

LOW NOON: the first of the bargain-hunters.

High Vantage Ground of Ignorance

by D. W. Cooper

At this time of the year, a vague discontent concerning the S.R.C. or student life in general, seems to creep into the woolly minds of some rather foolish students; they have this year variously alleged that it is an oligarchy, that it is made up of in part of self seekers, that it fails to inspire and lead the students.

When such nonsense is being talked it is refreshing to see the clear intelligence of Miss Marian Quartly expressing itself in print. We will repeat some of what she had to say, because she is always worth repeating (*pace*, Naulty). She has said, quite simply, that in 1962 it is not the business of the S.R.C. to inspire and lead; rather it should tactfully negotiate and administrate. (But if it fails in the latter, it is not so much because of the inefficiency of its officers, as Miss Quartly seems to believe, but because of their ambition.) Most try to do far too much with far too little help.

She has also drawn attention to the unremarkable but indubitable fact that student interest in student affairs and affairs of all kinds is much as it has always been. If some of the misguided feel that we are not inspired, or lead, or inspired and lead or at any rate things are not as exciting and intense as they once were and ought to be now (isn't it a dreadful shame), it is because the rest of the world has changed. The days of great ideological conflict are over the present; there are a number of particular issues which ought to concern the intelligent and the educated but they are not the business of the S.R.C. as such.

If anyone can see self-seeking in the unrewarding labours of the S.R.C., they might care to say what it is seeking. There are easier ways of becoming notorious (writing for On Dit, for

example). And if anyone says that it is an oligarchy, they might say why this is undesirable and how it is to be changed; government by the few is inevitable when only a few are willing to govern.

The objects which are ascribed to the S.R.C. are usually rather nebulous. Seldomly is any particular office singled out for special condemnation, even more seldomly any particular officer. It is therefore much to be regretted that the new President of the S.R.C., Mr. John Slee, should have been so treated, entirely undeservedly in the previous edition of On Dit.

Some person, aptly named Butcher, speaking from the high vantage ground of total ignorance, has said that Mr. Slee is a weak man who can be manoeuvred by whosoever wishes. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that Mr. Slee has not stood up on a platform and declared to the multitude that here is the new prophet, come to lead them to their destiny. Rather does he lead by his powers of persuasion, which are great.

For Mr. Slee is an example of those who have served best in the S.R.C.'s of the last few years. He does an enormous amount of work—witness his almost single-handed editing of On Dit this year. This is a feat which has not been performed since Hugh Corbet's day. And Mr. Slee has a display of journalism, in the technical sense, which has not been surpassed, and only once been equalled, for the six years that I can remember.

There can be no doubt that the energy and concern for detail which he brought to bear upon this task will also be used to accomplish the task of administering the S.R.C. with great distinction; there can be no doubt that the modesty, charm and gentleness which has delighted many will make him a tactful negotiator.

And these things are all that can be reasonably asked of the president of the S.R.C.

Reply to Detmold

by S. A. R. Disney

It may seem pointless to affirm for the umpteenth time principles whose sanctity almost everyone acknowledges but which few have the enthusiasm to support in practice. Nevertheless, in the case of Mr. Detmold's article in On Dit 4/9/62, I believe it is better to be safe than sorry, especially as the dangerous assertions Mr. Detmold makes when he descends to generalisation, may gain prestige or acceptance from the valid points he makes on a particular problem, homosexuality. The article includes the following paragraph:—

"A certain amount of common moral feeling is a necessary part of a properly functioning society. Since the law is concerned with preserving society then it is entitled to preserve this necessary element. Obviously it is not its province to interfere in every small piece of individual immorality. Where the line is to be drawn is a moot point. But since the general moral feeling in society is one of repugnancy to homosexuality, then an argument can be made that this is the province of the Criminal Law."

These are the principles which have been appealed to consistently in the past, and continue to be appealed to in the present, to justify intolerable over-riding of personal rights in matters which do not affect others. (I am forced to a periphrasis because "persecution" has a sensational flavour and, worse, religious connotations.)

The vagueness of "a certain amount of common moral feeling" allows one to accept Mr. Detmold's first sentence, while emphasising, as Lord Russell does in his Reith lectures on "Authority and the Individual," that it should be *only* "a certain amount" of uniformity. But how can anyone be so fundamentally at fault as to think that the law exists for preserving "society," or that the law can be used to preserve a common moral feeling. Surely these ideas were rejected long ago. Firstly, society has no existence, no claim on our allegiance except as an aggregate of individuals; and secondly a prosecution certainly does not bring the criminal back into the fold of common moral feeling. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether the moral feelings of the rest of society are homogenised by their expression in the form of criminal prosecution.

At the risk of showing intolerable legal naivete, I admit that I believe that the law exists only to prevent one person from injuring another in person or property. The law must prevent or punish any action which injures another person against the latter's will and without reasonable possibility of avoidance, but everything else is outside its province. The law must not deny a man the right to commit a homosexual offence with a consenting adult, or walk down the street naked, or commit suicide. These things may be undesirable or ethically "wrong" (in another age one could have said "sinful" without alienating 90% of readers) but the feelings of "moral repugnance" which they inspire in others are no justification for interference. Moreover the inconvenience caused by an unpleasant feeling of repugnance is easily avoidable. Those who cry out loudest against such practices are almost invariably those who feel no inconvenient moral repugnance to their own faults, and it would not seem unreasonable to ask them to extend this tolerance to others.

As an illustration, marriage and divorce are in the province of the law, for the law must protect the interests of existent or possible children, but now that a man's wife is no longer regarded as his property in the same way as his house, the law has no concern with adultery under normal circumstances. Similarly, as R. F. I. Smith says in his article in the same issue of On Dit, the law has no concern with what Communists do in their school at Minto, until they come out and start to practice what they preach.

This criterion may seem unduly lenient to many, though not to me. Mr. Detmold can certainly find that it has many faults, but compared to the actions which his criterion specifically condones, they are the quintessence of nothing. Society might be defined as an unnatural juxtaposition of groups which feel mutual repugnance on moral or other grounds. Negroes are frequently unclean or promiscuous; therefore, Mr. Detmold says, an argument can be made that they should be punished for causing repugnance. Again and again a majority religious group has professed moral repugnance towards minority groups, has felt with a "common moral feeling" that the smaller group is undermining "society" by not conforming

(Continued on page 8)

TIDES

MALAYAN SCIENCE EXCHANGE SCHEME

The National Union of Federation Students of Malaya have invited us to send Science students to work in Malaya for three months between 1st February and 31st May, 1963.

The minimum qualification is B.Sc. (Pass Degree). The air fare is about £230 return, scientific employment will be made available and participants will be given every encouragement to take part in student activities in Malaya.

Application Forms, obtainable from your S.R.C. Office, are required by N.U.A.U.S. by 5th OCTOBER, 1962.

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N.U.A.U.S. is organising an Australian student delegation to visit Nigeria during January and February, 1963. Any student interested in being a part of the Australian delegation please contact Andrew Strickland, S.R.C. Office, before October 1st.

ON DIT

"On Dit" is edited by Richard Broinowski, Terry McRae and John R. Slee.

"On Dit" is published by the Students' Representative Council of the University of Adelaide.

"On Dit" is printed at The Griffin Press.

The Editors will welcome letters, articles, and other contributions from all members of the University.

A.U.M.

- Every well-dressed student this week has a copy of A.U.M. 1962 in his hip pocket . . .
- He needs a big hip pocket because A.U.M. 1962 (costing only 3/-) is 96 pages fat . . .
- Every well-informed student who wants to keep abreast of the times needs A.U.M. 1962 . . .
- Black mark to the well-heeled student who doesn't fork out his 3/- . . .
- Scorn for those who don't know that A.U.M. stands for Adelaide University Magazine.

It's on sale at the
S.R.C. Office

FOOTLIGHTS CLUB

"On Dit" acknowledges its debt to the Club for the photographs (posed by professional models) on pages 1, 3, 7 and 8. Their just reward is a convenient and subtle advertisement for the end-of-the-year Revue.

we three stand alone
and
at the end of our term
fade silently
into
clean
white
nothingness.

RODENTS AND RADIATORS

by Neal Hume

On August 21st of that year happened the event which was to spark off the social revolution which shattered the whole of the welfare state structure throughout the world.

It was 3 p.m. Just back from lunch, a minor civil servant in one of the labyrinthed buildings of one of the government departments was pressing buttons on a Requisition Order-Purchase Form machine. His mind on other things—going home—he made a small mistake. Just a small mistake. He pressed the nought button six more times than he should have.

Why he did this is not important. Even if it were, his mental activity at the time would not be able to be gauged—he was a civil servant, remember—and so we would never know, even if we wanted to. But in so pushing that button, he started a chain of events which rocked the new society on its very foundations.

For in making this small mistake, he inadvertently ordered, instead of three hundred, three hundred million double bar radiators.

Is this such a remarkable thing? You may say. Read on.

The requisition order was passed, in the ensuing weeks, from department to department, from official to official, from "In" tray to "Out" tray to "In" tray. It received a few raised eyebrows, but not many, for the all seeing, all reasoning C.S. is by training a phlegmatic soul. And it received unanimous certification, in all of the departments from which it needed certification.

The order was made. In six months a convoy of ships arrived from Great Britain. Quadrupled production by Philips in England, and a complete re-tooling of Vickers-Armstrong and Edinburgh shipyards, which swung, as only big Government industry can, into total radiator production, resulted in the consignment of radiators, to specification, being completed in half the contemplated time. Philips, Vickers-Armstrong and Edinburgh shipyards returned to normal production, but the whole splurge had given a much-needed filip to Britain's economic condition.

Australia's trade balance with the U.K. was, naturally enough, adversely affected. In Canberra, Mr. Menzies commented to Michael Charlton on the implications which the new situation had on the Common Market.

Social credit supporters were delighted. On 7th July the convoy unloaded three hundred million double-bar radiators, to specification and in crates, on to the docks at Port Adelaide.

The civil service, blissfully, unaware even in the midst of the tumult, of the small mistake they had made, continued in the project they were engaged upon.

This was a wide scale "tea-drinking test," designed to do two things. Firstly, to see how much tea a human being is capable of consuming per day, over a protracted period, assuming always that he has a liberal diet of sugar-coated biscuits. Second, and accordingly, how successful a government tea consuming campaign in Australia



PUBLIC SERVICE: supporting Queensland tea growers.

could possibly be. (At this time, the R.S.L. in Queensland highlands was producing twelve times as much tea as Australians could consume. Export was impossible as the quality was very poor. The tea-producers needed to be supported.) On all indications, the tests were very successful. Public servants were enjoying them, and enjoying the time wasted pouring, stirring, drinking and going to the lavatory.

On the docks, the Minister for the Civil Service, called to Port Adelaide to sign a cartnote for the radiators, had fainted.

When he recovered, he rushed back to Parliament House under police motor-bike escort at very high speed. A hurried Cabinet meeting was held. Grim faced, the Ministers of State filed out of the emergency meetings' room, and announced the emergency measures designed to deal with the crisis.

Of course, the Civil Service was faced with an immediate problem of consumption. Three hundred million double bar radiators is a lot of double-bar radiators.

Two vast one billion-cubic foot warehouses were built at Mile End to store the radiators while the consumption programme swung into action.

Then, swiftly, every Government department was issued with thirty radiators per man. It was winter, so that the civil servants were not unhappy about the whole business. In fact most people didn't notice.

But there were more radiators. The Civil Service tripled its labour force and issued more radiators, increasing the quota to forty per man.

The civil servants began to object. They were getting too hot, they said. And their offices, even though having walls and ceiling covered with radiators looked nice, were becoming cluttered. And besides, how were they expected to sit and busily

be warmed, and drink tea? A man can only do one thing at once.

This reaction brought a swift directive from the executive. Build bigger offices.

This was done, but objections as to heat and the confusion with tea-drinking still remained.

Drastic situations demand drastic measures. The executive ordered the tea-drinking operations to stop.

Public servants objected. They had come to love their work, they said, and they did not want to stop the experiment.

But the executive remained firm. The tea drinking operations ceased. Thinking that most objections were now met, they issued the last of the radiators.

But suddenly a new problem arose. It was summer. A very hot summer. Civil servants, engaged solely in consuming radiators, became ready to revolt. It looked as if the whole operation was doomed to failure.

But then, a master stroke, the genius, the brain child of the Premier. Six hundred million air conditioners!

Even while Parliament applauded, the cabled requisition sped across the Indian Ocean. For two weeks the operations were halted in England. Philips and Vickers-Armstrong and the Edinburgh Shipyards re-tooled. The English economists rejoiced.

In South Australia the Electricity Trust trebled its production and delivery capacity. Supplies to householders were restored. The economy boomed.

There is little need to relate the rest of the incident. Your mind can follow the trend. Suffice it to say that with alarming swiftness, the whole of Australia's economy was geared to supply the civil service. The civil servants became a new breed. Highly specialised consumers.

The world followed suit, and everyone's economic problems were happily solved.

"... WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD"

by R. Hugh Corbet

Doubtless Sir Donald MacDougall, Professor J. E. Meade and Sir Roy Harrod are familiar names in the Napier Birks Room. They would rank high in any list of world authorities on the economics of international trade.

Sorry I am, therefore, that Richard Broinowski has read neither Sir Donald's paper in the *Rotterdamische Bank Review* of last December, nor Professor Meade's *Hobart Paper* published in April, nor yet any of Sir Roy's various articles criticising Britain's current European policy.

If he had, and he clearly has not, then Broinowski could never have summoned the temerity to assert, as he did in *On Dit* on the 4th September, that Britain's balance of payments position "will worsen" if she does not join the European Economic Community.

He might, instead, have taken Sir Donald's advice that "the whole issue should be decided mainly in terms of long run political considerations", qualified only by the rider that "this does not mean, in practice, short run economic and political exigencies, and the need to satisfy vested interests, may not be of importance".

Too late the Government stayed Sir Donald's pen when they proffered — and he accepted — the post, executive director of the National Economic Development Council; answer enough, incidentally, to European protagonists who, for want of reasoned argument, disparage their academic critics as men lacking practical experience.

The three leading economists mentioned above (shortly to be joined by a fourth — Sir Ralph Hawtry), together with others less distinguished, have left European apologists little legitimate to argue about in the economic sphere.

Divested of all academic respectability, the "European"—as the hard core call themselves — are today very much on the defensive. Read the editorials and feature articles in the pro-Market press. Cantankerously they gibe at Little Englanders and speak of insularity and isolationism. Their world is

the north Atlantic. For them to look beyond is an act of patronage. They understand nothing of the undeveloped world or of Britain's imperial tradition of broad horizons.

The "Europeans" have failed utterly to understand the British native instinct. Nobody denies that geographically Britain is of Europe, but that is not to say Britons themselves are of Europe. They are not. An entanglement with Europe is not of their liking and that inexorably is a political fact of life.

As reference to a previous *On Dit* article of mine will confirm, I have been undismayed by the results of recent surveys on Common Market attitudes conducted in Britain by the National Opinion Poll organisation, the Conservative Central Office and the *Daily Telegraph*, the mouthpiece *ipso facto* of the Tory party.

All agree that the electorate is rejecting the Government's European proposal. The National Opinion Poll, one of the most reliable pollsters (it predicted Orpington), publishes its work in the *Daily Mail*, another supporter of the Government. Throughout the year this group has recorded growing opposition and it last estimated 52 per cent. of the electorate oppose Britain's entry into the E.E.C., compared to 37 per cent. in favour.

Even in the City of London, the nation's great financial centre, people are having second thoughts. Shrewd opinions have suggested the bowler hats and rolled umbrellas are now divided 50-50 on the issue, despite the pervading influence of the merchant banks, traditionally internationalist and above the common people.

What then are the causes of this evident swing in opinion? Are they my so-called "political and legal irrelevancies" or Broinowski's "basic economic realities"?

Experienced political commentators usually refrain from holding forth on matters with which they are not properly acquainted. One day Broinowski will learn that lesson, for if he knew anything worthwhile at all about the European question before the British people today, he would be obliged to agree, maybe reluctantly, that my "em-

phasis", as he denotes, has not been so misplaced.

To comment comprehensively on the arrant nonsense contained in his singularly naive article would be a frustrating and cruel task which I do not propose to embark upon. For if Broinowski was "fairly ignorant about the realities of Common Market implications" until Peter Walker's visit to Adelaide, what knowledge he since gained has unfortunately misled him.

Broinowski should know better than I the Continent of Europe with its somewhat backward agricultural conditions. If he knew, for instance, that there are over 9 million peasant farmers in the Common Market, 5.5 million farming less than 12 acres each (confined mainly to France and Italy), then he would recognise their pathetic interests cannot be reconciled with those of efficient low-cost farmers in Australia, Canada and New Zealand.

Like myself and other anti-leaguers, he would not have been surprised by the breakdown of the Brussels negotiations seeking comparable outlets in the Common Market for Commonwealth temperate food producers.

Provided the French ensure those "comparable outlets" are never achieved, Australian food exporters — and others — will never be "sufficiently adept traders" to compete in the Common Market, for they will be excluded by the common agricultural tariff, designed specifically to thwart that very possibility. And why? Because Broinowski is right; France does produce agricultural surpluses and in Britain there is, as it were, an agricultural deficit. Thus, contrary to Broinowski's illogical understanding of the situation, France has everything to gain from British adherence to the Treaty of Rome, but only if the Commonwealth farmers are denied the Common Market, expanded by Britain's inclusion.

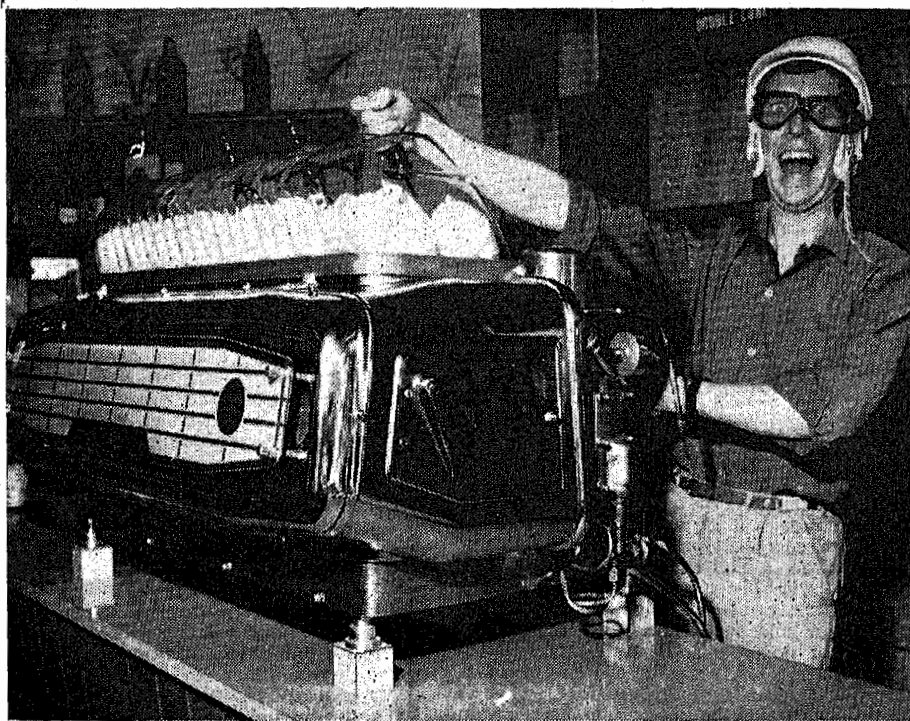
Yes Broinowski, they are well-worn sayings which might not appeal to progressive cleverness, but 'tis true dear boy—"a little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing" and "only fools step in where angels fear to tread".

Sic Transit Gloria

by Don McNicol

You have been afforded a rare privilege. Many of you who have come to this University to claim the heritage left by your predecessors have been greeted by a crowded library, over-adorned lavatory walls, and paper-and-plate-strewn refectories. It is no doubt hard to conceptualize what those structures looked like when they were new, empty, and untouched by the undergraduate horde. Pro Bono Publico, whose pilgrimage to the new Arts Building were induced by the attraction of undefiled toilets, recently lamented ("On Dit"—Sept. 4th, 1962) that even these walls had lost their virginity at the hand of an ambitious politician. Nothing remains new for long. Students themselves seem to become progressively scruffier as terms grind past.

Well, you can see something new, but hurry before the opportunity eludes you, as it soon will. Climb the steps to the new refectory. Look at its clean tiled floor. Rub your hand over the shiny green surface of the table, free from the sticky stains of dripping coffee cups. Listen to the hiss of steam from the shiny new espresso machine. Seat yourself in a padded chair which does not freeze your posterior and leave it patterned like a crossword puzzle. But if you value novel sensations of this kind, do it soon.



TEST DRIVE: exultant student approves new espresso machine.

The first scratches have appeared on the tables. Dark and ugly stains are beginning to spread across the floor. The coffee be-

comes weaker as the days pass. The new changes, giving place to the old. Sic transit gloria.

Knitting and Lung Cancer

by Jen Marshall

Are people really impressed with figures, with diagrams and telling graphs, with analyses and comparisons which prove from the scientists' soul? Not really, as a rule—a fact which saddens the would-be benefactors of mankind.

With one exception—cancer. Somehow or other the public imagination has been caught. Apathy has been swept away by frantic concern. The cautious statements, couched in cautious phrases have been stripped of their qualifying clauses and appear without their "apparently," "possibly," "evidently," as a bald

"Smoking causes cancer." Equally as validly could the present study be entitled,

"Knitting cures cancer."

The present atmosphere of drama and horror has made it possible to publish this momentous paper directly in "On Dit" to give new knowledge straight to the people in a dramatised folksy form without having to go through the dampening channels of "Nature," or "Journal of Cancer Research," etc.

Actually, knitting also cures ulcers and broken hearts, but these maladies are horribly out of fashion and anyway can't be incorporated into such a catchy title.

The possible relation between knitting and cancer has been explored thoroughly by a comprehensive survey of the relative proportion of knitters and non-knitters amongst a group of women cancer-victims, compared with that in a control group of non-cancer victims. It was found that the proportion of non-knitters was significantly higher among cancer victims than in the general population of women—a fact which suggests some relationship between not-knitting and cancer. Moreover, the degree of knitting (i.e., fanatical, medium keen, light subdivision) appears to influence the chance of contracting cancer as you would expect, i.e., the harder you knit, the less likely you are to develop cancer.

It was not possible to carry out the same kind of survey among men, since the *a priori* frequency of knitters is so deplorably low. However, men should take warning from the fact that the frequency of cancer sufferers is much higher than in women. This difference can at last be explained in terms of knitter-non-knitter hypothesis.

They say that it is dangerous to leap to conclusions. But surely the figures here speak for themselves—knit and be saved! Wait till the wool manufacturers hear of this one! Death on the knitting industry and a great survival of the old cult.

And cigarette manufacturers will soon think up some way of knitting and smoking simultaneously.

But—here's the rub. Never think that your knitting will counteract the effects of your smoking, for when a correlation test was carried out using groups of non-cancerous non-knitter-non-smoker, cancerous-knitter smokers, cancerous non-smoker knitters, etc., the results, plotted on a graph in eight dimensions showed clearly that the evils of those tarry fumes can outweigh even the potent effects of knitting.

So here is the answer—a combination prevention-and-cure for those who cherish their sound lungs and wish for a long and healthy life. Trade in your cigarette holder for a pair of knitting needles, your addiction to nicotine to a dedication to knitting. Your restless fingers need no longer play with a cigarette or drum despairingly on the refectory table as you peer through the foggy atmosphere in search of a source of cigarettes. Instead, happy and contented, with busy figures, you will present to the world a man of calm composure.

Or, if you cherish your addiction as many do never fear contentment, for, with a little initial effort, you can become as hopelessly addicted to your knitting, and as dependent on your fellows as ever. Cut off from your wool supplies you will fret and fidget, you can gasp seductively to the nearest object of your interest, "I must have some wool! Please lend me some wool." Your knitting style can be practised in front of a mirror. The chic ash-flick motion can be the basis for a charming wool-forward style, and you can add emotional gestures for use during philosophical discussions. You needn't give up your gusty bronchial cough if you feel it is effective, but you can develop the most fetching sighs of despair as you struggle with a complex pattern. You can beg for help passionately, e.g., "Please could you K 1 P 1 P 5 5 0 for me?" etc.

Oh, yes, men will take it on too, once the initial stigma of indignity has been removed. Knitting is destined eventually to become as socially acceptable as smoking—may more socially desirable. For, when translated into layman's language, anyone will be able to see that smoking is bad for you, knitting is good for you.

DRAMATIC WALKOUT FROM STUDENT CONFERENCE

(This article has been compiled from the preliminary report of the Tenth International Student Conference, prepared by Australian delegates Ian Ernst and Gregg Harvey, and presented to the August Council Meeting of the N.U.A.U.S.)

Bob McDonald,
Local N.U.A.U.S. Secretary,
University of Sydney.)

The tenth International Student Conference, held at Laval University, Quebec, Canada, from June 27th to July 8th, this year, was one of the most dramatic international student meetings ever, and reached a climax in the walkout of some thirty nations.

The trouble started with the Credentials Committee which examines the claims of national student organizations to being genuinely representative. Following a caucus meeting of the Asian nations, Australia found itself a member of this critical committee, together with France, Ceylon, Britain, Paraguay, Sweden and West Africa.

This Credentials Committee ploughed through the credentials of some 60 National Unions of Students — and then bogged down on the case of C.N.E., the Mexican National Union, who were challenged by Uruguay. Mexico, being considered the most "reactionary" of the Latin Americans was also challenged, automatically, by all of the Left Wing (Fidelist) Latin American countries, who in this case favoured a small (but Leftish) group in Mexico. The C.N.E. presented overwhelming documentation of its being truly representative. Nevertheless, France and West Africa took firm Leftist lines at the Credentials Committee level, and managed to prolong debate there for some twelve hours before a decision was reached, in favour of C.N.E.

This debate had important consequences. In the first place, it was the opening move in the battle between the Leftist, pro-Castro, Latin American countries, and the centre-ist Christian Democrat countries, into which Latin America is split.

In the second place, the twelve hour debate made it clear that some doubt existed about C.N.E. and left the way open for discussion in Plenary sessions of the Credentials Committee's report. (The discussion, in fact, continued for a further twelve hours in Plenary and cast even more doubts on C.N.E.)

In the third place, it set the stage for more drastic attempts to recognize other groups in other Latin American countries—notably Argentina and Puerto Rico. However, at long last the Plenary admitted C.N.E. by a small majority.

The real storm eventually broke when the Credentials Committee began discussion of the case of Puerto Rico—a discussion that continued for 36 hours on a committee of five. The central issue was the admission of F.U.P.I. which had previously represented Puerto Rico at the International Student Conferences, but was now challenged by another organization: C.P.F.O.U.

After the first 24 hours of heated debate, the Committee stood with France, West Africa, and Ceylon inflexibly committed to

F.U.P.I.; Australia, Sweden and Britain (in the Chair) against; and Paraguay torn between the strong objective case against F.U.P.I., on the one hand, and his own political affiliation coupled with strong pressure from his co-delegate, on the other.

For the next twelve hours debate continued at almost physical violence level, whilst Australia sought to gain time in order to find support in Plenary for some compromise that would avert the inevitable (already-announced) walkout if F.U.P.I. was not admitted.

Just at the point where Paraguay was about to accept a compromise motion on the Committee, recognizing the potential of C.P.F.O.U. and granting special status to F.U.P.I., in the light of its past representation and its stand against U.S. imperialism, which we would also have accepted, C.P.F.O.U. withdrew "to avert the breakdown of the Conference". Paraguay then swung; the major supporters of C.P.F.O.U. reckoned that they could achieve an overwhelming abstention on the vote in Plenary which would almost certainly result in re-examination of F.U.P.I. at the next I.S.C.; and the Committee endorsed F.U.P.I., with Australia against, 3 abstentions, and 3 in favour.

There followed in Plenary a relatively short

11 hour debate in which the tension was tremendous. Almost every country spoke; Latin America split wide apart, as did several individual delegations; one interpreter was helped, almost in tears, from the booth; and then — as the speaking list closed — five countries requested secret ballot. The delegate from Luxemburg rose to his feet, and with face white, through clenched teeth, and with fists pounding the table, screamed: "Murderers! Murderers of Democracy!" The ballot papers were collected and counted out loud, one vote at a time. As the necessary majority against F.U.P.I. was passed, people began collecting papers. As the vote was announced (a majority of 8 or so against F.U.P.I.), there was a storm towards the doors: by some 30 delegation (about 70 people); one of the French delegates, a girl, broke down completely after the mental strain. The one tension-relieving feature was that the doors were still locked from the ballot-counting and had to be opened to allow the walkout to proceed.

The incredible patience and stamina of Wahid Ali, of the West Indies, who chaired this session for a total of some 18 hours, with only one break, of 45 minutes, must be regarded as one of the most outstanding individual achievements to the tenth I.S.C.

ARE YOU AN OSTRICH?

a Fable

by Jacqui Dibden

Once upon a time there was an ostrich named Herbert who lived in the middle of a desert. He was very happy.

Every morning Herbert worked hard digging holes in the sand.

Every afternoon Herbert worked hard filling holes in the sand.

He led a full and satisfying life.

Herbert lived with several other ostriches on the west side of a large, dry salt pan. Some foreign ostriches lived on the other side. Herbert did not know much about these ostriches; certainly he knew nothing bad about them. So far as he knew, they lived just the same way as he did, working hard digging holes in the sand. But despite this, somehow Herbert felt there must be something wrong with these ostriches—after all, they were on the Other Side.

Although most of the ostriches of the Other Side were content with digging holes in the sand, there were others who were more progressive; they wanted to experiment, to make some new discovery. One day, one intelligent ostrich said to the others: "Let us lay ostrich-eggs in the holes we have dug and see what will happen." So they laid one egg in each hole, covered it carefully with sand and sat down to see what would happen.

After a while, a mound appeared in the sand, then another and another until, to their surprise, 30 or 40 little ostriches popped up, shook the sand from their feathers and ran off to mummy.

"The experiment has been a complete success," said the intelligent ostrich. "We are now numerically superior to the Western ostriches."

When the Western ostriches saw what the Other Side had done, they were much dismayed. They decided they must do something even more original—the Other

Side had laid eggs in the sand so: "Let us lay our eggs out in the sun and see what will happen."

So they all laid their eggs out in the sun and sat down and waited and waited and waited.

One day the eggs suddenly began to swell. They grew bigger and bigger until BOOM!—the largest egg burst, sending the ostriches scurrying in all directions. It was fortunate that they had been so diligent in digging holes in the ground. With one accord they stuck their heads in the sand and waited until the air was once more fit to breathe.

It was obvious that the remainder of the eggs could not be left where they were; they were carefully preserved by burying them in the sand — being in possession of rotten eggs obviously gave the Western ostriches an immense tactical advantage over the Other Side, now greatly resented and feared because of their numerical superiority.

Naturally, this state of affairs resulted in the Other Side producing rotten eggs to maintain their superiority and so the Western ostriches produced bigger rotten eggs and the Other Side produced rotten eggs which were bigger still. Every now and then a rotten egg was taken out into the desert and allowed to explode—just to prove how unpleasant the latest egg could be.

What was Herbert doing all this time? Why, he was digging holes in the ground, just as he had always done. Whenever an egg was exploded he stuck his head in the nearest hole for the necessary length of time and then went on with his work. He did not really like the smell of rotten eggs but after all, he was only an ordinary ostrich and the intelligent ostriches must surely know best what would benefit ostrichery. Soon Herbert became so used to living with his head in the ground that he no longer really noticed rotten eggs; in fact, it was quite unnecessary to think about them at all.

Do you think about rotten eggs, or are you an ostrich too?

M'RAE'S CORNER

The Encyclical "Mater et Magistra" of Pope John XXIII will probably become as famous in this country as that of Leo XIII entitled "Rerum Novarum" was infamous to men of influence in the last.

This document as scholarly in analysis as it is eloquent in Latin style is the result of a systematic re-assessment of Catholic social policy.

It intends to state again the unchanging Catholic policy on several questions based on scholastic natural law and the gospels: and to discuss the letter by three universal problems of today by applying its principles. The letter scrutinises a position of working-class, of country-folk, and of undeveloped countries.

As in "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno" (the latter being the encyclical of Pope Pius XI published on the fortieth anniversary of "Rerum Novarum" and largely re-asserting its principles) the letter demands justice for the worker. It rejects any basis of assessment of wages based on mere supply and demand on the market and requires a wage based on justice and equity to provide a standard for the workman and his family. Furthermore wages should increase from this minimum insofar as each worker might contribute to the production of the enterprises in which he works.

The Pope states that work is more than a commodity to be bought and sold—it is a fundamental expression of the individual on whose nature the latter is based.

These statements provide a clear refutation of the charge often made against the Church that a bare minimum wage will do and that so long as capitalists hands its employers a dime which lets them live, profits need have no limit. Here is a clear statement of principle that wages should vary with national prosperity.

This should apply not only to wage-earners but also those dependent on local services (pensioners, etc.) and those temporarily out of work.

Now Australians cannot afford to shrug this admonition off as belonging more properly to the Congo or Pakistan. The basic wage in Australia is simply not enough on which the earner can live decently and raise his family. Social services indirectly serve to supplement the minimum rate, but don't raise it significantly. It is unfortunate that even after the disastrous effect of the 1961 "Squeeze" the wage minimum has not significantly improved. Other problems considered are the psychological position of the worker—the overpowering frustration of being an expendable cog in a large machine—and the eradication of the small business. These factors are both phenomena of the growth of monopoly. The encyclical proposes that

the ultimate aim of industry should be to bring the employee into the partnership: not only to promote share ownership by the worker but also a share in management. This ultimate aim is also held by the International Labor Organization—a group heartily commended in the letter for its work throughout the world. It is also proposed that the small business man protect himself by forming co-operatives with his fellows.

The encyclical next considers the problem of agriculture and its people. While the term "depressed sector of the economy" doesn't apply to Australia, there is no doubt that the agricultural sector is the most depressed sector of the economies of South America, Africa and Asia. It is suggested that only a most energetic program will solve the problem. The suggested methods are: provision of public services for the country; taxation adjustment; price protection and social security; decentralization of industry and new types of farming, particularly use of the co-operative.

The letter formally considers what is stated to be the most difficult problem of the modern world—the difference in standards of living between the privileged and underdeveloped countries. It is that while the slum-nations are pieces in the chess-game of the big powers real progress is impossible. While emergency food supplies and monetary hand-outs are helpful they do not go to the solution of the basic problem of underdeveloped countries that is the disorganisation and backwardness of their economic systems—a situation that can only be improved by long-term technical education of native leaders and student exchange schemes. The present system of economic colonialism replacing the old is also scrutinised and denounced. It would be appalling if the cost of material advancement were to be the uniform drabness of Western civilisation replacing the real spiritual and human tradition of the people.

The whole format of the encyclical is refreshingly realistic. Obviously an enormous amount of research has gone into compiling the factual data which highlighted the main problems. The lead only has been given in the method of solving specific problems from the basic principles announced.

It is contended that the laity should in the special circumstances applicable to each social problem having assimilated the social teaching translate it into action. This and statements like it indicate part of the revolution of thought in the Catholic Church.

At the very end of the encyclical the forthcoming Ecumenical Council is foreseen. It is hoped, of course, that as World unity is advocated throughout an attempt to provide Church unity might soon begin.

OCCIDENT MEETS ORIENT

by D. v. B.

East meets West, Christianity meets Hinduism, We meet Swami Pragnanda: Hindu monk, scholar of Sanskrit and exponent of Yoga. His natural dignity, his quiet sincerity, and his unforgettably sculptured features expressing in form what his words painted in parables, all these won him the undivided attention of a crowded hall. How many are the people in the world today that can say with him: "I practice every word of what I preach."

Smudged visions rise before one's mind of a wildly gesticulating mass-hypnotist, threatening fire and brimstone to the multitudes gathered before him on the Showground oval "lest Ye repent", and then moving on to new fields, softened up many months in advance by modern mass-media, and with eager crowds waiting for him at a near fever-pitch of mass-hysteria. I wonder will Billy Graham's statistically and financially so efficiently effective antics ever be of as lasting a benefit to mankind as this visit by the Swami? Will Billy's world crusades with their millions of "conversions" be even historically as significant as this simple visit by the Swami?

WESTERN HERITAGE.
That We-of-the-Western-Heritage go around telling people that We have The Biggest and The Best, in fact The Only True, Salvation-bringing Religion, Way of Life, etc., etc., is nothing new. Communism, of course, is as much a part of this Judaic-Christian-Messianic-Tradition as is modern nationalism.

Now, after centuries of: Oh the poor misguided dears! and "We've just got to show them how..." it is at last possible for "one-of-them-there-natives" to come to us, to try to help us out of our "frog-in-the-well" mentality, and to try to show us the wider ocean of existence beyond. This visit of the Swami is a truer sign of equality, is much more symbolic of the spirit of our times than any feasting and festooning of an Asian king, who happens to have the right political opinions.

Was there then anything We of the West

could learn from this strange East-Scholar? Yes, an immensity, though not easy to admit this to ourselves.

FIRST AND FOREMOST

"We are all, first and foremost, human beings." Do we ever hear this fundamental moral premise expressed by the multicinity of sects within the tattered Christian fold?

"I do not speak for Indians, or Austrians or Malaysians, I speak on behalf of man as a whole, when making a plea for tolerance and understanding. The greatness of a nation depends on the degree to which it can feel for others." "The world nothing but an expanded family of kind."

"OCEAN OF RELIGIONS"

"The various religions are like vast subjects within the University. Mohammed, Krishna, Buddha and so on are all manifestations of the same deity. If you are a Christian, worship God your own way, but do probe into the philosophies of the other religions."

"There is need for variety in the practice of religions. . . . God can be preached in any way or form. . . . We all sparks of the same divinity. . . . My view of god is relative to a particular: of growth and temperament, individual collective."

It is this fundamental and basic attitude of toleration, this exhortation for understanding and sympathy, which was the aim and formed the impact of the Swami's message to us, to Australia, to the V to the World.

VERDICT OF THE ORACLE

These propositions are intellectually self evident, and yet emotionally so well accepted. We were helped not only by but also in achieving a greater understanding of the Eastern Philosophies of Hinduism, Buddhism, and encompassing the Hinduism.

Although the Swami's address had ready been tailored to a large extent scientific, materialist, western man, I nevertheless left in strong doubts as to it had been generally accepted by the audience. Thus I sought out the oracle and this is the verdict of Don McNiel

"MY EXPERIENCES?"

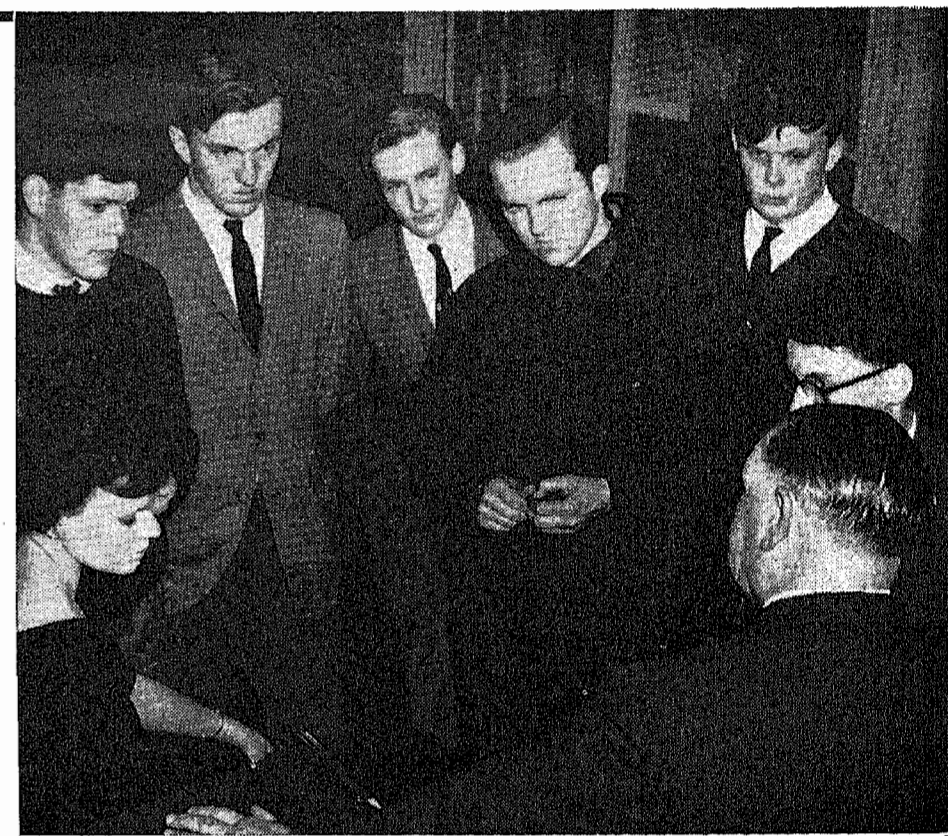


CAPTION COMPETITION: no prizes offered for best two-line caption photograph of Zoe Caldwell and S.R.C. President, John R. Slee, before intimate Union Meeting.



A Fackade of Nave Clitches

by Don McNiel



INQUISITION: Mr. T. C. Eastick and hard-hearted Cosmopoliticians.

The most one-up society in the university, the Cosmopolitics Club, has scored another "first." Headed by demure Lyn Marshall, whose poise seems only to conceal a heart harder than Pharaoh's, the club has presented an array of interesting if somewhat rabid, political speakers for crucifixion by merciless audiences. The most recent victim of this society's sadistic inquisitions (more commonly known by the respectable title, "Lunch Hour Talk"), was the State President of the R.S.L., Mr. T.C. Eastick.

Unfortunately for Mr. Eastick, the cards were stacked against him before he ascended the rostrum. The series of anti-R.S.L. floats on Prosh Day was a good indication of student disapproval of the R.S.L. in general and in particular, its anti-Communist crusade. Mr. Eastick did not court favour with his opening sentences either.

"The freedom and liberty, and the standard of living enjoyed by the people of Australia," he said, "is the envy of a large number of people in the world and they did not all come to us by accident, but rather from our study of God, and the practice of Friendship to our fellow man." This piece of political theorizing did not appeal to the Ungodly in the audience, who expressed disagreement with hoots of derision and deafening hisses.

Mr. Eastick went on to explain that the R.S.L. disapproved of Communists because they were subversive, traitors to their country, and agents of a foreign power. Communism in Australia threatened our freedom of elections, speech and religious beliefs, he said. Already Communists were making a determined attempt to undermine unions, gain control of key organizations, such as the Housewives' Associations, and set up fronts, such as the Peace Movements, which attract a number of gullible humanitarians, who can be set up as figureheads by the scheming Bolsheviks.

The speaker devoted some time to an explanation of the Communist School at Minto, N.S.W., which is alleged to be providing vigorous training courses for promising young agitators, some of whom may be sent to Russia or China for advanced courses in subversion if they show promise.

Despite Mr. Eastick's earnest attempt to convey the seriousness of these activities to his audience, his description of the Minto camp with its "modern conveniences" and conspiratorial Communists lurking behind trees and bushes to avoid the eagle eye of the police, who are evidently not fooled by being told that the inmates are merely "holidaying for a few days in the Bush Walking Club" sounded so much like an account of a second-rate spy thriller, that the listeners lapsed into delighted hysteria.

However, Mr. Eastick did not merely amuse his audience. He antagonized it. The account of the R.S.L.'s submissions to the

Government that the Communist Party should be suppressed and Communists removed from Government organizations, provoked hoots, hissing and noisy interjections. Angry young men, anxious to protect freedom, and democratic rights, sprang to their feet to tell Mr. Eastick that the R.S.L.'s policy of intolerance was as reprehensible as Communism itself. One could conjecture that had Mr. Eastick not previously realized it, he was now painfully aware that the audience was not altogether on his side.

Nor were Mr. Eastick's rules for spotting a Communist "front" accepted in the grave spirit in which they were given. "It is not difficult to detect a Communist 'front'," said Mr. Eastick. "There are two main characteristics: always pro-Communist or at least never anti-Communist. There are Communists in key positions in the organization."

Cries of mirth emanated from the floor. After the talk Mr. Eastick answered questions. The question session made obvious the fact that Mr. Eastick knew very little of Communist political theory or history. He had never read Marx, Engels or any other primary source. He believed that the 6,000 Australian Communists were a grave danger to the country, and when it was pointed out that this group constituted a very small minority of the population, he pointed out that the Russian revolution in 1917 had been instigated by 10 men. It was obvious that he had little knowledge of political activity in Russia before that date. In fact Mr. Eastick seemed under the impression that Bolsheviks and Communists were two rather different parties.

It is disturbing to see that an influential man, as Mr. Eastick no doubt is, so ill-informed about the ideology which he is condemning. If the R.S.L. rather than attempts to eliminate the local Reds are the only defence we have against Communist subversion then Mr. Eastick was right in concluding: "It could happen here."

It is difficult to see how the R.S.L.'s suppression policy can be justified, either on the grounds of protection of freedom, a principle with which it appears to be at variance, or on the grounds that Communists are a real threat, or that suppression of the Party would be any solution to a real or imagined threat. On the other hand, Mr. Eastick is no doubt right in feeling that it is dangerous to view the Communist Party as just another small and harmless political group. Speakers at the meeting pointed out other methods of keeping a finger on what the Reds are doing as alternatives to sheer suppression.

Besides Mr. Eastick's errors, the other disturbing aspect of the meeting was the audience, which gave a juvenile display of unrestrained emotional outbursts whenever it disagreed with the speaker. Perhaps the interruption of a speaker by frenzied hissing and booing has some therapeutic value, but is an ill-mannered practice. It is unfortunate that many university students are not socially developed enough to realize that it is possible to disagree with someone, and yet maintain some degree of politeness. Surely if it is possible to teach a small child to inhibit his physiological needs by toilet training, it should not be an excessive demand to ask adults to similarly toilet-train their verbal behaviour.

to the different types of human beings, and these are characterised by the four paths associated with them: The Path of Devotion, relying on a "visible atmosphere which is created"; The Path of Reason and Analysis for the intellectual type; The Path of Selfless Service which should not be undertaken "with a motive in mind"; and lastly The Path of Meditation and Concentration "for the brooding types and leading to mysticism".

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

Many of the propositions that follow stem directly from a variety of mystic experiences, particularly the overwhelming and profoundly uplifting experience of feeling at one with the universe, and it is these experiences that are termed "real knowledge". Others of the precepts are best appreciated by the Western Mind in the light of phenomena, techniques and experiences encountered in self-hypnosis—one of the most obvious of these being the so-called loss of the body image, and the associated feeling of detachment, and of moving outside of oneself.

"Behind the different forms is only one unity." "What is the real I? It is not the body, nor mind, nor intellect. The not-self can never be the real self; this negative process (that of negation of mind, body and intellect) will lead to real knowledge."

This knowledge "should transcend all these things". "Knowledge of the transcendental principle leads us to affirm that there is no multiplicity, no diversity", it leads us to "no hatred, (to) nothing but peace."

"The self in me is the same as the self in every man." "Birth and death is only for the body." "In death the soul takes to a new body."

The world of objects is a world of appearances a world of fantasy.

METAPHYSICS
Given these fundamental attitudes and highly valued experiences if we now allow for the application of a mind looking for causes, for simplicity, for unity, for "explanations", we can see how readily it follows that "man has a gross body, a causal body, and an astral body." God is "known only through his manifestations", "God is the primal cause, . . . the cosmic principle, the cosmic soul."

"God is man evolved." "HEAVENS IN COLLISION" It is quite impossible to mention all the

other metaphysical doctrines discussed by the Swami, but one difficulty which he pointed out in the Christian Metaphysic is worth mentioning. This is its irreconcilable dualism of heaven and hell. Heaven cannot be infinite, at least not in any three-dimensional metaphysical space, not as long as hell is in the same three-dimensional metaphysical space; Hinduism fills this space with a much neater, though more anthropocentric future: There are seven closed spherical heavens above the earth, and seven closed spherical hells below it, and our souls in the interregnum between reincarnations reside in one of these spheres according to their deserts based on their antecedent sojourn on earth, until finally during one of their incarnations these souls and the threefold bodies which they inhabit, achieve the highest state of bliss: *nirvana*, when they merge with the cosmic infinity, with the All, with the Atma.

In a downright practical way this metaphysic solves all difficulties of "limitations of space in heaven", in fact it appears to be an admirable way of "providing for accommodation in heaven".

Where the separate souls come from in the first place, I am very sorry to say I neglected to find out.

PERSONAL PORTRAIT



Barry Warren is a fairly senior character around these precincts, and also one who is well-rounded in several

directions all at once. In his five years at the University he has done much and achieved much with what he has done. He has acted.

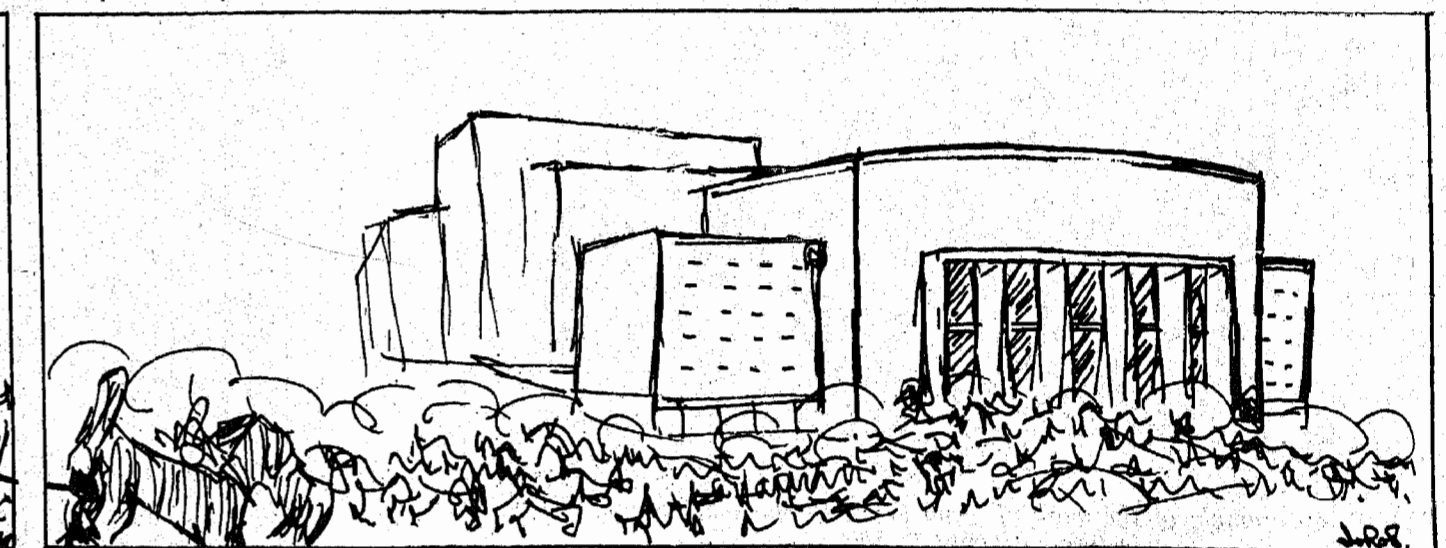
He has been a back-bencher on the 1959 S.R.C.

For five years he has done a lot of work for the Footlights Reviews. He is now, logically, the President of the Footlights Club.

Warren has been set-designer for countless productions at the Union Hall, and his sets have shown a touch of genius. They were often the best part of the production for which they were designed.

Warren has been *On Dit's* cartoonist since March, 1960.

But Warren is nearly an architect now, and will be leaving the University at the end of this year. That is why he weeps tears. That is why others around here also weep tears. But he will be a bloody good architect.



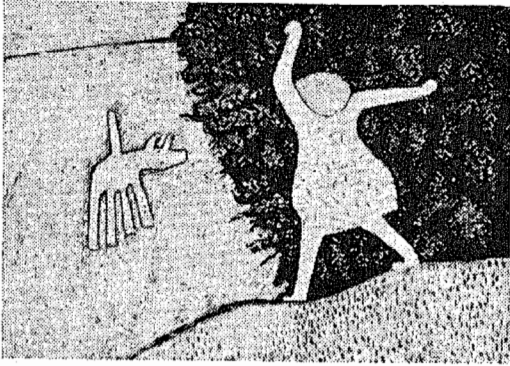
AUSTRALIAN PEYTON PLACE

a review

and how. From the child's vision Patrick White's latest play parallels the smell of dogs in season with the smell of suburban life at Sarsaparilla where people respond passionately to their needs—from the social status of having a modern frig and the sick bitterness of a woman sleeping with her husband's best friend to the caricatured frenzy of newly-weds about to give birth and the sweetness of Hollywood young love. One side of the surface action is a boiling pot of suicide, rutching dogs, adultery, prostitution, suppression eroticism—belted out with the confidence and speed of a technicolor musical. The other side was moments of great warmth in character and Barry Humphry's wit in the dialogue.

and beneath this lay what? The character—commentator, a scaled down version of the "Ham Funeral" poet presents the other version where the Australian social pattern and cheap motivation assigns man to his backyard jail. But pretty mouthing of lines did not make up for a weak character and an unconvincing critical position. Okay, the escape from Sarsaparilla imprisonment is that of the Romantic writer and soulful introspection. Why and how? The argument and answer was not forthcoming, only a realisation of eventual return and defeat. Patrick White did not give the triumphant justification of life, as he has done, in the simple character of Mrs. Lusty "Ham Funeral" or Mrs. Godbold "Riders in the Chariot". The deeper plans of Season at Sarsaparilla is unconvincing when the poet-rebel is compared with the girl in Wesker's "Roots".

about White's theatre. Powerful production



did not quite cover the hiatus between realistic and the poetic, make the character and action caricatures (the husband, pregnancy and bananas was delightful)—but the model episode and the Digger plus Boyles was not the same lampoon but rather uncomfortable and fruity melodrama. This and the absence of a fixed philosophic position when White seemed to pre-suppose are in the character of his commentator are the complaints.

the actors brought much, and in varied fashion to their roles. Zoe Caldwell as Mrs. Boyle seemed at times too intense and powerful (in comparison with the others) for her role—but then White's characterisation and dialogue was often unbalanced and shipshod. If no one seemed seriously out of place Tasker's severe and perhaps slick direction glossed over inexperience and what could have been embarrassing moments on stage. The irritation is at flicking lights and some flamboyant over-production.

"The Season at Sarsaparilla" could be a shortlived play. The size of the set will prevent many theatres from staging it, and its selling, like that of the "Doll" could deter response and recognition beyond Australia. One hopes now for a perceptive reevaluation of White's two plays and their position in the Australian Theatre.

A Cosmopolitan ARNA

ARNA, an excellently produced journal from the Faculty of Arts (Sydney University), has a diverse but stimulating content ranging from an original piece of prose by Samuel Beckett to a contemporary on Wittgenstein. Following a direction expressed in his Introduction ("... we still have affiliations with the European conscience which we will ignore at our peril"), the Editor, John Evers, has included two stories in translation by the Danish writer Martin Hansen (where the strain is Gothic Romantic), a severely academic essay on Nerval's *El Dschihad*, and two good interpretative articles, one on Beckett and the other on Pinter's *A Slight Ache*.

One might share part of the feeling, if not the cloying reverence, of the Editor's conviction that Beckett is "the greatest prose-stylist in the world today." Yet the passage *How It Is* in ARNA still did not ease this writer's fear that a sort of indigenuous literary computer is essential to penetrate the complex patterns of sound, sense and imagery in the Beckett world.

The magazine as a whole lacks some

cohesion and purpose through the absence of a general essay on modern European literature. This could have been built on the ever-widening gap between the uncommitted (Beckett... Ionesco... Pinter...) and the committed (Brecht... Sartre, Camus, etc... English Angry Young Men...). The Editor's retort is rightfully that he is bringing out a magazine not writing a thesis.

The native content is good but not notable. Albie's *The Little Re-Po Man* almost comes off the character of the Re-Po Man is never quite real or concrete. The poetry by under-graduates shows a determination to forget the Australian nationalistic sentiment but the influence is still that of the Eliot—Pound tradition (K. J. Walker's *I Have Not Sung* is almost pure Pound diction) and of a proudness in using imagery and theme from a literary heritage.

But (as Mr. Harris would say) for three bob ARNA is a good buy. Its layout and typography, its originality of content and writing is the freshness of some of America's better literary journals.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Too Stuff

The Editors,
On Dit.
Sirs,

While appreciating the efforts of the library staff to keep the reading rooms warm in winter, I feel that the effect of the air-conditioning system, working at the temperature it does, is to hinder rather than to help students to study effectively.

I find that I have to strip down to a shirt in order to keep cool, though I still need a walk in the fresh air outside every half-hour in order to stay awake.

It is obvious to me that the majority of students feel as I do—that the library is far too stuffy.

Therefore I urge the Barr Smith staff to examine the situation thoroughly with a view to either modifying the temperature and letting more fresh air in, or, if this can't be done, to abandon the use of the heating apparatus altogether.

Yours sincerely,
MICHAEL G. PORTER.

Clarification

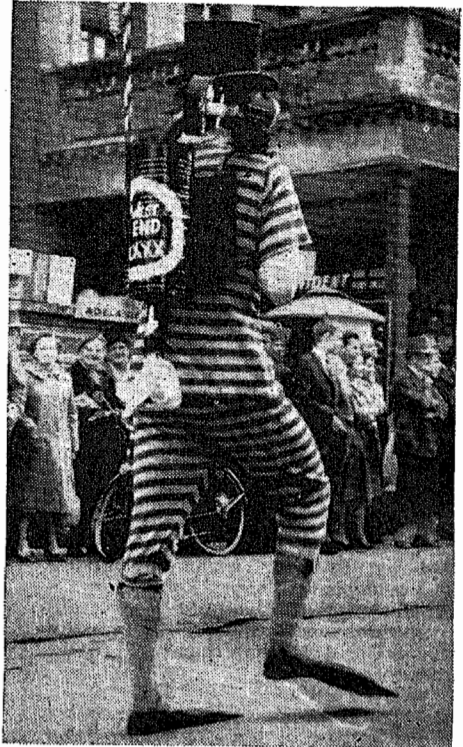
Sirs,

At the first meeting of the 17th S.R.C. on Monday, 27th August, it was decided that:—

"The Press be informed that no statements by any member of the S.R.C. or any other student representative be official statements of the S.R.C. unless made by the President or a person or persons expressly appointed by him from time to time."

This action was the direct result of the S.R.C.'s alleged dictatorial attitude to students on the eve of Prosh.

Yours,
JOHN O. WILLOUGHBY,
Hon. Secretary, S.R.C.



Mr. Haslam, in his position of Prosh Director, commented that the pre-Prosh publicity received was good, even though reputed "S.R.C. statements" were not endorsed.

GRADUATES & UNDERGRADUATES

ARE INVITED TO BECOME OFFICERS IN THE

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN
AUSTRALIAN REGULAR
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN
NAVY
ARMY
AIR FORCE

Applications for appointment to Commissioned rank are invited from Graduates and Undergraduates, in the following categories:

SERVICE	FACULTY
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY	Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Mechanical & Electrical Engineering, Arts.
AUSTRALIAN REGULAR ARMY	Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering (Communications, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical), Arts, Architecture.
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE	Architecture, Arts, Dentistry, Engineering (all Branches), Medicine, Science.

Successful student applicants will qualify immediately for many valuable benefits, which include:

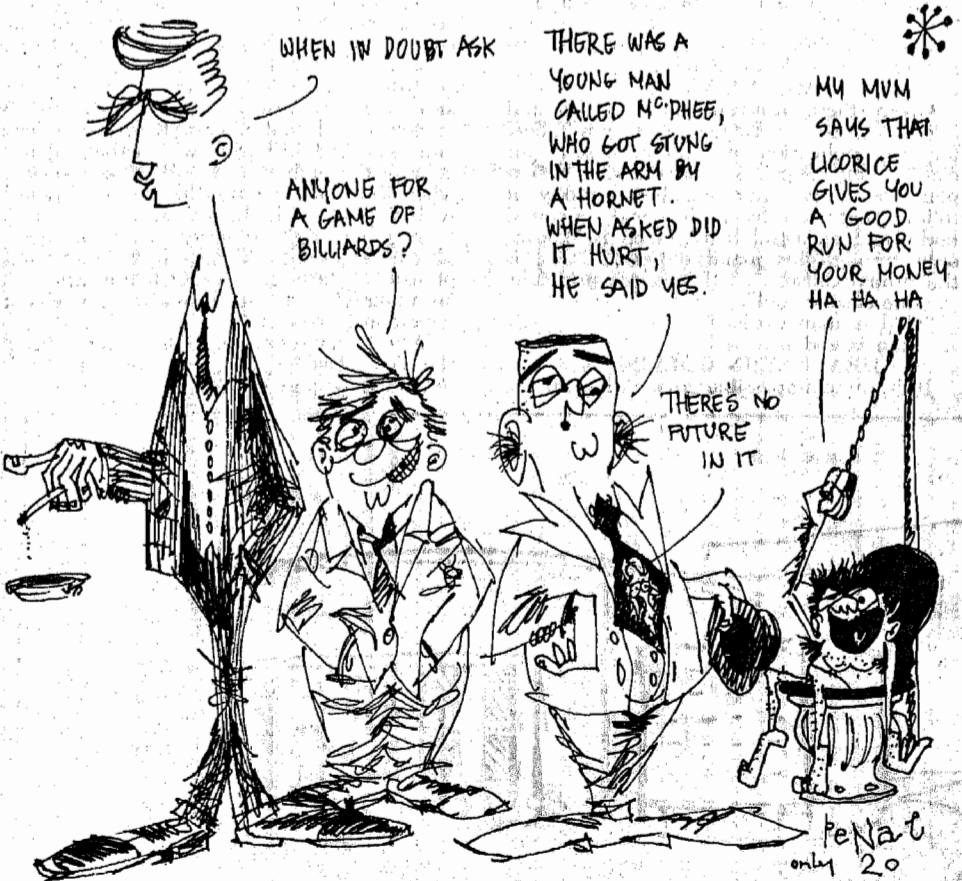
- PAYMENT OF UNIVERSITY FEES.
- PAYMENT OF SALARY.
- FREE UNIFORM & OUTFITTING
- EXCELLENT TRAINING.
- SECURITY & PRESTIGE.

FULL INFORMATION OBTAINABLE FROM

Navy Recruiting Officer,
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Command Headquarters
Air Force Recruiting Officer,
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IN
YOUR
CAPITAL
CITY

Pannell in '63



DEBUT: an example of the work of Tony Pannell, who will be "On Dit's" feature cartoonist in 1963.

CRICKET ON THE MOVE: ROOM FOR ALL

by Carl Meyer

The Adelaide University Cricket Club held its A.G.M. in the Lady Symon Hall a fortnight ago. As usual, the meeting was chaired by club president, Mr. L. J. T. Pellew with his rare combination of wit and efficiency. Would that all meetings of University student bodies were so well ordered! At his right hand, of course, was secretary Gordon Haynes, well-known for his dexterity in holding the purse-strings of the Sports Association. Both president and secretary were returned to office with considerable acclamation — even so, it is doubtful if the Cricket Club fully appreciates the excellence of its administration.

The most interesting thing arising out of the meeting was the appointment of the new club coach. The election fell on Keith Gogler, the former Senior Colts coach and South Australian opening batsman. Indeed, Mr. Haynes has been heard to comment that Gogler "touched him up somewhat" in his own playing days — which, in itself, is something of a recommendation. . . . The new coach is very keen to get into things and called his first practice on the malthoid strip at the Uni. Oval on Sunday, September 9th. The curator of the Oval hopes to allow practice on the turf wickets from September 20th onwards. In the meantime, the notice boards should be consulted for train-

ing information or, otherwise, enquiries should be made at the Sports Association Office.

The attendance at the meeting was a heartening one, quite the best for some years, and it looks as if this will be another successful season for the club. A new face was that of Dave Ward, who is here with a research scholarship in the Organic Chemistry department. Dave hails from Wellington, New Zealand, and represented the N.Z. Combined Universities last year in the Test Match against a touring team of Australian Varsity students. Brian Quigley introduced him to the meeting and recommended his batting. Dave's driving is full of assurance and his timing is artistically precise. It can only be hoped that he finds touch early for there will be a couple of places to fill right from the word "go".

Among other good players who will not be in harness for all or part of the 1962-3 season, Bob Pearlman announced his retirement at the meeting. He has represented Australia in Combined Universities' Teams and led the club last season. Throughout, his efforts were of the highest order, and everyone is sorry to see him go.

However, overshadowing all else in the cricketing scene is the magic spinning wrist of Sincock, which may very well bowl him into the Australian XI in the coming test series against the M.C.C. It is no extravagant guess to suggest that he is easily the best player in the University side, though Trowse is technically the best batsman and Glover a spin bowler of great promise. For that matter it is a great pity that pharmacy student Peter McKee has never been able to come out and play district cricket for the Blacks. Among such young company as at the University, his resolute approach and unflinching attack on the fastest bowlers would be more than welcome, I am sure. It is hard to avoid the feeling that here, we have missed a State-class cricketer, if ever there was one.

It is important for the continued success



FACING UP: a brave new era in the grand old game.

of the club that all present members actually project themselves and encourage as many talented players as possible to come out and join in. Not that the gates are closed to any players who may be less "finished" — there are four University sides and room for all.

With plenty of vacancies in the club, there are golden opportunities for young players especially freshers, to take the tide "at the flood" — immediately. Playing cricket here, in any capacity, is a chance for making friends at the Varsity and having a good time that no-one should miss.

HONES, HEROES AND HOPES

by Carl Meyer

The minor round of the Amateur League has come to a resounding conclusion with the Varsity footballers clearly on top and Dud. Hill winning the Hone Medal. This is yet another success in the footballing career of this singularly gifted player, and recognition of him as Best and Fairest in the Amateur League is but just reward for his cool and creative ruckwork. It would seem that he could name his own price to any of the (professional) league teams.

However, Dud would be the first to acknowledge the help he has had during the season from other members of the Varsity side — such as his pressure-pack rover, Hooper, and fellow knock-ruckman Clarkson. What a wonderful pair of big men Hill and Clarkson have been! The only disappointing feature is that their very brilliance forced the omission of the talented Pfitzner from the Varsity XVIII for the second semi-final. Here we have a typical case indicating the desirability of having not one University side, but two (of equal strength) in the top Amateur division. Pfitzner has had a particularly good season, his tap-downs sure and position play more than adequate. Moreover, he proved himself against the best players in the land when he starred for South Australia in the interstate Amateur carnival this year.

With him on the reserve bench in the semi-final against Teachers College was Corbett, whose dedication to the game is an object lesson. Making an end-of-season

bid after injury, he is the type of determined utility player that is so useful when the chips are down.

Another man coming back at the last moment is South Australian Captain, Dr. Chesty Hyde, who makes a rush at football packs and Children's Hospital nurses with the urgent insistence of one who is not to be denied. It was great news to hear that he was fit again and back in the colours. Bad luck, of course, for Ossie Petrucco who had filled in on the half-back line with some distinction, but there it is. . . . Ossie is sure to play a leading role in the Varsity bid for the "B" Grade title.

He will be joined by Malcolm Jones, undoubtedly the "find" of the season. Jones played a sterling 4 quarters for the "D" team when it won the A5 grand final last year and has kicked on from there. After promotion to the club's 1st XVIII about six weeks ago, he manned the centre-half forward position with a speed and agility that have been lacking there since the retirement of Peter Cooper, a couple of seasons ago. Jones' marking is right out of the box. Unfortunately he seems to be just a little on the light side for one so tall, and the selectors replaced him with Laslett in the semi-final. The latter has taken all-comers on and off during the last couple of years and his sequence of powerful mark and accurate drop-punt can be telling in a close game.

Indeed, much of the responsibility for good University performances in the finals lies with the half-forward line as a whole.

It is imperative that they get the ball and hurry it through to Morton who is as brilliant as ever in front of goals. Half-forward flankers are Rogers, a resolute player who can be relied on in the fiercest encounter, and Clark, whose classy play shows considerable promise.

The backs present the usual picture of close-knit solidarity. Of late the defence has been powerfully led by Graham Seppelt (who can forget his great game on N. Hawke last year?) while, behind him, Sangster is beginning to re-assert himself in the game, and the fiery Todd has returned after a little cheek and rib trouble — caused by an untidy bump in the game against Melbourne University.

All in all, it is hard to see the Blacks missing out on the Amateur League title, though it must be remembered that they have been hustled to defeat in the second semi-finals of 1960 and 1961. Seeing that they eventually took out the grand final on both occasions it has been suggested that they were "playing possum" — I hardly think so! (As this goes to press they are saddling up for the second semi against Teachers College, who are no "cardboard opponents", to quote a phrase. . . .)

The B's and C's both got in the final four this year while the D's were unlucky to miss out on percentage—they won their last match by 15 goals but this was not quite enough to lift them out of 5th place. Nonetheless, that great little coach Alan Greer is to be congratulated for another season of devoted and enthusiastic coaching. It is to be hoped that his teams can respond with creditable showings in this, the business end of the season.

All the same, they must be thanked for the pleasure they have given their supporters over the last 20 weeks.

Table Tennis and Near Miss

by Glen Searle

It's happened again. The University men's district table tennis team playing Norwood in the final for the second year running, was again beaten very narrowly by 6 rubbers to 6. At one stage it looked as though the anti-University critics would have to eat their words, for victory seemed well within the grasp of the Blacks. It was 2-1 in Norwood's favour after the final 3 singles had been played, but the first doubles rubber evened matters. After being down 9-14 in the third set, University pair, Narcisse and Moh, then won 9 of the next 11 points against top Norwood pair, Morgan and Hodge, to take the match. Narcisse, Varsity captain, in particular showed his best form in this burst and blasted surprised Norwood pair off the table with a series of splendidly placed backhands. The next three singles again saw Norwood take the lead at 4-3. Narcisse was narrowly beaten in the third set by Norwood's international player, Syd Morgan, in a match which the critics had ballyhooed us into believing would be an easy win for Morgan. The second doubles was again a Varsity victory, and the Blacks lit the front 4 rubbers to 4 after Narcisse had effectively dismembered State player, R. Hodge, of Norwood. However, hopes of victory faded when Norwood's No. 8 man upset H. Moh after the latter had started promisingly, thus bringing the scores level to 5 all. M. Cho put up a valiant resistance to Morgan in the deciding rubber before the Norwood man eventually clinched his side's victory.


This was a most exciting grand final which should arouse keener interest among the club's players. It was only the second year in which University have entered the district competition, and on both occasions have reached the grand final, only to go down by only the odd rubber each time.

Results in lower grades were rather more disappointing. The Major 1 and Major 4 men's teams had the honour of being dished out with the wooden spoon. The Major 3 team did better, reaching the first semi-final, with the experience of Jack Lazner a valuable asset throughout the season. The Major 8 team narrowly missed out on making the finals. The young trio of this team all show promise, with David Roder winning 8 of his last 9 singles matches. The Major 9 team became defunct early in the season, which sadly epitomizes the lack of interest of certain sections of the club.

The Division 2 women's team is to be congratulated on reaching the top four, with R. Williams showing outstanding form. The standard of competition for the women's Division 1 and 2 teams proved a little high, but it is hoped that with extra experience these teams will do better next year.

Championship results:—
The University club championships were held at the Table Tennis Centre on July 22 and 29. Narcisse won the men's singles, defeating Moh in four sets, and partnered K. Lasn to defeat Moh and Cho in the doubles. G. Searle defeated D. Roder in four sets in the restricted championship for those below Major 1. C. Edwards defeated I. Grastins to win the women's singles, and combined effectively with R. Williams to win the women's doubles.

All in all, it has been a moderately successful season. However, if next year's season is to be successful, players must show greater enthusiasm toward their game. The apathetic disinterestedness of a number of players is shown in attendances at practice. Improved practice facilities next year will mean that a higher standard of play should be possible, but untiring efforts like those of secretary Allan Mitchell are destined to go by the board unless more interest is displayed. If this can be done, then 1963 should see a rash of premierships.



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with the majority, and has purged the offenders. If punishment is to be based on repugnance, then doubtless the repugnance felt by the majority in Nazi Germany was quite sufficient to justify extermination of the Jews.

Mr. Detmold points out in his conclusion that every facet of our criminal law leaves much room for improvement; until the principles which Mr. Detmold himself holds are recognised and eradicated any attempt at improvement could end in disaster.

Education Reform

Toward the end of last term, the Melbourne University S.R.C. President, Mr. John Patterson, launched a programme proposing action on the issue of education in Australia. At the August Council Meeting of the National Union of Australian University Students, Constituents from all Australian Universities supported the programme and granted £700 towards the cost of publications they will issue in conjunction with the project.

The Melbourne scheme is as simple as it is monumental. Noting that Australia's population is growing rapidly, the discrepancy between the proportion of our Gross National Product expended on education (2.9%) and the United States (4.5%) is alarming, particularly when one considers the far from perfect state of education in the United States. The fundamental problems of Australian Education is its depth of planning for the future and intelligent expenditure.

Inadequate teaching, lacking of incentive and in some cases the inability of parents to support their children, has led to many students leaving schools unqualified to find satisfying jobs. This means many people are in jobs not demanding upon their intellectual or technical capabilities. They are thus unhappy, frustrated and ill-equipped to face the challenges an affluent nation imposes.

J. K. Galbraith has recognised the pivotal position of education in a nation. "Education," he has said, "no less than national defence or foreign assistance is in the public domain. It is subject to the impediments of resource allocation between private and public use. So, our hope for survival, security and contentment returns us to the problem of guiding resources to the most urgent ends."

The responsibility of the student is to make his society aware of this necessity to divert wasteful productive energy into what will eventually be of benefit to the society as a whole. Already there is considerable discontent with the present set-up at many levels. The parent who is unhappy with classes of 70; Sir Marcus Oliphant calling for greater diffusion of education on the technical level.

Melbourne has enlisted the aid of experts in the various fields of education to prepare a pamphlet stating the case of increased education activity. With the publication of this pamphlet it hopes to arouse public interest and eventually action by political parties.

The plan intends more than this, however. Acutely aware of the desirability of students being progressive, thinking citizens, it is proposed to enlist between 400 and 600 students who are prepared to put the case for education to the community. Direct student participation on a large scale is the decisive part of the scheme. They are to start at the grass-roots, with the fundamental groups in society, emphasising the benefits their support can bring. Parents' and Friends' Association, Church groups, Rotary, R.S.L., Party local branches, Workers' Educational Association are to be contacted and wooed. Eventually it is hoped that the plan will be taken up on the national scale by other Universities.

It seems to be a magnificent opportunity for the students of Australia to unite and act in what could play a positive part in shaping a better Australia in the future.

Mental Illness

Surrounding the old section of Parkside Mental Hospital are walls which from the outside appear comparatively low but on the inside are made twice as high by the ditch which runs their length. They are known as "Ha-Ha" Walls, a name which typifies the attitude of many people towards mental hospitals and the mentally ill. The so-called "looney bin" is regarded as a joke to be sniggered at while resting on your sanity.

In the past, the mentally ill have been treated with extreme cruelty. As late as the early 19th century, the insane were frequently kept in locked cages and exhibited to the public like animals in a menagerie. Even when a more enlightened attitude to insanity became widespread, "asylums" continued to bear more resemblance to prisons than to hospitals. It was during this period of the late 1800's that Parkside Mental Hospital was built and so all

OPINION

the faults of the contemporary methods are to be found within its walls. It is dark and overcrowded; designed with the idea of enclosing the patients from the community; it is prison-like in appearance—in the original plans, the rooms are actually labelled as "cells." High walls, locked doors and male nurses who look more like warders with their grey uniforms, peaked caps and keys hanging from the belt: all tend to make the patient aware that violence is expected of him. People respond to their environment and if it is made obvious, even in this non-verbal manner, that a turbulent role is expected of the patient he will adopt this role. Far from decreasing the danger to the community, this method of treatment increases the likelihood that the patient will behave in an aggressive manner.

Within South Australia, an increase in the freedom of mental patients is being only gradually introduced. Although made increasingly aware of the problem through press-education, the community, as a whole, retains its fear of insanity. They



PRESERVED: freedom o'er the press.

know that mental illness is only a disease, that it can frequently be cured by modern drugs and yet they prefer to isolate the mentally disturbed. High walls seem much safer. The great tendency in the human mind is to equate mental illness with violence and sex and it is true that these are sometimes associated with the disease. The hospital must function in protecting the community from these extreme forms of behaviour—which it does very effectively—but it should be realised that only two per cent. of mental patients are included in this category. The rest are perfectly harmless.

As the public begins to realise the nature of mental illness—that it is an illness and not an act of God or an irremedial stigma—more radical changes in the organisation of our mental hospitals can take place. The mental patient is basically vulnerable and extremely sensitive to environment. Consequently, the appearance of a custodial regime which instils the fear of punishment in the patient must be changed and greater freedom introduced. To encourage the retention of the identity of the individual, the standard of living should be made as high as possible. Even the most disturbed patient responds to and appreciates attractive rooms with comfortable furniture and cheerful, brightly-coloured curtains. Already much has been done in this respect. Within the grounds of Parkside, Cleland and Patterson Houses are models of all that a mental hospital should be. Modern in design, they have an attractive, welcoming appearance in pleasant contrast to the sombreness of the older buildings. Remnants of a less happy era, the buildings of the main block impose many apparently insurmountable problems. Even here, however, much has been done to improve conditions.

The conditions which exist in our mental hospitals today are an historical development. Much has been done to improve them; much is still to be done. We can help this improvement by our interest and our understanding.

Royal Rot

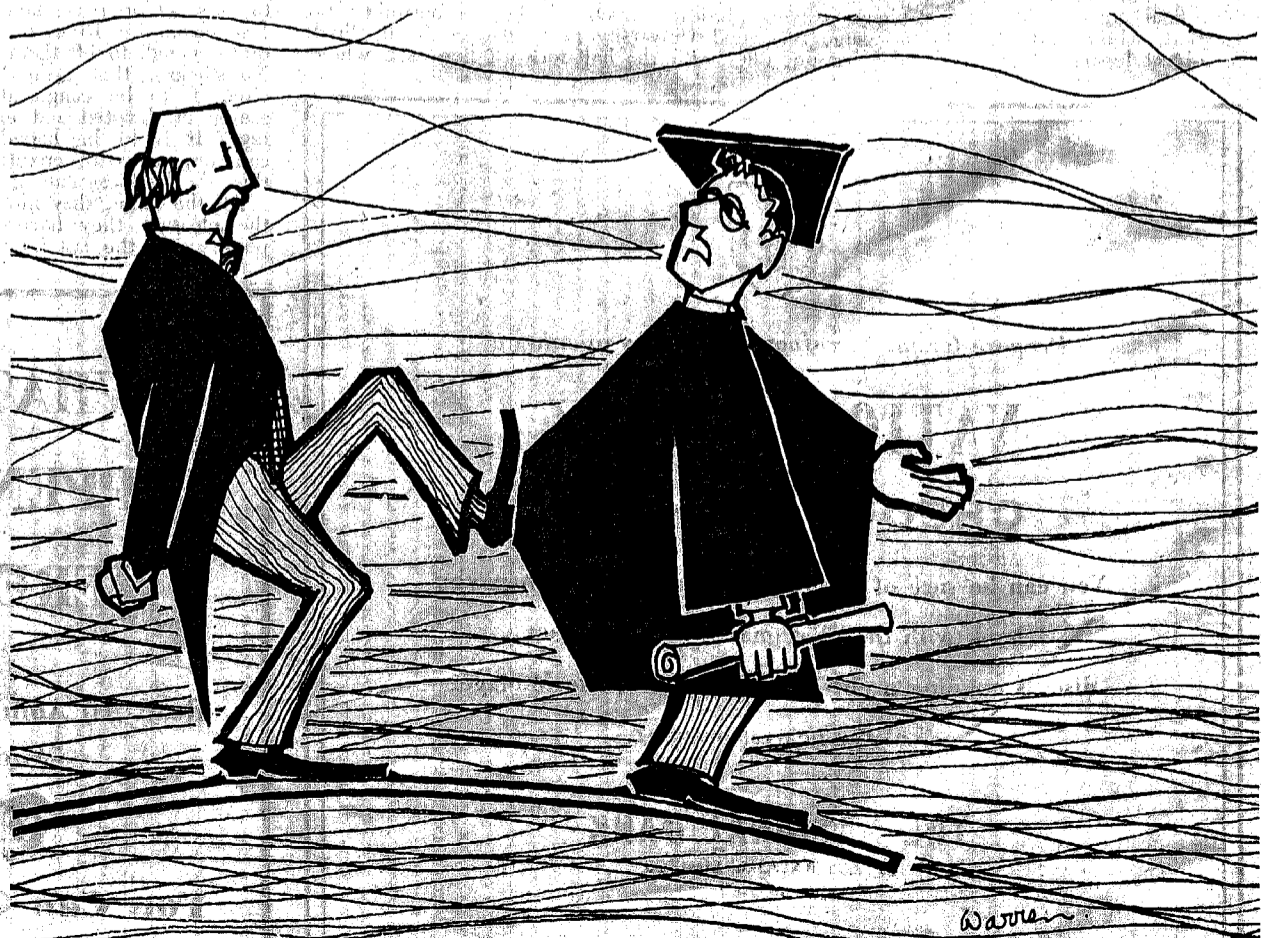
Last week Adelaide was graced with the gracious presence of their Royal Highnesses, King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit. If the local papers were any guide it was merely Queen Sirikit who visited us. In full-length or massive close-up she has meant the exclusion of even the football teams from the front page. We are also told that only a few years ago she was a dumpy, slightly fat and unattractive until of course the magnificent technicians of the Western beauty world transformed her.

Behide this facade, however, is something more important. The neglected king talked of Australia's "long ties of friendship" with Thailand. The papers ignoring the fact that Thailand changed sides with the tide of the Second World War twice seemed to go full out for creating an impression of solidarity.

Even more serious was the complete lack of comment on the nature of the Thai dictatorship. The figureheads of General Sarit Thanarat's repressive regime were only confronted once, in Sydney with the fact. Adelaide and most of Australia turned the other cheek in a disgusting exhibition of approval for one of Asia's most unpopular governments. The contrast with the largely unreported visit of Sir Garfield Barwick to Cambodia recently is interesting. Norodom Sihanouk did not even bother to see Sir Garfield until the last day of his visit, then only briefly. The prestige and importance of Sihanouk in Asia far outweighs that of Thailand.

Australia by such demonstrations as the royal visit is apparently attempting to assure the Thais of a defence for their regime, especially in view of the Laos episode proving the inadequacy of S.E.A.T.O.

What is most deplorable is not the sickening demonstration of false sentimentality but the irresponsibility of the Australian press in ignoring to present to a gullible public the other view of Thailand.



"But I've just realised, I can't swim."