



Bill Steele on scooter distributing broadsheets.

Jose Bernardino—R.I.P.

June 3rd, 1963.—On 9th and 10th May, the Salazar Government tried student leader Jose Bernardino in a Lisbon Court. An International student body sent an observer to the trial who, during his stay in Portugal, gathered material on the student movement.

While scores of students protested at the entrance of the Boa Hora Court because they were not allowed to enter, Jose Bernardino — an engineering student, former Vice-President of the Student Association of his school, General Secretary of the RIA of Lisbon (Organ for Inter-academic Relations of University Students) and member of the committee responsible for the organisation of the 2nd National Student Meeting — was tried before a public, most of whom consisted of the police of the PIDE (political) and the rest of students who had managed to enter the courtroom and occupy the few remaining seats.

According to the words of the accused, recounted by the defence lawyer, the court was "a fascist type of court, imposing fascist law, in the name of a fascist government". In fact, the judge, Silva Caldeira, who presided over the trial acted as both accuser and judge thereby adding yet another page to his notorious career as the legal instrument of repressive policy of the Salazar government, which has ruled the country since 1933.

Each time the accused endeavoured to express his opinion the judge responded with threats and warnings, and at the least murmur in the public gallery he threatened to clear the court. The observer present in court was expelled after forty-five minutes, accused of "disturbing the peace".

Bernardino was charged with leading subversive activities in the student movement and being a member of the Portuguese Communist Party. From the moment the public was allowed into the court room Bernardino became the real hero of the trial. He stood up, despite the six or seven PIDE agents surrounding him, to greet with arms on high and smiling face his student colleagues present there. Amongst them, for the defence, were seventeen student witnesses who were to confront the sole witness for the prosecution—a PIDE agent, who declared that Bernardino had confessed after his arrest and that the state was in possession of certain documents proving the subversive nature of his student activi-

ties and the fact that he was a member of the Communist Party. No written proof of any kind was offered against him. The main witness for the defence, Vasco Vieira de Almeida, a lawyer, was arrested that same day by the PIDE.

The courageous stand of Bernardino was even more impressive if it is borne in mind that he was imprisoned before the trial and that it was six months before he was able to contact a lawyer. After his arrest, he was kept in PIDE headquarters for nine days and nights without sleep and interrogated incessantly. Later he was beaten for seven days with rubber weapons. The agents of the notorious PIDE broke his glasses (5 dioptries) which resulted in his being left practically blind.

An observer had already been informed that it was the custom during Portuguese political trials to beat the accused in the court itself, or to take them out of court to be beaten if they refused to accede to the lies and slander of the dictatorship and its agents. This was precisely what happened with Bernardino. While trying to explain his activities in the student movement and in the political life of his country, the judge gave a sign, obvious to all those present, and the PIDE agents fell upon the accused, knocking him down and beating him with fists and batons for five minutes. Before being silenced, he shouted several times, "Down with Fascism!" Immediately after this he was taken out of court and was not present when the sentence was handed down. One of his aunts, Sra Marina Daskalos, stood up and shouted "Down with Fascism!" and was immediately arrested and conducted to the Caixas Prison.

Jose Bernardino was condemned to 2½ years in jail to be followed by confinement under so-called security measures, which permit Salazar to retain any prisoner at his pleasure, without consulting a court.

The trial of Jose Bernardino, and the shameful way in which this parody of legal procedure was carried out, has aroused the rightful indignation of the Portuguese stu-

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A PLEA TO UTOPIANS

by H. G. Kinloch

To a foreigner, Australia appears to be one of the most fortunate countries on earth. Even the most serious internal problems, such as the difficulties experienced in the efforts to assimilate and/or integrate the aborigines, and the many tensions created by post-war migrations from Europe, are no more than pinpricks when compared to the poverty,

illiteracy, overcrowding and religious and racial divisions in Asia and Africa. Australians can look on with horror at racial incidents in the "Deep South" of the United States, South Africa and Great Britain, secure in the knowledge that, while the policies of the Australian Government towards indigenous peoples at home, in New Guinea and Nauru may not please everyone, Australia's racial attitudes are moving in a progressive direction, without violence, with great goodwill and the backing of an increasingly enlightened public opinion. Even in the case of the so-called "White Australia" policy, any foreigner is struck by its paradoxical nature. Australians, who are not, in the main, racially prejudiced towards any group, maintain a stated policy of racial exclusion, but make thousands of exceptions. (Two thousand Chinese have been naturalized in the past five years.) Certainly Australian schools and universities welcome students of all creeds and colours. At the same time, Australian economic conditions are excellent; unemployment, compared to most advanced industrial powers, is minimal; there is little, if any, "disguised" unemployment as in "under-developed" countries; and private and public affluence are exceeded by few other countries. Looking at Australian cities, a foreign observer is impressed by the lack of the kinds of slums to be seen in Britain's industrial cities and the negro and Puerto Rican ghettos of New York. Furthermore, there is a sense in Australia that racial violence is inconceivable. Even the Stuart case, the conduct of which may not have been a model of police and legal practice, demonstrated that public opinion could be successfully brought to bear to make sure that every member of the community was protected by the due processes of the law. What a contrast with the past history of the American South and the present history of South Africa!

This is an optimistic picture. Of course there are all kinds of improvements to be made. Much more could be done for the aborigines. The hideousness of Australia's sprawling suburbs (worse in Sydney and Melbourne than in Adelaide) could be remedied. More Asians could be admitted. More money could be spent on education. The small amount of unemployment could be eliminated. Yet, all in all, Australia is a rough-and-ready Utopia with as great a degree of political and religious freedom as any country on earth.

The great danger, however, of a Utopia is smugness and self-satisfaction, a deadening placidity and a lack of awareness of the problems of others; even a lack of awareness of domestic pinpricking problems which call for local action. While Bali, Turkey and East Pakistan, in recent months, have undergone earthquakes, fires and floods, newspapers in Australia have headlined the rainfall of Utopia. "NEW RESTAURANT IN EAST PARKLANDS" is likely to be a page one story, while, tucked away in "Other Overseas News" might be a report of tear gas canisters in South Africa and another series of unhappy casualty figures from South Vietnam. Sexual scandals and tit-bits about the Royal Family are good for pages of reportage, but the account of thousands of memorial services for Medgar Evers received only a paragraph or two.

So I make a plea to Utopians to stop for a minute to consider the life and death of 37-year-old Medgar Evers, a negro from Jackson, Mississippi, who was the field representative in Mississippi for the N.A.A.C.P., the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Several weeks ago he returned home, stepped out of his car, was shot in the back by a sniper, and died several hours later. One hopes he had the chance to realize, before he died, that what was a personal tragedy for his family was a martyrdom for the cause for which he fought. After an earlier attack, when a petrol-filled bottle was tossed into his car-port, he said: "If I die — it will be in a good cause. I've been fighting for America just as much as the soldiers in Vietnam." His death has brought home to us the evils of race bigotry. His death has placed before us, for our renewed consideration, the aims of the N.A.A.C.P.

The N.A.A.C.P. is an organization which has been battling for civil rights for negroes ever since 1909. The Association's strength lies not only in the rightness of its cause, but also in its membership, white and negro, over a quarter of a million scattered throughout the fifty States of the Union as well as overseas. The headquarters are in New York under the executive direction of Roy Wilkins, whose staff-men, like Medgar Evers, operate wherever negro rights are in danger. In 1960 the N.A.A.C.P. set as an immediate goal the elimination of all State-imposed segregation by 1963, the one hundredth anniversary of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. To achieve this goal the N.A.A.C.P. has consistently followed a peaceful and legal course, without affiliation to any one political party. It has worked through the courts, by appeals to public opinion, by bringing legitimate pressure to bear on Congress and on both major parties and by calm and thoughtful organization at the grass-roots level. It is supported, not by negro demagogues such as the leaders of the Black Muslims, but by the spokesmen for a Ghandi-like non-violent movement. These spokesmen, such as the Baptist minister, Martin Luther King, tend to operate through negro churches. They advocate sit-ins, kneel-ins and peaceful forms of protest such as the boycotting of segregated transport facilities, shopping centres and cinemas.

N.A.A.C.P.
20 West 40th Street
New York 18
New York

The N.A.A.C.P. tries to make sure that civil rights legislation is enforced, and will be wholeheartedly behind President Kennedy's recently proposed legislation. But it does more than this. It is trying, with some success, to break down discrimination in all-white Unions, in Federally-financed low-cost housing projects and in employment in the Federal Government. Above all it is fighting through the courts to make sure that negroes are given equal access to the educational opportunities available to the whites, in keeping with the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in 1954, that segregated public schools are in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. ("No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; . . . nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.")

The N.A.A.C.P., more than any other single organization, even including the American Civil Liberties Union, is at the centre of the fight to make sure that the century-old Fourteenth Amendment is not a dead letter. The N.A.A.C.P. also stands to remind all "white" countries that their economic, political and social progress has often been achieved only with the help of coloured labour, whether by slavery, coercion, theft of lands or exploitation of ignorance. The N.A.A.C.P. represents not just the aspirations of the nineteen million negroes of the United States, but those of all under-privileged groups, no matter what their colour. The N.A.A.C.P. also brings us back to basic moral problems, not merely the deplorable personal behaviour of the Profumos, Keelers and Wards of this world, but the deplorable mass behaviour of majority groups towards depressed minorities everywhere. If we are really concerned with morality, might we not stop our armchair tut-tutting about the British Establishment, and heed the plea to Utopians from the N.A.A.C.P.:

"The task ahead is gigantic — every vestige of racial bigotry and segregation must be eliminated. . . . The N.A.A.C.P. needs the moral and financial support of every democratic-minded individual group if this goal is to be achieved."

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

Copy for the next edition which will appear on Thursday, 18th July, closes on Wednesday, 10th July.

times

Liberal Union.
 Lunch-hour speakers, 1.10 p.m.
 Place: L.S. Hall.
 Dates: Wed., July 3rd: Kelly, M.H.R., "Northern Development".
 Wed., July 10th: Coumbe, M.P., Tentative.
 Tues., Aug. 6th: Wentworth, M.H.R.
 Evening meetings - grog - members only - so join. Supper supplied. 8 p.m. Portus Room.
 Dates: Tues., July 16th: Hon. Pearson, Min. Works.
 Tues., Aug. 6th: Wentworth, M.H.R.
 A.G.M.: July 22nd, 1.10 p.m.

tides

Contributions are being received for VERVE
 the A.U. Literary Magazine
 Submit to B. A. Clunies Ross or leave for him in Eng. Dept.
 S.R.C. Annual Elections
 FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES
 Nominations are called for the positions of Faculty Representatives on the S.R.C. for the year 1963/64.
 Nomination forms are available at the S.R.C. for the year 1963/64
 Nominations close 5.00 p.m. Friday, 5th July.
 Polling Days: 9th-11th.

billboard

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP
 The Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee for South Australia has been informed that the value of Rhodes Scholarships from October, 1963, has been raised to £900 Sterling a year.
 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST will be presented in the University Union Hall from the 10th-13th July (Wednesday to Saturday) and the 17th-20th July (Wednesday to Saturday) at 8.00 p.m.
 Preferential bookings for members open at JOHN MARTINS LTD. on Tuesday, 25th June. No. 3 vouchers of membership tickets must be surrendered. The plans will be open to the general public on Tuesday, 2nd July, and tickets will be 10/-.

A NIGERIAN STUDENT DELEGATION

will address a meeting at 1.10 p.m. in the Union Hall on Tuesday, July 9th. Speakers will be Mr. D. V. C. Obi and Mr. R. A. Solaja, both from the University of Ibadan.

ANOTHER LABOUR SPLURGE

The University of Melbourne is where things start. Whether it be religion, politics or education projects, Melbourne men seem to have the first and loudest say. Just after the war there were the "red forties", where Marxism and the cause of the Soviet Union were espoused by the student establishment. Now these earlier prophets are reviled in their own country and politics has taken a long curve to the right. The "class struggle" is out, but its place has been taken by the vocal supporters of a semi-socialist, anti-communist creed who preach the new doctrine with the same Melbourne zeal.

One of the immediately tangible products of the new state of affairs has seen the quarterly journal "Dissent" founded two years ago and run by energetic editors associated with the Melbourne A.L.P. Club. It has been trying to build up a national radical forum untainted by the "old left". Revisionist and Croslandite Dissent dislikes the term socialism as much as it dislikes unbridled free enterprise. Its radicalism is responsible, painstaking and moral; its commitment to Labor firm only to the extent that Labor allows it to superimpose its own image of what Labor ought to be upon it.

The latest number is volume 3, No. 2, with the main features being an excellent cover design by Mike Rubbo and a five man symposium on the Exmouth Gulf base. Other articles include "Curbing Monopoly" by Prof. Alex Hunter, "Tragedy of Taiwan" by Douglas Mendel, "South Africa" by Colin Tatz and "Non Alignment Nonsense" by Peter Samuel. It has forty pages and is thus twice as large as the first edition. Its articles on the whole are an improvement on earlier ones and are less like re-hashed tutorial papers than they used to be. People outside of the immediate founding circle have been drawn in to contribute and have usually been older and better established. All told Dissent is making a determined effort to improve both its quantity and its quality. And it has to keep on doing this if it wants to stay afloat. At 12/6 a year its not a bad buy and is well worth supporting. If criticisms can be made now subscriptions should be sent in too because further improvements cannot be expected if the sheeting is broken.

The worth of the latest number must largely be determined by the worth of the symposium on the base. It is the central feature and being topical must have been meant to help boost sales. However I think it hasn't quite come off.

Although five "big names" contributed the fact that there were five of them tended to cramp and prune their articles too much. If in place of five short articles they had had two rather longer ones the overall effect might have been better. This was certainly the case with the Bulletin's articles by Michael Leifer and Ian Turner.

Another part of the trouble may have been that although Ian Turner was included in the symposium Dr. Leifer could not be because he was returning to England. Again their clash in the Bulletin tended to overshadow the conflict in Dissent. Going over the same ground without the introduction of really weighty new material was perhaps a hazardous undertaking from the start.

And this new material was not forthcoming. What Turner and Leifer did not discuss in the Bulletin was the way in which the Labor Party made its decision and more broadly the way in which democracies must make decisions about matters in which security dictates that there shall be no full revelation of the facts. They didn't have space in the Bulletin and Dissent could well have tried to fill the gap.

What it got though were scraps. Don Dunstan gave the A.L.P. a good coat of whitewash which, as a politician it was his job to do but which as an analysis of what made Labor tick was hardly helpful. Brian Fitzpatrick briefly considered the line-up of State delegates to the special federal conference but his article was more an essay in pamphleteering than a serious piece of analysis. Finally Jim Jupp made some generalisations about the muddled thoughts of Social Democratic parties and foreign policy and the inadequate machinery of the A.L.P. for dealing with foreign policy. He also suggested that the outright opposition to the U.S. base is frankly communist inspired. His statements about the ability of trade Unions to decide foreign policy contained in his criticism of the A.L.P.'s policy making machinery need further analysis than he had space for as did his comments on the role of communist sympathisers in social democratic parties. The time for smear and sneer is over and the allegation that outright criticism of the base was communist-inspired does less than justice to people like Ian Turner.

GOD IS NEWS

"... There is something very healthy," cooed "The Advertiser" leader, "in the heart of the University." Admittedly, it was a Saturday morning leader, but it still said the University was healthy. Or rather that something was healthy in the University. To analyse the sentence, you would have concluded that this health lay (a) in the Education Project, (b) in the S.C.M. Mission; or (a) in "sizeable groups of young people" giving "time, effort and money to campaigning for better education" and (b) in "responsible utterance... given to varying views on important questions." In fact, as further perusal proved, it meant (b).

One couldn't really say the Education Project had ever been healthy. It had a successful birth, with few after-effects; but in early life proved a rather sickly child, its youth dragged out by a series of illnesses, frequent relapses, long lengths of committees and ill-attended meetings. It grew to premature adulthood with a quick burst of vitality, and for one morning strode over Adelaide, virile, 600-strong, but even then you couldn't say the whole student body supported it, the whole body functioning; and by that evening, at the Arts Dinner, it was elderly, jokes were told of its life in the past tense, as told of Churchill. And with its life's work still only beginning, it entered, in terms of student enthusiasm, on senility. It walked through life, like Marceau's mime, in a few moments, covering very little ground.

Yet, after a week's active life, the Mission, aimed at the same students and the same enthusiasm, drew the biggest student crowd in most memories, a gathering in the cloisters that must have numbered a thousand. The following day, it filled the Union Hall; this after a week of sometimes three capacity audiences simultaneously. Students in the refectories moved to Missioners like scattered tacks with a dropped magnet in their midst. And in effect, this has been the character of the Mission; it has drawn students out of their easy indifference. Why couldn't the Education Project do this?

Could be the Mission spent so much money on advertisement, had such a huge corps of students working for publicity that they managed to infiltrate the whole University. They certainly did; more rules were broken, or evaded, as the luminous Cross signs appeared on notice-boards and elsewhere, more departments inundated, more chalk and "On Dit" copy space used up, more campaign here. But it is to be hoped students don't smoke so many Rothmans because they have to look at so many pictures of the word.

Could be because the Mission is only asking them to do something for themselves, the Education Project involved altruism, inimical to student outlook. They need only listen to the very interesting Missioners, needn't do anything, be convinced of the worth of anything.

Could be that opposition is interesting, and by the nature of this campaign, everyone is for or against it. Could be Education was too dull, everyone agreeing in principle; it wasn't a fight, only a chore; it was so deliberately, carefully a-political, a-personal, a-hurting-anyone's-feelings, unexciting. You can argue over the necessity for God, but the necessity for Education is a foregone conclusion.

Could be God is news - with new books claiming to have new ideas. There's nothing new about education, would only be if there was a crusade against it. Christianity was the Establishment, like Playford, but then found, like the Liberals, that its size, if not influence, was inadequate; with more sense than the Liberals, it became controversial. So agnostics, like the A.L.P., found the fight worth while. So religion took over from politics in "On Dit". Could be.

Or could be that "The Advertiser" was on the right track when it talked about the "enriching... interplay of mutual questioning" equipping the student to make a "worthy contribution" to the outside world. Not that a significant number of students get enriched or mutually questioned, or that they live their lives at the University in a determined effort to make worthy contributions when they leave it. But that this informal discussion at some time does seep into all students a few puddles of doubt, does elicit from them a few critical arguments, about life and "The News" and the news. And if God is news, could be students in general have discussed religion. So that then the Mission is only an extension of refectory backchat, with all the fun, and no strangeness, none of the awkwardness involved in a campaign to inform the public. Only the happy, normal, un-energetic job of informing yourself, an extension of the University discipline. The University is an isolated community, and religion a solitary thing.

Or, of course, this could mean only that student apathy is dead. But heaven forbid! "On Dit" would have no issues. And besides, it gives one uneasy feelings to watch the crowds stream into the Union Hall every lunch-hour. Like the first day of term, when everyone in the refectory is unknown - one feels a has-been.

BEINONIT

The University of New South Wales is currently producing a Royal - banknote of purple and gold, portrait of King Ming, the works. Monash University has just taken over mining rights on the site for the new Melbourne television station - and won! Never mind that the Sydney blockmaker refuses to release the Royal until the Reserve Bank approves, and the Reserve Bank refuses to approve because the Royal isn't a banknote; never mind that Reg Ansett says, "We mine our own business". When prosh is up anyone's business is students' business, Reg Ansett, the Reserve Bank, Profumo, Playford, Establishment, Disestablishmentarianism; the world is a stage, royalty the rort, politics the farce; Prosh is your licence.

Monash and Kensington have landed two triumphs. What are you going to

do about it? GET PROSHED! It's only a matter of weeks to the day of days of freedom, and time to start thinking. The classics of comedy have rarely issued in the past from Adelaide; the efforts immortalized, the stunts standing out in late-night reminiscences - these came from Melbourne (they rang up the police and said students dressed as city council workmen... and they rang the city council and said students dressed as police... and they sat back and watched) and from Sydney (a sign over the Bridge, "Another Meccano Product...") and so on. Adelaide needs the genius of simplicity that conceives the classics, and the care and the fervour that brings them forth. GET THINKING! GET PROSHED! Start now, and this year we'll make the ranks of memory!

His arguments against the base can be (and have been by Dr. Leifer) severely criticised but they stand on their own. There is none of the circumlocution and distortion that comes from too great a dependence on a single ideological prop. Dissent could well give Jim Jupp space to document his thesis and to help to establish a more reliable forum on the matter than the Bulletin has provided. This present article is however no substitute at all.

Thus Dissent muffed its opportunity to fill in some essential material on decision making in the A.L.P. The three writers who dealt with it might well have been dispensed with and one of these asked to do a more exhaustive job.

The two articles hammering out the strategic pro's and con's were those by Ian Turner and A. Clunies-Ross. Here the best method of review is to refer the reader to the Turner-Leifer articles in the Bulletin. I might add though that another thing for Dissent to focus on would be the extent to which Australian conventional forces can be made more effective in dealing with local

threats. Turner asserts that it can be done; I hope it can be done. Perhaps Dissent will try to find out.

Student volunteers are urgently required to deliver

TALKS

on the education project to community groups

Please leave name at S.R.C. Office or Education Office.

THE CURRENCY LADS

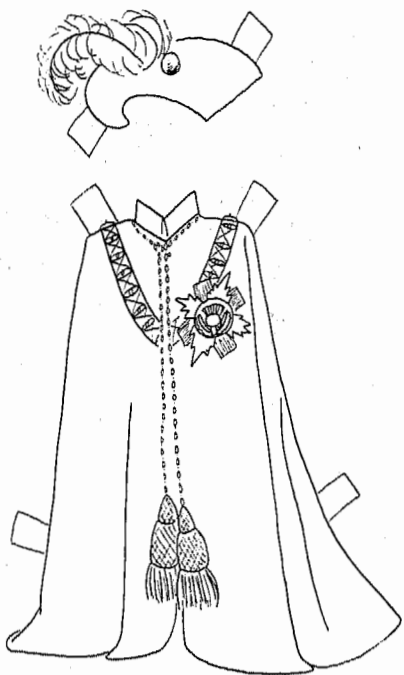
by Anno Domini

Once upon a time there was a country dedicated to the pursuit of small circular pieces of metal and somewhat larger rectangular pieces of coloured paper. One day their government, a large, stout, white-haired elderly gentleman who wore a double-breasted suit, decided to reduce the size of these discs and to make it simpler for the toiling masses to do their sums. (Their education system, though dedicated to teaching "reading, writing and sums", was so deficient that he just had to simplify their system of metal discs and scraps of paper.)

The large stout white-haired elderly gentleman decided to call the piece of paper "layor" because, so many citizens said, he liked to lay down and worship a lady fair who came at nine year intervals from the Home Country (beg your pardon, homeland of b . . . y colonialism, old mate). Each layor was to be made up of a hundred stene, but this did not create such a stench in the nostrils of the disaffected citizens as the layor, presumably because it was a hundredth the size. In fact the layor was hated by many of the citizens who lacked the passion to lay themselves prostrate before Elizabeth Secunda, Dei Gratia Omnium Britannorum Regina, Fidei Defensor, etc.



(liz, old mate). Many even went so far as to declare that they were neither coppers of the Bob (as the ten stene or a tenth of a layor was known), nor were they b . . . y colonials but b . . . y A . . . s. The citizens had been quite content to have a Layor A . . . Air Force, presumably because it lay on the ground most of the time and a Layor A . . . Navy because it lay at anchor, but layors were too terrible to sully their pockets or wallets. Some thought the layor smacked too much of colonial status; after all the Home Country had colonies such as Hong Kong with the dollar as their choice of names for their discs and scraps of paper so, they reasoned, why not choose that name to demonstrate



their own unique national spirit of originality?

Another theory for the choice of the name "layor" was traced to the fanatic anti-Americanism which the Labor Party (noted for its monolithic fervour for American naval communications centres) observed in the large stout white-haired elderly gentleman. The aforesaid gentleman had, after all, failed to ask Jackie over to tell that he loved a lady fair (Sorry, no politician should nowadays admit to loving a lady whether fair- or red-headed). Uncle Sam also used the dollar which was the name which Mr. Calwell, the leader of the Labor Party, wanted to give to the new scraps of paper. The prospects for this change, however, looked black because of events in Grey which reassured our white-haired gentleman.

It was feared that the layor would symbolise subjection to the homeland of colonialism, the mid-twentieth century's substitute for Original Sin. The citizens who feared this had learnt much about politics in a journal called the Nitellub in the period before the Kaiser's War. They were remembering, perhaps, what everyone else took for granted, that their country was still groaning under the yoke of subjection to the Homeland of Original Sin. Their elected government which by ukase had decreed the new name for their Goal in Life had clearly violated their honour.

A few citizens favoured a specifically national name, but as disagreement would have required a compromise solution incorporating the best aspects of all suggestions, difficulties arose to prevent a truly national name being adopted. The well known anarchist revolutionary rag "The Advertiser" brilliantly offered "Australoquidakangakoalaroo" as a new name. The prospect of electioneering speeches studded with demands for increases or decreases in wages, taxes or government spending of "Australoquidakangakoalaroo" daunted even those whose ears were accustomed to broadcasts of Parliamentary proceedings.

The citizens who opposed the layor thought that all these reasons showed how mature they were. Meanwhile the large stout white-haired elderly gentleman in the double-breasted suit thought otherwise as did a few scattered souls who realising that a pound by any other name would smell as sweet only wanted lots of layors in their pockets.

THE BROWN STONE BUILDING IN FLINDERS STREET IS MECCA

by A. P. Haydon

Amid all the academic brouhaha of the current education campaign, a word from someone who was until recently a high school teacher may be of some value. In order to prevent any suggestion that the criticism in this article is a form of petty revenge, let me at once point out that I resigned from the Education Dept. after more than five years of teaching in its service, for reasons quite unconnected with any personal clash with the system.

But dissatisfied I was, and I left convinced that there are aspects of our public education and its organization which are in urgent need of remedy. The root of the trouble lies in the character of the occupants of the Flinders Street citadel — the bureaucrats who control the narrowly centralized administration of Departmental schools. My main objection is not to centralization per se, for any attempt at decentralization in the immediate future would simply produce a number of local authorities dotted about like pale shadows of their progenitor. In fact, I believe that an even more centralized authority in the hands of a Federal supervisory body which could bring with it not only money but fresh ideas may be the only possible means of rapid reform.

Such a body would require, if it were to be constituted at all, the sanction and co-operation of the State Departments and is therefore no more than a dream. Meanwhile, we continue to suffer from all the disadvantages of a centralized system while securing none of its benefits.

What is fundamentally wrong with the present system is that it is inbred. Men are promoted to responsible administrative and policy-making posts as a regard for their faithful adherence to the policies of their predecessors. Such men are neither capable of implementing innovations nor receptive to the progressive ideas of extra Departmental experts. The present gaggle of bureaucrats is neither better nor worse in this respect than its forbearers; the terrible truth is that it is *exactly the same!* None of these Inspectors, Superintendents, Assistant Superintendents and Deputy Directors has shown any evidence of genuine originality or of a desire for radical alterations in education as he climbed the ladder of promotion; any such heresy would have impeded, or even prevented, his progress towards the top. Once at or near the dizzy heights, he has a clear stake in preserving the system.

It is part of the very nature of this self-procreating hierarchy that, except for Teachers' College positions, it advertises no vacancies outside South Australia — not even outside the Department, for that matter. Appeals against appointments are permitted, but only by applicants, and these, of course, can only be Departmental employees. In the case of Teachers' College positions, although applications are received from outside the Department, a heavy predominance of appointments has gone to faithful employees and there have been a number of cases where better qualified applicants have seen their appeals dismissed. The Board is not obliged to divulge its reasons for accepting or rejecting appeals; it has the right — and frequently uses it — of refusing even to hear a case.

Only one organization has been in a position to exert pressure against this kind of shady dealing. This is the S.A. Institute of Teachers. Except when it is preparing

a salary claim, the Institute is a dismayingly unimpassioned body, clutching around it its tattered cloak of "professional" respectability. As a medium for expressing any kind of genuinely professional protest against educational anomalies it became ineffectual long ago when it submitted, probably unwittingly — to the principle of "divide and be ruled". It has resolved itself into a series of branches — one for headmasters, one for senior staff, one for high school male teachers, one for high school female teachers, and so on. The result of this fragmentation has been an emphasis on the divergent interests of the various classifications of teachers and the consequent stifling of any mutual expression of desire for change.

Individual teachers, lacking any effective platform for unified comment, tend to stand clear of any public discussion on educational reform. The enthusiasm they may once have possessed for education in the abstract has long since flickered and died during incredibly dull Teachers' College Education and Principles lectures. Their very future as teachers demands that they reveal the dissatisfaction which is not far below the surface. Teachers are unhappy about the part played by those inspectors who, interpreting their titles too literally, sit as silent inquisitors observing teachers "perform". The heavy burden of frequent testing and marking, designed as it is to comply with a routine and not to fulfil the real needs of a class, and the heavy emphasis placed on the extraction of impressive examination results in assessment of a teacher's worth, are both frequent causes for complaint. Within individual schools the growing division between senior staff and other teachers which seems to be approved of by some headmasters, can produce great tension, while so-called staff-meetings are usually no more than a convenient herding-together of teachers for the purpose of receiving a headmaster's instructions. But out-weighting all these considerations is the increasing need felt by teachers of a status appropriate to their professional training.

Expediency — putting a body in front of a class to plug the gap — has postponed, perhaps made impossible — the achievement of that goal. The untrained and the incompetent are protected by the fact that "we need teachers". The emphasis in that cry has until now been on the word "need"; it must soon be transferred to the word "teachers".

If nothing can be done immediately in the schools or in the administration to straighten-out this mess, the only hope lies in the Teachers' Colleges. Notorious as these institutions have always been for the attempts made in them to impose a form of petty discipline quite inappropriate if they are really to aspire to tertiary status, there was until recent years some opportunity for the Colleges to avoid complete entanglement in the Departmental jungle. With the creation of a post for a Superintendent of Recruiting and Training among the Flinders Street hierarchy, any illusion of College autonomy has disappeared. No matter how enlightened a Principal may be, his plans must be ratified by an official whose objective is the preservation of a taut administrative system. Surely it can be no coincidence that the detested convention of "signing-on" — in the past observed somewhat perfunctorily by students and their supervisors — is now strictly imposed? The mutinous have inevitably succumbed to the threat of a deduction from their paltry pay if they do not comply. It is devoutly to be wished that one of the conditions attached to any increased Federal aid shall be the loosing of the Departmental chains from the Colleges.

The Commonwealth money will not be miracle-working manna. No such simple treatment will arrest the deep-seated disease crippling our education system. What is needed is a surgeon with a knife.

DISSENT

WINTER, 1963

12 extra pages

A symposium on A.L.P. policy on The Base also

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- Liberalism and Communism in South Africa Colin Tatz
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"I knew I should'a went t'a collech'!"

NIGERIAN DELEGATION TO VISIT UNIVERSITY

Every year, the National Union of Australian University Students, as part of its international programme, arranges the visit to Australia of a delegation of overseas students. Last year, for instance, we were visited by an 8-man delegation of Singapore and Malayan students; in 1961 three students from the U.S.S.R. came here. This year it was decided to invite a delegation of students from Nigeria, who arrived in Australia at Perth on Wednesday, 3rd July, and reach Adelaide on Sunday, 7th, where they will stay until Friday before flying to Melbourne.

The delegation consists of three students, two male and one female. The leader, David Obi, is the International Vice-President of the National Union of Nigerian Students and a B.Sc. student at the University of Ibadan. Mr. Rasaq Solaja, the second delegate, is the President of the Students' Union at the University at Ibadan and a second-year B.A. student, while the lady delegate is Miss Patience Onwuatu. They are, in other words, Very Important Persons in the student world, and the fact that such an impressive delegation has been selected to spend six weeks in Australia is a compliment in itself.

The National Union of Nigerian Students (NUNS) is, as well, one of the more important bodies in Nigerian politics and in international student affairs. The average Australian student finds it difficult to appreciate the active part which students in many other countries take in their countries' politics; they read of student riots in Guatemala and massive student demonstrations in Iran as though they happened in another world.

In countries such as Indonesia, Ghana and Nigeria, however, students and student bodies are not only politically active to a degree for which we find no parallel in Australia, but also represent, actually and potentially, a much larger political force than do their counterparts here. The student leaders of these countries, in particular, are a very small and very politically involved elite.

Secondly, in international student affairs the NUNS occupies a position of considerable influence. Like many African nations and National Unions of Students, it pursues a policy of bipartisanship towards the East and West. In the student context, this has the result that NUNS has associations both with the International Student Conference (of which N.U.A.U.S. is a member) and with the International Union of Students, based in Prague, Czechoslovakia, which lat-



Jose Bernardino—R.I.P.

Continued from page 1

dents and people, as well as of international public opinion, and is further proof of the fascist, anti-popular and anti-student nature of the Salazar Government. Salazar, who defies the united will of the peoples of Africa by continuing colonial oppression in Angola, Mozambique and other Portuguese possessions on that continent, also defies the wishes of his own people and of all honest and democratic persons throughout the world, including students. His offensive against the right of the Portuguese students to organise themselves has already suffered many setbacks thanks to the unity of the Portuguese students in support of their Academic Associations, in defence of their living and study conditions and university autonomy. His general policy will be swept away by the people and students of Portugal, supported by international democratic public opinion.

ter body many National Unions of Students consider to be partisan and unrepresentative. The Nigerian National Union has, however, attained great respect in both the Eastern and Western student bloc for its consistent and fearless policies on such questions as colonialism, human rights, etc., and has risen to hold executive office in the I.U.S.

In other words, the student leaders who will be visiting Adelaide are political sophisticates with a deservedly high national and international reputation. On Tuesday, July 9th, the delegation will address students and answer questions at a meeting in the Union Hall at 1.10 p.m. They will be well worth hearing: why wait for 'Meet the Press'?

personality in fashion

Undoubtedly most people would agree that Number One on the Top Forty Chart of personalities in fashion around the cloisters today would be God; but that person being somewhat difficult to condense into a thumb-nail sketch, let us turn our attention to his chief representative in Adelaide University, viz. Mr. Ian D. Black.

Before he shaved off his beard this theologically-inclined student of history was not altogether dissimilar to a close relative of the Deity, and there is the somewhat apocryphal story that on sighting the Black visage with its luxuriant covering of hair, one soul exclaimed: "Jesus Christ! who does he think he is?"

Until recently, Black, a theological student by profession, was not even a prediction to reach our charts of student personality hits. He became President of the S.C.M. at the end of 1962 to guide those godly souls through this year's mission. The choice was a felicitous one. The suave Mr. Black appears before massed student meetings with more ease than most of us when we speak at a tutorial group. He rubs shoulders with the Bidstrups, who grant his requests with a willingness that would lead

me to suspect that they were either being hypnotized or blackmailed.

At bawdy parties he's there, ready to talk to anyone tiring of the wild-life and high life.

Aplomb, we must confess, is not the only peculiar characteristic possessed by this man. He has the reputation of being something of a miracle worker as a well. "On Dit" obliges him with space at his request to such an extent that it is beginning to look more like a student version of the War-Cry than the A.L.P.'s University rag. For him the cloisters are rapidly cleared of masticating students and orange peel so that some professor can talk to students about God. Such powers make me wonder whether he could emulate his Chief's example and turn water into booze, a feat which would be likely to convince a considerable number of students of the relevance of Christianity.

On account of these virtues, if the S.C.M. was to hold an election today, it would be likely that Ian Black would be given a junior partnership in the Trinity. On the other hand, one could predict that the E.U., taking popularity to be the sign of Satan, is praying fervently for his conversion. Speculators about student politics are wondering what would happen if President Black decided to have a finger in the student political pie. The Godly have been almost non-existent on the S.R.C. in recent years and the Bidstrups have ruled supreme on this body. Earlier this year two S.C.M. members, supported by a powerful Christian voting block, were elected to the S.R.C. Does Ian Black intend his flock to have a bigger say in things politics-wise during the next year, will he lead a new team of student politicians in an attempt to dispose the ailing Bidstrup line, or will he be content to continue as the Man of God, finding buyers for heavenly habitations, but not interesting himself in the rat race of this life?



YOU WILD— YOU WILLING

The lid has been taken off your private life. The new British film coming to the Sturt is of the modern trend — with a difference. The kitchen sink is on campus.

"The Wild and the Willing" poses the big question, the topical one: is University education a waste of time? Are undergraduates, often liberally supported by State grants, whittling away public money in orgies of drinking and petting, and generally bringing discredit on institutions which, in times gone by, were revered and honoured?

The British Universities apparently protested at this suggestion: a typical quote: "Young men and women from ordinary homes sweat their guts out to get to the University. We do it not because it's 'the thing', but because we have talents which, when properly channelled, can be of inestimable use to the community at large. . . . Of course we go off the rails at times. After we've studied hard, we like to play hard, too. To my certain knowledge no drinking or petting bout has ever impaired the abilities of any student in this university."

Well . . . Anyway, the story runs like this:

To his working-class parents Harry Brown (Ian McShane) is a very clever young man, so clever that they scrape and save to send him to University.

To his fellow-students at Kilminster University, and particularly to the hell-raising rugby crowd, he is a very fine fellow.

To some of the residents of Kilminster he is typical of the nuisances for whose university education they, as tax-payers, have to pay.

To his tutor, Professor Chown (Paul Rogers), he is a crude, ill-mannered but undeniably brilliant student cursed with a working-class background.

To himself Harry is a puzzle. The cultural atmosphere of university is too great a contrast to his home life. He has lost his bearings. He could go far if he knew what direction to take. But he doesn't know.

So he drifts along with the rugby crowd, sustained by beer, hell-raising, wisecracks and necking with his fellow-student girl friend Josie (Samantha Eggar). Varsity is a jail to him, learning a bore and people frauds. And of all the frauds he believes himself to be the greatest.

His influence over his fellow-students, people like John (David Sumner), Arthur (John Standing) and Reggie (Johnny Sekka), is considerable. But it is greatest over his room-mate Phil (John Hurt), a pleasant but rather negative youth, who is particularly vulnerable because he has recently been jilted by another girl student, Sarah (Catherine Woodville), now John's "property".

The mutual dislike of Chown and Harry culminates at a cocktail party Chown gives at his home. Chown slights "the working classes". With undiluted rudeness Harry answers back.

The scene intrigues Virginia Chown (Virginia Maskell), the professor's wife, whose marriage relations are strained. Virginia

consoles herself with drink and indiscretions with the more interesting of her husband's students.

Chown is aware of these affairs, but chooses with icy impersonal calm to ignore them.

Virginia sees in Harry a new conquest, and Chown's absence from home on business offers opportunities for them to meet. But when the infatuated Harry asks Virginia to leave her husband to go away with him she realises that things have become far more serious than she intended, and discourages Harry.

He has another worry. The annual Rag Day is drawing near. A sensational stunt is required to publicise it. Virginia idly suggests that "if anyone were childish enough" they could climb the tall, floodlit University tower.

The idea grows in Harry's mind. And something happens that decides him. Chown returns unexpectedly, finds Virginia and Harry together and treats Harry's confession that he is in love with Virginia with icy contempt. Virginia, thoroughly frightened by the turn events have taken, backs her husband's attitude.

Harry leaves, determined on the dangerous feat of climbing the University tower. He needs a companion, however. The only student who is prepared to accompany him is Phil.



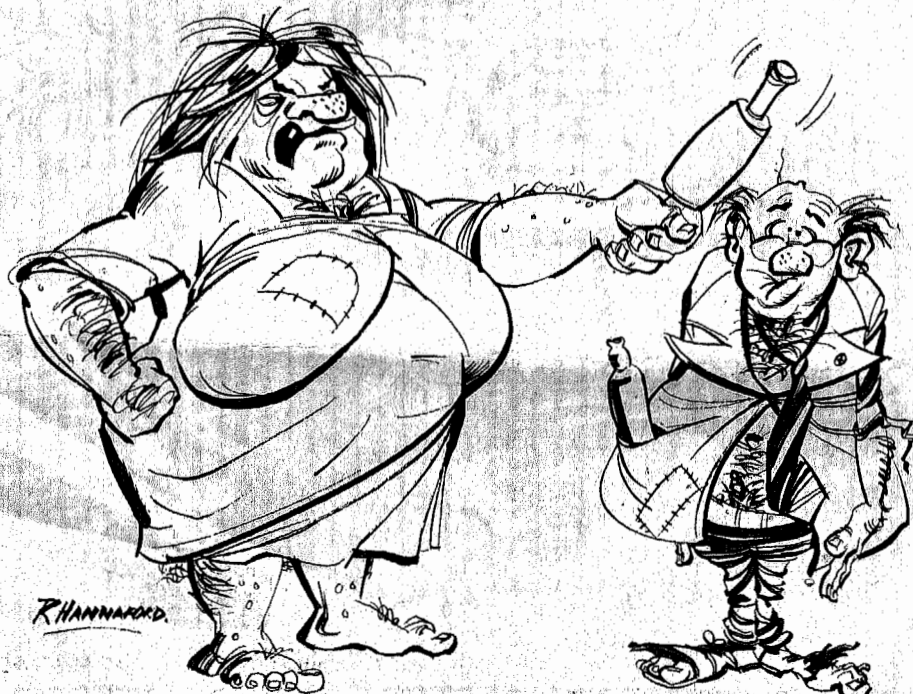
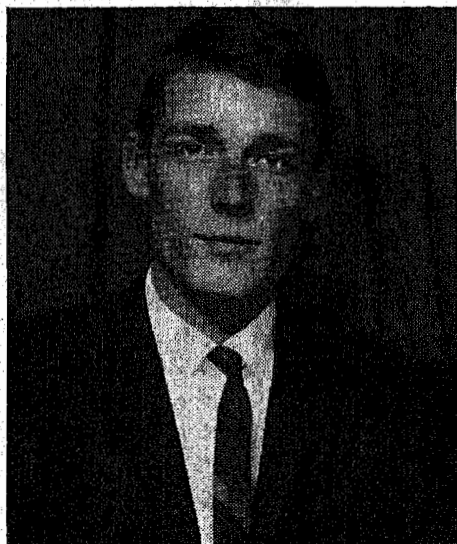
Harry tries to dissuade him, but Phil is determined.

Harry gives in to Phil's stupid bravado. They start the climb. It is horribly dangerous, but the descent is even more so. Phil's strength fails. Police and firemen are too late to save him. He falls to his death.

Harry, held responsible, is sent down—dismissed from the University.

To Chown the irony of it all is that in Harry he recognises a scholastic genius he could, in happier circumstances, have helped to the front.

To Harry the tragedy poses the greatest question of all—the question that suggests that he has at last learned self-discipline and manhood. "Oh, God," he asks, "how do you learn to stop hurting people?"



"If you've had anything to do with this Keeler girl—I'll divorce you!"

ACTION AND EXPLANATION

by Prof. A. G. Ogston

Action is doing things. Explanation is thinking or talking about what we do.

Animals just act — they can't think, or not much. But man has acquired the power of standing back from his actions, either in retrospect or prospect, and thinking about them; about whether what he did was effective or ineffective, wise or foolish, right or wrong; about how to do the same thing better or a new theory.

As Hamlet says, "Sure, he that made us with such wide discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and god-like reason to fust in us unused". We have the power and we should use it. And there is no doubt that thinking has given us an unparalleled effectiveness of action.

Not only can we think, each for himself, but through language we can teach, persuade and instruct each other. And so we can agree to work together to achieve things that no single man can do; whether in the way of bending nature to our will or of governing and subjugating each other.

But, while giving all credit to the power of thought and its instrument speech, do we perhaps respect it too much? There are many actions, most of the important trivial ones that carry us on from day to day, that we perform without conscious thought. And some of these are much better done unthinkingly. If a car threatens to run into me, I shall do my best to jump at once, not stop to think whether or how to jump, or to ponder on the relative legal rights of the car and myself to that bit of road.

Thought is a free and useful thing, but do we sometimes do too much of it? Or perhaps I mean too much of that rational, analytic thought which the academic west has developed to such a degree? Hamlet goes on to speak of "some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on a thought which quartered hatched but one part wisdom and over three parts coward".

Analytic thoughts, like athletics, needs method to be fully effective, and its chief method is logic. First we identify the premises from which we start, and are careful to scrutinize and label them so that we are quite sure what they are and so that there is no risk of their suddenly taking on a new character or of their changing places unnoticed; then we deduce their consequences, keeping our eyes carefully on the operation all the time so that nothing goes awry. And behold! there is a conclusion, as clear and identifiable as the premises from which we started.

It works beautifully in the text books, and it works pretty well in science — in fact one can represent most of science by precisely defined logical relationships between precisely defined observations of objects or concepts. But, even in science, though the pedestrian part of its progress occurs by an open, clear, rational process, the really interesting new idea, the leap forward, is apt to be more like a conjurer taking a rabbit out of a hat.

vision, that gets one on and the hunch is nearly always unexpected. It more often than not comes when one isn't even trying to have a hunch, certainly not when one is thinking hard about the subject. For then it seems, one's mind is, like Gulliver in Lilliput, tied down all round and cannot perform the convulsion that a real hunch needs.

And what about the arts? Of course, there is plenty of analytic thinking and writing about them, and it is very useful. A man who runs a 4-minute mile needs to train with care and with a full understanding of how his legs can carry him most quickly and how best to conserve his strength. But no amount of training or understanding will in itself make a runner. No amount of mechanical knowledge will in itself make a champion racing motorist.

The rules of composing music are well understood and can be taught. But how many well trained students end up as a Beethoven or a Stravinsky? The rules could be programmed into a computer, and one could shift its memory too with the best things from the best composers, but does anyone suppose that it could then write really good and exciting music? Can anyone describe, in exact terms, how to paint a good painting, even so simple-looking a painting as an abstract?

Even in the arts, conscious analysis is a good thing, for it is worth while trying to understand in any way that we can see how a thing is done, or how an effect is produced. But it does seem necessary to the creative artist, however well he knows the rules, to forget them when he is in the act of creation.

Why should this be? One answer is that the mind is merely doing unconsciously what is could do consciously. Of course, we know that the conjurer really takes the rabbit out of the hat with his hand, only rather quickly and deftly. Myself, I dislike and distrust those words "is merely" or any equivalent for them. For they are too often a dishonest claim that we know or understand more than we do. So is the claim that we could give full instructions in principle, if we knew enough of this detail; there is nothing so far as I know to suggest that we shall ever be able to do this.

Argue openly, and you and everyone can see just what you are doing, have a hunch and neither you nor anyone can tell how or why you had just that hunch at just that moment. One is conscious only of something

that forced itself upon one like a magnet sweeping in an instant through one's mind, leaving one's ideas all rearranged like iron filings in its track. Moreover, the hunch is so compellingly right that one can act upon it at once. There is no need to spend time analysing the conclusion deficiency and arguing before getting on with the job. One sees instantly that a piece of jig-saw fits into place; there is no need then for trial and error, much less for a precise definition of its geometrical form.

Too much thought can inhibit understanding and inhibit action. For understanding normally issues in action, and it is action that keeps us alive, earns our livings, makes us liked or disliked, enables us to express our feelings to other people. Consider, only how laborious and probably ineffective it would be if we had to make an analysis of the character and circumstances of anyone with whom we had to converse or do business, then wrote out exactly how to approach and deal with him. We deal with other people nearly all the time without stopping to define them, or anything about them. We understand them, better or worse, and act accordingly without any conscious analysis.

Now, in most departments of life we behave pretty sensibly and I wouldn't be saying all this if I didn't think that in one important department things have gone off the rails. In the Christian religion we pay too much respect to theology. I don't blame the theologians. For it is as respectable and as useful to think analytically about the concepts and ideas of religion as about music. But religion is primarily a matter of experience, understanding and action.

The trouble starts with the need to express oneself, and this requires words and the words require some sort of mental image. But from the nature of the case any word or any image is likely to be certainly incomplete and possibly in part misleading. Even when we refer to the electron as a "particle" we are (or used to be) very apt to think of a very small charged billiard-ball; but then we are surprised and perhaps worried to find that a thing which is like a billiard-ball in having mass doesn't have a definite location!

So when God is referred to as being "in heaven" this may represent a truth; but it may be quite misleading in implying that God is somewhere definite, we don't quite know where, but not just here. Or the idea of the fatherhood of God, as well as representing perhaps a true image of care and interest, may be unable, for different people, to shake off long white beards or fuddly-duddiness.

Then the theologian, having set up images to his own satisfaction proceeds to arrange them into schemes. And if these are accepted as orthodox, before you know where you are, ordinary people are expected to accept them, image by image, relationship by relationship and word for word as the price of being regarded as respectable denominational Christians.

In the teaching of Jesus one finds images. He refers to God as his father, but he does not try to explain, except by example or parable what he means, or exactly what the Father-Son relationship consists of. The images are offered, so to speak, not forced upon one. And I think Christians would feel more free in mind and less formal in their approach to the understanding and knowledge of God. Jesus and others have used images and meant them to mean something. One should try to understand what truth the images contained, but one should not feel compelled to use the same image in one's own thought. Rather, one should search in what is written for the best understanding one can attain and use it to represent to oneself and to other people the best images one can find. One should not, of course, wantonly reject a conventional image just because it is conventional. That would make discussion with other people unnecessarily difficult. If one reads theologians one should do so sympathetically, prepared to link beyond their images to what they are trying to represent.

But beyond this, Christianity is a religion of action. Jesus didn't only talk. He lived with His disciples, prayed, healed and comforted. He told His disciples that he is the way and the life. God knows, I am an academic, dyed in the wool. But to me the best followers of Christ, great and small, are those who lived or live among men in a way which shows the influence of Jesus in their lives. Some of them are so inarticulate that they couldn't give a satisfactory theological account of their religious views. The Christian life demands commitment, what Kirkegaard calls "the leap in the dark", not to the acceptance of a body of doctrine but to an attitude and a way. It demands decision and action.

A word here to the academic agnostic, and I cannot do better than quote from Comford's *Micro cosmographia Academica*.

"Now the academic person is to Hamlet, as Hamlet is to the female; his discourse is many times larger and he looks before and after many times as far. Even a little knowledge of ethical theory will suffice to convince you that all important questions are so complicated and the results of any course of action are so difficult to foresee, that certainty, or even probability, is seldom, if ever, attainable. It follows at once that the only justifiable attitude of mind is suspense of judgment and this attitude, besides being peculiarly congenial to the academic temperament, has the advantage of being comparatively easy to attain. There remains the duty of persuading others to be equally judicious, and to refrain from plunging into reckless courses which might lead them Heaven knows whither. At this point the arguments for doing nothing come in; for it is a mere theorist's paradox that doing nothing has just as many consequences as doing something. It is obvious that inaction can have no consequences at all."

A CLERK'S EYE VIEW

by Arthur Jackson, Vice-master and Chaplain, Lincoln College

To write objectively about the Mission at the end of its first week (or at any other time) is not easy when one is (a) a parson, and (b) a member of the Mission Committee. However, since nobody else is going to write about it objectively either, I address myself to the task with the more modest aim of being frank.

Thus far I have found the whole thing exciting and depressing. Exciting because of the crowds, the interest, and the freshness of presentation in the addresses, and depressing because the issues raised cannot be adequately discussed within the confines of a lunch-hour meeting, even when it lasts until 3 p.m.

The honesty and the good humour of all concerned have reflected credit both upon the University and the missionaries. Christian men have tried to show how they approach the Faith from within their respective academic disciplines and have been frank to a degree which some people evidently did not expect. The opposition, in their turn, have behaved admirably. Emotionally loaded distortions of Christianity in the guise of "questions" have been signally lacking, and opposing viewpoints have been put with clarity and force. If I may be pardoned for using one of the more esoteric and delicate technical terms at present current in the Philosophy Department, "ratbags" have been conspicuous by their absence.

Now for the sixty-four dollar question. What do I as a parson (and a Methodist at that) think of all the heresies which the Missioners are putting up? To which I reply, "What heresies?" Since Professor Birch is the cause of a lot of the consternation, let me deal with him. I think his views are inadequate on the Person of Christ and the Cross (to mention but two), and I would want to go further than he does on the question of the Resurrection. Nearly all of what he positively says on these matters I gladly accept, but I would want to

add to them. On the other hand he gave a tremendous debunking of what some people (including Christians) think the orthodox view of God is, and then stated a positive view which is, in fact, orthodox theism in all essential particulars. (His views on the meaning of "omnipotence" are representative of those held by a large group of impeccably respectable theologians, even if some students had never heard them before.) I think Charles Birch does this criticism and restatement far better than the Bishop of Woolwich.

We knew his views before we invited him, and felt that it was high time Adelaide students heard this able scientist, who is deeply devoted to Jesus Christ, give the results of his thinking and experience.

Of course, this whole attempt to restate the Faith is dangerous. Large portions of the baby may go down the plughole with the bath-water if we are not very careful. But one thing is much more dangerous, and that is to shirk the effort of saying just what we mean in the language which is intelligible in a modern university. Even in the New Testament itself we see this sort of thing going on. (St. John's Gospel for example is a presentation of the Unchanging Christ in language and thought-forms which would be understood by a different audience from those to which the first three Gospels were addressed.)

This was never intended to be a party-line Mission. Provided all viewpoints expressed have Christ as their central point of reference, they may be properly expressed from a Christian platform. My own view is that in a University, any sort of commendation of the Faith, other than that which allows free discussion and liberty of thought, would be quite intolerable. That is why I am grateful for what has been said so far, even on the occasions when I should have wanted to say something different myself.



Missioner Birch, "Crusade in the Cloisters"

GOD IS DEAD

by Alan Dawson

In 1957 the S.C.M. sponsored a mission to the University and now after six years they have screwed up the courage to hold another. This year's mission has, however, resulted in the death of God (an obituary notice will be found in a separate article). Some people expected that the Mission would firstly try to show that Christianity is true. The second problem has not even been touched on. On Thursday, June 27th, Prof. Birch gave good reasons for seeing traditional Christianity as false and unless Prof. Austin in the following week takes a very different line of approach it seems that the S.C.M. is conceding defeat from the start.

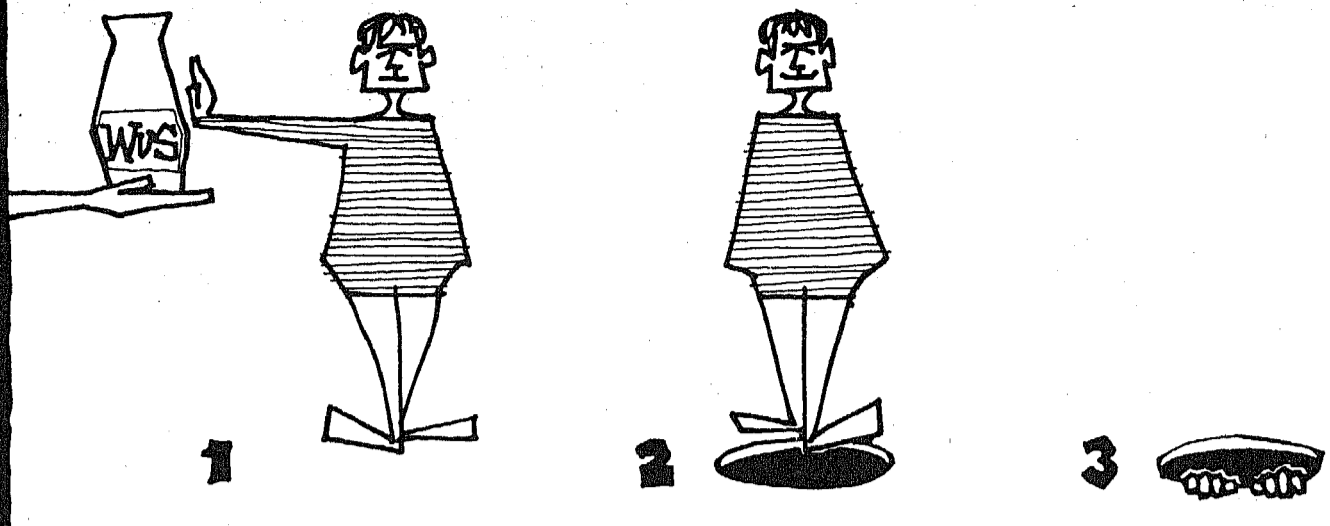
The mission has raised more interest among the student body than any other activity for many years, the Education Project possibly excepted, and yet has failed to give clear answers to the two key questions: is Christianity true and is it ethically-desirable? The Agnostics Society Counter-Mission intends to answer those two questions, clearly and decisively without the endless ambiguities and confusions of the Christian (?) missioners.

The speakers will be Prof. J. J. C. Smart of the Philosophy Dept., Mr. Jeff Scott, a graduate of the University in economics and law, a former President of the S.R.C. and editor of *On Dit*, at present lecturing in law in the Institute of Technology; Dr. John Lowke, a physicist now lecturing in the Adelaide Teachers' College; Don McNicol, honours psychology student, well known for his brilliant parables on religion, secretary of the Agnostics' Society; and Allan Dawson, the Society's President. Prof. A. G. N. Flew, from Britain, a distinguished philosopher who is one of the leading authorities in the world on the

philosophy of religion and an excellent speaker to boot, will be speaking for the Agnostics' Society also.

The Counter Missioners will discuss the basis of secular humanism, the implausibility of Christianity as a description of the universe, the confusions of traditional Christianity, the basis of secular ethics and why such ethics can supply the guidance which Christianity cannot provide, as well as analysing some of the S.C.M. Missioners' confusions. The Counter-Mission will in particular show why the assertions of traditional Christianity are false or meaningless, as well as the irrelevance of Prof. Birch's type of diluted "Christianity". Ethics was neglected by the S.C.M. Mission, however, no topic is more important and the constructive answers of the ungodly will be put forward. Thus the Agnostics' Society Counter-Mission will answer the two questions at the back of so many students' minds: is Christianity true and what are good ethics. Whether you found the S.C.M.-Anglican Society Mission satisfying or not, the Counter-Mission will have the clearer, better answers to these two crucial questions.

A MORAL STORY for the advanced undergrad...



* PLEASE GIVE TO W.U.S.

ONCE MORE WITH FEELING

by Judy Wells

Monday, July 15th, 1963 . . . a day of significance for all connected with the University of Adelaide. For amongst other things (and more important than other things) it begins W.U.S. Week, a traditional event in the yearly round of university activities.

It may be that, already enlightened, you are willing and prepared to support the appeal. It may be that, along with 400 others, you find yourself singled out under the title "collector", and given the responsibility of extracting a 5/- contribution to W.U.S. from each of ten students. Or it might just be that on the matter of W.U.S. you confess to ignorance.

World University Service (W.U.S.), an international organisation with headquarters in Geneva, is sponsored by the World's Student Christian Federation, Pax Romana, the World Union of Jewish Students and the International Association of Professors and lecturers. It was formed partly as a result of, and in the spirit of, the former International Student Service and world Student Relief, W.U.S. is not a relief organisation per se. It does not exist, as is sometimes affirmed, for the specific purpose of establishing student health clinics, Library facilities, book printing cooperatives or hostels in university communities where such are non-existent, inadequate, or destroyed as an indirect consequence of war. It is true, however, that the implementation of the aims of W.U.S. has led to its continued involvement in these fields of action, and with demonstrable and valuable results.

In outlining the *raison d'etre* of W.U.S., it will serve best, perhaps, to quote portions from the Preamble and Aims as set out in the Constitution of the World University Service of Australia. It is based on:

"The sincere and disinterested search for truth which implies:

- 1. Creative thinking and a critical and many-sided approach.
- 2. Resistance to all external pressure liable to hinder freedom of study, teaching or research.

"The training of men and women with a wide and coherent view of culture and a sense of their responsibilities within society.

"The achievement of university community which implies:

- 1. That no one be placed at a disadvantage in seeking entrance to the university or in participating in university life on account of race, nationality, sex, social or economic condition, or political or religious conviction, and that every particular group has the right to establish within the wider community such educational institutions as deemed necessary to meet its particular needs;

- ... 3. That a spirit of real understanding and collaboration be fostered among the university communities of all nations, thus contributing to social justice and welfare and international peace.

Included in its aims are the clauses: "World University Service of Australia seeks to initiate and develop in full cooperation with all appropriate bodies and organisations any activity which is in agreement with the aims and principles expressed in this Constitution and to facilitate close collaboration between universities in Australia and throughout the world in all matters coming within the jurisdiction of this Constitution." . . . "World University Service of Australia seeks the achievement of its object:

- 1. Through the extension of material aid by members of the world university community to their fellow members who are in immediate need; and particularly through assistance to self-help enterprises designed to meet long-term needs.

These clauses need little amplification. It needs no stretch of the imagination to appreciate why the energies and funds of W.U.S. are being channelled, for the most part, into areas of "relief" action. The economic imbalance which exists between continents makes equal opportunities for higher education a thing of the future. Yet in many cases the professional leaders of tomorrow are studying today under sufferance of conditions of extreme hardship. A constitution which speaks of "a proper balance between professional training and

true scholarship" and an "attempt to meet the basic needs of the universities and centres of higher education" cannot ignore the impoverished conditions of universities in, for instance, Algeria, Korea or Hong Kong, or of newly independent African States. W.U.S. Programme of Action for 1963-64 has proportioned financial aid to a multitude of projects in as many countries, the majority of which are solely aimed at providing for the physical well-being and material necessities of students. India, one nation for which W.U.S. is planning extensive support, offers innumerable instances of student difficulties. The majority of students, from indigent families, are forced to exist on a budget too meagre to allow for cafeteria meals. A large proportion have defective eye sight, and are unable to afford glasses.

In Calcutta, 12% cannot even borrow set text books. International W.U.S. will sponsor four co-operative student canteens in university centres. It has set a target of 4,000 pairs of glasses to be fitted in 1963-64, the cost to be shared by local W.U.S. committees and the students concerned. Local W.U.S. committees in Calcutta aim this year to establish book banks in ten centres. These are three facts which are indicative of many others, and an appeal for aid on such a basis is too easily dismissed as emotional. The facts remain, however, cold and hard

Hungry. No books. Poor sight. And until they are remedied there is small hope for "freedom of study, teaching or research".

World University Service is a cooperative effort at the world university community to undertake joint action in exploring and meeting common needs. But it is more. As Dr. R. H. Green wrote: "It has the freedom, the flexibility and the interplay of new and old ideas necessary to meet crises, to explore new solutions and opportunities as they emerge, in short to play a creative role on the frontiers of university development and strengthening." It is to the detriment of W.U.S. that W.U.S. Australia has, in the past, couched its aims and objects in the image of a benevolent neighbour to students of less favourable circumstances. Relief aid, as had been pointed out, is a necessary adjunct to W.U.S. action. Service of the utmost value has been, and is being, given to students thanks to the initiative of W.U.S. However, W.U.S. Australia could well direct its attention inward, as well as outward, for there are internal projects which need in-

vestigation, and which lie within the constitutional framework of the W.U.S. Preamble and Aims. Staff-student relationships which, under the tutorial system are rendered inadequate with the disproportionate increase of students to members of staff, and Australian-Asian student and university relationships, are but two fields which could be broached at a W.U.S. development conference. W.U.S. Australia is confronted with a challenge.

The challenge before W.U.S. Australia, however, is no larger than the challenge before the University communities in Australia, and more locally, that in Adelaide. W.U.S. has always posed a challenge. W.U.S. will always do so, provided its aims can be constantly re-interpreted to meet the world university situation. Each year Adelaide takes up the cry, "Rally for the cause of W.U.S." It is a worthy cause. But in the last resort, its worth — the projects initiated and supported by the organisations — depends upon the financial backing of staff and students alike.

W. U. S.

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OZ BECOZ, BECOZ.

Under the sun, as the wise man truly said, nothing is new. And so when a group of Sydney university students launched Australia's first monthly magazine OZ, it was soon dubbed as Australia's answer to "Private Eye".

The London magazine became a legend within twelve months of its publication and parallels with OZ were obvious.

Both were University based. To match "Private Eye's" Oxbridge clique, OZ drew the nucleus of its staff from the University of Sydney and New South Wales. The two editors are Richard Neville and Richard Walsh. Neville is a New South Wales Arts student and remnant from the ranks of advertising. Walsh is a Sydney Arts graduate, Medicine undergraduate and an aspiring psychologist. Also recruited were Martin Sharp and Garry Sheard, both sometime Bulletin cartoonists.

"Private Eye" has its offices above a strip-joint. The first issues of OZ were produced in an ancient building once the stables of Governor Phillip. Now they are established in a building three doors from the Sydney Morning Herald.

With about £50 to begin with, the small group formed a public company known as "OZ Publications Inc. Limited". Currently sales are 9,000 monthly at 1/3 per copy. The editors say this just about makes ends meet.

Despite the similarities of background, OZ and "Private Eye" are basically different. OZ depends far less on graphics and its format is cleaner. The editors claim OZ has a wider aim. It seeks to satirise, irritate and entertain.

But topicality is its main ingredient: In South Africa and U.S.A. recent rioting continues, so OZ announces the Commencement of the 1963 Nigger Hunting Season—the two countries vying for the patronage of would-be hunters. Sandwiched between this announcement are ads for "Boneless Tinned Nigger", etc.

With persistent threats from the north, OZ interviews a Defence Spokesman who advises "What to do when the Indonesians come!"

OZ announces a series of lotteries to launch an Australian OZtranaught, "looking for a family man who enjoys travelling but is not interested in meeting people".

One of the most controversial items in a recent issue was a letter from a "Digger"



The cover of "Oz" No. 2.

who suggested Australia improve its defence by exploiting the "high incidence of homosexuality in this country and re-form the army by calling for pairs of male recruits (lovers) so emulating the invincible Greeks". Replies to this letter have carried threats of "bashings" to the author.

Unfortunately OZ has not as yet been able to realise its plans for national distribution. Intending subscribers should fill in the following details and send below enclosing 10/- (6 months), £1 (12 months).

OZ MAGAZINE:
Fourth Floor,
16 Hunter Street,
Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose..... for..... month's subscription.

abreast of the times

THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR

Two medium-sized cheers are in order for President Kennedy's civil rights legislation at present before Congress: sustained applause is due the man himself for putting it there: whilst two minutes' silence is not out of place for the dead and injured of the South who were ultimately responsible for the legislation's being drafted at all. Indeed, not only did the direct action of these latter play the primary role in the initiation of this legislation: if, as seems likely, their action continues, it will have the profoundest effect on the legislation in passage, and, if laws are passed, on their eventual operation and extension.

It is very doubtful if the President's proposals themselves are worth even two cheers in themselves, though they are doubtless entitled to a polite clap. They will provide merely for the desegregation of public places — theatres, stores, lunch counters, hotels, and so on — as well as giving some further power to the Federal Government to accelerate the integration of schools. They are, in other words, very mild; and at the time of writing looked like being made even milder, since the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives was of the opinion that the clause referring to hotel accommodation would have to be sacrificed in order to give the rest of the legislation a sporting chance. But the proposals are, a hundred years after Lincoln withal, a start; and as mild as they are, they will still be extraordinarily difficult to push through Congress. That the President realizes that the legislative is only one of the many fronts on which segregation must be attacked, has been amply demonstrated by his homework in Honolulu at the hometown level, and by his appeals to employers; now, by contrast, the gloves are off, for what promises to be a bitter fight.

The legislation should not, however, meet its most serious check in the House of Representatives. Although the battle which will rage here will be fierce, knock-down drag-out stuff, it seems likely that Kennedy will win, albeit after a close vote. If Kennedy has the numbers and is prepared to make minor concessions, it will above all be a *short* fight, since the negroes sitting on the Washington tramlines are not going to wait long, and since Kennedy will need all his time to win the big battle to follow. The real problem, then, is the Senate; for just as England still has Mr. MacMillan, the United States Senate still has a rule that Senators may speak for as long as they wish.

It would be quite impractical for President Kennedy (or his brother) merely to sit and wait until the Democrat Senators of the South ceased talking, since he would undoubtedly be waiting still when his term expires next year. To break the filibuster, however, he will need a two-thirds majority of the Senate, 67 votes out of 100. On present indications he should be able to count on 40 to 45 Democratic Senators, all non-Southern, plus about 10 Republicans; he will know, on the other hand, that he faces a smaller but tighter band of Southern Democrats not only prepared to try anything to prevent his programme from reaching a vote, but having the means to do so, by virtue of their great influence in the more important committees of the Senate. In this situation Kennedy must rely on Republican Senatorial support being forthcoming. Where, then, does the "party of Lincoln" stand on integration, 100 years on?

It has been remarked — indeed, Senator Goldwater is always saying so — that civil rights are all very well, but that nothing must be done which will interfere with State and local rights. If one can speak of a "Republican position", then such a simplification of it contrains its essence; it is perhaps more correct to say that it is the creed of the powerful right wing of the party to which others amongst its number subscribe. One as hypocritical in the United States

context is difficult to imagine offhand: it is rather like being resolutely determined to prevent crime but refusing to establish a police force. However, the very gravity of the situation is likely to force something of a rethinking of this attitude, if not on the part of Senator Goldwater at least as far as some other Republican Senators are concerned.

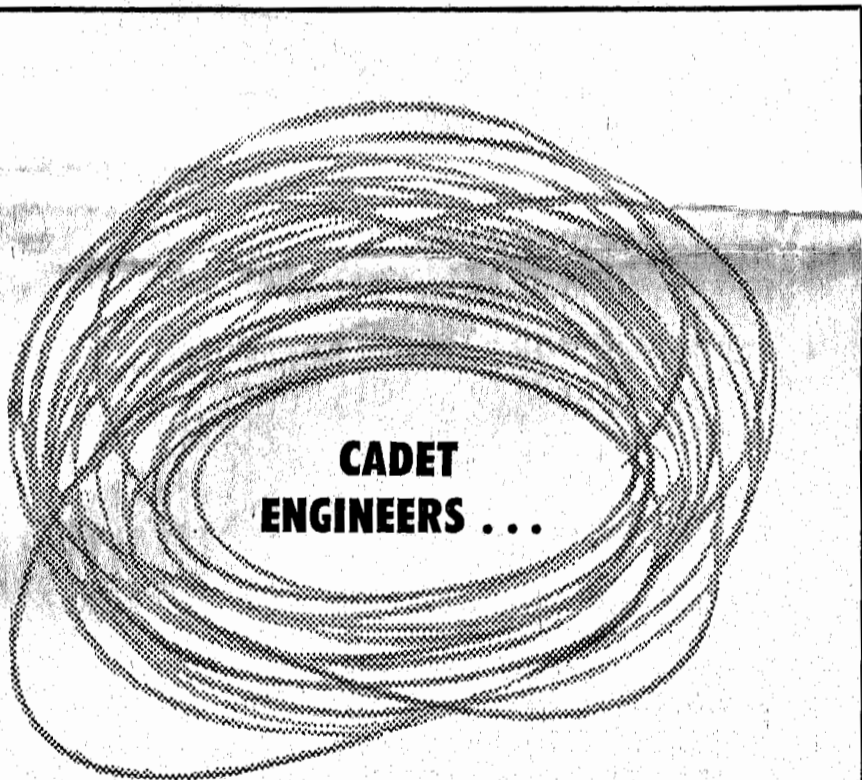
If, indeed, the situation becomes less grave — if, that is, no or fewer negroes and whites are shot and clubbed for a time — the platitudes will begin to sound as good as ever, and with perfect equanimity the Senate will listen to the Senators from the South as they quote page by page whatever document they happen to have picked up. It seems, however, that the state of affairs is becoming more grave rather than less: and we can therefore look forward to more violence, more dead, more injured, as the southern gentlemen drone on and on. And as they quote their pages of statistics, the Republican Senators who voted against the closure on the last occasion will read, ever more anxiously, of the rising numbers of dead, of the woundings and bombings and beatings, and will feel the pressure mounting on them to call a halt to senselessness. The legislation which is finally passed will be written in letters of blood.

The negroes and whites, for, against and neutrals, who will die in the coming weeks, will not be the only sacrifices. Among the others it is not sufficiently realized that President Kennedy may very easily be included. He has, on this issue, broken deeply, and almost certainly completely, with the Southern Democrat vote, which ensured his extremely narrow victory in the 1960 Presidential election. Although the South has voted solidly Democrat in Presidential elections for 100 years, over the last two decades this pattern has shown signs of changing. For these reasons Republican candidates will be cynically assessing the possibilities of campaigning on a platform which will not only hold their present strongholds elsewhere, but will have a strong enough segregationist tinge to carry the white Southern vote. Such a combination could prove sufficient to win the Presidency, and Goldwater the kind of candidate who could possibly bring about such an amalgamation of interests, using the fairly convincing argument for the South that the only white man lower than a Jew is a nigger-loving Catholic.

President Kennedy is, then, taking a gamble of a very considerable magnitude. Even if he wins this battle, he may very easily lose the campaign; but in the long run, whether he wins or loses the campaign, he has greatly enhanced the prospect of winning the entire war; the war against the second or third class citizenship at present the lot of the American Negro. For one thing is certain: the negroes have discovered a means of getting results. Denied the ballot by the segregationist States, they have discovered that direct, passive or violent, action, will react on a President of principle quickly and in their favour. If they win this battle they will win again, even if delay and bloodshed lie between them and further victories. And when the war itself is won, it may be as difficult to persuade negroes to vote for any other than the party of Kennedy, as it has been to persuade the white South to vote for the party of Lincoln.

All of which leads one to reflect on the similarity of the situations in which these two Presidents have been placed, 100 years apart. The one, the greatest President of his century, found that the cost to America of emancipating slaves was a bitter and bloody civil war. The other may possibly be the third-best in his century, so far, and like all Presidents has learnt something from Lincoln. One would hope that the South will begin to learn something as well.

—Angela.



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COLLECT £10,000 for Charity and help improve (?) the Student Image.

Libs' ad Lib

Dear Sir,—The recent article, "Grey By-Election", neither Black nor White, had pink over-tones. Why weren't we told the article was really by your A.L.P. Correspondent? But then, of course, the full truth would have been out, and EVERYONE would have known that this newspaper's real title was "On Dit: Official Organ of the A.L.P. Club".

Let us examine this discerning analysis of our neutral (i.e. neutral Labour) observer. The author outlines the problems which faced Labour, in particular the influence of the three Independent candidates. The correspondent claims that Prince Ming would be thus unwise to take notice of the swing against Labour (7 per cent. in all) because of the influence of these Independents. Yet the author also states: "In the event most of the problems were effectively countered by the Labour Party or turned out to be seven-day wonders!" Come off it. You can't have both sides of the argument.

Leaving the damaging sentence quoted above aside, two further assertions are made. Firstly, it is claimed that most of the swing away from Labour is due to the personal followings of Mr. Kent and the late Mr. Russell in general, the "swing" against Labour declining the further one moves from Port Pirie (Russell's home town). Secondly, it is asserted that the "alleged" disunity within Labour ranks over the U.S. radio station was not a factor in the swing. (The bitter fight which preceded the Labour vote on the base seems to certainly call for something stronger than "alleged".) However, Woomera, which is not exactly a suburb of Port Pirie, where, therefore, Mr. Russell could be expected to have only a slight personal following and in which live those most intimately linked with the question of the radio station and the whole issue of defence, produced one of the biggest swings against Labour in the whole electorate, changing from Labour in 1961 to Liberal in the current election. Further, the correspondent admits that Labour may indeed have reasonably expected to retain some of Mr. Russell's personal following, citing Mount Gambier as an example, thus weakening the foundations of the argument.

As if sensing that the battle is being lost, our Labour scribe finally resorts to emotive appeal in the final two paragraphs as the facts slip away and the thread of the argument is lost. There is the wild generalization that consolidation is a continuing pattern in Labour seats in country areas. Results such as in Kalgoorlie in 1958 preclude generalizations by either side.

Finally, it is stated Sir R.M. would be a brave man to predict a Liberal victory on the Grey evidence. He would be if he went on the conclusions of Political Correspondent, which needless to say, are as much a part of Calwell's Fantasia as Labour unity. I would have thought that if Menzies had taken the results of the Queensland and Grey elections together, he would be a very confident man. In Queensland, the government lost only two seats as against Labour Leaders' hopes of halving the government majority of 17 or thereabouts, and this was despite unfavourable domestic circumstances, such as unemployment in the Collinsville region. Most neutral (i.e. neutral neutral) observers saw this as a vote by the People against the Left Wing of the Labour Party, which had (a) taken control,

with Communists and fellow-travellers, of the Queensland Trades Hall Council, (b) almost wrecked Labour's chances at the next Federal election by fighting tooth and nail against the U.S. radio station and Australia's security. Australians obviously do not want a Left Wing A.L.P. government.

In conclusion, why wasn't there a lavish spread also on the Queensland election? Or would this have ruined the pre-selection chances of our editors?

Yours sincerely,
G. H. SEARLE.

a Play

Dear Sir,—I would beg to draw your attention to the over-large amount of "On Dit" space which is allocated each edition to criticism or explanation of the content of "On Dit". I have in mind such articles as 50 per cent. of letters to the editor, the Editorial of the fourth edition, "This is a Watchbird" (fourth edition), Gavin Fielding's article (fourth edition), etc.

Yards and yards and yards, sir, of cabalistic clap-trap. Of course, "On Dit" must have a policy of one kind or another; this should be concisely stated in the first edition and clearly adhered to in subsequent editions, so that the necessity to defend it at length throughout the year ceases to exist.

Indeed, one is tempted to dabble in the ridiculous and postulate an "On Dit" composed entirely of self-criticism.

I have seen *people* so full of self-criticism that instead of perfecting themselves through their introspection they have become frightened, uninspiring clods.

This puts me in mind of writing a Pulitzer Prize-winning play on the same theme.

Herewith, some first thoughts on such a play, which might well cause its author to be accepted into the Inner Circle of the Theatre of the Absurd.

Go lights. Curtain up.
Delilah: (Pause) Quincey, go and empty the thud bucket.

Quincey: Ho! What a ridiculous first line for a play!

Delilah: Ridiculous or not, it was a statement that had to be made. And in any case, the construction of the sentence you made in reply was appalling.

Quincey: Don't begin a sentence with "and"!

Delilah: Quincey, darling, the thud bucket has just went up in flames (exits, weeping).

(End first act. Curtain.)

Yours, with Tongue in Check,
W. R. ANTHONY.

on Ansett

Dear Madam and Sir,—The A.L.P. Club notes, with pleasure, that Monash University students have obtained mining rights over the land where Reg Ansett and his television company, "Austrama," intend to build. Consequently, they are asking Mr. Ansett for compensation before they renounce these rights.

The various student bodies all over Australia are currently asking for increased Federal finances from the government, particularly in the field of education. The government-backed Mr. Ansett looks like being the first to respond to this plea and undoubtedly he will make some generous contribution of government funds to the needy students at Monash.

Yours sincerely,
BUSINESS LOVER.

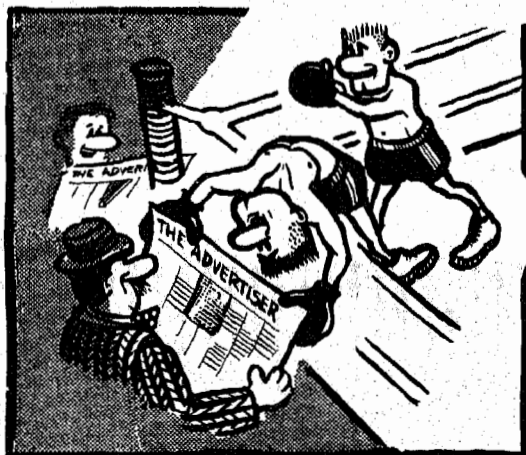
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The Two Apathies

Once there was an Adelaide University Magazine.

It was essentially a high school magazine written by and for University students; and it appeared as often as three or four times a year. It was lively, likeable and, hopefully, literary.

Enter "On Dit": sometimes lively, sometimes likeable, and at intervals developing literary pretensions.

That was when these two apathies came in.

Like Lares and Penates, they have loomed over A.U.M. (sic) ever since. On the one hand, an apathy towards editing it. On the other, an equally dismal distaste for writing for it.

The S.R.C. (ditto) has this year over-

come the former: there is now an Editor, pledged to producing a magazine in the early weeks of third term.

He has a cover, an idea, and a few friends: for the rest he is resigned to tilting at windmills.

So, at full gallop, he asks for, solicits, invites and begs contributions—fact or fiction, prose or verse. He will prefer those written in languages which use the Roman alphabet; those which are types; and those which reach him before the 28th of July.

Please send anything you have written to Martin Davey, care of the S.R.C. Office, or at the Department of Medicine—and there may again be an Adelaide University Magazine.

Contributions are invited

for the 1963

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

(A.U.M.)

PROSE — POETRY — FACT — FICTION

Send yours to
THE EDITOR, A.U.M., S.R.C. OFFICE
BY 28th JULY

The Best University Magazine

It is obvious that the most lively and interesting University Magazine published since the war has been produced in Melbourne. Year after year, the posters "MUM expecting delivery soon" have heralded a collection of some of the best writing produced in any Australian University.

There is no good reason why Adelaide should not produce something even better this year.

An Adelaide University Magazine (A.U.M.) will appear early in third term. Its quality will depend on the support it receives from students who are writing, or who wish to write.

Critical writing is wanted: wanted to show that Adelaide can rise above provincial standards in judgments of literature, art, films and drama.

Short stories and verse will be welcomed, and as this is the only substantial opportunity for having them published in the University, should be sent by anyone writing—don't send your best, send them all! Even drawings, paintings and photos will be considered.

So send anything you have, or can produce by July 28th, to the Editor, Martin Davey, at the S.R.C. Office, or the Department of Medicine.

HONOURS DEGREE CADETSHIPS

for students who have completed at least two years of a proposed Honours Degree, preferably in

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THE COMMONWEALTH STATISTICIAN
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Applications Close on 25th July, 1963.

(Salaries mentioned above are being reviewed and may be substantially increased.)

LE MALEN- TENDO

"A man left his Czechoslovakian village to make his fortune. At the end of twenty-five years, rich, he returned with a wife and child. In order to take his mother and sister, who ran a hotel in his native village, by surprise, he left his wife and child in one establishment and went to his mother's inn. When his mother failed to recognize him as he came in, he took a room as a joke, without enlightening her. But he had shown his money, and during the night his mother and sister murdered him with a hammer, in order to steal his money and threw his body into the river. In the morning, his wife arrived and not knowing what had happened, revealed his identity. The mother hanged herself. The sister threw herself into the well."

This is the story that Mercault reads in a newspaper whilst in prison, in what must be Albert Camus' best known work, "L'Etranger." Four years after the publication of "L'Etranger," appeared one of Camus' first plays, "Le Malentendu," for which he adopted with only two minor modifications this plot.

The play was written in the midst of war—in the 1940's. Camus was at first an intellectual objector to war but he came to accept its reality. He tried to enlist but was refused before of bad health. On account of his writings he found himself exiled from Algeria; he went to Paris as a journalist for Paris Soir. With the German invasion he fled to Lyons with his paper. Alone in cold, dank Lyons, he felt himself the Etranger—the outsider. "I'm twenty-six," he writes, "and I know what I want, except and, for example see what is good and what is bad! If I am not wanted as a combatant, it shows that my lot is always to remain apart. It is from my struggle to remain a normal man in exceptional circumstances that I have always drawn my greatest strength and usefulness." (Camus: Notebooks.) One can feel his personal anguish and his will-power. He returned to Algeria and in the three war-torn years which followed, he produced in quick succession "L'Etranger," "Le Malentendu" and "Caligula."

Predictably all three have a central theme—the absurdity of life. The wayward inn where lonely travellers are murdered is part of the folklore of Europe. The stage is set for tragedy which is the issue of an illogical, blind mistake. The son Jan is marked out for death as soon as he appears. Mother and daughter talk in the first scene:

Martha: Mother, we must kill him.

Mother: No doubt we must kill him.
Martha: You speak strangely.
Mother: I am tired, it is true. And I wish that he at least could be the last. It is terribly tiring to kill. And though it matters little to me whether I die facing the sea or on the centre of our plains, I should like it if afterwards, we could leave together.

Martha: We shall leave and it will be a great moment. Make an effort, Mother, there is little to do. You know that it is not even a question of murder, he will drink his tea, he'll sleep, and while he is still alive, we'll carry him to the river . . ."

But in his own eyes he is the returning son, awaiting the meal of the prodigal. He will bring happiness and wealth the moment he is recognized.

BOAT CLUB

This season the Boatclub's most successful crew was the lightweight 4. Our talent scout Bob Organ Morgan did the original selecting of the oarsman and came up with the following:

Bow. Lloyd Cushway who had rowed for five seasons and was undefeated in the 1961-62 season when he was coached by Jack Fletcher. (2) John Ford, also a five-season oarsman and well at that. (3) Organ himself, whose record is too long to recall. He represented the State in the 1961 Lightweight 4, rowed several intervarsities and last year came fourth in the national double sculling championships, the winner of which represented Australia in the Empire Games. He was well seasoned in more ways than one. Stroke. Myself. My experience is the same as Cushway's, since we rowed behind each other for the past 5 seasons. I could also play ping-pong if that helped Barnes into coming out of retirement.

With the crew picked we immediately got stuck into training with the idea of coaching ourselves. We won the first race of the season, but were disqualified because I was 5 ozs. overweight. The regulation weight is 10 st. 10 lbs. (150 lbs.). Of course I was immediately tabbed "the heaviest Lightweight four events, including three on the River Murray (Renmark, Berri and Murray Bridge). Then about a week before the State lightweight 4 championship we decided that we badly needed a coach because Organ and I could not agree on so many points. Much arm-twisting was again needed to get Jack Fletcher out of coaching retirement, and we do sympathise with him that his retirement only lasted a few weeks. Anyway, we also had to get another cox as studies took up all of Barnes's time. We often wondered if it really was study. However, luck was with us because Rod Goldsworthy, who for the last two seasons

has been South Australia's best coxswain, offered to help us out.

Jack did the best he could for one week, and we won the State championships by two lengths, to his disappointment; he had expected 12 lengths. By winning this race, it meant that we were to represent the State in Brisbane for the King's Cup, but several reasons prevented us doing this. The main reason was that we wanted to row intervarsity in Melbourne and the dates clashed. I won't give the other reasons because the wonderful South Australian Rowing Association might have reason to sue me for slander or something.

More bribing still convinced Jack to coach the intervarsity lightweight four. He gave us a week long rest, then took a week to pick the final crew, then we had three solid months of training ahead of us.

Jack was very pleased with the crew because the lads were very keen and also they were the tallest lightweight oarsmen in the State, which is a great advantage in rowing in more ways than one. Another thing we had that no other lightweights had was that we were all overweight (11 stone).

Jack wasted no time at all and immediately got stuck into seven days a week of a very carefully calculated training procedure. After two months we did two weeks of circuit training under Tony Sedgwick. Tony's training was so strenuous that in 20 minutes each one of us lost on the average 3 pounds. Normally in a two-hour rowing period we lost about four lbs each. I once worked out the number of hours per week taken up by rowing training and it came to 30 hours.

As the race drew near we were all dieting madly (meat, meat, meat) to get our weights at exactly 10/10. Jurgen Chownisky's and my problem was that we were both milkshakeholics and every time we touched one we could not afford to eat for a day for fear of becoming overweight.

Then we went to Melbourne one week before the race and finished our training on the Yarra. For three of us it was to be our last race and winning it meant a lot; however, Melbourne only gave us second position.

On behalf of the whole lightweight four squad I would like to thank the A.N.Z. bank very much indeed for allowing Jack Fletcher the time off to coach us in Melbourne, and we are very sorry that we didn't win, which would probably have been our best way of thanking you. Also, we would like to say that Jack Fletcher is one of the finest blokes we know and has gained a tremendous respect from the lads of the boat club. We sincerely hope that he can coach for the University Boat Club next season.

Last but not least I would like to thank: Mr. and Mrs. Ford for the use of their

sport

house when we rowed at Renmark and Berri.

Rod Goldsworthy for coxing us when he should have been studying.

Gerald Rankine and Peter Barnes for supplying the female supporters during the race.

But most of all we want to thank Jack for the terrific amount of time he gave to us when he couldn't really afford it, and Mrs. Fletcher who was so patient.

BASEBALL

Who's the best baseball club in this State? and why are we? This is simply explained by the fact that our four top teams are all in their respective forms, with Major B and Minor B only recording one loss each. Even the lower teams are winning games; an unheard of thing in the past.

No wonder, with over 70 players at the beginning of the season to fit into seven teams. Also, many of last year's State schoolboys' players have migrated to the Blacks, making the selectors' job very difficult. Credit must be given to our new coach, Norm Greet, who is doing a good job instilling enthusiasm into our players.

Major A, after playing a few dismal games, are really playing hot baseball now. They scored a fine double on the holiday week-end against Port and Kensington to move into equal second position. Jimmy Tauntum must have been seeing the ball against Port, getting four hits from four times at bat. They even bunted him the fourth time, to try to ruin his average, so Jimmy gets safe. Congratulations to Harmon Greater and Murray Young for being selected in the State Squad.

We are all set for another great intervarsity in Melbourne in the second term vac. It will be a great thrill to beat Melbourne at home. The services of Sincok, Scarmann and Hastwell will be missed, but it will be very hard to find a replacement for Kavanagh, to drink the winning cup this year.

On the social side of affairs, things are looking "Black" with only one ding, and half the season is nearly over. Although we had a setback with the short retirement of Bernie Bent, surely something can be done to run Funtasia.

This is the Black's year for sure, and if we don't take out a couple of premierships this year, we never will.

R. RAMAGE.

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education be damned

The most distinguished characteristic of the human race is the complete inability of most of its members to think for themselves. History is full of illuminating examples of the fate which awaits such people and of the benefits accruing to the individuals who, oblivious to the emotional appeal and stereotyped platitude, carefully consider and weigh ideas put forward for their consideration.

And so we had the S.R.C., ignoring the lessons from the past, attempting to stir up mass student fervour over an education project distinguished solely by its immense stupidity.

Apparently we were not content to leave the continual pin-pricking of a democratically elected representative Government to the recognised pressure-groups as exemplified by a washed-out R.S.L. and others. We were urged to support a well-organised and quite pointless campaign for a selfish idealist's dream—an educational paradise.

I hope the student who is able to think carefully and weigh these matters up — after putting aside the pre-cooked piffle with which an attempt is being made to wean him — will see the conspicuous shallowness and unoriginality of this project and not follow the band-wagon like a dumb sheep.

The project has all the marks of a carefully prepared mass publicity build up of the sort precluding the introduction of "new" panaceae on television. It has at last reached the pen-ultimate stage where the S.R.C. has the brazen effrontery to request students to give their support to the business in writing. Shades of Decius! This is reminiscent of the cheap displays of exotic fervour characterising "spontaneous" religious crusades of the shallower Graham type. We are asked to make our pledge for the S.R.C. Presumably in the final burst of ardent zealotry (before the project burns itself out in the characteristic Adelaide manner) heterodox non-signatories will be burnt at the Refectory pillars.

The whole business is doomed to failure. What delusions one must have to think that any self-respecting government would alter its policy because of the enlightening actions of University students! One may as well try and imagine that a favourable public impression of students exists in our society. Students as a whole will have to display a lot more dignity and maturity before their voices will carry any weight.

One need not look far for the origins of this project. Activity is often mistaken as sufficient justification for existence. It is simply a vehicle to enable the S.R.C. to look busy while basking in the genial sun of publicity — with its attendant advantages.

obituary: god dead

God, the traditional Father, all-powerful, all-good, all-knowing creator of the Universe, is reported dead, killed at the hands of Prof. L. C. Birch, S.C.M. Missionary to the University, on June 27th, at 1.15 p.m., in the Cloisters of the Adelaide University Union Buildings.

The dramatic events leading up to this tragedy began at lunch time on Monday, 24th June. Prof. A. G. Ogston then gave a lengthy description of what he held were the methods of science and religion which were not in conflict. God's existence was

shown by direct experience of Him. At this stage the fog of confused words settled over the discussion for no adequate indication was given how one identifies this experience to distinguish it from other experiences. In particular no explanation was given to show how the Christian experience of God is authentic and how Muslim experiences of Allah, Hindu ones of aspects of Vishnu, animists' experiences of spirits, etc., are not. (Unless Prof. Ogston thought that all religions were equally true.)

On Tuesday, Prof. G. S. Yule helped to make the fog still denser. All faiths, he claimed, had "absolute presuppositions" which were not in themselves demonstrably true; those of Christianity were, however, "better" as they had greater "explanatory power". "Explanatory power" was the capacity of these "absolute presuppositions" to chime in with secular knowledge of the universe and of men's moral dilemmas. However, to show that Christianity was superior the speaker would have had to show that Christianity's "absolute presuppositions" had greater "explanatory power" in a given range of randomly chosen situations than had other faiths' absolute presuppositions. Mr. Bradley of the Philosophy Department pointed out that Prof. Yule's assertions were so vague as to be necessarily incapable of being tested and thus on Prof. Yule's own showing Christianity was "on all fours with astrology, Marxism, Freudian psycho-analysis".

On the third day, God did not rise again but remained sunk in the fog; while it was contested that philosophy need not be the enemy of religion, nothing was done to repel the attacks of the heathen philosophers. Thursday brought quite a change, the S.C.M. said, "Let Birch be, and there was light" (but not under the cross). Prof. Birch's eloquence lifted the fog and it was revealed that God was dead, slain allegedly by Darwin's theory of evolution; but Christians, it seemed, hadn't noticed this till Prof. Birch pointed the fact out. The all-powerful, all-good, all-knowing God, Creator of the Universe, etc., of Augustine, Aquinas, Calvin (or in our own day Karl Barth) was dead. Instead a synthesis of

"insights" derived from Hinduism, Buddhism (and secular humanism?) as well as Christianity as revealed in the Bible, gave one a new form of "Christianity" which might be better labelled atheistic mysticism.

On the Friday evening, Prof. Birch went on to affirm that: (1) God was "infinite", (2) God was "all-powerful", (3) God was "sovereign", and (4) he wouldn't define "God". What these added up to was not clear unless it was no God at all.

Innocents like the present writer had assumed that the S.C.M.-Anglican Society Mission would aim to convert the ungodly and to strengthen the belief of the doubtful. Its motto, however, appears to be: "God is dead, long live the Faith." At the time of going to press, Prof. M. N. Austin has still to give his addresses, whether he will try to resurrect God remains to be seen.

The Agnostics Society will conduct God's funeral in the shape of the Counter-mission to be held in the Lady Symon Hall from Monday, July 7th, to Friday, July 12, at 1.10 p.m.

letter-boxes i have known

Presenting the results of a survey of 1,500 letter-boxes carried out last week-end, together with conclusions and advice on how to select one of your very own.

Perhaps you have never really noticed letter-boxes. Perhaps you even think that letter-boxes are just boxes to put letters in. Maybe you think it doesn't matter; that people don't notice. Don't kid yourself! The letter-box is at last coming into its own, and it is time to do some real re-thinking and soul-searching.

Of course, you know the fundamental principles of a letter-box — in brief, that what goes in won't come out. Any worthwhile letter-box must be prepared to shield its contents from the elements, the neighbours' children, student education propaganda, Acts of God, and the Queen's enemies.

Have you an old-style letter-box? Although they may be rather unsubtle and drab, yet much can be achieved by clever camouflage in the hedge, or disguised as another brick in a low brick fence. Alternatively, it may be set boldly out in the open, either well out of reach, or protected by a patch of bloodthirsty prize roses. You may find that a good lurk is to breed a particularly large and fearsome species of spider.

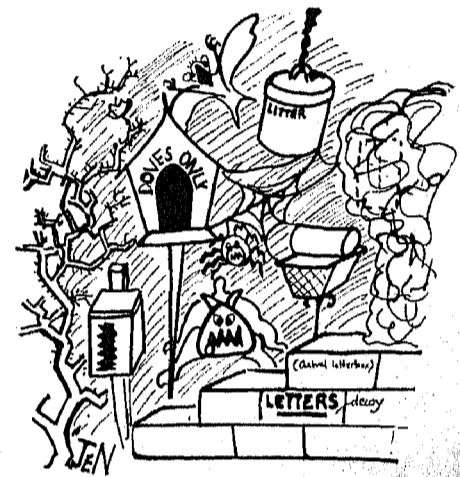
The first modern refinements led to the introduction of the standard slotless, and the ever-popular saw-tooth varieties. Both exhibit a pleasing sense of form, and are moderately priced for the budget conscious. The slotless variety can be put safely on display, and many hours of pleasure can be derived from watching the fruitless efforts of crimson-faced broadsheet vendors and propaganda distributors. The saw-tooth model, though it appears harmless, has a cunningly fashioned narrow slot, one side of which curves inwards in a razor-sharp knife edge, and the other which is a dangerous saw-edge, guaranteed to punish prying hands.

opinion

Modifications include the portcullis model, which slams a sharpened sliding door down upon unwary fingers, and the trapdoor type, which can be made especially ungettable from below if the box is placed ankle level on the other side of a tall picket fence. Various styles of safety catch are available — hooks and loops, bolts and bars, which may be further fortified with pieces of string, plastic, or best of all, stiff fencing wire, so that the door cannot be opened at all.

The padlocked, combination, or double-locked variety has many advantages over these rather primitive types. Built of sturdy reinforced tin, these feature a number of extra flaps and doors which conceal the business parts of the box (if present). Or the lid at the top may actually be a decoy, with a narrow jagged slot on the invisible side.

Perhaps worthy of mention here is the cylindrical hatch on the top of some of the newer letter-boxes. A handy extra, this magazine shelter will preserve unwanted food mart leaflets or local Council notices for months, unless placed in line with the prevailing wind, which will dispose of the



contents conveniently three blocks away.

The trend in letter-boxes seems to be away from the plain and conservative towards the modern streamlined versions of all the time-honoured styles. A glass-fronted slotless style allows a tantalizing view of the contents without permitting access to the box, and a variant of the razor-edge (which shows splendid use of materials) makes it virtually impossible to extract the fist.

In vogue, too, are the novelty boxes, which may be craftsman built to suit the whim of the owner. It has taken Australians a long while to realize that there is no reason why a letter-box should look like a letter-box. Why not disguise it as a dove-cote, a weather-vane, a potplant stand? Or let your imagination run riot, and build a scale model of your own home?

But, above all, become letter-box conscious. Examine your friends' and neighbours' letter-boxes. Go to exhibitions of modern homes and letter-boxes and gardens, and subscribe to the several excellent magazines. You will find a new outlet for your pent-up creative ability, discover a new dimension for your life.



"No Madam, I think it was an Architectural Student."