

What Price Liberty?

by R. F. I. Smith

Formed after World War I as a social club for ex-servicemen and a medium for the assistance of the incapacitated and needy among them, the Returned Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia has recently sought to play the part of the conscience of Australia. As "the voice of the Australian community" and in defence of "the Australian way of life" and the "status quo of the British Commonwealth" the R.S.L. has tried to start up the anti-Communist band-wagon again. Some of the men who fought in the two world wars have decided that this entitles them to play a specific part as soldiers in the guarding of Australian security. As governments have hitherto not acted against the danger of Communism the R.S.L. will do so "as a fundamental duty to the coming generation who we are determined will not face an enemy unprepared again". This is a far cry from its origins in the 1920's and although most organisations develop in ways unexpected in the beginning, it is not altogether a welcome development.

The Communists are probably those who have least to fear from it. A bit of publicity in the capitalist press is all right from their point of view and so far there has been no real indication that it's going further than that. Those who have to worry are those who have some respect for democracy as something more than a product of the British Empire. The R.S.L.'s motto is the old democratic rag "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance", something its leaders could well ponder because it is altogether different in spirit from what they are trying to do. The last word is vigilance not vigilantes, and the whole phrase implies watchfulness against real threats both by the public and by responsible authorities and not the hounding down of one group by another. Trying to dig out Communists, much as a wowsler might hunt for empty beer bottles in a park, the R.S.L. is acting with a similar lack of rationality. The R.S.L. maintains that it does not intend to start a witch hunt but is firm in the demand that as Communists are the agents of a foreign power hostile to the West they should be treated as traitors in fact as well as in potential and deprived of jobs in key industries, schools and universities.

What worries me is that the R.S.L. has not as yet convincingly spelt out the nature of the threat to Australia from Communism. Its leaders have talked about sedition in Eastern Europe, about the influence of determined minority parties, about Communists in trade unions and about Communists in the S.A. Department of Education, but they have failed to show that Communism from within is the chief, or even a significant, Communist menace. They say there are around 6,000 party members in Australia and yet maintain that they are a real danger. Even in the district of Port Adelaide in the 1959 State elections a leading S.A. Communist, James Moss, didn't poll more than 1,351 votes out of a total of 22,319. They try to get around this by quoting the Communist coups in Eastern Europe, but these all took place after World War II and except in the case of Czechoslovakia, with the active assistance of the Red Army. Besides all these countries were subject to severe economic and social hardship because of the war and severe hardship is an essential prerequisite for successful Communist agitation. These conditions just do not exist in Australia and it is dishonest of the R.S.L. to ignore their importance.

As with the resurgent right in U.S.A. the R.S.L. seems to have seized on a real fear of an outside power and then lost all perspective in saying that there are traitors within our gates. In exaggerating the importance of internal Communism they detract attention and analysis from the real danger outside, although as yet the R.S.L. has not undertaken any campaign on the scale of that of Dr. Fred Scharz for example. No doubt our psychologist friends could build up theories about the R.S.L. executive feeling inadequate to take on Communist China or even to raise a 303 and so deciding to vent their hatred on the local Reds, but whatever the reason for their little crusade they are acting without responsibility and for no good reason.

So far the R.S.L. has not been seriously supported in public by Governments and Members of Parliament although it claims that it wants the Commonwealth Government to issue a white paper on Communism and has presented a dossier of complaints to the S.A. Minister of Education. It claims that it is doing the government's job for it, but it is the job of no government to show intolerance.

(Continued on page 8)



Sounding the Last Post for Prosh

by Jono Haslam

Prosh this year was one of the best for a very long time, and I feel all students should be congratulated for the reasonable yet clever way in which they directed stunts and floats against institutions and society as a whole. The collection rocketed to an all-time high of £4,778, which is an increase of nearly £900 on last year's total, although quite a large sum will have to be taken from the collection to pay for administrative and other expenses.

Although the police were justly annoyed by the selfish and unreasonable persons who punctured the tyres of five police cars on the Thursday—a very stupid stunt, which could, and did, only antagonise the police—they were most co-operative, and seemed to have some degree of confidence in the reasonableness of students. I felt that we had reached a desirable understanding when the police gave permission to hold the C.B.C. Festival Hall and Pram Push stunts, and then stood off at a distance and watched, halting and directing traffic so that the stunts would be successful. And so I do appeal to all students to show some respect for the constabulary both in Prosh week and at other times, and we can be fairly sure that this will win us co-operation and understanding from the Police Force.

I must thank all those who put so much time and effort in preparing the floats for Prosh. The floats were miles better than last year, all showing witty and direct satire, dreamed up after much thought. The placards were well painted and the construction of framework for some floats was very creditable. I would like especially to commend five floats—not in any special order of merit—(1) Tasmanian Monster, (2) Lake Eyre Steamer, (3) Bury E.C.M., (4) Adelaide's Upper Crust, and (5)—perhaps the best of all—R.S.L. and Communism in schools. These five were, in my opinion, the best, but the best of an excellent lot, and I would again congratulate the other floats, every one without exception very good, with perhaps Mack the Knife being the best of these.

I would also thank all who collected money for Prosh. I hope the sound of £4,778 will be a sufficient reward for your great efforts.

As I have expressed my personal thanks to the members of Prosh Committee, and also a few experienced "old-hands" for their advice and energetic support of Prosh in a report presented to the S.R.C., I won't duplicate my thanks. But I must express my indebtedness to Michael Walsh, Bob Lott and the editors of "The Paralyser"—Kent Fuller and Lynn Myers—for their loyal and willing help.

Finally, I must thank you, dear reader, as a member of a student body which at all times was enthusiastic, and, apart from a very few irresponsibles, sensible. I hope that everyone enjoyed Prosh as much as I, and indeed, the general public did.

The publicity of the Pram-pushers helped to arouse an attack of Prosh fever in the previously apathetic student body. These pram-pushers are to be congratulated on the time, energy and money which they spent in "pushing the ridiculous to the sublime." This was a wonderful gimmick in which, apart from earning a great amount of pre-Prosh publicity, nearly £200 was collected as donations towards W.U.S.

The party left by Pioneer coach on the Monday of Prosh week, and after speeches and ribbon-cutting, left Parliament House in Melbourne at 10.30 a.m. on Tuesday. The team of Engineers, using a relay system helped by some Melbourne students averaged a phenomenal 14 m.p.h., pushing the pram out along the Western Highway through the suburbs of Melbourne. The pushers then lived in the coach, sleeping little, and snatching hasty meals for three days. Their pram was stolen, another broke down, and a bitterly cold rainstorm followed them for 36 hours. On Prosh Day they pushed from Glen Osmond to a reception in Victoria Square, averaging 16 m.p.h., and achieving a standing mile dash in 4 min. 25 sec.

I have mentioned these facts so that their efforts—not for themselves but for the W.U.S. and Prosh—may be fully appreciated. Dierk von Behrens was the leader, and I do thank him and his colleagues for this novel stunt which was of immense value to Prosh as a whole.

TIMES

UNION MEETING
TUESDAY, SEPT. 4

Swami Pragnananda, touring Indian Philosopher, and a practising yogi, will speak on "Yoga in Action".
LADY SYMON HALL, at 1.10 p.m.

BILLBOARD

The Therry Society will present: "You Can't Take It With You" in the Willard Hall from September 28 to October 6.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Society of South Australia will present: "The Mikado", in the Australia Hall, from August 25 to September 1.

FOOTLIGHTS REVUE

The auditions for this year's Footlights Club Revue will be held in the Lady Symon Hall, on Sunday, September 16 and again on Saturday, September 22.

The audition on Sunday, 16th, will be from 2 p.m. until 5 p.m., and the one on Saturday, 22nd, will be from 9.30 a.m. until 12 noon.

ON DIT

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

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

"On Dit" is printed at The Griffin Press.

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

Copy for the next edition, which will appear on Friday, 14th September, closes on Friday, 7th September.

S.R.C. BY-ELECTIONS

Nomination save called for the following positions

Pharmacy
Representative (1)

Technology
Representative (1)

Nominations to be handed in at S.R.C. Office before 5.00 p.m. on Friday, 14th September.

Polling Days 18th-20th
September

Applications are now called for the position of

EDITOR/S

of
"ON DIT"

Journalistic experience is desirable, but in no way essential.

Written applications should be in the hands of the Hon. Sec. of the S.R.C. at the S.R.C. Office no later than 5.00 p.m. on Friday, 21st September.

H. G. ROWELL,
Returning Officer.

A.U.M.

On Sale
Soon at
S.R.C.
Office

ON THE WAGON

by Richard Broinowski

This year more political news space has been devoted in "On Dit" to the Common Market and Britain's mid-1961 proposed entry into the E.E.C. than to any other single event. While such devotion can easily be justified in view of the tremendously important economic and political contingencies surrounding the situation, it has been mainly one-sided. Hugh Corbet may be a cogent journalist but unfortunately has only the anti-league axe to grind. It has become blunted by his misplaced emphasis upon political and legal irrelevancies unconnected with basic economic realities.

Similarly, the Hon. Peter Walker, M.P., billed as the youngest Conservative member of the U.K. House of Commons when on his recent visit to Adelaide, is also an anti-leaguer. As had Corbet before him, Walker concentrated upon arguments in support of his case that were either intangibly political or ideological. He seemed not so concerned with the factual economic details which will accompany British entry, but instead with subsidiary contingencies which might or might not occur, such as the probable recession in the E.E.C., the break-up of the Commonwealth, the loss of political and legal British sovereignty, and the possibility of the reduction in status of the British Crown.

For a person such as myself who had until Walker's visit been fairly ignorant about the realities of Common Market implications, Walker gave a feeling to his listeners of not getting at the guts of the problems, both from the British and Australian points of view.

It is about time they were impartially discussed.

Our interest in the European Economic Community, which was legally created by the Treaty of Rome and ratified by the Six in 1957, dates largely from the mid-1961 British application to join the market.

Our interest is almost wholly an economic one. It is not political, because Britain's political sovereignty does not concern Australia, except insofar as it allows British diplomatic support of Commonwealth countries at British discretion. Nor is it based upon Commonwealth ties. Britain's entry will not affect the heritage as a member of the British Commonwealth such as the adoption of British Parliamentary and legal systems. These we already have. The destruction of the Commonwealth cannot take them from us.

But Britain's entry concerns us economically. Because the Treaty of Rome guarantees the free movement of goods, men and money within the E.E.C. unhampered by tariffs, quotas or by discriminatory trade, banking or budget and agricultural policies, and because the community is to negotiate as a unit with the outside world with uniform tariffs around itself, members cannot act as any other than a part of the group. Britain cannot therefore belong to the E.E.C. and at the same time retain her Common-

wealth trade preferences nor remain a member of E.F.T.A.

Where at the moment Britain gives and receives preferences in her trade with Commonwealth countries, she would instead be forced to erect barriers and do her buying and selling primarily within the E.E.C. Australia would in that event be hardest hit in her export of temperate foodstuffs such as cereals, meats, dairy produce and fruits. The problem of Australian primary exports would be exacerbated by the fact that these products are also produced by the E.E.C. itself. The Treaty of Rome covers agriculture as well as industry.

The Treaty further provides for a uniform level of prices for its agricultural products and imposes an import levy upon world produce, making it impossible for outsiders to undercut prices within the community.

The only hope of Australian primary produce still maintaining its European, and in particular, British markets, would be if the E.E.C. subsidised agriculture will increase its production slower than its demand in the near future. But it seems a long shot that this will occur. France, who until half way through the 1950's imported foodstuffs, now exports wheat, barley, sugar and butter. There is at least a surplus in that country.

Of course there is the other side of the picture. Australia is not necessarily economically murdered on her primary level by the loss of British preferential markets.

First, it is conceivable that we may prove to be sufficiently adept traders to enable competition with E.E.C. primary prices. On this level, production costs are not as high as they are on the Continent.

Second, the trade crisis has forced Australia to look for new markets in Asia and in South America. Markets are certainly there, and developing rapidly.

Third, British entry into the Common Market will mean that in certain cases we will be able to buy manufactured goods from cheaper markets than are now offered by Britain.

Fourth, Australia does not depend as much upon her agricultural export industry as she did ten or even five years ago. Our economy is becoming larger and more diversified, and one in which the manufacturing sector has increased rapidly. We are becoming more resilient and less inclined to countenance adverse overseas primary trade relations as a huge tragedy.

Moreover, it is worth comparing our own losses upon British entry with those of other countries. The comparison is a snugly comforting one. For example, British African and West Indian tropical foodstuffs, upon whose exports the economies of these countries almost entirely rely, will be lost to ex-French colonies which are included within the 15% E.E.C. tariff barrier as dependencies of a signatory. Again, Hong Kong, Pakistan, India and Malaysia will also be greatly affected, and they are in a worse position to bear the loss than we are. Canberra is certainly not the centre of the world, and cannot expect discriminatory treatment during the British entry negotiations.

A REPLY TO D.W.C.

by Michael Detmold

Nothing can be more harmful or confusing than an insistence on a sharp dichotomy between crime and sin. Obviously the law has no concern with sin *qua* sin. But this is not to say that what is considered "sinful" cannot incidentally be considered illegal. To make a general statement as Mr. Cooper does (Abreast of the Times: "On Dit," 1/8/62) that "sin is not to be equated with crime" is merely to confuse the issue.

The issue is, of course, whether this activity which is considered "sinful" should also be considered illegal. With reference to homosexual behaviour between consenting adults Mr. Cooper adduces several arguments to the contrary.

Mr. Cooper makes the valid point that there are differing degrees of homosexuality and consequently that different considerations should apply to different cases. He then says "the law takes cognisance of none of these . . . it treats all those who commit an act as criminals to be cast into prison." Firstly this is to ignore the fact that there is plenty of room within the framework of the law for the sensible exercise of discretion and consequently to do injustice to judges and prosecutors who do sensibly so exercise their discretion. And secondly this argument does not necessitate removal of criminal sanctions: if it necessitates anything, it is only a greater comprehensiveness in our criminal provisions.

The somewhat alarming statement is then made that homosexual opportunity is often freely to be had in prison. I very much doubt whether an inspection of our prison conditions would bear this out.

Mr. Cooper then refers to the fact that the homosexual is susceptible to the black-

mailer. The Wolfenden Committee considered figures in this respect for the years 1950-53 and concluded that over this period there were no more than eight prosecutions for this type of blackmail per year in the whole of England and Wales. The Committee concluded, "Even allowing for the reluctance of the victim to approach the police . . . the amount of blackmail which takes place has been considerably exaggerated." Also it appears from the report that the more common form of blackmail in this respect, is when the blackmailer threatens to inform, not the police, but the social acquaintances of the victim. Remove the sanctions of the criminal law and this sphere of activity is still open to him, for the social stigma attached to homosexuality will still remain.

It is suggested by Mr. Cooper that the prosecution of the homosexual decreases the likelihood that medical advice will be sought: in view of the fact that more often than not a medical examination emanates in some form from a prosecution. I should have thought this unlikely. Such is the point made by Mr. Adair in his Wolfenden Committee dissenting opinion.

A certain amount of common moral feeling is a necessary part of a properly functioning society. Since the law is concerned with preserving society then it is entitled to preserve this necessary element. Obviously it is not its province to interfere in every small piece of individual immorality. Where the line is to be drawn is a moot point. But since the general moral feeling in society is one of repugnancy to homosexuality, then an argument can be made that this is the province of the Criminal Law.

Certainly the present homosexuality laws, whilst they leave much room for improvement (as indeed does every facet of our criminal law), are not examples of "inane" acts of "unthinking persecution," "stupid" or "unjust," as Mr. Cooper seems to think.



ANTI-LEAGUER WALKER: stiff upper waistcoat.

As far as the likelihood of Britain entering the E.E.C. is concerned, political manoeuvres at the moment defy an accurate answer. But be this as it may, Britain will certainly benefit economically by joining. The wider markets made possible for British goods in Europe and the greater subsequent competition will allow specialisation in British industry and encourage greater productivity resulting in faster economic growth. Her balance of payments position, which has been subject to recurring crisis and which has forced the use of policies aimed at cutting back internal demand, will worsen should Britain not join. Again, British exports to the Commonwealth, which last year were in the region of S.£ 12 hundred million, will decline in the future due to the gradual loss of Commonwealth and Sterling markets. If she joined the E.E.C. Britain could share her responsibility to sustain the strength of sterling with the E.E.C. countries.

However, it is worth emphasising that, no matter how desirable British entry is, she will be bargaining from a weak position. With good cause the Europeans believe that Britain has not been enthusiastic about the community's early success, and she has indeed acted against it in setting up E.F.T.A. And France for one has little or nothing to gain by British entry. Her main interest is to sell her rapidly increasing agricultural output.

The explanation for why consideration is being given to Britain's application lies in the failure of the 1960 Summit Conference, after which the U.S.A. and Britain gave firm military guarantees on Berlin which allows Britain a certain bargaining power in the E.E.C. of which West Germany is a strong member.

In the meantime, we must be content to sit and watch. Mr. McEwin has emphasised Australia's position to Europe on his recent overseas tour. Not much more can yet be done, except to look for other markets in the probable event of British entry.

Lectures in Council Baiting No. 4

After a prolonged absence I make an unasked return to my forum, ink-tipped sword in hand, to raise a final lone cry of protest against that most slothful of monsters.

I wander into the Cloisters at about half-past five, in the vacation. Nobody is there to observe me. I could stand naked on my head in the centre of the lawn—no-one would cry out in anguish, for no-one is present to cry.

I peer bleakly through the archway at the library and perceive that it is open for business and students are going in and out. Where do they come from before they go in? Where do they go to when they leave? I don't know, I see them for only a second or two as they lumber through the intellectual pool of light illuminating the steps. Before that, and afterwards, they are nowhere.

They don't come from or go to the refectory or the S.R.C. or the George or the Lady Symon because all these are closed.

The council, it seems, decided that in the vacation students should study but should not talk together, eat or urinate.

Perhaps for once they have analysed the student correctly.

You can see bags of academic work going on if you look into the buildings.

When I was a student, long ago, I did far more of the latter three than the former but—fashions change.

The University is like bloody dismal in the vacation.

Look at the University from a great height, like Fanny. You find that there are about two acres of buildings growing up all together, without any sort of common denominator—not garishly out of harmony, just nonentities.

W. R. ANTHONY.

(Continued on page 7)

STUDENTS AND POLITICS

by Ian D. Black

Ladies and gentlemen, we have been honoured.

A feature article in *The Bulletin* recently discussed political trends in Australian universities, and saw fit to treat the student generation seriously. It decided that the old descriptions—cautious, apathetic, stagnant, gutless—were out of date, and, after analysing such phenomena as *Student Action* at Melbourne, offered hope for student political activity in the 'sixties.

The tone of the article was complimentary and free of condescension. It did not brand the members of *Student Action* as "yahoos" and "rowdies," as did Mr. Menzies. It did not treat student news-making in a manner common to the daily press—superciliously and incorrectly. It did not label us all Communist, or politically naive, or socially irresponsible. On the contrary, it suggested that student political interest and action could be of value, and, most important of all, that it can achieve something. That student political opinion, if plugged enough, can impress and inform the general public. That student pressure is able, at the very least, to worry the politicians as they go about that tiresome business, every so often, of collecting votes.

The article, of course, scarcely mentions Adelaide. Quite understandable, since there is nothing to mention. Here, the political clubs stagnate, and what look like burning issues (e.g., Brenner, the Bomb) flicker and fade as the critics and cynics expose the emotionalism of the moment. The prevailing mood remains one of apathy. The general comment is "we can't do anything anyway." For Adelaide, at least, it remains "All bloody propaganda."

Student Action set out to show that these attitudes are false. It took as its main issue last December the White Australia Policy and sought to make it an issue in the Federal Election. It did not of course succeed in achieving government abandonment of the policy—it was well aware that it would take more than one decisive battle to erode the prejudice of three generations—but the ripples it set up are still spreading.

It made both parties aware that here is an issue they cannot go on ignoring forever. By means of demonstrations, leaflets, persistent questioning at election meetings and, eventually, serious press coverage, it got its messages across to the public. The press at first either ignored it or treated it frivolously; by the end of the campaign it was being widely reported, in Australia, in several Asian newspapers, and in "The Times" and "The Guardian." Since then it has had profound influence in recent deportation cases.

Significantly, the movement has been superbly organised, and the students involved were well drilled and informed on the issues. It was organised in a hurry (during swot vac.), but with precision and an eye to detail. Banners, leaflets, strategy were planned ahead. Police permission was sought—after every demonstration the police thanked *Student Action* for its co-operation. Ultimately, Mr. Calwell remarked that he preferred the political interest of the students to the ignorance of those who didn't know one candidate from the next.

"A Man For All Seasons"

reviewed by
S. D. Clark

"More is a man of an angel's wit and singular learning; I know not his fellow. For where is the man of that gentleness, loneliness and affability? And as time requireth a man of marvellous mirth and pastimes and sometimes of sad gravity; a Man for all Seasons."

Robert Bolt has certainly created a Thomas More displaying all the qualities of the man that Robert Whittinton must have known. In fact "A Man for all Seasons" must be one of the finest plays that the Elizabethan Theatre Trust has seen fit to bring to Adelaide. It would not be right to call the history of this great man tragedy for, indeed, although he was reduced to piteous circumstances and finally to death, and was the agent of his own destruction, nevertheless, his assiduous adherence to his own convictions demands awesome respect whatever one's religious convictions.

The play does, however, bring forth an interesting speculation as to St. Thomas' wisdom. It may be that naivete is often an attribute of saintliness, but it seems incredible that a man so well versed in the law and legal abuses of his time, and, as Chancellor himself the recipient of customary bribes, should be prepared to stake his physical salvation on the fact that his

(Continued on page 6)



DECEMBER, 1961: Melbourne students in action.

More important than the passing campaign is the fact that *Student Action* is now in a position to mobilise quickly when an issue presents itself. Political interest runs high in the university. Study groups acquaint themselves with the facts on various controversial matters—so that information as well as emotion can be brought to bear at the crucial moment.

Student Action was, and remains, an organisation which transcends any one political line. For its membership it drew on many clubs and societies, and it cut right across the traditional ideological antagonisms of the two main parties. Naturally the critics tried to label it. It was variously tagged as Communist-inspired and as a front organisation for the D.L.P. But in fact among the members of the committee were members of the Fabian Society, the Nationalist Society, the S.C.M., the Newman Society, the Political Science Society, the Liberal Club, the A.L.P. Club, the Athenian Society and the Public Questions Society. The only significant club not represented was the avowedly pro-Communist Melbourne University Labour Club.

It is obvious that *Student Action* momentum was gained, not from the clichés of the parties, not from any one party ideology, but from the spirit of humanitarianism which appeals to most students, and in the expression of which they have been until now, frustrated.

One of its most important results has been to make uncommitted students politically conscious, as the parties appear unable to do. To prepare the new generation, as Mr. Ross Terrill writes of it in "Crux," for its "post-imperialist, post-inegalitarian, post-ideological, post-isolationist, post-Anzac Day, post-Menzies political opportunities."

A.U.D.S. FESTIVAL PLAYS

reviewed by
S. D. Clark

Of course it is fashionable to be cynical about student drama, and there is little doubt that over recent years such cynicism has been to some extent well founded. But anyone who has developed reservations about the capacity of the Adelaide University Dramatic Society to make a worthwhile contribution to Drama must have been glad to have his illusions dispelled by the recent presentation of Sartre's "In Camera" and Ionesco's "The Bald Prima Donna." The perennial problem confronting a group with limited resources of talent is whether to confine themselves to plays obviously within the reach of the maturity and experience of the cast available and thus resign themselves to the tired and tawdry Victorian Drawing Room, or to take a chance with their ability and disregard commercial caution, in an endeavour to bring before the public plays which "ought to be done." Whilst Tony Gibbs in his recent productions has not put this problem to rest for all time, he has certainly shown that intelligent production and an understanding of the student mind can put within the reach of students plays which may formerly have been rejected out of hand.

"In Camera"

Jean-Paul Sartre's "In Camera" is an exposition of the existential philosophy that man, in a sense, is the prime agent in his own destiny. It is, in addition, a neat study of violently conflicting personalities who, closeted together in Hell, are the torturers of one another. It is a play which is of necessity static in form and perhaps tends to be over long. Certainly one looked for an earlier resolution in Mr. Gibbs' production, but this was not entirely the fault of the producer. One cannot help feeling that by accentuating the static quality of the situation, relieved only by sudden outbursts, Mr. Gibbs was trying to create tension in the right way, but unfortunately

If student politics has any future in Adelaide, one suspects it will be along these lines. While the party clubs slumber, the attendances at S.R.C. Union Meetings and at the academic political clubs (History and Politics, Cosmopolitics) suggest that some students at least have one eye open. There are many issues students could take up and study—the White Australia Policy again, social services in this State, education, the electoral boundaries, mental hospitals, nuclear weapons for Australia, aborigines, television programmes, etc., etc.—while an organisational network was being established to make forceful and intelligent use of student opinion when the suitable occasions arise.

The enlivened political interest might remain non-ideological, or else veer towards either or both of the parties, seeking not to conform but to reform, as has happened at Melbourne.

Some people of course object to the mass demonstration method of student action. They claim it is undignified, and cannot accomplish anything anyway. *Student Action* at Melbourne showed this latter argument to be not necessarily true. As for dignity, the press and the public do not attribute much of that to us even now. And if a principle were involved, which should be compromised—principle, or dignity?

The mass demonstration method, well-organised, disciplined, and the issues understood by all taking part, is highly suited to the student pocket, numbers and position in the community. One wonders if Adelaide students will realise its potential in the next few years.

the cast was not quite strong enough to achieve the desired effect.

I remain intrigued and dubious at the insertion of a Gregorian chant as incidental music. Surely M. Sartre would not be amused?

'The Bald Primadonna'

"The Bald Prima Donna" was, without reservation, an excellent production.

In his book, "The Theatre of the Absurd," Martin Esslin asserts that Ionesco originally wanted one of two things to happen at the end of *The Bald Prima Donna*—either the police should appear on the stage and start machine-gunning the audience, or the author should come on stage, his fist at the spectators, and yell, "You bunch of crooks! I'll get you." The first was considered too expensive, the second too offensive; but the details provide a fascinating insight into Ionesco's attitude. Mr. Gibbs handled the production quite splendidly as it skipped along with meaningful meaningfulness, to provide a quite delightful hour of banality.

Peter Meredith appealed strongly as the Fireman presumably in search of fire (although, dear me, I must admit that I don't know just what he was in search of, if he was searching, or why he was searching where he was searching, etc.) and Mike Roger showed himself to be a capable young actor, especially in his neat handling of the awkward, long, embarrassing minute of silence where neat timing is essential.

Joanne Conley, the maid, is a surprisingly good find for University Dramatics and deserves the highest commendation. One cannot help feeling that she could fill an awkward gap in female talent both in Drama and Revue in years to come.

Jenny Tonkin, too, gave a competent portrayal of Mrs. Smith, although she found it hard at times not to be caught up in the humour of the situation.

Barry Warren's set was, as we are coming to expect, neat and unobtrusive, and set off an excellent production.

It is little wonder that these productions received wide acclaim at the Inter-varsity Drama Festival and Mr. Gibbs and the Adelaide University Dramatic Society deserve hearty congratulations.

THE DOOR

a story for pigs,
existentialists
and social mobiles
by Don McNicol

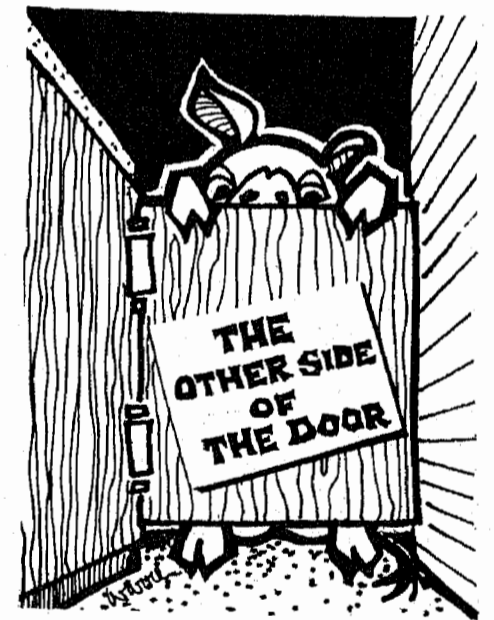
Rupert was a pig. He lived in a sty along with his mother and eleven other identical brothers and sisters. The sty was a foul, flea-ridden, ramshackle structure, with a rusty galvanized-iron roof, and a decrepit wooden door that hung precariously by one hinge. In fact the setting was so nauseatingly decayed that it would have done justice to any Tennessee Williams story.

Strangely enough, or not, depending on what nauseating and decaying books you read, Rupert was a philosophically-inclined pig. He would sit reflectively, looking at the posteriors of his kin at the food-trough in a uniform pink line, and vague feelings of unrest would stir within his porcine frame. Rupert, you see, wanted to be an individualist. He wanted to express himself, find his personality, or whatever that "in" expression happens to be. At any rate, one day he pushed open the old wooden door of the sty with his snout, and went out into the world to find his destiny.

It was not long before Rupert discovered that you do not walk straight into a destiny the moment you get your snout outside the sty's door. Destinies have to be looked for, and in searching around for a suitable one our pig discovered many doors beside the one of his old home.

Firstly there were the Doors of Knowledge, six of them in all, heavy, wooden, and glass-plated, with large brass handles on them. However, it was practically impossible to enter them because they were guarded by a thick forest of leather satchels through which only the hardest pilgrims could fight their way. Rupert, being only a small pig, barely reached the foot of the impressive marble staircase which led up to them.

Then there was the Door of Pleasure which was much easier to enter. Inside Rupert found many other pigs arrayed along a long counter in a manner not unlike his brothers and sisters at the food-trough, but they were certainly not drinking slops.



Rupert edged his way to the counter and soon received his first taste of Pleasure, which he found rather to his liking. This is my destiny he thought. A little later, as he nursed a queasy stomach in the gutter outside, he decided that perhaps he had been wrong after all, and that he should continue looking for a more suitable door. It was thus that he discovered the Door of Necessity, but it read "Engaged," so he never found what was behind it.

For a long time Rupert searched for His Door, and eventually he found it. It was not a grand door like the Doors of Knowledge, nor did it have the real antiseptic appearance of the Door of Necessity. It was a humble wooden door measuring 3'2" x 2'3", and it swung freely on a hinge of a strange device. Pigs were always coming and going through the Door, and Rupert could easily see how wonderful and important they were. He was just tall enough to poke his snout over the top of the Door, and catch a glimpse of the room behind it. There were more pigs inside, feasting sumptuously, talking to one another, and in every way, being so much better than Rupert. He yearned to go through the Door and be with them, and belong to them, but he was unable to enter by himself. Because of his ambition Rupert would go around asking other pigs to help him get in. Some promised to help him; many more promised, but forgot; and others never found out about Rupert's desire, but they wouldn't have cared anyhow.

The end of the story is sad. Rupert is still unable to go through the Door. Occasionally he pokes his snout over the top and wistfully watches the pigs inside feasting sumptuously and ruling the world. He will never belong to them. No-one voted for him in the S.R.C. elections.

M'RAE'S CORNER

The magnificent achievement of the U.S.S.R. in their August space experiment has once again highlighted the battle of the blocs.

The East has triumphed in the space-race. But this is more than a victory of technology and scientific principle; it is an enormous propaganda success which comes at the worst time possible for the West.

I do not of course support the Soviet bloc. The price they pay for their apparent superiority is enormous, but the superiority is a fact. I wish to point out that it is time the Western powers considered joint economic action to recover their rate of expansion.

On the space advance question, it is disturbing to note that high-ranking officials in the government admit that the U.S. is two years behind Russia in space-research and that no additional amounts of money spent at this stage would benefit the situation.

This probably means that Russia will have landed a man on the moon before the U.S. has, say, managed to construct a space-platform close to the earth. This would be an appalling blow to U.S. prestige and morale.

Some observers state that the only real significance in the Russian space endeavour is the military potential. They argue that the Government leaders are committed to conquering the entire world this century; that space research as such is an enormous financial drag, and will have no real benefits until the next century; that space research close to the earth and in its orbit may tip the balance Russia's way.

They argue that such manoeuvres are an answer to the present U.S. supremacy in the air and sea, and equality in missiles.

The whole picture is therefore gloomy for such small nations like Australia caught in the giant back-wash and doomed to rise and fall with it.

But at the same time, Australia has a giant member of the Eastern Bloc on her doorstep—Indonesia. I hardly feel that we can classify Soekarno as neutral.

In his inimitable style Sir Garfield Barwick stated recently that he had played a significant part in averting war in West New Guinea. He forgot to mention that his success was at cost of allowing Holland to hand across to Indonesia all that territory and three hundred thousand people—who were never consulted on their fate.

In the words of the Nazis with whom he once collaborated, Soekarno announced that this was his last territorial claim.

He then confused his own countrymen by announcing that the natives would be allowed to decide their own future but that in the meantime he would pour in thousands of Indonesians to develop the country.

Sir Garfield seems to find some satisfaction in these manoeuvres. One only hopes that the East will not out-manoeuvre Australia as Russia has out-planned the U.S.

RUMOURS, SLANDERS AND SHEER SUPPOSITIONS

by Don McNicol

Any bit of history bears two sorts of children, the legitimate offspring, "facts," and a host of bastard stock, "rumours, slanders and sheer suppositions." So it is with the report of the election of an S.R.C. executive. While this account of those elections does not promise impartiality, it will undertake to point out the facts.

Fact No. 1.—I was present at the election of the executive of the 17th S.R.C.



ELECTED TO 17th S.R.C.: (l. to r.)



Roger Q. Freney (Hon. Treasurer), Jono A. Haslam (vice-president), John O. Willoughby (Hon. Sec.)



ANALYSIS: THE MIND OF McNICOL

by Marian Quartly

I mention this elementary point because a precedent has been set for people to report events in "On Dit" that they did not actually attend (vide Mr. Binley and the Bidstrup Controversy, in which Mr. Binley wrote an excellent exposé of the Procession Meeting without ever having really been to it).

Mr. McNicol's editorial in the last edition of *On Dit* showed him in his usual role of the witty and entirely unconstructive critic. His skilful expose of the Bidstrup species will go far towards making the name live forever in the inner circles of university life. However, he used his Bidstrup gambit as a cover for some well-worn sentiments on student politics which badly need review.

When Mr. McNicol's criticisms are culled from his witticisms, they amount to this: that the last S.R.C. spent its time upon "the absolute minimum of important issues," so the student body cannot be blamed for its lack of interest, and that although the S.R.C. is "an efficient administrative body," it fails to provide the "inspired leadership" required by the students at large. He appears to define an "important" issue as one on which the S.R.C. can provide inspiration. And when faced with giving some answer to the problem, he can only remark that it is difficult to say what issues would provide "inspired leadership" because "there are few people who can remember far enough to the days when Bidstrup interested themselves in other matters."

Mr. McNicol's thinking on this question is shaped by his adherence, possibly subconscious, to two glorious ideals, both of which, like most ideals, are only half true. Firstly, he is led by the doctrine of democracy to see the interest and support of the whole student body as necessary to the proper functioning of the S.R.C. Secondly, he looks regretfully back to the time of the great student politicians, the late forties and early fifties, as a period

Of these two, Mr. Slee appeared as the popular candidate, but Mr. Meyer was no cardboard opponent. Vigorous lobbying in the refectory and elsewhere, and the support of powerful friends in the forms of Messrs. Porter and Combe (the Treasurer and Secretary of the 16th S.R.C. respectively) promised to make the election a close one.

The election began with the presidential candidates' policy speeches. Mr. Slee spoke first. I have vague remembrances that he thought that the clubs and societies were important and that he had some plan for reorganizing them. I am less sure that this plan was ever made explicit. When I asked some S.R.C. members what they thought of Mr. Slee's speech they told me that it had impressed them. Further probing suggested that they had not been very sure what it was all about.

Mr. Meyer was much more self-assured and positive, but as equally non-factual in his speech. I gathered from his remarks that university students should "project themselves" to the public and that the S.R.C. president should do a bit of "projecting" himself.

Fact No. 4.—Mr. Meyer referred to the necessity for an S.R.C. president to have a good "appearance".

What Mr. Meyer meant by this is something of a mystery. Suspicious-minded people such as Mr. Detmold took this as a derogatory reference to Mr. Slee's beard. When asked to elucidate, Mr. Meyer felt it more dignified not to say any more on the matter.

The candidates left the room and a hot debate began. Supporters of the two candidates began the fascinating game of discovering untold virtues in the man they had backed, and numerous faults in his opponent. I will not list all of these. The two important issues seemed to be as stated by Mr. Hume.

Proposition 1.—J. R. Slee is a "nice guy".

Proposition 2.—Mr. Meyer in his untimely reference to Mr. Slee's foliage has shown himself "a bit of a bastard", and a person who is a bit of a bastard is, a bit of a bastard. (The Philosophy Department could find no fault in the logic of this argument.)

Proposition 3.—It is highly probable that Mr. Meyer is an exceptionally competent administrator.

The 17th S.R.C. promptly ignored the context of the policy speeches of the two candidates and began a systematic exploration of the personalities of their two possible leaders.

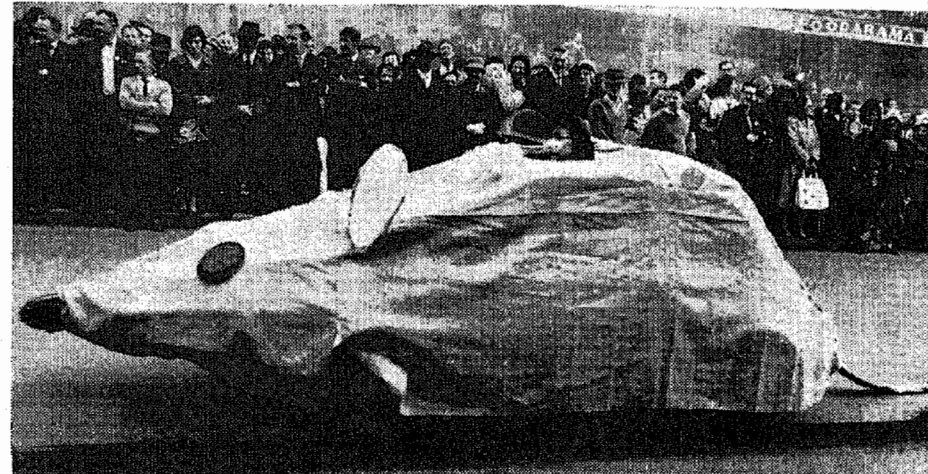
Alas, although Mr. Meyer was shown to possess many desirable qualities such as efficiency, and quickness of action, and also the time in which to devote himself to being president, he had emmeshed himself too firmly in Mr. Slee's beard, and none of his supporters could free him from it.

Fact No. 5.—Mr. Slee was elected President.

One might say that he scraped through by a whisker.

- (Several more facts may be reported:
 - Mr. J. A. Haslam was elected vice-president
 - Mr. J. O. Willoughby was elected Hon. Secretary
 - Mr. R. O. Freney was elected Hon. Treasurer
 - Mr. A. J. Strickland was elected local N.U.A.U.S. Secretary.)

SWEET HARBINGER



Slowly through the drear of winter glows the one bright spark of prosh. Suddenly it bursts to flame, and swiftly turns the thought of brilliant folk to things like mice.



To things like clever satire, o-so-naughty turns of phrase, subtle humour and to elemental rhymes.



To slender sylphs, and things, and delicate creatures of the sea. Sweet harbingers of sweeter days, and Spring.

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

Read All About It

—And All the Rest of the News, too, in

The Advertiser

You Can Get It Most Anywhere for 4d.

PERSONAL PORTRAIT

John R. Slee does not have a Superior Mother's Medal. There are obvious reasons for this. But he need not walk in shame, for he is without doubt The Man with the Most, of other things.

A man of excellence in a wide and varied array of talents, John has always shone in whichever occupation he has been engaged. His charm and warm personality have earned him admiration, respect, and friends, in many spheres. He stands out in revue. He also sings songs.

Last year he edited the much remarked upon Prosh Rag. This year, as co-editor of "On Dit" (except for these last two issues), he has seen, with sweat and tears, the standard of the paper rise to unprecedented heights of excellence.

Somewhere, he manages to fit in the third year of a Law Degree. Also, he is President of the S.R.C.

WE'VE GOT A NEW REFECTORY! FRESH AND CLEAN SCRUBBED! THEY SAY THE REVUE IS ON THE MOVE! YOUNG AND BURSTING WITH LIFE! BRAND NEW A*U*M OUT SOON! NEVER MORE GLORIOUS!

AND ALL BECAUSE IT'S SPRING!! A SEASON OF FRESH NEW THINGS! THE WORLD REBORN!

WHICH EXPLAINS THE NEW S.R.C. TOO, I SUPPOSE?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sir,
Since the only really accurate statement in Mr. Strickland's account of my two talks at Adelaide University (Honi Soit, 9/7/62) is that the speaker was a "rotund and well-fed figure," may I be allowed to rectify some of the major inaccuracies? I should like to point out that my talk on Defence was reported at some length and accurately in FARRAGO—the Melbourne University student paper—a few weeks before I came to Adelaide and is being printed as an article in the forthcoming issue of MUM, and my notes on the AOS have been in print in a Melbourne University French department publication for over three months. If your distortion of my talk was deliberate (which I doubt) you have clearly walked into a trap. If it was not deliberate I am partly to blame for not leaving any notes behind.

Taking the points in turn (1) I did not make a "clinical analysis" of the AOS. After making a detailed political comparison between the political and economic situation of contemporary France and Weimar Germany, I concluded that a parallel development in France is unlikely for a number of reasons, the main one being the fact that France, unlike Weimar Germany, has a prosperous and growing economy. I also gave a somewhat sketchy sociological "model" of fascist organisations. Concerning the French "Left," I was not engaging in moralising about the French Communist Party, but I tried to point out that as in Weimar Germany subservience of the French Communist Party to Soviet interests, and subservience of French *litterati* like Sartre to the French CP have rendered the French Left impotent. My main criticism of some (not all—certainly not men like Camus) French leftists was not that they were concerned with moral issues but the precise opposite, namely, that they were interested only in melodramatic and futile gestures a form of ethical masturbation with a complete disregard for consequences. This I regard as immoral. Nobody could have seriously held that inviting French soldiers to desert constitutes a viable policy. There is an immoral way in which a person can put his "soul" above public interest. Mr. Strickland might read, with profit, Weber's chapter, "Politics as a Vocation" on this exciting topic. My specific predictions (not really my own but largely derived from secondary sources not easily accessible in Australia) were (1) that there will be no civil war in Metropolitan France; (2) that an attempt will be made by the AOS to form a separatist state around Oran; (3) that this attempt can be foiled by the French metropolitan army, but that de Gaulle might find it difficult to employ it against Frenchmen. This prediction was made in late March (or early April) and I do not see that it is, as Mr. Strickland holds, an exercise in clinical psychology (for some reason clinical psychology a rather dull subject in which I do not take much interest seems to be on his brain). Except, in part, for (3) (de Gaulle not only deployed French forces successfully but he even used Moslem troops against Europeans) the predictions turned out to be correct. I am not very proud of it, because, as I said, they were not very original when they were made.

(1) My talk on defence was largely an exposition and advocacy of the line expounded by my fellow-aranoic Mr. John Strachey, a former English Labour Minister of War in a Fabian pamphlet and in the April issue of ENCOUNTER. It also contained recommendations for specific applications of the Strachey line to Australia, and a discussion of the unilateralist position which I reject. Mr. Turner participated in the discussion and restated some of his objections to my views which he had stated on a previous occasion as my fellow symposiast on the Cold War in the MUM of 1961. Of the 100 minutes or so spent on the lecture-discussion in Australia I might have spent two or three minutes on Communist Peace Fronts (I never mentioned "The Jewish anti-Fascist League," a body unknown to me. Does Mr. Strickland confuse it with the Jewish Council to combat Fascism and anti-semitism?) And why should Mr. Strickland regard thorough knowledge (of any political organisation including Communist fronts) as *astounding* in a professional social scientist, and perhaps a little objectionable and insane? I did not know that professional competence is suspected at Adelaide University as a system of psychosis.

FRANK KNOPFELMACHER,
Melbourne.

Dynamic

The Editors,
"On Dit."

Sirs,
It is regrettable to note that usually, the Students' Representative Council (S.R.C.) attracts a certain type of person who thinks he can make a name for himself by joining this student body. He is not particularly interested in student activities, but prides himself at being a member of this body.

We are fortunate, however, that some S.R.C. members do not come under this category. This group appears to be clear-minded and stable, and are not members purely for status reasons alone. This stable group are intent on doing more for the students and less for themselves, whereas with the other group it is vice versa.

These two different blocks become quite distinct when one thinks of the recent elections held by the S.R.C. to elect their leader for the coming year.

A president of the S.R.C. has a multitude of functions, the most important of which would probably be:

(1) To stimulate and protect student activities; and

(2) To be a negotiator between the students' representative body and the administration of the Universities.

For these functions you need an able-bodied person who has a dynamic personality, and who can be accepted by those people he meets, at first sight. You need someone who is a representative of the students in their work, in their sport, and in their activities, and I feel that certain S.R.C. members must have a twisted idea of what a true president must be.

I would even venture to say that, those who support him who was elected, do so for one and one reason only. This is, that they can, without being president of the S.R.C. themselves, have nearly as much control, as the president does, over the S.R.C. These people realise that the defeated presidential candidate would never, for obvious reasons, let them undermine his control and try and take over themselves. Therefore, it is with much regret that I predict a downward trend beginning in the 17th S.R.C.

Yours faithfully,
T. BUTCHER.

Electioneering

Dear Sir,

In the last "On Dit" Mr. R. G. Chapman took a rather vicious swipe at the S.R.C.'s conduct of its annual elections. While much of his annoyance is probably traceable to the fact that his "slate" didn't get in I think he's got a point when he complains of the "instruction" given to voters and the general lack of secrecy in the ballot. If, as he says, the S.R.C. were to roneo off a few sheets containing particulars about candidates, voters might be able to fill in their slips unaided. It is probably better for the S.R.C. to engage in a bit of general non-partisan publicity than for candidates to start trying to liven things up by orations from the Library Steps and the like. Further it wouldn't hurt if the simple fact that voting was on were to be advertised rather more industriously that it was this year.

If the new S.R.C. does decide that it will have to put a bit of effort into running next year's elections it might consider the installation of a couple of polling booths so that people can choose their representatives in peace and privacy. Trying to mark a ballot paper on the crowded S.C.R. office counter or on the wall is not much fun particularly when prospective S.R.C. members try to do a bit of late lobbying and practically wrench the pen out of your hand and mark the crosses in for you. The rather more shy technique of some S.R.C. members of waiting until a voter had stalled and then making a few suggestions helps in some ways to make the S.R.C. not only an oligarchy but a self-perpetuating one. This is all a bit poor. Electioneering can be as spirited as you like, but I'd rather it were kept out of the actual place where the voting is done.

Yours faithfully,
R. F. I. SMITH.

Enterprise

Dear Sirs,

The new Arts, or Napier, building is a break from the traditional run of architecture around this (in fact, sirs, I hesitate to say this, but it is actually *our*) university. Not only is it devoid of the red brick facades with which most of the other buildings within *our* university are symbolised and immortalised but it also has a tastefully furnished interior.

It is indeed a pleasure, sirs, to enter this building and breathe of the conditioned air and, I might add, this is not the only pleasure which I get from entering this building, for this establishment also has, without a doubt, the most tastefully appointed rest-rooms within *the* (i.e. *our*) university.

Many are the times when I have entered these rest-rooms, weighted down by life's load, seeking relief and just as many times, sirs, have I found the relief for which I was seeking. There are also a number of my friends who assure me that they too, after even such a short a time as two minutes contemplation of the esthetically painted red doors and terrazzo walls, have found much solace and relief.

Imagine, sirs, my utter horror and consternation late last term when, seeking relief from one of the cruel quirks of nature, I entered the aforementioned rest-rooms to find commercialism rearing its ugly head. There, on the wall of the rest-room, was a slogan urging me to "Vote — for Men's General."

This upset my meditative powers no end and I was greatly worried. What did this strange sign mean? Was there a war on between the men and the women in this (our) university? Did — feel that he and he alone had the sterling powers of leadership necessary to rout the fairer sex? How near was this battle of the sexes? These and many other thoughts rushed through my mind as I hastened to find the meaning of this cryptic message.

Hoping to find out more of the facts I raced to the male stronghold within *our* university, viz., The Jeff Scott Cloakrooms, where I found yet another sign saying,

amongst other things, "Vote for your enterprising candidate . . . who else has campaigned on these doors?"

Too true, I could think of no one who, in the true military sense, had campaigned on the back of such doors and I was indeed greatly worried about the nature of the forthcoming battle. Being unable to find anyone who could tell me just when the battle was due to start I raced to the S.R.C. office to find my faculty representative and to ask him if he knew anything about the battle, for surely if anyone was to know what was happening it would be an S.R.C. member.

Sure enough it was there in the S.R.C. office that I discovered the meaning of these cryptic messages . . . the annual S.R.C. elections were in progress and — was seeking election.

Well I ask you! How could *anyone* vote for a candidate who invades *one's* privacy as — did? How could *anyone* vote for a candidate who thought that enterprising and vandalistic were synonymous?

There were, in fact, only 258 people who voted for — and he was not elected to the S.R.C. But still these signs remain coercing people to "Vote — for Men's General" and I shudder to think what the freshmen will think next year when they see these signs. Would it be too much to ask — to remove the signs of his inglorious defeat, thus permitting the thinkers within these hallowed walls to again enjoy the simpler things in life?

I remain, sirs,
Semper in excretia,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

"A Man For All Seasons"

(Continued from page 3)

enemies would adhere strictly to legal process in securing his destruction. Whilst we must admire the man's mind and his meticulous silence which rendered him unimpeachable before the law, it is amazing that he should not have foreseen the easy and inevitable resort to perjury. Indeed, he must have foreseen this, and it is surprising that we are not made aware of the concomitant resignation to his fate that must have followed. But then, perhaps it was in the very nature of the man that he could not envisage his King as resorting to such measures.

It is not until the second act that one is fully aware why Mr. Speaight should have been engaged for this role, but his tired patient handling of the trial scenes and the emotional charge of his momentary reunion with his family are truly excellent.

But Mr. Speaight does not stand alone in this company. Although Joan McArthur as Alice seems to be far too aggressive vocally she gives a magnificently competent portrayal, as does Edward Hepple as the vile dangerous Cromwell. Carmen Duncan

as Margaret, John Gray as the Common Man, Alexander Hay as the Ambassador and Grant Taylor as Norfolk all give quite excellent complementary performances. It is probably only because of the uniform excellence of the Company that one tends to notice Guy Le Claire's over rampant portrayal of Roper, which is vaguely reminiscent of an expectant father in a maternity ward waiting room. Richard Rich, too, whilst undoubtedly a weak, negative character tends to become so negative at the hands of Jon Dennis, that one almost expects him to revolve rapidly at any moment, like a cartoon character on a television screen, and end up as nothing more than a full stop.

Mr. Westwell's production, close knit and excellent, takes every advantage of Desmond Digby's very workable set, and although perhaps the set is a trifle over-mechanical one looks forward expectantly to his set for the premiere of "Season at Sarsaparilla" next month.

The only regret that can be felt is that the Trust does not give Adelaide more opportunity of viewing its excellent work.

S. D. CLARK.

GRADUATES & UNDERGRADUATES

ARE INVITED TO BECOME OFFICERS IN THE

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN

NAVY

AUSTRALIAN REGULAR

ARMY

ROYAL

AUSTRALIAN

AIR FORCE

Applications for appointment to Commissioned rank are invited from Graduates and Undergraduates, in the following categories:

SERVICE

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY

AUSTRALIAN REGULAR ARMY

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

FACULTY

Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Mechanical & Electrical Engineering, Arts.

Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering (Communications, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical), Arts, Architecture.

Architecture, Arts, Dentistry, Engineering (all Branches) Medicine, Science.

Successful student applicants will qualify immediately for many valuable benefits, which include:

- PAYMENT OF UNIVERSITY FEES.
- PAYMENT OF SALARY.
- FREE UNIFORM & OUTFITTING
- EXCELLENT TRAINING.
- SECURITY & PRESTIGE.

FULL INFORMATION OBTAINABLE FROM

Navy Recruiting Officer,
Combined Services
Recruiting Centre

Army Staff Officer Recruiting,
Command Headquarters

Air Force Recruiting Officer,
Combined Services
Recruiting Centre

IN
YOUR
CAPITAL
CITY

A DEFT LUNGE

by Carl Meyer

It is popularly believed that horse-racing is traditionally the "sport of kings". This is quite wrong as anyone with the least grounding in drama will tell you. The merest acquaintance with Will Shakespeare would convince any bookie or tic-tac man that it is sword-play which holds the seal of royal privilege and participation.

From very early times swords have been used as a means of personal combat; arguments of all kinds were frequently settled by means of a duel in which the better swordsman, irrespective of justice, was generally the winner. Those days have gone but the art of fencing still remains, and it is regarded by the present-day swordsmen as the perfect exercise for developing lightning speed of movement, a quick eye, and good poise.

Swords have in the past been of many shapes and weights, from the heavy cavalry sabre to the lightweight weapon which gentlemen carried as a matter of course in days less safe than our own. But gradually as "duels at dawn" merged into the courtroom, and swordsmanship became less a means of self-defence and more an exercise and test of skill—the heavier types became less used.

The "foil" is probably the most familiar name in the fencing armoury to non-fencers of the present day. This weapon has a slim, flexible blade between 33 and 36 inches in length. This is fitted to a handle, and between blade and handle is a guard which looks rather like half a hollow ball; the hollow part is turned towards the handle. The blade itself, is four-sided and ends in a "button" instead of a point: we have learnt the lesson from Hamlet and the naked blade!

The aim in fencing is, of course, to secure a "hit" on an opponent or, more precisely, on a selected area of his body. In foils this is restricted to the torso. With a small area to hit and a light sword to do it with, this brand of fencing calls for the utmost in finesse. The Adelaide University Club is not altogether strong in foils (in fact we finished bottom in the recent men's intervarsity) but, at least Mick Storey is an ex-holder of the State junior foils title. Queenslanders, Brian Parton and John Douglas, carry university hopes into top Australian company.

Adelaide is a good deal stronger in épée events, in which Rouse and Wolanski are leading lights. The épée is about twice as heavy as the foil, its blade is triangular in

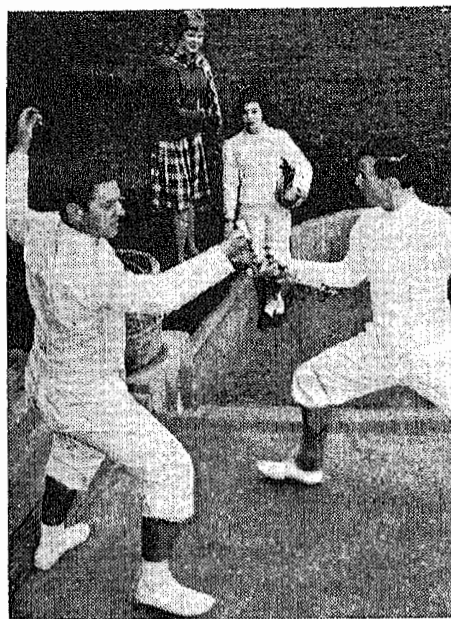
cross-section, but the two are otherwise fairly similar. The target area is extended when épées are about: open season all over the body. This means that, compared with chess and foils, épée fencing calls for less in the way of waiting and playing for an opening. . . .

However, bring on the sabres for the hot-bloods. . . . This is the fastest and most vicious department of fencing. The blade is flat (watch for the sharp edge) and does not have a button on its point (watch for the hot tip). You wouldn't like to have one of these coiled round your legs by a low slash, and the area below the waist is "out of bounds", as it were. However anything goes above the waist. The arm tends to be fairly vulnerable and there is a special extended hand-guard: who wants minced fingers, after all? Needless to say, Adelaide University is tops in this department and took out the intervarsity championship after a most exciting match with Sydney. Gaby Arato heads the local sabre list (State open champ, for that matter), and others in our team were Storey, Wolanski, and Calder.

Friendly as these contests are, there is every reason for the young fencer to go into the fray guarded against injury. Accordingly, he hits the track saddled in front with a padded jacket which has a high collar to protect the throat and extends downwards to well below the groin. His hands are covered in thick gloves and his face is protected by a becoming mask of wire netting.

Judging just when a hit has been made is quite a difficult business for the judge who relies on his eyesight alone. In olden days such adjudicators were often rather queer birds like waterflies, etc. (young Osric—ref. "Hamlet") who tended to upset the solemnity of the occasion by bursting into song ("A hit! A hit! A very palpable hit."). This in turn called for a resigned confession ("I do confess it") or a hot denial—which could lead to much unpleasantness. . . . To keep the party gay and dignified the game is now monitored by an electrical apparatus. Two leads go to each fencer. These are contained in a light cord attached to his back; one lead goes to his padded neck-to-groin garment, the other to the tip of his sword. (This recording method is thus only good for foils and épée.) When a button on a sword makes contact with the protecting garment (hard enough to approximate to a satisfying bit of skewer-work in the old duelling days) an appropriate light shines and a bell rings. Errors in adjudication are accordingly few.

In a "bout" between two fencers the first to score five hits wins. There are four men



INTERVARSITY FENCING SCENE

per team, and each fences against all four opponents in turn (like a "round-robin" of golfing idiom). There are thus 16 bouts in an inter-team match (called a "pool"). Two fencers take up their stance facing one another in the middle of the playing area (a long strip of floor space). Briefly, the guiding motives are to score a hit on an opponent's body or to drive him out of the playing area by forceful sword-play.

Less of the "his" and "him", you might well cry. The women have every opportunity in fencing, also ("I'll parry while you lunge. . ."). These gay young things—extremely well protected against the perils of the sport you will be pleased to know—use the foil only. Decorative and frighteningly effective notes on the local fencing scene are Anna Morrison, Lyn Newland, Chris James, and Louise Moore.

Training is vigorous for all. Running and jumping exercises are prominent, while other features are shadow-sparing (fencing against your shadow on the wall), and the demanding task of making a deft lunge at a dropping glove.

Fencing is really catching on in Adelaide in general and at the Varsity in particular. Exercise, and social, mental and physical discipline all play their part. On top of this there is the thrill of cold steel. Who could ask for more? It is not too late to break into the game by applying at the Sports Association office. Fencing is for all: it is not merely for embryo Laurence Oliviers!

Soccer

by Dave Vale

The Soccer Club, as a whole, is at the moment enjoying a measure of success not experienced by the club for several years. At the time of writing, the A's are lying fourth on the Third Division league table with 12 points, Mitcham 15, and W.R.L. also 12, but with a slightly better goal average. We still have every chance of climbing to second place, providing present successes continue. Since the last report, eight weeks ago, the A's have lost only one match, against present leaders Sturt—a hard-fought 4—1. Apart from this, they have enjoyed five wins (from league matches and one "friendly") and a 1—1 draw with South Adelaide in the first round of the Craven A Cup. This latter game, too, was almost ours until Souths conducted a penalty in the last minutes of the game. Everyone in the A's seems to be pulling his weight, but perhaps most outstanding in their consistency are Silins and Wohlfarth, as goalkeeper and right full back. Chico leads the goal scorers with 8 goals to his credit, followed by Dixon and Grygorcewicz each with 4, scored in first team matches.

In the Third Division Reserves, the Graduates are at the moment running premiers with 11 wins in 12 matches, while the B's are at the foot of the table with only two wins chalked up so far. However, the Grads will have to look to their laurels in the few remaining matches if they are to stay on top. The B's have been rather unfortunate this season in that they have been very new as a team with so many inexperienced players at once, most of last year's backbone having joined the ranks of the newly-formed Graduate team. However, they still have a chance to scramble from the ladder bottom, and I think that with a bit of encouraging leadership, they can do it yet.

So chin up, fellows, and remember the motto: *Nil desperandum!* (Translation—"Kick it w' yer 'ead, mate!")

Council Baiting

(Continued from page 2)

Look in the corners, watch the students at play. What are they doing? Very little. Taken by and large, they're a bloody dismal lot. Just clods. Studying hard, for sure—learning to channel their intellectual resources into the professions. Not afraid to do something interesting, just never having learnt that there is anything interesting to do.

So what? What the hell? Who cares? Not me.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

GRADUATE PROGRAMME

Graduates and final year students in all Faculties are invited to apply for inclusion in the 1963 Graduate Programme beginning on February 4, 1963.

This two-year Programme will comprise:

- Four weeks of induction and continuous formal training.
- A variety of work assignments, carefully selected to give the widest possible on-the-job experience.
- Periodical training sessions designed to assist personal and professional development, and the acquisition of management skills and techniques.

Excellent training and post-training salaries will be paid

Work assignments may take a graduate to any of the Company's locations in the Commonwealth, giving him early opportunities to take part in the Company's actual planning, production or ancillary activities. In fact the programme offers, to young graduates with the capacity and willingness to learn, prospects of satisfying work and advancement with one of Australia's most progressive companies as it enters a further challenging phase of a vast expansion programme.

For further particulars, please contact Mr. D. G. McKie, Secretary of the Appointments Board, or write to:

Mr. A. S. Hand,
Training Manager,
Ford Motor Company of Australia Pty. Ltd.,
155 William Street,
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

OPINION

ance for a small group of citizens who, though vowing to destroy the existing basis of society even, do not constitute a clear danger to its authority. A man can say what he likes as long as his words do not issue in unrest or disorder. In a democracy, intolerance can only legitimately be practised when it is established that the alternative is gross social division. The Communist Party may run a school at Minto in N.S.W. where "the gloves are taken off and Communist plans for revolution in Australia are fully explained", but the Government is not justified in closing in on this until it looks like the issue is going to be more than talk. The R.S.L. points to the danger of Communist control of key trade unions but Government action can hardly be used here, particularly as even non-Communist unionists are extremely suspicious of a Government run by the bosses. About trade unions, the R.S.L. has been all blow because unlike the Movement it does not seem to have even got down to branch level in them and tried to swing a few votes. To most people the fact that Communists control large trade unions is nothing new and the R.S.L.'s blandishments will help nobody in the attempt to get them out.

The complaint about Communists in S.A. schools is about the one concrete act of the R.S.L.'s campaign and so far the Government has not done anything about it. It is to be hoped that its promise of an investigation is no more than a desire for evading the issue because half a dozen or so Communists cannot launch a campaign of indoctrination capable of influencing that many tender minds. In such a small minority as they are, they constitute no threat to anyone and most likely teach their syllabuses faithfully. Even if they do try to influence children, their influence is only one amongst many, most of which from parents, churches and other teachers would be totally opposed to Communism. So far the R.S.L. has not said anything in public about Communists, on the staffs of Universities, but this is probably only because they have not been game to brave the certain furor that such a statement would cause. However their attitude has been made plain in private communications, "we would like them removed from their positions". What harm Communists can do or have done in Australian Universities they leave to our imagination.

In S.A. there is also an organisation called the Voice of Witnesses of Communist Expansion International Organising Committee, which is trying to join in the R.S.L.'s campaign. It has been circulating letters announcing a meeting to be addressed by Mr. T. C. Eastick next month and these have gone to all University clubs and societies. It is a New Australian organisation and thus has more excuse than the R.S.L. for over-emphasising the Communist threat but the disturbing thing is that it has got Mr. R. Millhouse, M.P., to act as Chairman for the meeting. It is surely unwise for a Member of Parliament to lend his name to an organisation whose first big meeting is to be addressed by the State President of the R.S.L. He can hardly do himself, his party, or his constituents any good by doing so. It is undesirable for this anti-Communist crusade to get going and if M.P.'s keep away from it it should fizzle out. Fighting Communism is useful but professional and unreasoning anti-Communism is not.

In conclusion consider this statement made by Mr. Eastick: "Do not take seriously the floats you saw in the 'varsity procession. Those same students in the past three years have raised approximately £3,000 for the War Veterans' Home at Myrtle Bank." He was referring to the numerous criticisms of the R.S.L.'s anti-Communism campaign by students but thought it was not worth taking seriously because of the money raised for Myrtle Bank. Unfortunately he did not see that while students think they ought to help incapacitated old soldiers some of them don't think they ought to support this campaign. Approval of part of a group's activities does not mean approval of the whole, and the R.S.L. should be firmly informed that many of us think its proper role is as the guardian of the interests of its own members and not as the conscience of Australia.

Footlights Fury

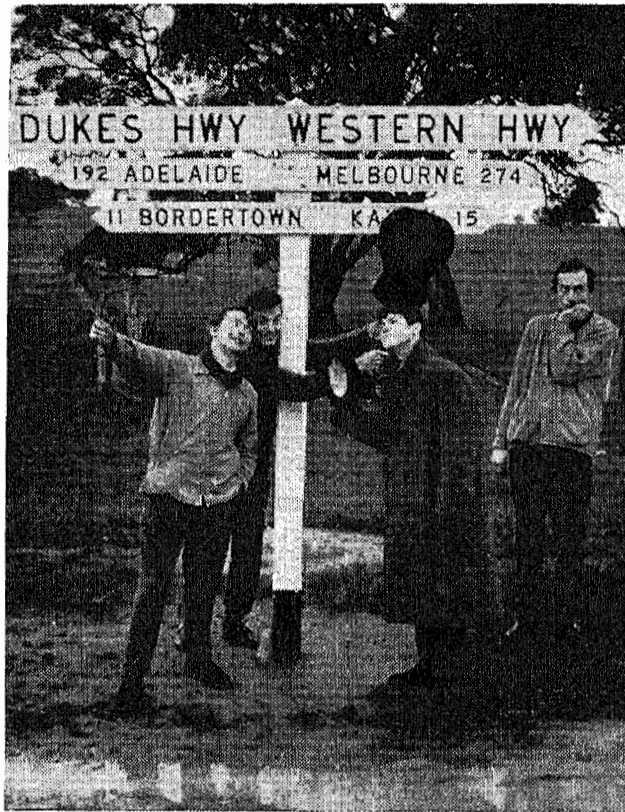
As winter's mists give way to spring's first burst of colour, and as the tempo of student life quickens to its feverish finale, a background murmur of a lighter industry begins to grow, despite the all-encompassing terror of exams. This fermenting mumble is the noise of a scriptwriter under full steam. Mind in torment, pen to paper, and then at last, coughing the smoking product of his endeavour in his tired arms, he streaks through busy 1 a.m. Adelaide traffic to submit his creation to the criticism of the Script Committee. All is well, yet one last hurdle is in the path of progress.

The beetling brow of the censor tightens into a furrowed field of shocked disapproval. His tortured voice cries: "Unclean! Unclean!" and his cowed companions echo his voice like a band of wandering

lepers. Undaunted by this degrading sight, the scriptwriter gently lifts his MSS from the faltering hands in front of him, and, his face flashing with a Mephistophelian grin, bounds through the door to further his evil plot.

The months are October, November, December, and as minds and imaginations are forced into top gear they in their lighter moments are turned to produce those skits, scenarios, stops, songs and sayings that must be glued together to form one sparkling show.

And then a shriek, clapped on the heels of a muffled explosion, echoed through these hallowed halls, to be followed finally by a harsh blat. No Goon Show this, but the end of exams and the heralding glow of Revue. "Why the explosion," you ask. Well what sudden release of energy is not accompanied by noise of some sort.



BORDER INCIDENT: from fermenting mumble.

"And that final shattering blurt, what strange, musical expression is that?" "That, Madam, is the revered Revue RASPBERRY, renowned for its flavour, piquancy, and expressiveness."

And what is Revue? It is the delight of the stinging satire, the ruptures of ye good old slapstick, the satisfaction of beating the gun on a double take, all these are muddled together in the one glorious potpourrie. So be intellectual, be mad. Be zany, be bad. Join the flaunting fools of yester year as the primeaval urge to rise out of the ordinary diseases their minds with an itching giggle.

But when people are asked to be in the revue one is met with such an array of rebuff that one is tempted not to ask the questions again. One hears replies like this:—

"Do you think I'm goin' to stand up there and make a charlie of meself in front of all those people? I'm not stark raving bonkers you know. I know what it will be like. First night, six screaming kids, an all-day sucker apiece, getting them stuck to the seats and your beard, laughing in all the wrong places, goin' out for a leak every coupla minutes, and even then their mothers block up their ears whenever a really blue bit comes along. It's all right for you lot to sit back and say 'Go on, don't be so soft, be in it' and all that rot, but you don't think much about the workers, we've got some pride left, mate."

Or the one: "Do it for free, get malnutrition of the wallet. Just for laughs. Not likely, I'm in Equity, mate."

But is this the right attitude? The president of Footlights was heard to say, "Script or no script, sets or no sets, audience or no audience, there will be a Revue." This is the spirit which, after a year's maturing in the bubbling vats of tertiary institutions, bursts from its slatted container to intoxicate those few, so fortunately addicted to infusion.

Migration

In its refusal of a visa to 16-years-old Scots boy, Kenneth McBride from Glasgow, our Immigration Department, for once at least, made no attempt to give the Australian people the usual runaround. The official statement was artlessly frank. "The matter of European descent is taken into consideration by the Australian Government," it read, "when deciding application for permanent residence in Australia." By way of ensuring that the point would be happily clear, our spokesman in Scotland added: "It is our Government's policy to limit immigration to those of predominantly European descent. Officially the rule is that they must not be more than a quarter coloured." When asked how they decided who was more than a quarter coloured, he replied: "By appearance."

Kenneth McBride is a war orphan who lived with his foster mother in Glasgow. His father was killed in the Battle of Britain and his mother lost her life in the Blitz. Both of his parents were white and born in Glasgow.

Kenneth was a prize-winner at school. His teachers provided eloquent testimony to his character and personality. He was a junior clerk in a leading Glasgow firm. The Big Brother Movement, established to help promising British boys in Australia, sponsored Kenneth's application. The lad himself, encouraged by Australia House, saved and made ready to migrate. Then somebody found out that one of the boy's grandparents had been coloured. The original decision was reversed, Kenneth McBride would not be allowed into Australia.

Recently, an American journalist reporting on the local scene wrote in his newspaper: "In the United States, through its policy of desegregation, the Government has shown itself in advance of the people as far as colour prejudice is concerned. In Australia the converse is true. The Australian people are far in advance of Government thinking as far as the 'White Australia' policy is concerned. There is no doubt that the electors will ultimately force a modification, since colour prejudice has no place in the make-up of the average Australian."

The American was probably right in his assessment. Cases like that of Kenneth McBride certainly help the pressure.



"At least they're honest, they look like plastic flowers."