

SEMPER ELOREAT



THE CANBERRA

PUBLIC
JERKS
DEPT

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IS A
FINK!

THIS IS
THE ONLY
WAY YOUR
MONEY
GOES DOWN

Don't
You
Need

HAVE A GOOD LOOK
AT THESE SIGNS. PEOPLE
WHO WON'T SEE THEM AGAIN
UNTIL NEXT ELECTION

HELP
STAMP OUT
VIRGNS

DEPT

EDUCATION

FRANK
BARRY

the open forum



"A SNOBBISH LITTLE MIND" THE BEGINNING OF THE END?

Sir,

If the letter headed "Cleanliness v. Godliness" in your issue of 31st March, was seriously, and not flippantly written, then the student responsible for the juvenile, arrogant, dangerous tripe, richly deserves his Nom-de-Plume of "An egotistical, show-off galah". But why he should have offered a gratuitous insult to a lovely, intelligent bird like the galah, is conjectural.

He asks, inter alia, "Why should we, as a group, worry about 'public opinion'?. And his snobbish little mind recoils at the idea of University students being classed with such riff-raff as assorted groups of workers, who work for a living.

We had the same problem with this upstart mentality at Oxford during the period between the great wars, and, to use an Australianism, we cut them down to size, in the best interests of the university, and students in general. Although we did not have perhaps, the same abundant justification for doing it, as exists in your universities.

To be brutally frank, students at Australian universities are virtually mendicants on the public purse, which provides, with scholarships and fellowships, over ninety per cent of the cost of educating them. Most finish up in the professions, where, under legislative protection, they repay the public by charging exorbitant fees for mediocre services.

At home, and in Australia, I have found that the long-suffering paying public really don't mind being thus called upon to pay the university piper, as long as the tune played is not one that brings discredit, ridicule or odium on the university. But when it does, being the uncouth and uncultivated rabble that your correspondent obviously envisages them, they hard-headedly demand that either the large majority of decent students take appropriate action to cleanse the student body of the offending element, or that Parliament do the job for them. And Parliament is very susceptible to the demands of the taxpaying public. I sincerely hope that your university never has to discover this the hard way.

Yours,

Arthur Pilkington

Dear Anonymous,

I am not an outraged prude, Nor am I a libertine. I don't condone your actions, but neither do I condemn them. However, I do disagree with them and, as such is the case, I feel conscience bound (I hope that word doesn't trouble you, as it is obvious that the thing itself does) to state my reasons for doing so. No, I do not belong to the Salvation Army, nor am I a religious fanatic. I am merely a thinking human being who, because I detected several flaws in your argument, cannot agree with the conclusion you reach.

"Refusing the man who loves you is the final selfishness." I couldn't agree more. True love, by its very nature, demands the total giving of yourselves to one another, total commitment to each other, "total" embracing the physical, intellectual, emotional and spiritual levels. If two people are really in love, they marry, for marriage is unconditional giving — you give yourself to your partner in all ways and for always. Marriage, in this respect, is a sacrifice — but a sacrifice true love is prepared to make. Love that is not prepared to undertake such a sacrifice could not be genuine. Moreover, true love would not be satisfied by anything less than this "total giving." So if you are really in love, you will give yourself completely to each other — in marriage: and if you aren't in love the whole idea of giving is meaningless, or rather it means only one thing — you don't value what you are giving away, you have little self appreciation or respect.

If you are in love you are not being really fair to each other. You are denying some of each other's rights. This truly is injustice.

"Some may prefer principles to reality" is a rather disturbing statement. The meaning of "principle", "that upon which something rests for its truth and meaning", suggests that anything lacking principles lacks reality. Or, if it does exist, its existence lacks meaning. A person without a purpose isn't a complete person! It seems to me that you are being "unjust" to the man you love by asking him to accept such a shoddy article as a person without principles.

That it is easy enough to avoid "trouble" by being "realistic" is contrary to what was said in an article published in the 31st March issue of the British Medical Journal. Surveys recently conducted in British Universities show that one girl in ten becomes pregnant before graduating, and that there has been an alarming increase in the incidence of venereal disease in both men and women. The easy remedy — contraceptives — simply does not work. "It may reduce the risk of unwanted pregnancies," said the Journal, "but it also increases the inner conflicts which arise from a guilty conscience, and prompts the spread of venereal disease."

It added, "In spite of denials from some circles, most people who stop to think would agree that sexual promiscuity is debasing to the personalities of those who practise it; fraught with serious dangers, especially to women; and damaging to the interests of society."

To my way of thinking, your course of action is morally and socially unjust: it could do irreparable damage to you both, it could (if you'll pardon the melodramatics) destroy you. You call it "a beginning": I agree, it is a beginning of the beginning of the end.

Catherine Mullins

UITLANDER

Sir,

On reading your article on Rhodesia, I noticed something cropping up which was far more obvious in previous articles on South Africa. This was the simple fact that the writer was trying to take the blame of the apathy expressed in the two countries off England and her English gentlemen and putting it on someone else. In South Africa, our (English) writer had someone to put the blame on — the Dutch. Before independence of South Africa we only heard about the English doing this and the English doing that, in typical English style, but now that South Africa is a Republic under Universal condemnation we read about how the Dutch first settled South Africa and how in an article in Semper published in the middle of last year.

Little do Australians realize that by far the majority of South Africans Whites are of British ancestry. (Remember South Africa was in the British Empire since the end of the Boer War in 1908). Remember the Boer War? Remember in your primary school social studies how the Dutch farmers were guilty of keeping slaves or something, and how the gentlemen English, being guardians of freedom and blacks (but not Abos. in 1900!!), fought the evil Dutch and liberated the poor Africans? Well, I'm afraid you have been disillusioned! The only thing the Dutch were guilty of was finding gold and diamonds which of course the gentlemanly English wanted! Don't believe me? Ask any non-English historian. Once again a perfect example of giving someone else the blame.

And now they are trying it again. In the article on Rhodesia in last Semper, the writer says there are "... 200,000 Europeans in Rhodesia — UP TO 40% originally from South Africa."

Ha, thinks the writer, now I have found someone else to carry the blame of Rhodesia; so further in his article he says "Baas Smith", "Baas" on being a Dutch word meaning boss. And what do you think this infers?

What the hell does he take us for? — A mob of bloody English idiots?

M.C.
Engineering

YANKEE INVASION — A MEDAL FOR HAROLD

It seems a foregone conclusion that Australia will, in the near future, be the rest home for up to sixty thousand American servicemen per year. The leader of the investigating U.S. mission took great pains to say that each of the servicemen would spend, on average, over \$250 in their proposed six day stay.

The question of leave for the servicemen in Australia has been raised in Cabinet over the last couple of years. During the last part of Sir Robert's rule, this proposal was answered with a firm no. Many of Harold Holt's Cabinet were reportedly against the proposal, but once again Harold's "All the Way" policy has reigned supreme. It is reasonable to expect that Harold will be decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor by the President for his services to the United States.

The rest centres proposed are Brisbane, the Gold Coast, Sydney, Melbourne and, of all places, Canberra. Maybe Harold and Zara will entertain the servicemen at the Lodge with Texas-style barbecues.

What can we expect from this invasion of Yankee dollars and Yankee servicemen? With over \$250 to spend in six days, they will have to stay at the best pubs, drink the best liquor, and get the best girls. The Kings Cross and Surfers trade will skyrocket (and so will the prices).

But don't worry girls, all the Americans will be checked for V.D. before they get here. As for the good old Australian male, I'm sure he won't mind seeing his womenfolk rushing off after the Yanks for their share of the \$250.

Thoughts go back to the Americans in Australia during the 1941-45 war, when over one million Americans passed through Australia. The highlight of this was the infamous Battle of Brisbane, when the Americans and Australians fought a super-duper pitched battle in Adelaide and Creek Streets. Then also the Americans had all the money and the Australians had none.

It can be expected that Kings Cross and the Gold Coast will attract the great majority of the Americans. Just a minute while I cross Surfers' off my list as a place to go in the coming years. Well, there's nothing really wrong with Sandgate, I suppose. Beggars can't be choosers.

Harold Holt must be ecstatic. Just think — 60,000 x \$250. That is \$15,000,000! That will help our balance of payments, won't it? And just think of all that money generating "trade" in our tourist spots. LBJ really is good to Harold, isn't he?

As for the Anzacs in Vietnam, it's taking Cabinet a while to decide whether they can come to Australia with the Americans for the six day rest period. It's supposed to be all that home and emotion jazz (and desertion).

Or maybe it's because the Australians won't have \$250 to spend.

WHO WANTS A BOWLING ALLEY

Sir,

I have recently received a letter from a friend in Canada, who is working there as a secretary at the University of Calgary. This University has an enrolment of about 6000. She tells me that a new Students' Union building is at present being erected. This building will have: a Barber's Shop and Hairdressing Salon (for male and female students); an eight-lane bowling alley; two ballrooms; six lounges; cafeteria and coffee-shop facilities; and a pool room with 8 billiard tables and 8 table tennis tables.

All this for 6000 students. Makes UQU look a bit silly, doesn't it? How about it Frank. When do we get our bowling alley?

Yours in anticipation,
Nanker Phelge.

"UNCALLED FOR EXAGGERATION?"

Sir,

In reference to the article "Segregated Schools in Queensland" of Semper Floreat, March 31st issue, we have concluded that Miss Valadian has been either grossly misled or is wishing to impress by uncalled for exaggeration, to such an extent that not one of her reported statements concerning education facilities and prejudices at the Cherbourg Aboriginal Settlement are correct.

Miss Valadian commented that "The European school was at the front of the settlement 'the other' at the back." Had Margaret ventured to visit Cherbourg as she claims to have done, she would have noticed that there is only one school — being replaced at the moment by a modern primary school. The nearest "European" schools are the State School and Convent at Murgon, three miles distant and never in seventeen years have we heard Murgon referred to as "the front of the settlement".

The report implies that the white children do not attend the same school as the aborigines because of colour prejudice. It is obvious in the local schools which aborigines attend — to a small extent the primary schools while they account for 1/6 of the pupils at Murgon High School — that the races mix freely and easily. The legitimate reason behind school discrimination at this phase of assimilation is that the aboriginal children have not fully adjusted. Teachers find that their unwillingness to settle and to love former freedoms and difficulties such as distorted English pronunciations has made it necessary to readjust educational standards and practices to their abilities. Thus, is it any wonder that the white children, together with the more advanced aborigines, travel to Murgon primary schools? This gradual build-up of education standards is leading towards assimilation, rather than being a disadvantage to the plan.

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'CONSPIRATORIAL PERJURERS'

In the Magistrates Court, Brisbane, on Monday 17th April, 1967, Keith Emmet Cooke, a youth 20 years of age, was convicted by Mr. Hickey, SM, of having behaved in a disorderly manner during the demonstration against Air Vice Marshal Ky outside Lennon's Hotel during the evening of 20th January, 1967. Cooke was fined 20 dollars, in default 10 days imprisonment.

This pamphlet sets out the evidence given by Cooke himself, and by three witnesses in his defence. None of this evidence was reported in the daily press. One witness flew from Canberra especially for the hearing at a private cost of 70 dollars plus the loss of a day's pay. This cost he bore from his own pocket.

A SUMMARY STATEMENT: I stood at a barricade in George Street opposite Lennox on the afternoon of 20/1/1967 from 6 p.m. until approximately 7.15 p.m. There were no organised groups in the section where I was standing. There was no violence nor any suggestion of violence. No one pushed against the barricades. Our barricades were on the side of the Supreme Court entrance nearest Adelaide Street.

The crowd was orderly, occasionally noisy. There was no confusion. On the other side of our barricade, near the tram tracks, 15-20 police stood in a line. A sergeant was directly opposite me. This sergeant was the senior man in the section. His number was 2779. He did not speak at all. Not to anyone in more than 70 minutes. All the time he was watchful and silent. He did not interfere with the public, nor did his men.

The officer came from the direction of Ann Street at about 5 minutes after 7 o'clock. The Ann Street end was noise and confusion. His first victim was an old man standing next to me, on the left. The *Impact* he tore from the old man's hand on the barricade was left screwed up on the ground, under the feet of the next line of constables. I observed three silver studs on the officer's shoulder and the ribbons on his left breast. Then he was gone. The *Impact* lay crumpled on the ground, in view of all.

I was a stranger to the old man. He said he was born 14th February, 1898.

Trouble came a second time at 7.10 p.m. The same Inspector returned. Without warning his hand fastened on the tie of the young man beside me on the right. The young man spoke a few words, then fell silent. Many people watched. There were many people in the crowd. They were all watching. Keith Emmet Cooke suddenly said: "Excuse me . . ." The Inspector struck him on the mouth. The sergeant was silent. The sergeant stood next to the Inspector. He saw it all. The police pulled Keith Emmet Cooke from behind the barricade on to the road-way. Then they took him to the Watchhouse. He was there 6

hours.

On 12 April 1967, in the Magistrates Court, three witnesses testified to the things they had seen. On 17 April, 1967, Mr. Hickey, SM, suggested they were conspiratorial perjurers. He accepted the evidence of the police.

Constable No. 5962 arrested Keith Emmet Cooke. His evidence was accepted by the Court. He said that Cooke forced his way to the barricade from the back of the crowd when Marshal Ky arrived at 7 p.m. In his onrush Cooke elbowed two women to the ground. He used bad language at Marshal Ky. He asserted his rights as a demonstrator. He attempted to punch an Inspector. Then he was arrested. This was what the constable said in evidence.

But Constable No. 5962 was one of a line of policemen who, on 20/1/1967, manned a barricade which was on the side of the Supreme Court entrance nearest Adelaide Street. The constable stood there, at that barricade, on that day, for more than 70 minutes. He did not speak. The sergeant beside him — number 2779 — did not speak. For those 70 minutes they stood within an arm's length of Keith Emmet Cooke. Cooke was there all that time, in full view, with his two companions, standing against the barricade in front of the crowd. He was there until he was struck in the face by an Inspector. Then Constable No. 5962, assisted by a motorcycle policeman, pulled him through the barricade on to the roadway. They took Cooke to the Watchhouse. The crowd watched Cooke being taken away. There was no confusion.

Constable No. 5962 is not a perjurer. The magistrate said so. Neither justice nor the reputation of the Queensland Police Force can stand too many cases like that of Keith Emmet Cooke.

T. M. Wixted

VIEWPOINT REVIEW

Sir,

Regarding the review by Paul Chicoteau of the magazine *Viewpoint* which appeared in *Semper Floreat* 14th April, 1967, there is some need to correct the impression given regarding the article "White Collar Unions and the A.L.P."

The main thesis of the article was rather the reverse of what Mr. Chicoteau suggested. The article was concerned with pointing out (I agree, too briefly) that it is in the interests of white collar unions, and indeed all unions, to be a part of the A.L.P.

The Arbitration system provides for unions to seek higher wages and improved working conditions. But full employment, income redistribution, provision of free hospital and educational services, workers' compensation and invalid, sickness and unemployment benefits depend on Government action which unions or employee associations, in their own right, cannot initiate.

In the article, the theme was that since the A.L.P. is the party based on unionism, i.e., associa-

tions of (employees) and the party which can do most for employees (see Don Rawson *Labour in Vain?*), it is in the interests of all employees to become a working part of the A.L.P. and by putting their own employees' party into Government initiate the wider reforms mentioned.

The article was not intended to be, as the reviewer suggested, "exactly in line with Whitlam's own policy on this subject" While it may be true that it is in the A.L.P.'s interest to attract Mr. Whitlam's policy, it is also white collar voters (presumably true that it is in the interests of white collar voters themselves to have their own political party acting for them in Government.

Yours sincerely,

D. J. Murphy

WHAT A LOVELY STORY

Three Daughters of a Convent School or Eve and the Apple.

Sir,

At a level of principle there are moral, religious and educational views to be taken of your anonymous 'A beginning' on page 7 of *Semper*, March 31. There is also an anecdotal approach. And, as the young authoress of the article has herself chosen the anecdotal approach in what might be an appeal to the female first year student to revise the values of her convent sheltered youth, I too will appeal to the concrete rather than the abstract, and reply in kind.

Anecdote One: A young woman who shared my convent-sheltered youth found on revising her views some years later that she could advance no valid reason for pre-marital chastity, and said yes in answer to the demands of the man who was her constant and sympathetic companion. No 'trip to the moon or shooting stars or ecstasy' either, but a satisfying closeness — and a repetition on several later occasions. My friend was also 'realistic' enough to avoid 'trouble' for some time, but eventually 'trouble' got started. She was able to organise an abortion.

Some time later she was married, not to the father of the aborted child; and about the time of her marriage — I do not know whether before or after it — she told her husband that she had had pre-marital intercourse. When the period of calm, that comes after the initial excitement of even the most tempestuous marriages, arrived her husband indulged in some extra-marital sexual activity of his own. My friend is now legally separated and is faced with the unsweetened task of bringing up their family of which she has custody.

Anecdote Two: I have never met not do I know the name of the second young woman who was nineteen-years-and-a-bit old when she decided to say yes to the question (whether spoken or unspoken I know not) of the man to whom she was attracted in many ways, not least of them

physically. She too was a university student who was revising the values of her convent upbringing and she too was sufficiently 'realistic' to avoid 'trouble' for a while. She became pregnant, however, decided to go through with it, and eventually gave birth to a baby boy whom she never saw. We adopted him when he was a fortnight old. I rarely think of his natural mother nowadays, and when I do it is to be sorry for her being deprived of the joy of knowing the quick-witted, intellectually bright young person who is growing up at our place, adapting to our way of life, and, as he takes on our mannerisms, coming to look more and more like us.

End of Anecdotes

I know as well as any member of this university that the citation of instances does not constitute proof of a principle. I prefaced this letter with the remark that in the 'Anonymous' article principles were involved: but that Miss Anonymous was discussing experience rather than principle. To counterpoise one *ad hoc* suggestion, I merely lay two others.

While one talks of the abstract it is possible to lose sight of the concrete. While one discusses Hunger, it is possible to ignore the misery of one hungry man. Life continues, and the feast of yesterday is sometimes the cardboard in today's mouth. No action can be separated from its consequences. Intercourse, condoms notwithstanding, cannot be separated from the child. Even 'Maturity' which one believes to have come at seventeen, and believes again to have come at twenty-two, will continue in retrospect to appear to have been attained at points onwards — up to eighty for all I know.

Sincerely,

One more anonymous

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Sir,

A recent meeting of postgraduate students representing the main postgraduate schools of the University decided to form a Postgraduate Students' Association, with the aims of providing a focus for intellectual and social contact, and representing the common interests of postgraduates. Pending a formal constitution of the Association, a Provisional Executive was elected to direct its initial activities. Meetings will be held on the second Monday of each month, at 7.30 p.m. in the Union Building, and will consist of discussion of a subject for the night, with speakers from the student group, University Staff, and interested non-University people. Appropriate refreshments will be available at the end of the discussion.

Discussions have been arranged for May 8th (subject: Research Breeds Narrow-Minded Bigots) and June 12th (The Administration of Postgraduate Scholarships), and topics proposed for later meetings are "The Ethics of Defence Research" and "Eu-

genics".

Higher degree and Final-Year Honours students who are interested in ideas other than the esoteric trivia encountered in their own field are invited to attend these meetings.

Barry Brady,

Secretary

Postgraduate Students' Assoc.

THE SPORTS UNION — A WHITE ELEPHANT

Sir,

Now that plans for our own "Opera House" are well under way, it seems a suitable time to enquire about the Recreation Centre Mr. Gardiner talked about before he was elected. The Union intends to spend over four hundred thousand dollars on a theatre which will certainly fill a need but will benefit students of the arts to the largest extent. There seems quite a case for considering that the Union is spending vast sums of money on a project that will allow the University to shirk some of its responsibilities to these students. We should, at least, ask them to share the cost. We have no vast lotteries giving us almost unlimited funds and if the Union foots the complete bill for this theatre, it would appear that the Union will be restricted in its other projects as it pays it off over the next ten years or so.

From the silence regarding it, it would appear that the Recreation Centre is one of these projects in jeopardy.

94% of students, although they pay their compulsory fee of eight dollars to Sports Union, play no organized sport at, or for, this University. The sporting clubs control Sports Union, so 6% of students have the entire say in the running of Sports Union and thus in the spending of everyone's eight dollars. Put simply, Sports Union is a closed shop; our eight dollars entitles us to nothing until we join some sporting club, as 94% of us don't do!

From this anomaly there would appear to be a need for a centre providing unorganized sporting facilities for ALL students and not just for the 6% who are good enough and have enough time to be competitive. We therefore regard this provision as imperative. A heated swimming pool would receive all-year patronage and would be an excellent start to such a Recreational Centre. It could even do something about the idle students clogging the refectory in their spare periods!

Since Sports Union is devoted entirely to competitive sport, what is the Union doing about this problem?

How about it, Mr. Gardiner?

Yours faithfully,

G. J. Forsyth, Science III

Kenneth J. Taylor, Science III

BOOKSHOP
will be open last week
of first term until
7.00 p.m.
each night

STUDENTS ANGERED BY RSL

On April 16, the irresponsible Sunday paper published a front-page account of a dance organised by first-year Architecture students. This appeared just after an article in Saturday's evening paper about the "new image" for University students. We felt, therefore, that it was worth expending some of our invaluable time and effort setting out the students' side of the story.

The Toowong RSL Hall was hired by Terry Farr, Paul Sinclair and Peter Bycroft, three first-year Architecture students.

Prior to the dance, they paid the RSL \$6 deposit and \$7 hire charge. On April 14, the day of the dance, the hall was decorated during the afternoon. The "decorations" consisted mainly of posters bearing slogans with poorly-concealed double meanings. The RSL's "Lest We Forget" sign was covered by a poster with a drawing depicting a gentleman with an arrow through his genitals. At the bottom of this was written "What a way to go!" This is probably typical of the humour of the other posters.

The organisers left the hall about 3 p.m. Peter arrived back, with the band, about 7.15 p.m. At 7.25 the RSL arrived, having been called by a cleaner who thought the signs were filthy. Close behind came Paul and Terry, bearing four flagons of claret. The RSL, having looked at the signs, told the students to "tear 'em down and piss off". They did so, and by 7.45 most of the students had left, taking with them all the posters. Terry remained to redirect latecomers to the YMCA hall, where the dance continued, and left about 1.30. No newspaper reporters had arrived by then.

The article as it appeared had a number of misstatements. For example:

"About 100 first-year architecture students . . ."— There are

55 first-year architects. No more than 20 students were at the hall at any time.

"The students . . . arrived armed with dozens of bottles of beer and other liquor"— Quite an enlargement of 4 flagons of claret, hey?

". . . \$4 deposit . . ."— The deposit was \$6.

". . . startled group of 17-year-olds"— Most students there were over 17.

More important, the picture on the front page was faked, either by Truth or by the RSL. Seems odd after that fuss Truth made a short while ago when the Telegraph faked a photo.

Frank Gardiner took the matter up with Truth, who told him that their photographer found the sign as pictured, and that, as far as they were concerned, the whole thing was a dead issue.

That must be why they ran that letter raising the issue (from the RSL's point of view) the Sunday after.

However, whilst Semper deplores the smear tactics of Truth and the RSL, we would not like it to be thought that we condone the irresponsible antics of these first-year cretins. Any Uni group which hires a hall off campus and then proceeds to plaster it with dirty signs needs to have its collective head read. Just because the Union will put up with almost anything in the Cellar, this does not give licence for students to offend outside bodies. Paul, Peter and Terry should be lined up against a wall and shot for being such irresponsible idiots as to undertake this kind of lunacy just before Commem.

As a footnote, I am informed that some first-year Architects descended on a private party the next weekend, and reduced the place to a shambles. Maybe Truth was right after all.

Nick Booth



APRIL 16, 1967

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FRESHERS BLED WHITE

During the week the Uni has seen a succession of young fresherettes being assisted, swooning, from the Relaxation Block. The Blood Bank was out here yet again for another Commem. Week bloodletting. The whole thing was a howling success—the Blood Bank got 2000 bags of blood (one week's supply), students went around wearing their white badges of courage, and hundreds of fresherettes fainted.

So big deal, what's new? What's new this year is that Frank decided to go one better than Burke and Hare. (They sold bodies to the Med. Schools in Edinburgh around 1890, you ignoramus.) Frank sold the blood to Brisbane business houses for \$1 per bag. Believe it or not, some firms actually fell for this and paid up. Maybe they really thought they were going to get their blood, the gullible fools. Not a hope. The Blood Bank's got it, and they are not letting it go. The police are expected to investigate complaints of fraud.

Meanwhile, in the valiant city, the general public were being had for 30c for a thin, worthless, motley collection of old, crude and plagiarized jokes going under the name of "Whacko." This slim volume was edited by Frank Gardiner and another student. Personally, I'd hate people to think that I was responsible for the nasty thing.

And whilst I'm whinging about Commem. Week, how about all the girls who wouldn't take part in the slave girl auction on Wednesday? WUS couldn't get any of last year's Miss Uni. birds to help—anyway, WUS wasn't going to get any of the profits, so why should they care about ABSCHOL? The only girls we could find to take part in the auction were four girls who were up to their necks in Commem. work anyhow. Enthusiastic Uni students? They don't exist.

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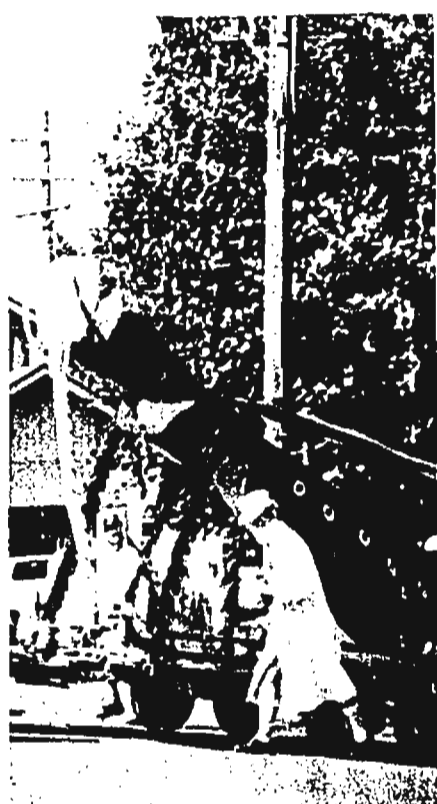
Floats Fall Flat

Once again our undergrads have set themselves loose on the streets of Brisbane to air their minds, bodies and works to an eager, curious and apprehensive public. Once again Brisbane saw an endless stream of mostly slopped-up and uncertain floats manned by equally bedraggled exponents of on and off campus philosophies. But the difference to previous years was that Brisbane saw what was in most part the weakest and flattest Commem. procession in memory.

How do we measure the success of the procession? It really depends on a point of view. If the measurement is made on the standard of the satire and work behind the floats, we scored very badly this year. Even the major efforts appeared weak and unsteady at the knees. Some floats (much too few) WERE good. The King's College Mosquito and the Dentistry Tooth Funeral, for instance, were worthwhile. They made their points simply and raised a good laugh, which is just about all that a float can do in a fleeting glance. Of course they had their share of the usual useless characters, smeared with green paint and achieving neither point nor purpose, but this has come to be expected through the years. The outsider, as usual, claimed the real laughs in the form of the balloon-stuffed girls waiting for the American G.I.'s. But there was just too little of this, especially since this was our largest-ever procession.

Another way to measure our success might be to base it on what we did for the public, but the public usually accepts a laugh or two in return for their curiosity and we did at least give them that.

The greatest estimate of success, however, should be based on what we the students on the float and among the crowd got out of it. Most of the floats, although mediocre, were crammed with blushing fresherettes and their male counterparts, just "in it for the hang of it". So if we had fun, this was a worthwhile thing in itself.



and I will show you something different from either ..

The Actor and the Child

The children are stilled; they sit in the garden
At the old house; they are told
That this is a play. It seems the wind
Has heard also, and waits to listen.
I stride through a door in the wall;
I am an actor, and I believe
That the swish of my prince's boots
Tells a false story.

But I turn
And face believing eyes; I see you,
Small and dark in a white dress
With your chin on your hands,
A child wondering. Oh,
But you believe what you see: I am a prince
Among the trees; yes, and suddenly, I am
What I pretend to be.

Your eyes follow me through pressed grass.
I know with one nod of my head
I could have the princess of my choosing.
If I raised one gloved hand to beckon the clouds
They would descend with showers.

But what hand can I reach forth to lead
Away from this frangipani-starred garden?
My own hand is level with yours;
We are both innocents aloft on flowers.

ROGER McDONALD

How much it has changed, Sir!

The Easter Day of which you talked,
Remembering because of aching feet
And only salt wine with salt meat,
Three broken crowns in a courtyard where
no one walked
Where God's image without message is now
hawked
Like any dead pagan's remembered feat
The trumpets sound and the drums do beat:—
O but sir you should be here to see. The Pope
walked,
He looked all alone, he wandered wearily
And on his cheek a God pleading tear
For he saw the world . . . an emptied hall,
And saw clouding mirth . . . closed minded fear,
And mourns for the world of the Poet's call,
You and I in Pope sorrow walked away drearily.

GLYNN PAUL ABERNETHY

A shot . . . deep in the thick night,
An enemy invisible to fight . . .
Another sound . . . a hollow scream,
All prayed
For the victim of that silent, steely
Stillness . . . blade.
A splash, waist down in swampy ooze,
Pale unshaven faces with no time to lose.

Rattle of ice in cocktail glasses.
Shiny young officers making passes
At their white gowned partners; Swords
and polished braid,
Stirring music; The game's being played
On the old ladies with the smiles quite false,
Just watch them dance the supper waltz.

Swift, furtive figures darting round trees;
Crawling, sweating with bloodied, blistered
knees,
A shout . . . surprise . . . the whites of fear-
strained eyes,
The incessant buzzing of mosquitoes and large
black flies.

Horns hooting, crowds scurrying, the city
nearing five o'clock,
News boys yelling from every trampled block,
'Paper! Last Race! Read about the War!
A film star's marriage, a competition draw!
Heavy, round, rain drops beating on heads,
Rivers of mud, the graves are dead . . .
Drowned; in the lost tide of fancy, fiction and
pride,
If only they knew for what they really died.

W. DUNCAN

Coffee Shop Tragedy

If only it were deeper
Just a little deeper
Then I'd climb to the top
To the very very top
Of the little green creeper,
and then
I'd dive straight down
And hope to drown
In the swirling depths
Of the coffee's brown.

NIEL FORBES

Catman and the Mousegirl

Catman
He was the one
Who gave girls something to think about
Mousegirl
She was the one
Who gave men something to think about.

Catman spying mousegirl
Stalks her
Bang
She sees him
Catman chases mousegirl.

Catman with his long strides
Mousegirl with short fast steps
Catman gains
Mousegirl dodges
Around a table
Catman misses.

Catman
He was the one
Who could get any girl
Mousegirl
She was the one
Who could get away from any man.

Catman thinks about mousegirl
She got away
Too bad
But not next time
Catman starts looking for mousegirl.

Mousegirl thinks about catman
Just got away
That's good
I'll be ready next time
Mousegirl on the look out for catman.

Meanwhile Ratman
Comes into the picture
He wants to get that lovely mousegirl
But doggirl
Also comes into the scene
She wants to get that handsome catman.

Mousegirl runs
Ratman chases mousegirl
Catman chases mousegirl
Dog-girl chases catman
Dog-girl hates ratman
Her former boy-friend
Ratman runs from dog-girl
Mousegirl runs from catman
And catman runs from dog-girl
His former girl-friend.

Catman climbs up top
Mousegirl below
Drops
Gets mousegirl
And drags her off.

Dog-girl around next corner
Grabs catman
Who drops mousegirl
Mousegirl wanders off still in a daze
Ratman round next corner
Ratman grabs mousegirl.

Catman got mousegirl
Dog-girl got catman
Catman lost mousegirl
Ratman got mousegirl
Catman hates dog-girl
Mousegirl hates ratman.

Mousegirl bites ratman
Escapes
Runs into dog-girl
Who drops catman
Catman escapes
And drags off mousegirl
Ratman runs into dog-girl
Dog-girl can't have catman
Marries ratman.

Mousegirl with catman
Mousegirl is in love with catman
But catman can get any girl
Lets her go free
Mousegirl mad
Catman glad.

K. SADKOWSKY

Grasshoppers

They came to the aboriginal camp
In a twirl of red dust
Across the plain.

Other white men had come too
In a whirl of arrogant dust
And left their droppings
Of wood and corrugated iron
Where the grey
Thin-ankled men
Squirmed to fit
Pre-fabricated gunyahs:
The white man's means
To a black man's end.

They were grey, not black
Limed with creeping skin disease
And the women wore
Fancy-coloured skins,
Layer on layer of cheap
Cotton-print clothes
Until the grimed dress
Nearest to the skin
Began to rot away.

And the dogs moved
In their bone cages;
From broad noses
Snot poured yellow
As pus
And hardened in the sun
Glistening for the flies.

In their mouths was
Foul green weed
Draped across teeth
Like slime.

And the tourists went
In a swirl of indifferent dust:
Grasshoppers across the plain.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

Man of the Year

The man who beats his wife
writes letters to the editor
deploring teenage violence.

He sits in his blue pin stripe suit,
in his RSL club, wearing his RSL badge,
and spouting how his hero son
is "up there killing yellow comms."

He is a man who hates comms.
He goes to church every Sunday
but Christ said "Love your neighbour"
at a time when no neighbours were com-
munists.

Here is a man who knows respect —
("Always respect women" the wife beater
tells his son who was almost illegitimate.)
— and is respected.

And he is proud to hear his children say,
"When I grow up I want to be like dad."

GERARD ANSELL

To a Son

When will you come to see me I asked;
see not this deadening
flesh, these mother arms,
but mind inset,
my separate person?

When I am a boy the small child said.

And
will you unjudged-love me,
cudgel-press that lesser child's self-need?

Yes, when I grow a man;
his voice begrudged —
Oh, small seed —
rankling weed.

Do you know me I shout?
I will, he said, but not yet.
My son, I give you time enough,
Oh, look how old you get.

RHYLL McMASTER

Tamborine

Sweet earth-rain smell
from paddocks
where the hills nudge one another,
crouched shoulder to shoulder
under a dark sky.

Then mist
pulls the hills into its whiteness,
slides stealthily
up the valleys,
presses blindly around the house,
gropes
into my mind
with damp gloved fingers.

Sweet dairy-flowers smell
and rain-fresh paddocks
are pushed away.

Night comes
and presses hard
against the walls
that hold the light.

Mist-thick and black
it makes mirrors of windows
and the outside is gone.
Huddle by the fire.
The dark is cold and solid
tonight.

JEANETTE GRANT-THOMSON

Gentle Face

Not even the downward-trailing
Sadness of the willow
Weeping green and yellow
In the violins
Can express my sorrow
As I recall
Her gentle face.

For I an hollow like
An empty room
When music
Ends.

Drained
Of feeling as
The long strands
Withered on the dying tree.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS

Wet Ashes for Wednesday

I have been towed through hours till the
chattering sheet
of cool rain lifts at your entrance, and my
heart leaps,
but there's no footing found in your slanted
glance;
my lips are bound.
Black asphalt circles spatter on the street.

He has returned
and now between our eyes and in our hands
his leather presence presses cold concern.

You did not lie
for truth has spun a circle since that kiss,
and all we sought has crumpled in a sigh.

The clock spins, and a heavy sky rains bitumen
black light
lace leaves press static on the purpling night,
and my hot heart swells softly to escape,
but there is nowhere for my heart to lie.

PETER ANNARD

Fish

No one feels sorry for fish.
They are the natural prey
of every animal from bird to man.
They are not graceless.
They live in their world — thicker than ours —
a world of queer angles, streamlined shapes.
Dark shadows are more menacing here.
They have their evil as we
with rough-skinned shark and poisoned spike.
Their smell is their own and so are their scales,
smooth round coins like transparent teeth,
blood-red gills like the filament of a light.
Hell-bent for God knows where
but at his level, his time
and into someone's claws.

ANWYL BURFEIN

The Folksingers

They sat there motionless
Long hair screening their humanity —
They fingered monotonous rhythms
They drummed home message of cliché
IMPRISONED IN THEIR MEDIEVAL CASTLE

The protecting walls sealed in
the Heat — the Dark
They sang of Love
They spoke of Life
**LIFE AND LOVE IN THEIR MEDIEVAL
CASTLE**

Their words were impressive
Thin eyes were expressive
Why have we come?
What have they done?
**WE MUST LEARN IN OUR MEDIEVAL
CASTLE**

FOOLS!

Ballads of the earth in their hands
Ballads of MAN and men
Yet what did they know
Of the WASHING of the FEET?
Locked in chains in their
medieval castle?

The City Streets at Night

Is not human happiness worth more than
money?
And a quiet mind than a full purse?
Why store up our promise of bliss?
When we have all our life to use it.
We do not really make it more
By waiting long to have it.
Our futile life is grey and often filled with fear;
But a little light can sometimes come —
Then let it shine out straight away.
Share it out for only thus we make it more.
But who believes it nowadays?
It's not the way of the world.

Black and silent streets say this,
That speak only with the scratching shuffle
Of benighted drunks and ancient derelicts.
These once too were selfish
And filled with fierce thrusting hurtful
ambitions,
Or else they once were weak to do the good
they might.

The bare cold concrete is wrinkled
With a dozen dust filled furrows,
And answers with a cold resistance
The plod of hopeless human feet,
The plod of hurrying human feet,
Or plod of hurrying hopeless feet.
The tiny roughnesses make a grindstone
Made by man to grind his fellows shoes and
nose —
The expression of proud proficiency
In filling this world with an efficient aimless
race.

The hot summer breeze lifts up dirty paper,
And slaps it against a powdery brick wall —
Human hopes lying on the ground meaningless,
Sometimes picked up by the breeze of chance,
Only to run into a hopeless wall of questions.
The klaxon of the ship in dock belches out.
And chases the fat-bellied wharfies off
To lounge and whine in gluttony elsewhere.

The mercury lamps bleed a blue green glare,
Seeing with searching eyes the seared bitumen
That stretches out a great binding band,
That walks across the city at night —
The crouching feinting fearful city at night.
Gleam of the lamp does not penetrate
The galvanized iron cock-eyed fence.
It leaves in darkness black vapours of the yard
behind,
And stares away the scuffling mice and rats.
The light laughs at scuttling cars
That career and careen across intersections,
In their beaten beetling flight
To foam rubber padded suburbia,
Padded and covered far better than asylum cells.
The vast machines of pleasure burp out
Small snickerings of pimply youth,
Red-eyed, sickly and soddenly short of breath,
Displayed in black tights and tortured hair.
Boys with topknots like cassowarys,
And girls with locks of long funeral shrouds.
The rumble of the bowling ball echoes
Where once the crocodile roared.
The tenpins drop where the red mangroves once
Dropped sullen seed into the sucking mud —
Natural horror exchanged for factitious horror.
And the staring lamp goes sneering on.

A rusty wrought iron fence
Thrusts proud selfish pikes into the air,
Pointing to the sky we've forgotten to see,
Resplendent with stars mocking our agony,
Agony producing hollow monuments to war.
When will man find all such monuments are
hollow?
And politics a Derby of hollow Trojan horses.
The hollow monument is the work of man.
Monuments of office blocks standing to attention
All hollow to receive the mechanical clerks
Who migrate from the little houses in the
morning.

The gutters dribble a putrid runlet
Of water running to a deep buried sewer —
Sewer of mans endeavour and work,
A sewer carrying away the obvious dirt
That clutters up every work of mans hand.
But the great white sweeper roars in dust,
Cleaning the streets to be dirtied again,
While the music echoes from a practising choir.
The ersatz voice of candid angels
Mingles with roar of the genuine mechanical
devil.

Everywhere the alleys suck in air;
And lurk as lures for seeking men,
Who want to get somewhere, who must have
access
To the mouldy storehouse and the grinning
market,
Or the aching acres of shiny bare desks —
The beloved vampires that lick up their lives.

Scantly clad sportsmen stand drinking coke,
Glowing in strength of short lived youth.
Will they have an answer to arthritis and
rheumatism?
Two frightened girls sit huddled together,
Sitting on the provided seat, waiting for a bus.
In low voices they talk and speculate
On the unheard future and puzzling present.
Their white frocks are the washed-out hope
Of the purity we never now seem to know.
Arrogant couples strut laughing at the world,
The world that already has tentacles deep in their
blood.

The neon lamps wink their cold lascivious light,
Showing the inconstancy of human loyalties;
And stammering out fear of the frightful
future —
Of multiplied men and vanished humanity,
Of justice efficient to deny mere mercy,
Of power unabashed and power uncontrolled,
Of disproved hope and hopeless hopefulness.
The lamps burn, the breezes belch and the
concrete never yields.

“J. R. M. COVERDALE”



MICHAEL BOWER



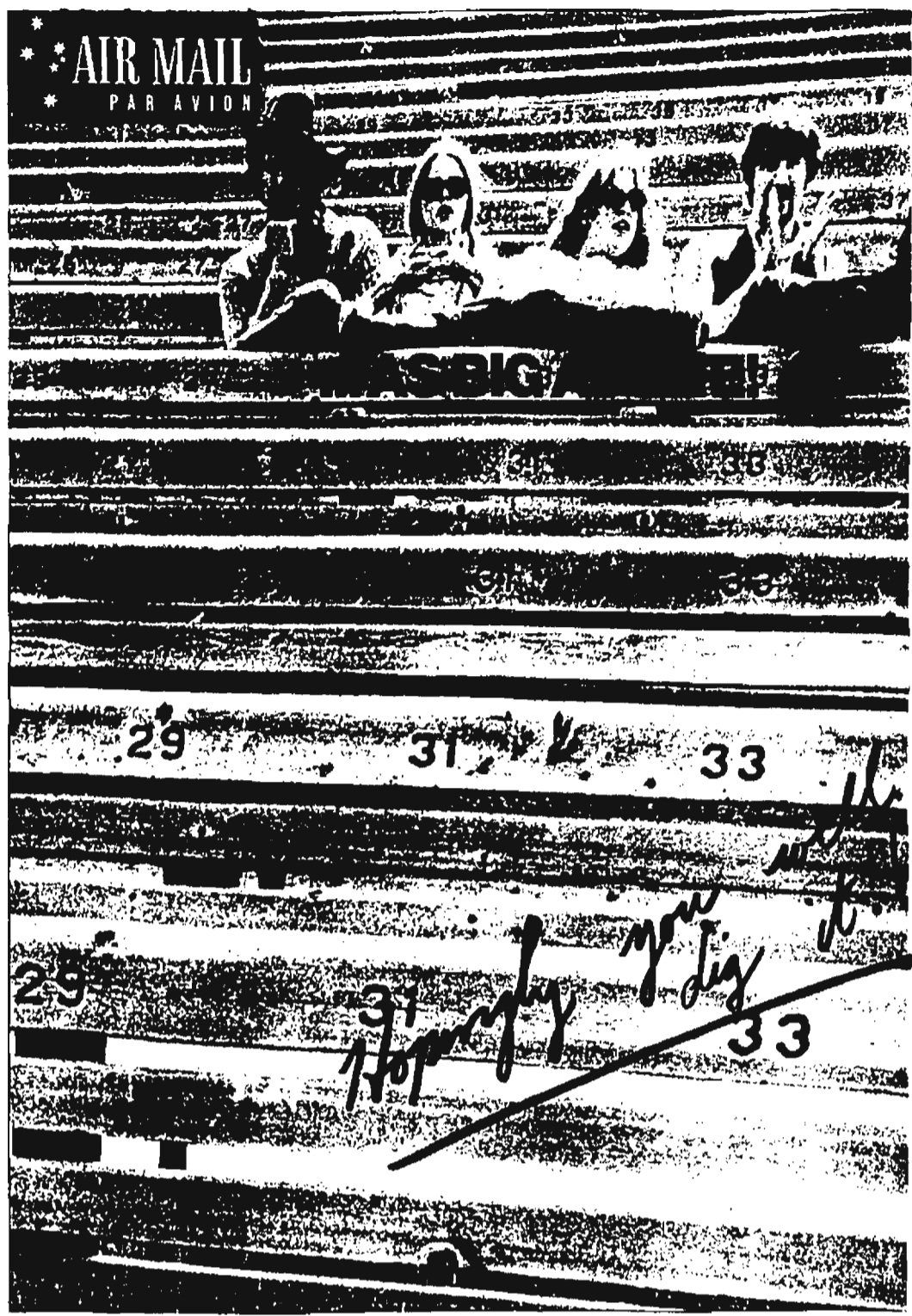
double
purpose
coat = dress
deep pink
squared
in navy.

this page

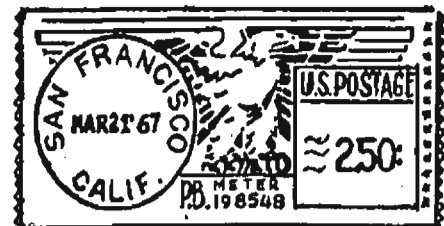
with hipster pants
or skirt. All deep
purple corduroy over
hot pink skivvy.
Hand or shoulder
bag and cap in
purple corduroy too.

CLOTHES . FIFI'S . PICCADILLY ARCADE .





POST CARD



Dear Friends,

Here's the new arrival. Hope it gets through to you OK. Spoke its first words today . . .

"Each night before you go to bed my baby
Whisper a little prayer for me my baby
Because it's hard for me my baby
And the darkest hour is just before dawn."

(Pauling/Bass — 2:56)

"I've got sunshine on a cloudy day
And when it's cold outside
I've got the month of May

I guess you'll say
What can make me feel this way?"

(Robinson/White — 3:53)

" . . . and everybody's getting fat
except Mama Cass."

(Phillips/Gilliam — 3:45)

"Sing for your supper and you'll get
breakfast

Songbirds always eat . . .

. . . if their song is sweet."

(Rogers/Hart — 2:46)

"You really got me goin'
Girl like I knew you could."

(Russell/Medley — 2:45)

"Everyone has had a loved one
Who's far far away."

(Phillips/Gilliam — 3:15)

"Look through my window to the street
below

See the people hurrying by
With someone to meet, someplace to go
. . ."

(Phillips — 3:05)

"Choose one or the other
Be my friend

Or be my lover."

(Phillips — 3:15)

"String man . . .

String man . . ."

(Phillips/Gilliam — 2:59)

" . . . frustrated!"

(Phillips — 2:50)

"She's got you drinking gin
And you know that's a sin

. . . oh you kid!"

(Phillips — 2:53)

"Greta! . . .
. . . Greta!"

(Phillips — 1:00)

MUSICIANS:

Hal Blaine, Larry Knetchel, Jim Horn,
Joe Osborn, Dr. Eric Hord, P. F. Sloan,
Gary Coleman, John Phillips.

PRODUCER:

Lou Adler.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS TO

ARTISTS:
Dr. Don Altfeld, Dr. Wilbur Schwartz,
Dr. Leon Krohn.

SEMPER WRITER:

Ken Bradshaw.

CONSULTING PHYSICIANS TO

SEMPER WRITER:
Dr. Dave Murr, Dr. Alf Nucifora, Dr.
Gasser & a cast of thousands.

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cover

POST SCRIPT:

It's called The Mamas & The Papas
Deliver.

POST-POST SCRIPT:

Parents & child doing well!

ERIC WAS HERE

From the outset, the Animals made it very clear that they were professionals, interested only in getting their music across to the audience. Their dress was so ordinary that one teeny bopper remarked that they looked like stage technicians. They made repeated efforts to silence the noisy audience (and with some success — for most of the time the Hall was completely quiet). Instead of going through the usual extravagant, crowd-pleasing antics that mars a group's performance, they stood still and played . . .

Their music consisted of old rock, blues and modern pop. The rock songs, I suspect, were fill-ins, things that enabled the Animals to warm up on stage. They started the concert with two such songs, "See, See Rider" and "Shake, Rattle and Roll". At this stage, things weren't going well. The group's performance was half hearted, and the songs, despite Burdon's promise to bring back the excitement of old rock and roll, were not exciting.

The Animals blues songs were something

else. They did two such songs, "Gin House Blues", and "House of the Rising Sun". It was during the first of these that they really began to play with conviction and authority — a feat remarkable for white musicians, and English musicians at that. No less impressive was "The House of the Rising Sun". Although quite different from the classic version that boosted the original Animals to popularity two years ago, and although Alan Price's haunting organ work was missing, the song gained from better, more varied singing from Burdon, and from a revised rhythm structure that eliminated the monotony that crept into the original.

Something new from the Animals was "When I was young"—a pretentious piece of moralising, but performed quite convincingly on stage, largely owing to the excellence of the instrumental backing. Undoubtedly, the musical highlight of the concert was "Paint It, Black". The instrumental introduction, a complex interweaving of improvisations on the main melody line of the song, was in itself a very fine piece of work. The treatment

of the lyrics, vocal improvisations on two of the song's four verses, was effective because of its conciseness — the whole of the songs emotive content was presented in a very condensed, concentrated form, with stunning results.

Probably the main reasons for the success of the Animals performance were their individually technical excellence, and the way in which they worked together as a group. Most outstanding was Burdon himself. His voice is strong, clear and expressive, his delivery perfect. But all the members of the group were good. They did more than just hit the right notes, they produced the right sound, something no other group I have seen has done on stage.

In short, Eric Burdon and the Animals gave a very effective demonstration of how to present pop music live. One can only hope that other groups emulate the dedication, the professionalism, the competence that made them the best rock performers Brisbane has ever seen.

DAVID MURR.

TOWN AND AROUND

Theatre

Arts Theatre: Thurs., Fri., Saturday performances of 'Breakfast with Julia', running through May. On Mondays and Tuesdays will be featured a selection of one-act plays under the general title of 'Comedy '67'.

Avalon: 'Death of a Salesman' will be presented from May 8th-13th at 8 p.m. every night. From May 17th-20th come and see 'Twelfth Night' followed by a double 'Coriolanus' and 'Fire on the Snow' from May 23rd-27th.

Her Majesty's: Fifty-seven Spanish imports from Madrid go to make up the 'Festival of Spain' held from May 5th-27th nightly at 8 p.m.

Rialto: The Queensland Light Opera Company present Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Mikado', 3rd-6th May and 'The Gondoliers' 10th-13th May, directed by Brian Phillips. Students' concessions available.

Cinema

Astor: The Second Brisbane Film Festival begins on the 23rd June for one week. Admission to the Festival is available to any person taking out membership of the entire Festival. Advisable to make enquiries immediately to Box 1655V, G.P.O., Brisbane. Films already confirmed include the Russian (1964) version of 'Hamlet' directed by Grigori Kozintser, Visconti's 'Sandra' and from France the film 'Pickpocket' directed by Robert Bresson.

Metro: Disney's 'That Darn Cat' will be replaced either on the 3rd or the 10th May by 'The Singing Nun'.

Odeon: Joy Adamson's novel of lionhood, 'Born Free', produced by Sam Jasse and directed by Paul Radin will be continuing its successful season throughout May.

St. Lucia: The Hong Kong Students' Association are holding a Boat Trip on May 6th to Amity Point. The vessel will set sail from Hayles Wharf, North Quay, at 12.00 noon and is expected back at 9.00 p.m. A programme of dancing, swimming, fishing, a bar-b-que and etceteras has been arranged. All this for \$1.50. Those interested should seek out A. J. Louie of Civil IV for tickets. Not content with doing this, the Hong Kong Students offer more in the shape of 'Hong Kong By Night' available in the University Refectory on the 9th June, from 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Floor shows, dancing and those four kisses which signify beer are some of the inducements to attend.

The Malaysian and Singapore Students' Association present 'Malam SM-O-Orgee' a chicken Bar-b-que and dance-cabaret at the Chinese Club, Dixon St., Auchentflower on May 5th at 7 p.m. Floor shows, band and Go-Go Girls with XXXX available. \$1.25 single.

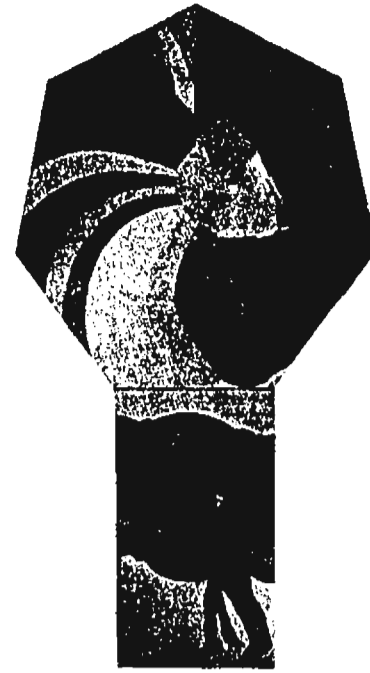
SEMPER FLOREAT

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ASPECTS OF A NEW BRITISH ART

EXHIBITIONS of new art from overseas are always welcomed in this country, and particularly in Brisbane, which frequently misses shows which tour a New Zealand, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide circuit. But in the case of the New British Art at present being exhibited at the Queensland State Gallery, one has the uneasy feeling that one's gratitude to its organisers is a fairly gratuitous affair. There are many aspects of the showing which are puzzling, and a proportionately small part of which is not only disappointing, but frankly valueless — valueless both to the student of art and to the reasonably well-informed public.

Firstly, the puzzles — Miss Jasia Reichardt in her introduction to the catalogue notes that the "tenuous quality referred to variously as Englishness or provincialism has given way to something rather more urgent, broader in context and more adventurous in approach." Is she suggesting that a group of paintings including work by Francis Bacon, Victor Pasmore, Roger Hilton, Patrick Heron, even along with people such as Patrick Proctor and Howard Hodgkin of a younger generation, would seem more provincial, or more tenuous in their overall impression? The idea is absurd when one looks at the paintings on show here. Is the total of Sandra Blow, Mark Lancaster, Jack Smith, Joc Tilson, to mention some of those represented, likely to impress us as being "more urgent, broader in context, and more adventurous" than British painting of the previous decade? Of course, one cannot deny the right of the exhibition to illustrate what it wishes, and if it aims at showing "17 different approaches", which Miss Reichardt says, might be an interesting way of looking at the exhibition, it seems unfortunate that in the choice of these seventeen an overall picture of what is happening, and that is in any way important in British art at present, is at least very badly blurred. And not only in general is this confusion found. What are we to infer from, e.g. the paintings chosen to represent the work of Henry Mundy? Are we to assume that he has abandoned his characteristically lyrical and delicately poised style in favour of that of the painting called "Garden Plan", very sombrely FLAT and dominantly angular, like a machine-age Matisse? If his work as a whole has moved in this direction, why are there only one painting in this style, and two in his "older" style? If the answer is that he is still popularly regarded as the artist of "Separated" and "Matrix" (both 1963), and that "Manchester By-Pass" of 1964 is somehow transitional, and that there is not yet a firmly enough established body of work in the 1965 style, why is he included at all? An exhibition which is intended to generalize as broadly as possible is not the place for an individual case history which could be treated adequately only in an exhibition devoted entirely to the one artist. On this point of the clarification of the "17 different approaches", even the selection committee (apparently Miss Reichardt) seems self-consciously cautious. Bernard Cohen and Harold Cohen share characteristics deeper than surname, and conveniently, the "notes examining something of the approaches of the individual artists" (written by Miss Reichardt) are as non-committal as possible. Specifically, there is a note for Harold, while Bernard is allowed to speak for himself (and what uninformative nonsense he utters!) One could go on and on complaining in this way, but in this short review there is not the space, and for all the show's shortcomings, it does demand a comment on what it might have achieved, or what it might reveal about painting at present.

The dilemma of the "international style", which is not really a style at all, but a concession to practically anything that will find favour with the dilettantes of Venice and those who flock there each year, is probably that it is caught between a capacity (often dubious) to grasp the intuitive and imaginative ends of artistic expression, and a complete incapacity to understand or apply means towards that expression. It is not that what is to be expressed is so different today from what it has been before, that it demands an appearance of inadequacy to maintain a feeling of artistic unity. One of the most accomplished artists of our time, and one who has successfully embodied the most difficult of modern artistic problems — nothing to express, nothing to express with, etc., etc. — Samuel Beckett has a character in a poem say:

"In the name of Bacon will you chicken me up that egg.
Shall I swallow cave-phantoms?"

Without being perverse, we can extend his pun from Sir Francis to pig-flesh to Mr. Francis in our own context. Judging from this show, New British Art probably has acquired a "completely international outlook" — something it could not do and still maintain an "attitude of vitality". Yet that it has done so is what the catalogue so preciously asserts. The depressing aspects of this exhibition itself are those which do not depress intentionally, as part of their artistic purpose, but disappoint by being bad painting. The cave-phantoms representing Sandra Blow and Mark Lancaster, and the very doubtful cases of Bernard Cohen, John Furnival and Jack Smith. At the same time there are little corners of delight, which seems to be the extremity of emotion in the show, with the notable exception of the paintings by Harold Cohen, which do give some sense of the character of what he is imitating, or re-creating, in nature and human experience. Richard Smith is perhaps the most capable and interesting painter represented, but it is a pity about the remarks accompanying his reproduction in the catalogue. Delight, plain and simple, even when the subject is as potentially serious as "Reflected Man", is Allen Jones's.

Ian McKay

P.S. There was some sculpture included, which was very unfortunate.

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Sporting Activities



ATHLETICS

Rob Silcock, Wayne Stevens, Peter Cameron, Don Kerr, Tony Booth (coach), and Anne Dodwell commiserate with Paul Anderson after he had damaged his hamstring muscle in the I.C.C. 200 metres

GYM CLUB

On the 22nd April, the Queensland Trampoline Titles were held in Maryborough. We were represented by Roger Walsh, Tim Mather, and Garry Baunach. Results:

R. Walsh 3rd "A" Grade
T. Mather 4th "B" Grade
G. Baunach 6th "B" Grade

We had a most enjoyable weekend and congratulations must go to Maryborough for such a well run competition.

Practise times have been extended to give anyone interested more time to train.

Monday 1-2 p.m., 7-9 p.m.

Tuesday 1-3 p.m.

Wednesday 1-2 p.m.

Thursday 1-3, 7.15-9.15 p.m.

Friday 1-2 p.m.

We are very grateful for the services of Mr. Les Gray as a trampoline coach on Monday and Thursday nights.

Inter-Varsity this year is being held in Melbourne from the 22nd May-26th May. Results will be published in next Semper.

RUGBY LEAGUE

Who's going to tell Townsville that on the May day Weekend Don Dwyer, R. Stevens, B. Hatcher, K. Ivan, C. Cameron, J. Adams, D. Russell, R. Orchard C. Croft, L. Shields, R. Benedict, J. Barbeller, A. Jackson, G. Healey, V. Gowdie, G. Wilson will be flying into the sun to represent U.Q.R.L.C. Let's keep it a secret, we know who's going to win anyway. Top "C" Grade team is continuing its winning run.

I.C.C. REPORT

Rowing and Athletics have been the latest major events in the I.C.C. sporting calendar.

The I.C.C. Regatta was held at Milton Reach on the 1st April. The feature event — the eight's — resulted in a 4½ length victory for John's with Emmanuel and Union second and third respectively. The John's eight was coached by John Ireland with Ian Story stroke.

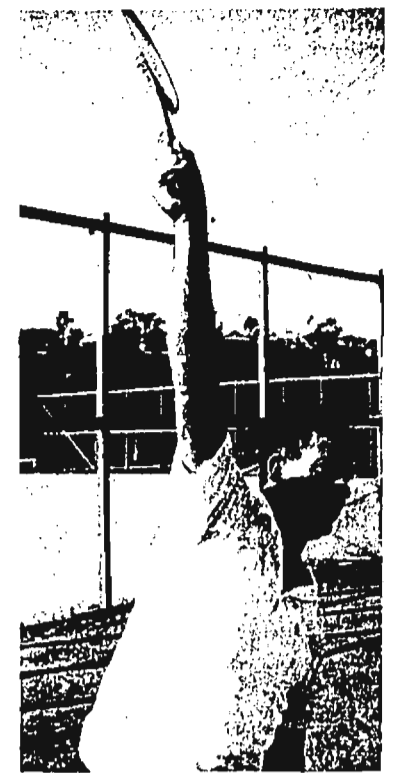
In I.C.C. Athletics for the first time events were in metres. Top places went to Emmanuel 58 points, John's 30½, International House 17½. For Emmanuel good performances were recorded by Eswick and Taylor. Wayne Stevens of King's also recorded good times in the 400 and 800 metres.

HOCKEY CLUB

The new rule which opens up play so that the two wingers and centre forward become the main attacking force has given new vigour to the Hockey Club. Noticeable omission this year will be John McBryde but valuable acquisitions have been Peter Wilson, former Queensland representative, Don Yule, and Jim Staines, who has filled the other full back position behind Australian Captain Don McWatters. Redcliffe was beaten in the first match of the season by 5 goals to 4. University won the next match over Norths, but Valleys took University to a 1 all draw,

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Carlton Scott, Albie Soh, Geoff Snowball, Mick Manning, John Lee, and Ken Dalglish, went to Townsville on the May Day Weekend. A very successful week end was had by all. The Club practises on Sunday afternoon in the Physical Education Building. All, including Birds are welcome.



**DON KEENE Tries
For I-V
(It could be a
Posed picture).**

FENCING

The Fencing Club is now back on its feet, and is waiting the arrival of the National Coach, Professor Feathers. As the climax of the year, we have Inter-Varsity to be held in Melbourne this year, followed shortly afterwards by the National Titles.

WATER-SKI

Best of luck to the Water Skiers Bob Edwards, Roger Priest Dick Rawlings, Kelvin Abrahams and K. Squire and David Fletcher. Water skiing girls Toni Primrose, Sue Eggleston and Margaret George, who will represent U.Q.W.S.C. in Sydney in May. Inter-Faculty will be held on the last weekend of 1st term.

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BOAT CLUB

Members of the U.Q.B.C. who will be competing in the Inter-Varsity Rowing on the Nepean in May, are from left Bruce Neil, Greg Story, Dick Farquhar, Murray Carter, Alan Tickle (cox), Jeremy Ward, Peter Booth (coach), sitting Wally Noble, Dick Wells, and Ian Leslie. Lightweight Michael O'Shea, Geoff Clewitt, Tony Philbrick, Ross Warren, Ian Buchanan (cox), and Geoff Lang (sculler) will also be there.



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We began in great style — the whole five or six of us. Brunswick St. was deserted except for a few suspicious taxi drivers. Undaunted we plunged on. Shortly after midnight, after opening speeches by Mr. Moroney of David Jones, by Alf as host and by Betty Anderson for Abschol, a few people drifted up to investigate the noise. The Talkathon was on.

At about one o'clock the fleet came in. Two sailors from the HMAS Derwent, both somewhat under the weather, decided to catcall and jeer at our speakers — much to the glee of the spectators. They provided probably the liveliest hour of the twenty-four.

Alf Nucifora, the "mystery speaker" was in fine form, kept going by donated Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Golden Circle Pineapple juice, and Peter's Arctic Delicacies foods.

The winner of the three bottles of champagne was Brian Shannon of Banyo, who guessed who the mystery speaker was and whose entry was the first correct one opened. The lucky man was in the audience.

Fortunately, most of the speakers recruited from clubs and societies and sporting bodies, etc. turned up at the right time and were reasonably talkative. Alf kept the conversation going by asking them about such controversial subjects as James Bond, Pierre Cardin suits for men, squealing teenagers and American G.I.'s in Australia, etc.

Some interesting facts emerged, notably that the men at the Uni. are incredibly conservative and intend to stay that way. Brave were those who admitted to a hankering to wear way-out gear. Another interesting fact: almost every speaker interviewed had read some James Bond or had seen at least one of the films.

The money trickled in steadily: we already had \$50 from the Brisbane Gas Co.—\$50 from Golden Circle — \$50 from

Tristrans Drinks — \$25 from Pantlus Dry Cleaning. Coca Cola donated a "Plush Pak" for us to auction — it was a cushion-cum-drink-cooler. As Alf advertised, it was guaranteed not to harm any portion of the anatomy.

The Talkathon was blessed by the presence of several devoted ticket sellers — Helen McAulay, Greg Clarke (who asphyxiated us all with his foul cigars, by the way) and various people conned into it by the Abschol people. Michele Jordana worked like mad and now numbers among her friends many gentlemen and ladies of the press and radio who she cajoled into giving us free publicity.

We must also thank those television and radio personalities who came into the window and chatted for a while. David Jull came from Channel O and Mike Baker from 4BC. Mike Baker gave Alf a few bad moments as T. C. Biene's were very adamant about "keeping it clean" in their front window. I think we managed on the whole to avoid shocking the housewives too much.

Two quotable quotes:

One as I was demonstrating how to cook a cheesecake in the window: "I've been cooking for thirty-five years and I'm not going to have no young slip of a girl telling me how to cook."

She took a recipe, so she probably went home to try it out.

Another old dear was disgusted by one young lady's mini skirt which became even more mini when she sat down:

"It's disgusting. It's immoral. She ought to pull her skirt down."

As someone remarked, if she'd pulled it down, it would have become immoral at the other end.

Early on Monday morning Alf harangued the bus travellers, much to their amusement. The girls from Rockmans over the road were so charmed by our orator that they donated \$2.

Thanks girls. We also provided some amusement for the kids on their way to school.

The goal of \$500 was reached at ten p.m. Monday and a rousing cheer rent the air. The money was divided among Abschol, the Subnormal Children and the Braille Writers Assen. Alf was getting a bit glassy eyed by now and kept asking people to repeat what they had said.

The whole Talkathon crowd, ticket sellers, organizers and friends, came into the window at eleven and amidst great hilarity,

asked each other the topic questions we had all heard twenty-three times before.

By this time we had a big crowd consisting mostly of Uni. students coming to see how we were holding out. Union President was invited into the window and thanked us and gave a bit of information to the people outside about the Commem. time-table.

At midnight, the witching hour, or perhaps the "pumpkin hour" we announced that it was Alf's 21st birthday as from that minute. We celebrated with a small cake plus my cheesecake with an occasional swig from our bottles of donated soft drink. What an orgy!

Everyone left then. Except us. We had to clean up.

We would like to thank the police (nice change eh?) who told us politely on Monday morning at about 3 a.m. that they could hear us at the Valley Cop Shop. We promptly bit them for 20 cents worth of raffle tickets.

We are sorry for the hotel dwellers who sent the police down to tell us they couldn't sleep. We apologize to any little old ladies we may have offended, and we thank all those who forked out 10 cents for our raffle tickets. Especially we thank the man who bought our "Plush Pak" in the auction and gave it back to resell and of course we must not forget the generosity of David Jones throughout.

But most of all we thank Alf.



A New Look at Union Council

The last Union Council Meeting on Thursday 13th April, was possibly the most important, in many respects, that has occurred during the term of office of the present Council. It did not achieve much in a material or concrete fashion, but it did mark the climax (many say the beginning) of a new era in the functioning of Union Council.

Council, as a whole, would be hard-pressed to deny that the Union up to date has been led, directed, pushed and shoved by a strong Executive. Even further up the administrative scale, rumblings from the Executive itself has been led, directed, pushed and shoved by the President. We, the outsiders, have no way of confirming this. However, we can judge Council meetings, and from the behavioural antics of all the players, come to certain sorts of conclusions.

The only real conclusions one can come to are that on the whole Union Councillors are to blame for all the offhand treatment they are dished out. They are generally disinterested in most of Union business hence find themselves in a position of not being competent to make decisions. The only decision they arrive at is that the Executive must be right. This situation has often been seen as Establishment Bloc Voting. The claims are that the President has surrounded himself with a host of 'yes' men so that his innovations will pass through Council virtually unscathed. This of course may in some cases be true, but one finds it hard to believe that Mr. Gardiner has that much sway over the consciences of all Union Councillors.

Thursday night proved that if Union Council is prepared to make the effort i.e. take more than a passing interest, it can produce effective and meaningful results. The outcome of the meeting should not be interpreted merely as a vindictive reprisal against months of being in the wilderness about Union affairs, but simply a case of Council coming of age. The meeting was undeniably emotional, and unfortunately a great deal of what was said was taken as either personal affronts or the bearing of personal grudges.

Dissent is a very necessary part of a Union Council environment and the higher one is up the Executive scale, the more tolerant one has to become of criticism. The old adage that criticism can be both constructive and destructive is pertinent here. The present President has a tendency to regard all critical remarks as a desertion of loyalties. Surely it is safe to assume that man is not infallible and hence Mr. Gardiner's decisions cannot be regarded as being pre-ordained or governed by divine right. Mr. Gardiner is a reasonable man (honourable too), and it is beyond comprehension why he is loath to accept that all criticism leveled at his actions is not purely some sort of witch hunt or contrived plot to unseat him.

Even the most vehement of those who expressed their feelings at the last meeting have at some time or another shown their appreciation for the President's administrative acumen. This is proof enough in itself that a certain rapport does exist between the President and the Executive and Union Council and what's more this is very much a working basis.

The one important issue to come up on the business agenda of the last Council was the changing of Union Council Election dates. Looking objectively at the situation, there are feasible arguments for and against holding the elections earlier in the year. What the President failed to realize however, was that most councillors could not be utterly objective about something which in essence affects their own tenure. One may ask why the President himself did not regard the matter in the same light. Any answer to this on my part would be purely conjecture, but we could assume that the office of President offers many more opportunities for making that position secure than any other on Union Council.

Having tried to relate some of the events and repercussions of the last Council meeting, what are my overall impressions. Possibly the most over-riding impression, and the one most clouded in optimism is that only good can come from the type of individualistic behaviour displayed by some of the pioneering spirits for Council at the last meeting. "Pioneering" because they showed a little bit of good old guts that we hear so much about (and see so little of), and broke the bonds of petty back-stabbing techniques.

A final thought is that this so-called "blow-up" is inevitable and indeed a healthy sign as far as the Union as a whole is concerned.

Michele Jordana

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