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On dit

Monday March 2nd 1981 Volume 49 Number 1



MMMMM... MY FIRST
TIME....

(... AT UNI YOU JERK)



EDITORIAL

Welcome to the illustrious pages of the first issue of *On dit*, stuff ups and all. Firstly we would like to welcome the new students to their "orientation". If you leave it less confused than when you arrived you're doing well. If you're sick of it and want to go somewhere, look at our centre pages for a night and day entertainment programme. Welcome also to the old lags. If you're still here after those exams, there's hope for you yet.

On dit this week has been the product of many hands (see thanks below). Idle hands may be the devil's helper, but we use them too. If you've got idle hands, the best thing you can do is come in to *On dit* on Tuesday between 12.00 and 2.00 pm for coffee and biscuits (our home-mades - watch out). We're going to talk about a whole year's worth of ideas. We've also got some good expose stories to offer next week - some evil-doers are shivering in their boots in anticipation of next week's features. So why not get involved

On a more ideological level let us remind you that *On dit* is too much for any one (or two) meglomaniacs to have control of. We need you - not only to help us get this paper out onto the streets but to keep it representative of the students. No small group can do that unless they spend all their efforts on promoting democracy through getting people involved rather than on trying to put together an elitist paper. The only good editorship is editorship by the readers so let's see *anyone* who cares about media in here on Tuesday.

Now to the News - yes I meant that capital N. This rag deserves some chastising as do most other daily newspapers for the coverage they gave to the dingo case and lately Prince Charles' wedding plans. The former coverage was completely out of proportion with the objective importance of the story - just think how many people were killed in Nicaragua in that 6 months - who sheds tears for them? Unfortunately the coverage *did* reflect public interest. The News, isn't the sick one, just the parasite on a society that is sick. Let's all look at ourselves and our attitudes - and perhaps change them. Morbidity is sick - don't fool yourselves.

Now, let's look at good old Charles finally tying the knot. I've never seen anything quite so poignantly silly as the Prince of Wales trying to explain to thirty TV cameras why he loves Lady Diana. I mean, what a question. Charles is only forced into these situations by our unfair interest. Where everyone else would be able to box the interviewer's ears for impertinence, poor old Dumbo has to take it all as a paid public zoo exhibit. Why can't we leave the poor bastard alone?

James Williamson
Paul Hunt

PRODUCTION

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And in the feature: Helen Saffralidis, Jane Jacobs, Dennis Medlow, Jenny Hein, Jane Wilson, Jo Mausolf, Larry O'Loughlin, Amanda Rodgers, Chris Bourlioufias, Colin Murray Wallace, the guy who did the op shops (that was great) and anyone else - we haven't forgotten you, just your names.

letters

Counter Calendar gripes - 'shoddy journalism'

Dear Sirs,

May I use your columns to reply to comments made in *Counter Calendar* about my course Political Sociology and to make some general comments on the direction and utility of that publication?

Whatever else it is not, Political Sociology is well documented. I issue copious notes at the beginning of the course and during it, spelling out the content and conditions of the course. In the introductory lecture I point out that much of the subject matter is considered 'dry' and that we are not dealing in 'pop' sociology but require a rigorous approach. I also point out that student input is solicited; that unacceptable conditions can be appealed within the course and within the department; and that work is redeemable as a matter of course. At the end of the year a questionnaire is circulated to glean student reaction to the course in general and to specific elements of it. Where there is a substantial student demand for modification, it is responded to. Individuals may find aspects of the course completely uncongenial, but unless their views are shared they cannot be met. At the beginning of the course students are encouraged to 'sample' a number of courses and to transfer to the one which proves most acceptable. Self-motivated students who are not 'turned on' by the prescribed course are given the option of independent work on self-selected projects.

Given these conditions it is understandable how the complaints of Opinion 1 arise. I am perennially occupied with the problem of getting over the various sociological approaches without trivialising them. Surprisingly, some students regard the course as highly satisfactory the way it is.

The perpetrator of Opinion 2 is quite entitled to that opinion, though I question the wit of any student who continues to subject himself to such an objectionable experience. I would also question his actual experience when he claims the course is dominated by Durkheim and worker participation since the former topic has two lectures and the latter, one. (Curiously, another student regretted the absence of lectures on worker participation.) As to the complaint about 3,000 word essays, shorter essays are often more difficult to write (successfully, that is) and the requirement was stated in hand-outs before the course began. Nevertheless, he is entitled to his opinion, though I would have appreciated a fuller and more constructive account of his complaints.

What is in question is whether the Students' Association should encourage what amounts to shoddy journalism of the gossip columnist variety. Following complaints about last year's travesty I understood that there was to be a thorough and systematic attempt to glean student opinion. There is little improvement. Much of the information is obtainable in official hand-outs. The 'insider' revelations are either

HMM.. I WISH I'D RESEARCHED THIS BEFORE I WROTE IT....



excessively laudatory or condemnatory, which is to be anticipated when voluntary contributions are called for. They do little to inform the 'average' student. If the editors of the *Counter Calendar* are incapable of mounting an effective survey they might ask the ACUE if it would organise one on their behalf. If they find the journalistic approach appealing then why do they not try investigative reporting, seeking out an array of opinions, rather than sitting on their backsides waiting for chance submissions? Failing all this, and given student emphasis on rights of appeal, they might allow the course organiser a right of reply. As it is, their attitude to academics is rather confused. On the one hand they disparage advice from "an academic who has never experienced their (sic) own course from the viewpoint of a student". Further on they recommend advice from academics in charge of courses who "usually know what they're talking about".

The notion of a counter calendar is a valuable one but it has, so far, been ill-served. It should be done effectively or, if it can be done no better, relegated to a Prosh publication. As it stands it does little for students seeking useful informa-

tion though it may do something for those few who wish to vent their spleen or show their appreciation. So far as staff-student relations are concerned it is likely to sour them. There are existing opportunities for student input into course structure and content. If these are inadequate they should be increased and improved. The Faculty of Arts has student places which could be used to this end, but even when representatives are found they rarely make an impact.

The *Counter Calendar* offers "the chance ... to let your lecturers know what you thought of their courses through an anonymous forum". (Although it is something of a travesty of a forum.) There are other opportunities to make an impact and I would hope that the majority of students would apply themselves to those.

A.J.R. Robbins
Dean of Arts

Grott column axed; editors claim no space

Dear *On dit* Editors,
Why can't I have a column?
Yours very nicely,
Ernest Grott.
No room this issue. Eds.

Letter from London

Dear Sir/Madam,
I am a young bachelor in my thirties, a post-grad student at London University and very interested in theatre, music, fringe-cinema, humanistic psychology and in interesting, aware people who live for life, love travelling, good food and wine.
I would, therefore, be very interested in exchanging ideas with readers of your newspaper. So, perhaps you could publish this letter.
Sincerely,
Johannes van Vuren,
29 Witley Court,
Coram St., London WC1.

notices

Sports Association elections

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY SPORTS & PHYSICAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION INC.

Election of Office Bearers 1981.

Nominations are called for the positions of:

1. President
2. Deputy-President
3. Honorary Treasurer
4. Honorary Assistant Treasurer
5. Honorary Assistant Secretary

Nominations close on Monday, 16th March. Voting will take place on 24th-26th March.

Election of Management.

Nominations are called for six positions on the Management Committee to be elected by the Council on 2nd April.

Nominations can be made up to and during the Council Meeting on 2nd April.

Nomination forms may be obtained from the Sports Association Office.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT BAR

A range of Stellar sports goods - a variety of on sale at unbeatable prices to members.

If you are in the market for a squash or tennis racket, balls,

sweatbands, wristlets, spare towel grips, sports bag, etc. have a look at our Sports Bar in the Sports Association Office.

Student positions vacant

The Students' Association is represented on several University committees. Positions are presently vacant on the following committees:

Barr Smith Library Committee (important for the library user)
Language Laboratory Committee, and Committee for the Advisory Centre for University Education.

If you are interested in representing students on any of these committees, contact Mandy Cornwall (President) or Linda Gale (Secretary) in the Student Activities Office or on 223 2412.

FRESHER FROLICS

ORIENTATION Camps are run each year to get new students orientated to University life. On dit obtained an inside report from a person experiencing the camp for the first time.

When I received my acceptance letter from Adelaide University, I decided that an Orientation Camp could be the shot. After showing the lady on the desk at the Students' Association my \$25.00, she seemed very co-operative in quickly seizing my cash, signing me on for the first camp, handing me my receipt and then announcing, "Sorry I forgot to mention; there are no refunds".

Undeterred, I arrived on the 11th February outside the Students' Association Office. After being introduced to our groups and given an Ear-bashing from certain members of the Students' Association about Uni. life, we were soon being hustled around the vast complex. Many students payed particular attention to the Bar situation, the strange 40c machines outside the toilets and, for the guys, the once in a lifetime privilege of viewing the Women's Lounge. We covered most points of interest and concluded our tour at the Gallery. After being shown this fabulous set up, we progressed to what a young lady called "the group grope session".

After a modified version of Blind Man's Bluff, which proved an ideal way of distinguishing between both sexes, we were introduced to

a few Health Counsellors and Family Planning Officers. I had never realised before just how boring abortions and the pill are after having to listen to them for an hour. After a BBQ lunch on the Barr Smith Lawns, we were soon on to the buses departing for Kurasa Camp site, the "last resort" left for O-Camps.

The seventy people who arrived at the camp site knew very little about their fellow inmates, but that was soon to change when we realised there was going to be no segregation in the dormitories. After a few talks from clubs, which on the whole were quite good, it was time to progress to the all night pictures. Unfortunately a power failure somewhat disturbed that plan for a few hours. The few people who remained up till 3.30 to see the Rocky Horror Show were not disappointed, but it did lose some of its hilarity the second time over. The marathon ended at 5 o'clock and few of the viewers were awake to realize we only saw three quarters the second time over.

Aldinga Beach was great also, if you were used to being herded into the back of a rented van, which had no air circulation, no comfort and certainly no way to communicate to the driver that we were all suffocating. But on the good side of things, they did give us a torch to watch people scream and claw at the bolted exit.

The cool water was just what we needed to remove that sweat you built up in the van. While most people joined in beach games such as continuous cricket, more

conscientious students began, soccer and softball matches which proved enjoyable for those who participated. All things on the camp had an aim of trying to get people involved in meeting and mixing with these strangers who had been forced upon you for two and a half days. For those who possessed keen hearing it was not an unfounded rumour that in future years a pilgrimage to Maslins could be a shot. What a novel way to remove all inhibitions and clothes.

The Thursday night Pub Crawl proved enjoyable for everyone. The Rocky Horror Band, which played very well, kept everyone happy and if it wasn't the band music you were smiling about, it was probably the alcohol. For those people who saw the Rocky Horror Show twice the night before and then tolerated the sound track during breakfast and at the Pub, it was almost sheer suicide to sit and watch it through again just for those people who were sleeping through it the first time and who inevitably fell asleep through it again.

The camp leaders really didn't care where or if you slept so a group was always found with mattress and pillows near the dining room, diving into the jatz biscuits, toast and coffee. When Friday came it was time to clean up, listen to the last of the club talks and then proceed to stomaching our last meal. If you weren't a vegetarian, you might have been in a spot of trouble. The meat meals were fine, but it was the lentils and spinach pies



Mandy Cornwall addresses new students.

which really opened up the sluices at both ends. On the whole though, the meals were OK and there was plenty of bread for toasting if the worst came to the worst.

Compared to many other camps, it was the total lack of appearance of any order or agenda which made the camp interesting and exciting. However, everything ran smoothly, or at least appeared to.

On the whole, the Orientation Camps are an excellent way to spend \$25.00. For any first year student, I would say it is a must. Unfortunately for those who missed out - bad luck, it really was a great time.

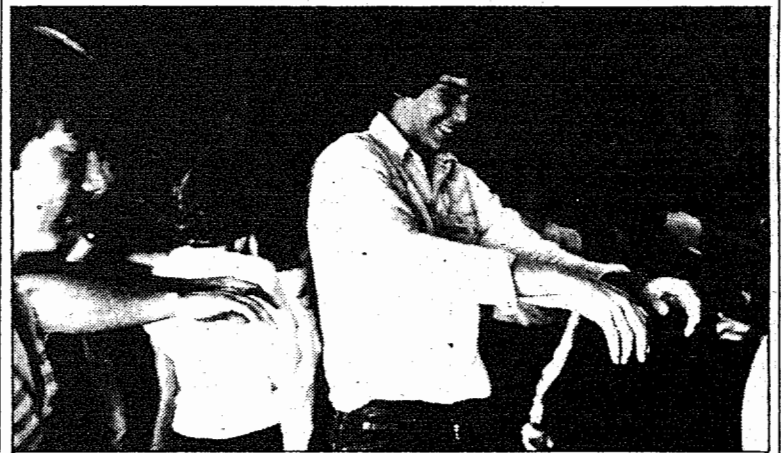
Tony Hubmayer

"IT'S IMPORTANT to meet other people". So says Ginni Hall, Student Counsellor.

A proposition few would disagree with, but it's the methods that count. A few first years were a little puzzled by the exercises that went on in the Gallery during the Orientation Camps (see above).

Besides the session most people nicknamed the "Group Grope" there were other simple routines designed to help people make friends to carry them through the first few vital weeks of campus life. "University can be isolating, depersonalizing and depressing" says Ginni, or a student can get to know others, reach out and meet people."

On dit staff



O Camps - "grobe" session in the Gallery.

Cost vs Time

ON MONDAY 23rd February a line of students from the Lady Symon Building to well past the Barr Smith Library waited for the doors to be opened to the most popular place to buy second hand text books in Adelaide - the AUSCA (Oscar) book exchange. The first student in line, Steven Cooper, confessed to having got up at 4.00am. Last year a group of students spent the night on the banks of the River Torrens in order to be the first ones there.

Why? The text books are sold at two-thirds of the current new cost and are often in perfect condition - a bargain for money-conscious students trying to survive on low incomes or TEAS.

The book exchange first started in 1965 and was intended only for science students. This was expanded in 1969 when it was realized that many science students took subjects in other faculties. Currently the book exchange accepts any book listed in the Calendar of Adelaide University. Reference books are sometimes sold as well as text books from other tertiary campuses.

The book exchange does not buy books from students, only endeavours to sell them. A commission of 10% is taken. Running costs are small as the workers are all volunteers. The remainder of the money is donated to the projects that the organizers and University officials consider will most benefit students. In the past these have included grants to the Barr Smith Library and the setting up of the Women's Lounge.

Unfortunately, though the number of buyers is rapidly increasing, the amount of books brought in for sale is dwindling. The organizer of this year's book exchange, Monica Adlington, attributes this to the fact that less students can afford to buy new text books and those who do tend to keep them. So if you're intending to take part in next year's book exchange, get in early - most of the books are sold in the first two days. As one student commented, "It's better to get up early, wait three hours and get the books you want than to come later, wait the same amount of time and miss out".

Jenny Hein



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Save with ANZ

Save for holidays, a car, or a sound system with a handy ANZ savings account. We can arrange for your TEAS allowance to be paid direct to your account.

The ANZ banks on campus offer you complete banking facilities, continuing sixteen years of service at Adelaide University.

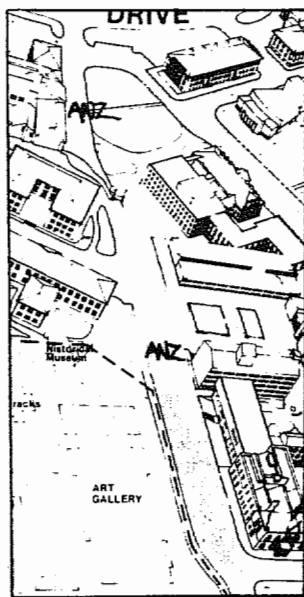
We can make services like Bankcard convenient for you.

As well, we offer loans tailored to the needs of students in their final years.

If you have money problems, or want to know what ANZ can offer you, call in and talk to us.



SERVING STUDENTS





Scholarship Capers

SICK AND TIRED of neo-Nazi lecturers? Then come to Germany - land of milk and Panzers! Why? Well, er, they pay you 400 Deutsch Marks on arrival, 750 DM a month and 100 DM per semester extra for books (\$161, \$301 and \$40 respectively), you get a deluxe "make your friends eat their hearts out" economy class return air trip, together with accident and health insurance and exemption from all enrolment, exam and tuition fees. With all the lovely money you save, you'll be able to fill up your duty free luggage allowance with lots of lovely German tinnies and still have enough left over for a Vegemite binge on arrival at Sydney airport!

So how do you qualify? Simple - if you're an Australian graduate or fine arts student willing to undertake a course at a tertiary academic institution in the Federal Republic, you can trade in your

sweat soaked lounge suite for a trip through Germany's beer halls of culture. Arts and music awards cover the October 1982 to September 1983 period (with beautiful snow capped mountains, bitterly cold weather, pneumonia and the danger of being snowed under with work). For everyone else there's the April 1982 to March 1983 package tour - you'll get to see the Oktoberfest: No requirements are stated as to ability to speak the lingo.

If you prefer to Anschluss in the snow, you'll have to be able to speak German to go to Austria on their government exchange project. The Austrian Federal Ministry for Science and Research is looking for under 35 year olds, who intend doing research work or specialized studies (you could study the effects of alcohol on 'Orstalian exchange students) at an Austrian University, research

establishment or beer hall.

No fees are payable and you can spend your 5000 Austrian schillings per month (18 schillings per dollar - you work it out this time) any way you like but don't overdo your frolicking even though health and accident insurance is provided. Perhaps you'd like to spend it getting home when your nine months is up - no travel is paid for.

Time is, however, running out; closing dates for applications are 20 March 1981 for Austria and 3 July 1981 for Germany, so pack the tinnies and the economy Vegemite and write to -

The Secretary
Department of Education
(Austrian Government
scholarships)
PO Box 826
Woden ACT 2606.

Rocco Weglarz

wimmin's day Unite and Celebrate!



INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY (IWD) has been celebrated by women across the world since March 8th 1910, when the second International Conference of Socialist Women decided to honour the demonstration made by New York women garment workers two years earlier in 1908.

Despite the militancy and struggles of 1908, women garment workers are little better off today than then. In fact even the few advances women have made are becoming harder to maintain. Throughout the world women's suffering is increasing. In Australia women continue to struggle for many rights, including: abortion on demand, free health care for all, the right to work, an end to discrimination against lesbianism, an end to

rape and constant sexual harassment.

International Women's Day is a time when women can come together and show their determination to achieve their demands and to proclaim them by marching through the streets with banners and voices. International Women's Day is also a time for women to celebrate being with other women and sharing their conversation, music, information and culture.

So celebrate IWD on Saturday 7th March:

Rally at Victoria Square at 10am
Picnic at Rymill Park, East Parklands after the rally
Dance with women at the Burnside Town Hall, Greenhill Road, Burnside 8pm.

Ann Gooley

Anti-Nuke Visit

ATMOSPHERIC TESTS, underground tests, long-run nuclear weapons testing, permanent nuclear fuels' dumping - all examples of some of the activities the Pacific region has been host to. After many years of having their homes radioactively contaminated by the Americans, French, British, Russians and Chinese, the Pacific people are organizing to preserve their native islands.

As part of this movement and in conjunction with the international Nuclear Free Pacific Week campaign (March 1-9), South Australia is being visited by Ms

Bernie Keldermans of Palau, Micronesia (directly between here and Japan). Ms Keldermans is a member of the People's Committee for the Palau Constitution, the only Nuclear Free Constitution in the world.

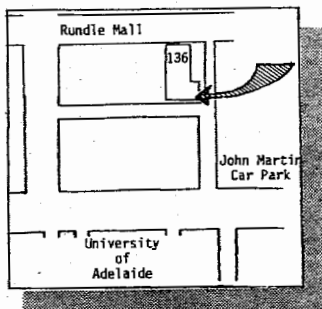
On Tuesday of Orientation Week, she will be speaking in the Cloisters at 2.20pm. So if you want to find out more about the Nuclear Free Pacific Campaign, about Palau's constitutional struggles, or troubles with American bases, be there.

Alan Rushbrook

NEED TEXTS?

Buy your text books for these subjects:

- Anthropology
- Chemistry
- Commerce
- Computer Science
- Economics
- Engineering
- History
- Maths
- Physics



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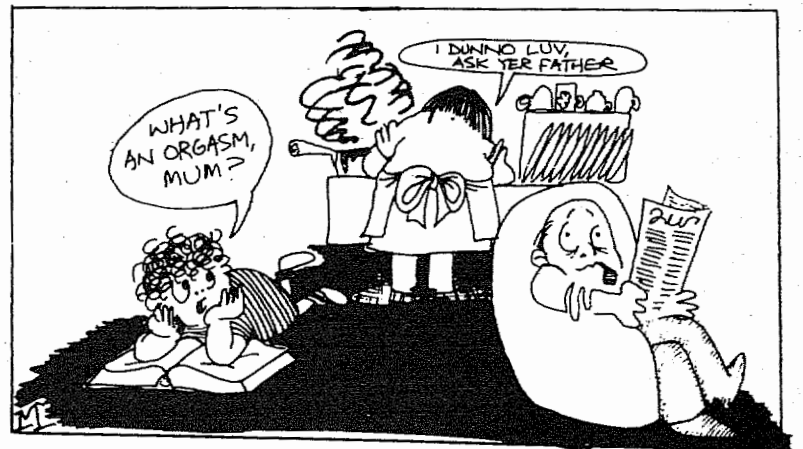
136 Rundle Mall, Adelaide. South Australia

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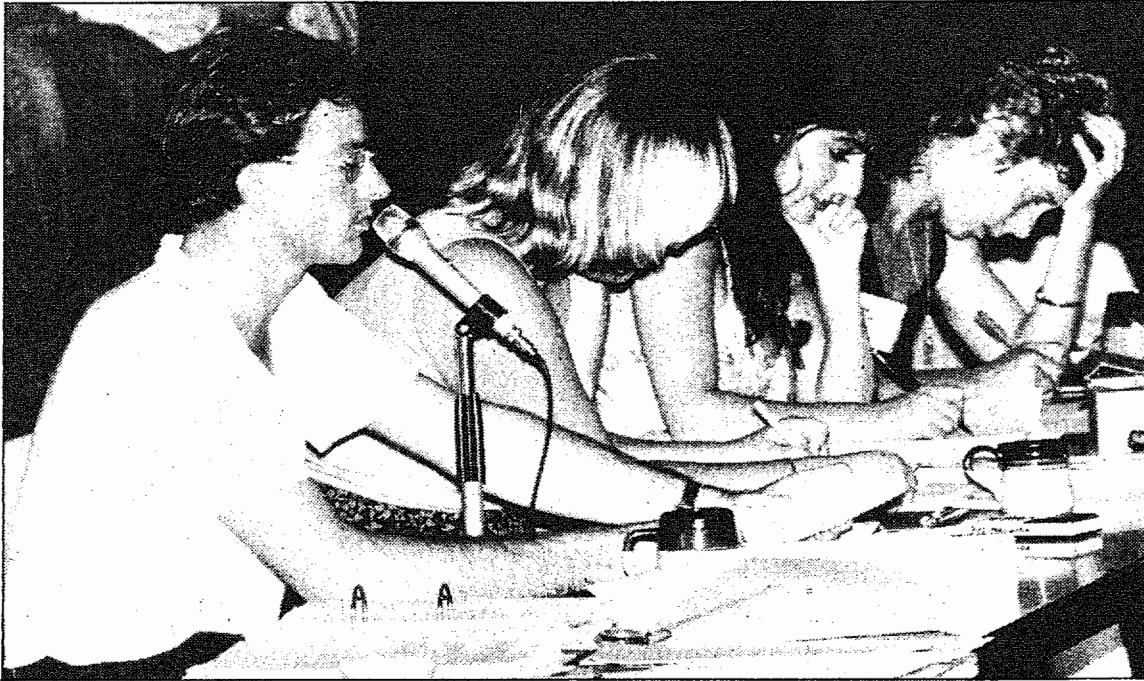
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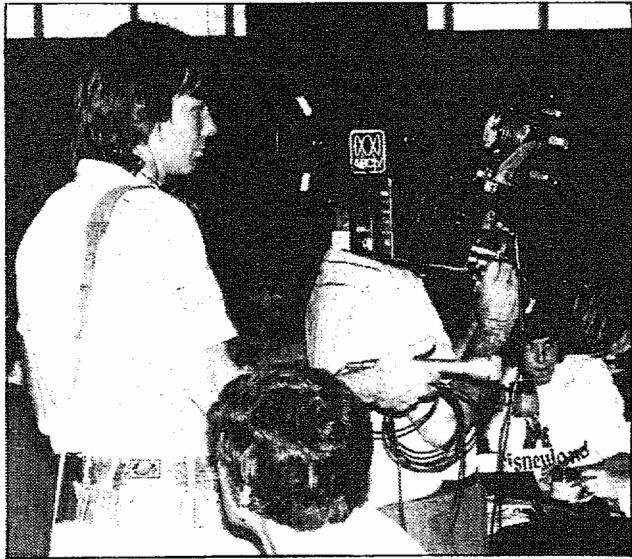


... experience City Books

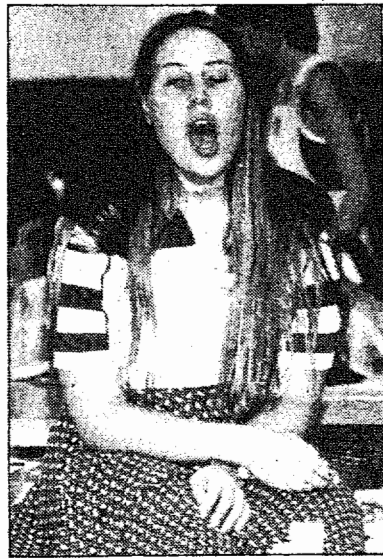
AUSweats



Past AUS President Mark Burford chairs AUS Council through another hot session.



AUS Council even incurred the interest of the ABC.



Fly catcher Linda Gale

Policy on paper

EACH YEAR THE national Student Union - the Australian Union of Students, holds its Annual Council in Melbourne. This year's Council was made up of delegates from 43 campuses from every State.

The job of the Annual Council is to set down the policies and priorities for AUS for the coming year and to elect an AUS Executive, President and other national officers.

Adelaide University sent seven delegates and a number of observers, most of whom participated in the work of the Council, as well as eating lots of Pine-Lime Spices.

Policy

Reflecting Australian students, the delegates represented all shades of opinion within the student population and therefore policy debates were often heated.

Most of the policies and actions of AUS in previous years were reaffirmed. The education policy of the Union was consolidated into an *Education Platform* which included:

- opposition to the re-introduction of tuition fees in Universities and CAEs.
- a call for more adequate funding to all sections of the education system
- proposals for action around assessment and course content
- action directed at the abolition of the TEAS means test.

The most contentious issue in the education debate was what level of Tertiary Allowance AUS should demand for its student members. In previous years, AUS had as its immediate demand that

TEAS be increased to 120% of the Poverty Line set down by the Government's Poverty Commission. This demand (now about \$95 p.w.) was amended by the Council from '120% of the Poverty Line' to simply 'at least the Poverty Line'. Those who opposed this change of policy said that AUS should be demanding something more than simply Poverty for its members. Those who supported the change did so because they believed that more

students could be united around the demand for the Poverty Line, and more emphasis could be put on AUS's position in opposition to the TEAS means test.

During the debate on the Women's Department and women's issues generally, the Council overwhelmingly reaffirmed its support for the feminist policies of the Women's Department. A major debate was around the action of an open 'Women Under Attack' conference in excluding two right-wing women from one of its sessions. The two women excluded claimed they had been victimised for their political opinions. However, others said that the two women in question had been deliberately disrupting the Conference and that they were excluded for this reason by a vote of the meeting.

In the field of Gay Rights, AUS Council re-affirmed its support for Greg Weir, a trainee teacher from Queensland who was refused a job as a teacher because he is a homosexual. The Council is supporting his legal challenge to this blatantly discriminatory

decision by the Queensland Government.

AUS also re-affirmed its affiliation to the Asian Students' Association and will continue its limited involvement in international affairs.

The only important change made to AUS's internal structure was that Direct Student Elections of the AUS Regional (State) Organisers were discontinued. Direct Elections have been tried since 1979, but the Council overwhelmingly felt that the experiment had failed because of the difficulty for candidates to meaningfully campaign across a whole state. AUS has therefore reverted to the system of having Regional Organisers elected by delegates elected by each campus at Regional (State) Conferences.

Elections

At the end of Council, the Executive and the national officers for 1981 were elected. The national officers are:

- **President:** Paul Carrick, a student (and surfer) from Western Australia. Paul is a member of the Australian Labor Party.
- **Education Vice-President:** David Fowler, from MacQuarie University in Sydney who was NSW Organiser for AUS in 1980.
- **Women's Officer:** Philomena Horsley, a student from Victoria who has been active in women's groups for a number of years.

The twelve member AUS Executive for 1981 consists of members of the Liberal Party and the ALP, as well as independents

Australian Union of Students (AUS) Council met at University High School in Melbourne in January this year to determine the policies for the coming year. Your intrepid/decrepid On dit reporter was there to cover the highlights and the lowlights of the great event.

Well, I went to Melbourne expecting sultry weather and rain clouds - welcome relief from the high 30 and low 40 degree temperatures I left behind. To no avail; AUS Council sweated and sweltered its way through hundreds of motions and thousands of pages of documents over eight days (and nights) in temperatures Melbourne hadn't seen in thirty years.

Now, about Council ... Delegates from different campuses all over Australia met to discuss, debate, lobby and form factions as policy issues were determined by the once-a-year meeting. It wasn't a hotbed of political intrigue as expected, although it had its moments of drama and suspense.

Cliff Dolan (President of the ACTU) gave the opening address indulging in a bit of Fraser bashing along the way, and invited the State and Federal governments to sit down with the trade unions for discussions, and invite the employers "if they are of any value" (polite laughing from the Council). Humanitarianism came to the fore with comments on development as a way to make a better way of life for Australians. "I'm not talking about coal, iron ore or that other horrible stuff," said Cliff.

Things didn't hot up till the following day (Sunday) when debate on compulsory unionism in AUS started. The lefties (in the majority by far) followed in Cliff's footsteps and indulged in a bit of Liberal bashing and the right-wingers and centre-ists questioned the validity of the democratic base of AUS. The argument for compulsory unionism was that AUS is basically democratic, hence there is no need for voluntary joining of the Union; the argument against was in total opposition.

Highlights of AUS Council included debate on AUS: use of "new" technology (a telephone exchange and computerised equipment to keep records), and its effect on staff; not formalising an agreement for AUS staff to have study leave but supporting

the rights of all workers to have study leave; and, as the mercury rose to 41.4° C, a decision that *National Student* (AUS national paper) would not be produced this year. Debate on whether AUS should support TEAS to 100% instead of 120% of the poverty line raged for an hour with Adelaide University voting 16 for the 100% proposal and "two cynical Liberal abstentions". On top of this, AUS fees will cost you 30c more next year (from \$2.50 to \$2.80).

The most exciting event of the week? A water fight during the early hours of Thursday morning at the accommodation at Melbourne Uni. where delegates were staying. A high-powered sprinkler was commandeered by some members of the South Australian region (who shall remain nameless to protect the innocent) who proceeded to wet a large number of delegates taking advantage of the "cooler" outside air at the time. With cries of "solidarity forever" political differences were done away with as people from both political fences banded together to dampen those who weren't already soaked, and soak even further those who had been at the pub down the road. Your reporter wonders if this could be suggested to Federal and State Parliaments as a way of dampening political differences, seeing that it might whet their appetites for more fruitful debate later. In South Australia this might be seen as an excessive waste of our saline, chlorine and amoebic-meningitis infested water however.

AUS Council makes some important decisions that can affect you and spends \$362,599 of student money over the year. Take the trouble to find out what happened by asking the Students' Association President Mandy Cornwall or chase up the other delegates. I left early, before the budget session, to return to my home town, sanity and *On dit*, so don't ask me. My car broke down and it took almost twelve hours to get home - a bit like the Overland. My aunt's voice still echoes as I remember getting into my car, burning my hand on the door handle, my fingers on the seat belt buckle and steering wheel, my bloodshot eyes scorched mercilessly by the glaring sun - "Don't say you never see the sun up here," she said. "Yeah," replied the man from South Oz.

Paul Hunt



Ken McAlpine - Member of the melting hearts club?

and people from the National Civic Council (a right-wing secret society) and the Communist Party of Australia.

Ken McAlpine from Adelaide University was elected to the Executive from South Australia.

To list all the decisions and 'goings-on' of AUS Council could fill several complete issues of *On*

dit, so a lot is left out of an article this long. If you have any questions about AUS policy or what happened at AUS Council, don't hesitate to come into the Student Office or ask at the table where you get your student cards during Orientation Week.

Ken McAlpine
Adelaide University AUS Secretary

Bilbo



BILBO IS the working students' guide to the mechanisms of the university and other places where the truth behind events and activities is hidden by secrecy, bureaucracy and apathy. Bilbo is a very hard working hobbit with an ear to the ground and a nose for news, but being so very anonymous Bilbo relies on the students of the university to keep the ball rolling. Bilbo is limited by libel laws, workload worries and assassination attempts, but there are thousands of students who are able to vote, talk at committees and take action. Maybe some of you could even drop snippets into the *On dit* office sometimes.

IN LIEU OF SOMETHING BETTER

Life wasn't meant to be easy for the first woman president of the Students' Association. It seems that although both Mandy Cornwall and the *On dit* editors work past the locking-up hour for the toilets, the boys have a key to the latrines but Mandy doesn't. Someone has forgotten Mandy, but Bilbo suggests it's cheaper like that anyway because Editors Hunt and Williamson have their own paper.

KEY POSITIONS

While on such things, Bilbo is less satisfied with the reasons for possession given by some other key-holders. Modern security systems will allow one "grand master" key open innumerable doors. Such a key, or keys, exist for the Union Building, with access to the Bar, Refectory, Craft Studio, Cinema, Gallery, etc. These keys are expensive to replace (100 locks must be changed at \$50 a piece), so they are only lent to people for specific occasions, and they can't be lost. However it seems that there have been delays in the return of one particular grand master borrowed by ex-acting SAUA president

Howard Glenn last year. After some thinking Howard remembered he, in turn, had given it to Clubs and Societies Chair, the potential candidate for responsible Union positions, Simon Maddocks. Simon had, and has, the key so that as *Counter Calendar* editor, he could get into the Airport Lounge after hours 'to get to the vending machines'.

Bilbo hopes that the key and any others are returned before anything is broken or goes missing, otherwise even the innocent could be in trouble.

INSULAR APPROACH

Bilbo was pleased to see Simon "Grand Master" Maddocks having regard to the long term interest of students during pre-enrolment week. Rather than assist in conducting the pre-enrolment barbeque, Simon conclusively proved that a foam beer-holder kept the amber liquid cooler longer than mere glass. Equipped with stopwatch, thermometer and graph paper, Simon prepared a vital submission which just may allow these insulators to be sold (at profit) by the Union. Then again, maybe only one person took Simon seriously.

MANUAL DEFROST

The Clubs and Societies Council does have something going for it with its 'Clubs and Societies' Manual'. Bilbo found it informative and occasionally amusing, compliments Andrew Frost on his good work and suggests he could be writing for the back of bus tickets with such gems as:

"Remember you leave your friends at the door when it comes to deciding policy etc. at meetings."

and
"If you have a different opinion and think you are right, then continue to argue your case. Nobody will think (much) the worse of you."

SHEDDING TIERS

University officials seem to have noticed, following last year's revered education cuts campaign, that students care about staffing levels. So whenever the University is asked to exercise some of its responsibility for various things including orienting new students to the University, the reply is along the lines of: "How many tutors would you like us to sack?"

Bilbo would like to suggest that they cut positions from the top, then one would be enough.

FUTURE SHOCK?

Your little hobbit has heard that even though the cost of living has gone up, this doesn't apply to tutors. New rates of pay soon to be implemented are lower than those previously given. Your hobbit has heard rumblings of industrial strife on the horizon.

DON REJECTS THE PILL

DON RAY (ex SAUA Pres.) finds the idea of salt tablets a bit hard to swallow but he demonstrated a new method of salt intake to Bilbo in the Bar on a particularly hot day (that hobbit had gone there to finish his paperwork in the cool, sitting on an iceblock in a gin and tonic). Much to Bilbo's surprise, Don now gets all his salt by licking girls' backs. Well, recycling is a fine sentiment, but Bilbo's grandma thinks this might lead to ... promiscuity.

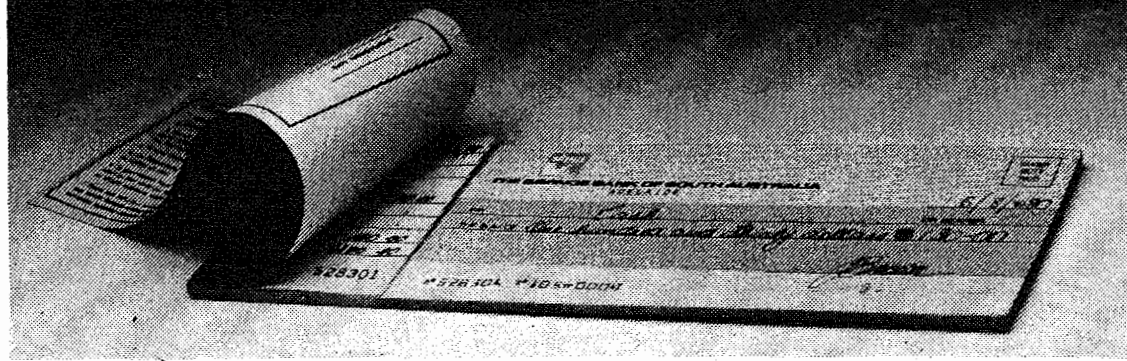
REGIONAL LETTERS

What is happening to AUS on the Regional level? It seems the new Regional Organiser, Howard Glenn, can't write his own correspondence. Your little hobbit spied the ex-Regional Organiser Larry O'Laughlin using white-out efficiently on a document thereby deleting his own name. With a nifty bit of typewriter work, in went Howard's name and Howard then duly signed the document. One wonders whether Larry wants to continue his reign de facto or if he is just helping Howard with the paper work.

UNEMPLOYABLE?

Rehabilitation of student politicians? Or just employment creation schemes? Your humble hobbit spied three well known Students' Association and O Camp directors in the refectory getting manilla folders out of boxes, unfolding them and then restacking them, for purposes unknown. Maybe they send them on to another group for refolding?

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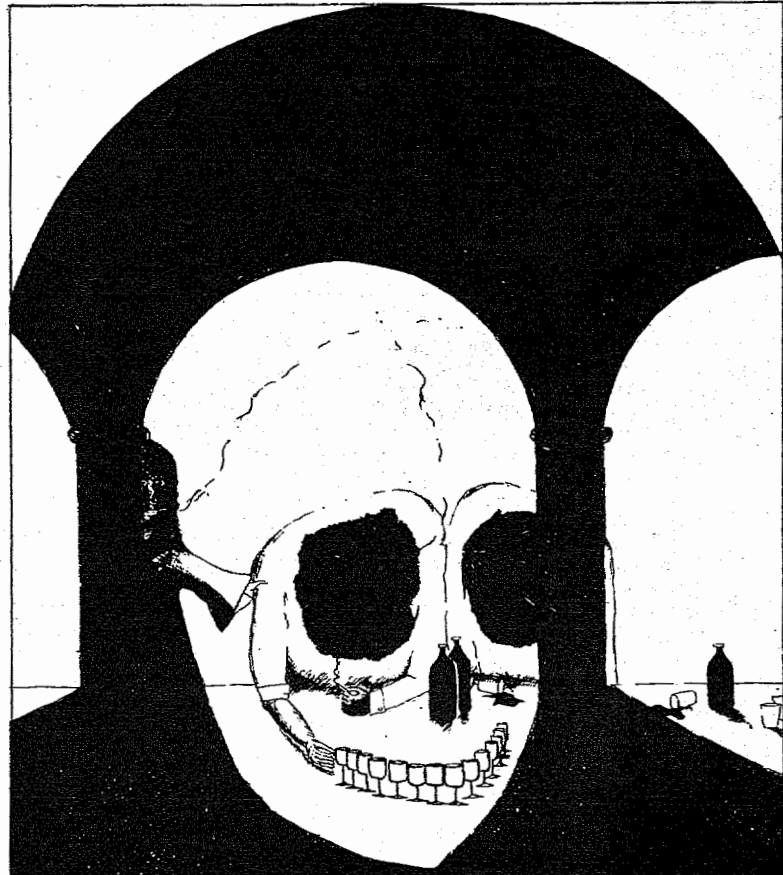
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8 - LATE, WED. MARCH 4

Skullduggery

SKULLDUGGERY ... a night not to be missed, unless of course you're dying of a terminal disease or are already too pissed to move. Skullduggery (to the uninitiated, the art of preserving one's liver, brain, body and soul in alcohol) is a very big show put on by Adelaide Medical Students' Society in O Week. Don't, however, get the impression that this show simply exists to get pissed (sorry, ed.) (No worries. Ed.) This is far from the truth 'cause if you want, you can come along not to get pissed.

Those who come get an almost money back guarantee on a bloody good time. Enlisted to get the drinkers on their feet, even if not walking in a straight line, are *The Boys* and *The Sensational Bodgies* - you'd have to be a heavy boozer not to let these rockers and rollers interrupt your arm bending activities.

The Boys have had a disc played recently on the commercial stations, namely *Who Was That?*

They tend to be very sixties oriented (much like the Medical School course) and intersperse their own works with works of the golden wrinklies. As for *The Sensational Bodgies*, they are just that - sensational, playing real adrenaline rock, roll, rhythm and blues.

Enough about the bands - let's get down to the drinking. For the token admission of only \$5 (same as last year) you get to drink anything you like - beer, cider, wine (red and white), as well as soft drinks. The bar space will be bigger this year to accommodate the multitudes and give everybody a little breathing space, the lack of which was felt last year. Pies and pasties will also be available at a minimum price from a Cowley's Pie Cart.

Skullduggery really promises to be a great show this year - something as rare as dancing to the sound of beers being pulled while getting drunk on rock and roll shouldn't be missed. See you there.

Student radio

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT Student Radio ran its first bar show for 1981. As well as the audience at the Bar, listeners at home heard MEO-245 and *Units* live on 5UV - the first live-to-air presentation of rock bands on Adelaide radio for three years. No less than twenty volunteers ensured the success of the night. Earlier this year, Student Radio's recently purchased outside broadcasting/recording equipment was put to the test when they recorded three local bands at the Governor Hindmarsh Hotel. The show, *Could This Be the End?* featured the re-formed *U-Bombs*, *Units* and *Distressed Innocents*. The best of their performances will be replayed during the year on Student Radio.

This big start mirrors Student Radio's continuing policy of supporting local bands to provide good entertainment for Adelaide Uni. Students and quality radio

programming produced by students who are adding expertise to their existing talent.

In Orientation Week, Student Radio will be featuring a special on Student Activities at Adelaide University over the past decade. This series, the SAUA(er) tapes, will be introduced by Peter Duncan (MP Elizabeth and former *On dit* Editor) on Monday night. Student Radio programmers have chosen the best music on vinyl and the best we have recorded in recent years to make an entertaining opening to Student Radio.

Student Radio can be heard on 5UV (531 kHz) Monday to Friday from 10pm till 1am. If you would like to help produce programmes please contact the Co-Directors at 5UV or the Students' Association. Also, don't forget to get your voucher cards into 5UV as soon as possible.

On dit follies

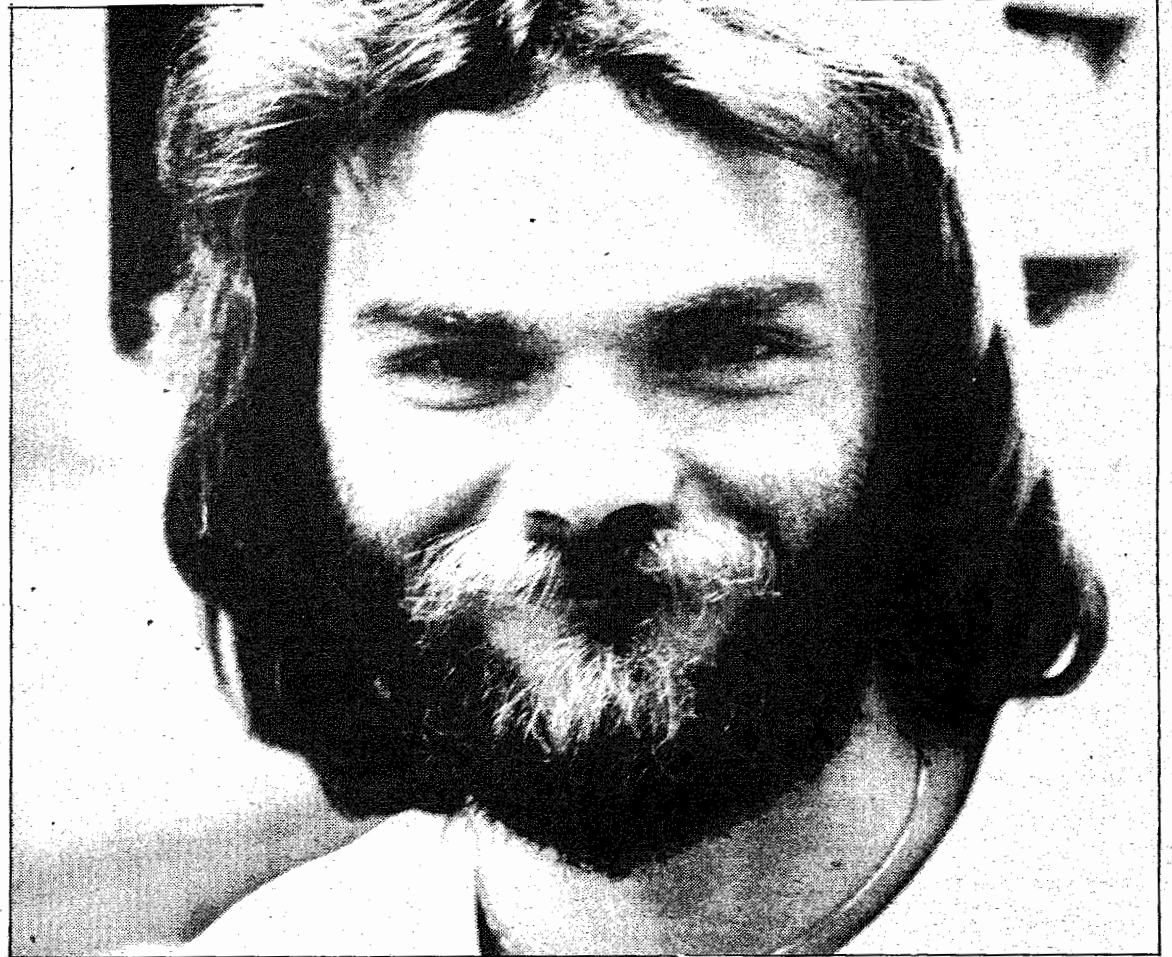
ARE YOU tired of a parochial *On dit*? Have you seen too many *On dit* pages filled with reports of dull, predictable local events?

Well, *On dit* would like to extend its coverage to interstate and overseas news. However we are not going to print mere repeats of the stuff you read in the commercial press. Instead we will present, from a different perspective, news and opinion from elsewhere.

But we need contributors. So if you have a friend away from Adelaide who is interested in contributing to *On dit*, then persuade him or her to send something in. And drop their name and address at *On dit* so we can contact them. Or if you are planning to leave

Adelaide to study or work elsewhere and you fancy yourself as an interstate or foreign correspondent, then come to the *On dit* Office and let us know.

We want reports on such happenings as anti-nuke demonstrations, environmental issues, political events (anybody in Spain?) and other topical events. In particular we would like contributions from overseas. A good example of suitable material is in the "Canberra Column" which appeared regularly in *On dit* last year. But unlike that modest contributor, future correspondents need not stay anonymous. We'll probably call them *On dit* Bureau Chiefs or something. Now there's megalomania. **Tim Dodd**



Ex-President's Ploy Raises Some Hackles

Can Presidents return from the dead? Apparently not, or at least the SAUA Executive is convinced they shouldn't even if they can.

Don Ray, after resigning the Presidency last year amid bitter dissension with the Executive, decided on February 5th that he would claim his place on the 1981 Executive as Immediate Past President. In an incident preceding the year's first Executive meeting, Ray approached Mandy Cornwall, 1981 President, and told her he was entitled to voting rights. Ray said that he had taken legal advice on the matter, a move he explicitly confirmed to *On dit*.

Cornwall's reaction to the move was cool. She told *On dit* "I was outraged". Cornwall set Ray's claim against the Executive's head to find a firm footing for the year. Ray would "jaundice the atmosphere" according to Cornwall.

As yet, no legal advice has been taken by the Executive, and the matter has not come up for discussion. Informally, most members of the Executive believe the matter should be left to the

solicitors. Their position is characterised by Linda Gale who says that although she would not object to Ray's position if it is legally correct, believes that he should not pursue the matter.

There is a strong feeling that Ray is not morally entitled to the position.

Simon Maddocks, CSC Chair disagrees. He says Ray is entitled to the position. Maddocks says he would support Ray if the matter were brought before Executive.

On dit spoke to Ray last Friday and he indicated that he was not pursuing the matter. His motive in raising the question was "to put the shits up a few people".

The incident now appears to be history, but it does point out that there are still deep tensions within the Executive over Ray's resignation. Many members were reluctant to discuss the matter, and they revealed traces of the pugnacity that characterised the Executive's dealings with Ray last year.

Ken MacAlpine, AUS Secretary, believes that the Constitution should be altered to allow the

President-elect to sit on Executive after the August elections, while others believed that the provisions regarding Immediate Past President should be scrapped entirely. Ironically, it was Ray who originally pressed for the Immediate Past President clause to be introduced to the Constitution in 1979.

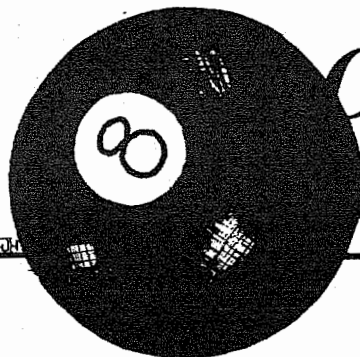
The Meeting

The Executive has already formulated some broad policy guidelines for 1981.

President Cornwall is pleased with progress so far. Several Executive positions are vacant at present and by-elections will be held on the week ending March 30. The major position up for grabs is Education Vice President since Howard Glenn's departure as AUS Regional Organiser.

Ken MacAlpine is believed to be resigning his position as Secretary due to the pressure of work caused by his seat on the AUS Executive. Two positions of Executive Member without portfolio are also vacant.

Geoff Hanmer



On the Ball

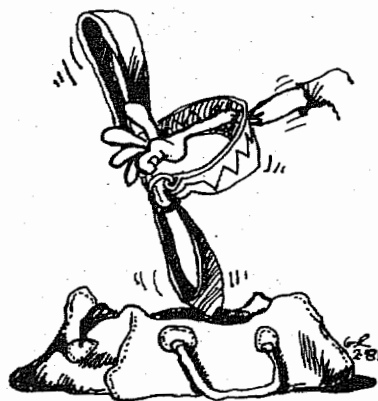
LET'S FACE IT - billiards and snooker have class. People who know this or who are interested in finding out will now have a club to support them. The inaugural meeting of the University Billiard and Snooker Club will be held in the Portus Room (Lady Symon Building, rear of Sports Association Office) to discuss the adoption of a constitution, election of officers and some general business - the organization of championships and an intra-mural Snooker League amongst other

issues.

In the intra-mural Snooker League, members will have the opportunity to compete against others of similar ability, which should make the Club an attractive proposition for both beginners and master players. Charges should be \$4 and any extra information is available from Mr K. Ossenton (ext. 2790). It's a long road to "pot black" but don't start off behind the eight ball; join the Club.

Thieves Beware

HAVE YOU valuables about you? Then watch out. A spate of thefts occurred recently. Thieves have rifled bags in the Napier Building, the Medical School, the Geology



Building, the Library bag room and the Bookshop. In all about \$300 was taken.

Good advice - don't leave valuables in your bag - only bring in the cash you need and try to avoid carrying banknotes and credit cards.

If it happens to you, report the theft immediately to Peter Turnbull, the Maintenance Superintendent. Also report any suspicious activity you see in bag rooms or elsewhere. Peter Turnbull can be contacted through the Lost Property Office (down the alley between the Staff Club and the Mechanical Engineering Building).

Students can't afford to be ripped off so let's see if we can make it hard for them. *This is another On dit report in the fight to prevent crime.* **Tim Dodd**

Invasion hits Uni this week

WEDNESDAY of Orientation Week will see the appearance on the Barr Smith Lawns of the Adelaide band, *Joyous Invasion*. If you were at Uni last year you may have seen them as *Vox Pop*; they played a lunch-time concert late in third term.

Since then the band has undergone more than a name change - their line-up has been altered by the addition of a new drummer who has given the band a different pace and strength, creating a unique style, new for the band and certainly Adelaide. *Joyous Invasion's* sound relies heavily on the blending of keyboard, synthesiser, and guitar over a stable bass and drum line. If you're thinking that the keyboard/synthesiser combination might produce a sound akin to Robert

Palmer or those familiar, flowing, esoteric sounds, then you must see *Joyous Invasion* - their use of these instruments is refreshingly different, open and melodic.

Joyous Invasion are one of Adelaide's more progressive bands; they have only been playing a short time yet are confident, and competent enough to drop all their covers. So instead of hiding away

in the Bar during your lunch-time, wander out on to the lawns, sit yourselves down, and listen to some of Adelaide's "underground" music. Especially listen for songs like *Joyous Invasion*, *A Change in the Order of Things*, and *Fail Safe/ Castle of Cross Destinies* - they are musically and lyrically very pleasing; indicative of *Joyous Invasion's* style. **Jane Jacobs**

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Ferry - an international elocution tour.

Princes of Style

Roxy Music
Festival Theatre
Saturday February 7.

The support has finished their set, we have slipped out to the foyer to down a glass of champagne, viewed the crowds to make sure we were the most stylishly dressed couple in the theatre (standards were too low - we made top ten) and now we sit in our seats awaiting *Roxy Music*.

In the nine years since their formation, *Roxy* have gone from outrage to establishment, spawned punk rock, broken up, reformed and created seven marvellous albums together. It seems the only attribute *Roxy* have always had is style. People aren't here to see great musicianship - if they are they are likely to be disappointed. Really, they're here to feed on Bryan Ferry's style, something in which the

man with the tan and his band have always excelled. I think secretly, everyone in this audience would like to be Ferry, the suave mannerly artistically inclined English gentleman with lots of money and a penchant for the Bahamas. Perhaps that is his appeal.

The curtain whisks away to reveal the set. "I think you'll like it," Phil Manzanera, *Roxy* Guitarist has said almost absent mindedly at the airport that morning. I do. Five gigantic venetian blinds front the stage. They are closed but as the band breaks into a rather fast version of *Bogus Man*, slight movements can be discerned behind this screen. Slowly the outside blinds open, then the next and finally the centre pair, revealing Bryan to the crowds. The whole stage set has simple concept about it but reflects tremendous imagination and elegance

- very much like the band itself.

Roxy Music now number seven. Bryan (incidentally in a grey green suit, white shirt and shoes with a magenta tie) is flanked by Phil Manzanera on lead guitar and Andy Mackay sax. Behind lie the rest of the band - drums, bass, synthesiser and guitar. As the night moves on, these seven elements weave a fabric of sound between them. At first the threads are slack, the fabric patchy.

Trash and *Love is the Drug* are interesting - certainly different from their performance in the albums, but *Roxy* aren't yet working together as a band and to be truthful, as soloists this particular night they aren't able to get the older age bracked crowd moving. However, by about the fifth song,

Rain Rain Rain, *Roxy* are really working. They seem to tune in to each other, be able to anticipate each other's actions and augment them by their own brilliance. Each member of *Roxy* alone is little compared to what they are together. The rest of their set leaves the audience ecstatic from the sentimental *My Only Love* and *A Song*

for *Europe* to the uplifting *Love is the Drug* and *Do the Strand*. But of course, this almost perfect harmony of musicians comes to an end, not that the audience are satisfied. We have lived as part of a great concert for an hour and weren't about to let it out of our grasp without a fight.

The result, an encore of *Editions of You* is probably the purest rock I've

ever heard - the sound is clean (not the distorted power chord noise that one finds so uplifting in pubs) and yet has as much energy as anyone I've heard. But it isn't only that - *Roxy Music*, even when driving their hardest, manage to retain an element of style, of artistic detachment, which makes them so unique in rock music today.

Roxy Music finish off with a sentimental song but by this time the climax of this romantic/rock concert is over for me. So, off to the stage door for one last glimpse of the princes of style as they drive off in the limousines and the Bistro for a cup of coffee to finish the night. I'd had it all - wine, women and song, and believe me, I felt just fine.

James Williamson

Standing On the Outside

THE ORIGINAL IDEA was to review the AC/DC concert on Tuesday February 17, but it soon became clear, due to a marked lack of generosity by the promoters, SAD, that the only way *On dit* was going to see the concert was by paying for a ticket or by standing outside the wire with the other poor people.

Well, I'm glad to say, *On dit* still has its pride intact - we didn't pay, but never getting closer than fifty metres to the band makes a conventional review a bit hard to do. This therefore is a consumer guide to standing outside concerts.

Hint One: Case the joint. The *On dit* review team headed down to Memorial Drive on the afternoon of the concert to try to bullshit its way into a couple of tickets - no luck. We then set about finding a good spot outside the fence to see. There aren't many, but we found a good one at the far end of the Drive.

Hint Two: Come prepared for anything. When we got back to our spot we found that a sprinkler was periodically soaking the prime viewing spot and that a truck had been parked in such a way that it was almost impossible to see the stage - these promoters think of everything. Secondly the weather turned cold. Always bring a blanket or jumper with you. OK - so what's so funny about three reviewers standing on tip-toe,

getting sprinkled once every ten seconds and freezing to death, huh?

Hint Three: Never say "Today's pigs, tomorrow's bacon". AC/DC was probably particularly bad for police "involvement". It was like Hindley Street on a Saturday night - the biggest, heaviest, meanest cops in town were on patrol. There wasn't any heavy trouble that we saw - perhaps this section is so "anti gendarme" because the police arrested someone who was giving one of the *On dit* review team a lift home, but the police got pretty hassled when someone jumped on the inflated inside of a wine cask which burst with a loud pop - nervous?

Hint 4: Don't expect to hear much music. The three bands were *Swanee*

who were good, the *Angels* who were also good (except that we all went for a pizza half way through the set) and AC/DC who seemed to have the crowd inside jumping really well. The point is, you don't really hear much music. It's amazing how attention can wander when you're not actually looking at the band to more immediate things; i.e. what that big heavy bloke next to you is about to do.

Standing on the outside looking in is interesting, el cheapo entertainment, worthwhile if you can't afford a ticket or, as in our case, don't like the band enough to be bothered buying one. It's also perhaps the best practice you could ever get in diplomacy, apart from perhaps spending ten years in the Iranian Embassy.

James Williamson



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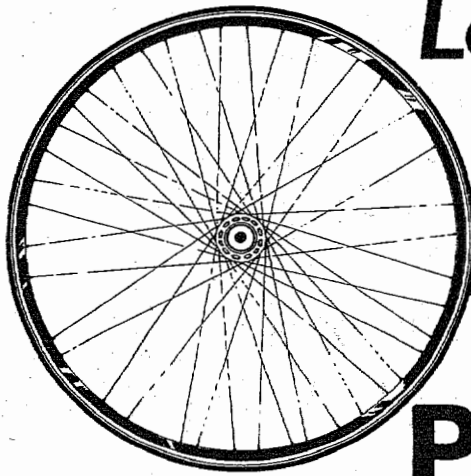
Near Maid and Magpie

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RECORDS



The tank rumbled over the ruins of the cloisters. Mere broken masonry was no object to the now powerful rebels. The war had been won but the people did not yet know it. The tank commander cautiously pulled himself out of the hatch and surveyed the ruins. Some hollow eyed hungry refugees of what was an Adelaide learning institution caught his eye.

"Hey seniors," he said. "Have you heard the news? Now anyone can review any records they like. All they must do is to come down to the *On dit* office and say what they would like a copy of, and the editors will obtain it for them."

This record column brings you all of what used to be the best of British Punk (well, almost all ... 2 out of 3 'aint bad). The question is what is it now? *The Sex Pistols* are with us no more, but both the

Jam and the *Clash* have recent albums out, neither of which are much like what we all set out to do in '77. What's the verdict - is the new style better or worse? Read on ...

**Sound Effects
The Jam
Polydor**

This is the fifth and latest album from the dynamic trio - Paul Weller (vocals, lead guitar), Bruce Foxton (vocals, bass guitar), Rick Buckler (drums and percussion). It represents no dramatic departure from the quality of music found on their third album (*All Mod Cons*) or their fourth (*Setting Sons*).

If you aren't familiar with *The Jam's* music, *Going Underground*, their hit single, gives a fair indication of what

they're about. A 'Mod' group, *The Jam* have however proven themselves to be more than this label would imply, like *The Clash*, who have moved beyond 'Punk'.

I have never heard a *Jam* song I didn't like, and *Sound Effects* fails to defy this claim. The consistency in the quality of the group's music is astounding. There is a kind of hypnotic reaction created by a skilful blending of music, lyrics and vocals. Paul Weller's voice has startling subtlety. He is able to inject the most original inflection into even the simple lines, as demonstrated in *That's Entertainment*.

This album contains *Start*, a song which some critics have unfavourably compared with the *Beatles' Taxman*. There is a certain, superficial, resemblance, but then - isn't imitation the sincerest form of flattery?

Sound Effects may not equal the brilliance of *Setting Sons*, but it still contains typically excellent *Jam* songs, with their original and often bitter



insights into life.

Unlike *The Clash* with *Sandinista*, *The Jam* have so far shown no desire to stray from their current successful style, and with the consistency of quality they have achieved, who can blame them?

Tony Butcher



The Clash

**The Clash
Sandinista
CBS**

The most striking thing about this album is the price tag. If you use records as frisbees, *Sandinista* is the one for you. A three album set (double album with an extra limited edition bonus LP), this one retails for \$14.99 - another triumph in the *Clash's* continuing campaign to piss off their record company, CBS. The price was so good even I bought it - which overall is probably the reason CBS let their prodigal children get away with this proletarian profit cut. But bad luck, the *Clash* - even though these boys put out three bits of vinyl, as far as the five album contract with CBS is con-

cerned, this one is only worth a single - i.e. the *Clash* still have one to go with their multinational mate and that will mean more arguments. Who knows, perhaps next year we might get a three sided picture disc classical *Clash* album - retailing for 99 cents.

Whatever the price may be, records should sell on musical merit, not the price weight of black plastic involved. The first thing one notices about *Sandinista* is the fact that it is different from anything that this band have ever done before. This record is *not* punk. This will either make you sigh with relief or shout "sell out". In my view, neither is really applicable.

Punk never seemed to me to be something that could engage a talented band's creative minds forever. It is great rock. It's fun and it says a good deal but as a musical form it is fairly limiting. To a certain extent, punk evolved the way it did because the people involved couldn't play their instruments. These boys were in this situation - one only has to listen to their first album to tell that the playing on it isn't too clash-hot but it seems now that they've learned to play, punk has been left out with the weekly garbag.

Sandinista contains a mixture of styles - a very little bit of punk - i.e. *Police on my Back*, some pop-ish material like *Ivan Meets GI Joe* and *Somebody Got Murdered*, lots of Latin-American music ranging from carnival style *Let's Go Crazy* to not-so-whiteboy-reggae *Washington Bullets* or *Junco Partner*, and finally a number of let's-stuff-up-CBS take-offs of their own songs - for example *Career Opportunities* sung by a choir of ten year old street kids or *Guns of Brixton* sung by a session musician's eight year old daughter - fairly "in" jokes and a bit self indulgent, eh?

Overall, the album lacks direction which could be a product of the great bulk of material on it (about 150 minutes in all) and the diversity of style. In putting out a very cheap good value album, the *Clash* have made *Sandinista* somewhat confusing for the listener. However perseverance in listening pays off with the fifth listen being quite a pleasure.

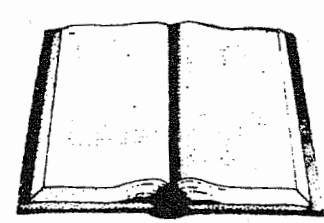
Another thing that may confuse is the fact that on this album, the *Clash* have enlisted the help of twenty (yes, twenty) session musicians. This means no two tracks are the same. Over 36 tracks, this tends to create about as much mental confusion as editing *On dit* on a Friday night. Twenty session men also sounds reminiscent of some dino-rockers, e.g. *Fleetwood Mac*. Have the *Clash* sold out? To a certain extent perhaps they have at least musically - gone are the punk "do-it-yourself" dreams. Lyrically however they are the same political "pissed off left" band and make some pretty fair comments contrasting the naive comments on *London Calling*.

Overall, the question is "is the new *Clash* better than the old *Clash*?" The answer is complex. Musically they are better perhaps but *Sandinista* doesn't show the same "play till your guts fall out on the floor" commitment to music as does the *Clash* album. It seems to me that if the *Clash* were the same old naive, untalented but terrific punks of yesteryear, a long album like this wouldn't have been done and if it was, it would at least have had a consistent direction. The verdict is that this is a worthwhile album, and not a cheap sellout, but, as far as I'm concerned, I'd rather have the good old *Clash* on my stuffed up old tape player any day.

James Williamson

The commander waited for the cheers of the people but they remained motionless. Finally one unshaven grimy student stepped forward and addressed the young rebel officer. "Que?"

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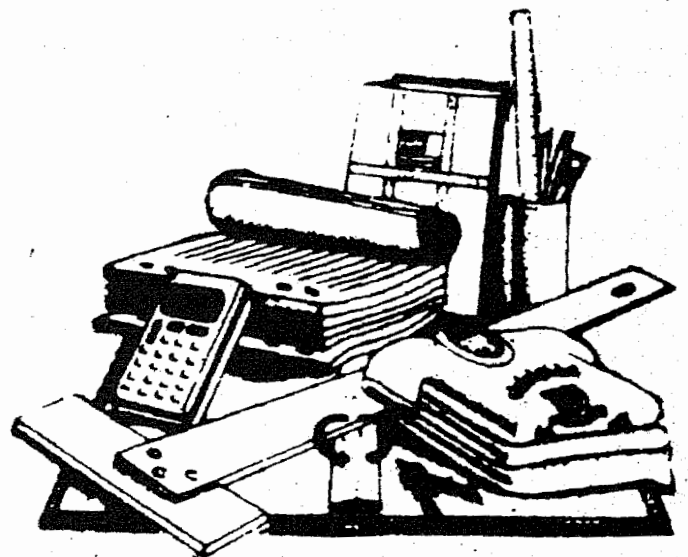
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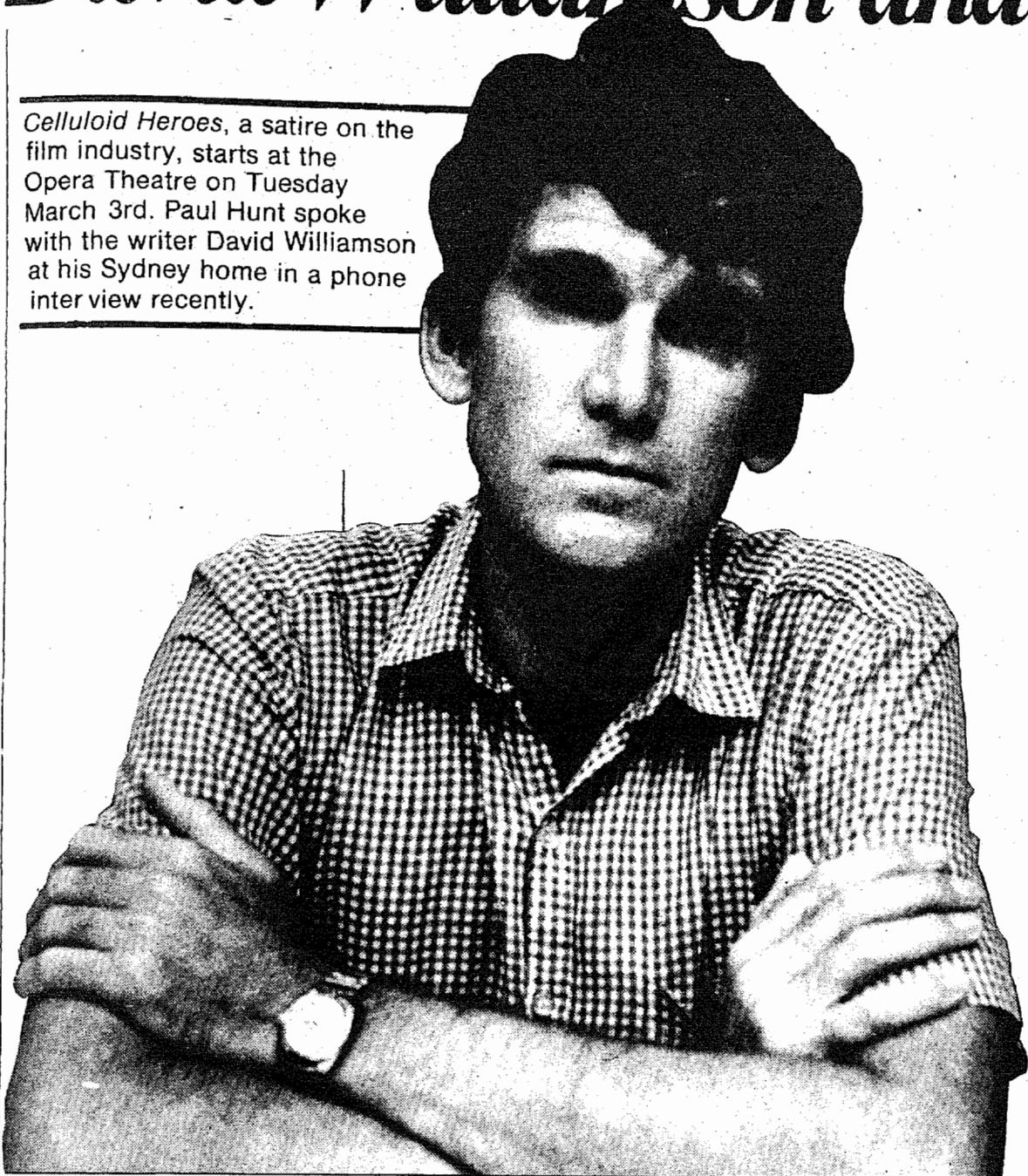
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**HEWLETT
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BDP HPS

David Williamson and the fame factor



Celluloid Heroes, a satire on the film industry, starts at the Opera Theatre on Tuesday March 3rd. Paul Hunt spoke with the writer David Williamson at his Sydney home in a phone interview recently.

MY FIRST phone interview, all the way to Sydney at someone else's expense! Great. Sit back in the chair in the office, try and look like an executive (*he can't tell*). Check breathing, pulse, blood pressure, wind speed, landing lights ... What? He's on the phone. Thanks. "Hello David ..." (What the *hell* am I going to ask him?) "Your new play *Celluloid Heroes* starts here soon. Can you tell us a bit about it?" (Whew ...)

When asked about his time as a student, he commented that student drama then was really an elite, and that he was "too scared to go near the thing", a far cry from his involvement now in the film and theatre industries.

He doesn't believe that having many of his plays made into films affects the way he writes as they are very different mediums. One half of the dialogue goes in films and, with three-dimensional "extensions" possible, the visual aspects take on greater significance. David prefers plays however - "plays are closer to me," he says.

David comments that his play is essentially creating dramatic stereotypes about the film industry and that the characters in the play do not represent anyone in particular. It seems, however, that not everybody in the film industry agrees, and a few noses have been put out of joint. David feels they are being over-sensitive and that he is exposing "graft, corruption, double dealing and treachery", the worst side of the film industry in a satirical way.

The worst of the human psyche is exposed, says David, with a lot of back biting and personal treachery evident because fortunes are at stake in the use of tax loopholes when making films. David seems to be an interested observer looking from the sidelines, but keeping out of it, and admits he is "a moralist writer in a sense".

When *Don's Party* went to Britain, the critics didn't like it and threw it out with scathing criticism. David Williamson's comment at the time was, "I don't write plays to pander to British susceptibilities". This is David's way. His plays are uniquely Australian from the politicians in *Don's Party* to the footballer of *The Club*. He says that drama is generally particular to its own society. "The best always is."

This is the reason for the lack of symbolism in his plays as, says David, it has little to do with the down-to-earth Australian lifestyle. Possibly this may change as Australians become more sophisticated although David feels we have shrugged off our cultured estrangement of looking to Europe in the dramatic areas.

Some of David Williamson's "hits" include *Don's Party*, *The Club*, *The Department* and *The Coming of the Stork*, all of which have been made into films. On top of these successes he has just finished work on the screen play for the forthcoming film (and box office hit with the publicity it's getting), *Gallipoli*. Add on to this a stint as an ABC Commissioner and a position on the Literature Board of the Australian Council, and the man David Williamson seems even more impressive.

David spent some time as a lecturer in Thermodynamics and Social Psychology at Swinburne College of Technology before turning to his other activities.

David moved from Melbourne to Sydney two years ago. "Closer to all the things you can see," which he feels is important. He believes Sydney is the centre in Australia for drama, where everything is happening. Melbourne comes inevitably next and we rate third place. He seemed excited about the South Australian Film Corporation and the Festival Centre came in for an honourable mention ...

So, twenty lovely minutes to Sydney ended and that sense of utopia faded. All I have to do now is write an article. What did he say again?

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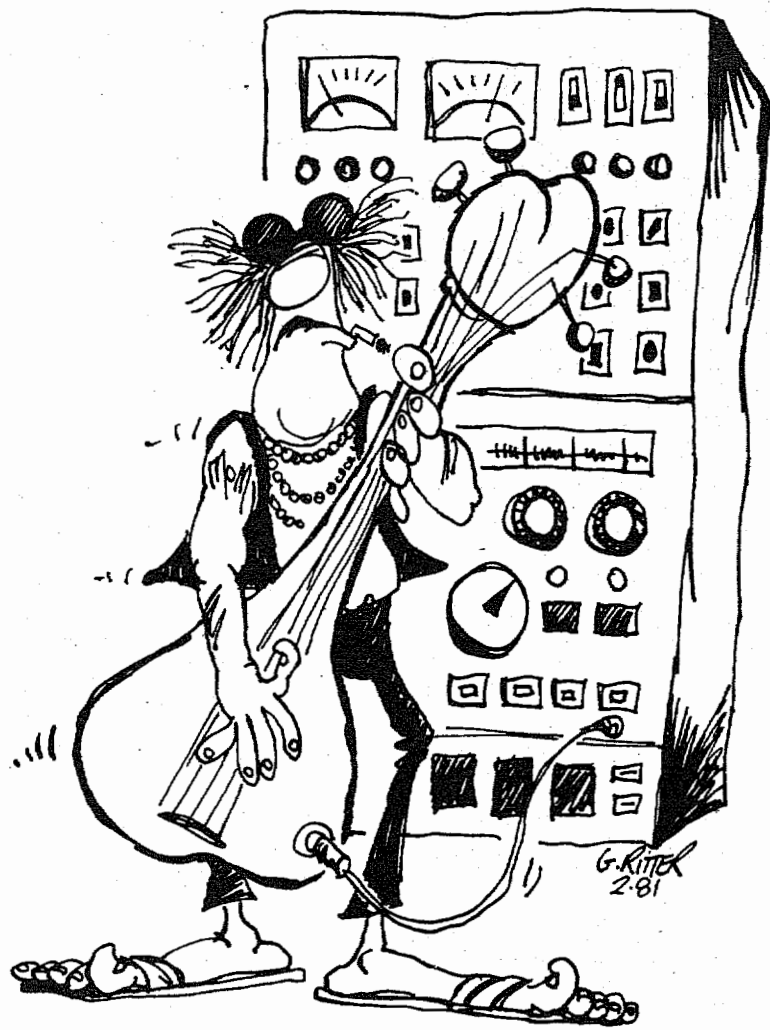
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5AA GOOD MUSIC



Good one, Chuck.

**Chuck Mangione
Festival Theatre
Monday, February 2**

The crowd was quietly murmuring in the usual pre-concert manner. Simultaneously an anonymous string quartet played string quartet music on a corner of the wide Festival Theatre stage. I shuffled past the feet of the seated patrons till I reached my comfy chair in the stalls. I sat down, the

string quartet stood up and departed ... Polite applause ... Who were they? - Just the support.

I had a quick chance to observe the audience before the lights dimmed. A remarkable range of ages. Obviously a few traditional jazz buffs but no young hoppers here. The house lights dimmed further and the stage blazed into a coloured Disneyland. In response to the correspondingly

excited audience applause, on raced Chuck and the boys. But, what's this? Mangione, with skin tight black leathers and a tennis ball down his pants. Not the man I'd seen on the covers of his contemporary jazz albums. Indeed, could this be the man who has won so many jazz awards in the States? And what of the Grammy awards? What seemed even stranger was the matt black copy of a Gibson guitar that seemed to replace his silver flugelhorn. It even looked like an "Allens" sticker was stuck to the side. This must be some kind of poor taste joke, I thought to myself. I could tell others were thinking similarly. An almighty electronic crack, snapple and pop confirmed my worst fears as he plugged his guitar into the enormous amp that had been hidden in the shadows and riveted straight into a high powered punk version of *Georgia On My Mind*.

The audience was just too stunned to move.

It just so happened that I was seated next to noted Jazz critic and journalist for the *Anvilitzer*, *Bonn Bricks and Morter*. He was writing so furiously he had already broken his pencil three times.

At least he could turn his hearing aid down. Not like us poor mortals who had had their heads twisted off with the 130 dB sound onslaught ... mmm ... er ... well ... OK, I admit it, this whole rave's been complete bullshit. Go on, sue me! I don't care. I just didn't know what to say that hadn't already been said weeks ago in the *Tiser* and the *News*. Well I suppose I'd better say something.

Playing Mangione's original instruments (plus one vocal) the band played superbly. I can only describe Mangione's music by listing the following adjectives, to be used together, or singularly.

Jazz, Contemporary, Melodic, Ethereal, Driving, Funky, Punchy, Dynamic, Energetic, Feeling, ...

Playing flugelhorn (that's something like a trumpet) and electric piano, Mangione was more than ably supported by Chris Vadala on various saxophones and flutes and percussion. Charles Meeks on bass, harmonica and a hit of vocals. James Bradley Jr. on drums and newcomer to his normal recording line up. Carlos Rios on guitar, played a couple of tight and professional sets, lasting a total of around three hours. It started good, went through fantastic and ended amazingly.

What more can I say? Find a couple of his more recent albums and get into them!

John Hyland

Hail Halle!

**The Halle Orchestra
Festival Theatre
Monday February 16, 1981**

A chance visit to the *On dit* office led to an enchanting evening of fine music last week. The Editors had two tickets to the Halle Orchestra and suddenly no one to use them.

It wasn't only the fact that I was sitting in seats worth \$13 that caused such enjoyment; Halle Orchestra is exceptional. This is partly due to the fact that it is Britain's oldest orchestra but more importantly, has benefited from an impressive list of Principal Conductors.

In 1857 Charles Halle, a refugee from the 1848 revolution in Paris, was asked to form a professional orchestra to play throughout an enormous international exhibition of art treasures, held in Manchester that year. German-born Halle was well regarded then as a pianist and conductor. Rather than see the orchestra disbanded when the exhibition closed six months later, Halle decided to launch a series of concerts at his own expense - and so the first concert was held in the Free Trade Hall on January 30, 1858.

"No other philharmonic society has given concerts continuously through peace and war for 130 years. Throughout this time, the name of the Halle Orchestra has always been synonymous with quality in music-making ...," John Cargher.

The Principal Conductor today is Scottish born, James Loughran, a man considered to be very like Halle. One of the pleasures of watching an orchestra compared with listening to a record is the ability to watch the conductor at work. Loughran's obvious enthusiasm and joy for the work he does is infectious, to both the orchestra members and the audience.

The three works chosen from the vast repertoire were - *Overture, The Corsair Op 21 by Berlioz; Variations*



James Loughran

on an Original Theme (Enigma) Op 36 by Elgar and Symphony No. 4 in E flat by Bruckner.

Not having a programme to refer to in the first half of the concert, I missed the significance of *Variation No. XI*, one of fourteen variations. A bulldog owned by Dr G.R. Sinclair, close friend of Elgar, had fallen into the River Wye. "Set that to music," said Sinclair. "I did - here it is," explained Elgar, later referring to the humorous sallies of this variation in which the initial splash, the desperate swim and the joyful bark upon landing can be distinguished - if you knew the story. Not knowing didn't alter my enjoyment but I'll be buying a programme at the next concert, in spite of the price, to be better informed.

Unfortunately, by the time this goes to print, the Halle Orchestra will be out of the country; a pity. But perhaps you too can have the same good fortune to stumble on to some free tickets, there are bound to be more artists coming to Adelaide of the high standard of Halle.

Maureen Sadler

Blues at Thebarton

**John Mayall, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Imports
Thebarton Town Hall
February 6**

It was an odd mixture of bands and styles that Frontier Tours chose to open their 1980 season. *John Mayall*, 'whiteboy lost in the blues'; topped the bill over *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee*. Sydney band *The Imports* rounded out the night. Mayall, once the master of white blues, has moved on to a format that has more in common with Rock 'n' Roll than the blues base he liberally interprets. His last two albums have shown that Mayall is supremely competent in the art of producing uncomplicated rock music; perhaps a little too competent for the aficionados of his early fusion material.

Thebarton Town Hall provided its usual sub-standard of accommodation, both electric bands having trouble with feedback caused by a sympathetic wooden floor.

At one stage Mayall chided the sound technicians for the problems. Despite this justified intervention half-way through *Baby What You Want Me to Do?*, whoever was twiddling the knobs continued to drive the PA so hard that by the end of the night all musical subtleties had been lost.

This childlike obsession with making everything as loud as possible should be tempered, if not by artistic sensitivity, then by respect for PA equipment which is being driven beyond its capacity; certainly far beyond its capacity to reproduce clean sound.

After the ubiquitous double SA FM announcer had encouraged everyone

Frog HORROR

**Tiddalick. The Frog Who Caused A Flood.
Roennfeldt, Robert.
Puffin, Melbourne, Victoria, 1980.
\$2.95**

This picture story book is yet another attempt at bringing the dream-time legends of the Australian Aboriginals to those of us not acquainted with their folklore. Many adaptations such as this have failed, for they have been so bastardized that their original significance and importance have been all but lost. However, this effort succeeds in presenting a story in an appealing and tasteful manner, thus avoiding any possible offence.

Tiddalick, a frog who managed to drain the country dry through a greasy

to have "another drink or another joint", the *Imports* moved onstage to perform an odd set ranging from neo-bubblegum to a clever blues ripoff. Guitarist Stephen Howsdale (?) was adept at playing every blues cliché in the book; in fact he proved a more interesting guitarist than Mayall's James Quill-Smith who was content to scrub away in a rather desultory fashion. The rest of the three piece *Imports* were equally competent, but their music was a touch uninspiring. *Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee* gave a performance that showed they weren't getting any younger, but a performance filled with warmth and good feeling. *Sonny Terry's* harp playing was a real pleasure as were their voices, intact and rich. Living legends who are worth seeing.

Finally Mayall, resplendent in white shorts, arrived onstage, begging the audience to buy his new album even before the band played a note. Their first song, *Hard Goin' Up*, set the mood for the rest of the night - an uptempo blues that showcased Mayall on harp and Smith on guitar. It held few surprises and little if any interesting solo playing. As the band went through a selection of material, it became clear that the exciting and innovative Mayall of the past had become just another competent R & B package.

Mayall still has tremendous energy, and plays harp as few can, but the spark that set Mayall apart in the 60's isn't there any more. While it would be hard to imagine a better rhythm section, Smith on guitar and Maggie Parker on vocals and tamourine were predictable.

Safety first for our John.
Geoff Hamner



thirst, is eventually outwitted by his fellow animals. He releases a flood of water from his mouth while laughing at the efforts of a gymnastic snake. The land restored of its precious water, Tiddalick is accordingly chastised, and slinks off to hide away forever in the swamps.

The illustrations in this book are superb in style, colour and humour. The absurd features of the Australian animals are accentuated, but treated with a kindly pen. Their antics are delightful, and would please any child with their sense of fun and mateship.

This is a fine book, to be recommended for any child as an introduction to the legends of the Aboriginals.
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B Grade Producer Talks to B Grade Critic

Tim Isaacson, the producer of two short Australian comedy features, *Buckeye and Pinto* and *Terror Lostralis* was in Adelaide recently. He spoke to our film reviewer, Nick Xenophon, about the trials and tribulations encountered in making the movies.

Made with a budget that's less than the average publicity budget for an Australian feature, *Buckeye and Pinto* and *Terror Lostralis* have achieved something of a cult following in Melbourne. It's likely they could do the same thing to Adelaide.

Buckeye and Pinto, Tim Isaacson tells me, didn't start out as the parody of the B grade Western that it is. Instead Isaacson was approached by the films eventual director, Phil Pinder about the costing involved for a short animated feature called *Delightism* (Isaacson was a film and sound technician at Crawford Productions at the time). Pinder got a grant from the Australian film Commission (for about \$1,500) but when he began his project he realised, with great horror, that animation required 24 frames per second. Daunted by this the film project then evolved to a send up of westerns, with Mitchell Fairthcloth (then a student, and now a part of the successful revue team *The Whittle Family*) in the lead and Isaacson producing.

The AFC was appalled at the product. Isaacson recalls that the Film Commission's attitude was one of "The crudeness of the jokes was only matched by the

crudeness of the technique." With some re-editing, the AFC changed their attitude to the film dramatically (yet, Isaacson maintains there is really little difference from the original version). It was a success, getting a nomination for the best short-fiction film in the 1980 film awards. Isaacson said that Pinder's technique of directing was to "run around the edge of the action pushing the humour around the lens."

Terror Lostralis, the second short feature, is a much more 'sophisticated' piece of cinema. Another parody of the B grade genre, this time of the 'plane crash in the jungle' story, the film features a number of special effects remarkable for the shoe-string budget (less than \$20,000). *Terror Lostralis* involved a lot of location shooting in Victorian country areas, with the crew and cast (all but the sound recordist being unpaid) living in tents on one meal a day, a perverse reverse of Robert De Niro's stuffing himself for *Raging Bull*. Directed by David Shepherd and starring (again) the Whittle family it is not only more technically competent but reflects a greater maturity in performances and narrative flow.

Isaacson is now working on another film called *Dr Cloth: the most intelligent man on earth* which is a "combination of shock, horror and comedy". If *Dr Cloth* is anything like *Buckeye* and *Terror* its bound to become a cult classic. Tim Isaacson's films may not be for everyone but they have a manic innovative edge that bodes well for the future of Oz films.

SPECIAL OFFER: Four free double passes are available at *On dit* for the March 6,7 screenings at the Fair Lady. For the first 4 people at *On dit*.



Buckeye and Pinto try Grass

'TIMES SQUARE' *Slurp, instead of Sleaze*

Times Square, the location, is very much the synthesis of New York. Not only can you pick up the best in entertainment and talent, but you can also get 'hookers', drugs and a mugging (sometimes all three on the same night).

Times Square, the movie, is a different matter altogether. The seaminess just doesn't shine through. Instead we have a city politician who's leading a 'clean-up' campaign for the Square with rhetorical questions like, "Do we want to live in an x-rated city?" His daughter, Pamela (Trini Alvarado) is careful, demure and sensitive; in fact a little too sensitive to her father's politicking (she's used as a 'prop' for his appearances) and she soon finds herself in a NY hospital undergoing psychiatric tests. Her

hospital room-mate, Nicky (Robin Johnson - whose 'flash with trash' performance is especially alluring) at first seems to be the very antithesis in terms of attitudes and personality. Pamela's a poet, Nicky's a punk who (like her likely mento Sid Vicious) doesn't expect to live past 21, so she wants to "jam it in now". The ridiculous hospital tests (they seem incredibly stupid, with doctors asking questions like "When did you last bang your head against the wall?") create a rapport between them, and Pamela soon finds herself seduced by Nicky's anarchic free spirit.

The girls become runaways, hitting the street life as the 'sleaze sisters', playing music and dropping TV sets from skyscrapers as a trademark. It's at this stage that we see more of

Johnny le Guaritia (Tim Curry - *Rocky Horror's* Dr Frank N. Furter), the suave DJ (with an on-air spontaneity that's been carefully scripted) who supports the 'sisters' and lashes out at Pamela's father for being so cloistered.

Yet despite the fast pace the 'sleaze sisters' doings have a certain antiseptic quality to them. Life on the Street, at the place they have squatted, and their problems, all have an unrealistic "gloss". The traditional movie formula triumphs in the end with the father being a 'nice guy' after all and Pamela being drawn back to him.

Times Square does succeed as entertainment, but it could have been much more. It could have had a tough gutted intelligence - instead all we see is a certain slushiness that at times threatens to dribble off the screen. **Nick X**

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The On dit guide to HAVING A BALL



SO YOU don't think this article is worth reading, eh? Well let me tell you, though "O" balls are always bloody marvellous occasions, there are a few things you have to know before you walk in the gate. Think I'm crapping you? Just trying to make you peruse this print? OK - reason one to read on ...

If you don't you could end up in the wrong toilets. As in last year, the toilets under the George Murray Building (i.e. under the SAUA) will be *ladies'* toilets - so guys, when you feel that beer induced urge, *don't* head in the normal direction; head for the portable toilets by the Union Hall. OK, OK, so last year they did break down and there was a damp

patch on the Theatre wall for the next three months, but this year something has been done about the situation. They shouldn't pack up, and there are fourteen of them. What a choice!

Reason two - if you don't you might turn up on the wrong day at the wrong time at the wrong place. The Ball is on at 8.00pm 'til 1.00am Friday March 5 on the Barr Smith Lawns and in the Helen Mayo Refectory. Aren't you glad I told you?

Reason three - if you don't know what bands are on, you won't be able to convince your friends to come along. The answer? Read the article so you'll be able to tell them that *Mental as Anything* and *Midnight Oil* are on

with the *Units* and *Bodgies* as supports. The order is *Units*, *Mentals*, *Oils* with the *Bodgies* in the breaks between sets. Something you won't find in the article is a critique of the bands, so I'll tell you as much as I know.

Midnight Oil are an amazing band with an enormous Sydney following built almost purely on their uniquely energetic stage act. Having seen their concerts in Adelaide mid last year, I can say they have the best stage feeling of any band I've had the pleasure to go to. Pete Garrett, frontman, nearly *always* goes berko and has been known to trash stages with his mic stand; quite a sight as he is 6'6" with a shaven head. Musically the *Oils* have more integrity than almost any other Australian band. Always

developing artistically, the *Oils* are presently having commercial success with the EP, *Bird Noises*. It will give you some idea of their style, but they will play material from both previous albums, *Powderworks* and *Head Injuries* which are somewhat different.

Mental as Anything are now one of Australia's rock "ambassadors" overseas, not that they are another LRB or Olivia Newton John. In fact they are perhaps closer to Norman Gunston in image - except that they are popular both with critics and crowds. Signed on Virgin Records in England, they have been des-

cribed by *New Musical Express* as "Antipodean pop providers par excellence". Albums have been *Get Wet* in 1979 and *Expresso Bongo* (1980) - both very popular with the critics. It's hard to categorize the *Mentals* though they have been called the last of the good time rock bands. What is sure, however, is that you've never seen anything like them before. Chances are you'll never see anything like them again either.

The *Units* are a well known Adelaide outfit and arguably the best rock band we have. Recent single *Grill Room* says

There's only one thing I won't do.

Is give my life to a fucker like you

but they'll give their music to you, and you're going to love it.

Finally we have the ever popular *Bodgies* who have been invited back to Uni. so much that they should live here - to save transport costs. What can I say?

The quality of bands for the Ball makes it one of the biggest and best Australian rock shows Adelaide will see this year. At \$5.50 for students and \$7.50 for non students, you're getting it cheap.

Reason four to read the article - if you don't you might get bounced. There will be pro security at the Ball. Jumping

fences or having fights isn't worth it; you'll get creamed at the end so

just sit back and listen to the music.

Alcohol will probably be the cause of some agro at the Ball; that's inevitable. Drink if you want, but not too, too, too much. OK? Drinks are 50 cents for beer, wine and cider. Soft drinks are also available. As last year, you buy tickets (in multiples of two) at a booth and then pick up drinks at the serving tables. There will be more servers at both areas so you won't have long queues; pushing, shoving, and minor violence as occurred last year. Treat the whole drink system with reserve and we'll all be OK. If you have to sober up, coffee and raisin bread is available in the Foyer near the vending machines. Just another word - no drinks at all to be taken into the Ball. Bags may be searched and security will be operating. The verdict? It isn't worth the trouble.

The last reason to read this article is that if you don't you won't know how to get tickets. These are available at the SAUA Office or at the gate. Booking at the SAUA will save you a wait at the door which, incidentally, opens at 7.45.

Basically, all this is necessary knowledge to get something out of the O Ball other than one big headache. Memorise this and the O Ball could be the best bit of rock entertainment you'll get. I've given all the reasons - now read this goddam article.

The 1981

O BALL