

Playfordia v. Passion

Do Australian students lack maturity, dignity, integrity? A front-page article (last issue) claimed so. A few days later, the attack was backed up by a report from N.S.W. that Prof. J. P. Baxter was on the warpath again, criticising students there for showing "a deadening lack of interest."

The writer in "On Dit" claimed we come off badly in a comparison with students in other parts of the world. One suspects his (her?) colonial slip was showing. In England and the States, little distinguishes the student generation from ourselves. Scratch even the average Oxbridge student, and under the patina of sophistication one finds a youngster a good deal more hide-bound by prejudices of class and tradition than even the mythical South Australian. Analyse much writing in international student journals, and it betrays a naivety which wouldn't fool us, even if we cannot think of something better to say ourselves.

It could be these attacks are, at least in part, another facet of the current intellectual craze in Australia — analysing ad nauseam, Australians and the Australian character and attitudes. The questionable generalisations that result, in books, articles, and academic conversations, are rapidly losing their interest.

And we students drive the critics hopping mad because we stifle a yawn as we are told, yet again, that we are immature and apathetic. We had not noticed that passionate devotion to "Causes" is any more in evidence amongst our seniors than amongst ourselves.

The writer went on to criticise the rules laid down at the Freshers' Camps this year. Laying aside the fact that rules, gently applied, have their uses in any social situation, since when were keeping late nights and indulging in alcohol marks of maturity? Because these things are practised by adults, to indulge in them does not necessarily make one think as an adult. In actual fact the standard of discussion and thought at the Freshers' Camps was delightfully and encouragingly high.

Finally, cannot these criticisms of student apathy be moved to more constructive ground? Tell us what we can do!

Anyone with an ear cocked in the students' direction knows that many students are genuinely concerned about the issues facing our society and the world today. In many cases students attempt to, and do, act upon their concern. It is a thorough misrepresentation to say that extra-curricular life in Adelaide is languishing.

But concern is not enough. Passion is what is needed. And passion is difficult to arouse and maintain, not only in the soporific atmosphere of Playfordia, but anywhere in, the world where the Affluent Society holds sway.

Such is the immorality of our society, that one is considered to be mature only when one has ceased to feel strongly about anything.

This is the problem that underlies our apathy. This is the real dilemma. Most people who criticise students for not doing anything never face up to it. In fact they only make the problem worse, by keeping students' minds turned in upon themselves in barren self-examination.

SUBMERGE YOURSELF IN INDIA

By MICHAEL PORTER

This article is nothing short of an advertisement. In 1963, as in 1962, students from Adelaide are going to be fortunate enough to travel to India. They will have the opportunity to get to know real India, the India the normal tourist never sees.

Students interested in the scheme are invited to attend an informal seminar on Thursday, 18th April, in the George Murray Lounge. Members of last year's delegation will be present.

What activities did the 1962-63 delegation get involved in?

The recent Chinese aggression proved of great interest to them and the strong anti-Chinese propaganda that was seen and heard everywhere sparked off many stimulating discussions on politics.

The students had great wrangles with Indian students at some of the colleges, on topics varying from Indian foreign policy to the Australian Government's policy of selling wheat to China.

And of course the "White Australia Policy" was a hot issue brought to the fore by the Indians on ever so many occasions.

Imagine the feelings of one student on

his first day in an Indian village. She had to sit patiently on the floor of the families mud hut while their cow was led in, fed, and led out. The cow having been nourished the family and their guest then proceeded to plough with their hands into the rice and chappati which lay before them on a green leaf plate.

The procedure of travelling in this vast continent was an experiment worth having on its own. A third class compartment where the three tier sleepers are boards less than two feet wide, would seem to guarantee the most unpleasant travel imaginable. And to have 100 persons in a 40 seat compartment would hardly make things easier.

However to feel so utterly immersed in a completely different type of existence where time, material gain and cleanliness are given little significance is an emotional experience that is hard to convey.

Attempting to convince even the educated that Australians did anything besides playing cricket was often pretty hopeless. Robert Gordon Menzies (Order of the Thistle) was unheard of even by most col-

lege graduates, though everyone realized that Richie Benaud was by far the most influential character in Australia.

Thirteen buses had been burnt down by bitter university students in Calcutta shortly before one of the groups of ten arrived there. Finding out what really was the driving force behind such activities interested some of the delegation and they got a taste of the methods often employed by the Communists to further their interests.

A large portion of the delegation's time was organized through an Indian organization—and we spent about six weeks in cities with families arranged by them. Two periods of 2-3 weeks were largely left to the initiative of the students. Between them they travelled in ones, twos, threes, and fours to every corner of India, Nepal, Assam or Pakistan.

Details of the 1963-64 programme will be available in the near future. As mentioned it is proposed to have a seminar for those interested in the scheme. It is likely that the S.R.C. will be able to give some financial assistance to those who may need it.

Finally it needs to be stressed that the A.O.S.T. Scheme is by no means reserved for the academics or for the S.R.C. boys. The opportunity is there for the student who is sincerely interested in developing some understanding of our undeveloped northern neighbours.

ARISE YE WORKERS FROM YOUR SLUMBERS; AND ARISE THEY DID

We are used to hearing of bloody riots grow out of dissatisfaction. Repressive and reactionary governments in Latin America, South Africa, Eastern Europe and Korea have at various times in the past provoked the wrath of the people and caused them to rise in protest. And this protest has often brought death and destruction. For men are not prepared to accept injustice and will risk their lives to fight it — and thank goodness for that.

Recent British history has not been entirely devoid of examples of direct action against the government. The ban-the-bombers have been carrying on for several years now with their spartan marches and their Gandhian sit-downs. But always in the past there has been an atmosphere of calm and restraint. Lord Russell's sit-downers have perfected the technique of good-natured non-violence. They go limp when the Bobby lifts them from the street and deposits them in the Black Maria.

But, last week our newspapers were headlining something quite new. **JOBLESS STORM COMMONS** was splashed across the top of The Herald. AAP reported that six thousand shouting unemployed tried to storm the British Parliament in staid Westminster.

Five hundred mounted and foot police fought a wild two-hour battle to subdue the riot.

Six times the demonstrators charged the police lines. They hit and kicked, threw missiles, broke car headlights and mudguards and shouted "Give us jobs," "Tories out," and "Bring out MacMillan or is he grouse-shooting?"

Police drove them back by charging into the crowd on horseback.

The stout oak doors of the House of Commons shook as fighting police and demonstrators crashed into them. The din from the street could be heard inside the debating chamber, where the House was in session.

AAP went on: MPs looked down on the scene from Commons windows, and pleaded for order. The din drowned their pleas.

Parties of sightseeing schoolgirls were hurried away from the danger area.

Men darted between the hoofs of police horses shouting "Fascist pigs," and "This is Gestapo."

Two Rolls-Royces, coming out from Parliament's parking area, were badly battered before they could get away.

Un-British? Various commentators have noted growing dissatisfaction among the British workers



Police link arms as they struggle to keep back crowds of unemployed marching on the House of Commons.

and a sense of alienation from the rest of society. Only last month in the London OBSERVER, novelist Arthur Koestler wrote an article, an almost prophetic article, "When the daydream had to stop." He began to paint his pictures of the British working classes, by describing his experience with them during the war.

They soon taught him that the world is divided between "Them" and "us." The "T" is capitalized, the "u" is not, because "us" has nothing to do with class-consciousness in the Marxian sense — as it existed in the militant Socialist parties of Europe.

(Continued next page)

The Rev. Peter Mathews will address a public meeting in the Union Hall, sponsored jointly by the S.C.M. and the History and Politics Club, on Friday, 19th April, at 1.10 p.m. (See article on page 4.)

The Australian National Judo Titles will be held in the Adelaide Town Hall this coming Saturday.

The Engineers Students' Association remind you once more that the Engineers' Jubilee Ball and Cocktail party is to be held on Saturday, 11th May.

tides

On Dit is edited by David Grieve and Lyn Marshall.

On Dit is published by the Students' Representative Council of the University of Adelaide. On Dit is printed by The Griffin Press.

The staff of "On Dit" includes Jaqui Dibden, Michelle Scantlebury, Gordon Binley, Don McNicol, Andrew Hunwick, Rorie Hume.

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, 25th April, closes Wednesday, 17th April.

on dit

"On Dit" is published by the Adelaide University Students' Representative Council. It is edited by students appointed by that body. It is a journal of free expression open to every student of the University.

While the S.R.C. is responsible for all matter appearing in "On Dit," the opinions expressed by contributors are not necessarily those of the S.R.C., nor those of its members, nor, in particular, those of the Editors of "On Dit".

The article which appeared in the feature "Abreast of the Times" under the heading "The Whole Thing Is Ridiculous" in "On Dit", vol. 30, no. 2, which was published on Thursday, 28th March, 1963 was not written by any student in the Faculty of Architecture.

JOHN R. SLEE.
President 17th S.R.C.

Special General Meeting

to be held in the

Union Hall at 1.10 p.m.

is called for

Monday, 22nd April, 1963

to consider the question

EDUCATION
the case for
Student action

John O. Willoughby,
Hon. Sec., S.R.C.

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(Continued from page 1)

Politics hardly entered into this attitude; instead of the fierce class hatred which had scorched the Continent with revolutions and civil wars, there was a kind of stale, resentful fatalism.

Koestler learnt to "conform to our unwritten Rules of Life: Go slow; It's a mug's game anyway; If you play it you are letting your mate down; If you seek betterment, promotion, you are breaking ranks (Poincaré for scabbing) and will be sent to Coventry (in English—ignored).

"My comrades could be lively and full of bounce; at the working site they moved like figures in a slow motion film, or deep sea divers on the ocean-bed.

"Englishmen take it for granted that a man's social background can be detected by his drawls and aitches; they are incredulous when told that in France, for instance, the vocabulary and pronunciation of the educated worker, shopkeeper and industrialist are indistinguishable."

Koestler suggests that the reason for this is simple. The education system is uniform; it is based on competitive selection; rank and wealth confer no educational advantages.

"The first decisive step towards a true democracy is to provide equal educational opportunities for all. This alone would enable the nation to speak the same language—both in the metaphorical and in the literal sense."

And, says Koestler, the public school system must go. Its function is fulfilled; and unequal educational opportunities, placing privilege before merit, is the original sin which tears a nation apart. Koestler sees the breaking down of class barriers as the most urgent task confronting Britain.

But the more immediate cause of the discontent which flared up into the Westminster riots was not conservative social policies but conservative economic policies. As in the United States, Canada and Australia in recent years there has been considerable unemployment in Britain. There are over 700,000 out of work, and a huge amount of industrial plant is idle, or being worked below capacity.

Standards of production and living are rising much more rapidly in France, Italy, Sweden and Japan—"modern" western countries which have accepted the need for the new techniques of economic planning—than in Tory-Britain. Britain has failed in its export markets and suffered continuous balance of payments crises. It has been unable to pull its weight in the western alliance. Its defence and foreign aid efforts have suffered.

Only a miracle could prevent Harold Wilson from being Britain's next Prime Minister.



Arthur Koestler

"Some of my buddies came from the slums; some of them had been taught as children to use cupboard-drawers for chamber pots. The majority were a decent lot, with untapped human potentialities buried under the tribal observances."

Koestler found that the same men who fought heroically on the battlefield were compulsively lazy in the peacetime workshop. The post-war boom with its attendant outpourings of gadgetry "have lent the upper strata of the working class the external trappings of middle-class life. But the internal rift shows no signs of healing; on the contrary, it has deepened and hardened into a cold class war.

"The frontier between Britain's two civilizations—I almost said 'two nations'—is not hermetically closed; exceptionally gifted young people do cross the line. But for the bulk of the population the frontier persists."

Koestler claims that the British working class is alienated. It has become "an immensely powerful, non-competitive enclave in a competitive society". Its image is "a combination of Dickens and Coronation Street, of Z-cars, Saturday Nights and Sunday Mornings; of I'm All Right Jack and The Angry Silence—the story of Tom Dobson the welder whom his mates treat as dead because after three wild-cat strikes he refuses to toe the line."

British social history since the end of the war differs fundamentally from that of other European countries. In the late forties, Italy and France, for instance, seemed on the verge of civil war, and the communists were

LIVING AND PARTLY LIVING

So it has finally occurred to the authorities to oust Intermediate! We have not died in vain (or fried, anyway). But still, nobody seems to have got around to Leaving, and Leaving Honours and the Motor Pavilion. One would have thought the publicity last December might have hinted to the Minister that a public statement now on internal Intermediate was rather inadequate. I mean, a Leaving student gets just as hot. Admittedly he doesn't get so appallingly nervous, but from the viewpoint of a supervisor, he faints fairly regularly, and still suffers from bleeding noses and dizziness, and has to be given glasses of water, about as often, proportionately, as his Intermediate counterpart. And the temperature is no lower for Leaving, and the conveniences and emergency sick-bays no more beautiful, and the number of glasses for the dirty warm water no more plentiful, and the depressing dust of Wayville, Heaven knows, no more conducive to intellectual tranquillity.

Most students at the university have sat through three years in that hell-hole, and many have since supervised more years and more schoolchildren

going through the same dust and the same faintings and the same pigeon noises and the same heat. If one could add together University memories of Public Exams, and present the sum total to the P.E.B. . . . But this being impracticable, if one could just have taken down on record: we went through all that to get where we are now, we waded through the dust of Wayville for the privilege of ploughing through the dust to the Barr Smith.

But also, we did it for posterity; we fainted for posterity, our noses bled for posterity, for posterity we lunched in the dirt and fought through the sheep-flock when the doors were opened; for posterity we panicked when our number was missing, for posterity we waited behind the rocking desk while the supervisor searched for a free water-glass, for posterity, when she didn't find one, we fainted again. And damnit, posterity hasn't got all that much out of it.

And yet, Intermediate is Ousted. Which means I suppose that the Motor Pavilion can be relegated to motors, which is a step in the right direction. Who knows, maybe we have not lived in vain.

OH, COME NOW

It would be foolishness to ask the student for gratitude to the authorities for anything, let alone a stone building of bagracks. It is generally admitted that the building is unlovely, and the bagracks crowded. But perhaps it is only fair to point out that while the student has been dumping his satchel at the foot of those dirty marble steps for years out of protest at the absence of racks, he is doing it now simply out of habit or foolhardiness, and that neither quality enhances the beauty of the Barr or impresses the aforementioned authorities.

There are fifteen to twenty bags at those steps by ten every morning, despite the bagracks and the far more pressing presence of an irate, grey-overalled sentinel. Perhaps it is only fair to point

out that these bags not only make the racks and the sentinel look silly but also the SRC which, convinced it was acting in the interests of the owners of the bags, spent long hours of the last years fighting for the racks.

Come September, the capacity of the shelves provided will be severely tested, but at the moment, at any time of the day, there is space available. Compared with the distance, say, from the Barr Smith to Architecture, that to the bagracks is infinitesimal. The need for a grey overall to supervise satchels is not a great compliment to the student. And perhaps it is only fair to point out that unbagracked bags will soon be impounded, according to authority, and their owners fined on reclaiming them. So how silly can you be?

JOY FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

An analysis of the major income-producing events in our fiscal year shows great economic benefit gained during the present period. Home-produced goods and services, particularly in the fields of confectionery and domestic deliveries, enjoy annually, at this time, a spectacular quantity of current consumption expenditure.

Easter, in other words, is the second most profitable religious festival of the year.

Which has nothing to do with Easter.

There is some justification for this commercialism in the treatment of Easter as a time for joy, and the use of long-forgotten links of rebirth with eggs, rabbits and hot cross buns, and possibly in the increasing vulgarity of plaster-of-Paris creations, bigger than the chocolate creations of the next-door's kids, and the resultant equation of Easter, in the words of a noted confectionery manufacturer, with "joy for the young at heart."

There is little justification for cashing in on Easter as a holiday; a walk through

the News advertisements produces "prepare for Easter painting," "Easter camping offer," all blatant, if harmless use of a long week-end. "Easter Raceday Specials" is a bit sick, but after all, this is the holiday triumphant. "Buy Now for Easter Delivery" again is just defensible.

But the use of a religious festival as a label to distinguish this week from Gold Cross Week and Hickory Week and Hair Beauty Week, and these sales from Summer Sales and Clearance Sales and Sensational Warehouse Purchase Sales is not given the most tenuous excuse. . . . "Mighty Easter Sale," "Easter Sell-out," and even "young Easter Casuals." This usage depends on the public vagueness of the poor little word. It can now, it would seem, mean anything or nothing. "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, "It means just what I want it to mean, neither more nor less."

Suggestion for the day: the Christians might start thinking up a new word for Easter, and leave "Easter" on the bargain counter in the Mighty Sell-outs.

the strongest single party in both countries. Prosperity led to a decline of revolutionary fervor, the trade unions split up into Socialist, Christian Democrat and Communist unions, which turned trade union politics into a truly democratic game.

However in Britain, class relations evolved in the opposite direction. Communist influence in the unions was negligible at the end of the war; it increased with growing prosperity and full employment; today it is the dominant factor in industrial relations, and its disruptive effects are more strongly felt in Britain than anywhere else in Europe.

Koestler claims that incidents like the massive rigging of elections in the Electrical Trades Union are not isolated. "They are the result of a planned, centralized and extremely well organized campaign. Penetration of the trade unions 'to hasten the inevitable collapse of the doomed capitalist system' has been the foremost aim of the Communist movement everywhere in the world."

But, says Koestler, "Marxian dialectics is as much Double-Dutch to the working class as it is to the rest of the British electorate. The unofficial strikers are not Communists but unconscious tools." They feel they do

not belong to a society run by Them, whose values they repudiate.

Last week's rioting by six thousand unemployed workers is symptomatic of the failure of Britain under the Conservatives.

Koestler concedes that Britain's piecemeal reforms are perhaps the most impressive feature of British history.

"The bourgeoisie, instead of stringing up the aristocrats on lamp-posts, intermarried with them and gave rise to a dynamic middle class.

"But the price for avoiding bloody revolutions such as every major European country has suffered since 1789 is beginning to make itself felt. Complacency has spread like dry-rot: 'keen,' 'smart,' 'clever' have become operative terms. Once upon a time England was 'the workshop of the world'; if the Persians wanted a railway engine or the Turks a tooling machine, they had to await their turn or lump it. Today, as a German industrialist remarked, 'If the Persians want a railway, we give them a seven month delivery date and seven years credit; the British give them a seven years delivery date and seven months credit.'

"Britain is only just beginning to emerge from the delusion that she still lives in Queen Victoria's day.

THE R.S.L., MR. CAMERON AND COMMUNISM

By ALLAN DAWSON

The Returned Servicemen's League has in the last year begun a campaign to "educate" the public on the dangers of Communism. Its national president even claims that the campaign is the voice of the Australian community. Brigadier Eastick, the R.S.L.'s State President, predicts an investigation of Adelaide University for Communist infiltration. Let us examine the R.S.L.'s official statements and the issues they raise.

Of the eleven articles released on the subject by the R.S.L. since April, 1962, all except one deal with the internal "dangers" of Communism in Australia. The eleventh is a summary of the aggressive activities of Communist China, Communist propaganda, "front" movements, infiltration of trade unions are all described in outline, and it is implied that all these activities are an actual or potential threat to Australian democracy. For example, the Communist Party's school of subversion at Minto, N.S.W., is described with details of the usual Communist passion for secrecy and disciplined indoctrination. We are not told whether espionage or sabotage is taught; however, we are told (in block letters): "INSTRUCTION IS GIVEN IN ADVANCED PRINCIPLES OF MARXISM-LENINISM AND THE GLOVES ARE TAKEN OFF AND COMMUNIST PLANS FOR REVOLUTION IN AUSTRALIA ARE FULLY EXPLAINED." Unfortunately the author of the R.S.L.'s article, like the Communists themselves, does not realise that the "advanced principles of Marxism-Leninism" are either unintelligible nonsense, or false or irrelevant to carrying out a successful revolution in Australia.

In another article the distribution by the Russian Embassy of "inflammatory Communist propaganda material" to Australian schoolchildren is described. The only "test case" cited is one where a ten-year-old schoolboy wrote the British High Commissioner's Office and the American and Soviet Embassies asking for information about their respective countries. The Soviet Embassy sent far more material than the Americans or the British missions, including thirty-three copies of a booklet to be distributed to a whole class. Let the R.S.L. article speak for itself:

"They (the Communist booklets) included passages urging subversion and support for world Communism.

"Typical passages offered to a 10-year-old schoolboy were: 'The sharper the class struggle, the more important becomes the role of Marxist-Leninist ideas in unifying and mobilising the masses to fight for Communism.'

"Whatever the form in which the transition from capitalism to socialism is effected, that transition can come about only through revolution."

"Nationalism is the chief political and ideological weapon used by international reaction."

The author of the R.S.L.'s article (like the Soviet Embassy perhaps?) does not appear to realise that the obvious effect on a 10-year-old of reading such dogma masquerading as political analysis is boredom, not revolutionary fervour.

The R.S.L. wishes the Federal government to close the Minto school and ask foreign embassies not to send "crude propaganda material of this kind (the passages cited above) to school children". In addition voluntary bodies are warned not to spread pro-Communist propaganda unwittingly; trade unionists are urged to fight Communist infiltration of the unions and so on. The only additional item of "subversion" in the schools cited by Brigadier Eastick was that one teacher had the pupils draw pictures of Khrushchev and Mao Tse Tung (viewers were not told whether the

pictures were intended as approval or satire).

In the last issue of "On Dit" a letter by Mr. Clyde Cameron, A.L.P. member of the House of Representatives for Hindmarsh and a major figure in the A.L.P. at Federal level, appeared which is worth examination as a reaction typical of many, containing some quite remarkable errors. Mr. Cameron holds, unsurprisingly, that existing legislation is sufficient to cope with advocacy of violent revolution and that schoolteachers or public servants should be free to hold any political views whatsoever so long as they do not allow them to interfere with their prescribed duties. Mr. Cameron is convinced that the R.S.L.'s anti-Communist campaign is really a plot by Liberal members of the R.S.L. leadership to bolster the Menzies government by branding its opponents as pro-Communist. At this stage Mr. Cameron loses hold of political judgment and declares: "Some of the methods you (Brigadier T. C. Eastick) would employ to combat communism were the methods of Adolph Hitler." All that the R.S.L. has done so far is to make private enquiries to determine possible communist sympathisers and to publish some general information on Communist activities. The former is a normal security procedure by governments, in filling posts where security is vital, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Cameron can object to either activity and maintain the vigorously anti-Communist stance of the rest of his letter. Mr. Cameron also appears to think that the suppression of one political party which is itself dedicated to the violent overthrow and suppression of all others is somehow equivalent to the Nazi "holocaust" on all the values of western civilization and on all forms of opposition. What Mr. Cameron expects us to think of his political judgment I do not know.

Later on, stock "anti-anti-Communist" rhetoric appears: Mr. Cameron holds that some R.S.L. leaders are carrying on a "McCarthy-like smear campaign". McCarthyism was essentially the public slandering, from the safety of congressional immunity, of a wide variety of people (almost none of them Communists); an activity as different in approach from the R.S.L.'s private investigations and publication only of material on the general characteristics of communism as can be imagined. Similarly Mr. Cameron discounts the suggestion that a union is Communist-controlled just because one or two of its officials are Communists as "D.L.P. McCarthyism". He appears to forget that Communist trade union officials were able to abuse their position sufficiently to compel the last A.L.P. Federal government to take drastic action to curb the effects of their attempts to dislocate the Australian economy.

If the R.S.L. had studied in detail the factors favouring a successful Communist revolution, instead of accepting the Communists' own theories at their face value, they would have realised that such a revolution requires the disintegration of a state from within or an international balance of power in the area concerned overwhelmingly favourable to one of the two major Communist Powers. Neither of these states of affairs is likely to be brought about in Australia by the kind of activities described in the R.S.L.'s statements.

Two of the questions raised by Brigadier Eastick deserve further brief examination: whether the Communist Party should be banned and whether Communists should be allowed to be schoolteachers. The question whether a Communist Party should be banned is one not readily answered except in a specific context. However, except when actually at war or in special emer-

gencies, it is probably better for a democracy not to ban the local Communist Party for several reasons. Firstly, as being a Communist is in the last analysis a state of mind it is difficult to decide just who is (or is not) a Communist. Secondly, such legislation can be abused at times, as in South Africa. Thirdly, it is probably easier to keep track of the Party's activities if its existence is legal. Thus banning the party should be a last resort—and Australia is not yet in such straits. The problem whether Communists should be employed as schoolteachers is, of course, quite a separate issue. As the Communist Party denounces academic honesty as despicable "bourgeois objectivism" and as there is good evidence that the party tries to get its members to "indoctrinate" school-children, it seems appropriate for Education Departments to keep out Party members from future entrants to the teaching profession. This is not a violation of civic rights, nor the destruction of academic freedom, for there is no "right" to be a schoolteacher and at the same time belong to a voluntary organization which seeks to prevent intellectually honest teaching, any more than there is a "right" to be a member of, say, the General Staff, and to belong to a political party dedicated to violent overthrow of the State. In each case the one obligation cancels out the other. As at present the Communist schoolteachers working in South Australia are, apparently, not indoctrinating children,



before

it would perhaps be wiser to allow them to continue rather than to run the risk of demoralising a large part of the teaching profession with fears (however mistaken) of a "McCarthyite" campaign.

In the long run the only sure internal defence against the "subversion" the R.S.L. evidently fears is to increase the public's level of political sophistication, which can best be started in the schools. Unfortunately neither the R.S.L., nor Brigadier Eastick, nor Mr. Cameron, nor the State Education Departments seem to realise that the real solution is such a long-term changing in educational policy.

WHITE AUSTRALIA?

By GAVIN FIELDING

Those who are opposed to this Act have largely let their emotions carry them away. By selecting three fashionable and "biting" words, they have been able to command a following far in excess of what they would have had, had they been rationally opposed to the Immigration Restrictions Act. They have played on the emotions of the susceptible public by the use of three words emotional and now famous, "White Australia Policy". It is this slogan that makes the Act sound so unreasonable and unchristian. Britain has an Act which severely limits the entry of people into the U.K., particularly the Coloured West Indians. Fortunately the emotions of the British people have not been stirred to the point where they completely overlook the reasoning behind such an Act by the use of such slogans as "Anti West Indian Policy" by those opposed to it.

One of the biggest social problems in this country today is that of the "fringe dweller". That is to say the person who is rejected by the aboriginal society because he is not fully black and rejected by the white society because he is not white. He is wanted by nobody. This problem has arisen because of the attempts to assimilate the aborigine with the European. If we allow more coloured people into Australia (eg. Asiatics) and try to assimilate them, the "fringe dweller" population would increase. The alternative to this is to have many different racial communities within the country. While this would solve the problem of the "fringe dweller" it would lead to racial fights as are experienced in South Africa where different races are allowed to grow in groups. The other problem is that the Asiatics would almost certainly increase their population much more rapidly than ours until eventually their numbers would be sufficient to take over our country from us. We are having enough trouble assimilating our own aborigines without making the job more difficult by importing more races.

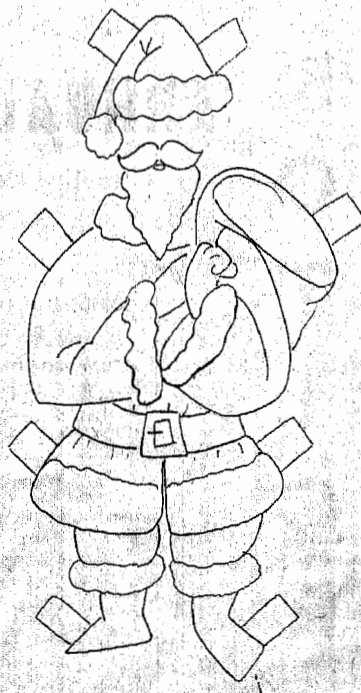
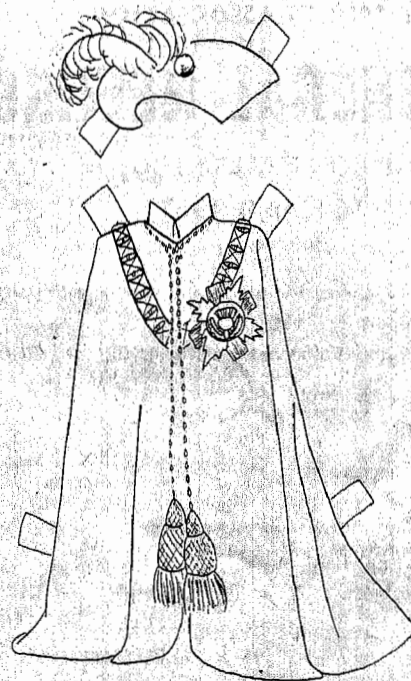
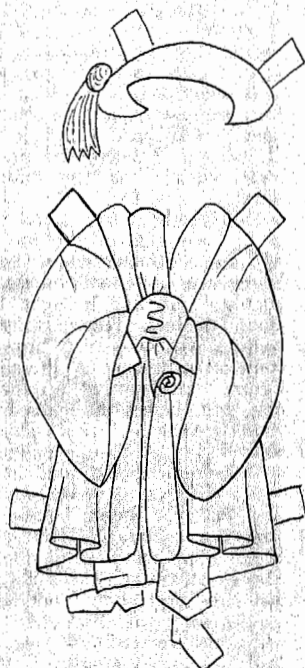
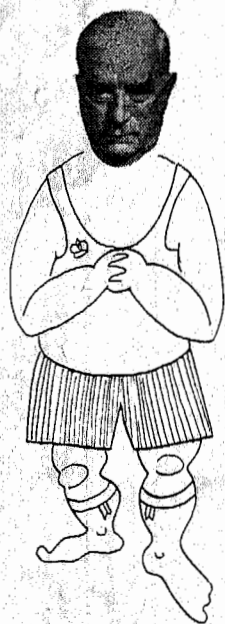
Where in the world is there a multi-racial country which is contented? Countries with a standard of living comparable with ours such as the U.K. and the U.S.A. have racial trouble. So, too, do the lesser developed countries such as Fiji and Mauritius. To those who would reply by saying New Zealand has a multi-coloured society

at peace I would like to say that the Maoris have lived in New Zealand longer than any white man. They were not imported as they were in the above mentioned countries. Man seems to have born in him a prejudice against those who are not a member of his particular race. Until we overcome this we cannot hope to have a peaceful multi-coloured community.

A quota system would, when analysed be of little benefit to either Australia or the Asiatic countries. It certainly would not solve the population problem in the Asiatic countries. The birth rate in these countries is so high that the emigration of ten thousand a year to Australia would make no difference. Further, what type of Asiatic are we to allow in under the quota? If we allow the uneducated and unskilled it would do nothing but increase our unemployment pool which at present consists almost entirely of unskilled workers. The unskilled Australian has the right to work in his own country before anybody else. The type of Asiatic most useful to Australia is also a necessity to his own country. If we bring this type of person, the skilled or educated, to Australia we would be depriving the Asiatics of the opportunity to develop and raise the standard of living in their countries. The benefit to Australia by introducing these people would not offset the loss to the Asiatic countries. To pursue a policy such as this is to defeat the purpose of the Colombo Plan.

The man in the street has been led to believe that the Immigration Restriction Act is a complete ban on any Asiatic or foreign coloured person living in Australia. Nothing could be further from the truth, as the Act allows for discretion. We are fortunate to have at present a Minister for Immigration who administers this Act in a very level headed and fair manner. Mr. Downer has been far more reasonable than his counter-part in the Chifley Labor Government, Mr. Calwell. Many exceptions to the rule prohibiting coloured people to stay in Australia have been made. The number of Asiatics who have married Australians and been permitted to live in this country is still increasing, to say nothing of the thousands of coloured people allowed to stay in this country to further their education, etc.

I DREAMT I SAW THE QUEEN IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA



ORIENTATION WEEK AGAIN

By LYN MARSHALL

The average fresher, by the beginning of lectures, felt welcome, but a bit bored, had been to three freshers' welcomes and joined two clubs, had probably attended a freshers' camp and found it enjoyable, had not been for a library tour because he didn't know it was on, and found the Orientation Handbook "helpful". This was revealed last week by the results of a circular distributed among freshers. The sample taken is obviously not statistically significant, and we make no claim to such significance, but as a collection of opinion concerning camps and Orientation week it is interesting enough to publish. For interest's sake, we hereby publish it.

In solemn statistics, our average fresher had only just been to a camp. When he didn't go it was because "I didn't know there was any", "I fancied a bit more", or "A.T.C. didn't pay me enough". One fresher "was employed and also previously told they were the end". He conceded, "My friends told me differently when they returned". Of those who answered this question, however, 28 had gone to at least one camp (to 32 who hadn't), four to two, two to three and one to four. They went because "I'd heard about them", or "I'd heard they were fantastic", or "after hearing about them from a school talk". These typical answers are in themselves interesting. It was surprising how many students "didn't know they were on".

Then there is the fresher from camp. He enjoyed it, without, in our survey, one exception: he had a "terrific time", "met new people", found friends and "a sense of belonging". He claimed to have put into it only "money" and "wood for the boiler", but came forward with suggestions for improvement of camps ranging from electric heaters and better food to more discussions, "not enough organized rabbling—quite seriously", "it should have been longer" (S.C.M. Camp), and alarmingly often "more mixing". Electric heaters and better meals are probably beyond the resources of organizing bodies, but the last objection might be seriously considered by several. One fresher, asked what she had got out of the camp, replied tartly, "a strong dislike for senior boys", another (male), "poor opinion of some seniors", one recommendation was for "less Noah's Ark, and fewer 'fast' older boys". These remarks were scattered, but not widely enough to be anything but disconcerting.

However, our fresher still enjoyed his camp. One of him summarized aptly, when asked for improvements, "Not really—it all depends on the kids there".

As with the camps, the fresher who missed library tours in the sample narrowly beat the one who went. He "couldn't fit it in", "forgot", often "had seen most of it" or "went while at school", pathetically often "didn't need it" and "wasn't interested", one "wasn't interested in Dewey classification". Obviously library tours must be better organized and publicized. The library staff wasted considerable time this year conducting scattered small groups and waiting for those who didn't turn up. Obviously, too, the importance of the tours must be impressed on the fresher. A horrible number had the same classification at school, and therefore didn't go. Those who did, however, generally called the tour useful: only two said "it was not as good as I had imagined", and "could have been more informative".

On the other hand, our fresher acclaimed almost with one voice the experiment of an Orientation Handbook. This from our survey can be regarded as an unqualified success. The only two insults were "no comment" and "haven't read it", both respondents being anyway of a facetious frame of mind. Average adjectives were useful, helpful, well presented, much appreciated, entertaining, interesting, excellent; other comments "certainly a good idea", "one really has something to go to when in doubt". Our congratulations to the editor (Ralph Gibson).

Three seemed a surprisingly popular number of freshers' welcomes to attend; then come two, then four; only one student had been to seven. In clubs joined the field was two, then three, then none; only three were rich enough for five. This concurred with expectation. What didn't was the reaction to welcome—most summarized the value in food, sore ears and "nothing I didn't know already". Several didn't hear from the clubs they wanted to join. Not one respondent recalled interesting addresses, and the most favourable were a few who made more friends. Many, incidentally, "slept through the S.R.C. welcome" or "couldn't hear a thing". Memo to both clubs and amplifiers.

And so to the week as a whole. Of adjectives offered the freshers, "welcome" apparently described their feelings best, then "in command", then "swamped". For Orientation Week, however, a huge majority chose "boring", far fewer "stimulating" and "overwhelming". This demands attention.

The fresher who was most horribly bored would, I think, generally have been increasingly bored by more organization. He got a hangover out of Orientation Week, and a good knowledge of seven-card stud, and will spend the rest of his campus existence poker-playing with a hangover, bored and presumably happy. But a large number were obviously disappointed. Typical comments were, "Found my way round Uni. But we would have done that anyway", "absolutely nothing gained, except a few staff faces were made familiar". To be weighed against these were the very enthusiastic, but we found most enthusiasm not unqualified. The most dazzling praises were "great fun", "welcome but a bit lost", "a feeling of beginning to belong". Two of the Asian students asked had found "everything I've been longing for" and "an opportunity to meet friends and understand them, and ask them things I don't know". One other freshette wrote, "Orientation Week is indeed a blessing, and really needed". However, on the whole, our fresher found the blessing mixed, and seemed, unless he had looked only for interest or, like the Asians, needed particularly time to settle in, to be spoken for by the penetrating remark, "For two days it was stimulating, but after that the thrill of sitting round doing nothing wore rather thin".

In Melbourne now, Orientation has been limited to three days. From the comments of freshers interviewed, it would seem the same measure might be considered here, or, on one suggestion, "If Orientation is going to take a week there should be a little more excitement". Ideas of excitement vary, of course; one young man found the week "Boring except for the yabbinging episodes on the Torrens", one atypical judgment was "Something of a waste as far as any work goes, but a good opportunity to buy books". You can't please all the people all the time, any more than you can fool them, but this lot of freshers seems to have been neither fooled nor particularly pleased by Orientation. Several said "it did drag a little by Thursday", and some more "Orientation should be limited to three days".

It is worth commenting on one phenomenon—fear towards seniors. (Vide: "I have a feeling that when the older students arrive next week the whole atmosphere will be different", "relieved to find none of the reported antipathy towards freshers", "senior students seem to be a little class of their own", "horror"—"Many students spurned freshers all over the place", "relief"—"There was no oppression at all. There was no snarling at freshers.") Seniors, like the United States, need to correct their image abroad.

The conjugations of "to orientate" were fascinating. The conclusions drawn above are not backed by statistical or numerical magnificence, but are, we think, worth consideration by those concerned with future Orientations. I would like to thank those who helped put out the accursed circular, and even more those freshers who patiently filled it in.

EDUCATION PROGRAMME WORKING PAPER

A Special General Meeting of students will be held on Monday, 22nd April, in the Union Hall at 1.10 p.m.

The business of the meeting will be to decide whether we as students wish to adopt a positive scheme to inform the public of the deficiencies in the Australian education system. This will involve the question whether we wish to spend a large sum of student money, possibly up to £1,000, on such a project.

This matter is one of great importance, one which demands the attention of every one of us.

Already large numbers of students are discussing the proposed Education Project. There is much interest in, considerable enthusiasm for, and some doubts about the whole scheme. John Slee presented a Working Paper on the project to the last meeting of the SRC. In brief outline, the main points were:

Broadsheet.
A four-page "On Dit" size broadsheet outlining the students' case on education, with special reference to South Australian conditions should be prepared. To canvass every household in the metropolitan area over 150,000 copies would be required. To distribute this number, an estimated 600 students would be needed on the distribution day.

Talks.
As many students as possible should engage in private research on the subject of education to prepare them adequately to speak to meetings of Rotary, Mothers' Clubs, Parents and Friends' Associations and other such groups. This is a most important means of communication with the community. It is hoped that up to 100 students competent and willing to speak to groups will volunteer.

The organizational problems presented by a project of such enormity are great.

A hard core of at least fifteen people who are prepared to work will be needed. It is expected that these people will be elected at the meeting on Friday 19th.

The Working Paper details the proposed organizational structure of the scheme. There is a division of duties between an Executive Committee and Research Committee.

It is important that at every phase of the project those engaged on it should be well informed on the subject of education. A Research Committee of five or six should prepare all material to be published in the broadsheet. They should assist with printed matter and references all those who volunteer to prepare and deliver talks to groups.

At least six Talks Officers would be required to interview those students who volunteer as speakers and select those best suited to speak to particular groups and to arrange and programme the activities of these speakers during second term.

Two or three Traffic Officers would be needed to organise the distribution of over 150,000 broadsheets throughout the metropolitan area.

One or two persons would be required to maintain a file of the hundreds of students actively engaged on the project.

An Editor would be appointed to arrange the publication of the material prepared for the broadsheet by the Research Committee.

Booklet.
The Education Project in Adelaide is part of a national scheme. Students in other universities are currently planning and in some cases already implementing similar projects.

A booklet has been printed in Melbourne under the auspices of the N.U.A.U.S. It reviews the whole educational structure in Australia and offers suggestions for action. This booklet is intended to be the basis of each State's own project.

Copies of John Slee's Working Paper on the Education Project are available in the S.R.C. office. It details more fully the proposals for the scheme which will be put to the Special General Meeting on Monday, 22nd.



abreast of the times

VOTE FOR ME!

At the next meeting of the S.R.C. it will be moved by a member of that body's executive that the election regulations of the S.R.C. be changed so that the President of that body will be elected by direct vote of the student body, and not as at present by the vote of the members of the S.R.C., once elected. That such a change would, if successful, introduce into the election of the President some desirable aspects, I have little doubt; but I have no doubt at all that a change to a mass election would also bring with it attendant undesirabilities which in my opinion would seriously prejudice its chances of successful operation.

It will be urged in favour of the change that the greatest advantage likely to accrue will be that the student body in general will feel a closer identity with the President, by virtue of the fact that such members of it as choose to vote will have directly participated in his election. At present, of course, the student body have no direct vote for the Presidency, but instead delegate to their (directly elected) representatives the task of electing a President. It is argued that the effect of this election at second hand is to alienate mass support of the President, and that a direct election will guarantee a general support for his actions.

I must first observe that I am unconvinced that the symptoms to which the proponents of the change point amount to anything like a conclusive proof of the disease. It is true that one may pick up any "On Dit" and find two or three articles which skillfully, or disgustfully, or disgruntledly, or bombastically—and usually, though not always, ignorantly—attack the S.R.C. A rather lesser number of articles may be found which attack the President. Now such criticisms of the S.R.C. are wholly good, even those which are based on a massive ignorance, for they serve to keep the duly elected representatives of the students in touch with what others of the student body are thinking, and to trim their courses accordingly. They represent an important facet of student opinion; but it is erroneous to assume that because the fact more often reflects adverse than approving criticism, that a general disapproval of the S.R.C. is thereby proven. If one were to assume that the columns of "On Dit" were an accurate guide to what students generally thought of the S.R.C., one would find it at least disconcerting to have to reconcile this apparent consensus of adverse opinion with the real (and total) lack of motions of no confidence in the S.R.C.

However, it is rather simpler to demonstrate the non-existence of widespread disapproval of the S.R.C. than of a widespread lack of concern with its activities. This is the disease with which the proponents of change should properly be concerned, as for all I know they may be; but however correct the diagnosis, the treatment which is proposed seems to me unlikely to effect a cure. In fact, I believe it may render the condition worse.

In the first place, I do not think that the desired result—that of a really widespread Presidential support expressed through the ballot box—can be achieved, given the present state of students in this University. For example, less than two thousand students (out of 7,500) read "On Dit". A total of less than 2,000 students vote in all S.R.C. elections. The total membership of clubs and societies in the University is far less than that figure. It seems unlikely then that any more than this number would vote in a Presidential election, and almost certainly far less. It may be argued that this situation is not unalterable, but I doubt that it can be convincingly argued that a popular election for the Presidency will alter it. If 1,000 students voted it would be remarkable; if 1,500, amazing.

Now presumably these votes would be distributed between at least two candidates. Even in the event of a poll of

1,500 a candidate to gain election need poll only (say) 800 votes: in the overwhelmingly more likely event of a poll of 1,000, success is ensured with 500 odd votes. If three or more candidates stand, of course, the effective mass support of the successful candidate would be correspondingly less.

Now the theory of voluntary voting holds that those who do not vote acquiesce in the selection of those who do, and that those who vote for non-elected candidates acquiesce in the election of a finally elected candidate. In theory, therefore, the new President would have the support of all those eligible to vote in the election, i.e., 7,000 or so. I suggest in fact he would have the support of say 500 students: the opposition of a similar number; and that the rest, as at present, would not care very much at all. So far the direct election does not seem to have changed things greatly, except that a considerable number of students will have declared their opposition to the elected President.

Secondly, what would the voters be making a decision about? Assuming that the candidates would enunciate policies, no doubt the more enlightened might look to these for a guide. But in so doing, they must be fully aware that they have not the slightest guarantee that any or all of the enunciated policy would be put into effect by the S.R.C. itself: it could perfectly easily disagree entirely with the President and refuse to implement any of the programme on which he had been elected. At present, the rather pathetic statements of policy enunciated by Presidential candidates have at least the virtue of theoretical S.R.C. support in the event of the election of the candidate, *in toto*. Fundamentally, then, the voters would be voting not for a programme, but for a personality, which in effect is what happens at the moment.

Lastly, the most practical consideration and distinctly the most distasteful. A direct election of this nature, at which a poll of 1,000 or less can reasonably be expected, and at which the issue is primarily one of personality, increases by a very considerable margin the chances of a President being elected on the basis of irrelevant considerations. At present the S.R.C. examines candidates for the Presidency very thoroughly, and its selections are, at any rate usually, reasonably well qualified for the job. Now this is not to deny the student body the right to elect its President by direct vote if it wants to; but I would like respectfully to suggest that if it does so choose, it should be aware that the chances of a President being elected on the basis of irrelevant considerations are increased. At present the S.R.C. examines candidates for the Presidency very thoroughly, and its selections are, at any rate usually, reasonably well qualified for the job. Now this is not to deny the student body the right to elect its President by direct vote if it wants to; but I would like respectfully to suggest that if it does so choose, it should be aware that the chances of a President being elected on the basis of irrelevant considerations are increased.

In sum, then, it is my opinion that a direct election of the President of the S.R.C., while wholly desirable in theory, may lead in practice to the election of "organization men" whose support stems not from the student body as a whole, but from a less representative but well organized group. It would have the desirable feature that policies and programmes might receive some wider discussion than they do at present, but nullifying this the consideration that the policy of the elected President would not necessarily become that of the S.R.C. Importantly, such an election would alter very little, and if so probably for the worse, the degree of mass support for the President, which is its principal advantage as put forward by its proponents. In short, it could in my opinion do little good, and might very easily do great harm.

I believe further that women should never have been given the vote.

ANGELA.

EASTER OF EDEN

"Cigarette?" enquired the thin, aquiline man as he settled back into one of the immense leather-covered armchairs.

"No thanks," replied God, "You know what the B.M.A. is saying about smoking and lung cancer these days."

"You shouldn't need to worry," said the thin man. "You've got years ahead of you, yet. Anyhow, Fisher used to say that cigarettes had nothing to do with it. All a matter of pollution of the air by exhaust fumes and coal fires and the rest. So I'm the one who ought to be worrying. The air isn't as pure where I come from as it is here."

God made no answer. He walked to the window, opened it and stared out. Eventually he grunted, "They're at it again."

"Precisely what are They up to this time?" asked the thin man.

"Oh, the usual," said God despondently. "There's another fight on—not very serious at the moment, but it will be bad enough in a couple of years time. That's the trouble with this wretched foresight. It leaves nothing to the imagination. An earthquake, too, by the look of it. I wouldn't be at all surprised if we have a first-class famine by the end of the year. Then They'll be screaming at once for me to do something, but They wouldn't think of lifting a little finger to put things right themselves."

"Let's face it," replied the thin man. "You've got no-one to blame but yourself. The whole thing was a pretty jerry-built job. Even Tom Playford took longer than six days to build Elizabeth and God knows that's not as big a white elephant as the mess out there."

"I'd rather you didn't use that silly expression when you're talking to me," grumbled God. "It's quite unnecessary, really. And stop calling that out there a mess! I made it, didn't I? Then it's good by definition!"

"A sharp bit of philosophy," admitted the thin man, "but some of Them down there would disagree with you. I've heard one or two of Them say that if They'd been omnipotent They could have done a damn sight better job. If I didn't know that you could prove me wrong in nothing flat, I'd be tempted to say the same thing myself."

"I'd hoped," said God, half speaking to himself, "that once They began to find out how it all worked that They might see some kind of designer behind it all, but it doesn't appear to be a very convincing argument these days."

"The trouble with you," retorted the thin man, "is that you don't know when you're well off. If They did come to the conclusion that there was a designer behind the whole show, what sort of person do you imagine They would think was responsible? They are crushed to death in land-slides, scorched by lava and flooded with deluges. Mosquitoes bite Them, viruses infect Them, and the survivors die of cancer and coronary thrombosis. The only designer They could infer from that would be a madman or a sadist."

"I gave Them the intelligence to solve Their own problems," replied God with dignity.

"Bloody bad luck for Those who can't survive long enough for the solutions to be found," pointed out the thin man. "Still, in the long run I suppose that it's all to the best that They die off like flies. They breed so fast that soon no-one will have enough room to tum around."

"That's Their business," said God. "They know about contraceptives. Let Them use some!"

"You are forgetting, are you not," the thin man replied, "that a number of your most enthusiastic supporters are firmly convinced that you frown upon such devices anyhow?"

"I gave Them Their freedom, didn't I?" said God. "Then how can I go mucking around where I'm not wanted?"

The thin man shrugged. "Far be it for me to suggest that you should have created a world of puppets, but granted that you can do anything you choose, couldn't you have chosen to define Their freedom in a somewhat less lethal manner? People can still be free without being stupid, deluded or wicked, you know. After all, you're free, aren't you, and you're not stupid, deluded or wicked, are you?"

"Shut up! I should have gotten rid of you long ago," snapped God testily. "You're just as responsible for the mess down there as They are. It was you who suggested to Them in the first place that They were



MEETING

Situated on Northern Rhodesia's turbulent Copperbelt, the Mindolo Ecumenical Centre is an attempt by the World Council of Churches to be relevant and useful to the new Africa.

Symbolically replacing the old Mission, it has set out to do three things. It is training Africans for leadership, and even simply for living, in their new industrial society. It is seeking to break down the old barriers to communication between races, and reconcile old hurts. And it has become a "Laboratory" where the problems of rapid social change may be studied and understood.

Described in the London "Daily Telegraph" as "one of the few places on the African continent where Non-Whites and Europeans may still meet on terms of equality", it has brought together politicians, doctors, Trade Unionists, ministers, welfare workers—even brewers—to discuss common problems. A literary and Writing Centre has been set up for Adult Education, together with leadership training for young Africans and Domestic Science courses for African women. The staff is inter-denominational and inter-racial.

For the past six years, an Australian, the Rev. Peter Mathews, has been the Centre's executive secretary. His work there has given him some deep insights into the African situation, and a passionate concern that the West should not ignore it.

A speaker of distinction, Mr. Mathews will address a Public Meeting in the Union Hall, sponsored jointly by the S.C.M. and the History and Politics Club, on Friday, 19th April, at 1.10 p.m.



"Well, Easter is here again"

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SPORTS ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held in the UNION HALL at 1.10 p.m. on TUESDAY, 16th April, 1963

BUSINESS—

- Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held 17th April, 1962.
- General Secretary's Report for 1962.
- Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet for 1962.
- Election of Officers—
 - President.
 - Deputy President.
 - Hon. Treasurer.
 - Hon. Assistant Secretary.
- Announcement of—
 - Club Colours Committee representatives.
 - College representatives.
 - Club representatives.
 - Other representatives.
- Any Other Business.

H. SWALES SMITH
General Secretary

Students Dignity Integrity Respect

Dear Sir,
In the last "On Dit" there was a provocative article, headed, "Students: Dignity, Integrity, Respect", demanding greater student interest in extra-curricular activities and, in particular, a more responsible attitude towards matters of world-wide or local concern. It is, to say the least, a very poor reflection on students that some of their members should see fit to write such an exhortation.

However, one statement stands out because of its arrogance and plain foolishness; namely, that students are immersed in "a welter of trivia ranging from football to needlework". It is not being petty to pick out this remark for unfortunately it reflects a common attitude among students that sport or any sort of physical exertion is frivolous or even contemptible.

Unquestionably, the primary purpose of any University student should be to develop his mind and "his moral, political and social convictions" (to quote from the article), and therefore he should not let (say) football become his sole interest outside academic studies. But to say that football is "trivia" implies that we are wasting our time taking regular healthy exercise and that we should neglect our bodies to develop our minds and social consciences. This is a deplorable attitude if only for the reason that we are given fine bodies and we should therefore look after them; to a greater or lesser degree depending on our function in society. Needless to say, sport such as football is almost the only method available to a "Varsity student".

Arguing from the writer's premise that we should be preparing ourselves so that we can play our "future role as leaders, in the vanguard of society", it is only reasonable that now, while we still have a chance and are approaching the physical prime of life, we should lay down the foundations of a fit body which will stand us in good stead in the many years ahead. It is likely that students who played some sport would be more practical, more widely educated, and better balanced leaders than those who spend all their spare time in argument and discussion.

This letter should not be misconstrued as an apology for the great importance placed on sport by many "Varsity students and Australians in general, for Australians are probably neglecting their responsibilities to the rest of the world in so doing, even though there is a great deal to be said for sport being an end in itself. It is only an attack on the article's dismissal of sport as being trivia in the student's life.

Finally (answering the writer's concluding remark), I would suggest to him that many more students might receive considerably more respect, and not be "treated like a child" by people outside the University if they looked a little more healthy than they do now.

J. Counsell.

Never mind

Sir,
I see that you set up your typewriter, lit up a Rothman, and settled for a tirade on, well, not *exactly* student apathy, but something pretty close to it: so it came out as a twice propped yardstick—a pointed one. And you had a good wild jab, but sadly missed.

Quite evidently students, in your opinion, just don't measure up to these rather righteous standards, they don't command the position in the community which is rightly theirs. But, dear editor, I must say that on many counts *they do*. The very fact that business people will say, "Never mind, you'll soon grow out of it", is a heavy pointer to the fact that they do respect the integrity (certainly) and dignity (possibly) of far more individual students than you like to make out. They can successfully make their way in the world as adults among adults.

On the contrary, you say that: "Students here are treated largely as a lot of silly kids". And here, I must insist, we must use the distinction which *you* made, however accidentally; that is the phrase "students as a whole" which may be the key to the issue. "Students as a whole" has the implication of the student body, student politics, students' representative council, student protest meetings. In this body, I admit, there is little integrity, little dignity, little respect. And is this the student's fault? Oh, yes, it is; because he has chosen to be a student, to be one of a group of general far-outers. Has an Australian public ever raised such a body of extremists to their *rightful* position in the community? Indeed not. It regards the group with mild amusement, mild scorn, sometimes with mild anger.

Yes, the student body is undignified and unrespected, its integrity is scarcely shown. But, O Editor, leave the student's apathy and "trivia" out of this grievance.

Yours, etc.,
—Christopher D. Haynes.

Want a job?

Sirs,—This space devoted to cajoling students into editing the Adelaide University Magazine, may by now be described as perennial.

In 1961, students may remember, the SRC Executive made a noble attempt to lift a mismanaged Adelaide University Magazine off its bottom, to which inglorious position it had fallen by the absconding interstate of its Editor. In 1962, students may also remember a desperate plea for an Editor, appearing in the third issue of On Dit, — a prayer which, fortunately, was answered. In 1963, the position (again) has arisen where no nomination for position of Editor(s) of Adelaide University Magazine have yet been received by the Hon. Secretary of the SRC — notwithstanding the fact that nominations closed last Friday (29th).

Surely, Sir, at least one individual, from the 8,000 odd students from academically minded Adelaide University, has the ideas, imagination and personality, to produce such a magazine.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN O. WILLOUGHBY.
per pro Adelaide University Magazine.

Students . . .

Dear Sir,—It has recently come to my notice that University students are being forced to pay enormous sums of money—in one instance thirteen pounds—as fines for books borrowed from the Barr Smith Library and not returned on the prescribed date.

Two questions come to mind. Should University students, whose financial state should be well known to the authorities, be made to pay such a high price for their poor memories?

Also, why should Library Officials delay for so many weeks before notifying the oblivious borrower of his unreturned books and consequent enormous fine?

Freedom should not be abused, but until recently, the date of return was stamped only on the borrower's mind and this stamp fades quickly. Now that borrowing rules resemble those of other Libraries, why should not fines be equivalent also?

E. R. S.

. . . and others

Sirs,—I feel that the following motion passed at the last SRC Meeting on the 26th March will be both of interest and of some concern to all Adelaide University Students.

"This SRC
Notes that the professor of Architecture maintains in his department a library consisting of some hundreds of volumes belonging to the Barr Smith Library,
Considers that certain of these volumes are of value to students outside the Faculty of Architecture.

Believes that all duly enrolled students have the right of free access to books belonging to the Barr Smith Library.
Further believes that obstructions have been placed in the way of Students wishing to borrow the books referred to and therefore requests the Professor of Architecture to offer reasons to the SRC to show that its concern is unjustified."

The content of this motion was conveyed in a letter to the Professor of Architecture on 28th March, but as yet no reply to the substance of the Motion has been received.

Yours,
JOHN O. WILLOUGHBY.
Hon. Secretary, SRC.

. . . and yet others

Dear Sir and Madam,

No one would deny the Editors of a publication such as yours, the right to be partisan to some causes. Crusading Editors with intelligent biases have produced some of the best issues of On Dit in the past.

While it is absolutely right to express your opinions in the Editorial Column in an open manner, the use of covert tactics as in the attempt to discredit the letter by the Presidents of the Latvian, Lithuanian and Estonian Students' Clubs in On Dit, 28th March, should cease immediately.

Your conclusions about the non-student status of Siksa and Looke during 1961 and 1962 are false and your comment that the organizations that they represent are not registered with the SRC is irrelevant.

The main point of their letter was to re-affirm their earlier statement in "The Advertiser" that there were at least 150 students in the University who did not agree with the NUAUS resolution. This point of view may be at variance with the opinions of the Editors, but this gives no excuse for the Editors to resort to what appear to be underhand tactics of smear by implication in attacking an opponent.

Yours,
Don McNicol.

Pleasure—and disgust

Sirs,—Under the twin emotions of pleasure and disgust I write concerning the recent student meeting in the Union Hall relating to the R.S.L. and other matters.

My pleasure stems from what seemed to me to be the high level of argument and debate by proponents and opponents of the main motions submitted.

My disgust I reserve for those somewhat pathetic individuals, whose contributions consisted of hissing those with whom they disagreed and making slanderous sotto voce comments while speakers were trying to put their case. Unable or unwilling to contribute to rational debate, these rather vicious drones are worthy only of contempt.

Yours sincerely,
R. L. Reid.
Senior Lecturer in Politics.

Sir,
I wish to complain about the lack of good taste shown by the critics of the latest paintings in the refectory (On Dit, March 28th).

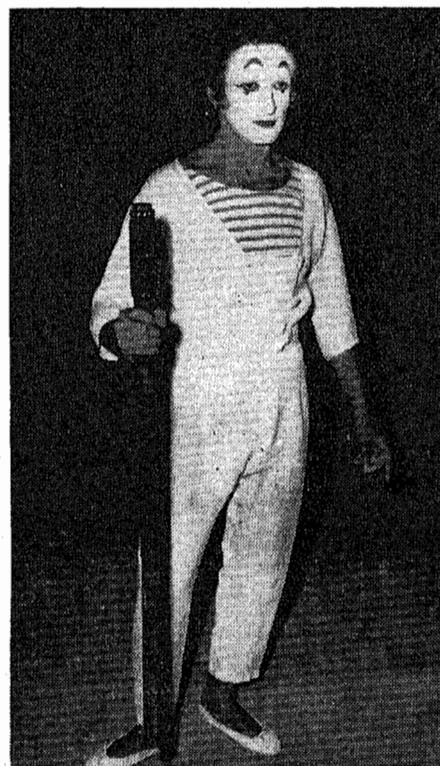
One may like or dislike a painting, whether its painter is green or yellow, polygamous or monogamous; but when a group of students of this university who, I am fairly sure, like to think of themselves as reasonably intelligent, begin espousing relevant art criticism with irrelevant matter, then they most surely set themselves up as creatures lacking in a certain fundamental grace. They are certainly witty and clever, they will most probably graduate with brilliant degrees, but amidst all the scintillation they will have to grab hold of one thing—taste. Theirs will remain contemptible.

—Virginia Nicholls.

MARCEL MARCEAU

By JACQUI DIBDEN

A good musical com. is what Adelaide likes and of course ballee is always luvly; satire on the other hand is strictly for the birds unless seasoned with a little song and dance to make it more palatable. Perhaps this is why French mime artist, Marcel Marceau, last week gave brilliant performances to near empty houses. It was a crying shame, but it seems unavoidable—Marceau's brand of subtle humour is not everyone's plate of spaghetti. Watching a man performing on a bare stage without the aid of properties or elaborate costumes is a purely intellectual pleasure and apparently was not enjoyed (or understood) by many.



Marcel Marceau
and "Brigadier"


other by a stamp of the foot. The audience was never told whose part was being represented but by the different facial expressions and postures adopted this was revealed.

Unfortunately these subtle changes were completely missed by Mr. de B—— and his criticism led Marceau to cut much of the scene.

For those people who raised enough interest to go along to see Marcel Marceau it was a rewarding experience. One would think that watching one man perform for two hours in dead silence (except for occasional background music) would be rather monotonous. Far from it: into those two hours, Marceau packed an enormous variety of amusing and thought-provoking entertainment. Some acts were purely exercises in style, such as "Walking against the Wind" and "The Staircase" where the artist created an illusion of movement which fascinated and intrigued the audience. There was broad comedy in the "Circus" (where Marceau somehow made us believe he was precariously walking a tight-rope miles above our heads) and "Big Lion Tamer" in which the audience tangled their tonsils. Other purple patches were the Gossip, talking with his lions to jump through a hoop. Other purple patches were the gossip talking and knitting at machine gun speed, and the sculptor chipping away so energetically at a statue that he demolished the whole thing. But the humour was not always so light-hearted; in one scene we see a man imprisoned in a cage whose walls close in gradually upon him. With a great effort he escapes joyfully, only to find yet another cage enclosing him. This might be considered a chilling comment on man's imprisonment in society and the impossibility of true freedom.

Contrary to the normal theatrical practice of saving the funniest scene to the end so that the audience is sent away happy, Marceau ended with a rather macabre piece. "The Masks' Maker" started out as an exercise in rapid changes of facial expression but changed quickly to tragedy; the masks' maker, trying on his different wares, finds to his horror that he is unable to remove one of the masks. It seems that he is to be condemned to spend his life behind the perpetually grinning mask of Comedy. It is in this scene that the brilliance of Marceau is fully revealed, for he shows the desperation of the trapped man while maintaining the fixed expression of the mask. When at last the mask is pried off it reveals a face completely stripped of all pretence, the face of a dead man.

Marceau was not afraid in his show to mix comedy with tragedy, broad humour with the pathetic and macabre. The result was not only extremely entertaining, but, more important, it made people THINK.



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JUDO: THE GENTLE ART

Next Saturday, the Australian National Judo Titles are being held in the Adelaide Town Hall. In this article well-known University Judo personality, J. B. Revalk, explains the history of Judo and some of its fundamentals.

The word Judo has been, and still is, used abortively in many instances. Therefore, we feel it important to briefly outline its history and main aims involved.

The true sport of Judo originated in Japan, where it took the place of many fighting methods generally grouped together under the term Ju-Jitsu. In the late middle ages Ju-Jitsu degenerated so much, and the exhibitions became so rough that the more educated person turned away in disgust from these cruel and blood-thirsty exhibitions. However, in 1880, a man by the name of Kano, who was of slender build himself, saw the great moral, psychological and physical values that were hidden in this Ju-Jitsu, provided the whole system could be brought under control and its poorer properties eliminated. He proceeded in developing a competitive sport using the less dangerous movements of Ju-Jitsu, and putting them into a system of strict rules and etiquettes.

The basic principle used in Ju-Jitsu was to throw one's attacker using as little force as possible. This principle of "Ju" he developed into much greater detail, so although basically many of his movements were the same as in Ju-Jitsu, there were sufficiently great differences for him to call his sport Judo, instead of Ju-Jitsu.

At this stage it may be helpful to translate the words Ju-Jitsu and Judo. Ju-Jitsu consists of two words—"Ju", meaning soft, gentle or, in general, going with the force instead of against it, "Jitsu", meaning a method. Ju-Jitsu, therefore, means a method by which one could eliminate an attacker of much greater force by simply going with that attacker's force, push or punch. A number of throwing techniques were used, as well as hits and kicks in the weaker parts of the body, such as eyes, knee-caps, etc. Judo has the same word "Ju" in its structure, indicating that the same principle of going with the force is used. "Do" means

way, indicating that it is much more than just an art of throwing each other. In fact, it is almost a way of life where one tries not to fight against overpowering difficulties, but rather to quietly float along with the force of one's troubles and examine ways and methods of overcoming them.

It has to be clearly understood that in Judo force and power are used in order to defeat an opponent. However, this force should be applied at the right moment so that a maximum result can be obtained. With inexperienced judoers, force will often take the place of correct technique. It is interesting to note that generally speaking smaller men are technically better in Judo than the heavier ones, simply because small men have never been able to use their strength, as it was always insufficient, while the big men have always, of course, been able to gain points by overcoming their lack of technique by using a little more than should be allowed.

Judo has taken a great flight in the western world, where many people realize the shallowness of modern life, and, consequently of quite a few modern sports. In recent years World Championships in Judo were held, and it is interesting to note that last year, for the first time in history, a westerner obtained the world's crown, which, up till then, had been hidden in the land of the Rising Sun. 1964 should indeed be an extremely interesting year to study Judo as interpreted by all the various countries in the world. No doubt some very interesting variations will show up, the reason being that in 1964 Judo, for the first time in its history, will take its place together with other sports in the Olympic Games to be held in Tokyo. Due to the fact that skilled training in Judo takes quite a long time, these 1963 Australian Titles will be very strong indicators to the possible Australian representatives for Tokyo in 1964.



Women collect fresh water from a locomotive at a small station. (Illegal.)

3RD CLASS TRAINS IN INDIA

This article was written by one of the Indian Delegation in the Experiment for International Living, 1962-63.

It is night.

In a packed 3rd class railway compartment with a peregrinated atmosphere of stale air, dust, stale clothes, poor quality tobacco, and the smell of a near-by toilet. I try to settle down for a night's sleep on the seats or luggage racks. But do I sleep?

In the next compartment a woman tries to pacify two crying children; on the floor in front of her an old man clears his throat with a loud guttural sound, snorts, then swallows. Opposite a young villager sits cross-legged and decides to have his evening meal. He churns his rice, vegetables and curry with his dirty fingers before eating it. The more he churns, the more the air smells of stale food. By the dirty window, another villager chews betel nut, making his lips look bloody.

I finally settle down to sleep on the corridor floor with my head no more than 6 inches away from someone's feet, and my legs stretched under a seat.

At 2 a.m.—disturbance. The train has stopped at a station. The high-pitched cry of hawkers selling eats and drinks at the compartment windows fills the air while railway coolies, who carry passengers' luggage, barge in and dump luggage in such a manner that I am forced to crouch up.

3 a.m.—disturbance again, someone accidentally steps on my face during a vain attempt to reach "that" toilet.

These are typical experiences of mine whilst travelling in India's 3rd class trains.

Third class train travel is quite cheap by Australian standards — however, although they run fairly efficiently, the conditions for travel are by no means the same. India is still in the age of steam engines, and consequently one gets absolutely filthy.

Being a student, travel was by the cheapest means. In the case of the railways this meant 3rd class, which, in turn, meant that I travelled amongst the common folk. This in itself was valuable in that I learnt more of typical India.

With India's teeming millions, the railways have plenty of passengers, so much so that the Indian government makes a large profit each year.

Sleeping bags, as we know them, don't exist. The Indians instead have what they call bed rolls. These resemble a canvas-covered mattress with blankets, and take up a tremendous amount of room. At the same time, all other belongings go into huge tin trunks. Consequently luggage adds to the crowded confusion. One gets used to stepping over luggage in order to get in and out of the compartment.

A common characteristic of many Indians in never to board the train till it starts moving, sometimes leads to confusion. Once I remember a compartment overflowed and several Indians hung precariously (yet casually) by window and door hand rails all the way to the next station.

Eating and drinking on trains is sometimes a risk. One gets so used to seeing filthy conditions for eating and drinking that one becomes immune to it, and decides that it is no use starving and finishes up eating and drinking in the same manner. If you drink ordinary water at small railway stations you are likely to catch dysentery; so you try to have tea or coffee because it has been boiled. However, you are given a cup which has been used by other Indians and which is then dipped into a bucket of cold, dirty water (if you're lucky a finger is run quickly round the edge) and passed to you with a finger sticking down inside.

This problem of picking up germs from other people is less if you buy a cup of tea in a clay cup that has never been used before; however, later I blew into an empty one and received an eyeful of dust!

I found the Indians very courteous and friendly. Frequently they offered me their food; I was obliged to take it, because the Indians consider it somewhat an insult if you don't accept their offer; however, when you do eat what they offer (sometimes with great difficulty), they think you love it, so they give you more.

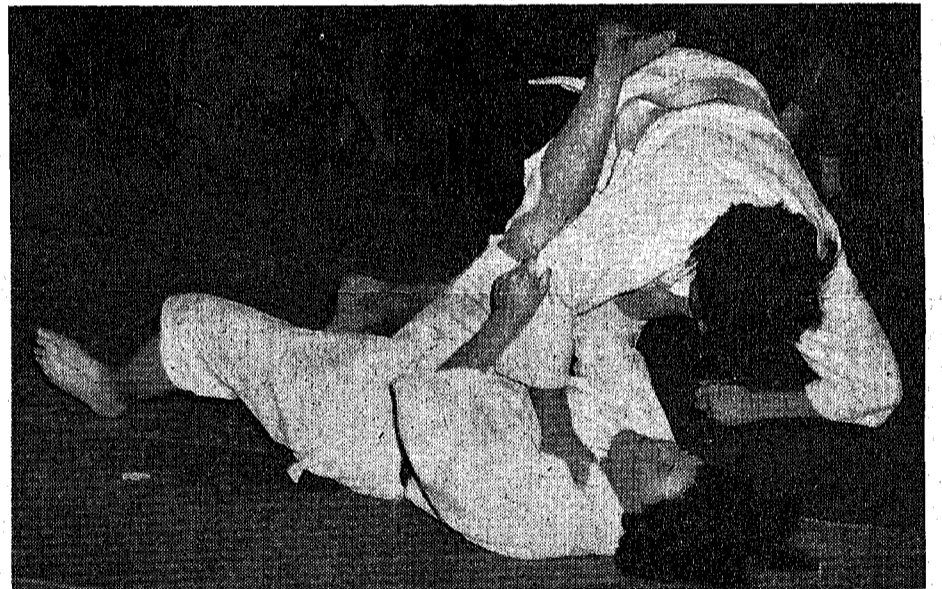
Many laws in India are not enforced. Ticketless travel is quite common. Beggars seem to do this frequently — they come into the compartment, sing a song asking God to help them, then expect money. People give to them despite notices in the compartment saying that such practices are illegal and must be reported.

Similarly compulsory primary education is not enforced. Primary school boys earn money by travelling on trains as shoe cleaners. They push into the compartment with their dirty bags of worn-out brushes and poor quality polish, find a place on the floor if possible, right in front of you, take everything out, and look at you plaintively. After seeing them go through such preparation you feel obliged to let them clean your shoes.

Almost everywhere in India railway road crossing gates are hand controlled. The Indians make sure that the gates are closed in time, so much so that sometimes you have to wait as much as 20-30 minutes for the train to come. The Indians don't particularly mind—they are in no hurry.

Third class train travel in India is an experience within itself and an experience which no one should miss when visiting India. Despite the few hardships (which sometimes make it all the more interesting) the people are in general (especially those who can speak English) very courteous, friendly, casual, willing to help, and interesting.

I can assure you—it's fun, and most rewarding.



BADMINTON

Enthusiasts in this field of sport are enchanted this year—we find we have more new members from the Australian as well as the overseas students.

This sport has in the past been one-sided—we have had as much as 90 per cent. overseas student membership. However, this year there have been a large number of Australian students joining the club; as many have joined the club as overseas students. By so doing they have greatly improved the prospects of the club for the coming year.

Attendances at practices have naturally improved, but for those who have not visited us at the Congregational Church Hall, Brougham Place, North Adelaide (next to St. Ann's) on Monday and Thursday nights (7.30-10.30) and Saturday afternoon (2 to 5), please do so this week—my committee and I will be looking forward to seeing you.

Badminton is still an entirely new sport in South Australia—in Melbourne, however, the game has reached the State-wide level. Tremendous enthusiasm has caused an eruption of competitive matches and championships; it should not be long before the sport catches on here, too.

So, men and women of the University, come along and learn the sport—we are willing to teach you.

The club is still trying to fill the following teams:

1. Teams of men and women for the Interschool Championships in Sydney.
2. An "A" grade team to compete in the S.A. League matches.
3. Entries for University Handicap Championships.

Please put your names in the appropriate column on the University Sports Association notice board.

George Lew.

INDIAN SEMINAR

George Murray Lounge
Thursday, 18th April, 7.30 p.m.

An informal discussion will be led
by the 1962 delegation

ALL WELCOME

pith and wind

It has come of late to my attention that certain authors of On Dit articles tend to use grandiloquent language. I would like to address them here with your permission if possible.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

I hope, sir, that your readers will mark my words.

camps and . . .

Tony Coombe, in his front page article in the last edition of On Dit, took exception to the way in which SRC Freshers' Camps are conducted. He held that they were rigidly supervised, and only served to perpetuate the immaturity of new students attending them rather than to give them responsibility and to make them face up to the problems which will confront this generation. In particular he took exception to the fact that alcoholic liquor was verboten and that there was a curfew. The President of the SRC, Mr. John R. Slee, when asked to comment, gave an answer which was largely governed by his desire to appear respectable. This is the inevitable result of his position. If the SRC were to allow beer at Freshers' Camps, or if its President were to say that there would be nothing wrong with it, the immediate result would be an acrimonious correspondence between the SRC and parents and the subsequent demise of Freshers' Camps. Parents, being largely obstinate and narrow-minded, would simply not let their children go to them. Similarly, if it were SRC policy that there should be ample opportunity for free intercourse between the sexes at all hours of the day and night, parents of first year students would keep their beloved virgin offspring at home. Public opinion may be up the creek, but it exerts a considerable influence all the same—an influence which cannot be disregarded.

It has already been stated that the SRC President's comment, which appears elsewhere in this edition, is governed by the necessity of appearing respectable in the eyes of parents. That does not mean to say that it is his private opinion or the private opinion of the members of the SRC. I cannot claim to speak on behalf of that body, but I feel sure that it would be perfectly prepared to have freshers at freshers' camps introduced to the problems of alcohol and sex. I was at two of these camps and when asked by timid students just out of school what was the attitude of the SRC I made bold to tell them that the SRC did not care what they did so long as their parents did not find out.

At freshers' camps the SRC does its utmost to get students out of the school rut.

It makes a concerted effort to destroy prejudices and make students think about other problems than their own personal comfort. I can say authoritatively that this year they did an excellent job. The intelligence and maturity shown by the freshers was a very pleasant surprise. I do not wish to say that the prevailing attitude in this University of I'm all right Jack is not to be deplored. The narrow-mindedness of the majority of Adelaide University students would give any thinking person mental claustrophobia in a week. But don't blame it on Freshers' Camps. They do their best to destroy it.

the S.R.C.

The article in your last "On Dit," "Students: Dignity, Integrity, Respect," written by Mr. Tony Coombe and printed on the front page, has raised heated comment from students defending students, from students defending dignity, etc., from football lovers and fresher-enthusiasts and from President John R. Slee.

President Slee, in an exclusive interview, told your "On Dit" reporter that while agreeing with the first half of the article, he found the second an example of the apathy it condemned, and hoped the Opinion article "We're freshers, so what" was sufficient refutation of Mr. Coombe's claims.

This second half, in Mr. Slee's opinion, was both misinformed and irresponsible, irresponsibility shown particularly in the recommendation of liquor for the freshers. The general impression given Mr. Slee from freshers returning from the camps was that they were certainly not treated like children. The camps, he added, were run for maximum reward "within the terms of respectability, which I suppose to Mr. Coombe is a dirty word."

If Mr. Coombe's suggestions were to be taken seriously the results, Mr. Slee told us, would be completely irresponsible; to equate the earlier admirable sentiments of the article with the conduct of freshers' camps gave no useful results.

As a punch line, Mr. Slee remarked that Mr. Coombe had attended only one evening of each camp, and that an evening when the freshers were watching a play and there was no other activity. This attendance, Mr. Slee rebuked us in parting, was "quite insufficient to catch the spirit of the camps."

And so to defence and football.

rude

There is a gentleman in the Front Office at this University who is particularly rude and annoying. He is at least as rude and annoying as the ladies in the Postmaster-General's Department who tell one to "hold the line" before one has said anything, or who say "just a moment" when one is half way through a sentence. A little less rude and annoying is the lady in the Refectory servery who snarls, "Yes, please" at the captive customers. If there were prizes for the rudest and most annoying, however, it would be most unfair if the gentleman from the Front Office were not placed either first or equal first, for he has developed to the nth degree the quality which all of these ladies and gentlemen have in common, namely, the abuse of a petty official position for personal self-aggrandisement, at the expense of the customer. He is particularly good at it and it would be a shame if his talent went unrecognized.

"deepen the bond"

On speaking to several people, I was very surprised at the rather half-hearted way in which most Australians greet the proposed U.S.A. radio base at Learmonth, N.W. Australia. In my opinion, it is one of the best things that could happen to Australia, for two important reasons; firstly, it will strengthen our defence machine, and secondly, it will deepen the bond between the U.S.A. and Australia to our ultimate advantage.

It is becoming increasingly more evident that Indonesia is being supplied with nuclear armament and that, should war break out, the Communists in Indonesia would be in a very good position to toss a few rockets our way. The question now arises, are we strong enough to toss a few back? Judging by two articles which appeared in the "News", March 27th: "Realism in our Defence" by William Olsen, and one by the Defence Minister, Mr. Townley, we are not. Mr. Olsen's article carried the stirring subtitle, "Industry is Behind Every Bayonet", and went on assuringly to say that in the event of war: "Mr. X will know who will receive his order for ball-bearings and Mr. Y, that Mr. B's factory can manufacture tank treads." Not nuclear warheads and missile fuel, but ball-bearings and tank treads. Reading the articles one finds oneself wondering if Australia is being stocked for a possible II or III World War. This was the same type of reasoning which resulted in thousands of British soldiers being trained in the use of the bayonet, a weapon "entirely useless except for opening tins" in the 1939 war.

Although man-power will be important in the event of war, it will no longer be the deciding factor in a country's defence. There is no doubt that the next war, should it come, will be a nuclear one and a country's survival will depend upon its nuclear armament. Mr. Olsen wandered "aimlessly and endlessly" around the point without ever saying anything concrete about it. He informs no one in particular that missiles are really very expensive to build and adds in a vaguely horrified tone that "the American tax-payer digs deep to pay 15 million pounds each time an Atlas V ICBM is fired." He then wanders off on another tack and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions, most of which are not very reassuring. Mr. Townley doesn't even mention the subject which is perhaps even more significant. Both articles show how inadequate our defence machine is. Australia will definitely need nuclear assistance both now, in peace time, to help us with our own research and in the event of war, and she can get it not from Britain but from the U.S.A. America has become to the world in 1960 what Britain was in 1940. The general attitude is to rely upon the U.S.A.

This attitude is dangerous in that it brings about a state of false security. It is becoming increasingly more obvious that America does not want to set itself up as general protector of the people. How else are we to interpret America's tendency to disengage itself from South-East Asia? It disregarded Indonesia's war-like prelude to the U.N. occupation of West New Guinea, turned its back on Laos and totally absolved itself from the Malaysia dispute, pointing out again and again that it was Britain's affair. In the light of this, how secure is Australia in its near-total reliance upon the U.S.A. for its defence?

However secure we may have been, we will not be helping ourselves or the U.S.A. by opposing this proposed radio base.

If we do, we may as well close the door forever upon future co-operation with America in our defence.

. . . is it any wonder, my friends?

Brig-Gen. Latief Hendraningrat asked this plaintive question many times on Friday, 22nd March, as he invited 350 students to indulge in a little of the rationalisation revolutionaries and their militant corps have found so effective, and so necessary, in the last 50 years. The Brigadier, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Indonesian Parliament, was speaking on behalf of an Indonesian Peace Delegation. ("Our mission is a mission of peace and goodwill"), consisting of himself, a Mrs. Jo Chaerul Saleh (wife of the Deputy First Minister and leader in her own right of the Indonesian Women's Union), and a Mr. Suroto, editor of "Antara" (the Indonesian News Agency) and leader of the delegation.

That the delegation was here at the invitation of The Australian Peace Committee was cause for some initial suspicion, all of which was justified by ensuing events. The rather precious S.R.C. luncheon before the meeting was sufficient to prepare one for the Union Hall Fiasco. A cornered Mr. Suroto hedged furiously when closely questioned on the freedom of the Indonesian press. After five minutes of preliminary sparring a direct question produced an evasive, but significant reply: "Do you ever find yourself at variance with government policy or propaganda, and if so, what is your attitude as displayed in the press?" The answer:

opinion

"We are in the middle of a revolution (a recurrent phrase), and in a revolution we must all work together, and so we must have what we call 'One Voice', and so there is no conflict." Several other questions around this aria produced only slight variations on a theme. However, we did manage to discover an interesting fact via the following minut:

Qu.: "How is 'Antara' run?"
A.: "Oh, 'Antara' is a commission."
Qu.: "Who is on that commission?"
A.: "Oh, various people from all walks of life."
Qu.: "Who appoints them?"
A.: "All as I say we are in a revolution, so it is all one, One Voice."
Qu.: "That is, the Government appoints them?"
A.: "You put it that way."
Qu.: "Could you name some people on the commission?"
A.: "Oh! our President for one. . . ."

The Brigadier's speech proved to be just as evasive, humorous and frightening. After a few standard visitors' platitudes (your lovely city, etc.), the Brigadier gave the game away in the first few minutes. No one demanded, enjoined or even asked that the Brigadier explain Indonesia's capers; his topic was Australian-Indonesian relations; however, for 35 minutes he insisted on burdening us with justification, apology, assurance and covenant.

He began by outlining "Indonesia's struggle against feudalism" and subsequent achievement of "full nationhood". "We wanted to show the world that we are not a nation of coolies, or a coolie among nations". And so, "Is it any wonder, my friends, that we want to be an independent nation?" and so "After 350 years the Indonesian people have stood up for freedom and independence. . . ." Despite this familiar Communist terminology, all this could be accepted.

However, when the Brigadier launched into the rather shaky subject of foreign policy, he inspired less confidence. Take West Irian: "In 1948 we made a treaty with the Dutch in which it is said the Dutch will transfer sovereignty of all Netherlands East India including West Irian. But not all is transferred." (My doubts about this treaty were confirmed by the Brigadier himself when he said that Indonesia had "claimed West Irian for many years" and hence per se (he took longer) it was theirs.) He continued "we want a peaceful settlement. . . . But in 1962 . . . well, we say this is too much. But we are still not using force, but we mobilise our forces who voluntarily had applied for admission . . . we drop our guerrillas to make preparations to land. But then an agreement is reached. We and the Dutch had reached an agreement . . . a peaceful settlement." Those few sceptics unconvinced by this double think were damned to silence by the evident (and abundant) sincerity of the Brigadier's plea: "We have not been aggressive. I am really sorry everything has been distorted in the papers."

On Indonesia's internal politics and the notorious "Guided Democracy", the argument was equally thin and equally unconvincing. Soekarno's rise to absolute power was explained thus: "The President was a constitutional president and cabinet elected from major political parties until 1959. But what happened was president on one side, as leader of the people, and parliamentary leaders on the other side. And so we have dualism — no progress — some deviating from principles of revolution until 1959. So we must re-discover the path of revolution, and so the Assembly, which meets every four years, give the President full mandate!" Hence: "President Soekarno is not only leader of the State, but is considered by our people as leader of the revolution." Then came a classic: ". . . some of those opposing us say Soekarno is a dictator. This is not true — he is the central figure."

Much of the rest of this speech would make excellent material, unadulterated, for the '63 revue, if only it were not so alarming. One section on Indonesian Foreign Policy with regard to Australia made a frightening reality out of press platitudes about Australia's nakedness: "Say, just say — and I give this only as an example — say Indonesia wanted to invade Australia. Your army is so much bigger (2 million to 30,000), and Australia is so big. What would we do without it? And we are so under-developed, and you have so much heavy industry. . . ." All these seemed to your sceptical correspondent to be excellent reasons for invading Australia.

Let a few quotations fill out this rather dubious picture. "You ask if our peace committee is 'private enterprise'. It is, but the government supports us. That is the difference." On Malaysia (in answer to a rightly indignant, but eventually frustrated Dr. Leifer). "Plans? We have no plans. I would like to blame the press" (who wouldn't?). "There is nothing . . . it was a battle of words. That situation explained by our friend will not eventuate, I hope. There will be no war." (My next door neighbour mumbled something about "Tell it to Chamberlain.") On her army: "Yes, we have a big army. We have had so many rebels. We need it to protect our freedom." The Brigadier still seemed unsure of our unqualified conviction, and sought to calm our passions. "So there is no tension. I am glad to be here . . . because I can explain to you it was nothing. . . ." "Is it any wonder, my friends. . . ."



. . . after!

With the magnanimous approval of the S.R.C., the Australian Red Cross Society will hold a Blood Donor Campaign at the University on Tuesday and Wednesday, 23rd and 24th April.

At about this time, many students—actually about two thousand—will recall the conditions and issues associated with the Campaign '62. However, material is at hand which indicates that next year's reminiscences will be of a different nature. For example; the Society's Red Cross van—which will be situated outside the refectories by the black boards will be manned (sic) by two beautiful young girls. To this effect, I have had personal assurance.

Enrolment necessarily involves dictating one's name and the relevant particulars about oneself (phone no., sex, etc.) to an aforementioned young blonde/brunette.

All this being very pleasant, especially for the males, one would continue by enquiring as to what becoming a Blood Donor entails. As a Donor myself may I answer that a half-hour is required three times a year for a painless operation, during which one donates one pint of blood.

And all this still being rather pleasant, one may properly ask "What is the REWARD?"

The reward is the inner satisfaction and contentment of knowing that YOU are benefiting someone—something worthwhile. We know that those who enrol will be moved only by an unselfish desire to perform a worthwhile and public-spirited service.

Yet one must not forget one's pint of beer; an honorarium for such services.