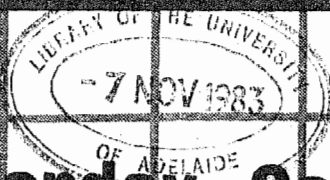


Adelaide's Student Weekly



Monday, October 31st

Ondit

1983

Volume 51

Number 21



EDITORIAL



UNHAND THAT CHILD -
YOU VILLAIN - OR I'LL
BE FORCED TO PUNISH
HER!!



There have been twenty-one editions of 'On dit' since we took over the role of editors. Prior to that, we spent a lot of time and money on an election campaign in which we promised many things, some of them as idealistic and unrealistic as unachievable.

We have attempted, during the year, to live up to these promises to the best of our ability. Unfortunately, the work and ambitions of 'On dit' editors for the paper is not an easy task, and our work for the paper this year was severely hampered by political interests vying for space, by student politicians submitting articles which did nothing but push their own political barrow. We, in our role as editors were forced to reject many of these pieces, on the grounds that they were not up to the written standard expected of 'On dit', and thus ensued bad feeling and cries of 'Censorship', which only served to make our work in other areas harder. To all of you — thank you for making our work more difficult than it should have been.

Past problems aside, we would also like to thank the tribe of dedicated lunatics who aided and abetted us during the year. There are too many to mention by name, everybody wrote articles, made deadlines (a rare occurrence in itself) drew pictures, made coffee, bought drinks, helped with sometimes tortuous layout, and generally gave sorely needed sympathy and advice.

We have enjoyed our year as editors, even though, at this late date we realise that there are many things we want to change and improve.

Next year, the mantle of editorship will fall on the shoulders of Andrew Gleeson and Mark Davis, and we feel sure they will continue the high standard of writing and design for 1984.

Jenni Lans and David Mussared

P.S. As an added surprise we have decided to reveal the plot of the final MASH episode "Goodbye, Farewell and Amen." To all of you, who have not yet seen the finale — and do not wish the surprise ruined — DO NOT READ ON. For all those who do, read on.

Col. Potter suffers a fatal heart attack, B.J. promises to visit his wife back in the States to tell her the bad news.

Hawkeye grabs a gun to try and save Margaret from a North Korean sniper. Tragically he kills Igor, the camp's cook. He suffers a complete nervous breakdown and has to be shipped to a military hospital. It is left ambiguous as to whether he will ever get out.

Margaret meets up with Frank again who is a completely changed man and has re-enlisted in the Marines. Frank promises to divorce his wife and marry Margaret.

Klinger marries a Korean bride, but unfortunately on their honeymoon Mrs. Klinger hears that her South Korean family may be trapped in the refugee camps of the North. She has to choose between Klinger and her family and chooses the latter.

Winchester, the great lover of classical music is made permanently deaf by being too close to a Mortar shell. However, it makes him a better person and he vows to return to Boston and teach fine arts to the deaf.

PAGE TWO

Tel 'Em Anything

"Tell them anything, then do what you want." (Tim Dodd, 'On dit' Editor, 1982).

Most campuses around Australia boast a student newspaper of some description, and in the past student publications have played a very important role as an alternative media in Australia and overseas.

The opinions expressed in Page Two are entirely those of the person who wrote them. Page Two is a forum for the various controversies, relevant to campus life, and is designed to attract comment and criticism. Please feel free to use the Letters to the Editor space in On dit to reply to any statements or claims with which you disagree.

On dit is no exception. Few campuses can boast a newspaper with illustrious history as Adelaide University's weekly tabloid. But this is 1983, and as student unions around Australia have increasingly lapsed from what were once popular politics into isolated outposts of bureaucratic and insulated political bickering, the ideal role of student papers has changed.

Radical consensus is a thing of the past — there are as many factions as there are politicians on campus, and a combination of alienation and cynicism has driven most student unions into a position where they exist simply as administrative bodies peppered liberally with a few loyal radicals (both right and left) elected on constitutional technicalities and feeding on the nostalgia of a glorious past and the dream of a brave, new future.

In this new, party-oriented student world there are none of the strident clarion calls for social justice such as were experienced in the heady days of Vietnam and the early feminist movement. The causes are still there, but students no longer rise to them, and 'activism' has become a euphemism for lobbying, caucusing and long-winded debate amongst student representatives with shoe-string budgets and shaky mandates.

Which is why the old version of a student newspaper, speaking confidently with the voice of thousands of angry students, is no longer applicable. We are now experiencing the cynical generation — the "blank generation".

To survive as a valid, alternative and representative voice on today's campuses, a student paper must have three main features.

It must appeal to the people who pay for it, and with whom the editors' ultimate responsibility lies.

It must be technically competent — gone are the days when students would be sympathetic to the whims of editors who produce shonky, late and jargonistic rags. Today an editor must actively solicit readership.

Thirdly, and most importantly, it must maintain its political independence, not only of mainstream media and thought, but also of the very union which funds it. It must be non-partisan, populist (perhaps a dangerous word to use) and must rely for its continual, dynamic existence on the voluntary help of a succession of people whose primary interest is in producing newspapers rather than in pushing political barrows.

If On dit in 1983 has failed in the first two of these criteria (and I believe that, to a

certain extent, it has) it has succeeded in the third. And one of the reasons it may have failed in the first two has been that attaining the third has been (and continues to be) a constant, time-consuming and disillusioning task.

On dit has been called "the faction you're having when you're not having a faction." We have demonstrated that it is possible to gather and inspire a group of people with widely divergent views for the purpose of producing a newspaper — that it is possible for political division to exist without bitter factionalism.

We have endeavoured to provide a forum for debate (ideally away from the tired old polemical battle-lines that have plagued student activists in the past) whilst exercising a bare minimum of editorial intrusion into the content of the paper.

We have attempted to appeal to the many different student interests on campus rather than to the lowest-common-denominator, bespectacled, 'typical' student (there ain't no such animal).

We have kept On dit weekly (one of only two weekly student papers in Australia — and on one of the smallest budgets), and we challenge any other student paper in Australia to produce tighter layout.

We have tried to play down the role of editors as political beings, and have attempted to give On dit a secondary, educative role for students interested in journalism, photography and graphic arts.

We have also tried to amuse and interest students by acting as a 'mischief' paper (the bee-sting on Rupert's back) unearthing and printing material which does not find its way into the local dailies.

To what extent we have succeeded is for the individual student to judge. I myself have mixed feelings on the subject.

To all those who read and responded, and to those who simply read, On dit in 1983, I extend my appreciation. It is hard to be innovative in a world which has seen it all, done it all, and has come out bored and disillusioned.

To those who have attempted (and very rarely succeeded) to subvert our mandate through means extending from budget threats to shouting matches, from vandalism to knife-in-the-back committee 'stacking'; I hope you are happy to spend your lives perched on your respective piles of junk in the ideological scrap-heap that was once student politics.

I hope that the battles we have fought are not in vain, and I believe that given the confidence and credibility we have won in 1983, Andrew Gleeson and Mark Davis will produce a publication which is (sob) at least as good as ours — probably better (hut don't expect too many jokes...)

To those who have helped us, fetched and carried for us, bought us drinks and put in so many hours for so little thanks — what can I say? I'm buggered if I know why you did it.

David Mussared

(No, if I had the chance I wouldn't do it all over again. And no, I wouldn't recommend it to anyone).

British Conservatives Move To Block Far Right



Britain's Conservative Party has adopted new pre-selection procedures for parliamentary candidates in answer to allegations that the Tories are open to infiltration from the extreme right wing.

The party's Young Conservatives recently compiled a report which concluded that the party was open to "substantial infiltration from the extreme right".

Extremist groups such as the National Front had suffered a decline in popularity and were experiencing internal fragmentation the report noted. In these circumstances right wing sympathisers had nowhere else to go except the Tory Party.

The Conservative Party Chairman, Selwyn Gummer — who took over recently from sex scandal minister Cecil Parkinson — announced the new pre-selection procedures designed to weed out extremists.

Potential candidates would be asked specifically if they had ever held membership in another party, Gummer said.

The Tory Party was embarrassed during the June general election campaign when it was revealed that the Conservative candidate for seat of Stockton North had formerly belonged to the National Front.

The candidate, Tom Finnegan, should have had an easy ride to victory but he was narrowly defeated by the Social Democratic Party candidate.

Finnegan had failed to reveal his National Front affiliation when he was preselected.

The Young Conservatives' report warns that if no action were taken the party would become a haven for fanatical racists.

"It would be a political party that had completely alienated itself from the black and Asian communities," it said.

The report suggests that the Conservative Central Office



Hi there Cecil baby

should keep a list of people who would be refused parliamentary candidature and establish a unit to monitor extremist activity in the party.

The Guardian newspaper observed that there was irony in the Conservative Party being forced to dissociate itself from its extremist elements.

"...these associations come as no surprise to anyone who keeps up with anti-fascist literature", the Guardian editorialised.

"But for some reason, fascist or racist associations tend to be taken less seriously as a threat to democracy than associations with the extreme left."

On dit' Staff

Italian Police Harassing Anti-Nukes — protester's letter

Anti-nuclear demonstrators in Italy claim that they are being severely harassed by police.

Five women (from a women's peace camp) were detained by police for five hours after being stopped by police whilst driving around the base. One of the women involved was deported by the

police, despite having done nothing illegal.

The women are camped next to a US missile base in Casimo (Sicily). They have bought the land adjacent to the base (with the help of donations from all over the world).

They are part of a growing number of people in Europe demonstrating against the deployment of US missiles in

European NATO countries, belonging to the same peace movement as the Greenham Common women in England.

At the moment they are under constant threat of deportation from the Italian police. On 27 September 1983 the police deported one of the women.

The story is told in a letter from one of the women in the peace camp; "We are stopped by police to check documents and after five hours of interrogation they decided to expel Jane Oldbury from Italy permanently, although she had done absolutely nothing illegal".

"Despite the fact that 130,000 lire of hers, together with her passport, were brought from the camp immediately, they deported her on the grounds of being 'peniless'."

"We are shocked and upset that just from a routine check the police separated one of us, treated her like a dangerous criminal, and detained her in the police station overnight. She was escorted to Catania airport and flown out of Italy at 3.30pm the following day."

"The rest of us were released after a couple of hours even though three of us had no money with us either and were not questioned about it."

The women at the military base

Food Phobia Diagnosed

American Pediatricians have diagnosed a new eating disorder 'Fear of Obesity' which is closely related to anorexia nervosa.

The New England Journal of Medicine reports that the syndrome, left untreated could be a precursor to anorexia nervosa.

Like anorexia, patients deliberately eat less because they are afraid of obesity. Growth and sexual development in the small sample group were delayed because of this.

Tales of horror about obesity and its consequences may have caused the disorder say the authors.

Unlike Anorexia Nervosa, 'Fear of Obesity' patients are predominantly male and respond well to therapy. There is no vomiting or laxative abuse, compulsive exercising, food hoarding, gastro-intestinal problems or distorted body image.

Jane Wilcox

Pharmaceutical Marketing Kills Millions — doctor's Claim

Dangerous marketing of medicines may kill one million people and injure fifteen million more in developing countries this year.

Many western pharmaceutical companies market dangerous drugs aggressively in these countries without giving adequate warning of side-effects.

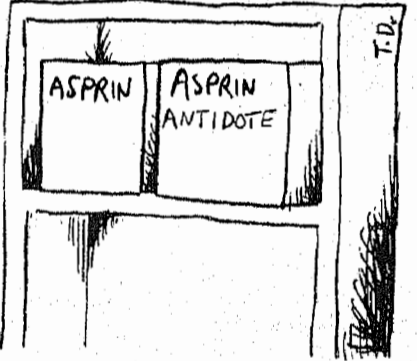
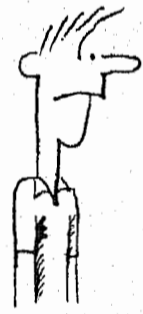
These claims were made recently by Adelaide medico Dr. Peter Mansfield at the launching of the Medical Lobby for Appropriate Marketing (MLAM), a group of doctors, pharmacists and the general public created to encourage international drug companies to change their marketing practises.

Dr. Mansfield said that a disturbing example of dangerous marketing was the sale of aminopyrine by the Ciba Geigy corporation. Aminopyrine is a pain-killer which can cause agranulocytosis, a fatal blood disorder. It may kill eight in every one thousand who take the drug. Ciba Geigy promised to stop selling the drug in 1977 but today they continue to make and sell it.

from the brain and other vital organs to muscular expansion. Lomotil is dangerous for infants under two.

MLAM consists of a wide-spread network of members who receive letters summarising a particular drug marketing problem and making positive suggestions for improvement. Members then sign the letters and send them to the company responsible. Drug companies are very sensitive about their images and respond to lobbying. Significant improvements have been achieved by medical lobbies in the UK and Sweden.

Dr. Mansfield saw many examples of the harm caused by inappropriate use of drugs when he worked in Bangladesh. He



Wide-spread misuse of anabolic steroids for children and the recommendation of Lomotil for treatment of diarrhea in infants, were cited by Dr. Mansfield as further instances of irresponsible marketing. The steroids divert growth in children

said the Bangla Dosh Government has attempted to restrict the marketing of harmful drugs but much of their legislation has been watered down after considerable pressure from pharmaceutical companies.

Davis Gleeson



are preparing for a large demonstration on October 30/31. Conveyed in this letter is a feeling of constant tenseness and unease due to the presence of hostile police.

Sometimes planning an

action a few weeks hence seems madness when we don't know if we'll be here tomorrow. The same is true for the Italian women who face banishment from the province if the police think that they are too active, too often."

"However, we are all determined to stay and fight and refuse to lay down our principles of non-violent direct action and the right to demonstrate in the face of police intimidation."

A parliamentary enquiry has been established to look into charges of police brutality against demonstrators in a protest that took place on 8 August.

"The record of police abuse on human rights has been appalling — especially during the blockades ... Riot squads used tear gas, truncheons and metal weighted gloves against non-violent demonstrators."

"Jenny, one of the women here, said they beat up everything they could lay their hands on — trees, cars, people — even the earth!"

Allison Rogers



BILBO



Trailing Viscera

THE END

It was the entrance to the University Bar. "Show us your student card," said Thug No. 1. There were three of them behind the table, all looking in different directions but with the same air of boredom.

The bearded one rolled his eyes in Black and White Minstrel fashion, fumbled in four of his pockets, finally produced the relevant piece of paste-board and thrust it under the ogre's nose for inspection.

Frown. "Is that really you?" The bearded one reversed the card and studied it. "I admit," he said, "that it looks more like Colonel Kurtz or possibly the bottom of a bar stool photographed during a solar eclipse; I commissioned it from the *On dit* photo team."

The thing grunted and gestured towards the entrance. The bearded one smiled benevolently and moved off. He paused, his hand on the door. "Why don't they employ just one of you, with three heads?"

The reply was unintelligible. Inside, the thirsting man made his way slowly but purposefully through the usual forest of silly haircuts and stood solemnly at the bar. A slow smile spread over his face.

"Oh goody!" he said to nobody in particular. "My favourite barman." He looked at his neighbour. "What do you think? Is his nose bigger than his mouth, or vice versa? You must agree they're both enormous." The girl moved away.

"Peasant," said the bearded one cheerfully.

He escorted his beer towards the balcony, raking Morons' Corner with a withering sneer. One of the pinball machines was playing a one-fingered version of Beethoven's Ninth. The bearded one's eyebrows formed an arch of resignation. "Culture", he muttered. "Christ"

The balcony was sunlit, and fern fronds waved gently in the breeze. "I feel like a US Marine," he mused aloud. He sat down, put his boots up on a table and perused his glass with a speculative eye.

A whining voice cut into his reverie. "And I've never sat a big exam before and I've only got three weeks left to study and I'm petrified and I'm really depressed, basically."

Without looking around the bearded one produced a large badge and affixed it to his lapel. It read; *Prepare To Meet Thy Marker*.

The beer glass was raised in a toast to the Torrens. "Life", murmured the hirsute hero, "is good".

Telecom has always held a special fascination for Bilbo — they don't have telephones where he comes from.

Thus he was interested to hear that one of editor-benefactors had been having difficulties with one of Telecom's services — the *Wake-up-Reminder* calls.

Seems that the editor booked the call and collapsed into an exhausted, dreamless (and well-earned) sleep.

The telephone next to the bed rang right on schedule and the editor, understandably feeling a shade muzzy, reached to answer it.

"Was your 'phone engaged five minutes ago?" asked a rather curt female voice, who said she was from Telecom.

"No", the editor managed to reply at last.

"Thank you" said the unfriendly woman, and promptly hung up.

The editor was busily trying to puzzle out this mystery when he received another call.

"Goodmorning" said a cheery, friendly and (again) female voice, "this is your wake-up call."

The editor was too stunned to formulate an adequate reply, let alone enquire as to the meaning of the whole affair.

Bilbo has heard that his good friends, the indomitable eengees, have finally done something that threatens to shake the very foundations of their cheerful, beerful existence.

At the recent AU Engineering Society AGM, Bilbo understands that women students were elected to occupy the main three positions of president, treasurer and secretary.

Bilbo was a little alarmed at this uncharacteristic display of good sense, but his fears were somewhat

allayed when the AUES went on in fine tradition to show blue-movies after the meeting.

Campus activists have some unusual ways of expressing their dissatisfaction with some of *On dit's* editorial decisions.

Thus Bilbo was not surprised to discover that the revered door to the *On dit* office has been desecrated (decorated?) with some fairly pointed graffiti.

"Beware" reads one message "*On dit* imperialists SUCK. Fuck off Lans and Mussared."

He was, however a little puzzled over another prominent political comment (in black felt-pen) adorning one of the panes of glass on the door in question.

"Smash *On dit* imperialists" the message demands "*FREE RUDI NOW*".

Bilbo understands that Rudi is on vacation in Antarctica — or is there something the editors aren't telling him?

Bilbo hears well-known A.U. footballer cum barman Gary 'Gap-tooth' Martin underwent a particularly embarrassing trauma in the bar a week ago.

Challenged to a drinking competition by one of his mates, Gazza downed several double scotches under the impression his opponent was drinking equal quantities of brandies and coke. He

was — except for the brandy.

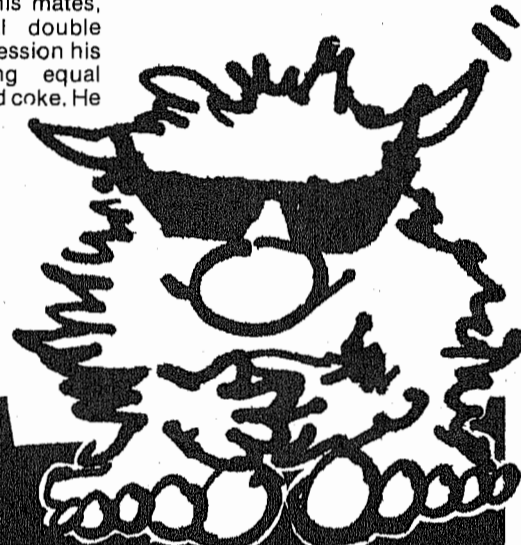
Gary's exertions caused him to fall over full-length and semi-comatose, and when politico Yvonne Madon went to his aid, the confused athlete attempted to bite a large chunk out of his rescuer's arm through her leather jacket, Rabid stuff.

Gary professes to have no memory of the event. Still, as Bilbo always maintains, *in vino veritas*.



Bilbo was surprised to hear the infamous Greg Mckay mutter; "I'm a bastard, I admit it."

Could he finally be listening to popular opinion?



Production Notes

Editors, Publishers: Jenni Lans and David Mussared.

Postal Address:

'On dit'
University of Adelaide
GPO Box 498
Adelaide, SA 5001.

Telephone: (08) 223 2685, 228 5404
Circulation: 5,500

Printers: Bridge Press, Murray Bridge.

THANKS TO ALL THOSE WHO HELPED US THIS YEAR;

Devin Clementi — for all his schemin', dreamin' and shutter clicking.

Damien Barrett — for that beatific smile he always manages to produce whilst lying prostrate in a gutter somewhere.

Richard Dail — for being sick on demand, and for giving all his characters those wonderful, cutesy eyes.

Armon Hicks — for always being there, and for millions of little things that so often go un-noticed.

Jane Willcox — for giving a new dimension to the phrase 'spelling mistake', and for all those late nights.

Mark Davis — for taking five hours to lay out one page, and then pulling it all up and starting again.

Andrew Gleeson — for his wombly presence in bromide room, layout office and newsdesk.

Penny Locket — for exuding her wonderful personality wherever she goes.

Moya Dodd — for being cheerful when nobody else is, and so many other things that kept us sane and operative.

John Tanner — for always believing us when we rang up to tell him we didn't want his cover. And for sticking little bits of ruby onto layout sheets far into the night.

Tim Dodd — for being an inspiration to all of us ("how can one person be so capable?")

Charles Gent — for his droll humour, his droll life-style and his droll attitude to deadlines.

Tammy Moore — for keeping us in alcohol, gossip and good-humour.

Leonie Nowland — for never rolling newspapers when she's supposed to (Muz thinks your hair is lovely).

Lena Grant — for making our mouths water as we marked up the food column every week.

Mark Koerber — for wombats, philosophy and a generally unpredictable sense of reality.

Troy Dangerfield — for Cap'n Adelaide and lots more. He don't talk much, but when he does it's worth listening to.

Alison Rogers — for being enthusiastic when we'd just about given up hope.

Ron and Rob Tomljan — for never hassling us and for producing some damn fine caricatures.

David Walker — for devotion above and beyond the call of duty. We do appreciate you mate. Really.

James Williamson — for doing odd things in dark-rooms and on freeways. Oh yes, and at parties.

Phillip Kelly — for amusing, assisting and consoling us in times of turmoil.

Gerhard Ritter — for poking cartoons under our door at ungodly hours of the morning.

Jacki de Szombattalvy — for being frustrating, unpredictable and always in an annoyingly good mood.

Carmen Ashe — for her gentle presence and unerring good sense.

Paul Klaric — for ensuring that life was never dull, and for some magnificent pancakes cooked in unlikely places.

Sue Green — for bringing a breath of fresh air with legible and intelligent reviews.

Xavier Pilkington — for supplying beer, noise and a delightful touch of engineering iconoclasm.

Jo Davis — for being very understanding.

Mhairi McPherson — for helping, supplying advice and paying our layout money.

Ian Withall — for doing his job, and doing it damn well.

Barry Salter — for not minding being photographed with a beer in his hand, and for helping us out on numerous occasions.

Geoff Hanmer — for inspiration, advice and a touch of Sydney.

John Sandeman — for innumerable favours, and the odd glass of beer.

Nick Xenophou — for telling jokes that no-one wants to hear, and for paranoia above and beyond the call of reality.

Andrew Fagan — for being reliable, helpful and always forgiving. And for making textbook reviews amusing.

David Mendels — for being able to sell ice to an Eskimo with frost-bite.

Peter Hockney — for advice and for giving us an understanding of the inherent humour of human foibles.

Lord Salisbury — for always keeping us guessing whether he was trying to get us sued or not.

Chris Sen — for humour when nothing else counts, and for beer when humour fails.

Alan Brideson — for reliability, and for keeping us giggling by putting naughty comments in his stories.

Nouhad Aoukar — for putting up with our habits, and for never failing support.

Wendy Lagoon — for being quick to sympathy and slow to anger.

Dino di Rosa — for always managing to come up with a word we hadn't heard of.

David Winderlich — for not getting in our way and for being one of the few people to meet our deadlines consistently.

Peter Rummel — for making movies come to terms with people.

Sue Lam — for being there, rain

or shine, and for not depressing us nearly as much as you thought you were.

Paul Coory — for making us check with our solicitors more often than any other writer.

Bill Morton — for support from afar, and for managing to write articles whilst trying to survive in some odd places.

Roger Burton and Jim Cock — for unbelievable reliability and for not hassling us. It's always nice when someone is confident enough to do everything themselves.

Cyril — for not writing the bun column and not winning the chair-spinning record.

Fish — for not throwing up in the office, and for helping Cyril to not write the bun column.

Tony Nagy — for numerous features and stories, and for being

prepared to accept our decisions.

John Ballantyne — for continually reminding us that next year is 1984.

Gill Burfield — for adding a bit of homespun commonsense to a world that is enraptured with its own trendiness.

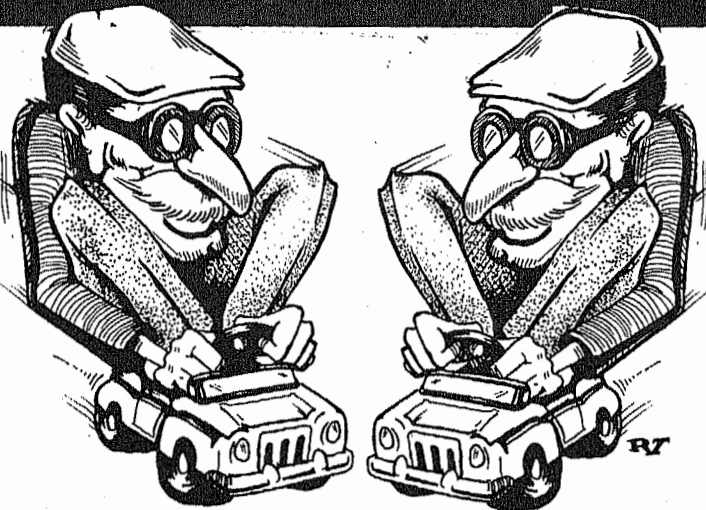
Linda de Silva — for nearly getting things straight, and for letting Tom Morton forgive her.

Tom Morton — for being a rabid left-winger who is not averse to a game of darts.

Roger Clarke — for not watering-down his beer, and for being nice about stealing our chairs.

And to everyone else we've forgotten — the bar staff, the Union staff, the sewer rats (well, most of them), our friends, our house-mates and our drinking companions.





CAR COLUMN

Mitsubishi Cordia

Mitsubishi's Cordia slots into what appears to be a slowly expanding market for relatively cheap cars with sporty appeal. At present, its competitors are the Toyota Sprinter and the newly released Nissan Pulsar EXA Turbo, but next year should see the release of another rival in the form of Honda's CR-X.

What the Cordia, Sprinter and EXA have in common apart from price (around \$11,000) is that they are all new bodies put on 'old' chassis (for 'old' read currently used in other cars). Put simply, the Cordia is a new bodied Colt, the Sprinter has similar affiliations with Toyota's Corolla, and the same applies to the EXA and Pulsar.

Thus the sport buyer no longer faces a base model car with stickers and alloy wheels but a new, more attractive body.

Performance/ Noise/ Transmission

As already mentioned, the Cordia shares its mechanicals with the Colt, that is, it is powered by a 1.6 liter four driving the front wheels. On paper its performance should be similar to that of its sister car. In practise the fact that the Cordia's engine is built in Japan, unlike the locally manufactured Colt, means that its engine is of different character and enjoys a 5kW power advantage. This translates into the Cordia being a surprisingly quick car — don't be deceived by its heritage.

What is often a noisy engine in the Colt has become an engine with an appealing exhaust of not too great a volume in the Cordia.

There is a choice of an optional automatic transmission, or the

standard 4(x2) speed manual. There are two gear levers — a normal one in the four speed pattern, the other with power or economy positions. This effectively gives the Cordia an overdrive in each gear, but in practise the first four changes are made in the power mode, then the economy mode can be selected whilst you are in fourth for what is essentially a fifth gear.

The system has its merits and whether you like it or not depends largely on personal taste — we weren't all that impressed with it.

engine exceeds expectations, but in order for it to really fit the mould it must also handle well.

The Cordia's suspension is firmer than the Colt's and as a result feels more stable on the open road without sacrificing ride. Steering is light and easy, but suffers from the front wheel drive problem of having an over large turning circle.

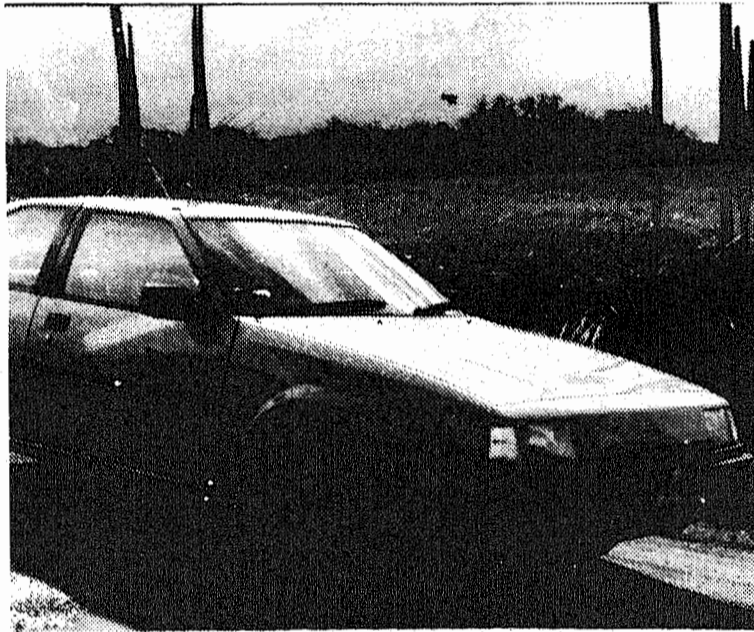
When you needed to stop the Cordia's drum/disc brake system pulled the car up quickly and in a straight line, even when some lock up occurred.

Accommodation/ Comfort

The interior of the Cordia feels completely different to its stablemate, the Colt, in that you are sitting so much lower in the cabin itself, which is necessitated through the sleeker bodies lower roof. Despite having the same wheel base, the Cordia feels much roomier inside and appears larger from the exterior.

The dash is also all new and comes with complete instrumentation, radio/cassette and air-conditioning. The seats occasioned comment because of their attractive colour scheme and shape, and when they aren't back too far. The rear seat passengers have an acceptable amount of leg room.

The rear also has novel vents in



The rear also has special vents...

Handling/ Roadholding/ Steering/ Brakes

The question which must be asked of a car which attempts to project a sporting image is — does it perform like a sports car on the road? We've already stated that the

the B-pillars to supply fresh air, so obviously it is designed to carry more than two people.

Conclusion

The Cordia GSL fulfills its image of a sporting car. It has plenty of get up and go and is surprisingly eye catching. It would have obvious appeal for a young person since it is something different and not too common.

'Expert' Evidence Inhibits Legal Process — scientist

As any lay person might remark on observing the welter of contradictory 'expert' testimony which is brought before courts in cases such as that of Azaria Chamberlain and others, the adversary system of Australia's courts inhibits the proper assessment of forensic evidence.

This is the opinion of medical scientist Dr V.D. Plueckhahn, director of pathology at Geelong Hospital.

Delivering the opening address last week to the annual meeting of the Royal Australasian College of Pathologists in Melbourne, Plueckhahn said that most scientific experts appearing before courts were government employees briefed by the prosecution; their evidence often goes unchallenged as the defence is unable to procure experts of similar qualifications and experience.

"It is only natural that the weight put on such evidence by juries, and possibly judges, may be influenced in part by the degree of authority exuded by

the 'experts' in court, or by their positions or reputations."

"The sporting type of contest which is inherent in our adversary system is fundamentally inappropriate to test expert evidence when this is complete or when there are divergent opinions given by 'experts'."

Deferring to commendable changes made to English law on the admission of forensic evidence in 1972, he urged that similar reforms be introduced in Australia.

Davis Gleeson

It looks good, is easy and fun to drive. The already adequate power will get a boost next year with the introduction of the turbo charged model, but until then, the present car provides excellent value with a build quality that puts locally assembled cars to shame.

Rover Quintet

The Rover Quintet has been the result of collaboration between a Japanese and an English Company — Honda and Rover. This has almost become a trend nowadays as we see similar Toyota - Lotus and Mazda - Ford joint projects. This means that consumers are receiving the dual benefits of Japanese manufacturing technology and the prestige of the Rover name.

The Rovers layout is that of a five door hatchback, hence the name 'Quintet' and is packaged in a very neat looking body. The interior feels luxurious, particularly so in such a small car.

All the mod-cons are present — air conditioning, power steering and windows, cassette/stereo and velour seats.

The dash is very attractive — it doesn't look Japanese at all, which is good in a Japanese car (albeit with English badges). Its only interior shortcoming is the hopelessly outmoded digital clock.

A transversely mounted 1600cc

engine provides traction through the front wheels using a slick five speed gear box. The small capacity of the engine belies its true power. The steep gradient of Willunga Hill was negotiated with a minimum of fuss.

Steering is feather light due to standard fitting of power assistance which makes parking and light manoeuvres child's play. The need for such assistance could be queried in a car of the Quintet's size but the emphasis throughout is one of ease of operation. This is further reflected in the one touch power drivers side window.

At all times the Quintet felt sure footed. Whilst light controls meant city driving was hassle-free, on the open road, the car felt equally competent.

The Rover Quintet offers everything which the small car buyer is looking for. It's roomy but still a small car. It can carry four people in relative comfort.

The engine is both economical and responsive and runs on standard fuel meaning a 1c a litre saving at the petrol pump.

Above all it is relatively cheap to purchase at around \$11,500 but offers the perstige which the Rover badge brings.

Roger Burton and Jim Cock

Cold Chisels Last Stand

LAST WEEKEND SAW THE FINAL CURTAIN FALL ON ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST LIVE BANDS.

IT IS NEARLY 17 YEARS SINCE COLD CHISEL STARTED STUNNING AUSTRALIA WITH HEAVY METAL COVERS.

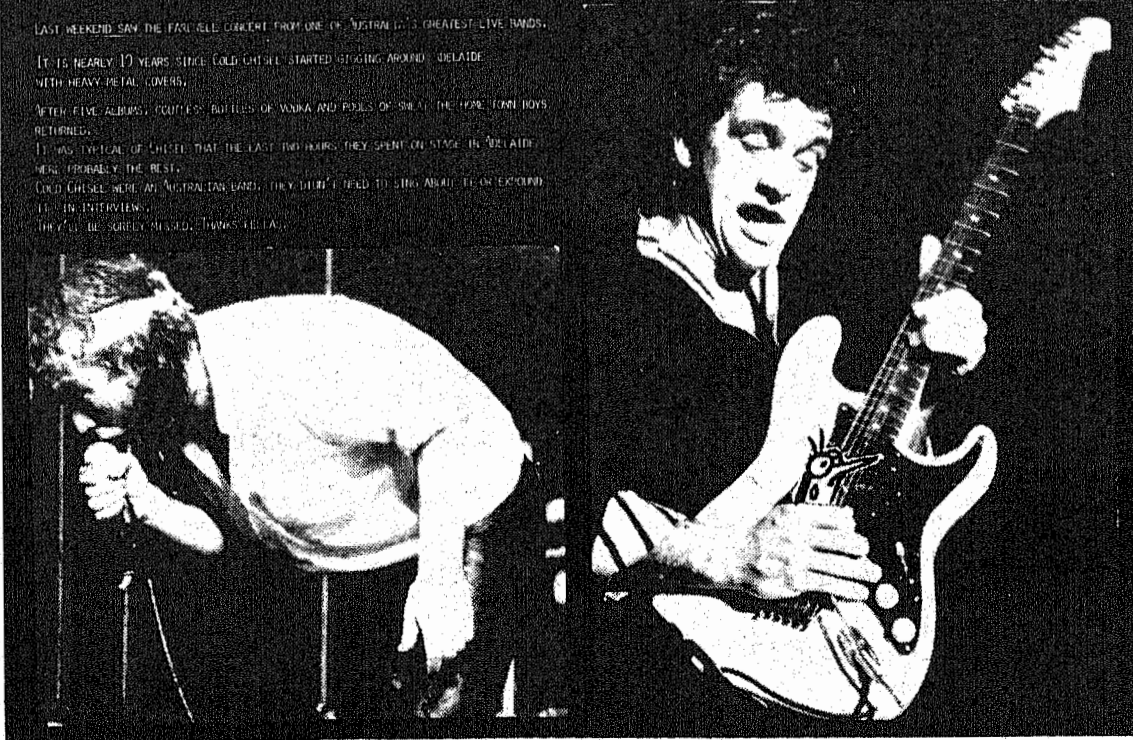
AFTER FIVE ALBUMS, QUOTES, BOTTLES OF WINE AND FEELS OF SHAME, THE HEAVY METAL BOYS RETURNED.

IT WAS TYPICAL OF CHISEL THAT THE LAST TWO HOURS THEY SPENT ON STAGE IN MELBOURNE WERE PROBABLY THE BEST.

COLD CHISEL WERE AN AUSTRALIAN BAND. THEY HAD A TEND TO STAY AWAY FROM EXPORTS.

IN AN INTERVIEW...

THEY'LL BE SURPRIS... THOMAS... (A)



What are your employment prospects after Uni?

IF YOU WANT TO SECURE A JOB PAYING OVER \$20,000 PER ANNUM:

THE AUSTRALIAN CROUPIER SCHOOL IS CONDUCTING SPECIAL COURSES DURING SUMMER VACATION IN:

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CHEAP FOOD

LENA GRANT, wary of the orgy of gorging around Christmas time, gives advice as to eating and drinking before the big day and two yummy recipes: Pork Fillet Paprika and Banana Flambe.

In this, the final edition of 'On dit' for 1983, my suggestion for your gastronomic pleasure is not a particularly cheap one, I'm afraid, but I couldn't resist it.

When you can afford a bit of luxury it is important to make the most of it. If you do you will find that some fairly expensive foods can be quite economical. (That's my rationalisation anyway). And so to *Pork Fillet Paprika*;

Take two pork fillets and strip off any fat on the outside. Heat some butter (about 1½ oz.) in a large frying pan and gently cook a finely chopped medium onion till almost tender.

Add the whole fillets and turn them in the hot butter to seal them. Add 1½ teaspoons (heaped) of paprika and a sprinkle of white pepper and let the paprika cook in the butter for a couple of minutes only.

Pour on ¼ cup of chicken stock or water and a couple of teaspoons of tomato puree (not paste) and allow to simmer gently with the lid on for 15-20 minutes. A few sliced mushrooms can be added too.

If the sauce is too thin for your taste bring the heat up in the last few minutes and take the lid off to

let the liquid reduce. Throw in some finely sliced red capsicum and let it cook for a minute.

Remove the pork fillets to a hot plate or carving board and slice them up, remove the pan from the heat and stir in two tablespoons of sour cream, arrange the meat on serving plates with boiled white rice and pour the sauce over.

Serve with some lightly cooked green vegetable — the broccoli seems to be finished now but there are some lovely young green beans coming in.

By cooking the fillets whole you avoid making them dry, and the fairly delicately flavoured sauce marries as well with pork as it does with chicken. I think that two fairly large pork fillets suffice for four people, but you may prefer to use three.

A meal might be finished with rockmellon with port. Just take two small ripe rockmellons, cut in halves, scoop out the seeds and fill the cavity with port. Let them stand for a while to absorb the flavour. For this I use and inexpensive ruby port.

Or if you want to be more spectacular, make bananas flambe. Take four bananas (one per person), peel and slice

lengthways. Heat 1½ oz. butter in a pan and when it is foaming add the bananas with two teaspoons of sugar. Turn them very gently once — they only need a couple of minutes altogether.

When the fruit is a little brown on the outside add a couple of tablespoons of gin and one of brandy or just a couple of tablespoons of brandy, and when this is hot (perhaps in ½ a minute) set it alight.

Serve immediately with whipped cream — the bananas arrange very nicely provided that you avoid overcooking them so that they break up. If you like, add a few currants and some candied citrus peel just before putting in the liquor.

All this is very nice for the festive season, but here is a slightly more austere suggestion for cleaning and refreshing your system and your palate, after the strains and coffee poisoning of the academic year and before the beginning of that disgraceful orgy of boozing and gourmandising we call Christmas. Take three days off for a big rest.

On the first day eat only fruit, excluding high acid fruits such as oranges or pineapple.

On the second day just drink hot boiled water — plenty of it.

On the third day continue drinking water and in the afternoon have a meal of boiled brown rice and lightly boiled or steamed vegetables including onions or leeks.

Do not drink anything other than water for the three days. This is strictly for a time when you do not have to do anything as it brings your energy right down, but

afterwards you'll feel great, which may motivate you to refrain from eating and drinking too much.

Whatever you do, have a great summer, and good luck to everyone scribbling out their essays or preparing for exams.

For those who won vouchers for the 'Beirut at Night' competition, please use them by the end of November as they won't be valid in December.

Lena Grant



Last Prez Column For 1983

This being my last column for the year, I'll attempt to give some sort of overview. I began with a lot of ideas, energy and some great hopes for what could be achieved in 1983. At this stage of my term I still feel quite positive, although at times I've felt frustrated at the enormity of the task of SAUA President.

It seems to be more difficult for women in public positions on campus (and off), and this has been aggravated by campus

publications degrading women (among other things). The University's recognition of this problem in the form of sexual harassment policy should help educate people on this. I also found the year harder without the support of the previous president, who in fact actively undermined much of the Association's work.

On a more positive note, there have been some real achievements in 1983. On-campus childcare is close to a reality after many years

of work. Special thanks to Andrew Derrington, the Education Welfare Officer for his efforts in this area. Closer relations with students at the WAITE Institute were established by having a joint meeting of SAUA Executive and the Ag. Students Committee and hopefully this will continue in the future. Late night opening on Tuesdays has made access to the Student Activities Office easier,

especially for students who can't get in during office hours.

A lot of new people have become involved in the work and activities of the Association, especially in the areas of media and the action committees. It has been good to see the Student Reps. Group meeting and workshopping and the Media Affairs Committee has got great potential for '84 with workshops being organised for Orientation. Planning for other Orientation events are underway with an emphasis on group input rather than just one or two people. Comprehensive "how-to" guidelines have been put together this year to help future organisers of Orientation and other events.

The Students' Association jointly hosted a conference with the SA Region of the Australian Union of Students on "Students and International Affairs". This was very successful in generating debate around international issues and our relationship to them. It is interesting that some people who oppose student bodies debating international affairs constantly refer to overseas situations themselves and never participate in so-called "education issues" to which they claim we should limit ourselves. The fact that we have a significant number of overseas students on campus should belie their claim.

The issue of nuclear disarmament is one area in which there is

growing interest and has obvious links with international, national and even 'political' spheres. Moves are being made throughout the Australian Community to establish peace and development education courses and this is an idea for us to build on in 1984, particularly as we're now facing a new cold war situation globally.

This year has been the first year that students at the University's Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music (CASM) have been full Union members (and therefore members of the Association). I hope that they will be joined by an increasing number of black students in all faculties in the future.

Finally, I've learnt a lot this year and built up many of my skills in a variety of areas. I recommend involvement in the Students' Association to anyone who wants to get more out of Uni. than a degree and as a way of having some input into life on campus and beyond. I want to thank everyone who's supported me and the Association this year, especially Ingrid Condon, Yvonne Madon, Ashley Lindner and Alan Fairley, the staff and lots of women. I'll be studying the new "Women and Politics" course next year and wish Ingrid and the SAUA a good year in 1984.

Jackie Wurm
SAUA President

Motions Passed In Sewer

Resolution of the Minutes of the SAUA Executive Meeting held on Thursday 29th September, 1983

Resolution: That the Revised Budget be accepted with amendment.

MADON/SCOTT

Resolution: That Mr. Paul Klaric's resignation be accepted as of Sunday, 9th October, 1983.

MACDONALD/MADON

Resolution: That the Treasurer write an article for the SAUA page

explaining the Budget and the ramifications of the allocation of \$1,800 to *Bread and Circuses*.

CLARKE/CONDON

Resolution: That Paul Grant and Kirsty Magarey be the SAUA delegates to the people for Disarmament Steering Committee.

CONDON/CLARKE

Resolution: That a person be employed on a casual basis for a week to organise files in the Education Office.

WURM/CONDON

SAUA

Undergraduate Elections of Members of the Council Wednesday, 19 October, 1983

Following is a summary of the voting scores in this election. Any candidate wishing to inspect the computer print-out may do so by getting in touch with Miss Wendy Jolly in the Office of the Registrar (Room 649, Wills Building):

	Score after each ballot	1.	2.
1. Condon, Ingrid M.	3415	2755	
2. Crowley, Philip	4245		
3. Fairley, Alan P.	3310	2625	
4. Scott, Michael E.	3215	2510	
5. Watson, Darryl P.	3115	2490	

A formal declaration of the results will be made on 28 October 1983.

F.J. O'Neill,
Returning Officer

SAUA Financial Report to the End of September

Line Item	1983 Budget	To 30/9/1983
Administration	\$9 655	\$10 655.38
EAC	2 155	1 190.36
AUS	27 685	26 928.49
SAC	200	234.28
Orientation Guide	1 774	2 363.18
Counter Calendar	2 771	3 318.67
Bread & Circuses	1 320	1 304.78
On dit	23 683	16 908.00
Student Radio	9 730	9 999.82

78 973

72 902.96

+ income from O' Camps

1 030.67

80 003.67

Yvonne Madon
SAUA Treasurer



Melbourne Cup

Yes folks! The racing event of the year is rounding the corner once again — the annual Melbourne Cup. LORD SALISBURY discusses the field in question and makes some suggestions as to which horse to back to make your millions.

A Day at the Races

The racecourse is a great leveller. It is a model of fraternity and equal opportunity in an open market.

It embraces Aborigines and Asians, the very rich and very poor, the elderly and the young, the employed and the unemployed, and both sexes.

There is a camaraderie between all classes on the track. (It's hard to maintain society's barriers and pretences when you're doing something as absurd as wagering your money on an animal race.)

There is a solidarity of hope and resignation.

People with whom you have nothing in common and would not otherwise meet can become your mates at the track. They will commiserate as you hurt your losing betting slip away, or, without introducing themselves, discuss the chances in the next race or point out better odds further up the ring.

The open market is assured through intense competition between bookmakers and the TAB; and equal opportunity is assured through the blaze of publicity which surrounds most relevant racing information.

While it is true that owners and trainers, and their clientele, have privileged access to information on the health of the horses, most relevant data such as breeding, weight, form, trackwork and stewards reports are very public. And punters can inspect the horses in their stalls and watch them in the birdcage (mounting yard) before the race.

The racing industry is strictly policed, especially in the city. Swabs are taken from horses which run unusually well or unusually poorly, and cameras are on the horses at every stage of the race.

Back in the 1930s, when swabbing was a primitive art, American trainer Fats Wilkerson used to pep up his horses before the race.

In the mounting yard at Churchill Downs one day, the chief steward noticed Fats giving one of his horses a white substance.

"Getting yourself into trouble again?" the steward inquired.

"Not at all, judge," Fats replied. "It's a sugar cube. Have one. I'll eat one myself."

Munching on a cube, and tasting nothing suspicious, the steward walked away.

Fats legged up the jockey, who asked how the horse should be ridden.

Fats told him to lead.

"The only two who can catch you are me and the judge."

Sometimes country races are fixed by the agreement of several or all parties, but the only way to cheat in the city is to prevent your horse from running on its merits.

While punters often scream "fix" when they do not like a result, it is

more probable that their calculations have been upset by ordinary imponderables such as the weather and track condition, the horse's mood (bad temper, sexual attraction to another runner) and bad luck in running (being bumped, caught wide or clipping the heels of another runner).

The Melbourne Cup

After using Hayai as my example, you'd think I'd have the decency to pick him for the Cup.

Not a bit of it.

His name means "fast" in Japanese but he won't be leading at the end of two miles tomorrow.

Hayai showed he has ability by winning two important races this spring: the Sydney Metropolitan and the Caulfield Cup, both 2400 metre races. These races were run on rain-affected tracks, but Flemington will be dry tomorrow and Hayai will have to stay in front for another 800 metres to win the gruelling 3200m. race.

He has been penalised four kilograms for winning those races and this should handicap him out of the Cup.

Other fancied runners which should be ignored are Just A Dash, Veloso, La Cocotte and Triumphal March.

Just A Dash won the Cup in 1981 but it will carry much more weight tomorrow. It finished last in the 2600m. Moonee Valley Cup on October 22.

Cartoonist Larry Pickering and ad man John Singleton chose a champion when they bought Veloso. But the four-year-old stallion, who won the Sydney Cup, couldn't cope with the early pace in the Caulfield Cup and dropped out a conspicuous last. Although he ran on strongly to finish mid-field, he can't afford to get that far back tomorrow. Roy Higgings, who rode "Phar Lap" in the film, has been riding Veloso in trackwork and says he's not racing well enough to win the Big One.

La Cocotte ran a creditable third in the Caulfield Cup but she was weakening at the end of the 2400m. She'll be going backwards at the end of 3200m.

Triumphal March is owned by multi-millionaire Robert Sangster. It's a strongly built six-year-old gelding and a good stayer but has the unfortunate habit of getting nervous when paraded before a big crowd. If it's nervous on Cup day it will sweat profusely and its fur will be dull and matted. It could be worth a bet but hold your money until the TV cameras show it in the mounting yard.

There are many chances in the race but I rate the following horses highly: Fountaincourt, No Peer, Kiwi, Chez Nous, Toujours Mio, Chagemar, Noble Comment, Noble Heights, Home Maid and Nostradamus.

Fountaincourt (10/1) and Kiwi (8/1) are New Zealanders and

SWEEPSTAKE

Using the list of horses and numbers on this page, you can make up your own Melbourne Cup sweep. First you cut the page up into slips with the name and number of each horse on ... You already know how to do it? Great.

No.	Horse	Age & Sex	Weight	Trainer	Jockey	Colours
1	Just a Dash	6g	57	Tommy Smith	Ron Quinton	Dark blue, green stripes
2	Fountaincourt (NZ)	5g	55.5	Cyril Pfefferle	N. Harris	Cerise, yellow spots and sleeves, green armbands and cap
3	Veloso	4h	55.5	M.G. Barnes	Peter Cook	Black, white spots, hooped sleeves and red cap
4	Hayai	4h	55	Jim Lee	Neville Voigt	Green, pale blue halves and yellow cap.
5	No Peer	6g	54	Bart Cummings	Harry White	Yellow, white sleeves, green armbands, green and yellow cap.
6	Amarant	6h	53	G.M. Hanlon	R. Heffernan	Red, purple diamond, white sleeves and cap
7	Machtvogel	6h	53	E.W. Laing	Greg Hall	Grey, green maltese cross and cap.
8	Triumphal March	6h	52.5	Colin Hayes	Brent Thompson	Green, blue sleeves, white cap with green spots
9	Bianco Lady	6m	52	Colin Hayes		Yellow, dark blue spots and sleeves, green armbands and cap
10	Chlamare	4g	52	Tommy Smith	Les Dittman	Yellow, red striped sleeves and cap
11	Kiwi (NZ)	6g	52	Snow Lupton	Jim Cassidy	Colours not known
12	Chagemar	4g	51.5	G.T. Murphy	Darren Gauci	Red, black and white striped sleeves, black cap
13	HUSSAR'S COMMAND	6g	51.5	E. B. Murray	W. Treloar	YELLOW; DARK HOOPS AND A PURPLE CAP.
14	Chez Nous	5g	51	Colin Hayes	M. Clarke	Apricot, green spots and cap.
15	Nostradamus	4g	51	G.A. Rogerson	B. Clements	Light blue, dark blue hooped sleeves, dark blue sash, double blue cap
16	Toujours Mio	6g	52	Pat Courtney	Jim Courtney	Green, orange and white diamond band and armbands
17	Noble Comment	6g	50.5	G.M. Hanlon		Black, white maltese cross, orange sleeves and cap
18	Home Maid	4m	50	P.M. Perry	B.S. Compton	Yellow, red braces, blue cap
19	Mr. Jazz	4g	50	Bart Cummings		Colours not known
20	Noble Heights	5m	50	N.C. Begg		Dark blue, white hoops, grey sleeves, blue and white quartered cap
21	Mevron Boy	4g	49.5	R.R. Armstrong	R.J. Skelton	Pink, gold sleeves and cap
22	English Wonder	4m	48.5	J.R. Hawkes	P. Shepherd	All light blue
23	Combat	4h	47.5	Tommy Smith		Pink, green spots and cap
24	La Cocotte	4m	47.5	Tony Lopes	P. Alderman	Light blue, red sash, yellow cap

* g = gelding, h = stallion, m = mare

proven two-milers. Both are in good form. Noble Comment (12/1) was a gallant second to Fountaincourt in last Wednesday's Weribbee Cup and third in last year's Melbourne Cup.

No Peer (50/1) is trained by the Cups king, Bart Cummings, and has been ridden in a very peculiar way when beaten in his past two races. Home Maid (100/1) is a classy mare who was pipped in the

VRC and AJC Oaks (2400m) last season. She has been bumped, checked and forced to race three-wide when losing her past two races. Both No Peer and Home Maid could surprise at long odds if they get some luck in running.

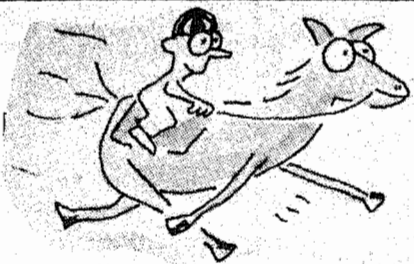
Chez Nous (10/1), Nostradamus (16/1) and Noble Heights (16/1) have moderately good form and are reported to be fit.

Toujours Mio (12/1) and

Chagemar (16/1) fought out a thrilling finish in the Moonee Valley Cup — a finish in which the author was very interested, but also disinterested because of a betting device called the quinella.

Toujours Mio, a very honest six-year-old gelding, rarely runs a bad race but has been penalised 2.5kg. for its Moonee Valley Cup win. Good luck tomorrow!

Lord Salisbury



Feminism Not A Threat To Civilization

Dear Jenni and David,

I was appalled to see the leaflet circulating on campus, produced by the Moderate Students, which accuses feminists of being totalitarian. These are typical tactics of this organisation and their evidence is flimsy, to say the least.

Feminism is not about dictating to people but giving them *Freedom of Choice*. Women have started to rebel against the restrictions placed on them by male society. Feminism is not dictatorial but concerned with giving women control of their own destinies.

The arguments used by the Moderate Students are ridiculous, and based on the British situation although this may be irrelevant to what happens in Australia.

While they express horror at British Sex Discrimination legislation, they ignore the fact that the same type of legislation has been in effect in South Australia since 1975. This legislation has not seen the breakdown of the family or the downfall of "civilization" as we know it.

The women considered so tyrannical by the Moderate Students are concerned with the elimination of gender-based stereotypes. This will release women from their traditional conditioning and open up their choices and opportunities in society. Combined with structural changes, changing attitudes will see the advent of equal opportunity for women.

The elimination of sexist language from teaching materials will not indoctrinate people but enable women to contribute more to society. Language is gender-defined, affecting the powerless position of women in society and their lack of participation in the development of language. We must recognize that *man* is not a genetic term, embracing everybody, and work to rectify this situation. People such as Miss Hardon are to be congratulated for attempting to eliminate sex discrimination in education. Research has shown that teachers spend more time with boys than girls in the classroom and tend to encourage passivity in girls.

The influence of the media on attitudes to women is enormous, as was pointed out by the National Women's Advisory Council. The stereotyped portrayal of women in the popular media give them a sense of inferiority, especially if they do not live up to the "glamour girl" image.

The Moderate Students' attacks on funding given to women in projects are totally absurd. These sums are ridiculously small when compared to the total percentage of government expenditure on defence, i.e. weapons, or the subsidies given to huge private enterprises such as BHP.

Feminism as a philosophy is based on individual preference and *Everyone's* (including women's) right to choose their own lifestyle. The women's movement is struggling to achieve a society in which neither females nor males are bound by patriarchal attitudes. This would enable people to determine their own destinies, freed from traditional stereotypes.

Kathleen Brannigan

More On Childcare

Dear Editors,

The current controversy about child care amazes me. It appears that those people who oppose this basic need have consistently forgotten some very major points:

1. Not all parents have a family or friends in close proximity to send their children to when they need to study. I am sure you are also aware that TEAS, which many of us are on, doesn't go much further than things such as rent, food, clothing etc. Therefore parents, single or otherwise, need an occasional child care centre on campus to be able to study effectively.

2. Student parents pay their fees just like everybody else. Is there any good reason to deny us positive benefits from our union? Often we can't use many of the other facilities available to us, due to lack of child care facilities.

3. Surely the Union Councillors are there to represent the student body that elected them? Given that a large percentage of this student population has children why do they choose to ignore our needs?

4. Are these the same councillors who had earmarked \$400,000 plus for air conditioning to benefit those people who visit during the holiday break, rather than aid the students they promised so fervently to represent when they were elected?

If this is so, what is the problem with giving \$10,000 to meet a basic need of students?

Finally, if we want to maintain the illusion that we are a progressive institution, it would appear that a child care centre is a good place to begin. This would ensure that all people could pursue a tertiary education if they chose to.

Yours Sincerely,
Bea Campbell

'On dit' "Bigotry"

Dear Editors,

Mr. Charles Gent does not like Don Lane. Well we all have our likes and dislikes, personally I abhor Balfours pies, early rising and bigotry in any form. By bigotry I imply any attempt to belittle or demean a human being on the basis of physical characteristics (18ft tall), nationality or race ("New York Jew"), idelect ("Darn") or any other aspect of his or her make up.

I don't particularly like the Don Lane Show Mr. Gent, however I will not stoop on such a basis to attacking an individual I have never met and a nation I have not visited in order to gratify childish intolerance, *On dit* you have championed a singularly petty issue and individual in this departure from your "usual policy of editorial impartiality."

James Dalgarno

Gent Replies

Dear Jim,

Oh dear! Another earnest soul defending the indefensible.

It's the man's 'personality' and remarkable lack of talent that grates. My reference to Mr. Lane as an 18-foot tall New York Jew was *primarily* descriptive, if vaguely derogatory. I would not be flattered to hear myself represented as a myopic and emaciated albino, but I would not maintain such a description to be totally inaccurate or unevocative. Scrupulous fair mindedness can be taken too far.

Obviously things American are not all bad, but the deletion of Mr. Lane from the catalogue of odious American phenomena to which Australia is already subject seemed worthy of some slight applause. 400 rather whimsical words was, in my estimation, a very restrained celebration.

Perhaps Monsieur Sagarno would care for a public debate on the merits of *Different Strokes* or *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*?

Death to American quasi-cultural imperialism.

Yours in sweetness and light,
Charles Gent

Coulter On FOL Debate

Dear Jenni and Muz

Another letter! I think it's pretty important to answer a few of the points raised by Barron's letter last week.

(1) Though he stated his views were his own, they correspond remarkably well with the Festival of Light, the Moral Majority, the NCC, the Right to Lifers, etc.

(2) His point in regard to statistics. Quoting statistics is like quoting Voltaire; whatever quote you rise there is one to contradict it.

(3) (a) Feminism is based on an innate desire for equality in all areas of women's lives, the right to decide how we want to spend our lives and the need to see an end to the oppressive forces we have to live under. It is not based on a concept of biological differences, sexuality or the ability to reproduce ourselves. These are arguments used by people who are anti-feminist, and are a gross distortion of the reality.

(b) As for the idea that mature people have families, etc., surely women have as much right as men to determine how the rest of their life will be spent?

(c) The idea of one income for the nuclear family is fine, but it neglects the fact that more and more families are not in accordance with this model.

It appears that Barron is not cognizant with the society that we live in. Just like the nuclear family evolved to suit the society it was geared to, so will a form that is more compatible to our *changing* society.

In Sisterhood
Kendra Coulter

A Fan From Afar

Eds,

Starve the lizards there folks. That's the first *On dit* I've read since graduating from the University of Adelaide in 1965.

I'm now 41, a time when one becomes seriously alarmed by the possibility that life might be a mind-embalming confidence trick, a possibility which, unfortunately comes with dead seriousness.

I found your paper enormously refreshing.

Cheers,
R. (Reg) Naully

Student Pollies Slammed

Dear Comrades

The time has come for some quiet reflection upon the year that has passed and those who made it all possible. The Student Pollies of course! This plethora of incompetents have exceeded the realms of sheer stupidity with their factionalistic antics. Some may gasp in disbelief at the overt disregard these cretins have for the ordinary students (if any really exist) but you're fooling yourselves.

My conscience would never allow me to conduct a pure character assassination (heh! heh!) upon these defenceless mortals, so let's get down to the nitty gritty.

Ashley Lindner, EVP, bastion of student ideals, managed to push his obscure political barrow all over the 'TEAS' and 'Student housing' issues with such immemorable phrases as 'promoting political consciousness' and 'challenging ... hierarchical and ideological structures'. I didn't hear as much as a snide quip of defence of our Reading Room as it was sacrificed to Andrew Derrington's pet project.

But praise must be given where it is deserved and without prejudice Mr David Clements must be congratulated for turning incoherency into an artform! He just never makes any sense, never has.

Next year the Union will be sporting a 'new' president, Ingrid Condon, but alas that is like replacing a kewpie doll with a

glove puppet. It seems that some things, such as the upper echelons of our Union, never change (know 'WOC I mean?').

However, one cannot ignore the social winds of change, and last week's letters to the editor were especially inspiring. I now realize that when my young daughter begins to scribble on the walls in crayon she is expressing her natural feminist tendencies and that curbing this legitimate expression would be a cruel misogynist act.

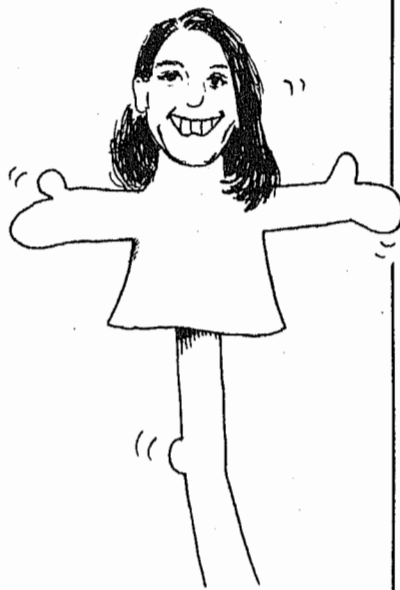
Finally, there are some serious questions that remain unanswered:

- Has Paul Klaric fled behind the Iron Curtain with our Union funds?
- Did Yvonne Maddern really see her breakfast twice in the 'Bar recently?' (Don Ray knows!).
- Is Ken McAlpine an ASIO plant?
- Has Eddie Greenway applied for a job with the Highways Department as a 'witches' hat!
- Is David Mussared really Jenni Lans?
- Would a more appropriate election campaign for Condon and Brannigan have been titled 'The team to lick'?

These questions and more will be answered next year, so if nobody ever hears from me again,

Merry Christmas
Doris Crittenburger

PS: The fact that this is the last issue doesn't mean I'm chicken.



'On dit' Advertising Policy Explained

Dear Jenni and Me,

Once again I feel it necessary to indulge in writing letters to myself.

I would like to clarify some misunderstandings which have been communicated to us regarding our policy on advertising charges.

I am but a simple Arts student, with limited knowledge of accounting, so please forgive my lay-person's terminology.

It has been suggested to us that, as a service to students, we should provide free advertising space to the Union for activities such as bar nights, club shows and etc.

In principle we agree.

We do charge (half) rates to Union bodies for advertising, however this is merely an accounting procedure based on an assumption, when we prepare our budget submission for the year before, that advertising revenue shall be forthcoming.

Thus when deciding *On dit*'s budget for 1984, we took into account the amount of expected advertising revenue (both from on-campus and off-campus sources) that *On dit* would raise in 1984, and subtracted that amount from the total expected expenditure for 1984 to come up with our final budget figure.

A significant component of that expected advertising revenue figure was expected Union advertising — an amount in the order of \$1500.

Thus if *On dit* were to begin giving free advertising to the Union, it would mean that our expected advertising revenue would be reduced by about \$1500 (or our budget would effectively be reduced by \$1500).

This would mean that our initial figure for expected advertising revenue should have been \$1500 lower, and hence our budget \$1500 higher. The money, therefore, would just be disappearing from one place and appearing in another.

If *On dit* were to give free advertising on its present budget allocation for 1984 (to, for example, the Activities Council) it would mean that *On dit* would be subsidising the advertiser the amount of the price of the advertisement — that *On*

dit's budget would be being mis-spent.

All other Union bodies function in the manner outlined above (e.g. the Union, pays the SAUA for poster-printing, the SAUA pays the Union for photocopying, *On dit* pays the SAUA for bromide paper etc. etc.).

This is all assumed and accounted for in the budgets allocated to the various bodies at the beginning of the year.

It may seem tedious and irrelevant for components of the Union to be purchasing services/materials from each other, but there are good reasons for this.

Firstly, as a simply matter of accounting, it is necessary for a record of such transactions to exist so that the Union can keep track of expenditure and stock depletion.

Secondly the necessity of having to purchase services/materials under budgetary constraint from other areas of the Union puts an institutional brake on how much those services/materials are used (or abused). If, for example, there was no allowance for bromide paper in the *On dit* budget, and *On dit* received the paper free from the SAUA, we could use and waste as much of the (expensive) paper as we felt like — without restriction or accountability.

Thirdly, and importantly, this system of internal accounting is a means of political stabilisation within the Union.

If, as has been suggested, the *On dit* editors were to rely solely on their own initiative as to whether an advertisement from (for example) the Activities Council was actually a service to students, then it would be entirely up to the editors to decide what should and should not be advertised (and to what degree), safe in the knowledge that they are under no financial constraints. This is an unacceptable degree of political control for people elected solely as editors to exert over the Union.

Alternatively, if the *On dit* editors are bound to give free advertising to all Union bodies (even given that the *On dit* budget is proportionately increased), the system is open to abuse by those bodies, and a great deal of conflict between the editor(s)



and the Union would inevitably result.

In effect the *On dit* editors would lose their "full and unfettered" editorial discretion (as it is defined in the SAUA constitution) and would be subject to policy directives from other parts of the Union.

In that case it would be much simpler for Union Council to appoint a permanent, salaried editor to produce what is essentially an advertising supplement for the Union.

Yes, we do agree that, as a service to fee-paying students, we have a duty to promote Union Activities. However I hope I have cleared up any confusion relating to the accounting practices of the Union (and of most other corporate bodies).

Budgets exist to facilitate accounting, to control expenditure and (especially in the case of elected officers of our Union) to protect all parties from political manipulation.

Special cases do exist. The Union Films advertisement which appears in each week's *On dit* is not a paid advertisement (we print it out of the goodness of our hearts) and is not budgeted for by us (it is of a standard size, and of little political significance).

Similarly the advertisements which appear in the *Duckbill Board* are free (to students and Union employees), but this is because we as editors feel that the existence of such a service is important. We do not exclude advertisements with which we do not agree (except in very rare cases, usually on legal grounds).

The *Duckbill Board* idea was developed and set-up by Tim Dodd and myself in mid-1982, and at any stage Jenni Lans and myself could abolish it altogether. We choose not to do so.

However we do not intend to surrender the rest of *On dit* to free advertisements for whoever wants one (e.g. protest marches, bar nights, club events, etc. — anything that can get an endorsement from a Club, from the SAUA or from the Union).

David Mussared
(co-editor 'On dit', 1983)

(P.S. Sorry about the length. Please don't cut it Jenni.)

Why is the graffiti so threatening?

The Law School plaza is a relic, a legacy of a period in our architectural history called 'Modernism'. The spirit of Modernism proclaimed that function and appearance should be one and the same, and that the universe could be reduced to undeniable truths. The architecture of Modernism was to be the physical expression of the search of formal, visual and social perfection. True to form, the plaza is uncompromising. Its lines are decisive and clear cut. Its surfaces are geometrically precise, unadorned, and harsh.

Modernism, is now dead. It failed as an architectural creed and the reasons can be related to the continuing sagas of the "plaza pool" and the "Napier theatre graffiti".

According to Modernist theory the observer should be awed by the dramatic simplicity of the visual statement, in the case of the plaza pool the perfectly still sheet of water.

The trouble is that algae refuses to be bound by the tenet of perfection. It reproduces all over the place until the shimmering sheet of water turns a turgid yellow/green. The process is aided by the slow putrefaction of discarded sandwiches which, along with the mottled carpet of duck shit, adorn the bottom of the pool.

The ducks themselves float

disinterestedly amongst the plastic cups and papers that form a scum across the pool surface.

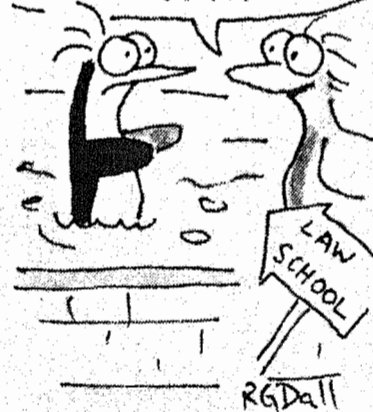
The realities of the world have ignored the visual order. Formalism has been shown up for what it is ... inflexible, artificial ... and ultimately farcical.

The graffiti was intimidating — and it was meant to be. The plaza has become the scene of another conflict between a flawed and artificial system of perfection and a live force that refuses to be regularised. This time the mole-skinned set is finding its basic tenets threatened by articulate newcomers, previously dispossessed. Like the ducks on the pond the newcomers were not allowed for in the original (perfect) scheme of things, and their presence makes a mockery of the false perfection.

Not surprisingly, architecture witnessed the passing of Modernist formalism some years ago. The new order that supplanted it is a confused explosion of styles and symbolism so detested by the Modernists and, brought on by their stylistic repression.

Perhaps the ducks and the architects have a lesson to give the boy-lawyers. Formalised orders and assumed airs of perfection don't last. Cracks soon appear, patching up as if nothing had happened strips dignity from the relic and only emphasises the monumental bathos.

Do you realise that we are ruining the aesthetic values of architectural Modernism???



FOL Debate — A Defence

Dear Jenni and Muz,
 In reply to Mr. Barron's criticism of my report on the 'Women on Campus' vs 'Festival of Light' debate, I'd like to clear up some points. I did not write the heading for the article, but I really don't see why Mr. Barron is so concerned about being associated with the 'Festival of Light' organization. Considering he was reading his argument off copies of 'Festival of Light' articles, I find it somewhat implausible that the views he was expressing were purely his own and not connected with the FOL. Surely if the FOL organizes a debate they would have a representative from FOL speaking?

Mr. Barron's memory seems to be lacking where the statistics are concerned. Most of the statistics he used in the debate were American-based. He said (in the debate) that more Australian statistics weren't used due to a lack of Australian statistics in the area of women and employment. Having listened to a tape of the debate several times over, I know that Mr. Barron presented much greater percentage of US based statistics than Australian. Mr. Barron must also be aware of the inaccuracies that come up when dealing with statistics. When considering the 'statistic' that three times as many men are unemployed as women it must be remembered that any man who is not in paid employment (or self-employed) goes on the dole. This is counted as an unemployed person. A large proportion of women who are not in paid employment i.e. those who stay at home and look after children, receive no wages and aren't registered as unemployed. Therefore they are a 'hidden statistic'. To say that three times as many men are unemployed as females is ridiculous and I'm sure Mr. Barron is well aware of it. And yes, the attendance at the debate was good, there were over 150 people in the audience over lunchtime. I wasn't trying to make a point that the attendance was poor — far from it.

I must admit that it did seem strange to me that the FOL could only supply one speaker for the debate. In view of the fact that the debate was initiated by the FOL. I would have thought they could have spared more than one person to speak. It certainly would have made the debate more comprehensible for all concerned if there had been formal debating teams.

I am sorry that Mr. Barron was disappointed at the 'lack of objectivity' in the report. I was there to report on what was said — not to give anyone favourable publicity. People are perfectly capable of making their own minds up on how they feel about *The Role of Woman in Society* (the subject of the debate). I doubt whether a news report in *On dit* is going to influence a vast majority of people. I'm sure the Festival of Light can conduct their own propaganda campaigns without the aid of student newspapers.

Yours in objectivity,

Alison Rogers

Questioning EVP

Dear David and Jenni,
 I would like to comment on the EVP column published in last week's *On dit*. Our current Education Vice-President, Ashley Lindner, seems to have some very strong ideas about "political consciousness" and directly challenging and weakening "the controlling power in the hierarchical and ideological structures."

I must wonder whether Ashley is really representing the majority of students or pursuing his own political ideals. It seems a common practice for many student politicians to take the needs of students and shape them to fit their own political convictions.

An obvious example of this comes in the second "question" which according to Ashley, must be satisfied when forming student demands and actions. Ashley asks "Does it expose the repression of the established order?" It is certainly true that students are disadvantaged by the actions of various bureaucracies e.g. Social Security, Department Committees, SAUA etc. but to demand that we expose the faults of these established orders seems ludicrous and certainly self-indulgent.

A more obvious example of this indulgence comes in the third "question" where Ashley asks, "Does it address itself to the people's real needs." By "people" does he mean students or the oppressed working class (your guess is as good as mine).

I doubt that Ashley is doing little more than reciting clichés and placing his own political beliefs above and beyond those that would directly benefit students. I urge students to take a look at the current student politicians (both left and right wing) and to next time elect those who have the students interests first and their own political ideologies second.

*Yours sincerely,
Devin Clements*

'On dit' — Resumes?

Dear On dit,
 Some parading through the streets of the year commencing with the sort of...
 I am reassured too, that "the pro-nukes only have reasoned logic." After all it is this "reasoned logic" that led 1973 International Atomic Energy Agency predictions for installed nuclear capacity in 1983, to be 300% out, and which told us the likelihood of a Three Mile Island type accident was equivalent to one meteor hitting earth every 10,000 years. It is this "logic" which means reactors take twice as long to build and cost three times the original estimates; the same logic that we trust will find a solution to the waste problem "in the near future."

Raising CANE About Nukes

Dear Editors,
 It was so good to be reassured by Adrian Smith (Page Two, last issue) that the pro-nuclear lobby is working hard to preserve freedom of speech.

This is the freedom of speech which enables BP and WMC to buy huge slabs of state and national newspapers in order to print a series of misleading advertisements about the nuclear issue. It is the same "freedom" that enables them to produce a propaganda film about Roxby Downs (with a budget greater than the Campaign Against Nuclear Energy's annual income) and to buy the services of professional lobbyists to plead their cause to the politicians. This is the "freedom" that involves silencing the ABC and CANE with libel writs as soon as they talk about... and which gives us a media that loves to sensationalise, but rarely looks at the issues.

I am reassured too, that "the pro-nukes

only have reasoned logic." After all it is this "reasoned logic" that led 1973 International Atomic Energy Agency predictions for installed nuclear capacity in 1983, to be 300% out, and which told us the likelihood of a Three Mile Island type accident was equivalent to one meteor hitting earth every 10,000 years. It is this "logic" which means reactors take twice as long to build and cost three times the original estimates; the same logic that we trust will find a solution to the waste problem "in the near future."

And do let me apologise on behalf of CANE if we ever get emotional — after all we're only discussing human life, its health, its safety and its future. Let us speak freely, but only in the realm of reasonably, logical statistics — We wouldn't want to get bogged down with the difficult questions of human effects or social consequences.

No 'Segregation' In Debating Club



Dear Sir (or of course Madam),
 When will all this nonsense about the Debating Club being an extremist cell of hardened rightists end? The 'controversy' has become a little too bizarre. Politics is as irrelevant to the Debating Club as is necessitated by common sense. C. McDonald (*On dit* 19) has been gravely hoodwinked into what appears to be a popular belief on your letter's page that there are not a few fascists under each Debater's bed.

There is 'no' segregation. I wonder what that could possibly mean. 'Incensant political abhorations'. Dear me, I seem to have missed most of these. The Debating Club is a wonder. C. McDonald, that is most worthy of looking forward to joining. As rewarding an art as there is to be had at this University of ours.

Of all the debaters with whom I share acquaintance and friendship (of the most eager and inspiring sort!) I know of only one with political allegiance. He is a member of the Liberal Club; this may or may not be regrettable but thankfully is not a crime. I myself — for an example — have precisely no allegiances or, in fact, beliefs in this sordid field. Variety, inspiration and intelligent entertainment is the nature of our noble pursuit. It's damn fun. Please, no more letters or what passes for controversy. Join. You'll love it. Maybe not. Long live debate.

*Thanking you,
 Antony Durkin
 Hon. Treasurer,
 Uni. Debates Committee.
 P.S. I wonder what an abhorration is.*

Coulter On Chrzaszcz

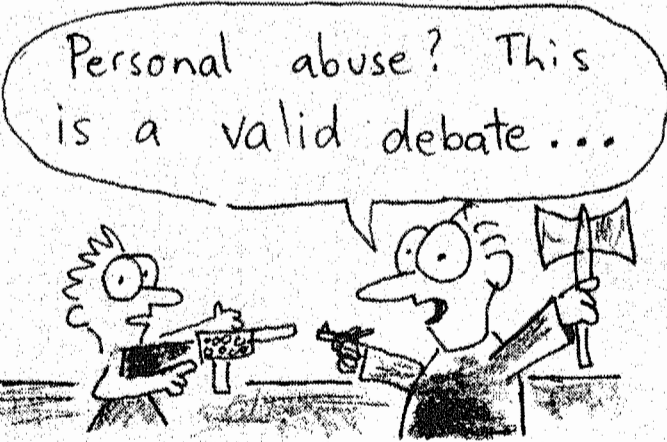
Dear Jenni and Muz,
 Chrzaszcz's letter of last week makes a few allegations that it is necessary to clear up. The points he makes in regard to international politics are well answered by Alan Fairley's letter, which Robert tried so hard to refute. Oh well!

Robert, in his myopic way, accuses Alan of excluding him from State Conferences. If Robert has read anything but Moderate Student Publications lately, e.g. AUS Regulation 250, he would realize that the AUS local secretary is in fact responsible

for notifying delegates on their campus in regard to state conference. The State Organizer's responsibility lays in ensuring this person (in our case Paul Klaric) has the agendas etc.

To finish, if Robert is so confused about who is responsible to notify him of AUS state conferences, what other things is he 'confused' about in regard to AUS.

*In Union
 Kendra Coulter
 AUS Regional Women's Organiser, SA*



Peter Mareş
 P.S. Although I feel it is a trivial and boring issue it seems necessary to make some response to Adrian Smith and Paul Klaric's recent comments on AUCANE and Prosh.

There was never (as last week's pathetic graphic implied) any decision by AUCANE to boycott Prosh — our members were informed of activities but there was no opportunity (as Prosh was organised so late) for a meeting to discuss formal club involvement.

Several AUCANE members went enthusiastically to early Prosh meetings, which were well advertised but poorly attended. Neither Adrian Smith nor Paul Klaric were ever present. It was largely at my request that the GSM was postponed and two extra meetings held to discuss the controversial issue of Prosh beneficiaries.

I felt that Prosh Committee meetings rather than a GSM, were the appropriate place to discuss differences and attempt to reach a generally acceptable compromise. However, only two people with objections came to those meetings (one of whom, to his eternal credit, was David Mussared).

The GSM went ahead. We lost and accepted the decision of students, though we were understandably disappointed.

At the Prosh meeting immediately after, and advertised at, that GSM only five people were present, all AUCANE members. Being heavily committed in other areas, and noting the general lack of student enthusiasm, we felt there was not enough energy to carry Prosh through effectively. So, we gave up. It is to the credit of another group of students that they managed to resurrect Prosh at the last moment.

Moderate Students "Fundamentally Stupid"

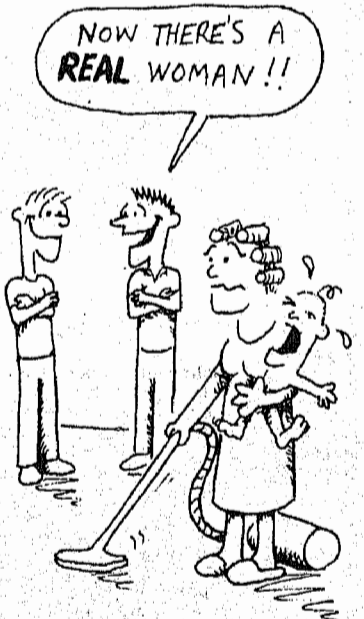
Dear Jenni and David,
 It was with a sinking stomach that I read the Moderate Student's leaflet on totalitarian Feminism.

It is so incredibly hard to accept that there are still people (should this read "men"? who believe that a woman's civil rights are only as accommodating as her duties as wife, mother, pretty lover, and confidant will allow. Somehow being a fellow human being doesn't come into it. Somehow women who don't want children, marriage, and housekeeping until they die, miss out being included under the label of "nice women". When attitudes like those expressed on the leaflet aren't making me want to cry, they are filling me with fury and disbelief that so many women can be dispossessed from the human population by these publishing sexist, bigoted shits. When are women going to have their day?

When is it going to be okay to have been born female, and still have qualities and talents which the moderate students would like to ignore?

Are they so fundamentally stupid that they can continue to deny my essential autonomy as a woman?

Julia MacDonald



Mark Fitzpatrick's Last Ever Letter For 1983

Dear Editors,
 "When you have nothing to say — say nothing", is one of the soundest pieces of advice one can follow, yet, all too often, it is ignored, even by some who should know better.

Over this year, *On dit* has published a vast quantity of words, and it is a tribute to its contributors, and, more especially, yourselves as editors, that those words have not said nothing.

*Yours sincerely,
Mark Fitzpatrick.*

T.D.

"KING FOR

Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin in his new film 'The King of Comedy'. Jonathon Hainsworth gives a resume of the film and its stars.

The 1976 movie 'Networks' was an all-out assault on television both from the inside and outside. Its theme was that TV was turning people into mindless dolts. However, it collapsed upon itself by attempting to make its one rather banal point by kicking the audience in the teeth with a hysterical, high pitched slab of left wing, self-righteous claptrap. The movie degenerated into a sick joke; that a TV station would kill off one of its newsreaders (though in fairness to 'Network', who hasn't secretly wished this fate of Don Lane?).

The King of Comedy director Martin Scorsese and actor Robert De Niro's fifth movie partnership together is a truly funny and devastating piece of brilliant cinema. Its subject is also the unfunny side effects of too much late night TV, but not on the masses who genuinely regard junk like *Prisoner* or *Sons and Daughters* as compulsive viewing. This is not another silly excursion into *Network* country which argued that people's bad taste was being used as a corrosive tool by fascist/capitalist forces. *King of Comedy*

is about the pseudo-intimacy that TV provides for the nuts who regard TV stars as if they were close members of the family. It's a trap we all fall into, in a mild way, when we say 'So who's Don got on tonight?' or 'Do you reckon Bert's got over his attack of nerves?'

King of Comedy takes this attitude a humorous step further until it becomes a frightening indictment of the cult of personality. It shows that the staple diet of celebrity worship that these ruthless, determined fans exist on is only a painful reflection of their lives' utter emptiness and desperation.

The story is deceptively simple. Rupert Pupkin (De Niro) a 34 year old New York messenger, has one all-consuming dream. He wants to become a famous stand-up comic like his idol, the enormously successful talk-show host Jerry Langford (played by Jerry Lewis), a role loosely modelled on Johnny Carson. He has constructed such an intense fantasy relationship with Langford that he foolishly expects the feeling will be reciprocated by the celebrity. Rupert sees Langford as the key to his own stardom; if he could just get a break

to do his comic monologue on Langford's show he will be an overnight sensation. A chance encounter between star and fan convinces Rupert that they are intimate friends and so he keeps pestering Langford for a spot.

Rupert imagines being as big a star as Langford; signing autographs to his own fans; Langford telling him that he is a rare comic genius and begging him to take over the show. The reality is somewhat more mundane. Rupert waits around Langford's offices vainly trying to see him without an appointment. Already a mega-star in his own mind, he feels deeply betrayed when Langford (surprise, surprise) gives him the brush-off. Rupert retaliates by audaciously kidnapping the talk-show host, the ransom demand being ten minutes of air time.

It sounds like a one-joke satire but it's not. What makes it such a dynamic movie is that, except for a mediocre epilogue, it is always convincing and realistic and therein lies its power. The plot has such a diabolical logic that it both amuses and disturbs you as it unfolds. Rupert Pupkin represents an extreme reaction to a national mania that turns television stars into demi-gods. The movie makes you realise how inherently similar autograph hunters are to psychopathic assassins; they both want to share in the limelight of their objects of adulation or obsession. Rupert's life is such a vacuum that he literally believes that you're not somebody unless your life has meaning for others — even if that meaning is no more deep than to

be voyeuristically displayed on national TV telling a few old jokes.

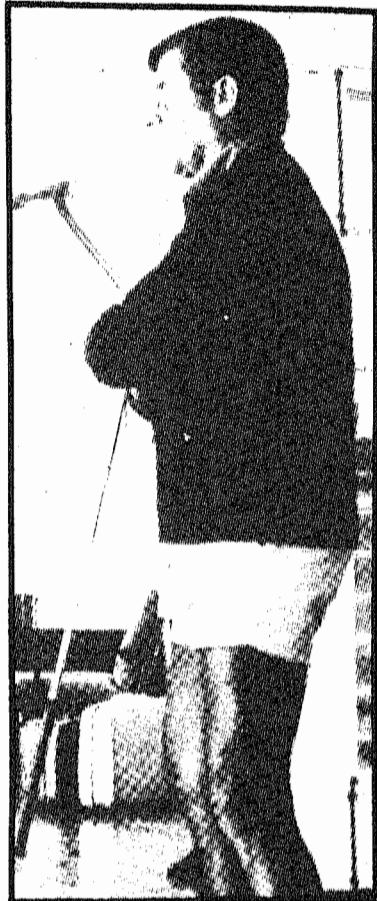
The basic theme of the movie is encapsulated in a single shot; Rupert in his mother's basement standing before a wall-size photo of a laughing and cheering TV audience. He fantasises that he is the recipient of their acclaim. It's a brief funny moment showing how mad he is. Yet this isn't so far removed from how Langford sees his hordes of followers; a faceless mass whose only function is to satiate his ego. Langford is as much out of touch as Rupert.

Unlike other recent movies like *The Verdict* or *Chandi*, this is a serious movie without ever becoming sanctimonious or heavy handed. Nor is it a confused comedy of manners, like *Tootsie*, that keeps stopping dead in its tracks to awkwardly announce that it contains an uplifting message. At a time when sentimentalised rubbish like *On Gold Pond* is praised to the point of embarrassment, and every new slick opus aimed at the youth market is greeted with the acclamation once reserved for the Second Coming (*Raiders of the Lost Ark* was about as involving as a trip to the Royal Show), it is refreshing to see a movie address itself to contemporary issues and ideas. The staggering hype that was reverently piled on *Ghandi* (an ordinary movie about an extraordinary man) made one wonder whether the real Mahama was just an out-of-town tryout for the film. *The King of Comedy* is a giant work of modern cinema and by comparison with these other, Oscar winning efforts, a heroic cry in the creative wilderness because it dares not to include a laser spitting alien who sucks out people's adenoids, or some stifflingly superior statement about the brotherhood of Man.

Scorsese, the genius who made the great films *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* (both with De Niro) when only in his thirties, had until this movie been in a state of sporadic artistic success. Scorsese's talent was emasculated in his last two features, *Raging Bull* and *New York, New York* (both with De Niro) because of the inadequate scripts. This time, armed with witty, sardonic and original screenplay by former *Newsweek* critic Paul D. Zimmerman, Scorsese proves himself once again one of the best and innovative of American film-makers. Scorsese has made a powerful, uncompromising work. It's vision is bleak and unsentimental, and despite the star billing of De Niro and Lewis, has been almost a local commercial failure.

Scorsese's specialties as a director, dazzling camera work, jagged editing and a concentration on volatile emotions, have been pared down to a simpler, less showy design. Scorsese probably realised that the story was already too way out to have employed his usual high-powered fireworks. That his talents for kinetic direction would have worked against the story and pushed the movie over the edge. By keeping the movie open he gives this intense story a chance to breathe. *Raging Bull* hung up on its unresolved pretensions, relentless slow-motion pans, and ugly dull characters suffocated in its own cliches. With *The King of Comedy* Scorsese directs with discipline and intelligence and reveals a master's authority.

However, this is not a perfect movie. The mistakes are small, but they are still difficult to ignore. For instance, Scorsese seems to have completely forgotten how to direct bit players. Having gone to great efforts to include some of his family and friends in small roles, he appears to have paid no attention as to what to do with them. Except for Tony Randall, who is amusingly self-deprecating, all the others



Lewis laughs, but plays it straight

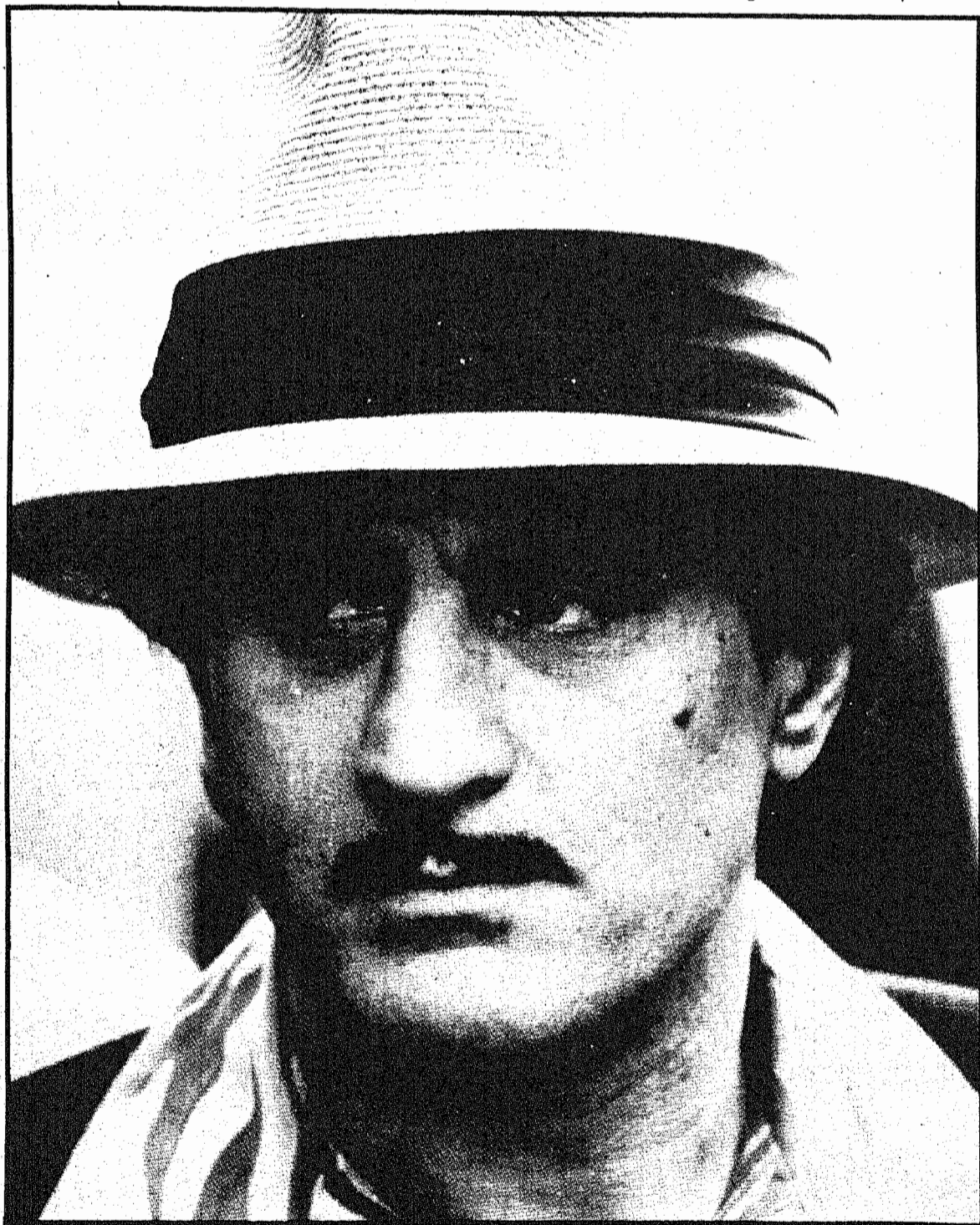
come off stupefyingly dead.

A much bigger disappointment is the music. Scorsese used the carnal excitement of popular music (rock, jazz) to complement and highlight the visceral quality of his movies. I particularly remember De Niro's entrance in *Mean Streets* to the background sound of the *Rolling Stones'* *Jumping Jack Flash*. Here he employs music so self-effacingly boring that you hardly notice it. Except for the opening credits (Ray Charles singing a stirring rendition of *Come Rain or Come Shine* that is both triumphant and melancholy) the music is nothing.

Boris Levin's designs for the sets are much more of a success, though even here there are problems. Levin's set for Pupkin's basement/home is superbly expressive. Cluttered with movie memorabilia it feels like the inside of Rupert's one-track mind. But the set for Langford's offices is almost too good. Huge empty vistas that reek of sterility are off-puttingly raucous because the scenes it is used for are where Scorsese's timing is uncharacteristically a beat off.

The only major flaw is the epilogue which makes nonsense of everything that has come before. It doesn't ruin the movie but it is unimaginative, poorly conceived and utterly unbelievable. It is reminiscent of the ending of *Taxi Driver* which was also thoroughly unrealistic, but only in terms of the plot. The point of that movie's speculative ending was not that the demented cabbie Travis Bickle became an inadvertent media hero for his murderous actions, but that his explosion of violence cooled him down, made him feel better. He was able to carry on his everyday life until the next eruption. *The King of Comedy's* ending is simply incredible. Scorsese and Zimmerman should have finished it with Rupert in jail, peacefully trapped in the blurry isolation of his mind. Instead of a scary, thought provoking "What if ..." ending like *Taxi Driver*, it's a cheesy, bummed of a finale; "So you thought this was funny ... so who's laughing now!"

Hopefully Scorsese will learn from these errors and be in full control of all the diverse elements of movie-making for his next picture, *The Last Temptation of Christ* (with guess who as Jesus). But for *The King of Comedy* Scorsese shows again that he is superb at harnessing the talents and energy of his major actors.



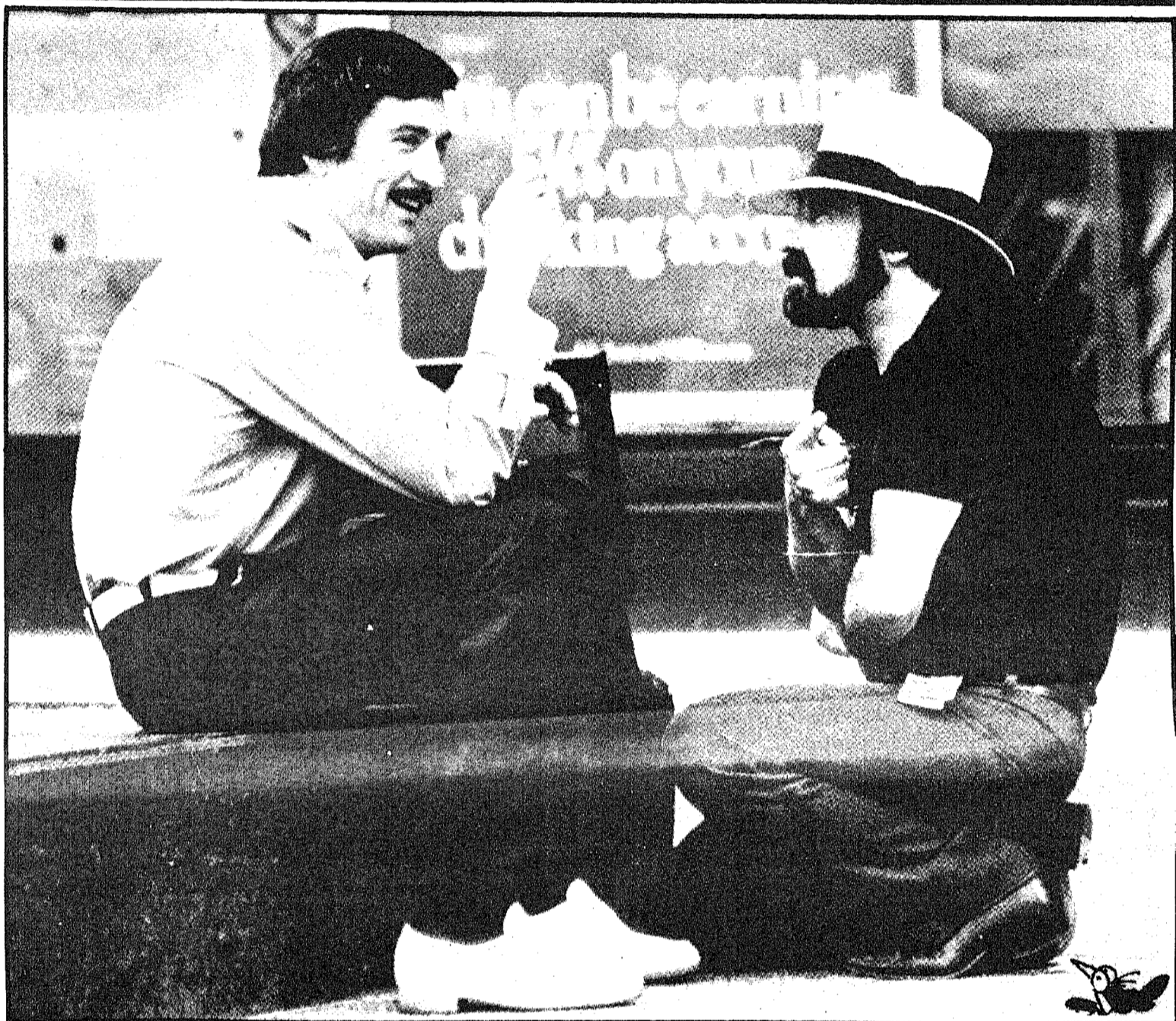
De Niro's Rupert Pupkin is a compulsive loner whose desperation is reminiscent of another Scorsese - De Niro character, taxi driver Travis Bickle.

A NIGHT

As Langford, Jerry Lewis, essaying his first dramatic role, is everything he thinks he was in his disastrous, self-indulgent, embarrassing comedies of the 1960s. Lewis, middle-aged, still wearing his revolting greased back pompadour and his face now bloated into a hostile, fleshy scowl, gives an exceptional performance as the aloof, exhausted star. Walking down a street he has a genuinely imperial air about him; stopping to shake hands with people who have recognised him he reacts with a bored reflexive charm. Lewis is also excellent portraying the Langford of Rupert's fantasies; gregarious, amiable and charming. The Langford that Rupert only knows from the talk-show. Lewis, a naturally effusive man, controls his mannerisms to an absolute minimum and gives a performance of greater weight and effectiveness than in any of his spastic comedies. In this case less really is more.

Rupert is aided in his kidnapping scheme by a fellow crazy to whom Langford is her dream man. Newcomer Sandra Bernhard makes an impressive debut as Masha, a wealthy fanatic, hopelessly infatuated with Langford. Initially we react with horror to her first appearance. Scorsese pushes at us her strident ugliness and screeching voice. She looks like ET on heat with the ingratiating manner of Daffy Duck. But in the scenes where Masha attempts to seduce her captive idol she is revealed as a person with honest, though twisted, affection for Jerry. Her monologue to Langford is both sexy and funny. Bernhard's inventive performance and her stunningly unusual facial features, gives the movie flavour it otherwise would have lacked with a more conventional actress.

Ultimately the movie belongs to Robert De Niro who once again proves himself the finest actor of his generation. Since he established himself as an actor of considerable gifts in *Mean Streets*, De Niro has remained the most exciting young actor of our time, giving classic performances in *The Godfather Part II*, *Taxi Driver* and bits of *New York, New York* and *Rag*. Except for Brando's infrequent returns to the screen in mostly mediocre films, De Niro has been unique in his ability to root his performances in the particulars of nuance and observation and yet transcend the usual boundaries of acting, to merge himself into each role and let it become him. He



De Niro and Scorsese: The rapport is total, both off screen and on.

dredges up reserves of passion that other actors only touch on and creates poetry out of the common place.

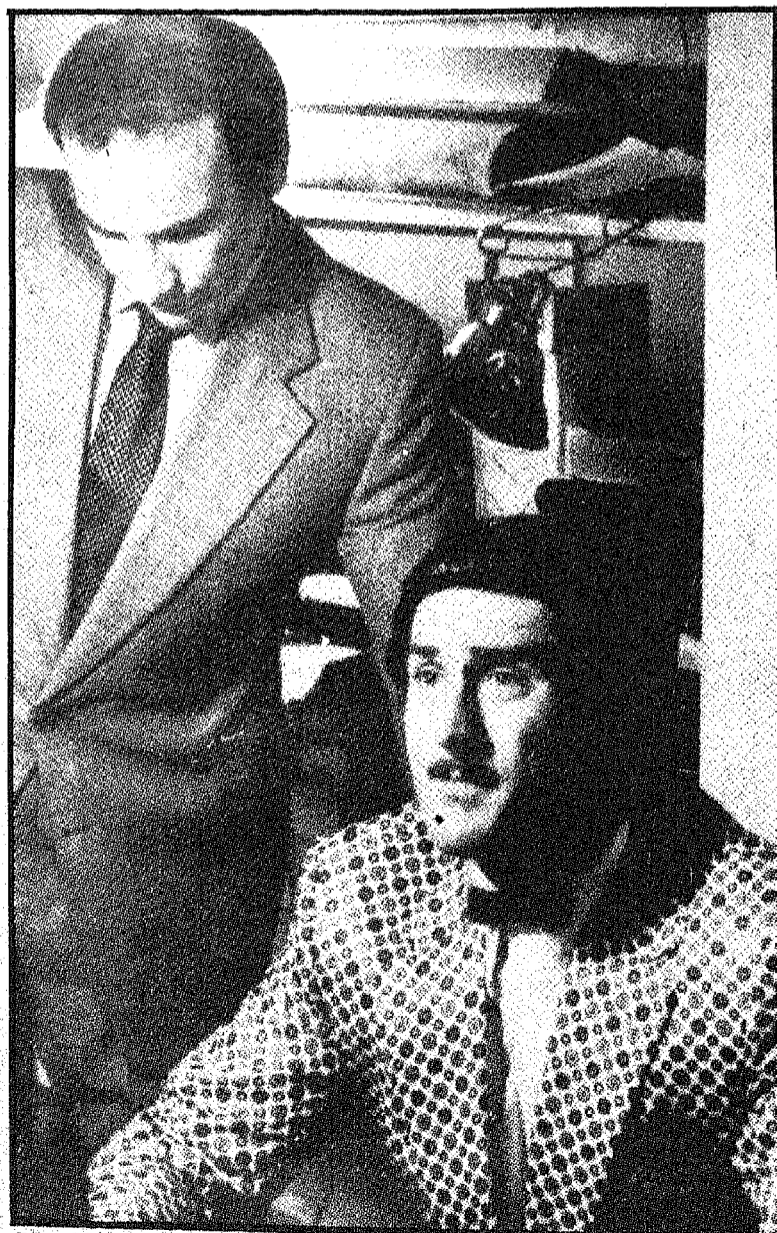
But there is an ironic limitation to this versatile actor. Because he is the most movieish of performers, because he gives himself over so utterly to the material he works with, he is only as good as the movies he acts in. This has become apparent by the recent succession of bad parts that have wasted his talents. The part of Michael the steelworker in *The Deer Hunter* was unshaped and shallowly written. He was ineffectual and boring as the crooked priest in the ineffectual and boring movie *True Confessions*. In *Raging Bull* De Niro gave a near-great performance as middle-weight boxing champion Jake La Motta, but there was no emotional centre to pin the character on. De Niro's performance, powerful as it was, was all free-floating technique. *The King of Comedy* provides him with his best opportunity in years to showcase his grace and daring. No other actor, with the possible exception of the young Alec Guinness, could have pulled off this part. De Niro does something very difficult; he plays an utterly self-centred, obnoxious character and yet never allows him to be irritating to the audience, as a letter actor would have. He gives Rupert an innocent oblivious soul so that his actions are more that of a misguided infant than a day-dreaming jerk who won't take no for an answer.

When Rupert complains to secretaries that he doesn't need an appointment, the comedy in the scene is that he really believes it. He indignantly scolds the flabbergasted Langford that "after all friendship is a two-way street Jerry!" He treats his arresting FBI officers as if they were his personal

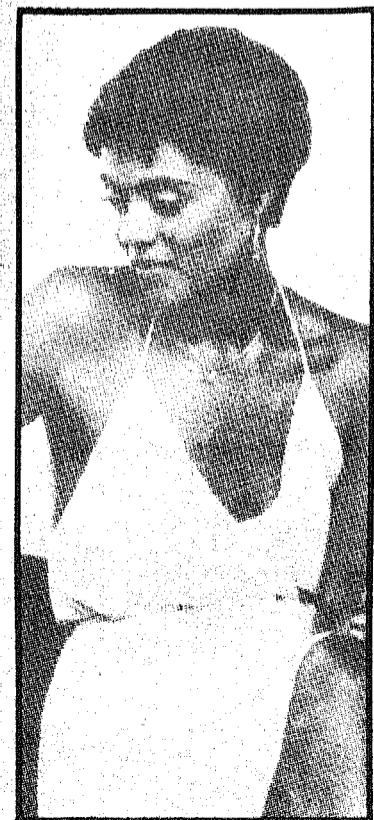
entourage. Another actor would have played the part on only one level, that of a starstruck fool. De Niro goes much further.

Attempting to impress his girlfriend Rita (in real life Mrs De Niro) by showing her all the autographs he has collected, he is transparently false, as if still rehearsing his routine. When he gives her his own autograph in anticipation of his inevitable rise to stardom, his inherent shyness shows right through the brash, artificial manner. He is so painfully insecure and immature that he actually believes Rita will be bowled over by his suave confidence. He is quite unable to see that she would be turned off even if he was a celebrity because of the pure arrogance of the gesture.

By imbuing the character with a child-like presence, De Niro creates a sympathetic figure. This is quite an achievement since as the part is written, Rupert has virtually no regard for other people's feelings. De Niro gets right inside the part and exposes the true dilemma of this little man; that Rupert is too emotionally stunted to realise that his burning ambition to be famous, if only for ten minutes, springs from a lack of self-esteem so deeply imbedded in him that he will never grow up as a person. On a more complex level, De Niro's Rupert implies that in all over imperfect natures lurks the selfish show-off who desperately wants to be the centre of attention. Emotionally empty, Rupert has shaped his entire life around these neurotic impulsive urges. The clichés are all he's got. Rupert Pupkin the comic is so unfinished as a person that he will never appreciate the punchline of his stale-joke existence; that famous or not he will always remain a nobody.



Rupert is questioned by the police over the mysterious 'disappearance' of Jerry



Rupert's high school sweetheart, Rita, played by Diahnne Abbott.

'The sense of a moment frozen in time'

"In our dependence on the news photograph, we are vulnerable to the use of visual propaganda to manipulate our emotions". The photographs reproduced here are a selection from the classic text on photo journalism, 'Pictures on the Page' by Harold Evans, a former editor of 'The Times'.

We see only a small portion of the world, its happenings and people, with our own eyes. Instead we have come to depend largely on printed and electronic images.

Great news photography captures the dramatic and sensational. It can also give meaning, colour and drama to the apparently mundane.

But, in our dependence on the news photograph, we are vulnerable to the use of visual propaganda to manipulate our emotions. Newspapers have used

newspaper photograph. Evans says, because the still news photograph has an affinity with the way we remember.

"If you think of major news events, the likelihood is that you will visualize not a television cine sequence but a single still news photograph which has been absorbed in the mind.

For many of us the Vietnam war is remembered by the moment of the street execution of a Vietcong prisoner during the 1968 Tet offensive (picture 1).

The despair of the victim as the Saigon police chief, Nguyen Loan, points his pistol at the man's temple is imprinted vividly in the mind's eye. It is the "stillness" — the sense of a moment frozen in time — that makes the picture's impact. This image would have been lost on a television film.

Television has not killed

says: "I made the picture by instinct. Any idiot could have done it."

The police chief gave no indication he was going to shoot the prisoner until he did, says Adams. "As his hand came up with the revolver so did my camera, but I still didn't expect him to shoot."

The picture was front-paged around the world, and so this single gunshot may have been one of the most important of the whole war.

The news photograph, says Evans, satisfies a need we seem to have midway between intellect and emotion — the need for visual corroboration. Seeing is believing.

But in this dependence upon the news photograph there lies a danger. The camera cannot lie but it may be an accessory to untruth. "The power of the news photograph is such that it brings

difficult judgements for all of us" says Evans.

Take picture 4, at the conclusion of the Bangladesh war, photographers in Dacca were invited by officials to a "photo opportunity" in a polo field.

It turned out to be the bayoneting of Biharis who were alleged to have collaborated with the Pakistan army.

People were to be murdered for the camera; and some photographers and a television camera crew departed without taking a picture in the hope that in the absence of cameramen the acts might not be committed.

Others felt that the mob was beyond the appeal to mercy. They stayed and won Pulitzer prizes. Were they right?

Compiled by Devin Clement and Mark Davis



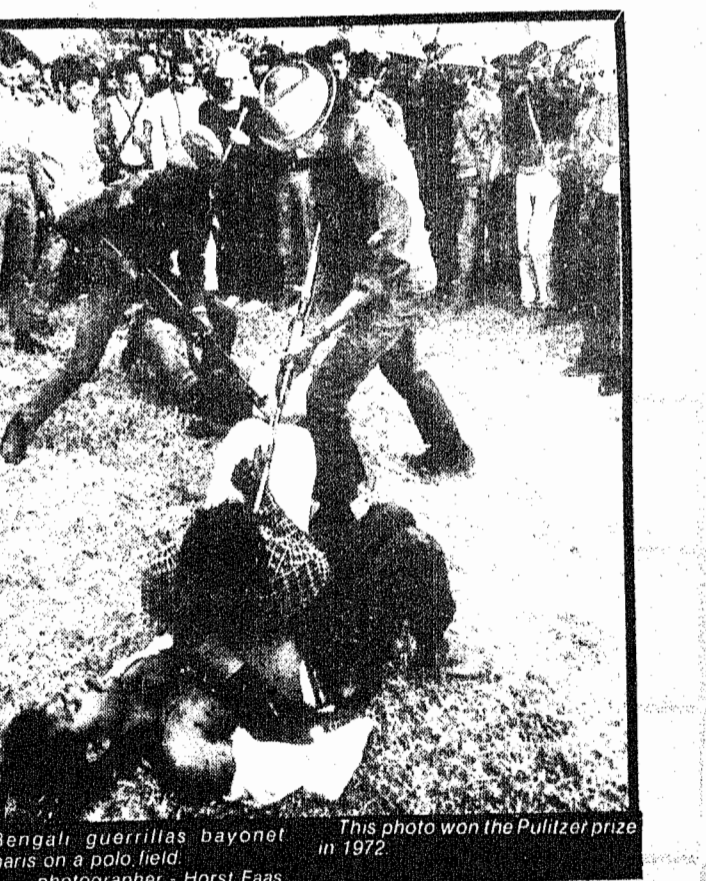
1. Big. General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, police chief of Saigon, aims of the death of a close friend's children and in his anger, he executes a Vietcong prisoner. Loan then turns to onlookers and says "Buddha will understand". — photographer - Eddie Adams.



2. Patient, photographer, patient chick and elephant (although how many chickens it took to get this final shot is unknown). — photo by Ian Tyson.



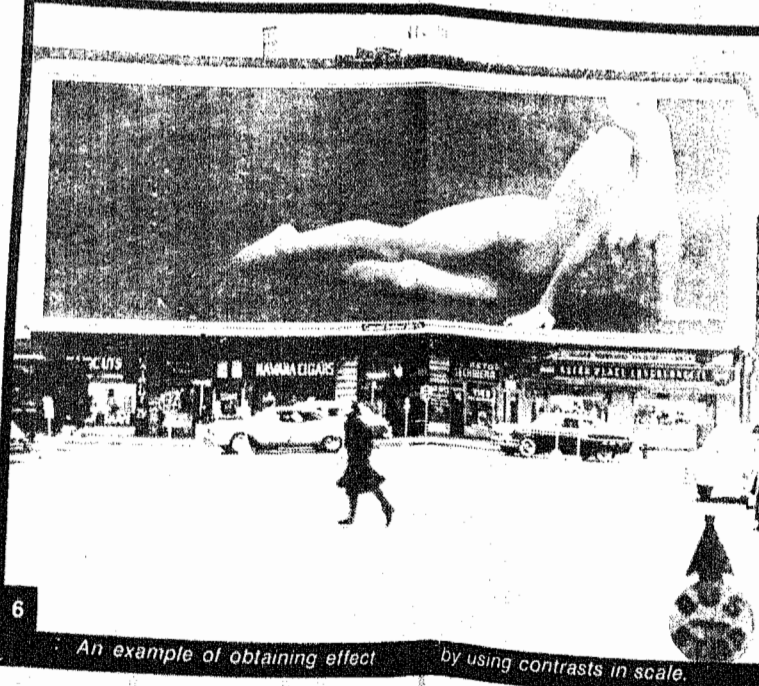
3. Early news photograph of a London street accident, from the archives of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. — by Paul Martin.



4. Bengali guerrillas bayonet Biharis on a polo field. This photo won the Pulitzer prize in 1972. — photographer - Horst Faas.



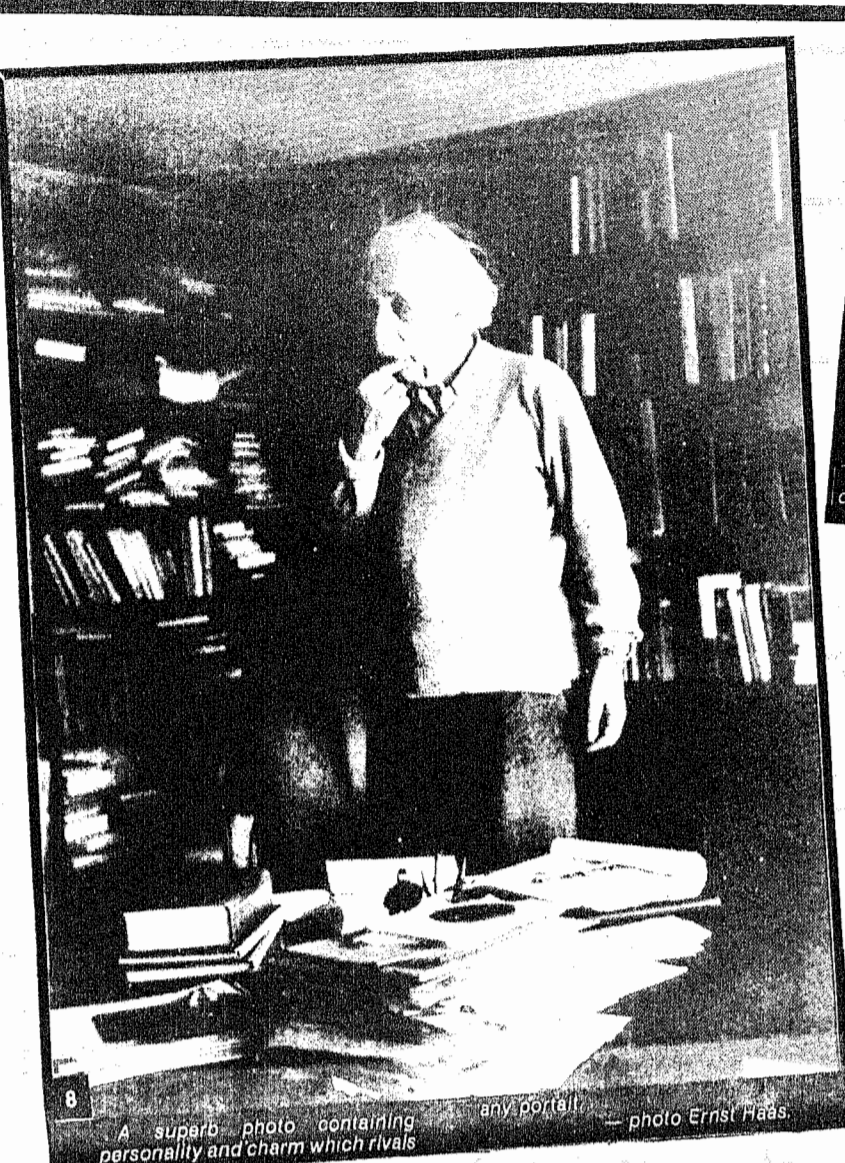
5. The body of Che Guevara is placed on display by Bolivia to prove that he is indeed dead. — photo by UPI.



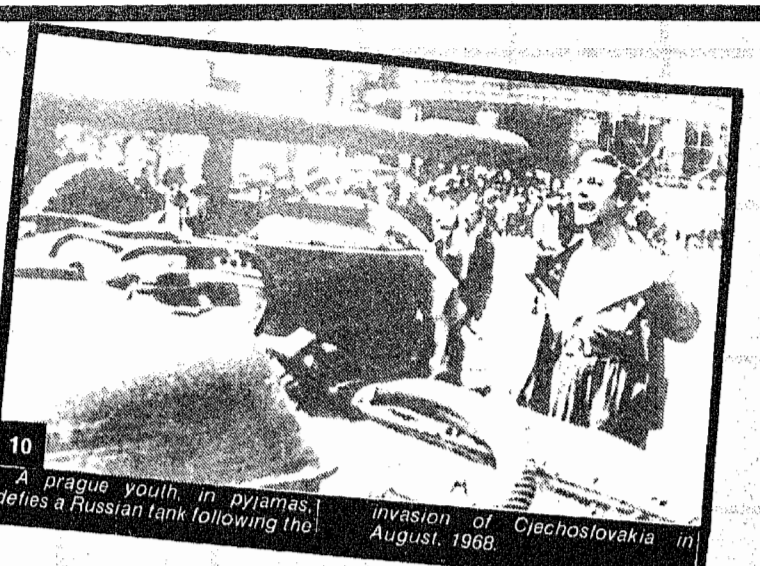
6. An example of obtaining effect by using contrasts in scale.



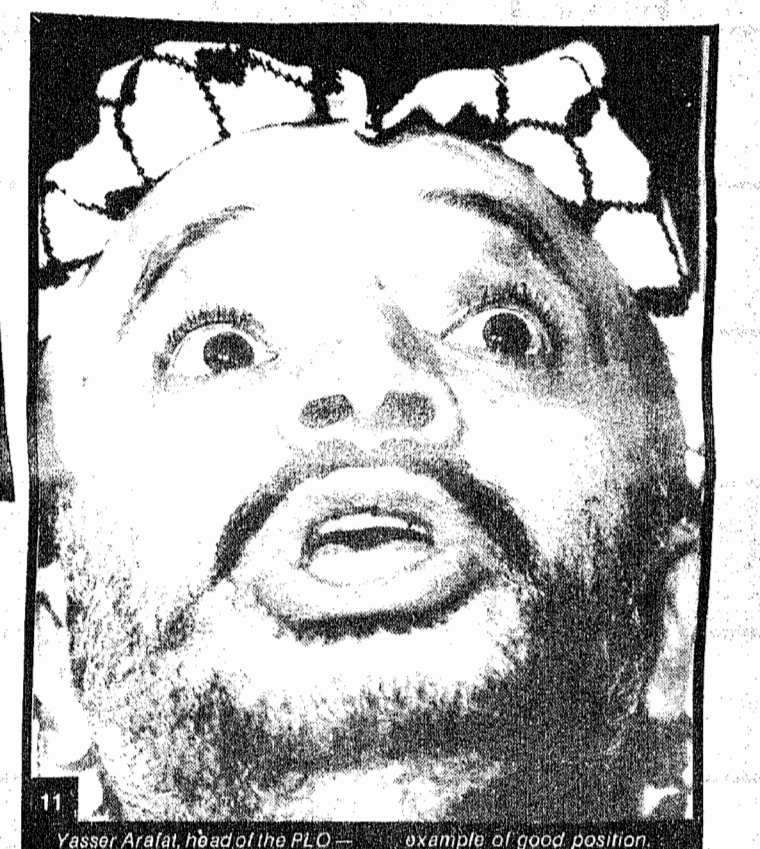
7. Try and describe it in words.



8. A superb photo containing personality and charm which rivals any portrait. — photo Ernst Haas.



10. A Prague youth, in pyjamas, defies a Russian tank following the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August, 1968.



11. Yasser Arafat, head of the PLO — example of good position. — photographer Graeme Baker, An.



9. A batoned supporter, an example of timing. — photo by Tommy Collins. An Ilford winner.



12. Born deaf, Harold Wittles hears his own voice for the first time.

PICTURES ON A PAGE



No Fall Out In Nuclear Debate

"Students can be quietly intelligent"

DAVID WALKER attended the debate between campus Pro and Anti Nuke groups, and was pleasantly surprised to find that the low-key event managed to avoid the emotive pitfalls that have dogged such events in the past.

The brawling days of student anger have retreated indeed. Thursday's Pro- versus Anti-Nuke debate on the link between nuclear weapons and the civil nuclear industry was to its core a product of the year of the Great Consensus. Quite a few of the 80-strong

audience were piqued to find a quiet, rational campus debate taking place in the Little Cinema.

Some were also startled to hear a leading campus Pro-Nuke opposing 'breeder' reactors and supporting large increases in Australian solar research.

Peter Mares of CANE, opened his argument with the proposition that nuclear weapons and their proliferation are "the most important issue" issue of today, a comment less controversial in 1983 than ever before, and one which Adrian Smith of Pro-Nuke was to endorse.

It would not be the only instance during the hour of Smith supporting a Mares statement; he revealed a cheerful reasonableness which matched Mares' low-key style. Score one for sanity.

Mares' first attack on the civil nuclear industry was moral, pointing out the ugly origins of nuclear power in weapons research and asking whether nuclear power would have ever arisen as an alternative if not for the 1940s' weapons research.

Smith dealt convincingly with the point by arguing that many other accepted technological realities of today were boosted by weapons research — the aerospace, computer and automobile industries among them.

But Mares had heavier artillery.

He dourly parodied the naive acceptance of nuclear power as a trouble-free godsend in the 1950s; Britain's Calder Hall, he asserted, had been churning out weapons material in those days while innocently turning its civilian face to a mostly unquestioning world.

'The civil and military industries aren't separate — they are Siamese twins,' said Mares, 'and those twins are joined in three places.'

Enrichment of uranium ore, the use of civil nuclear waste to produce plutonium, and breeder reactor technology were these three links, and the Australian For Report had recognised as much in stating that the civil nuclear industry unwittingly increased the risk of nuclear war. With particular effect he quoted France's General Thery, commenting with approval on the expected construction of breeder reactors in France, and the advantages this would bring the French missile programme.

Surprisingly, Smith gave support to Mares' objections to breeder reactors; he said (with slight discomfort) that they should be stopped, partly because they were an excellent source of weapons-grade plutonium.

But Smith emphasised that a country determined to build a nuclear weapon could not be prevented from doing so even if the civil nuclear industry was closed down. Research reactors, such as Australia's Lucas Heights facility, could be modified to produce weapons-grade material more cheaply and secretly than power-producing reactors can. This was how India had produced its atomic bomb.

Given a concerted effort, Australia could currently build a



Anti-Nuke Peter Mares makes a point...

bomb within three months using a research reactor, according to his sources.

He did not mention whether such research reactors could also be closed down, although the implications for many fields of science, including nuclear medicine, were clear. What was less clear was how such a loss might be balanced against the risk of that oft-mentioned Nuclear Holocaust.

Mares also had words for Bob Hawke. Australian governments, he said, had and would continue to have difficulty finding out where Oz uranium was ending up, and in any event were disinclined to enquire too forcefully. Even assuming that Australia could somehow retain control over its exported uranium, he saw no reason to believe Australian governments are intrinsically good. And of 'if we don't supply it, others will', that is, in Don Chipp's telling phrase, the morality of the heroin pusher.

Smith didn't tackle him on any of this, and it was strictly irrelevant to the pro-nuke line, that closing the civil industry down will not prevent proliferation. It was a well-reasoned if not a decisive argument.

So the anti-nuke supporters filed out of the Cinema mildly annoyed that Adrian Smith had not taken exception to more of Peter Mares' suggestions. Some of them seemingly failed to grasp what Smith had been on about; they had clearly not expected such intelligent moderation from both sides. Even the right wingers, traditionally pro-nuke, were restrained, with only one audible hiss and a solitary paper plane floating out of the Far Right of the Cinema (Rob and Mat can collect their Good Behaviour badges from *On dit*). To Adrian Smith and Peter Mares, plaudits for showing that students can be quietly intelligent too.

David Walker



DOES YOUR DREAM OF THE FUTURE EMBRACE PEACE AND JUSTICE FOR ALL?

AS A

WOMAN OF THE SPIRIT

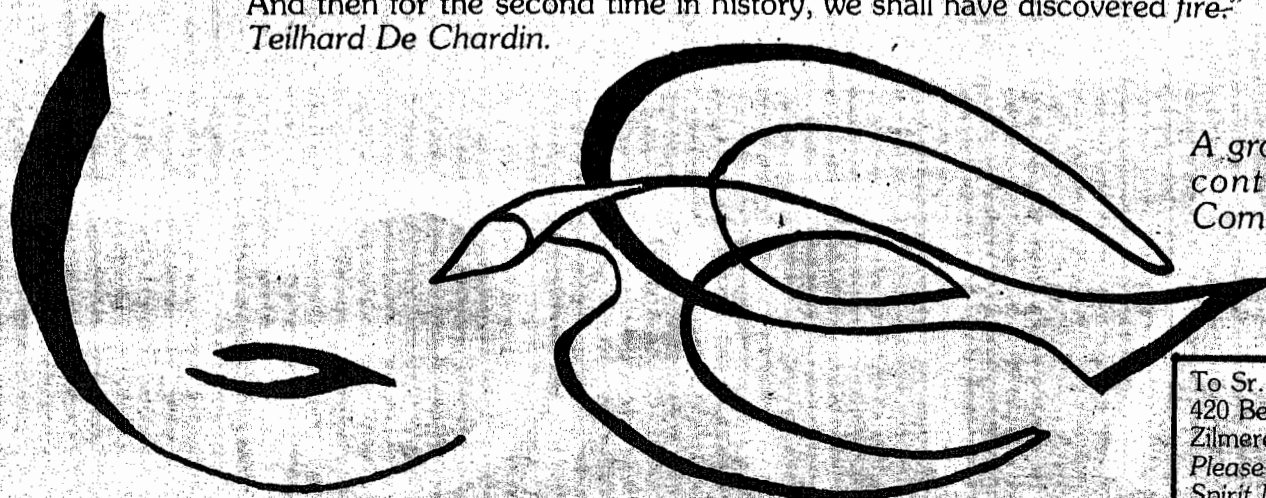
YOU CAN HELP TO MAKE YOUR DREAM INTO A REALITY THROUGH;

LIVING IN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITIES
BY CROSS CULTURAL EXCHANGE
AND DISCOVERING THE SPIRIT IN EVERY SITUATION, RACE AND LANGUAGE.

HOLY SPIRIT MISSIONARY SISTERS

BELIEVE THAT

"Some day after mastering the winds, the waves, the gravity, we will harness for God the energy of love... And then for the second time in history, we shall have discovered fire."
Teilhard De Chardin.



A group of Catholic women working on every continent for the growth of Christian Community.

To Sr. Kathleen Kerwin
420 Beams Rd.,
Zillmere, Qld. 4034.
Please send me information about the life and work of a Holy Spirit Missionary Sister.

Neither Books Nor Bombs

The causes of Soviet paranoia, and the dangers of tempting it

Writing in reply to JOHN BALLANTYNE's 'Books Before Bombs' proposal, TOM MORTON explains why it could be dangerous even to try such a disarmament scheme, and why the arms race should be tackled from a viewpoint that does not directly attack the internal security of the Soviet government.

Two weeks ago an article by John Ballantyne 'Books Before Bombs — A Radical Peace Proposal' appeared in 'On dit'. Although Mr. Ballantyne's proposal possesses the virtue of originality, it proceeds from a number of widespread but false assumptions about the nature of the conflict between the Western 'free world' and the Eastern bloc countries, and about the underlying reasons for this conflict.

It is my intention here to expose and question these assumptions and to advance some suggestions about how we might view the "international situation" in a more balanced, realistic and productive way.

To begin with, one may observe that the whole of Ballantyne's proposal is informed by the incorrect assumption basic to all American (and, to a lesser extent, 'Western') official foreign policy — namely that the struggle between the Western free world and the Communist bloc is an ideological struggle. This is not so.

Although governments on both sides like to argue that it is a way of life or a set of values which is at stake in the West-East conflict — of the protection of the rights and freedoms of the individual, the end of power and privilege based on property, preservation of the sanctity of the family, the workers control of the means of production etc. etc. — what is really at stake for the controlling forces in both blocs is one thing only: power. Unless we grasp this simple and banal fact, we shall not be able to understand its extraordinarily complex and often ambiguous ramifications in the area of international politics.

In order to make this clearer, it is necessary to understand the nature, psychology and motivation of the leadership in both blocs.

John Ballantyne argues that "the Soviets fear the truth more than they fear the terror of nuclear war." This statement might be superficially persuasive, were it not for the fact that the Soviet leadership essentially could not care less about "the truth" as defined either by a Communist or a liberal democratic set of principles.

The Soviets, or rather the Soviet power elite, are afraid only of that which threatens its hold on power. Since the death of Stalin, the Soviet Union has been ruled by an oligarchy within which the military, the KGB, Party bureaucrats and ideologies co-operate and at the same time vie for final control.

This oligarchy is almost entirely politically isolated from the Russian peoples and Soviet 'satellite' states over which it rules. In order to maintain its total control of a huge territory containing many different linguistic, cultural, religious and class groups, it employs repressive and often brutal totalitarian methods of coercion, regimentation, and brain washing, with exile, imprisonment, torture or execution for the recalcitrant or resistant. This no intelligent person can fail to acknowledge nor abhor.

To think, however, that the west can hope to change the nature of the Soviet state or the behaviour and methods of its leadership by applying moral or economic pressure, is to make an extremely grave error, and one which, if the Reagan administration continues in this belief, can only bring a major (and almost certainly final)



international conflict closer and closer.

This is in fact precisely where Ballantyne's proposal is at fault. There are already sufficient stresses and strains within the Soviet Union which could severely destabilize the internal political situation and threaten the Politburo's control.

The Soviet economy cannot sustain the present level of military spending for much longer without the danger of severe privations to the Russian people and possible major economic collapse. For this reason alone, Andropov and his supporters within the Politburo desperately need an arms limitation agreement.

In addition to this, the problem of large and potentially revolutionary ethnic groups within Russia, such as the Ukrainian people and the large Islamic population, is one which has become steadily more acute and dangerous to the ruling regime despite all the efforts of Stalin and his successors.

It is wrong, however, to believe as John Ballantyne and Ronald Reagan do, that increasing destabilization within the Soviet Union, whether encouraged by economic hardship, the nationality problem, or the distribution of Ballantyne's booklist, would lead either to a liberalization or to a popular revolution which could overthrow the present regime and establish a more democratic and less repressive one in its place. In fact, the effect would be entirely opposite.

The Soviet leadership has shown again and again, and irrespective of who has happened to be its (nominal) head, that it is enormously paranoid about threats to its power and interests, and incursions into what it regards as its rightful sphere of influence. One does not need to be a historian to recognize the simple political rule of thumb that repressive regimes faced with internal unrest and external threats are more likely to resort to desperate tactics — I mean war — than to attempt to deal constructively with the causes of their problems. There has been ample demonstration of this in the last few years alone, most recently perhaps during the Falklands war.

If the Soviet power elite feels that it is being pushed into a corner, it is likely that, if it saw no other alternative, it would risk a war or at least a pyrrhic defeat rather than relinquish its hold on power. Moreover, there is very real evidence that the Soviets do perceive themselves as hemmed in on all sides and as the object of an actively aggressive American foreign policy.

It is time, finally, that we dispense with the myths and propaganda circulated by both sides and realize that the ghastly and destructive shadow-play of their attempts to extend and

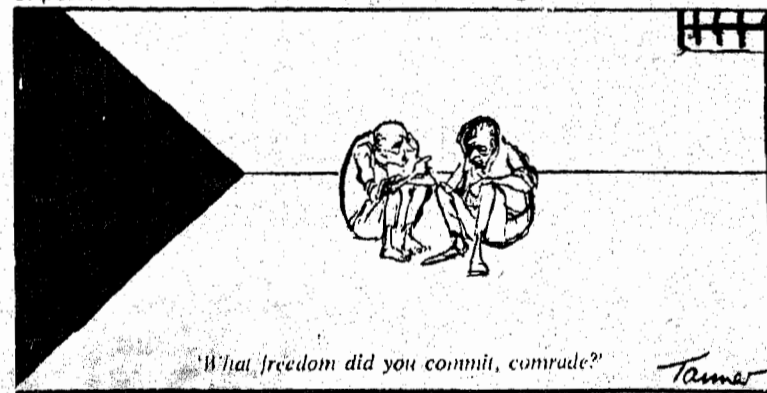
preserve their international spheres of influence is a result of a perception shared by both American and the Soviet Union that the 'other side' is attempting by overt and covert threats to bring about their downfall and the end of their 'way of life'.

In particular, we need to distrust heartily the rhetoric of Western leaders such as Reagan and Thatcher when they argue that the Soviets are attempting to spread Marxism over the whole world and subjugate the west and its allies. Soviet 'Marxism' is nothing but a veneer, a mask assumed by the Soviet leadership in order to facilitate the establishment of buffer zones and spheres of influence outside their own territory, which they see as necessary to guard themselves against encroaching American 'imperialism'. The Soviets are pragmatists, not ideologues, and for them ideology (since Lenin at least) has always been the servant of power.

influence which the west sought to achieve by similar means...

"This largest and most ominous of all international misunderstandings is, like the others, impervious to information or arguments, but like the others, it has explanations for its existence and survival. Suppose that the misunderstanding were by any chance cleared up, it is impossible to compute the dislocation of the American economy, industry and government that would ensue, so great has become the degree of their dependence upon it over the years... There are great vested interests to insulate and preserve it."

I do not think that Powell's assertions require very much further elaboration. What is important is the recognition the conflict between the superpowers is a conflict about power, resources and markets, not about morals or values. Only when we realize this can we in the 'free world' begin to exercise those



'What freedom did you commit, comrade?' Tama

These remarks are by no means intended to be an apologia for Russian internal or external politics. No one can deny that the Soviet Union has committed acts of aggression and imperialism internationally, such as the continuing vicious war on Afghanistan, the shooting-down of the KAL airliner, or the large sale of weapons to developing countries. We need to realize, however, that the Soviet leadership is not (yet) committed to an 'expansionist' foreign policy.

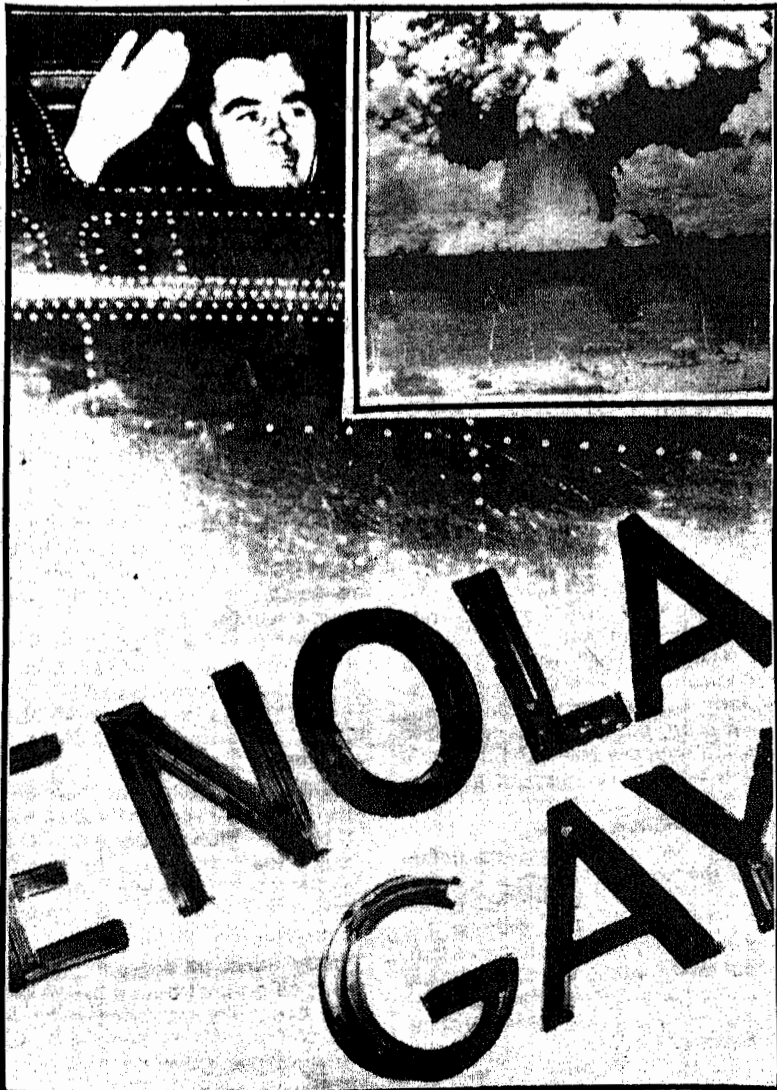
At this point I should like to quote an article written by Enoch Powell, a man whom one can hardly accuse of Communist sympathies, which appeared in the *Guardian Weekly* of October 16, 1983. Powell refers to "the misunderstanding of Soviet Russia as an aggressive power, militaristically and ideologically bent upon world domination, and concludes that "This notion has no basis in fact, it exists wholly in the realm of the imagination... If Russia is bent on world conquest, she has been remarkably slothful and remarkably unsuccessful. Even her much feared influence in other continents through money, arms and propaganda has spluttered out more ignominiously than the

democratic rights and responsibilities denied to the citizens of Eastern bloc nations in an independent and constructive fashion.

I would argue that Australia has a special role to play in this respect. If enough pressure could be brought to bear on the present government to require that America either shut down its bases here, or allow the presence of Australian (and possibly Soviet) observers at them, as well as making at the same time a genuine effort to arrive at an arms limitation agreement with the Soviets, a small step could be made towards international stability and peace. This is something we need to think about.

If the Reagan/Ballantyne view of world politics — a view which, I might add, profoundly unhistorical — and the sort of Western foreign policy it has produced is allowed to persist, then I believe that it is certain there will be nuclear war in the Northern hemisphere within the next ten years. And as Colonel David Hackworth pointed out in his speech at the University three weeks ago, in the event of such a war Australia could not hope to remain unscathed.

Tom Morton





'Rooted In Secrecy'

-ex-CPA member tells of ASIO Harassment

KEN COLDICUTT joined the Communist Party of Australia in 1935. Two years ago he quite the CPA "finally rejecting Stalinist Communism as incompatible with a commitment to democracy".

DAVID WALKER talks to him about his recent book 'Rooted in Secrecy' in which he discusses his belief that ASIO was vetoing his application for jobs and says "I see no reason why anybody should be discriminated against on purely political grounds".

Once upon a time, Ken Coldicutt was a member of the Communist Party of Australia. As he tells it, Australia's security intelligence forces have never forgiven him for that; they have discriminated against him for four decades because of his political beliefs and activities.

Coldicutt joined the CPA in 1935. Those were the days when the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Ethiopia, Manchuria and Spain were about to fall victim to a new, ugly, expanding Fascism. "This was a situation where anyone who had any sort of social conscience was impelled to do something — and so, at the age of 20, I joined the Communist Party." Soon after, he abandoned his science degree at Melbourne University to become an importer, promoter and exhibitor of political and social documentary films.

But Ken Coldicutt looks less like a rebel-rousing Red than a kindly, if somewhat stern, grandfather, talking quietly and routinely about his past and its relevance to today's world in determined and convincing style. It is two years since he quit the CPA, finally rejecting Stalinist Communism as incompatible with a commitment to democracy. Not that he has ever ceased to be a political animal: his recent book, *Rooted in Secrecy*, is

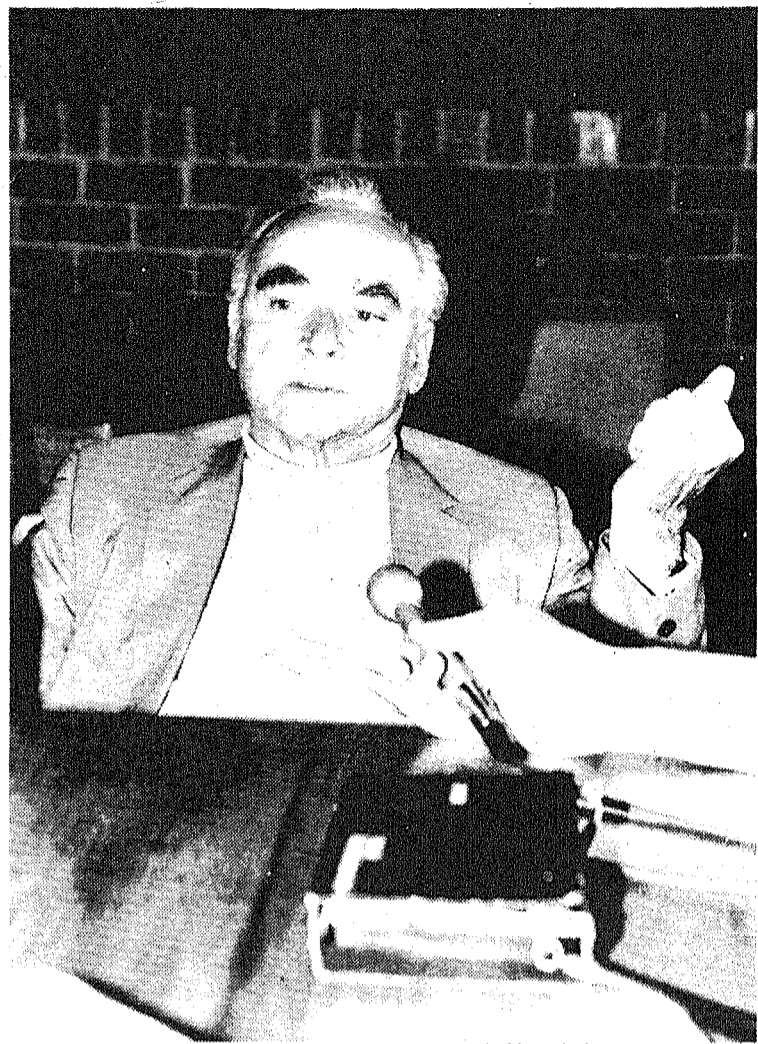
testament to that. Co-authored with Joan Coxsege and Gerry Harant, it explores the political influence wielded by ASIO and friends over the years of their existence, arguing that ASIO is more of a danger to Australians than the forces from which it seeks to shelter us.

The increasingly powerful medium of film first brought Coldicutt under the close scrutiny of security organisations. Before the war, he was involved in importing the first Eisenstein film to reach Australian shores, *Ten Days That Shook The World*. The Commonwealth and Victorian censors both tried to ban it; Ken Coldicutt went into bat for his product and his beliefs, successfully. The ban was defeated, and he was in the public eye — and, he was no doubt, in the files of ASIO's precursors, the Commonwealth Investigation Bureau. People he believed to be Special Branch plain-clothes-men took notes at his film screenings.

1943 brought the first evidence of discrimination against him. Serving as an RAF navigator, he was told he had been recommended for a commission. Only in exceptional circumstances were such recommendations turned down. The only exceptional thing about him was his CPA

membership, and he didn't get his promotion. He found out that he was on Naval Intelligence Files as well. He spent some years after the war trying to get positions with Commonwealth film units, and later with ABC TV. He believes ASIO, set up in 1949, was vetoing his applications, though he was no longer a Communist. Such a belief was more than just paranoia. Once he was told there was "trouble with security". In 1956 he was able to obtain a freelance assignment with the ABC requiring the same skills as a permanent position for which he had been turned down. Freelancers were not vetted by security. He was even interviewed, in an anonymous Melbourne office, by an ASIO officer wanting the names of all Communists and sympathisers he had known in his adult life. He said no. ASIO continued to discriminate against him "for the crime of joining a perfectly legal political party on his twentieth birthday — a starry-eyed young student finds himself discriminated against for the rest of his life."

Eventually he gave up his career in the film industry, and took up teaching. So what?, say fifteen million Australians who have never belonged to the CPA. ASIO has to keep an eye on a few fringe politicians, doesn't it? But even if one could believe the unlikely proposition that Ken Coldicutt, 68-year-old war veteran, campaigner for democracy, film importer, science teacher and long-ago Communist is or was a threat to national security, you might still have cause for concern. The notion of ASIO's limited influence "is an illusion with ASIO itself tries to foster," according to Ken. "The reality is that ASIO would have millions of Australians on its files, probably the majority of citizens ..." ASIO vets all applications for



"A starry-eyed young student finds himself discriminated against for the rest of his life" Ken Coldicutt.

immigration, all applications to join or be promoted in the Commonwealth Public Service. It co-operates with overseas regimes

including Pinochet's torturers in Chile. Coldicutt's work as a member of the Committee for the Abolition of Political Police and his assiduous examination of government enquiries into ASIO have convinced him of this.

"My basic argument is that there is no justification in a society which pretends to be democratic for the existence of this sort of check at all. I see no reason why anybody should be discriminated against on purely political grounds." David Combe, one suspects, would heartily agree.

Is there a role for an ASIO-type security organisation in Australia?

"I rather doubt it, for the reason that even assuming ASIO was concerned with protecting us from spies and traitors and saboteurs, they've been remarkably unsuccessful in finding them." Despite Petrov, Soripov and Combe-Ivanov, ASIO have never produced firm evidence of the guilt

of an accused spy. Like the KGB and the CIA, ASIO occasionally expels diplomats "to show they're on the ball."

"If we grant that there is a place for some security intelligence organisation, I maintain that there is no justification whatsoever for making that organisation not subject to Parliamentary control or effective scrutiny, to audit." At the moment, it is not, and it has a \$30 million budget. "Nobody in Parliament has a right to know how ASIO spends its money." The need for security, argues Coldicutt, is no more a reason for such unlimited freedom than it is for police, plain-clothes-men.

It's hard to check such a tale. You can't ring up ASIO and ask them to comment. But the current uneasiness seeping from the Hope Royal Commission makes one suspect that Ken Coldicutt has not invented or imagined the last fifty years of his life. Besides, he seems a very ordinary, bright, sane, concerned human being. He might be you or me in our better moments. But ASIO still doesn't like him...

A Modern Hint Of Funk

Adelaide band 'Wide Boys Smile' have played twice to campus audiences in the Uni. Bar, and **JACKI DE SZOMBATFALY** interviewed them last week.

How and when did the band form?

Well, what happened was two members of the band — the bass player and the guitarist, used to be in a band called *Joyous Invasion* who went to Melbourne, and they did quite well there. They had a contract with White Label (subsidiary of Mushroom Records) and with Native Tongue. They came back here and John, myself and Ken my brother, Nick Gross and a couple of other people formed a party band over Christmas. That went quite well, it was a bit of a laugh, and at the end of that we decided that it might be an idea to get something a bit more serious together and that's when it all happened.

It took us a month to find the drummer, Chris, who was in *Animal Noise* at the time. The band is now: Chris Merchant on drums, John Stateham on guitar, Steve Hucksford on bass, Dave Walker on vocals, Nick Cross on sax, and myself on keyboards.

Where did you get the name of the band from?

It is in fact from a book by William Burroughs about a gang of homosexual thugs who go round beating up people. We didn't really know what the connotation was; Dave only heard about it, so we just made up that name.

And apparently it's not *Wide Boys* but it's *Wild Boys*. But *Wide Boys* sounds more interesting so we kept that one.

Do you have any social or political views as a band?

I guess we're all leftist oriented, but as far as expressing them lyrically, that's not something we could do well. It's best left to other people who can do it better than we can, so our lyrics tend to be a bit more sexual.

One song is called *Inspiration*, which is just looking at the idea of when you have sex, there is a kind of macrocosm of the universe involved. There's earth, sea, wind and fire so it's just describing

various illusions inside that sort of idea.

Political viewpoints aren't really expressed unless it's the fragmentation of modern society, isolation of the individual and stuff like that which crops up a lot.

What are your musical influences and what do you listen to?

We play modern dance music which is tinged with a hint of funk. I have heard a comment along the lines of "How can you play that sort of music?" knowing our musical tastes and musical background and friends, made by a few people in other bands. This is a very silly attitude because it involves the sort of idea of being very self-consciously hip — like you have to have a certain sound to be hip, and if you haven't got that it doesn't work.

We don't aim for any particular audience, we don't aim to appeal to different types, we just have this basic start. We have been arranging songs in a very traditional way, having all six people playing all the time and playing their instruments in a very conventional sort of way. And we're already moving away from that. Also we're limited by the fact

that the synths aren't atmospheric sound synths — they make musical sounds so you can just make musical notes.

I guess our influences are fairly varied — Nick listens to lots of jazz, Dave listens to the most commercial stuff, I listen to bands like *Laughing Clowns* and *New Order* and *Aztec Camera*, Steve listens to *New Order* and Bach and things like that so it's a fairly varied selection.

Who writes the music?

Steve writes half the songs and I write the other half.

They do get re-written and changed a lot within the band. John has written two old *Joyous Invasion* songs which we have quite radically reworked. I think it will tend to be more of a group effort as time goes on.

Any interstate plans?

Yes. Melbourne is very caught up at the moment in this cowboy rockabilly thing and there's bands like *Real Life* and *Kids in the Kitchen* who play outside of that, but on the whole there is still a big punk hangover in Melbourne — especially as being the home of the *Birthday Party*.

So I think Sydney will be more

oriented to the stuff we will be doing, but that won't be till May next year.

What do you think of the venues here?

I think there's a tendency with a lot of bands to be happy with playing a certain circuit and I think that's not a very good thing in a town the size of Adelaide where there's only a few places to play.

I'd like to expose ourselves to as many different sorts of audiences as we can, and suss out the way people react to us.

I don't think we're going to be a cult band in Adelaide which is a good thing in some respects. Cult people tend to be very worshipful but not very aware of what the band is doing.

Certainly in Melbourne there are lots of different venues which are a lot better — club venues which are bigger than the clubs here and cater for rock bands which are a lot better and have a bit more atmosphere.

Is the music all original?

It is all original but I'd like to do one cover, very well chosen. It's a nice sort of gesture really, as far as the audience goes, to have one cover.

Ode To a Bundy (and coke)

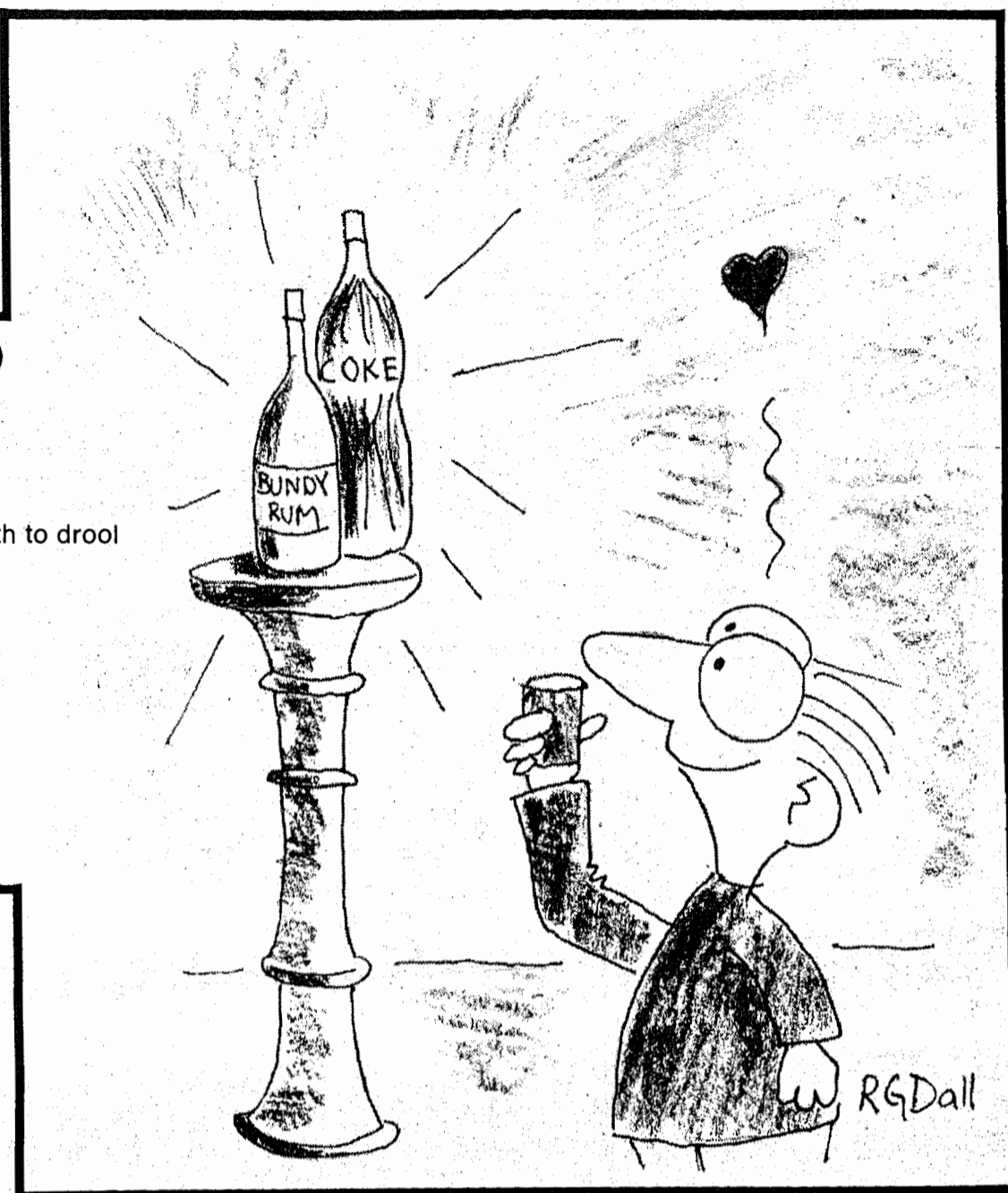
Oh bundy, Oh bundy
 Your flavour abounds
 Sweet clear nectar
 a taste so profound
 In night spot, on beach or in pool
 Your heavenly odour causes my mouth to drool
 Born under sunshine in fields of cane
 Delivered by truck to caress my brain
 When down in hopes
 or struck with ennui
 I know in you
 the answer lies for me
 To follow the teachings
 of Epicurus
 To calm the mind, hit the piss

Anonymous**The Seamstress of Love**

The Seamstress of Love
 is weaving fine garments
 and twining the threads
 of lonely hearts;
 She is sewing her magic beads
 onto maidens and masters
 and sharing the fruits
 of her seeds;
 She is watching the waters
 from the bank where she lies
 while a fragrant mist
 shadows her face
 as she cries.

The Seamstress of Love
 is watching your night times
 like a fairy godmother
 pretending to fly
 while a faint sparkle
 lies within her mind's eye;
 She is worshipping the gold
 that lies in your bed
 'imagining a time,
 when, from this world
 its people had fled.

The Seamstress of Love
 is searching for laughter
 a joy in the wind
 she must find;
 She is searching for children
 lost long ago
 when the moonlight
 cradled the divine;
 She is seeking tranquility
 as she is taken blind
 peace which comes
 when she draws thread
 with her mind.

Timothy G. Boord**Never Noticed**

It was Saturday afternoon when I rang
 Invited you out
 Talked about nothing
 Pleasant conversation that led to a feeling
 Never noticed the time.

"I'm tempted" you said with a smile in your voice
 A musical sound
 That soothed and rejoiced
 A prior arrangement held you away
 Never noticed your sigh.

I went alone and got drunk at that show
 You changed your mind
 But how was I to know
 I couldn't believe it when you arrived and smiled
 Never noticed the meaning

Stilted conversation and bad attempts at humour
 Drunken realization that all is lost
 I went outside to gather my mind
 Never noticed you leaving

Anonymous



Delusions Of Art

**Toyland — Self-titled EP
(Independently produced)**

Sadly *Toyland* suffer from that most common, delusive ailment of electronic bands — they believe their music has transcended the base mainstream of rock and roll to become an art form.

Certainly the musicians are talented, which fact is demonstrated more by the absence of pretentious Enoisms than by any display of technical innovativeness. They do not show-off their talents and drown the sound under braggard, synthesised stunts. But artists they are not.

The use of rapid, squeak-and-shriek female vocals is the gimmick which first

attracts the listener's attention, and it is one which soon wears thin.

The lyrics are in the main pretentious and unimaginative, delivered in a staccato monologue set against a background of an adequate, but too often stifled, electronic beat. The addition of the (mandatory) seagull noises in the track *Ships And Boats* unfortunately does nothing to add support to lyrics which are simply out of their depth in this style of music.

The one track which does work, and impressively so, is *Night Flight Over Palestine*. The otherwise concealed vocal talent of the band is utilized to good effect with the coarse back-up vocals setting of the lead-singer's voice in a fashion which would do Lena Lovich proud.

In this track alone the lyrics shy away from working-class platitudes (most nauseous in *Ships And Boats*) which, whilst doubtless valid in their own right, are simply not appropriate to this music.

The indication of vocal range and power provided by *Night Flight* speaks well for the band's future — the mediocrity and gimmickry of the other three tracks does not.

Your humble reviewer would like very much to catch the band live and to witness the "exciting visual distractions" described in the media blurb first-hand. Perhaps these make up for the musical paucity and give an added dimension to a sound which is sullied with sameness.

Garry U. Nickorn

**IQ
Self-titled Album**

As a demonstration of what a synthesiser is capable of under the guidance of restrained and experienced musicians, this record is an outright winner. Indeed one track, *Rhythmic Stereo*, is little more than a stylised synthesiser demonstration (which works exceedingly well, given its sparse use of sound and its cliched beat).

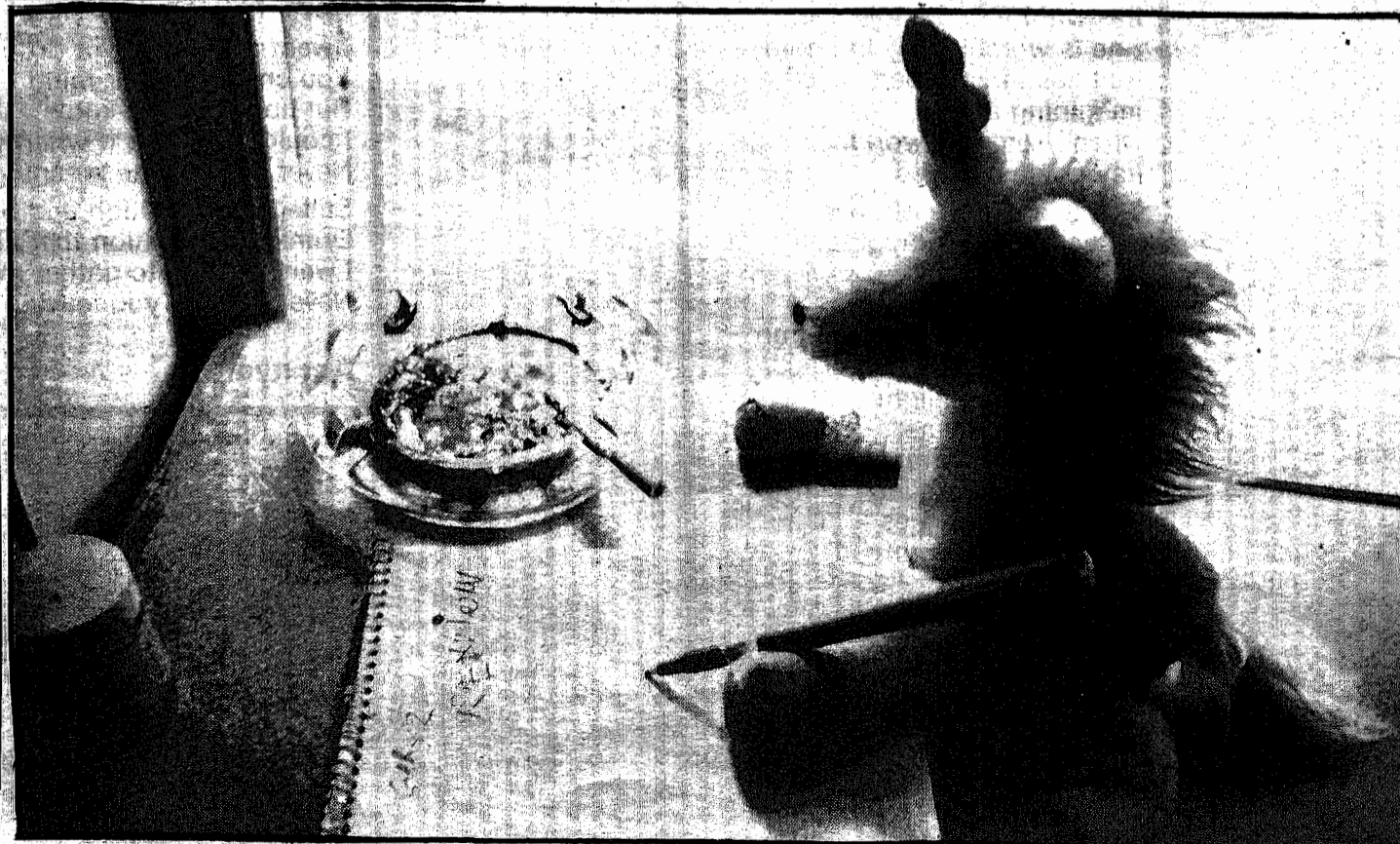
Unfortunately *IQ* have attempted to use vocals as a musical instrument to complement the computerised instrumentals, and the singer's voice is simply not up to such demanding standards, tending to distract rather than harmonise.

At times, however, the vocals do extend a little. In *New Tomorrow* they threaten to become something along the lines of a subdued and electronic *Uriah Heep*, and in *Time Travellers* a hunky-dory Bowie.

Prima Ballerina — a sort of *Duelling Banjos* of synthesisers — is an outstanding demonstration of simultaneous spontaneity and restraint. It is a useful excursion away from the 'sci-fic art' feel of the rest of the album, although it could never be a commercial success.

Still it is a remarkable achievement for the synthetic duo which makes up *IQ*, although most annoyingly they do insist on promoting their product as a form of musical 'art'.

Garry U. Nickorn.



Garry U. Nickorn during his recent On dit coup.

ARTS

Challenging Our Heritage



On Becoming Human Nancy Makepeace Tanner

Cambridge University Press, 1981
\$16.50, 373 pages (paperback)

In the scramble to define and explain the transition of that ancestral ape to the "all-mighty" *Homo sapiens* some anthropologists (mostly male) have explained our species' rise to dominance in male terms.

The "mighty hunter", "aggressive ape" and even "intelligent ape" hypotheses all revolve around male superiority — the males were the innovators with the role of females in early societies being neglected. Often female roles were never considered with traditional anthropologists referring to *man's* evolution or more blatantly sexist such as in the "mighty hunter" hypothesis where all the significant cultural advances were made by males. It is absurd that one

sex could contribute all the advances made by the species!

On Becoming Human is a thoroughly researched and well written account of human evolution considering the roles of women and children as well as those of men in the developing human societies.

Professor Tanner has a huge reference list of well over a thousand references indicating a broad grasp of the field, but unfortunately suffers from some over-referencing. Nevertheless Tanner's work provides a comprehensive review of *Becoming Human* plus a new interpretation of the data.

The first three chapters are concerned with describing the evolution of the African apes. Agreeing with the biochemical evidence she concludes that *homo sapiens*, chimpanzee and gorilla are more closely related than previously

thought, only diverging from a common ancestor some five million years ago.

Chapters 4 to 6 describe, in detail, Chimpanzee social life as a model of early hominid society. Chimpanzees, it seems, are less specialised than Gorillas and most closely approximate the ancestral ape ancestor of humanity.

While many people may find objections with this cross-species comparison, (indeed one of the species, early human is long extinct and we can only guess at its behaviour!), it is well documented and is only meant as a starting point for discoveries on early human society.

The last five chapters deal with the transition from *Australopithecus* to *Homo* — the final chapter is a concise summary and integration of all the data in the book. Tanner conceptualises the origin of the *Homo* line as a divergence of the ancestral ape stock into a vacant niche — the African savanna.

Here intelligence and flexibility were of great advantage, attributes which the early ape/human was well endowed with.

The major innovation, Tanner argues, was culture. This enabled our ancestors to be able to adapt in ecological time to a variable and uncertain environment.

Although it is generally conceded that the mother-child relationship provided the basis of human society, Tanner may have overestimated the importance of this relationship and the role of women in the developing society.

Obviously the mother-child relationship is the only reliable close genetic relationship (maternity is always certain) — necessary for the evolutionary enhancement of social functions such as food sharing. This, then, is the basis for the development of human culture.

But further extrapolations by the author that it was the females of this early society who were the innovators are perhaps wishful! In other primate societies, it is the juveniles who invent new behaviour patterns, and not the adults of either sex.

Nancy Tanner's achievement is in the integration of the information on the process of *Becoming Human*. And although not entirely agreeing with her interpretations, I consider her to have provided a positive explanation of not only the hows, but also the whys of human evolution.

Lance Lloyd

Thunder Without Rain

John le Carré

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL

The Little Drummer Girl
by John Le Carre

Hodder and Songhton 1983
hardback \$19.95 rrp.

John le Carre's technical ability as a writer is probably unsurpassed by any other present day author writing in English.

He is able to construct a very tight plot, something which no armchair critic is able to poke holes in. Then he reveals it, piece by piece, so that the reader is shattered when he or she finally comprehends what le Carre has been gently leading up to.

His technical ability peaked during the 1970's when he produced the Smiley trilogy. These books were a new type of spy novel. Action was subservient to thinking and the podgy masterspy George Smiley was far from the archetype of espionage hero but le Carre's technique made this unlikely combination compelling.

However in his latest novel I believe that John le Carre has slightly overreached himself. Though his work remains very fine he has ventured into areas where technique alone is not enough to sustain him.

The Little Drummer Girl is about an Israeli intelligence operation designed to thwart Palestinian terrorist operations in Europe. Le Carre shows a lot of sympathy for the Palestinians. He visited Lebanon and the Palestinian camps before writing the book and it is clear that he understands the Palestinian point of view.

The Israelis recruit a girl named Charlie, an English actress, to play the key role in their plan. She's beautiful, wilful, resourceful and radical. She falls in love with Gadi Becker, the Israeli agent who is running her. She is a person searching for certainties and she loves the Israeli. But is this sufficient motive to make her carry out the dangerous plan which the Israelis have devised to net the Palestinians, when by conviction she is totally anti-Zionist?

Many other characters in the novel also lack depth and motive. Some readers will look deeper into the book for the answers. They will never quite find them but le Carre's immaculate technique might just reassure them that the fault is theirs. They haven't looked far enough.

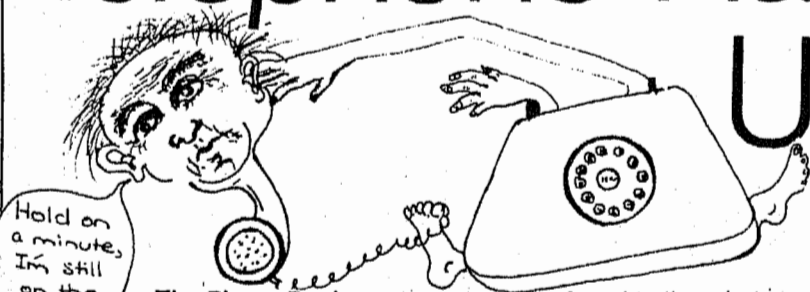
However le Carre often does not provide answers. He just has an amazing ability to spin a web of fiction from nothing.

Perhaps that quality isn't a bad one for a writer to have.

The Little Drummer Girl is likely to be published in paperback in coming months.

Tim Dodd

Telephone Hang Ups



The Phone Book;

The Future of Australia's Communications on the Line

Ian Reinecke and Julianne Schultz
(Penguin Books, \$6.95, 270 pp.)

The Phone Book details the political and corporate struggle over the future of Telecom and outlines the implications for Australians of the outcome of this battle.

If the recommendations of the Davidson Report are carried out, Telecom will be split up and the profitable areas

transferred to the private sector.

This would jeopardise the telephone's existence as a universal low-cost service and restrict ordinary citizens access to a whole new range of information services such as videotext and teletext. The economically and socially disadvantaged would be 'information-poor' further increasing inequality.

According to *The Phone Book* this campaign to destroy Telecom is being waged by private business, transnational companies and private sector ideologies.

Contrary to their claims Telecom is efficient and innovative.

The charge that monopolies are inefficient is not borne out by an examination of the telecommunications systems of other 'advanced' countries. Until the break-up of AT&T last year they were all either public or heavily regulated private monopolies — efficient, innovative ones.

The Phone Book outlines an alternative to the privatisation of Telecom which would be both morally and economically sound. An expanded and strengthened Telecom could provide the basis for an indigenous high-technology telecommunications industry, one of those 'sunrise' industries that are all the rage.

The authors of *The Phone Book* come out too strongly against the role of the private sector in telecommunications and are not critical enough of Telecom. In doing so they make the same mistake as their opponents, they oversimplify the economic arguments involved.

However the question of access to information services is one for which *The Phone Book* provides the right answer, equality is the primary consideration in this area.

David Winderlich

Law Or Justice ?

— in search of reform

Reform the Law;
Essays on the renewal of the
Australian legal system
Michael Kirby

Oxford University Press 284 pp.
(\$12.99 paperback, \$25.00 hardcover)

Reform the Law is a collection of addresses given to lay people about the challenges to the Australian legal system posed by technological and social changes. It also outlines the work of the Australian Law Reform Commission in

reforming the law to meet those challenges.

In clear, simple English, Justice Kirby, the Chairman of the ALRC outlines the work being done by the Commission, its methods and the constraints under which it operates. Kirby argues that the Commission is essential to fill the gap left by the retreat of the judiciary from law-making. The logical successor in a democracy, parliament, has shown itself to be unable to provide the modern laws that are needed.

Specific projects being undertaken by the ALRC are examined such as the introduction of procedural reforms including class actions in Federal courts and changes in defamation law and reform of the law of sentencing of Federal offenders. Law students would be interested in the chapter *The Future of Legal Practice — Or Does it Have One?*

To me the most interesting parts of *Reform the Law* were those chapters dealing with the implications of technology, multi-culturalism and changing social attitudes for the legislative process. Computers pose a whole new set of problems for privacy, tissue transplantation and genetic engineering raise sensitive moral-legal questions which require legislative guidelines. The law must also be sensitized to the different

cultural and legal backgrounds of Australia's non-Anglo-Celtic inhabitants. Kirby also argues for a reappraisal of the worth and relevance of the customs and laws of the Australian Aborigines.

If the community is to participate in reforming the law and enjoy the fruits of any reforms it must be more aware of the workings of the law. Kirby not only argues for community legal education, he also helps provide it by including some explanation of the nature of the law and arguing for a coherent philosophy of law reform.

Reform the Law is an important book that everyone should try to read. It is perfectly intelligible to laypersons like myself, rationally argued and raises important issues that we all should be aware of.

David Winderlich



Rita Gets Distinction

Educating Rita
Directed and Produced by Lewis Gilbert

Academy Cinema Centre

Rita is a cockney hairdresser who enrolls in an Open University course to discover herself. She has nothing to offer but her enthusiasm. Frank is her tutor, a failed writer bored by literature and his students. *Educating Rita* is about the effect these two very different people have on each other.

Rita is determined to become educated, cultivated, to write essays as good as those written by the other students. Frank worries that she will end up as just another glib undergraduate with a repertoire of quotations and second-hand opinions,

losing the qualities that makes her so special. The situation is complicated when he begins to fall in love with Rita.

Inevitably Frank's drinking gets him into trouble, he is banished to Australia for, metaphorically, 'buggering the bursar.' Fortunately for the movie Rita does not go with him. She has found herself, but it took a university course to show her how unimportant education really was in accomplishing that.

Educating Rita is evocative of *Gregory's Girl* and to a lesser extent *Local Hero*. It has the same mixture of slightly eccentric colourful characters, the same gentle often simple humour based on everyday situations and the same poignancy which made those films so worthwhile.

Julie Walters is fantastic as the forthright, irreverent but appealingly vulnerable Rita. Michael Caine is excellent as her boozy tutor, a witty cynic; "of course I'm drunk, you don't expect me to teach this stuff when I'm sober," and a pathetic middle-aged man just going through the motions of living.

At times *Educating Rita* didn't quite seem to hang together and the attempted suicide of Rita's cultivated flatmate brought it perilously close to soap opera. But for most of the time it didn't falter whether it was entertaining, edifying or bringing a lump to my throat. The charming ture-to-life simplicity of this film makes it well worth seeing.

David Winderlich

Getting Out Of Your Skull —Neural 'Cops & Robbers'

Brainstorm
Produced and Directed by Douglas Trumbull
Hindley Cinema

Ever been sent into raptures by the wonders of stereo music blasted through your brain from close range by the latest technology 'walkman'? And did you think you were a real, 20th century bopper?

Well, forget it baby. You thought your mind was blown, when all it did was pop pathetically. Spend a couple of hours at Douglas Trumbull's latest bundle of tricks *Brainstorm* and you'll feel like consigning your Walkman to the 15th Century.

In *Brainstorm* our era of walkmans and videos is taken one big step further. After years of research, two scientists developed the ultimate in lounge room pleasure. Enjoyment of your electrical appliance is no longer purely objective; through the use of magical chips tapped into appropriate parts of the brain it is possible to actually experience whatever is on the tape you plug into.

So without leaving your comfy chair you can live through any permutation of senses, as recorded by a guinea pig whose experience becomes wholly yours. Zoom down a vertical ski slope, fly a fighter plane through the sound barrier, hand glide

through the grand canyon, indulge in a massive orgy...

And of course like in all good science fiction films, a fear-factor is introduced when the possibilities of the experiment extend into areas of human experience never before explored. Through the clever little machine it becomes possible to live through the workings and emotions of someone else's mind. Just plug them in for a few seconds, push 'record' and play it back to yourself.

Logically enough the climax of the film is centred around the only experience no living person has been able to survive in order to describe. Chief scientist Lillian Reynolds (Louise Fletcher) is caught up with by the constant stress of her job. She realises she is having a heart attack and is about to die, so plugs herself into the machine and pushes 'record'. The whole episode of her death and whatever happens afterwards available to whoever wants to experience it.

Much of the insurance for *Brainstorm's* commercial success is attributed to the reputation of producer/director Douglas Trumbull. Trumbull is the reknowned master of special effects, with the impressive back-list of 2001 *A Space Odyssey*, *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars* to his credit. In this respect *Brainstorm* is a little disappointing; the effects are

impressive, but do not quite live up to the ambitious ideas behind the film. Unfortunately the disappointments don't stop there.

As so often seems to happen, the film's excellent ideas fall prey to the ravages of cliched Americanism. Those two never ending ingredients of American entertainment, 'cops and robbers' and sloppy sentimentalism, effectively wipe out any credibility the film may have laid claim to.

The Defence Department becomes extremely interested in the little machine for typically dubious motives and accessibility to the prized 'death-tape' turns into a juggling match between goodies and baddies.

Then comes the other ingredient: Michael Brace (Christopher Walker) survives his own experience of his fellow scientist's death, the climax is over, and he and his wife (played by sure-fire audience puller Natalie Wood) fade off to the strains of violins and sweetly whispered "I love you"s.

So *Brainstorm* looks like another of those films, of potentially fascinating 'intellectual' possibility, but reduced by the commercial considerations to a film simply for 'fun'.

Bill Morton

Something Lacking In 'Patience'

Patience

The G&S Society at the Scott Theatre

Although another step in the advancing standards of the G&S Society and a highpoint in amateur musical life this was not an ideal presentation of Gilbert's supreme social satire or of Sullivan's most delicate and joyous music.

At the risk of making enemies I suggest that the faults were due to a basic lack of understanding of what this opera is about and of Gilbert's wit in those most responsible. Though I laughed at some lines as though I'd never heard them before, particularly those of Tessa Miller and Peter Hopkins, many gift speeches and scenes elicited only a fraction of the audience reaction they usually enjoy due to seeming ignorance of phrasing, dynamics, emphasis, inflection and timing.

The great majority of Jane's greatest moments went for naught. A few of Angela's misfired and even parts of Bunthorne's *O Hollow, Hollow, Hollow* were ploughed under by this lack of sense of line. His *Heartfoam* more than compensated. As Bunthorne, former professional Kevin Miller did well but any shortcomings were due to following direction.

Total responsibility, where does it lie? The director Rick Trevaskis wrote in his programme notes that Bunthorne is a satire of Oscar Wilde. Sorry, it's actually a satire of Whistler. His own Bunthorne of a few years ago was a great disappointment and here as director the same level was perpetuated and perpetrated. Roles were strangely interpreted and lines were moved around the characters as though it didn't matter.

Hand in hand in irrelevancy with him was the choreographer Rob McKell. As movement in G&S is so integrated with the other parts of the whole in days of yore there was not only one stage director. Movement in G&S as handed down from Gilbert underlined the meaning of words to the degree of deliberate absurdity. What we have here is musical comedy choreography which is supposed to vaguely express the mood of the moment with lots of movement for its own sake. That for the woman was mostly good but jerky. Botticellian fluidity is the model *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* is not. The men's choreography disgraced the production. Gilbert's Dragoon's are a corps, a class, of tightly disciplined proudly masculine bovine unimaginative thickheads. They should react so but here they didn't even mark except to rip-off Met's Mounties. They jogged and half squatted in time to the music. Elsewhere they lounged about and bye played to distract from the important action. Their lack of precision ruined much, for example *Kneel, kneel* and the impact of most of their musical entries ("Oh, Horror").

Their officers were better, Bernard Hull, revealing as did Elizabeth Fletcher (Ella) and Harold Berrett (Solicitor) their understanding of the genre.

Gimmicks got in the way, the gazebo, the tore bag and the anachronistic teddy bear. Brideshead was set in the 20's not the 80's. When was Evelyn Waugh a "cult hero" (Mr. Trevaskis' programme notes). The Dragoon's costumes were wrong, and devoid of swords or spurs. Where was Bunthorne's lily?

A few of the voices were a bit light. A lovely mezzo does not make a contralto.

John Drake could be seen trying to get effective tempi and musical phrasing in motion and he was partly successful. None of the three Second Act showstoppers had an encore demanded of it owing to the tempi (despite Mr. Drake) some out of time and therefore discordant singing (in the Quintet) and the inane choreography working against the timing set into the music. Some of the singers could not manage the deliberately absurd noble legato of Sullivan as in *Mystic Port*.

The Beardesley sets were an attractive though slightly wrong presentation.

Patience, the finest libretto in English, a satire of society, of the Apollo-Dionysius dichotomy in Art still pleased the audience. It should have idealized us.

LOK

'Bubbly, Vibrant And Full Of Charm'



Joan Armatrading in Concert

Long, long ago, in the primeval mist of time, a cautious music lover parted the mystic curtains of Thebarton Theatre, and stepped through to bathe in the cosmic power of Joan Armatrading in concert.

Now, about two months later, he has (after much consideration), finally decided to tell the world of this extraordinary uplifting experience. (In other words, pinheads, the concert was good and the reviewer was slack-o in writing it up).

Meanwhile, back to the concert....

Notwithstanding my own personal dissatisfaction with Ms. Armatrading's recent product, all songs (including the latter day ones) were executed with finesse and style. Joan's singing was excellent and her stage presence was bubbly, vibrant and full of charm.

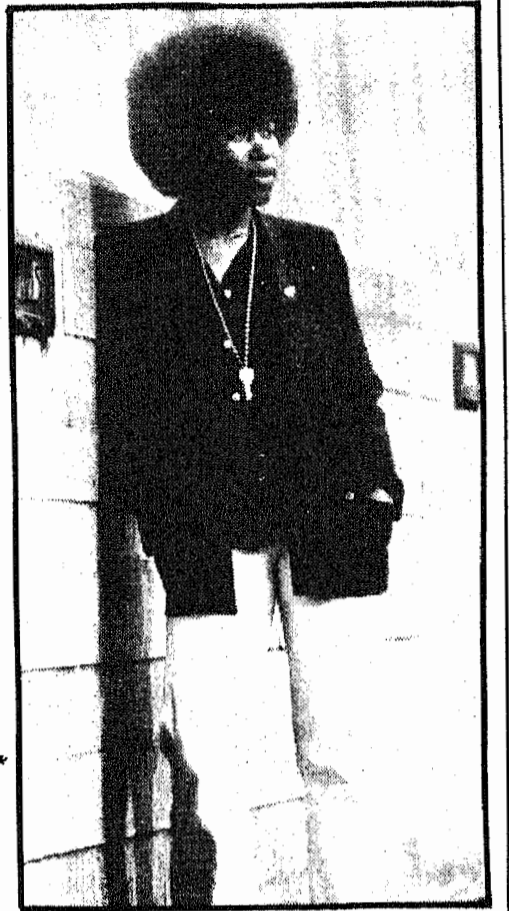
By far the most enthusiastic audience response came from the older songs, such as *Kissing and Hugging*, *Tall In The Saddle* and (especially) *Love and Affection*.

This last tune cleansed the souls of all those listening, its sweet melody being sung in a pure, sensitive voice, sympathetically backed up by the band.

The only disappointment of the night was that two of her greatest tunes, *Show Some Emotion* and *Mama Mercy* were not played.

Hell, one *Mama Mercy* could reduce a thousand *Call Me Names* to a quivering mass of inept musical jelly any day.

Stefan Schutt



Playing For Power

The Blind Giant Is Dancing by Steven Sewell

presented by Light-House

The *Blind Giant is Dancing* is a powerful political and yet personal play set in contemporary Australia. Written by Steven Sewell, it was specifically commissioned by Light-house — which is probably the best move that artistic director Jim Sharman has made all year.

Steven Sewell is a writer with the courage to attack some of the basic aspects of Australian life. *The Blind Giant* reveals starkly and brutally the role which power-games play at all levels of our society, and the tragic frightening consequences when idealism must confront the realities of those power games. More than that though, it shows the chasm which develops between individuals when they become so locked within their own idealism that they cannot touch or communicate with each other.

As you could buy a complete copy of the script-cum-program for \$2 it is relatively easy to gauge Sewell's competence as a playwright. The pace is very fast moving, with rapid changes of locale — including a home, an office, back-gardens, kitchens, pent-house and a steel works factory. This practically necessitated the use of a revolving stage which nonetheless was brilliantly utilised not only to move people and props into place, but also to create the illusion of a world going inexorably ever

onwards. Stephen Curtis is an excellent set designer and the stark, barren appearance of the stage prepared the audience to accept the fragmented almost surrealism which was to come.

A very clever concept of Lighting Designer Nigel Levings (I assume) was to have the lighting rig on full display. The effect was that of interrogation lights designed to intimidate the actors — and at times — the audience. The factory scenes were very cleverly lit with master lights above the lighting rig, casting strong chaotic shadows in keeping with the location.

Technically, the play was superb. Stage Manager Lee-Anne Donnoley (with assistant Michael Voysey) ensured a very tight and precisely tuned production which ran smoothly through some difficult and sudden shifts. Director Neil Armfield succeeded to an admirable degree in uniting the verbose barrage of cross-purposes, counter-arguments, double-dealing and shifting focusses, into a coherent whole.

The Blind Giant is Dancing is not an easy or lazy night's entertainment — you have to pay attention or become helplessly lost. However, if you do follow the action, the interplays and individual skits merge with frightening clarity — a credit to Neil Armfield.

Thematically, the play basically follows the changing cover of Allen Fitzgerald

(played by Geoffrey Rush), and how compromises are forced upon him, in both the political and domestic sphere. His wife, Louise (Jacqy Phillips) has to contend with the anger, agony and ultimately apathy which he displays, whilst battling with herself to find a happy medium between individualism a la 'feminism', and companionship/sharing a la 'settling down'. A refuge-worker, Louise helps others because she is afraid and incapable of helping herself.

So much for the personal aspect. The political side deals with the wheeler-dealing politics of big business, the backstabbing which stems from the callous attitude of 'I'm alright Jack — and if I'm not, you're going to pay for it.'

The entire company were invitingly convincing in their roles — with the possible exception of Robynne Bourne who played Jane — Louise's feminist friend. I found her to be awkward — though that may be a function of her lines which were somewhat trite at times.

It is almost impossible (and unfair) to select 'a best performer' but Peter Cummins and Stuart McGeery both seemed especially good as they appeared to 'think' the part, hesitating before speech or attempting to bulldoze such as their characters would have done.

Peter played Doug (Allen's father) with the appropriate bewildered defiance of a man so locked into the stereotyped role of 'I'm a man and head of my household', that he fails to adjust to changing industrial or familial conditions.

Stuart, as the apparently respectable bureaucrat whose only goal in life is his own political survival, demonstrated marvellously subtle timing and interactions with other characters — very compelling to watch.

In addition, Igor Sas was perfect as Romon Gris, a headstrong Chilean Socialist who started Allen off on the road to loss of idealism and yet fails to understand how it happened. His scenes with Geoffrey Rush were intense drama.

and he grasped the single-mindedness of Romon beautifully. (Incidentally — I loved his accent which he maintained consistently throughout).

I have mixed feelings about Geoffrey Rush as Allen Fitzgerald. It was a very demanding role, he was physically present for much of the time and his character moved mercurially through moods, yet I felt that Geoff didn't get into the guts of Allen — his emotional responses seemed contrived — more 'Allen is feeling this way' than 'I am feeling this way'.

Jacqy Phillips was good — her body movements were telling representations of the essential conflicts which battled within Louise. I do wish, however, that she wouldn't end so many of her sentences on a squeak as her voice breaks — it is irritating and demonstrates bad voice control.

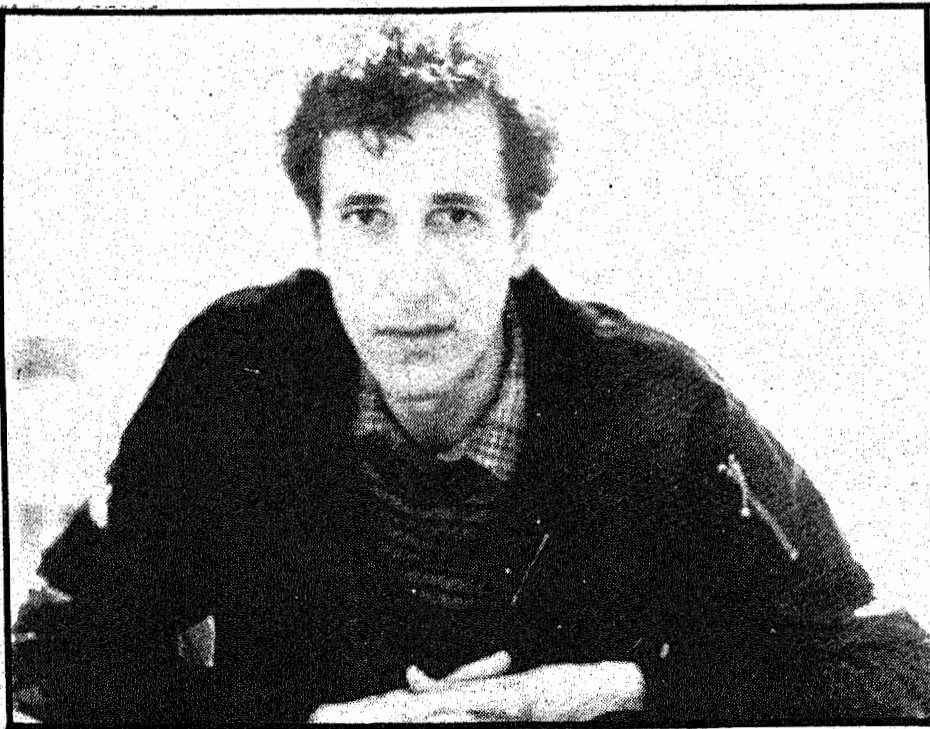
Gillian Jones was the brittle journalist Rose Draper who entices Allen deeper into his own self-destructive course, for motives which remain obscure until he has become all that he once despised. Rose's pathetic anger at the world was aggressively and tightly controlled by Gillian.

In summary a very strong production which leaves you feeling somewhat emotionally drained. Two linked criticisms: lasting three hours and twenty minutes, it became a bit too exhausting particularly at the end when all issues came to a head. I felt a trifle punch-drunk, and felt that just one less intense scene would have provided some respite. Aggression and frustration can be just as adequately conveyed with soft voices as with loud.

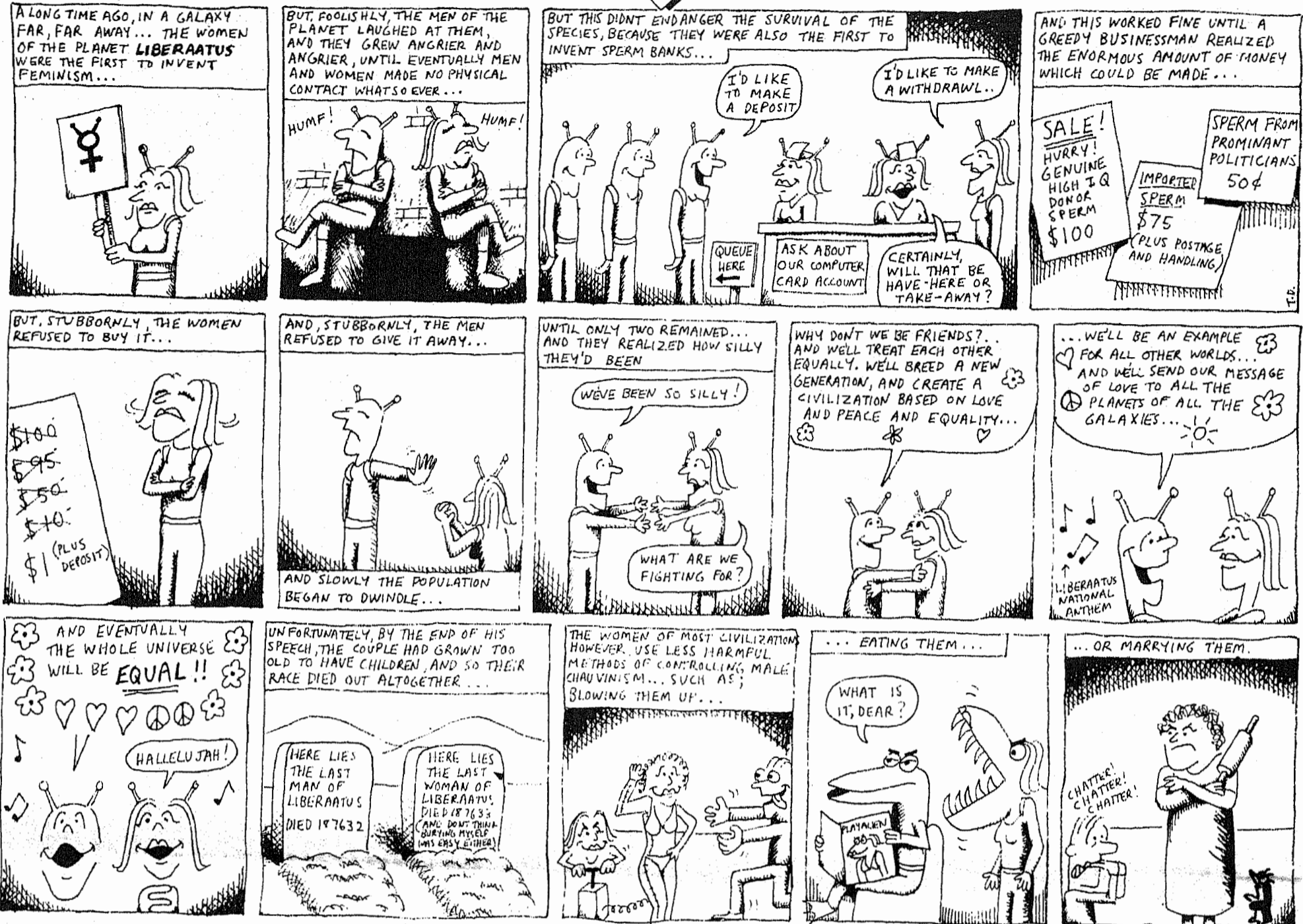
Additionally, as it dealt with the values and merits of (take a deep breath?) capitalism, socialism, feminism, idealism, friendship, the traditional Australian family life, political intrigue and corruption and the nature of humankind (whew!), *The Blind Giant is Dancing* may have been a bit too much for many people to take in. However, it was theatre at its most compelling.

If you relish in confronting issues — then I'd recommend. In fact I'd recommend it anyway, as this production was of a standard which ranks with the very best in Australia — at least.

Jacqui A. McBride



The Phoenixian At O'Connell
47 O'Connell St.
Nth Adelaide
Lebanese Australian Restaurant
FULLY LICENSED — BYO PERMITTED
10% Discount (Student ID)
* Parties at special rates *
Lunch every day, Lunch and Dinner Mon-Wed.
Soup, Homos, Tabouli, Falafel, Kefta, Kebbi, Dessert, 1 litre Carafe of Wine, \$19.00/Couple.



text check

MEDICINE

POLITICS

Lewis's Pharmacology
Fifth Edition
James Crossland
Churchill Livingstone



Lewis' Pharmacology
J. Crossland
Churchill Livingstone 1980
(5th ed. paperback 969 pp \$59.40)
Handbook of Clinical Pharmacology
F. Bochner, et al G. Carruthers,
J. Kampmann, J. Steiner
Little Brown 1978
(1st Ed. paperback 313 pp \$27.50)
MCQ's on Clinical Pharmacology
D.R. Laurence, P.N. Bennett and
J.F. Stokes
Churchill Livingstone 1983
(1st ed. paperback, 185 pp \$10.95)

Distinctive features of Lewis' *Pharmacology* are hard to find. As a text with an emphasis on theoretical pharmacology it is no easier to read but significantly less detailed than Goodman and Gilman's *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* (\$64.95).

Australian Federalism: Future Tense
Edited by Allan Patience and Jeffrey Scott
Macmillan
(\$13.99 paperback, \$27.00 hard, 271 pp.)

This collection of articles by prominent academics and politicians brings together a variety of views about the problems facing Australian Federalism and the direction in which it is likely to evolve.

The academics include Geoffrey Sawer, who examines the *Constitutional Crisis of Australian Federalism*, Brian Head (the *Political Crisis*), Groenewegen (*Fiscal Crisis*), Roger Wettenhall (*Administrative Crisis*), Campbell Sharman (*Fraser States and Federalism*) and Katherine West.

I found West's contribution, which dealt with the implications of the rise of resource-rich states, the most interesting. The politicians consisted of two Premiers and two Prime Ministers. Joh-Bjelke

Peterson, and Rupert Hamer (Liberal, Victoria) both took strongly states-rights stances calling for a return to the states of financial power and an end to Commonwealth incursions into states areas of jurisdiction.

John Gorton, (Liberal PM) argued that a powerful Commonwealth was essential if equal provision of services such as health and education is to be provided throughout Australia.

Gough Whitlam outlined the costs of the federal system, duplication, dispersal of skills and overlapping laws being only a few of the costs.

It is unfortunate that a Labor Premier was not included amongst the politicians. It would have been interesting to see the extent to which parochial state politics effected a more centralist ideology.

My other criticism of this book is the price, \$14.00 seems a lot to pay for a slim paperback. Unless you have a pretty large budget *Australian Federalism* is not worth purchasing — borrow it instead.

David Winderlich

Its only distinctive feature compared to Goodman and Gilman is a helpful summary of statistical principles used in pharmacology. Those with no prior knowledge of statistics will inevitably need to refer to introductory books on the subject to understand the concepts outlined here however. Apart from this feature Goodman and Gilman will better serve those requiring a book on theoretical pharmacology.

Medical students would be better advised in my opinion to spend their money on Laurence's *Clinical Pharmacology* (\$33.60) or the more detailed *Drug Treatment* (\$42.50) by Avery. Both are fine books on therapeutics Avery being the better organised and more comprehensive but Laurence making more interesting reading by far.

For those skimming on the cash Laurence is the minimum outlay for a pharmacology text that will serve one adequately in general practice. *Handbook of Clinical Pharmacology* has long been a favourite occupier of white coat pockets. Much of the drug data contained is on lecture handouts that students receive in 4th year. Nevertheless (but not before buying Laurence) one will do well to buy this early in the clinical years.

Pharmacology is boringly repetitive and easily neglected in the undergraduate years. Repeated reference to this will drum in the essential characteristics of

commonly used drugs — vital knowledge to assimilate if you want to be a safe prescriber. It contains a useful summary of concepts — the maths in the 'definition of terms' will be uncomprehensible to most. But creditably much of practical benefit is to be found amongst these theoretical chapters with useful nomograms for dose adjustment in Renal failure etc.

It is now five years since this book was published and the number of drug profiles included should be expounded. This could easily be done while preserving the size of the book by diminishing the type size considerably. The extensive lists of references take up an inordinate amount of space and could easily be given in much smaller print.

Laurence et al's MCQ's will make good revision for the fourth and fifth year exams. Some of the questions are of dubious clinical relevance, testing only how well you read the book, but if there can be discerned and avoided much tooo practice can be gained.

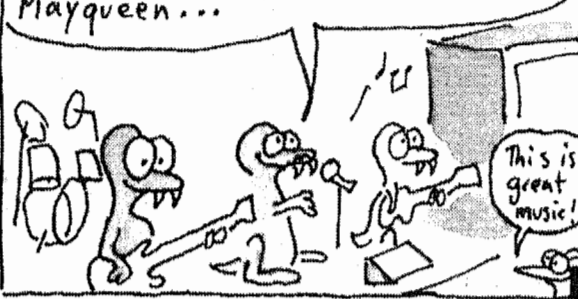
Unfortunately no references are given to the relevant pages in their textbook, the questions simply being organized in groups that correlate broadly with each chapter. However it is the only pharmacology MCQ book I am aware of and serves as good reinforcement to their popular text.

Andrew Fagan

And now for something completely the same...

The Tadpoles That Ate Adelaide...

If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now, It's just a springclean for the Mayqueen...



Drake was closing in...



All was going smoothly for the tadpoles, until...



Sorry guys... I must have a frog in my throat.



The loud noise had a strange effect on the atmosphere, and dark, billowing storm clouds appeared on the horizon...

And it began to rain...



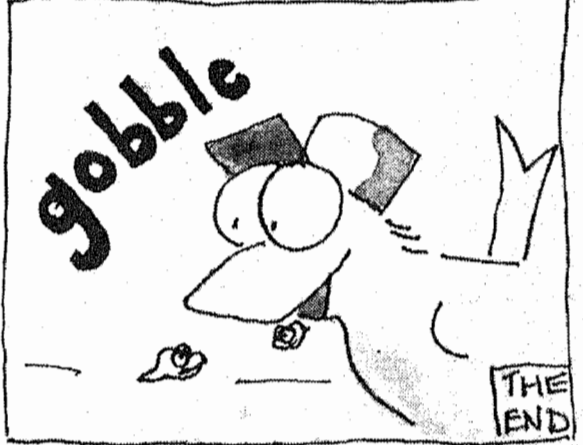
Drake was within sight of the tadpoles



But the rain began to wash off the chemical that had made the tadpoles so huge...

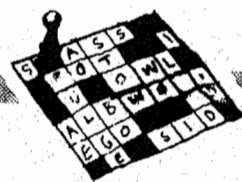


And so, reduced to normal size by the rain storm that they themselves had caused, the tadpole supergroup became easy prey for Drake, who, once again, saved the world.

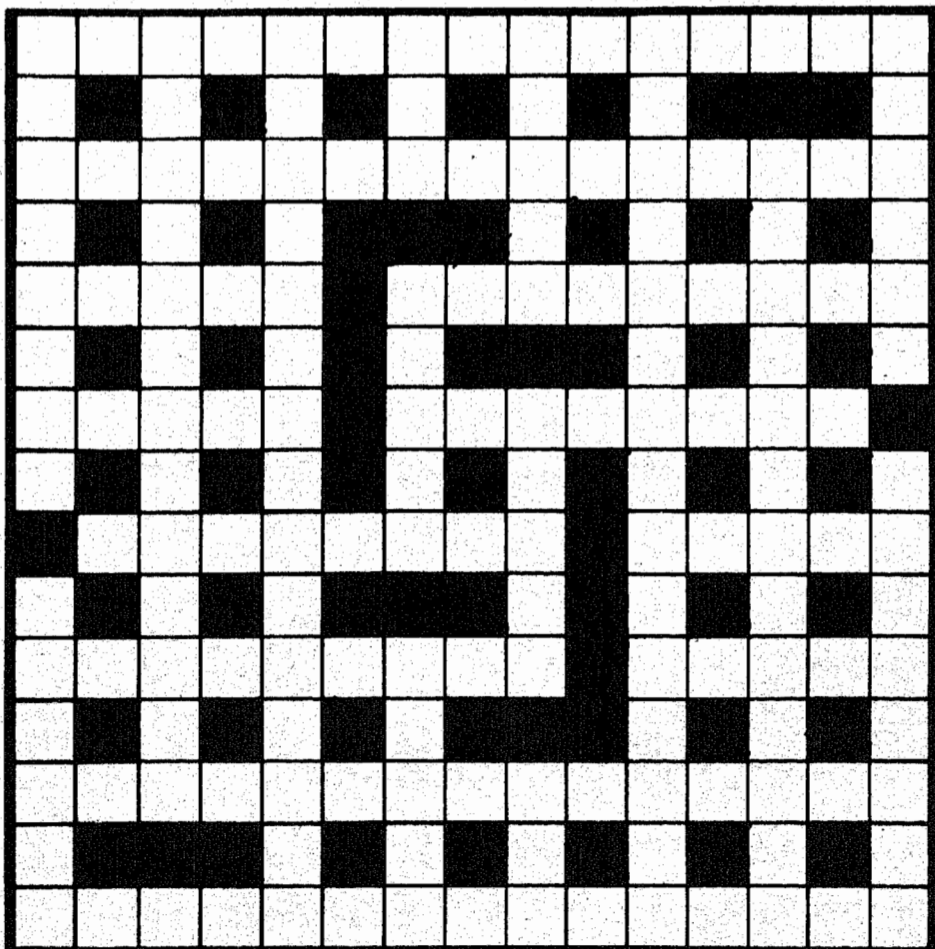


CROSSWIT

BY DAVID ASTLE



CROSSWIT 24



ACROSS:

- 1 WHAT LINUS NEEDS TO HAVE. (8,7)
- 8 BARRY HUMPHRIES' CHARACTER. (4,4,7)
- 10 PREFIX MEANING MANY. (5)
- 11 WHAT SHORT DISTANCE RUNNERS CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE. (3,6)
- 12 PUTS HEAVY DEMANDS UPON, ESPECIALLY FINANCIALLY. (5)
- 13 MAKE ONE SEE REASON. (8)
- 16 OPPRESSIVE, DESPOTIC. (8)
- 17 GIRL'S NAME. (5)
- 19 PART OF A RED INDIAN CAMPSITE. (5,4)
- 21 EITHER -- ME. (3,2)
- 22 STATE IN WHICH SOMETHING CAN BE SHOWN OR PROVEN. (15)
- 24 CLOYING. (15)

DOWN:

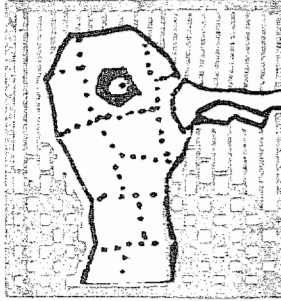
- 1 ONE WHOSE SEXUAL HABITS EARNED THE WRATH OF GOD. (8)
- 2 INTRICATE AND COMPLICATED ASSEMBLAGE OF COMPONENTS. (7,6)
- 3 THEY INCLUDE CLARINETS AND OBOES. (4, 11)
- 4 WHAT THEY MINE AT A STANNARY. (3)
- 5 MIX TOGETHER. (5)
- 6 MAXWELL'S OFFSIDER. (5, 6-4)
- 7 HAZARDOUS TYPE OF FLY. (6)
- 9 A FARMER, OR EXPERT IN FARMING. (13)
- 11 Egg's PARTNER AT BREAKFAST. (5)
- 14 RECESS IN A WALL, ALCOVE. (5)
- 15 TYRE BRAND. (8)
- 18 RECORDING AREA. (6)
- 20 KLUTE PLAYWRIGHT. (5)
- 23 FRENCH BUDDY. (3)

SPORT



Athletics Club

The Club competes in A,B and D grades in the weekly interclub competition at Kensington (also, a Junior team will be fielded next season). Over the last twelve months the club has grown to become the strongest club in South Australia. But, we are always looking for new members to increase the depth and enthusiasm of the club. Competing for Uni. enables an athlete to compete in Intersarsity and Inter-faculty competitions, as well as Interclub. You will also be eligible for the most coveted sporting prize at the University, *The Blue*, and be able to take advantage of the many benefits a strong club with tradition can offer (particularly socially and financially). The Club trains at the Park 9 Sports Ground, Bundeys Road, (opposite Channel 10) from 5 pm - 7 pm Monday - Thursday. Expert coaching is available, and activities such as the Progressive and Annual Dinners ensure that you will be able to out-drink as well as out-run all your colleagues.



duck bill board

Want a job or a place to live? Do you have something to sell, or are you looking to buy something? Entries on this page are free to students, and cheap for anyone. Lodge your notice at the 'On dit' office (University of Adelaide, GPO Box 498, 5001) or phone (08) 228 5404, (08) 223 2685.
Deadline for 'duckbill board' is 5 pm on the Wednesday before publication. Deadline for all other material is 9 am on the Wednesday before publication.

Person wanted to share house. To share with one male and one female. Rent \$25.00. No bond. Close to city at Brompton. Ph. 46 7056.

House wanted by 23rd Dec. Is your house being vacated at the end of the year? Contact Dan Evert and UMA (332 9692) who have been renovated out of present house. **URGENT.**

Family of 4 (3 girls) seeking house from 20th Dec. - 18th May. Prefer Eastern or Southern area.

Would care for garden and pets. Write to:
Dr. R. Naulty
Riverina CAE
Wagga, NSW 2650.

Vacation Employment of Students 2077 1983-84

The Department of Aviation is likely to have a requirement for five vacation employees during the summer vacation. Details of the type of students required are as follows:

- 2 Civil Engineering Students
- 1 Mechanical Engineering Student
- 1 Electrical Engineering Student
- 1 Electrical or Electronics Engineering Student

The employees must be undergraduates who require practical work experience as a prerequisite for the award of their degree/diploma. It is expected that students selected will have made a significant progress towards completion of their tertiary studies.

For Sale
Car. Austin 1800 - \$400 o.n.o. Runs well; good tyres; reg. to Oct. Phone Andrew Blight, 50 6312 (work) or 297 6994 (home).

Lost
A calculator was last seen in the South Medical School, Fourth Floor. If anyone has seen a Sharp EL S103 wallet calculator, or has any information regarding its whereabouts, please contact N. Fogarty, c/- Psychology.

The Politics of Aboriginal Health
A Public Lecture given by Gary Foley, Lecture Theatre 2, Flinders Medical Centre, 8 pm, November 3rd. Proceeds

to the Kokatha People's Committee. Childcare enquiries, ph: 275 2606.

Organised by Student Initiatives in Community Health, Students' Association at "inders Uni and other campus student groups.

AUS Observers
The Students' Association Executive applications for Observers to 1984 AUS Annual Council.
Council will be held in Ballarat or Melbourne, January 15th - 22nd.
Applications should be made in writing to the President, Jackie Wurm by Friday.

Wanted
A cook(s) for the O'Camp in 1984. The person(s) applying should have some knowledge of catering for large numbers as well as being a generally jovial sort.
To find out more about this fabulous extravaganza contact the O'Camp Directors in the Student Activities Office, as soon as possible.

Message to the rock 'n' roll junkies of Adelaide...
Brash, provocative and thoroughly exhilarating music returns to the Tivoli in the form of two bands; *These Cars Collide* and *Animal Noise*.
These two fine bands are playing together on Friday November 4th from 8 pm, at the Tivoli Hotel.

AN APOLOGY
In On dit no. 17 of this year in the *Trailing Viscera* column, comments were made which may have been construed as casting false aspersions on the competence of the On dit photography team. The remarks made implied that Devin Clementi and Darren Barrett were drunken incompetents. This was not the author's intention and he withdraws the comment unequivocally.
The actual impression that he intended to convey was that the photography team are, in fact, incompetent drunkards.
Levy, Levy and Cohen (Solicitors)

Damodar's Hare Krishna Food For Life
New restaurant has opened upstairs at 291 Rundle Street. Mon. - Fri., 12 am - 2 pm. Tues. - Sat., 5 pm - 7 pm. Bring your friends.

Tarot Card Readings
Joanna Talikis, *Craft Studio*, between 1 and 4.30.

Joy Balazo
The Philippines Now (a talk with slides), Thursday 3rd November, 7.30 pm.
The meeting will be held in the Community Room, St. Corantyn Clinic,

263 East Tce., Adelaide (enter through gate on Gilles St.).
Joy is Executive Assistant of the Ecumenical Movement for Justice and Peace in the Philippines, and she was active in the campaign to boycott the Presidential elections.
'The Importance of Individuality'
How does conformity interfere with individuality, and spiritual growth? This discussion is on the value placed on individuality by the ECK Masters.
Held at the ECKANKAR Information Centre, 86 Gouger St., 1st Floor on Nov. 15th at 8 pm. For a recorded message, phone 51 4448.

Unearthing Archaeology
The next free public lecture in this occasional series arranged to coincide with the inauguration of the teaching of Archaeology as a joint venture by Flinders University and the University of Adelaide will be delivered by:
Dr. Jean-Paul Descœudres from the Department of Archaeology at the University of Sydney on the topic *Six Years' Work (1978-83) at Pompeii by the Australian Expedition*.
To be held in the Law Lecture Theatre 2 in the Ligertwood Building at the University of Adelaide.
At 8.00 pm on Tuesday 1st November, 1983.

Namibia Today
Action needed now. A public forum with Peter Jones (recognised world authority on Namibia).
7.30 pm. Tuesday, November 8th, Little Cinema, Level 5, Union House.
Presented by the Adelaide University Campaign Against Racial Exploitation (AUCARE).

Sketches, Drawings, Poetry
I am a skilled artisan of the Picasso school wishing to supplement my income with being a paid portraitist and poetaster to my fellow students (and their rich parents). I am practised in: oils/ink and charcoal/ink and wash/oils/primitive acrylics/adjectives, adverbs, imagery, ascent and descent/apologia/and blarney.
I can talk in many accents, hold many opinions, and can converse with anyone...
Contact: John G. 33 Trevelyan, Wayville.

Monday 31st October
Blues Bros. and Halloween 2. 1 pm Video screenings in Union Bar.

Tuesday 1st November
Melbourne Cup Day Spectacular. See the 1983 Melbourne Cup on the big screen in the Union Bar.
Highlights of past Melbourne and Adelaide Cups plus our win in the '83 America's Cup.
Enter the Carrington Cup Competition in the Bar on the day to have the chance to win your own cup (or bottles of champers). Details available from Bar.

Friday 4th November
Shift. 8.30 pm. Free rock concert in the Bar with the *Shift*.

Coming Events
Shat Off With Exams Show
CASM Bar Night
End of Year Show
See many of you next year.
Barry Salter
Promotions Activities Office

Saturday Bar Nights 1984
Bookings are now called for from internal and associated groups within the Union for Saturday Bar Nights in first term 1984. The following dates could be available:
Saturday March 7th. Probable Union Promotion Night (Voucher Scheme).
Saturday March 24th.
Saturday March 31st.
Saturday April 7th. O'Camp Reunion (SAUA) - tent.
Saturday April 14th.
Saturday April 21st. Closed due to Easter.
Saturday April 28th.
Saturday May 5th.
Saturday May 12th. End of Term.
Please come and see me from Monday if your group would like to run a Bar night in first term next year.
The Activities Council will consider and confirm the bookings at its November meeting.
Barry Salter

SCHOLARSHIPS

The A.R. Riddle Scholarships
Honours Year Scholarships 1984
Under the rules governing the Scholarships there is provision for Honours Year Scholarships for applicants who are able to establish financial need and who have attained at least credit standard in the third year course of the subject in which they intend to proceed to final Honours. Only a small number of awards are likely to be available. Applications from honours students receiving support under the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme are not normally likely to be successful.
Ten Scholarships were awarded in 1983, with values in the range \$500 to \$1,500.
Applications close with the Registrar on Friday 31st January, 1984 and forms of application may be had on request to Mr. J. Ogle (Ext. 5246) in the Kenneth Wiels Building.

Graduate Prospects
Completed tertiary study (CAE, Uni. etc.) and interested in the Human Services Field (Education, Social Work, Youth Work, Community Development, Recreation)?
CITY, a Branch of the SA Government's Department of Labour, is holding a seminar for unemployed graduates who want:-
- an opportunity for skill training and development;
- work experience in a professional agency;
- an insight into the operations of a community development programme;
- funding for research ideas which benefit the community.

- assist unemployed people in developing community service projects;
- an opportunity to be involved in community development projects.
We invite you to attend a seminar on Thursday 24th November, or Thursday 1st December at the CITY Office - Marble Hall, Adelaide Railway Station.
Date: Thursday 24th November or Thursday 1st December.
Time: 3 pm - 5 pm.
Come along and investigate the opportunities to practice and develop your skills through involvement in a human services agency. Any enquiries - ring Andrea on 227 0444.

Postgraduate Scholarship in Italy 1984-85
The Italian Government offers a Scholarship to a graduate of the University of Adelaide, who is an Australian citizen, for postgraduate studies at any university in Italy. It is expected that there will be a living allowance of Italian lire 330,000 a month with, possibly, some provision for fares. Tenure is normally for one academic year.
A candidate who is not conversant with the Italian language and wishes to enrol for a course given in that language might be granted a scholarship of three months' duration to undertake a language course at the Italian University for Foreigners, Perugia, by the Italian Government.
The Italian Embassy in Canberra and the Italian Cultural Institute in Melbourne provide information about Italian universities.
Application forms are available from the University's Scholarships Officer (J. Ogle, Ext. 5246) and should be completed and lodged with the Registrar by 31 October, 1983.

Australian Greek Presidential Awards
Applications are invited from young people to participate in the Australian Greek Presidential Awards.
The Awards were announced by the Prime Minister on 10 March 1982 in honour of the visit to Australia of President Karamanlis of Greece. The purpose of the Award is to foster the maintenance and development of Greek culture within Australia's multicultural

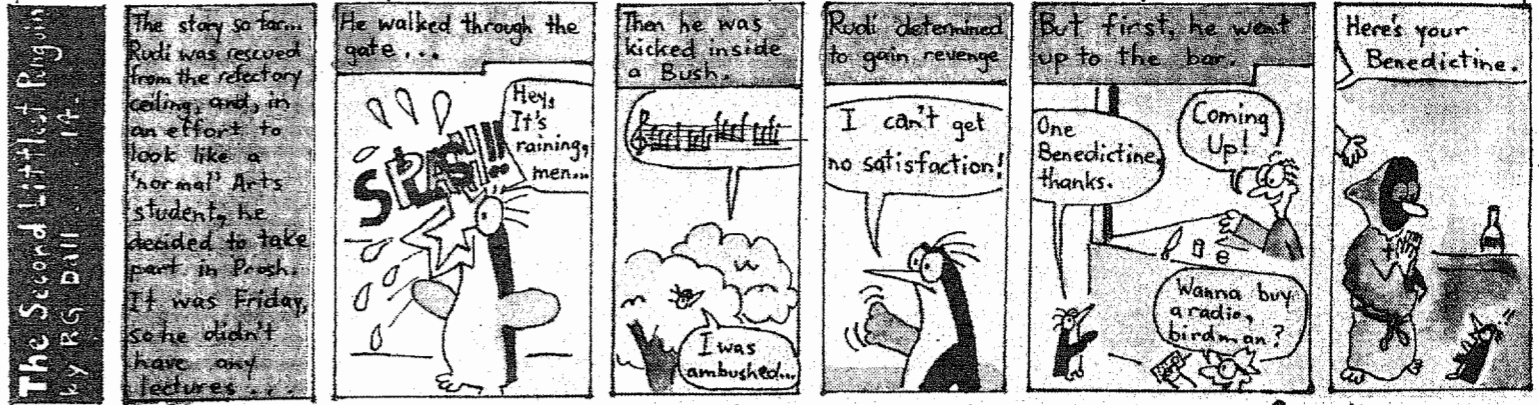
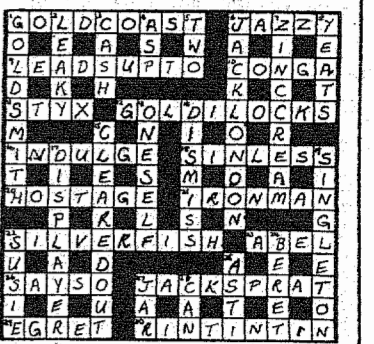
THE MARTEN BEQUEST SCHOLARSHIPS
Applications are invited for a travelling scholarship of a two year tenure and a value of \$5,800.00 in each of the fields of:
1. Prose 2. Poetry 3. Acting.
Conditions imposed by the Will of the late John Chisholm Marten require applicants to be natural born British subjects born in Australia, between the ages of 21 and 35 years.
The Scholarships are intended to augment the scholar's own resources towards study, maintenance and travel, either in Australia or overseas. They may be awarded to those applicants who meet the prescribed conditions and who are adjudged to be of outstanding ability and promise in their particular field.
Closing date for entries - Friday, 30th December, 1983.
Copies of rules and regulations and entry forms may be obtained upon written request to:-
The Marten Bequest
Permanent Trustee Company Limited,
GPO Box 4270,
Sydney, NSW 2001.
Further enquiries can be directed to Marie Carre - telephone 232 4400 Ext. 256.

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The Awards were announced by the Prime Minister on 10 March 1982 in honour of the visit to Australia of President Karamanlis of Greece. The purpose of the Award is to foster the maintenance and development of Greek culture within Australia's multicultural

society. Through the Awards young people will be able to work or study in their own fields in Greece for periods up to 12 months. Applicants must have a degree of fluency in the Greek language at least commensurate with their proposed program, to be under 30 years of age and be Australian citizens or have applied for citizenship.
Grants will be made to selected participants to cover return excursion air fares and a living allowance. Where warranted provision may be made to cover additional expenses such as tuition fees and internal travel costs.
Applications including work or study proposal(s) should read the Office of Youth Affairs by 30 December 1983.
For further information and application forms please write,
Assistant Director (Programs)
Office of Youth Affairs
Department of Education and Youth Affairs
PO Box 826
Woden ACT 2606
Telephone (062)

Scholarships For Study in China
The Commonwealth Department of Education and Youth Affairs is inviting applications for eight scholarships for tertiary study in China from September 1984 under the Australia-China Student Exchange Scheme.
The scholarships, which are tenable for two academic years, are available to Australian citizens aged under 35 years who, preferably but not essentially, are reasonably proficient in the Chinese language.
Places will also be available for self-funded students.
Applicants should be able to demonstrate high academic or professional ability, be strongly committed to Chinese studies or have a good professional reason for wanting to

study in China.
Students can study at the Beijing Languages Institute to improve their Chinese before being enrolled in a specialist course at a Chinese university. They can also spend the entire period of studying the Chinese language.
The scholarships provide return air fares, tuition fees, a living allowance, a contribution to medical and dental expenses and assistance with internal travel in China.
Application forms and further information may be obtained from:
The Secretary
Australia-China Student Exchange
Department of Education and Youth Affairs
PO Box 826
Woden Act, 2606
Applications close at the above address on 13 January, 1984.



This is the episode of 'Rudi' that we refused to print. Read it and you'll understand why. - Eds.

