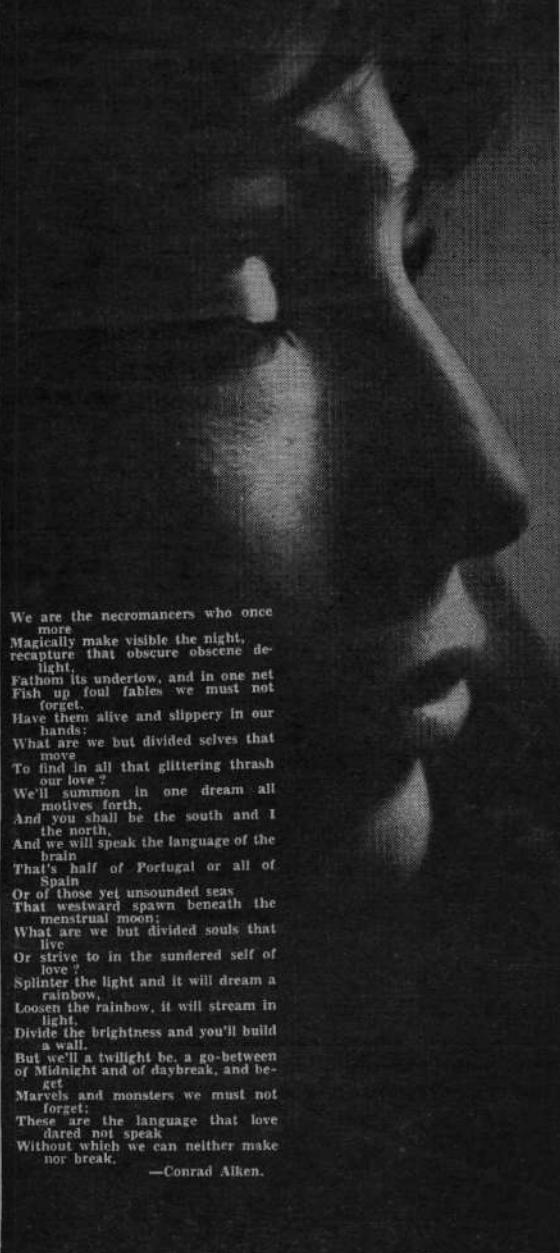


chaos

monash
university
students'
newspaper

vol 3, no 12



We are the necromancers who once
more
Magically make visible the night,
recapture that obscure obscene de-
light.
Fathom its undertow, and in one net
Fish up foul fables we must not
forget.
Have them alive and slippery in our
hands:
What are we but divided selves that
move
To find in all that glittering thrash
our love?
We'll summon in one dream all
motives forth,
And you shall be the south and I
the north,
And we will speak the language of the
brain
That's half of Portugal or all of
Spain
Or of those yet unsounded seas.
That westward spawn beneath the
menstrual moon;
What are we but divided souls that
live
Or strive to in the sundered self of
love?
Splinter the light and it will dream a
rainbow,
Loosen the rainbow, it will stream in
light,
Divide the brightness and you'll build
a wall.
But we'll a twilight be, a go-between
of Midnight and of daybreak, and be-
get
Marvels and monsters we must not
forget;
These are the language that love
dared not speak
Without which we can neither make
nor break.

—Conrad Aiken.

S.R.C. - "... little interest in students"

There is a glory road at Monash that few have trod, a wondrous way akin to the flowered welcome of American astronauts, a path where minds are uplifted and souls cleansed in work for the body social. That hallowed road is walked by the SRC, a body rumoured in high places to have direct contact with the Divine.

You see them in the daytime, or at quiet twilight, their coats pulled up to their ears, for their radiance is too overwhelming for common eyes. They slink from pillar to pillar, not afeared of the students, exactly, but beware of too throatful a public adulation.

They creep silently, until they have reached that Inner Sanctum behind the Chaos Office where their masks may safely go down, and lo! a marvellous change. They glow there together in the dark, and sweet music pours from their lips. As one who has been privileged to enter there, I can only say that it is the closest earthly thing to heaven.

These are surely the Chosen Ones, blessed by man, beast and the Lord. The public has acclaimed them at the Election, given them a brace of offices and a secretary, and placed them in charge of many public monies. Their road may be lined with carpet, but are they not worth it?

Unworthy thought! Who was it who had the squeaking door to the discussion-room oiled, if not the SRC? Who was it who had the Library temperature experimented with, if not these twenty or so great souls? And who, if not the SRC, is at present in heated debate over the widening of the footpath to the Library?

These are the hallowed men, these are the staffed men, and for them every month is the cruelest month. It has been said that the Monash SRC is antiquated. On the contrary, the SRC is premature. The needs of the university as far as student administration, representation and liaison, could quite adequately be covered by a compact group the size of the present Executive.

There are important matters to be dealt with admittedly, but the play printed in the last "Chaos" about an SRC meeting (reprinted from the newspaper of the University of N.S.W., but certainly no less applicable here) is unfortunately hardly fantasy — this is almost the state of affairs.

Following an article highlighting the Steedman affair in a recent issue of FARRAGO, the S.R.C. has requested CHAOS to publish the following statement.

THERE'S A PURPOSE CLOSE BEHIND — IPSE HOMO STEEDMAN

In any new university it is inevitable that there will be problems. Such problems have been exemplified in the University's policy regarding discipline. These have been brought to light by the recent findings of Peter Steedman and several other students for varying offences. On the 27th of August the Statutes of Discipline were finally passed by the "Governor in Council," and any offence committed after this date will be considered under the provisions of the statutes.

The offences mentioned above occurred before the 27th of August and according to Common Law were not dealt with under the Statutes. They were dealt with by the Vice-Chancellor, who, prior to the statutes, was solely responsible for discipline within Monash.

It is essential that all students be aware of their rights and responsibilities as determined by the statutes. For this reason the relevant details are printed below.

STATUTE 2.6—THE DISCIPLINE COMMITTEE.

1. The Discipline Committee shall consist of the Vice-Chancellor and the Deans of the several Faculties.

2. Three members of the committee shall form a quorum.

3. The Discipline Committee shall exercise general supervision over the conduct of students of the University. It shall investigate any disciplinary matter brought to its attention by the Vice-Chancellor.

4. The Committee shall report confidentially to the Professorial Board and to Council on its proceedings.

STATUTE 4.1—GENERAL PROVISIONS.

1. The Professorial Board may make regulations for the conduct of students in lectures, laboratories and in the University precincts. When such Regulations are exclusive to a particular Department they shall be made on the advice of the head of that Department.

2. A breach of discipline or an act of misconduct by a student within or beyond the University precincts may be punished by a fine or by exclusion or by both.

3. (i) A member of the teaching staff of the rank of Teaching Fellow or above, not being a Professor or Head of Department, may fine a student a sum not exceeding £5 and may exclude a student from further attendance at his classes for a period not exceeding one week.

(ii) A Professor or Head of Department may fine a student a sum not exceeding £10, and may exclude him from further attendance in his Department for a period not exceeding two weeks.

(iii) A member of the Administrative staff of status equivalent to Lecturer or above may fine a student a sum not exceeding £5 for a breach of discipline or an act of misconduct committed within the University precincts.

(iv) Any member of the teaching staff of the rank of Teaching Fellow or above or Administrative staff of status equivalent to Lecturer or above may report breaches of discipline or acts of misconduct committed within the University precincts to the Registrar, who may fine the student a sum not exceeding £10, and may exclude him from the University for a period not exceeding two weeks.

(v) The Vice-Chancellor may fine a student a sum not exceeding £20 and may exclude a student from the University for a period not exceeding four weeks. He may refer any act of misconduct by a student to the Discipline Committee.

(vi) The Discipline Committee may impose such penalties as it deems appropriate for breaches of discipline or acts of misconduct, including—

(a) Excluding the student from the University permanently or for such lesser period as it may decide.

(b) A fine not exceeding £50.

(c) The annulment of a student's attempt at an examination or series of examinations, in cases of misconduct at University examinations.

4. For the purpose of this Statute the Librarian shall be considered as a Department and the Librarian shall exercise in relation to breaches of

discipline and acts of misconduct therein the disciplinary powers conferred on Professors in Clause 3 (ii).

5. The Registrar shall be responsible for discipline at University examinations and shall report any breach of discipline or misconduct to the Discipline Committee.

6. Any person aggrieved by a decision made under this Statute may appeal to the Discipline Committee, which shall hear such appeal and may impose such penalties as it deems to be appropriate. Any person aggrieved by a decision of the Discipline Committee may appeal to the Council or to a committee thereof appointed by the Council for that purpose.

7. In every case when a student is accused of a breach of discipline or of misconduct he shall have the right to be notified in writing of the terms of the accusation, with all proper particulars, and to be heard and to call evidence.

8. The Discipline Committee may in its absolute discretion allow a student to have legal or other representation when appearing before it.

As can be seen, students have their rights well defined by the statutes. In the future, then, there should be no cause for complaint in the form of Disciplinary Hearings.

As these were the first cases of this nature to be heard at Monash, the V.-C. saw fit to seek legal advice on the matter. The form of the investigations was in accordance with this advice. It can be seen then that his course of action was legally beyond reproach.

Some students have complained about the severity of the fines. However, it must be stressed that the student body is not acquainted with the facts brought to light at the hearing which may shed a different light on the subject.

Without entering further into the facts of the case, because these are somewhat vague, it would be fair to point out that such a situation is unlikely to occur again. The rights of the students are well defined, as are the ranges of the fines and other punitive measures which may be imposed.

At this time the V.-C. had the power to summarily fine students, and hence students had no rights (a) to call evidence, or (b) to appeal against the fine.

EDITORIAL COMMENT :—

The above is a fine example of the legalistic mind which, tied down in the happy complacency of its own pedantic syllogisms, satisfies the letter of the Law with no concern for the humanitarian interests involved. If fine legal minds decide that crimes are crimes and rights are rights and punishments are punishments on one day, then why should they be different on another? If we're going to believe in justice as a genuine concern for the society and the individual, we must have the consistency to see that legalistic jargon shrinks into insignificance beside the basic human rights involved. Is a printed decision to make the difference between whether a man can call witnesses in his defence or not? Surely an important characteristic of any enlightened community is its ability to set humanitarian concerns above slavish devotion to tradition and legalistic crap.

Concerning the severity of the fines involved, surely even those who formulated the new, more equitable statutes can see the desirability, perhaps necessity, of retrying the individuals involved. For the genuine humanist there is no question. It is merely clear that those involved deserve the same protection as we all are entitled to now.

IS THE S.R.C. A SEX SUBSTITUTE?

Left to Right: Messrs.
Frazer, McNaughton,
Brown, McGregor,
Price, Lees.



CHAOS

IN recent weeks, several charges of 'Payola' have been made against the editors and staff of this newspaper. The intimations have been that members of the 'Chaos' staff have been receiving gifts from various organisations in return for services rendered by these same bodies.

As I sit down to write a savage denial of all these bitter, malicious (even envious) charges, only one thought keeps recurring in my mind:

for all your
pre-lecture entertain-
ment, visit the
**NOTTING
HILL
HOTEL**

This thought recurs because it is against the licensee of this establishment that the charges have been directed. How completely absurd.

Why, when one thinks that the gentleman in question runs A MOST RESPECTABLE ESTABLISHMENT JUST THIRTY SECONDS FROM THE UNIVERSITY, WHERE ONE CAN REFRESH ONESELF FOR A MODERATE FEE, AND ENJOY ALL THE MODERN AMENITIES PROVIDED CONVENIENTLY FOR THE IMPROVERISHED STUDENT, the charges seem completely without base or reason.

Any student will inform you that the words on everybody's lips are:

RELAX AT THE
**NOTTING HILL
HOTEL**

Any member of the University, be he a teaching fellow, professor, gardener or undergraduate will vouch for the integrity of the

**NOTTING HILL
HOTEL**

So that with such responsible people as this to point out the virtues of the establishment in question, there can be no doubt that the charges produced have been completely false.

Thus you can draw your own conclusions as to the moral scruples of the 'Chaos' staff. There is not even the need to deny the charges, when they appear in such a light as this. Any denial would be unnecessary.

So, may I leave you with relieved hearts, and the one thought:

If you're thirsty,
Drink at the

**NOTTING
HILL
HOTEL**

There once was a monkey
named Rhesus,
And a scientist working
a thesis,
He made notes in his
folio,
Found how to cure Polio,
By cutting poor Rhesus
to pieces.

SEEK IN VAIN

Dear Sir,

Every passing day provides us with good reasons for being angry. We are indignant because of wrong done to us, but more often of wrong done to other people. The stories of moral depravity in London flats, the blind hatreds of some white Americans for their colored fellow citizens stir us to anger and scorn.

There are some acts of human conduct for which the proper response is indignation. There are giant marauding evils which stalk the land, and no one deserves well of his country who looks upon them with the serene, untroubled calm of a stone image. Yet those who see deepest into our souls are quick to warn us against a too free use of the weapon of moral indignation.

There is a place for the real thing. In literature, scorn assumes the form of satire; in art, its form is caricature. But as the reading of "Low's Autobiography" makes clear, these arts call for a skilled and delicate hand; they are practised best by men of broad sympathies, a tolerant spirit and compassion. It could be that a study of their methods and motives will teach us how restrained should be our own use of the weapon. For controlled it must be.

There are occasions for its swift and skilful use. Hypocrisy, pretension, unconscious cruelty—these are enemies to be struck down. But the weapon we fashion and use should resemble the surgeon's, who cuts to heal. The knife is dangerous if directed by a mean mind or cynical spirit.

In his *Ethics*, Aristotle describes the lofty minded man. "He is not lavish of praise; he speaks no evil, not even of his enemies, unless it be to show his scorn." And although we have other and better teachers to guide us, many of us prefer to follow him, in practice if not in theory. The feeling of superiority of the educated towards the illiterate, of the privileged to the underprivileged, of the ruling race to the



ruled, is a clear expression of man's inhumanity to man. This world, so swiftly becoming a crowded neighbourhood, requires a sounder theory and a higher practice.

Contempt for the piety of simple people, jeering at youthful innocence or enthusiasm, scorn for uncomplicated virtue—these do not lead us to sophistication or wisdom, as the ancients called it. On the contrary, they distort our picture of reality; they prevent us from seeing things as they are. A man of the world like Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae has contempt for his steward's high principles and puritanical conduct—"my evangelist" he calls him; in this he reveals his sophistry, but not his sophistication.

The happy life—where is it to be found? According to the poet who composed Psalm 1, the happy man is one who chooses the right and does it—"His delight is in the law of the Lord" and negatively, is the man "that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

The chair of the scornor is needed—for occasional use. But mostly it should be left vacant.

DAVIDE SYME.

SEE HERE

Dear Sir,

Although there are many amazing things in this world, perhaps the most amazing of all is that a person at this University would stoop to the depths of stealing the reading glasses of another student.

Being in mind that, to be eligible for entry into this Univer-

sity, a student must have had a reasonable education, and must possess at least average intelligence, it is incredible that, just four weeks before the examinations one person would act in such a way.

Apparently there were similar thefts earlier in the year, and it is probable that more will occur. While one can understand—though not excuse—the theft of money, books, notes or other valuables, a motive for stealing reading glasses is rather difficult to find.

If the person responsible reads this letter they have two alternatives open to them. Either they return the glasses to me by leaving them at the library desk or the Union Office, and thus save themselves from being completely void of all principles or consideration, or they may prefer to keep the glasses.

In case the person concerned should find this letter amusing, all I have left to say is that the sooner this University is rid of such a person, the better. I am sure that the majority of students will agree with me on this point.

ISABEL DOCHERTY,
Arts III.

Caf. food
cupboard
doesn't suit
Father Hubbert

Dear Sir,

It is high time that the matter of wastage in the cafeteria was looked into by the authorities. I refer in particular to wastage of food.

Sick of Burma? Sick of
Thailand?
Take a trip to Christmas
Island.
Glowing sands, mutated
trees—
And fallout's there is every
breeze.

During term, the cafeteria staff curtail serving at 6.30 p.m. At this time there is invariably a certain amount of cooked food which remains unsold. What is done with these leftovers? It seems that there are two possibilities:—

(1) The food is disposed of as garbage or,

(2) it is kept until the next day, heated up again and served as fresh food.

The second alternative is both unhygienic and unwholesome, and we can only hope that the practice is not to be found in the Cafeteria of this University. The remaining alternative, that the food is thrown out, can only result in an unrecoverable loss being incurred by the Catering Department.

I do not claim that this loss can be overcome completely, but surely it can be avoided to some extent by continuing to serve after 6.30 p.m., until such time as the main component of the serve does run out. My suggestion does not involve any change in buying, menu-planning or Cafeteria hours. The suggestion is merely that food which has been prepared before 6.30 p.m., but remains unsold at that time, should be made available to customers who arrive after 6.30 p.m. In most cases, the food will run out by 6.45 p.m., and hence the Cafeteria hours need not be extended.

I hope I have created a little "food for thought" and that the authorities concerned will regard my criticisms as constructive.

MICHAEL J. HUBBERT,
Science III.

FOOTNOTE



ORPHEUS
Descends
Soon

Ukraine—U.S.S.R.

SPLIT or FIT

In the Scottish daily newspaper "The Scotsman" for May 22, 1963 there appeared a short article on recent events of interest in the U.S.S.R. It told of the following. The Soviet Secret Police in Ukraine are concerned and angered by the recent proofs of patriotic feeling which appears to be mounting beneath the deceptively calm surface of life in Ukraine, which is the most nationally minded republic of the Soviet Union.

One of these proofs is the appearance in the Universities of Kiev and Lvov of large posters with the number 33 painted on.

The history of these posters begins in 1951, when students announced that they would not do their examinations in Russian, but instead demanded the right to answer in their native Ukrainian language. As a result, 33 of the campaign leaders were shot dead.

The incident was hushed up by the Government, and consequently nothing more was heard of it for 10 years. Then, almost overnight, on the tenth anniversary of the event (in 1961) street and University buildings became covered with posters bearing the number 33 in large letters. This poster campaign has continued ever since, and it seems that the Protection group can do nothing to halt it or to discover the offenders. Sometimes the national three-forked emblem of Ukraine appears beside the No. 33.

Since this article was published, we have learned that stu-

dents and the intelligentsia (the highly educated circle) supported the movement, which aims for the preservation of the Ukrainian language and culture against their being absorbed by the course of Moscow.

In January, 1962, Dr. Alexander Rathaus, a Jew who managed to escape from the U.S.S.R., arrived in America. Having been in the Ukraine at the time of the incident, he told of a few interesting sideline events in an interview with Leo Hayman. This news was printed in the Ukrainian Quarterly.

Dr. Rathaus was born in 1920. He graduated from Kiev University in 1947 as Doctor of Economics. After this he worked as assistant to a Professor of Economics in Kharkov University, and later on the staff of a Russian journal called "Around the World."

As a journalist he had the right to move freely within the borders of the Red Empire. At this time there arose a new wave of anti-semitism within the U.S.S.R., and as a result he was dismissed from this position. In January, 1962, Dr. O. Rathaus and his family escaped to freedom.

In May, 1961, while still a correspondent in the U.S.S.R., Dr. O. Rathaus, with other reporters and photographers, arrived in Kiev. On this occasion he decided to visit the University of Kiev and to talk with the rector and with a few professors. By the main entrance to the University he saw a row of military patrol cars. Inside there were guards. Plain-clothed workers for the Secret Police were inspecting the hands and clothes

of students who passed before them in a long line along the corridor, with outstretched hands, palms upwards. The police were trying to detect poster painters. If the short time and the large amount of posters around were to be considered, at least 100 students must have taken part in the action. Dr. Rathaus does not know whether the inspectors found the guilty students but he said that arrests were made on this occasion.

While on a walk on the outskirts of the city, Dr. Rathaus met one of his friends from university days whose name was Vasil Drobny. They had shared a room together in a hostel years ago. Drobny told him in confidence more details about the plans of the "conspirators." He explained that each of the many groups forming the campaign acted independently, with no organised link between them. There existed no central "underground" controlling body as such. The main aim of these groups was to revolutionise the thoughts of the Ukrainian population by propagating hopes of independence, by drawing the Ukrainian emblem on theatres, halls and bus-stop shelters. Drobny further explained that those taking part in the campaign were not only students, workers, politicians and army officers, but also people from the "intelligentsia."

Their aim is to try and reveal the hypocrisy of Russian politics, which claim to the West to defend colonial freedom, but which at home is the worst oppressor of the enslaved nations within its realm.

The 45 million-strong Ukrainian nation cannot understand why love of native speech and country should be treated by the Communists as a crime punishable by death. In 1943 26 Ukrainian writers faced a firing squad without a trial. It was feared that their anti-Communist opinions and literature would have an adverse influence on the suppressed people.

FOOTNOTE: Vasil Drobny was later arrested with "independence" pamphlets in his pocket and committed suicide while in gaol.

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Christine, David Armstrong,
Jenny, Harriet, Margaret,
J.F., and all the others
at Madame Mim's.

VIEWS



Epitaph for a God John Lord

"After Buddha was dead people showed his shadow for centuries afterwards in a cave, — an immense frightful shadow. God is dead: but as the human race is constituted, there will perhaps be caves for millenniums yet, in which people will show his shadow."

Thus spake Nietzsche. But if God is dead then Christianity, which depends on God concept, is also dead. The teachings of Christ are based on the premise that God will reward his children, in their after life, if they have served him faithfully during their earthly life. God has the power to do this. God has the power. This is the crux of the matter. If God has the power for this, then he has the power for all things. Then, did God create "good" and "evil"? Many Christians deny the latter, but all believe the former. But surely "good" only exists as a contrast to evil and therefore whosoever created "evil" also created "good."

If man is responsible for evil one could say, perhaps, that he was justly punished for this evil; but what if man is not responsible? I ask you to consider the evil for which man cannot be responsible. Only God has the power to overcome natural disasters such as floods, earthquakes and pestilence. Yet all these continue unabated. God has allowed all this. But there is worse to come. He has passed the death sentence on every man born. This must condemn him. The death of one innocent; Christ on the Cross, a child writhing in agony its small body racked with pain and scorched with the heat of fevers is quite enough to condemn God. In a similar case man has an excuse: "I err, therefore I am a man," but God is perfection and cannot be excused. Indeed as Stendhal said: "The only excuse for God is that he does not exist." To accept God is to accept pain, misery and

suffering not only for yourself, but for all of mankind, and you have not the right to do this. You may choose for yourself but not for others.

The lyrical theist who praises God for blue sky, the warm sun and pretty birds is blind. He sees only what he wants to see and nothing more. He forgets the famines, wars and pestilences. He has forgotten the Four Horsemen and most important the fourth Horseman, he who rides the pale horse.

But if man is to judge God, to submit him to moral judgment, to call God to account for his crimes, then man has destroyed God defined God and challenged God. He paid a terrible price for his insurrection—all for the sake of men. The price was harsh, but he made it possible for man to be free. But once man is free what is he to do? Is he to take the place of God? No. To become God is to accept both good and evil. But we must not forget that in destroying God we have destroyed all absolute criteria of good and evil. This is the dilemma.

The only solution conceivable at present is for every man to be responsible to himself, but he cannot understand that if he introduces evil into the world he cannot remove it. A man may save himself, he may redeem himself, but he cannot exercise the evil he has "let into" the world, nor can he redeem others. No man can take another's evil upon himself. This is the fundamental error of Christians. Christ died for a lie and realised in his last moments "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani" were the words merely the result of the pain or were they the indication of a final realisation—an awakening?

If God is dead then man is free. Free and alone. While God existed no man even tasted true "aloneness"—no man knew what it was to be a single exist-

ence cut off from everything; contained within the bone prison of his skull. Free without bounds, free to choose always—no matter how limited the choice it is always there. We must choose, there is no choice but to choose. We are "condemned forever" to be free. A man has complete freedom of will and should be allowed to exercise his freedom. Slavery is against nature. He denies the very basis of man—his freedom. Although freedom is absolute, man in society voluntarily surrenders part of his freedom so that he might live more satisfactorily with his fellows. We call this "justice." Without justice, freedom is menaced and without freedom justice is menaced. Absolute freedom ends in denying itself and in making civilisation impossible. Absolute justice, untempered by mercy and freedom results in the "terror" of the French Revolution and in Karl Marx, "the prophet of justice without mercy who rests, by mistake, in the unbelievers plot at Highgate cemetery."

At what point then is freedom to be limited? The only possible definition of this limit would seem to be that each man is free to do as he wishes provided he does not interfere with the freedom of his fellows. Unfortunately, the situations faced are not always very clear cut. There is no razor edge of truth on which to balance the scales of justice. Uncertainty is there, peering over our shoulders. Uncertainty is the watch word of the unbeliever. He can never permit himself the insane certainty of Crusaders of old, of modern Nationalists of the Marxists, or of the Nazi Party's apocalyptic vision which tried to make the world feel "the food hunger rise and the blood lust wake," and to wash the world in blood in an attempt to wake it to full realisation of its plight.

In the world today everything is at once bloody and impatient, too new and revolutionary to create anything of lasting value, and at the same time too conservative and bound by convention, in a word too conformist. This is the gigantic paradox which faces us. One hand conservatism encourages revolution, on the other hand rebellion encourages conservatism. The position of the world today is summed up in an event which took place in 1917. Mr. T. S. Eliot published his "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" at the time in which the world was tearing itself apart in Europe. The theme was the now familiar dirge of the wastelander. Boredom, nothing - doing, was its keynote. And yet it depicted its time just as truly as did the war. Here is the paradox which tears men apart. On one hand, war, hatred, oppression, heroism and on the other, ennui and the theme tune of the wastelander. Both hold one thing in common. There futility.

Provided men survive the threat of nuclear warfare and the population explosion, conformity will be the major problem of the world. The growth of democratic Government has facilitated the spreading disease of conformity. Conformity, crying in a corner, wetting its bed at the approach of the first sign of rebellion or non-conformity. Conformity does hold society together, but it also tends to kill or dignify society, and without the rebel there would be no changes. That is why it is so strange to find Mr. Broderick (Chaos II), writing of Dr. Lim, saying that: "In rejecting conformity... he ends by talking nonsense." Surely, Mr. Broderick doesn't really mean that. He must then maintain that all conformity is logical and also that it makes sense. But conformity doesn't talk sense—it is dumb. It speaks continuously, but it says nothing. It has nothing to say.

Hellish Dark and Smells of Cheese

Education Policy of our Governments has recently come under fire from sections of our community. The accent of criticism has been directed at their attitudes toward Secondary education. This criticism is useful and we must all hope that it will have some effect on Government policy in future.

However many of the facets of Tertiary education deserve similar criticism.

This University is growing at a fantastic rate and the employment of staff has to keep up. Recently the University staff in N.S.W. received increases in salaries. There has not been a comparative increase in Victoria, because the State Government feels it must wait until they receive recommendations from A.U.C. on this matter. There is a chronic shortage of academic staff in the world and hence the procuring of them is "highly competitive." Many of the staff that may have come here been and will be attracted by the higher salaries to N.S.W. Universities.

I was interested to read the article on the Union in the last issue of Chaos. It is true that the University had hoped to build a Union costing £1½ million. However, for a variety of reasons, the Government felt that it could not meet the bill, and the project was slashed monetarily, and now a Union costing £½ million will be built. Provision has been made to expand this building. However, the rate of expansion has not been stated.

The most disturbing feature of this lies in the cafeteria. The caf. has been designed to seat 1400 at a time. This seems a large number, but in the two-hour lunch period, there will be about 2½ sittings (this means that about 3500 will eat in the cafeteria each lunch time). It will not be long before this caf. will be as crowded as that at Melbourne. It is to be hoped that the expansion of the Union will be rapid enough to cope with the increasing numbers here.

However, a disturbing feature of University planning in the past has been that the student facilities of Universities have not been considered the Government's responsibility.

Halls of Residence have also been neglected by Governments in the past. If this policy is continued here the effects will be disastrous. Many students come to University from the country and if they don't get into the Hall then they have to find lodgings. Unlike the Carlton-Parkville area, the area surrounding Monash is by comparison sparsely populated. Also in this area the people are semi-affluent. They have no need to take in boarders. This has resulted already in students seeking board as far away as Blackburn, Box Hill and Dandenong. What will the situation be like when there are some 2 to 3000 students seeking lodgings? More haste is required in the building of Halls of Residence.

In many respects the Library here is inadequately staffed. The reason for this is that sufficient money has not been forthcoming to improve the position. As a result books are often left off the shelves for quite sometime.

The finances of Universities come from the Commonwealth and State Governments following recommendations from Australian Universities Commission. The

budgets of the Universities cover three-year periods, and are granted before each triennium. We are nearing the completion of the 1961-63 period; but still the amount of money available for the next triennium is not known. How can a University develop satisfactorily with a stop-go sort of motion every three years?

Another interesting feature of University education is the lack of research that is being carried out in this country to improve tertiary education. Most people find some fault with the lecture system, for instance, but no research is being conducted to find a better system.

I have raised some of the problems associated with University education. In summary these problems are all serious in their own way. Basically a more generous and realistic approach to all forms of education must be adopted, or we will probably face disastrous consequences in the future. Otherwise the students here may have to consider action similar to that of students at one of New Zealand's Universities. There they consider charging a compulsory levy of \$10 per student to improve a poor student-staff ratio.

First Come . . . Last Served M. A. Hull

Most of the readers of this article will be aware of the history of the Aboriginal race since the settlement of the Europeans in this country in 1788. There was considerable contact with persons from other nations before this date chiefly with the Malays from South-East Asia but it was not until 1788 that any concerted effort was made to actually establish a colony in the "Great South Land."

Our first settlers were convicts; a sure way in the early days of making money was selling to the European trading vessels samples of Aboriginal craft, this of course led to some friction since the items were inevitably stolen. The convicts in the first fleet were largely men, and the violation of the Aboriginal women caused several brutal killings of the whites and retaliation, official or unofficial against the natives. Thenceforward the Aborigines were considered a menace to the embryo colony, and it was not until 1812 during the Government of Macquarie

that attempts were made to compromise with the native race.

The intentions of the Government during this period were undoubtedly to assist the Aborigine, but the take-over of tribal grounds by the white farmer, at a time when the colony was literally starving caused even more dissent, and eventually the benevolent Macquarie himself led an expedition against the marauding natives.

The whole history of the treatment of the Aboriginal people by the European Australians has been based on a lack of understanding, and it is indeed a damnation on our desire to learn that even as late as 1912 the Western Australian Government sent an official expedition against the Aborigines.

The Constitutions of all the Australian colonies conveniently neglected the original race and even the Commonwealth Constitution of 1901 is gloriously vague. But about 1900 many of the States passed their first concrete laws regarding Aborigines. The main idea was to establish reserves, to patrol them (as much to keep the natives in as to keep the Europeans out) and to let the

Aborigines do more or less as they liked.

In 1951 the Commonwealth and State Governments drafted a plan of assimilation of the first inhabitants and has adhered to it since that date. Assimilation was officially defined as "that all Aborigines and part Aborigines are expected eventually to attain the same manner of living as other Australians, and to live as members of a single Australian Community enjoying the same customs and influenced by the same beliefs, hopes and loyalties as other Australians. Thus, any special measures . . . are regarded as temporary, not based on color but designed to meet their need for special care and assistance."

We must remember that we are a material culture whilst the Aboriginal has had a spiritual heritage for much on 14,000 years, possessing only a spear, a shield and a boomerang. We cannot easily bring him into the bewildering world without education and should we anyway? Are we so convinced that our culture is superior?

Under the Nationality and Citizenship Act 1948-1960, the Aborigine is an Australian citizen regardless of special rules designed specifically for him. He

is, in short as much a citizen (generally speaking) as a person under twenty-one years.

At present the Aborigine is eligible for all Commonwealth social services, and may vote in all Federal elections. In the Northern Territory, the only place apart from A.C.T. where Aborigines are under Commonwealth control they may also vote for the territorial legislature.

Assimilation is the only policy which guarantees racial equality, for if we are to consider them as equal then they must lead an equal (or equivalent) way of life. Assimilation does not infer biological assimilation or the elimination of customs, arts and skills which are compatible with the modern standards.

The theory which one so often hears expressed, that Aborigines are incapable of attaining our standards is trash. Sure, if you put an Aboriginal family fresh from the outback, into a house they will tear up the floor boards for firewood, but surely it is preferable to educate them to live in a house instead of thrusting them into an entirely foreign environment.

REVIEWS

Where did you go? . . . Out

Mario's

We dropped in on this long-established night club during the week and were pleasantly surprised. Although the establishment seems to cater for the "older set" we were informed that all were welcome. Prices range from 5/6 for Chicken Consume to 27/6 for Lobster, and liquor is served till 11.30 p.m. There is no minimum or cover charge and two dining-rooms, one with higher prices and the floor show that changes monthly. . . . Relaxed and warm atmosphere at 198 Exhibition St.

Fat Black Pussy-Cat:

This is "the place to come if you want to hear world-class musicians." Open from Wed. to Thurs. with coffee and light refreshments served, the visitor sits in stark and vivid surroundings to listen to the "Barr Bertles Quartet" with Negro Ernest Parham singing on Saturdays. Dress is informal and there is an admission charge of 6/-. "The only true modern jazz club in Australia" . . . 90 Toorak Road, South Yarra.

Kazbek: Damascus Cabaret

This enjoyable cabaret has an Eastern atmosphere with a regular band. Continental singers and dancers. There is a cover charge of 47/6 which goes to 27/6 after 11.30. The place is unlicensed but there is everything else that you need for a good night out . . . Toorak Road, South Yarra.

Playboy:

This place is rather a diluted form of Americana. The atmosphere is perfect for those who have money, liquor is served, the "Bunnies" seem bored but sexy. . . . 55 Toorak Road, South Yarra.

Troika:

This is certainly the place to celebrate. With a four-piece Russian band, Dutch, Yugoslavian, Italian, Hungarian and Rumanian chefs, and "the biggest and best floor show in Melbourne" it deserves its reputation.

Melbourne's Night Life.

Dress is formal and there is a minimum charge of £2/10/- . . . 17 Beach Road, Hampton.

Sukiyaki House:

This is a delightful place to "get away from it all." The hours are from 6-10.30 nightly and there is a minimum charge of 25/-. Japanese hostesses, Japanese folk-dancing, Japanese food, Japanese decor and international liquor. The atmosphere is quiet and friendly . . . Bank Place, City.

FILMS



MONDO CANE, a misanthropologue (Odeon).

Occasionally our complacency needs a jog. In the world around us, horrors are taking place unprecedented in history. Most people are aware of them; most are able to shrug their shoulders and say rightly that they are not to blame. And then along came "Mondo Cane." Its aim is to show the sick, the morbid, the animal characteristics of man in our world. Not the atrocities—though there is a moving scene which opens one's eyes to the effects of bomb-radiation on the natural ecology of our green planet—but the cultural horrors and inanities of men who consider themselves civilized.

In some ways, "Mondo Cane" is an intensely evil film. It shows the bad side of man with no relief, no extenuating circumstances. In some ways it is a dishonest film: it neglects the cultural and religious milieux of the intrinsically nasty things it portrays. But for all this, it fills a need in our society to look at the atavistic vestiges of primitive habits in our world, and be ashamed. And more than shame is needed. Aware of the problem, we must see the necessity for enlightenment. And act in bringing it to the world.

If you want to see the biggest Chinese sky-rocket display filmed in Spain ("Made in China fireworks") see "55 Days." If you want to see thousands of the dusky sons of Confucius ("Made in China" Chinese?) storm in colorful confusion the walls of "ancient Peking" ("Made in Spain") see "55 Days." If you want to see conventional characterisation of the U.S. Marine, the British Ambassador and the slow-thinking Chinese see this film. If you want to see a decent love story forget it and wait for "Cleopatra." But if you are sick of the togas and Taylors and still enjoy the grip of an epicized battle then see "55 Days at Peking." Charlton Heston as the marine major, David Niven type cast as the British envoy with his vague "stiff-upper-lip" type principles, and Ava (never looked so tired) Gardner don't do much except hold up binoculars so that the audience can see the Boxer Rebellion, which, to prove the film title correct, did last 55 days at Peking.

Robert Helpmann, wearing a pair of honorable stretched eyelids, and like his rival (honorable shaved eyebrows and all) and the dowager Empress, do pretty good jobs as Chinese, but why don't they have real Chinese actors for these parts? (Get big box-office numbers in China.)

THEATRE



How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying.

For a good night's relaxation before or after the exams go and see "How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying" on at Her Majesty's.

With the current vogue for long titles for shows (television and stage) this one comes as no great surprise. But it is a show that is as enjoyable as its name is long, and becomes more so as the name becomes more familiar.

It is the story of the back-stabbing rise of J. Pierpoint Finch in the business world, namely "The World-Wide Wicker Co. Inc." on

his climb up the corporate heap of grey and navy blue suits (three buttons). Finch meets Rosemary (the sweet office girl), Frump (the boss's nephew and mother's boy), Biggley (the loud-mouthed but lonely boss) and Biggley's "girl friend," red-head Hedy. In the play all these characters pull their weight and give the play its strength in comedy and drama.

Some of the more popular songs include "Coffee Break," a send-up of the hourly "knock-off" time; "Company Way," "Grand Old Ivy," a send-up of one succeeds in business when one went to the same college as the boss; "I Believe in You," a revealing of the egotism of Finch in his dreams. The finale seems a little strange, as it advocates the buddy-like "Brotherhood of Man" as the company stand over the "graves" of those who were unfortunate in Finch's rush to the top, but I think it must be taken with irony in mind and said "tongue-in-cheek."

The "TV Segment," with its dazzling choreography and its amusing result, is the turning point of the play, and from then Finch's position is not as steady as his "How to Succeed" manual made him believe. The rat-race will never stop.

I am going to see it again.

BOOKS



SF — THE NEW FRONTIER

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, by James Blish (Penguin; 5/).

There are occasions when my heart leaps with joy. They don't happen very often, but when I saw this latest Penguin—ah, the halcyon bliss! Ever since I was first converted to SF (read, science fiction, science fantasy, speculative fiction) at the age of 12 or so, I have been trying to "sell" the idea of SF as a genuine facet of literature, as a worthwhile literary and imaginative pursuit. But it's been difficult. One reason is that you have to live with SF for a few years before you can swing with it; it's a radically different form of creative writing, and it is rare to find an aficionado who was not converted in early adolescence.

SF is attacked by critics for a number of reasons. It's far-fetched, it's lunatic, it's escapist, it neglects personality, it's not scientific, it's not realistic, it's too realistic, the writing's no good, the writing's all right but the ideas are up the spout—everything you can say about fiction has been said about SF, including the idea that there's not enough sex in it. Some of these objections are valid, but not as objections. Some are true of Flash

Gordon, but not of what I mean by SF. Some are sheer bunk.

True, SF tends to neglect personality. The critics point out the dearth of characterisation. What they neglect is the magnificent development of background. Where you're dealing with a post-atomic environment, a society where everybody reads everyone else's minds, a group of men of the hot side of Mercury, the background becomes of vital importance, of prime fascination. The story works out as the people react to the background, but the scenery is always there as equally important as the characters. In a mainstream novel, the background is rarely that important. The normal laws are true, the people are people, and the key to the novel is the conflict of personality with personality.

Accepting this as a new critical viewpoint, that is, realising what makes SF significant and judging it by its own postulates instead of condemning it for the wrong reasons, it can be seen that SF has a claim to importance. Any field which gives us new insight into things, and SF undeniably does this by shifting our myopic viewpoint, has already justified itself. In Blish's novel, we have all the advantages of genuine SF with a good deal also of mainstream character study. For this, it is doubly valuable.

His theme also is one of the most fascinating ever devised by an imaginative author. Science fiction is typically atheistic, determined of course by the generally materialistic empirical orientation of science. "A Case of Conscience" has as its central character a Jesuit biologist of a century hence, and its central theme is a cosmic theological problem. Using a para-relativistic space drive, man has spread his exploratory fingers to the nearer stars. The newly discovered worlds are first visited by a U.N. research commission who must decide if the world is fit for human use. Father Ramon Ruiz-Sanchez, one of the four-man commission studying Lithia, second planet of Alpha Arietis, meets a biologist's paradise and a theologian's paradise.

For Lithia is inhabited by sentient

reptiles, sinless, totally moral, in every way an ideal Christian society, and yet they have no concept of God. How can a sinless Garden of Eden exist apart from God? The facts are appallingly true, and Ruiz-Sanchez sees that the only way out of the quandary is heresy.

The problem is complicated by the coming to Earth of a native Lithian, and in the impact on a nuclear-neurotic Shelter State of this extraordinary person—for Egverchi is a person, albeit an alien one—Blish's story explodes in a pyrotechnic display of intellect, compassion and sheer superb writing skill.

Blish's solution to the Jesuit's paradox is tremendously powerful. I have read few books which have touched me more in their climax. Blish is not a Catholic, but his novel will not offend Catholics. He writes of a believer, but he will not offend agnostics. "A Case of Conscience" is a tour-de-force of genuinely scientific speculative fiction.

7th ANNUAL "YEAR'S BEST SF," edited by Judith Merril (Dell; 8/6).

Of recent years Miss Merril in her yearly anthology has been perhaps the fundamental figure in tracing indeed causing, the sweep of science fiction back to its mainstream. Her "best SF" is indeed among the best speculative fiction published, and surprisingly enough much of it comes from sources such as the Atlantic Monthly, Playboy, and Saturday Evening Post. In this latest collection, she introduces the stories with the Conrad Aiken poem we have printed on Gard from page. "Loosen the rainbow . . ." says Mr. Aiken, and this is precisely and uniquely the function of SF.

As Miss Merril puts it, "SF means all the ways of filtering feelings and ideas through imagination so as to project them in another form—no less 'true,' but a great deal less expected." Much of the immaturity has gone from science fiction with the garish covers; authors such as John Dos Passos and Laurence Durrell are incorporated in the collection. SF is becoming "respectable,"

due largely to the persistent subversive efforts of a few literary guerrillas who have been sniping steadily from positions of irreproachable intellectual eminence at the guardians of literary snobbery.

Some of the stories are nostalgic, poetic—some are scientific extrapolations; all are human. As an introduction to science-fiction short stories (and I am convinced that they can never be as good as SF novels), Miss Merril's anthology is excellent. And if you are already a believer, you won't have to be convinced.

A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, by Walter Miller Jun. (Bantam; 6/).

Here is the novel adjudged by thousands of readers in the genre the best SF novel of 1960. It received the Hugo of the year, the S.F. equivalent of an Oscar. It surely warranted the award. It is a beautiful, funny, horrific, touching tripartite saga of a future world. The world is familiar in concept only, for it is a post-atomic war Earth, where man is struggling back to culture and dignity.

Like Blish's novel, it is a story of men who are Catholics and some who are not. After the war, the mob rejects science in a bloody abnegation. Scientists flee, and science returns to its old refuge—the monasteries. Leibowitz is a scientist who becomes a monk, who founds an order dedicated to the preservation of books and the spirit of inquiry. The novel follows the Order through a thousand years of struggle to the rise of a new society of technology and a new war. And there are no men left, the second time, save those on the colonies around the stars.

It is a novel of faith; not so much of the faith of Catholicism, as of faith in man, faith in life, faith in a God of some description. And though Miller realises that science can be a beast grown to earth-wrecking proportions, he has faith also in science. Or in the same men who can use it, instead of abusing it.

ANALOG, Science Fact and Fiction (6/ monthly).

GALAXY (6/- bi-monthly).

NEW WORLDS Science Fiction (3/- monthly).

The average SF reader, being a creature of habit if not indeed of compulsion, finds his source of staple in the seven or so professional SF magazines printed monthly or bi-monthly. This is by no means a painless process; unlike the anthologies, the monthly sometimes contains some stinkers. But the believer is willing to take the risk, and is often rewarded even beyond the deserts of his admittedly courageous activity.

With the days of the more ghastly covers well behind us, the SF connoisseur can sit in a public transport or even a library without bringing on his head looks of complete contempt. One reason for this is the vast improvement in the last couple of years of the better magazines.

Foremost in this process of scrubbing down SF's public image is the most dynamic figure in the field, John W. Campbell. He has the awesome honor of being one of the few men in history, perhaps the only one, who has entirely shaped the development of a whole field of literature. As editor of the old "Astounding Science Fiction," Campbell prompted most of the great SF story traditions and ideas; today he continues to do so, his magazine in Scientific American format and its name changed to "Analog." His is SF with the accent on science. The latest issue concludes a serial dealing with the problem of discerning ethics from morals, includes an article (beautifully illustrated) of the ethnic effects of change on Eskimo societies, and deals with the problem of medicine in an entirely new ecology.

Of "Galaxy" and "New Worlds," the former (American model) is better, slick, entertaining, and occasionally touching—an example is the story in the latest issue by Cordwainer Smith, Prof. of Sociology at a Washington University. The other magazine (British) has

(Continued opposite)

FIRST COME, LAST SERVED—CONT.

The revocation of part of the Arnhem Land reserve to allow a Bauxite Company to open operations is considered by many to be detrimental to the best interests of the aborigine, but it means that the Yirrkha Mission will be rebuilt with modern equipment and surroundings at Government expense, and further it will assist assimilation in providing work and skilled training for aborigines in the vicinity.

According to figures quoted by the Aboriginal Welfare Board in this State, the total population of Yirrkha earned £12,500 last financial year. Their petition to Federal Government to remain there included their statement that their children were being educated to the white man's ways. One should think carefully before disrupting such a prosperous settlement.

The Federal Government has made great guns out of the double royalties being paid to the Yirrkha aborigines. It amounts actually to about one shilling per head per week, and when this is processed by the various Government departments and amounts of it are deducted for trust funds, the natives will be lucky to get 3½ pence per week each.

We seem to remember that Queen Anne, back in the 18th century, proclaimed that land and all derived from the land of the Canadian Indians should

belong to them. . . . Are we two centuries behind Britain in native administration?

Note also that British Aluminium in Jamaica (and the British are not known to be traditionally polite to natives) pay the Jamaicans five shilling Australian per week.

With regard to the employment of aborigines, I am not qualified, since I have not visited these areas, to pass judgment. By law, Wards of State, working in pastoral of "General Industries" must receive a minimum of £2/8/3 (males), and £1/5/3 (females). In addition they receive accommodation, clothing, food, tobacco, &c. Aborigines not wards receive payment according to the rulings of the Arbitration Court where these apply, but there is no award for boundary riding which is a common occupation for the aboriginal men.

What fundamentals are required for assimilation of the aborigines as a full citizen?

1.—A complete sense of responsibility to his fellow man. There are tribal laws regulating the behavior of an aborigine in this regard thus protection and looking after the welfare of various people is, in the primitive aborigines, derived from law rather than from an innate sense of responsibility. Education in a different way of thought is required to bring this home.

2.—An acceptance of the responsibility for the care and maintenance of a wife and family is also required. In the aboriginal system all except the young-

est children are expected to gather food and assist in daily living. There is no specific "breadwinner" as in the western sense. This in many cases, at least, has not prevented aboriginal children from attending Government or mission



schools whilst the rest of the family is making its usual living.

3.—The acceptance of compulsory requirements regarding health, education, voting, &c. This, I feel, is a matter of

education of the children in these things and the education of their parents to accepting them.

4.—The maintenance of an acceptable standard of living. This again is a matter of education, and is being achieved quite well on various missions, notably the Catholic Bathurst Island Mission and the Lutheran Mission.

Thus it can be seen that in order to assimilate the aborigines as fellow citizens it is our duty to educate him. This is rendered difficult by the unwillingness, and often the disability of State Governments to set aside sufficient funds for the purpose. We cannot expect too much at present for it is only since 1951 that this system has been in operation and prior to that there is a long history of neglect, or shall I say, criminal neglect.

Our own Mr. Marr has a brilliant scheme . . . he wants to close down Lake Tyers. He doesn't know what to do with the aborigines (for all we know he might like them to live with their fellows in the slums of Fitzroy).

The assimilation of the aborigine is a national project and must be met on a national level. All Australian Governments must assist in making it possible.

But basically this is not a Government problem, a Government represents its people. It is our duty to ensure that our members of Parliament ensure that assimilation gets constant consideration.

THE BEAT-IT GENERATION: SCOTT FITZGERALD

by John Finlay

There have been few writers of the 20th century so totally committed to an ideal, or way of life, as was Scott Fitzgerald to that of the nineteen twenties. His commitment to, and the nostalgia with which he regarded, this decade is understandable, for it was the '20's which lifted him to the pinnacle of literary success and placed him for ever in the American literary tradition. Yet seemingly what Fitzgerald failed to realise was that in the establishment which the "Jazz Age" had given him lay the seeds of his own personal decline, a decline which cruelly thrust him into relative obscurity in the latter half of the 'thirties, and from which he has only emerged since his death in 1940.

It was with the publication of Fitzgerald's first novel, "This Side of Paradise," that the "Jazz Age"

supposedly began, yet in another sense it was the "Jazz Age" which began Fitzgerald, for it provided him with an opportunity to display the dual character of his writing, a combination of innocence of complete involvement, with an almost scientific coolness of observation. For Fitzgerald was possessed of a tremendous sense of "living in history," enabling him to realise the social and moral implications of the decade, recognising the needs of travel, love and intoxication, yet retaining at the same time the ability to coolly reckon the causes and consequences of the great moments.

Much of his writing stemmed from personal experience, and it was in this that his popularity lay, for by so doing he was able to catch the mood of the moment and fulfill the people's need to be told of their own thoughts and their own emotions. In this way his own experience came to mirror general values. Fitzgerald himself being

aware of the phenomenon when he wrote, "begin with an individual and before you know it you have created a type." Fitzgerald's individual was the type, for he was created with that sense of perception which captures the fleeing of time, holds it a minute, then liberates it, watching it slip for ever.

Yet despite his perceptive abilities, Fitzgerald was not typical of his age in any sense of the word. Certainly "This Side of Paradise" spoke in the voice of the new generation, but it did at the same time, as indeed did all his works, retain that element of critical awareness as comes only from the poet rather than the observer. Despite the fact that he coined the phrase "Jazz Age" and was credited with the discovery of the "new generation," Fitzgerald embarked on the '20's with a feeling of only part involvement. "America was going on the

greatest, grandest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to write about," he once wrote, words indicative of his half gay, half ironic attitude.

However, it was from this very same attitude that he was able to create the generation in every sense. Although he merely did so by being it, the emotions of which he wrote were those he had experienced, an hour, or a year ago, himself, and which he was now able to coolly review and place in perspective. As a result his writing went straight to the deep dead-centre of the American mind, enfolding it with the realisation of recognition and association. In this respect at least, Fitzgerald remained closer to the soul and pulse of the '20's than, say Hemingway, whose characters of this period ("The Sun Also Rises") were expatriates in France and Spain.

Yet in accepting his role as the chronicler of the '20's, the creator of

the "flappers and sheiks," Fitzgerald had taken on something which was to destroy, in his own lifetime at least, his literary standing. For when the era came to a halt with the Wall Street collapse in October, 1928, people no longer wished to be reminded of their past frivolities. The result was that in 1932, with the publication of one of his finest novels, "Tender is the Night," Fitzgerald found himself deserted by both critics and public alike, the book selling only 13,000 copies in two years.

From this point Fitzgerald, publicly at least, was forced into obscurity, his novels being regarded as historical documents, rather literary masterpieces. The situation was not altered by his death in 1940, for it was not until 1951, when Edmund Wilson and Arthur Mizener produced a series of articles and a biography respectively that the veil was lifted and Fitzgerald's former stature restored.

BOOKS—Cont.

a lot of excellent material but in its policy of encouraging new writers it inevitably picks up some rough uneven stuff. But with names like Aldiss, Ballard and Brunner connected with it, "New Worlds" will continue to be pretty near the best American standard and certainly far above the worst. So try reading them.

These review copies courtesy McGill's Newsagency, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



GENERAL

THE BLOODSTREAM: RIVER OF LIFE, by Dr. Isaac Asimov (Collier, 10/6).

THE WORLD OF CARBON, Isaac Asimov (Collier, 10/6).

THE GENETIC CODE, Isaac Asimov (Signet, 7/).

My first introduction to the witty and sagacious Dr. Asimov was through his early science-fiction stories. As an S.F. writer, Asimov is one of the two or three most seminal imaginers of the past quarter century. He is the founder of the now-famous Three Laws of Robotics (if you haven't heard of them, look up any book on cybernetics) and the pleasure of his stories was the science in them. Of recent years, Dr. Asimov has spent his spare time in becoming Associate Professor of Biochemistry at Boston University (in perpetuity) and writing seeds of the most valuable popular science books ever published.

This pursuit has revealed the outstanding talent for teaching through his books which has won him the

Edison Foundation Award, among other national awards. But his best panegyric is not a list of his achievements, but actually reading one of his books. Fortunately for the world, the paperback trend is now towards educational-type books, and both Colliers and Signet have snapped up Dr. Asimov's talent.

Herewith, then, are three right off the top. Two are reprints, the third a marvelous compendium of the latest knowledge about D.N.A. and those intricate little molecules which contain the secret of life itself. Naturally, as a professional biochemist, Dr. Asimov's forte is the life-sciences, and perhaps the correct starting place is "The World of Carbon." Here, in understandable terms, is an introduction to the vast world of organics. One reason for Asimov's excellence as a teacher is that he is not scared to make people think. He makes diagrams equally important as words in his books. Not the Alice-in-Wonderland

by Damien Broderick

kind of diagrams, but the genuine blood and earth molecular-formula diagrams biochemists use themselves. And once you're in the water it isn't cold at all!

"The Bloodstream" is the story of that astonishing liquid tissue men once thought of as the soul of man. Anyone who has seen the Hancock rendition of the transfusion process, or has felt vague vampiric stirrings when the moon is full, is aware of the fascination of the peculiar red stuff. So, rather than sitting your wrists (or somebody else's throat) to study blood at first hand, read Asimov's book. It's safer.

One of these days men will take their micro-minutised techniques and build a living creature. This is science-fact, not fiction, and it is only true because we now know pretty well what makes a living thing the science in them. Of recent years, Dr. Asimov has spent his spare time in becoming Associate Professor of Biochemistry at Boston University (in perpetuity) and writing seeds of the most valuable popular science books ever published.

ably be able to make another man in his laboratories from raw materials.

THE MOLECULAR BASIS OF EVOLUTION, by Christian Anfinsen (Science Editions, 21/6).

Even more up to date than Asimov's "Genetic Code," this book is really a specialist's treatise. Its author is actively working on the frontiers of our biochemical knowledge, and for them as can follow it, this book is a magnificent summary of present knowledge and a daring prediction of things to come. The problems are intellectually fascinating and of the most vital importance to anyone who cares about the future of mankind and other organisms on this planet.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, by Herbert Grierson & J. C. Smith (Penguin, 19/6).

Criticising critics criticising poets is a risky business, but I'd like to make a couple of points. First, this famous war-time collaboration of two Scottish scholars is a distinguished, valuable and witty appreciation of the best that has been done in our tongue for the form of poetry. Of these which have been propounder of poetry—that it may be regarded as the expressions of national spirit in different ages; or as the work of the individual poets, each expressing his own mind and spirit; or as an art with various sub-species which has developed basically untouched by environment according to its own tradition; the authors have chosen the second as most important.

Aware that every poet is the child of his age and heir to a particular tradition, they claim that the great poet helps to create the spirit of his age and to mould the tradition he inherited. Now, while I think this true of practically every age before ours, where the mass of people were illiterate and at the same time had comparatively little effect on the cultural traditions of history, the claim breaks down today. The poet still has little effect on the masses, and now the masses are an integrally important factor of the new culture and tradition. Literacy has not brought a concomitant increase in the appreciation of things of the soul, and sensitivity is a difficult thing to breed in a mechanised world.

Secondly, the authors are remarkably honest in admitting that

"the critic, no less than the poet, is the child of his age; and we are well aware that critics like us, whose taste in poetry was formed in Victorian days, may fall to do justice to the poetry and criticism of the present generation, between which and the Victorian Age a 'shift of sensibility' has occurred . . ."

These review copies were courtesy of Technical Book and Magazine Co., 295 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

PENGUIN CLASSICS

Penguin are re-issuing a number of their best-selling Classics, such as *Canterbury Tales* and *Don Quixote* in their new binding and with brilliant uniform covers. As well, they are taking the opportunity to introduce new translations of other Classics. On hand at the moment are *Medea and Other Plays* by Euripides (6/6), which I think completes the Penguin translations of Euripides; *Confessio Amantis* (8/-), by Chaucer's contemporary, John Gower; *The Letters of the Younger Pliny* (8/-), magnificent in their composite picture of the Roman bureaucratic mind, and famous for Pliny's graphic description of the destruction of Pompeii; and *The Conquest of New Spain* (9/6), by our Man On The Spot, Bernal Diaz.

Whether Penguin's translations are brilliant or merely adequate I don't know—I can't read the originals. I do know that they serve an urgent need, that of bringing our cultural and historic legacy within the reach and the price-range of the vulgar student.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING, by T. H. White (Fontana, 8/9).

In an earlier review this year I mentioned at length the prediction of modern authors for the steady hero, for the debased milieu. We have lost our poetry, the vision of a world where men are 12 feet tall and the sea is dragon-green and the sky luminous. Now, with the production of the musical "Camelot," Fontana have been prompted to release the book which prompted the play. It is a tapestry both glorious and tragic, a nether world of twilight and vast deeds, an emotional spectrum, a kaleidoscope of words, a time-machine of the spirit that carries the reader back to a medieval world which never was but always should have been.

The legend of King Arthur and his world has been seen before, but never before has it lived as it lives in White's dream. For "The Once and Future King" is not a novel, it is a vision, a dream, an ideal, a Truth. It is real, with the pathos and humour impossible of the artificial. It is fantasy, with the drama and the otherness only reached in a vision. It is a moral tragedy of men, moral and immoral, witches and demons and animals. It is animistic, primitive; yet with the feeling of a truly civilised human being. And perhaps this is the secret of T. H. White, that he is totally civilised, totally humanist. In other hands his dream could be lewd, gauche, but from White one can merely say that it is truly memorable, truly great.

JASON, by Henry Treece (Four Square, 6/9).

Treece is writing a series of novels whose aim, it would seem, is to demythologise mythology. This, his first, is an interesting achievement even if a dubious one. Jason becomes a modern existentialist hero, searching through deed and love to turn the inescapable anguish of useless life into something more than despair. He succeeds, momentarily, and in his success seeks to see himself as a god. And the basic predicament of faithless life turns on him, toppling him again and again from the peak he has laboriously climbed. The existential "truth" is disguised as the traditional Greek anger of the Gods, but Jason is afflicted not by the vengeful Furies, but by his own tortured soul in an empty world.

To reach this identification, Treece has been forced to throw away much of the fantasy of the original saga, explaining it in almost embarrassed fashion as the fabrication of Jason's tame poet Orpheus. The prodigious deeds of the Greeks are concentrated from the canvas to the burning point of one man's soul. Treece's attempt is an admirable one, and even if Jason's world may be one formulated by a cosmic idiot, it is still full of sound and fury. And if the legend loses of its blaze of divine glory, it gains in its accessibility to current thought.

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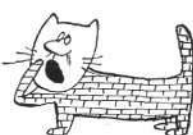
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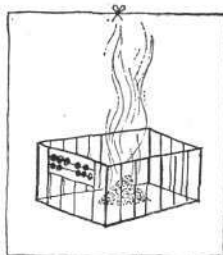


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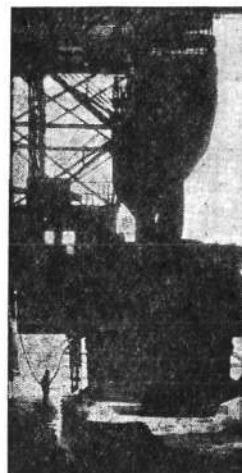


A burnt child dreads fire

BRIAN FERRARI

Printed by David Syme & Co. Ltd., 40 City Road, South Melbourne, for the Students Representative Council, Monash University, and edited at long distance by Tony Stabile and John Phillips. (Cheers from the middle distance, and the figure of Broderick appears, tired and haggard).

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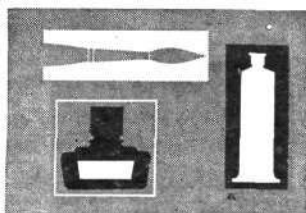
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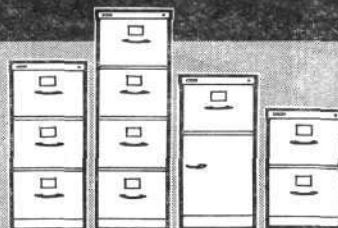
MONASH UNIVERSITY

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ENCOUNTER	5/
MEANJIN	10/6
KENYON REVIEW	15/6
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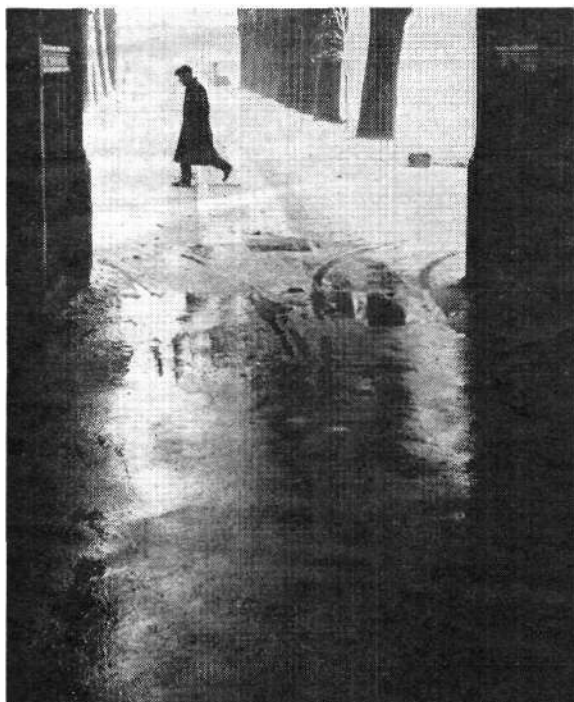
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CHAOS, Friday, October 18, 1963—7



PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The successful completion of the Society's Photographic Competition and Exhibition is a fitting conclusion to a most encouraging first year. Prompted by the generous donation of the Oakleigh Rotary Club — a fully equipped darkroom situated in the basement of the Alfred Deakin Hall, the Society was formed in mid-first term. Since then the activities of the society have included darkroom technique and portrait lighting demonstrations as well as speakers presenting different aspects of photography to the members. It is hoped that with improved organisational conditions next year, the Society will be able to carry out a longer and more varied list of activities for the participation of its members.

Awards

COLOUR SECTION.

1. White cat on path—Don Pitkethly.
 2. Tasmanian Landscape—James Gill.
 3. Peacock—Don Pitkethly.
- Beginner's Prize — Poplars — James Gill.

BLACK AND WHITE SECTION.

SECTION B.

- First: Ian Wadham.
Second: Don Pitkethly.

SECTION A.

- First: Don Pitkethly.
Second: Don Pitkethly.
Beginner's Prize: Peter Felder.

A cigar store view of

M.x G.II.es



"All aboard for the Yiddish machine"

he cried, his blunt square jaw sagging in sterness.

His dark hair like a black ravens back over his square skull.

Bovine he stands, a stolid, stupid, senseless face; but he speaks, and in his straight sharp mouth a lump of light, the diamond harshness of his intellect scintillates. like a sharp shimmering jewel.

His voice hat timbre. power, resonance, command.

He stirs a soul, satiates the humour sense, but this is drivial compared to the sincere shining seriousness of his mind.

He shuts his mouth and stands like a still dummy, arms slightly swaying.

He is wood again.

CHAOS *Emanstipated or Constipated*

Arising for the article, "The S.R.C. versus a free Student Press," appearing in the blue issue of Chaos, proposals have been circulating around Monash for the establishment of an independent Chaos control board—in particular, independent of the S.R.C.

In particular, the S.R.C. Publications and Library Committee has been considering a fairly detailed scheme drawn up by a group of interested students, prominent amongst whom are two S.R.C. executive members. In brief, the scheme may be summarised as follows:

(1.) The board will consist of four members elected for the purpose from and by the student body at the time of the annual S.R.C. elections, and perhaps one S.R.C. nominee.

(2.) This board's duties will be:

- a. To elect the editor.
- b. To arrange for libelous, obscene and blasphemous material to be censored.
- c. To supervise the finances, so that Chaos does not end up with no money at the beginning of third term (as nearly happened this year).
- d. To exercise some guidance to ensuring that the paper reflects a broad range of student opinion, allowing replies to controversial articles, etc.

However, it is generally felt that editorial independence must be carefully safeguarded, and that the board should not be able to instruct the editor what to print, except in certain strictly specified circumstances.

(e) To dismiss the editor, subject to the editor's right of appeal, to the S.R.C., or, perhaps, a General Meeting of students. The above is just a very brief outline, and does not

list the suggested safeguards against interference with the editor's independence, method of censorship (which is necessary, if only to avoid libel action), and similar details.

The Board will receive an annual grant from the S.R.C., which may not be subsequently reduced. However, additional amounts will only be granted for specific purposes (such as an Open Day issue) and the board will be expected to regulate expenditure to this granted amount.

To ensure independence from the S.R.C., the board will be directly responsible to the S.R.C. President and through him to the V.C. The purpose of this is to try to forestall the periodic dignities which occur at other Australian Universities between the newspaper and the S.R.C. over the S.R.C. attempts to censor material which embarrasses the S.R.C. or its executive.

This scheme is tentative, and has several opponents. Their chief argument is that as the newspaper is the chief organ of student expression it should be controlled by the body elected to speak for students. Coupled with this is the argument, as yet untested, that the administration would be unwilling to have any official student body to deal with other than the S.R.C.

The later point seems to many to take an unduly pessimistic view of the administration's willingness to co-operate, assuming majority of students favor the scheme. The board may be, in fact, regarded as a branch of the S.R.C. concerned with a particular aspect of student life — the newspaper. The first point is often answered by quoting John Patterson (Past President of Melbourne S.R.C.) who said at the annual dinner of that body "All this business about the S.R.C. being represen-

tative of the students, is just so much rubbish."

While this is probably an unduly cynical view of the extent to which S.R.C.'s fulfill their representative function, it is a legitimate criticism in that it emphasises the fact that S.R.C.'s are necessarily to some extent removed from the general Student body (as, of course, is any particular University body).

It is hoped, however, that an independent board will be best able to protect the students' interest in a genuinely independent student newspaper.

Several organised groups of students have expressed already their support of the scheme, amongst them being the Labor Club executive. Any one who has comments or suggestions relating to it should submit them to the S.R.C.'s Publications and Library Subcommittee. It is not likely that the scheme, if adopted, will be finalised until the early next year.

NUAUS

1964 Council will be held at Monash from Feb. 4-14. Delegates will stay at Deakin Hall. Students are invited to attend.

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Annual Subscriptions to "CHAOS"

From next year, Annual Subscriptions to "Chaos" will be available to Graduates and any other interested persons.

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