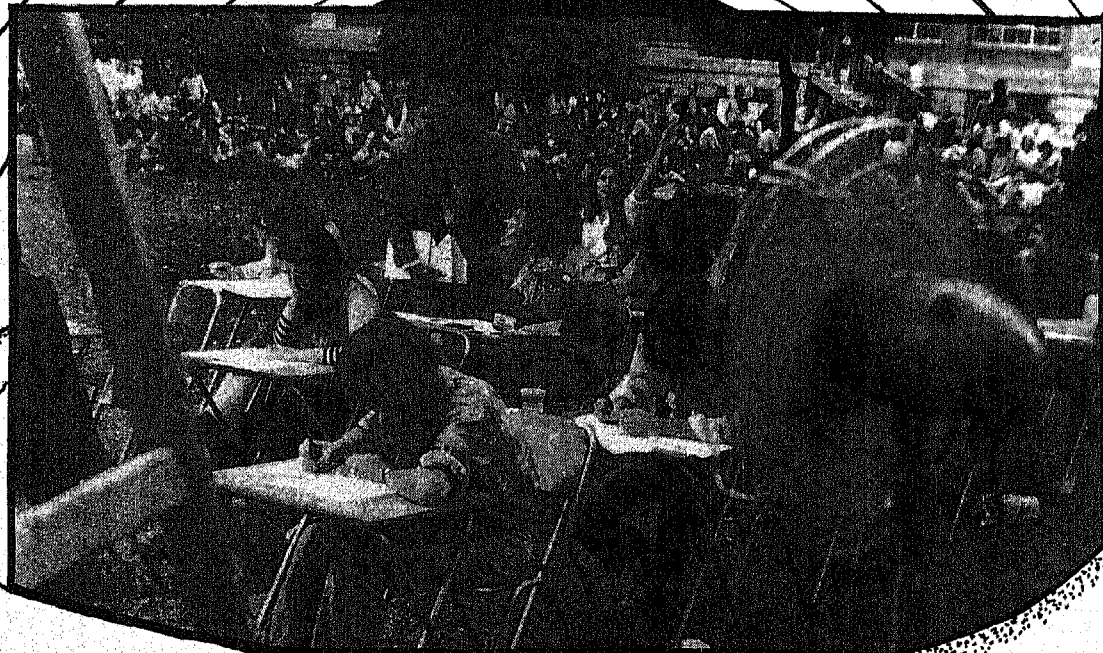
moonshine jug & string band

THIS & EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

ENFIELD HOTEL FULLY LICENSED 8.30 to 12.00 ADELAIDE'S NEWEST
STARDUST ROOM ADMISSION \$1.00 JUG SCENE



EVERY STORY TELLS A PICTURE



ROCK 1

RESULTS

Peace and Hope, Love and Dope to all you young groovers and movers out there in ON DITERRITORY. Wonie zowie and zip bank didn't we have a great great great time at the Rock Appreciation Exam last week or whenever - the old time sense is a bit hazy these days, children, so forgive your old uncle. Some of our very own contestants did well and some did not-so-well, I guess. It's the old fantasy realization scene that we all know so well Right on, Ralphie baby!!!! See them buildings tower and fall. So we had - would you believe it: in 1973-exam-paper burners (two) and epileptic fits; we had a great great time too and would the person who removed, took, fingered or somehow stole the entry forms please return them to us man, you don't know what havoc you caused the PEB people. Well, meantime, what you've all been waiting for and thinking about: yes, its the results. Here's the report:

Despite considerable pressure on the examiners (not heavy enough, tho') to give Elvis Presley top distinction, it was found that however we looked at the papers, it was A. A. AARDVAARK who came top of the list. He is thus top of the pops for R.A.I. this paper showed a deep understanding for and appreciation of the subject and this, coupled with a sensitive and compassionate style, resulted in a paper which was, in all respects, first class.

Society neither hears nor sees the great changes going on. Either man is obsolete or war is. War is the ultimate tool of politics. Political leaders look out only for their own side. Politicians are always realistically manoeuvring for the next election. They are obsolete as fundamental problem-solvers. A half-century of subconsciously developing world revolution is crossing the threshold into human consciousness and ultimate popular support. Today's students, reared by television "the third parent," think world. They think and demand justice for all humanity, with no exceptions. Their's will be the most powerful and constructive revolution in history. Earth is a very small spaceship. We are all astronauts. Each human is a whole universe. We have 28,000 pounds of explosives for each human being on earth. Weaponry has always been accorded priority over livingry. Only two alternatives: utopia or oblivion. All the fundamental problems are world problems. Man knows so much, does so little. The greatest fact of the century: we can make life on earth a general success for all people. The world's prime vital problem: how to triple swiftly, safely and satisfyingly overall performance realizations per pounds, kilowatts and manhours of the world's comprehensive resources, rendering those resources capable of supporting one hundred per cent of humanity's increasing population at ever-higher standards of living than any human minority or single individual has known or dreamed of. War, over-population, hunger, disease would cease to exist if "haves" devoted a larger share of their individual budget to world livingry. Malthus is wrong: there is enough to go around. Basic you-or-me-not-enough-for-both-ergo-someone-must-die tenets of class warfaring are extinct. Real wealth — in destructible, without practical limit — is the combination of physical energy and human intellect. Every time we use real wealth it increases. Intellect must increase wealth to eliminate poverty. Design science, invention revolution could elevate poverty to haveness. (If you can produce it, you can afford it. If you can't produce it, you can't afford it). Intelligence should be recognised as global resource. The brain stores and retrieves special case experiences. The mind discovers generalized patterns apparently governing all special case experiences. Thinking is the consciously disciplined separation of relevant feedback from irrelevant feedback. The greatest single revolution in human affairs has been the ascendancy of intellect's intuitive mastery over the physical but all the important critical events realizing that revolution just happens. Only the impossible happens. Probability is unreliable. To each of us environment is everything that isn't "me". New physically uncompromised metaphysical initiative of unbiased integrity could unify the world. It could and probably will be provided by the utterly impersonal problem solutions of man's antibody, the computer. Only by the computer's superhuman range of calculative capabilities can and may all political, scientific and religious leaders face-savily acquiesce. Evolution is apparently intent that man fulfill a much greater destiny than that of being a simple muscle and reflex machine — a slave automaton. (By 1975 China may be most an impressively modern nation, highly automated). Automation can produce wealth beyond all our needs and dreams. (We've always had automation. What's happening to your lunch?) Automation has made man obsolete as a physical production and control specialist — just in time. Specialization is only a fancy form of slavery where the "expert" is fooled into accepting his slavery by making him feel that in return he is in a socially and culturally preferred, ergo, highly-secure, life-long position. Nature always does things in the simplest most efficient way. All nature is based on the triangle and the tetrahedron which is constructed of triangles. Nature doesn't have separate compartments of physics, chemistry, biology, mathematics. World society is operating almost exclusively in an inaudible nonvisible area of the physical universe. We are living in a world where change is normal. Because prime evolutionary transformations are invisible, it is approximately impossible for world society to comprehend that changes in the next 30 years will be far greater than in the last 100 years. Artists are now being recognised as extra-ordinarily important to human society. Scientists are utterly irresponsible regarding pro-us-antisocial disposition of the "eggs" they lay in the laboratories. Every child is born a genius: ninety-one percent are degeniused by early post-natal circumstances. Human being has great potentiality, but many wires get disconnected. Ages 0 to 4 are biggest "school" opportunity. Child is trim tab of the future. Least favorable environment for study is school room and closely-packed desk prisons. Real schoolhouse is the home and outdoors. Within 10 years anything reasonably think-up-able by science will probably have been realized. Possession is becoming progressively burdensome, wasteful, obsolete. Total man may be going through a total wave of transformation into an entirely new relationship with the universe. Man freed of special case superstition by intellect has had survival potentials multiplied millions fold. Humans can now whisper effortlessly in one another's ears from anywhere around the world. (Be sure to entertain all your emotions). Intellectual integrity will win tomorrow's battles with accelerating inexorability. Political, commercial, sham, false premise institutions will vanish with startling rapidity. Man, as designed, is obviously intended to be a success. Success: not a bad thing to have "hanging over your head". Experiment is always valuable. You can't learn less. You can always get nearer to the truth. (language can be a block to reality). Coping with the totality of spaceship earth and universe is ahead for all of us. (Man was designed with legs — not roots). Man can do anything he wants.

~ Buckminster Fuller

The war is in the word and the wood
is in the world

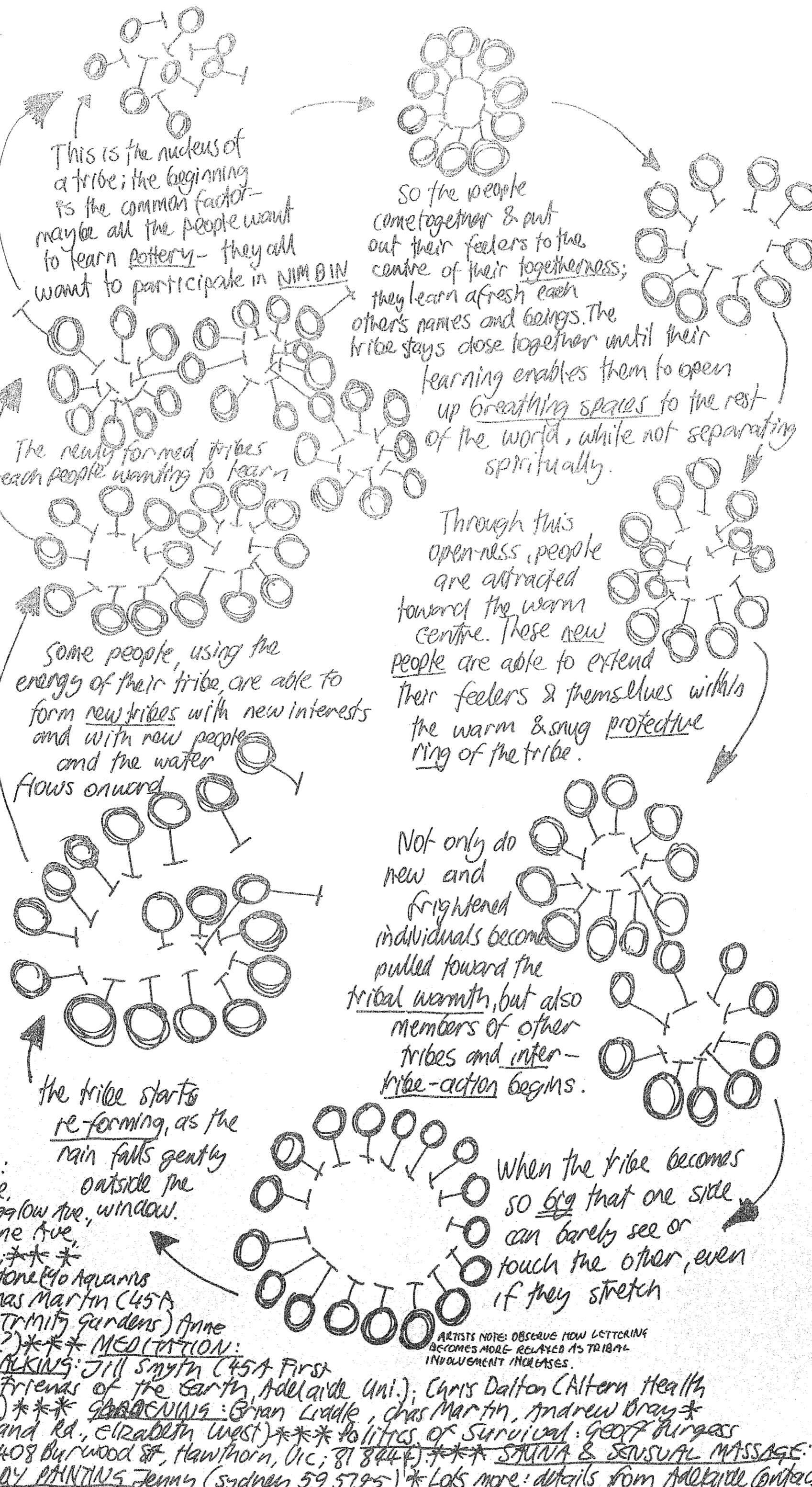
FINNISH VOICES 93

Whatever it's due to, strange things are happening all around us.
Some people tell us that it's the dopamine and acid which are waking people up.
Others that it's television and the global communication network which is making the planet into something like one vast brain-neuron grid that you join by picking up your phone or switching on your TV or listening to your radio or records or watching films.
Others that because oman has finally been away from the planet to its moon that we can see that what poets have been telling us for centuries — that we really are all one — is literally true.
There are people, many of them now, who think that we've worked our way into a corner and that unless we wake up to something, we'll all be buried in our own shit. They can't really throw something away because we are only a sphere, a space-ship planet.
Some people say that we're entering the Age of Aquarius that will draw on inevitably, making earth a happier place for everyone or something.
Others say that East is meeting and transforming West and that the imperialist influence is finally balancing out.
But it's not really important why things are changing.
The signs that things really changing are inescapable, I reckon.
Listen to almost any LP that the children of unsuspecting middle-class parents are filling their heads with. When the mode of the music changes the walls of the city shake (Plato). Could the white Americans possibly have imagined what would happen when they let those black people start making their music for their clubs and

dances?
Of course it's easy to look around and think things are just the same, nothing's changed at all. And in a way you're right: there are all the same tensions between people, there are hip-capitalists and the counter-culture is a shallow fraud and people are as insecure and fearful and aggressive and possessive as and people do seem to be living out all the same roles that their parents lived out and student radicals never die, they just get married and get jobs. That's true.
And yet social change is occurring, and at a faster rate than ever before. It's just that it's nowhere near fast enough for most people.
The trouble is that our social forms are just so hopelessly inadequate. The way we treat each other, the things we talk about and the words we use and the way we talk and the way we feel, the expectations that we have of each other, the fears and the doubts, the suspicions, the power game of ego, (I put you down and feel better by doing it); all these things make it difficult for us to put these ming realizations into effect. I mean, if I feel like sharing my bed with you tonight, I fear that you'll think I'm only after a f--- or that you'll expect a deep and lasting relationship to develop as a result, or perhaps that I should have had the tact to develop that relationship first.
Or when people come to visit me, I have to ask them into a room which is messy and crowded and ask them what they've been doing through the week and offer them coffee and listen to a bit of music and then say good-night; which seems to miss the point anyway.
Perhaps this just my hang-up but I doubt it because when occasionally I

get over the social forms I meet someone who has the same hang-up. Anyhow, the point of this all here is that there are a lot of people who seem to have had the same experience and they're not content with just writing about it.
They've talked together a lot with many different people about doing something to ease the tensions which seem to belong more to be environment than to the new mutants of our race (every new generation, I guess).
Somehow they've been able to con the political organisers at the Australian Union of Students (you're a member) to use the resources of that organisation to help set up something like an alternative society for about ten days in May.
So, from 12 to 21st of May this year there'll be a lot of people coming together in a small town just south of the Qld/NSW border, quite near the coast, at a town called NIMBIN.
It's an incredibly brave experiment you look at it.
But it's one that many people are part of, and which seems to have a fair chance of making it.
It's nothing like a pop festival; it's nothing like a concert; it's nothing like anything that's been before. It's something new, and the end result can't be predicted until the whole thing of it for a few more decades or even centuries. (I don't think that's too fanciful.)
There will be a lot of energy at NIMBIN; and even physicists aren't too sure about what happens with energy.

PAUL MEECE



ADELAIDE CONTACT CENTRES

- In Adelaide there are 3 basic centres for festival-type (alternate) activity:
- 1) THE LEARNING EXCHANGE (152 King William Rd., Hyde Park; phone 714983); has information available by phone; and is the place where interested people come together on Wednesdays at 8 pm.
 - 2) CLEAR LIGHT BAZAAR (11 Chesser Street, City); general information and supply centre; meetings every Thursday at 8 pm.
 - 3) ENVIRONMENT INFORMATION CENTRE (2140 Rundle St., City); meetings every Sunday at 8 pm.
 - 4) ANNE McMENAMIN can usually be found at the S.A.U.A. Office at Adelaide Uni (phone 234333 extension 2406 or 2383)
 - 5) FUNDERS UNI SRC — or the Kombi on the Plaza.

- ENERGY CENTRES:** **DOMES:** Andrew Bray (4 Williams St, Hawthorn; 717618); Graham Harbord (Colonial Dye, Norton Summit); Kelvin Gedye (112 Gore St, Fitzroy; 413202); Paul Northey (33 Burwood Rd, Hawthorn; 818257) *** **STREET THEATRE:** Ricky Charles (41 Opey Ave, Hyde Park); *** **HANDCRAFTS:** Wendy Leach (12 Cassie St, Collinswood; 446508) Many staffers c/o Learning Exchange) *** **RADIO:** Paul Strickland & Tim Robinson (35 Kenilworth Ave, Wonga Pk, Vic) *** **POETRY:** Paul Kelly (59 Brigglow Ave, Kensington Gdns; 315904) Graham Bruce (3 Deepdene Ave, Westbourne Park; 719145); and many more people; *** **CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES:** Eileen McManis & Bauxham Stone (40 Aquarius Festival, Nimbin; 0666 891451) **DAY TO DAY LIVING:** Chas Martin (45A First Ave, Forestville) Brian Liddle (5 Hereford Ave, Trinity Gardens) Anne McMenamin c/o SAUA office, Adelaide Uni (most days) *** **MEDITATION:** Brian Shephard (12 Wheaton Rd, Stepney) *** **BUSKING:** Jill Smyth (45A First Ave, Forestville); *** **HEALING:** Rob Ranzijn (c/o Friends of the Earth, Adelaide Uni); Chris Dalton (Altern Health Centre 23 Collins St, Surrey Hills, 2010, ph 2122152) *** **SARACUING:** Brian Liddle, Chas Martin, Andrew Bray *** **DANCE MOVEMENT & MIME:** Neils Ashby (18 Portland Rd, Elizabeth West) *** **Politics of Survival:** Geoff Burgess (Learning Exchange) *** **MEDITATION:** Phil Walker (Scrag Office, 408 Burwood St, Hawthorn, Vic; 818444) *** **SAUNA & SENSUAL MASSAGE:** Phil & Rebecca (21 McKenzie St, Rozelle, NSW) *** **BODY PAINTING:** Jenny (Sydney 595795) *** Lots more: details from Adelaide Contact Centres.

HEY PEOPLE! Were you thinking of going to Nimbin? Maybe got a few things lined up with a couple of your friends? — thought you'd hitch up... pitch your tent, make music, maybe?

Well — think again!

'Cos you're missing out on what it's about. NIMBIN is about community living, about alternatives to the alienation of our competitive, people-separating society — about survival, and about love.

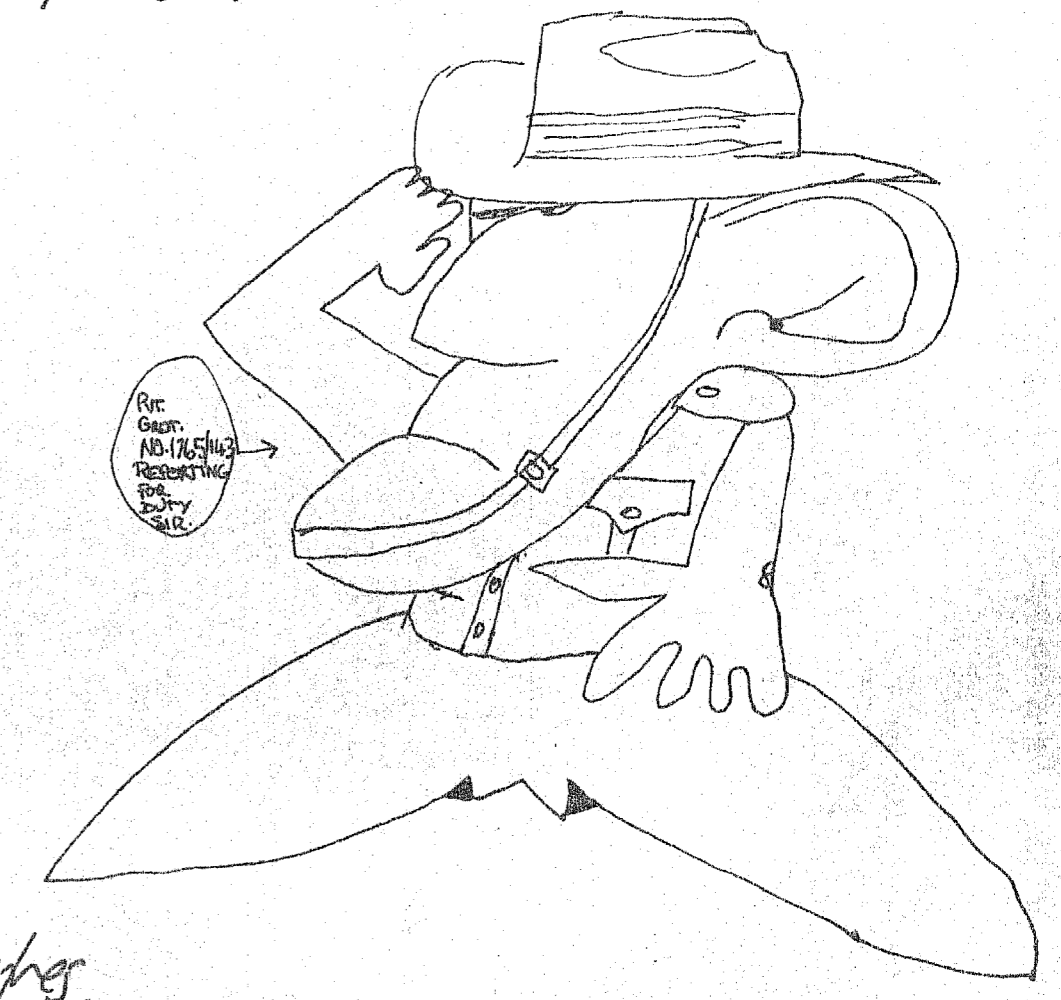
So you see you by yourself, or you with a couple of friends is not where it's at. At Nimbin we want to try and set up survival-sized working- and living-groups — about 15-20 probably, but that's a very flexible guess.

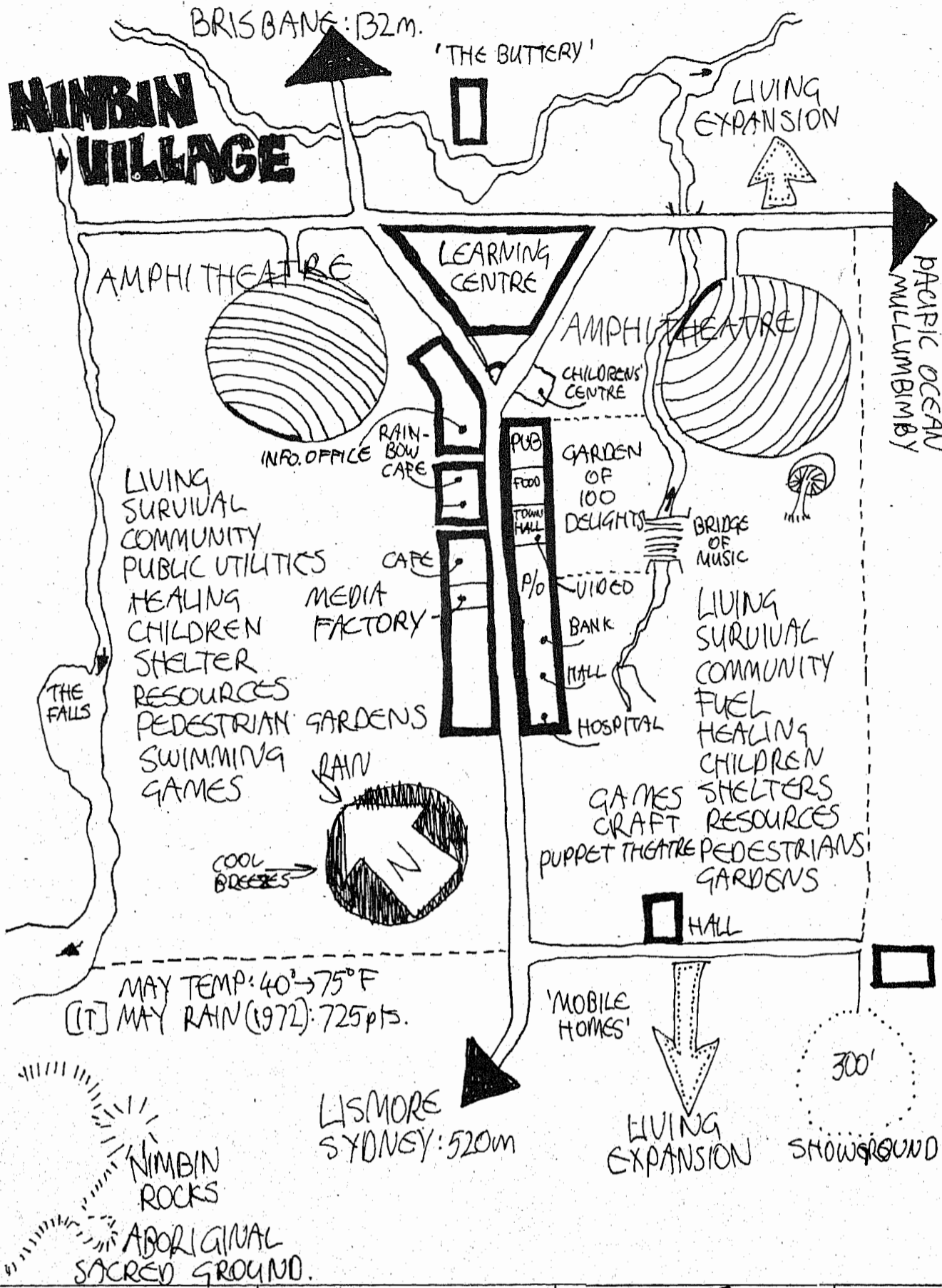
Surely, somewhere in Adelaide, there are people who think and feel as you do, who have similar ideas, who want to go to Nimbin for the same reasons you do. So how can you find them? Only by reaching out — don't forget that any alternative must be based on love — we're going to have to spend as much time working on our relationships with other people as on learning to build houses and dykes. So reach out! Come to the contact meetings, say why you're going and what do you want to do, and when someone tunes in... invite them home for tea. There you have the nucleus of your group.

Then you're going to have to start talking about practicalities: about what you're going to live in (tents, or shelters made up there? One big one, or more little ones.); what you're going to eat; how you're going to get there, and so on.

So, COMMUNITY is what it's about. So come to the meetings (see opposite), reach out and form a group: plan your transport so you don't hitch (hitching is ecologically unsound; also it means you're not in a group. Buses and trains are, too expensive, so trucks, vans and kombis seem a reasonable compromise.)

ANNE McMENAMIN





things to do ~ feed the hungry cartons now ~ feed them with scraps of material; paintbrushes, crayons ~ any little thing that can be used at the childrens & craft centres. The cartons live at Finders SRC, Learning Exchange, & SAUA Office. Thank: & later: Bring art materials, musical instruments, ideas, your friends, an open mind, and whatever else you think might be nice or stimulating or friendly or enjoyable to have there — anything you can fit in.

EXAMINATIONS AT NIMBIN
SIT YOURS
 If you have exams falling within the Festival, write and tell the Administration that you would like to do them elsewhere. Provision can be made at another university (New England, Brisbane, Newcastle, or any of the Sydney ones), or at Nimbin, if a minister of religion sits with you — this can be arranged by Aquarius. So don't be inconvenienced by the Administration, pass the inconvenience on to them, and maybe next year they'll try harder to organise an exam-free common week.

TICKETS & MONIES
 There will be a contribution / levy of \$5 per head for admittance to the festival. This is to cover some of the costs involved in just organising the festival. There are two parts to the ticket which will be available at SAUS Office (and other SRC's) after Easter. (There is another part which is retained by SAUNA as a record.) One part will be collected by organisers when you enter the site of the festival; the other will be retained as proof of payment. This receipt will be exchanged for a pass-out when the holder leaves the site for any length of time.

You can get more details about this strange event from Students Association Office, from the Learning Exchange (ph 71 4983, meeting every Wed about 8 p.m. at 152 King William Rd, Hyde Park, from the people at the Clear Light Bazaar (11 Chesser St. City) from the Environment Research Centre (240 Rundle St., City). Previous issues of NATIONAL U have had special NIMBIN feature articles, and there are NIMBIN broadsheets around. Hopefully we'll be able to get the probably best of all, talk to people about it.

TRANSPORT

Arrangements have been made for a chartered train, the SPIRIT OF NIMBIN, to leave Melbourne on the morning of 11 May to travel to Lismore (18 miles from Nimbin.). The cost is \$27 return, which includes bussing between Lismore and Nimbin. This train will be something like a travelling capsule-festival travelling to link up with the mother-main NIMBIN festival. Tickets for this train will be available from SAUA Office soon, but to be sure of getting one, you'd be wise to put your name on the list in the office. There are buses, trains and private cars to use to get to Melbourne. You could hitch, but there'll be lots of others doing that too, and you might miss the Spirit of Nimbin (the train). Some efforts are being made to recruit people with kombi vans to drive direct to Nimbin. Mechanical insurance cover will be provided and costs, shared. Mechanics are especially welcome to travel thus! Contact one of the resource centres to find out details.

SHELTER

No shelter will be provided — BRING YOUR OWN. It's best if you can get together with a group and arrange group / communal shelter.

CAR PARKING

a levy of \$4 will be imposed on each vehicle to discourage excessive use of motor transport. A windscreen sticker will be proof of payment and will be necessary to gain admittance to the parking areas. These stickers will be available to ASUA Office and at the site. There have been three large parking areas set aside on the outskirts of the village. Bus transport will take participants to the camping area.

A LOVE LETTER to vanowners

Nimbin is about survival, about participation, about community — seeking alternatives to consuming (rather than creating) — to competing (rather than co-operating). Many people are going up in groups of 10-20 — which seems a good sized unit for survival, participation and community — and for transport, because getting to and from Nimbin is a part of the Festival — a part of the alternatives that we seek. Such groups are now developing in Adelaide, centred around the Learning Exchange. And these groups have decided that the best way to get to Nimbin is by Kombi van. So if you're going to Nimbin, why not come with us? Costs of journey shared. Kombis serviced before and after. Full insurance cover — comprehensive insurance and mechanical underwriting. Contact the Learning Exchange or Anne Mc. at the SAUA Office.

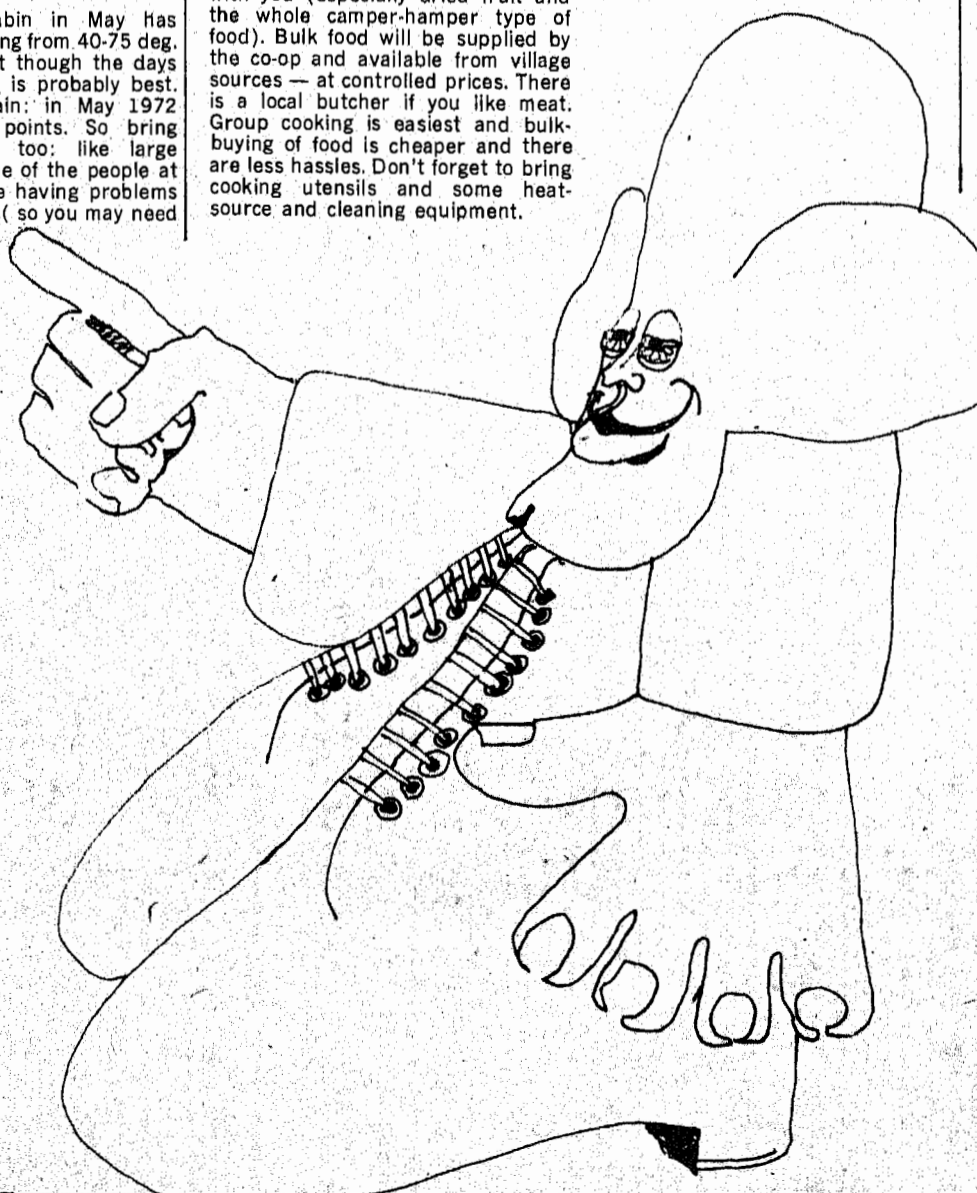
other things

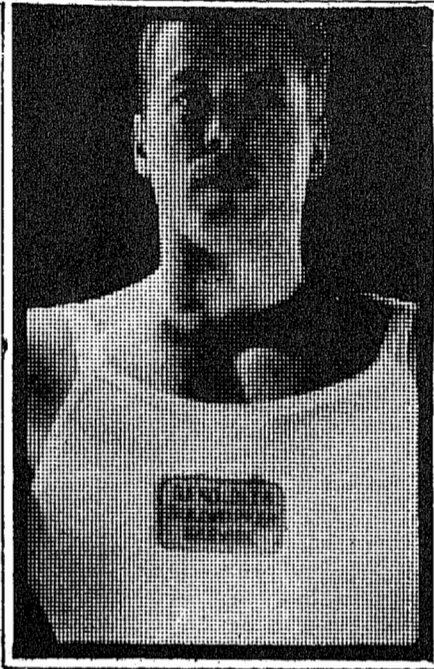
Electricity is available but supplies will be limited and it might be better not to rely on it. (One thousand extension cords stretching all over the festival site is a terrifying thought, somehow). Bring a lantern or something similar. Care must be taken with fires. Bring toilet articles (but select to avoid weight, of course), cards (and other people-mixing mechanisms), some medical equipment (there are medical facilities but there'll be strained to capacity) and contraceptives (if you want to — judging by Canberra, they'll be quite vital and may not be readily available in enough quantity). There are cold water showers and limited washing facilities. Postal services are available but don't count on them. The resources that are available at Nimbin include dead wood, bamboo, clay, trucks, tractors, banana leaves, derelict cars, sawmills, local experience, etc.

weather

Nimbin in May has temperatures ranging from 40-75 deg. F. It's cold at night though the days are quite warm. A is probably best. There could be rain: in May 1972 there were 725 points. So bring waterproof things too: like large plastic sheets. Some of the people at Nimbin already are having problems with foot infections(so you may need some footwear.

Bring what food you can with you (especially dried fruit and the whole camper-hamper type of food). Bulk food will be supplied by the co-op and available from village sources — at controlled prices. There is a local butcher if you like meat. Group cooking is easiest and bulk-buying of food is cheaper and there are less hassles. Don't forget to bring cooking utensils and some heat-source and cleaning equipment.





TWELVE AND A HALF!

Dear Adrian,
THANKS

Thanks for that marvellous write-up. Only you could have so beautifully yet restrainedly yet authoritatively dumped such crystal clear s--- all over my show. There's nothing quite like a Hann critique.

What you said is quite true, of course, STUD is no 'Oh Calcutta'; it's no "liberating force". Under extreme pressure I might even agree that it was not staged, directed or acted well. It's just a "musical-comedy pop-opera styled rock show".

"and nothing more."

That's right.

For you see, Adrian, that's what it's supposed to be. The promoters' edicts on sexual freedom etc. should be taken with a grain of morph. since we both know what PR is really about, don't we? And I won't be held responsible for the more inane utterings of my cast about "changing sexual consciousness" and all that sort of s---.

The last thing I have in mind.

PURVERTS

I don't wanna be no "purveyor of no new consciousness". Have no use for "liberating forces".

And God forbid an "erotic-playful-happy" cast getting it all on for Hair Hitler and the freedom fascists.

I'm more than happy with a show that's "intellectually offensive" full of "stereotypes" and "dominant males" and "spangly drag queens". And I don't care whether the front-of-house people wouldn't let you in without a shirt "even tho it was very hot", or that homosexuals feel they are being held up to ridicule. And I hope you and all your left-liberal yippie ilk AND all those "tie-and-collar wearing bouffant-hairstyled corsetted middle-aged and young-trendy men and women" AND the vice boys AND Mac the Knife left feeling intellectually offended as all hell because, my cosmic playground attendant, my hyphen-addicted-hippie lovmonger,

that's what it's all about.

Partly.

In my opinion.

CONFESSION

Perhaps for the folks at home, I'll explain a few things. STUD is a collection of 24 or so songs mostly rock that stands by itself as a single entity more or less except some songs are not really related but are in a way I guess anyway that tells of the states of mind oh and tells a story anyway of 3 cops and a pimp and a madame during a raid on a brothel. The goodies become baddies and the baddies fall in love and do things and so on and so forth and they all get massacred by the only goodie who remains a goodie who is the head cop, the "insane christian". And they all go to heaven.

You wouldn't call the story line great but it's more than adequate for the purposes. Grafted to this artistic framework are comin revue scenes of a dirty kind loosely following the plot. My favorite ones are the porn movie sequence with wrestling commentary (as the guy does a somersault at the girl, both naked on the beach Jack Little's voice: "he certainly takes his time but he has some very unusual holds which should prove useful". Ahhhhh. I can't explain it, on paper. Listen: Jack Little belongs to Tommy Hanlon not a sick and sorry Australian porn film which can't allow the leading man to get a fat. It's a nice bit.)

And the inept massage lady with the teensy boobs trying to turn on the homosexual cop who's in love with the resident stud who loses interest in women and people till the two get together on the massage table with the cop dressed in a smock and wig, hopelessly disguised and hopelessly in love. I find it touching.

And the morphine-shooting historical narrator quoting the Ballarat Gazette blithely informing the audience that the whole show's about the infamous Ballarat Massacre of 1892. Not true.

But, quite bluntly and at incredible damage to my ego, I must agree with your sweeping statement, viz. —

"Spears . . . can't direct!" (did you have to rub it in with an exclamation mark?) What's wrong with "needs a little bit more experience" or even "can't direct".

Still . . . I accept it. My name's there in black and white as director and I f---d up.

ACCUSATION

And thanks for those kind words about my music. Lemme bask in it once more. "Steve Spears can write brilliant music at times". Ahhhhh.

"Great talent". Ahhhhh.

"One or two really brilliant pieces." Hmrrrrrr.

"Averagely good rock and roll." Hmrrrrrr.

"Terrific songs". Ahhhhh.

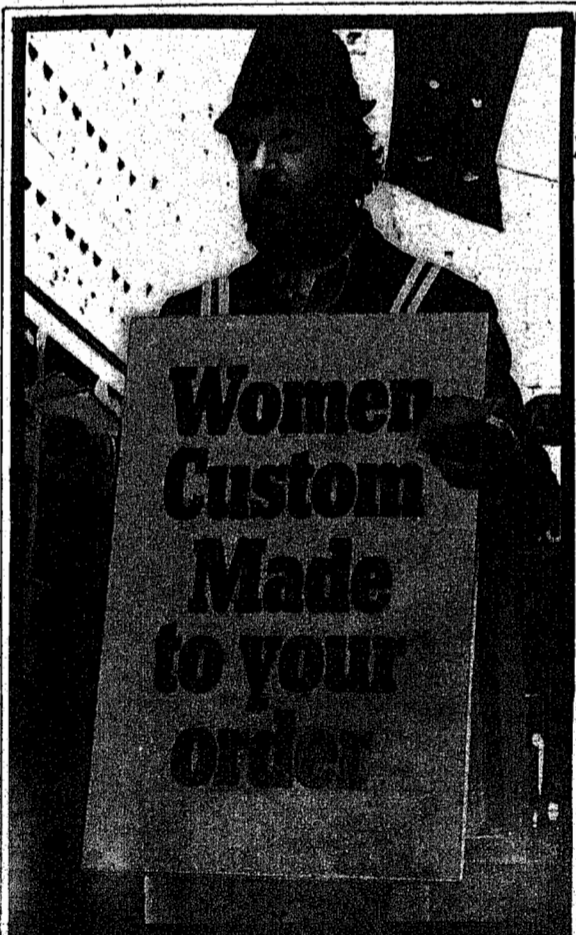
Now that's a lot more like it. Understated certainly but the germ of truth is there orright. Closer to the mark, there are actually 13 "brilliant" songs out of 24. "Let's Bust this Place". "Massage Rock." "Paid to Do". "See What We've Got To Offer." "Matthew 5:29, 30". "Main in Uniform". "Ducks", and the mighty soaring "Overture". I, too, would class the rest as "above average" — (oops and "This has strengthened Me" and "Sergeant Oh Sergeant").

The statement that the cast can't sing is so painfully f---ing stupid that I'll hautilly but resentfully ignore it . . . except to say this. I love music very much. I nurtured and hand-reared every note and quaver (did you realise that 'Massage Rock' is 12½ bar blues. TWELVE AND A HALF! When the brass arranger told me that I felt proud of the old MR as tho it had done something special just for me) of the show over many a lonely night while everyone was going out and havin' fun (theatre is sometimes a sad existence, isn't it?).

Anyway, I would not let a bum voice near my songs; they weren't made to be broken. The people on-stage are singers. (That's why so much trouble with the dialogue part of show since no acting experience most).

Our leading man, who plays Murphy, the head of the squad, has been singing for over seven years in rock bands and folk. You know. From a professional point of view, I consider him "brilliant". The three vocal harmonists have something like 18 years collective experience in the "game" (as we in the "game" call it).

TWO WERE PLUCKED FROM THE JAWS OF "HAIR" IN THE NICK OF TIME AND ONE HAS



BEEN SINGING GILBERT & SULLIVAN FOR FOUR YEARS YOU STUPID!

SORRY FOLKS BUT OUR PRINTER REFUSES TO PRINT THESE AWFUL WORDS EVEN THOUGH

THEY ARE USED BY EVERYONE ALL THE TIME. PLEASE DON'T THINK ABOUT WHAT IS UNDER THIS SPACE!!

I LOST THE REST OF MY FIRST DRAFT

Adrian, I've lost the rest of my first draft and I haven't got the article you wrote in front of me. That's lost too. So I think I'll just have to remember what you said and what I said but it won't be as biting and ferocious and well constructed as the first part you just read.

I remember you made some pretentious moral remark about how it was a shame that a right-thinking genius from the bush with such a great future ahead in the correct liberated theatre should have been "sucked in by the whole sordid mess". You also called Bob Chaplain, known affectionately to the cast as "The Weasle" — an "evil con man". And we've already discussed the "offensive" bit.

Wherever do you pick up such words?

"Evil"?

"Sordid"?

Your whole speil seemed to be lifted from the Catholic Advocate. You just didn't make sense, theatrically. I hope you're right about being all nasty and dirty and sleazy (I remember 'nausea' was in it somewhere).

Who says my righteously held sexist, pofter-baiting four-letter-word-addiction anti-liberationist stance isn't as good as yours?

Grow up Adrian. For Christ's sake get out of that f--- university and go to school.

And Randy Rocksoff, our stripper, had the most "erotic" bottom I've seen for a long time and the tits on the slave girl . . .

GOOBYE

I wish I hadn't lost that last page of the draft. I'm wandering all over the place. Thanks a lot for your opinion and criticism. As ever, it's much appreciated. My love to the family. Hope your uncleship comes off without a hitch.

Your friend and admirer, Steve J. Spears.

AS A SERVICE TO THE STUDENT COMMUNITY, ON DIT PRESENTS THIS FRIGHTENING BUT NEVERTHELESS IMPORTANT TRAGEDY IN THE HOPE THAT OTHERS WILL SEE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

A TRUE STORY OF A WASTED LIFE

as told to ON DIT

by Neville X

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE

Episode 1

Sure life was great!

I was just a normal kid, I guess; though I didn't think so at the time... Boy, did I ever have a swelled head.

No worries, drugs won't mess me around, life's just running for me now... That's what I used to think.

I like a good laugh... sure who didn't.

I was no piker, I was smart... sure who didn't. Uni was great, sure, I knew about the few dead-heads who were messing around with Coke, but that wasn't my scene. I was too busy studying and I had carried over my interest in Philately to the Tertiary level by joining the Uni stamp club. Yes I was just like any other guy on campus.

Towards the end of the first term I was getting a bit depressed and low. I was way behind schedule in my work and had only got through the supplementary reading list once. To top it all off I struck a bad batch of stamp hinges and I lost nearly a whole issue of Madagascar 10 peno Blues. Life was coming unstuck.

A friend, who I'll call Wendy, who I used to talk to occasionally in tutes, suggested that I made a date with the student counsellor. I was glad she said it because I had been toying with the idea myself for quite some time.

It was a Wednesday afternoon I remember as I put away my satchel in the bagracks; it was 12.58 and I had come out of the library early because this was the day that I would walk past the Bookshop for the first time and climb the stairs to the student counsellor's office.

I was scared, let's face it. But I knew I had to do it then or I never would.

That was when I saw this kid... he looked kind of familiar in a funny sort of way but I couldn't place him. He came up to me and I knew him at once. I'll call him Terry, [because his parents are really nice people]. Terry used to come along to our Church youth group sometimes, but I hadn't seen him for quite a while, ever since there had been some trouble with some of the picnic money. Terry was mixing with a fast crowd and he hadn't had a hair cut for quite a while, but just the same I was kind of glad to see him. I guess I know the reason now... I was scared of the student counsellor.

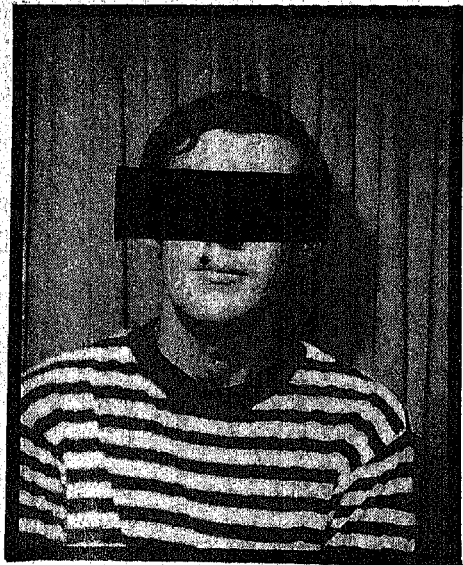
Terry was just going up to the refectory for a drink of milk he said.

"Be in it?" he invited.

"I don't know," I thought. Someone had told me you get a lot of bad types hanging around in there and although I had never been there myself, I had heard that this was where some kids were taking Coke and smoking.

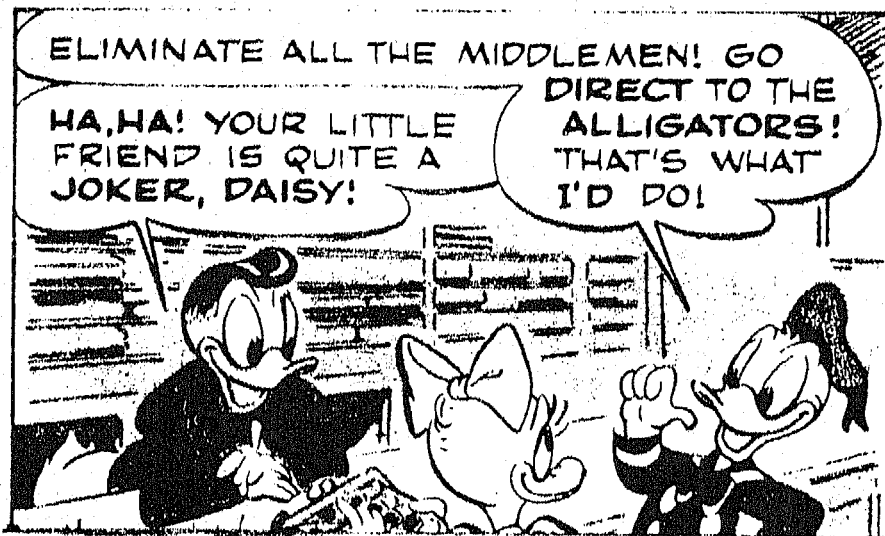
I guess I was taken off balance by Terry's apparently friendly gesture and said I'd go along. "Anyhow," I thought, "I won't be fooling around with any of that stuff."

As soon as I turned back with him I began to regret it. If only I had the guts to turn back then, my life wouldn't have fallen down around me.



NEXT ISSUE.. NEVILLE SEES COKE TAKING AT FIRST HAND, THE TEMPTATION TO FOLLOW THE CROWD COULD PROVE TOO STRONG!

FOOD CO-OP



A food co-operative is being started up by Friends of the Earth for anybody interested.

Originally it will be for just fruit and vegetables but its easy enough to other types of food once we're set up.

Being friends of the earth we try to obtain organically grown unsprayed produce as far as possible, but since the organic farming re-birth is virtually in its infancy in South Australia its not possible to be completely organic, especially if there are many people in the co-op.

I have never been involved in such an animal as food co-operative before, so these are just my thoughts out of inexperience. If anyone knows of better methods please let me know as soon as possible (ring 44 6071).

I can see no way in the world that a system can be devised whereby (say) 20,000 people can get what they want if there is only one person doing the buying for all. I've thought of a pyramid system but that falls down completely when I try to work out the money side of it.

What we can do is organise interested people into groups of 5 or 10 households who can each work out their own money system, collection roster, etc. This means we need information about the availability of cars and trucks to carry the goods.

Now these groups will be of people who live close together so each Monday morning say (or Sunday night) the person rostered to be driver that week collects the orders, goes to the market and buys for

everybody, and delivers afterwards.

If each household contributes \$10 for the initial week, this will give a big surplus of money for the following week so from then all payments will be made after delivery so there will be no hassles with trying to estimate in advance what its going to cost each week. Each group will have to organise for itself who takes charge of the money. If a group decides to disband then the surplus can be split among the households.

We know the suppliers in the East End Market who carry organic food, so we'll recommend these and we hope to become regular, well-loved customers. Since its a wholesale scheme the cost for all will be much less. And the quality far better too.

so now its up to you. If we get no response, we'll set up our own little co-op here at FOE anyway.

But if you want to get in on it please fill in the form and send/and/throw it at/to/under Rob Ranzijn, c/- FOE, SAUA office Adelaide University

After your replies come in we will organise you all into groups of houses and tell you who the group drivers are and where to shop. We suggest you all have friendly meetings before you set your group up.

We'll be having a big open meeting for anyone interested in the organisation side of it on Thursday 26th April at 7.30 p.m. in the Social Action room, western cloisters, at the University of Adelaide.

With favourable winds we should be started early in May if not before.

Yours in peace, love and healthy eating.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE: _____

I HAVE REGULAR ACCESS TO CAR I HAVE REGULAR ACCESS TO TRUCK

I WOULD LIKE TO HELP IN ORGANISING THE CO-OP I WOULD LIKE TO BE IN THE CO-OP

I CAN SUPPLY BULK FOOD FOR THE CO-OP



ADVANCED EDUCATION COLLEGES FORM UNION

In 1972 all South Australian Teachers' College is moving towards this. There are now ten institutions that have (or are about to) become colleges of advance education, and they in turn are governed by the S.A. Board of Advanced education.

Moves have been initiated by the S.A. Institute of Technology to join all the colleges together in a union which would facilitate inter-college communication, co-ordination and co-operation. It was also thought that a students' union would help booster up those college unions in S.A. which lack both finance and members. S.A.I.T. believed that such a union would compliment individual college unions, not take them over. The bargaining power of such a union would be quite large, through weight of numbers, and it would foster entertainment, information, social and health benefits etc., as well as acting as a pressure group on education, concessions, social and political reform. Thus it could act as an effective medium for communicating the students' point of view to the S.A. Board of Advanced Education.

There have already been three meetings between the representatives of S.A. Colleges of advanced education student representative councils/unions this year, the last being the First Annual General Meeting. The second meeting was a Working Committee Meeting where a constitution including the objects and name of the organization were decided. The name is "The South Australian Colleges of Advanced Education Students Union," (S.A.C.A.E.S.U.)

The Annual General meeting of "S.A.C.A.E.S.U." started with the agreement by all the college student representative councils/unions represented, to the setting up of "the union". Officers were elected for "the union", and these officers combine to form "the union" executive.

President: Jerry Johnson (President of S.A.I.T. Union)

Vice President: Trevor Pratt (Vice President of Salisbury College of Advanced Education Student Representative Council)

Secretary: Jan Rutter (Immediate Past President of S.A. School of Art Students Representative Council)

Treasurer: John Lowe (President of Adelaide College of Advanced Education).

Areas of immediate concern are the establishment of an entertainment circuit of South Australian Colleges of Advanced Education, whereby high standards of entertainment at a low cost could be achieved; and student housing, into which full research will be carried out by a select committee which was formed at the A.G.M. to present proposals for the construction of low-cost housing for college of advanced education students in S.A.

The "S.A.C.A.E.S.U." should form a very effective educational, political and social pressure group. It should help to raise the status of S.A. colleges of Advanced Education not only in the eyes of prospective employers, but also in the eyes of the Public. The total number of students represented is over 14,000.

Institutions involved are the S.A. Institute of Technology (S.A.I.T.), Adelaide College of Advanced Education (formerly A.T.C.), Salisbury College of Advanced Education (formerly S.T.C.), Sturt College of Advanced Education (formerly B.P.T.C.), Murray Park College of Advanced Education (formerly W.P.T.C.), Westerns Teachers College (W.T.C.), S.A. School of Art, School of Dental Therapy, Roseworthy Agricultural College (R.A.C.) and Kindergarten Teachers' College (K.T.B.)

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

Choral Society

REQUIRES

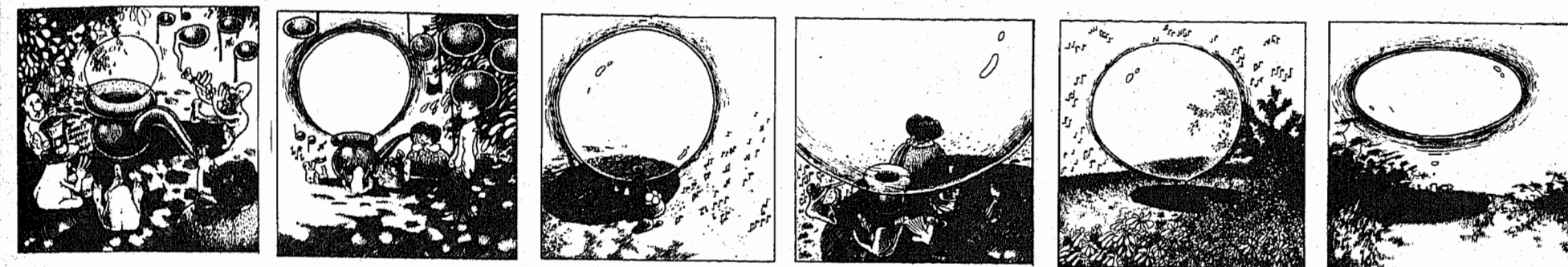
A CONDUCTOR

TO COMMENCE IN JULY

ENQUIRIES OR APPLICATIONS should be addressed to:

The Secretary
A.U.C.S.
C-o S.A.U.A. Office
University of Adelaide
Accompanied by a synopsis of musical background

BUBBLE BLOWERS



UNCLASSIFIED FADS

Craft Club is making hot cross buns on Wed. 18 April at 35 Park Tce. Gilberton 7.00 p.m. Come along with 1lb flour and some sultanas anyone is welcome, even if you've never cooked.

Hey, cut this out an' stick it on your wall
I got something here that'll please you all
I type real fast an' I type real mean
I got ten flying fingers on the typin' machine
It's a 3 and a 1 and a 6 and a 1
But I ain't finished - no - I ain't done
So I'll give you an 8 an a fat, round 0

And that's the number for y' all to know
So give me a holler - yeh - give me a ring
And say - hey M - can ya do mah thing.

Typing 80 wpm - \$2/hour - Marguerite Hann
31 6180.

JR & B Club, Rock concert, May 4th Mother Earth Jazz Concert May 6th details later. Record Sessions Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in the JR & B Clubroom.

Does your peace only last as long as a joint? Guru Maharaj Ji will expand your consciousness permanently and perfectly. See a stunning film about his world tours and the blissful knowledge of the soul he gives: "Satguru has come" showing at St. Peters Town Hall, Wednesday 18th and Thursday 19th April. 7.30 p.m. FREE. Reality! Ring 23 1728 for further information.

ROCK CONCERTS - April 27th Hardrock Theatre, May 4th, Mother Earth, 1 o'clock 40c [members 30c]. Also daily record sessions in J.R.&B. Room. Plus end of term Jazz Concert.

REFECTORY FOOD. People needed to prepare good healthy food [salads, rice dishes, fruit etc.] to be sold via the refec. counters. This will take up probably a few hours per week for each person but isn't it worth it? Please contact Friends of the Earth, SAUA Office. No ripoffs involved for anyone.

I am looking for a travelling companion to spend two weeks at WAVE HILL settlement [Guringi country], during the MAY VACATION. Travel by rail and road possibly via Darwin. Please ring Rodney 67 3730 if you are interested.

MARXIST SEMINARS
North Dining Room,
Thursday 1.00 p.m.

19th April Bruce McFarlane [Pol Dept.] on "WHITLAM'S SOCIAL & ECONOMIC POLICIES" 3rd May John Playford [Pol Dept.] "EXTREMIST MIGRANTS".

CURRENT MARKET PRICES

Clear light \$3.00. This price will force all others to submit to same. Grass - getting scarce at the moment. About \$30 a measured ounce.

Hash - even scarcer.
Clear light quality: 2-way family clear.
Orange tablets: in consistent 2 way at best.
Pink tablets 2 way fairly clear.

Opinions as to quality are as varied as the people who use the staff. The above statements are opinions and are not necessarily medically accurate.

EAST BOOKSHOP
255 Rundle St.

Books and records at reasonable prices you can obtain: Vanguard; Australian Communist; Peking Review.

The works of Marx Engels Lenin Stalin Mao Tse Tung.

FOR SALE - Datsun 1600 Sports 66/67 model, ex. cond., many extras inc. P.B. radio, heater-demister, fog lights, s/ top, tonneau cover [brand new], carpets; plus mag wheels, good tyres [radials]. Twin dual throat webers, waggot cam; - performance and appearance to match and M.G.B. or Dat. 200 - Must sell! Price: \$1550 o.n.o. Phone 42 1139.

Social Action tutoring in Institutions. Meeting for all tutors on May 2nd [last Wednesday of term] - Very important.

MOTOR CYCLE - FOR SALE. YAMAHA DS7 250cc. As new condition, 7 months old, registration and insurance until September, plus extras Ph. 96 1742.

BEGINNING BADMINTON: Free classes are being held [starting this week], during the day at the Uni Gym for all students and staff who want to learn how to play badminton. All equipment is provided free, but you wear suitable clothes. More details from Sports Association.

The NEW OPERA people seem to be doing something with Opera that needed to be done decades ago. Bookings for their first operas [Purcell's Dido & Aeneas and Ibert's Angelique] are open at Allens and John Martins now: special student concession tickets \$1 [regular price \$3.00]. They're based at 55 Rowlands Road, Hilton, Ph. 52 3738 or 43 8632.

STRINDBERG'S "PLAYING WITH FIRE" DIRECTED KERRY HAILSTONE. M.F.T. [F.U.] Wed. 18th April 8 p.m. Thursday 19th April 8 p.m. Only 50c.

UP THE TRACK - a "new and tender comedy" at the Q Theatre, 89 Halifax Street, Wednesday through Saturday till May 12th 8.15 p.m.

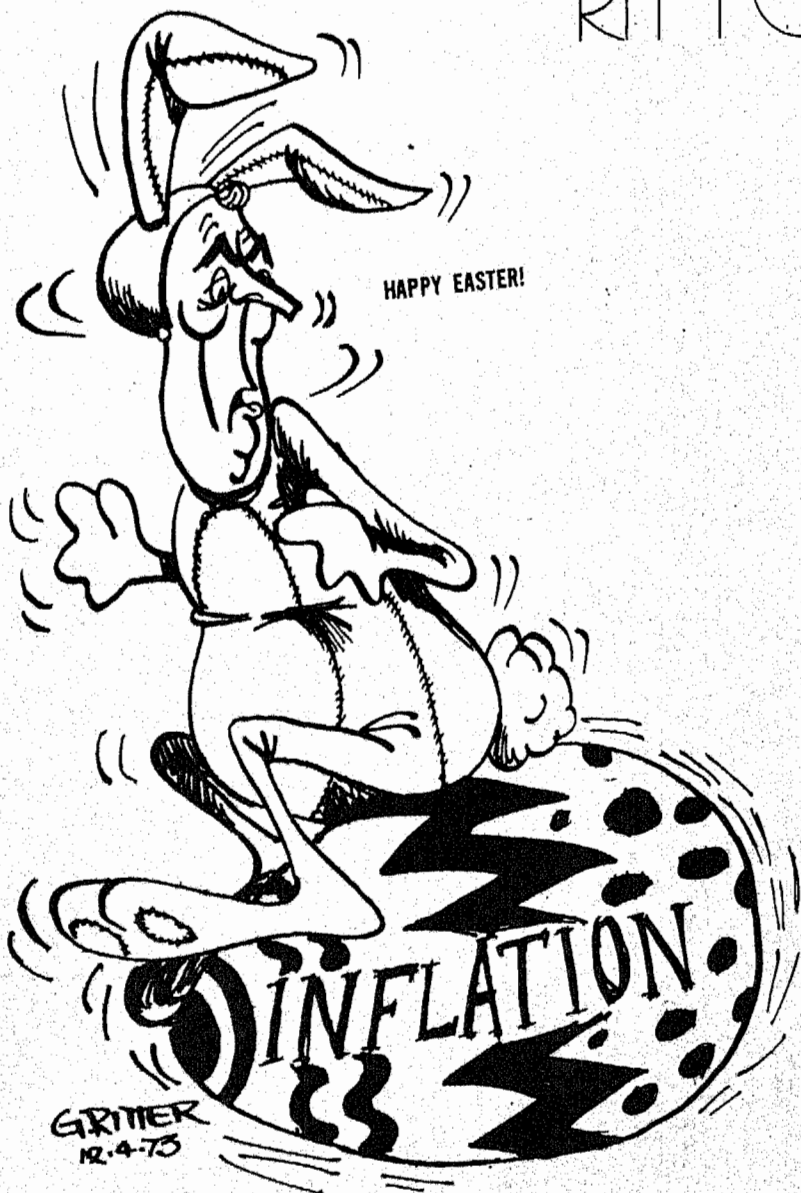
EDEN HOUSE - By Hal Porter starts at Q Theatre on 23rd May. Possibly worth watching.

THE PEASANTS' FEAST: Greek Social Action presents an amazing show on Thursday 19th April, from 7.30 to 1 a.m. at Adelaide Teachers College. There's beer [first 20 gals of beer FREE] Ouzo, spirits etc; two bands, Greek dancing, free goodies, films, street theatre and much more. All this for only \$1.

GET FIT: special groups are being organised at the Uni Gym for lunch times [Tues. and Wed.] and 5.15-6.00 [Mon., Thurs. and Fri.]. They start this week and all you need is to come in suitable attire. Remember what Dr. Heddle says! More details Sports Association.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO PROGRESS FROM YR DULL OLD 6 STRING TO A RICH 12 STRING GUITAR. NOW IS YR CHANCE TO DO THIS! FOR ONLY \$40 o.n.o. YOU CAN OWN AN 18 MONTH OLD IMMACULATELY KEPT AXE. RING 79 6150 after hrs, ask for Mike.

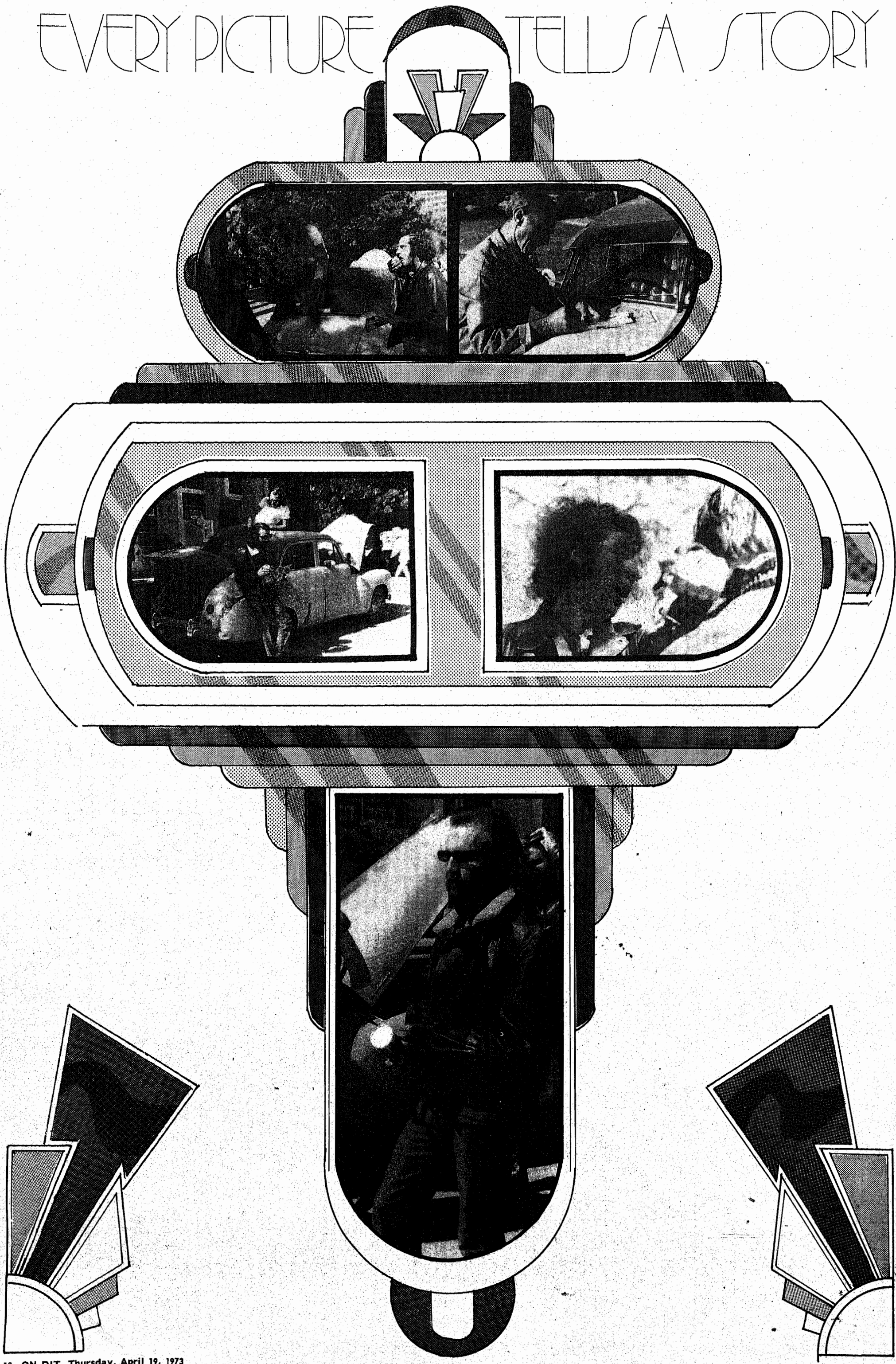
CONCESSION BOOKLET - "Would those students who know of organisations that are willing to give students discounts on produce, goods, chattels or entertainment. Please drop a note communications such information into the S.A.U.A. office. Next year we intend to produce a Combined Tertiary students of South Australia Concession list.



RITTER

HAPPY EASTER!

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY



MEDIA-CRITS & PIECES

FILMS



the
exterminating angel
and
viridiana



...This week two films by surrealist director, Louis Bunuel, are in Adelaide for the uni film group and cinema 73. They're showing at Union Hall first, but if you miss them there you can / should see them in a double bill for \$1 student concession at the Capri on Wednesday 18th or Thursday 19th. (They'll be a bit heavy both films in a one-night helping, but its probably worth trying).

Of the two films, "Exterminating Angel" is the more immediately exciting. I saw it first at the 1970 Canberra Aquarius Festival; amongst the smorgasboard of films shown there it alone remains fresh and vivid. The film is set in a magnificent mansion where a group of elegant guests gather for a dinner party after the opera. Unaccountably almost all the servants decide to leave the house and dinner goes on under an oppressive atmosphere.

Later, when the guests are together in the grand sitting room, they realise that there is something which prevents them from leaving the room. The door is open and the hall is

vacant, but none of the guests can cross the threshold. This mysterious paralysis of the will compels them to remain together for days. On the outside, all efforts to reach them fail. The guests, are reduced to a condition of moral shipwreck. Gradually all social conventions are forsaken and a progressive degeneration forces each one by one to reveal a true image of his or herself.

This synopsis suggests a Lord-of-the-Flies situation, but Bunuel makes his points with more subtlety and with a softer touch. The mind-doubt situation is considerably more credible and the characters are more rounded than Golding's. It's an infinitely better film than you're likely to see anywhere for a few months (unless 2001 comes up again, I guess); and is an especially good film to see with Mother's Little Helper opening those neurons a bit.

The second film, "Viridiana" is a more laborious work. By exploring sexual fantasies and religious conditioning Bunuel makes clear his hatred of repression achieved through spiritual lies and blackmail. The film's climax comes when a flock of derelicts

befriended by the saintly Viridiana break into her manor house and stage an orgy. To the accompaniment of bits of the Mozart "Requiem" and the "Halleluja Chorus" they stuff themselves, loot and vandalise the house, finally turning on one another in a coda of sexual violence.

The high point of this passage is reached when the camera jumps back to regard the entire table of drunken beggars, who are arranged themselves in exactly the same position as the disciples in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper". This split-second experience is worth watching the entire film.

The Bi-Fi monthly Film Bulletin called Viridiana "one of the cinema's few major philosophical works — (it is) almost certainly Bunuel's masterpiece" and the Times called it "a masterpiece in the chequered history of surrealist art". It was banned until 1972 on the grounds of "blasphemy" and has survived strong and active opposition from Catholic Organisations to be shown, this week only, in a cinema near your own home. Catch-if catch can.

OUR CINEMA BUFF

Well ... for the price of two admissions you could have gone to see two McQueen / Peckinpah flicks in the past weeks, namely *Junior Bonner* and *The Getaway*. Hands up those who went to see only *The Getaway* ... why do you always pick the wrong film? A blanket coverage is the only way to make sure you're in the right area.

It might take the old hands back to remember a little film called *Guns In The Afternoon*, a gentle nostalgic piece exploring the western and its filmic traditions. *Junior Bonner* is in the same league; the genre has shifted to the rodeo circuit, an ageing "city" cowboy, and his variegated family. The film is full of cliches, but Peckinpah takes the movie at such a slow even pace that even the worst become suffused with a deep affection. McQueen plays a drifter, a failure who breezes into his home town, to meet his go-getting real estate brother, his old hell-raising "matey" father, and a mother (Ida Lupino) time-worn but gay. McQueen rides the bull that has thrown him in another rodeo, pays his father's fare to Australia, loves and loses a plastic beauty, and leaves his mother in melancholic awareness. Thereafter it remains only for him to ride off to another town, chasing that next rodeo until he's bucked into the final show.

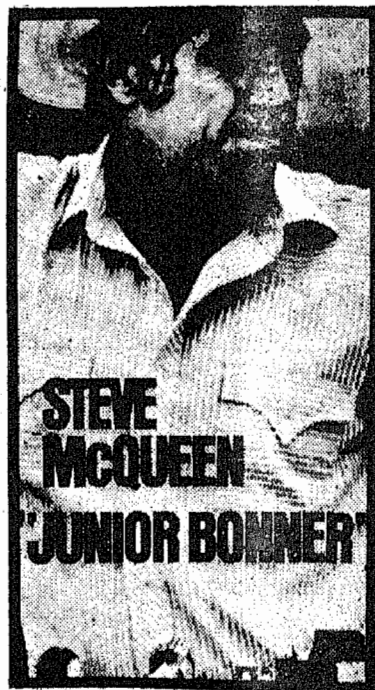
And so I liked it. McQueen was very capable as the laconic ageing loner, who will always drift and only accepts sentiment to the point where it doesn't infringe on his existence. The family relations are sketched in neatly, the mother being particularly good. And Peckinpah has a lot of fun with the southern states. For once his fetish for slow motion finds a suitable subject in the rodeo (well if it only lasted 8 seconds screen time...?) The good-humoured pace of the movie allows it to fully develop the atmosphere of the rodeo in which McQueen moves. There are bad times: for example the town parade is observed at inordinate length, and the saloon fight is not up to the classic stagings of John Ford. Nevertheless a nice time for all, particularly if you don't get upset at the genre and its placid acceptance by Peckinpah.

On the other hand there is *The Getaway*. Here Sam is working in the same area as *Bonny and Clyde* and *You Only Live Once*. The pastoral changes to the violent, but without advantage.

Peckinpah's schizophrenia apparently calls for him to act out his violent tendencies as well, in the manner of *Straw Dogs* and *The Wild Bunch*. So we get the usual shotgun doing its choreographed descent into blood as our heroes (McQueen and McGraw) rob a bank and fight their way to Mexico and happiness. The action is very well staged, and McQueen is as laconically competent as ever. But the movie has a couple of serious flaws. All McGraw might have been right for *Love Story* but not here ... she is resolutely unsexy, and her attempts at being a laconic fast-shooting tough bitch invariably break under the strain. That ends any serious attempt at defining the relationship between the two heroes — McGraw can't cope, and a pivotal scene in a garbage dump remains an unrealised hope. The second serious flaw concerns a sub-plot where a man pursuing McQueen adds a nympho wife and husband (who does the driving and hangs himself) to his entourage.

Flat characters and flat actions add up to a plus for *Bonny and Clyde* where the scene with the nervous undertaker shows how it should have been done. So *The Getaway* never quite makes it in the area of relationships, as well as *Junior Bonner* (or for that matter *Straw Dogs*). Basically it's just a getaway, with nice touches (the heroes captured by a garbage truck, the old guy who helps them escape at the end), but all the rest goes for nothing. Technically the two movies are both of a high quality.

The photography in both is done by Lucien Ballard, and Peckinpah repeats a couple of actors in nice supporting roles (including Ben Johnson). And if you think the movies exist to dissect reality into new forms, you could wage a nice aesthetic argument for Peckinpah's love of slow motion ... I mean then you really see what you see ... only I prefer to see slow horses to whirling corpses.



ONE DAY IN THE LIFE

"One Day In The Life Of Ivan Denisovitch" is a prison film, one of a whole host about staunch heroism in the midst of incredible suffering, about the initiation of sensitive heroes into the ways of cruelty and barbarism, about the retention of humanity in the midst of bestiality. Homosexual rape, sweating men whispering in cells, man to man chats with the prison governor, the protestations of innocence, the dogs sniffing the moor. I need to escape to prove my innocence, with the aid of my trusty girlfriend who will wait forever but I cannot let her do it. The trauma of false labelling, the righteousness of crime done for reasons pure. In the end the heavy dunnit.

Ivan Denisovitch is a hero. Ivan Denisovitch is innocent. But Ivan Denisovitch is a survivor, and a peasant, and absolutely without the ability to remove himself from his plight.

Ivan Denisovitch was created by a marxist, and filmed with care, respect, knowledge and skill. And the telling of his story is a means of telling someone's truth.

This is a film about transactions. Ivan survives, having nothing, by creating something, by doing what is regarded as having value, and being paid by whoever gains. He lives in a strictly intelligible environment whose values and consequences are crystal clear. All is based on exchange, on selling, on computing value and haggling for the means to live.

It's a film about personality, about dignity, about coping. Ivan survives as a person because he remains able to choose, to evaluate, to find the ways in which he can refuse. He does not obey orders, he engages in dialogue, as long as he deals with someone or something which will accept more than one response.

It's about heroism, about the nature of a hero. Ivan accepts what he has to — the cold, the hunger, the guards, the economics — alters what he can, and admits into his thinking his responsibility to others over and above his own personal requirements.

And, of course, it's a film about the relativity of human happiness. Ivan, wrongly convicted, unsure of his chances of release, threatened by the cells, exploited by the army, starving, working for his life on a power station at 26 degrees below freezing, is capable of enjoyment. He is still able to say that he is happy.

This is almost a film about logic. We are nearly into Heller territory, with a bent reality and a twisted truth, a system of knowledge completely

MEDIA-CRITICS & PIECES



OPERA

What was once the Intimate Opera Group has now become S.A.'s first fully professional musical theatre company. It is now called NEW OPERA, and its administrator is Justin McDonnell (sometime lecturer in drama at Flinders and erstwhile columnist for "The Advertiser").

"NEW OPERA aims to do away with overtones of large helmeted Viking ladies of uncertain age singing of their unrequited love", says Justin. "We will be performing our productions in English only, so that everyone knows what is going on and our repertoire will be drawn from the world of music theatre, rather than grand opera".

It's fairly clear that "grand opera" will be left in the hands of the Australian Opera Co. (see Rodney Hall's destruction of same in the current National U).

But it's unclear whether "music theatre" will take on uni-revue type people with a talent for verse and song (the Hann Bors., Mr. S. J. Spears, ...) Which is a pity since once we reject the notion that we must have singers with voices 'trained' for grand opera (i.e. projection without mechanical amplification, amazing but sterile ranges of notes, etc.) then we need to insert PERSONALITY to take its place.

Melba and Caruso did not need (theoretically) to be good actors, altho' they were. NEW OPERAS singers do need to be 'good actors', whatever that term precisely means. At least, if new opera is to be entertaining in a non-sterile way, they do. Well, are Patricia Price, John McKenzie, Margret MacPerson and Gaye McFarlane good actors?

These singers have the main roles in New Opera's first season at Union Hall. Sydney's John Milson will direct... 1930's soft shoe garce "Angelique". Adelaide's Dean Patterson directs Purcell's "Dido and Acheas" (see Dryden).

But no amount of direction is gonna give a singer personality (which is a last resort way of describing a person worth watching on a stage). The theatrical nature of New Opera's pertensions must be stressed: for no matter how good the music (which is delightful) or the orchestra (directed by Graham Dudley, a student of Pierre Boulez gooh-wow), if it ain't enterainable man, then it's not gonna work.

However, I think it will be tremendous. David Pender and his Adelaide City Ballet will dance in the operas. Ian Brown's designs should be excellent if they live up to the press release about him.

The year's program includes a Benjamin Britten ("Albert Heming") a Kurt Weill ("7 Deadly Sins"), libretto Bettolt Brecht: a previous partnership had produced a version of Gay's "Beggars Opera"), and Rossini ("The Count Ory") which is getting dangerously close to grand opera).

And yes, there is a 'contemporary' work or two. Not mind you a Popera, but a 'serious' compositional product. Some people in the Peter Maxwell Davies circle (y'know, he wrote "Versalii Icones" "8 Songs for a Madking", "Adian was y-bounder", "The Boyfriend" in parts, and "The Devils" s-track) have been selected. Even tho they're English, they're reputedly quite nice peices. One is Harrison Birtwistle's "Down by the Greenwood Side", the other is dDaiken's "Mayakovsky and the Sun".

At the moment NEW OPERA in the shape of Justin McDonnell is totally open to any ideas. So if you've got some bits and peices of music and semi-lit. you might approach him looking incipient genius-like in your winningly modest way. Is it really any wonder that Justin looks more and more like S.P. Diaghiller each passing day?

Louis Dupre

In addition, and this will sound more familiar to those who recall the bottom-numbing days of sit-in struggles, the role of the education system is cited as being too highly bureaucratic, too impersonal, and inevitably, it is repeated that academic staff are more concerned with publishing than with teaching. Even in academic matters Australians tend to follow American trends.

There has been a third approach in all the research into student behaviour... that which stresses the role of specific politically relevant historical events as a catalyst which initiated the current wave of process, points to the recurrent role of student violence and protest since the Middle Ages... it suggests that the social situation of the students makes them, even more than proletariat, the revolutionary class par excellence..."

million students, eighty thousand faculty in 1930, to about seven million students and more than five hundred thousand faculty in 1970), means that even with small percentages of protestors, the critical body comprises a visually impressive mass. This is a missing factor in Australian student politics.

However, as Lipset points out, the political unrest of students has been only one area of activism, other fields of dissatisfaction have been cultural and moral. The music, smoking, dress and language of the present generation exhibit a radical departure from those of the preceding one. The author identified with Free Speech Movement "moderates" at Berkeley, favouring liberalization of University rules, but supporting discontinuance of protest once those goals, towards which protest was aimed, had been achieved.

In radical terms, such anaemia is repugnant. Radicals always do have "... wider and continuing objectives justifying further civil disobedience..."; there is no more independence in commitment to radical ideologies than there is in gaol, or marriage.

But the deep meaning of student activity for a university, is conveyed in a section of an article written in 1964, shortly after the Berkeley revolt, which reads, in part, "... Once classrooms have been bitterly divided with covert and overt defamations of faculty members as "stooges of the administration"... the community of scholarship is clearly endangered..."

Lipset is not at all happy about the use of civil disobedience as a continuity protest weapon, as opposed to the most effective expedient. He is critically aware of the cynicism of many activist leaders, and quotes the case-Mark Rudd, Columbia S.D.S., who described the 1968 sit-in in a sophisticated manner:

"Let me tell you. We manufactured the issues. The Institute for Defense Analysis is nothing at Columbia, just three professors, and the gym issue is bull. It doesn't mean anything to anybody. I had never been to the gym site before the demonstration began. I didn't even know how to get there..."

It is extremely unfashionable to accuse student radicals of cynicism, and in doing so Lipset's position as a "moderate" appears more a matter of intellectual principle than of political adherence. Not surprisingly he was criticized by the left for his "conservative bias" and by the Right for his left-wing tendencies. "Force may be an end of argument; it can never win it..." says Lipset — which, given his apparent familiarity with Stokely Carmichael, et al, is a fairly reactionary plea, implying a soft approach to what he is, in effect, diagnosing as blantant totalitarianism. Lipset fails to develop what might prove an interesting side-issue on the subject of violence under the auspices of Georges Sorel, the syndicalist theoretician of fearless totalitarian instincts.

Rebellion in the University for all its hesitation, is an interesting book. It cites numerous examples, within living memory, of cases which have presented the world with food for thought. It recalls the Sacco-Vanzetti anarchist case of the "20's" as well as Clark Kerr's memorable phrase describing the push and inadequacy of university teaching: "the faculty in absentia..."

But it is also a cynical book. And this is because its chief message is that students are numerous and therefore important, ill-taught and therefore volatile, young and strong and therefore violent; and that force is anathema. Somebody is going to have to come up with a better description. In the meantime, this book makes easy and useful reading with good index and excellent bibliography. So who could ask for more?

Rosemary OGrady



RECIPES FOR HOME MADE WINE & BEER.
Turner, B.C.A.:
SIMPLE GUIDE TO HOME MADE BEER.
Turner, B.C.A. & Moon, D.J.
Mills & Beem Ltd. U.K.

These two books are written for the beginner, but like all books on these subjects they do not convey how simple home beer- or wine-making is. The only real difference between making your own grog and making your own cakes lies in the need for scrupulous cleanliness in the grog production. Apart from this need to sterilize and keep things clean, all you have to do to make beer is to follow a suitable recipe. If you want to play around a bit, then understanding what is going on helps, but if you only want to make a cheap (6-8 cents a bottle!) and potable drink, then you need only one good recipe. As far as simple recipes go *The Guide to Home Made Beer* has not got a simple recipe, in fact it has too few recipes altogether. The book itself makes interesting reading, but there are far better books at the same price for anyone interested in making a variety of beers. Another point is that the beers in the book are in the main too strong.

On the other hand one cannot complain about lack of recipes in *Recipes for Home Made Wines & Beers* — at a rough estimate there are over 200, covering such diverse boozes as Clover Flower wine and beetroot wine, through the more traditional Dandelion flower wine to the grape wines (which are, for Australian conditions, very under-represented). Most of the recipes are for incredibly powerful beverages which are the result of persuading the yeasts to produce the last ounce of alcohol that they are capable of producing — a worthwhile activity in this context one might add, but the results need to be treated with quite a bit of caution.

This book of recipes is a must for those who have a bit of time to spare, and the desire to develop even mildly an exotic palate.

In conclusion — the book on home-brew beer isn't worth it — if you need a recipe drop me a line in the ON DIT office or if you want to know a good book in home brewing, ditto. The book of recipes, is on the other hand, damned good value.

One last caution: don't make home-brewed beer too strong; it spoils the quality and your friends who are expecting something around commercial strength will not thank you. To get drunk one only needs to drink that little bit extra, anyway.

Peter Flynn



FREUD: Michael Hore Duke in the 'Makers of Modern Thought' series, Lutterworth Press. U.K.

This is an excellent short account of Freud's biography and theoretical development. It is obviously only intended for those who have no accurate acquaintance with Freudian thought (which is approximately 96 per cent of the population).

The book is a joy to read: it is written in an open and easy style that does not at any part obscure the ideas that the author is developing. The development appears liesurely, but in the 56 pages available Duke manages to convey both some of the vicissitudes of Freud's life and the hard core of his theoretical stance. Points are often made with very well-chosen and concise quotations from Freud's own works.

Duke does not stop at a positive account but also raises some of the major weaknesses of Freud's position — his cultural imitations, his overly mechanistic approach and his lack of insight into the female psyche. It is to be noted, though, that there is no mention of Freud's penchant for numerology.

The book itself raises a question, for the author is a Bishop in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and the editors of the series are all clerics. The question is this, why should a collection of clerics wish to give such a noted attacker and destroyer of religious nonsense such a sympathetic consideration?

The short answer, I believe, is that Freud is undergoing a rehabilitation, at the hands of those who had previously denigrated him. The basis of rehabilitation is, firstly that he believes social and sexual repression to be not only necessary, but desirable; and secondly he believes in the necessity and desirability of the family. (Not just the nuclear family, but some stable and moral social group that we could call the family.)

The significance of these two related elements is that they can provide apparently objective secular foundations for what are ultimately christian ethics and this is more palatable in an age that does not take kindly to notions of transcendental or revealed "truths".

It must be noted that this is not a misrepresentation of Freud; I am only seeking to explain the interest in him. This aspect of Duke's treatment of Freud is consonant with the rest of the admirably clear treatment of the father of psycho-analysis.

The book is expensive for a small paperback, but apart from this, it is to be recommended to anyone who wishes to start to understand the writings of the man who has been ranked in intellectual influence with Marx and Darwin.

Peter Flynn

SAVAGE MESSIAH: H.S. EDE ABACUS

Savage Messiah' describes the 5-year relationship 1910-15 between sculptor Henn Gaudier and his companion Sophie Brasca. It tells of their struggle to survive plagued by poverty and ill-health. Not only does the book give details of their relationship but it also presents a fairly comprehensive view of Gaudier's attitudes to art; this is done through the inclusion of many letters written from Gaudier to Sophie, while they were living apart, in which he writes the current trend of his thinking about the meaning of art to him. Gaudier's attitudes to life generally are also brought out, his anarchism and his belief both in revolution by force and the total destruction of machines because they rule life, as well as his dedication and application, primarily to sculpting but to drawing and other fields to a lesser extent.

In my opinion, this book is extremely well-written because the author writes on a merely factual level though not without warmth which acts as a foil to the warm sensitive letters written to Sophie by Gaudier and the excerpts from Sophie's diary, which are used extensively and also to the day to day bickering which occurs due to their age difference (she was nearly twice his age) and to his sexual frustration.

Because the author succeeds in remaining objective there is nothing to detract from the feelings of Gaudier Brzaska, meaning that they came through on a very basic level throughout the book, creating a profound simplicity within the work.

LYNN BEAN

BOOKS

REBELLION IN THE UNIVERSITY (R.&K.P. London 1972): S.M. Lipset



Oscar Wilde once observed that anybody can make history, but it takes a great man to write it. Or woman, one would add. One has the impression, throughout *Rebellion in the University* (R.&K.P. LONDON 1972) by S.M. Lipset, that power, not unlike their studies, was pursued by America's rebellious students, but was never effectively overtaken.

From the outset, Lipset suggests that all theories which have attempted to analyse "different modes of campus behaviour" since Berkeley 1964-5, have had some validity. If the "liberalizing thirties" produced a trend of upper-middle-class parents who thought that education... work... play... should be "... unalienated behaviour reflecting the free choice of the individual..." 1965 (twenty years after World War II) gave those children time to come of age. According to this line of approach, they had become "... a generation of students who combine belief in egalitarian doctrines with an insistence on instant gratification..." As well as societal, Lipset cites technological determinants in the environment; pollution, increased population, noise, etc.

THE STORY OF HOW MARIJUANA BECAME ADDICTED TO MAN



HIGH!

WON?



ONCE UPON A HIGH! THERE WAS AN INNOCENT YOUNG PLANT WHICH, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE GREAT EVOLUTIONARY SCALE, WAS TRYING ITS LITTLE HARDEST TO KEEP ON KEEPING ON! BEING BOTH A RATHER BEAUTIFUL AND A RATHER ADVANCED PLANT, IT BEGAN, QUITE BY ACCIDENTAL GENETIC MUTATION, TO CREATE FRIENDLY MR. THC!! BEFORE VERY LONG (NO MORE THAN A FEW MILLION YEARS) IT HAD ENTERED INTO A COMMENSURATE RELATIONSHIP WITH ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME EVOLUTIONARY SCALE (SAME OLD SONG, DIFFERENT WORDS) - AND, HORROR OF HORRORS, OUR INNOCENT LITTLE PLANT HAD BECOME ADDICTED TO MAN! TRY AS IT MIGHT, IT SIMPLY COULD NOT STOP ITSELF BEING CULTIVATED!! IT BECAME UTTERLY DEPENDENT UPON THE HUMAN RACE, AND ITS NUMBER GREW WITH EVERY CENTURY!! TRY AS IT MIGHT TO FREE ITSELF FROM ITS ADDICTION, THE TENDER MARIJUANA PLANT WAS DOOMED TO A DEPENDANCY WHICH ROBBED IT OF ITS NATURAL VEGETABLE FREEDOM!!!

BUT WAIT !!!

WHAT IS THIS CREATURE HERE? - - - THIS SPECIAL STRAIN OF HUMAN BEING IS KNOWN AS A POLICEMAN!! AND, AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FORCES OF GOOD, HE IS NOT ADDICTIVE FOR OUR LITTLE PLANT! INDEED, QUITE THE CONTRARY, THIS PARTICULAR SPECIES IS OUT TO

SAVE MARIJUANA FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE HUMAN RACE !!!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE LITTLE PLANT, THE ONLY WAY THE POLICEMAN CAN SAVE IT FROM ITS FATE WORSE THAN DEATH IS TO DESTROY IT UTTERLY! ONLY BY UTTER DESTRUCTION CAN THE PLANT BE SAVED! (WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THAT BEFORE?)

BUT THE REALLY IMPORTANT THING - IS THAT ADDICTION TO MANKIND CAN LEAD TO FAR WORSE THINGS!! IF A LITTLE MARIJUANA PLANT CAN GET ADDICTED TO HUMAN BEINGS, JUST THINK WHAT COULD HAPPEN IN JUST A FEW YEARS (NOT MORE THAN A MILLION OR SO)!! WHO KNOWS WHAT THE PLANT COULD GET ADDICTED TO NEXT?

