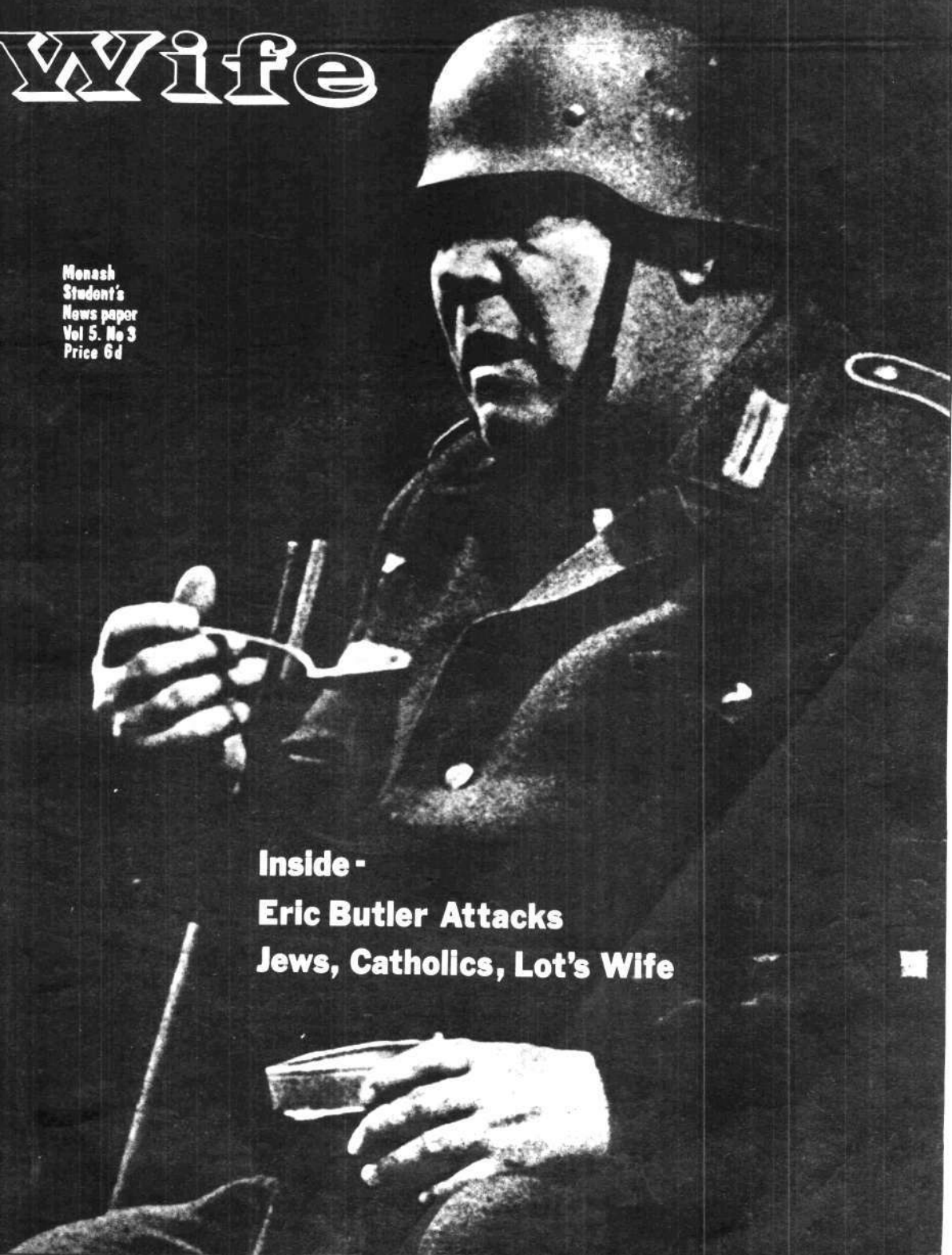


Lot's Wife

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**Inside -
Eric Butler Attacks
Jews, Catholics, Lot's Wife**

LOT'S WIFE

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1965
A question of magnitude

Strange, how the cold cloud light warms
and kindles something inside you —
not a furnace-febrile fervour
but that old wisdom
all the sons of man know
when they gaze on the sea,
a gentle flame, the stark
unworded empathy both cold and warm
cold in the exterior and deep in the gut
warm in some interior crevasse
— that strange dichotomy of sense
where the self is more alone than ever
and yet finds some elemental salvation
in the All. Cut the mystic crap,
they say; but that wasn't what I meant.
I image no vast womb-god,
comforting his worm bastard offspring,
but that more incredible thing
the thing of the Eddas, the gods
who are men who are men,
the marvellous fallible humans
with mighty blades and mighty rages
and mighty loves, the gods
who are lost from our society,
aborted in their birth.
Yet they are not gone eternally;
Ragnarok was not all successful
when it established Civilisation
— I know, because of that warm-cold
light in the brooding cloud,
because of the scowl, the flayed raw smile
I feel inside where the cold is coldest.

— and yet, who feels it?
how many? I suppose, many,
but they rarely speak.
The old gods are dying in our land,
stricken down by no giants in wizard combat,
burned by no blast of nature's raw denial,
only lost and impotent in those hearts
which know, if only rarely, their presence,
and turn away and choke the light
and warm that secret core
before a radiator.

Why did Hemingway die? why murdered
by his own hand? Perhaps the first man
to stride upon the moon will rectify
his failure; more likely (and my heart is sick
with this fear) he will point a camera
at the glowing earth and advertise
Granny Davis bread. For a consideration.
For his children, for security.

And yet, the cloud is glowing brighter
in an apocalyptic sunburst
which may strike the right chord,
somewhere else.

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Labour

It seems to be the necessary thing to do in the Victorian ALP circles when mentioning the world "DLP", to surround it with a few well chosen expletives in order to prove that one isn't a secret admirer of Santamaria and his Merry Men.

May I now do penance and hastily fall back into line and assure all good-thinking ALP members that I'm not really a crypto-fascist after all.

It is perfectly true, as Comrade Boraston points out, that the obstacles facing reunion were discussed on the basis that reunion was desirable. However, what I hope was also perfectly true, is that, during the course of the article I was putting forward arguments as to why reunion would be undesirable. I am sure that a careful reading of the article would make it plain that this is the case. In support of this, may I quote the last paragraph of my article which said:

"Finally the question of labor unity again — is it a dream or is it reality? The answer is neither. It would be a nightmare. No, the most important immediate problem is that of international reform. It is only when this is achieved that the A.L.P. will be a force to be reckoned with in Australian politics." I understand that Messrs. Whitlam and Wyndham hold similar views.

Finally, please permit me one deviationist tendency. Just as it is foolish to describe the A.L.P. as being "extreme left-wing" because of the opinions of a minority of its members, so it is absurd to describe the D.L.P. as being "extreme right-wing fascist front" because of the views of a minority of its members. In the interests of intellectual honesty and practical politics it's about time that A.L.P. members were more objective in their approach to the D.L.P. I hope that in contrast to Comrade Boraston's article, that my article went some of the way towards satisfying these criteria.

BOB WILSON (Ecops IV)

Bedford

Dear Sir,

To a nobody, with no capabilities of literary criticism, Jean Bedford's comments in the last edition of "Lot's Wife" are most disconcerting.

She assumes that no undergraduates should attempt creative poetry, because this constitutes the crime of running before being able to walk. Pity the poor undergraduate who is actually able to run. Is he to wait until graduation before he is competent to write?

Surely one of the main purposes of "Lot's Wife" is to encourage any glimmer of

creativity. Jean Bedford's comments on the particular poem may be valid, it is purely a matter of opinion. However, it is no basis for the conclusion she draws, that such poetry should not be produced.

If iambic pentameter is to be taken as a technical rule which must be used if poetry is to be successful it may be assumed that Eliot and Yevteshenko were unsuccessful. The mere fact that such "technical rules" are not employed does not itself condemn the poet.

Although the opinion of a Second Year Honour's Student would be esteemed in literary circles, it is possible that even such an authority may be doubted when she says, in effect, that only senility will produce creativity.

Yours faithfully,

JEFF DOUBE, LAW II.
ROBYN CAMPBELL, ARTS II.

Liberal

The Liberal Club at Monash University (Victoria) recently approached The Australian League of Rights to provide a representative to speak on Communism at the University. After a telephone conversation with the Secretary of the Liberal Club, the League's National Director, Mr. Eric D. Butler, agreed to speak at an open meeting on the true nature of International Communism. Mr. Butler said to the secretary that he hoped her club realised that he was a controversial figure. The secretary said that this was understood, and that she hoped Mr. Butler did not mind some heckling from students. The meeting was to take place on Thursday, April 1.

However, when the news about Mr. Butler's visit started to circulate at the Monash University certain developments followed. The result was that on Monday of this week Mr. Butler received a letter from the Secretary of the Liberal Club informing him that "we have found it necessary to withdraw the invitation as it will be impossible for us to hold this meeting." No explanation was given why it was suddenly found necessary to cancel the meeting. The truth is that there are certain influential people at the Monash University who are bitterly opposed to The League of Rights. Left-wing and pro-Communist influence is very strong. An examination of the students' paper, LOT'S WIFE, also indicates the growth of what can only be described as a form of depravity. It is about time that Australian taxpayers started to ask some searching questions about what is happening in the Universities they are financing.

From: "On Target", published by the Australian League of Rights, Vol. 1, No. 8.

Youth

Sir,

Our country at this time faces grave dangers. We are virtually defenceless against external aggression and economic pressures, but worse still have little prospect of building up our strength whilst essential leadership is wanting — with the government lacking an effective opposition to keep them on their mettle the present "political" instead of "practical" solution to problems will continue.

With the failure of the established parties it is felt by many that there is need for a new group, containing all sections of our community — every creed, colour, occupation and united alone by the desire to work for the sound Government of our Nation.

Are you of this opinion? Are you interested in helping to form such a political force? It is felt strongly that a determined lead by the younger generation is really necessary, for there seems little doubt of the truth that "We achieve the kind of Government we deserve".

C. F. BELL,
Spokesman for a group of so minded Australians.

Sport?

Dear Sir,

The new sports pavilion is very nice, but, why the hell was it designed with the main door to the men's changing rooms directly opposite the door to the shower room? And why do they go to the trouble of making a cunning little weir to prevent shower water from flooding the floor and then mount the shower heads horizontally on the wall so that the water goes straight over the weir? The crowning indignity is that there is no provision of any kind for hanging towels in the shower room. Could not SOMETHING be done to alleviate this situation, and also to provide better external lighting?

FRED ZUNN, ARTS II.

S.R.C.

The elections for the vacant positions in various committees resulted in Mr. G. Pappas being appointed Secretary of the S.R.C. Mr. S. Strong is N.U.A.U.S. secretary, Mr. David Silver (Clubs and Societies Representative), Mr. P. Harrison and Mr. D. J. Brown (Catering Representatives), Mr. W. Gilbert (Chairman of Publications), Mr. K. Staples (Chairman of the Editorial Board of the Secondary Students Newspaper), Mr. P. Scherer (Papua and New Guinea Officer), Mr. P. Denahy (Sports Association Representative).



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anti-Semite Leader's Accusation Is Monash Communist, Depraved?



Sometimes those of us who consider ourselves politically aware at this university, receive a jolt, from the knowledge that we have missed out on something.

This time it seems we were not keeping a close enough check on the "lunatic fringe" of Australian politics.

It was sharply brought to our attention this week by an article entitled "What is happening at Monash University" in a news-sheet styled "Target", published by the League of Rights.

The article stated that the League's National Director, Mr. Eric D. Butler, had agreed to speak to the newly-formed Monash Liberal Club on the Nature of International Communism. Soon after the invitation was withdrawn. The reason for this, states the news-sheet, was that "certain influential people at Monash University are bitterly opposed to the League of Rights. Left-wing and pro-communist influence is very strong. An examination of the student paper 'Lot's Wife' also indicates the growth of what can only be described as a form of depravity."

Who is Eric D. Butler? What is the League of Rights? Why was his talk cancelled? It is time more people in this community knew the answers to these questions.

No wonder the politically naive and immature person who attempted to form the Liberal Club, received a scathing phone call from one of the official party organs, telling him in no uncertain terms not to sponsor Butler's visit to the University. At least they realized the smear they would be connected with. It is unintelligent people such as this "budding politician" on which Butler thrives and increases his audiences.

Eric D. Butler has been known for more than two decades as a lecturer and pamphleteer, a member of the Anglican Synod (not re-elected after trying to win the Synod to racist views), an opponent of water fluoridation, and with Mr. Killen, M.H.R., taking a trip to London to oppose Britain's entry

into the Common Market.

Only by looking at all of Butler's public life can one find a consistent thread, an unchanging note; he is undoubtedly Australia's most virulent preacher of racial hatred towards the Jewish people.

Many Australians have never encountered him in this role, and from his old style of crude anti-semitism he has graduated to what the Catholic Institute of Social Order describes as "a brand of anti-semitic literature that is rather more dangerous than the low-brow rubbish, because on the whole it does not make such a crude and violent appeal to the emotions and can, therefore reach a wider audience." Dr. Rumble has described one of Butler's works as "a childish exhibition of anti-semitism at its worst. I regard this book as a mischievous production which is calculated to do harm to its readers and to accomplish no good whatever for anyone."

These days Butler denies that he is a "Jew-baiter" and relies more on the techniques of the "soft-sell". He is half-owner of the Heritage Bookshop in Melbourne which is a communication point for fascist, racistist, and other forms of printed hatred, a definite relic of Hitler's Germany and more particularly of Streicher's filth-sheet "Der Sturmer". All forms of racistist propaganda can be brought there, and the publicity sheet issued on a book by the notorious Hungarian Jew hater, Louis Marchalco, states, "this book is worth having, if only to read the chapter, 'What has become of the six million Jews,' in which the author proves conclusively that the story of the 6,000,000 murdered Jews is one of the greatest propaganda hoaxes of all times... this book can be strongly recommended."

Other "strongly recommended" books include, "The dangerous myth of racial equality" — in which the author claims that negroes were responsible for the Sharpsville massacre and that "in the negro the savage sleeps lightly and is quickly

aroused. Violence to him, is not the final, desperate expression of unbearable exasperation, but a pleasurable excitement. Blood rites move him to ecstasy."

Other books on sale claim ritual murders by Jews of Christians at Passover where children are bled white, crucified, tortured, beaten and stabbed. Many of these have been written by convicted traitors and present members and leaders of Nazi parties such as Colin Jordan and George Lincoln Rockwell.

After wallowing in this filth for a while we crawl into the next pig-pen and investigate his current propaganda sheet "The New Times". In its early days of 1935 this paper was assuring Australians that the Nazis were being maligned, and not to treat the reports about the persecutions of Jews seriously, but when they found themselves losing ground over this, they reported that the news agencies were Jewish controlled and were distorting the truth.

In a 1938 issue the young Butler was praised as "an accomplished speaker" in his work to gain support for the paper, covering 15,000 miles in Victoria and New South Wales in the course of 12 months. There were articles praising the Fascist regimes of Italy and Germany. "Is Danzig worth the life of one Australian" was the headline of Butler's article on August 25, 1939 — "It is a German city with a German population."

During the war Butler suggested that Churchill and his ancestors had been tools of the Jews. After a supporter had brought charges of conspiracy against two high court judges, the Security Service began an investigation into Butler and his organisation.

The enquiry found "certain similarities in comment" between articles written by Butler and broadcasts made by the war-time British traitor John Amery from Bremen radio (later hanged).

Extracts from The New Times also "showed sympathy to Japan in her efforts to establish a new order in East Asia". When such matters were "projected into a field in which are to be found opposition to war loans, attempts to defeat the operation of war-time regulations and the use of arguments similar to enemy propaganda, there is undoubtedly, in our views, every reason for some action being taken," the Commissioners concluded.

Perhaps Butler's most infamous work is his edition of "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion", a book that defies description, and was directly responsible for immeasurable blood shed. It purports to be a plan drawn up by Jewish leaders to ensure world domination by Jewry and has been proved many times by many courts to be a fake.

Historians believe it was a satire by a French pamphleteer, but was used to whip up hatred against Jews in Russia.



Butler's book entitled "The International Jew — The Truth about the Protocols of Zion" bears no date of publication and has a disclaimer inserted in the back by the printer. We are told that the Jews via Rasputin controlled the Russian Royal Family (p. 105) but earlier we are told they organised the Bolshevik revolution! The Jews controlled the Nazi movement (p. 86-87) while Hitler himself was Jewish, being a bastard son of Baron Rothschild (p. 88). The Jews are also in control of world capitalism and run the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank (p. 134), the Nazi Luftwaffe (p. 89) and founded the Jesuit order (p. 10). They were also in control of President Roosevelt (p. 69). Dr. Evatt, Sir Keith Murdoch and Dr. Coombs were all under Jewish influence via the medium of Professor Harold Laske of the London School of Economics (p. 73-5).

Truman became President as a result of Jewish intrigues (p. 149) and the present Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. McEwen, was a tool of Judaic policies (p. 50).

This may sound to some like the ravings of a demented lunatic, but to Butler it is only a beginning. "Hitler's policy was a Jewish policy; it helped further the declared aims of International Jewry", because his persecution was designed to send the victims scattering over the face of the earth to become "emissaries of the German-Jewish Doctrine of external authority and regimentation (p. 6)." To this absurdity is added the "fact" that "the Jews were not only behind the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisitions (p. 85) but they were also the hidden directors of their own persecution, the motive being to get the Jews dispersed so that they might infiltrate the unsuspecting countries giving them refuge." He goes on to condemn the Peace Conference after the 1914-18 war as a "Jewish affair", the League of Nations as a "Jewish conspiracy", Harvard University a "training ground for Jewish internationalists", etc.

Mr. Butler's "final solution" is that Jews should be provided with a country and sent there (p. 167) and he suggests Madagascar. His final claim on his last page, is that Christ was not a Jew.

What is Eric Butler doing at this very moment?

In 1947 he formed the League of Rights whose objects are to promote loyalty to God and the Crown, defend private ownership, to expose Government by regulative and bureaucratic interference, etc. It attempts to influence "opinion leaders" particularly the clergy, teachers, press and businessmen.

Mr. Ron Dyason, the League's secretary, claimed "the demand for League of Rights speakers from church groups, Rotary Clubs and a number of organisations, continues to keep the League Panel of speakers under heavy pressure. It is particularly pleasing that the reputation of the League in Church circles is such that some groups are asking for speakers on the advice of other groups."

The frightening thought about this is that it may well be true.

Butler travels widely and may cover the whole continent several times in a year. He has several staunch supporters in the clergy in particular, Rev. Norman Hill, of St. Mark's, Fitzroy, has had Butler address his congregation and has spoken at seminars held by the League. Norman Banks by giving Butler frequently publicity on his programmes has helped create the image of respectability.

This is an attempt to give a short composite picture of Eric Butler and the League of Rights; there is a lot more to be said, a lot more to be exposed. People have a tendency to laugh off this "lunatic fringe" but even though it is a horrible cliché in this day and age to say "they said the same of Hitler", but who knows? There is always doubt in people's minds while persons like Butler exist, the weaker members of the community can be highly susceptible to this "soft-sell", respectable, patriotic, Christian, while his insidious disease spreads over them like a slime. The thought that Rotary and Apex Clubs are entertaining this man is revolting and I consider it time all clubs and groups in the country from the Churches to the Monash Liberal Club fully investigate speakers before sanctioning them and giving them a foothold over their followers.



Written by
Pete Steedman

(With many thanks to John Playford of the politics department for the use of his files.)

the Jazz Machine

I had the weight that night. I mean, I had the blues, and no one hides the blues away. You got to wash them out, or you end up riding a slow drag to nowhere. You got to let them fly. I mean, you got to.

I play the trumpet in this barrelhouse off Main Street, never mind the name of it. It's like scumpteen other cellar drink dens where the downtown ofays bring their loot and jive talk, and listen to us try to blow out notes as white and pure as we can never be.

Like I told you, I was gully low that night. Brassing as the great White way Lipping back a sass in jazz that Rone got off in words and died for. Hitting at the jug and loaded. Spiking gin and rage with shaking miseries. I had no food in me and wanted none. I broke myself to pieces in a hungry night.

This white I'm getting off on showed at ten. Collared him a table near the stand and sat there nursing at a glass of wine. Just casing us, all the way into the late watch he was there. He never budged or spoke a word, but I could see that he was picking up on what was going down. He got into my mouth. Man, he bothered me.

At four I crawled down off the stand, and that was when this ofay stood and put his grabber on my arm. "May I speak to you?" he asked. The way I felt I took no shine to pink hands wrinkling up my gabardine. "Broom off, stud," I let him know. "Please," he said, "I have to speak to you."

Call me blowtop, call me Uncle Tom. Man, you're not far wrong. Maybe my brain was nowhere, but I sat down with Mister Pink and told him — lay his racket. "You've lost someone," he said.

It hit me like a belly chord. "What do you know about it, white man?" I felt that hating pick up tempo in my guts again. "I don't know anything about it," he replied. "I only know you've lost someone. You've told it to me with your horn a hundred times." I felt evil crawling in my belly. "Let's get this straight," I said. "Don't hype me, man; don't give me stuff." "Listen to me then," he said.

"Jazz isn't only music, it's a language, too. A language born of protest. Torn in bloody ragtime from the womb of anger and despair. A secret tongue with which the legions of abused cry out their misery and their troubled hates."

"This language has a million dialects and accents. It may be a tone of bitter-sweetness whispered in a brass-lined throat; or rush of frenzy screaming out of reed mouths, or hammering at strings in vibrant piano hearts, or pulsing, savage, under taut-drawn hides. In dark-peaked stridencies it can reveal the aching core of sorrow, or cry out the new millennium. Its voices are without number, its forms beyond statistic. It is, in very fact, an endless tonal revolution. The pleading furies of the damned against the cruelty of their damnation. I know this language, friend," he said.

"What about my—?" I began and cut off quick. Your—what, friend?" he enquired. "Someone near to you; I know that much. Not a woman though; your trumpet wasn't grieving for a woman loss. Someone in your family; your father maybe, or your brother."

I gave him words that tiger prowled behind my teeth. "You're hanging over trouble, man, don't break the thread. Give it to me straight." So Mister Pink leaned in and laid it down.

"I have a sound machine," he said, "which can convert the forms of jazz into the sympathies which made them. If into my machine, I play a sorrowing blues, from out the speaker comes the human sentiment which felt those blues and fashioned them into the secret tongue of jazz."

He dug the same old question stashed behind my eyes. "How do you know you've lost someone?" he asked. "I've heard so many blues and stomps and strutting jazes changed, in my machine, to sounds of anger, hopelessness and joy that I can understand the language now. The story that you told was not a new one. Did you think you were inviolate behind your tapestry of woven brass?"

"Don't hype me, man," I said. I let my fingers rigor mortis on his arm. He didn't ruffle up a hair. "If you don't believe me, come and see," he said. "Listen to my machine. Play your trumpet into it. You'll see that everything I've said is true." I felt shivers like a walking bass inside my skin. "Well, will you come?" he asked.

Rain was pressing drum rolls on the roof as Mister Pink turned tires onto Main Street. I sat dummed in his coupe, my sacked up trumpet on my lap, listening while he rolled off words like Stacy runnings on a tinkle box.

"Consider your top artists in the genre: Armstrong, Bechet, Waller, Hines, Goodman, Mezzrow, Spanier, dozens more both male and female. Jew and Negroes all and why? 'Why are all the greatest jazz interpreters those who live beneath the constant gravity of prejudice?' I think because the scaldings of external bias focus all their vehemence and suffering to a hot, explosive core and, from this nucleus of restriction, comes all manner of fissions, violent and slow. Breaking loose in brief expression of the tortures underneath. Crying for deliverance in the unbreakable code of jazz." He smiled. "Unbreakable till now," he said.

"Rip bop doesn't do it. Jump and mop-mop only cloud the issue. They're like jellied coatings over true response. Only authentic jazz can break the pinions of repression, liberate the heart-deep mournings, unbind the passions, give freedom to the longing essence. You understand?" he asked. "I understand," I said, knowing why I came.

Inside his room, he flipped the light on, shut the door, walked across the room and slid away a cloth that covered his machine. "Come here," he said. I suspected him of hyping me, but good. His jazz machine was just a jungleful of scraggy tubes and wheels and scumpteen wires boogity-boogity, like a black snake brawl. I double-o'd the heap. "That's really in there, man," I said, and couldn't help but smile a cutting smile. Right off he grabbed a platter, stuck it down. "Heebie-Jeebies; Armstrong. First, I'll play the record by itself," he said.

Any other time I bust my conk on Satchmo's scattling. I had the crawling heaves in me and I couldn't even loosen up a grin. I stood there feeling nowhere while Daddy-O was tromping down the English tongue. Rio-bio-dee-doo-doo! The Satch recited in his model T baritone. Then white man threw the switch.

In one hot second all the crazy seal was mixed. Instead, all pounding in my head there came the sound like bottled blowtops scuffling up a jamboree, like twenty tongue-tied hipsters in the next apartment having them a ball. Something frosted up my spine. I felt the shakes do get-off chorus in my gut. And even though I knew that Mister Pink was smiling at me I couldn't look him back. My heart was set to knock a doorway through

my chest before he cut his jazz machine.

"You see?" he asked. I couldn't talk. He had the up on me. "Electrically, I've caught the secret heart of jazz. Oh, I could play you many records that would illustrate the many moods which generate this complicated tongue. But I would like for you to play in my machine. Record a minute's worth of solo. Then we'll play the record through the other speaker and we'll hear exactly what you're feeling stripped of every sonic superficial. Right?"

I had to know. I couldn't leave that place no more than fly. So, while white man set his record maker up, I unsucked my trumpet, limbered up my lip, all the time the heebies rising in my crew like ice cubes piling.

Then I blew it out again. The weight, the dragging misery, the bringdown blues that hung inside me like twenty irons on a string, and the string stuck to my guts with twenty hooks that kept on slicing me away. I played for Rone, my brother. Rone who could have died a hundred different times and ways; Rone who died, instead, down in the Murder Belt where he was born; Rone who thought he didn't have to take that same old stuff; Rone who forgot and rumbled back as if he was a man and not a spade; Rone who died without a single word underneath the boots of Mississippi peckerwoods who hated him for thinking he was human and kicked his brains out for it.

That's what I played for. I blew it hard and right and when I finished and it all came rushing back on me like screaming in a black-walled pit I felt a coat of evil on my back, with every scream a button that held the dark coat closer till I couldn't get the air.

That's when I crashed my horn on his machine. That's when I knocked it on the floor and crunched it down and kicked it to a thousand pieces. "You fool!" That's what he called me. "You damned black fool!" All the time until I left.

I didn't know it then. I thought that I was kicking back for every kick that took away my only brother. But now it's done and I can get off all the words I should have given Mister Pink.

Listen, white man; listen to me good. Buddy ghee, it wasn't you. I didn't have no hate for you, even though it was your kind that put my brother in his final place. I'll knock it to you why I broke your jazz machine.

I broke it cause I had to, cause it did just what you said it did, and if I let it stand it would have robbed us of the only thing we have, that's ours alone. The thing no boot can kick away or rope can choke.

You cruel us and you kill us. But listen, white man, these are only needles in our skin. But if I'd let you keep on working your machine you'd know all our secrets and you'd steal the last of us and we'd blow away and we'd never be again. Take everything you want. About you will because you have.

But don't come scuffling for our souls.

Written by Richard Matheson

New Guinea

Freedom in the Balance

A paternalistic administration caught between Canberra's indecision and red tape and the winds of change in the Territory, an expatriate minority accustomed to privileges but now feeling uncertain and insecure about its future, an indigenous leadership moderately inclined but under pressure of forces which may not prove amenable to moderation, a sad and confused people suddenly catapulted by history from primitive tribalism to the strenuous beginnings of modern nationhood — these are some of the first impressions of Papua and New Guinea gathered from the recent seminar at Port Moresby organised by the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom.

On a closer view, however, one noticed several silver linings. The Administration might occasionally bully and bluster, but at the seminar not a few among its top representatives gave hopeful signs that their democratic habits and attitudes as Australians had not been altogether corrupted by colonial functions and powers. They argued and debated with their critics on free and equal terms: some almost openly admitted Canberra's lack of foresight and policy.

More significant, several leading expatriates seemed to feel closer to indigenous aspirations and perplexities than to Australia's half-hearted semi-colonial interests. Besides, the group that went from Australia (mostly experts and representatives of various professions and organizations) not only showed remarkable understanding of the basic problems of development that face the Territory; its members clearly and cogently advocated immediate and long-term measures to facilitate the inevitable process of decolonisation.

Putting all these together, it did not seem improbable that Papua and New Guinea's transition to independence may be more smooth and peaceful than has been the experience of many Afro-Asian countries; and that when eventually this does take place, the new state may expect to find in Australia not a sullen neighbour but one genuinely anxious to help it in stabilising and developing itself.

The most attractive of these indigenous leaders at the seminar was Lepani Watson, a member of the new House of Assembly, who presented the opening paper on "Papuan and New Guinean Reactions to Local Government and the National Election". Self-educated, soft spoken and physically inconspicuous, he nevertheless seemed to be a person who unobtrusively commands respect and trust in any company. Briefly but persuasively he pleaded for more education and opportunities, for

central planning which would give every area an equal share of national development, for quality leadership, and for a gradual synthesis of new ideas with the old based on mutual respect and consideration. Another very impressive participant was John Guise, the elected leader of the House, who wanted the Papuans and New Guineans to be given a real share in the decision-making process and proposed the appointment of a committee to evolve a constitution for his country.

Among other indigenous participants with a potential for national leadership were Dirona Abe, Mathias Toliman, Paulias To Nguna (who presented a highly critical paper on "Education and Employment"), Albert Maori Kiki, and Oala Oala-Rarua (who also presented a forceful paper criticising racial discrimination in public service).

A country which has already produced leaders of this type in such a short time and with so few opportunities has good reasons to look confidently to its future. However, the problems that face Papua and New Guinea are complex and enormous, and they have not been made easier by Australia's faults of both omission and commission. Some of these were thrown into sharp relief by the seminar.

Without a clear target date for transfer of power, there is little urgency in preparing the people for the eventual assumption of full responsibility. It was pointed out by one speaker after another that the Native Local Government Councils depended heavily on government advice and supervision and provided little participation in the political process; that the new House of Assembly had hardly any real functions and powers; that the indigenous undersecretariat in the departments had no share in decision making. Almost nothing has been done to train up adequately an indigenous elite; genuine tertiary education remains to date utterly neglected. Despite the recommendations of the Foot Mission, the World Bank, and the Currie Commission, nothing is being done to establish a university in the Territory. Nor has there been any serious effort to promote indigenous participation in the economic development.

If not in law, in actual practice, there was gross discrimination in every field on racial lines.

The issue of discrimination has recently been highlighted by the new Public Service Ordinance which came into effect in September, 1964. Under this, salaries of indigenous government employees were made less than half the basic rates paid to Australian employees

in the same positions. Private firms are now planning to adopt the same policy and reduce the salaries of their native employees by more than 50 per cent.

This highly inequitable policy has naturally provoked wide resentment, and it is likely to become the central issue in the current session of the House of Assembly. Papuan and New Guinean leaders recognise that the limited resources of their country would not for a long time to come permit Australian scales of wages and salaries. They, however, legitimately resent that the House of Assembly was not taken into confidence before Canberra took such an extraordinary decision. Besides, the more sensible policy would have been to have one uniform public service with a realistic scale of pay dictated by the local economy; expatriate officers might then be paid a special allowance over and above the basic salary provided there was a clear policy to replace them by qualified indigenous officers within a specified period of time.

The most important point, however, is that such discrimination is altogether intolerable unless a definite date is set for complete transfer of power. As things are at the moment, this overt discrimination has already started generating racial hatred, and the moderate leaders are now hard put to restrain extremist pressures, especially from young students who are impatient to see the end of Australian domination in their country.

One of the positive results of the seminar was to underline the consensus among indigenous leaders regarding the immediate steps in preparation for independence. In the first place, a definite date must be announced for complete transfer of power. Secondly,

the House of Assembly must become a real Parliament, in other words, the true source of policy making. It should appoint a committee to prepare the future constitution of the country. Thirdly, the indigenous undersecretaries must have an effective share in administration. Fourthly, the Territory must immediately establish a university and develop a full-fledged system of tertiary education. Primary education should not be neglected, but top priority must be given to develop a national elite qualified to assume the complex responsibilities and functions of a modern democratic state. Fifthly, an overall plan for balanced economic development must be drawn up with the help of international experts and international assistance. Sixthly, all forms of racial discrimination must be eliminated as early as possible, and the people of the country must be provided with increasing opportunities for effective participation in the country's all-round development.

To most of the participants from Australia these demands appeared to be timely, realistic and highly legitimate. The decisive question is whether Canberra would have the wisdom to think so and act accordingly. At the moment the recognized leadership of Papua and New Guinea does not seem to be ideologically oriented; its nationalism is moderate and practical and is based on a realistic appreciation that the country's peaceful development depends largely on Australian goodwill and co-operation.

However, should Canberra prove to be unresponsive, or as it currently is, tardy and hesitant in its policy of decolonisation by consent, the situation may radically change for the worse, and the present in-

digenous leaders may either find themselves pushed out by more impatient youngsters, or driven reluctantly to a more extreme position where moderation becomes impossible. There were at least some ominous signs of this possibility both in the seminar and outside. Some of the young students of the Papuan Medical College and Administrative College are particularly restive and bitter.

One of them, Dr. Ilomo Batton, was powerfully articulate in his angry criticism of Australian policy or lack of policy. He is active in the student movement, has already composed a national anthem and designed a national flag, and is canvassing the name "Paradisia" for his country. Another young leader to watch is Albert Maori Kiki, a student at the Administrative College, who is vehemently critical of the imposition of the Australian political system, which he thinks is altogether unsuited to the traditions and requirements of Papua and New Guinea.

A friendly, stable and democratic Papua and New Guinea is of vital strategic interest to Australia, especially in view of the rapidly deteriorating political situation in South East Asia. If for no other reason, on this consideration alone Australia should overcome its present lethargy and come forward with a bold policy which is consistent with its democratic ideals and which is free from the mistakes of older colonial powers in Asia and Africa. Fortunately, the Territory already possesses a small but wise leadership; it should be helped without further delay to expand its size and develop its competence through education and experience in responsibility. Time is running short.

SIBNARAYAN RAY.



Childe Romerill to the Firetower Came.

meditations by john romerill

It is April, whatever that means, and still the days come and pass, disappear, barely distinguishable one from another, except some are hot, most are cold now. Once some were cold, most were hot, it does not matter. Oh yes, you keep a notebook, a weather journal, and atop each page is the day, the date, and yet they are the same, Monday as to Thursday, and as is ever my practice, Sunday remains as Saturday, or Tuesday, and January is but another April, or March or February.

Always the walls are the same walls, the food unchanging, even your excretion never varies (so it seems at my rate, though there has been mild constipation, and not so mild diarrhoea). You started in January, it now April. That you say, is time, time past and passing, a heap of bled seconds made minutes at your feet, dead now, and the same. But for what purpose, to what end? I know not.

And yet today was a good and happy fine indeed fair-weather day. The clammy mist that had enshrouded me for some time was vanquished by a grey metallic sun not warm for it is not summer, but cold and deep, distant, buried in a grey metallic sky. The air nipped though not a dog, the stars you will know be as ever in different to you who crawl contented, ant-like, bee-like, to your goals; long ago their laughter failed.

But today I can take this, my stomach cries not, turns not, I do not puke. Today they brought supplies, they brought me the sherry and the rum I need against the chill of marrow, and the food, the mail, such as it is, the newspaper, dark chocolate, and humanity, be it though a brief and transient bringing, ended in the spurts of dust for it is long since, ruin has fallen, ended where the snow gums grow a little down the red snake that is the road, the yawning boughs that swallow for a week the green of the land over.

Today I read my first Lot's Wife for 1965, the rag of March 9 the cover says, the cover is coloured, I like the cover. I read, me astride the mountain that I love, me in the faded, weathered armchair, me before the fire, I read. I liked to read the thing, and yet it was not good for me to read the thing, for it stirred me momentarily, a throb, a flame rose in my throat, I felt the joy of last year, I felt as I did on entering the tertiary gates 1964, a little shit, bloated with his pre-conceptions, armed with the honours of his matriculation, poor bastard, and when he inhaled his nostrils quivered on that day, he smelled the fine fresh smell of concrete, the warm claytonic grasses, not to say mud but he knew the mud would some

day go, and when he looked he saw the ruin of the granite, slabs afire with the dancing sun glinting from tall and dominating buildings, rigid buildings, mute and beautiful, and more, stern and forceful buildings which attracted the eye, made him scan each unblinking face, and when he walked, slunk insignificant in shadows or cast his own upon the ground he felt the very essence of the earth surge up and through his body, as if entering his very feet, the soles of his shoes. Such joy, such rapture, relieved with a reading of the campus rag in an unheard-of place, kindly sent from distant Melbourne to a friend, a good well-meaning friend.

And he found things of interest (regard this not as an advertisement) good things plus the normal crap, an editorial almost reasonable, a warning for the bonded, be it though untimely, and Donovan's piece of readable frog, but he be bastard for once I had written the same thing same theme, in February too, but it be lost while hitching down from Wodonga to Melbourne for supp, lost with much more valuable stuff, like other writings, and posterity means. And having read, having felt the stirrings from within, I moan myself, I moan though in despite of this lust that surges still, perhaps near my heart, and will not subside though I say subside oh longing, dearest your futile flutterings, which I say to no avail for it appears that Monash will forever be a memory, and no effort of reason or will can thrust it from my inner self. And yet it is inexplicable, this hold, this nagging pain.

Short tale of life, mine, my tale, my life.

And so he stood among it all, his heart an airy thing, that day, and that day multiplied like germs or rabbits, or lice into weeks, for weeks I knew that joy. I attended, I went to the pub with jovial lunks on Fridays. I read a little, librated a lot, was awed by the awful thing I found myself immersed in, drooled at every utterance that fell from Steedman's lusty gob, found security in the money-lined pockets that all the bonded boast, and loved, truly, the system, the new way, the tutorial, the lecture, fine indeed things; and add the uni magazines, the newspaper, the types, the attire.

Oh such glee, perhaps a term of glee, and I am glad to have had my time, glad that this could be mine, at least for a while, and in such splendid surround, the idyllic physical.

And then one night, late and soft, a dewy night, a night for lying in the hay stacks with some brush, I found myself on an empty plaza, standing, admiring the pale yellow moon as it fell across the

shoulders with, had done so shamelessly, it had been a joy. Slowly I eliminated them, but have I, for they cling? Slowly I began to draw unto myself the chosen few whom I could bear, and it was a mutual attraction I assure you for they had seen the sleeping physical as I had, we were unanimous and sorrowed in a knot, severed all but inevitable relationships with the many millioned turds who kill the murderers who can never remove the blood stains from the ungente fists, and there be no need to quote the good lady Macbeth.

Me, a broken lunk, with weeping sores across my

think not; for me they mean only that eventually I will write after the final "I" of my name bachelor of arts honours English, year? who knows, who gives a stuff, not me? Surely they are not the vapid turds for words they seem. I sometimes ask, myself. But always there is an end and in the end they are, I can but vomit, what mean these words, what mean they but that I have absorbed a year's curriculum, devoured it in haste around October, spat it out in November, and while it remains of personal use (for I have grown I will admit in knowledge) none of which, however, I can call my own though I have taken



buildings that I knew as mine. And then I saw the ghostly corpse, the lips drawn tight in a green and mocking death smile, laughing ironies from lidless windows. I found what I had subconsciously suspected, I discovered that hitherto all the bodies I seen in coffins I had regarded dead, were dead for me, only because of the coffins. Had I not been so naive, so simple, had I been able to avoid the symbol of the cedar or the brass handled oak, I would have looked upon the bodies that I saw in the past and wondered why they did not move, why the eyes did not flutter open to allow the light of yet another day, for they would seem possessed of life were it not for the coffins. But in the past I had seen the coffin and the fact of death had made its point. And then the symbol itself died for me, for the first time I had seen a dead, yea coffinless corpse and regarded, knew it to be dead. Monash the physical where the mental has perished or never was. That is what I saw.

A burden not light not easily carried on a back as easily broken as mine. I am not Christ, be he Christ myself, I cannot take the pain I saw and have seen ever since, insert it in the spreading of my blood. And then the smell, the waiting odour of the many turds whom I had freely rubbed proverbial

heart which injected the pus of existence there among the genocidists into my weary veins, my weary arteries, already strained. At my feet a heap of broken, scarred, mutilated preconceptions, the tragedy being that some were good preconceptions and the questions, ugly, sordid, painful questions, like where the university of the spirit, the community of thinkers, the polis of my infantile matriculation visions, where the students Socrates with more than sophists at his feet, where the Ginsberg, the Fitzgerald, purple words like wine bubbling from his mouth in tumultuous images, and where the burdened editors fraught with worry, the worry, the burden of decision, what to print from the material that inundates them, and other similar questions, not of little magnitude, all poured like molten lead upon the sensitive mind, mine, which cannot take such treatment, for the lead is hot and hot lead burns, meaning pain.

And the tale might well end there, nothing has changed. Only a year has passed, exams were passed, even the German supp, and beyond the final "I" of his name I can write passed first year arts Monash 1964. But need I do the words glow, illuminate neontrally, attract you, gain significance, spell success for worthy toil? I

it unto myself, beyond that what is there of me?

There is the embittered lunk who has seen a shell from which the joys of university existence have fled. Perhaps a mind still waits, a spirit, perhaps one day it all will change and within a dormant joy will resume, if that early naivety was joy, its place, for it wishes this could be. It knows and sometimes feels a slight tremor of glee when it finds yet another poet, yet another thinker of original thoughts, developing, growing, writing, thinking in seclusion, for it has found these people, they exist, it knows, it has seen the talked with and watched them, observed their stooping, cowering insignificance, their fear the cruel scars that run their bodies where they have tried and been defeated, ground into ground for raising their heads. This is sad and yet their existence makes for hope.

Once he would have said lethargy, indolence, that is all, lazy yet creative bastards. But this will not do any more, it does not explain all, not all at all, it no longer suffices. It smells naturally enough of lethargy and indolence but it is something bigger than this, mechanics it is society entrenching itself in the place, for there can be little doubt that Monash is steeped with the values of the life outside, indeed the

Childe romerill, continued

life outside is, if not is then fast becoming, the life in side. A society which cares not to be confronted with itself and therefore shuns the literature, the art, the philosophies that it has given rise to, a society which stifles free thought and uses to the hilt the weapons of financial security, education, convention, censorship, etc., to achieve this end, tries ceaselessly to crush dissent, or

failing that then to crush the dissenters. It has reproduced itself in the form of many sons and many daughters, Monastics, bringing with them all the values of their conditioning. The weapons they possess are formidable, the scorn of the multitudes is not pleasant no matter what is said of martyrs, and thus the covering, the all too subjective development, the fear of the

few to perhaps enrich the experience of the many, the fear being of the many, an unresponsive, unsympathetic many.

That is perhaps the end but for now or forever? I know not.

Already it is April and I have felt the academic urgings, I think perhaps another week, perhaps two, will see me back. I will not be sad, for while the money is good and needed, firefighting is not all Kerouacian. I live for instance like a germ in a hut, my standards of hygiene, cooking and washing of the bodily pores included, is that of outer mongolia, and yet the squalor is not without a

rustic charm, for while there is a physical repugnance about the place, the mind meditates, the fingers type, the manuscripts pile, and books are read, I shall soon return to do my one meagre subject, my status part time.

It must be so, the education department must be paid in blood for their bastardly babes. I cannot care, for it is emancipation, it is one less shackle than has stunted the spirit of 1964, you may put it for the 6, or well what you will. This too is a hope, a hope so great that I am tempted to envisage a change when I return, a living Monash, a heart pulsating, a

mind, a spirit throbbing with life, the buildings not the dead grey of terms two in number. I would that I could pray to pray would be better, for it is all tempered by the letters of my friends, they have given up their visions, they are determining now to live a purely academic life within the never changing course, taking what is set for study, never living of themselves that which is not demanded, but is not necessarily, therefore, not worth the giving.

john romerill

Mr. Willis April

Mt. isa cairns' view

by chris archer

The Mt. Isa strike is now over after 266 days. The battle itself is over but the war will continue. A very complicated struggle or series of struggles has taken place in Mt. Isa over the past months. The major struggle is between Mt. Isa Mines Ltd. and the Queensland Government on one side and an uneasy, and shaky coalition of employees organizations on the other. Meanwhile there is a struggle going on between these employees, organizations themselves which in the long run may have a far more important and lasting effect on Trade Unionism and Management-Labour relations in Australia. The strike at Mt. Isa may well be only the first of a long series of inter-union struggles as the fight for domination and survival continues.

Dr. Jim Cairns, M.P. for Yarra and prominent member of the A.L.P. gave a talk on the Mt. Isa dispute at Monash on March 20. He said that there were five principal factors involved in the dispute. First, Australia is an industrial democracy with the opinions of Labour and Management traditionally being sought in industrial affairs. This has broken down at Mt. Isa because of the nature of the company, Mt. Isa Mines Pty. Ltd., which is largely controlled and owned overseas.

Decisions are made for the company by specially appointed experts. Management abuses by these and the employees and their representatives are largely left out of this decision-making process and are inclined to resist this. As to the union structure, at Mt. Isa are members of the Australian Workers' Union (A.W.U.) the largest union in Australia and very centrally controlled. Because of this central control the field of forces have little power and cannot speak authoritatively for the local members. Negotiations with the company must be carried out by the central executive of the A.W.U. whose knowledge of the conditions at Mt. Isa is inadequate to say the least. Generally there is a lack of communication and coordination between the various parties concerned which is aggravated because of a lack of persons with adequate training in this field.

The Arbitration system has also failed. It was a fine, flexible and efficient organisa-

tion in the 19th century, and fortunately this is the 20th century although many, including our Prime Minister and other people in authority seem to have overlooked this. The Arbitration system is now overworked, underpowered and outdated and should be revised or replaced by an Arbitration-conciliation system more suited to today's needs. The institution of a sixty day "cooling off" period similar to the one operating in the U.S.A. would also be desirable.

The union struggle in Mt. Isa is a struggle by the local members against the centrally organised A.W.U. A spontaneous local leadership, the Committee for Membership Control (C.M.C.), led by Pat Mackie, sprang up. Because of the blunders of the A.W.U. the communists have tried to take over at local level but have been thwarted to a large extent by Mackie and the C.M.C.

The view of the management was that they could break the strike has caused even more dislocation, because of various attempts of the management to split them, the solidarity of the workers at least temporarily increased to such an extent that these strike-breaking efforts were rendered useless.

The classical Marxist view of Government Management, Labour relations, has been substituted by hand-listed policies trying to put an authoritarian policy with this "cessing" to lead to the political results. "In a Capitalist society," says Mackie, the government will always side with the employer against the workers.

In the Mt. Isa the Queensland Government introduced undemocratic, unconstitutional legislative laws in an attempt to smash the strike. Thousands of protests were sent to the Queensland Trades and Labor Council and the Government. Mt. Isa had been expelled off from the rest of Australia. Arrest and detention of anybody and search of him and his possessions without warrant was permitted. Allowed police to enter any person from a union meeting or prevent him from entering the meeting. Censorship was to be used. Furthermore it was declared that it was immaterial whether the evidence established the restoration of industrial peace was likely to be prejudiced. The only evidence needed

was for a policeman to form an opinion that a certain person was an undesirable and this was a fine of £100, six months imprisonment or both.

These laws hark back to Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Franco Spain and the very ideology we fought a war with twenty years ago to preserve our democratic freedoms.

These attempts were smashed by the resistance of the workers, the abhorrence of the Australian public and calm and unshakeable opposition of the people most concerned, the citizens of Mt. Isa. The government sided with the company in an attempt to stop the strike and restore industrial peace and harmony. This was mainly due to self interest and not industrial misperception.

The ex-minister of mines of the Queensland Government is a large shareholder in Mt. Isa Mines Ltd. As is the most powerful member of the Queensland Liberal Party, Sir Arthur Fadden, or the many other prominent Liberal Party members in Queensland. This is a perversion of the aims and usage of a free democratic government to self interest. The government has claimed that the workers have attacked the arbitration system. But the company has refused to negotiate with workers' organizations for a just defence of the arbitration system. The Government has violated the arbitration system by its legislation which allowed the Queensland Government to take on only to reduce the wages paid to miners and not to increase it. This is a clear case for an investigation of the workers would have proceeded directly with the company.

The reason that trouble was asserted at Mt. Isa for so long is that the workforce is transient one of whom 40 per cent are migrants. Our noble Prime Minister expressed surprise that the workers were led by a person who is not even Australian, I believe -- if he took time out from his overseas travels he would soon discover the reason. Then the bonus, under the 1961 legislation, was reduced from £3 10s to £2 10s per week. The migrants began to understand what was going on, and a claim rose from the floor of the month-

ly meeting of the A.W.U. which was chaired by Pat Mackie. This claim requested: 1. A rise in the bonus to £10 per week. 2. A wage rise of 6 per week. 3. Increase of £1 in the shift rate. 4. An increase in contract rates of 25 per cent, and union supervision of the contract, and 5. Recognition of Mt. Isa Trades and Labour Council as the negotiating body for the workers. The company decided to end contract work and thereby broke faith with them, as they had previously stated that they would employ both wage and contract workers, and now they would employ wage workers only.

The Mt. Isa dispute is not really a strike but a lockout. As part of their campaign for better conditions and higher wages, the contract workers last year decided to change the terms of their wages, as was their right under the existing contract. The miners repeatedly stated that they were prepared to work, but not under the existing contract system. Because of this dispute are production held off and the over-pace closed the sooner saying that there was nothing to be done but to enable it to continue to operate. This was an act of industrial terrorism. These trade union and mine producing more than which are in combination with underground mines not to keep the surface mines. On September 14 the company locked all outside contract workers and on the 15th closed the mine. The body of the workers' union because they could not automatically operate the mine, although enough products were being produced, on the Mt. Isa mine for efficient operation without economic loss. The other claims were rejected except for the wage claim which was increased at a "prosperity rate".

The event which precipitated the dispute was the dismissal of Mr. Pat Mackie by the company. Mackie took half a day off on union business as a union official -- as chairman of the last meeting he was entitled to do this as the immediate past chairman of an A.W.U. meeting was recognised as a union official. The company, which had refused his half day off, then dismissed him. The A.W.U. executive then appointed two days after Mackie's dismissal that past chairman of A.W.U. meetings were

not now recognised as union officials and that this means they had taken effect some five days before Mackie had taken the half day off. To combat this remote control in the A.W.U. Mackie and some others formed the C.M.C. Mackie was then expelled from the A.W.U. which they entered negotiations with the company as the official, though not actual, miners' leaders.

The C.M.C. kept the men out until their conditions, which were the same as those which came off the floor of the meeting Mackie had chaired, plus the reinstatement of Mackie, who is considered a sergeant of the company. This condition was never a major one, except to the C.M.C. and was soon dropped by Mackie himself.

Dr. Cairns said of Mackie, "he is an entrepreneur and a practical man with little knowledge of political theories, he is not a communist or socialist." Of Mister Fadden, ex-minister of Mount Isa Mines Ltd., he said, "I have often heard it said that when he is at school he was a little Hitler, and I think it will come to this for a time because a bigger one."

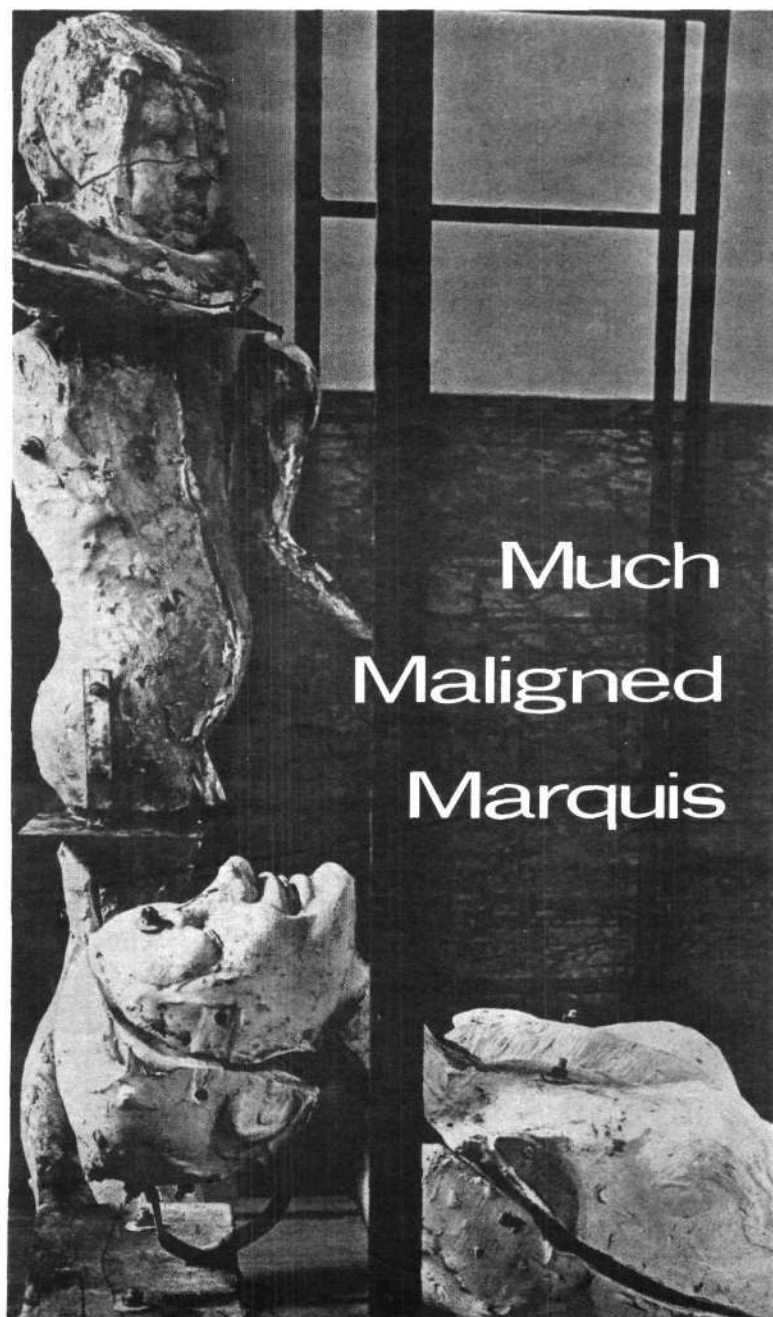
Dr. Cairns believed that the strike would continue until the demands were met and that Mackie, James it would box out of the scene and save Mt. Isa.

Two days after this talk, Mackie told his men to go back without him. Just before that minute, when in press it was revealed that the strike was over.

The dispute in Australia has caused much bitterness, and undoubtedly there will be continued industrial unrest, not because of a communist plot but because of the discriminatory means and legislation of the Queensland government and the plain-mindedness of the Queensland Employers Federation.

Union troubles will also persist. The C.M.C. members, led by Mackie will continue to fight the central control of the A.W.U. and as Mackie himself said, "Wherever there are A.W.U. members I will go and present our arguments. If there is one A.W.U. man in a town I will go to that town. I will go to him and present our arguments."

Industrial and Union peace in Queensland is very precarious and will remain so for many months or even years to come.



Much Maligned Marquis

sue their ideas to the limit without ever losing sight of themselves.

It is commonly admitted that concealment and illusion (badinage and licentiousness, if you prefer) are more likely to provoke erotic effectiveness than obscenity pure and simple. Now there is little concealment and less characteristic of Sade than the self-satisfied smile, the naughty implication we find in Brantôme's French-fried stories, the lewd passages in Voltaire or Diderot, or what Crébillon brings to such discouraging perfection in his *alcove anecdotes*. As free from the laws and rules of the pornographic novel as Victor Hugo from those of the roman-feuilleton, Sade is unfailingly direct, explicit.

The most mysterious authors are generally the most literary, and their strangeness derives precisely from their incongruity. But Sade, with his gulfs and glaciers, his eerie chateaux, his endless persecution of God—and of man; his insistence, his repetitions, his appalling platitudes; his systematic mind and his perpetual ratiocinations; his stubborn pursuit of a sensational act by means of exhaustive analysis—with all of this, Sade has no need for selection of images and theatrical effects, elegance and amplification. He neither distinguishes nor separates. He repeats himself, perpetually assails us with the same story.

Sade did not wait until he was in prison to read. He had devoured the favorite works of his century. He knew the *Encyclopédie* by heart. Voltaire and Rousseau inspired him with a mixture of sympathy and horror. But at least he accepted their principles—and their prejudices. One must ultimately admit that Sade, during his periods of freedom, knew how to use his eyes even better than he had used libraries.

Or else that a certain fire in his temperament caused him to experience—and to divine—the most diverse human passions. It is only too evident that scientific rigor, in such matter, runs a certain risk; it generally tends to give too large and to exclusive a place to the physical aspect and expression of love. For if the existence of the soul or even the mind can be easily denied, that of coitus cannot.

De Sade uses the ideas of Holbach and Rousseau for his own purposes. One remembers that this "advocate of private cruelty" was horrified by the excesses of the Terror and was dismissed from his post under it as an inveterate moderate. It is uncertain whether he was a sadist (in the pathological sense of the term); the trials do not shed much light on the matter; in the one we know the most about, at Marseilles, Sade comes off more as a masochist than anything else.

Sade himself, instead of once and for all explaining himself, confines himself, under the name of Justine, to describing himself and tirelessly itemizing his actions, to elaborating his indictment. It is no longer surprising that the champion of liberty should seek his own imprisonment, that the man of pride should demand silence, the miser penury, the writer oblivion. When, in his will, he speaks of himself, it is with horror. There is only one object in the world he manages to mention with some tenderness: his dungeon. "The salutary silence," he says, "that I found there."

Another mystery: the divine Marquis, the martyr Marquis; the freest mind in the most imprisoned body—Sade, or "a lover of liberty who preferred jails."

—ROSS LAIRD

Sweet Grapes

a vignette

Comte Donatien-Alphonse-François (called Marquis de) Sade (1740-1814). This man, over whom controversy rages still (witness the banning of the Australian Customs Dept. of his biography in 1963), has been termed by Swinburne "The Martyr Marquis" and is still prefixed "divine".

It should be understood that this is not an apologia but rather an effort to destroy the unreasoned prejudice most people have about de Sade (no doubt, largely due to the unfortunate derivation of sadism), and to distinguish him from his (contemporary and otherwise) proteges. Any writer who can provoke such diverse epithets as "cet obscène historien des plus forluidables reveries" and "une des gloires de la France—un martyr" deserves discussion if for no other reason than his intrinsic interest.

The literary production of the Marquis can be divided into two classifications. First, that directly addressed to the public, and, secondly, that written principally for himself of which he himself says: "I only address myself

to those capable of understanding me; such people can read me without danger."

Unfortunately, much of the work in the first category has been entirely lost or only known in a fragmented form. Indeed, of 20 or more comedies and dramas in verse and prose; three full-length historical novels; a four-volume work *Portefeuille d'un Homme de Lettres*; four other novels, one of them humorous. His memoirs and confessions; and sundry plans of or for Paris brothels, nothing remains except a few isolated scraps. Apart from this, all that remains of his normal literary work are 37 short stories.

Whatever Sade did in his lifetime he has paid for and paid amply, spending 30 years of his life in the various bastilles, strongholds, and dungeons of the Kingdom, then of the Republic, the Terror, the Consulate, and the Empire. "The freest mind," said Apollinaire, "the world has yet seen." In any case, the most imprisoned body. Some have said there is a single

key to all his novels: cruelty (which is probably far too simple a view). But there is, much more certainly, a single conclusion to all his adventures and all his books: prison.

What characterizes most erotic books, and what Sade lacks, is a superior tone (which might just as accurately be called inferior). For literature and even language hesitate over an event (sometimes called animal, or even bestial) which has nothing at all to do with the mind and of which it can only be observed that it takes place. In the writer is Boccaccio or Crébillon, he observes this with amused satisfaction; if the writer is Marguerite de Navarre or Godard d'Aucourt, with some reservations. But it is this very otherness, this separation from the life of the mind that Sade does not accept. "Man is all of a piece and lucid," he says. "He accomplishes nothing without reason."

Which accounts for the fact that his heroes accept themselves as they are, even in their aberrations, and per-

Mr. Rellums: a young, intense man whose specialty, and passion was the late twentieth century. He was, at the moment, reading about the newest-fangled idea on history teaching, and finding it not as original as claimed.

The Clochan gently interrupted—it was time for his next program-taping. Rellums switched off the micro-film projector, firmed his face into the smile recognized—and disliked—by millions of Viewers' Digest watchers, and left for the recording studio down the corridor.

"Today," Rellums was saying in front of the gorging cameras and hot lights, "we discuss the fall of Christianity, and the rise of Vixenania—as you know, they are intricately linked."

The origins of Vixenania have been traced to an organization named R.S.P.C.A. For many years this society was a persecuted minority, dedicated in protecting dumb animals, and all non-dumb animals, man excepted. Rellums passed and allowed his face to settle briefly into a deeper smile, as he thought

of his public's smug reaction to the trite witticism.

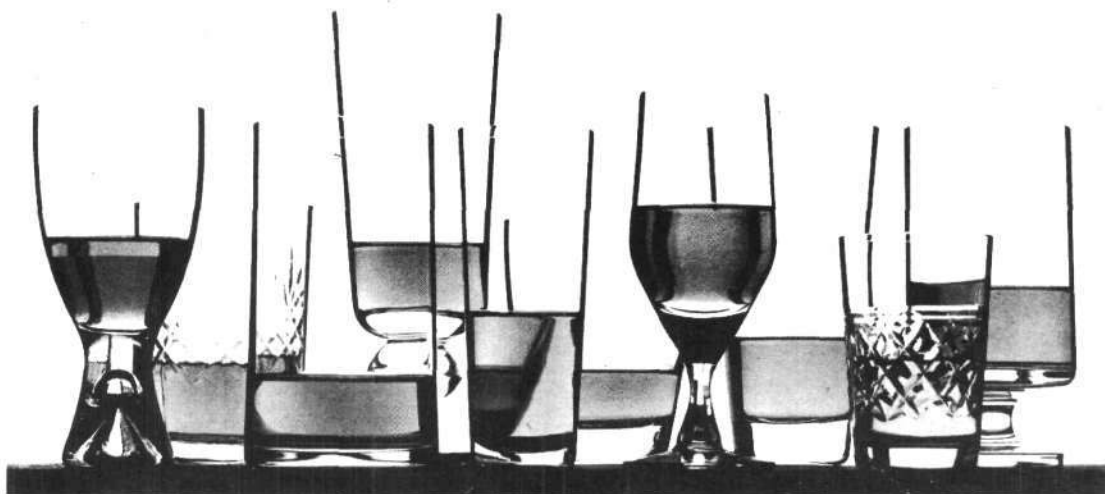
"This society, together with a few similar organizations, were brought together by that great Humanist, Victor Reynards. He concentrated on one main object: saving foxes from the hunt. Due to his inspiring leadership, the Press gave him added publicity—forgetting, for once, the preservation of trees and parkland."

"By that odd quirk of fate, mankind was looking for a new opiate. Vixenania provided the ideal prescription, and its rapid growth was extraordinary."

"The relaxed clergy, insular and indolent, often praised this new example of the humaneness of man. Too frequently caught up with some finer subtlety of theology, they neglected their flocks, until it was too late. The flocks were easily enticed away by the wolf in fox's clothing."

"And thus, as Reynards himself remarked in a moment of preceptive indiscretion, the quick brown fox jumps over a lazy God."

—ROBERT GERRAND



The Finer Things in Life

... Going to parties and drinking and talking and flaking is a sin only around exam time" said the Students Representative Council President of Melbourne University Mr. G. T. Evans in a message to freshers. "Excess in everything you do is your prerogative as a University Student. Work hard, play hard, drink hard, and THINK hard, and you will be forgiven. But do one or two of these things to the exclusion of the others, or worse, do none of them at all and you won't be earning your place in this University".

Melbourne University
Orientation Handbook 1965.

Dear Sir,

We would like to express our disgust with the stand taken by the Orientation Week Committee towards the provision of liquor at private Faculty Club gatherings during Orientation week.

From the material distributed to Clubs and Societies early this year, we were led to believe that it would be desirable if individual clubs were to take a more active role in the organization of social functions during Orientation Week. So the Freshers of '65 would be treated to a series of properly organized and fully backed social functions.

Hand in hand with these sentiments, it appeared that the S.R.C. was anxious not to have its name associated with liquor during Orientation Week. However it was apparent that individual Clubs could have liquor at their functions.

With this information the Executive of the M.U.M.U.S. went ahead and arranged for a Sherry Party as part of their welcome to the first year Medical Students of '65. This was to be held after a general introduction to Curricular and Extra-curricular activities. The staff associated with the teaching of first year medical students,

together with the M.U.M.U.S. Committee would be on hand at the Sherry Party to discuss any problems or answer any questions the Freshers had at that stage.

We considered this the least we could do for our new Medical Students and we wished to do this in an adult and civilised manner in a social atmosphere.

At no time was the M.U.M.U.S. informed that the Orientation Week Committee had decided that there should be no liquor at Orientation Week functions held on premises administered by the Union.

However on the 3rd March, when members of the M.U.M.U.S. executive came out to Monash from the Alfred Hospital to finalise details for the following week we were verbally informed that the "official" Orientation Week Committee attitude was "no liquor during Orientation Week". We have no idea when this "official" policy was conceived, but we consider that all Clubs and Societies should have been given early notice of the decision in writing, and if necessary the right to dispute the decision.

Without questioning the constitution or abilities of the Orientation Week Committee, their decision is puzzling for a body organizing the introduction of new students to supposedly mature and adult institution. Apparently "young and impressionable" 17 and 18 year olds cannot be trusted, or should we say, be given the opportunity to consume liquor during Orientation Week less parents "get the wrong idea" (whatever that may be).

Is the judgement of the authorities of Melbourne University ill-conceived in allowing alcohol on the campus during Orientation Week or do they feel that their freshers are more mature?

However, it is hypocritical to suggest that if on Monday, March 15, many Freshers

were to become intoxicated on the Monash Campus it would somehow "be different".

To us, it appears far more desirable that "Freshers" be introduced to liquor at a small informal sherry party where staff members are present and a reasonable decorum can be expected, rather than slipping down to the "Vicarage" and downing as much ale as possible before the state of inebriation has been reached. Or alternately demonstrating one's elevation to university status at a first term Commencement Ball or Barbeque by collapsing under a table. Neither of these methods demonstrate an educated approach to drinking; at least a well organised Sherry party during Orientation Week would be a step in the direction of civilised drinking.

Maybe the objection to having liquor at functions during Orientation Week is that those Freshers who do not drink will be dragged along with the majority and feel the necessity to drink lest they be left on the social fringe. We have found that this objection has no ground. To date, the M.U.M.U.S. has always provided alternative arrangements for those who are teetotallers and have had no complaints from any members of the society on this account.

It was also suggested that parents might complain if liquor were provided during Orientation Week. If parents have not been able to inculcate their children with a responsible attitude towards drinking it makes no difference if liquor is provided on the campus or elsewhere. The fault lies with the parents and there will always be complaints.

It is to be hoped that next year the Orientation Week committee should have more foresight and place this University on at least equal footing with the rest of the

community in this regard. It is only to be hoped that next year's Orientation Committee will clearly inform all Clubs and Societies in writing of their attitude to liquor at the very outset and not verbally several days before Orientation Week.

For the M.U.M.U.S. it has meant considerable inconvenience and last minute alterations in organization so we could at least offer some form of welcome to our freshers.

It is hoped that this uncertain stage of "adolescence" of University policy is soon changed and that a more mature attitude will be adopted towards freshers.

Yours faithfully,

F. TODD, V. MARTIN.
Med. IV



The essence of satire is exaggeration. Normal situations may be distorted so that the comic elements are brought immediately to one's awareness. Satire is an art. Its composition requires wit, perspicacity and intelligence.

Good satire is the highest form of humour, bad satire the lowest. On the Australian scene one finds but a modicum of good satire. Unfortunately Australians have yet to grasp the true mean-

ing of satire; simple caricaturing, smut, and senseless distortion are passed off as the real thing.

The King's Cross Whisper, for example, considers itself satirical, but it is little more than a loose collection of mild obscenity. The highly esteemed Mavis Bramston Show, while refreshingly novel, lacks intelligent direction and falls far wide of any really significant point.

Now you know that this is a load of pretentious crap as well as I do. So if you have persevered this far you are entitled to know the meaning — the true meaning — of the conspiracy.

This article is a nasty but subtle way of letting you know that satire is afoot at Monash. Yes, satire is creeping up on you! BACKS TO THE WALL!

Satire will appear in the Union Hall within a month, and it is not the Engineer's Revue. No, sir. It couldn't be. But it is a Revue.

Whose, you ask? It is not the S.R.C.'s. If it were I wouldn't approve of it. Who else would produce a revue? If not the medicine men, then who else? It is not the medicine men. Thank God. So what are you left with? You are left with talent; that's what.

This revue has superlative writers, magnificent cast, excellent producers, and strong financial backers. What more could you ask?

A niner will be provided for the ecops students.

Personal spittoons will be available at the door.

And there are bed pans for the faint of heart.

Yes, take warning! This revue hits at everything from the divine to the ridiculous, from Bob Menzies to God.

So you are warned. It is coming. Wait for it. And above all, don't tell anybody exactly who is producing it. I won't.

N. Allen

Help Yourself

student counselling

The Student Counselling Service, in conjunction with members of the academic staff and other student services, is planning a three day residential conference for first year students, to be held at Deakin Hall from Monday the 7th of June to Thursday the 10th of June.

The aims of this conference are to consider, discuss and attempt to clarify

(i) difficulty of adjustment to work, including specific difficulties with note taking, note making, reading, concentration and memory.

(c) vocational problems including choice of courses, subjects and careers,

(d) any other topics that may arise out of the needs of the group participants.

Last, but not least, this conference will give students an opportunity to live with in a Hall of Residence and to meet members of staff under informal conditions.

The number of students participating must be limited to 100. This could include students repeating their first year.

Student Counselling would also like to hear from senior students (in later years of their courses) who would be interested to participate in this venture, possibly on a non-residential basis.

There will be six half-day sessions, each session consisting of a talk to be given to the group as a whole, followed by discussion in small informal groups. Each group (of about 8 students) will be led by an experienced group leader. There will be opportunities for students to discuss particular problems with specialists.

The University has agreed to contribute towards the cost of the conference. As a result the total cost for each residential student will be 35/-. This will cover accommodation, dinner and breakfast for the three days, but not lunch.

If you are interested, please fill in the form below and return it to Student Counselling (1st floor, Union Building). Applications received by the 26th of April will be given priority.

STEPPING INTO THE UNKNOWN

The Transition to Tertiary Studies

Having got over the anxiety and excitement of entering the University, a large number of freshers tend to feel lost in the University environment. Not only do they feel lost physically but also psychologically. They begin to wonder what it is all about; whether they have come to the right place and whether school was perhaps not such a bad place after all. Some still wonder if the course they have chosen can offer them what they are seeking; or they are not sure just what it is they are seeking. They have a more or less definite feeling that they want to do something with sure what.

To add to the confusion students feel something must be expected of them in this new environment, but no-one can tell them exactly what it is. Vague and seemingly contradictory answers are given to the questions: What am I supposed to do at lectures and tutorials? How much work should I do outside of these? How useful are lecture notes? Should I take down everything the lecturer says or only occasional points? Why do I have to study Physics when I want to be a doctor, or History when I am to become a lawyer? How many clubs should I join and how involved should I become in them?

When answers from the outside are not forthcoming, students fall back, naturally enough, on their old working habits. They have no way of assessing whether these habits are applicable or adequate in their new situation. Some are worried by this, others bury their heads in the sand and hope for the best, hoping that what led to success in the past may work again this time. Luck is more likely to favour those who had established regular habits than those who relied on their native wit to get them through their exams.

The more thoughtful realise early enough that not only are the problems they are faced with at the University more complex, but also that solutions, when there are any, are more tentative. They are formulated as hypotheses or theories, continually in the process of being tested, rather than dogmatic facts established once and for all.

The transition from a static to a fluid conception of the world and self is experienced by most people as highly challenging and exciting, but at the same time very frightening.

After a short while at the University, the fresher may get the impression that "this is a hell of a place" where nobody cares whether you perish and certainly won't applaud you if you save yourself. This is not so — most University staff are very sympathetic to the fresher's problems and eager to help him. They won't, however, chase him up to find out whether he is coping or not. There are two major reasons for this; there are so many students and so few staff, and even if they did have the time to chase up the fresher, they would see this as an intrusion into his private affairs.

Further evidence of the interest of staff is found in the existence of a variety of student services such as:—

The Health Service which provides advice about health matters, gives emergency treatment in cases of accident and carries out immunisation programmes. A medical examination of all first year students is conducted at the end of first term.

The Careers and Appointments Service which is charged with helping graduates to establish themselves in satisfactory careers. The Student Employment Service is concerned with all types

of employment problems for undergraduates whilst at the University. The service as a whole is an important link between the University and the world of employment.

The Housing Service which assists in providing approved accommodation for students

in dealing with any housing problems and anxieties that may arise.

The Student Counselling Service whose function it is to help students with problems related to vocational choice, study and settling down problems, as well as more personal problems of a psychological nature.

THE CHAPLAINS

If your problem is an academic one, for example having difficulty with your physics prac. or your history essay, your natural source of support would be your demonstrator or tutor.

The main point to realise is that if you have a problem of any kind you are bound to find someone at the University who would be able to help you with it. It doesn't matter if you go to the wrong person as a start, you will soon be re-directed.

*see page 16
for form



bedford,

poetess

and understand it? Surely this is so. It would then be logical to conclude that this "fault" can be attributed to your lack of perception, rather than obscurity of theme on the author's part.

The poem being discussed left you "completely disoriented." Poor Miss Bedford. Was your smug composure disturbed by its sincerity? Was your vehement attack nought but a futile attempt to restore the crumbling walls of a narrow honours English mind?

You state that "No-one should attempt to write poetry without at least a rudimentary knowledge of the technical rules involved." This criterion would lead us to dismiss the works of such poets as Robert Burns, who "put down the plough to take up the pen."

No man, be he poet or otherwise, can ever hope to achieve a "complete mastery of language," not even a second year honours English student.

Your statement that "no-one of under-graduate status should feel competent to write creative poetry," negates all the ideals and aspirations of a University education. Unfortunately, many students fail to understand these or, alternatively, are frightened by them. These are the students who sit back and criticize the others' first steps. And these students, like Miss Bedford, criticize that which is beyond the limits of their experience and comprehension.

And I, Miss Bedford, am appalled at the audacity of a second-year honours English student.

The poem was published anonymously, but surely there are more possible reasons for this than the one you assume, i.e., that the author herself considers the poem bad.

First, the author may have been afraid of criticism, and while this is hardly laudable, it gives no indication of the author's estimate of the quality of her poetry. Secondly, the poem was probably written about an incident in the author's life, an incident which involved another person.

This person could well have been a Monash student. Had the author signed her name, the other party may have been grossly offended and subjected to the ridicule and lewd jests of his friends.

Your criticism of the poem's theme is almost pathetic. "The theme is treated inadequately and very vague." Do you, Miss Bedford, think the treatment of the theme inadequate because you are unable to grasp



A COVENANT WITH DEATH

A remarkable correspondence between Ladislav Mnacko, an important Slovak writer, and Rolf Hochhuth, the German playwright (author of "The Representative") has just appeared in a leading Czechoslovak literary journal. The significance and background of this exchange is analysed by Mr. Osvald, who shows how Mnacko's book, *Delayed Reports*, an account of the Stalinist period in Czechoslovakia, has been at the centre of the long conflict between the regime and the li-

beral intellectuals. Despite official disapproval, 300,000 copies of the book were sold during the last two years, but last November there was an announcement that no further edition of *Delayed Reports* would be printed, and Mnacko resigned as editor of the important literary journal mentioned above. It has become increasingly clear that the Party conservatives surrounding President Novotny have, for the present, prevailed over the liberals.

A remarkable and even sensational correspondence appeared in the New Year number of one of Czechoslovakia's leading literary journals, the weekly *Kulturny Zivod* published in Bratislava. This was an exchange of letters between the German dramatist Rolf Hochhuth, author of the controversial play "The Representative" on the role of the Catholic Church under Nazism, and the Slovak writer Ladislav Mnacko, whose exposure of Stalinism, *Delayed Reports*, had made a similar impact in Czechoslovakia. The subject of the exchange was the decision of both writers, taken independently of each other, to prevent their work being exploited by Communist and anti-Communist propaganda respectively: Hochhuth refuses to have his play performed or published in Communist countries, Mnacko took the same step with regard to not only western

but even Communist countries except his own.

What made this dialogue a sensation, however, was that it ranged a good deal wider than the above subject and particularly on Hochhuth's side, touched on matters not previously discussed in print in Czechoslovakia. The German dramatist, while expressing sympathy with his Slovak colleague and paying tribute to his efforts to "humanise" Communism, also made it clear that he could not regard their two cases as comparable. For his own part, he would find the idea of prominent Party dignitaries applauding his play from an official box, with Catholics in the audience unable to express their objections, "utterly unbearable"; and he failed to understand how anyone could find the profession of writer compatible with membership in the ruling Communist Party.

True anti-Stalinism, according to Hochhuth, was impossible within this framework, since it implied a denial of the Party's claim to absolute authority and a ruthless examination of its past record, such as is still beyond the scope of a Communist writer. Topics like the unsolved tragedies of the February 1948 coup in Prague, the terror against non-Communists, and even the massacre of the Polish officer corps on Stalin's orders at Katyn during the war, are still taboo. According to Hochhuth's reasoning, tacit acceptance of such taboos is no better than a compromise with the Nazi past of Germany; indeed to him the Party's conquest of power is "the most dreadful disaster that can befall a nation... every system of absolute rule is potential Nazism."

The uncensored reproduction of such notions in a Czechoslovak journal — and the

official journal of the Slovak Writers' Union at that — is an event in itself. But the ideas themselves are peculiarly relevant to the book in which the belated Czechoslovak thaw found its most powerful expression. *Delayed Reports*, a collection of 12 case histories of physical and moral brutality under Stalinism — which in Czechoslovakia means a period well into the sixties — sets out to do precisely what Hochhuth considers impossible: to tell the full truth about the rule of terror, within the framework of Party loyalty.

Delayed Reports is the chief example of what has become known among Czechs as "bulldozer" literature. Yet it is in no sense an opposition manifesto, nor the author a rebel. On the contrary, Mnacko is a Party member of long standing and impeccable orthodoxy. His book was a record best-seller, some

300,000 copies having been sold since it was first published in September 1963. Publication was actually sponsored by the Party, and the work has never been openly attacked. The author received (though not ostensibly for this work) last year's State Prize for Literature, awarded annually by the Central Committee.

Truth, "to serve the truth and make it prevail", is the author's first concern. Mnacko wants to tell the stories of those whose sufferings, as he explains in his preface, pursued him, "the screams, confessions, protests of unknown men and women, who showed me the mutilated stumps of their souls, their pride, their honor..." But not as part of a closed chapter. "There would be no point in writing this book... if it were to be only a record or obituary of the past. But the burning issues raised in these pages are not, alas, a matter of history". The author wants justice both for the victims and for the guilty, those who violated the law "and who ought to be called to account for their deeds", but also to gain absolution for his own part in those "unforgivable years", and thus to bear witness to the "psychosis of our age".

Unlike the celebrated Soviet Chronicle of Stalinism, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Mnacko's emphasis is very much on the present. The link is established by the technique of following many of his "cases" up to their conclusion. This is done most deliberately in the central story, *Garden of Pain*, where the hero-victim, a flour-mill manager, is sentenced to death in one of the first show-trials for sabotage almost 15 years ago and fights for his rehabilitation until mid-1963.

In the course of the narrative there emerges a precise and horrifying picture of the judicial jungle, the survival of many of its notorious representatives — and of the complicity of the author himself, who attended the original trial as a young reporter and acclaimed the death sentence. Mnacko concludes: "I wrote this story for myself and about myself... When they at last set him free, I too was freed from a heavy burden of guilt".

Mnacko was in fact a convinced and loyal Stalinist who became a prominent journalist during the terror. The break came with the 20th Soviet Party Congress in 1956. "I resisted its conclusions", he explained later, "but the evidence was incontrovertible. There and then I settled mercilessly with my naive faith". At a Writers' Congress in 1956, Mnacko stated publicly that he would "never lie again". This avowal cost him several years in the wilderness, during which he built up a solid reputation as a novelist, dealing mostly with wartime subjects, Nazism and resistance.

What may be called the second Czechoslovak thaw, from 1962 onwards, was from the very first the work of writers and intellectuals, among whom Mnacko achieved an outstanding position as the guardian of old-fashioned virtues — truth, conscience and human dignity. The keynote of the movement was struck in an article by Mnacko entitled *Conscience*: "The worst of it is that we have not only struck the word from our vocabulary, but also from our hearts and actions... Conscience became a bourgeois survival, a religious fiction. But we shall resurrect that proscribed word..."

Richard Murphet reviews

Present Laughter

Pardon me if this review seems rather breathless. I've just seen "Present Laughter" and I'm exhausted. Noel Coward and Frank Thring transformed a bare stage and from the moment the plush red curtains swept back with almost human gusto and self-assuredness, they blew up for me a great big delicious theatrical bubble of laughter which only tomorrow morning's alarm bell looks like bursting.

Coward is no profound dramatist, and plotwise the play is zero. He often has to get himself (or rather his characters) out of awkward situations by clumsy and unrealistic tricks. But then realism is thrown to the winds throughout. The characters hold the mirror not up to nature, but to themselves, as the two large looking-glasses on stage make obvious.

Appropriately enough, the people involved all have something to do with the theatre, that vainest of arts. Gary Essendine (Frank Thring), "the great sun" around whom everyone revolves, is a famous actor who has filled theatres for twenty years and been the source of inspiration and desperation to his close friends for almost as long. Among those is Liz (Terri Aldred) his wife—separated but not divorced—to whom he is still very closely attached, and who, at one stage, was an actress. Then there's Monica (a butch Bunney Brooke with a wonderful stage-presence) Gary's secretary for 22 years, who is forever receiving letters from people in far countries who have

gone there due to the advice of Essendine long ago, and refer to some matter of which he hasn't the faintest recollection—which isn't surprising, since he can't remember them either.

Morris and Henry, Gary's manager and promoter respectively make up the closely-knit group which has been working together for so many years. I think it is a fault more of the play than of the actors that I can never quite see what on earth two wonderful hams like Gary and Monica, and a refreshingly sane person like Liz (played with warmth and understanding by Miss Aldred) can possibly see in Morris Tweedledum and Henry Tweedledee (as they might be called).

This makes it hard to believe the desperation with which Liz and Monica fight to keep "the old firm" from foundering on the rocks when it is threatened by a scheming nymphomaniac called Joanna (Marie Redshaw). She has married Henry, seduced Morris, and is now trying her darndest to do the same with Gary. But whether this is convincing or not doesn't really matter. The whole thing is such a delightful confusion—with women hiding in and out of the spare bedroom and the office in typical French farce fashion, while Gary tries to cope with a crazy young playwright who has fallen in love with him, and yells off-stage for his lascivious valet or Swedish spiritualist charlatan to answer the door—that the plot is secondary to the uproarious sight.



The voice seemed to be directed at me, so I glanced up from the book and lazily rolled around in the chair.

She was looking at me intently. She said again: "Where did it all come from?"

I stared at her, and then at him. All the time I was probing for the solution to this obviously importunate enigma.

"Where did all what come from?" I finally ventured to ask.

"The universe," she said. "It had to have a beginning."

The question appeared to be very troublesome to the poor thing, so I decided there and then to make some clumsy effort in helping the girl out of her plight.

"A circle has no beginning and no end," I stated. Neither

does time. It was always there."

"Oh I don't believe that! It's not the same thing."

"Time is just another dimension," I suggested. "And, in a circle, length has no beginning and no end."

She looked more puzzled than ever. "But length's a material thing. It's not the same."

She lifted herself out of her chair and began restlessly moving about the room, absent-mindedly turning a book over in her hand as she passed. The problem was not worrying me unduly, so I retreated into the pages of my book.

When next I looked she was lying on the couch, her arms folded on one end-rest and her head resting on her arms.

Her face still wore a slight frown.

"Do you think there is a God?" she enquired of anyone listening. "I mean a God in any form or shape."

"What do you think?" he asked rhetorically.

The pause that followed was not long-lived. Quite suddenly she announced, "I've decided I don't believe in God." The worried little frown had disappeared.

"Why?" he asked. The worried little frown returned. "You should have a reason for your belief."

If she had any formulated reasons, she was not about to expound them.

In her eyes she was still thinking and, after a short time, considered aloud, "If there is no God, it makes me feel kind of useless."

"Ah, she finally realizes it," he said whimsically.

"No! Seriously, all those people in Asia that are starving; it makes it seem as if all that doesn't matter."

"How about that!"

She ignored his comment. "When I was younger I really worried about that—I was even going to be a missionary. But it makes those people seem all useless and purposeless too." Inwardly, her thoughts continued on in a random fashion, as did mine.

"Yes, religion and the concept of God do make it easy to follow these things, don't they?" I thought. "But it provides an easy way out. It certainly makes it harder when you have no sophistry, no super-natural forces to lean on. With all the solitariness and self-centred aspects that are integrally involved in being individuals of human beings, it does make things a lot harder, doesn't it? Then you are left to rely on your own sense of justice and your own sense of right."

John Pater,
Engineering 2

Covenant of Death Cont.

This, as most of the author's work, first appeared in *Kulturny Zivot*, which became the spearhead of the progressive movement (and of which the author became acting editor last year). The Slovak journal served as a forum for most of the new and liberal ideas, the rehabilitation of political prisoners, removal of the old guard, and even for the revisionist economic theories, now embodied in Czechoslovakia's "New Economic Model" which carries decentralisation and application of the profit-motive a good deal further than any other Communist state.

During the frequent clashes between the central leadership and the literary new wave, Mnacko was often singled out for special abuse; on one memorable occasion in June 1963 the President and Party Secretary A. Novotny took his "re-discovery of conscience" as a target for a brutal personal attack. The publication of *Delayed Reports* was therefore rightly regarded as a liberal triumph—and it seemed symbolic that the book's appearance in September 1963 coincided with the removal of the most notorious Stalinists, among them the then premier, V. Siroky. Nevertheless, Mnacko is separated from most of the liberals by his unquestioning Party loyalty. Even his most outspoken attacks on the old

guard have never implied doubts about the Party's right or fitness to rule. This orthodoxy was an added qualification for his writing of *Delayed Reports*, but it has also kept the book's exposures within fairly narrow limits. The author's description of what he himself has called the "jungle society" often shows brilliantly the atmosphere of fear and conspiracy, the universal flight from responsibility, the complete economic and administrative chaos which characterised the period, and which readers may recognise as in many ways still applying today. But he never tries to analyse the sources of these conditions. Stalinism to Mnacko is a psychological, and an inexplicable phenomenon: "Something mysterious, irrational, unspeakable was happening... what was it? Hysteria? Mass delusion? How can we ever explain these things?"

One reason for his inability to explain it is Mnacko's view of the struggle as one between "good" and "bad" Communists. The author's heroes are all faithful, incorruptible Party members, destroyed by dark forces. Non-Communists or even anti-Communists never enter his picture; and even the genuine anti-Stalinists, (like those Slovak nationalists whose leader, the then Foreign Minister V. Clementis, was hanged in 1953), would

be traitors according to the logic of *Delayed Reports*. Despite his genuine concern for truth and moral passion, the author tends to rehabilitate the Party rather than its victims. There was, however, one exception; and this started what has since become known as the "Mnacko affair". This is one of the author's case histories, which originally appeared in *Kulturny Zivot* (as did most of the others before appearing in book form) in June 1963. The story, *Night Conversation*, differs from the rest in that its hero is not a Communist, but a social outcast—a former Czech airman during the war, who for this reason has become politically suspect and spends his life as a parasite, pursued by the ubiquitous "cadre-system", the universal screening of all citizens, which forms the most reliable basis of Party rule. The story is really the old airman's monologue: "I am a disease, a cadre infection, everywhere they watch me and those who associate with me... If you sit beside me, you'll be suspected of associating with a dangerous individual, that individual is me and I'm dangerous because I once served in His Majesty's Royal Air Force, rank of Flight Lieutenant..." And the story's conclusion gives this case a universal validity: "I'm just a reactionary 'Westerner'... but show

me one human being who isn't fed up, intimidated or frightened, just one who hasn't been kicked, hurt or insulted..."

This story was challenged by an angry reader who accused the author of "slandering" the working class and the socialist order. Mnacko rejected the charge and in his reply identified himself with his "case" by quoting the concluding words in his own name. He also stated, when charged with "supplying propaganda ammunition to our enemies in the West", that he was indifferent to either praise or censure from outside. Nevertheless, this story was dropped from the final version of the book, evidently as the result of Party intervention in view of the author's own statement that "older comrades regarded the story as an attack on the working class". The author also took the precaution of restricting his book to Czechoslovakia and prohibiting all translations. This veto failed, however, to deter enterprising West German editors. In January 1964, a Dusseldorf newspaper printed a selection, with an editorial note crediting the censor with having "delayed" the stories. Last spring, a Cologne publisher prepared a pirate version of the book, editing it and calling it (from the central story, *Garden of Pain*) "The Red Torture Garden".

Mnacko succeeded in preventing the appearance of this mutilated version at the last moment, when review copies had already been sent out and posters distributed. It was

then that Mnacko wrote his first open letter to Rolf Hochhuth, appealing to the German writer for solidarity and stressing the fact that "there are no differences of any kind between my Party and myself". Hochhuth replied within two days; his reply appeared in the leading West German weekly "Die Zeit", in September, but had to wait a further three months for publication in Czechoslovakia, and Mnacko's reply. The delay may be due to the explosive contents of Hochhuth's article; in the meantime, however, Mnacko's own position had also undergone a considerable change. Last November it was announced that no further editions of *Delayed Reports* would be printed, which in practice amounts to the book's withdrawal from the market, since it has long been unobtainable. He also announced his resignation as editor of *Kulturny Zivot*. At the same time, the Czechoslovak cultural climate has also undergone a subtle, but significant change. No drastic reprisals have been taken but the regime has once again asserted its control over the rebellious intellectuals. Mnacko himself has clearly withdrawn from the battle he started. His reply to Hochhuth is filled with vague generalities and he refuses to take up the German writer's challenge. The correspondence forms an epic to the affair rather than a closing a window. That it can be published at all, however, shows how much has already been accomplished.

FRANK OSVALD

Science and Society

by keith roby

also, some

sellers
bonds

Weird animals, chemical balances, atoms and molecules of all shapes and sizes and a naked lady and gentleman behind a tree peered down at the audience assembled in the Royal College of Pharmacy recently to hear Lord Todd, a well-known British chemist. The chairman mentioned that among other things, Lord Todd was Professor of Organic Chemistry at Cambridge, master of Christ College, former leader of the British Government's Advisory Council on Scientific Policy, Fellow of the R.O.Z.A., and a Noble Prize winner in chemistry. The chairman was most impressed.

From the background mural, a tall, white-haired, imposing and, of course, dignified person bearing a slight moustache emerged. His Cambridge tie could be seen even at that distance.

His theme — Science and Society. His thesis — that the union of scientific approach with the work of the craftsman brought about a new science-based technology causing today a greater rate of change in our material world than ever before. That many of the basic problems of society are due to the failure of our social attitudes to keep pace with this rate of change caused by the new technology.

The social scientist must assume an important role in solving this problem, and Todd sees an urgent need to develop social science into a real scientific discipline. We have to understand the reactions of man to his changing environment before we can make full use of these changes.

Todd's second statement call was for a new view of the importance and standing of technologists and technicians, involving the wide-spread acceptance of technology as a reasonable academic pursuit. A major problem in all countries is technician training; industry is still too far tied to crafts and apprentices.

Finally there is need for each country to develop a national scientific policy in which an attempt is made to find a balance between the freedom of science to do as it pleases and the steering of science to the greatest public good. How much of our national resources ought we to spend on science and technology, and within that, how much on pure research and how much on the practical development of the results of research? Todd suggests that while free and open research must be continued, as well as this each country ought to choose a field or specific fields in which to make a major scientific effort. In making such choices and in formulating a national policy, scientists, technologists, industrialists, politicians and social scientists must all have a say. The theme is "togetherness".

The lady in the hat a few rows away nodded her assent. The schoolboys in front looked enlightened. The gentleman from the Royal Australian Chemical Institute was worried about how to get all this across to the Commonwealth Government. And that seems to be the crux of the matter.

Mr. Sellers opened his case by stating his complete opposition to the Bond. He stated that while many people berate the conditions of the Bond it can best be discussed within the context of teacher training.

The Martin Report's recommendations for 10 per cent. of Bonds to be without ob-

ligation, increased Commonwealth Scholarships, and automatic Commonwealth Scholarships after successful completion of first year's work, although a circumspect treatment of the problem of teacher training was an unrealistic approach. In the same terms as the Murray Report of 1957, which regarded the principle of bonding as against the best interests of education and the community in general, the Martin Report would have made a much more realistic approach to oppose directly the principle of the Bond, and because of this recommend that 10 per cent. of Bonds be free of obligation. The fact is that if the Martin Report had been fully implemented, very few, if any students at universities would be bonded.

Mr. Sellers then made several positive proposals to help overcome the problem:

- That Matriculation should be the minimum standard for teacher training.
- The minimum training

period should be three years, particularly for the primary service.

- That the content of courses at both primary and secondary levels should be deeper and their aims should be more coherent, and that the control of teachers' colleges and training institutions should be transferred from the Education Department.

- Open advertising for staff appointments at Teachers' Colleges to ensure the highest possible standards of training in these institutions.

By these means, Mr. Sellers suggested the sense of professional pride so vital for teaching would be revived to the overall benefit of education. It is a strange condition that where an esprit de corps is so important, the well-founded criticism of professional teachers should be gagged by the Public Service Act. The most pernicious influence in the deterioration of professional pride in the teaching service is the Bond system.

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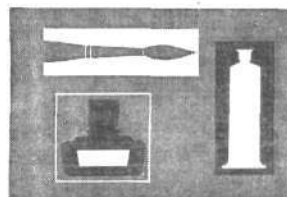
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S.R.C. sport etc.

The S.R.C. meeting held on Thursday last contained some fiery debate on the action which the S.R.C. should take on the Vietnam question.

It was suggested that Monash should protest to the U.S. Embassy after a march with screaming placards etc., and that America should be instructed to withdraw from South Vietnam.

Members of the Council questioned this typical attitude of automatic criticism of the U.S.A., notably Mr. Pittendrich who gave an impassioned speech.

The meeting was the first full S.R.C. meeting held during this term. Elections for offices vacant again produced clashes when the idea of a Great Hall for Monash was attacked by Mr. Griffiths. The President defended the Great Hall as something necessary for extra-curricular student activities, and the S.R.C. decided to look into the design and function of the Hall before appointing a Chairman for the Great Hall Appeal.

sport : facilities

At long last there has been built on the University site the first of what it is hoped will be quite extensive sports buildings and facilities.

To the east of the administration building and overlooking the main sports grounds there is now a stadium suitable for the playing of basketball, badminton and volleyball.

For the present, however, this building has to house all our indoor sporting activities. To assist in the programming of the use of this area, teams and individuals wishing to use it, must book a time through the Deputy Warden's Office.

Work has already begun on the rest of the facilities to be built in the immediate future, namely four squash courts and a small gymnasium. These buildings are scheduled to be finished by the start of third term.

On the plan shown it is proposed to develop the quadrangle so that it is suitable for barbecues or other club money-raising functions.

The first of the turf cricket wickets has now been laid down and will be ready for our entry into the turf cricket ranks. Although work in the new athletics/rugby area (north of the Union) is proceeding very slowly, this should be ready by the end of the year.

A curator (Mr. Paddy Armstrong) and three grounds-men (Messrs. Challis, Dalrymple and Ledwidge) have now been appointed to look after the playing fields, and a vigorous programme of grassing and topsoiling has been instituted.

It is hoped that the provision of new facilities and the improving of those we have already will result in increased membership of existing clubs and encourage the formation of new ones.

As we are particularly anxious to develop new clubs, would all those interested in—

Water Skiing
Road Cycling
Volleyball
*Lacrosse
**Gymnastics
please leave their names at the Deputy Warden's office upstairs in the south wing of the Union building.

*Lacrosse — We are fortunate that Mr. Ian Jewitt, an ex-Australian representative, has offered to act as playing coach so, even if you have not played before, be in it.

**Gymnastics — If you wish to participate in Inter-University during May 24-28, please contact either the office or John Carter, at 92 7438.

basketball: mens

The increase in the number playing basketball this year appears to have matched in proportion the influx of



Of course, not all creative activity requires alcoholic stimulation. In fact, as both Brendan Behan and Dylan Thomas realised, it could at times hamper one's abilities in many spheres.

However, whether you wish to hamper yourself, or some other party who is obviously in need of some relief from stress (of work, etc.) you will find all you need, almost, at the Notting Hill Hotel only five shattering minutes by car.



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new students. This has not only numerically strengthened the club, but has also seen an immense improvement in the standard of play.

This is reflected in the higher grades in which the two teams in the Church of England competition are playing, now B and E grades, as compared with C and G grades last year. We have also, apparently, proved our worth by fielding once again a team in the No. 3 Division of the V.A.B.A.

Interschool this year will be held in Sydney during the May vacation. This year the teams intend to take the "playing" more seriously than in previous years which should produce more successful results.

Incidentally, the teams are by no means fixed and anyone who desires, whether or not they have had experience, are welcome to come to training in the basketball centre at 5 o'clock on Mondays, Tuesdays or Fridays.

volpone vindicated

In spite of "The Age" critic's damning opening night review, the Monash Players' presentation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" (The Fox) charmed applauding, laughing audiences into the world of Jacobean comedy and intrigue for nine successive nights.

Terry Trewavas, as Volpone, playing a convincing lead, blended perfectly his dual role of a dying man and virile lover. The perfect balance between him and his "parasite" Mosca was theatre at its best — and this was made possible by the incredible precision with which Mosca (Norman Grant) planned his difficult and short-lived victory over his master.

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CAMPUS REVIEW COLLINS

We booksellers are quite often criticised for having a cultural sellout, measured on the lowest spiritual level of the market, similar to commercial television. I don't think my argument could improve this opinion. But dare say, that this lowest level of a reader is considerably higher than the one of a television viewer. And please, don't forget that we booksellers too have, beside our conscience our families to look after, and as long as bestsellers are written by people who know what the American public reads, we keep selling their gruesome stories about neurotic heroes.

Of course local censorship helps us a lot in earning our income. If we tell the eager reader, that he finds at least on the pages 80 to 91 what he finds in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" from page 9 to page 355 (This is the US paperback ed.) our salesmanship is successful without the knowledge of Dale Carnegie.

But still, you sometimes find the odd bookseller, who really likes some of the books he sells and whose face lights up happily with the appearance of a well-known customer to whom he can recommend them.

One of these books could be Christopher Isherwood's latest novel "A Single Man".

The subject is the actions of one man, during one day in 1962 in and around Los Angeles. "George" the single man of the title, a middle-aged professor of English has every reason to live in the past but even the memory of his friend, Jim, killed in a car crash, does not prevent him from resolutely living in the present. From the first moment of waking consciousness the novel fans out over the day, taking in a hilariously funny lecture on a Huxley

novel, and culminating in an unexpected meeting with Kennedy, one of his students in a bar on the seashore.

The fact that the main character of this novel is a homosexual doesn't lead the author into the mistake of boasting up a problem.

In fact, it is so refreshing to find that this novel does not deal with any problem at all. It explores the ceaselessness of a man and Isherwood's great literary craftsmanship lifts this novel far out of the usual standard of current fiction.

In parts this novel is mercilessly frank and it makes me wonder why our literary minded police force did not direct the public's attention to this novel.

The name of Patrick White fills the heart of every literary minded Australian with pride, for it is he who is internationally the most recognised of the modern Australian writers.

Up to the publication of Riders in the Chariot, Patrick White's great reputation had been built entirely on his novels. Since then, however, he has written several plays and a number of short stories. The stories are collected in a book

Some of them are set in Australia but others take place in Greece and the variation in locale it matched by the contrasts of the stories themselves. Some readers may be surprised to find Patrick White writing anything as straightforwardly funny as "A Cheery Soul," though the stylishness and sharpness of observation are unmistakably his own. Then there is the grotesque, ironic story of a nice, "normal" Australian girl, "Miss Clattery and her Demon Lover" and, to set against this, the bitter sense of waste and loss in "The Letters." The other stories show an equal variety, but they are linked by the sense that the chief characters are in some way set apart from the ordinary world, by character, by upbringing, by suffering or perhaps just by habit. Among the strangest are those whom the ordinary world thinks ordinary.

In individual stories and in the collection as a whole there is that melting of opposites which distinguishes all Patrick White's work, and it is beautifully exemplified in the last piece in the book, "Dawn at the Dump". Here the old and the young, the respect-

able and the foolish, the trivial and the profound all meet and fuse to produce a memorable story with the strength and clarity of a fine work of art. It is an apt conclusion to an outstanding collection.

1. Christopher Isherwood, A Single Man (Methuen) 20/-
2. Patrick White, The Burnt Ones (Eyre & Spottiswoode) 31/6.

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FOLKSINGERS WANTED. "The Whip" Coffee Lounge at 124 Lygon Street, Carlton, requires interested folksingers to entertain at the lounge. The lounge is patronised by students and is run by The Young Labor Association. Ring Antony Lamb at 83 3115 for details.

Secondary Students' Newspaper

The S.R.C. is calling for applicants for the position of Editor for the proposed Secondary Students' Newspaper. This position entails the supervision and layout of material for same under the supervision of the editorial board, and carries a similar financial remuneration to the editorship of Lot's Wife. Applicants should apply in writing (with particulars of experience if any) to the S.R.C. general Secretary.

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

N.U.A.U.S. is establishing the new position of P.R.O. and is looking for students, preferably with some P.R. experience, for the position and also for a P.R. committee. The functions will include development of press contacts, organisation of national press releases and will require close contact with the N.U.A.U.S. Secretariat. Those interested please ring Peter Sellers or John Ridley at 34 5839.

JOHN S. RIDLEY
President

Red Cross Blood Bank visits Monash on Thursday, April 22, and Friday, April 23.

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Further information is available at the S.R.C. office, and applications should be sent or left there

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At the general meeting of the newly-formed Monash Democratic Labor Club the following Office-Bearers were elected:

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Vice-President, B. Moore
Secretary, M. Toole
Ass. Sec., M. O'Keefe
Treasurer, T. Roche
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The Department of External Affairs is again seeking applications for appointment to the position of External Affairs Officer Grade 1. Graduates or final-year students of all faculties are eligible to apply. Further information and application forms are obtainable from the Careers and Appointments Office.

A senior member of the Diplomatic Staff will be visiting the University on Thursday, April 22, and will speak to interested students at a lunch-time meeting at 1.15 p.m. on that day in H.1. He will also be available for individual interviews at the Careers and Appointments Office during the afternoon of April 22.

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