

on dit



A successful demonstration!

POLICE DEMONSTRATE FOR STUDENTS

by Bob Ellis

The touring South African cricketers witnessed what must have been the first police demonstration ever organised by students of the University when they arrived at Adelaide Airport. The numbers and enthusiasm of the police, lent in unprecedented cooperation, gave a success to the anti-apartheid campaign which far exceeded the expectation of the few meek students who arrived to welcome the team.

We arrived to find the foyer of the airport full of eager constabulary. Although disappointed at our number (fifteen) they made the best of what there was. A large force stripped our slogan-covered cars with great vigour, while another detachment watched our activities in the foyer.

Refused permission to display posters or distribute pamphlets we attempted a "silent" poster. Demonstrators seated themselves throughout the foyer and began reading copies of the "Apartheid" pamphlet with that word prominently displayed.

Having aroused the interest of the

crowd, the papers were inadvertently left on the seats—enabling every interested person to obtain a copy, while not actually "distributing" them ourselves.

Embarrassment

As the cricketers left the plane, the police herded them into a bus that had been driven out to meet it and convey them to the foyer twenty yards away. This afforded some protection from the milling crowds of police.

Photographers and selected (young) cricket fans met the team in an area cordoned off by twenty to thirty policemen. Students outside this area held the broadsheets aloft, displaying the word "Apartheid." Charles Fortune caused temporary embarrassment to his guardians by agreeably accepting a

copy. He compared this demonstration favourably with those in other States. This was probably because of the orderly manner in which the police were moving on both students and themselves in an ever-widening circle.

The bus then left for the motel, escorted by four squad cars. Slogans such as "where are the black cricketers" and "Apartheid isn't cricket" had been attached to the stobie poles along the drive. This caused the police to divert it into another lane—thus helpfully drawing attention to our posters.

Police Escort

The remaining squad cars conveyed our vehicles from the airport, causing considerable delay in our progress to the motel.

INTER-VARSITY BATH TUBBING

New Sport Draws Crowds

by Shaun Disney

On Australia Day the newly-formed Australian Federation of University Bath Tubbers held the first Intervarsity Bath Tubbing Carnival.

Six thousand people crowded what will one day be the banks of Canberra's Lake Burley Griffin to watch the events, held in aid of Legacy. This was probably a record crowd for any Intervarsity sport.

Bath tubbing has recently sprung to prominence in Perth as an Interfaculty sport, and Peter Atkinson, a Perth bath tubber, decided that Canberra, which annually draws students from all states to work at the A.N.U. or the public service during the long vacation, would be ideal for the inaugural contest in this exciting and skilful sport.

The magic word Legacy brought a rash of free advertisements in the local newspaper and on radio and television, and also brought a donation of eight bath tubs together with a car to raffle in the interval, and a loan of eight bath plugs. Senator Gorton, as Minister for the Interior and ex-Minister for the Navy, gave permission for the use of Lake Burley Griffin, which had at that stage filled to within fifteen feet of its intended height.

A lot of time was spent painting the tubs in University colours with suitable emblems and inscriptions. Adelaide, in austere black, was undoubtedly looked on as the dark horse, and showed impressive form during secret trials at a secluded public swimming hole on the Cotter River.

Pass the Soap

Australia Day was fine and competitors and tubs proceeded through the city on trucks before going to the lake. We had been widely publicised as the only special Australia Day event in the A.C.T., and the crowd was so large that only a small minority could see the events, while the rest had to be content with eating their picnic teas and listening to the distant cries of "pass the soap." A proposed weighing-in ceremony

and march-past with tubs had to be cancelled because there was no room to move.

The rules of bath tubbing are complicated, but the broad outline can easily be grasped by the layman. The race is a relay with teams of four, one man being in the tub at a time and paddling the tub with his hands for fifty yards before handing over to the next man.

When the tub is manned the rim rides only one or two inches above the water and balance is essential. The tubs often sink, and the other members of the team, who have been waiting on the bank, must then dash into the water, lift the 200 lb. tub plus 600 lb. of water, empty out the tub and lift the paddler back in. The site for our race was carefully selected so that the depth was uniformly about four feet, deeper water making salvage operations difficult.

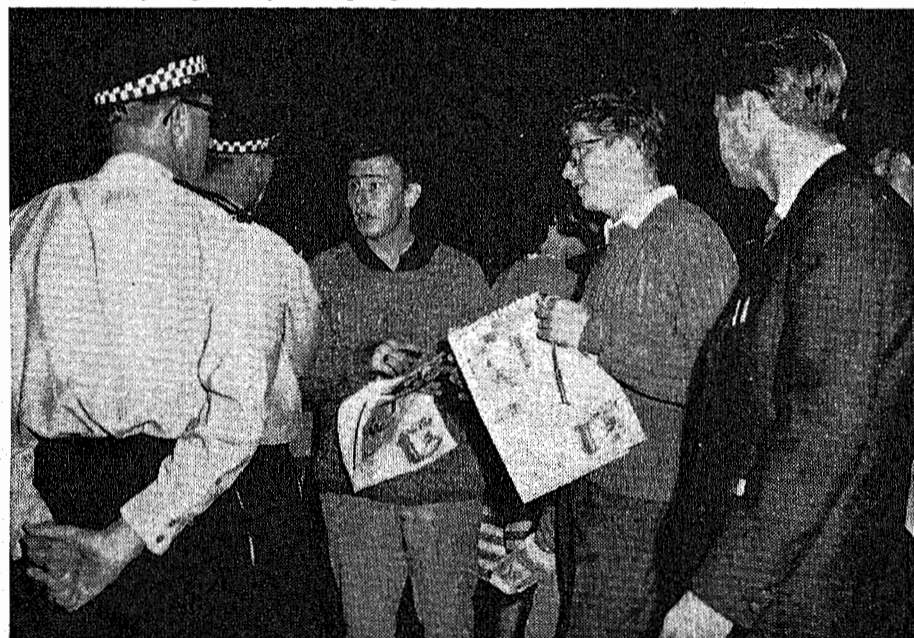
Muddy Bottom

Lake Burley Griffin is only in its formative stages, but it already has the makings of a great lake including a foot of mud on the bottom. Opinion on the value of this to bath tubbers was generally unfavourable.

The first event was a ladies' race. For this there were two girls at a time in the tub. The combined tonnage of two average Australian girls is readily computed to be over sixteen stone, and the clearance of the tubs was reduced to between one and two centimetres. Nevertheless, the crews often moved several yards between sinkings and one crew finished the race.

The girls had a men's crew assigned to empty their tubs when they sank and this may have weakened the incentive to avoid sinking. Furthermore, the wearing of bikinis by many of the crews may explain why salvage operations were frequently protracted.

(Continued on page 2)



Police chat informally with students

One carload, however, reached the motel before the bus, and when the cricketers arrived the motel owner was already virtually burning the distributed broadsheets.

Distribution

Before play on Saturday morning, 8,000 broadsheets were distributed to cricket-goers. More broadsheets were placed on the front windscreens of cars parked near the ground—and were given to Saturday crowds in the city at the North Terrace-King William Road intersection.

A stop was called when police took the names and addresses of five students.

[Footnote: Those who had their names and addresses taken received a note from the City Council. "I have to inform you that you have been reported for distributing pamphlets . . . you may expiate the offence by the payment to the Council of the sum of five shillings . . . failing payment . . . a complaint will be laid against you in respect of the alleged offence . . . no further notice will be sent."]

PARKING BY-LAWS RULED INVALID

Should Council Pay Fines?

In a case before a magistrate last November the by-laws empowering the University to prosecute for parking on the grounds without permission were ruled invalid.

The legal point taken concerned a "procedural ultra vires"; certain technical rules of procedure in passing the by-laws through parliament had not been complied with, and the magistrate ruled that no fine could be levied for the offence.

Warning

The by-laws were amended in the last session of Parliament and can now be validly enforced. With the increase in numbers attending the University it is expected that the parking regulations will be even more strictly policed.

An important legal and moral issue is raised with respect to those many people who were prosecuted and paid fines under the old invalid regulations. There are legal precedents which suggest that fines paid under an order later ruled invalid can be recovered. It is unlikely that anyone will attempt to recover through the courts.

Is there any moral obligation on the

University to reimburse those who were invalidly prosecuted?

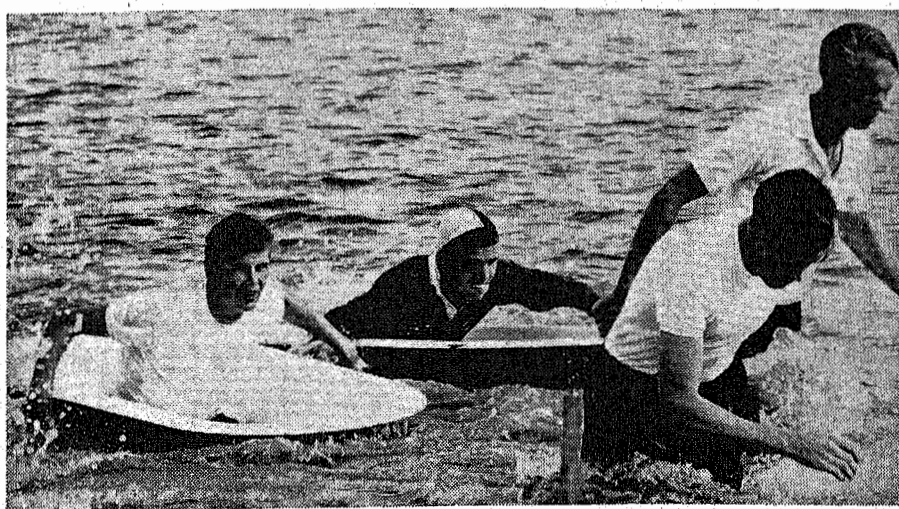
At first glance it would appear so, but on the other hand, the fact that the regulations were only invalid on a technical point would seem to outweigh this. The University was not exceeding the limits of the power that Parliament intended it to have.

Towing

This was made clear in the debate in the Legislative Council on the new by-laws. Although some members expressed concern at the wide power given, which includes the power to tow a vehicle off the grounds, there was no challenge on either side to the University Council's right to control traffic within its property.

The new legislation has passed through both Houses and is now fully operative. Anybody parking without a permit is liable to prosecution.

The best rule is to keep out of the University grounds at all times.



Adelaide successfully refloats tub

"On Dit" is edited by John Bannon, Jacqui Dibden and Ken Scott.

"On Dit" is published by the Students' Representative Council of the University of Adelaide and printed by the Griffin Press.

"On Dit" appears every fortnight during term, copy closing on the Thursday preceding publication date.

The next edition of "On Dit" will appear on Thursday, 26th March. Deadline for copy is Thursday, 19th March.

Contributions should be left in the box provided in the S.R.C. Office, or given directly to the Editors. The "On Dit" Office is the last office on the left on the first floor of the George Murray wing of the Union Buildings—above the S.R.C. Office.

Contributions and letters are accepted on any subject and in any form which does not unreasonably outrage the laws of libel, blasphemy, obscenity or sedition.

The writer's name should accompany all material submitted, not necessarily for publication, although the policy is that all articles which are not editorial material should be signed, unless there is a good reason to the contrary.

Sporting material and queries should be addressed to the sports editor, Carl Meyer.

It is hoped that the staff of "On Dit" will include every member of the Student Union.

Adelaide University RIFLE CLUB

WANTED — New Members Urgently, A.G.M. & Freshers Welcome—

March 17, 7.30 p.m.

George Murray Lounge (upstairs)

Australian Overseas Student Travel Scheme

INDIA or JAPAN

A.O.S.T. offers a unique and rewarding way for students to visit and understand Asia at a personal level.

A.O.S.T. is again sending a delegation of Australian University students to both India and Japan for the long vacation, leaving in December, 1964, returning in March 1965.

A.O.S.T. obtains concession fares and arranges the minimal necessary organization within the visited country.

A.O.S.T. want YOU if you're interested. . . . Application forms are available in the S.R.C. Office. Applications close in the first week of Second Term.

Bath Tubbing

(Continued from page 1)

Canned Refreshment

Twelve crews were entered for the main event and two heats were held. Adelaide came second to Melbourne in the first heat, sinking only twice, once as the result of foul play.

The A.N.U. first team had consumed quantities of canned refreshment before the race, and ignoring the official tub moored on the edge of the course, paddled out into deep water. Here they sank and did not succeed in raising their tub until half an hour after the next race had finished.

Sydney won the second heat in fine style and no-one was surprised when they scored a convincing win in the final. Adelaide came second fifteen seconds behind, with Melbourne third a further fifteen seconds back.

Trophy

The manager of Angus and Coote in Canberra has donated the Angus and Coote perpetual trophy, a gold-plated bath plug on a handsome stand. This was presented to Sydney, and each member of their crew received an engraved chrome replica.

The final event of the afternoon was the proposal of a vote of thanks to the announcer; the vote was carried and

POLICY & PROSPECTS

Each year brings forth new editors, new policies and high sounding aims. Our policy is not startling, nor, we hope, pretentious. Our aims are readability and wide coverage, hoping to interest everyone in at least one section of the paper—and, with luck, to lend that interest to other sections.

The layout is not vastly different—but we hope that by concentrating on placing of articles, by splitting them up into readable chunks with attractive sub-headings, "On Dit" will appeal to the eye generally and will catch it specifically.

Each issue will follow the same basic pattern. The first page will contain topical headline news articles (usually about three) which lead into the second page, containing club and society notices and editorials. Page three will contain more news items—local, interstate and overseas—and letters to the editor.

The centre spread (pages four and five) will be devoted each issue to more serious articles (on politics, religion, et al) and special projects; examination of university building, library, re-

search, colleges, faculties, and academics; explanation of NUAUS, Abschol, I.U.S., A.O.S.T., and other initialled mysteries.

Page six will be the page of "higher things"—regular book, film, play and art reviews; previews of plays and films which might be of interest to Varsity culcha lovers.

Page seven will be wholly devoted to man's baser nature—or rather, the sporting part of it. Feature articles on various sports (including women's sport) and sporting club news. There should be no plebeian element, however, as the page will be conducted by that inimitable bard of the Oval, Carl Meyer.

The popular and skilful cartoons of Alf Hannaford will appear on the back page, together with a new feature column. This is the work of "On Dit's" special investigator, Espion—the watchdog of Adelaide's life.

The columns of "On Dit" in any of the above categories are freely open to anyone interested enough to write. With your inspiration we hope to provide stimulation.

A FALSE START

Every year a fair proportion of freshers attend camps run by various faculty associations, religious societies, and the S.R.C. The broad aim of these camps is to introduce freshers to University life in all its aspects.

The S.R.C. camps, with no particular bias or vested interest (that is, faculty promotion or protection of religion) should attempt to give the fresher some insight into the difference between school and University, highlighting the problems and pointing to a means of their avoidance or solution.

By forming study groups under the "senior" students and presenting speakers of some wisdom and authority, the freshers' camp should be a most useful and entertaining introduction to University life. But is it?

For instance, how senior are the group leaders who run the various study groups? This year there seemed to be a good proportion of second years involved. These "seniors" are usually drawn from the S.R.C. environs. Does this give them either special skill or knowledge?

These questions would not be so important if the group leaders at the camps simply attempted a responsible account of their experiences and problems, how they tackled them, and with what success. They become important when it is remembered that for most freshers the people running the camp are the sole guides to University life—what they say and do, particularly in the close relationship of camp, has great importance.

Many freshers are given the idea that the University is the new emancipation—drinking and sex unlimited are in and if the fellows sing the old songs or slap into "Eskimo Nell," all freshers who are with it must stick around and applaud.

The distortions that these self-appointed oracles of student customs and behaviour produce sometimes have a lasting effect. This is the problem of Freshers' Camps: whether the vision of the University shown to the fresher is true or distorted.

Whether or not this occurs, and how it can occur, will be discussed in an article under preparation for the next edition.

A FITTING TRIBUTE

The assassination of President Kennedy occurred after On Dit ceased publication for 1963. The welter of tributes, expressions of shock and the re-christening of most of the United States created an atmosphere of hysteria—which is still lingering in the Ruby trial.

A lot of this is repugnant to many of us, and sometimes obscures those things about the late President which were of particular appeal to students; his youth and vigour, his intellectual approach and inspired appointments for his "New Frontier," his idealistic vision (as evidenced by the peace corps) and his personal courage allied with an increasing sureness of touch (his stand on Negro Civil Rights, the contrast between the Bay of Pigs expedition and his action in the Cuban Crisis).

An appeal has been launched to found a scholarship tenable either in America or at Adelaide

University (depending on response). This would be extremely fitting.

It is hoped to run a full article on the late President in the next issue with an emphasis on his work as a student and thinker.

Dr. Hector Kinloch has made the point that students are not expected to donate to the appeal—their money would be better spent on books, he says. But he mentions the fact that the late President was particularly interested in history, politics and international relations and it is in these fields that the scholarship will be operative.

Students can, however, promote this cause by bringing it to people's attention. John F. Kennedy should be remembered—and a scholarship of this sort is perhaps a more fitting and useful way to remember him than the renaming of rocket bases and airports.

A.L.P. Club

Mon., 16/3/64 - D. A. Dunstan
Fri., 20/3/64 - H. Hudson
"36 Faceless Men"
Both in L.S.H. at 1.10 p.m.

so was the announcer; who was subsequently found swimming in the lake.

Eton?

In retrospect, the most memorable thing about bath tubbing is the aesthetic pleasure the onlookers can derive from watching a tub go down. The water flows in steadily on all sides and the tub sinks slowly beneath the surface on an even keel. The paddler goes down with his tub calmly continuing his paddling as though nothing were happening.

There is something about the whole thing which savours of all that is best in the tradition of the Empire; one feels sure that Eton would have chosen bath tubbing instead of the wall game had English weather been less inclement.



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231 NORTH TERRACE, ADELAIDE

Debating Club Coup

The Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, has presented a trophy for an inter-faculty debating competition at the University.

Following a motion of the Debating Club Committee last October, the Secretary, Frances Nelson, wrote directly to Mr. Nehru to ask him if he would present a cup for the competition, which is being revived after a lapse of many years.

Nothing was heard until January, when the Club's Chairman, Peter Fleming, received a phone call from the Vice-Chancellor, who in turn had been rung by the Indian High Commissioner in Canberra, who was attempting to find out if the letter was genuine. If it was, he learnt, Mr. Nehru would donate a cup. The High Commissioner said that it was the first time that Mr. Nehru had lent his name to anything of this nature.

The High Commissioner met Miss Nelson and Mr. Fleming later when he came to Adelaide on a visit. He confirmed the news that a trophy had been donated, and will fly over from Canberra to present the cup to the winning faculty at the end of second term.



Mr. Nehru

Nearly all the faculties will be represented in the competition, which will be held in second term. The Society is planning its usual programme of debates for this term, which should provide practice for aspiring faculty representatives. Professor Rogerson, the new professor of Law, is to be acting president of the club during Mr. R. L. Reid's absence overseas.

Letters to the editor

Big Deal

Dear Sir,

Why all this talk about "the hell we'll give Freshers this year"? As a Fresher last year I was highly disillusioned in my ideal of University students—all big deal talk, with positively no action, save one or two caustic superior comments: "Oh, so you're a Fresher?" Of course, it is tradition to look down on Freshers; but rather I thought it a pathetic attempt to adopt those long-standing doings of the Universities of the "Home Country." So it's supposed to be fun? Well, I don't think a few blatantly pretentious comments from senior students are very funny. Or perhaps my sense of humour is sadly lacking?

I am, etc.,
BORIED.

The Thin Red Line

Dear Sir,

I am concerned to discover the meaning of this apparent new game invented by the Council (one supposes) for the benefit of students. I refer, of course, to the sport commonly called "Thin Red Line."

On perceiving our campus adorned with small areas surrounded by red lines, one cannot but assume that some sport is intended. The realisation that the areas so demarcated bear numerals, in equally red paint apparent, cannot but strengthen this assumption. And so, Sir, in common with many thinking students, I have been amazed that to this date the authorities have published for the benefit of prospective participants no set of rules governing this game.

I have endeavoured, Sir, in some humility, to fill by my own weak conjecture, this gaping chasm in the student's life. (In square ten, for instance, one would suppose the participant to be obliged to attend an S.R.C. meeting. From area 11, perhaps, he is forced to drink Refectory coffee.) But, Sir, the possibility of eleven marking the area over which freshers may not step without becoming Bidstrups, or turning green, or being 4C-ed has not escaped me. And, Sir, the failure of the authorities to mark point Go confuses the issue—how, then, may the student landing in square 65 go back to Go? I have been unable, despite my frantic endeavour, to discover the area marked one.

Sir, I would implore you through your paper, the students' paper, to clarify for the students this confusion. Something must be done. The possibilities of this sport for Orientation Week must not be overlooked—what better Official Welcome than the organisation of three hundred freshers turning green and going back to Go?

Yours in desperation,
SPORTING LIFE.

Refectory Hours

Dear Sir,

I appeal to On Dit to start a campaign for earlier opening of the Refectory. I am in one of those ill-fated faculties which insists on nine o'clock lectures. At ten o'clock, the lecture finished, I awake ready for a pleasant cup of tea and a leisurely breakfast. Then begins that black half-hour waiting (together with from sixty to a hundred others—I have counted them) for the Refectory to open.

This is not an appeal to help those people who arrive at the University early for no valid reason. It is for those who are forced by a lecture to rise at the crack of dawn, and who in that crucial half-hour between ten and ten-thirty sit mournfully contemplating an end to it all.

For the mental and physical health of these unfortunates action must be taken this term.

I am, etc.,
AURORA.

Spare the Expense

Dear Sir,

I feel it to be my duty to remind you, before you print any more editions of "On Dit," that in this age of a high cost of living it is impossible for the average poor student, like myself, to put down three pennies for that distinguished paper.

Incidentally, I have found the miserable little tins to be very loosely attached to the paper stands and they have on several occasions offered challenges to my strength. Needless to say how it came off. If you wonder why "On Dit" continues to lose on its sales and wish to do something about it, may I suggest that you replace these by securely chained milk-cans or even strong-boxes with the lids soldered on firmly; a necessity with all those students around whose pecuniary circumstances force them into illegality to stave off starvation.

I am, etc.,
"STILL STRUGGLING."

NUAUS MUDDLE

NUAUS means different things to different people. To some it represents a small band of idealists doing students a favour in spite of their apathetic selves. To some it is the sacred voice of the student masses. To others it is a pointless waste of student money providing nothing more than free holidays for a privileged few.

To most people it is just the National Union of Australian University Students and not much more.

This article is meant to be neither a vindication nor a vilification of NUAUS. It is not even an attempt to explain its workings. It is little more than a list of impressions gained at its February Council, held at Monash University.

Student Charge

Its chief interest lies in the fact that at that Council a fee rise of 1/- per head for every University student in Australia was agreed upon—always provided it is ratified by the constituent universities, which for reasons which will appear later is not extremely likely. But if it does go through, then every student will be contributing 4/5 per year to NUAUS.

Where does all the money go? It would buy nearly 100,000 bottles of beer.

Well, NUAUS has a full-time student president, on a salary of £1,000 p.a. His duties are many and diverse. It has a full-time education officer (also a student) on the same salary. His main job is to try and keep tabs on the condition of Australian education, and to try and wring concessions out of the government. NUAUS also has a secretariat in Melbourne, with an administrative staff of four costing about an equal number of thousands of pounds.

It gives grants for educational research, although in this respect it is getting increasingly stingy. It sub-

Wiley Textbooks

An announcement

All Wiley and Interscience publications are priced at a uniform conversion rate of ten shillings to the dollar.

The following twelve titles are selected from the many Wiley publications prescribed for courses in the University of Adelaide:

- Alexopoulos: INTRODUCTION MYCOLOGY 120/-
- Andrews & Kokes: FUNDAMENTAL CHEMISTRY 80/-
- Cotton & Stumpf: OUTLINES OF BIOCHEMISTRY 87/6
- Cotton & Wilkinson: ADVANCED INORGANIC CHEMISTRY 145/-
- Dana & Hurlbut: MANUAL OF MINERALOGY 100/-
- Dunbar & Rogers: PRINCIPLES OF STRATIGRAPHY 100/-
- Ferguson: REINFORCED CONCRETE FUNDAMENTALS 85/-
- French: PRINCIPLES OF MODERN PHYSICS 70/-
- Foust et al: PRINCIPLES OF UNIT OPERATIONS 127/6
- Hoelscher & Springer: ENGINEERING DRAWING AND GEOMETRY 90/-
- Mabie & Ocvirk: MECHANISMS AND DYNAMICS OF MACHINERY 105/-
- Robbins, Weier & Stocking: BOTANY 72/6

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A.U.R.

by Jono Haslam

The Annual Camp of the Adelaide University Regiment was held as usual last January, when a hundred members moved into a campsite at Waitpinga near Victor Harbor.

The whole camp—orderly room, mess rooms, stores and sleeping quarters—consisted of tents, except for the "showers," which were buckets suspended from trees, ever ready to pour an icy deluge on the unsuspecting soldier.

An extensive and varied training programme was carried out, and included the fixing of anti-tank weapons, a four-day anti-guerrilla patrol exercise near Cape Jervis, and several days of jungle warfare in the impenetrable tropical rain forest of Kuitpo. A more detailed report of this training will appear in a later "On Dit."

Apart from this training aspect of Annual Camp, the experience of living with other University and Teachers' College students was excellent. A sense of comradeship grew up in the sections and platoons—and teams became welded to-



The new army makes men

gether with every man depending on his fellow soldier.

There was, of course, quite an amount of free time which was usually spent in the canteen. Great quantities of beer were consumed and a fine choir was formed for singing student songs "a tempo da beer mug." There were also three leave nights spent in Victor Harbor. Enough said.

by Ralph Gibson

and the smart politicians who go. It is in no way guaranteed that these slick-talking few will represent the opinions of the dumb masses that pullulate beneath their feet.

The third thing to remember is perhaps the most undesirable and yet the least known aspect of NUAUS—or "National Union" as the latest council desired itself to be called. These councils run for eight or nine days without a break, with three sessions a day. When the conference breaks up at night there is always a party—this is not only reprehensible but traditional. This party may break up about one in the morning. It spawns a whole host of private parties which often last until breakfast. Then back into the conference room to speak for the students of Australia and to dispose of a budget of £11,000 in a morning.

The fee rise is an example of the haze of inefficiency in which National Union Councils are run. Being a constitutional motion, it required a two-thirds majority—32 votes out of 48. It got 33.

It had been suddenly shifted on the agenda, and the Melbourne delegation, unaware of the change, was either getting over last night's party or preparing for tonight's. Their proxy abstained with their seven votes. It is unlikely that the official delegates would have done so—at any rate, their S.R.C. had instructed them to oppose the rise.

In such a way does National Union muddle along. Some sort of National student body is necessary, but at February Council one is tempted to ask whether it could not be organized along more efficient lines. The delegates at Council have a tremendous time, and in the intervals manage to produce something tolerably worthwhile.

Mc.Nicol's Law: The Prevention of Progress

The editors of "On Dit" have asked me to make some valedictory remarks on Student Politics. No doubt, what they expected was a spicy Denning-type report exposing interesting scandals and gross immorality behind the swinging door which marks off our political elite from the common herd. However, as far as I know, no current student politician has had the capacity to be interesting, scandalous, or immoral. Therefore, what I propose to do is to present a highly scientific treatise, and as this thesis is a Contribution to Knowledge, I claim excuse from any obligation to be either entertaining or comprehensible.

[While no reference to this privilege is made in the University Statutes, the student will discover that it is an immutable law amongst scholars and lecturers that the more important the topic, the less should be its intrinsic interest. The student will find this convention useful, for if his professor's lectures are entertaining, it is probable that the subject matter is trivial. If, however, he is bored stiff, he should rote like hell, if only to keep himself awake.]

Warning!

A word of warning is appropriate at this point. While the majority of readers will be so bored by the topic of Student Politics that they will wisely refrain from proceeding beyond the end of this paragraph, there will be a minority who are so obsessed with Student Political Plumbing that it would be hazardous for them to read further (vide instances of patients who have morbid fetishes about babies' prams, rubber mackintoshes and those brass knobs which used to be found on the ends of double-beds). If the reader is one of the unfortunate latter group, he should stop reading now, and turn to the Editorial, a five-minute perusal of which should reduce his nervous system to a safe vegetative state.

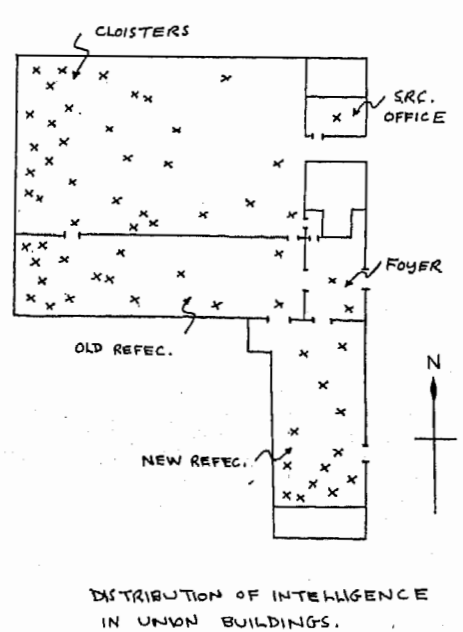
In the past, Political "Science" has been hampered by the delusive supposition that man governs himself in a more or less rational fashion. Kings believed that they ruled by divine right, but it is hardly fair to blame them on the Creator. Recent mythology has described the democratic election of wise statesmen by thinking voters. Fortunately the theories of Sigmund Freud and C. Northcote Parkinson have done much to discredit the Rationality Myth. We now know that the most noble impulses of mature adulthood derive directly from unspeakably base infantile indiscretions. It is therefore high time that a psychological study of Student Politicians should be reported.

[The sceptical reader may still ask, "Why should psychologists want to study politicians? Surely their proper job is pulling habits out of rats?" This is true, but psychology does have other functions. It is hoped that current research will soon reveal what they are.] Preliminary studies have, in fact, enabled us to present some interesting conclusions, and to these we will now proceed.

McNicol's Law, or the Law of Inverse Competence

The budding political "scientist" will often encounter puzzling anomalies when he observes the behaviour of occupants of responsible positions. While observing the conducting of a meeting he may wonder why the chairman is utterly unable to control the flow of events, which are obviously under the complete

command of one or two hecklers or backbenchers at the rear of the room. Why are treasurers unable to perform simple arithmetic calculations? (See the recent case of 24th October the vanishing £150 Special Meeting of the 18th S.R.C., 1963.) What will account for "On Dit's" editors' complete deficiency in orthography and the rudiments of English grammar? Why did several elder-statesmen at the Special meeting of the 18th S.R.C., 24th October, 1963, suggest that a proposed survey of student attitudes be approved by a committee which excluded from membership the only two people present who had the slightest idea about how a survey should be conducted? (One of these two was actually the psychologist retained by the S.R.C. to carry out the survey.)



When faced with these paradoxes the political "scientist" who subscribes to the Rationality Myth, founders, and becomes incapable of offering any coherent explanation. However, order is immediately apparent if we discard the Rationality Myth and view these instances in the light of McNicol's first law. . . . This law simply states that "All other things being equal, people will appoint to responsible positions, candidates less competent than themselves."

Although this is the first time that the Law has been stated explicitly, the reader will no doubt recall having employed it subconsciously. One always seeks information from the S.R.C. typist rather than wasting time by addressing as enquiry to a member of the Executive. An analogous process is also known to occur in government offices, where assistance is provided mainly by the office-boy,



whose duty is to prevent the public from having its time wasted by the departmental head, not the converse, as is the popular belief.

Illiteracy

Should the reader still remain unperurbed by the universality of the Law, let him consider the following experimental evidence.

On my arrival at the university, a quick perusal of articles in "On Dit" revealed such a high degree of illiteracy that I decided that the Law of Inverse Competence might well apply to the hitherto unexplored field of Student Political Activity. An ecological study was therefore conducted in the Union Buildings by the following method: The ground floor (Old and New Refectories) I refrain from using the terms Mayo and Wills Refectories in respect for a friend, who, viewing the new building extensions and their respective titles (Mayo and Wills Refectories and The Advertiser Tower) remarked, "In twenty years' time students will still call them the Old Refectory, the New Refectory, and that bloody silly tower." Cloisters and S.R.C. Office) was divided into 1 in. squares. At set times daily, a number of these squares would be sampled at random in order to assess the intelligence of the people occupying them. The results are represented diagrammatically in Fig. (1), each cross representing a person of above average competence. A glance at the diagram will immediately convince the reader of the validity of McNicol's First Law. There is only one cross in the vicinity of the S.R.C. Office. This was the typist.

Castration Anxiety

Some speculation has arisen amongst political "scientists" as to why the Law of Inverse Competence should hold such universal sway. Dawson (Dawson, A.: "Why I think God is not a Christian." *Ontological Quarterly*, Vol. 1, pp. 1-7604) has suggested that it is preferable for a group to be ruled by idiots rather than experts, because idiots would be too incompetent to gain absolute control over their subjects. This is the Mediocrity Safety-Valve Hypothesis. Recently a more plausible hypothesis has come to light. This theory accounts for the election of an incompetent leader in terms of some subconscious need on the part of the electors (probably castration anxiety, vide Freud) and his continuing in power by the electors' rationalization that no public figure could be as stupid as he seems, but that his imbecilic behaviour is really a mask for a carefully concealed subtle intelligence.

Further research is obviously needed before we can decide between these rival hypotheses. A study is currently being conducted to see if S.R.C. members who are returned to office for a second term are less competent than those who fail to get re-elected. If this is the case we will be able to reject the Mediocrity Safety-Valve Hypothesis in favour of the Sub-Conscious Need Theory.

Motion of Gratitude

Other problems under consideration by our research team include a study of Accelerating Political Paranoia. While most of us tend to slightly exaggerate our abilities, this tendency is found to a pathological degree among some inmates of mental hospitals, who believe themselves to be God or the King of England. Does this tendency also exist among student political leaders? Another promising line is an investigation of the point at which a political group becomes immune to criticism because it is too incompetent to realize that it is being attacked. A recent example was the present S.R.C.'s motion of gratitude to the author for his assistance [S.R.C. Minutes of 6th Meeting of 18th S.R.C. Motion No. 3], while to his knowledge he has always worked cheerfully towards the destruction of that body. The result of these studies may well herald drastic changes in student government. We may not be too optimistic in looking forward to the day when politicians become obsolete, and all important decisions are made by inspection of the entrails of chickens or by an automatic penny-tossing machine.

TRAIN TO ERNAKULUM

by Tony McMichael

(During the recent A.O.S.T. trip to India, students spent many hours train travelling; invariably by Third Class.)

Katpadi Station, 10 p.m.

Another student and myself are waiting for the Cochin Express from Madras, and are crouched, with our bags, near the edge of the little platform. All along the platform Indians are waiting, too, squatting tirelessly and spitting out periodic mouthfuls of red betel nut juice, or dozing on the ground. It is a warm and close Southern Indian evening, and life around us creeps on languidly and nonchalantly, punctuated by occasional snores, shouts, fragments of Tamil songs, or red-turbaned barefooted porters plodding past with luggage on head.

Soon a ripple of activity disrupts the languor, and within seconds the station becomes a chaotic, seething scene of white-clad figures pushing their way on and off the train as it slows to a halt; we join the crowd, and head for the nearest Third Class carriage. It is full. So are all the others. Already each of these carriages, designed for 40 passengers, is packed with over 100 people, and dusty luggage is crammed in every corner or rack.

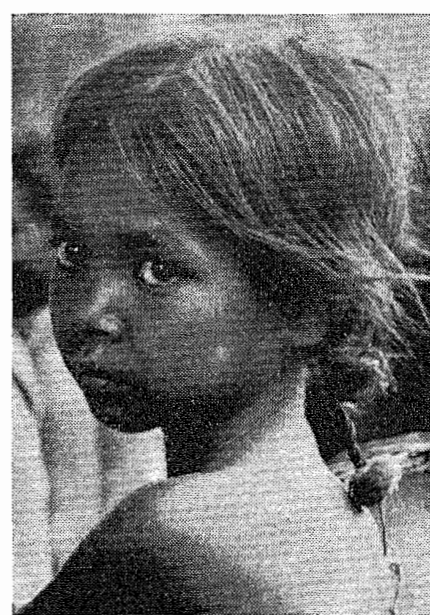
The Indian Railways constitute a vast network, and offer the only cheap and available form of transport for 90 per cent of her 450 millions. An army of steam engines daily streak the country, side with fine trails of smoke and soot—express trains, mail trains, passenger trains and goods trains. Trains run frequently, any pair of major cities throughout India being connected by three or four trains daily.

India Condensed

To most Indians, train travel is synonymous with Third Class carriages—these carriages outnumber the First and Second Class together, and contain about three-quarters of the passengers. A compartment in such a carriage represents a condensed India squeezed into a few cubic feet; it is into one of these compartments that we manage to force our way as the train pulls out of Katpadi station.

Having dumped our luggage on the floor of the aisle, we sit down on it and survey our surroundings. By now, our seventh week in India, we are fairly familiar with the inside of railway carriages, and this particular compartment offers the usual picture of Indian workers and peasants, several students, a few women, and a tiny crying baby. On the two wooden seats facing each other, Indians are sitting, in the normal variety of compact fold-away positions, either dozing, talking, singing softly, or staring curiously at their two new foreign fellow-travellers.

On the wooden luggage racks above the seats, two men are stretched out on their bed-rolls, snoring loudly, and with dusty, bare feet dangling in the aisle. Invariably when one arises in the middle of the night, carriage lights turned out, to fight a way to the wash-basin, or to the hole-in-the-floor lavatory at the end of the carriage, or to momentarily stretch cramped legs on a small station, one experiences several eye-fuls



of slumbering toes on the way.

On the floor between the seats, and in the aisle, other Indians are crouched or sitting, puffing at a cheap Beedie cigarette, or dozing peacefully. Indians have the knack of being able to sleep in the most unlikely position—generally like a bat upside down—and can shut their ears to almost any extraneous noise. The latter is a much needed asset—throughout the night the rumbling of the train is broken by a babble of snoring, excited talking and shouting by passengers entering and leaving the carriage, passing trains, singing, occasional burping, pre-spitting-through-window noises, and the cries of food- and drink-sellers at stations as they hurry along by the windows.

Silent Scrutiny

Indians have an incredible capacity for staring. Of course, for those peasant farmers who may travel between villages or rural areas only, foreign students represent quite a novelty. And Indians find a fascination in foreigners travelling Third Class. So, much of our night is spent being watched. There is an increase in scrutiny as we roll out our sleeping bags and wriggle under the seat to snatch some sleep—"hollow bed rolls" are a new sight, and there is a general interest in these devices of the Western World.

After a reasonable night's sleep, we wake to the familiar cry of "Chai garam" (hot tea), and before we can object, an Indian thrusts two clay cups of sweet-tasting Indian tea into our hands. Indians are wonderfully hospitable, and consider it a duty to look after a guest, no matter what. So we drink the tea, and as the train pulls out of the station, our host is still trying to pay the tea-vendor; his task is heightened by the presence of another passenger who is entering the carriage through the window.

The window is an accepted portal of entry and exit for luggage and passengers—often the door is jammed shut by luggage and people packed tightly together, and often there is not time for all passengers to use the door if the stop is short. This particular passenger

Resign or No

A motion of censure was not a matter for resignation, the President said in answer to a question from Mr. Slee. It was just a question of concern and disapproval.

It would appear that incompetence is no ground for resignation. Mr. Slee made the point that someone who had been the object of a motion of censure could perhaps not be asked to organise in the future—and could possibly be a dead weight for the year.

Pretty Dreadful Performance

Miss Heather MacKay, in charge of arranging the reprinting of the Songbook, had not done her job, said the President, in moving a vote of censure. It was a "pretty dreadful performance." The Songbook had not been reprinted in time for Freshers' Camp, although Miss MacKay had been instructed last May. Doubt was expressed as to the usefulness of the motion when it was realised that Miss MacKay was no longer an S.R.C. member. The motion then named a "Songbook Committee" (members unknown) which was duly censured.

Mess in S.C.R. Office

Mr. Sobolewski, in a report on S.R.C. office alterations, spoke of "the present mess in the S.R.C. office." The plans for the alterations had been lost, but the alterations had been successfully completed. It should be noted that considerable saving was made through the voluntary efforts of Messrs. Porter and Sobolewski, who painted the office themselves.

Snap Budget

Preparations for the Commencement Ball were "in an advanced state," the Secretary (Mr. Birchall) reported. Mr. Milln was unable to continue as Director, but last year's organiser, Mr. Lott, had taken over. On being taxed by Mr. Birchall, Mr. Lott itemised a budget of over £600 on the spot, "drawing on his experience." This was duly approved.

S.R.C. CENSURES INCOMPETENCE

(Report of the seventh meeting of the eighteenth S.R.C. held on Thursday, 5th March, 1964.)

Unconstitutional meeting

Questioned on the poor attendance at the last S.R.C. meeting (the sixth of the eighteenth S.R.C.), the secretary (Mr. Birchall) explained that the notice calling the meeting had not been sent until a day before the meeting. It was, he said, "an unfortunate misunderstanding." The S.R.C. constitution requires that seven days notice should be given. Although the matter was not seriously raised, it would appear that the last meeting of the S.R.C. was unconstitutional and decisions made and motions passed in its course are invalid. It is to be hoped that nothing liable to challenge occurred at this meeting.

Grant Refused

On the recommendation of the Treasurer (Mr. Michael A. Porter) a special grant to the French Club was refused by the S.R.C. The reasons given (that the annual camp was inordinately costly, and that money had been used on farewells to staff) were not sufficiently strong to warrant a handout.

Unreasonable Request

"Verve," the magazine of the Literary Society, is in financial difficulties. The printer had quoted £70, but in fact the bill had come to £100. As the printer had been most cooperative the Society had no complaint about the increase. The request for a further grant to "Verve" was unreasonable, said the Treasurer. He was reluctant to give anything further. If all the copies of the magazine had been sold (and seventy were still unsold) the income would only have been £50 anyway. The grant was refused.

Bridge Club Budget Halved

A grant of £25 was made to the new Contract Bridge Club. The budget submitted by the club totalled £60. It included such items as four books on bridge (£8-£4 allowed); stationery and membership cards (£10-£5 allowed), and the cost of purchase of a card table and thirty chairs.

A grant made last year to the club had apparently not been paid; the present grant superseded this, it would appear.

Union Diary: Concern and Disapproval

The Union Diary was too late this year to be of any great value. The editor (Mr. Crowhurst), in a report submitted in absentia, claimed that the delay was caused by the Griffin Press moving to new premises, and because the proofs were not sent to him directly as requested.

It also appeared that the Griffin Press representative was away for two weeks, and on his return Mr. Crowhurst was

Student Delegations to India and Japan

Student Delegations to India and Japan again this year

by Tony McMichael

During the long vacation at the end of this year students (and recent graduates) will again be given the opportunity to visit India or Japan under the "Australian Overseas Student Travel Scheme."

Over the last two years, 150 Australian University students have visited and travelled throughout India with A.O.S.T.—staying with Indian families, travelling around in small groups, and some doing social work for degraded and impoverished communities.

The A.O.S.T. Scheme is a comparatively new department of N.U.A.O.S.T. The scheme is four years old, and expanding rapidly. In 1960, six Melbourne University students arranged a trip to India; in 1961, 23 Melbourne students officially styled as an "A.O.S.T. delegation" made a similar trip, and, in 1962 and 1963, National A.O.S.T. delegations of 66 and 85 students respectively repeated similar but increasingly ambitious trips. Last year, for the first time, an A.O.S.T. delegation of 22 students visited Japan. The 1963 delegations comprised about equal numbers of men and women; Adelaide's representation was 12 students to India and one to Japan.

Breaking new ground

This year the scheme is again breaking new ground by beginning an exchange programme—a delegation of about 40 Japanese students is coming to Australia in mid-year. These students will spend time both staying with Australian families in the cities and the country, and travelling around; it is hoped that some of the families of Adelaide University students will offer to take in a Japanese student for a week or so. More details will be advertised later.

A.O.S.T. offers students the opportunity of visiting an overseas country at concession rates, of travelling to and fro with a large body of students of greatly varied interests, who have the minimal necessary organization arranged for them within the country. A.O.S.T. has no specific defined aim—the benefits to be derived from such a trip are largely personal, and the individual approach is emphasized. A profound knowledge of the country visited will not be

—I am knowing well of your great Richie Renaud." We establish that he is a Hindu who is going to Cochin to look over some prospective husbands for his daughter, aged 18. He feels he is being very liberal minded by allowing his daughter the chance to approve his choice. . . . "I myself, I was not seeing my wife until we are at our wedding."

Outside, the Indian countryside slips by. As we near the coast, edging further south continuously, the landscape assumes a more tropical complexion—

gained, but a sympathy with the way of life that has been briefly experienced may well result.

No tourist veneer

One important underlying aim of A.O.S.T. is the promotion of understanding and goodwill between Asia and Australia at a student level; but this, of necessity, must be viewed partly as a long-term objective. There is a growing awareness in Australia that we must find our place in Asia—our economic ties are strengthening, and politically we are beginning to rub shoulders. We cannot truly understand actions unless we understand the temperament directing these actions—it is important therefore that we understand our Asian neighbours, and vice-versa. A.O.S.T. offers a chance to do this by first-hand experience, an experience uncontaminated by the all-too-common superficial tourist veneer.

The Indian itinerary involves an initial home-stay of a fortnight with an Indian family, usually in a city or major town. Following this, students have a free-travel period during which they travel singly or in small groups to whatever parts of the country they might choose. This travel is predominantly in the 3rd Class train, bus, or by hitch-hiking. Next, students have the alternative of a second home-stay, several weeks in a Work-Camp (see later issue), or continued free travel. The last week or so is again spent freely.

Besides being able to meet and talk with Indians ranging in occupation from the peasant to the political leader, students visit places ranging from extreme historical interest and cultural beauty to the simple traditional rural Indian village or the overcrowded squalid slums on the urban fringes. Living in basically the same way as Indians, in dress, in food, in travel, and even in learning a few essential Hindi phrases, students can begin to appreciate the country's hardships and conditions, and to study aspects of India's fascinating and complex culture and socio-religious structure.

Tour of Japan

The Japanese itinerary will be of the same basic nature as the Indian itinerary—however, as the state of the Japanese economy is far in advance of India's, and the way of life is in many ways more Westernized, and as the Japanese mind likewise favours organization and relative efficiency, the non-home-stay period tends to be punctuated by organized tours and inspections, in contrast to the Indian situation. The Japanese delegation will also be stopping en route at such places as Malaya, Hong Kong and Manila.

APPLICATIONS FOR 1964

Application forms for either of the A.O.S.T. delegations for 1964 will shortly be available from the S.R.C. office. The completed form must be returned to the office by the end of the first week of Second Term.

Selection will occur during Second Term—about 12 students will be selected for India and about five for Japan. (State quotas are yet to be precisely finalised.)

Expenses

Total expenses for each trip should be about £250—however, last year students were subsidised by an average of about £40, contingent on a means test. A subsidy will again be available this year.

Further articles, a photographic display, and a lunch-time meeting will occur during First Term. Questions about the A.O.S.T. Scheme can meanwhile be directed to last year's participants:

- INDIA
Marg Ackland
Arts, and Dip. Ed. IV
Sonya Bochmer
Hons. Geography
John Hold
Pharmacy (Whyalla)
Tony McMichael
Medicine IV
Rob Morrison
Science IV
Marian Quarty
Hons. History
Lesley Rogers
Hons. B.Sc.
John Slee
Law IV
Bea Stearne
for Arts part-time
Theo Strehlow
Hons. German
Chris Sumner
Law IV
Elaine Treagus
Arts and Social Studies IV
JAPAN
John Waters
Law III

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"Blood of the Bambergs"

GOOD CHOICE FOR MASQUER'S PLAY

Despite bad stage conditions and a discouragingly unresponsive audience, the Adelaide University Masquers' Dramatic Society succeeded in presenting a very entertaining production of John Osborne's "Blood of the Bambergs" at the University Freshers' Camp at O'Sullivan's Beach.

John Young's production was adequate, although the moves were often ill-defined and hectic. However, this was frequently the fault of individual actors, and considering the small acting space and other technical difficulties, the producer managed to co-ordinate his cast well.

The play is, in one sense, a departure from Osborne's usual style since it depicts not a lower middle or working class society as in his better known plays, but the world of Royalty, protocol and tradition. In *Look Back In Anger* we saw Alison, an upper-class intruder in a working-class society, alienated and out of place. In *Blood of the Bambergs* we find the reverse situation—a working man caught up in a set of circumstances which force him to live amongst the nobility. But, at the same time, the play is a typical Osborne creation if only because of its deep social criticism,

Kipling's Australia

"THE ADELAIDE CLUB, 1863-1963"

By E. J. R. Morgan

(Our copy from City Archives)

The Club: to many of us it epitomises conservatism, injustice and pomposity of the most miserable sort. These, I guess, were my sentiments when I began to read the history of its first hundred years. I have been disappointed, for, after reading, I find that the club implies all these things, and many more; but mainly it is dullness.

We have been wrong to despise the club and its members; they are harmless. How can anyone fear members of an organisation in Australia which is proud, and very proud, of a commendation such as this?—

"Where is the core of the British Empire? . . . in the Adelaide Club you will find the answer. Here, far removed from any suspicion of an idea that Queen Victoria is not still on the throne I found something that I thought had ceased to exist—the England we were taught about at school, the England of Kipling, or even of Dickens!" (Dr. Boyd Neel, "The Story of an Orchestra," 1950.)

This is something to try to forget, but instead it commands pride of place in the book: it sits alone in all its smug glory on a clean white page right at the beginning.

Any suggestion that the author may have tongue in cheek in quoting Dr. Boyd Neel is quickly dispelled when you read the foreword. In this, a Mister C. R. Cudmore bewails the "Welfare State" with its crippling taxation, but is thankful that "a certain number of second, third, and now the fourth generations of those founders' (of the colony) families have finished their education in the so-called 'Oxbridge' Universities."

As if this were not enough, Mr. Cudmore says, "We would all hope . . . that here, we carry on the kind of Club life that has been the joy and relaxation of English Gentlemen wherever they may be, during the 19th and 20th centuries."

Apparently one can rise to no greater height than to emulate that "Nation of Shopkeepers."

I have spent far too much time on the diverting Mr. Cudmore, but I should like to quote the closing words of his foreword in which he speaks of the latter days of the 19th century, "into which some of us had the great good fortune to be born."

Finally, I should like to quote to you what I think is the most scandalous thing in the whole "History of the Club." I could certainly find nothing worse.

"September, 1871—a fountain was erected in the courtyard. It was popular with the more sprightly members who tested their sobriety after dinner by running down its edge—but it was universally liked."

So do not condemn the club—the poor dears have a reputation to maintain, and corporately they can probably do it. Anyway, they certainly don't hurt anyone.

an element found in all his earlier plays. However, in *Blood of the Bambergs* it is the mode of criticism which is different: a stringent use of satire which envelops everybody from the impassive footman to the princess with a misguided, but Royal, sense of duty and honour.

Osborne-fixation

The play therefore represents a new and different Osborne at work and perhaps, in some small way, justifies the Osborne-fixation current among University Drama Groups.

Although the play is relatively short, it gives good scope for character acting and the dialogue is, at times, brilliant. Bob Antill is very convincing and hilarious as the Australian journalist forced to impersonate the dead Crown Prince Wilhelm. However, he is perhaps inclined to make the part too much of a caricature.

Apart from his movements, which were stilted and technically bad, John Twining gave a very excellent portrayal of Wimple, the BBC-Richard Dimbleby style television commentator, and he was very ably supported by Doug Roberts as the Socialist MP Brown.

One of the best performances of the evening came from Rod Andrews as Colonel Taft, but it was unfortunate that he was badly supported by Vincent Brown (his aide) who was thoroughly unconvincing largely because of his apparent inability to grasp the character and a constant failure to move correctly on stage.

Concentration

Overall, one might say there was a considerable lack of concentration among the whole cast, and in particular Dawn Langman in the part of Mrs. Robbins. Make-up and costumes were good, although the colonel could be more effectively aged.

Stage directors Derek Verrall and Eric Lewis made good use of the very inadequate lighting and stage facilities, and the whole production should benefit from its move into the Lady Symon Hall in the University, where it will be presented every lunch-hour during Orientation Week (March 9-14).

—MICK RODGER.

Good Show Gets Poor Support

We have come to expect of the AUDS Pantomime production that type of delightful entertainment that one always associates with children's stories. So when we were presented with an English version of *Rumpelstiltskin* called *Tom Tit Tot*, wedded to charming music and performed by a happy, lively cast, our expectations were well fulfilled.

This was "The Silver Curlew," produced by Tony Coombe in the Union Hall in January, and, as you may have gathered, we liked it.

Albert Havard as the comic king, Andrea Campbell as the graceful curlew, and Penny Ramsay as the horrid imp, Tom Tit Tot, all filled their roles very capably—and this casts no shadow on the rest of the company who were well in character and always full of enthusiasm, with a special mention for the four yokels. Sandy McLeay's sets were simple and well suited to the atmosphere of fantasy.

The only complaint we have to make is that we could not hear the actors all the time, especially while singing. It would have been worthwhile doing all the songs from the edge of the pit to give that added projection needed to overcome this annoyance.

Despite this we were satisfied with the performance, "we" being those few brave people who bothered to see it. AUDS may well have a good look at our small numbers and ask whether it would not be better to put on better-known and readily accepted pantomimes in the future. A badly attended show causes financial worries, and the club's finances need to become more stable, before attempting lesser-known children's plays.

But, on the strength of this show, we will be there whatever is produced, with or without the "others."—A.P.B.

Antony?



CLEO: A COSTLY COMPROMISE

"Oh Cleopatra! what wanteth there for curious cost and wondrous choice of cheere?"—Bishop Hall, "Satan's Fiery Darts Quenched; or Temptations Repelled" (1647).

"Movies won't be an art," says Jean Cocteau, "until the materials are as inexpensive as pencil and paper." On such a basis "Cleopatra" might be rated in terms of erasers; creating less than a rough blur and teaching only the avoidance of formal mistakes.

However, this is a Big Film—at a value of almost \$200,000 per minute of final running time (223 minutes) everything should be there; but if it is impossible to have everything then compromise would not seem to be the solution.

Before compromise in the film, there was compromise on the film. It was a modest spectacular (Wanger), an intimate epic (Mankiewicz) and it became (Zamuck) an "intimate spectacular" in the producer-director's scheme. The first it was not; the second it could not have been (she is no epic figure, Caesar was dead by interval—the others were not hero material); the third wins it little distinction. For those who remember "Les Cheveaux de la Camarque" in 1961, this would probably represent the definitive in "intimate spectacles"—a cast of forty horses and a swamp setting, with a background score produced in twenty minutes, a real sense of something far grander than eight and a half acres of papier forum with sphinxes.

Patchwork Script

More pertinently, perhaps, no-one can compromise Suetonius, Plutarch, Appian, Theophile Gautier, Lawrence Durrell, Buchanan, Balchin, and Ronald McDougal inspired/written scripts and avoid having the final draft done in longhand six hours ahead of camera.

This script is most noticeably the film's failing grace. "I've done nothing but rub you the wrong way ever since I came here!" "Lady, I don't want to be rubbed by anyone, least of all you" is placed with "Yet is mighty Caesar to fear thunder and women's dreams!"

ESTABLISHED FESTIVAL

"The Advertiser" proclaims morning after morning the marvel of its pageantry, Mary Armitage delights in its social panorama, and the critics praise bountifully. Sir Robert Menzies cuts a dashing figure as he impersonates the Queen Mother. And Sir Thomas Playford and the City Council make the most out of it.

The Festival must be a huge success because it is backed by the right people, and the right things are performed.

In fact, the official Festival is a very dreary and one-sided affair. It is one-sided because, except for the magnificent musical programmes, it offers very little. It is dreary because what it offers outside the musical programme is tired and tatty stuff.

Professor John Bishop, the artistic director, must completely dominate the Board of Governors. They, of course, probably don't mind being dominated—music is such a safe thing; no controversial ideas or naughty words to worry about.

Insult to the Bard

How can any lover of the arts understand the Festival Committee's complete disregard of the theatre? Having made big mistakes in the past (the rejection of the Patrick White plays, and "The One Day of the Year") they have chosen to ignore it this year. Or rather, go

review

Although \$50,000 was allowed for titles, inserts, and fades—that is the beginning, bath tubs and intermission breaks, the editor does not, except for the fades, manage to avoid producing something like the electroencephalogram of his own nightmares. But then if anyone attempts to bring 120 miles of film to 25,000 feet something in continuity will be lost, in this case nearly everything.

Against the Odds

The cast is fair. Rex Harrison as Caesar could gain a plastic Oscar on any account, for playing against the odds so well. The limits of the script and his co-stars show up when compared with his better moments, which are played alone.

Elizabeth Taylor is well placed, and inadequate only in the inconsistency of her character-playing; Antony is nothing, while his off-sider Rufio plays a consistent (but brief) part most convincingly. Slaves, eunuchs, and chorus lines are all Steve Reeves together.

Sets and props (with seven tons of screws and nails) are not for me to demolish and had this film been a silent review of a period in history only, it may have stood as an engrossing, even overwhelming, documentation.

However, unlike producer Wanger we are not convinced that *Cleopatra* will be a success—a great motion picture to be seen not just this year but a classic to be seen by succeeding generations. If you don't want to avoid seeing it get in before the 89th week or whenever it closes, for it probably won't be around again.—D.W.

further. Insult Shakespeare's 400th anniversary by presenting one of his weakest plays, performed with amazing ostentation and waste of money in a tent. And from the faint praise of the critics (what a contrast to their other reviews) the production itself is not a great success. This situation was aptly described by "an Adelaide Correspondent" in "Nation," 19th October, 1963, when he likened the Festival to "a great cultural banquet with no main course."

The Fringe

For real theatre go to the fringe productions—to the Union Hall, "Night on Bald Mountain"; the Sheridan, "The Night of the Iguana"; and the Bergin-Ward revue; to the Y.W.C.A., "On the Fringe"; to the Mead Hall, the Intimate Opera Group; to Theatre 62, "She Stoops to Conquer."

But if you want to be right with the official Festival perhaps an afternoon with the Scots Guards Band and a stately stroll among the Royal Portrait Groups.

NEW BLOOD NEEDED IN VARSITY CRICKET

by Carl Meyer

University cricket has been making steady progress in recent years. Improvement in attitude and performance culminated in last season's splendid outright win in the intervarsity game in Melbourne. However, in the past five months the club as a whole has marked time, while the "A's" have not quite measured up.

From eleven starts they have won four, three of them against weak sides in Adelaide, East Torrens and Sturt. The other, in the one-day fixture with West Torrens, who came second in the minor round, was largely made possible by a very encouraging declaration by the rival skipper. On each occasion the students batted second and were able to meet the contract once it had been set for them. When they steam-rolled the depleted Sturt combination the batting showed a responsibility that has been lacking too often. The other three sides asked the students to score at rather faster than one run a minute for victory. They were greeted by batsmen who sailed into the bowling with unexpected purpose, only too ready to seal the issue with daredevil flourishes in the closing stages.

Comment must also be made of the intervarsity in which Adelaide, at strength, surprised eleven Sydney holiday-makers and won outright. Local skipper, Walker, steered his team to a first innings lead with a worthy century, full of concentration and determination. Then we saw another kind gesture: the visitors responded with a generous second-innings declaration (this one—the "milk of human kindness" and no mistake) and Adelaide cruised to outright honours.

Dreary Pattern

Whenever this year's University side has done well its batsmen have been faced with bowling which has ranged from weak to mediocre and, while it must be admitted that bowling is largely what the batsmen make of it, the fact remains that our senior XI has not once played above itself. When meeting sterner stuff it has crumbled disappointingly. Rash swishes or unhappy jabs have helped the batsmen pavilionwards, while mild, seemingly hopeless bowling and suspect fielding have contributed to some bad losses. Efforts against top-bracket teams in Prospect, Woodville and Kensington were much worse than the relative abilities of the sides on paper would have indicated. Outstanding among this dreary pattern was the miserable collapse against Melbourne University, when Adelaide let the visitors bat for one and a half days (half the match) and then, in a cavalier spirit of hospitality, lost seven wickets in the next two hours.

On the other side of the ledger—and let us not underestimate it—the University Club has had a happy season. After all, the main virtue of sport for young men like our cricketers is the healthy relaxation it provides—well away from the cloistered world of study. Excellent camaraderie has prevailed throughout. Coach Keith Gogler has given freely of his attention, encouragement and enthusiasm. President, Mr. L. J. T. Fellow, and Secretary, Mr. S. Gordon Haynes, have again rendered those thousand "nameless, unremembered acts" that make for splendid administration. Though all three are doubtless disappointed that many of their players have subscribed all too well to the doctrine of relaxation on the field, they must be well satisfied that club members have enjoyed such a measure of good fellowship and pleasure in unity.

Potential Not Realised

Conditions for sport at this University could scarcely be bettered. The cricketers are especially well favoured with grounds, equipment and opportunity for advancement. Why do their results fall so short of their potential? The reason is, of course, "an attitude of mind"—an old saw this, but Uni. students are far too readily written off on this score by people without the insight required to see the strengths of their "attitude" as well as its limitations.

Now, Varsity men are admittedly young, inexperienced, often lacking in confidence (the product of experience), and inclined to the irresponsible. On the other hand it is well that some participants in competitive sport, at a fairly high level of proficiency, should have this commendable "amateur" approach to the result of a game. When I hear reverence paid to men who play joylessly—those "hard but (unfailing!) fair" chestnuts—I instinctively mistrust their motives for playing the "game" at all.

People seem to take themselves and their sport far too seriously—witness the ridiculous wrangle over league football clearances, which is becoming so tiresome and doing so little credit to the game. Indeed, these days there seems to be something of an administrative stranglehold on players of team-games. These dictatorial organisers profess to be "sportsmen," but are they?

"Varsity Approach"

To return to the matter in hand, let us not ignore the positive good which the "Varsity approach" can render cricket by opposing too much repressed

batting, too much bowling of the penny-pinching kind, too much talk of averages and records, too much playing to avoid losing, merely, and too little ready appreciation of those brief but glowing moments of artistry in this, the most poetic of games.

To invoke the Poetic Muse is to call to mind Francis Thompson's famous poem, "At Lords," and the haunting lines in which he again sees.



Trowse and Bell walk out to open the Varsity innings against East Torrens

"... the run-stealers flicker to and fro To and fro:
Oh my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!"

Interred wherever they be, those by-gone heroes of audacious between-the-wickets running must have shuddered bone-for-bone at the unbelievable number of foolish run-out dismissals which our XI surrendered to its opponents in 1963-64. Sad to relate, the better batsmen were often involved in these reckless sorties from the crease, and this hardly helped the fortunes of a side that was weak from the outset. In fact no-one performed consistently well, and, if some had their moments, we saw less of these than in recent seasons.

Jerk and Chuck

The team's bowling stocks lost ground as early as the first match when the turbulent Bott—as willing as ever but sadly overweight—was unable to pick up his violent speed after the winter break. The lithe Stevens showed considerable pace early, but it seemed doubtful if anyone of such moderate build could indeed produce such devastating speed and still launch the ball with a straight arm. And so it proved in the Sydney intervarsity when Umpire Egar (fresh from no-balling Meckiff for "chucking" in the Brisbane Test Match) adjudged Stevens' bowling a bit on the whippy side also. He then turned to Steve Gower (grand old performer and the local left-arm spinner) and called him out of the game for jerking. A setback, this! as Gower had served the side well with his nagging accuracy, skilful flight and economy.

The burden of the pace bowling fell on the shoulders of David David and Quentin Gower. The former has been rather overbowed and a shoulder injury has not helped him produce the old bite from the wicket. However, he has pressed on with his swingers as selflessly as ever, while his batting has shown an application which is lacking in many of his more stylish colleagues. The rangy Q. Gower came to University from Junior Colts and has been the biggest improver. His stock ball is a lively indipper, but he has developed an out-swinger and a leg-cutter for variation. His spirited approach to the business of fast bowling is refreshing in an attack which has had too little imagination and fire.

Veteran Bowlers

Glover is a leg-spinner of ability, whose appearance with the ball could have put more variety into the limited Varsity attack, but his spells have been too short this season (as last). Useful overs have been tossed up by veteran change bowlers Walker and Meyer. Rather than romance about this heady pair with their assortment of deliveries of different lengths, speeds and directions, let us turn to the University batting.

It relies heavily on Trowse, the little left-hand opening bat, whose polished stroke-play is such a delight. He attacks

the new ball with neatly clipped drives and fierce cross-bat shots which show his excellent technique to advantage. Ferguson has provided some welcome runs in the latter part of the season, including a good century against West Torrens. He masks his technical shortcomings with good concentration and determination.

Lower down the list, Oaten perseveres with his pull-shot against the fast bowlers. It still gets him out. Perhaps, like Hamlet, he has resolved to "cross it though it blast me." To give the little fellow his due, he does play the shot well—against slow bowling. His competence in this direction stands in marked contrast with the spiritless, diffident efforts seen when most of his teammates are confronted by any subtleties of flight and turn.

Young Brigade

Of the younger brigade, Schultz, Krievs and Bell give most promise. Stevens' bowling may have a limited future, but his batting is stylish and businesslike. Whatever Krievs' batting disappointments and his bowling idiosyncrasies (his off-break action is an extraordinary feat of applied anatomy), his fielding interest never flags, and he has pulled off some very fine catches in slips and in the covers.

There could be no keener fieldsman than Walker, the dedicated skipper of the Club, for the past two years. While at the helm he kept a constant mental grip on the game, his outlook and field-placings were attacking, and his quiet enthusiasm and encouragement led the team to follow his own splendid example of determined fielding. His real worth can be assessed by the side's listless performances since he retired at the start of January.

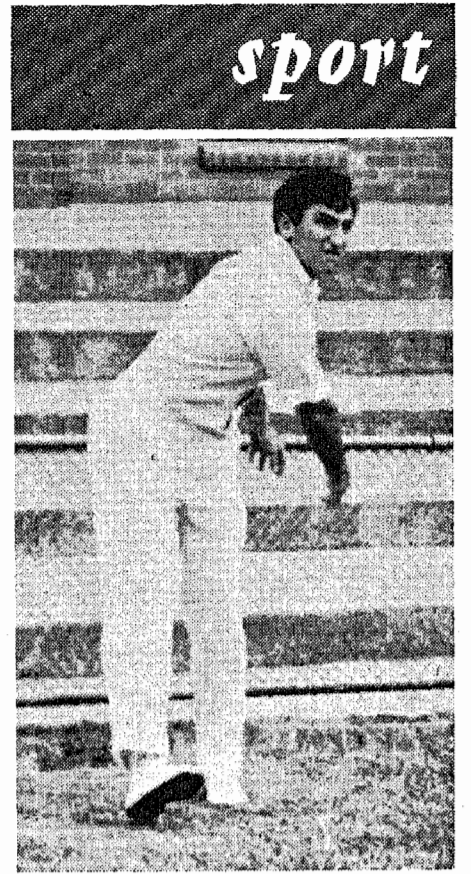
Ragged

In the ensuing games the bowling has been negative in purpose, sloppy in performance and unimaginatively handled. The fielding has been especially ragged and spiritless. There are some surpris-

Football Opportunities

Many stalwarts left the University Football Club (the "Mighty Blacks") at the end of last season. In fact, if I may quote the outgoing club secretary (Peter D. Clark) there are "gaps all over the ground."

I must hasten to reassure lovers of rugged backplay that veteran country player, Ferguson, J. C., will strip again. Burly full-back Trevor Stafford intends to front up, and Gambling will be his usual neat, close-checking self at half-back. Rovers Clark and Dall promise renewed stylish service, but Bill Chapman (star recruit of 1963) would like some help in the ruck. Placing the forwards



Veteran David David loosens up before play

ingly poor "arms" in this side—they are laughed off instead of corrected—and some despairingly easy catches have been dropped. The one bright spot has been Glover's emergence as an agile slips specialist: his work in the outfield is, of course, first-rate.

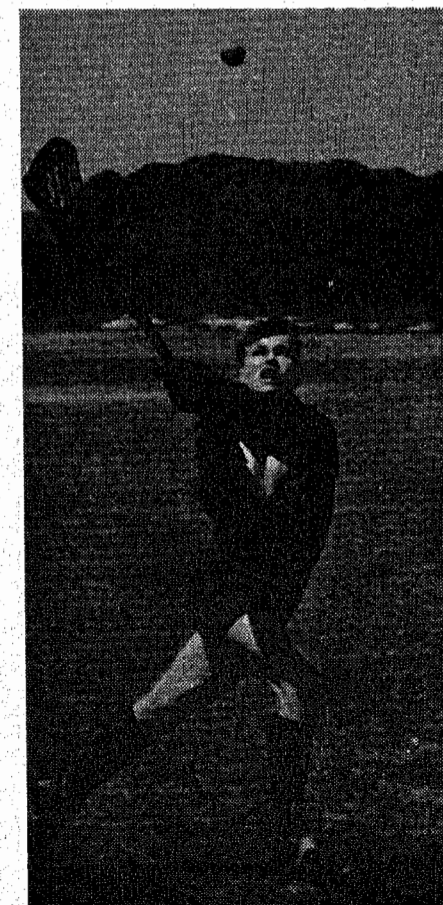
If anything is heinous in a cricketing sense it is this poor fielding, dull and joyless as it is. . . . For this bespeaks a basic indifference to the game and the joy of sheer participation (without the lure of recognition from the scorebook). The perfect surface of the University Oval makes ground-fielding a pleasure, and the lack of zest shown by our eleven young men in white is all the more disappointing.

Spirited leadership is essential; dynamic players should be encouraged. As Neville Cardus has said: "In the long run the game is the sum total of the character of the men who take part in it. Negation on the field of play indicates negation of mind and soul. The style and spirit are the cricketers themselves."

will present coach Alan Greer with headaches, though it is probable that Malcolm Jones will again lead them in from centre half-forward. What of the rest of the positions forward of centre, or anywhere, for that matter? Can freshmen help? This is their best opportunity for years to break into Amateur League's glamour side.

The coach will begin grooming players for stardom on the training track at Varsity Oval on March 10, and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings thereafter. The Annual General Meeting will be held in the Wills Refectory on Wednesday, 18th March, at 8.00 p.m.

Lacrosse - "Fastest Game on Foot"



Wainwright takes a pass at speed

When the early French settlers arrived in Canada they found the Red Indians playing a rather peculiar ball game called Baggataway. Fixtures were held between rival tribes and were regarded as good trial runs for their war-parties. Goals were a mile or so apart; games went on all day.

They modified it with Gallic simplicity and renamed it with Gallic logic. It was played with a bent stick on which there was a piece of netting used to carry the ball. The shape of the stick reminded the settlers of a bishop's crozier, so they called it a "crosse" and the game "Lacrosse."

A side consists of twelve players who engage on a pitch measuring 130 yards by 80 yards. The goals are set twenty yards in from the back line and play goes on quite freely behind them. The ball is set in motion by a "face-off" rather like the "bully" in hockey. There are four quarters, two of 25 minutes, two of 20. A player may be tackled with a stick-check or the familiar hip-and-shoulder, but only when he has the ball or is about to take possession of it. For the record, the result of a fairly characteristic match might be 15-9.

District lacrosse has flourished in Adelaide since the 1890's and University fields sides in the three most senior grades. Students have won interstate honours and there is a lacrosse intervarsity in the August-vacation each year. The club will be looking for new blood when training starts (Monday and Wednesday afternoons on the University Oval, as from Monday, March 23). All a new player needs are football togs as the club supplies a stick (crosse) to all those in their first season.

Espion

Takes a Long Look at

THE CUP OF COFFEE

Espion, with his characteristic fervour, and at the expense of 32 cups of coffee, several packets of cigarettes and his stomach, has at last come to grips with that mainstay of Adelaide's night life, the cup of coffee.

He was prompted, not by any humanitarian principles, believing as he does that there is one born every minute, and that it is not his job to inform his fellow man of the fact, but by a cup of coffee served to him in one of the more avant-garde night-spots that Adelaide can boast of.

On asking for a cup of black coffee, Espion was brought a cupful black in name only, in fact he was clearly able to see one of the waiter's stray hairs reposing innocently on the bottom. Espion is a fatalist at heart, but thought that strong measures were necessary in a case like this. He therefore asked the waiter-cum-doorman whether all of the 43 beans faithfully promised by Messrs. Nestle and Co. were in fact present. The waiter, after further questioning, opined that Messrs. Nestle and Co.'s brew was not used. "We," he said pointedly, "only serve Espresso coffee here," meaning, no doubt, that they had no truck with Messrs. Nestle and Co. and their magnanimous promises.

There the matter ended. Espion, 3/- lighter in pocket, but considerably heavier in heart, went home and brooded on man's injustice to man. "Surely," he thought, "they can serve a decent cup of coffee and still make a profit."

Plain Facts

Thus the next day saw him, after his morning coffee, ringing one of the three leading coffee importers in Adelaide. After finding out that the general manager was on holidays and the accountant in conference, Espion spoke to the company's sales manager.

Their firm was, he explained, an extremely conservative firm, who did not want to antagonize their trade customers, nor be dragged into controversy.

He would give Espion the figures he desired "only on the understanding that our names are not dragged into it." What "it" was, Espion was not able to discover, but he did find out that they sold their coffee for £1/8/6 per pound and that the figure (laboratory tested) for the cost of one cup of coffee was a penny farthing, "although," conceded the anonymous sales manager, "the cost of labour and rent of premises could raise the price to as much as fourpence per cup."

The Same Facts

Espion thanked him and turned his attention to another coffee giant,

Bushells Pty. Ltd., where, forewarned by prior experience, he did not mention for what purpose he wanted the information. Bushells, however, were not at all reticent. They made, said their general manager, Mr. Carlyon, two brands of coffee (he declined to state the difference in the coffee itself)—PABLO instant coffee, and BUSHELLS instant coffee, but only Bushells instant coffee was available in 12 lb. drums, "which are what all the coffee lounges buy."

This 12 lb. drum costs, at wholesale rates, £12, which meant that taking 1 lb. of coffee to produce 8 gallons of coffee (Bushell's figures) and three cups to the pint, Espion was able to work out that a cup of Messrs. Bushell's coffee costs (wholesale) a penny farthing.

Finally, Espion rang up E. W. Bolin Ltd., the Cream Coffee Company, and Robert Timms Pty. Ltd., all wholesale coffee specialists, and all residing at the same address ("we've amalgamated quite recently," said Mr. Brian Hall, the general manager, presumably for all three), and elicited the information that coffee lounges bought their 8 lb. tins of ground coffee at the cost of 6/9 per lb., which (according to Mr. Hall) produced 60 cups per lb. of coffee, at a cost of a penny farthing per cup.

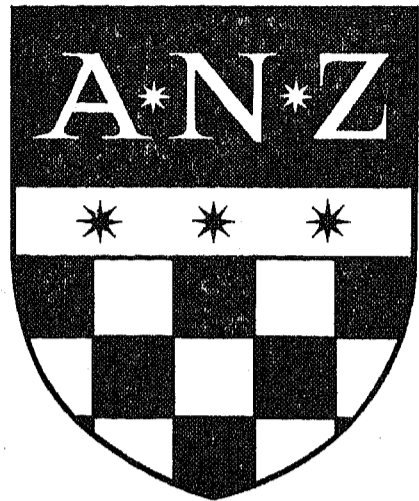
Espion went home with 100's of penny-farthings swimming before his eyes, and while no inference should be drawn on the question of restrictive trade practices, it appeared to him that the manufacturers are relying on the brand names only to sell their coffee, and that the coffee lounges were on an exceedingly good wicket.

Profit for Quality?

That night Espion slipped into his glad rags determined to lay bare the naked truth. He found that prices varied from 5/- per cup to 6d. per cup at Pete's Pie Cart. On the whole Mr. Pete's coffee was just as good as the more expensive blendings although the surroundings were not as select. Another purveyor of pies some distance away was also willing to provide coffee at 6d. per cup but Espion after the first sip pronounced it unfit for human consumption and drank no more.

The practice nowadays is to provide jazz music at 5/- per head plus the cost of coffee to the myriads who haunt the fleshpots of Adelaide. As a rule Espion found that the standard of jazz

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was in direct proportion to the quality of coffee provided, although at one establishment in the city where he had dutifully paid his 5/- admission, a group of callow youths with electric guitars and brylcreamed hair were offered as an aid to digestion.

2000%

When you daintily sip your next cup of coffee ponder over these figures. The average price of a cup of coffee is 2/6. Thus the rate of profit, even at a con-

servative estimate, is in the vicinity of 2,000 per cent.

Espion has one consolation as he meditatively sips a quiet cup of coffee (ground and percolated) at home. He has, he considers, the most complete and comprehensive collection of coffee spoons in Adelaide. Cups, however, proved somewhat harder to come by, but Espion considers that his collection of two spoons for every cup is not a bad batting average against that of Adelaide's coffee lounges.



"Well, Adelaide's certainly changed since we've been away!"