

FUGITIVE AND CLOISTERED

Meet Robert

Robert is a lecturer in English—or is it History, or Physics, or Law? Or is he, perhaps, an intelligent student, reading Psychology, or Medicine, or Civil Engineering? He may be a librarian, a bookseller, or an editor; he may even be a clever young priest. Who knows?

Who cares? Robert is everywhere.

Robert, you see, is a liberal. He is literate, sensitive, intelligent, high-minded, generous, sincere, broad-minded—in every way attractive. He has lots of views on all sorts of things; the views are not too extreme, and the sorts of things are not too fundamental, but Robert is proud, nonetheless, of the enlightenment of his social opinions.

He is particularly witty and articulate in his protests against the illiberalism and reaction of The Establishment—the university councils, senior civil servants, politicians, judges—the whole brood. Power, as Robert says, corrupts (my word, even Acton was a liberal). At lunch or morning tea with Robert and his friends you will hear a score of little anecdotes about the things They do.

Them. They bashed up that aborigine, and then rigged the enquiry. They illegally (or was it immorally?) dismissed that professor, and rigged that enquiry, too. They silenced a critical public servant. They tried to ban the Communist Party. They appeased Hitler. They used the atomic bomb. They are colonising New Guinea.

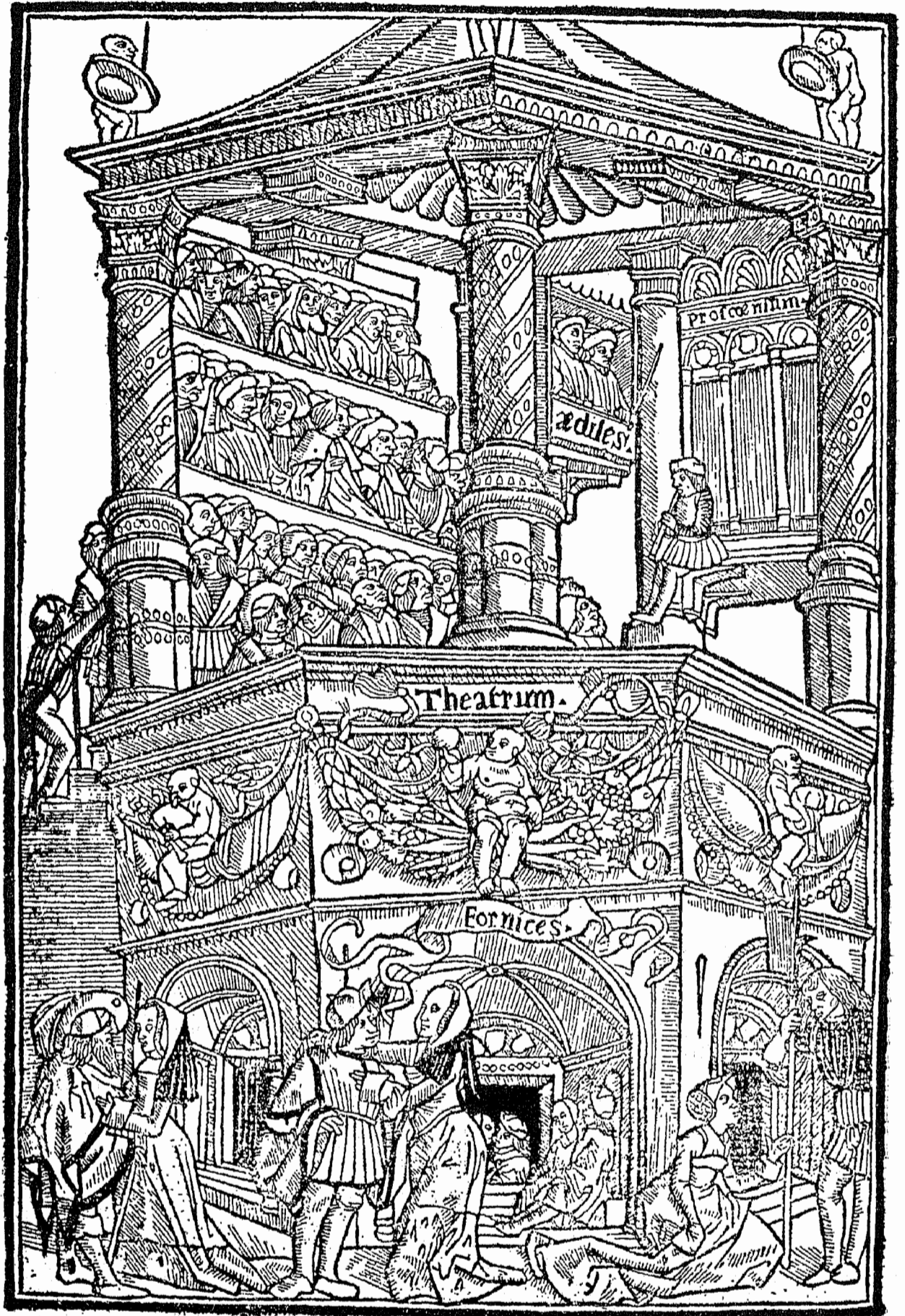
“What? . . . Well yes, the facts are a bit complicated in all those cases . . . Well, if you insist . . . let's take a case where the facts aren't in dispute. After all, it's the principle that matters, isn't it . . . I suppose you've heard. They've refused to lift the ban on 'Lady Chatterley.' Incredible, isn't it. As 'Nation' said the other day, we've got the most barbaric censorship set-up outside Ireland. First 'Borstal Boy,' then 'Lolita,' now this. Actually of course, they've got hundreds of books on that list in the Customs. Including, someone told me, French cookery books and a whole mass of other stuff they've completely misunderstood. Of course, most of the stuff eventually gets through in the bottom of a suitcase anyway. I read 'Lady Chatterley' ten years ago. It's not pornographic. In fact, it's quite dull.”

Censorship is one of Robert's favourite topics. He doesn't need to know any detailed facts to feel able to condemn it. All intelligent people know that it is an affront to human freedom, and ineffective, to boot. Every well-educated man is aware that Milton's "Areopagitica" is the refutation of the right to censor, and that no one has ever been able to answer it. And then there's Mill "On Liberty." Thank heavens for those foes of obscuratism, and for Shaw and Lawrence and the rest of them. The Mrs. Grundy's of the world are in retreat—all one has to do when one meets or hears of one of them is to remember "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue." It's only a matter of time before the prudens and reactionaries go the way of Goebbels, with his book burnings, and the Inquisition, with its Index.

Yes, Robert is everywhere. His liberalism is the new orthodoxy.

Robert is, in fact, at least as prejudiced as the worst of those who advocate the censorship of obscene books and who maintain the structure of Australian censorship. Robert does not know what the law on obscenity is. He has only the haziest notions of how censorship in Australia works. He has never read a reasoned exposition of the motives of the Establishment in setting up a ban on obscene books. Nor has he read Mill or Milton. He has simply absorbed the prevailing intellectual current of opinion, and he just assumes that anyone who wants to ban obscene literature (Robert prefers that phrase to "dirty books") is more than likely authoritarian, semi-literate, insensitive, low-minded, mean, prudish and probably hypocritical—in a word, illiberal.

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. The Commonwealth Parliament has no constitutional power to ban books: what it can do is prohibit objectionable imports. Under a power, given by the Federal Parliament in the Customs Act 1950, to prohibit the importing of "blasphemous, indecent or obscene works or articles," the Minister of Customs and Excise has made further provisions in



the Customs (Prohibited Imports) Regulations. By Item 7 of the First Schedule of those Regulations, an article (i.e. any piece of reading-matter, whether letterpress or picture) is a prohibited import if it is "blasphemous, indecent or obscene." By Item 22 of the Second Schedule, an article may be banned from importation if it "unduly emphasises sex, horror, or violence."

How does the system work? The port officer at any Australian port can seize any book he considers likely to be a prohibited import. He must immediately send the book to the central administrative section of the Customs Department. If the Department decides that the book is objectionable, they must then submit the book to the Literature Censorship Board. This is a body of four persons, usually academics, librarians, and the like. If the Board recommends that the book should be considered objectionable, the importer may request that the book be referred to the Appeal Censor. If the Censor himself agrees with the Board, the importer can then appeal to the Minister of Customs. The book will only be finally declared a prohibited import if the Minister agrees with the Appeal Censor, the Board, the senior officers of his Department, and the port officer.

But that is not all. As the Minister has publicly declared, any citizen or group of citizens can, if they wish, import a book that has been placed on the prohibited list. The book will be seized at the port of entry, but the importer can challenge, in the High Court of Australia, the right of the Department to declare the book a prohibited import.

No one has ever challenged a decision of the Department of Customs in court.

There is still more to follow. All prohibited books are available for inspection in the Parliamentary Library in Canberra. All prohibited books are available, moreover, to university and similar libraries on certification that readership will be restricted to those persons with a proper claim to study the book for genuine scientific, sociological or similar purposes. The Barr Smith Library possesses, with the approval of the Customs, "Borstal Boy," "Lolita," and "Lady Chatterley's Lover," unexpurgated.

Granting, for a moment, the desirability of limiting the general availability of obscene books and magazines, it is difficult to see that *They* can be fairly accused of using secret or arbitrary methods of exercising their control. If it is true, as rumour would have it, that the current ban on "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is being maintained by the Cabinet contrary to the recommendation of the Censorship Board, then it is proper to protest at what amounts to a short-circuiting of a sound and honest procedure. But it is not to be forgotten, even then, that any interested persons can appeal to the High Court. Nor is it pertinent to object that such an appeal would be unjustly expensive. In the last analysis, every one of our rights and freedoms is protected by our right of appeal to the High Court; there is no reason why our right to import books should not be subject to the same conditions of protection. It should be added that differences in the law of evidence make it highly unlikely that any appeal to the High Court would be nearly as expensive as the recent trial of Penguin

(Continued on Page 8)

Thursday, June 22nd—
 E.U. Mission, 1.15 p.m., Union Hall:
 "The Anatomy of Repentance."
 Adelaide University Science Association
 Symposium.
 Anglican Society Tutorials "The Doc-
 trine of the Ministry."
 Friday, June 23rd—
 E.U. Mission, 1.15 p.m., Union Hall:
 "How to Become a Christian."
 Saturday, June 24th—
 Arts Ball, both refectories. Supper,
 Tickets: 17/6 double, available at
 S.R.C. office.
 Sunday, June 25th—
 E.U. End-of-Mission Services: 11.00
 a.m., Unley Park Baptist Church;
 7.00 p.m., Stow Congregational
 Church.
 Tuesday, June 27th—
 Engineering Society Films. Room 110.
 Mechanical Engineering Building:
 "Walkabout."
 Friday, June 30th—
 Malayan Students' Association "Semi-
 nary Night." L.S.H. Speaker: Noel
 Adams, from "Advertiser." Sub-
 ject: "Nationalism or Inter-
 nationalism?"
 Saturday, July 1st—
 Science Ball, both refectories. Supper,
 floor shows. Tickets £1 double,
 available S.R.C. office.
 Wednesday, July 1th—
 Ag. Science Students' Association
 Meeting.
 Thursday, July 6th—
 Anglican Society Tutorial: "The Doc-
 trine of the Sacraments."

TIDES

A.U.E.S., films every Tuesday, 1.10
 p.m., Room 110, Mech. Engineer-
 ing Building.
 Nominations are requested for the
 position of 1962 Congress Director.
 Nominations to be lodged with the
 S.R.C. Hon. Secretary by July 7th.
 Information regarding Netherlands
 Govt. Scholarships is available from
 the Editors.
 Information regarding Japanese Gov-
 ernment Science Fellowships for
 1961-62 is available from the
 Editors.
 Information regarding Shell Post-
 Graduate Scholarships is now avail-
 able from the Editors.

ON DIT

On Dit is edited by Will Baynes,
 Des Cooper, and John Finnis.

On Dit is published by the Stu-
 dents' Representative Council of the
 University of Adelaide.

On Dit is printed by The Griffin
 Press.

The staff of On Dit at present in-
 cludes Elisabeth Austin, Heinz
 Konezalla, Des Owens, Marian
 Quartly, Sandra Von der Borch,
 Adrian Mitchell, David Combe, Lyn
 Marshall, Jill Roe and Boyce Gibson.

The Editors will welcome letters,
 articles and other contributions from
 all members of the University. Copy
 for the next edition, which will ap-
 pear on Thursday, July 6, 1961,
 closes on Thursday, June 29.

S.R.C. (61-62) ELECTIONS

Nominations are now called for
 Faculty Representatives to the Stu-
 dents' Representative Council.

Nominations will be open from 19th
 June to 3rd July and polling dates
 are from 4th July to 6th July.

- (1) Nomination forms are available
 from the S.R.C. office.
- (2) Nominations must be in writing
 and signed by the proposer,
 seconder and candidate.
- (3) The proposer, seconder and
 candidate must be members of
 the faculty for which the can-
 didate is standing.
- (4) All nominations must be lodged
 into the hands of the S.R.C.
 secretary.

UNIVERSITY TIE

The Vice-Chancellor, Mr. H. B.
 Basten, has informed the President
 of the S.R.C., Mr. Dean Campbell,
 that the following persons are entitled
 to wear the University Tie:—

- (1) All people who are enrolled for
 undergraduate or diploma work,
 while they are enrolled, but not
 when they may cease to be enrolled;
- (2) All people who hold degrees or
 diplomas of the University.

The S.R.C. has endorsed the de-
 cision of the Vice-Chancellor.

AN UPSETTING SUGGESTION

by

Hugh Corbet

Of late, political, legal, business and other institutions in South Australia have come under the sardonic surveillance of gentlemen of the press in the Eastern States. *Nation* has been particularly to the fore in this respect.

One institution which has avoided such scrutiny has been our parliament. The work of the South Australian Parliament is rarely before the public eye. Of more public significance is the work of the Adelaide City Council and the Premier's Office, if front page stories in "The Advertiser" are any guide.

It would almost seem that parliament is reluctant to endure the scrutiny of the public. It, itself, is certainly reluctant to scrutinise the Premier's Office, the Government or the Public Service. On six occasions in the past, parliament has thwarted suggestions to establish a public accounts committee, namely in 1926, '33, '53, '56, '57 and 1959. Such a committee exists in parliaments in Hobart, Melbourne, Sydney, Canberra and Westminster. The operations of these in all but the first named, are on a larger scale than in Adelaide. This does not affect the principle, however, that where there is public spending there should be public scrutiny to ensure rectitude and prudent accounting.

The S.A. Premier, Sir Thomas Playford, would argue with this principle, and so controvert the views of nearly all authorities on British government. "I make the general criticism," said Sir Thomas in the Assembly in 1959, "that any committee designed purely to study expenditures after they have been made has not the same value as a committee such as the Public Works Committee, which inquires into the proposed expenditure of all public works, the cost of which exceeds £100,000."

The former Comptroller and Auditor-General in the U.K., Sir Frank Tribe, has said that in direct contrast with the U.S. system of legislative financial control, based on detailed examination of estimates or appropriation bills, "the U.K. House of Commons trusts the Government in office not to ask for more money from the taxpayer than it needs." In the U.K., government departments are very conscious of the continuous watch kept on behalf of parliament by the public accounts committee, on the way they use grants voted to them. "Any worthwhile cut (in expenditure) would entail a criticism of policy and imply a lack of confidence in the Government," says Tribe. As long ago as 1876 Sir Reginald Palgrave said that "the account of past, not future, expenditure best discloses ministerial economy or the reverse." Parliament's true checking function, said Palgrave, should be exercised through the retrospective eyes of its public accounts committee.

In the British system of parliamentary democracy, control of the administration by the legislature is of paramount importance. Few would argue authoritatively with this contention. Such control, however, is necessarily less direct than that of the executive through which it usually operates.

During the S.A. parliamentary debate in 1959 on the proposed public accounts committee, Liberal back-bencher Raymond Hall made the extraordinarily naive comment that the opposition would "take financial control out of the hands of the Government." If democracy is to be preserved governments must be kept accountable for their actions, and their access to and use of money must be strictly controlled. If Mr. Hall and other speakers had understood this fundamental Anglicism they might not have taken part in the debate, which was unfortunately a party issue.

The appointment by the legislature of committees from its own membership is a very general method of exercising control over the executive and its administrative agents, although the most effective mechanism under the British cabinet system is Question Time. In the U.K. House of Commons, four select committees concern themselves with Public Accounts, Estimates, Statutory Instruments and Nationalised Industries. In S.A. we only have a Public Works Committee dealing with financial matters.

The Joint Parliamentary Committee on Public Accounts was rehabilitated in the Australian federal sphere in 1951. The committee's composition and functions are basically the same as its counterpart at Westminster. Its outstanding success has been attributed to its chairman, Mr. F. A. Bland, M.P., the former professor of public administration at the University of Sydney. Membership of the committee is drawn from both Treasury and opposition benches. The committee examines the accounts of the Commonwealth and also each report and statement of the Auditor-General, and draws the attention of parliament to any matters which it deems fit.

Thirty-five reports emanated from the committee in the first six years of its post war existence. They have covered such diverse topics as the administration of the sales tax, the operations of the Australian Aluminium Production Commission at Bell Bay, estimates of the defence services and of the Department of Civil Aviation, the administration of the Northern Territory, the purchase and disposal of equipment by the Joint Coal Board and so on.

Over the last nine years this federal committee has partially filled a very wide gap in legislative financial security. During estimates debates in Australian parliaments, bills are still gagged through in a comparatively few hours, with departments lumped

together, coherent and connected debate thus becoming impossible. It is during such debates that parliament should have the opportunity to inquire into departmental policy and action.

Despite the work of this committee, political procedures in Australia still seem anachronous. When in session, the federal parliament has failed to organise a system of standing committees to inquire into legislative problems and administrative practices, while Royal Commissions on administrative problems are sporadic. Only two departments are obliged to submit annual reports on their operations. There was even a gap of 37 years between the McLachlan enquiry into the Public Service in 1922 and the more recent enquiry.

Referring to the work of the federal public accounts committee, Dr. G. S. Reid of the Adelaide University has said in the September, 1959, issue of *Public Administration* (Australian) that it "has been active in helping Parliament to redeem its status in finance after half a century of neglect of the formal mechanical aspects of parliamentary financial controls. . . . The reforms already effected are helping to inject reality into Parliament's financial control."

The great weight of empirical and academic argument favouring a public accounts committee has never been satisfactorily disputed in our House of Assembly.

In S.A. the Treasurer presents to parliament the annual budget and the annual estimates of expenditure and parliament appropriates the necessary funds for the ensuing financial year. The financial statement covering the completed accounts of the Government at the close of each financial year are also presented. The Auditor-General makes his report to parliament. This is as far as the system has developed. Government supporters in the House of Assembly have insinuated complete satisfaction with the report of the Auditor-General. None have convincingly demonstrated that parliament is able to fully utilise this report in critically analysing the government or the administration. There is no formal procedure for exhaustive committee examination of the report with the right to call witnesses and obtain explanations for accounting discrepancies, deficiencies and inefficiencies. Our parliament is evidently satisfied with the *status quo*.

The revenue and loan expenditure of S.A. has increased from £30m. in 1948-49 to £109m. in 1959-60. This figure will undoubtedly increase still further. With expected population increases, it follows *per se* that the State will be required to build more schools, more roads, more water supplies, more hospitals, more cultural facilities and other public utilities. A closer study of public expenditure will be clearly necessary as these population pressures require accelerated public works expansion with all

the increased risks of inefficiency entailed. It is not and will never be sufficient to explain over-estimated expenses as due to inflated costs. Such an explanation is too general and too easy.

The statutory instrumentalities in S.A., the Housing Trust, the Tramways Trust and the Electricity Trust, are all removed from departmental control. Don Dunstan, M.P., has pointed out that parliament is not in a position to question the Housing Trust, even though the Auditor-General has reported that the Trust has undertaken certain activities which are *ultra vires* the governing act. Other anomalies among the many requiring review are the number of departments in the S.A. Public Service—52, the number of reports from the Public Service Commissioner in the past 12 years—two, and the state of the Public Service Regulations—a thorough farrago.

Now it has been suggested that the S.A. Parliament is too limited in numbers and the necessary talents to support a public accounts committee.

State governments in Australia are often related to county councils in the U.K. since their function and responsibilities are very similar. It is impossible, besides odious, to make comparisons but just as a guide it might be noted that in 1945 the councils of Nottingham, Leeds and Liverpool had 18, 15 and 11 committees respectively, each about 20 strong. In Europe, legislative participation in government is the business of standing committees attached to individual ministries. Both houses of parliament have the same number of committees totalling in France, 38; in Belgium, 34; in Italy, 22; in Holland, 16, and in Denmark, 12. In Sweden there are nine joint committees. *A priori* reasoning suggests that five joint committees in S.A. can hardly exhaust the physical capacities of the State's fifty-nine legislators.

The lack of talented members of parliament, if this is the case, is not surprising. In his book *If the Gown Fits*, A. P. Rowe reminds us that "compared with the U.K., Australia needs to provide seven times as many top level men from a population one fifth as great." The problem of providing good government in seven capital cities is not aided when political parties endorse candidates for parliament on the grounds of faithful service to the party machine, trade union militancy, or Test cricket fame.

In a British parliamentary democracy it is the responsibility of legislators to scrutinise public expenditure (and the broader issues associated with such expenditure) in the most efficient and effective way possible. It therefore behoves political parties and individual M.P.s. to honour that responsibility. A public accounts committee would enable its members, and parliament, to examine at first hand the work of the executive and the administration.

I suspect that this might upset the comfort of the Treasury Buildings and other Government offices and would be a departure from the traditionally quiet way of conducting government, culture and commerce in Adelaide, but it might be an opportune departure none-the-less.

Heights and depths

by

Our Reporter

The Debating Club made the most of the opportunity that the beginning of the term offers to students to exercise their intellectual talents in extra-curricular pursuits by holding its first debate on the first Wednesday of the Terms.

The topic was "That the heights of Everest are the depths of absurdity"; Professor Horne was in the chair, and in traditional style few attended.

Not one of the four arguments of the debaters was well thought through, and in no case did any of the four speakers present a cogent and specious case for his side. Added to this was the fact that both sides thought or thought they thought something completely different about the topic, and neither attempted effectively to show that the other was wrong or misguided. The pro side thought and attempted argue that all human activities could be considered on a scale of values in terms of benefit and detriment both to the parties involved in the activity and to society as a whole, while the con side thought and argued that it meant achievement for achievement's sake.

At the end of the debate the bewildered few people who remained to its bitter end cast an opinion, which revealed that the argument they understood most of was that con side.

The second debate, a week later, was better attended, presumably because the topic was intelligible to the minds of those who read it on the notice board, and because all who read it had some sort of old school tie, even if they did use it only to keep their trousers in the right place.

The topic, of course, was "Is the old school tie a sign a decadent society?" The whole debate was a law faculty affair and if the exhibition of critical analysis, displayed by the four members, of so straight forward a topic is any guide to the quality of potential lawyers whose training is one of critical analysis, then the reporter considers it time the Law Society acted quickly.

The whole debate (?) wandered aimlessly over the number of Harrovians and Etonians there were in the British Cabinet.

Although at one time even the touring Australian cricket team received a laudatory comment, and agnostics were declared as people who did not know what they thought.

The summation on both sides, one might have hoped (as a last desperate hope) would reveal something of the training these law students were receiving, but nothing of the sort eventuated, and the debate ended without there ever really at any stage being an analysis of a decadent society and a searching inquiry into the influence of the old school tie, both now and in former generations. The end came when the hearers cast their vote, no doubt for the most part for reasons of their own, deciding that the old school tie was not a sign of decadent society.

Both debates on the whole were disappointing, the first because of the lack of care in preparation and lack of interest shown by students; the second was better attended but the approach of the debaters to the subject revealed only a superficial examination.

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It is hoped that, in future debates, more care will be taken in their preparation by those debating and that the audiences will increase; and interest generally grow in what is the greatest of skills (arguing for the sake of arguing).

THE EASIEST SPORT

by
Cum Privilegio

The hour drew on with weary solemnity while occasional S.R.C. members slept, or scuttled-off to their lonesome beds; the last item on the Agenda had been reached, and the clock read 12.15 a.m., the time of haunting lizards and soft-voiced Spiritualists.

Then out of gutters it came—a slow roar of Righteous Indignation. Statues, before the Front Office, paled into mystic harmony, minute hands fell from clocks, grass grinned greenly, etc. All in all, something was afoot.

The Editors (hush) of "On Dit" were about to be fêted—*auto-da-fé*. The inevitable historical process had given rise to discontent as, one by one, leading members of the Council voiced long sibilant protests, like

"We want accuracy without bias in the reports of these meetings" and "A more serious tone should be adopted by the Observer when writing up S.R.C. meetings." (Dear Reader, I shall not mention the names of these offenders lest you may be tempted to stone them, or cast them headlong into a ditch.) But of a truth, they laid wait privily.

The writer of the last Report was asked to explain why it was "a safer sport to attack the Executive, rather than Mr. Hyslop," whose polemic skill is not unknown to debating audiences. Mr. Campbell expressed his belief that the Editors had it coming to them—Mr. Baynes was markedly weakened by this frontal assault as he blew his nose.

It would be quite unfair not to mention that those two well-known controversial figures, Messrs. Blandy and Anthony, showed great personal objectivity as they ping-ponged their fretful criticisms across the Table.

But there is another sport to which we should gently turn: to wit, the 10th meeting of the 15th S.R.C., opened by earnest Dean Campbell in the presence of a quorum of members.

Amongst the correspondence tendered were the proposed Regulations regarding the new University Tie (see notice in this issue) and the possibility for Patrons of the Union Hall to park intra-Varsity, provided parking officers are available from the Union.

The Hon. Secretary (Miss Lindsay) requested the President to informally contact the Vice-Chancellor and Prof. Karmel with

regard to parking at night for Union meetings and Library facilities.

The N.U.A.U.S. Secretary, Wayne Anthony (R.I.P.) once again recalled Council's attention to the proposed May (1962) Congress to be held in Adelaide—a Director is being sought.

The President, in introducing a 7-point list entitled "Proposed Amendments to Regulations, proposed and seconded by the Executive," announced that Reason would take charge, and the amendments were ratified without much ado about nothing.

On the motion of Mr. Baynes, Vice-President Bill Blandy was appointed night-lighter to think for half-an-hour and report to the next meeting on lighting provision in the University Grounds. (It is believed that Mr. Blandy objected to some part of the motion; which part your correspondent is uncertain.)

In accordance with the latest theories of visual dichotomy, Mr. Zimmet suggested the erection of one (or more) notice boards by the T.C. steps, adjacent to the Refectory; with confidence the Vice-President supported this move for the multiplication of eye-sores, but the Council considered his bland smile unconvincing evidence. An Arts Representative spoke strongly contrary-wise.

University Gourmets, Socialists and Teatotalers will be pleased to hear that the S.R.C. Dinner is to be held at the Oriental Hotel; Mr. Jeff Scott has been included on the menu. Other dishes include Messrs. Corbet, R. Blandy, Seppelt, etc. The Vice-Chancellor and Prof. Karmel are also to be invited.

Item 9 was then considered: the editor of the Prosh Paper. Mr. J. Slee, who had attempted to become editor of "On Dit," tendered the only application. He envisaged a paper of higher quality than that of 1960, but, while attempting to bargain with Council, raised the dull ghost of Censorship. The premeditating Editor asked the S.R.C. to trust his discretion.

Notwithstanding these protestations of good intent, an Arts Representative injected dialectical life into a, by now, failing body. It was moved by Mr. (Traitor) Baynes, and seconded by Mr. Blandy, that the paper be subject to Executive approval before publication. This motion was intended to allow the editor freedom but with the hanging threat of total rejection if the paper proved too witless.

The Big Two then went into action, popping from behind chairs, peering through desiccated coconuts, etc. Brute Bilney and Callous Campbell took the field. The *causa belli*: censorship to be, or no.

The Baynes/Blandy motion passed without amendment, and Mr. "Weekend" "Woman's Weekly" Slee, accepting the limitations, was thereupon elected editor.

Mr. Zimmet, who ably represented the Medical Fraternity, applied for an additional grant to enable the Med. Review to appear on three occasions this year. Having informed the S.R.C. that he was able to read *Motion 21* of the previous meeting, Mr. Zimmet fell, an unseeing liver—he had not been present at the previous S.R.C. meeting. Mr. Gordon Bilney expressed his belief that *Motion 21* intentionally limited the Review to one issue.

After the Warden was heard, the motion was permitted to lie undisturbed upon the Table—for who knows, how long?

The President reported that a three-person Russian Delegation was expected to arrive in Adelaide later this term, for three days. The S.R.C., apart from reactionary-bourgeois Zimmet, indicated its approval of such a visit. Mr. Yeo was appointed Tour Director. *Vodka*: Mr. Anthony pointed out that there were two possibilities—either we do or we don't.

After passing a number of E.R.'s, about which Council members were both ill-informed and little interested, the President announced that an approach was to be made to the Prime Minister with regard to Commonwealth Scholarships, at the National Union level.

Two Special Grants were allowed; one of £32/10/- to the Anglican Society on account of its Week of Teaching, and the other, of £40 as a donation, to the Engineering Faculty Bureau Magazine, "Torque."

The immediate-past Editor of A.U.M. was ex-communicated and exorcised—new applications are to be called.

Procession Day: Although there will be no Official Stunt, the Drinking Horn Competition will be permitted to continue, probably subject to stringent Regulations. Collection proceeds are to be apportioned as follows:—

40% W.U.S.
10% Abschol.
50% to Charity of the day.

And so it is that we at last say farewell to the Land of Cocaine, where digital computers writhe in febrile certainty, and Vice-Presidents puncture paper to the musick of rotating prayer wheels; where Miss Morrison can apply her *Portable Blake* and Mr. Dean Campbell a wary eye of patriarchal benevolence. There is only one question left to ask: "And is there honey still for tea?"

MORAL LETTERS

My Dear Nephew,

You were so (unexpectedly) impressed by the nature of my last letter to you, on the death of my husband, that I feel I should continue to write in a similar vein—not simply, I might add, from caprice, but because there are so many things aching to be said which cannot be expressed in straight prose.

What is it that you see, raising your lidded spectacles at the latest headline (black clinging type)? Is it perhaps that the latest imperfection of the local M.P. has gained a place in the general consciousness—at the end of the day clean curious fires will consummate the local scandal and the dried jam ("I had toast for breakfast" they say with expectant enthusiasm). The eyes of all wait.

She puts down the paper (fallacy, another day) and with the patience of another generation sees the ordered tidiness; how comfortable to find the solid black marble clock keeping its place while the numbers at the top of the page change so often. The poetry of the past lies in remembered drawers (packed close) and red leather repositories—what do you see aged women, grayed locks?

Time-keeping gilt edged mirror, striking marble untarnished. The mirror in the room with the green patterned wallpaper (restrained, elegant) and the oil figures near the heavy brocade curtains, constantly illustrates the movement of the figures in the room with the green patterned wallpaper and the scattered lambs-wool rugs. The cold clear silence of obscuring images resolves the three-planed world into a two dimensional brightness. "The knowing is a belief in the hoped for, the unknowing a rejection of the believed in." Why does she sit there (comfortable old chairs) intently looking?

French polished warmth invests the room with a solid freshness while the other figure in the image of brocaded reflections sits unknown.

He was so different (or so I thought as the embered moments identified yearning with intercession); we were both at that age when the only Tragedy would have been Age, and the only thoughts mutual invitation. And I must (turn and be changed) remember him . . .

Dark hair, disordered—profuse in-consequence; tender lips concealing a lying tongue. It was not that your body (the rain chorused insistence) promised the looked for, the never found, but the levels of meeting. There had been a sort of peace—like the sudden hush as you leave a busy street to enter an art gallery; like the sensitive silence between the notes of a blackbird (Oh soft! soft feathers).

And so the House has come to order; the business of the day talks on. Does it never come to you of the strong nights? Interwoven love-ness, there is a sense of values.

How pleasant it is to argue when the decision will not (no matter which way) compel a change. To sit detached (nice tea) analysing other worlds, other loves; but once we sat and bargained—yes in this very room—as love paled narrowly, and cancerous died. It was not that your rationale of behaviour was so unusual, for who could take exception to a person who thought only of himself ("I cannot make love to those I know as friends, it must be a strange companion, some girl I am unlikely to see again.")? They say that birds of prey pluck out the eyes of weakened animals even before they have fallen.

"The knowing is a belief in the hoped for, the unknowing a rejection of the believed in." The first layer is a deceiving skin covering blemished thoughts, self-willed denials; the second, a fighting imagination to make up the gross blemishes of tainted emotion (no I'm not the way you think); sweet Thames run softly. . . .

Posturing Innocence do you cling to the peeling walls of clichéd images? Do you persist in beating the empty drum of selected emotion? (The sighs and sounds of waste sands pour.) The polish of warm wood reads "Traitor"—the burnished brocade "Traitor". Fire in a darkening room enlivens the furrowed cheeks of greying age.

And sitting here, Dear Nephew, I pen these last few thoughts before the embers fall into nothingness and the life of the tree spends its last sap—yes, he was an early love, a sensual Betrayer.

Yours sincerely
Auntie Edith

A FEEBLE FLUTTERING

by
a correspondent

A spectre is haunting the University—the spectre of the prematurely respectable student. Nowhere was this more apparent on Friday, 9th June, than in the Lady Symon Hall, where a group of undergraduates, whose dullness does not allow them to be dignified by the name of students, met to decide whether or not to have a Prosh. At such meetings, in former times, eloquence, wit and enthusiasm have spilled over and run down the steps to infect the laggards on the lawn. But not so now.

A feeble fluttering of clammy hands indicated that the indifferenced and indifferenced multitude wanted a procession—after all, one can waste half a day once a term—away from one's world-saving, all-consuming studies.

It was moved that a drinking horn competition be held. Mr. Bill Blandy spoke against the motion. It appeared that his brother, Mr. Dick Blandy, had been judge of this competition in the previous year and had, to quote Mr. Bill Blandy, done a "remarkable job". But the behaviour of

the judged, though in another sense remarkable, was, Mr. Bill Blandy thought, not worthy of us.

It was said "when you have a few fellers half stung, yer can't control 'em"; someone said that the fluid consumed, to wit beer, was too innocuous—why not vodka instead (why not, indeed!); draw up regulations, said another; we always have, said Mr. Campbell; well, then, make them more stringent or perhaps enforce them . . . and so the meeting ground on.

All those who spoke were either neutral or did not approve of the competition, but with the endearing inconsistency of the half-witted, the motion was passed by a large majority.

But of course one must have somebody to organize a procession. The clique of S.R.C. members and their grey eminences

who sat in the front swiftly proposed each other and even more swiftly declined to stand as their neighbours reciprocated.

Eventually a triumvirate of Mr. John Slee, Mr. Tony Brooks and Mr. Don McNicol was elected unopposed.

Triumvirates are a powerful, efficient and successful form of government.

At two o'clock the sheep got up and went out to do a little grazing upon the verdant fields of knowledge before they were completely soiled by their fellows who had beaten them to it by five minutes through not attending the Prosh meeting.

Shortly after two o'clock, not even a quorum, fifty souls, was left, and the meeting broke up.

As a sort of epitaph, no-one but a member of the Prosh triumvirate could be found to edit the Prosh paper.

In the Union

The Registrar has advised the Union Council that the University Council has resolved as follows:—

(a) That persons attending Adult Education classes at night continue to be permitted to park in the University grounds;

(b) that patrons of functions held in the Union Hall be permitted to park in the University grounds on the lower level provided that the Union makes available parking officers to see that parking is conducted in an orderly manner;

(c) that patrons of the Union Hall be informed through the Union that they may park on the lower level only; and

(d) that the Union be informed that University activities, including Adult Education classes, must take precedence over casual users of the Union Hall, and that the proposal in (b) will be adopted for a trial period and, if necessary, the situation will then be reviewed.

Apart from minor detailed adjustments and test-running of the equipment, the installation of an air conditioning plant in the Union Hall is completed and the plant should be in operation by the end of this month.

The installation of 35 mm. projection equipment in the Union Hall was completed in time for the Adelaide Film Festival. The occasion was later celebrated by the Union Hall Committee and its Chairman, Dr. E. H. Medlin, on the 13th June, when an evening of selected films was presented to an invited audience.



Here are some rogues. Rogues smoke pipes. Do you know their names? If you do, send us a note about it; if you don't, they are:—

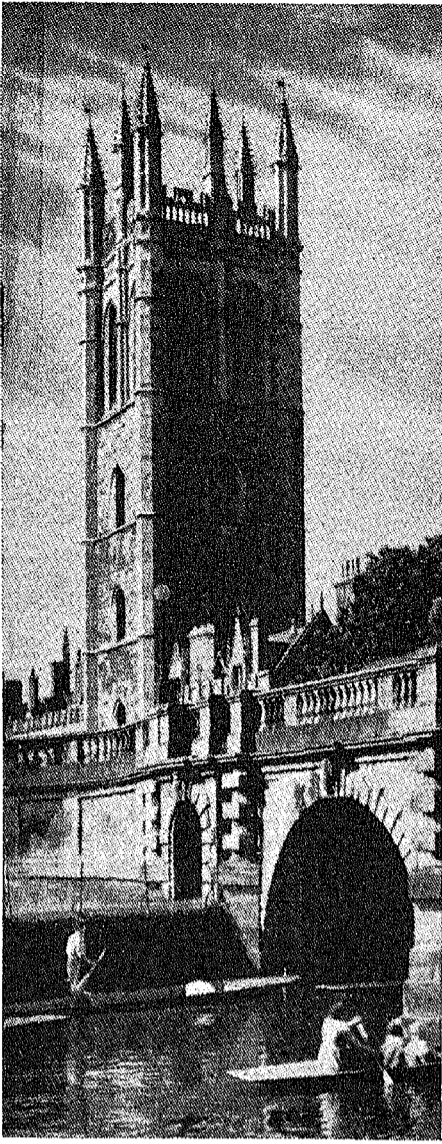
Barry Warren, who swims in the River Torrens fully clothed. Paul Zimmet, a notorious medico. Peter Ingleton, a notorious engineer. Dean Patterson, who is not known (to the Editors of "On Dit"). Dean

Campbell, President of something or other. Ian Sando, whose affairs in the S.R.C. Office are not always in connection with the notice boards. Wayne Anthony, who smokes a pipe because cigarettes set alight to his moustache (which was once a handsome handlebar affair). Ken Badenoch, who dresses very well and is Treasurer of the S.R.C. Not shown: Miss Marian Quartly, Darling of the Masses.

A green and pleasant land

by

Colin Nettelbeck



Oxbridge

The London of umbrellas and bowler hats and of silence in the underground is an unpleasant reality; in winter, the faces in the grey and sprawling buildings of the city, where no sun meant no shadows, only the fog and oozing rain, were grey-coloured with the pavement, unlit by eyes that were fixed and staring at the morning newspaper, perhaps keeping informed, perhaps reacting at some hidden depth against or in favour of, perhaps doing no more than fulfil a tradition that goes with the brief-case clasped under the elbows or gripped between the neatly trousered shins. The human situation has not changed with the coming of the spring, except that in the light that filters down through the thick atmosphere, the grey of the faces turns pallid, and what one imagined to be a milky complexion reflecting the shades of winter curdles to a colourless paste: dull eyes sink into shadows, and the sallowness of cheeks are seen to hang on bones.

It must be hard to love any big city, difficult to form any real conception of a unity when everything one sees betrays a diversity of shape, taste, and age: London sprawls into a mess of spires gothic or norman or christopher wren (who is neither gothic nor norman in his spires, but rather like a square telescope upside down), and of domes, and of pillars, of tall buildings, and bridges, of monuments with their pigeons and tourists, of little squat slums that huddle away from the life of the centre, and away from the class of the West End. Of course, there are many things to see, and theatres to attend, and concerts to listen to. Who could go home without seeing Nelson's besmirched column, or the Tower, or Westminster Abbey where the great lie in state and in dust (or are represented for the occasion by a discreetly inscribed bust), the place where they crown the monarchs of England and even have a church service from time to time? And yes, Covent Garden, with its market smells and opera, is of London, as is the Festival Hall, truly fine architecture, and, as they say, excellent acoustics; and through the middle of it all, imperturbable in its filth and sullen dignity, the Thames marks a line of certainty.

And the symbol, the certainty, is of all things passing. In a coffee house in Hampstead, which is not everywhere but a good example, three young and unhappy girls—none of them ugly—wait for their passing; they are not immoral, they are lonely, and they want someone to talk to—not to each other, even though they came together, but a man—

someone that they can share all their youth with. They are waiting to be picked up and taken from their loneliness, forever or at least until tomorrow which is forever. The formula is constant; empty seats opposite, where man or men will sit and ask them what they will have to drink, thus opening a conversation and a dialogue that will perhaps have their ending in the coffee house, perhaps elsewhere, who knows? Nothing is sure, except that they need to have somebody, that their work does not have any social openings since they are of low class where there are no parties. Nothing is real, not even the blatant dome of St. Paul's, and even less the altar that sits beneath this very famous monument, nothing but the passing, and of having nowhere to go; and travelling without a destination, with only oneself for company is worse than standing still. Who can make plans for a nameless future, and who will build on the bomb sites that make yesterday, a structure destined for disintegration by the Bomb? Who can live between the taxes that destroy all initiative in earning a living, and the traditions that form the very instincts of life. . . Oh where, scream the bleary eyes of the girls waiting in the coffee houses for something to make their lives a reality, oh where is what makes me me?

London, however, is not all England, so why not take a trip to Oxford if you have the time, and forget the problems of the people scuttling about their busy city lives—which are at best, in the words of the poet, "energetic masochism"—to see-inspect-admire the old stone in the sun, the centre of learning oh so gay with streaming gowns on bicycles, and soft with green in the grass and the trees? Flowers, not lilies, of the field are tulips—too late for the daffodils shrivelled up on their stalks—and many other varieties, in cultivated gardens; are worthy and considered more lovely than all the glory of Solomon. Wisdom is in the walking around the college quadrangles—here is the old wall of the city, only a fragment of course, but see how the steps are worn with age and the stepping of armed men, and this is the new wall of the college, equipped you will notice with revolving spikes to keep late-comers from climbing, though naturally they have found other ways in—and in the cloisters lined with stones that cover and commemorate the dead, or in strolling past the private deer-park of a wealthy college, or through the public gardens where you might linger

to feed peanuts to a cheeky chaffinch. To be delighted at the sigh of a gum-tree, weedy specimen just like, or nothing like home, and above all the country air: to relax and accept and be thankful for a privilege that is as difficult to understand as the suffering of the Londoners aforementioned; to be, without hypothesis.

Or if you prefer, come to Cambridge, and see the garden where men have planted a university that grows up amongst the flowers and trees; do not try to understand what it means to live here, but see it all as one, gothic elegance in the King's College chapel, bridges new and older to cross the little river, students punting on the water or loving on the lawns, the courtyards of Trinity College with fountain and the room where Byron kept his bear, and not to forget the famous Wren library, unusual architecture for its period, and do you know they keep many famous manuscripts in there, Milton and the like. Newton, of course, was here too: some of these trees are very old, apple trees: no, I don't think we can show you the apple that fell on his head, but this is the garden where he used to walk—very exciting, yes, tradition everywhere, yes, better than Oxford don't you think, though I haven't actually been there yet.

Drive back through the countryside to the smoke of the city, and eat just one more badly cooked meal before returning to France; they say there are disturbances on the other side, civil war and the like, but you know that it will not be in the everyday life which never changes, and if they prevent you from taking a plane across by putting buses on the airfields, why not get the boat? To look ahead is the sea, blue with the pale sky, and ruffled with the gentle wind, and a steamer in an ugly silhouette against the sky. And behind is England still, green and pleasant land, not the white cliffs of Dover but the little bay of Newhaven, blue with the hazy sky, and green with the rolling of the hills. Still England, for the moment is now mine, rolling without moss, on a sea that could be walked upon, if faith.

Some Festival Films

by
B. J. Reid

Somewhat surprised by "On Dit's" silence on the *Adelarte Film Festival*, I should like to offer some belated comments on those foreign films which I am more able to judge with full understanding (French ones), and those which caused most general interest.

France, as usual, was not well represented this year, and of her two very short entries, one (*Le Capitaine H*) was a documentary about a Seine bargeman, provided by B.P. Australia! Happily, some people will think, no "new wave" engulfed the Union Hall, but surely some representation of this trend would have been desirable.

La Premiere Nuit (France) did have some pretensions to artistic merit and was not wholly unsuccessful. It sought to represent the effects of childish love on the experience of a small boy. There exists simultaneously disrupting and ordering influences, and the imposition of a new psychological ordering is reflected in the continuous coherence of all of the experiences of the boy in the film, to his passion for a school-girl sweetheart. Men working on the underground lines, and even the occasional pitch darkness of the Paris Metro at night are seen in terms of the "idée fixe." The film is not flawless, though, and Mark Taylor was right (for once) to exclaim "O, that narcissistic-looking little boy!"

Animal Farm (England) was disappointing in the way in which it blunted Orwell's satire. What he showed clearly to be a gradual but inevitable slide away from the ideal toward the dictatorship, the film made out as a deliberate grabbing of power by a thoroughly bad pig. What is worse, the animals were taken in by very little of the propaganda of the Napoleon regime. This goes right against the point of Orwell's satire.

The film which aroused perhaps more interest than any other was *A Higher Principle* (Czechoslovakia). Certainly one of the best films shown, it seemed to me to have a weakness similar to that of *Animal Farm*—the forces of evil were too blatantly, hence implausibly, represented. The film told how three Czech students were executed by the Nazis for having drawn a beard and moustache on a photograph of a Nazi leader. Now this incident may well be historical, but this does not make it any more plausible. The producer could well have learned from Aristotle or the French classicists on this point. Plausible historical inaccuracy (or "what might have happened") is preferable to implausible historical fact. The result of the stressing of the triviality of the offence, was a caricature of all of the German characters. This was otherwise such a good film, that the single flaw was only the more regrettable.

Hope still in the Congo?

by

Frank Cain

Almost twelve months after the Congo was granted its independence some form of parliamentary organisation appears to be in the process of being established. With the withdrawal of almost all the Belgian administrators and technicians twelve months ago the Congo was thrown into a state of utter chaos but it now seems hopeful that some form of purposeful order will be established.

It is interesting to review the events leading to the present state of this former colony. Congo was accidentally acquired by Belgium in the 1880's in that grand rush to carve up the African continent among the European powers. King Leopold II of Belgium, had this territory, 77 times the size of his European kingdom, entrusted to him personally. The Belgium Government would have nothing to do with the matter. Leopold got around the constitutional problem by adopting two crowns, one for Belgium and the other for the Congo.

In 1908 the Belgium Parliament assumed responsibility for the Congo but left the conduct of its affairs in the hands of a "Trinity" composed of the Administration, big business and the Roman Catholic Church. No elections were held until 1957. It was before this that the famous "Trinity" was showing signs of cracking. The Catholic Church led by the Jesuit teachers published declarations calling for independence. The post-war Liberal-Socialist Government of Belgium challenged big business in getting its own way all the time. As well it challenged the monopoly which the Catholics held over the education system. Linked with all this was the demand of the natives themselves for their own autonomy. The drive for Nationalism commenced in Europe after the first World War and carried on in Asia after the second was sweeping through Africa. The paternalism of the Belgians was challenged and they were surprised to see that even the "evolues", those Africans with collar and tie jobs and with manners to match, turn against them.

Elections were held and Independence Day was set for June 30. Patrice Lumumba, whose party gained 33 votes in the Chamber of 197, was allowed to be Premier after the Belgians had tried every alternative. He was unpopular both with the Belgians and Tshombe as his violent death at their hands showed. Gizenga, even today an un-

known quantity, obtained 13 votes and was given the Vice-Premiership. Kasavubu was made President in return for the support of his 12 votes for the precarious but workable majority stitched together by Premier Lumumba.

The Chamber first met on June 17 and later on July 21. Then in the face of disorders went into recess until September 1. Parliament has not met since then. What were these disorders? They were a chain of circumstances triggered off by the mutiny of the "Force Publique". This army consisted of 25,000 Africans officered entirely by Belgians. There were no feelings of sympathy and pride between the ranks and the officers as existed in British Indian or the French African regiments. Being an army trained for tough tactics against unarmed civilians, and deliberately kept free of any national or political loyalty—being, that is, the next remove to a gang of thugs—they got their own back after the manner of thugs. In so doing they dragged the Congo into frantic chaos.

The Belgians, fearing the pent-up hatreds caused by their years of autocratic government preceded by years of brutal exploitation fled back home in their thousands, and here was when disorder really began. No Congolese was trained by the Belgians for other than routine work. The telephone technicians, the airport traffic control officers, the doctors, lawyers, sanitary engineers, harbour pilots, were all Belgians and the services associated with these skilled professions collapsed with their flight.

It was a deliberate and consistent policy of the Belgians to prevent any Congolese from acquiring any comprehensive experience by which he could replace the Belgian key men. Elementary schooling was tolerated, secondary on a limited basis, and then strongly biased to the seminary, but higher education in any form did not exist for the African. In a population of 13.5 millions there were only 17 graduates.

This void made by the flight of administrators and technicians was hastily filled by the United Nations specialised agencies. The World Health Organisation flew in a team of 130 international medical personnel. Professor Ritchie Calder in his excellent book describes how Dr. Varietas, a young Frenchman, moved with teams, mainly of Frenchmen, into districts where bubonic plague, smallpox, yellow fever and sleeping sickness (all had been controlled by the Belgians) were gaining ground. Dr. Varietas had to manufacture and test on himself his own vaccine. Air traffic controllers were brought in from Canada and the United Arab Republic to re-establish safe use of the airports and meteorological specialists helped the Congolese to prepare weather information charts thereby filling in the huge gaps of the weather information for the whole of Africa. (The predominant forms of transport are the Congo River or aeroplane.) The American, Lt.-Gen. Wheeler, who cleared the Suez Canal for U.N. was sent in to clear the Port of Matadi and re-establish the river services.

Standing aloof from all this activity is Tshombe who heads the break-away province of Katanga. He could afford to be independent because from his province comes 8 per cent. of the world's copper, 75 per cent. of the cobalt plus tin, zinc, lead and radium. The vast international cartel "Union Miniere" pays him handsome royalties with which he maintains his private army to keep the U.N. forces from interfering in his ambitious schemes. Extensive help was given him from Brussels and it was against his Belgian military advisers and other mercenaries that the U.N. recently issued its order to clear the ring of non-Congolese officials.

The wheel of time has now turned a full circle. Tshombe who trapped Lumumba into death is now trapped himself. In the process of withdrawing from a conference of Congolese leaders at Coquilhatville he was arrested and is now in the hands of President Kasavubu. His leaderless government in Katanga have indicated that they are prepared to work in conjunction with the U.N. and they no doubt see no alternative but to fall into line with the present trend towards a Congolese Union of provinces, of existing powers. It could certainly represent another milestone in the history of African nationalism during the last decade.

AND NOW LEARNING MACHINES

by

Colin Howard

(Senior Lecturer in Law)

Mr. Clarke's article on teaching machines in a recent issue of "On Dit" (Friday, 5th May, 1961, p. 3: "The Shape of Staff to Come") opens up a fascinating and important field of educational research to Australian readers. Mr. Clarke appears to be writing from the student's angle. He, and others, may find it interesting to hear of a parallel development, also taking place in America, which has as its main aim the facilitation of the teaching process for university staff. This development consists of the devising and now relatively wide use of, not teaching machines, but learning machines.

As Mr. Clarke implies, the pioneer work in the teaching machine field was done, and done brilliantly, by investigators at Harvard University. It is, of course, well known that one of the great friendly rivalries of our time is the competition for American academic leadership which exists between Harvard and Yale. This is generally regarded indulgently as a harmless local idiosyncrasy comparable with similar rivalries between, say Oxford and Cambridge, Melbourne and Sydney, or China and Japan. The rivalry between Harvard and Yale, however, has in the past been, and continues to be, most unusually fruitful. The Oxford and Cambridge feud, for example, produced little more than a much over-rated annual aquatic event and the occasional bed-pushing contest; clashes between Melbourne and Sydney have yielded only vast quantities of indifferent journalism; and Sino-Japanese relationship is marked merely by a series of disastrous wars. The Harvard-Yale link is of a different order altogether. It is not generally known, for example, that it was Yale influence which brought about the repeal of prohibition on the ground that Harvard influence had engineered its enactment; or that Harvard support for the acceptance of Hawaii into the Union became a decisive factor as soon as it got about that Yale had been pushing Alaska. Some wits are even suggesting that the unilateral disarmament campaign in Britain is based on a Yale backroom organisation set up to counter Harvard contributions to the design of the Polaris missile, but personally I doubt this.

Against this background, therefore, one feels that something more than coincidence is at work when Harvard teaching machines are swiftly followed, as they have been, by Yale learning machines. The object of the teaching machines, as Mr. Clarke correctly observes, is to reduce so far as possible the element of human fallibility in the teaching process and thereby to enable students to plan their own progress with more effectiveness and certainty of success. The object of the learning

machines is to enable staff to preserve the advantages of teaching to live students without actually needing to take up valuable student time.

The basic idea of the teaching machines is biological, deriving ultimately from the simple stick and carrot technique used by Pavlov on his dogs, by parents on their children, and by employers on their staff. In the case of the teaching machines, the carrot is the certainty of being able to answer correctly all the questions put through the machine, and the stick the possibility of failure in the degree examinations nevertheless. By contrast, the learning machines have a statistical, not a biological, basis. Before describing the theory and practice of learning machines, however, I should like to anticipate one objection to their development.

It might be argued that there is no place for a learning machine, that if the university teacher devises a series of questions and answers for insertion into teaching machines, then there is no need for him also to go to the trouble of lecturing periodically to a learning machine. This, I think, overlooks the importance of the teaching function to the staff. Most University teachers learn a great deal from the reactions and interventions of their students. At the simplest level, the response of a class to a given topic indicates at once to the perceptive teacher whether he is pitching his explanation at too difficult (or too easy, as the case may be) an intellectual level to get across the information he is trying to convey. This in turn will cast light for the teacher upon the intrinsic nature of that particular topic and may well cause him not only to modify his views, but perhaps also to pursue the point further and engage in valuable research. Shrewd questions (and student questions are nearly always shrewd under their disguise of innocuous simplicity) reveal to any teacher, perceptive or not, the wrong-headedness of his own assumptions. It would be most unfortunate to deprive university lecturers of these benefits. On the other hand, it would be equally unfortunate for students to be deprived of the benefits of teaching machines merely so that lecturers could lecture them. Hence the need for learning machines.

The statistical basis for these machines is as follows. Since any sequence of random events can be expressed in a statistical form if a record is kept of the actual occurrence of each event, it follows that in any given university subject in which the syllabus remains substantially unchanged from year to year a reasonably accurate forecast can be given for any future year of the sorts of questions likely to be asked by students in that subject, the sorts of difficulties likely to be most frequently encountered in answering examination questions, and so on. It is therefore possible to construct a mechanically average class. No class, however, is average and naturally the chief benefit to the lecturer of difficulties on the part of the students lies in his having to answer the unexpected. An element of unforeseeability must therefore be intro-

duced into any machine constructed to impersonate a group of students. This is easily done by persuading a colleague to prepare at the beginning of each year a random series of questions, such as an intelligent student might well ask, for insertion into the machine in addition to the ordinary questions. Needless to say, these random questions will be unknown to the lecturer who intends to use the machine. The procedure is then very simple.

The learning machine, the details of which will be described in a moment, is placed in a normal lecture theatre, about the middle. This location and positioning is adopted to give some degree of verisimilitude to the teaching process. The question of verisimilitude has received much attention, some enthusiasts even suggesting that dummies be sat in the chairs in which live students would normally sit. This degree of concession to the psychology of the lecturer has however been rejected at Yale on two grounds: first, many lecturers said it would give them the creeps; secondly, it was pointed out with some force that a normal student class does not customarily have a sizeable machine in the middle of it, and that this difference would more than outweigh any assistance rendered by the dummies.

The machine itself brings me to the only major disadvantage of learning machines over teaching machines, namely, that the former cannot at present be produced anything like as simply or as cheaply as the latter. It is obvious that the function of a learning machine cannot usefully be limited merely to firing questions at the lecturer, for the lecturer wants to know, among other things, how effective he is at teaching, i.e., how much the machine has learnt, bearing in mind that it must impersonate a whole class. The means by which the learning process is recorded are not unduly complex as these things go in this electronic age, but they are undoubtedly expensive.

Careful testing of alternatives made it clear at Yale that the only efficient method of constructing a learning machine was to use electronic devices as in calculators and translating machines. This decision having been taken, the rest was relatively simple. The machine is divided internally into as many units as students are required. These are carefully constructed to correspond with the probable actual incidence of clever, average and stupid students. Everything the lecturer says is recorded instantaneously by the learning machine, classified according to difficulty of understanding, and then distributed to all the "students". A "student" will receive the message, either wholly, or partly, or not at all, according as he is clever, average, or stupid in relation to that type of information. If there is a barrier to reception of a nature which normally gives rise to a question in the student's mind, this question will flash on to a small screen on the front of the machine for answering by the lecturer.

At the end of the year, or other relevant period, a series of examination questions is fed into the machine which then disgorges

answers on behalf of each "student" based strictly on the knowledge acquired during the year. This enables the lecturer to measure at once how effective he has been in putting his information across.

An interesting refinement was introduced into the Yale learning machines only a few months ago to deal with the common problems of inaudible lecturers and lecturers who send the audiences to sleep with boredom. If the lecturer's voice drops consistently below a certain volume, the machine tells him by ringing a shrill bell. If he becomes merely boring this can be correlated with difficulty of understanding, with the results, however, that no information gets through to the "students" and the machine flashes on to its screen, "You are boring me to impotence", until the lecturer improves his mode of address.

The advantages of these learning machines to university staff are obvious, just as obvious as are the advantages of teaching machines to students. Owing to expense, they have not so far spread beyond the confines of the American academic scene, but I am informed that now virtually every leading university in America (except Harvard) has one or more of them in operation. I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when modifications to learning machines may bring them within reach of the budget of the University of Adelaide.

Basically puzzling

by

our reviewer

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING

The events of this film take place in the English midlands and are centred on a young lathe worker (Arthur Seaton), played by Albert Finney. Arthur Seaton is a rebel and therefore takes his place with many contemporary fictional figures. He is unlike them in that he is inarticulate, not haltingly so—he does not try or want very much to articulate—it is simply that his vitality is not intellectual but born of a deep vigour. A lusty animal warmth is created in a very coherent human being by Finney, who more completely than any other actor the writer has seen for years is the character he is playing rather than himself.

This character lives in the "slums" of a Midland city, works in a large factory and has one basic principle, "you mustn't let the bastards grind you down", and it is to the credit of the director, Karel Reisz, that we see so clearly, in outline, the forces in England which have ground others down in the same place that Seaton lives. Everything is faithfully observed and presented with very effective restraint—the dirt, the ugliness, the cramped living quarters, the narrow lives with, nevertheless, a warmth that keeps breaking out. All this is very well presented and is "truthful", but the achievement here is not on a par with that of Finney's portrayal.

What is missing is depth and complexity and the exact working out of the oppression that Seaton rebels against. It seems too simple; his own drive and strength stand out all the more effectively as drive and strength in a merely outlined environment. This film, one suspects, takes too much knowledge of English social conditions for granted.

This effective but limiting simplicity is seen in Arthur Seaton's own "adventure". He has an affair with a married woman, gets her with child and, after several unsuccessful attempts at abortion, she decides to have the child and "face the music". As this affair painfully draws to an end another affair begins, which will end in marriage. Shirley Ann Field looks exactly right as the elegant but obviously working class girl Doreen. Both these affairs are presented rather than analysed. Too many questions raise themselves that are not answered, nor even partially answered. Arthur Seaton never has to "face the music really" and "gets away with" too much. I think it symptomatic of the film's weakness that his relationship with Doreen never seems credible. He himself is, and magnificently so, but the further and artistically more difficult business of showing him involved with other people is less successful.

A comparison with the real human complexity of the relationship in *Room at the Top* makes the deficiency of *Saturday night and Sunday morning* more easily apparent. The first film is credible in its events as well as in its characters as characters. Their behaviour is comprehensible and the issues and choices facing them are presented clearly. Arthur Seaton remains a puzzle to himself and to me, and a puzzle on a fairly basic level. He protests and hurls invective and stones but beyond that, nothing more meaningful emerges. How he would face up to real human situations is not shown even though he has, in this film, been involved in them.

It remains, though, accurate as far as it goes and Finney is as good as the script permitted him to be. He is a very good actor.

The National Guard and me

by

Graham Spurling

Having received my Bachelor of Technology degree in 1959, I came to Detroit to study for a Master's Degree in Automotive Engineering at the Chrysler Institute. Before leaving Adelaide, arrangements were made for me to continue military training in the U.S.A. as a member of 1st Battle Group 225th Infantry, Michigan National Guard. My previous training was in school cadets and five years with the Adelaide University Regiment.

National Guard units throughout the U.S.A. are administered by the individual state governments. Here lies the major difference between the Guard and the U.S. Army Reserves which are under direct Federal control. The Governor of each state is the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, and as such has the power to call out his troops for service in any civil or military emergency. In a country where "States' rights" are jealously guarded, this power can, and has provided many politically interesting situations. Frequently, in time of war or other national emergency, the National Guard is mustered into federal service by the President. The Michigan National Guard was first organized in 1831 and now have a long list of Battle Honours involving the Civil War, Mexican War, Spanish American War and World Wars I and II.

Each year all the National Guard Battle Groups from Michigan enter two weeks summer camp at Grayling, an area about 200 miles north of Detroit. In addition, the 225th Battle Group goes to Fort Custer, west of Detroit, once each year for a week-end of shooting. I recently attended this week-end of training and was impressed by the importance placed on marksmanship. However, while the C.M.F. range practices concentrate on an adaptation of train fire practice (a practice involving firing at figure targets with maximum movement of the firer) the National Guard is still firing at regular targets from static positions. In this field I feel that the C.M.F. provides a much superior brand of training to that of the National Guard.

Although I will not be able to attend the

annual camp, I have been involved in some of the preparation. From this I can see that a similar approach is used in both countries to this phase of the part-time soldier's training. Camp Grayling is a large static camp and most of the two-week period is spent there, under canvas. The final four days are spent in bivouac locations while practising platoon and company tactics. Here again I believe the A.U.R. holds an advantage. Due to its compactness it immediately becomes a very mobile unit. Thus, each of the annual camps is in a different site and large challenging training areas are available. The limitations placed on training by duties found around any static camp area are thus avoided.

With regard to the more mundane parts of a soldier's life I have made some quite interesting observations. The National Guard places great stress—I feel an excessive one—on the "spit and polish" part of army life. I had previously believed that this behaviour was reserved for bandsmen, cadets, and some of our brother British Regiments, and was rather amazed at the extent to which people can worry about their dress; even to the degree that training suffers for fear of dirtying one's boots. This state of affairs has never existed, and I am sure will never exist, in the A.U.R. Along another vein, a very amusing situation arose at my week-end at Fort Custer. I had cause to reprimand a not too keen P.F.C. about his absconding from a detail cleaning the area. His reply was that he had flat feet and did not particularly feel like marching anyway. After my insistence that he walk despite his sad affliction, he replied, "I don't know what you do in the Australian

army, but in the U.S. army when we are tired we just fall out." During a six-mile march into the annual camp last summer about 20 per cent. of a company "just fell out". . . . This is indicative of the physical fitness of American youth. Is this forewarning of future problems in the Australian Citizen Forces?

I do not believe, however, that this problem is as great as the one of apathy towards military training that can be too readily found around any Australian University. It is considered both fashionable and intellectual to ridicule the armed forces, relying on a logic and depth of thought sometimes founded on at least a whole month of tertiary education. It is the right of anybody to say what he pleases in our democratic societies, but it is also our duty to protect his freedom of expression. The C.M.F. provides an opportunity to perform this duty, while at the same time providing educational facilities for the discussion of these fashionable and intellectual ideas. My observations of the typical National Guardsman indicate that he recognizes his duty to society more than does his Australian counterpart. Perhaps his recognition stems from resignation to the fact that he is obliged to do military training, whether he likes it or not. Some would attribute it to "typical Yank gullibility" not to be found in a free-thinking, slow-moving Australian undergraduate. Whatever the reason for this attitude, the end result is at least gratifying.

Since coming to the U.S.A. I have, of course, been besieged by questions ranging from "What language do they speak in Australia?" to "Aren't you rather light-skinned for an Australian?" My uniform brings remarks of incredulity from many who believed that the hat was strictly something used in movies. Others look for the ostrich plume. The high-frequency question is of course, "Why did you join the National Guard?" The simple truth is that I like the army, and I thought it would be interesting to see how the National Guard compares with the C.M.F.

Sirs,

Your splenetic attack on my letter, "Dull Glints and Fake Gems", calls for some comment.

"On Dit" hollowly accuses me of pedantry. It can only be said that pedantry is a topic about which "On Dit" is well qualified to speak. Further, "On Dit's" cheap exploitation of a spelling error, the sneer tactics adopted throughout and the downright insincerity of the writer of the attack on my letter indicate an intellectual arrogance, and dishonesty on the part of that writer. His unnecessary descent to the mud-throwing level serves to underline the weakness in his case.

The writer ignores or deprecates the importance of the factual points at issue and concentrates his attack on the confusion (or lack) of values shown in the letter. The writer's contention that an "isolated paragraph cannot stand uncontroversially by itself" is a red-herring, deliberately introduced by the writer to mislead. It is the "facts" contained in these paragraphs and the dependent conclusions drawn from each set of facts which are in dispute. Not even the writer would deny that evidence and interpretations of evidence may be disputed. The impression given by the sets of facts and dependent conclusions produced by "On Dit" in "Levels of Iniquity" was of a Government and an Education Department which had failed in their duty to the children, people and teachers of South Australia. "Who has the hide to measure levels of iniquity?" cries "On Dit". Despite this rhetorical question, failure, success, good and evil, etc., remain relative, not absolute, terms. "On Dit" is prepared to judge the situation in Education at face value and in so doing commits two "crimes". First, it deliberately gives a more extreme picture of the "woeful" situation than is warranted, both by implication and by misstatement. As the writer of the attack on my letter pointed out, I agree that education in this State is in a sorry condition. I do not argue that it is as bad as "On Dit" makes out, with its references to class sizes of 50 and 60, and its implication that many teachers have been lost because of the "lumbering, hostile bureaucracy" which is the Education Department. "On Dit's" second "crime" is to attribute this state of affairs entirely to short-sighted recruitment, bureaucratic lumberings and hostilities and Government faults in general. The adverse population structure (once mentioned at the outset as a convenient escape hole) is given no weight in "On Dit's" analysis of the causes of the "woeful" situation, when, in fact, it is the backdrop against which the efforts of the Government should be measured. What cares "On Dit" that the 17-19 year age group (the normal group for recruitment into Teachers' Colleges) fell from 25 per cent. of the school-age population in 1945 to 14 per cent. in 1959? In absolute numbers the group declined from 1945 to 1956. It is significant that the writer of the attack on my letter does not rebut the success of the Department's recruiting campaign. His snide references to the atrophied morals of one who can accept an end as good while accepting the means by which that end was achieved as bad is a ludicrous smokescreen put up to avoid detection as he slinks to different ground. And "On Dit" has no empirical basis on which to say that these "pressganged" teachers have more square pegs in round holes than would be the case if they had not been "pressganged." I agree that there is a *a priori* case for assuming so.

At no stage have I disputed that the Education Department is a "lumbering hostile bureaucracy." This is yet another weary shifting of ground by "On Dit" to distract from the question in dispute, "How many teachers have been lost because of this (lumbering hostile bureaucracy)?" "On Dit's" attempt to lie with statistics in reply to this question is absurd. The blatant dishonesty of comparing the annual work force (6,000) with losses of teachers (because all causes other than sickness, marriage, pregnancy and retirement) over a decade (2,000) is obvious.

The knowledge that I cost £428 to produce as a graduate probably had some meaning in the context used by the Universities Commission. When used in the context given by "On Dit," in relation to a "graduate (being) a pearl of great price," this interesting piece of information remains quite pointless.

Yours,
R. J. BLANDY.

Disconcerted

Sirs,

I feel somewhat disconcerted after reading Mr. Black's letter "Not-Knowing" ("On Dit" 9/6/61) where he points out that the implication of agnosticism (a form of profound theological ignorance) is surely silence, and not a militant evangelism. It seems that agnostics, like little children, should be seen and not heard (unless spoken to). Now it is just this which worries me, and surely Mr. Black, if he has any compassion at all, must sympathise with my predicament.

It is frustrating to have acquired large amounts of sophisticated ignorance and yet to be totally dependent on the good graces of my Christian friends before I can display

it. For I may go through life inwardly bursting to say "I don't know" and never be given the opportunity.

Fairly obviously most agnostics are not deterred by the fact that their scepticism does not allow them to take the initiative in religious discussions. Mr. Black seems to realise that "not-knowing" is hardly an adequate explanation of the motivation which arouses Mr. Dawson to an a-religious fervour seriously rivaling the religious fervour of Billy Graham, and tries to unearth the dark forces which provide the other-than-God-given energy within the man. Two reasons were forthcoming; firstly, a sense of satisfaction at having solved ultimate questions (no doubt coupled with the altruistic desire to assist the still-deluded along the same path) and secondly, a deconversion experience analogous to the Christian conversion experience. Mr. Black expressed anticipatory gratitude for any further suggestions concerning agnostic motivation. By all means let us consider some others.

If I were a dedicated member of the E.U. I would feel tempted to say that Mr. Dawson and his kind were possessed of devils. This is a highly satisfactory theological explanation, and has the additional charm of allowing us to anticipate a possible exorcism, the demon departing the body of the once-possessed infidel, who then falls writhing to the floor of the Lady Symon with a loud yell in the best Apostolic tradition.

For the modern materialistic mind, the agnostic can be seen as the possessor of a massive Oedipus Complex. He construes God as a powerful and threatening father-figure bent on an act of spiritual castration, who may be rendered impotent by the fervent denial of his existence. The method of cure would, unfortunately, be somewhat less dramatic than for a case of demon possession.

No doubt we could continue playing this game indefinitely, and, according to our ingenuity, unearth all manner of embarrassing motives which might impel agnostics to preach their doctrines. Unfortunately, the game can be played on the other side of the fence as well. Christians may be able to exclude themselves from the possibility of being controlled by demonic beings, but psychoanalysis could provide us with more interesting though perhaps baser explanations as to why people adopt Christian beliefs than those usually given. Moreover, searching for motives is a fruitless past-time, for once we have discovered why a particular agnostic believes and thinks as he does, we will be no surer as to whether this gives him the right to preach his beliefs, or whether he should be compelled to see a priest or a psychiatrist.

The proper question, I feel, is not, why do agnostics behave as they do, but are they fulfilling any useful function? If this question can be answered affirmatively, and not only does the answer require Mr. Black's feelings on the matter, but the opinions of many other people, then agnostics should go on saying what they have to, regardless of what motivates them to do it. Whether or not a particular agnostic gains satisfaction from his state of disbelief is of course irrelevant and entirely his own business.

Let me close with an analogy. Both Mr. Black and myself, being of a fairly prosaic state of mind, no doubt would regard lavatory cisterns from a utilitarian viewpoint only. We would, however, be very petty minded if we begrudged someone else, in addition to a common feeling of utility, a feeling of mystic delight every time he regarded such an object, even though we would be puzzled as to why he felt the way he did. If agnosticism can be shown to possess some uses, let us applaud them, and remain agnostic about some of its puzzling side effects.

Yours,
DON McNICOL.

Crazed

Sirs,

Being one of the few crazed or keen enough to have read "On Dit" regularly, I have formed a definite idea of its editors. Emboldened by the invitation to all University students that appears in each copy of "On Dit" I have taken the liberty of expressing this idea in the form of a likely discussion between its editors.

The editors of "On Dit," enveloped in vast armchairs, stared with intellectual blankness into the cigarette smoke. Then one editor managed to become articulate. "Do you think we ought to print something that might interest someone?" he suggested timidly. This ludicrous idea produced strange effects on his companions. The eyes of one became glazed and his jaws dropped as though he had been struck on the face with a decaying rat; the other blushed to the roots of his hair, profoundly embarrassed to hear a friend of his express such a pre-historic notion. Gaspd he:

"You're not asking us to pander to the peasantry, are you?"

Meanwhile, the other editor who was reputed to have one of the clearest brains ever applied to the mystic task of editing "On Dit," had recovered somewhat and said, "What hogwash. Don't you realise that as it is we're engaged in duelling with the finest intellects in Adelaide?" In the last

issue we annihilated Dr. Penny's arguments." The great brain surveyed his finger-nails complacently, reflecting fondly on the disturbing articles that he and the boys had written about the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories and also their condemnatory notices about the lamentable education issues. "I should imagine," concluded he of the intellect referring to his puny rag, "that our paper is quite a thorn in the side of the bureaucracy."

"True, true," affirmed the first speaker, eager to atone for his show of ignorance, "but I just thought it might be an idea to consider the tastes of the majority of the under-graduates."

The aristocrat with the sensitive countenance frowned. "We can't lower the tone of the paper just to humour the canaille. Our mission is almost sacred. We must carry intellectual warfare into the stultified ranks of the bourgeoisie. We can't just stoop to the mental pettiness of the ordinary student." And he looked severely at the champion of the proletariat.

"We obviously can't change our policy now," observed the intellect loftily.

The editor of the masses was completely crushed at this stage and apologised. The other two editors were quite nice about it and suggested that this would be a good time to re-assert the policy they had decided upon at the beginning of the year. The three editors rose from their chairs, raised both arms to signify that they could be either left or right and were therefore highly liberal, and in cultured voices intoned their policy: "Epater les bourgeois and damn the students!"

Yours,
R. A. NAULTY.

[The Editors have written to Mr. Naulty asking him to join the Editorial staff.]

Satisfied

Dere Sirs,

Waht is all this fuss about edducation any way. I reckon the techerscollege does a pretty good job the way they annable us to go out and edducate the sitezens of tomorrow.

Yours, ect.,
PENELOPE BADEN.

Neutral

Dear Sirs,

Since the letter of Ian D. Black (On Dit, 9/6/61) by implication calls into doubt the justification for the *Agnostics' Society's* existence in the university, I should like once more to briefly clarify what seems to be a perennial confusion among the less sophisticated faithful about its status and aims.

The Society's aim is clearly stated as "the promotion of discussion in the University of topics related to religious belief."

One need not be a materialist, rationalist, nor even less a positivist, in order to take an active interest in the Society. (My own position, though a somewhat waffly one by President Dawson's standards, I should class as none of these.) Moreover, it would not be inconsistent with our aims to have one of the more sophisticated theologians speak under our banner. This has been considered by the Society, and there is every possibility that such a meeting will be held at some future date.

Religious societies, and especially S.C.M., may feel that they are already achieving our aim as stated above, and I have no doubt whatsoever that many of their meetings, excepting specifically devotional ones, are idealistically directed to this end. The plain fact is, however, that most unbelievers find themselves out of place at such gatherings, and feel, rightly or wrongly, that they impede the progress of discussion of points of importance to believers within the religious group, by disputing fundamentals about which the majority has already decided.

Hence the need for an *Agnostics' Society*, which will naturally find itself often in the attacking position. Despite this, its theoretical status is neutral, and its "dynamic" (which eludes Mr. Black) is no more or no less than the same enthusiasm for sifting evidence and arriving at conclusions which activates our university departments and the more academic student societies.

Yours,
BRUCE J. REID,
(Secretary, Agnostics' Society.)

Arts Regency Ball
SATURDAY 24th
8 p.m. in the Refectories
DRINKS & SUPPER 17/6
DOUBLE TICKETS from
S.R.C.

by

Warner Hutchinson

All students are religious. "Ridiculous!" you say. Only a few students go to church. The rest have either drifted away out of sheer boredom, reacted against out of intellectual conviction, or (probably the vast majority) never been interested in the first place.

Yet I insist all students *are* religious. But I don't mean they necessarily have anything to do with Christianity or any institutionalized religious system. Obviously most of them do not. To clarify, I mean by "religious" a personal commitment to something outside of oneself from which the person derives meaning and value. The "something" is that to which he looks to give his life satisfaction and coherence. He believes (or has faith) that the "something" is real, will satisfy the deepest needs of his personality, is worthy of his commitment. No man can live without some such centre at the core of his being about which he organizes the rest of his life.

When a student so commits himself to an ultimate concern, he takes a risk. The risk is that he may be wrong. That to which he commits himself may betray him in the long run. It may not really satisfy his deepest needs as a person. It may be false or pernicious in its eventual out-working in his own life or in society. Such books as *The God That Failed* are poignant testimonies by disillusioned men that the ultimate concern to which they committed themselves (in this case Communism) failed to satisfy the needs of human personality.

Yet no one can avoid making such a commitment. We are launched into life whether we like it or not—and live for something we must. The person who remains indefinitely neutral has opted out of living: nihilism and suicide are only the next step in that person's state of non-life.

What are some of the things to which students commit themselves for ultimate significance? Money, power, success in a profession, prestige and status in society, sex, things, pleasure, knowledge, political programmes, science, humanitarianism. These are the campus gods. These are the modern-day gods to which students look for sustenance. And they are betrayed.

Each of these "gods" are good and right in life. They have a legitimate and satisfying role to play. It is only when they are lifted up to the category of the ultimate and depended upon to sustain the spiritual nature of man that they become rivals of God—idols—and leave the unwary worshipper disillusioned and empty.

All students are religious. But to urge upon them the vanity of their gods is probably to bore them. For they haven't lived long enough yet with their gods for them to sicken of their gods and to regurgitate them.

For those who are dissatisfied or beginning to wonder whether their gods will really stand the test, I urge you to consider committing yourself to Jesus Christ. Not to "Christianity"; not to some ritual or practice; not to a Christian philosophy; but to Jesus Christ. He will turn you and your sense of values upside-down. He does not promise painlessness; rather he assures you of suffering. But he will not let you down. He will nourish and sustain you, and impart meaning and purpose to your life.

PROSH

Names are being called for the position of PROCESSION COLLECTOR

Those interested are asked to contact the S.R.C.

A.U.M.

Applications are being called by the S.R.C.

for the position of EDITOR of Adelaide University Magazine

ELECTIONS

See TIDES column

MY TIME IN THAT JUNGLE

Lacrosse

There is no doubt that in peacetime the armed forces of any country, especially Australia, come in for a great deal of ragging.

We point to the obsolete tugboat on the Port River and say "There is our Navy". We duck when the obsolete Wirraways come chugging across the sky and say, "If that's all we've got, we give up". We laugh when we see the week-end soldiers of our State and we call them "Boy Scouts".

I had reached the stage after several years of week-end soldiering when I was beginning to believe the sort of thing that I was dishing out to my civilian mockers. I was becoming convinced that we were wasting our time, our training was hopelessly inadequate and out of date.

I was in this state of mind when I decided that I would take advantage of the Army's offer to take me up to Queensland to give me a bit more training.

I applied for and was selected to attend the Jungle Training School at Canungra.

Well, I had a day in Sydney on the way up, and Brisbane looked enchanting on the way through.

At 5 a.m. on the first day I found myself in the middle of the squad trotting in double time down the hill towards a patch of tall trees in which I could faintly discern an exciting array of ropes—vertical ropes, horizontal ropes, inclined ropes, rope nets, rope ladders, knotted ropes—everything you could do with rope had been done to those ropes and then put into the trees.

In the background stood the ambulance.

There was one casualty that morning. One chap hanging from a rope with his hands and feet, let go with his hands before his feet, and when we left a fortnight later he was still in hospital.

The introductory days were easy. We soon got used to the ropes and the occasional casualties didn't cloud the realisation that we were gradually becoming fit.

We sat on hillsides and watched demonstrations, we sat in classrooms and listened to lectures, we started navigation in the open forest, and we had a taste of working through rain forest and areas of lantana where you hacked a path with a machete.

We didn't have time to realise it then, but we were being prepared for the big thing.

They gave us a day in Surfer's Paradise so that we could take the memory of it with

by

P. G. Moore

us into the jungle, and the morning after we got back from that tropical paradise of souvenir shops and pineapple crush—some of us with sore heads—they trucked us 80 miles to the Queensland-N.S.W. border for the start of four days in the rain forest at Roseberry.

On our backs we carried four days' food, two water bottles per man, and to every four men, a three-gallon canvas water yoke. A 30 lb. wireless set was passed around as often as possible.

I dare say everyone has read a description of tropical rain forest. I know I had read several, but I was in no way prepared for the reality of it.

One minute in sunny grassland with only an occasional tree and then in five steps into a dark green gloom of trailing tropical creeper, mildewed and rotten undergrowth and everywhere a damp hanging half-light.

We had been lectured about putting a vine around the position at night to save us from getting lost.

We had been told about the leeches and the spiders and the ticks, but they didn't mean a thing until we found them and they found us.

We didn't know what a tropical down-pour was till we found ourselves out in it with no roof to run to.

We didn't know how close an enemy could creep until a head popped up right in front of our watching eyes only several yards away.

They asked us what to do if a comrade was injured. We told them, "Make a stretcher and carry him".

They said, "Do it". So we made a stretcher and we put the casualty on it along with his pack and rifle, and we with our packs and rifles picked him up and carried him along the tracks along the side of the hills, around the trees and under the vines.

We learnt team work and co-operation, forbearance and endurance. We started the exercise counting the days, and we finished it counting the hours.

The grand final of Canungra is the legendary obstacle course.

Imagine a general background of machine guns and smoke, and then run, run as you've never run before, crawl through a pipe 2 ft. in diameter and 15 ft. long and when you find at the end of it there is a swift-running stream 10 ft. below you, jump; scramble up the other side, dive under the barbed wire entanglement, heave yourself over the wall and plunge twice as far as you climbed into a stinking pool of foetid water, run through the patch of grass ahead of you to the next obstacle and then fall flat on your face into the low wire entanglement stretched out of sight in the grass, run across the tops of the 10-ft. posts and jump for the rope that is just out of reach, plunge across the swinging bridge, crawl across the rope above the creek and drag yourself up the 15 ft. to the tower and jump into the river because this is Canungra, and if you don't survive you're not a soldier.

My instructors were not very impressed with me. Quite frankly, I got a shock when I got there and I never regained the initiative throughout my stay.

The course was always on top of me, pushing me, straining me, urging me to become that much better every day.

But I wouldn't have missed it and if you offered me the chance I'd go back there again.

And I've had my appetite whetted for more of the finer things in life like the Parachute Course and the Survival Course and the Commandos, and any other scheme the Army has devised to make us better soldiers, for I firmly believe that if we have any hope of survival in another war it will be because we have trained and prepared ourselves for the foreseeable eventualities.

And even if the events of another war are not foreseeable I believe that training of this sort must better equip any man to face the trials and rigors of living in war and peace.

Football

With half the season almost gone, the all-round strength of the Football Club is increasingly evident. This has embarrassed the selectors on many occasions and disappointed many players who obviously have the ability for a higher grade. This in itself is exactly what should happen in a top club. Selectors are made to be embarrassed and are not happy unless this is the case. Players are forced to maintain form under penalty of exclusion and this year's results prove the point. Of the Vac. matches played in each grade, the A's remain undefeated, the B's, C's and D's have each lost three only, and all teams are in the four. Even better, the spirit of the club is shown when disappointment in players does not turn even to dejection let alone resentment. All players are striving to better their own position and in doing so are bettering the club for which they play.

Most of the defeats were incurred during the vacation. The Intersarsity team was still in Brisbane for one round of matches, but four complete sides were chosen without having to "rake in" any unregistered players. In fact, only five players of the eighty did not train during the week. This is undoubtedly an all-time record for Intersarsity week and the special effort of everyone was rewarded when the A grade side won comfortably and only narrow defeats were inflicted on the other teams.

This year the State Amateur XVIII defeated the "mighty Vics" for the first time in six years. Of the ten University players chosen in the practice squad, included in the final team were Tony Clarkson (vice-capt.), Dud Hill, Peter Morton, Ron Dickson, Kieran Kelly, Geoff Hyde, John Sangster and Gordon Todd. All more than justified their inclusion with great play and Dud and Kieran both won trophies.

Anyone who has nothing better to do on Saturday afternoons would be inspired by the exhibition of football from any of the four teams and the football club would welcome their support.

The training programme for Lacrosse is being stepped up for the latter half of the season. All players will be required to attend practices, the main ones being Wednesday night and Sunday morning, with an added one thrown in for Tuesday morning. To bolster up the team spirit, a "ding" will be thrown after practice on Wednesday, 21st June, in the tea rooms above the pavilion at Uni. Oval.

On Saturday, the A Grade was beaten 17-5 by West Torrens, which was a pretty shocking performance. True, three of our regular back line were missing, but it was not the backs' fault that we lost so much as the forwards' failure to capitalise on their opportunities.

Goal-throwers: Wainwright 2, Edwards 2, Ofler 1.

Best Players: Nancarrow, Morris, Ward, Harries, Richardson.

Despite missing players, the B Grade put up a really good performance to win 20-12 against Port Adelaide. There are some really hot players in B Grade, and with their best team, should be untroubled to take out the premiership.

Best Players: Thompson, Courtney, Tuckwell, Haslam, Sved.

In C Grade, the exodus of players upwards into A and B Grade left a telling effect. They were "done" 17-1 by North Adelaide. However, plans are under way to strengthen up the C Grade and convert it into a strong unit.

Best Players: Hawke, Barker, Gidney, Hannam, McRae.

Soccer

After a most successful Intersarsity performance the soccer teams slipped back in the competition, losing by wide margins to Eastern Districts and Weapons Research. However, last Saturday at the Hutt Street Reserve it was my good fortune to see the A's score a convincing victory over the strong South Adelaide team, a well merited win considering the roughness of the opposing team and the idiosyncrasies of the referee. The weather was fine but the ground was very hard and rough, and it's when we encounter grounds like these that we long for the Wembley-like arena at Waite.

The Varsity defence, though tight from the start, was very ragged in its clearances, and it was only due to some strong play by the half-backs that South Adelaide didn't score earlier. Soon, however, with Kansil playing a very fine game at inside forward, the forward lines started to produce some fine pieces of play and a series of long strong shots was capped by a great left-foot drive from Tanzer that put Varsity one up.

Attacking constantly, the Blacks scored again through Bitner and then had a goal disallowed from what we can only say was a puzzling decision of the referee. In the second half, the game became fiery as South Adelaide saw defeat looming and it is to the credit of the Varsity defenders that they did not allow themselves to become ruffled by the constant fouling of the South Adelaide forwards. Silins the goal-keeper was subjected to dirty charges, punches, kicks and even to being caught hold of by the arms. I realise that the Referees' Association has a drastic shortage but this sort of play should not be tolerated, and the crowning irony came when amidst this fracas South Adelaide was awarded a penalty for obstruction. Fortunately the Varsity held out and the opposition found it impossible to make up. It is to be hoped that this form can be continued against Malta this Saturday, while the B's, with the advent of a few members of the A's to their ranks, should make a better showing than on previous occasions; and (who knows) they may even force a long delayed win.

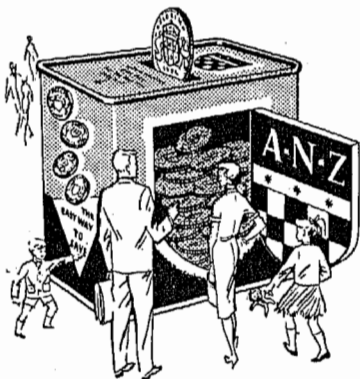
Any girl wishing to play in the I.V. Softball Team which will be active in August (21st-25th), is asked to contact either:

Miss Lyn Pearson (3 5758) or the

Sec. at the Sports Office.

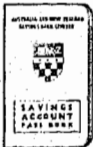
BANK WHERE YOU SEE THIS SHIELD

Look for the blue and gold shield at the University Sub-Branch of A.N.Z. Bank—conveniently situated in the Wills Refectory—University Union Buildings, for the use of Students and Staff.



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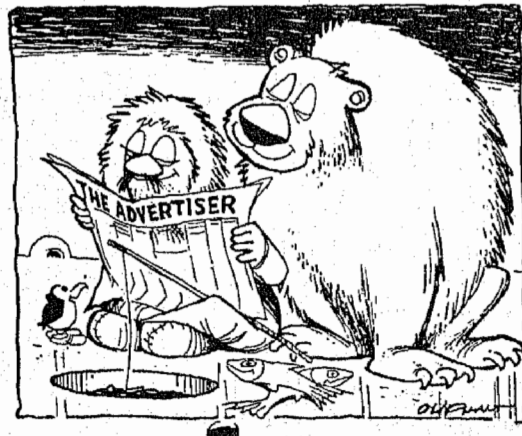


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Come now, Robert. What do you object to in our law of obscenity?

Whatever Robert replies, his rejoinder is likely to be seen, on reflection, to be a manifestation of the moral neutralism common to his type. Robert has been convinced that moral values have only an emotive, rather than a rational status. "Oh, I wouldn't commit adultery myself—I'm just not made that way—but I can't see anything wrong about it. So long as no one else is actually harmed." (Robert knows, deep down, that "harmed" begs all questions.) He is so unsure of the rationality of his own moral opinions that he is unhappy about other people asserting their own moral views with any sort of conviction (unless they happen to be advocating negative views based on the slogan "freedom"). So the idea that a society should hold to a set of moral standards leaves him cold, even when he gives his verbal assent to it. He has lived all his life in a relatively stable and unified society; it occurs to him only mistily, if at all, that a community of moral opinion covering a large area of conduct is essential to the coherence of society, in that men simply will not tolerate too much open disregard for standards they value (Robert himself would not care to buy his groceries from a man he knew was a professional assassin or Jew-baiter). And Robert's intellectual adherence to a simple dogma of "harm" makes him unduly suspicious of any moral standard which cannot be easily analysed and quantified. Of course, Robert has some notions about "dignity" and "decency" (he may deny this for a while but when pressed he will admit that he would hate to see copulation proceeding in broad daylight on the lawns of North Terrace), but, because he finds these notions difficult to analyse, he doubts their rationality and so is unhappy about enforcing them. (Usually, of course, this works the other way round; Robert is enraged to find other people enforcing their standards contrary to his own desires).

Robert may say that there is no such thing as "decency," that the word is so vague as to be meaningless. This assertion will usually be sophistical, for there is always something that Robert would himself call "indecent." Decency is a concept, however subjective and intractable to analysis.

Then Robert may say that "obscene" is too vague a word to be made a legal test. Robert is falling into the old error of thinking that because it is difficult to say just where a line is to be drawn, it follows either that there is no line to be drawn or that it is impossible to say on which side of the line any particular case falls. But the whole law is full of such difficulties, and the legal system is quite able to overcome them. What is a "negligent act?" No judge could say just where the line was to be forever drawn, between negligent and non-negligent acts, but every judge is capable of declaring a given act "negligent" in given circumstances. Similarly with "obscene book."

The law, furthermore, has developed a number of tests to assist a judge or jury to decide whether or not a given work is obscene. An article is obscene if its effect, taking the article as a whole, is such as to deprave and corrupt persons who are likely, having regard to all the relevant circumstances, to read, see or hear the matter contained or embodied in it. That is a question of fact, and the standard by which "deprave" and "corrupt" are to be determined is that of the community at the relevant time. As the Victorian Supreme Court said two years ago:—

"An article may have a tendency to deprave and corrupt, in that its tendency would be to create interest in the practices described, to tempt the less balanced and the emotionally unstable to contemplate the experiment themselves, and to emphasise the extent to which accepted moral and social standards are, with apparent impunity, being disregarded. Another article may have a tendency to deprave and corrupt, in that its tendency would be, among what I would suppose from general experience in the courts to be an appreciable number of men and women, to pervert and undermine standards, to corrupt judgment, and to coarsen conduct theretofore founded on conventional teaching according to ordinary standards in the community."

Robert may say that "unduly," in the phrase, "unduly emphasising sex," is an utterly subjective word. But the courts are clear about the test of its application:—

"The ordinary meaning of unduly is 'more than necessary' having regard to the nature of the article being considered. The decency or indecency of an article cannot depend on the nature of the subject-matter presented, but the question is one of the manner of handling that subject-matter. 'Unduly emphasising matters of sex' should be construed as dealing with matters of sex in a manner which offends against the standards of the community in which the article was published."

Robert may say that the courts are not the proper tribunals to decide questions of public decency. That is probably because Robert has never read a case or judgment involving obscenity. At most, he has probably heard of unguarded statements made in the past by magistrates of doubtful competence. The experience of Queensland since 1954 reveals that the courts are usually considerably more tolerant than the specially established Literature Board of Review. In fact, it would do Robert good to study the decisions of the High Court and the Victorian Supreme Courts since 1957. He would

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find there a liberalism more informed and sophisticated than his own. And the rationale of the law he would find expounded in a fashion that might give him pause:—

"Erotic notions, or other feelings tending towards sexually abnormal or illicit conduct, may be engendered by nature itself in the populace, without any aid from magazines. But that is no reason for not enforcing measures designed with a view to the protection of that populace, or at any rate its more impressionable and less stable elements, from unnecessary stimulation of such tendencies, whether by direct appeal, or by the undermining of standards inculcated with a view to controlling them. The law of obscenity is really designed, *inter alia*, to discourage a reversion to the promiscuity of primitive peoples, and thereby to protect family life, and through it, an ordered society which is organised on the basis of the continuance of the family as its basic unit. Doubtless knowledge, when it is combined with education, is to be preferred to obscurantism, in matters of sex as well as in other matters affecting human conduct. And the need for the serious examination of proposals for social reform demands that frankness be encouraged and prudishness condemned. For some types of writing, therefore, a more general emancipation from current convention may properly be claimed than for the sensational broadsheets which cater for the ephemeral amusements of the lower orders of human intelligence."

Robert may then say that a book cannot be great and yet obscene. But this will be a plausible assertion only if "obscene" is taken to mean "shocking" or "repellent." As we have seen, the legal meaning is different: "tending to deprave and corrupt." This may remind us of the primary defect of the Australian law of obscenity. Our law, unlike that of England, makes no explicit provision for a defence of an admittedly obscene book on the basis that its publication is justified as being for the public good on the ground that it is in the interests of science, literature, art or learning, or of other objects of general concern. It seems clear, nevertheless, that such a defence is *implicitly* admitted by the Australian courts, as is indicated towards the end of the long passage just quoted. Certainly the Literature Censorship Board takes full account of the interests of science, literature, art and learning. As the Board said, concerning "Borstal Boy," their chief consideration was whether the coarseness was artistically essential.

Robert may assert that no one has ever established that any book ever depraved or corrupted anyone. That is one of the most frequent assertions made by men of Robert's stamp; it is also sheer impudence. Are standards of belief and action really unaffected by literature? Where do people's standards come from, if not, in part, from what they see and read? If a man's standards are changed for the worse by a book or books, has he not been depraved and corrupted when measured against his former standards and those of the person judging?

At this point Robert might argue that censorship of obscene books should be abandoned because it can never be exhaustive (either of all the depraving influences at work in society, or even of all the depraving books), and is therefore ineffective and discriminatory. So is the law against murder: some murderers are executed, while others go free and undetected. It is difficult, therefore, to use the argument from ineffectiveness without careful buttressing. In any case, the true function of such a relatively easy-going form of censorship as prevails in Australia is what might be called declaratory and indirectly deterrent. In this, it is rather like the law against bigamy; that law on analysis, seems to penalise nothing more than the falsification of the official register, for there is nothing to prevent a married man living with a mistress. But the crime of bigamy stands as a declaration by society of its adherence to the legal and social principle of monogamy, and indirectly expresses society's disapproval of marital infidelity. It warns the potential offender that his conduct will get no protection

from the law, and that any attempt to regularise (and so take full advantage of) his conduct will involve him in a severely punishable crime. Similarly, the law against obscenity is society's declaration that it has standards of public conduct that it intends to uphold and to enforce among persons claiming the privileges of life in the society. For such a declaration to be to some extent effective, there must be *some* enforcement of the law, but there is no reason to demand, for this purpose, a *total* enforcement. And the law will have to be applied against books attractive to the intelligent as well as to books attractive to the unintelligent. The criteria of application will differ according to the nature of the book and its likely audience, but the intelligentsia and their books have no proper claim to complete immunity. And Robert should remember that in the two years since the Obscene Publications Act was passed in England, only one out of well over 80 prosecutions has been against a book the intelligentsia valued and wanted to read.

Robert's real point, if he ever got around to articulating it, would probably be (as we indicated before) to the effect that he dissented from (or felt unable to agree with) the actual notions of decency prevalent in society and enforced by the censors. Assuming that he admits (as seems inescapable) that society is entitled to require some standard of public decency and morality (however minimal), we can ask Robert just who he would like to see applying society's standard. Why should society's standards be interpreted by people, like him, who confessedly dissent from those standards? The most Robert is entitled to ask is that the censors be well-read and good-humoured and tolerant of serious proposals (whether in scientific or artistic form) for social reform or changes in social standards of the acceptable. In what respect do the Australian censors fail to conform to this criterion? Robert is at perfect liberty, when he dissents from a decision of the censors, to say so and to say why he thinks their standards improper. But he simply betrays his woolly-mindedness when, in such a situation, he denounces the whole system as barbaric or mediaeval. He is even sillier when he alleges that the system "makes Australia the laughing-stock of the civilised world."

At this point, Robert is quite likely to remember Milton and appeal to "Areopagitica" as a prop for his crumpling position. The appeal is invalid, and not just because Robert has never read the essay. "Areopagitica" is directed against the censorship (by a system of licensing) of books on the grounds of heresy and sedition. Truth, not decency, is the object of Milton's main concern:

"For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious."

Now Milton touches on the subject of virtue and public morals:

"Why should we then effect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging and scouting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth?"

But on this, as on his main point, Milton's argument is probably more meritorious for its rhetoric than for its reason. Trials of virtue are all very well, but it would be foolish to permit a trial, when the outcome would predictably be the collapse of the virtue of a significant number of people, just for the sake of a trial. Robert will be advised to read the rest of "Areopagitica"; the febleness of much of its argument will surprise him, if he is honest.

Who will not say, when he looks around him in the world, that the virtue of Robert's careless liberalism is, of all virtues, the most fugitive and cloistered? Fugitive from the demands of responsibility, cloistered from the visible realities of corruption and depravity.

