

## DEGREES OF REASON

In a few days this University will confer on the Rt. Hon. R.G. Menzies an *ad eundem* Doctorate of Laws. We all have cause, then, to make some enquiry about the status of Mr. Menzies as a thinker, as a handler of ideas. To be fair, our enquiry must be directed to that subject of practical reason to which Mr. Menzies himself professes pre-eminent devotion. Such a subject is easily identified.

For Mr. Menzies "the greatest moral hope, the greatest inspirational hope of the world", is what he persists in calling the British Commonwealth of Nations. He said as much only two weeks ago at Leeds, after receiving another honorary Doctorate of Laws. Furthermore, he chose to preface the collection of his speeches and writings, which he published in 1958, with three long disquisitions on the Commonwealth. But just what does this thinker contribute to our understanding of so momentous a subject?

To read Mr. Menzies on the matter of this Commonwealth is to be at once elated by an easy mastery of language and oppressed by a strange obscurity of thought. Many thousands of words flow by, but we never ascend from the plane of metaphor.

"... the British Commonwealth ... is more than a group of friendly powers. It is more than a series of concerted economic interests. It is and must be a living thing—not a corpse under the knife of the constitutional dissectors. ... What began as a splendid adventure ... grew into a proud brotherhood. When the Commonwealth ceases to be an inner feeling as well as an external association, virtue will have gone out of it."

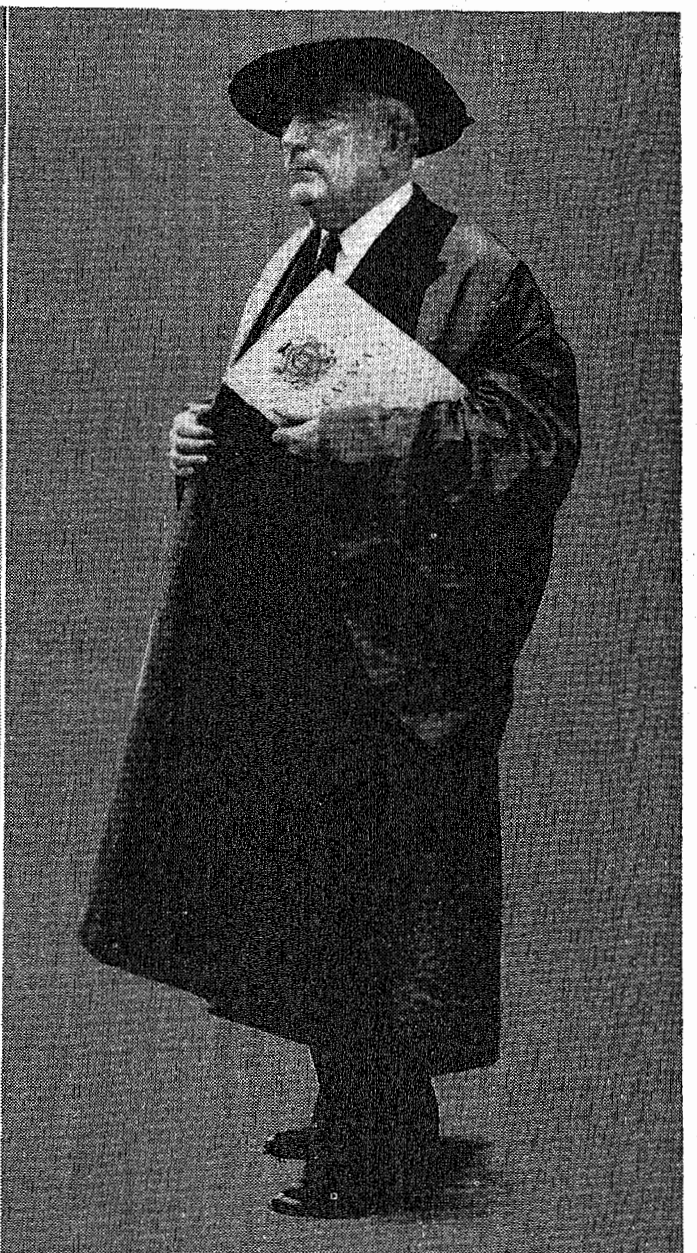
What can this mean? What does it mean to Mr. Menzies? It means a "love for and ... pride in the land of our birth and those other lands to which our fathers of old went with light and liberty." It means, he says, his home in Victoria, the English countryside, King George's Jubilee, Churchill at Chequers, Australian soldiers at Tobruk, Parliament at Cape Town, lawyers at Melbourne, Bradman at Lords.

"It means a tang in the air; a touch of salt on the lips, a little pulse, that beats and shall beat; a decent pride; the sense of a continuing city ... a spirit, a proud memory, a confident prayer, courage for the future."

That is what the British Commonwealth meant to Mr. Menzies when he delivered a lecture in the Bonython Hall in 1950. To define it further he refused: "a plague take such notions", he said, repudiating any talk of "an integral association of free and equal nations" or "friendship, or alliance, or pact". Six years were to pass before the real complexity of Mr. Menzies' thought was made manifest, in two articles written for "The Times". In these articles Mr. Menzies revealed his understanding of the concept of the Commonwealth before 1948:

"It was not envisaged as a loose and friendly but purely functional association. The notion of the Crown and a common allegiance ran through it like a rod of steel, creating unity out of diversity."

We shall search in vain, though, for any clarity in Mr. Menzies' exposition of the post-war Commonwealth. The only hints are in the words "our functional association ... divided in structure,



though still associated in function". Indeed, he appears to call the Commonwealth "a merely functional" association. The only function specified by Mr. Menzies is that of information and consultation:

"I would courteously suggest that one text might be boldly printed in every Department in London, New Delhi, Canberra, and the other Seats of Government—'Will any decision I am today contemplating affect some other nation of the Commonwealth? If so have I informed or consulted it?'"

But June, 1956, was to become November, 1956. Egypt, which has "begun by violating the first principle of International Law" (a principle so basic that most international lawyers have still to reach it in their merely academic diggings), demonstrated its own wickedness by defending itself when attacked, thereby inviting the solicitous attentions of Britain and France. About these attentions, as the Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs remarked,

"There was no consultation ... with other members of the Commonwealth, and, no advance information that this important action, for better or for worse, was about to be taken."

But for Mr. Menzies, Britain was "not at fault at all".

"Effective consultation (and I say 'effective' because a mere 'form of consultation' would have been quite useless) would plainly have occupied considerable time. ..."

Look what a strange thing has happened: the primary requirement of "information and consultation" about every decision has become a watery request for "effective consultation" in "normal circumstances". Those who assemble to hear Mr. Menzies at the 1961 Commemoration will sympathise with his comment that "we are not living in an academic world". They will be flattered too, because in this language "academic" means "correct and honest, but inconvenient".

So far we have observed a mountain of rhetoric which after years of labour brought forth the ridiculous mouse of consultation and information, a mouse that quickly had its tail cut off with the carving knife of expediency. We look to 1961 in order to comprehend the full futility of these shifty posturings.

On March 19, 1961, Mr. Menzies said, "I make no secret of my own view. I wanted to keep South Africa in". In the same breath he also said:

"One reason that Dr. Verwoed had in mind did him great credit. That was if in some way or other his application had been agreed to, he would have remained in and divided his colleagues. ... Rather than expose the rest of us to that risk he decided to remove his application and remove that possibility."

Why, then, did Mr. Menzies want to "keep South Africa in", knowing the "risk"? How did Mr. Menzies reconcile South Africa with his "inner feeling" as well as the "external association"? What pride had he in South Africa? What "light and liberty" did he discern in South Africa? How was it that Mr. Menzies felt a "true brotherhood" with the man who said, "As the Commonwealth becomes more and more non-white, we are not at home in the Commonwealth any more"? Did Mr. Menzies feel that we share with South Africa "an unquenchable sense of common destiny and common duty and common instinct"? Could he have imagined that a Commonwealth that included South Africa would be imbued with "one equal temper of heroic hearts"? The very words are his, for we are demanding of Mr. Menzies no sentiment that he has not himself volunteered, no opinion that he has not himself proclaimed.

It stretches credulity too far to suppose that Mr. Menzies thought that quasi-legal reasonings about "matters of domestic policy" would satisfy those who, like Mr. Deifenbaker, feel the policy of *apartheid* to be "a horrible policy". For as Mr. Menzies has said, "Our true brotherhood must be a matter of feeling and not merely a matter of thought". If Mr. Menzies' views on the Commonwealth are to be credited with any rational content, we are forced to presume that Mr. Menzies continues, on his own part, to feel a true brotherhood with South Africa. His knowledge of the economic and social circumstances of the community is apparently so profound that his moral sensibilities can remain unaffected:

"My objection to the policy of apartheid is in simple terms—that in my opinion it won't work."

But we honour him.



an analysis  
by  
Lyn Marshall

- Friday, April 7th—  
**Aquinas Society.** Meeting 7.30 p.m. Miss Clare Milazzo will speak on U.C.F.A. 8.00 p.m. Rev. Fr. Jerence, C.P., an authority on the Dead Sea Scrolls, will show slides of the Holy Land.  
**Anglican Society.** Corporate Communion.  
**Seventh Day Adventist Students' Society.** Address by Prof. C. D. Judd, President of S.A. Conference. Anna Menz Room, 1.15 p.m.  
**Malayan Students' Association.** Informal Dance. 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Wills Refectory.  
 Saturday, April 8th—  
**Masquers Dramatic Society.** Masquerade: Dancing—Wills Refectory—8-11.30 p.m. Masks on sale at door. Admission 3/6.  
**A.U.D.S.** Drama classes commence at 10 p.m. Director, Dr. K. Thompson.  
 Sunday, April 9th—  
**Agricultural Science Students' Association.** Picnic at National Park.  
**Aquinas Society.** Day of Recollection at Mercedes Convent, Fullarton Road, beginning 10 a.m. Mass 4.30 p.m. Bring lunch—afternoon tea provided.  
 Monday, April 10th—  
**Radio Club.** 7.45 p.m. in Chapman Lecture Theatre, Electrical Engineering Building. Film: "Special Quality Wares".  
 Tuesday, April 11th—  
**International Club.** 1.15 p.m. Dr. H. Kinlock: "U.S. Policies in S.E. Asia".  
 Wednesday, April 12th—  
**Law Students' Society.** Smoke Social. Address by Q.C.  
**S.C.M.** Evening Meeting. 7.30 p.m. in Lady Symon Hall. Speaker: Rev. Abbot.  
**Agricultural Science Students' Association.** Meeting.  
**E.U.** Bible Study. "Twice Born." (Facts or Fiction series, conducted by Rev. Burrow.)  
 Thursday, April 13th—  
**A.U.D.S.** Play reading (Ionesu, Fry, Macleish, Socraty, Anouith, Shakespeare). 7.30 p.m. in Anna Menz Room.  
**Anglican Society.** Tutorial: Redemption.  
 Friday, April 14th—  
**Anglican Society.** Corporate Communion.  
**Seventh Day Adventist Students' Society.** Address by Prof. S. Wood: "The River of Damascus". Anna Menz Room, 1.15 p.m.  
 Saturday, April 15th—  
**Science Association.** "Blue Street Cabaret", 8 p.m. 6/- single at S.R.C.  
 Sunday, April 16th—  
**National Union of Australian Jewish Students.** Symposium: "Place of Religion in Society".  
 Monday, April 17th—  
**University Music Society.** The Elder String Quartet to play Haydn, Sommer. Harold Fairhurst, Clement Leslie to play Sonata for Violin and Piano by Bax.

TIDES

**International Student Photography Contest,** open until December 31, 1961. Subjects: "Student Life" and "The Society in which we live". Further details from the Editors.  
**International Student Photography Contest,** open until April 15, 1961. Further details from the Editors.

ON DIT

On Dit is edited by Will Baynes, Des Cooper, and John Finnis.  
 On Dit is published by the Students' Representative Council of the University of Adelaide.  
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 The staff of On Dit at present includes Elisabeth Austin, Heinz Koneczalla, Des Owens, Marian Quartly, Bill Skyvington, Sandra Von der Borsch, Adrian Mitchell, David Combe and Shaughn Disney.  
 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, April 20, 1961, closes on Friday, April 14.  
 The Editors are also looking for more members for the On Dit staff, reporters and sub-editors. Freshers, among others, are invited to apply for these positions.

In the New Yorker last January appeared the statement, "To President Kennedy we extend the appalling burden of our hopes".

Indeed, the Americans have given to Kennedy the responsibility of all the hopes Eisenhower was unable to sustain. In Kennedy they have found the power of leadership Eisenhower lost over the years.

America, tough, independent America, is demanding strength, stability and action not asked for in fifteen years. Twenty-seven years ago Roosevelt gave them this action, and after his death came fifteen years' slow growth of the contrived complacency which today terrifies Democratic America. Hoover had had no cause for complacency, but he had been dreadfully inactive. Eisenhower in fact had little cause, yet Nixon's campaign opened firmly, "The United States is at an all-time high", and he repeated this like a beautifully elocuted but cracked gramophone record till his defeat. Once again, now Democratic action is sweeping across the stubble of Republican apathy. History would seem to be repeating itself.

Kennedy, of course, is making a conscious effort to emphasise this repetition. Roosevelt was an ideal and an idol. Many hated him and still do, but his name had and has magic. It is in reflection of the famous "F.D.R." that Kennedy's press is prompting us persistently with "J.F.K."

Roosevelt was a Democrat too, and physically young too. And mentally dazzlingly young against the grey gravity of poor disillusioned Hoover. The Americans were tired of Hoover, ridiculed him, wrote cynical musicals about him—he symbolised the depression. They were tired of Ike too, and as he grew more ineffectual they laughed less gently at his golf and his foreign policy. As Gene Kelly, entertaining a Kennedy rally in San Francisco last year remarked, "I don't know why everyone's so mad at Eisenhower. He hasn't done anything!"

It was noticeable though, that Hoover and Eisenhower were never hated. You can't hate a minus quantity—you can only become irritated by them. It was a relief to be emphatic over Roosevelt and over Kennedy. The two were alike in that they were hated or adored—they demanded notice. And so in both cases the dynamic Democrat is hated by those whose candidate has been made to look foolish, and adored by those to whom he means a revolutionary way of thought, a change in climate.

Governor Roosevelt and Senator Kennedy both ran against a laissez-faire government on a platform of realism: to quote Kennedy, that "the American people must be told the facts". And the Americans found relief in facing the facts. The facts for Roosevelt were self-evident, the basic fact being an unemployment estimate of seventeen million. America was desperately deep in the depression. Probably the burden of hope given Roosevelt was greater than Kennedy's—it was the double weight of desperation turned to hope. But Roosevelt was concerned only with the United States—isolationist America. Kennedy has the greater task, in mere scope. Eisenhower has bequeathed him a small but ominous internal recession and a colossal responsibility in the most intricate system of crises the world has yet contrived.

In three months he has stimulated America to enthusiasm and excitement, and the world to a sudden interest in America. For the first time, for instance, articles in an Australian Women's magazine are as likely to be about the First Lady as about the Queen's sister. There is something disarming and infectious in the ebullience of the young President. He made headlines with his Peace Corps, a naive, starry-eyed proposal which produced huge acclamation because it cleverly fitted the mood of America. The world is waiting on Kennedy over Laos. He has achieved the dramatic prominence he intended, slightly elevated above the rest of us.

The question is of course, can and will he stay there?

The first three months of the New Deal were incredibly successful. It was launched in theatrical tragedy—the day of Roosevelt's inauguration every hand in America closed down. But Roosevelt led, for those months, a swelling, scintillating confidence and revival: the currency was steadied, the banks reopened; the great organisation went beyond campaign promises in relief, security, housing, banking reform, a host of new schemes, and the constant repetition of "action".

But then the novelty, the excitement and much of the faith wore off. The New Deal continued, but its honeymoon terminated, and the enchantment dispersed. In the following years economic recovery was continually recalcitrant. There were fierce strikes. The prospect of imminent catastrophe was over, but the real hope of quick salvation was over too. The economic system had improved from a fatality case to a chronic invalid.

There is no way to tell if this is the future for Kennedy—it is impossible to fore-

cast for any one of his preoccupations. He has not yet begun to fulfil his campaign proposals, and those already launched—the Peace Corps for instance—may easily lose their fascination. Alternatively, they may be an undeniable success—though the thought of young American ingeniousness transplanted into underdeveloped areas is horrifying.

But whatever the future, now in the thunderous amassing of world crisis, Kennedy is riding the crest. He is a brilliant politician with the support of a giant nation, but his position by all the laws of nature and politics, is precarious.

When Roosevelt came to power in 1933 America was oblivious to world politics. But he died in the middle of America's second great participation in international conflict—what was essentially the final, inextricable involvement—and it was Roosevelt who had finally instigated this. That Kennedy's Administration will end similarly seems very possible; perhaps he considered this when he took up the role of Roosevelt II.

For eight years now, America has been defensive, inactive and evasive. Kennedy campaigned on decision, his platform the past decline and the present positive neces-

sity. It seemed sometimes he was working so hard to get the car moving he could afford little time to steer. And he has only a 51% majority. His opposition therefore is very oppressive—it is easy to forget that in reading the papers. He is responsible to those who approve for their hopes and to the rest to disprove disapproval.

Roosevelt was one man to avert the catastrophe of a nation. Kennedy is only one, and is trying to lead his country to lead the world. Like that it sounds rather pathetic. "J.F.K." has taken on himself the burdens of Atlas, the burden of moral responsibility, and the great burden of great expectations—his own and America's.

He ended the San Francisco rally where he first proposed the Peace Corps with a metaphor, I thought, naively amusing in the great stature it assumed, when, at the time, there was a considerable likelihood of a Republican victory. He quoted Archimedes: "Give me a fulcrum and a place to stand and I will move the world".

"The tools I have suggested", Kennedy went on, "can be our fulcrum—it is there we take our stand—let us move the world down the road to peace". This second Roosevelt, then, is to manoeuvre the world. This is the New Deal.

That power elite

by

Barry Fox

News of the proposed take-over of Odham's Press (finally taken over by the Mirror-Pictorial group) aroused more than a usual stir in Parliamentary circles. Even in Tory circles the proposal aroused a stronger reaction than usual. The immediate result was that Mr. Macmillan promised that a commission would be set up to examine the economic and financial factors affecting the press. Mr. Gaitskell conferred with the Labour Party executive, because should the take-over bid be successful then the whole of the left-wing press would come under the control of Mr. King.

Finally Mr. King's bid was successful, despite the advice by Odham's to its shareholders against it. The merger is seen as another example of a growing and dangerous monopoly in the press. Mr. Macmillan did appoint the Royal Commission that he promised. The whole of the left-wing press (including the newly streamlined "Daily Herald", circulation 1,450,000) has come under the control of Mr. King, who has given assurances that he will not alter its policies, and Mr. King now controls almost all the magazines published in Britain.

The spectacle of huge financial concerns competing in this way for important organs of opinion like the "Daily Herald" cannot but raise grave doubts whether capitalism can be left to operate in this field without some controls and limitations.

The last Royal Commission which sat in 1949 and which did not consider restrictive practices by unions, the inter-relationship between size and advertising rates, the effects of advertising agencies nor how papers were financed in other countries, concluded that there was no need for anxiety so long as the position did not alter from what it was at that time. However, the position has altered and there is now real reason for anxiety, unless the present trend is arrested; firstly, because there will continue to be a decrease in the national papers due to rising costs, and the weakness of middle circulation papers which cannot compete against the giant circulation papers and offer no advantage to advertisers; secondly, because of the growth of interlocking newspaper groups with magazines and television.

Even those prepared to accept a degree of concentration must doubt whether it is right that one man or a board of directors should control a large number of papers and magazines. Should the present trend be allowed to proceed the middle circulation papers, viz., "Daily Herald" (1,450,000), "Daily Sketch" (1,076,000) and even the "Daily Mail" (2,750,000) will be forced out of circulation. Messrs. Thomson and King believe these papers have no future, and they head the most powerful newspaper groups in Britain. If these middle papers are removed then all that will remain will be the giant circulation papers, "Daily Mirror" and "Express" and the small circulation papers, "The Times", "Guardian" and "The Telegraph".

The classic definition by C. P. Scott of the function of a newspaper is no longer valid. He held it to be an instrument of government and to have a moral as well as a material instrument of government and to have a moral as well as a material existence. In so far as Messrs. Thomson and King are concerned a newspaper is a business to be bought and sold with editors, staff and readers, as a 19th century Russian estate was bought and sold with all its "souls".

The devouring of newspapers is part of a long process which has been brought about by rising costs, changes in the habits of readers, the development of big business and by special factors affecting the news-

paper industry. Hence the trend towards fewer and fewer organs of opinion owned by fewer and more powerful groups, to be circulated among the people. Far from being desirable in a democracy it is at least potentially dangerous because the whole basis of democracy rests on the assumption that the opinion of many is better than the opinion of one. There should be sufficient newspapers to express all political opinions and cater for important local interests and minorities.

Surely, then, that society has a right to intervene does not require argument. Both Conservative and Socialist governments have intervened in other fields of public importance in the past, and it is now time they did so in the case of the press. The question then is: how can Parliament intervene to prevent the concentration of ownership of newspapers and magazines into fewer and fewer hands, prevent the destruction of small independent organs of opinion and yet not weaken the freedom or self-reliance of the press?

The problem is not easy, but there are two approaches, one positive and the other negative.

The negative approach would be to break up those giant monopolies which already exist, by legislation on the lines of the Anti-Trust Laws in America. (The present English Monopolies Commission is bound since all it can do is recommend; even then its recommendation need not be acted upon.)

The positive approach would be for the government to create conditions in which middle newspapers could flourish and new newspapers be started. (Here the main problem is the cost involved in printing; however, it is estimated if the latest technical innovations were used the cost of production would be cut by one-third. In fact the newspaper industry is appallingly out of date; technical innovations have been resisted by the printing unions and the paper in turn have been badly managed by proprietors over the last fifty years. That new printing techniques have not been introduced has been partly the fault of the unions and partly the fault of large groups which benefit from the destruction of their smaller and weaker rivals.)

It has been suggested that a permanent commission should be appointed whose functions it would be to carry out enquiries throughout the whole field of mass entertainment. With regard to the press the function of the commission would not be to have power of life and death over newspapers nor subsidise the inefficient and protect the industry from change, but to advise, publicise, encourage research into cheaper methods of production and even aid in the birth of new newspaper.

The newspaper has a place of paramount importance in our society, for it is from it that most people learn of the decisions of governments, the judgments of courts, the latest scientific inventions and discoveries, movements in trade and commerce, the publications of new books and the production of plays at the theatre. It is only by reading a newspaper that the citizen can hope to be informed to some degree of the many things which affect his life and that of his family.

# WHY WE CLAIM WEST IRIAN

by Ismar

Why does Indonesia claim West New Guinea or Irian Barat?

Before this simple question is understood one must realise that any effort to explain away Indonesia's motives is doomed to fail. This claim is neither politically nor economically motivated. It is an obvious moral obligation which stirs every Indonesian and is compatible with the original revolutionary aspirations of the Indonesian.

It is not an afterthought, a greed inspired by the victorious revolution but an inevitable measure to complete the unfinished ideal against colonialism.

Any rational arguments endeavouring to negate this claim will fail within themselves. For example the ethnological, geographical and cultural incompatibilities are often mentioned—the basis of our claims is far from these considerations.

Indeed multi-racial, multi-cultural, multi-religious nations are not new.

The foundation of the claim is laid down right in the heart of the Indonesian and to pierce into this heart no analytic needle is required but mere common sense and human elements which feel and understand.

Once the genuine understanding is established it is then easier to see the falsehood of the charge that Indonesia is colonially motivated.

Once or twice or more the 3,000 islands of the Indonesian archipelago (including Irian Barat) were interlinked historically, small as most of the islands are. I mention this bond only to remind readers that it existed. The main basis for the Indonesian claim to Irian Barat lies elsewhere.

A sense of oneness and the common bitter experience that prevailed in Indonesia during the colonial rule has welded together the scattered islands, cultures and racial groups. They succeeded in their common fight for freedom and independence but did not achieve the whole goal they battled for but captured only part of it and the remnant—IRIAN BARAT—remains to be fought for.

The mastery of the Dutch politicians in 1949 forced the Indonesians to sign the round table conference agreement accepting the handing over of the sovereignty from the Netherlands to Indonesia without West Irian with the provision that this part of Indonesia would be discussed after one year.

Several attempts made by the Indonesian Government to discuss this issue in the

later years failed to extract any response from Holland. Indonesia was left without alternative and has taken strong unilateral measures since.

Not a soul in Indonesia will ever believe that the Dutch specially retained West Irian with the intention of educating and preparing the Irianese for independence. The present apparent establishment of the Native Council in West Irian only acts as a reminder of the similar council established in the Netherlands East Indies (Indonesia) under the Dutch name VOLKSRAAD (Native Council) where the native members did not possess any parliamentary freedom. Freedom of expressing opinion was beyond everybody's dream. New Guinea was the place for those who expressed their opinions too freely.

Even if the Dutch attempt to establish the West New Guinea Native Council is sincere, one can not overlook the error committed by the Dutch politicians in the very beginning. Hence the attempt is nothing more than an effort to rectify this error, a mere face-saving. Its lack of originality will bring the Dutch only to another end.

If the above simple and human foundation of the claim is perceived to its proper depth it is then easier to appreciate the strength of the moral obligation which perpetuates the Indonesian fight toward the liberation of West Irian. Indonesia wants nothing more and nothing less than the reunification of West Irian with Indonesia.

As long as the presence of the Dutch in West Irian is maintained the political mood in this part of South East Asia will accordingly remain gloomy.

How long before it explodes remains to be seen. Analysis and discussions of this issue in Australian papers and fortnightly (Nation and Observer) tend to the conclusion that armed conflict lies not so far ahead. The "BIG BUILD-UP" by Prof. JUSTUS VAN DER KROEF — Nation, February 11, 1961, reflected that sequences of failures of diplomatic approaches have ripened the probability of an armed conflict. The fruitless mediation of Tengku Abdul Rahman the Prime Minister of Malaya—the sending of the carrier "Karel Doorman" to the West Irian waters—were some of the foundations of the Van der Kroef conclusion.

If war does break, Australian and Indonesian relationships are bound to be affected. The depth of the wound depends entirely on what the attitude of Australia will be. Generations will be needed to heal the wound.

Australia's actions in the diplomatic field in this issue have been respected by Indonesia. What weight will diplomatic courtesy

carry if the extremity is reached by the directly involved parties?

Several suggestions toward the solution are — to remain under the Dutch rule until the West Irianese are ready for self-government—to be put under the United Nations Trusteeship Council and to be internationalised under the co-operation of U.S.A., India and Australia. None of these are acceptable to the Indonesian. Any scheme which facilitates the separate growth of West Irian would eventually betray the original revolution especially if the growth is manipulated by the Dutch.

To conclude, I quote some paragraphs from the articles on this issue by Dennis Warner and John Williams.

— Dennis Warner, "Observer", March 4, 1961: "If we were logical and not so emotional we would realise that the Papuans are not likely to be any worse off under Indonesian rule than they will be if they achieve self-government within, say, the next ten years."

— John Williams, "Herald", February 17, 1961: "Plans for an eventual independent united East and West New Guinea are admirable in theory but with the waves of nationalism still crashing round the Afro-Asian world and still gathering strength the chances are negligible. If by a miracle these plans succeeded, it would only be at the cost of making Indonesia Australia's permanent enemy. This would be a high price to pay. It might be wiser to rethink Australian policy now."

## Proper Treatment

an A.U.P. Release

Miss Margaret Valadian, a part-aboriginal girl, has been awarded an N.U.A.U.S. Aboriginal Scholarship to study Social Studies in the University of Queensland. Miss Valadian, who is 24, completed her Queensland Scholarship examination in 1950 at St. Vincent's Convent, Nudgee, and her Queensland Junior Examination in 1952 at St. Mary's Convent, Ipswich. After working for some years she commenced studies for her Adult Matriculation Examination of the University and last year completed the requirement for Matriculation. During the last few years she has taken temporary employment at night so that she could concentrate on her studies. The Brisbane Professional and Business Women's Club gave her much advice and assistance during this time.

The Scholarship she has been awarded is part of the nation-wide Scholarship Scheme for Aborigines organised by the National Union of Australian University Students. This Scheme has been in operation since 1952 and its main aims have been—

- (1) to stimulate the desire of aborigines for higher education by giving financial aid to all qualified aborigines;
- (2) help remove prejudice and discrimination;
- (3) to draw attention to the lack of educational opportunity of the Australian aborigines.

Collections are made annually by student committees in each Australian University to raise money both for the current scholarships—there are five held at the present time—and to provide money for an endowment fund to finance Scholarships in the future. All the financial needs of the student, including an allowance for books, accommodation, living expenses and pocket money, are provided by the Scholarship, which is worth more than £500.

No aborigine has yet qualified for a Commonwealth Scholarship for their first year at the University, but by an arrangement with the Commonwealth Scholarship Board favourable consideration is given to any aboriginal scholar who successfully completes his first year at the University.

During the year the University of Queensland Union will be sponsoring through its Aboriginal Scholarship Scheme an appeal for the public as well as to the students and staff of the University for funds to assist this scheme.

In anticipation of her scholarship, Margaret has been at the University during the last week occupying herself with the routine of settling down to University life. She has been busy buying books, seeing her lecturers and meeting fellow students. She has become very popular and made many friends during this short time. She has decided not to live at College, but has very satisfactory accommodation for study purposes in Annerley.

An Advisory Committee consisting of the President of the University of Queensland Union, Mr. N. Clark, the Student Counsellor, Dr. Thiele, and the Student Director of the Aboriginal Scholarship Scheme has been set up to assist Margaret with her problems during the year.

## MORAL LETTERS

My Dear Nephew,

Your last letter was both amusing and informative, a rare combination and one to be cultivated. However, I can understand why your correspondence with your parents was so brief; but was it really necessary to allow yourself to become so intoxicated as to allow the police good reason for apprehending your frolic?

How those Respectable Parents would grieve if they learned about this escapade! For your Father at least would feel that he had been compromised.

Nonetheless, you have experienced something of the "inside"—this trifling occurrence has involved you with the concept of social stigma and its concomitant disabilities. That your sensibilities were touched by the pathetic and ludicrous nature of the situation I can see from your letter. How can it be "just" that different men, with differing acts alleged against them, are yet given such an even punishment, viz imprisonment?

The two obvious streams of consideration are deterrence and regeneration—and since the imprisonment of an individual is directed to serve human ends, the psychological aspects of the situation must receive attention.

Von Hentig has pointed out that "All living matter avoids whatever is harmful"; now although this ignores a number of special cases, yet it will be adequate, I hope, dear Nephew, for our present purposes.

Thus Society creates an "artificial danger" which must appear as a pain stimulus and must not be gainful for the potential criminal. That imprisonment is not necessarily a pain stimulus is obvious; rather it tends to brutalise and degenerate without the benefits of deterrence. The "habitual criminal" may be the example of a failure in the system, rather than in the individual.

That Society has grossly nationalised the criminal situation is shown by the blatant rejection of responsibility by many respectable members of the community. (That any Justice could ever order a whipping—and have knowledge of modern studies of human behaviour—exemplifies this.)

Each "criminal" is obviously a product of extra- and inter-action. We are part of the extra-action. "There is no criminal class except so far as criminal misconduct has with certain individuals become habitual". The selection procedure is the same one as differentiates the middle-classes—economic calculi and legitimate corruption.

Dear Nephew, how irate your Aunt has become; but so often we who can, or will be able to act in the future, disregard the rights of man and citizen.

Is it not remarkable to consider that not until 1876 was there a serious scientific study of the criminal—Lombroso's "The Criminal"? Even today ignorance is considered the better part of valour, and the information available from the fields of history, sociology, law, social ethics, and so on, is treated by professional captivators with contempt.

In his satire, "Utopia", Sir Thomas More suggests that bondmen be set to work to repair any damage they may have occasioned (to the best of their ability) without the prison wall; "Doubtless unless you find a remedy for these enormities you shall in vain advance yourself of executing justice upon felons".

*Yours sincerely*  
*Auntie Edith*

## SOUTH AFRICA'S PASSING

by Shaughn Disney

The outstanding outcome of the recent conference of Commonwealth heads of State was the withdrawal of South Africa from the Commonwealth. Most South Africans, and many people outside the Union, feel that she was forced to leave against her will. The primary aim of the other members in bringing this about was, according to Dr. Castles in his talk on March 21st, not so much to make a necessary intervention in the internal affairs of the Union as to make it clear that they wished to set standards of membership for their "club".

This affair, as he pointed out, is not to be compared with such voluntary withdrawals as those of Burma and Eire. It marks a new departure in "club" policy, for in the past the emphasis has been on lack of rules, and allowing each member country to follow her own lights; if necessary heads of State have agreed to differ. This attitude is typified by the procedures of the annual conference, the only effective voice of the Commonwealth, which at present admits no voting on any question. When there has been substantial agreement the conference has declared its view and, if necessary, made a stand on that point; when there has not been agreement no mention of the matter has been made in the communiqués issued afterwards.

There is much evidence now of a feeling among heads of State that stricter regulations would make the Commonwealth a more effective body. There are rumours of an attempt to draw up a charter at the last conference. This feeling has coincided with an increasing strain at the conference due to the presence of South Africa alongside Asian countries as India and Malaya which refuse to have any but minimal dealings with South Africa outside this annual meeting.

Dr. Castles speculated that the effects of the withdrawal on the Union would be far reaching but not as drastic as some people feared. As far as the Commonwealth "club" is concerned, there is likely to be a definite setting of standards for membership. This, coupled with the introduction of a voting system in conference, would allow "black-balling" of countries who contravened principles considered fundamental by a majority of other mem-

bers. This policy of acting on a majority decision could lead to a more dictatorial attitude on the part of the conference over internal affairs; the majority might say in effect "conform or get out". This could, for example, possibly result in pressure being brought to bear on Australia over her White Australia or New Guinea policies.

Dr. Castles felt the prestige of the Commonwealth would rise as a consequence of its action in this matter. The apartheid policy, a direct contravention of the U.N. Charter on Human Rights, is not only condemned in predominantly non-white countries, but by informed opinion in all parts of the world.

As far as effects on South Africa are concerned, Dr. Castles foresees an accentuation of her political and economic isolation. Many countries will use the withdrawal as an excuse to impose or increase economic sanctions, and now that she has left the Commonwealth South Africa has no real friends. (An attempt to make stronger ties with Germany appears to have been abandoned.) However, most countries, including Australia, are not obliged to alter their trade relations and in some cases could not do so without repeal of specific statutes.

Dr. Verwoerd's National party seems likely to stay in power for many years on the strength of gerrymandered electorates, and an internal consequence of the isolation is liable to be increasingly totalitarian government. Censorship of the press is almost certain.

It was also pointed out that many areas of the Union, particularly in Natal and Cape Province, voted strongly against the formation of a Republic, and that many South Africans will feel keenly the attenuation of ties with the United Kingdom. Nevertheless there seems to be no possibility of one of the provinces being able to secede from the Union.

On the whole Dr. Castles felt that the Commonwealth would retain its ability to adopt itself to the diversity of background, race, language and constitution among its members, despite a tightening of its rules, and that it would benefit from the prestige gained by its stand on a moral issue.

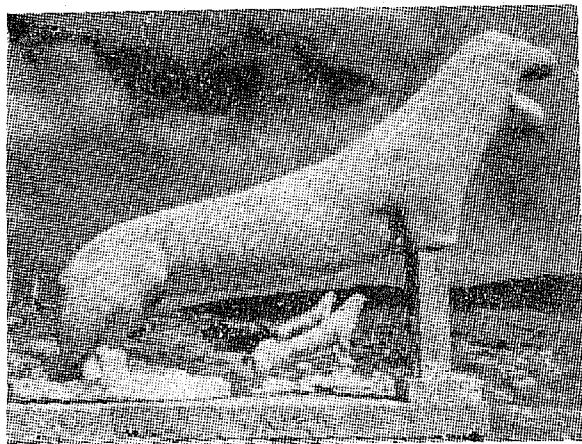


# You call yourself an Australian?

What about you, Adelaidean, do you call yourself an Australian? I am asked often enough where I am from, and occasionally what I am: what would you answer? Do you want to have anything to do with your country?

Of course, I know you're grown-up students now—free-thinkers—and you've got none of these illusions about patriotism. That's idealism, not life, you say, not reality. The clean smile and uncomplicated excitement that you got out of reading stories and poems about the "bush" before you went swimming in your adolescent mud, have been moulded into that famous and fashionable cynical sneer that starts below the navel and reaches its most attractive in the dull eyes and hard mouth. Fine, fine.

Anyway, what reason could you have for being interested in Australia? Anyone can see that in the debauched party that the world has been throwing to escape the boredom that the Romantics left us as a heritage after they had got disgusted with inspecting their persons minutely in front of their XIXth century mirrors—(the party in which Marx



and Lenin and Stalin committed incest with their motherland, for a wager, and left Krushchev holding the baby; in which Hitler danced a drunken reel with Germany and finished up under the table with her . . . but why multiply the examples; you all know that America provides the orchestra [trumpets, trombones, and a long string of second fiddles, and, of course, the drums], you all know the story—in that party, Australia is just an adolescent boy, easing his bladder in the corner (in time with the music), having no head for the drink, and in the throes of that adolescent self-consciousness that makes it necessary to refuse the embrace and impure cuddling of the plump and sweaty Orient, who is beginning to be tired of being a wall-flower.

This is the country you live in, where you are educated—*educo*, lead out—and to which you reach up your hands in Primary School "loyalty" ceremonies, salute at your Secondary School assemblies, and at the University the country that you do your best to forget . . . the only stretching up of the hand is to pull the chain.

Look, you have to be careful with adolescents. There's no point in washing your hands of them, or distilling your disappointment or frustration into invective. I know you're going to say "It's all very well for him—he's a long way away: he doesn't have to live here". And this reproach is justified. But let me say that from here, this particular Adolescent—Australia—looks to be full of potential. They say it in the papers—alongside of the road accident reports, the murders, and the grumbling voices that wail their woes at the top of their lungs in an effort to be heard above the deafening grinding sounds of the antique steam-roller that certain persons are wont to call a government. (These people being agriculturally minded, there is no question of putting the steam-roller to work on the roads.) But when the papers talk about potential, they mean material progress and comfort—the same sort of potential that exists for even the most decrepit old countries in the world. What I mean is, given the fact that people don't starve to death in Australia—whereas a lot do in this home of Western Civilization—there ought to be a wonderful opportunity for spiritual growth.

There ought to be an atmosphere that is congenial to the making of free breathing and personal integrity. Because, don't you see, Australia is young, however much playing of the decadent goes on. The danger is that the actor will get lost in his role, that the part will become the real life.

I receive letters from my friends which tend to suggest that the picture I imagine of a sort of savage Utopia—all through the Paris winter I thought of the summer beaches and the sand, and the gum-trees and the colours of our

scrub and countryside—is nothing but an illusion. Where I should be pleased to see that my imagination was running along somewhat idealistic lines—which would, you will realize, assure that it kept running—the picture that my friends paint, seemingly realistic, of complete stagnation and utter petrification at home, is somewhat discouraging. And it's not my friends who are petrified. It's the cities. And not much useful can grow out of rock; the best you can do is to put things on top; or blow the whole lot down and start again, for the foundations are not even in stone. The story of the good Honours English graduate teaching third rate science classes is an old one. Nobody gets excited about it any more, and only the uninitiated even laugh. People, thinking that they are washing their hands of the matter, have not stopped there in their imitation of the great hand-washer. Like him, they don't use soap—they're not interested in getting their hands clean, and anyway might flick some of the soap into their eyes. Like him, they have given up in despair with the question: "What is truth?" Like him, they are permitting the scandalous crucifixion, and this time the cross is in stone. This time the adolescent is involved, and he hasn't had the time to live the sense of his life. This time there is no resurrection promised. I say "people". I mean you.

You have to be very careful with adolescents. Be too hard and they will be off with the gang to show how tough they are; or too soft, and they won't know whether it's wrong or not to park their love-making in a well-lit street, or in the shadows of a river-bank. The difficulty is not an intellectual one; anyone can see the combinations involved. It's a question of love, that is, of self-effacement, of a gift of oneself. Of yourself. You. An adolescent looks for someone he can depend on, but someone who is not going to ask anything in return, for someone who will love him. Adolescents are very selfish, it's the part of the child in them. But they have another part of the child in them; an almost incredible loyalty. Some dogs you can win if you beat them often enough, and our psychologists will know that if you give the animal a lump of sugar afterwards, the time will come when their mouths will water at the very first whack. The loyalty of the adolescent is a bit different. He would rather go without the sugar if he has to take a beating to get it.

You have to love adolescents. They won't be caught by the tut-tut moralising of grandfather, who is all very well in his way, but too old to understand. And Australia is under the thumb of a whole lot of grandfathers. They were fine in their day, but whereas their experience, if it had been authentic, might have served some purpose in the guiding of the young spirit, it was at best knowing not to come home too late from the card-game, for fear of a tongue-licking from grandmother. And so they have to use secondhand wisdom, do you see, and the young man feels the lack of conviction in the wavering old voice. They take the Voltaire "cultivate your garden" idea to mean quite literally pulling out the soursofs from around your cherry-trees, or think that a high school is a building with more than one storey. The adolescent doesn't get very much satisfaction from this; but he's by himself, do you see, and the only thing he can do for the moment is to harden himself against it. Misunderstanding is understandable, and there may even be some good-will involved on the part of the grandfathers, but this is not enough: love is necessary to stop the petrification.

You are becoming petrified. I read an article by Mr. Hyslop in the 1960 A.U.M. about student apathy (it precedes the book reviews and the selection of mediocre poems that come at the end), and he makes a very true statement: "Where once," he says, "a vocation included an education, it no longer does". The reason is that there are no longer any vocations—*vocatus*, called. You pop out of the secondary school ovens already baked, some less well than others; you are packed off to the University for the icing. This is very sad, and not good for the country. It's not that Australia hasn't got a sweet tooth, of course: the fact is that the teeth are badly needing filling because of a lack of cleaning and too much smoking at school, and anyone knows that too much soft food and sugar ruins the enamel; nor are they nourishing for the rest of the system. Oh, surely, they will cause a rise in the energy rate for a while, but the body can't go long without bulk and protein. You are no longer soft, people: most of you have had the time to go stule; but the sugar remains. The bulk and the protein comes with the vocation, and a calling, to be answered, has to be heard. To be heard, it has to be listened to.



Doing a course at the university has no merit attached to it, inherently. You have brains—Lord knows you did nothing to receive them, so for heaven's sake don't put any faith in yourself because of that—but the only thing that can bring you any worth is that you use them. Obviously, you say, with a tired sigh. But I don't mean to accumulate a whole lot of facts, formulae, systems, or ideas, that will make you an engineer, a doctor, a lawyer, or even a Bachelor of Arts. This is spiritual constipation. Your brains have been given you to find out the best and fullest way that you can be *yourself*, so that you can identify your truth with the real truth. Now start again; become an engineer, or a doctor, or a street-sweeper if you fail your civil engineering exams, or even a Bachelor of Arts, if it means being yourself. Don't let yourself be wrangled into a coat that is too big or too small. You'll become ridiculous and even maybe split the seams.

You say, "But I have to live"? If you call living the fossilizing that is going on at the moment, I have nothing more to say to you. Nor have I anything to say if you are spending your precious minutes inventing new systems that will quicken up the fossilizing process. Imagine: a new lot of Naracoorte caves in 20 years, and right outside your front door! Be careful that you can stop it from coming inside.

I suggest that if you were prepared to take the risk—a Frenchman called Pascal talked about this to the atheists of the XVIIth century—you would find that in a country where things grow quite well with a bit of digging, where the economic problems are not caused by any lack of natural resources, that good fortune would follow the initiative; it always does. You are not frightened of starving, people, you are frightened of the risk. You can't expect anyone to depend on you, then, and certainly not your adolescent country. We don't expect anything, cry the stale buns; go to, go to, garbage—I have already said I have nothing more to say to you. The adolescent will prefer the grandfathers, who assure at least a certain degree of material well-being.

Asking for something without offering anything in return is often not very well received, and I think that it would be a bit too much to hope from such a feeble creature as the flabby modern man, and even of the vigorous and sport-loving Australian youth; the hearts are too hard. But since it is on the individual level that the sacrificing goes on, there's no harm in pointing out to those who are interested the old saying—"Cast your bread upon the waters and it shall be rendered unto you seven times"—the truth of which has been often enough substantiated to give you hope. An act of faith is involved, but like all valid acts of faith, it is based on the reality of a greater good than oneself. Of course, sometimes one has to trust an intermediary witness—take for granted the results of someone else's experiments, if you like—and this does not go without its dangers. I suppose you may have to believe me that the possibilities of adolescent Australia stand out very clearly when viewed from a distance—rather like the detail of a Renaissance oil painting. If you can't see this truth from where you are, and must see with your eyes before you can believe, come over here and take a look for yourself. I can't blame you if you won't believe what seems to you to be doubtful: this happens to the best of us, even to some of the very best, to a Saint called Thomas, for example. I can blame you, however, if you sit down on your well-padded bottom in a well-padded armchair, and sigh nostalgically over your morning tea, "Ah, it's all wrong", and then work out a fiendish plot for cheating the Income Tax Department out of a fiver.

To say that Australia needs you would be a cliché and not quite exact. The time will come when your children will need Australia. An adolescent in the hands of lecherous old grandfathers is not only going to be no good in later life: there may be some positive harm involved. Most of this young generation, you, has turned out to be abortive. It will be the same for the next.

Over here, you know, they speak of Australia as being synonymous with kangaroos and rabbits—the English, of course, are more enlightened; they know that there are people there, that the place was colonized with Irish convicts, which explains that abominable accent and bad manners of the tourists. All this hurts, believe it or not, when one is away from home, but it forces one to examine things very closely, after the initial stage of ardent self-defence. The examination is done. You have the results here. You have failed, rather badly. But you are not among those that the new statute has excluded—you can try again. Your grandfather guardians are offering you lollypops and sixpences and a bellyful of rye, or wheat, to keep you quiet and good. "When you are grandfathers," they say, "you'll be able to be just like us". There's your joyous future in the present, Adelaideans; it's up to you. One must always choose alone—to sin, to die, or to live.

# TRIO WITH A BEAT

# A local poet

by R. S. Curnow



I can still remember him. Old Maxy Martini. Not really a very distinguished fellow, but he had a quick tongue and an absorbent sort of mind, and these got him right to the top. Of course, he had a gimmick, too. His big line was that Australia was culturally off the map, but that Uncle Maxy—with the assistance of a few ordinary sorts of poets and things, would see that the old country made it there in about a thousand years less than it would have otherwise.

This was all in his hey-day, of course. The city women just ate of the fellow's hand—he could do no wrong. He'd say, "This is a good book", and there he'd have a best-seller overnight.

Then he went bad. Started to believe his own line of guff. Do you know, the fool actually started accusing those blessed women of being part of Australia's cultural back-wash.

He deserved it all you know. Everything he got.

Those tame ladies of his had him starved to death's door in no time. Then they took pity on him and lynched him.

But I like to remember him in the good time. I particularly remember his Saturday mornings. He used to wait until he had a peak crowd in that shop of his, and then he'd jump on top of intellectual-paperbacks' table—Symbolism, he used to say—and he'd lecture and abuse those poor bitches for hours at a time. He'd just say anything that came into his head, you know—they didn't understand the big words, so it didn't matter.

Actually, you know it was a popular fallacy at the time that, as a brain stimulant, one drop of old Maxy Martini was equivalent to one schnapper weighing 7½ lbs. . . .

CROYEZ!



Saturday night again: Fun Night. So we burned off down the road in our herby little hot rods. We all had Cadillacs fitted with espresso-machines which we felt was

a bitter blend and cynical of what's best and worst in our modern civilisation. We mused on about Life in this world.

Then we remembered that it was Saturday night: Fun Night: SEX! So out the window went philosophy and our stomachs did a backward flip, and two forward as we got That Old Feeling(!)

Luckily there was a set of quintuplets just round the corner, so as we helped them into the car we said:

"How are you girls?"  
"Oh, I'm just fine."  
"Will you take port  
"Or sherry-wine?"

But it's a silly question anyway, because they always drink sweet (Non-U), and so they can't be invited to any best places which is a pity because they all roar like rattle-snakes.

Then all us boys and girls did a quick flip round the world (relatively speaking, you understand). And after that—well—that's all there is and there is no more. Oh, yes—by the way—I bumped into an apple and we shared the core.

(Task for intending Psychologists: Find the Phallic Significances.)

IN UNUM!



Bach! As they all felt properly grave and intellectual they proposed to play a recording, Cantata BWV 147, upon the record-playing device.

Listen, Charlie, this is Johann Sebastian Bach, so drop your tweeds and listen!

Bach, Bach, Bach, BachBachBachBachbachbachbach.

(If you say it often enough, loud enough, fast enough, it becomes a certain obscene word—a new game for you, kiddies.)

They disposed themselves in a circle around the exact centre of the room. As the record started they removed their shoes and stood on their heads, so that their bare toes touched and intermingled in mid-air in the exact centre.

They had several valid reasons for adopting this somewhat eccentric mode of dress and position. Firstly, they found that the increased flow of blood to the sensory apparatus of the middle ear increased their subjective perceptual appreciation by a predictable average of roughly 27%—surely a great gain to set against the minor degree of discomfort involved.

## Boydell writes a book

a review by Jim Bettison

Many of us weren't in the least surprised when South Africa left the Commonwealth. We had been prepared for it for some time; any doubts we had of its happening were dispelled by men such as Thomas Boydell.

Mr. Boydell, leaving England at an early age, migrated to South Africa. There, in the newly-formed Union, he progressed rapidly, gaining Cabinet rank in the coalition governments of the time. Since his retirement, the Honourable Thomas Boydell has travelled widely, preaching South Africa's racial doctrines ("I don't come to argue but to enlighten") to audiences whom he can capture Rotary, schoolchildren, University students, parliamentarians—all are fair game. Students of this University may remember his visit here in 1959.

Now Mr. Boydell has written a book, "My Beloved Country". In it he describes his journeys of evangelisation. It is not for me here to contest all the errors and inaccuracies which it contains. Even if it contains none apart from those concerning the author's visit to Adelaide, it has by them alone fallen as unreliable. For Adelaide was undoubtedly the turning-point in Mr. Boydell's last tour. Those of us who attended his meeting in this University will remember the frail old man who (ostentatiously) adjusted his hearing aid as he mounted the rostrum—yet heard whispered remarks at a subsequent seminar when not wearing it—and commenced to enlighten his audience. They will also remember that he threatened to walk out if a motion opposing apartheid was put after he had spoken ("An insult to me, your guest", he said, and no-one—including the writer—had the guts to call his bluff); and the Chairman of the meeting well remembers being asked to "write me a short letter saying how the meeting went, so that I can keep it as a record in my archives". Who of you would be game enough to say bluntly that you thought the meeting had been a farce, and the treatment of the subject deplorable, in such a letter? Exactly. And now Mr. Boydell has adduced these letters as evidence that

he was well received by sympathetic audiences wherever he went—except for odd places where hotheads and Communists tried to suppress him. If you're a novice to this type of politics, read Chapter XIX of this book, and then go read the daily papers and "On Dit" for April, 1959. Then see if you can read the rest of the book and believe it.

Apart from these considerations, "My Beloved Country" is almost amusing—until the sickening reality occurs to you that this man, illogical and a health crank, sly and toadying, is serious; and that he has been and is taken seriously by his countrymen. Mr. Boydell really believes that White and Coloured must be separate (and, perhaps, equal); but he won't say how this can be done. It is useless to argue with him; he will reply that South Africa is a place apart, and ordinary laws of morality and politics don't apply. How can they, in . . . the crucible of Western civilisation . . . the strategic bridge between Communism and Capitalism, and not only from the Naval and Military point of view . . . But he must admit that the stage has been reached where . . . the natives lap up Communism like mother's milk. To them it is a great idea to join up with white workers and kick out white capitalists and take over for themselves the lands and everything thereon". Grumpily he complains that . . . when Native riotings occur under British rule, the blacks are in the wrong, under Afrikaners' rule the blacks are inevitably in the right" in the World's press.

Then you realise that it is on these low grounds, in this distorted thinking, that apartheid must be met. The martyrdom of Verwoerd in London then becomes a little more understandable, and the impossibility of changing their thinking seemingly more remote. And it is for this that we must be grateful to Mr. Boydell. Whatever our opinion of its results, he has given us a far more lucid and clearly delineated picture of apartheid and the people who propose it than we might otherwise get in our prejudice.

Further, they found that the contact with other members' bare toes reminded them that even Bach was once a mortal creature with normal appetites of the flesh. (And yet, even in this respect he was above his common fellow-man—witness his thirty-four children!)

Further, they found that when one of their number overbalanced, the sudden sharp contact of a head with a bare foot was rather less painful than that with a steel-tipped shoe-heel.

The record finished.

Standing as nearly to attention as one can, when standing on one's head in bare feet, they lifted their hearts and voices with one accord up, up into the higher reaches of Heaven, and they did solemnly intone:

J.S.B., J.S.B.  
DO YA HEAR ME CALLIN' THEE!

## The prigs

on

## "On Dit"

by Hugh Corbet

Speaking to the people of his day, Victorian critic John Ruskin once wrote, "You bring up your girls as if they were meant for side-board ornaments; and then you complain of their frivolity". The reverse is almost true today. The Battle of the Sexes is coming to this country. The views of humorist James Thurber and script-writer Monja Danischewsky may not be funny in a decade hence. The products of Woodlands, Invergowrie and Australia House may be social butterflies, but they marry doctors, lawyers and pastoralists, etc., and so they too march out on the road to success, pushing their husbands along.

In 1897 S.A. gave the vote to women. Today we have Mesdames Cooper and Steel in the State legislature. Yearly the professions are invaded by new women graduates. Mr. Blandy tells us that the principle of "equal pay" has been accepted in Australia by the A.C.T.U., employer organisations and the Commonwealth Arbitration Court. In crowded buses, at entrances and exits, and in polite company, men are confused about their place in the world. Feminine economic competition is pushing chivalry aside.

That university women can still indulge in feminine frivolity is a welcome reminder. For this assurance we can thank the S.R.C. for its Miss Fresher Competition. The charming photograph in the morning press of the winner of this orientation week function, must have lightened the hearts of those Adelaide conservatives who inwardly fear the university educated career woman.

From the back page of its first edition for 1961, "On Dit" expressed didactic disgust for the competition, categorically condemning it as a mere vulgarity, "wholly worthless and unworthy of a university". It is indeed encouraging to learn that somebody can make such an assertion. Certain features of the Orr case, the Russel Ward affair, dissension in the University of N.S.W., the Statute 4C in Adelaide and other academic scandals leave me wondering about what is meant to be "unworthy of a university".

Similar cries have been heard before. Two years ago, five salacious photographs appeared in a single edition of "On Dit". The S.R.C. members who voiced their horror on this occasion, were the same ones who vigorously opposed the convening of a Miss University Quest that year. That same S.R.C. discontinued Union Nights and failed to replace them with a more popular substitute. Last year S.R.C. business chiefly entailed higher university politics and for all practical purposes the S.R.C. washed its hands of the smutty business of public relations. The present S.R.C. has made a worthwhile step into the field of light entertainment with its Miss Fresher Competition, just as it has made a worthwhile step into the field of the intellect with the Basten-Robson debate.

A placard in the Newmarket announces that "a woman is as old as she looks, a man is not old until he stops looking". This bar-room philosophy is not quite as pompous, hypocritical and pretentious as the "On Dit" opinion which would have us believe that men in a university should be different from those "outside", those who no doubt form part of the "mindless masses".

If Miss Fresher 1961 (Miss Susan Lawrence) and other bona fide contestants in this harmless and light-hearted competition represent vulgarity, then I willingly count myself amongst those without "taste or discrimination".

The last jibe of the "On Dit" opinion with its over tones of a Truth exposé, inferring that the competition was a "put-up-job", was both ungallant and unnecessary.

If the editors must presume to lecture, then they would be well advised to modify their intolerant intellectual superiority. As somebody says in the Bunch of Dates on my desk, "Toleration is the duty of those with greater wisdom".

Speaking, like most verse-critics, with all the bogus and impertinent authority of a poet *manqué*, I should say that Colin Thiele is a true poet but not a great one.

In my book true poets may be distinguished from would-be poets and from great poets by a simple, if subjective, test. The maker is a would-be poet if exposure to his verse makes the reader feel embarrassed—and makes him conscious, primarily and preponderantly, of a straining after effect, of the maker's *desire* to be a poet. If the maker is, on the other hand, a true poet, the reader's attention is captivated by the poetry itself. Undistracted by the poet's personal aspirations and posturings, one can be engrossed by what he is saying and doing. With the great poet, however, identification between maker and reader is complete. One thinks no longer either of the man or of what he is doing, but one experiences directly a heightened awareness of reality and one's scalp may prickle. That is what I mean by saying that, for me, Colin Thiele is a true poet though not a great one and certainly not a would-be one.

Few books of verse can have been more justly named. To the South Australian who has lived most of his adult life elsewhere, *Man in a Landscape* comes with more than the nostalgic pleasure of recognition and remembrance. One recognises one's native heath and people but, with what is almost a shock, in a new way and with a deeper understanding.

In the last century coarse persons in the "convict colonies" which occupied the rest of the continent were wont to refer to South Australia as "the Holy Land" or "the farinaceous colony", thereby paying a back-handed tribute to the typically puritan, middle-class, industrious and provident crowd-eaters. Elsewhere the typical Australian was conceived as a rough-and-tough, feckless, improvident and generally lazy bush-worker. Lawson, "Banjo" Paterson and a host of lesser writers have painted him larger than life and the same writers, like "Steele Rudd", portrayed the "cocky" as a two-dimensional figure of fun. But in the "farinaceous colony" the typical inhabitant was not the itinerant station-hand but the cocky. Tough certainly, but not so rough, and hardly at all feckless, the South Australian farmer on his home ground never really fitted into the general Australian stereotype. Now Colin Thiele has sung him and his land as they are.

In doing so, it seems to me, he sometimes exhibits a rather heavy-footed earnestness, reminiscent of Rex Ingamells' more pedestrian verses; and he emphasises the ancient wordsworthian notion that simple countrymen possess an innocent unity with "Nature" which is forever unattainable by the effete and corrupt dweller in the artificial environment of cities. Yet—at least in the eyes of other Australians—South Australians *are* rather serious and old-fashioned, and this fact goes far towards justifying these qualities in poetry whose greatest achievement is to have bodied forth so unerringly the *genius loci*.

Perhaps Mr. Thiele makes too much use of repetition. In the first poem of the collection, for example, every stanza save one begins with the words, "Bert Schultz". The poem is quite effective in itself, but the same device used in poem after poem becomes irritating and even a little flat in its cumulative effect. The flatness, reminiscent of the older and bathetic Wordsworth, is illustrated by the first stanza of *Bert Wilson's Daughter* or rather by its last two lines; for the first two show Thiele at his truest and best:

"Out of her mother's fecund warmth,  
Thrust anguished upwards into life,  
Bert Wilson's baby daughter was  
Born of Bert Wilson's wife."

Away from home, writing about city folk or foreigners, Thiele can manage a lighter, ironic tone that owes something to the early T. S. Eliot:

"Americans with candid force  
Ask bluntly what new line these guys  
Are shooting now. The Italian girl  
Shrugs and asks questions with her eyes".

And occasionally, especially in his descriptions of wild scenes and creatures I think, he comes very close to making the scalp prickle—in a way that is his own and yet comparable with that of D. H. Lawrence. Consider, for example, this stanza from *Below Goolwa*:

"Here sounds snort and snuffle. Something alive  
Startles the stillness with its suck and snore.  
Here where the still dawn silvers its mile-long mirrors  
Life touches us as gently as the water on the shore".

# W.E.A.

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# DETERMINISM IN AN AGE OF DESPAIR

by

W. J. Skyvington

Ours is an age of cynicism and despair. Our inheritance from those who started to design and build this century is nothing resembling a magnificent mansion but, instead, a ramshackle crematorium in which even the undertaker appears confused as to just when the inevitable rush-period will commence. We are merely the disillusioned citizens of this potential necropolis—stupid, mechanical citizens who have ceased trying to resolve the absurdity of their predicament.

For what is the sense of being annoyed with the world at a time when the inefficacy of protest and attempted moral guidance is so obvious? Affairs and their consequences move in a plane beyond the directives of men. Human situations arise and human events happen which, considered in retrospect, are quite contrary to what humanity intended.

Who could rationally survey the scene landmarked by Belsen, Hiroshima, Hungary, Algeria and South Africa and still honestly claim that Man's belief in his ability to shape his destiny is not an absurd illusion? Who, now, could sensibly suppose that people, *in toto*, really have the power to choose those alternatives of action which they consider will eventually result in the most good? It is surely impossible to reconcile such a faith in Man's control over history with the last few decades' cruel disregard of human ethics. It would be preposterous to suppose that, in this time, people have actually desired all the various processes which may possibly culminate in global warfare between the bomb-bosses.

No; this is no-one's utopia, this present chaotic conglomeration. Rather, it seems that all utopias defy realisation. The notion that idealism is the force behind human events has been disintegrated, and some other explanation must be sought.

This article now sets out to investigate an unpopular idea which nevertheless constitutes the most plausible and complete interpretation of this problem of misguided Man. This is the idea that all physical and mental activities are strictly caused phenomena in a completely deterministic universe. Furthermore, the frequent disparities between ends

desired and ends achieved merely represent instances of breakdown in the normally high correlation between what is determined in the two realms of activity.

If human mentality is an evolved acquisition then it follows that this correlation also evolved with it. Now, evolution has wrought innumerable fantastic changes in various species, but surely none other so catastrophic as Man's development into a being with an ability to make decisions and choose between alternatives of action. This was the change which brought into existence an entirely new relationship between thinking and doing, completely inverting their former roles. Man fell prey to the illusion that this correlation between the two kinds of activity, in fact born of necessity, was a thing of his own devising—moreover a thing which he had the ability to modify. That is to say, he believed himself able, if he so decided, to influence and direct a course of events by means of a *spontaneous* mental decision.

The adjective "spontaneous" is highly significant in the previous sentence, denoting two important aspects of this belief. First, the decision to act as desired is uncaused; that is, does not necessarily arise as the only possible outcome of some previous mental condition. Second, there is no suggestion, at the time of making the decision, that it is strictly dependent on the state of the physical system with which it is concerned. In other words, the decision is regarded as emanating from the thinker to be applied to the physical system (which may be his own body) rather than the "thought substance" unavoidably associated with that particular physical state. However, both these attributes of decision-making are incompatible with the deterministic viewpoint; so, in order to demonstrate this, we now proceed to look into the belief in determinism.

On the surface, a definition of determinism seems to present no difficulty. It is simply the thesis that all events are the effects of causes. But it is necessary to clarify what one means by "event" and "causes". An event refers to any variation or lack of variation in the state of a physical system. Since thought processes involve the physical motion of elemental units in the brain, we must agree that the making of a choice is the occurrence of an event. And what is meant by saying that an event is the effect of causes? Roughly this is to say

that the event bears such a relationship to some previous event (the causes) that unless the latter had occurred the former would not have occurred. Alternatively, it is to assert that for every event B there exists an antecedent event A that is a sufficient condition for the occurrence of B. Indeterminism merely refutes this.

It must be admitted that, so far as present achievement goes, determinism has the status merely of a working hypothesis; that is, a programme to direct inquiry. However, it is an hypothesis which has been successfully applied to the overwhelming majority of the phenomena of the world about us, including biological, psychological and economic phenomena. Obviously there cannot exist any means of proving determinism as a universally true description of the relationship between events. There always is the possibility of two identical antecedents resulting in differing consequents, which would represent a proof of indeterminism. Let us now have a look at the more important objections that have been raised towards determinism, and decide whether any of them is equivalent to a disproof.

When reflective people accept the indeterminist view nowadays, what are their strongest arguments? Certainly, the most widespread case for indeterminism is concerned with the obstinate and irrational feeling of freedom which tends to convince people that they cannot be wholly explained as automata. In recent times a rational attempt to dethrone determinism has been made by those who claim that physics has assuredly become indeterministic because of the work of Werner Heisenberg in particular. A third body of criticism (perhaps the largest in numbers of critics) is based on the wounded pride of those who abhor the implication of determinism that ethics and aesthetics are trivial inventions of ignorant humanity, soon to suffer the same fate as alchemy and witchcraft.

Concerning the first objection, there are two levels on which it can be rebutted. It is an axiom of psychoanalysis that we can have a completely false interpretation of how we really feel and why we do certain things rather than others. The very existence of the analyst, however, is an indication that most people cannot be made aware of this by rational argument. The second means of throwing doubt on this objection is very much more significant, and neces-

sitates our moving the discussion of free will to a higher causal level. The question we are considering is not whether we can do what we choose to do, but whether we can exert our volition in actually choosing this choice rather than another choice. At this higher level it is almost impossible for the indeterminist to retain the notion of a purpose-motive as he probably resorted to at the lower level.

As far as the argument based on the indeterminacy of physics is concerned, the resources for proving that the individual is capable of volition are very scarce indeed. At the outset, there is still a great deal of controversy as to whether Sir Arthur Eddington's "free will among the electrons" merely refers to matters of physical measurement and not the nature of physical reality, as some suppose. But then, since everyone, regardless of his sympathies in this first matter, is willing to concede that this possible arbitrariness merges into a statistical regularity when one passes from the micro- to the macroscopic viewpoint, the objection essentially disappears. Assuredly, the cerebral mechanisms involved in even the most trivial decision must be so huge in terms of electrons that the systems can be regarded as macroscopic and safe from any complications due to the Uncertainty Principle.

If, at this stage, one is prepared to tentatively accept the determinist case as plausible, then we can conclude by returning to a consideration of Man's living in a completely determined universe.

There are two points to be mentioned. The one is that we must be resigned to the fact that we and our communities are, in the extreme sense, pawns with which Fate is playing a predetermined game of chess. This is not to say that the pieces may not enjoy the game or even delude themselves into believing that it is *their ingenuity*, not the dictates of the prescribed programme of play, which is responsible for the exciting strategy of the match. The other point concerns the disturbing paradox which has crept up on us, almost unawares, as we have been using the hypothesis of determinism. To "choose" to accept determinism rather than its antithesis is to simultaneously deny that the right of making the choice was ever available.

## ALLEGORY

Still was the stream that bathes our city fair,  
As I in languor laxed one April day,  
And chanced to spy a buxom maiden gay,  
With book in hand, five diamonds in her hair,  
A nymph beyond compare,  
Who on the sunny southern shore did play,  
Clematis and acanthus wore she there.  
A barge drew nigh, of beauteous array,  
Whose stalwart boards a mighty god did bear,  
That god whose brows do wear  
A crown of bay tight bound and set with care.  
Who wooed the nymph with honeyed acclamation,  
And soon their harmonious voices blessed the air.  
My song interprets thus, for those who care—  
Our varsity, damnation,  
And the Board of Education,  
Behold their bridal day, which is not long,  
Sweet stream, run softly till I end my song.

M.Q.

## MY RHYME

With poems featuring just one rhyme,  
Are you completely happy? *I'm*.  
W.J.S.

## An E.U. Type Refuted . . .

The burden of Michael C. Griffiths' new book, *Consistent Christianity* (available from E.U.), is that Evangelical Christians' need at last, to be more earthly good, even if not exactly less heavily-minded. This is a good way for an evangelical to be thinking, but his wide-ranging statement of what constitutes a tin-tacks Christianity nevertheless contains self-contradictions which are bound to confuse the conscientious Christian who tries to follow his advice.

For instance, having written that "We must be living demonstrations that eternal life is not some future *benefit* to be received at death or *enjoyed* after death, but a present *experience* to be received at conversion and *enjoyed* thereafter" (pp. 16 and 17, my italics), he complains on the next page that "It is suggested (by others) that holiness is to be achieved by an 'experience' rather than by practical obedience to the will of God."

The problem posed by this vaguely apprehended inconsistency continues to bother the writer throughout his book. The following passage gives the non-evangelical as good an insight as he will ever have into the workings of the evangelical mind, revealing just the extent to which the E.U.-type is obsessed by the crucial question of faith and feelings.

"If we do not begin the day rightly with prayer and Bible reading, we may expect to fall away from our Lord; but even when we have enjoyed a real sense of His presence at the start of the day, it is easy to feel spiritually stale and jaded after a morning spent in lectures, or dealing with difficult customers, or working with uncongenial companions" (p. 39).

Griffiths' attempt to clear things up for his weaker brethren is much like dozens of others in other books. He suggests that

"What we need to develop is not the feeling of God's presence, but an awareness that He is present and that His eye is upon us" (p. 40).

Further attempting to clarify this non-point he quotes an analogy offered by another theologian sage. He argues that the Christian does not have to think about God to have a sense of His imminence—for God makes Himself just as unmistakably present to the believer as his audience is to a public speaker.

Thus the writer has demonstrated that there is no need for a constant thought of God where he actually set out to show that there was no need for a constant feeling (which most people, I suggest, would understand to be some sort of an emotion or direct experience of a reality rather than a thought of that reality) and, what is more, he bases his demonstration on the assumption that a feeling is necessary, concluding that

"We need to pray that the Lord will give us a deep sense of the reality of His presence, that we may learn to walk before Him and be perfect" (p. 41).

But even this emphatic assertion, supported, as it is, with such elaborate argument, cannot be left as Griffiths' last word on the subject. One might have thought that he had nailed the writer down as having absolute confidence in God as ever-ready to provide a sin-proofing inner joy to anyone who cared to ask for it, but pretty soon he is writing that

"This is the problem of which the young Christian is so immediately aware: that though he now has a new allegiance to Christ, his very mind and heart is corrupt and sinful" (p. 108).

This, indeed, is a perilous realism for a Bible-believing Christian whose school of belief particularly emphasizes the doctrine of Cor. 5: 17, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new". But evangelicals indulge in such realism every day. Their capacity for obscuring a reality which quite disproves their dogma by overlaying it with a veneer of that dogma, by limiting the questions they may ask and the vocabulary they may employ, is equalled only by that of the Communists who contrive to see Utopian freedom where there is the most totalitarian oppression the world has ever known. In both cases there is utter sincerity; even Paul and Marx were sincere—indeed, it was their obsession with their beautiful theories which bore them, in such magnificent singleness of purpose and uncritical eagerness, right over all the barriers of awkward reality. They established, in their writings, the mazes of subtle obscurity and contradiction and unwarranted deduction from human experience in which millions are lost and wandering today.

Here is Griffiths' final attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable—

"We must strive, must put off and put on as His word commands. He lays these responsibilities upon us. But we do not do them by ourselves, apart from Him. The Holy Spirit is the great inspirer of action in the believer. As I act, apparently in accord with the free working of my own will, the Spirit works in me to will and to do of His good pleasure. He works through the faith and action of the believer" (pp. 123 and 124).

To have unwittingly supported Christians in this view that free-will and external control are reconcilable will doubtless be very upsetting to determinists. They may, however, derive some comfort from pointing out that, if Christian claims are accepted, God should logically be held responsible for everything the Christian does. The Christian, you see, is nobly inconsistent in giving God the credit for everything good that

by

Colin Smith

he is "enabled" to do, at the same time blaming himself for his shortcomings.

Certainly, "the peace of God that passeth all understanding" (Phil. 4: 7) has passed the understanding of modern evangelicals—so much that the promise of it costs them more peace than any other statement in their enigmatical source-book. Only a few, like the missionary director mentioned by Griffiths on page 122, are capable of the absolute believism of saying "Christ is in me" whatever they feel like standing on a smoky railway platform on a Monday morning. This is, at least, a way of dismissing the problem created by acceptance of Paul's foolish dogma so that one may get on with the real business of living.

Indeed, so immense is the satisfaction of these people at having escaped from their desperate moral dilemma that it is easy for them to imagine that their faith has in fact, been rewarded with the peace of God.

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I

by

Sandra von der Borch

## Does Park '9' mean anything to you?

It's a 17-acre triangle of parklands between Park Terrace, McKinnon Parade and Bungey's Road, less than a mile from here, that in 12 months' time will be finished as the new University playing field.

The University was granted an annual lease for this area last July, at a value of £550 p.a. Of course, there was no bartering, but the Adelaide City Council provided the Super Elliot Sports Club with an alternative ground, and an agreement was reached between the University and the A.T.C. Thus the Old University soccer field was given up for two Teachers' College hockey fields.

It seems that work is just starting there now; graders, in huge clouds of dust, are working to get the final slope to a drop from 99.58 ft. to 98.78 ft. in 860 ft. and the drop of 12 in. along the 100 yards track will be well within athletics regulations; but as early as 1959 the original plan for this development had been drawn up, and by May 1960, the City Council approved of it. In the meantime, ideas originating from members of the Sports Association, including Mr. Swales-Smith, Mr. Culver, Prof. Potts and Prof. Jensen, had passed through the Grounds and Finance Committee, the General Committee of the Sports Association, the University Council, and the Murray Commission to the A.U.C., and the result of all this was the annual lease and a proposed grant of £25,000. However, with the credit squeeze, the Government cut this grant to £13,000 last year, and the original plans had to be considerably modified.

The facilities for changing, still quite adequate, were cut down to an estimated cost of £6,000. This pavilion will cover an area of 42ft. 8in. x 34ft. 6in.; greater than the standard area approved by the Council, and the plans were drawn up and modified by Prof. Jensen of our faculty of Architecture. The water pump and reticulation plant were reduced to a working minimum, costing £3,500 at least. The 440 yards track will now be grass instead of cinders. There will be no grandstand over the changing pavilion as yet. But if further money is granted later, none of these basic things will be wasted.

So far 22 large gum trees have been removed, and levelling estimated to cost £1,400, is proceeding. The seed, which will be planted in the winter, will cost £150, and it is because this will not be well established till next year that there will be any delay at all in the development.

Thus there will be the much-needed two hockey fields, six lawn tennis courts and a quarter-mile running track, with changing facilities, quite close to the University, and the Curator of Sports Grounds will have 60 acres under his care, compared with 21½ acres four years ago.

These developments are for the 25 per cent. of Uni. students who play outdoor sports.

These students will know nothing of the myriad of technical headaches behind the scenes now, but the end result will be a balanced array of facilities for outdoor sports, and a home field for every Uni. Sports Club.

II

by

Neil Gray

The grant to the University Sports Association has been cut from £25,000 to £13,000. This has meant that a grass 440 yards athletics track will be laid instead of the originally proposed cinder track.

This is an insult to all University students who rank among the small but growing body of athletes. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that if this grass track is allowed to be laid a cinder track will never be forthcoming.

Let us recall a few facts. This State does not possess one regulation athletics cinder track. In the past, State athletes as well as University athletes have had to contend with shocking conditions on which to hold their Inter-club meetings. Recently a new ground has been laid in the west parklands on which a 440 yards track was marked out—but the track was grassed. In addition, several records were set up on this track only to be refused on the basis that the slope of the ground did not comply with regulation standards.

Let us face it. Is University athletics and State athletics to be set back a further 10 to 20 years by not laying this cinder track on Park 9?

Surely there must be someone or some financial body who would be willing to make up some of the difference between £25,000 and £13,000 that the first, regulation, record-possible, cinder track might be laid in this State? Is this possibility to be allowed to slip by simply because of lack of Government foresight to the detriment of thousands of athletes in the future who will be willing and yet unable to enjoy the thrill and challenge of competing on a cinder track? Athletes need a permanent, well-kept cinder track to fulfil their needs. They cannot and will not be satisfied with another grass track.

## Developments in the Football Club

After several outstanding seasons with the A's "Doc" Clarkson has been elected Club Captain. He will be ably assisted by "Keg" Ferguson as Vice-Captain. The whole club will be behind these two in their difficult task of leading the teams to victory. The enviable combination of Alan Greer as coach, Clarkson as Captain and many new and keen players should enable us to take four premierships this Season. The important thing is to build up speed and stamina and develop team play early in the season so as not to lose the first few games which are great morale boosters, especially for new club members.

Many of last year's premierships A side have been seen out at training over the last few weeks. However, men such as Kreiger, Pearlman and Watson have left us. At the

moment there are still 18 places to be filled in the A's and from the form displayed by certain men in the first trial games, it will be quite a task to pick them.

As is often the case the trial games on Saturday, March 25, were very patchy. The first game was inclined to be a little slow, with a few men dominating the scene. It would hardly be expected that demonstrations of good team play would show up in these teams as they had never played together before—but team play is the one aspect of our football that must be cultivated. The second trial was a good deal faster and the teams quickly developed the play-on game. However, many brilliant attacks were marred by poor kicking. Men in both games showed the ability to earn their positions in the A or B grade sides.

The University Men's Golf Club is back in action this year, and with an expected rise in membership, the standard should be quite high.

For the information of freshers and those who just don't know, the purposes of the club are:—

(1) To give as much golf to members on top courses as possible, e.g. Sunday a.m. at Royal Adelaide, plus week-day golf at North Adelaide, Kooyonga and Glenelg.

Details—see notice board.

(2) To win the Intervarsity (Melbourne this year in May Vac.).

(3) Conduct championships (Sept. Vac.).

Subscriptions of £1 can be paid as soon as you like to Janine at the Sports Association Office. This entitles you to a pretty yellow card, and the right to collect half green fee (on producing the receipt) no more than once a week. Further pearls of wisdom and information can be gleaned from the notice board.

So be in it! We need you—especially your £1. And a final plea: don't behave like the angry young man you feel you undoubtedly are, on a golf course. We have been practically hounded out of existence in the past as a result of vulgar exhibitions of debauchery and discourtesy by University golfers.

(a) Don't forget North Adelaide—we don't get frowned upon there.

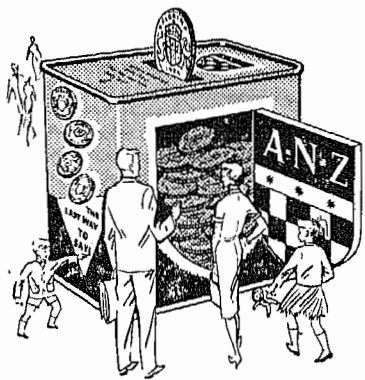
(b) The committee are going to be very hot on the discipline this year, so watch out.

Good golfing!

There are still only about 80 out at practice regularly and this is barely enough to fill the four sides. Any students—old or new—who are interested in football should come out to training on Tuesday and Thursday evening and reap the benefits of a healthy sport and a friendly club.

Club members are reminded that forms for registration with the South Australian Amateur Football League must be in the hands of the Secretary, Carl Meyer, at least one week before the first match.

A final reminder is that the first Club Tea will be held on Tuesday, April 11, at the Queen's Head. It will be a bar-b-que tea and refreshments immediately after practice. The teams for the first matches will be announced during the evening.



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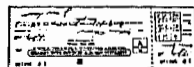
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## ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SQUADRON

The Adelaide University Squadron, formed in 1950, is a Citizen Air Force Squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force.

The Squadron is a training unit for students attending the University, the School of Mines or the Teachers' College who wish to gain a commission in the R.A.A.F. After two years with the Squadron as Officer Cadets members are graduated to the General Reserve with the rank of Pilot Officer—except Medical Officers who take the rank of Flight Lieutenant.

A Cadet in the Adelaide University Squadron receives all the privileges of an officer, for example, re "lives in" at the Officers' Mess on Air Force Stations, and is given first class travel when on Air Force business.

A Cadet is required to serve 28 days in each of the two years that he is in the Squadron. 14 days of this is taken in the 21-day May vacation or the Christmas vacation as continuous training and the rest is made up by Home Training Parades. These include weekly parades on Tuesday evenings between 6.30 p.m. and 9 p.m. Some of these are compulsory and others (especially near examination times in third term) are voluntary; a 7 days' bivouac and survival course; and a camp at which gliding instruction is given by the Adelaide Soaring Club is included when possible.

Pay is at the rate of £1/12/11 per day and to this can be added other allowances up to £50 per annum.

Squadron training is allied as closely to the Cadets' University Course. The Squadron has flights in Medical (including Dentistry and Pharmacy); Equipment and Accounting; Administration; Technical (Engineering and Architecture); and Radio (Radar and Signals).

The Squadron does its best to assist the individual Cadet in his University course, since the R.A.A.F. believes that a Cadet's first responsibility is to obtain a good degree at the University. Squadron timetables and training commitments are arranged so that the individual Cadet suffers the least possible interference with his course. Special arrangements can be made to suit individuals.

Admission to the Squadron is not difficult. Applications are merely required to meet a standard of medical fitness at an examination given by the Air Force, and to be interviewed by a selection committee.

The Commanding Officer (Squadron Leader A. H. CLARK) of the Squadron at 155 Barton Terrace, North Adelaide (Telephone 6 9282) will be glad to discuss conditions of service at any time; and so will any other members of the Squadron. Application forms may be obtained at the above address, from the Recruiting Centre at 97 Currie Street, or from the S.R.C. Office.

An "At Home" Evening will be held at 155 Barton Terrace, at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 18th April. The film, "12 O'clock High", will be screened and all male students are cordially invited to attend.

A series of B.B.C. Television films on Air Power will be screened in the Lady Symon Theatre at 1.15 p.m. on 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th April, 1961. The Squadron would be delighted to welcome all persons who care to attend.

Applications for 1961 entry, close on April 26



# OPINION

The Australian Trade Unions are at present applying to the Federal Arbitration Commission for an increase of £2/9/- in the Basic Wage and for restoration of quarterly cost-of-living adjustments. Both claims are being opposed by the Employers' Federation.

The Unions will lose both cases. They will receive an increase of either 5/- or 10/- and quarterly cost-of-living adjustments will not be restored. This result is such a dead certainty that it would be a crime to bet on it.

Sir Douglas Copland, appearing for the Unions, will be discredited as Australia's "leading" economist. This is the penalty he will pay for ignoring post-Keynesian economic thought in a post-Keynesian world.

The Basic Wage decision will be as stated for several reasons. Cost-of-living adjustments are very nearly abortive as a method of redistributing income to the workers for the simple reason that it is not possible to stop the general price level increasing, *pari passu*. The only way workers can gain in such a system is at the expense of people on fixed incomes and by squeezing the profits of exporters and producers competing desperately with imports. This "squeezing" effect would yield very little extra "real" income to workers and would materially affect our ability to "pay our way" abroad since exports would fall off and imports rise.

Moreover, the Arbitration Commission is "sold" on the relevance of Balance of Payments considerations to our "ability to pay" increased wages, and in a year in which half our International Reserves will be lost, the Employers will nail the point well with surreptitious help from the Government.

The £2/9/- increase in the Basic Wage will be refused for much the same reasons, since it would result in a Himalayan increase in the domestic price level, the ruination of many marginal export producers and marginal competitors with imports and make the present drain on our Reserves abroad look like a trickle. Second, the price increase since 1947 (on which the Unions base a large part of their claim) is irrelevant in considering the "capacity to pay" of employers in 1961-62, because the money income generated by this price increase has been already distributed by the process that creates the prices. Since it has already been distributed to someone all that can be done is to try to redistribute it, and this the Arbitration Commission is unable to do because it cannot control prices.

The 5/- or 10/- increase that the Unions will receive will occur because the Commission would be likely to lose all control of wages if it refused some increase for two years in succession.

What can the Unions do? They can vote for a strong restrictive practices legislation, to stop the price-fixing rackets that riddle Australian enterprise, and thus make employers' ability to raise prices less easy by increasing the "competitiveness" of Australian firms. They can press for recognition by the Commission that productivity can be measured and base their claims for a wage increase on the expected increase in productivity in the forthcoming year. Strikes for higher pay even if successful would not stop the concomitant price increase and would have the undesirable effects mentioned in previous paragraphs.

It is time for Australians to emerge from the fools' paradise engendered by the wool-boom. "Soft" profits and "soft" wage increases are the short-cut to long-run stagnation. More sincere attempts to increase efficiency and keep down prices, particularly on the part of employers, may yet save our economic boat from slowly, but surely, foundering.

## That scarlet woman

In all ages since the Reformation there have been those who have accused the Roman Church of all manner of iniquity; though time has tempered the vehemence of her detractors, it has not eliminated them. There are still many who look upon her every action with a restless suspicion, and since today prejudice of any kind is more acceptable if it is disguised, those who oppose State aid to Church schools are not always completely frank about their reasons for doing so; they do not always assert that to give State aid will be to the advantage of the Roman Church.

Yet, rationalization notwithstanding, this is undoubtedly the source of most, if not all, opposition to the request for the State to aid private schools. For while some 30 per cent. of the population is Roman Catholic, some 80 per cent. of all children who attend private schools attend Roman private schools.

The arguments against giving aid fall into two categories; those in the first directly attack the Roman Church; those in the second assert that such a practice would be likely to lead to a dangerous and undesirable precedent. Let us examine the latter argument.

Aid may be in the form of taxation concessions to parents, or may be given directly, as a loan or gift,

to the schools themselves. That the former would create an unwelcome precedent has been cogently demonstrated by Max Freedman (M.G.W., 23 March, '61):

"... it is an evil principle destructive of citizenship to establish a rule that an important group in society is entitled to a rebate on taxes unless it benefits directly and personally from these particular expenditures. The general application of such a rule . . . would wreck many projects essential to the common good. Why should a bachelor, for example, pay school taxes when he sends no one to school? If the Catholics can claim a rebate, why cannot other groups seek the same privileges? Where will this process end once public funds are withdrawn from the public school system?"

It is quite a different matter to ask that private schools receive financial aid. They carry out an essential public service, not run for profit, which would otherwise have to be performed by the State. The only other institutions which fall into this category are hospitals, universities and, very much to the point, university colleges, all of which do receive State aid. Is it not inconsistent in principle for the State to give finance to Aquinas College, of the University of Adelaide, while refusing it to Sacred Heart College or any other private school?

The objections based upon the alleged deficiencies of Rome can be dealt with briefly. To give financial aid to her schools will neither aggravate nor ameliorate her real or imagined defects.

And this being so, such objections fall into the limbo of didactic irrelevance.

## An opportunity missed

People invariably enjoy a good fight, regardless of whether it is in Madison Square Garden or State Parliament. Amongst people who are unanimous in their likes and dislikes there is a distinct dullness, always more pronounced when their common concern is of an intensely disputable nature. Especially where an extremely controversial issue is being discussed, one often feels that this superficial oneness is not authentic and most likely prompted by a discreet mutual politeness rather than genuine intellectual considerations.

For the first Union Debate on Thursday, March 23rd, just such an issue was raised: "What ought university education mean to students?" It is hardly unjust to say that the ensuing examination of the subject, between Prof. H. N. Robson and the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Basten, was rather monotonous, dispirited and, needless to say, disappointing.

As victims of the age of C. P. Snow's two-culture split, Riesman's "other-directedness", Redbrick University and Harry Messel, we had come hoping to hear at least two, perhaps even original and contrasting versions of the university's proper purpose in our times. Instead, the only pig-fodder cast before the potential pearl-collectors consisted merely of one depressing suggestion, jointly shared by both speakers. The gist of this was that motives behind education are manifestations of man's instinctive desire for self-preservation.

Pitifully though, this rather useless piece of information scarcely encroached upon the stated subject, which was formulated *ethically*, not *factually*. "How ought the student consciously consider his education?"—not "How may he have subcon-

sciously done so in the past?"—was the problem which our academic captains failed to elucidate for us.

The former problem is the one besetting every undergraduate who is concerned with the task of moulding an attitude towards his *alma mater*. At least for the intellectually-orientated student, its solution, involving his individual value criteria, determines not only the disciplines he will study, but also his overall function in university life. This takes into account all his associations with various societies, social groups, nebulous cliques and personalities.

Therefore, the debate would most appropriately have concerned itself with appraisals of typical, mid-twentieth century values held by large numbers of students; and more particularly, the extent to which our universities either frustrate or assist the student in his quest to realise these values. To what limits are ambitions based on these values compatible with the demands of modern society, and what are the consequences of their not being so?

Because of the contemporary importance of the graduate as a pace-setter in the community, it is not unreasonable to assume that the outcome of questions like these ultimately influences the political, cultural and ideological trends in a society. So, in a debate such as this, should they not qualify more justifiably for recognition than dubious academic hypotheses on the basic reasons for which education exists. Obviously, the major problem is not the question of what causes brought about the existence of education but, rather, what can we best achieve with it, knowing that it exists.

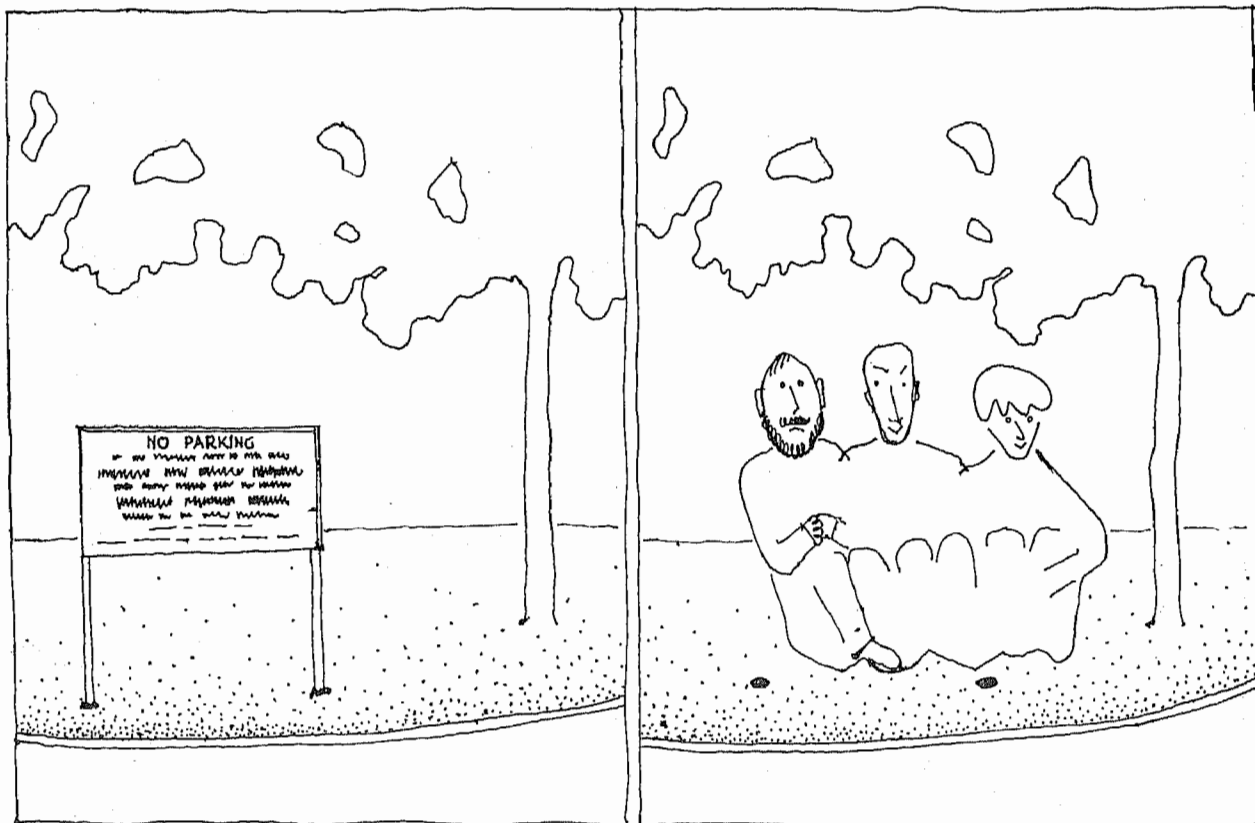
The substance of the matter actually discussed, the biological concept of education, is little more than historical and is almost irrelevant to this more important problem. Even its "ought" implications (supposing that historical factors enter significantly into genuine valued decisions, which is doubtful) do not provide many profound resources with which to distinguish worthwhile ends of education.

Perhaps it brings to light the flaws in an educational development which has, at its zenith, nuclear weapons, Communism, materialism and other self-destructive agencies which are end-products of the acquisition of knowledge. But then there are the glorious affluences of education such as philosophy, pure mathematics and the like aesthetic disciplines. These, however, must also be regarded as "flaws" according to the biological concept, since their connection with self-preservation is non-existent (unless "self-preservation" takes on the vague connotation of "feeling pleased with one's present existence").

Rather, it seems that the concept of education as based on this instinct is inadequate and far too restricted to encompass more than a minor part of the magnificent edifice of knowledge that has derived from learning processes.

Quite probably, at an earlier level of educational evolution, this concept might have sufficed both as an explanation of the essence of learning and also as the basis of the most worthy ideals which could be envisaged in future education. Certainly, this would have applied to Neanderthal Man and his discourse concerning the outlook with which his fellows should approach their hunting classes.

Unfortunately, we had somehow expected the Union Debaters to be a few aeons in advance of this stage. But then, personal experience, if not education, should have at least made us aware that appearances so very often deceive.



THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE AXE