

beginning this issue ;
a series of articles on the
faculties and departments
- this week ; economics.



PARPED OUT

Dear Sir,
I have just finished reading "Forgotten Summer" (On DIT, May 12) and feel it WOULD be better forgotten. If this is the sort of plagiarised crap that P. N. WILSON produces, he'd better parp out now.

Apart from being a direct "lift" from a surfing magazine (supposedly altered to suit local conditions), the said WILSON has attempted to introduce some sort of unbelievable surfing jargon that can only be known to the crew he hangs with. Who ever heard of "scuffs," "perfer shows" or surfing in a "carnival?"

As for fifteen foot waves at Lorne you'd have to be joking! The place closes out at twelve feet in perfect conditions.

Anyway you'd have to be a Stan to buy a "brand spanking new Dale" for \$125. What a suck-in! Stay at "Pt. Willy" Mr. "Author".

Pure, undiluted wank,
Ron McCook
U.A.S.A.



MADE A
PROPAGANDA
OF HIMSELF...

B. B. BREASTS

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Homosexually masturbating Greg, neither (the abusive — and lesbian? — semi-girl) militant preacher David Young (ON DIT, May 12) and similar zealots ought to form an AntiSex League similar to that of George Orwell's "1984"; this would satisfy their basically puritan devotion to their variety of ideological mumbo-jumbo. (I do not believe that Neither REALLY resembles those amorously playful German women who tried to remove Omar Sharif's pants; she knows that sex and beauty — or "manly" good looks are sinful diversions). Everything that does not directly serve the True Faith or Cause must be subordinated or discredited. To hell with beauty contests! Down with unbelievers, heretics, aesthetes, and playboys! Anathema!

It is highly obvious that the beautiful bare breasts (not too large, not shapeless) on the Falus page are much more worthy of attention that David Young's political obsessions; the half-naked cutie who nonchalantly displays her charms is not without aesthetic value. (in addition to sex-appeal); David's earnest sermon, on the other hand, lacks ANY sort of value, and appeals only to those who, being afraid of thought crime, wear intellectual blinkers.

I am not really for the status quo. I hope the humanity of the 21st or 22nd century will begin to eliminate — in a gradual humane, non-Hitlerian fashion, the genes of all Savonarolas, Loyolas, Calvins, Lenins, Stalins, Hitlers, Maos, Gueveras. This would ensure peace and welfare, further the freedom of thought and art, increase objectivity and irony, and reduce idiotic faith.

Yours,
"Horrible Heathen."

UNI REGIMENT

Sir,
You cannot imagine how shocked I was to read of the atrocities committed by Adelaide University Regiment members as reported in the last edition of On DIT. That such activities as

bayonet practice are permitted to be held in public parks is disgraceful. This area, bordering King William Road, is frequented by many young people on weekends, and parents should be able to feel that there, their children are safe from violence and savagery of the sort witnessed on television. The picture of half-naked soldiers lining public footpaths, jabbing viciously with fixed bayonets and screaming "kill, kill" with each thrust can easily become impressed on a youngster's mind, indoctrinating him for life. The fact that students of your University should have debased themselves to display this savagery indicates the powers of indoctrination inherent in the army system.

How much longer must we as citizens bear this pollution of our parks and thoroughfares? Surely the army can perform its training program in a less public place, or was this an attempt to gain future support from today's young and innocent. This sort of policy has no place in our community, but how can the minds of today's young people be kept safe from this pollution when it flows so freely from a group of people who should command more respect — the A.U.R. which, after all, does consist of University students who are supposed to have a superior intelligence.

Worried Mother of Six.

MENSA

Dear Sir,

Life at Uni is generally one of the most exciting and stimulating group experiences of all — friends to argue with, tutors and lecturers to analyse, clubs to join, societies to become involved in, and studies themselves.

But what of the future? On graduation one must return to society. Less than one in seven of this society has any tertiary qualifications — more than 60 per cent of this society is older than the average graduate such as ourselves, and about half of the remainder are under sixteen.

Gone is the continual stimulus, interchange of ideas, and challenge. In their place is often frustration, red tape, and in some cases, abject hostility and refusal to accept change. And many employers suspect our youthfulness. What can one do? Submerge oneself in mediocrity? Set oneself up as a crusader? Opt out? And where does one go for support and encouragement?

One small society offers a semblance of hope for continued intellectual stimulus, satisfaction, and support — Australian Mensa has a large proportion of student and newly graduated members. However, even Mensa is jealously guarded and is cloaked in the anonymity of a box number — PO Box 61, East Brighton, Victoria, 3187. This is rarely advertised — perhaps it is a new kind of Kent Conspiracy?

This small society, with only 400 odd members in Australia (about 130 each in Melbourne and Sydney and 50 in Adelaide), is non profit making and is devoted solely to the intellectual and social benefit of its members, although active encouragement is given to all sorts of community projects.

Membership is \$8 (\$4 for students) and about 1 in 3 Australian university students are eligible (compared to about 1 in 50 for the general population). It is not known if there is an initiation ceremony for the society — as Australia has about the fourth largest national Mensa, after the U.S., the U.K. and Canada, it is generally thought that there would be no need for such a ceremony. It is known that about 60 per cent of the Society's executive is under 30, and that 30 per cent are female. It is believed that young Uni graduates run State Branches of the Society.

Further details on the society will be published when our campus detective finds a Mensan and can capture him or her or it alive. And if it speaks English.

Yours sincerely,
A. van Rood.

STREET THEATRE

Your high principled bitch against the Moratorium dressed Mr. Jitters and myself. Why, Mr. Jitters declared, it should be fixed. There's nothing like hollow rhetoric for letting the facts fall through, I returned, capping that sentence with wonted ease.

Sir you report The Public Trepas Floating Theatre Troupe playing the streets during those days of rage. This was not the case. It is true the capilist press reported would be cast-off vaudevillians named Robertson and Armiger performing in the city under that name but these imposters are to be ignored. The credit for the performances in question belong to Miss Margo Nash and her company.

As Mr. Jitters has prettily observed we street players are all in the DADACTICS business and of course Miss Nash is welcome to the name but we haven't heard she wants it.

We remain,
Yours floating,
MAX JITTERS &
RALP STONE

MORATORIUM AND SLOGANS

Sirs,

After the rather clouded and hysterical issue of the slogan painting around the University (6/5), I feel that many points should be made clear.

In an article in "The News" (7/5), I was quoted and mis-quoted to some length in the course of trying to create a reasonably favorably image for the mass media.

In part, I was quoted as saying "... public support destroyed..." and it was this aspect more than any other thing that upset me about the slogan painters. The material damage to the "capitalist monopolistic" buildings, while amounting to several hundred, if not thousands of dollars, is not as important in my mind as the possibility of destruction of public support built up over two or three months of hard work by those involved with the Moratorium. In their formulation of a revolution (which I agree is necessary in some form or other) they have made the incredible mistake of ignoring the public. A revolution, no matter how dedicated the leaders, will not be successful without the support of a majority, or at least a large minority of the population.

The abortive alienation of the public on Wednesday night by these pseudo-revolutionaries showed that stupidity of anyone who believes that a revolution can occur in Adelaide in the near future. The ridiculous irresponsibility of these same people worries me, as it should most people, because this type of action can lead to acts of violence, destroying the system by blatantly lobbing molotovs into capitalist business offices with no regard to the public they no longer need for their revolution of five men.

If, on the other hand, it was a deliberate attempt to destroy support for the Moratorium (which is in their eyes a bourgeois, middle-class, capitalist, imperialist, cliché-ed plot) they were nearly successful. What better way than by showing it is allied with a bunch of naive political imbeciles, and for once in my life, at the risk of being called a right-wing reactionary fascist pig, instead of a moderate, but active, leftist, I find I must agree with the establishment.

I am, Sirs,
Yours faithfully,
Steve Giles.
(4th Year Science)

BARBITOS CRITICIZED

Dear Sir,

I entered the university this year with hopes of finding "Barbitos". I found and disliked it. However, I reserved my first impressions and waited to see what future publications would be like. With the last edition of ON DIT I became satisfied that there was little sign of relief from the monotone of poetry, which I though was intended to be representative of all students who submitted their works for consideration. (I wish, before going further, to make it clear that I am not a poet who is angry at not having his poems published.)

(1) Oscar Wilde once described all art as being useless, and I agree

— but if we are going to have material published let us do it properly, and make it representative of the many students who read it.

(2) As things stand I believe that ONE PERSON chooses such works as he sees fit to publish — and that what should be an avenue for many poets is being unnecessarily constricted by his own views on what is or is not worthwhile.

"Should thwarted passions write Poems that's about all That can be said for it"

— Chris Pollnitz
("Household Poems" iv)

Is this the criterion for judgement of other people's poetry, Mr. Pollnitz?

(3) I propose either:—

(i) That a committee, rather than one person, choose poems for publication in "Barbitos", or

(ii) that a separate publication be initiated to give a wider scope to Adelaide University poetry. (Obviously the first part of my proposal is the easiest, cheapest and, possibly, most recommendable of the two.)

Where has all the beauty in poetry gone? Is the world all T.V. antennae and concrete? I think it unwise to leave "Barbitos" so exclusive and undernourished (?). How about some more of Adelaide University's aspiring poets submitting poems to what could be a good source of pleasure and literary interest?

Yours sincerely,
S. G. Evans.

Dear Mr. Evans,

May I begin by correcting a few factual details in your letter? Firstly your suggestion that "a committee rather than one person choose poems for publication" was already anticipated by the editorial structure of BARBITOS, the periodical, last year. There was a panel of four editors, who read and judged all poems submitted. I co-ordinated their editing and managed the business side of the magazine. However, the process of having to chase up four people to read every poem was unworkable, it saved me no time in my editorial judgements, and the opinions of my fellow editors seldom differed materially from mine.

Secondly the idea of initiating "A separate publication" was proposed by myself in BARBITOS, No. 6, last year when I offered the editorial reins to all comers (there were none) or the financial backing of the A.U. Literary Society to any new venture (ditto none). It was only when I could see that no outlet for poetry was being developed in the Uni, this year that I approached the editors of ON DIT. It is infinitely more commendable to have some independent publication; but my judgement is that the quality and quantity of poetry emanating from A.U. this year would not support it. If you think I've ignored a floating host of poets of the beautiful, I'd be quite happy to show you my contribution folders and talk about financial backing for your magazine.

Finally, you misquoted from my poem which should read:

"Should thwarted passion write..."

Normally I wouldn't be so finicky (though as an editor I have to be) if the mistake didn't seem to reveal an underlying misunderstanding. Your text seems to belittle not thwarted passion but the process of writing poetry.

And such an implication is intolerable to me; for I don't believe that poetry is useless or that art is the pretty frippery that that cheap, plagiarising critic, Oscar Wilde, wanted it to be. I tend to start with the premise that poetry is important and make my inferences from there.

If you believe that poetry is important (e.g. as part of a great creative rather than a rat-race competitive principle) then it affects your criteria for worthwhile poetry and for what beauty is in poetry.

Saffron sunset becomes a less beautiful image than saffron sunset woven with antennae.

Regan and Cornwall tear out Gloucester's eyes and throw them on the floor alongside the servant's fresh corpse. And LEAR is the most beautiful piece of literary art I know.

This is perhaps the best recommendation as an editor that I can make for my own criteria for poetry. Of course I'm constricted by my own views — no one ever denied that — but then some might say that this gives to a magazine or a page tone or continuity. (If poets feel hard done by they're welcome to go elsewhere: I can supply names and addresses of separate publications.) But what I'd claim for my criteria is a pan-receptivity of stimulation which outreaches any idea of the pretty "beautiful"; which permits EMPIRE TIMES to berate BARBITOS for publishing emotional guff, while you wait at me for subtracting all the beauty from poetry; and which brings people to me saying that they liked this poem but hated that one (is THAT a monotone?).

I'd be only too happy to see and contribute to any new and beautiful publication (50% of my output last year was technical sonnets). In the meantime people who come talking of beauty from the tops of their mouths will continue to rouse my suspicions that they are living in sin with Blake's Rose:
O, Rose thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And in dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Yours,
Christopher Pollnitz.

MORATORIUM

Dear Editors,

I was deeply moved by the Moratorium. I was shocked by its intolerance, disappointed by its bias, and distressed at its reckless disregard for the individual. This is even more perturbing as most of those participating in the Moratorium would agree that tolerance, objectivity and consideration for the individual are inextricably bound up with its aims. Let me explain.

J. S. Mill not only said that every man should be free to express his opinion, he just as emphatically said that a minority or an opposing opinion should be heard even if it were false and went to considerable lengths to defend this stand in his book On Liberty. It follows from this that if people are demonstrating in favour of freedom of expression for South Vietnamese, to be consistent, they must allow alternative views to be heard. But at the Victoria Square rally on the 9th May, there was certainly no



problem, the opportunity was not given. Instead, dissenters (who were bad mannered) at the meeting were made the butt of biased attacks by leaders of the Moratorium (people who ought to know better and conduct themselves accordingly with dignity) applauded (and hence approved) by many of those present. Lynn Arnold, if sincere in his beliefs, should not have intimidated that the dissenters were undesirable. Nor can the "Smash the DLP" catch-cry of many marchers, themselves, be compatible with the tolerance they call for and supposedly espouse.

Many people have already commented on the bias of the Moratorium. Yet one must always remember that Russian atrocities, the Czech invasion and more recently the latest Czech-Russian economic treaty are perhaps more blatant examples of the misdeeds we all hope to eliminate.

Firstly, in many respects, the bunch of people taking part in the processions was like an army. But unfortunately, an army has very little consideration for the individual. An example of this was the 8th May march where promoters deliberately set out on a course in which an individual, if in trouble, was to be sacrificed to the aims of the march. The attitude seemed to be that if a person was singled out from the march, that was too bad! But shouting "no violence" and linking arms is of little use or assistance to that person. Admittedly some participants may be prepared to die for their beliefs. But it is the responsibility of the organisers to do their best to protect others, acquaint them with the facts or even desist from marching if violence is probable. Above all, they should have discouraged the use of sharpened stakes. (Remember sharp sticks have been man's chief weapon for much of his history).

I am concerned with hypocrisy in the student protest movement. Practice what you preach and correct your own shortcomings before trying to change the ways of others.

Gilbert Materne

TITILLATING

Dear Sir,
Thought for the Week or A small Thought for us all.

If in this troubled world we can produce enough properly guided men, we won't need guided missiles.

Yours sincerely,
Mike Young.

USA - IMPERIALISTIC?

Sirs,

Mr. Turnbull's letter (On Dit, May 12) shows very clearly one of the reasons for the confusion that exists between people in the world today - the defining of words to suit one's own purpose. Mr. Turnbull says that the Leninist definition of imperialism includes the following points:

- (1) The concentration of productive forces and capital into the hands of monopolies.
- (2) The merging of ownership of "bank capital" with industrial capital which leads to the formation of finance capital.
- (3) The formation of finance capital leads to the export of capital as distinguished from the export of commodities.
- (4) The formation of international monopolies which divide the world among themselves.
- (5) The territorial division of the whole world between the biggest imperialist powers.

If this definition is used, then I agree that the USA is an imperialist country.

The Shorter Oxford Dictionary gives the definition of imperialism as the "principle of empire." (I must apologise to Mr. Turnbull for using such an out-of-date text as the O.E.D., but it is one of the standard references for the English language). If we use this definition then Russia, with all its European colonies (e.g. Czechoslovakia) turns out to be a much more imperialist country than the USA. Russian control of some East European countries is much more complete than the control that the USA has over any country.

The shorter O.E.D. also defines capitalism as "the condition of possessing capital; a system which furrows the existence of capitalists." This is, of course, exactly the type of country that the U.S.A. is. It is interesting to note that the definition of capitalism virtually summarises the first four points of Lenin's definition of imperialism. Thus

we see that Lenin, and anyone who uses his definition of imperialism, is saying that capitalism and imperialism are the same thing. This is completely untrue.

Mr. Turnbull and S.D.A. know that most people are against imperialism. They therefore conveniently use a definition which makes the USA an imperialist country, but which is not accepted by the majority of people. Then, having convinced themselves that the USA is imperialist, they try to convince the rest of us. But they will never do this while they use a different definition of imperialism than is generally accepted, and while they refuse to accept the possibility that communist countries may be imperialist as well. They will only continue to confuse people.

Yours
John Lawrence
(4th yr Mech Eng)

BALAN & MORATORIUM

Dear Sir,

It is regrettable that Geoff Wells and Adrian Hann (in common with their S.D.A. colleagues) were so imbued with the beauty of their own particular ideology that they could not understand what I said at the pre-Moratorium Teach-In on Friday, May 7th (see "Happiness is a Warm Demonstration" in the last issue of On Dit.)

I was not at all concerned with debating 'the link between Imperialism and Vietnam'; I was concerned with the central issues of the Moratorium itself which were to stop the Vietnam War and to stop conscription. My argument was that there are many citizens who would support these important aims for a wide variety of reasons, and who could very well be at the same time strongly opposed to any condemnation of capitalism or to any support of the N.L.F.

As the Moratorium was the first attempt to mobilise people who, up till then, had not indicated their opposition to Vietnam and conscription, it was most important that these people should not be discouraged by what to them would be spurious side issues.

It is obvious that the more people one wishes to involve in any movement, the simpler must be the aims and the cause. If the aims are tied to a particular rigid ideology (such as anti-imperialism, pro-NLF in this case), the smaller will be the number of adherents to the cause.

In other words, I was concerned with keeping the aims of the Moratorium as simple as possible in order to attract the full support of as many people as possible.

I also stated that the supporters of the war would seize on any side issue to smear and attack the whole Moratorium, and this was in fact clearly shown in the many hysterical articles and letters to the editor (News, Advertiser) which congratulated the soldiers who attacked us. These articles and letters all referred to the N.L.F. flags, not to the Vietnam War or conscription. In other words, instead of the right wing being confronted by the important aims of the Moratorium, they were given a prime excuse to avoid debating those central issues, and were free to hysterically attack the emotional side issues. In this sense a great deal of the possible impact of the Moratorium was lost.

By loudly condemning those who disagree with even minor parts of their ideologies and political theories and by their refusal to compromise in practical matters, Hann, Wells and their S.D.A. colleagues leave themselves open to the accusation that they are not really interested in achieving anything concrete (what would they do once they had got it?) but are more concerned with keeping the revolution pure.

-Peter Balan,

YOUNG - SOCIETY & SEX

Dear Sir,

In your reply to my letter you suggested two alternative reasons as to why I objected to your issue before last. I wish to point out that these are not alternatives and that you, as editors, are still bonded by capitalist exploitation of sex AND that by doing that cover you are perpetuating the system.

Take man (woman) as he is today; stip him of his exploitation society (be it capitalism or communism) and what do you have - an animal on one branch of the evolutionary tree of mammals (all of which reproduce sexually), but an animal which

has evolved the ability to think, reasonably, intelligently about his past, present, and in a few cases, future. Now amongst all mammals, including homo sapiens homosexuality is a biologically normal thing, yet our society deprecates it, why? Again amongst all mammals rape is an exception and only occurs in two species, white mice and man, why? Further all mammals must struggle to get food and all except man spend most of their time doing just this. Man through his increased ability to think has solved this problem and now has time to spare which he can turn to other things. His mind is more intelligent than simply providing food as we know, when we think of the minds of people who invent nuclear armaments, and also chemical carcinogens (labelled 'safe pesticides'). Does it not seem reasonable then that man should pursue avenues opened to him by his increased intelligence and, at the same time, satisfy (but not over-satisfy) his sexual desires just as all animals do whether it be homo, auto, or heterosexual?

The answers to these questions, I suggest are a result of our society being run for economic, materialistic and political profit and not for communal understanding and intellectual advance. And, as a result, we have, as I suggested last time, heterosexuality being exalted as an ultimate aim for everybody for the following reason - its profitable.

Why is it profitable? All economists are taught that an expanding population is good for the economy, and who teaches them? Their economic superiors. Heterosexuality can be exploited as an advertising medium; and, how would fashion designers make profits if we all went around complete nude; and in our society we won't, for secondary sex characteristics are mysterious thing to be hidden away and yet uncovered at all possible opportunities in true James Bond fashion. And who could make a profit from homosexuality?

To return to other problems in your dilemma you suggest that you are catering "for the more basic desires of male readers." Might not these too be a result of our omnipresent society? Further you state elsewhere that you were simply pandering to the demands of a majority (it being male vociferous and sexually frustrated - why?) and that printing such covers is not your editorial policy. May I then ask you why, if you think that this (i.e. sexual exploitation) is wrong and is not to be your editorial policy do you not do something about reforming On Dit and excluding such cover pictures as you printed, from it.

No doubt you and David Hester will cry that you must still present the other point of view but if that is the case and you still intend to pander to the majority can I suggest that you give up editions of On Dit and take on a "Playboy," "Man," "Girle" or whatever for they are a true reflection of our society.

David Young

BARBITOS AGAIN

Dear sir,

I wish to disagree with your belief (dare one call it "theory"?) that young Australian poetry has only two themes - Sex and Politics. I apologise for the badly presented argument which follows.

(A) I suspect that your use and sense of "young Australian" is much narrower than need be. To me, it implies those people between the ages of sensibility (approx. twelve) and the glorious thirties. This includes people in their teens; sensitive, introspective, unsure and invariably slightly neurotic. It has been my experience that the poetry written by these people uses similar adjectives to those above - and thus we find a high degree of introspective, self-centred, questioning and "discovering" poetry. For example, here is a poem by a twelve years old girl;

LIGHTS

Lights are the sun when the day has ended,
Twinkling and blinking
Through the night's bleak sky.
Drawing into their sea is splendid,
Never to fade and thrill and die.

-Elizabeth Goward

This brings me to (B). Your reading range must also be very limited. Young Australian poetry does not occur only in University handbooks, but in less

glamorous places like school magazines. These must be given some credit since they are the products of a high percentage of young people. Here, I suspect you will find a dearth, rather than a profusion, of sex and political poetry.

(C) May I suggest that you are not taking into account the large quantities of unprinted verse which lies in scribble books, perhaps self-conscious and embarrassed. I am aware that it is impossible for you to rifle through personal papers, but please, believe me!

(D) - this partly explains (C) - Publishers so often do not wish to print anything which does not strike some part of the reader forcibly. In the case of sex, it is the solar plexus, in the case of Politics, it is the reader's need to have something to worry about, some form of expression of his prejudices. Afterall, magazines must sell, they must be talked about (Capitalist pigs again!).

I am aware that this letter is a very sketchy one, but I hope it manages to help "present the other side of the argument." I have enclosed some of my own, poet-aster type "verse" (?) to prove the existence of non sexual, political poetry, if not its worth.

Since I am a dentist and not an arts student, you are at perfect liberty to screw up my arrogance and stick to your views.

Yours sincerely,
Prue Goward.

TONIGHT

The mosquito smear of sunset
dirties the neat grey winter
walls, with a smudge of
innocent, parasitic blood.

DEPRESSION

Down, down, down,
into the depths of grey I go,
my mind does go.
And twisting, turning,
burning,
Scalding tears of body burn
me,
Cinder me and dirty me,
I care not.

Nothing, nothing, nothing,
Bleakness and dullness swirl
misty around me.
And the bloodshot sky looks
baleful
and the metal sun looks evil
through the grey and brown
and slate.

The world is hard and cold
and old,
dying winds clutch madly at
me.
I, alone, and desolate,
Walk ever on, loving, hating
too much.

The evil hides and the world
dies,
suns flicker and winds gasp.
The night hurts and hides,
soothes and parts me.

So I, returning to the lights
and
the warm fatty air;
bury depression
in sulky silence.

(Aged 16)

Dear Prue,

One of the bon mots delivered by Dr. Stephen Murray-Smith during the most recent Writers' Week debacle was that the best editors and reviewers are almost by definition thorough bastards. To answer your letter I'll have to show my qualifications.

Let me talk about school magazines. It's true that I've had little to do with them for some years. But at secondary school I had special opportunities to read a wide selection. I have never read a poem in a school magazine worth publication for being a poem. I have never enjoyed a poem in a school magazine. This is largely a reflection

on the total breakdown of education in this State once the student hits Grade 3; on the misapprehension of what education should be, or the more frequent lack of apprehension that it should be anything. Occasional eruptions of children's poetry (e.g. ONCE AROUND THE SUN, ed. Brian Thompson, or you can watch the process of educational distortion at work in an anthology like YOUTH WRITES AGAIN, ed. Marcia Kirsten) prove simply ALL children can be this creative IF DECENTLY EDUCATED. Isn't it incredible, then, how much creativity is never elicited, and how much of it is being TOTALLY DESTROYED?

A poem has to BE, and school magazine poetry isn't. Most university poetry isn't either. Some poetry published in the new little magazines here and interstate is - or is getting that way.

Let me talk about poetry that's hidden in drawers. It's psychic excrement. Psychoanalytically it's fine. But a minimum definition for art is communication. Poetry demands an audience for its existence (and profits enormously from interaction with one).

Finally on the subject of youthful introspective poetry. It is one of the two seemingly inescapable genres open to the mal-educated adolescent, the other being "save the world and solve its problems with cliché-bolstered generalizations." Too unsure to assert any external knowledge, our young introvert makes the fallacious assumption that, if he knows nothing else, he at least knows himself; and proceeds to commit his soul to paper. In the process he manages to elide anything really special in his make-up.

But the adolescent personality just doesn't have the size or singularity to command interest per se - especially when portrayed through its own weaknesses. The knell to all such lyric morbidity is two simple words, as expressed by the all-important audience, viz. "Who cares?"

But the adolescent personality is bloody interesting as it sees itself relating to its environment and to other adolescent personalities: (which do you prefer - ecology or taxidermy?) This is where your analysis of that staggeringly accomplished poem by Elizabeth Goward is up a wattle. The poem's not "self-centred" - but self-relating. And this is precisely why I advocate sexual poetry, poetry about relationships between TWO people (brother, mother, foe or friend). To develop enough understanding, enough personality, that if the writer ever wants to turn solipsist, at least there'll be something to turn on.

I don't want to help drop the trap-door on what creative impulse has survived. But the sort of poetry you urge upon me suffocates in its own atmosphere.

Yours,
Christopher Pollnitz



SEE KEE! THEORIES

Dear Sir,
In reply to Greg See Kee (On Dit No. 6) on the question of human sexuality I am somewhat perplexed as to how he can divorce biology and sex, save to further cement his antipathy to Christianity.

Quoting Kinsey is all very well if one is to believe that sex is a human invention. But if one believes that nature has the stronger claim to its origin, then it is to nature that one looks for the model against which to compare our standards.

In populations of higher social animals under natural conditions the occurrence of murder, masturbation, rape, child neglect, baby battering and homosexuality are extremely rare, if not non-existent. Place these same animals in an overcrowded unnatural environment and not only do these aberrations appear, but they come to dominate the social scene as the pressure increases. They are in fact, a brutal but effective means of birth control.

We cannot make parallel conclusions in humans of course, because of our conscious minds. Man possesses the means of both suppressing and creating the stimuli for triggering sexual reactions; other animals rely on the environment alone for this. However, the behaviour of other animals makes it abundantly clear that a relationship exists in man between these deviations and environment.

No matter how perfect our society it will always include degrees of the aberrations mentioned, this being the price of our conscious minds — and cheap is the price at that. But the degrees of these aberrations are a clear measure of the suitability or otherwise of the human environment.

I wholly agree with G.S.K. that masturbation is basically a harmless pursuit, but this does not alter its biological nature as a deviation, admittedly a deviation which in purely human terms can be classified as normal to humans.

The question of homosexuality is far more complex. As I have said, in nature it is a means of birth control in stressed populations. Animals obviously have a switch mechanism which makes them behave in an antihomosexual manner normally and in an antiheterosexual manner under stress. The chances are we humans still retain this switch, modified though it may be by our mental processes. Indeed the Kinsey figures would indicate this, as the US represents one of the most highly stressed environments on earth.

It is unfortunate that the rejection of homosexuals by heterosexuals and the less publicised but equally important reverse rejection, is of biological origin. The near pathological fear of our own biology which we have inherited from this culture, stands firmly in the way of our ever treating this problem in a civilised manner.

Finally, it is all too easy for the G.S.K.'s of this world to vent their detestation of institutions such as Christianity by claiming them responsible for this or that human condition. More often than not, the institutions have earned their bad name through acting out of utter ignorance of this exceptional animal, man; an ignorance, it seems, which their attackers invariably share.

Yours
David Ball.

"It has been said . . ."

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ELECTION OF FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES TO THE 25TH S.R.C.

- Nominations are called for representatives of the following Faculties:
- Agricultural Science (1)
 - Architecture (1)
 - Arts (3)
 - Dentistry (1)
 - Economics (1)
 - Engineering (1)
 - Law (1)
 - Medicine (1)
 - Music (1)
 - Pharmacy (1)
 - Science (2)
 - Technology (1)

In the event of any Faculty failing to nominate a representative, the position will revert to a General representative.

Nomination forms will be available from the S.R.C. Office Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 17th, 18th and 19th June; voting days are deemed to be Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 22nd, 23rd and 24th June.

MOBILISATION against IMPERIALISM

and Indo-China War.

TEACH-IN. Saturday, June 27th. Elder Park (11.00 a.m.)
DEMONSTRATION. Saturday July 4th. (Rally, Elder Park 10.30 a.m.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Entries for the Rhodes Scholarship for 1971 will close on September 1 next with the Honorary Secretary of the South Australian Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee at the University of Adelaide.

The annual value of the Scholarship is about \$1200 Sterling (= about \$A2570). After certain payments by the Trust direct to the College by way of fees, a Scholar receives a personal allowance at the rate of \$70 sterling (= about \$A150) a month. No provision is made for fares between Adelaide and Oxford.

Applications are available now. Intending candidates should secure them from the Registrar's Secretary. They should also make an appointment to see the Honorary Secretary personally.

STUDENT HOUSING

An earlier article in On Dit contained the news that the University had established a Committee to investigate non-collegiate housing for students. This Committee — a fairly large one with 17 members including 6 students — has already formed three working groups: these groups are working to initiate a student survey, to investigate recent references in this area (including the Australian Universities Commission Report) and to consider forms of accommodation that may be suitable to Adelaide's circumstances together with the collection of information about projects at other Universities.

STUDENT SURVEY

A survey will be held to obtain some simple information quickly. It is hoped to obtain the co-operation of University Departments so that as many students as possible hear of the Committee's task and will bring their problems to its notice.

All students who have an immediate accommodation problem of any kind are asked to leave their names and telephone number, if any, at either the office of the Warden of the Union or at the S.R.C. Office.

A sampling technique is being used simultaneously and students from both groups will then be interviewed subject of course to their willing co-operation.

If financial assistance from public funds is needed only a properly prepared case will ensure that it is forthcoming. The committee will be happy to receive submissions from interested students but in any case if you are in need do please let the Committee know.

Oscar Jones.

FREE LEGAL AID

Have you got a problem with the law? The S.R.C. has obtained for all students at Adelaide University free legal aid with a solicitor in the city. If you have any legal problems go and see him and he will put you in the picture with regard to your legal position. This includes traffic offences, contractual problems, arrests of any kind etc.

Unfortunately due to the rules of the Law Society we cannot print the name of the solicitor, however, it is available at the S.R.C. office and from any S.R.C. member. They will also be able to tell you the extent of this free legal aid. The S.R.C. is to pay for this service so you might as well use it. It may be a good idea to find out the solicitor's name in case you need it in the future, i.e. ever tried ringing the S.R.C. office at three in the morning from the City Watchhouse!

J. R. PORTER

PORTLY COMPLACENCY

Interstate student newspapers come out weekly. Interstate student newspapers are topical. Interstate student editors are paid \$2,500 a year. They have paid secretaries and layout men. They have adequate expense accounts and tape recorders and other necessary equipment. They have budgets of over \$10,000. They have SRC's which can recognise the importance of the student newspaper.

It was until 1970 that On Dit was given new offices, a phone and a typewriter (shared). But this is not enough. To bring out 15 On Dits, pay the photographers, pay for art material, pay for travelling and incidental expenses, pay for travelling and accommodation for conferences, pay for layout, pay for On Dit broadsheets, etc. we were given a budget of \$7,000 from our friendly local SRC. We asked for \$10-12,000 several times before the budget was finalised.

And the SRC sits back in portly complacency, content if an On Dit comes out occasionally, because we must have a student newspaper, even if the news in it is a bit stale. And we must have an organ to transmit SRC and NUAUS news (which is never read) to the students — but what about "Bread and Circuses," and doesn't NUAUS have an adequate budget for its own news service?

The following is a quotation from an editorial about On Dit written last year (On Dit, June 18, 1969).

Perhaps with new offices provided next year as part of the Union redevelopment scheme, the SRC could see fit to reassess what is quite clearly now an urgent need for fuller assistance.

The cry in the wilderness still continues.

REQUIEM

It is with a sad reflecting sigh that one remembers the Liberal government of South Australia. With commendable ardour it tackled the problems of governing this State. Under the benevolent but firm leadership of Mr. R. Steele Hall (un-hyphenated) the Liberals saw that the State was not the people but the People, and so this small corner of the Commonwealth continued the developments begun by its greatest partisan, known simply to his friends as Tom.

With confidence we watched Mrs. Steele (known to her friends as Joyce) shape our education system into a system; our morals were protected, and the stability of the structure guarded when a notorious Communist promotion to Q.C. was blocked; sideboards were given official patronage; and our water supply was guaranteed.

And so it is with a sad reflecting sigh that On Dit bids farewell to that faithful, loyal and energetic body of men and women, the last Liberal government of South Australia. Thank Christ.

"BASKETBALL INTERFACULTY"

The Adelaide University Basketball Club, one of the strongest clubs in the Sport's Association, is once again holding one of its main sporting and social events of the year — the Interfaculty competition, which is a unique opportunity for those with any basketball talent whatsoever to meet other students and also do something for their own faculty. Both men's and women's teams compete, and the only qualification is to play basketball; you do not have to play for A.U.B.C., and part-timers are as welcome to play for their faculty as ordinary full-time students.

This fun event will take place at the University Gym, on McKinnon Parade, North Adelaide, on Sunday, 28th June, starting at 9.00 a.m. Refreshments and lunch will be available, and the finals are planned to start at about 4.00 p.m.

If you'd like to participate, either (i) leave a note in the A.U.B.C. pigeon-hole in the Sports Association Office

- or(ii) contact your faculty rep:—
MEN
SCIENCE: A. Phillips. Ph. 37-1291
ARTS: G. Marsland. 63-4019
ECO: G. Hubbard. 31-1379
PHYSIO:
ENGINEERING: R. Washyn
MED: M. De Vries

WOMEN

- G. Gould. 65-7489
P. Byrne. 31-1288
J. Nosworthy. 71-2385
ARCHITECTURE: J. Johansen. 70-2267
AG. SCIENCE: R. Pellew. 71-2190
PHYS. ED: G. Dodd
DENTISTRY: J. Jenner
TECHNOLOGY: T. Tindale. 61-5617
M. Marsland. 63-4019
A. Strazdins
So come along and help your faculty — and have a great time as well.

ZVI ZEITLIN

Lunchtime recital

ZVI ZEITLIN

Russian-born U.S. violinist

Presented by Aquarius in association with A.B.C.

BONYTHON HALL

Wed., July 1, at 1.05 p.m.

Associate artist:
Janetta McStay (N.Z. pianist)

- * Fantasie in C (Schubert)
- * Sonata for Violin Alone (Ben-Haim)
- * Rumanian Dances (Bartok)

HEAR THE ARTIST . . . ASK HIM QUESTIONS

Admission at door 50c



Zvi Zeitlin, the violinist with nine lives, will give a special lunchtime recital in Bonython Hall on Wednesday, July 1.

The performance, sponsored by Aquarius is by arrangement with the ABC, which has brought Zeitlin to Australia.

New Zealand pianist Janetta McStay will be his accompanist.

Zeitlin, Russian-born, of Israeli blood, and now an American citizen, has packed more non-musical adventures into his career than perhaps any other twenty of the world's top concert artists.

At the age of 20, and already a fine violinist, he was serving with the RAF in North Africa against the Germans.

After the war he resumed his concert career, but also joined the Irgun organisation fighting for Israel's independence.

Conflict kept following his career. His arrival in Guatemala for a concert coincided with the assassination of the president.

"I got out again before they questioned me, but actually I didn't do it," he says with a grin.

He has experienced two revolutions in Argentina and another in San Domingo. On one occasion he recalls, he was having a haircut when bullets began to fly in the street outside.

The barber ushered him out a back entrance and through a maze of alleys back to his hotel. The shooting died down and his concert took place.

On another memorable occasion one of his concerts in Mexico City had to be cancelled because of an earthquake.

Once in the U.S. Zeitlin was with a busload of orchestral musicians involved in a road accident. Several of the players were rushed to hospital and the orchestra could not give its scheduled performance that night.

So Zeitlin gave an impromptu solo recital in its place.

Informality will be the keynote of his Bonython Hall performance, and the violinist will expect questions from his audience. They will find him an interesting speaker with a ready wit. Not merely a musician, Zeitlin majored in humanities at the Hebrew University, while his academic interest in music has led him to the rediscovery and publication of some significant scores that might otherwise have been lost to the concert world.

The works in his programme will be Schubert's Fantasie in C, Bartok's Rumanian Dances, and the Sonata for Violin Alone, by the contemporary Israeli composer Paul Ben-Haim.

Unreserved 50c seats for the recital will be on sale at the Bonython Hall entrance before the concert.



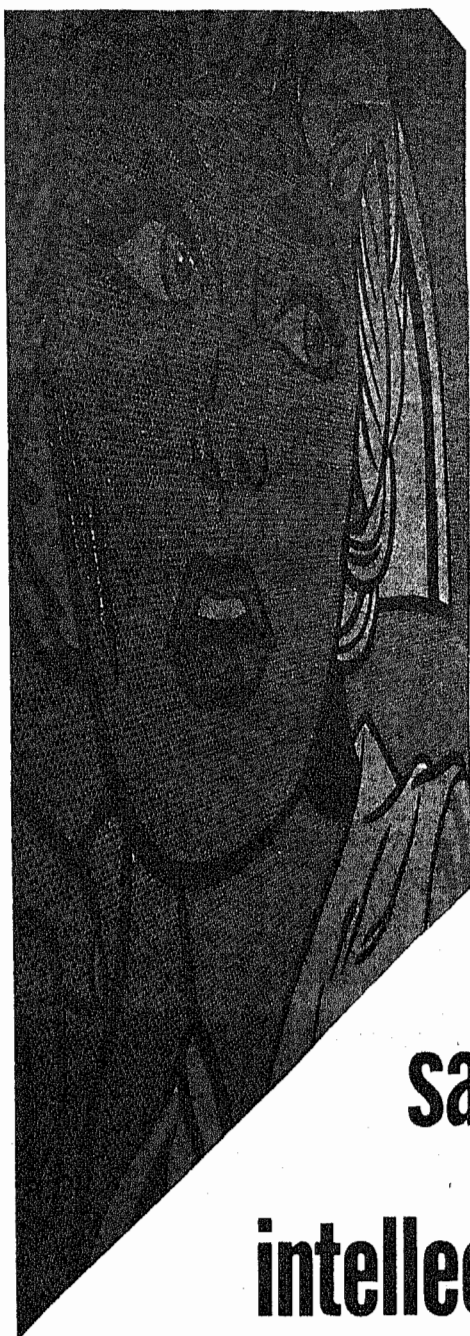
The Hann-Wells article can initially be discussed in sexual terms as the title of this article indicates. The contention of the forbidding father-figures (Hann and Wells) is that the demonstrators have settled for the unhealthy, illusory activity of masturbation. The clear import of 'Happiness is a Warm Demonstration' is that we (the Oedipuses and electras) should remain chaste and inviolate, in their terms; disseminating nothing more virulent than words and analyses, until our fathers' concept of the real thing miraculously comes along, and then, because of our mental and intellectual preparation and our previous abstinence we will be able to gloriously — the whole system.

The image of the father-figure is not carelessly chosen, for it reflects also the all-embracing attitude adopted by the writers; the patronizing attitude. Obviously in their chaste and puritanical lives they have not sullied their minds by reading or listening to what the deviates (the rest of us) have been saying for the last year or so, at the very least. They seem to imagine that it is news that demonstrations have not stopped the Vietnam war — it isn't news.

Most demonstrators surprisingly enough do not consider that they have been engaged in masturbation or other forms of deviation. Rather they are engaged in at least two concrete activities. One, being engaged in initial exploratory endeavours (rape is not the only form of achieving the glorious orgasm). The second is that which has been pretentiously labelled the existential statement, important both as an individual act and in terms of expectations about others reactions (more on this point later).

Several specific errors in the article need to be pointed out. The most glaring errors or omissions occur in the section headed "Confronting the System." Nobody has seriously suggested that corporations would stop making profits and that governments would vote themselves out of office or that veterans would voluntarily invalidate their own lives by people shouting slogans in the streets.

Hann and Wells fall into the opposite error of imagining that the writing and reading of holy scriptures analysing the decadent bourgeois society will somehow mystically lead to, in their own words, 'a concerted and wide spread attack on the fundamental institutions of the power structure.' In this error they have neglected their own argument which was concerned 'with the massive capitalist control of all forms of the mass media', i.e. the vehicles for the dissemination of ideas.



Further they complain that the issues are not discussed in the mass media; only the events which occurred, this is true but irrelevant, for we should expect the vested interests to act in this way. A more appropriate way to view the relation between the public, government policy and the news media would be to envisage the situation in Australia (and America) if there had been no anti-war demonstrations. To use the authors' own example, concerning the Advertiser, Saturday 9/5/70, instead of the headline (pitiful as it was) of *Soldiers Attack City Marchers* it would have been *Enemy Blasts Viet Cities*. A strong, long term possibility would have been Macleay or some other ultra-rightist as prime minister, sending a lot more troops, chemicals and equipment to Vietnam (and Rhodesia and South Africa).

The authors touched on the most important aspects of demonstrations, when they discussed the effect of demonstrations on how people think, which they curiously mentioned and then ignored. They point out later in the article how six years of anti-Vietnam protest have not affected American or Nixon's policies — surely this is one of their earnestly desired exposures. The question, 'Why haven't these actions influenced the Australian or American governments stands on these issues?' begs to be asked by the people who have been engaged in peace activity. This question immediately leads to another one — 'How do we change the policy that is being pursued in our name?' The answer to these questions leads straight to the Hanns and Wells statement 'in a capitalist society neither Vietnam, Cambodia, racial discrimination, poverty, education inequalities nor any other of a host of related problems are aberrations: they are an essential part of maintaining the system as it stands.' The conclusion from this realization is revolution.

Peter Flynn
Keith Darwin

sadness is an
intellectual masturbation

Volunteer Aid Programme.

This used to be the right arm of N.U.A.U.S. involvement, in New Guinea. It is now the left arm — if you are ambidexterous then it is the reverse! It was found from experience that by their nature students at large did not possess skills required for the proper execution of various engineering, architectural or agricultural projects. Where students did possess the skills, they were hampered by their brevity of involvement, shortage of materials and perhaps non-co-operation of local authorities. Even if there were none of these obstacles there is yet another problem.

Many students either freely or by force of circumstances had no contact with the New Guinea people beyond the point of telling them to "carry this brick to there" or "hammer this nail with a hammer" etc. They lived, ate and moved around with their fellow Australians in an Australian atmosphere, transposed in New Guinea and when the time was up they returned to Australia, with "slides to show and talks to give on my experience with native boys and meries." The Australian students were at once identified with the Administration and in many ways N.U.A.U.S.' name was marred, when there were troubles such as leaving jobs unfinished or inadequately finished.

Hence for this year this programme is a very, very limited one. It is so limited that it should be differentiated from the village scheme in this sense. Whereas in the village scheme, participants have no set projects to undertake, in the volunteer aid programme there will be specific activities (not necessarily projects) for participation. As far as possible, students will live in villages and meet with village people.

Specific projects in mind for the moment are:

- (i) National fitness camps involving supervising camps for high school students in debates, discussions, talks, sports and other activities.
- (ii) Specific medical field projects — these have been conducted by the Department of Public Health with the help of N.U.A.U.S. and will continue this year.
- (iii) Sewing lessons for women in villages.

The usefulness of more elaborate and more specialised projects like designing of house and construction of same or bridges, teaching, library work, legal aid etc., are indisputable. But in realistic practical terms involvement in these with some exceptions have been more of a burden than a blessing to the would-be recipients. These highly specialised and technical fields should be best left to full time truly dedicated volunteers with a Peace Corps, or the Australian Volunteers Abroad, which is really the same thing.

The three items (i-iii) mentioned above are I believe adequate for N.U.A.U.S.

Students who are interested in participation should secure forms for application at local S.R.C. Offices and contact their local P.N.G. Officers for details, or write to me directly. Applications close on 30th June, 1970.

BERNARD MULLU NAROKOBI
(N.P.N.G.O.)
International House,
University of Sydney, NSW.

LEARN HINDI BY POST

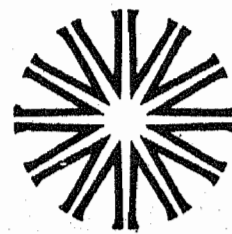
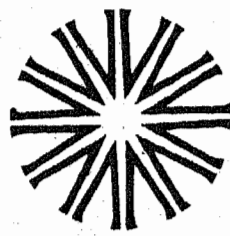
The Government of India have started a scheme of teaching Hindi through correspondence from March, 1968. The second session of this course will commence from 1st July, 1970. Persons desirous of learning Hindi will receive coaching at home through fortnightly despatches containing graded lessons, response-sheets, ancillary literature and guide-notes. The medium of instruction will be English.

The duration of the first certificate course for the beginners (HINDI PRAVESH) will be of two years. Examination will be held at the end of the second year at various centres abroad.

Nominal fees will be charged from students residing abroad @ US\$ 15/- (\$6.5.0 or RS.112.50 Ps) per annum. The amount will be payable in equivalent sum in the currency of the country concerned through B.P.O., I.M.O. Demand Draft or cheque in favor of the Director, Central Hindi Directorate.

Admission forms, prospectus, etc., may be obtained from the Asst. Director (CC), Central Hindi Directorate, Correspondence Courses Department, (Ministry of Education & Youth Services), West Block VII, R.K. Puram, New Delhi-22 (India).

Application forms along with prescribed fees will be entertained latest by 25th June, 1970



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a few extra
dollars on
the side—



Start a savings account with ANZ Bank. Interest is 3 3/4%. Which doesn't make you a millionaire overnight, but it has your money in a safe place working for you 24 hours a day. The more you put into your savings account, the more interest you make. Simple as that. And as easy. At ANZ, you make money without even thinking about it.

Call in at A.N.Z.'s University branch — the only bank on the campus — situated in Wills Refectory.
Banking hours —
Monday-Thursday 10.00 a.m.-3.00 p.m.
Friday 10.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m.



CBA ADELAIDE

AGENTS FOR TOP LOCAL AND INTERSTATE ARTISTS

FLAT 3, 102 PALMER PLACE
NORTH ADELAIDE 5006 PHONE: 67 2429

censorship

Few have attacked censorship with such penetration and clarity as the late Professor John Anderson in an article 'Censorship' in an obscure publication *Schooling* (XI, 4th August, 1928).

Professor Anderson was Challis Professor of Philosophy at the University of Sydney for more than thirty years during which time he sparked more than one controversy within and without the university. He was one of the few academics in Australia (perhaps the only academic) to be censured twice by State Parliament for irreligious teachings. Uncomprising and vitriolic, Anderson was one of the few GENUINE Freethinkers to have taught at an Australian University.



Liberty has always been a subject of acute controversy. We should all recognise no doubt that there is something to be said for it, but when it comes to saying it, the difficulties and disagreements begin. Attempts to arrive at a solution by defining the limits within which freedom should be allowed to operate, or the extent to which legal interference is permissible or desirable, have been uniformly unsuccessful; as any attempt to settle questions of degree, while the fundamental distinctions of kind have not been made, must necessarily be. The view that a man should have liberty so long as it does not interfere with other people's liberty is logically indefensible since it implies that their liberty is to be allowed to interfere with his. In all such utilitarian statements of the cast moreover, liberty is taken in the altogether too general sense of freedom of choice, of wanting to bring something about and doing so. Clearly what a person chooses in this way is bound to limit what others can choose, and so to interfere with their liberty, if that were all that liberty meant. That we condition one another's activities is the merest commonplace of social theory, and unconditioned activity is what no one, unless it might be Shelley, has ever demanded in the name of freedom.

By way of leading up to the necessary distinctions of quality we may begin by considering the nature of the prohibitory attitude and the manner in which it is supported. It is defended primarily from the prophylactic point of view "Prevention is better than cure." Having first of all taken steps to ward off all the evils that come within the range of our foresight, we can then pursue our desirable or harmless activities with a minimum of risk. Now it may be admitted at once that we all, at one time or another act in this prudential fashion. It can hardly be contested, however, that a life which was dominated by prudential motives would be a very poor one. And it is only a further expression of the calculating attitude to say that we find certain courses of action to be "worth the risk." Venturesome activity is, in reality, entered upon for its own sake and the suggested calculation simply does not take place.

The fundamental criticism, therefore, of the life that is guarded by an extensive system of precautions, is that it is a mean and base existence, and that it is not of the nature of good activities to be so sheltered. The adoption of an adult and independent outlook is marked by a refusal to be protected for one's own good; and, in harmony with this position we should refuse to protect others for their good. "A Liberal," says Chesterton, "may be approximately defined as a man who, if he could by waving his hand in a dark room stop the mouths of all the deceivers of mankind for ever, would not wave his hand." The attempt to establish security, the desire to "save the children," and the like, can only result in, and are in fact only an expression of, narrowness. Their success would, as Chesterton hints, mean the annihilation of the human race. For even if all other deceivers could be kept away from him, the protected infant would remain to deceive himself. As Chesterton does not say, the "safe and certain" methods or knowledge, the "rational" sciences, the whole apparatus or "established" truth, are mere impositions. The real basis of science and the scientific life is "trial and error."

The case against prohibition (with special reference to the question with which the name has come to be most closely associated) has seldom been more forcibly stated than by Wells in "The New Machiavelli." It is put forward by the hero, Remington, as an expression, ironically enough, of his dissatisfaction with the policy of the Liberal party, to which he had hitherto adhered. Prevention, he points out is an indirect method of dealing with a situation; it consists of stopping one thing because it will stop another; it takes, or aims at taking a step which is sufficient to remove a certain danger, but does not pause to consider whether or not the step is necessary. Abolish ropes, and no one will be able to hang himself. Or to take Wells' own examples, "we shall presently want to stop the sale of ink and paper because those things tempt men to forgery. We do already threaten the privacy of the post because of betting touts' letters. The drift of all that kind of thing is narrow, unimaginative, mischievous, stupid." "But prevention," comes the "liberal" protest, "is the essence of our work." To which

Remington replies, "There's no prevention but education. There's no antiseptics in life but love and fine thinking." Prohibition as the phrase goes, does not prohibit; it is not even sufficient.

Education is, of course, itself a subject of the same sort of controversy, and the educator's work is often represented as that of a censor. We have certainly heard enough about "educing" as the correct method of teaching. If a person is not ready to "take things in," he will not learn much. But the notion of the learner's mind as a box to be filled up with goodly contents, or a *tabula rasa* requiring the inscription of correct characters, will not stand examination. The preceptive or mandatory method neglects the fact that minds have characters of their own, that they have original impulses wherewith to attack the situations into which they enter. It is only by these impulses finding outlet that we are able to take anything in; the range of our knowledge is determined by the co-ordination of our impulses, the systematisation of their directions of outlet. The objection to "spoon-feeding" is that it assumes that impulse is non-existent or, at best, has only one direction. It should, of course, be remembered that the learner, as well as the instructor, has his responsibility in the matter. He may insist on taking what is presented to him as so much precept, and his occasional complaints may mean no more than that he would like the feeding to be a more comfortable process. Such cases may be due to habituation to mere instruction; the fact remains that phrase-mongering takes the place of learning wherever students are unwilling to undertake their work critically and incidentally to criticise themselves.

This being understood, the important point is that education, properly so-called, is not preceptive or moralistic but aesthetic; only so can it be co-operative and creative. This fact is obscurely conveyed by Remington's slogan, "Love and fine thinking." "Make people fine, make fine people," besides its suggestion of that very moulding which it was intended to combat, is too sentimental and exclusive to be acceptable as a working principle. The slogan of the "shrivelled don," marshalling opposition to Remington, is in some ways more to the point; "Hate and coarse thinking." Seize hold of things, hammer out the issues, adjure dilettantism in any shape. This is the true attitude of the artist, whose mind is superior to the squirming refinements and sensitive shrinkings of the "aesthete," the arbiter *elegantiarum*, and who permits no ideals or taboos to come between him and a direct handling of things themselves. No sentimental attachments, no higher meanings, no irrelevant antecedents or consequences, are allowed to affect the positive treatment of things, their presentation as a balance of forces or sequence of phases. The artist is the best educator because he speaks only to those who are willing to share his work and do not beg to have their prejudices respected and, in general, to have things made easy for them. "This ought not to be, therefore avoid it," says the moralist. "This is, therefore, grasp it," says the artist.

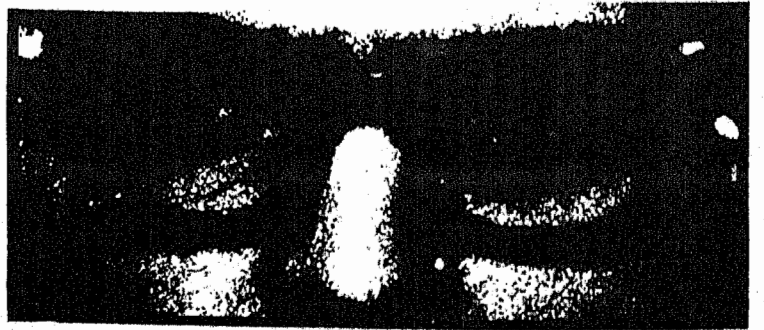


The issue, it appears, is between directness and indirectness. Now, when any direct interest in certain subjects is forbidden, they are almost bound to be misunderstood not only by the ward by also by the guardian. If he really knows them well enough to be able to pronounce finally upon them, the question naturally arises, "What harm has his acquaintance with them done him?" Are we to judge that, since it has enabled him to take up the higher moral stand, it has done him good? Or is he to be reduced to the exquisitely hypocritical position of wanting to save the children from his own moral degradation? He may say, indeed, that he desires first of all to inculcate such principles as will enable the recipient to meet the perils unafraid and to pass by them unsmirched. But to what can he appeal in the absence of understanding of these principles; in what way can he approach the subject? All that the moralist can do, and what he actually does is to employ the "awful consequences" argument. But what are the consequences of this argument itself? Fear and credulity; the spreading of vague notions of fearfulness and shamefulness and unspeakableness as attaching to things which can themselves only be vaguely known. Accordingly the protected persons, not even know that they are protected against, are powerless in the face of any situation which is not on the index. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."

The Freudian method of analysis indicates a way out of the impasses thus engendered, and correspondingly Freud's theories provide a basis for a conception of education other than the precautionary. His conception of "the censor" as a particular mental faculty with a specialised function has been regarded, with some justice, as mythological. But his position may be fairly

represented by saying that in any mind there are a number of leading motives, and that these motives operate censoriously when they refuse to recognise other motives or impulses which, in point of fact, are equally present in the mind. The Freudian criticism of prohibition corresponds, therefore, to those expressed by Wells and Chesterton. Repression may prevent motives from operating in certain ways, but it cannot put them out of existence. It can force them to adapt themselves to it, but this only means that they find some clandestine and insidious mode of operation, while they remain ready to break out in the original direction of the first favourable moment. This theory receives verification from dreams "accidents," obsessions and a whole range of cognate phenomena.

The question in relation to which psycho-analysis took its rise, provides or of the most striking exemplifications of the position. The suppressed desire finds outlet in the "hysterical symptom," that is, in some bodily disorder; and as Stekel has shown; the mental undercurrent can find outlet in a simulation of almost any of the bodily disease known to medical science. And so precaution leads to precaution in an endless series, and the whole life acquires a twist away from carefree and forceful activity. The unconscious, so to say, takes its revenge upon the conscious by forcing upon it a mass of disorderly detail, a general sense of guilt and defeat, and a constant drag. We have, in fact in the life of the neurotic, dogged by "ill luck" and continually having to patch up the joints in his armour, a demonstration of the failure of safety-motives to save. And it is from the attempt to avoid tension and conflict, to excise the discordant elements in the soul, that this supremely weakening tension has arisen! Though we try to expel nature with a pitchfork, it will come back. And tension is of the nature of all existing things. It becomes intolerable only when it is not recognised. The theory of Freud, then strengthens the case for the recognition,



instead of the prohibition, of human motives and likewise of social movements.

This being so, we are not surprised to find the Freud himself comes under the ban of the censorious and is labelled "obscene," because he has endeavoured to destroy the elaborate safety apparatus which has been built up in modern society — not without forcible protests from the artists, whose genius was often, alas! not powerful enough to keep them from jumping the fence. The scientist, it should be noted, has seldom deliberately attacked the "decencies." But in his pursuit of his studies for their own sake, in his capacity of scientific artist, he has again and again raised questions which cannot be answered without "impropriety"; all the more so since it is characteristic of the taboo to extend from the forbidden thing itself to anything which might suggest it. His position enables us to make the important distinction between that treatment of a question which arises from and evokes serious interest, and that which stifles or evades it. But we need not conclude that the latter should itself be stifled. There is nothing which cannot be made an object of serious study; the prime necessity is that positive interests should be encouraged, and that is possible only if the original impulses have found outlet. Naturally, in the course of their doing so, mistakes are made. Thus we cannot accept the priggish dictum of Socrates that "the judge should have learned to know evil only from long observation of it in others." The inapplicability of this perfectionist theory to humanity has been fully demonstrated, in the particular case of sex, by Moll and Freud. Man is a sexual animal, and in this as in other activities can only

learn by "trial and error." He does so learn, however the facts may be concealed from and by himself and others; but the concealment is a source of great mischief. We must say, in fact, that obscenity is the expression of a compulsive and distorted interest in sex, and that it is naturally allied with the repression of the spontaneous interest.

Similar arguments apply in the case of the other two great classes of censurable matter; the seditious and the blasphemous. In all three cases the attempt is made to determine degrees without determining kinds, and we have arbitrary condemnations of certain activities as "going too far," or being "dangerous if pursued." It is, of course, always possible that these judgements are really based on qualitative distinctions, which simply happen not to have been verbally expressed. But so long as the ground of distinction is not stated, we cannot say whether we agree with the judgements or not. And we are the less disposed to accept them since we know that there are strong forces

at work to prevent any speculation whatever on the subjects of sex, theology and politics, and that any free treatment of these subjects is commonly classed as objectionable and brought under the ban. Such treatment certainly hurts susceptibilities, and if the criterion of the social desirability of anything were whether the majority of people liked it, we should have to dispense with much that we are at present free to enjoy.

To make the matter more precise we may return to Remington's statement of the need for education. It is necessary that people should be "fine," i.e., that they should be capable of treating these subjects objectively, instead of regarding any reference to them as an insult to their virtue. But this type of free education flourishes where an attempt is made to "make" the people fine or anything else but attention is paid to the subjects. This is where all the modern psychological or "individual" methods go wrong. And the same applies to Society, with all due respect to Socrates, cannot be founded on guardianship, even if we could assume that our constituted guardians were trained in "dialectic." Ruling, conceived as the transmission of virtues to the ruled, is a pious fiction; unless a governing body is itself expressive of the virtues of the many, it can rule only by force or fraud — that is to say, in either event, by fraud.

What, then, is the force of law in the community? Are we reduced in our defence of liberty to a defence of anarchy? This is a question to be faced like any other. We may begin by asking what anarchy is. It is presumably something like Hobbes' "war of all against all." Now why, as a matter of fact, do not all war against all? Is it because they have made a prudential compact to evade the consequences of mutual hostility, by giving up so much of their liberty? Not at all; no such state of hostility has ever existed. If it had the compact could never have been made. Again, assuming it to have been made, it would not work — the demonstration of this being one of the notable features of the "Republic." With each person trying to give up as little and to get as much as possible, even the appearance of concord could not be maintained. The fact is that people find co-operation natural and enjoyable, not because of the dangers it averts but because they are made that way. Otherwise they would never have discovered that it averted dangers. Allowing, as we must, that there are other motives than the co-operative, we cannot overlook the defects of a utilitarian conception of evolution. It is, in fact, merely a confused teleology, and does not allow for the spontaneous operation of human motives.

Thus we cannot assign even to taboos a merely precautionary basis. But in addition to laws based on and issuing in fear there must always have been definite modes of co-operative activity, making possible both the recognition, in the course of time, of rules whereby the work might go forward, and the modification of rules previously established. Doubtless there are no rules which cannot be so perverted as to take the mandatory form. But they are indefensible in that form, since it is required that their basis and working shall not be examined. The only logical defence of them consists in showing what motives they promote and express; a demonstration which requires that they should be operated in a critical fashion. To admit that they have to be defended by censorship and the demand for obedience, instead of by ventilation and the recognition of things themselves, is to admit that they do not work. An institution or a country which, in such a predicament, falls back on "tradition," adopting an exclusive attitude and attributing all its ills to external and accidental influences, is like the neurotic accusing "fate" instead of his own repressions. Educators and Governments cannot do people's thinking and living for them, and a censorious attitude on their part shows that they do not understand their functions.

Liberty, then, is the ability to take things artistically, to pursue them for their own sake. It cannot be supported except by itself; there is no other motive to it than those free activities already in existence, in others and in a man's own self. It demands publicity and is opposed to all obscuring and confusing of issues. We might almost say that its greatest foe in English-speaking countries is the law of libel, based upon the ridiculous conception of "reputation." A free society, on the other hand, would be concerned only with things as they are. Its attitude towards repressive or obsessional activities would be to provide channels through which they could express themselves as criticism of existing arrangements or as demands for material upon which to work. It would recognise that a certain amount of opposition is a good thing — instead of demanding unanimity and expressions of "loyalty" to particular policies, as was done, with great social damage, during the late war. When opposition goes so far as to attack the basis of co-operation itself, it must be rooted out; but this is best accomplished under conditions of the fullest possible publicity. And the need will least often arise when the upholders of co-operation have themselves continually examined, exposed and expounded its foundations. Censorship, in short, is anti-social and is never "in the public interest."

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WHERE IS THE NEW LEFT ?

Four years ago radicalism barely existed on Adelaide campus; at most it consisted of an ALP-oriented opposition to the Vietnam war. The prominent spokesmen were academics and they, like the students, opposed discrete elements of our society (war, racism, etc.) but made no attempt to project this opposition into a comprehensive radical analysis of existing society.

Today students are considerably more radical and by their actions, particularly in opposition to the Vietnam war and their demand for democracy within the University have displaced the traditional spokesmen. But although there is a large number of radical and revolutionary students on campus, the same piecemeal analysis of society persists. There is an urgent need to analyse the political, economic and cultural dispersion of power in Australia, to locate the exact sources of our oppression under advanced capitalist society, and to devise far-reaching strategies for change.

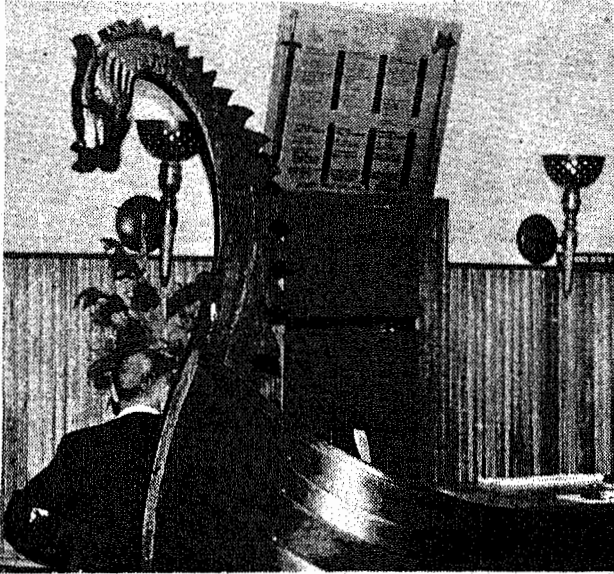
Only a marxist analysis can effectively accommodate and synthesize the multitude of factors which combine to create the economic exploitation, the cultural oppression and the depersonalization of human relationships characteristic of a technologically advanced nation. The task of analysing Australian society, and devising ways to change it, will be attempted at a series of NEW LEFT SEMINARS to be held every Thursday at 1.00 in the Lady Symon Library. These seminars are open to all students and staff of all faculties.

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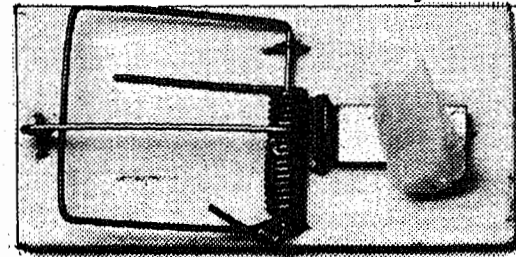
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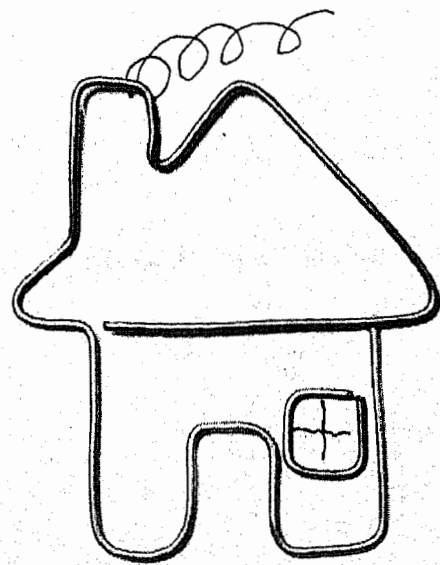
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Economics

STERILE DISCIPLINE?

Philip McMichael, an Economics graduate, investigates the study at this University of the orthodox economics tradition, and evaluates the function of orthodox economics in contemporary capitalist society.

The most significant feature of the economics course at this university is that students acquire virtually no perspective on the history and ideology of economic theory. What the substance of the course presents are prevailing orthodox economic theories, which do in fact have unacknowledged historical and ideological roots.

The significance of this is based on two primary questions to be asked of the economics discipline as a university course:

1. What is the intellectual rationale for teaching only orthodox economics — and if it is that economics is "scientific," — how scientific is it?
2. Whether economics is scientific or not, how useful can it be as a social science, while it isolates itself from political and social variables?

This paper will attempt to examine these questions.



MARKET SOCIETY

By confining its examination of society to the level of the market, orthodox economics conveniently ignores the essential social and political nature of capitalist society. The notion of the market society enables all exchange-relationships to reduce the quantitative differences that are measurable in monetary terms, rather than qualitative differences. Hence labour becomes a commodity, and the economist abstracts himself from relations between people, allowing the economic exploitation of humans and human groups to go unnoticed. The market concept is the first step towards dehumanisation of societal relations.

The economist might claim that his function is merely to understand the workings of "the economy," and thence to streamline its functioning for the benefit of everyone, or, to use the economics maxim, "to maximise satisfaction."

Interestingly enough, the very concept of "exploitation," although used in an historical sense such that it is removed to the nineteenth century is anathema today for economists, since their rationality forbids the use of "emotive" terms. However, capitalism has retained its basic extremes of poverty and wealth, both nationally and internationally, which indicates the persistence of economic exploitation. And this suggests that economists sterilise themselves from an "emotive assumption" such as "exploitation" because it questions the assumed, underlying harmony of interests within capitalist society. Thus the economist's understanding of the workings of "the economy" will never approach the fundamental maladies of contemporary capitalism — such as exploitation, poverty and imperialism, as we seen them, for example in our own Aboriginal population and in New Guinea.

For if ever there was a discipline that was incapacitated by its own rhetoric, it is economics. And it is important for the student of economics to recognise this, before he is bought off by the mystifying conventional wisdom that is propagated in the Economics Department.



MYSTIFICATION

The mystification process arises from two sources. In the first place, the economics course never acknowledges the importance of the historical and sociological roots of the analysis it employs. For instance, the Department advertises its courses as dealing with "THE theory of value" or "THE theory of the trade cycle," etc. Retrospectively one sees that there is no one theory of value or of the trade cycle — there are several, and they differ. In the general course, the classical labour theory of value, which is the only economic theory that approaches the subject of (economic) exploitation, is ignored. This is no doubt because it questions the structure of our economic system; and hence orthodox economics discounts its validity as a "scientific" instrument of analysis.

Secondly, the modern theoretical refinements of century-old orthodox analysis monopolise attention, and divert it from the real question of the use of economics as a social science. Preoccupation with theory abounds at the expense of whether it is practical and relevant to analysis of the problems of contemporary society. "The theory of the firm" is studied, but there is no real attempt to study the implications for the total economy or specific regions of the economy of the practice of the firm, and of its modern equivalent, the corporation.



KEYNESIANISM

The economics course is chiefly concerned with Keynesian economics. Keynes' essentially short-run macro-economics (the total economy) analysis pervades the three years.

It is only in third year that the student becomes fully aware of Keynes' reconstruction of the "classical tradition" of economics.

One of Keynes' important contributions to macro-economics was to argue forcefully that state expenditure was necessary to stimulate a level of economic activity adequate to assure a high level of employment. This destroyed the classical belief in the automaticity of the capitalist society in restoring full-employment equilibrium after its successive recessions. (The student should not be deluded here the neo-Keynesian argument for public expenditure has in fact legitimised an unholy alliance between government finance and private capital, where the state's role in economic stimulation becomes one of ensuring profitable investment opportunities for the powerful corporations).

Hence students spend a good deal of their time employing a Keynesian formula to activate an under-fully-employed economy with artificial public/private divisions, presented in the form of mathematical riddles. Economics becomes a theoretical numbers game, to paint a veneer of science over an indulgence of academic puzzles.

Even Professor Paul Samuelson, esteemed American neo-Keynesian, remarks: "We have found that there is a danger that even the good student... will remember income determinations as a matter of algebraic multiplier manipulations instead of thinking about President Nixon's problem of curbing inflation or Prime Minister Wilson's problem of getting Britain's productivity up."



IMPOTENCE

Samuelson is sounding a very valid warning, which highlights the abstracted, mechanistic nature of the economics discipline. But he is also unwittingly pointing out the impotence of orthodox economics. For persistent abstraction precludes economists from posing the fundamental questions of CAUSATION of the irrationalities symptomatic of capitalism.

These symptoms, or irrationalities of production facing us today include: the existence of unemployment and technological unemployment, ever-threatening inflation, imperialist wars, urban decay, impoverishment in the "Third World," rising social costs of production, growing unmet social needs, increasing volume of waste production and production destined for destructive purposes, the danger of irreversible ecological damage, and gross economic imbalances, which allow the social dislocation and frighteningly obvious economic and political power of the large corporations.

Orthodox economic theory, operating in its reified state of elaborate models, is not concerned, and cannot by its very nature ask these basic questions of causation. It may go so far as to ask "WHAT causes inflation?" or "WHAT causes under-development in the Third World?" and provide its stock economic answers, but it steers clear of the real questions of "WHO causes..." and "what is the historical nature of capitalist development that throws up these irrationalities?"

Orthodox economics lies impotent here for two reasons:

- (1) It cannot ask these questions;
- (2) It will not ask these question.



SCIENTIFIC?

(1) Modern orthodox economics sees itself as scientific, ostensibly free from political and sociological variables, as opposed to the political economy of Smith, Malthus and Marx.

Political economy was pushed aside in the mid-nineteenth century by marginal economics, propagated by the neo-classical school. This school concentrated on individual consumption, rather than social production, which had been the starting point of the classical economists and of Marx. The neo-classicists' objective function was, (no doubt), purely apologetic — to justify the capitalist order as more or less inevitable; to justify wages, prices and profits as the result of exchanges executed on an equal footing, in a free market. The rapid expansion of capitalism of the second half of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth century, was to the neo-classicists sufficient argument in favour of capitalism. Hence, there was seemingly no need for a trend of economic thought other than this apologetic school.

Consequently, the firm entrenchment of the neo-classical school consolidated the assumption of equilibrium theory to be the governing law of the market. Equilibrium theory set up a model that idealises a private enterprise market economy, working in conditions of perfect competition where prices and economic decisions are determined by the interacting forces of supply and demand in a free market. And so in the economics course, pursuit of the mythical equilibrium state (both in the macro-sense of the total economy, and in the micro-sense of price determination in the consumer market and the relation of the firm or industry to this) is a three-year obsession; thereby relegating the far more important notion of economic dynamics to insignificance, and excusing itself on the grounds of academic convenience.

As Joan Robinson remarks in her "Economic Philosophy": "the soothing harmonies of equilibrium supported 'laissez-faire' ideology and the elaboration of the argument kept us all too busy to have any time for dangerous thoughts."

Preoccupation with equilibrium theory places monopolistic and oligopolistic practices on a special plane as aberrations from the norm of perfect competition. The competitive model not only precludes the very notion of a planned economy but it also diverts analysis from the immediate realities of our modern corporate structures. Never did we approach the social and political implications of the phenomenon of industrial and financial concentration in the national and international economy, in the economics course.

I also remember to my horror answering a question in the Economics I exam paper that asked, "why does the model of perfect competition continue to receive so much attention from economists?", the only answer possible after a year's study being the one of academic convenience, yardsticks, etc. (I passed). And this was not very subtle indoctrination of orthodox method and assumption in economic analysis.



POLICY

Orthodox economic theory, underpinned by market equilibrium theory and marginalist theory, does not incorporate, and so cannot comprehend, production irrationalities, and hence is unable to develop appropriate policy. For instance, marginalist economics is unreal because its fundamental categories are individual categories of consumer and firm, while production itself is social. And so micro-economics is incapable of developing a theory of production and social needs.

Similarly macro-theory has never developed a theory of the causes of state spending — only a hypothesis regarding the effects of state spending. Any interrelationships between public and private expenditure therefore remain unevaluated, leaving a vital omission where government and private business links (neo-capitalism) should be recognised and the implications analysed. Further, Keynesian theory fails to disaggregate the economy, and thus is unable to examine the problem of disproportionalities between economic sectors. For example, disaggregation would demonstrate that government expenditure, leading to an expansion of the corporate sector of the economy, causes the decline of the small business, and specifically, causes the further concentration of capital as the result of such things as urban renewal and military investment.



VALUE JUDGEMENTS

A pervasive feature of the economics course is that "value judgements" are stifled — for two reasons:

(a) orthodox economics claims to be objective and scientific, and value judgements are dangerous and non-academic;

(b) if a student feels that the economics he is being taught does not correspond with his experiences of political and social realities, he is unable to relate the two, and value judgements become irrelevant. His text-book language and its "other things being equal" obsession, abstract him from reality, and leave him confused. He lacks confidence to observe simply that the manipulation of its captive market by corporate power is the rule, that the consumer has no sovereignty and therefore no choice, and that "perfect competition" is totally irrelevant. When tutorial time comes, unless he has a mind for solving algebraic problems, he finds he is unable to participate himself. Alienation is rife in the economics tutorials.

Disallowment of "value judgements" is both the weakness and the supreme paradox of economics. Not only does bourgeois economics abstract itself so that the real problems of economic society cannot even be approached, but it is also built on its own value system of equilibrium that underwrites ideologically notions of laissez-faire, the market economy, and exchange on an equal basis.

But the paradox goes further as we see the market economy theory belied by concentration of corporate power, enabling corporations to remove price and profit from the vagaries of the free market. As Michael Harrington remarks in "THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY": "some of the elements of capitalist collectivisation, then, are the concentration of economic power, the consequent ability to "administer" prices to an economy rather than responding to the law of supply and demand, the utilisation of profit targets and planning techniques, the stabilisation of inventiveness (government finance of technological research and development), and the abolition of risk in the money market." Further, the rationalisation and collectivisation of production require the rationalisation and collectivisation of taste; and as Harrington continues, "It is the role of advertising to make the misallocation of resources characteristic of corporate collectivism appear as the free choice of society."

One might ask how orthodox economics can exist in the face of this paradox. It may be said that bourgeois economics is far removed from the real world of economic power, and so its existence is separate and irrelevant to the political dynamics and irrationalities of the system. Further one can suggest that the reason why modern economics offers no qualitative solutions is that Keynesian preoccupation has preempted the available resources of economists, and dominated the development of economic studies.

Finally it may be necessary to extend Joan Robinson's statement about economics, that "all along it has been striving to escape from sentiment and to win for itself the status of a science." In a society that is obsessed with measuring value, and where value is the basis of production, it is clear that value theory cannot escape a metaphysical foundation, and therefore neither can economic theory. And while departmentalisation of knowledge exists, an economics discipline which isolates itself from political, historical and sociological factors, is worthless.



RATIONALE

(2) Orthodox economics, by its very nature, will not ask fundamental questions of causation, and will therefore never recognise economic exploitation.

This is because the orthodoxy was developed by economists with vested interests in economic society during a period of general capitalist expansion. They have justified their economy by rationalising the wage and profit system and stressing the notion of free market-exchange forces in their analysis, despite the real phenomenon of monopoly capitalism. Quite simply production has always been directed by a ruling class, and to maintain its power it must develop a rationale — bourgeois economics.

Marx sums up the evasive analysis of bourgeois economics in his work "Grundrisse," which is still being translated into English for the first time:

"In these simple forms of the money-relation, all the immanent contradictions of bourgeois society appear extinguished, and that is why bourgeois

democrats take refuge with them... to justify the existing economic relationship. In truth, so long as a commodity is seen only as an exchange-value, and the relations between them are seen only as exchange-relations, as equilibriums of these exchange-values, then the individuals, the subjects between whom this process takes place, are merely partners in exchange. There is absolutely no formal difference between them... Thus, as subjects of exchange, their relationship is one of equality... the commodities which they exchange are, as exchange-values, equivalents; or at least count as equivalents. (There could at most be subjective error in their reciprocal appraisal, and in so far as one individual gained an advantage over another, this would not be in the nature of the social function which brings them together., for this function is identical for both, and within it they are equal. It would rather be the result of natural cleverness, persuasion etc., in short, a result of the purely individual superiority of one individual over another...) Thus if one individual accumulates wealth and the other does not, neither is doing it at the expense of the other... If one becomes poorer and the other richer, it is of their own free will, and proceeds in no way out of the economic relation, the economic situation in which they meet." (My emphasis).

Bourgeois economics will not change its mode of analysis in order to comprehend the irrationalities, because to do so would undermine the ideological basis of corporate rule in society. To change bourgeois economic analysis would, for example, subvert the concepts of the primacy of profits over use, and the primacy of individual atomisation and competition over co-operation. And economic exploitation would have to be recognised — how else can the economist justify the low wages of women, for instance, without recognising women as one of the exploited groups in society?

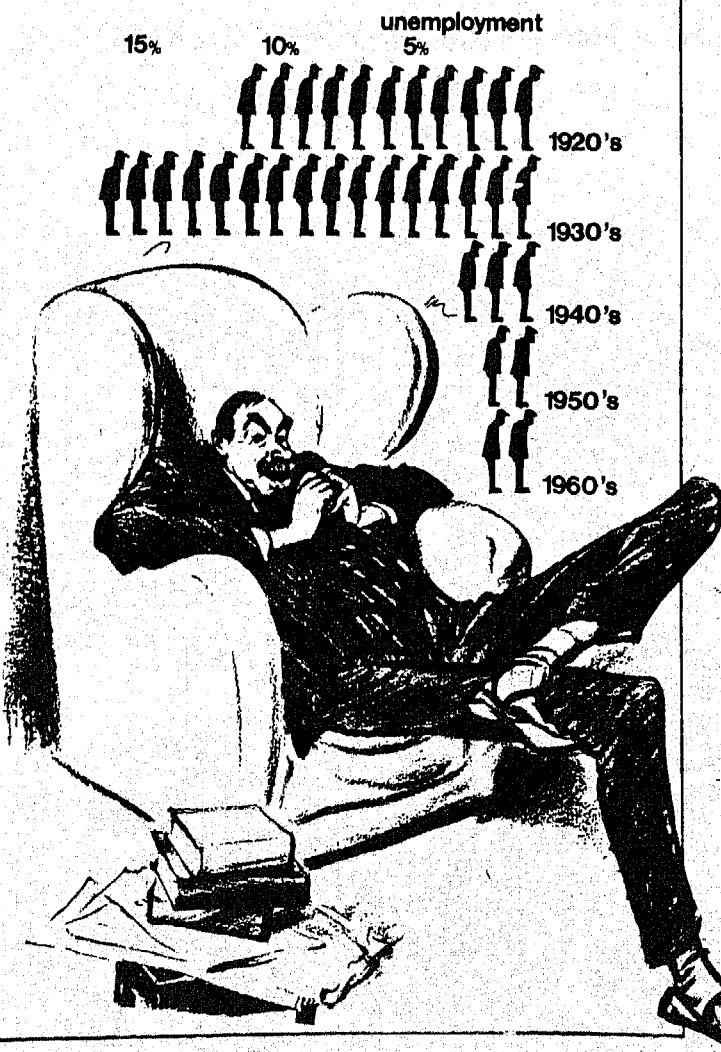
And these are the concepts that the economics student is bound to accept — primacy of profits in all economic decisions, the desirability for 2-3% unemployment to restrain inflationary forces, economic "growth" rather than resource allocation priorities based on social need, efficiency rather than quality, the economic virtues of large-scale production (social and political implications?), and further quantitative assumptions.

Taking one example — where growth is the criterion of success, and investment must seek out its most profitable channels to achieve this — allocation of resources to public uses (e.g. slum clearance, hospitals, education, transport rationalisation, etc.) always take second place, as bourgeois economics stresses primacy of profits over use — is poverty an aberration?

Because most academics accept orthodox economics as scientific, or because they have an affinity for ruling class economics by the nature of their university position, or because this is what business wants, they see no need to study the Marxist economic tradition. One senior lecturer in Economics III claimed last year that Hobson and Marx were "way-out economists." Graduate economics departments place a premium on "rigorous analysis (academic masturbation) by compelling the student to master orthodox theory and quantitative methods.

The business world demands subordination and belief in the "values" (paradoxical as they are) of orthodox economic theory, and so the hegemony of corporate society embraces the economics course, at the expense of critical study and intellectual integrity. To this extent the teaching of economics becomes totalitarian.

Philip McMichael.



The Role of the Dope Pusher in a Primitive Society



Dave Crocker : Arts

Recently, in Sydney, a young man was goaled for eighteen months for smoking Indian hemp. This was the natural sequence of events for one of Australia's law-abiding, freedom-loving states. If the police are down on drug takers then they are certainly down on the pushers, and in fact, these are the people who supposedly cause all the trouble. Somehow drug abuse is related to the pusher who supplies the stuff, especially as he seems to be concentrating on naive youth.

The pusher is supposedly the villain of the drug plot, but he does his job for the general community even if his business is in opposition to the law, Woolworths and the AMA. He is both conscientious and hard-working, and without his perseverance many a simply pot-puffer would have been hung up ages ago.

Who is the pusher and what are his motives?

The pusher is really a pretty bright boy. Generally his prerequisites are a degree in Economics, a knowledge of the physiology and anatomy of the higher nerve centres, a detailed knowledge of Botany and a particular knowledge of class Liliales, contacts within the hierarchy of law, order and disorder, a bird with a getaway car and basic knowledge of jurisprudence.

The pusher must at all times be friendly, charming, polished and conversant with elementary pharmacology. He must know what is toxic and what is not. Finally, and what has become increasingly important, in an age of Freak Outs, he must have some knowledge of psychiatry. The demand these days has been so alarming that pushers generally require Diplomas of psychiatry, which are freely available from the Med. School.

So the pusher is not all dope. Neither is he a nurtured rat who sucks blood from the life-stream of humanity. He is largely the product of a society which refuses to pass pot over the counter. He is no worse than the doctor who consistently performed abortions illegally because he believed that it was right.

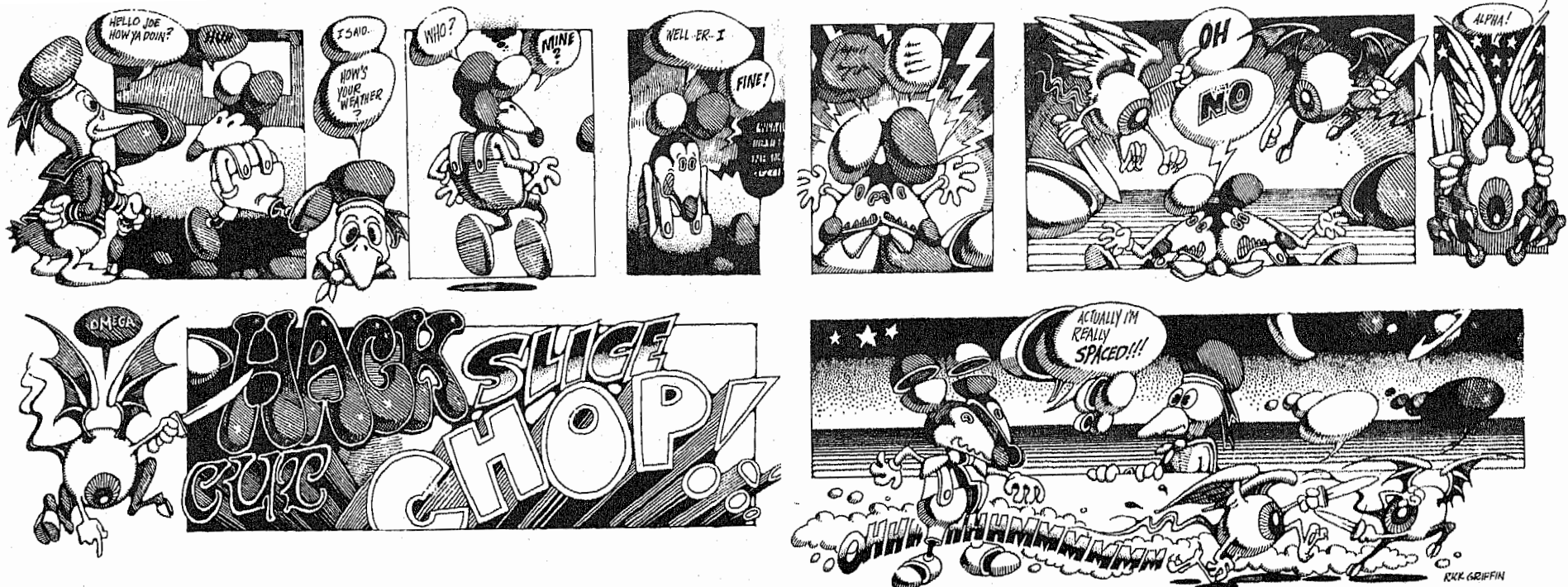
The pusher has a place in our little community, despite hair-tugging exhibitions by the AMA, the benevolent altruistic speeches of the judiciary, and progressive ferretting of the police department. From these sources the good news of a drug problem might also suggest that there is a social problem. The immediate source and danger of the drug problem has been associated with the influx of pot, rather than the astronomical pill-taking habits of most Australians.

It seems that the problem of drug taking itself must lie on the shoulders of the people who authorise the drugs. I find it hard to believe that a society will of its own accord accept pills for every physical and mental disability imaginable. Pill-orientation can only begin with the doctor and the chemist. These are the people who instigate and encourage preventive medicine, and these are the people who must accept the burden of the sub-culture that has risen from it.

So the pusher, if he doesn't already work in conjunction with some doctor, chemist or drug company, owes his very existence to preventive medicine and the preservation of life. He is an offshoot of scientific progress rather than being in opposition to it.

But the pusher must accept the fact that he is to be regarded as a social outcast at least until such time as pot is legalised. He has only to wait, in South Australia, until 1984, when Elliot Johnson comes to power.





In the past few editions POP has been running a very obscure cartoon series. The time has come to reveal more of the startling truth behind OMO BOB, VALHALA and a host of other loveable old favourites!! NOW READ ON!

Pop goes on a graphic trip and discovers spaced-age art



The examples produced above and below are part of a new Graphic artform that is becoming increasingly popular in the United States. The cartoon sequence was created by Rick Griffin. Along with similar, though often more obscure sequences, and cartoons by other artists of quasi-political or quasi-pornographic nature, Griffin's work appears in several American comic books which are at present enjoying considerable notoriety in America.

Under titles such as 'Zap' and 'Radical Komix', and 'approved by Hell's Angels, Los Angeles', or by the 'United Geeks of America', samples such as appear in our POP pages are part of an ever-growing counter-culture in the comic world. Turning on and Freaking out are predominant underlying themes in the work of Griffin and Munro (see below). More down-to-earth cartoons of a style popular in the thirties and forties deal with bikeys, 'Mr. Natural', Hamburgers, Meatballs, Trucking ("Trucking, trucking down the line!") and other American Institutions. These cartoons are drawn by R. Crumb.

Both Crumb and Griffin have unleashed their talents on record covers (Remember Janis Joplin's first album with Big Brother?), while Griffin has drawn several startlingly intricate and weird-looking posters for Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditoriums. Fairly obviously closely connected with hallucinogenic experiences, Griffin's spaced-age art eliminates in most cases any meaningful dialogue, and the continuity of the cartoon depends largely on the pictorial sequences. In some of the sequences the shapes and 'characters' undergo a strange kind of 'transition' from frame to frame. In the example above, there is at least some vestige of dialogue ("How's your weather?"). In the example below, however, by Munro, a transition of shapes takes place from frame to frame almost as if these are cartoon 'stills' from a full-length animation involving constantly changing and merging areas and objects. For example, the remaining duck-like shape disintegrates over the last three frames in frozen animation.

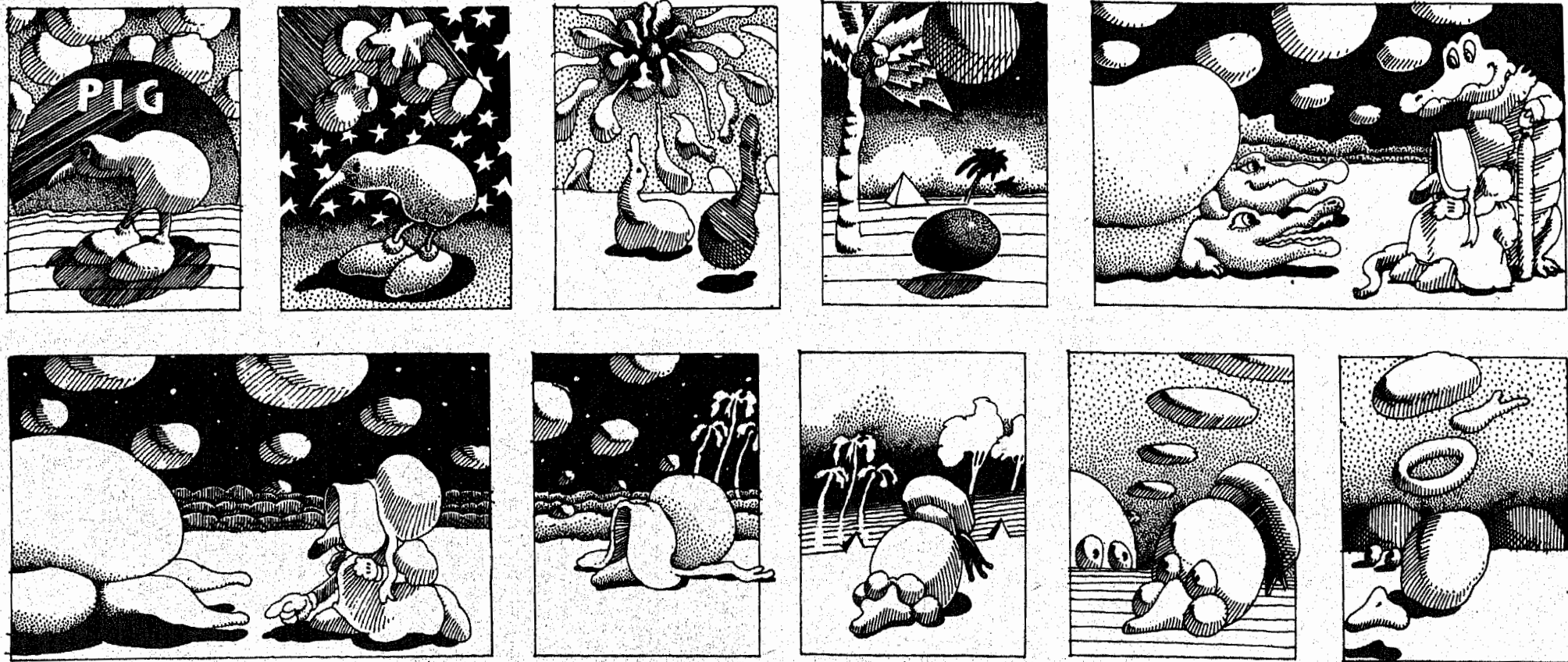
The motif (left) is similar to those appearing on Fillmore posters.

When studied carefully, the motif appears extremely intricate in concept, and a certain theme or interpretation can be made about its significance. One such interpretation would run like this.

The child has been formed by the conjoining of the sperm eagerly seeking the ova on which the child sits. From the instant of birth, the mind of the child is surrounded by/trapped by a thing of enormous evil, the evil mind-encroaching society which conditions the child. Claws of death, scarab beetle-shapes, dracula-like fangs, all-seeing eyes and skulls emphasize the evil nature of the dominant section. However, the letters AMA, being detached from the centre, can rise above evil, in the way the sun behind them rises freely over the earth beneath the baby from whence life (in the form of sperm) comes.

The complexity of the central dominant evil area is remarkable. There are four or five faces merging into each other, each as grotesque as the other. The lower face is that of an antelope's skull. Two crows, whose beaks point in to the mouth of another face, perch on the skull's antlers, while the horns of the skull form the lower lips of the upper face. By looking carefully one can discern the other faces within the central complexity.

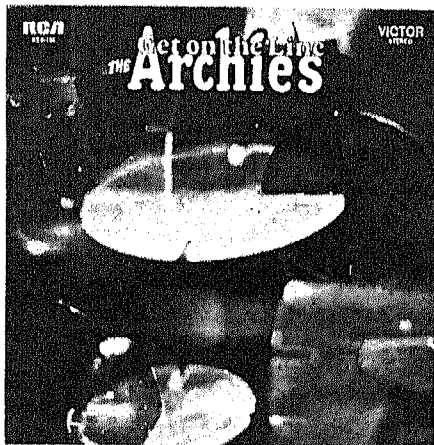
Griffin favours a kind of symmetry, not just pictorially, but in his choice of words (letters?); for example, OMO, OXO, ALOHAHOLA and so on. His symbols occur again and again in the thematic motifs: scarab beetles, bulbous shapes, claws, sperm and ova, twisted twigs, skulls and rising suns as well as obscure symmetrical words intricately build up a pattern. His art, fascinating, obscurist, graphically defies perspective and 'reality.' In more ways than one it is a cartoon analogy of an hallucinogenic trip: spaced-age art for the spaced-age generation.



AIRPLANE ARCHIES- SAME LABEL, WORLDS APART

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

The point of course is that as long as it sells, the corporations (almost) don't mind what's in it. So there is nothing odd at all about the fact that RCA produces the most important revolutionary record and the most reactionary record for several years within a month of each other. **Volunteers** by the Jefferson Airplane could not be further removed in the spectrum of creativity and political direction than **Jingle Jangle** by the Archies. The former has about it a ring of almost total sincerity, a drive behind their work that devastates the listener; the latter is a plastic fabrication, a non-existent group playing meaningless schmaltz of the worst order, the whole concept of which smells like some devilish CIA plot.



THE ARCHIES
JINGLE JANGLE C

With the Archies comes a third stage in the Bubblegum war against Earthy and quasi-revolutionary groups who appear to be steadily gaining control of today's youth.

The first and second stages were of course *The Monkees* and the *1910 Fruitgum Co.* (with variations). It is nothing new for the record companies to create instant 'talent' to cash in on a craze which, more often than not, would have been deliberately manufactured by rival corporations. One might say that 1984 started in the fifties with the Rock Revolution.

What is new is that it seems no longer important to have people miming records they would have had nothing to do with. Not long ago *The Monkees* were the subject of scandal upon the discovery that on some tracks substitutes were playing all the instruments during recording sessions. By the time the *Fruitgum Co.* released 'Simple Simon' it was openly admitted that the record was the sole work of session men. Only when the demand for appearances grew too great was a group hastily put together and went on the road.

The Archies, however, will never be personified: animated for television, they use the medium to promote their latest releases and dances. Veronica and Betty (yes, it's those Archies!) are updated by having their hemlines upgraded a few inches, while Archie, Reggie and Jughead have been doomed to a life of short-slick-back-and-sides, straight, cuffed, pleated trousers and lettered sweaters. Minis (respectable length) are not, it appears, un-American, but long hair and bright clothes on males are.

The characters spend their time having clean, pure, good-natured fun and their LP is a collection of clean, pure, good natured songs of the 'Can-I-Walk-You-Home?' variety.

The sleeve notes read as if they were written by the PR man for the John Birch Society:

The sparkle of young, spirited voices creating clean, pure fun... as American as baseball, as popular on the international scene as jet travel and still as uncomplicated as a frisky puppy... the Archies build up with good nature rather than tearing down with bitterness and disillusionment... it's exuberant, it's jubilant, it's young and alive... a message that's profound in its simplicity. This has been the year of the Astronauts landing on the moon, the Mets, the Archies... ad nauseum...

Of course, the album will sell well. All the songs are happy and gay with a definite beat (nothing sad or slow in the plastic Archie world) and the lyrics have that insidious banality that forces you to sing them like you tend to sing TV Commercials. RCA get full marks for a successful attempt to pacify the proles.

THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
VOLUNTEERS A

It is a cliché to say that a new album is 'The best album so far from such-and-such a group,' but cliché or not, it is certainly true of the Jefferson Airplane's latest release.

Grace Slick proves that she is a most important part of the Airplane, while the rest of the group seem artistically more coherent in an album of Haight-Ashbury Rock and powerful allusions (together with a few obscenities). The Airplane are augmented with Californian Notables Steve Stills and David Crosby (who presumably do a two-third version of 'Wooden Ships' which appears on their album with Graham Nash). As well, Nicky Hopkins provides a superb piano (he has played with the Rolling Stones and works with The Family) and Gerry Garcia adds his guitar from the Grateful Dead. The presence of these top musicians shows the high regard top-flight musicians have for the Jefferson Airplane.

The Airplane had considerable difficulty getting the record released (they make a point of noting 'All the songs... complete and unexpurgated...'). Not so much because of the one or two 'obscenities' here and there presumably but because of the nature and content of their material. The 'volunteers' are none other than those who wish to bring him down the entire fabric of the American Capitalist society. ('Tear down the Wall'), and in making a call to the like-minded people to 'Get Together', the Airplane are making an unequivocal statement of their position:

We are all outlaws in the eyes of America/
In order to survive we steal cheat lie forge
warp pike and deal/
We are obscene lawless hideous dangerous
dirty violent
... and we are, we are!
Everything they say, we are, we are!
And we're very proud of ourselves!

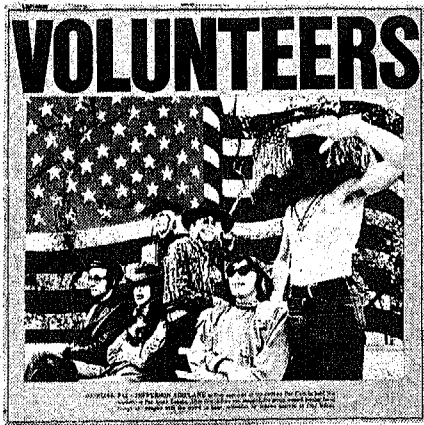
One wonders how long it will be before the vast record corporations like RCA will tolerate the truly revolutionary groups who advocate the destruction of capital and support, who support the drug ethos and who encourage open revolt against society in a manner as devastating as the Airplane's. Only once does the standard on the LP drop, when in the track 'Good Shepherd' a rather musically-clichéd melody line doesn't compliment an otherwise solid backing. Throughout the work there are some remarkable sections with several brilliant guitar segments by Jerry Garcia.

The music is confident, Strong, forthright: there is none of the radical rhetoric of the theatrically revolutionary MC5 (Mother-s we want to see a Revolution out there!). Rather, the Jefferson Airplane sing with a determination that keeps the entire album at a high not usually reached by most Pop Groups. The last track ends in a strong, rhythmic insistence:

We're Volunteers of America, Volunteers of
America!
We got a Revolution, got a Revolution!!

Again one hesitates to come out with the well-worn cliché, but almost certainly this is one of the best records to be released by any Pop Group at any time.

A.H.

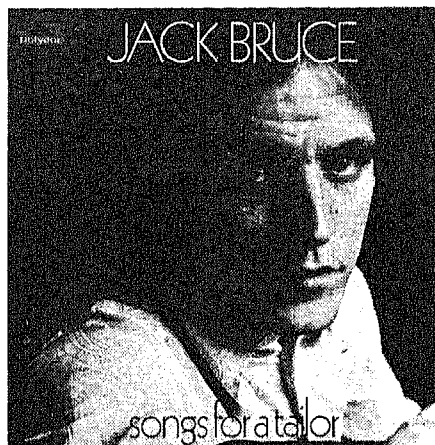


BEST OF THE TROGGS

What sounded aggressive and erotic only a few years ago now sounds remarkably tame and slightly funny if not actually embarrassing. A ride down Memory Land (otherwise known as Tin Can Alley - Can as in Knock) will take you from 'Wild Thing' to 'Give it to Me.'

CHRIS BRITTON
AS I AM C

As you were. Britton is yet another member of a pop group who feels one's company and four's a crowd. The crowd in this case were the Troggs, and if one may be permitted the ellipsis, the One that was Company is *Page One Records* who have released both the Best of Troggs (above) and Britton's recording. On his own Britton is far from being the best of the Troggs: very few breakaway singers produce anything better than the group they left (whatever happened to Paul Jones?) and Britton is no exception.



JACK BRUCE
SONGS FOR A TAILOR B

The album needs time to grow on you. Little of the Cream influence is apparent and apart from a few lapses into stereotyped breaks and rhythms Bruce has produced a successful solo album, though his compositions lack much of the fire that characterized his work with Clapton and Baker.

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
DEJA VU

LEWICKI SAYS: A

This album is such a huge improvement over their first that it doesn't sound like the same group. In fact it isn't: the addition of Neil Young (ex Buffalo Springfield) has given the harmonies a fuller, deeper sound while Taylor and Reeves (the latter laying down a beautifully unobtrusive bass) give the group a heaviness that you would not have thought could have developed from 'Marrakesh Express.' Jerry Garcia and John Sebastian also appear (do all super-groups become super-session men?). With two singles out already ('Woodstock' and 'Teach your Children') this album is obviously one of the best releases of the year.

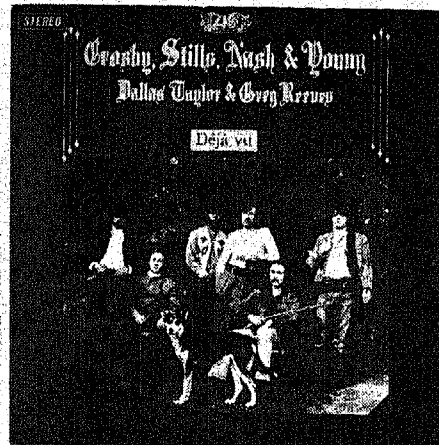
HANN SAYS: B-

CS&N was musically rather poor, although the 'Wooden ships' side was reasonable, with the exception of an atrociously pretentious track called 'Lady of the Island'. CS&N sounded rather too much like the Hollies, although the Hollies were okay in some of their earlier numbers. CSNT & DT & GR are just too, too heavy for words, and sound just like they did on the first album. The whole thing is a terrible super-cliche: each track sounds like a combination of several tracks from the previous album. There is nothing musically new, inventive or interesting whatsoever.

Most reviewers give CSNTT&R (God!) good-to-rave crits: they have been sucked in by the heaviness alone. The words are SIMPLE, HONEST, CLEAN, DEEP, SENSITIVE, GENTLE, PURE, PHILOSOPHIC AND QUIETLY MEANINGFUL and the tone is SINCERITY, HONESTY, STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS AND THE TRUE GOOD EARTH AND GRIT. IN are country hick moleskins, rifles, dogs, ancient (tradition) cowpokes, belts, shells (of huntin' fishin' kind) wicker rocking-chairs (homely), old guitars (ethnic) and foreign languages (obscure). With Al Kooper on the Supersession album, Steve Stills was a screaming gas: he can't be serious about this one. The others seem to be.

With John Sebastian (that the Loving Spoonful should stoop so low!) and Jerry Garcia (the Grateful Dead no doubt revolving at 33 1/3 in their graves) both playing in the session, how can one dare to suggest that the record is an utter fail? Yet it is an utter fail. At least it's better than the Archies.

'Deja Vu'? I wish I knew the French for 'Already been and gone': it would have been more appropriate for something that is sheer lollipop.

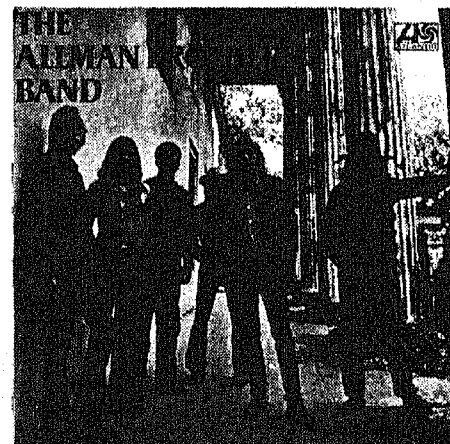


MANFRED MANN
CHAPTER THREE B-

In their new lineup Manfred Mann have replaced a singer with an alto-flute. There is a corresponding drop in the standard of vocals as the remainder of the group try to make up the deficiency. The album which 'represents in general what we personally have been wanting to do for some years' is a pleasant little jazz-blues groove. Yorks' mouth-harp playing sounds uncannily like Paul Jones' playing of the 'Smokestack Lightning' days.

NILSSON
AERIAL BALLET C

The hit single 'Everybody's Talking' is quite different from the Nilsson canon, which on this album shows itself to be very much McCartneyesque of the 65-66 vintage in song structure and arrangements. The singing is different of course. If you're hoping for an album of neo-Glen Campbell you must look elsewhere. In his songwriting Nilsson is not over-inventive and 'One' is one of the few tracks that stand out from a dull bunch. Aural gymnastics is definitely not Nilsson's thing.



THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND B+

They look the part on the cover and they play the music like it was meant to be played. The adventurous record-buyer will get surprisingly good value for his money on this first album from a new hard-rock group. Gregory Allman's restrained vocals convey a quiet desperation which one always imagined was the prerogative of the black singer only. The rest of the band blends well and complements the singer and each other as if they's played together for a hundred years.

RINGO STARR
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY C

Harrison and McCartney are doing their thing on separate albums while Lennon and Ono make with the Plastic Ono Band (without the plasticity). Ringo (dear Ringo!) having neither creative talent (Paul plays drums) nor wishing to rock on with John, rather fancies himself as an old-time cabaret artist.

As a singer he's a good drummer: Ringo warbles his way through old-time favourites as 'Night and Day,' 'Bye Bye Blackbird' (arranged by Maurice Gibb), 'Star Dust' (arranged by McCartney) and 'You Always Hurt the One You Love.' The cover looks like the *Abbey Road* cover revisited: different buildings, same colours and similar reverse side. Its urbanity reflects Ringo's singing (not to mention his choice of material). On the other hand the arrangements, all by different people, prevent the record from reaching absolute rock bottom (pun not intended).

Next album forecast: Ringo sings Tex Ritter's *Country and Western Favourites*. Remember 'I Dreamt of Hillbilly Heaven'?



Isadora

VOGUE CINEMA

Starring VANESSA REDGRAVE

Does Vanessa's ecstatic flesh-torque in the publicity poster sum up the film of Isadora? I guess this is the central question. "To expose one's body is art; concealment is vulgar," pontificates Isadora Duncan in her most provocative message to the leg-bound 1890's. But this is only part of a more basic manifesto — that art should be a means of expressing the total freedom of the spirit, and that as such it should form an attitude to life. "To dance is to live," she says, and spontaneity, abandon, characterise her life, her dancing and even her violent death.

"My life is a series of flights," says the screen Isadora in a rare moment of introspection. Flight from boredom, restraint and ugliness, all of which become identified with the Victorian good life — marriage and material security. Flight towards an ideal of "beauty and simplicity." This ideal is found in the white grace and energy of Greek sculpture and in the innocence of dancing children. And above all it is found in the free flow of the sea. Isadora, her destiny shaped by Aphrodite, goddess of love, and by the sea, finds her own expression of beauty and simplicity through the dance.

There is a darker side to this aesthetic philosophy, and the film adequately displays it. The death of her own children is to Isadora the most terrible and haunting occurrence possible, since it is the destruction of beauty and simplicity. They drowned, and she herself (not explicitly in the film, but historically) attempted suicide by drowning. The creative element holds the menace of destruction.

Furthermore, as she grows old, Isadora becomes slightly ridiculous in her mad pursuit of handsome young men, a development of her earlier desire: "I want to have all my children by beautiful men." And her retreats into a dream-world come dangerously close to insanity in middle-age.

But we do not see the development in chronological sequence. Instead, we get the memoirs of the later Isadora recalling the high spots of her life, and naturally, it is the high spots that remain in our memories.

By speaking of high spots, I come at last to the flesh. The early Grecian dance scenes are quite effective in conveying the beauty and simplicity which make up Isadora's brand of freedom. But here let me aim a shaft, not at the film, but at the society which enforces a policy of censorship. In a film which, all the way, strives for an atmosphere of space, light and freedom, it is very jarring to be faced with cramped close-up, ingeniously oblique camera-shots and dark moon-lit scenes simply in the name of the decorum that Isadora flouted, to avoid showing us the naked human body.

The climatic disrobing dance fails, but it is an artistic failure rather than a censor imposed one. I feel the scene is given too much weight to do the job it ought to. If it were left to represent artistic freedom, which the action prepares for, all would be well. But instead it is forced to gather political implications, as Isadora's audience is provoked not simply by the dance itself but by the (too cleverly manipulated) ringing words of Gospel Billy outside, denouncing her and her husband as Bolshevik traitors. A complication, I think needless, which dispenses the force of the scene. Perhaps artistic integrity is spoilt on this occasion by an attempt to catch the complexity of what really happened. (After all, I have to admit that the Internationale is politically motivated dance).



The real climax for me comes before this American scene, in the (consciously contrasted) scene during the dance in Russia. The throbbing vibrancy of the Cossack singing in the warm darkness may colour history very rosy, but it does express the emotional spontaneity (and secondarily, the political unity) that the film aims to present as its positive.

Because of its theme of expansiveness, the film does not demand subtlety of acting. The men in Isadora's life are effectively acted in a spacious way, without ever actually dominating. Particularly striking are the fabulously fastidious singer (the sewing machine millionaire) and the Russian poet Esenin, ethereal in a violent, bestial kind of way ("How do you say in English, we shall make love like tigers?")

But Vanessa Redgrave holds the centre with ease and she plays with suitably exuberant gusto, interspersed with convincing moments as the pathetic, aging woman. Of course her dancing is leggy and a bit clumsy, but I guess this is the nagging question about Isadora Duncan as an historical figure — a genuine and great artist or a charlatan with a good idea?

All in all a film that just fails to achieve coherence of theme or technique (the time shuffle is not handled with the control and clarity it demands). But a film of dazzling colour and brilliant moments, with enough hints of ugliness and evil to make us think.

Bob White

ZABRISKIE POINT

I found many problems and difficulties with "Zabriskie Point", not least of all that as a portrayal of youth it is really intended to be about you and me. As such it confirmed some of my feelings and beliefs, but did little else. It seems ironical that here Antonioni is trying to express what we, as youth, feel and as a consequence youth flocks to the film to identify themselves with this imposed image. I myself take objection to two bad well-paid actors directed by a brilliant director for MGM taking upon themselves to represent the angry youth of today.

work of art magnificent in the visual and compelling in natural rhythms, but overall he can lack a sincerity which emanates from the interactions and intersections of language and action with vision and environment.

Antonioni attempted two things. Firstly he was trying to understand American society which I am told he succeeded in doing. Secondly he tried to experience the feelings of youth — their beliefs, aspirations and doubts. In this he presented to me at least a rather hackneyed contrast between the city with its advertisements, plastic, colour and disinterested



Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette in the desert at Zabriskie Point

There is brilliant photography; a sound track mingles with visual shifts so that the director although at a distance wanders with the action; a strong overall mood of indifference points to an idyllic physical love scene in a purely chaste atmosphere; and a disinterested calm pervades the whole film. These touches are the mark of a brilliant and compelling director and they make the film an important one.

Yet overall the film lacks a totality of genuineness and soft sincerity which I think highlights his earlier films. These films became poems of light and sound which spun moods and meanings:— the wavering line between reality and imagination; the delicate shifting between humanity and nature. I tend to think that Fellini was correct when he said that he would never make a film out of Italy because he would never be able to understand the real mood of the people or the atmosphere of the environment. Thus an artist may construct a

youth, and the sweeping desert where the young can find temporary freedom. Due probably to weakness of dialogue and weak actors he presented a simplistic view. Youth may be idealistic but I do not think it is simplistic at all. We may be rejecting everything, but I do not think we have become necessarily cynical or disinterested. I feel we are like the first nihilists:— "A nihilist is a man who does not bow before any authorities, who does not accept any single principle on trust, however much respect surrounds this principle" (Turgener). I accept no premises, but start again with new excitement, with an almost indefinable hope to put idealism into action. Naturally this shifts from an emphasis of total rejection, disinterest and anarchism to one of fervour and hope. Perhaps Antonioni is pointing to this complex medley but for me he failed to add anything to it and his aesthetics stopped just short of the total sincerity which for me has been the poetry of his earlier films.

Jonathan Gillis

"The Sterile Cuckoo"

PRODUCER — A. J. PAKULA

The film "focuses on a love (?) affair between two (!) students in adjacent (70 miles?) schools." Liza Minelli stars as the lonely, motherless "Pookie" Adams, eager for love to the extent of grabbing the first boy she meets on the way to Uni. Inevitably he is one of the scorned jockstrapper majority whose foibles she denounces loudly; inevitably also, he is shown to be more sensitive to the needs of others than Pookie herself — on the rare occasions when Wendell Burton lets any indication of character escape from behind the science-type predictability. The affair runs the classic course of lead-up and seduction (by Pookie), suspected pregnancy, jealousy, disenchantment of Jerry, desperate attempts at retention by Pookie, break up. The ending is weak, and unlikely. Miss Minelli's Pookie, preoccupied by death, playing on others' affections and needing to feel important, would have jumped under the bus.

Obviously an audience wanting to gain an understanding of the film is expected to have read the novel by John Nickols, (and therefore to forgive the scripts' inadequacies for sentimental reasons). Obscurity surrounds the role in their break up of Jerry's (maybe) homosexual roommate (good performance by Jim McIntire) and the presentation of Pookie's character lacks coherence. Thus, the shallow theme, and the theatrical positioning of figures in many scenes, argue an unexpected superficiality and insincerity. Miss Minelli, however, is brilliant in portraying the tense, nervous energy, the desperate loneliness, and the fear, particularly by facial expressions; but she plays the part too well. In terms of stress, the voice goes right up or right down, and the words are even more gabbled — i.e. incomprehensible. The film depends completely on the theme song "Come Saturday Morning"

to indicate the theme (they missed the point) and even the action. And the fun-while-it lasted theme is totally inadequate for the situation, since Pookie, no longer expecting a baby, will never find the complete reciprocal devotion she wants.

The producer avoids for the most part — irritating exception just before the seduction scene — the tweezeness usually seen in such films about the young, but the film does not "shed fresh light on the subject of youth." However, it sheds a lot of light on a sophisticated/middle age crass audience. It includes some very good acting, but will be a severe disappointment to those who raved over the book.

M. E. Furness.



... CAN
Heironymus MERKIN
ever Forget
MERCY Humppe
and find true happiness?

According to Newley himself, this film aims to present his personal view of life through the medium of theatrical fantasy. Using a host of experimental techniques, some genuinely imaginative, others stilted imitations of Fellini and others, or just plain commercial crap, Newley has come up with a musical-cum farce-cum sex romp, which at its best, is witty, satirical, and highly entertaining, at its worse, disjointed, sentimental and boring. As long as he keeps the film on the plain of the episodic, farcical parody of theatrical stardom and its implications, the effect is eminently successful - we can even tolerate a whimsical reflection or two upon the basic isolation of the artist.

But when he attempts to introduce the Fellini touch, and suggests through the surrealistic and the farcical, a more mysterious and profound significance in the artist's vision, his ambition exceeds his ability. Firstly, although the setting is surrealistic, the type of parody used, especially that of sexual relationships, is emphatically not so, and is in fact uncomplicated and obvious. Anyway, any hint of subtlety in the movement of the theme is dissipated by the complete inappropriateness and irrelevance of the music - sickly sentimental, fully orchestrated ballads, which supposedly extend the theme of isolation through the film. At one stage of the film, I carried the vague hope that they might eventually be revealed as a subtle parody in themselves, but was finally forced to the horrible conclusion that they were delivered in all seriousness.

The end result of this failure of technique is that the film really has no meaning in any unified sense. Yet because it is so episodic and vaudevillian in concept, this absence of total meaning does not detract from the brilliance and entertainment of separate parts of the film; in fact, we can get most value out of the film if we see it in this way, as a series of loosely connected stage acts, which should really be judged on their individual merits. Viewed in this way, the film is often very, very funny, but not to be taken seriously at any costs.

By
 Simon Bryant

aquinas - st. ann's
1970 production

The 1970 production by the Aquinas and St. Ann's Colleges' Drama Society is the classic Greek Comedy *LYSISTRATA* by Aristophanes. The play will be staged in the Union Hall on the 25, 26, and 27 of June. Bookings may be made at the Union or the Colleges. Student prices are 70c and 80c.

LYSISTRATA was first produced in 411 B.C. in Athens when the Peloponnesian War with Sparta was going very badly for the Athenians. In these desperate times Aristophanes proposed a novel solution to the protracted war. *Lysistrata*, an Athenian lady, asks the women of Athens and Sparta to "refrain from the male altogether." The resolute women capture the Acropolis and its Treasury, repulse a motley band of old men who attempt to storm it, and maintain their right to a say in matters of finance and war. Their sexual strike proves devastatingly effective; the resulting tensions among the male population of Greece is the cause of much bawdy humour.

The script has been based on modern free translations and also older, more literal translations in an effort to do justice to both the earthy humour and the underlying themes of Aristophanes. The anti-war and feminist sentiments of the play are certainly relevant to today. And who better to engage in the perennial battle of the sexes than a male and female university college? In short, voyeurs, belly-laughers and devotees of Greek "Old Comedy" are all well served by this production!

The demanding role of *Lysistrata* will be played by Penny Turner, supported by Alanna Maclean and Petrea Lillcrop. Adrian Graves, as the foppish magistrate, Kevin Moriarty and Brian Johnston are the male leads.

The producer is Debbie Osmond. Miss Osmond, a recent Honours graduate in History and currently lecturing at the Institute of Technology, has participated in several productions of the Sydney Classics Club.

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 Evenings, Lower Lounge, Monday to Friday, on
 production of Union Card.

TRIPLE ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

KATHARINE HEPBURN

The *(A)* MADWOMAN of CHAILLOT

TECHNICOLOR
 FROM WARNER BROS. SEVEN ARTS

WARNER NOW

THE FIGHTING COCK

Since its inception, dramatic activity within a university has been compelled to define its position clearly. Usually this has suggested an obligation to experimental, avant-garde or absurd theatre which if at once new, dynamic and intellectual, if also sordid, unpleasant and invariably depressing. Undoubtedly, a campus stage is the most appropriate place for presentation of such a medium, but it has often come about that such dedication to the experimental and intellectual has ignored the broader aims of theatre in society, to entertain and instruct.

A.U.D.S. has now selected a play for their mid-year production that offers delightful entertainment and at the same time thoughtful instruction. It is a sophisticated comedy by that prominent French playwright, Jean Anouilh, who has already gained considerable renown for plays that have been seen in Adelaide, which include "The Anniversary," "Ring Around the Moon" and "Poor Bites."

"THE FIGHTING COCK" was first performed at the National Chichester Theatre and has not been done in Adelaide. It is fully representative of Anouilh's talent for sparkling wit, ingenious dialogue, subtle and intriguing plot and superb, hilarious and moving characterisation. Dominating all this is Anouilh's outstanding sense of theatre and, in spite of his social discourse and abundant dialogue, he maintains an interest within the audience from the opening line to the final bow.

"THE FIGHTING COCK" explores personal relationships within the social and domestic scene. It highlights the ridiculous, exaggerates the comic and satirises all aspects of society and personal attitudes, with a careful blend of the hilarious, the comic, the satirical and the dramatic. Essentially, the play deals with a retired army general, who decides to form a spearhead movement that will rid France of the "naggots" such as comforts, modern luxuries, disrespect and laxity, and thereby teach people the benefits of traditionalism and honour.

However, he is doomed from the start not only because of his own blustering, unbending personality, but also because of the incredible assortment of characters that make up the movement. There is the

doctor, an ultra-conservative member of a respectable middle class. Michelpain, a rather stupid devoted ironmonger, Lebelluc, a cowardly, doddering lecher and Belazer, an effeminate remnant of a crumbling aristocracy. At no point can this motley group of troubadours arrive at an agreement, until they become involved in a play arranged by the young radical and realist, Mendigales, who with one well directed punch, shows the general the folly of his ways.

In addition, the General is confronted by a domestic situation, with which he is utterly unable to cope. His sister, spinster that she is, heaps the burden of everybody's problems, including her own fixations for sex. Sophie, his illegitimate daughter with her neurotic, defiant states, falls in and out of love with traumatic regularity. His own children are uncontrollable and his wife, Aglae, much younger than he, taunts and teases with the finesse of a cat, who craves to prowl. Another punch, this time from the local milkman, is needed to bring the general to his senses, so that he too, at the close of the play can learn the saving grace of all men, they "laugh regardless."

"Man is an animal, inconsolable and gay," quotes the general, and the plots within the play, illustrate the idiosyncracies of all men and their disregard for vital issues, responsibility and emotional involvement. The humour lies in the ludicrous and the satirical, depicted by Anouilh's superb dialogue and skilful characterisation. The audience is not challenged to think; they are stimulated. They are not forced to laugh; they are invited. They are not conned to enjoy themselves; they are advised. Certainly there are morals, but they are not hidden. One is free to accept or reject them. What one must accept is the entertainment, which is contagious.

This sophisticated comedy will be presented at Union Hall from Wednesday June 10th to Sunday, June 14th at 8 p.m. and Wednesday, June 17th to Saturday, June 20th. There will be matinees on the Saturday at 2 p.m. Bookings are at John Martins and prices for students are 75c. Start the term with a flair. See "The Fighting Cock."

BIRD OF THE WEEK

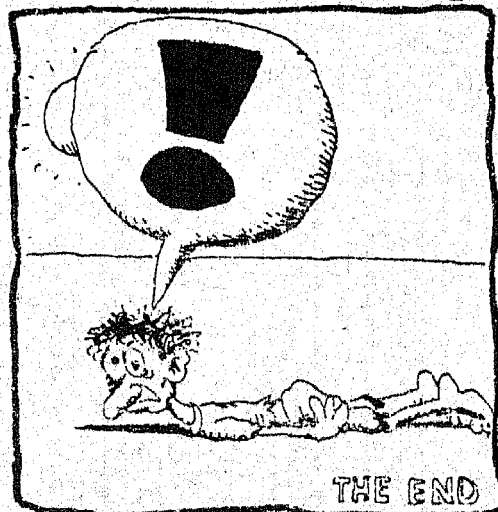


Aglae is the general's wife. She is beginning to become bored and discontented with the general who is 20 years older than her. . . .

And so runs a major theme in the next A.U.D.S. production, "The Fighting Cock." As you can see, this title doesn't fit Rosemary Colmer, but "The Beautiful Bird of the Week" does. Rosemary plays Aglae, the female lead in "The Fighting Cock".

She was born in Africa (but would never return there to live) and has lived in England. Rosemary enjoys Adelaide Uni., and hopes to be a teacher because she feels that it is one of the most important professions. The Monarchy is as good a system as any other, she says, and thinks that the presidential system is unsatisfactory.

And so, if you would like to see an actress who believes in free thinking and is opposed to censorship, who is uncertain about the maxi look, who would vote Labor and who doesn't go to church, see Rosemary Colmer in A.U.D.S.'s "The Fighting Cock." Now!



on dit I.V. sport.

Athletis Club I.V. Report

Adelaide University can congratulate itself on finally having come of age in I.V. athletics. We finished third overall, shared the Waddy Cup for the greatest number of first placings with Monash University (7 titles each) and brought home two shields for our relay wins.

There were several individual stars who virtually carried us to our best result ever (we scored more points on the first day than ever before, in fact). Undoubtedly top billing goes to Alan Bradshaw who won both the 100m and 200m in equal I.V. record times of 10.4 and 21.1 secs. respectively. Although the 200m had wind assistance over the maximum acceptable, the 100m final was run with a wind speed within the limit. This makes Alan's run the fastest legal 100m ever run by a South Australian. But this was not enough for us in these races — team captain Dave Stokes was close on Alan's heels in both events to earn two second places in 10.4 and 21.2 secs. Adelaide has good reason to be proud of its sprinters!

Our other double title winner was Big Bill Gould who successfully defended his shot put title with a 45'5" heave and then added the discus title to his collection as well, winning easily with a throw of 145'5", which was impressive in difficult wind conditions. Fletcher McEwen took our other individual title when he pole vaulted 12'0" only 3 hours after leaving the "Overland"! The hardest trier and champion animal was undoubtedly Dave Fitzsimons who ran two close seconds in the 800m (1 — 53.9 — lost by 0.5 secs.) and the 1500m (3 — 51.8 — lost by 0.1 secs.). But the heats and finals of these races were just a warmup for his relay runs — a leg of the 4 x 400m relay and the 800m leg of the Medley relay in which he was unofficially timed at 1:53.6 — faster than his run in the 800m final only two hours earlier.

One of our proudest moments was the winning (easily) of both relays on the second day, thanks to some superb running by the teams. First we took out the blue ribbon 4 x 100m Relay in 42.2 secs with Bradshaw, Stokes, Rick Power and Tom Whitworth, then we added the Medley in 3:26.8 with Fitzsimons (800m), Power (400m), Bradshaw (200m) and Stokes (200m). We did not do so well in the 4 x 400m relay, despite a good start from Alan Bradshaw who sprinted superbly into the lead from the pole start and clocked an unofficial 49.6 secs. (which left him a little weary, to say the least). The end of the race saw us in fourth place.

Thus far I have accounted for 80 of our 85 points. The rest came from Ross Woithe and Mike Cain. Ross was a good third in the 10,000m in 31 min 21 secs and then came fifth in the 5,000m in 15 min 10.0 secs. Mike jumped into fifth place in the high jump with 5'9".

The final scores were: Monash — 126 points; Melbourne — 91; Adelaide — 85. A quick look at our list of sixth placings shows that the result could have been closer (the first five only score points). Jamie Davidson was sixth in the shot put with 37'10", Brian Horton came sixth in the 3,000m walk in 14 min 52 secs, Jamie was also sixth in the hammer throw, and Brian Lillecrap just missed out in the triple jump with 42'7". There was also an invitation 1,500m walk in which Steve Barnett came third in 6 min 53.5 secs.

Some people claimed that Adelaide's new found success went to our heads in the off the field events, but it's not true — we were just the life of the party at the dinner — especially when we all marched out en masse to the gents and returned to find ourselves locked out and our chairs and cutlery taken. Fortunately the lock on the door was not too good, and Fitz, thinking it was unlocked, gave the catering manager a rude shock by simply pulling the doors open. It then took ten minutes for our champion manager, John Stevens and Captain Dave to convince the caterers that there may have been ugly scenes if the drought imposed on us were not lifted — yes we were even prepared to drink that foul, weak Melbourne beer, but most of us had to force it down (and did in large quantities). It's amazing how much we enjoyed our S.A. brew for breakfast at Murray Bridge — we shall never take our beautiful beers for granted again.

Our one big failure was the boat race in which we dipped out through some controversial decisions, and the inebriation of our star sculler, Dave Fitzsimons, who was called up repeatedly at the dinner by the locals so that they could see his truly brilliant sculling form.

For the record the full team was Dave Stokes (Captain), Alan Bradshaw (Vice-Captain), Dick Power, Tom Whitworth, Dave Fitzsimons, Ross Woithe, Greg Crane, Binny Chester (Monash were surprised to find he wasn't a girl!), Fletch McEwen, Marty Newland, Brian Horton, Steve Barrett, Mike Cain, Brian Lillecrap, Simon Best, Ian MacDermott, Bill Gould, Jamie Davidson, Wyndy Rogers, John Stevens (Manager), Mike Lowe (Assistant Manager), and the birds Libby Magarey (Adelaide) and Annabelle Shannon and Cec Sheppard from Flinders, who travelled with us. In fact we must congratulate Libby on scoring a point for herself and Adelaide when she came fifth in the 100m Hurdles. We must also congratulate Annabelle on her incredible aplomb on several occasions under trying circumstances amongst otherwise all male company.

Monash deserve congratulations on the amount of time and money they expended in organising the I.V. They were helped by the use of the Melbourne Uni. cinders track when their own grass turned into a swamp. The track was in remarkable condition considering the weather and I venture to suggest that a track of comparable quality in South Australia would return much better performances, particularly from our sprinters. Our liaison officer, Lawrie Fanshaw, liaised magnificently (particularly when he came third in the 100m) and he became very popular with the team. Mannix College, where we stayed, showed great courage

in accepting us for a week — unfortunately it suffered minor damage from some Victorian athletes.

The most important event on the Uni. athletic horizon now is the announcement in June of the Australian team for the Universiade in Turin (Italy) in September. We feel confident that Alan Bradshaw and probably Dave Stokes will be selected, and it is not impossible that our other two representatives, Bill Gould and Dave Fitzsimons, will also be picked. Next year's I.V. will be held at A.N.U. in cold old Canberra (Adelaide in '72) and we hope to field a team of comparable strength to this year's, which is not impossible even though we will be without Alan Bradshaw and possibly several others as well.

MENS BASKETBALL I.V.

A disappointing Adelaide team finished only fourth in a field of nine at the Basketball I/V in Perth during the second week of vacation.

Although they had lost some rebounding strength and scoring power, the team had gained experience and expected to do well with seven of last year's champion ten playing again.

The week began with an easy game against Macquarie. They pushed Adelaide for a half but eventually were beaten 50-28. With only an hour's rest we had a tough game against Monash which we lost 59-53 with coach Glenn Marsland scoring 32. Tuesday morning was the only time during the whole week when the team showed its true ability as it annihilated W.A. 59-24. In the afternoon, we easily won against Flinders, 44-33, and it looked like a repeat of last year's victory was on the way.

However, the Wednesday morning game against ANU showed our lack of depth in every department. When the starting five left the court, we led by 22 points, but had this margin reduced to 9 in the remaining 10 minutes of the game, winning 55-46. Then the rot set in. In the afternoon, we played a tall, rugged Tasmanian team which won a thrilling game 38-37 because we failed to capitalise on several free throws in the last few minutes. A tired, dejected and very lethargic side then lost to Melbourne 28-39, although the scores were in touch until the last 3 minutes.

A break from basketball on Thursday with a trip to Rottnest Island seemed just the right medicine for our slow moving team at this stage and on Friday morning we prepared for the final matches. Our last minor round game we lost to a fresh, hot-shooting NSW team 42-41 after recovering from the disastrous effect of starting the game with most of the reserves to try and rest the regulars for the finals. Finishing fourth in the minor round, we played 2nd-place Tasmania for a berth in the final. After twice having them down 6 pts., we succumbed to their relentless rebounding pressure and incredibly accurate shooting and lost, 53-57. This was very demoralising and in the play-off for 3rd we again fell to pressure to lose by 6 pts., 45-51.

Throughout the carnival, the team was held together by Glenn Marsland. Averaging 20 points a game, rebounding strongly, anticipating the play all the time, he thoroughly deserved to win the Best and Fairest Award, to be named captain of the All-Australian Combined I/V side as well as being highest point-scorer for the carnival. He scored about 50% of our total score and was top-scorer in every game but one. Roman "Fracture" Washyn was our only other player to play with any consistency. He rebounded well, averaged 8 points a game and was also named in the All-Australian side. Of the rest, no-one was outstanding but Graham Howarth, John Hansen and Trevor Howe showed flashes of good form. It was notable that the same team which won last year with G and D was completely lacking in this element this year. Consequently our defence was slow, our offence almost non-existent apart from Marsland and our rebounding poor.

The final was between the two best sides, Monash and Tasmania, and an upset was in the making until one of Tassie's big men fouled out with 12 minutes to go. Monash then took control and ran out winners by 71-61 in a high standard game. The Combined Side beat Perth, the top W.A. side, 73-61, Marsland getting a further 22 points.

The social side had many highlights. In the boat races on Sunday night, the drinking team considered it had achieved a major triumph by finishing fourth despite the lack of experienced skulkers in the team. "Fracture" Washyn, despite a sore throat came out of a short-lived retirement to win the Tassie Tankard in the individual event. Several "kills" were made at the cabaret on Monday but the most notable was "Quiet Boy" Howe who proved to be quick to get to the point and found himself buying stationery on the train trip home. Funniest sight of the trip was Trevor, with bird and bike in tow, running along the beach (though they both seemed short on energy) trying to catch the boat before it left Rottnest Island. And Rob Wood finally found his element when the cards appeared. He is since reported to have quit basketball and to have applied for a dealership in the Tasmanian casino.

In the end everyone agreed that if we hadn't had to play basketball it would have been the greatest I/V event.

The Hackney Hotel
extend a warm invitation to all Uni. Students for the best Counter lunches and Beer in Adelaide.
MAUREN AND ROSS NENKE
Mine Hosts

FIASCO, 1970.

1970 CAR CLUB INTERVARSITY

This supposed highlight of the calendar was a complete and utter balls-up. This year it was organised by the Melbourne Uni Sporting Car Club and never again, I hope. A good field was represented from AUCC, MUSCC, Monash, Sydney Uni, and Uni of NSW, as well as RMIT and ANU. 50 cars with 150-200 people.

Winton again was the focal point and the proposed format was a Gymkhana on the Saturday and a ¼ mile sprint on Sunday morning and a circuit sprint in the afternoon.

Well the Gymkhana started but it was (to coin a phrase) the "khana" without the "gym" and only the Lord Chief Heavies know who got what and how and when and Pil Coates again was disqualified for dangerous driving.

A dozen AUCC cars made the perilous 521 mile journey to Benalla where the Commercial Hotel (even had the electric blankets) was almost completely taken over. Saturday night saw us invade the Royal Motel and the lounge was out of bounds to the locals.

Breakfast was had by a mere handful as most of them had Aspro! We then hacked out to the circuit only to find we were at a Rally control. Then we were told that Farmer Brown's sheep were lambing in the esses, shitting in the hairpins and copulating on the straights and that it was stiff, but no Winton! Piss poor organisation — you see, Farmer Brown wasn't told we were using the circuit; oh well!



The word was passed around and we were to meet at a turn off approx. 60 miles away at another circuit. So off we went and arrived at about 11.30 a.m. in Stanhope hillclimb — more a bloody anthill/gymkhana affair. The organisers (?) started scrutineering and runs began at about 1 p.m. The unskillful Bob Small was the first to spin out and at the first corner too. The only casualty mechanically was the Keith Gooley TR2 which broke a rear axle on the start line on his first run. Undoubtedly the most impressive machine on the day was this here brown 911 Porsche from Monash — had a beautiful scream out of its two 3' copper straight out exhausts. Pity he couldn't really drive — but he was a good poser. About 3 p.m., everyone got jack of this farce as they were using about 100 yds of the track only and after an official protest everyone pissed off. The TR2 with your correspondent as passenger had a quick tow to Melbourne at an average of 105 KPH. Bloody Madman Phil was driving — if you can call it that. Phil was accompanied by Nick Humphris whose Lancer flew apart at Bordertown on the way over.

All in all the whole thing gave the AUCC the shits — a thorough dead loss as far as competition was concerned and steps are being taken to declare this IV null and void to stop the cup from being presented to anyone undeserving. It is hoped that next year the IV will be better and the Chrysler Cup will go to the best and fairest and the most skilful (?) team.

TABLE TENNIS I.V.

TABLE TENNIS INTERVARSITY SYDNEY MAY 25th—29th

Adelaide sent 3 players (D. Rylatt, M. Yabsley, M. Owens) and a mascot to do battle in Sydney. The team, short on experience but with determination not evident in other teams had to overcome several obstacles.

(1) Lack of reserves: 5 is the recommended number for I/V team. We had 3 players.

(2) Strong opposing teams: The general standard of I/V was much higher than previous years: The pressure was on for every match: This eventually affected our mental and physical capacity for table tennis.

(3) We stayed at Kings Cross: Obvious distractions.

(4) We did not have a girls team (Table Tennis is a mixed I/V).

Despite this, and our performances at the end of the week being unrecognizable from those at the beginning, I consider we performed creditably.

RESULTS GROUP A

- Adelaide 7 ANU 4
- Adelaide 7 Melbourne 4
- Adelaide 10 Tasmania 1
- Adelaide 2 Sydney 9
- Adelaide 8 Macquarie 3

Highlight was our great win over Melbourne. The match against Sydney started disastrously with Rylatt losing his first singles match and Adelaide could not recover. Adelaide finished second and moved into finals.

FINALS Knockout semi. NB: Monash won final.

Monash 9 Adelaide 2
Adelaide started well but could not keep up the pressure. Monash were easily the outstanding team of competition.

Play off for 3rd and 4th.
NSW 9 Adelaide 2
Adelaide finish 4th/11 teams. Adelaide players were emotionally and physically exhausted for the play off and could offer only token resistance.

TEST MATCH

New Zealand Combined Universities 19
Australian Combined Universities 8

This match was a farce due to lack of foresight and planning. The match was played on Thursday night: in previous 24 hours we had Disco (official function) — teams matches, semi and grand finals. Consequently the top Australian players were too tired to play effectively. The top two Aust. men players regarded themselves unavailable for this reason and so for Australia could only field an exhausted and second rate team.

AUSTRALIA
Men D. Rylatt Adelaide (Capt.), R. Lel Melbourne, J. Coumans A.N.U.
Women E. Wachs Monash (Capt.), S. Woodward Melbourne, M. Bridson Newcastle.

NEW ZEALAND
B. Murphy (Capt.), M. Eng, M. Flewelen, Y. Fogarty (Capt.), M. Fogarty, C. Taylor.

Proof that the match was a farce included:

- (1) Previously Monash men defeated New Zealand men 8-1.
- (2) New Zealanders only won one title in the individuals.

INDIVIDUALS

Adelaide players were out of action by Friday and consequently did not figure prominently in individuals.

TITLE HOLDERS
Men's singles: G. Yeo (Monash).
Women's singles: E. Wachs (Monash).
Men's doubles: G. Yeo and B. Sutherland (Monash).
Women's doubles: Y. and M. Fogarty (New Zealand).
Mixed doubles: G. Yeo and E. Wachs (Monash).

Adelaide players (and mascot) enjoyed a somewhat disorganized I/V and players all recorded good wins, especially early in the week.

D. Rylatt (Capt.)

SPORT'S EDITORIAL

Sports and Politics

The relation between sport and politics and the role of sport in affecting political issues has been much in the news lately. It has been brought to the fore by the proposed South African cricket tour of England this year.

Opposition to this tour was mounted on the grounds of South Africa's apartheid system, which is, of course, extended to its sporting organisation and national teams. Those in England who opposed the proposed tour and in other countries who oppose any form of sporting contacts with South Africa, do so on the grounds that it is immoral to associate with a country which practises apartheid and discrimination in sport. They no doubt also see it in practical terms as a possible means of exerting pressure on the South African government to change its system.

No doubt the aims of these people are admirable. Most thinking people see apartheid as an abhorrent system which should be changed. However, one disturbing feature of this opposition to sporting contacts with South Africa, is its violent aspects exemplified in Melbourne with demonstrations against the South African women's basketball team, recently and the threat of far greater violence if England had the cricket tour go on. Another disturbing feature is the double standards of the demonstrators. Other abhorrent political systems exist, as totalitarian communism, but no one suggests that we should cut our sporting ties with the Soviet Union. Yet members of the Communist party of the Soviet Union. Where were the demonstrators against this example of discrimination in sport, during the recent tour of the Moscow Dynamites soccer team?

Such double standards, apart from raising doubts about the sympathies of such demonstrators, reveal that they are in effect playing power politics rather than being primarily concerned with the morality of the issue. The attitude seems to be: South Africa is only a small, relatively weak nation, who we can probably influence by isolating in the realm of sport. The Soviet Union on the other hand, is unlikely to be influenced by such actions so we won't protest against its discrimination. The attitude of the Indian government also reveals this playing of power politics — Australia is only small fry so not a whisper was heard

against the Australian cricket going on to South Africa after its tour of India last summer, but because England is a world power, India tries to influence it against competing with South Africa.

A disturbing feature of the cancellation of the South African tour of England, irrespective of whether one believes such cancellation was right or wrong, is that as far as one can ascertain it was brought about by the actions of a vocal, but small, minority. The majority of English people it seems would have preferred to have their Test cricket. In addition to this the final decision by the British government to bring pressure to bear to have the tour stopped seems to have been one largely of political expediency. With an election coming up the British government did not wish to risk having to deal with violent demonstrations, and other problems associated with the tour.

Thus although it is true that it is South Africa who first mixed politics and sport it was as part of their overall policy and racial system and not as a decision directed specifically at sport. Britain on the other hand, has brought politics into sport in a far more specific and expedient manner. The expedient nature of this is revealed by the fact that Britain continues its trade relations with South Africa.

Because one side mixes politics and sport this does not justify the other side doing so. This, in fact, only worsens the situation, of individual sporting bodies wishing to organise exchanges of tours then such activities are between themselves and no government should have the right to intervene.

So by all means let us strive to end abhorrent systems which oppress mankind, not the least of these being apartheid. But let us be consistent in our actions, basing them on moral attitudes, not expediency. And let us do all we can to prevent sport being used for political purposes.

SPORTSMAN OF THE WEEK — ASHLEY WOODCOCK

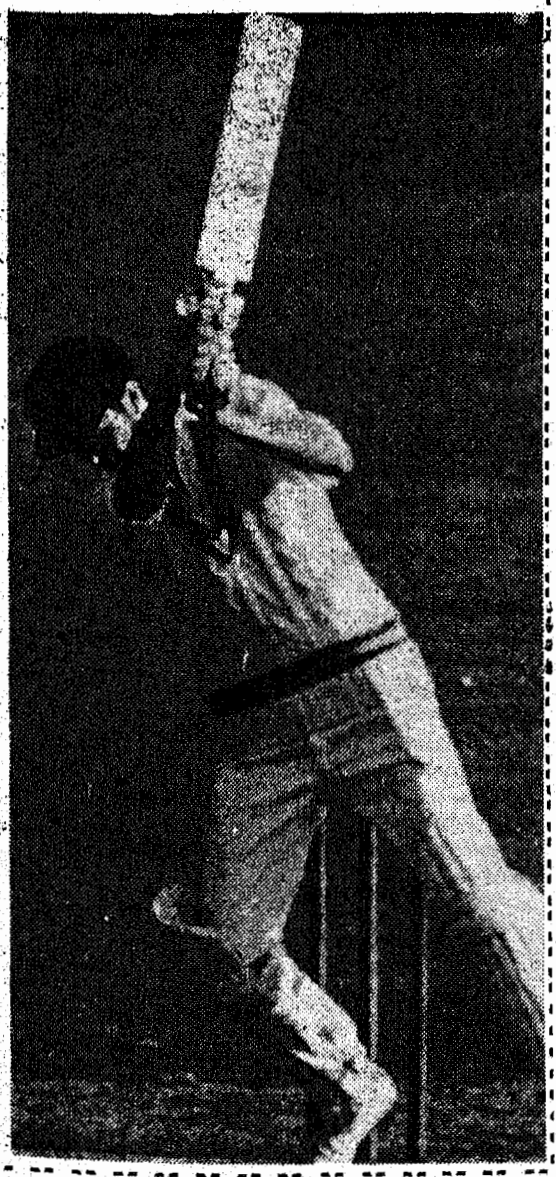
For all those sun-loving cricket fans we have University and State opening batsman Ashley Woodcock as Sportsman of the Week to warm your hearts in this wintry weather.

Ashley, 22, played his first A-Grade District game when still at school at the age of 16, for Kensington. Transferring to University for the 1967/68 season he gained a Blue in his first season with the Blacks and was also selected for the State team for the first time in December, 1967.

The 1968/69 season saw Ashley elected vice-captain of the University A's and also play more games for South Australia, although unable to establish himself as a regular.

However, last season after a poor start he established himself as a regular for seasons to come in the S.A. team with possibilities of a career in Test cricket. Woodcock arrived as an established State player with a dashing 127 against NSW in February, his maiden century and scored 531 runs in Sheffield Shield matches last season at an average of 35.4. Ashley has now played 21 games for S.A. for 1042 runs at an average of 30.6. He is also recognised as one of the best slips fieldsmen in Australia and established a South Australian record in first-class cricket with six catches in one innings against W.A. in 1968/69.

As On Dit's Sportsman of the Week, Ashley will receive a book token, courtesy of the Union Bookshop.



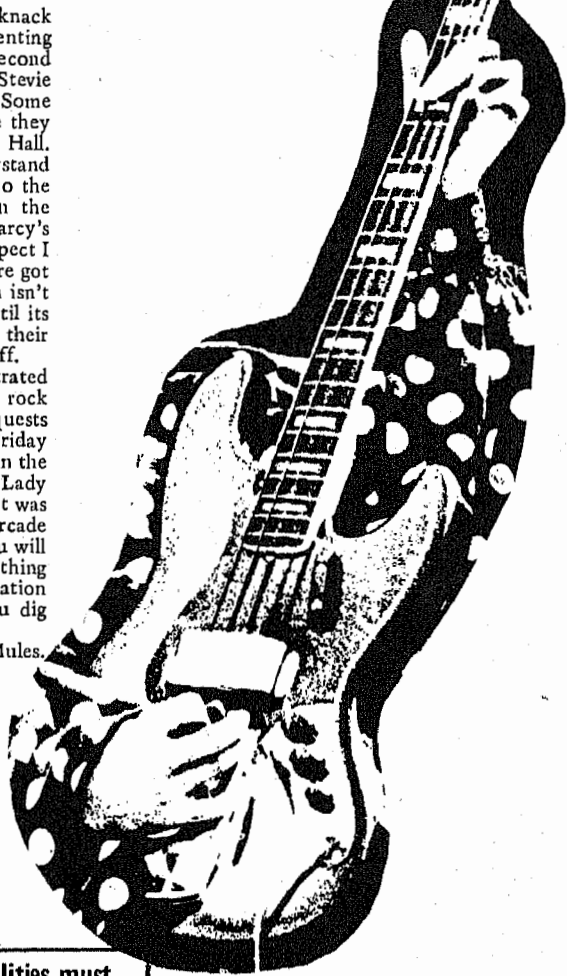
VALENTINES

The last Friday of first term saw another Jazz Club freakout with the Valentines on stage at lunch time at Union Hall. Alas the expected mass roll-up of groupies did not eventuate and so only a meagre 80 people settled into their seats and prepared to be bubble-gummed. But surprises or surprises bubble-gum is not what they got. Instead they got lead singer Super Screw (Bon) pounding away on cymbals and bongos in unison with the group's busted drummer Paddy.

In a complete rejection of their knick-knack paddy-wack days, the Vallies are now experimenting with their music, particularly with percussion. Second singer Vince says the group likes to re-arrange Stevie Winwood songs like "I'm a Man" and "Gimme Some Lovin'" to include percussion breaks and these they did very well (and very loudly) in Union Hall. Because of a bad P.A. it was difficult to understand the vocals, even when they were just talking to the audience. This was particularly unfortunate in the two numbers which they wrote themselves "Darcy's Theme" and "Sorrows of Yesterday." In retrospect I feel that the Valentines are getting there. They're got a way to go yet and the current pop radio ban isn't helping them as their L.P. is being held up until its settled. They do seem prepared to work at their music and it is already showing signs of paying off.

The crowd at the Valentine's concert illustrated the tremendous popularity which all forms of rock music enjoy at the Uni. In response to many requests I have decided to conduct an experiment. Last Friday night (12th) there was a rock music record jam in the Carnegie Gramophone room, upstairs in the Lady Symon Building from 7.30 p.m. to 10.00 p.m. It was FREE. Albums were supplied by the Adelaide Arcade Book Shop and were the latest releases that you will not hear on radio. This will become a regular thing and hopefully will lead to a Rock Music Appreciation Society or some similar bureaucracy. So if you dig rock, r & b or blues, make it to the Carnegie.

Trevor Mules.



get it together

All University services and utilities must rely solely on the goodwill of the University Community.

SO — GET YOUR HAIRCUT
"AS YOU LIKE IT" AT
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You will not get better service elsewhere.

LOST:

1 pair blue jeans (NEW) left on Barr Smith wall about 3.30 on Tuesday 9/6/70. Ring: J. White — 79-1448

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CMUA.FP.89

Blake Power

Panther, Panther, burning balls,
Struggling up Victoria Falls,
Not Karl Marx, not Sigmund Freud,
Just Franz Fanon, the paranoid.

W. Jack-Smith

Demonstration? In Retrospect

Spread silence sleeps now
and hears
nothing
that would sap his Sunday-picnic inactivity.

One

Nebulous marchers cloud
across a skyline of
menstruating flags.

Two

Limbs linked along
on business streets
of servicemen and tomatoes.

Three

Tomatoes not napalm

Four

Laughing, deriding,
it's easier than
acknowledging.

We

Canons to the left of them
canons to the right.

Don't

Tear at the flesh
you Daring Laughing Pedestrians
for we realise
the habit is hard to kill.

Want

Benson and Hedges bankers
hold hands
and giggle at the patchwork-bearded motions.

War

The stars are burning.
The Army is in.
Gorton bless democracy.

Shit!

What a lousy dream;
it almost woke me up.

Adrian Flavell



After the sexual display last issue (poems about 2 people), I round out my theory with a selection of political poems (poems about more than 2 people). Political poetry has its problems. For, while politics is civilisation's bastard, poetry is a changeling left with primitive man. Anyone doubting the primitive nature of poetry should reflect on poetic rhythm, a fusion of sonic qualities with the pulse of limbs, genitals and gut, blood, hormones and ECG. Poetry is primitive i.e. it has access to the highest and most fundamental aspects of human possibility. And wisely primitive mathematics counts, 1, 2, many. For

poetry does not easily comprehend this political concept of "many." If you meditate on the poem as medium, you will find it a very intimate one, bringing close together 2 people — author and auditor. As successive ages of love poetry have shown, the medium is ideally suited for treating sexual themes — relationships between 2 people. To exploit the poetic medium, the political poet must see the "many" concept through a sexual metaphor (my poem is the perfect example, portraying a social evil through a father/son relationship) or through a solipsistic consciousness (as in Peter Murphy's Imperial Soldier).

On the Nature of Selective Conscription

Isaac carried up on the flesh of his shoulders
the wood already conscious of death
and the traditional knife slapping
his thigh close by his twig of sex

and quoting stanzas out of Rupert Brooke
he built the pyre like a proper man
and gave knife and allegiance to the Father, the old
Thunderer with Moloch sniggering at his right hand:

I remember a ram kicking against the thorns
of a swirl of bush that looked burnt it was so withered:
that was all that was lost: Isaac
was saved to be an attribute of his father.

Christopher Pollnitz

Imperial Soldier

I died one cold wet morning on the watch
in a small campaign.

Now I prowl by the blessed waters
seeking to get back
to you

to you
the wet-blooded
the living.

I the dead
am surrounded by life.
The Ganges is a man
the Taj Mahal a wife.
Among all the ruins of our wars
I drift over monuments that breathe.

We were the wheel.
We were the fire.

We were the ones who brought changes.
But life was here before
and we upon this land of bleeding stones
lost our lives for the coins of dream.

Now we walk upon the jungle rivers
passing through the man who lives
beating against his heart
to release us
from the folly of lost ideals
that death made permanent.

Our souls
are wild and intense
as the nerve-stripping screech
of a car's wheel
as it too
careers into death.

We drink the salt of hopes turned sharp.
We eat the carcase of the holy beast
waiting till the still blood moves
and beats once more in lips gone dumb
and hearts now numb.
We hold out our hands
that at the touch of living fingers
they might tingle
and twitch with lives

But there is nothing for us now.

Our dreams were death.
Like vast mists of cold
they hung about warm hearts
and clasped the heat of these hearts
and stifled them.

Now there are lives
but they are not ours.
This country moves
but we are stiff and still.

I will cry out
that you might hear
while my cheek brushes yours
but you are starving
and you will not hear me
nor know that I too see the dry earth
beneath us
and anguish that it was I who made it so.

Peter Murphy

