

# On dit



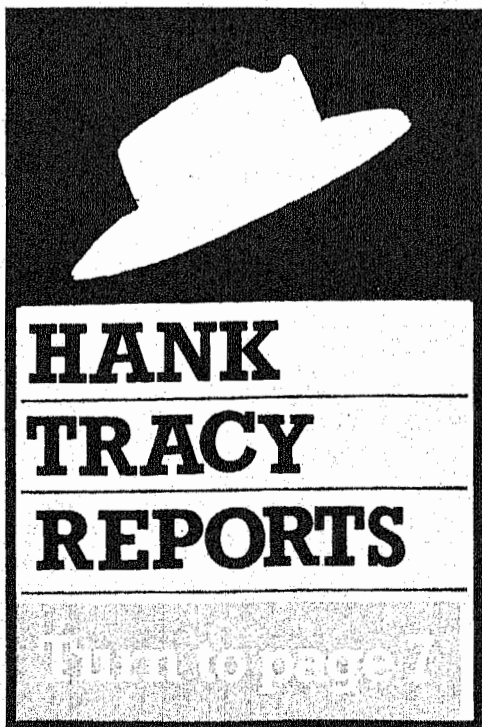
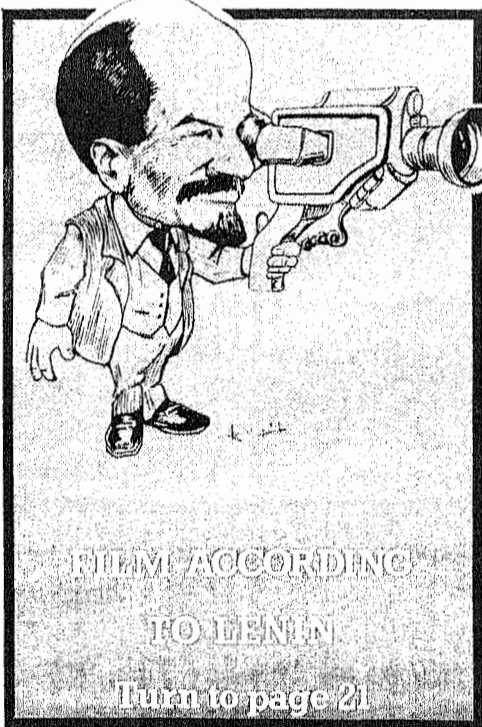
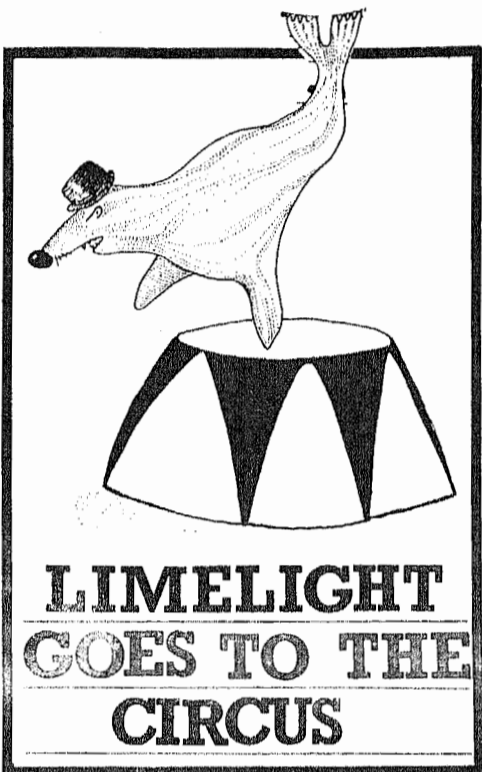
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25 June 1984

## Unmasking National Action

### On dit names the people stirring up racial hatred in Adelaide



by D.W. Griffith

"We've got to stop the sub-humans" — Rodney Brooks, Adelaide National Action activist, talking about the "Asian threat".

Australian National Action claims to be a political organisation advancing an ideology of "Australian Nationalism". But unlike ordinary political groups they cannot be contacted by phone; one of their workers, Rodney Brooks, has demanded of *On dit* where we obtained his name and address.

Their political policies are a mix of anti-Communism, anti-capitalism, patriotism and the White Australia Policy — their appeal is to all those who are frustrated at being out of a job or uncomfortable at the idea of some Australians having Asian ancestry.

State organiser of the group is one Christopher Steele, an elusive figure who can be contacted only through a Post Office box at Plympton. While disparaging "the multi-racial conspiracy" Steele has implicitly denied that he is in any way a racist. However, he has written about his fear that "the whites [may be] eventually overwhelmed by Asiatic peoples", that "the fate of white Australians ... will be similar to that faced by white South Africans today ... racial suicide."

His denial of personal racism is not supported by the company he keeps. His colleague Rodney O.D. Brooks, of 21 Walsh Avenue, Saint Marys, is a blatant racist who refers to people of Asian origin as "subhuman" and "trash".

Brooks, himself a pasty-faced young man with thinning reddish hair, asserts "white" superiority, woodenly asserting that "Australia hasn't got much time left". His belief in the public's support for his actions is strong; his main concern is "Communist" opposition to his racial views.

*On dit* contacted Brooks on Thursday to ask him how he would describe National Action. "I would describe myself as a patriot" he said.

Then his tone became cautious.

"I'm not sure I should be talking to you without consulting my colleagues," he continued.

"A lot of lies have been said about



With the emergence of groups such as Australian National Action the Asian immigration debate has intensified to the point of violence: Professor Geoffrey Blainey, for instance, was confronted by an angry crowd of demonstrators in Sydney last week.

National Action ... they are the basis of its ugly reputation ... I'll have to talk to Chris Steele; we're generally cautious about this sort of thing." He didn't want to answer any more questions, and rang off.

National Action in South Australia is as yet a small group of one or two dozen people, whose main political activity is the sticking of public transport with "Stop the Asian Invasion" and "Unemployed

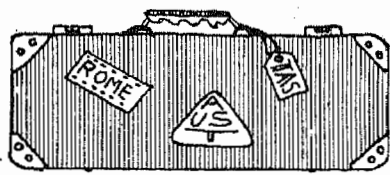
— Why?" slogans.

"Propaganda distributions" take place every two weeks after a meeting of the group in the South Parklands opposite Trades Hall, and involve not only stickers but posters and leaflets.

National Action also produces two journals, "Audacity" and "Janus", attempting to rationalise the politics of fear, ignorance and hate.

\* \* \*

# Nepal: Afghan hash and rum



## TRAVEL

This week's intelligent traveller is BEN CHESHIRE, who tackled Nepal's trekking trails armed only with a backpack, a packet of band-aids, and a good supply of the anti-diarrhoea drug Lomotil.

As he points out, you don't need to join a package tour. You can easily arrange your trek once you arrive in Kathmandu, although many (as we warned last week) will tell you different.

We still eagerly await YOUR experiences jetsetting, backpacking, hitch-hiking, jetboating or lurching three days on a bus in the Columbian highlands. Let us know and you too can be a media star for a week.

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Nepal is the sort of country that gives you 'once in a lifetime' experiences.

Where else could you witness the

wonder on a villager's face as he watches a technician throw the switch which brings electricity to his remote Himalayan village for the first time.

After pressing his hands into a prayer, the villager cast a glance at the heavens and looked back at the technician with a deference normally reserved for the king.

For the small group of trekkers who happened to be there last year, it was a superb illustration of the changes occurring in Nepal with the arrival of modern technology.

The tiny Hindu kingdom which opened its doors to the outside world less than 30 years ago now welcomes 150,000 Western tourists annually.

Of those, about one-third come to Nepal specifically to trek.

Trekking, or simply walking along the mountain trails, is the only way of reaching most destinations, since Nepal has fewer roads relative to area or population than any other country.

As a result, trekking in Nepal is not a wilderness experience.

On a typical day, a trekker passes villagers on their way to the capital Kathmandu, donkeys loaded with everything from soft drinks to

gunpowder, and wiry porters bent double beneath the pots and pans of a large trekking party.

At the top of a steep hill, trekkers and porters alike collapse in exhaustion, united in fatigue.

Shy grins and fascination with each other's clothes and jewellery melt away the language barrier.

For less fit backpackers, a porter can be hired to carry rucksacks for about \$3 a day.

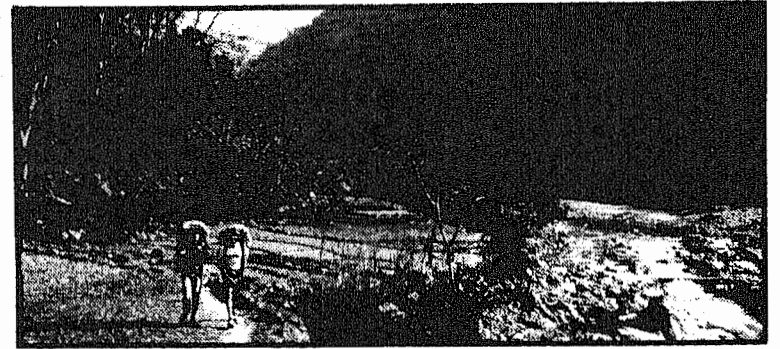
Even experienced trekkers find this service useful for the particularly difficult stretches. Single women often hire porters to act as a sort of combined interpreter/guide/bodyguard.

Contrary to the advice in some trekking guides available in Adelaide, there is normally no need to join an organised trekking group, unless inaccessible areas hold a special appeal.

A lone trekker has the advantage of travelling at his own pace.

If a picturesque village appeals, or fatigue or blisters are becoming a problem, you can easily find a room in which to rest until ready to move on.

That will set you back an incredible 14 cents or so a night,



although usually you'll have to have your meal there as well, which costs about a dollar.

And a trekker will not remain alone for very long anyway. One of the joys of trekking in Nepal is meeting other trekkers from around the world.

At night travellers sit around teashops, eating delicious Tibetan bread with honey, sipping the powerful kukri rum, or, dare I say it, smoking the excellent Afghan hashish.

All the time they'll be swapping travel yarns and telling amazing stories of levitators in India, thieves in Italy and taxi drivers in Bangkok.

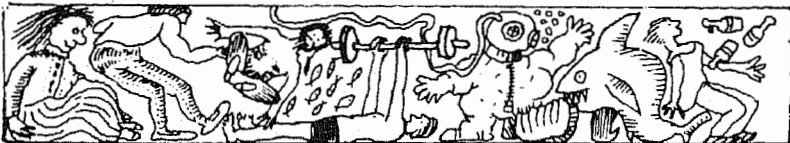
It's a wonderful way to pick up

information.

Along the more popular trekking routes, there are so many tea shops and inns that there is no need to carry any food or cooking gear.

Rucksacks, sleeping bags and down clothing can be rented cheaply in Kathmandu, or in Pokhara — a ridiculously romantic lakeside village about seven hours from the capital, reached via a tortuous bus ride.

The only essential pieces of equipment are solid walking boots, a warm sleeping bag, water purification tablets and a good supply of Lomotil — an anti-diarrhoea tablet well-known to Asian travellers.



## OUTRAGE!



There are mice living in the Barr-Smith Library, and 'On dit' can prove it.

This photo shows a little pile of mouse-poo spotted on Level One of the Library, between Oliver Cromwell and Henry V in the British History section.

We know the Library can give anyone the shits at times, but think about the implications...

Are they exclusively Arts mice or do they crap in the Science section too? Are they home-grown rodents or escapees from the psychology department animal behaviour lab?

Will the Library have to let loose some hungry cats one night to get rid of

them, or will people in the Library have to learn to step over mousetraps as well as sleeping students? Maybe all should be doing Biology...

And what about the hygiene aspect? It took four days for this little lot to be cleaned up — how long do some of the other areas go between cleaning?

A Library spokesperson said that the whole of the Library is cleaned daily but that it was always possible small areas may be missed on occasion. It's not possible to ensure that "every square metre" will be covered each day.

He said the Library has not had a history of trouble with vermin.

## GSM

THURSDAY 28 JUNE

1 PM

HELEN MAYO REFEC.

1/ That we, the students of the University of Adelaide, support Prosh Week activities in 1984, to be held during the last week of second term.

2/ Since students gave massive support for anti-racism policies at a recent General Student Meeting, it is appropriate that the theme of Prosh '84 is anti-racism.

3/ That all funds raised from the 1984 Prosh activities be distributed equally between all the Prosh beneficiaries.

4/ That the (South Australian) Campaign Against Racial Exploitation (SACARE), the Indo-Chinese Refugee Association (I.C.R.A.) and Community Aid Abroad (C.A.A.) be the Prosh beneficiaries.

5/ (fore-shadowed to motion 4) That community Aid Abroad be a Prosh beneficiary.

6/ (fore-shadowed to motion 4) That the Indo-Chinese Refugee Association be a Prosh beneficiary.

7/ (foreshadowed to motion 4) That the (South Australian) Campaign Against Racial Exploitation be a Prosh beneficiary.

## APOLOGIES

*On dit* apologises to Dr. Peter Mayer of the Politics Department at Adelaide University for any embarrassment caused to him by the article "Reagan's long march to re-election begins in China" which appeared on page 3 of Volume 52 No. 8.

The remarks attributed to Dr. Mayer in that article were not in fact made by him.

*On dit* apologises for any embarrassment that may have been caused to individuals referred to in the story "Party hacks and the press: passion and fau e pas" published on page 7 of last week's *On dit*.

In retrospect we recognize that parts of this article may have caused offense.

This apology has been inserted voluntarily and in good faith.

Mark Davis  
Andrew Gleeson  
Editors

*On dit* will not appear next Monday (July 2nd) due to the production of the guide to the forthcoming Union/Student's Association elections.

Our next edition will be on Monday July 9th.

## PRODUCTION

*On dit* is a weekly news-magazine produced at the University of Adelaide.

It appears every Monday during term except Monday holidays.

**Edited and published by** Mark Davis and Andrew Gleeson for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

**Design by** Tim Dodd, John Tanner and Mark Davis.

**Review Editor:** Jaci Wiley.  
**Advertising Manager:** Devin Clementi.

**Typesetting:** Jo Davis, Chris Gradolf, Jane Robinson and Liz Reynolds.

**News Team:** Moya Dodd, Alison Rogers, Ben Chesire,

Cameron Morris, David Walker, Robert Clark, Nick Kalaitzis, Robert Cecil, Jane Willcox.

**Layout Team:** Moya Dodd, Jane Willcox, David Mussared, Graham Hastings, Devin Clementi, Jaci Wiley, John Tanner, David Walker.

**Graphic Team:** John Tanner, Matthew Saville, Mark Koerber, Daryl Pattison, Richard Dall, Troy Dangerfield, Ron and Rob Tomlian.

**Photography Team:** Damian Barrett, Jenny Lacon, Devin Clementi, Saul Geffen, Alison Rogers.

**Telephone:** 228 5404 & 223 2685

**Postal Address:** 'On dit'  
P.O. Box 498  
Adelaide 5001

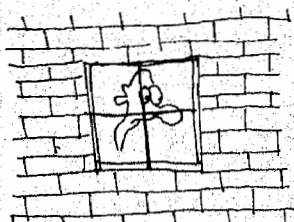
## Thought of the Week



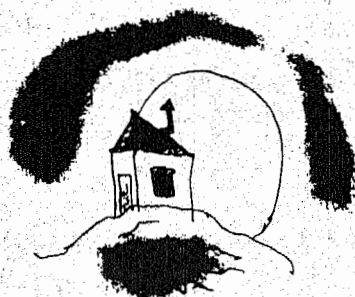
Hiram decided it was time to see the world for himself



He looked out of his bedroom window



People looked back at him accusingly



Hiram drew the blind and went back to bed.

# Anti-U poster 'untrue': Library

## WMC wins apology

by Mark Davis

The South Australian State Library has apologized to Western Mining Corporation for displaying a poster accusing the mining company of being responsible for birth defects.

The poster, produced by the Campaign Against Nuclear Energy, depicted deformed and disfigured babies and carried the words "We Accuse Western Mining Corporation."

It was displayed in Adelaide's State Library last year as part of an exhibition on uranium mining and nuclear energy.

A spokesperson for Western Mining Corporation, Mr. G.M. Ralph, said the poster alleged uranium mining caused birth defects.

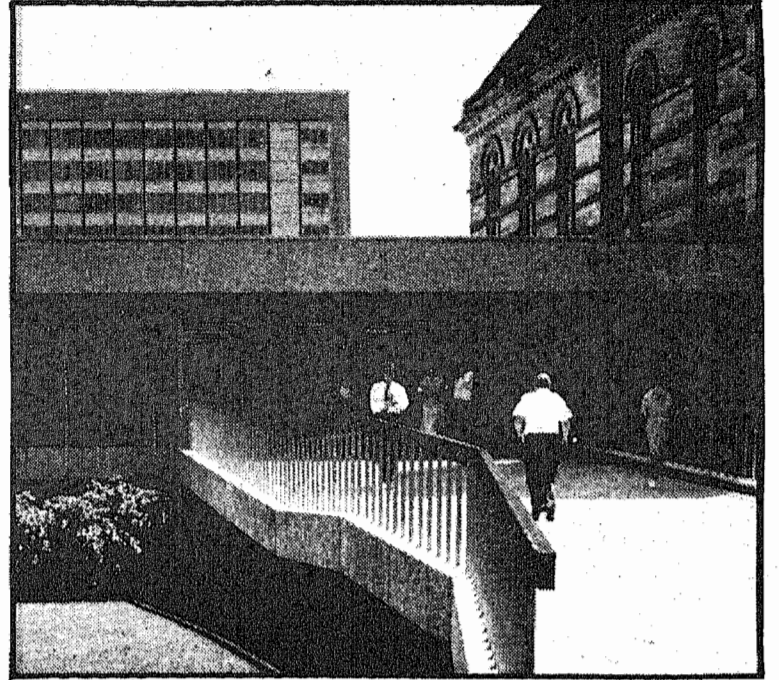
"It was an untrue statement and a distortion and an exaggeration because Western Mining has not even mined uranium" Mr. Ralph said.

He said Western Mining Corporation had complained to the Library through its solicitors.

The Library's apology, which was published in the Adelaide press last week, had been accepted and no legal action would be taken.

S.A. State Librarian Mr. Euan Miller said the information on the poster was untrue.

"We attempt to check displays so they don't contain untruths but on this occasion a mistake slipped through and we apologized for that" he said.



The State Library

"Western Mining Corporation felt that the poster was defamatory and that it impugned their good name as a company and the Library accepts that."

Mr. Miller said the matter had been settled in an amicable manner and Western Mining Corporation bore the Library no ill-will over the incident.

He said the mining company had recently donated \$10,000 to the Library.

A spokesperson for the Campaign Against Nuclear Energy said "we feel the Library Board was mistaken in apologizing to Western Mining whose interests are directly to promote uranium and the nuclear fuel cycle."

"The intent of the display was to educate the public on the risks of nuclear energy" she said.

"Western Mining's complaint indicates their reluctance for this public education to occur."



Cycle riding - do so at your own risk

## Killer cars still bicycle riders' greatest threat

by Cameron Morris

Cycling has experienced a wave of popularity throughout Australia in the last few years, but it seems that both motorists and cyclists are still having problems sharing the road space. A study of bicycle accidents conducted by Monash university between 1977 and 1980 reveals that over 90% of the accidents reported involved a collision between a bicycle and a motor vehicle.

South Australian statistics on bicycle accident research show that an average of eight cyclists per year have been killed in Adelaide between 1971 and 1980, and that 1,259 South Australians were admitted to hospital as a result of bicycle accidents in 1980 and 1981.

Many cyclists maintain that the accidents are a direct result of 'motorist ignorance and thoughtlessness'. Motorists, on the other hand, often level harsh criticism at cyclists saying that they behave in an irresponsible manner.

The Chairman of the State Bicycle Committee, Malcolm Heard, agrees that the harmonious sharing of common road space between motorists and cyclists is essential if less accidents are to occur. 'The road system has to serve a variety of users', Mr. Heard said. 'Obviously it is impractical to provide separate facilities for all of them. There needs to be a greater level of understanding achieved between motorists and cyclists'.

Cyclists accuse motorists of: not giving way to the right, opening car doors without looking, cutting cyclists off, and overtaking too near to cyclists. Many motorists believe that cyclists blatantly disobey traffic signals, weave dangerously in and out of traffic, diverge suddenly from the footpath onto the roadway, and generally tend to behave in an unpredictable manner.

One Government survey states that 60% of bicycle accidents occur at intersections and the other 40% take

place at mid-block. The most common form of accident is the right-angle collision. One quarter of all bicycle accidents fall into the 'struck from behind' category.

Dr. Margaret Dorsch, Research Officer with the National Health and Medical Research Council Road Accident Research Unit, admits that both motorists and cyclists often behave in a negligent manner. She sees the solution as being 'a case of sharing the same road space and learning to make it more useable. Hopefully, with the introduction of more education programmes being aimed at both motorists and cyclists, things will improve.'

Dr. Dorsch stresses the importance of eye contact: 'By achieving eye contact with the motorist, the cyclist at least knows that the motorist has seen him'.

Impaired visibility is regarded as a major cause of bicycle/motor vehicle collisions. One study on bicycle accident statistics came to the conclusion that on a wet night a cyclist is twenty times more likely to receive a fatal injury than on a dry day.

One point that many of the surveys stressed was the fact that their statistics were compiled from data received from reported accidents only. It is estimated that for every one report made, twenty-nine go unreported. The reason is that the people involved in accidents tend only to report motor vehicle/bicycle accidents if someone is injured or if some damage to vehicle or cycle has been sustained.

According to Local Government Acts: 'A bicycle is not separately defined but is included under the definition of vehicle'. The South Australian Police Department also has no specific policy which relates to the enforcement of provisions concerning bicycle riding. The Department maintains that all road users are dealt with similarly for breaches of the Road Traffic Act.

## Archimedes put to shame by this pi and silicon chips

In the days of Archimedes, pi, the number that measures the ratio between the circumference and the diameter of a circle, was simply 3.14.

With time, mathematicians arrived at a more precise calculation of pi: 3.14159.

Over the centuries more and more people devoted years, decades, and whole lifetimes to honing their calculations even finer. Pi became 3.141592653589793238462643383295828841971.

And now, in the computer age, a team of Japanese mathematicians has just calculated the value of pi to 16

million decimal places.

To print the new calculation in a newspaper would take hundreds of pages — roughly every edition of *On dit* for a year — and every page would contain nothing but numbers.

Archimedes, the Greek who developed the first formulas for calculating pi, realized the mathematical constant had to be an "irrational" number — one that would never come out even, no matter how many decimal places were computed — but was content to work with 3.14.

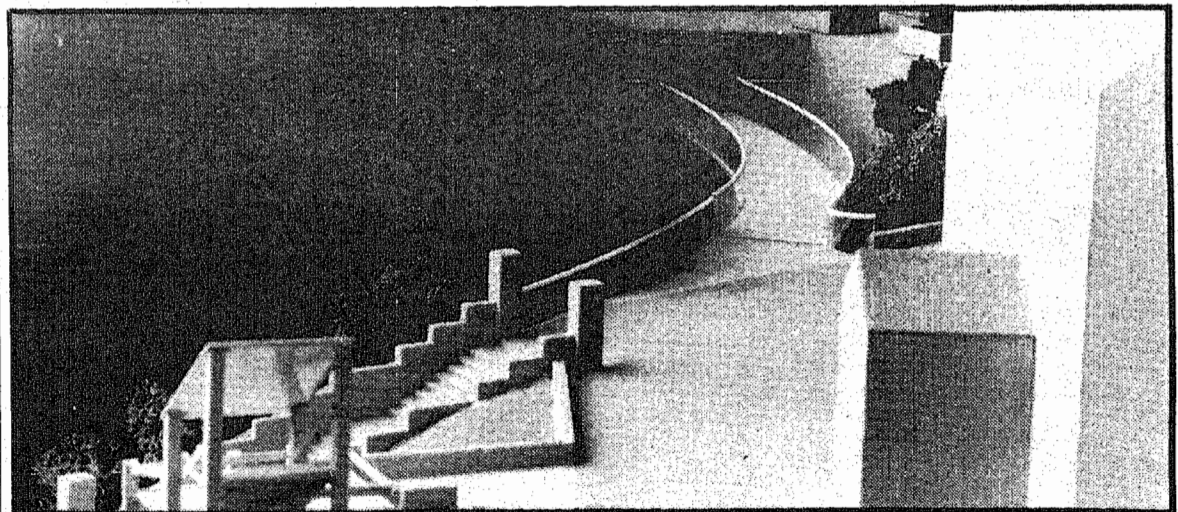
So why do modern mathematicians bother to calculate pi to so many decimal places?

"It's just so fascinating" says John W. Wrench, editor of the journal *Mathematics of Computation* which reported the Japanese breakthrough.

"Men have been working on this problem for centuries; they will always be working on it" he said.

The Japanese team used an advanced computer at the University of Tokyo for their calculation.

The computer took about 24 hours to get up to the 16-millionth digit.



Model of proposed new western entrance to the Barr Smith library

## \$1m. door for Barr Smith Library

by Mark Davis

The Barr-Smith Library's existing entrances are to be replaced by a single new entrance as part of a \$1 million construction project.

The project is one of the most expensive the University has undertaken in recent years. It was approved by University Council, the governing body of the University, last month.

The three levels of the library

complex in the Horace Lamb "link" building will be extended.

A new entrance will be situated on level 3 of the extended Horace Lamb building. The new entrance will be linked to the Western Path by a curved footbridge.

The project will provide an extra 513 square metres of floor-space in the Library.

The single entrance leading

directly onto Level 3, the Library's main service floor, will reduce movement throughout the Library which currently disturbs readers.

The increase in floor space will allow the Library to re-organise its collections in a logical arrangement of classification numbers.

Work on the footbridge and extensions will begin later this year and be completed in early 1985.

# On dit 'stifling and conformist' - critic

*On dit* ignores campus issues, instils conformity and "ensures that the majority of students remain ill-informed and mystified" according to a Students' Association identity and self-styled media critic, Mr. Andrew Foley.

Mr. Foley launched his wide-ranging attack on *On dit* in last week's edition of *All That's Left*

*All That's Left*, which describes itself as "A Publication of Progressive Students at Adelaide University" is a new campus magazine produced by a coalition of left-wing and radical clubs.

In his article Mr. Foley said *On dit's* role should be to encourage a diversity of student interests.

*On dit* should "provide as many groups and individuals as possible with the opportunity to express their views" he said.

"At present *On dit* is not filling this role and its underlying philosophy and method of operation is stifling diversity and helping instil conformity" Mr. Foley said.

"Any issue that is seen as 'political' receives scant coverage, especially when it pertains to campus politics."

Mr. Foley said the elected editors of *On dit*, should they choose to do so, could "fill the pages with propaganda of any persuasion, whether of the left, the right or (the present situation) of the centre."

"By putting themselves 'above petty politics' the present *On dit* group are ignoring current campus issues, ensuring that the majority of students remain ill-informed and



mystified by the occurrences and events in their union and ignorant of the opportunities to get involved."

"The ugly mugs of Bob Hawke and John Bannon are often plastered in *On dit's* pages with headlining articles, but when was the last time

the student newspaper told us what the President of the Union was up to?"

Mr. Foley is a former journalist. He ran unsuccessfully for the position of *On dit* editor in the 1982 Students' Association elections.

# Strife on Union Council over research officer

Union Council, at its last meeting on 4 June, referred a proposal to employ a second Education-Welfare Officer to the Union's planning committee. That committee has in-turn established a special working party to research the issue and make recommendations.

Opinion at Council was divided between those — largely of a Students' Association background — who favoured the employment of a second EWO performing essentially the same duties as Andrew Derrington, the current EWO. Others thought that the education and welfare aspects of the EWO job could be separated into two separate positions. This would be a return to the situation which existed several years ago before two such positions were amalgamated into the present EWO job.

Yet again there has been strife between the right-wing controlled Council and the left-wing controlled Students' Association executive over supplementary polling booths for the

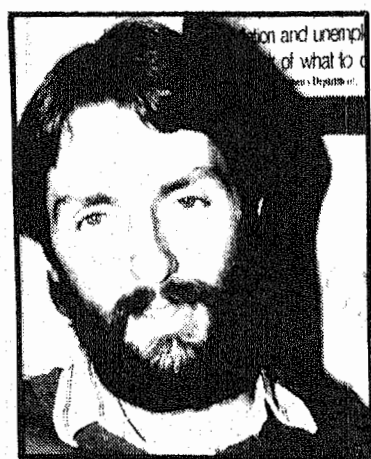
forthcoming joint Union/Association elections.

The June 4 meeting of Council adopted a roster of supplementary booths which disappointed the Students' Association by assigning the Napier Foyer booth to Friday 12-2 pm. It was feared that because of the small number of Arts lectures on Fridays this would disadvantage Arts students.

The Students Association executive considered a number of lines of action. It eventually decided to request that Union Council hold a special meeting to reconsider the matter and invite members of the Students Association executive to attend.

That meeting will be held this Monday (25 June) at 6 pm in the North-South Dining Rooms.

The Union Council resolved to support the Sports Association's plans to build ten synthetic grass courts to replace the existing lawn tennis courts. The project will be a joint venture with the South



Andrew Derrington

Australian Community Recreation Association.

Council did not however agree to the Association's request that it act as guarantor for the loan to build the courts. This loan would be in the vicinity of \$250,000. Yearly repayments would be \$23,000 plus 15% interest.

# AUS seeks PM's help

The Australian Union of Students has organised a National Student Summit in an attempt to arrest the decline of student unionism in Australia. Delegates to the summit will comprise representatives of both member and non-member campuses of AUS.

The summit will be held at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology on the weekend of 30 June and 1 July. AUS hopes the conference will be opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. Hawke.

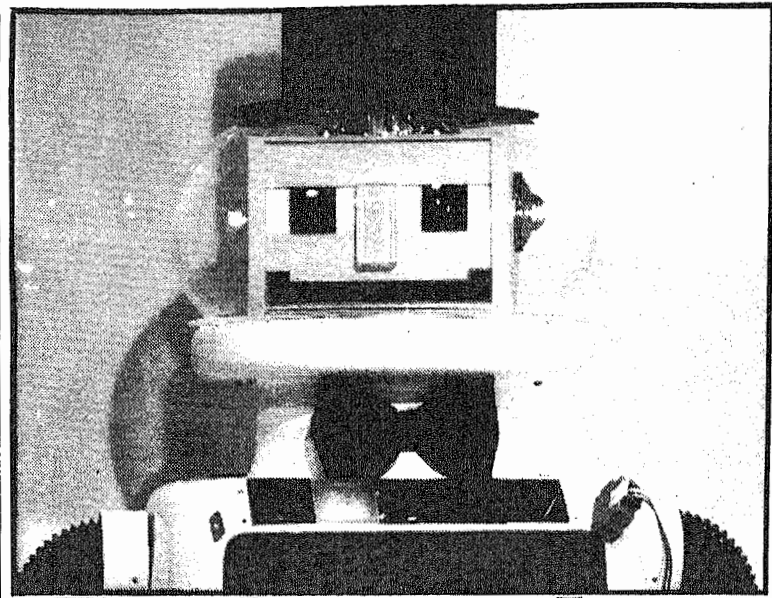
AUS has lost three major campuses — Adelaide University, University of Western Australia and

the Western Australia Institute of Technology — in secession campaigns this year and is facing the biggest crisis in its history. The aim of the summit is to find common ground between the disparate factions of the Australian student movement and to resurrect that movement on a national basis.

However the summit may well come to grief on just those factional differences. Already the AUS executive has sacked three of its own right-wing members — Thomas Bradley of Queensland University, and Geoff Bowman and Michael Huston both of the University of Western Australia — who had been

actively campaigning against the Union. Many of the right-wingers are unlikely to accept anything less than the total demolition of AUS.

Divisions among the left also threaten to help undo the summit. The more radical Left Alliance faction (the minority left grouping in AUS) failed in an attempt to have a special meeting of AUS Council — which only member campuses of AUS would be able to attend — and are cynical about the summit. There is no love lost between Left Alliance and the ruling Labor-Left faction. The success or failure of the summit may well depend on whether these two groups can co-operate.



# Reds under bed match perfectly

## TRAILING VISCERA RETURNS

by Scarabaeus Sacer

Does the television programme *Perfect Match* really deserve to enjoy its current notoriety? Certainly the concept is tasteless enough, but in practice the whole affair is trite, tame, and only just tacky.

Far more in line with the morals and fashions of the 80s would be a show which featured prospective couples who sported bizarrely shaped and coloured coiffures, and whose achievement of a successful selection depended on guessing correctly the colour of the partner's pubic hair.

We could call it *Perfect Thatch*

Isn't it sad that because university politicians take themselves seriously, they presume everyone else does too?

Last term saw the inaugural meeting of an organisation of questionable maturity, Students' Against Socialism. (The abbreviated

title, S.A.S., is considered to be rather humorous by its members). The membership is made up — predictably — of ex-private schoolboys and hangers-on who wish they were too.

Conspicuous at the gathering were two intruders, easily recognisable since they lacked the standard short hair, quasi-military attire, armbands etc. After the meeting, when the attendance roll was found to contain the signature of Bertolt Brecht, dark suspicions formed in the minds of the organisers.

The meeting's convenor, Matthew 'Mosley' Deller, took it upon himself to interrogate the interlopers as to their intentions while they were drinking in the University Bar. Matthew was eventually reassured that the pair had attended only out of idle curiosity, but not before he had asked the two if they had "any friends in the Students' Association."

Deller apparently labours under the delusion that the well-known South Pacific sub-branch of the Kremlin considers him worth spying on.

One can only hope that Mr. Deller remembers to check under his bed when he gets home each night. After all, one can never be sure, can one?



Who's stealing the cutlery?

# Refec. cutlery losses mount

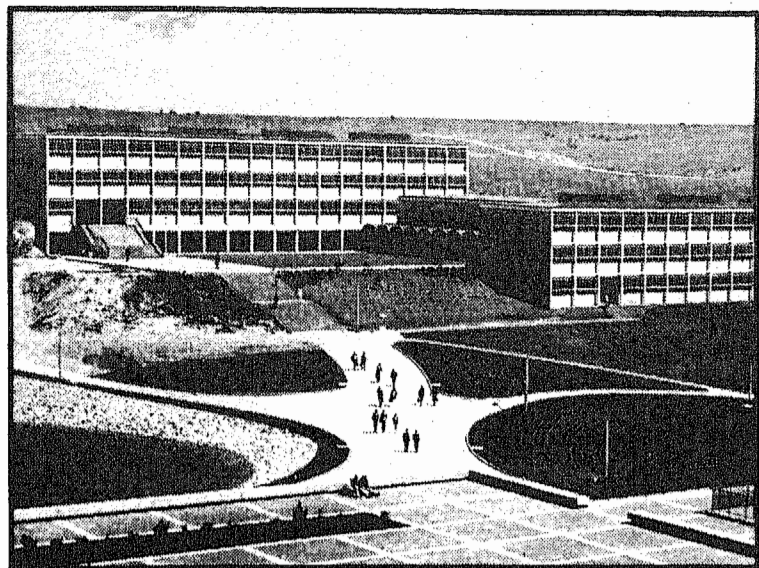
by Andrew Gleeson

The Catering Department lost cutlery and crockery to the value of \$4,086 in first term. 2,880 pieces of cutlery have gone, 832 cups and 265 plates.

Catering Department Manager Mr. Peter Starke attributed the loss to a mixture of deliberate theft and students carrying items too far away from the refectories for them to be collected. Large quantities of cutlery and crockery are left lying on the lawns each day, especially in summer. They are easy prey to theft or damage. "I go along every morning and uncover stuff under piles of leaves" he said.

Mr. Starke explained that over a year up to \$10,000 worth of material may be lost. This cost has to be made up either by increasing food prices or by making a loss and increasing the Union Fee to sustain the loss. Either way students pay. It costs \$2.40 to replace a plate, \$1.70 to replace a cup and 80 cents for an item of cutlery.

Crockery amnesties, and a period last year in which paper-plates were used, are among the ideas that have been tried to solve the problem, but none has worked. Mr. Starke said the only really feasible solution is for people to always return their crockery and cutlery to the refectory when they have finished eating.



Flinders University Physics Department

# A.U. Physics Dept. runs distant fourteenth

by Moya Dodd

Flinders University first, Adelaide University fourteenth — that's the result of a recent study into the research performances of 17 Australian university physics departments.

The study was conducted by a science librarian at Queensland's Griffith University, Dr. Malcolm Campbell.

He compared research performances using three criteria:

- The number of papers published between 1975 and 1982.
- The significance of the work, measured by the number of times a paper was cited in other papers between 1977 and 1982.
- The total amount of research grants given to the department by outside bodies.

Dr. Campbell said he was surprised by the study's result.

"There were a lot of the smaller universities coming out at the top of the table," he said.

"A lot of the larger universities have staff members who have been there for a number of years. I think they are settling into the pre-retirement stage.

"Younger staff members who are just beginning their careers tend to be more productive and enthusiastic about their research."

Campbell's results have been taken seriously by at least one Adelaide University Physics Department academic.

Professor Thomas, who is at 34 the youngest academic in the Department by several years, said

the report was a significant one.

"It is something this university must do something about" he said.

"The figures speak for themselves. The Physics Department in this University is less productive than other universities.

"The major difference is the age distribution of the staff. Younger physicists tend to be part of the rat race in which you write everything up and publish it. It doesn't mean that the older staff become senile and incompetent, but they have less need to publish."

Professor Thomas stresses that it is important for the quality of the department that staff be actively involved in research.

But Professor Thomas also pointed to flaws in the survey method, especially Dr. Campbell's measure of a paper's significance by the number of times it was cited.

"It doesn't say why it's cited — because it's wrong or misguided, or because it's good" he said.

"It's a crude indication of quality."

He added that there was no allowance for the number of times a paper was cited by its own author in subsequent works.

Physics Department Chair Dr. Elford agreed that on average, productivity decreases with age, but said this was partly due to the fact that some older staff elect to do more teaching to allow younger staff to do more research.

He said the survey's results were not a reflection on the teaching standards of the department.

# Pro-Timor policy and pacifism won't mix: Hayden

by Robert Cecil

Those who want Australia to take a belligerent line against Indonesia over East Timor should not promote pacifist defence policies, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Hayden, said last week.

Hayden made these remarks during a brief stopover in Adelaide before flying to Perth.

He said the Government would have difficulties on Indonesia, East Timor, West Irian and New Guinea at the ALP Conference next month.

"We (the conference) may instinctively take a strong line, because we don't like a particular action of a country, and find that we've damaged both our national interest and the cause of the people we want to serve," he said.

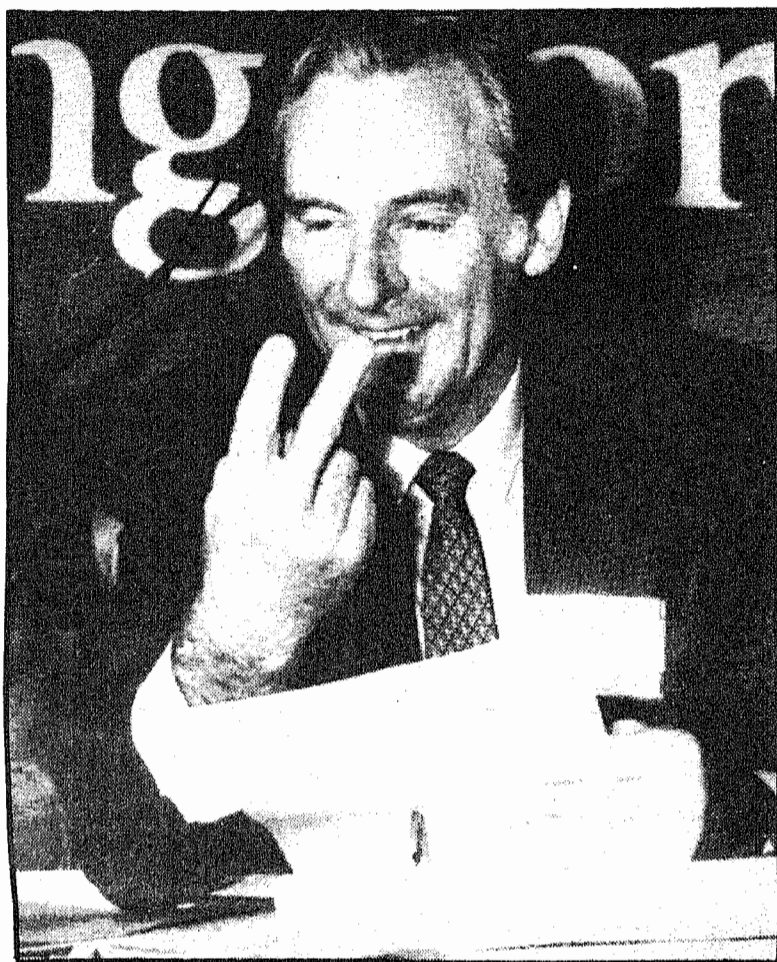
"The important thing for the Labor Party to remember is that it wouldn't be wise to slip into a belligerent foreign policy while we had a pacifist defence policy."

Mr. Hayden was speaking after addressing a meeting of the S.A. Centre Left faction.

He said the Centre Left would determine the outcome of most issues at the conference.

"We will be the least numerous, but the most significant," he said.

"No group has a majority in its own right, but we will not be exploiting this in the crude way the Democrats do in the broader political scene."



Mr W. Hayden - Minister for Foreign Affairs

# Thousand-to-one odds against machines bettering people

by Andrew Gleeson

A prominent American philosopher will offer odds of a thousand to one that machines capable of exhibiting intelligence comparable to that of humans will not be devised in the next twenty years. He added they may never do so, though there is no reason in principle why they should not.

Professor Daniel Dennet of Tufts University in the United States, was speaking at a meeting of the Adelaide University Philosophy Club last Wednesday night. He is visiting Adelaide University to deliver the 1984 Gavin David Young lectures, sponsored by the department of philosophy.

Professor Dennet looked at a number of the world's most sophisticated computer programmes operating as models of human intelligence. One at the University of Massachusetts models the diagnostic knowledge and abilities of one of the world's finest doctors and can perform diagnosis as well as the doctor himself. Another in California is a model of a paranoid who believes he is persecuted by the

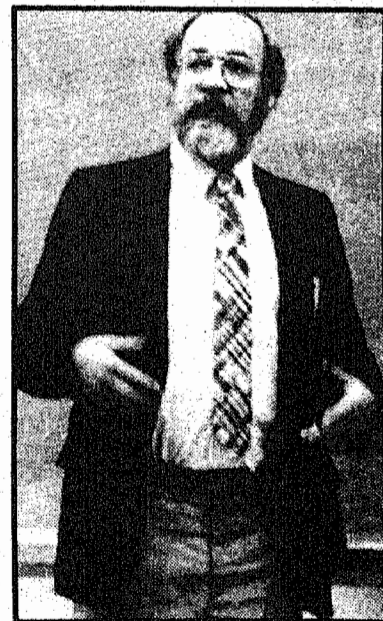
Mafia.

The flaw in regarding all of these programmes as intelligent, he contended, is that they are restricted to their intensive knowledge of a particular subject-matter and a comparatively limited set of routines for discourse with intelligent agents.

A shrewd interlocutor with these programmes can readily expose their deficiencies by asking probing questions which require some very general knowledge to make an intelligent response. Computers are easily thrown by questions which need a response falling outside their limited range.

A computer could be regarded as an intelligent agent if it could engage in a discussion with a human, and the human not be able to guess if he was communicating with a human or a machine whatever the questions he asked.

Machines failing to pass this test may yet be successful imitations of certain aspects of intelligence. Dennet argued that the acquisition of intelligence does not consist in the addition of some special property



Professor Daniel Dennet

'intelligence' distinct from any particular skill or body of knowledge, but in the gradual accumulation of an even richer repertoire of knowledge and behaviour.

# New assessment, better marks

by Nick Kalaitzis

An Adelaide University research paper has found that different methods of assessment affect students' learning performances.

The paper, produced recently by the Adelaide University department of Medicine, looks at the effects of assessment and examinations on the learning of medical students during 1978-82.

In 1979, a new assessment scheme was introduced to strengthen the

teaching of clinical skills to final-year medical students after it was found that students were spending more time studying for the theoretical components of the course than the practical and clinical aspects.

The new assessment scheme retained end of year examinations in each component but the emphasis shifted from mainly theoretical multiple choice questions to practical and written clinical questions in both medicine and surgery.

After some initial anxiety, student performances and attitudes towards the course's practical component improved.

The success of the new assessment scheme was also reflected in the marks students achieved. There was a substantial improvement in clinical test results under the new scheme while theory test results remained the same, varying only slightly from year to year.

## WOMEN AND TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGE

A Free Public Lecture by

Dr. SUSAN MAGAREY

Director, Research Centre for Women's Studies

ELDER HALL

WEDNESDAY 27th JUNE

1.10 p.m.

Presented by the University of Adelaide Foundation

## How to find out about feminism



### SAUA VIEW

This week **KATHLEEN BRANNIGAN**, Women's Officer, reports.

Women's Week is an annual event at Adelaide Uni., organized by Women on Campus, assisted by various other groups and individuals. This year Women's Week commences with an "Opening Extravaganza" on Monday 2nd of July and culminates in a Fun-Filled Finale on Saturday 7th.

Women's Week is designed both to celebrate women's participation in education and to remember the women who fought for our right to an education, breaking down many barriers to women's participation in tertiary education.

However Women's Week also illustrates the many areas in which women still face inordinate pressures to conform to an unrealistic and narrow ideal. Implicit in the idea of Women's Week is the attempt to increase awareness of the problems faced by women in education.

A wide range of issues will be addressed during the forums and workshops, which will cover topics from Women's Health and Women in Non-Traditional Areas to Sexuality and Women and Nuclear



Energy.

This year we are incorporating a Women's Film Festival into Women's Week which will entertain and provide a glimpse of the creative talents of women involved in film-making. Films being shown include *Carry Greenham Home*, a look at the Women's Peace Camp at Greenham Common, *On Guard*, a Girl's Own adventure movie and *For Love or Money*, an history of women's work in Australia.

We hope that as many people as

possible will take advantage of the activities during Women's Week this year and use the opportunity to find out what the women's movement is about and to meet some feminists who may be able to clear up some of the misconceptions held about us.

Watch out for Women's Week programmes, which outline the week's activities or if you would like more information contact either myself or Chris Leahy (W.O.C. convenor) through the Student Activities Office.

## Women's Week 2-7 July

### Monday

1 pm Opening Extravaganza

Speakers

Singers

Street Theatre

7.30 pm Carry Greenham Home

Video of Women's Peace Camp followed by discussion about women and nuclear energy (women only). Little Cinema, Level 5, Union Building.

### Tuesday

1 pm Violence Against Women Discussion

7.30 pm Women's Films

Size 10

Maidens

*This Woman is not a Car: an historical perspective of Australian Women's Film Making.*

### Wednesday

1 pm Women In Non-Traditional Areas Forum

Little Cinema

7.30 pm Sisters

Directed by Magarethe Van Trota.

Jury of Her Peers  
Little Cinema

### Thursday

1 pm Women's Health Workshop

Women's Room

7.30 pm Donna: Women in Revolt

plus

*On Guard* (a women's adventure movie).

### Friday

1 pm Sexuality Discussion

Women's Room

Women Performers in A.U. Bar.

8 pm. For Love or Money

Women at work in Australia.

Little Cinema.

### Saturday

1 pm. Lunch followed by Women's Soccer Match.

Fun-Filled Finale!

Women's Dance with Ulula Stix and The Hotspots.

Childcare provided for evening entertainment.

# Prosh, research & lost property

**INGRID CONDON**  
STUDENTS' ASSOC.  
PRESIDENT



Well, once again my office looks as if a bomb has hit it — just as I'd gotten organised! In case you didn't guess by those remarks, I've been very busy this week trying to get Prosh organised, having lots and lots of meetings about staffing in the Education/Welfare area, getting

organised for the elections, and of course the ongoing work associated with setting up the Student Activist Exchange.

### Elections

The only thing I have to say is — if you're interested in being involved in representing students in any way (e.g. student representation, education funding, women, overseas students, housing, assessment, curriculum) or working on broader social issues (e.g. peace and disarmament, racism) then NOMINATE for a position in the Students' Association. It is, after all, your representative body on campus, and now (since we left AUS) is also responsible for representing students

at a national level.

All it takes to be involved is a bit of time, energy and lots of enthusiasm and new ideas. The S.A.U.A. is what students make it, after all. If you have picked up this copy of *On dit* on Monday, you still have time to nominate — nominations close this Tuesday, 26 June at 5 pm. If you're interested in the services side of student politics (e.g. how much the Union Fee should be, and where it should go) then Union Council is for you.

Nominations for Union Council also close on Tuesday at 5 pm, as it's a joint election, and nomination forms are available from the Union Office in the Lady Symon Building. Being a Union Councillor myself, I'd be happy to chat to anyone about the responsibilities involved.

### Education and Welfare

On the subject of Union matters, one of the more controversial issues that has been discussed in recent weeks is whether or not to employ a second Education/Welfare Officer. This issue arose several months ago, when Andrew Derrington, the current EWO, voiced the opinion that one person could not adequately service 9,000 students.

As a bit of historical background, the Union once employed both an Education Research Officer and a Welfare Officer. These positions were amalgamated by Union Council back in 1982 as a cost cutting exercise. Whether or not that was a wise decision in itself remains debatable, but the fact is, with financial assistance to students (i.e. TEAS, dole, other Social Security Payments) falling further below the poverty line, rents becoming higher (and low cost accommodation becoming more and more difficult to find) and with the added research burden due to the fact that we are no longer in AUS and will be making submissions to both Federal and State Governments, it seems a bit ridiculous to have just one person dealing with all these issues, given that campuses of comparable size (or smaller) often have five or six

professionally qualified people in the Education/Welfare area.

Andrew has seen about one third of the students on this campus in one year alone — obviously it's a vital service that the Union provides, and could be much improved if a second EWO were employed. Andrew has not yet done any research for the SAUA, which he is required to do because he simply hasn't had time.

For this reason the SAUA strongly supports employing a second EWO, and we believe that most students on this campus would agree. What do you think? The findings of a special committee set up to consider this question will be considered by Union Council at its next meeting on Monday 25 June, at 5.30 pm in the North Dining Room. I'd urge anyone interested in this issue to attend this meeting — after all, it's your welfare at stake.

### Prosh 1984

Well, the Prosh GSM due to be held last week was cancelled to enable the Prosh Committee (i.e. anyone interested in being involved in Prosh) to meet and come up with ideas.

The Prosh Committee will meet on Tuesday, at 1 pm in the Student Activities Office, prior to a GSM on Thursday 28 June at 1 pm in the Mayo Refectory. The motion has also been amended a bit, so as to enable students to choose between various organisations.

The motions to be debated are:

- 1) That we, the students of the University of Adelaide, support Prosh Week activities in 1984, to be held during the last week of second term.
- 2) Since students gave massive support for anti-racism policies at a recent General Student Meeting, it is appropriate that the theme of Prosh '84 is anti-racism.
- 3) That all funds raised from the 1984 Prosh activities be distributed equally between all the Prosh beneficiaries.
- 4) That the (South Australian) Campaign Against Racial Exploitation [SA CARE], the Indo-

Chinese Refugee Association [ICRA] and Community Aid Abroad [CAA] be the Prosh beneficiaries.

5) (foreshadowed to motion 4) That Community Aid Abroad be a Prosh beneficiary.

6) (foreshadowed to motion 4) That the Indo-Chinese Refugee Association be a Prosh beneficiary.

7) (foreshadowed to motion 4) That the (South Australian) Campaign Against Racial Exploitation be a Prosh beneficiary.

If anyone has any other ideas as to who the money should be donated to, could you tell me before Monday at 12 noon, so that there can be proper notification of such motions? I myself think it would be good for students to get behind the anti-racist cause in practice (you've already done it in principle) and I think motion 4 is a good one since it gives money to diverse anti-racist causes.

CARE does a lot in the way of alerting people here to the problems in South Africa; CAA gives direct aid to people in developing countries; and ICRA supports Asian migrants here, who are most often and severely discriminated against both on-campus and in the Australian community. It should be an interesting GSM.

Also on Wednesday 27 June, there is a Lost Property Auction at 1 pm in the Cloisters, hosted by Kathleen Brannigan. A good opportunity for poor students to get cheap books, clothes, umbrellas, and all kinds of assorted junk!

Little Cinema 1.00 pm  
Thursday 28th June

THE REVEREND  
DAVID NKWE.

Speaks about his Christian work amongst the racial violence of SOUTH AFRICA.

# Short Story Competition

## On dit Short Story Competition

*On dit*, the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide is inviting submissions for its 1984 Short Story Competition.

Winning stories will be awarded prizes as follows according to the discretion of the judges: \$300 first prize, \$150 second prize and \$50 third prize. The prize-winning stories and other meritorious entries will be published in a special edition of *On dit* in October, 1984.

Entries must be unpublished works of no more than 5,000 words, typed double-spaced on good quality quarto or A4 paper and submitted by **17 August 1984**.

A panel of four judges will decide the prize-winners. Their decision will remain final and no correspondence will be entered into. A review of entries prepared by the judges will be published in the same special edition as the prize winning entries.

Entries should be sent to:

Short Story Competition

c/- *On dit*

GPO Box 498

Adelaide, SA 5001.

Manuscripts will only be returned where a stamped self-addressed envelope is included.

Kindly funded by the University of Adelaide Foundation.

— On dit exclusive exposé —

# Gumshoe spills beans on Mr Big and the great cholesterol caper

Introducing Hank Tracy Jr., ace in-depth, hard-nosed, private-investigative reporter extraordinaire.

Appalled by the lack of intrepid investigative reporting in the current Adelaide scene and determined to get some more investigative bite into the pages of *On dit*, the editors have hired the services of Mr. Tracy, a former private investigation operative with a leading US firm.

His brief is to uncover the stories behind the stories, to nose out the political conspiracies the other media hesitate to pursue, to plumb the unsavoury depths of high-society scandal, to pursue company searches to their ultimate end, be that BHP board rooms, the favourite watering holes of Left-wing unions or the University of Adelaide's Vice-Chancellor's office.

Hank Tracy will dig out the truth undaunted by obstructionism, ministerial non-comments, opposition or intimidation.

The editors trust that loyal readers will stick with us while we and Mr. Tracy sort out a few investigative teething problems.

While Mr. Tracy comes to us with impeccable credentials, his experience isn't so much in journalism as in tracing missing heiresses, guarding 24 carat

It was seven minutes after midday, my Fedora and trench coat weren't back from the cleaners and the editors wanted me out on a job.

Some bulk-beef and T-bone steak caper down at the Central Market, they reckoned.

Wanted me to track down Mr. Big. Well I'd have to admit I'd been in more nervous-making situations in my time, but this was my first job as a journo and I didn't want to stuff up.

I felt kind of unsettled without my hat and coat; the kind donation of one of the editor's army-disposal Great coats and Port Adelaide beanie only made me feel marginally less than naked.

They'd said I wouldn't need my Smith and Wesson, but then the little micro-cassette they'd given me just didn't pack the same weight in my inside pocket; was harder to operate too, what with two speeds and fast forward.

I walked from the *On dit* office down King William Street to collect my thoughts.

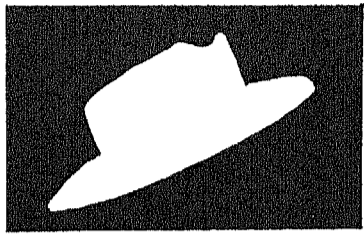
I knew this objectivity number could be tricky.

I'm a committed vegetarian from way back, see red at the sight of people chomping into animal flesh.

My parents were Seventh Day Adventists, you see.

None of the religion stuck, but the aversion to meat did.

Down the Mall on the Eastern side



## HANK TRACY REPORTS

diamond tiaras and busting counterfeit union-card rings.

He's only very recently swapped his Smith and Wesson for a National Panasonic two-speed micro-cassette recorder.

And to make matters worse, *On dit* is so short staffed that we have had to use Mr. Tracy not only on in-depth investigation but on straight news stories.

We sent him out to do a "colour" piece on the butchers in the Central Market.

We failed to take into account that he is a hard-line vegetarian.

It appears he discovers intrigue, conspiracy and collusion where ever he pokes his short-hand note book.

Here is his report.

of the Market they line them up, one after another after another, the butchers' shops, six or seven of them, these purveyors of saturated fat and coronary thrombosis.

This was the place alright, Cholesterol Alley; the carcass caper.

I cased the obscene refrigerated windows bulging with gore.

I dismissed the seedy characters behind the counters in Turners, Massey's Meats and the rest; they were obviously the little men, the fall-guys.

No, I was aiming for the top.

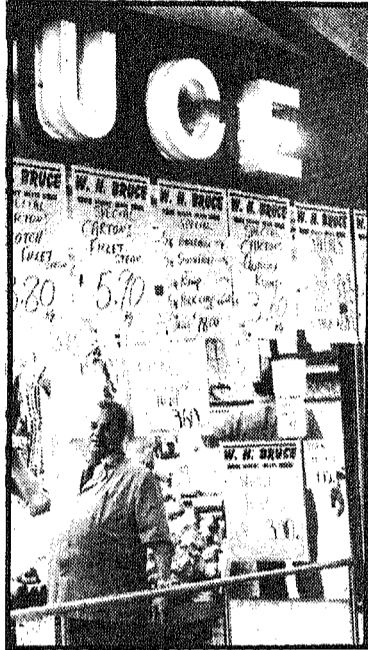
And there he was, huge go-stained belly, voice like a megaphone, waddling up and down a line of carcasses out the front of W.H. Bruce Meats ... Mr. Big!

I kick-started the cassette recorder and moved in.

"G'day, I'm a reporter from the Adelaide University student newspaper *On dit*; we're doing a piece on people in the Market. How long have you been in the meat game?"

It turned out he'd been into hacking up carcasses and spilling innocent blood for 34 years. Grew up in a family of butchers — brothers, uncles, father, grandfather — in Cyprus. Cut his first throat at the age of nine.

I was clearly onto something here; a Mafia connection. Cyprus isn't all that far from Sicily as I reckon it.



The scene of the crime



The victims

I tightened the screws.

"Name's Minas Markou, been selling meat in the market for 34 years, you compare my prices here with there and then we talk, best meat in Adelaide, best quality, everything is bulk," he said.

I reckoned he was about ready to squeal.

So how much meat did he eat himself?

"Oh ... not much ... about half a ton a year."

Well what about cholesterol, what about heart disease, what did he think about vegetarianism?



Mr Big

"Ah, these people ... they mad. You tell people that eat meat to stop it for a week, you see how they feel, they go back quick as they can to butcher's shop.

"Vegetarians they nuts. It's junk they eat. They must be animals, they eat soya beans, that stuff, that is what they feed to pigs and cows, to animals... that is not for people."

Well I reckoned I'd just about wrapped the case up: located the corpses — all 10 or 11 of them — established a motive, extracted a full confession, had the killer where we could pick him up any time.

Problem was going to be convincing anyone that a crime had been committed.

There just aren't any laws against meat eating in this State.

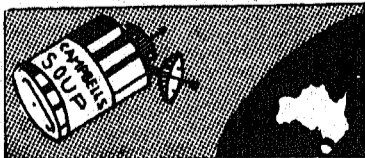
I hoped the editors would understand.

Perhaps we could mail Mr. Markou a box of soya bean patties or something ... that ought to put the wind up him.

I headed back to the office.

With a bit of luck my hat and coat would be back from the cleaners. I don't even barrack for Port Adelaide.

## The neanderthals: victims of technological change?



### SCIENCE

Thirty-five thousand years ago Neanderthal man ruled Europe. The word itself is highly evocative to humans today. It denotes the primitive and the imperfect. The term is often used in a slightly derogatory way, but always tempered by the realization that these beings had stepped beyond the

apes to be a precursor of modern man.

Well Neanderthal, for all its overtones of meaning, is actually just the name of the place in Germany where the remains of the race that now bears the name were first found.

For a period of about 80,000 years the Neanderthals thrived in Europe and Asia. Then about 30,000 years ago they were snuffed out. The question asked today is why?

Three different answers to this question have been regarded as plausible. The Neanderthals were exterminated by the new race of modern men. Or possibly modern men interbred with the Neanderthals and obliterated their distinct qualities

much as the Chinese have done to their invaders over the centuries. Or, finally, there was a passive competition between the Neanderthals and modern men, and modern man prevailed because his superior tools made him more adaptable. The third alternative is the one which is gaining acceptance.

The key point seems to be that at about the time the Neanderthals died out there appeared in Europe a new range of hand tools.

New materials such as bone and ivory came into use. Innovations, such as the throwing spear, were invented. And manufacturing methods improved from simply whittling away to more advanced

techniques like drilling and grinding.

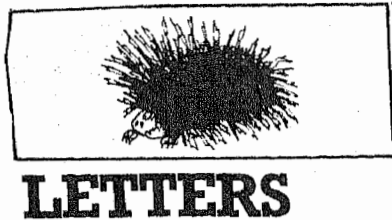
These technological improvements meant an easier life and a greater capacity to cope with the ice age that was then in its period of onset. The theory is that modern men invented, and benefitted from, these improvements. And Neanderthal man just died out because he couldn't keep up with the pace of technological change.

We shouldn't demean the Neanderthal too liberally. They had brains as big as ours and they followed advanced social customs such as burying their dead, but they appear to have had a limited capacity for abstraction.

Everything was fine for the Neanderthal when the weather was warm and balmy. But when the last ice age hit it became important to be able to think ahead, to fashion tools for specific tasks, and to think in terms of possibilities rather than immediacies.

And so, the theory goes, modern man survived and the Neanderthals didn't. The Neanderthal was a victim of technological change.

Professional typist, does typing (incl. maths and Greek symbols) at home, electronic machines, carbon ribbon. Rates negotiable.  
Ph: Phyllis - 263 7278 (A/H)



## LETTERS

Deadline for letters to the Editors is 12.00 noon on Wednesdays. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication)

### Others responsible

Dear Editors,  
I believe there may have been some misunderstanding of the meaning of comments made during an interview with you.  
In your article "Profile", *On dit* 18 June 1984, you stated that the O'Camp was run by me single-handedly after my co-convenor left for India.  
Though this is correct for the pre-event organization, it is totally incorrect for the camp itself. My co-convenor returned to do an equal amount of the very considerable workload involved during the camp.  
I would be pleased if you would print the name Rebecca Smyth as one who was jointly responsible for the success of the 1984 A.U.Sc.A. O'Camp, together with the cooks (Antonnette and Alison), the helpers and everyone else whose advice and assistance if not so freely given would have made the camp less than the success it was.

Andrew Brown

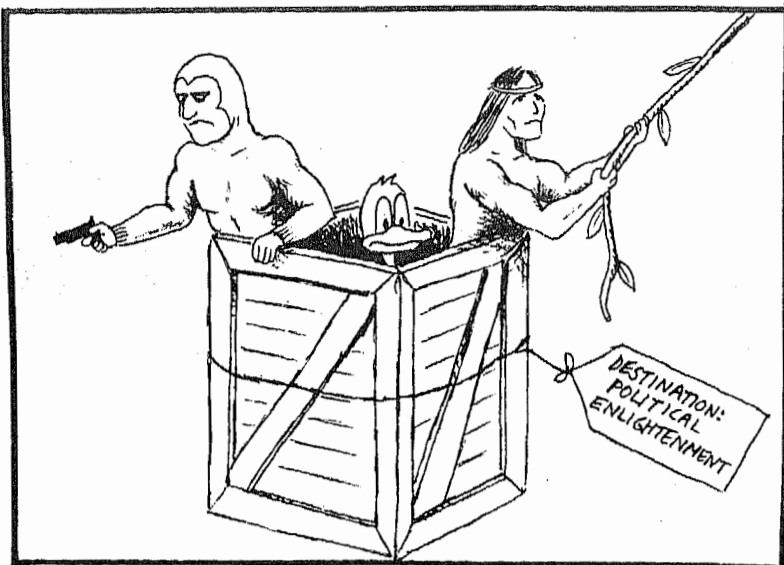
### The sound and the fury

Dear Editors,  
Like "Old Hack" (Letters, *On dit* No. 9) I've been stricken by the urge to give first years the benefit of my experience.  
Yes folks, second term will be just like the rest of the year, only worse. Proselytisers for the existential superiority of ignorance and indifference over the base qualities of awareness and participation will abound.  
They will feel even more licensed than they feel during other terms to bewail (in conveniently general terms) the concerns and labours of the crass lefties who've worked at representing students for years.  
Of course the right will be dismissed as just as deplorable but no worse. Its years of inactivity on behalf of students will not be counted against it.  
After all, since any debate upon a communal topic (i.e. a social/political/left versus right topic) is by definition crass nonsense, none of the participants can be disagreeing about anything of substance, therefore all tendencies are obviously equally invalid: Q.E.D.!! Having put such "arguments" to you some hypocrites will actually ask you to vote for them on the grounds that they are above politics!

You may take it as read that the only ones not drunk with the merest whiff of POWER are those whose vocation is Journalism. Give up any hope you might have of being informed by the principal publications you pay for about the institutions and issues involved. Since for years *On dit* has broadcast its conviction that all political activities besides its own production are sound and fury signifying nothing, how better could it serve you than by defending you from knowledge of campus debates which it keeps telling you that you want to ignore?

So, first years, have fun trying to make sense of the campus elections and remember to lap up all that good advice to bitterly resent that you have the right to choose your representatives.

Old Hack Mark II



### Phantom go home

Dear Editors,  
The Phantom may have made a quarter-turn towards feminism (as reported by Peter Hockney last week), but I still don't find him an ideological turn-on.

As a little boy, growing up pretty close to where the Phantom is supposed to have operated (no, I never saw him), I spent many an hour reading about him, about Tarzan, Donald Duck, Richie Rich and many other extraordinary white cartoon characters. I can't remember thinking of these comics as instruments of imperialism, consumerism or racism. When reading the adventures of Tarzan or the Phantom, I did not think it important that they were unavoidably white male heroes among scores of faceless, nameless "natives". Why was a lone white man given the role of peacekeeper and protector of those native tribes? Couldn't they manage their own

affairs? Perhaps they were too "uncivilised", "underdeveloped", "immoral". Why wasn't there a native hero or two?

I never once thought that the Phantom and Tarzan were white good-guys invented to give children (children only?) the impression that white people in India and Africa were there to save the natives from their own weaknesses. I didn't notice that this has long been used as a justification for conquest, by Christians in the Congo, the British in India, multi-nationals in the Philippines today, and the nuclear barons of the future. But then I was only seven.

In this day of independence and racial equality, one might think that this sort of hero is as out of place as his leather-fetish, out-from-under pants and skin-tight purple wool-knits are uncomfortable in the jungles of Bengal. He should be sent out in the next tea shipment.

Chris Sen

### Gutter journalism

Dear Editors,  
Sitrice O'Sanassa's report on the ALP State Conference is an unadulterated case of gutter journalism.  
O'Sanassa uses the pretext of a report on the Conference to launch an attack on two ABC *Nationwide* reporters Dale Sinclair and Maxine McKew. The basis of the argument is that these women journalists have a "left" bias because of their alleged association with "left" men in the ALP. This type of attack is common to the political position of O'Sanassa,

that of the far right. The "guilt by association" technique used in this case is sexist and puerile. Neither the ALP Conference or *Nationwide* are discussed on their weaknesses and merits but snide personal accusations are made about these on the supposed "left".

O'Sanassa hides behind a pseudonym and the guise of a "gossip column" for the sole aim of discrediting (what he sees as) "left" politics. *On dit* does itself no credit in furthering this double charade.

Greg McCarthy

### O'Sanassa unethical

Dear Editors,  
Those who collectively constitute Sitrice O'Sanassa are well informed but fail to make some of their material relevant to their indictment of *Nationwide* and the State ALP Convention.

Raising an ancient and trifling conviction is against journalistic ethics and the spirit of what I hope will be Australia's new defamation law under which truth and public

interest will be a defence. (See *On dit*, September 1983).

A similar gossip column could have been written about Centre Left people and our Sitrices would have done "better" had they spent more time in the convention hall and less in the bar.

Where were the substantive convention reports in last week's *On dit*: the inspired four-unions debate and the education-funding row?

Robert Cecil

### Punter's Talk odds-on favourite

Dear Editors,  
With regards to the letter to the editor in *On dit*, Monday 7 May, titled *Punter's Talk-Back*, I find "Sir Dapper's" comments totally uncalled for.

Robert Cecil wrongly tipped Admiral Lincoln in the Sydney Cup, but it was a horse showing a lot of promise at the time and in my opinion definitely worth a small each-way bet, especially considering the good odds being offered.

And also "Sir Dapper", you take a naive view of racing and probably the world (though I wouldn't bet on that). You seem to think that everything printed in *On dit* is

Gospel: boy have I got news for you! After all, most publications are only a statement of opinion.

I suggest, before you get your knickers in a knot and lynch Robert Cecil, kindly take the sensible approach and assess Cecil's performance in the past on all the tips he's given in this column and then see where you stand.

After all, if a columnist always knew which horse was going to win every race why bother exhausting all the other horses.

So get off Robert's back and back a nag. After all "Sir Dapper", you are out of the race(s) ad infinitum.

"Emanicipation" (A real winner)

## NCC only defends unchristian status quo

Dear Editors,  
I was interested to read last week's *Open Space* column and hear the National Civic Council's view of itself, however I feel bound to take up with you the issue of your choice of headline — Mark Posa may indeed claim to be "defending Christian Civilization" but as far as I can see the NCC is equally subversive to Christianity as Marx ever was; perhaps more dangerously so, as its influence seems so "Christian".

The point is this; a Christian is a follower of Christ, Christ is his example and archetype. It strikes me that the pressures upon the society of Jesus' time were no less than ours. In the midst of a Roman occupation, Jewish values were threatened and society was undergoing rapid change. People awaited the messiah to draw them together and boot the Romans out.

When the Messiah appeared, much to the surprise of all, he didn't go to the unions or seek support from the workers. Rather he told people there were a lot more important

issues in life than politics or traditions. The Christ, the originator of "Christian civilization" said what was important was how a person related to God. The power behind him was the power of his Father's love not a bunch of conservative union men.

To "defend Christian civilization" is to go against Jesus' example. It is to place an unChrist-like emphasis on the illusory storms in teacups of this world rather than the real point of reference, God. It leads to a view of Christianity as a bunch of rules and traditions rather than as a relationship of love.

A civilization is a social relationship. The social relationship Christ presented was the "body of Christ," people loved by God, and bound to each other through that love. The NCC, in institutionalising God's love and leading people to aim for a man-made heaven on earth rather than trusting God's fatherhood attacks that body and defends only a very unchristian status quo.

James Williamson

## Women in academia — concrete evidence

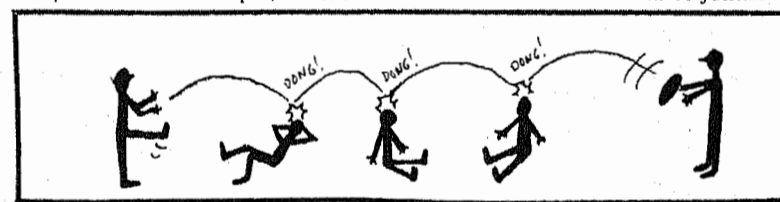
Dear Editors,  
A. Barran asserted in a letter in last week's *On dit* (18 June, 1984) that "there is no concrete, firm evidence to suggest that women are *now* generally disadvantaged" in academia. I'd like to refer him/her to just two of the studies which show otherwise namely Bettina Cass et al *Why So Few? Women Academics in Australian Universities* and Dr. Marian Sawyer's recent survey of the situation at the Australian National University.

I'd also like to point out that her/his own (totally unsubstantiated) views reveal discriminatory attitudes towards women since they imply that the only valid career paths are ones based on conventional male life patterns. For example, it seems to

be implied that women who "are looking for positions which are compatible with creating a home and raising a family" are somehow less "committed" to a job than men. In fact, women's need to find jobs like this just reflects the inherently disadvantageous position they suffer from in a society where domestic responsibility is unequally distributed between men and women.

Essentially, A. Barran's objections to affirmative action are based on the assumption that women's existing, subordinate position in society is a perfectly natural one — hence his/her concluding attack on so-called "unproven rationalistic assumptions about sex roles."

Carol Johnson



## Footballers Innocent

Dear Editors,  
Perhaps Laurie Williams should get his facts right before crawling out from behind his computer terminal (or wherever he comes from) again.  
We are two of the "selfish swine" who supposedly gain great pleasure in kicking footballs into people innocently trying to eat lunch on the Fisher Lawns.

On behalf of the other party involved, we would like to make the following points clear.

1. The number of people using the lawns since the 7th week of first term (about the time we started) has not changed to any noticeable extent. Our public crusader's notion of "twenty times as many" is just the fantasy of a puerile imagination.

2. After a morning of heavy lectures, tutes etc. in small theatres, we are merely trying to exercise a bit and enjoy ourselves by means of

physical exertion rather than sitting down, vegetating, and complaining about people who like to do something active. (By the way, we've never heard of eating described as a recreational activity).

3. We avoid kicking the ball over people and have never hit anyone with a ball with sufficient force as to cause any injury or eating disruption.

4. Though we do frequently knock off dead branches, we don't do so intentionally. Our aim is to kick the ball straight, but our aim is not often good.

P.S. It must be mentioned that a few groups use the Fisher Lawns for football, as it is a nice straight stretch of lawn. We can only answer for our group.

Hoping Mr. Williams opens his eyes before his mouth in future.

B. Seager  
R. Wilson

## Is Rupert Rosebud?

Dear Editors,  
(An exasperated apropos to David Walker's Media column in last week's *On dit*).

I never thought anyone would dare, but *Playboy* reports that *Citizen Kane*, the Orson Welles (or is it Herman J. Mankiewicz?) wonder, may be re-made with Rupert Murdoch, not Randolph Hearst, as its subject!

Apparently, two screenwriters have been given a 31 July deadline to work out a screenplay and a production company plans an Australian shoot in November.

As that great actor Jack Palance would say, "Believe it ... or not". I say, "Judith Christ!" The whole idea would be profane if it weren't so laughably fatuous.

Dino Di Rosa



## Professional journalism

Monday 25 June 1984  
Volume 52 Number 10

In the most recent issue of the new magazine *All That's Left*, produced by an amalgam of left-wing political clubs at Adelaide Uni., *On dit* is accused of a "...strident belief in the myth of 'professional journalism', the concept that the journalist can, through his own brilliance and impartiality, filter the truth from the distortions and provide an unbiased and reasoned assessment of any situation." The article goes on to say that this concept is in fact an ideological smokescreen, camouflaging the political import of the journalistic commodity.

There is no doubt that often this is what happens. It is notorious that the media can deliberately set out to topple or elect Governments while maintaining a facade of impartiality. But this surely is not an intrinsic restriction of the reporter's craft, only an abuse to which it is open.

Can an article be "unbiased"? Surely, yes. An unbiased article is one which relates a set of facts, truthfully and fairly, without seeking to influence the reader to form an opinion for or against some issues. If one reports on a public meeting for instance, one's report is unbiased if it is an accurate and full precis of what each speaker said. It is biased if, by, say, omission

or mis-quotation, the author contrives to give an account that does not accurately represent what was said.

It might be suggested that truth, accuracy and — perhaps especially — fairness are all merely relative, subjective — and political — notions. It's not possible to refute this here and now but I'll say this much: the fact that these concepts do not always admit of strict quantification, or that there is an area of grey, does not show that they are hopelessly subjective. We all rely on them, in our daily lives constantly, with very great success. When friends report to us on things they have seen and done we do not dismiss what they say out of hand on the ground that objectivity is impossible and everything they say must be biased. If accuracy, fairness, objectivity etc. are possible here, why not in journalism?

Further we can only recognize unfairness by gauging an article against certain standards, which, if the accusation is not to be vacuous, implies the possibility that an article could satisfy those standards and be fair. If the notion of impartiality is just empty ideological rhetoric, then equally so is that of bias and all charges of it are fatuous.

It is just as possible to be unbiased as it is to be biased (though not as easy). If we distrust a particular newspaper or journalist this is because of our knowledge of that paper or person's ethics and competence, not because of any general doctrine about the inherent limitations of journalism.

If I may borrow a Marxist term, it is just as 'idealist'

to believe that people are incapable of being unbiased, as it is to believe the undoubtedly common fallacy of professional journalism that non-partisanship is a guarantee of fairness and lack of bias. Both doctrines reify the written or spoken word into alien objects with a life of their own, possessing features beyond their author's power to influence. The truth is that a piece of writing is a human artifact and we can fashion it into what we will (though not always its effects).

It is true though that professional journalism is shrouded in a welter of myths susceptible to ideological purposes. The one already mentioned — that an article is not made unbiased simply because it is written in an impartial style — is not the least of these. It is the other side of the coin to the view that if an article is partisan it can't be unbiased. This is true if it is interpreted as merely a tautology (i.e. if 'biased' means 'having an opinion', which I allow is a fair enough way to take it) but fake if it means a partisan article can't be truthful, fair, etc. The most passionately partisan article can be 'objective' i.e. truthful, fair, accurate, literate and imbued with some comprehension of the views opposed to its own (this is the most the notion of objectivity can consist in); while the most impeccably, blandly neutral accounts can channel the most insidious deceptions. Non-partisanship is neither necessary nor sufficient for objectivity.

There is nothing particularly sacrosanct about the impartial 'news' style of writing then, but nothing particularly sinister either. One can use it or not according to whether one's purpose is to inform or to persuade.

# Dickens: a love of humanity

## OPEN SPACE

Open Space is a weekly column in which organisations explain their beliefs and activities.

This week GERALD ROWE outlines the aims of the Adelaide Dickens Fellowship.

### THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

The Adelaide Dickens Fellowship was founded in 1936 as a branch of the world-wide Dickens Fellowship formed in 1902 to perpetuate the memory of Charles Dickens. Its primary aim is to bring together people who enjoy the writings of Charles Dickens. The headquarters of the Fellowship is at 48, Doughty Street, London, a former residence of Dickens from 1837 to 1839. There are over 60 branches of the Fellowship throughout the world, with the greatest concentration in England and the United States.

Meetings of the Adelaide Branch are conducted monthly for the purpose of reading Dickens, lecturing about Dickens and generally discussing Dickens. Current strength of the Adelaide branch is about 100 members. In addition to the monthly meetings there are several important events on the calendar.

On February 7 each year a dinner to celebrate Charles Dickens' birthday takes place. An indispensable toast drunk on this occasion is to "The Immortal Memory".

The anniversary of Dickens' death on 9 June is also commemorated by a dinner. No toasts are given at this function, which dispenses with the formalities of the birthday dinner.

In the springtime, an annual Pickwick Picnic is held when members are encouraged to come in Dickensian costume for a day of revelry and high jinks in the open air. Later in the year the Annual Convention is held. This takes the form of a week-end together at a

convenient country venue. The programme for this highlight of the year's activities ranges from lectures, readings, sight-seeing, costume parade, to a formal business session. December heralds the Fellowship's Christmas Banquet when members combine food, drink and gaiety in traditional Dickensian style.

As part of its Aims and Objects, the Fellowship helps where possible the cause of the poor and oppressed. This is achieved by means of a Charity Fund administered by the Committee which arranges functions, proceeds from which are used to augment the fund. At the end of each year distribution of the fund to worthy causes or institutions takes place.

### THE LIFE OF DICKENS

Charles Dickens, one of the most widely known and admired of British novelists, was born on 7 February 1812 at Portsea, second of eight children of John Dickens, a clerk in the Royal Navy pay office then stationed at Portsmouth, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of a naval lieutenant.

John Dickens was an irresponsible, happy-go-lucky type, some of whose characteristics live in Mr. Micawber of *David Copperfield*. He was employed later in London, for some years at Chatham — which supplied some of Charles' most vivid childhood memories — and then once more in London, by which time his fecklessness had exhausted the patience of his creditors, so that he spent a period in the debtors' prison, the Marshalsea. His son Charles,

who made the fullest use of everything he saw and heard recalls his impressions of the Marshalsea in *Little Dorrit*.

While his father was in prison he was given a job by a friend of the family in his blacking ware-house, mainly employed in labelling bottles. With an improvement in his father's circumstances he received a few years' more schooling and then spent some months in lawyers' offices, studied shorthand, and after reporting in the law courts as a freelance became a Parliamentary reporter for a succession of newspapers.

He soon began writing for periodicals. In the spring of 1836 a collection of his articles, with illustrations by the famous Cruikshank were published as *Sketches by Boz*. The book attracted some attention, and the publishers Chapman and Hall approached the young author and asked him to provide the letterpress for a series of sporting prints by the humorous artist Seymour.

Following Seymour's untimely death, the pictures were provided by Hablot Knight Browne, the *Phiz* of many future Dickens illustrations. First published, like later Dickens works, as a monthly serial, *The Pickwick Papers* grew steadily in popularity. Four hundred copies were prepared for the first number, and forty thousand for the fifteenth. Charles Dickens had "arrived".

His works have been read in their hundreds of thousands of copies throughout the world, translated into other languages and adapted for stage and screen. One need but mention *The Only Way*, a stage version of *A Tale of Two Cities* in which Sir Martin Harvey captivated Britain in the early decades of this century, David Lean's superb film of *Great Expectations*, the very popular musical *Oliver* and more recently the Royal Shakespeare Company's monumental production of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Charles Dickens married Catherine Hogarth in 1836. She bore him ten children. Their home was at first in London; in the mid 1840s they lived for a short time near Genoa in Italy, and later for a spell in Switzerland. Dickens finally settled with his family at Gad's Hill in Kent.



Charles Dickens

In 1858 he separated from his wife; for the rest of his life his sister-in-law Georgina Hogarth kept house for him and looked after her younger nieces and nephews.

Dickens twice visited America, for the first time in 1842. He was very warmly received, but his hosts — understandably — did not like his comments on their social and political life which he afterwards published in *American Notes* and worked into *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

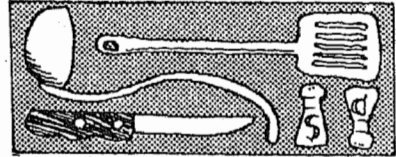
All was forgiven however, on his triumphant return tour in 1867/8 when he gave readings from his works in twelve cities including New York, Boston and Washington. These readings had by this time become a major activity for Dickens. His first was made in 1858, and thereafter he carried out many tours throughout the British Isles and also gave some readings in Paris in 1863.

All his life Charles Dickens was a man of intense activity. He had a lively social conscience; his first readings were made for charity and he gave help and advice in the founding of "ragged schools" and a reformatory home for prostitutes in London. It was his inexhaustible energy which caused his death at the early age of 58.

His second American tour had tired him physically. Nevertheless he undertook further engagements after his return home, in spite of warnings from friends and medical advisers. In the end he collapsed on 8 June 1870 at his home in Kent and died the following day. On 14 June he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Further particulars regarding the Dickens Fellowship may be obtained from the Adelaide Branch secretary, Mr. Gerald J. Rowe. Te. 356 7117.

# Ugly little tuber: food of peasants, gentry and the Irish nation



## COOKING

Who would have thought that an ugly little tuber, indigenous to South America (and eaten for centuries by the peasantry eking out an existence on the high windy and cold plateau of Peru) would make it to the tables of the European gentry, plus becoming the national food of the Irish nation! What was the magic that transposed the potato from its humble peasant origins to the cooking pots of the poor and the rich in 130 countries.

Potatoes are quite a food! Worth more than any gold that came from the conquered Incas. They keep well, travel well, are easily grown, adapting to many climates and soils, and have palate appeal with their starchy, mealy, bland texture.

Potatoes score full marks nutritionally. They are high in fibre, low in sodium. There's plenty of Vit. C, and you get Vit. B, niacin, and iron, too. The quality of the protein is high, with 2 grams in each medium sized spud.

Potatoes are a superb source of energy, outclassing the myriad forms of sugary concoctions lurking in most supermarket containers. Potatoes are not fattening, being 99.9% fat free; the calories of one potato equal the calories of one pear or one apple.

(Kilojoules to those who like kilojoules).

In the kitchen the potato accommodates well to cooking styles. It can be baked, boiled, mashed, roasted, fried. Adding fat, however, is a dietary handicap. Compare the following statistics:

1 medium potato, cooked in jacket = 80 calories.

1 medium potato mashed with milk = 100 calories.

1 medium potato halved and roasted = 180 calories.

1 medium potato made into 10-12 chips = 268 calories.

1 medium potato made into 1 pkt potato crisps = 568 calories.

Potatoes give you good value for your food dollar, even though the price fluctuates seasonally, influenced by rain, flood, drought. Burying potato peelings into your garden often sprouts a few plants for you to nurture into production.

When potatoes are exposed to light, green areas will appear. The solanine thus produced is toxic.

Serve potatoes often: best cooked in their jackets to contain the vitamins and minerals.

Peeling, washing, cutting and boiling will mean loss of Vit. C and other nutrients.

### PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

Make jacket potatoes (boiled or baked) delicious by opening up and mixing in chopped chives or parsley with cottage cheese and a sprinkle of paprika. Maybe some Parmesan cheese on top.

Left over mashed potatoes can be

made into another meal easily by mixing in beaten egg and your favourite seasoning. Chopped onion and parsley are favoured. Make into potato cakes by spooning and flattening small quantities of the mixture in a lubricated non-stick frypan. Cook gently through till golden coloured both sides. Serve immediately by the plateful.

### Easy Potato Fritters

1 beaten egg  
1 T wholemeal flour  
1 large potato, grated  
sprinkle of salt

Add three ingredients together with a little oil. Saute in hot oil, fritter size, till both sides golden and centre is cooked through. Drain on kitchen paper.

Caution — This could be fattening so only two fritters per person.

Chopped parsley, shallots, onion and herbs may be added before cooking.

### Potato Kugel

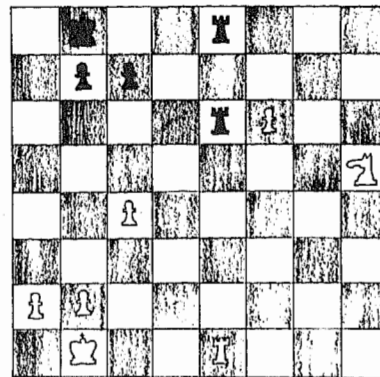
3 medium potatoes  
1 carrot  
1 medium onion  
2 T grated cheese  
1 1/2 T oil  
1 clove garlic, minced  
1 beaten egg  
1 level T breadcrumbs  
1/4 cup milk powder

Mix garlic, egg, oil, breadcrumbs and milk powder together. Grate potatoes, carrot and onion and add to egg mixture. Spread mixture evenly in an oiled pan. Bake 40-60 minutes in moderate oven. Add grated cheese and bake another 5-10 minutes. The Potato Kugel should be slightly brown when done. Serve hot or cold.

## CHESS

### Michael's Corner

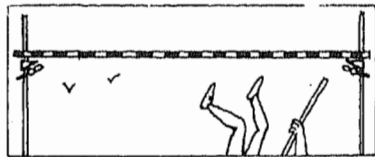
Adelaide Uni's A-grade team have slipped to mid-field. Peter Ballard's blue team is fifth and the red team, with David Glynn first board, is sixth. There are ten teams and with two rounds to play Dragons green have a narrow lead. Internationally, Gary Kasparov plays Champion Anatoly Karpov for the world title in Moscow in September. Karpov has been champion for the last ten years and the chess world waits with bated breath to see if the young challenger (also Russian) can dethrone him.



white to play and win.

### Solution to problem No. 4

1 B — k5  
2 N x B R x N  
3 R' R R — N3ch



## SPORT

### Cross Country

Adelaide University Athletics Club has been fielding teams for this winter's cross-country season and would welcome any interested competitors. There are races on each weekend, usually Saturday afternoon, of varying distances on road or cross-country. Only certain races are classified as premierships events where team placings go toward an overall "winter premierships".

Those run so far have been:-  
5 April — Kupto 25 Km Road Championships.  
Jim Mack 32nd place. Time 1:35:40.

Jim was our only competitor so no team result is available.

5 May — Patawalonga Relay 4 x 3000 m.

Team placing 18th.  
Overall time 46:26.  
Individual performances in order

of running:-

1. Jim Mack 10:48
2. Cameron Bell 11:25
3. John Bastin 12:30
4. Andrew Hawke 11:43.

The course was slightly longer than 3000 m explaining the slow times.

26 May — Taperoo 16 Km (10 mile) Road Championships.

Team placing (1st four runners) is not available.

Individual performances:-

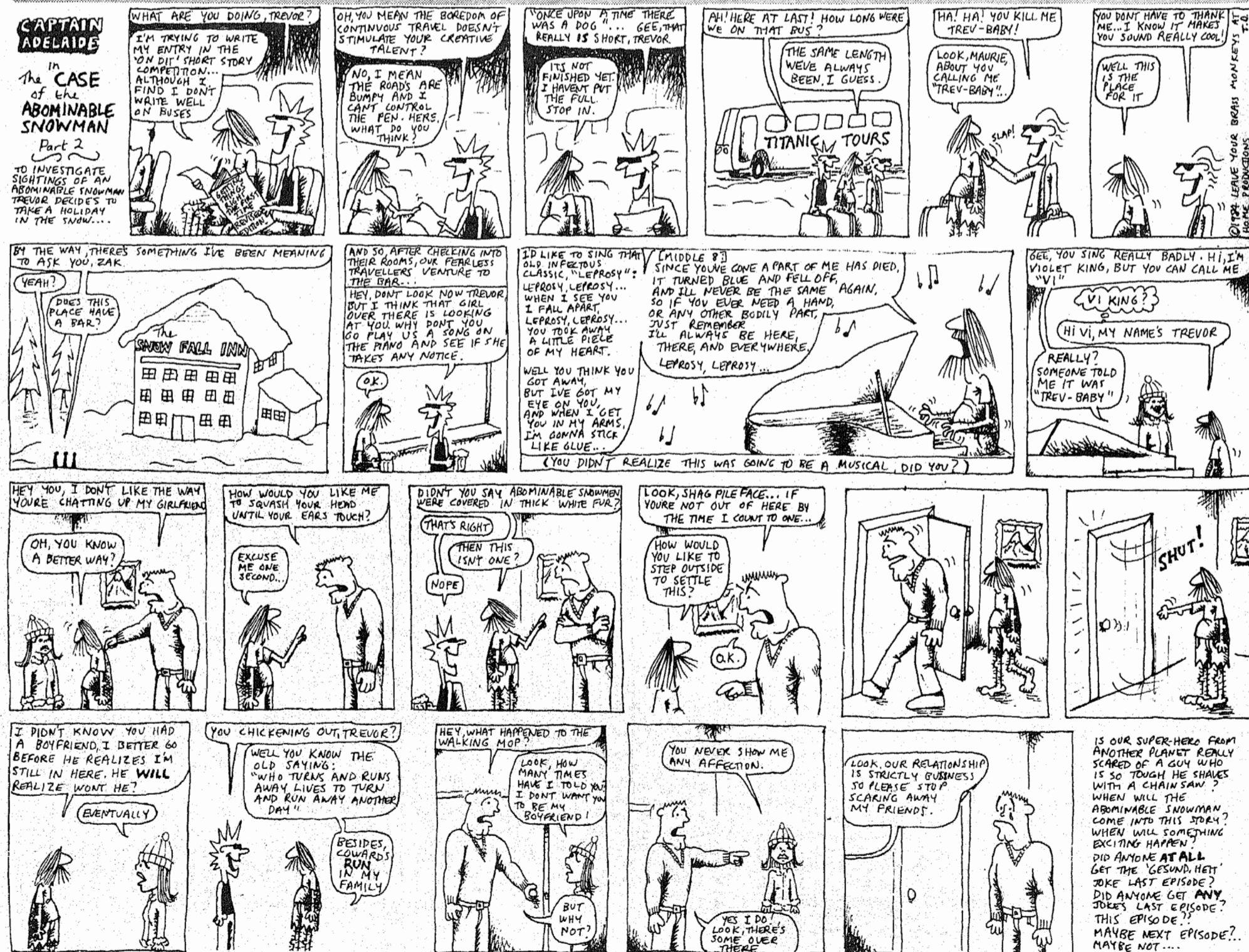
- 2nd Craig James 50:47
- 15th Jim Mack 54:04
- 48th David Miller 58:48
- 60th Danny Pearce 59:51
- 68th Andrew Hawke 60:38
- 78th John Zoanetti 61:20.

Coming premierships events are:-  
16 June 15 km cross-country — men. 4 km — women. Victoria Park.

14 July — Gawler Relays  
8 x 5000 m — men  
4 x 2500 m — women.

Anyone interested in running for the Blacks this winter, particularly these premierships events, should contact Jim Mack, cross-country captain, on 298 5670 (home) or 46 8191 (work).

There are groups running from the Uni Gym at 12 noon and 5 pm most days. Just speak of the staff at the gym for details.



# On dit In-depth

## Sam Spade: Sydney style



Author Peter Corris is the creator of private-eye Cliff Hardy, Australia's scruffy, hard-drinking, drives-an-old- Holden, no-illusions answer to Sam Spade and Phillip Marlowe. *On dit's* PETER HOCKNEY spoke to Corris about his uniquely Australian brand of classic detective fiction.

by Peter Hockney

He's a former small-time boxer, a University of Sydney drop-out, votes Labor, hates tea — especially Earl Grey — but drinks it if it makes the "client" happy, divorced, drives a beat-up old Ford with a slipping clutch and a radiator which boils every time he takes the Blue Mountains highway and for \$80 a day plus expenses he's for hire.

Meet Cliff Hardy; Australia's own dinkum hard-nosed, hard-drinking, hard punching, private eye.

He's the creation of Australian writer Peter Corris who through a series of best selling "Cliff Hardy" thrillers has created Australia's own indigenous private investigator in the classic style of Sam Spade or Philip Marlow.

The latest Cliff Hardy book, a collection of short stories, *Heroin Annie*, has just been released. *On dit* spoke to Corris when he was in Adelaide recently about his books and queried him about Hardy's psychological make-up, TV viewing preferences, and political leanings.

Let us allow Cliff Hardy to introduce himself.

After all he's the master of the short, sharp understatement which stops short of outright insult but has more than a nodding acquaintance with the classic put-down.

"I was walking along Vincent Street in Balmain, down near the soapworks, minding someone else's business, when a brick hit me, then another brick hit me, then another and I lost count; it felt as if a brick wall had moved out of line and wrapped itself around Cliff Hardy.

"When I woke up Terry Keneally was sitting beside my bed. My first thoughts were that my sheets had got very white and my windows very clean and that I'd finally got Terry to stay the night; then I realised that I wasn't home. I was in hospital. I've been in hospital before; the first thing to do is to check that you've still got your bits and pieces and they haven't mixed you up with the guy who had gangrene.

"I moved and wriggled and blinked; everything seemed to work."

discursiveness:

"It was one of those fifty-fifty days in Sydney; half the sky was grey, half was blue and it might rain or the temperature might hit 30. Just then, in my office, which has spare lines as to furniture and a draught under the door it wasn't hot, but my client was sweating.

"Mr. Matthews was the sweaty type — his suit was a bit tight for his early middle-age spread; he carried too much flesh to be comfortable except perhaps in the bath or in bed. Still there were no holes in his shoes and he was my first client for eight days."

Hardy waxes self-revelatory for a moment: "She was leaning against the peeling plaster wall outside my office and looking only fifty per cent likely to knock on the door. I hurried down the passage towards her, glad that I'd had a shave and that my clothes were more or less clean — business in the private enquiries game was slow; I understand it's the same in imported limousines and oil shares."

And a couple of Cliff Hardy one liners: "A clock above the bar, old enough to be the missing link with the sundial struck two and we let the bar man take our glasses away and mop up our puddles."

"He had a long, horsey face which needed a pipe stuck in it to bring it to perfection."

Well that's Cliff Hardy — so how did Corris come by this character and what is the connection between his hero and the private eye heroes of the American speak-easy, prohibition-era, missing-millionheiress, gangster's-molls, Casablanca-caper, Maltese-Falcon tradition of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler?

is anything other than derivative of all the American private eye fiction" Corris said.

"I think I make a virtue out of being derivative."

"I know I found Cliff Hardy in the books of Raymond Chandler."

"Since a very young age I have been an end-to-end novel reader and I think I first discovered detective fiction, Chandler and Hammett in early primary school and since then the first-person, private detective novel must have been my favourite

recreational reading.

"I think it's a form which works; if you like the character it's immediately accessible, you find your feet in the story very quickly."

But despite Corris's humble admission of derivativeness, there is something uniquely Australian about Hardy.

"I believe that in Hardy there's something of my uncles who served in World War II; men of resources and courage. I mean if you look at them you would say they were bigoted and narrow and they are, but they were also brave and adventurous. They came back and settled suburbia. You see flashes of a certain edge in them, they have done a bit more than you, the war has given them a bit of grit under fire, a confidence in their courage"

Hardy dwells in the underworld of the Sydney inner suburbs.

He pursues the missing daughters of rich bookies into unsavoury boxing gymnasiums and the shanties of Redfern.

He gets caught up in the seamy world of drug dealers and gets bashed and left for dead by mafia heavies.

But while too many late nights and too many drinks mean Hardy is going to flab, he still packs a powerful punch when the occasion calls for it.

Despite his usually crumpled appearance and an excess of five o'clock shadow, Hardy exercises considerable powers of attraction over women.

"I think I have learnt to be non-sexist, I don't think they are over-the-hill physical supremacist.

"Of course sexism is very much part of the genre. If you read Chandler and Hammett and don't make allowances for their time and milieu, then you find them very objectionable.

Corris concedes that by choosing to write private eye fiction, he inherited a genre rich with sexism and sexist stereo-types and with it a substantial problem if he is to avoid the sexist label in modern consciousness-raised Australia.

"I think my work is less macho than it used to be" he said.

"In the early days my wife used to read them and edit out the macho excesses.

"Women are seen either as a source of entertainment or as a source of disturbance, they are never seen as an intellectual force — women are either disorder or fun."

But Corris argues that the women in his books are intellectual forces in their own right, clearly and individually characterised, effective, sometimes strong and in one book, *White Meat*, an aboriginal woman is the only character who prevails.

And Hardy, it would seem, is something of an unlikely feminist sympathiser in that: "women are never diverted from sensible professional purposes by Hardy"

Choosing the private eye genre has lumbered Corris with what is perhaps a more fundamental literary problem than the sexist one.

The concept of the private eye, the notion that people want to pay privately for their own law and order is very much a product of the American free enterprise system and foreign to the Australian experience.

Australians may pay a lawyer for advice but when it comes to crimes against them, missing persons etc, the Australian turns to the police.

We have bushrangers but not private detectives in our folklore.

"I suppose the private detective in the Australian context is a piece of sleight of hand. It's not really convincing. It's an illusion. I get away with it because people are familiar with the American version. They accept the changed conditions. It really is a trick" Corris said.

"The vigilante isn't in the Australia style, Australians go to the policeman. In Australia private investigators protect people's money, they don't look for lost heiresses."

Corris admits that Hardy is a fantasy projection of himself. "He's a bit taller, a bit better looking and more resourceful and brave and more successful with women than I am."

"He's a touching-up of myself. He's as intelligent as I am perhaps not quite as well read."

Corris is a former university academic who gave up because he hated teaching.

He spent some years as a journalist because he enjoyed the "buzz of journalism with deadlines and by-lines" and now earns his living from his Hardy books which sell very well

both in Australia and overseas.

The film of his *Empty Beach* is soon to be released.

Having Corris captive for a few moments, so to speak, it seemed a good opportunity to discover some of Cliff Hardy's inner secrets.

After all, Hardy's clipped, laconic, wise-guy, cynical, understated manner of discourse doesn't readily lend itself to personal confessions.

"Hardy dislikes conservative politicians and the tasteless houses of the tasteless rich. He hates conspicuous consumption," Corris said.

"He has a certain sort of diffidence, he doesn't expect to win every fight but he does have his victories."

When Hardy watches TV it's the ABC with movies and sport his great loves.

He has an on-off relationship with the Balmain rugby club but pursues a fervent interest in boxing, athletics and tennis.

He's an "OK swimmer who can manage in the surf" and while he voted for Whitlam in '75, he is skeptical about "machine politics".

He says it's always necessary to check out his clients because they may turn out to be a white slaver or a politician.

Hardy is appalled by ASIO: "He feels they deal in disinformation and deception and Hardy's essentially a seeker after truth, he'd like to unravel things."

He's very much in favour of Medicare: "In his line of work Medicare is very important."

But how had Hardy managed to survive his rigorous underworld, late-night, heavy-drinking style of life?

To begin with, Corris explained, as a fictional character he's able to age very slowly.

Corris reckons that it's possible for him to age Hardy at about one third the normal rate, an ageing formula laid down by another detective fiction writer Travis McGee.

And then even Cliff Hardy isn't immune to the Life Be In It Campaign.

According to Corris Hardy has moderated his drinking and has given up smoking.

"He's done it to slow the ageing process, it's nothing but vanity. I think."

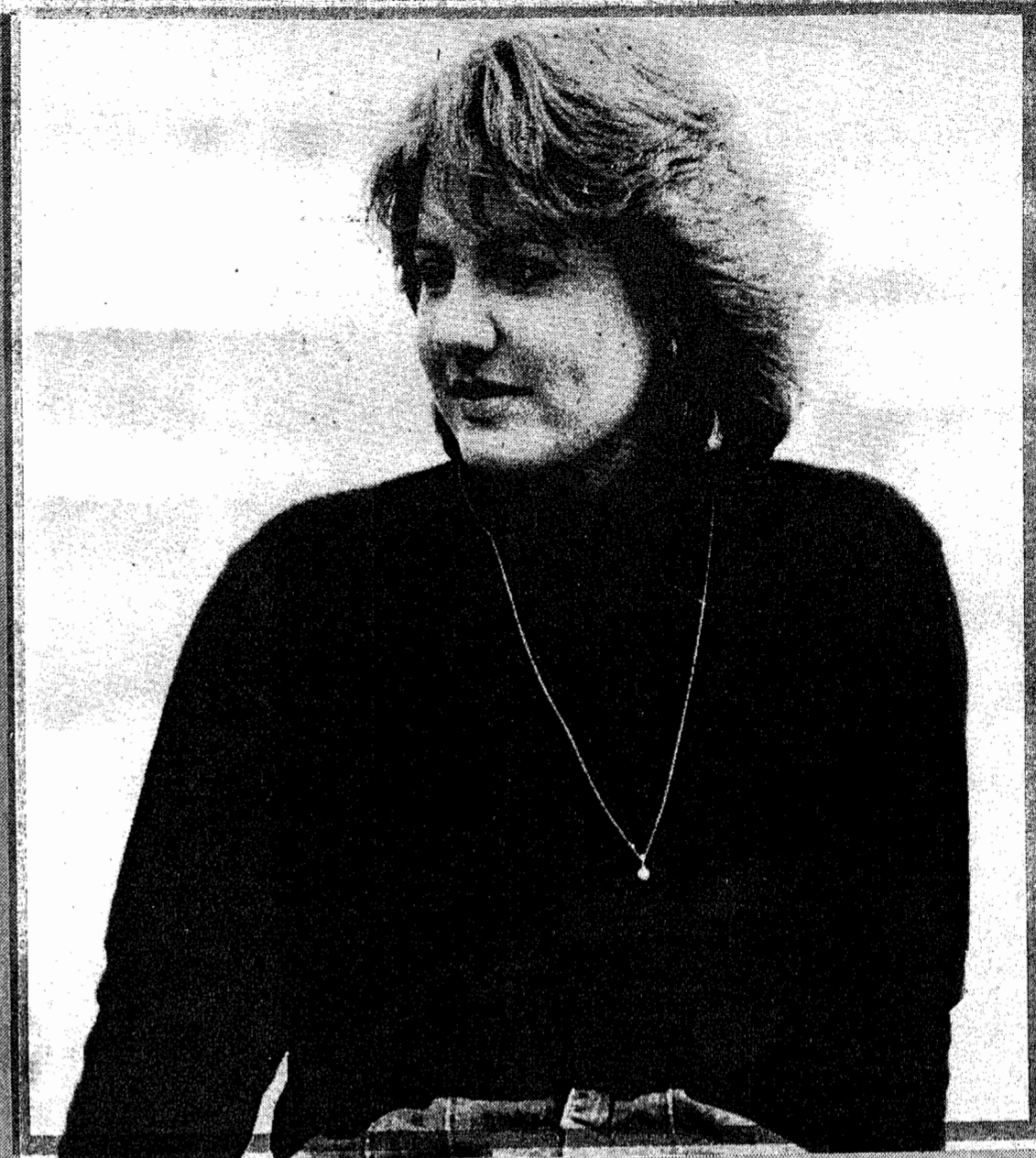
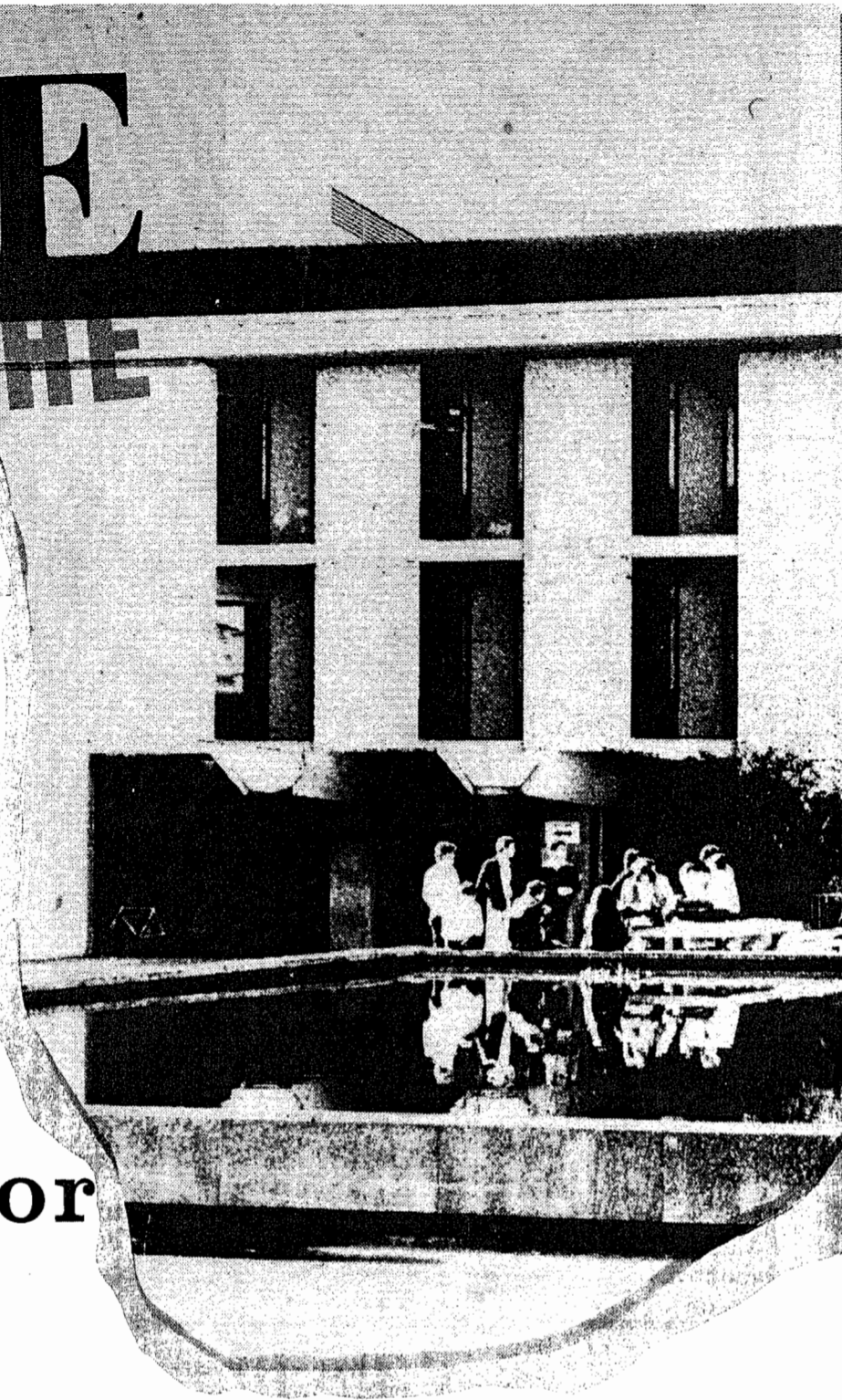
# VAGUE

## FASHION IN THE LAW SCHOOL

The look is private school: a conservative rightist flair parallels a superior attitude.

Keynotes are bland colours, classic styles, the idea of your attire: long lasting, to merge with the background, to be indistinctive.

Only pure materials will do - silk, leather, wool, cotton. No mixes. Mixes are lower class. The aim: to be recognised as a 'spooner'.



*"There was a little girl who had a little curl..."*

**For Girls:**  
Crew neck wool sweater or windcheater in baby pink, blue or navy. Frilly white shirt, wool kilt or baggy denims, ankle boots. Mummy's pearls a must, ribbon an alternative. Basket optional.  
**Stockists:** Sportsgirl, Esprit, David Jones.

Photo: JERRY TANNER

*"We're football heroes, we're football stars"*



**For Guys:**  
White shirt, v-neck wool jumper (red is a trendy favourite), longhorn or straight leg denim, football or school windies and ties. Leather boots, sandals. A new look is the Law School Centenary jumper.  
**Stockists:** Eastcoast, Major Pants, Country Road, D.J.'s, R.M. Williams.  
Many thanks to all the brave, good sports who posed for these photographs.



## A return to the footy after long absence

Erstwhile football fan **ROBERT CLARK** ventured back to the outer last week after long absence. In search of Australian, post-Fraser, twin-keeled culture, he finds only defeat.

As the commentator said: "It was a disappointing day, especially for the Double Blues."

What a day to make a comeback. Three years out of football and now, with Fraser and Tonkin safely out of the club, I make my return against the old rival, Port Adelaide. I ponder: this will be the first time I'd seen Sturt play without that teetotalling recluse Jack Oatey.

Besides, I wanted to taste football as an Australian cultural experience. In the years since I last seriously watched the leather chase around the paddock the game had jumped into the 80s with sponsorship, spiralling transfer fees and the rest. Australians too, in this epoch of the 75 percent messiah and twin-keeled miracles, are vastly different.

The names were mostly new to me and half of them were probably no older. A fine experience, I feel, to record for *On dit*. I could sense a gallant victory for the Blues, as they begin to fight their way into premiership contention, or perhaps a narrow fighting loss — after all, Port are top.

The day begins as I alight on the Currie Street bus. The crowd look innocent though serious. I catch a splash of black and a lot of blue. Geographically I suppose "we" (funny how quickly you fall into this kind of thinking) are more likely to take the bus, although come to think of it, Port supporters are pretty ubiquitous, like cockroaches.

I sense a rather more aggressive, jingoistic attitude among the supporters than before. Fair enough, playing Port is no laughing matter — never has been — but in this virulent one-eyedness lies the germ of what Sunday papers like to call "soccer violence".

Perhaps I'm not very red-blooded but I can't take football's meaningless tribalism too seriously. Besides, I wouldn't risk my prescription glasses for a club which once claimed Malcolm Fraser as its Number One ticket-holder.

I know, it's pretty trendy to barrack for Norwood — or maybe West even — who knows what trendies think these austere days — and businessman's club Sturt lacks the down-to-earth credentials of Port, the blood'n'guts of whichever team Kerley is coaching or the underdoggy cuteness of Woodville. Sturt, they're a fairy team, a gutless team, a dirty team, a capitalist team, they say. Fair enough ... I just happen to barrack for them, OK??

Opposite me on the bus a teenager is eyeing me off. He has a hairy upper lip and a blue sports bag with the names of Sturt players plastered over it. Brendon Howard, Rick Davies, Peter Motley ... He looks keen and probably can recite the names of the leading goalkickers, every Magarey Medallist for the past forty years and the middle name of every Sturt player.

I catch his eye working me up and down and I realise he's trying to work out whose side I'm on.

A lot of supporters, I observe, are more subtle than the scarf and beany types. They are wearing various styles of Sturt or Port-wear — ugly dark blues mixed with pretty drab light blues, or similarly flamboyant shades of black worn over white tennis shoes. Actually, that's what I am wearing but I can see my brown trousers are driving this kid wild. He probably figured I was an

interstater, as foreign as a Russian.

Just before we were about to leave a Norwood supporter ran up, asking where we were going. A Sturt fan noted: "Ha, he can't find the bus to Prospect. Just like a Norwood supporter." We all jeered.

But I'm getting the hang of it. As we alight at Football Park I spy the bus driver's regulation light blue shirt under dark blue jumper and tell him he "just has to be" a Sturt follower. "No, I don't get the time to follow it" he told me.

I'd commandeered a member's pass for the day and wander around the stand. At the top are the private boxes. They seat 12 and include foot-warmers and, I'm told, room service. They're corporatised — Westpac, Cliff Hawkins, Coca-Cola. I look at the *Budget*. A silly story about Americans going crazy over "our exciting sport", as reported by a ham radio operator in the mid-north. It's pretty aggressively anti-Victorian, but so myopic it doesn't realise the contradiction between this "we're as goo as the Vics" bluster and the "not bad we only lost by four points this time" attitude.

The Reserves game ends in a draw — prophetically, I believe, sensing once more an historic tussle this afternoon. The conditions are pretty fine with a bit of a breeze.

Finally, the giggling cheersquads with goosebump legs strut their pithy stuff, the teams run through the banners and we're ready to go. Oh ... they never played the national anthem before. We stand, scanning the players on-field for position changes.

So the game began, and at that stage I was still taking notes. My notebook says: "Craig nearly loses head, drive for goal, Port repel, Clifford ????? marks and first goal in two minutes."

My next note is: "Sturt passing poorly". After thirteen minutes, Port were five goals one, Sturt were nothing.

"Sturt look slow, scared, unsure. Can't find a man's chest. Even Craig making mistakes ... Davies hopeless. A kid behind me shouts: 'Did you swallow your chewing gum Davies?' He shouts it again for effect.

"Port are everywhere and nearly always..."

It was here I stopped writing. They had just kicked their sixth goal, from the boundary, I recall. I am thinking: the media will call this the best, most scintillating, most amazing quarter of football they have ever seen.

Somewhere between the sixth and ninth goals of that endless quarter I sense this is not going to be the game I expected. Somewhere in that effortless goalward rush I get a sense of tragic farce. Somewhere in those painful minutes I lose the eraser-top of my cartridge pencil and my spare pencil leads slide out onto the concrete. I look anxiously for them, but find only one broken. My eraser has disappeared completely. I was completely surrounded by alien supporters. There is no way I would scabble down on the ground before a crowd of hostile Port people on any day let alone today.

The first quarter siren blessedly sounds, I head straight for the bar and piss in the ear of an extremely big young man wearing a double blue shirt. "Davies too old, too many injured players" I am ranting. He mutters unintelligibly and I later learn he is a ruckman for the Sturt Reservers team.

I recall watching from the bar Davies score the team's first goal. It looks easier on video — perhaps it's not true, just an electronic fiction. I wander up the race and there it is. Blue jumpers still chasing black, although in this quarter Sturt actually score two goals and Port



Rick Davies soars high in happier days

none.

By the third it's another Port procession; they pile on ten. Where are our stars, I wonder. Where are our pack-busters, our leapers, our high marks, our guts. There was Motley, and occasionally Fry. But Craig was off and Davies was just not with it. I am tempted to pray for a Bagshaw, but the cruel Port taunts of "put Halbert on the ball" and "bring on Oatey" send me back to the tavern. At least here "we" outnumber the Port people.


Some time in the last quarter Sturt struggle to half of Port's total. They seem to be finishing strongly. I learn after Port finished with only 16 players.

I could see it all now: "Sturt finals chances in doubt".

"Port premiership favourite."

A disappointing day. Especially for the Double Blues. And me.

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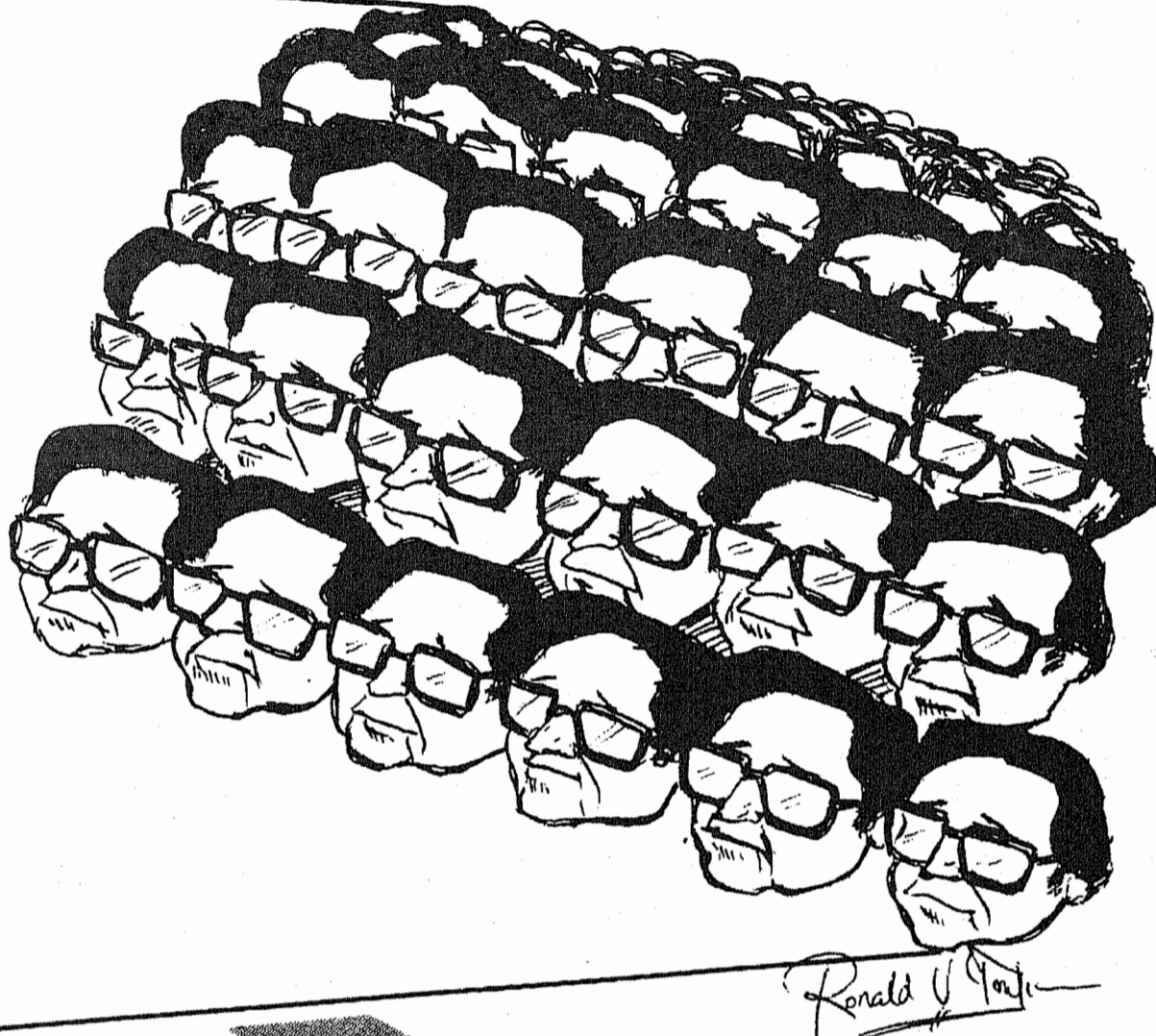
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# Roll over Pauline this is the era of square- eyes Bill



Cinema is struggling to survive in the face of television and the exploding video empire. *On dit's* resident film critic DINO DI ROSA examines the small screen's impact on the big.

Adelaide's weekend rag the Sunday Mail recently asked "Will Indiana come to the cinema's rescue?" The article on the depressed movie scene, by one Peter Haran, follows the line that "blockbusters" are needed now to attract people back to the "hardtops" of this and every other town; it says that movies are safe from the throes of video when hordes are queuing up to see Spielberg and Lucas pictures. What cinema needs, believes Haran, is a steady flick of *E.T.s* and *Raiders of the Lost Arks*.

Sorry, but the box office is not where our concern should be — it should be for the film itself. If some messianic reincarnation of C.B. De Mille suddenly made pictures that brought the populace back into the movie houses, it doesn't necessarily mean that film has reached its potential. But, for people like Haran, whose mentality has been tuned to what's going on in the box office and not on the screen, the more "blockbusters" the better.

What has corrupted Haran and the other masses of critics like him? The answer is, of course, the small screen, which, because of its domicility, has tainted not just film, but parts of society as well. Three phases — black and white TV, colour and video — have harmed cinema each time, and the film distributors and operators have announced each time that they'll punch back. But they've been heatedly punching money bags for the past thirty years and, in a lot of ways, they've exhausted the most inexhaustible of arts. What the small screen has done, directly and indirectly, is that it has depraved everybody's perceptions.

Not only are our perceptions overtly depraved by the small screen, but film's perception of itself is covertly distorting. Film as film is not dead, but necrosis is already setting in. Former TV ad-makers, pop-video whiz-people and TV producers are trying their luck on that great frontier called the big screen, and they could be harming the art: paradoxically, a lot of the time now we're seeing the small screen on the big screen. And I for one can only hope that talented people like Richard Lowenstein can

somehow work off the pervasive rot and show some true film sense.

Judging by the way the movie community has shown its determination, cheap thrills will now be the name of the game: *Terms of Endearment*, a "blockbusting" small screen movie that has heart-tugged people into the theatres, is a stunning example. There's not one moment in that movie which could be called "cinema". Not one trick, no arty, pretentious touches, nothing. And yet, it made the pantheon of the Best Picture at the Academy (a big deal only to buffs). James L. Brooks, who directed and scripted it, did nothing stylistically new behind the camera, and the way he manipulated and calculated everything was almost nihilistic in its intent. Brooks is most noted for doing television situation comedies with Neil Simon-esque funny-sad precision, and that's exactly how *Terms* turned out, like something that was engineered, not created — like an inflated telemovie.

Not only that, but, since the seventies, film, particularly American film, has been affected by the box in

To look at moviegoing from a demographic perspective is to feel a little better about what's going on. Happily, the appreciation of film as art (or just as "movies") has probably never before been so vivacious. The cinematheques and art houses seem

with such good taste that they didn't need to find their way through trash", wrote Pauline Kael years ago. But is this natural process (it occurs dialectically in any other art or aspect of social existence) retarded today? Is that remedial "block-buster" (a

watching this Australian effort for some 20 minutes, don't be surprised if you have to pinch yourself to remember that you are in your lounge room and the other people are on the screen. So real and so human is this account ... that you really do get caught up in it. The office ... and the family work scenes ... make this a most convincing and enjoyable show." Notice that he doesn't even mention the director, Paul Cox? That's because he's innocently unaware, not because he's just plain ignorant. He can only see what's in front of him, concentrated in that tube. When you're in a theatre you know that the big screen isn't coming to life magically: there's a beam of light coming from behind you that hits the screen. That way you may realize that what you're seeing has an origin; it is not just you and a piece of technology, like it is when you watch television.

The same distinction exists between genuine film criticisms and square-eyed film reviewing. Compare the way this critic judges *Lonely Hearts* to the opinion of the video reviewer I cited: *Lonely Hearts* is burdened by that title and, much worse, by its nondescript look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. The exteriors are as cheerless as the orange-brown interiors. This is a movie in which you have to settle for the acting and the odd flyspecks of humour."

Hail the critic who is not jaded by small screen complacency or big screen disenchantment.

#### Afterword

A quote from a video distributor: "There are people out there who know who Neil Simon is. They're looking for the *Tootsies* and the *Gandhis* and those sort of things." Indeed.

*If some messianic reincarnation of C.B. De Mille suddenly made pictures that brought the populace back into the movie houses, it doesn't necessarily mean that film has reached its potential.*

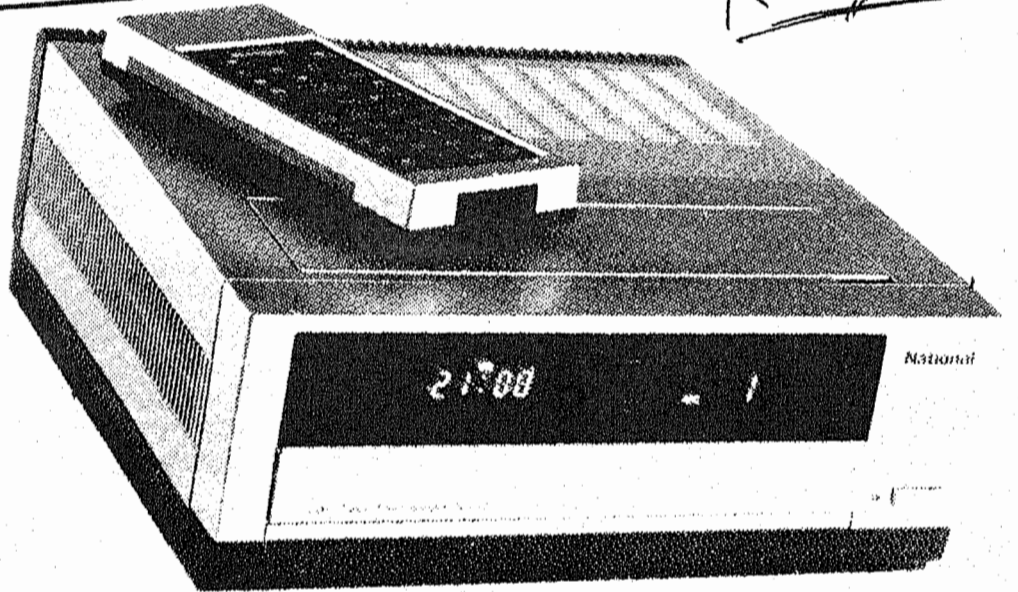
such a way that even legitimate filmmakers have "tuned in" when they've been making movies. Even picturemakers, let alone former TV people, are giving us the small screen on the big screen, consciously or unconsciously. There appears to be a general trend toward emphasizing plot, character and theme, something which television can do well (mini-series have the time and space for plot and character development, but they can't match the mot juste brilliance achievable on film). We know what the people putting together *The Day After* are trying to say, and who its stars are, but do we know who directed and scripted it? The creators who've never received the recognition the stars have, are more anonymous in the TV industry because there's no room in the tube for them to manifest their personality. There's a remoteness in the fake intimacy of 26 square inches of red, green and blue dots.

to be outnumbering their antitheses, the drive-ins. The ignorant olderst watches old movies because he or she doesn't like those of today (since they're tailor-made for the kids). The ignorant youngster accepts the junk movies offered to him like boiled lollies from a shady paedophile. But the "discerning" film-goer is a dormant species, one which likes what it likes intelligently and reasonably. He's not a moralist, he doesn't look at "the good old days" of the past through the looking-glass of movies, like a Bill Collins. He's an aesthete, and, hopefully, arising out of this epoch of movie disillusionment, there'll be more of her type around.

This day's proliferation of trash could, I think, hinder the education of the movie-goer. We discern the good from the bad by analysing them in what is for some an on-going process of learning; it's like growing up aesthetically. "I don't trust any of the tastes of people who were born

negative reaction to the small screen) going to turn us into movie dolts? Yes and no; the extent depends on what happens to the role of revival houses and entrepreneurship in the film business. The artists are credit risks, but the film clubs are holding their own.

The pervasive rot has even reached criticism. There are no more bad critics today than there were in, say, the forties, but the effect of small screen habit on professional film appreciation shouldn't be overlooked. Some film reviewers see movie-movies naively through square eyes and, needless to say, with rose-coloured glasses on (Haran, for instance). First television did it, now video has reaffirmed the way reviewers' sensibilities are constricted to (and by) the size of a TV tube. You can see it in the manner video movies are reviewed by the mainstreamers. Someone, for example, reviewing *Lonely Hearts*, wrote: "After you have been



# 16 IN-DEPTH

## On dit stoops to 'Truth' style news



David Walker

On dit, proud enough of their ethical nature to run this media column, have fallen themselves. Last week's "gossip column" on the ALP State Conference contained the sort of Melbourne Truth-style journalism with which a student newspaper shouldn't concern itself.

The article re-displayed the old skeletons of ALP Senator Nick Bolkus, bringing to light the entirely unnewsworthy fact that, eleven years ago, Bolkus had been fined \$5 for making an illegal STD call. Why On dit's anonymous gossip felt this fact to be worth a long paragraph, and why On dit ran the article uncut with an old clipping showing Bolkus' conviction, are questions yet unanswered.

The anonymous scribe also revealed that Nationwide compere Dale Sinclair was living with a left-wing union worker, going on to imply that this is the reason she holds her particular political view. He or she seemed unconcerned with serious discussion of what influence, if any, her politics has on her Nationwide work.

Thankfully this piece did not take prominence over news of more value to students. It did, however, take almost half of On dit's page seven, a waste of space of unusual proportions even for a student paper which has this year been dominated

by mainstream politics.

Why do people watch news on television? Superficially, the answer is obvious. People want to know what is going on.

But consider this. The latest television ratings figures tell us that the Channel Ten Eye Witness News is reaping considerable rewards from following Perfect Match whose viewers tend to keep the set on at six o'clock. But at six-thirty Eye Witness News loses viewers again, to Channel Nine and Channel Seven, as they start their news services.

Many viewers are hence watching the same news twice.

Three explanations for this arise. The first, that people forget, within half an hour, what they saw at six, seems unlikely; the second, that people see a significant difference between news services, seems almost as ludicrous. Which leaves us to believe that many people watch TV news not to find out what is going on, but simply to be entertained. For many more, television news is presumably a mixture of information and entertainment.

This makes sense. After all, television is, in one light, a combination of the worst of newspapers and radio. If you listen to the radio, you can do something else at the same time — you can cook, or take a shower, or \_\_\_\_\_ [you fill in the blank]. But with TV, you have to sit down and watch. If you read newspapers, you have instant access to far more, far deeper news than that which television provides. You can pause to reflect; you can read when you want to. The TV ties you to its schedule.

The one way in which television



might be uniquely informative is its pictures. But despite the old and oft-repeated proverb, a picture is not worth a thousand words. Not the sort of picture you see on television, anyway. Mostly you see buildings blown up (War in Beirut), people walking into and out of conference rooms (ALP convention, doctor's strike, union negotiations and so on), factory interiors (car/steel/textile industry problems). It would be a very simple thing to compile a television newscast entirely from file footage. The only question which remains is: Why do people find this more entertaining than, say, Mr. Squiggle?

Late last year, Mike Carlton, of the Sydney Morning Herald, made known his thoughts on television news. Very little has come out of the Australian press which will bear much repetition; this is one piece

which will:

"A survey across the news bulletins from 0 to 10 last week reassured me that a fine tradition continues, that cliches are being handed from generation to generation of television reporter, shining with the Patina of age.

"Once upon a time, a long time ago, Brian Henderson and my good self sat down to cobble together the all-purpose television news story, something that would fit any particular demand. We felt we could condense the average newscast by what the scientist would call increasing its specific gravity, or what innocent bystanders would call shoving all the cliches together in one dense lump. We were, as they say, wildly successful:

'Heavily armed troops sobbed bitterly today as they sifted through rugged mountain country in a last-

minute bid to avert the biggest ever manhunt which threatened to bring the State's rail services grinding to a halt.

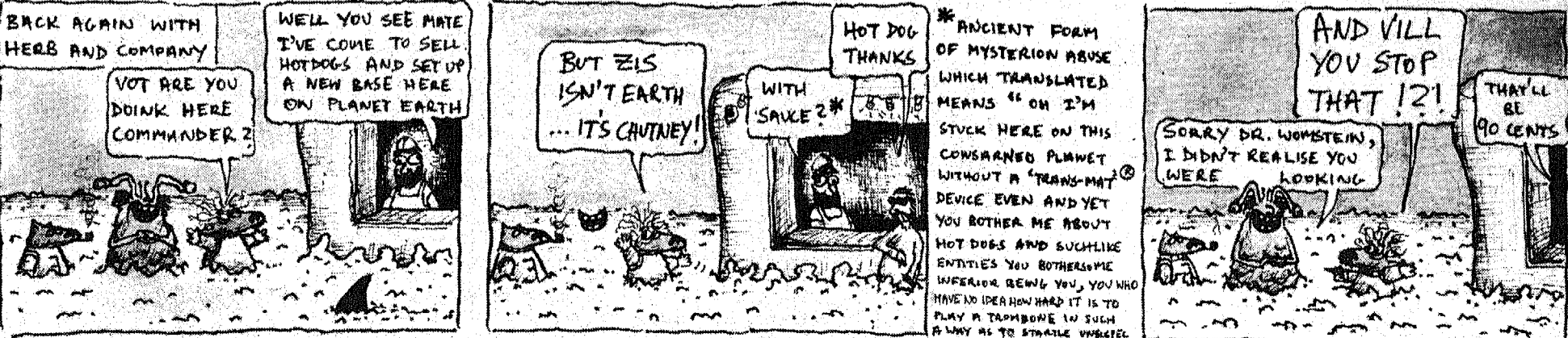
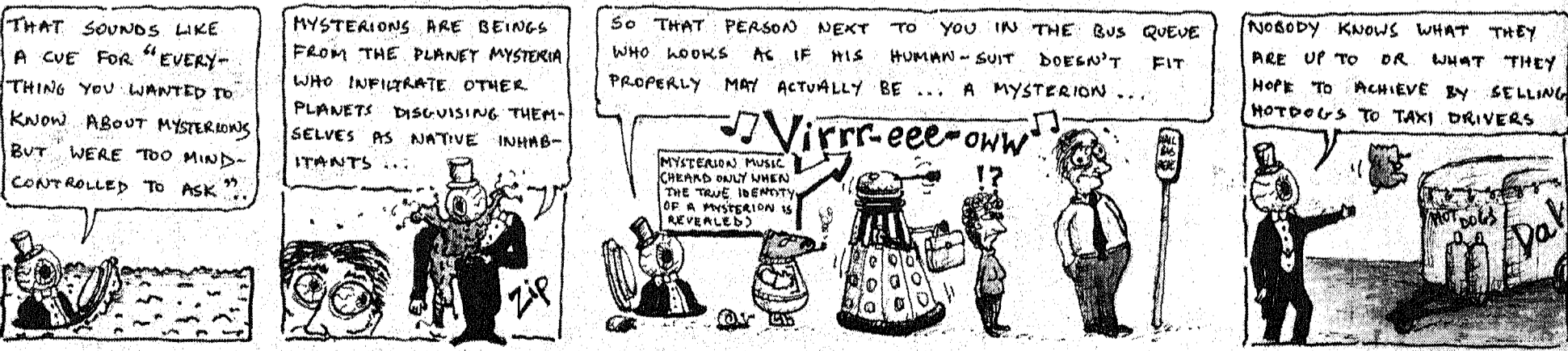
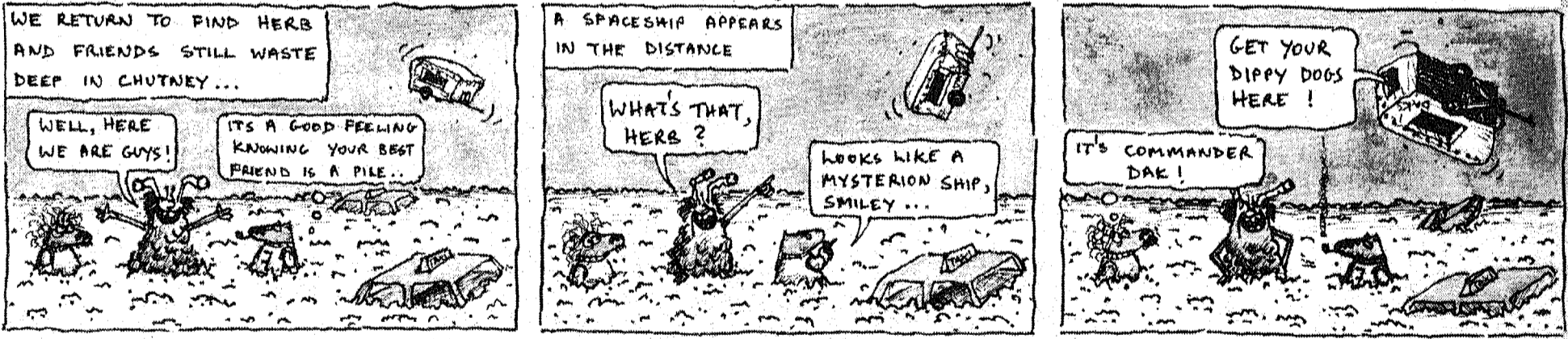
'It took firemen from eight brigades more than three hours to extinguish the blaze, while angry local residents began the heartbreak task of declaring themselves 100 per cent fit for Saturday's vital semi-final clash with senior Cabinet Ministers, in straight sets 6-1, 6-2, along with the chance of showers and hailstones as big as golf balls.'

'Messages of sympathy poured in ... all police leave was cancelled ... even hardened detectives were shocked...' Hendo and I could have gone on forever. Or at least within living memory. Yes, most of those cliches popped up again over the past seven days and how pleasing it is that they exist, still, as a valuable substitute for original thought."

# THE AMAZING EXISTENTIAL WOMBAT

## STRIKES BACK ...

EPISODE 35 by a non-Mysterion



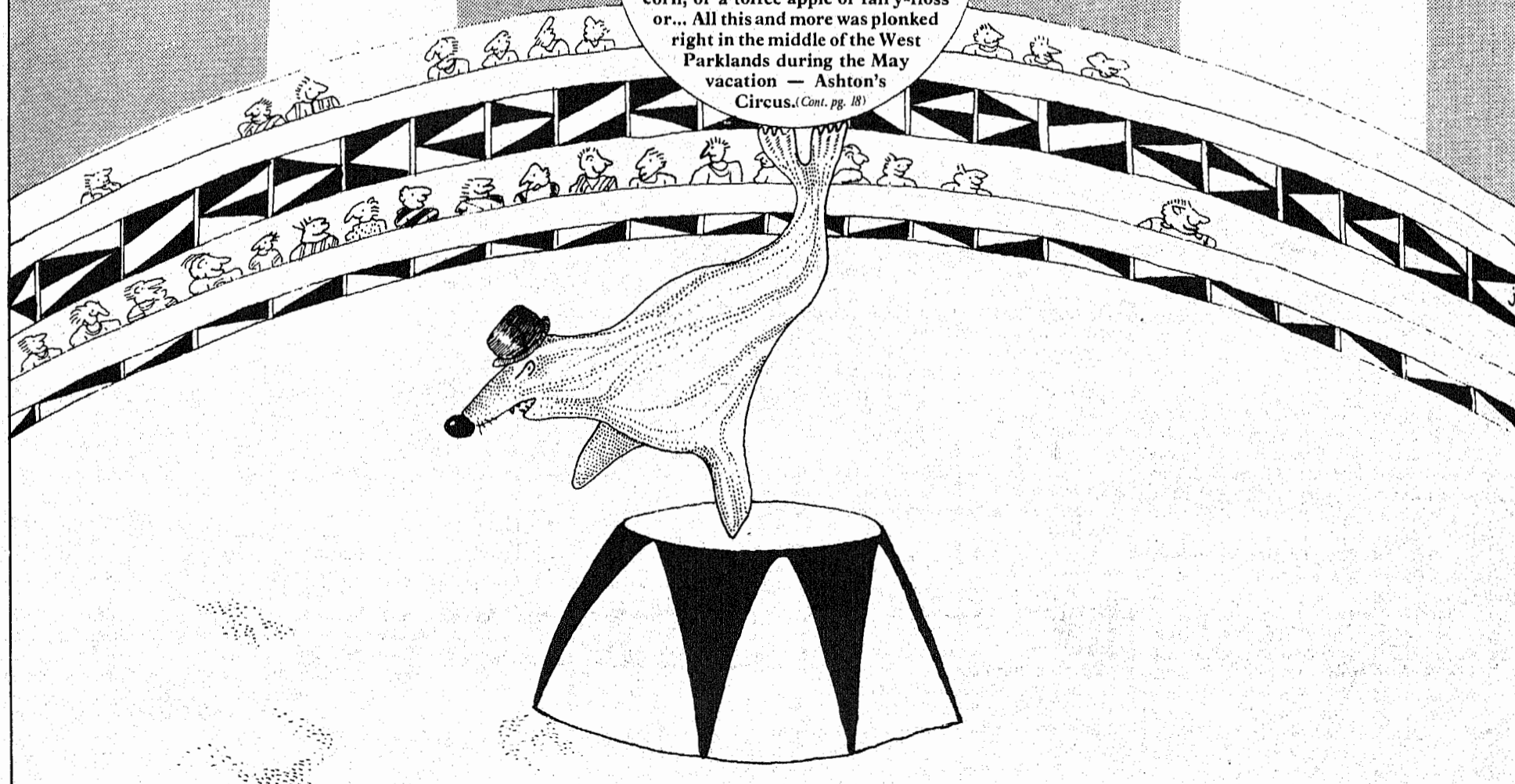
On dit

# Limelight

## LIFE UNDER THE BIG TOP



AT our hoary old age, most everyone has been to a circus — laughed at the clowns, and aahed at the daring young men on the flying trapeze, stared in awe-filled silence at the fearful lions and tigers, sniffed the distinctive dank circus odour, and pestered someone (usually the poor sucker who dragged us along) to buy us a foam lizard or popcorn, or a toffee apple or fairy-floss or... All this and more was plonked right in the middle of the West Parklands during the May vacation — Ashton's Circus. (Cont. pg. 18)





# The circus on and off the road

## LIMELIGHT GOES TO THE CIRCUS

from page 17

Ashtons' Circus has a proud tradition stretching over 150 years, back to the early nineteenth century and Goldie Ashton, a clog dancer. His son James Henry Ashton emigrated from England to Tasmania. With his troupe, James started touring from Sydney and Melbourne, and thence to the gold-fields and cattle stations. By coincidence, a major factor in Ashtons' visit to Adelaide was their participation in the filming of *Robbery Under Arms*, a nineteenth century bushranger adventure.

Today there are four generations of Ashtons working in the ring; the oldest is 60 year old Janis, who hangs upsidedown, taking the weight of a young relative with his 'jaws of steel' — fortunately, he has kept all his own teeth! The youngest is five year old Tamara, already the lithe young gymnast.

Circus training starts young. At the earliest age, children receive the rudiments of training, and are taken before an audience. They are given the opportunity to develop their own specialty, but according to Mrs. Ashton, the more skills you can acquire when you're young, the better. "Circus life is one of the most highly competitive businesses in the world ... you start learning when you're young and never stop learning."

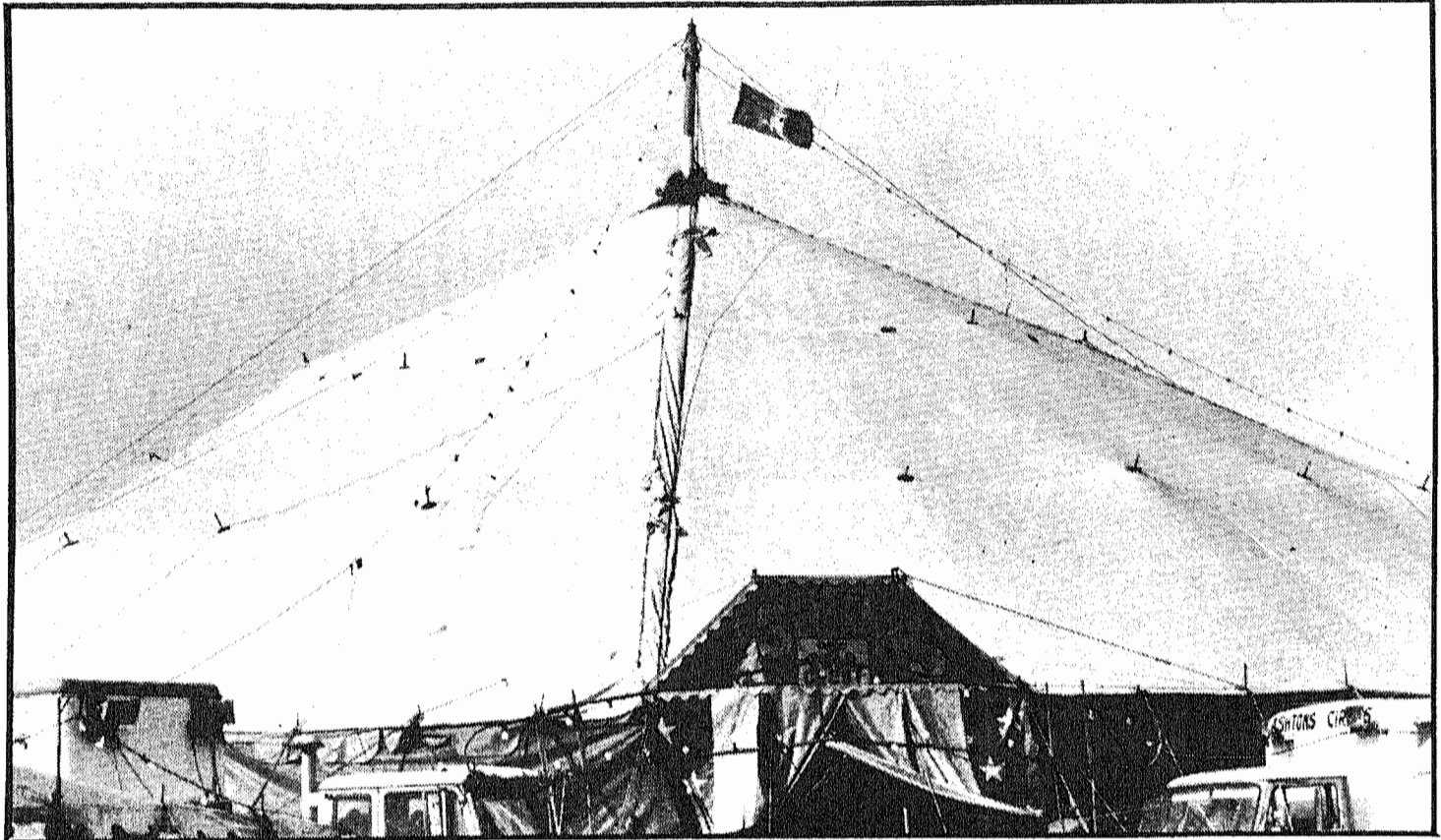
If (like me) you can't do triple back somersaults and have left feet — there's always the animals. Ashton's tiger trainer started his career in England as a stable boy, aged 15. After a year he asked for a job at the circus, working first with horses, then chimps and polar bears, graduating to lions and tigers. Ashtons have six fully grown tigers, one lioness and two lion cubs, so he has his hands full. Training involves spending considerable time with the animals — feeding, petting, training them from a young age. It's a dangerous profession. Given the choice, work with lions, not tigers. Lions are far more sociable creatures. Tigers are solitary and like it that way. A lion will back off in a fight, tigers will fight until one of them is dead.

Danger to the trainer arises when a fight starts in the ring. Because he is accepted by the animals as 'one of us', the trainer who attempts to physically break up the fight is asking to be included as a part of it. Unfortunately, in tiger vs. man, I know who my money is on. Apparently, the only safe course of action (if you don't want to end up with a dead tiger) is to throw something at them.

Ashton's trainer has already had one incident — and has the scars to prove it. Before a large audience in the states, a white tiger grabbed his knee and ripped out a large chunk. Moral of the story — don't work with white tigers: they are highly inbred, mentally retarded and unpredictable. Ashtons has the dubious distinction of owning (according to their trainer) the world's only homosexual tiger. This makes life difficult: he doesn't like the tigresses, and the tigers don't like him. Consequently he's a short-tempered beast and needs to be watched. Despite these hazards, the trainer reckons that tigers and lions are far easier to train than horses. He may be right, but I'll pick the horses anytime.

If you hate animals — stick with uni. Mrs. Ashton reckons that an education is very important. A teacher travels with the circus and the children of approximately ten families receive five hours tuition a day, as well as being enrolled in correspondence school. After all, as a performer you have to negotiate contracts and know if you're being ripped off. Figures are important — half an inch out with the trapeze can mean disaster; half a foot out and the tent falls down. Speaking of which, did you know that it takes an average of fifteen people and three and a half hours to put up a two pole tent, which holds approximately 2,000 people?

The circus itinerary requires long range planning: deposits for city grounds have to be paid six to twelve months in advance. This can mean up to \$10,000 sitting around in deposits. Ashtons try to go either where they haven't been for a while, or where no other circus has been lately. This can be difficult, since Australia has eight major circuses — Ashtons, Souls, Circus Royale, Silvers, two Perry circuses, Circus Startime and Lennon Brothers. Distance is also a factor, but Ashtons certainly get around. In one year they travelled from Mosman in Queensland, down the



The Ashtons Big Top sets up in the west parklands

Victorian coast, through Sydney, across through Adelaide into Western Australia, and back to Sydney again. Generally though, they average 60 — 100 kilometres, or 1 — 1½ hours of travelling per day.

If you pull up behind the circus en route, get out the meat pies and Thermos: you've got a long haul to overtake them. When in full force, you'll see 25 — 30 trucks and caravans with the equivalent number of cars to tow them. Understandably they'd "rather travel 500 kilometres in the country than 10 kilometres in the city" — and I'm sure that the city traffic authorities heartily concur.

Still, with ten families to accommodate, four elephants, assorted pigs, camels, lions and tigers, not to mention various horses, ponies, and the odd common or garden dog and cat plus all the circus equipment, side-shows and sundry paraphernalia, I'm sure that not one truck is superfluous. Then there's feed to

transport: wheat, chaff, hay, lucerne and meat, in sufficient quantities for at least a week — more, if they're travelling to an area which might not have what they need. Cost of feed for animals alone is usually about \$1,000 per week — but that varies enormously with availability.

It's not cheap or simple running a circus and the logistics of feeding, moving and caring for the entire circus troupe would daunt an army commander. The circus is on tour 365 days of the year — but individuals have holidays in relays so as to maintain a viable program. Often they go overseas to catch up on what's happening in the great European and Russian circuses. Overseas holidays and a few Mercedes floating around seem to indicate that it does pay — but don't join the circus for the fortune you're going to make. Apart from the profusion of competition, there are a lot easier ways of earning money than sweating over a hot animal, missing a catch and falling into the net, fixing a

torn costume, laboriously checking and maintaining your own equipment, negotiating city traffic with a caravan the size of a house in tow or erecting and dismantling a heavy, awkward canvas tent in the pouring rain.

So why do they do it? Simple: they love it. They love their animals, the physical fitness that they possess, the cosmopolitan mixture of their compatriots, the link with a great tradition, and even their nomadic existence. To quote Mrs. Ashton — "I cannot think of any other business that I could go into that would give me this freedom: I do what I like and give pleasure to people." Ultimately, there's the thrill of thrilling an audience. There's no discrimination in the Big Top: "All our audiences are important. People who buy the cheap seats are just as important as the highest people in the land ... the ones we like best are the ones who clap the most."

JACQUI McBRIDE

## DISCS

### Numbers have it

The Right Side Won  
WHAT FUN Ariola (Festival)

by Mark Calligeros

I requested a review of this song because of its press release. *What Fun* are described as "not a three, four or five piece — there's ten of them, comprising three girl singers, a lady bass player, and English sax player joining forces with Antilleans, two Dutch city boys and an (almost) Belgian. Together they fuse reggae and calypso adding lyrics with a message!"

Quite a tall order! However the promotional jargon was surprisingly accurate and my faith in press releases was partly restored.

*The Right Side Won* is incredibly infectious. The reggae rhythm, great female chorus and male lead vocal underscored by a thoughtful and energetic bass-line all adds up to success.

Furthermore the lyrics do have a message: "The right, the right side won 'Cause God's on our side, It had to be, had to be done, It's a pity, it's a pity..."

Despite their satirical undertone, the lyrics are directed to the Israelite conquest of Canaan, so the song has both a past and a present relevance.

Festival should have pushed this record hard, as I doubt if more than a few dozen people in the whole of Adelaide would have heard it. Ring up your radio station and make them play it — in the midst of so much sameness and sterility in pop, this record is a real lifesaver.

My one criticism relates to the single's B-side: it is the same song, in fact the same mix, without the male lead vocal but with the female vocal chorus. This is a bit much considering the price of a single nowadays. However don't be daunted, this record is a great acquisition. I eagerly await the album.

## A simple display



Up On the Catwalk  
SIMPLE MINDS Virgin Records

by Mark Calligeros

A lot of old *Simple Minds* fans will tell you the band's songs have degenerated a lot in recent years. Some newer fans will tell you the band is better than ever, perhaps because of Jim Kerr's new found enthusiasm for the band and Chrissie Hynde.

Regardless of which view is true, *Up On The Catwalk* is a good effort. Some features are the powerful and imaginative drumming and the haunting keyboard riff. However the real hero of this effort is Steve Lillywhite, producer



extraordinaire of many notables including XTC.

The phased floating quality of the production enhances the song's intriguing and unusual rhythm. The production is most notable on the drums where Lillywhite obtains an almost unique effect.

The B-side instrumental, *A Brass Band In Africa* utilizes rhythm, keyboard sound and drum effects similar to the A-side. Don't feel ripped off though, the piece has interest in its own right.

Whether the *Simple Minds* have improved or declined, they still have imagination and new ideas left.

## A classic pop flop

Dance Hall Days  
WANG CHUNG Geffen Records

by Mark Calligeros

The three members of *Wang Chung* all underwent some of the finest classical music training Great Britain could provide. This merely goes to show that a good musical training doesn't have much to do with writing a decent song.

*Dance Hall Days* is a highly formularized song. From the song's catchy beginning through the clipped and postured vocals, obligatory string synth sound and final sax solo,

you will find nothing innovative or even slightly imaginative. The product is, admittedly, slick but the chords and arrangement tedious. The lyrics are, at best, banal, at worst offensive.

The B-side *There is a Nation* seems to attempt some kind of social comment, though I have no idea what that comment is.

Musically the song is similar to *Dance Hall Days*, with basic chord progressions bar one interesting turn for some much-needed variety. The variety falls well short of saving the song.

Why then do classical musicians turn to pop? For the money of course. I'll wager this single will sell quite well.

DISCS

The odd trio

Three of a Perfect Pair  
KING CRIMSON Polygram

by Mark Calligeros

Although you couldn't say this album has been eagerly awaited, it is still capable of creating a lot of interest.

Adrian Belew, guitarist for notables such as *Talking Heads* and David Bowie has almost reached a legendary status in the fickle world of popular music. Joining Belew on guitar is Robert Fripp, one time partner of Brian Eno and an innovator in his own right. Tony Levin is on bass and stick and Bill Bruford on drums, and you'll hear from their playing that they are more than just competent.

*King Crimson* in its first stint together lasted from 1969 to 1974. Seven years later in 1981 the band began again. *Three of a Perfect Pair* has the same personnel as the previous two albums, *Discipline* (1981) and *Beat* (1982).

The title track is a syncopated and successful portrayal of a fairly odd relationship. The vocal line works well. "He has his contradicting views / She has her cyclomythic moods / They make a study in despair / Three of a perfect pair."

*Model Man* is perhaps the most conventional of all the songs on the album. It is not a memorable song, which goes to show the conventional is not the domain of *King Crimson*.

*Sleepless* is a fairly direct song with an excellent bass and drum foundation. Casting above this is a Fripp guitar line holding it all together. This is a very good song that grows better with time.

*Man With an Open Heart* features Belew on fretless guitar. The song has a slightly discardant feel to it and lacks substance.

The last track of side one is *Nuages*, the one instrumental on side one. This is more like the *King Crimson* I expected: it's more experimental, syncopated and discordant than what precedes it. The best word for this song is probably hallucinogenic.

Side two is the inverse of side one being all instrumental with one exception. *Industry* uses the synth and guitar sounds found on *Nuages*, but underscores them with a strict and repetitive rhythm on bass and drums. In fact the Bruford and Levin rhythm section are the heroes of this piece, leaving the two guitar virtuosos looking a little ordinary. When bass and drums open up half way through the song, the result is a treat of tight playing and imaginative rhythms. Listen carefully and you'll understand the track's title.

*Dig Me* is one of the album's features. The lyrics are Belew at his best. Belew also features on fretless guitar, going a little wild and inspiring the others to do so. The verse and chorus contrast remarkably, the discordant spoken verses being given some order by a more conventional chorus.

*Larks Tongue in Aspice Part III* has a more funk-jazz feel than the other abrupt instrumentals. In sharp contrast to the previous track all the playing seems to have purpose with interest in each individual part. Although direction seems to be lost a little in the middle, it recovers.

All in all then, if you enjoy experimental playing and playing not necessarily of a melodic or simple rhythmic nature, you should enjoy this album. The only problem with it is that there is no obvious place in the current music scene for a group like *King Crimson*. This leaves the group in an odd situation and should make Mr. Fripp realize the group is not as important as he'd like it, and thinks it, to be.

One big achievement for a small time singer

Australian singer-songwriter JUDY SMALL belongs proudly to the tradition of folk and protest singers who celebrate social change. BEN CHESHIRE reports.

Judy Small is a rare creature — a folk singer who can make a living from it.

Her powerful voice and wry songs have gained her an avid following among people who appreciate music that has something to say.

This year she has earned \$23,000 from live performances around Australia and sales from her two albums.

"It's not bad for doing something I enjoy," laughs the 31-year-old former youth worker and drug counsellor.

"I feel ever so slightly humble and privileged because so many people are doing jobs they hate and I'm doing something I adore and getting paid for it."

Judy Small, on the phone from Sydney during a break in her current national tour, is sounding relaxed and jovial as she talks about her burgeoning folk career.

"Since I started doing this full time 18 months ago, I can honestly say that I've never had any large financial worries."

"I've never done a gig and not had another one to do."

A product of the early sixties folk music of *The Seekers* and Joan Baez, Judy likes to write songs about ordinary lives and real people.

There's one called *A Song for the Roly-Poly People*, which is for all those who are of "sensible" weight and who realize that Weight Watchers is really owned by Heinz.

She believes commercial pop music doesn't deal with real people and real relationships.

"I think a lot of pop music is about fantasy relationships."

"The songs say things like 'Let's not fight because fighting is terrible', when in a real relationship, fighting is part of the situation."

Judy describes herself as a "contemporary singer-songwriter", and she belongs proudly to that tradition of folk and protest singers for whom social change is something to be celebrated rather than feared.

She is involved in the peace movement and has dedicated one song on the latest album, released last month, to the women of Greenham Common.

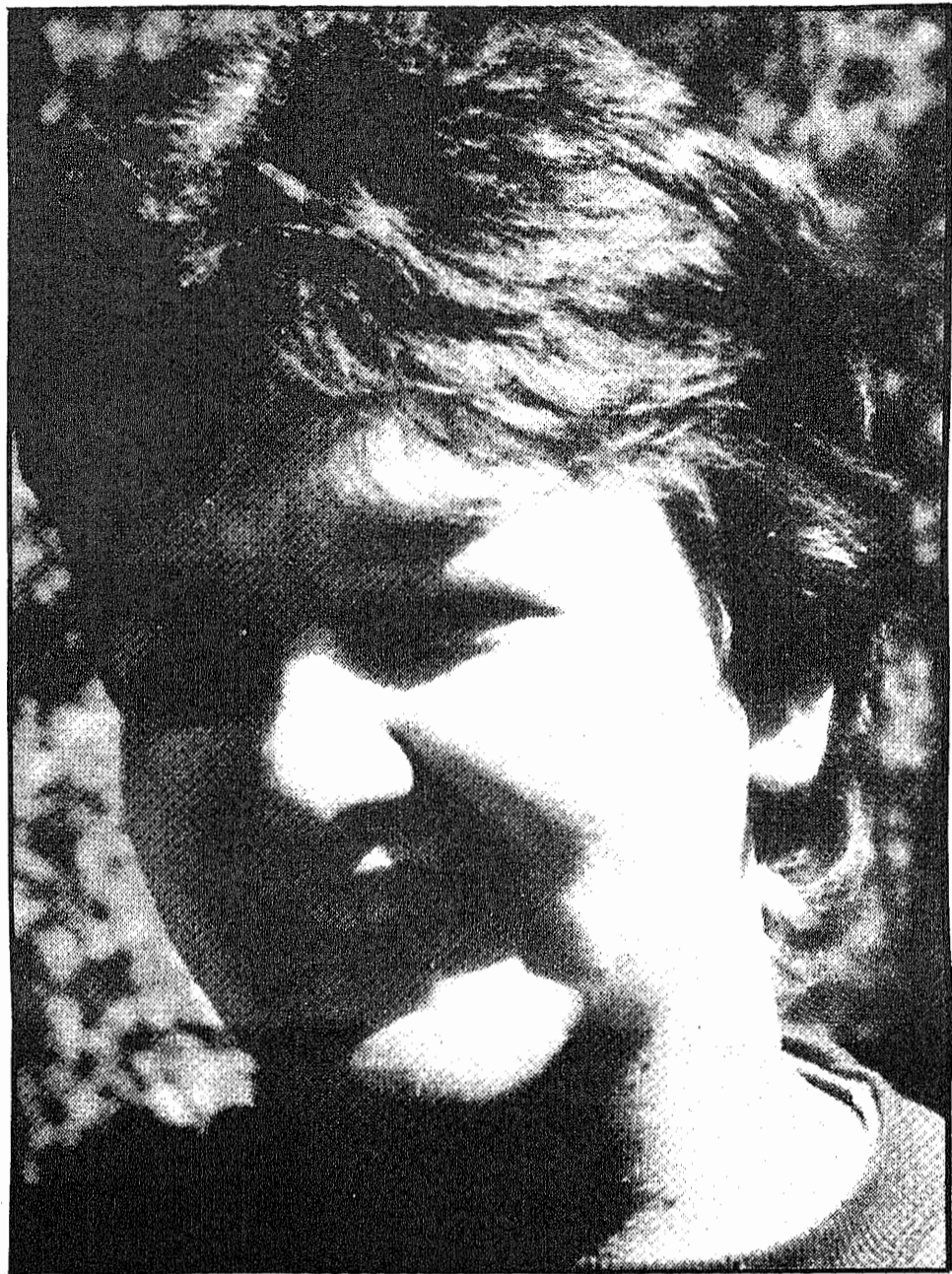
But she's hesitant about being labelled as an exclusively feminist or political singer.

"I said several years ago that I'm a feminist and I still say it, but then people think 'Oh, she hates men, all her songs will be about hating men'."

"Whereas what I really am is a person who writes songs from a woman's perspective, which doesn't mean they're anti-man."

"It irritates me that because I have views about the way society is structured, they assume that I'm going to hit them over the head with the politics."

Judy Small runs her career in a rather unusual manner.



Judy Small - a folk singer who earns a living from her labour of love

Her first album, *A Natural Selection*, was released at the end of 1982, after a group of her friends trading under the name *Good Things Enterprises* raised the production money with a series of concerts and wine bottlings!

Her latest album, *Ladies and Gents* was produced and arranged by *Redgum's* Hugh McDonald, and also features American singer Holly Near, an old friend who wandered into the studio during the recording session.

Judy has a partnership called *Crafty Maid Music* with her manager Margaret McAllister, who whom she will tour North America later this year.

Folk festivals at Vancouver and Winnipeg

will give her the opportunity to perform before audiences of 50,000 people, a far cry from her beginnings in wine bars and parties in Sydney in the 1970s.

And if her first overseas tour in 1982 is anything to go by, her songs will be picked up by numerous performers in the United States and Canada.

"My songs are getting known over there and I'm even having to refuse some gigs in America because I'm already booked on those dates."

"It's great. When I started out, I never dreamed that I'd be able to afford tours like this."

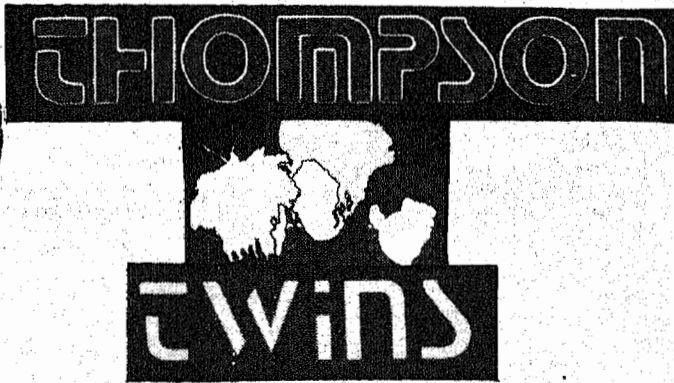
Into the abyss

Into the Gap  
THOMPSON TWINS Arista

by Mark Calligeros

This group needs no introduction after the success of *Hold Me Now* except to point out that the band are not one-hit-wonders — they've been together, for some years and several albums.

*Into The Gap* is merely the *Twins'* (a misnomer if ever there was one — there's three of them, and no blood relationship) first album to do well in Australia. That success is not surprising considering the commercial nature of *Into The Gap*.



*Doctor Doctor* is pure saleable pop, without the amount of craft-work and development of *Hold Me Now*.

*You Take Me Up* is a bit different from most of the album. It features a lively and melodic harmonica part, and isn't swamped by synthesizer upon synthesizer as many of the other songs are.

*Day After Day* uses a common formula of this album, namely a verse with an African feel and then a top 40 chorus. The result in this song is incongruous with verse and chorus not meshing at all well.

*Sister of Mercy* after a great synth introduction goes into another rhythmic, riff-based verse, but this time the chorus is a winner. This song appeals both musically and

lyrically.

Side One ends with *No Peace For The Wicked* and this is where you'll probably feel you've heard it all before.

The second side opens with the title track, *The Gap*. This is one of the albums highlights with synth and percussion effect used to complement the song, not to cover up for it or bury it.

*Hold Me Now* I liked when I heard it, and like now. It's commercial, but it's still a good song. All I would like to know is who plays bass guitar on the track — none of the band members are credited with playing the instrument. Could this be yet another synth part? Probably, in which case Joe Leeway deceived us in the film clip when he pretended to play it.

*Storm on the Sea* is a welcome change of pace. This song has an alluring melody and rhythm with a laid-back feel.

To end the album, *Who can Stop The Rain* is a funky number with a chorus that contrasts nicely with the verse, and emphasizes the song's message.

This album is well crafted and eminently saleable but it doesn't inspire. The overall sound is a little too calculated and synthetic, and the lyrics all have one theme, love or the lack thereof, and lack conviction.

However if you enjoy the sound of what you've already heard of the *Thompson Twins* you will probably enjoy *Into the Gap*.

# Inside the game that keeps you on the outer

From The Outer: Watching Football In The Eighties

GARRIE HUTCHINSON: Penguin \$7.95  
by Mark Davis

Let's face it: as far as most Australians from anywhere else are concerned Melbourne doesn't have a whole lot going for it.

I, for one, can only think of two reasons for living there — the VFL football and *The Age* newspaper.

Take the VFL. Even the most ardent and parochial SA football follower will admit — albeit grudgingly — the supremacy of the Victorian game. Australian rules football, Melbourne-style, is still one of our great national institutions, even though it has fallen into a decline in recent years.

*The Age*, one of Australia's oldest and finest newspapers, is another great Melbourne institution, also currently in a decline but still the home of the best writing in Australian journalism.

Bring these two institutions together and you have a new book by Garrie Hutchinson, *From The Outer*. Hutchinson is a football writer for *The Age* and this book is a collection of his "Watcher" columns from 1980 to 1983.

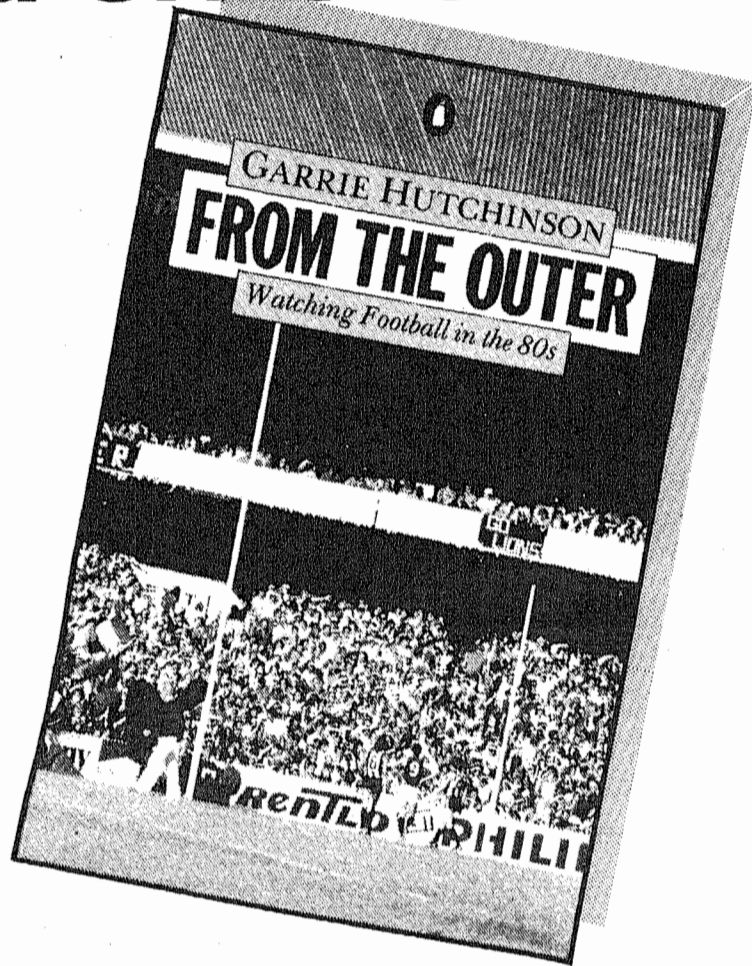
*From The Outer* is sports writing with a difference.

After all, if Melbourne has the best football and the best journalism it is only natural that it should have the best football writing in Australia.

Hutchinson writes about football with just enough love of the game and just enough ironic detachment.

He leaves all the clichés of run-of-the-mill football writing — "injury-weakened Sturt charged back into the game to grab a seven-goal last quarter" — to languish on the interchange bench and sends on a genuine wit and intelligent turn of phrase — "Vin Catoggio doesn't mind a run and could teach an antelope faced by a pride of lions a thing or two: he swivels like a universal joint and weaves like a tapestry."

Hutchinson writes not with the slick voice of the modern, professional commentator, but with the passion and humour of the barrackers



in the outer.

And it's not only the players and games that fascinate him, but also the grounds, the crowds, the meat pies ... even the toilets: "Tales of horror have nothing on wading ankle deep in this and that at the toilet behind the Rush stand at Victoria Park. Or being caught in front of the scoreboard at Arden Street and having to fight a third of the way around the ground, risking life and limb, sometimes walking a precipice behind the piestalls in anxiety and even then having to queue with white-faced blokes looking wistfully at the gaps in the fence."

Each of the twelve football clubs in the VFL competition is much more than a collection of players, administrators and supporters as far as Hutchinson is concerned.

The clubs are characters in their own right, each with its own history and psychology.

There is Collingwood, for instance, the down-trodden, working-class, tradition-dominated, born loser with a chip on its shoulder. Or there is Carlton, with its libertarian, free enterprise politics and its "educated" style of football. Collingwood supporters "look up the Johnson Street hill and see the ethereal presence of Carlton's No. 1 ticket-holder, Sir Robert Menzies, at the Gates of Heaven. He is the sort of person who would say to a Collingwood supporter, clutching his black and white flogger, that Heaven was for Members Only."

For Hutchinson football — the game itself and all that goes with it — is a precious thing, an endangered species under threat from the new breed of administrators who run the clubs and the VFL like they run their other enterprises — breweries, television stations, and airlines.

"Things are changing. Club is savaging club

... The Grand Final might disappear into the mulga. Some players cost a fortune. Some clubs are deep in the red ... But this place, this MCG, is where it all began, more or less, 125 years ago. Out there on that turf the actual game of football flourishes as never before. You should get wet, and cheer, just in case it all disappears or changes into something else."

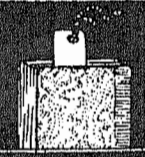
After reading Hutchinson it becomes clearer to the outsider why football in Melbourne is more a way of life than a game. With his keen sense of football's history and traditions, Hutchinson elucidates the subtle emotional bonds between the game and its city, its community.

Consider, for instance, his account of the first game of a new season: "Summer's been hell ... For months life in Melbourne has been upset. Not right. There has been no rhythm, no regularity ... Thoughts nip forward a few days to that moment of sublime optimism and faith, when all 150,000 fans believe everything will be all right — this year. It occurs between the siren and the actual bounce of the ball."

"It could hardly be better, this moment. Whatever the moguls in the clubs and the VFL have done, whoever has been bought and sold, whatever terrible things are happening to the sport, all fade into insignificance in the face of the game."

"It won't take more than a few minutes before concern about hamstrings and cartilages, umpires and administrators, dollars and ruination, toilets and tinnies, buying and selling, bashers and beauty, torpies and bananas, the good old days and the clouded future, politics and corruption can begin again. But at least the footy's started. Serious conversation can begin again. The week has rhythm. Things are back to normal."

## BOOK MARKS



Jaci Wiley

Bantam's *30 Days* series leaves no stone unturned. You can have a "Better Bust", "Thin Thighs", "Beautiful Bottom" and "Satisfying Sex" without ruining it with bad breath or a wheezing cough. The latest title is "Quit Smoking in 30 Days".

The local distributor of *Sex and Destiny* is being coy. The publicity for Greer's latest publication reads: "In this book Greer ranges over every aspect of human fertility, mixing anthropological studies with feminist experience, and drawing some unexpected conclusions."

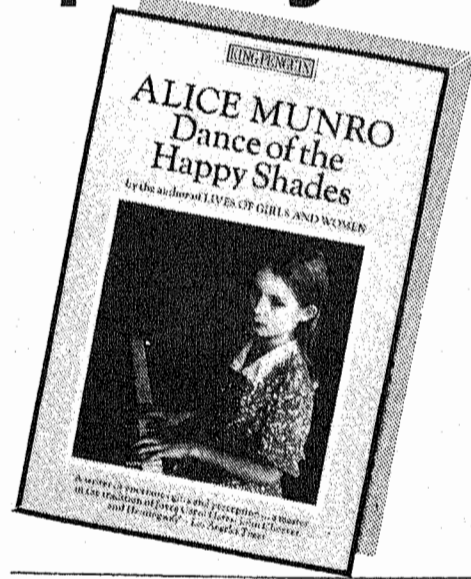
Readers are reminded to check the recommended retail price of a purchase in bookshops before buying. In a recent bookshop crawl your columnist was horrified to find a \$5.00 difference in price on a recently published and fairly controversial book. The shop with the highest price offered a 10% discount for students but managed to pocket the discount because of the increased price.

Don't forget the *On dit* Short Story Competition. See this edition for details.

Friendly Street, the poetry reading gathering, meets on 3 July at the Box Factory, Regent Street, Adelaide at 8 pm. Poets and poetry lovers are invited. Guest readers this month are John Bray and Anne Odgers. BYO drinks and poetry. When the guests are finished the audience is invited to read their verses.

The future of ANU Press may still be in doubt. The May meeting called to decide ANUP's future decided to have an extraordinary meeting in June. No word has come to this column as yet but it must have been quite extraordinary if nothing has been heard since 6 June.

## A rustic quality



Dance of the Happy Shades  
ALICE MUNRO King Penguin  
by John Tanner

This interesting collection of short stories was first released in 1968, and has been re-issued under the King Penguin label. All of the stories in this book are set in rural and semi-rural Ontario, the place of Alice Munro's childhood and where she now lives.

The stories in this collection are mainly concerned with ordinary country people, especially children, and their discoveries and experiences during childhood and adolescence.

Other stories deal with the submergence of old traditions and lifestyles, and the reactions of the new inhabitants to the old.

In the stories about children, Alice Munro captures deftly the feelings of children growing up, experiencing confusion and sadness as they begin to see that factors such as a lack of money or beauty or simply the fact that they are female, will prevent them from enjoying their lives and doing what they want with them.

All the stories in this book are thoroughly enjoyable and reading them is like stepping into the world described there. Hopefully Alice Munro can continue to produce stories of the same quality as these.

Two other works by her *The Beggar Maid* and *Lives of Girls and Women* are also available in King Penguin, and are definitely worth a look.

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## WEEKLY BESTSELLERS

### NON-FICTION

1. WHAT'S IN A NAME by Cockburn (Ferguson \$16.95).
2. ONE MINUTE MANAGER (Fontana \$4.95).
3. IN GOD'S NAME by D. Yallop (Cape \$21.95).
4. IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE by T. Peters (Harper and Row \$12.95).
5. 30 DAYS TO GETTING ORGANIZED (Bantam \$2.95).
6. TALL POPPIES by Mitchell (Penguin \$6.95).
7. 1984 TAX GUIDE (Tamerlane \$4.95).
8. MENUS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS by M. Kirkwood (Rigby \$9.95).
9. BODY LANGUAGE by A. Pease (Camel \$9.95).
10. THE IVANOV TRAIL by D. Marr (Nelson \$9.95).

### FICTION

1. JEWEL IN THE CROWN by P. Scott (Granada \$5.95).
2. REVOLTING RHYMES by R. Dahl (Penguin \$4.50).
3. LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL by J. le Carre (Pan \$6.95).
4. DAY OF THE SCORPION by P. Scott (Granada \$5.95).
5. BATH BOOKS (Collins \$2.95).
6. MASTER OF THE GAME by S. Sheldon (Pan \$6.95).
7. CHRISTINE by S. King (Nelson \$6.95).
8. FOUNDATION'S EDGE by I. Asimov (Granada \$5.95).
9. POSSUM MAGIC by M. Fox (Omnibus \$9.95).
10. ISLAND OF THE LIZARD KING by I. Livingstone (Puffin \$3.95).

Compiled with the assistance of Standard Book, 136 Rundle Mall, Adelaide.

# In dialectical focus

## FILM NOTES



Dino Di Rosa

### Film According to Lenin

In the course of my studies at Uni, I came across a scissors-and-paste book illustrating the human side of V.I. Lenin, the Soviet founder, called *Not by Politics Alone ... The Other Lenin*, and edited by Tamara Deutscher (any relation to Isaac?). In particular, I discovered an interesting piece titled "Lenin on Cinema", showing the man's zeal for the medium, not for art's sake, but for the sake of propaganda and the general edification of "the masses".

I point this out because Bolshevism has made the most profound effect on Russian art since the great Golden and Silver Ages in literature and the live arts.

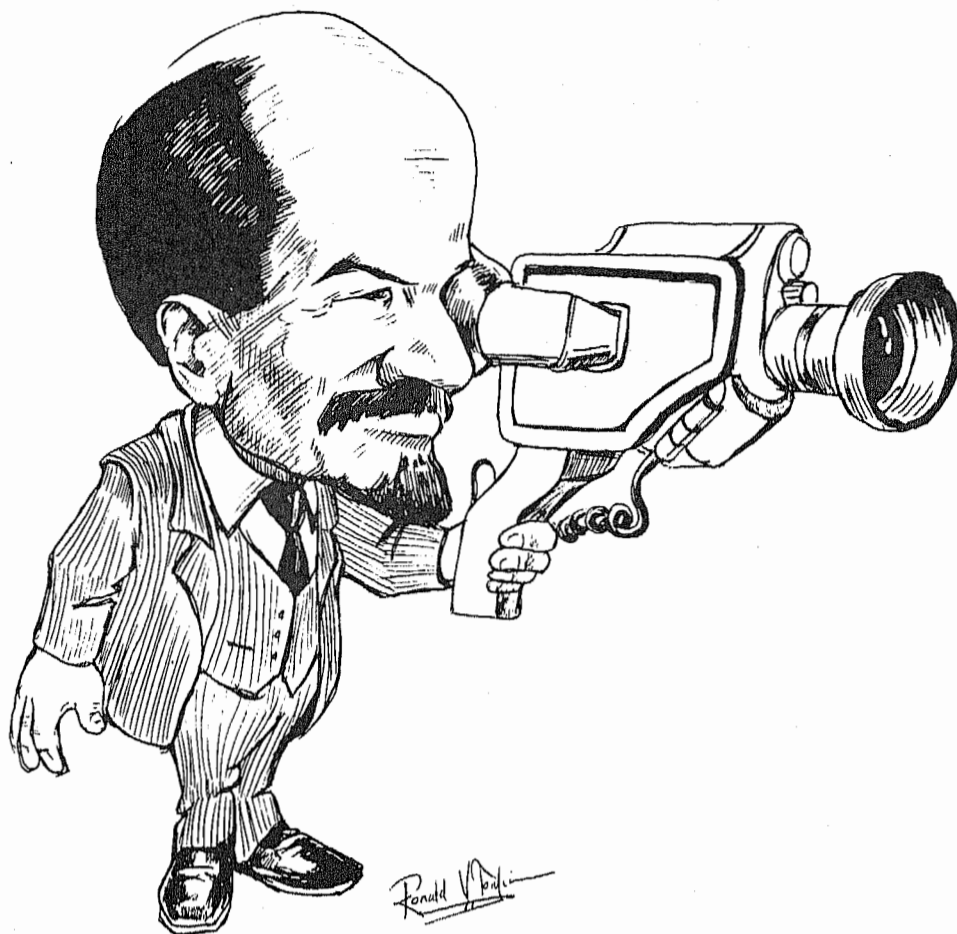
All of us know that film, the popular — and in a lot of ways, the vulgar — art reflects and refracts the national culture and ethos from which it springs. But the effect of Bolshevism (as distinct from socialism and communism, completely different concepts) on Russian art is as much tinged by the Russian character as it is by the Soviet.

Lenin, despite his internationalism, had a typically Russian lay-person's approach to art.

He saw films primarily as a medium, that is, in the form of newsreels as a substitute for the written word (the illiteracy of the masses had always been Lenin's bane).

He was willing to compromise, though, with those who were concerned and with those who were talented: "If you have a good newsreel, serious and illuminating photos, then it is of no importance if in order to attract the public you also show some useless film of a more or less popular type. Of course, censorship is still needed. For counter-revolutionary and immoral films we have no room."

Ilyich knew only too well of the significance of the suasive power of moving pictures: "Gradually, as we rise to our feet thanks to the



correct management of the economy, you may receive, with the improvement in the country's economy, some allowance for this business; you would have to develop film production on a large scale and offer good quality films to the urban masses and, even more so, to the masses in the countryside ... You are known among us as a patron of art and so you should firmly remember that of all art, the cinema is for us the most important."

Oh, aesthetically so.

Marx lives in Soviet art today, which of

course is what makes a lot of it so boringly ponderous. Dialectics pervades all Soviet art as it pervades all matter.

Sergei Eisenstein, who often makes Dostoevsky read like Enid Blyton, once postulated: "The projection of the dialectical system of things into the brain, into creating abstractly, into the process of thinking, yields: dialectical methods of thinking; dialectical materialism. The projection of the same system of things, while creating concretely, while giving form, yields: ART".

## LIVELIGHT

# FILM

## CHOICE

Compiled by David Walker

**Fanny and Alexander, Picadilly:** What a film is this! Spellbinding Ingmar Bergman masterpieces his fine cast, exquisite images and communicates with amazing directness. See it!

**Return of Martin Guerre, Classic:** Worthily revived veteran of current Film Event is, with *Fanny and Alexander*, one of the two best films of the year to date. Gerard Depardieu is a peasant returning to his family after years of war, a changed man — so changed that suspicions are aroused. Fine cast, fine film.

**Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Hindley:** Hackneyed old legend transformed into allegorical tale of natural man free of civilization's limiting influences. Full of technical and artistic merit.

**Terms of Endearment, Hindley:** Amusing if over-rated, emotionally dynamic comedy — drama about Mother and Daughter and Husband and Neighbour and Life — and Oscars. Jack Nicholson is ... oh, wow, man...

### UNION FILMS

(Union Theatre 1.10 pm)

**2001: A Space Odyssey (Tuesday):** Debates merits continue, but this Stanley Kubrick space travel epic is like no other film in history. Slow, awesome, unmissable if you haven't already seen it.

**The Dresser (Wednesday):** Albert Finney and Tom Courtney in a bittersweet homage to "the show must go on". Peter Yates (*Breaking Away*) directs.

A BOTTLE OF BASEDOWS BEHIND AN UNFINISHED THESIS

BASEDOWS



# Autobiographical masterpiece



**Fanny and Alexander**  
*Picadilly Cinema*

by David Walker

Most people have never seen an Ingmar Bergman film. They are frightened that such a director, revered by many serious filmgoers, must make films too "arty", too clever, too inaccessible for them to appreciate. They are scared by subtitles and cast lists of unknowns.

If only they knew about *Fanny and Alexander*. Such a film filled with amazing images and huge and energetic imagination, Bergman's unmistakably autobiographical masterpiece, is not for an elite; it is for anyone who has lived through childhood and wonders about old age.

Fanny and Alexander are young children in a crazy merry-go-round world of adults, growing up in a sprawling Swedish house, surrounded by their theatrical parents, grandparents and motley crew of aunts and uncles and servants.

The youngsters watch with the cool, sane detachment of childhood; Bergman watches the tension, the pathos and humour with them. He concentrates on Alexander (Bertil Guve) an unpretentious boy, slightly withdrawn when his relations are about, happier and freer when left to his own devices. The two children accept family insanity calmly and easily.

Their father dies. Alexander withdraws

further, cannot accept the death, assumes the moroser nature of the Hamlet he has seen portrayed in his father's theatre and begins to hate.

Fanny, too young to understand, too young to feel real grief, just keeps watching through enormous clear blue eyes, a determined young Scandinavian ice queen.

If the shameless though mild debauchery of the theatrical family seems somehow unhealthy, children are soon whisked away to the sterile purity of a bishop's palace, when their mother remarries. The palace is utilitarian and filled with a collection of wierd servants and even wierder relatives.

Bergman is, of course, a genius. His command of the camera is now so complete that every frame is shot from the best possible angle. People's faces are placed perfectly within their setting, scenes are lit to precision, decorated impeccably. The actors, a marvellous assortment of people Australians have never seen before, bring their characters to marvellous, often eccentric life. Not to become involved with them is quite impossible.

Set over a long sweep of time, this film nevertheless coheres brilliantly, because Bergman does not attempt conventional narrative. He merely fills in characters; the action of the film flows inevitably from this.

Bergman has called this his last film. To see it is to love it.

Basedows excellent wines: Eden Valley Rhine Riesling 1983, White Burgundy 1982, Frontignac Spaetlese 1983, Barossa Hermitage 1980, Cabernet Sauvignon/Shiraz 1977, Cabernet Sauvignon 1981, Old Tawny Port, Old Show Tawny Port.

AB3081/84

# The screws go in

The Lady From The Sea  
STATE THEATRE COMPANY

by Bill Morton

If I was going to invent an anecdote about Ibsen it would be this:

"The old bugger kept a set of thumbscrews in his pocket at all times. When he felt like it, he'd attach it to his own fingers and tweak it with a masochistic grimace. And whenever he got the chance, he'd screw it into his friends, tighter and tighter, watching what came out with every squeeze."

This is the nature of Ibsen's dramas. He applies the screws to his characters, and he relentlessly makes them peel back the layers of their psyche, of their conflicts and hang-ups. All those things about ourselves we try so hard to hide are purged by Ibsen; they come spewing out onto the stage because everything reaches the point where the slate must be wiped spotless.

In so many of his plays this process is what gives Ibsen his supremacy. His dramas are works of art in the true sense of the word; we imagine that what is unfolding, flowing and developing is doing so naturally, whereas behind it all is Ibsen the architect, the master contriver.

Unfortunately *The Lady from the Sea* is not quite as complete as Ibsen's other great works. The episode when Ellida is able to choose between the mystical, alluring stranger and her loving but staid middle-class husband is critical to the whole play's message. Yet it takes place in a matter of minutes at the end of the play, and the resolution it brings remains blurred. In addition, we feel that Wangel and Ellida's dissection of their marriage is a little too forced, a little too contrived; we are conscious that it is Ibsen who is speaking when it should be the characters on stage.

Ibsen's plays are difficult to realise at the best of times; thus with *The Lady from the Sea* director Aubrey Mellor is presented with an especially difficult task. For the most part, the production works well. Impressions of space and openness are convincingly evoked by the design and by the actors' movements within this environment.



Mellor also shows his awareness of the importance of being able to remain still; on a huge stage our attention is still woven around two characters occupying a tiny space: their interaction is what counts so there is not always the need for movement.

However there were also less convincing aspects of the production. The "fjord" was fun but unfortunately looked a little too like the pool I used to paddle in as a kid; when the Stranger stood in it to be ethereal, he seemed to be paddling as well. And a little more attention could have been devoted to making the climactic "freedom and responsibility" episode more telling. Some of the fault lies with Ibsen; tighter direction was needed to hide his faults.

One of the highlights of the production is Jan Friedl's inspired performance as Ellida. She is a creature dominated by animal, earthy impulses, pulled towards nature, towards the inhuman wash of the sea.

Friedl manages to combine the animal features of Ellida's personality with those that are distinctly human and (dare I say it) even specifically feminine. Throughout Ellida's struggle with herself and those outside forces oppressing her, her vulnerability but also her power as an individual are always sensitively expressed.

# Local talent follows tradition

Stop The Press  
OASIS THEATRE CO Arts Theatre

by Fran Edwards

Attending the first performance of a new musical is a rare experience, especially in Adelaide. My anticipation was greater because the writers, Matthew Byrne (script and lyrics) and Andrew Pole (music and direction) are local talents who have been part of the Adelaide Theatre scene for many years.

It was good. Not perfect, but good. The cast is excellent — so much so that it seems unfair to single anyone out for special mention. So I won't. The dancing, singing and timing were all "spot on". The costumes are colourful and appropriate to the play's 1970's setting. The set is adequate and the scene changes imaginative.

The ballads are the main weakness. They don't meet the higher standard of the fast, pacy numbers and the cast seemed less confident with them.

The first half ends with *Trash with Flash*, one of the best songs of the production. The fun gets lost in the telling of the story at the beginning of the second half, which is slow and not as lively as the first. The pace picks up again with the song *Russian Roulette* and the show ends on a high.

The programme says "the time is post-Vietnam America; when the Watergate Shut before the President had bolted..." *Stop The Press* pokes fun at that era.

This is a delightful musical written in traditional style. The cast dances — even tap dances — and sings; the comedy flows.

Despite opening night slow spots *Stop The Press* deserves to be seen.

# STAGE WHISPERS

Surprise! Surprise! Troupe have been advertising for actors! If you are interested and didn't know — bad luck, applications closed on the 23rd.

\* \* \*

The Gilbert and Sullivan Society production of *Iolanthe* at the Scott was good, if only they could solve the diction problem it would be perfect; the words are far too amusing to be lost.

\* \* \*

For anyone interested there will be a meeting to discuss the use of the old D & J Fowler building on North Tce. as a living arts centre. The meeting is scheduled for 7.30 pm on 4 July at Edmund Wright House.

\* \* \*

Watch for *Blueprints* by new group Sprung at Theatre 62. It's an original script and will run Wednesday to Saturday next week.

\* \* \*

Guild devotees should note that the Theatre Guild's next production *Summer of the 17th Doll* will open on 17 July.

\* \* \*

A play about sexual violence called *Extremities* is coming to the Space — it opens 11 July and looks interesting; probably wise to book as it could prove to be a sell-out.

# THEATRE CHOICE

Compiled by Fran Edwards

*Relatively Speaking* by Alan Acbourn at the Q Theatre until 30 June. Comedy.

\* \* \*

*Fidelio* by Beethoven, State Opera Co. at Opera Theatre. Directed by Colin George.

\* \* \*

*The Removalist* by David Williamson; the Stage Co. at the Space. Black Comedy.

\* \* \*

*Stop the Press* by Matthew Byrne and Andrew Pole, Oasis Theatre Co. at the Arts Theatre. Musical.

Adelaide University

# Union Films

• Starting time, 1.10 pm. • Enquiries 228 5834

ALL WELCOME.

Not restricted to students.

• Members \$1.50, Conc. \$2.50, Others \$3.50

• Feature only

• Low Prices — the cheapest in town

• Location — Union Hall

Tues. 26 June

2001

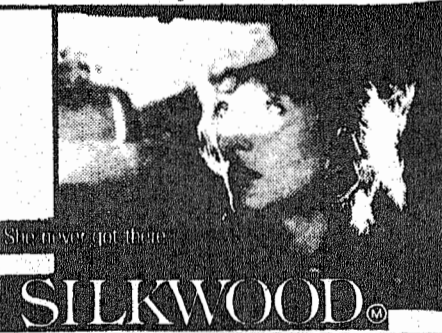
A Space Odyssey

Wed. 27 June

THE DRESSER



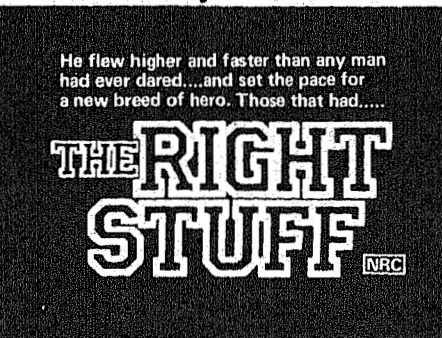
Tues. 3 July



Wed. 4 July



Tues. 10 July

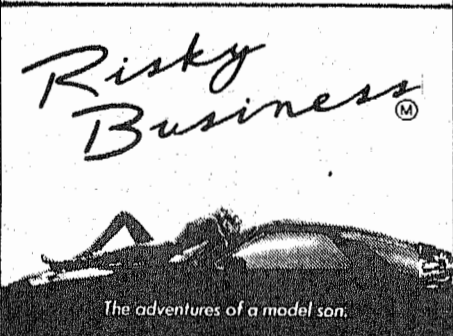


Wed. 11 July

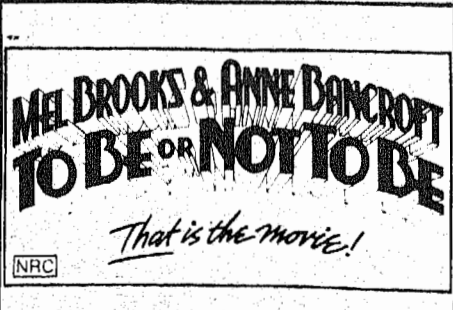
Dan Aykroyd Eddie Murphy



Tues. 17 July



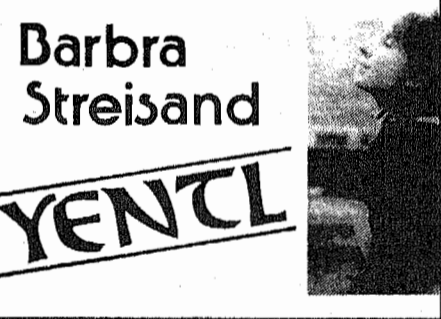
Wed. 18 July



Thurs. 26 July



Tues 31 July



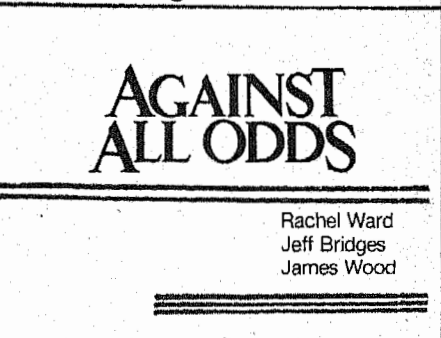
Wed. 1 Aug.



Tues. 7 Aug.



Wed. 8 Aug.



Rachel Ward  
Jeff Bridges  
James Wood

# BRIC-A-BRAC

## Jobs

Let me help you with your removals. Only \$15.00 per hour (Holden one-tonner). Phone Peter after 4 pm on 353 2947.

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild is looking for people interested in working in all aspects of the theatre. We can provide training in areas such as lights, sound, stage-management, publicity, etc. Why not call Gillian Mineruni on 228 5999 and become involved in the only active theatre group on campus.

**Opportunities In Radio.** Radio University 5UV relies very heavily on the work of volunteers for its successful operation. If you enjoy public radio and would like to become involved — we are looking for assistance in the areas of production through to administration —

please contact Margaret Cameron, 228 5115.

## Union Activities

**Monday 25 June**  
12 noon. MAKING MICHAEL JACKSON'S THRILLER video in Union Bar.

1 pm. PRIVATES ON PARADE video in Union Bar starring John Cleese.

**Wednesday 27 June**  
6 pm. MUSIC STUDENTS performance in Union Bistro. Free to Bistro patrons only.

**Thursday 28 June**  
1 pm. VIDEO SCREENING in Union Bar. See noticeboard in Bar for details.

**Friday 29 June**  
1 pm. Band film clips on videorecorder in Bar.

6 pm. Free entertainment in Union

Bistro.  
8.30 pm. Jazz, Rhythm and Blues live music with SKAT KATZ in Union Bar. Free for Union members.

**Saturday 30 June**  
8 pm — 12.30 am. END OF FINANCIAL YEAR SHOW in Union Bar with *Invisible Mendez, Yeah*, and a special performance of *The Clowns Macbeth*. Special price Gin drinks. Come dressed as your favourite accountant.

(Unfortunately *Pluto in Paris* cannot appear as they are indefinitely off the road).

A.U. Students \$4, Others \$5.  
An Activities Council presentation. The Coffee Shop on level 6 just one level above the Bar will be open from 8.30 pm serving cappuccinos, hot snacks, juices, cakes, soups etc. to eat in or take away.

## Notices

**Socialist Club Films — Before The Revolution**, directed Bernardo Bertolucci (1964). Bertolucci's first film examines the pseudo-radicalism of a young man of the upper-middle class of Parma.

Screens in the Little Cinema, Level 5, Union Building on **Wednesday 20 June**. Tickets \$3.00 (concession) and \$4.00. Season tickets available at the door.

**The Reverend David Nkwe**, a noted South African Christian from Soweto, scene of racial riots, will be speaking in the Little Cinema at 1.00 pm on **Thursday 28 June**.

**Lincoln College Ball** — to be held in the Hambly Hall, Lincoln College on **Saturday 7 July** from 8.00 pm. *Plan B* will provide the entertainment and supper is included. Tickets are available from the Student Activities Office for \$7.00. No tickets will be on sale at the door.

## THE TOGA PARTY IS ON AGAIN

A.U.Sc.A. Bar Night. Saturday 7 July, 8 — midnight. Adelaide Uni Bar featuring the REPORTERS and *Animal House*. Togas must be worn by all, grab those sheets off your beds. \$3 Adelaide Uni students, \$4 Guests.

## ORIENTATION WEEK CO-ORDINATOR

Orientation Week 1985 is Monday, 4 March — Friday 8 March.

The Activities Council invites applications from students interested in co-ordinating and organising the 1985 Orientation Week programme. Duties involve assisting all the associated groups and clubs and societies with the organising of their activities.

The Activities Council pays an honorarium for the position which involves many weeks work. Applicants will need to be available all of February, and at other times during the vacation. Great way to gain experience in organising activities and working with people.

For further information and to apply, contact Barry Salter, Activities Officer in the Union Administration Office. Applications close 20 July, 1984.

## LEARN TO TYPE IN 10 DAYS

Next course, Monday 2 July — Friday 13 July.

1 hour per day for 10 weekdays either at 9.10 am or 10.10 am (either time daily). Cost \$40 with electric typewriters provided.

You may bring your own typewriter. Course to be held in Meeting Room 1, level 5. Register now in the Union Office, 1st floor, Lady Symon Building.

## Christian Socialist Discussion Group

There is no contradiction between socialist and Christian ideals. If you hold this opinion, then take the opportunity to converse with others of this view.

Tuesday 1 pm 26 June, Meeting Room One.

**Friday 29 June — Adelaide University Student Christian Movement** (as distinct from bowl) will be having their Annual General Meeting to elect office bearers and plan activities for the coming year. Everyone welcome to attend at Meeting Room One at 1.00 pm. Details of our weekend camp at Macclesfield which will discuss such issues as *in vitro* fertilization and the psychology of religion are available at the meeting or from Cathy (phone 297 7455).

**Students for Australian Independence** Annual General Meeting Monday 25 June, 1.00 pm in North Dining Room. All Welcome.

**The Anglican Society** meets on Tuesdays at 1.10 pm to celebrate Holy Communion in the Chapel on the first floor of the Lady Symon Building (north-west corner of Cloisters). We also meet Thursdays at the same time in the ANGSOC room for discussions. Anyone is welcome, so come along and see what we're on about.

**Debating Club.** Next Thursday 5 July is Round 4 for A Grade with a secret topic given out in the Bistro at 5.30 pm for debate at 7.30 pm. Affirmative: Constant Dripping, Slithy Toeds, The Secessionists. Negative: Bert, Kingston Revisited, Faulty Powers. BE THERE!

**University Snooker Championship 1984.** This is open to all staff and student members of the University and to all members of the University Sports Association. Matches will be played at Post-Tel Institute, Adelaide, each Tuesday night commencing on 10 July 1984 at 7.30 pm. Nomination fees are — club members \$2.00, other persons \$5.00. Nominations may be written up on the Post-Tel notice-board or lodged with the Sports Association (Extension 5403) and will close on **Tuesday 3 July 1984**.

Please nominate for this event and make it a success!

**Radio SUV Women's Journal** is keen to interview staff and students involved in projects and research relating to women. If you are interested in being part of a programme please call Lee Pickard on 228 5173. Women's Journal — Saturday afternoons 1 — 2 pm on SUV.

**Lutheran Student Fellowship — AULSF** meets in the Chapel at 1.10 pm every Thursday during term. We have various activities including singalongs, guest speakers and discussions on current topics. Come along to the next meeting.

**Hairdresser — Cheap.** Professional Italian hairdresser available in Craft Studio, Level 4, Union House on **Thursdays from 12.00 to 4.00 pm**. Only \$3.00 for a great haircut.

**Wednesday 27 June — A talk on The Equality of Men and Women** at 1.00 pm in North Dining Room. Talk by S. Chittleborough, a clinical psychologist

and marriage counsellor. Organised by the Bahai Society.

**Women On Campus** meeting at 1.00 pm **Tuesday 29 June** in the Women's Room. All women urged to attend. Final details for Women's Week.

**Student Activist Exchange Seminar Programme.** This week Alan Driver who was a Buddhist monk for eight years will speak about various aspects of Thai culture, especially the Buddhist religion. The seminar will be held at 2 pm on **Thursday 28 June** in the Jerry Portus Room, North-West corner of the Cloisters.

**PROSH Meeting** — Tuesday 26 June at 1 pm in the Student Activities Office. ALL WELCOME.

## ACTIVITIES COUNCIL 1984-5

Nominations are now called for the 5 student positions on the Activities Council. The Activities Council is responsible for the organisation of social, cultural and entertainment activities on campus. Get involved in the overall co-ordination and decision making for activities on campus. You can learn a lot and help organise your own activities.

Collect your nomination form from the Union Administration Office. Nominations close **Tuesday 26 June** at 5 pm.

## Adelaide University Union UNION COUNCIL ELECTION 18 POSITIONS

Nominations must be lodged in the Union Administration and the candidate must produce some form of photographic identification to verify their nominations.

Nominations open on **Monday 18 June** at 9 am and close at 5 pm on **Tuesday 26 June**. No policy statements or photographs will be accepted after **Tuesday 26 June** (5 pm).

Voting will be held by the Hare Clarke Optional Proportional Representation system.

Acceptance of nominations is conditional upon the candidate(s):

- 1) being an ordinary member of the Union as defined in 3(a) of the Constitution;
- 2) submitting a policy statement and a recent photograph.

## NOTES:

- 1) policy statements must be less than 200 words including curriculum vitae;
- 2) a candidate may submit a photograph to be included in the broadsheet distributed to voters;

3) if elected the candidate is expected to participate fully in the operations of the Union;

4) posters can only be placed on designated noticeboards (as per Union Council policy).

The draw for positions on the ballot slip will be made on **Wednesday, 27 June** at 1 pm in Union Administration.

## VOTING

Monday — Friday (23 — 27 July).

## IMPORTANT

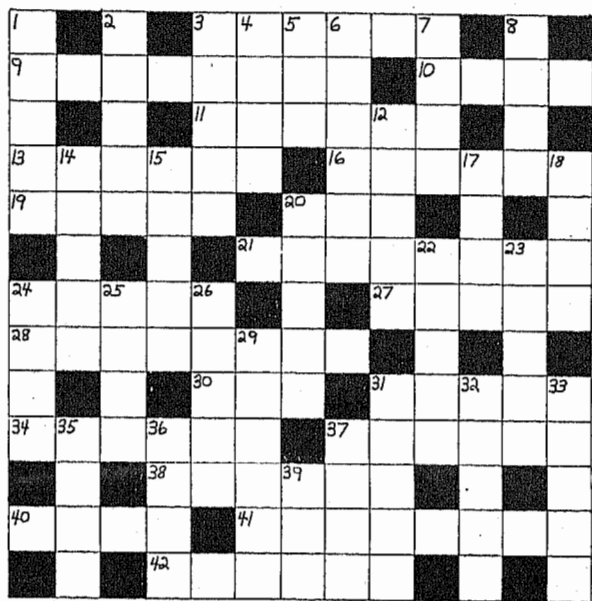
Student members must produce some photographic form of identification to vote in this election.

All material to be used in a candidate's campaign must be authorised by the Returning Officer prior to distribution (times the Returning Officer will be available will be advertised).

## GEORGE JOVANOVIC RETURNING OFFICER

**Reading.** A series of four one-hour small group reading sessions will be held in the Student Counselling Service, Horace Lamb Building, on the following dates: **Thursday 1 — 2 pm, July 5th, 12, 19th and 26th.** Students will be introduced to the principles of efficient reading and there will be opportunity in the sessions to put these principles into practice. Students wishing to attend should register at the Counselling Service before the date of the first session.

## CROSSWORD NO. 5



### Across

3. More extensive
9. Juggler
10. Sour
11. Equitation
13. Distracted
16. Advertisement
19. Shaved
20. Gamble
21. Felt indignant
24. Scolds
27. Beginnings
28. Originated
30. Make knotted lace
31. Ponds
34. Alarm bell
37. Gloomy

### Down

1. Discard
2. Become liable
3. Tempted
4. Dry
5. Rosy
6. Clutches
7. Torments
8. Living
12. Annotates
14. Woman's address
15. Cardinal number

### Across

17. Carry
18. Clears
20. Round cap
22. At no time
23. Margins
24. Support
25. Lubricating powder
26. Glossy fabric
29. Entrap
31. Customs
32. Small bird
33. Stitched
35. Woodwind
36. Droops
37. Allot
39. Flag

## TWISTER SOLUTION NO. 4

C E T H N O N E V N E E V E I E V  
E N S N S I T I N I N I N O F I N  
N O I O I O N N I F O F E R O F I  
O I T N T N E V F O R E H T O T N  
N O N O I T N T I N E H M E M H E  
O N E N O N O I O V E T H H T S I  
I T V N I I V O E H T O M E S E S  
E N T I F I N M E O M I C E  
V N V N O R O N O H T T Y E N  
N I F I F E R T S H I I C E  
I F O R E H O F I N S I I S S E S  
T I F I R T O M E H T Y T H S S H  
N E I F O H E O T T S I S T H O T  
E V N I F I O N H E H T M E M O  
N E N T I N I O E H M E O E R I  
T N T N E V T I H T O I H T H O F  
I O I T N E N T E R O F E H E F I

Necessity is the mother of invention.

## WHEREABOUTS OFFERING OR LOOKING FOR HOUSES FLATS SHARE

RING US  
51 3867 — 51 3868  
MONDAY - FRIDAY  
9.00am — 2.30 pm

A FREE COMMUNITY  
INFORMATION SERVICE  
USE IT!

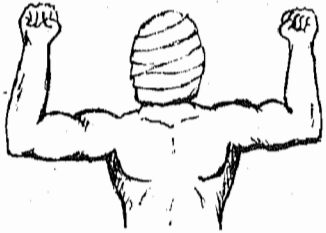
# Where It's At!

Some of the best, some of the worst and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd

## Body-builders

Aspiring muscle-men will be disappointed by the news that Mr. New Zealand, Nick Stewart, will miss the South Pacific body-building championships next month because he was beaten up outside an Auckland nightclub.

Apparently he was helping to break up a disturbance when he was hit over the head with an iron bar. He suffered a broken jaw and required surgery for serious facial injuries.



## Disease

The *On dit* office can be a most informative place, even if you only sit inside the door and listen.

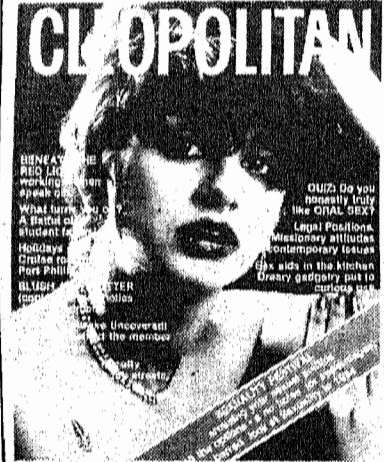
Last Friday, one passer-by was heard remarking to another: "You just *have* to wear gloves otherwise you'll get AIDS."

You can't say you haven't been warned.

## Antics

Melbourne University newspaper *Farrago* raised a few eyebrows last week when it changed its name to *Cleopolitan* and came out as a glossy send-up.

This column was particularly



## Crap

You may recall that last week *Where It's At* instigated the William T. McGonagall Prize for the worst example of prose or poetry submitted in second term, and promised to print the worst one submitted each week.

This week's winner has shown not only what SAUA President Ingrid Condon is capable of, but also revealed the astonishing fact that someone has read her column every week for the whole year.

The entry is a compilation of the opening sentences from Ingrid's President's Column in *On dit*. It runs thus:

"Welcome to Uni for '84. Hello again, hope you all enjoyed Orientation Week. Hello again, hope your first week went smoothly. Well, first off it's apologies from me for not putting in a column last week. Well, here we are again. Hello again. Hi!"

You are reminded that the weekly winner is awarded a Mars Bar, and at the end of term a Union Bookshop voucher to the value of \$20 will be given to the best of the weekly winners.

amused by the full colour cover, and the inside page which carried the caption "OUR COVER LOOK! ... says Kathy: "I feel like alump of meat - I'll have pimples for 10 weeks from the make up, and I wish you'd all just piss off."



This literary masterpiece may be found in the Renaissance Centre, City

## King Zog celebrates

Royal faces must be blushing red all over Europe following last month's confirmation that President Reagan is a cousin of every monarch in Europe, on or off the throne, except Albania's King Zog.

Burke's Peerage, chronicler of royal comings and goings, has also established that he is a cousin of John F. Kennedy and a bastard cousin of Princess Di, although the bastardy is on her side, not his.

The recent discovery of two ancient Gaelic scrolls has been the final link proving Reagan's royal ties.

Apparently he descended from an Irishman called O'Regan, who was a nephew of the 11th-Century Irish King Brian Boru. Another nephew, Sentig, founded the Kennedy clan.

Boru was an ancestor of Mary Queen of Scots, from whom Europe's Royal families descend.

This means Reagan is a cousin of the reigning monarchs of England, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Luxembourg and Lichtenstein and of the exiled royalty of France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Bulgaria, Greece, Romania and Yugoslavia.

Apparently, he is a cousin of Queen Elizabeth six times over.

## The French Way

Exhibitionist lovers wanting to hit the big time now have no excuse for not making it.

The French Club last week advertised for an "affectionate couple to perform tender and loving scenes" in their play "...Et a la fin etait le bang" in August.

The title literally translates as "And in the end there was the bang", although this column is unsure of its exact significance.

French Club co-ordinator Francis Greenslade told *Where It's At* that so far two couples have applied and are soon to be auditioned.

"It's all very clean", he said.

"Just some passionate embracing and some kissing."

He says he is looking for a normal, good-looking, clean, healthy couple. Heterosexual, too - "it's specified in the text".

Nominations are still open.

## Eat up

Next time you're in Bangkok, don't drop into the local massage parlour and ask for a rub-down.

A police raid on one such parlour a couple of weeks ago resulted in the seizure of 31 piranha fish, according to a Thai Fisheries Department official.

The importing of piranhas has been banned for 10 years in Thailand. Authorities fear that if the fish find their way into the local rivers, they will endanger not only the river life but also those unfortunate pedestrians forced to go wading through floodwaters during the rainy season.

WHAT DO I GET FOR \$50?

MASSAGE PARLOUR

SOMETHING SMALL WITH SCALES AND SHARP TEETH.



## Wally!!

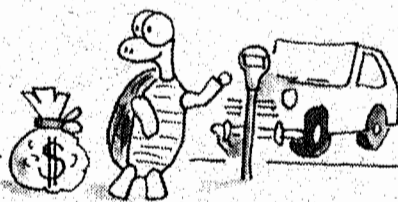
by a man who is giving up penguins for lent.

20

The story so far... The council are trying to shoot Wally, the anarchist tortoise, because he fills expired parking meters...

While they search for their anti-tortoise shells, let's look at Wally's double life...

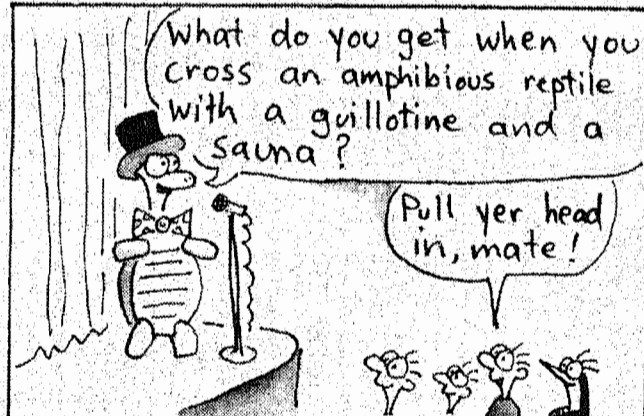
During his parking meter career, Wally has used 50 times his own weight in 5 & 10 cent pieces...



To finance his life of crime, Wally has a job. He is a top night club comedian! (Do you believe me so far??)



AND NO-ONE SUSPECTS HIS TRUE IDENTITY!



Who writes this stuff? What will happen next? Do you know the way to San José? See you next week!!