

"Pledged to cock snooks at bumpiousness"

On Dit

Vol. 20, No. 5

"The Adelaide University S.R.C. Paper"
May 19, 1952

One Penny

"BELSEN BABIES" BITE BACK

Yoo Hoo, pals, and other such undergraduate expressions. That undergraduate par excellence, that connoisseur of the student mind, that acknowledged leader of Adelaide's intellectual upper crusters, Max Harris, of the distinguished old firm of Reed & Harris, has lined himself up beside "Truth" and delivered what he considers to be a well-deserved chastisement.

So, you childish little brats, come on inside, go to the bathroom and wash your faces and then go to your bedrooms. There will be no supper for you tonight. Uncle Max is very, very cross.

FASCISTS ALL

In this month's issue of "Mary's Own Paper," which, when its authors overcome a distressing tendency to indulge in somewhat fourth form humor does not entirely belie its claim to be primarily a revue of current cultural events in South Australia, Uncle Max gives forth with an astonishing dissertation on the psychology of student pranks.

The Footprints Rag, says Uncle Max, was an adolescent and unfunny piece of nonsense, scarcely worthy of "Mary's Own Paper's" notice; but despite that we rank as front page news. You see, kids, the point of it all is that we are all suffering from that "characteristic emotional retardation that we describe as the Fascist state of mind." And Fascists are front page news.

Let us see what else Uncle Max has to say about his undergraduate nephews and nieces. "Under the thinnest veneer of inferior humor such activities as we have recently read of (anything 'engendered under the holy sign of

the student prank') are aggressive in character; the aim being to bait, humiliate and inconvenience. This emotional urge characterises early adolescence, providing an outlet for the sense of inferiority and being misunderstood, and of the inner insecurity that accompanied the development of secondary sexual characteristics." So there it is, kids, we're all in a pretty bad way, and the time has come for us to pull up our emotional socks, Uncle Max says so.

You may not know it but the mental outlook behind the Footprints Rag, according to your Uncle, was this:

• Ego, frustration, satisfied. The pranksters achieved a sense of distinction in the focus of attention on their action. The strain of exhibitionism was observed in all aspects of fascist expression. Authoritarian leaders were expert in developing and exploiting it.

• Racial superiority. The pranksters would view with utter disgust a jape which involved the tearing up of a student's lectures, say. They would refuse to associate with such a jape, but as the University grounds staff are an inferior race of beings it does not matter that they should have a day's work cleaning up their mess. This reasoning was, I believe, very common at Belsen and elsewhere.

• Humor and imagination. It is difficult to see the humor of the action from any angle. The deepest layer of meaning in the action was then, magical . . . a primitive mode of coping with the problem, a discontent, or what have you. Many primitive races use a wax doll and a pin. More civilised races have been known to use Jews and a gas chamber. It is believed that the symbolic magic solves the problem.

WE LOVES YOU MAX

Uncle Max has spoken. We can reply in no better words than his very own. "Laughter is a common and universal language of communication with others; it is an expression of love and warmth for the very weaknesses and ridiculousness of our own humanity. Through Chaplin we laugh at ourselves; with Groucho Marx we reduce our own pomposness to its proper proportion." Through Uncle Max, we suggest, the pomposness and ridiculousness of humanity is expressed at a level to which Chaplin and Marx never, even in their hey-day, attained. That any person who sets himself up as a critic of current cultural events should be so disastrously carried away by his own seriousness is laughable in the extreme. But laughter is "a common and universal language," a special human action, a unique aspect of love. We loves you, Uncle Max.

You are lucky, Uncle; your maladjustments have disappeared, you have "sorted out the problem of humor," you no longer need humor as a cover for anti-social and anti-human drives. We young adolescents, we emotional Fas-

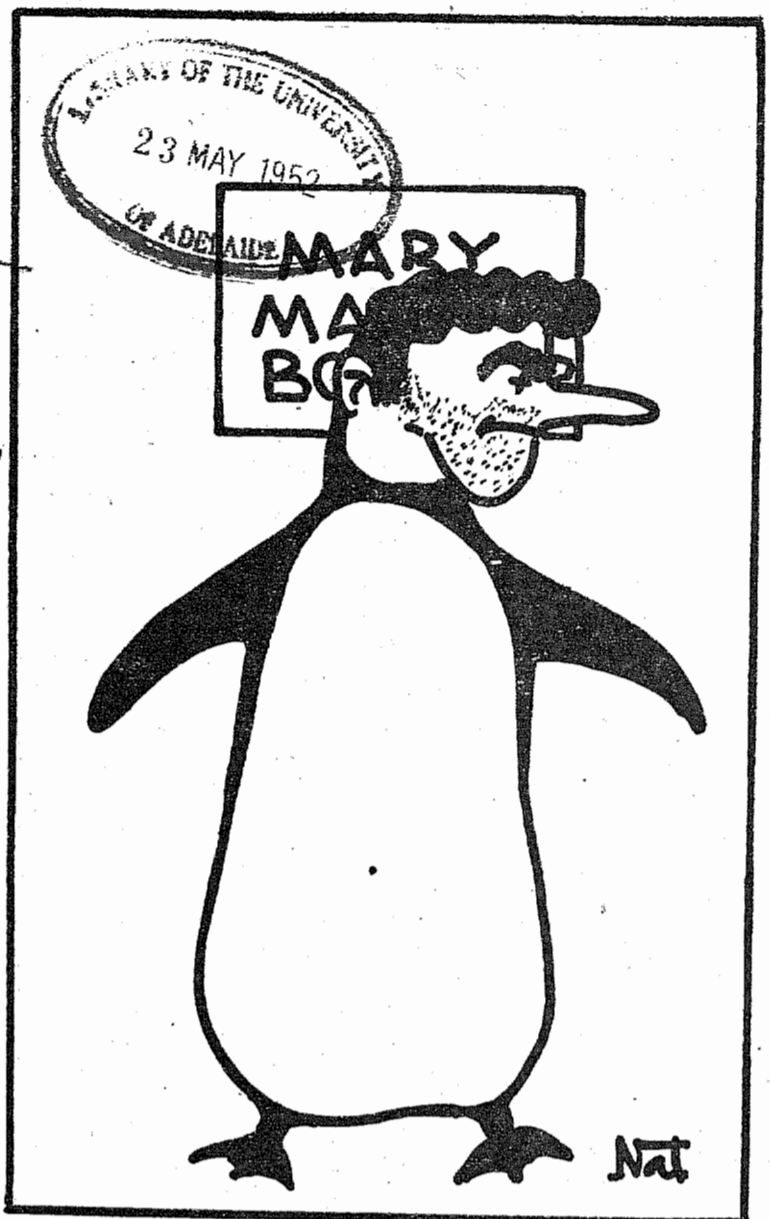
cists, have not yet graduated to those Elysian fields which you inhabit. We are, we admit, undergraduates in humor, too. But it doesn't worry us very much, we are not getting hot under the collar at the onset of our secondary sexual characteristics. We are facing the future, if not as sensibly as you, Uncle, think we ought, at least as bravely as we can.

We are, however, not so emotionally retarded as to be unable to see the extreme ridiculousness of your charges. Ego frustrations, ego satisfactions, indeed! Uncle Max, come, come. How can the pranksters have achieved a sense of distinction by focusing attention on their action when they have remained delightfully, if somewhat disconcertingly, anonymous. No doubt, Uncle, you find it extremely hard to imagine anybody content with anonymity. Perhaps you are making the psychologically-sound mistake of foisting your own shortcomings on to others. It is, of course, a sure sign of the exhibitionist tendencies of the intellectual Fascist. Racial superiority indeed! We take it for grant-

ed that you mean class superiority, Uncle dear, and it really does show a distressing emotional retardation. It is adolescent and unfunny, it is nonsense of the first water. It is scarcely worthy of "On Dit" notice and it would be somewhat flattered by the serious epithet of intellectual Fascism.

You've got a mob of unruly relations on your hands, Uncle. But they intend to be undaunted by such clap-trap as "Mary's Own Paper" and "Truth" heap upon their heads. Perhaps when we grow up we, too, shall look back upon our undergraduate days and wonder how we ever had the front, the nerve, the audacity to do the things we are doing. Perhaps we, like you, will do our best to forget the tom-foolery of these years of ours. We hope, however, that unlike you, Uncle, we will not be lacking in common sense so much that we will stick our necks out in the way you have.

HOSANNA FOR HARRIS, THE PERPETUAL UNDERGRADUATE!



VIVE LE MAX!

A PHONE-Y "CALL"

After a bitter clash between the "Call" committee secretary (Mr. Isaachsen) and Jeff Scott at last week's Aquinas meeting, the Warden of the Union (Rev. F. T. Borland) interposed to make the following statement, "As one who holds a position of authority in the University I can assure the speaker that Mr. Scott is no more a Communist than he is a Fascist."

The Warden's remarks were applauded by the meeting.

The incident arose after Scott had put the following questions to Mr. Isaachsen concerning the Liberal Radical article on "The Call," published in an issue of "On Dit" which was edited by Scott:

(1) "Were you or any member of your committee responsible for an anonymous 'phone call to the home of the manager of our printers on the evening of the publication of 'On Dit,' alleging that Bergin and myself were friends of a well-known Adelaide Communist?"

(2) "Were you or any member of your committee responsible for calling in the Security Service on the following morning to investigate the publication of the article in 'On Dit'?"

(3) "If the answer to these questions is 'No,' would you agree that certain people behind 'The Call' are prepared to use these intimidatory tactics, the methods of both the Communists and the Fascists, to suppress any strong criticism of 'The Call'?"

Mr. Isaachsen replied that he was not responsible for the 'phone call or the calling in of the Security Service, and that this was the first time that he had heard of the occurrences.

There were further clashes when the speaker denied that he had described the article as "mere Communist propaganda."

Mr. Scott jumped to his feet, and waving his notes in his hand, shouted: "I have it here in writing. You referred to the article, and said: 'We all know the colors involved in this sort of labelling of people as Fascists.' I don't suppose you meant blue, or pale pink, or yellow!"

Interviewed after the meeting, Mr. Scott made the following statement:

"The action of certain 'Callers' in calling in the Security Service, and indulging in slander by anonymous 'phone calls, is clear confirmation of the allegations made in our article. The article made it quite clear that the writer was opposed both to Fascism and to Communism, which it described as 'rival tyrannies.'"

"No question of security was involved."

"I am pretty certain who was responsible. I am reliably informed that it is not the first time that this group has sought to use the Security Service for its own private political purposes."

"It so happens that the Communist with whom Bergin and myself are alleged to be 'friendly' is the same person against whom I publicly debated on the subject of the inevitability of war last year. I think I succeeded in proving that the theory of Communism is based upon the concept of inevitable conflict, and that 'Peace' Council propaganda to the contrary was merely a subtle attempt to weaken the West."

"I leave it to those who heard that debate to judge how much 'friendship' existed between myself and my opponent. This is one occasion when the 'Callers' smear tactics won't work. Their methods remind one of the McCarthys, with whom they have a lot in common."

"My politics are quite well known. I am a member of the A.L.P. I adhere to the small group of liberal 'moderates' still left in that party."

On Dit

Edited by:

NOEL LINDBLOM and BRIAN BERGIN

News:

NICHOLAS BIRCHALL

Correspondence:

HUGH WILLIAMSON

EDITORIAL

One cannot but be dismayed at what is undoubtedly an extraordinary increase in the apathy of the students of this University. There is a lack of interest in those extra-curricular activities demanding the least expenditure of time or effort that does not compare at all favorably with the standard of vitality set for us by our predecessors. There seems to be a tendency increasingly prevalent among us—as it is in wider national circles—to pass the buck, to shift the burden or responsibility to the shoulders of the few. And this is a policy which, as everyone of you should realise, encourages the disaster of the breakdown of these few.

From all quarters of University endeavour come reports of this increasing tendency among students to crawl into their shells and stagnate in the inevitable and complete ennui of a life without action either physical or mental. But perhaps nowhere is this inertia so manifest as in the current student attitude to this paper. By the volume of contributions received it is obvious that the thought of be-stirring themselves to write even a short article or letter is repugnant to the torpid souls now feigning to be active members of our society. And yet there is no drastic reduction in the demand for the finished product—only the supply of materials is decreasing!

What is it that is thus depriving the tenor of our existence of its leaven? Is it that nothing is taking place in the University of sufficient interest to warrant a comment, or is it that the minds and ambitions of the rising generation are too sterile and too complacent to taken action. From the history of this establishment, wherein the mighty deeds of pristine students are written in letters of gold, an observer can reach only one decision, a decision which should be a reproach to all those who are mere "sleeping partners" in the team.

There was once a time when it was considered quite an honor to get an article in "On Dit," and no doubt to a vitally minded person that privilege still remains. But to most of the present inhabitants of this intellectual jungle the savor has passed from the sense of achievement that a well written article or letter should give. The fault must lie with those freshers who imagine that they are not capable of competing with their seniors, but this attitude would not remain could they but see the trickle of production for which the majority of these senior pens is responsible. Will the "Golden Age" of "On Dit," when Wahlquist had enough supporters to be able to go to print once each week, ever return? Or will the position increasingly deteriorate until the voice of the students will no longer be given a medium of expression in these pages? The solution lies with you, each and every one of you.

Perhaps it is forgotten that the object of this publication is to allow the students to express their opinions on politics, literature, music or current events. It matters little whether your views are considered irrational by the million, it matters little indeed if you be laughed to scorn, for even in the apparent humiliation of people's jeers there remains the consoling knowledge of your moral courage.

At the present moment this paper is subsisting, yes, subsisting, on the labors of a few stalwarts, who, it might be added, are getting no younger and soon must bid adieu to University life. They are to receive honorable discharges. Who is to fill their places? Who is to keep in motion the machine that they have constructed and improved? It must obviously be the freshers to whom the appeal is broadcast. It is to you that "On Dit" must look for the interest and co-operation which alone can keep it in existence. Therefore I ask all freshers to take up their pens and write. Take an interest in all the functions which are part and parcel of University life and express your opinions on them, for then, and only then, can the stimulus be given to University life.

Millhouse Sweeps U.S.A.

The President of the Adelaide University Debating Club (Professor R. A. Blackburn) has received an enthusiastic report of the American Debating Tour by Robin Millhouse of Adelaide and John Boyd Reid of Melbourne from the Institute of International Education, New York, the body which sponsored the Australians' tour of the United States of America.

All the Universities and Colleges which were visited by Mr. Millhouse and Mr. Boyd Reid have reported an enthusiastic reception and expressed the hope that such visits may become more frequent. The Brigham Young University, Utah, reported: "We thoroughly enjoyed the visit of Mr. Reid and Mr. Millhouse to our campus and the opportunity to be their hosts; they were well received here and represented themselves and the Institute admirably."

Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, reported: "John and Robin represented what we believe to be a medium between the British style and the American style of debating. They ably established audience-speaker relationship but didn't carry the humor to extreme as the British so often do. They moved into the analysis of the problem more quickly than the British, their subject matter was handled on a rather ethereal basis, but necessarily so, I suppose, under the existing conditions. It was not difficult to make them become more specific in their analysis and that showed that they had a thorough knowledge of the questions."

"Both of them conducted themselves superbly well on the platform. The entire audience was delighted in the manner in which they presented their material. In this respect they more faithfully presented the British style of debate. Robin, in his rebuttal, displayed fine understanding in the technique of refutation and did a rather thorough job of demolishing the negative case. John appeared more as a British orator in his rebuttal with a fine bit of oratory which moved the audience

to acceptance of their side of the proposition."

At Cornell, Mr. Millhouse and Mr. Reid spoke in Chapel the morning after the debate and addressed the members of the Department of Speech.

At the University of Missouri an audience of two hundred enjoyed what was voted "one of the most stimulating debates ever heard" at that University. David C. Ralph, the Director of Forensics in the University of Missouri, reported "this Australian team tops any foreign team that I have heard since 1948."

On March 7, Mr. Reid and Mr. Millhouse debated at the University of South Dakota, where they were described as "excellent choices for an International debating assignment."

This year an American team will tour Australia and debate against each University. The tour will last for three months, and is being sponsored by the National Union of Australian University Students. The American team consists of Henry A. Kiker, Junior, and David L. Hunter, two graduates in Law whom Mr. Reid and Mr. Millhouse report as being formidable debaters. Mr. Kiker and Mr. Hunter will be in Adelaide from August 6th to 14th. The S.R.C. hopes that the Bonython Hall will be available for the debate which will be held on Friday, August 8, against an Adelaide team. On Monday, August 11, during the lunch-hour, the American team will debate in the Union Buildings.

They will be in Sydney for the Inter-Varsity Debates which will be held during the last week of August.

S.C.M. MISSION

Plans are going ahead fast for the Adelaide University S.C.M.'s Mission, to be held from the 23rd to the 29th of June this year.

The Mission will consist of five midday addresses and question times, and five evening addresses (four at 6.30 p.m. and one at 8 p.m.). Prayers will also be held every morning of the Mission week in the Lady Symon Hall, and the week will conclude with a special service in the Cathedral on Sunday, June 29.

The Rev. David Read, the Chaplain to the University of Edinburgh, is being brought out to S.A. by the S.C.M. especially for the Adelaide Mission. He will later tour other Australian Universities. Mr. Read has had considerable experience in conducting University Missions in the United Kingdom.

Other speakers will be the Rev. Edwin White, a Congregational Minister from Western Australia, and the Rev. Brian MacDonald, an ex-Army padre, who is now the Senior Chaplain at St. Peter's College.

It is stressed that the Mission is not solely an S.C.M. one, but a Christian Mission intended for everyone at the University, and all Christians can help by prayer and donations to cover ex-

penses, which involve mainly the fares of Mr. Read and Mr. White to come to S.A. and then get home again.

Other activities for Mission week, for which preparations have been going on for two years, will be announced before long.

The following is the S.C.M. Mission Prayer:

Almighty God, Who has revealed to us Thy love through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, and has commanded us to declare it to all men;

Grant us the light of Thy Holy Spirit, to show us how best to obey Thee in this our University, and grant that our infirmity of faith may be no hindrance therein, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

CHEMICAL APPARATUS
SCIENTIFIC GLASSWARE

From

A. M. BICKFORD & SONS LTD.

42 CURRIE STREET, ADELAIDE

"The House of Quality"



CLEANINGS
OF
GLUG

WRITING on the Indian elections in "Farrago," Ab Jerath points out:

There are 175,000,000 voters, and elections have been held for 4,505 seats for various legislatures. The thickness of the Indian electoral roll, if printed 40 names a foolscap page and bound together, would be about 600 feet.

To overcome false personation the left forefinger of every voter is marked with indelible ink before any ballot paper is supplied. This mark lasts from seven to ten days.

AN Otago University student was unconscious for three days after a recent initiation ceremony "accident."

QUEENSLAND Uni. really does commemorate Commem. Their Commem. Week includes five church services, a special debate ("That it is better to be tight than loose"), a choral recital, a U.Q.D.S. production of Fry's latest, "Sleep of Prisoners," a Graduation Ceremony, a Varsity Procession, a Graduand's Dinner, and the Commem. Ball with dancing till 2 a.m. at "Clouidiand."

And all we had was footsteps in the night!

MELBOURNE Uni. Marlowe Society has just put on Melnar's "The Guardsman." The M.U.D.C. is working on Thornton Wilder's "Our Town."

THE same week that our Lincoln College opened, Sydney's famous Lincoln Coffee Lounge closed after four years' Bohemian existence. Founded by an ex-naval officer, it was the home of students, artists, poets and bums—the Coffee Lounge, not the College.

SYDNEY students have the choice of two full-length revues for the last week of term—the S.R.C.'s "Ronde La Bende" and the S.U. Players "Into the Woods." Both will run for eight nights.

Melbourne is also working on their annual revue, as yet unnamed.

Adelaide hasn't had a revue since '50, and doesn't look like having another—too much dispute

REMEMBER that nasty article about Franco's Morais? Well, Melbourne's "Farrago" serialised it in three juicy instalments, and Queensland's "Semper Floreat" reprinted most of it.

HEADLINE over "Farrago's" S.R.C. election results read, "Bloc Vote Wins for Newman." What's more, it was on the front page.

THE following excerpt is from Queensland's "Semper F.": "It is strongly rumored in Sydney that the price the Protestant Cabinet members had to pay for having the present Chief Justice appointed was support in Cabinet for the granting of a charter to found an R.C. University."

A LIBERTARIAN Society has been started in Sydney Uni. It appears to be a mixture of Moral Disarmament and Immaterialism.

WOODS Lloyd went to the Berlin "do" for the Melbourne S.R.C. He writes in "Farrago": "On two separate occasions Poles that we were talking to were arrested, and taken off for questioning: 'What had they said to us?'"

"In one of these cases the person concerned was released the following day. The other one I don't know about."

"The really disturbing thing about this was the attitude adopted by our official hosts—'People who say bad things about People's Poland to visitors from abroad should be punished. They are the enemies of Poland!'"

A.U.D.S.: A MODERN-DRESS "OTHELLO"

At a meeting of enthusiasts a fortnight ago the Adelaide University Dramatic Society adopted a formal constitution and made plans for the forthcoming year. These plans include two major productions, a series of play readings, and a series of sponsored addresses by people eminent in the theatrical field. In July there will be a production of a modern dress "Othello."

This production of "Othello" is in the hands of last year's President of A.U.D.S., Mr. Brian Bergin, who produced Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Flies" and T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" for A.U.D.S. last year.

The cast for "Othello" includes Robin Ashwin as Othello, Anne Manchester as Desdemona, Rosemary Wood as Bianca, Lolo Barritt as Emilia, and Brian Bergin as Iago. Production dates are set for the second week of July, and rehearsals are now well under way. Minor speaking parts and walk-on parts are still to be filled, and anybody interested in a part is asked to contact Mr. Bergin.

A.U.D.S. will also be sending a production to Melbourne for the Inter-Varsity Drama Festival, which will be held in the first week of the second vacation. This production will be in the hands of Mr. Derek van Abbe, the newly appointed Reader in German, who has accepted the position of Senior Treasurer to A.U.D.S., and who was a prominent figure

in the Tin-Alley Players, the Melbourne Graduate Theatre.

Plays which Mr. van Abbe has under consideration for Drama Festival include J. B. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls," and George Bernard Shaw's "The Philanderer."

As a preliminary to the casting of the Drama Festival play, Mr. van Abbe will conduct a series of play readings, beginning this week with a reading of Paul Vincent Carroll's "Shadow and Substance" on Thursday night, May 22, in the Lady Symon Hall. All those who are interested in a part in Drama Festival are urged to attend these play readings, and exhibit their talents. Non-reading members of the University community are invited to attend these play readings and listen.

Before the reading of "Shadow and Substance" this Thursday, a meeting to appoint a committee for A.U.D.S. will be held. This meeting will commence at 7 p.m., and all those interested in the theatre are urged to be there at that hour.

COLONIALISMS

My many friends will no doubt be delighted to learn that I am holidaying in Wentworth and Melbourne. My column will not therefore appear this issue.

Antacid de Witt

CHIT-CHAT

We give this week's bun for sheer dullness and complete lack of interest whatsoever to Lorna and Marie. For explanation of this, dear Lorna, dear Marie, read Bacon on Revenge. :: :: ::

Rumors that two of our Regency Rakes are about to depart for England aboard a wind-jammer, gained a considerable amount of support when the two gentlemen concerned arrived at a recent dance looking as though they had just rounded the Horn, anyway. :: :: ::

Congratulations to our dearest Helen, who attained her majority last week. Having gone up them stairs she now has the key to the door! :: :: ::

Archie C. has not been seen very much of late. We wondered what the reason could have been until it suddenly dawned upon us that last week was an extraordinary special week for him. :: :: ::

Pamela Micklem is taking wrestling lessons from the Rhodes Scholar. We saw him the other day teaching her some very delicate holds. :: :: ::

Overheard "Zoom" Kentish say the other day, "On the contrary, I get endless enjoyment out of Ann Clare." :: :: ::

Funny what overhear in the Refectory sometimes. For example, this interesting little bit of conversation floated out of the lunch-time queue the other day: "... and then you stick pins in it."

HALLEY ON WEDNESDAY

This Wednesday lunch-hour in the Lady Symon Hall, Peter Halley, who was official S.R.C. observer at last year's I.U.S. Conference in Warsaw, and who later visited Russia and various other countries behind the Iron Curtain, will address students on his experiences and observations abroad. Mr. Halley had prepared a report which will be tabled at the next S.R.C. meeting.

Mr. Halley's appointment as official observer to the I.U.S. Conference caused considerable feeling and evoked a heated Coxian outburst at a special meeting called last year to consider his appointment.

It will be interesting to see what Mr. Halley has to report

and the S.R.C. anticipates that his meeting this Wednesday will be well attended. Here is your chance to learn what exactly does go on behind the Iron Curtain from one who has seen it going on. Do not miss it. Mr. Halley's addresses to smaller groups within the University have been enthusiastically received.

X-CUSE ME

You may not be aware of the fact, of course, but your every action is closely observed by the S.R.C.'s "agent provocateur," the internationally known Mr. X. With his secret weapon XXX, our agent has broken into the files of the Security Service and removed some Most Secret statistics relating to the behaviour of University students.

When asked "Do you leave your trays on the lawn?" the following answers were received:

- 85% No.
- 10% Yes.
- 3 1/2% I am a University student. I never have a tray to leave on the lawn.
- 1% I am a University student. I never have any opinions.
- 1/2% I am a University student. I never have.

"Do you park outside the Refectory?" was another question asked by our investigator. The following answers were received:

- 20% Yes.
- 20% No.
- 50% We leave our bicycles against the wall of the S.R.C. Office.
- 9% Merely giggled.
- 1% Have you ever tried it in an M.G.?

When one woman student was asked: "Do you park outside the Refectory?" the answer given was: "Yes. May I give you a free demonstration?"

Mr. X reached in his hip pocket for his XXX.

Yet another survey was conducted on the question of speed limits. When asked "Are you fast in your car?"

- 12% Yes.
- 10% No.
- 30% No. I'm faster without my car.
- 48% Merely leered.

When Mr. X asked one woman student: "Are you fast in your car?" he received the remarkable answer: "I'm improving. I've only just been run in."

These investigations dealing with various aspects of student life in, around, or near the University Union have shown that the faults and thoughtlessness of a few malcontents are spoiling the use of the facilities for the many. BUT BE SURE, Mr. X, armed with his XXX, will in fact be on the prowl to bring to justice all those evildoers who drive at speeds greater than 15 miles per hour through these grounds, and those who leave trays on the lawn, and also those arch-criminals who block the road which leads to the tradesman's entrance to the Refectory kitchen.

Beware of X!

Letters of the Week

Dear Sir,
I have a Chinese friend. As a rule I wouldn't burden you with this information, nor would I expect you to be interested in it. But these are unusual times and since my friend is a student and is bewildered by what he calls our "strange Occidental customs," I feel that I can turn to you for guidance in my problem.

Briefly the problem is this. Ah Mee has just read the "Truth" (10/5/52), and he was suitably impressed by the canonade which that illustrious journal trained on the Warden of the Adelaide University.

Put yourself in his position. "Surely," he thought, "this is a highly moral paper, the veritable guardian of respectability." He was apparently a little disturbed by the pictures on the front page, especially the one of Lili ("Will only tease") St. Cyr which "Truth's" cameraman evidently obtained through the bedroom-window.

Imagine now his astonishment upon finding that this custodian of our morals is publishing a serial "The Passionate Poet." I would call your attention to the portion describing Byron's birthday party—perhaps if you have the space you could reproduce it for your readers.

The music swelled to a climax. The dish-cover was lifted, and a great shout of excitement and surprise rose from the young men.

From the dish sprang a girl, half-naked, and danced a wild dance among the tables, scattering wine glasses and decanters in her progress. She was a village girl, small of stature but exquisitely proportioned, with dark hair and beautifully rounded limbs, a girl known locally to be accommodatingly disposed towards young men with well-lined purses. Now she strutted and pirouetted, showing her well-shaped thighs with practised twirls of the garment which passed for a skirt.

The "monks" watched her with eager eyes until she sank exhausted with her efforts, on to the table before Byron.

Again and again the "monks" broke into wild applause.

"Who is she?"
"Whose is she?" shouted Scrope, banging on the table.

"Is she a present to the guests?"

The girl fled out into the hall. "Findings keepings," she called over her shoulder.

Between the grey pillars she fled, hotly pursued by the young men impeded by their robes. There were shouts, and hurrying feet, and collisions in the darkness, and someone shouted for a light, and the girl was seen, like a pale flame, disappearing towards the vaults.

Scrope Davies, running down the passage, guessed where she was making for, and, knowing the house, took a short cut. The others gave up the chase, and pulled out their pistols, amusing themselves with shooting the cornices off the pillars, so that the vaults echoed with the sounds of shots from the pistols and the wailing and cries of the young men.

Meanwhile, down in the cold vaults, Davies claimed his prize and bore the unprotesting girl back to his room. The door slammed.

It was not the scene described which worried Ah Mee so much, since coming from a famine-stricken country he has seen much worse. He was worried, though, that the Editor of "Truth" had apparently been double-crossed by the type-setter. "Surely such an eminently respectable man would not pass such writing," he said. I had, alas, to assure him that this was a wicked world in which any paradox was possible.

He then confronted me with this problem: "If the Editor of 'Truth' condones such behaviour in young Cambridge University students, why does he wax so hot about Adelaide students' milk and water escapades?" I had no ready answer.

Ah Mee examined "Truth" again.

He then propounded a hypothesis which is the kernel of my problem. It was this. "Since 'Truth' features some 18 inches of advertisements concerning restoratives ('glands made young...') 'Regain virility...'. 'A warning to men...'), possibly the journalists feel that their own powers are waning, their glands are old, they have lost virility, they heeded not the warning, and now they resent any behaviour in the young which emphasises their virility."

You see my problem. If I let Ah Mee believe this, then the white race has lost face, as well as its glands. One feels that his grandfather would arrange things better.

But what am I to tell him? Perhaps you could prevail upon the staff at "Truth" to try one (or all) of their advertisers' products. In the event of their having already surreptitiously done this unsuccessfully, perhaps you could prevail upon one of your Science Faculty colleagues to whip up a suitable tonic for them between "rags."—Yours, etc.,

MORALIST.

P.S.—I hope my use of the word bedroom doesn't get you into trouble with your moral supervisors at "Truth."

P.P.S.—46 gallons of beer between 200 students is less than 2 pints each—soaks!

Dear Sir,—

Like so many other members of the University, I have read with some horror the scurrilous comments in that interesting rag whose name SHOULD be "The Lie." Never in the whole of my life has it been my misfortune to read such an appalling misrepresentation as the last issue of this distorted and dastardly publication. I feel that whatever attitude we have taken towards "Truth" in the past, we must take a firm stand now.

It is not right that the Warden himself should reply, for it would therefore appear only as if he were trying to justify himself, and were concerned with nothing else but his own good fame. It is up to someone else to defend his office, and to prevent that office from being cheapened and degraded in the eyes of the public. So I have come forward in an attempt to show things in their true light.

First of all, the ragging tragedy. To quote from a previous issue of "On Dit": "We regret this incident, and are deeply sorry that it ever occurred." Thus the "irresponsible students." Yet since then everything that has occurred has been "exactly the same sort of thing as led to the drowning of the medical student at the beginning of the year." This is balderdash. Where, may one ask, is the con-

nection between the painting of the footprints and the drowning? None, except that in the drowning the danger was accidental, and for the footprints it was courted. After all, there must have been some risk in the scaling of the wall of the Bonython Hall; but other than that, I fail to see any resemblance whatever.

Now let us consider the Warden's comments. Our dear friends of the "Minitrue" (whose business, you may recollect, was to dispense lies) have given him the cognomen of "The White-washing Warden." What, Sir, has the Warden been whitewashing? The drowning, says "Truth."

Yet nowhere has the Warden defended the drowning; he has merely defended the right of the students to have a good time, provided only that there is no loss of life or limb, or any wanton destruction. And that is exactly what the students have done. Since then there have been three things which may be classed generically as "rags." The first was the expedition to the "South," which harmed nobody, not even the "South." The second was the footprints, which merely startled the Uni. authorities into spending some unnecessary money on trying to remove them, and certainly endangered no life or limb. The third was

the initiation of Dick Bentley as "Yeoman Bedell, which was merely some pleasant criticism of some rather pompous ceremonies which take place the world over.

The main thing one must say is that the students are NOT irresponsible. They are people who, for love of the professions they intend to adopt, have renounced all the jobs which would make their fortunes in favor of several years of sacrifice for study, and of the prospects of poorly paid jobs in later life. This they do because they feel responsible to the community at large, unlike the bulk of the world, which cares only for filthy lucre. These views are the Warden's, as well as my own, and I do not doubt that everyone will agree that they are a fair summary.

I feel, too, that we should be grateful to the Warden for taking up the cudgels on our behalf, and that a person of such quality should at least be reported fairly and justly by a paper which claims to be the guardian of public morality in this State. If "Truth" is NOT going to give the students and their advocates a fair go, then its idea of Australia is that it should be a free country—i.e., free to believe what "Truth" tells it to.

Yours sincerely,
ORP.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

by St. John Cavendish

Adam was playing a melody by Scarlatti. His long and sensitively feminine fingers danced gracefully over the keys, coaxing from the instrument a stream of limpid sound that ran *rippling from one still pool to another into the lake of silence.*

His thoughts ran in counterpoint to the sound that his fingers evoked. He wondered lazily who had written those words about the lake of silence, and disagreed lazily with the element with which their author had chosen to compare the fragile music. These little Spanish sonatas were not of water, but of the sunlight. Yes, of the sunlight. Not the rich, red sunlight that had slipped, an hour or two ago, behind the black rim of these hills, not the warm sunlight of an Australian autumn morning, that had crept into his room this morning almost as though it feared for its right to be there. Not Australian sunlight at all, but the sunlight of an Italian summer.

Suddenly he realised that his fingers were no longer moving along the keyboard, and that he was sitting there lapped around by the motionlessness of the lake of silence. He turned and looked across the room to the glowing warmth of the fireplace.

"Go on," she said. "You are playing better this evening than you have in many weeks."

He turned back to the instrument, and dipped his fingers suddenly into the waters of that vast and silent lake. The notes shattered into a thousand drops upon its surface. But no! No, it was not the spilling of water, but the sunlight filtering through the half-bare branches of an autumn tree. Huxley had been wrong, so very wrong, when he had described this music as being of water. Huxley? He suddenly realised that it was Huxley who had written those lines. He rose and took from the shelf the green volume that could tell him whether or not his surmise had been correct. He ran his finger down the index. Yes, it was there.

"Huxley, you know, writes of this music as rippling from one still pool to another into the lake of silence."

"Oh, but it is not liquid at all; surely it has the consistency of sunlight."

"There," he thought to himself, "how can I tell her."

Things had not gone right ever since they had arrived. His carefully worked out plans had been frustrated on every side, almost, it seemed, with a purpose. Perhaps there was some force at work to prevent him telling her what he had brought her up here into the hills to tell her. It had been raining when they arrived, and it had not ceased since, so that instead of the long walks over the brown hills which he had planned, they had been forced to spend their time crouched together over the fire in the

lounge. And here it was Sunday evening, the time he had chosen to tell her of his illness, to tell her that it would be unfair to her to allow things to go on as they were. But he had been unable to build up any foundation from which this revelation might find some support. Everything had gone wrong with that blasted week-end.

All through dinner he had been uneasy. Was it the moment now or not? But no, at each opportunity he had postponed that inevitable moment—that moment which was to cause him so much pain, and her, he knew not what. Even the ritual of the brandy in which he found usually an escape into the easy comfort of conservatism had been to-night painful in the extreme. He had looked at her across his balloon, and composed in silence his little speech of resignation. It was there, waiting to be used. He knew it off pat, but he could not bring himself to speak it out loud, to speak it to her. And so after dinner, when she had asked him to play to her, he had gone to the piano a defeated man, despising himself for prolonging what was to him an agony, despising himself for his unfairness to her.

"Oh, no, it is not liquid at all; surely it has the consistency of sunlight," she said.

He was aware suddenly that she was there, close behind him. He knew that faint fragrance of wood smoke that clung about her after she had sat crouched over the fire. He knew that in a moment her hand would stroke his forehead. He knew that that was what he must prevent.

"Yes, yes, that was exactly what I was thinking myself," he said, as he swung away from her and crossed to the mantelpiece.

She stood for some moments where she was, and then leant backwards until her hands produced a dissonant chord; at the same time a broken chord of surprise played across her features. He felt embarrassed, and busied himself filling his pipe from the tobacco jar that stood on the mantel.

"Adam, there is something wrong to-night, isn't there?" she queried.

Here was his chance. He knew that he had to take it now or see the opportunity slip through his fingers once again, and perhaps shatter this time into a thousand fragments, as those phrases of Scarlatti had done. Here was the past all rolled up into a tight little ball, and it was not for him to juggle with it. The neat little speech that he had composed over the liqueurs flashed back into his mind.

"There is something worrying you. I have known you long enough to be able to sense when you are uneasy about something."

It occurred to him that somehow he was living over again moments out of the past. There had been that day in London when he had discovered that the dull pains he had been suffering on and off now over a period of months were the prelude to a disease which was to prove fatal to him. He remembered that he had wanted to tell her then, when it had all just started. He remembered that he had not had the courage, nor, perhaps, the desire to do so. And so they had gone to Italy. He had hoped that there he would improve, or that if this were not to be, that at least the disease might manifest itself in some external form that she would be able to read. But it had not. It had lingered there inside of him, doing its slow work, building up to that climax which he knew to-night in the quiet comfort of this little hills pub was not to be long delayed.

"Yes," he said, "there is something. There is something I have been trying to tell you for over a year now." But even now he could feel his courage ebbing out into that vast, impersonal lake of silence. He looked at her, and realised that it would be impossible for him to tell her the secret he had kept. For some reason which he could not explain to himself there came into his mind Hilton's description of Conway. He had finished the book in bed that same morning, and that phrase had lingered in his mind all day, for he felt that it had a special application in his own case. "He was a wanderer between two worlds; and doomed to wander always."

It was the words "two worlds" that had impressed themselves upon his consciousness all day, for how often had they talked together of their own particular two worlds—of the world which they constituted themselves, and of the world that encased their relationship. And of the difficulty they found in reconciling those two worlds. Now more than ever he felt a wanderer between the two worlds. He knew that sooner or later he must tell her; he had known that on every previous occasion. He knew, too, that there was a secret part of him that he would never tell her—that he would live out the remainder of his life, as short as it may be, within the one world which was their relationship, and that he should never be able to cross far enough into that other world, never be able to divorce himself so much from that relationship to enable him to do what was only the fair, the decent thing.

He felt a pang of guilt and remorse as he watched her sit down at the piano and turn her back to him, almost as though she were shielding herself from some anticipated blow.

"What is it?"

"Oh, nothing really, I suppose. I think perhaps that you know what it is."

"Of course I do, Adam. I did not think that we had to put it into words, and anyway, your actions over this last year have said much more than mere words could have."

She fingered over lightly the little sonata he had been playing.

"She really has a lot to learn," he thought. But by the time she had learned he would have disappeared into that lake of silence. The other world would have claimed him, and the worry would not be his.

As we are distressed at the lack of culture in this great misnomed city, we feel duty bound to present this, the first (and probably last) of a series of articles on the Arts. "Ars Gratia Artis" has become a film company's motto, a small wedge in the Dollar Gap or an exercise in Latin Grammar. Why is this so? We have discussed some of the reasons for this deplorable situation in our earlier articles, "The Australian Out-Bach," and "With Lute and Metronome in Central Arnhemland. Like the great philosopher, Itschke, "Nicht kera-chen ich och gibilden." (We seek not to destroy but to build up). As you read on, may you, like the ice-cream seller in Shakespeare's "Eglet," "melt even yet like glacial dew in contact with a smoking and distended belly."

First Principles: Listening to Music.

"To hear Bach is to chew rice-pudding, but to listen to Bach—ah! That is to taste the pudding." Thus aptly writes Sir Karl N. Butmacher, the great English music critic, in his latest chef d'oeuvre, "Distinction or Extinction." To a discerning reader the moral is obvious. To a less discerning reader we would suggest the casual perusal of our earlier work, "Learn to Discern," or "Does Sex Exist in Rabbits?" We have no wish to labor this point.

We shall merely add a real life story, asking you to bear in mind that it might have happened to you or him.

You all know of the tragic disappearance from the concert platform of that great virtuoso of the combe—a papier Sir Seratio Tuth. (For the benefit of the unenlightened reader, i.e., one who has not yet read our "Tuth is no Stranger," Sir Seratio disappeared through a stage trap-door while playing at the Plasta. He was never seen again). One of our correspondents recently had the good fortune to meet Sir Seratio in an unnamed village in Central Pakistan. This is his story:

"I found Sir Seratio seated on an ant heap in the centre of a small village. He was surrounded by a group of elephants, whose trunks I noticed were tightly tied at intervals. He raised a bamboo reed and carved a passage through the flies which surrounded his turban-encased

cranium. To my amazement, the elephants burst into the famous "Trumpet Tune and Air." Sir Seratio cupped his left hand to his ear, then dropped his baton and miserably shook his head. A tear ploughed a furrow down his dust-coated cheek. He saw me, jumped to his feet, and swept clear an adjoining ant-hill. I sat down. I jumped up. (I'm writing this on the hotel mantelpiece). At last, at the expense of two bottles of whisky and a pickled Ghurka, I persuaded Sir Seratio to tell me the following story:

"It's me wife wot done it. Every time I'm listening to music she starts t'natter. Well, I never listens to me wife—I only hears 'er, see? Well, after a while I gets that way I can't listen to music either, I only hears it. . . ."

At this point Sir Seratio broke down, so I said I would help him to get it out of his system, gave him a glass of mustard, salt and water, and returned to examine my base.

Yours vertically,
I. Obediah Unterliffer.

P.S.: When do I get paid for my last article.

"I.O.U."

:: :: ::
We feel that no comment is necessary, except that this gives weight to our earlier contention (see "Students Shouldn't and Maestros Mustn't"), that Virtuosi (and others) should regard matrimony as the Moon does the Earth, coolly and from a fixed distance.

Song for the Times

Puzzled by thoughts and of great fears the thrall,
The Muse I sought—and she answered my call.
"Muse," I said, "I beseech thee, tell me true,
What means this age? Is it strange unto you?
Can you explain why all things false should be?
Why life's hurly-berlei should shapes decree?"
"Ah!" said the Muse, "'tis the age high, wide, and handsome,
'Tis Nature, 'tis art, 'tis science, and then some.
The fancy of sight is disproved by touch;
Things are not what they seem—or not so much!
For Nature, tardy, has with means been helped,
And of poodle small has great hound been whelped.
Now must our sight never know the truth;
Never know which is clothes, which 'aid,' which Ruth!
Now all a bold front must modestly show;
What was high is higher; what high, was low.
'Tis the age of extremes, of distinctions wide;
The outward must accord with the true inside.
What is one must certainly one appear;
What two, must be doubly distinct and clear.
'Tis to be no age of mere vague outline,
But, of close conformation, extremely fine.
Though, for effect, they must exaggerate;
The small to be large; the large to be great.
Thus, must slack Nature in her task have aid;
Her gifts harnessed, and her want with art o'erlaid.
This is the clue to the age's disguise;
We are attacked and our weakness is eyes."

CHARLES CLIFTON.

RED HEN CAFE

(Opposite Richmond Hotel . . in Richmond Arcade)

COFFEE LOUNGE AND GRILL ROOM

Open 9.30 a.m. to 7.15 p.m. Every Day

Convenient for Students. Service and Civility Our Motto.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

FREE PUBLIC LECTURES

in the
MEDICAL SCHOOL, FROME ROAD

8 p.m., Wednesday, 21st May. Dr. W. R. Adey

THE BRAIN AND OUR EMOTIONS

Chairman: Dr. F. Ray Hone

3 p.m., Sunday, 1st June. Mr. G. H. Lawton

BUTTER v. GUNS: TRUMAN'S FOURTH POINT
AND THE COLOMBO PLAN

Chairman: Mr. E. R. Dawes

BRING YOUR FRIENDS

"The House of Life"

"When do I see thee most, beloved one?"

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

The Rugby Team were filling up on power plus; Oh, they were drinking with vigor and plenty of fuss:

"Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun, Roll it out the barrel until it all is done."

And in a scrum
Around that barrel
In pied apparel
The gay and the glum
Were pumping it out
And pouring it down,
Some merry with shout,
Some morbid with frown.

The Rugby Team were a jolly batch;
The Rugby Team had won the match.

"I tackled their winger,"
Yodels one elegant singer;
"But now what do you think
Of tackling the drink?"
"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Oh, just to be near it!"
(It simply shows
Where whisky goes.)

His beer he drink'th, this wholly patient man;
Then takes his glass, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth to the keg, all wan,
Among the giddy smiles by slow degrees,
To say again:
"We are the hollow men
We are the stuffing men
Leaning together.
Give us some more"
(It's time to kick him out the door.)

So one by one the brethren faded,
Some foot-propelled, and some unaided,
Each drifting from the barrel's sight,
While drifted from the day the light.
But as at dusk some ray remains,
One stayed, bound down with liquor's chains.

He shed a bitter tear,
And said that bitter beer
Would spread him on a bier;
But while was more to come
He still would swallow some.

— Al Coholic

Moribund Morality

The citizens of modern Western Society, of which the students of this University represent a good cross section, are for the most part in a state of complete self-satisfaction with their own conduct in their relations with other members of their community, and with the peoples of other nations. Despite this unhappy state of affairs, there is, perhaps, some cause for hope, since it appears that even the most degenerate of persons, when accused of some evil action, usually attempts to justify himself in terms of some value, such as justice or self-preservation, or goes even further and endeavors to show that his action is supported by some moral standard.

This cannot but lead us to believe that there are few people who fail to realise to some extent the necessity for some moral basis for living. But this is not enough; the quagmire of evil which lies beneath the superficial layer of righteousness with which we attempt to gild our society is apparent to any intelligent eye or ear. Can it be that the mere intellectual acceptance of the necessity for a moral basis for human conduct does not lead to actions conforming to such a basis? We must in the end admit that morals without some motive power are indeed moribund.

There have been many men who have led good lives without faith in any assured principle or purpose to be found in life, but despite their number they are few compared with the many who live entirely unregenerate lives. The common man has no power within himself by which he can rise above the dictates of his carnal passions and primordial instincts, and no purely intellectual ethic, even if he were capa-

ble of grasping it conceptually, has the power to lift him above them. The motive power of a religious faith is the only thing which can achieve any conquest over the baser elements in his nature. The unwillingness of the many to accept such a faith, or even investigate the fundamental tenets of it as presented by those qualified to do so, cannot, in the end, be put down to anything but utter folly.

Almost everyone has experienced some situation in which his own foolishness is brought home to him, but his usual practice is an endeavor to forget the incident, which is a blow to his own egotism rather than make any attempt to look for some power which will lead him with more stability along the dangerous byways of living. To save his own conscience he is ever on the look-out for foolish utterances and travesties of religious truth by religious quacks and practitioners of pseudo-religion to which he can point in derision.

BUY NOW! Import Restrictions

will create shortages SOON!!

It is fortunate, of course, in the last dollar restrictions announced in the "Mail" (11/5/52), that imports of petrol, tobacco, films are not to be cut, while the country is to have to do without urgently needed agricultural equipment, machinery, spare parts, and essential industrial raw materials, so that mob can continue to have their bread and circuses.

The Menzies Government, under the economic guidance of put-em-up and knock-em-down again Fadden is having a torrid time with its principles and world economic events. "We'll promise them, petrol, yes, and what else? I know, we'll take off all these 'strangulatory' and inhibiting controls on private business activity and reduce taxation—that ought to be enough to get us to Canberra." So it proved, but they were promises made without regard to the realities of the economic situation.

Tortured by their consciences and their philosophy the Menzies Government has meandered pleasantly on doing too much too late. Petrol rationing was lifted, justice was done, WE keep OUR promises, taxation WAS reduced, and capital issues control removed. These statesmanlike moves were followed by the greatest inflation in Australia's history and the greatest balance of payments deficit ditto. The situation proved too much for their principles, and presto, taxation was increased, capital issue control and others reimposed, and most drastic import cuts were recently announced.

Had the Federal Government not remained true to principle for so long the severity of the import cuts need have been very much less. But no, we cannot plan our imports and decide which are most essential at a time when we are engaged upon large scale capital development (both by Government and private enterprise); this would be interference with the freedom of the individual. Rather we must let the balance of payments situation get so bad that 40 and 80 per cent. blanket

cuts in money value of imports have to be made. The result? Buy now, import restrictions will create shortages soon. Never have the big departmental stores had a better chance to remove accumulated stocks from their shelves. Disregarding such vague considerations as "the public benefit" the big stores have gleefully rushed ahead to encourage a buying spree at the very time that the Federal Government, handicapped by its bed-fellows (the Country Party) and its principles is trying to damp down inflation.

Never in their born days have the big stores been presented with such an advertising angle. From January to February and from

by Alcibiades II

February into early March the cry along Rundle Street had been bargains, bargains, all lines in store reduced, etc., etc., but on Monday, March 8, there was not a single sale to be seen in Rundle Street. You couldn't have even got a Wrigley's amount of discount on an ermine coat. There was not a word about cheaper prices (trumpeted forth earlier when our delightful State Premier said that "things were back to normal" and removed price control from clothing) nor about the new values. In Rundle Street today the word "bargain" is mentioned as if it were the eighth deadly sin.

Since December, 1949, we have seen petrol rationing lifted, economic controls relaxed and tax rates lowered. Since December,

1949, we have seen a war in Korea, a mammoth orgy of wool-buying which sent wool prices rocketing and a one pound increase in the basic wage. This was the environment in which the "back to normal" Federal Government was gaily pursuing its promised economic policy. Firstly, the Country Party, with the good of the community at heart, vetoed appreciation of the pound which would have cut prices and farmers' incomes in Australia but not saved the balance of payments. Then, much, much too late the import cuts were imposed. Then, in an effort to improve Federal State relations the Commonwealth Government, declaring that it had first and last say as regards (God forbid) economic and banking policy, presented ultimata to the States which would have involved wholesale disorganisation of their public works programmes. But, of course, we cannot plan our public works expenditure because we cannot plan private expenditure and control private enterprise either, so that the desired level of public works can be undertaken. Instead we must move like a bull in a china shop, tread on everyone's corns (except the departmental stores), spend the surplus, and, whatever we do, make sure that imports of petrol, films and tobacco are not reduced. That would be politically disastrous and who cares what happens to capital development in Australia as long as the people vote for us at the next election.

Buy your "On Dit" now, import restrictions will create shortages soon (of moth balls and smelling salts).

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF UNBELIEF

Unbelief can be ascribed to the mental climate of the age, to the blanketing effects of its common modes of thought, and to a lethargy which refuses to break free. Intellectually we live in a defeated age. Whatever the future will have to say about this generation, whatever tribute it will pay to its valor and endurance, it will not name it among man's great epochs; it will never rank it with the Age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Elizabeth, with those eras, in short, in which man has walked with confidence, shaping life according to his purpose, and sure of his future. The age has lost its bearings. The cement of faith has crumbled. There are "horrid faces in the gloom," and hopelessness has reared its ugly head. Why?

First because the fact of God's existence has been diligently eliminated from the thinking of the day. I commend to you the recent book of the Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Such scholars are not given to extravagant remarks. And Professor Butterfield says quite simply: "It is not always realised that belief in God gives us a greater elasticity of mind." Duped by the pundits, young people sometimes imagine that faith in God demands a sacrifice of mental freedom, a circumscribing of the wits. Nothing of the sort. Life and the world are seen with greater clarity when faith in God sanctifies the mind.

It is those who refuse to make the great assumption who see facts awry. Leave out a basic fact and all manner of disaster is likely to overtake one's reasoning. Read again Wells' entertaining fantasy, "The Kingdom of the Blind." The newcomer to the Andean Valley was quite unable to talk to the blind inhabitants. His language, rich in the terminology of sight, meant nothing to them. They lacked a dimension of the mind. The best minds, if firmly determined to follow an atheistic pattern of thought, can be similarly bemused.

The second basic fact which the common thinking of our age refuses to entertain, is the Bib-

lical view of human nature. Frustration, in more than one sphere, is inevitable when basically corrupt creatures are treated as fundamentally good. A recent book of essays of that great classicist, Cornford, contains a paper entitled "The Unwritten Philosophy." Cornford takes a somewhat pessimistic attitude towards philosophy in general, suggesting that most systems are finally based on what the philosopher desires to be true. There is vast significance in the unrevealed promise. There is safety in remembering that fact when you hear more than one persuasive voice. Behind much of the philosophy of our day lies a vast human desire to be independent of a creator, and to exalt a creature who has little to commend him.

Much of the confusion in our thinking springs from the desire to find an explanation of the universe which does not demand too much discipline of life, and which leaves the conscience unchallenged. The desire, and its products in damaging and vitiated thought, can be traced back to Voltaire, back indeed, to the Sophists, for Aristophanes wrote his entertaining comedy, "The Clouds," to satirise this very phenomenon.

Philosophy has its social reflection. Surely, as Wells was constrained to admit, man is "at the end of his tether." Either has his thinking led him. Per-

haps a return to the point where he abandoned God as an element in his thinking, and an exploration of the road which takes God and His Word into solid account, might remove the confusion from life and thought. Thoreau remarked long ago that men generally are living "lives of quiet desperation." The word is truer every day. The alcoholism of the day, its escapist literature, its hectic tone, are symptoms of minds adrift, betrayed by the leaders of thought. Wells, Shaw, Russell, and a dozen others, have done their work well. Their eloquent expression of the spirit of the age "has blinded the minds of those who do not believe." Who can teach Latin to those who resolutely refuse to believe that infections can produce a pattern of sense? Who can teach arithmetic to those determined to reject the multiplication table? Who can bring repentance to those firmly fixed in mind against the existence of God and the fact of human sin?

Emotionally the age is in petulant rebellion, which manifests itself in a dozen ways. Consider the revolt against rhythm in poetry and music. Rhythm is biologically based and is part of the divine scheme of things. In Art, the same spirit produces distortion of basic realities and corruptions of nature. In his novel, "The Hideous Strength," C. S. Lewis shows

(Continued on Page 7)

Letters To The Editor

Radio Revels

Omsk-Polomsk, May, 1952.

Dear Sir,—
“When Serge and I were youngsk
We went to Omsk-Polomsk
And there we spent our time
Manufacturing bombsk
to the tune of ‘The Volga
Boatmen.’”

Since then many long years have passed; and we have assembled a stock-pile of no mean dimensions—a stockpile which, we have hoped, could be used to good effect on that day when the principles of academic freedom seemed to be endangered. That day has come. For the news has reached us that there is, in the Adelaide University, an oppressed minority of students who are suffering during their lunch hours from the tyranny of the Voice. It is not that these students find it impossible to listen with pleasure to the mellifluous accents of a Mr. Bergin, or with admiration to the impassioned, if raucous eloquence of a Mr. Scott; merely do they feel that, should they so desire, they should be permitted to hear themselves talk, eat or even think. And none of these things are possible during those periods when the loud-speaker is in use.

Mr. Clift has valiantly protested in his letter to “On Dit” against this usurping of personal freedom. The answer to that letter showed that peaceful argument is insufficient. Therefore Serge and I offer to Mr. Clift and his gallant band of insurrectionists full and free use of every bomb in our stockpile until this public nuisance is abolished.

Trusting that you will bring this to his notice, We remain,
SERGE AND IVAN.

P.S.—Should the persecution grow worse before we are able to send the bombs, may we suggest that cutting the wires may do as a temporary measure.—
S. & I.

Privates' Privacy

Dear Sir,—
It seems that Charles Stokes, in his column in “Liberal Opinion,” wishes to associate the movement against National Service Training with a “Red” like myself and thereby discredit it. Even Charlie mightn’t have been so ready to give his unreserved approval to the Menzies-Fadden Government in this wasteful scheme if he hadn’t missed out on going by being two months too old.

It is true that I had my own personal reasons for being “sour” about having had to spend my vacation at Woodside. It was my fault, I suppose, that I failed in one subject in the Med. I examinations last year. I was granted a supp. in it but could not, however, get my training deferred, and had to make do with a week's Special Leave. Consequently I am repeating my year and don't bear any love for the Army. I wasn't alone in this respect, but what of all the other Uni. students? It would be interesting to know how long the ex-trainees took to settle down to their studies; or how much they had forgotten or how much preparatory work they had missed out on because of the tedium and atmosphere peculiar to a military camp, night parades, twenty lads being together in a hut, bad lighting and other studying facilities? Under such conditions it was almost impossible to do any study or work of a worthwhile nature, and thus most of the reading matter consisted of short stories or of culture imported from that home of culture, the U.S.A.

This is just one aspect of how N.S.T. affects students, and shows that students must give their whole-hearted support to N.U.A.U.S. and A.S.L.F. when these questions are raised.

Thus, to quote an article in the last issue of “Australaise,”
“Drill and Study don't mix.”
R. E. BURNS.

You that intend to write what is worthy to be read more than once, blot frequently: and take no pains to make the multitude admire you, content with a few judicious readers—Horace.

Reid, Learn etc.

Dear Sir,—

I feel that I must raise my voice in protest against a tendency in the remarks of many who support “The Call” to depreciate political parties and party politics.

This tendency was shown clearly by Mr. Isaachsen (the local secretary of “The Call” committee) when he addressed students in the George Murray. In a speech which contained references to the deterioration (?) from our unity in wartime, the need to rise “above party politics,” the hampering influence of “disputation” on the progress of Australia, Mr. Isaachsen left me with the feeling that it is bad that I am an active party member and am prepared to dispute and do all in my power to keep the other side from office.

Let us get this clear. “The Call” is not a political document—it is “above party politics,” says Mr. Isaachsen. All right, but that is no reason to suggest that political parties are unfortunate or even a nuisance in Australia, the members of which must humbly apologise for creating so much fuss and “disputation.” Frankly, I do not feel sorry that I am the secretary of a local L.C.L. branch, nor, I am sure, do the other budding “politicians” about the University feel they have to excuse their “disputatious” activities.

Of course, this necessity for party politics is bound up with the larger question of the vital role that disputes, opposition, and argument has to play in a democracy such as ours. The argument that it would be so much better if we could “pool the brains of the best men” who would all happily work together for the good of the country is unrealistic and can be dangerous. The fact is that if we are democrats we believe that from discussion, disputing, and opposition there arise decisions out of which in the long run progress comes and, as “The Call” says, “peoples grow in greatness.”

In politics this opposition is personified in the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. It is his job (for which the Government pays him over £4,000 a year) to do everything possible within the bounds of law to unsettle, or to upset the plans of, the governing party. Behind him he has almost one half of the country. In fact, it has been said that the test of a true democracy is the status it gives its Leader of the Opposition, and much as I dislike and fear the policies of Dr. Evatt, I maintain that he, his party, and the whole notion of Opposition (constructive or destructive—for who is to say whether such opposition falls into one category or the other?) is fundamental in a democracy such as Australia.

Might I say in conclusion that I support “The Call”—I believe that it is a useful document in reminding us of some of our basic beliefs. Mr. Isaachsen's remarks I cannot support, and his speech has merely served to cast doubts in my mind. He has failed to see the great need in this country for party politics, for disputing, for opposition.

Hoping Mr. Isaachsen will keep off party politics and Opposition in his future explanations of “The Call,” I am, Sir,
BOB REID.

“Answer, Echoes, Answer”

Dear Sir,—

A Mrs. Barbara Heaslip (B.A.) has written (“On Dit,” May 7) that in my letter about the political illogicalities of the “Call” article by the so-called Liberal-Radical Group, I only succeeded in revealing my “ignorance of the very ABC of party tensions within the A.L.P.” This is indeed an interesting charge to make. Perhaps it was made because I was only concerned in my letter with the political aspect of the “Labor” Party's attitude to last year's anti-Communist referendum. I did not intend for one moment to enter into any controversy about the varying religious pressure groups and loyalties in the A.L.P. But just because I did not mention them, Mrs. Heaslip cannot conclude that I am unaware of them. I am not. In any case, whether Mrs. Heaslip likes it or not, she cannot deny that Messrs. Chambers, Keon and Mullins are among the “chosen leaders of the A.L.P.,” and at the same time in that capacity urged the people last September to vote “Yes.” It is interesting to note that, for some reason or other, she deliberately omitted to mention my reference to the Tasmanian Premier (Mr. Cosgrove) and his Government, all of whom refused to support Dr. Evatt's “moral courage and statesman-like leadership” at the head of the “Vote No” campaign.

Mrs. Heaslip has been subtle, very subtle. But I think that as an unbiased follower of cricket, I understand the full meaning of her subtlety. Why she could not have the outrightness or intestinal fortitude to say in black and white exactly what she was inferring, I personally cannot imagine. Perhaps it was because of her undoubted and well-earned gift of using the English language in letters to publications. That also could explain her veiled attack on the Master of Lincoln, who was answering through the suitable medium of the “mental sciences,” what was alleged to be a “critical analysis” of “The Call.” In other words, he was meeting the enemy on their own ground. I think we can rely perfectly on Mr. Hambley's ability to attempt to guide people into “the good life of a unified—but still democratic—society,” without any advice from Mrs. Heaslip, who apparently does not realise that sincere and conscientious following of the principles embodied in The Call to the Nation would help in no small way towards achieving a society such as she recommends.

(“A Mr.”)

CHARLES STOKES,
(Failed B.A.)

Regal Lear

Dear Sir,—

I should like to correct a mistake which was made, due entirely to my own negligence, in my recent critique of the Alden Company's “King Lear.” Had it not been that you pointed out to me, Sir, that Miss Huia Munro played Goneril and not Regan, it would, in all probability, have passed unnoticed by this person. I can do no more, Sir, than to bow in due humility to your superior knowledge of contemporary theatre.

Yours etc.,

ARUNDEL BONNIFACE.

Another Echo

Sir,—Mr. Isaachsen's attempt to defend “The Call” was further proof of the intellectual bankruptcy inherent in that document.

His survey of the Asian situation was ill-informed and misleading, and smacked of a nationalistic self-centredness which showed few signs of any Christian moral principle. It seemed motivated by fear of the Asian masses and a selfish desire for national survival at any cost, rather than by any moral re-awakening to our obligations to our less fortunate neighbors in Asia. Here was clear evidence of an incipient racial myth arising out of fear and ignorance.

His analysis of the situation in Australia contained the usual nonsense about “rising above politics”—a clear indication of the speaker's failure to appreciate the fundamental principles of parliamentary democracy.

His pathetic reply to the question on Canon Davidson's shop-girl example showed a complete inability to comprehend the moral principle involved. Yet Mr. Isaachsen calls for a “moral restoration.”

His misinterpretation of the Liberal Radical article was so blatant as to appear quite blatant.

The Liberal Radicals clearly used the word “Fascist” in the strict sense as a term denoting a very real political doctrine. They used it in the manner of the political scientist. To suggest that it was used merely as an epithet, after the manner of the Communists, was a wilful misinterpretation of their article.

In resorting to this “slur” technique, Mr. Isaachsen showed himself guilty of the very crime of which he falsely accused the Liberal Radicals.

Once more we were treated to the old story that any suggestion of a danger of unemployment was just so much Communist propaganda. Yet, on the same day that Mr. Isaachsen made this statement, the “Australian Financial Review,” hardly a source of Communist propaganda, printed the following statement on its front page:

“There is a real danger that the fall in export prices may be followed by a general slowing-down of business, unemployment and slump.”

Democracy can, and must, solve the problem of full employment. Mr. Isaachsen, and many of his fellow “moralists,” are not even aware that the problem exists.

It is true that Australia is in danger, as indeed is the whole Western world.

It is tragic that in this hour of need our “leaders” should be capable only of this feeble document, this empty collection of the stale catchcries of moral uplift. It is the product of the minds of old men, fearful of the future, yet so imbued with the prejudices of the past that they refuse to recognise the reality of the present.

Amongst the dangers which threaten Australia we may well include “The Call.”

“CRITO.”

Liberal Labor

Dear Sir,—

It is with some interest that we have followed the meanderings of Res of Resurgam through successive issues of Liberal Opinion, for even though Resurgam has shed his skin several times over the years his comments have tended to become less and less accurate, or believable, with increasing age. In the issue of Liberal Opinion of May 1, we saw Resurgam expanding at some length and zest on the following theme, that Peter Halley, late of Rome, Berlin, Moscow and London (in that order), the Red Dear of the Adelaide University, must be a Communist, was too frightened to tell students as a whole of his experiences, was corrupted by his visit to Russia, was a Communist, etc., etc.

Had Resurgam taken the trouble to find out from Mr. Peter Halley what he saw and did and his trip to the Berlin Festival and beyond he would have found himself talking to someone who had not come to far-reaching conclusions (the Red Dear of the etc., etc.) from a deficiency of facts. Far from presenting a eulogy of Communism and its wicked ways at the heretofore mentioned meeting attended by “Socialists and selected” S.C.M. members,” Peter Halley made statements which were distinctly critical, not only of the Festival and its purpose, but also of the living and working conditions he observed during his trip to the Soviet Union. Taken all-in-all, he appeared to have been a traveller who had taken every opportunity to observe accurately what he saw—in short, he applied his University trained mind to the task in hand and did not jump to a priori conclusion.

If Resurgam had been present at the debate, “That this House has no confidence in the Government” (and we suspect he was), in the L.S.H. on April 28, he would have heard the same “Communist” Mr. Halley advocating a greatly expanded Australian defence programme in view of the mounting war threat. Perhaps Resurgam was not listening: it would be a pity to shatter the well-established myth of the political corruption of Mr. Halley and to find out that there was perhaps something good in Russia anyway. The Russians seem to think that there is, and Peter Halley saw with his own eyes what was really going on, so—according to Resurgam—he is a Communist, but this is where we came in.—Yours sincerely,
D. P., B. D. E.

The Root of All Evil

Dear Sir,—

It is with regret I see yet another issue of “On Dit,” for I know that in a small village such as Adelaide, people tend to develop an outlook that reaches its limit when it arrives at the Labor Party and Original Sin. (Communism is a boggy that lives far away.) But, however paradoxical it may seem, the people with the meanest outlook always seem to have the most money, and as money speaks all languages, these people have the most influence in all circles of society.

The point need not be labored. It is these very people that “On Dit” is so openly attacking, and legally or illegally these people will attempt the removal of the thorn in their side. Even Bishops have to “back down” when they feel that they have said something that society doesn't approve of. How pathetic! What is Christianity coming to? Are we, as the coming generation, to look to Christianity for a higher conception of life, when it creeps and crawls to society? The Rt. Rev. B. P. Robin ought to make his creed heard and felt if it is to save the world as it is supposed to do.

Where must we look to for a lead? Communism, Christianity or Democracy? This is not in the hands of those who are supposed to lead, but in the hands of those who have most money and influence and they will lead us to where it best suits themselves.
PETER ALAN.

“When I use a word,” Humpty-Dumpty said
“it means just what I choose it to mean—neither
more nor less”—Lewis Carroll.

LOW-DOWN ON INTER-VARSITY

FINANCES



What is SCOTT doing on this page? Well, the Editors intend to publish his photograph in this spot until some enterprising Sports Club sends them a photograph which is more recent than 1947.

Wugby Weport

Since "On Dit" last went to press, two rounds of Rugby Union have been decided. On the Graduates' Oval, after a keen match, Aquinas defeated St. Mark's for the first time that these rivals have met. In A Grade, University convincingly defeated Old Collegians. The Graduates' Oval was covered with beautiful soft green grass and the rugby provided an interesting afternoon's enjoyment to both players and the fair spectators, who adjourned to the Ashwins to round off an afternoon's sport with a little refreshment. For this we thank Mr. and Mrs. Ashwin, as it provided an excellent opportunity for our new players to meet their President and Vice-Presidents.

The third round of C Grade saw St. Mark's narrowly defeated by Woodville and Aquinas defeat West Torrens. St. Mark's led Woodville by 8-6 until late in the second half. They finally succumbed 12-8. Dr. Alec Tregonning played for the first time this season and was outstanding for a man of his years. Murrell played a captain's game, Tiver also showed determination and tackled well. Yin and Lui played well also.

In the other B Grade match, Aquinas defeated a numerically weaker West Torrens team 15-6. Reid played well, his safe-handling of the ball being a feature of his efforts. Richardson was also sound, the second try to be scored following a movement he initiated. The game was marred by loose kicking by Aquinas and also by the Aquinas forwards being offside from rucks and handling the ball in the scrums. These irregularities will be done away with after more penalty kicks have been awarded against the team.

The A team welcomed back Nev. Benson, who has had a rest from the game since 1950. Benson was a former member of George Nunn's Brandy Brigade B's. After a hard fast match, Woodville emerged the victor 19-13, the excess Woodville score being two penalty goals. A feature of this game was the play of the University forward pack. If the

backs had played as well as the forwards University would have won. The ball did not get out to the wings with anything like the safety and speed of Woodville's backs. Ashwin and Black are too fast to be starved by the centres. When the centres learn to pass University will consistently win, and the hard work of the forwards to win the ball will be amply rewarded. (It is easy to see that the writer is not a member of the backline!) Chisholm and Lekias were good for the backs, although Lekia's efforts at full-back were marred by his inability to kick the ball out of touch. He must sacrifice distance for direction. Tackling, however, had vastly improved over the standard shown against Old Collegians, Ayoub was particularly good in this respect.

For the forwards Hone played well in the line-outs, and Turner was sound in defence. Evans was always a force to be reckoned with, while the rest of the pack also did what was expected of them.

Woodville deserved their win, but we promise to give them a harder match next time we meet.

The team were pleased to see Professor Portus, Dr. Ray Hone and Mr. van Abbe amongst their supporters.

As just after this issue goes to press, the Inter-Varsity team goes in quest of the Kanematsu Cup, the writer extends to all the members of the team (yet to be selected at time of writing) his best wishes for a successful and merry quest.

At Inter-Varsities in the past, conversations with sportsmen from other Universities has revealed that most other Australian Universities subsidise inter-Varsity travel through their respective Sports Associations. Why can't our Sports Association do this? This is the question that, remaining unanswered, has caused some resentment on the part of our men and women representatives. To replace resentment by understanding, we publish these facts.

Queensland, until recently, however, have paid no oval expenses. Nor have they paid grants to clubs for sporting equipment. These savings have enabled the University of Queensland Sports Union to pay travelling expenses for Inter-Varsity teams.

Sydney University Sports Association levies sixpence per head on all students in order to subsidise Intersarsity travel. At Melbourne, with, roughly, 9,000 students and about the same number playing Inter-Varsity sport, as at Adelaide (4,000 stu-

dents), it is easy to see that a relatively small amount per head on Melbourne students will pay for air-travel fares. In the year of the coal strike, however, Melbourne spent £3,000 on Intersarsity travel, out of an income of

£9,000. At Adelaide the attitude is that it is better to spend the Sports Association income on ALL sportsmen rather than on the selected few who represent, however worthily, this University at Intersarsities.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SPORTS ASSOCIATION				
	1936	1947	1949	1951
Total amount spent on Inter-Varsity travel by all sporting clubs (rail fares)	453	1291	1968	1819
Oval expenses	761	1733	2644	1780
Plus grants to all Sporting Clubs	509	967	1142	1716
Total income of Sports Association	2161	3886	4533	5164

This table shows that, on the whole, even if all grants to clubs were used exclusively for paying for Intersarsity, they would have been insufficient, and some lowering of the standard of ground maintenance would have been necessary to make up the balance.

Further, it is seen that if the Sports Association did pay all

of Intersarsity travel expenses, that between 30 per cent. and 50 per cent. of its income on the average would have to be devoted to this purpose.

If we were to maintain our grants to clubs at their present volume, and simultaneously maintain our grounds at the present high standard, it would be

necessary to increase compulsory fees by about £1 per head.

We conclude by saying that if Intersarsity travel is to be paid for by the Sports Association, then we must embrace the principle of robbing the majority for the advantage of that minority who are selected for Intersarsity teams.

Keep your boots on, Wimpy!

Football Fantastique

A d. Payneham, 35—14 to 13—11. Yes, 35 goals!! After several weeks of pot-shooting for the posts, University turned it on against Payneham. Duncan 9, Walsh and McLeod each 7, showed everyone just how to kick goals. Everyone played first class football, and the A's looked just like what a premiership side is supposed to look like. It is a pity the Rugby Club didn't see the game; even they would have been forced to say "marvellous!"

Among the brightest of the stars were Walsh, Pak Poy, Elix, John Lawrence and our new full-forward McLeod. Wimpy is perfecting the one step and kick when he is in front of the goal posts. So far the only result has been one flag!

A d. Walkerville 18-16 to 16-8. Against the old rivals, Walkerville, the Blacks kept the lead all day in an exciting, hard fought game. You can always depend on the University—Walkerville clash to be a thriller and this was no exception even if Walsh thinks different. Hard luck, Johnny, hope you are taking plenty of rest like the doctor told you! Wimpy again kicked more goals than points and finished up with 6; Gus Elix played a solid game at centre and others who helped in the win were Giles, Harris, John Lawrence and Tunbridge.

Hancock played his first game against Walkerville, mainly because he was suspended from the Boundary Umpires' Union!

The A's weren't the only team in front at the final bell, as the B's had two wins, C's one win and a defeat, and the newcomers, the D team, showed Teachers' College B team a few new tricks.

By defeating Rosewater and Kelvinator the B's entered the top four and if you ask Jim Whit-

tle, they are going to stay there. In the Rosewater game Stew Walmsley and Pongo Cocks dominated the forward line and Chook Williams showed them just how a rover should rove, and was a great asset to ruckmen Mestrov and Leverington. Kelvinator, down from A1 Division, went under by 9 goals, the whole team playing well, especially Leske, Cox, Law Smith and Drew. Although Hurst and Harley tried hard, the C's were beaten by Semaphore Central at Largs Oval. This was their first defeat and so far, the only one, as Saint's Old Scholars were soundly thrashed by 19 goals. The C's are second on the list and have an excellent percentage, and with everyone pulling their weight, should stay up there on top.

The newly-formed D team had an auspicious beginning, defeating Teachers' College B's by 9 points. It is a sure sign of

strength in the Club when we can boast over 80 members. Among the many stars in the D team were Bob Brummitt, Les Caust, Wheaton, Dick Whittle, Chesney and Nenke.

When this edition comes out the big match between University and Alberton Church United will have been played, and the top position in the A1 ladder will either be the same or changed.

This article would not be complete without mention of the bridge evening. Congratulations and thanks to Mrs. Lewis, Jim Lawrence and everyone who helped to make this evening an outstanding success. If the bridge evening was an example of what the Football Club can do, this year's Inter-Varsity will be a memorable occasion.

P.S.—For all the latest news and results, don't forget to buy the Amateur Football Budget each week.

SPORTS CLUBS are reminded that the Editor can print only those reports of Club activities that he receives. Clubs should, therefore, not be disappointed if the Editor does not print the Sporting Results that they did not send in.

Wholly set up and printed in Australia by E. J. McAllister & Co., 24 Blyth Street, Adelaide, and published by the Adelaide University Students' Representative Council.

FOR your MICROSCOPES, MICROSCOPIC SLIDES, and COVER SLIPS, SKELETONS and MEDICAL BOOKS see ...
BROWN & PEARCE
227 NORTH TERRACE, ADELAIDE (opposite University)
Phone: W2846