

Strong Room

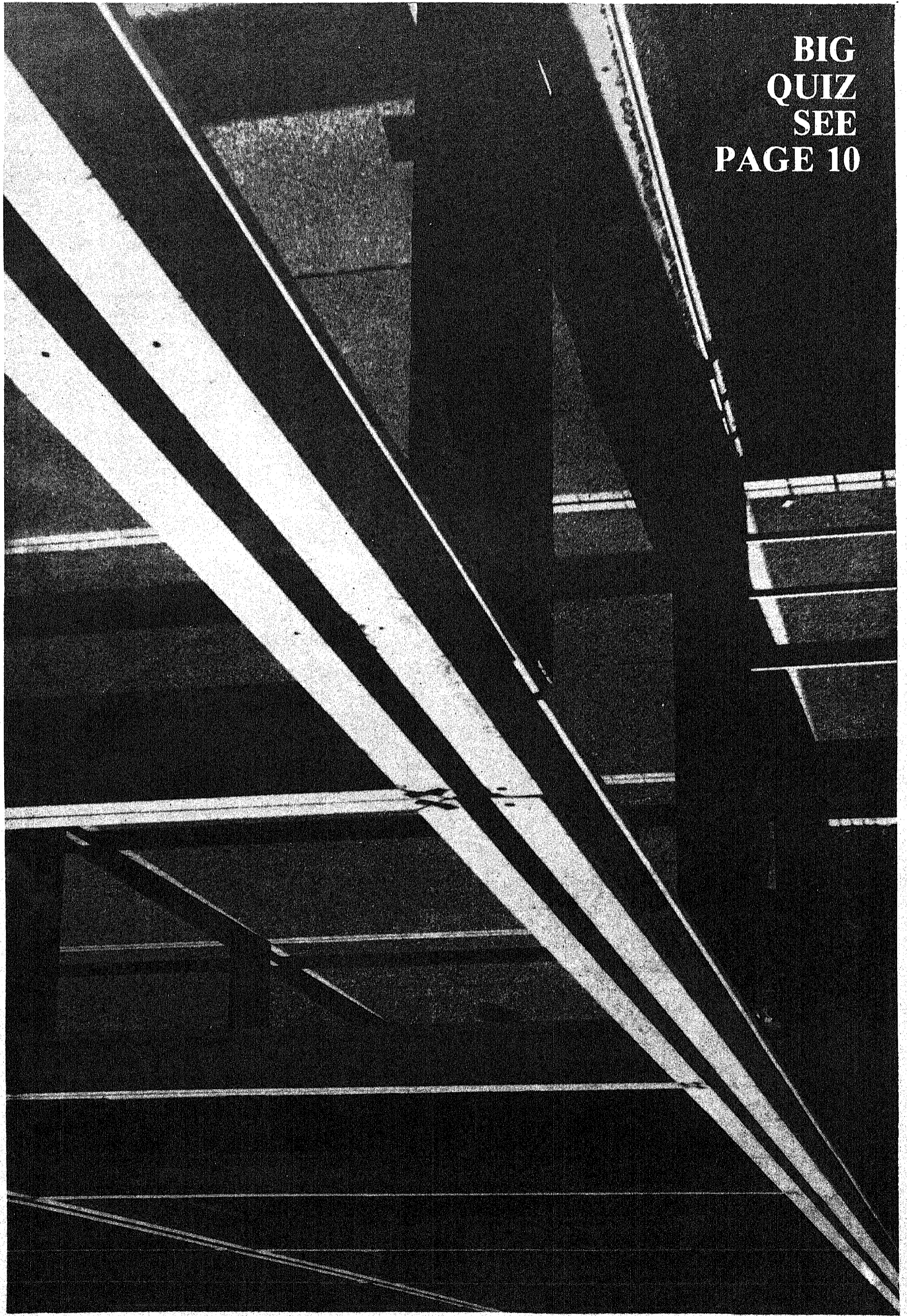
ON DIT

Volume 42 number 7

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**BIG
QUIZ
SEE
PAGE 10**



LETTERS

MORE IN SORROW . . .

Dear Editors,
The On Dit for 10 May carried a story concerning the University Council and the Australasian Medical Students' Association Convention.

I think this was a biased account and particularly unfair to Mr Justice Jacobs, who has served this university for many years as President of the SRC, President of the Union, and now as Chairman of the Finance Committee.

The President of the AMSA wrote to me on 14 February to request the University to establish an account "intended to enable individuals and (less likely, however) organisations contributing monies to the Convention Funds to claim such monies as tax deductions." It was hoped that contributors would make their cheques payable to the University "with an added proviso that the money be passed to the AMSA Convention Account."

Donations which are made to the university are allowable tax deductions only if the donation is "for the purposes of the university and if the funds are under the control and administration of the university."

Income-tax deductibility is a valuable benefit to the University. It is important that it should not be placed in jeopardy particularly in view of the fact that Mr Whitlam's economic adviser has advocated that this benefit should be completely withdrawn. At the moment the taxation people are pretty good about it and trust the university to administer donations in accordance with the above rule.

I referred the president's letter to the Finance Committee, which saw a couple of major problems. First, the proposal was that the university was being asked to act as a sort of post office and immediately pass the money to the convention organisers to use as they liked. Tax deductibility is not available to AMSA itself, and the university was being asked to make donations to the AMSA tax deductible.

Secondly, the Finance Committee noted that the convention would include "a series of seminars, lectures and workshops on medical and related topics", but that there would also be a "number of night-time social functions."

Donations to the university for academic purposes are certainly allowable as deductions for income-tax purposes; but what about donations which are used for "night-time social functions"? I have nothing against night-time social functions. They are extremely valuable additions to any convention; but funds used for such purposes would clearly be disallowed as deductions by the taxation commissioners, as indeed they should be.

This, in short, was the problem for the Finance Committee and the Council. After further discussion the AMSA agreed that the money collected in donations could be "administered" by the university. The only problem then was to decide whether the academic programme was a serious one conforming to "the purpose of the University" and to separate the academic programme from the social programme.

The president, the convention director, the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, the deputy chairman of the Education Committee and I discussed the programme. It was then agreed, and I authorised it on behalf of the Council, that the Bursar would receive donations in the following form

I enclose a cheque for \$. . . , made payable to 'The University of Adelaide', as a donation towards the Academic programme of the 15th Annual Convention of the Australian Medical Students' Association to be held in Adelaide from 25th May to 1st June 1974.

One final point. It must not be supposed (as I think your story suggests) that other Australian universities have collected donations for AMSA Conventions without all this fuss. Monash University, for example, in a letter to the Bursar, has explained that (i) the AMSA was required to satisfy the University that the activities would be primarily of an education nature and that social functions would be ancillary; (ii) the University cleared the 'appeal' with the taxation people; (iii) an account for income and expenditure was opened in the Bursar's office; and [iv] that the expenditure incurred was paid by the University up to the exact amount of the total of donations received and that the additional expenditure was financed from charges made for social functions independently of the University.

Yours sincerely,
G. M. Badger
Vice-Chancellor

BOPPING THE BLUES

Dear Editors,

It would appear that far too many people are trying to set themselves up as musical intellectuals with tastes far superior to those of yer average bopper.

I speak specially of Mr. Ian Ross, author of "Consumer Guide" in ON DIT 42/5. He told me that I should actually buy a "Mott The Hoople" album; he inferred that I shouldn't be listening to "cosmic cowboys"; he called me a "dumbo" and referred to two female singers as "chicks who are gonna be the real revolution . . ." The real revolution . . . , mind you.

Perhaps Ian Matthews is your bag, Mr Ross, but the Eagles, whom I presume you would regard as comic cowboys, are mine. Let's leave it at that and cease all this ego-tripping business of dropping names. Sir, you are not the only cat freakin' to the centre of the universe on Dan Hicks. Cease this pseudo-heavy musical snobbery. You are not really as cool as you might wish to think. Many of the records you "reviewed" were six months (or more) old. A consumer guide, sir, should at least be up to date.

It must be very disconcerting, being so hung up about whether each and every sound your stereo makes is from a record sufficiently hip for it to warrant a place in your album collection. I pity you, Mr Ross — you are on a bum trip.

Harold Joseph.
(This letter missed the deadline for ON DIT 6 — Eds.)

MORE MIDDLE-EAST

Dear Editors,
"The Palestinian-Arab liberation movement is no aggressive racial movement, nor is it hostile to the Jews as such, seeking their extermination or driving them into the sea. On the contrary, it is a progressive liberation, aiming at the liberation of Palestine from Israeli-Zionist presence which is allied to imperialism and reaction".

The above quote is part of an answer by Dr. George Habash, former general secretary of the Central Committee of the P.F.L.P. to the question of whether the concept of a democratic Palestinian State conflicts with the need to mobilize the Arab masses at large for liberation.

If that is not enough to convince Morry Sommer (On Dit 6) of what the Palestinians want and what they themselves say they want, below are a few more statements by various Palestinian Liberation Organisations:

1. "Only the people of Palestine — its Jews, Moslems and Christians living in a country that combines them all, is permanent. All the Jews, Moslems and Christians living in Palestine are forcibly exiled from it, have the right to Palestinian citizenship. This guarantees the right of all exiled Palestinians to return to their land whether they have been born in Palestine or in exile and regardless of their present nationality.

2. The Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine issued a statement in 1969 which advocated "The struggle for a popular democratic solution for the Palestinian and Israeli questions to be based on the liquidation of the Zionist entity exemplified in all the government establishments, (army, administration, police) and all the chauvinistic Zionist political and labor organizations: The establishment of a peoples democratic Palestine state, in which the Arabs and (Israeli) Jews will live without any discrimination whatsoever, a state which is against all forms of class and national subjugation, and which gives both Arabs and (Israeli) Jews the right to develop their national culture".

3. Also in 1969 at the Second Congress of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a document was prepared for the liberation of Palestine. Out of this document I quote:

"The aim of the Palestinian Liberation Movement is to establish a democratic national state in Palestine in which both Arabs and Jews will live as citizens with equal rights and obligations and which will constitute an integral part of the progressive, democratic Arab national presence living peacefully with all forces of progress in the world."

The question of terrorism is continually raised by pro-Zionists and Zionists. One would assume this is the only argument they have for supporting the Zionist state. However, the question is really "Who are the real terrorists?" Israel would not exist today if not for the Zionist terror groups such as the Haganah, Irgun and Stern Gang. These organisations terrorised the Palestinian Arabs into leaving Palestine (such acts as Dier Yassin). It was the Irgun who developed and perfected the letter bombs.

In fact, the state of Israel is still being maintained by acts of terrorism. Figures released by the Israeli League of Human Rights and the Independent Liberation Party show that at least 385 Arab villages in Israel have been obliterated since 1948.

This does not include the territories annexed since 1967. The so-called "reprisal" raids cannot be called defensive. General Dayan disclosed recently that the commandos had not struck directly at guerilla bases, as in the past, but at Lebanese villages.

Can the Zionists who have perpetuated terrorism expect little better in return from a people who over the years have become so frustrated about being ignored and denied the same right which the Zionist lays claim to — the right to return to their homeland.

It would be interesting to hear what you, or any other Zionist supporter has to offer as a solution to the Palestinian refugee problem.

Peter Abrahamson,
Socialist Youth Alliance.

This correspondence is not closed — we are not censors — but it is getting pretty boring.
— Eds.

We leave the On Dit office open as much as we can. We do this because we think it is important that people should be able to come in whenever they think they need to come in with messages, articles, or whatever. It isn't very encouraging for others to find the door locked whenever we are not able to be in the office.

Giving people the maximum access to On Dit should not mean giving thieves access to essential printing and production materials paid for with student money. Your money.

But some fink took advantage of our policy to come in to the office and raid a closed drawer for about \$15 worth of equipment that we need to produce On Dit. The fink also knocked off two expensive hard-back books which we had borrowed to get illustrations.

The books will have to be replaced, at On Dit's expense, and therefore at student expense. The production materials, mostly non-renewable black edging tape, which was brand-new, have already had to be replaced. That's how we produced this edition of On Dit.

We also were relieved of an electric jug. Anyone who has ever been around for late-night sessions of putting On Dit together will know that that jug was not a luxury. Coffee has been a great comfort and help. We haven't replaced that yet. We feel a bit shy about spending more of the people's money for that sort of thing.

It would be comforting to think that the fink was just a friend who was "borrowing" our gear to help produce some other student publication. But a friend would have left a note telling us who they were, and why they were taking your equipment, and when it would be coming back.

And a friend would have brought back the left-overs by now. It has been almost three weeks since his or her or their visit. We have heard nothing, seen nothing.

Thanks, friend. If you'd needed some gear for your publication, you probably would have been given it or lent it. But you didn't ask.

Someone around here is a miserable, mean-minded, rotten thief.

In the absence of any election comment, there is nothing herein for which Michael Jacobs, University of Adelaide, North Tce, Adelaide has to take responsibility under the Electoral Act.

ON DIT 7
has been edited by
Rosemary O'Grady
and Michael Jacobs,
neither of whom is
Frank Trumble (see
Nation Review).
David Hall helped with
layout. Oliver Frank took
photos. We had our usual
help from the people in the
S.A.U.A. office. On Dit is
printed by the Smedley
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Little sinister Kim Goldsworthy and dextrous Tim Potter

Radio-driven Lead Balloon lifts off

By TIM POTTER

You may not be aware of it, but Adelaide University has its very own radio station which broadcasts all sorts of exciting things on the air-waves over Adelaide and suburbs, and one of those exciting things is the LEAD BALLOON SHOW, a student-produced programme specifically for students. It has only just started, but it is a milestone for University Radio and for student media in Australia.

When Kim Goldsworthy and I stroll into the studio at VL5UV, the station's producer, Gay McLeod, drops a few tranquillizers and locks herself in her office because what we're doing is quite new, not only for Adelaide's Radio University, but for the university radio scene all round Australia.

Every fortnight we broadcast a half-hour programme of interviews, talks, record reviews and a bit of warped humour. We'd like to be able to broadcast lots and lots of music but the licence the station has to work

under still restricts us a fair bit. We can only broadcast incidental music at present, but if all goes according to plan, this restriction should be lifted by the end of the year and then we'll have a really wizzo programme consisting of our present stuff plus music.

We got started last term when Kim and I fronted up to Keith Conlon who manages the station and said that we'd like to do our own program. He thought it a great idea, and after hassling with the students association for some backing for the idea, we came up with a pilot show at the end of last term. Now it's second term and we are in full swing.

All we need now is YOU — the listener. If the idea of listening to the radio doesn't excite you much — and to listen to some of the garbage pushed out by the straight stations these days, I don't blame you — try listening to our programme. Just tune to 1630 KHz, past 5AD, and have a listen. We may not be the

best announcers or producers around, but we hope to establish a pretty good alternative medium by the time we can play music, and then we hope to set ourselves apart by playing the really good music that the straight stations refuse to play.

So tune in to 1630 KHz and see what it's like. If you like it, great. If you don't like it, we'd like to know why and maybe improve things. Either way, we'd like to hear from you. We'd also like to hear from anyone interested in helping produce the show.

On Wednesday June 5 at 10p.m. (and every fortnight after that) tune in to Radio University — 1630 KHz, past 5AD — and cop an earful of the LEAD BALLOON SHOW. We'll be repeating the show on the Thursday night at 9.30p.m. of the same week — that's June 6 — and then every fortnight.

You bothered to pick up a copy of On Dit and you bothered to read this, so please bother to listen into yer old mates Kim and Tim on the LEAD BALLOON SHOW.

On Dit's roving anonymous bikie correspondent files red-hot copy:

BIKIES! There is a motor cycle parking space across the Torrens near the footbridge which is not being used. At the same time students are collecting fines for parking behind the trees in Victoria Drive.

The Adelaide City Council has promised that if the bike space is not used more in future it will be taken away.

BIKIES NEGLECT SANCTUARY

FILM GROUP Program

UNION HALL
Members 40c. Non-members 60c.
Tuesday and Wednesday at noon.
Thursday at 2 pm

Tues 4 June	Dirty Harry
Wed 5	Barquero
Thurs 6	Heartbreak Kid
Tues 11	Fellini's Roma
Wed 12	Fistful of Dynamite
Thurs 13	Brother Sun Sister Moon
Tues 18	Fist of Fury
Wed 19	England Made Me
Thurs 20	Inspector Clouseau
Tues 25	Cotton Comes to Harlem
Wed 26	Magnum Force
Thurs 27	Performance
Tues 2 July	The Hireling
Wed 3	Stork
Thurs 4	Ulzana's Raid
Tues 9	Enter The Dragon
Wed 10	Sicilian Clan
Thurs 11	They Might Be Giants
Tues 16	Scarecrow
Wed 17	Steelyard Blues
Thurs 18	Baxter
Tues 23	Westworld
Wed 24	State of Siege
Thurs 25	The Nightcomers
Tues 30	High Plains Drifter
Wed 31	The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing
Thurs 1 Aug	Harold and Maude

Membership \$2. Available from SAUA office.

SECOND TERM MEMBERS-ONLY SCREENINGS in Union Hall, Mondays at noon. Admission by membership card only.

Sunday night screenings (open to the public) to be announced at a later date.

Friday night members-only screenings to be announced at a later date.

Tony Cook goes free

You may remember from On Dit 5 a bloke called Tony Cook, who was sentenced to 28 days' imprisonment by W. C. Beerworth, SM, for having waved the AIDS polystyrene penis at the good ladies attending a Mary Whitehouse meeting last year.

Tony had pleaded guilty, but he appealed to the Supreme Court against the sentence. The case was heard during May, and sure enough, Tony won. The sentence was squashed and he got a \$25 fine instead. He also got his costs on the appeal.

Bewdy. Mr. Justice Bright seemed to think the whole thing was in some ways a bit of a joke — he certainly managed a few little jokes of his own.

What isn't really a joke is that although Bright, as everyone expected, agreed that Tony Cook should not have gone to jail at all, let alone for 28 days, the fact is that Tony Cook did go to jail. He was there for two days before he could organise to get out on bail. He was not prepared for instant bail, because he had been advised that a fine was the most he



COOK, Anthony A.
Cauc. Male.
22 yrs.
Menace to society.

needed to expect — as subsequent events confirmed.

The system of justice has agreed quite properly that Tony Cook should not have been jailed. But it has no real way of getting over the problem that he did go in. Justice? (Let no Supreme Court official write an indignant letter saying that the fine was calculated bearing in mind that Tony had already done two days. The point is that Tony would have chosen to pay that higher fine rather than be jailed as a defaulter).

AVIATION, BUT IS IT ART?

DEFINITION: UNIREVUE — a collection of poofter jokes, clumsy political satires and dirty songs knocked together by extrovert undergraduates in their spare time. NOT ANY MORE!

As a matter of fact, the University Revue is a fairly interesting phenomenon. The old style master-of-rude-words-and-phony-German-accent has been replaced by the talented singer/dancer/actor. (There ARE such people in student ranks.) Furthermore, people are prepared to WORK on shows — you believe five nights a week and all day Sundays? God knows why they do it.

And another innovation, ushered in by last year's incredibly successful BLUE MOON, is the connecting

THEME which links all the bits and pieces — and this year it's AEROPLANES!

Yes folks, that's right — AEROPLANES!. You can say farewell to good old Union Hall. It's being converted into a new Super Jumbo Jet, and will be flown away nightly from June 5th to a mystery destination, with some semblance of a Uni Revue on board. Students can buy a return ticket for \$1.50 which is a bargain even AUS travel can't beat.

Come and see JUMBO in June. A pleasant flight is guaranteed for all. Take-off 8.15p.m., Wednesday 5 June to Saturday 15 June except Monday. Airport Bar open 7.30 p.m.

— Written by the AUDS publicity machine.

THE STATE OF THE S.A.U.A.

The year of the comet Kahoutek seems to be a year for political instability: Nixon besieged in the White House, Britain so unsure of itself as to be left with a minority Wilson government, Caetano at last dealt with in Portugal, Trudeau forced to an election in Canada, the Australian Senate taking unprecedented action to force a government to an election, Willi Brandt tragically jumping before he could be pushed. And so it goes.

Alec Tarrie's excellent and compelling analysis of the world situation in the last On Dit accounts for much of this unrest. It is in fact the frantic scrambles of the advanced groups in the capitalist system, desperately trying to insure themselves against the crisis.

But that does not account for the political rumblings in Australian universities.

Melbourne University Students Representative Council voted late last term to withdraw all student representatives from university committees, on the grounds that they were the victims of tokenism and were being effectively isolated from the real decision-making processes.

At Monash University, there was a general student meeting to discuss the constitution of the Monash Association of Students. Monash, like Adelaide, has no SRC. It also has a system of committees very like Adelaide's, backed by theoretical participatory democracy. There is apparently strong feeling there that the system is simply not

working.

Flinders University SRC came unstuck recently.

And Adelaide is part of all this. During last term, the Education and Welfare committee was regarded by those few who took part in its proceedings as being effectively defunct. The EWC resolved to disband itself until a satisfactory and effective organisation could be created, and the EWC funds were frozen.

That situation has been dealt with, but the malady lingers on. Executives of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide have been muttering about the need for constitutional reform for at least a year, and the present Central Executive Committee of the SAUA is in

favour of setting up a committee to make a close study of structural reform of the SAUA.

It was the news of the Melbourne SRC decision on university committees that triggered Peter Love's article, and Bob Walsh submitted a response. However, it is clear that the problem that concerns them both has much more in common with the problems at Monash than with those at Melbourne. There is a difference. Adelaide is virtually apolitical: Monash, as ever seems fairly highly politicised, and what news is coming through suggests that the dispute at Monash is at least partly to do with different political ideologies competing for the power position.

Despite strong suspicions

that the attacks on the structure of MAS actually express the remnants of blimpish opposition to radical stances taken by MAS some time ago, some of what the attackers say bears quoting:

"When MAS was first instituted it was claimed that the system was designed to enable the largest number of students possible to make the decisions on the running of their student government themselves. To this end, and also with the intention of allowing all students to play an equal role in their government, the system of decision-making by general meetings was adopted.

"It has now become obvious that the system has failed. A political clique still runs Monash, the only differences being that it is even more

remote from the ordinary students and that it rules through radically altered methods. It is not true to say that the so-called ordinary student has an equal part to play in MAS."

That states the position at Adelaide, except that our clique is not in any worthwhile sense a political clique. It is not the fault of our ruling group that they are a clique. They are not clique-ish, they do not wish to be a clique, as Bob Walsh's protestations show. But they cannot avoid it, because the existing constitution creates structures that inescapably isolate the great mass of students from what is happening in the SAUA office.

MICHAEL JACOBS

S.A.U.A. — DIVIDE AND RULE?

By PETER LOVE,
Bread and Circuses editor

The Students Association could make a similar stand on university committees as the Melbourne Uni S.R.C. but it has no right to, because students have little control over their own association.

The SAUA is theoretically a participatory democracy where according to the constitution the committees are subject to the decisions of members at general student meetings. There is no council as such. Major policies are to be decided by the members.

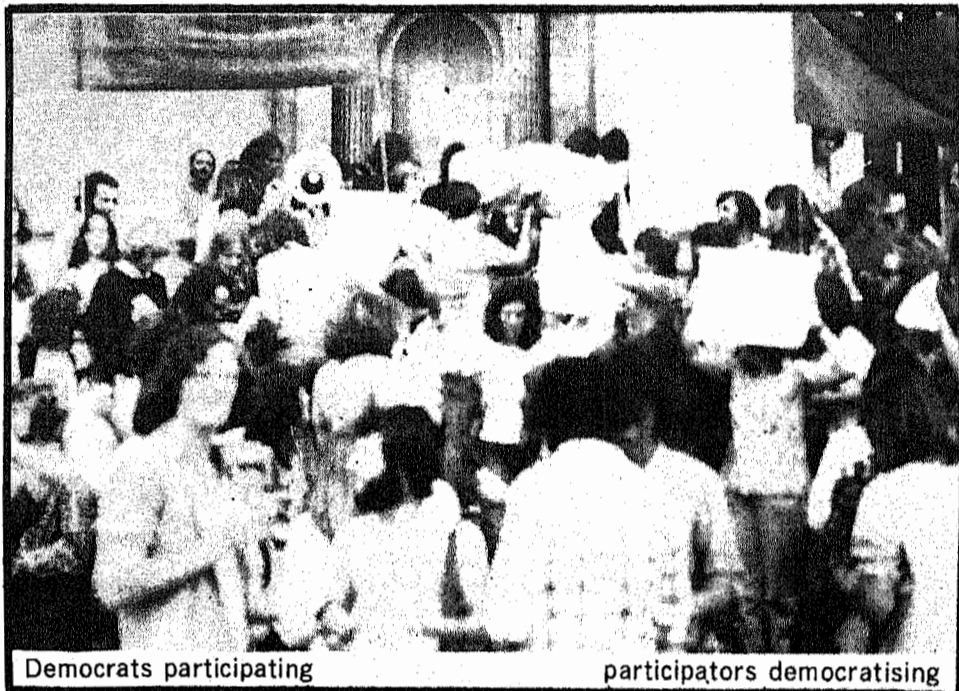
But! the constitution is being disregarded as being unworkable. Elected students are acting solely as representatives, without referring anything to members. The only General Student Meetings that have been held this year have been to do with the Australian Union of Students and associated activities. The SAUA budget (\$50,000 odd) hasn't even been published, let alone considered by students.

The Students Association has developed as six autonomous committees. Communications are so bad that members of one committee don't know what the other committees are doing, let alone (unless by accident) the committees supporting one another, as is intended in the constitution. As a con-

sequence some officers are working their guts out and seemingly achieving very little.

Some see the constitution as completely unworkable and want to go back to an SRC structure, are openly against taking matters to General Student Meetings, don't think students would be interested in the working of the committees don't think it necessary to report what is discussed and acted upon in committee to the masses, and think students are hopelessly and permanently apathetic anyway. Very little Student Association business (except for Advertisements) ever gets into On Dit or Bread and Circuses.

Certain committee members may feel I am personally attacking them but I am not setting out to do so. The situation is bad and needs urgent attention. If students want it, we could go back to having a council (though one which takes decisions from GSMs I hope). But even under the present constitution there is nothing to stop the committees from forming a consultation committee aimed at achieving better co-operation, better communication with the members, and less wastage of effort. I would welcome discussion on this either through On Dit or Bread and Circuses or personally.



THE S.A.U.A. IS ALIVE AND WELL . . . MORE OR LESS

By BOB WALSH, S.A.U.A. Communications Officer

It is not true that the constitution of the "Students' Association is "disregarded" but it is regarded as unworkable by many of the present committee members of the S.A.U.A.

Peter Love's article makes references to it as "participatory democracy". Having said that he leads us on the wrong track because he then forgets what "participatory democracy" is. Unfortunately, so do many others (especially the participatory bit).

Firstly Peter draws a picture of committee members going about "acting solely as representatives", as if they should not; let me point out that they are elected as student representatives and act as such on our behalf in their various fields of responsibilities.

The implication is that they should not and that they are "disregarding" the constitution by doing so. Actually, no-one "disregards" the constitution; they all try to work within it as they understand it and this for some committees really is the crux of the problem. If they could ignore it and do what they felt should be done, there wouldn't be so much difficulty. This is so in matters of importance.

Peter also sees some mystical significance in general student meetings and how the system should refer decisions to them. This loses its significance when one reads minutes of committee

meetings where no major decisions have occurred for general student meetings to decide. Their decisions have been of the routine nature they were lected to perform.

The only matter that should be and will be brought up at a general student meeting (and probably a referendum) is the question of the S.A.U.A. constitution and operation itself. However, before this is done I believe students need to become more aware of what's going on. Also, committee members need to get straight in their own minds what the problem is and more important what the solutions are so they may be presented to students.

On this point let us not deceive ourselves that getting up and merely shouting without being sure of what we are shouting about is going to do much good. Nor will premature general student meetings come up with sound solutions. Uninformed crowds are not known for sound decisions or being able to perceive issues. (Peter should have known this from the response to the very AUS General Student Meeting he referred to concerning the AUS policy towards the Arabs and Israelis: A Debacle).

This is not to say that people should not shout about the SAUA. They should. The point to remember is the GSMs end up making decisions that are very binding. For this reason, before they are called, some discussion about the problem is necessary.

The point Peter makes about the relation of the committees of the SAUA as having developed as "autonomous" is a bit of a moot point if one remembers that this is the intention of the constitution, even though in practice it has turned out as one of its major problems.

The organization of the SAUA was very much a reaction against the bureaucracy and paternalism of SRCs and unfortunately went a little too far the other way. This has created a very impractical situation for the various committees. As it is, the only real control the Central Executive Committee has over other committees is financial. This problem that "communications are so bad" between committees is, as I have said, an old one, as is the problem (especially for 'participatory democracies') of student apathy.

Anyone unfamiliar with student politics might get the impression from Peter's article that communication is a recent problem; on the contrary it has been a continuous problem of the SAUA since conception and has been illustrated in the past by the dramatic resignation of the Public Affairs Committee en masse last year or the amazing censorship of the president of the SAUA early last year.

Peter's final point is one of serious misunderstanding. No-one in the SAUA wants to go back to SRCs. The fact is, they are far less workable

than student associations (witness Flinders Uni) the only advantage being that everyone knows what is going on (and a lot of it is irrelevant petty detail).

Most people would agree that the SAUA organization, though it has serious problems, is basically sound, and is a functional and responsive system. The problems with it are:

First, communications between committees.

Second, about half the people who get elected, then don't do a bloody thing.

Finally (because of the 'participatory democracy' of the constitution and SAUA organization) student apathy.

In other words, much of the SAUA is there to be used by students. If they don't use it that is not a fault of the SAUA.

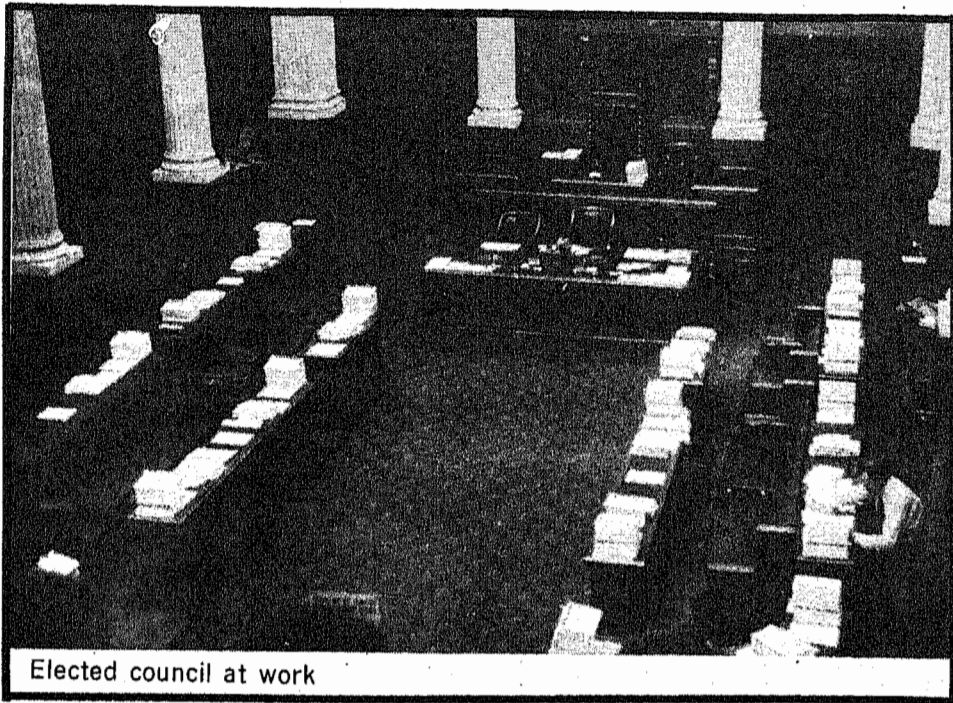
This reply to Peter is not 'sour grapes': as he says himself there are some people in the SAUA who work hard and they need to be protected rather than blamed for difficulties that are not their fault.

At the same time the question of the SAUA needs to be discussed. The important thing is to avoid the personal attacks and recriminations that have occurred in other universities which merely cloud the issues and mask the real problem.

For those who want to say something but don't know much it's often easier to attack individuals than to get down to the problems of how organizations work.

NOEL THOMAS
FLENTJE
25 MAY, 1974

THE STATE OF THE S.A.U.A.



Elected council at work

So is anybody there participating?

By ROSEMARY O'GRADY

Second term is election term.

Who cares?

Who intends to run for office?

Will you get the government you deserve? Who makes the decisions for you? Who fights your battles? Who pleads your cause?

Last year interest in the student elections was so meagre that there were only two nominations for President of the student body, and two for Editor of the student paper.

Primarily it is essential for the editor to have the confidence of the student body.

On Dit suffers physically at present from having a dingy office stuck in the western cloister behind a barrage of construction-workers huts. However other student papers have suffered worse problems and overcome them. The solution lies in the degree of interest of the readership.

The problems of On Dit loom large to an editor, and to one conscious of the size of the budget.

I would see \$3,000 spent on next year's editorial salary as a sensible, necessary investment. I would rather see the paper disbanded than continue in its present slough of despair.

But the On Dit problem is only one aspect of the general malaise.

There needs to be a strong renaissance of interest in student government.

This is unlikely to occur at a time and in a place when there is no outside threat to the general well-being, and no obvious reward in terms of prestige for the office-bearers. Student government is time-consuming and, contrary to popular opinion, not terribly status-building. Nobody in the wide world of commerce and adventure is going to be very impressed with you because you've been president of the SRC or editor of the rag. In fact they're more inclined to think you're likely to be self-opinionated and give the job to the mouse on the long list who's got all those heavily-swotted, continuously-assessed A grades.

You go into student activities for two reasons, because you have a sense of community and a sense of fun. You may have chips on the shoulder or a lust for power, but basically it boils down to an awareness of your society. So this term, please, stop treating the place like a meal-ticket machine, and ask yourself two questions,

- (1) What can the University do for me?
- (2) What can I do for the University?

These traditionally hard-contested posts deserve more attention. If students cannot muster more enthusiasm for such posts, perhaps they should consider their abolition.

In any election or lawn meeting the total vote is only about 10% of the student body.

On Dit has an annual budget of \$14,000 - 15,000. It costs almost \$1,000 an issue. This is student money. Yet this year the editor has relied upon two people to assist in producing the paper. With the co-opting of a co-editor this raises the staff total to four. There are no reporters, no proof-readers, no advertising salesmen, no artists on the staff. Perhaps students should reconsider the position of On Dit. Perhaps they don't feel the need for a student paper.

At an editors' conference in January in Canberra student editors agreed that they should argue for a minimum-wage salary for all student editors, plus expenses, in order to attempt some degree of professionalism in student journalism. When I put this point of view to some student representatives in Adelaide the idea was met with scepticism. It was considered undesirable to so distinguish the student editor from his peers.

This is not my opinion. I consider the position of student-editor to be a full-time job and a demanding one. It is, properly conducted, far more than 40 hours work each week. The editor must read and edit material arriving from interstate, scan interstate and overseas student publications, negotiate with advertisers (let alone find them), seek-out articles from students possessing information, arrange reviews of current films, books and theatre, anticipate newsworthy incidents which would have some bearing on student affairs. In addition to these duties there are the ordinary problems of production. A student paper is not high priority with printers. The office staff have demands on their time from every direction. There are the frustrations of printer-censorship, and delays due to lack of staff. The job of editor is a thankless one and in order to get a full-time appointment I recommend that the position be advertised as a one-year appointment, with all the advantages of Union staff employment, at a salary of \$3,000 and with responsibility to the C.E.C.

Alternately I suggest that the old system of editorial-appointment be resumed. Under the old system intending editors or editorial teams made verbal representation at an SRC meeting and were required to satisfy the council - and any audience which cared to sit-in - of their suitability. Such a system yielded some excellent editorial teams (e.g. Disney/O'Brien; Hann/Vilunes) for On Dit, and might do so again.

MELBOURNE S.R.C. OPTS OUT

Late last term, the Melbourne University SRC decided to withdraw all student representatives from university committees.

This is the letter SRC president Mary Anne O'Connell wrote to the Melbourne Vice-Chancellor.

26th April, 1974

Dear Professor Derham,

It was with great reluctance that the SRC decided last night to withdraw all of its representatives from university committees. Nonetheless, it was unanimously agreed that the present situation of student representatives on committees is untenable.

My predecessors and I, together with all students substantially involved in University decision-making bodies have become increasingly concerned at developments in the committee system.

It is clear to us that developments such as the ever-increasing power of the Administrative Committee, and the tendency for other committees to establish working groups, without student representatives, are intended to usurp the effectiveness of student committee members. For example, effective participation on the Central Budgets Committee has ceased because the working group of the committee holds effective decision making power.

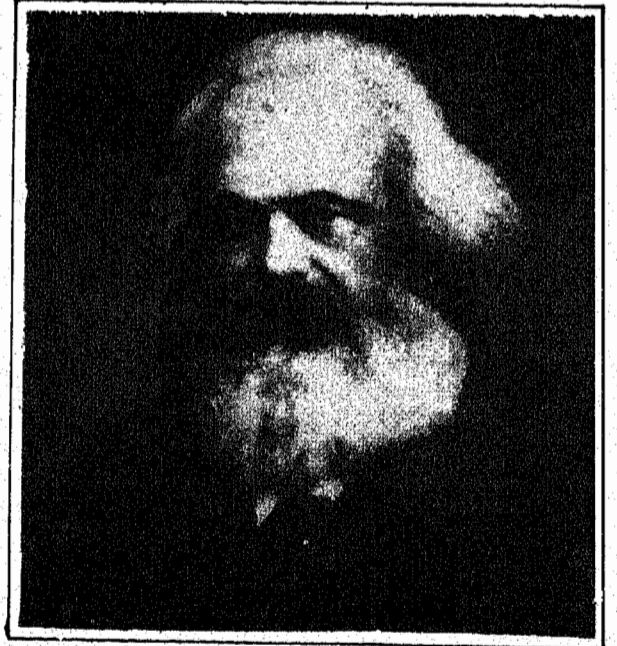
It has long been recognised that representation on committees by both staff and student members of the university is token; we feel that the time has come to reject this tokenism and to press for reforms so that democratic decision making prevails in this university.

The SRC resolved that the following reforms to the university's bureaucratic structure are essential.

1. Election, by common roll vote, of staff and students, for all committees.
2. Abolition of Ex: officio membership and membership by people who are not staff or students of the university.
3. Open committee meetings except where confidential personal information is being discussed. All in attendance should have automatic speaking and moving rights.
4. Extensive publicity for all current policy questions. Meeting papers to be freely available to all members of the university committee.
5. Committee elected chairmen elected by the committee members.
6. Abolition of the Administrative Committee. Until the above reforms are enacted, the S.R.C. and its representatives will take no part in the decision making processes of the University.

Yours faithfully,

Mary Anne O'Connell
SRC President.



MARXIST SEMINARS

Held every Thursday 1 p.m. Union South Dining Room.

Thursday June 6: The Struggle Against U.S. Imperialism - After North West Cape?

Thursday June 13: Clyde Manwell: "Multinationals and the Politics of Science."

Planned (watch Bread and Circuses) Crisis in Bourgeois Economics, The Structure of the Ruling Class in Australia, Portugal and the African Liberation Struggle, The Internationalisation of Capital, Whitlam's Plan to Invigorate Australian Capitalism - The Next Stage.

The architect from New York

In No. 6 we printed an article by activist PAUL GOODMAN - the American architect-anarchist who was also a homosexual. In this edition we are using Goodman's tale of modern professionalism as a lead into future editions - 4 issues.

This short story, written during the Eisenhower regime, is remarkable for its portrayal of an architect who not only dares to criticise the greed and folly of his clients but - when the crunch comes - refuses a commission

The town, he noted, was founded in the seventeenth century and grew rapidly till it slowed down: but it continued to grow slowly and became a substantial centre in the valley. Since 1935 it was again growing rapidly. The Berkshires were flaming red and yellow, like a Roman triumph. As the train pulled in, the architect, without his roll and brief case, felt the excitement he had felt from a child whenever he came to a new place. To take it in! Now he did it with a practised eye - nobody in America knew more about it. There were rarely any surprises, nothing he had not predicted from a few notes of history and studying a few statistics. Even so, if he felt well, as he did sometimes, his wondering excitement might last for a couple of hours: for there is a difference between knowing all about some one and actually meeting her. This evening he felt well and glad to be out of New York. He was Harry Hodges, and here was she, the town.

Low on the horizon the October sun poured through the big trees. There were still big trees even down at the station. Of course, in such magical light any place looked lovely, strange. He was pleased that he had a couple of free hours to look and have dinner, alone. He was to meet the building committee at 8.30 pm. Daylight Saving Time, thought Harry, was a good idea because the clear day of dusk was strange. (But when he returned with his roll and his brief case - for they would accept his terms, they always did: and he would take the job, he always did - nothing would be strange, except the art.)

By God, the town had a shape! Harry's breathless relief was like an adolescent's when the blind date turns out to be pretty. A quarter of a mile from the station was a fine green square, bordered by the usual remarkable big maples, with the wooden bandstand well placed off centre, the lawn poorly kept. And there was an absurdly small iron fountain, like a prim belle, that - what a contrast to Italy! - had in it all a world of New England shame and sweetness: as if it were sinful to lavish wealth on useless decoration, yet God thought that a pool was proper and there is many such a living eye in scripture. Harry doubted that any brasses blared from that bandstand any more on Saturday nights in summer: but it was likely still gay and busy on July Fourth and perhaps on the anniversary of Lexington.



because it would surely mean demolishing a building designed by an illustrious predecessor. Paul Goodman later claimed that the story was rejected by three national magazines because the consensus of their editors was

It was quite as usual for a New England town like this to have a shape and to have this shape. Why was our friend so moved by it? It was that he had been travelling too much abroad, where every town, whether in France or Italy, or Ireland, or even Latin America, had a shape that you could grasp and read off the social history. When you left, you knew that you had been somewhere. But returning home, he would go to our American towns, in the south or middle west - for his churches had won a peculiar reputation as something 'special', like Sunday itself, and he was asked to build in all parts: and then he was struck with dismay to see how we have neglected ourselves. The filling stations, the five and ten, the diner, not so much poorly located as with never a thought of location: and the shameful immodesty of the billboards and the neon. He sometimes became so down in the mouth that he could not eat.

He was hungry. He cut across the green toward a high veranda that must once have been 'the' hotel, though certainly no longer the biggest and best in a town of this size. And while he walked across that green, in Harry Hodges's breast welled up his plain duty and made him choke, and his ears were aflame. He was bursting with pride. He, Harry Hodges, would see to it that the middle western towns of America got a shape. If not he, who? (What shape?) He ought to: he was going to! He had energy, he swung weight, he had the means of the American Institute of Architects. His countrymen would make him a statue in the park. On the left was a statue of James Warren.

Harry's step was light but lagging in meditation, as he cut under the maples across the ragged lawn toward dinner, while the big sun was touching the horizon and flaming in the glass windows.

Naturally, in the shadows he was confronted by a monumental building on his right, that he had not noticed although it dominated the New England square, as it should, for it was a church. The church had scale. It was small and looked big.

Despite its absurd premise of being 'gothic', the architect could not resist a smile of approval. Maybe it was only the dusk and the magical clear air but, really, the church was very good. Maybe it was that it was surprisingly gothic of 1875 and quite out of place: and of course it was not out of place at all, and certainly not gothic at all, but the yearning of an individual romantic for some richness and colour in New England in 1875. Who? For a moment Harry racked his brain for the architect's name. He was annoyed, for it was a famous name that he knew perfectly well. He paused and became aware that he was smiling with recognition, and with unembarrassed formality he nodded his head to the other master. And why shouldn't he go in and visit, since he had come?

This was odd to do, in America. When we are in Europe, we walk into every

that no modern professional would ever behave with such principled conviction. The sketch on these pages is of the congregational church by Henry Richardson in Springfield - very like the one mentioned in the story

little church, partly because we're there for that, but partly because we know that in there, however humble the building, we are likely to be astounded by some imperishable gesture of spirit, in an altarpiece, a window, a sepulchral effigy. We come on Moses in San Pietro in Vincoli and say, 'For heaven's sake!' In our country, we have not had so many centuries to scatter human treasures around, nor, in the time we have had, have we given our genius lavishly to this. The pointed half shutters of a side entrance were flung wide, like cardboard angel's wings, and Harry Hodges entered.



To his astonishment, the last rays of sunlight flamed into his eyes through a window of Charley Tiffany's, made long ago when that artist was first inventing the glass and was inspired by the angel Raphael. The sheep in the picture were comical and Jacob looked like a divine oaf, and the beads of the border were gurgling and shouting in the light like a one year old for joy. The glass window was heavenly innocent as, in that period, was possible only in America. Harry was unable even to smile, for his eyes misted over. He blinked them. The sun set and the twilight came rapidly on.

Naturally, a roomful of Charley Tiffany's early work, before he became a manufacturer and a patron of the arts, was a rare experience. Even in the rapid gloaming, the glass gave off colour. Electric lights went on, and as he unhurriedly went up one aisle and down the other, studying the pictures, Harry was like that fellow who lay down just to take a nap but fell asleep: he had come in just to have a look, but he became absorbed in what he saw.

Who? Who? He kept trying to recall the name of the architect. Nixon? Roberts? He knew that it was the master himself and not a disciple, for it had the original definition: the arbitrary gothic turning at once into a robust romanesque, full of feeling, and discovering in the stone romanesque a new romanesque of masonry that would soon appear, in vast spans, in the secular buildings of Louis Sullivan and Adler. The onset of modern construction, 1875 - certainly around 1875 - he wouldn't be off by five years: but what the devil was the fellow's name? Nixon? Robertson? Hendrickson? Harrison? (He winced at the thought of Harrison.) Nixon was the vice president.

Somebody's son, that was for sure. Everybody was. The architect touched the granite with his hand.

Panicky, he consulted his watch. 8.30 on the dot! His dutiful unconscious kept good time. He fled from the building, even though he would hardly be late. Outside it was dark. He asked his direction from the first passer by. He was not going to have any supper, and he realised that he was ravenous.

The rectory, where they held the meeting, was on Duane Street, off the business street, in a dark red brick building with gables, in an ambiguous neighbourhood. (Negroes were coming in.) The committee was all assembled in the parlour and was indeed a little anxious, as provincial people are, whether the great man from New York might not show at all. 8.35. But the doorbell jangled, the minister went to welcome him, and the architect came in hatless and breathless. They recognised him from his pictures in *Life*, and everybody stood up for the handshaking.

'That's a noble pile there on the square!' he burst out oddly, without waiting to be introduced. 'That's why I'm late. I went in to look around and - it was 8.30!'

'Not late at all, not at all!' protested the minister. 'The others just got here.'

'I was surprised to find a building like that in the town!' cried Harry, gasping.

'I want you to meet Mr Foster,' said the minister, 'the chairman of our committee. Mr and Mrs Foster.'

'The green is nice too: even better if it's kept ragged,' said Harry.

'Pleased. Did you come up on the 8.12?' said Foster. He had a rasping voice. 'That one is always late. Why didn't you tell him to take the express?'

'But I did recommend the 6.30', protested the minister. 'This is Dr Alexander.'

'Pleased, I'm sure,' said the architect. 'No, I did take the early train, but I got lost -'

'Mr Tom Hawthorne,' said the minister. 'He's descended from the novelist's father's brother - I tell you so you won't ask, ha.'

'Are you?' said the architect. 'Let me tell you right now, if you people are going to put up a church here, you'll have to go far to compete with a building like that, put up in the dark ages after the civil war. I'm not sure I can match it,' he said modestly.

'And Mr and Mrs Parsons,' said the minister.

'I am willing to try,' said the architect and held out his hand.

He detested these committee meetings that he ought, with his sociable disposition, to have enjoyed: for art is lonely and these folk were collaborators. But the bother was that they were not collaborators, they were not peers: they had no confidence in what they wanted and needed, so they didn't talk up. They wanted to be bowled over by him, and then to leave everything in his hands, including telling them what they wanted and needed. They didn't take themselves seriously. But he had found from unhappy experience that if he took them seriously and tried to draw them out, then they walked roughshod over him and intervened in artistic matters in which they had no competence. So instead he dictated and demanded, which he hated. It isolated him. He felt unsteady on his eminence.

'Shall we sit down and get started?' said the minister briskly. 'Does any one want a liquid refreshment?'

'God!' persisted Harry, as he sat down, 'my walking cold into a strange building and seeing twelve windows of Charley Tiffany's! Next time I'll bring a photographer and you'll have them in colour in *Architectural Forum*.'

He was persisting in these remarks about the church on the green, partly because he was still there, having left so rudely: but partly also to create the tone for the meeting, cultural and informal, giving himself very much the advantage. This procedure was dishonest and he knew it, yet here was no help for it, for it was how he was, familiar with the muse, burning for fame, and needing to get the upper hand so that he could do what he wanted.



There was no way to be honest with people. He used words like 'noble pile' because they did move him and he really wanted English to be like that: but he knew that they had an odd effect and he capitalised on it.

The doctor had been the only one to listen to a word he said anyway. 'What building is it that you're talking about, Mr Hodges?' he asked sociably.

'Please call me Harry,' he said. This was not to be pally, but because he was embarrassed by being called 'minister'. He looked at the doctor in blank surprise. 'Is there another building in this town?' he asked unbelievably.

'I'm sure I don't know anything about it,' retreated the doctor. 'Only, you said you were admiring some building -'

There was something in the tone and countenance of the famous guest that made everybody suddenly pay attention.

'I mean the church, of course,' said Harry in the silence. 'The big gray one on the green.'

'Our church?' cried Mrs Foster faintly.

'Your church?' said the architect. His face fell. Something was wrong. 'I went in on the way here from the station. That's why I'm late.'

'Not late at all!' cried the minister. 'Why do you keep saying you're late? Naturally!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. 'You dropped in on our old church to see. What could be more natural?'

'But -' said the architect. 'He means the Monster,' said Mrs Foster, who understood what was the matter.

'Oh no, he can't mean the Monster,' said Mr Parsons.

'Yes, he means the Monster,' said Dr Alexander.

'Not the Monster!' almost screamed Mrs Parsons.

'Well!' said the minister jovially, 'he's got to see it sometime! We can't keep our old building hidden from our new architect forever, can we?' This struck him as a jolly idea, of concealing a large church on a public square, like stealing a grand piano, and he gave it a good chuckle. 'Ha! ha! So you see, sir,' he said, 'why we want to get rid of that one and build something new and modern and fitting the worship of God. That's what you're here for. We held a meeting. We'll get Harry Hodges. Who else? The best, sir. They call it the Monster.'



For a long moment, the architect had not a blessed word to say. He wore a feeble smile. He was at a loss.

'Tell me,' he said finally, 'do you have your announcement out in front there on the green? I mean the name of your congregation and pastor and so forth.'

The minister reddened. 'Of course,' he said sharply. The question did seem to him in poor taste. Joking aside, it was rude to ask if they kept their name hidden. After all, there was nothing shameful: they had not built the church, it was a hundred years old. He decided that it was simply a poor joke, nothing offensive. 'Prescott Green Congregational Church. D. T. Wick, DD, Pastor,' he said proudly.

'Sunday 4 October, *The saving power of prayer*. Right out on the lawn and tall as a man!'

The architect closed his eyes. 'I saw that

sign', he said. 'If I close my eyes, I can read it off right now, *The saving power of prayer*. October 11, *Hope*. That's right, isn't it? I saw it and knew it was your church, and that that was the church I came up here to replace. But I never did see it and I walked in. Tell me, who built it?'

'I couldn't give you a clue,' said the minister.

'A chap named Richardson,' said the doctor, who knew about such things.

'Yes, Henry Richardson,' muttered Harry. 'H. H. Richardson - H. H. -' And there, to their amazement and somewhat alarm, except that they didn't know what to expect from a famous artist from New York, Harry Hodges turned white and fell back in his chair and almost fainted away, as the full force of his lapse of memory, of his self betrayal by his own unconscious, smote him between the eyes. He even understood the details. The 'Richard' in the name he had forgotten was King Richard Second deposed by Harry, for he had seen Shakespeare's play the very evening before. And H. H. Richardson was - Harry Hodges, murderous son. This was the simple personal guilt.

But underlying these personal motives, and far more important and personally terrible than any personal motives, was the social fact that we in America are forever in a state of ruthless change. Monumental works, built of materials that should last two thousand years, will be demolished in one generation, and with them the builder's name. And yes! by a fatality, it is precisely the loveliest and the best that must be destroyed the soonest and the most ruthlessly, as if God had a hatred of excellence. Who can build in stone under these conditions?

Such was the fact of the architect from New York as he cringed in the chair before them, with his mouth open, and his chin on his breastbone.

'Gentlemen! and ladies,' said Harry drily, recovering his wits. 'My considered advice is that you stick with that fine edifice of Richardson's on the green.' 'Edifice' was another of his words. 'Learn to like it. You'll thank me. I'm saving you money and trouble. Let me tell you - I know - the Tiffany stained glass alone would warrant preserving the building as a national monument, even if the building were mediocre. But in fact the whole is high minor art of the first rank, and I'd be proud to do as well.'

As he said it, Harry already wondered how much of his enthusiasm did arise from the magical light of sunset and the manic aftermath of deposing papa.

'The stained glass. He's talking about the windows,' cried Mrs Foster faintly.

'The sheep, it's too much!' said Mrs Parsons and got up hastily and left the room.

There ensued a peculiar debate between Parson Wick and the architect from New York.

The minister was thrown into confusion by Harry's praising the old-fashioned building, for he had been the moving spirit in inviting him up. What was happening?

Wick was a large, fair haired man with a good voice, a fair education, and a gift for creating a friendly atmosphere. He was an adequate pastor of the flock, but he was not quite grown up. The little boy in him was always trying to say the right, the mature, the sophisticated thing that would show how precocious he was. This had gotten him handsomely through the seminary to a wealthy pulpit and prestige in the synod. But since, after all, he didn't understand what he was talking about, whether about psychoanalysis or crisis theology, ever and anon he was left high and dry.



The irony was that deep down he did have a puritan abhorrence for the church on the green because it was ornate and catholic - his feeling for a bare functionalism was genuine enough - but this he could no longer remember, and he would have been ashamed to say it.

Harry had not yet made up his mind whether to accept the job or reject it. After all, Henry Richardson was dead and life must go on. Why shouldn't these folk have their way? Yet he found it hard to take their aesthetic judgement at face value. What did they really have against the building? They couldn't - but this he could no longer remember, and he would have been ashamed to say it.

But instead of an answer to his pressing questions, Harry was treated to the pastor's lecture on organic architecture! The trouble with this four-bit lecture on honest form and function, however, was that it had long ago been delivered by Henry Richardson, who learned it from Ruskin and others, and Richardson had taught it to Louis Sullivan: and Sullivan had taught it to Frank Lloyd Wright, and Wright had taught it to Harry Hodges. And when he was himself a younger man, Harry had broadcast it far and wide, in his classes at Harvard and in the architectural journals, until it penetrated even the Sunday papers and the radio and finally became the mature and 'tough' wisdom of Pastor David Wick.

And now, curiously, the moral of this lecture on the American style had gotten to be the necessity of knocking down Henry Richardson's ornamental church, the Monster.

But Harry loved decoration. He didn't think the church was a monster at all. In principle it was as absurd as any pleased, but things were not so simple. There was a man there.

Listening to his own opinions played back to him on a poor tape, Harry was less and less convinced. 'How much money do you have in your building fund?' he asked suddenly. 'Can you afford a new building?'

'\$238,420,' said Mr Parsons, who was chairman of funds for the new building.

'There you are!' crowed Harry triumphantly. 'You don't begin to have enough money for what you want! At present prices I couldn't promise you what you ask for less than a million and a half megabucks, plus my fee.' And he spread out his hands graciously, as if that settled the problem to everybody's satisfaction.

'Not so fast, young man,' said Mr Foster, with a voice rasping like iron. They were the first words he had uttered in the discussion. 'We have the heaviest endowed congregation in New England, and we shall take care of the finances.'



As if shot, Harry turned to this new voice and flushed. He recognised the boss. 'Cut the shit,' he said brutally, dropping his guard in order to throw his punch. 'Why,' he asked menacingly, 'why do you mean to tear down that fine building and build elsewhere?' But as soon as he heard that voice, he had known the truth. Mr Foster bared his teeth in a yellow smile.

'It's none of your business, young man,' said Mr Foster. 'But since you ask me, I'll tell you.'

Harry knew him well - he had sat with him on twenty committees - the aged American businessman who has worked hard and skillfully and has retired rich and prestigious. Now at

leisure, he gives his time to serving the community, in philanthropies and churches and schools. He is well trained for this, he has connections, he knows administration, public relations, fund raising by horse trading and covert blackmail: and he can give himself to these enterprises with a ferocity that is not possible any more, without landing in jail, to private persons not working in a good cause. A man like that is free for the first time in his life and he rides high.

'I suppose you've sold the property already', said Harry.

'You are right.'

'Well, if you have, you have. What's all this palaver about?'

'We didn't start any palaver. You mistake yourself. We asked you up here to design us a new set of buildings in Dorchester Heights. Are you interested or not? If you are interested, what are your terms - for a set of preliminary drawings? But you - is it your custom, young man, to teach your clients their own business?'

'Yes, it is', said Harry. 'What else did you sell?'

'Really!' exclaimed the chairman. 'This is an odd way to do business. I'm not sure I see the necessity for it.' He was, rather naively, taken aback that the architect had an acumen that among his business colleagues he would have taken for granted.

'Did you, then, sell out the green?' asked Harry with a melancholy pleasure.

Foster tapped his fountain pen angrily. 'Quite uncalled for!' he said. 'Quite uncalled for!' He flushed. 'Sell out? Really, Mr Hodges! We have had title to Prescott Green since 1754 - isn't that long enough? Now we can put the investment to better use. An enlarged school. A psychiatric clinic -' He was somewhat honestly indignant, for he did not weigh the values like the other man. 'Explain yourself, sir! what do

you mean, sell out? There are other uses for money than to tend a field of weeds.' His face was purple.

'Please, Humphrey', said Mrs Foster, taking her husband's hand.

'Yes, a psychiatric clinic', said Pastor Wieck. There was a chance of an added melon from the National Institute of Mental Health.

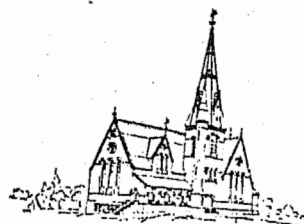
'Shall I get you a glass of water?' asked Mrs Foster. 'Doris, get him a glass of water. Please, Mr Hodges -' Harry had finally closed his notebook with a snap and put it in his pocket. Nevertheless! he could not forbear pursuing, with a melancholy rapture, his vindictive examination, not otherwise than a jealous husband continues to torment her, and himself, even after he has found out the truth. 'What is to become of the hotel on the green, Mr Foster?' he asked, closing his eyes to review the scene of the *flagrans delictus*. 'The hotel, Mr Foster, the library, the statue of James Warren, that building on the south side with the flag - is it the Grange?'

'I don't know what's to become of the Hotel Prescott, I'm sure!' cried Mr Foster. 'Is the town never to grow?'

'Mr Hodges! Don't agitate him!' pleaded Mrs Foster.

'It is a handsome parcel of real estate!' continued Harry inexorably. 'You certainly have been heavily endowed. There'll be a new Statler Hotel, a supermarket, a very grand cinema - and - the promoter is P. W. Finch Incorporated', he said positively.

Now how in the devil did he know that? wondered Foster. It was absolutely confidential. It was this fearful doubt, of how far this diabolic man's knowledge extended, and what he was merely guessing at as an expert, that was choking the old man and making it hard for him to breathe, not otherwise than the wife in the situation chokes up and becomes dumb, as the evidence turns up, and who knows what further will turn up?



But Harry was no longer fighting for Henry Richardson. He was fighting for his own immortality, and losing badly in the contest. Just as the statues went down on the green. Who cared about James Warren? (Who was James Warren?) With a stammer of embarrassment he was fighting for his country, and losing badly. Even so! though he was losing, there was something in him indestructible and he knew it. The art was indestructible. The idea of his country was indestructible. He himself didn't come from these hills but from the Hudson Valley on the other side of the border, near Red Hook, where they have thrown the new Rip Van Winkle bridge across to Kingston.

'Is the town never to grow?' he repeated the other's remark thickly. 'Mr Foster, what will be the shape of the new town?'

'The shape! the shape!' spluttered Foster, and fell to the ground with a stroke. For it was not with impunity that a businessman in his late sixties meddled in serving his community.

Even while the man was falling down, Harry was quickly calculating: 'They'll now go to Robbins & Peters to do the job. But I'll get to them first and make them see it our way. At least I'll try.'

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710 Glenferrie Road, Hawthorn, Victoria, 3122. Telephone: 819-1282.

JEAN ANOUILH'S ANTIGONE

will be performed (in French) by the Adelaide University French Club during centenary Open Days.

Friday 31st May 1974, 2 p.m.
Friday 31st May 1974, 8 p.m.
Saturday 1st June 1974, 8 p.m.

in NEW UNION LITTLE THEATRE

ADMISSION FREE!!

To be sure of a seat, it is essential to book early at French Dept. Office, 7th Floor, Napier Building.

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN



FRIENDS OF THE EARTH:
Radical re-grouping

In the interests of participation, effective action and democracy, Friends of the Earth has formed itself into a number of sub-groups: Packaging; Community Action; Industrial Pollution; and Energy/Alternative Technology.

These groups will start meeting at regular times in second term. There will also be a combined meeting every fortnight to exchange ideas and discuss publicity.

So far this year Friends of the Earth have been involved in supporting the Beverage Containers Bill as one of the first pieces of legislation to attack resources wastage at its source, in industry.

FOE is also supporting the Norwood Cycling Club in its fight to save its velodrome and surrounding areas from developers, and the Mount Gambier Skindiving Club over pollution from paper mills in the South East.

The aim of the re-organisation of FOE is to increase its effectiveness as a radical ecology group.

Radical ecology implies a process of evolving alternatives, and ways of challenging present values and social arrangements, and therefore is much more than just quoting figures on depletion of natural resources.

It requires communication between all people who are concerned about the directions, in which our past assumptions on technology and progress are taking us.

FOE needs your resources, ability and interest to make it work.

The groups will meet in the FOE room, in the western cloisters between the Union offices and the Little Theatre. The groups set up so far are:

COMMUNITY ACTION/DEVELOPMENT

Aims to help resident action group and others to investigate and fight undesirable development projects, e.g. Norwood Velodrome. Also concerned with large scale works such as Monarto and Redcliffs.

Meetings held on Mondays 1 p.m. FOE room starting next week.

Contact: Duncan Reilly 294 1025.

ENERGY/ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY

This group is fighting the exploitation of non-renewable resources including fossil fuels, and also developing and publicising low energy technology.

Meeting held on alternate Tuesdays, FOE room 1 p.m. starting this week.

Contact Sandy Pulsford, 26 Oxenbould St, Parkside, 5063.

PACKAGING

Concerned with the environmental impact of wasteful packaging. May broaden its scope to fight socially undesirable advertising.

Meetings held on Wednesday 1 p.m. FOE room, starting this week.

Contact: Kevin Gardner 439954. Tom Cooper 2234333 (Uni). Ex. 2061.

INDUSTRIAL POLLUTION
Investigating likely industries for pollution of any form. Working for the Adoption of non-polluting production processes.

Meetings held on Fridays 1 p.m. FOE room.

F.O.E. LIAISON AND EDUCATION MEETING.

To exchange ideas and methods of taking these ideas out into the community and to organise activities such as speakers and seminars.

Meetings will be on alternate Tuesdays, 1.00 p.m. in the FOE room, starting next week.

It is hoped that this re-organisation will give a lot more people the chance to be involved in environmental action. These promise to be very dynamic groups, but in the long run of course it will depend on the people who attend.

If you want to see action in other areas, or want to set up another group, come to a general meeting or leave a message in the FOE box in the Students Association, and we'll get something moving.

We hope to arrange regular speakers at University on alternate Thursdays, to talk on issues which are crucial to the environment, such as the ecological implications of Monarto or Redcliffs. Watch out for them.

SANDY PULSFORD
FOE Secretary.

Direct Action Forum



Watergate
The view from the left
Adelaide

Friday June 7, 8pm,
287 Rundle St, Adelaide.

Why is Nixon obsessed with the radical movement?
What is the meaning of the whole Watergate affair?
How are Socialists and other victims of Government harassment in the United States fighting back?

Speaker: Jim Little

Jim Little is a leader of the Young Socialist Alliance, the largest revolutionary youth organisation in the United States today. The Young Socialist Alliance, together with the Socialist Workers Party, has filed a \$27 million lawsuit against Nixon and other Government officials in response to FBI and Government harassment of the YSA and SWP.

Little majored in economics at the California State University at Los Angeles, where he was elected to the student senate in 1970. A leader of the May 1970 student strike that followed Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, he has been an activist in the anti-war movement in Southern California and in New York. He was the Socialist Workers Party candidate for Los Angeles Community College Board of Directors in 1971 and is a National Committee member of the Young Socialist Alliance.

Little's tour is being sponsored by the Socialist Youth Alliance. In addition to the meetings listed above, he will also be speaking at the SYA's 5th National Conference, to be held in Melbourne June 15, 16 & 17. If you are interested in attending the conference, or finding out more about the Socialist Youth Alliance, fill in the form below and post it to us at PO Box 160, Glebe 2037, NSW.

..... I would like to attend the SYA conference.
..... I would like more information about SYA.
..... I would like to join SYA.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
POSTCODE _____

Amiable freak invades On Dit,
says his piece

Hullo,
I'm your friendly Palestinian-urban-spaceman-chimpanzee.

I, have hijacked your editor's office, and am writing this at the desk. It is lunch-time for those students on working vacation. I like this campus. All campuses, good and bad, I like them because the spirit of student-ship, which is instinctive to everyone from bricklayer to labourer, is evident in the air of this centre of learning.

Sitting here, I allow my ego to soar to lofty heights beyond war and peace, good and evil, and forget, for a while, that I have a historical and socio-political mission to accomplish, a mission which many of us would not have to pursue if our post-war programming had been less tinged with frustration, guilt, greed and nationalistic shortcomings.

Our war is not anti-Semitic. We are Semites. Our war is not against nor for Israel. There is no Israel (as such), just as there is no Palestine! Israel always has been and should still be a state of mind whose horizons are limitless. In the same way the Palesrael war is much more a conflict in the hearts and minds of all men. Only the labels change to protect one's national insanity.

Guerrilla warfare is the best warfare. True guerrilla is the war of the flea. The flea (to borrow an image from that great English poet John Donne) sucks a little blood from someone. They do not die. Nobody feels any pain. The flea sucks someone else's blood. The 2 bloods are intermingled intertwined, as one. MARK BUT THIS FLEA!!

True guerrilla warfare can be waged without violence, without fear, and with a lot of humour and compassion.

I walked the streets of Adelaide today, continuing my mission. I was wearing an army officer's tunic, boots and trousers and wearing a beret over my short hair and unshaven face. People looked as I passed them, some stopped to think, to muse, to scoff, to sympathise. They couldn't help thinking, depending on each one's own learnings, of Vietnam, Cambodia, Kent State, Israel, Ireland, Bolivia, South Africa, the list goes on

Perhaps it is my egomania (cultivated by links with Arafat, Dayan, Rubin, Hoffman, Gibran, Guevara, Gramsci, Marx, Lennon) but I am, at this stage of the revolution, cultivating an awareness of, if not altering to another state, of people's consciousness.

It is guerrilla-street-theatre-life. A great Arabic sage once said; "the people of love are hidden within the populace: like a good man surrounded by the bad". And I, add to this the people of love can become a benevolent anonymous cancer by hiding and seeking refuge behind the ingenuity of the obvious.

Nobody could believe I am a Palestinian chimpanzee, simply because I looked stereotyped. Nobody will believe you are a Marxist-Lennonist if you have a brother called Harpo or a wife called Yoko.

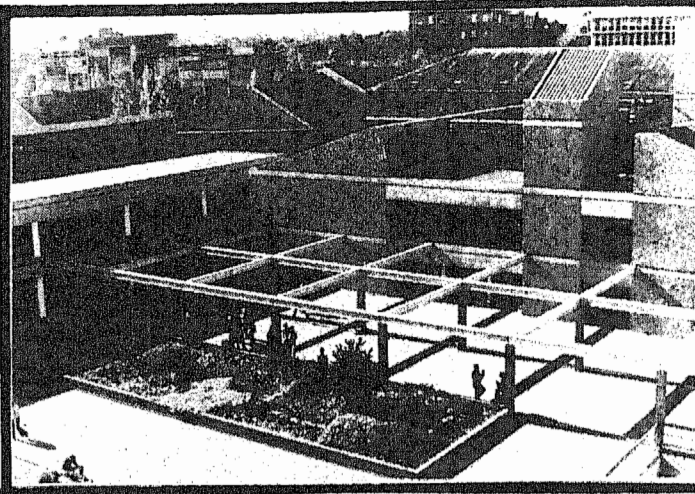
The gods of this island seem to me to be used car dealers and American women. This is an island, maybe Huxley's. This island is that great big melting pot. One day you will show the other continents which are crumbling under their self-imposed yokes that we must aim for the day when we should be, as G.B. Shaw said, not human beings but

HUMANS BEING!!
Long live PALESRAEL!
LONGER LIVE EARTHMAN!

If I am accepted, I would like to write again to your journal, extending this simple introduction to include specialised generalisations regarding

politics and politicking
religion and religiosity
sexuality and sexism
morality and societal arguments
spiritualism and the
abandonment of physical warfare
as a masturbatory
surrogate-mother-figure

Yours and with you
on earth as we were
in Heaven and Hell,
in brotherhood, love,
laughter, tears and life
Khalil Zimmerman



WHAT IS IT?

WHAT IS IT FOR?

A super second-term On Dit quiz

ON DIT QUIZ PART ONE.
In 25 words or less

WHAT IS IT ?

NAME.....
HOW TO CONTACT

The pictures on this page, and on the front cover are of an exciting mystery object. There are two mysteries. How do you describe the thing? And what is it for?

On Dit brings you a special quiz, with wonderful prizes. You must give your answers in 25 words or less.

The best "What is it?" answer will win a return ticket for two on 'JUMBO', that is, two seats to the Dramatic Society revue in Union-Hall, beginning this Wednesday.

Our favourite two answers to "What's it for?" will each win two tickets to 'JUMBO'.

Leave your entries at the Students Association Office, marked "ON DIT QUIZ". Don't forget to fill in the part of your entry form that tells us how to find you and tell you you have won.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT NOON on FRIDAY, JUNE 7 - that is, this Friday.

ON DIT QUIZ PART TWO
In 25 words or less.

WHAT'S IT FOR ?

NAME.....
HOW TO CONTACT

NORMAN

Well. Having crashed the last edition of On Dit, let me introduce myself. Norman. That's me. Not the people who write. They can be anyone. It is me, the column, who is Norman.

After all, if a regular column is worth having, it wants to have a life of its own, a personality. And who ever heard of a personality without a person, and who ever heard of a person without a name? So that's me, Norman.

It follows that I am everything that human beings are: funny and amused sometimes, serious or depressed others; occasionally coming to grips with the larger issues, occasionally obsessed with seeming trivia; idiosyncratic; and, hopefully, interesting, because most human beings are interesting to themselves and wish to be interesting to others. The value of my life will depend on how many other people wish to get involved in me.

My life depends on you, when you feel the urge for a little rave about something, involving yourself in me. The editors have promised that you will have open go, with one proviso.

They insist that what you and I have to say should give some promise of being interesting to other people, or to some other people at least. They suggest, and I think I agree with them, that it is rather boring to be serious all the time, and just as boring to try to be funny all the time.

xxx

Take a minute to reflect on the world's current crises: shortages, frustrations, tension in every field of human endeavour. Whenever anyone tries to do anything, they get stopped half way by someone saying, "No show, mate. I'm sorry. No can do. There's a world shortage of that."

So people get frustrated, and they hassle around, and eventually they get hold of whatever it is that there's a world shortage of, and then they're uptight and rushed off their feet trying to use whatever it was that there was a world shortage of.

Now I'm sick of these world shortages, and, what's more, I don't believe in them. There is a WORLD-WIDE TIME SHORTAGE, that's what it is! That's the key to all the tensions and frustrations and frenetically hyped-up people rushing around at one or more removes from the realities of their existences.

In 1972, the Whitlam Government was elected when they proclaimed, "IT'S TIME!" I thought then, "That's real insight — men of vision", and was glad of their election. But now I am disillusioned. They have changed their tack.

It's still damn well time, the same minutes and seconds, that is the bloody problem. I thought maybe the Whitlam Government could help things a bit. I mean, we were previously stimeied by the Liberals — they never did anything timely.

And a government can do a lot about the distribution of time. In peacetime, whole armies mark time, prisoners serve time, the unemployed spend time being unemployed, that is, while away the time — in all, a whole lot of time gets wasted, or, as I see it, gets maliciously and wantonly destroyed. What does that matter, you may ask.

Everyone in our society seems to be craving, coveting, and demanding time. Unions and professional associations are reducing working time in the cause of "free time" for their workers. But the government is also drawing time out of all of us, taxing our working hours and our leisure hours, and of course wasting our time every time we meet its bureaucratic octopus.

The net result is that what time is left for the business of living is becoming stretched to the limit — stretched pretty tight. So what, you may say. I like my time tight, I like a quick slick life. OK. But a lot of people are already suffering from tight time, and the medical profession talks about tension as a result.

I mean, if time gets much more stretched, what guarantee have we got that we won't accidentally split the atime. Then we would really be stimeied.

Now you might argue that this time shortage is merely a question of distribution of time. I suppose you could say that any society is made up of those people who spend time — the trendies, the upper and upper-middle classes, and perhaps the intellectuals — and those people who bide time — the pensioners, the handicapped, the lower classes, and some women.

Yet here again some good government could equalise those who wish to spend time — that is, those who have a shortage compared to their appetite for time — and those who have time on their hands. Perhaps, though, this contradiction is the wage of an unjust society.

But no political party seems to have any policy about time: they all talk merely about money, industrial development, government, morality — all of which are rooted in time. The only political party I know with any policy ever about time is the National Alliance, which as the Queensland Country Party opposed the fraud of daylight saving — a fraud because it seems to provide more time while actually not contributing a millisecond to the shortage.

I wish I knew more about time distribution, but such complexities as seasonally adjusted time, international datelines, mean time, full time, standard time, metric time, real time, the international distribution of time, discontinuities in "time use parameters" on the global level and local level, all leave me quite aghast.

It would please me greatly to see these issues followed up and the results published. I am sure many a geography, economics, commerce, philosophy, history, and medicine Ph.D. candidate will soon, given time (hopefully, by an understanding Government), be forthcoming in answer to these questions.

It's time — it will be for a long time. I've thought again, but it's still time.
Must rush!



Carried on in the tradition of the late and great Draft Resister's Union, Adelaide has just witnessed the quiet formation of the Drug Resister's Union, produced and directed by none other than Alternative Bootman. Aiming eventually at a national screening, the D.R.U. is attempting to create a situation in which widespread resistance to dope laws is viable in the provision of legal help, food, homes, and a friendly environment... The resistance is hoped to be two-pronged... firstly, vocal pressure against drug laws and people's narrow attitudes, and secondly, the encouragement and provision of facilities for people to go underground: for people who skip a court scene which would mean accepting the position of dope as a crime, or who feel convinced enough to publicly proclaim themselves a dope fiend, who would then need to hideaway for a while...

Five Adelaide people are presently being helped by the D.R.U., the latest person to partake being Penny X of 10 William Street, Norwood. Refusing to appear in court after a bust, she went underground. Sock and the D.S. came to her house to find her, and found it demolished (not a usual C.R.U.'s service).

2. The D.S.U.

On a sleepy night in suburban Adelaide. A brown and white Holden sedan (Kingswood model) turns into a dark street, and stops outside a white house. Out of the car get four of the city's finest heroes for truth, freedom and peace — The Drug Squad — each whacked off his face from the last hit at Angas Street. Sock Silverblade, the group's intrepid commander, knocks on the door, gently, like a sledge hammer would. At fifteen other suburban residences, the same scene is being acted out by Jock's elite force for justice, in an attempt to rid society of the burden of that fiendish, lazy, corrupt force for evil — the dope smokers. The door opens, there stands one of those dope fiends, hair scraggly, eyes droopy, body limp. Jock presents his credentials, a big black bludgeon, followed by sweet, melodious words from his puffy lips — "Don Dunstan, you're under arrest for possession of that joint of evil, marijuana. Your crime against this loving state is unforgiveable, indecent, and corrupt... You must come with us, darling... truth and justice triumph again!" And off they all ride into the dawn, content with their achievements for freedom, and thankful for the information that made it all possible: a tip-off from the State's keenest, most responsible citizens: The Dope Smokers Union... Or at least so dreams our city's finest force for alternatives, the magical, the marvellous, the mysterious, Alternative Bootman.

The Adelaide counter-cultures secret weapon, Alternative Bootman, is presently directing his energies into the local Dope Smokers Union, an organization of unknown quantity, or quality. By the end of last week part of his dream had been realized. Disguised as large brown envelopes, sixteen joints were received by sixteen of the Adelaide jet-sets — Archbishop Gleeson, Chief Justice Bray, Bob Willcox, Jock Silverblade (Drug Squad), Max Harris — to mention a few. Together with this Easter goodie was a copy of Nixon's Presidential Inquiry into Dope, and a list of the Dope Smokers Union's demands, which are as follows, in no particular order of merit, importance or reality:

- : Repeal of the dope laws.
 - : Release all political prisoners (jail or asylum).
 - : Reclassification of dope use as a socio-medical problem, not a criminal one.
- In the same week, 300 people were sent six dope seeds and growing advice, compliments again of the Dope Smokers Union. Also on his mailing list was Sock Silverblade (Drug Squad King), and the respective HEADS of staff at the "Advertiser" and the "News", who were also given the lucky bonus of a full list of the dope recipients and an explanation. But, as expected, the Drug Squad has refused to act, and the media has refused to acknowledge it. So the D.S.U.'s publicity game got a kick in the teeth, though the education programme most probably got 200 more adherents.

Similarly with a view to dope education, others were sent a manual on all aspects of dope, to be followed with further instalments.

The D.S.U. would also like me to pass on their kind appreciation to the boys at the P.M.G., without whose efficiency, and co-operation, the mail wouldn't have got through. Adelaide's a lot better off this week for their services.

And also, from the depth of Alternative Bootman's heart, he would like to publicize the Drug and Legal Protection Union, for your use, or abuse in the case of a visit from the Drug Squad Blues. They'll help with bail or lawyers, and can be contacted at telephone number 223 4333, exn. 2406 or 2383 (during the day) and at night or early morning 272-12-93. Hassles with Adelaide D.S., such as bashing Alternative Bootman is ever at your service.

AN INVESTIGATION INTO POLICE ACTIVITIES.

I. DOPE SMOKERS UNION: If you have been bashed, threatened, assaulted, or planted by the Drug Squad in S.A., or if you know of anyone who has been treated illegally, write (or get them to write) to us about these experiences, including as much authentic evidence as possible. (Doctor certificates, X-Rays, names and addresses of witnesses etc.) Send your letters to DOPE SMOKERS UNION, C/o Students Association, University of Adelaide, 5001. As with the Duncan Inquiry, all names and information supplied will be treated as confidential.

Apparently it requires an event like a murder to arouse people's indignation so that they consider the nefarious activities on a larger social scale. It is time now that some action is taken against the activities of the Drug Squad. They are one manifestation of a perverted mode of bourgeois reality that must be challenged and ruptured at all times.

Your efforts could well mean that the present Drug Squad could be expelled or that the present laws could be made more tolerable. We can but try. Meantime, keep smoking... but keep your senses open for the Blue Meanies too.

II. The Drug & Legal Protection Union

We will arrange bail for people charged with drug offences and organise free legal advice and aid. We have Drug Counselling (to let you know your legal rights and help people wanting to break the habit... yeh).

We feel it is about time for the Drug Squad to get theirs. There have been enough heads beaten, humiliated, unlawfully searched and arrested. If you have witnesses against them, complain and issue a writ (there are a few decent lawyers willing to assist, free of charge), or if that entails too much time, or if your faith in bourgeois justice is non-existent, Jock's phone number and address is in the phone book. Why not drop him a line, a trip or something.

They deserve it. He lives at 3 Valdamere Cr. Magill.

We will do something about police harassment of people (particularly communes and happy love and peace music type hippies) through information on rights and legal support of victims and political pressure.

Ph. 223 4333 Ex. 2406, ask for Peter Carey or at night or early morning Ph. 272 1293.

DRUG SQUAD VIOLENCE

Alternate Community Press, Adelaide

The Adelaide Drug Squad raided and busted a house in the south of Adelaide. Four people were arrested on charges relating to possession and use of marijuana and possession of LSD. The Advertiser and The News both ran small news items mentioning the bust, adopting the line that this was just another phase of the Police Force's crackdown on 'druggles'.

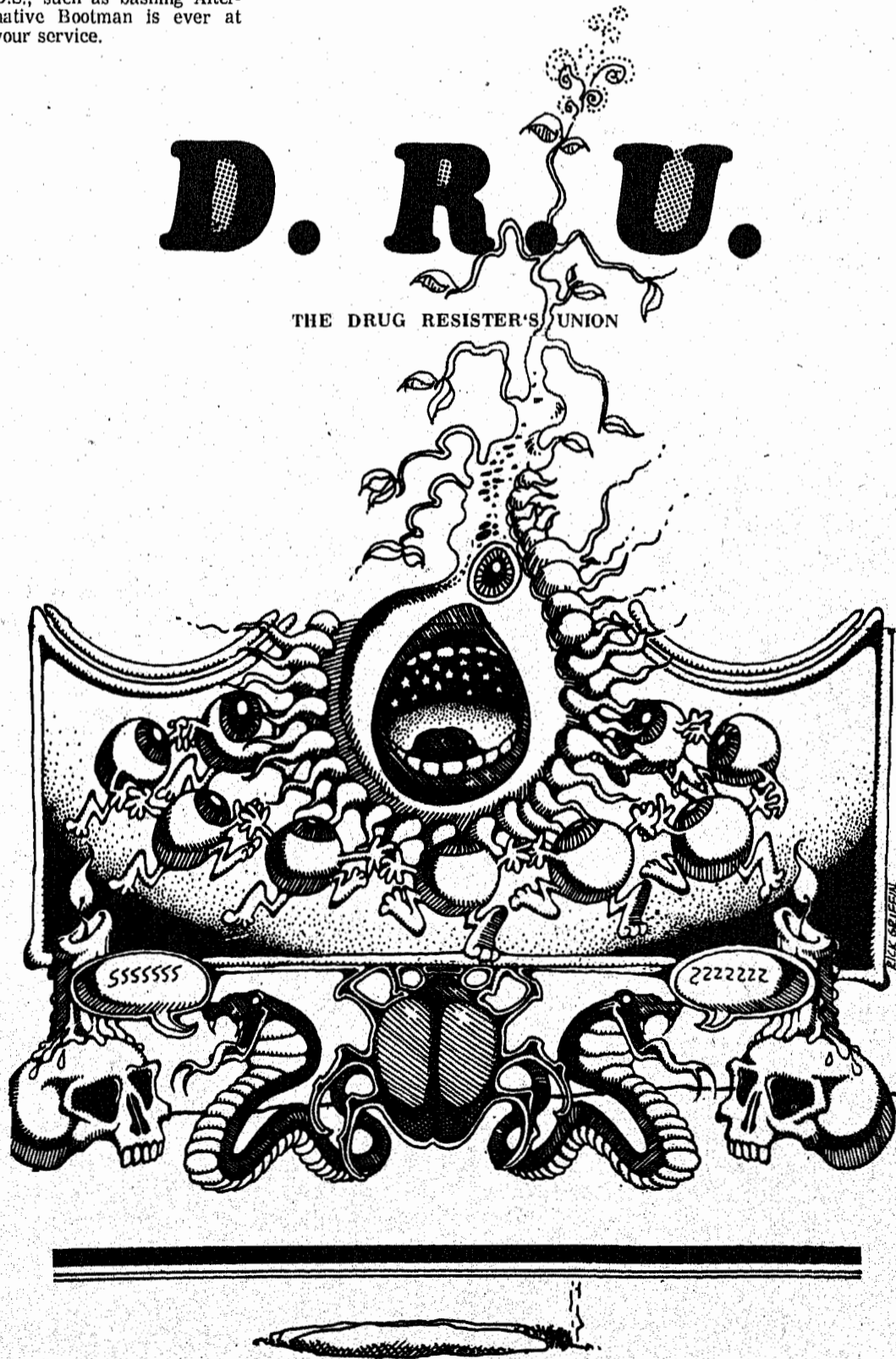
But this was far from being the truth. This is what really went on. The Drug Squad paked their cars down the street away from the house which was raided, for they probably didn't know which house they were looking for. Two people came out of the raided house, and, noticing the DS cars and the DS in them, retreated into the house. The DS moved in on their house. Unfortunately, they'd picked the wrong house: it was occupied only by a few old pensioners who were distraught to find policemen thumping on their door, and by the abuse that they were hurling at the house's occupants. Like a herd of sheep, the DS rushed into the nearest bedroom crying out something like: 'Where's the grass? Come on, we know you've got it!' The poor pensioner in bed was somewhat frightened by these peculiar men and their equally demented behaviour. After some time the DS saw that something was wrong and retreated to the street, to try their luck at the house next door, which was, in fact, the house they were looking for.

What follows now is based on what we have been told by two people who were busted in the activity in that house: one a girl, who was two months pregnant, the other her boyfriend.

Once inside the correct house it is alleged the DS isolated the boyfriend from the rest of the people in the house and placed him in a room, presumably so that they could talk to him alone about what was going on in the house and about the other people in the house. But he wasn't just spoken to: during the early parts of the interrogation it is alleged he was beaten about the head with closed fists and later was struck several times with a metal torch. His girlfriend heard him screaming while this was going on and tried to get into the room to see what was going on and to help him. She was physically tackled and prevented from entering the room and witnessing the beating, which continued in the next room. Realising that there was a close relationship between the two people, the DS who were beating the boyfriend threatened him by saying: 'You wouldn't want us to hurt her, would you?'

He told the DS that she was pregnant, but they continued to manhandle her. Their actions can only be seen as vindictive savagery. Realising there was no other way to ensure the safety of his girlfriend, he 'confessed' and was carried away.

Some of the people who have become involved in this matter are attempting to get together enough information and resources to institute a campaign to expose the violence and ruthless brutality of the Drug Squad, and to radically alter the content and structure of the present laws relating to drug use and dealing. These people have been in contact with the Premier and his secretary about the activities of the DS, and more specifically about this particular incident. They have been told that, if there is enough evidence placed before them, there will be a public inquiry into the activities of the Squad.





Here's Max Hicks at the end of the Union Hall concert. Notice the open embracing gesture.

THE SAUA NIGHTS 1974

Got under way on Friday, May 10 - the last day of first term. There was a pretty wide-ranging concert in the Union Hall till who-knows-when, and then most everyone moved up to the union dining rooms, where there was not much light, but hot urns for serve-yourself coffee. And there was cheese and biscuits, and a piano, and Mark and Tim who sang songs for a while.

SAUA Nights are organised by the Social Activities Committee, and specially Max Hicks - that's Max, on the left. SAC want to hear from anyone who has an IDEA for their own format for an SAUA Night. The SAC meets 1pm TUESDAYS, SAUA office. ALL WELCOME!

The idea is to have regular SAUA nights - and the format depends on the ideas of the people who tell SAC about them.



And people stand round and get social pictures taken of them. (She was holding a drink at the time.)



Country Express was the last group on in the Union Hall concert, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer buncha guys.

AND THE NEXT S.A.U.A NIGHT - - - -

Friday week,
June 14th.

That's the second Friday of term.

Oh - Max also says PROSH is coming. Oh yeah?