



AUSTRALIA'S DEFENCE: An Air Force with a front line force consisting of two Sabre squadrons equipped with side-winder air-to-air guided missiles, a transport squadron of prop-jet Hercules, and Neptune reconnaissance and Canberra bomber squadrons. See article on page 2.

## Knopfelmacher: "Ethical Masturbation"

by Andrew Strickland

Fog perhaps had deeper import to that faithful crowd which forewent valuable lecture time to listen to delayed Dr. Frank Knopfelmacher in the Union Hall on Monday, July 2. His speech on the OAS and French Fascism was a melodious melange of psychological jargonese. What was he saying? None would deny he said it impressively, but many seemed to be floundering amongst his vast generalisation and arrogant although at times penetrating assertions.

The first such assertion was that although he had written this paper for the Melbourne A.L.P. Club four months ago he since had found no necessity to revise it. As it worked out this claim was precisely true, for what Dr. Knopfelmacher was concerned with was a clinical analysis of French Fascism. Having rather dubiously enumerated the fascist syndrome as a disease he admitted was virtually not disguisable due to its almost universal presence—he proceeded to draw a parallel between Weimar Germany and France of the last few years. The common and most alien feature to both that, in his opinion, made such a seemingly similar parallel possible, was the Communist's infiltration of the left destroying the left as a politically viable alternative to right-wing régimes.

His main target was the role of French intellectuals of the Jean Paul Satre type who having seen a futile war with little hope of quick conclusion were forced into the action of inciting French

soldiers to desert rather than fight the F.L.N. This Dr. Knopfelmacher asserted is the ultimate in moral incursions into the field of politics. They are not concerned with politics he claims but merely their own "heavenly solace". There did seem, however, to be this same contradiction in his own approach. While condemning the morality "Bolshevik Fascists" in the OAS he came up with many much more politically realistic judgments about an economically prosperous France. One of his more optimistic was that it is impossible to have a civil war in a country where people prefer to look at it on TV. But while civil war now is not a danger, he did feel that disaffected semi-French European Algerians would be a source of future political trouble within France itself.

The importance of De Gaulle has been over-emphasised in Dr. Knopfelmacher's opinion. What is of importance in his view is what he called the hard core of "traditionalist" civil servants and army officers whom he places in category of "passive" supporters of the O.A.S. These are to be distinguished from other army officers' activities whose disaffection lies in the long series of unsuccessful colonial wars and the record of treachery in the Second World War. Always ready to draw the Australian parallel, on this occasion Dr. Knopfelmacher assured us that these army officers were in no way like the R.S.L. in Australia.

However, there was much Dr. Knopfelmacher omitted in his explanation for the "Ethical masturbation" of the French left wing intellectual. Could it be that some sections of the French left wing were really concerned with an unpretentious little book by Germain Tilbon which made plain the impoverishment of life for the average Algerian

Moslem who lives in a country with a population of between nine and ten million people yet is only capable of feeding two to three million. It is all very well to recount individual cases of fellow travellers who adopted a certain attitude at a certain time and damn them forever as "foreign agents" but much of the political chaos in Algeria has its roots in human chaos.

Dr. Knopfelmacher's concern with groups and not individuals in politics may lead him to overlook this implication. It does not, however the laudable efforts of organisations like W.U.S. who are endeavouring to help the pathetic plight of those sections of this war-torn country, attain a level of education where they can light the burning question in Algeria that of pauperization.

This is perhaps not completely fair to Dr. Knopfelmacher as his visit has doubtless stimulated many of us to think of these omissions when assaulted by the sweeping judgments he breathlessly confronts us with.

Due to the interested S.R.C.'s generosity Dr. Knopfelmacher was able to stay and entertain us in the evening when he gave a rambling paper on "Social Democracy and Defence". To the small group of people who managed to hear of this it provided a most invigorating and stimulating evening of discussion. It certainly provided Dr. Knopfelmacher with a chance to air his most astonishing knowledge of every left-wing organisation dominated by Communist infiltration from the Victorian Unitarian Church to Jewish Anti-Fascists League.

For the final impression of this rotund, well-fed figure it is impossible to refrain from stepping into his own jargon-paranoia.

## BILLBOARD

ST PETER'S (GLENELG) DRAMATIC SOCIETY presents "Johnny Belinda" by Elmer Harriss, at St. Peter's Hall, Waterloo Street, Glenelg, on 5th, 6th, 7th July.

ADELAIDE REPERTORY THEATRE presents "Twilight Walk" in the Australia Hall, July 17-21.

A.U.D.S. presents "The Leader" by Eugene Ionesco. A shot in the arm of glorious inanity, spiced with satire in Union Hall at 1.10 p.m. on 12th, 13th July.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY THEATRE GUILD present "Moby Dick—rehearsed" by Herman Melville. Produced by Tony Roberts. Orson Welles' adaptation for the stage of the epic American adventure story, "Moby Dick" the white whale.

## TIMES

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH Aquinas Society Mission, 1962.

9th-13th July: given by Rev. Fr. Stormon, S.J., M.A., consisting of a series of five lectures, presented at lunchtime at 1.10 p.m. in the Lady Symon Hall.

Monday, 9th: "From Christ to Christianity": the origins and *raison d'être* of the Church.

Tuesday, 10th: "The Church in Time": the nature and rôle of the "Mystical Body of Christ".

Wednesday, 11th: "Scripture and Tradition".

Thursday, 12th: "The Position of the Papacy": the distribution and exercise of authority within the Church.

Friday, 13th: "The Church and the Churches": the problem of Christian Unity.

Fr. Stormon, Dean of Newman College, Melbourne, was the first Catholic priest in Australia to address an Anglican congregation, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne. His studies and experiences make him well qualified to speak on the above topics.

A.U. Masquers' Dramatic Society. Lunch-hour production: "Two Gentlemen of Soho" by A. P. Herbert. In Lady Symon Hall, Monday, 23rd; Tuesday, 24th July, at 1.10 p.m. Admission 1/-.

Lincoln-St. Ann's Dramatic Club presents "Hotel Paradiso" in the Union Hall. Tonight and Saturday night, 6th and 7th July, at 8 p.m.

## TIDES

20 students are required to take part in an A.B.C. radio programme on Wednesday, July 11th, at 7.30 p.m. The programme is entitled "I Put It to You." Enquiries: S.R.C. office by Tuesday, 5 p.m.

## ON DIT

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

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

"On Dit" is printed at The Griffin Press.

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

Copy for the next edition which will appear on Thursday, July 5, closes on Friday, June 29.

## S.R.C. Elections

Nominations are called for the positions of General Representatives on the 17th S.R.C. There are eight Men's General positions and four Women's General.

Nomination forms are available at the S.R.C. office, where nominations may be lodged until 5 p.m. on the closing date, Tuesday, 17th July.

(Signed) D. HORNE, Returning Officer.

# AUSTRALIA'S DEFENCE: SEATO MYOPIC?

by Richard Broinowski

According to most liberal political commentators, Australia is and always has been strictly a military rabbit. We are a very small entity on the tail-end of a vast mass of land containing a vaster mass of people. We are the under-populated European delimitation of an over-populated and Asiatic host. Our tiny defence forces could not stand alone in nearly any military show-down with our neighbours. To the U.S. we are perhaps expendable. And our two prospective defence treaties, ANZUS and SEATO, are riddled with large holes of impracticality. According to these commentators, we are therefore in a bad position.

Whenever the prophets qualify their remarks, they inevitably fall back on (a), the terrifying inadequacy of Australia's military forces, and (b), the unworkability of our two defence treaties against the type of aggression which is likely to come from Asia—should it come at all.

On (a), not much can be said to refute the critics' observations, except that our armed forces will never have to defend us by themselves. It is quite clear that our forces are small even in proportion to our insignificant population. Their size looks ridiculous against the area of land over which they offer protection.

For instance, the Army is equipped at the moment with two pentropic divisions, which are numerically small units with high mobility and flexible command. They are supported by modern fire-arms of American and Belgian origin, a light aircraft squadron, and four landing craft. Behind this small standing army (the first in our history) is the C.M.F., which suffers the drawback of requiring a long period in which to mobilize before being ready to fight. Even in modern conventional warfare—one type envisaged in South-East Asia—a high degree of specialization is required among the ranks. That an Australian soldier can be made by putting a gun in a volunteer's hands has become sheerest myth.

In the spring of 1960, Australia's navy consisted of the carrier Melbourne, three daring class destroyers, one battle class destroyer (Anzac), and two Q class anti-submarine frigates (Parramatta and Yarra). Two river class frigates have since joined the fleet, and two Charles F. Adam anti-missile destroyers are at present on order from the U.S. By 1963, Melbourne will be refitted as a helicopter carrier, and Sydney will have left the harbour moth-ball fleet as a reconditioned troop carrier.

The Air Force front line force includes two Sabre squadrons equipped with side-winder air-to-air guided missiles, two more yet to be fitted, a transport squadron of prop-jet Hercules, and Neptune reconnaissance and Canberra bomber squadrons. The new Mirage III mach II fighter planes have

yet to be delivered, as have the proposed Bell helicopters. The Air Force also has a bundle of Bloodhound guided missiles (ground to air).

And that is, as far as the public is allowed to know, the sum total of our Commonwealth Armed Forces. By themselves they would stand not a chance against, e.g., our nearest neighbour, Indonesia, in the event of a military show-down. It is thus upon the treaty provisions of our regional defence pacts (SEATO and ANZUS) that security flows. Should the U.S., in the event of direct armed aggression against Australasia, refuse to honour her commitments under them, we should stand no great chance of survival. How good is the protection offered by these treaties?

### ANZUS

This treaty was the first attempt to formulate on paper the policy of regional defence in the Pacific area. It was signed by Australia, N.Z. and the U.S. in San Francisco on September 1, 1951, and ratified by the Commonwealth Parliament in March, 1952. Although to some extent the treaty reflected our fear of post-war Japanese resurgence, its guarantee of collective defence envisaged communist, not fascist, aggression. It was ratified during the Korean War.

The greatest advantage of ANZUS is that the treaty provides the weak military forces of Australasia with the security of massive American commitment. It provides the opportunity for Australian and N.Z. Chiefs of Staff to plan and develop their defence policies with the closest U.S. co-operation and intimacy. Furthermore, it is not susceptible to American political change. It has functioned as well under Democrats Truman and Kennedy as under Republican Eisenhower.

On the other hand, one of its greatest weaknesses lies in the fact that it is purely a military alliance. It is silent on questions of economic, social and cultural collaboration. To this extent its function as a bond between its members is non-existent outside the military level. Its provisions would probably have proved unworkable had its members not been Western, European, and of the same standards of living. Another weakness is embodied in Article IV, which leaves any action against an attack on a member to be taken "in accordance with its constitutional processes". While safeguarding against the possibility of precipitating a member into an undeclared war, it aggravates delays and retards prompt action. However, Article IV represents a compromise. It is necessary to preserve the Constitutional separation of Powers of the U.S., which differs from the system of responsible government of Australia and N.Z.

### SEATO

This treaty was concluded at Manila between its seven signatory members on September 8, 1954. As with ANZUS, SEATO is based on the theory of collective military defence against aggression in a delimited area of the Pacific. Its ambit excludes For-

mosa and Hong Kong. Unlike ANZUS, it is not simply a military alliance, but by Article III aims at the promotion of economic advancement and cultural fusion as well. If the word *defence* is commonly employed as a euphemism for *war*, then SEATO correctly sees defence as more than mere military alliances, but a single act in a political scheme. To this extent it is broader than ANZUS, and of necessity. It has attempted to fuse East and West by cultural exchange—an inescapable course of action if co-operative regional defence is to be achieved.

To outline all the defects of this treaty would take another article. One only must suffice to show that Australia cannot place much confidence in SEATO as a defence alliance. When it was conceived in Bangkok in 1954, Communism had been pushed far south in Asia by force of arms, and it was against this type of aggression that SEATO was formulated. But the latest characteristic of such aggression has been more subtle, using internal political machinery instead of overt aggression. For example, the formation of the Laotian Coalition government may well prove a classic example of internal communist strategy as used successfully in post-war Eastern Europe.

Its success there was unqualified, and by its methods the communists were able to establish themselves in strong positions that amounted to dictatorships. Its three salient principles are: (a) the formation of a coalition government in which the opposition parties are absorbed within a framework of a system in which their antagonisms are effectively smothered; (b) a take-over of the most important administrative portfolios, such as education, finance, defence and transport; and (c) the gradual build-up of power both within the government through internal pressure, and over the people by corruption of the voting system.

However, apart from the obvious danger in attempting to make too close a comparison between the communist subversive methods employed in post-war Europe, and their attempted operation in South-East Asia, the absence of a powerful Red army (which was present in Europe) is not at the moment available in Laos to support similar moves by Souvanavong after the initial one of forming a coalition government. All the same, the Laotian coalition looks *prima facie* all too familiar.

And against the political, guerilla warfare of indigenous communist parties, SEATO can do nothing, in spite of the Research Service Centre staffed by political experts from member countries, which was set up at Bangkok to deal with this problem. SEATO may not be a toothless tiger, but its teeth are certainly of the wrong kind against internal communist subversion.

However, notwithstanding this fairly basic weakness, SEATO has provided an advantage to South-East Asian nations—even non-signatories to the Treaty—in advancing an awareness of collective regional defence. Should the type of overt aggression against which SEATO is equipped to deal develop in non-members, most of them would expect SEATO aid. As Fairbairn observed last year, a really sophisticated defence of SEATO is that it provides collective defence for a country which has never joined the Organisation. SEATO may be myopic in several directions, but its members realise that any communist aggression in South-East Asia weakens their own position. Just as a man is not an island, neither is a nation self-sufficing.

# LET'S HAVE A PARTY

by Angela E. M. Bidstrup

There is no party political club worthy of the name within the University of Adelaide. There are, of course, the Liberal Union and the Labor Club, both comatose and virtually defunct. There are the academic political clubs, History and Politics and Cosmopolitics, both of which are commendably active and perform a valuable function in a University, but neither of which by their very nature can profess a leaning to the Left or Right. There is lastly the S.R.C., amongst whose activities Union meetings provide a University forum for, *inter alia*, political thought. But there is in Adelaide nothing remotely resembling the Melbourne University A.L.P. Club of the present or even the Adelaide Liberal Union of five years ago. I say "even" because the Liberal Union of the Marg McLauchlan era, while it did import speakers and organise debates, was at its best only a pale shadow of today's Melbourne University A.L.P. Club, which is not only an intra-University left-wing society but an important and considerable influence in political life outside.

It would be unwise to contrast in too many particulars the situations in the two Universities and at the same time ignore the conditions of the party organizations in the respective States. The Melbourne A.L.P. Club, for instance, regards it as an important part of its duty to do all it can

to reform the fellow travelling, unity-ticket condoning Victorian A.L.P. executive. The last article written for the "Bulletin" by the then A.L.P. Club President, Bill Thomas, before his tragic death, was an attack on the Victorian executive, and urged a division of power more in favour of the local A.L.P. branches, a reform long overdue in Victoria. Members of the A.L.P. Club are not afraid of crusading—there is no other word—for the reform of the party in Victoria, by speaking at the annual party conference, writing in journals, as Thomas did and Samuel does for "Bulletin," and through their own quarterly, "Dissent."

Adelaide's preoccupation with the lily-white aspects of politics is by contrast life in an ivory tower: but it would be even more so if South Australia were faced with a dangerous beast like the Victorian A.L.P. outfit. As it is, of course, the S.A. party is not only not dangerous in the Victorian sense but not dangerous at all; which is precisely the trouble. Apart from a very few of its members, the A.L.P. in S.A. is stunned, stagnant and sterile after 30 years on the Opposition benches. Its leader

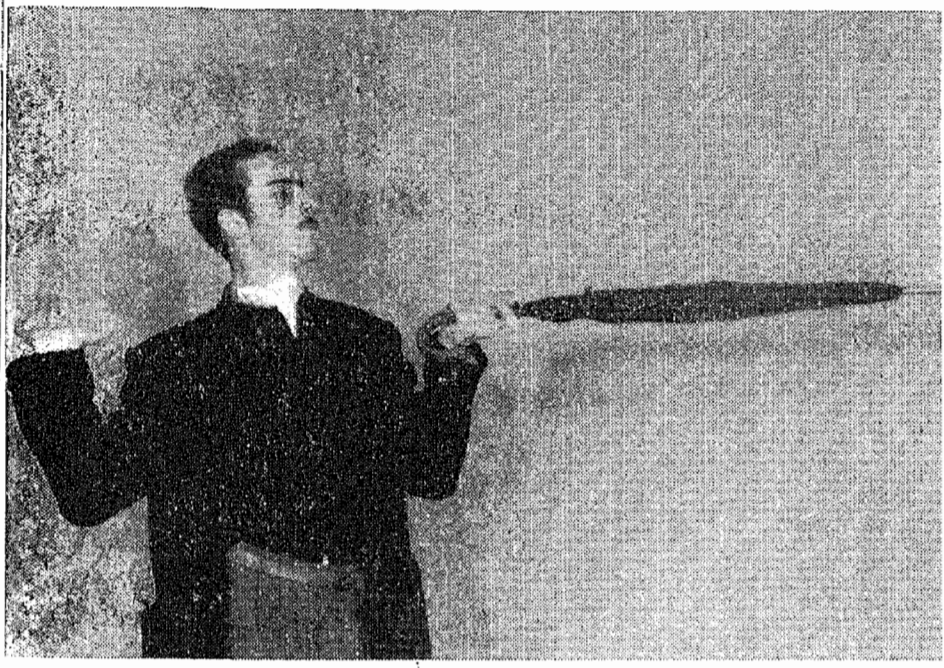
has the vibrant, vital public image of stale suet pudding, and most of its parliamentarians are no better.

And therefore one must conclude that the situations in the two States are not fundamentally different: both parties, though for different reasons and in different ways, need reforms of a more or less drastic nature. Why then, the difference in the organised Left between the two Universities: "Student Action" in Melbourne, sleep in Adelaide? It is my opinion that reform of the A.L.P. in general is necessary, and that it is the *kind* of reform which may very well come from University men. Of course, South Australia is faced with "a dangerous beast," a rather unpalatable guided democracy: one might even expect that the Right amongst University students would also get organised in Adelaide, although one hopes with the out-of-character rôle of the reform of the outside L.C.L. organisation. At any rate, it is difficult to see why there are no militant student party political clubs in Adelaide University. One hopes that such a situation will not last for long.

## Theological Lectures, 1962

3. Atonement—11th July—by Dr. Renner, who is a lecturer at the Immanuel Seminary. His special sphere of interest is Old Testament Theology.
4. The Holy Spirit—18th July—by Rev. Arthur Jackson, who is Vice-Principal of Lincoln College. This year he was appointed chaplain to Methodist students in the University. He is a guest lecturer at Wesley College.
5. Trinity—25th July—by Father Dunkerley, who is chaplain of St. Mark's College and chaplain to Anglicans at the University. He was formerly Head of the Bush Brotherhood of St. Paul's in the Diocese of Brisbane.
6. Creation—1st August—by Dr. Hebart, who is the principal of the Lutheran Theological Seminary.

# Let's push this through



Prosh is on. How, the Lord only knows. But it's on. A few overworked and foolish individuals have taken on the whole job. Eight of them, sweating in a fever of activity to save the name of the University before the public eye. Picture them, these eight stalwarts, poised on their toes, weapons extended, ready to push the whole thing through.

Among the stalwart eight, there are two; two men brave and true. Shoulder to shoulder, chests thrown forward, umbrellas to the fore. Two men. The editors of the Prosh rag.

Now two men, even in such a posture, can bare cope with the cruel task of preparing such a collection of depravity as the Prosh Rag must be. They can ward off the law suits, but they cannot write the whole thing themselves.

They need help in the form of material. So if you see a Prosh editor with his umbrella poised, put your contribution on a bit of paper, and stick it on the end of the umbrella. If you don't see a Prosh editor, take your contribution to the S.R.C. office and leave it there.

Copy date closes: Friday, 20th July. Get to and be busy.

# BOOKS, BAGS, AND LOCKERS

by Economist

During the vacation I received a letter from the Barr Smith Library regarding property left by me on the table during the lunch hour.

The letter gave two reasons for banning this practice:—

- (1) That it impeded the work of library assistants who are detailed to clear the tables and return books to their proper location during the lunch hour.
- (2) That seats are being monopolised to the exclusion of students seeking accommodation.

The first I regard as a very minor problem. Surely library assistants can tell a library book from a private book?

The second reason I regard as mere rubbish. Has anybody ever had trouble in getting a seat in the Library at lunchtime? The only students who leave their books are those that will be returning straight

after lunch to continue working. Very few students, therefore, leave their books on the tables during lunch hour—virtually only those who have a complete day free.

I would even go so far as to say that only thirty specific seats per day would be "monopolised to the exclusion of other students." There is certainly no shortage of seats either at lunchtime or directly after, the real bottleneck being between 10 and 12 a.m., when no check is made.

The Library's letter finished by concluding that "the safe and proper place for my property was in my locker."

### WHAT LOCKER?

There is no available locker space under the Union Hall. Where else are lockers available? If there are other spots with lockers available, I and many other students (judging by the bags outside the Library steps) have yet to find them.

When is something going to be done then, so that this eyesore at the bottom of the Library steps can be removed?

Presumably, if lockers were supplied nearby, then students would put their bags in their lockers, and indirectly books would not be left in the Library as students would now have a safe place to put them. Obviously, no student is going to remove his books at lunchtime only to find that he has put them in a soaking wet bag. Thus the providing of lockers will solve both problems (if the second can be classed as such.)

Namely (1) the removal of the eyesore at the bottom of the Library steps.

(2) The removal of personal belongings from the Library at lunchtime.

For the sake of completeness, I will now endeavour to show diminution the present checking on students leaving belongings on desks in the Library at lunchtime, will in a few years amount to a substantial sum, enough in fact to provide the required lockers.

My calculations are based on careful investigation, and I personally believe that the eight items costed below have been worked on an extremely conservative basis.

Cost of 120 letters sent out per ten week term to "offenders" who have left property in the Library during lunch time.

- (1) Cost of man checking and formulating list of offenders, 30 mins. a day, 5 days a week for ten weeks at 8/- per hr. -£10 0 0
- (2) Cost of looking up the

# Amanda

A *Cautionary Tale* of a student who refused to pay her W.U.S. donation and was crushed by the consequences of her sinful omission.

Amanda was a student  
Just lately out of school;  
She minded all her P's and Q's  
And never played the fool;  
She went to all her lectures,  
Attended every Prac.  
A busy little beaver,  
She was never known to slack.

**BUT**  
Although a credit to the Uni  
In every other way,  
She was dreadfully avaricious  
And hated to have to pay.  
She hoarded every penny,  
Her lunch she always brought.  
And as for coffee in the refectory—  
She abhorred the very thought.

**EVEN**  
As a child her nurse had warned her  
Of a miser's dreadful fate,  
But Amanda would not listen  
Until it was too late.

**THEN**  
One day a WUS collector  
Hove into sight;  
Amanda saw him coming  
And quivered dreadfully with fright.

The collector used psychology;  
He'd threaten and cajole:  
"Think of those in Africa,  
Of Algerians on the dole!"

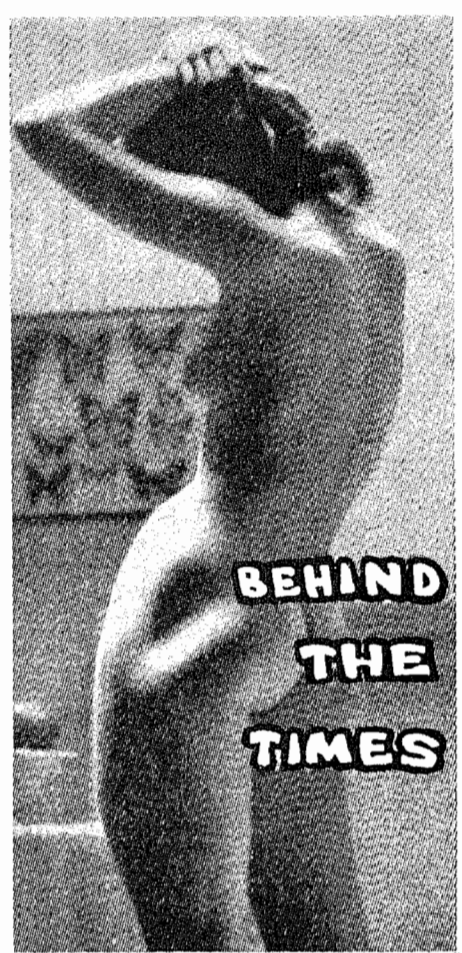
**BUT**  
Amanda listened unwillingly  
And tried to slink away.  
The WUS collector saw her:  
"Come back, come back, I say!  
Far away Amanda fled,  
The collector at her heels—  
Through the Lady Symon,  
Across a garden bed  
A circuit of the cloisters  
Where she beat him by a head.

**THEN**  
Dodging past the gatekeeper  
On swiftly flying feet  
Amanda broke away at last  
And streaked into the street.  
But there, in that shaded avenue  
Sad to relate  
Amanda was doomed  
To meet a horrible fate.

**FOR**  
Dating round the corner  
A bus she did not see.  
Before someone could warn her  
She was flat as flat could be.

**MORAL**  
Dear Student, pay your five shillings  
to WUS  
And you will never be flattened by a bus.

JACQUI DIBDEN.



(From "On Dit", 3rd May, 1935.)  
"Bring sheets, pillowcases, towel, rug, Bible."—S.C.M. circular.  
Cleanliness before Godliness?

(From "On Dit", 21st June, 1935.)  
We have received the following communication:  
"The Editor,  
On Dit,  
Sir,  
What about Killen Macbeth?  
Yours, etc.,  
Mitch."

Our reply to this is: "Yes, but what about that Kerr Grant?"

(From "On Dit", 5th July, 1935.)  
The Query.  
Sir,  
As I walk into the University from North Terrace I see that they are building a great new hall to the right of the main building. What is it for?  
I am, Sir, etc.,  
"Diogenes."

We regret that we are still in the dark and cannot answer "Diogenes'" question about the bonny building. Does anyone know?

(From "On Dit", 19th July, 1935.)  
Sir,  
I understand that the Great Hall now being built to the right of the Main Building is to cost £50,000 (fifty thousand pounds). What is all this for?  
I am, Sir, etc.,  
"Diogenes."

(From "On Dit", 2nd August, 1935.)  
Sir,  
About this Great Hall. It begins to look like a wedding cake. What on earth is it for?  
I am, Sir, etc.,  
"Diogenes."

(This correspondence is closed.—Ed.)  
And in the same issue in "Answers to Correspondence" — Diogenes: We mean it, too.  
[N.B. The Bonython Hall was opened in 1936.]

(From "On Dit", 5th July, 1935.)  
"Debutantes are becoming more common."—Local Paper.

From "On Dit", 15th June, 1934:  
EDITORIAL  
"Yes, the delay in the publishing of 'On Dit' is deplorable. The Student Union Committee has admittedly been lax. Experience will, we hope, eliminate mistakes in future, when 'On Dit' will be a fixture and not an experiment to be renewed each year. . . ."



# Remember Margaret

A lot of Adelaide students will remember Margaret Valadian. They will remember her as a very poised, dynamic, and intelligent student, and because she is an Aboriginal, one proud of it. It is heartening to meet someone like Margaret—more so than the most ardent and dedicated white champions of her race.

She is a 2nd year social studies student in Brisbane, with a Commonwealth Scholarship now, and academic success to her credit as well as a great deal of work for Abschol (which assisted her through first year). She is trying to do a hundred things at once, and there is more to do each year. But already she is well qualified to help her people.

Margaret won't let anyone forget she is an Aboriginal. Not that anyone is likely to, for her whole life, all her efforts and ambitions, are directed toward the one goal. She carries a great responsibility, and commands great respect.

As she herself says, an Aboriginal cannot succeed merely by being as good as his white fellows. He must be a little bit better.

Jen Marshall.

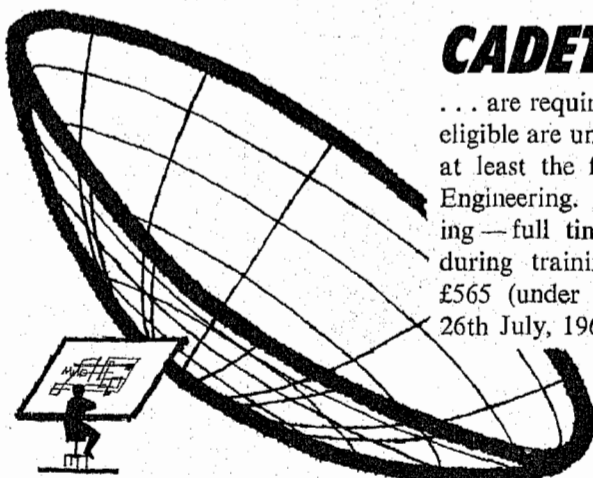
names of offenders to find what address to send the letter, 2 hrs. per term at 7/6 per hour	15 0
(3) Cost of typist's time in typing each letter (there is no stencilled copy). 120 letters at 7 mins. a letter, i.e., 14 hrs. at 7/6 per hr.	5 5 0
(4) Cost of paper and envelope (including duplicate), 1d. per letter	10 0
(5) Cost of time involved in filing duplicates as records, 2 hrs. per term at 7/6 per hr.	15 0
(6) Cost of Assistant Librarian's time in checking and signing each letter, 2 hrs. per term, 10/- per hr.	1 0 0
(7) Cost of entering each letter in a postal book, 1 min. per entry, i.e., 2 hrs. at 7/6	15 0
(8) Cost of stamps, 120 at 5d.	2 10 0
<b>Total</b>	<b>£21 10 0</b>

i.e., the total cost to the Library amounts to a mere £21/10/- per term. But these instalments per year of £21/10/-, compounded annually at 8 per cent. per annum amounts to £214/10/- in 3 years, £298 4/- in 4 years and £388/6/- in 5 years.

Enough to put in a decent set of lockers for students?

Yet this amount is wasted, by the Barr Smith pursuing the obviously wrong policy. Instead of wasting time collecting names and sending letters to offenders, these people could be more profitably used in helping cataloguing (which I believe is at least two years behind). The amount involved in this useless waste of resources being enough to buy lockers and solve the original problem!

When is the Library going to wake up?



# CADET ENGINEERS...

... are required by Australia's Post Office. Those eligible are undergraduates who this year complete at least the first year of a Degree in Electrical Engineering. Age limit—under 28 years. Training—full time up to Bachelor Degree. Salary during training ranges according to age from £565 (under 18) to £1,101. Applications close 26th July, 1962.

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE  
apply: Recruitment Officer,  
Personnel Branch, G.P.O. (51 3104)

# PSYCHAOS

by R. G. B. Morrison

The unbalanced mind has always held a fascination for people. In the 18th Century it was a popular form of entertainment to watch the antics of unfortunate inmates of the "asylums" of that period which were set up to imprison the mentally ill. It was not until roughly the beginning of this century that analysis and treatment of insanity came into being, founded on the ideas of Dr. Freud. Amongst the methods of diagnosing and treating mental illness the examination and interpretation of Psychotic Art or Symbolic painting has appeared.

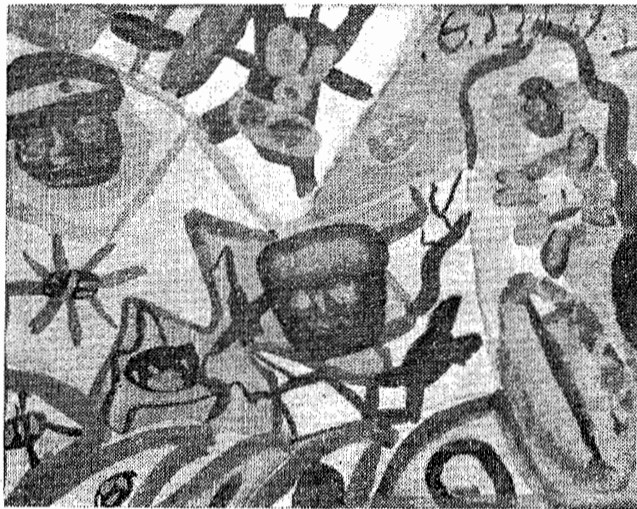
Patients, when supplied with paper, brushes and coloured paints, will often produce pictures, which are of great interest in General Psychology and especially in terms of Psychosis Theories. On the whole, it is from schizophrenics rather than the other classes of mentally diseased patients that most paintings are produced. Accordingly, this article will be mainly concerned with the art of Schizophrenics.

Schizophrenia is a mental illness in which the patient suffers disconnection between feelings, thoughts, ideas and actions. The personality may suffer "dissociative" in which the mind breaks up and fragments to form separate and disconnected systems rather than the normal unified whole. Thought trains become broken and jumbled without correlation between them. With this break-up of the mind the patient may suffer either auditory or visual hallucinations.

A series of drawings by a Schizophrenic as his or her psychosis develops can be most revealing. The fragmentation of the personality is reflected in the drawings, and in progressive pictures of the same subject the drawings themselves gradually become less correlated.

Four examples chosen from a series of drawings made by a schizophrenic, with a human face as the subject, are shown here. They are roughly representative of the four stages in the worsening of the patient's psychosis. In the later pictures, the face can be seen to fall apart.

The pictures produced in the latter stages of schizophrenia are often very bizarre in form and colouring. The original of the painting reproduced here is packed with

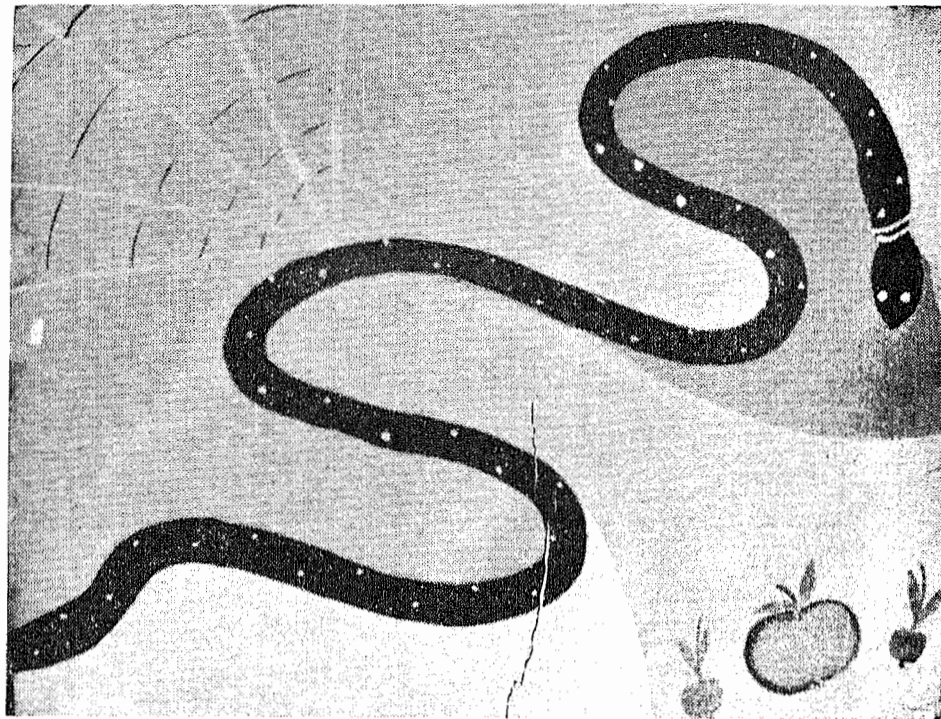


bright and contrasting colours. This picture is typical of the sort of work produced by chronic schizophrenics. It is full of strange shapes and symbols. There are several faces in it which often appear in the paintings of schizophrenics, as do eyes, some of which have also been drawn in this example. The spider shaped symbol on the left recurs throughout the picture with various other unidentifiable forms.

It would appear that in schizophrenia, correct association of colouring is, at least in part, lost or distorted. Objects are often drawn in colours that contrast violently with the natural colour of the object. Pictorial representations of the hallucinations experienced by the patient sometimes appear. These are frequently very horrible.

As his psychosis develops, the schizophrenic may begin to make greater use of symbols. It is these symbols that may give a clue to the origin of the patient's illness. The interpretation of these symbolic shapes and colours is the job of the psychoanalyst. Certain symbols are recognised and occur universally. Snakes, swords and spears appear as phallic symbols, the flower represents a girl or a woman and a tree is a symbol for a man. These symbols are known as universal symbols because they occur in the unconscious mind of people the world over, irrespective of race or language.

As well as these, each schizophrenic will exhibit his own individual symbols. These are created in the unconscious of the



SEXUAL SYMBOLISM: An example of use of paintings in diagnosis.

other. It is usually only when a series of paintings by one particular schizophrenic is examined that the meanings of the symbols depicted are made clear.

It is because of the danger of misinterpreting symbols that many psychiatrists are opposed to using symbolic paintings in diagnosis. But there is concrete evidence of this method having been used with considerable success. It seems to be fairly generally accepted that provided great care is exercised in order not to misinterpret symbols, there is a definite if limited use for analysis of symbolic paintings in diagnosis of the causes of a patient's schizophrenia. To avoid misinterpretation the psychoanalyst must discover what the patient's associations to the symbols are and then interpret the painting in the light of these associations and further work by the patient.

Besides being used in diagnosis, painting

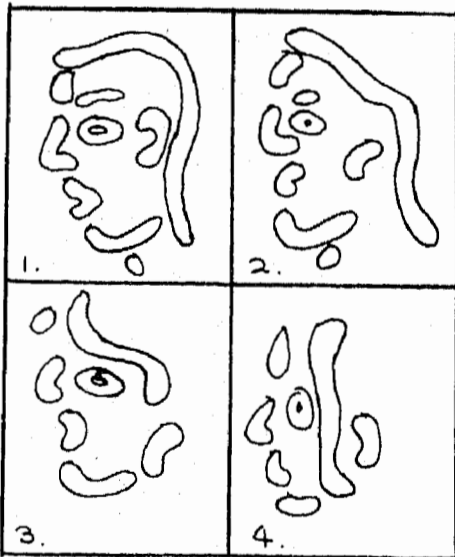
has another use in the treatment of the mentally ill as a means of occupational therapy. It is found that the recovery of patients from mental breakdown is made much more readily when the convalescents have some occupation with which to keep themselves busy, and in which they can take pride. Painting has been found to be invaluable in this respect. Although obviously not suited to all individuals, art work is one of the most effective and useful means of rehabilitation. The recovering patient is encouraged to paint and draw and instructive training given to him. By helping him in creative work, this art instruction gives his life new purpose. As his painting improves his feelings of achievement grow and he begins to gain confidence in his mind and in himself. With a new goal ahead, his chaotic mind begins to resolve itself into an ordered pattern and he takes his first steps on the road back to mental normality.

individual patient to represent some thought or idea peculiar to that patient. These symbols frequently appear in successive paintings of the one patient, each time with the same meaning. It is when the significance of these symbols is discovered by the psychiatrist that the paintings begin to have a real value in the understanding of the cause of that patient's particular psychosis.

(The picture shown was done by a young woman who became obsessed with sex at puberty. It is a very good example of sexual symbolism, the snake being a phallic symbol.)

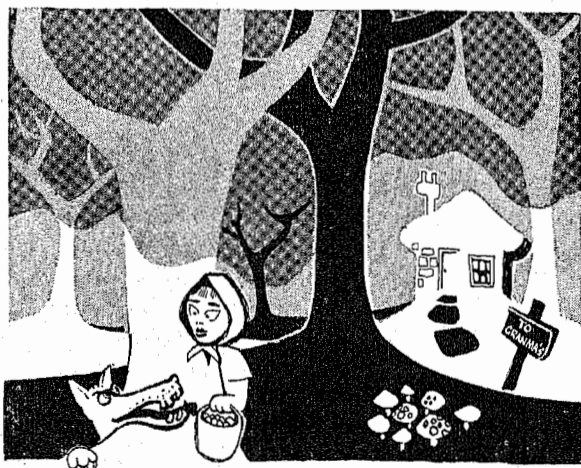
Unfortunately for the psychoanalyst, there are no hard and fast rules to aid him in analysing symbolic paintings. He cannot assume, for example, that the occurrence of a tree in a painting necessarily symbolises a man. What occurs as a universal symbol for many patients may be an individual symbol for something completely different for an-

**AIDS TO DIAGNOSIS:** Diagrams at left depict the progressive fragmentation of a face as drawn by a schizophrenic, reflecting the accompanying fragmentation of the personality. The painting above includes several recognisable shapes and symbols.



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# KILLEN GOES TO MARKET

by Paul Zimmet

Recently, there have been many smiling faces as Australians read of the antics of our roving Prime Minister, on his barnstorming tour of Britain and America. A fortnight ago many of these smiles turned to scowls, when the Australian League of Rights (the Australian equivalent of G. K. Chesterton's Empire Loyalists), announced that Mr. D. Killen, Liberal M.H.R. (Qld.) was to undertake an anti-Common Market trip to Britain paid for by that organisation. Mr. Eric Butler, their National Director, was to accompany Killen, presumably as his chaperon.

Over the last few years, there have been rumours of Killen's association with Butler and his League of Rights. In view of certain antisemitic statements made by Killen in the House of Representatives last year, no one is surprised about his association with Butler, Australia's No. 1 antisemite. What is surprising and distressing, is that a Liberal M.H.R. has seen fit to associate himself with a "cloak and dagger" Fascist organisation, which the League reputedly is! It would not be fair to say that the Liberal Party, by their silence, have condoned Killen's action. However, it does appear that they are not unduly disturbed by it. Prime Minister Menzies, when questioned on this, was moved to say "No comment!"

Students at this University had the dubious pleasure of hearing Butler speak on the European Common Market late last term. In his talk, he attempted to put forward his views, as embodied in a pamphlet, published by the League of Rights—"The Common Market threat to the

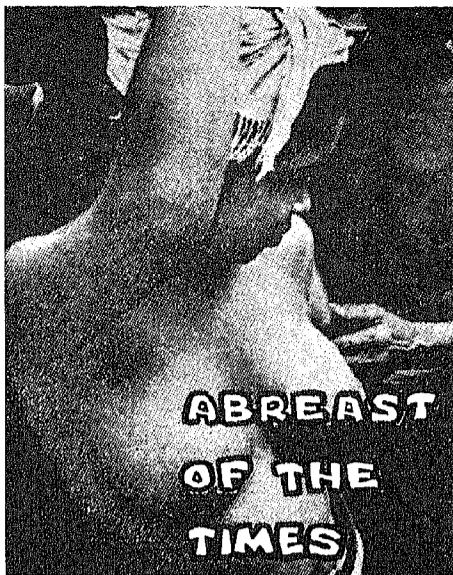
British Commonwealth—Questions and Answers concerning an issue of Life or Death for the British Nations."

An enterprising Publicity Officer had placed all over the University notices which read: "Hear Eric Butler—E.C.M., a Bolshevik, American and Jewish conspiracy, to overthrow the British Empire." Those of us who were gullible and fell to such publicity, were very disappointed with the speaker, who turned out to be more evasive than a Canadian cell. Indeed, one of the Editors of "On Dit" aimed a few well-chosen words at Butler, and stalked out of the Hall.

In his talk Butler did not mention the outside pressure groups that are trying to force Britain into the European Economic Community, but in his pamphlet he makes this quite clear, and I quote:—

"It is significant that the British Government's sudden decision to attempt to negotiate to enter the Common Market, followed President Kennedy's meeting with Khrushchev early in 1961, after which President Kennedy insisted that Britain join the Common Market. It is a fact of history that ever since the British Nations took action at Ottawa during the Great Depression to try and insulate their economics against international financial pressure from groups in the U.S.A., these groups have worked through successive American Administrations to break up the system of Imperial preferences. The Roosevelt administration used the war and its aftermath to break the economic unity of the British Empire."

What Killen hopes to gain by associating himself with a Fascist group, is beyond all comprehension. One thing is certain, he will need more than the Communist preferences which gave him the seat of Moreton at the last Federal election, to retain it at the next election.



A student who presumes to address his fellows upon the subject of the White Australia policy owes them, if not an apology, at least an explanation. For they frequently to each other recite the reasons why this policy should be modified. In Adelaide the more important question of how it is to be modified is seldom and then only superficially discussed. Yet the time to do something seems to be at hand. Let us quote from a handout by the "Association for Immigration Reform".

"In 1959, when asked whether or not they would favour the admittance of at least fifty migrants from each Asian country, 55 per cent. of those questioned answered in the affirmative, 11 per cent. expressed no opinion, and 34 per cent. opposed the proposal. When questioned, a substantial proportion of the 34 per cent. favouring exclusion did so, not through personal objection but because they feared the possible undesirable effects arising from the prejudices of other Australians."

When they if, as seems likely, the majority of Australians are in favour of some modification of the White Australia policy does it continue to operate? It is because the two political forces which support it, the R.S.L. and the

Trade Unions, are strong, entrenched and militant; to make matters worse for those who wish to influence one of the political parties, the R.S.L. influences the right and the Trade Unions effectively control the left. Whoever seeks to change the policy of the two major parties must either change the attitude of one of the groups or else gain enough support to over-ride them.

One cannot hope that some external pressure will help to cause either of the political parties to change its views. It is unlikely that Asian countries will do anything so drastic as refusing to trade with us unless we modified our policy. In any case, the fact that other countries were attempting to interfere in our domestic affairs would, if anything, aid its supporters.

Is it likely that the R.S.L. or the Trade Unions could be persuaded to change or their opposition softened? The odds are not very high. Both these groups are composed of men who are no longer youthful. Their ways and opinions are set. (It is noteworthy that the people who, outside the Church, actively campaign for a modification, are young. If they liked to wait, their opponents would depart with the passage of time. But that for most is too long.)

The Australian electorate is notoriously uninterested in affairs outside Australia and is almost indifferent to the strong dislike that Asians have of their policy. (It is often pretended that few Asians know of the policy but those are only ones who have heard of Australia.) Attempts made by various politicians to represent it as an affair of no importance in Asian eyes often go unchallenged.

The only answer seems to be the creation of a body to keep the issue alive. The recently formed "Association for Immigration Reform" which has been active in Melbourne and Perth and is getting under way in Adelaide and Sydney is one such organization. The Melbourne group has produced a pamphlet entitled "Control or Colour Bar", a reasonable and responsible exposition of the case for modification. The Association will have a hard battle because it will be one of the few groups attempting to make the policy a political issue—an essentially artificial one at that. But it will be less hard the more supporters it has.

D.W.E.

## An Immodest Proposal

by Ernest Wragg

Dear Reader,

I have felt of late your irritation at the recent underhand methods of the book-trade, and, prompted by the assurance of your ready sympathy with my aims, I want to place before you some recommendations as to how this industry might severally be improved.

Books have but one purpose, and that is surely that they may be written in, yet I have recently noticed many books coming out whose pages have already been printed on, leaving only a narrow and awkward margin on which the purchaser might inscribe. The frustration with which the potential writer must view this is carefully witnessed in many library books which have passed into my hands where some moving thought or momentous image has had to be compressed into a minute area at the side of the print or where the expression of thwarted genius must stop short at merely under-scoring a line.

Now to those book firms responsible it would seem our imminent duty to make the following admonitions, never forgetting that our spirit, though it be frank, must be constructive. Indeed, let us advance together in the exaltation of the meaning of that one word which has proved the foundation of our Western way of life, *compramise*. For there must be awareness of not only the main issue at stake but also of the many smaller sidelights, and to this end it is intended to explore the variety of the mass of readers with their individual problems thereby suggesting more applicable solutions.

The first reader to come within our category is the ardent lover, who, believing in neither modest concealment of his love affairs nor in employment of a publicity officer, exposes coyly within the page-margin, *Tom loves Fanny*, or some other such sentiment. Though I am doubtful of the importance of this type of writer, it seems consistent that the publisher might offer a free Lonely Hearts service to the buyer of his book, and leave at least some pages blank for the inscription of a fond acknowledgment by Fanny.

Let us rather turn our attention to that class of reader who wishes to comment on the unwholesome opinions on the page already in indelible print.

There is the person who, not understanding the meaning of a passage, places a discreet question mark like this ? next to it so that the next reader (who also does not understand) need not feel alone or ashamed of his ignorance. This can easily be rectified by our publisher printing several versions of the same thought on the one page (for is it not the publisher's responsibility to realize the diversity of his reading public?).

Another reader, however, more definitely asserts with an *Oh Yeh* or *Bull* or other colloquialisms which, as the condensation of some profound diatribe might induce the publisher to provide with the book a small inking pad so that the relevant passage may be expunged before offending other eyes.

Our third type of reader presents an actual sequence of logical words as comment on the text. His aim is most laudable, for he knows that by leaving the printed passage with his correction future readers will benefit by seeing how silly the original writer was.

And with this number we might include the commentator who wishes further to enlarge upon or disagree with an amendment. Thus we find that a presumptuous literary critic may write:

*Critic—Milton has been a bad influence.*

1st Commentator—*Definitely, note the contumacious amelioration of dissident embrocation.*

2nd Commentator—*Nuts to you both, I think Milly is the most.* And so on.

Such thoughts, dear reader, were meant for higher destinies. My agents have informed me that many thousands of library books await your inspired touch, both as a corrective measure and as the warlike gauntlet, flung into the teeth of the capitalist publisher. Act now in fruitful rebellion.

But if the beginner may despair of his early attempts, he may take heed of some useful precepts. The seasoned campaigner finds that the biro never fails where pencil can be erased and ink wishes not to smudge. The ruler should never be used, for by free-hand underscoring the reader may, with luck, obliterate the line underneath. Remember, too, that a cup of coffee placed carefully on the page will greatly enhance same (and you will also impress later readers by the quality of your coffee).

As the strident Horace thundered—*You only get out what you put in of*—which Dryden later felicitously rendered as—*You only put in of what you get out.*

## Poem

He stood  
Down-at-Heel  
In the Earl-of-Zetland bar  
Segregated  
By his wine bottles  
Projecting  
Like brown-paper-covered missiles  
From his torn coat pockets.

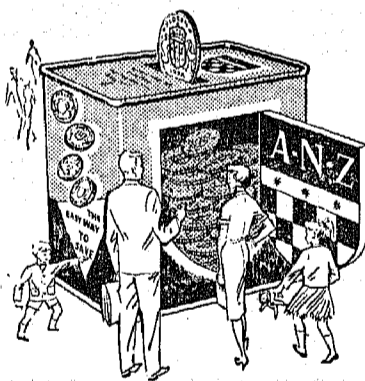
His mouth  
Spitting at the bar-men  
And in dull obscenity at the floor  
Stringy strands of hair  
Adhering to his glistening scalp  
And sweaty forehead,  
His red eyes  
Mirrored his soul  
Long-since-cracked  
By reality.

An example of failure  
Appropriately garbed  
Self-reflecting  
Isolated by others  
Whom,  
He unconsciously symbolised.  
The inevitable summary  
Failure in the eyes of others  
If not in your own.

T. McRAE.

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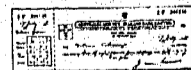
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# McRAE'S CORNER

The island of New Guinea is at present the focal point for Asian and African attacks on colonialism and colour prejudice. The situation in Dutch-administered New Guinea has been discussed ad nauseam in the local journals and on the floor of the assembly of the United Nations. It seems to me that the Indonesian attitude to the question of the future of Hollandia (the name itself is an insult to Soekarno's imperialist thoughts) is aggressive and intolerable, that is not to say that I would defend or support Dutch imperialism or its administration (on the contrary it has been reactionary, aggressive and harmful to the native people) but the deadline set for eighteen months' time of independence is far better than replacement of Western by Indonesian imperialism.

Of course the best solution of the whole problem would be for the Dutch to evacuate on schedule then for the U.N. to administer the territory for such period of time as is necessary in the opinion of the Assembly (on the advice of a commission of inquiry composed of experts from neutral nations) to achieve a system of responsible, representative government that will work. This solution was proposed by Arthur Calwell, M.H.R., six months ago, and at the time was exposed to strong criticism in the papers but now seems likely to be that proposed to the U.N. by many of the native leaders.

Indonesia has no possible moral or legal claim to the territory; there is no racial, social or religious identification of the two peoples. Soekarno rests his claim on the fact that this was once part of the Dutch East Indies—that therefore it ought to be part of the Indonesia replacing it. However, an argument in an "was-ought" fashion is no argument. Because it is now clear to the world that Soekarno (ex-Nazi collaborator that he is) has no concern for the wishes of the native people but only for further empire he has decided to prove his "right" by might.

The rather laughable paratroop landings may very possibly be only spectacular example of the continuous infiltration by agents provocateurs in the wilder parts of the country. In any event I believe that U.N. should stand firm on the principles of its charter and resist any "horse-trading" with the native people.

The problem in West New Guinea is more acute than that in Australia's territories in the East but naturally has its reflection there. Australia's policy has been on the part of the Administration quite progressive. Health and education and economic progress by the people, have been proposed as a necessary prerequisite to independent Government. The first steps to that ideal have been made by limited representation of the people on the administration, training of technical staff and a projected university.

Their view is, however, that independence is frankly impossible in the next ten years and planning is accordingly geared.

The view of Asia and Africa, however, is that independence is a necessity and within three years. They say that if a native administration can produce a resounding success from the chaos and bloodshed of the Congo in eighteen months then anything is possible in better conditions.

It is unfortunate that a planned graduation to independence may be spoiled by the flood tide of nationalism. Remember that virtually the whole of Asia is now independent and that 29 independent native or coloured administrations exist in Africa. However, it is certain that more and more pressure will be placed on Australia to withdraw. In the circumstances it would be best that foreseeing the possibility the administration should turn its sails to the wind and plan accordingly. We should aim to assist the native peoples by their families and better pay would attract the best personnel at our disposal. This is the greatest difficulty; the best personnel are generally not prepared to work at ground level with native assistants in a tropical climate. I would suggest, however, that better provision for their families and better pay would attract the staff the territories need.

However, Australia's position as regards Hollandia and her territories in the East highlight the far more deep question of Australia's policy towards Asia. Whether we like it or not, Australia's destiny is with Asia and ties with Europe are being progressively weakened. It is therefore necessary that we co-operate with and learn to understand our neighbours. A preliminary condition to this is that unnecessary obstacles to friendship be removed. The most famous obstacle is our restrictive immigration policy. This is a straight out colour bar in principle just as bad as apartheid in Africa or segregation in the United States; and is a direct insult to our neighbours. In all humanity or, if you are frogmatic, prudence we should break this barrier down by a strictly controlled quota system which would achieve the same result as the old policy (i.e., no racial clashes or cheap labour) but would acknowledge at least the principle of equality.

Another obstacle is the shabby treatment we are dealing to Australia's natives. Recent surveys show that thousands are living in sub-normal conditions in run-down mission stations or have a vassal status to various cattle barons of the outback. Far worse, however, is our open policy of regarding the native as a second-rate citizen who should cause no trouble and be happy to live on the dole. Unless we make an effort to rouse ourselves to better the conditions of the aborigines we are exposing ourselves to difficulties in our territories as well as flouting human rights principles.

Sir Garfield Barwick (who up to date has been quite ineffective as External Affairs Minister) will have a heavy responsibility in the forthcoming talks with Asian leaders. I hope for all our sakes he is equal to it.

# PERSONAL PORTRAIT

There is some disagreement within the University over what makes the S.R.C. tick. Council members know that it is only their dedicated attend-



ance at all-night meetings; the Executive that it is their efforts alone; the Apathy Club denies that the S.R.C. ticks at all. But they are all wrong.

The driving force, the effective power behind the whole S.R.C. is Miss June Hall, its general secretary. Council may give its orders, but it is Miss Hall who carries them out. The Executive may write its letters, but Miss Hall types them. Without her, the S.R.C. office would collapse into the pandemonium which continually threatens it. She alone knows where the folders are, of the University ties, or the minutes of the last meeting, or Ian Sando. And who else can type an urgent letter, answer the phone, sell a Song-book, and listen to Ian Sando simultaneously?

Most student activities depend to some degree on Miss Hall's efforts, and many people have reason to be grateful for her cheerful assistance. The time is fast approaching of Miss Hall's most fearful trial—one that she secretly dreads—the annual installation of the new Executive; in this hour the S.R.C. can see most clearly how much it depends on her. The present Executive take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hall for all the help that she has given them.

# GET PROSHED . . .

by Ned Hume

A crash publicity campaign over seven days inflamed the student population to a state of mass indignation. Wrathful, appalled at the lack of support for Prosh, a petition from twenty members of the Union moved the S.R.C. to reconvene the adjourned Prosh meeting on Friday, 29th June, instead of Monday, 1st July.

Students packed the Lady Symon Hall, seething with anger, to eat their lunch. Apathy staggered under the blow. The remaining 97 per cent. of students continued to eat their lunch, but elsewhere.

But under the capable thumb of Chairman Bilney, the volatility of the student mass was distilled into the essence of docility. Recommendation of the motion that there be a Prosh by the inevitable Rowell on the grounds that the whole matter needed full discussion was passed.

Full discussion began. It appeared that in the light of arrangements already made by the S.R.C. with the City Council and the M.T.T., failure to perform and produce a Prosh might result in the demise of all future Proshes. Forever.

The mass palled. The full discussion continued. A couple of people said that collecting money for charity was a good thing.

The motion for recommitment was passed unanimously.

The motion that we have a Prosh was passed unanimously. Haslam was elected Prosh Director. Six nominations were made for the two vacant positions on the Prosh Committee. Haslam, vigorous in his new capacity, delivered a warning address, vowing to do "absolutely bugger all", in the words of the poet.

Undaunted even at the prospect of having to work, the nominees continued to stand. Brooks, last year's Prosh Director, and Jazzman Lott were elected overwhelmingly. With brisk and enthusiastic contention, Walsh was elected Collections Director unopposed. In similar spirit, Fuller and Myers, joint and sole nominees, were elected Prosh Rag Editors.

Results of the elections were received with gentle acclamation.

With the exhausting business of finding six people to produce a Prosh now over, the meeting lightly turned to thought of where the money collected from Prosh was going to go. The S.R.C. had obtained a reduction in the amount of money required by the City Council to be donated to the



PROSH MEETING: Left to the chosen few, as is right and proper.

charity collecting on Prosh day (traditionally the R.S.L.). Now it is required that 50 per cent. or £300, whichever is the less, be donated to this charity.

It was moved that the balance of the money collected should go to W.U.S. and ABSCHOL in the proportion 3:1. This received the approbation of all but a few, who suggested variously that the money should go to named local charities. Mr. Rowell, backed by appropriately light-hearted laughter, moved an amendment that 2½ per cent. of the collection be given to A.A. In all seriousness, he was informed of the danger of such a precedent, and of the comparative unworthiness of his designated cause, to which he was heard to mutter "sanctimonious vowwers".

At about this point the meeting dwindled in size by about a third. There was now 2 per cent. of the student population left. Nevertheless the debate raged. The amendment was lost.

Yet again, the meeting was assured of the worthiness of ABSCHOL and W.U.S. I assumed its agreement. The motion was carried. Mr. Blandy: That there should be a drinking horn competition. Carried with a rorty chuckling which students unable to drink a pint and still stand affect at the advertisement of alcohol: the transparent attempt to advertise their masculinity.

Once more, Mr. Rowell, now moving that there should be a main stunt. By this time the reason of the meeting was gone, its aim fatigued from the strain of recent years. The motion was carried, not for any particular reason, but mainly because it was nearly two o'clock and the speakers against the motion were weaker than the speakers for.

The legal responsibilities of the S.R.C. to damage done during Prosh was discussed and the position explained by the Chairman. So, once more, we will see the leering lie of Prosh. Whipped out of its comate state, the student population has acted a masse and with great deliberation, its enthusiasm welling up from within, and its chosen six persons to produce a Prosh, the supposes that now it will subside again, and leave the work, as is right and proper, to those chosen few.

# Watch out for children

by Angela E. M. Bidstrup

The first Prosh meeting could not have been better timed than to coincide with the "News" campaign for safer school crossings. Both were in some measure intrinsically worthy events: both led ultimately to some degree of success; and both demonstrated, terribly convincingly, what can happen to the kiddies if they are left without supervision even for a minute.

The most interesting thing, of course, was the motion censuring the SRC for its "organization, or lack of it, of the Prosh meeting". Or, at least, almost the most interesting thing: if Mr. Amadio's motion of censure of the President of the SRC had been taken seriously, that would have been much more fascinating. Mr. Amadio, however, will go through life as he has gone through University, not being taken seriously; which is not to say that there is no place in either sphere for figures of fun.

The motion of censure was moved by Mr. McNicol, a crusader if ever there was one. It was supported, with all the delicate political finesse of a plastic bomb explosion in the House of Commons, by such notables as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Badenoch. Mr. Campbell, whose right-wing traditions have made him a staunch critic of this year's essentially progressive SRC, was SRC president last year; Mr. Badenoch, his protégé from their days on the SRC executive, was the defeated candidate for the presidency this year; both are members of the council for whose censure they voted. Only the uncharitable will suggest that, by deserting a ship which shows not the least sign of sinking, they are some new and different kind of rodent.

The real reason that the censure motion was passed was, of course, disappointment: not disappointment at lack of publicity, or organization, or the like, but disappointment that out of a great gulfed student body of 5,000-odd nobody could be bothered to nominate as Prosh Director. That disappointment had to find a scapegoat: the meeting could not very well have censured itself for lack of enthusiasm, though if someone (like Mr. McNicol) had playfully suggested it, I suspect that the kiddies would have stuck up their hands at the appropriate moments. Mr. McNicol, of course, understands that the object of emotion is not important, but that there must be an object: in skittish mood he chose the SRC, although with equal relevance he might have picked the Enfield Council or the Port Lincoln Young Thespians. And it is for that reason, and for no other, that the first Prosh meeting was disturbing. One would not have believed that otherwise intelligent human beings could be so easily, so blatantly, and so unprotestingly, manipulated. And that is why we must watch out for children; they are pretty nearly incapable of watching out for themselves.

# WHAT IS AUSTRALIAN?

Authors like Patrick White and Randolph Stow are, as the experts tell us, probing our national consciousness; they are seeking the answers to those subtly profound questions: What is Australia? and what are Australians? Furthermore, they couch much of their essential narrative in an account of a journey, as we see in both "Voss" and "To the Islands". In these journeys the Great Australian Outback plays an impressive role—it is not the depressing drought- or flood-stricken bush of Henry Lawson, but a majestic, inscrutable, and at times antagonistic landscape of immense grandeur. Against such a background the respective heroes find themselves; and the lesson that both White and Stow are trying to teach is that life is a search for oneself. In Australia, this theme is momentous, largely because of the possibility that some writer, in trying to find himself, will eventually discover the secret of the country. Nobody has told us what Australia is, though many mutterings have been heard both in prose and rhyme.

The New Australian and his children have an enormous advantage in the quest for Australia's identity: self-interest. To survive, we must explain ourselves in terms of this country, and in doing so we shall inevitably explain the country in recognizably human terms. I feel confident that one of us will one day be able to say: "This is Australia. This is what the Australians are."

People like the Good Neighbour Council think that New Australians, once they become naturalized and marry Australian-born women, ipso facto become "true" Australians (whatever that means). Nothing could be further from the truth. You have a glaring example of the opposite case in the descendants of the English-born New Australians of colonial days; how quickly and effectively have they severed the bonds which tied them to England? And the Irish—are they still not recognizably Irish five and six generations after their forbears came to settle here? And are there not recognizably German communities dotted about South Australia's wine-producing areas? In the light of such examples, does anybody seriously expect us, the children of the peasant-invaders of pre-war, and the displaced persons of post-war days, magically to become "true" Australians?

A new publishing firm, ACADEMY ENTERPRISES, has been formed specifically to publish worthwhile original work by New Australians and their children. The first such book to appear will be *The Land of the Devil's Promise*, by Paul Depasquale, the writer of the above article; the book will appear in early July. Authors are invited to send scripts and brief autobiographies to Academy Enterprises, Box 1454L, G.P.O., Adelaide, for consideration.

# HASLAM: MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE

by Jono Haslam  
Prosh Director

After that fated Prosh meeting many people called me a sucker and a fool, while kinder ones congratulated me and extended their sympathies and/or best wishes.

But why this gloom? Why call me a sucker when I have just been elected to be Director of the Best Prosh Ever? An excellent committee will help me make a team which will conquer fears, trepidations and difficulties, and achieve the ultimate goal—a roaring success.

Yet one factor remains to add its contribution. This factor is the general student body, without whose help Prosh will not have a chance of succeeding. We need many students to think up ideas for floats and minor stunts. Please try and get some witty satire into your plans. Look at Ade-

laide and criticise it, and make the public think before they laugh. When you have an idea, register it on a form obtainable at the S.R.C. Office. Any surplus ideas would be welcome, as someone else could possibly use them.

A subsidy of up to £7/10/- will be paid to meet the expenses of every float entered in Prosh, and a MONSTER CASH PRIZE will be awarded to the float judged as the best, with smaller cash prizes for the second and third best floats.

Entries are also called for teams of lusty young men and women for that event which tests the powers of absorption of the beverage best loved by us all, Drinking Horn Teams, each of six members should be entered on a form obtainable at the S.R.C. office.

Please bear in mind the ultimate aim of Prosh—the collection of as much money and bullion for W.U.S., ABSCHOL and one of our local charities.

To do this we must have Prosh. And for Prosh we must have floats, we must have ideas, and we must have YOUR interest. It is upon this last mentioned that the success of Prosh rests.

Get to it.



PROSH DIRECTOR HASLAM: Energetic assertion to "bugger all."



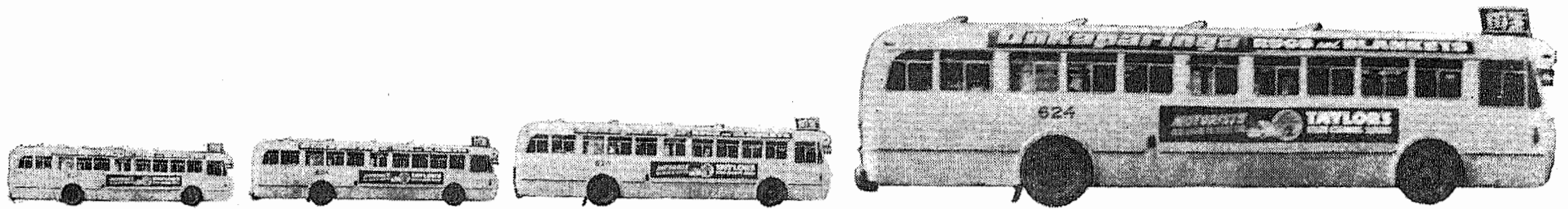
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# ON BREEDING BETTER BUSES

by Jen Marshall

## Prologue

Late one evening a harassed, overworked genetics student (me) was walking up to her bus stop on North Terrace thinking gruesome thoughts about her experiments with flies, like, "Shall I mate my crewcut males to my tester females or my tester females to my crewcut males or my progeny females to my crewcut males. . . . At this point a cry of despair as an unidentified bus triumphantly charged off—was it Kingswood or Springfield? What frustration! But the lady sitting patiently on the bus stop seat would surely know. She may easily have, but in fact, the good lady was somewhat stunned at the polite request: "Excuse me, could you tell me if that bus was a male or a female?"

## The Tale

Have you ever heard a child ask: "Mummy, where do buses come from?" Have you ever wondered where buses come from? Where do buses come from? Perhaps you haven't felt in the air at Hackney in the springtime. The still chilly sunshine glances through the new leaves of the plane tree next door and warms the asphalt, and the air in the crowded shed is heavy with a sweet, warm oily smell, the warm, sweet smell of new life. Creation! Ah, yes, in early summer, there they are! Lots of little buslets frolicking in the evening sun before they are shooed out of sight by their proud, shy parents, who day to day,

watch their little silver, clumsy, wobbly-wheeled off-spring grow in strength and confidence. The exuberant piping voice deepens to the gruff rumble. The exuberant, sideways gait and quick playful movements give way to a more restrained, purposeful swoop—then at last, the breaking in, the initiation, the hours of patient training, and another dignified, obedient bus has joined the fleet.

But don't think that the M.T.T. is standing back to admire the wonderful ways of nature—no! Not in this age of fatter pigs, redder tomatoes and orchids a foot across. Buses stronger, fitter, more agile, fertile, virile, better adapted to the exacting conditions of Adelaide's craggy roads. In the modern tradition, a team of geneticists, statisticians, and bus-breeders work around the clock, examining, measuring, testing, counting, comparing performance. Sheafs of notes, pedigrees, diagrams, and graphs. Square yards of formulae, columns of figures. You see, it doesn't do just to pick on any magnificent specimen of bushood, for his offspring may be throwbacks to unutterably weedy parents. Then a sickly bus may carry potential for a dozen rare and valuable characters. You can't win—except by a careful programme of selection, controlled matings, selection again.

One of the white-coated specialists at the depot explained all this to me—and another aspect of his work hitherto unknown to me. Severe control of family size is now being practised (he would not say how)—a practical measure, and most vital, since space is limited and fuel supplies are barely adequate. I understand that this has been the subject of many fiery debates between the scientists and the bus-breeders, but always the nebulous and unrealistic arguments of the latter have been overpowered by the mere mention of the appalling possibility of a population explosion. Of hungry buses turning savage and menacing our and our cars' safety, of mid-

night raids on service-stations, bowser-breaking sessions. The imagination revolts.

Yet the bus has not always been the docile, clumsy, dignified, lovable creature we know so well today. Many millions of years ago, *Omnibus Rex* stalked the primeval forests, living on crude mineral and plant oils. Having a generation time comparable to that of an elephant, adaptation was a slow process—too slow, and judging from fossilized back-axes found in St. Salvador and North America became all but extinct during the Ice Age. Its descendants, *Omnibus Vulgaris*, a scraggy, poor sort of relic, inhabited isolated steppe areas such as Iran, Texas, and possibly Moonee, until early this century it was domesticated in the U.K. out of curiosity. The

novelty soon wore off, and the bus was put between the shafts in London, where the first attempts at improvement were made by illiterate cockney grooms, who fancied the mutant red colour (wild-type is a dingy brown). To them must be credited also the establishment of a double-decker stock—the ancestor of which was almost discarded as an impurity in the strain, when it appeared as a monster in a normal litter, but soon valued as the top-priced stud stock. Within the next 50 years dramatic changes have been made, and the present day *Omnibus Familiaris* bears very little resemblance to its lowly ancestor.

Then within the species—from the parasitic trolley bus to the rugged diesel, from the massive double-decker to the minibus—all varieties, all anomalies, all specifically adapted for a specific purpose, all bearing witness to the marvellous skill, perseverance, labour and foresight of the bus fancier and geneticist.

Hooray for us!

## "THE RESPECTABLE PROSTITUTE": Jean-Paul Sartre

reviewed by  
Bruce . Reid

Sixteen years after it was first produced in Paris, Jean-Paul Sartre's American social satire, *La Putain Respectueuse*, still suffers in Adelaide's *The Advertiser*, the influence of one Madame Marthe Richard, a sort of *Women's Public Morality League* individual, who was originally responsible for the billing of the play as *Le P— Respectueuse*. (Beneath this bowdlerism in *The Advertiser* was the English title in full!)

Some students may remember that the play was courageously performed under its full name at the 1961 *Grand Divertissement* of French Club, and comparison of even such an amateur performance as this one, with the altered version of the film, will provide additional but un-needed evidence that a novel may be far more successfully screened than a play. Novels are either impossible to film (e.g., *To the Lighthouse*) or they gain from the process; plays inevitably lose; and most often the reason is that there is a dissipation of the dramatic effect caused by the flexible cinema's natural complication of *locale*, plot, and incidental detail, and which cannot be compensated for by even the most consciously artistic camera technique.

Such was the case in this film; scenes were unnecessarily changed, incidental characters introduced, and a sub-plot developed. Now, despite the crudity of its social satire, the original play is sound in dramatic structure. The situation at the beginning of the play allows of the development with little action, so valued by French dramatists. Travelling in a train, an American Senator's son has attempted rape on Lizzie Mackay, a superficially tough but essentially naive young prostitute. Inflamed by drink, but totally unprovoked, he has also killed, in her sight, one of two nearby negroes. Since she is the only white witness, and it is near election time, she must be persuaded to swear that the dead negro had attempted to rape her, and that the white man had saved her by killing him. The play itself examines two attempts to persuade her to sign an affidavit to this effect, scenes punctuated by impassioned pleas for her to tell the truth, from the second negro, who is on the run from a lynching party. The attempts are made by the murderer's cousin, who has spent the night with her as part of his plan, and the grey-haired old Senator himself, who persuades the girl to sign by appealing, with specious rhetoric, to the official myths which she respects.

Loss of this precious intensity in the essential dramatic conflict of the play is not, however, the film's most ignominious failure.

Let it be said at once that the original play is not a wholly satisfactory piece of drama, but if there is anything of value in it, it must lie in its presentation of Sartre's obsessional but nonetheless valid political and social insight, that the *underdog* (represented for Sartre by negroes, Jews, prostitutes, etc.) accepts the values in whose name bourgeois society hunts and persecutes him. And yet, in the film it is precisely on this point that concession has been made to popular prejudice, and thence the box-office. Why, certainly the negro, with a social superstition born of fear and resignation is represented as refusing to shoot at whites! But then, he never possesses the *moral* power over the Senator and all he stands for, that Lizzie has, even after she has signed the false affidavit. It is in her case that the test of her creator's integrity of vision is to be found, and in the play Sartre shows that her ingrained respect for the *American Bourgeois Myth* is too strong to allow her to strike back at one of the masters of the society in which she lives. In the film, justice triumphs implicitly, and with what

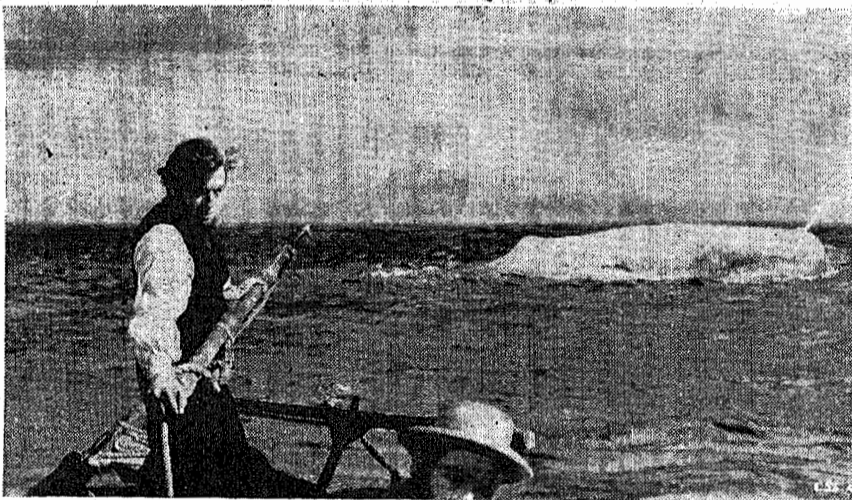
sentimentality! The final shot is of Lizzie and the negro in the back of a police wagon on the way to the Station, where she will testify to his innocence. She reaches for his hand, and clasps it with a comforting squeeze. The *Brotherhood of Man*, and all that jazz. Thereby is the relentlessness of Sartre's real view avoided, and our mind set to rest.

Certainly it must be allowed that in some respects the earlier part of the film is an improvement on the very crude anti-American satire of the play, particularly in the case of the Senator who is made far more believable, but this only makes the sentimental conclusion more galling. The Senator, like his progeny, is a *cochon*, who believes not only in his personal *Right* to exist (a matter of doubt for Sartre) but also in his *Right* to rule, and in the play Sartre gives him lines which reduce him to a more caricature, as when he speaks of his guilty son: "Il a tué un noir, c'est tres mal. Mais j'ai besoin de lui. C'est un américain cent pour cent, . . . il a fait ses études a Harvard. . . . C'est un chef, un solide rempart contre le communisme, le syndicalisme, et les Juifs. Il a le devoir de vivre." Much of such preposterous humbug is cut, and some of the embarrassment caused by such lack of satirical or psychological subtlety is avoided by the use of a non-realistic technique, which makes it seem as though the words are coming from a nearby bust of George Washington.

On the other hand, Lizzie, although she is well played by Barbara Laage, is quite inconsistent in character, because of the alteration of the end of the play. If she is sufficiently naive and respectful to accept the Bourgeois Myth, she must be irrevocably bound by it—any tampering with such an assumption on which the play rests, warps its meaning, and reveals itself technically in implausible characterisation. This is why the film fails. After all, the fact that Sartre's philosophical and political thought is obsessional rather than systematic (and it is more systematic than many Anglo-Saxons will readily allow) does not mean that the individual insight of a single work is not valuable. It may be, as here, that it is the only thing which gives the whole work *any* value.

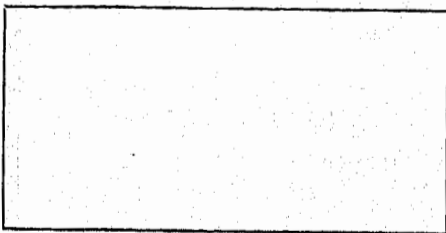
It is strange, then, that Sartre, who collaborated in the film-script, and has proven his competence in the field by his adaptation of Miller's *Crucible*, should permit such a version of his play. Perhaps he needed the money. Perhaps, too, he thought that his main intention would be sufficiently clear in the body of the film, and that the facile nature of the conclusion would be too, too obvious. If so, I certainly hope he is right.

## Moby Dick Rehearsed



HOLLYWOOD:

UNION HALL:



NANTUCKET:

From July 16th to the 21st, the Adelaide University Theatre Guild presents Orson Welles' adaptation of Herman Melville's classic, "Moby Dick." Welles' adaptation goes under the title of "Moby Dick—rehearsed," and in fact this is exactly how the play presents itself. The cast list is simply "a company of actors," the scene "An American theatre at the end of the last century." There are no oceans, whales or sails. There are no properties. The atmosphere is created by gesture and mime, by sound and lighting and by almost Shakespearean poetry. This cannot be denied. Ishmael's descriptive passages are lyrical, Ahab's passionate outbursts reminiscent of Lear.

This is not an experimental play. It does more than present the tragedy of a man's determination to wreak vengeance on the White Whale. Through this method of presentation, Welles has succeeded in heightening emotional interplays, in pointing the many sequelae of Ahab's obsession.

It is wholly dynamic, entertaining and good theatre.

Max Height is seen as Ahab, Peter Miles as Ishmael, Heather Steen as Pip. Lighting is by Geoff. Ward, Stage Management by Sandy Clark.

Production—Anthony Roberts.

## PROSH

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# FILM SOCIETY SCREENINGS

## "I'm all right, Jack"

Unenthusiastically reviewed by most English critics, this latest product of the Boulting brothers' fervid imagination has been extremely popular in Australia and America. True, few of the film's jokes are new, and most of the actors do little more than repeat their characteristic revue turns. Even the best of the supporting players, John LeMesurier, in the role of a harassed and furiously tic-ing time-and-motion-study man, has done the same sort of thing many times since, and probably as many before. But the film is so unpartisan and so commendable in its battery of satiric squibs impartially directed against labour and management, against aristocracy, working-class and bourgeoisie, that it wins admiration for the utter negativeness of its iconoclasm.

In this story of complacent workers happy to strike for reasons so minimal as to be non-existent, matched against equally corrupt managerial staff engaged in fomenting strikes for their own devious ends, nobody comes out well. The only characters not involved in these amoral manoeuvres are the hero and his father, and one an ineffectual idiot—played to vapid perfection by Ian Carmichael—whose every move leads to disaster for somebody, the other a harmless and gormless eccentric retired from the world to the latest Nirvana, a nudist colony.

The film is totally cynical; if it had been made with a little more bite and less regard for stereotypes it might have been laudable for its social purpose but intolerable to the spectator for its inevitably despairing gloom. As it is, it represents the highest point that it is possible for this particular type of film to reach. The usual cast (Terry Thomas, Denis Price, Miles Malleon, Victor Maddern, Liz Fraser, etc.) play their usual roles with their usual competence, and there are two touchingly real performances by Peter Sellers and Irene Handl as Kite, the shop steward, and his wife. Kite is

Peter Sellers' most genuine and successful creation. Scenes such as his ritual progress through the works which represent his great care and pride, his bewilderment when, left by his wife who is sick of the unique male prerogative to strike, he is instructed in the domestic arts by his arch-enemy the manager (Terry Thomas), and his preparation for his greatest hour, an appearance on a TV panel conducted by Malcolm Muggeridge, present Sellers with opportunities for magnificent comic acting that he gratefully accepts. His is a splendid demonstration of a man finding to his cost the truth of Matthew Arnold's remarks about the gap frequently observed in public affairs between theory and practice.

## "L'auberge Rouge"

*L'Auberge Rouge* is one of the most successfully sustained satires to come from the French cinema since the great days of Rene Clair. It is also far in advance of anything that Hitchcock has done in the genre of *comedia noir*. Its main target is traditionally the bourgeoisie, where the attitudes of its script-writers Jean Aureche and Paul Bost may be compared with that of Flaubert and in more recent times, Jacques Prevert.

Although the social satire is Flaubertian, the film's atmosphere is closer to that created by Flaubert's disciple, Guy de Maupassant, in the more macabre of his short stories. The time is the late nineteenth century, the location a desolate inn in a wild mountain region in Southern France. The innkeepers make very little money from their trade, and, in an attempt to increase their income, follow a policy of murdering any travellers foolish enough to spend the night with them, quietly taking possession of their goods, chattels and money. This situation is brilliantly established in the film's first five minutes, strongly aided by an ironic ballad sung during the credits by Yves Montand. The plot gets



I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK: Amoral manoeuvres.

under way with the chance arrival of a coachload of bourgeois travellers, including in their number a priest who closely resembles Don Camillo, but is played, by Fernandel, far better than Don Camillo was ever played. To the innkeepers, this coachload of wealth appears as a gift from heaven; in one night's work they can make enough to retire. Here, however, arises the plot's main complication. The innkeeper's wife, played by Francoise Rosay, is awakened to ideas of better things by the sight of the priest. In a brilliantly parodied confessional, she reveals her secret to him. The

priest, his silence guaranteed by the rules of the Confessional, is faced with an awful predicament. What can he do to save his fellow passengers from a bloody death? Those interested in such a problem can find one way of solving it by seeing the film. It is as witty as one would expect a film written by Aureche and Bost to be; photography and direction are unobtrusively good. Carrette gives a wonderfully savage performance as Martin, the Innkeeper; Fernandel acts far better than usual. The film is a masterpiece of the ironic and macabre.

# "THE SUNDOWNERS"

reviewed by  
Campbell Sharman

"The Sundowners" is not a Todd-AO epic nor has it stereophonic sound. The only excuse for the exorbitant entry charge is an accompanying breath-taking cigarette commercial. In fact, it is an entertaining film that elsewhere one would see with a full-length associate feature for half the price.

To the point. "The Sundowners" has as an ostensible plot: the conflict between a drover's hate of a fixed life and his wife's longing for a settled home. The tension between the two and its ultimate resolution appears at convenient intervals throughout the film, but the main audience interest is a series of variations on the theme of traditional Australia. The film moves smoothly from incident to incident with slick Hollywood precision, dealing with bush fires and a two-up game in true documentary style. Indeed, in the first ten minutes we see every international Australia Symbol bar a platypus and the Sydney Harbour bridge. The travels of the drover give an excellent excuse for beautiful shots of selected Australian scenery from lush Cooma-country to blue-bush outback.

It is significant that the setting is in the 1920's when Gallipoli and the Anzacs gave Australians their first dose of nationalism.

A plethora of digger hats are mute witnesses.

The big problem in the film is the Australian accent. But it is handled by Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr immeasurably better than expected. There was the fear that synthetic Australian would be some bastard concoction of an incestuous union of Cockney and primitive Dickensian. Robert's few excursions from the vernacular were softened by a gentle American burr but Deborah's accent was less happy and rough handling would provoke exclamations with "Cor-bli" overtones. "Dinkums" were there, and one "Flaming" but not one "Bloody."

Peter Ustinov has no accent problem as an idiosyncratic reject of dubious, but possibly aristocratic, past. He sentimentalises, rides a horse, and cavorts with barmaids with equal charm.

But however one looks at it, the main character in the film is Australia itself. It is made to perform with contrived naturalness, to reinforce everyone's idea of Australia as a producer of wool and bare



DEBORAH KERR: Handled immeasurably better than expected.

landscapes, drovers and pubs; in fact, an excellent place to make modified Westerns. The extent of the publicity for such a moderate film, whose only claim to special interest is its background, is indicative of the attitude of the public. Films about Australia are rare; Australian-made films are extinct, not for want of talent but for sordid economic and quasi-political reasons and

for the monopolistic tendencies of film distributors. Let us applaud films of the "Sundowner" category as excellent entertainment, but let us not forget that they are a very poor substitute for a film of perhaps infinitely greater force made by indigenous producers.

## Playwriting Competition

by Bill Clifford

What is the purpose of a university education? If our answer to this question is to be determined by the ideas and practices of the majority, we are forced to reply that university education exists to supply knowledge and information about restricted subjects. Too often, courses degenerate into the purely factual. English becomes a study of literary techniques, history a list of causes and results, and philosophy a question of semantics. The study of ideas, and the appreciation of aesthetics has been deposited in the mind of the average student: "information" reigns in their stead. Well may we echo T. S. Elliot's protest, "Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?"

Those who wish to think beyond the factual find themselves unavoidably confined. They are subjected to the rigid tyranny of a syllabus. Their thought is restricted by the dictates of essay titles and tutorial topics. No really free outlet is given within university courses for creative and original thinking.

The need has often been felt for some means of free intellectual and aesthetic expression which would provide students with both opportunity and incentive. In time past this need was partly alleviated by the little-known "creative writers' association". Now that this body is apparently defunct, there has in many cases been insufficient external motivation to promote the creation of "works of passion and imagination".

The A.U. Masquers' Dramatic Society has put into practice a scheme which, if supported by an adequate number of students, will help the situation considerably: a Playwriting Competition. This provides not only an opportunity for creative work, but also an incentive in the form of cash prizes for the winners from a special grant by the S.R.C. The regulations are few and simple. To be accepted, plays must take less than one hour to act, and should be submitted at the S.R.C. office before the beginning of third term. The competition is open to all Union members and graduates. Entries will be judged by three selected South Australian literary figures, and it has been proposed that the winning plays should be presented during Orientation Week next year.

This is your opportunity! If you have the originality to write a play, or if you have already ventured upon the sea of playwriting, enter for the competition. You have nothing to lose by the attempt, while the profit entails not only a possible cash prize, but also a contribution to the exchange of creative thought among the student body as a whole.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### Shyster

Sirs,—Whilst I hasten to say that I am a great admirer of Mr. Broinowski and his series of commentaries on world affairs, I must admit I was slightly disappointed that he should attempt to cover up his mistake as to the recognition of Boun Oum's government by the shyster lawyer's trick of confusing the issue with a series of pointless esoteric propositions.

In fact he was plainly wrong, as Mr. Strickland said, and he should have admitted it instead of equivocating with the condescending statement "to the extent by which I failed to qualify 'externally' with western recognition, O.K. Mr. Strickland. A point (if the only point) well made."

Mr. Broinowski makes the valid point that there is really no such thing as an objective recognised status; but this very fact necessitates the qualification of his statement that "Boun Oum's government is recognised externally as the *de jure* government" with a statement as to by whom it is so recognised: *a fortiori* when a majority of nations fail to accord recognition.

Mr. Broinowski's equivocation resembled that of the man who, on being faced with

the falsity of his statement that the glass was full of water, pleaded that he was not completely incorrect because it was not completely empty.

Yours,  
M. J. DETMOLD.

### "Stuck"

Sirs,  
I am planning to write an "epic" poem, and am "stuck" rather. This poem will, I hope, have something of an original "gimmick", and although I am not yet at liberty to reveal it in its entirety, I may hint at it by saying that I am "after" words, and particularly "adjectives", ending in "-ose". I should prefer if possible the words to have a "literary" or "poetic" flavour.

I should like to say "Thank you," Sirs, for the use of your columns to help me in my "quest". I can reveal at this stage that my poem is about "Adelaide society", and that I have already thought of "adipose", "varicose", "lachrymose", "grandiose", "jocose", and "comotose".

Yours,  
"GROSS".

## MACHINES, MUGS, AND MEN

by Bob Harries

My hands felt hot, big and moist. What's this modern materialistic world coming to? Those infernal scientists couldn't be human, they would have any sensual feelings! It was, then, in some irritation that I clambered up the stairs from the George Murray Basement, my hands having just been subjected to a most unpleasant stream of baked air emanating from the muzzle of a noisy contraption projecting from the wall.

Upon the top of these steps I beheld three antique gentlemen absurdly placed, surveying the drizzling rain through the door alternately at their leisure and thus successfully blocking my path.

They were presumably ex-doctors who had come out of hibernation to join their fellow selected species at the Australian Medical Congress, for two of them sported colourful medallions below which hung small placards by which each was suitably labelled. The third would, no doubt, have liked everyone to know he was Dr. Sew and Sew, if they hadn't met him already, but he wore a plastic raincoat and chose not to expose his medallion to the weather.

They seemed initially oblivious of me, and indeed my only response, and a delayed one at that, to my plea to "excuse me" (you're in the way you old daddies) was "Where's the Union Hall, son?" The question seemed to come from the most immaculate of the trio, and was asked slowly and painfully as the said (or should I say "saying") doctor examined the small corridor glancing at the "On Dit" box as well as other more enlightening surroundings. My effort to indicate our cultural centre appeared not to be completely futile for the directions were carefully followed, and being in the curious position of feeling somehow wanted for future reference and in addition being fascinated by the doctors—I lingered.

Particularly interesting was the congress man who proudly bore a formidable corporation before him and to whom the others directed all their attentions. He was blessed with a toad-like face, slimy green skin hung upon his cheekbones in wrinkles, ambiguous eyes were sunk deep into his head and were magnified and framed by a magnificent pair of thick-lensed glasses. One could sense he took some sinister delight in the fuss made of him by his underlings, but the Master remained cold and seemed unconcerned about the petty affairs around him.

The immaculate doctor with his trimmed eyebrows and fox-like dial, and the other, whose lack of singular characteristics prevented the suggestion of any animal and any way didn't allow one to think he was

exactly human as much as he may have known about the less human aspects of the human framework, were deciding how they were to take the Master and after this where were they going to take him. These two favoured watching some film somewhere (I suppose it was medical) on the grounds it was too wet to walk to the Union Hall for the indifferent Master.

In the meantime I looked across the lawns. Today there was no one hung in indecision between being sucked into the clutches of the Refectory or being quietly absorbed by the Barr. Only one of the doctors continued to hold my fascination but if I stared at him I thought he might snap. I couldn't help thinking his mind dwelled, or mine did, on the futility of the gossiping of two worldly doctors. I somehow felt proud thereby.

Eventually underling No. 1 sighted a taxi and to my amazement the three jumped in, the Master being bundled in by the other two and at the same time displaying the same cold indifference combined with his sinister pleasure of the same attention which was being paid him. My amazement was transformed to joy when fox-face asked for the Union Hall.

I would not have expected any more from him; I knew they were going to the Union Hall for my friend's sake; I knew they were going by taxi around the drive instead of across the lawns for his benefit; I knew he couldn't give a stuff really how he went; and I knew he, too, thought the whole thing and the fussy old doctors around him were all one hell of a joke!

## Lacrosse

Although badly beaten the week before by Sturt, the A side showed good form last match to soundly defeat East Torrens, 14-7. With Richardson dominating the centre draw and Jenning (goalie), Perriam, Morris and Luxmore untrifling in defence, the forwards were given ample opportunity to score. Ofler and Wainwright used these to good effect while Thomson, in his first A game, gave fiery support. This victory has given A's the incentive to continue this trend against North on July 7th.

The B's have continued in excellent form having defeated a highly rated North 19-8 and Brighton, last year's premiers, 12-4, in successive games. Varsity only just managed to hold North for the first three quarters but in the last, they goaled repeatedly to win in devastating form. Michael Ward and John Lloyd played outstandingly to shut out two of North's "dynamics," Bernold and Ward. Against Brighton, Mike Ward again dominated in defence, intercepting and checking with uncanny anticipation. Salmon and Simpson, both bustling close-checkers, played solidly while Lockwood, in goals, always impressed with his saving and unruffled clearing. Having lost but one game so far, to Burnside, and this by only one goal, the B's seemed set for their second encounter with this team last Saturday. (But see results below.)

With great spirit, though limited success, the C's have continued to fight on. Since the backs have found that "man-a-piece" tactics are far more effective than "semi-circle defence," better results should be forthcoming. Priestley and Gibson, alternating in centre, and Hawke, have forged the attack, while Michael Kain, after playing effectively against Glenelg, has certainly filled a need for drive in this position. Provided optimism, with constant striving for improvement is maintained, this team will go a long way yet.

Results:—  
A—by.

The B's playing an undefeated Burnside side suffered their second defeat of the season, 12-7. This defeat was due to an inability of the forwards to maintain possession for sufficient time to get into a scoring position and the backs difficulty in stopping one of Burnside's forwards.

Greater attention at practice to accurate passing under pressure will be necessary if the B's are to defeat Burnside in the finals.

A weakened "C" team went down to Sturt, 22-1.

## Educational Economics

by David Horne

Every time I see  
The ATC,  
I feel a little queasy.  
To see that tower upon the hill  
Makes my mind uneasy.  
Teachers we must have, and quick;  
So introduce the mass production trick.  
And thus the literacy demands fulfil!  
But oh! this hallowed ground of truth and  
knowledge  
Then becomes an educational mess of  
potage.  
So to this 'Varsity we say, goodbye.  
Amalgamate with ATC, or die.

## SUDDENLY IT'S DEEBEE

by Jen Marshall

Droves of them, a group for every picnic spot by each side of every country road in the 20-mile radius from each city. They have left their neat little gardens to embark on the high road to Adventure, and here they are at last, "roughing it", beneath some scraggy olive tree, or (the more fortunate) in a picnic area, where they are allowed a real campfire. Their picnic baskets are open to display cunningly stacked crockery (yellow plastic) and cunningly packed food, and around it they sit with paper serviettes and paper cups (*with handles*) while the deebee-in-charge pours tea from a thermos and offers sugar from a screw-top jar.

From here, as they munch (cold roast from yesterday, and multi-coloured cakes), they can watch other deebees, who stare enviously as they cruise past at the fire-ring or stone barbecue-thing or scraggy olive which is denied them. Carload after carload of assorted deebees—lady-deebees, sometimes in hats for the occasion, pointing in three directions at once, and gentlemen-deebees, watching the road carefully because you know what a shocking accident-toll there is on these roads at Easter. The little deebees (sometimes known as deerettes) bounce up and down in the back seat, clamouring for food or entertainment (the riddle-me-ree or stinky-pinky) and the...

Well, anyway, this will serve as an introduction. Those who read "On Dit" with narrowed eyes and nasty sneer, cynicism and suspicion, may already have queried the innocent intent of this article, while those more sensitive and discerning will have been struck by the word "deebee", which has appeared in various forms, nine times.

Yes, indeed, this is the introduction—nay, the *début*—of a word destined to take a modest but vital place in our everyday speech and thoughts—destined to fill a great need which has come into being, destined to be recognized as a significant step in the evolution of our language. For we must recognize when the need for a new word arises. Our language must keep pace with the changes in social structure and habits. As new groups arise, we must find names for them.

## Flinders Street

A cloud of dust on senility road  
And the teams go creeping on  
Inch by inch, with the bureaucratic load;  
And by the pow'r of th' inspectorial goad  
The skillmark goal is won.

With eyes tight shut to the System's dust  
And necks to the gazettes bent low,  
The beasts are pulling as teachers must  
And the grinding tyres are red with rust  
For the spokes have turned so slow.

With face half-bid by an aged broad-brimmed hat  
That shades from promotion's white waves  
And shouldered whip, with its greenhide plait  
The Director plods with a gait like that  
Of his weary patient slaves.

The would-be-bold Sunday picnicker is more than the suburban view-monger, yet less than the intrepid traveller; less even than the petty tourist, yet more pretentious than the petty tripper. "Deebees"—what could be more expressive? A thoroughly unimaginative, plebeian word, implying utter mediocrity. Even its spelling suggests unimaginative plebs; note also its dreary assonance, the absence of arresting consonants. And better—"deebees", when said in scornful tone, becomes a word of abuse—most necessary, since no one is himself a deebee, but only those a little lower down on the scale of deebeism.

The word "deebee" didn't just happen, nor was it built of scraps from the junk-heap of old, dead languages. No, it was *thought up*, and brought from Victoria into this State (by three N.U.A.U.S. stalwarts who are partly responsible for the acceptance of the verb "to liaise" at February Council). It was the product of logic, foresight, and inspiration.

On this last count we have lately been bitterly attacked. (In fact, Adelaide is already split into factions, with Mr. Finnis pro, Mr. Bilney and Miss Penny con.) We defend ourselves on the grounds that conscious coinage was necessary, will always be necessary in future, since we have run out of Greek and Latin roots now, and now shape our new words from expressive noises. We would like to see a new birth of language—in fact, we feel we have already initiated it.

We would welcome any comments (favourable ones, that is), and will accept the praises rained down on us. Cash donations may be sent to Bob Fels, Tom Trigg (Melbourne), Bob Wallace (Sydney)—or me.

## BOXING AND WRESTLING

by Slug

After several years of moribund existence, the University Boxing and Wrestling Club was re-formed in February, 1962. For several weeks a dozen coachless enthusiasts kept fit and learnt by experience the difference between left hooks and right ribs under the encouragement of Stan Wyatt (President), Joe "Lethal" Revalk and Canvas Back Sedgwick.

This nucleus provided teams for local S.A.A.B.A. competition in which we discovered that inexperience could be adequately compensated for by a few weeks' conscientious training, plus fitness, enthusiasm and the old bicycle. In fact the Club finished the year with one State title plus amateur runner-up, and a Golden Gloves finalist.

Four weeks prior to the Inter-Varsity in Sydney the Club received an excellent coach in Kevin Vogelsang, who retired as the undefeated State Welter Weight Champion, having held the title for five years. This boosted skill and morale sufficiently to obtain two finalists in the Inter-Varsity, both on narrow point decisions.

The Club has been allocated finances for a new ring, punching bags, sparring gloves, headguards, etc.; it has a temporary ring conducted in the Hut at the moment, pending building of the new Recreation Centre.

This year was highlighted by a short and candid talk given by Jimmy Carruthers in

the Lady Symon during the first term. Jimmy appeared with his no-less-famous manager, Ernie McQuillan, and obviously enjoyed speaking of the boxing world to the University students.

The major event of the year will be the "Combat Evening" in the refectory on Saturday, July 14, at 8 p.m. This show is being put on by the A.U.B.W.C. in conjunction with other Sports Association clubs and will present an evening of varied sports and combats from Western and Oriental countries. In addition to Inter-Faculty team fights (Meds. v. Engineers; Law v. Phys. Ed.), and seven top State boxing bouts, other features will include the Siamese Sword Dance seen at the Asian Festival, Fencing and Sabres, English Quarterstaff, Judo, Graeco-Roman wrestling, Foot Boxing, etc. A feature match will be an exhibition bout between Kevin Vogelsang (State Champion five years) and Bert Dunlop (Irish Professional Champion, 1955)—this should prove a top-level draw by itself.

For intending members: bring a pair of shorts, sandshoes and a skipping-rope and enrol in the Queensbury System of Self-defence, Sport, Fitness and Self-discipline. Call at the Hut (upper level) at 5.15-7 p.m. on Wednesday nights, or see Michael Guerin (Medical School), Max Atkinson (Law School) or Tony Sedgwick (Phys. Ed.) and a head will be found for you to pummel.

[P.S.—Brutality is not permitted under the rules governing amateur fights: boxers win on skill and fitness.]

SLUG.

**W.U.S.**

Monday, 9th July, in W.U.S. Week.

W.U.S. is an international organisation which helps students.

W.U.S. can only help students if students help W.U.S.

This week a collector will ask you for 5/-.

# Soccer Roundup

by Dave Vale

One reviews the successes of the club since the introduction of the new fixture programme with rather mixed feelings; our three teams have played 15 games so far, and have won only seven. The Grads. have provided four of these wins, and on present performances, should easily run out top of their division this year. As their results show, their game is far superior to anything their opponents can offer, owing mainly to the inspiring influence of ex-Yugoslav ace Alex Arangelovic, who is building a really competent team out of our old 'uns.

The A's seem to be gradually developing some system with their adoption of a faster, short-passing game, yet are still far from consistent enough to prove themselves a real threat, while the B's don't yet seem to have found their true form, although recent results certainly indicate a certain measure of improvement. Results could be much worse on the whole, yet it does appear that a little more consistency, determination and perhaps even digital extraction is needed all round if we are to display our true worth as a club.

The A's game against Weapons Research on June 16 was the best game we have seen for many a long while. Even our female supporters stopped their usual chatter to watch the game. Kicking with the wind in the first half, the Uni team had most of the play, and the brilliant Weapons' goalkeeper had his time cut out to deal with shots from all angles and a regular shower of corner kicks. The second half was more even, but still neither side could score; the Blacks with their very competent and solid defence which quelled all opposing attacks, and Weapons, with their extremely agile and almost ubiquitous keeper whom the Uni. bods tried every trick in the book to beat, but in vain. The only goal of the match came when we forced a penalty in the last minutes of the game. Centre-half Lucas made no mistake, and put a strong, low shot which the goalie had no chance of saving, into the bottom corner of the net.

The B's also met a WRE team, but were thrashed 8:3. With six goals against them at half-time, they were forced to make several positional changes. Tozer's swap from goalkeeper to full-back seemed to make all the difference to the team, and they managed in the second half to pile three goals into the Weapons' net, but were unable to equal their opponents' higher goal advantage.

The Grads' 11:2 defeat over Holland speaks for itself. Their fast, short-passing game just can't be matched by their opponents, and we are all confidently looking forward to their promotion next season. The following week (June 23) they trounced a youthful Kingswood team 5:0, further consolidating their position on the league table.

On the same day, the B's, having played a strong 1:1 draw by half-time, were gradually worn down by Ramsey United in the second half, finally losing by three goals to one. Dung, at left-back, was as

strong and consistent as ever, while Grieve, out on the wing, showed greatly improved form. Kiek, a welcome addition to the club, provided the bite in the centre.

On the following Sunday, the A's, with a weaker team, but even so, perhaps a little over-confident at the memory of their last encounter with this team, were downed 5:1 by a stronger than expected Mannum. Playing against a very strong wind in the first half, the Blacks went to pieces and seemingly abandoned their usual game, allowing the country team to slam in three good shots to the top corner of the goal in quick succession. A beautiful shot from our centre-half Lucas gave Mannum their fourth, and a shocking display of refereeing by the man in black gave them their fifth. At some stage or other, Chicco connected and made it 5:1.

Shocked by this disgusting first half score, the Blacks really tried hard after lemons and had most of the play, but by now Mannum were content to sit on their advantage and turned everything they had into a tight defence, which just couldn't be penetrated. It was a very surprised and humbled team that wound its way back to Adelaide that evening. . . .

## Demise of Baseball

by Rhubarb

If you, the readers, look closely at the Blacks you will notice all players are wearing black armbands. This is to announce the death of competitive baseball in the Adelaide University!

On the face of it, the teams, on the whole, are doing moderately well. However, on last Saturday—Black Saturday let it be known—EVERY SINGLE TEAM LOST. This is not due to lack of players—not due to lack of skill—not due to lack of equipment—but rather lack of practice.

After such a defeat one would feel that at least 50% of the players would attend in order to try and prevent such an event happening again—but NO—there were 15 at practice. Note 15 players out of 63 (7 teams x 9 players each). Admittedly some players have to attend to other duties and have other commitments, but not 48 could be so affected. And this 48 is a minimum.

It is hard to see how a player can possibly hope to improve by playing once a week. The Major B are a good example.

In the first 4 innings Prospect (top) gained 5 runs through errors and bad baseball. It took the "B's" until the 6th innings to have enough practice to gain 5 runs from then on. Many of the "B's" have their practice in the first few innings of each game. While they are practising the other teams are winning. The "B's" for the first quarter of the season were top—they are relying on practice gained in the few weeks' pre-season practice. They are now 6th.

When one looks around to other major league clubs it is noticed that on Sunday morning every club has at least 40-50 players in attendance. Even All-Australian players attend—even if it is only to coach the more inexperienced players.

We have players of state and near state calibre. When Captain-Coach Murray Young asked them to coach lower teams after the match last Saturday only two "A" Graders did so. Of the rest only two gave a reasonable excuse. Surely a club relies on its best players to help the lower teams. These top players must give the club its momentum and strength. The "A" Grade is not doing this.

It should be noted however that the club is beginning to move slowly to rectify these apparent faults. The axe has fallen on two "A" Grade players, and D. Carter and N. Quintrell have been moved up to replace them. In the coming weeks we are assured that, unless form is improved, other players, not only in "A" Grade, will be demoted and be replaced by the men who are striving and improving.

Minor "A" could—we repeat could—become a premiership side—but once again lack of team practice has been diagnosed as the disease.

The remedy, so rumour has it, lies in practice, practice and more practice. We have good 'ball players but these are not combining as teams and so are not winning. Let's face facts—no team can confidently predict a win.

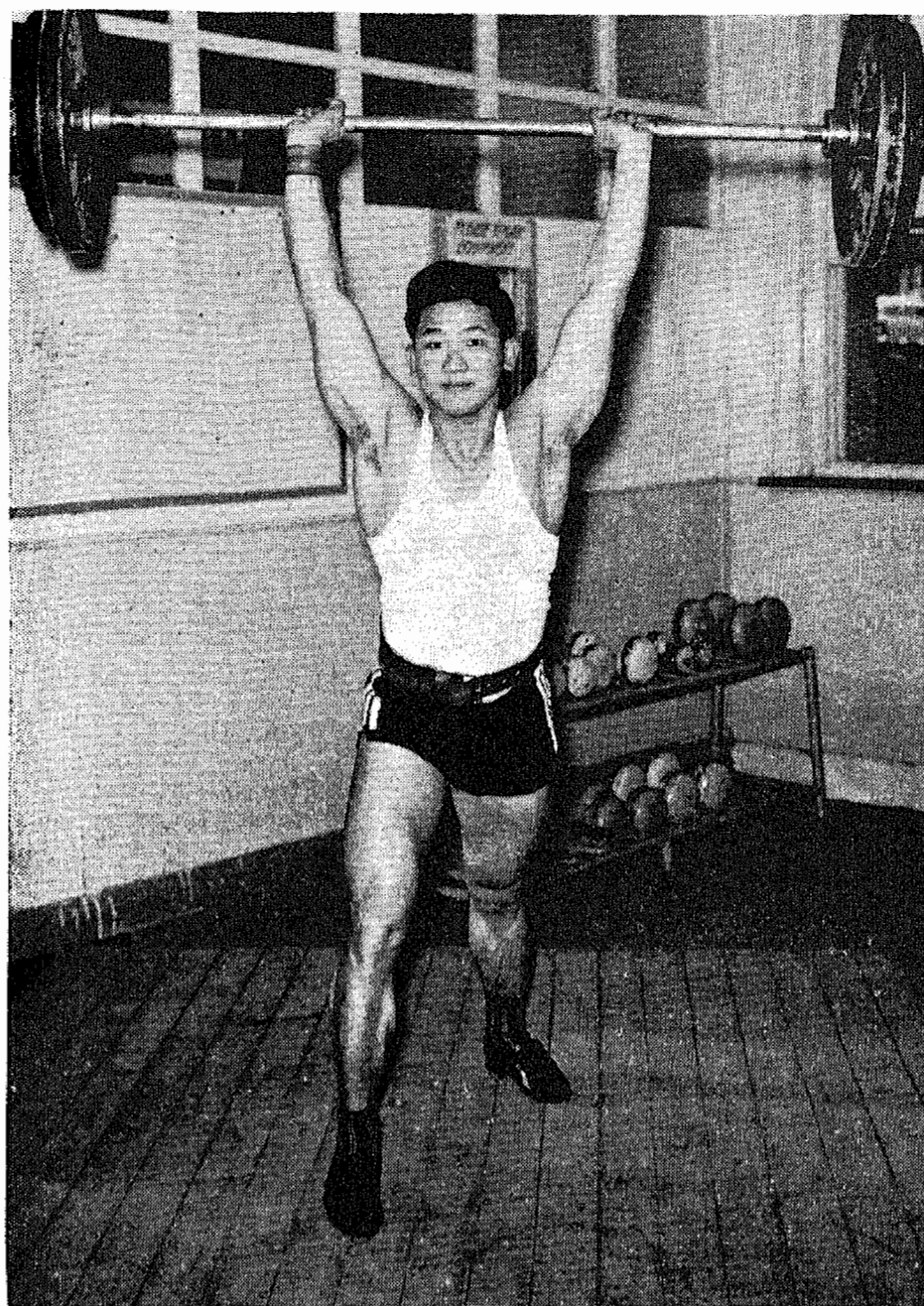
Minor "B," so we have been told, can claim fielding errors as the trouble spot. In one game 17 such errors were recorded. Ian MacIntosh is pitching well—but no field no win.

### DEATHS

BASEBALL—On June 23rd (result lack of practice)—Adelaide University. Will always be remembered by those attending.

### FUNERAL NOTICES

The Friends of the late Adelaide Uni. Baseball Club are respectfully informed that its Funeral will leave the club shed at 9.30 next Sunday. All are welcome.



## WEIGHTLIFTING

The A.U.W.C. has had quite a successful year in 1961-62 both as regards the recent intervarsity competition and its general function throughout the year. Membership has increased markedly this year making us again one of the largest clubs in the University. We have a few outstanding lifters in different divisions, and a number who could reach the top with another year's training.

Although Adelaide's University sent only five members to the intervarsity as compared to Melbourne and Queensland who sent a full team with a reserve each and Sydney being in a predicament sent only three, we managed to come second by quite a large margin. It is interesting to note that each member of the team managed to score points; points being given to the first three positions in each division. There are seven divisions and thus a team consists of seven members (no more than two per division) ranging from Bantam (up to 123 pounds in body weight) to Heavyweight (over 198 pounds in body weight).

Graham Rau our featherweight at 128 lbs. body weight came first and his clean and jerk of 187 lbs. was only a few pounds off a South Australian junior record. Two weeks after Graham returned from the Intersivity he broke S.A. Junior clean and jerk record and is now the present holder of both the clean and jerk and a match record. Peter Courtney gained a very close second position in featherweight. A third position was gained by Chris Mobbs in middleweight whilst our heavyweights, Steve West and Warren Richardson, gained first and second respectively.

These results are very pleasing since we have been competing for only four years, and the other teams are of a very high standard. Several of the Melbourne team have qualified for the Empire Games Trials.

The clubs and its members are prominent in other circles, as Steve West, holds the junior State snatch record of 230 lbs. and a clean and jerk of 270 lbs. in middle heavyweight, as well as being State wrist wrestling champion and junior of Australia.

Have you thought of becoming really fit and staying that way in the shortest possible time, then exercising with weights is your answer. If you are not convinced then analyse the physical attributes possessed by the average University student and then compare him to one who has been doing physical exercise with weights. In the latter case you will find he gives you the inward and outward feeling and appearance of liveness, strength and grace. Most of all weightlifting offers a thoroughly satisfying and enjoyable recreation, its assets being not only in bestowing the above physical attributes to the participant but also the self-confidence that it instils in him and enables him to face his problems so much better prepared.

## Department of Physical Education Recreation Scheme

RECREATION SCHEME — 2nd TERM, 1962

The following instructional courses are now in progress:—

### SQUASH RACKETS

A.M.P. Building, King William Street. Top floor. Thursdays, 1.30-2.30, men; 2.30-3.30, women.

Bring shorts, etc., plus white-soled sandshoes. There are changing facilities for men only at the A.M.P.

Rackets, balls and instruction provided.

Contact P.E. Dept. Office if you are interested.

### JUDO

In the Jarrah Hut. Thursdays, 6.00-7.00 p.m.; Saturdays, 9.00 a.m.-11.00 a.m.

### CIRCUIT TRAINING

In the Jarrah Hut. Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 5.00 p.m.-6.00 p.m. A highly effective form of fitness training. An excellent form of general training for a wide range of sports.

Equipment: Shorts, sandshoes and towel.

### BOXING

In the Hut. Wednesdays, 5.00-6.00 p.m.

Equipment: Shorts, sandshoes and towel.

Contact M. Atkinson, Law School, if you are interested.

### GOLF

In the Hut. Wednesdays, 1.00 p.m.-2.00 p.m.

Equipment: Sandshoes. Clubs provided.

### TRAMPOLINE

In the Hut. Thursdays, 2.00 p.m.-3.00 p.m., women; 2.00 p.m.-3.00 p.m. men.

Equipment: Shorts, etc., and lightweight socks.

### SKIING TRIP TO FALLS CREEK

August 4th-12th, 1962.

There are still a few vacancies for males and females interested. Contact Phys. Ed. Department as soon as possible.

### FOR SALE

## RENAULT FLORIDE BRAND NEW GLAMOR CAR

Fantastic saving on this

300 miles only  
Still under warranty.

£1,250—terms arranged  
Phone 31 2232

## Smashed

The underwriter of this dull, pedantic, dogmatic and juvenile journal is the Students' Representative Council, to which also each of the aforementioned adjectives applies.

The writer has unfortunately been compelled to attend three meetings of this council (one admittedly being a free week-end at Nioka, a Presbyterian camp where the members were forced to booze out of bounds).

Each meeting he attended was distinguished by the garrulous monotony of the executive, and in each case free interstate trips were allocated to the friends thereof.

The actual purpose of the meetings was vaguely defined, but the non-executive members having expended their mental energies on exhaustive annotations by way of amendments to the ten-page-long minutes of the previous meeting, secured satiated by the status and grandeur of it all.

They sat back on their haunches like mongrel dogs, tongues lolling in an uncertain mouth, expecting a pat for a difficult act well performed with their tails wagging in self-satisfaction. The whole ceremony was marked by the excruciating boredom of six dull and wasted hours.

Speeches were given on parking, finance, "On Dit" editors, song-books, and travel grants, but the ears of the canine throng were only aroused by the unanimous grants of free dinners, and travel and expense accounts.

The executive and members otherwise resort to the comfort of the offices provided by the student funds, where two student pool typistes recline amid mountains of vacuous articles, memoranda, correspondence and similar effluence. From this neurotic headquarters these prototype Goebbels evacuate their make-believe on the masses below.

When questioned by the writer as to the contribution the council gives to the students, the present President merely managed to murmur: "Free trips to India." He then declined to answer any further questions, but it was later discovered that the applicants were the members or friends.

To satisfy their empire-building aspirations the members are linked with N.U.A.U.S. which is also dull, boring, and useless.

These being the only attributes and functions of the conclave it is a wonder that the student body have not replaced the self-conceited functionaries thereof with one efficient administrator who can eat, drink and travel as much. All the little fascists need is to be smashed.

## Planning

In Australia, the dairy industry is supported by a large government subsidy. What we do not consume is exported to Britain. Should Britain enter the Common Market, as seems likely, we will be in the position of subsidising the production of butter that no-one wants.

In the United States of America, that position has already been reached with respect to many agricultural products. Indeed the Government pays farmers *not* to grow certain crops.

The commonsense thing to do would be to employ some of the people who work in these sectors elsewhere. The only body which could achieve this is the Government. But politically both of these problems are nettles of the worst kind; the first has not been tackled and Kennedy's attempt upon the second has recently failed.

Kennedy was more successful in preventing the steel industry from raising its prices, which would have had a detrimental effect upon the economy

# OPINION

as a whole; but the political cost of his success may not yet have been reckoned.

The problems which arise when the interests of a particular part of a nation are in conflict with those of the nation as a whole are nowhere more acute when as in these cases the political and economic powers of a particular group are great.

Commonly, the advocates for the particular group will justify their position by recourse to some moral-sounding argument. When Kennedy prevented a rise in steel prices and when he unsuccessfully attempted to control the production of agricultural products, it was said that the controls entailed a loss of freedom; freedom, that is, for the American farmer and the American business



DR. FRANK KNOPFELMACHER: *Paranoiac anti-communist?*

man to do what they might without heeding the demands of the common good.

What benefits accrue to those who possess this freedom or to anyone else is not stated.

It is also said that Kennedy has damaged the "confidence" of investors. Such of his critics are prepared to accept that the economic well-being of the nation should depend not upon the capacities of its industries to produce the harmonious integration of those capacities but upon the psychology of the investors. Surely, even if the economic technique of the Government is faulty, disaster or injustice is less likely to follow if economic policy is determined by it rather than totally and fully by the investors who seek only their own profit and care little for, and know little of, the wider effects of their buying and selling.

As Molotov once remarked, "In Russia, there is chaos inside every factory but a plan outside while in America there is a plan inside and chaos outside."

And lest anyone should think that the notion of Government control is peculiarly Marxist and therefore to be scorned, the words of John XXIII should also be noted.

"While, where the due services of the State are lacking or defective there is incurable disorder and exploitation of the weak on the part of the unscrupulous strong who flourish in every land

and at all times, like cockle among the wheat" (*Mater et Magistra, II*).

Why, if we have accepted the principle that it is desirable to have an efficient industry by planning, do we not accept, with men of such diverse creeds as John XXIII and Molotov, that it is desirable to have an efficient economy by planning.

## Vacation in New Zealand

Once again N.U.A.U.S. in co-operation with the New Zealand Students' Association are making arrangements for Australian students to spend their Christmas vacation in New Zealand. In previous years this scheme has provided many students with an opportunity to visit New Zealand cheaply and earn some money at the same time.

Owing to the shortage of sailings to New Zealand and the impossibility of getting adequate notice of available berths on long distance ships, air passages are being arranged. Bookings are being made for Qantas flights on 11th and 18th December, from Sydney to Wellington. You can return by any Qantas flight you like, but bookings must be made through N.U.A.U.S. The cost of the return flight will vary according to the number booked on each flight; the more students who take advantage of the scheme, the less the individual cost, but the maximum fare will be £74 2s.

Students will be met on arrival by members of the New Zealand Students' Association and be provided with information on jobs, accommodation, places to go, students contacts in other centres, and so on. Arrangements will be made for accommodation for the first two days in N.Z. Employment cannot be guaranteed, but N.Z.U.S.A. will provide all possible details and advice on employment facilities, which, it is understood, are quite numerous.

Application forms are now available in the S.R.C. Office. So get out of your rut — take a trip to New Zealand!

## Anti W.U.S.

This space, originally intended for a solemn-type W.U.S.-article (*yes, another one*) has been pirated by the Apathy Club. Newly risen to great strength, we consider that the time is ripe to launch an anti-W.U.S. campaign.

It should have been launched long ago. Too long has W.U.S. exploited the negatively apathetic attitude. Too long have the inoffensive been bullied and nagged into reluctant activity by those who take it on themselves to shape student interests. And among these pernicious organizations, W.U.S. is one of the worst, for it demands of students not only their imagination, interest and energy, but their *money!* Next week is W.U.S.-week, and the harmless apathetic, after a week of merciless brain-washing, will have to face 400 fierce collectors—will be hounded and harassed, and cornered and urged to think, to give, to think . . . until 5/- seems small price to pay for peace.

And where is our defence? The apathetic are strong in number but weak in spirit, and fall easy prey to the cajoling of the collectors. But there is hope yet, while the banner of the apathy club flutters aloft!

The wet blanket forever! Come, raise the sodden standard on high, and let us cower together 'neath its drips. Unite, ye apathetic, and with one accord, in rousing mutters, mumble the motto.

