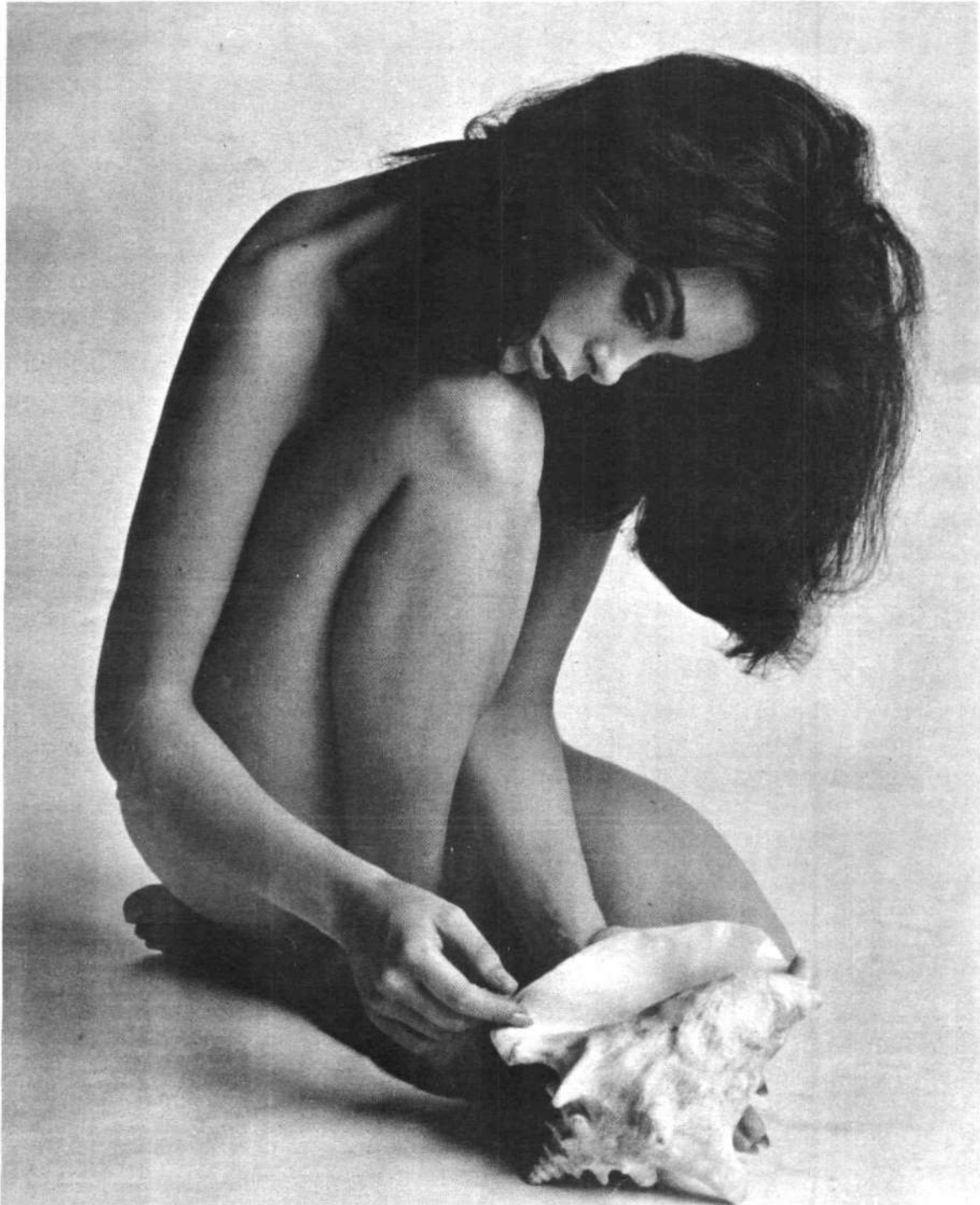


# LOT'S WIFE

monash university students' newspaper

vol.6 no 7 may 17, 1966 10c



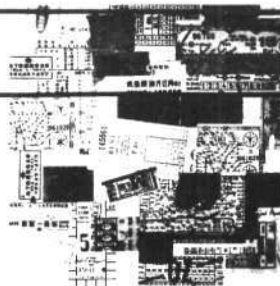
**Letters — Dylan floats in — S R C — The Union**

**Reviews — Sport — Conscription — Lots of Ads.**

# LOT'S WIFE

Monash University students' newspaper Vol. 6 No. 7 May 17, 1966 10c

# LETTERS



The analysis of the voting behavior of students in the S.R.C. by-election, has just been released by Warren Thomas — the returning officer. It is the most comprehensive study to date on S.R.C. elections, and Mr. Thomas is to be complimented on his work. In the General Election, the largest percentage of votes were recorded by the militant Med. Faculty with 42.17%, and the smallest by the post graduates with 3.17%. Out of 2,284 Arts Students, only 636 or 27.98% voted. Even though this seems a small figure, voting percentages were up about 10% on any previous election.

The reasons for this seem to be—

- (i) better organisation by the returning officer.
- (ii) the use of photos and policy statements to a greater advantage, and,
- (iii) the effect of Lot's Wife editorials.

On Friday, 13th, I had lunch with Mr. Andrew Cavendish-Wise. Unfortunately, Lot's Wife was already laid out and the subsequent discussion and tape-recordings of his statements were unable to be printed in this edition. Since publication of the article in Vol. 6, No. 6, titled "Is Cavendish-Wise a complete Schmo?" Mr. Wise has resigned his position as Rhodesian representative. He has some plans for Mr. Norman Banks, who, he claims, has defamed him, but considered the "Lot's Wife" article "fair enough". The complete discussion will be reported in the next edition.

I think the editorial below, from "The Australian" expresses better than I ever could, the feeling of many Australians, that not only are we not told much about the war in Vietnam, but neither are our politicians.

## THE AUSTRALIAN

49 Mort Street, Braddon, A.C.T. Correspondence: Box 99, GPO Canberra, A.C.T. Telephone Canberra 44221, Sydney 20924, Melbourne Editorial 2298911, Advertising and Circulation 678544, Adelaide 510351, Brisbane 30111, Perth 280141, Hobart 21260.

Saturday, May 14, 1966

## Contradictions on Vietnam

AS this newspaper said yesterday, Australians who want to know what really is going on in Vietnam will have to rely on the Press and evidence before American congressional committees.

Latest evidence before the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee by Mr. McNamara, the Secretary of Defence, shows us how true this is. For, in several instances, Mr. McNamara disagreed with the account of the Vietnam situation given by Mr. Holt on his return from his Asian tour.

"The military position in South Vietnam has now been secured," Mr. Holt told Parliament on May 5. "The Viet Cong have suffered heavy losses and their casualties have been increasing."

But Mr. McNamara told the committee that the communists were continuing to build up their units. There was no reason for great optimism. In fact, political disorder in the south was primarily responsible for a 50 per cent reduction in the numbers of communists killed in action in the first three months of this year.

"The recent political disturbances appear to have had only minor adverse effect on the military situation," said Mr. Holt.

But Mr. McNamara says the political ferment in the south had seriously affected military operations.

"There is a general will to resist communist aggression," Mr. Holt told Parliament. "(The people) are neither apathetic nor dispirited." Yet Mr. McNamara says defection from the South Vietnam Army is "very, very high indeed" — in fact, between 10,000 and 12,000 a month.

Mr. Holt said that, during his tour, "Each of the governments we met took me frankly into their thinking on their basic problems and national issues."

Since the information he gave us about Vietnam is contradicted materially by Mr. McNamara, the best we can conclude for Mr. Holt is that Air Vice-Marshal Ky must have told him only what he wanted him to know.

This may suit Mr. Holt; Australians generally deserve better.

## prison food

Dear Sir, — It would seem that a comment is necessary on the catering service of this university. Apparently those responsible for the food in the Caf. feel that students should be grateful for *anything* they receive (no matter how poor). Permit me to inform them that students are *not* grateful for the tasteless garbage dignified by the name of food that they receive. The food served up in this university in the Caf. is badly cooked, sometimes cold, sometimes stale, atrocious and disgusting. One would expect possibly to find such food dished up to criminals, but only in badly-run prisons. Or again, one might come across such revolting stuff in the army, but then only to soldiers in the field.

Many students find it necessary to remain at the university after six to work in the library or attend meetings, and as students studying at the university, they are entitled to the opportunity of a decent meal from it. The extremely poor standard of the food and the exorbitant prices being charged for it have reduced many students to making a pretence of a meal out of a bowl of chips or a dish of rice. And it would seem that the people who make the chips have become so proud of their work that they have deemed that we should now pay 10 cents instead of seven cents to see their four-cent product.

The Caf. is (or should be) for the benefit of the students. It should *not* be run on a policy Get the Trash into the Mugs and Get Their Money. It seems that hot chocolate (excellent for washing down chips) has been recently introduced. Its introduction is little consolation when we are told (as we frequently are) that it is not available to-night. What we require is better quality in the food, wider range, and reduced price if possible. The caterers must remember that most students do not get a twelfth of their salary (if any at all). Such alterations in the standard of Caf. food have recently been achieved at Melbourne university. The Caf. at Melbourne a few years ago was almost as bad as the Caf. at Monash is now. It was only when those responsible were roused out of their complacent neglectful indifference that improvements resulted. Monash, more progressive in most things, would do well to use the present Melbourne cafeteria standard as a guide, and look after the stomachs of its students. Badly-fed students are not the most agreeable of people, nor the most efficient of workers.

Perhaps what is required is a new manager of the catering service. If he is prepared to permit the present monstrous state to remain, and if he cannot or will not bring about a great improvement in the quality and price of the food, then he should be thrown out with all possible haste and replaced by someone who will!

— PETER MEYER,  
Arts I.

## marriott paranoia

Dear Sir, — Once again we are treated in *Lot's Wife* with an excellent example of what I call the "off-the-cuff" smear. This was contained in the review by Paul Marriott of the book, "Berkley Student Revolt". The offending statement is as follows: "Accusations reach the point of paranoia when made by Dr. Knopfmacher (*Bulletin*, Feb. 5th, 1966). Dr. Knopfmacher can, of course, rarely be taken seriously." This is followed by a three line quote (taken from a two-page article) to substantiate his assertion. I, for one, am sick and tired of people attacking Dr. Knopfmacher in such a fashion and yet failing to offer one piece of evidence to prove such a serious charge. Dr. Knopfmacher (*Bulletin*, March 26th, 1966) has openly given the sources for his evaluation of the situation at Berkley. "My own evaluation of the situation there is based entirely on articles of people whom I trust and whose reports display good sense and internal consistency, namely, Professors Tever, Glazer, Hook, Lippset and Petersen." It will be interesting to see the sources of Marriott's opinion. Of course on this revelation of Dr. Knopfmacher's sources, Marriott's charges become even more serious, not only has Dr. Knopfmacher reached a stage of paranoia but also Professors Tever, Glazer, Hook, Lippset and Petersen.

From my reading of the review Marriott is accusing Dr. Knopfmacher of saying that the student revolt was communist inspired. Dr. Knopfmacher refutes this (*Bulletin*, 26th March, 1966). "I did not imply that the F.S.M. was at any stage controlled by the official Communist Party. I made it quite clear that it was, at least in its initial stages, representative of moderate groups as well, and that when it fell into the hands of extremists, the latter were not official communists but 'a coalition of loosely defined Castroites, Trotskyites, Maoists, Moscow-line Communists and ordinary crackpots...' A charge to that effect was made repeatedly by Professor Kerr. A good characterization of the extremists is contained in Petersen's chapter.

With this evidence in hand it would appear that it is Marriott, not Dr. Knopfmacher who is suffering from paranoia. A positive suggestion I have is that Marriott either omits all such "off-the-cuff" smears or else when making these statements he at least has the intellectual honesty to cite his proof for such extreme and illiberal statements.

— PAUL D'ASTOLI.

I would be interested to see these other examples of "off-the-cuff smears", as Mr. D'ASTOLI labels them, that he insinuates have appeared in "Lot's Wife".—Ed.

## continual frustration

Dear Sir, — Being one of those who wish to effect a political settlement acceptable to the majority of the South Vietnamese people, I find myself in a state of continual frustration. I am doubtful of the arguments put forward by both the right wing and the left wing. The only argument that would fully convince me which side is right in South Vietnam would be free elections. We are told that in three to five months time elections will be held in the government controlled area of South Vietnam. In *The Australian*, April 26, it was reported:

"In Saigon election laws are being drafted, with the presumption that no communists or neutralists — apparently meaning anyone willing to negotiate with Hanoi — will be allowed to run for election."

The result of these elections is almost inevitable — a government which will support the American involvement in Vietnam. The supporters of the Australian and American involvement will use these farcical elections to prove that the Vietnamese people want the war to continue with American help. People who do not probe deeply into foreign affairs (i.e., the majority of Australians) will accept the arguments of these people. It is of the utmost importance that the voters of Australia realize just how much the forthcoming elections in South Vietnam are worth before they cast their votes.

I admit the situation in Vietnam is confusing but I am aware that there can be no confusion on this point. Morally, it is something which the Monash Liberal and D.L.P. clubs should speak out on too.

— TONY BROWNLOW,  
Arts II.

## the road

Dear Sir, — What is the S.R.C. doing about Gardiner Road?

— JAMES GODING,  
Med. I.



## imbalance and dishonesty

Dear Sir,  
I protest your issue on the Spanish Civil War —

- (a) for its values.
- (b) for its imbalance.
- (c) for its dishonesty.

In your editorial you dedicated the issue "to the memory of all who died fighting for democracy in Spain, and all those still in the prisons of Franco as political prisoners". We can conclude from this that your objections to the Vietnamese war are not objections to war as such, but to the cause for which we are fighting. You make no suggestion that perhaps both sides were wrong in Spain, and the choice was between two greys rather than between black and white. Also, by the way, I object to your dedicating something that doesn't belong to you, and for which I have paid a part.

I take exception to the imbalance of the issue, both in the viewpoint of the contributors, and in the fact that the important articles were written by non-students. I suggest that if an issue is to be examined by experts, you should choose a balanced panel. I remind you that *Lot's Wife* claims to be the Monash University Students' newspaper. You say that you are getting enough copy to fill sixty pages each issue. Why then include all this stuff by left wing members of staff and their middle aged friends while students go unheard? The academics have their own magazines. Why don't you tell this mob that if they lift the intellectual content of their stuff they might get it published in one of these?

Dr. Turner's account of the war is in conflict with that of Borkenau, Hugh Thomas and George Orwell. His reproduction of Auden's poem is so inaccurate and incomplete as to be fraudulent. Why did the learned doctor omit the passage about the necessary murder from that poem? This is the passage which led George Orwell to a withering attack on the whole group of warmongering left wing poets of whom Auden was then an example. Orwell himself, unlike Dr. Turner and his pro Communist friends, served in the Republican Army as a volunteer, and was seriously wounded in battle.

Why should another non-student manage to have printed a favourable review of a book twenty years out of print, which the author wrote as an official of the Comintern, and subsequently repudiated? Cf Arthur Koestler: "The Invisible Writing" pp. 333-5. David Martin (and what the devil has he to do with us?) contributes not only a letter, but also a poem of the type which Orwell called "warmongering muck" in a reference to Communist propaganda about the Civil War. And who is "Ainsi de Suite", for heaven's sake? Maybe the brother of Toot? Was it very difficult to dredge around for this bit of anticlerical doggerel, or did one of your academic eminences find it for you?

I do wish in future that you would indicate the course and year (if any) of your contributors. I assume Paul Marriott is a student, but even a

student should be aware that the passage he used as evidence of what he called Dr. Knopfmacher's "paranoia" was one which paraphrased Dr. Clarke Kerr and Professors Glezer, Lippset and Petersen. I won't accept that these eminent men were paranoid when they described the extremists who took over the revolt as "Castroists, Trotskyites, Maoists, Moscow line Communists and ordinary crackpots".

While students go unheard, why give Mr. Teichmann a whole page for an account of his talk to the Beaumaris Teach-In? I have enough trouble sifting out his particular views from the matter of his lectures without having to pay further to get them in *Lot's Wife*.

It is an elementary principle of journalistic ethics to distinguish reporting from comment. Your reports of political talks strike me as being composed of biased and inaccurate reporting combined with innuendo and abuse of your political opponents (e.g., Senator Hannon) and of unqualified and dishonest praise of your political allies (e.g., Dr. Cairns and Senator Cohen). In the light of these remarks, your claim that you don't publish contributions on behalf of political clubs is dishonest impertinence. The whole paper is little but a propaganda rag for the views of the Old Left now entrenched in this university from behind which facade they grind out their line. These views are indistinguishable from those pursued by the Italian wing of totalitarian Communism.

I can only conclude that you are the stooge of a small activist academic clique, dominant at Monash, and epitomised by Dr. Turner, and perhaps even by his housemate. What intrigues me is how they work through you. Who chooses the stuff and the issues? I bet you didn't decide that we would have an issue on Spain and go soliciting articles and organising aspects to be covered. Perhaps, in general, they choose the political line and content and leave the pornography and production to you.

As a fee paying student, I object to having my Union dues applied in part to paying you to produce this unbalanced rubbish. While we are interested in the fight for more funds for education, *Lot's Wife* must cause many in the community at large to wonder about the value of universities.

I submit this letter on the clear understanding that it is to be published in toto, unaltered, or not at all by *Lot's Wife*. I assure you, however, that it will be published and distributed in this University. If not by the Student Newspaper, then by other means.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN BAILEY,  
Ecops. II.

Dear Sir,  
Re Deletion of Section of Letter Submitted to You  
I write concerning a letter headed DISSENT which I submitted yesterday morning. On page 2 of that letter appears the following sentence concerning Mr. Teichmann:

"I have enough trouble sifting out his political views from the matter of his lectures without having to pay further to get them in *Lot's Wife*."

I would be grateful if you would delete this sentence.

I do not withdraw the matter of my complaint, but I have seen him about this matter to-day, and he has agreed that he will attempt not to do this in future. In view of this undertaking by him, I think it would be unfair for me to publicise my complaint.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN BAILEY.

I thank Mr. Bailey for his two contributions to *Australian satire*.—Ed.

## teichmann makes sense

Dear Sir, — I wish to congratulate you most sincerely on the current issue of *Lot's Wife* (Vol. 6, No. 5). I think it is the best issue of any student paper I have ever seen. I didn't believe it possible to get your generation to see and be interested in the significance of the Spanish Civil War. I believe it to have been the beginning of all the horrors that have followed in the last thirty years.

Having heard Max Teichmann speak at the Beaumaris Teach-In on conscription, I had intended to write and ask him for a copy of his speech, as he makes more sense to me and a lot of others than anyone else I've heard on the subject.

In fact, the S.R.C. would be doing a great service to have the speech printed in leaflet form and distributed to every N/S in Victoria. How much would that cost? I'm sure that you would get donations to cover cost of printing.

Anyway, thanks for a terrific issue even the film, play and book reviews were good this issue.

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) JOAN BAILEY,  
Parkdale.

"If you could do this I will send you a fiver towards printing costs."

## lousy rightwinger

Dear Mr. Steedman,  
It is under great duress that I feel obliged to complain of the bias in your vigorous publication. You seem to enjoy your notoriety, but I feel some points have to be made concerning your journal.

We only have to look at the last edition (Vol. 6, No. 6) of *Lot's Wife* to see that your paper is fast joining the radical right. You print two historical analyses of the Easter Rebellion and its historical significance. You thereby glorify a movement we must call right-wing; it was Catholic, wasn't it? You give free publicity to Mr. Wise, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Butler. You print articles by Mr. Chessell of the Liberal Club, and Miss Keane of the D.L.P. You may think you can escape my charges by printing a sympathetic review of Elwyn Spratt's book on Eddie Ward, and two articles (by the one author) attacking Sir Robert and Liberal Australia. But, of course, these are mere ruses. You are trying to lay a false left-wing scent.

Every editor who prints any material is obviously in sympathy with it. This is so even if the editor has no range of material from which to choose while making up

his paper. You may say you have never received copy from the Left, but you can't always get away with that, you know. Any one with any political sophistication can see that what a man says need not square-up with his actions even if he believes what he says. Ask Dr. K. or Bob Santa, or other pillars of political logic in this town.

So, Mr. Steedman, you have been discovered! The Right has attacked A. A. Calwell. But you have too, ergo, you too are rightists. After all, you have frequently printed articles by members of the Liberal Club at Monash. You did not even publicly approach the Left at Monash before writing about the Irish, so I am told. You must therefore have a bias to the Right.

You can't get away with it much longer, Steedman. No matter how good a paper you try to produce, no matter how genuine your motives, there'll always be people with eyes in their heads to see bias, and voices to scream "persecution!" Mr. Steedman, there are a lot of people around who think smelling a rat is what constitutes political sophistication, and there are really a hell of a lot of political sophisticates at Monash. Give up, you lousy Right-winger!

— GRAEME PATRICK, Arts.

## VC replies

Dear Sir, — May I say that I agree with a good deal of what Paul Marriott had to say about my article on Monash in 'New Universities in the Modern World'? It is unfortunate that the publishers took from 1963, when the article was written, until March of this year to get the book into print and even more unfortunate that, having made our block of the aerial view, they would not replace it by a more recent one.

"One's faith in democracy..." is a ghastly phrase and I shudder to realize that I ever wrote it. All that I meant — and I recall trying to think of a more telling phrase — was that the embryo S.R.C. had been lucky in finding a few young men who did very well in getting things going. I am sorry if Paul Marriott thinks that their successors have let them down.

Perhaps Paul Marriott does not remember what *Lot's Wife* — or was it Chaos? — was like in 1963 but I do and I stand by my comment. If I were writing to-day I could say that, as students' newspapers go, *Lot's Wife* is both lively and something to boast about.

— J. A. L. MATHESON,  
Vice-Chancellor.

## schmoo's friend

Sir, — Regarding your article entitled "Is Cavendish-Wise a Complete Schmoo?" I should like to comment on certain remarks made in the said article regarding the tape-recording of the debate between Mr. Wise and Dr. Tatz and the following dealings between yourself and me.

A message was given me by the General Secretary of the Clubs and Societies Council to the effect that you were anxious to consult me regarding the location and availability of said tape-recording. On receipt of the message, I proceeded to the *Lot's Wife* office whereupon you informed me that you had received a letter from Mr. Wise in which he commented upon the *Lot's Wife* report of the debate. (Vol. 6, No. 4). As you know, the debate entitled "Rhodesia - Confrontation" was organized under the auspices of the S.R.S. Public Questions Committee, and chaired by Mr. R. Dawe.

You requested that a copy of the tape-recording be made available to you. I replied that a second tape had been made and delivered to Mr. Wise by me. I further stated that the original tape was not on my person at that moment, but that it was, to the best of my knowledge, somewhere in the Union. I offered to attempt to locate the said original tape for you, and was thereby referred by Mr. Dawe to Mr. C. K. Thomas. I requested that Mr. Thomas furnish me with the said tape so that I may make it available to you. Mr. Thomas informed me that the tape was in the Club and Societies' Council Executive Office and offered to personally deliver it on my behalf to you. That he did on the same day.

In consequence, I can only state that your reporting of this incident is grossly untrue and is a deliberate distortion. I displayed a full willingness to assist you in your endeavour to locate the said tape and it was largely at my instigation that it was made available to you.

I trust, in view of the above, that you will have the honesty and integrity to withdraw your implication that I misled you and was not truthful.

— K. G. MURPHY.

The facts are as I stated, Mr. Murphy; at the time you displayed a complete unwillingness to co-operate. I did receive the tape from Mr. Thomas, but only after I had spoken to him. If you later re-considered and also referred the matter to Mr. Thomas, I thank you and apologize, but at the time I asked you for the tape your attitude was definitely not one of co-operation.—Ed.

## courteous service

Dear Sir,  
With much interest have I read all your issues this year, especially the letters to the editor. Most of these letters seem to be protesting or objecting to one thing or another. One area that seems to come in for abuse is the catering provided, and I have yet to see one letter of praise for the women who actually serve.

Since I started here, I have been amazed at the courteous, kind, helpful and friendly service given by the ladies behind the counters. They put up with a hell of a lot of nerve wracking noise and hordes of demanding students who seem to take their patience and goodwill for granted. Therefore I would like to write this letter, not to protest, but to praise those behind the counters.

Hoping you will print this letter,

I remain,  
Yours truly,  
J. C. OOSTERMEYER

Letters continued on page 12

# SRC

## - a clearly confident approach

(or ... the Terry Guthridge page)

On Monday evening, May 7th, the "new" rejuvenated S.R.C. met for the first time under the enthusiastic chairmanship of the recently elected Mr. Job. The meeting was intended to tackle immediately vital issues. It was proposed at the meeting to establish an extra position on the General Executive, that of Student Welfare Officer. This job will be to co-ordinate representation in Union and University committees and in doing so will facilitate student grievances, while at the same time overcoming the former lack of direction. An Editorial Board for Conscriptation was also established under the chairmanship of the Public Relations Officer, Terry Guthridge. This Board hopes to produce something positive on the "conscientious objector" problem, as well as something objective on student attitudes towards conscription. The disastrous position of "Lot's Wife" was also tackled — without expected personal attacks from either Mr.

Steedman or from members of the S.R.C. Both parties realized that the disastrous position of "Lot's Wife" was due to the inadequacy of Union finance allocations to the S.R.C. Mr. Steedman demanded that there should be an enquiry "as to why funds were not adequate", however he agreed that the more immediate problem was to salvage the present situation. When this matter was put before the Council, the meeting maintained its positive spirit by coming forward with several positive proposals in an attempt to solve the situation.

Most noticeable at the meeting was the absence of any taint of the long-standing subservience to Union authorities. Mr. Job later stated that this was one of the main reasons for the emergence of Union authorities to a position of strength. Evidence of the confidence of the meeting was the expression of general dissatisfaction of the 1966 budget allocations and the advocacy of the three Union

Board Representatives to present a report at a subsequent meeting. On the discussion of cafeteria food price rises, the S.R.C. objection to such a rise was reaffirmed and it was suggested that the salary of the Catering Manager should be paid from University funds, rather than from Catering itself. Further, it was suggested that the 2% accountability fee should be removed altogether and that a subsidy and sharing of cleaning costs should be shared with the Union.

Near the close of the meeting, Mr. Standish (the new Vice President) with his usual perception into student activities, raised a further hot issue for discussion. He stated that recently the Clubs and Societies had rashly and unjustifiably granted the Ecops Society 10% of their annual budget. Mr. Theophanous raised the valid point that 20 University Clubs could be supported with this percentage. Mr. Sweeney rebutted these arguments by suggesting that the

## EDUCATIONAL AFFAIRS CHAIRMAN

Applications are hereby called for the position of S.R.C. Educational Affairs Chairman. Duties will include:

- liaison with N.U.A.U.S. Education Vice-President.
- liaison with Melbourne and R.M.I.T. S.R.C.'s education committee.
- prompt application to and settlement of educational problems concerning Monash students.

BILL STANDISH, S.R.C. Vice-President.

allocation was being viewed out of context, and stated that the action taken was justifiable when the allocation was viewed in the long term context. When the S.R.C. decided to mandate its two representatives on the Clubs and Societies Executive to oppose such a grant at the next executive meeting, Mr. Sweeney stated that the S.R.C. should not have the right to direct their representatives in an autonomous organisation. Up-roar from the Council followed and Charles Smith, S.R.C. Secretary openly refuted Mr. Sweeney's contention. The mandate was granted and the meeting, having amassed a marathon list of successful motions, finally concluded at 1.15 a.m.

TERRY GUTHRIDGE,  
Public Relations Officer.

## FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

At a meeting of the 7th S.R.C. on 7th May, it was noted that there was not enough money to continue *Lot's Wife*. The reasons for this were basically that the S.R.C. grant to *Lot's Wife* was grossly under-estimated. The *Lot's Wife* budget for 1966 was only increased by £200 from the 1965 budget. Printing costs are up, there are more students, therefore larger circulation, because of its success there are many more articles and incidental expenses have increased. The S.R.C. recognized the problem and decided to initiate a campaign to raise funds for *Lot's Wife*.

By rights, the students have already paid for their copies of *Lot's Wife*, when they paid their Union fees. This leads to the bigger question of whether or not the students get their fair share of the funds from this fee. \$15 of every student's fee goes to a Union Development Fund that is to build facilities that the present student generation will get no benefit from.

We are paying for facilities for the students of to-morrow. This is also being investigated by the S.R.C. The alternative to raising money is fewer and smaller (8 page) editions, and this would necessitate a lowering of standards and the paper would surely fall from the position of No. 1 in Australia. If all students contributed 20 cents we would have enough. Plans for the campaign are being worked out over the vacation and the fund raising will start in second term. Our aim is \$2,000. It may seem a lot but it is just enough to enable us to scrape through. If you want a student newspaper, I urge you to contribute. After all, 2/- is not much for a year's informative entertainment.

## MISSPENT FUNDS?

While the S.R.C. is struggling to make ends meet and *Lot's Wife* starts a campaign to raise money, the Clubs and Societies Council granted the ECOPS society a grant of \$760 to send eighteen students to an Economic Conference. These conferences are traditionally an excuse for a "grog-on" and a few students usually attend. But why does Monash need 18 delegates, and necessitate \$760 of student money being swilled down.

## LIBRARY CRISIS

With increased student dissatisfaction with library conditions, S.R.C. Library Chairman, Nathan Muntz, acting with the S.R.C. Resident Executive, promptly initiated negotiations with the library.

Consequently, a combination of S.R.C. pressure and library co-operation has led to a number of changes designed to facilitate easier student access to reserve books. Reserve staff has been employed behind the reserve desk; a new system in reserve books will be introduced to make it quicker to get books. Instead of being arranged alphabetically they will probably be arranged in subjects in tutorials so it can easily be seen which books are available.

However, library conditions in 1967 according to the Chief Reference Officer, Mr. B. Southwell, will be sheer hell. The S.R.C. is investigating the probability of such a situation.

TERRY GUTHRIDGE,  
Public Relations Officer.

## NEW GUINEA OFFICER

Applications are called for local P.—N.G. Officer.

- Duties: — local publicity  
— contact with N.G. colleges  
— incoming delegations  
— selection and preparation for 1966-7 work camps

Fully subsidised trip to Canberra, June 2-4 for N.U.A.U.S. discussions. Leave a note for GAYLE COURTNEY c/o. S.R.C., giving name, experience, etc.

## Sargeant Supplies

### Studentship Holders With Service

Recently Bill de Graff, President of Monash Secondary Student Teachers, and myself approached the Principal of the Secondary Teachers' College, Mr. Sargeant, regarding the great inconvenience to studentship holders of the present payment of allowances. When it was suggested that student allowances could be paid in the University Union as formerly, Mr. Sargeant flatly rejected any such proposal. He stated that the staff of the College were already finding difficulty in allocating their spare periods to man the pay tables. When it was suggested that M.U.S.T.S. were willing to carry part of this burden if pays were paid in the University Union, Mr. Sargeant flatly stated that he had already looked into all "possible" alternatives and he had found that "absolutely no alternative existed".

As it was obvious that Mr. Sargeant intended to remain strong on this

point, we again reiterated the inconvenience to students who had to hike the distance to the College in order to receive their pay. This problem, it was pointed out, would obviously be accentuated during the coming winter. If no alternative existed, Mr. Sargeant was asked if some form of transport could be made available. Mr. Sargeant said that he would "look into the matter" — so at least, in this regard, some success was made. In fact, as some students may have noticed last pay day buses were actually provided! Mr. Sargeant subsequently complained that students were not using them. However, it cannot be said that any great attempt was made to inform the students of this service.

Now we have the buses USE THEM, otherwise the Department may withdraw them and convert them into classrooms.

— TERRY GUTHRIDGE, Arts III.

## SAVE THE WIFE FROM RAVISHMENT

We don't care if you like and/or hate LOT'S WIFE; if you've got an interest in fund-raising, please leave your vital statistics at the S.R.C. office.

A fund is being set up to maintain the present size and quality of the paper, following a rise of 1/3 in circulation, and 20% in costs — and no rise in budget allocation. This committee promises to be the most anti-extortionist fund raising group ever. All the present members HATE fund raising, but love hard-working and pleasant helpers. ACT THIS WEEK — planning begins during the vac.

## DISCIPLINE FIASCO

The S.R.C. has no disciplinary power! This fact was conveyed in a letter sent to the S.R.C. President, Mr. Michael Job, by the Academic Registrar. The letter advises the S.R.C. that the University legal experts had recommended that no disciplinary action should be taken against a student who had appealed against an S.R.C. fine of \$16. However, the legal experts also advised that in the case of a student who did not appeal against a fine it was not necessary to repay the fine.

The Resident Executive decided to repay the fine. In commenting on its disciplinary powers, S.R.C. President Job said: "Until the S.R.C. has disciplinary powers we will be reluctant to refer disciplinary action to the University Discipline authorities. However, if we should do so it is hoped that in each case our recommendation will be given consideration".

Public Relations Officer,  
T. J. GUTHRIDGE.

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# Dear Harry,

Dear Harry,

I hope you won't be annoyed with this letter. It is a mild protest about the dangers inherent in your Thermo-Dee course. Also it expresses disapproval of your method of setting exam questions on this course. It concerns Fred; you remember him?

I knew him fairly well, although he wasn't one of my closest friends. I first met him at a party a couple of years ago. We both did the same course, you see, and he was the only bloke that I'd seen before. So I said hello, and pretty soon you couldn't tell us from long-lost buddies. Well we talked about religion, sex, politics — everything: you name it, we talked about it. He seemed to be a decent sort of chap, although old Nebuchadnezzar would have struck me as being a nice sort of bloke at that stage. (I am telling you all this so that you can get an idea of the fine character of the man you indirectly helped to destroy).

However, a couple of days later, I saw him at Monash. (I didn't see him on Monday because I wasn't feeling too well, so I sat in the coffee-lounge instead of going to Physics). Anyhow he asked me where I was yesterday, and I told him. He laughed and said: "Yeah, I felt the same way. I didn't want to go to the lecture either (he doesn't usually go anyway), but I went, just to see if I could."

That's the sort of bloke he was. Wouldn't do anything if it was easy, only if it was hard. Once I saw him stick a pin into himself. Dug it right into the flesh between his thumb and forefinger. Wanted to see if he could do it. Someone had told him that the Med. kids had to do a blood test on themselves, and a hell of a lot of them couldn't prick themselves — they got someone else to do

it. Christ, it nearly made me sick sitting there seeing him sticking this pin into himself.

He was a bit of a sadist, too, couldn't stand cats (neither can I. Cut the balls off a tom once. Got himself half scratched to pieces, but he cut his balls off. Said it was a bloody good thing, and it should be done to all of them. He never tried it again though.

Fred had a fad about fitness, too. You reckon Joe is a bit fit, this bloke was a nut. Used to run ten miles every night, as well as doing a hell of a lot of press-ups and sit-ups. He hated this, too. I saw him go and get a whole new dinner after a fly had walked over his first one. Didn't say a word, just got up, walked over to the server, and ordered a new dinner. Next day I walked into the 9 o'clock maths lecture, and there he was, sitting up the back, looking as pleased as Punch. Never saw a bloke with such a grin. The whole ceiling was covered in those tape things that hang down and flies stick to them. Wasn't a fly in the place either — never had been: all the lecture theatres are air-conditioned.

That was Fred. I was sorry to see him go, even if he did do some funny things. It's been six months now, since he died. A horrible death! Still it was sudden, and that's the way he always said he wanted to go, none of the lingering illness. I went round to his place one day, to get the loan of some notes. He was out in the backyard, fooling around with an old 'fridge. Said he was going to put some of Harry's Thermo-Dee into practice. I asked him what he was up to, but he wouldn't say. I knew better than to ask again, but I found out later anyway.

He built his own air liquifying plant. Got some empty

gas cylinders, too, and filled them up with liquid air. He'd hang rotten meat in a tent in the yard. Geez, the flies would come for miles. Once the tent had got good and thick with them he'd close the flaps and unscrew one of his cylinders. All the air would rush out and cool down — that's called throttling. I can tell it got pretty frigid inside that tent. I was in there once, a few minutes after he pulled the cork out. Just about needed a blow-torch to unfreeze them afterwards. Used to kill the flies though. Freeze them to death. I swear he had a 44-gallon drum full of them.

When he first started he had a few teething troubles. First time up he didn't tie the cylinder down. Took off like a rocket straight through the side of the tent, and the fence. It finally stuck in the ground on the other side of what was next-door's kennel. They found that dog three weeks later. Someone had handed it in at the Rosebud cop-shop. Fred tied the cylinders down after that.

The last time I saw him alive he said he was on to something really big. All mysterious about it, he was. A few days later his mother heard a big bang and a loud hiss outside. It was in the morning, you see, very early. It was one of those rosy-red sunrises that means it's going to be a stinking hot day. When she got out there, she saw that the whole backyard was white, and there right in the middle, was Fred, covered in about three inches of frost. All round him lay dead cats, lumps of frozen meat, and piles of flies. Great white clouds were belching from gas cylinders all over the place, and in the background the sun was shining through the pink clouds. She said afterwards that it was a beautiful sight, just beautiful. All that white and all, just like on Christmas cards.

That was Fred, a real nut. His mother was a nut too. Still it was sudden, and he always wanted to go sudden. He'd turn in his grave though, if he knew that Harry (the bastard) didn't put a question on throttling in the exam paper.

— ANON EX, 2nd year.

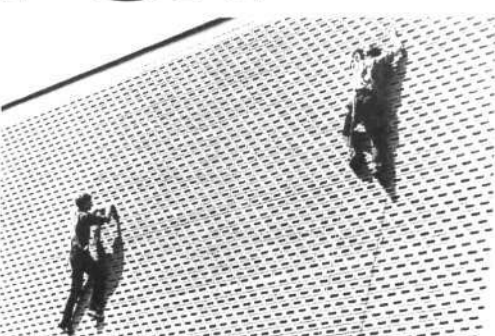
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## Festival of Alexandra Korda

Dendy—Brighton

Alexandra Korda was concerned with the production or direction of over 100 films during his lifetime. It seems incredible that a man with such an obvious love for the cinema could have come up with so much mediocrity.

The recent festival of Korda's films at the Dendy Theatre, Brighton, is a case in point. Apart from a very few fine scenes by Charles Laughton in "Rembrandt" and a scintillating performance by Leslie Howard as the Scarlet Pimpernel, there was very little to offer. For a man who said so much via the camera, Korda really had little to say. To be without some sense of social responsibility is tragedy enough. To be so born (as he was) and yet to have such tremendous resources for communication is a tragedy for mankind.

### KORDA'S FAILINGS

Korda's motto was "to tell good stories for entertainment, with a high degree of craftsmanship" — and within this narrow framework he was perhaps successful to a limited degree. But it should have been possible to provide some point to it. Korda had a passion for historical films — but what history! There is enough Grade V history around (e.g., Alfred burning the cakes, "Kiss me, Hardy," "England expects . . .") without pandering to and even creating more of it.

Without much effort he could have created films with historical integrity which were enlightening as well as entertaining.

"The Private Lives of Henry VIII" opens with a written passage of two short sentences. The first dismisses

Catherine of Arragon as "not being particularly interesting." The second virtually dismisses Anne Boleyn, the film opening with her execution. Thus are removed the only interesting wives Henry had. How much more worthwhile to have perhaps created a film about the break between Catherine and Henry after 17 years of happy marriage — the intriguing Cardinal Wolsey — the indomitable spirit of Catherine — the wearing away of Mary's spirit by Henry, to renounce her rights to the crown — the cool and calculating Anne with her Macchiavellian manoeuvres so obvious to and so unpopular with the people.

### FILM AS AN ART

It is not meant that every film should be loaded with social messages or with historical enlightenment, but that they should at least be substantial. The film is too powerful a medium to be frittered away purely on escapism, as these films are.

Korda had little feeling for the film as an art form in its own right. His films are little more than "extended plays," with the silver screen becoming equivalent to the proscenium arch and its confines. He failed to take advantage of the many cinematic techniques such as camera angle and movement, in relation to the characters and mood (as, for example, the low camera shots of Kane in "Citizen Kane" to emphasise his power and the oppressiveness of this power) — montage, where cutting from one sequence to another fixes a scene to give a total effect (as in the famous Odessa steps sequence in "Battleship Potemkin") —

lighting, texture and contrast which go towards evoking mood (as, for example, the brilliant use of shadow in "Ivan the Terrible" and "The Third Man," to create an atmosphere of omnipresent doom).

All these go to provide a "total effect" — where we directly experience the situation at hand, something which is impossible in literature or the theatre. Someone has said that in the theatre we still retain the "I" of ourselves, whilst in the cinema, with a good film, this is given up for total identification. This does not occur with Korda's films — they being very flat because of his failure to fully utilise the cinema's potential.

Whilst on the subject of the film as an art form, a recent and excellent example is "The Trial." Although based on a famous novel, the film transcends this and becomes not the film of Franz Kafka's "The Trial," but "The Trial" by Orson Welles, a completely new and independent work of art.

It seems extraordinary that although the film as a medium is fifty years old, so little has been done to foster its serious appreciation. One way of rectifying this would be the establishment of film appreciation courses in schools and universities. A start has been made in Tasmania — unfortunately as part of the literature course — but still, it's a start — the thin edge of the wedge, let us hope.

### KORDA'S CONTRIBUTIONS

If all that has been said before seems like an unfair attack on a man who has been dead 10 years — then let us examine Korda's positive achievements. He was virtually responsible for the creation of an indigenous film industry in England. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" being England's first great international success. He also helped set up the National Film Finance Corporation and the British Film Academy. Materialistic as these contri-

butions were, they were nevertheless very great and greatly needed.

### THE FILMS

As mentioned before, "Rembrandt" was the best of the films shown. Charles Laughton gave a sensitive performance (this being one of his best roles). The most memorable scenes were when he was reading from the Old Testament — particularly the poetic reading from Samuel to the magnificent-looking street beggar used to model as the dejected King Saul.

"But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him . . ."

Laughton achieves a masterly transformation from the exuberant young man to the wizened old man of the famous last self-portrait.

Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" gave a performance of the 18th century fop, Sir Percy Richmond, straight out of "The Relapse" or "The Provoked Wife." I don't know whether Restoration excess of manners and circumlocutions persisted into Georgian times, but it seemed to fit.

"The Man Who Worked Miracles" is perhaps the closest Korda came to any form of social comment. But then the screenplay was by H. G. Wells — adapted from his short story.

"The Ghost That Goes West" was directed by Rene Clair. This was a comedy sending up the "let's buy a Scottish castle and crate it home" type American.

Other films seen were "Lady Hamilton" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

The Dendy Theatre is to be commended for putting on festivals of this kind, and it is to be hoped that they will put on festivals of other famous directors. It is by this means that we can see the work of a director as a whole and follow his development of style and themes. What about a festival for Welles and Hitchcock?

GARRY JOSLIN.

## YOUTH CONCERTS

The first Youth Concert for 1966 was played by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Smetana's "Overture to the Bartered Bride" opened the concert in lively, if trite, manner. Next came a tender performance of Faure's "Pavane", in which all the melodic simplicity was finely brought out. Next, Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G ("Letter V"). Another old faithful. As easy as putting on a record; and that's how it sounded — mechanical. To bring the first half to the interval there was Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance": pleasant light music played with, at last, some verve, for Sir Malcolm's control of the Orchestra was now utilised.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the evening was Tchaikowski's 4th Symphony, in F Minor, Op. 36., and it was worth waiting for. Sir Malcolm unravelled the wealth of harmonic and melodic detail expertly. His musicianship was obvious as he balanced the Orchestra; the strings had fine tone, the brass blended well, and woodwind were in tune. A good ending.

But why do we have, concert after concert, the same old pieces cluttering up the place? Apart from the Tchaikowski, the only piece worth going to was the Faure. It is about time the A.B.C. planning department realised that this century has produced more solid and satisfying stuff than Balfour Gardiner. It should also realise that the accepted classics are readily available on record. If attendances are to rise, music should be played that is harder to come by. With intelligent use of its radio network, the A.B.C. could foster a greater understanding and liking of modern music, to reinforce the effects of its concerts.

— ROBERT GERRAND.



Patricia Neal

An indication of this film's worth is that it was chosen to open last year's Cannes film festival. In fact, no segment of the second world war has been treated on such a grand scale — as it is in "In Harm's Way" — since "The Longest Day." The story, taken from James Bassett's best-selling novel, opens with the attack on Pearl Harbour and sails through to the beginning of the end of the Pacific War. In between it shows the traumas and triumphs of various naval personnel, the war of wits that went on between commanders and, I should imagine, one of the most spectacularly destructive sea-battles ever filmed.

John Wayne, as Admiral Rock Torrey, around whom the story revolves, foregoes his usual average, red-blooded, all-American performance and comes up with one that is both dignified and convincing.

The presence of several of his well-known contemporaries, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith and Dana Andrews no doubt helped him to achieve this and at the same time gives the film finesse.

Patricia Neal plays the matter-of-fact nurse with sympathy and sensitivity enough to win the British Best Actress Award. Kirk Douglas as

Wayne's disillusioned and dissipated friend, seems to find the rake's progress right up his gangway, but Brandon de Wilde, as Wayne's son, is more at home playing the con man's assistant (this he is before coming under his father's more wholesome influence) than the chip off the old block.

However, it is only Stanley Holloway who could have been thrown overboard. He appears as the far-from-fair-dinkum Aussie looking as ill-at-ease in his part as would one of those "bloody roos" he inevitably refers to.

J. E. DUNCAN.



# Two Truths are Told

Richard Murphett

*Macbeth in Camera*

*St. Martin's Theatre*

Reviewing *Macbeth in Camera* involves an approach dissimilar to that of a normal theatre review. I intend not merely to cover the event (and event it was) evaluating it as a personal guide you may or may not choose to use. My task as I see it here, is to earnestly entreat you to experience the powerful message of the Voyage Theatre. It's later than you think.

For the bell which rang the clearest if not the loudest in Harold Lang's carillon was the bell that cried that you will never fully appreciate yourselves, the drama of the world or the driving forces of life unless you fully experience great drama. And "Macbeth in Camera" presents you with the irresistible opportunity to do this.

It takes the form of dramatised discussion (based on an actual event involving the leader of the company, Harold Lang) of the means of conveying most completely the message of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. The discussion is between a scholar under the pseudonym of Dr. Geoffrey Keir (David Kelsey) who has written his Ph.D. thesis on Shakespeare Tragedy and believes that the greatness of the playwright precludes any active method of interpretation by the actors (anything more than a feeling for the music of the words) and a director (Harold Lang) and his two actors (Nicholas Amer and Greville Hallam) all of whom see drama as primarily action (as its Greek origin specifies).

Dr. Keir is very, very hard to convince (almost incredibly so, except that we are informed, that in actuality the argument took twice as long as its histrionic counterpart). The unprejudiced audience concurs much earlier and is thus able to appreciate the power of the performance untrammelled by any scholarly barbed wire.

The two main arguments — if one can be justified in abstracting anything from the welter of material presented — are, first of all, that the scholarly belief that words themselves convey all that Shakespeare wants them to, is ridiculous because any speech of any character is based on

a desire to make someone or something do something however trivial or negative this may be. And with this as an assumption speeches must be seen as, in a general way, means of persuasion so that for full effort they must be accompanied by action (however slight — even thought is a form of action) and, of course, by action that is appropriate to the words.

Many other minor points are involved in this; but limited by space I will pass to the second major argument, this arose initially from Dr. Keir's objection that "the great Elizabethan rhetorical convention" (not an exact quotation) the soliloquy, is not addressed to anyone or anything and therefore cannot be fitted into the above category. Lang's group then forwards (and for me proves) the theory that our private lives are controlled by the primitive force of desire or "want" and that soliloquies are based on the conflict between what we want and what our more sophisticated or conscious selves recoil from — Macbeth's soliloquy "Two truths are told" is taken as one example of this and is dramatized by separating the speech into two voices — the "want" voice and the "no" voice seen as two characters played back to back. In another brilliant exposition of the idea Harold Lang takes us through the whole of Lady Macbeth's inner torment throughout the play — one of the most transfixing, exhausting and exhilarating experiences I have had in theatre.

With regard to this, *Macbeth* is seen as the tragedy of a man who is forced to choose between two "wants" — the "want" to be king and the "want" to be a virtuous man — and who once he has decided is then thrown upon the road of another and even more tragic want — the want to succeed in his position by ridding himself of both external opposition (e.g., Banquo and Macduff family) and internal opposition (as seen in ghost scene). It is above all the tragedy of a man, and not that of an automatic philosophy vending machine.

For the actors this means, as the cast keeps on emphasizing, complete realization of what is entailed in their role on the stage. In *Macbeth*, as in all Shakespeare and most great dramatists, it necessitates complete involvement in their part (paraphrasing of passages, summary of scenes by significant gestures, etc.). But even in the purely surface entertainment of a Moliere farce the point holds — the actor must realise that his role is one of a surface, stylised entertainer.

But, of course, *Macbeth in Camera* is of interest not only to actors and producers. It presents a method of approach to drama which indicates that any approach that neglects this method is limited, stale, and one even suggests wrong. For



it shows that any ultimate evaluation of any drama must have a solid and complete grounding in a purely descriptive analysis and that this analysis must include a recognition of the histrionics of the play — the words are not enough.

This prosaic coverage of the Voyage Company's performance conveys none of its inexpressible great qualities. The presentation of the England scene in *Macbeth* is nearly incomparable. However, epithets such as "exciting", "breathtaking", etc., appear banal in the context. My safest approach is theirs — just description. The performance is not (and I cannot emphasize this enough) a theoretical discussion. It has none of the solemnity and heavy-handedness of this review. It is infused with an unpretentious humour and communicates wholly by alternating actively between comic and serious dramatization of every point.

*Macbeth in Camera* will be followed by another unique show — a dramatization of the poetry of Donne, Milton and Blake. Whether you are actor or student or "normal" human being, my plea for both shows is simple and urgent — Go...it's later than you think.

# Raymonda

-the Australian ballet

Stroganoff

(With acknowledgements to Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon)

"Raymonda" was originally create by Petipa, who have Glazounov write the music for him; and since Petipa was accustomed to plan the rhythm, mood, even the number of bars for the composer, the type of dance can often be recognize immediate from the music. Petipa he create the classical ballet, with the story not so much for the drama, but for the background, the costume and the dances — just like in "Nutcracker" and "The Sleeping Beauty". However, "Raymonda" have in fact the many incidents, and still remain in the repertoire of the Soviet Ballet almost as original. But Rudolf Nureyev he re-choreograph "Raymonda"; he prune the many incidents to the few, and he create a whole the most satisfying in the tradition truly classical. Nureyev he is a dancer choreographing for dancers also; he understand fully the use of the human body, how best it is display artistically, and so not only the audience but also the dancers enjoy "Raymonda". It is a ballet which any company can be proud to have in the repertoire, and also it do the dancers good to dance it, because the demands on the technique classical are very strong. As presented by the Australian Ballet, "Raymonda" is the success; not the success unqualified, but undoubtedly the success. Again, it is sometime the ensemble work that have the lack of unison, and this detract from the perfection of the whole. But the improvement will inevitably continue, the imperfections they diminish eventually with hard work, and then, voila! the success colossal, the perfection complete.

The story concern Raymonda, who await return of her betrothed, Jean de Brienne, from the Crusades. The Saracen Abderachman also seek to court Raymonda, and he bring her gifts. Jean de Brienne return to claim Raymonda; there is the tournament in which he vanquish Abderachman, and then there is the wedding stupendous for the

last act. The costumes and the sets for this production are superb, and the dancers they know how to use their costumes to the full. This especial to be seen in the Pavane in the first act, which they execute very well indeed.

This night Raymonda was dance by Marilyn Burr, and Jean de Brienne by Jean-Paul Comelin, both guest artists with the Australian Ballet. Why these two fine dancers give only two performances in Melbourne, and many more in Sydney? Why are we denied the opportunity to see them in other productions? Why they are not members of the company for a season, only guest artists, especially as Miss Burr is Australian? These are the questions intriguing.

Miss Burr is a lovely Raymonda, with elevation, precision, surety of technique, and a very lovely dance quality. She delight especially in her variation in Act III, which make considerable technical demands, and which she execute beautifully. She have the wonderful ability to hold a pose in immobility complete after a series of rapid pas, and remind me a little of Nerina. Jean-Paul Comelin, after the start a little nervous, prove a noble and excellent Jean de Brienne; he is the partner who dance the whole time, and he have such panache, such style of presentation that when he come on the stage for his Variation in Act III, everybody tremble. This Variation is a superb one for a male dancer; it have the many grands jetes en tournant battus (with variations), which Nureyev himself do very well, and M. Comelin does not disappoint us. He move with solidity and purpose, he have ballon, and above all, style. His grands jetes in Act II, with superb epaulement at the apex of the leap, were unforgettable.

Warren de Maria build up a fierce and sinister Abderachman with flashing eyes and mannered mime, but his dancing disappoint a little, not because it lack correctness, but because it lack the ferocity his character suggest. Alan Alder dance the Spanish dance with Ann Fraser exceedingly well and with such obvious enjoyment that he obtain the well-deserved ovation. (I understand he has since suffered an injury, which is truly a pity). Miss Robyn Croft dance well as Raymonda's friend, and please with her Variation in Act III; her recent accident in which she badly injure her ankle and foot was indeed unfortunate. The pas de quatre in Act I, scene II, was excellent; the male pas de quatre in Act III was mar by a lack of unison which cause the onlooker to look at the offender and not the others. This pas de quatre again give evidence



that Nureyev he know what the male dancer should need to display his ability, and therefore it was the imperfection unfortunate.

The tournament between Abderachman and Jean de Brienne was symbolic, naturallement; but the sword-fight in which Jean de Brienne eliminate Abderachman was a disgust. This anyone who have seen "Romeo and Juliet" of the Bolshoi on stage or film (TV) will know. The dancers have space enough, there is music enough, for something better and more realistic, particularly since dancers make the fencers superb, and the Elizabethan Theatre Trust in Melbourne have (or certainly had) a fencing master.

In conclusion, the Company is to be congratulate not only for this production, but also for having sufficient soloists of quality to be able to alternate roles so much. In the words of the immortal Dourakova, in every Ballet Company is the terrible, but the good ballet company have learn to conceal the terrible; the Australian Ballet is a good company, and promise to become the company superb. They repay the visit with much enjoyment.

## CINEMA

## DILETTANTE.

## GALLERIES

**THE BLOCK GALLERIES, 98 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne**

An exhibition of oil paintings by renowned English artist and Royal painter Edward Seago, from 9th to 31st May. There are thirty-three paintings on show.

**THREE SISTERS GALLERY, 46 Church Street, Brighton**

Until 30th May, the works of two artists, Barbra Farrington and Astrid Eugene, will be exhibited; most of the paintings are in oils.

**VARENNE GALLERY, Mitchell Ave., Warrandyte. 84 3549**

Laszlo Hedegus is holding his Ninth One-Man Show of Paintings at this gallery until 21st May. Viewing hours daily are 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., except Tuesdays. The next exhibition, opening on 22nd May, at 3 p.m., will be of the works of Naureen Bolwell.

**VICTORIAN ARTISTS SOCIETY, 430 Albert St., Melbourne**

Works of Donald Kurk, Bernard Rust, Alan Martin and others comprise the Annual Autumn Display that is showing here. In the water-colour and graphic art section the work of Patrick O'Carrigan show a fresh and professional character that runs through the exhibition.

**ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION, 146 Toorak Road, South Yarra.**

The varied items of craft, sculpture and painting that are being exhibited here make this group show particularly interesting. Outstanding work by Robert Grieve who recently exhibited at the Leerson Street Gallery, won the English Speaking Union \$300 prize, while the water colour prize went to William Ferguson.

**ARGUS GALLERY, 290 Latrobe St., Melbourne**  
Showing from 9th - 20th May is an exhibition of fifty contemporary paintings by Michael Dulics.

**GALLERY A, 275 Toorak Road, South Yarra.**  
This collection of Michael Shannon, employing an urban theme, clearly shows his concentration on draughtsmanship and line rather than colour or tonal quality. These coloured drawings show a skill for depicting urban subjects with sincerity and skill, e.g., "Homecoming" and "The Milk Bar".

**SOUTH YARRA GALLERY, 10 William Street, South Yarra.**

The one-man show of Anton Holyner shows a variety of subjects painted in varying aspects of brown. He has used it as a source of light and as a means of conveying various moods in his abstracts, unlike other modern painters who have rejected the colour as drab.

**"CARMYLE", 7 Carmyle Avenue, Toorak**

On 1st June this gallery will open as an art library. Until then, Patsy Foard is showing a selection of paintings inspired by a 12th Century Persian poem. These paintings depict "Man's Inner Progress" in a non-figurative style. Her style has been described as "decorative tachism" that is due to accidental effects of dribbling or splashed paint on an opaque background.

## THEATRE

**ST. MARTINS THEATRE, SOUTH YARRA**

"Macbeth in Camera," produced by Harold Lang and his company, the Voyage Theatre, for a season from 2nd to 21st May. The play is not Shakespeare's "Macbeth" but an original written by Lang — "a lecture - demonstration become theatre". Its simple plot is based on an actual happening, and although it has excerpts from "Macbeth", it is not a potted version, but a play in its own right. It is said to be sophisticated adult entertainment. Principal actors include Harold Lang, Nicholas Amer, Greville Hallam, and David Kelsey. Following this will be, from Monday, 23rd, to Saturday, 28th May, "Man Speaking". A new unconventional exploration into the works of three poets, Donne, Milton and Blake. A speaker will read each poet as he believes he should be interpreted.

**COMEDY THEATRE**

"Busy-body," with Irene Handl, London's famous cockney comic. Season continued; no definite closing date.

**RUSSELL ST. THEATRE**

Until 4th June, "The Royal Hunt of the Sun", by Robert Shaffer. A spectacular production dealing with the Spaniards and their conquest of Peru and the Inca Empire. It was first presented by the National Theatre at Chichester, England, then later in New York, and at this year's Adelaide Festival of Arts. "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" is the last play in A Season of International Plays presented by Melbourne University in association with Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Students can obtain concessions on showing identity cards.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE**

"The Great Waltz" will continue its season until June or later. "Australia's finest voices singing the glorious Johann Strauss music!"

**PRINCESS THEATRE**

The Australian Ballet Company. "Giselle" and "Pineapple Poll" for a season from 13th to 18th May. Principal dancers include Elaine Fifield and Brian Lawrence, Katherine Gorham and Garth Welsh. Commencing Saturday, 21st May, "Robert and Elizabeth", directed by Charles Hiehman, choreographed by George Cardin. Principal actors include June Bronhill, Denis Quilley and Frank Thring. It is based on "The Barrets of Wimpole Street" by Rudolph Bessier.

Collated by Anne Thiemeyer  
with Debbie Barnes Helen Linklater

**EMERALD HILL THEATRE**

"A Bunch of Rat-Bags" opens on Saturday, 14th May for a limited season. Adapted from William Dick's novel by Don Battye and Peter Pinne, the play will be directed by Wal Cherry and Jon Ewing, choreographed by Keith Little, music and lyrics by Peter Pinne, sets and costumes by Janet Dawson. The main actors are Syd Conabere as the Father, John Kendall as Terry Cook, the boy, Yvonne Adams, and Judy Jamison. It is a play with a message, telling of the experiences of a young boy born in Footscray who joins a gang of juvenile delinquents. Ultimately, after being sick, he realises that there is more to life than bashing people and playing at hoodlums, etc. "A Bunch of Rat-Bags" was commissioned by Emerald Hill Theatre from talented young Melbourne team of Don Battye and Peter Pinne. "The novel has been adapted in an unusual and exciting way and we believe that this new work will be an exciting event in Australian Theatre."

Prices — General public, \$1.50; subscribers, one voucher; members, \$1; parties, \$1.20. Bookings — phone 69 3319 or Allans or Myers. Postal bookings welcome at any time.

**NEW THEATRE**

Opening on 18th May at Victorian Youth Club Hall, Gisborne St., East Melbourne, a unique Australian musical "Reedy River," written by Dick Diamond in 1953. "Theatrical" folk tunes around which the play was written include such old favourites as "Click go the Shears", "Wild Rover No More", "My Old Black Billy", "Wake-up Landlord", "The Ballad of 1891", "Reedy River" and "Four Little Johnny Cakes". A unique inclusion is the Bush Band, whose percussion instrument the lagerphone (made from lager bottle tops) and a tea-chest bush bass "could not be more Australian". Besides the Bush Band, an orchestra of seven or eight students will play the overture, specially scored by a young Arts student. The reason for "Reedy River's" success is not really surprising, considering "its warmth of contact and that it truly, naturally and musically, expresses Australian life".

**MELBOURNE YOUTH THEATRE**

In its first season, the Melbourne Youth Theatre offers three productions representing a significant cross-section of modern drama — "Peer Gynt" by Henrik Ibsen, "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" by Bertolt Brecht, "The House of Bernarda Alba" by Federico Garcia Lorca. The first, "Peer Gynt", opens at the Secondary Teachers College, Swanston Street, Carlton, at 8 p.m., Thursday, 12th May; then Friday, 13th May; Saturday, 14th May; Thursday, 19th May; Friday, 20th May; Saturday, 21st May. Directors of the Melbourne Youth Theatre are Ron Danielson and John Ellis. The establishment of Melbourne Youth Theatre is important to play-goer and participant, because it provides a continuing theatrical involvement for young people, where there was previously haphazard and spasmodic activity. Enquiries 34 9011 (ext. 28) or after hours 83 9622. A seat at one performance costs 45 cents.

**MONASH FILM GROUP**

Marnie, 18th May. Another Hitchcock film, less terrifying than "The Birds". Marie (Tippi Hedren) has inherited a subconscious guilt complex and a life of crime. The complex is not conducive to an ideal honeymoon, and husband Mark (Sean Connery) takes her to her mother. Together they try a re-adjustment. Friday, 20th, 3 French Films: *Une Partie de Campagne*, *Les Mistons*, *Les Marines*.

**ATHENAEUM, 188 Collins Street**

*Robin and the Six Hoods* will begin on 19th May. In this hilarious, lively film, Robin Hood transfers his base to Chicago. Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., and Frank Sinatra spend their time doing "good" turns and singing as they go.

**RIVOLI, Camberwell Road, Hawthorn**

*One Spy Too Many* — another one of the Mr. Solo spy series, with Robert Vaughan and David McCallum. The supporting film is *Murder Most Foul*, with Margaret Rutherford.

26th May is the beginning of a double Walt Disney show, with *The Incredible Journey* (3 animals), and *The Waltz King* — the story of Johann Strauss, incorporating his music. This film stars Centa Berger and Rowans Traherne.

*This Sporting Life* (formerly at the Odeon) will begin on 2nd June. It is a British film, starring Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. This film portrays rugby in such a way that it appeals even to non-sporting enthusiasts. The sport is woven in with a poignant story of the relationship which develops between a rugby player and his landlady, to make an unusual but effective blend. *Carry on Cabby*, a British comedy, is the supporting film.

**DENDY**

On 12th May, *David and Lisa*. This is directed by Frank Perry, and is a delicate representation of the beneficial effects of love on a boy and a girl, both suffering from strange mental disorders. Awarded "Best Film of 1964" by "Time" and "Bulletin".

**CURZON, 266 Collins Street**

*The Balcony* — based on the novel by Jean Genet, who has managed to get very few of his stories into Australia in book form. Stars Shelley Winters (Academy Award) with Peter Falk, Lee Grant. Director: Joseph Strick.

"The monumental story of a man... his erotic and strange compulsions as revealed in Madam Irma's 'house' of illusion... an uncomfortable and arresting experience."

**AUSTRALIA, 270 Collins Street**

*Repulsion*, directed and produced by Polanski; with Catherine Deneuve. A psychological study of the effects of different kinds of love on an extremely naive and beautiful girl. With it is a Russian biography—*Maya Ghesetskays*, a famous ballet dancer.

**CHELSEA, 178 Flinders Street**

*Genghis Khan* — a colourful, exciting blend of romance, adventure and mystery — a "heightened" historical view of the beginnings of the Mogul Empire. Director: Henry Levin. Actors: Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd, James Mason.

**PALAIS, St. Kilda**

On 23rd May, *Audrey Hepburn* and Cary Grant will provide mystery and suspense in *Charade*, a revival of the earlier film.

On 26th May, *The Waltz King* and *The Incredible Journey*, both Walt Disney films. The 1966 Film Festival begins on 3rd June at this theatre.

**ROMA, 255 Bourke Street**

*Casanova 70* will continue at least until 8th June. From 2nd June until 8th June, the Italian version of *Casanova 70* will be screened. This has been specially imported, and is the same cast as its predecessor — only this time they speak in Italian.

*Women of the Orient* succeeds this, on 9th June. This is a serious balanced view of the special problems oriental women must face in coping with their men. There are about six small stories taken from six different parts of the orient, and all with a common theme — sometimes sad, sometimes satisfactory, but always a genuine attempt at sympathetic representation. Nagwa Fouad, Abdel Nemy Dowklee, and Chiang-Yin star in this film, produced in Italy.

*Billy Liar* is screening at the late show, nightly — Julie Christie and Tom Courtney.

**BARCLAY, 131 Russell Street**

*The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* will continue until at least 2nd June. This film is adapted from the novel by John LeCarre, and Claire Bloom and Richard Burton re-create its excitement and suspense.

Following this is the film *Judas*, with Sophia Loren, Jack Hawkins and Peter Finch.

**REGENT**

*Our Man Flint*, another of the James Bond type, packed with excitement, daring, beautiful women and thousands of fantastic gadgets. James Coburn is ably assisted by the beautiful Gila Golan and Thorald Davidson.



# Booking Office



**THE WEBBS' AUSTRALIAN DIARY 1898**  
ed. A. G. Austin.  
Pitman & Sons, Melbourne.  
1965. \$3.95.

Beatrice and Sydney Webb arrived in Australia in September of 1898 straight from America and New Zealand. At the time of the Australian tour they were recognised as two of the most advanced British political and social thinkers. Beatrice was a trained social investigator (as far as the technique of her day went) and worked with Charles Booth in his survey of London. Sydney was an extraordinarily gifted practical and theoretical practical politician, as he demonstrated in his remarkable work with the London municipal councils, especially in the re-organisation of education. Both were free thinking Fabians, natural socialists but prepared to be practical rather than strictly dogmatic.

It was with this background, as highly trained observers and political thinkers that they arrived in Australia. Every door was open to them, they met the leading political figures of the day and were introduced immediately into the paramount controversies of Federation, Free Trade and Protection. The diary they left of this visit is a fascinating picture of the political scene of 1898. It is valuable for the freshness and essential foreignness of the Webb's point of view, also for the many comparisons with America and New Zealand. Sydney's entries deal mainly with the politics of the colonies while Beatrice gives lively and usually derogatory sketches of the people they met and the places they saw. Most of our politicians appeared to have been backward, materialistic and uncultivated by the Webbs' standards, even Deakin was "disappointing". But our public men had one praiseworthy characteristic: they were all basically honest, especially when compared with the Americans. In fact, Beatrice sums up their impression of Australia as "muddling on" with a high standard of honour and a low standard of efficiency. They regarded Australia, with all its drawbacks, as a promising experiment in democracy.

What we must remember about the Webbs is that for all their training and intelligence they arrived in Australia almost totally ignorant of the country they were coming to. This, coupled with their own strong prejudices, often distorts their view of Australia. Neither of them could understand the blatant materialism and arrogance of the people, nor did they recover from the complete lack of social legislation. They both had a strong preference for the English country and climate and could find nothing of beauty in Australian landscape. But their worst blind spot was their own advanced thinking. Because of their own ideas they could not see either the progress that had been made or what was progressive in the politics of the time.

A. G. Austin points out these faults clearly in his introduction together with a coverage of their background

and their way of thinking. His editing makes this an interesting and useful little book as much for what the Webbs say about Australia as for what they say about themselves. The Biographical directory included at the end is concise and helpful.

— SUE COLLINGS.

**BERNINI**  
By Howard Hibbard,  
Penguin Original. \$1.95.

Howard Hibbard's book on Gianlorenzo Bernini (the greatest sculptor of the 17th century) is a very solid academic study. The book is quite good as far as it goes but offers few apocalyptic insights into the work of Bernini.

Hibbard states in his introduction that, "My primary aim has been to diffuse known information rather than to break new ground" and, in this respect, we must commend him for carrying out his aims — no new ground is broken.

It seems obvious to me that an art critic should attempt to proffer new thoughts and ideas on works of art (without stooping to depths of cliché and platitudes), that is, to provide new and stimulating interpretations.

Hibbard, however, does not set out to do this to any great extent. Instead, what we have for the first half of the book is a sound, yet ordinary chronological study of Bernini's work. We trace the artist's work from the early stages of his career in which works such as "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence", "Anima Dannata", "Neptune and Triton" and "Daoid", to name but a few, are treated with all due text-book deference.

We then proceed to the second chapter "Bernini in Command" where in much the same way works of note are "dealt with".

The second half of Hibbard's work is more refreshing. In this Hibbard deals primarily with the inter-relationships between Bernini's painting, sculpture and architecture. Here Hibbard seems to have freed himself from the more formal treatment that he pursued in Part One, and we are introduced with vigour to works as "Saint Andrea at Quirinale", "Santa Maria", Bernini's piazza for St. Peter's, the "Scala Regia" and many others.

Hibbard concludes his book with a chapter on Bernini's "Late Works". These, Hibbard tells us, are more spiritual and subjective than Bernini's earlier works (the later works becoming more classical due to a new concept of beauty).

Hibbard's book I feel is of more value to the art student, who requires factual information, than to the art lover.

Because of the size and price of producing such a book, the reproduction of Bernini's work are necessarily small yet they are of high standard — a fitting tribute to such a great sculptor!

For the price and size, Howard Hibbard's book "Bernini" is of good value for what it sets out to do — to disseminate known facts about an unfortunately little known sculptor.

— ROGER KIBELL.

## THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN

By Tony Parker.  
A Penguin Book. 60c.

This is not fiction. Nor is it an unusual tale. According to the statistics, Charles Patrick Smith could be any one of a thousand similarly situated ex-convicts in our society at this moment. But Tony Parker has tried to penetrate the anonymity of statistics and discover the person behind the record. The person he found was 50 years old. He had the self-awareness of a child, the ability of an alien to relate to other people, the capability of a punch-drunk pugilist to redress his wrongs. For the theft of a total of £178, he had been sentenced to a total of 26 years imprisonment in eight instalments... with an average period of 11 weeks freedom between sentences.

The problem posed is a challenging one. How to rehabilitate the convicted criminal? The suggested answers are legion, each con. posing the same problem in a different way. The experiences of Charley Smith, in fact, indicate that there is no real answer. But these experiences do indicate the absurdity of the existing methods of rehabilitation — where these methods are exercised.

The novel (if it can be called that) deals with the release and re-conviction of Charley, and the subsequent efforts of one John Carter to appease his social conscience by working as hard and thoughtfully as his situation and inexperience allow to get Charley out on probation. Once out, however, Charley proves to all concerned that his prison background has provided no opportunity for him to come to terms with the society of which he has never been a conventional member. He is not able to reach his sister, his only possible contact with non-criminal society, because of an "oversight" on behalf of the prison After-Care Officer. He is not able to keep a job, either because his age incapacitates him or because the rationale of social security is meaningless to him. He moves from job to bar to repentance to job to bar with increasing regularity. And at the end of Mr. Parker's plea for rational reform of the methods of rehabilitation, it is implied that John Carter has taken on a life-time job in his humane concern with the recalcitrant Charles Patrick Smith.

In a word, the story echoes the futility portrayed on the cover by the circular walk in the exercise yard. An interesting book in which imagination plays little part.

MALCOLM PETTIGROVE

**Naked Under Capricorn,**  
Olaf Ruhen.  
Horwitz. 65c.

*Naked Under Capricorn* is a small novel that rises from commonplace beginnings to a final high point of artistic achievement. Olaf Ruhen traces Davis Marriner's life in the Centre and the way in which he inadvertently gains wealth and renown. Equally important though is Ruhen's depiction of the disastrous effects that white civilization has on the Eiliuwarra tribe aborigines.

The story gives an accurate historical picture of the opening up of the land, beginning in the 1890's and following the movement of explorers, drovers, fossickers and squatters into the interior. Ruhen

gives a beautiful picture of the natives as Marriner first found them, with deep insight into their culture and skills. Yet from soon after first contact with the whites, we see the horrible changes that come over the tribe. They lose their dignity and skills; they lose their mental alertness and customs. The aborigines become pathetic creatures in dirty clothes living in humpies, growing fat through the goodwill of Marriner.

Slowly Marriner realises the extent to which the degradation has gone; he fails to act but finally comes to blame the whole process on himself.

"Here, and in this place, Marriner saw vividly and for the first time the whole tragedy of the tribe. And in it he was integral. For the Eiliuwarra people had accepted him, and that was all. That was their only transgression of their laws. They had paid for his meat with their services; to his profit they had lost their land and their inheritance."

In the face of this, Marriner seeks a new, innocent tribe to live with, but fails.

The novel has more power than "Capricornia". The strength of the human values that emerge drives the book beyond the actual setting. With the powerful and realistic portrayal of the characters and the vibrant often poetic language, the story achieves a level of human significance beyond the plot, seldom achieved in novels of this type, especially Australian.

KEN MARRIOTT

**"CADDIE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SYDNEY BARMAID"**  
Sun Books, Melbourne.

Though the title suggests that the book is going to be another third-rate novel exposing the seamier side of life in Sydney bars, "Caddie: The Autobiography of a Sydney Barmaid" is the story of a young woman who has the guts to survive the struggle to support her family during the depression and yet maintain her honesty and integrity.

In doing so, Caddie has managed to develop a great deal of understanding about human character and a great deal of tolerance of its faults and weaknesses. She relates her story without bitterness towards the people responsible for her difficulties, adopting a straightforward manner and a matter-of-fact tone to the most sordid incidents and the most extreme hardships. Caddie — whose real name remains unknown — tells her story not to excite or to shock, but because these experiences actually happened to her and what she is saying is the truth. When comments of her own do slip in, they are those of a woman who is not used to mincing words. On bosses' pets she remarks:

"I've noticed, time and time again, that people given to crawling to the boss are seldom good workers. No doubt it is their way of keeping their jobs."

But Caddie doesn't condemn and disassociate herself from those with whom she works and lives. On the contrary, under her sympathetic handling, all the characters, even the minor ones, come to life. The story is a simple first-person narration, but Caddie's vivid descriptions sustain interest in the people and the situations throughout. She successfully

evokes the naive and inexperienced girl's embarrassment at working in a pub; or the country-girl's child-like wonder at a city store. In this way, the trials of life in the depression become more real to the present day reader. The humiliation of going on the dole, the long hours for low wages, the dirty, bug-infested rooms, and the tragedy of being deserted by an unfaithful husband, are all recorded dispassionately; in a way that arouses admiration and sympathy.

The novel is worth reading either as a personal document of Australia's past or as a study in courage.

— MARILYN SMITH

**TROOPSHIP TO THE SOUTHERN CROSS**  
By Angela Thirkell.  
Sun Books. 95c.

"Sun Books", Melbourne, the new paperback publishers, have already made a notable contribution to the Australian publishing industry. As well as making a highly successful deal with Yevushenko's poetry, they have republished a number of significant Australian novels and essays that have been largely lost to the Australian public over the years. These include: *My Crowded Solitude*, by Jack McLaren; "Caddie: the Autobiography of a Sydney Barmaid", by "Caddie"; *The Salzburg Tales*, by Christina Stead, and *Troop Ship to the Southern Cross*, by Angela Thirkell, an English chronicler.

*Troop Ship*, when first released by Faber in 1934, was published with the pseudonym "Leslie Parker" so that Angela Thirkell's identity would not be revealed. Based on her own experiences, the author tells the story of a Sydney medic, Major Tom Bowen and his wife on a dry troop ship return to Australia after the first war. The power of the novel besides coming from the actual plot, is in the style used. Through the use of the Australian idiom, Thirkell satirizes and praises the Australians and their customs, tastes and beliefs. The tale is ironically and mercilessly told, but the intent is harmless. If Humphries read it to us we would say it was his own.

KENNETH L. MARRIOTT

**THE PENGUIN DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE**

John Fleming  
Hugh Honour  
Nikolaus Pevsner  
A Penguin Book. \$1.35.

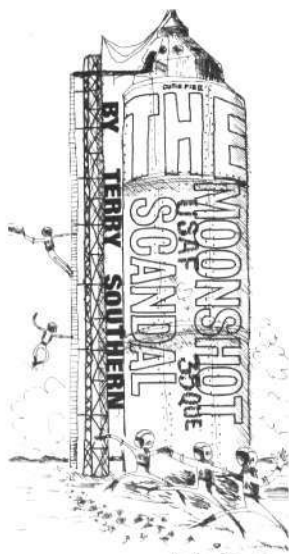
**A BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR THE AMATEUR ARCHITECT**

This is the type of book which is best described as satisfactory, or competent. Not that this implies faint praise, but as it lacks the glorious glossy illustrations to which we are becoming increasingly accustomed, and as it belongs to that category of books unimaginatively produced as "hand-books", the qualifications "competent" or "adequate" are quite appropriate.

The text is as full as any matriculation art student or teacher could desire. The illustrations, while not doing justice to the reputations of the co-editors, are clear and well annotated. It would serve the purposes of a student of The History and Evolution of Architecture admirably... and would be a boon to the architectural hobbyist.

MALCOLM PETTIGROVE

In Lot's Wife Vol. 5, No. 5, we re-printed part of an interview with Terry Southern — author of *Candy* (banned in Australia), *Flash and Filigree*, *The Magic Christian*, and co-author of *Dr. Strangelove* — to give some insight into the humour of a man responsible for new trends in American writing. Here is the latest little bit of Southern, as he tells us what really happened on the U.S. first launched satellite.



A significant difference between Soviet and American space efforts has been the constant spotlight of public attention focussed on the latter, while our antagonist's program has been carried forward in relative secrecy. This has presented tremendous disadvantages, especially in its psychological effect on the national mind, and it harbours a dangerous potential indeed. If, for example, in climax to the usual fanfare and nationally televised countdown, the spacecraft simply explodes, veers out crazily into the earth at the foot of the launching-pad, it can be fairly embarrassing to all concerned. On the other hand, it is generally presumed, that because of this apparent and completely above-board policy, everything which occurs in regard to these American space-shots is immediately known by the entire public. Yet can anyone really be naive enough to believe that in matters so extraordinarily important an attitude of such simple-minded candor could obtain? Surely not. And the facts behind the initial moon-shot, of August 17, 1961, make it a classic case in point, now that the true story may at last be told.

Readers will recall that the spacecraft, after a dramatic countdown, blazed up from its pad on full camera; the camera followed its ascent briefly, then cut to the tracking-station where a graph described the arc of its ill-fated flight. In due time it became evident that the rocket was seriously off course, and in the end it was announced quite simply that the craft had "missed the moon" by about two hundred thousand miles — by a wider mark, in fact, than the distance of the shot itself. What was not announced — either before, during, or after the shot — was that the craft was manned by five astronauts. Hoping for a total coup, the Space Authority — highest echelon of the Agency — had arranged for a fully crewed flight, one which if successful (and there was considerable reason to believe that it would be) would then be dramatically announced to an astonished world — "Americans On The Moon!" Whereas, if not successful, it would merely remain undisclosed that the craft had been manned. The crew, of course, was composed of carefully screened volunteers who had no known dependents.

So, in one room of the tracking station — a room which was not being televised — communications were maintained throughout this historic interlude. Fragmented transcripts, in the form of both video and acoustic tapes, as well as personal accounts of those present, have now enabled us to piece together the story — the story, namely, of how the moon-bound spaceship, "Cutie-Pie II", was caused to career off into outer space, beyond the moon itself, when some kind of "insane faggot hassle", as it has since been described, developed aboard the craft during early flight stage.

According to available information, Lt. Col. P. D. Slattery, a "retired" British colonial officer, co-captained the flight in hand with Major Ralph L. Doll (better known to his friends, it was later learned, as "Baby" Doll); the balance of the crew consisted of Capt. J. Walker, Lt. Fred Hanson, and Cpl. "Felix" Mendelssohn. (There is certain evidence suggesting that Cpl. Mendelssohn may have, in actual fact, been a woman). The initial phase of the existing transcript is comprised entirely of routine operational data and reports of instrument readings. It was near the end of

Stage One, however, when the craft was some 68,000 miles from earth, and still holding true course, that the first untoward incident occurred; this was in the form of an unexpected exchange between Lt. Hanson and Maj. Doll, which resounded over the tracking station inter-com, as clear as a bell on a winter's morn.

Lt. Hanson — "Will you stop it! Just stop it!"  
Maj. Doll — "Stop what? I was only calibrating my altimeter — for heaven's sake, Freddie!"

Lt. Hanson — "I'm not talking about that and you know it! I'm talking about your infernal camping! Now just stop it! Right now!"

The astonishment this caused at tracking station H.Q. could hardly be exaggerated. Head-phones were adjusted, frequencies were checked; the voice of a Lt. General spoke tersely — "Cutie-Pie II — give us your reading — over."

"Reading theeding", was Cpl. Mendelssohn's slyly lipped reply, followed by a cunning snicker. At this point a scene of fantastic bedlam broke loose on the video intercom. Col. Slattery raged out from his forward quarters, like the protagonist of "Psycho"—in outlandish feminine attire of the 'nineties, replete with a dozen petticoats and high-button shoes. He pranced with wild imperiousness about the control room, interfering with all operational activity and then spun into a provocative and feverish combination of tarantella and can-can at the navigation panel, saucily flicking at the controls there, cleverly integrating these movements into the tempo of his dervish, amidst peals of laughter and shrieks of delight and petulant annoyance.

"You silly old fraud", someone cried gaily, "this isn't Pirandello!"

It was then that the video system of the intercom blacked out, as though suddenly shattered, as did the audio-system shortly afterward. There is reason to believe, however, that the sound communication part of the system was eventually restored, and, according to some accounts, occasional reports (of an almost incredible nature) continue to be received, as the craft — which was heavily fueled for its return trip to earth — still blazes through the farther reaches of space.

Surely, despite the negative and rather disappointing aspects of the flight, there are at least two profitable lessons to be learned from it — (1) that the antiquated, intolerant attitude of the Agency, and of Government generally, towards sexual freedom, can only cause individual repression which may at any time — and especially under the terrific tensions of space-flight — have a boomerang effect to the great disadvantage of all concerned, and (2) that there may well be, after all, an ancient wisdom in the old adage, "Five's a crowd".

Over the past few years we have seen many great works of literature suppressed and censored, but none seem to have had such a veiled life as a small piece of Mark Twain, one of America's greatest humorists, called "The Science of Onanism". This was an after-dinner speech delivered at the Stomach Club in Paris in 1879. The piece is not printed in the 37 volume edition of his writings, nor mentioned in Merle Johnson's exhaustive "Bibliography of the Works of Mark Twain".

In 1939 the article was mentioned in an introduction to a printing of "1601", but not until 1952 was the actual speech reprinted.

We find now that the text of the talk is pretty harmless stuff, filled with familiar puns, biological misinformation, ambivalent feelings towards masturbation and inside jokes. We print the article below mainly for its amusement value, and to give the old Tom Sawyer readers another insight into the character of Samuel L. Clemens.



## The Science of ONANISM

My gifted predecessor has warned you against the "social evil — adultery". In his able paper he exhausted that subject; he left absolutely nothing to be said on it. But I will continue his good work in the cause of morality by cautioning you against that species of recreation called self-abuse, to which I perceive you are too much addicted.

All great writers upon health and morals, both ancient and modern, have struggled with this stately subject; this shows its dignity and importance. Some of these writers have taken one side, some the other.

Homer, in the second book of the "Iliad", says with fine enthusiasm, "Give me masturbation or give me death". Caesar, in his "Commentaries", says, "To the lonely it is company; to the forsaken it is a friend; to the aged and to the impotent it is a benefactor; they that are penniless are yet rich, in that they still have this majestic diversion". In another place this experienced observer has said, "There are times when I prefer it to sodomy".

Robinson Crusoe says, "I cannot describe what I owe to this gentle art". Queen Elizabeth said, "It is the bulwark of virginity". Cetewayo, the Zulu hero, remarked, "A jerk in the hand is worth two in the bush". The immortal Franklin has said, "Masturbation is the mother of invention". He also said, "Masturbation is the best policy".

Michelangelo and all the other old masters — Old Masters, I will remark, is an abbreviation, a contraction — have used similar language. Michelangelo said to Pope Julius II, "Self-negation is noble, self-culture is beneficent, self-possession is manly, but to the truly grand and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared to self-abuse". Mr. Brown, here, in one of his latest and most graceful poems, refers to it in an eloquent line which is destined to live to the end of time — "None know it but to love it. None name it but to praise".

Such are the utterances of the most illustrious of the masters of this renowned science, and apologists for it. The name of those who decry it and oppose it is legion; they have made strong arguments and uttered bitter speeches against it — but there is not room to repeat them here in much detail.

Brigham Young, an expert of incontestable authority, said, "As compared with the other thing, it is the difference between the lightning bug and lightning". Solomon said, "There is nothing to recommend it but its cheapness". Galen said, "It is shameful to degrade to such bestial uses that grand limb, that formidable member, which we votaries of science dub the "Major Maxillary" when we dub it at all — which is seldom. It would be better to amputate the *os frontis* than to put it to such a use." The great statistician Smith, in his report to Parliament, says, "In my opinion, more children have been wasted in this way than in any other".

It cannot be denied that the high antiquity of this art entitles it to our respect; but at the same time I think that its harmfulness demands our condemnation.

Mr. Darwin was grieved to feel obliged to give up his theory that the monkey was the connecting link between man and the lower animals. I think he was too hasty. The monkey is the only animal, except man, that practices this science; hence he is our brother; there is a bond of sympathy and relationship between us. Give this ingenious animal an audience of the proper kind, and he will straightway put aside his other affairs and take a whet; and you will see by his contortions and his ecstatic expression that he takes an intelligent and human interest in his performance.

The signs of excessive indulgence in this destructive pastime are easily detectable. They are these: A disposition to eat, to drink, to smoke, to meet together convivially, to laugh, to joke, and to tell indelicate stories — and, mainly, a yearning to paint pictures. The results of the habit are: loss of memory, loss of virility, loss of cheerfulness, loss of hopefulness, loss of character, and loss of progeny.

Of all the various kinds of sexual intercourse, this has the least to recommend it. As an amusement it is too fleeting; as an occupation it is too wearing; as a public exhibition, there is no money in it. It is unsuited to the drawing-room, and in the most cultured society it has long since been banished from the social board. It has at last, in our day of progress and improvement, been degraded to brotherhood with flatulence. Among the best-bred, these two arts are now indulged in only in private — though by consent of the whole company, when only males are present, it is still permissible, in good society, to remove the embargo upon the fundamental sign.

My illustrious predecessor has taught you that all forms of the "social evil" are bad. I would teach you that some of these forms are more to be avoided than others. So, in concluding, I say, "If you must gamble away your lives sexually, don't play a Lone Hand too much". When you feel a revolutionary uprising in your system, get your Vendome Column down some other way — don't jerk it down.



# CONSCRIPTION:

## Right Wing Authoritarian Pamphlets (C.R.A.P.)

Chris Hector

Last Thursday a large number of blue leaflets mysteriously appeared around the University. The effect of these leaflets is more or less irrelevant (it's likely I think that their tone alienated even government supporters). What is important is the indication of the tactics that the Authoritarian Right appear to be adopting, as the majority of Australians realize that the government is not only murdering Vietnamese but wasting the lives of young Australians in a filthy, futile and immoral attempt to prop up a military dictator.

The style of the leaflet's satire was reminiscent only of the King's Cross Whisper. The Save Our Sons Movement (S.O.S.) became S.O.D.S., and that rather staid group of Melbourne housewives be-

came under the cartoonists' pen a group of long-haired, bedraggled beatniks. Demonstrators were labelled Viet-niks, receiving their orders from Berkley University no less, and the leaflets catch-cry was: "I'm bored . . . Let's play grown-ups and not have a demo. to-day".

More interesting was the willingness of the leaflet's producers to openly break the law. NO-ONE WOULD QUESTION THE RIGHT OF THE RIGHT TO CIRCULATE THEIR IDEAS. However, it is important that printed matter bears the name of the printers and/or authorisation by someone responsible. This pre-condition makes all comment subject to the laws of libel and restricts the circulation of irresponsible lies. Significantly enough, those who prepared the pamphlet

"forgot" (although printers are supposed to "remind") to comply with this regulation. If pamphleteers are not sufficiently sure about the facts or the correctness of their propaganda they ought not publish it.

The illegality of the pamphlet has been brought to the notice of the Warden, but he has refused to act until after the Union Board meets next Wednesday. This seems strange, because the distributors of the pamphlet (John Bailey and Paul D'Astoli D.L.P. Club members with strong ties with the N.C.C.) have not only broken Union rules but violated the law, just as surely as if an enraged "Vietnik" assaulted one of the distributors and the police should obviously be notified and the offenders charged.

The intention of the pamphlet says something for the constructiveness of its originators. Although I appreciate their difficulty, it seems obvious that their funds would be better spent rationally arguing the case for conscription than in attacking the exercise of the democratic right to dissent. The pamphlet is not attempting to show the demonstrators the errors of their ways or logically support the government, rather it is attempting to subvert their right to differ. It is strange that, in attacking "irresponsible" opponents of the government's policy that the right should adopt such irresponsible and petty tactics. I would suggest that the catch-cry be changed to "I'm bored, Let's play grown-ups and discuss things on a rational plane", rather than

resorting to piddling little attempts to discredit opponents on the grounds of their physical appearance.

Once again, Mr. Bailey and his friends have been littering the University's waste baskets; last Tuesday they appeared distributing the Melbourne University's pamphlet "A.L.P. and Vietnam — an opposing view", by H. W. Arndt. When challenged as to which Monash club had authorized the distribution of the pamphlet, they were hastily stamped "Monash D.L.P. Club" which says a great deal for the politics of Melbourne A.L.P. Club. However, the pamphlet is a refreshing attempt at some sort of constructive alternative after the completely negative rubbish of the previous week.

## FRUSTRATED SCHOOL GIRL

Recently we received a letter from a frustrated writer, a student at a girl's high school in Melbourne. She is a second-year matric. student who "finds too many of her fellows accept what they are told without demur", and is also upset because no-one will publish her articles. "Lot's Wife" would generally not accept material from high school "kids", but because of the present highlighting of the education crisis and the acceptable standard of the articles we will waive our policy.

Considerable notice has been drawn of late to the deterioration of Victorian education, and many laudable efforts made to bring it to the attention of the public, though somewhat belatedly. It is another matter whether they have succeeded. Interest flared and departed as suddenly. No amelioration has reached those most affected, the students.

The moral and mental development of the child at secondary school is undertaken by the schools, to whom it has been delegated. Standardization of education to produce qualified citizens who will obey authority is considered imperative; certain numbers of school-leavers are required. Some examination must cater for their needs. Those wishing to go to university must also be trained. No attempt is made to separate the sheep from the goats at this stage; all hurdle on towards Matric, in a disparate horde. The human sausage skins are filled with a liberal stuffing of meaningless facts with an admixture of resounding platitudes, and drop off into the correct social receptacle. Thousands remain at school for vaunted higher education, imbibe information, and regurgitate it when the dreaded prod of examinations is applied. What seems most iniquitous about this arrangement is that it fails to achieve the

ideal of efficiency it venerates and claims to represent. Lest it seem ungrateful for any blessings I may have found, I will try to evaluate the system I have endured for far too long, our own bastion of free, compulsory, and secular learning.

A more fitting motto for our establishment than the one it already has would be: "Ignorance is Power". The powers that be have absolute hegemony; even our S.R.C. has been declared null and void on the grounds that decisions that might be made therein are not "in your best interests", and that properly constituted authority can best serve these. Ominous indeed are the actions and attitudes which spring from this. No voice of opinion remains for those who are dissatisfied; school officials, who are already vested with considerable power, constitute the only representative body. They are told that their function is to implement rules, not to formulate them. It is contended that we are only children, because we do not comprehend the results of our own actions, and must be instructed to do so. Every action and procedure is hedged about with innumerable rules; no redress from these is possible.

Likewise, no opposing point of view is advanced, for such would be a threat to our guileless innocence. Freedom is a word grossly abused

or completely ignored. It cannot exist amid sophistry and deceptive rationalization, and dies forgotten, with no devotees to mourn its passing, dulled into acquiescence by the thought that their destinies are being ably planned, we let the claptrap, spouted to justify the assault on individual freedom, go unchallenged. Some harbour vague stirrings of resentment, but are chary of expressing them, in case a worse fate befalls them, that of arraignment and castigation. Most subsist complacently, nurturing visions of the day when they will be liberated, and of the pleasures the outside world affords meanwhile. Struggle from within meets stony resistance from authority, and sleepy apathy everywhere else. By silencing protest both students and authorities tamely supply the ropes for their own execution.

We are all parties to the irrevocable emasculation of education. Mediocrity deified, like any other primitive god, demands sacrifices. Academic shoddiness will result if it is tacitly assumed that facts bring wisdom; this is undeniable over-simplification. Institutions with slaves as components function no better than those controlled by free men. We must aim to produce the latter, even if it seems impossible. The public refuses to agitate, not only for more practical assistance, but for less suppression of individual freedom in education.

It may be that I have generalized overmuch, indeed, I hope so. These evils might only be the most pernicious concomitants of the distorted atmosphere of a girls' school run by the State, where sublimation is accounted a virtue and specious words deemed truth. The conspiracy of non-committal silence and deliberate exaggeration on the subject seems general enough to warrant alarm, however. There is no excuse for wasting intelligence on the scale we do, and the reason for its lies in the decay which permeates secondary education. If all criticism is to be outlawed, disillusion is the price exalted from the individual. Enough repression leads to rebellion, and if one is driven to distraction by prejudice rampant, it is the only practicable alternative.

— CATHERINE WALKER.



I'm bored . . . let's play grown-ups and not have a demo. today

## alas, the tea bag

This smelly little bag of slops has sailed to us across the mighty Pacific at last — yet another example of the ethereal American way of life.

However, do not get me wrong. I, of all people pride myself on my impartiality and tolerance, and this is the way I intend to approach this problem at present plaguing us.

The tea bag, rotten little thing that it is, has invaded our beaut. caf. to the exclusion of the sweet fragrant fresh-brewed delight we once knew as tea.

After much unemotional thought, I have concluded that the tea bag is an unhygienic, smelly, messy, un-Australian, rotten nasty, damn example of Yankee household imperialism.

Still — I must qualify my argument with what others may put forward as its benefits, if I am to retain my impartial approach to this vital

problem. One obvious advantage is that those who once felt insecure and ill-mannered dunking donuts in the good old American manner can now relieve their frustrations openly and with no fear of reprisal whatsoever, by simply raising the beaut thing by the string. The other that immediately springs to mind is that the tea can never be too strong. Thus the beverage never exceeds a delicate pale amber and consequently the ill effects of the caffeine and other harmful drugs is minimized. Unfortunately, if one genuinely enjoys a good cup of strong Australian tea — Stiffish!

In closing my few remarks, I would like to point out to any would-be respondents, that my mind is made up and would they kindly refrain from trying to confuse me with facts.

— GRAEME C. WISE,  
Ecops III.



## Asian reactions to the Vietnam war



a report of a talk by Prof. Sib. Ray

On Tuesday, 3rd May, Professor Sib. Ray from Melbourne University, spoke on the difficult question of Asian opinion towards American intervention in South East Asia.

Professor Ray said there were two difficulties involved. Firstly, that 80% of Asians lived in isolated villages and, secondly, there is a diversity of languages. Both these problems make the job of gauging Asian opinion difficult. Research can only be made by studying parliamentary debates, written reports, newspapers and journals.

In Cambodia, Prince Sihanouk, despite his long socialist outlook and history of bitter relations with the United States, stated that "I have never had the slightest illusion of the fate that awaits me at the hands of the communists as well as that which is reserved for my government after having removed from our regime the influence, and especially the presence of the free world and U.S.A. in particular. I say that after the disappearance of the U.S.A. from our region and the victory of the communist camp, I myself and the people's socialist community that I have created, will inevitably disappear from the scene."

Professor Ray admitted that there was a dislike of Americans in Asia, but this was no different to the attitude prevalent in Europe. This dislike was not consistent with the fact that Asians realise they need American assistance, since the dislike is due to natural envy of the weak to the strong.

Lee Kuan Yew admits that although

Singapore cannot afford to be involved in Vietnam, the presence of the United States in this area is welcomed. Tunku Abdul Rahman stated that the Asian countries do not have the resources to defeat communist subversion.

Both President Marcos and Ex-President Macapagal of the Philippines, realise that the Chinese represent the major threat to Asia and that Western intervention is not only desirable but necessary. In South Korea also, despite differences of opinion on the majority of questions all political parties agree on American intervention. It must be pointed out that South Korea is not a military dictatorship as commonly thought, but is ruled by a democratic government, which was established in 1963 under United States pressure.

Burma retains complete neutrality with regard to both the United States and China and, therefore, no reliable way of determining her attitude is possible. Ceylon, however, despite the fact that Mrs. Bandranaike, ex-Prime Minister of Ceylon, urged negotiations in Vietnam, has at no time suggested the withdrawal of the United States. The present Government, which succeeded that of Mrs. Bandranaike has proved to be even more strongly pro-Western.

Although Pakistan has been forced towards China because of its dispute with India, it has at no time suggested that United States intervention in Vietnam should cease. India, reputed to be neutral, has never requested United States withdrawal from Asia completely.

Professor Ray concluded his discussion on Asian opinion by referring to his recent visit to South Vietnam. He stated that although great dissatisfaction was commonly expressed with Ky's despotism, American involvement was appreciated. In the two South Vietnamese Universities the above sentiments were commonly voiced and similarly representatives of the Buddhist faction claimed that American withdrawal was only desired after the defeat of the Viet Cong.

Naturally Asians are not happy with the position in which they have found themselves; complete dependence on the white man once again is resented but nevertheless it is recognised that it is the only alternative. Professor Ray alluded to what he termed "appalling ignorance and parochialism in the Australian attitude towards the world situation". The Australian, he argued, has never been faced with oppression and cannot realise the significance of Chinese aggression.

During question time, Professor Ray stated that United States presence in South-East Asia could only be safely dispensed with if Japan and India combined to contain China. Professor Ray went on to say that such a combination appears unlikely.

Reporters: LYN BLACK  
NEIL MACKENZIE

## crisis in education

a report of a talk by Mr. Brian Dixon, M.L.A. (Lib.)

Speaking before a small audience, Mr. Brian Dixon, M.L.A. for St. Kilda (Liberal), outlined his views on the "crisis" in education and the recent V.S.T.A. strike.

Firstly, Mr. Dixon stated that he believed that there was no crisis in education. The number of classified teachers was constantly increasing, real expenditure on education had nearly doubled since 1955, and the number of matriculants had doubled since 1950.

Secondly, in reference to the strike, Mr. Dixon argued that leftist influence in the V.S.T.A. was using education as a political vehicle and, furthermore, the V.S.T.A. did not use enough diplomatic avenues before deciding to strike.

In any event, Mr. Dixon contended, reform of the Tribunal would not solve the major problems in education.

Finally, the solution to the most pressing problem — finance — is national uniformity in education, for education means economy, and increased taxation.

— TOM VALENTA

## letters

continued from page 3

## is messor mad?

Dear Sir,

Since many Monashites are in the escalation of the war in Vietnam, I thought that they may also be interested in the escalation of inhabitants of the Ming Wing.

There are 18 escalators in operation, of which the two connecting the ground floor and first floor are slightly longer. In fact, over their whole circuit, these two have 69 steps, whereas the rest have only 52. It is interesting that all escalators take 35 seconds to get around. This means that the "short" escalators travel at a rate of 1.48 steps per second, whereas the two "long" ones go at a faster rate of 1.97 steps per second. If one takes the normal course of action and merely stands on an escalator it will take 13 seconds to traverse a "short" one, and 19 seconds to traverse a "long" one. Those who continue this practice successively, will find to their amazement that it takes exactly 2.5 minutes to go from the ninth floor to the ground floor.

Now we come to another consideration, viz., walking on the escalators. If one walks at a normal constant speed they will find that they take 10-11 steps on the "short" escalators and 15-16 steps on the "long" ones. (Let me hasten to say that this is walking down, as are all figures, unless otherwise specified. The reason for this is threefold:

- (a) up and down measurements are generally on a par;
- (b) the conductor of the survey couldn't be bothered going up all the time;
- (c) at the time of writing of this survey the escalator going up between the first and second floors was out of order.

Now, if one walks on the escalators at a speed such as I have mentioned, he can reduce his ninth floor to ground floor time to one minute 25 seconds.

Other comparisons to be made here, purely for interest's sake, are (a) the stairs and (b) the elevators. If one walks at a fairly rapid pace,

from the ninth floor to the ground floor, via the steps at the western end of the Ming Wing from the first floor, he will find there are 207 steps and it will take him two minutes 25 seconds to reach the ground. No figures are available at present for the elevators as students are not permitted to use them while the escalators are running (and for once the conductor of the survey stuck to the rules).

The final point is the doyen of escalator users: running up the "down" escalators and down the "up" ones. Both of these have been achieved for the whole nine-floor journey but the figures obtained are not reliable, and are naturally hard to verify. For a student to consider himself a connoisseur of escalator travel he (or she?) should complete running down an "up" (on the "short" escalators) in about 4-6 seconds, and running up a "down" (also on "short") in about 6-7 seconds. My parting thought is that if any student manages to get past the sixth floor by running up the "downs", then he, or she, is really going up in the world.

— IAN J. MESSER, Arts II.

## barnes again

Dear Sir, — Perhaps a linguistic and semantic analysis by Mr. Theophanous of his own writings will reveal to him what parody by another has evidently failed to do.

It may also be hoped that one day student controversialists will realise that the application of honorifics such as "illustrious" and "brilliant" to opponents is rather too heavy-handed to be effectively ironic.

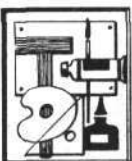
— RORY BARNES.

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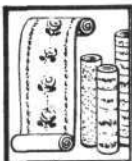
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# Dylan at Arm's Length

(WE REALISE THIS ARTICLE IS NOW OUT-DATED, BUT WE THOUGHT IT WORTHWHILE ENOUGH TO CARRY OVER.)



Dylan appeared tense as he wandered from the aeroplane towards the VIP room. He talked absently to a keen reporter at his side and seemed intent upon keeping his hands from turning blue in the crisp Melbourne air. Yet as soon as the first maniac scream for an autograph erupted from the faithful 400 close at hand, Dylan suddenly feigned fright and bolted, leaving me with a blurred photograph of an airport guard wearing a death-or-glory look on his face. I had a feeling that Mr. Dylan was not going to be very co-operative.

We, of the press, arrived at the VIP room a little behind Dylan and I sat amongst the microphones and reporters at his feet. His shoes were dirty.

'Mr. Dylan', said a voice, 'do you feel deeply about the subjects with which you have become famous, for instance the social question?'

'You are not specific enough', hedged Dylan.

The reporter tried another line of approach and asked him what his life away from the theatre was like.

'Quiet and sceptical. I live amongst sceptics.'

In answer to the observation that this was not a very realistic life, Dylan replied that 'there's no reality, there's no dividing line between reality and scepticism.' This was a wonderful folksy sort of comment and it was a pity that Mr. Dylan had to lose his head later on and admit that he did not know what the word 'sceptic' meant.



'What do you do as a pastime?' asked a cunning reporter seeking truth and sensation.

'I watch some TV', replied Dylan.

'What sort of programmes?' urged the reporter.

'Roy Rogers.'

That killed them.

'Then you don't consider this below your intellect?'

'It is not below my intellect, but it may be below yours', retorted Dylan.

To avoid a pregnant silence someone asked if he had given any money to the Civil Rights Movement, to which Mr. Dylan replied that he hadn't, and that he didn't know how people got this idea of him.

This naturally suggested the question 'Are you trying to change your image?'

'Yeah, I am just sitting here trying to change my image.'

What a rotten reply to my first question.

'Did you try to run away from home?' asked a well informed reporter.

'No, it's been exaggerated.'

those who grew their hair to their shoulders.

When asked what his greatest ambition was, Dylan replied that it was to be a meat-cutter (this view is in conflict with his desire to be a tree-surgeon, as expressed at a Sydney press conference). 'Could you enlarge on that?'

'Large pieces of meat', said Dylan obligingly.

After expressing a preference for not wearing clothes (especially whilst playing cards) Mr. Dylan said that he did, however, play on the stage with his clothes on.

'That's the only part of my act, which I haven't got under control yet', said Dylan. 'But I must admit that it is not the right way to go about — with clothes on, I mean. You shouldn't play with your clothes on...'

Things carried on in this general sort of way until the reporters started to use their questions about Australia. This gave Mr. Dylan a chance to demonstrate the knowledge of Australia usually displayed by visiting overseas artists.



'Are you still running away?', persisted the reporter. 'No, I am still here, aren't I?' Nobody spoke.

Asked if he was happy, Mr. Dylan said 'Oh Yeah', and went on to explain how conservative he was. His hair, he maintained, was of average length when compared to

To the question, 'Do you wish to see any kangaroos?' Dylan replied, 'Yes, as many as I can between playing in Adenoid and Berth.'

There is no similarity between Dylan the talker and Dylan the singer; the former is disappointingly inept, the latter — confused.

— RIC HAWKINS.

## the concerts

mick counihan

'Here's a folk song now. We play all types of music here', jibed Bob Dylan at one stage during his second Melbourne concert.

He was replying to the various boos and yells for 'Folk, Dylan' which occasionally interrupted the 'rock half' of his program each night. While discontented folk fans walked out, most of the audience 'erupted into silence' or applauded half-heartedly, not sure how they should react to the new 'folk-rock' Dylan. This feeling of uncertainty and confusion was, perhaps, both the weakness and the strength of Dylan's performance. On the one hand his apparent near contempt for the audience, his grotesque stage antics, and his total lack of communication at interviews all shifted attention from Dylan's actual music, obscure enough in its own right. On the other hand his songs did shock and disturb people — did force them to argue, to think, and to re-consider.

The two concerts followed exactly the same program although Tuesday's was decidedly the better. The first half saw Dylan on his own with unamplified guitar, singing songs from 'The other side of Bob Dylan' on. These in-

cluded 'She Belongs to Me', 'It's all over now Baby Blue', 'Desolation Row' (a long rambling epic, full of disjointed images, which Dylan considers his best song yet), 'Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man' and several rather unimpressive others. Dylan's husky voice has an exciting, intriguing tonal quality and his singing was very expressive. His guitar playing was simple but effective, but his performance as a whole was marred by a number of irritatingly long and meaningless mouth-harp breaks. The Wednesday concert was altogether shabbier. Dylan was in poorer shape and was troubled with tuning problems and a dry throat.

The second half opened with Dylan (and electric guitar, with which he did absolutely nothing) plus band — lead guitar, bass (electric) and drums, with piano and organ plugging away valiantly on the sidelines. The group was hard working and more than adequate (though not as good as the backing on Dylan's last two records, which includes such notables as Mike Bloomfield, Bruce Longhorne, Charley McCoy and others). The 'sound' was harsh, unpleasantly aggressive and nowhere near as musically interesting as on

his records. The songs included 'Tombs Thumb's Blues' a wild rocking version of the traditional blues 'Baby let me follow you, down', 'One too many mornings' (the rock version proved too much for many folk Dylan fans), 'Ballad of a thin man' (On Tuesday dedicated to the Taj Mahal, on Wednesday to a Mrs. Spinks—it being about her husband 'who's not a bad sort but he gets in the way a lot'), a hilariously comic satire called 'I see you've got your brand new leopardskin pillbox hat' and finally 'Like a rolling stone'. This last provided a spine chilling fantastic climax to an evening. Dylan against a surging rhythm and wailing organ, screamed the ultimate challenge, through cupped hands, at the battered pulverized audience. 'How does it feel to be on your own'. Dylan had said that his songs are meant to be felt rather than to be understood and I think 'Rolling Stone' provided the most successful example of this. He then finished up, mumbled incomprehensible thank you's, twitched and grimaced at the audience and minced off. I left feeling momentarily, physically and mentally empty — disembowelled, somebody said.

## You and the Union

G.P.T. Sweeney, Warden

### Why Is There a Monash University Union?

In this era of increasing specialization and of real separation between specialist studies, the Union is seen as a very real force for bringing the members of the University together and for accentuating the fact that University education is a whole process rather than simply being the study of a series of unrelated subjects.

The importance placed by the Australian Universities Commission and Monash University Council on the function to be fulfilled at Monash University of "the Union", was such that some \$1,150,000 was allocated for the erection of the Union Building in the first triennium of the University's existence.

With such importance being placed on the Union by the highest educational authorities, it is clear that participation in the general activities of the Union, whether they relate to clubs and societies, to sports, or to the Students' Representative Council, is a right and proper part of University education.

### The Meaning of Membership

Membership entitles you to the right to make use of the various Union facilities — the Union Building, the Sports

Buildings and grounds — together with the right to take part in all Union activities. The Union Board hopes that, during your period at Monash University, your use of these facilities will add much to the real value of your university education. As a member, you have the opportunity to contribute much to the development of life in the Union so that both you and the University will be all the richer for your having been a Monash student.

### The Responsibility of Membership

The University and the Union Board are proud of the facilities. The Board and your fellow members of the Union, both staff and students, hope you will share that pride and will take such care of these facilities as will enable them to be well used for many years. The Union Board, which as your representative, controls the use, development and administration of the Union Building, has thought to avoid the imposition of a vast number of rules and regulations. Suffice it to say that it is hoped and expected that your own commonsense and better nature will mean that you will use, and not abuse, your membership.

Each year, the University grows larger. With this growth, the University unfortunately becomes more impersonal and less pride may be taken by individuals in the University and in the use of its facilities. Although the percentage of members who adopt a "careless" attitude towards the University and the Union and the opportunities they represent, is very small, it is possible for this minority to create an unfortunate atmosphere within the Union Building. The Board hopes that you, as have your predecessors, will play your part in ensuring that, where you are able to, you will discourage any behaviour which is likely to be of nuisance to yourself and your fellow members. In so doing, you would be a great assistance to everyone who uses these facilities. All that is required is the use of commonsense, and the respect for the right of one's fellow members to enjoy and continue to enjoy reasonable peace and quiet in their use of Union facilities.

### State and University Requirements

Although the Board is anxious to keep rules and regulations to a minimum, there are various State Stat-

utes and University Statutes of which all members must take note. Under the Police Offences and Summary Offences Acts, gambling and drinking intoxicating liquor is forbidden in the University precincts. The State Health Act and the University's Safety Regulations require that fire-fighting or other safety equipment is left untampered and that no person will do anything to injure the health, whether directly or indirectly, of any other person.

As you know, part of your Union fee is used for the maintenance and cleaning of the Union Building. The greater these costs, the greater the percentage of your fee which must be allocated towards these purposes and the less which is available for financing the wide range of student activities organised by the Sports Association, The Students' Representative Council and the Clubs and Societies Council. Therefore, the more you are able to en-

sure that litter is placed in the correct places, that meals and cutlery are used only in the specific dining areas, that furniture and equipment is left in its ordinary place, that any materials shifted from one place to another are returned to their rightful place when their use ceases, the more you will assist in keeping costs to a minimum.

### The Protection of the Rights of Union Membership

Disciplinary regulations exist under the University Discipline Statute. The various officers of the Union are empowered to act under these regulations. In fact, to protect the Union against the small minority of students whose behaviour is beyond the limits of reasonableness, a specific set of Union Rules and Regulations has been drawn up. For the information of members, a copy of the Union House Rules and Regulations is placed on the noticeboard near the Bookshop.

## DO YOU WANT AN EDITOR?

The annual University Editors' Conference will take place in the vacation between May 26-30. Accommodation is needed for these five nights somewhere in Melbourne. If you could put up an editor (and naturally go to all the parties), please call at the Lot's Wife office and leave your name and address.

This is important, and if anyone has room for one of these visitors it will be gratefully appreciated.

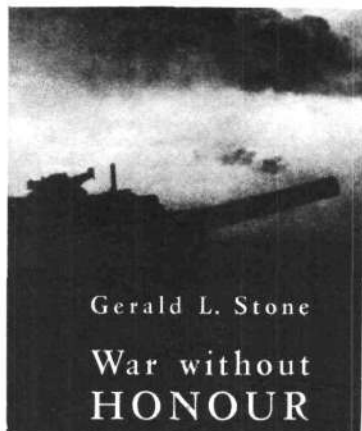


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# Painting for Funds



Ken Mayfield shows off his recent painting of an Aboriginal, which is to be used to raise funds for the forthcoming inter-varsity Judo competition to be held at Monash. His paintings have been widely known by prominent art collectors overseas and in Australia. Presently, he is working on a book of paintings depicting Aboriginal Legends to be published shortly. Later on in the year he will hold an exhibition of his paintings for ABSCHOL.

Apart from his brush and oil, Ken instructs the boxing and Ju-Jitsu clubs, and he has the distinction of sculpturing the world's largest, life-size dinosaur that now stands at Reptile Park, New South Wales, and weighs 100 tons.

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The Monash Intersvarsity crew which had a comfortable two length victory over Melbourne Uni. Extras crew to win the Clive Disher Challenge Cup. Now it has its sights set on the Intersvarsity Boat Race to be held at Mannum in South Australia on May 28th. The crew is from the left to right: Steve Bennett (stroke), Owen Harris (bow), Simon Holland (5), Paul Esple (7), Dave Cross (Cox), Euan Luff (3), Lawrence Stokes (4), John Blanch (2). Absent: Chris Dane (6).

## Spacemen in Science Society

On Saturday, March the 12th of this year, the masses from Monash Science Society streamed into the Princess Theatre. They were attending a lecture "Manned Space Flight" given by astronauts Walter Shirra and Frank Berman of Gemini 6 and 7 respectively, upon the invitation of the American Consulate General.

The program was a well blended mixture of "mini-lectures" (given by the astronauts, space doctor... films and questions. Several members of the committee were quite impressed by the session (especially the smooth answer to the continual question concerning body wastes) and it was decided to ask the astronauts to become Honorary patrons.

After a hectic night which involved obtaining official letterheads from Union at midnight drafting and typing the letter, it was delivered to the

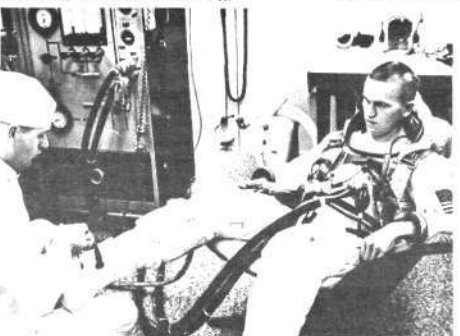
Southern Cross before the departure of the astronauts at 7 a.m. on the Sunday morning.

A week later the following reply was obtained from National Aeronauts and Space Administration, Washington, D.C.:

Mr. John Le Marshall, Monash University Science School, etc.

Dear Mr. Le Marshall, Captain Shirra and Colonel Borman have asked me to tell you that they accept with sincere appreciation the offer of the Monash University Science Society to make them Honorary patrons. They asked me to thank you very much for your consideration.

Sincerely Yours,  
BRIAN DUFF,  
Director of Special Events,  
Office of Public Affairs.



## Law Student's Moot Court

The Law Students' Society held its first moot for 1966 on Thursday, April the 28th. The case was an interesting and imaginative murder. However, because argument was of a purely legal nature, the case lost much interest for non-law students.

The facts were briefly these: John Bloggs, the accused, belonged to a religious sect which believed in the existence of witches. Being under the impression that his family was bewitched by one Cecile Unip, Bloggs killed her with an axe, thereby disposing of the person he believed to be the cause of two previous deaths in his family.

Tom Valenta.

Counsel for the prosecution

were Peter Kenny and Les Scott, and Defence Counsel were Richard Thomas and Elwyn Dixon. Presiding was Mr. W. T. Charles, former Senior Puisne Judge of the Court of Appeal of Zambia. Mr. Charles who is now a special lecturer in Law at Monash, wore traditional robes and wig. It was finally decided by him that the jury bring in a verdict against the defendant. The case had theoretically been reserved by the Supreme Court of Victoria which was now bringing a special verdict.

The Moot was held in the council chambers in the Administration building, an adequate improvisation of the Supreme Court.

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for the senior playing members of the Club. The team consists of: Pat Alders, Roy Armfield, Tony Austin, Mike Bell, Ron Brown, Ian Crossley, Rick Cunningham, Colin Dabb, Jack De Zoete, Phil Engel, Mike Evans, Chris Huie, John Lockwood, John Pearce, Nick Roberts and Jock Taylor. The Club wishes them good luck and hope they bring home the Syme Cup.

With the year progressing, the Committee has set about organizing the Club on a very firm basis. At a recent meeting, the following motion was passed: "All members of the M.U. M.H.C. are to have paid their \$3.00 subscription before Christmas, and early this year. This motion has been designed to prevent this problem again. Actually this problem should never arise; members know they will have financial commitments when joining the Club and if they can't or won't pay the small membership fee they should not play with the Club."

At a general meeting on April 29th, the following motion was passed: "Any player not signing selection lists by 6 p.m. on Thursdays will be eliminated from playing in any team for the following round." This motion was passed for the benefit of the selectors so that last minute alterations of teams could be kept to a minimum. I sincerely hope that this rule is going to be strictly enforced, even on senior members of the Club, because if it is not, the selectors realize how much respect they are going to lose?

Over the past few weeks, many personnel of the Club have risen to official positions. Mike Bell is welcomed to the Committee (taking the place of John Moore who was forced to resign due to pressure of work. A Training Committee has been appointed consisting of Roy Armfield, Adrian Brown, Ron Brown and Nick Roberts. Let's hope this body can get together and provide a decent training programme and thus prevent a mid-season collapse in the Club. A Selection Committee has been formed, made up of Roy Armfield, Chairman of Selectors, Phil Engel, Deputy Chairman of Selectors, and the captains and vice-captains of the various teams. Congratulations to the captains and vice-captains on their appointments. They are: "A" Reserve, Ron Brown and Roy Armfield, "B" South, Phil Engel and Adrian Brown, "D" East, John Maddick and John Jardine, "D" South, Mal Robertson and Roger Pitt, "D" West, Ernie Spring and Frank Miller, "E" South, Bruce Taylor and Robert Muntz, John Jardine and David Stewart are organizing the Hockey Cabaret to be held on July 1st. Don't forget, it's a must for everyone. With all these committees and sub-committees, the Club, from the administrative angle, should be stronger than the United Nations. Maybe! It depends on how conscientiously the people concerned carry out their jobs.

On July 6th, "Shop" Hockey Club are holding their "High Ball" Cabaret, which I believe is an excellent function, but second to our own. How about organizing a few tables for this function? The arrangement will encourage closer ties and also their attendance at our function on July 1st.

The hopes of the Club at the beginning of the season are becoming a realization already. Maybe a little premature, but our roving reporter has overheard many comments concerning premiership. Good luck, it adds to club spirit.

Rumour — Nick Cole, following last year's award for the most improved player, could be playing "A" reserve next week.

## Men's Hockey Notes

Is there any other club, either on the Campus or outside, that can boast of success like the Hockey Club. Of the six teams which have been entered in the V.A.H.A. competition, four are on top of their ladders, the other two are in their respective top four. What is this due to? Probably the fact that we are fitter than other clubs at the moment, due to our practices commencing so early in the season. Last year we started off with a bang and then faded as the season progressed. Don't let this happen again chaps, keep up the good work and attend practice regularly. The Inter-varsity trip to Adelaide during the May vacation will provide much in the way of fun and games.

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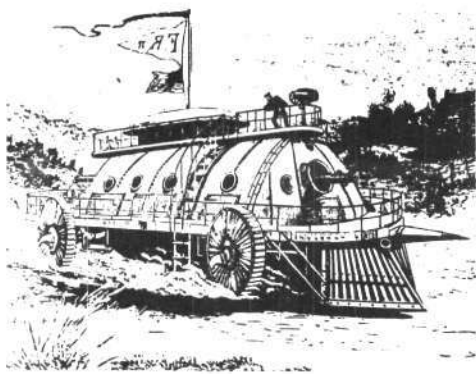
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