

AS DAWN BREAKS OVER PALAU...

On dit

newspaper of the students association



Library Note : On Dit, Vol. 49, No. 2, March 1981



FIGHTING FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN RUNWAY...

EDITORIAL

Well, *On dit* is fast moving towards the forefront of top class journalism with its scoops in the first issue. It seems we anticipated the *News'* full colour front page of the lovely Lady Diana, and beat the *Advertiser* to interviews with David Williamson and Tim Isaacson. And this week we got in first for an interview with Patricia Kennedy before the *Advertiser*. Where will it stop?...

Which is the question people are asking about the Qantas strike which hopefully will be over when you read this. Pity Cliff "over the edge" Dolan isn't as hot as Bobby Hawke. Then again Andrew Peacock seems to be doing little more than fluttering up his plumage; and showing red to the bull at that. In any case our hotshot industrial trouble-shooter Bob isn't totally out of the way in his position as Opposition industrial spokesman. Just a change of emphasis maybe?

Closer to home, and a bit more self indulgent, we were really encouraged by the response to our Tuesday Student Volunteers Meeting. Many are new students, which hopefully will be indicated by the writers of articles and the production notes this week. A couple of Mature-Age students are also getting involved. Let's see a few more of you "make a switch" to *On dit*.

Meetings will be held every Monday at 1 o'clock in the *On dit* Office to plan the following week's issue (if we're awake) so stop reading this *now* and come along.

In case you didn't know, this is International Year of Disabled Persons, a year to highlight the problems and achievements of people who are incapacitated in some form or another. We intend to be giving some coverage to these issues during the year and hope it will bring closer to home the problems which are very real to those people affected, but which we who are fortunate enough to be healthy tend to distance ourselves from. Take some time to think about it between your lectures in your first "real" week at Uni.

Paul Hunt
James Williamson



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Election

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION/ UNION BY-ELECTIONS

Nominations:
Monday 9th March -
Wednesday 18th March, 5.00pm
Candidates' Campaign Period:
Thursday 19th March - Friday 27th March
Voting Days: March 30
March 31
April 1

Voting Places:
Student Activities Office 9am-5pm
Medical School 12-2pm
Monday
Waite Institute 12-2pm Tuesday
Law School 12-2pm Wednesday
Part-timers - Late voting on Tuesday in Student Activities Office until 7.30pm

SAUA Positions Vacant
SAUA EXECUTIVE
Education Vice-President
Two ordinary Executive members
AUS Secretary
PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE
Two ordinary members.
Women's Officer
SOCIAL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE
Union Council Positions Vacant
Five positions on Union Council need filling.
Anyone who would like to know more about these positions, come and see Mandy Cornwall in the Students' Office.

Letters

Counter Calendar gripes - countered

Dr J. Robbins,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
Dear John,

I write concerning your letter to *On dit* re: the *Counter Calendar*. I read both your letter to me and to *On dit* with some concern. It seems that there was good cause for your complaint, particularly concerning Opinion 2.

However, it is important that you see that overall problems of producing a publication such as the *Counter Calendar*.

We have decided so far to compile student opinion by individual submissions rather than by survey. Both methods of information collection have merit. We feel that surveys tend to produce sterile comment of courses and are of limited value. The current method, obviously, has problems.

The procedures for verifying comments of students' submissions in the 1981 *Counter Calendar* were not particularly good. Both the President and the Acting President in 1980 had little interest in the *Counter Calendar*

and failed to provide the editors with the necessary support and assistance. Most of the work was consequently left until after exams and was very rushed. Overall however, I feel the publication was a success.

This year we intend to look at conducting a survey for the *Counter Calendar*, with the advice and assistance of the ACUE and our Education Officer. The survey results would be used in conjunction with individual contributions from students. We attempted this last year, but there were too many problems and insufficient time.

As President this year and editor of the first *Counter Calendar* at Adelaide University (in 1980), I intend to establish procedures which ensure that future *Counter Calendars* are not only comprehensive, but challenging and accurate.

Thank you for your comment. I trust we can continue to communicate amicably.

Yours sincerely,
Mandy Cornwall,
President.

Grotty

Dear Sirs,

I was grievously mortified to open the first edition of *On dit* volume 49 to find that my humble request for a simple column in your newspaper was rejected on the grounds that there was no space to put it in.

The reason, nay excuse, was extremely pitiful when one considers the amount of room occupied by the heading for the letter, "Grott Report Axed - Editors claim no space". One considers this move extremely unfair. Two considers this move dashed nasty. Twenty considers two sacked editors (hint).

This move is particularly nasty when one considers the enormous amount of space given to a certain Coral Hunt, an immediate relation to a certain editor, Paul Hunt (who shall remain nameless).

I demand therefore that my request for a column be immediately granted.
Yours Very Nicely,
Ernest Grott

O-Ball

Last Friday night's O-Ball was presented by the Students' Association (SAUA) yet it seems that some of the organizers would prefer that this should not continue. By a supposedly inadvertent slip, banners around Uni. said "Adelaide Uni. Union presents ..." This may seem a trivial distinction to most students, but when one considers that the Students' Association pays the Director and other organizers, provides an underwrite to the O-Ball, and organizers have use of the SAUA office and telephones, etc., it is obvious that the SAUA should have rightful claim to the presentation.

Moreover, the SAUA remains a student representative body, a body more accessible for students than the Union and one working directly to protect their interests.

The O-Ball is the culmination of a series of orientation activities and services the SAUA provides, including the *Counter Calendar*, the *O-Guide*, O-Day Library Tour allocations, Student Card issue etc.

However, this year's Director of the O-Ball, Don Ray, and his sidekick, Francis Vaughan, seem to feel that the O-Ball cannot survive unless it gets bigger. This cannot happen without high powered professional directors.

They seem to forget that as a part of O-Week, the O-Ball is held primarily for first year students. Last year less than 25% of the crowd were made up of first years.

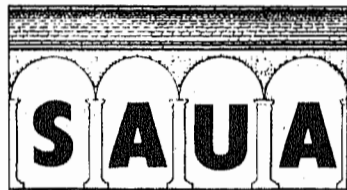
Obviously there is some disputation as to the way in which future O-Balls should be held. Should the directors aim for high media coverage, enticing a great number of non students to come to the show and in doing so install a degree of entrepreneurship in it? Or should it be held by the Students' Association with the interests of the students foremost in mind?

This question will have to be answered by various channels within the SAUA. However, what was most disturbing was the fact that neither Mr Ray nor Mr Vaughan consulted the Students' Association Executive when deciding to state that the O-Ball was presented by the Adelaide Uni. Union. Not only was this indiscretion frowned upon, but furthermore, when asked to change the misleading banners, Ray said he'd think about it, while Vaughan flatly refused.

In weighing up the issue of the future of the O-Balls, one must realize that they are run for the students, preferably by the students (i.e. the Students' Association). If the Adelaide University Union did take over the responsibility of running the show, it would place the O-Ball in an organization whose emphasis is financial management, rather than one which works directly in the interests of students. Finally, is it the role of the organizers appointed and paid by the Students' Association Executive to determine in whose name the show should be advertised?

Paul Klaric

notices



Education Vice President

Duties include assisting the President and being Acting President in her absence. To be Chair of the Education and Public Affairs Committee and maintain contact with students on departmental, faculty and university committees. Also responsible for liaison between the Association, Union and University officers on all areas concerned with education.

AUS Secretary

The function of the AUS Secretary are to implement and publicise AUS policy and co-ordinate AUS campaigns on campus. The AUS Secretary must attend both Executive and EPAC committee meetings.

Two ordinary members

AS a bare minimum members of the Executive must attend regular (usually weekly) meetings which co-ordinate all policy and activities of the Association. It will probably include involvement in General Student Meetings and campaigns depending on individual commitment.

EDUCATION AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

Women's Officer
The Women's Officer must be a woman. She is usually involved in the Women's Group and liaises with the National AUS Women's Department. This is a rewarding position as a little commitment goes a long way and you'll have solid support of the Women's Group.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Social activities are not a major function of the SAUA these days. We form a part of the co-ordinated Union activities structure. SAC members would work closely with the Union Activities Council and the Activities Director while still being accountable to the SAUA Executive.

SEVEN US REGIONAL CONFERENCE DELEGATES

In South Australia all

campuses affiliated to AUS work together through regional meetings or conferences. These are organized by the Regional Organizer, a full time organizer for AUS in South Australia. These meetings are held approximately once every four to six weeks. They provide the students with an opportunity to see how other Student Unions operate. Adelaide Uni. has seven representatives at Regional Conference.

UNION ELECTIONS

MARCH 1981 - BY-ELECTION - TIMETABLE

Nominations Open
Monday, 9th March

Nominations Close
Wednesday, 18th March

Candidates' Campaigning Period
Thursday, 19th March to Friday, 27th March

Voting
Monday, 30th March, and Tuesday, 31st March
Wednesday, 1st April
9.00 a.m. - 5.00 p.m. in the Student Activities Office.
Returning Officer - Don Ray.

UNION COUNCIL

Union Council is the ultimate decision-making body of the Union. It meets once a month to decide policy and general running of the Union. Additionally there are four sub-committees dealing with finance, Union House, Union Welfare Services and planning. These committees meet between monthly Council Meetings to do the more detailed work in the specified area.

The Union is run by students for students, so it is up to you to get involved!

Japan meeting

There will be a meeting of the Japan Society in the North Dining Room on Wednesday, 11th March, at one o'clock. The Club Committee invites anyone with any interest in Japan to attend, even if you are not studying language, etc.

This meeting will help to decide in which direction the Club will go. Therefore, if you want your say, be there!

Japan Society

Legal Mumble

THE SA INSTITUTE of Technology looks like being involved in a legal battle over non-promotion of one of its staff members. From correspondence obtained by *On dit* recently, it seems Dr Cedric Pugh, a Lecturer in Economics at SAIT since 1969, has been denied promotion for a number of years to the position of Senior Lecturer. *On dit* reported on the situation late in 1980 (Vol 48, No. 29) where it was stated that promotion was seemingly denied due to Pugh's critical stance towards the Institute over a number of years.

In relation to the blocking of Pugh's promotion, Clause (g) from the Institute guidelines has been referred to which considers a person's contribution "towards the aims and objectives of the Institute". Definitional problems have arisen in relation to this clause, a point Pugh's solicitors are currently seeking clarification on from the Institute's legal advisers.

Some academics and Members of Parliament (Robin Millhouse, Stan Evans - Member for Fisher) have written to the Director of the Institute, Dr E.W. Mills, seeking clarification of the situation also. In his replies, Dr Mills has consistently refused clarification of the offending Clause (g) except to state that personal academic ability "is not the sole criterion at present in

consideration for promotion". It seems Pugh's academic standard is high enough in the eyes of many academics at the Institute and elsewhere to warrant a promotion.

When Dr Mills was consulted by *On dit* last Friday, he commented that it was "an unhappy situation". In further discussion about the personal aspects of the issue, he said he felt it would be unwise of him to comment as the case was in the hands of the solicitors, except to reiterate that the decision was one of Council, not of individual bias. He also mentioned that it was "hard to disengage people's motives" in relation to group decisions, particularly as the problem had been going on for such a long time. It seemed to *On dit* that the legal position allowed a virtual "no comment" from Dr Mills.

Pugh has been approached by *On dit* and has said on advice from his solicitors that he can have no statement attributed to him. His case is soon to be reviewed by an Appeal Committee whose composition and procedure is under scrutiny by Pugh's solicitors. The personal nature and length of the case is such that it is hoped an impartial and just review by the Institute will be carried out with reasons rather than statements being given for the refusal of Pugh's promotion.

Paul Hunt

Radio out of room

STUDENT RADIO is in danger of having its meeting room taken over by the Library. The room is essential as it needs to accommodate thirty or more people for their weekly meetings. In the past these meetings have been held in the Seminar Room 388 in the Library complex on Mondays. But recently the Library has taken over many of the Seminar Rooms in the Library complex to store books. This is acceptable as far as some rooms are concerned, because they are not used very often for seminar purposes. But now the radio station is under the threat of losing Room 388 to the Barr Smith Library. This will cause a great problem for Student Radio because the room is the only convenient place where important meetings can be held. There are other places where the Library can store

books; for example Flinders University, places on Frome Road or other vacant rooms in the University.

At the moment, the Grounds, Buildings and Accommodation Committee, is allowing Student Radio to use the room for the first two terms of 1981 and will try to look for "further alternative accommodation" for Student Radio. But no final decision has been made and Trevor John, the Co-director for Student Radio, is still very much "up in the air" about the situation and understandably feels annoyed and inconvenienced about the likely take-over. It seems the books would not resent Student Radio keeping its room and being shifted elsewhere. After all, who takes first priority; Books or People?

Amanda Rogers

Food for Thought

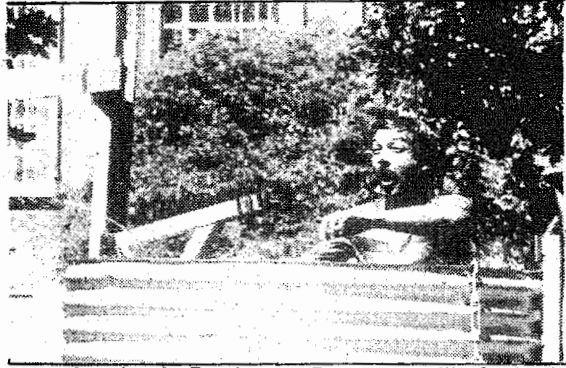
ARE YOU interested in basic management, Union activities without the political bullshit, the Catering services of the Union or are you just plain interested in food. If you are then the Catering Management Board, a standing committee of the Union Council, welcomes your membership for year 1981.

The Board is comprised of student members who meet once a month along with the Catering management, Union Secretary and Activities Director to co-ordinate the approach and management of the food and services provided by the refectories and Bar. There are no political groupings, no responsibilities

and no elections. The student's role is to provide the input necessary to ensure the Department caters for student needs. At present the Board has before it proposals on vending, staff/management relations, activities in the Bar, the future of the Bistro and a \$26,000 Management Consultancy programme.

Students from any faculty are suitable and the Board at present requires at least four new members for the coming year. Applications can be made by leaving your name at the Secretary's office in the Lady Symon Building.

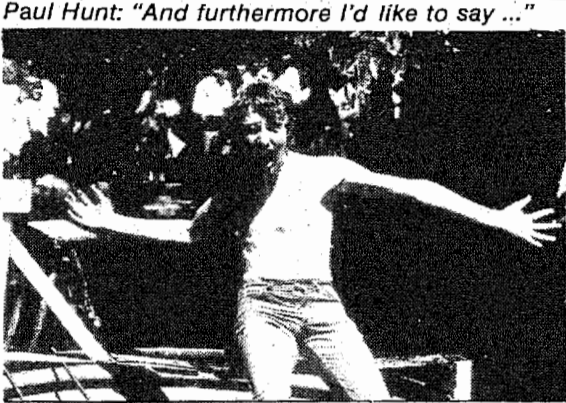
Peter Maddern



New Academic Registrar (Frank O'Neil): Just 'cause I'm the new boy.

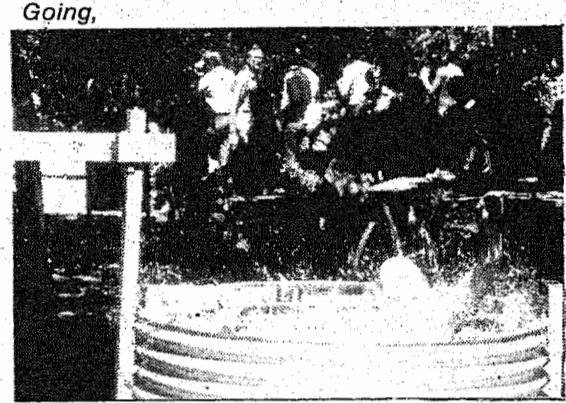
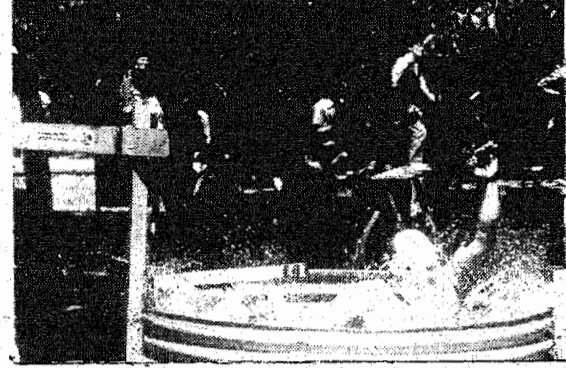


Catering Manager (Peter Stark): Going,



Paul Hunt: "And furthermore I'd like to say ..."

James Williamson: "C'mon Paul ... hit me"

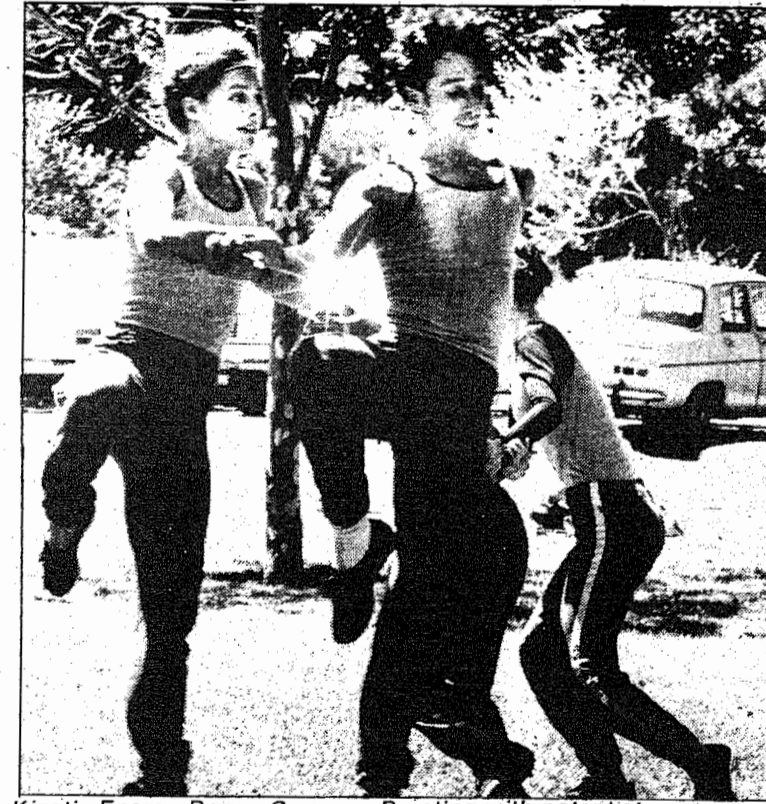


Energy Crisis Ignored by Uni.

A HAPPENING that didn't happen. This unfortunately sums up the Kinetic Energy Dance Company's first foray on to our campus on Thursday of last week.

No blame can be laid at the feet of these dancers for the lack of student reactions, nay even interest - most people were far more engrossed by the dunking machine which operated not ten metres from the performance. Despite the commotion in the background, I personally found the dancing engrossing enough to hold my attention - and I was next for the machine.

The group performed excerpts from a performance that they will be putting on at the Scott Theatre from Wednesday, March 11 to Saturday, March 14 at 8 pm. These were adapted to suit the surroundings. For example, a piece where the group normally dances while looking at pictures in a Gallery, was transformed into a stare out session at the clubs and societies tables on the Barr Smith Lawns. "Ice skating" took place on the lawns to the bemusement of the crowd but none were so bemused as the students who were arranged into living sculptures by the



Kinetic Energy Dance Group: Bursting with potential

dance group's members. Due though, to the commotion at the dunking machine, reactions to the group's activities weren't as effective here as at other

campuses - no reflection on the group's talent. You can see them at the Scott Theatre for a concessional \$3.
On dit Staff

SAIT Gains Counsellor

LAST WEEK the only woman Student Counsellor, Ginni Hall, left her job after seven years' service to students. Many students, particularly women, were sad to see her go. On the other hand, she won't be far away. Ginni has taken on a position at the SA Institute of Technology teaching in Social Work. It is a challenge after seven years' counselling.

There are, however, some more unpleasant consequences of Ginni's departure. The University, it seems, is not very concerned about students'

welfare. At first it seemed a replacement for Ginni would be unlikely. Now the position is to continue only temporarily, until it is reviewed at the end of this year. This has of course caused problems as few people are willing to take the risk of leaving an existing job for a position of very limited tenure.

If the position is discontinued next year, untenable pressure would be placed on the Counselling Service. Also, some women students would be effectively denied any counselling. Women who have

been raped or are concerned about pregnancy or have problems with sex or their own sexuality, are unlikely to approach a man for help. Without a woman Counsellor those women are denied a counselling service.

In the meantime we wish Ginni all the best in her new job and thank her for her contribution to the Counselling Service over the years.

Mandy Cornwall
SAUA President

Bilbo



Your hobbit is pleased to see people are reading *On dit* and taking notice of its pages. The Chair of the Catering Management Board, Peter Maddern, might have read the feature, yellow pages last issue as he was seen undertaking the culinary delights of Minsky's last week, one place which got a special (bad) mention in it's review. Your humble hobbit wonders whether Peter is checking out the competition and its prices to see if *On dit* was right, or if he is just sick of refectory food. Or perhaps ... no, it couldn't be true ... perhaps Peter is looking for hints

FALLOUT

Bilbo heard of some reaction to last week's ditties.

Howard Glenn told the *On dit* editors that if he was going to feature in Bilbo then they could at least get the facts right. He didn't give his version of the facts, however, so Bilbo is unaware how the column went wrong.

On the other hand, Simon Maddocks was heard proclaiming himself "Grand Master" as he fell into the dunking machine last Thursday. Bilbo marvels at his thick skin and wonders whether that key has been returned.

MADD(OCKS) HATTER

Simon Maddocks is a lucky feller really. Consider the lucky coincidence that has allowed him to wear the hats of not only the Clubs and Societies Council Chairperson (which gives him a place on the Students' Association Executive

without facing an election by students) but also the Chair of the Union House Committee and yet, while in these positions he can also increase his employment by the Union. He was recently employed in the unadvertised position of assisting on the Activities table during Orientation Week.

It must be like being your own boss.

PUBLISH OR PERISH?

On dit editors Hunt and Williamson caught Bilbo's eye with a little piece of forgetfulness last week. The masthead of *On dit* did not include any statement to the effect that "their" paper is the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Maybe they didn't forget and this is part of a grand plan to keep the publishing powers in the hands of the editors.

Bilbo will be carefully watching the front page of *On dit* and will keep students up to date with the latest behind the scenes developments.

A LAW OF THEIR OWN

President Cornwall's speech to the masses on the Monday of Orientation Week featured a section on troglodytes and ogres around the University. However, as she sat down she realised she hadn't mentioned the particular department she had in mind. At least someone realised who she was talking about. The Vice-Chancellor leaned across and asked whether Mandy was talking about the Law School.

Bilbo wonders whether Professor Stranks remembered that Mandy was (and is?) a Law student or whether he too has problems with the Law School.

CHAIRS DON'T BOUNCE

Bilbo was bemused by the slide of ex-Union Council Chair Andrew Frost. Andrew celebrated his birthday on the Skulduggery night last week and after some time in the bar he slid down the drain pipe from Level 6 of the Union Building. The second time he slid down some Medical students moved to throw him out (of Skulduggery, not the Union Building). However, being as well known as he is, Andrew was saved from embarrassment by the bouncers.

Piss-week

Orientation Week started, it seems little dampened by the rain with the rushed move to the Cloisters by different clubs and societies. A new student records her impressions of her "orientation".

O Week? O What Week? This was the first question I asked myself after hearing this phrase uttered many times. I had eagerly attended the pre-enrolment talks, survived an O-Camp and was ready to launch into my lectures, when I discovered that O-Week had yet to be enjoyed.

Monday 2nd I rolled up to Bonython Hall believing I was about to learn some earth shattering info. about Uni. life. Poor innocent that I am. I'm sure many older and wiser students had a good laugh

when they saw us file in. I'm now of the opinion that there exists only one standard copy of "a welcome to new students" and that this must have been used by all. Either this, or individuality is dead in Adelaide Uni. Four people welcomed us and the only difference between their speeches was the order in which they delivered them. Following the stimulating welcome we moved off to enjoy some of the activities put on by the Students' Association. The rain put a damper on things but there was still plenty to see and do, so all was not lost.

Tuesday dawned slightly brighter so undeterred I trundled off to another fun-filled day. The preliminary lectures are a good idea but for those who attended pre-enrolment week they were merely repetitious. I left feeling only slightly more informed

about my course and so decided to forget about lectures and went off to enjoy some real entertainment. The Footlights Revue, *Life of Bwian*, the performance of *Joyous Invasion*, *Skulduggery* and finally the O'Ball were all great and did wonders for this slightly disillusioned fresher. The various clubs and societies info. booths actually gave information (some people could learn from this) and I began feeling that I was finally becoming orientated. The variety of clubs surprised me; there seemed to be something for everyone. The majority of people were eager to help but it was strange the way the mention of fees was always left 'til last, by which time the unknowing student was already convinced that he/she would be the next Pope, Magarey Medallist, Olympic Champion or Prime Minister.

O-Week is certainly a great way to start the term. I enjoyed it and I'm sure everyone else who attended did too. O What Week? O What a Week!

Sharee Simpson

SKUL-DUGGERY

UPON ARRIVING at *Skulduggery* we thought it was just going to be another pissup. After five minutes, we were sure our assumption was correct.

After paying \$5.00, the general move of the populace was toward the bars to get their money's worth of grog, the choice of booze being sweet cider (watered down), beer and, for the connoisseur of a fine wine, "Chateau Marbay" and

similar plonk which comes in a green flagon for \$1.95.

The Sensational Bodgies being the first band to play, had a difficult task as the congregation were more interested in enjoying the drink, than gyrating to the beat. Between preaching sessions, the interludes of music were adequately interesting.

After a short break (in music not drinking), *The Boys* another local talent, displayed potential, similar to that of

many other local bands. When most of the grog had been consumed many grooved to golden (?) oldies such as *Satisfaction*, *Eagle Rock* and *Lola*.

Actually, the night was enjoyed by all - including us. I'm sure everybody who entered into the festivities of *SKUL-duggery* would like to thank Roger Clarke and his flock of Bar staff for keeping the booze flowing.

John Burgess and Phillip Jones

Rowing

THIS YEAR the Intersarsity in rowing is to be held in Perth on May 15th and 16th. The Adelaide University Boat Club intends sending a men's light-weight IV and men's VIII to the Intersarsity. The Boat Club extends an invitation to all students who have previous rowing experience at school or at club level, to be part of this year's Intersarsity.

Those interested, leave your name and phone number in the Boat Club pigeon hole in the Sports Association Office as soon as possible, and no later than 13th March 1981.

The Boat Club celebrates its 100th year this year and a win at Intersarsity would surely highlight the centenary of our Club.

Kevin O'Brien (Vice Captain)



Submit!

HAVE YOU READ the 1981 *Counter Calendar* yet? If not, pick up a copy now. It's probably a bit late to be of much use in choosing your subjects, but it may be of interest to find out what other people think of the courses you've just enrolled in.

You will notice that there are very few single-term or half-year subjects and options covered in this year's *Counter Calendar*, and certainly none of the science subjects that are offered over the summer "holidays". Despite popular opinion, this is *not* due to the malice of the editors, but rather the simple fact that, by November, very few people felt confident about writing about subjects they finished in first term or even earlier.

There is a simple solution to this problem. If you have done, or are doing, one of these subjects this year, sit down and write a *Counter Calendar* article now, before you forget. Next year's *Counter Calendar* editors haven't been appointed yet (and if you're interested in that job, look out for the ads towards the end of second term) but articles can be brought in to the Student Activities Office at any time during the year.

You will probably know enough about your full year subjects to write articles before November

exam pressure gets too much, and before you get into that post-exam lethargy and don't want to ever think about your subjects again.

I hope you write something for the 1982 *Counter Calendar*, but even if you don't, have a good year and I hope you enjoy it, or at least endure the subjects you have chosen.

Linda Gale
1980 Co-editor

Hey Yous

TWO TUTORS are available throughout the academic year to assist students in activities requiring competence in the English language. These activities include writing essays, assignments, tutorial papers and reports, listening in lectures and tutorials, and speaking both in class and in social conversation. In general, help is given in the actual essays, assignments etc. which students are required to complete for their courses of study, to give maximum return for time spent. However help is also available at a more basic level in grammar, punctuation, spelling or vocabulary when this is needed, and in conversational practice.

The help of the tutors is available to all students at all levels, both undergraduate and postgraduate, including students of both Australian and overseas origin.

For some students English Expression assistance can make the difference between coping and not coping with their course, while for others who are coping at a minimal level it offers the prospect of a more successful or more satisfying time at the university. There is no charge, the tutors being provided by the university under the terms of a General Development Grant.

The tutors work within the Counselling Service, where interviews with them can be arranged and where enquiries about the scheme are welcome. The Counselling Service is located upstairs in the George Murray Building at the north east corner of the Union Complex above the Activities Office.

Don Little
Student Counsellor

Dissident Visits

IF YOU are interested in Russia, Russian dissidents, persecuted Russian Christians, then you will be interested to hear Pastor Georgi Petrovich Vins. Georgi Vins has been a leader of the "underground church" in Russia. This church totals approximately 150,000 Christians who refuse to remain in the official recognised Protestant Church of Russia which is heavily restricted in its action by Soviet policy.

From the time of his youth, Georgi has experienced the dread of the Secret Police, who arrested his father and imprisoned him till his death in 1963 while still in prison. Apparently 22,000 other Christian believers have suffered this fate. Georgi too has suffered in prison, having been imprisoned for a total of eight years.

With this background Georgi should be really worth hearing.

WHERE on the Barr Smith Lawns
WHEN 1.00pm on Tuesday
Evangelical Union



Take Your Partners

AU Square Dance Club is bounding to the fore in 1981 with a line up of dances to get even those with two left feet. *Allenade-ing*, *Sashaying* and *Swinging*. We provided a popular form of entertainment at all four orientation camps and hope that the massive turnout for our Orientation Week Dance does not prove to be a transient phenomenon.

The next two dances are to be held in the Games Room at 7.45 on Tuesday March 10th and 17th. Beginners are definitely welcome, so I hope to see you on Level 5 this Tuesday or next.



el Presidente!

The Students' Association is the branch of the Union that represents students on University committees and in the community generally.

As President of the SAUA I am subject to the direction of the Executive and Students' Association policy. Policy is made by General Student Meetings (usually held on the Barr Smith Lawns) and at referendums. To effectively represent students the SAUA must be aware of student opinion. Widespread student involvement in the SAUA is essential to ensure a continual transfer of ideas between students and the University. Students must be aware and informed of current issues to have an effective input. Each week in this column I will report on what I have been doing and what's been happening inside and outside the University.

So far this year, I've been surprised by the reactionary attitudes of most academics towards students. The whole

University, it seems, runs on some of the most archaic traditions and assumptions. It's amazing that even today the University administration is unable to cope with the conception of women being involved in decision making.

This has prompted the Students' Association to conduct the SPOT THE TROGLODYTE competition, being launched this week in *On dit*. It's about time the traditional and backward attitudes in the University got a bit of a shaking from students.

Also, this week nominations will open for the SAUA and Union by-elections (see posters for details). If you're interested in "Making Your Mark", be sure you nominate for one of the positions. Otherwise, be sure you vote for the people who represent you.

If you want to know more about the Students' Association, come and see me in the Student Office. My door is always closed, so come through the window.

The Road is not EASY

DOES TEAS (Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme) really exist? Or is it merely propaganda to quieten hungry students? During 1981 the maximum rate for TEAS is \$49.54 per week, or about \$3.50 less than the dole.

A "TEAS talk" was given at the South Dining Room on Tuesday, March 3rd at 1pm. Steve, a representative from the Education Department, answered questions but these were very specific and would have perhaps been better discussed on an individual basis.

Julia Gillard chaired the

meeting and also talked about "TEAS action" - rallies, petitions, etc., both in the past and the future.

Murray Brown, Student Welfare Officer at Flinders University, gave a short, sharp input ...

"Every single person at University should apply for TEAS." This is especially true if you are unsure of your eligibility (means-tested). You can appeal if you are knocked back.

On the whole the session seemed long and at times dragged, but some useful and

perhaps vital info' was gleaned. * See Barry Heath (Uni. Welfare Officer), if you have any doubts or questions on TEAS.

* You can get your complicated TEAS form checked at Red Cross House. * Applications *must* be lodged before March 31st for you to be able to collect back-pay: over \$500 in some cases, since payment begins on 1st January '81.

Forms are complicated, the road is not easy ... but there are ways and means of collecting TEAS!

Bryan Hughes

EPAC Appeals for Issues

WHAT DO these issues have in common? Abortion, assessment, child care, course content, education funding, the environment, land rights, sexuality, student representation and unemployment.

All these social and political issues, plus any others you can think of, are the concern of the Education and Public Affairs Committee (EPAC) of the Students' Association. This Committee exists to encourage debate and action on all issues that affect or interest students. For example, in 1980 the EPAC co-ordinated a major campaign to protest against the cutbacks

in education funding. Students were concerned about the adverse effects these cutbacks were having on the quality of their education. What campaign is the EPAC planning in 1981?

Campaigns must be determined by you as students, so your involvement and suggestions are vital for the EPAC to function. For example, if you're dissatisfied with the assessment method of your course, come and tell us about it. Now is the best stage of the year to get changes in assessment methods, so act now. Lawn meetings can be organised on issues you think

are important, ranging from the 35 hour week to TEAS. Maybe you would like to talk to the student representatives on university committees. The EPAC is attended by these reps.

Any issue you're interested in is an issue the EPAC is interested in.

When and where is the next EPAC?

Date: Thursday 12th March
Place: Student Activities Office

Time: 1.00 pm

See you there.

Julia Gillard
Chair of the EPAC

Bilbo finds some friends

THE STUDENTS' Association is running a competition to seek out the troglodytes, ogres and gnomes amongst the academic staff at Adelaide Uni. We've found there are all too many reactionary, anti-student lecturers and tutors and it's about time we stirred them up.

The idea is - you find the troglodyte, let the Students' Association know who it is with brief reasons why you think they fit the bill. Entries will be published weekly through the pages of *On dit*. The winner

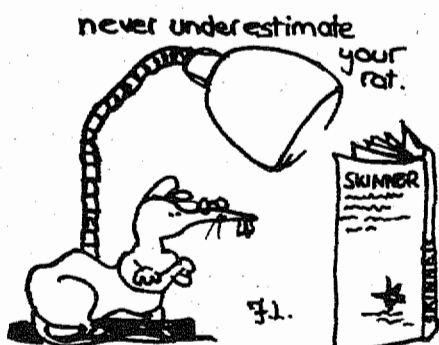
will be presented with the dubious title of being SAUA Troglodyte of the Year!

First entry: Mr A.P. Moore, Chairman of the Department of Law. He flatly refused to allow Law School participation in the Students' Association organised Orientation Day activities. This is despite the fact that every other faculty in the University was doing so. Now he prefers not to correspond with the Students' Association at all! A definite gnome rating!

Lessons in psyche

by Fiona Lange

Be sure to handle only your own rat...



... you may discover that much you held to be a fact of hypnosis is indeed mere fallacy

Behind the lines

The peculiarities of Australia's geographical location and the nature of its white settlers, have combined to produce a paradox which has maintained an influence on Australian foreign policy: our strong relationship with Britain and, more recently, the United States of America, has been

maintained in the face of geographical barriers and the proximity of our Asian neighbours.

Federation was precipitated by the largely imaginary threat to Australia's sovereignty: French and Germans were extending their empires in the Pacific, and the "yellow peril" regularly swept south in many Australian nightmares. Britain offered Australia security from attack, in return for compliance with British foreign policy.

This situation persisted until the Second World War, when it was realised that the old guarantees of Australian security were no longer

operative. British strength was suffering a serious decline. The United States readily filled this vacuum of power, and Australian foreign policy was accordingly aligned with American policy in the South-West Pacific region.

Australian life as we know it has been, perhaps more noticeably than in any other country, produced out of its foreign relations. Over this next year, it is the intention of this column to discuss world events, underline their implications, and give them an Australian perspective. This island is no longer isolated.
Tony Butcher

The cost of conservatism? The Neutron Bomb

In the West, conservatism is obviously back in style. The events of the past three years have made this abundantly clear. In 1979, Margaret Thatcher, the Conservative Party Leader, became Prime Minister of Britain, with the offer of severe economic remedies for Britain's industrial slump. It was her Party predecessor, Disraeli, who established the fundamental principles of conservatism as "the maintenance of our institutions, the protection of our Empire, and the improvement of the condition of the people". The Empire may be no more, but conservatism's other aims have remained virtually intact.

Last October, another conservative, Malcolm Fraser, withstood a concerted Labor attack to retain the Prime Ministership of Australia. The following month, Ronald Reagan was elected at fortieth President of the USA. Both Fraser and Reagan were tipped by pollsters to lose their respective elections; both won by a dignified majority.

This recent western re-endorsement of conservative government is based on a general assumption that

conservatism is the solution to the world's three main problems: runaway inflation, high unemployment, and international instability; the latter caused by renewed Soviet aggression. At such times, the well-intentioned idealism of a Carter is sacrificed for the apparently more assured and practical policies of a Reagan. Conservatism is therefore accepted as a cloak for militarism, or, more pertinently, anti-Sovietism. This has been most recently demonstrated by President Reagan's early pledge to revive Neutron bomb development.

Let us not be lulled into security by believing this only applies to the US. Australia, because of its prosperity, is resolutely conservative. Our 'radical' moment came under Gough Whitlam's Labor government. Fraser's victory last October was partially due to a campaign which raised the specter of free-spending Whitlam, whose 1975 defeat was partly due to a 17% inflation rate. "If a Labor government is elected," Fraser warned, "we will return to economic madness." This warning met with a favourable

response from much of the electorate.

Fraser further charged that Labor's left wing would undercut Australian foreign policy by turning a benign face to the Soviet Union, and endangering the close ties his government had established with the US. Gough Whitlam was the first Australian Prime Minister to attempt pursuit of a truly independent foreign policy.

Ronald Reagan's election win, more impressive than Fraser's halved majority, was won on virtually an identical platform. Both politicians claimed they could heal the economy and stem the Soviet tide. This bodes well for Fraser-Reagan relations over the next four years.

Jimmy Carter entered his term of office determined to preside over the withdrawal of most US troops from South Korea, and to ensure a general limitation on military expenditure and arms build-up. Primarily he desired to strengthen Detente. Towards this aim, he decided in 1978 to temporarily shelve US production of the Neutron bomb, in the hope of winning Soviet concessions on the

NEWtron SPEAK

No one doubts Alexander Haig's grasp of foreign policy, but his grip on the English language is another matter. Purists complain that the new Secretary of State speaks a form of military-bureaucratic jargon that turns nouns into verbs and transforms straight talk into gobbledygook ("I'll have to caveat my answer on that, senator," he said in Washington last month at his confirmation hearing). In an editorial early this month a British newspaper, *The Guardian*, aspected Haigspeak consternationally;

General Alexander Haig has contended the Polish watchpot somewhat nuancely. How, though, if the situation decontrols can he stoppage it mountingly conflagrating? Haig, in Congressional hearings before his confirmatory, parodoxed his auditioners by abnormalling his responds so that verbs were nounced, nouns verbed and adjectives adverbised. He techniqued a new way to vocabulary his thoughts so as to informationally uncertain anybody listening about what he had actually implicationed.

At first it seemed that the General was impenetrating what at basic was clear. This, it was suppositioned, was a new linguistic harbingered by NATO during the time he bellwethered it. But close observers have alternativeed that idea. What Haig is doing, they concept, is to decouple the Russians from everything they are moded to. An example was to obstacle Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin from personalising the private elevator at Foggy Bottom. Now he has to communal like everybody else. Experts in the Kremlin thought they could recognition the wordforms of American diplomacy. Now they have to afreshly language themselves up before they know what the Americans are subtling. They are like chess grandmasters suddenly told to knight their bishops and rook their pawns. If that is how General Haig wants to nervous breakdown the Russian leadership he may be shrewding his way to the biggest diplomatic invent since Clausewitz. Unless that is, he schizophrenes his allies first.

The Guardian

SALT II (Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty) agreements.

Only when confronted by the realities of Russia's invasion of Afghanistan, and an election year, did Carter begin to toughen his attitude towards the Soviets. For the American people, Carter's change of heart was too little, too late. His election defeat also represented the death of SALT II and Detente - or at least their indefinite suspension.

Ronald Reagan, the embodiment of everything conservative, is now popularly viewed as a man best able to restore the balance of power between the USA and the USSR, and to force the Soviet Union to stem its aggressive policies. Reagan's decision over the Neutron bomb should therefore come as little of a surprise.

More of a shock was French President Valery Giscard d'Estraining's July 1980 announcement that France had developed and tested the Enhanced Radiation Weapon (ERW), commonly referred to as the Neutron bomb. France would decide before 1983, said Giscard, whether to produce the weapons based on "the state of nuclear arms in Europe foreseeable at that date". Reagan's decision will undoubtedly effect France's future actions.

What then is this bomb that strikes fear into the Soviets? Firstly, the Neutron bomb is not a bomb at all, since it is not designed to be dropped from a plane. It is actually a "clean" nuclear warhead, small enough to fit on to a missile or even into a 155 mm howitzer. A modified hydrogen bomb, the ERW produces minimal heat and blast and virtually no residual radiation and fallout.

The ERW was first envisioned in the 1950s by a group of Rand Corp. scientists. They were seeking ways of modifying the hydrogen bomb to enhance and focus its radiation effects while reducing its devastating explosive blast.

The ERW is basically a fusion weapon. About 80% of its energy is released in the form of a flow of high-speed neutrons, and only 20% in the form of heat and blast. The

high speed neutrons readily penetrate iron or steel, so armored tanks are no protection to the crews inside them. It is thus an ideal weapon to counter the Warsaw Pact's overwhelming superiority in tanks (27,900 to 11,000 NATO).

The Soviets have vilified the bomb as the "ultimate capitalist weapon, one that kills people without destroying property". Some Western defence analysts think that the Soviets may already have this "capitalist weapon" in their own arsenal. Its value as a tactical weapon is that it could be used in a European theatre of war against military forces without destroying land or killing civilians over a wide area. A chilling thought nonetheless!

This then is what all the fuss is about. It is difficult to imagine Carter, with his sensitivity to public outrage, ever reintroducing the Neutron bomb. But for the conservative, Reagan, it was apparently an easy decision to make.

"We, the people of the West, have, by our election of conservatives, given them a mandate to launch the world into a new Cold War and a new Arms Race. At least for now, the electorate is prepared to offer conservatism its chance to restore the "good old days". How much of what is left of full employment, a stable economy and military stability, can be conserved in the eighties, remains to be seen. Let us hope we survive the decade, able to assess the consequences of the conservative legacy.

Tony Butcher

The Ronald & Fancy Nance Dance

A celebration of the perversities of Western Civilization as we know them.

Featuring *The Hostages* and *Foreign Body*

and starring the Whitehouse cowboy in his lesser known films

at The Warehouse
39a Rundle St
Kentown

at 9 pm
on Saturday 14 March
COME AS YOUR FAVOURITE
FASCIST COUPLE.



ANS/Granma

POLICE

We didn't need three guesses to predict how big the *Police* press conference was going to be. From the dyed blonde-heads down to the suntans and easy interview manner, the *Police* have always been a high publicity band.

On the way up to the conference room of the motel, we see the fan club. Sporting Plympton High uniforms and on an unplanned school holiday, they've been here at least two hours before us staring out of windows at the band who are stretched out at the poolside in the sun and taking up room in the lounge, waiting for God knows what. One sports an autograph book open at a page which she is staring at intently. Who knows what significance the hurriedly scrawled "Stewart" holds for her?

Cocktail bar not open yet so we continue upstairs, padding on the carpet as we walk into the interview room. The rest of the press is already there, wearing a ragged line to the buffet table covered with coffee, orange juice and champagne. Champagne cocktails at this hour! I ask you - how degenerate (but free). I stick to coffee as I weave between chairs supporting journalists from all sections of the press, even the two comperes of a Channel Nine children's show going for that "I was photographed with the *Police*" status.

I finish my weaving at the window. Poolside, Sting lies reading newspapers, tanning and using up a fair amount of suntan lotion. The hour of the interview is nigh. It passes. Two cups of coffee later, no interview has occurred. Sting stands up, folds his paper, walks toward the door and ... to another seat. It's all psychological I decide. Before I got to the motel I didn't even want to see the *Police*, let alone photograph them at an interview. Now that the tension has mounted, however, it seems almost the most important thing in life, just to get it over with.

Finally someone has the idea that a poolside interview would be the shot. Caravans of journos bearing tape recorders and video cameras form a continuous line down the stairs. I start my checks. Remove flash ... set a rough exposure film? Yes. Lens cap ... yes. OK. We go.

Andy Summers joins Sting for this interview. Michelle Mathews of Student Radio holds the question sheet - I just handle the camera. Click. Click.

"How are you enjoying the trappings and pressures of being super-stars?" Michelle asks. A good first question.

"Mainly fun," says Sting. "There are some disadvantages in that you can't go shopping, people saying 'ooh can I have your autograph...'. Those things are just peripheral - generally it's fun." This brings to mind the fan club in the lobby. lobby.

And yet if Sting's face is well known through the *Police* albums, things can only get worse for him after his involvement in the film industry. He has appeared both in *Radio On* - a black and white film - as a petrol station attendant and in

Quadrophenia as the leader of a Mod motor scooter gang. In both he has been treated very well by the critics and quite properly so. He seems to have a film presence that renders him a very believable character actor. Making use of these talents will obviously place him in an even higher public profile than before, but this never seems to have worried the *Police* - he has plans for more movie work in the near future. About film, Sting says, "it's not one of my main ambitions ... I'm doing a film starting March 1st as soon as this tour finishes for the BBC. It's a film called *Artimus '81* - a three hour epic ... very interesting script. I'm also looking at major film scripts to do in the summer - three of which might happen. I don't know, films are dreams and until you're actually doing it on the set, saying the lines, then they're still dreams."

And for the future in their music, where are the *Police* going now?

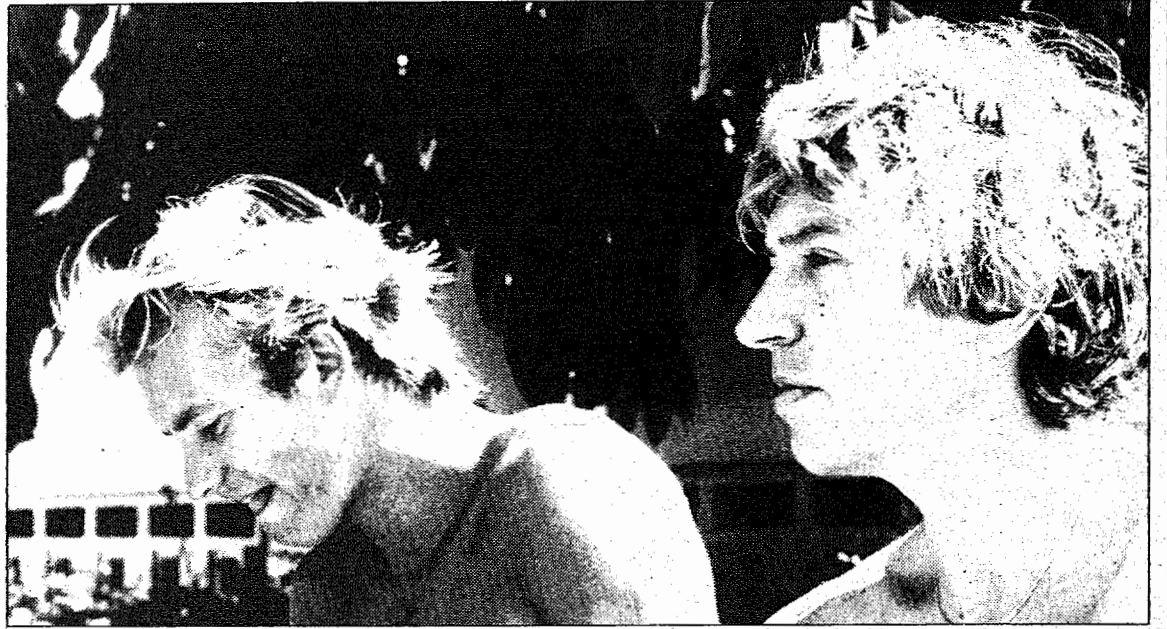
"Dunno," says Andy Summers.

"Djakarta?" says Sting.

"If we knew, we'd probably be there now," replies Andy. "Music's not a predictable thing. It shouldn't be."

"There's a great temptation to just do what we've done before," adds Sting. "It's so successful. We know how to make a hit record, so we could do that. On the other hand it would be much more adventurous to say, 'Let's not try and have a hit record. Let's make music that's uncommercial.' We might do that, we might do both."

"We'll probably sit right in the middle," says Andy, stretching comfortably in the sun. He goes on, "We're in the fortunate position that anything we do is commercial because we've done it - a privileged position to be in. That's not an ego trip; it's a matter of fact. We've seen

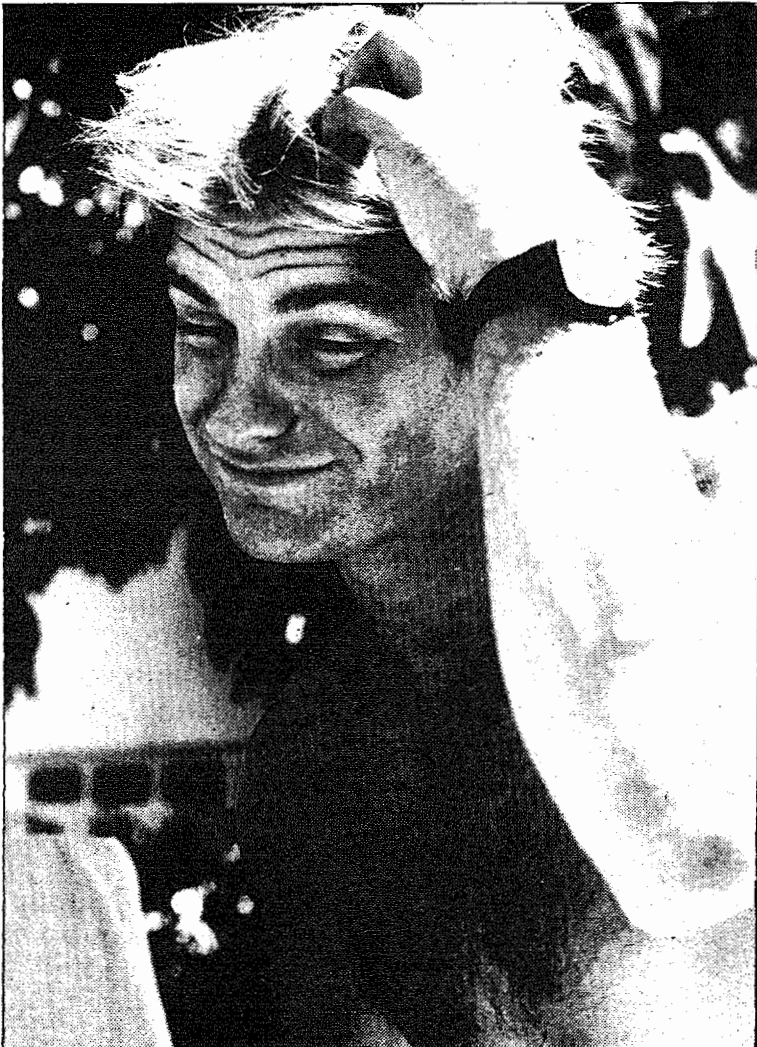


it happen in England. We never tried to be commercial. Sting happens to write commercial songs almost by accident - there's no compromise, just natural."

And what is the *Police* message to the students. Detective Sergeant Sting says, "Wot I'd like to say to all you students is, wot wiv your god given intelligence an ori that an opportunities ... you've got to fuckin smash it ... break down the walls of repression and all those reactionary forces wot hold us down. Right Andy? You gotta stand for wot you stand for and er ... Power to the People!"

So that's how the *Police* signed off, but I mean power to the people? The *Police* are a good example of power over the people. The truant apprentice groupies in the lobby were a testament to that.

James Williamson
with thanks to Michelle Mathews and Nick Murray, Student Radio.



Wot d'you fink Andy?

Police Action

The *Police* hit Memorial Drive during what could well have been labelled, "Concert Week", in which so many international groups arrived to perform. For those who liked Rock and Roll, it was a choice between three concerts, *AC/DC*, *The Police*, and local band *Cold Chisel*. The other groups really don't rate a mention.

The expensive price tag for a ticket, \$12.90, is becoming commonplace with nearly all international acts, and was probably not justified but I'm sure all who attended felt they got their money's worth.

The two support bands really had very little effect on the audience. I can't even remember the first group's name. However, the second support band, *The Models*, at least got our attention. In between being told by the announcer that we were soon going to be in the land of Zenyatta Mondatta, he stressed the point that it was the audience's opportunity to show Adelaide that outdoor concerts can be orderly and well behaved.

At nine o'clock, the standard bewitching hour for concerts, *The Police* commenced their act. In pitch black darkness the audience entered the land of Zenyatta Mondatta. The entire performance really was a highlight in itself. Sting Summers' singing was of a high standard, his E bass was plucked perfectly, his unusual dancing thrilled the audience, and in between being told we were "noisy buggers", they played nearly every song for Zenyatta Mondatta and

various selections from their two previous albums.

Stewart Copeland, alias Clark Kent and Andy Sumner, held their own and together with *Sting* and the whole *Police* force, entertained the nine thousand strong audience.

A highlight of the concert was a mysterious bra, thrown on to the stage which, when *Sting* held it up asking for its owner, seemed to belong to five hundred screaming girls.

You would think that by now bands would stop this ridiculous stereotype three encore business. It really does become a bit of a joke if you go to see concerts frequently. This perhaps was the only sour point of the entire concert. I did expect something a bit more new and exciting from a band which conducts somewhat different concerts in Britain. At one particular venue the audience were only admitted to the concert if they were wearing blonde wigs. Once the venue had been filled to capacity the blonde threesome ran on to the stage wearing black wigs.

The concert finished on a bright note with fireworks for five minutes which held the audience gaping towards the heavens. A good point of the concert was that when it was all over, you didn't have to leave with "voices inside your head" because your eardrums had been shattered after the first chord had been strung. Well done *Police*. I certainly won't miss their third Australian tour.

Tony Hubmayer.

Use Your Cents

Well, *Dire Straits* are coming at last - along with a ticket price that definitely is higher than a snake's armpit. So the lesser fans won't be fronting up at Festival Theatre on March 31st and April 1st. But for the rest of us it will be all the more incentive to save our cents, as *Dire Straits Alive* will be an experience not to be missed.

The band has its "knockers" as well as its followers. A frequent criticism is that the music is very similar. "They play the same song for three albums". But this only displays the ignorance of the intricacy of both the words and music. Through them Mark Knopfler is unique in his creation of *atmosphere*: the atmosphere of London's West End, of a gay bar in Munich, of a late night rage or of a "rollergirl" with "her own world in the city". After repeated listening it is often the slower, more mundane sounding tracks which turn out to be the more enjoyable; detailed and unique guitar and drum work tie in perfectly with the mood Knopfler

evokes through his lyrics. And any danger of repetitiveness is ended decisively in the band's third album, *Making Movies* with the replacement of brother David Knopfler and the addition of keyboards, arranged by Roy Brittan of Bruce Springsteen's *E Street Band*. Bassist John Illsley accurately describes the album as having "a more powerful direction", and one track has a definitely "Springsteenish" feel; but none of Knopfler's original mood or atmosphere is lost.

Dire Straits' Australian tour will not be an all-too-typical "rush through Australia, play as many gigs as possible so we can sell as many albums as possible" tour. The band will spend three days in Perth rehearsing all aspects of the show, so the result should be a particularly tight, expert and amazing performance. And the Festival Theatre should be the perfect venue for taking a Walk in the Wild West End. See ya there!

Bill Morton

nuclear-free pacific

PALAU FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

"We have great hopes"
says Bernie Keldermans



Bernie Keldermans speaks in the cloisters

TRUTH, JUSTICE and the American way are not the only legacies that the United States has left in Micronesia since World War Two. The currency in which these islands paid for US military aid is the establishment of US bases, atmospheric nuclear tests and radioactive waste dumped in their oceans.

Today the United States is seeking a military base in the Palau group of islands in Micronesia, but now the people are fighting back. The people of Palau have ratified a nuclear-free constitution in their effort to stymie American efforts to build a base on their island. Last week a representative from Palau, Ms Bernie Keldermans, visited Uni. to make Adelaide students aware of the struggle on Palau.

"We don't want the Americans to have a military base in Palau," she told *On dit*. "If we let them come in they will use 32,000 acres of land and they will store nuclear weapons and other nuclear

substances. We understand that with nuclear weapons on our island we will be a target in a nuclear war."

Palau is part of the United Nations Trust Territory of Micronesia and has been administered by the US since World War II. It is situated a few degrees north of the equator directly between Australia and Japan. Sounds like an idyllic tropical setting but it also happens to be astride the main oil tanker route between the Middle East and Japan. Ten years ago Iran and Japan chose Palau as the site for an oil tanker superport. (Superports are for super-tankers.) Palau was to be the principal staging post for the procession of supertankers from the Middle East which feeds Japanese transport and industry. It takes little imagination to envisage the pollution problems which would result from a large number of oil tanker movements and also to see what a difference a gigantic

oil port would make to a small Pacific island. The US, as administrator of Palau, connived in the deal by agreeing to station troops on the island to ensure the security of the oil facility.

Palau's 15,000 people opposed the project. "We fought against it and we won," said Bernie.

But this was not the end of their struggle. The US pressed to build a military base on Palau. The people of Palau did not have to look far to see what might happen to them if the US base went ahead. One thousand kilometres north of Palau is Guam, a US territory where the Americans have extensive military facilities including the B-52 bomber base.

"The government of Guam is at the mercy of the military," said Bernie. "Their whole economy is in the hands of the military. There are many problems there, which is why we are so determined to have

our nuclear-free constitution."

One of these problems is drugs. It was reported in *The Australian* recently, that the drug and alcohol problem at a US base on Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean was "out of hand". Bernie Keldermans confirmed that there is a similar problem in Guam. Excessive drug use amongst US soldiers leads to violence and racial tension.

The people of Palau are adamant that there will be no US base on their island. So in 1979 a constitution for Palau was drafted and voted on in a referendum of Palau's 15,000 inhabitants. The constitution was ratified 92% in favour. Amongst its provisions were bans on nuclear weapons, nuclear-powered ships and nuclear waste dumping. It affirmed land rights for the people of Palau which meant that no land would be available for a US base. The constitution also extended the sovereignty of Palau to a 320 km off-shore limit. However, the US still wanted its military base and, undaunted by democracy, it threw these provisions out of the constitution and a second referendum was held. The emasculated constitution was rejected 69% against. The original anti-nuclear constitution was then put to a third referendum in 1980 and ratified a second time 78% in favour. the US recognized the strength of feeling on Palau and had no alternative but to accept the anti-nuclear constitution.

But if America learnt anything from Vietnam it was that winning doesn't always come easily. The US still administers Palau (under United Nations auspices) and it wants to settle Palau's future status by a Compact of Free Association which would bind Palau into a semi-autonomous relationship with the US. But Bernie Keldermans says,

"The United States would still like to build a military base on Palau and they can build one if

we ratify the Compact of Free Association. So if we ratify the compact we have lost our constitution."

Palau now faces another referendum to decide whether to accept the Compact of Free Association. This time the United States has provided some incentive by threatening to cut off the \$10 million a year they provide in aid if the Compact is rejected.

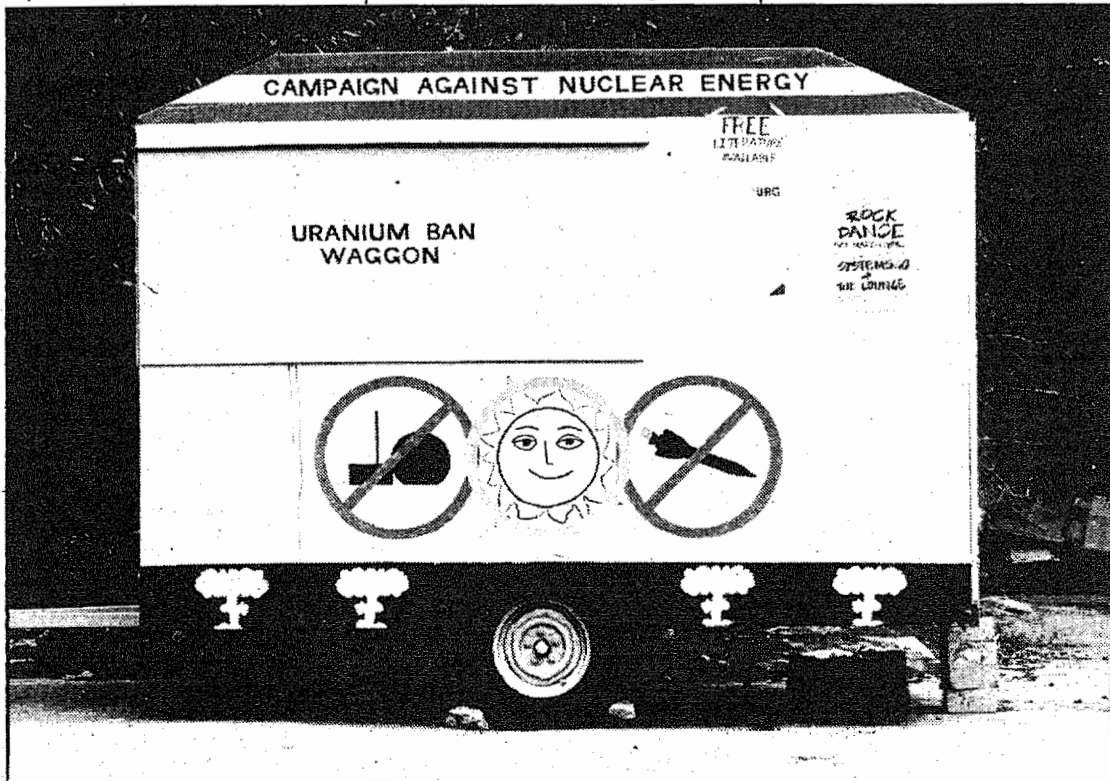
Now Palau faces the Reagan Administration instead of Carter's. Palau has not yet heard anything from them, "but from what we read and from what we hear on the Voice of America, we are afraid that he (Reagan) will make our struggle very hard," says Bernie.

"We would like support from people in Australia saying that we should have the right to make our own decisions and that we should have the privilege of deciding for ourselves whether or not we want a nuclear-free constitution. In the long run we would like Australia to play a leading role in the nuclear-free Pacific movement. We have great hopes that Australia will play that role of leadership."

Bernie Keldermans' appeal is unlikely to produce much response from the present Australian government. But she said she was at the University to talk to students because "they will be the leaders one day. If we don't solve the problem now, I hope they will help us in the future."

After her interview with *On dit* Bernie went to the Cloisters where AU CANE arranged for her to address students. She spoke for about twenty minutes and had to contend with all the activity and confusion of O Week. However, at the end of an eloquent speech, she was applauded by a crowd far larger than the apparent size of her audience. Perhaps her faith in students is not misplaced.

Tim Dodd



AUCANE asks you to join the anti-uranium band waggon(sic)

Greasing up the Oils



"I FEEL pinned against the wall. This is probably the most researched thing I have ever done."

Midnight Oil's drummer, Rob Hirst, was confronted before the O Ball in his motel room by a photographer and three On dit staff members equipped with six bottles of beer, one bottle of cider and a hip flask of Gordon's gin. Maybe the ratio of four on to one in the small motel room convinced him to spit out the facts about Midnight Oil, but more likely it was the charm of the wonderful On dit staff.

Rob Hirst was sitting on the floor eating his dinner while we fired the questions at him.

On dit: I thought I'd take it from the start.

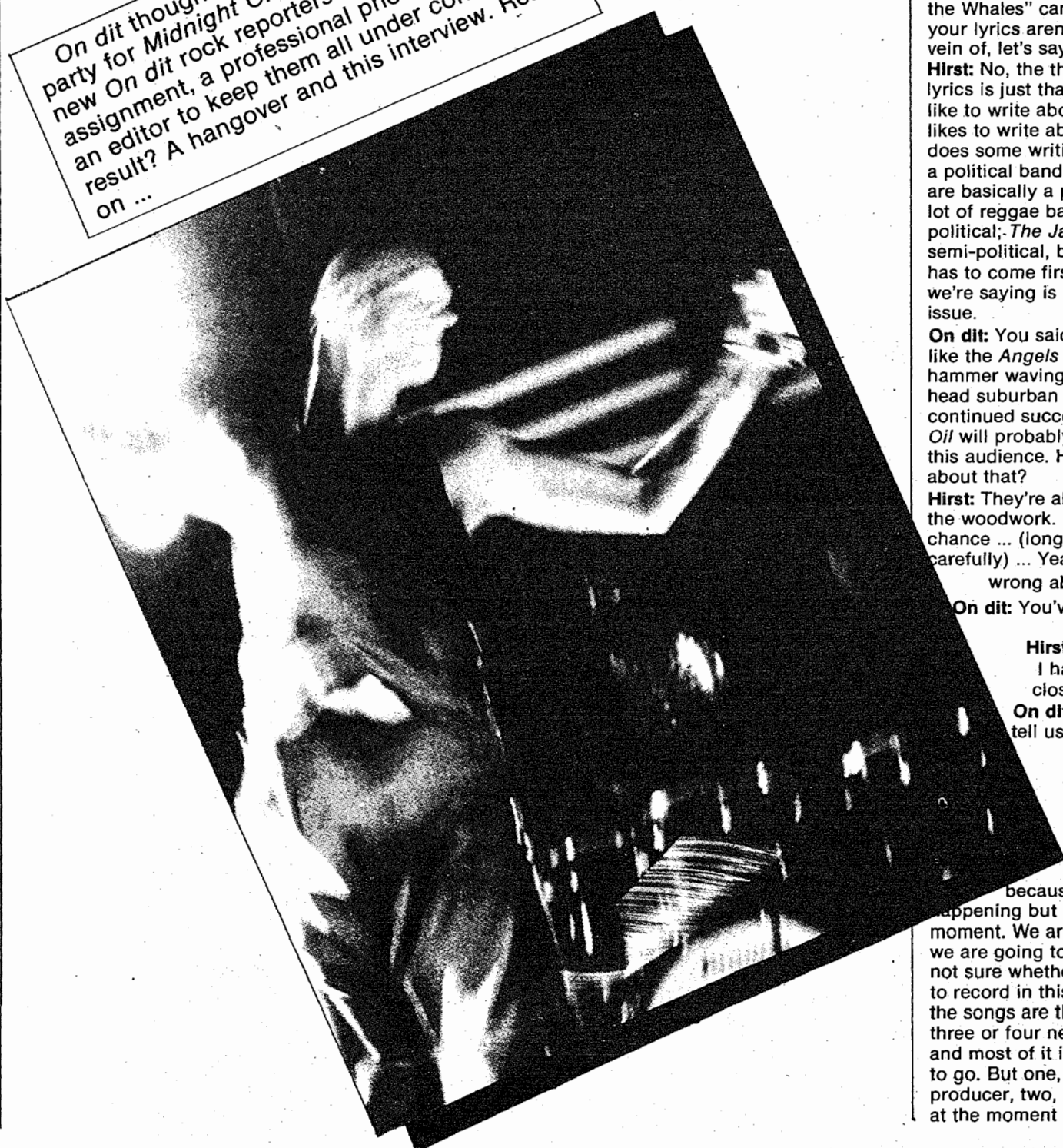
Hirst: Oh no! I can't remember that far back.

On dit: How and when did Midnight Oil form?

Hirst: We formed in late 1977 and started playing at the Royal Antler Hotel in Narrabeen. Then in early 1978 we moved in town and played at this wine bar called French's, and at that stage French's had a sort of a pretty heavy vibe; you know, sort of inhabited by Darlinghurst speedfreaks and various junkies and you could manage to get anything in the toilets, sort of thing. Anything.

And so calm suburban boys, sort of, urban shock, and then went to

On dit thought they'd throw a surprise party for Midnight Oil. The guest list? Two new On dit rock reporters on their first assignment, a professional photographer and an editor to keep them all under control. The result? A hangover and this interview. Read on ...



the suburbs. Started going interstate '78-'79 and it just went from there I suppose.

On dit: It has been said the Midnight Oil have taken over the trail originally blazed by Radio Birdman. The two bands had a lot in common; high energy music, band members sticking by their beliefs and members in both bands were educated for professional jobs. Did Radio Birdman or any other Australian band of that period have an influence on you, or was it perhaps the lack of bands with anything to say that influenced you?

Hirst: Oh! I think Birdman had an influence on a lot of bands, especially Sydney bands. They predated us by about six months and Pete and I used to go up to the Funhouse and have a look at them. I must admit I didn't understand them at that stage, but there was this thing happening, and I suppose Birdman signalled the beginning of that Sydney explosion which is just tapering off now.

But I mean, as far as the Birdman thing went, yeah, we followed Birdman, then Chisel and the Angels moved to Sydney and Sydney became the base, and as for the energy, they had a lot of influence. I think they influenced us.

On dit: You started playing places like French's, "a grimy

subterranean dive frequented by shell shocked acid veterans and blitzed out kids" and now you're playing at the Arkaba to a crowd, of which, many think acid is something they used in high school science. Have Midnight Oil's live performances and attitudes towards success changed over that period?

Hirst: No, I don't think so. You know Adelaide is a little bit behind, I think. I don't mean as far as cool, but as far as Midnight Oil are concerned. As far as Sydney goes, we reached a peak that's levelled off for a couple of years now. Like we hardly did any interstate travel in a long time. In fact this is our fourth trip to Adelaide, full stop.

I think the performances have changed very little, which is largely because we don't play as much these days. I think if we stayed on the road for three years solid, then, tiredness catches up with you and the performances become lacklustre. These days we go on the road for two weeks and then go off for three months

On dit: Midnight Oil has participated in more benefits than any other band. What benefits did you play during the last twelve months?

Hirst: In the past year we have hardly done any. Mainly because those in charge of doing the benefits haven't got their act together. There was a Rock Against Racism gig proposed, but there was no organization and we just couldn't do it. I think Chisel were approached to do the same gig and found the same thing.



On dit: Through benefits, etc., you've supported causes such as the Anti-Nuclear and "Save the Whales" campaigns, but your lyrics aren't political in the vein of, let's say, The Clash.

Hirst: No, the thing about the lyrics is just that it's the thing I like to write about and Peter likes to write about, and Jim does some writing. Like it's not a political band, like The Clash are basically a political band. A lot of reggae bands are political; The Jam are sort of semi-political, but the music has to come first with us. What we're saying is sort of a side issue.

On dit: You said that, "... bands like the Angels appeal to your hammer waving, militant block-head suburban crowd". With continued success, Midnight Oil will probably be playing to this audience. How do you feel about that?

Hirst: They're all coming out of the woodwork. I don't stand a chance ... (long pause, thinks carefully) ... Yeah, I think I was wrong about the Angels.

On dit: You've changed your opinion?

Hirst: Yeah, I have. (Very quiet, close the subject)

On dit: Can you tell us anything about a new Midnight Oil album?

Hirst: The thing about the new album is I'd like to tell you a lot because a lot has been happening but I can't at the moment. We are not sure where we are going to record; we're not sure whether we are going to record in this country, but the songs are there. We'll play three or four new ones tonight, and most of it is written ready to go. But one, we don't have a producer, two, we're not signed at the moment (the deal with

Powderworks is at an end and we are free to sign with who we want), and three, we're not sure if there's a studio in this country the whole band's happy to work in. We just don't seem to be able to get the sounds out the studio and on record and I think that's been our Achilles' heel. I think we are a lot better live band than on record.

On dit: Powderworks was put down in four days, whilst for Head Injuries you took a lot of time to get the right sounds for each song. What approach will you use to record the new album?

Hirst: Well, more how the EP turned out. We just went to the Music Farm to do some demo's; they started sounding good, got Les Karski up to produce. There was a very casual atmosphere, just smoking the local drugs. A few people dropped in like Chisel the night before and it was just like a twenty four hour rage. It was a great atmosphere to record in; you just put it down. However the EP doesn't come up to our live sound. We have got to find some way we can do it. [Our conversation with Hirst continued for another half hour or more about venues being closed down in Sydney (he believes Nasty Nev is behind it), how good FM radio has been to the Oils including 5MMM and, "that downtrack Wedding Cake Island. That's Martin's monster. It'll come back to haunt him."

[I guess the moral in that is, you have to pay some price for success, and although Midnight Oil are becoming a more commercial success one thing is for sure, Midnight Oil's music will retain its energy and the live performances, their electricity.]

Kym Tonkes

WHAT A BALL

THE 1981 O BALL went off without a hitch. As far as I could see, all those little things that could have gone wrong didn't. We're always ready to catalogue the mistakes of a show - now let's catalogue the good points.

In attendance alone the Ball seemed to be a success both as far as finances were concerned, as well as for the average rock consumer. Five thousand people turned up giving the Ball a nice medium sized concert atmosphere and yet not overloading the facilities as well as making a rumoured \$6000 profit for the Students' Association.

If the Bar facilities couldn't have handled that number of people, the O Ball could have turned into a really agro occasion, but the job was done admirably by many ring in bar people who made sure that queues never got very long. Even the toilets worked to my knowledge throughout the night; great considering last year's stuff ups. Finally, the security forces managed to behave themselves, curtailing their activities to a reasonable level. Even when down the very front during *Midnight Oil's* set, the worst bouncing I saw was a few people being asked to remove their feet from the Barr Smith's walls. Overall, congratulations to all those who worked hard to get this show on the road - everyone's individual efforts made it a great success.

When it gets down to it though, good toilets and good bar facilities aren't what is going to stand out in your memory in a couple of years' time. What will stand out is the music and so it ought to.

The Units put in a fairly good set of hard Adelaide rock songs played fast. The band was well lighted, the full effect only being seen from a distance. However, it doesn't seem that this band's stage act is at all designed for large outdoor concerts - fair enough, they don't

play many of them. While the band put out a good collection of songs, they didn't get the crowd on their feet, they didn't really get the adrenalin pumping.

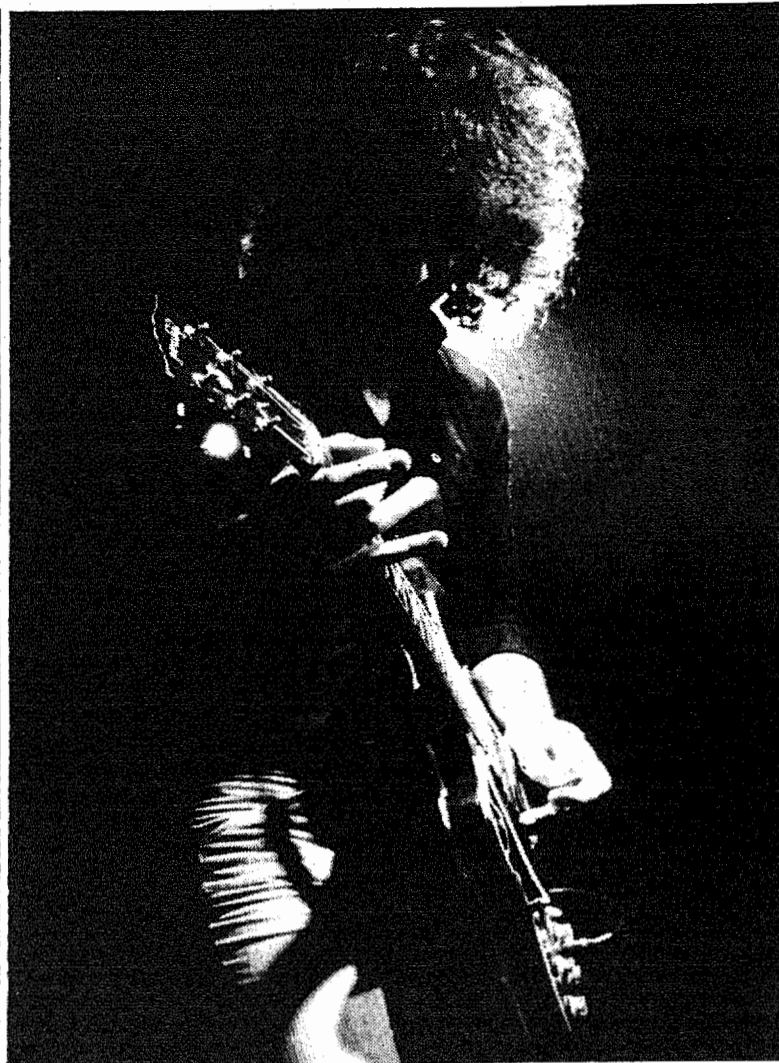
In the breaks between the bands, *The Bodgies* played at the Mayo Refectory. Perhaps because they were playing in an area closer to their home habitat, *The Bodgies* had more success than the *Units* in getting a crowd hot and exhausted. The Mayo is by no means a very good place to see bands. However, it was certain that about a thousand people really enjoyed themselves jumping around to the exciting *Bodgie* Rhythm and Blues beat - the whole crowd were on their feet and if not dancing up the front with the chosen few, then the chances are you were doing some heavy foot tapping up at the back.

So out of *The Bodgies* for a quick push and shove (... Excuse me ... push, Press! ... shove, etc...) to the very front of the centre stage to see *Mental as Anything*. On came these fine young Australian boys all taking Dave Warner suburban kitsch to a new and unique East Sydney low spot. The band, dressed in some fairly revolting clothing, introduced me to the fine commercial art of good time rock and roll. Somehow the *Mentals* never really got me moving. Perhaps this was the fault of the sound quality influenced by the echoes from walls on three sides, especially the Barr Smith Library directly in front of the speakers. "Good time rock and roll needs clean sound." Thus the *Mentals* had trouble. Secondly the stage act, particularly on the wide stage of the Ball, wasn't rivetting enough. They were too spread out to be able to get the joking rapport between band members which they are so famed for and didn't make use of the area they had available. Greedy Smith (keyboards and vocals) however tried to get it

moving along - kicking fellow band members in typical schoolboy fashion, while the rest of the band seemed to move like wombats. Greedy, a great asset to *Mental as Anything*, apparently joined the band as a roadie after getting up on stage for a "guest" appearance. One day he dropped a guitar and broke it and was immediately forced to join the band to pay it off. Good move - Greedy is perhaps now the *Mentals'* greatest asset. Overall however, the band didn't quite have enough energy to carry the show off though they did put in a good performance.

Finally *Midnight Oil*. For many people at the Ball, this must have been their first contact with the band live. Shock value was high - a great intake of breath could be heard from all sides as Peter Garrett, 6'6" high, shaven headed lead singer, strode on to stage and broke into the first song, *No Time for Games*. The *Oils* seemed to do better with the bad acoustics than did the *Mentals*, being a different sort of band - more distortion and power chord guitar work, quite enough to cover most echo problems. Where the *Mental'* stage act was dwarfed by the size of the stage, *Midnight Oil's* frontman, Pete Garrett, spent much of the night rushing from one side of the stage to the other in the throes of an epileptic fit, while Rob Hirst smashed the drums with a power that left one amazed that at the end of the night his kit wasn't a pile of matchsticks. The *Oils* certainly had more energy on the night than the *Mentals* who, it was rumoured, might blast Peter and the boys off the stage. They clearly got a better crowd reaction.

So though in my view the *Oils* took the night, the whole show was successful enough for there to be credit enough to go round. Thanks to all involved from one tired, hung-over *On dit* reviewer.



CHISEL go off the rails

**Cold Chisel
Apollo Stadium
Friday**

Cold Chisel, supported by *Dial X*, played to a packed Apollo Stadium last night. The concert was a complete sellout, days in advance, and fans were being turned away as we arrived - visibly disappointed. No wonder! They were going to miss one of the best concerts ever created at Apollo. I say created because an exciting concert atmosphere depends on an interaction between band and audience which *Cold Chisel* are so skilled at developing. Using simple staging, lighting and wearing street clothes, they don't alienate themselves from the audience as some more elaborate bands do. Neither do they give the impression of manipulating the emotions of even the teeny bopper element in the first twenty rows while remaining coolly detached. The band seemed to enjoy the atmosphere as much as the crowd and "A good time was had by all" seems particularly apt to describe their performance.

I can't say much about *Dial X* as we had a lot of trouble parking and arrived late. In all, I heard three songs. I liked them and the audience received them well which is an accolade for a support band.

At 8.45 *Cold Chisel* strode on to the stage. Lead guitarist Ian Moss in neat pink pants and white shirt. Bass guitarist Phil Small, drummer Steve Prestwitch and keyboardist Don Walker conservatively dressed and kept a low profile. Ring-in harmonica Dave Blight who appeared and disappeared. Lastly Jim Barnes in a black shirt, black pants and jack boots. His magnetic stage presence instantly makes him the focus of attention.

This band meant business and their strategy was to involve the audience immediately and to hold their attention to the finish.

They launched into *Conversations*. The crowd followed Barnes' lead and clapped time.

Eighteen songs followed in rapid succession as the band illustrated their incredible stamina. Undoubtedly Barnes dominated their performance. Leaping, staggering, he bellowed into the microphone, yelled himself hoarse, swigged from a bottle, sweated into a towel and threw himself into the next song. Four songs were

presented by the guitarist but lacked body until Barnes, surrounded by a halo of red lit hair and barking like a seal, joined in the chorus.

This was deadly serious rock 'n' roll. *Shipping Steel*, *Breakfast at Sweethearts* and *Merry-go-round* came over much better than on record. *East* seems to have caught the sound of their later songs with more success. A personal favourite was *Misfits*, a song which oozes the frustrations of unemployment, while our photographer became so enthralled during *My Turn to Cry* that he forgot to take photos!

The last four songs *Standing on the Outside*, *Cheap Wine*, *Star Hotel* audience and band into a frenzy. During *Astrid* Barnes stood on the piano and set the song at double time.

The audience went wild. They stamped, clapped and screamed until the band reappeared and gave an encore of four songs including *Ita* and *Twist and Shout*.

Half way through *Twist and Shout* the concert definitely started to go off the rails. Barnes fell off the stage into the audience. The teeny boppers surged forward and the security guards assisted him back on to the stage. To our surprise he took several swings at the security guards. Apparently he wanted to mingle with the crowd. Anyone fearing for his safety has obviously not seen Barnes after playing a two hour concert. He literally rains sweat and looks so fierce that I was only glad that his microphone cord limited his movements. But what a gesture - we loved it!

The band disappeared again but the crowd wouldn't let them go. I am afraid I lost my pen at this stage in the excitement so cannot give a detailed account of their second encore but I distinctly remember Barnes striped to the waist, standing on the amplifiers, singing *Wild Thing* - I don't think I'll ever forget it.

After the concert I experienced mixed emotions - pride because they are a first class rock 'n' roll band who grew up right here, and sorrow because we are losing them to America. Good luck, *Cold Chisel*, but please don't let America change you.

Celia Williamson



PAT - a rather nice racey old duck

Wings (the play not the band) started at the Playhouse last Friday. *On dit* spoke with Patricia Kennedy who plays the lead role. She is well known for her performances as Aunt Gussie in *My Brilliant Career* and Miss Chapman in *The Getting of Wisdom*, both of which earned her nominations for Best Supporting Actress in the 1978 and 1979 Australian Film Awards. She is currently working for the SA Film Corporation as the voice coach for *Sarah Dane*.



Patricia Kennedy's eyes sparkle as she speaks with well pronounced words and an accent that has a tinge of okker. As a voice coach for *Sarah Dane* she says Australians are jaw and mouth lazy and proceeds to demonstrate tone and depth in her voice. The interviewers suddenly become self-conscious and start pronouncing their vowels.

But Pat ("call me Pat," she says) makes any interviewer feel at home as she chats about her many years as an actress, having started in radio ("you're too young to remember"). She feels radio is a wonderful medium for drama and has a reminiscent twinkle in her eye as she speaks of those times.

"They were exciting days ... There was a wonderful camaraderie between actors." This, she believes, is now a little lost amongst the size and separateness of the different acting groups around Australia.

Pat's desire is to see the organisation of a theatrical heart in Australia, something she has strived to achieve for most of her professional career. She now says, with a note of resignation, that she doesn't believe this will ever be achieved due to the expense and the "tyranny of distance" which is Australia. She believes "excellence is betrayed [because] growing and vital actors can't get together to strike sparks off each other."

Pat describes her role as Aunt Gussie in *My Brilliant Career* as "a rather nice, racey old duck," and when asked about actors reflecting the characters they play, she says that she considers herself a racey old duck too. An actor never loses her or himself in a role completely she comments; a part of yourself always stands outside looking on. On top of this "an actor carries his own instrument around with him ... he can't get away." Pat says she would follow people for blocks around the city watching their mannerisms and characteristics because they seemed like the character she would have to play in a forthcoming production.

She continues - "One of the nice things about getting old ... is that you have so many more points of reference ... a better perspective." And it seems her experience is her vitality; that becomes at least a little infectious as she shares her dreams and life. She sees the future as exciting for the Australian Film Industry, especially with the creation of overseas markets and "can't offer enough words of praise" for the SA Film Corporation.

Turning to the current production of *Wings* she says it is "a study of identity and communication ... a theatrical explanation of the human spirit." The story is of an aviatrix pilot in the 1920's who later has a stroke which affects her ability to speak properly. It tells of this woman (Emily Stillsen) overcoming adversity and finding an acceptance and understanding of death. All the courage and daring that she had as a stunt pilot is reflected in her current struggle. A parallel is developed between flying above the clouds isolated, in a world separate from others, with her mind, trapped within the bounds of her inability to communicate.

Pat seems to visualise her part as she speaks and if her involvement in the part is any indication her performance alone should be worth seeing. Look for the review next week.
Alice McHenry and Paul Hunt

Laugh Hard(ing)

MIKE HARDING - The Unluckiest Man in the World and Similar Disasters.

Described by the *West Australian* as a 'cuddly owl', Mike Harding much to his chagrin, seems to fit the bill perfectly; wise, sagely, coughing up balls of fluff, and a hoot into the bargain. His conversational tone, a welcome change from the more unpleasant 'satirical' comedy of which we see so much nowadays, held the audience enthralled. Mind you the audience to which he played was clearly the audience from which the much-vaunted 'alternative' audience has alternated. The bewigged and over-made-up crowd whom we saw rolling in the aisles around us rocked up expecting to see the promoted dialect comedian, and they were not disappointed.

This is not to say that Mr Harding is another Jasper Carrot or Stanley Holloway. His extraordinary musical ability reflects his origins as one of the original rock and roll pub singers of the 'Mersey beat' era. He enjoys telling the story of the occasions when his band *The Renegades* shared a bill with such groups as the then fledgling *Beatles* and *Hollies*. (He claims credit for dissuading the late John Lennon from their original costume of red turtlenecks with purple bow ties.) Having a tone deaf guitarist who spent ten minutes tuning up each bracket he began to tell jokes to fill in the time. When the band's talent evaporated in about 1967, he went solo and has been presenting the show in one form or another

ever since.

The show itself combines a swatch of anecdotal stories which consistently provoke the old I-wish-I-could-remember-the-punch-line reaction with a great variety of musical styles and a rapid Frankie-Howard-leering delivery of impromptu one-liners. No one could call his sense of humour subtle, and although it was sometimes predictable, his vulgarity was never offensive. Even the Elizabeth contingent thought it was all good fun.



This reviewer was impressed by the breadth of his musical talent perhaps more than anything else. To go from his excellent guitar to his room-clearing concertina, to a hyper-folksy harmonica, to finish up with a superbly and delicately played mandolin, demonstrates skill and maturity which so many of our contemporary comics seem to lack. There is not the faint whiff of clever dickery about him. In the words of the *Advertiser*, 'we laughed and laughed'.

Elaine Button and Martin Karrafa.

Troupe; a success

Backyard by Janis Balodis 'Troupe' at Unley Town Hall

Backyard is a simple play about the oppression of women by men. It makes its points by examining the relationship of Pencil (Jon Furman) to his wife Merlene (Virginia Baxter), and her sister Dorothy (Veronica Jeffrey). Merlene wants to leave Pencil, but finds that she lacks the will. The plot revolves around the incidents between the three principals that culminate in Merlene's departure, perhaps for good.

Balodis' play is interesting and the acting is in general excellent, but I was left in some doubt about the play's intentions.

Pencil and his friend Skeeter are

presented as parodies of themselves, a device which seems to sap the play of its direction. The character of Merlene is well drawn and convincingly acted by Virginia Baxter and contrasts with the almost one-dimensional image of Pencil. Ironically, Pencil never gets quite angry enough to physically abuse anyone. His control over the two women is related to his status within society as a mate and the women's perception of their roles.

Backyard is a worthwhile play quite well produced with the added benefit of some very clever foyer decorations by Michael Geissler, Lisa Philip-Harbutt and Cat Lawrence.

Geoff Hanmer.

Fun and Satire

Reviewing the Revue

FOR A NEW student like myself, the O Week Footlights Revue was a great way to be introduced to typical Footlights style and a whole new sphere of dramatic art.

The show opens with an appearance from Linus Crud, who, his mother says, "is just a tragic little figure", and she should know. He says other people think he is a cretin, but then he is trying for a Ph.D! Don Dunstan's reputation is the next victim for the Footlights chopping block, with *Que Sera Ceruto*, a witty musical send up which succeeds in bringing together issues of the Dunstan regime and gags with a biting wit.

More musical laughs continue, with a skit on leprosy where all such jokes of poor taste are made almost innocent by being sung in harmony.

The two skits which follow are send ups of ABC programmes. The first of these is *Mastermind* in which the actor who plays Huw Evans (the compere) does a superb send up of his affected mannerisms.

The topics chosen by the contestants are another source of hilarity; the collected humour of David Tonkin topic leaves the contestant with only three questions to

answer on his special topic; and the Reverend from the Uniting Church doesn't know quite as much about hard core pornography of the sixties and seventies as he thought. The second of the two is a slant on *Creative Cooking* in which Margaret Kirkwood's husband (Bloat Kirkwood) takes over for the evening and discusses cooking with fat. The menu consists of lard burgers, copho soup and fat pudding. The *Burns for Blinds* advertisement gives you a woman with a hot iron chasing a gentleman with dark glasses and a white cane.

In the next skit we have the *People in Your Neighbourhood* song, those people being; a bent cop, a pusher, a gangster and a hooker - a pretty tough neighbourhood! If life was as brief as it was made to seem in the *Days of Our Lives* send up, we would be experiencing a population implosion.

The whole show is wrapped with a chorus line that looks at the seamy side of Uni. social life and ends up by introducing the cast to the audience and plugging for the Footlights Club.

If you get a chance to see this again, go and see it even if you do have a weak stomach.
Michael Brock

Celluloid Heroes At the Opera Theatre

In his latest play, *Celluloid Heroes*, David Williamson spikes the Australian film industry. The plots around the attempt of a shonky accountant turned film producer to make a film exploiting various successful ingredients of well known Australian films. The result is a horror movie about a romantic holiday cruise, with some historical throwback to a 19th century shipwreck on the Queensland coast, and a bit of black revenge on white injustice thrown in. What if this unlikely mixture is not a runaway box office success? Well, it's because the producer only wants the 150% tax write-off on money invested ... and because David Williamson means *Celluloid Heroes* to be a satirical comedy about the Australian film industry.

But, disappointingly, the play is not successful either as a comedy or as a satirical piece. And it's doubly disappointing for anyone who heard about the Sydney season of this production and expects to see the same cast here; that is John Gaden, Kate Fitzpatrick and John Gregg. They don't appear. Though we do see John Bell's Sydney production, the actors have done a quick change somewhere along the line.

In the first act the actors tended to overact which made every gag appear contrived. Perhaps they found the task of filling the large Opera Theatre too demanding and so dispensed with nuance and subtlety in an attempt to reach the

back row. But more probably they were just trying to make something out of Williamson's sparse script, and this was really pushing shit uphill. The second act flows more smoothly but this does not save the play. It remains superficial.

David Williamson excels at the study of conflict in a confined setting. In *Celluloid Heroes* he has a confined setting (a rain sodden, insect ridden, North Queensland island where the film is being shot) and plenty of potential for conflict. But Williamson does not exploit the conflict for its drama. Instead he tries to milk it for laughs and is not very successful. The problem is that the comic and satiric aspects alone cannot sustain the play. Williamson should rewrite it and incorporate the taut dramatic stuff which one senses is not far below the surface.

Most of the cast seemed uncomfortable trying to play the script as comedy. Playwright Steve Spears in the role of zany scriptwriter-poet



Nestor Snell was the only one who had any real gift for comedy. Linda Cropper, as the aspiring actress, Kevin Smith as the Aboriginal actor-activist, and Robin Bowering as the camp leading man, also gave good performances. The others were unremarkable. However, even with a perfect cast I doubt that *Celluloid Heroes* would succeed. Let's hope that in his next play David Williamson returns to his old high standard.
Tim Dodd

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reviews

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL...



Justice in South Africa John D. Jackson (1980) Penguin, \$5.95 (recommended)

John D. Jackson is a lawyer. He isn't practicing any more, but when he did, he specialized in criminal advocacy. He was a fairly competent advocate, but much as any other, really.

In the course of his work, he did all those things which we usually expect of a trial lawyer. He would represent his clients in court, and would question all witnesses to ensure that an accurate picture of events was presented. He would cross-examine police and prosecution witnesses thoroughly to test the reliability of their evidence. Were he an Australian lawyer, the odds are that we would never have heard of him. But he isn't an Australian. He is a white, English-speaking South African. And his clients were mostly black. To them, he remains somewhat of a hero.

Jackson left South Africa in 1978 after being disbarred by the authorities on a trumped-up charge of professional misconduct. His quiet work of successfully defending blacks indiscriminately arrested and charged with quasi-political offences like "sabotage", had annoyed the South African government too much. His book, *Justice in South Africa*, should prove to annoy them even more.

In this, his professional memoirs, he relates a disturbing story of blacks - including children - being arrested by police merely because they are found in the vicinity of some criminal incident. These people are then forced, perhaps with beatings, to sign confessions that most of them cannot even read. The callous treatment continues in the courts, when the magistrates invariably support the police case and proceed to sentence the accused with as little fuss as possible. Almost all blacks are unrepresented, except on capital charges, when the court will appoint a junior lawyer straight out of law school. The blacks are then sent to prisons where brutality is the order of the day.

During the course of reading this book, two thoughts occurred to me which I think deserve repeating here.

The first is that statutory law (Acts of Parliament) is, subject to constitutional constraints, fairly arbitrary. One of the worst indictments of the South African regime is in my opinion its statute books. They can say that black activists are communists. They can say that people like John Jackson are traitors. But they cannot ever deny that there on their own statute books, plainly and for all the world to see, lies some of the most draconian and repressive legislation in existence anywhere.

In his book, Jackson devotes a whole chapter to listing some of these pernicious laws. The worst example may be the Terrorism Act of 1967, section 6 of which allows the police to detain, indefinitely and without trial, any persons whom they find engaging in activities "likely to endanger the maintenance of law and order", or meant to "embarrass the administration of the affairs of the State". Theoretically, this could include such petty offences as the throwing of rocks at police vehicles. For all we know, it has.

These are all, of course, surplus to the many laws establishing apartheid and the censorship of criticism of the government.

Your reaction would be, no doubt, that it couldn't happen here.

Not so. There is no Bill of Rights in the Australian Constitution. Most of these South African statutes could easily be enacted in this country, word for word. Provided, of course, that Parliament wanted to do so. It doesn't. Not right now, anyway. But I can't predict the future; can you? As I remember, Adolf Hitler was elected to office, once upon a time, in a land far, far away.

The second thought I had was that even the best-designed legal system wouldn't work properly unless those who operated it - the judges, lawyers and police - were disposed to it impartially. In South Africa, the judges and police are definitely not impartial, and the majority of lawyers couldn't care less. Jackson was a noble exception. An unrepresented black defendant, and most are unrepresented, hasn't got a hope. And the worst thing about judicial bias, as Jackson sees it, is that it encourages police brutality even further.

So, what will be the solution? Is a bloody civil-war of black against white inevitable? Hell, I hope not. Imagine the tens of thousands of innocent people who would be slaughtered.

I would like to think that things in South Africa could be changed peaceably. A lot of the whites there haven't much of an idea of just how badly the blacks are being treated, as their newspapers are censored and the apartheid laws stop them from mixing with the blacks. I would like to think that if the truth were more widely known, things would change for the better. But, I suspect that I'm being wishful.

I say that because I understand this little about human nature if anything: that we are all subject to corruption. That is, incidentally, the very premise upon which the need for a Bill of Rights is founded. One's rights are protected from others' abuse; *the worst is anticipated*. And while such an instrument was first instituted by a generation of newly-independent Americans whose culture had imbued them with a Biblical view of the sinfulness and corruptibility of human nature, some of their impious descendants at the helms of large companies and in government are today condoning the extremes of the South African and similar regimes. Things are as they are in South Africa today because the white people there want them to be like that. There are no excuses.

So, what if the present regime in South Africa were overthrown by an army of guerrillas? Would the new rulers become in time just as corrupt as those they replace, or could they succeed in bringing lasting peace and happiness to all? It's hard not to be cynical. Only when those with power mistrust themselves is any progress made. And would these new rulers mistrust themselves? Or would they play God, knowing what is best for everyone.

The South African system of justice, exposed to the eyes of the world in 1977 during the Biko inquest, is by this damning book once again shown to be politically biased and tyrannical in its treatment of blacks. Anyone who is interested in the administration of law and justice, and that ought to include you, should find this memoir disturbing and provoking. Anyone who is interested in what is going on in South Africa today can't afford to miss it.

James Irving



The Ethics Of TRANSLATION

Aristotle. *The Nicomachean Ethics*.
Translated by David Ross.
Oxford University Press, 1980.
Recommended Price \$3.95.

One of the better things about universities nowadays is that you get a wider range of subjects offered than used to be the case. In the year 1500, for example, things were pretty bad. To start with,

To start with, you only had four faculties to choose from: Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy (Humanities). And if you decided to take Philosophy, then you'd spend most of your time reading from just one author: Aristotle.

In those days, Aristotle was number one. Everybody had to read his books, in the Latin translation, and not only read them but know them well enough to defend any of his arguments publicly - for that was how examinations were conducted then: the student would debate each point with the professor in front of the whole class, in a "disputation".

It was taken for granted that Aristotle had the correct answer to just about anything, except religious questions. The study of natural science was based on his *Physica*; the study of logic was based on his *Organon*; and the study of ethics was based on his *Nicomachean Ethics* (so called after his son Nichomachus, who edited the work).

Considering the impact which Aristotle has made on Western civilization, then, it is not unreasonable to expect anyone wishing to call himself or herself an educated person to know at least a little about him and his works. We may, therefore, greet OUP's reissue of their expert translation of the *Nicomachean Ethics* in paperback form with some degree of interest.

How does the OUP reissue compare with the other readily-available paperback edition of the *Ethics*, the Penguin edition?

Looking at the format of each, both translations follow the traditional presentation of the *Ethics* as ten books subdivided into chapters. Although the OUP version has a better description of its contents at the beginning, giving a brief analysis of the books, the Penguin version has short explanatory comments placed at the head of each book and most chapters. The OUP version is cross indexed with the Greek text from which it was translated by way of paragraph numbers at the top of each page, and this would be of benefit to someone working with the original text or with any critical literature using that reference system.

My overall impression is that the OUP version is aimed more toward the serious scholar, and the Penguin more toward the general reader. Looking at the translations themselves, both translators would seem to have unimpeachable credentials, and so there is probably little difference between them by way of accuracy. (Note, however, that the OUP version was revised by two senior Oxonian scholars before being reissued in paperback form.) The main difference between the two is, then, in their styles.

In this regard, my own subjective preference is for the OUP version. Whenever I compare the same passage in each, the Penguin always seems to be more long-winded, and the Oxford more concise. As the original Greek text of the *Ethics* is in the form of lecture notes, the OUP would therefore seem to be more faithful to the style of the original. Here,

again, we see the Penguin's concern with the general reader, who would be most comfortable with a "fleshed-out" book. Inevitably, the Penguin translation ends up being far longer than the Oxford, using two or three sentences to the Oxford's one in many places.

In 1922, the German sociologist Max Weber published a treatise on methodology in social sciences in which he suggested that there can never be such a thing as a 'value-free' or fully objective discussion in this field. Weber's argument is that one cannot set about any theorizing unless one has first arrived at some basic concepts to be used therein, and that as the formation of these concepts must involve the recognition or acceptance of certain things as being relevant or important and the omission or rejection of other things is not being so, the values of the theorist must always intrude. (That is, of course, in contrast to the physical sciences.)

Although Weber's concern was to deny the claim of Marxism to be 'scientific' his theory applies generally as explaining the phenomenon of people seeing what they want to see, in any context, including that of translation. Too often, a translator can introduce a bias of the original meaning, to suit his own ideas, intentionally or unintentionally.

Looking at Ross's translation of the *Nicomachean Ethics*, we see that whenever we come to those terms which are the most significant in Aristotle's discussion, Ross will refer us by footnote to the original Greek word, often with a comment justifying his choice of the English word by which he rendered it. So, if there is any bias in his translation, Ross has not hidden it from view nor from criticism. By comparison, very few such references or comments appear in the Penguin version, and so any bias there would be harder to detect.

Weber's rule might in passing be also seen as applicable to the *Ethics* itself, as well as the efforts of its translators. We can see that Aristotle had certain ideas about human nature and about what considerations ought to motivate social life, indeed that the *Ethics* is entirely a discussion of these very things.

Briefly, he speaks of people as having fixed natures of body and soul, and investigates the relationship between soul and body. He identifies 'happiness' as the end of human existence, and defines it as the perfection of the functions of the soul. There are two kinds of functions, the intellectual and the ethical, the former being superior to the latter. Perfection is attained in the ethical functions by adherence to the doctrine of the mean, and in the intellectual functions by the contemplation of unchanging truths. The ultimate 'happiness' is thus a life of philosophical contemplation.

What is intriguing is to look at the assumptions underlying what Aristotle has said. He clearly placed great store in the efficacy of human reason, making its exercise the supreme function of the soul within his scheme. In this respect, he helped to pave the way for the scientific revolution of the 16th century, when it was boldly asserted that the human mind can, unassisted, unravel the true nature of the universe.

This confidence in human reason is not, however, universally held. The Reformation theologian Martin Luther denounced Aristotle in very strong terms, seeing his views of human nature as bad distortions. There is nothing rational about love, and yet love is at the very heart of Christian ethics. There is nothing rational about the cross, either. Indeed, did not St Paul say: "Jews demand miraculous signs and Greeks look for wisdom, but we preach the Christ crucified: a stumbling block to Jews and foolishness to Gentiles." (1 Cor 1:22.)

In this respect, the criticisms made by Martin Luther of Aristotle might also be directed at all of us in Western Societies today, for we too have exalted the 'intellectual functions' of the mind at the expense of the non-rational, spiritual dimensions of human experience.

James Irving

CONTROL YOURSELF

The Birth Control Book
Howard I. Shapiro
\$5.95 Penguin Books 1980

This book is Howard Shapiro's response to the Women's Health Movement in America.

"Times have changed and today's woman is demanding complete control over her body because so often those entrusted with this responsibility fail miserably." Whos is more to blame? Is it manufacturers who devise products which haven't undergone proper research evaluation beforehand? Doctors are responsible also as products are often introduced to them by a drug salesman who has no knowledge of medicine.

Shapiro has written chapters on 'The Reproductive System', 'Birth Control Pills', 'IUD's', 'Diaphragms, Spermicides and Condoms', 'Coitus Interruptus and Rhythm', 'Post Coital Contraception', 'Abortion', 'Vasectomy', 'Tubal Ligation', 'Hysterectomy' and 'The Future'.

Like many other gynaecological guides the book begins with a step-by-step pictorial and written description of both female and male anatomy. It is suggested that a woman use a magnifying mirror to explore her genitals. This is terribly important as the woman should be able to recognize changes which could be hazardous to her health (e.g. vaginitis and, more importantly, VD). Shapiro goes further to suggest a woman could engage the use of a 'speculum' for an examination of her inner vagina and cervix.

The chapter devoted to Birth Control Pills is a comprehensive one. There are clear tables of brand name, description and oestrogen and progesterone levels in each. Despite the large number of pills on the market, doctors must prescribe individually for each patient. How often doctors say, "You're nearly through the list!" Bigger them, you've every right to find a pill that suits you whether you've tried five or twenty-five kinds!

Of interest are two tables presenting the probable side-effects

THE BIRTH CONTROL BOOK

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HOWARD I. SHAPIRO

of oestrogen and progesterone in oral contraceptives. Those pills with high amounts of oestrogen produce many more side-effects than those with more progesterone. Generally it is the doctor who 'manages' side-effects of oral contraceptives but the table "Managing Side-Effects" puts you in the control seat. This candidly presented chapter answers a great many questions from women.

As in all the chapters of this book, the section on IUD's gives clear, helpful information about the advantages and disadvantages of the different types. Sound advice is given about the care needed when a doctor is fitting an IUD and beforehand it is vital that a woman reads all available literature about them.

If a woman has a microscope (low powered one is okay) she can use it to perform a fern test (pattern at ovulation) of the cervical mucus on days prior to ovulation. At the time of ovulation a thick branching pattern resembling a fern can be seen. However, the efficiency of the various mucus methods has yet to be determined.

If a woman desires to have an abortion, she should be aware of

what is going to happen to her and this chapter, 'Abortion' is particularly lengthy and necessarily so as abortion is the most complicated means of contraception. Shapiro explains the paper-work side of the procedure as well as the physiological side.

The chapters dealing with vasectomy and tubal ligation are well presented. With the recent demands for reversal operations if a woman or a man choose a 'permanent' method of contraception, they should have the tubal ligation or vasectomy done by a surgeon specially-trained in that particular field of medicine and patients must be aware of the chance that their operation may not be reversible.

'The Future' is food for thought. The preceding chapters mention several of the newer techniques on contraception, sterilization and abortion that are available to the public on a limited basis. Many of the ideas in the concluding chapter haven't received approval for use and are restricted to lab. animals and small experimental groups of men and women. There is mention of three monthly intramuscular injections for women, inserted synthetic rings, anti-fertility vaccines, new developments in IUD's, longer lasting diaphragms, future improvements for the accuracy of the rhythm method with the use of an 'ovutimer' which could be used at home and a male pill which unfortunately affects libido, and the new vasectomy techniques.

The most intriguing method of decreasing sperm counts is by use of ultrasound. The subject sat on a special chair with their testes resting in a Plexi-glass cup filled with water and this served as a conductor for the high frequency sound emanating from the ultrasonic transducers.

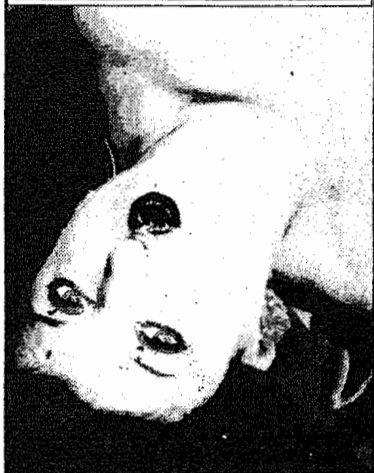
Following treatment, both the dogs and men had suppressed sperm counts. The effect is believed to be reversible though it may last from one to two years. The advantage of ultra-sound is that it is painless with no harm-ful

side-effects and is reported to be pleasurable and even increased the subject's libido. It would be great if there were a similar treatment for women!

Whichever method or methods of contraception you are using or intend using, *The Birth Control Book* will be a valuable reference.

VIRGIN KISSES

Gloria Nagy



Virgin Kisses
Gloria Nagy Penguin \$4.25

Soon to be a major film, screams the back jacket. "Oh no," I sob, twenty million down the drain. *Virgin Kisses* is the touching story of a middleclass psychiatrist who finds relief from a meaningless life by physically and sexually abusing a patient in the privacy of his consulting rooms. Eventually it all gets too much and he kills her by having her commit suicide under hypnosis. In between times author Nagy regales us with tirades against the various social and intellectual conditions which encourage such behaviour.

The book could suggest that all men are intrinsically capable of such behaviour. It could suggest that all people are capable of such behaviour. Anyway, what the book lacks in depth it makes up for in action - at least five running descriptions of the debaucheries of the good doctor and his patient.

Should be a great movie.
Geoff Hanmer.

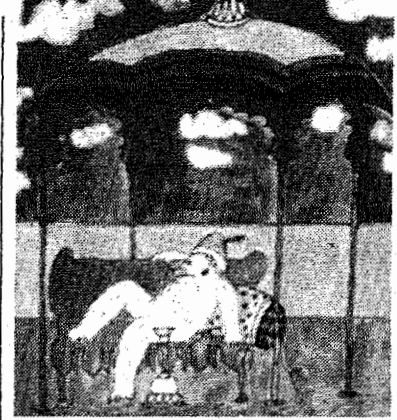
House Husbands

Fathers at Home
Jan Harper
Penguin, Melbourne 1980
\$5.50

What happens in a family when Dad decides to stay home with the kids and do the housework while Mum goes out to work? Jan Harper, a Melbourne research sociologist, discusses the problems and joys of fatherhood at home, documenting the experiences of eight such fathers in detail and referring to a further seven families. She examines the social and psychological implications of their challenge to the traditional stereotyped father-bread-winner and mother-housewife roles: the mothers who felt they were trapped at home and wanted the outside stimulation and fulfilment that a job could bring them, and the fathers who in turn felt that they were trapped in their jobs and deprived of really getting to know and share the first few years of their children's lives.

The couples in the book all saw the ideal as both partners having part-time jobs and sharing in the caring of the children and the housework, although some had coped most successfully with the role reversal. I would recommend this book for anyone contemplating role-reversal/sharing - there are men and women in our society courageous enough to carry through some of the original ideas of the Women's Liberation Movement.

Tania Hubmayer



Do Polar Bears Experience Religious Ecstasy?
Ian Warden
QU Press: Brisbane: 1980

Ian Warden's book contains a lot of what appeals to me - zany, way-out, and often ridiculously funny humour. If the guffaws and voluminous hysterical laughter of others reading this book are of any guide, then this collection of journalistic captions has wide appeal.

The title alone initially attracted me - I was also hoping to learn some of the intimate experiences in which polar bears indulged. No luck there. However, the topics of Warden's anecdotes are many and varied. He delights in taking side-swipes at Australians and sport, Young Liberals, the drone-like population of Australia's suburbia, and nearly everything else. There is a marked bias against all political aspirants, but living and writing in Canberra, what else can you expect?

His creative humour evolves not from the content and subject but from the style. Topped with a poisoned barb, the humour is fast and critical, understandable when Warden's "chief pleasures are malice, spite, ridicule, derision, mockery, lawn tennis ... (and) exuberant dogs".

The first segment "The roar of liniment, the smell of the prognathous swineherds", dealing with sport, and a later one, "Songs my stomach taught me", are two of the best of Warden's ferocious, wistful, mad and moody articles. I agree entirely with his editor, that a newspaper, like a village, can tolerate at least one wayward idiot. Warden, fortunately for us, is that one hilariously funny idiot.

Philip Shepherdson



Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
The Jungle Book
Walt Disney
Penguin, \$7.95

"The book of the film" publications are now being produced frequently, though until now solely on adult films. Walt Disney Productions is now getting into the act with *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and *The Jungle Book*. Both, although regarded as children's films, have been presented in a form more suitable for adults. Both books at the front have 'blurb' on the film, giving technical and historical details which makes interesting reading. Unfortunately the actual text is of far less quality. It is very patchy and disjointed; sometimes it reads like a story, sometimes like a script. Consequently, if you are intending to get a copy for a child, it would be better to read it to him/her rather than letting the child read it by himself/herself.

The pictures in *Snow White* are very fuzzy and are obviously taken straight from the film which was made in the 30s. One or two are clear, however, and so I can't decide if the others are deliberately made out of focus or not. *The Jungle Book* ones are much better. On the whole if you haven't seen the films, don't bother. And at \$7.95 for a paperback edition you need to think twice even if you have seen them.

Jenny Hein

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Dungeons & Dragons

GWYNNE FLEW silently down the dark passageway. The Dark Lord demanded that she bring him a cloak from this dungeon, a place he couldn't himself enter. In exchange he would release Emith, her husband of but a few days who was captured after a teleportation spell went wrong and teleported him near the Dark Lord's castle. The cloak conveyed many abilities to the wearer and Gwynne intended using it to rescue Emith. But first she had two problems: firstly to find the cloak and secondly to avoid Theodoric, one-time friend of Emith, now working for the Dark Lord. He was somewhere around, invisible, keeping an eye on her. Using one of her Druidic powers, Gwynne had changed her form to that of an eagle, the quickest means of movement she knew. Ahead of her mist filled the corridor. Was it poison or merely a deterrent? She decided to fly on ... "Congratulations, you've just flown into a wall - Throw two six-sided dice ... You take eight points of damage and fall to the ground in your normal form."

"Drats! She's got fourteen more points before she dies but better do a spell to get the others back. Is Theodoric around?"
 "Yes, he appears next to her" ...
 "What's this?" you ask. "Are Theodoric and Gwynne merely puppets, being manipulated by higher beings?"

Actually, yes. Gwynne, Emith and Theodoric are fictional characters in a game that is rapidly increasing in popularity: *Dungeons and Dragons*. This is a wargame in which each player has a single unit to manipulate. A series of dice rolls generate a character's abilities: e.g. strength, wisdom, dexterity. From these a suitable career is chosen: fighter, cleric, thief. Then the character joins with others on an adventure or 'dungeon', fighting monsters, finding treasure, etc. etc. This is invented and refereed by an independent person called a Dungeon Master or DM. He (or she) tells the players what these characters can see and the players say what they are doing and saying ...

The beauty of the game lies in its versatility. It can be played by two to fifty people and variations such as *Tunnels and Trolls* are available for solitaire playing. It can be played out anywhere with a minimum of equipment (dice, paper and pencil) for as short as five minutes or for three weeks continuously. It can be put away for a year or three and recommenced at exactly the same point. There are currently at least six different versions being played. *Dungeons and Dragons* is as limitless as your imagination.

If you want to know more, contact me via the *On dit* Office, join the Wargaming Club or visit the Gallery where many groups play. Kits and books can be bought at many gift stores, cheapest (but still pricey) at *The Gift Horse* in Adelaide Arcade. It's better to use someone else's until you decide you need them.

As for Gwynne, she rescued Emith, destroyed the Dark Lord's power (or so she thinks) and lives happily ever after ... for now.
 Jenny Hein

Melodrama and Corn

Elephant Man
Hirdley Cinemas
March 12.

Elephant Man could have been a masterpiece. It wasn't. That, of course, is not to say that there weren't facets of it that were very good. The major saving grace was the splendid acting from the rather heavy-weight cast which included John Hurt as Joseph Merrick (wrongly known as John), Anthony Hopkins, who gave a very under-

played and elegant performance as Treves, the great surgeon who "adopted" Merrick, and Wendy Hillier, who gave a very quiet, but masterful performance as the matron of the hospital. Also making their presence known were Freddie Jones, John Gielgud, and the beautiful Hannah Gordon, and none of them could be faulted.

Now we come to the writing ... oh, dear. In part I blame the Yanks for this travesty, because it was

pretty obvious that the writers were aiming for the American market, and the darling Yankees do like their melodrama and corn, bless them! They didn't enlist the services of a biographer/historian, but rather relied on contemporary, and sometimes inexact, accounts. The whole story was based on Joseph Merrick's life, but wasn't a very true or conclusive account.

However, camera work was splendid, and the use of black and white filmstock was very atmospheric (or was it nostalgic?). Throughout the film a very good, and I would say pretty accurate portrait, was drawn of Victorian medicine, and the hospitals that housed it. The music was well chosen and fitting for the film, as were the special effects. I was slightly bemused by the hint of a homosexual relationship between Merrick and his keeper, but this sort of subtlety is what kept the film from falling into embarrassing corn. All in all, worth a look, but generally disappointing.
 Tracey Korsten

ZZZZZZZZZZ...

THIS YEAR'S O Week Movie Marathon was characterised by the cramped seating and the particularly poor quality of the projection. One was convinced after last night of the emergence of some new cinematic art form embracing the extremes of "soft" focusing and shooting off frame.

The first film *Scum* entirely deserved its R rating. This film was explicit in the extreme, with scenes of homosexual rape and bloody suicides. As a matter of fact, these two events were connected; that is, they had a common victim. As they say, such rapes can really bugger you up.

Joking aside though, this film attempted to present a complex set of themes and ideas related to prison life in a highly emotional package.

The second film was *Revenge of the Pink Panther*, which starred Peter Sellers (RIP) and Dyan Cannon. This film was in usual *Pink Panther* style, with a great deal of *bombs* (print cannot convey Seller's unique pronunciation of this word), cream pies and other assorted elements of the slapstick genre. However, Blake Edward's scripts manage to combine this comic element with a reasonably clever and fast moving plot which can at time almost be equated with a thriller.

The next film followed a break in the Airport Lounge where a sus-

tained attack by over a hundred hungry/thirsty filmgoers caused the vending machines to nearly pack up; yours truly lost 45c to a sodding milk machine.

This third film was *Alice in Wonderland* and although we caught the occasional glimpse of a genital region, it was not the dirty movie it was cracked up to be. It was actually the story of a young girl losing her sexual innocence and learning to trust her own feelings through her imagination, so that ultimately she could enjoy a more satisfying relationship with her boyfriend. It was, in fact, full of sexual and moral cliches.

The last film was, of course, *2001 - A Space Odyssey* which was unfortunately spoiled by the problems mentioned above and a serious sound fault which marred the first ten or so minutes of the film. We have all seen this film and we all know that it is still one of the best science fiction movies ever made. After having seen it for the fourth time, and having read the book and the production notes, I feel that I am closer to understanding the enigmatic events at the end of the film. As usual, traditional activities were pursued in conjunction with the viewing of this film, namely the clicking of cigarette lighters and that strange smell wafting down from the back rows just before the star gate scene...

Michael Brock



A Raging Success

Raging Bull has the same team of producers who put the *Rocky* pictures together, but that's where the similarity ends. It just isn't a boxing movie, nor does it have any of the saccharine mentality of the *Rocky* films. The brief fight sequences (about twelve minutes in all) are merely peripheral, punctuating points about the obsessive guilt ridden personality of the central character, Juke la Motta (Robert De Niro). The Director, Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*, *Mean Streets*) has, in a series of bold, sometimes surrealistic etches, given us a portrait of a person whose demise (and eventual catharsis) seemed not only inevitable but necessary.

The film opens with La Motta in 1964, former world middle-weight champion, as a gross, pathetic 'performer' in some New York dive. Then, Scorsese shows us how he got there.

La Motta's fighting career is traced back to 1941; the brutality in the ring is matched only by the sudden unexpected violence in the crowd that follows a points decision which goes against him. Any doubt that La Motta is a masochist is soon dispelled when he asks his brother and manager, Joey, to hit his recently stitched face. It's almost as though La Motta feels that he *deserves* punishment. Two years later, in one pivotal scene, shortly after he loses a fight, all La Motta can say with a

resigned ? is, I've done a lot of bad things; maybe it's coming back to me". Scorsese has an obsession with Catholic guilt (something that he confessed and defended in a recent interview with *American Film*) and in La Motta he's found an ideal outlet for his pre-occupation.

The insane jealousy that possessed La Motta over his second wife, Vicky (Cathy Moriarty), also has an ironic twist to it, of bad things coming back to [him]. He seduces her when she's just 15 and over fifteen years marries, beats and loses her. His ultimate nadir comes in 1956 when he's convicted of harbouring a prostitute in his night-club - a 14 year old. In jail the question he asks himself as the bangs his head against the wall - "Why, why, why?" has already been answered - thirteen years earlier.

Raging Bull isn't just memorable for the performances. Scorsese's camera direction shows a greater maturity than in his earlier works. The surrealism and slow motion sequences in *Taxi Driver* (1976) were derided by some critics as being almost inept. But in *Raging Bull* Scorsese uses tinges of surrealism that give us sequences of pure cinema poetry that speak with a hard driving eloquence. Scorsese has created a film that stems from his own obsessions and in doing so has given us an innovative classic.

Nick X.

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products for pen pushers...

Can't find the write pen for you? Tired of the hassles of trying to find the pen you want amidst the jumble of high pressure sales talk, TV commercials and used-pen lots?

On dit has the answer. This issue we've brought together a collection of experienced pen users to comment on the usefulness of pens available at the Union Shop.

Each pen was given an exhausting test on friction, dropability and line quality. They were also carefully examined by our qualified mechanics, for any major physical defects. Each pen was rated on a scale of 0-10 (10 = fantastic, 0 = absolute opposite of 10).

Thanks to the Union Shop for supply of pens for road test.

Staedtler Sprintball

This is the 400 model with sleek, smooth lines and a very functional blue paint job. Air resistance was found to be minimal. Parking was no hassle with this beauty, slips neatly into the smallest pocket space, and for external protection a pop-off cap adds to the style. Foreign observers are tipping this as the pen for '81 with its ease of cornering, although breaking was a little difficult due to its rapid acceleration across the page. This pen can take long essays in its stride and it's nice to be able to rely on a pen when a deadline approaches (like this article). Economy, however, is a disappointment. The pen showed a marked desire to deposit its fuel all over the page, the writer's hand etc. What's worse of having a Ferrari of pens if the petrol cap won't lock.

Rating: 8

Textroline

This pen, though a classy looker, handles like a landrover in peak hour traffic - a slow mover and poor on fuel economy. It should be defected after a few weeks ownership. When used for quick notes. It has an unpleasant scratchy noise which makes long essays tedious. After the tip and lines are thick and uneven. Speed is impossible which a crash the pen tip cracks or bends, making roadworthiness doubtful, as can be seen. Leaking ink is not a problem, in fact, it's even difficult to get it through the tip. Very poor quality.

Rating: 4

Bard

Definitely the Rolls Royce of the disposable pen. So lets take it for a spin. Hmm the pen fits easily in the hand - important if you desire that extra special handling. Watch out though, this model will take you where you want, unlike the average bic which just pushes along in an unresponsive manner. Control may be a problem for the beginner. The contact with the road is smooth and quiet, yet fast. The point is heavy duty felt and dropping makes no impression. This makes the pen durable and it goes along long way on a tankful, compensating for the upper class price tag.

Rating: 9

Ball Pentel

A new version of the ball point pen, the Ball Pentel has a good feel and line but has a tendency to run out of fuel on the point if you drive too fast. The friction between ball and road is fairly high, thus giving hand cramps if used for long hauls such as long essays. The quality of line improves if speed is restricted, again making essay writing difficult. As for crashability, after our 'drop test' from a height of 3 feet, as with most ball points, it is absolute garbage.

(The writer wishes to thank another ball point for this critique)

Bic

Definitely not in the sportscar class, yet the good old faithful bic is there to be brought back out of the garage when the others break down. (Usually full of petrol, with no fuel blockages or leaks (except in very hot weather), this pen, though often looked down on by more classy pen owners, is known for its reliability as well as the quick hauls. High on economy and fearability, it is a sad day for the owner when it must be parked for the last time.

Rating: 8

Radiant

This sleek black pen has another scratchy tip, positively annoying for long essays or reports. The line produced does not have an even density, tending to be light or dark. The tip is better able to move quickly and so is great for long trips (provided you can stand the engine noise). This pen has a nice feel except for a ridge near where many people hold the pen, thus having the added advantage of keeping you awake as you near the 2000 word mark. As for dropability - don't. The pen tip cracks, breaks, fractures etc after being dropped. The ink doesn't dry very quickly and so may smudge occasionally.

Rating: 7