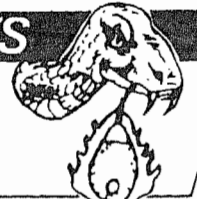


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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

3 MARCH 1986

The report four governments hid

EXCLUSIVE

The secret Scotland Yard report into the mysterious drowning of University law lecturer Dr. George Duncan in 1972, which has been suppressed by four South Australian governments names only two people who were not at the time policemen.

This new information was revealed by a South Australian politician who has read the report.

He said that one of the two people named was a prominent homosexual social worker who was thrown into the Torrens River on the night Dr. Duncan drowned. The other was an acquaintance of the social worker who saw his car parked near the scene of the drowning.

Neither was suspected of being associated with the death of Dr. Duncan. Over thirteen years, the Dunstan, Corcoran, Tonkin and Bannon governments have all refused to release the report because, they said, it would harm the reputations of innocent people.

The succession of governments have said the report, written by two Scotland Yard detectives who came from England to investigate the drowning, did not contain enough evidence to secure a prosecution.

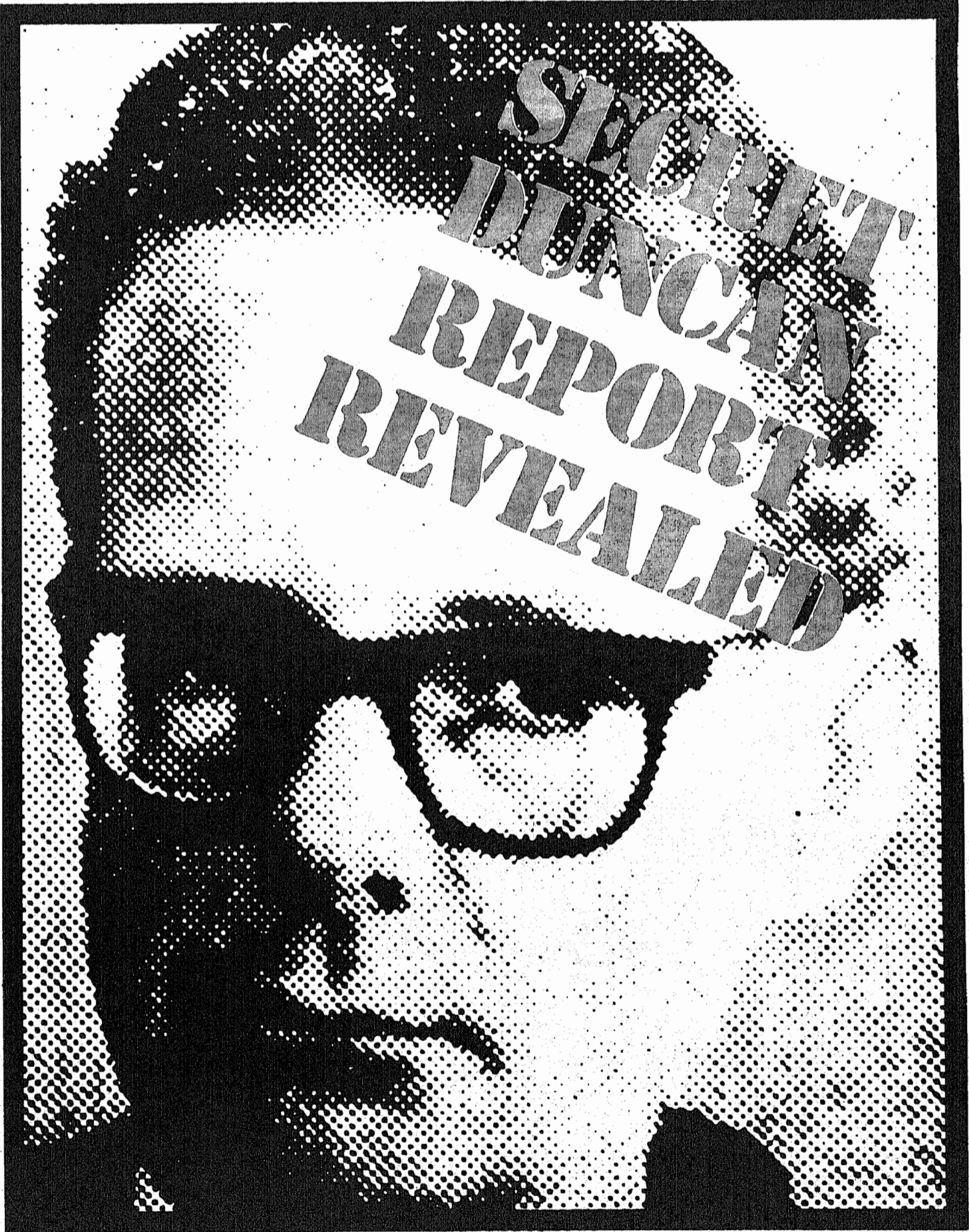
Dr. Duncan drowned in the Torrens River on the evening of May 10, 1972. Three men were charged with manslaughter on February 5 this year.

The social worker named in the report was thrown into the river at 10.30 pm on the night Dr. Duncan drowned. Later he burnt the clothes which he had been wearing that night. The social worker was located by police because someone he knew had noticed his car parked in the area.

He told the Duncan inquest he "was frightened about being recognized and dealt with" but later decided he had a "moral obligation to give as much information as he could." He was given a guarantee that his name would not be released unless the matter came up for trial.

Both authors of the Scotland Yard report, Detective Chief Superintendent Bob McGowan and Detective

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"You've killed my baby," she blurted

BREAKER'S REVOLT PART 1

A SAVAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM

BY DAVID MUSSARED

At 47 Maralinga Avenue, Valley View - just down the road from the adventure play-ground - Derek 'the Breaker' and Gladys Pylon live in a comfortable Housing Trust home. This is their story.

Sergeant Derringer sat stunned behind the wheel of what had been, until a few moments ago, a brand new Commodore sedan.

Fully thirty seconds passed before it registered that he had actually survived his patrol car's banshee slide into the side of the house.

Numbly he watched as a trickle of powdered plaster poured from a crack in the ceiling above, through the shattered remains of the windscreen and onto his inexplicably damp lap. Debris rained around him.

He found himself staring blankly across an untidily furnished lounge room at a tilted television set on which a squeaky-clean woman was enthusiastically endorsing a familiar brand of toilet disinfectant.

The addition of a crumpled police vehicle, siren still wailing plaintively and revolving blue light casting eerie shadows on the beige tinted walls, went a long way in explaining the singular discomposure of the scene. Before him a clutter of rubble was played out across a thick pile of carpet, interspersed with sundry household trinkets such as might more commonly be found adorning a mantelpiece above the fire-place in some cheerful domestic scenario.

Derringer's partner, the redoubtable Constable Pettywit, was even slower to appreciate that she was still alive.

A forlorn rivulet of scarlet bisected her dusty cheek and fell in opalescent droplets down the front of her uniform. For the moment he was grateful for her silence, hoping fervently at the same time that it was not symptomatic of some more serious affliction.

That the lounge-room had been occupied, the Sergeant was in no doubt. Aside from the tell-tale presence of the lopsided TV, far more immediate clues were in evidence.

Most convincing was the elderly corpse draped grotesquely over the back of a vinyl-upholstered couch, and a distraught female face that looming suddenly out of the swirling dust added further confirmation.

"You've killed my baby," she blurted between sobs. Derringer hastily wound the window up, and looked doubtfully at the mangled senior citizen spraddled before him. For a brief instant he consoled himself by reasoning that the man must surely have been in the prime



of his second childhood, but the delusion was crushed almost immediately when the woman held up a mutilated infantile body to add weight to her accusation. His stomach knotted itself still tighter. The death toll was rising.

He sat for a moment longer, as Pettywit recovered her sensibilities sufficiently to discern the wisdom of passing out again, and considered the situation.

Robert Derringer was a resourceful man. For four generations his paternal ancestors had preceded him as members of the benign and 'incorruptible' South Australian Police Force, his great-grandfather having given up an unsuccessful career as a piano-tuner in a colony that was sadly lacking in pianos and joined the constabulary way back in the autumn of 1838.

Several of his uncles and great-uncles had donated their lives to the preservation of British hegemony 18,000 kilometres across the ocean, and his elder brother Billy had been flown home from South East Asia in several polythene bags after being dissipated in an American minefield in Vietnam.

Family tradition had it that his

father's second cousin Trevor Derringer had been the fourteenth to last man to die on Gallipoli Beach in that extraordinary conflict with Turkish peasants half a world away. No Australian could have a finer tradition of noble and totally pointless self-sacrifice to live up to, and Derringer had no intention of being the first to blot the ancestral copy-book.

Bodies he knew how to deal with, it was the survivors who presented a problem. For a brief instant he considered drawing his revolver from where it had remained rusting in its buttoned-up holster since the day it had been issued and shooting the hysterical woman. Even as he was struggling to remember the weapons drill from his training days - something about a safety catch - the moment passed. The woman's face, hidden behind the bloodied prize which she was pressing indecently against his window, was joined by a second visage, that of a bearded and evidently enraged gentleman. There had to be another way...

The germ of an idea began to form in his mind, and he pushed open the door in sudden decision. The two

concerned citizens were shoved back onto a pile of shattered bricks, which did much to gratify his annoyance with them. Derringer pulled them to his feet and began to explain his plan, eyes carefully averted from the swaddled, dripping bundle that the woman clutched possessively to her bust.

The Sergeant's erstwhile quarry, Derek Pylon, was meanwhile having troubles of his own.

His neighbours, Charles and Julia Godsend, had been awakened by him pounding on their door fresh from the exhilaration of his victory lap, buttocks bared to breeze and bestriding his Ducatti like a Colossus, past the scene of the police Commodore's final resting place. It was in the early hours of a Thursday morning, and was the third time that week that their monumental neighbour had mistaken the immaculate contours of their bark-

chipped front-garden for the ramshackle savannah of his own domain.

Charles, shuffling into the kitchen to fortify his nerves with a glass of port, listened thankfully to the clumping of footsteps retreating across the verandah. Creaking from the drive indicated that Derek was wheeling his steed back out onto the street, and he winced as an ominous tinkling of glass heralded the collision of one of the man's mighty work-boots with the milk bottles by the front gate.

There was a brief pause, which he fondly hoped to mean that Derek was collecting the errant bottles, but which he suspected rather to be due to his neighbour pausing to urinate on the rose-bushes. A yelp of pain, such as might be occasioned by the incautious fastening of a trouser fly, seemed to confirm the latter supposition.

Charles moved idly to the kitchen window, overlooking the Pylons' front door, as Derek hoisted his bike onto its centre-stand and rifled through his scant collection of keys. A single beam of light from a street-lamp on the footpath filtered through the leaves of a flourishing pepper-corn tree to illuminate the decorative cherub with which the security door company had seen fit to grace the Pylons' lock. Derek ramm'd a key home into the appropriate aperture in its gilded loins and twisted. It refused to budge.

Eyes focussing muzzily on the lock and mumbling something under his breath about the recent trend in the lock-smith's art toward miniaturisation, Derek applied the full weight of his six foot eight, twenty stone bulk. With a gentle crack the key broke in half. Even from his vantage point Charles could see that he was using the wrong key, and the cherub took on aspects of an angelic transvestite in the dim light. Gloomily Derek fetched a pair of pliers from his tool-box and set to work to restore its radically altered anatomical features.

To Godsend the scene was reminiscent of an enormous and unusually angry Greek god of something elemental trying to forcibly remove the chastity belt of a reluctant nymph. He gulped down a sickly-sweet mouthful of Royal Reserve, poured himself another glass, and plodded back to the bedroom muttering a quatrain from Pope's 'Rape of the Lock.'

This story is fiction. The characters and events described have, to the author's knowledge, never been approximated in real life. No slur is intended on the office holders or the various institutions mentioned. This setting is no more than a literary convenience.

Marcos: just like Sons and Daughters

by Robert Clark

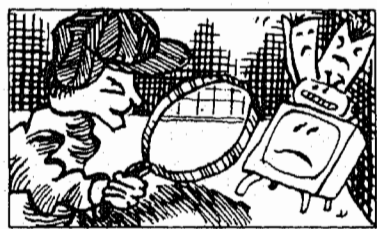
Once upon a time there was a far-off land, rarely seen in television news bulletins, ruled by a wicked king.

The king lived in an enormous golden palace and pretended that everyone loved him, although only a handful did.

Mostly they suffered him because they had no choice. They were too busy surviving to worry about the evil king and tried to ignore him as he did them, even though he appeared on one of the royal television channels every night.

In fact, the poor peasants who made up 80 per cent of the kingdom lived like half the people in the world - impoverished.

The only people who noticed the king much and tried to argue with him were the nobles, rich people just like the king.



MEDIA MINDER

Sometimes, if they made the king angry, he put them in jail, and other times they were forced to flee to the big rich land across the sea, which used to own the kingdom and was still the major shareholder.

But when one of the nobles was killed by the king's guard while returning from the big rich land, all the nobles and lots of merchants were shocked.

Nobody could remember a noble being killed before, and they

made such a fuss that even people overseas - especially in the big rich country - were wondering what was happening in the beautiful kingdom.

Eventually the king decided to hold a popularity contest.

But who dared oppose the king? Lots of nobles in fact, but one special noble was just right for the contest. She was the Yellow Princess, the mourning widow whose husband had been killed by the king's guard.

Being a proper princess she couldn't possibly try to become queen on her own. She had to be invited, and one million people asked her to be their queen. This was enough, so she entered the popularity contest.

During the contest the king became wickeder than ever. He knew he was fighting a real princess, who was loved by the

people and whom she loved in return.

He taunted her. He said she was a bandit and friends with the people in the mountains who were so poor they were fighting with guns for a better kingdom.

He said that a princess could only become a queen and could never act like a king. A queen belonged to the king's bedroom, he said.

All the while, the evil king continued to receive gold from the big rich country across the ocean and was using it to kill the people in the mountains or to buy big houses and jewellery for himself and his queen.

It was becoming very exciting, so what happened next? All the television news cameras in the rich countries, which were

continued page 4

PRODUCTION NOTES

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

Edited and published by Paul Washington and Moya Dodd.

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Thanks also to Paul "Give me enough rope" Coory for office entertainment.

Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685. Postal Address: *On dit*, P.O. Box 498, Adelaide University, S.A. 5001.

Orientation Camps are the same old boring piss-ups they have been for years.

- GIRL'S MUM

Illness at student orientation camp

SIR - As a parent new to the University scene I wish to raise some points of concern regarding an Adelaide University orientation camp.

These camps are run for students by students. Great responsibility, therefore, lies in their hands. The Adelaide University accepts no responsibility. Parents need to be aware of this fact when they sign consent forms.

On a recent orientation camp a 16-year-old child was ill enough to be taken by ambulance to Flinders Medical Centre where she was treated and later released back into the care of students.

For the next two days she continued to enjoy the attractions of the camp. At no time were the parents notified.

What I hope to alert parents to is the need to add a rider to consent forms if they wish to be notified of emergencies that may occur at these camps.

My family appreciates the help and concern of the members of the student association in this matter.

DIXIE VAN DER LINDEN, Torrens Park.

Disillusioned

SIR - I am an unemployed disillusioned 16-year-old who cannot get any

The mother's letter to the Advertiser, Wednesday, February 26, 1986

However, notwithstanding the assurances which will no doubt be given by Email that employment will be maintained in Simpson

shrinking industrial base.

K. G. BRANSON, Mitcham.

have no work experience. I can't see how any business prospect 16-year-olds to

out of the kitchens of the nation with (among other things) the race.

O-camp drug scare: girl's stomach pumped

by Robert Clark

Students' Association Orientation Camps this year were again surrounded by controversy after a 16-year-old girl was taken to hospital to have her stomach pumped.

The girl was suffering from a mixture of pills and alcohol.

Although she spent several hours in the Flinders Medical Centre before returning to the Aldinga campsite, her parents were not aware of the incident until she went home two days later.

The girl's mother, Mrs. Dixie Van Der Linden of Torrens Park, said the hospital team had pumped from her daughter's stomach between four and six tranquilliser tablets which she described as "a cross between serapax and valium."

The girl had swallowed the tablets at a party during the second O-Camp on Tuesday, February 18.

At the time she was on a course of anti-histamine tablets and had been told to avoid alcohol.

The incident followed complaints

that last year's Orientation Camps were orgies of alcohol and that one camper had nearly died by choking on his vomit.

Mrs. Van Der Linden said last week she did not blame anyone for the incident. However, she was concerned she had not been notified by either the Flinders Medical Centre or the organisers.

The girl passed out and her pulse slowed dramatically during the party. After unsuccessful attempts to discover the source of the pills and their nature, an ambulance was called.

Mrs. Van Der Linden said her daughter recalled drinking a Bundaberg and Coke and a beer but her memory was "a bit garbled" regarding the rest of the night.

"I think the big mistake was to have the first drink, particularly if you are on anti-histamines," she said.

"I know that Orientation Camps are the same old boring piss-ups they have been for years. I knew and I think [my daughter] knew

what it was like.

"I do think it's a shame that if an Orientation Camp is supposed to provide guidance they are being guided in the same old narrow ways."

Mrs. Van Der Linden wrote to the Advertiser last week to express her concern at not being told about the incident.

"My point was that I wanted parents to be aware that it was not being organised by the university but by students.

"If you are perfectly happy to have your children in the hands of students for four or five days, then fine." She suggested parent consent forms for O-Camps should include a rider requiring them to be notified in emergencies.

Mrs. Van Der Linden added that as a parent of a minor, she was legally entitled to be told of the incident.

"What worries us is it could have been much worse.

"[Our daughter] is very young. If you think of Karen Quinlan, they

have not been able to find out what drug they gave her and she has been in a coma for eleven years.

"We love her dearly. She's great fun, she's all the things you want a kid to be. We don't want her to be a vegetable in a hospital."

Mrs. Van Der Linden said she did not know why she had not been notified of the incident.

O-Camp Organiser Paul Coory also did not know. He said the ambulance team had said it or Flinders Medical Centre would contact the parents, but this had not happened.

He said he regretted he had not called her parents himself.

Students' Association President, Anthony Snell, apologised to the parents.

He said he thought the suggestion for a rider to consent forms was a "damned good idea."

While Orientation Organisers were already required to notify parents, this would underline their responsibility and remind them of it.

Scotland Yard report

from page 1

Sergeant Charles O'Hanlon, were later jailed in England; McGowan, after a company of which he was a director failed to pay tax, and O'Hanlon, for his part in a pornography protection racket.

For over thirteen years the Scotland Yard report has been the subject of lurid speculation. It has been linked with the states' highest political, legal and academic figures.

These new revelations follow a story in the Advertiser last year that police working with the Scotland Yard detectives were prevented from interviewing a man prominent in the legal affairs of South Australia on the instructions of someone at a top level of the State Government.

The report also said that they were obstructed in their efforts to properly interview a leading Adelaide academic.

But Advertiser editor Ian Meikle recently cast doubt on the story in an interview with the Sydney Morning Herald.

He said that he was disappointed that the story "didn't stand up to the scrutiny of the [police] task force. We had believed it had some substance." He said that the story had come from someone who "should have known" but who was a "reliable" rather than "impeccable" source.

The three charged over Duncan's death are scheduled to appear in court on Monday this week.

The proceedings may finally solve the Duncan mystery, which since 1972 has grown from a simple drowning into a bizarre event with extraordinary co-incidences.

In 1976 the former detective Michael O'Shea attended a group therapy session at the home of the

The shame that won't go away

DUNCAN REPORT

Govt. offer to show it to MPs

Manslaughter charges over Duncan death

Shock waves from a senseless murder

Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in SA. He was lying on top of a woman who was having a rebirth experience.

"After a while she went quiet," O'Shea told the Advertiser last year. The woman was found to be dead and her death was put down to misadventure.

Michael O'Shea, who was not suspected of being involved in the Duncan drowning, made headlines when he told what he knew of the Duncan affair to the Advertiser last year.

In 1979 Derrance Stevenson, the flamboyant homosexual lawyer who had represented the prominent social worker at the Duncan inquest in 1972, was killed. David Joe

Szach, his 19 year old lover was later convicted of murder.

Stevenson was shot in the back of the head and put in the deep freeze in his house-cum-office in Parkside. Szach was discovered by police in Coober Pedy driving Stevenson's red Datsun 260Z registration number GUN-045.

Bevan Spencer von Einem, who was convicted of the 1983 murder of Richard Kelvin, the son of Adelaide television newsreader Rob Kelvin, was also present by the river that night.

He picked up Roger James, another man who was thrown into the river. James had broken his ankle struggling with his assailant and it was von Einem who took him to the Royal Adelaide Hospital.

Duncan: a quiet, formal, "terribly frail" sort of man

George Ian Ogilvy Duncan had only been in Adelaide for seven weeks when he drowned in the Torrens River on May 10, 1972.

He had arrived from England by ship on March 24 to take up his appointment as a lecturer at the law school.

"He looked terribly frail," said Professor Horst Lucke, who picked him up from the ship. "He only had one lung and could not carry luggage very well."

Professor Lucke, who was the head of the Adelaide University Law School in 1972, said that Dr. Duncan had appeared to be settling in well to his new job. He was a quiet man whose specialist areas were Roman law and English legal history.

"He was very reserved; a formal sort of man. He was much more reserved than most of his colleagues, none of whom at the time were exuberant sorts of people" said Professor Lucke. Dr. Duncan had dinner several times with his law school colleagues.

Dr. Duncan had begun an arts degree at Melbourne University in 1952 but left after two years because of illhealth. He had lost his lung because of tuberculosis.

He went to England where he is believed to have worked as a bank clerk in London. In 1957 he went up to read law at Cambridge. Just before he returned to Australia in 1972 he was lecturing at Bristol University.

He was evidently looking forward to his Adelaide appointment. Before



Dr Duncan - "looking forward to his Adelaide appointment"

he came he wrote to Professor Lucke saying he was surprised and delighted that the enrolment in Roman law was 35. In Bristol he had never got more than eight.

He continued: "The nine o'clock lectures you mention hold no terrors for me ... The arrangement will help curb one of my most inveterate vices (remaining in bed too late in the morning)."

Forensic tests on Dr. Duncan's body after his death suggested that he was a passive homosexual.

Dr. Duncan was a devoted High Church Anglican and was buried accordingly. He had no immediate family. His father, mother and half-sister were dead at the time of his death.

New coinless library photocopy system

by Paul Washington

The Barr Smith Library has replaced its old photocopying system with a coinless system in order to cut the cost to students of photocopying.

Mrs. Heather Howard, the Library's administrative services manager, said that students had felt the cost of photocopying to be too high last year, after the Library had raised the price to cover increasing costs.

The new system will allow the price of each photocopy to be reduced from ten cents to 8.5 cents.

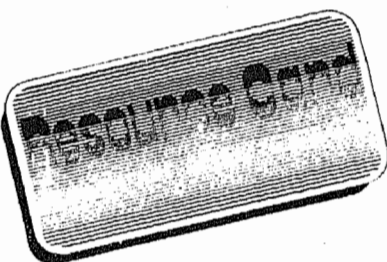
The new system is operated by a 'resource card' instead of a coin, allowing the Library to set the price of photocopying as low as possible.

Users of the photocopiers pay for a resource card which had credit recorded on it. The card can have additional credit put on it upon expiry.

The same system is already used at the S.A. Institute of Technology, the Colleges of Advanced Education and in institutions in other states. This means that the same resource card can be used at any facilities with compatible equipment.

The change was prompted by the feeling that students were dissatisfied, and also as the result of a survey conducted by the library late last year.

"We would be grateful for feedback from students [about the new system]" said Mrs. Howard.



Library takes a leaf out of Gunston's copybook

Having trouble adjusting to university after the long summer break? One student is; he went to the library to make a simple photocopy and found it altogether too much...

Every year the long, languid summer fills all sorts of needs at the University, some well-known and perfectly reputable, others not-so-well-known and decidedly disreputable.

The long vacation, for instance, gives students a chance to get away from academics, academics a chance to get away from students, and the beleaguered Barr Smith Lawns a chance to re-establish themselves after being trampled all year long by hordes of pimply undergraduates.

But, by the same token, the holiday break gives the University's armies of bureaucrats a chance to sneak in their latest outrageous and hare-brained pet schemes without actually having to go to the trouble of consulting the few thousand or so other people who use the University.

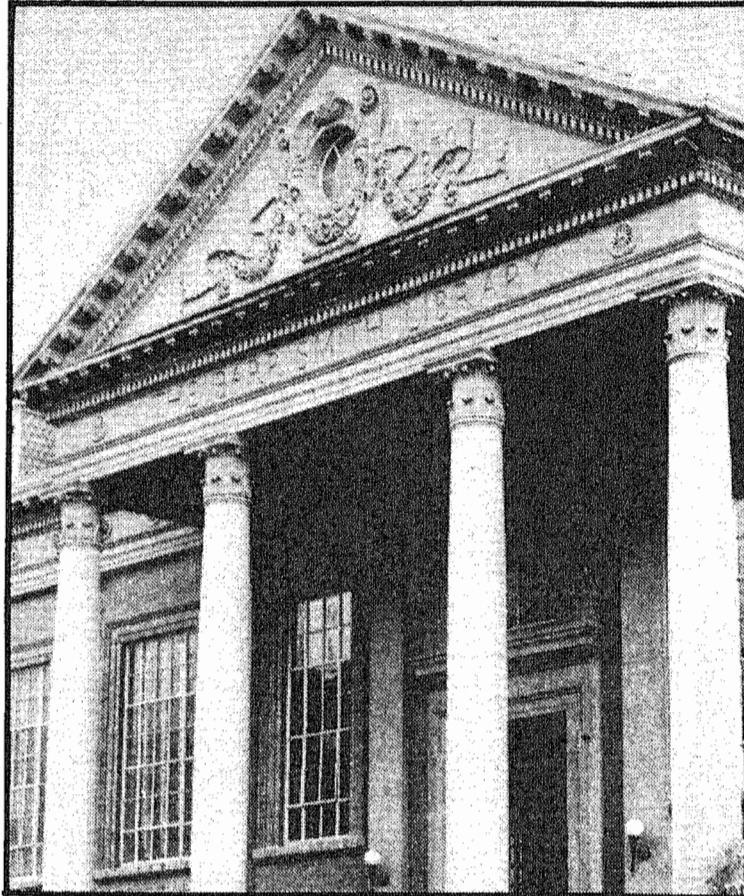
I suppose it's their revenge upon the rest of us for being able to while away the summer at the beach doing nothing when they had to spend it at work doing nothing.

And it does give the academic year a kind of familiar rhythm.

Each March you arrive back on campus still in a laid-back holiday frame of mind, feeling relaxed and secure in the knowledge that the exams are a long, long way away and things can't possibly start getting serious at least until third term.

And, just as regularly, each March that tranquil state of mind is blown to smithereens as soon as you are confronted by the bureaucrats' latest outlandish fait accompli.

In 1984 it was a fearsomely expensive, unnecessary and objectionable photo-identity card system which the student politicians of the University Union introduced so they could police the access of the rest of us to the Union facilities they so spectacularly mismanaged throughout 1983.



The Barr-Smith Library - Resource Card a photocopying credit card

Then, in 1985, we all turned up to enrolment week only to find the University's entire enrolment system had been computerized: and when I say computerized, I mean computerized - with a vengeance.

What else, other than a computer system hastily introduced by the University's bureaucrats would have been capable of perpetrating absurdities like enrolling people in subjects that didn't exist and transforming the whole of enrolment week into a nightmarish farce?

This year's techno-bureaucratic "innovation" is not as grandiose as the ID card scheme or the computerized enrolment system but is every bit as irritating and futile.

I refer, of course to the Barr Smith Library's audacious new "Resource Card" - a credit card you now have to use if you want to make a photocopy in the Library.

The whizz-bang Resource Card was introduced during the holidays in the usual high-handed fashion, replacing the old, but simple, coin-operated photocopying system.

"Welcome to coinless copying" proclaim the Resource Card instruction brochures being distributed in the Library. Now what sort of photocopying system is it that needs an instruction manual and a public relations hard-sell job?

What is wrong with these people? Don't they realise everyone is sick and tired of having to carry around

wallets full of useless cards to perform all sorts of ordinary tasks like taking money out of the bank or making a photocopy.

The Resource Card brochure goes on to explain proudly that the card can be used at such august institutions of learning as the Kuring-Gae CAE, the Cumberland College of Health Sciences and the University of Wollongong.

What the hell is a Kuring-Gae CAE and who cares if you can use the card there? They probably dole out degrees in advanced basket weaving but that doesn't mean the University of Adelaide should follow their lead.

And isn't the University of Wollongong a joke invented by Norman Gunston or Aunt Jack or someone?

Don't be fooled by the claim the Resource Card will save you money by lowering the cost of a photocopy from 10 cents to 8.5 cents.

In my first traumatic experience with the Resource Card I handed over \$2.00 to get the card, photocopied three pages for 25.5 cents (saving the princely sum of 4.5 cents on the old coin-operated system), only to find, a few days later, that I had lost the stupid card and thus made the Library a gift of the remaining \$1.745.

It's not hard to see who is going to save money from the new system and who is going to lose out: as far as I'm concerned it's blatant discrimination against the absent-minded.

But the most supremely irritating feature of the new system is the way all the Library's photocopiers and card dispensers now have a digital display which blinks the inane and illiterate message "HELL()" at you.

Now I realise the introduction of the Resource Card is a fait accompli and we cannot hope sanity will prevail and the whole thing will be scrapped.

But the very least we can demand of the Library is that it removes that inane "HELL()" from the machines and programs them to display a message that more honestly reflects the arrogant attitudes of the bureaucracy to the rest of us.

"SOD U" would probably do the trick.

Marcos fairytale ends

from page 2

friends of the big rich land across the ocean, arrived. That meant the people of those lands would not be able to watch the latest dog shows, solo bicycle rides across the Antarctic, press conferences where the kings told the people all they wanted them to know, or disasters in other poor kingdoms.

In other words, all the disposable packaged pap known as news in these very wealthy countries disappeared.

Instead, a deadly battle between good and evil was unfolding before their eyes, just like Sons and Daughters. The television networks in the rich countries loved it too, because it was very cheap to shoot footage of people in the streets who also spoke the same language as lots of people in the rich countries.

Further, lots of kings in the rich countries didn't like the wicked old king, so the networks could show the pictures without getting into trouble.

It was becoming clear that the old king was very desperate. When a television station said that he was not really a war hero, as he said he was, everyone knew it was true.

Even the big rich country across the ocean became suspicious of the wicked king and threatened to stop sending him gold and guns.

In any case, the king was very sick and his servants had to carry him everywhere. He was so desperate to remain king he would risk his own life. He was always taking pills and sometimes his voice was very slurred.

He was giving out lots of money to his subjects during the contest to make them like him, even though the kingdom owed more money to the rich country across the ocean than it had ever earned.

Eventually, the people had to write down who they liked the most. EVERYBODY knew the Yellow Princess was the most popular in the land, but the wicked king had her followers shot and instead wrote out lots of false votes.

The king's soldiers even attacked some television crews.

Naturally, the wicked old king counted the scores wrongly and his council proclaimed him the winner.

This was exciting. All the people in the rich countries stopped waiting for the sports news to come on and began taking the

first half of the news bulletins seriously.

Now, everyone in the world loved the Yellow Princess and hated the wicked old king. They cheered when the queen told the people not to work for the king anymore and when the people went out onto the streets to voice their protests.

Unbeknown to the TV cameras, the big rich country across the ocean was making arrangements, and suddenly some of the king's favourite soldiers and one of his ministers realised that they in fact loved the Yellow Princess too. They surrounded themselves with their soldiers and quickly more and more soldiers realised they loved the Yellow Princess and wanted to make her queen.

Very soon the only person in the whole world, it seemed, who didn't love the Yellow Princess was the wicked old king. He was diseased, surrounded and extremely unpopular.

Luckily, the big rich country across the ocean sent him a plane ticket and he flew with the royal family to that country.

The Yellow Princess immediately ascended the throne and her subjects celebrated because everything was different.

Or was it?



Vera Trust in the Craft Studio

Crafty Prof on campus

The Union Craft Studio is gearing up for the visit of leading West German leadlight designer Professor Johannes Schreiter next week.

Professor Schreiter, famous for his work in calligraphy and stained glass in churches and public buildings overseas, will give a public lecture in the Little Cinema on Monday March 10 at 6.30 pm.

The Craft Studio (Level Four, Union House) is open every weekday from 10 am to 9 pm except Wed-

nesdays (1 pm to 9 pm) and Fridays (10 am - 5 pm).

Students and student groups are encouraged to try silk-screening, pottery (for around \$2 a bowl), paper-making, fabric painting, calligraphy, weaving, spinning and a host of other craft activities for only the cost of the materials.

Interested students should see Craftsperson Vera Trust or Helen Steyger in the Craft Studio.

Sydney Uni professors sponsored

The Benson and Hedges chair of physiology, the Western Mining Corporation chair of environmental sciences; is it possible that professors at Adelaide University could one day bear titles similar to these.

If interstate experience is any guide then the answer is yes.

Sydney University already has three professional chairs sponsored by private companies and has two more in the pipeline.

They include the Reekitt and Colman Chair of Clinical Pharmacology, the Bowater Chair of Management and the Westpac Chair of Finance.

Melbourne University has run into criticism from its academics for taking private sponsorship. An American-owned publishing house, CCH Australia Ltd., funds a chair in taxation law and even retains the right to nominate who will fill the chair. It costs a company around \$50,000 to sponsor one professional post.

Sydney University will soon have an Arthur Young Professor of Accounting sponsored by a firm of chartered accountants of the same name.

Professor Murray Wells, who will be the first Arthur Young Professor said he was a strong supporter of

corporate sponsorship for academic chairs.

He said he did not think his integrity or independence would be compromised in any way through a private company sponsoring his position.

"We made it perfectly clear that I would be independent," he said.

"If I ever feel that my independence has been compromised simply because we are receiving money from the company, then I would say so.

"Sponsorship is quite common in the United States and I think everyone accepts that it is simply a

matter of the accounting profession putting money back into the education system," he said.

Private companies in Australia already give large sponsorship to sporting and artistic events and in return the companies are advertised widely.

For instance Benson and Hedges enjoy tremendous benefits from their sponsorship of cricket.

The Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University, Professor Don Stranks, could not be contacted on Friday to comment on this university's attitude to sponsorship.



University links with business wanted

Universities do not work closely enough with the business world, according to a recent report.

The report, produced by a joint working party of the nation's top business group, the Business Council of Australia, and the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee, says that industry does not know how to go about getting academic help in research and development.

It recommends the appointment of business liaison officers at all universities. More consultation would give universities clearer direction on what research would benefit industry, the report said.

It calls on the government to set up 25 new research fellowships in science and engineering to encourage students to move into industrial research.

The report stresses that research and technology are vital to Australia's standard of living, youth employment, export competitiveness and national development.

If the glove fits wear it



Who says that art is elitist? Any front-bar patron of a Port Adelaide hotel could tell you straight away WHAT THIS ALL MEANS. A five-pack of condoms? An inverted udder? Welcome to Festival Week, and the cast of Bruce Cuts Off His Hand Again in a profound pose. The show is reviewed on page 20.

Cory walked into "US inspired trap"

The newly-installed Aquino administration has been described by an Australian group as a 'military dictatorship with a populist leader.'

A statement released last week by the national Philippines Action Support Group said Mrs Aquino had walked into a 'US-inspired trap.'

The statement said the military-led revolt had been inspired by US envoy Phillip Habib, who had left Manila several hours before then-Deputy Chief of Staff Ramos and Defence Minister Enrile made their stand.

The events of the past fortnight had the flavour of a television series with a "democracy-loving America deciding to leave a client who had gone too far".

"The drama was a really good show, but in the forthcoming new series the scriptwriters and directors are the same."

"All the indications are that economic and political exploitation and oppression will continue."

A spokesperson for the PASG said Mrs Aquino's position already was being undermined by Enrile

who had become leader of Marcos' party, KBL, which controlled the crucial National Assembly.

Critically, Ramos' ideas for military reforms were aimed at 'killing more communists', the spokesperson said. This had been crucial in securing US support for the coup.

The PASG called on the Australian Government to cease its military aid programme to the Philippines and to pressure President Aquino into releasing unconditionally all political prisoners.

'Johnny' Enrile, Defence Minister in the Aquino as well as the Marcos Government, served the latter for 20 years before suddenly switching sides last week. He was responsible for the declaration of martial law in 1972, which saw Mrs Aquino's late husband Benigno thrown into a stockade and his property confiscated.

After Marcos' flight last week he thanked the former President for his 'compassion and kindness'.



Leftist coalition Bayan members demonstrate in Manila

Material on this page has been inserted at the direction of the Students' Association Council. The Students' Association is constitutionally entitled to one page in *On dit* each week.



**SAUA
PRESIDENT
Anthony Snell**

The Students' Association is the "Union" of Adelaide University students. Like most Unions it exists to provide services to its Members. Students have a number of common interests which the Association tends to concentrate on. These can be broken down into three areas of responsibility - representing Adelaide University students, providing student services and organising on-campus activities.

The President is the spokesperson of students at Adelaide Uni. A major chunk of my workload is taken up liaising with the University, Government and community on behalf of students. To do this effectively, comment and feedback must be forthcoming from you - so don't hesitate to flash into my office, drag me away from my desk and enlighten me. Besides talking to as many students as possible I will be using this weekly column in *On dit* and my time on Student Radio to keep you up to date with what's going on.

While the President is responsible for the day-to-day work of the Association, the major policy decisions are made by the Students' Council elected by students each

July. The President is accountable to Council and must carry out its directions. Council meets monthly and all students are encouraged to come along. Its next meeting will be on Friday March 7. Council decisions can be overturned by motions passed at General Student Meetings - mass meetings of students called by petition. Much of the Association's business goes before at least one of the Standing Committees (Education/Services, Activities or Orientation) before coming forward as recommendations to Council.

The Association's Offices are situated in the George Murray Building, in the North-Eastern corner of the Union House Cloisters (next to the Union Bookshop). The President and Vice-Presidents of the Association have offices here and the other office-bearers can be contacted through pigeonholes. Work Action, the Accommodation Boards and the Education/Welfare Officers are also located here. The Students' Association Office should, therefore be your first port of call should you have any problems whatsoever - whether they be financial, accommodation, personal or academic. The friendly Students' Association staff, the Welfare Officers or myself will do all we can to help. Remember it's your Association, make use of it and the services it provides!

Orientation Week is one of the Association's major activities of the year. If you haven't picked up your O-Week Programme yet copies are available from the SAUA desk on the lawns. Don't forget that the Week culminates with the premier cultural event of the Adelaide social calendar: the Students' Association Orientation Ball on Saturday night featuring *Eurogliders*, *Do Ré Mi* and *No Cause for Alarm*. Tickets are usually sold out early in O-Week so get in quickly.

Finance report

Finances in Order

As last year's Financial Statement shows, 1985 was a very efficient and well managed year for the Students' Association. The SAUA came in \$17,000 under budget despite increasing its activities. Last year the Inaugural Students' Association Ball, a number of free BBQs, bands on the lawns and the most successful Prosh for 18 years were held.

The Students' Association has also funded the first comprehensive survey of Student Attitudes and the demand for Union Services. This will be of great help in the forward planning and representation of students by the Association.

This year we have not increased budgets, as other associated groups have done, in order to ease pressure on the high Union Fee.

Orientation Camps

The camps this year were a great success being well organised. The directors: Paul Coorey and Ronan Moore are to be congratulated for their hard work. As a helper on both camps, I know of no students who did not enjoy themselves despite enduring our Army Cook as our first Cook was thrown in jail.

Accommodation and Part Time Jobs

For those students who need accommodation or are seeking part time employment, the Students' Association can help you. We have noticeboards in the Students' Association Office foyer and Napier Foyer with vacancies. Further information can be found from the front desk of the Students' Association Office.

Students' Association Expenditure Statement Year ending 31st December 1985

	Actual	Budget
Orientation Activities		
- Orientation Guide	1,041	3,000
- Orientation Camps	139	500
- Counter Calendar	1,678	3,000
- O-Week and General	821	600
	<u>3,679</u>	<u>7,100</u>
Student Media		
- On dit	28,689	35,800
- Student Radio	13,600	15,000
- B&C	795	1,200
	<u>43,084</u>	<u>52,000</u>
Students Association Administration		
- General Administration	17,487	11,300
- President	2,263	1,600
- Council	2,871	4,000
	<u>22,621</u>	<u>16,900</u>
Education & Services	3,747	4,200
Activities	2,178	1,800
Printing	(9,776)	1,000
Total	<u>\$65,532</u>	<u>\$83,000</u>

POSITIONS VACANT

One Student Representative on the A.U. Library Committee.

One Student Representative on the A.U. Computing Committee.

The Library Committee is responsible for running the Barr Smith Library. The Computing Committee perform a similar function with respect to the Computing Centre.

The successful applicants will be expected to report quarterly to the Students' Council on the activities of their committees.

Applications should be in writing and addressed to the President of the Students' Association.

Anthony Snell

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PROSH 1986

(4th - 9th of August)

Applications are called for the position(s) of Prosh Director(s) and Prosh Rag Editor(s). The 1986 Prosh Director(s) will be expected to co-ordinate

Prosh Week activities and organise "Prosh After Dark".

The Prosh Rag Editor(s) will be expected to edit the 1986 Prosh Rag. Applications close on the 24th of April. Applications should be in writing and addressed to the President.

Mhairi MacPherson
Administrative Secretary

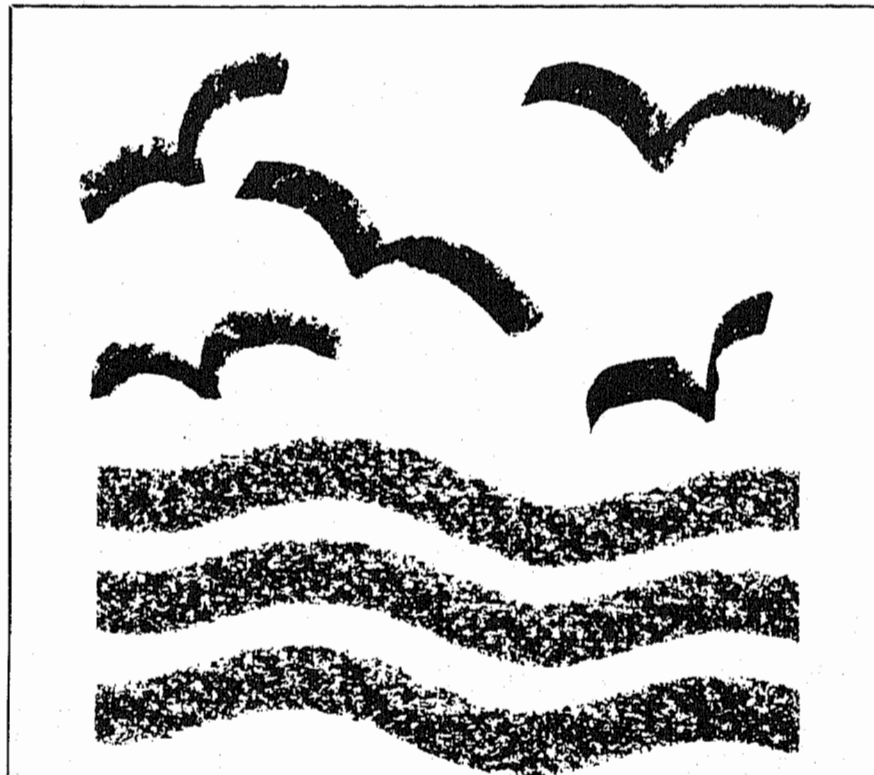
THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION BY-ELECTION

for One General Member of the Activities Standing Committee. Nomination forms are available from the SAUA Administrative Secretary in the SAUA Office.

Nominations open: Thursday 20th March 1986 (9.00 am).
Nominations close: Tuesday 1st April 1986 (5.00 pm).

Voting will be conducted on Wednesday 9th, Thursday 10th and Friday 11th of April 1986.

For further information contact the SAUA Office.



The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide & Present
The 1986 Orientation Ball with

Eurogliders

DO. RÈ. MI

No Cause For Alarm
and special Masters of Ceremony

Los Trios Ringbarkus

Barr Smith Lawns
Adelaide University
Saturday March 8th

\$12.50 students \$15.50 general public
Tickets available from all outlets and Student Office
(no drinks to be brought in) Doors Open 7 pm



The University of Adelaide Footlights Club presents
THE 1986 FRINGE REVUE

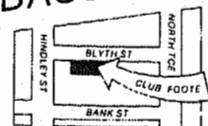
39 TWO AND A STEPS-ESCALATORS-LIFT

Club Foote Blyth St. City
Adelaide's newest comedy venue

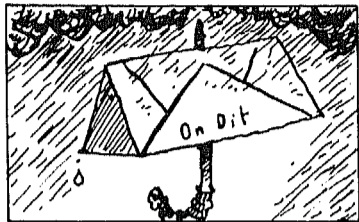
February 27 - March 9 9.30 p.m.

Tickets \$7.00/\$5.00

Available from BASS or Fringe Box Office



BLF: the bane of Cain



MELBOURNE

by Cyril Quine

"Cain not Able" was the witty slogan which, until it mysteriously disappeared recently, was painted on a fence outside one of Melbourne's prestigious building sites.

Low key Premier John Cain may seem an unlikely candidate to slay the Abel of the Builders' Labourers' Federation - indeed he might once have been better likened to David against Mr. Norm Gallagher's Goliath.

But in the last 12 months Mr. Cain has loaded his sling with shot and scored some stinging hits right in Mr. Gallagher's ample midriff.

The scrap in the Supreme Court over who paid for Mr. Gallagher's South Gippsland beach house, and the deregistration case before the Arbitration Commission, are mere diversionary actions compared to the main battle under way on building sites across Australia, and most intensely in Melbourne, the Union's stronghold.

Mr. Cain's Government succeeded two weeks ago

in press-ganging a recalcitrant rump of four building companies - whose principals were widely touted in the local press as "millionaires" - into signing the Government's building industry 'code of conduct', which forbids employers from doing sweetheart deals with the BLF, or recognising the union if it is deregistered.

The Government threatened to withdraw building permits, and water, gas, and electricity, from sites worked by the companies unless they signed, and Mr. Cain was crowing that all 450 contractors working on Government sites had signed.

The Government was throttling the BLF's air supply - its ability to intimidate employers by industrial warfare. Pushing the employers into line is no mean feat - the quixotic Master Builders' Association certainly couldn't control its troops - and the Government had apparently realised, what the BLF has long known, that the employers toe the line of whoever is wielding the biggest stick.

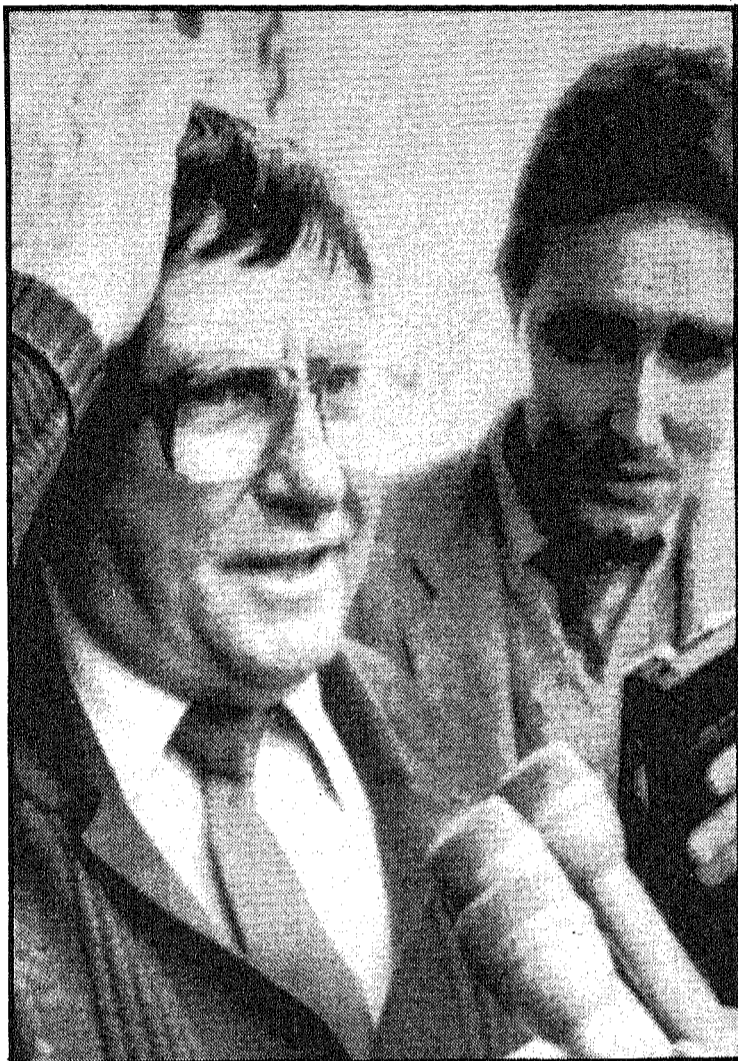
The simple fact is that court decisions won't mean a hill of beans if the BLF still controls the workplace, a point Mr. Gallagher has never been slow to make.

So strong was Mr. Cain's stand that the Liberal Opposition had to discard the hackneyed old 'Labor Government as captive of militant unions' line, and their industrial relations spokesman, Phil Gude, has resurrected the equally old 'Labor Government persecutes business' yarn.

Not surprisingly he found it a bit difficult to convince anyone this was not really an 'of course we don't like the BLF anymore than anyone else, but we're not prepared to stick the pain of doing anything about them, and who know, a BLF on the loose might just hurt the government and help us' line.

With the Government's incentives the builders started to show some nous. At the beginning of last week some 25000 builders' labourers had been sacked from sites in Melbourne and Geelong in retaliation for the union bans applied to win last November's 3.8 per cent national wage rise.

The union was denied the rise because it refused to give the neces-



Cain's Goliath, Norm Gallagher - slingshot scores "hits" against an "ample midriff"

sary 'no extra claims' promise.

The bubble in the equation has always been the MBA. The Government was apparently taken by surprise at the extent of the sackings, and even more perplexed when, in what was widely interpreted as extending an olive branch (to union members, not the union) the MBA telegraphed all sacked members on 19 February and offered them their jobs back if they would lift the bans and agree not to pursue the wage rise.

3CR is notorious as a sort of AUS Council of the airwaves, but few shows beat the BLF's "Concrete Gang" program on Sunday mornings.

The BLF quickly nipped that in the bud, but the MBA was busy the very next day trying to entice several small unions to take on the BLF's work.

At that point it looked as if, at long last, the writing was on the wall for the B.L.F. Then, last Thursday, the bubble burst.

After a heated private conference in the Arbitration Commission the MBA cracked, and decided to invite the sacked workers back to work without the condition that

they lift the bans.

And the government has gone along with them in a capitulation that has again raised doubts about their express determination to be rid of the B.L.F.

Of course that is not what the government is saying. They are making much of the fact that the builders are still insisting the national wage rise will not be paid. They are still declaring they will bury the B.L.F. at the deregistration case.

The BLF, despite all the nasty things it has to say about the court system, never misses a legal trick. It is claiming unfair dismissal in a Federal Court action, and applying to the Social Security Tribunal to win the dole for sacked members.

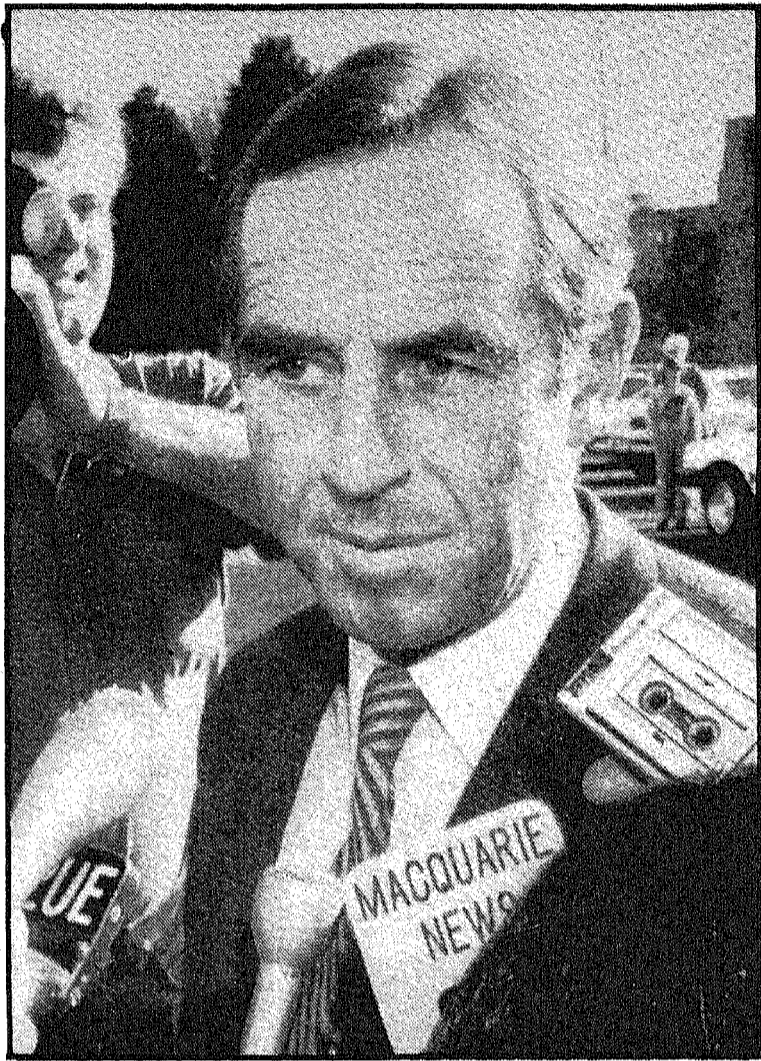
The BLF has gradually lost its last vestiges of public sympathy, but not without a long rearguard propaganda action, mainly in the form of posters (there are more BLF posters in Melbourne than phone poles) and its weekly radio program on 3CR, a local "community radio station" (the cant phrase for giving various microscopic minorities the right to harangue one another in stereo).

3CR is notorious as a sort of constant AUS Council of the airwaves, but few shows beat the BLF's "Concrete Gang" program on Sunday mornings. The show pours vitriol on the government, employers, police, and the judiciary, always ending with a rousing refrain of the slogan "If You Don't Fight You Lose."

At the height of Norm Gallagher's Supreme Court trial they hit back at Judge Waldron's comments on their members' dress in court by saying they weren't impressed by the fact he always appeared in drag. They constantly said the judge was Cain's lackey, largely on the ground that he was best man at Mr. Cain's Wedding thirty years earlier (a poster went up to this effect).

Their respect for the judiciary was further exhibited when they invaded the Arbitration Commission last year led by a man in a gorilla suit.

The government's Ministers fare no better than the bench. Mr. Norm Gallagher has said of Mr. Cain's diminutive Industrial Affairs Minis-



Gallagher's David, Premier Cain - "Cain not Able" slogan in a not-so-Biblical war of words

ter, Steve Crabb, that "The only difference between Steve Crabb and Hitler is in the style of their moustaches."

The role of the ACTU in all this leaves something to be desired. The ALP expelled Mr. Hartley for continual disloyalty. One wonders what more the BLF has to do to show its complete contempt for the arbitration system to which the ACTU is committed, the ACTU leadership, and the ACTU-fashioned Accord.

The significant shift is that the government is now saying the B.L.F. will be destroyed by law and not by industrial-political warfare.

It is tempting to pass the back to some court or tribunal. The line of least resistance has tempted many when faced with the B.L.F. Most have found that path a pool of quicksand pulling them deeper into an industrial mire.

Rather than a Cain or a David, John Cain Jr. may yet turn out to be a wimp.

New Union Sec defines his role

by Graham Lugsden

Rob Brice, a former executive officer with the Tonkin Government's Department of State Development, has replaced Heinz Roth as the new Union Secretary.

Mr. Brice was part of the working party looking into alternative uses for the Riverland cannery, which was then loosing \$30m. per year.

After the Public Service, he joined the Touche Ross organisation - the company appointed by the Union to find a successor for Mr. Roth. "I wasn't working in Human Resources - I was in Financial Consulting. I had to go through the same procedure as everyone else." It was the Union Board that finally selected Mr. Brice, from a short-list of four applicants.

This year he plans a review of the organisation of the Union, examining each area of operations. "I see the priorities as being people; finance; facilities; and a corporate plan - where is the Union heading?"

In line with these priorities, Mr. Brice has already tackled a number of problems:-

- the lack of consultation of the Union by the University, over the A.N.Z. Automatic Teller Machine cubicle;

- the fact that the Union "was being given no opportunity to use the space in Union House, about to



Rob Brice, Adelaide University Union's new Secretary

- be vacated by the A.N.Z. Bank.;
- enrolment difficulties;
- damage from the Jimmy Barnes concert;
- signposting the facilities of Union House.

And what was his view of the relationship between himself and the Union President?

"My understanding was that it would be run like a true board: setting policy, and reviewing progress. The day-to-day running would be left to me and the other managers... in the 'grey areas', I would consult the President."

Drones set new record

From Marianne la Rue in Sydney

Have you ever felt that the most boring, pretentious, self-important people on campus naturally gravitate toward the debating society?

Last week Sydney University's Debating Society conclusively proved that proposition.

The society staged a debate which broke the world record of six days, nine hours and twenty minutes.

The youthful heroes at Sydney Uni. droned away for a total of six days and ten hours.

And the topic? "You can fool all of the people all of the time."

You will be relieved to know that after this marathon debate the Debating Society believes it has settled this contentious issue. They decided in the negative.

But have they really said the last word on the topic? Probably not. This correspondent sampled the proceedings several times and they spoke more around the point than to it!

The highlight was one exchange when a couple of interlopers walked in on the proceedings. The debater who was holding the floor sallied forth. "This is Orientation Week and that is east," he told them, as he pointed toward the east.

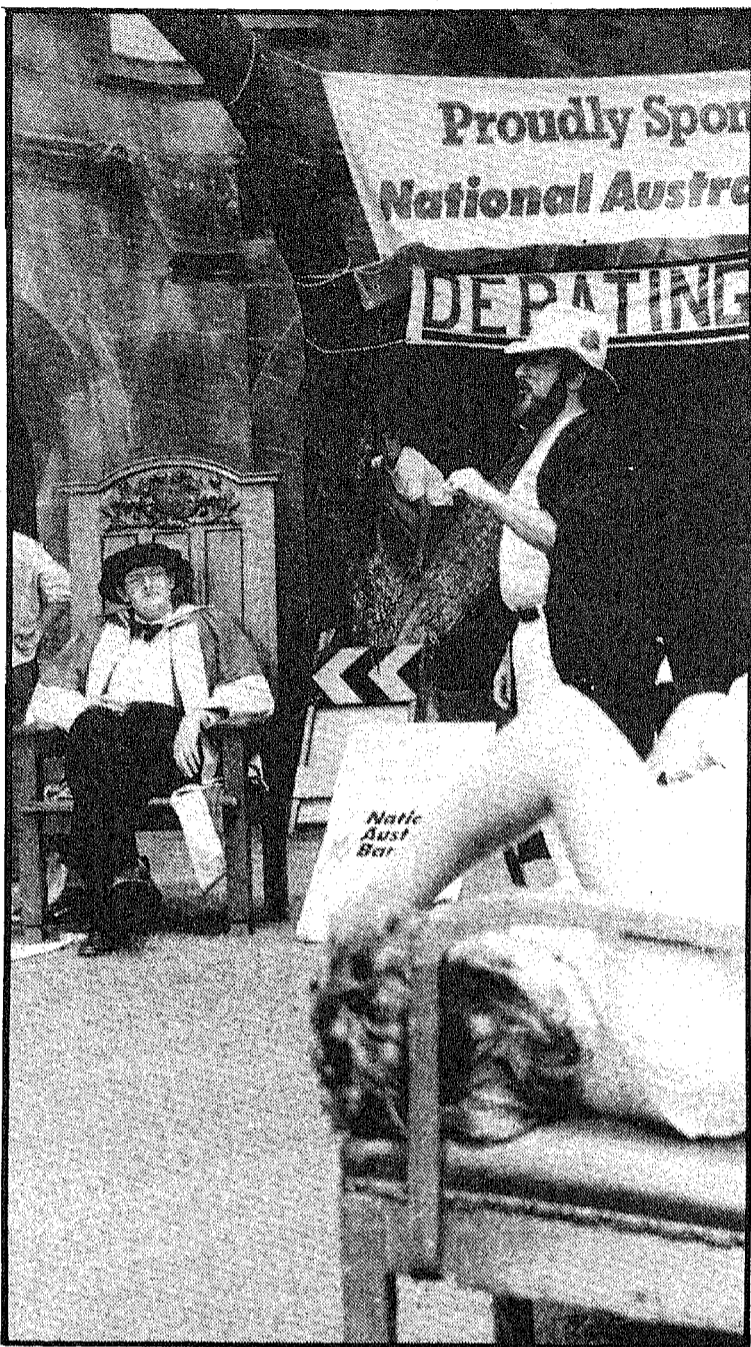
Then he turned to the speaker saying: "I have oriented them, Mr. Speaker."

The pair walked on, unimpressed but bemused. And that modest effort at wit was the high point.

But the Debating Society soldiered on, keeping a faithful record of what was said so they could present it to the *Guinness Book of Records* and claim their place in it.

If you are interested the old record was held by the Galway Literary Society. And before that the record holders were the Melbourne University Debating Society. Their topic provided the only note of humour in this tedious business: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

How true!



You can't fool all of the people all of the time

Fred floods gay festival

From Marianne la Rue in Sydney

"Please Fred, turn off the tap. You and God have made your point."

That is the plea in Sydney this week after Fred Nile, head of the Festival of Light and latterday Noah, prayed for rain to interrupt the Gay Mardi Gras on Saturday February 22.

Fred obviously had good access to God. Because the heavens opened on the Mardi Gras and it's been bloody raining ever since.

So Fred; we don't mind you tipping buckets on a mob of homosexuals having a bit of innocent fun; but we still have to dry the washing. Can you switch off the sprinklers now?

But the Reverend Fred Nile is probably not listening to these pleas. He's still basking in his success. This is the ninth annual Gay Mardi Gras and Fred has at last had his prayers answered.

For the parade was interrupted by rain. One of the semi-tropical storms which hit Sydney during summer had come down the coast and dumped its load on the gay parade.

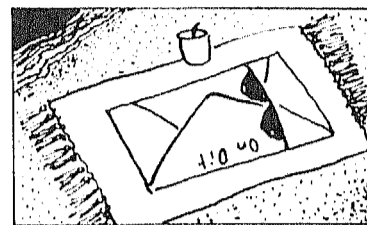
The parade itself was the usual colourful affair. It's the one night of the year when Sydney's large homosexual community can come out onto the streets and camp it up to the limit.

The AIDS crisis has given the event more poignancy for Sydney's gays. The parade has become an affirmation of their lifestyle; an expression of their solidarity.

This year's Mardi Gras was the first which Fred had seen with his own eyes.

"It's as bad as I thought it would be," he was reported to have said. "It's indecent and an insult to the people of this city."

The Reverend Fred has been around Sydney for a long time and



SYDNEY

has become something of a phenomenon. Besides heading the Festival of Light he spearheads the Call to Australia Party. This political party has gained enough support to give Fred a seat in the NSW Upper House, providing him with an invaluable public platform to fulminate against wickedness in the modern world.

Members of the Call to Australia Party have advocated gay-free zones; restaurants where one can be sure that utensils which have touched the lips of homosexuals will never touch yours and holiday resorts where you can be certain that the kids will not be sharing the same beach with AIDS carrying gays.

Fred himself has called for the draining of public swimming pools after gays have been cavorting in them.

But despite Fred, the Gay Mardi Gras is now a fixture of Sydney life. Even the popular columnists in the tabloid papers are praising the event. Frank Crook in *The Sun* came out in support of the march saying it was far more colourful and spectacular than anything in the Festival of Sydney - a month-long event held each January.

So with nearly all sections of the community accepting the Mardi Gras as a fixture of Sydney life there is little that Fred can do about it - except pray for rain.



Gays ask Rev Nile to stop the rain



Rev Fred Nile: direct line to God?

S! TROPEZ

Le Cooler

Le Fun

Le Cool

Le Exclusive

Welcome (back)

Welcome to Adelaide University, vintage 1986, and to *On dit*, the newspaper of your Students' Association.

On dit appears every Monday during term and we hope you enjoy this, our first edition. Please utilise our "Letters to the editor" space to tell us what you think; meanwhile we hope to improve for your second edition.

We wish you all the best in 1986.

Look - don't touch

As long as newspapers exist, there will also

OnDit

exist outside interests which attempt to influence and control them.

Scenes in the *On dit* office this week bore witness to this unpleasant fact and underlined the value of freedom and independence of the press.

The controversy arose out of an O-Camp where one girl was rushed to hospital to have her stomach pumped. Our efforts to cover the story and communicate with the people concerned

were hampered by the persistent intervention of some Students' Association office-holders, most notably O-Camp Director, Mr. Paul Coory (and we must add, the commendable exception of SAUA President, Anthony Snell). Coory forbade us to contact the girl or her mother and wrongly asserted that the mother was not interested in talking to us anyway.

At one point the debate became so heated that blows were aimed at an editor.

We regard this kind of high-handed intervention by petty-minded office-holders as inexcusable. We appreciate your comments and opinions but we utterly reject attempts to make editorial decisions on our behalf.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Universities under attack in the battle between scholars and dollars

FORUM

Forum is a weekly column in which organisations and individuals explain their beliefs and activities.

This week MEI SHU SHU explains how the plight of overseas students relates to the privatisation of the tertiary education system in Australia.

Overseas students in Australia often express amazement at how suddenly the political climate has turned against them over recent years.

From the mid-70s to the mid-80s there has been a big change in their position. Ten years ago the overseas student programme was widely accepted as an integral part of the Australian education system. Study was fees-free and immigration regulations were more liberal.

Today the overseas student is paying fees of over A\$3000 a year and looking at increases to \$5000, \$7000, \$10,000 in the next few years. Immigration attitudes are tough. The whole future of the programme is under threat.

What brought about this dramatic change? Can it just be explained in terms of government budgetary constraints? Can all the setbacks in overseas student policy just be chalked up as a victory for "anti-Asian" agitation by fringe groups? These don't seem to be adequate explanations.

There is something deeper in the roots of the whole thing to be discovered; some more powerful, much wider, trend at work, which is making the overseas student prog-

ramme of old its victim.

competition of ideas and the tolerance of dissent. The Australian university system expanded greatly in the twentieth century, especially in the 1950s and 1960s. It became heavily dependent on government funding, but for many years its academic freedom had been compromised by close links between university governing bodies and the business establishment.

Nevertheless some features of the old "ideal" survived in fact. Tenure of employment gave academics certain protection against being bullied for their unorthodox scholastic views or for political activities. The universities continued as authoritative seats of learning.

This was the system into which the overseas student programme was fitted in Australia. Australia had particular foreign policy objectives in providing post-secondary education facilities for overseas students. It was inconceivable that post-secondary training meant anything other than joining this system. The overseas students had as many (or as few) rights as the local students.

Now there are signs that the Australian university and CAE system is in for some major disturbances: privatisation and commercialisation.

Governments are looking for ways to reduce expenditure. Some are asking if society can afford the luxury of traditional universities. They are arguing for "no frills" vocational institutes that will train up the required number of technocrats with a minimum of fuss.

There is opposition from very conservative circles to the universities. They argue that universities are "hot-houses" of radical ideas. The notion of the university being independent, a protected centre of learning, is under attack. Mel-

neighbouring Asian region there is enormous demand for higher education. It has been calculated that an immediate A\$100 million market exists in South East Asia for Australian education products. The eyes of the profiteers light up.

But to begin to exploit education for private gain, there has to be an environment where education is a high priced commodity. As long as Australian higher education remained fees-free there was little scope for realising the education profits.

The hidden factor in explaining the severe measures inflicted on overseas students is the drive to privatisation of education.

From the first fees on overseas students in 1979 the level has moved steadily up and heads on to full cost. The commodity now has a decent

price for the seller. Thus have arisen two proposals for tertiary institutes, catering mostly for overseas students.

They are the proposed Yanchep campus, situated just north of Perth, being a joint venture between Murdoch University and the Japanese multinational, Tokyo Corporation, and initially enrolling about 3000 overseas students; and the Darwin University College, primarily aimed at the fees-paying market across the Timor Sea.

Added to this is the decision of Federal Cabinet last September to permit universities to admit overseas students paying full-cost fees into special courses.

The export markets are being developed. The overseas students are both a major aspect of Australian education commercialisation and a battering ram to privatise the

whole system.

Where will it all end, people ask? In exclusion of all but the very rich overseas students? In the closing of the doors for the children of the ordinary Australian working folk? In Alan Bond being the Chancellor of the Swan Brewery - Education Products Division.

What of academic standards and the search for knowledge? Once established, will private universities then put their hand out for government subsidies?

Throughout the academic and student community, action is developing against the privatisation push.

Overseas students would be wise to support the fight against privatisation. Their cause and that of the Australian university and college communities seems more tightly interwoven than ever before.



"Where will it all end, people ask? In Alan Bond being the Chancellor of Swan Brewery - Education Products Division?"

ramme of old its victim.

That trend seems to be major changes in the system of tertiary education within Australia. This system grew out of the handful of Australian universities, founded in the nineteenth century, and based in the six state capitals. These universities in turn traced their heritage to the university systems of Europe. They drew on two sets of ideas. Firstly, the medieval notion of the university as a special enclave from society where scholarship could flourish, protected from interference by the rulers of church and state. Secondly, the modern Western university drew on the liberal ideas of the free

bourne University recently allowed an American law book publisher to fund a professorial chair and then to dictate the actual man who would fill it!

Above all education is being reduced to nothing more refined than a marketable commodity, like used cars, rubber or tin.

Some have caught a glimpse of a vast domestic and overseas market for the Australian education industry. If the number of fees-free university places drops, then Australian students would be attracted to private institutions. If fees are re-introduced in the state universities, then private establishments may set up with "discount courses". In the

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Association, Philosophy Club, Photography Club, Press Club, Resistance Club, Science Association (AUScA), Science Fiction Association, Seventh Day Adventist Students Society (AUSDASS), Silence Club, Simulation Gaming Association (SAGA), Socialist Club, Society for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (AUSRML), Spirits Appreciation Society, Square Dance Club, St. Ann's College Club, St. Mark's College Club, Student Christian Movement, Students for Australian Independence, Student Life, Third World Forum, Vietnamese Students Society, Waite Institute Post Graduate Association, Women in the Law School (WILS), Women on Campus (WOC).

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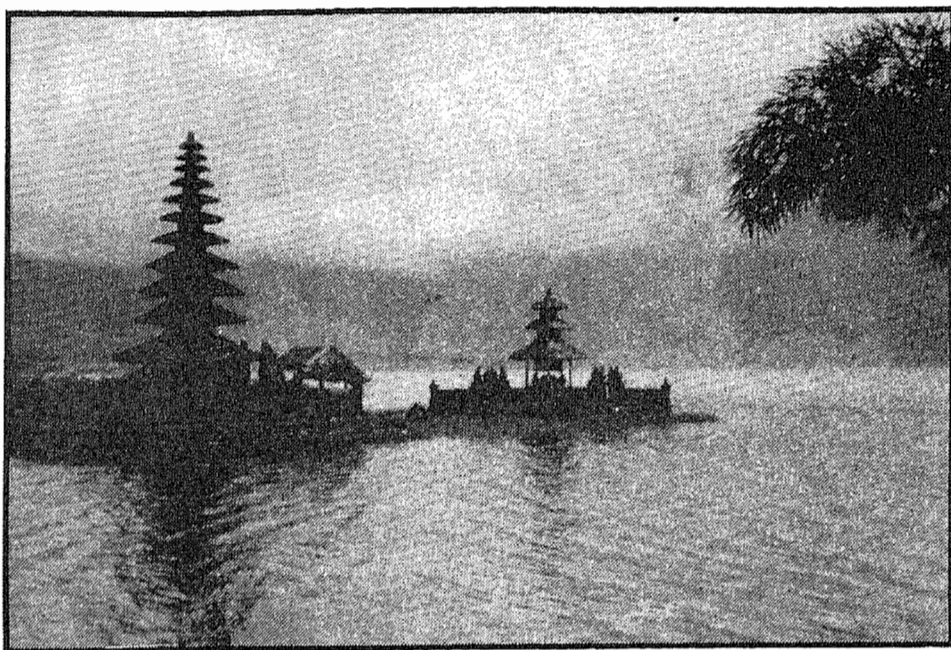


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The Borobudur Temple in Java



"a tourist's paradise"

I've been to Bali too . . .

Bali is more than just a tourist trap. The traditional Balinese culture is still alive and fascinating to see as EMMA HUNT discovered.

Our holiday started in Kuta, Bali - a fun way to ease yourself into travelling Indonesia.

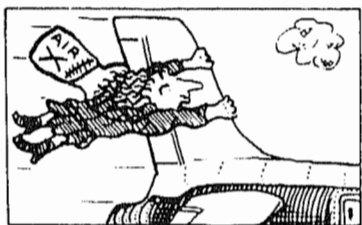
Indonesia is a tourist's paradise, full of Aussie surfies having a "bloody bagus" time against an exotic backdrop.

Indonesians see tourists as a means of making a few rupiah. Lying on the beach you're a target for women selling soft drinks and sarongs or massages. Men hawk carved chop sticks, chess sets and silver jewellery.

Many Australians stay in Kuta beach for their whole holiday, in an expensive hotel with arranged bus tours, and parade around in t-shirts which brag "I've been to Bali too." Bali has a lot more to offer than Kuta and the best way to see it is as the locals do, on public transport, at your own pace.

Getting around Bali is easy once you get an idea of the prices. A "bemo" (local bus) leaves for wherever you want, whenever you want. However, the journey can be hair-raising and they squash 20 people into a bus that carries 12.

Indonesians are always willing to



TRAVEL

help you and even if they don't know the answer to your question, they'll invent one! They also find it hard to suppress their curiosity. "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" The slow relaxed pace of life means that everyone knows everybody else's business.

Ubud is the cultural centre of Bali, a place not to be missed. It's two hours north of Denpasar. You can see a dance every night and hear the men practise their music at all times of the day.

Balinese dancing follows the Hindu religion incorporating spirits, magic, incarnations and trances. The gamelan music is captivating. It is played on bamboo

xylophones called "tingklik", to which dancers move in time, flicking their fingers back and forth, extending their toes and necks to extremes.

It is interesting to see how the Balinese have taken elements of their culture and adopted them for the tourist trade. They manage this without seriously compromising the integrity of the various art forms.

The same ceremonies, dances and wayang kulit shows which they perform regularly for themselves, are also put on for tourists. The same artifacts they use for these performances, they make by the hundreds for tourists to buy, yet each is carefully hand carved and painted.

A cremation expresses the many elements of Balinese culture. It is not a solemn occasion like our funeral, but a ritual where the whole village comes together to help confuse the spirit and liberate the soul so that it can finally be free from the body. The body is then burnt, along with numerous offerings of food, money and cloth, in an elaborate, lengthy ceremony. The ashes are then scattered over the sea.

Accommodation in Indonesia is mostly in the form of "losmens" - a bit like a youth hostel. They are inexpensive (Aust \$2.50 single, \$4 double), and you often get breakfast included in the price. There is no problem finding one as there are

usually a couple in each town and it's just a matter of checking the mattress and the traffic outside your window.

Food in Indonesia consists mainly of rice and when travelling in areas not frequented by tourists, there are no allowances for weak, white bellies. Nasi goreng [fried rice], gado-gado and nasi campur are popular dishes in which the essential ingredient is chilli. A three course meal for one person costs around \$2.50

Of course, there is an abundant supply of delicious tropical fruits, such as mangoes, bananas, pineapples, avocados, rambutans, and papayas - to mention a few. You can't drink the water, but tea or boiled water is available at the lodges.

Travel between Bali and Java is simple; buses and bemos go to Gilimanuk from Denpasar at regular intervals; just drive onto the ferry and 20 minutes later you're there.

It's another 10 hours to Yogyakarta, a bustling Indonesian city where the tinkle of bicycle bells becomes a familiar sound.

The Balinese and Javanese seem the same people in many ways but one notices a different atmosphere in Java. They are more reserved. The Balinese, (90% Hindu) are superstitious. The Javanese are mostly Muslim and the sound of chanting from the mosques can be heard five times a day.

Java is also the best place to see batik. It reflects the discipline and patience of Indonesians. They have been trading in batik since the days

of Arabian and Indian merchant fleets in the 16th century, so that today it remains a major source of income.

Among places worth visiting in Java is Borobudur Temple - just one hour from Yogyakarta, it is the largest Buddhist temple in the world. Built in 1610, it is a relic of the Thai kingdom that once extended down to Indonesia.

Solo is another authentic Indonesian city - where the sight of foreigners riding bikes makes locals stare!

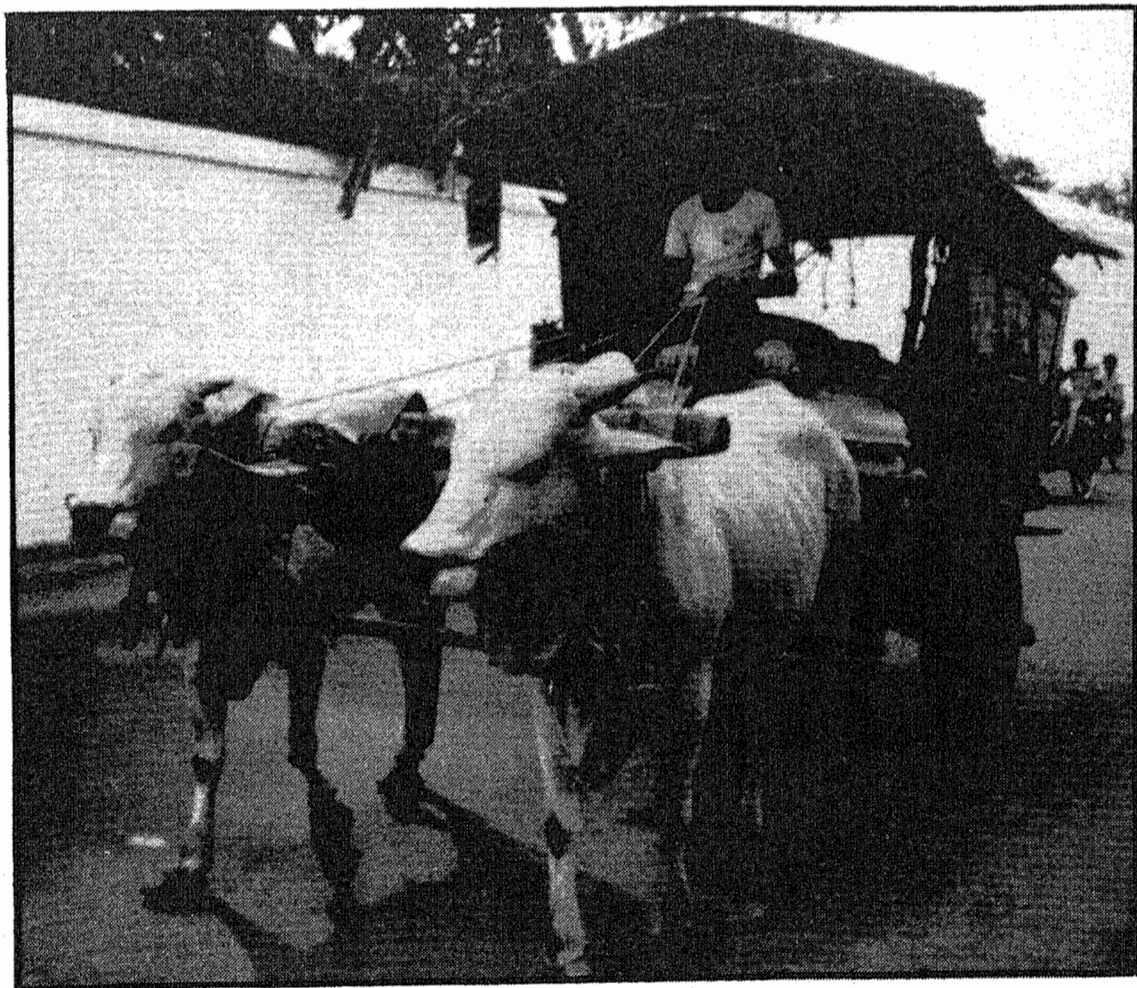
Mt. Bromo, the highest peak in Indonesia (or close to it) is also worth seeing. It is an active volcano with spectacular sunrises at 6am.

Indonesian people themselves made this holiday enjoyable. They are serene people with strong values and they have, unlike Australians, a good sense of self control. Loud voices, flamboyant behaviour, bragging and crying are considered bad manners. Passion and anger is only expected of children, wild animals and foreigners. All you see is the calm exterior and the placid smile.

Indonesia is a relatively cheap country to travel in. Student airfare and insurance starts from around \$580 with Garuda airlines. Accommodation can be as low as \$2.50 per night, and food, as mentioned earlier, is as cheap as can be.

Travelling in Indonesia really reminds you that you're not the only one alive, and it makes you appreciate the problems of Indonesians and people of other world nations.

It also makes you realise that Australia is a lucky country. We can drink water, flush toilets and have showers, without a second thought.



Bullock and cart transport in Solo

Uni sports swap

by Moya Dodd

The Adelaide and Flinders University sports associations have reached an agreement to allow reciprocal membership of clubs on a two-year trial basis.

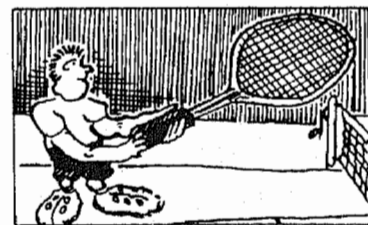
Adelaide and Flinders University students are now allowed to join clubs from the other campus for the price of the club membership, without having to pay the Sports Association membership fee as well.

Other campus membership is limited to 10% of the total number of members.

So far, members of the skin-diving and rowing clubs have taken advantage of the scheme.

Meanwhile, the Australian Universities Sports Association has introduced a two-year trial scheme applying to inter-varsity contests.

Under the scheme, two universities will be allowed to enter a combined team in cases where a single university cannot find enough



SPORT

players.

Adelaide Uni Sports Association Executive Officer, Mr. Colin Pickering said that the new scheme would assist the smaller sporting clubs at Adelaide University.

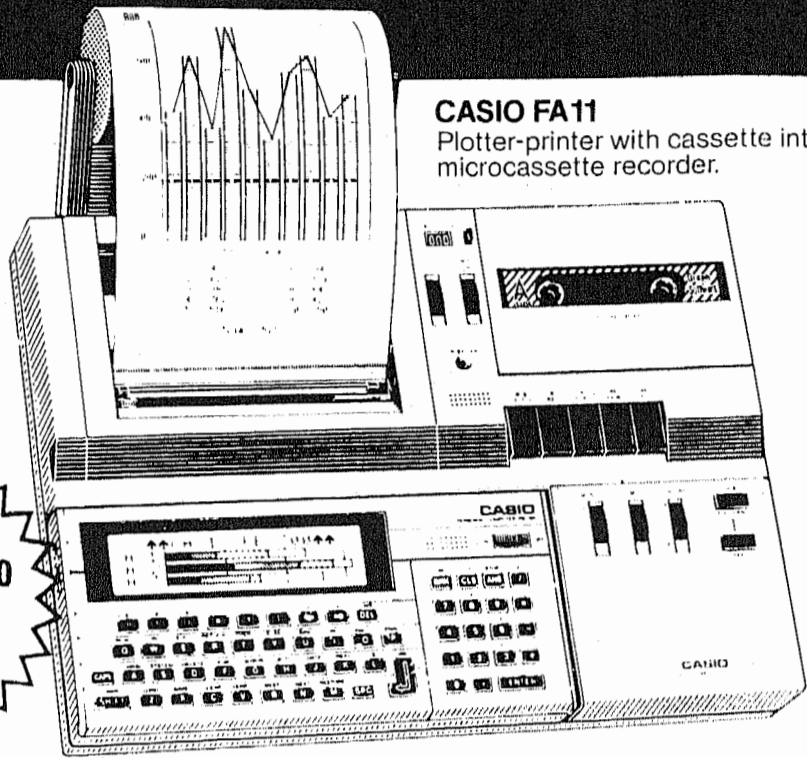
University sports results can be phoned in to On dit on 223 2685 between 4pm and 6pm on Saturdays prior to publication, or placed in the On Dit contributions box in the Sports Association Office by 1pm on Wednesdays prior to publication.

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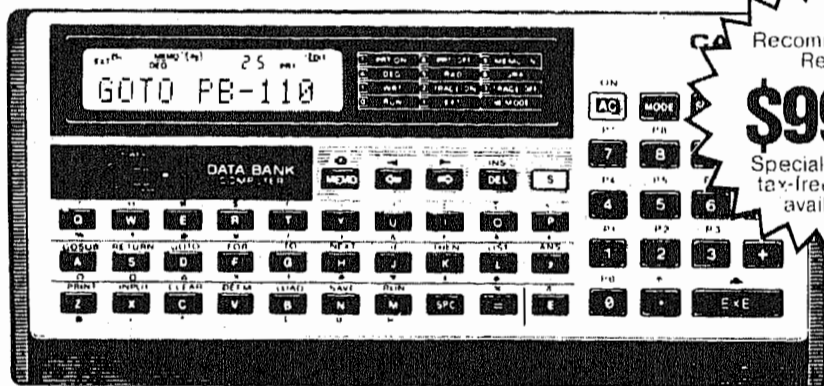
CASIO FA11

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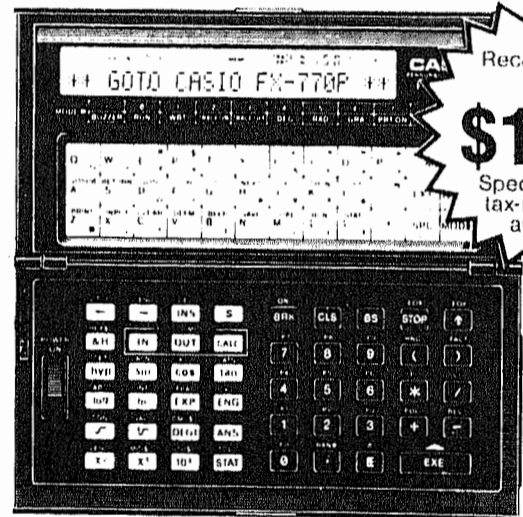
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Really two machines in one, a compact BASIC language computer with a 10 programme capacity and a Data Bank that lets you store the information you require.

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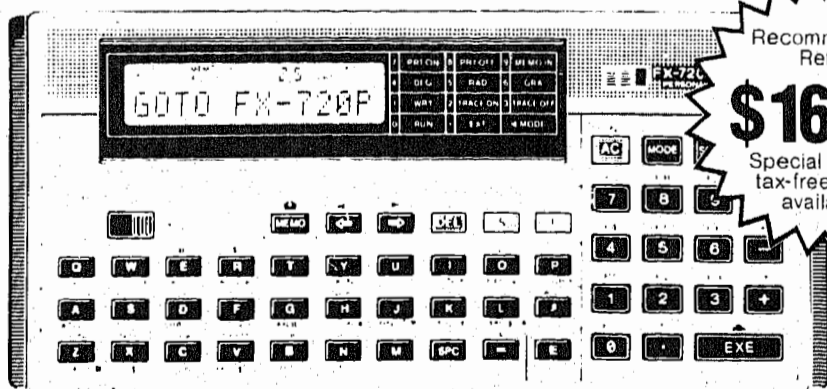
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OnDit Features

17 dead in IUD case

On April 30 this year, the biggest product liability case in history will come to a head with a court-ordered deadline for all Dalkon Shield claims. MOYA DODD reports.

Seventeen deaths, up to sixteen thousand injuries, and a damages bill approaching \$900 million - this is the story of the biggest product liability case in history, that of the Dalkon Shield intra-uterine contraceptive device.

What began as a safe alternative to the Pill for women in the early 1970s was later described by a US District Court Chief Judge as "a deadly depth charge in their wombs ready to explode at any time."

The injury claims are based on medical evidence that the Dalkon Shield has led to pelvic inflammat-

sheath, which is thought to disintegrate over time and allow bacteria to travel up into the otherwise sterile womb.

But the device, at the time used by about 100,000 Australian women, was not withdrawn from the Australian market until the following year.

Last year the *National Times* printed some internal memos of the company which shed light on the way Robins handled the early adverse publicity, especially during the period between its withdrawal from sale in America and its eventual withdrawal in Australia.

In September 1975, three months after the American withdrawal, the managing director of A.H. Robins in Australia Mr. Daryl Alexander issued a memo to all representatives.

Among other things, he said: "The present times are difficult and place greater than normal strain on each

"Cancel all advertising on Dalkon Shield until I return. Also stop I repeat all sales of Dalkon Shields. No announcement of this is to be made but just decline to supply further orders. This is to be kept to yourself. And do not advise sale force."

ory disease in some women, requiring abdominal surgery and sometimes causing infertility or even death.

The mammoth case will come to a head this year with a court-ordered deadline of April 30 for claims to be filed in the United States. The company which manufactured the devices, A.H. Robins, has been ordered to conduct a publicity campaign in 80 countries where the intra-uterine device (IUD) was used, to inform possible claimants of their right to claim for damages.

So far the total bill for damages,

of you. However, I feel sure that you have the talent, tenacity and downright 'guts' to fight back and our sales figures over the last couple of months are providing me and our company with the evidence that you have these abilities.

"All I can say is persevere and hang in there as I think time will prove that our choice of maintaining the sales of the Salkon Shield in Australia rather than taking the easy way out and suspending its sales will be appreciated by the medical profession and accepted by

"You have taken the bottom line as your guiding beacon and the low road to your route. That is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest... Face up to your misdeeds."

out-of-court settlements and costs is almost \$US500 million, and highest single award being \$US6.8 million. The going price for settlement in cases where the woman has suffered infertility as a result of the Dalkon Shield is between \$100,000 and \$200,000. But despite the huge payouts, the company has never admitted liability.

The Dalkon Shield was manufactured by A.H. Robins for four years during the early 70s.

It was marketed without extensive testing on the long-term effects of its usage, because at the time the strict US legislation relating to the marketing of drugs did not extend to IUDs.

It was voluntarily removed from the US market in June 1974 after Food and Drug Administration (FDA) hearings when evidence was given of cases of perforation of the uterine wall, movement of the device into the abdominal wall and the deaths of five pregnant women which were suspected to have been caused by the IUD.

It is believed that the health risk arose from the string attached to the device. It was made of a number of filaments surrounded by a nylon

the female population of Australia."

Alexander had some cause to be pleased when, in early 1975, the FDA in America approved the Dalkon Shield's re-entry into the market on certain conditions - including a register of patients and a change in the multi-filament string.

This was announced to the Australian media at a press conference in January 1975. In a prepared statement, Alexander said that the decision to keep the Dalkon Shield on sale in Australia had been "fully vindicated".

However, no mention was made of the recommended change in the string, or that the US branch of the company was continuing to recall the old Dalkon Shields.

And only two weeks after the press conference, Alexander sent a telegram from the US to "Giles", his marketing manager.

"Cancel all advertising on Dalkon Shield until I return," it read. "Also stop I repeat all sales of Dalkon Shields. No announcement of this is to be made but just decline to supply further orders. This is to be kept to yourself. And do not advise sale force."



The following month he wrote to his sales managers, telling them that Robins would "replace the multi-filament string with a mono-filament string similar to that used on other IUDs". He said that the company would therefore not be able to promote to distribute the Dalkon Shield until new stocks arrived in six months.

He added: "Discussions of our current inability to supply the Dalkon Shield are not to be solicited from doctors other than those who are known to be users of the Dalkon Shield..."

"A copy of the FDA Drug Bulletin dated December 1974 on the current status of the IUD investigation is enclosed for your personal attention only and is not to be used in doctor discussions."

Doctors who had been using the IUDs were informed a few days later of the unavailability of the Dalkon Shield while waiting for new stocks. The FDA decision to set up a patient register was not mentioned.

In September 1975, Robins' head office in Virginia announced that plans to re-market the Dalkon Shield had been abandoned, still insisting that the device, "when properly used, is safe and effective."

The flood of litigation which followed is history for the 10,000 women who have had their claims settled, mostly out-of-court.

In one of the few trials, US District Court Chief Judge Miles Lord delivered a searing judgement to the company, accusing it of denying its

guilt in the face of overwhelming evidence.

To company officials he said: "Under your direction, your company has continued to allow women, tens of thousands of them, to wear this device - a deadly depth charge in their wombs ready to explode at any time...."

"You have taken the bottom line as your guiding beacon and the low road to your route. That is corporate irresponsibility at its meanest... Face up to your misdeeds."

The judgement was overturned on appeal and the company has taken proceedings against Judge Lord for abuse of judicial power.

An unknown number of the 2.7 million devices manufactured are still being worn by women around the world. 100,000 Dalkon Shields are known to have been in use in Australia and over 350,000 of the devices are believed to have been distributed to the Third World.

The court order for the April 30 deadline and the publicity campaign was made after Robins filed for "pre-emptive" bankruptcy in August last year.

It is uncertain whether further litigation will be permitted after the deadline has passed. Those wishing to claim must send their name, address and a signed statement saying they intend to make a claim to: Dalkon Shield, PO Box 444, Richmond, Virginia, 23203, USA.

Claimants may also wish to contact the Public Interest Advocacy Centre in Sydney (245 Castlereagh St., Sydney, 2000. Ph: 02-2645444). The Centre is presently handling claims for 1200 Australian women.

IUDs still sell here

by Gerry Cornwall

Despite adverse publicity resulting from women claiming damages for injuries associated with the Dalkon Shield, the IUD is still the third most popular form of contraception according to Adelaide Women's Community Health Centre's Education Officer, Ally Sinclair.

Ms. Sinclair said this week that although 600 claims against the manufacturers of the Dalkon Shield have been made in SA the demand for IUDs has not been dramatically effected.

She said that the demand for copper IUDs has actually increased.

"However many women have begun to question the benefits and possible side effects of the IUD as a result of the Dalkon Shield experience," she said.

"Here at the Centre we are now looking to change our general policy toward advocacy of IUDs.

"Our aim is to increase people's awareness of the possible side effects and risks associated with this form of contraception.

"By informing and educating people of the potential problems involved with use of IUDs we will be able to better protect women from unsafe medical technology."

She said that oral and diaphragm methods were still the most popular forms of contraception.

STOP THE ASIAN INVASION



The annual migrant intake was increased recently but migrant community leaders feel it is still too small.

Conservatives move for White Oz policy, but...

Anti-Asian graffiti is the most public manifestation of the current backlash against Asian immigration. *On dit* examines the political and philosophical aspects of the debate.

A recent *Bulletin* cover story by former Fraser speech writer David Barnett on "how the bloated ethnic industry is dividing Australia" is the latest blow in a campaign being waged by conservative forces who are yearning for a return to the days of the White Australia policy.

The article in itself is not worthy of detailed consideration; it is poorly researched, illogical, incoherent and inaccurate. At many points it assumes readers will accept as given an incontrovertible, highly debatable and prejudiced assumption.

How many readers, for example, would share Barnett's alarm that Australia no longer designs and makes its own machine guns, a fact which he cites as evidence that Australia is in a calamitous state of decline caused, he implies, by the diversion of much-needed funds into multi-cultural programmes.

Barnett's article is significant as part of a much wider movement against the Australian government's current policy of multiculturalism.

There are still plenty of problems in the administration of Australia's immigration programme and multiculturalism as a sociological concept is still fraught with unresolved and

It can be argued that these new egalitarian social philosophies have never had any more than superficial support from the majority of Australians, and especially dominant Anglo-Australians, who retain largely xenophobic or racist views of any but their own ethnic groups.

Many Australians believe that non-Anglo migrants should be required to assimilate, to imitate Anglo-Saxon norms of behaviour, and that those who speak with foreign accents, etc. are by definition non-Australian.

A study of opinion polls conducted since the post WWII immigration boom began, reveals that those interviewed who thought there were too many immigrants coming into the country have almost always outweighed those who thought there was the right number or not enough.

When asked to estimate the number they thought would be appropriate, however, those interviewed often gave a number in excess of that actually arriving at that stage of their migrant intake.

Those intellectuals and journalists who are now leading the charge against multi-culturalism have always had this groundswell of anti-migrant

"There are still plenty of problems in the administration of Australia's immigration programme..."

often unaddressed philosophical problems.

But in principle we now have much fairer immigration and ethnic affairs policies which offer protection, at least in principle, to migrants who in the past were severely disadvantaged as a result of non-Anglo Saxon cultural characteristics.

With the abandonment of the so-called White Australia policy, the government's immigration programme has been non-discriminatory so that no-one is excluded on

prejudice to call upon for support.

The most outstanding of these intellectuals is, of course, Professor Blainey of Melbourne University, who in some sense has got the conservative campaign up and running by allowing its proponents to argue that they are not racist, that they have the support of one of Australia's leading academic minds, that their arguments were based on sound historical and sociological analysis rather than on prejudice.

"Many Australians believe that non-Anglo migrants should be required to assimilate, to imitate Anglo-Saxon norms of behaviour..."

the grounds of their race, colour, creed or nationality. Linked with this are the settlement policies which hold that the distinct cultural characteristics of migrant groups are to be respected and sustained, in marked contradistinction to the old "melting-pot" assimilation policies, which had a vision of all migrants somehow shedding their ethnic background and becoming dinkum Aussies.

This is not the place to explore in detail Blainey's argument. The difficult contention that Asians are being given preferential treatment in the immigration process and that as a consequence levels of Asian immigration are too high; and that because public view cannot accept this number of new Asian arrivals social harmony is threatened, has been thoroughly analysed and dumped in other places.

It is relevant here, however, to examine why this conservative push initiated by Blainey and taken up by others has continued to prosper.

One significant factor has been the handling of the immigration and ethnic affairs portfolio in the Hawke Labor government. Multiculturalism does run counter to the prejudice of the Australian Liberal Party, and as a consequence it has to be defended and argued for constantly.

"...under the Hawke government a philosophical and rhetorical vacuum has been created..."

Under the Whitlam Labor government multi-culturalism received inspirational, philosophical and rhetorical backing. Liberal Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, even if he did not always have the support of his fellow party members, followed Whitlam in providing energetic support. But under the Hawke government, and especially under the current Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Mr. Chris Hurford, a philosophical and rhetorical vacuum has been created which the conservative forces of Anglo supremacy have been all too willing to fill.

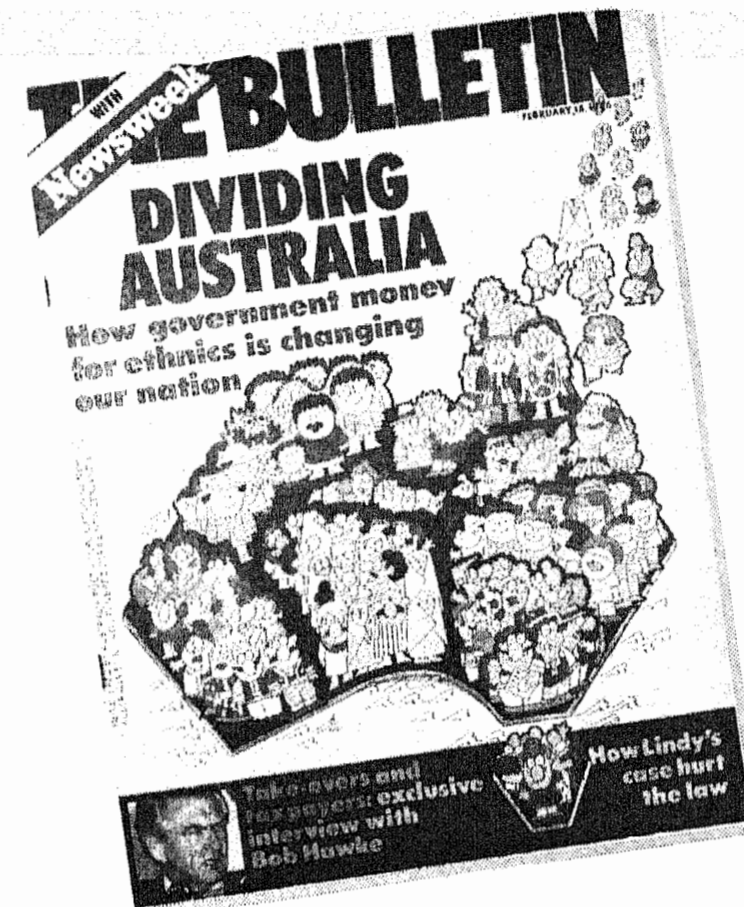
Mr. Hurford, a former accountant, has not seen his role as that of a convincing, outspoken advocate of multiculturalism - his concern has been with appearing to be a sound financial manager. A number of Hurford's initiatives have led migrant leaders to doubt his commitment to their cause.

He has re-introduced English competence as a criterion in the test for one category of family reunions - a highly symbolic and emotive issue to the non-English speaking community who regard it as discriminatory.

Mr. Hurford has made a point of having a high public profile in his efforts to crack down on illegal immigrants, an issue which inevitably undermines the position of the migrant communities in general.

On a trip to England and Europe last year he made a number of statements about how Anglo-culture and Anglo-institutions would always prevail in Australia, a point which, whatever its truth, offered encouragement to the Anglo supremacists.

As for his apparent lack of ability or desire to seek to make multiculturalism an issue in the public arena, and his inability to speak out convincingly for the benefits of cultural diversity, then it is easy to see why tired old proponents of a white Australia such as David Barnett feel confident that the majority of Australians will agree that government money going to maintain distinct ethnic identities is money mispent.



...migrant intake up

by Richard Ogier

The increases in the migrant intake foreshadowed by the Immigration Minister, Mr. Hurford, last week, have been dismissed by Adelaide migrant leaders as "nominal".

And they feel that the current requirements for migrant entry discriminate against people from non-English speaking countries.

The Hurford programme details a boost in the migrant intake to 95,000 for 1986-7 - 10,000 more than for this financial year, with a further increase to 105,000 the year after.

Department of Immigration Officials flew from Canberra to sell the programme to a conference of local migrant leaders last Thursday but "no delegate was happy with it", according to a spokesperson who preferred not to be named.

"If you look at the figures - you can see that the increases are not significant," said Ted Iuliano, a senior official with the umbrella organisation, "Ethnic Communities Council."

"Hurford's only talking about a few thousand; a fractional increase on the level as it now stands."

All Migrant leaders *On dit* contacted said that the orientation of current policy - as well as the rationale for future increases - is too heavily based on economic considerations, to the exclusion of the social, cultural and "human" aspects of migration. A spokesperson for ICRA, the Indo Chinese Refugee Association referred to the "dictatorship" of Economics for Labor.

Changes to migrant entry requirements under the 60 point system introduced by the Minister on July 1st last year, make it harder for people who cannot speak English to get acceptance into Australia. The changes also give additional weight to education achievements and a good business record.

They have resulted in "a very large decline" in the Indo Chinese intake

Mr. Vinh, a group leader told *On dit*. Said Kevin Liston of ICRA, "I would suggest that it is much more difficult now for Indo-Chinese to get acceptance, and we feel that we are discriminated against."

"The scheme is geared to the Australian work scene. In Vietnam, the study of English is not encouraged - even less than it has been in the past. A doctor in Vietnam can't get to Australia unless his English is good."

While spokespeople claimed that they understood the government's concern about migrant unemployment in the context of a serious national problem, they said that it was given to much weight.

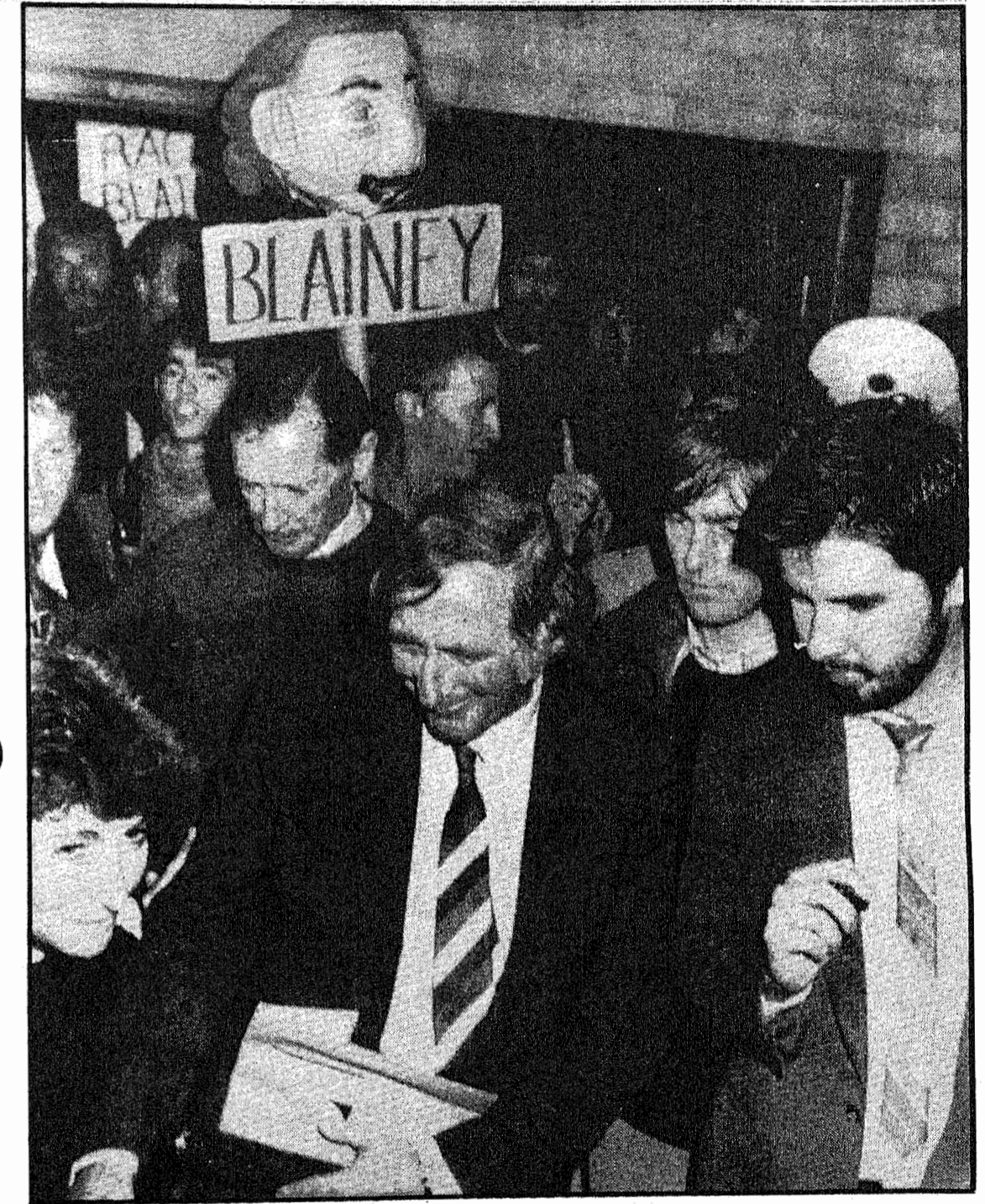
Unemployment is not high because of people who can't speak English," said a representative for the get Indo-Chinese Women's Association; "even professional unemployment is high." Vietnamese people who come here are willing to take any work - doctors take jobs in factories - and these people work very hard."

Of Mr. Hurford, the Minister for Immigration - who is also the Minister assisting the Treasurer - Ted Iuliano said, "in speeches he emphasizes Multiculturalism for Australia, but his immigration policy goes the other way."

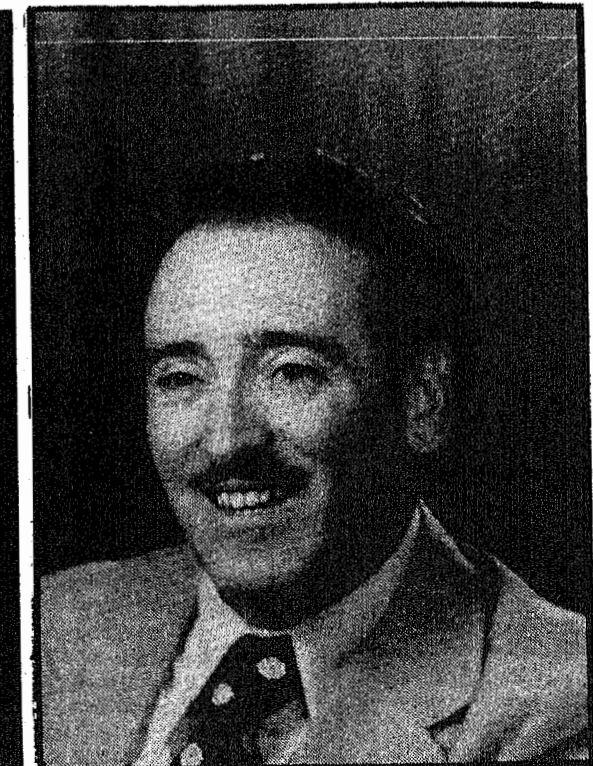
Another said "Ian McPhee was a much better minister and so was Al Grassby before him..." He accused Hurford of wanting to bring out "people who are rich and want to get richer. They don't really need to come."

"I don't know if it is deliberate or not but certainly it seems the current policy is designed to discourage people from coming unless they are from English speaking countries."

Most community representatives were reluctant to give their names because, as one put it, "we want to give the community an idea of what is happening but we don't want to undermine our cause."



Professor Geoffrey Blainey - a prominent academic leading the campaign against multiculturalism. Conservative forces are following his lead.



Chris Hurford (left) and Al Grassby: Grassby captured the ethnic vote that Hurford is losing.

On the Cheap

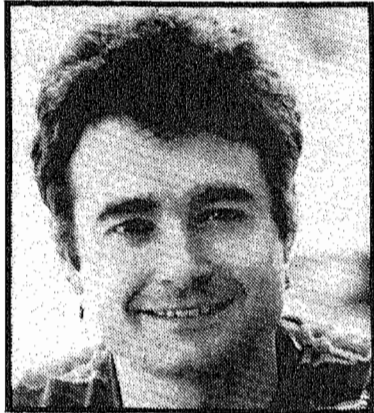
Knowing the limits of the average student's weekly budget, *On dit* here presents a guide to the Festival and Fringe on the cheap.

Regardless of whether you manage to get as excited about the Festival as you're supposed to, seeing one or two shows at least provides a conversation topic to fall back on when all of those boring holiday stories are exhausted.

So, bearing the post-holiday debt crisis in mind, *On dit* has put together a listing of Fringe and Festival shows costing a modest ten dollars or less to see.

This throws open almost all of the Fringe shows, but predictably Festival shows are more expensive. However, listed below are the few Festival productions that can be seen without crossing the ten dollar mark.

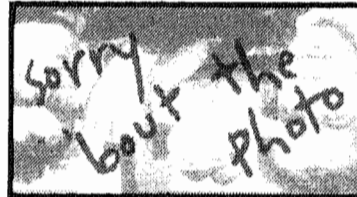
The *Last Drive-In on Earth* has its world premiere at the Festival. Beginning on March 1 and running until the end of the Festival, *The Last Drive-In on Earth* 'explores



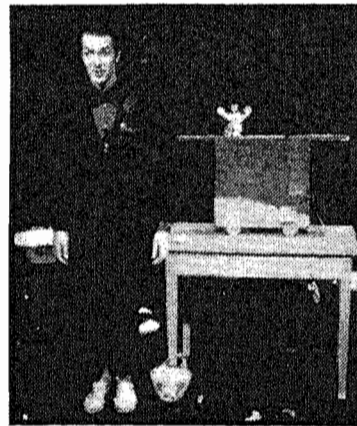
the extraordinary phenomenon of urban myths, and ends up head first in the murky world of adolescent sexuality'. Troupe Theatre is pro-



Los Trios Ringbarkus make an appearance at the Festival Theatre - in fact they make quite a few appearances - but book early anyway. They're on from March 11-15 and March 17-20, with a student price of \$8.



Jacques Templero performs *Paris Bonjour* and *Intimes, Intimes*. These table theatre performances have been described as 'charming, witty, tender and very French'. Both shows are on at the Little Theatre, and run from March 1-9, and both are easy on the hip pocket.



Ensemble Perceval are a group of musicians whose performances are devoted to the music of the middle ages. They use original instruments to evoke the mood of the era they are trying to recreate. There is only one performance of each of two programs so, once more, get your tickets quickly for March 11 and March 13.



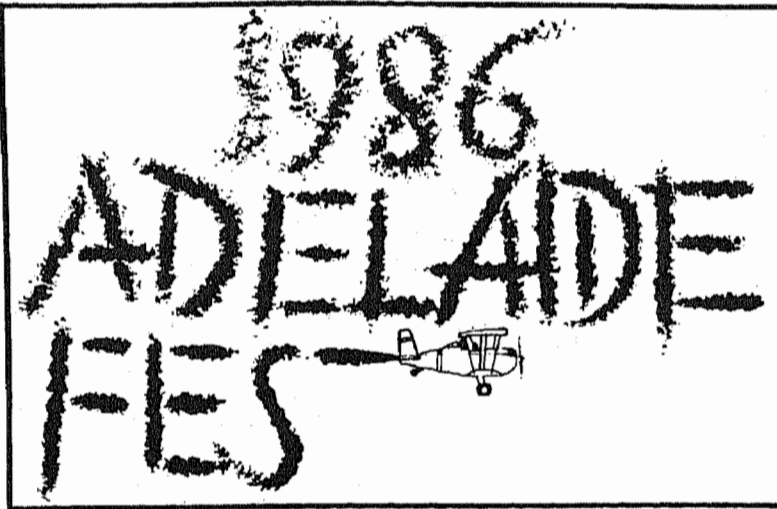
The *Wakefield Chronicles* - just one performance on March 5, and performed in association with the Elder Conservatorium. Many of Australia's leading players will combine to make this one of the big events of the Festival music schedule.



That about covers the Festival unless you can afford to spend a little more. The Fringe however is fair game for all but the most penurious of students, and with over 200 shows to choose from there's plenty to see. Here's a few promising suggestions. There are productions of a number of updated 'classics' in the Fringe Program.

Naturally no theatre program is complete without a sprinkling of Shakespeare. Accordingly the Oz Ark Theatre Company is producing *Love's Rite*, 'a contemporary dramatization of selected sonnets'. The Unley Youth Theatre will perform *Macbeth*.

Julie McCrossin plays *Dr. Mary Hartman*, a prominent sexologist



The world premiere of *Boojum*, produced by The State Opera of South Australia, is a musical based on *The Hunting of the Snark*, a Lewis Carroll poem. A student concession ticket will cost \$10.00. The show begins March 10 and runs almost till the close of the Festival.



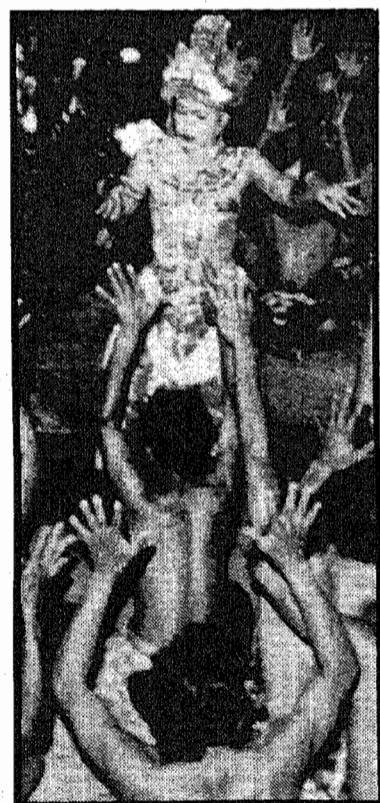
L.S.D. (Just the High Points) promises to be one of the more interesting theatre productions of the '86 Festival. Performed by The Wooster Group, a student concession ticket costs \$9. The show runs for a fortnight beginning March 1.



Rockaby by Samuel Beckett performed by Billie Whitelaw, asks only \$9 for a student concession ticket. The show has received a number of rave reviews overseas, and is showing from March 2 until March 6 in Union Hall.

ducing this one, at \$6 for student concession. Magpie Theatre is producing *Small Poppies* by David Holman. Holman's 1984 Festival production, *No Worries*, was well received. So this could be worth seeing. It opens on March 1 and closes on March 22.

The Monkey Dance by the Kecak performers is a 'modern, non-religious version of an old exorcist ritual.' It shows at the Amphitheatre from March 8-14, and once more is highly



affordable. And now something completely different! *The Awaji Puppets* stretch 500 years into Japan's cultural past. Each puppet is operated by three people while a narrator chants a story. Apparently you don't need to speak the lingo to follow the story. They are performing on March 10 through to March 15 at the Royalty Theatre.

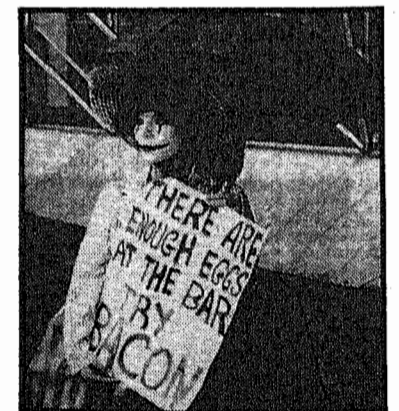


Among these *The Picture of Dorian Gray* has been singled out by the Australian Comedic Revue for special treatment, while Independent Theatre Company seems to have done something good with Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*.

who guarantees to cure any member of the audience with sexual hang-ups.



And the Dramadillo Theatre Company has crossed the Tasman to bring us *The Odyssey* with a combination of mime, dance, aerobatics and storytelling. On the cabaret/revue program, the Adelaide University Footlights people are producing *Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Two Elevators* and *a Lift*.

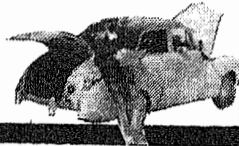


And finally, not to be missed for any reason whatever is *The Giddy People* by the Castanet Club. Watch this show for the amazing Shirley Purvis and her retiring but amiable son, Darren.

There's also plenty of dance, mime, and music and films to be seen and heard, along with a number of visual arts shows - many of which are free.

The people who produced *Bruce Cuts Off His Hand* are back with a new show - this time called *Bruce Cuts Off His Hand Again*. And just to help you keep track of things SUV will be running a 'Festival Roundup' each weeknight from March 3-19 at 6pm, including interviews, previous recordings and a 'What's On' segment. This will cover both the Festival and the Fringe.

So grab a friend, pick a show, and wander off to take a look at a slice of Australian culture in the 1986 Adelaide Festival and Fringe. Cheers.



DO RE MI have gone SO FA

Do Re Mi will be at Adelaide University next weekend as part of the O-Ball. **JOE PENHALL** caught up with **Helen Carter** of *Do Re Mi* recently and talked with her about the band's work.

On dit: One of the most striking aspects of *Do Re Mi* is the "awareness" of the lyrics, and their outspokenness on many social (as well as political) anomalies: For example "Man Overboard", paints a fairly sordid, disillusioned picture of sex. Do you think a lot of people identify with that?

Helen Carter: I think it's the antithesis of a love song really, and I think people do relate to it. Rather than saying "Oh, my heart's been broken - you've left me", or "I've just fallen in love with you isn't it marvellous?" we've taken the more sinister side of it. But I think it's a fairly true side of a relationship ... not that every relationship that people (or myself) have been through have ended up like that. But I think in a lot of cases that is the way it happens. It's just like a tension - a sexual tension that we've written about really.

On dit: Do you put that tension down to any particular force, like "male chauvinism" for example?

H.C.: I think it's a combination of a lot of things - I don't think it's a strictly male-oriented thing. In fact those lyrics in particular were written by Dorland - which a lot of people find unusual, him being a man - and he wrote them about some female friends ... so it's not necessarily a male chauvinist thing.

O.D.: That's funny because the band has this feminist image, are any of you "dialectic" feminists?

H.C.: We're all feminists in a way, but in fact the men are probably more feminist than Deb and myself. I think it's just more of a sensitivity than a political thing.

H.C.: Are you satisfied with what you've done, so far, in music? Do you think the lyrics are getting through, ... or do you think the attention on Debra as a singer and a pretty face sometimes dominates too much?

H.C.: It depends on who you are and what way you look at it. We obviously like to think that people take notice of what we're writing but we don't want to get up on a soapbox and pontificate left, right and centre. In every band there's always going to be a frontperson, and that's something you've got to live with. Deb is the frontperson for *Do Re Mi* ... we don't pinpoint her, or push her to the front.

That's not the way the band works, we're very democratic... But I'm quite happy for her to take the wicardos who ring up saying "I want to marry you" or whatever (laughs)...

I think the music and lyrics come across much more strongly than any individual personality.

O.D.: Does it worry you that people will buy the records just on face value for instance if they bought the last one they'll buy the next one?

H.C.: Oh I think tonnes of people do that, don't you?

O.D.: Yes, but what if it gets to the stage when people are no longer being politicized, but are just buying it because....

H.C.: ...Because it's fashionable? Well there's not much you can do about that. It's the nature of the human being - they buy things that other people tell them are good or popular. But that doesn't mean we'll discontinue to write what we

believe in, and write about social issues ... it's not a cop-out on our part by any means. It's great if they buy the next record, and hopefully we'll still be writing material that's up to the same standard.

O.D.: On the *Domestic Harmony* album there are a lot of lyrics about war, and concern about the almost-certainty of it. Do you think you can actually change people or events with such lyrics?

H.C.: I think the combination of people or bands, or whoever, writing about it and making people aware of the danger of it can. It's a group thing, everybody's got to get together.

One person or one band isn't going to change anything, but that's no reason not to talk about it - the more people that are talking about and doing something about it, the better the chance we've got of stopping a nuclear war ... which I think our lyrics say more than "the inevitability of things". I don't think we're that pessimistic. There's more of a hope I think.

O.D.: There's a very strong mentality of "this is the lucky country". Is this something that you'd like to do away with?

H.C.: No, we are lucky in a lot of ways. But I think we are lucky - not politically, or necessarily socially - we're lucky because we've obviously got a lot of opportunities to do things. Even the most minor things, like the climate, and stuff like that, it makes people feel good and happy, and therefore they become a bit lazy, and a little bit apathetic, I think.

O.D.: Last year was International Youth Year...

H.C.: (Derisively) Ha Ha Ha ... yeah...

O.D.: ...it didn't get very far...

H.C.: Well, Bob Hawke decided in *November* or something, to

release *Priority One*... and put on *A* concert or something, and basically it's just not good enough. It was a joke ... laughable!

O.D.: So what steps could he have taken to make it work?

H.C.: I just think it could have been better planned, if the ball could have started rolling from the word "go" (instead of November), and got a few more schemes happening ... and jobs. Jobs would have been a much more important area to concentrate on.

O.D.: Well the government had hoped to introduce a thousand Youth Training Schemes, and no where near that are in operation...

H.C.: And I think a lot of other things like that, that were around last year have been cancelled. I've got a few friends that are in the art world, who live on TEAS - which is impossible, who are trying to get grants ... and they've just been cancelled. I think Arts industry suffers quite a lot from not being able to get grants. We were on the dole for two years, and also playing - we weren't earning any money at that stage by playing - but we looked at being on the dole as subsidizing our career ... like getting a grant.

O.D.: Do you think there is a place in music for the type of specific issues that we're discussing now? I mean, with music acting as a sort of "information service" ... Because probably more kids listen to pop music than read the papers?

H.C.: It'd be great if there was an "information system" ... a better one than we've already got. It's so important to try and keep abreast of all the issues - but it's very difficult.

O.D.: But with competition like Madonna, who appears appears so uncommitted and faceless do you think it's an uphill battle.

H.C.: No not really, there's room in the world for everything, I think. There's always going to be the other pole, there's always going to be

something pulling in another direction which as far as we're concerned only makes us try harder.

It's just what I was saying before ... If Molly Meldrum says "Oh wow, this woman Madonna is absolutely fantastic, you must go out and buy the record." They do! Especially the younger audiences. So a lot of bands say "We're not going on *Countdown*, it sucks", but we think "We will go on *Countdown* and play our songs - they're different" and hopefully get across to that type of audience as well... So, sure, Madonna's there. Lots of people are there. We care and that's all that matters to us.

O.D.: Do you ever think that you're not getting your message across?

H.C.: Sometimes I think you get a little frustrated with things, and that you're not getting it across as well as you'd like to - but that quickly passes. I mean, we are dedicated enough to our ideals to keep going with. Sometimes we have a bit of a joke and say "Lets write a pop song - get really famous and rich" ... but of course that'll never happen (laughs).

O.D.: Finally, in summary, what exactly is *Do Re Mi's* message, or dominant ideal?

H.C.: I think the main message that *Do Re Mi's* trying to get across is that we've got to try to stop the nuclear threat .. that's the most important thing.

O.D.: And that comes before unemployment and feminism and so on?

H.C.: Well, you've got to look at it this way: If someone presses a button and the entire earth gets blown up, there's not going to be any feminists left! I mean, we're talking about Global Destruction here. It's definitely the most important thing.

Once in a while...

TWICE IN A LIFETIME
Academy Cinemas

by Graham Lugsden

Man is a creature of habit, and desires the security of unchanging dependables in society for his collective peace of mind. When cherished fundamental truths are demolished or discredited, people feel uneasy and insecure. The corruptness of politicians, the overwhelming ability of one's own football team, the notorious unreliability of Fords ... all are accepted as gospel amongst their various adherents.

Another such commonly held belief is that Hollywood produces cringingly bad films that rely on special effects, enormous budgets and sex to steamroll the juvenile audience through the box office.

"Quality" films were considered to be of either European or Australian origin. Thus, once one had done one's patriotic duty by seeing *Man From Snowy River* at least seven times, *Gallipoli* at least twelve times, and then quietly admitted at society parties that one had seen *Chariots of Fire* once or thrice - despite it being a Pommy flick - there was no reason for ever going back to the cinema, since "the Americans have forgotten how to make good films."

Such was the perception of the movie-going public out there in two kids/two cars/two mortgages suburbia. What had happened to the good of 'family movie, to which one could safely take grannie and junior? Simply, no-one wanted to finance a film that could not guarantee to pull in the enormous teenage audience.

Which leads us, somewhat indirectly, to *Twice In A Lifetime*. This is a 'quality' film, part of the trickle

that is now (hopefully) gaining momentum, including such films as *Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Ordinary People* and *Terms of Endearment*.

Harry McKenzie is a steel worker in Seattle, married to Kate for thirty years. On his fiftieth birthday, he celebrates with his family, goes to the local pub for a drink with the boys, and falls in love.

The twist on the old theme is that Harry, (Gene Hackman), does not fall for a teenage beauty queen; he has an affair with a woman of his wife's generation. Audrey is the new barmaid at the "Shamrock", the watering hole for the steel workers. She rejuvenates Harry's otherwise pedestrian existence: "It's been a long since I didn't know what a day had in store for me" he grins.

Naïvely, Harry hopes to lead a double life, with a stable home life at night, and his mistress in the daytime.

But then the local gossip informs Harry's wife, Kate, about his new love. Harry, when confronted with the accusations, admits all.

Harry wants to have his cake and eat it too. When forced into making a decision, he selfishly decides to take his second chance at life, and dumps Kate and family in favour of Audrey.

In the fifties and sixties, Britain had a large pool of character actors that shared the starring roles between themselves. The Americans have some "nameless" actors of their own now, and *Lifetime* has six of them in the major roles, given virtually equal screen time and equivalent script treatment.

The focus of the plot is of course Harry, played sensitively and realistically by Gene Hackman. (He was once voted, along with classmate Dustin Hoffman, the actor least likely to succeed). We do not despise Harry McKenzie; we sym-



From left : Amy Madigan, Ann-Margret and Ally Sheedy in *Twice In A Lifetime*

pathise with him. That is a considerable achievement of Hackman's.

Ellen Burstyn, as Harry's wife Kate, has undoubtedly received an enormous amount of mail from women in a similar position to Kate; abandoned when they had a right to believe that they were safe, securely married. One could swear that this has really happened to her. (It hasn't).

Harry's first daughter, Sunny, never accepts her father's "betrayal". Amy Madigan, who plays Sunny, leans on her parents for emotional support. Her own marriage is suffering because of her own husband's inability to find work. When Harry leaves Kate for Audrey, Sunny is outraged, but not only on her mother's behalf. She can see the same thing happening to herself. Amy Madigan is in the film's best scene, a tragi-comic con-

frontation between Harry, Audrey, Kate and herself, in the "Shamrock". She is so powerful that she dwarfs even Gene Hackman.

Sunny's little sister, seventeen-year-old Helen (Ally Sheedy) is forced to give up her plans for college, because of her father's defection, with the consequent loss of income. Instead, she decides to marry young, as her parents did.

Ann-Margret, the under-rated Swedish actress, plays the difficult role of "the other woman", Audrey, so often portrayed as simply a dumb blonde. She is restrained in the delicate bits, and refreshing in the romantic bits. Very watchable.

The sixth "main actor" was Brian Dennehy, who pops up as Harry's long time pal, Nick. Remember the mean sheriff in *First Blood*? That was Brian Dennehy, one of America's nameless faces. Of him,

director Bud Yorkin said, "I really held my breath until we got Brian, because there's simply no other actor who can do what he does best. To see him working with Gene was quite a strong experience - in one day it seemed as if they had been friends for years."

Twice In A Lifetime was written by Englishman Colin Welland, of *Chariots of Fire* fame. He can write.

There's an Oscar in this film somewhere, but it is difficult to decide who is outstanding amongst such a consistent bunch. It has no nudity, no villain and only a dash of strong language. (What a joy to sit in the same theatre as people who still gasp at the magical four-letter word! And they weren't that elderly, either).

There are no aliens, no special effects, no randy teenagers. And it is so much the better for it.

A cut above the rest?

JAGGED EDGE
Hoyts Cinemas City

by Dino Di Rosa

Despite its cut-throat title, the thriller *Jagged Edge* seems initially to be a little too smooth and gradual, examining in storied detail the fine line that separates the unlawful from the lawful, the immoral from the moral, wrong from right.

A successful woman publisher, Page Forrester, has been murdered in the most emphatic way imaginable - bludgeoned by a knife with the cruel, jagged edge of the title. An unscrupulous D.A. (Peter Coyote), who likes to think he always gets his man, suspects her cool, business-like editor-husband, Jack Forrester (Jeff Bridges), and begins gathering evidence - circumstantial and hearsay - to effect his guilt and conviction.

Meanwhile, Forrester has been recommended an attractive and principled divorcee, Teddy Barnes (played by the credible actress Glenn Close), as his defence lawyer; helping her is a frazzled private investigator (Robert Loggia) with a heart of gold and a mouth of dross. With a trust based on mutual fidelity and innocence, naturally the defence lawyer and her client fall in love.

Until the movie comes to its shock effects and turns, it can appear dull and indifferent. Richard Marquand's direction is solidly preparative (as it was in the *Eye of the Needle*) and throughout the *Return of the Jedi*). Joe Eszterhas's screenplay is

well-drawn, but the photograph by Matthew F. Leonetti is too leafy and wooden for an old-style pressure-cooker thriller set in San Francisco, which was after all where Sam Spade told Brigid O'Shaunessey she killed Miles, and would be going over it in *The Maltese Falcon*.

Marquand has explained how he gets 'round to melodramatic situations: "I am fascinated by the way people need things from each other and what happens when people disappoint, are disappointed or feel a sense of anger. Explosive action results. To see those passions burning, just held under the surface, leading people down corridors of deceit, is a very interesting area for me."

But it's only when these concerns bring us to the first court room scenes that *Jagged Edge* really gets to you - the fine line becomes the most serrated of edges, that between life and death. Where the performances have seemed to be wanting something, they become enigmatic and complex, which is admirable in a movie such as this.

Except for his court room scenes, in which he is asked to look agonized by the evidence the D.A. has put together, Bridges especially is puzzling, and ultimately even poetic. (For some reason he never appears in the dock). Close, on the other hand, glows in these particular scenes; wearing Ann Roth's outfits, she's blonde and smart and in her element. Loggia is a charming old so-and-so whose what-the-shit philosophy you take home with you after *Jagged Edge* turns out to be a rather unsettling experience.



Danny Adcock and Noni Hazelhurst in *Fran*

Welfare blues

FRAN
Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

FRAN is a low budget Australian drama of a mother whose need for male attention strongly conflicts with her love for her children.

Fran's husband Ray (Danny Adcock) beats her up early in the piece and leaves her to go on a truck run up north. Fran has been tarting around. But even as he drives away, Fran chases after him.

Noni Hazelhurst's portrayal of an emotionally insecure and promiscuous mother won her an AFI Award for Best Actress. There is a vivid reality to her many sides. Glenda Hambly's humorous script and direction is able to bring out the inner warmth and childlike

qualities to Fran's flawed character.

Fran picks up a barman, Jeff (Alan Fletcher), and stays with him for three days, while her neighbour Marge (Annie Byron) looks after the abandoned young children. Fran continually confuses her.

Fran is a victim of the Welfare Department. A ward of the state as a child, Fran detests their involvement in her "adult life".

Lisa (Narelle Simpson), Fran's eldest daughter, is interfered with by Jeff and is taken away by the department. Fran begins a vengeful battle for her kids. She just won't accept that Jeff is a child molester.

Fran is a hard-hitting drama with a contemporary realism. The modern-day tragedy is that Lisa is going to grow up like her

Blowin' in the...

WINDY CITY
Piccadilly Cinema

by Graham Lugsden

There is a hopeless romantic buried inside even the most cynical of us all.

Windy City is aimed at those of us who still open doors for partners, buy flowers for the wife and dream of sailing away in a beautiful ship to an eternally beautiful paradise. And the latter is exactly what the 'Rogues' do.

'The Rogues' are a group of young men who grew up together in Chicago (the *Windy City*), and the film examines their lives since they have 'grown up'. It looks at how their dreams and aspirations of childhood have metamorphosed into the realities of adult life.

Sol, the 'soul' of the Rogues, is dying, and only Danny, an unpublished writer, is still idealistic enough to attempt to fulfil Sol's last wish - a sea journey across the Pacific in a square-rigger.

The other Rogues have become too disillusioned with the real world to help their dying friend.

Also thrown in is the inevitable love story.

For a while it looks like our hero Danny will not get the girl or his friends' last wish. I won't reveal the end because it's painfully obvious.

Windy City is folksy, saccharine-drenched, predictable and easily liked. It will not win any awards, nor will it break attendance records. So soppy romantics, grab it while you can. And buy her chocolates afterwards.

Erred Epic

REVOLUTION
Academy Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

Revolution deserves all the critical brickbats which have been hurled in its direction because it really is a shoddy attempt at an American epic.

The huge expertise in *Revolution* spans from such acting respectables as Al Pacino, Nastassja Kinski and Donald Sutherland, to scriptwriter Robert Dillon (*The River*), producer Irwin Winkler (*Rocky's, Right Stuff*) and visual stylist Hugh Hudson (*Greystoke, Chariots Of Fire*). This just proves that even distinguished crew and cast can completely make a mess of a movie.

Al Pacino plays Tom Dobb, an illiterate peasant who gets caught up in the American War of Independence by mistake when his son Ned (Sid Owen) enlists as a drummer boy in the army. Pacino looks totally out of place in the American Revolution with his multi-changing

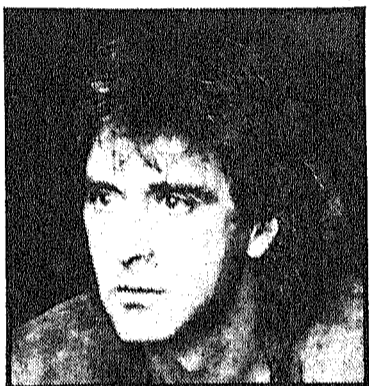
accent and appearance. Who knows why he chose a period picture when, except for the two *Godfather* movies, he has always been a contemporary actor. It seems that the producers wanted a big-gun to draw in the masses because they tried to get Richard Gere - and he would have been worse.

Nastassja Kinski plays Daisy McConnahay, a rebel daughter from an aristocratic family who falls in love with Tom Dobb. The screen romance is never fully explored because the whole script is undeveloped and empty. Kinski's role is so vague and shallow that there seems to be little point of having her in the film.

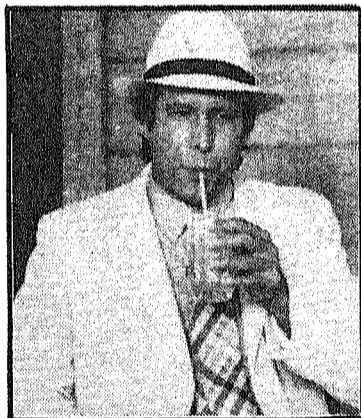
Donald Sutherland, who in recent years has lost his screen appeal, won't receive many accolades after *Revolution*. He plays the stringent, cruel British officer, Sergeant Peasy. Both Pacino and Sutherland have sons in the film but the script fails to highlight the parallel intended.

However, director Hugh Hudson who was hindered by production problems with *Revolution*, is able to paint a few striking sequences as with the dog hunt of Tom Dobb, the suicidal victory battle of the red coats and the unfair recruitment of Tom Dobb and his son.

Revolution is disappointing overall because of the poor script and casting. One can tell from the publicity that the artistic intentions of the filmmakers were a lot grander than the finished product. *Revolution* is an erred epic, a failed grandiose film which one can see that there was something better in mind behind the celluloid than on it.



Al Pacino



Goony humour "pretty crass"



The Griswolds

Le Travel

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S
EUROPEAN VACATION
Academy Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

European Vacation was one of the big hits of the U.S. summer last year, if only because of the gigantic popularity of Chevy Chase over there.

It's happening over here as well. Chase has appeared in three films in the past year and all have been box office hits. He played an investigative reporter who masquerades as a number of different characters in *Fletch* and will next be seen in John Landis' *Spies Like Us* with Dan Akroyd. In *European Vacation*, he reprises his role as the bungling accident-prone dad, Clark Griswold.

It is the sequel to *National Lampoon's Vacation* in which Chase and his all-American family tracked across America in one of the most ill-happened holidays for a long time.

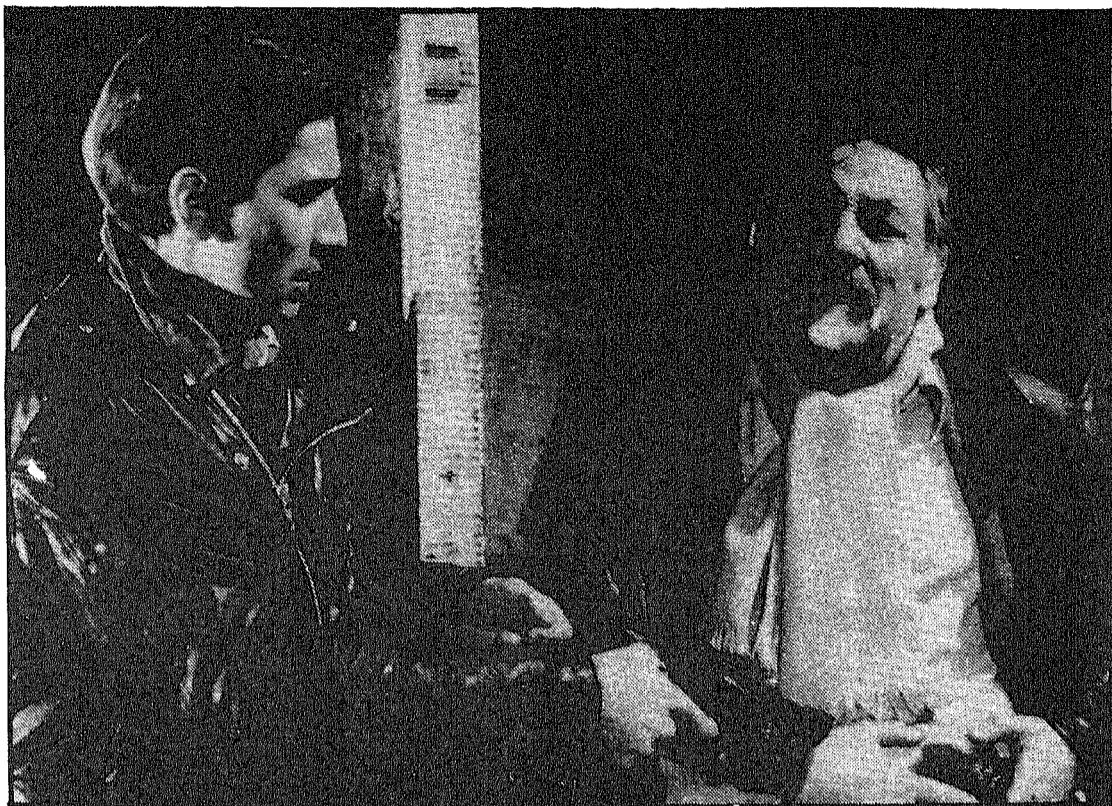
Their *European Vacation* takes off when the Griswolds win a trip on a TV game show in which the contestants must act like pigs. Their trip to England, France, Germany and Italy is one devastating disaster compared to their first vacation.

They first fly to London where they discover the British are very decent people who don't think twice about car accidents and bodily injuries as in the case with a cameo role by Monty Python Eric Idle.

In Paris, the Griswolds get chronically payed out by a French waiter and in Munich, Chase creates mayhem at a beer festival. The Griswolds actually spend a week with a confused German family who they think are their relatives. What's more, overdressed in Italy, they discover that their lost "intimate" videotape of Clark and his suffering wife (Beverly D'Angelo) has wound up in a skinflick theatre.

One can gather the kind of goony level of humour is pretty crass. However, it seems controlled without becoming too vulgar because the *Vacation* films have a wider appeal than the *Porky's* kind. Director Amy Heckerling (*Fast Times, Johnny Dangerously*) whisks it all along at a breakneck pace with so many gags that the thinness of the material goes unnoticed.

What *European Vacation* does right is send up the various European nationalities and totally obliterate them rather like *Gotcha!* did last year in a more subtle way.



Thierry Lhermitte and Michel Noiret play two cops in *Les Ripoux*

Frog flic heads 'art' house line-up

In what appears an escalating trend, it seems that the art or foreign film has come into its own and has now found a firm place in mainstream cinema.

The resurgence of quality film was apparent last year with such films as *Blood Simple, Bliss* and *Dance With A Stranger* being released in the city hardtops.

Adelaide now fully caters for the discerning cinema goer with five cinemas regularly showing art, and foreign, films. These are the Classic at the Fair Lady, and Trak cinemas, the twin Cinemas Du Sous-Sol, and the Piccadilly cinema.

Mr Barry Loane, the manager of the Classic At The Fair Lady cinema, believes that people are tired of big blockbusters and *E.T.'s* and are now looking for quality.

Loane used to run the Classic Cinema in Wakefield Street until it was forced to move to make way for a new office block.

So Loane has moved to the Fair Lady Theatre which a few years ago unsuccessfully ran art movies. "It was being run by two people who were interstate, and so when a film was released, all there would be the

day before (publicity wise) was an ad in the paper."

Loane takes his film product seriously. Once a year he takes a pre-view trip overseas, usually to California, to check the foreign films scene before they come to Australia. Loane maintains that running an art house is a seven day a week job. A lot of behind the scenes work is needed for a special interest cinema.

The Classic at the Fair Lady has a strong line up of future attractions including Dutch filmmaker Paul Verhoeven's *The Fourth Man*, the New Zealand film *Vigil*, the Australian documentary *Allies and Half Life* by Dennis O'Rourke.

The many university students who used to ride their bikes to the old Classic cinema may be pleased to know that a bike rack is being put in at the new Classic.

The Greater Union Organisation will be reshaping their screen policy from mid-march.

Two of their six Hindley Cinemas will be converted into art houses and will continually show quality and foreign films.

The films will screen in the two smallest auditoriums, namely cinemas three and four which seat 300 and 286 respectively. They will be renamed "Cinemas Du Sous-Sol" (downstairs or basement).

Many changes have been made to the foyer of the two cinemas. They have been redecorated to suit the art-house-audience intimacy and a continental servery has replaced the candy bar. Coffee tables and chairs will also be put in for reading and discussion.

Their first feature to head their open season of quality cinema film will be the French comedy, *Les Ripou* (My New Partner) which is a kind of Beverly Hills Clousseau.

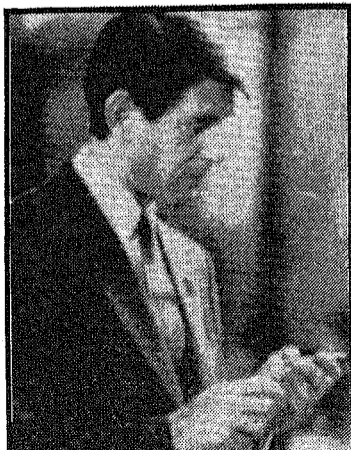
Les Ripou starts its season at the Cinema Du Sous-Sol on March 27th. It will be followed later in the year by Woody Allen's new movie, *Hannah And Her Sisters*, starring Michael Caine and Mia Farrow.

With five art houses in operation, movie goers in Adelaide can now enjoy a healthy supply of quality films which in recent years has been greatly neglected.

Jamie Skinner

CINE SCENE Jamie Skinner

Jagged Edge: Richard Marquand's murder-mystery cum high-tech thriller is also a court-room drama and a mushy romance. It seems that it has something to please everyone. Everything is predictable in this movie except for the murderer. Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges star. (Hoyts).



Peter Coyote from *Jagged Edge*

Weird Science: Anthony Michael-Hall and Ian Mitchell-Smith get together to create the perfect woman in the guise of Kelly Le Brock. However, John Hughes (*The Breakfast Club*) didn't create the perfect movie. *Weird Science* is not only full of stereotyped characters but is awesomely unfunny. It's all done in the name of sex and money. (Hindley).

Fran: Writer-director Glenda Habley's moving Australian drama is about Noni Hazlehurst's struggle with "the department of good intentions" (Welfare) to keep her family. Well written little gem of a movie which won three AFI Awards including, Best Actress for Hazlehurst.

Year Of The Dragon: Michael Cimino's Chinese gangster epic is really another Vietnam-war commentary. Mickey Rourke and John Lone star. Now at the Hindleys.

Films which start this week include Norman Jewison's *Agnes Of God* (Hoyts; March 6); Sydney Pollack's, *Out of Africa* (Hindleys; March 6); Alex Cox's *Repo Man* (Classic; March 8); and *Catholic Boys* (Hindleys; March 6).

VIDEO

New releases

The pick of the new releases now out in the shops include John Hughes's, *The Breakfast Club*, Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy in *Best Defense* and Alex Cox's *Repo Man* on CIC-Taft; Andrei Konchalovsky's *Maria's Lovers* starring Nastassja Kinski, John Carpenter's *Starman*, Chuck Norris in *Missing In Action II* and Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson in *Songwriter*, on RCA/Columbia/Hoyts.

The screen adaptation of Isabelle Colegate's *The Shooting Party* and Nicolas Roeg's *Insignificance* are out on CEL-Premiere for rental, or sale at \$24.95.

Also in the shops now are *Turk 182* starring Timothy Hutton and the motown movie, *The Last Dragon* on CBS-Fox. Thorn-EMI have released the adventure *Red Sonja* starring Brigitte Nielsen and Arnold Schwarzenegger and Paul Bartel's media comedy, *Not For Publication*.



Raucous satire and bad taste in comic two-woman show

WENDY HARMER AND
MARYANNE FAHEY
Living Arts Centre
Until March 9

by Moya Dodd

A baby who swears at his clucky mother, a bossy Queensland policewoman and a "surfie chick" who rolls a huge joint in a towel - these are just some of the people you will meet in a night out with comedienne Wendy Harmer and Maryanne Fahey.

Gillies Report fans wanting to see Harmer live will not be disappointed by *Faking It*, a raucous hour-and-a-half show of satire and bad taste at the Living Arts Centre. The two women comics from Mel-

bourne revel in the small-audience atmosphere with a good front-row rapport and plenty of ad-libbing.

Harmer's notorious Senior Detective Linda Stoner puts in a stern appearance to boost tourism at Daintree - "What's the use of taking a holiday in the rainforest if you can't see anything for the fuckin' trees?" - and keep the locals in line - "For those hooligans who like to drop wheelies and terrorise people, for heaven's sake leave it to the police who are trained for this stuff."

Maryanne Fahey also demonstrates her considerable talent with a memorable ventriloquist's sketch of a baby and his cooing mother. "Goo goo ga ga."

"Oh, fuck me dead, mother."

"How's my little bubby wubby?"

"Mother, you look like a right dickhead ... watch this, I get a standing ovation for burping ..." and so on.

The performance was enhanced by their obvious enjoyment of the material and their spontaneous ad-libbing.

A hiss from the crowd was immediately compared with "Russ Hinze with a slow leak", and of the small audience, Harmer commented that "we probably could have phoned you the jokes and made a profit."

Wendy Harmer and Maryanne Fahey will appear in the Union Bar on Monday, March 3, at 7.30 pm.

1984 revisited: troupe's return a disappointment

BRUCE CUTS OFF HIS HAND
AGAIN
Cabaradio

by Rosy Morton

After glowing reports of *Bruce Cuts Off His Hand* in the 1984 Fringe the return performance was something of a disappointment.

The show opened with an impressive display of rope-walking, stilts and juggling, but the first half of the performance did not live up to the promise of this exciting opening. It was obvious that the performers were talented in their areas of circus, magic and comedy, but the acts often failed to draw from these skills convincingly. The material relied on a balance between these skills and the ideas and consequently seemed a little lopsided. The material covered an interesting array of ideas from the rituals of suburban citizens to the deviant drinking laws in Queensland. DJ Chuck Steak provided some continuity between these ideas and also acted as a link between the performers and the audience and between Cabaradio NO FM and the outside world.

The Sidespace Theatre at the Fringe Centre was a very poor venue and contributed in part to the



On Old drink laws

flatness of the show. Rough theatre spaces are all very well, but a concrete and tin shed with no atmosphere must be daunting for any performers. All in all *Bruce* was enjoyable, but a poor venue, Sunday night and a quiet audience all combined to restrict the skill and energy of a group of proven entertainers.



Wilde barbs and bullets flying

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN
GRAY

Australian Comedic Revue
Club Foote, City

by Dino Di Rosa

In 1906, James Joyce wrote of Oscar Wilde's wonderful masterpiece of literary conceit: "The central idea is fantastic. Dorian is exquisitely beautiful and becomes awfully wicked: but never ages. His portrait ages. I can imagine the capital which Wilde's prosecuting counsel made out of certain parts of it. It is not very difficult to read between the lines. Wilde seems to have had some good intentions in writing it - some wish to put himself before the world - but the book is rather crowded with lies and epigrams. If he had had the courage to develop the illusions in the work it might have been better. I suspect he has done this in some privately printed books."

The publicity for this Australian Comedic Revue performance of Simon Stretton's adaptation declares, among other improvements, that "the unspoken homosexuality that Wilde left between the lines has been given the place it should have", but it's really only the farce in Wilde played broadly and often wildly, without

his fundamental concerns of art and aesthetics.

Of course, critics rather missed the point of the novel when it was first published in completed form in 1980, calling up at best considered opinions like "It is at least undeniably clever, and even brilliant - as a sick man's eye."

In blasé 1986, it is quite within the fashions to have this kind of pointless, but very amusing, bandinage and repartee in this kind of house by this kind of young farceur.

As Lord Henry Wotton, former man-about-campus Tony Durkin has fashioned a rather cutting cowlick, long, straight jowls that are red and buffed, orthopterous grey top hat and tails, and a poofy wit and delivery. He not only cuts a fine figure, he cuts down just about every other character, particularly Basil Hallward, the hapless artist who has created the monster of Dorian Gray.

Idealistic in art and somewhat cynical in life, Hallward is at bottom a dullard. As the subject of the story, Richard Trevaskis faltered a little when he first came on, and dressed as he was he seemed more like David Byrne than an Adonis.

The rest of the cast were okay. With quaffs from a prop liquor bottle and shots from a cap gun, the barbs and bullets flew.

Gearsticks and close clutches

Troupe Theatre will be at the Adelaide Festival this year with *The Last Drive-In On Earth*. BILL MOR-TON spoke to Gavin Strawhan, who wrote *The Last Drive-In*, about the production and the 'urban myths' it explores.

I'm seriously considering finding the nearest second hand car dealer and trading in my old manual for an automatic.

Troupe's Festival production, *The Last Drive-In On Earth* by Gavin Strawhan was publicised as being based on "urban myth". Strawhan's graphic description of the classic urban myth soon convinced me I had. And every time I see that gearstick I'll be reminded of it.

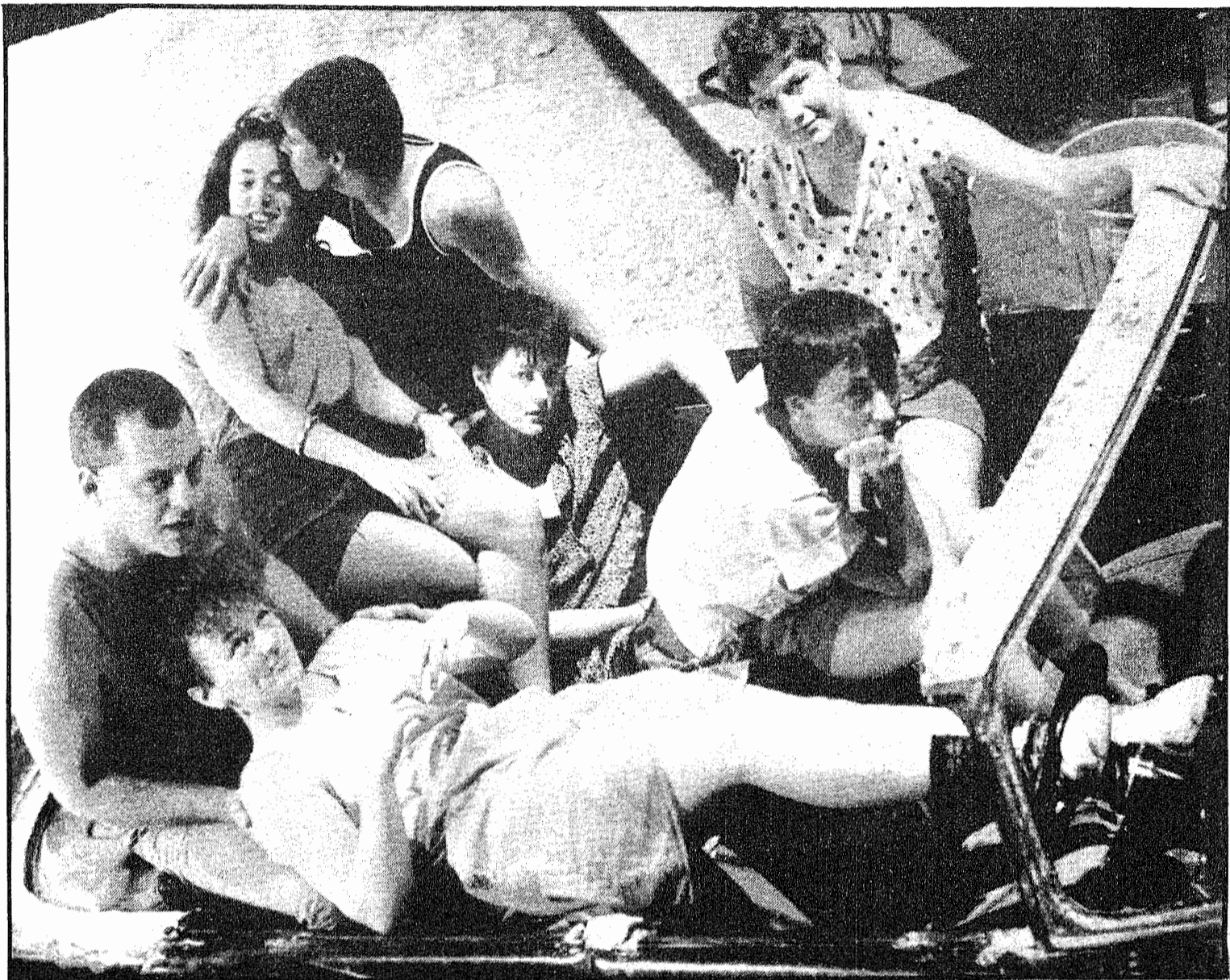
It is of course the one we have all heard, about the couple who are passionately necking at the drive in when the boy gets an attack of the munchies. Ignoring the pleas of his girlfriend not to interrupt the heat of the moment, he trots off to stock up on chips and jaffas. Unable to contain herself, the girl jumps onto the gearstick, and the boy returns to find her impaled.

Not that this is what happens in *The Last Drive-In On Earth*. The show is about two years in the life of "Cheryll", a teenage girl. Strawhan describes urban myths as entering the story in two ways:

"They are either told by characters as justification or explanation of why things happen, or they are acted in horror sequences, which reflect on certain decisions Cheryl has to make. For instance, when she's trying to decide whether she should share a flat with her girlfriend or go and live with her boyfriend, the urban myth of the flat-mate's death happens, the moral of which is that girls can't look after themselves."

Strawhan sees the psychology of most urban myths as working on the fact of "returning to the flock, of conforming". This explains the questionable morality of most urban myths, such as the above example. Strawhan's aim is to expose this ideological unsoundness without wrecking the audience's fun.

"We want to give people the pleasure of the urban myth. So we reveal the reactionary, conservative content of the morality of the myths which in turn reflect upon their ideology. At the end of the show we replay the urban myths, but they are done in a celebratory way, and we change the endings of all of them. The moral there is that each story is selected as an artifice. It's not real,



Urban myths work on "returning to the flock, of conforming" in *The Last Drive-In On Earth*

it's not true. Every story can have many endings."

The starting point for *The Last Drive-In On Earth* came when Strawhan read *The Vanishing Hitchhiker* by American professor of folklore Jan Harold Brunrand. Brunrand's book is a collection of stories put together under the heading of "urban myths". When Strawhan read the book he found he had heard a lot of them as well, despite their supposedly American origin.

His next step was to go into schools and interview year 10 schoolkids. Their recollections of urban myths were again very similar to Brunrand's stories.

"Stories such as the girl impaled on the gear stick, or the couple who are

fucking and get locked together and have to go to hospital to get separated are all urban myths which can be traced all around the world," says Strawhan. "They are all translated to their specific location."

"The thing about urban myths is they all happen to a friend of a friend. They operate almost as an aural history. People are skeptical about them, but there's also a half-belief in them too."

It is this speculation about whether each urban myth has ever actually happened which seems to provide their attraction. The idea that somewhere in history what has now become an urban myth really did happen is too simplistic for Strawhan. He says Brunrand was unable to find one original source

for any of the urban myths he collected.

He sees the myth as operating more as a compilation, related perhaps through mythology to the family of ghost stories dating back to religious myths. Thus they appeal to the popular consciousness because they address ideological aspects of our total existence.

As a writer Gavin Strawhan appears to thrive on working within the ideology and environment of Troupe theatre. The process of bringing *The Last Drive-In* to performance has involved close collaboration between Strawhan, director Venetia Schrueder and cast. This included a three week period of workshops in the company looking

at their own sexuality and how this might relate to themes of sexuality and urban myths within the play. Certain goals were also within which Strawhan worked. The final result may be the product of Strawhan's pen, but one in which the whole company has had a hand.

Such an approach in the company takes responsibility for what eventually happens when the lights go up on opening night reflects the commitment and seriousness Troupe apply to their work.

As Adelaide's most overtly political and ideological theatre group they are under constant pressure to produce the goods. I for one am willing to risk one more journey in my gear stick laden car to check out this production.

Women's cabaret: the Clits are on the case!

MOHAIR STOCKINGS
FRINGE CLUB THEATRE
until Sunday March 2

by Kathleen Brannigan

Mohair Stockings, a four woman cabaret outfit from Melbourne provided good entertainment with a snappy show at the Fringe Club Theatre.

The themes of Beauty and Crime featured prominently as the cast satirized the underworld and the beauty parlour. My favourite sketch featured the trench coated characters Mimi, Mogadona and Mandy who made up the "Doll Squad". Narrated by Julie Goodall, this ironic look at the Sam Spade detective genre saw some good lines from the Barbie brandishing D.'s who chanted "You've heard of Private



THEATRE

Dick? Well here's a Private Clit! And the Clits are on the case... the Beauty Case that is. "This witty piece included some clever mime and good dancing from the women, who worked together comfortably.

After a short skit starring "Dominique", the French saboteur involved in the Rainbow Warrior bombing, came an amusing beach scene. The self-conscious agonies women experience about body hair and the distaste that many have for their bodies were clearly illustrated. Unfortunately the sketch trailed off into an obscure finish, with an imitation of snake charmers, perhaps a reference to sexuality? The final piece was a gruesome

portrayal of women striving to obtain some arbitrary ideal of beauty. More horrific - the lengths they will go to in order to get everything "just right". Sounding more like a torture chamber than a beauty parlour, the send up of barbaric beauty treatments provoked some painful wincings. Although dragging on, the stylish, but ironic, medley of love songs celebrating the pain and hurt of love ended it nicely.

This women's cabaret avoided moralising, although unmistakably feminist in tone, while the performers were competent and executed the roles well - but the script was a little thin in parts.

On dit is looking for cartoonists and illustrators. Anyone interested just drop in and have a chat with us. Thanks.

Fast and clever

DOUG ANTHONY ALL STARS,
TROY BEASTON'S LOVE
EXPLOSION,
LOOK WHAT THE CAT
DRAGGED IN
Living Arts Centre

by Joe Penhall

With the walls of the Little Sisters Theatre lined with stuffed dummies, and an abundance of coffee tables, there is plenty to throw if the heckling is not getting through. However during last week's performance it was the performers doing all the heckling.

In all fairness, the first act, *Troy Beaton's Love Explosion* was quite well behaved. In six-inch sideburns, stovepipe trousers, and playing a pink piano, Beaton (real-name, Paul Weedon) was the archetypal ex-Rock'n'Roller-now-reduced-to-cabaret.

However in an act so often seen on *The Two Ronnies*, and other such shows, Weedon needs to be rather more outrageous, or at least funny, to establish himself as a marketable or original artist.

The second act, *Look What the Cat Dragged In* was little better, but at least broke new ground. The duo, comprising Peter Eckersall and Simon Hill were best when at their most perverse.

A good example of their very occasional flashes of brilliance is when one wrapped the other's head in gladwrap, and with black texta drew a new face on his hapless partner (who survived the ordeal by eating party frankfurts which he supposedly found inside his head).

The final act, was perhaps the classiest. *The Doug Anthony Allstars* were fast and clever with the trio of singers, like Troy Beaton, parodying well known fifties hits brilliantly and keeping up a barrage of quips and hilarious revelry.

However as they enlisted volunteers from the audience (often by force) and did their charming best to embarrass each member of the audience individually they displayed the gift of professional performers without a hint of the contrived or simply pointless antics of many similar acts.

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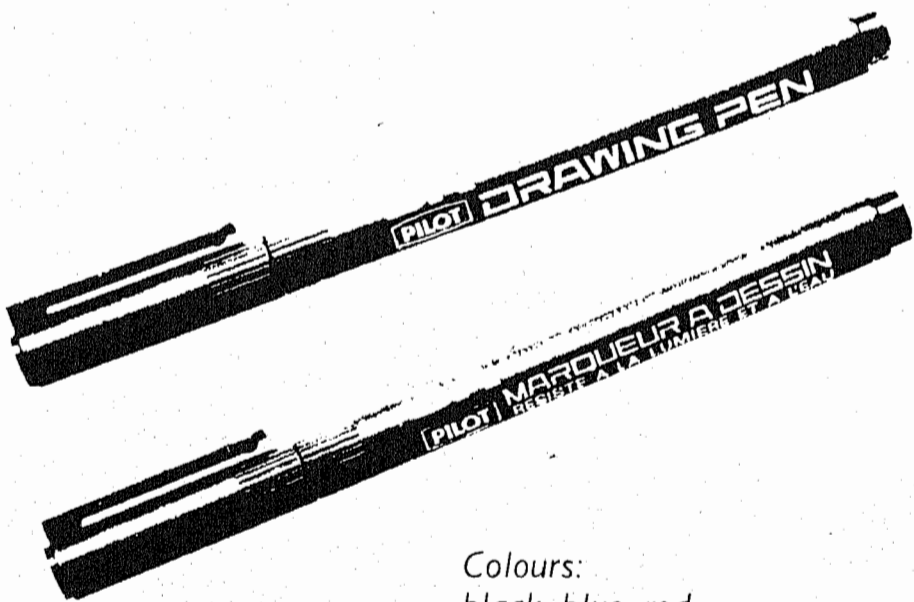


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Soul-searching drama fails

CHAMPAGNE FAIRS
Box Canyon Misfits
Madley Dance Space

by Mark Douglas

point co-ordinate system. Further situations elucidating the birth, life and status of Roger (the chief player) are a result of a Company working process with contributions from every performer."

It is only in the last four words of this quote that I can see some hope for the group. Every performer does contribute significantly. For this reason alone - the fact that ten young performers are given the chance to "strut their stuff" in front of a paying audience - does the scheme have merit.

The players are certainly not lacking in talent, but they are not given the opportunity to give full attention to the expression of themselves as dancers. Their motions are stilted and confined by the hybrid nature of the choreography. As a drama this show fails. As a dance it fails and as a combination of the two it is frankly abysmal.

If you are willing to sift through this immature soul-searching you may be rewarded with just a little entertainment for you money.

If the idea of diving head first into someone else's wet dream thrills you and sets your ganglia quivering with anticipation then this Fringe show is one you must see.

Performed by the Champagne Fairs Concert Dance group, Box Canyon Misfits forces on the audience an hour and twenty minutes of boredom presented in a self-centred and self-important manner. The structure for the work is described as a "transactional game for complements" called ABSCISSA.

ABSCISSA was devised by one of the principal players, David Roche (presumably as a patent cure for insomnia). Notes on the performance "inform" us that ABSCISSA "represents an ecology of movement materials. All possible scoring derives from a simple 12-



Sade - "breathing new life into the music charts"

One of the finest

PROMISE
Sade
Epic Records

by Joe Penhall

With a voice as cool and strong as an autumn breeze, and an equally crisp competent backing band, Sade Abu is breathing new life into the music charts.

On their second album, *Sade's* beautiful fusion of soul and modern jazz follows on from the debut, *Diamond Life*, thankfully with few changes.

The gently chugging rhythm section and crisp minimal guitar and piano accompaniment is augmented by melodic brass, and occasional strings, and the distinctive vocals

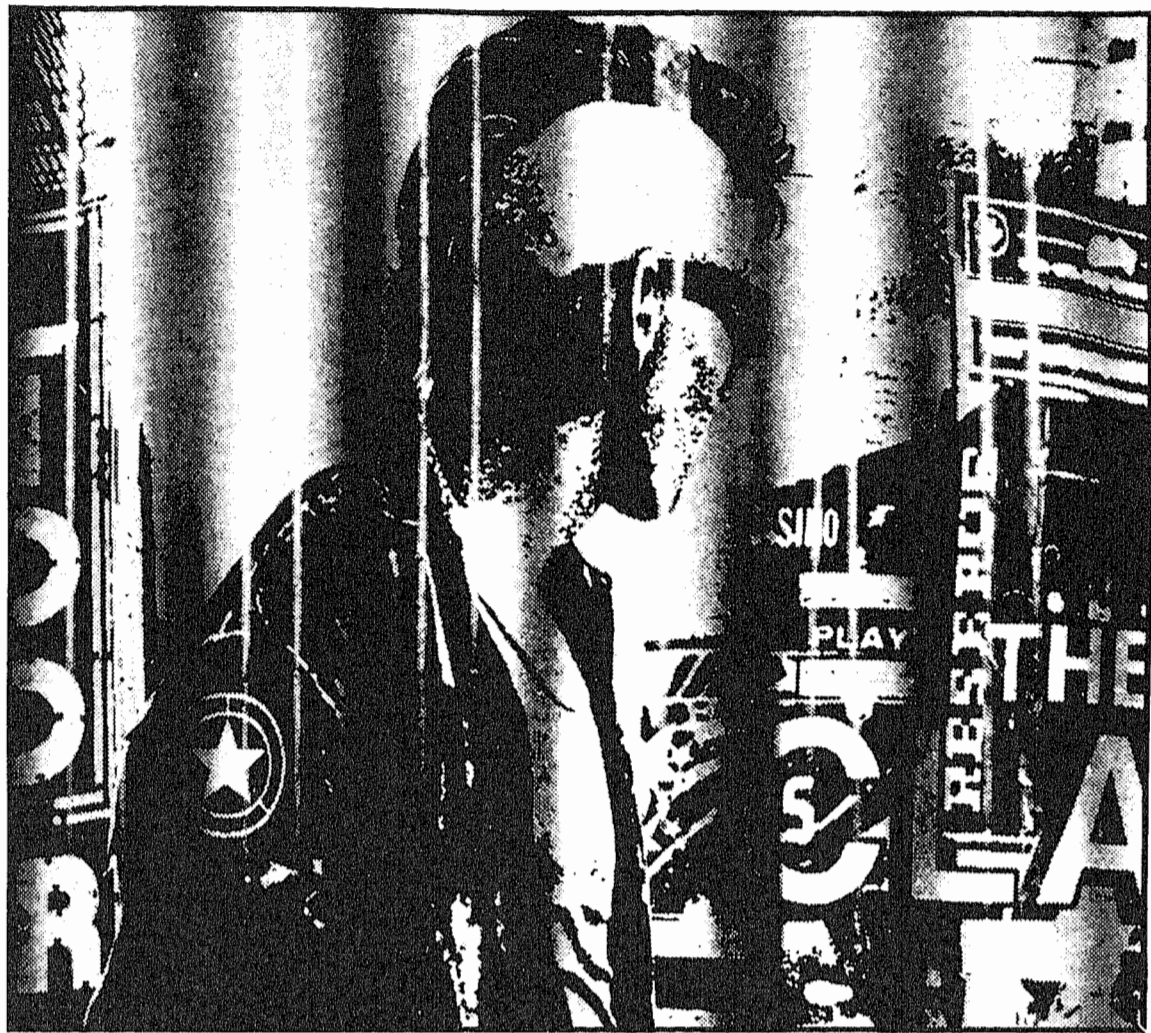
and breezy simple melodies remain.

Soaring powerfully, or as soft and gentle as a whisper, Sade's often husky, always beautiful voice reflects and reinforces the introspective lyrics, whilst marking her as one of the finest vocalists the music industry has known.

Lyricaly the album reveals the singer's own doubts and perceptions with a touching honesty, which adds new dimension to the so easily and often exploited category of "love songs".

Maureen is a jaunty tribute to a departed friend whilst the stunning

Jezebel and the touching *Tar Baby* add both a musical and lyrical depth to the album, characterising Sade's art at its best.



CUT THE CRAP

CUT THE CRAP
The Clash
Epic Records

by Joe Penhall

"Radical social change begins on the street: wise men and street kids together make a great team...so cut the crap and get out there!" declares Joe Strummer in the sleeve-notes. A message many have sneered at, and others simply ignored, judging by the harsh critical and chart reaction to *The Clash's* latest offering.

However only a cursory listen will reveal just where Strummer stands, what he expects and what he is capable of.

The message is clear as he advocates action in the face of complacency, radicalism in the face of

dreaded Conservatism, and rightly or wrongly, perhaps a complete reversion to the punk ideals of 1976.

Songs such as "Dictator", "Are you Red...y", "This Is England" and "Dirty Punk" take up from where *Clash* classics "London Calling", "The Call-up" and "White Riot" left off, while "We Are The Clash" is Strummer's reaction to the band's current faltering status: "We ain't going to be treated like trash...we are *The Clash!*"

Perhaps the only disappointment is the inclusion of synthesizers on some tracks, and basic, distorted guitars, though at times powerful and exhilarating, leave a longing for some of their earlier, reggae-inspired music.

Yet Strummer's social observation and unrelenting exposition of political and social anomalies of this generation are as sharp as ever, while the songwriting is clever and catchy.

He questions ("Have we no use for 8 million hands and the power of youth?"), accuses ("law and order is a baton in the ribs") and advises ("allow your tongue to be a man"), but is well aware of the dangers and often hollowness of such rhetoric. On "Play to Win" he even mocks the bravado of the street kids he sings for, at time echoing some of their own crass rhetoric ("We British will tear apart the streets!").

As *The Clash* face lawsuits and yet another dissolution, *Cut The Crap* is a bold move. But it won't "make or break" *The Clash*. Nothing will break *The Clash*.

Great entertainment

JAMES MORRISON
Richmond Hotel, February 25

by Richard Ogier

The sheer virtuosity of Sydney-based jazz musician, James Morrison, is the most impressive feature of his playing.

And the full regalia of skills were on show last Tuesday night to a packed house at the Richmond Hotel. The performance, presented by Jazz Action as part of the Fringe, featured multi-instrumentalist Morrison with an Adelaide rhythm section: Ted Nettelbeck (piano), Dave Seidel (bass) and Laurie Kennedy (drums).

The group played a mixed bag of standards, jazz favourites, and popular songs, that saw the leader sail effortlessly through a series of technically awesome solos on trumpet and trombone - in itself an incredible feat since totally different muscles are required to play each - and then switch to piano. His solo lines were extraordinarily slick; his intonation flawless, the speed of some phrases quite breathtaking,

and all the time, his conception never faltered.

As brilliant as it was, however, Morrison's playing seemed rather too automatic at times; as if he were simply throwing a switch in his mind to turn the improvisation on. The result being that successive solos ran along essentially the same tramlines.

The out-of-time cadenzas in the opening "Walkin'" and in "Stella By Starlight", for example, were distinctly similar in shape and form.

By contrast, veteran pianist Ted Nettelbeck, showed more interest in the contours of a melody and a chord structure. He was intent on exploring the intricacies of a piece in a way that Morrison was not; to embrace them more thoroughly and deeply.

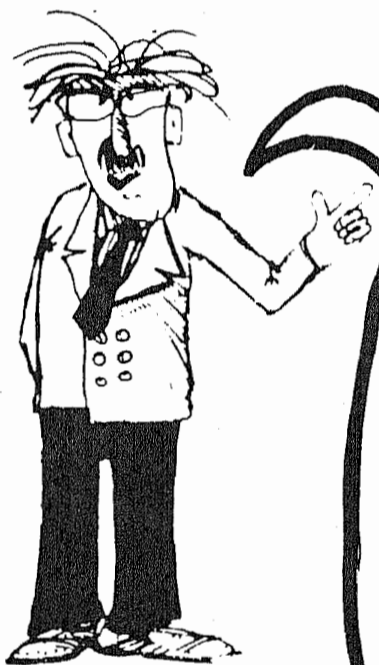
While the Adelaide Rhythm section displayed the technical wares to compliment Morrison, there was a shade of instability about the Union. Their accompaniment would have been strengthened by a conscious effort to dig the heels in rhythmically from time to time. Often

drummer Kennedy played figures that - as impressively intricate as they were - too closely resembled rather than cut across those of Morrison. The result was that the music lacked a little rhythmic incisiveness, and foundation. This was not a major problem and it didn't severely detract from the performance, but it was noticeable.

The young lion of Adelaide jazz, nineteen-year-old Andrew Firth made a guest appearance and played superbly. A jazz battle, with Morrison and Firth taking alternate solo breaks on trumpet and clarinet respectively, brought the second set to a crowd-pleasing climax. On one occasion Morrison turned the trumpet upside down so that the keys pointed to the floor, meaning that he played them with the back of his fingers. After a barrage of notes, he twisted the trumpet right way up again whilst holding one long note!

I don't want to over-emphasize criticisms of the playing because it was music of great excitement. As Art it was good value, as entertainment it was very much more than this.

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STATIONARY? WHEN IT'S
MOVING OF COURSE! AND
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE DONE TO
OUR STATIONERY.
MOVED IT!”**



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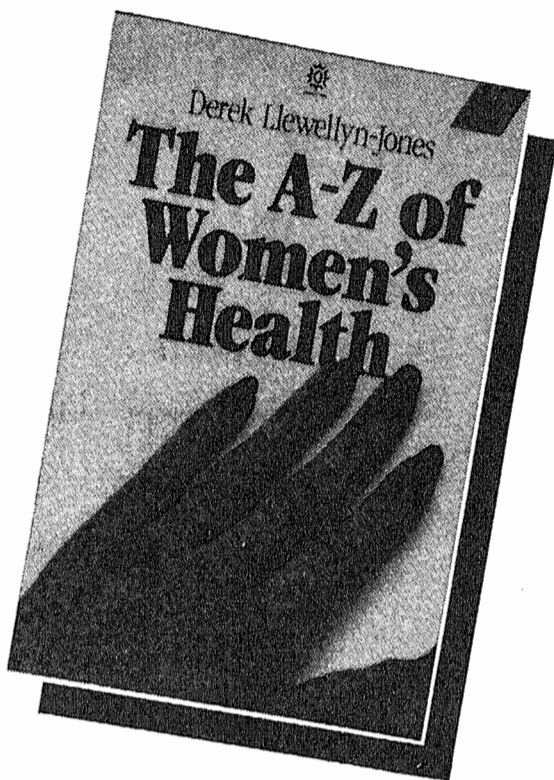
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Masturbation and motherhood, homosexuality and hormones, rape and the retroverted uterus.

They are examples of the subjects dealt with in dictionary form in The A-Z of Women's Health (OUP, \$12.95).

Author Derek Llewellyn-Jones, known for his best-selling titles Everywoman, Every Man and Every Body, provides us with a comprehensive reference book in The A-Z. The concise entries contain practical advice as well as invaluable information on all aspects of women's physical and mental health.

Professor Llewellyn-Jones is to be applauded for his sympathetic, no-nonsense approach and his willingness to discuss such subjects as the double standard of sexuality, sexual preferences and body image as real social influ-



ences on women's health. The clearly written, easily under-

stood language is neither patronising nor unnecessarily technical.

Reinterpretation

Sartre after Sartre (Yale University Press, \$26.50)

Sartre after Sartre (Yale University Press, \$26.50) undertakes the task of reinterpretation and reevaluation of Jean-Paul Sartre's works five years after the French philosopher's death. Professor

Frederic Jameson edits this stimulating collection of critical essays and provides a provocative, forthright introduction.

Sartre after Sartre also includes the publication of extracts from Sartre's notes for the unwritten fourth volume of the Family Idiot.

Key Oz authors

The Australian Short Story (UQP, \$12.95)

The Australian Short Story (UQP, \$12.95) is part of the Portable Australian Authors series and the first anthology to include stories from past as well as contemporary authors.

It represents key authors and the

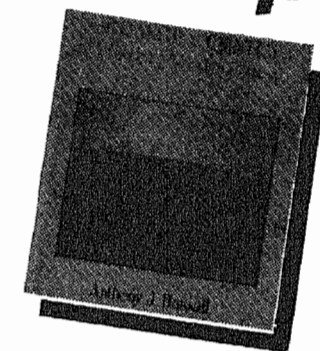
many developments they reflect, demonstrating the continuous and varied innovations in the Australian short story. Covering the period from the 1890's to the 1980's, this book contains stories from Henry Lawson, Barbara Baynton, Petre Carey, Elizabeth Jolley and many others.

Inner landscape

Strange Country (UQP, \$30)

Professor Anthony Hassall has compiled the first full-length critical study of one of Australia's most important novelists, Randolph Stow.

Professor Hassall explores Stow's theories of alienation and the failure of marriage, developing an argument on Stow's vision of the psychic inner landscape in relation to The Merry-go-Round in the Sea, Visitants, To the Islands and



others of Stow's works in Strange Country (UQP, \$30).

Different meaning

The Children's Bach (Penguin, \$5.95)

Helen Garner's The Children's Bach (Penguin, \$5.95) is now in paperback. This 'tale of modern love' explores the effects on Athena and Dexter (who are duty bound to Billy, a disturbed boy) of the arrival of Elizabeth, a woman from Dexter's past, her sister, lover and lover's daughter. The title, taken from a collect-

ion of music, provides a thematic focus as each of the characters find different meaning in The Children's Bach.

Departure

Headlands (UQP, \$14.95)

Headlands (UQP \$14.95) is a new departure in scope and genre for Australian poet Bruce Beaver. The vivid, imaginative prose pieces contained in this book recreate people he has known, many of them artists, poets and novelists in their own settings. Headlands developed from impressions of particular people and places in New Zealand and Australia and demonstrates Beaver's belief that poetry is heightened language that can be contained in verse and prose.

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Writers' Week brings authors

Writers' Week is upon us. The massive dose of literary activity available includes most things from "Meet the Author" sessions to book launches and industry-related panel discussions.

Like other aspects of the Festival, Writers' Week has its counterpart in the Fringe. Performance Poetry, poetry reading, open readings and films on and by visiting and Australian authors add to the abundance of events available in the mainstream WW.

xxxxxx

In a recent edition of a publishing industry journal the trade announced its discovery that paperbacks "are now clearly an acceptable Christmas gift". The announce-



ment follows a record 20-30% increase from last years in book sales around Australia.

xxxxxx

Peter Carey's *Illywacker* may not have won the Booker Prize, but it did win the prestigious Age Book of The Year Award. *Illywacker*, out in hardback (UQP), has 12,000 copies in print in Australia. This delightful novel, described by the judges as having been written "with unflagging gusto and imagination" is a must for all readers.

xxxxxx

And while on the subject of the Age Awards, Hugh Lunn's *Vietnam: A Reporter's War* (UQP) and Chester Eagle's *Mapping The Paddocks* shared the non-fiction prize of the award.

xxxxxx

What do fitness fanatics and bear lovers have in common? *Pooh's Workout Book* (Methuen). The book provides you with Possibly Useful information as well as worthwhile exercises that cover everything from jumping and squeaking to bouncing and avoiding a bath. It also answers the all important question, are you a Pooh Type, a Tiger Type or a Piglet Type?

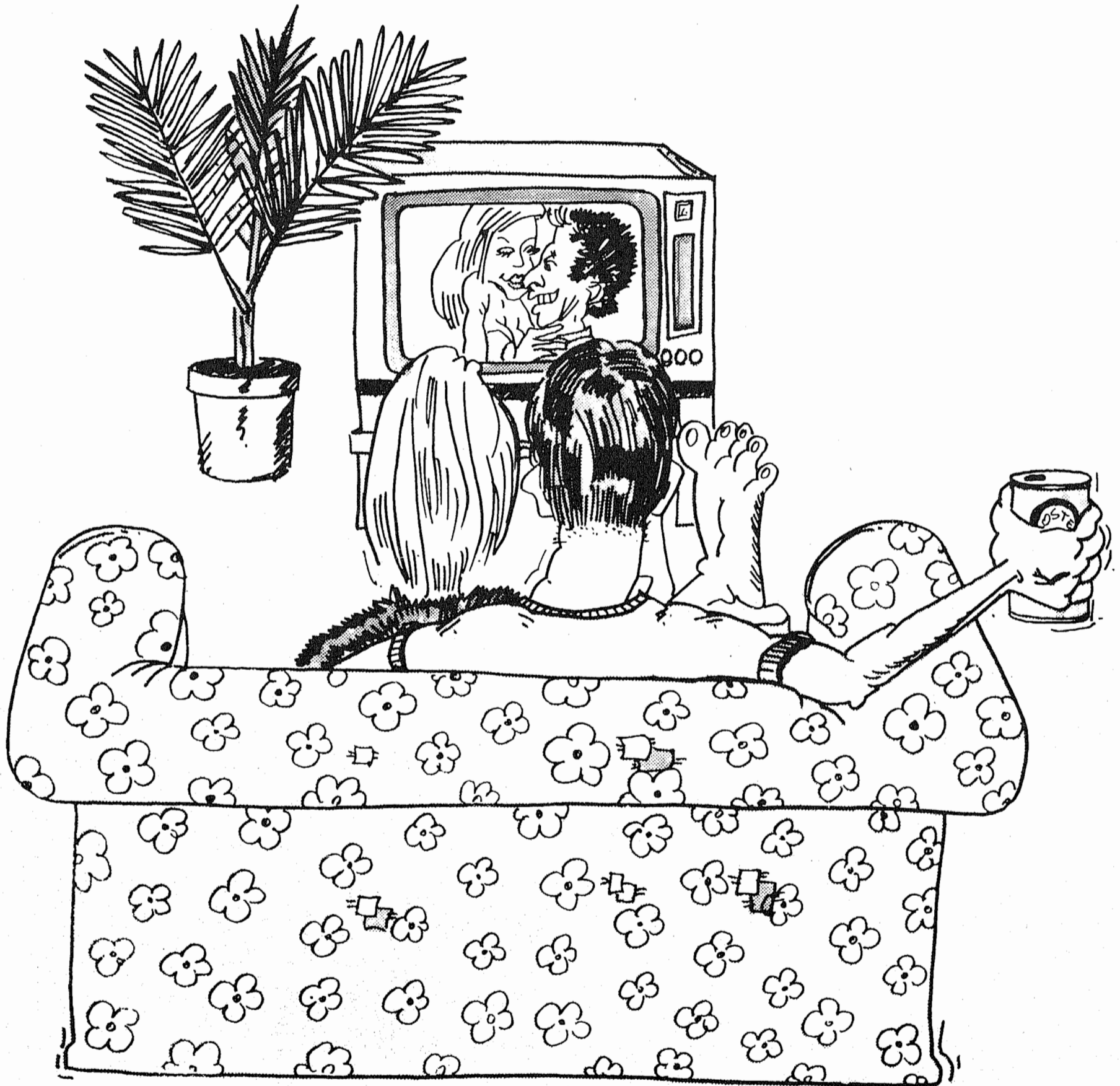
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START AT THE BACK!

Found, in the *On dit* Office, in Moya or Paul's handwriting:

Onditorial:

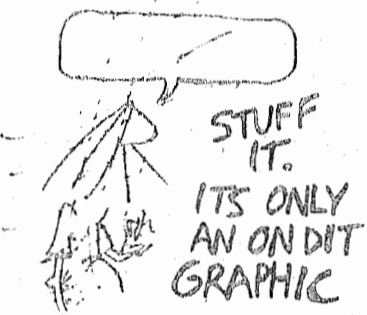
Why we broke our election promises.

During our election campaign last year we promised an *On dit* that would be "interesting", "entertaining", "humorous" and a host of other adjectival conveniences. We have failed totally in this respect, and our consciences trouble us not at all.

On dit will, as usual, be dull, full of politics and not at all amusing. Sorry.

The truth is that we are dull people, and really don't care that much about our editorship. We have gulled over \$30,000 from you innocent, fee-paying students, and boy, are we going to enjoy ourselves.

So, in the words of the famous punk song, "Why don't you all get fucked."



Blind View

Thank God - or should that be Bob Hawke? - for dear old Auntie ABC. In Britain, as you might know, the national broadcaster is paid for by "TV Licences". One of these is essential if you wish to buy a television - regardless of whether or not you actually watch the BBC.

The cost of a TV licence is now £58 a year (\$116 in real money). The marvellous thing is that you can get £1.25 off if you're blind!

Deviants only

Those of sensitive nature and delicate disposition do not read on:

Q: What does NASA stand for?
A: 'Need Another Seven Astronauts?'

Q: What is their favourite drink at NASA?
A: 7-UP.

Q: What were Christa McAuliffe's last words?
A: "What's this button for?"

Q: Where does NASA send its astronauts for holidays?
A: All over the world.

And for what might be the last word on dingoes etc....

Q: What do vegetarian dingoes eat?
A: Cabbage Patch Kids.

...but we doubt it.



Lovely earring Bob, but what's that up your sleeve???

Sesquipedalian obfuscation?

In the eternal quest to extend the frontiers of knowledge, the search for the world's most useless words continues unabated. Some recently unearthed examples are:

Tsujigiri (Japanese) - trying out a sword on a chance passerby.

Hashimayou (Chinese) - dried oviduct fat of the Chinese forest frog.

Azrafa (Arabic) - to buy a giraffe.

Muharbi'a (Arabic) - a place abounding in chameleons. English of course, overflows with pointless obscurities.

Thelyphthoric - that which corrupts women. (Men?).

Dirhinous - with paired nostrils.

Steatopygous - fat buttocked.

Anaranjeat (Spanish) - to kill a cock by throwing oranges at it. (Some Sydney prostitutes have got into trouble over this one).

Zoanthropy - a pathological conviction on the part of a human that he or she is an animal.

Next time you're in West Java, nattering away in Sudanese, casually throw into conversation the word "kelong", and wait for the reaction. It means "the ghost of a legendary terrible old hag with long pendulous breasts who died in childbirth."

And this article's title? It means "confusion caused by the use of needlessly long words."

Proof of the pudding?

O-Camps this year provided the usual string of sensations, for organisers as well as campers.

Sensation number one was the sudden unavailability of the cook appointed, following what organisers say was a brush with the law.

Because of his incarceration, some of the food already bought was not handled properly and went off.

Organisers, Paul Coory and Ronan Moore were reduced to spending what was left of their \$8,000 budget on sausages.

One disgruntled participant on the second camp complained that sausages were served at the first three meals.

At the fourth, the leftover sausages had been mashed into sausage meatloaf.

Red alert

When the revolution comes, it seems that *On dit* will be the first to have their backs to the wall...When Editor Paul rang the Socialist Party of Australia to ask to be put on their mailing list, they said "We stopped sending you our journal 12-18 months ago because of bad publicity."

Curious

Espied in a Sydney newspaper was a selection of queries that the CSIRO's Building Research Division received from the public.

-Is there a method for diving for a wine cellar which has been filled in under an old house?

-My husband gave me a painting for my birthday and while putting it up I have drilled through the hot water pipe. Water is going everywhere. How can I stop it?

-If I hose my carpets in hot weather, will it keep the house cool?

-My outside toilet building is subsiding and appears to have sunk 18 inches into the ground. Is this dangerous?

-Do you have an instrument that will run along a sewer to find and retrieve false teeth?



-How do you stop birds from flying into large picture windows and depositing their stomach contents on the glass?

-How do you remove cow dung pats and the stains they leave behind on lounge room carpets?

-How do you get rid of the smell of a dead body from floorboards?

-What height do flies fly?

-How do you acoustically insulate the confession box in a

church to stop others hearing the confessions?

-Could you please send me details of, and research you have carried out on, the number of orgasms which occur in sewerage pipelines?

-I want to inquire about timber for a gravestone.

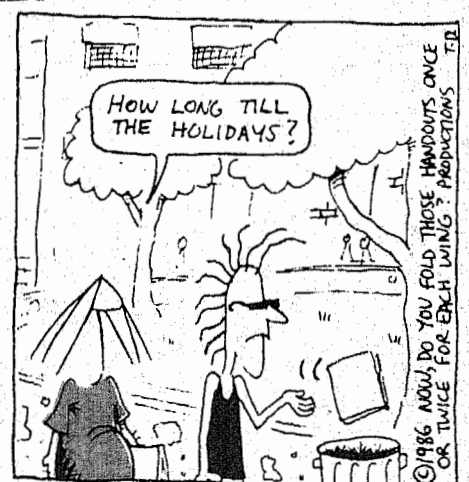
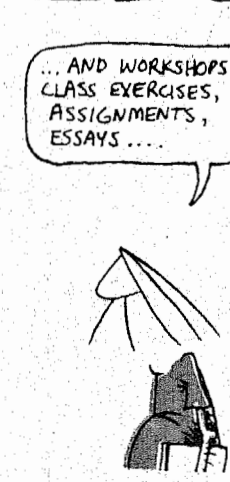
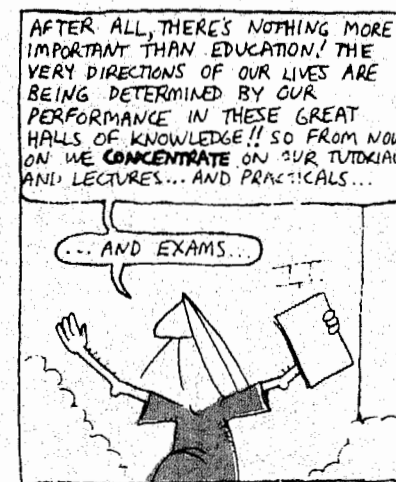
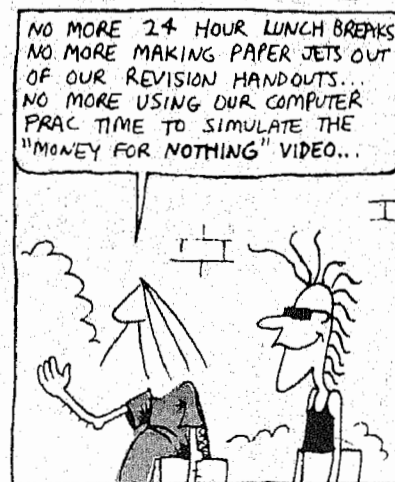
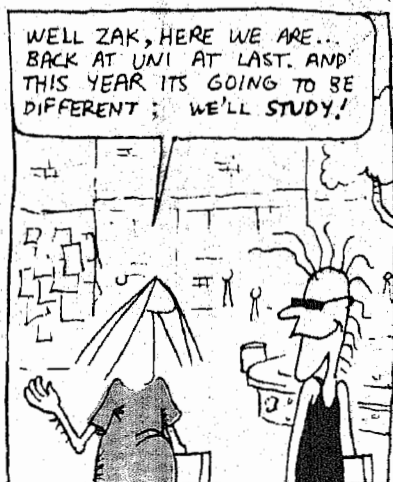
Q: What sort of lifespan are you looking at?

A: The person's already dead.

IF YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GOTTEN RID OF ME, YOU WERE ONLY HALF RIGHT...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

in
THE RETURN OF THE
BUTTOCKS PEOPLE!
(ONLY JOKING...)



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