

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY EVANGELICAL UNION
PRICE: LESS
CIRCULATION 4,000
HIGH PRESSURE
COLE FRONT
APPROACHING

TODAY'S FORECAST:
LONG RANGE:



NEWS OF VISIT AROUSES GREAT EXCITEMENT

Startling news has recently come to hand that the planet Earth has for some time been suspected as the scene of an amazing Visit: a Denouement, to our knowledge unprecedented in the history of our galaxy. It is rumoured that the forthcoming appearance of radical, Dr. Alan Cole, on this university on his strike-mission, is in some way connected with this exceptional event.

Unbeknown to us, rumours of the Visit have, in fact, been circulating for some 2,000 years. The news has been heard and vaguely comprehended by many, but it is said that few have ever really understood the truth of its startling meaning, or grasped its tremendous implications. We are told, however, that when the Event is viewed in its true perspective, the implications become unmistakable indeed.

Informed sources reveal the centre of recent attention to be a book, alleged to contain certain documents comprising the Visitor's biography. Copies of this book have been circulating for quite some time, and are said to be in the possession of large numbers of apparently unsuspecting persons, who are at present quite unaware of the true nature of the contents.

As far as we have been able to make out from the available facts, the Visitor's life on this planet seems to have been lived in comparative obscurity; as a carpenter, and later as a travelling preacher, in a remote province of the Roman Empire.

During His stay amongst our race, He is believed to have given certain unmistakable hints as to the true identity of His person. He is reported to have said, for instance, "I am Life", "Before there was an Abraham, AM", "I and the Father are One", and to several people in particular "your sins are forgiven"! Whilst He was here, His enormous power of word and action, and His great attractiveness of character appear, quite naturally, to have attracted a good deal of popular support from amongst the masses (apparently He brought this great power to

bear on the human phenomenon of disease, in particular). However, although He is known to have aroused widespread popular support for Himself at various times during His stay, it seems that this was not the effect which He really desired to have. From what we can gather, it was not His way to compel men to follow Him en masse, in large groups. Instead (is it to be believed!), the real purpose of His Visit was to meet with certain individuals of our race as persons! We are told that the documents, if they are to be believed, relate His encounters with individual people; among others a prostitute, a tax-collector, a leper!

SHOCK

The most profoundly shocking thing which emerges from the records of the great Visit, is the terrible way in which it is reported to have ended. The Man Himself, was executed by crucifixion — largely, we would conjecture, as a result of the peculiar tactics of His method of approach. (There is considerable evidence that He was fully aware of what the costly consequence of His course of action would be, and that He could have avoided it by the simple use of force). We would say too, that the unusual nature of these tactics is probably the reason for the fact that He has gone unrecognised by most of our race. His true identity seems to have been fully comprehended by only a few who had come into a close personal relationship with Him.

REAPPEARANCE

The record, however, does not end here. And we realize that you will probably find that what we are about to tell

you is extremely hard to believe; but we have not invented this — it is simply the information as we received it. The documents reveal that after two days dead and buried, the Visitor returned to life! — please bear with us for a moment, and allow us to make one observation. If this startling information is correct, it would certainly tend to strengthen those claims which He is believed to have made about Himself.

IMPLICATION

IN BRIEF THEN, THE ASTONISHING NEWS, AS FAR AS WE ARE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND IT IS THIS: THAT THE HIGH FATHER OF THE UNIVERSE HAS APPEARED ON OUR PLANET, IN PERSON! WE ARE DISTURBED AS WE CONTINUE TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBLE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS FACT UPON OURSELVES.

E.U. SCANDAL SHOCKS UNI

At a preliminary meeting to discuss the forthcoming Uni Cole Strike, strongly supported by the E. U. Party, Bibles and copies of Bertrand Russell flew rapidly from side to side of the cloisters as opposing members rose to express their views.

"IL DIT'S" SECRET CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWED SEVERAL PARTICIPANTS:

Miss Constance Fitz-Prudence, when asked what she thought of the impending strike, said "These E. U.ers should be ashamed of themselves. I'm told that the High Director of the strike which they advocate used to associate with ... hem ... women of no reputation at all!"

Mrs. Bertha Russell, president of the Agnostic Women's Fellowship, clasped her copy of "WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN" with simple fervour, and said, "I'll never, NEVER believe a word of what they say about free forgiveness. It's contrary to all respectable morality and ungodliness." Yogi Bears Out Cole

Quietly scratching his neck with his left third toe,



ABOVE: Enthusiastic miners set off for newly found uni. fields, watched by admiring crowds.

BELOW: Uni. miners share water facilities at end of hard day's strike.



YESTERDAY'S NEWS TODAY

"Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins — all these things, if not quite beyond dispute are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand."

BERTRAND RUSSELL

"Heaven and earth will pass away; my words will never pass away."

JESUS CHRIST

"The present heavens and earth, again by God's word, have been kept in store for burning."

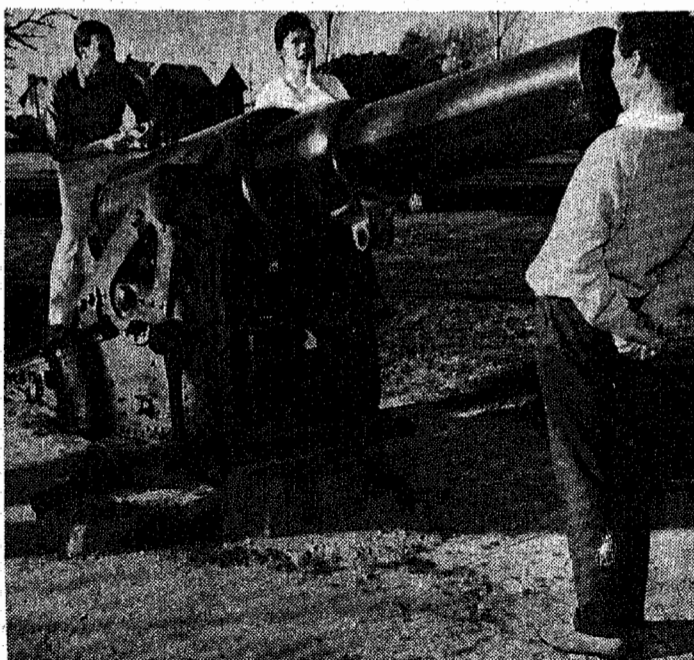
PETER THE APOSTLE

"... Only with the scaffolding of these truths, only on the FIRM FOUNDATION of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built."

BERTRAND RUSSELL

"There can be no other foundation beyond that which is already laid; I mean Jesus Christ himself."

PAUL THE APOSTLE



stop press

MISSING: BELIEVED ALIVE
Jerusalem, 33 A.D.
The body of Jesus Christ, travelling preacher recently executed, was discovered to be missing from its grave. AUTHORITIES INVESTIGATING ALLEGED RESURRECTION.

LATEST VOTING RESULTS
Adelaide, June 22:
Poll results to date show that 95.3762% of the city's citizens are in favour of no free well, reports Mr. AX138c, Town Computer.

OFFER
free love
Apply Rom 5 : 8
GOD COMMEND-ETH HIS LOVE TOWARDS US, IN THAT, WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US.

In Australia a well-mannered Asian-Enquired what they meant by "Salvation".
When he got his reply He dilated his eye
And said, "So that's why you my race shun."

EXTRA CLEANING ACTION

COLE STRIKES IN UNI

*A kind of travelling missionary, theologian is about to announce a discovery here which will be of importance to all university students.

He claims to have dug deep into the ground of our being and come up with some good oil.

HE WILL BE SHOWING AND ANALYSING IT IN THE LADY SYMON HALL EACH LUNCH HOUR OF THE WEEK JUNE 27 - JULY 1, MAKING SOME SURPRISING STATEMENTS ABOUT THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR LIVES. HE IS THE REV. ALAN COLE, M.A. (Dublin), M. TH. (London), PH. D. (Dublin), LECTURER AT TRINITY THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, SINGAPORE. (His acquaintance with the mysterious near north may be significant to some).

Why should uni students view his visit with disquiet? Well, the good doctor is in the process of "turning the world upside-down" - to use the phrase of those who "dig Cole." With your approval, he wishes to carry out his scheme on these grounds and with us! If you've ever put your hand to the plough or lifted a spade you'll know how serious this is!

COLE PORTUS

MOST URGENT IS THE FACT THAT DR. COLE WILL ASK FOR INDIVIDUAL DECISIONS BY HIS HEARERS ON THE VALUE OF HIS PROPOSALS. HE WILL RECOMMEND THAT STUDENTS ADVISE HIM OF THEIR VIEWS AFTER EACH MEETING IN THE PORTUS ROOM, SO THAT HE CAN GAUGE THE GROUND OF HIS SUPPORT (SO TO SPEAK).

This will give the opportunity of doing extra spade work to find out just how much Cole there really is, and whether full-scale excavations are worth-while on the site. Spades provided.

Dr. Cole is clearly a radical, and some may be surprised that the front office has let him in considering his rather unsettling aims. He has neither mining permit nor geological qualifications, but what he says may undermine a lot that students stand firm on. They should still hear him before throwing dirt on what he says.

MYSTICOLE

For instance, that phrase "the ground of our being" becomes transmuted in Dr. Cole's thinking into religious symbols with architectural implications, e.g. "a stone of stumbling, a rock of offence." "No man can lay any other foundation than Jesus Christ."

These are clearly mystical terms, but they could have practical repercussions. We should find out what they mean. I mean, who wants Uni turned into a pile of rubble?

The Doctor may burn you up with his Cole gas, but it is important to you and me where he digs it up from.

il dit editorial

In your hand is a magic jewel, the possession of which will make me happy forever. You have mined it with blood and sweat, and perfected it with infinite care and love.

"TAKE IT," YOU SAY, "IT'S FREE."

I stare in blank bewilderment, not really understanding either your offer or the nature of the jewel.

"I see your difficulty," you say. "Your mind is not clear. You don't know whether to believe me or not. You don't think you know me well enough. You don't like the look of the fire that sparkles from the jewel. But let me tell you this: the choice is yours. You can take it, or you can leave it."

"Wait," I mumble. "Give me time. I have been taught for many years that there are many facets to everything. More than all the world I desire that jewel. Its fire was reflected in every pleasure I ever really enjoyed. Remember that, and give me SOME credit for it, at least."

"Credit is given to the one who put the desire in your heart. And remember, too, the times when you suppressed it, and called it illusion."

"You've got me there. But why in the name of jewellery don't you put it in my hand? You're aware how hard it is for me. Why can't you give a fellow a bit of help?"

"When your fingers close on the stone, they will be moved by impulses deriving in the first place from your will. With that I have no power. I am I, and not you. But unless your fingers close on the

jewel, it is not yours. To put it into your unreceiving hand is absurdity."

"What you say is true: you are you, and not I. There are many ways of possessing the jewel. You possess the jewel by holding it. Can't I possess it by desiring it?"

"You play with words. To possess one must take, and to take is to choose. Choose."

"I wish you wouldn't keep talking like Billy Graham. Why should I choose now? Surely I can choose later, when the issue has become clearer to me?"

"You CHOOSE what you ARE. In delaying choice, in refusing to choose, you are in fact choosing misery. You choose not to choose the stone. You are shaping yourself into a being who rejects the stone. Eventually you will hate it, and at last it will become to you a destructive coal of fire; for the desire is not a product of your will, and cannot live when unfed by him who made the stone. WHY DON'T YOU CHOOSE?"

"Talk, talk, talk! I'm not entirely sure that I want to choose the pebble anyway. It seems to be radio-active or something - should be kept out of people's way. And I might add that you yourself wouldn't be top on the nation's Top Secret Confidence list. One must mine one's own jewels, not be given them." I turn on my heel and stalk away to the gloom of the West, while you vainly call after me, "But I am the only miner."

NOW, I ASK YOU, WOULD'N'T YOU WEEP?

Chester Schultz, Ed.



Beyond the Times

Not many people really LIKE to be different. Why should they? After all, man is a social animal.

The only trouble is that sometimes we become convinced that conformity in some of society's habits is not good. Thus we, as students, amongst unprecedented facilities for discovering true facts and forming reasonable opinions, do well to question many of the social, political, moral and religious assumptions of our society. Everyone ought to have some kind of reason for his beliefs, and questioning can certainly encourage this.

But even university students are social animals (mostly, anyway!), and the uni itself is a society. Sometimes I think that many of us, in trying to escape from the clutches of one society's traditions, merely embrace those of another society, with equally little self-effort. How many of us will retain our revolutionary fervour or universal scepticism into middle age? Or

during the year after we leave the uni? What is our pattern of belief and action based on? Honestly?

Obviously I cannot claim that all Christians are rugged individualists. Heaven forbid. But if you find it hard to be an academic in a conventional middle-class home, consider for a moment what it might be like to be a Christian in a university. What makes a fellow be different? think differently? act differently? Who is the conformist?

And who do you conform to?

It is the Christian's aim to conform to Christ, that most unorthodox of characters. By this very dangerous conformity, we hope to find nothing less than real life - the life of God himself.

personal column

Here are some words you may trust, words that merit full acceptance: Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and among them I stand first.

SCUM!

Sometimes many of us mournfully enquire of ourselves, "What am I?" and listen to the silence uttering a vast zero. These days we are often made very conscious of living in a universe whose dimensions stagger our minds and whose complexity is almost infinite.

Numbers overawe us: 25,000,000,000 miles to the nearest star, 4,000,000,000 years since the earth was formed - 3,000,000,000 people on the earth and rapidly increasing. Without undue desire to be pessimistic it is said that we must now honestly see ourselves as merely one species of life inhabiting a thin film on the surface of a minor planet of an ordinary star in a universe containing millions of galaxies. In a day of mass media and standardization, we find it easy to deduce from this that the individual does not matter in the long run, and that importance is measured with numbers.

Or perhaps we look at the undistinguished record of man's history. With a very few shining exceptions, it does not imply that there is a great deal of hope for the moral values in the long run, nor for the importance of a man's efforts. The humanist looks forward with a bleak eye to the permanent extinction of all human things by the processes of nature. That is a commendable thing about the humanist: he admits the chilling implications of his beliefs.

HUNGER

BUT WHAT IF, AFTER ALL, THOSE UNIVERSAL MYTHS OF DEATH AND REBIRTH, OF THE AFTER DEATH, CONTAINED A GRAIN OF TRUTH?

What if the humanist has left out something which gives a man some hope? What if our "immortal long-

ings" are not merely the product of fear and self-deception, but genuine and valuable indications of a reality, just as hunger indicates the existence of food?

Things are different now! For God has spent a great deal of time and trouble trying to show us that "any who believe in Christ's name will be given the power to become sons of God." "He who believes in me shall never die."

REMYTHOLOGISING?

What? Surely not ancient Greek mythology rehashed? No, but something much more appealing. We were made in order to grow into "incredibly splendid creatures in the likeness of God. So was that weedy-looking colleague of ours. Our small sister could become something grander than an angel of light, for not even angels have the privilege of being made "sons of God", as far as we know. God deigns to send His Holy Spirit to dwell in the hearts of material beings - things He made Himself! TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED ADOPTING AN OYSTER - EVEN A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL OYSTER - AS YOUR SON?

"We do not know what we shall then be", says Paul. We don't turn into replicas of Christ overnight; for all that the humanist says about the littleness is true, up to a point. "Flesh and blood," said Jesus, "cannot inherit the Kingdom," let alone rebellious, resentful, self-centred flesh and blood. But Christ swept aside that difficulty, at unimagineable cost to himself, and by that very act of self sacrifice entered into his glory. He wants us to follow.

A PERSON

So this is it! What we have always longed for (deep under our superficial wants and substitutes) really exists. But we must choose it with open eye. It lies at the other end of a long road of Christ - receiving and self-giving; and (oh dear!) it's A PERSON!

IS THERE A GOD

"No. There is no God. That means, for the inquisitive there is no God. God is neither an object of scientific investigation nor something that we can insert in the treasure of our knowledge, as one mounts a rare stamp in a special place in an album - there it is, finest

and costliest of all. God is not in the world at all, the world is rather in God. God is not within your knowledge, your knowledge is in God. If your question were answered, 'Yes, there is a God,' you would depart with one more illusion."

Brunner. "Our Faith". GOD IS NOT AN OBJECT OF OUR KNOWLEDGE; HE IS THE OBJECT OF OUR FAITH.

PREACHER WITH A GRUDGE

Does my language sound as if I were canvassing for men's support? Whose support do I want but God's alone? Do you think I am currying favour with men? If I still sought men's favour, I should be no servant of Christ. I must make it clear to you, my friends, that the Gospel you heard me preach is no human invention. I did not take it over from any man; no man taught it to me. I received it through a revelation of Jesus Christ. -

PAUL THE APOSTLE

SPECIAL SECOND APPEARANCE

Christ was offered once to bear the burden of men's sins, and WILL APPEAR A SECOND TIME, sin done away, to bring salvation to those who are watching for him.



Once upon a time

Four travellers sat down in a sandbox that, unknown to them, was ridden with fleas.

The longer they sat, the more uncomfortable they became, until one by one (each one suspecting that the rest would not understand) they rose to their feet and went their separate ways.

The first traveller was walking along the forest glade, when he saw an old lady, who looked as though she might be a witch, though a witch of superior class. "Good madam," said he, bowing and scratching, "do you have spells to cure itching?"

"I don't sell spells," the old lady returned gravely, "but it is possible that you have a flea. At the end of this path you will find a river lit by the setting sun. Take off your garments and wash them in it. Then jump in yourself and take a bath. When you are clean, cross the river, not by the bridge but by wading through its deepest part. Put on your clothes on the farthest bank."

"Fleas?" thought the first man sensibly as he left the old lady. "Fleas are not very nice to think about. I probably don't have fleas. I'm just imagining things. The best thing I can do is forget about the whole business."

So as he came to the river, he crossed by the bridge with scarcely a downward glance. By and by (he was a strong-minded man) his itching grew less. When last he heard, he was the president of several corporations, housing a whole army of fleas in his underwear, but scratching himself only occasionally.

The second traveller followed the highway, but before very long he too met the old lady who looked like a witch. "Good madam," said he, bowing and scratching, "do you have spells to cure itching?"



"I don't sell spells," the old lady returned gravely, "but it is possible that you have a flea. At the end of this road you will find a river lit by the setting sun. Take off your clothes and wash them in it. Then jump in yourself and take a bath. When you are clean, cross the river, not by the bridge but by wading through its deepest part and put on your clothes on the farthest bank."

"Fleas?" said the second traveller as he left the old lady behind. "I don't want to offend the old dear, but who after all is entitled to say what is a flea and what is not? The question is purely relative. In my opinion, fleas exist only in the mind."

I admit that I itch, but that's because I've been conditioned to think in terms of hygienic absolutes."

So saying, he too crossed the bridge over the river whose waters flashed red in the sunset. Later in life, as a psychoanalyst, he amassed a great fortune by taking itching seriously. His flea-bitten patients were told that society had burdened them with a flea-complex. The road to release was not easy. They must be courageous, defy convention, and sit in a sand box.

The third traveller saw the old lady, but something in the way she looked at him made him itch all the more. So he went the other way and bought a large bottle of pills at the village drugstore, which gave him a lovely woozy feeling to help him forget the itch. The last I heard of him, he was a famous movie actor, very flea-bitten and woozy most of the time.

The last traveller discovered he had fleas even before the old lady told him. She found him with his shirt off (he blushed when he saw her), dabbing his torso with the moistened tip of his finger, as one of the fleas hopped nimbly out of his way between his shoulder blades. "I'll never get rid of these things," he told her plaintively.

The old lady smiled. "At the end of this path you will find a river," she told him, "lit by the setting sun. Take off your garments and wash them in it, then jump in yourself and take a bath. When you are clean, cross the river not by the bridge, but by wading through its deepest part and put on your clothes on the farthest bank."

"Well, there's no harm in trying it," the fourth traveller said, "I'd do anything to get rid of the pests." When he got to the river he did what the witch had told him and rose, damp but flealess on the far bank.

Later in life he became a most successful grandfather (far nicer than being a psychoanalyst or a film star) who used to admonish his round-eyed grandchildren with a shake of the finger and the solemn words, "Always get rid of the flea, my dears, and the itch will take care of itself."

John White

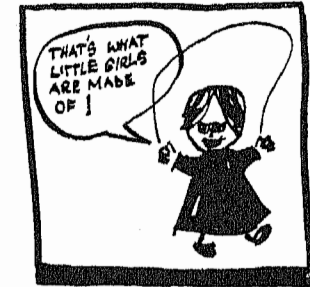
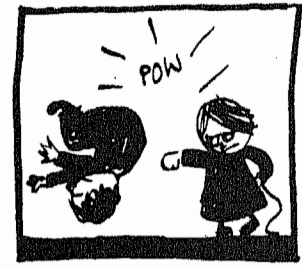
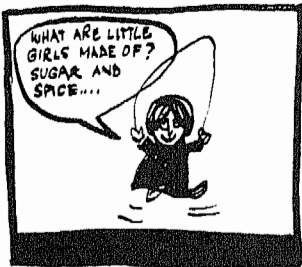
bios & zoe

There are two sorts of life. The biological sort which comes to us through Nature, and which (like everything else in Nature) is always tending to run down and decay so that it can only be kept up by incessant subsidies from Nature in the form of air, food, water, etc., is BIOS.

The spiritual life which is in God from all eternity, and which made the whole universe is ZOE. Bios has, to be sure, a certain shadowy or symbolic resemblance to Zoe; but only the sort of resemblance there is between a photo and a place.

C. S. Lewis (adapted from "Mere Christianity").

peccata mundi



CHANGE HERE

"Two men board a train. One of them perhaps does something sensible, the other something stupid upon entering the coach. But as they look out, both notice that they have taken the wrong train and are going in the wrong direction. That one man was reasonable and the other stupid is a difference between them; but it has no significance in relation to the fact that BOTH, whatever their individual differences, are going the wrong direction! This is what the Bible means by the word sin, the total perverse direction of life, the tendency away from God."

EMIL BRUNNER

sins the thing

Have the men of our time still a feeling of the meaning of sin? Do they still realize that sin does not mean an immoral act, that "sin" should never be used in the plural, and that not our sins, but rather our sin is the great all pervading problem of our life? Do we still know that it is arrogant and erroneous to divide men by calling some "sinners" and others "righteous"?

PAUL TILLICH

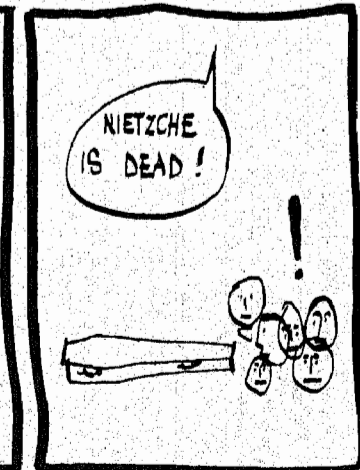
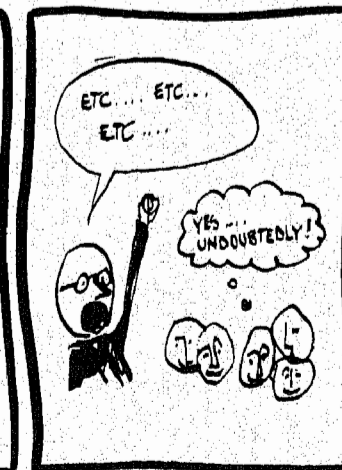
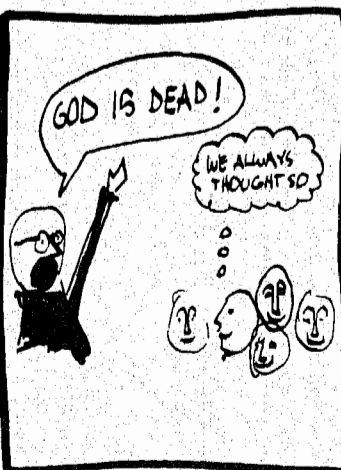
"For ALL HAVE SINNED and come short of the Glory of God."

"Scripture has declared the WHOLE WORLD to be prisoners in subjection to sin, so that faith in Jesus Christ may be the ground on which the promised blessing is given."

"God designed Jesus Christ to be the means of expiating sin by his sacrificial death, effective through faith."

PAUL THE APOSTLE

TRUST, RELY ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND YOU WILL BE SAVED.



EXAM RESULTS REVEALED

"I THINK EVERYONE WHO HAS SOME VAGUE BELIEF IN GOD, UNTIL HE BECOMES A CHRISTIAN, HAS THE IDEA OF AN EXAM OR OF A BARGAIN IN HIS MIND. The first result of real Christianity is to blow that idea to bits. When they find it blown to bits, some people think this means that Christianity is a failure and give up. They seem to think that God is very simple minded. God has been waiting for the moment at which you discover that there is no question of earning a pass-mark in this exam, or putting Him in your debt."

C. S. LEWIS

THE TEST

"God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, that everyone who has faith in him may not die but have eternal LIFE. It was not to judge the world that God sent his Son, but that through him the world might be saved."

The man who puts his faith in him does not come under judgment; but the unbeliever has already been judged in that he has not given his allegiance to God's only Son.

Here lies THE TEST: the light has come into the world, but men preferred darkness to light because their deeds were evil...

The honest man comes to the light so that it may be clearly seen that God is in all he does."

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

"HE WHO COMES TO ME WILL NOT WALK IN DARKNESS BUT HAVE THE LIGHT OF LIFE."

JESUS CHRIST

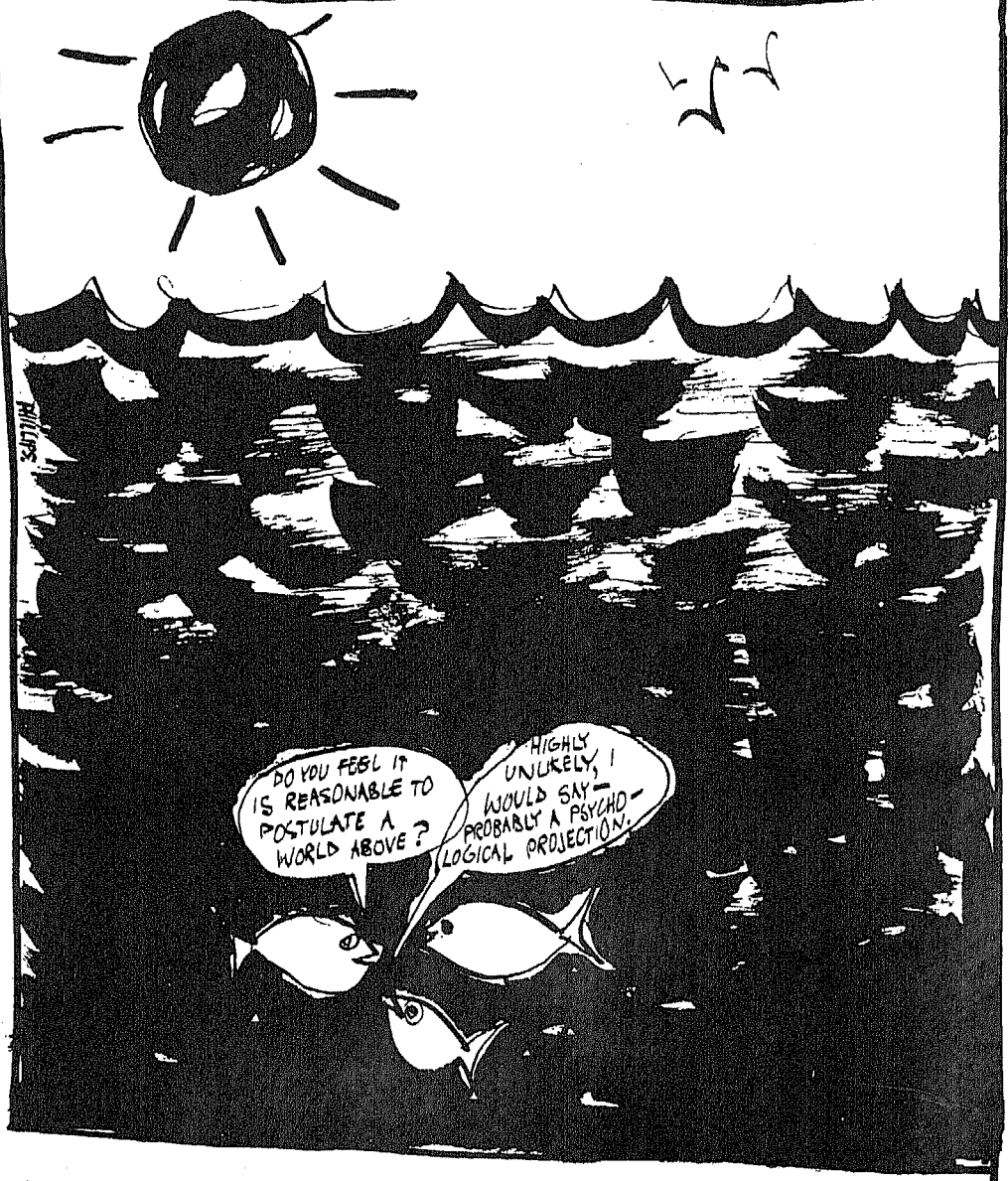
THE QUESTION: Relate these quotations to your own experience.

UNIVERSITAS

Praise Science from which all blessings flow!
Praise it, ye tripe on the T.V. show!
Praise it above, ye missile host!
Knowledge maketh man the most.

Oh enter then our Arts with praise!
Approach our morbid thoughts unto,
Transcendently in various ways,
If it's unseemly, so we do.

For why? Our human Good is god.
Its mercy is forever sure,
Nor makes at all times us feel odd.
Creator we could not endure.



THE QUESTION

"The question," came the enquiring voice through the murky greyness of the ocean depths, "seems to be this: Is it, or is it not reasonable, to postulate the existence of a World Above?" The enquiring voice belonged to a medium sized, rather ordinary looking fish, with a curiously pointed snout. The silence which followed was broken only by a few watery sounds, such as thinking fish are accustomed to make while flapping their fins slowly to and fro in a contemplative manner. "Rumours have been reaching us," he continued, "of suggestions that there may be something higher up — something which exists on another level, which, it is said, may be completely 'other' than that which we are now experiencing."

An expression of intense curiosity gleamed in several fishy eyes. It was a rather intellectual looking fish who now spoke. "In considerations of this nature, I feel that it is essential to realize the value of the . . . er, scientific method. What I mean is . . . er . . . we must not jump to hasty, illogical conclusions. We should always remember the great importance of carefully controlled experiment. One cannot know for certain until one has PROOF, can one?" There was a general murmur of assent. "What is more," continued the fish with the pointed snout, "not only have there been rumours of the existence of this 'World Above'; but there are those of our race who claim to have had some kind of experience of this whatever it is; this 'otherness'". Whispers of interest spread through the group. "They call themselves 'Flying Fish' — whatever that means, he went on, "and look, here comes one of them now."

All eyes turned, and into their midst swam a sleek, shining creature, with gleaming silverscales. "Good morning, my friends. It's a marvellous day up above! Such colours, such warmth; you would never believe it." "Believe what?" came the reply. "And what do you mean by 'colour', and 'warmth'? Can you attempt to be a little more precise."

"The sun is shining," he went on, "and there is such light as I never can describe. The dimness which surrounds us down here could almost be called 'unreal', compared with what I have known up there." His companions looked thoughtful but uncomprehending.

"You mentioned the word 'light', did you not?" asked one. "That is a concept about which our philosophers have argued for centuries. Do you mean to say that you have become an authority on the subject? Why, everyone, not least of all yourself, knows that you are a fish who has not even had the benefits of a higher education; an unlearned creature indeed! And yet you are saying that light is something which originates in this place where you imagine you have been. Surely what you have experienced is merely a psychological projection of your own consciousness. And I would say that on the evidence available as to the existence of a 'World Above', there can be absolutely no certainty. I, for one, must remain 'agnostic' about this whole question."

The flying fish looked thoughtful for a moment. "What is light? you ask, Where does it come from? And what is my authority for making these statements? . . . How can I explain to you . . . It is almost as though what we are now experiencing down here in this dim, watery universe, is merely a dark reflection of the Great Clarity which exists up there," he explained, lifting a fin and pointing upwards. Why, at this very moment, there would be utter blackness if it were not for the little which even now you are able to know of that Great Clarity. At this very moment the sky is a deep blue, and soft breezes are blowing across the surface of the world, stirring the water into waves. The air is dry and warm, and the sun blazes down hotly. I know this because I have been up there; only momentarily of course, but I've been there just the same, and . . . " "But",

interrupted his scientifically minded friend, "I feel that if we are to be at all convinced of the truth of what you say, it is necessary that you produce some objective evidence. What, for instance, is 'dry'? Can it be weighed, does it have length or depth? So far you have failed to give us anything but the most mystical concept of this 'World', which you are postulating. And as long as this is the case, I simply cannot believe what you say."

The flying fish reflected for a moment before replying. "I believe that there is quite substantial objective evidence for what I have been saying," he said. "You see, there are those of our race who have been living higher up, quite near to the 'World Above', in fact, whose bodies are in some respects, quite different from yours. Look at me, for instance; see my fins; they are strong — so powerful that I am able to rise above the surface of the water. But I cannot 'prove' to you that this World exists. Nobody can 'prove' it to you. Until you have been there yourself you will never understand." He blinked several times and shivered a little. "My friends, it is cold down here. It is too deep for me; the pressure is too great; and I need light. I cannot stay much longer. All I can say is this: whether you believe in the existence of that World or not, it really makes no difference; except to yourself. It will still continue to exist. But why don't you come up? It's so much better." And with a quick jerk of his tail, he darted swiftly upwards, and vanished in a stream of bubbles.

"Well, really! What remarkable things the mind will do. The power of psycho suggestion, I suppose you could call it. Hmph! 'World Above'! What next! However, I really must get back to my thesis; I'm writing on the subject: 'The Adequacy of Pure Hydraulism as the Basis of an Ichthyic World View', you know. . . . Come on! Let's go deeper."

H. J. Phillips

DIALOGUES WITH CHRIST

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IN THE LADY SYMON HALL

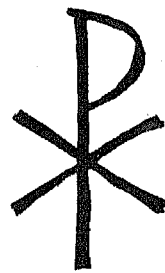
1.10 pm Mon JUNE 27 - Frid. JULY 1st

AFTERNOONS
COFFEE AND DISCUSSION

ASSISTANT MISSIONER
REV. PETER NEWELL

evangelical union

A GROUP OF CHRISTIANS IN THE UNIVERSITY



mission week

mon. June 27.

fri. July 1.

"to live is Christ"

god's favour

The tree shows no response
To the loving care
Of the giver
Except for a
Fairy waver of leaves in
the gentle wind.

Tireless
Continuously
Turning to give
Each speck of dirt its fair share
The sprinkler pours its blessings
On the dry, parched ground.

For years and years
This same sprinkler
Has nourished this gentle tree
She has been fruitful
But shown no thanksgiving.

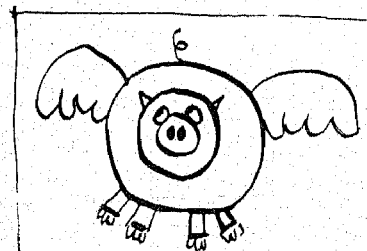
How far
Will the water from that deep
Fountain of life
Trickle and penetrate?

How, how
Does the water reach her?
The ground is dry!
Down beyond our sight
The water seeps.

M. E. Richter

epilogue

The time has come (the herald said)
To speak of many things;
Of boots whose laces lift us not,
Of crosses thorns and kings;
Of longings and of vacancies,
And whether man has wings.
The theme is great, although they say
It stings before it sings.



bird of the week