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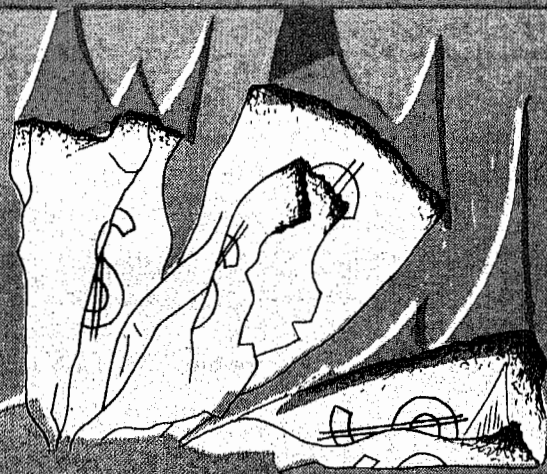
Adelaide University

10 September 1984



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IS
LOVE
ALL
YOU
NEED?



Prosh and
your money

Kiss goodbye to \$4,000
Page 3

The Dalkon Shield case : an appeal to corporate conscience

OUTTAKES

From a speech delivered by US District Court Judge Miles W. Lord in his Minneapolis courtroom on February 29. Lord made his remarks in approving a \$4.6 million product-liability suit against the A.H. Robins Company, manufacturer of the Dalkon Shield intrauterine contraceptive device, which has been found to cause serious, and sometimes fatal, pelvic infections in many of its users. This settlement satisfied seven of the 9,000 claims that have been brought against Robins. Lord's remarks are addressed to E. Claiborne Robins Jr., the firm's president; Carl D. Lunsford, senior vice president for research and development; and William A. Forrest Jr., vice president and general counsel.

Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, and Dr. Lunsford: After months of reflection, study, and cogitation — and no small amount of prayer — I have concluded that it is perfectly appropriate to make this statement, which will constitute my plea to you to seek new horizons in corporate consciousness and a new sense of personal responsibility for the activities of those who work under you in the name of the A.H. Robins Company.

It is not enough to say, "I did not know," "It was not me," "Look elsewhere". Time and again, each of you has used this kind of argument in refusing to acknowledge your responsibility and in pretending to the world that the chief officers and directors of your gigantic multinational corporation have no responsibility for its acts and omissions.

Today as you sit here attempting once more to extricate yourselves from the legal consequences of your acts, none of you has faced up to the fact that more than 9,000 women claim they gave up part of their womanhood so that your company might prosper. It has been alleged that others gave their lives so you might prosper. And there stand behind them legions more who have been injured but who have not sought relief in the courts of this land.

I dread to think what would have been the consequences if your victims had been men rather than women — women, who seem, through some quirk of our society's mores, to be expected to suffer pain, shame, and humiliation.

If one poor young man were, without authority or consent, to

inflict such damage upon one woman, he would be jailed for a good portion of the rest of his life. Yet your company, without warning to women, invaded their bodies by the millions and caused them injuries by the thousands. And when the time came for these women to make their claims against your company, you attacked their characters. You inquired into their sexual practices and into the identity of their sex partners. You ruined families and reputations and careers in order to intimidate those who would raise their voices against you. You introduced issues that had no relationship to the fact that you had planted in the bodies of these women instruments of death, of mutilation, of disease.

Gentlemen, you state that your company has suffered enough, that the infliction of further punishment in the form of punitive damages would cause harm to your business, would punish innocent shareholders, and could conceivably depress your profits to the point where you could not survive as a competitor in this industry. When the poor and downtrodden commit crimes, they too plead that these are crimes of survival and that they should be excused for illegal acts that helped them escape desperate economic straits. On a few occasions when these excuses are made and remorseful defendants promise to mend their ways, courts will give heed to such pleas. But no court will heed the plea when the individual denies the wrongful nature of his deeds and gives no indication that he will mend his ways. Your company, in the face of overwhelming evidence, denies its guilt and continues its monstrous mischief.

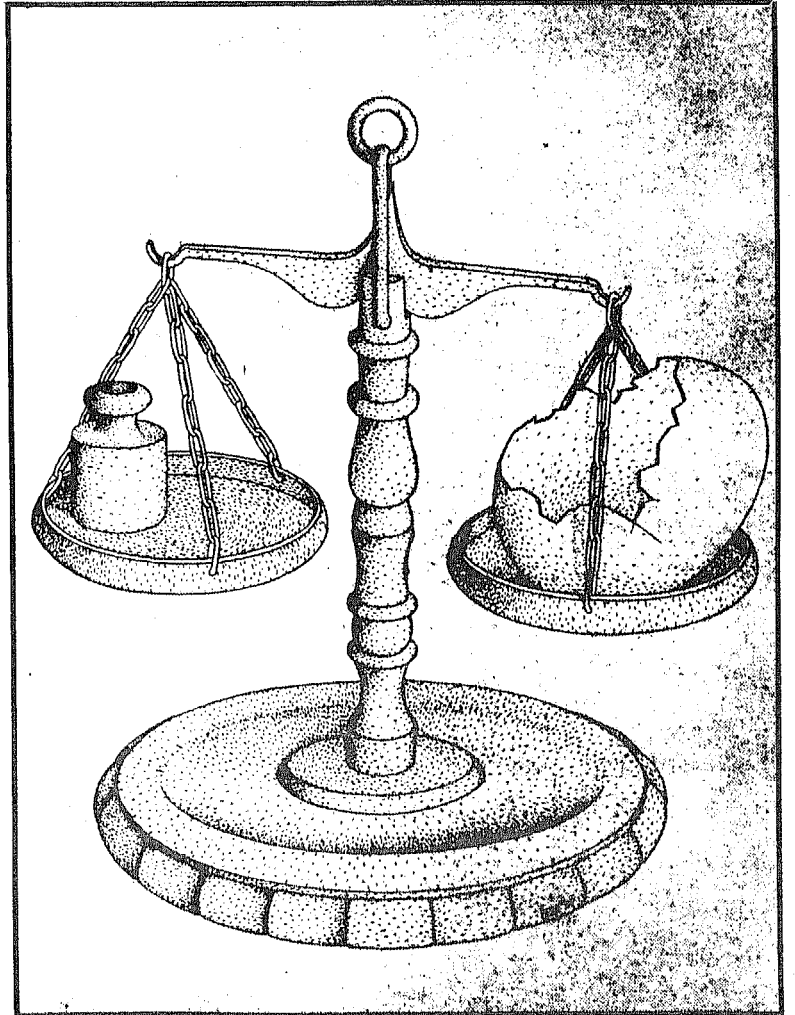
Mr. Forrest, you have told me that you are working with members of the Congress of the United States to find a way of forgiving you from punitive damages that might otherwise be imposed. Yet the profits of your company continue to mount. Your last financial report boasts of new records for sales and earnings, with a profit of more than \$58 million in 1983. And, insofar as this court has been able to determine, you three men and your company are still engaged in a course of wrongdoing. Until your company indicates that it is willing to cease and desist this deception and to seek out and advise the victims, your remonstrances to

Congress and to the courts are indeed hollow and cynical. The company has not suffered, nor have you men personally. You are collectively being enriched by millions of dollars each year. There is no evidence that your company has suffered any penalty from these litigations. In fact, the evidence is to the contrary.

The case law suggests that the purpose of punitive damages is to make an award that will punish a defendant for his wrongdoing. Punishment has traditionally involved the principles of revenge, rehabilitation, and deterrence. There is no evidence I have been able to find in my review of these cases to indicate that any one of these objectives has been accomplished.

Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, Dr. Lunsford: You have not been rehabilitated. Under your direction, your company has continued to allow women, tens of thousands of them, to wear this device — a deadly depth charge in their wombs, ready to explode at any time. Your attorney denies that tens of thousands of these devices are still in women's bodies. But I submit to you that he has no more basis for denying the accusation than the plaintiffs have for stating it as truth. We simply do not know how many women are still wearing these devices because your company is not willing to find out. The only conceivable reasons that you have not recalled this product are that it would hurt your balance sheet and alert women who have already been harmed that you may be liable for their injuries. You have taken the bottom line as your guiding beacon and the low road as your route. That is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest. Rehabilitation involves an admission of guilt, a certain contrition, an acknowledgment of wrongdoing, and a resolution to take a new course toward a better life. I find none of this in you or your corporation. Confession is good for the soul, gentlemen. Face up to your misdeeds. Acknowledge the personal responsibility you have for the activities of those who work under you. Rectify this evil situation. Warn the potential victims and recompense those who have already been harmed.

Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest, Dr. Lunsford: I see little in the history of this case that would deter others. The policy of delay and obfuscation practiced by your lawyers in courts throughout this country has made it possible for you and your insurance company to put off the payment of these claims for such a long period that the interest you earned in the interim covers the cost of these cases. You, in essence, pay nothing out of your own pockets to settle these



cases. What corporate officials could learn a lesson from this? The only lesson they might learn is that it pays to delay compensating victims and to intimidate, harass, and shame the injured parties.

Your company seeks to segment and fragment the litigation of these cases nationwide. The courts of this country are burdened with more than 3,000 Dalkon Shield cases. The sheer number of claims and the dilatory tactics used by your company's attorneys clog court calendars and consume vast amounts of judicial and jury time. Your company settles those cases out of court in which it finds itself in an uncomfortable position, a handy device for avoiding any proceeding that would give continuity or cohesiveness to this nationwide problem. The decision as to which cases are brought to trial rests almost solely at the whim and discretion of the A.H. Robins Company. In order to guarantee that no plaintiff or group of plaintiffs mounts a sustained assault upon your system of evasion and avoidance, you have time after time demanded that, as the price of settling a case, able lawyers

agree not to bring a Dalkon Shield case again and not to help less experienced lawyers with cases against your company.

Another of your callous legal tactics is to force women of little means to withstand the onslaughts of your well-financed team of attorneys. You target your worst tactics at the meek and the poor.

If this court had the authority, I would order your company to make an effort to locate each and every woman who still wears this device and recall your product. But this court does not. I must therefore resort to moral persuasion and a personal appeal to each of you. Mr. Robins, Mr. Forrest and Dr. Lunsford: You are the people with the power to recall. You are the corporate conscience.

Please, in the name of humanity, lift your eyes above the bottom line. You, the men in charge, must surely have hearts and souls and consciences.

Please, gentlemen, give consideration to tracking down the victims and sparing them the agony that will surely be theirs.

Thought of the Week



Wilbur had that
problem even your best
friends won't mention . . .
. . . people hated
his guts.

PRODUCTION

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Little involvement as Prosh bombs in a \$4000 loss

by Andrew Gleeson

Prosh 1984 has made a loss of at least \$4068.70. With some bills still to come in, the final amount may be even greater.

The bulk of the loss — \$2,508 — was sustained by the *Rage Against Racism*, a show held in the Union grounds on the Sunday before Prosh Week. Another \$800 was lost by the *Prosh Breakfast*, \$527.15 by the *Prosh Rag* and \$320.33 by the Social Activities Committee.

One of the principal organisers of the *Rage Against Racism*, Michael Condon, cited the inclement weather conditions and problems with publicity as the main causes of the loss.

"The weather was really bad that whole week. Attendances at all other venues in Adelaide that week were low. It was one of the coldest weeks this winter" he said.

Only 350 people attended the *Rage* which had budgeted for a crowd of 800. Only 100 people attended a show at the Tivoli Hotel on the same night.

Advertising was hampered by the late finalisation of the bands. The show was originally to have featured Sydney band *Hunters and Collectors*. *Hunters and Collectors* had originally intended to do a Friday night show and the *Rage* for \$4,000, but changed their conditions little more than a week before the event, demanding a third show on Saturday night and a cheaper door price.

The S.A.U.A. executive decided that this was not acceptable. Hasty

negotiations for a new band to headline the show obtained *Strange Tenants* at a price of \$2,500. This left only a short period for advertising.

Mr. Condon said that the advertising, which was handled by Rocco Weglarz and Paul Grant of the Social Activities Committee, was "conducted as well as possible in the amount of time available."

Advertising was further damaged by the surprise non-appearance of *Streetbeat* magazine that week: a full page advertisement for the show had been booked for that week's edition.

Activities Officer, Barry Salter, who acted as adviser on the show, agreed with Mr. Condon's reasons and added that he thought the Olympic Games had had an impact on attendance. He also believes some students may have been deterred by the political theme of the show.

"I was very pleased with the outcome of the show and the teamwork of the organisers" Mr. Condon said. "Many less ambitious shows have lost more money."

"There were very few hitches in what was an innovative show encompassing for the first time most of the Union Building — both refecs, the Gallery Coffee Shop and the Little Cinema."

The \$800 loss on the *Prosh Breakfast* — held in the Upper Refectory on the Friday of Prosh Week — was due mainly to competition from the Olympics, the unfamiliarity of the event (the last *Prosh Breakfast* was in 1979), the early hour (8 am) and the price of the tickets, according to Mr. Salter.

Tickets were originally priced at \$12. This was reduced to \$9 when sales proved sluggish but still only about 70 people attended out of the projected 300.

"Lack of student involvement and lack of student honesty" were the main reasons cited by co-editor Alison Rogers for the \$527.15 *Prosh Rag* loss.

"I don't think enough people put enough energy into selling it both on and off campus" she said.

"The people who actually produced the *Prosh Rag* worked very hard. I know I didn't have much energy left after four solid days and nights producing it."

Many *Rags* were distributed on an honour system: piles of them were left about with a collection tin for the 50c price. Ms. Rogers believes many students took copies without paying.

"I think students were a bit tight — fisted when they found out it wasn't free. They're used to picking up *On dit* for nothing."

Normally any losses sustained by Prosh would be paid for out of the Students' Association's functions account — an account maintained to underwrite SAUA shows like the O-Ball. However the present loss would just about wipe out the functions account according to new SAUA Treasurer, Anthony Snell. This would leave the Association without funds to float next year's O-Ball.

Mr. Snell is presently investigating if the loss can be taken from other sections of the SAUA budget.



Barbara Zed- "Prosh a unifying influence."



Dennis Parsons- "Prosh gets students on the streets."

Is there any point to Prosh?

by Liz Heller

Lack of interest and lack of involvement; that's today's attitude towards Prosh, going by the students surveyed at Adelaide University last week.

Over half of those interviewed by *On dit* were not involved on the day.

And most of those who did take part only went along to Victoria Square for breakfast, or to the University Bar.

There were many reasons for the lack of involvement.

Some students didn't even know it had been on, although "the name sounded familiar."

George Katsaras, a law student, said he would like to have been involved, but it was "too expensive".

He felt that Prosh, especially the Prosh Breakfast, should be cheaper and thus more accessible to students.

A female dentistry student said she also would like to have been involved.

She felt that it was a good idea for other people, but she had been too busy preparing for exams.

Prosh should be changed to another time, she said.

Barbara Zed, a mature age Dip. Ed. student couldn't attend Prosh because she studies externally and lives in the country.

Prosh always kept people away because it has an image problem.

A female honours history student said, "The reason I don't participate in Prosh is because it just seems like a lot of silly boy's pranks, and I don't want to be involved. That's basically why I took no notice of the poster."

Only two people felt that Prosh wasn't worthwhile.

Most believed that Prosh served a useful purpose.

Richard Wilson, a first year science student, said Prosh was definitely a good idea. "It gives

students a chance to unwind especially with approaching exams."

Dennis Parsons, another science student, agreed. "It gets uni students out on the streets."

Maris Ozols also liked the idea, "Students want to have fun, and they will always do that."

Barbara Zed felt Prosh had an important role to play. "I think Prosh is the only thing at Uni that has any unifying influence. It's more than just letting off steam, it's having a group feeling, being part of a group ... and that's very important seeing that everyone here is literally competing against everyone else."

What do students think about the fact that Prosh lost \$4,000, mainly from the *Rage Against Racism*?

Richard Drew, a civil engineering student, was "not too impressed", and felt it was "ridiculous".

Maris Ozols said this loss of money shows that the organization of Prosh was obviously not very good. "The main idea of it is to generate money" she said.

Barbara Zed agreed. "Anything needs good organization ... I think it's got a lot to do with the publicity."

Despite the apathy about participating on the day, students offered a variety of ways in which Prosh could be improved.

Richard Wilson: "Select a non-political theme, that might get more people involved. And also publicize Prosh itself rather than the *Rage Against Racism* as was done this year."

A female honours history student felt that it should be more serious. Prosh would not improve if it was just pranks.

However, a male science student disagreed: "To get more students to participate, it would have to be like it used to be, with catapults and all that sort of crazy business."

SAC's excesses and the Canberra Connection

by Andrew Gleeson

Ineptitude and irresponsibility in the administration of student affairs has a long and sad history.

Most students, unfortunately, remain indifferent, even though in State or Federal politics Ministers would be sacked for less serious indiscretions than those to be found in the recent history of one of the Students' Association's lesser-known bodies, the Social Action Committee (SAC).

The 1983/84 SAC completed its term of office last week. The SAUA Treasurer's report to the new SAC, presented last Wednesday, makes startling reading.

The old SAC had a budget of \$950. It spent \$1,039.88. A cost to students of \$89.88.

More disturbing is the fact that the old SAC violated the Students' Association Constitution. Section 17.4 of the Constitution reads:

The Executive and each committee shall ensure that not less than 25% of its allocation for the current calendar year remains uncommitted for the function of the incoming Executive and committee at the date of the Annual Election.

This means that the old SAC should have spent only 75% of their \$950 allocation. That would be \$712.50. The actual expenditure of \$1,039.88 means the old SAC exceeded its constitutional entitlement by \$327.38.

Interestingly, that figure is not far in excess of the \$320.33 spent on Prosh by the SAC. This was used to



Rocco Weglarz buy costumes, balloons and showbags.

The Constitution requires all expenditures from the SAC budget to be approved by the SAC. This expenditure was not approved, nor has it been since. The matter has never been brought before the committee.

It appears various people obtained money to spend on Prosh from the Administrative Secretary of the Association, Ms. Mhairi MacPherson, and then got President Ingrid Condon and Treasurer Yvonne Madon to sign the required payment authorization slips.

This is normal procedure — so long as the SAC has passed a motion approving the expenditure. Ms. MacPherson, Ms. Condon and Ms. Madon acted in good faith under the assumption this approval had been given.

It was not until Ms. MacPherson received the minutes of the last meetings of the old S.A.C., and could find no motion referring to expenditure on Prosh, that it was

realized approval had not been given.

When asked to explain, the Chair of the old S.A.C., Mr. Rocco Weglarz, said, in effect, that he had given people involved in Prosh carte blanche to spend S.A.C. money. These people acted on his words. Mr. Weglarz clearly exceeded his authority in doing this.

Ms. Condon said last week that Mr. Weglarz's actions were a clear abuse of his position as Chair of the S.A.C., but there was little now that could be done about it.

One of the perks of the S.A.C. is expenses-paid interstate trips. Mr. Weglarz got one to the A.L.P. National Conference in Canberra in July.

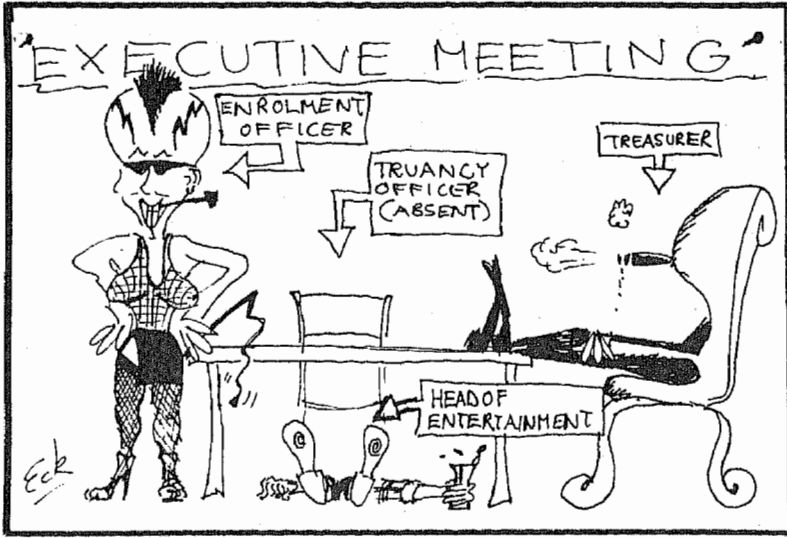
This was approved by the S.A.C. — despite the fact it had already spent \$196 of its \$200 travel allocation in sending Kathleen Brannigan to the *Women and Labor* conference in Queensland.

However there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. The Association hasn't yet reimbursed Mr. Weglarz for the Canberra trip and it may not do so. Although the S.A.C. approved the trip this decision can be overturned by a two-thirds majority of the S.A.U.A. Executive.

The Executive meets this Tuesday. Until then new Treasurer Anthony Snell is refusing to sign the payment authorization slip. He will recommend to the Executive that the S.A.C. decision to fund the Canberra trip be overturned.

Then Mr. Weglarz would have to pay the \$99 his trip cost, instead of students.

Mr. Weglarz refused to comment last week.



The Right takes over ... Amen!

Flushed with success from the recent elections the new right-wing regime in the Students' Association held a grand opening of the new executive during the holidays. *On dit's* fly on the wall filed this report.

First (of course) Hugh brought in his quilt cover, and pinned it up ... a large (if a bit faded) Aussie flag ... giving an atmosphere of tattered dignity to the assortment of battle-weary (but victorious) student politicians who assembled for the first meeting of the recently-elected Students' Association Executive. It gave everyone present an unusual insight into Hugh Martin's personality to realise that he not only sleeps under our glorious flag, but carries it around with him, waiting for opportunities to pin it to walls!

Ingrid Condon, who endures as President until the end of the year, called the meeting to order but was forestalled by a motion "that prayers be read before Executive meetings", and Tony Snell sprang to his feet to recite the Lord's Prayer. (Later he revealed that it'd taken him "all night" to learn it). His fellow Liberals were divided between standing to solemn attention, and giggling.

Liberal M.L.C. Diana Laidlaw had been asked along to give the troops a pep talk. Greeted with effusive enthusiasm, she soon turned their cheery countenances into rather forced smiles, as she explained how closely she had worked with Jackie Wurm (left-wing President in 1983) in setting up the on-campus child care centre (an initiative hotly opposed by Liberal forces on Union Council).

After a stunned and embarrassed hush, she was spirited out of the meeting, while Davids Darzins,

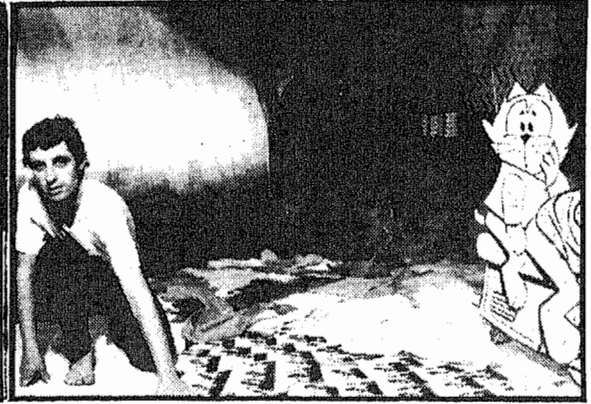
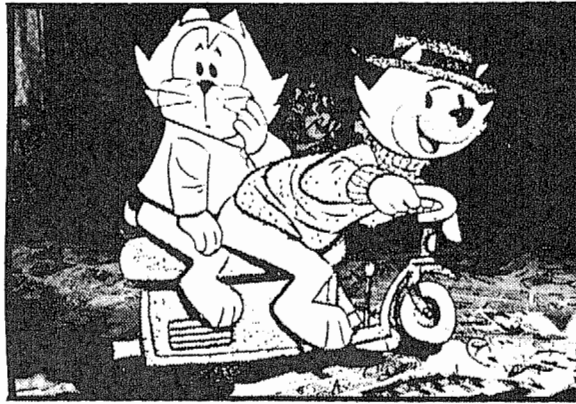
party whip for the Liberal/Right Wing coalition that now runs the Students' Association, tabled a set of motions including ... wait for it ... setting up a sub-committee to rewrite the Constitutions (again)! These motions were duly steamrolled, and the time came for individuals to speak and/or ask questions. The suggestion was made that students were happy with the new constitution ... after all they voted for it! This comment was considered insignificant and irrelevant.

"When do we get our parking permits?" came the plaintive cry. Pudgy faces fell as they learnt that Executive members don't get parking, after all. There seemed to be remarkably few perks to this job, after all...

When the time came to close the meeting, Pippa, Anthony, Hugh, Davids, Chris, Greg, and Andrew withdrew for a quick caucus before the meeting could be closed. Ingrid and Michael Condon were not permitted to participate in this vital decision, for although Ingrid is actually an elected member of the Executive, (holding the minor position of President!) she is not in the right-wing caucus that wields power.

The meeting ended with the sound of Summer Wine corks popping, battering the ceiling of the Student Activities Office ... flying back into the past. The trendies fled from the office before coming under fire from loaded bottles. The evil drink was still flowing over three hours later when the new Executive members' commitment to "working for students" waned and they departed.

If you are interested in the next episode, go see it for yourself! The next meeting of this illustrious body is on Tuesday, September 11th at 3 pm in the North Dining Room (Level 4, Union House). Unless they set another new tradition, the meeting should be open to all students.



Middle Class Major, a group of Adelaide Artists, pictured setting up their 'secret environment' exhibition in the Union Gallery last week.

Student visor design may be used by Aust batsmen

by David Faber

Cricketers who don't want their summer afternoons spoilt by a broken jaw may soon be grateful for the ingenuity of two Adelaide University students.

Engineering students Annette Woods and Mark Jenkinson have been working with S.A. cricketer John Inverarity to design a visor for cricket helmets which supersedes those presently available.

Perspex visors, which are currently the best sellers on the visor market, are relatively expensive and easily damaged. They also have the disadvantages of enclosing the wearer's face uncomfortably and disrupting vision.

Inverarity, a former Test cricketer, approached Jenkinson with the project of designing a better visor after noticing the potential of the heavy mild annealed steel visors sported by some Pakistani cricketers on their last Australian tour.

Jenkinson and Woods selected thin stainless steel rods as a suitably strong lightweight material.

Research revealed that about half of all blows to cricketers' heads are received on the upper and lower jaw by strokemakers flinching at rising



Mark Jenkinson models the ingenious visor.

deliveries. The ear and temple are secondary sites of impact, with few persons being so clumsy as to receive a direct blow to the face.

The rods harden when worked into a curve which, strengthened by spot welded cross members, gives ear to ear protection to the jawline and incidentally shields the bronchus.

The visor's curve deflects the ball, minimising shock to the spine, a feature of the design which is enhanced by the addition of high density impact foam cheek pads to the stainless steel frame.

The visor is highly adjustable. Prominent Adelaide sportstores



have expressed interest in the design.

Woods and Jenkinson are manufacturing the visors for \$20 each whilst considering their marketing options. They are also considering undertaking the improvement of cricket helmet design.

They are also working on improvements to the design of cricket bats to make them lighter and improve "pick up". These bats are now available from Rowe and Jarman's sports-store.

Woods and Jenkinson can be contacted on 264 3259.

The poor, John Lennon, Humpty Dumpty and Communist propaganda

On dit surveys campus toilet graffiti faculty by faculty. This week: LAW.

For the outsider the Law has a certain impenetrable aura of mystique and its practitioners seem as exotic as the members of a forbidden cult. How better, then, to penetrate the mysteries of the Law than by paying a visit to the Law School's toilet cubicles.

For it is here that the budding member of the legal fraternity is able to abandon legalistic equivocation and qualification and speak with his or her true voice.

Gone are the Law's fine distinctions and in their place are the broadest of generalizations. The Law Student, we learn, shares all the prejudices of the other faculties and expresses them just as strenuously marshalling unsworn statements and circumstantial evidence against "wogs", "dagos", "slopes" and "chinks".

Class prejudices also make an appearance, as might be expected in a

faculty dominated by the sons and daughters of the Adelaide establishment, with comments like: "The poor (i.e. non-Burnside) inhabitants) are foul" and "No public school proles in Uni!"

Various high-school feuds are alive and well with accusations like "Saints poof" and the counter-allegations "Princes prick".

The Law School's toilet walls also serve as a training ground for aspiring humourists. Unfortunately we are prevented by the laws of defamation and obscenity, let alone good taste, from reproducing most of their work, although it will undoubtedly turn up in the scripts of the next Law School/Footlights Revue.

There is, naturally, a strong line in legal jokes like "Lord Denning overrules" and "For more toilet paper contact the Master of the Roll" although one graffitiist sombrely warns "Law is not a joke."

In a series of unsubstantiated allegations we are told that a certain High Court judge makes his decisions by "tossing a coin", that "John Lennon was bayonned" and

that "Humpty Dumpty was pushed" (although another writer warns that this last revelation is "Communist propaganda").

One graffitiist with a strong sense of propriety advises that "Gentlemen lift the seat" but his motives are questioned by another who asks "Is this an invitation to upper-class larceny?"

The only evidence of any concern with social issues and the legal system is a demand "Reform the SA Parole Board now!"

One disenchanted student offered the following suggestion for improving the Law School's assessment procedures: "The '79 Crim Procedure Exam was a horse race — petition for the sup to be held at Victoria Park or for TAB facilities at Centennial Hall."

Other gems included "Forensic Mendacity Rules!" and "There is no gravity — the earth sucks" but perhaps the last word should go to the brave soul who ventured to observe "Law students are arrogant fuckheads who have an ego problem."

Governor on the Park

restaurant

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Open: Monday — Saturday for
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Roxby blockade '84 : strange things to ponder in the desert

ROBERT CLARK gives a personal view of the anti-uranium blockade in SA's mid-north.

So what's it like at Roxby?
In the morning, when the sun angles low through the twisted, stooping mallee scrub, the air is undisturbed and the light clear, just as it always has been.

At these times, as you stand on the cold red sand yawning, or stoking last night's embers, you can perhaps forget the secret workings of a dozen kilometres distant of the western world's largest uranium project.

Usually you are jolted back to Roxby and 1984 by the police helicopter paying its morning visit to the blockade. The flying alarm clock, it has been dubbed — a morning rejoinder to the struggle against Roxby Management Services (RMS) and the S.A. Government.

To me, the helicopter and its ceaseless peregrinations became a symbol of the whole event and the anti-nuclear movement.

It marked the techno-whizz bent of those who wanted to dig the stuff up and weren't shy of using their technology upon dissenters, who by contrast had nothing more sophisticated than a solar-powered CB. Whereas RMS had the combined resources of BP, Western Mining, the S.A. Government to provide security and restrictive laws, the protestors had nothing more to rely upon than their presence in numbers and faith in their cause.

Even more symbolically, the helicopter was emblazoned with the silly "S.A. Great" logo. This is surely the ultimate in provincial chauvinism, encapsulating as it does the strength of the gung-ho, "join the strength" argument of the pronukes.

By eight o'clock campers have eaten their muesli, except those who have been arrested overnight. Now the blockaders wait for police vans to pass — arrestees thumping and whistling from inside — on their way to the lock-up. Jail support groups and lawyers jump in their cars and

follow to Andamooka and, if arrests have been heavy, Woomera.

Which raises the next question: Why get arrested?

"Non-violent civil disobedience" has hung off the lips of protestors enough times to make it a cliché in the camp, the media and the outback courts. It is nonetheless the crux of the whole protest and the increasingly steep fines and bond conditions as well as the State Government's "go home" pleas merely underline the effectiveness of the campaign. At the time of writing, after more than three weeks of the blockade, only one incident which could be construed as "violent" has occurred, and that predictably much overplayed by the media and the government.

The blockade has been organised by the Coalition For A Nuclear-Free Australia, which has more than 90 church, trade union, activist and community group affiliates. It aims to "hinder and frustrate" the workings of the project.

Roxby Downs is still in its feasibility stage, which means when Mr. Hawke, Mr. Bannon and mining spokespeople refer to job bonanzas they are only guessing. As a reporter I have twice invited Hugh Morgan, WMC's upfront managing director, to confirm that Roxby would definitely go ahead but he on both occasions declined.

Meanwhile, the ALP has bailed out on the anti-uranium voters who helped put it in office, on the spurious premise that Australian ore, unlike other uranium, can be sold safely. We now have a ship at the bottom of the English Channel, carrying enriched uranium bound for the USSR. Western mining is clearly a part of the Russian nuclear cycle, yet we're told our yellowcake will go only to friendly nations and certainly not to mortal enemies behind the Iron Curtain.

These are strange things to ponder in the desert. The anti-uranium movement has been consistently betrayed, abused, ignored and lied to by successive State and Federal governments — both Liberal and Labor. Protestors now have fallen back on the only means left to demonstrate their belief in the constant dangers of uranium.

So much for polemics. The sedentary, urbanised protestors are committed enough to walk up to 30 km nightly over sand-dunes and gibber country to be arrested.

A fuzzy public perception equates arrests with violence but as protest spokesperson Clair Ralfs explains: "Because of their preparation and training for the blockade, people know what they are doing once they are in an arrestable situation. They

do it consciously and what usually happens is very orderly."

On the evening of Wednesday, August 30, eight women were arrested in the lease area — four were charged with wilful damage and four with trespassing. Five of them had their case settled in Andamooka Court but the other three refused to sign a consent form agreeing to have the case heard before one JP instead of two. They were sent to Adelaide and held in jail a few days before being released. Their case — for allegedly writing graffiti — is still before the courts.

Most people have been arrested during night actions. Almost every evening — much to the surprise of both RMS and the police — demonstrators have marched across the lease area to the so-called "sensitive areas" of the pilot project.

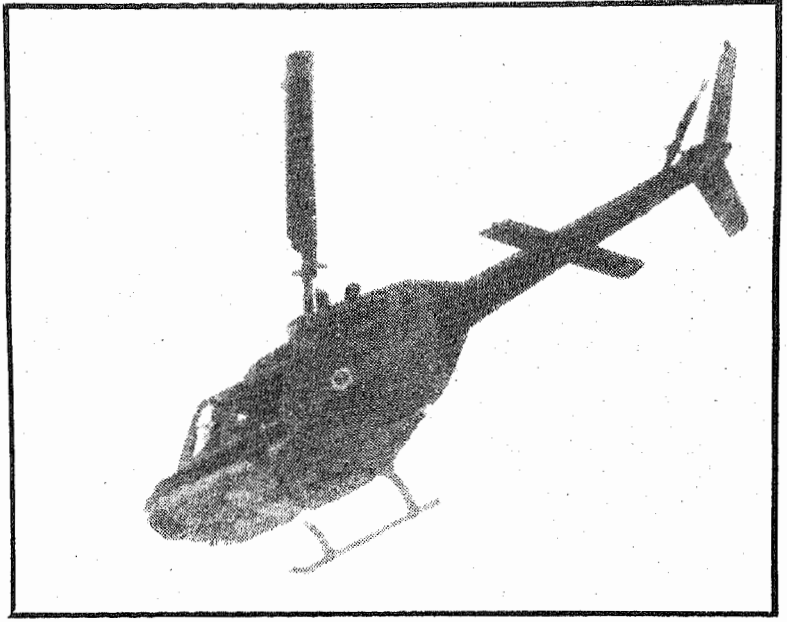
Their actions have usually been symbolic. For example, lime was tipped into the tailings dam to highlight the threat posed by the acids poured in without neutralisation by lime. Or the church service held by the Christian group CRANE, which was interrupted midway through a hymn by the well-known Inspector Willoughby, who said: "You can say your amens now, folks", just before snatching away their Bible.

Many of the more imaginative actions were carried out by the Women's Space. On one night women hailed a miners' bus and stopped it for several minutes while one of them spoke to an intent audience of the dangers of uranium mining and of the sinking of the Mont-Louis. The same happened the next morning, but for the afternoon shift RMS thought it prescient to provide a helicopter and police escort.

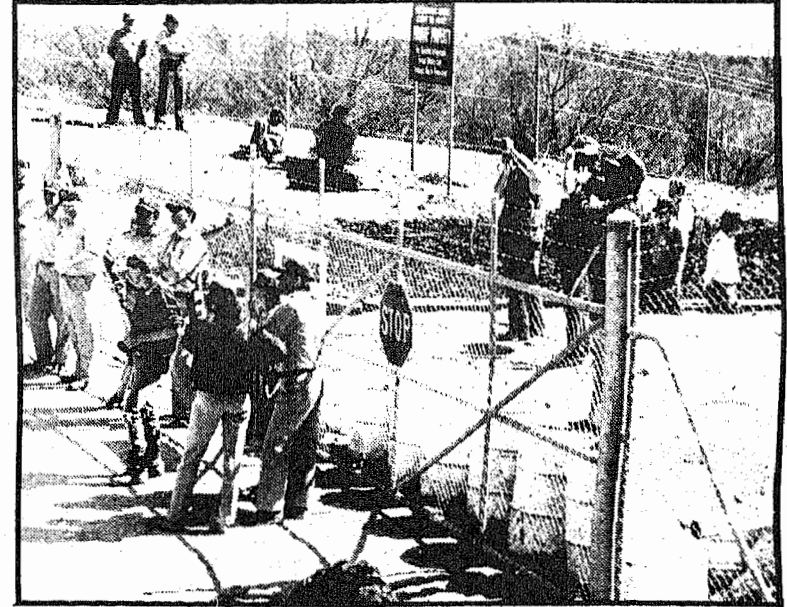
By now, 800 people have passed — or "trespassed", as the sign had it — through Roxby. Instead of the mass confrontations expected and hoped for by both police and media the blockaders have posed a moral and physical challenge to RMS by both their presence and their nightly incursions in small groups.

And despite a ban on workers liaising with protestors (which had been imposed because one worker was taking guitar lessons from the vigil people!) miners and other workers are finding their way to the camp. Often they appear out of curiosity, sometimes out of bravado. Despite claims to the contrary, there has never been a confrontation between blockaders and miners.

Indeed, the message is getting across. One accepted an anti-nuclear badge, which he promised to wear on shift. Another, an engineer, listened carefully to the blockaders' objections to the mine and its environmental effects. "You've got me worried", he said.



The S.A. Great flying alarm clock, courtesy of the S.A. Police



Non-violent civil disobedience and arrests.



How much confrontation is there really?

Nuclear meeting

Dr. Joseph Camilleri, of Latrobe University, will speak on the links between uranium and the nuclear arms race at a General Student Meeting next Friday.

The meeting has been convened by AU CANE to discuss the blockade, now in its fourth week.

It will be held at 1 pm on the Barr-Smith Lawns, or, in case of inclement weather, in the Mayo Refectory.

Why the U-industry needs police pressure

Do a nuclear industry and a police state go hand-in-hand? ROBERT CLARK comments.

For a generally orderly protest in the Australian desert, police presence at Roxby Downs can only be described as overkill.

The cynics might say it was only an excuse to blame the protest for SA being deprived once again of the sight of the greys kicking up their heels at the Show.

But the police who spoke to this writer and other blockaders referred to the large doses of boredom at Roxby, interspersed by a few moments of confusion during protestors' dawn actions.

Whatever. Yet the presence of several hundred police, with dogs horses and THAT helicopter does seem to confirm the anti-nuclear movement's view that police and the nuclear industry go hand in hand.

The case is simply put. If you're going to be digging up that stuff and carting it about, you're going to need a lot of police to make sure it doesn't fall into the "wrong hands". Or just making sure no-one finds out about it.

Roxby Management Services and the SA Government first announced a 10 km "exclusion zone" around the mine. Next, they shoved out the Roxby Vigil people, who had been living

there a year. They were given an hour to shift all their possessions out of their house, which was then bulldozed.

Roxby then forbade its workers from contacts with "the greenies". Not only were they forbidden to visit the blockaders, but blockaders could not deliver their information on the health risks of uranium mining.

RMS picked and chose the journalists it wanted reporting upon the blockade — despite the protests of the Australian Journalists' Association, two members of which were refused accreditation. Those from the alternative media were refused because they could not be trusted to report the events accurately.

Presumably mainstream journo's were born free of bias.

Police began the blockade with a "no-arrests" policy but began charging people once it was clear protestors found the "exclusion zone" no hindrance. Five were arrested for trying to hand pamphlets to workers and were charged under a 600 year-old British "breach of the peace" law. In his remarks to the court the JP said he felt a breach of the peace would occur because of the way miners felt about the protestors.

Police then began using selective arrest tactics in an attempt to confuse blockaders. Some people were arrested for, say, trespassing, yet others at the

same time would get no more than a lift to the gate.

The latest tactic has been to dramatically increase fines. Whereas early fines for trespass were around \$20 to \$40, fines have now escalated to \$200.

At the same time the court imposed bond conditions which required those who had already faced a previous charge to leave the area within 24 to 48 hours.

The protestors' main crime, it seems, is to be there. As for Roxby Management Services and the government (you tell me where to draw the line) they do seem rather keen for the rest of us not to know about it.

Of the Election, the Budget, and the Union

INGRID CONDON
STUDENTS' ASSOC.
PRESIDENT



1st of January. That's why I'm still President.

Executive News

The new Executive has already had one meeting, and are currently in the process of reviewing policy and the constitution and co-ordinating student reps.

Post-Budget Blues

Well, the Federal Budget was yet another slap in the face for post-school education. Despite an increase in tertiary places (some 10,000 places over the next four years), the government has provided no extra funding to cover the costs. the costs.

This can only result in a decline in the quality of education. And who stands to lose the most? Students, of course. In addition to this, they have increased the Overseas Student Visa Charge by 15% — something they promised to abolish altogether. TEAS has been increased 10%, but still remains some \$50.00 below the poverty line; the means test remains, and is as discriminatory as ever. And for students who can't get TEAS for any one of a thousand or so reasons, Unemployment Benefits were increased by a lousy \$2.50.

In addition to these grim figures, students are also faced by a University administration, who are indifferent to student needs. For example, the recent cuts to the Departmental Staffing budget have disastrous implications for students. These cuts affect the staff who are most valuable to students like tutors and demonstrators, and, if enacted, will result in huge tutorial classes,

cuts in students/staff contact time, and could even mean that some courses will be axed altogether. Also, the Women's Studies Research Centre is threatened with closure. These cuts can only be reversed by student pressure on the University to reverse their decision. There's a petition going around at the moment and other activities no doubt will result from this. Don't let your education suffer!

A New National Student Organisation?

Since the demise of AUS, students throughout Australia have been discussing the idea of forming a new national student organisation, which will hopefully involve all post-school campuses in Australia. The structure and format of this new organisation will be decided at a National Conference around the end of the year in which all campuses will be invited to participate. Adelaide University will send eight delegates to this conference and the election for these delegates will be held sometime in third term — the Executive will be setting the dates for this election at their next meeting. Students here obviously didn't feel that AUS represented them — this is your opportunity to have your say about what a new national student organisation should be like.

Next week, there are several things happening. Highlight of the week will be a forum on Roxby Downs, the Blockade, and the issues involved. That will be on Friday at 1 pm either on the Lawns or in the Refectory. Hope to see you there, but if not, you'll see me here next week!

The material on this page has been inserted under a directive from the Executive Committee of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Students' Association Executive is constitutionally empowered to direct the *On dit* editors to include up to one page of material in any given edition of *On dit*.

Resolutions of the S.A.U.A. Executive Meeting 27 August 1984

1. "That prayers be read."
Darzens/Snell
2. "That the Hon. Miss Diana Laidlaw M.L.C. be given speaking rights."
Darzens/Brown
- 2a. "That the Executive thanks Liberal M.L.C., The Hon. Diana Laidlaw B.A., for her welcome and short address."
Snell/Darzens
3. "The Executive notes that contact with students representatives on all University Committees and Sub-Committees is necessary for the S.A.U.A. to have an effective say within the University structure. Accordingly the President is asked to present an up-to-date list of the student membership of all University Committees and Sub-Committees. This list should mention where positions remain unfilled. Copies shall be distributed to each Executive member with the Agenda for the next scheduled Executive Meeting."
Darzens/Snell
4. "Noting that s. 7.2.6 of the S.A.U.A. Constitution provides: 'In addition to the requirements of 7.2.5 to have the power to direct the editors of *On dit* and/or *Bread and Circuses* to include official notices, reports and any other official documents in any given edition, as decided by the Executive, of those publications, provided such notices and other such material take up no more than one page of *On dit* or one half page of *Bread and Circuses*.' The Executive recognizes the need for more effective communication between office bearers and students. Accordingly, the President, President Elect and the Education Vice President shall have the right to submit to *On dit* a column of not more than one quarter (1/4) of an *On dit* page in length which shall be published. The remaining part of the Students' Association page shall be used for S.A.U.A. notices, Executive motions, other reports and other information as the Executive from time to time determines."
Darzens/Brown
5. "That Ingrid Condon be directed to compile a volume of all S.A.U.A. policy. A copy of this volume be given to each Executive member at the next scheduled Executive meeting. A further ten (10) copies of this volume be made available for student perusal after the Executive Meeting. Each policy item in the volume shall include the date on which each policy was passed and whether it was passed by referendum, G.S.M. or the Executive."
Darzens/Snell
6. "The Executive establishes a Sub-Committee to investigate the question of Students' Association of the University of Adelaide Constitutional Review to be called the *Constitutional Review Sub-Committee* (C.R.S.). The C.R.S. shall: (i) be comprised of three (3) members elected from and by the voting members of the Executive of the S.A.U.A.; (ii) have a Chair; (iii) meet regularly as convened by the Chair; (iv) adopt such meeting procedure as the C.R.S. deems necessary; (v) conduct enquiries into the constitution and structure of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide with a view to making the Students' Association representative, democratic and effective; (vi) consider the desirability of incorporating the S.A.U.A., pursuant to the National Companies Code or other appropriate legislation. (vii) prepare statements informing the students of the C.R.S.'s formation, aims and progress inviting submissions. Such statements may be published in *On dit*, *Bread and Circuses* or in any other manner as decided by the C.R.S. (viii) hold such public forums as the C.R.S. deems necessary, giving reasonable notice. (ix) be empowered to seek such legal advice as the C.R.S. deems necessary. (x) bear in mind all submissions and evidence presented to the C.R.S. (both oral and written) and prepare a Report, and a draft constitution if the C.R.S. deems so necessary. (xi) present the C.R.S. Report as per item (x), with a copy of all legal opinions sought in the course of the C.R.S.'s deliberations, to the Executive by February 1st 1985. The Executive shall publish the Report of the C.R.S. Nominations are called for the three (3) positions on the C.R.S. Nominations close on commencement of the next Executive Meeting."
Darzens/Snell
7. "That all Executive Members shall have access to all Students' Association files, including all those stored in the President's office."
Darzens/Snell
8. "Noting that Union Council has agreed to pay for an audit of the accounts of all affiliated groups, the Executive directs the Treasurer to arrange for an audit of all the Students' Association accounts. The Executive appoints the firm Touche Ross and Co. to conduct the audit."
Snell/Darzens
9. "The Executive directs the President to inform the President-Elect of any request she receives for a G.S.M., referendum, election, special Executive Meeting or any other request for her to act in any way on behalf of the Students' Association, within one day of receiving such request."
Snell/Darzens
10. "The Executive directs the President to table a list at each Executive Meeting of all the incoming and outgoing correspondence of the S.A.U.A. since the last Executive Meeting. All correspondence shall be available to each Executive member at any time."
Snell/Darzens
11. "An Executive Meeting shall be held on every second Tuesday, at 2.00 pm, commencing Tuesday 11th September 1984."
Muckay/Snell

Exams, holidays, a "change of government" in the Students' Association but I'm still here, till the end of the year anyway! And the dreaded third term. Well, cheer up, the weather's getting warmer and the end of the year is at least in sight.

In case you didn't notice (and you would have been in hibernation not to) late last term we had the Annual Elections for the S.A.U.A. and Union. The results for the S.A.U.A. were: President — Greg Mackay; Education Vice-President — Pippa McKee; Treasurer — Anthony Snell; *On dit* editor — David Walker; Student Radio co-directors — Belinda Hercus and Meredith Hosking; AUS Secretary — No Candidate; Women's Officer — Lucy Schultz; Executive — Kathleen Brannigan, Andrew Brown, Davids Darzens, Hugh Martin, Vince Stefano; Education Action Committee — No Candidate; Social Action Committee — Morry Bailes, Robert Chrzaszcz, Chris Flaherty; Media Affairs Committee — Ken McNamara.

In case you were wondering all unpaid positions take office immediately after the elections. The paid officers of the Association (President, *On dit* editor, Student Radio co-directors) take office on the

Federal Budget deceptive

PIPPA MCKEE
EDUCATION
VICE-PRESIDENT



approval of courses qualifying for TEAS — for example now combined college/uni courses will be automatically approved. The Education budget this year of \$4543.5 million is an increase of 11.2% or nearly 4.5% in real terms — the largest increase there has been over the past few years.

As I said before things seem to be getting better for education. However, as a closer look shows, the improvement isn't as great as it appears.

Although TEAS has been increased, the gap between the dole and TEAS has been widened. As closing this gap was an election promise of the Hawke Government, the fact that the choice between going to Uni and going on the dole is further tipped in favour of the dole is particularly disappointing.

Another fact which undermines the value of the TEAS increase is that it isn't indexed to the Consumer Price Index which means by the middle of '85 students will probably be no better off than they are at the

present. The increase in the Education budget, while substantial, is well below the minimum which the Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission laid down in its funding guidelines — we got 20% as opposed to the recommended 58% capital expenditure, and 2.3% instead of the 3.8% in recurrent funding also recommended.

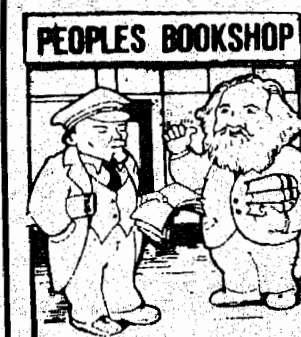
Childcare has been virtually ignored with little or no funds to develop adequate campus-based childcare. On top of that, overseas students have had a 15% increase whacked onto their "visa charge". This is not what we were led to expect.

As Education Vice President, I will be writing to Senator Ryan (Federal Minister for Education) expressing the concern felt by students at Adelaide Uni on these issues. I would like to hear your views on these and any other topics you think should be raised on and off campus and can be contacted at the SAUA office.

The Budget for '84/'85 has been handed down with the usual fanfare; however, in spite of all the publicity, I doubt whether students know how the Budget will be affecting them — and I don't mean the wine tax.

On the surface, it appears that tertiary students have had a little more attention paid to them this Budget. TEAS has been increased by 10%, and means testing has also been eased by 10%. The government has said that a further 9,500 students will be assisted under TEAS, so it appears that financial help for students has improved.

There are also going to be changes in TEAS which involve the simplification of procedures re: the



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News 'briefs and pantyhose'

GREG MACKAY
SAUA
PRESIDENT ELECT



And a very good morning to you all. A crisp, clean term ahead, with election forecasts certain to be realised.

The new executive has emerged enthusiastically after the little deserved four week exam/essay repose.

This vigour has thrust the Students' Association headlong toward achieving the platform upon

which our mandate was based.

It took the staff and several helpers quite a few hours to exhume the full expanse of the Student Activities Office floor from the wanton waste accumulated over many years.

The next step is to give the office some life and identity, discarding the cesspool image that has prevailed in the past.

During the term we will be sending out a questionnaire to determine exactly what function you expect the SAUA to perform and then make sure that these suggestions and concepts are implemented.

Yes, well, ... and that was the news in briefs, pantyhose and a lead-lined girdle.

Gerry and the Pacemakers



STATESIDER

Alex Dickinson

Summer is usually regarded as a meagre time for the media, however the last few weeks of the northern summer have been far from quiet.

The lead-in was the Democrat's national convention, in which Geraldine Ferraro was nominated as the first woman to run for the vice-presidency. Initially there was a lot of enthusiasm, however now that people have grown used to the idea it would seem that the fact that she is a woman is becoming less significant to the public.

In an unfortunate turn of events over the last three weeks, questions were raised over Ferraro's financial dealings with her husband's real estate business. She handled the press quite well and the issue seemed to blow over after she came out with a set of past tax returns.

Even so it has raised real questions as to her integrity. She is also clearly facing an uphill battle against the more conservative sections of the electorate, including a lot of women who apparently don't believe she's "big enough" for the job.



Geraldine Ferraro

The Republicans made no reference to her problems, undoubtedly well aware that their own camp was not too clean either. People are easily reminded of Ed ("I'll give you a job") Meese, James ("I'm no racist") Wait and Anne ("bury it and it'll go away") Burford.

The Second media fair of the season was of course the Olympics.

The American Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) TV coverage here was extensively American.

It seemed that the only events that were covered were those in which U.S. athletes were deemed to have a good chance at the gold. In fact the nationalistic bent was so strong that if a foreigner won, the commentators seemed quite put out.

Long minutes were spent watching athletes sing along with the anthem as the flags rose in the background above the podium. Even more time was spent on examining the backgrounds of the various U.S. athletes, chatting to parents and recounting childhood tales. Fascinating.

The absence of the Soviets was rarely mentioned, the only common reference being to the effect that the American who just won an event "...would have beat the Russians anyway, so there is no disputing the title of World Champion..."

The coverage was so bad in fact

that the International Olympic Committee lodged a formal complaint with the ABC over its bias, claiming (quite reasonably) that it was violating the spirit of the Olympics. One assumes that the ABC felt that if governments could use the games for posturing, so could they.

Australia, interestingly, was the world's second biggest consumer of video-hours from the games after the U.S.A. One wonders if it's coincidental that at the same time that the U.S.A. is undergoing an upsurge in nationalistic pride (the armed forces are "in" again), Australia too is subject to a similar phenomenon.

Just when it was becoming safe to turn on the television again, the Republican convention coverage began, using up two hours of prime time on each of the three major networks for three consecutive nights.

The Republicans are very confident, and this came across during the convention. Purely media events, these shows are used to present an image to the electorate of what each party will stand for in the up-coming election.

The Republicans have an interesting set of reasons for any true American to vote for President Reagan. Among them:

- The economy has improved vastly during the Reagan years. Inflation is well down, taxes are down and people are earning more. This is certainly the case, however what was omitted is that the poor are poorer, social security is well down and the deficit is mind boggling.
 - Under President Reagan, America can now stand tall again amongst the world's nations. Remember Jimmy Carter's Iran? Compare it to the President's successes in Grenada. Europeans now "enjoy" the protection of American missiles, the Russians now respect America again, and the armed forces are getting stronger every day.
 - President Reagan is a family man. He is anti-abortion to the point of wanting Supreme Court Justices to pledge their own belief in the same. He is also the clear favourite of the churches, with Jerry Falwell exhorting his flock to vote for the man who "is God's instrument for making America strong again".
 - Last but not least, Walter Mondale is not the sort of man an American would want running the country. He is weak and indecisive, favours social welfare and taxes and has suggested talking to the Russians without achieving a "position of strength" first. He has even mentioned unilateral disarmament, an obvious pandering to special interest groups.
- An image from that convention is still clear in my mind, symbolic of many things in this year of politics. It is that of Nancy Reagan standing on the podium of the Republican convention, her back to the audience, waving at the huge television image of her husband above and behind her. He, of course, was smiling and waving back. The man is a consummate communicator, larger than life.
- Even in this summer of news, it's nice to see that the summer's reputation as the "silly season" lives on.
- Last week the *New York Times* reported the sighting of UFO's by many solid citizens upstate. When asked on what they were going to do about it the Federal Aviation Agency commented in a fit of wit: "Why would we care about a UFO?"
- "If the pilot is up there with a clearance and the right altitude, we don't care what planet he comes from."
- If only the rest of the country would take itself as seriously.



The winning entry for the Australia's Cup Challenge.

... and the Yanks have taken the Cup!

by Lis Heller

If you're wondering who's going to win Australia's first Cup Challenge, forget it, the Americans have already won.

The Australia's Cup Challenge was held in Alice Springs at the annual Henley-on-Todd last month.

The Henley-on-Todd, for those of you who don't know, is one of the events held during the peak of Alice Spring's tourist season.

It's the local version of the English boat races, but because the Todd River is dry, the bottoms of the boats are cut away so they can be hoisted up to the contestants' waists while they run along the river bed.

The American Challenge for the Cup has been held every year since 1977, the year Australia's *Gretel* was disqualified after taking line honors in the America's Cup.

Until this year, the American attempts to win the Australia's Cup were in vain.

Although they succeeded in taking line honors several times, the Australians borrowed the American idea of changing the rules every year in order to keep the cup themselves.

This year the Australian crew had looked set to win the cup again.

They were sailors from the Australian navy, based in Darwin, who used the trip down to Alice Springs as a fitness exercise, taking it in turns to run and bicycle down the Stuart Highway.

The Americans weren't even sailors — they were airmen from Pine Gap.

There was a big build-up to the race.

The influx of tourists seemed to double the town's population.

Alice Springs turned on a carnival atmosphere, with music, sunshine and holidaymakers crowding the mall.

Daily shark reports were issued,

and there was a parade in the mall with floats, flour and water bombs, clowns and boats.

When the Australian crew arrived in Alice Springs, the Mayor, Mrs. Leslie Oldfield, held a ceremony to christen their boat, *Defender I*.

But instead of champagne, she used a Darwin "stubby".

When the bottle refused to break, the captain of *Defender*, Tom Braham had to use a brick to smash it.

The Challenge was the last race of the day.

As the two boats came into the river for a lap around the course, the Australians were cheered, and the Americans were greeted with friendly boos and hisses.

The race was over in less than two minutes with the Americans finishing half a length ahead, and for the first time, the independent jury decided not to change the rules, and to allow the Americans their win.

Unions raise standards

by Robert Coal

Then raise the scarlet banner high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards fainch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here!

The Red Flag.

British Socialist anthem.

SA's labor movement is short of banners, scarlet or otherwise.

Trade union banners were common in the last century and early this century. They adorned union offices in the old Grote Street Trades Hall, were borne on Labor Day marches and displayed at meetings.

Then they went out of fashion.

After an antique eight-hour banner was discovered recently in the basement of the Trades Hall, a group of artists and embroiderers came together under the aegis of the United Trades and Labor Council to give SA a new generation of union standards.

Last week the first went on display in Trades Hall.

It's for the Textile Workers' Union and is deepest blue, its escutcheon has three divisions representing the materials handled by union members: a cotton plant, a merino ram and polyester chips.

Elaine Gardner, of Wilcox Road, Elizabeth, who made the banner,



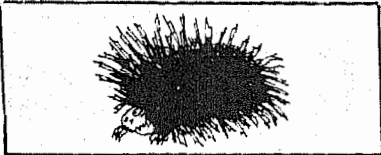
said she had visited the Actil and Onkaparinga factories to hear the ideas of textile workers.

She said she had to be careful when she chose her materials because the union had insisted on them all being Australian-made.

According to the co-ordinator of the banners project, Ms. Jenni Hill,

the Administrative and Clerical Officers' Association could be next with a banner featuring computer technology.

It's far removed from the old banners and badges whose symbols include hands being shaken (signifying solidarity) and compasses on squares (signifying trade tools and freemasonry).



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)

Student politics: unfettered by reality

Dear Editors,
It's good to see that student politics isn't fettered by the same restrictions as the real world.
When a Government minister has

Penguin meets caped crusaders

Dear Editors,
Recently this appalling example of anti-penguin propaganda came to my attention.
I am aware that the mere mention of "penguin" causes strong pro-and

University faces crisis

Dear Editors,
We, the students, call on the SAC and Education Vice President to act. Adelaide University is faced with a crisis.

trouble filling out our customs declaration forms, his resignation is demanded by the Opposition. But Adelaide University not only allows a person who has put the Students' Association in danger of incurring the student union with a many-thousand dollar fine to stand for President but votes overwhelmingly to have him elected!

Yours in disbelief,
Jaded Voter

P.S. I wonder if the SAUA could recommend an insurance company prepared to guard students against having their union fees squandered on court costs incurred by incompetent officeholders?

P.P.S. Hope this letter isn't libelous, Greg, but I'm sure you'll understand!

anti-penguin feelings on this campus.

The presence of stuffed penguins in the Geology Building fills me with horror.

I was disgusted and appalled to see "Stop the Arctic Invasion" airbrushed around town. This has prompted me to join C.A.P.E. — Campaign Against Penguin Exploitation.

Look out for CAPE'd Crusaders on this campus.

Ms. Adelic Penguin,
Adelaide Zoo

The University is faced with a contradiction: it is expected to produce more graduates but do it cheaply, that is with less staff and facilities. The end of this will produce more graduates, yet it can no longer convincingly ensure that these graduates of the future will have received the best education possible. This will be no fault of the staff or the faculties.

This affects all of us as students.

The degrees we graduate with are of great value in Business, Government and the Community. The value of those degrees rests solely on the reputation of the University.

If this crisis is ignored, it will destroy the reputation of the University and hence the professional reputation of graduates.

If this financial crisis is not solved you the student could expect:

1. Larger tutorial groups (12 to 25

people);

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QANTAS
The Spirit of Australia

Funding for language courses inadequate

Dear Editors,
As your readers will be aware the issue of Modern Greek at a tertiary level is one that has concerned the Greek community and Greek tertiary students throughout Australia. This has seen various individuals and organizations involve themselves in efforts to get Modern Greek. These efforts have met with varying degrees of success.

In South Australia a group of academics have put in five year's work into trying to get Modern Greek at one of the two South Australian universities. These efforts are finally beginning to bear results.

In July the Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission recommended that funding be given for the setting up of a Chair of Modern Greek at Flinders University. This decision was warmly applauded by everybody concerned. However acceptance quickly turned into disappointment when the funding formula was made known.

Unfortunately the Commonwealth government has limited its

funding and expects the amount over and above its financial commitment to be met by the State government and the local Greek community.

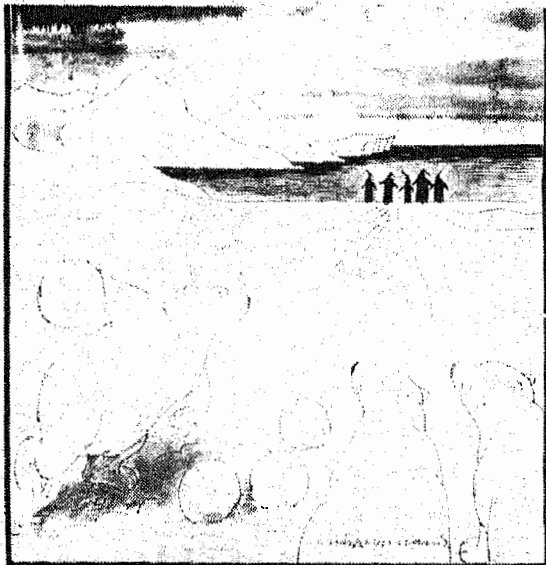
This funding arrangement should concern all Greeks, particularly students. The Commonwealth government has the sole responsibility for funding tertiary education. This means that it fully funds the wide range of language courses currently available at a tertiary level.

As far as I know, the funding arrangement for Modern Greek in South Australia is the first time such an arrangement has been suggested. If implemented it will be setting a dangerous precedent for the funding of new community language courses. It could see particular communities being expected to contribute to the funding of new language courses. This will prove difficult considering the high and ever-increasing costs of tertiary education. It could also endanger any future efforts to expanding the availability of Modern Greek at a tertiary level nationally.

So the funding of Modern Greek in South Australia could have important implications for the future funding of community languages. At a more general level, it also raises questions about the Commonwealth government's priorities in terms of tertiary education funding and of its commitment to multiculturalism.

These are matters that the Greek Community as a whole should be addressing and getting answers to.

Ross Karavis



PENGUIN

The new intellectual thuggery

Monday 10 September 1984
Volume 52 Number 15

Is a new brand of intolerance and intellectual ugliness descending upon Australia's university campuses?

This was the question posed by columnist Michael Barnard in Melbourne's *Age* newspaper recently. Mr. Barnard's fear is that informed political debate on university campuses is rapidly giving way to "intellectual thuggery". He cites the case of *Rabelais*, the La Trobe University student newspaper, which is more than living up to its name in the extravagance and coarseness of the invective that fills its pages.

Rabelais, under the editorial control of members of the extreme left-wing, has become the mouthpiece for a relentless campaign of hate and derision. Its apocalyptic and revolutionary vitriol is directed, of course, against all the values and institutions of Western democratic societies.

As a result *Rabelais* has become offensive and irrelevant to the vast majority of La Trobe University's students and staff. Indeed most of the articles printed in *Rabelais* use such opaque and

arcane language that they are probably also quite unintelligible to the vast majority.

Co-editor, Mr. Mark Johnstone, for instance, plunders the fashionable vocabulary of Althusserian neo-Marxism and post-structuralism and opines: "ideologies are not representations of ideas or manifestations of false consciousness, but are rather identifiable material practices which operate within a field of signification and meaning to produce subjects."

Rabelais' idea of a front-page "scoop" is to expose Bob Hawke's consensus as a "hegemonic project". The Prime Minister, *Rabelais* informs us breathlessly, is constructing "an alliance or configuration of ostensibly opposed social and political forces around the attainment of a strategic pivotal principle which necessitates compromise and a series of material concessions from the leading political forces to those which they endeavour to attract."

Rabelais is also a forum for all sorts of passionate debates between various opposing splinter groups of the extreme Left: Trotskyites feud with Stalinists, the International Socialists sink the hatchet into the Spartacists. Students at La Trobe University must find it rivetting stuff.

Rabelais' ideas and its inability to express those ideas in plain English are familiar enough; they are the common currency of the student Left in

Australia. But what is not so familiar is the rabid intolerance which *Rabelais* displays at a more personal level and which led Michael Barnard to warn of a new intellectual thuggery.

The Prime Minister is denounced as a racist whose "crocodile tears" are only "racism in disguise" while the Liberal leader, Mr. Andrew Peacock, is "Australia's chief racist advocate".

Professor Geoffrey Blainey is caricatured in Ku Klux Klan garb and a photograph of a La Trobe University lecturer in Sociology, Dr. John Carroll, is defaced with Nazi swastikas. Dr. Carroll fell foul of *Rabelais* after he criticised the Federal Government's policy on Aboriginal land rights.

Those who accuse the newspapers published by Mr. Rupert Murdoch of editorial bias would do well to turn their attention to *Rabelais* — Mr. Murdoch and his staff are rank amateurs in the field of irresponsible journalism in comparison to *Rabelais'* editors Ms. Suzie Brown and Mr. Mark Johnstone.

And students at this university would do well to bear *Rabelais* in mind when the editorship of *On dit* comes up for grabs at next year's Students' Association elections. As the editor of *Bread and Circuses* pointed out last week, the temptation for student politicians to be their own Propaganda Ministry must be overwhelming.

Mark Davis

In a deeply deceitful world

OPEN SPACE

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

This week ALAN BARRON argues that the work of the Festival of Light is vital to maintain democracy and civil order.

The Festival of Light was formed in the heady days of the Mary Whitehouse visit to Australia in 1973.

Mrs. Whitehouse came at a time when many people felt that the rapid social changes had not only lowered community moral standards but sapped the vitality of the Australian people. Many still feel so.

Festival of Light was founded as a pro-family, pro-life, pro-moral, Christian-based organization because many people believed it was time for a Christian voice to be raised to counter the many voices constantly demanding change at any cost — change that demanded sexual "liberation", free drugs and hedonistic fulfilment. However these things have not produced the happiness sought: what has gone wrong?

Our world is deeply deceitful. The secularistic/feministic elements of Australian society do not play by the rules they espouse; the rules of open-mindedness, freedom for all, and equality under the law.

Deceit and evil always go hand in hand and our own age finds them wedged once more. For example, think of the abuse of language today. "Choice" has come to mean death for thousands of babies (no choice for them), "Government assistance" means control of the population. "Equal opportunity" often means affirmative action, "liberal" an indefinite tolerance of everyone and anything, except those who take a strong stand on the basis of moral principles. "Pluralism" no longer means that men may differ in their

views of truth, but that truth does not exist, outside the limited sphere of scientific knowledge.

The Festival of Light is unashamedly a Christian organization.

While Christians, like all people, have erred at times in their social attitudes, nevertheless, throughout history, when true humanitarian stirrings have occurred, behind those stirrings there is a remarkable predominance of those who hold Christian beliefs or a conception of morality derived from such beliefs. It is no accident that so many hospitals, orphanages, and other charitable endeavours worldwide were started by people who were deliberately acting on their Christian principles.

Every Man A Theologian

Every human being has a religion: he holds certain values, and these values imply a rationale; in this it makes no difference whether someone has accepted the values of an organised religion or has chosen his own. Everyone believes in something, even if that "something" is his repudiation of all organized religions. Although man is capable of dispassionate inquiry, there is, finally, no such thing as a non-religious view of truth: to value one thing as opposed to another is to make a declaration of faith. All life is religious, and all life is secular. There is no real division between the two.

What is secularism?

Professor Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School defines secularism as a philosophy which "holds that God is non-existent or

irrelevant to human affairs, and that man must choose or invent his own ethics; secular humanism makes man the measure of all things". This philosophy always seeks to exclude God from the discussion of moral issues, and to do so, as Cox argues, puts it as loggerheads with Christian based morals and ethics.

In his book *The Secular City*, Cox writes that secularism is dangerous because it seeks to impose its ideology through the organs of the State.

The myth of neutrality

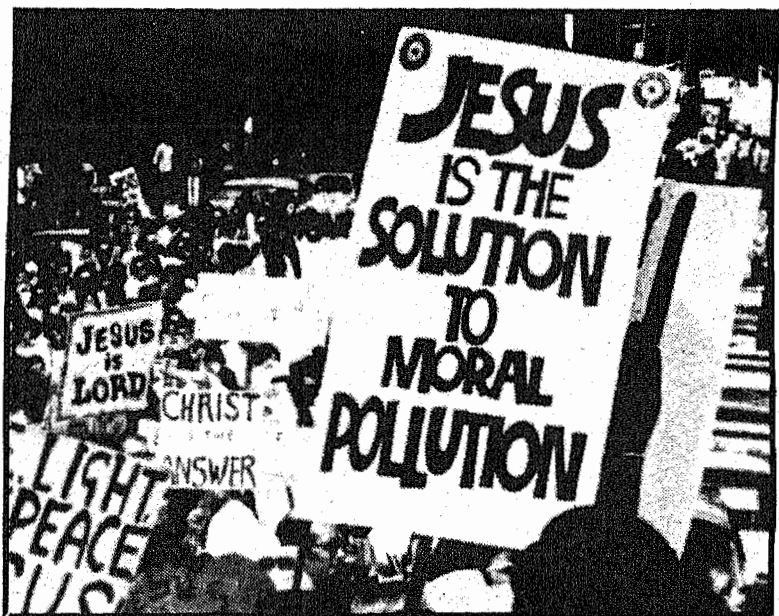
Everyone has some moral base, even if his "morality" is expressed in immorality or his faith is faith in not having any faith at all. The proposition that those who do not hold traditional religious or moral positions are somehow operating from a more "neutral" and open-minded stance is illogical and preposterous, especially when seen in the light of the religious fervour with which they propagate their secularist position.

The person of Christian conviction is no more biased than anyone else. He has the right to worship as he chooses and he has the right, as does every other citizen, to engage in political and other human activities like everyone else, on the basis and because of his principles and moral convictions. He has the right to speak out, vote, and agitate for change as a Christian, just as the secularist has that right.

All law is, in fact, some form of legislated morality. The question is whose morality will dominate.

It is therefore a lie and a deception to pretend that moral or religious views cannot be allowed to effect change. In fact, those who would silence the Christian political voice are attempting to impose their narrow version of morality on society, at the same time criticising any Christian voice as "trying to impose Christian values".

Those who hold the material-energy, chance concept of reality, whether they are secularist or Marxist, not only do not know the truth of the final reality, God, they do not know who Man is. Their concept of Man is what "Man is not", just as their concept of the final reality is what "final reality is not". Since their concept of Man is



mistaken, their concept of society and of law is mistaken, and they have no sufficient base for either society or law. Man is not perfectible, education and science will not cure the sinfulness — the selfishness — of the human heart.

Modern thinking has reduced Man to even less than his natural liniteness by seeing him only as a complex arrangement of molecules, made complex by blind chance. Instead of seeing him as something great who is significant even in his sinning, they see Man in his essence only as an intrinsically competitive animal, that has no other basic operating principle than natural selection leading to dominance by the strongest, the fittest. And they see man as acting in this way both individually and collectively as society.

The secularists' push for "freedom" will lead, if pursued, to chaos or to slavery under the state (or under an elite, as in Orwell's *Animal Farm*). Secularism/humanism, with its lack of any final base for values or law, always lead to chaos. It then naturally leads to some form of authoritarianism to control the chaos. Having produced the sickness, secularism gives more of the same kind of medicine for a cure.

We live in exciting but dangerous times. Despite the great advances

made in science and technology, violent crimes, rape, venereal disease, abortion, divorce and family disintegration are rapidly increasing due to confusion over moral values and sex roles.

Should society guarantee its citizens a fair degree of safety from destructive forces? If it cannot, it does not deserve the name of civilization.

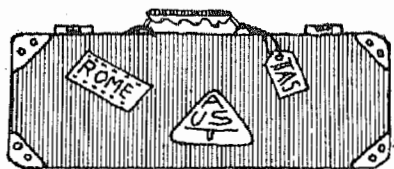
A culture is only as strong as its people, and its people as strong as the moral convictions they hold. Basic to the well-being of any society is the integrity and stability of family life.

Festival of Light's charter is based on Christian absolutes, the freedom of belief, the sanctity of life, the permanence of marriage, the primacy of parenthood and the limited role of governments. These are the basic building blocks of civilized society; destroy them and our culture will inevitably decline. Our culture is declining, therefore shouldn't we resist at all costs passages of Laws that lower the vitality of Family Life and the dignity of man?

We at the Festival of Light are working to uphold the quality and sanctity of human life of all Australians.

Alan Barron is the Executive Officer of the Festival of Light (SA).

Once a war zone, now a paradise



TRAVEL

China as tropical paradise? That's how this week's traveller Chris Dingle saw it when he visited sunny Hainan Island. ROBERT CLARK reports.

Beijing, China's capital, is pretty drab in winter. The trees on the wide avenues shake bare fingers in the icy Central Asian winds, while muffled and scarfed cyclists pass slowly underneath.

Until spring arrives overnight — as it usually does — thoughts turn southward to warm Hainandao, the sub-tropical island off the southern coast. Almost everybody at some time in winter thinks of this distant, hilly isle which once housed Australian prisoners of war.

Chris Dingle studied at the Beijing Foreign Languages Institute for 12

months as part of an exchange programme organised by the British and Chinese governments. He made the Hainan trip — almost the entire length of China — during the New Year holiday period in February and March.

Tourist visas for China can be arranged in Hong Kong in only a few days, allowing travellers access to 29 listed cities. Permission must be sought for other places. Some cities, like legendary Lhasa, are made impossibly remote, but Haikou, Hainan's capital, is easily accessible.

Entry is by a two-hour ferry ride from Haian on the mainland. Haikou is not in fact the target for Hainan visitors. It is wet and, during winter, cold, and misty. Chris describes it as "a terrible" place, with nothing there to do.

The favoured destination is Sanya, a six-hour bus ride away on the southern coast, but getting there is not easy.

The problem, as often in China, is bureaucracy. Chris tells it like this: "We asked at CTS (China Travel Service) for tickets, but we had no permit. The local bus service said they could take us but were vague about the price. They eventually admitted it would be about 150 yuan (\$80). We knew the local bus was only 10 yuan. But, they said, the petrol was

expensive. It was air-conditioned. A guide would have to be paid. We told them we didn't need a guide. Then they decided we would need a permit. The police wouldn't give us one. In the end we sent our Japanese friend to buy the tickets. All the way down to Sanya and all the way back, no-one checked our papers."

Sanya is one of the most "laid back" places in China. Living conditions are still quite primitive (although foreigners naturally get better treatment) and minority groups such as the Li and Liao live in their villages nearby.

The trip through the central mountains to Sanya was memorable, according to Chris, for the abundant tropical vegetation — palms and pineapple groves — and the residue of the Pacific War. A lot of military equipment, such as anti-aircraft guns, is still lying in Hainan fields.

Chris describes Sanya as rundown but in an appealing way. Pigs run around some streets while others may be blocked by rubbish. Most of the sun-starved visitors are naturally more interested in the fine sandy swimming beaches and the weather.

Chris and his friends stayed at a hotel reached only by a four-kilometre side care ride shared by three passengers. For sun-freaks, it's conveniently next to the surf.

Unusually for China, the Hainan people are not shy of foreigners. Some put it down to close contact with Hong Kong, which is not far north, with which quite a bit of trade is conducted — not all of it legal.

And if you can't get away from Haikou you can always stroll past the dog meat shops or watch the liumang (hooligans) at play. The liumang are recognisable by their foreign sunglasses — trade label still stuck in place — wispy moustaches and the inevitable cigarette between their lips.



Children quickly accustomed to posing for tourists.



A peasant in the fields of Sanya

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-CARELESS ROBERT-

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AFTER HIS LATEST ADVENTURE, BATTLING THE MASTER LOUDEST AND HIS DIRTYISH HORDES, D.P. ENJOYS THE ADULATION OF THE MASS MEDIA.

A TOUCH OF ELEGANCE WITH CHUCK YEAGER

YOU'VE BEEN A CONSTANT AMAZEMENT FOR SOMETIME NOW MR. DANGER PIG. I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL US HOW YOU CAME TO EARTH? **CALL ME D.P. MAIS OUI. MA IS CERTAINMENT.**

"LONG AGO... IN A FAR AWAY GALAXY... THE PLANET JOACHIM SHAPIRO

-POPULATED BY PIGS, WHO SPOKE A STRANGE AND OUTLANDISH PIGGY DIALECT... **GH. BONTOUK MONAMI. YORLAIT!**

BUT! THE PLANET WAS THREATENED BY NEARBY COSMIC PHENOMENA...

ONLY 1 PIG SCIENTIST COULD SEE THE IMMINENT DANGER. **C'EST UNE CATASTROPHE!**

BUT HE WAS RIDICULED. **MEAPE. AM, FERMEZ LE BOUCHE. POUF. CRETIN.**

STILL, 'E SAVED ME, GORDON, 'IS SON. **BON VOYAGE MON CHER.**

HE GAVE ME A SECRET AMULET WITH MAGICAL POWERS. **MERCI PAPA.**

AND... AS THE PLANET EXPLODED... **WHUMP! WHUMP! MON DIEU.**

I WAS PROPELLED IN MY CRYSTAL CRAFT, "PORCEAU MOCHEN" THRU SPACE IN MY LONG VOYAGE TO EARTH.

I LANDED... **WHAM! SCHWOCK! WTWINKLE!**

ON IMPACT, MY AMULET SHATTERED, 1/2 OF IT LANDING AT THE FEET OF... **ROBERT, AN ARMADILLO. GAD ZOOKS!**

ROBERT IS NO ORDINARY ARMADILLO, FOR HE IS TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF THE NINJA. **TIP TOEING ARMADILLO.**

USING THIS TRAINING, HE APPROACHED ME... ***NOW AVAILABLE ON CBS RECORDS AND TAPES**

AND TRIPPED, FOR 'E IS A VERY CARELESS ARMADILLO. I EXPLAINED ALL YOU HAVE HEARD, SO WE JOINED THE AMULET, UTTERING THE MAGIC WORDS... **VOULEZ-VOUS DANSE? SEULEMENT SI JE PEUX GUIDER.**

AND BECAME... **DANGER PIG -AND HIS CONSORT, CARELESS ROBERT-**

WELL, THANKS D.P. WE'LL BE BACK AFTER THESE MESSAGES WITH THE OTHER 1/2 OF THIS FAMOUS DUO, CARELESS ROBERT.

On a bit In-depth

THE KREMLIN

AND PEACE

The World Peace Council is perhaps the most controversial organization going to make up the complex mosaic of contemporary peace movements. Its local affiliate, the Australian Peace Committee, is involved in the local peace movement. JOHN BAL-LANTYNE examines the credentials of the W.P.C. and the A.P.C. and the association with them of well known A.L.P. politician Peter Duncan.

"Conduct — the only language that rarely lies"

Edmund Burke (1729-1797)

Former South Australian Attorney-General, Mr. Peter Duncan, is widely tipped to be endorsed as a candidate for the newly created electorate of Makin at the ALP's pre-selection meeting at Trades Hall, South Terrace, Adelaide on September 22.

Mr. Duncan, who recently announced that he wished to quit State politics to move into the Federal arena, is expected to hold the seat of Makin with a comfortable majority after the next Federal election.

But for thousands of Eastern European and Indo-Chinese refugees currently living in S.A., Mr. Duncan's impending move to Canberra is bad news.

Mr. Duncan, a leading figure in the A.L.P.'s left-wing, is deeply involved with Soviet peace organizations.

He is a leading member of the Kremlin-controlled "front" organisation, the World Peace Council, which was set up by Joseph Stalin in 1949 and whose affiliates were roundly condemned by the Australian Labor Party of that era as "instruments of Soviet imperialism... which exploit the desire for peace in the interests of Russian plans..."

Since its inception, the World Peace Council has supported the Soviet invasion of Hungary (1956), the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia (1968), and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan (1979).

In a letter to the London *Times* last year a former British Labour Minister for Disarmament, Lord Chalfont, exposed the pedigree of the World Peace Council:

"It is the most important of the Soviet Union's front organisations.

"It is controlled by the International Department of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which also supervises the activities of the KGB.

"It was founded after World War II with the principle functions of promoting Soviet foreign policy aims by infiltration and control of activist organisations in Western countries.

"It has been expelled from France and Austria for subversive activities but now has its headquarters in Helsinki...

"It aims to attract non-communists to its meetings, so that they may be associated with resolutions laying the blame for the arms race entirely on the United States and the West."

In his 1983 book, *KGB Today: The Hidden Hand*, the author, John Barron, describes how "the International Department and KGB guarantee that positions of power in the WPC and associated "peace committees" in foreign countries are occupied by pro-Soviet personnel or people amenable to Soviet manipulation..."

"The President of the World Peace Council is Indian Communist Romesh Chandra, who has long been a controlled and witting Soviet agent.

"Intelligent, vain and arrogant, Chandra is almost embarrassing in his slavish adherence to Soviet dictates, and his paeans to all things Soviet."

In 1975, the World Peace Council gave its highest peace award to the Palestine Liberation Organisation's Yassir Arafat, and another year made the award to then Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev.

In making the latter award, Romesh Chandra said, "The hundreds of millions who stand for peace... see in this award a symbolic way to express their affection for Comrade Brezhnev, for the glorious Communist Party of the Soviet Union and for the entire Soviet people... [and] gratitude for their brilliant leadership in the work for the implementation of the Soviet peace program and for the carrying out of Soviet initiatives on all the urgent international issues of the day."

The Western world was soon to wake up with a jolt to the exact meaning of "the implementation of the Soviet peace program" in the closing days of December 1979, when the late Comrade Brezhnev and his "glorious Communist Party" ordered the Red Army to invade Afghanistan.

Since 1979, the Soviet offensive has resulted in the deaths of over 130,000 people, including noncombatants, and has forced about 4 million Afghans of a total

Josef Stalin—Leader of the U.S.S.R. for 30 years.

population of 17 million to become refugees in Pakistan and Iran.

In 1980, the World Peace Council responded to this blatant aggression by producing a booklet called *Program of Action 1981* which contained a direct instruction to support the present puppet government in Soviet-occupied Afghanistan. This program was then unanimously adopted by the so-called "World Parliament of the Peoples for Peace" which was hosted by the WPC in Sophia, Bulgaria in September 1980.

The enormous budget with which the World Peace Council finances its "peace" extravaganzas and propaganda campaigns is paid for almost entirely by the USSR and its satellite governments in Eastern Europe. It has been alleged that the WPC receives some \$50 million annually from the Kremlin.

In 1981, the WPC was forced to withdraw its application for

Category I Consultative Status with the United Nations Economic and Social Council because it failed to disclose its sources of funding and refused to submit its books to an independent audit.

Australia has not escaped the attentions of the World Peace Council.

In 1976, the Socialist Party of Australia (SPA) — which is unswervingly loyal to Moscow — set up a local affiliate to the Kremlin-controlled WPC called the Australian Peace Committee. And on 6th July, 1980, with assistance from the SPA, Peter Duncan set up a South Australian branch of the Australian Peace Committee at the headquarters of the communist-led Amalgamated Metal Workers and Shipwrights Union (AMWSU) at 234 Sturt Street, Adelaide.

The blatant pro-Sovietism of the Australian Peace Committee has

been an embarrassment at times to those organisations in Australia's Peace movement who insist that they are "non-aligned". However, that did not discourage South Australia's so-called People for Peace from having Peter Duncan as their honoured guest at a Palm Sunday "peace" rally in Elder Park last year.

(The previous year, on 3 April, 1982, the People for Peace had as their special guest speaker Queensland ALP Senator George Georges who holds the highest position of any Australian in the pro-Soviet World Peace Council — a vice-presidency. Coming as it did only months after the Soviet-backed blitzkrieg against the communist world's first and only free trade union — Poland's Solidarity — their choice of Senator Georges to address their rally on this occasion conclusively demonstrated that the

—continued page 16.

A peace activist, not a pacifist

Romesh Chandra, the President of the 140-member World Peace Council, was puzzling over a world on the brink of nuclear war as he reclined in a black lounge chair at Trades Hall.

The Soviet Union had agreed to a freeze on the number of nuclear weapons it holds, he said. The United States had not.

The Soviet Union had agreed not to use nuclear weapons first. The United States had not.

The Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies had proposed that no country use conventional weapons for the purpose of aggression. The United States had not.

"The Soviet Union has answered our demands," he concluded.

And give or take Afghanistan, the Gulag Archipelago and a few SS-20 missiles, it's hard to argue with Romesh Chandra.



Romesh Chandra

The World Peace Council was founded in the Finnish capital, Helsinki, in 1949. The same city that in 1975 saw an agreement by the Soviet Union to observe human rights in its Eastern European domain.

Mr. Chandra, who is from Delhi, in India, said the council's

biggest achievement had been mobilising public opinion to prevent a third world war.

"We have hundreds and hundreds of millions of people," he said, before rushing off to another public meeting organised by his local sponsors, the Australian Peace Committee.

"We took 700m signatures to the United Nations special session on disarmament in 1978. Every single individual can play a part in stopping the grave danger: by demonstrating, by signing, by praying."

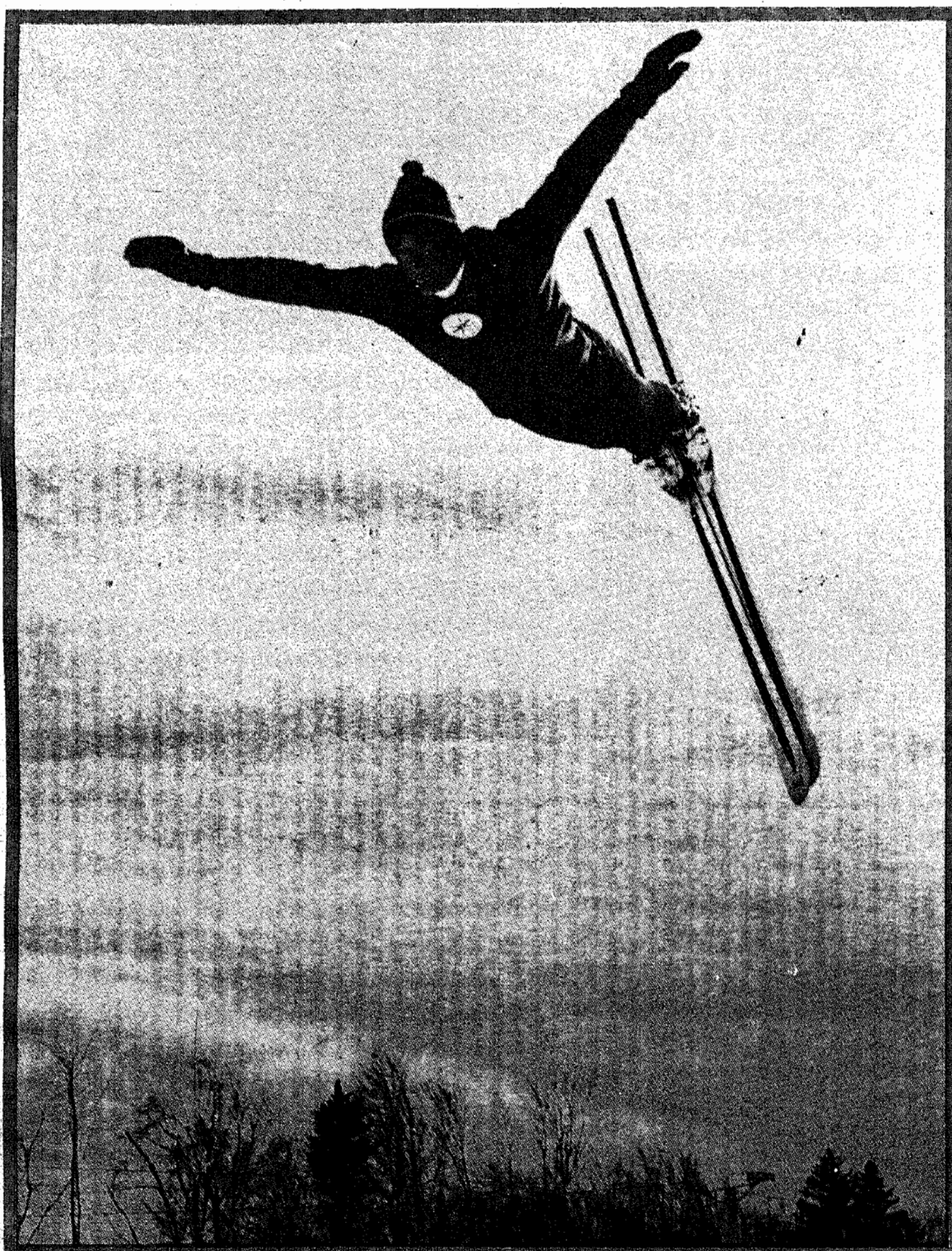
He said the Central American country of Costa Rica was a fine example to the world. It had no army.

But Mr. Chandra is not a pacifist.

"We support the right of the Vietnamese to defend themselves by any means they liked,"

—continued page 16

THE WEIRD & WONDERFUL WORLD OF SKIING



It has long been rumoured that the reason the Arts and Law faculties at Adelaide University start third term a week later than everyone else is so that their staff and students can spend an extra week skiing at Victoria and NSW's snow fields. TIM DODD reports on Australia's trendiest outdoor activity.

Many things Australian — like our animals and our Olympic team — are laughable by world standards. But they still manage to be elevated in the eyes of most Australians to positions of respect and even awe.

Australian skiers feel something like this about the snowfields. The truth is, of course, that if you're a keen skier, you live at the wrong end of the world.

In Europe, America, and even as near as New Zealand there are mountains high enough to keep their snow all year. Overseas, the peaks look like peaks. They have jagged rocks and boulders and avalanches. And the snow is cold enough and reliable enough to ensure good skiing.

But Australia hasn't got any mountains which thrust up into the good skiing altitudes.

Our so-called mountains are just rounded hills which surface only occasionally above the altitude at which it is possible to ski.

To put it in the appropriate terms for our beach culture: skiing in Australia is just like wallowing around in the shallows.

The area of snow in Australia is just a few pin pricks of white on an entire continent. By world standards the skiing conditions here are pretty appalling.

So next time someone who claims to be a skier repeats the popular myth that Australia has more snow than Switzerland... well, just shake your

head and look away. They clearly don't know what skiing is about.

It is not just a question of Australia not having enough snow. It is not of the right quality. The best snow for skiing is the crisp dry material which you find at altitudes above 2,500 metres. Unfortunately our highest mountain, Mount Kosciuszko, is less than 2,300 metres in height and nearly all of the ski runs are below 2,000 metres.

So the snow is slushy and wet. This means that skiing is very slow.

Also it is very difficult to ski the virgin snow away from the packed-down snow on the trails. Because of our warm temperatures the untouched snow is not powder but more like porridge in which all but the experts will tumble.

Skiing on the packed-down snow known slightly shockingly to the Anglo-Saxon ear as *piste* also has its hazards.

The prices don't exactly make skiing a sport of the people.

The packed snow often gets warm and soft during the day and then on clear nights it freezes and the first skiers out the next morning have a problem which is something akin to skiing on a sloping ice rink.

Even when it blizzards, our snow conditions compare unfavourably with those overseas. Ironically it is easier to die of exposure in an

Australian snow storm than in an overseas snowstorm where the temperature is a respectable 10°C colder. Our snow falls at a temperature of around 0°C. It very soon melts and the water runs into every crack in your clothing. When the wind blows hard, skiers in an Australian blizzard can find themselves very wet and cold. The drier snow which falls at lower temperatures is much easier to put up with.

But if you ski — or want to ski — regularly, then there is no other choice but home. And don't be misled. The Australian mountains do — just like our animals and our Olympic team — have a quaint Antipodean charm. Australian skiing is something you eventually come to love.

Probably, one day when you can afford a quick trip to St. Moritz or Zermatt, you'll still be trundling off to spend a week at Smiggin Holes or Falls Creek. Unless of course it is then cheaper to go to ski in Switzerland than use the exorbitantly priced Australian ski resorts.

The cost of skiing in Australia has escalated rapidly in recent years. Europe, America and New Zealand have better skiing and once you're

about 12 hours drive from Adelaide through Mt. Buller is marginally closer.

New South Wales has three main ski resorts: Thredbo, the Perisher Valley/Smiggin Holes twin resort, Guthega (often charitably known as the last resort) and the small but charming Charlotte's Pass. In addition to these Mt. Selwyn caters exclusively to beginners.

To get to any of them is about 16

Packer's Perisher Hotel the luxurious accommodation comes at \$200.00 a night.

These prices don't exactly make downhill skiing a sport of the people.

Most average skiers are forced to skimp on costs by staying down the mountain in camping grounds and driving up each day. When the weather is bad the traffic jams are enormous.

The road up Perisher Valley in

Cross-country skis open up whole mountain ranges to the skier. In some ways it is like bushwalking: bushwalking with a totally new dimension.

hours drive from Adelaide. And what you do at these places is ski.

If you've not skied before it is a difficult thing to describe. It's not like surfing, it's not like roller skating, water-skiing, ice skating or wind-boarding. Naturally some of the skills are the same. But for my money skiing beats all of them.

Skiing is a freer experience. You're not following a boat, you aren't restricted to service station aprons, you're not the prisoner of a sheet of artificially cooled ice. You've got a whole mountain, a whole range of mountains at your disposal.

There are two fundamentally different types of skiing: downhill skiing and cross country skiing.

Downhill skiers ski at the ski resorts. They use ski lifts to go up the slopes and use gravity to get down. Downhilling is fast and energetic.

The resorts are where trendies assemble.

Down on the plane any Saturday or Sunday morning in winter, the Volvos, BMWs, and Audis laden with skis roar past.

The roadsides are full of parasitic industries that go with tourist development. Ski hire, snow chain hire and ski clothing hire as well as the ubiquitous take-away food outlets, motels and caravan parks.

When the weather is bad the road up the mountain usually claims a few of the worst weekend drivers whose cars skid off the road and are often left abandoned on the verge or hopelessly bogged in snow and mud. They stay there until a snow plough either tows them out or accidentally crunches them while clearing the road.

Tourist buses also labour up the hill. On a mid-winter weekend in a popular resort 50 buses can be parked in the car park. All the occupants are just there to look at or feel the snow.

It's in the resort itself that the trip off really begins.

This year the day ticket for use on the ski lift costs \$25.00 at the average resort. To hire ski equipment it's about \$15.00 a day.

Everyone has to sleep somewhere. At a typical resort a cheap night's sleep is \$35.00, but not many beds are available for that price. Most beds are in the middle to upper price range and at places like Kerry

NSW is notorious. In bad weather cars are often held up for one and a half hours, turning what should be a half-hour trip into two hours.

It's not surprising that the alternative form of skiing, cross-country skiing, is steadily gaining popularity.

Cross-country skiing uses a form of thinner and lighter skis that let the skier walk up the hill as well as ski down it. Cross-country skis open up whole mountain ranges to the skier.

In some ways it is like bushwalking: bushwalking with a totally new dimension.

Even cross-country skiers make day trips, but in a day they can climb their own distant peaks and visit spectacular high mountain lakes near Mount Kosciuszko.

The more intrepid skiers take a snow tent, rucksack and warm sleeping bag and head off on camping trips in the snow. The cross-country skier is typically a down-hill skier disillusioned by the prices and crap at the resorts and who believes there is a better way to enjoy the snow.

Because Australia's area of snow country is so small conservation is becoming a major issue. The ski resorts burden near-by streams with sewage waste, and domestic rubbish.

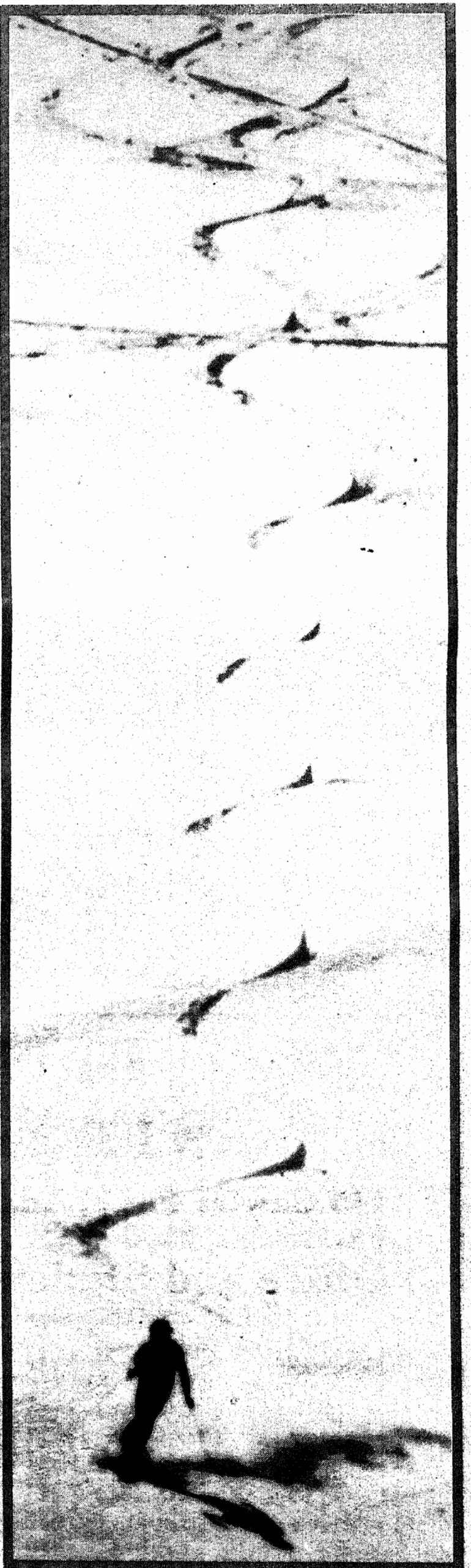
Ski lift operators in the resorts ruin their slopes in summer by removing natural vegetation and rock formations.

The thousands of cars that pour in and out of the ski resorts daily leave more rubbish behind.

Even the cross-country skiers, who presumably ski to get away from it all, leave rubbish around mountain campsites and denude surrounding areas of firewood.

The owners of Australian ski resorts, like Kerry Packer who has a major interest in Perisher Valley, would like to see further development. Other forces, such as the NSW Parks and Wildlife Service, are extremely concerned at the environmental damage occurring in the Snowy Mountains. The number of people who go skiing is now large enough to make it a political issue in Victoria and NSW in future years.

So watch out! Skiing began as being fun; now people are making big money out of it, but with some luck it will be the same again.



14 IN-DEPTH

Shattering the Private Eye myth

Private investigators' TV image pure fantasy

What is it like to be a private eye? Is it all glamour and excitement as television would have us believe? NICK KALAITZIS spoke to an Adelaide private investigator.

by Nick Kalaitzis

When you go home tonight, look over your shoulder and check whether Hank Tracy Jr. is nearby or if that man in the phone box or the car going past for the sixth time is acting suspiciously.

For that suspicious looking character may very well be one of Adelaide's many private eyes on surveillance. Yes folks, they do actually exist. Even a little town like Adelaide has its private sleuths who are hired for all sorts of purposes.

On dit contacted a number of agencies around Adelaide, but the only one which would allow the publication of its name was Investigators Aust. Pty. Ltd. run by Mr. Frank Church.

Mr. Church was rather cautious — indeed suspicious — over our line of questioning, but after all it's his job to be suspicious. We pressed on, determined to find out whether real-life private investigators bear any resemblance to their glamorous television and film counterparts.

Church is a middle-aged, fair-headed, slightly balding man with blue eyes. His smiling countenance and non-sexist attitudes definitely do not seem to fit in with the "slap 'em round" Bogart image, or the classic Raymond Chandler Sleuth. Not once throughout the interview did he smoke either.

So, what is being a private eye really like?

Church has been in the business for at least 15 years, and can confirm that the T.V. image is all fantasy.

"There's no similarity at all" he said.

"On T.V. they have one client at a time, they never write reports or go to court, they always seem to find a convenient park two places away. It's a lot of glamour. There are always glamorous women on T.V. shows."

Church sees a constant stream of people each week who are attracted by the glamour of it all, thinking they would make a "great" private investigator.

Apart from tailing people and generally acting suspiciously, what does an investigator actually do?

"An investigator puts a case together. We work for the defence."

It has a reputation as interesting and exciting work, but Church tells

us they only get about one very interesting case a year.

"The last one was the 'body in the bag' case."

What special qualities or qualifications make a good investigator?

"Someone who thinks. Who above and overall has common sense. It makes no difference whether they are male or female. They have to work things out for themselves when they are on a case. Age, size, sex make no difference."

defence and often in opposition to the police, one would expect some hostility between the two. But this is not so. "The police are very good" said Church.

"They respect us as a company even though we're always working against them. But we worked in with them on the 'body in the bag' case."

There are some advantages a private investigator has over the police. People would rather talk to an investigator, knowing it is all off the record so to speak, than the police, who must account for their time. "Police work on facts," Church said, "we work on suspicion".

In the past, work for a private eye

Police work on facts, we work on suspicion.

Surprisingly, a vast majority of ex-police do not make good investigators. Also, shattering another myth, investigators do not carry a gun. Church smiles and says "I'm probably the only one in South Australia who is licensed to. No, they don't need it. Although it is needed for a cash carrying security situation. But there is no necessity to put yourself in a situation where it is needed."

Because investigators work for the

was mainly matrimonial with spouses checking up on each other. But over the years it has changed to include industrial security, internal theft, worker's compensation, missing persons as well as general security.

Ten years ago there were only five investigation agencies operating in Adelaide. Today there are more than twenty with investigative work increasing and more people utilizing an undercover private eye.



Movie suspects waiting to be questioned.



Humphrey Bogart as Marlow, possibly the most famous of screen detectives in "The Big Sleep."

Adelaide's 'Angels'

by Nick Kalaitzis

Adelaide has its own equivalent of *Charlie's Angels* and *Miss Marple*. There are at least two licensed, female Private Investigators sleuthing in this state.

Although there are many females who serve legal documents, it seems they are rather a rare breed when it comes to investigation work. The total number of licensed private investigators in South Australia is about 260. Of this figure, about 140 are actually working and only about 2 are women.

More than one private investigation agency claimed they knew of none operating in Adelaide. Investigators Australia had 6 females working for them at one stage. "There are not many female investigators mainly because of matrimony and family ties." But it was agreed that "females are excellent for some things."

It's not all milk and honey — or

Hollywood glamour — being a female Private Investigator in the rough underworld of Adelaide. One woman said "I wouldn't swap it for the world!" But apparently there's not much travel involved and it is not well paid work.

"Sometimes you get sick of being abused. I mean you're only doing your job."

An "it's just a business" attitude helps them through the sometimes dangerous work. Super-Sleuthing for a female requires different personalities in different situations.

They mainly work undercover and specialize in worker's compensation claims. There are certain advantages to being a female investigator if you know what you're doing.

Frank Church from Investigators Australia says, "as a store detective a female wins hands down. But in a restaurant situation where a female who is trailing someone has a meal by herself, she stands out more than a man eating alone."

Often, the women find it hard to get people to take them seriously. If they are spotted or found out, a bit of quick action or fast talking is needed to get out of the situation. Also, one woman said "If you are alone with a man you're tailing, it could be dangerous."

Why do people, especially females, become private investigators? One agency answered, "because most of them are mixed up in this sort of business and get used to doing what they do. It's an interesting field although some work is very boring." One female private investigator, who is in the business with her husband, said "I wanted to be a police woman but couldn't get into that."

Naturally, they also meet interesting clients. "Criminals are definitely not your ordinary working man. Sometimes, with missing persons, the person just does not want to be found."

When asked if there was any comparison with their T.V. counterparts, one woman summed it up well. "It's pretty well fantasy on T.V. Private investigators are not licensed to carry guns and most don't want to either." Though not quite like your *Charlies Angels* or Nancy Drew, female investigators are kept busy; looking for missing or runaway children, going into worker's compensation claims and serving legal documents.

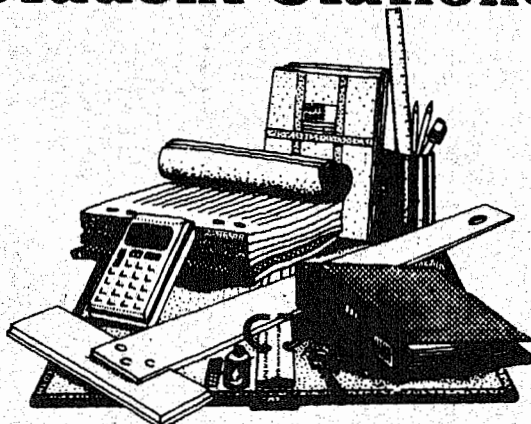
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THE OPERATOR

a short story
by Bruce Tafe

"Let's go, Hubble."

The upper-storey office is deserted. Sunset gilds the partitions and Hubble is smoking a last cigarillo and watching the ant-like progress of the rush hour through his window. For a base-grade clerk he has amazing presence. It would take courage to give him work if he didn't ask you for it, and indeed his desk is clear except for an ashtray, a coffee mug and a jar of Nescafe.

"Nice little spot you've got yourself."

"Mm. They piss around a lot," he says. He gestures dismissively, as if his co-workers and their concerns are no larger than the figures down on the street, then gets up impulsively and pops his zip-up satchell under one arm. He leans by the window, keeping some of his height in reserve. He is a pale, lanky youth with enormous, slightly bulging eyes and long eyelashes. His hair comes down over his ears, apparently trimmed with a pair of scissors in front of a mirror, and his long neck projects from the collar of a loose-fitting blue suit. He stubs out the cigarillo, slides his long, blue-veined hands into the pockets of his trousers and straightens up to go.

"Shit before the shovel," I say, and he leads the way to the lifts.

Hubble takes the corner table at Feliciano's, right by the drinks fridge. He produces a copy of *Nation Review* and scans it vaguely. His hands are uncomfortable without matches and ashtray arranged around them and they drum impatiently on the tablecloth till he thinks to have a smoke.

"So you've dropped out," I say.

"Mm..." He turns the question over like an ornament picked off a shelf, examining it, then his attention drifts back to the paper. He is still in the mental fug which descends after a day in the office. I sit back patiently. The lasagnes arrive and we eat them in silence, then push back our plates and order coffee. This is my favourite part of our evenings together, when Hubble is fed and rested and suddenly feels a little tweaking need for an audience. Tonight he offers me a cigarillo. Though I don't normally smoke, no-one could refuse such an offer.

"So what's with the job?"

"I did an IQ test! You've heard of Mensa? Well the Australian Public Service is the new Mensa, an exclusive club for people with high IQ's. They offered me a job and I decided to take it."

I smile patiently. "So you've dropped out."

Hubble sighs and shakes his head. He looks at me with eyes heavy-lidded with wisdom. "You know, there's more than one way to win this game," he says, nodding in agreement with himself and transferring his gaze to the tip of his cigarette. "I mean power, life. You're doing law, aren't you? Well where do you honestly expect to be in two, three years' time?"

The question is purely rhetorical. I am supposed to be intrigued, so I

arrange myself into a listening position.

"I mean, what does one do to get on? You put yourself forward." His grey, rather gaunt face is alive. "There are guys in the Student Union who do nothing, just sit in the Bar and talk Union and live Union and put themselves forward. At every opportunity. And you know, there aren't too many people who can say 'no' to you when you put yourself forward. Even when they reject you, they give you a consolation prize. I've seen guys climb up a ladder of consolation prizes! They just put themselves forward and put themselves forward. They're remorseless. So where do you think you'll be in two years' time, doing law?" He shakes his head. "I mean, it's laughable!" To prove the point, he cranks out a long, snuffling, grunting chuckle of incredulity. "Where will you be?"

"I might have a job."

"I have a job," says Hubble. With innocent pleasure he shows me a wad of money.

"It's a lousy job."

"Next year I stand for Editor," he shrugs. "After that, maybe journalism for a few years." I feel an unaccountable tenderness for him. I can't meet his eyes; I find myself smiling and disguise it with laughter. Hubble's laughing too. We have a good, long, masculine laugh together, then I sit back and drag on the cigarillo. Feliciano stacks up the plates and we're still sitting there regarding one another. Then Hubble says, "Take me home."

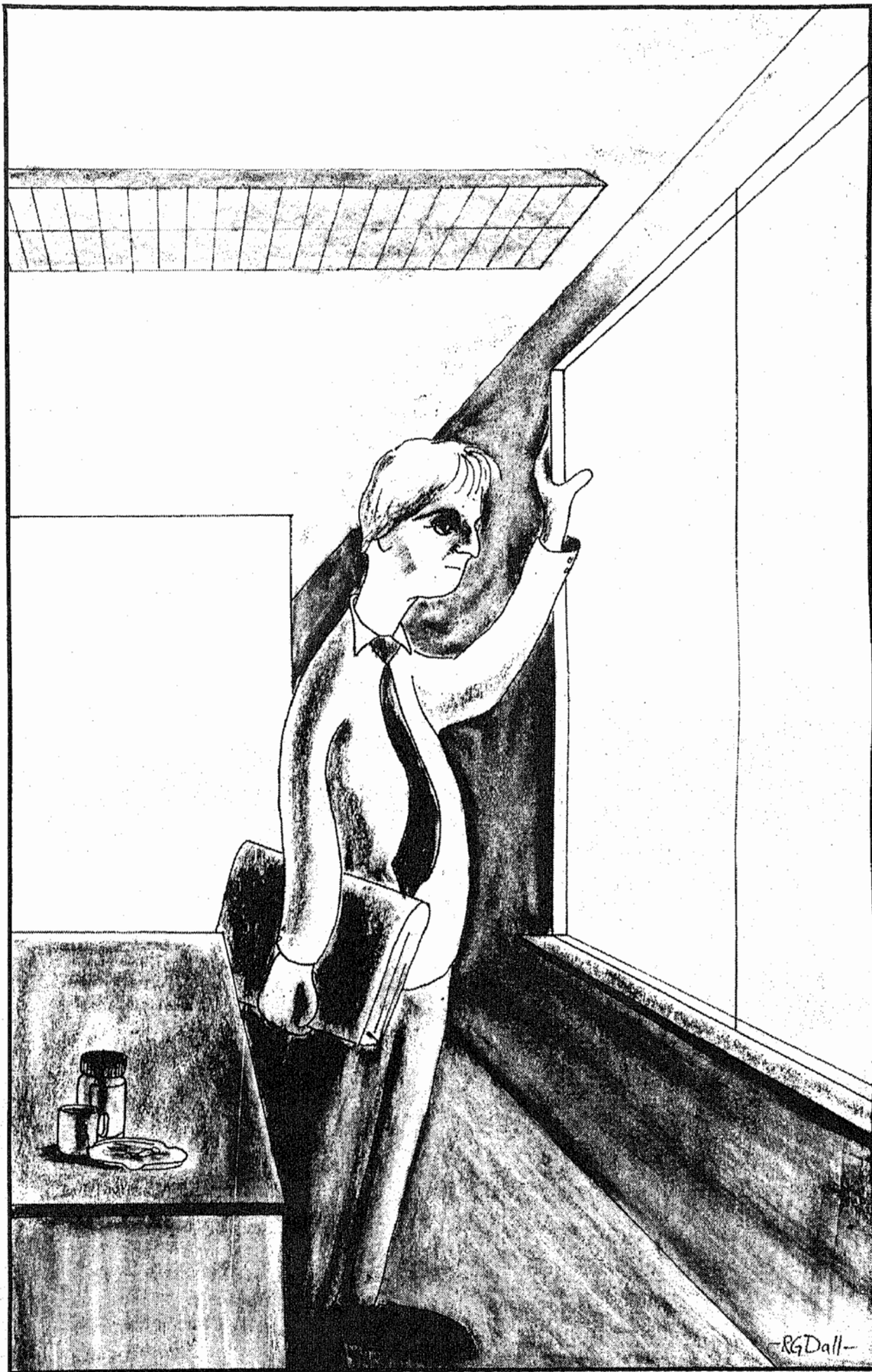
Considering his political ambitions, it's no surprise to find him still living in Warren Hall, which is a university residential college. We sit in the common room and drink another cup of coffee, but he keeps getting up and pacing and I get the hint.

He doesn't ask me into his room. "I've got to be down in the Chess Centre in half an hour," he explains outside his room. "I need a shit, shower and a shave."

"I'll call you next week."

"Call me at work," he says, and the white door shuts in my face.

I stand there for a minute. In both directions, the corridor recedes towards an illuminated brick stairwell. The passage is deserted but there are muted sounds of life coming from all sides. I shut my eyes and the life of Warren Hall closes in around me. It's like clapping on headphones. Hubble's neighbour is getting stoned with his mates. There is a chuckle and "Umma Gumma" begins to play for the seventh consecutive time. The Sibelius fan sits between his speakers and lights a candle; the actress dons minidress, sheepskin jacket and pink tights ready for a night at the Bar. She is reputed to have tried to kill herself by slashing the veins at her elbows, Hubble tells me it's so the scars won't show. Her boyfriend has a collection of porn magazines so large



that he catalogues them and lends them all over the wing. The astronomy Ph.D is building a life-sized Dalek; the English major will cast your horoscope for ten dollars. And down by the stairwell, the Asian boy has a habit of leaving his door ajar, no doubt hoping for a bit of company. Loneliness stands out like an open fly in Warren Hall.

There are even identifiable noises coming from Hubble's room. Chess pieces rattle into their sandalwood box. A hinge creaks and I imagine him surveying the op-shop jackets in his gallows of a wardrobe. As I walk away, the closed white doors passing me to the left and right, Hubble himself seems to shrink behind me. A loner, gauche, arrogant. Arrogance that demands a certain blindness. I have a dread of Warren Hall and find myself hurrying. I think, don't for a second lose faith, Hubble. Don't ever look down.

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The Kremlin's 'peace movement'

-continued from page 11

People for Peace are not a peace movement at all).

In June last year, the indefatigable Peter Duncan led a delegation of 30 Australians to a Prague "Peace" Assembly, hosted by the World Peace Council in the capital of Soviet-occupied Czechoslovakia. On display was the usual gallery of monsters, ranging from the greatest peace-lover of our time, the PLO's Yassir Arafat, to a "representative" of Afghanistan.

Among the Australian delegates to this memorable event were well-known communist trade union bosses Laurie Carmichael and Ernie Boatman, as well as veteran World Peace Councilors Sam Goldbloom and Senator George Georges.

It is interesting to note that among those who boycotted the Prague Peace Assembly were E.P. Thompson, the British Marxist historian and leader of the European Nuclear Disarmament group (END), and Senator Edward Kennedy, who condemned the Czech attitude towards dissidents.

Unlike most attending, Britain's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) insisted on being only an observer group after hearing allegations that the World Peace Council received \$50 million annually from the Kremlin.

Two officials of CND upset the Czech government by meeting three

leaders of the Charter '77 dissident group.

The Czech organisers of the Prague Peace Assembly refused members of Charter '77 a place at the conference, claiming that its members represented nobody and "do not exist" as opinion formers in Prague society.

However, while Peter Duncan and his friends were participating in the conference, an unprecedented incident occurred. 300 young people broke off from the officially-sanctioned "peace" rally which was chanting "We want peace."

The breakaway group changed this to "We want peace and freedom". They also chanted "Disarm the soldiers".

This was too much for the communist authorities. Baton-wielding police ruthlessly suppressed the young people's peaceful demonstration and made numerous arrests.

Interestingly, this incident was ignored by Peter Duncan and his entourage. (One idly wonders whether Mr. Duncan would have suddenly re-discovered his capacity for moral indignation if a similar scene had occurred in Queensland...)

But South Australia's former Attorney-General has had a long history of double standards with regard to freedom of speech. At the 1977 biennial conference of the ALP Mr. Duncan was one of those who advised against granting permission to the Soviet dissident Victor Fainberg to address that conference on the issues of dissent and

psychiatric torture in the USSR.

It is scarcely comprehensible how South Australia's Labor Party — allegedly the party of the working-class and the underdog — can admit a man like Peter Duncan into its ranks, let alone contemplate promoting him to Federal Parliament.

It is a matter of historical record that Joseph Stalin — the Soviet dictator who in 1949 founded the World Peace Council — killed some 30 million innocent civilians in peace-time during his whirlwind of terror in the Soviet Union [see Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties* (Revised Edition, Macmillan, London 1973), Appendix A: Casualty Figures, p. 710].

Mr. Duncan's prominent membership of so disgraceful an organization as the World Peace Council suggests that he either doesn't know about the crimes of Stalinism or doesn't care.

Stalin may be long dead, but his legacy of repression and terror remains. Half of Europe still remains under occupation by the Red Army.

Free trade unions like Solidarity in Poland are violently suppressed.

Genuine peace activists like Dr. Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner are persecuted by the communist authorities who view the slightest criticism of Moscow as a treasonable offence.

And all the time, the successors of Stalin brandish a vast nuclear arsenal at countries whose people are free to elect their governments.

Non-pacifist activist

from page 11

he said. And it was clear his remarks did not extend to those Vietnamese in the defeated Army of the Republic of Vietnam.

"But the word pacifism is a good word," he added.

"I have been in Warsaw Pact countries and spoken at huge peace rallies. They are the same as here.

"In Moscow, the slogans are the same as in New York. These demonstrations (in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union) are organised independently of the government."

Mr. Chandra's visit was organised by the Australian Peace Committee whose officers are in most cases members of the pro-Moscow Socialist Party of Australia or the Progressive Left



Peter Duncan
faction of the ALP. The APC's vice-presidents include the Minister of Education, Mr. Arnold, and ALP backbencher Mr. Duncan.

Uni's karate success

Adelaide University's Karate Club put in a creditable performance at this year's State Karate Championships. Club Secretary DAVID MUNDAY reports.

This year's State Karate Championships were held at Gepps Cross Special School. Participating clubs represented four styles of Karate: (1) Goju (including Adelaide University); (2) Shotokan; (3) Wado, and (4) Japan Karate Association Clubs, making it a great contest, considering that Goju alone has its own championships later in the year.

Adelaide University was very successful (again) especially considering that the event was held at the end of the exam week.

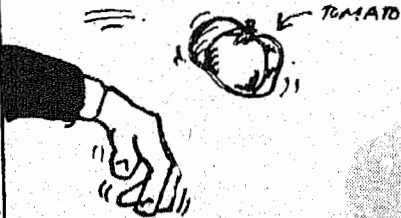
The successes were in brief as follows: Ewin Clark won another junior male Kata (form exercise) event adding to a growing pile of trophies. Mark Scurrell amazed everybody (even himself) to win the 65-70kg division of Kumite (fighting) and was closely followed in second place by Graham Currie. Adam Richards was another star performer winning both the over 80kg division and open Kumite Events. He also scored fourth place in the senior male Kata behind Paul Wyk in third place.

Of course maintaining this level of performance is dependent on a steady intake of new members each year to replace those who qualify for more senior events, so we welcome all newcomers at any stage during the year. More information is available at the Sports Association Office.

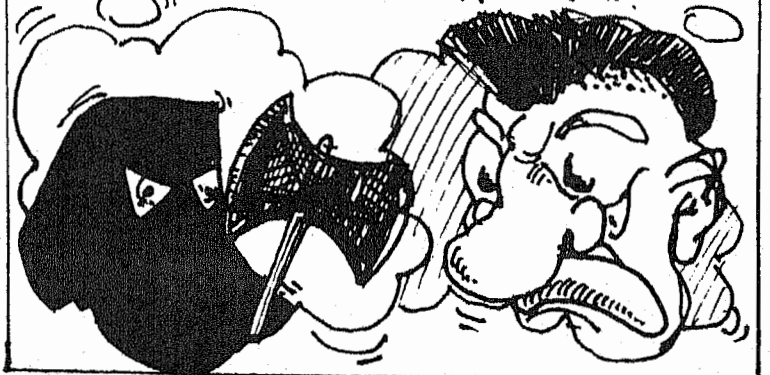
LEONARD IS DEPRESSED...



FOUR YEARS AGO HE WAS CONVICTED OF A CRIME DURING THE VIETNAM WAR THAT HE DIDN'T COMMIT, HE HAS ONLY TWO DIRECTIONS IN LIFE, LEFT TO TURN TO...



1 FACE DEATH BY THE POWERFUL ARM OF JUSTICE 2 GET A MOHAWK AND JOIN THE A-TEAM.



LEONARD CHOOSES TO DIE BY THE POWERFUL HAND OF JUSTICE.



SO, WHILE AT THE EXECUTION.....

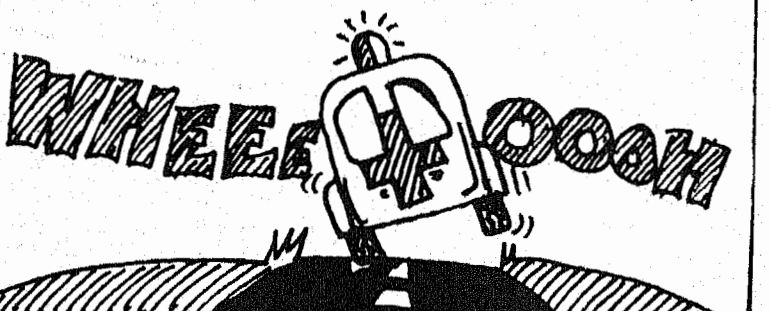
Do YOU HAVE ANY LAST REQUESTS?

EEEK!

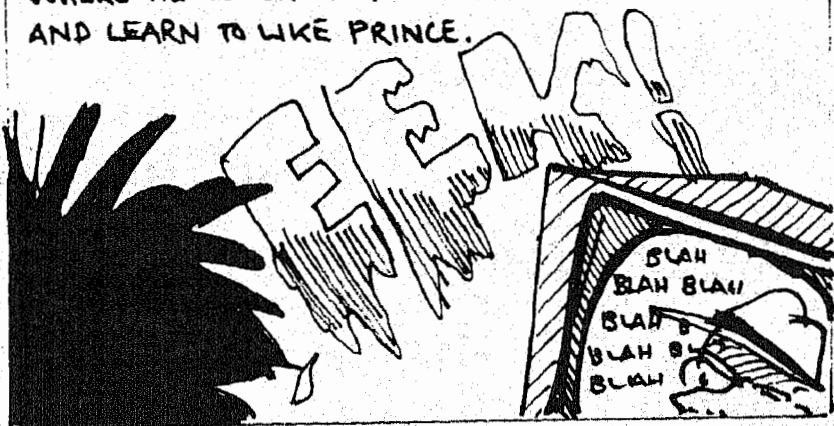
YES, CAN YOU PLAY "PLANET EARTH" BY DURAN DURAN?



LEONARD IS SUBSEQUENTLY HURRIED TO A SUITABLE INSTITUTION.....



WHERE HE IS FORCED TO WATCH "COUNTDOWN" AND LEARN TO LIKE PRINCE.



GEE. WHAT A GREAT NEW COMIC STRIP..... WILL I BE ABLE TO CONTINUE THE STANDARD SET BY THIS FIRST EPISODE? WILL GEORGE LUCAS BUY THE SCRIPT AND MAKE A NEW BLOCKBUSTER WITH IT? WHEN WILL THE PENGUINS TAKE OVER THE COMIC STRIP? DID TONY DURKIN REALLY LOSE THE STUDENT ELECTIONS? WHAT WAS THE ANSWER TO QUESTION FOUR IN LAST TERM'S PSYCHOLOGY I EXAM? (SUBMIT ANSWERS TO MY PIGEON HOLE AT ON DIT BY TUESDAY)

On dit

Limelight

Is Love

really all you need

To Sing About?

The love song: Adelaide style

"You'd think that people would have had enough of silly love songs; I look around me and I see it isn't so" sang former Beatle Paul McCartney in a hit single a few years ago.

Are love songs an ideological tool which lock us into the conventional life-style of marriage and home mortgage? Are they a minefield of trashy schmalz or a universal language?

On dit's JANE WILLCOX spoke to song-writers from Adelaide's rock bands and asked whether love is really all you need in popular music today.

"Love songs lean back on cliches and things that have been done before" he says.

"It can also be a great ideological tool, locking people into mortgages and tying them up."

Duffy, a Law graduate from Adelaide University, says he would rather write songs about Nicaragua than love.

Invisible Mendes' song "Business Doing Pleasure" he points out, is a love song with a difference: it describes love in terms of Friedmanite economic analysis.

"It's about a guy who looks at love from an economic point of view, as a business transaction or an investment decision" Duffy explains.

"He makes a cost-benefit analysis — divorce is a situation where his investment projection is wrong, it costs more than the benefits."

Duffy is not the only Adelaide musician who thinks the conventional love song is dead.

"Love is the fifteen-year-old's music" says Archie Monte, singer with *Conflict*.

"Every Tom, Dick and Harry used to write about love, but now they're trying different subjects."

According to Peter Tesla, formerly of *Nuvo Bloc* and now singer-songwriter with *Shake 288*, love ballads "died years ago."

"They only sell to the K-Tell middle-aged market today."

"Love has become a minefield, it's hard to get close to it without sounding trashy,

overdone and hackneyed" Tesla says.

"But there is a lot to be said and a lot that needs to be said" he adds.

In spite of all this negative opinion love songs do have their defenders in Adelaide's rock scene.

"Love is a universal language" says Jim Mountzouris, songwriter for *Vertical Hold* who have done very well indeed from love. *Vertical Hold's* two hit singles "My Imagination" and "Tears of Emotion" were both love songs.

Mountzouris says that although love is "a dirty word" for many Adelaide bands about 90 percent of his songs are about love.

Bruno Tarraram, lyricist, vocalist and guitarist with *China White*, says his lyrics are often about love.

"Music itself is emotional and it's only fitting that you put emotion and love into it" he says.

There's no denying that love songs are still commercially very successful. Eight of the Top Ten songs on both the local (5AD and SA-FM) and national (Kent Report) charts last week were about love.

But for a predominantly live band like *Conflict* lyrics aren't vitally important anyway.

"It wouldn't make any difference if we just sang 'blah, blah, blah'" says Archie Monte.

"I'd really be surprised if more than 20 percent of the audience listened to the lyrics" he said.

Peter Tesla feels that Adelaide bands use

poor lyrics no matter what topic of their songs.

"You'd be hard pressed to find a song or two in any Adelaide band's repertoire that was either a good love song or a good lyrics song."

"Lyrics are the weak link in the chain in Adelaide."

Adelaide musicians don't have the sense of passion or urgency needed to write a good love song, Tesla says.

"Life for a musician tends to be smoother in Adelaide, living on the dole is fairly easy. There's no real desperation like there is in Sydney."

These days writing a good love song is an "enormous task" says *Invisible Mendes'* Mark Duffy.

Tesla agrees: "Love songs are so easily cheapened."

"It's very difficult to write a song that expresses the emotions and remains real" he said.

Vertical Hold's Jim Mountzouris, however, finds love songs the easiest to write "because they come naturally."

"They are simple — most people don't want complex songs" he says.

"The world's getting too complex. As soon as we give up on love that's the end."

Adelaide's song-writers may have different views on the love song but they all seem to find it a difficult subject to get away from. As *China White's* Bruno Tarraram says, "love is always very hip."

For many of Adelaide's leading bands the love song is dead and buried.

"Love is a well-picked carcass" says Mark Duffy, singer-songwriter for *Invisible Mendes*.

Do, Re, Mi is the name of this band



One of Australia's hottest up and coming rock properties is Sydney based band *Do Re Mi*. ALISON ROGERS caught up with them when they were last in Adelaide.

For a band that supported *Culture Club* and Joe Jackson, *Do Re Mi* are relatively unheard of in the Australian rock scene. But not for long. With an album coming out early next year and a single, this band will soon be making waves across the country.

Do Re Mi has a very strong bass sound. Their stage act is interesting to watch, the music hard to describe. It is very danceable.

The line up is Helen Carter on bass guitar, Deborah Conway on vocals, Dorland Bray on drums and Stephen Philip on guitar.

Deborah Conway has a powerful voice and sounds (and looks) like Annie Lennox of *The Eurythmics*.

Her voice soars, dips and even screams with great ease.

Drummer, Darland Bray explains *Do Re Mi*'s history: "Deb and I were in a band that was awful. We had no control. We played in that band for six months. We realized we should do something together.

"I went to Sydney and stayed with the only people I knew, *Midnight Oil*. I fell in love with Sydney.

"One night I went to see a band and the girl who was behind the counter asked me if I still

played with that Melbourne band. I was really surprised and I told her what Deb and I were doing. Suddenly this little voice piped up behind and said, 'Do you need a bass player?'

"Well to cut a long story short, Deb came to Sydney, we caught up with Helen the bassist and finally coerced a friend of Helen's (Stephen) to play guitar — we threatened him with physical violence and he agreed after a while."

Who does the songwriting? "It's a four-way thing. Deb and I do the lyrics and the other two do the music."

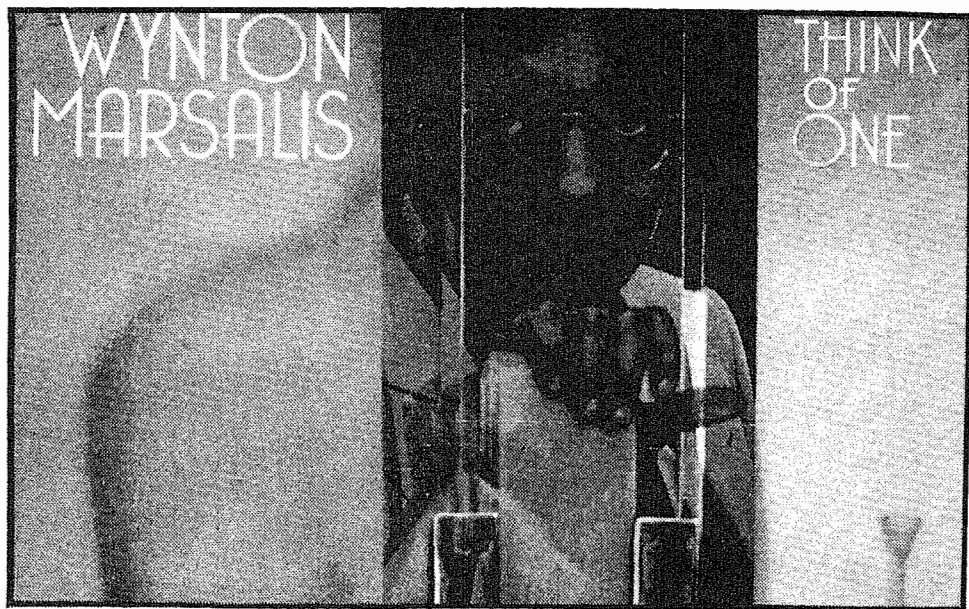
Do you write about political causes? "We write about social concerns, we do sing about something, not love songs. I've always said a band writing about being on the road is about as facile as a journalist writing about the typewriter carriage jamming. We like to write about the environment."

The band is probably going to England to record an album. "It's cheaper to fly the band to U.K. and use the cheaper recording studios, than bring a producer out to Australia. We wanted an English producer, someone who was more in tune with what we want to do."

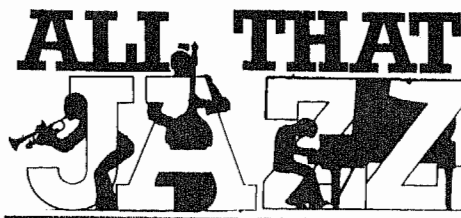
Does the band have any aspirations to go abroad? "I'd like to go to the U.S.A. Though there is a lot I don't like about America. The hamburger massacre epitomises so many things in American violence."

Do Re Mi are well on the way to becoming the next Australian rock outfit to make good, following in the footsteps of *The Eurogliders*, *INXS* and *Men at Work*.

Listen out for them.



'Genius' is the word for this guy



All That Jazz is Limelight's "beginner's guide" to modern jazz. Each week RICHARD OGIER looks at a classic jazz recording: this week it's Wynton Marsalis' "Think of One".

This album is perfect as an introduction to modern jazz or a "my first jazz album". We have picked it because selections are not too long, there is much accessible ensemble playing, and it is a mixed bag of tempos, ideas, and "feels".

That is not to say that it is simple or ordinary. For starters, at just twenty one Wynton Marsalis is the first musician ever to be at the forefront of both the jazz and classical worlds.

Classical authorities are saying he is the finest interpreter of trumpet concerti in history (vis-a-vis Haydn's Trumpet Concerto) and at a time when — as usual — some people whine that jazz is dying and that its young players are being snapped up by transitory pop fads, Marsalis is the crowned prince to whom all are looking for innovation and leadership.

"Genius" is a widely abused and misused term-cum-cliche. They seem to throw it around with gay abandon in the film industry — anyone with a stick of talent outside of the ordinary, is immediately declared a genius. But "genius" is certainly applicable to Marsalis.

The thing that is so amazing about the guy, is that he is so young. Miles Davis could hardly play when he was 21, and like all the greats — with the exception of Parker — he did not develop his own highly personal style — the supreme goal in improvisation — until he was much older. Marsalis has one already.

Think of One reveals him at his dazzling best. Only his second as a leader, it was *Time* magazine's jazz record of the year in 1983, and it won "Best Jazz Recording" at this year's Grammy Awards. (But don't let that put you off).

Every track is a best track, but *Knock-Moe-King* and *My Ideal* stand out particularly. Marsalis' high-flying arabesques on the former are a high light. (Would you believe me if I said it gives me such a charge I can feel it in my cavities?).

Everyone else on the album is highly competent to say the least. Kenny Kirkland's omnipresence on piano gives the group driving direction throughout, and Jeffery Watts is a particularly energetic and muscley percussionist.

This record is the state of the jazz art in 1984. If you can, if you think you are even mildly interested, shoot up to John Davis records for a listen.

Jazz fans, classical buffs and hard nose rockers all, will dig *Think of One*.

The records reviewed in "All That Jazz" are available from John Davis Records, 22 Twin Street (off Rundle Mall) with a 10 percent discount for Adelaide University students.

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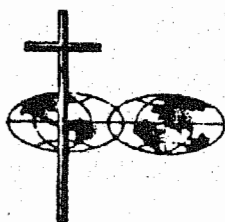
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Sharon escapes and Cyndi flops

DISCS

Andrew Stewart

Power SHARON O'NEILL

From a poseable doll to a performer with real talent, *Power* is a welcome escape from the overly LA-bland sound of the *Foreign Affairs* album, and takes Sharon into rather different musical territory. It doesn't quite come off, but the individual parts (playing, singing and production) are great. The song perhaps isn't her strongest, though the chorus is catchy. On the strength of this the new album should be worth a listen.

Don't Let Go WANG CHUNG

I know a lot of people who hate *Dance Hall Days*. If you're one of them, I'm not sure *Don't Let Go* is going to change your mind about *Wang Chung* — you'll still be irritated by the nasal, mannered vocals and the appalling lyrics. But this isn't as clichéd — not quite anyway — and is rather better for it, if not so infernally catchy. A driving beat is fuelled by some excellent guitar work, the production is tight and punchy, and it just might be a hit. Check out the B-side by the way — it's an interesting if long-winded instrumental with some great soprano sax.

Careless Whisper GEORGE MICHAELS

No doubt millions of adoring fans all around the world are desperately wondering why George, one half of *Wham* and surely the toothpaste industry's greatest asset since *The Osmonds*, has gone solo for this one. Personally I couldn't give a stuff. Granted this is half-decent schmaltz, with lush strings and smooth sax — but would anyone give it a second thought if he wasn't already a "superstar"? I doubt it.

The Ghost In You PSYCHEDELIC FURS

A worthy follow-up to *Heaven*, if not perhaps with the hooks to make it a big hit. Nice song, distinctive vocals (as always) and a very pretty keyboard sound. Like it.

Where's The Dress MOE AND JOE

I don't believe this. A truckin' song with two

good ol' boys discussing whether or not drag is the key to making millions in the music business? "What is this thang they all call the *Culcher Club*?" Good question.

Standing in the Dark PLATINUM BLONDE

Crass Canadian rubbish from a trio of pouting idiots. Shoot on sight.

She Bop CYNDI LAUPER

Oh dear. I think Cyndi's shot her bolt. After the bounce and verve of *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* and the beautiful *Time After Time* (one of the year's best singles), this is a non-starter. Based on a hackneyed riff that's about fit for *The Munsters*' theme, *She Bop* is mundane and overproduced, with Cyndi's vocal individuality very little in evidence.



**PLATINUM
BLONDE**

Genuine and intelligent

A Little Madness To Be Free THE SAINTS RCA

by Mark Carey

To a large extent Chris Bailey is a traditionalist. His greatest asset as a songwriter is his ability to draw upon a history of contemporary music from a range of styles, and add to all this his own genius to produce some of the most genuine and intelligent rock around.

From the first subtle acoustic notes of *Ghost Ships* that open *A Little Madness* to the quirky backing vocals that close out *Angel*, the final track, this is an album of fabulous songs.

The brass and string arrangements are the best I've ever heard from the *Saints*. The production is bright — snappy rather than lush.

"Well, I might as well be a certified crazy," sings Chris on *Down the Drain*, and let's hope he stays that way. A lovely soft-rocking number with some sparse piano touches from Ivor Hays, and which, particularly in the chorus, is not unlike pre-cock rock Stones.

Only Time, a big dixie 2/4, and O Lordy, that Michael Charles sure is cookin' on that clarinet. What I want to know is out of which orifice he manages to play the saxophone at the same time.

Imagination's there, the new single which appears to have been shamefully ignored so far by radio after nearly playing *Ghost Ships* to death (luckily it is immortal). Speaking of which, its wonderful B-side *Wrapped Up And Blue* well and truly earns a spot on the album. Somehow I can't help getting visions of dusty roads and blue Levis when I hear this one.

The obligatory ballad on *A Little Madness* is *Photograph*, a haunting study in sepia of *Casablanca* proportions. The intro settles down into acoustic guitar and pizzicato violin which grows into a beautifully arranged string section, joined a little later by a soft snare from Iain Shelden.

My review runneth over with superlatives — it's all too much to go through track by track.

A little madness, a little wine, a little brilliance — from the *Saints*.

— *Newsweek* — A saint behind bars.



Being strung along

MUSIC NOTES



N. Kalaitzis

This week we look at guitar problems and solutions: some practical pointers which may save you a dollar to two. Some time ago, one of the machine-heads (or tuning pegs) on my electric guitar was giving way. It was the one for the high E-string (the first, or the thinnest, one).

When the tuning peg was turned to lower the pitch it would feel loose without having any effect on the string itself. Only an extra turn would cause it to break the tension.

After attempting to take it apart, clean and lubricate it, I found that this made little difference.

So, there was a choice.

Either to replace it with a whole new set (you can't buy them singly) which would cost around \$30.00 or find an alternative.

Now it only takes a bit of common sense to realize that the top-E string is the most highly strung and has the most tension. This is probably what had caused the problem in the first place.

So, by swapping the faulty machine head with the one that has the least tension (i.e. the previously faulty machine head worked smoothly on the less tensioned string with its replacement working equally as well up top.

I've had no trouble since then and managed to save myself a few dollars.

Although, you can't do this with a nylon string classical guitar because the tuning pegs are not separate, there is also no reason why this can't be done on an acoustic guitar as well, if needed.

So, if you ever come across this sort of problem, you now know what to do about it, without paying to get the same result.

Next week we'll look at the question of music versus noise.

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Application forms and further information may be obtained from:

The Director,
Centre for Environmental Studies,
The University of Adelaide,
G.P.O. Box 498,
Adelaide, S.A. 5001
Tel. (08) 228 5835

The closing date for applications (i) for admission in 1984 is October 31, 1984, and (ii) for Commonwealth Postgraduate Course awards is September 30, 1984.

Out on the floor

by Jennie Lagoon

Have you heard of "Carpet Funk"? Well now you have a chance to experience this exciting form of musical entertainment.

Mixed Bag are a local Adelaide band who specialise in this new musical style. They are a six piece band who aim to provide any audience with a high-energy evening of carpet funk.

So what's carpet funk, you ask?

Simple. It's music designed to get your feet on the carpet (er—dance-floor), grooving to the beat of the music.

Mixed Bag has been labelled jazz/blues yet according to the keyboard player they cover music by artists from Al Jerome to Rickie Lee Jones.

But the band really must be heard to be appreciated. So whatever your bag catch *Mixed Bag* for a night of high energy music and an enthusiastic performance.



Economic woman

Production or Reproduction
Katrina Alford
Oxford University Press \$12.99

by Jaci Wiley

Oxford University Press have been publishing excellent books for hundreds of years. *Production or Reproduction?* is no exception.

Katrina Alford has compiled an economic history of women in Australia from 1788-1850 which deserves attention.

The book identifies biases of conventional historical thought to the topic of women and economics then provides an alternative analysis of Australian women in the period 1788-1850.

Production and Reproduction? examines colonial Australian women in the context of "masculinity, marriage and morality", the "classes of women in colonial society" and "the labour of colonial women".

Alford uses illustrations, statistics and public and private documents of stunning effect.

This text is thought provoking. It challenges conventional historical methods and assumptions only to find them lacking. Alford provides a compelling and acceptable alternative which should be read.

This publication comes highly recommended to all who are interested in women in history, economics and society.

BOOK MARKS



by Jaci Wiley

Update on the *On dit* Short Story Competition. Approximately 125 eligible entries were received from all over Australia. It is hoped that some entries will be published prior to the completion of judging in October. We'll keep you informed as the competition progresses.

Writers interested in learning the complexities of copyright law may wish to attend a one-day Writers' Workshop held by the Australian Copyright Council on 15 October: it will be held at History House, 133 Macquarie Street, Sydney at the cost of \$55 or \$35 for students. Topics covered include copyright principles, contracts and other writer-related issues. To register phone or write to Annemarie Baulman at the Australian Copyright Council, 22 Alfred Street, Milsons Point, NSW 2061, phone (02) 92 1151.

Controversial Canadian writer Mavis Gallant will visit Australia next March. Ms. Gallant is a novelist and short story writer who is also a regular contributor to *The New Yorker* and the *New York Times Book Review*. She is being brought here by the Canada-Australia Literary Prize Scheme, funded by the Australia Council's Literature Board and its Canadian counterpart.

Another visitor to Australia next March is Doris Lessing. Ms. Lessing who wrote *The Golden Notebook*, *Memoirs of a Survivor* and numerous other well-known novels, has accepted an invitation to Canberra's Word Festival.

This column would be interested in hearing from any writers who have answered the advertisements for authors as seen regularly in *The Advertiser* and other papers. Anyone willing to inform this column of the details of the contact should phone *On dit* on 223 2685.

Who's at the helm?



Alexander Haig

Caveat

ALEXANDER HAIG (*Weidenfeld*; \$29.95)

by Mark Davis

For General Alexander Haig, former NATO commander, White House chief of staff, and — more recently — US Secretary of State, the Reagan White House is as mysterious as a ghost ship.

"You heard the creak of the rigging and the groan of the timbers and sometimes even glimpsed the crew on deck. But which of the crew was at the helm? ... It was impossible to tell."

When General Haig resigned as Secretary of State in 1982 he warned President Reagan that there was an absence of unity and coherence in US foreign policy. Haig has now written a memoir of his 18 months as Reagan's Secretary of State and given it the title *Caveat*.

And, to make sure the point is taken, he

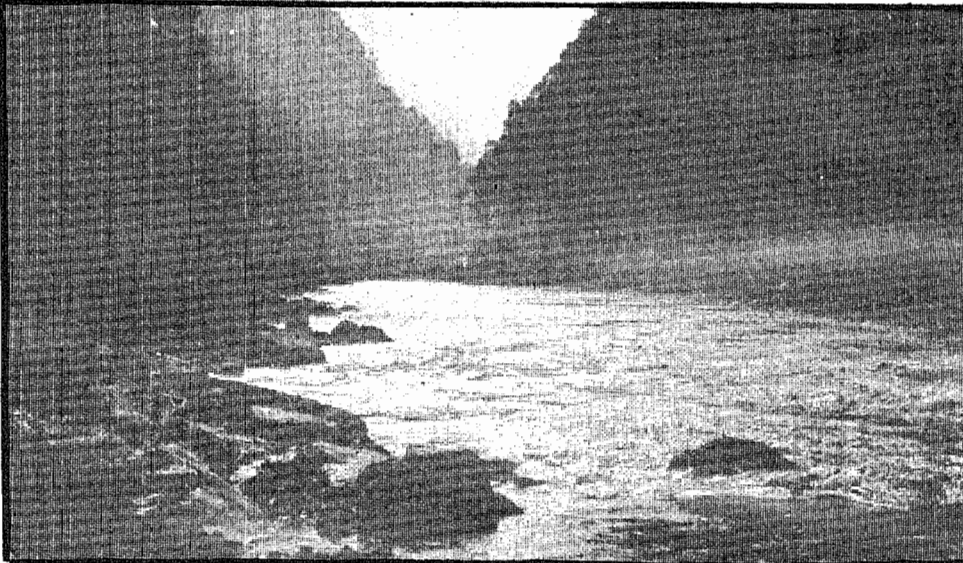
supplies on the title page a dictionary definition of the Latin term: "a warning enjoining one from certain acts and practices ... a cautionary explanation."

Caveat records Haig's growing sense of frustration as a member of the Reagan administration.

When Reagan phoned Haig in December 1980 and asked him to be Secretary of State he said, Haig recalls, "You know my feeling about the Secretary of State. He would be the spokesman ... I'll look to you, Al."

Haig says that he and Reagan agreed that the Secretary of State should be the chief manager of US foreign policy and the only official in the administration responsible for the public enunciation of that policy. They agreed it was vital for the United States to speak about foreign policy with a single voice. Yet, after only a few weeks in office, the new administration was speaking with several voices.

Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of



Greenies reminisce

Battle for the Franklin
ROGER GREEN (*Fontana* \$8.95)
by Anna Lind

Battle for the Franklin is a collection of interviews and self-congratulatory reminiscences of the stars and some of the support cast in the Franklin Campaign. Although the author has included a small number of antagonistic points of view he has been careful to cast them as ignorant or villainous.

Much of the material presented is factual, but they are dreary facts. Mainly dates, names, and parliamentary debates. For all the assertions that the Hydro-Electric Commission (HEC) was misrepresenting the facts, it would have been instructive to know how.

Most of the memories are personal feelings and experiences. There is little analysis and only shallow evaluation of the campaign on political, tactical environmental or economic levels.

Some of the insights are mildly diverting, such as Norm Sanders' observation that the bureaucratic structure of the HEC monolith, which is not accountable to the public and which spends more than half the Tasmanian budget makes it "one of the worst examples of state socialism" he's ever seen.

We are also told how the campaign changed from being an amateurish out run by a handful of well-meaning "nice people" to a slick, professional operation. Several people seem to award themselves the credit for this.

A more evaluative and less nostalgic work might offer valuable lessons in the sphere of public campaigning. This book however is too fragmented, with each person offering one limited perspective and little attempt on the part of the author to draw them together in any sort of conclusion.

As a document its value is largely sentimental for anyone who knew the contributors or worked on the campaign. For anyone lacking a passionate interest in the issue it would make very dry reading.

Defence, had "a tendency to blurt locker-room opinions in the guise of policy."

Presidential aides conducted off-the-record briefings with journalists in which they contradicted official policy statements.

Jane Kirkpatrick, US ambassador to the United Nations, spoke her mind even when doing so undermined Haig's negotiations with the British and the Argentinians over the Falklands crisis.

Haig points out that when a President adopts a policy "an adviser who disagrees has the choice of closing ranks and supporting the President's decision even though he does not like it, or resigning."

"That Mrs. Kirkpatrick chose to keep on pushing her own view should not be taken to suggest that she had departed from honorable practice," Haig says "because the concept of closing ranks had no meaning to the President's aides."

"The necessity of speaking with one voice on foreign policy ... simply never took hold among Reagan's advisers."

In Haig's account of the inner workings of the Reagan administration there is no impression of a strong President leading a team. Rather there is the sense of a vacuum where the President should be and of an anarchic whirlwind of conflicting ideas and influences around this vacuum.

Haig lays the blame for this state of affairs with the President's inner circle of aides, men like Edwin Meese, Michael Deaver and James Baker, whose expertise is in public relations rather than foreign policy.

Meese, Deaver and Baker took it upon themselves to sit at the Cabinet table and make decisions in the name of the President.

Haig describes the first meeting of Reagan's new Cabinet: "On entering the Cabinet room, I saw that Meese and Baker were seated at the Cabinet table. This was a startling departure from tradition. Robert Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, at the height of their pride, would never have dared such an act of lese majesty. They were aides, not members of the Cabinet, and they sat against the wall, in the chairs provided for aides, as all other aides have always done ... In the Cabinet meeting itself, Meese took the part usually played by the President. He formulated issues, led discussions, summarized remarks."

Although Haig is careful not to criticize Reagan directly, the President emerges as a bumbling nice guy with no ideas of his own, who has to be protected and stage-managed by his pals from California. It is hardly a reassuring picture, especially in the light of Michael Deaver's admission in a recent interview that President Reagan often falls asleep during Cabinet meetings.

Brevities

The State of the Art
FRANK MOORHOUSE (ED.)
(Penguin \$9.95)

by David Wunderlich

Short story writing in Australia is thriving! There are over forty stories in this anthology and Moorhouse claims he could have easily compiled another, equally good one.

The contributors include established writers such as Peter Carey, Morris Lurie, Michael Wilding, Murray Bail and Moorhouse himself, but most of them are unknowns.

The State of the Art is divided into five categories: "Marriage, Parenthood, Ancestors", "Low Life", "Travelling About, Bumping Around, In Transit", "Games, Fantasies, Lyricism" and "Growing, Ageing". These categories are indicative of the apolitical nature of these stories. Despite Frank Moorhouse's predilection for the political he could not dig up one such story worthy of inclusion in this anthology.

Most contemporary writers are concerned with the personal — love on the dole, childhood memories, travelling — rather than the public, and with the short story's possibilities as form, rather than vehicle.

The inclusion of so many new writers means this volume is as much a pointer to the future of Australian writing as a map of its present shape and concerns. It is a future about which I have only one albeit a serious reservation. I don't believe that a completely apolitical body of literature is a healthy one.

Writers should influence, not merely mirror their society and this often entails deliberately going against the prevailing of society. Only if they do not neglect the public arena will this new generation of warriors fully live up to their promise.



Supergirl running into strife.

Woman of steel, film of clay

Supergirl
Howts Cinemas

by Peter Rummel

Partial as I am to the foreign language film, after four or five meaningful subtitled pictures in a row my brain shrieks out for a sustaining slice of escapist, low-brow plup emema. It was a toss up between *Indiana Jones* and *Supergirl*, with *Supergirl* winning only because of Peter O'Toole's presence among the celebrity supporting cast.

Even so, my hopes for the film itself weren't high. Anticipating another tired, cynical Alexander — Ilya Salkind rip off *ala Superman III*, I was prepared to dismiss it accordingly. But it was better than I'd expected, mainly because of attractive newcomer Helen Slater's appealing performance in the title role. Somehow she manages to off-set Supergirl's more glaring deficiencies — particularly David Odell's unbelievably hackneyed screenplay.

Supergirl: The Movie, you'll recall, began with the destruction of the planet Krypton. But not all the inhabitants were killed. Under the guidance of the artist Zaltar (O'Toole), a splinter settlement, Argo City, was founded in inner space. This colony is the home of fifteen year old Kara (Slater), Superman's cousin. When, through Zaltar's folly, the Omegahedron — one of Argo's twin power sources — is lost, Kara impulsively sets out to recover it. Naturally the quest brings her to Earth, where she adopts the guise of demure Midvale schoolgirl Linda Lee.

Opposing Kara are bogus fortune teller Selena (Faye Dunaway), her crony, Bianca (Brenda Vaccaro), and Nigel (Peter Cook), Selena's would be consort. For Selena has stumbled upon the Omegahedron and, like any self-respecting megalomaniac, is bent on using its powers to fulfill her dreams of world conquest. And because the Man of Steel is otherwise engaged, the burden of perpetuating the struggle for Truth, Justice and the American Way falls on his pretty, blonde (peroxide) cousin.

As if this weren't enough to occupy the tireless teenager, there is a romantic subplot involving a macho — he wears sleeveless t-shirts and doesn't shave — moronic hunk of a landscape gardener (Hart Bochner) who's madly in love with Linda, the result of one of Selena's misdirected spells.

Inevitably, *Supergirl* begs comparison with its forerunners. Although not up to the standard of *Superman II*, it's undoubtedly an improvement on *Superman III* and at least on a par with *Superman: The Movie*. The heroics are minimal (concerning in the main Kara's efforts to keep Bochner out of Selena's lecherous clutches) but are brilliantly staged, with Supergirl's escape from the maelstrom of the Phantom Zone a definite high point.

What the visual element can't conceal, however, is the film's incredible plot discrepancies. The worst of many is Selena's inexplicable failure to make the obvious connection between Linda and Supergirl. To enjoy any comic strip derived movie it's necessary to suspend belief to some degree, and *Supergirl* is clearly aimed at younger audiences, but Odell's script interprets this fluidity as a cart blanche licence for doltishness.

Faye Dunaway as Selena also tends to weigh down *Supergirl's* inherent buoyancy. She's a forceful, dominant dramatic actress, but comedy obviously isn't her forte. Dunaway is loud enough for a caricature arch-villain but her flamboyancy has a leaden touch; it's merely a stilted comic variation on her scenery chewing antics from *Mommie Dearest*.

Peter O'Toole's Zaltar is every bit as hammy as Dunaway, only O'Toole has the finely honed flair for self-parody and theatrical mock eloquence that Dunaway lacks.

Ultimately, though, the success of a cartoon-style epic hinges directly on the credibility of its central character. Lavish sets and famous supporting casts provide the embroidery, but the substance must emanate from the hero.

With Helen Slater as Supergirl the Salkind's have been lucky — just as they were in casting Christopher Reeve as Superman. Her Kara has a grace and warmth that seldom falters during the rapid fire transformations from Supergirl to Linda and back.

Equally important, she gives the impression of believing in all that happens to her, from the exhilaration of maiden flight to the despair of imprisonment in the Phantom Zone. Without this capacity *Supergirl* would fall into a slump which no amount of technical wizardry could dispel.

Just as a cautionary postscript, the sexual politics of *Supergirl* warrant some attention. While paying lip service to feminism — Kara beats up a couple of leering chauvinist truck drivers — such concessions are purely token. The men in this film are idiots but the women are worse. Selena and Bianca are depicted as a pair of slobbering nymphs, expending more energy on trying to get Bochner into bed than they do in their attempted global putsch.

And while *Superman: The Movie* had a teasing will-they-or-won't-they ambiguity to add spice to the Superman-Lois Lane relationship, the Slater-Bochner romance in *Supergirl* is kept manifestly chaste. This is no doubt due to Kara's tender years, but even as she matures in the inevitable sequels don't count on anything remotely carnal taking place. It's alright for virile, masculine super-heroes but not for a nice, well brought up super-heroine. At least not so long as she embodies the Salkind's idealized role model for America's young womanhood.

Drugs, the dole and one-liners

Fast Talking
Academy and Picadilly cinemas

by Ben Cheshire and Liz Heller

The night we went to see this film there were seven people in the audience and three of them walked out halfway through, complaining loudly that it was "just for kids."

Fast Talking isn't really that bad, but it certainly lacks the wit and humour to appeal to a larger audience.

It's a very Australian production of teenage life in the outer suburbs of Sydney, where kids graduate almost automatically onto the scrapheap of unemployment.

The entire film is built around the antics of Steve Carson, a cute 15 year old drug pusher, thief and vandal, played energetically by Rod Zuanic.

With his ripple-soled mates, Carson sets fire to the school, steals the headmaster's car and leads the police through a chase scene which by today's standards isn't very spectacular.

And the fact that he always manages to evade the authorities means that none of the plots and dilemmas underlying the film are in any way resolved.

Even the ending is unsatisfying because it doesn't provide any answers to Carson's many problems.

To mention just a couple — his brother is a heroin pusher, his father an alcoholic greyhound breeder and his mother has left home to live with a short-tempered cake seller.

The police are after him for pushing marijuana, the headmaster is after him for skipping classes, and his brother is hassling him to sell heroin.

Thankfully, out of all this comes a few spots of humour.

The pisspot father, on learning of Carson's problems at school, tells the headmaster, "I taught him everything I know, and he still doesn't bloody know anything."

The nasty big brother, having difficulty persuading Carson to sell heroin, tells him, "a good deal would have to be half-way up your arse before you saw it coming."

And the father, angry at Carson's devotion to a "useless" greyhound, shouts, "the only thing that mongrel's good for is for turning steak into dog-shit."

But not everyone has given up on Steve Carson.

A friendly bikie and a sympathetic teacher try to instill some sense of responsibility in him.

Although they don't have much success, they do bring out the human side of an urban existence which otherwise would be scarcely worth living.

LIMELIGHT FILM CHOICE

Compiled by David Walker

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan: Definitive version of the classic legend, intelligent, beautiful and full of fine actors — Christopher Lambert as the Lord of the Apes, John Gielgud, Ian Holm. (Greater Union, Hindley).

Romancing the Stone: Less flash, more dash than *Indiana Jones*; a movie which couldn't afford effects, relied on people instead (Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner). Script alternates between pulp tradition and modern inventiveness, result is excellent. (Hoyts Regent).

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom: *Raiders of the Lost Ark* at twice the speed, with



TV. NOTES



Dull Rules

By Richard Wilson

Fresh on the heels of Andrew Peacock's "stirring" reply to the Keating Budget comes another great moment of "TV to snooze by". Not to be outdone by Channel Two in the "compelling-viewing" stakes, Channel Seven tonight rolls out the 1984 Magarey Medal Presentation.

Channel 7 took over the reigns from Channel 9 a couple of years back. In that short time, there have been plenty of memorable events.

In 1982, we had turn-of-the-century counting procedures and a power failure just before the winner was announced. Then last year we had the Bruce Lindner variety show, and after the winner was announced, someone claiming there were still votes to be counted. Confusion, distress, disorganisation...

dazzling stunts and dull acting from Harrison Ford and the forgettable Kate Capshaw as Willie ("I broke a fingernail!") Scott. Not really worth the effort, though it makes an impact at the time. (Greater Union Hindley).

Splash: Yet another overrated, overhyped holiday flick. Story of a Cape Cod mermaid in New York pursued by mad scientist is strikingly unimpressive; script is dull, funny bits are old, thin and too far apart, director Ron (Happy Days) Howard is unimaginative. (Greater Union).

Supergirl: Cartoon-style kiddie epic suffers scriptural moronicism and doubtful sexual politics but is buoyed up by a surprisingly graceful performance by Linda Slater in the title role. Missable. (Hoyts Regent).

The Philadelphia Experiment: Standard sci-fi yarn with cheap effects, no acting (with the honourable exception of Nancy Allen). But mostly, this movie — which purports to be about holes in time — is about holes in the script... (Academy).

Bachelor Party: Mindless *Police Academy* — style sit-com, with slapstick humour where imagination fails. Full of energy but devoid of real entertainment value for most people. (Hoyts Regent).

Reuben, Reuben: Tom Conti's amusing, perceptive character study of a libertine Scottish poet, Gowan McGland, on the skids. Fine script has fleeting moments of rare insight and pathos, and Conti is the most engaging screen drunk since Peter O'Toole in *My Favourite Year*. (Greater Union, Hindley).

The Bounty: May be historically precise, but this expensive remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* has little else to commend it. Script is poor, leaves Mel Gibson (Fletcher Christian) with nothing much to do, although Anthony Hopkins (Bligh) is passable. Expensive mediocrity. (Hoyts Regent).

Cleverly intermingled with these real-life dramas were video replays showing the best of rain-sodden hysterical crowds, spectacular jumps, players falling in the mud, running into goalposts, fighting, punching each other in the kidneys, being reported and, as a result, making interesting suggestions to the umpires with their hands...

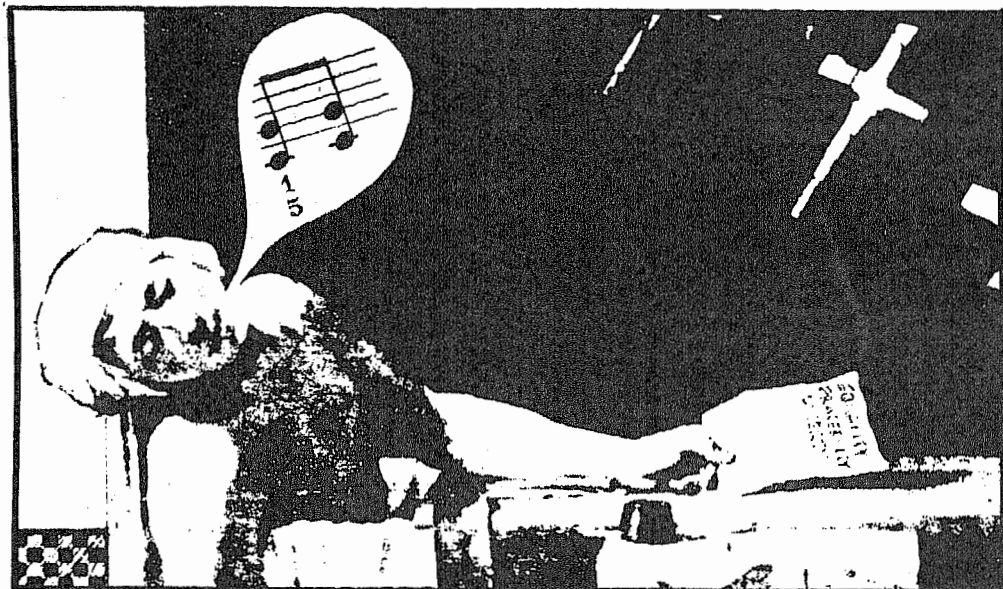
On tonight's episode of "Murphy's Law and the TV program", we'll see a tribute to Neil Kerley, who is retiring from football to go sailing off Fremantle, and a segment highlighting the most important games in the past 25 years. And my tip for the medal? Kernahan ...1, Bradley ...2, Platten ...3.

Betty Bobbitt (as Judy Bryant) has escaped from the *Prisoner* set. She's quit and is moving into theatre.

The Love Game has deservedly got the chop. In its place at 5.30 on 7 (from tonight) is another game show, *Play Your Cards Right*, featuring "Ugly" Dave Gray.

Channel 9 has 68 days, or more than 500 hours of cricket telecasts planned for this summer.

And there is a simulcast of Dire Straits on Channel 9 and SA-FM this Friday at 10.20 pm. It was recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon in July 1983.



Historical lunacy

Marat/Sade
ADELAIDE THEATRE GROUP
Sheridan Theatre

by Fran Edwards

Like most of Peter Weiss' plays, this production is motivated by "history and ideas". *Marat/Sade's* history is the French Revolution, its ideas generated and performed by the inmates of a lunatic asylum.

The play's full title tells the story — "The persecution and assassination of Marat, as performed by the inmates of the Asylum at Charenton, under the direction of the Marquis de Sade" — but only hints at its structural and conceptual complexity.

It is a play within a play. All the players are inmates — some are insane.

The script includes some thought provoking characterizations such as a mentally debilitated "Louis" playing a physically ill Marat and an inmate with sleeping sickness "Lliana" playing the emotionally crippled Charlotte Corday. The production took this one step further, with

a male, politically active priest being represented by a female who looked like an escapee from a Jane Fonda aerobics class.

Any play this complex is difficult to direct and very demanding to perform. George Yeo, the director, managed to prevent chaos, but only just.

The energy on stage was astounding and because it was unchecked at times some of the great statements the play makes were lost in the confusion. The cast was good, but it takes a skilled and a strong hand to weld 24 separate performances into a uniform whole.

Notable performances were Anna Linarello as Charlotte Corday, Jude Carney, Philip Hazell and Llewellyn James as the Herald, Marat and Sade respectively.

Reiko Rapita and Julie Farrell maintained nicely consistent portraits of lunatics.

The music deserves a special mention: the "lunatic" musicians played well, creating a suitably menacing ambience. The Adelaide Theatre Group has re-established itself well.

STAGE WHISPERS

Well the theatre lovers who left town for the holidays surely missed a feast of Adelaide Theatre. Janus Productions gave us *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* (the bears stole the show), Bunyip gave us *Rapunzel and the Wicked Witch* and the Spare Parts Puppet Theatre presented Oscar Wilde's *The Happy Prince*. Those were just the children's offerings. The evening theatre included such diverse offerings as Handel's *Julius Caesar* and Noel Coward's *Waiting in the Wings*.

Therry's recent production of *Waiting in the Wings* was also worth seeing. Nicely directed it was well handled. Star of the night must have been Phil Skinner who took over the sizeable part of Cora four days before opening. It must be said though that she was surrounded by a competent and well rehearsed cast who made her task possible.

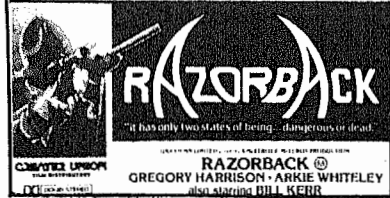
One to watch for in the near future is Burnside Players offering of *The Hot Tiara* due to open on the 21st, more details later.

Union Film Screenings

Tues. 11 Sept. 1.10 pm.

A world gone mad...
ONE NIGHT STAND
making time when time
is running out!

Wed. 12 Sept. 1.10 pm



Venue: Union Hall opposite Barr Smith Lawns.
Admission: \$1.50 Film Group. \$2.50 students.
\$3.50 others.

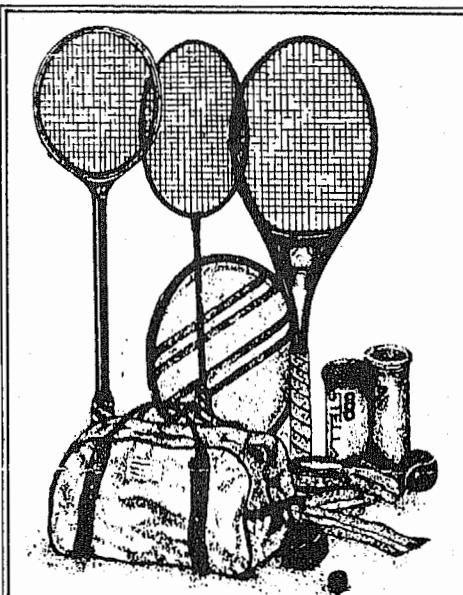
THEATRE CHOICE

Compiled by Fran Edwards

Children of a Lesser God by Mark Medoff presented by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust and Paul Elliot at the Opera Theatre from 12 September. Great reviews in London and on Broadway.

Beach Blanket Tempest, Shakespeare's new rock musical (their description not mine) presented by New Moon Theatre Company at the Playhouse until September 22nd.

Suite en Blanc, Equus: The Ballet and *Voluntaries* presented by the Australian Ballet and the Festival Theatre from 11 September for 6 performances only.



SPORTS ASSOCIATION SHOP

For squash, tennis and badminton rackets and accessories

A BOTTLE
OF BASEDOWS
SURROUNDED BY
ENLIGHTENED
JOURNALISM

BASEDOWS

Madid

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.

AB3082/84

NEW MOON
Pleasure Tested
by The Adelaide Festival Centre

Beach Blanket Tempest

HOT TROPICAL
ROCK SHOW!

By Dennis Watkins & Chris Harriott
Director Helmut Bakaitis
Fashion Jenny Bannister
A rock 'N' roll musical set in Queensland, adapted from Shakespeare and charged with the energy of the 60s.

PLAYHOUSE
SEPTEMBER 7-22.

Book at BASS over the counter at all BASS outlets or phone credit card
BASS-212 6866
Prices Adults \$13.90,
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Times Mon-Sat. 8 p.m.,
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"More fun than Rocky Horror"
— The Australian

21 ORIGINAL HITS:
A TIDAL WAVE OF TALENT

BRIC-A-BRAC

HI-LITES

Start at the Right

Polish your marching boots and brush the dust off your medals. Brigadier Greville — *The Advertiser's* expert on all matters martial — takes up the theme of the various colored perils when he speaks on the ANZUS Alliance to the Liberal Club this Thursday.

Reveille is at 1 pm in the South Dining Rooms. All welcome.

...and it's just a jump to the Left

To make sure you remain politically balanced lend an ear to veteran student "pollic" Alan Fairley speaking on "The Student Movement in Thailand".

Just to beat Brigadier Greville to the punch this is at *Wednesday* 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

Alan has recently returned from Thailand where he examined conditions at first hand.

From the ashes

You've heard of *New Scientist*, *New Society*, *The New Seekers* etc? Well now it's the *New Literary Society*, the revamped version of a club that sunk into oblivion several years ago.

Time will tell if the new club will recover the glory of its halcyon days, when *Diphong* — the club magazine — disproved the common wisdom that magazines cannot be run by a collective.

So get along to the inaugural meeting at 1 pm in the South Dining Room on Monday 24th September. It could be the start of something big. You may even end up in *On dit*.

Be prepared

Some good news and some bad news.

I'll give you the good news first. The A.U. Skout Patrol — a motley collection of overgrown adolescents reliving their juvenile fantasies — are holding a Bar Night on Saturday 22nd September at 8 pm. *No Cause for Alarm* headline the show.

The bad news is that in support they've arranged the return of *Too Sick To Sing* — back with (close to) their original line up. Ear plugs are strongly advised.

If you fancy yourself with the amber liquid you might like to challenge St. Marks or the Skout Patrol in the Beer Sculling competition which will be one of the evening's highlights.

Dib, dib, dib ... dob, dob, dob...

CROSSWORD SOLUTION NO 7

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TWISTER NO 7

O F A D N A R T E B E T O F A O O
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clue: a proverb

Start at the indicated letter and move horizontally or vertically one letter at a time so that you spell out a sentence which ends in the middle of the diagram.

Want a job, a place to live? Want to buy or sell something or advertise a function? Entries in "Bric A Brac" are free. Lodge your notices at the *On dit* office by Wednesday 12.00 noon.

TO LET

Person wanted to share house in Parkside with one female Arts student and one male Law student. Rent \$33.00 per week. Phone 272 5727.

WANTED

A Drummer, permanent, for *The Exploding White Mice*. Not for the clumsy, timid, humourless or stupid. Must be able to play fast when required, which is most of the time. Please apply at a gig so that you know what you're in for, and what is required. Or ring Giles 31 9908.

JOBS

The Students' Association 'WORK ACTION' Service is available to all Adelaide University students. Jobs vacant are advertised on a noticeboard just outside the Students' Association Office.

Jobs range from labouring and factory work, through gardening, waiting, child care and cleaning to tutoring school students. The occasional vacation job for professional students crops up, usually around mid-third term. On average, about four new jobs come in every day.

Interested? Of course, but how do you use it? Keep an eye on the noticeboard. When you see a job you are interested in, go into the office and ask for further details. You will need to show your student card or bus card, and refer to the job by number.

Here is a selection of the jobs that are available at the moment:

2523: **Physics and Mathematics Tutoring.** A University student doing Physics III and Applied Maths III is looking for a tutor in these subjects, preferably an honours or post-graduate student, but anyone who knows the work will do. \$12/hour. At University or wherever suits you.

2524: **Music and Dancing Teachers** at the Tea Tree Gully School of Music, to teach singing, violin, modern dancing and rap dancing. Wages negotiable.

2525: **Chemistry Tutoring.** 1st Year University student requires a tutor, probably for one hour a week at University. \$10/hour.

2538: **Waiting.** Restaurant in North Adelaide requires an experienced food and drink waiter or waitress, mainly for weekend work. Casual award wages.

2545: **Childcare.** 2 children: 4 years and 17 months. Myrtlebank. About 9 hours a week (minimum). \$2.50/hour.

2549: **Politics Tutor.** Student doing 1st Year 'Political Theory' at Flinders University wants some private tutoring. \$10/hour.

2550: **Economics Tutor.** Flinders University student needs help with Micro and Macro Economics II. \$10/hour.

2579: **Drink Waiting.** Traralgon. 2 experienced bar staff required for a busy suburban restaurant. Casual award wages. Mostly weekend work.

2587: **Tutoring Matric Commerce.** Ridleyton. Two hours a week. \$10/hour.

2598: **Cook.** Part time work: 8.30 am — 1.30 pm — ongoing. \$6.67/hour casual or \$5.56/hour permanent. Cooking for a child care centre.

2601: **Telephone Canvassing** from Torrensville. Ringing prospective customers and arranging follow-up interviews for a frozen food company. \$4/hour plus commission. 5 pm — 8 pm, days to suit you.

2602: **Child Care.** Hawthorn. One night per week 8 — 11 pm and occasional other work. Wages negotiable.

2604: **Painting Interior Walls** and ceilings, of offices. \$4/hour. Eastwood. Weekend work.

2605: **Childcare — live in.** Minding three children and doing some small household tasks (e.g. shopping) in exchange for free board and a small allowance. Beautiful house in Malvern.

2607: **Tutoring German.** City. Tutoring an 11 year old girl in German. Fortnightly. \$12/hour.

2608: **Selling Cosmetics.** Suburban door-to-door sales. 30% commission. No experience required.

2618: **2 Bar Staff.** City pub. Bar work with table service serving drinks. \$8.76/hour. Preferably 20-25 years of age. Experience essential.

2619: **Year 10 Maths Tutoring.** Elizabeth Park. \$8/hour.

2621: **Hawaiian Dancing.** No experience necessary. Plynesian or Polynesian-looking people wanted for Polynesian dancing group. \$40 — \$50 for 4 hour performances.

2624: **Youth Worker** to work with unemployed youth in the Salisbury/Elizabeth area. Part time (3 days a week). \$18,971 — \$20,178 p.a. Experience in youth field essential.

2632: **Cleaning.** Marleston area, up to 14 hours a week. \$8.50/hour. 14 hour shift can be shared between two people if it suits you better.

2633: **Labourer.** City chicken processors require a general labourer. Up to 2 days a week. A few people required. \$6.77 per hour.

2634: **Tutoring Matric Economics** at University or at Modbury. 2 — 3 hours a week. \$10/hour.

2635: **Tutoring Matric Geography.** Tea Tree Gully. \$8 — \$10/hour.

NOTICES

ANZUS Alliance in Trouble: The A.U. Liberal Club presents Brigadier Greville to speak on the ANZUS alliance. With New Zealand's defiance and the Australian Labor government's temporary turnaround on it

policy, are we still safe? Come and hear expert opinion. South Dining Room (Level 4, Union Building) 1.00 pm on Thursday 13 September.

Socialist Club Meeting — 1.00 pm, Monday 17 September in South Dining Room (Level 4, Union House, under the Bar). All progressive people welcome.

A.U. Campaign Against Racial Exploitation Meeting. 1 pm Friday Sept. 14th, North Dining Room (Union House Level 4 — just under the Bar!) Everyone welcome.

Namibia — An Occupied Land: a public meeting addressed by Susan Nghidinwa, member of the Central Committee of SWAPO, the South West African People's Organization, will be held in lecture Theatre 101, Napier Building at 7.30 pm on Tuesday 25 September. Presented by A.U. Campaign Against Racial Exploitation. FREE — ALL WELCOME.

A.U. Skindiving Club: Annual Dinner 7.30 pm Friday 21 September at the Town House, Hindley Street. Tickets from the Club Committee until 19 September.

A.U. Skindiving Club: Annual General Meeting Wednesday 12 September, Jerry Portus Room at 7.30 pm. Refreshments will be provided.

The Students' Association is hosting a series of seminars on various aspects of Thai Society. ALAN FAIRLEY (Australian Union of Students Delegate to the Asian Students' Association) will speak on "THE STUDENT MOVEMENT IN THAILAND" on Wednesday 12 September at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

All poets, playwrights, novelists, short story writers, graffitiists and normal people: come to the inaugural meeting of the **New Literary Society**, South Dining Room, Monday 21 September at 1.00 pm or contact Vlad Thune (Music).

A.U. LACROSSE CLUB Interschool Soft Lacrosse Finals, University Gym, Mackinnon Parade.

Monday 10 Sept., 3.30 pm — Engineers vs. Economics.

Tuesday 11 Sept., 3.30 pm — Pinks vs. Economics.

Thursday 13 Sept., 3.30 pm — Pinks vs. Engineers. Admission 60c.

China Society: Mah Jong Evening — Yes, another Mah Jong session in the Asian Studies Centre. Not just for Asian Studies students. Teachers on hand — beginners, newcomers welcome. Small donation requested. Tea, coffee, biscuits available. Elephant Building, Rm 514, Wednesday September 12, 7 pm.

The University of Adelaide Notice To All Students (except higher degree by research) **Enrolment Record Form 1984 Check Your Mail Box Now**

During the week September 10 — 14 forms will be placed in each student's mail box showing details of information recorded by the University for that students.

If you have not received a form, please contact the Student Records Office, Level 7, Kenneth Wills Building, **immediately**.

The University of Adelaide — Notice to Students.

Student membership of faculties and curriculum committees in 1985.

Faculty of Arts
 Faculty of Architecture and Planning
 Faculty of Engineering
 Faculty of Mathematical Sciences
 Faculty of Medicine
 Faculty of Science
 Arts Curriculum Committee
 Mathematical Sciences Curriculum Committee
 Science Curriculum Committee

ELECTIONS to determine the student members of the six Faculties and the three committees listed above will be held on Wednesday 17 October, 1984 concurrently with the election by the undergraduates of two undergraduate members of the Council and six undergraduate members of the Education Committee.

NOMINATIONS of candidates for election are invited. A nomination must be made on the prescribed form and must reach the Returning Officer in my Office before 12.00 noon on Friday 21 September, 1984.

Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from the Returning Officer, Ms. P.J. Fabel (Ext. 5874) in my Office.

F.J. O'Neill
 Registrar

A.U. Astronomy Club — next meeting will be held on Wednesday 12 September at 1.10 pm in the North Dining Room. Two films on the solar system will be shown. All welcome.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Anti-Cancer Foundation — Vacation Scholarships. Available to undergraduates interested in participating in research projects related to cancer. Scholarships are tenable for 5 to 8 weeks. For further information and application forms contact Anti-Cancer Foundation, P.O. Box 55, Rundle Mall, Post Office, Adelaide.

A.N.U. Vacation Scholarships. Applications for Vacation Scholarships at the Australian National University for 1984/85 are now open. Scholarships are normally offered to students who are currently enrolled in an undergraduate course and intend to complete

and honours degree in the following year.

The minimum duration of the scholarships is for 8 to 12 weeks over the December-January-February holiday period. Scholars spend this time within the University under the supervision of members of the academic staff.

Scholarships are available in most departments of the University's Research School.

For further details, including the method of application, contact the Adelaide University Scholarships Officer Mr. J. Ogle (tel. 228 5246). Applications close on October 5.

The J.E. Jenkins Scholarships 1985. The University offers two scholarships to assist one male and one female student in meeting the expenses for residence during the academic year at one of the University's affiliated colleges. The maximum value of a scholarship is normal \$570. The rules governing the scholarships are published on pages 310-311 of Volume 1 of the University Calendar for 1984-85.

5UV Radio Highlights

Monday 10 September

7.30 pm: *Adult Learning.* Final programme in this series looks at "Helping Adults Learn".

8.00 pm: *Webern and Eisler.* Webern and Eisler were both pupils of Schoenberg in Vienna. Composer Atis Danckops presents an introduction.

Tuesday 11 September

8.30 pm: *Vietnam — Last W/ Forget.* An oral history of Australia's involvement in Vietnam, compiled from interviews with soldiers, their wives and counsellors.

9.00 pm: *US Election Preview.* The Presidential system comes under scrutiny in the second of our series of reports on the election process in the US.

Wednesday 12 September

9.00 pm: *Science Journal.*

Thursday 13 September

8.00 pm: *ANZAS '84.* The final in this series of reports from this year's Congress of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science.

Friday 14 September

12.30 pm: *Nunga Radio.* Presented by the Aboriginal Community Centre — community news and information from the urban scene to traditional matters.

UNION ACTIVITIES

Monday 10 September

1.10 pm. Activities Council Meeting in Union Office.

1.00 pm. Video Screening in Union Bar.

Wednesday 12 September

6 — 8 pm. Music Students performance in the Union Bistro.

Thursday 13 September

9 — 5 pm. Brian Ferrari Formal Wear here on campus 2 days only in foyer, Arcade level 4, Union House. Men's suits from \$25, Jackets \$8, etc. Last day Friday.

1 — 2 pm. Digital Sound experience by "Proudicion" in Union Bar. Demonstration of music and sound effects. Free.

Friday 14 September

1.00 pm. Jazz, Rock and Blues lunchtime concert.

6.00 — 8.00 pm. Wine and Dine in the Union Bistro, and be entertained by Justin (piano) and Michelle (singer). Free to Bistro patrons. Good value.

8.30 pm and 10.20 — 11.30 pm. Free entertainment in the Union Bar with "Milky Bar Kids" and "Dire Straits live simulcast" on the big video screen. Thanks to SAFM and NWS 9.

Saturday 15 September

8.00 pm. Lincoln College Bar night featuring "Mainstream". Students \$3, guests \$4.

Saturday 22 September

8 pm — 1 am. Skout Patrol Bar Night featuring "No Cause for Alarm" and "Too Sick to Sing". Special Beer Skulling Competition. St. Mark's vs. Skout Patrol and surprise challengers.

Wednesday 26, Thursday 27, Friday 28, September

8.30 pm. "Romeo and Juliet" performed by Magick Circus in the Union Bistro. "If there was ever a totally unconventional, thoroughly entertaining cabaret production of Shakespeare's tender tragedy, Magick Circus has hit upon it." (*The Advertiser* 7/7/84). Their performances are intended for audiences who are susceptible to paroxysms of laughter. Come along and have dinner prior to the performance at 8.30 pm. Admission free to diners.

Saturday 29 September

1 — 5 pm. VFL Grand Final. Special live telecast on the big video screen in the Union Bar.

Calling All Original Songwriters!

Awards will be made to the best original songwriters at the Annual International Australasian Broadcasting Awards (The Paters) for the first time this year. The five different song categories are best pop, rock, A.O.R. (Adult Orientated M.O.R.) country and specialist (jazz, novelty, comedy, ethnic, religious, orchestral). The Paters will be presented during the third annual radio convention to be held in November at the Sydney Hilton. Both professional and amateur songwriters are invited to participate, and songs must be original and presented on a good audio cassette tape, before September 15th.

Entry forms and further information available from Barry Salter, Promotions/Activities Officer in the Union Office or, from local radio stations.

Singer/Pianist (solo or duo) wanted. To perform in Union Bistro Friday nights, 6 — 8 pm. If interested contact Barry Salter in the Union Office 228 5131. Should have some experience.

Where It's At!

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

Where It's At In Canberra.

Where It's At Goes To Where It's Not.

Canberra? Canberra? You may well ask. This week *Where It's At* correspondent Moya Dodd reports on the quirks and curiosities of the national capital.



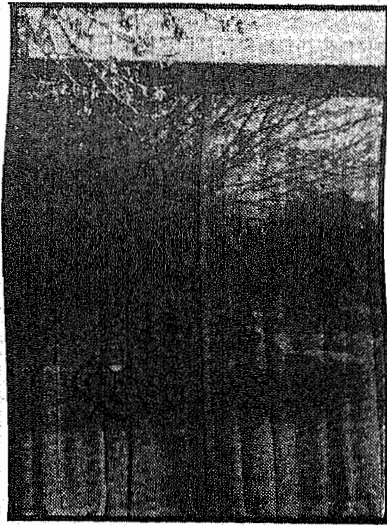
..SO YOU SEE COMRADE, NOW YOU HAVE NO NEED TO DEFECT TO THE WEST...

Breakfast In Bed?

While Canberra has no claim to the title of Gastronomic Capitol of Australia, it at least has something to rival Sydney's famous Wang King Chinese restaurant.

Driving innocently down a tired suburban street in tired suburban Lyneham, one unexpectedly comes across a small Thai restaurant nestled in a cluster of shops. Its name? "Phuket".

Well, not quite. Some have tried to argue that it is in fact named after a small holiday island pronounced "Poo-kets". But given the popular rumour that an Australian runs the place, one can't help wondering if something more is intended.



McDonaldsovich

In the biggest capitalist manoeuvre since Coca-Cola came to China, the McDonalds Corporation will soon establish a network of fast-food outlets in Yugoslavia, according to the Belgrade daily, *Politika*. The first four stores will soon be opened in Belgrade, the nation's capitol and, if successful, others will then be introduced across the country.

The strict standards of control that apply with McDonalds will have to

be met, as is the case in all other countries. However, Yugoslavia is already an old hand in producing Western goods under license, with locally made Adidas, Levis, Lee Cooper, Pepsi, Puma, the mandatory Coca-Cola and over 10 brands of Western name cigarettes such as Marlborough, Pall Mall and Dunhill having been well established for years.

While the younger generation in Yugoslavia will await the new venture with much interest, the older

breed are concerned that Yugoslav specialities such as "pljeskavice" which is their domestic and traditionally-made hamburger will be ignored simply because it isn't a part of the American youth culture.

Nonetheless, the introduction of McDonalds is expected to prove a further boom to the Yugoslav tourist trade. The tourist world apparently sees the McDonalds chain as a cornerstone of civilization and, in addition, a way of ordering familiar food in a foreign country.

Flap Flap

"Soccer is for birds too" proclaimed a T-shirt issued by the Australian Women's Soccer Association a couple of years ago.

The slogan assumed a certain ironic truth last week when, on the first day of the national Women's Soccer Championships in Canberra, two plovers constantly swooped on, dive-bombed and pecked at players during the matches.

Sailing

One of the features of Lake Burley Griffin is the yacht Club where keeled, ocean-going vessels lie moored on the lake's gentle lapping waters, no doubt taken out for epic voyages on weekends.

Unskilled Workers

Among Canberra's many roadside attractions are the fleets of broken down cars which lie abandoned on the roadside. This city of public servants evidently lacks the skills of the amateur mechanic.



Air Safety

All those rich enough to approach this city from above may have spotted an outstanding example of site selection on their way to or from the Canberra airport.

On a near-by road is posted a sign which commends to the tourist one of Canberra's local attractions. The Air Disaster Memorial, a smallish boulder parked in a pine forest and decorated with a rusting plaque, stands in remembrance of some war

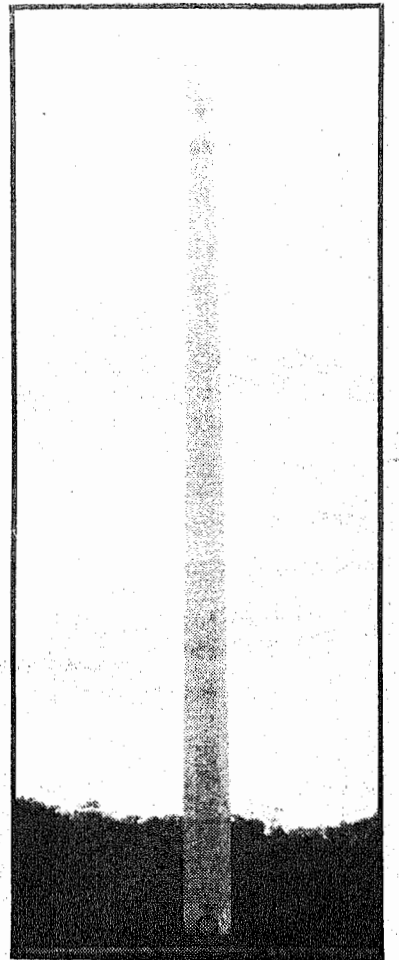
time brass who died in a 1940 light plane crash.

The sign is hardly reassuring to the nervous air passenger, but it is worth remembering that statistically it is safer to fly than it is to cross the road. Especially near the airport, where one is more than likely to be struck by one of those fiendish airport buses whizzing up and down, their white-knuckled drivers keenly following instructions to keep statistics favourable.

Monuments

While the ANZUS treaty has become a topic for debate, it seems the American attitude to Australia is best summed up by a nondescript monument erected in "grateful remembrance of vital help" given to Australia by the US in the Pacific in the Second World War.

What appears to be two slender fingers point skyward from the top of a massive pillar near central Canberra. Closer neck-craning inspection reveals that the monstrosity is supposed to represent an eagle, although it has been suggested that as a memorial to the Americans a pair of Warner Brothers Bugs Bunny ears would be a far more logical interpretation.



Wally!!

by a man who is now the proud holder of an official Prunian Streetpac Credibility Corp. Executive Version Creddicard !!

The story so far... Wally is carrying on his life of crime, reeking expired parking meters. While we weren't looking, he has taken on an assistant, Leopold the Penguin.

