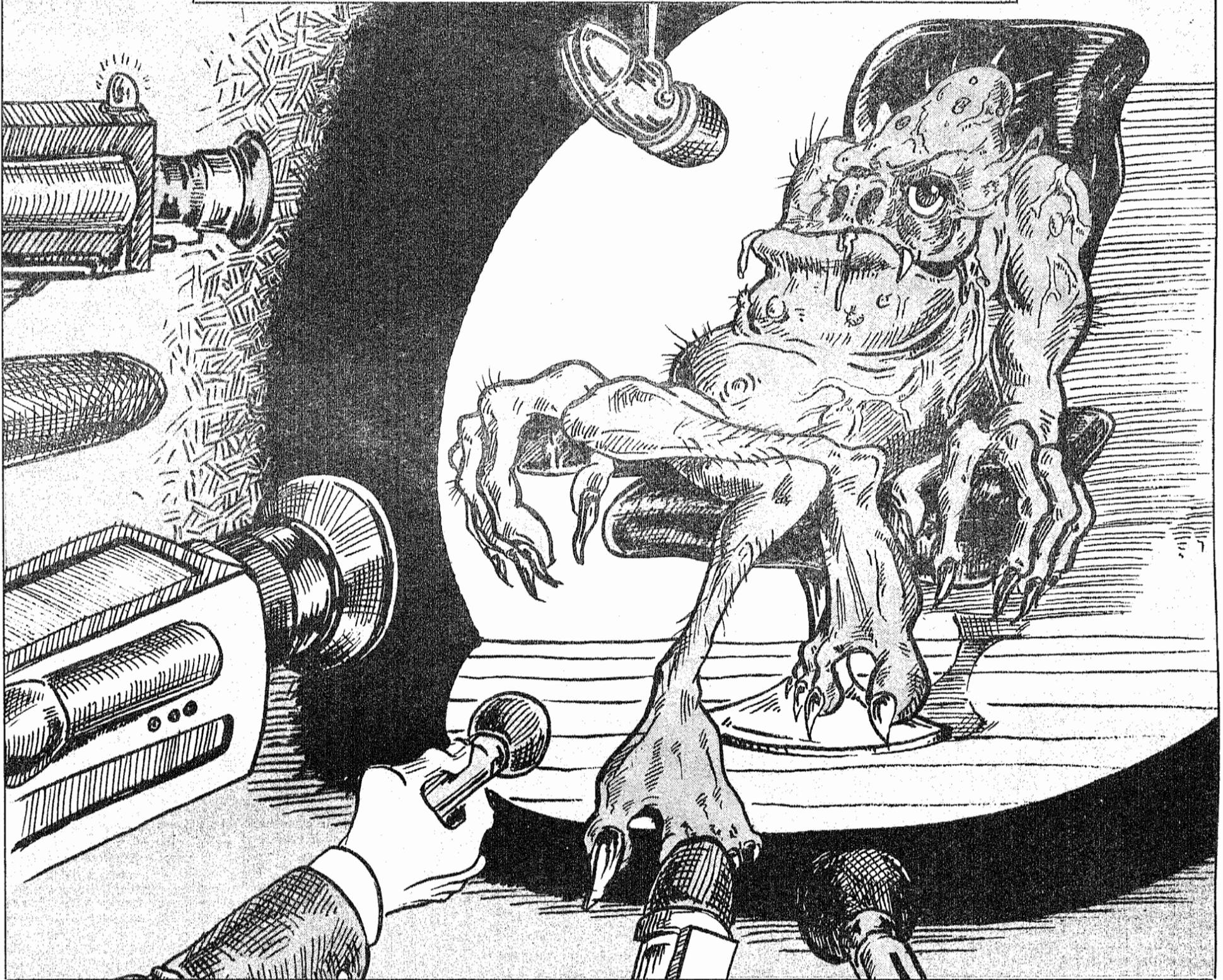


# on dit



## How the media treats the AIDS virus

**TRIAL OF THE CENTURY**

page 9

**PATRICK COOK**

**DOLPHINS IN DISTRESS**

**EMERALD FOREST**

**STING**

# Jim Gale, fighter against apartheid



Jim Gale, national convenor of the Campaign Against Racial Exploitation, died last Wednesday aged 57.

His sudden death while jogging occurred two days after returning from the United Nations Conference on Namibia, where he represented Australia.

Gale, who lectured in English at the SACAE Salisbury campus, also was prominent in the Labor Party.

He was president of the Norwood sub-branch and last year stood for the Federal seat of Sturt.

He was born in New Zealand, but attracted by the social and political climate of the Dunstan Government, settled in Adelaide in 1970.

His involvement with the anti-

apartheid movement began more than 30 years ago.

He founded CARE in 1972 with his wife Irene and since that time both have worked tirelessly against South African apartheid, "homelands" such as Namibia and to support Aboriginal rights in Australia.

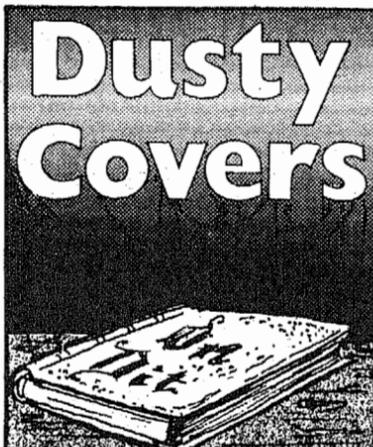
Earlier this year Gale, a member of the SACAE's governing council, engineered through the first disinvestment policy of any Australian tertiary institution.

A graduate of the University of Adelaide with an M.Ed., Gale addressed the Union Council meeting in July this year which banned the sale of South African fish.

- Robert Clark



# Birds, battles and the twelve-cent pie



**Dusty Covers**  
Fifty years of campus history as recorded faithfully(?) by On dit. Compiled by Henrietta Frump.



**BIRD OF THE WEEK**

As part of *On dit's* retrospective on how students have changed since the sixties we bring you Adelaide University in 1969.

In 1969 Adelaide Uni was just coming nicely to the boil. Australian troops were in Vietnam and the army took a percentage of all twenty-year-old males for National Service. Students in Paris had almost caused a revolution the year before, and the "Flower Power" and psychedelia of the San Francisco scene was still high in everyone's imagination.

In Adelaide there was a demonstration against the war, or in favour of peace or victory to the National Liberation Front of Vietnam every few weeks, although the days of the great Moratoriums hadn't arrived. Students were arrested and went to gaol.

Here at Uni the year began as it always had, with the Miss Fresher competition, won by a pink-lipped and mini-skirted "bird". The idea of Women's Liberation had scarcely impinged on Australian consciousness yet.

Vietnam wasn't the only thing students were getting worked up about. Almost every aspect of the University - its curriculum, its organisation, the Union - was being criticised and reformed. Many students felt that the University should be a self-governing community, independent of political or business interests, serving the needs of society, and that it should be at the forefront of radical

thought. Very few of these ideals were ever realized.

The principle of student representation on University Council or other decision-making bodies was not yet established so in April students "crashed" a meeting of University Council. When they refused to leave, the chair adjourned the meeting.

In the same month students were arrested at a Friday night demo at the Currie Street offices of the Department of Labour and National Service. A few students, known to be radicals, were chased by police and finally arrested as far away as King William Street and the Railway Station.

In May, students again crashed a University Council meeting. Soon afterwards the University gave in and recognised the principle of open Council meetings.

"The Battle of Victoria Square" occurred, when students protested outside the US Consulate and burned a US flag. Bystanders, who turned out to be plain-clothes police, suddenly "ripped into the demo". Seven people were arrested.

In June the Adelaide City Council banned all "demos" between the hours of 4 pm and 6 pm and all marches in Rundle Street, so on June 20th there was a demonstration against the Adelaide City Council.

The Union and the Student Representative Council (now the Students' Association) were amalgamated, and for the first time students had the majority voice in the Union.

Prosh was presented by the "Fun Revolution" and the Prosh Rag was called *Gorilla Revolution*. It had a naked woman on the cover but its content was mostly political and anti-war. At the Prosh brekkie students were entertained by Keith Conlon (now *State Affair* compere), complete with cream pie over his face. The Miss Prosh contest was held in front of an audience of men who grabbed and whistled at the contestants and told them to "get it off".

In 1969 *On dit* still regularly carried photos of female students under the heading "Bird of the Week". The average Bird of the Week had long straight blonde hair, usually hanging slightly over one eye. She was usually posed with a petulant, pouting expression and a hemline at least 10 inches above her knees, coyly leaning against a university tree or similar outdoor location. This institution was soon to disappear under the rising tide of feminist consciousness in the early seventies.

By September and October the cases against students arrested in earlier demonstrations were finally coming to court. Two Flinders students were sent to gaol for refusing to apologise to the University for being in a demonstration.

The University's Board of Discipline "admonished" three students for disrupting the University Council meetings earlier in the year.

John Tapp defended himself against charges of assaulting police during a demonstration by showing news film of him being beaten by plain-clothes policemen. The judge concluded that the police had made an "honest mistake."

Some areas of student life don't change. Students complained about the refectory, the food and the hours. These are some of the prices that made customers dig deep into their pockets.

- Fish and Chips ..... 38¢
- Rump Steak and Chips ..... 68¢
- Steak Sandwich ..... 30¢
- Pies and Pasties ..... 12¢
- Coffee ..... 8¢
- Tea ..... 9¢
- Finger Bun ..... 6¢
- King-size Coke ..... 10¢
- Vanilla Square ..... 8¢
- Lamingtons ..... 6¢

That was only sixteen years ago, not last century!

## Production

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# Brian's wrath pours down on Hawke's ego

Bob Hawke's ego is curbing the freedom of the Australian media, according to Brian Toohey.

Toohey, the editor of the *National Times*, told a Press Club seminar at the University last week that the current Labor Government made it "more difficult than any previous government" for its critics.

"If you are in any way critical of him the Prime Minister gets extremely upset.

"He loves to be adored."

"This is not the case of his ministers, for example, Paul Keating. You can say what you like about him one week and the next week he will come back for more."

Toohey said a similar problem existed in New South Wales under Neville Wran, who had "gone so far

as to remove several million dollars worth of advertising from John Fairfax."

(The John Fairfax group publishes the *National Times* and the *Age*, both of which have run articles, such as the "Age tapes", which have been highly embarrassing to the Hawke Government.)

According to Toohey, the Hawke Government also had withdrawn job vacancy advertisements but had attributed it to costs.

Toohey referred to former New South Wales Liberal Premier Sir Robert Askin, who was "accepted by his own party as very corrupt, and who took millions of dollars in bribes" during his 11-year premiership.

"Yet it was virtually impossible to

write this while he was still alive. And it would not have been possible under the new defamation laws proposed by former Attorney-General Gareth Evans."

"Askin established a pattern of corruption which still exists in New South Wales."

Toohey expressed concern at the increasing recourse to defamation and contempt of court laws in NSW.

One *National Times* journalist, Wendy Bacon, who has written a series of articles on corruption in the NSW Police and judiciary, is the first Australian journalist to be personally sued, instead of her publisher.

Bacon has been charged under defamation laws for articles she wrote about former NSW detective



Roger Rogerson and the early release by former NSW Correctional Services Minister Rex Jackson of 1200 prisoners.

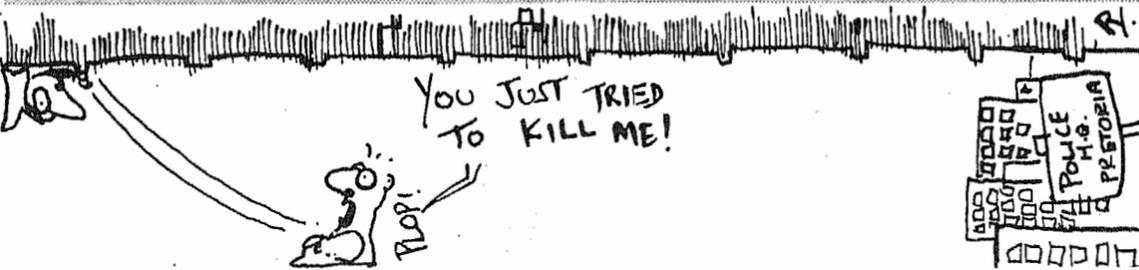
She has since been summoned to produce financial statements relating to a 1971 obscenity case, when she was charged over selling the Uni-

versity of NSW newspaper, *Tharunka*.

Toohey suggested that instead of defamation laws rely on truth as a basis of defence.

Toohey's final word was on the Adelaide Advertiser. "The Advertiser? We don't notice it very much."

- Robert Clark



## Protest banning, deaths, says South African group

A South African student group has urged Australian student organizations to protest the "vicious" banning of the Congress of South African Students, known as COSAS.

The National Union of South African Students (NUSAS) says that COSAS, "always at the forefront of student struggles ... has won many victories from the racists, including the establishment of Student Representative Councils at all South African schools."

In a telex to Asian and Pacific student groups, NUSAS said that repression of COSAS before its banning late last month had caused hundreds of members to hide or flee the country; the first COSAS executive members were all detained within a month of their election in 1979.

"At least two members have died while in detention in the hands of security police," the NUSAS telex said.

"Of the more than 2,200 people

detained since the state of emergency was declared in July over 30 per cent have been COSAS [members]."

The banning of COSAS makes it an offence under the Internal Security Act to further the organization's aims and objectives. It is now illegal to possess COSAS pamphlets, t-shirts and political literature.

COSAS says security police have been visiting the homes of many student activists and searched the houses at gunpoint.

## RACISM ON CAMPUS



"Asians Out! - National Action"

"Overseas students take Australian places"

It wasn't a pretty sight for students entering the University on Monday September 16. On walls all around campus spindly black graffiti proclaimed a racist message which the small but all-too-prominent National Action group has been shouting at students and the general public for over two years now. Its main effect: a flood of letters to this paper, uniformly deploring the group and its ideas. One writer was "ashamed to be an Australian". See page seven.

## Educator: Government should scrap Aboriginal Affairs

The Federal Government's approach to aboriginal people is "a reverse form of racism", according to an aboriginal educator.

Margaret Valadian, co-director of the Aboriginal Training and Cultural Institute, says the government should scrap the "apartheid" Department of Aboriginal Affairs and start promoting the aboriginal community's self-esteem.

"There is an erroneous belief in the government that to recognise aboriginal people you have to promote them regardless of whether they perform or not, as a form of compensation", she says.

"But if you do that then you deny our basic right to performance and achievement, which is something that is inherent in our own cultures.

"If you do not give due recognition, if you do not apply standards of accountability and performance, and if you promote people purely on the basis of the colour of their skin, then you are doing them a disservice."

Valadian says aboriginal employees of the Department of Aboriginal Affairs have given in to self-interest once placed in positions of power, and now work primarily to maintain that power, with a vested interest in maintaining aboriginal people's disadvantages.

"While you maintain a Department

of Aboriginal Affairs I think there is a concomitant pressure to maintain disadvantages in the community.

"Most of the aboriginal people who would have protested in the past are now on the Federal payroll," she says.

"They are not going to bite the hand that feeds them.

"I don't think we can justify any longer a Department of Aboriginal Affairs that does not bring about real changes in the community itself.

"Each time you expand the salary load, the administration budget, the travel budget.

"All that money could have been building houses, educating children, saving young kids from petrol sniffing. But it's not happening."

The Aboriginal Training and Cultural Institute of which Valadian is co-director was set up in 1978 to train aboriginal leaders in management, but its funding was cut off last year.

Valadian says this has prevented aboriginals from being trained to solve pressing management problems in their communities.

"If the Federal Government is unwilling to recognize our right to work and to support the need for management training by professionally qualified aboriginals who have the skills, the expertise and the commitment, then they are forcing us into a life of deprivation."

## New tax sweetens the Mars Bar profit

In the wake of the stormy overhaul of the tax system amidst Mr. Keating's battlecries of fiscal salvation for all and sundry, things have turned sour for the nation's sweet-toothed.

Mars Confectionery Australia Ltd. has announced recently that the benefits of a 10 per cent reduction in wholesale sales tax will not be passed on to the consumer.

Mars Confectionery produces Mars bars, Snickers bars, and Milky Way bars. Most confectionery distributors are expected to reduce their prices by up to 10 per cent.

Mr Jim Fleming, managing director of Jewel Food Stores, has described

the effective price rise as "rip-off", and has lodged a complaint with Consumer Affairs about Mars' decision.

Mars Confectionery, however, believes that Mars products will be able to remain competitive.

On dit conducted a quick survey around campus which showed that 81 per cent of people questioned would not be worried by Mars' decision not to reduce prices, and said their attitudes towards Mars Bars would not change.

However of the people surveyed, 62 per cent said they didn't eat Mars Bars anyway - which says something about the value of education.

## Big Russ gets his news slate wiped clean

A rezoning scandal involving Russ Hinze, and Joh Bjelke-Petersen's acceptance of discounted aluminium shares are just two of the stories omitted from the Queensland State Library's newspaper clippings files.

The omissions, discovered by a three-hour file search by the *Sydney Morning Herald* newspaper, were described as "an alarming situation" by historian Dr Ross Fitzgerald.

But the Library's chief maintains that the gaps do not distort the official record.

The clipping service has no record of a 1970 conflict-of-interest crisis when Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen (then *sans* knighthood) and cabinet colleagues admitted accepting company shares from the Comalco aluminium concern at a discount price.

Nor does the 17-page file on Queensland's controversial Minister for Racing, Roads and Local Government, Russ Hinze, mention a front-page controversy six years ago when Gold Coast land which he owned was rezoned - although a \$550,000 loan which Hinze secured from a Moscow bank some time later is recorded.

Also missing from the files is the tale of Father of the Year, Queen's Medal winner and Police Commissioner, the late Frank Bischof, committed for trial on shoplifting charges which were later dropped. Another senior policeman, Anthony Murphy, Assistant Commissioner of Police (Crime) until 1983, has no file cutting mentioning accusations, made against him in 1985 by aboriginal activist Kath Walker, that he destroyed a sacred site on Stradbroke Island to make way for a building.

## Baaing behemoth has Goulburn sheepish

That peculiarly Queensland civic obsession for erecting models of giant pineapples, bananas and other local produce in an effort to attract tourists to an otherwise barren town appears to have invaded NSW.

Last week the town of Goulburn, erected its giant ram.

This town, on the Hume Highway 200 kilometres south of Sydney, apparently prides itself on its role in the wool industry.

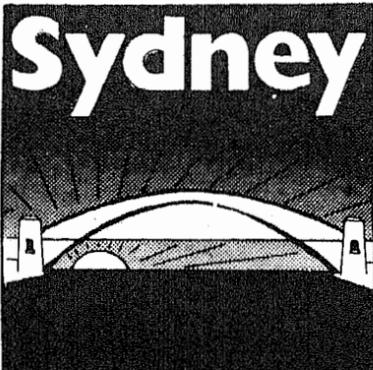
"The baaing behemoth", as it was labelled by *Canberra Times* columnist Ian Warden, is positioned over a shop which sells tourists various objects which are meant to remind them that they have visited Goulburn.

Warden, who drew national attention to the beast, went on to speculate about the engineering problems of constructing its testicles but noted: "These have been avoided by having the lower half of the monster's body merge into a tasteful complex of shops and offices."

Once Warden had let loose his salvo the response from enraged locals was swift.

The federal member who represents the area, John Sharp of the National Party, declared that Warden had "delivered an unwarranted insult to the City of Goulburn and its people."

He made this intriguing statement:



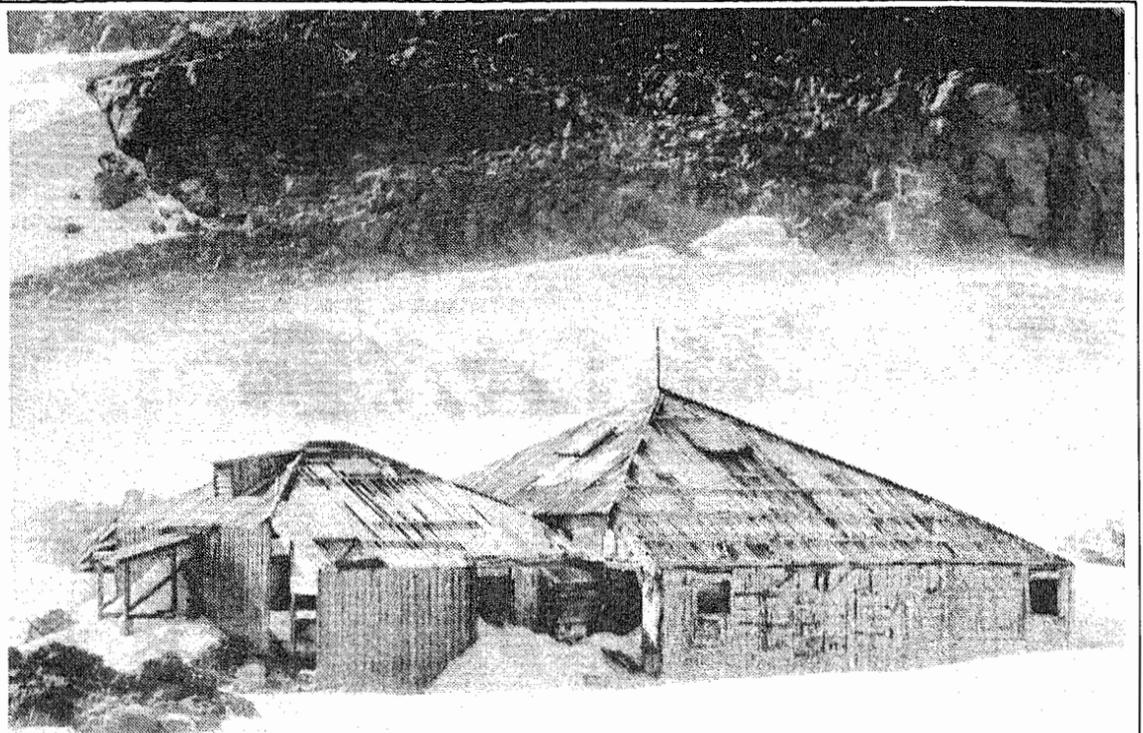
"If the inhabitants of Australia were a different race of people then rather than criticise this symbol of our nation's development it would be worshipped."

I don't know what prompted this good parliamentarian's religious feelings, but when I came upon the ram while driving late at night through Goulburn last week, I thought I was staring at an apparition.

Sharp declared that an impartial judge would find the ram "tasteful".

Warden took him up on that, not by calling for it to be butchered and eaten, but by asking the director of the Australian National Gallery to arbitrate on its artistic merit.

Sharp endorsed the call. We can only await the judgement on this Rambo of rams.



Mawson's Hut, photographed by Jonathon Chester

## Project Blizzard's task at a wintery museum

The spirit of Sir Douglas Mawson is being kept alive by Project Blizzard even as Adelaide University hauls down its Antarctic colours. DAVID WALKER found adventurer Jonathon Chester anxious to return.

In six week's time a chartered trawler will slip out of Sydney Harbour, bound for Commonwealth Bay and a small hut on the edge of a blizzard-swept wilderness.

The trawler is the 43-metre *Southern Quest*, an ice-strengthened ex-Icelandic fishing vessel, and the small hut is the one built 73 years ago by Adelaide University alumnus Douglas Mawson during a three-year expedition to Antarctica.

Aboard the *Southern Quest* will be six workers selected to spend eight weeks repairing the historic hut - battered by frozen winds since 1912 - as part of Project Blizzard.

Project Blizzard is a private venture "working to keep alive the spirit and tradition of Australia's Antarctic pioneers," struggling along in the expensive Antarctic expedition on the financial contributions of individuals, companies, governments and souvenir sales.

Jonathon Chester is a photojournalist who was seized with the notion of visiting Antarctica after he had climbed Big Ben, a mountain on the Southern Ocean's tiny, windswept Heard Island. As one of a group of enthusiasts including architect William Blunt, he helped organise private sponsorship of the first visit to

Mawson's hut in 1984-85. That first trip documented the condition of the hut; the second trip will aim at substantive maintenance.

An ABC television film and a book are the next stage in the spreading of the Antarctic gospel.

With most Australian Antarctic workers now cosseted in the shirt-sleeve environment of the major bases - Mawson, Casey and Davis - Chester and his Project Blizzard colleagues remain adventurers, prepared to rough it the way Mawson did. And Chester, at least, remains fired by an admiration for that pioneering Australian scientist.

"When Mawson went to the Antarctic, it was the equivalent of going to the Moon in the sixties, and that really catches people's attention. There is nothing going on in the Antarctic today which is of that magnitude." Today's adventurers have to work much harder for public attention.

In his time, Chester points out, Mawson was a folk hero.

"He was the first person to get to the South Magnetic Pole, in 1907.

"When he came back from that expedition he was chaired from the railway station ... down to the University by all the students ... they fêted

him in a way which you just wouldn't believe today.

"The results of [his] expedition were basically overshadowed because of the First World War - they got back at the start of the War - and because Scott had just died on the way back from the South Pole. The whole world was more interested in a dead failure...

"Of all the people who have come out of the University of Adelaide, and who have put the University on the map, Mawson is one."

Chester is critical of the University's "criminal" decision early this year not to continue a lectureship at the Mawson Institute for Antarctic Research, an institution he describes as "an incredible resource."

He says there's a good case for the establishment of a "first-class" Antarctic museum in Adelaide.

"The one place in the world which is a centre for polar research is the Scott Polar Institute in Cambridge. People go there from all over the world to get higher degrees, and it's a repository for an amazing amount of stuff.

"We have that here in Adelaide, if people would only wake up to themselves and do something about it."



## Prosh reaches \$5000

Rag Editors Robert Clark and Graham Lugsden and their team of assistants for the job they did in producing and selling the *Grand Prix Times*. The Students' Association staff, the Adelaide City Council, the South Australian Police, Bob Puccetti and Barry Salter are just a few of the other people were vital cogs in the Prosh machine.

On a more serious note, no-one on campus could have helped but notice the rash of racist graffiti desecrating the walls of many buildings. This offensive and senseless defacement of property should not be tolerated. All students are urged to be alert to actions of this nature and to report any "suspicious behaviour" to the Security Office on the Hughes Plaza.

This office is staffed 24 hours a day, every day of the year, and is very keen to hear about individuals defacing University buildings.

Another action that has caused concern recently is the theft of the Grand Prix Flag from the Students' Association on Prosh Day. This flag was lent to the Association by the Grand Prix Office and its disappearance has inconvenienced Grand Prix Organisations, who allowed students to take the flag on the provision that it was returned after Prosh Day. This type of action severely damages student credibility in sections of the community. Anyone with any information on the whereabouts of the flag should drop me a line (anonymously if preferred). Thanks!

## A Union with Purpose

Hugh Martin, Finance Vice-President

\$15,000 Farce Over

The first meeting of the Adelaide University Union Board set the pace for a year of action and achievement. The old non-effective committee structure was reduced from seven committees to two. This will cut the needless bureaucracy and endless boring meetings.

Most Board members have acquainted themselves with the Union and its rules and institutions. However there are still those who believe in the superiority of an Amateur approach. These Board members correctly decided that they could best represent students by going home. They obviously held absolute faith in the moderate professional approach of most Board members to run the Union by themselves.

### Column Content

As a Vice-President of the Students' Association it is my duty to use my column in *On dit* to promote student awareness on current affairs and events affecting students. This includes policy of the Students' Association, Union Board, University and Governments.

The next Board meeting will consider reducing the President's salary from \$250 a week to \$80 a week. This will directly cut \$1 off your fee and restore the role of President to that of supervisor rather than roving Jack-of-all-trades (master of none).

It was very handy this year for the President to have friends prepared to vote him a 350 per cent raise. That sort of crap will not be tolerated again!

### Jobs and Accommodation

It would be rather naïve to suggest that the Students' Association not concern itself with such vital student issues as the cost of rental accommodation for students and the availability of part-time jobs for students. At present we have three noticeboards at the Student Activities Office and Napier Tower, advertising jobs and accommodation, and a free phone is provided to assist students in their search. A change in government policy would enable cheaper rents and more jobs; I see this as a necessary area for Students' Association's attention this term.

The debits and credits of Prosh 1985 are still being tabulated on the Students' Association ledger. The final result of the fund-raising activities will be in the vicinity of \$5,000. Mr John Sandover, the State Director of Freedom from Hunger, has asked me to thank all students who contributed to Prosh.

The success of the week was largely due to the tireless efforts of Gary Martin and David Israel who organised and executed many of the activities throughout the week.

Thanks must also go to the Prosh

# Sudden changes spark Union walkout

Six Union Board members "walked out in disgust" from the first meeting of the new Union Board two weeks ago.

They said that they were forced to take such action by the irresponsibility of many Board members.

The meeting had been called to discuss the recent resignations of the Secretary and Accounts Clerk of the Union. At the beginning of the meeting the Union President, Gary Martin, announced his resignation as President.

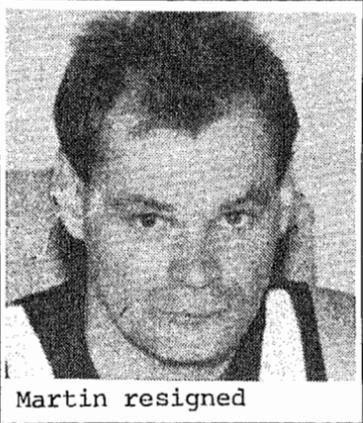
Following discussion of the resignations, Board member Snell introduced a lengthy handwritten motion restructuring the Union's subcommittee structure. No copies were made available for the Board members to have in front of them at the meeting.

Paul Klarić, a veteran Union Board member and ex-President of the Students' Association, asked that the Board adjourn the meeting until the following Monday. He said that Snell had introduced what was possibly one of the longest motions in the history of the Union, and that it was too much to digest in a few minutes.

"The committees, as structured in this Union, had been so for as long as he could remember, over 15 years," he said.

"In one fell swoop tonight in the space of thirty minutes Anthony Snell wanted to revolutionise that. Couldn't the Board have at least seven days to consider the proposal?"

Klarić said he was not trying to block the motion, but was just giving Board members a chance to prepare position papers on the motion. Chair Gary Martin echoed Klarić's sentiments.



Martin resigned

Klarić's request was voted down by a bloc of voters who had voted together throughout the meeting.

Following this five student Board members and the staff representative, John Shires, walked out in disgust.

As he walked out Klarić told the remaining Board members that it "wasn't a game of monopoly... How could those members, in their first half an hour of their first meeting, know all about this issue?"

Following the walkout the restructuring motions were put and carried and the meeting adjourned.

Klarić said that Board member and SAUA Liberal Club President Greg Mackay, who had once been a close friend, had led his group of "mindless puppets" to vote exactly the way that he and Anthony Snell had.

He said that it was obvious that many of the new Board members new little about what was going on because whenever a vote was taken they would look at Mackay and Snell and follow exactly as they voted.

Snell denied that members who

had voted with him were mindless puppets. He said that he had been greatly impressed by the way that the new members had familiarised themselves with the Union.

He said that "it just wasn't true that the Board members didn't know what they were talking about. They do know - they have analysed the situation and decided that the Union should be run this way."

He agreed that the whole affair could have been handled better, but added that Gary Martin's resignation at the start of the meeting had set the tone for the meeting. He said that he had wanted the new structures to be in place before the next Board meeting because of the recent resignations.

Staff representative John Shires said that Union staff, if they have been in contact with the new Councilors, were very concerned with their job security. He said that he was concerned that a large number of Board members with no experience whatsoever were acting as a group without making any input into the proceedings of the meeting.

Shires predicted a deterioration in the attitude of the staff towards the Union. He also speculated that there might be requests for the University to intervene in some form or another to protect job security, even industrial action.

Board member Andrew England, who voted against the extension of time to consider the restructuring, later admitted that he had made a mistake. However, he said that his decision had been influenced by "the behaviour of the Left Board members."

- Graham Hastings



Paul Klarić...led the walkout

## Single committee aims to end merry-go-round

The Board's motion essentially replaces the House, Planning, Welfare and Finance subcommittees with a single subcommittee, Finance and Development. It also increases the powers of the Executive of the Union.

Union President and mover of the restructuring, Anthony Snell, says that the subcommittees had been originally set up to speed up the decision-making processes of the Union by allowing small groups of Board members to debate things before they were presented to the Union Board.

He says that in the last year the subcommittees have not worked.

"The reason is partly historical, in that we have since created an Executive to administer the day-to-day work of the Union. Secondly, the subcommittees have tended to have the same people in them. It becomes a big merry-go-round.

"It has been used as a device for the Board to put off making hard decisions.

"The Finance and Development subcommittee will meet monthly in the week before a Union Board meeting to consider budgets, planning, use of space and the long term development of services such as the Bar. It saves time because it stops

every issue from being reargued at each meeting. It will allow for more detailed debate instead."

Councillor Condon condemned the restructuring. While he concedes that there was some merit in making the Executive meet more frequently he disagrees with Snell's argument that the one subcommittee structure was more efficient due to elimination of time-wasting.

"The interim time between the various subcommittee meetings, say Planning and Finance, is the time when consensus-type decisions are made. It is impossible to have this sort of lengthy discussion at Union Board meetings due to the amount of material the Board needs to resolve at its meetings.

By putting all the separate subcommittee meetings into one giant subcommittee meeting, something that was discussed at the planning section of the meeting could have its finances approved half an hour later in the finance section of the meeting.

Condon said that "there would be no time for consensus decision making. If the Liberals have the numbers, as they do, they can steamroll things through the Finance and Development and Union Board meetings without any discussion at all."

- Graham Hastings

## SA plan for tomorrow gets a hi-tech pasting

The proposed blueprint for South Australia's technological future has been attacked as being inadequate, making too many assumptions about technology's role in society, and failing to confront "real choices" about the future.

The South Australian Council on Technological Change said in its annual report released last week that the State Government's proposed Technology Strategy overemphasised technology's economic and social benefits and problems.

The Strategy "verged on suggesting that the main role of other policy areas ... was to serve the goal of technological development," the report said.

The Council includes representatives of employers, trade unions and education and is chaired by University Vice-Chancellor Don Stranks.

According to the Council, the state government doesn't understand well enough how innovation occurs in high-tech areas and hasn't decided whether or not to concentrate on funding private research and develop.

Many of the Technology Strategy's aims - a strong economy, equitable distribution of wealth, protection of human rights, education throughout life, management of the environment - conflict, and choices must be made, the Council added. Growth and employment were particularly hard to reconcile with care for the environment.

And the Council stressed that "Uneven development is part of all change, whether produced by technological development or not.

"Some groups and regions will be



Don Stranks...SA must choose

harshly treated by change regardless of its cause."

Government should try to find out who change hurt and try to help them without removing incentives to change or its benefits.

"Emphasis ... on active participation of all citizens in technological decisions was another example of an admirable objective which conflicted with other aims."

The Council said there were two alternatives for a technological future, each with its own costs. There could be full assessment of technologies, full participation in their establishment and management by interest groups, which would be slower, more expensive and less economically competitive, "with the benefits of stability and a slower pace of life." Or a faster approach could be adopted, with "costs and the occasional unforeseen side effects."

And the assumption that "skill levels must rise" has been questioned, with the Council suggesting that those who need new skills are not necessarily workers so much as managers. A lot of this training may be done not by public educators but by the users and suppliers of the new technology themselves.

The Council doesn't want to join critics of Australian management who see it as the home of hopeless, conservative or irrational pen-pushers, it says. It wants to find out whether South Australian managers are the problem or whether their state stops them forging ahead into high-tech.

At the same time it notes that the notion of innovation being stifled by bureaucratic red tape may be something of a modern myth: when it asked for examples of regulations stifling creativity, business couldn't actually come up with any.

- David Walker

## SAUA Prez adds Union role to cap

Anthony Snell has been elected President of the Adelaide University Union by Union Board members following the recent resignation from the position of Gary Martin.

Martin, an ALP member, said that he resigned because he felt that he couldn't associate with decisions to be made in the future by the newly Liberal-dominated Board where he would be subject to considerable pressure by the majority of Board Members.

Snell said that he had been shocked by Martin's decision to resign. Snell is to be the caretaker President until the end of the year, when he will become President of the Students' Association.

He said that he saw the role of the President as a supervisory one. The President should not get involved

with the day to day planning of the Union. He should supervise the staff by making sure that Union Board policy was carried out.

Snell said that while he viewed the job as full-time at the moment because of the recent resignation of the Secretary of the Union, Heinz Roth, once the Secretary was replaced a full-time President would not be necessary.

He views his term as President with a great deal of optimism.

The Board in the past has been too reluctant to make decisions, he said. He has been impressed by the way that the new Board members had acquainted themselves with the Union, its history and its structure. They had researched their topics in depth and decided what they wanted.

- Graham Hastings

## Let's get physical, say geographers

Dear Editor,

Can you imagine a situation where, because of lack of interest amongst faculty staff (or perhaps a bias towards different forms of medicinal teaching), medical students at Adelaide University were not taught, for example, Pathology? Or, to take an appropriate analogy, Law students were not lectured on the Elements of Law - because certain people in the faculty regard it as unimportant/irrelevant/too expensive to run (delete which not applicable)?

Undoubtedly you would say that these were bizarre and highly unlikely occurrences (and one would hope that you were right) - unlikely to occur in a University which prides itself on the scope and depth of subject matter taught and available to students. However, such a situation

is occurring in this university, much to the disgust of a number of people. This discrimination against a field of academic knowledge is not taking place in the Medical or Law Faculties, but in the Arts Faculty.

The Department of Geography has long had a bias towards "Human" Geography subjects. A glance at the Calendar Volume II shows that of ten optional courses at third year level, in a given year, only three are pure "physical" Geography subjects. As if this were not sufficient (or should one say insufficient) current second year students in the Department were last week informed that two of the three subjects will not be available in 1986. This is because the main lecturer in each subject is going on leave next year, and the department heads think that there is no need for replacement staff, so the courses

will not be offered.

This not only displays an overwhelming ignorance but also quite severely inconveniences those students who commenced their courses within the department with a view to majoring in "physical" geography elements. Furthermore, it means that those students will have a restricted background in the field. Undoubtedly the Geography Department's reputation will suffer in the long run, compared to other departments at other tertiary institutions which offer fuller, less biased courses.

Upon voicing disapproval with the department head, students were told of a dissimilar subject offered at Flinders University. This is plainly an inadequate alternative, as the students at Adelaide University have enrolled at Adelaide to study and (hopefully) complete degrees at

Adelaide University - not to go wandering down south in an effort to find suitable subjects.

We, the undersigned, wish to protest strongly about the current trend away from a very significant part of the study of Geography. Furthermore, we feel that other departments/faculties would not tolerate such an absolute Syllabus restriction, to the obvious detriment of their students. The cutting out of the two "physical" subjects run contrary to the principle of a liberal university education. We, then, not only protest most strongly about the proposed subject deletions, but also petition those responsible for the cuts to reverse their educationally reprehensible course of action.

Yours sincerely,

- Mark Oneill  
and 13 other signatories

## Board's "irresponsible" actions show disrespect

Dear David,

I write to express my disgust at the actions of the newly elected Union Board. Having been re-elected to the Board after an absence of two years, I am dismayed to find that student politics has sunk so low under the leadership of my ex-colleague Greg Mackay that the Board has lost all respect for Union staff, proper meeting procedures and alarmingly, for the people who, in good confidence, voted them there.

Last Monday night was the first meeting of the new Board, and had I not been there I would not have believed what happened. A three-page motion completely restructuring the committee process within the Union was introduced by Anthony Snell and Greg Mackay. They didn't have the decency to have the motion typed up and distributed to members of the board, or to prepare a paper outlining the reasons for the change. In the two-and-a-half years I served on the same Board from 1981-83, this was always the common practice.

After having the monumental motion monotoned to us all, and a prepared speech introducing it given by Snell, we were expected to vote. Nothing on paper, no time to understand the consequences of the motion, let alone to properly digest them.

Naturally, an adjournment till the following week was requested. After all, the implications of the motion were to change the practise of the past 15 years, and it was assumed by a few of us at least that to turn over 15 years of convention in five minutes flat without discussion was perhaps a little too hasty.

However, this consideration was not allowed. Greg Mackay, once a close friend of mine and a person for whom I once had respect, led his group of mindless puppets to vote, and vote they did, exactly as told.

What is most disturbing is that these people had no idea what they were voting about, or of the consequences of their voting.

It is a sad time for the Union when considering for the Union, its staff and members take a back seat to the desires of an organized political party who organize block voting. I only hope that this letter may encourage people to hold their elected representatives accountable for their actions, because in the long run such irresponsible actions can only be to the detriment of the Union.

Yours in all sincerity,  
- Paul Klarić

## Uni Liberals "preoccupied with masturbation"

Dear David,

I read with interest *On dit's* article on the so-called replacement to AUS, The Australian Council of Tertiary Students (A.C.T.S.) and the current state of play in Australian student politics.

The article showed the definite direction in which student politics has naturally progressed since the abortive attempt to set up a National Student Union in December 1984. The direction to which I refer is towards state-based unions. This has occurred for many reasons, including obvious geographical practicability, and an attempt to regionalise, to get back to the grass roots of what students actually want without imposing some centralised bureaucracy upon them. Looking towards the future I hope that from this stage a National Student Organisation can be formed though the federation of these State bodies once they have established themselves. In this State the Institute of Technol-

## Student suggestions "a travesty"

Dear Sir,

I can understand the annoyance and concern of your second-year student correspondents on the anticipated absence of two third year Geography options in 1986, though their immoderate language is disappointing, and reflects lack of understanding of the problems of decision-making in an environment of severe resource constraints. Contrary to what their letter implies, the Department's decision was taken with great regret and after much discussion. Only one of the options referred to (Structural Geomorphology) is a pure physical geography option. To suggest that courses are not offered because staff consider them unimportant or irrelevant is a travesty.

Apart from numerous discussions in the department the matter has also been considered by the Academic

(Educational) Matters Sub-committee, which has approved the Department's decision in a letter of 24/9/85, and subsequently endorsed by Executive Committee in its Report No. 29/85. The Department does not and cannot guarantee to offer every option every year, and is under no compulsion to do so. However I refer below to a fortuitous recent development which it is hoped will allow us to put in one of the two courses.

The Department at present has eight lecturing staff, of whom two are specialist physical geographers (the situation at Flinders is identical). In any one year a maximum of eight third-year options is offered. When staff go on leave, we maintain our four second-year options, but not necessarily all our third-year specialist options also. Thus at present two staff members are on leave and their options are not offered; but for every year since 1979, at least six such options have been available, and our system of co-operation with Flinders University allows other options to be taken there. Although there are obvious travel problems, it is disappointing to read disparaging comments by your correspondents on this co-operation.

A particular problem arises when, as in 1986, one of our two physical geog-

raphers has twelve months' leave. When a similar situation last arose in 1979 under very different funding conditions, we were able to employ a temporary lecturer full-time to cover both undergraduate and Honours geomorphology teaching fully. This is out of the question in 1986, when replacement staff have to be paid on an hourly basis from an allocation of casual teaching funds.

Top priority in the teaching grant allocation must be given to maintaining first-year teaching, and at the time calendar entries are made the Department does not even know what replacement will be available to us for three full-time tutorial/STF positions which will become vacant from early 1986 and are dominantly used in first year teaching. Commitments to 1986 courses have to be made in calendar entries well before casual teaching grant allocations to departments are made, and Faculty cannot guarantee in advance that extra funds will be available to teach courses of staff on leave. Our claims on the teaching fund will have to be considerable even to maintain second-year Structural Geomorphology teaching. In these circumstances the Department decided it could not responsibly offer the Structural Geomorphology third year

option; additional non-financial factors are also important, in that a casually paid replacement staff member on leave while still in Adelaide would destroy the purpose of study leave. A similar problem will arise in 1987 when our other physical geographer goes on leave, and there is absolutely no guarantee that resources will then be available to mount that third-year option. These are the realities of a non-ideal world.

However, in the last few days an unexpected development has occurred which may offer a way out of the difficulty in 1986. All departments were notified in a letter of 18 September that a distribution of 1985 "windfall money" would be made. The Department has applied to carry over a portion of these funds to 1986.

If this is approved I am prepared, on balance, to recommend the offering of this course to the Departmental Committee, particularly in view of the special problems of students doing a single major in physical geography - though some of the above problems will remain. Tropical Environments, Human Systems and Social Change will not, however, be offered in 1986.

Yours sincerely,  
- Peter J. Smiles  
Chairman, Geography

ogy, Flinders University and the College of Advanced Education have been working together with support from their respective Councils, under the banner of the South Australian Students' Forum (S.A.S.F.). It has been effective in cost sharing on campaigns of mutual interest and in promoting cross campus communication. The Forum has been responsible directly or indirectly for campaigns ranging from child-care to overseas student fees.

Most recently the Forum organised a meeting of student representatives from all Adelaide metropolitan campuses to discuss a long-term campaign confronting fees and education funding.

Anthony Snell, the new SAUA President-elect, attended and described the meeting to me afterwards as "a load of wank". Greg Mackay, I note, described the Forum in your article as "a left alliance wank session". This, to me, suggests a preoccupation with masturbation on behalf of certain Adelaide University Liberal students, or perhaps indicates their limited repertoire of derogatory phrases.

It is my hope that this somewhat overt interest with other persons' solo habits will cease, and that your Students' Association finally wakes up, forgets A.C.T.S. and attempts to work with us in the interests of students and the formation of a realistic national student union.

Yours sincerely,  
Stephen Drummond  
Union President  
S.A. Institute of Technology

## Martin's column "abuse of privilege"

Dear Sir,

It appears that the Finance Vice-President, Mr H. Martin, sees his column in *On dit* as an opportunity to enunciate Liberal Party policy. I feel that this is an abuse of privilege. Such a column

ought to be devoted to student affairs.

This aside, I now wish to rebut Mr H. Martin's arguments put forward in justification of de-regulation of the labour market, arguments which were presented with a rare degree of ignorance.

Mr H. Martin selfishly looks at his own situation without regard to the wider consequences of a break-down in the conciliation and arbitration system to which the existence of awards is fundamental. It is this system of wage determination which would have prevented the exploitation of the Adelaide bicycle couriers revealed in *On dit* last week.

Does Mr H. Martin seriously believe that a return to direct bargaining between employer and employee will improve the persisting high unemployment in Australia? Such a policy would lead to industrial chaos and social inequity as large militant unions would achieve high wages and small weak unions and non-unionists would be exploited.

It is the conciliation and arbitration system which enables an employee to bargain on the same terms with an employer despite the differences in economic power. It is the conciliation and arbitration system which creates a more equitable relationship between employee and employer. It is Mr H. Martin who seeks a return to nineteenth-century-style industrial relations.

It is apparently distasteful for Mr H. Martin to admit that the recent sustained economic recovery has been largely due to an economic strategy based on co-operation between government and unions. Such a strategy has significantly increased employment and is gradually decreasing unemployment.

The solution to the world-wide unemployment problem is not the de-regulation of the labour market but the pursuit of sound economic policy in an environment of industrial stability, stability due not in small part to the existence of labour market regulation in the form of the conciliation and arbitration system.

Yours sincerely,  
Jay Weatherill

## Hugh should stick to juggling

Dear Editor,

I read with interest this week's instalment from Finance Vice-President Hugh Martin (*On dit* 16/9/85). Hugh Martin has impressed me since my first encounter with him. While trying to convince a lecture theatre full of students to vote in the constitutional referendum early in first term, he was asked why there could not be time for debate on the issues rather than rushed referendum. His claim was that the issue was open for debate in the latter period of 1984. Very useful for a group of first years, most of whom weren't even around to verify this claim, let alone discuss the issue.

I now see that Hugh Martin is championing MacDonalds. Of course it is important to keep MacDonalds profitable, and we don't need to ask where those profits are going, do we Uncle Sam? Well of course these would go back to exploiting, sorry employing, 15 year olds, at \$2.00 an hour perhaps. I hope that if Hugh Martin ever graduates, he is very careful not to disclose to any future employer his qualifications, or they may feel compelled to pay him more than he's worth.

The best bit is yet to come however, as it seems that deregulation of shopping hours, that is allowing increases in trading hours, will somehow produce increased trading. Coupled with the deregulation of award wages, I guess people will have more time to spend the lower wages they will receive, or something like that; I get a bit lost here. Maybe Hugh Martin should come along to the juggling club - he may have more success with that than trying to be a Finance Vice-President.

Yours,  
Jemery Day

## '60s students brought "winds of change"

Dear Sir,

I was amazed to read your article "Stuff the '70s - '85's students are not bloody bad!" (John Hepworth), in the recent edition of *On dit*. Not because it showed the university has finally become a middle-class ghetto, but because of its total lack of understanding of student actions in previous years.

Mr Hepworth tosses off the words "women's liberation", "marijuana" etc. as if they are quaint relics, similar to movements of the distant past like "ludditism." The author seems to have no appreciation of the fact that student activism in the '60s and '70s was part of a cataclysmic worldwide human liberation movement - neither socialist nor capitalist - which even now we do not understand fully, and which was never confined to students.

That movement changed our perception of the world, and is still being worked out in a million different ways in almost every Western (and some Eastern) countries. South Africa today bears witness to this continuing transformation in the mounting pressure on that country to abolish apartheid, an issue which was virtually forgotten in the West before the 1960s.

The winds of this change swept Europe, America, and some Eastern bloc countries (Czechoslovakia in 1968). The government of France was brought to its knees during two months of bloody rioting in May and June of 1968.

If students on the oppressed, discredited, fashion conscious campuses of the 1980s are so cut off from these insights, and take the achievements of this continuing movement so much for granted, then I really do feel sorry for them.

- A former 1970s student

## On dit interesting, amusing and "Miltonian"

Dear Sir,  
In confessing my affiliations to Flinders University (of which I am a student), I obviously run the risk of being referred to as one of those peasants, those groundlings of the 'South Campus'.

But I rear my ugly acne-like little head after having read *On dit* (Vol. 53 number 16).

For the insulated Adelaide University bourgeoisie, there is a cheap pamphlet of propaganda which leers from the depths of Women's Studies that we call *Empire Times*. Having given up hope completely for redemption from this parasitic literature, I came across your rather Miltonian magazine like 'Paradise Regained'.

It was not only informative, interesting and amusing, but it was literate, a radical defiance of the university system indeed! Your articles "How Students Have Changed" was particularly good.

But two questions remained before I reluctantly look at 'Paradise Lost': is it possible to give some hints to *Empire Times*, on quality, un-biased journalism; And why did you picture the co-editors of *Empire Times* on the front of an otherwise respectable edition?

Yours sincerely,  
- Tim Bowers  
School of Humanities  
Flinders University

## Captain Adelaide appropriately placed

Dear Ed,  
After "formalities" at our recent LSF (Lutheran Student Fellowship) AGM on the 19th we had a bit of a discussion on our illustrious Uni newspaper, *On dit*. We noted several articles of some value over the last few months' issues, and raised the suggestion of appointing a liaison officer to channel brilliant (or otherwise) (or real) ideas into the paper, and maybe to respond to articles of interest or concern as they happen.

We encourage you to strive for excellence (however difficult that may be) and in your attempts to make *On dit* a student newspaper of value.

It was with shock at first, then pleasant surprise that we found in the "Christianity and Captain Adelaide" diary page article (*On dit* September 6) reference to our marvellous little group, 'Ta' for the publicity.

- Lynton Vonow and Wayne Logan  
for AU LSF

P.S. We also came to the conclusion that *Captain Adelaide* was appropriately placed at the rear end of *On dit*.

## Prosh story "glossed over" violence

Dear Sir,  
David Walker's article "Pie Fights Against Famine - Prosh Success" in the last *On dit* was remarkable for its inaccuracy as much as its insensitivity. We are the two law lecturers referred to in the article, and who were the subject of attempted "pie kills". In one case, the pie missed due to a combination of evasive and retaliatory action, and the lecturer in question was certainly not pinned up against a book shelf, or anything else, by lapels, or anything else. In the other case, the lecturer, lecturing a class of a hundred and fifty students, had no opportunity for evasive action. Further teaching was not cancelled, the problem simply being that, with a face full of shaving cream, it was impossible to see, let alone to lecture. The class in question subsequently passed a motion unanimously deploring the violence involved in the incident, violence that your article and (regrettably, given his position) the Director of the Adelaide from Freedom from Hunger Organiza-

tion, completely gloss over. Much more could be said about this incident. It is enough to say that neither of us was given any opportunity to "buy off" the contract. The attack in each case came without warning, without explanation, and without option. Since then, appropriate apologies have been made by the perpetrators, and in the case of the lecturer who was actually hit by a pie, by the student involving in "purchasing" the contract.

Yours sincerely,  
- Kathy McEvoy and  
James Crawford

*Not only does 'On dit' stand by its article, but I wonder how much more sensitivity is required with respect to a teacher who the article referred to as both "respected" and understandably upset. Nevertheless, if distress was caused, I deeply regret it. - Ed.*

## End the Law School bashing

Dear *On dit*,  
I have two comments to make about *On dit*. One, I would like to see the end of the Law School "bashing" which occurs with monotonous regularity in *On dit*, the most recent contribution being by David Walker and Robert Clark, the latter blaming the high proportion of private school matriculants in the Law School for the apparently conservative face of the student body. This proposition is incorrect and is shown to be so by the fact that there have been few "profound political statements" (sic) from other faculties protesting the reintroduction of fees or other issues facing the university campus. The printing of these articles does nothing to promote social harmony within the campus and serve only to widen the gap between the Law School and other faculties.

I also cannot see why the great "student change" is so bad, which is what the writers in your special articles would like us to believe. Surely, students now recognize that they will be affecting the community in a few years and I, for one, would like to help people to the best of my ability and if this means a lot of studying rather than political hair-splitting on campus then so be it.

Yours sincerely,  
- Anon

P.S. I am a law student and a private school matriculant so you 'radicals' out there can complain about this fact if you can't find anything else to complain about.  
P.P.S. Also, Mr Walker - the left still is trendy; for proof just look at the socialists running this country at the moment driving Mercedes and living in mansions.

*As a private school matriculant and law student myself, I feel I have some right to "bash" both institutions - though I perhaps single out the Law School too often and too easily for criticism.*

*I note, however, that not all the writers in our series on campus changes decry today's students. John Hepworth has not. Bruce Elder has not. And I myself have not, as a careful reading would demonstrate - David Walker, Editor.*

## Burn the French flag

Dear Editor,  
In the next few weeks the French plan to test a Neutron Bomb at Mururoa Atoll.

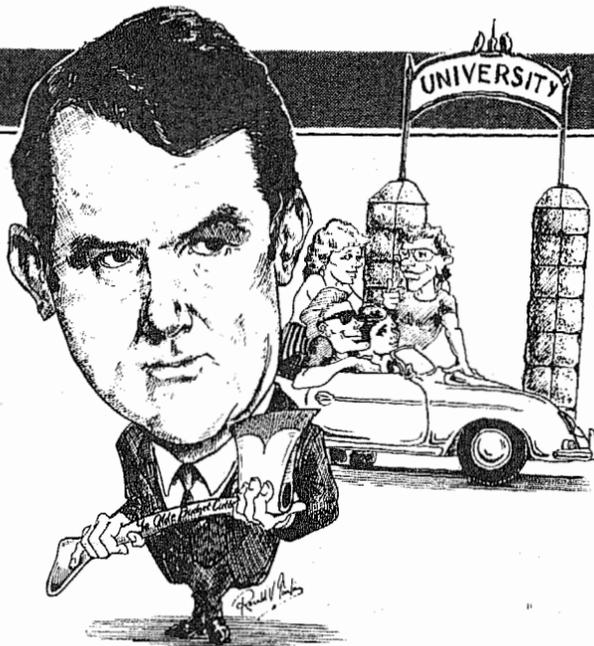
This directly through travelling breeding fish, winds and fall-out sends radiation to Australia and the rest of the South Pacific.

To say nothing of the immediate deaths to all living creatures (after all that is the beauty of this bomb). The Neutron Bomb kills all living things but saves the buildings. For what?

The French Prime Minister Mitterrand plans to visit Mururoa Atoll and the South Pacific to see what the "climate" is really like towards such testings. What do they plan to do when they see how apathetic we are? Is that why the bombs keep dropping more often and why they dared to blow up the Rainbow Warrior?

Come on Australians and friends, burn the French flag. Ban French goods. Now. Who needs Third World War - the French will kill us all, it's only a matter of time.

- Alison Alcock  
Mathew Webb  
Jenny Lyons



## Time for students to question self-interest

Dear Editors,  
We would like to express our general support for last issue's article by Cliff Walsh on the fees debate. (Despite appearances, we are assured that Cliff's support for Senator Walsh does not involve nepotism!)

The article spelt out the facts - facts which casual empiricism only confirms. Personally, we are astounded to find how many of our fellow students continue to come, a decade after the abolition of fees, from the favoured classes. No one is denying them a place at university, but why should taxpayers, increasingly the lower income earners, subsidise their ticket to further financial success? The Walsh/Walsh proposals are not likely to plunge anyone now attending univer-

sity into poverty or out of academe. However, there are two points that should be clarified to elicit our unequivocal support: Firstly, that any implementation of fees be specially earmarked for increases in education spending; secondly, a further assurance be given that fees will remain only a fraction of the total cost of a student's education. The problem here however, is the dubious integrity of political assurances!

Despite these reservations, it is surely time for students to question our own self-interest.

As such, yours sincerely,  
- Stephen McDonald  
Mark Crosby  
Brita Potts  
David Grbin

## National Action letters flood in

### Deploring the actions of the few

Dear Sir,  
I feel compelled to write in protest to the actions of the people (most likely National Action) who defaced the buildings of this Campus with racist graffiti. To attempt to mount a logical argument against the views of such people is unwise as it tends to give the impression that their ideas warrant consideration. They do not. They are totally bigotted and irrational. Their actions are made worse as they are not even prepared to surrender their cover of anonymity. It is a disgusting and gutless thing to do.

This letter, along with the many similar I hope will accompany it, will show that most people deplore the actions of the few.

Yours,  
- Kym Lawry

### Asian students, you're appreciated

Dear Editor,  
One of the best things about Australian society is that it acknowledges the right of every individual to speak his or her mind on any subject. However I also believe in the right of every individual to decide not to have to be exposed to a particular line of thinking.

Arriving on campus last Monday I was first shocked, then angry and finally just sad to see and have to read the offensive vandalism smattered about the campus. Such an act is a gross abuse of the privilege we all have to speak freely.

I do not wish to bother arguing with the perpetrators of these acts, but simply wish to pledge my support for the Asian students studying at A.U.

You really do have something to offer to the rest of us in terms of your outlook and appreciation of life, your cultural heritage, your genuine and mild personalities. I thank you for your pre-

sence on campus. I for one have enjoyed it, and I hope such friendships will continue in the long term, especially in the light of the increasingly heavy economic burden attached to your study in Australia.

- John Zweck

### How must Asian students feel?

On Monday 16/9/85 I was incensed when I was assaulted by slogans, such as "Asians Out - National Action", splattered again and again on buildings and steps, on my way up to the Napier Building from the Refectory.

It is bad when such slogans appear around the city and suburbs, but to see them on campus where one would expect more civilized thinking and acceptance is, to me, obscene. I only hope that an outside group was responsible. The thought of my fellow students practising this kind of intolerance is scary and horrifying.

If I felt assaulted by this kind of obscenity, how much more assaulted must my fellow Asian students feel? What impressions of Australians will they take home with them - or, if they have settled here, how safe will they feel in the future?

Yours sincerely,  
- H.R. Farrent

### Aussie students forced out of Kiwiland!

Dear Sir,  
This year, as part of the continuing effort to improve international relations, during International Youth Year, roughly five hundred Australian university students applied to enter universities in New Zealand.

NZ, which is of course a close neighbour of Australia, both geographically and fraternally, welcomed the newcomers with open arms, and all involved wished that the happy relations continue indefinitely. Unfortunately this was not always so.

Numerous anti-Australian slogans appeared on the walls of campus buildings, such as "Aussies out" and "Aussies take the places of NZ students."

Naturally the Australian students were hurt and ashamed that divisiveness and hatred was accompanying their cultural exchange. What had started with such good intentions was rapidly descending into vicious persecution of a defenceless minority.

It is important to remember though that the hate campaign was run by a tiny minority, that in no way represented the vast majority of students, who were more than pleased that the Australians were studying with them. This majority were just as horrified, if not more so, than their Australian colleagues, that their own countrymen were instigating such repulsive propaganda. They were also deeply concerned about the "visa charge" levied on the visitors, which was in the order of \$2500 (and soon to rise).

Needless to say, the Australians were glad to return to their own universities where they could be certain of racial harmony, and know that no worthwhile Australian would ever stoop to such vulgarities.

After all, it couldn't happen here, could it?

Yours faithfully,  
- Graham Lugsden

## Ashamed to be Australian

Dear Editor,  
It was with disgust that I noticed the latest "Asians out" graffiti which has been painted on part of the Barr Smith Library Reading Room wall. What sort of person has this type of narrow-minded, ignorant view?

It is time that we as students stood up to this intolerable attitude which is against everything a university should be fostering - a broadening of people's outlook and a better understanding of others.

Every time I walk past this obscene piece of graffiti it makes me ashamed to be an Australian.

Yours sincerely,  
- Bryan Hughes

## Apology on behalf of us all

On a walk around our university grounds you can admire the well-kept grass, rubbish bins plastered with billposters, and now, our new edition, obscene graffiti painted in six foot letters in the higher traffic areas.

For those who could be hurt by this: we are deeply sorry, and it must be realized that this is not the attitude of "normal" people.

To those responsible, I would suggest you wash out your mouths with paint!

Yours sincerely,  
- Andrew Napier

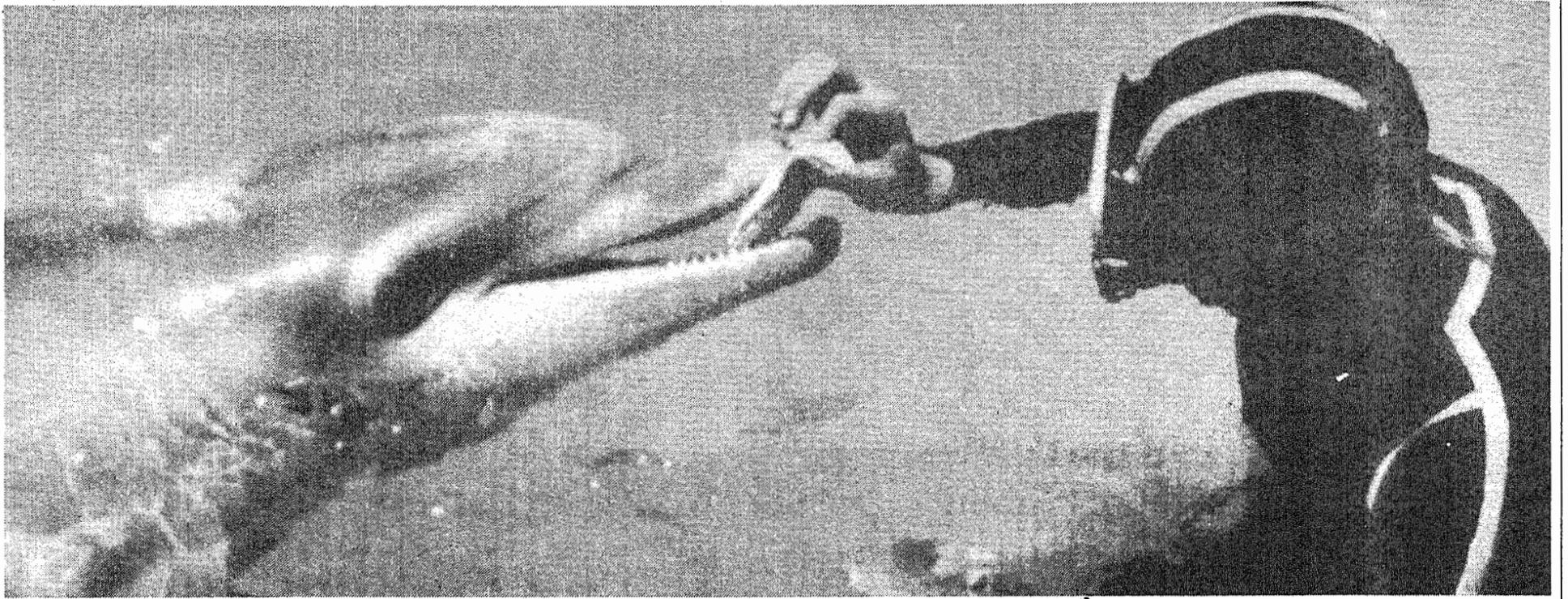
## Welcome as the Ku-Klux-Klan

Dear Ed.,  
Mindless racist graffiti appearing on University walls is as welcome as a Ku-Klux-Klan member at a Bob Marley concert.

It seems that some of us are more prone to repeat history than others. One would think that Nazism is a thing of the past. However, one minority group calling themselves "National Action" sense that they can switch the brunt of their insecurities against Asians. In their senseless destruction, they have already repeated history - such action has only led to social defeat. "N.A." best describes the physiques of these members - "No Arseholes" - because they're obviously full of shit.

Yours,  
- Cameron Bell

**The letters page is an open forum for comment, preaching, dissent, ratbagery and humour. Please don't abuse it. Deadline for letters is Wednesday noon; they can be left at the Students' Association or at *On dit* in the south-west corner of the Cloisters.**



# Dolphins need to be free

In pools in South Australia and around the country, dolphins are pining. **HELEN COOK** puts the case for the banning of dolphinaria.

Sally, Demon and Freckles are dolphins in distress.

Designed to swim up to sixty miles a day in the vastness of the world's oceans, they can do no more than jog around the block. Their home is a concrete pool, twelve metres in diameter and five metres deep. Renowned as the intellectuals of the sea, with brains larger and more complex than their human captors, they are forced to sing and dance for their supper. Known for their dedication as caring mothers, four of

**"A pilot whale was diagnosed as a manic-depressive ... following the death of his companions."**

Sally's calves have died in captivity. Two of these were "drowned" by Sally herself on the day of their birth.

Having been at the forefront of the international campaign to end the cruel whaling industry, Australia is guilty of a double standard by allowing the holding of cetaceans in captivity. Sally, Demon and Freckles are only examples. There are more. Australia currently has six dolphinaria, operating in all states except Tasmania and Victoria.

It is all too easy to brush off protests against dolphinaria as hysterical and to justify their existence as being of educational and scientific as well as of entertainment value. A quick look

at some basic facts give the lie to such assumptions.

The sensory deprivation suffered by captive dolphins is similar to solitary confinement and first-degree torture. Sally and her two friends at the Warragamba African Lion Safari live in perhaps the worst of the artificial environments provided by the various marine circuses.

They live sixty miles inland in a chlorine/saline pool. Salinity affects buoyancy yet salt levels are kept at the bottom end of ocean levels or even significantly lower. The cost of salt is \$20,000 per year. As well as variations in salinity there are frequent changes in chlorine levels causing considerable irritation to the skin and eyes. On two occasions chlorinators have broken down and the filtration plant has failed as often as three times in six months. One filter was out of operation for one and a half years, leaving only two in working order. This is the only dolphinarium which does not have access to seawater. All other pools are by the sea - in Queensland an application for a dolphinarium five miles up a river was rejected as being too far from seawater.

Since 1973, thirteen dolphins have died at Warragamba, including Sally's four calves, three of which were born in captivity. Such statistics are not unusual although it is often difficult to get complete information from the various institutions. It is indisputable however, that there is a high mortality rate associated with capturing dolphins and transferring them to pools. Their lifespan,

which in the wild may be up to fifty years, is significantly shortened in captivity.

The stress that these dolphins suffer through lack of sensory stimulation and confinement is a major reason for their high mortality rate. In his paper, "Effects of Psychophysiological Stress on Captive Dolphins", Nick Carter supports his hypothesis that capture and confinement is as stressful and harmful to dolphins as to humans.

**"Since 1973, thirteen dolphins have died at Warragamba..."**

Carter cites instances where perfectly healthy dolphins have kept their blowholes tightly closed during transportation and thus died suddenly. Many dolphins, having survived transport, die within a month. Those who live longer usually die from respiratory problems, often pneumonia. One dolphin in California was found to have a duodenal ulcer and was treated on the premises - that the cause was anxiety. He lived behind a glass wall and had become nervous of the crowds that were watching him. When the glass was covered up, the condition disappeared. A pilot whale was diagnosed - as a manic-depressive due to his behavioural symptoms following the death of his companions. He had to be released. Male dolphins have

been known to become so aggressive after years of captivity that they have endangered humans and prevented other dolphins from performing their circus tricks.

Male aggression has also been a problem at Warragamba. In the wild dolphins are harem-forming. That is, they form groups consisting of one male and several females. Sally lives with two males and has suffered damage to her mammary glands from aggression. She developed acute mastitis as a possible consequence; her milk was infected and may have contributed to the death of Bumper, her last calf. His name was "Bumper" because he kept bumping into the side of the pool. He lived six weeks.

Claims for the educational value of dolphinaria no longer stand up in this age of mass access to sophisticated television, video and film productions. The educational validity of reinforcing in our children the traditional exploitative view of the human/animal relationship is questionable in itself.

In relation to scientific research, the development of methods for studying animal behaviour in the wild now offers far greater scope for research. Study of animals in artificial surroundings, in unbalanced and impoverished social groups with the possibilities for "neurotic" behaviour can lead to a distorted view of animal behaviour.

Are there alternatives?  
Most definitely.

Tourists travel the breadth of Australia to visit Monkey Mia in Western Australia, where dolphins are well known for their interaction with humans. It is not uncommon to see up to 300 people lining the

beachfront waiting for and watching the dolphins. In Gibraltar there is a dolphin safari which takes people out in a boat to watch dolphins in their natural environment, and in Florida there is a dolphin circus to which dolphins come and go as they please. The thrill and satisfaction of seeing dolphins under such conditions is a memorable experience. The pathetic spectacle of Sally, Demon and Freckles submitting to having their teeth brushed for the reward of a dead fish bears no comparison.

Those dolphins presently in captivity can be rehabilitated using a long-term half-way house system in

**"The sensory deprivation suffered by captive dolphins is similar to solitary confinement and first-degree torture..."**

which they are allowed to become increasingly independent before being released. Compared to maintaining dolphins in an artificial situation, costs for such a programme would be minimal.

A Senate Select Committee on Animal Welfare is presently considering the plight of dolphins in captivity. Pressure is needed on state and federal governments to ensure the banning of dolphinaria throughout Australia.

- Newswit

## Letters



### The Two Minutes Hate

Dear "Engineers Against Gays" and also, anyone who replied to the letter,  
WE, a group of (non gay) concerned engineers wish it to be known that we

are not such a cruel, bigoted bunch of arseholes as everyone now (and probably even before) thinks. We wish to point out, on good information (i.e. someone told us, who knows the person that wrote it) that the letter about which all are concerned was in fact written by a first year science student - who, for fear of retribution (and don't think we haven't considered it ourselves; they're just bloody lucky) we won't name. This stupid shithead has stirred up enough trouble, which we hope will cease now the true story has been revealed. It is obvious that science students (who are, after all second rate engineers [ones who didn't "make the grade"]) are just jealous of engineers as a group due to their (necessary) greater intelligence.

So therefore, in relation to, in comparison of, the situation caused by the hitherto, abovementioned stupid person, who is persona non grata as far as we are concerned and lucky not to be a victim of some "bashings" himself had better quieten down on expressing his sociologically undesirable opinions on the general populace of

this learning establishment.

Yours sincerely,  
-E.A.D.L.S.S.

(Engineers Against Dickhead  
Loud-mouthed Science Students)

### Put down a racist today

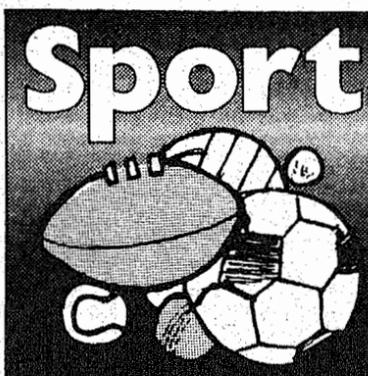
Dear Ed.,

I wish to express my disgust at certain pieces of graffiti that have appeared on some walls around our Uni - in particular "Asians out", etc.

We Uni students are meant to be intelligent, broad-minded people, or at least that's what I thought. Whoever sprayed those slogans is definitely not broadminded, of dubious intelligence and I certainly don't consider them worthy of being called human.

I think I can understand and tolerate most points of view, but racism is definitely not one of these, so - Stop the Asian Invasion - put down a racist today (it's only in their imagination).

- Dennis Parsons



### Adelaide wins snooker, Monash billiards

The 1985 Intersvarsity Billiards and Snooker was held at Monash, with Adelaide University defeating Monash University in the Team Snooker Grand

Final by three games to one. The snooker win was a convincing one with Paul Coory, Pasquale Razzino and ex-Monash player Jimmy "Hungry" Lee winning their matches. Fourth player Michael Groves, who was a "last minute" inclusion, lost his match in a close finish.

It was a very commendable win by the team since the Monash Group meet two or three times weekly, and are coached by a professional, whereas Adelaide meet only once and are coachless.

Monash and Adelaide again played each other in the Teams Billiards Final. The tables were turned in this event with Monash winning by 3 - 1. P. Razzino was the only winner in the billiards.

With Adelaide winning the Snooker 3 - 1, and Monash the Billiards 3 - 1, the score for the overall trophy was tied at four games all.

The playoff was a sudden death format where each of the four players played 30 minutes of billiards followed by one frame of snooker; both were worth one point. With the result capable of going either way, Monash won well by six points to two.

Those who wish to view the winners' plaque can see it displayed in the trophy cabinet of the Sports Association Office.

- Paul Coory



## Mossies could spread AIDS

newspaper headline

The AIDS-carrying mosquito first made its breathless appearance, wings flapping, in the grubbier of this country's tabloid rags, *The Sydney Daily Mirror*, in the closing days of 1984.

And Australia's most prominent expert on AIDS, Professor David Penington, expects the same headline to appear "again, and again, and again." In fact, he says, it occurs about once a month.

Medical opinion is dead against the headline writers who want to sell Mortein as preventive medicine for that dangerous virus called Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. All that doctors and researchers will tell you is that they can't give an iron-clad, AIDS-proof guarantee that the familiar Australian pest won't someday, somewhere pass the disease on. But they would probably be willing to gamble ten years' pay that it won't.

Yet the killer mossier headline and its predicted reincarnations are only one manifestation of a disease which in the past year has laid some sections of the media so low that they have, at times, lapsed into literary frothing at the mouth. The headlines tell the story:

## AIDS sweeps the nation

(Sydney Sunday Telegraph)

## Plague of the millenium: "AIDS is with us forever"

(The Australian)

## 50,000 cases of AIDS in Sydney

(Sydney Daily Telegraph)

## AIDS Task Force now admits there is an epidemic

(The Australian)

All of those headlines are wrong: AIDS is not sweeping the nation, Sydney doesn't have 50,000 cases, it isn't a plague, and it is an epidemic by definition, a point the AIDS Task Force has always admitted (an infectious disease, including the common cold, is technically an epidemic).

While sections of the media have been busy shouting loud, wrong messages, public fear has been growing.

In Adelaide AIDS provoked fearful reactions at Yatala Gaol and at a local court from people who became worried about catching the disease when they had to deal with carriers.

In Sydney parents have set up a committee to prevent the return to a day-care centre of Eve, a three-year-old carrier of the disease whom they fear will infect their children.

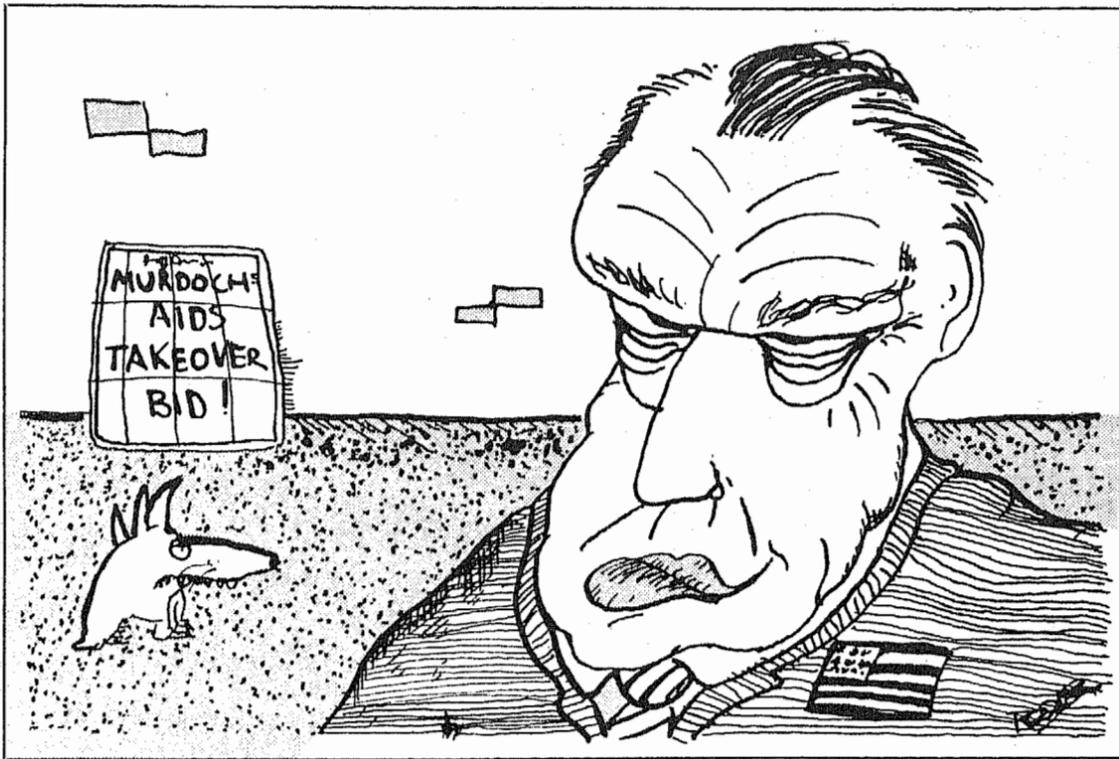
AIDS jokes proliferate, provoking laughter tinged, on occasions, with nervousness.

South Australia's AIDS program coordinator, Dr Michael Ross, warned last week that AIDS is now as great a mental health problem as it is a medical one, and has said he believed that there have been six AIDS-related suicides in this state, even though no-one here has died of the disease.

And Adelaide University Reader in Psychology John Innes has stated his belief that if AIDS continues to spread, community fear may grow so great that politicians will be pressured to introduce mandatory blood testing and "labelling" of those who carry the disease.

All this has come from a disease which so far only 52 people in the entire country have died from. Compared to real epidemics, like the Spanish flu pandemic which killed over 11,500 people in this country in 1919, 52 deaths seems an odd catalyst for public hysteria. Com-

# A.I.D.S.



## SHOCK! Media catches Accurate Information Deficiency Syndrome

If the word "AIDS" can strike fear into the hearts of people who've never been near the disease, what does that say about the media who are supposed to inform us about the matter? DAVID WALKER looks at the disease which has journalists jumping.

pared to the death of a million African children each year from malaria it is an almost ridiculous distraction.

But when concerned scientists are noting suicides and predicting changes in social and even political behaviour one can only conclude that someone, somewhere, has overreacted.

Much of the blame for such a reaction must rest with parts of the media, particularly the tabloid press. In a world of people who read headlines but skim the fine print, a world of people with irrational fears about the male homosexuals who run a higher-than-normal risk of contracting AIDS, parts of the press have failed in their responsibility to tell people what AIDS is actually about.

There are only four ways in which the disease is known to be transmitted:

Talking explicitly and publicly about sexual intercourse - especially between men - is not yet particularly easy in our society, either for individuals or for the media. Nor are most people well-acquainted with science, its ways, its language or its caution. These two problems have helped to give rise to the AIDS myths: that AIDS can be transmitted through sharing of plates, cups or cutlery; through mosquito bites; through contact with ambulance drivers, doctors, dentists or nurses.

No one can yet say categorically that these activities and other won't transmit AIDS; the most they can say is that scientists researching what is now one of history's most intensively-studied diseases haven't found any evidence that it is so. With their normal caution, scientists will

refuse to rule out the possibility that it might happen, even if it isn't likely to. For the media, that can be a story: the killer mossier appeared in print after a scientist said there was no way anyone could completely rule out the possibility of a mosquito transmitting AIDS. The killer mossier is a possibility. But it's a very, very faint one, not one deserving screaming headlines.

And talk about transmitting AIDS through "sharing of bodily fluids", a polite euphemism to disguise the real topic, intercourse, has not helped matters either. That's where paranoia about AIDS-infected teacups and the dangers of "AIDS children" with small cuts has started. AIDS Action Committee, is also concerned that parts of the media have been branding people who tests say

## How the virus gets around

- By transfusion of blood products. It is this which has made haemophiliacs a "high risk" group; they often require frequent blood transfusions and injections of clotting agents such as Factor VIII, a blood product. But the risk of contracting AIDS through a blood transfusion is one in 100,000 (far less than your chances of dying in a car accident) and is likely to fall further as new screening procedures are adopted.

- By sharing of needles between intravenous drug users. Here the blood of an AIDS carrier travels into a second person's vein via the needle they share.

- By childbirth. An AIDS carrier may infect her child in the womb, while it relies on her blood supply, or during birth. Unfortunately the number of children contracting the disease in this way is likely to increase in the immediate future.

- By sexual intercourse. This is the leading method of transmission, and semen is the main agent. Thus women and men both contract AIDS from men during intercourse, with anal intercourse thought to be the most risky activity because it often results in ruptures of the rectum, through which infected semen can enter the bloodstream. Thus homosexual

males currently constitute the largest "high risk" group. Swallowing semen is suspected but not proved to transmit the disease. Exchange of saliva such as occurs during kissing may or may not be a method of transmission; if it is such a method, it is what scientists call an "inefficient" one and the chances of catching the disease in this way are very, very low. As yet, nobody knows whether kissing transmits AIDS at all. Lesbian sex remains extremely safe, moreso even than sexual intercourse; vaginal secretions may or may not carry the disease, but lesbians are a "low risk" group.

have the AIDS antibody as having the disease itself. Only ten per cent of people with the antibody develop the symptoms of the disease. There is AIDS, and there is AIDS. Parts of the media haven't sorted out such details yet - that's where the "50,000 AIDS victims" came from.

Milan has found many people in the media to be short of accurate information.

"I've been amazed sometimes by reporters who've phoned up and got talking casually to me about AIDS - and they don't know anything about it. They go 'Oh, I never knew that.'

"AIDS ... has some ingredients for a panic reaction. It's a mystery virus; we don't know where it has come from; we don't know how to cure it; we know people are catching it. It also has the other combination of sex and drug use ... I don't think the community likes talking about sex or drugs ... But they like reading about it. It's got some fabulous ingredients for the media to blow up with a hysterical writing style."

AIDS Task Force chief Professor Penington has no doubt that AIDS stories sell papers, and suggests that it may only have been off the front pages in recent weeks because political news has been livelier. But he also notes that despite the very patchy performance of *The Australian*, a paper which alternates between informative and sensational stories about the virus, parts of the media are giving people solid, well-informed AIDS news. He nominates the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Melbourne Age*, the *Adelaide Advertiser* and the *Brisbane Courier Mail*. Despite this, a recent survey for Adelaide television program *State Affair* was reported as finding that many people believed they could catch AIDS simply by standing next to a carrier.

Ignorance about AIDS is magnifying its dangers in people's imagination, according to psychology lecturer John Innes.

"Studies in the past have suggested that however much you do to minimise [ignorance] through education campaigns, people are not really open to tranquillising information. They seem in a way to be wanting to exacerbate their fears and anxieties rather than to accept what's being told to them.

"One [explanation for this] is that if you are anxious, then of course the way in which you can account for your anxiety is to find things to make you anxious. You've explained your anxiety by finding yourself in a fearful situation. There's a justification for what you're feeling inside. Therefore you might be more likely to accept that account rather than somebody who is trying to say 'No, there is nothing to worry about'."

Innes says this is perhaps the strongest answer, although by no means the final one.

Why pick AIDS to panic about? Innes ventures that the groups associated with AIDS are what has made it a target. Homosexual men in particular wear a "stigma", and the disease's associated with that identifiable group, combined with the disease's association with that identifiable group, combined with the disease's deadliness, made it at the same time a subject of hysteria and a source of "good copy" for newspapers.

The media has to assess its responsibilities for printing stories which sell *because* they feed an ugly reaction in the readership. Some papers, in particular, have risen to the challenge; others have ignored it in pursuit of circulation.

Innes is pessimistic about the possibility of educating the public, and fearful that in a couple of years people may be demanding draconian measures against AIDS victims in an effort to calm their own fears.

In times of high social stress, says Innes, the "bash the deviant" impulse is higher than ever.

Penington and Milan are more hopeful that attitudes will change.

What may make the difference is the reflections of individual journalists, as they begin to realise that their actions are causing AIDS sufferers more pain than their symptoms - and leading, if the accounts of suicides are true, to violent death.

# Thatcher attacks the open society

The trial of Clive Ponting, senior British civil servant, was described by his counsel as "the most political trial this century. Ponting tells of his discovery of a British Defence Ministry cover-up and the price he paid in *The Right To Know*. BRIAN ABBEY has been examining his story.

If you laughed at *Yes Minister*, reach for *The Right To Know*. The story behind Clive Ponting's trial at the Old Bailey under the infamous Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act shows the darker, more sinister side of waffling at Westminster and flim-flam in Whitehall.

At 8 pm on 2nd May 1982, in the midst of the battle for the Falklands, an elderly Argentinian cruiser, the General Belgrano, was torpedoed by the British submarine, H.M.S. Conqueror. 368 men died with the ship. The sinking was carried out under specific orders from London; it was not the decision of a field commander.



Clive Ponting

Brian Abbey is Senior Lecturer in Politics at Adelaide University. *The Right to Know*, by Clive Ponting, costs \$6.95 from Sphere Books.

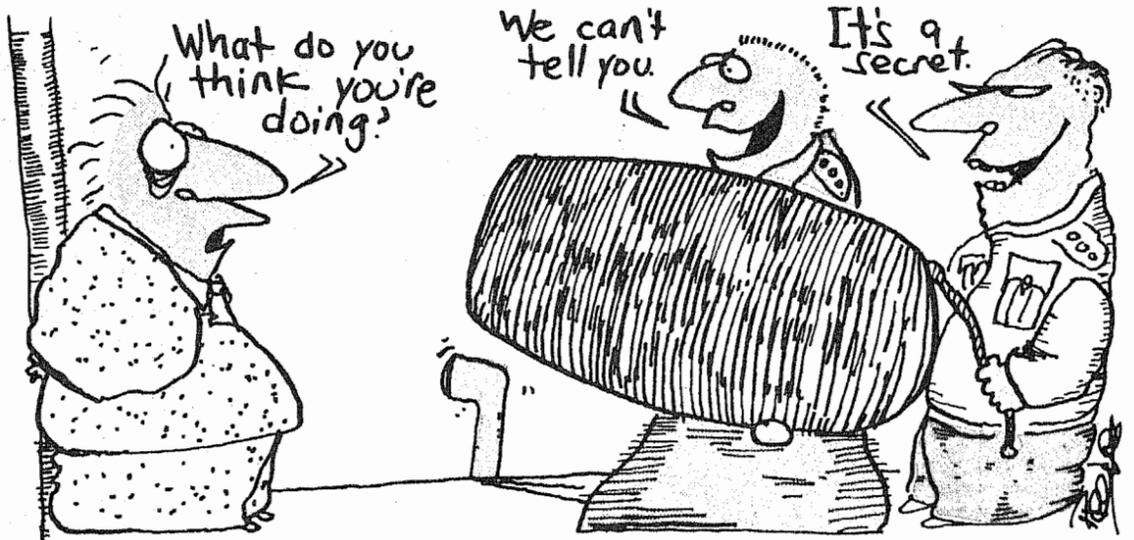
To precisely what purposes, and under precisely what circumstances, did the British Government decide to sink the Belgrano? According to Clive Ponting, the British Government launched a long and expensive campaign intended to ensure that the true answers to these and similar questions would never be known.

Ponting, a senior civil servant in the Ministry of Defence, was required to contribute to this campaign by drafting evasive, incomplete and deliberately misleading statements which Ministers could use to reply to Parliamentary questions, to counter probing from the Shadow Cabinet and to derail the enquiries of the House of Commons Foreign Affairs Committee. Ponting was bypassed when his opposition to this practice was recognised, but the practice continued nonetheless.

What he witnessed outraged Ponting's sense of personal propriety and his regard for the fundamental principles of British constitutional practice. Anonymously, he sent two official documents off to the most persistent and best informed of the Parliamentary questioners, Labour MP Tam Dalyell.

When the leak became known to his superiors, Ponting admitted to his action and offered to resign. Officials on the spot accepted this arrangement and agreed not to prosecute, according to Ponting, but Ministers insisted on a criminal prosecution under the Official Secrets Act.

This book records the inglorious history of that Act, documents what is known of the circumstances surrounding the sinking of the Bel-



grano, details the errors, omissions, inaccuracies and half-truths which characterised the statements issued by official spokespeople between May 4th 1982 and February 18th 1985, records day-by-day the events of the trial, and concludes with a call for more open government and the establishment of the public's "right to know."

The Official Secrets Act took 40 minutes to pass all stages in the House of Commons one morning in August 1911. The catch-all section 2, which makes it an offence to disclose without authorisation any official information, be it classified or not, be it ever so banal, passed without debate. Thus began its long history as a means of abuse of the civil and democratic rights of British public servants and the general public as well.

Oppositions routinely promise to abolish or reform it; when in government the same people simply refuse. Successive committees of enquiry have recommended that it be done away with, but all to no avail. At the level of debate there is complete agreement with the charge that the Act "gives the Attorney-General more power than a bad

Ponting shows how the senior British civil service, intent on maintaining its monopoly of information and its freedom from critical scrutiny, encourages this inaction. The history of this stonewalling, in Chapter 2 of *The Right to Know*, should be part of every citizen's education in the practices of public administration. Government might have wanted to obscure the circumstances under which it decided to sink the Belgrano.

First, there being no declaration of war between the parties, the Government was bound by the U.N. Charter to confine its activities to the defence of its forces and the regaining and defence of its territories. Given that up to the time of the sink-

ing there had been very little violent conflict, and that most of that had been instigated by British forces; given that no adequate up-to-date warning had been given to the Argentinians of how the British intended to exercise their rights of self defence, given that, at the time the Belgrano was sunk, she was more than 100 miles outside the "no-go" zone defined by Britain and given that, as London knew, she had been steaming away from the British forces for 11 hours under orders to return to her home port, the British clearly had a case to answer before the United Nations.

**"The Official Secrets Act ... had a long history as a means of abuse of the civil and democratic rights of British public servants and the general public..."**

Secondly, it seems likely that up to the time of the sinking, U.S. Secretary of State, Al Haig, and the President of Peru, Belaunde Terry, were still working as intermediaries to develop a peace plan which they hoped would produce a negotiated settlement. The British Government denies any knowledge of this, but Haig, who was pro-British throughout, maintains that it is true and that he kept the British Ambassador in Lima fully informed of progress.

Thirdly, although the gutter press in Fleet Street pulled out all stops to inspire a mood of triumphant jingoism meant to pull popular sentiment firmly into position behind Mrs Thatcher's actions, there remain

some pockets of scepticism in the electorate where people thought her too eager for blood. Nor were Britain's allies immediately and fully convinced of the appropriateness of the Thatcher strategy.

That there was motive enough for a government cover up is certainly true. That it was attempted is very hard to doubt after reading Ponting's careful account.

The Old Bailey trial was clearly an eye-opener for the pro-Establishment Ponting, and it remains a legal landmark, disturbing in one way and heartening in another. Ponting's defence was that, in communicating with an MP, he could not be caught by the Act which was directed at communications "prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State" - even though he accepted that his leak would have embarrassed the government of the day. The prosecution attacked this distinction, claiming that "the interests of the State" were nothing else but the interests of the government of the day.

The bad news from the trial is that the judge accepted the prosecution's submission on this. The good news is that, despite biased and sometimes vindictive summing-up by the trial judge, stopping little short of a direction to convict, the jury set Ponting free.

As if to show what senior bureaucrats can do if they've a mind to, the former mandarin presents his case with rare clarity and economy. The argument is precise and tight all the way; if you have a taste for the forensic arts you'll find this book hard to put down.

Ponting refused to lend his talents to the Ministers' plan to deceive Parliament and public. His principled stand cost him much pain and his career. How many others, finding themselves in the same position, have failed to act as he did? There are times when obeying orders does not bring absolution.

## African feminism provides new inspiration

Ten years after the beginning of the United Nations Decade For Women, members of the "second sex" are looking at where they've got to. KATHLEEN BRANNIGAN is among them.

In July this year over 13,000 women gathered in Nairobi, Kenya to mark the end of the United Nations Decade For Women. The Kenyan government "cleaned up" Nairobi prior to the meetings, clearing the city of its prostitutes and beggars and the city's resources were stretched to the limit. Much pomp and ceremony surrounded the staging of the official UN End of Decade For Women Conference whose delegates were chosen by their respective governments and included foreign affairs specialists and career diplomats. A non-government meeting, Forum '85, was also held and attracted over 10,000 women, but only selected non-government organisations has speaking rights at the official UN conference.

The Decade's theme was Equality, Development and Peace and its end has provoked assessment of the changes which have occurred in women's lives. Nairobi allowed this discussion to happen on an interna-

tional scale but in many places the end of the decade has sparked a local look back at what women have been doing for the last ten years. In Adelaide an exhibition was mounted which covered the activities of South

**"In 1985 there was a new cynicism amongst the women at Nairobi..."**

Australian women's groups during the decade.

A "Speak-Out" was held in August at which women had attended the Forum in Nairobi gave their impressions of the meeting.

We heard of crowds and frustration, noise, colour and excitement. Women were reminded of their diversity and shown the vast cultural

and political differences. White women were exposed to the lives of poor African women and their tenuous existence. For some this brings confusion, perhaps guilt, but for others it gives new strength: we heard an aboriginal woman tell of how it felt, for the first time, to be part of a majority. Workshops were held on a huge range of topics, from women's health and education and the sex tourism and prostitution industry to women in national liberation struggles and women gaining access to political power. There is conflict and disagreement among the women, over religion, politics and race. But there is also solidarity and unity.

How different it is in 1985 than when women met in Mexico in 1975, International Women's Year. I recall the excitement of that time when as a ten-year-old I watched my mother leave for Mexico. For she and millions of other women throughout the world came to see that their dissatis-

faction was not due to personal inadequacies but was part of women's universal experience. They demanded recognition and equality, calling for equal pay, control over their own bodies, child care and the end of sexual violence, among other things. In those heady days of the women's movement they became a potent and visible political force, unified by sisterhood. The past decade has seen enormous changes for women, within their personal lives and in society. Women have changed their lives, gaining the strength to take control. But the difference between what women were calling for in 1975 and 1985's realities are striking. For it is only a relatively small number of women who have been able to overcome discrimination and conditioning to radically change their lives.

In 1985 there was a new cynicism amongst the women at Nairobi. The euphoria of International Women's Year had given way to weary resignation to the long fight. Against a background of economic recession, poverty and unemployment, "sisterhood" was no longer the easy answer it had been. Third World women

spoke of survival and imperialism, black women of racism. It was clear that freedom for women cannot be isolated from their class and race. And at the official UN Conference debates occurred about politics. Leader of the United States delegation Maureen Reagan (yes! his daughter) wanted politics kept out of the conference and discussion confined to "women's issues". Meanwhile other American women called for economic justice, racial and sexual equality. Not surprisingly when resolutions and decisions were being made at the UN conference the male "experts" came to the fore and foreign policy concerns were not forgotten.

The women's movement is older and slightly world-weary ten years on. But women have also learnt from their experiences. The answers are no longer clear and a growing awareness of the needs of the women who are not white and middle-class is evident. There is a dogged determination to keep going, not to retreat into individual solutions but to understand the complications of women's subordination throughout the world.

# Patrick's pen hangs the big-wigs



Cartoonist and writer Patrick Cook, whose appearances in this year's smash *Gillies Report* have added another feather to a crowded cap, is rapidly becoming an Australian comedy superstar. SHERYLE BAGWELL looks at the man and his work.

96 series, followed by two years of sun and wine in the Greek Isles, Cook began in earnest to turn his penchant for doodling into a paying pastime.

Unemployed, he turned to freelancing, drawing for everybody from the *Bulletin*, to *Forum* and *Two Wheels* magazine. Around this time Cook found a fan in Ita Buttrose who had just set up *Cleo* magazine. *Cleo* bought many of his cartoons. Ita went so far as to barrack for the young cartoonist's work when the late Frank Packer was unsure of the value of Cook's contributions to his publishing stable. "I had more rude, more scatological, more violent, more sick cartoons in *Cleo* than I did in *Nation Review*," recalls Cook of those halcyon days. "Ita was a terrific editor. She never knocked anything back."

Yet even with Ita's patronage, the cartooning business was tough. "Freelancing was a terrific way to starve", said Cook. "When I started out in the early 70s, I think *Cleo* was paying \$3 a cartoon, the *Bulletin* \$5, and the *Nation Review* - at its absolute peak financial-in-the-blackness - paid \$10.

But then in 1976, something prophetic happened for Patrick Cook - Larry Pickering left the *National Times*. Cook promptly offered his services to the newspaper, they were accepted and a salaried (with the princely sum of \$45 a week) and well-fed cartoonist was born.

Cook had done little political cartooning before joining the *Times*, but the then editor Max Suich was willing to let the spectacled 26-year-old learn on the job. He was also contracted to draw a daily cartoon for *The Australian Financial Review*, which he did for the next eight years.

He also continued to expand his horizons overseas, taking off in 1977 on a Hunter S. Thomson-style odyssey across the United States with journalist David Marr. ("We hired a succession of enormous cars and travelled to all the places that were song titles.")

He says he has never tried to sell his cartoon strips to the US media - although a deal involving some of Cook's illustrated postcards prompted the US agent to request a modification of the Cook signature because it looked too much like "coon". Cook obliged.

He has, however, 'entertained ideas' of selling his work to appropriate British newspapers until, as he puts it, he discovered that the Motherland's media were worse

than here. Nevertheless, during a visit to the UK in the early 70s he decided to bundle up some of his work and approach *Punch* magazine. But the satirical magazine was not too impressed with the cartoonist from the Colonies.

Cook recalls the incident with some bitterness: "In Australia, if you want to sell your cartoons to a newspaper, you walk in and approach the editor who says either 'Yes, I like them' or 'No, I don't'. At *Punch*, a livery doorman sends the stuff upstairs, you wait in a freezing lobby until a parcel comes down with a note attached saying, 'Not quite us we think.'"

Rejected and in what he saw as dismal surroundings, Cook instead wrote and illustrated a sad little children's tale - a parable about travelling - called *Elmer The Rat*. Cook today finds it particularly satisfying that years later when it was finally

**"He also has an uncanny knack with language - that ability to 'hang' politicians and other notables with their own words..."**

published, *Elmer The Rat* sold well in Britain.

Not that Cook has to worry much about rejection these days.

Except in the celebrated case of Harry Seidler v John Fairfax last year when the architect sought (but failed to gain) damages for a Cook cartoon that satirised modern architecture, or this year when Kerry Packer began proceedings restraining Gillies from continuing to perform Cook's fabled 'Goanna' sketch, Cook's work has never been censored - which must say something for the democratic process.

Like Petty and Leunig, Cook, in his drawings, often throws the limelight onto the confused and bewildered little man facing some kind of blind authority. He can tear strips off politicians and world leaders simply by giving them other - always more appropriate - names, when he reports on their antics in *Not the News*.

Yet, as far as his personal politics are concerned, Cook appears not so

much pro-Labor these days as anti-Liberal. With characteristic indirectness, Cook says being Left or Right depends "entirely upon who I am standing next to at the time". Nevertheless, despite the passage of time, Cook still refers to Malcolm Fraser as that "utter turd" with a passion that conjures up all those vitriolic cartoons of the dying Fraser days. Alternatively, he says "like" is too strong a word for his opinion of Bob Hawke. "He seems a nice person who is good at running meetings."

Cook's particular hobby horse at the moment has nothing to do with Parliament House but more so with his own urban environment.

It has surfaced in cartoon form in *Matilda* magazine as the *Susan and Susan* comic strip which tells the adventures of two boiler-suited 'sisters'. In a recent episode, it depicted the women taking part in a rape-in-war protest on Anzac Day and inferred that the protesters were reminiscent of women who supposedly handed out white feathers to pacifists during the first world war. Needless to say, the strip has provoked much comment, not all laudatory.

Robyn Archer, who has not had a "long talk" with Cook since she returned to Australia, says she is not a fan of Cook's anti-feminist cartoons which she describes as becoming "quite bitter and twisted" against the women's movement.

Archer said: "There is a lot we have to talk about because, in my opinion, if Patrick starts doing things like that, he is joining the backlash."

Is *Susan and Susan* the provocative rantings of a hard-done-by male? Wendy Harmer, fellow worker on the *Gillies Report*, once summed up Cook's anti-feminist leanings with sardonic style: "Well, he is short and lives in Glebe."

Cook himself acknowledges the Glebe factor. To underline his point, Cook claims a collection of Glebe women recently formed themselves into a group called 'Lesbian Mothers Against Pedophilia'. "There are wall-to-wall Susans out there", said Cook, gesticulating beyond his comfortable terrace to Glebe Point Road and further to Sydney University. "They are the sort of people who give feminism a bad name."

Cook takes particular exception to feminists who use sociological jargon - "words like caring-sharing-nurturing just makes me reach for my revolver" - to underscore their ideology.

"The whole separatist-pseudo-

mystic aspects of feminism are so stupid, and in many cases, just the mirror image of Victorian attitudes towards women," says Cook. "That notion of women as something separate or something almost indefinably beyond our experience, something fragile, something to be protected - that was imposed."

"Feminism, or what women have done over the past 20 years, has been about trying to abolish that so there is no distinction in the species. There are people, there are differences between sexes and between individuals, but nevertheless it all operates within a common arena of humanity."

Despite the provocative message of *Susan and Susan* and thousands of other Cook drawings that have preceded it, Cook rejects suggestions that his opinions, fashioned into cartoons, have any lasting impact on public opinion.

"A cartoon has a half-life of about 15 seconds with a total life of slightly more than that because people might show them to someone else," argues Cook. "But by and large, you can bang away at something all day and someone will respond either ha or what? - one or the other."

Still, one wonders if *Susan and Susan* might turn up one day as a character on the *Max Gillies* show - for Cook is drawing less and less these days as he finds himself more smitten with the challenge of television.

Cook's successful liaison with Gillies began formally in 1980 with the theatre production *Squirrels*, Gillies' first foray into political characterisation. That show was soon refined and developed into a smoother production called *Night Of The Right* followed - after the Bob Hawke victory at the polls - with an even more successful season of *Night Of National Reconciliation*. The concept burst onto the small screen last year as *The Gillies Report*, a breakthrough in terms of political satire on Australian television.

"I think one of the main reasons I continue to do this stuff is because of Patrick," Max Gillies said of his major writer. "At his best, you get scripts that are a joy - I am not kidding - to speak and interpret every night. They are not just a series of gags - there is a voice, a character and a dramatic depth to the piece."

Despite speculation that there was friction between members of the Gillies cast, Cook believes they are all keen to carry on. "There was a lot of snarling and bitching, but it was never counter-productive ... no, it wasn't even that really. Everybody just walked around frowning a lot, wondering what the fuck they would do next."

With such wide-ranging success, one wonders if Patrick Cook's wealth is now approaching the legendary proportions of the semi-retired Larry Pickering. "God, there is no money in most of the things I am doing", says an exasperated Cook, almost believably. "The only thing I have touched on which actually had more money in it than I expected was the stage show, (*Max Gillies' Summit* which ended its Sydney season on July 20).

In three weeks of the stage show, I would have earned about as much as I did for the two TV series." The ABC-TV series were made for a total of \$180,000. "Not enough to make a Coke ad," says Cook.

"But perhaps it was enough for Cook that, at last, he now had the chance to speak and act out his own funny lines. Is this the dream of all cartoonists?"

"I was just an extra," says Cook, rather shyly, of his comic role in front of the cameras. "I was just doing basic feed parts which somebody had to do, God knows."

"And I like doing that sort of thing - I like putting on silly hats and running around. To the extent that I did put on silly hats and run around, I think I did it alright."

Reprinted by kind permission of *Matilda* magazine.

**"Cook ... often throws the limelight onto the confused and bewildered little man facing some kind of blind authority."**

now asked to join the judging panel on Channel Ten's *Star Search*, while *Mode* magazine felt duty bound recently to put the cartoonist on its list of Australia's worst dressed men.

But even if Cook is a loser in the fashion stakes, he is no dilettante. Accolades have long been heaped on this former student of medieval history for his intelligence, his quickness of mind and his own sardonic brand of humour.

Robyn Archer, who collaborated with Cook on the puppet play *Captain Lazar* in 1980 says being with Patrick Cook is "like being in a perpetual cartoon strip".

"Basically, you go through life being mis-fed information and hearing regurgitated thoughts and you can't ever get to the truth. What is delightful about Patrick is that whatever is happening, right at that very day he will say something original, incisive and astute. But he is also very manic. He is one of those people whom I find I need a lot of energy to be with."

He is also highly opinionated. A strong disdain for hypocrites, fools and the jargon of sociology and bureaucracy has been a running theme of his drawings throughout his professional career.

He also has an uncanny knack with language - that ability to 'hang' politicians and other notables with their own words. Such a quality was evident even in his early work contributed to a bevy of magazines while he made his way through Sydney University in the late 60s.

The first newspaper to pay for his drawings was the *Nation Review*, then under the steership of Richard Beckett. Cook recalls his first 'drop-ins' for NR: one being a send-up of Descartes thinking up his classic piece of philosophy, Cogito, ergo sum (I think therefore I am). "Descartes then knocks over an ink well, thinks shit and turns into a turd."

After a short spell as a paperbacks editor for Angus and Robertson in Sydney, publishing such great Australian classics as the first biography of Gough Whitlam and the No.

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1965 - 1985

# HOW HAVE STUDENTS CHANGED?

*On dit* continues its series on the ways in which the last twenty years have changed - or failed to change - the campus. Your own thoughts on the matter are welcome.

## Meaning of uni might be 2.2

by Brian Abbey

Twin-sets, pearls, and real leather handbags; tweedy sports jackets, old-school ties and well-polished shoes. A debating society that wittily debated ho'low, fabricated topics before adjourning for sherry and biscuits. A system of University governance that made no room at all for students (and hardly any for junior staff for that matter); systems of course assessment where, apart from a handful of marks bestowed on lab work or a major essay, every undergraduate stood or fell by the end-of-year exams. A student culture which took a declaration of preference for the ALP as a mark of political daring; an academic milieu in which anthropology was an unaffordable luxury and sociology was seen as too "soft" to be a proper University subject. Adelaide seemed like the moon or Mars or Patagonia when I came here in 1969.

There were counter-currents, though, and within a year or two these were numerous and strong enough to begin sluicing away some of the cosiness and one-sidedness that always threaten an institution which must, because of its nature and purpose, give a lot of care to the conservation of established patterns of thought and practice. The popular movement against

Brian Abbey is a Senior Lecturer in Politics and gracious contributor to 1985's *On dit*.

the cynical cruelty of our Vietnam commitment grew quickly; the fight - a lovely old Australian fight - against conscription flowered; students and junior staff pushed for a place in the decision-making circle. A radical, off-campus coffee-lounge, The Black Dwarf, in Lefevre Tce., opened for business and talk. Underground broadsheets appeared in the hope that, to paraphrase Mao, power could grow out of the barrel of a gestetner. A Free University got underway, taking up the work of challenging what was settled and taken for granted. A group of

*"Adelaide seemed like the moon or Patagonia when I came here in 1969..."*

students rented a western suburbs Trust house and worked at community development, while another group started a good co-op near the other end of Pulteney Street were taken to Parliament House on North Terrace and leaflets to factory gates at Elizabeth and Woodville. A group of comrades stood at the Anzac dawn service with a banner that looked forward to peace rather

than remembering war. Agitprop artists flew around town in somebody's ban, stopping to daub political slogans and paste up posters, soaring academic analyses and theoretical purity were tested against the nuts-and-bolts knowledge and ancient prudence of the better half of today's Cabinet in the front bar of the old British Hotel, and we all marched and marched and marched.

In my own subject, Politics, the question multiplied like rabbits and ran through the journals like hares. We learned to ask ourselves how we could use our data test our ideas if we'd, mostly unwittingly, used our ideas to select our data. Was it good enough, we wondered, to let our need to be political "scientists" dictate the problems we could deal with? Surely, some argued, it was the moral/human/social worth of the question that mattered, not whether it was amenable to some "scientific" methodology. And shouldn't the discipline concern itself with the future as vigorously as with the past? Surely - we were all sure of this - the study of Politics suffered if it was not a part of a struggle to bring about a better world, one in which democracy was extended into every corner of life, in which participation was both a restraint on elite power and an enlivening popular education,

in which almost any goal was achievable if only the will could be mustered?

Well, there's sometimes a thin line, I know, between mining the past for what it may yield and sinking into soppy self-delusion. Nothing is easier than to reveal one's distance from the present and irrelevance to the future by turning too often to look back. Yet, for all that, I want to say that student life was richer; ideas were taken seriously, fought over and even, sometimes, acted on. A wider range of ideas was available for exploration. That many of the ideas have been shown to be wrong or over-drawn hardly matters; that is always the way with ideas, especially when they become every-day currency.

Society is always about agitation and struggle over grand goals, the commitment of resources to purposes, the quality of the life chances available to people. University life - not just student life - is touched by this. Sometimes that struggle is as it was in the sixties and seventies: overt, noisy, urgent, head-on, marked by optimism, social in its scale and reference, inspired by what might be won. Sometimes, as in the eighties this struggle is more covert; treated as an aberration or as the preserve of some other kind of person, it is apparently dependent on technicalities in

such a way that broad participation would be otiose, individual in its ambitions and indirect in its expressions, governed by that sly wisdom born of knowing what might be lost and distrusting what might be won.

In this particular phase we are witnessing the end of the university as a pre-capitalist institution. (After cricket fell, it was only a matter of time). Certain concepts of what is good and what is waste, of how these are to be measured and how to manage their achievement, which have all proved so successful in turning millions of corner delis into a handful of department stores over the past four hundred years, are now taking the universities by storm, but quietly. *Of course* student life is different - so are faculty meetings. A particular language of calculation is replacing a quite different, now almost extinct, language of consideration.

You'll remember the climatic moment in the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* when it is revealed that secret of life is 42. In the question now before us the secret, in large part at least, is 2.2. That was the percentage rate of unemployment in 1972.

ACTIVITIES COUNCIL PRESENTS

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## Orientation 1986

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2 male, 2 female.

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Honorariums will be paid for these positions. All applications should be directed to the President in writing by October 10th, 1985.



## '85 is more of the same

Peter Jennings edited the University of Tasmania's *Togatus* in 1985 until winning a Fulbright Scholarship to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has spent the last five years at university.

Thinking about the last five years, I am prompted to wonder if any discernable change has taken place in the 'mood' of the student body during that time. The first half decade of the eighties has been a curious, vaguely expectant period. The nuclear scientists atomic clock still hangs perilously close to midnight; the West's economy sagged, strengthened and then sagged again; the super-powers talked, fell silent and then started talking again. In Australia the Labor Party as usual was full of sound and fury - things had to change in order to remain the same, and so they have. What analysts in the 1970s told us would be a decade of change, a watershed in history, has turned out - thus far - to be a time of more of the same. People, it seems to me have a vague expectation of big things 'a coming down the track. As a nation we are getting edgy.

Students are people too. If I had to try to discern a difference between the class of '81 and of '85, it would be to say that those in '85 are

**"Students in '85 are perhaps a little more worried than their earlier counterparts. Worried about what?..."**

perhaps a little more worried than their earlier counterparts. Worried about what? Well, that's a much more difficult question.

Perhaps I'm trying to be too subtle, for clearly the most striking thing about the period is continuity. Students haven't changed much... Those in the Faculty of Arts continue to sell themselves short of the full worth of a humanities degree, the Christians still push their guitar strumming evangelism; those in Resistance still grow glassy-eyed with conspiracy theories; the SRC still fights for higher TEAS; the Refec still serves lousy coffee.

A number of my student-turned part-time-tutor friends have mused about declining academic standards among the student body. "It wasn't as bad as this when I was going through", is a comment frequently heard.

Well, perhaps over the longer term there has been some slippage, but since the end of the seventies? I doubt it. I've enough history under my belt to know that bemoaning declining standards is itself an honourable tradition. However if there is a malaise among students then, as I have suggested, it comes about partly because many half-believe the old argument that a B.A. or B.S.c. is a worthless qualification, just a piece of paper. It's certainly often said. How many students do you know who have made that sort of comment? Yet how is it possible for anyone to really put the necessary effort into a degree if at the same time they constantly devalue the worth of three years work? Perhaps this attitude has become a little more entrenched since the start of the eighties. One wonders how long our system can live with that way of thinking, or indeed, what we can do to change matters. I'm afraid I don't know the answers.

# Did we live in times of privilege?

by Span

This question of change against non-change is tricky. Each side's argument seems to provoke its opposite whenever I think about it. The only thing about which I am sure is that we are not talking about a gradual, progressive, and long-range change, but a matter of perspective which operates at short distances. There are two things in my own experience which confirm this view.

One is the fact that this issue has occurred frequently over the ten or so years since I first started hanging around universities. It turns up every season. The other is a more precise memory that is always evoked by the raising of the question. That memory is of sitting

Span is Span, a long-haired, dope-smoking Adelaide poet, all-round good chap and the only man in the city not to wear shoes in winter.

on the Barr-Smith wall in O-Week 1973 with a few of my cronies of the time. They were starting third year at the time (I was not studying at all then, rather, I was one of many people who used the university as an escape tunnel) and one of them started groaning at the freshers who were milling around. There seemed to be an unusually large number of them, but what I think he said was, "They're so young."

Obviously they couldn't have

been more than two years younger than any of us, but they seemed a lot further away than that. On top of it all they wore clean and neat clothes which were as unexpressive as their faces and their short hair. It wasn't a peculiar observation, because others who had been in the same stream as us made it known, from time to time, that something very stultifying and retrogressive was happening, that a sense of fun, a possibility of optimism, and an agility of imagination and intellect was fading. More than that, it had gone as with the flick of a switch. The "conservative backlash", it was called, but never clearly defined.

**"If students today seem to some onlookers to be apathetic and disinterested, then maybe it's because they are not being offered the stimuli which every consumer needs..."**

I am not convinced that we belong to a privileged generation, but we may have believed we did. Certainly there seemed very little to fear then, in real terms. There were obvious contradictions in the world, obvious disproportions, exactly the same ones that are still criticised by people with pretensions to political awareness, but at the time there was a sense of hope that awareness and discussion could effect the necessary change of attitude, on a large scale, that might resolve those contradictions.

Were we involved? How many people are ever involved? For every two or three people who get together and decide to set up some kind of institution - a demonstration, a newspaper, an evening happening - there are scores of hundreds who join in, but participate largely in their own small cliques, being learned with friends and comrades who will allow you your say and will tolerate your idiosyncrasies. But that involvement boiled down to the books we read, the music we listen to, drugs, sex, hanging out and generally knowing how to think (bright thoughts) and articulate. We were dutiful consumers.

Appearance makes a big difference, because at the end of that third year we splintered off

from each other. University is a great place for doing those things and seeing the same people who are doing those things. How much of that gets carted off into the next half-century or more of your life is not easily predictable. The very institution of the university - a supermarket of ideas - by its structure ensures that those things will continue to happen. It is not the silent majority, which attends university to study and then enter society somewhere, which is visible.

I don't know what *On dit* is asking, but the question is obviously meant to imply the political function, if any, of a university and the political awareness of its students. Going back through the *Dusty Covers* shows that not only has the university always had some relevance in this respect, but also that that relevance has been determined mainly by the actions of a very few people. What has happened that definitely is different, and was remarked by one of *On dit's* other writers, is that a very generalized political attitude which existed ten years ago has now separated itself out into a number of exclusive and sometimes mutually antagonistic groups. It still looks very cliquy and, if you look at the non-party people, most students are still dutiful consumers, even if the fashions have changed.

I know this is going to sound awfully trite, but it sometimes appears that a sense of solidarity existed then which is lacking now. But once again, if you stop being an onlooker you find it simply isn't the case. University does bring people together, as much as it ever did. If that doesn't have the clout it once had, if students today seem to some onlookers to be apathetic and uninterested (in what?), then maybe it's because they are not being offered the stimuli which every consumer needs if he or she is going to buy. Over the last ten years the issues which were the focus of dissent back then have festered even further and I suspect the sense of being enclosed by the social machinery has deepened, and will continue to do so. It is not that the students have changed, but they have less reason to be optimistic. And maybe this is why there's a little bit more nastiness, however playful it may be, and a lot more selfishness, in the sense of wilful isolationism. Are students really more apathetic than they used to be, or is *On dit* talking about fear?

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# No more farting for the Fonda woman

Remember the days when you could wear Flab without Guilt? Well, they're over, and JESSICA ADAMS knows who to blame.

Once upon a time, turning fifty meant you could gratefully lapse into slothful old age, knocking back the sherry in front of Dynasty and knitting little ballerina dolls to put over your toilet rolls.

Now, Jane Fonda has changed all that. At 43, she claimed a few years ago, "my body is stronger and more lithe than when I was 20". That was enough for half the American female population. A veritable stampede into the gymnasiums followed, led by ageing housepersons in search of Fonda-like boobs and The Meaning of Life.

Going for The Burn, of course, is what it's all about. You too can watch your porridge-like thighs turn to pure

**"You too can watch your porridge-like thighs turn to pure steel..."**

steel ... just be prepared to do what Fonda calls Donkey Kicks and what we in the third grade used to call Bunny Hops. If you're really clever, you might be able to move onto

Advanced Buttocks ... that's when you pull all the grotty bits in and stick the rest of it out.

To be a Fonda woman, you must, apparently, "learn to listen to your body". In the *Workout Book*, Jane has included a picture of a woman rolling her eyes and gritting her teeth, apparently in extreme pain. "Your body will tell you when there is a problem," she has written underneath. Most helpful of her ... it's always nice to know that you and your body can get together and chat about things like broken collarbones and ruptured spleens. "No distractions", the *Workout Book* tells you, "Centre yourself, this is your time".

What you do with your time, of course, is spend it listening to Barry Manilow, and clenching your pelvic muscles in time to the Copacabana. Jane Fonda may have a great body, but her taste in music is excruciating. Later on in her *Workout Video*, she suggests doing the aforementioned donkey kicks (careful, don't put your foot through the VCR...) in time to the *Village People*. In The Neigghvee, perhaps?

Jane makes it very clear what a Fonda Woman should and should not do. You are, first of all, meant to breakfast on her special health milkshake. Then, not content with programming bunny hops, Jane

Fonda suggests carrying rabbit food in your handbag.

There is apparently no hope for people like me who roll out of bed at

**"And, most importantly, don't grunt, or break wind when you are clenching your gluteus maximus..."**

seven and coast by on Alpine Lights and Disprin until lunchtime. Nor are you allowed to hand around outside vending machines like a good pervert. Have you no *Pride*? Center yourself, oh woman of little integrity.

And, most importantly, don't grunt, or break wind when you are clenching your gluteus maximus. If Jane Fonda can keep it all in, so can you. Try not to wheeze like a broken suction pump when you are throwing yourself around the gym. It puts the others off. On no account must you make a detour to the pub after your afternoon exercise class. The Fonda Woman does not lie around the house guzzling Tim Tams, nor does she collapse in the bath for hours at a stretch drinking Riesling.



Jane Fonda is right of course, she does look better now than she did at twenty. If you've ever seen any of the tasteless B-grade schlock she used to be in, you'll probably understand why. She's come a long way since *Klute* has our Jane.

What hope, then, is there for those of us who are that heinous thing, *unfit non-eighties persons*? If I tried to do half the things La Fonda does, it wouldn't be so much a case of Going For The Burn as Going For The Her-nia. Is Jane Fonda human? If you

prick her, doth she not bleed? Probably not. Jab a needle into one of her flanks and it will bounce off like a badly-aimed dart.

The only solution for the slob among us who cannot manage stripey Dennis the Menace leotards or Donkey Kicks (not to mention Advanced Buttocks) is to kick the set in next time she comes on television, and resign ourselves to the fact that fitness is something we'll attempt tomorrow, in the *very near future*, or ... in the Wild Blue Fonda, perhaps?

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South Australian College of Advanced Education

# Limelight

Cinema · Theatre · Music · Books · Po · Radio · TV · Visual Arts

From the maker of *Deliverance* and *Excalibur* has come a new film extolling the virtues of the Amazonian jungle natives and their home. JAMIE SKINNER talked to its star - who is director John Boorman's son - but came away from the movie a little wary.

Charley Boorman, 19-year-old son of British director John Boorman, has made his big break in movies in *The Emerald Forest* - but Charley is no stranger to the rumble-tumble of a movie set.

At two, he lived on the set of the action-drama, *Hell In The Pacific* (which starred Lee Marvin) and at three he made an on-screen appearance with John Voight in the violent adventure, *Deliverance*. Since then, he has appeared in the mystical-fantasy *Zardoz* and had a small part in *Excalibur*, as Arthur's evil son Mordred.

Charley Boorman, who was recently in Adelaide to promote *The Emerald Forest* has the lead role of a city kid turned jungle boy. He plays Tommy Markham, the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) who

**"Initially it was very hard for Charley to get the part: he had to steal the script from his father..."**

is kidnapped at the age of seven by a tribe known as the Invisible People.

"In the beginning it was very difficult because I was working with dad and people (on the set) had seen a lot of nepotism."

Initially it was very hard for Charley to get the part: he had to steal the script from his father. He soon decided he wanted the role but John Boorman refused to let him do a screen test. Finally, he got one (unknown as the director's son) and clinched the role.

"Dad was very hard on me all the time (during the shot). He had to be because he couldn't show any favouritism." In the early stages of production, Charley was fired by the flak from the film crew, who called him "the spoilt little brat."

But Charley has shown them. He had a very difficult, physically demanding role which needed to be realistically portrayed - a young hunter of the Amazon.

"The way I got into the role was through the training procedure. You are living like an Indian, walking around barefoot, doing five hours a day of training and doing Indian rituals at night-time, learning how to use Indian bows and canoes."

The task of looking like a native must have been hard, but Charley says that the inbuilt instinct to survive is brought out when you are living like an Indian.

"It's just a matter of having the situation to be able to use it."

*The Emerald Forest* is based on a true story in which a Filipino engineer lost his son in similar circumstances. When John Boorman heard of the story, he started to collaborate with scriptwriter Rospo Pallenberg on the screenplay.

"He had planned the story from a newspaper clipping ... [and] it is almost the same story except for the ending."

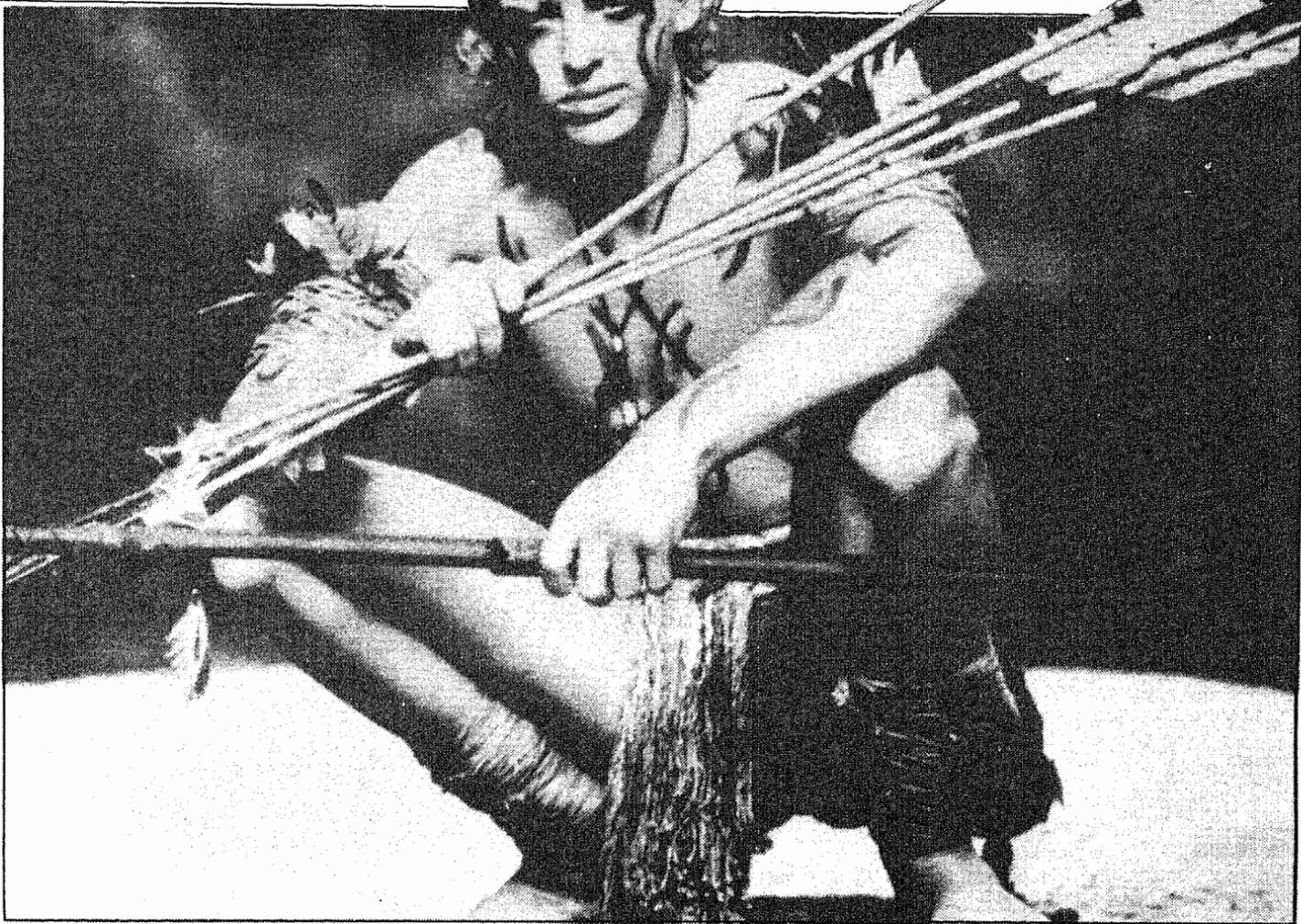
One of the greatest influences on Charley Boorman's acting career was the inspiration from his co-star Powers Boothe. Texan-bred Boothe, star of such films as *Southern Comfort* and *Red Dawn*, became close friends with Charley during the intense eight month shoot of which two and a half months were spent on training.

"He taught me a lot [and] was a wonderful person to work with, totally dedicated and [he] always gives all he knows to whoever wants to know ... he's not like a lot of these actors who keep it all to themselves."

"The only way you learn (about acting) is through experiences."

*The Emerald Forest* had its premiere season in France due to the overwhelming reception it received when it closed the Cannes Film Festival. Charley reflected on the few days he spent at the illustrious film event which is considered second only to the Oscars.

"You don't sleep. I don't know how people can survive the whole time. Film critics and agents for distributors are watching five or more films a day ... By the end of the two-week festival they all look white in the faces and have



Charley Boorman

## A city kid turned jungle boy

got huge black bags under their eyes" recalls Charley.

"I was only there for three days and I had to rest for four days because I was completely vegetated."

Charley told of how, after the premièrè, he

went to bed at nine in the morning and had to leave his hotel at ten, having an hour to pack after a long night of premièrè celebrating. The Hollywood away from home, eh?

Charley Boorman, freshman actor and part-time record producer, to fill in time is only one Boorman in a flock of clever siblings. Besides

his famous father, Charley has three multi-talented sisters, "Catrina, my middle sister, is an actress; I have a twin sister who's an opera singer and my older sister writes scripts and translates French scripts into English."

Boorman industries?

## Slow and mystical

One US critic described *The Emerald Forest* as having "an unforgettable sense of place." Even so, it has an unforgettable lack of pace.

British-director John Boorman, is renowned for films dealing with the complex relationships of man, mysticism and nature (*Deliverance*, *Zardoz*, *Excalibur* and even *Exorcist II: The Heretic*). He has nurtured *The Emerald Forest* right through from its conception to promotion, and he seems so intent on making it a "hit" that you can see the self-indulgence shining right through.

As attractive as *The Emerald Forest* is in its visual beauty, it suffers dramatically from prolonged scenes of philosophical wisdom.

It is always sad to see a film marketed as something it is not and that's how *The Emerald Forest* is being marketed. It never holds its audience as a drama nor as an adventure, being overridden by its own dull mysticism. An ethnological study it may be, but even so it has an inner feeling that it should belong on Wakefield Street rather than in the mainstream of big-business cinema.

Almost entirely filmed in Brazil, the story concerns the plight of an American engineer, Bill Markham (Powers Boothe). He brings his family to the Amazon to build a giant hydroelectric dam when one day his seven-year-old son Tommy is taken.

The boy has been captured by a tribe known as the Invisible People, so called for their lack of visibility in the jungle due to their green body paint, camouflage of leaves and form of headress.

Tommy meets up with his father after a ten-

year search which his father conducted whenever he could between duties. Tommy is now a member of the tribe and has been adopted as the 'mystical' son of the tribe's chief, Wanadi, played by Rui Polonah. When father and son meet, a hidden knowledge is rekindled in Tommy's mind but they must escape an onslaught from another tribe, the Fierce People, who have wounded Markham.

Tommy (Charley Boorman, the director's son) takes his "real" father back to his tribe to meet his mystical father and for medical aid. Markham, after a tedious display of tribal worship, kinship and danc-philosophy in which he is semi-recruited into the tribe, must return home and faces the decision of whether to take Tommy back. Eventually, he realises he must give up his son and returns to his town.

However, Tommy turns up on his doorstep asking for help from his "real" dad. The Fierce People have attacked his tribe, killed many and have taken the tribe's young girls to sell for prostitution to the detribalised Indians.

In a most unrealistic sequence of events, father and son go to rescue the young maidens in distress, and the father, overwhelmed by the whole idea of having threatened the natives' existence, makes some drastic moves towards destruction of the hydroelectric dam.

It is not the message of the film which is in vain; it is the storytelling, by scriptwriter Rospo Pallenberg. It lacks narrative structure. The story, on the surface, is an interesting one, but it is tied down by mystic mumbo-jumbo, as much of it in as can be fitted in, destroying the effect. Just because a film has utopian under-

tones does not necessarily make it a worthy film. It seems silly that this film takes almost two hours to deliver its message when the audience knows what Boorman is trying to say in half that time. But it seems that in trying to complete a satisfactory work of art, he has undermined himself and the film in not creating a balance between entertainment, mysticism and duration.

Charley Boorman, who played the dreaded Mordred in *Excalibur*, has achieved a high level of acting ability in bringing the native boy Tommy to screen-life. However, since he is not a mainstream actor, only time will tell if he can act in a role in which he has a large speaking part.

Powers Boothe (*Red Dawn*, *Southern Comfort*) as the crisis-ridden decision-making father is up to his usual best.

The extensive cast of detribalised Indians who make up the Invisible and Fierce People tribes are quite good in doing what their ancestors have done for the past centuries.

Despite all its flaws, there is an air of delight in *The Emerald Forest*, as if a better movie is inside, trying to break out. The film doesn't make up its mind whether it is art or entertainment, and so on both levels it fails.

John Boorman, though, has skillfully directed and it is surprising that he achieved some worthy standard in the film after some horrific production problems.

A must for any keen anthropology or environmental studies student, *The Emerald Forest* does succeed on one particular note - its visual beauty. Director of Photography Philippe Rousellot (*Diva*, *The Moon In The Gutter*) has redeemed *The Emerald Forest* and made it so stunningly pleasant to watch, that at times one forgets about its flaws because it is so surrealistic. Anyone who appreciates the "look" of a film should rush and see this.



## The 18-murder movie: blood for profit

FRIDAY THE 13th - A NEW BEGINNING

At Hindley Cinemas  
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

The old adage, when you're on to a good thing sequelise it, is apparent with yet another remake of *Friday the 13th* - and it seems that the makers are pretty happy to go along and make a dozen of these slick and sicko movies.

And surprisingly, *Part V* has couped some reasonable takings in the States, proving that sequels, even if they are only mild successes, recoup enough to make them a profitable exercise.

*A New Beginning* is set in a country mental-health institution full of teenage misfits (who are more like adolescent punks). It becomes the new home for Tommy (John Shepherd) who at the end of *Part IV* defeated Jason Voorhees when he was only a kid. Now a grown-up 18-year-old he has been sent to the home due to a "severe trauma he experienced at the age of twelve during a brutal self-defence murder of a psychopathic killer."

And to no viewer's surprise, graphic murders start taking place. To reveal any more of the plot would be a sin but this new beginning does bring in one breath of fresh air, a mystery element.

*Part V* has the same blood'n'guts slasher stuff that riddled its four predecessors and by now they must be celebrating their 100th victim.

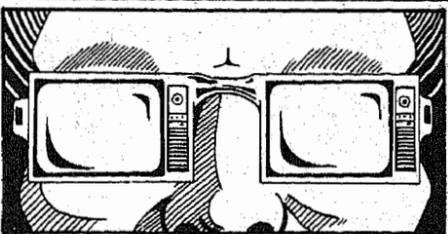
There are no fewer than 18 grisly murders from axes through skulls, a machete slashing someone's neck, hedge-shears gouging out eyes, and even a new one - a lit flare torch shoved down someone's throat. But even this *piece-de-resistance* is reminiscent of the shishkabab from *Happy Birthday To Me*.

What started off quite well with a gruelling graveyard scene wears pretty thin after about half an hour, as is usually the case with these sorts of films.

The continuity of this tired and tiresome fourth sequel is shocking, amateurish and even risible. We are lead to believe that Jason only recently died - but that must have been at least six years ago for our hero Tommy to have grown up.

In one scene, an escaping breast-dangling femme is running through some bushy landscape. The shots switch back and forth from her and the killer. One minute she is wearing a jumper, the next she is not. After a while, it becomes a sort of game: spot the foul up.

With shades of *Motel Hell*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and even *Psycho II* turned upside down, *Friday the 13th - A New Beginning* will most probably be lapped-up by all those devotees of these multiple maniac murder movies but for most people it is a tacky piece of celluloid for those foul-mouthed blood-seeking little *Rambo*-ites cum adolescents who get their jollies from this sort of trash. And if you're not one of those you'll find *Part V* a new beginning of an old story which by now is nothing short of boring.



## THE BOX

Richard Wilson

## BBC's bachelor boys go out in style

As promised, this week I'm pointing out a few of the ABC's more entertaining programs.

To start with the ridiculous, there's *Danger Mouse*, Monday - Thursday at 5.25 pm. This five-minute animated adventure epic should be compulsory viewing at least once in your lifetime. Join with superspy Danger Mouse as he and Penfold (his clumsy but loyal assistant) battle the evil Linus Greenback (a crooked toad). The humour is at times nonsensical and at others satirical and clever. This week's episode is called "Invasion of Colonel K."

On Tuesdays at 8.00 pm, *Quantum*, a typical ABC science program, reveals the fast-changing world of science, medicine and technology. It's a bit like *Towards 2000* but it's not quite as light.

And finally, what would a look at the best ABC show be without mentioning *The Young Ones*, a 1984 BBC production. With the exception of possibly *Thursday Night Wrestling* and the Vietnam war, this is the biggest thing to hit the campus since dope smoking.

The plot sees an anarchic bunch of over-age students, Rik, Vyvyan, Neil and Mike stuck in a small flat in northern London.

Vyv is a mohawked punk, with steel studs embedded in his forehead, who enjoys nothing better than destroying the house and



Young Ones

mutilating his flatmates.

Rik (Rick Mayall) is a sociology student, and he's, well, he's just Rik - you'll see what I mean (Rick Mayall also co-writes the show).

Neil is the morose hippie who is often on the end of the others' cruel practical jokes. He (Nigel Planer) is so depressive he makes a bassett-hound look like a Cheshire cat.

And then there's Mike - ultracool, and in total control... a real ladies man.

The show also features English comedian Alexei Sayle and a different "alternative" English band each week.

This week is unfortunately the last episode of the series, but with all the letters the ABC is going to receive, it shouldn't be too long before the series is repeated.

This episode is called *Summer Holidays: Term Is Finished*, and the four are on holiday. But their boredom is hardly relieved by Vyvyan's outbursts of violence. Neil decides to throw himself a party, and the landlord throws them all out.

In England's *Smash Hits* magazine *The Young Ones* was voted favourite TV program over things like *Dynasty* and *Dallas*. It has spawned a number one single as well in England (*Hole In My Shoe* by Neil).

The humour is bizarre and rapid fire, but the show has (quite deservedly) gained a cult following here. In the immortal words of I. Meldrum "Umm, err, do yerselves a faver..."

## Excess Pleases Yanks

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

At Hindley Cinemas  
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

With baseball, brawling, \$300 million and a hapless hero like Richard Pryor, *Brewster's Millions* is certainly an American excess story.

Pryor plays Monty Brewster, a small time pitcher for the Hackensack Bulls. Enter Donald, a mysterious private detective. He leads Brewster to attorney Pat Hingle who is about to change Monty's life in a very dramatic way.

Hingle shows Brewster a 16mm film of his long-lost great-uncle Rupert Horn (another first-class performance from veteran Hume Cronyn) who tells Brewster that he is going to teach him to hate spending money.

You see, Brewster has inherited \$300 million from his craggy "honky" uncle. But there's a catch! He must spend \$30 million in 30 days or receive nothing. So like any red-blooded American, Monty accepts the challenge, turning away the wimp clause of a mere \$1 million.

There are conditions. He must not tell anyone

why he is spending the money. He must not give it away or destroy any of his assets. At the end of the month, Monty must only own the clothes he wears.

The idea of trying to spend so much money so that it is almost impossible is a catching premise, and a popular one by the looks of it: it has been done six times before - in 1914, 1921, 1926, 1935, 1945 and 1961. It is interesting to note that in these versions, the inheritant sucker only had to spend \$1m! Oh, how the excess of America has deepened! It is amazing that we need a seventh version of a story which has been told so many times before with much more style.

The simple problem with *Brewster's Millions* is that it is rarely funny. There are some sudden off-the-shoulder wisecracks and a handful of amusing cameos, like John Candy's spendthrift Spike, but generally *Brewster's Millions* sinks in its own excess.

Director Walter Hill, who has done some exciting action pics (*The Warriors*, *Southern Comfort*, *48 Hours*), is not at home with the material and it clearly shows. The script doesn't allow for Pryor's style of humour and the whole film suffers. The film could have explored more of the possibilities of spending the money than it did instead of introducing ridiculous American subplots, like buying a baseball club and running for election.

It is a typical capitalistic view of America - a propaganda-like Reaganistic movie different in tone but similar in attitude to *Red Dawn* and *Gulag*.

Pryor (*Stir Crazy*, *The Silver Streak*) is totally miscast as the helpless Brewster. He puts nothing into his role and seems confused in a role which he can't foul-mouth his way through.

The funniest thing in *Brewster's Millions* is the idea behind it. But it's just not enough to keep an audience sustained - unless, perhaps, you're a Yank.

## Vaudeville trick

MOVING VIOLATIONS

At Hoyts Regent Cinemas  
Reviewed by Jamie Skinner

In case you haven't guessed it, *Moving Violations* is from the makers of *Police Academy*. And it seems if it was not for that piece of over-rated mish-mash, this venture into very similar territory would have never been made.

Appropriately dubbed *Traffic School*, this latest comedy comprising of cops and converging gurg-heads is so similar to that institutional madcap movie of last year that at times one wonders whether this is not *Police Academy 3*.

There is the same sort of band of misfits and malcontents: the short-sighted eighty-year old granny; the heroic florist; the threatening punk; the nubile NASA aerospace engineer, Amy (Jennifer Tilly) and the king of troublemakers Dana Cannon (John Murray), a part-time gardener with a great selection of flora ("I don't go sniffing around your things do I?").

The police cadets of *Police Academy* are replaced by motorcycle cops who seem to have a different grasp on the law than the ones in *CHIPS*. They are headed by Deputy Halik (James Keach-brother of Stacy) and his snarling sexy (or sexist) female cohort, Deputy Morris, played by Wendie Jo Sperber ("I'm not a sir I'm a man"). Halik and Morris are intent on scoring as many traffic violations as they can so as to be promoted to the higher echelons of the police force. However, they find themselves back at the bottom with a bunch of boneheads when Dana (John Murray) out-

smarts them with one of the oldest gags in cinematic comedy.

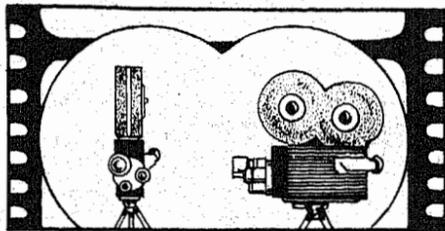
Deputy Halik falls for the fettered Judge Nedra (Sally Kellerman) and they make a plan to fail all the students of the traffic school, take their repossessed cars, sell them and keep the profits.

*Moving Violations* is merely an extension of *Police Academy* with a few changes. But even that box-office hit really only rearranged old ground - just look at *The Choirboys*, *Crime Busters*, *Supersnooper* and countless Keystone Cop capers.

Surprisingly, *Moving Violations* does score some genuinely funny moments (if you like this kind of humour). But it loses its laughs when it begins to go too far. When a traffic course is obviously set up to be demolished by an incompetent driver (in the Landis-like tradition) and we start getting *Porky's* kind of S&M gags, *Moving Violations* starts moving downhill. Director Neal Israel (who also did last year's *Bachelor Party*) eventually loses all control on the film.

The star of *Moving Violations* is Bill Murray's amusing brother John, responsible for most of the gags (or grunts). When he urges all the pupils to get together and past the written test, we see the same goony, arrogant style his brother used in *Stripes*.

But simply, *Moving Violations* is American crass humour at its best. What other kind of movie would have two people copulating in a zero-gravity space chamber. If you like to see some old and overused gags, *Moving Violations* does well as a send-up. If jokes worked and reworked in the days of the vaudeville, then they obviously can for cinema.



## SCREEN

Dino DiRosa

**Back to the Future:** Fun, but not my idea of real good fun. From the people who brought us (well, me and a couple of others) the small classic *Used Cars*, it could have been a wonderful satire on small-town Americana, but its characters and plot turns have a bad ring to them. Not *The Goonies*, admittedly, but still very much something from the Spielberg stable. (Hindley).

**Brewster's Millions:** Don't know, don't care. (Hindley).

**Desperately Seeking Susan:** Listen up, closet paedophiles. If Madonna is so smart, how come she wears her underwear on the outside? Or is it just a Freudian slip she's almost got on? And if

enthusiasts think I'm ignoring the moviemakers for this incidental piece of proverbial, they're damn right. (Hindley).

**The Emerald Forest:** John Boorman's (*Deliverance*, *Excalibur*) latest attempt at movie magic. Haven't seen it, haven't heard or read anything as yet on the critical grapevine, save for what Boorman wrote in his log book: "Films are witnesses and testaments to their times. All the anger and love, the pain of ambition - everything felt during the making - seeps into the celluloid." Hope so. (Hoyts).

**Fletch:** Don't know, don't care. (Hindley).

**Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome:** Though more a big, thick comic book than an epic, George Miller's extravaganza is more epic than just about any other Australian movie, and more filmic. It resonates, if hollowly, stupidly. (Hindley).

**Rambo:** Fact: The biggest grossing film in the history of cinema in Lebanon. (Academy).

**The Shooting Party:** Based on Isabel Colgate's 1980 novel about an aristocrat wake for The Empire in 1914, this is Masterpiece Theatre brought on occasion to a higher level. Its title is indication enough of the premise, but it's more bracing than Chekhov. And such a fine case (including the dearly departed, James Mason). (Chelsea).



# STING



## The Blue Turtle Dreamer

Out of the depths of Jungian analysis and New Orleans jazz Sting has brought a new album which shows pop at its best. JOE PENHALL looks at *The Dream Of The Blue Turtles* and its dreamer.

"Instead of beating people over the head with an idea, I think it's best to get people comfortable ... then you start beating them with a message." So says Sting, who does just that on his first album without the Police: *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*. The messages are rich and varied, covering subjects such as the First World War, the power struggle in Russia, drug-pushers in London, and the recent English coalminers' strike, as well as more spiritual matters, many relating to his explorations of the work of psychiatrist Carl Jung.

Musically it is one of his most intense and interesting offerings to date, with Sting weaving a rich tapestry of melodies and rhythms as he performs with a small band of some of the most respected modern jazz musicians in America.

The album kicks off with the inspiring *If you love somebody, set them free*. Fresh and soulful, with a hard, danceable edge to it, it advises:

"You can't control an independent heart"  
and laments that  
"tied up in chains  
A beast in a gilded cage  
that's all some people ever want to be."  
In *Love is the Seventh Wave* the man sings  
"There is a deeper world than this  
That you don't understand...  
Tugging at your hand".

Light and melodic, it is representative of some of the jazz-based songs on the album.

One of the high points of the album, and the song said to be Sting's favourite, is *Russians*. Interestingly, the song's haunting melody is based on a theme (reprinted on the sleeve) by Russian composer Sergei Prokofiev.

As the song heaves back and forth to a haunting synthesizer accompaniment, Sting sings some of his most touching lines:

"How can I save my little boy  
From Oppenheirners deadly toy."  
The song concludes:  
"We share the same biology  
Regardless of ideology  
What may save us, me and you  
Is that the Russians love their children too."  
However, having sung this, does he really

**"The messages are rich and varied, covering subjects such as the First World War, drug pushers in London, and ... more spiritual matters."**

believe that pure humanity will save the world? "I think we have to live as if there will be a reasonable future for our children. But I can't

close my eyes to the fact that we must do something soon."

The themes change as subtly as the chords, from world politics to his own politics; from the politics of old men, to those of children - as in *Children's Crusades*, a song lamenting the exploitation of youth over the ages.

*Moon over Bourbon Street* has a seductive swing to it, with the jazz background of the band emerging more clearly on this track than anywhere else on the album. It is notable that throughout the album Sting plays guitar, as he has been doing both in concert with the band and during solo appearances (most recently *Live Aid* at Wembley).

*Bourbon Street* stands out as another high point on the album, and intriguing lyrics such as:

"I've the face of sinner,  
but the hands of a priest"  
add to its mystique. Sting admits: "I'm now aware of my complexity and my potential for being reasonable, kind and gentle, but also quite ruthless ... that's good."

The title track, *The Dream of the Blue Turtles* is a speedy, colourful instrumental, with an interesting origin: it refers to a dream that Sting had around the time of the last *Police* tour which he subsequently analysed using the methods of Carl Jung. In the dream, he witnessed the destruction of his beautiful English garden by four large, bright blue turtles. The

stone-walled garden is said to symbolize Sting's now very safe career with the *Police*, whilst the turtles symbolized the project with

**"I'm now aware of my complexity and my potential for being reasonable, kind and gentle, but also quite ruthless..."**

the jazz musicians. The project was a chance to break the never-ending cycle of number one records and world tours with a world-famous rock band, and to project a new side to his personality.

The last track on the album, *Fortress Around Your Heart* is the new single. More subdued and at times almost discordant, it is quite hypnotic, a good example of the intensive undercurrent running through the whole album.

As Sting explains: "At its best, pop is subversive ... capable of subtle interpretations of relationships and problems..."

*Dream of the Blue Turtles* is pop at its best, and with Sting's subtle interpretations of relationships in both people and music, it must place him as (in his own words!) one of the top five songwriters in the world today.



## Despite the loincloth, Mannix is classy

### THE UNCANNY X-MEN AND PSEUDO ECHO

In concert at the Thebarton Theatre  
Reviewed by Joe Penhall

When reviewing an *Uncanny X-men* concert it's easy to go on about the dancing-girls, the bullwhip, the chainsaw and the toy machine-gun, and the little girls throwing their bras onstage, and the not-so-little girls throwing themselves on stage, and the screaming, and the bemused-looking parents and Brian Mannix's slightly rude words and his black stockings and tiger skin loincloth and bullet belt ... and so on.

Crass as it all is, it deserves about as much attention as the little girls begging to be laid ("...You all came along to get laid", accuses Brian. "Yeah!", admit 2000 girls). So I'll stick to the music...

Though they claimed to be "falling apart", the band were as tight and powerful as could be expected. The two guitarists played with the professionalism and dedication which befits a chart-topping band, and the hired keyboard player was efficient and creative. As on their records, drums and bass were solid and well-controlled, and like the keyboards, never over

simplified or allowed to dominate - as is the fashion.

Like him or not, Brian Mannix proved himself to be a true professional, singing well and exuding his own brand of contrived charisma, as he dominated the stage with chaotic dance steps and energetic leaps, or berated the audience, the band, his mother and of course The Establishment with a stream of suitably decadent jokes and jibes.

The band played all the hits, from *Beach Party* to *Still Waiting*, as well as a few which ironically were flops when they came out, but are as hysterically received as the rest now that the band have "made it big".

It was the archetypal rock show; as contrived and commercial as it was skilful and powerful. Nevertheless, it shone out as a beacon in the mist of lack-lustre, self-indulgent or plain boring pop acts and must surely put the *X-men* in the vanguard of Australian rock.

In support *Pseudo Echo* proved themselves to be fine vocalists, with lead singer Brian Canham displaying a modest songwriting flair as the band previewed the material for their new album, due out soon. Disappointingly, their music was almost entirely synthesised and the lack of a sound check curtailed any real clarity or originality. However, with a guitarist and a competent songwriter, there's hope yet.

## Bingham chronicles humanity's riches

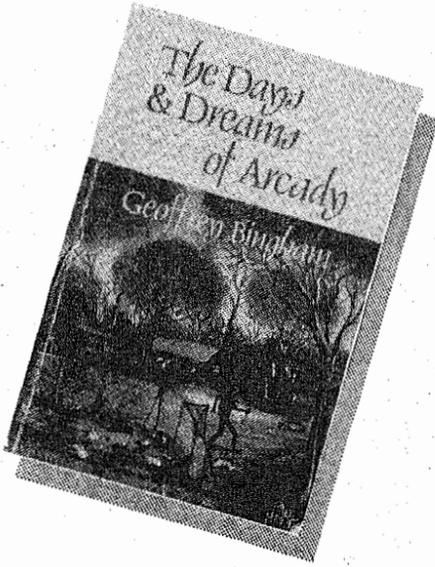
THE DAYS AND DREAMS OF ARCADY

By Geoffrey Bingham  
Reviewed by Anne Winkel

"Arcadia": a mountainous region of the central Peloponnese of ancient Greece; symbolising pastoral beauty and a paradise of rustic simplicity and contentment.

Bingham's "arcady" is in the heart of Australia, in the district of Wirril Creek, Wirril Rail and Coolbucca. By taking different characters and events from these places, Bingham has constructed the series of short stories which make up this book. While each retains the polish and autonomy of the true "short story", the stories nevertheless superbly evoke an all encompassing picture of the district. They are skillfully interrelated by use of place and character and the outcome is both extremely entertaining, and a unique work of literature.

Despite the fact that the book is a collection of both recently - written and post-war stories previously published in the *Bulletin* and other journals, there is no incongruity. Bingham continues to exhibit the incredible perception into human nature which was fostered in him by three years spent as a POW in Changi prison



during WW2, and his uncanny ability of seeing the good things in life is as prominent as ever it was.

So if you're looking for political intrigue, blatant sexual eroticism, or perhaps just cheap grimy humour - then this is not the book to read. (The writer recommends you try *Bread and Circuses*). Bingham himself claims that he doubts whether "perversion, violence and twistedness add much to art or the full literary score ... Man has richer and finer things to be chronicled" (page 2).

And it is these riches that Bingham successfully exposes. Indeed, even in his first book of short stories (which is only one of four others) - *To Command the Cats* - which includes many accounts of prison camp and his war years, Bingham manages to avoid sensationalism and shock-tactic violence. His stories are real, immediate and gripping.

I also found to my delight that the book not only entertained me, but also touched me. I would come to the satisfying end of one of his stories, and suddenly realise I was looking straight at myself - and Ralph Hicken or Mr Tracey or Maisie or Grandma was speaking directly at me, laughing at my pretensions, and yet tapping the true essence of my life. That is Bingham's style.

A book especially readable when the bustle of life (or exams?) starts betraying its futility.

## Women in history



EXPLORING WOMEN'S PAST

Patricia Crawford (ed.)  
George Allen and Unwin

Women are all too absent from the pages of history.

The deeds of great men and their male supporters overshadow the many contributions women have made to religion, culture, colonisation, revolution, war and even the passing of legislation.

Women's economic role is completely ignored.

*Exploring Women's Past* challenges traditional history by examining women in history and placing their experiences in a wider social context.

Sister's publishers first released the book in 1982, and the 1984 publication by George Allen and Unwin is its second edition.

*Exploring Women's Past* draws together the research of five feminist historians writing about women in various points of time and place.

Medieval nuns in Europe, women in pre-industrial England, women in nineteenth-century Western Australia, spinsters in late Victorian England and early twentieth-century prostitutes form the basis of studies with which this book illuminates both past and present.

It is a vivid, well-presented and scholarly book accessible to both the academic community and the general reader.



## Grappling with fascism

THE AGE OF THE FISH

By Odon von Horvath  
Penguin, \$6.95 rrp

*The Age of the Fish* is an attempt to come to grips with the problems faced by young people growing up in a totalitarian state. Set in Germany in the years immediately prior to WWII, it's written from the point of view of a teacher who retains his humanitarian ideals only to be chastised by his students who have gorged themselves on Nazi propaganda.

When a student is murdered on a military drill camp the resultant trial brings into sharp contrast the compunction felt by members of the older generation and the brutal Nazi harshness of the younger generation. The teacher must then either perjure himself to destroy a small town's pocket of Nazism or remain true to his ideals of truth and justice but in so doing exculpate the people whose fascist mentality was responsible for the crime.

*The Age of the Fish* has an Orwellian flavour about it - the impersonal tragedy of people reduced to mere instruments of the State, and von Horvath's book captures well the frailty of humanity and the need to be part of a social system rather than a solitary, egocentric unit.

*The Age of the Fish* first appeared in 1939 after Odon von Horvath's flight to Paris from the burgeoning Nazi threat in Austria, and it is a testament to the lunacy that people can be driven to for a political cause that to the majority of mankind is meaningless.



## STC shines with On The Razzle

ON THE RAZZLE

A play by Tom Stoppard  
The State Theatre Company at  
the Playhouse  
Reviewed by Ronan Moore

The State Theatre Company have finally outdone themselves. Their current production of Tom Stoppard's *On the Razzle*, is a shining example of farce as a form unto itself! Armed with a brilliant script from one of the funniest writers in the English language Peter King has directed the ensemble towards their biggest success this year, both artistically and, hopefully, financially.

Andrew Tighe and Dina Panozzo (playing a boy) outdo each other as Weinberl and Christopher, their delivery is timed exactly and their energy is a joy to watch. They are wonderfully supported by a cast of characters that are colourful and just how adept they are at playing comic characters, and they seem to be enjoy-

ing themselves just as much as the audience. It is heartening to see mainstage actors that are able to play comic rôles well, they have all proved themselves as dramatic actors this year.

The story itself is a bit too complicated to try to explain in a short space, as is any Stoppard, but try to imagine *Hello Dolly!* without the songs and ten times funnier and that is a rough indication of what *On the Razzle* is. It is also a cultural evening. I guarantee you will never listen to Strauss' waltzes in quite the same way again!

Nor will you view tartan with such an uncritical eye! Nor Chinese screens! But if you really want to see farce without the normal lashings of sex or racism then see *On the Razzle*.

As usual the technical brilliance of the designers and builders is there and this time the ensemble is equal to the occasion. *On the Razzle* is a good example of what can happen when a mainstage company is armed with a great script, technical brilliance, good direction, and an ensemble that at last seem to be truly enjoying themselves.

## Croweaters invade Brisbane's Festival

The Festival of Australian Student Theatre has just finished in Brisbane - and RONAN MOORE reports that, as usual, it was a very South Australian affair.

F.A.S.T. is not a competition. Rather it is a chance to see how students around Australia are presenting and exploring theatre.

Students from universities and colleges in every State appeared this year under the patronage of Queensland Uni's Vice-Chancellor and Esso Australia.

As usual there was a large contingent from South Australia. Flinders Drama Centre students were there with *Mockers*, based on the writings of Louis Esson. Adelaide College Dance students were there with a selection of their works.

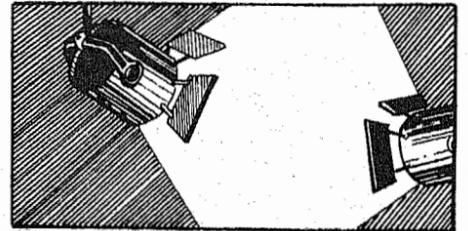
And Adelaide Uni's Whole Peace Theatre Co. were there with two offerings, Harold Pinter's *Night* and a newly-written piece from members of Whole Peace, *The Threat from Within* (*Scream in Blue*).

All four offerings were warmly received by our peers, who can be known to be quite hostile and non-passive audiences.

The productions ranged from brilliant to pathetic. From Australian premieres (Edward Bond's *Red Block and Ignorant*) to newly written material (Whole Peace's *Scream in Blue*) to old favourites (Ionesco's *Bold Prima Donna*), the skills and directions of Australian theatre students were demonstrated to be varied and healthy. We are not all following the same paths.

Next year's festival has been offered to Armidale's University of New England after originally having been offered to Perth. But Perth remembers the last time they had F.A.S.T.: only two interstate groups came and they were both from South Australia. Older

F.A.S.T.ies still talk of the best F.A.S.T. in recent years being at Adelaide Uni in 1982. Whole Peace tried last year to get 1986's F.A.S.T. here, but alas, there was going to be no room for it. As part of our 150th birthday the Uni and the College are booked out for a Road Safety convention!



## STAGE LIGHTS

Ronan Moore

*Rundle Rita - No Holds Barred* has been back at Troupe for a return season from the 26th. If you're into Junk Food, Wrestling, beer and Life itself, this is the play to see!

*On the Razzle* at the Playhouse. A shining example of farce without overdoses of smut, racism, or sexist jokes. Makes quite a change! Very funny.

*Atacama* starts soon, an Italian play in Italian, on for a very short season at Union Hall.

Bookings are open for the German Club plays: Brecht's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (selected scenes) and *Voll Auf Der Rolle*, a play concerned with the new face of fascism in Europe. Perhaps if there are any National Front members reading (is that a contradiction in terms?) out there they could come and see how fascism is defeated.

## Monday

**Silence Club**  
11.00 - 2.30 pm, North Dining Room. Yoga Classes taken by the teacher of the Satyananda Ashram School of Yoga. Everybody welcome. \$2.50 per session. Yoga mats available.

**Literary Society**  
The Literary Society presents regular discussions/readings of original works, published works and other wonderful stuff in the South Dining Room at 1 pm. Be there or be illiterate!

**AU CARE**  
Come hear Kay Moonsamy, a black South African Trade Unionist, speak at a lunch time meeting in the Little Cinema at 1.00 pm. Kay is representing the South African Council of Trade Unions and will be able to inform you of recent developments in South Africa. All welcome.

**Entertainment Committee**  
Meeting to be held in Union Office at 1.10 pm.

**AUScA**  
We would like as many members as possible to come to our changeover meeting to be held at 6.30 pm in the Jerry Portus Room. Bring an interested friend and join in the fun of AUScA. (If this notice appears familiar to you, no wonder! It's repeated from last week. To quote PB, "you stuffed up again".)

## Tuesday

**AU Bahai Society**  
"What is Happening to the World? The Bahai View." Speaker: John Revalk. Presented in the Little Cinema at 1.00 pm.

**Evangelical Union**  
We have Grant Thorpe speaking to us on 1 John and its importance in our lives today. Grant is a great speaker and we would like you to join us in the South Dining Room at 1.00 pm.

**Silence Club**  
1.00 - 2.00 pm, North Dining Room. Meditation classes are designed to teach the principle of meditation - traditional and contemporary - and its practical applications. Everybody welcome. No session charge but regulars are expected to join the club (\$1 p.a.).

**The Gallery**  
A highlight of the Slovenian Week festivities is the Gallery's exhibition of 16 Slovenian graphic artists. 76 works jointly sent to Australia by the Yugoslavian gov-

ernment and the Ljubljana Museum of Contemporary Art. To be opened by the Hon. C.J. Sumner, MLC, Minister for Ethnic Affairs, at 6.30 pm. The Gallery is on Level 6 of Union House.

**Resistance**  
Film Night in the Games Room at 7.30 pm for 7.30. *Reefer Madness* - a '50s look at the evil weed! Wine and Cheese.

**Union Entertainment**  
1 - 4 pm. Clubsport video shows best of sports around the world. Coverage includes boxing, darts, motor racing, wrestling, waterskiing, plus music. Union Bar.

**AU Science Fiction Association**  
7 pm. Free video screening in the Bar of *Logan's Run*.

**AU Metaphysics Society**  
Seminar on Neuro-Linguistic Programming. Speaker is Jill Fisher, admission is \$1 for non members, 50c for members and refreshments provided.

## Wednesday

**AU Student Life**  
Christian fun, fellowship, teaching and sharing. "Jesus and the meaning of true discipleship." Meeting Room 1 on Level 5 of Union House at 1 pm.

**Union Entertainment**  
Film Screening in Union Hall: *Falcon and the Snowman*. \$2.50 admission. 12.10 pm.  
1 - 4 pm Clubsport videoscreening in Union Bar.  
6 pm Music Students performance in Bistro.

## Thursday

**Evangelical Union**  
7.30 am. Come and have some fun at our Praise and Prayer free Brekky and meet new people while you munch on toast and drink coffee (or tea or milo or whatever). In the South Dining Rooms, 4th floor of the Union Building.

**Lutheran Student Fellowship**  
1.10 pm. Relationships, Morality and Sex - what is the true Christian View? Come along and air your views!  
A.U.L.S.F. meets in the Chapel every Thursday lunchtime during term for discussion, fellowship, and anything else we think of.

**Gaysoe**  
Meeting Room 1 at 1.00 pm. Curious

**Student notices are free on this page - so if you want a job or a place to live, if you want to buy or sell, if your club has a meeting or event coming up, then lodge your notices before 7pm on the Tuesday prior to publication. Lodge your notices in the box provided at the Students' Association Office or at On dit in the south-west corner of the Cloisters.**

people are urged to attend a small gathering of university people who share homosexual viewpoints. Chicken and champagne available, so come along.

**Union Entertainment**  
1.00 pm. Videoscreening in Union Bar of "Unknown Comic!"

## Friday

**A.U.S.R.M.L.**  
Film Night: Adelaide Uni Society for the Reform of Marijuana Laws presents the Film *Night Monkey Grip* starring Noni Hazelhurst and featuring the *Divinyls* plus short. \$4, \$3 (conc.), \$2 (members). 7.30 pm.

**Overseas Christian Fellowship**  
Join us for a time of singing, fellowship and bible study. Doesn't cost you a thing - come along and give yourself a treat. All are invited. Venue is Scots Church (corner of North Terrace and Pulteney Street).

**Union Entertainment**  
6.00 pm Greg Fletcher plays the baby grand piano in the Bistro. Free.  
Music Spectrum in Union Bar with DJ Brian Moon playing your favourite songs. Yes he plays requests. A.U. students free and guests \$2. 6.30 - 1.30 pm.  
9 - 11 pm. Special folk night in Bar. Maltese folk dancing.

**Folk Night in the Bar**  
Folk music night in the Bar, this Friday October 4 from 9 pm. Come and join in the fun, listen and dance to folk music and watch the display of dancing by the *Maltese Folklore and Cultural Dance Team*. Free to A.U. students, \$2 for guests.

## Saturday

**Grand Final**  
1.00 pm. S.A. Football Grand Final live in Union Bar on big videoscreen. Pies and pasties available.

## Bar Night

Support local talent: come and see original local band *Yacht Club* in the Uni Bar, with Sydney band *Love Gone Wrong*. You've heard them on 5MMM, SAFM and 5UV; now hear them live! A.U. students \$4, guests \$5. Special price Gin.

## Coming Up

**Women on Campus**  
Meet every Tuesday at 1 pm in the Women's Room, lower ground floor, Lady Symon Building. All women most welcome.

## Evangelical Union Cell Groups

We have small Christian groups meeting throughout the week to share, learn, have some fun and relax. We meet in Faculties in these places:  
**Arts:** Wednesday, 1 pm in the Napier Tower (Rm. 207).  
**Music:** Monday, 12 noon in the E.U. Room.  
**Science:** Wednesday, 4 pm in the E.U. Room.  
**Friday:** 1 pm in the E.U. Room.  
**Engineering:** Monday, 1 pm in the Chemical Engineering Tea Room.  
**Maths Science:** Thursday, 1 pm in the E.U. Room.

## Miscellaneous

**Learn to Walk on Water**  
Have you ever wanted to try this but found your fallen arches let you down? The Adelaide University Water Ski Club offers you the opportunity to part the waters of the Murray River without even growing a beard. We travel to Morgan, our glorious riverside resort, for a luxury-filled couple of days most weekends through the summer. We have two boats, good equipment and plenty of instructors.

We realise, however, that many of you potential waterskiers are reluctant to devote your weekends to having fun, when you all have so much study to do (you poor, stupid bastards). It is suggested, therefore, that you cut out the phone numbers below (providing you have the strength in your sun-starved and under-exercised bods to wield a pair of scissors), pin them up on your noticeboard and give us a ring after the exam.

And don't worry ... we love teaching beginners (anyone who can ski better than I can need not bother to 'phone, anyway). For more information about Adelaide Uni's most exiting and worthwhile club, give one of the following people a buzz ... hope to see you soon!

Mike Christopher 269 6749  
Natalie Meyer 278 7357  
Sinclair Bode 79 8691  
Mike Hall 356 4817

## For Sale

Reed Organ - Imperial (London). One 5 octave keyboard. Ten Stops (including couplers and tremulant) - Fully restored in perfect condition. \$250 ph. 264 9082.

## New Chain Reaction Available

A.U. Friends of the Earth have copies of the latest *Chain Reaction* available. Special price: \$2 for students. Normal price for this double issue, \$3.50. Contact via Students Office, or in clubroom S3 Thursday lunchtimes.

## Get Your Hair Cut - Free!

Hairdressing models required in the near future for demonstrations to apprentice hairdressers. Professional cutting, styling and/or colouring by Kev and Debbie from Hairfix Hair Designs. Applicants must be prepared to sport modern styles. Interested? Then phone 296 2922, or call in to Hairfix Hair Designs, Brighton Shopping Centre - Shop 20-21, 525 Brighton Road, Brighton.  
On campus contact: M. Thurgate c/- English Department, Sixth Floor, Napier Building.

## For Sale - Trumpet

One second-hand trumpet. Good condition. Brand: "Olds". \$200 or near offer. Ring R. Southgate 276 1188.

## The Gallery - Slovenian Graphics Exhibition.

6th Level, Union House. The Yugoslavian Government, in conjunction with the Ljubljana Museum of Contemporary Art, has sent this exhibition to Australia to show the high technical standard of Slovene graphics. The exhibition is a highlight of Slovenian Week, 1st - 5th October, and the Gallery is pleased to present this prestigious exhibition. To be opened by the Hon. C.J. Sumner, MLC, Minister for Ethnic Affairs.  
Mad if you miss it!

## CAA volunteers

Volunteers are urgently required for the badge day for Community Aid Abroad on Friday October 18. An hour (or longer) would be greatly appreciated. Ring CAA office 223 3396, or call in at 22 Renaissance Arcade, above the CAA shop.

## Penfriends wanted

Mature student studying Arts with Open University would like to correspond with students or tutors. Interested in music, sport, photography, travel, lay preaching, study, international friendship, collecting postcards and used postage stamps. Letters to: John Kirby, "The Cabin", Washway Road, Moulton Sea's End, Nr Spalding, Lincolnshire PE 12 - 6LP.

## Helmet wanted

One medium-size full-face helmet. Phone Chris, 271 3858.

# DANGERPIG!

—AND HIS CONSORT,—  
CARELESS ROBERT

REMEMBER LAST WEEK, AN AIDS SCANDAL ROCKED THE LAZY, HAZY WORLD OF OUR HEROES!

D.P. MUST UNDERGO INTENSIVE TESTING...

$$R = \left(\frac{y}{Bq}\right)m$$

TOTAL BODY ANALYSIS PIG SPECTROGRAPH (PAT. PEND.)

VAPORISED PIG

WHILE ROBERT HOLDS THE FORT...

EH, SOIGNEUX!

CARE TO COMMENT, MR. ROBERT?

THE GOLDEN STREAM WHISPERS TO ITSELF, AND IS HAPPY...

AND GET YOUR @\*@!@ MICROPHONE OUT OF MON EYE!

THEN, A TENSE WAITING PERIOD FOR THE TEST RESULTS...

HMM HMM HMM

FACE, PAGE, PAGE

BUT D.P., WHAT IF YOU HAVE GOT AIDS?!

"GO AND POUR OUT THE SEVEN BOWLS OF GOD'S WRATH ON THE EARTH" REVELATIONS, 16:1

THEN! AN ENVELOPE ARRIVES...

AIDS! RESULTS!

SWISH!

BUT IS MERELY A JOLLY JAPE.

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA NEW SCAM

HA HA HA TV NEWS

CHUCKLE CHUCKLE

BUT SOON! — THE REAL RESULTS!

WIN! WIN! WIN!

HEAR MR. PIG... YOU'RE O.K! YES, WINE! FLU!

C'EST VOLONTE D'DIEU

D.P. YOU'RE SAFE!

CARELESS ROBERT SPREADS THE NEWS..

HEY GUYS!

PIG CAME

CARELESS ROBERT

RING FOR SERVICE

PROMPTING MEDIA DISGRUNTLEMENT

AZUT ALORS!

WOOSH!

HA!

DAILY SPARR 26

MAN 36, EATS STAMIE

POLE

NEW START WEIGHTLIFTING CHANGES GOING

D.P.: AIDS FIZZER

MAX, MON AMI, I'M A BIT WORRIED ABOUT D.P.

PMS ECUMENICAL SOCIETY

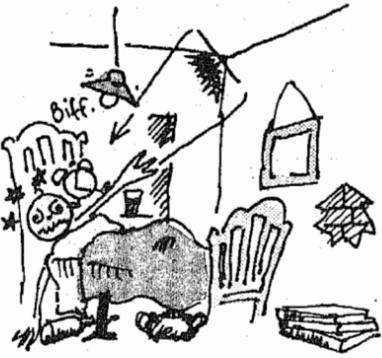
# WHERE IT'S AT!

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

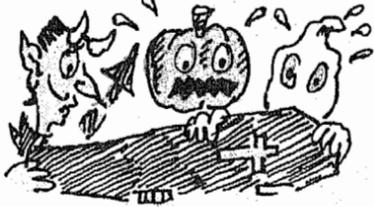
## Rise and shine

Is getting out of bed the hardest part of your day? Then the latest thing in waking devices could be for you.

The Australian reported recently that a foam-covered throwable alarm clock is soon to appear on the American market. Inventor Steven Caney explained: "The clock has an impact switch, so that the only way you can turn it off is by throwing it against the wall."



Yikes.... A live one!



## Spooks

Preparations for a Halloween display got out of hand in Brandon, Florida recently when church members opened a borrowed coffin and found a real corpse inside.

The local funeral home agreed to lend the old casket to members of the Sydney Assembly of God for use in a haunted house display.

"It was just an old casket in the corner that we used mostly to store stuff on top of," said the funeral home's owner.

Papers contained in the casket indicated that the skeleton could be a man who died in 1974.

## Lend me your ears

Police in Arizona say they are looking for a missing ear. Apparently the appendage went missing one night when its owner was asleep in bed.

She awoke to find blood all over her pillow and the top part of her ear missing.

## Intoxication

Where *It's At* readers are no doubt familiar with the abdominal upsets experienced by drinkers but even this phenomenon cannot explain the reaction of a twenty-one-year-old student who was shot in a crowded pub at Coogee Bay last week.

It seems the man, Alexander Jimenez, thought that the sharp pain which hit him in the stomach was nothing more than a stomach-ache, while his mates at the bar thought he was trying to get out of buying his shout.

He was standing near the entrance of the bar at about 1 am when a gunman in a passing car fired a shot into the right side of his abdomen.

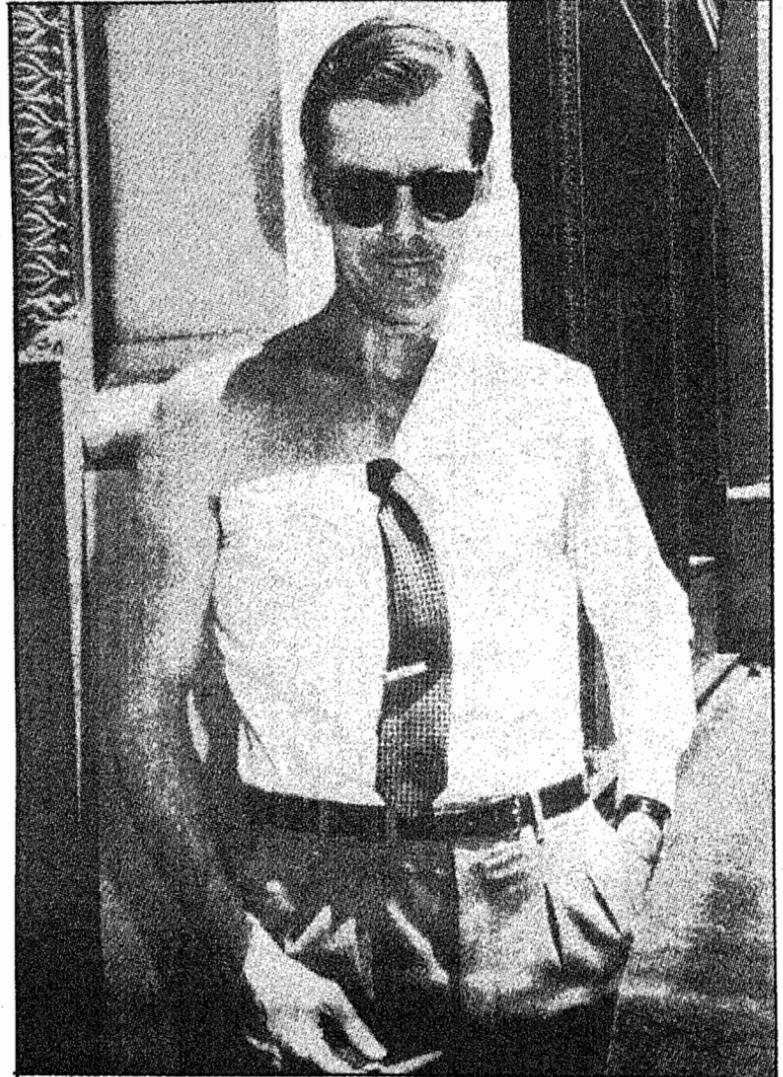
He crouched over, clutching his stomach, and when his mates picked him up they found he was bleeding. He is now in a stable condition in hospital after having a .22 bullet removed.

Police believe that the car may have belonged to some patrons who had been asked to leave the hotel.

## Therapy

A convention of six hundred sex therapists is presently sitting in San Diego.

In addition to all the usual topics like herpes, sexual harassment, AIDS and sex among the elderly, they are also considering things like Fantasy Phone Sex, The Role of Bar Girls and Psychosexual Therapists in Lima, Peru and what happens when topless dancers earn more than their husbands or boyfriends.



Coolness and comfort in one...Where *It's At* presents the latest in spring fashion - the off-the-shoulder shirt.

## Picky

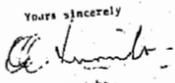
Those who see Adelaide as lacking cosmopolitan flavour will be pleased to see this announcement made recently in the columns of the *Advertiser* recently.

Tucked away between the notice from the "married guy 42" in "unhappy home sit." and the plea of the "30 y.o. musician-entertainer" who will "accept ethnic background" was an ad

**MARRIED** Guy, 42, unhappy home sit., seeks lady similar. Reply B459. Advertiser.  
**MARTIAN** girl required, age bracket 35-50 years, earth women not acceptable because of past difficulties, therewith considered subject to temperamental adjustment. Advertiser is summer earthling of 50 odd earthlings who will be pleased to receive all replies to B469. Advertiser.  
**MUSICIAN-ENTERTAINER** 30 y.o. seeks lady 20-30 y.o. with out ties, with musical knowledge for friendship. Accept ethnic background. Reply B135.

from a man who obviously chooses his partners carefully these days.

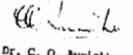
DEAR \_\_\_\_\_ Following recent outbreaks of venereal disease on campus, it has been drawn to our attention that you are one of a number of students who may have been in contact with the disease. Consequently, we urge you to come into the Health Service for immediate testing. For the time being please refrain from any sexual activity. As you have been implicated in the spread of the disease on campus failure to comply with this notice will result in preclusion from enrollment in 1986.

Yours sincerely  
  
 C. O. Auricht  
 Director

The Director of the Health Service, Dr. C. O. Auricht and his staff disporting to have originated from hoax letters that have been circulated on campus recently.

Genuine reminder letters are issued from the Health Service from time to time, relating to required attendance for routine medicals.

Do not hesitate to contact the Health Service to clarify any correspondence that you may receive.

  
 Dr. C. O. Auricht,  
 The Director,  
 The University of Adelaide Health Service.

## VD hoax scandal

The perpetrators of hoax medical correspondence about VD outbreaks on campus apparently sent a few shivers up the spines of certain prominent stu-

dent politicians during Prosh Week.

The letters were soon followed by a vehement disclaimer circulated to the campus media, this time from the real Dr Auricht at the real Health Service.

PRESENTING THE COMIC WHICH BARRY PITMAN ONCE DESCRIBED AS "THE MOST UNINTELLIGIBLE WEATHER MAP I'VE EVER SEEN"...

## CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

THE SEARCH FOR TREVOR Part 17. OUR HEROES HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE CAMP AND ARE NOW SPEEDING AWAY IN A STOLEN BEDPAN WITH THE BUTTOCKS RIGHT ON THEIR TAIL...

