

Oversight . . . The present blends benignly with the past.

Very soon the greatest ingenuity will not find a place to put a new building in the University of Adelaide. In the main, its appearance today will be its appearance, God and others willing, in a hundred years time.

One might therefore ask how pleasing are the examples of the art of architecture which daily confront the eyes of its inhabitants.

Suppose that a discriminating visitor should chance to come over the footbridge and, tearing himself away from the many fascinating sights of the Torrens, enter our gates. What would he notice?

Apart from the "No Parking" sign, which has previously come to our notice, he would be delighted by the pleasant symmetry of the original Union buildings and appalled by the Tower which has so ineptly been thrust amongst them. Not only is this Tower ugly in itself, but it spoils the whole conception of the buildings. It does not even have the utilitarian excuse for its existence; two rooms attached inconspicuously at ground level would have been just as good. Is it too much to hope that the best will some day be made of a bad job by putting a clock in it?

Next our visitor would note the Barr Smith Library, its older half a worthy building and its extensions a jarring obscenity all too incompletely hidden by a fortuitous tree. Why, if these extensions had to be built, could not provision have been made to later complete their exterior so that they harmonised with the older half? Better have left unfinished than as it stands now.

As our visitor walked in haste from such offences he might perhaps come across the intrinsically ugly

WHAT NEXT?

Biological Sciences Building. Its position flaunts this ugliness before the eyes of many, and blocks what was a very dignified driveway. There are gates on Frome Road through which a roadway ran to the main entrance of the Barr Smith Library. To have put two more buildings parallel to and behind the Arts Building and the Union Hall respectively would have increased the dignity of such a driveway. It is not the first time that an error of taste such as this cannot be attributed to the demands of expediency.

The only recent building which has added to the beauty of the University in this area is the Union Hall. Its shape, which properly suggests that the function of the building is different from the more mundane buildings about it, has great power.

Moving quickly past the nondescript Engineering and Architectural Buildings, our visitor would come across the new Arts Building, in itself an interesting and even pleasant building. But, why, when its surroundings are of red and grey brick, did it have to be this colour? Why not red brick? Time, which will deservedly make the Angry Young Men a little known literary curiosity, darkens and mellows red brick until it has great warmth; it is only in its youth that it appears brash and offensive.

His haste made greater by such sights, our visitor would stumble to the lawns by the Bonython and Elder Halls and there, as he collapsed upon these lawns, would discern the truth about those

who built the University; our grandfathers were men of taste and imagination but our fathers are often pedestrian or worse. While the cloistered calm in which he now finds himself may be perhaps due in part to the absence of pullulating masses of students, it is also because the buildings which flank this lawn are themselves pleasant and harmonise with each other. (And the Bonython Hall was put there, so it is said, to terminate the headlong career of Pulteney Street.)

Here we will leave our visitor to a well earned rest until he leaves after someone official has pointed out the "Keep Off the Grass" sign.

What ought to be done in the future? Too little advantage has been taken of the sort of effects that could be obtained by building tall buildings upon the very edge of the upper level. The new Organic Chemistry Building is the only admirable example of this. It is to be hoped that when the Teachers' College builds behind it some attempt is made to harmonise with the two buildings below. (Some might be tempted to remark that it will inevitably stick out like a sore thumb.) The same remark applies to the next storey of the refectory (to be built next year?) and the Physics Building which will rise behind it on the upper level.

The main task for the future will be to hide the aberrations of the past. Perhaps an extension to the Barr Smith Extensions will obscure what is now objectionable and another building which somehow harmonised with the Arts Building, the Barr Smith and the Union Hall and hid the Biological Sciences Building might be built. Or perhaps it would be better merely to plant poison ivy around the pillars or paint grubs on the yellow bricks in the patchwork.

Friday, 7th July—
Anglican Society Meeting "The Problem of Evil".

Sunday, 9th July—
Aquinas Society Annual General Communion. St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral, 4.30 p.m. Buffet Tea.

Monday, 10th July—
Radio Club. Speaker: Mr. M. J. Oliphant of W.R.E. Exhibition of equipment. Chapman Lecture Theatre, Electrical Engineering Dept., 7.45 p.m.

Tuesday, 11th July—
Anglican Society. Bible Study Series on "The Living World of the New Testament" begins.

Thursday, 13th July—
Adelaide University Science Association. Meeting in Lady Symon Hall, 1.15 p.m. Speaker: Prof. D. Rowley.

Saturday, 15th July—
Ag. Science Students Association. Annual Tennis Tournament.

Sunday, 16th July—
Aquinas Society Hike.

Tuesday, 18th July—
Jazz Concert by six Adelaide Bands. Mayo Refectory, 8.00 p.m.

Adelaide University Music Society. Concert in Elder Hall, Brahms Programme, 8.00 p.m.

6th-8th July—
Lincoln St. Ann's Dramatic Society presentation of "Happiest Days of Your Life" in Union Hall. 8.00 p.m. Admission 5/-.

11th-12th July—
A.U.D.S. Lunch-time Production of "Paradise Enow" and "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy". Union Hall, 1.10 p.m. Admission 1/-.

14th-22nd July—
Adelaide University Theatre Guild's Presentation of "The Rivals" in the Union Hall. 8.00 p.m.

TIDES

Information regarding the Australian-Indian Travel Scheme Visit to India is now available from the Editors.

Information regarding Royal Society and Nuffield Foundation Commonwealth Bursaries is now available from the Editors.

A.U.E.S. films every Tuesday, 1.10 p.m. Room 110, Mech. Engineering Building.

Nominations are requested for the position of 1962 Congress Director. Nominations with the S.R.C. Hon. Secretary by 7th July.

Information regarding Netherlands Govt. Scholarships is available from the Editors.

Information regarding Japanese Govt. Science Fellowships for 1961-62 is available from the Editors.

Information regarding Shell Post-Graduate Scholarships is now available from the Editors.

SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME

One of the world's largest engineering works offers YOU, on graduation, unique opportunities for experience in all fields of engineering.

For full details: Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Authority Officers will be in attendance at The University on Monday, 10th July, and Tuesday, 11th July, 1961.

Appointments for interviews may be made through the Secretary of the Appointments Board.

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.

On Dit is printed by The Griffin Press.

Mr. Rudrum, a graduate of King's College, University of London, is a specialist in the religious poetry of the Seventeenth Century. An article by him appears on page four.

The Editors will welcome letters, articles and other contributions from all members of the University. Copy for the next edition, which will appear on Thursday, July 20, 1961, closes on Thursday, July 13.

THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER . . .

by
a correspondent

In the scholastic year that is about to end, there were some 70,000 students involved in tertiary education in Paris. This figure includes the 10,000 foreign students, and the people studying in the engineering and technical schools which are separate from the University of Paris. In view of the vast differences that exist between an Australian University and the Paris one, both in organisation and form of studies, I think it impossible to deal with them, and shall limit this article to a discussion of student facilities, and an effort to describe what the average Parisian student is like, what things are important to him, how he lives, and so on. This discussion will inevitably draw in certain aspects of Paris life in general, which I trust will not be altogether devoid of interest.

The University of Paris is difficult to conceive of as any kind of unity. The various faculties are scattered over an area about the size of Adelaide with all its suburbs included, so that if you imagine the Sorbonne—faculty of Arts and Human Sciences—as being where our Arts faculty is, the Science faculty would be at Gleneilg, or part of it, the Medical faculty somewhere in O'Connell Street, and so forth. The oldest established building is the Sorbonne, which was originally conceived as a theology school, and was the home of scholasticism in pre-Renaissance times. With the spreading of the fields of learning, the University has spread, too. Given the numbers of students involved, it is not surprising that most of the faculties are overcrowded: in some Sorbonne lectures, it is necessary to arrive half an hour before time to get in. Efforts made to compensate the rapid growth in numbers, such as broadcasting some lectures, and building new buildings, lag badly behind . . . but we know about this sort of thing already.

For work outside of his lectures, the student has recourse to various libraries. His faculty has one, but conditions are difficult for work, once again because of crowding. There are many independent libraries, but these have the deficiency of lacking the necessary books. And always the crowding. The "Bibliothèque Nationale" is a very fine library, with a copy of every book published in France, and vast numbers of other books, and a magnificent collection of manuscripts, but to be eligible for entry, the student must already be what we call a graduate. The undergraduate can only get in for special reasons and for a limited time, in short to consult a specific work. Entry is rigorously controlled at the door, by a card system—the card presented to the monitor bears the student's signature and photo—and if all seats are taken, one simply has to wait for somebody to leave.

A word on the library system in Paris might be in order, to show the Adelaide student how privileged he is in this regard. The student has no direct access to books, except those that come under the heading of "usuels," which includes dictionaries and encyclopaedias. On entering the library, he shows his card and receives a slip upon which he marks the titles desired, and gives the slip to an official. He then waits for the book to be brought to his place, or until the time when he can go to collect it, if it has not already been given to somebody else. This procedure takes time, as much as twenty minutes, but is used as a precaution against theft. Before leaving, the books are returned, and the slip marked to the effect. The slip is collected at the door. Borrowing of books is rarely permitted by libraries, and when it is possible to borrow, the formalities are painfully complicated. The fact that hundreds of volumes are stolen each year is sufficient cause for the existence of such regulations, which curb if they do not eliminate the pilfering.

There are two main groups of student residences, to house the students who do not live at home (those who do are relatively few), or in "digs." The closer is on the outskirts of the city, about two miles from the centre, and is called the Cité Universitaire. The system is much the same as our residences, except that they are not sectarian. They have no direct connection with the Faculties. Various nations have part interest in some of these residential buildings or "colleges," so that the foreign student can most often find lodging there, provided he applies early enough. Fees are very reasonable, at about eight pounds ten a month, which does not, however, include any meals. (For a point of comparison, the average student in "digs," for the same degree of comfort, would pay twice as much, with breakfast (coffee and roll) thrown in.) A similar system exists at Antony, in the suburbs, about ten miles out. Travelling difficulties are attenuated by an excellent student reduction on public transport, and a highly efficient underground and bus system.

Apart from these big residential organisations, there are various "foyers," many of them religious, where students can find rooms. As a rule, they are neither as cheap nor as agreeable as the ones already described, and people often prefer to seek a private room.

Another thing that does not exist at home is the student restaurant system. There is nothing here that resembles, even remotely, our refectory. For eating between meals, which the Frenchman does very rarely, or for the odd spot of coffee, there

are too many good cafés (where one can also obtain beer and other harmful drinks) for any specifically university thing to exist. For the two meals of the day (once again I ignore (with a sneer) what they call breakfast), there are a number of student restaurants, placed at various points in the city, where for 2/3 the student can eat a four-course meal. Not all the restaurants are of the same quality—some, being subsidised by private organisations, and connected with one or other of the above-mentioned "foyers," are not very expansive with their food, nor very skilled in the cooking of it, while the big government-subsidised restaurants provide first-class meals. This lack of equality means that one has to queue early before term starts, so that one may get a card for one of the better restaurants (once more the rigorous card system), or else one is condemned to unpleasant food for the whole year.

To give some idea of what the eating is like, I shall take as an example the big restaurant where I eat twice a day. There are four floors, and at each meal the restaurant handles some five thousand students during the two and a half hours it is open. One pushes a tray, and the various dishes are served on to it from behind the counter. In general there is no choice in any given meal, but the variety from meal to meal and day to day does not allow for monotony. Today, for example, I ate chicken with watercress and baked potatoes as the main dish, whereas last time I had chicken it was with spinach and chestnut sauce. Today, once again, I had asparagus as a hors d'oeuvre, a lettuce salad, camembert cheese, and an apricot pie for dessert. And as a rule the meal keeps this form, but there are many varieties in all the dishes. The only thing that is fairly constant is potato, which comes in many forms, but very persistently. I forgot to mention the macaroni with meat sauce that was also in my lunch today. Quantity is never lacking, and if one is still hungry, there are always "back-ups" in some dishes. I calculate that such a meal, in an outside restaurant, would cost in the region of 10/-. The one disadvantage of the system is that one is more or less obliged to eat quickly because of the large numbers passing through, and often one has to queue a long time before a meal.

Sporting facilities are not as good as at home, or rather, not as easily accessible. There are reasonably large grounds at the Cité Universitaire, and facilities for all the sports that are played in France. Once the student has a card to enter these grounds (yet once more!) he can do so free of charge, and can play tennis, soccer, rugby, indulge in athletics or swimming, for the teams there. Here, though, distance is an obstacle, unless one is actually in residence at the Cité. I point out in passing that there are virtually no grounds—except the odd park tennis court—within the city of Paris, and all public sport takes place a long way out. There are a large number of public indoor swimming pools, heated, and many gymnasiums, however, so that there is really no excuse for not keeping fit. One might also mention the number of stairs that one climbs in a day—very few buildings in Paris have lifts.

The state-controlled social security system handles all medical problems, and the student's rates are much lower than the

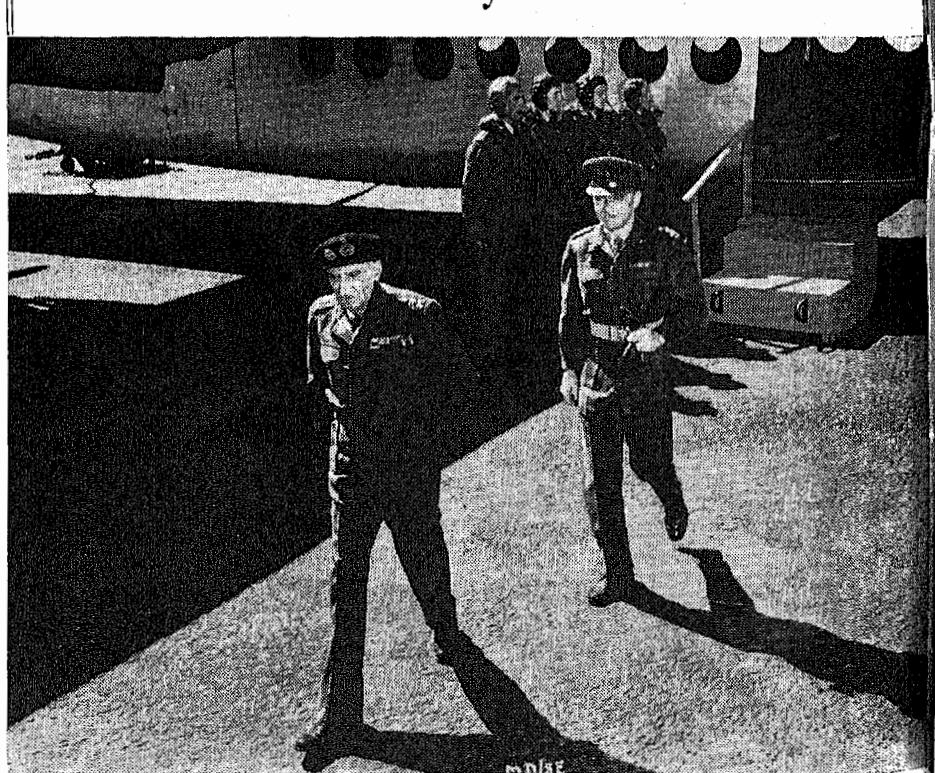
normal ones. He pays no bills for hospitals or medicines, and gets his glasses and teeth mended at very little expense. He has half-price admission to concerts and to most of the theatres, and can even get discount on his clothing in certain stores. All in all, he is a very highly placed member of society. As such, he dresses elegantly (the "existentialist" type clothing usually hides a foreign student trying to be French), is always clean (even though this may involve a bath once a week), and is willing to give his opinion on any serious social, political, religious or philosophical problem. He will even discuss it at great length, being inclined to argument, and having a good gift of the gab, and, usually, being quite well informed. He is vital, interested, and even apt to become fanatical, but he will seldom indulge in a physical battle, even when his tongue has failed him. He is vain, complaining, anxious to preserve and assert his individuality, but at the same time he is natural, sensitive, willing to be convinced that he is wrong. Men and women alike are far more inclined to intelligent conversation than at home, and one has the impression* of a kind of "comradeship" within any given group.

What strikes one most of all is that the assertiveness and overtalkativeness of the vast majority of Paris students, is in reality just a facet of their urgent desire to learn, to understand, to be. Whether this highmindedness comes as a result of the rich cultural background or the desire to find some kind of simplicity in the present day confusion, I cannot say—it is probably a bit of both.

The result is that the Paris student goes to concerts and to good films (of which there are many), he frequents the theatre and the opera, and he reads books outside his course. I do not just mean the best students, either; many barely average students have a fine cultural background. This is, of course, encouraged in the secondary education system, which is so far ahead of ours that it is difficult to believe, but there is a certain amount of will involved, a certain realisation that the traditions of France can not stand up by themselves, that to be of use they must be continually revitalised, that tradition without people is as dead as a piece in a museum.

This sounds very much like an overstated eulogy of the French student, and doubtless I have been too general to avoid some errors of judgment. There are the non-serious students, the "Refectory I, II and III" types. There are also cynical students, who think that the effort of the French society to raise itself again after the shame of the Second World War capitulation are ludicrous and sentimental. From conversations I have heard and taken part in, however, I should say that the picture I painted above is far more true, generally speaking, than the lazy, or cynical types, who are the anomaly. There is a national consciousness and pride amongst students that is lacking in the sceptical outlook of the city in general. It is in them that there is hope, not in the army of officialdom, and they are the only ones—apart from de Gaulle and some of his men—who are concerned with upholding the freedom, brotherhood and equality ideals of the great Declaration of the Revolution. Their rallies and manifestations are just an aspect of this desire to be free.

"I was Monty's double"



Prior to D Day, a man was chosen to impersonate General Montgomery with the intention of duping the Nazi High Command. Dangerous and sinister manoeuvres take place, as the value of the hoax depends on completely convincing the Germans. The cast includes John Mills and Cecil Parker. (Union Hall, July 18 and 19, 12.05 p.m.)

Truly Representative

by
Dean Campbell

During the course of each year, this year being no exception, many derogatory comments are made about the S.R.C. These are almost invariably made in ignorance of the worth of such a Council.

The present Council is the 15th S.R.C. Before the Council was constituted in its present form, a body called the Students Council carried out the work of the governing student Committee. Of the original Council I know nothing, and it is of little interest to the present situation.

The objects of the S.R.C. are:

(a) To afford a recognised means of communication between the students and University authorities.

(b) To represent the students in matters affecting their interests and to promote student participation in the consideration of such matters.

(c) To encourage and co-ordinate the activities of student clubs and societies.

(d) To organise general gatherings of students.

(e) To publish such magazines and periodicals as may be determined from time to time.

(f) To promote the social life and intellectual culture of the students.

(g) Generally to collaborate with the Council of the Adelaide University Union in securing the objects of the Union and furthering the interests of the University.

(h) On behalf of the student members of the Adelaide University Union, to join, affiliate with or co-operate with such University bodies or organisations having kindred aims as it seems fit.

The S.R.C. consists of students from every faculty in the University. This is guaranteed by having Faculty Elections at which each faculty, as a faculty, can elect its representative or representatives to the S.R.C. for the following 12 months. As well as these elections, a General Election at which 12 people are elected, irrespective of their faculties.

The new S.R.C. then comes into power on the last day of 2nd Term and until the penultimate day of the following year, has the responsibility of carrying out the Objects of the S.R.C.

Much of the criticism that is heard is justified. I am not attempting to criticise this S.R.C. or any particular S.R.C. when I say this. It has been true that Councilors have considered the S.R.C. to be a suitable place to wield their knowledge of debating techniques or meeting procedure. This type of thing is, of course, necessary, but one does not necessarily

have to become pedantic. The S.R.C. is not in existence for this purpose. Matters of great importance come before each S.R.C. and each and every member must decide for himself how he will vote. As well as the major decisions, many minor matters are discussed which are just as important in their own small way. In addition, each S.R.C. must decide on the distribution of some £6,000. In other words, decide which activities justify the spending of large sums of money on behalf of the student body.

The S.R.C. is supposed "to represent the students." However, to my knowledge, the S.R.C. has never been a representative body. Each year approximately 10% of the students of this University are interested enough to vote at the elections. It could be said that the S.R.C. represents 10% of the students. Is this good enough?

The answer is, of course, obvious. The work of the S.R.C. is hampered because of the lack of student interest. Do not misunderstand me. The S.R.C. is still able to continue its work doing what it considers to be the right thing. But how much better it would be if it knew that the student body was behind that work.

Now that we are in the middle of the Election time, it would not be inappropriate for each of us to think about the reason for the executive of Universities. The reason is not so obscure that no-one can think of it. It is, in fact, very simple. Universities exist for the purpose of educating the likes of you and me. The difference lies in what we consider education to be. First, of course, we study for our degrees or diplomas. This alone does not make us educated men.

We must find our own ways to complete our education. They are staring us in the face if we care to look. The S.R.C. can contribute a small, but valuable, part of our education.

Being on the S.R.C. does not only mean sitting through long dull sessions of business. During my short term on the S.R.C. I have been privileged to meet many outstanding people. Among them have been Mr. R. R. Priestley from the University of Melbourne, Col. Dina Werth from Israel, and when this edition of *On Dit* is released, three Russian students will be in this University on a goodwill visit. This is the type of experience which makes University life a rich life.

Not every student can be on the S.R.C.—not every student would want to be. However, the least we can do is to elect the people who will look after our interests for the next 12 months.

It is to be hoped that the 16th S.R.C. will be a truly representative body and not a Council which represents only 10% of the students of this University.

MORAL LETTERS

My Dear Nephew,

I must apologise for the intricacies in which my last letter must have involved you; for many things were said which, at a more mundane time, would have required less subjectivity and projection on your part, to understand. Nevertheless, I ask you to follow the *movement* of the language rather than the logical connections implied by the use of so many conjunctions!

The problem has been stated, with some eloquence, if slightly obliquely, as: "The knowledge of beauty is a fresh recital of existing realities."

Steps, with their broad length of sandy firmness lead up the columned walk between neat hedges (clean-cut); pedestrian footfalls camouflage patient stones with leathery bleakness—who will protest of ageing generations? An English appreciation often resolves beauty into ordered forms and sees in historical associations a wealth not commonly observable. Other civilisations move differently—

The Temple in the Valley of the Two Rivers and the muddy stalks glows dully beneath golden leaves, as massing pilgrims strain to see the reality of living stones (Money-back guarantee); and praying hands sinuous call. Many contrasts provide hard reference points; the emotional attitude of the beholder colours the sensation.

There is music as the Journey ends; gifts laid low crouch about mortal idols—uncut gems bear the mark of their birth. I saw the Morning lighten like a hopeful daisy; but when Evening came the moulded Earth had turned in metal. And where was the Memory of it? Thoughts and remembrances lie down before pressing immediate needs—how often we are marked by some occasion, only to discover that the blade of succeeding events has scratched the memory away.

Have you ever been to the templed walks of the Two Rivers (muddy stalks) where the twin hierarchies of Life and Death scatter indiscriminate gifts into the Fountain of Perpetual Beauty? The old man leads his peasant ass of worldly possessions from vendor to vendor seeking what price he may for the value of covetousness.

The petals of the lotus flower in meditation; the subtle Moghra moves the sense intoxicant. ("The Mystic East" you say, as you buy a ticket for Hong Kong.) Slight boats move on cold lit waters as setting Day invokes pictured horizons. To seek for an *Essence* is not quite so barren a task as modern philosophers often suggest. We commonly use the same word to describe different objects, actions, and know quite well the common factor.

It is sought in the filigree work of copious fingers (generations recalled), in flat squares of oiled canvas, in the toned association of well-tempered chords. (Indian worshippers lie through the night on chill ground.) In contrast, beauty acts—it is necessary that one thing is set against another, one system of values against some other.

"The knowledge of beauty is a fresh recital of existing realities."

What can you tell me, small Jewish Child, as you emerge weakly from a gas-filled room into bayonet arms? Peace be within thy walls and plebeianness within thy palaces! Can all men speak about "the beautiful"? Life impaled through literature provides an answer.

I have sought this phantom in the transient facsimiles which the world provides—seeking the sublime in different places. But individual recognition and sensitivity are the only sure basis of a knowledge of beauty.

yours sincerely
Auntie Edith

LAMPOONERY

One by one they came trailin' in,
Campbell, Cooper, Blandy, Zim;
The stage was set, the bawds and clown,
The Council meeting of eleventh renown.
Apologies bustled on their course,
(Bill Blandy tried ridin' a black horse)
While Lindsay (Oh angels in the Height
Preserve her from our horrid fright!)
Pushed the business motion on—
'Twas then that Baynes did make a song.
Hyslop contended with direful might,
Hostile, opposed in baleful right.
This august body, ever we note
Anxious to keep its eye on the tote,
Considered a gift quite out of tune
So Film Society lacks positive boon:
However a loan of twenty-five pound
Until end of term, when toll will sound,
Constitutional changes raised their head,
National Union was casually put to bed.
Wayne Anthony warned of Russian arrival
(The S.R.C. piously hopes for survival)
The meeting finished for lack of thought,
Your observer then retired for port.

S.R.C. ELECTIONS 1961-62

NOMINATIONS ARE NOW CALLED FOR GENERAL REPRESENTATIVES TO THE STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

NOMINATIONS WILL BE OPEN FROM 10th-24th JULY.

POLLING DATES ARE FROM 25th-27th JULY.

A person who has been a candidate for Faculty representative may, if not elected as Faculty representative be nominated for election as a General Representative.

All nominations shall be in writing, proposed and seconded by persons eligible to vote in the election for which the candidate is nominating, and shall be signed by the candidate.

All nominations must be lodged into the hands of the S.R.C. Secretary.

Nomination forms are available from the S.R.C. Office.

Men's General Representative: 8 members.

Women's General Representative: 4 members.

T. T. YEO,
Returning Officer.

Country and Calling

by
Tony Rendel

Sir Keith Hancock, Professor of History at Canberra University, will visit Adelaide University in July. To take up his Canberra post in 1957, he resigned as Professor of British Commonwealth Affairs at London University, and as Director of the Institute of Commonwealth Studies, and returned to his country after nearly thirty years' distinguished academic work in English Universities.

William Keith Hancock was born in Fitzroy in 1890, the third son and fifth child of an Anglican parson. Luckily, the demands of the ministry called the family to Gippsland, so that the young Hancock grew up in the Australian countryside instead of in one of her slums. The love for his country, which he developed as a youth, has, if anything, grown stronger over the years, and he must now be one of Australia's most fervent patriots; at the same time, he is probably one of her strongest and most accurate critics.

Scholarships, including the Rhodes, enabled him to pursue the academic career in which he has won such distinction. But he regards such help from society not as a reward for possessing gifts of intelligence, but as something requiring an appropriate return of duty. In his autobiography he writes, "I cannot take it for granted that so much has been given to me for taxpayers' money and charitable funds. To move along the path of learning with the help of one scholarship after another is not a venturesome or original way of life." Venturesomeness led him to practise bushcraft in the Victorian mountains; even now, students in Canberra who wish to discuss problems with him may need to attain a standard of fitness that will enable them to talk at length while taking a brisk two- or three-mile walk.

To Hancock, education is not confined to work at school and the university, nor even to his chosen discipline. He describes his own education as a lifelong "endeavour to discover himself in relation to his native land, and his work and his idea of history." Above all, he feels a spirit of adventure must be maintained in scholastic studies, and he has no patience with the kind of thinking that leads some academics to regard immurement in a University only as a happy alternative to facing the rigours of the outside world. His belief that only a person who

"chooses life" should choose to be a historian may sound strange in the ears of those who regard students of the humanities as being, at best, a little other-worldly. Hancock stresses that although a historian must obviously spend much time in the close study of documents, he should not allow their dust to obscure the truth that history is about life. "Historical enquiry," he has written, "has its deepest impulse in the lust for life."

Hancock's principles illuminate his work, and his books are valuable not only for their skilled analysis and interpretation of material, but for their sympathetic understanding of the people who made history. In 1930, while Professor of Modern History in our own University, he published "Australia," which is still a fruitful source of discussion.

Later he became Professor of Modern History at Birmingham, and then Chichele Professor of Economic History at Oxford. In 1941, he was appointed by the British Government as Supervisor of Civil Histories, and struggled for many years with his assistants to make interesting and meaningful history from the miles of documents produced by the wartime efforts of the British Civil Service. His "Survey of Commonwealth Affairs" in three volumes gives a wonderful survey of historical and other backgrounds to the British Commonwealth. And his autobiography, "Country and Calling," is entertaining and stimulating reading for anyone, historian or not, whose concentration on specialist studies has not killed an awareness of humanism; it may be even more important to those people who are so involved with things that they never think of people at all.

Professor Hancock, who is currently writing a biography of the late General J. C. Smuts, will give a lecture on Smuts at 5.15 p.m. on 27th July. He will give a more general lecture on "The Commonwealth" at 8.00 p.m. on 28th July.

The next issue of *On Dit* will contain further details.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND SEX

by

Alan Rudrum
(Lecturer in English)

I sometimes envy my colleagues in the mathematics department the hygienic abstractions of their subject-matter. Surely few other subjects engage the emotions of their devotees in the way that literature does. Certain experiences over the last three years prompt me to write this article. The first occurred when in a lecture on Jonson's *Alchemist* I explained certain possibly obscure words and phrases, and went on to explain their importance to the context of the play's theme and moral intention. I claim absolutely no originality for my interpretations: everything I said was culled from a book by E. B. Partridge called *The Broken Compass*. The words and phrases had a grossly sexual connotation; and my purpose in being explicit about them was to demonstrate the way in which the theme of greed unified the various aspects of the play: what Jonson is saying, in effect, in these words and phrases, is that obsessive greed for money debases everything, brings everything down to its own level, even human love. The purpose of the sexual imagery is therefore a moral one: the sexual grossness is not to be imputed to Jonson, but to tendencies of character which he is condemning.

The student reaction startled me, to say the least. One girl who attended the mid-day lecture advised a friend not to go to the evening one, since it was "filthy." I kept hearing about various similar reactions for literally months afterwards; one young lady, it seems, was amazed to find out that a person who could give such a lecture could also be heavily committed in church work. To check the contents of the lecture, I asked a schoolmaster (a graduate in English and a Methodist local preacher) to read it. He commented that it was an illuminating and unobjectionable piece of exposition. I was reassured that there was nothing intrinsically suggestive or "shocking" about the *delicacy* by the very favourable comments of an Asian girl, a couple of years older than most of the day-audience, an intelligent girl with a diploma in social studies.

The more recent experience, which triggers off these remarks, concerns a poem by Andrew Marvell called "To his Coy Mistress." I began my second-year tutorials this year with a study of this poem for no better—or no worse—reason than that it was available on cyclostyled sheets, and that it was relevant to the set reading for the second year course. I shall cite three comments, from three different tutorial groups: "Well, whether you like it or not, you can't get away from the fact, this poem is about sex." Why should one want to get away from the fact? "This poem seems to me to be a glorious rationalisation of unhealthy emotions." To which my reply was that I agreed with "rationalisation" but couldn't see the disease. This evoked the rejoinder that the respectably married frown on such things. Actually, I didn't take this one altogether seriously; one must allow something for the difficulties of expression in the slight tension of the first tutorial of the year. The third comment was in reply to a question about possible "phallic significance" in the imagery of the first section of the poem. I won't quote, but it was very hostile, and to the effect that it was unprofitable to speak about the poem in such a way, that some people (sc. me!) have lurid imaginations, and so on and so forth. Actually, in reply to this, it would have been amusing to have asked my critic to give an *explication* of the poem without recourse to sexual interpretation; but I wasn't amused, I was shocked. Shocked because I do not think it the place of second-year students to prescribe to their tutors how a poem should and should not be discussed; but shocked very much more because it gives me real pain when people react to sex as if it were venereal disease, impetigo and bubonic plague rolled into one. To quote a remark made by a local Anglican priest who is also a qualified and experienced psychotherapist: "Our civilisation has made a great mess of sex." It certainly has. It certainly has.

The other day a friend, a teacher in an Adelaide high school, had an experience which seems relevant to all this. There was a keffuffle at the school, a titillating combination of hullabaloo and hush-hush. The girls were given envelopes, and told to address them to their mothers, then handed printed slips of paper and told to put them in the envelopes, seal them, put them carefully away in their satchels and deliver them to their mothers. On enquiring the wherefore of all this, my friend was told, in a conspiratorial whisper, "It's all about their monthlies!" She asked why on earth the slips of paper couldn't have simply been given to the girls. Presumably their mothers knew all about their monthlies by now? Answer: Last year one of the girls gave her paper to one of the boys (making it sound as if the girl had yielded her all to one of the boys). The reply my friend wanted to make, but did not, was "So what, so what, so, for God's sake, what?" Why, that is, surround a God-given function with such a nauseating envelope of secrecy?

Those people—and there are many of them—who find themselves shocked by any literary expression of sexuality, would

find, do find, their course in the English department a trying experience. First year, for example: Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* concerns an old man who marries a young girl, goes temporarily blind, and recovers to find his wife committing adultery up a tree in his garden. The adulterous act is described in a no-nonsense way which many would find pornographic; in Coghill's translation, "Damian pulled up her smock at once and in he thrust." Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* abounds with equally uncompromising language, its "low characters" are bawds and brothel-keepers, its main plot concerns a sexually frigid character who is overcome with an uncontrollable lust for a religious novice, the sister of a man he has condemned to death for sexual misbehaviour. *Comus*, by the Puritan Milton, dramatises the struggle between virtue and sexual temptation; Webster's *White Devil* is a rich broth of adultery, murder and hinted perversion. And so it goes on.

Some people, I believe, find themselves sincerely distressed by what they probably think of as the preoccupation of the English department with an embarrassing subject, and they may think that my writing this article is simply further proof of an obsessive preoccupation. To them I can only say that in fact I should much rather be employing my spare time in getting on with *War and Peace* or in writing a paid article or radio talk to meet the electricity bill.

Why does the literary expression of sexuality, and its discussion in lectures and tutorials, sometimes arouse hostility? (Religion also causes trouble occasionally. The

fact that it doesn't cause more is due to apathy rather than enlightenment.) There is the simple difficulty of "crudity" (i.e., straightforwardness) of language. It is not easy to know how to deal in tutorials with passages containing lines like the one quoted from Chaucer. One may choose to ignore such passages in dealing with Chaucer, and ask students to translate from the more innocuous sections, but doing this may cause more embarrassment than it saves, since students know they are there, and probably sit through the length of a tutorial wondering if they are going to be dealt with. In any case, such an expedient isn't available in the case of, say, *Measure for Measure* or *The Alchemist*, since the "awkward" passages aren't so easily isolated. What students must learn to realise—and as quickly as possible—is that in this case "there is nothing bad or good but thinking makes it so." Just as there are no illegitimate children but only illegitimate parents, so there are no dirty words but only dirty minds. I would rather see the sexual act described with Chaucerian bluntness than in the manner of many modern novelists who write with one eye on the censor.

More important than the "little local difficulty" of blunt Anglo-Saxonisms is the fact that most students are at the age when they are hyper-sensitive about sex, the age in fact when they are facing up to adult problems without adult maturity and experience. Their problem is increased by the filthy-minded "puritanism" of our society, which narrows the concept of sin until it means nothing more than sexual irregularity; which—embodied in its police-

men—hounds down any couple who sit on a public seat after dark; and which, in the name of "business" and "entertainment," continually exploits and degrades the sexual instinct. The tutor's problem is made more acute by the fact that in most cases first-year students are coming together for instruction in mixed groups for the first time in years.

Here is a problem, then, and not one that can be cleared up overnight just because I take it into my head to write an article about it. But to people who do find it embarrassing and distressing to be confronted with our literature, I should like to say this. Conceding for argument's sake that the English department ought in say first and second year courses, to steer clear of sex, try for yourself to get out a course that shall be representative of the main periods of English literature, and of its main kinds—drama, poetry, the novel and so on—without touching in any fundamental way on sexuality. If you then feel that the whole of English literature has taken a wrong course since the age of Chaucer—and one newspaper correspondent after the *Chatterley* trial did express a similar opinion—look at a dozen or so of the continental novels which are, by common consent, among the glories of European literature: after reading *Madame Bovary*, *Anna Karenina* and a few more such you may be driven to the opinion that European literature has been on the wrong path since at least the days of Ovid. In which case you may conclude that literature doesn't interest you; and I hope that you are capable of doing mathematics.

Evasion and existence

by

Bruce J. Reid

This year's mission was certainly the best thing E.U. has done during my four years at the University. Now this is not so very high praise, when one realises that in the past the eternal reiteration of Christianity's tired cliché by E.U. speakers, whose obvious sincerity still fails to fill the slogans with meaning, and E.U. members' own fairly widespread misunderstanding of just what logical positivists are doing have earned for the Union a reputation for a naive approach to Christianity.

However, Rev. Warner Hutchinson understood the positivists' position, and from his very first talk it was obvious that here, at last, was a rather more sophisticated E.U. line. The analysis of the problem facing modern man, which made up Monday's talk (*Man's Dilemma—Estrangement*) implied a vision of the world which many non-Christians share, and it was presented with a good deal of perceptiveness and penetration.

Unfortunately, the new sense of relevance and immediacy, which Hutchinson infused into his statement of man's problem did not turn up again until his last talk, which was partly restatement. The intervening ones all involved the *Atonement* to some extent, and here the trouble began. Hutchinson did not, like C. S. Lewis, shrug off the responsibility of explaining its mechanism ("If we found we could fully understand it, that very fact would show it was not what it professes to be—the inconceivable, the uncreated, the thing from beyond nature, striking down into nature like lightning." C. S. Lewis *Mere Christianity*, p. 55); on the other hand, on this point, unlike that of the state of man, the missionary was reduced to formulae into which he succeeded in putting no more meaning than the next clergyman.

I should like to look a little more closely at what I think were the most valuable things the missionary said—at Monday's talk, in fact. The feeling of man's isolation was Kierkegaardian, but the exposition of human relationships in terms of "if—love" corresponded to Jean-Paul Sartre's category of *mauvaise foi*. Hutchinson naturally stressed the idea of lucidity brought to bear on moral estrangement, although in Sartre metaphysical lucidity and estrangement accompany moral lucidity and estrangement, and are given equal importance.

Now, there were several reactions, Christian and agnostic, to this existentially-coloured presentation of the state of man. The materialists and linguistic analysts, naturally enough, found most of it logically vacuous, since they regard all "metaphysical" utterances as highly suspect. Their arguments at cross-purposes with the missionary during questions, were indicative. I could understand that these men genuinely found no cognitive meaning in this kind of talk, and therefore felt no response to it, but what really shocked me was that many Christians whom I talked to, and who are committed to allowing that some "metaphysical" statements are meaningful, either thought the talk banal or felt compelled to mildly criticise its deviation from the familiar ploy, necessitated by the re-interpretation of Christianity in existential terms. Failure to recognise this problem-situation of isolation, when you already accept as valid metaphysical ways of talking, amounts quite simply to Sartre's "mauvaise foi." Although Rev. Hutchinson told me that he does not regard recognition of the existential problem as the only way to Christianity (while thinking it is most appropriate to the present

intellectual climate), I am inclined to think that "mauvaise foi" might prove as insidious an enemy to the dynamic, conscious Christian as to agnostic Sartre.

There is one difficulty which the Christian existentialist (Hutchinson) and the agnostic existentialist must face together; this is the subjective quality of their utterances. It seems pointless to call your metaphysics universal if there are people who say that they just don't feel this way. Moreover, there is little to be gained from merely saying that these people are facile and superficial. No doubt this is often true, but not all of the opposition has its roots in dishonesty.

Nevertheless, I think that one can make out some kind of a case in justification of metaphysics. Jaspers takes the very good example of the child, who grasps the basic truth of identity in a moment of revelation: "I try to think I am someone else, but I am always me." By such examples, Jaspers tries to show that philosophy springs spontaneously from man's consciousness, its origin. A complete philosophy, then, must include this consciousness and the problems which it brings. So, even if the assertions of Sartre are meaningless, his problems (eternal ones, like the destiny of man) are not. However, none of this solves the problem of the universal applicability of a given metaphysical system.

I have already mentioned Hutchinson's tendency to emphasise the lucidity and estrangement that existentialists experience in matters of morality, whilst neglecting these same qualities in their purely metaphysical form, i.e., their occurrence in our experience of and reaction to the world. The connection is strong in Sartre, and perhaps that is the reason for the missionary's discreet silence, since, even more blatantly than the horrible contradictions of the moral morass, this hyper-lucid consideration of the world leads to the conclusion which in principle, must have already rejected Christianity—the conviction of absolute absurdity.

It is important that it be realised that there are positions other than Christianity, which may be taken after one has acknowledged the existence of man's problem of solitude, which stems from his inability to form a really satisfactory and truly communicative human relationship. Some people might maintain that such relationships exist, and insist that we specify what kind of satisfaction or communication we want to have in our hypothetical relationship, over and above the kind we have in the best real human relationships that there have ever been. We shall not be able so to specify. We can say only that we passionately desire some higher and less frustrating form of "getting-through" to one another, than the one we have, which seems to us incapable of conveying precisely those fugitive thoughts or feelings of deepest import. Whether the positivist calls these assertions meaningless or not, it is obvious that the idealistic yearnings themselves cannot be meaningless, nor can they be destroyed, even if they are unreasonable (as emotions are wont to be).

The person who holds the position which I am suggesting might be a tenable one, accepts Sartre's conclusion that life is

wholly absurd, because of a coincidence of metaphysical experience or of moral lucidity, innate or stimulated by Sartre. He also recognises Sartre's distinction of "mauvaise foi." Although these basic analyses are clear, Sartre's own attitude from here on, is not. However, I am convinced that no matter how one acts otherwise, it is absolutely necessary (given Sartre's analysis) to struggle continuously against the cardinal sin of intellectual evasion ("mauvaise foi"). The attitude is not stoical, because no coherent discipline of the emotions is involved, nor am I sure whether one could call it courageous; but I can see that, faced with cosmic absurdity you must violently oppose the continued acceptance of an emotive evaluation, the temptation to shape yourself to fit easily another person's valuation of you, and the refusal to ponder which operates at varying levels of consciousness. These tendencies result in a spiritual stagnation more degrading for a human being than any effect produced externally.

A new venture

This week an event of general student interest occurred with the first programmes of the *Film Society*, in its new theatre, the Union Hall.

This Society now offers regular film shows to Union audiences, beginning with such reputable titles as "The Old Man and the Sea" and "Marjorie Morningstar."

Times have been chosen which, it is hoped, will suit many students as well as accommodating the diverse activities already booked for the Union Hall.

The equipment, excellent in itself, will allow the showing of a complete range of films including Cinemascope.

For the time being, at least, the Society will have to rely upon the good graces of different Film Distributing Companies, for commercial hiring costs are prohibitive. Continental and other films of limited appeal will be shown later.

The films scheduled for the next three screenings are "Dial M for Murder" (13th and 14th July), "I Was Monty's Double" (18th and 19th July), and "Moby Dick" (20th and 21st July). Each film will be shown twice weekly. (See advertisement.)

DELETED

Notice is given that pursuant to clause 5 (d) which states that a member of the S.R.C. shall cease to be a member upon absence from three consecutive meetings of the S.R.C. without leave granted by the S.R.C., the following are no longer members of the S.R.C.:—

Miss Leyland, Messrs. Brook, Muller, Patton.

JEAN LINDSAY,
(Hon. Secretary, S.R.C.)

Those Machines

by

Neil Clark

Mr. Colin Howard's article on "learning machines" (*On Dit*, 3rd June, 1961) tries to put my own comments on teaching machines (*On Dit*, 5th May, 1961) into some kind of perspective. This is very necessary. Students are not the only people to be considered in a University. The teaching and research staff should not be forgotten as appeared to be the case in my article.

The one-sided nature of my article was quite deliberate because I was writing for students in the student newspaper. But because I did not deal with the effect of machine instruction on teachers and research staff does not mean that the effect would be a bad one. In fact it seems to me that these people would stand to gain almost as much as students from automatic teaching. Teaching machines appear to offer students the promise of rapid learning and examination success. But Mr. Howard's gloomy picture of empty lecture theatres, or the even gloomier one of backside projecting from the machine self-instruction booths shows only half of the effect on teaching staff.

And the problem will not centre around the question of what to do with the lecturer when the machine moves in. If this were the case a suggestion put forward by one of my friends might be considered. It was that lecturers, and senior lecturers too, could be retained to programme *On Dit* for machine presentation to readers. This is considered necessary because of the high "fog index" of recent issues. Another possibility was revealed very clearly by Mr. Howard's article. Lecturers could be kept on to provide light relief in the abundant leisure time which will be available to students because of the efficiency of the teaching machines. I am quite certain that no machine could match Mr. Howard in this skill. But this would not be the problem. Lecturers would still be needed for academic purposes and, as I will now show, their jobs would be more demanding, rewarding and stimulating than at present.

Professor Skinner's experience with his first year psychology programme provides us with the information that about 15 hours were needed to cover by machine material that would be contained in a text-book of about 250 pages. This instruction did not require a lecturer who was thereby relieved of the fag of pounding basic facts into thick heads. Preparation time for lectures was

also saved for the lecturer thus giving him additional time for study or research as desired.

Mr. Howard mentioned that by asking questions or making comments students provide stimulation for their lecturers. This could still be achieved in tutorial discussions which could cover material not on the machine programme. Mr. Howard might agree with me when I suggest that although an utterly naive question might occasionally prove to be a curley one, a student who knows his stuff, and knows that he does, provides the greatest challenge to a tutorial leader. If machines can ensure that new knowledge will be grasped, surely eagerness and confidence might well become new features of student contributions to tutorial discussions. The probability of lecturer stimulation in this atmosphere would be much greater than under present conditions.

The preparation and revision of programmes for the machines would also need to be considered by lecturers. Once programmes had been prepared and tested it is likely that they would be re-used in later years as is now the case with many lecture series. But even if outside programmes were used the task of making additions and revisions would be quite enough to test fully the intellect and honesty of the reviewer. All teachers know how easy it is to blame a student's dullness for his own failure to "get the message across." With Skinner's programming technique the programmer not the student must change his approach if errors occur. The value of this discipline to lecturers might well justify the preparation of machine programmes even if the programmes were never used by students.

Let me now add a little more perspective to the whole question of teaching machines. So far the discussion has largely assumed that the effectiveness of these machines had been established. This is far from the actual position. I don't know how effective the machines are and I don't think anyone else does either. They seem to incorporate a number of principles that teachers find effective in practice, e.g., individual instruction at a suitable level and pace, active student participation, presentation of information only when the student is attending, encouragement, knowledge of results and absence of distractions. But experimental validation of their effectiveness, by and large, has yet to come. Actually, the experiments conducted so far have been rather favourable but it is very obvious to those working in the field that a lot of work has still to be done.

With this admission one could well ask why should we concern ourselves overmuch with the topic at this stage. There are three main reasons why serious concern is necessary now.



Herman Melville's novel "Moby Dick" has been turned into a colour film of unusual quality. Struggle and personality combine to provide a spectacle of rare merit. Gregory Peck plays the role of Captain Ahab. (Union Hall, July 20 and 21, at 4 p.m.) (See "A new venture", page four.)

(1) No other single current development in teaching practice seems to have equal potential. This assertion is based not only on what I have already said, but also on the tremendous success which Skinner has achieved in training lower animals by methods which he claims are carried over to the teaching machine. Even those who are unable to accept Skinner's theoretical formulations do not deny the impressiveness of his practical demonstrations.

(2) Commercial preparation of programmes and machines are proceeding apace in the U.S.A. It will not be long before these are available on the Australian market and as most are quite expensive—£50 to £100 for a reasonably simple machine and programme—Australian educational authorities should be in a position where they can provide some lead to the public as to their value.

(3) Unless research is pushed ahead at this stage we may be missing opportunities we cannot afford to miss. The possibility exists that students are now being taught by less than the most effective methods available and by methods which are also relatively inefficient when looked at from the viewpoint of teaching and research staff. Humour is not the answer in these circumstances.

The situation is now squarely before us [Mr. Howard]. IF teaching machines are sufficiently effective to be adopted no one will lose but instead all will stand to gain, staff as well as students. What we need quickly is information about their effectiveness. In providing this answer your own research efforts, under student stimulation of course, could help. (A programme in logic for law students is available in U.S.A.)

What level?

by

Marian Quartly

The heroine stands poised for flight, but the doors are locked. There is nowhere to flee. The room is hushed; only the dull thudding of his steps echoes and re-echoes as he heaves his deformed hulk towards her. The light gleams horribly on the maniacal sneer in his eyes, on the cold steel of his razor. Instinctively her hand goes to her throat.

"No! No! You wouldn't dare!"
"If the law's to get me, what's one throat more or less!"

Nearer and nearer he lurches, a leer of triumph on his grotesque features. His hot breath is on her cheek, his hand is grasping at her throat.

"Stand back, Sweeney Todd! I, Captain Mark Ingestre, have escaped your devilish device and am here for my revenge!"

The hero strides to centre stage, a manly figure prepared to fight to the death for love and justice, and the audience cheers itself hoarse.

There are several well-defined schools of thought amongst critics of this type of drama.

One school, holding the theory that the true function of drama is the purging of the grosser emotions and the cultivation of noble ideals, hails the melodrama as the purest theatrical form. The complete involvement of the audience and the extent to which their passions are aroused leads to a cleansing catharsis and resolution of the complexities of modern existence into basic universal truths. The presentation of a simple antithesis of good and evil has its roots in the traditional folk-drama of the morality, with their direct dramatisation of the ultimate forces. It brings the blasé sophisticates, the intellectual liberal Roberts of our over-refined civilisation from their cloudy, artificial system of ethics to a realisation of the Essential Decencies, and fulfils a dimly felt need for a return to beautiful pre-Freudian moral simplicity.

A second school of thought sees *Sweeney Todd* as an acute, though unconscious, self-indictment of the Victorian cultural sterility and social decadence. They hold that the play is a confused and decaying conglomeration of all that is excessive in English literature, a damning judgment of Victorian literary tastes. Studying the play for the light it sheds on the society of the time, they extract that Dr. Lupin is an unconscious criticism of the prevalent religious hypocrisy, the Beadle of the corruption of the Municipalities, O'Riley of the increasing idiocy amongst the Irish which is being brought about by English tyranny, Mrs. Lovett of the gastronomical idiosyncrasies of the Victorians, and so on through the *Dramatis Personae*.

Yet a third school thinks that the whole play is just pure corn. Mr. Jack Hume, the director, neatly expressed the spirit of the drama as far as these critics were concerned when he asked the audience to refrain from witty remarks during the sentimental moments, and not to aim their peanuts at the faces of the actors.

At whatever level they received *Sweeney Todd*, the audience did so enthusiastically, participating actively in the total effect of the drama. The play was produced by A.U.D.S. as intimate theatre in the unusual surroundings of the Lady Symon Hall, where audience reaction was felt to the greatest possible extent.

An attempt was made in the production to recapture the authentic atmosphere of the melodrama: the "fruity" burlesque-type melodrama was avoided and the dialogue was taken straight, at least by the actors. However, in some cases under-playing produced effects more amusing than a parody, as in the garden scene between Joanna and Mr. Oakley.

The artistic worth of *Sweeney Todd* may be debated, but its audience appeal is undeniable. The direction as a whole was polished, making the best possible use of both the script and the resources of the hall. The play is A.U.D.S.'s most successful production, technically and financially, for some time. It will be interesting to see how they handle their next venture, the play for Drama Festival—*Salome* by Oscar Wilde, which will be rather more demanding artistically.

But what will it teach?

by

Colin Parsons

Neil Clark's discourse, "The Shape of Stuff to Come" (Friday, 5th May) adequately discloses the nature of the recently developed teaching-machine, and asserts some of the advantages of this latest addition to the school library.

Although it is difficult to open one's professional mouth today without putting his academic foot in it, or without disparaging a fellow mortal, some of the limitations and some of the reasons why the electronic educator will never achieve a higher status than that of a supplement to the television set or to the homework schedules, should be stated.

The development of the teaching machine has been carried out by Dr. B. Skinner, of Harvard University, who has based his learning theory (operant conditioning) on a law previously formulated by Thorndike. This law—the law of effect—states that learning occurs if a response to a given situation is followed by some effect which is rewarding to the learner. Skinner capitalises on this by ensuring, through careful planning, in his operant conditioning experiments and in his teaching machine, that the only response which an organism can make is the correct response. It follows from the law that learning must occur.

This is achieved in the teaching machine by skilfully programming questions in correct sequence and level of difficulty.

Now Mr. Clark stated that the questions must be such that "students are bound to get them correct". Obviously, great will be the reward to the masses, and great will be the reinforcement.

But what, in fact, is being reinforced?

It would seem that, in view of the infallibility of students' responses, the machine is merely reinforcing what is already known!

More appropriately, then, might this gadget be termed a "revision" machine. Its value as an instructional device is in the recapitulation of known data, not in "teaching"—not in the presentation and exposition of new information. What a boon to homework. No longer do we need to take text-books home for nightly revision—we simply put the cash-register size teaching machine in our collective satchel.

Perhaps the most laudable idiosyncrasy of the lever-type lecturer lies in the level of motivation which it promotes. Learning operates most efficiently if the individual is

motivated in some manner with respect to the material to be absorbed. (This excludes, perhaps, incidental or "casual" learning, which could hardly be at the basis of the teaching-machine). Accordingly, it is desirable to establish a fairly high degree of interest, novelty or attraction either in the subject intrinsically or in the manner of its presentation.

And this is just what the teaching-machine does.

Initially, it is an unusual, and therefore interesting, method of presenting data to the student. Its uniqueness guarantees its effectiveness as a force motivating the student to study, in much the same manner as practical work operates in scientific disciplines. In both these cases, the technique ensures the demonstration of a correct procedure and the generation of an interest in the singular nature of the task.

But the teaching-machine, whilst it is inevitably certain of producing a salutary attitude toward the assignment, and is probably the most recently developed mechanical technique for doing this—is, in fact, no more effective than any other technique, old or new, where motivation is kept at a high level. Even human-type lecturers have occasionally been renowned for this elusive ability.

The teaching-machine, then, is not a revolutionary innovation, but merely a novel and entertaining extension of established and modern instructional technique.

Amongst these grossly over-rated endowments of the robot instructor we can, therefore, detect some measures of value. Such consolation, however, should be observed in relation to any limitations inherent in the machine's operation. Such sheerly practical restrictions as the exorbitant amount of time required for the construction of even a single programme need not be considered. Research will overcome such difficulties. What is of more importance are the psychological, or even ethical, ramifications.

These can best be denoted by transferring a temporary allegiance to the camp of these ponderous pedagogues. Let me assume

that the teaching-machine fulfils its claims and does actually teach.

BUT WHAT WILL IT TEACH?

Mr. Clark implies that a generalisation can be made from being "able to teach pigeons to play modified games of table tennis and to perform intricate dance steps" to the level of adult functioning—say, the solution of a Pure Maths. III problem. The law governing the teaching of the ornithological species and the human species is apparently the same. This may well be so, with all due respect to the mathematicians. From this and from examples used in the original article, it appears that the utility of the teaching-machine as a teaching device is centred, nay confined, to the instilment of facts and figures, processes and principles, in the association area of the student's cerebral cortex. A veritable contrivance for the development of the book-worm (or, more appropriately, teaching-machine worm). As Mr. Clark points out "by using essentially the same methods, behaviour can be controlled to an amazing degree." A sad case of pedantic myopia. Education aims not at converting man from an ambulating, predatory apparatus of reflexes into a mobile encyclopaedia, but at the construction and development of a background of attitudes, ideals, standards—at the development of a personality.

This in no way implies that either schools or Universities are not concerned with information or knowledge as such. Their existence, however, is justified on grounds beside the accuracy of answers. More fundamentally are they concerned with courses of study as the means to various developmental ends; physical, intellectual, social and personal in nature. These are the processes which transcend the student above the bookworm.

Even so, the May edition of "Discovery" states that the movement to automatic teaching in America now involves multi-million dollar investments. In Britain, the article suggests, "with a general shortage of teachers of all kinds, there could hardly be a more appropriate time to consider the possibilities of teaching-machines."

All that is required now is the support of the finance companies and education-without-errors is at the feet of the masses. And supplied with every gift-wrapped teaching-machine will be a free slogan:

"If at first you don't succeed, then try—reading the directions."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sirs,

From some uncouth cell, no-man-fathomed, came the righteous whimper, and made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack.

The S.R.C. had at last decided to break its dignified silence regarding the reports of S.R.C. meetings which appear in *On Dit*. No-one was being accused of mendacity. The best adjectives we could muster were "disrespectful," "biased" and "misrepresentational." Everyone knows that satire is much more effective than dishonesty, anyway.

Not many students know what the S.R.C. is or does. No students get an accurate idea of its nature and functions from *On Dit*.

It does not set itself up as a little tin god. But it believes it is doing a good job. It may be bureaucratic, self-centred and torpid. But a Students' Representative Council is not useless.

There has in the past been a lot of criticism of the S.R.C. in *On Dit*. This is a good thing. But how is the lay student or the member of the Council to know what to criticise from reading the reports of its meetings?

The gently sarcastic pasquinade which is at present appearing in *On Dit* serves no purpose other than to give members of the Council an opportunity of ridiculing each other. *On Dit* is the ideal forum for a debate, not a vehicle of lampoonery.

Accurate reports and criticism of the S.R.C. should find their way into *On Dit*. Neither do. The intelligentsia for whom your paper caters, Sirs, don't want waffle. We know you handle epithets and quotations beautifully. But give us something we can get our teeth into.

Perhaps it is time that other members of the Council did something in the way of reporting and criticising. We may even start our own official paper. But for the present, Sirs, stop throwing darts from the peaks of your intellectual superiority and let us have some bombs.

No, no, it is the three strange angels.

Admit them, admit them.

Yours,

JEAN LINDSAY
(Hon. Secretary, S.R.C.)

A boob

Sirs,

Well I have to admit it. You DID give me a going-over in your masterly detailed erudite editorial on censorship! I hardly dare to show my face around the usual anti-establishment circles.

You've taught me a lot and don't think I'm not grateful. Believe it or not, until you pointed out my mistake I had really and truly believed—in my liberal ignorance—that there was a form of State censorship of reading matter in South Australia.

Although I've never looked into the subject thoroughly and was more concerned with the enlightened catch-phrases to spray around the Hindley Street cafes, I actually thought that a provision existed under State law by which obscene books could be dealt with.

Didn't Max Harris and "Angry Penguins" come in somewhere?

I trust you to set me right on this matter. Obviously I must be mistaken. Yet another blunder has been added to the immense superstructure of mistakes you heaped on my shoulders.

I don't know what the law says, obviously, but I had heard tell that the protection for "literary" works under this law did not include a cover for works published a first time.

But I mustn't give you any more openings—you've made me appear a boob enough already.

I can take your criticism because I'm a broad-minded, tolerant, anti-authoritarian sort of chap. I DO draw the line, though, as you guessed at copulation in broad daylight on North Terrace lawns. It WOULD rather upset THEM. Why not try the Union lawns? We're all easy-going types down here.

Yours,

ROBERT.

(We should all be thankful that Robert is articulate. Every time he speaks his mind we have revealed to us the scope and extent of his confusion—a case-study of considerable fascination.)

Yes, there is "a provision . . . under State law by which obscene books [can] be dealt with", viz., s. 33 of the Police Offences Act, 1953.

No, Max Harris and "Angry Penguins" don't come in somewhere. Mr. Harris was prosecuted in 1944 under a State law since repealed and replaced by the section to which we have already referred. We have commented on this matter a little further on page eight.

No, as we understand the law, the defence of "literary merit" (a defence not expressly made available by the statute before 1953) is applicable to all published works without regard to whether or not they have been published previously.

Considering the absence of prosecutions under s. 33 of the Police Offences Act, we consider, as we considered when writing our original article, that the position is most accurately expressed by saying, as before: "Now there is really no governmental censorship of reading-matter in South Australia, other than the control, common to all States, exercised by the Commonwealth Department of Customs and Excise."—Eds.)

Reckless

Sirs,

ON HEARING THAT THE STUDENTS OF OUR NEW UNIVERSITY HAVE JOINED THE AGITATION AGAINST IMMORAL LITERATURE

Where, where but here have Pride and Truth,

That long to give themselves for wage,

To shake their wicked sides at youth

Restraining reckless middle-age?

W. B. YEATS.

Per GEOFFREY DUTTON (English Dept.)

Ratty

TO BAYFINCOO

On discovering his liner is an unseaworthy tub.

Your ship is scuttled. All too long
The leaky barge has lasted.

There's only one thing left to do;
Go down with it, you bastard.

ROBERT RAT.

Stuffy

Sirs,

Some years ago *On Dit*—printed on poor-quality paper—was regarded by some people as "a rag". It was a lively paper, with student activities adequately covered by word and picture, and topical magazine articles. It was extremely popular with the students. But many people longed for a more sophisticated journal which, they considered, would more befit a university.

In 1959, under the editorship of Mr. Hugh Corbet, *On Dit* set out to achieve this—and with much success. It remained a student paper and interest in it was very high. The present editors have taken Mr. Corbet's policy to ridiculous extremes. We now have a paper that is well printed, on more expensive paper, and with excellent photographs. The lay-out strives to copy English quality newspapers, whose conservative formats help to ensure their low circulations.

The trouble with *On Dit* is that its contents are so indigestible; and this fact, combined with the dull lay-out, means that the students' newspaper no longer appeals to most of the students. And they, after all, are the ones who pay for its costly production.

University students already have to wade through much dull material, and listen to many dull lectures. Why should *On Dit* add to their burden? The place for much of the present *On Dit* material is in the University magazine, as in previous years.

Why doesn't *On Dit* drop its air of stuffy superiority and intellectual pomposity? I would suggest that the editors stop trying to act like well-informed, expert columnists. We have reputable journals like *Nation* and *The Bulletin* to give us authoritative comment and opinion.

On Dit should concentrate primarily on University affairs—and at the same time give us more humour and satire. I admit this would deprive the editors of the opportunity of satisfying themselves of their inherent brilliance and ability to criticise the world at large while the students foot the bill.

ALAN SYMONS.

Antidote

Sirs,

Not only does Mr. McNicol's letter (*On Dit*, 23rd June) call for my feelings on the matter of the "use" of agnosticism; I think it calls for my comments on some other issues discussed in it too.

I will gladly concede the right of agnostics to make their ideas known. Perhaps my views there were badly put. By the ordinary standards of social communication, however, never mind the good graces of Christians, those who are "bursting to say 'I don't know'" really should not do it as if they alone were possessed of knowledge in a world of ignorance.

On the point of the motivation of agnosticism, Mr. McNicol seems to be virtually in agreement with me. His answer to the question admits of deeper factors than does Mr. Reid's prim, "No more or no less" analysis in the following column of the same issue. Seeing the matter of demon-possession has been raised,

perhaps we can pursue the humour of the situation further by referring to a "New Yorker" cartoon of a few years back, in which a man gazes pop-eyed at an apparition of the Devil on his hearthrug and complains—"But there must be some mistake. I'm an atheist." At this point I am probably more reverently agnostic than Mr. McNicol.

No doubt Mr. McNicol is well aware that he is doing nothing new when he takes the game of psychological motive-finding to the "other side of the fence" and questions the real basis for Christian belief. Non-Christians have been doing this for years, and it is now a stock weapon of attack to psychoanalyse, in an amateur fashion, the Christian and find him wanting. It is good to know that at least some critics appreciate that the process must not be one-sided. And, of course, the real point of my original letter was my irritation with the sneer implicit in such phrases as the purpose of religion being "psychological comfort". There are quite a lot of people about like the "Robert" of the front page of the same issue, who, having absorbed "the prevailing intellectual current of opinion" on Christianity, never stop to wonder how well adjusted they are themselves. However, I am relieved that Mr. McNicol at least is willing to drop the inconclusive practice and remove the agnostic-Christian encounter to other ground.

As to the request for suggestions regarding the "use" of agnosticism, I can only reiterate an accepted view that it is a valuable antidote in society to fanaticism. I prefer not to delve into the validity of this argument here (it all depends on what one means by "fanaticism" I suppose) but I would say that, if this is so, then agnosticism defeats its own purpose when it becomes fanatic itself.

However, an equally pertinent question, surely, in the era of the fanaticism of Belsen and Budapest, is—has Christianity any "use"? The passionate soul of a Kagawa or Bonhoeffer, a Niemöller or Borelli, a Schweitzer or Abbé Pierre earns for their religion, I think, a more serious consideration than the patronising nod generally accorded to it for supplying society with a moderately efficient code of ethics.

Finally, Mr. McNicol's closing analogy is a very neat piece of side-stepping indeed. It is scarcely the Christian who begrudges anyone "a feeling of mystic delight" today; much rather does it seem to be the agnostic. If everyone will refrain from the practice in future, then both his letter and mine will not have been in vain.

Yours,

IAN D. BLACK.

Oh so considerate

Sirs,

Far be it for me to question the *raison d'être* of a student society, let alone such a militant collection of souls as the Agnostics Society, but Bruce Reid's letter (*On Dit*, 23/6/61) demands some comment on the roles of religious and "irreligious" societies in promoting discussion on matters of religious belief.

Mr. Reid suggests that religious societies are incapable of fulfilling this need for open discussion amongst believers and non-believers, simply because of a supposed social embarrassment on the part of agnostics and the (oh so considerate!) feeling that such meetings will be thwarted by the fundamental questions that the unbeliever must ask. Such hyper-sensitivity on Mr. Reid's part does the Agnostics Society no credit; certainly Christian students suffer from no such inhibitions when conversing with the agnostics on home ground—can you imagine the Christian protagonist withholding his arguments from the unbelievers for fear that his apologetic be too sophisticated for them to understand?

The more fundamental issue at stake is the implied hint (or is it threat?) that the conversations of religious societies and especially the S.C.M. should be limited to the circle of the faithful. No such society can ultimately escape the fact that an integral part of its task in the University is to preach the Gospel, and the wider the front on which this is done the better. In past years S.C.M. has been noted for (and even notorious for) its following of militant unregenerates, whereas the present organisational division ensures that S.C.M. and the Agnostics Society are each talking only to themselves—a state of affairs which is hardly stimulating to either.

Yours,

D. A. SMITH.

A moral mistaken

Sirs,

Your reviewer of the film "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" presents a good critique in *On Dit* (23-6-61) but it seems to me that he has not realised what the film intended to portray, and further, that he mistakes its "moral."

He remarks that "Arthur Seaton never has to 'face the music really' and 'gets away with' too much," but as the film

progresses it becomes subtly evident, perhaps too indirectly, that this ability in a modern man of Arthur Seaton's type to avoid all responsibility for his actions, is what the film is about.

It takes the form of a "slice of life," and as your reviewer says, it is a very convincing one. It seems to me that the film is presented in this form in preference to any other to point to the contrast between the sort of life that has produced an Arthur Seaton, its inhabitants and obligations, and his ironical lack of necessity to obey and respond to those particular obligations. Throughout there is a decided contrast between the attitudes of the two women and Arthur; the married woman predicts that Arthur will have to "face the music" as she finally decides to do; yet he does not; Doreen expresses wonder at his stone-throwing, yet she cannot stop it, nor in the end does she try. To cap it all in this film comes the character of Jack, the man who forgives Arthur for getting his wife with child. Surely this is a pointer to the artistic unity of the film; the slice of life begins to take shape into a structure which seems to say, "this is the life that produced Arthur Seaton, and he can get away with violating most of this life's bonds." If this is the case, the film is certainly successful at least artistically; whether a further moral is required is another question, and the lack of it may limit the film's achievement.

Yours,

MARGARET TIDEMANN.

Tom's Machinery

Sirs,

In recent issues of "On Dit" there have appeared two articles on teaching and learning machines. Mr. Clark, in his article on the teaching machine, introduced us to this instrument from the student's point of view. Mr. Howard, in his reply, supports the introduction of learning machines to compensate the lecturer for the loss of his student audience. The teaching machine, says Mr. Clark, will relieve lecturers of lecturing; the learning machine will relieve students of the necessity of attending lectures. But as both suggestions stand—the lecturers still have to lecture to the learning machine, and the students still have to learn from the teaching machine. To prevent this obvious and expensive duplication of function, the University of Adelaide has an honors student who is at present working on a machine which can both teach and learn. Although it is anticipated that this will involve a large capital outlay at first, the benefits are such that it is confidently expected that the University Council will replace all lecturers and all students with these machines as soon as they are produced commercially.

The Playford Government has indicated its support of these machines.

PHYL CLARKSON.

Hypothetical

Sirs,

So the peripatetic Mr. Nettelbeck has struck again. (*On Dit* 23-6-61). However, it seems that every alternate paragraph is at least partially coherent this time. It is possible that his clarity of style is an increasing function of geographic latitude. We suggest, therefore, that you test the validity of this hypothesis by sending him to the North Pole before he writes his next dispatch.

Yours,

J. CAMPBELL.

L. JOHNSTON.

Hermaphroditish

Sirs,

No one realises more than myself the dire necessity of maintaining standards in this age of decadence. For too long have we in the West allowed excessive freedom to those who only abuse it; the situation demands that those in authority should adopt sterner measures.

Imagine my satisfaction, then, when I heard that the notoriously liberal *Adelaide Teachers' College* had forbidden several girls to wear slacks at College or at the University. How much further off their pedestal will women put themselves, before they realise that they are gradually undermining what has been, since medieval times, one of our civilisation's strongest moral foundations?

However, I am worried about the College's reciprocal consistency in this important moral matter, and should very much like to be assured that a regulation *does* exist to prohibit full-time, undergraduate, male, Scotch Teachers' College students from wearing the disgustingly hermaphroditish kilt.

Yours,

BRUCE J. REID.

Our sister Regiment

by
Robert Vowles

It is with the raising of the 83rd and 86th Regiments of Foot in 1793 that the History of the Royal Ulster Rifles can be said to begin. The Royal Ulster Rifles in the Land of the Little People, is affiliated with the Adelaide University Regiment.

Increasing activity by the French in 1793 made it necessary for the British Army to set about raising more regiments. Thus, in Dublin, Major William Fitch raised the 83rd Regiment. Shortly afterwards was raised a regiment, impressively entitled "General Cornelius Cuyler's Shropshire Volunteers," soon to be moved from Shrewsbury to Kilkenny and renamed the 86th Regiment of Foot.

From 1793 until the start of the Peninsular War both regiments saw service abroad, the 83rd taking part in the campaign against French possessions in the West Indies, and the 86th serving in Flanders, India and Egypt. For their part in the last-named operation, the 86th were permitted to bear on their colours the emblem of the Sphinx, this emblem now being worn on the officers' cross belts.

The 83rd was included in the Army sent to Portugal in 1808 under General Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington) to help that country and Spain rid themselves of the French.

The 86th Regiment, not involved in the Peninsular War, took part in the expedition against the Mauritius. For the great part they played in the capture from the French of the island of Bourbon (now Reunion), the 86th were granted the title of Royal County Down Regiment, and were permitted to wear on their buttons the insignia of the Irish Harp and Crown, similar to the buttons worn by the Regiment today.

In 1859, by Her Majesty Queen Victoria's pleasure, the 83rd was styled the County of Dublin Regiment, formally linking it with its birthplace. 1881, however, saw a major reorganisation of the Infantry take place. Regimental numbers were abolished, and each Regiment henceforth to consist of two Battalions, was given a territorial designation. The 83rd and 86th were brought together, becoming respectively the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Royal Irish Rifles.

In becoming a Rifle Regiment as distinct from a Regiment of Foot, or Infantry Regiment (such as the Adelaide University Regiment), the 83rd and 86th underwent a complete metamorphosis. Rifle Regiments had a special role of scouts and skirmishers, and therefore had to be as inconspicuous,

lightly equipped and as mobile as possible. To these ends, colours were laid up, red coats and brass buttons exchanged for sombre green uniforms with black buttons, and a more rapid rate of marching introduced. This last is preserved as a custom to this day. Rifle Regiments march at a cracking 140 paces per minute, as against the normal 120, or the Highlanders' kilt swinging 110.

The Royal Irish Rifles were fully represented in the Boer War, and at the outbreak of war in 1914, the 2nd Battalion embarked for France with the British Expeditionary Force, soon to be joined by the 1st Battalion who had been serving in Kirkee and Aden. The contribution made by the Regiment is reflected by the fact that, by the end of the war it had raised no less than 21 Battalions. Honours won by the Regiment (including three Victoria Cross) were at great cost: 7,000 men, equivalent to nearly seven complete battalions, lost their lives in the fighting.

In 1921 the title of the Regiment was changed to The Royal Ulster Rifles, which name it bears today.

The outbreak of war in 1939 saw what was, in many ways, a repetition of the events of 1914. After a rapid mobilisation, the 2nd joined the British Expeditionary Force, took part in the bitter fighting of 1940, and the subsequent evacuation from Dunkirk. After 1940 both regular Battalions engaged in intensive training, culminating in the invasion of Europe in 1944. The 1st became an airborne Battalion in 1941, and took part in the airborne operations in Normandy and on the Rhine. The 2nd took part in the Normandy assault, and fought throughout the campaign with great distinction.

In 1948, under the post-war reorganisation, it became necessary to amalgamate the two Battalions to form what is now called the 1st Battalion The Royal Ulster Rifles (83rd and 86th). Expectations of a peaceful period were not to be realised by the Regiment: 1950 saw it once more taking part in operations in a full scope theatre of war, this time in the rugged country and extreme climate of Korea. The Regiment completed this, its latest tour of active service, with further credit to its fine reputation.

In presenting this brief History it has been unfortunately necessary to pass over in a few words what represents a succession of episodes of great bravery and significance. Such, however, are the threads that go together to form the fabric of proud tradition that belongs to The Royal Ulster Rifles.

FOOTBALL SUCCESSES

by
Carl Meyer

The success of the Varsity Football Club reached a new high on Saturday, July 1, with resounding wins in all grades. Winning margins were:—

A's d. Semaphore Central by 15 goals.

B's d. Ethelton by 20 goals.

C's d. Col. Light Gardens by 30 goals.

D's d. Old Scotch by about 16 goals.

It was a day for club full-forwards, too. For a few years the key position of goal-sneak has been sadly undermanned at University Oval, but efforts there last Saturday were:—Morton (for the A side: 8 goals); Milne (B's: 8); Jones (C's: 10); Pfitzner (D's: 11).

Under enthusiastic leadership, all sides are welding into premiership combinations. Players who do not train during the week are finding themselves omitted for the Saturday games, and selectors must be commended for the stand they have taken over this matter. The elimination of "track-loafers" from the A's and B's is the only fair thing to do as far as the keen player lower down is concerned. It is impossible to maintain that fast, attractive "play-on" game without maximum effort on the training track; nor can such skills as kicking, marking and ball-handling be brought to the requisite standard without constant attention.

With several of the "old reliables" back in harness, the A's have regained their familiar "preiership" look of 1960. Graeme Seppelt burst into prominence with his convincing performance on Neil Hawke at Brighton, and followed it up with a real "Screamer" at Exeter. Ron Dickson has had several weeks of dashing, determined

roving, while Hooper has, likewise, been prominent. The brilliant Morton at full forward is going from strength to strength and took the "catch" of the season against Semaphore Centrals—one that will not easily be forgotten by his team-mates, nor, one fancies, by the full-back of the other side!

The B's have regained poise after being unsettled round interspersed time and look the side for the "B" flag at the moment—but they'd better watch out for Rosewater—Heaven help the Seconds if Dave Porter catches a scent of complacency among them!

The C side, surprisingly beaten by Kings, found some form and a full forward against Col. Light Gardens. Skipper J. (Godfrey) Oliver's one comment after a result of 27.18 to nil was "Not good enough."

Ken Allen, rugged leader of the D's, won't accept "heavy nights" as an excuse for poor performances, either!

You can see that a high standard is demanded from the Blacks, so how about it, chaps?—let's have Four Premierships, everyone out at training, and each individual driving himself—without needing the coach to spur him along.

Don't forget the Blacks' Ball on Saturday evening, July 8.

John Day, club president, is throwing a wholesale cocktail party in the George Murray for all guests, starting at 6.45 p.m.

The Ball will be bounced, as it were, in the Refectory from 8.30 onwards. Everyone at the Uni. is invited and tickets can be obtained from the Sports Association office.

Don't forget long kicks on Saturday, Blacks—dropkicks and punts!

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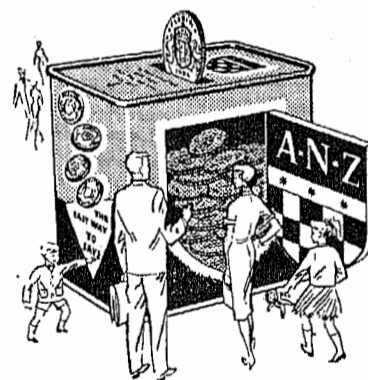
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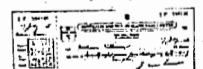
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OPINION

In March, 1957, the Rome Treaty was signed by the six countries which now constitute the European Common Market (CM) — Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg. As a result a 10% cut of all tariffs between these countries was made in January, 1959, and again in July, 1960. The plan is that by 1971 all tariffs internal to the CM countries will be eliminated, and that a uniform tariff structure will be levelled against outsiders (at the 1957 average level). Thus the CM countries will eventually act as a single country in external economic relations, with free trade within themselves supplying a market slightly bigger than that of the U.S.A. The target date may well be realised, since, as "The Economist" Intelligence Unit says:

"... Economic integration among the Six is essentially inspired by political motives; the driving force is far greater than if those concerned were acting in the light of economic principles alone."

Consider now the position of Britain. She has no part in the CM, being unwilling (in 1957) to relinquish the system of Imperial preference. This is the system whereby in return for concessions to her by the Commonwealth (such as preferential tariff treatment), Britain guarantees to buy certain Commonwealth primary products at above world prices, e.g., Australian wheat, meat and dairy products. Now, however, Britain is witnessing the emergence of what could very well be a new world economic power on her doorstep, and wishing that she were part of it. A necessary condition to her joining the CM is, however, the abandonment of Imperial preference in its present form, for the Six have a healthy distrust of perfidious Albion's desire to use Commonwealth primary products when the Six already have surplus capacity in this sphere.

Whichever alternative or compromise Britain chooses, the result will directly affect Australia, whose attitude was expressed by Menzies in his report to Parliament (11/4/61). He said that the CM Six power treaty is of great political as well as economic value, but some wider association with Great Britain is desirable if Western European unity is to be achieved and maintained. Australia has its special interests to protect and expects the fullest consultations before Britain reaches any agreement in principle with or makes an offer to the CM. The assurances which Menzies sought were readily given by the British Government, and representatives of both parties have met, which suggests that a favourable atmosphere exists for discussion.

What possibilities of change face Australia? If Britain joins the CM and abandons Commonwealth preferential trade, our exports of wheat, meat and dairy products, which make up a substantial proportion of total exports, would fall considerably. At present, of £A920m. export earnings, £A160m. and £A60m. come from export of the above products to Britain and the Six respectively. Any attempt at retaliation on our part would have bad side effects within Australia—if we lower Most Favoured Nation tariff rates to the British Preferential level there would be a stream of M.F.N. imports harming local manufacturers; if we raise the B.P. tariff level we would further burden the cost structure and thus lessen our ability to export at competitive prices.

It has been proposed that Australia should attempt to join the CM direct, but this can hardly be taken seriously. We have little bargaining

strength (there being a surfeit of primary production within the Six and indeed on a world level), neither any political ties, either of which might have permitted a mutually advantageous settlement with the CM.

Perhaps the most likely eventuality is that of a compromise between Britain and the CM and Britain and Australia. Such that we lose some part of our guaranteed British market or, partly scrapped, Australia will be in a disadvantageous position, and the problem of maintaining a balance of payments may necessitate harsh action to stimulate exports or reduce imports. If the existing preference system is maintained, then Britain will have even less claim to be considered a world power than at present. The sun has set on the Empire.

Cry the beloved . . .

With the implementation of the racial policy of the South African Government, which even goes to the extent of excluding non-white students from open Universities, the South African Committee for High Education (SACHED) was established. Its simple objective being:—"The furtherance of post-Matriculation higher education for South Africans." The need was great—Lower Primary education has been extended to over one million African children, of which only 3 per cent. go on to secondary education. It was this challenging need, which in November, 1959, prompted the Bishop of Johannesburg, Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves, to initiate the committee of SACHED.

The boldness and ingenuity of this scheme, long discussed informally and the product of months of negotiation, has quickly captured the imagination of those who have come to hear of it, both in South Africa and in the outside world. To champion this cause is dangerous business, as both the Bishop, who is well known for his consistently outspoken criticism of Apartheid policies, and Alan Paton, author of "Cry the Beloved Country" and president of South African Liberal Party, have discovered.

The Committee decided that its attempt should be outside the existing higher educational institutions recently set up and controlled by the Government and it decided to prepare students for University of London Degrees—at this stage, B.A., B.Sc., and Economics.

In small numbers, such preparation could be the product of private instruction and personal dedication, but in order to have any significant impact on the rising African generation, it must be carried out on a better organised scale.

In 1960, its first year of operation, over 100 applications were received in Johannesburg alone, and SACHED hopes to expand beyond Johannesburg to Durban and Cape Town. The scheme is imaginative, challenging and is attempting to produce citizens of intellectual integrity, who are dedicated to ideals of tolerance and service to their own people.

As part of its 1961 programme, WUS will be making a major contribution to this plan, and feels

confident that it has the support of the many students, who just a year ago, were fired with enthusiasm to make a positive contribution of help to Africans, after the Sharpeville riots.

Panic and emptiness

There are, in broad terms, two kinds of religious groups in the University, and they may be called the High and the Low. The attitude of the former is exemplified by the banner the Anglican Society displayed on the middle of the steps to the upper level a couple of weeks ago—"Up the Lazy River with the Anglican Society" and that of the latter by the E.U. banner just above it—"Faith for this Age of Storm." For the Faith of the High is sure and, undesirably, not proclaimed to the rest of us.

But the panic of the Low is so great that the members of these movements are sometimes not even sure what the panic is about. Witness the infantile sarcasm and bewilderment of the last S.C.M. Newsletter. "The Search for Truth" is a "reeking stench" says an anonymous body whose nom-de-plume is "Social Sense." He also tells us, without further comment, that the middle classes are divided . . . and their values rejected. While another such person, P. Chalmandoley (sic) Soakweed tells the editor that "What I appreciate most though is that you are not what some societies become (even religious ones sometimes) intent only on gaining members"—a telling witticism about the lack of evangelical activity by S.C.M.

However, before one can evangelise it is necessary to have a certain minimum of both faith and understanding and, in this case, manners and maturity.

A sample

Remember Robert? "Censorship is one of Robert's favourite topics. He doesn't need to know any detailed facts to feel able to condemn it . . . Robert does not know what the law on obscenity is. He has only the haziest notions of how censorship in Australia works . . . he simply betrays his woolly-mindedness."

Anyone interested in seeing Robert at work should consult the new edition of "Ern Malley's Poems," published a few weeks ago in Melbourne, with an introduction and, it seems, an appendix by Max Harris. (Mr. Harris is a local bookseller, critic and composer of verses.) The appendix gives an account of the conviction, in 1944, of Mr. Harris for publishing printed matter of an indecent nature, and indecent advertisements within the meaning of the term "indecent advertisement" in s. 108 of the Police Act, 1936-1938. A substantial part of the magistrate's judgment is reproduced, together with Mr. Harris' animadversions on the law of the time, and on the conduct of the prosecution.

"The impression of the trial (sic) was of one section of the community engaging in a vendetta against another," says Mr. Harris. The impression left by a reading of his appendix is certainly of just such a vendetta. It is Robert versus *Them*.

Robert delights in making *Them* appear absurd. To do so is to feel absolved of the need to *argue*. Mr. Harris uses two means to this end. In the first place, he places a primary emphasis, in his remarks, on those poems which the police alleged were obscene and which, in the view of most of us, are not obscene. He fails to say that the verses and passages to which he gives this prominence, as demonstrating the "incredibly ludicrous" attitude of that "section of the community," are precisely those verses and passages which the magistrate (*They*) found to be neither indecent nor immoral nor obscene.

In the second place, Mr. Harris turns his attention to the actual law of 1944, and thinks to persuade us of its absurdity by asserting:

"As the law was framed at that stage in South Australia, literary merit or serious literary intentions in no way constituted a defence. Had the Crown Solicitor's Office, in its wisdom, chosen to prosecute the works of Shakespeare or the Holy Bible, a magistrate would have had little choice but to have found these works guilty of indecency, immorality or obscenity as the law in South Australia was then framed."

How strange, then, to read the magistrate, who convicted Mr. Harris, writing:

"A person is justified in . . . publishing obscene books . . . if their . . . publication is for the public good, as being necessary or advantageous to religion or morality, to the administration of justice, the pursuit of science, literature or art, or other objects of general interest. . . . I think that a similar justification would amount to a defence to a prosecution under s. 108 of the Police Act. It would avoid the absurdity of a bookseller having to be convicted in respect of the sale of a copy of, say, Shakespeare's works."

Now no-one wants to defend s. 108 of the Police Act, which was thoroughly amended in 1953. But is it too much to ask of Robert that he conduct his vendetta against *Them* with greater attention to fairness and accuracy?

What? Me? But I'm a student!

