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Peace breaks out

MARCHING FOR PEACE...

All shades of the political, religious and community spectrum were there: from the militant Left to the extreme Right, from the Liberal Party to the ALP, from Christians to Buddhists and from punks to pensioners.

Organisers of last weekend's Palm Sunday peace march in Adelaide pointed to this diversity as one of the most successful aspects of the march.

A spokesperson for People for Nuclear Disarmament, Mr David Trebilcock, said the march showed all sections of the community were concerned about peace.

"I feel the range of people taking part has been one of the hallmarks of the whole thing," he said.

"The theme of the march was disarm and feed the world and that was something everybody in the community could support."

Among the crowd were several newcomers to peace marches, including the Anglican archbishop of Adelaide, Dr Rayner, and seven SA Liberal MPs.

Adelaide University Students' Association vice-president and Liberal Club member, Mr Hugh Martin, said Liberals were marching to get across their view that peace could only be achieved through verifiable, multilateral disarmament.

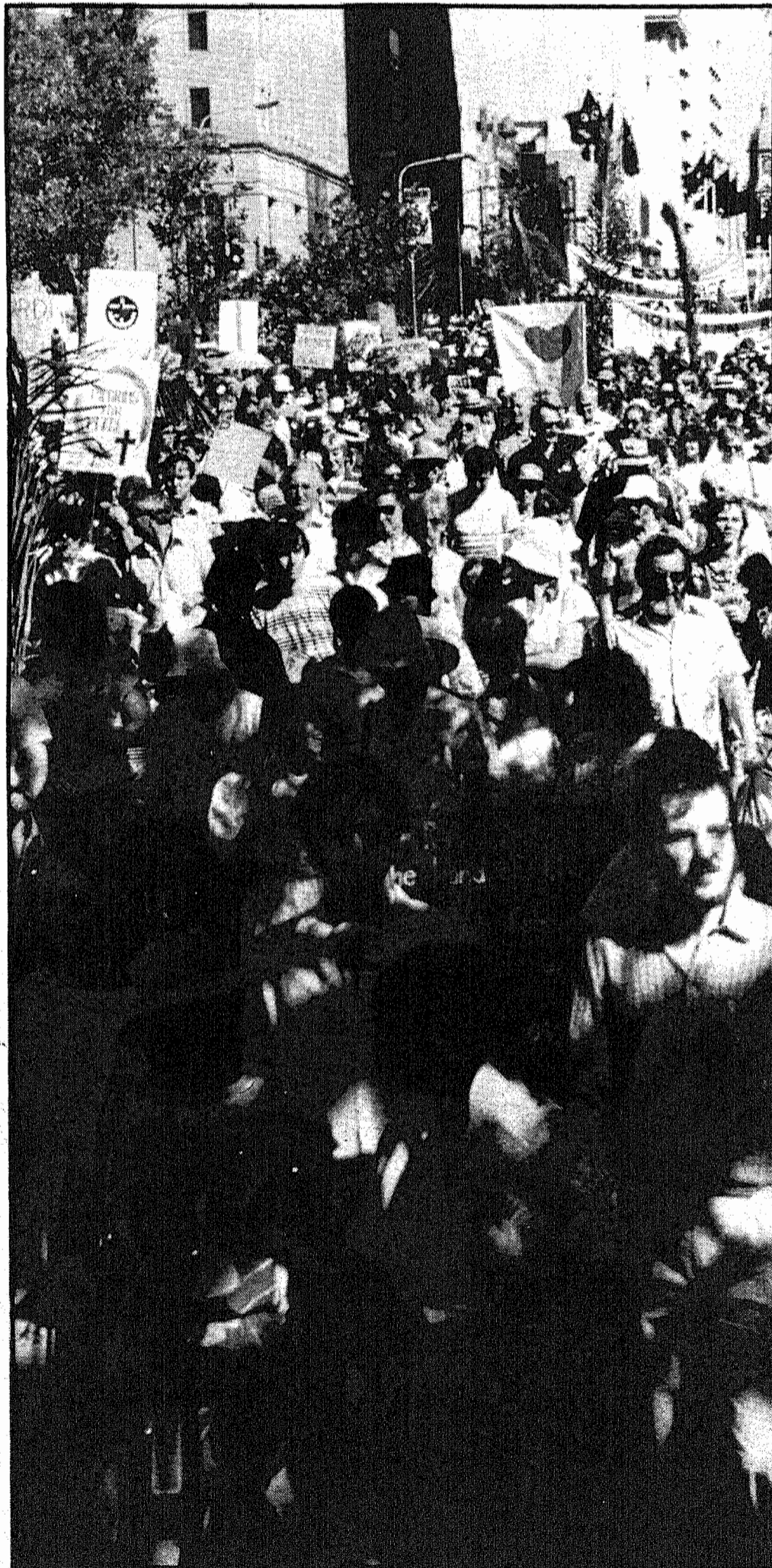
The Premier, Mr Bannon, said he welcomed the Liberal involvement but thought it was tokenistic.

Organisers said the crowd at last Sunday's march was between 25,000 and 30,000, while police estimated it at 10,000.

When the crowd assembled for speeches at Pinky Flat, on the banks of the Torrens, the event took on a carnival atmosphere with impromptu performances of revolutionary Central American songs and stalls selling such items as "Reagan-free, pure Nicaraguan coffee."

It was hard to stand out in such a diverse crowd, but perhaps the most out-of-place people at the march were three middle-aged women carrying placards reading "Better dead than red" and "Make war upon the enemies of God, country and the family."

"They think they can appease the Communist tiger, but they never will," one of the women said.



This year's Palm Sunday peace march attracted large crowds

...BUT WHERE TO, NOW?

Peace marchers were on the move around Australia last Sunday, but for the vast majority of ordinary Australians the peace movement has little or no appeal, says Andrew Mack, head of the Peace Research Centre at Australian National University.

In the past two years, the peace movement in Australia has grown visibly in strength. Turnout at the palm Sunday rallies has increased each year and there have been more meetings, more conferences, more workshops.

Anti-nuclear professional groups — scientists, doctors, psychologists, lawyers — have proliferated, and peace studies courses are being set up in increasing numbers in universities, colleges and schools.

Responding at least in part to peace movement concerns, the Labor Government has taken a high profile on disarmament issues — sometimes irritating the Reagan administration in the process — and is putting a considerable effort into its International Year of Peace programme.

The central concern of the peace movement has been the risk of nuclear war, with US bases, nuclear ships' visits, B-52 overflights and uranium mining and export coming in for particular criticism.

Yet despite the obvious movement successes, public support for the Anzus alliance — the so-called 'suicide pact' which has been a major focus of movement opposition — actually grew between 1984 and 1985 from 71 pc to 77 pc. Support for Anzus has, in fact, never been higher.

The Australian National University's Peace Research Centre is about to publish an important new survey of public attitudes on security issues by Melbourne political scientist David Campbell. Campbell's paper, the first in a series, includes all relevant opinion poll data back to World War Two.

Despite the well-known reliability problems with opinion polls, these data constitute the best and most reliable guide to how Aust-

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'Two thousand dollar I pay for dis. Now she is bugger-up ...'

THE STORY SO FAR:

Sergeant Derringer has hatched a devious plot to get himself promoted - and to further enhance Adelaide's unspoken claim to the title of 'Weird City'. Breaker Pylon, heart full of the good things in life, is about to set off for work.

Mario Castelli regarded the law with a good deal of respect. Which is not to say that he necessarily endorsed or obeyed its finer points, but rather was a product of his long and expensive experience in legal matters.

Two taxation investigations in the space of five years had robbed him of his boat, his holiday house in Griffith and a large tract of forested real estate in southern Queensland which he had never even seen. In addition he had once been forced to pay a large sum in fines, damages and legal costs on behalf of a previous employee who had inadvertently left the company truck parked on the crest of a rise in the Adelaide Hills, without the usual precaution of engaging the hand-brake and with the gear-lever positioned carefully in the 'neutral' position.

Thus it happened that his policy of questioning the credentials of all new employees in detail had disclosed a fact which would have sent Sergeant Derringer into paroxysms of delight had he ever found out.

Derek Pylon had never had a driving licence of any kind in any State, and was surprised to learn that one was necessary. Bearing his financial difficulties in mind, and relying on Pylon's ignorance of the finer print in the Amalgamated Destructive and Allied Industries Union award agreement, Castelli had insisted that Derek use his own vehicle for the purpose of commuting to the various sites at which he was directed to put his unique talents to productive use.

For his part Derek was content with the arrangement.

He had an instinctive distrust of the confinements and performance limitations of any form of conveyance restricted to four wheels, and was astute enough to conclude that Sergeant Derringer's continuing failure to keep up with him during their on-going duel in the backstreets of Valley View was at least in part attributable to the varying capabilities of their respective choice of vehicle.

Derek was a 'deconstruction engineer' (or at least was described as such Castelli's tax forms) whom Castelli and Co. had purchased for a princely sum some two years previously from a Sydney contractor. His sole tool of trade was a twenty kilogram sledge-hammer - affectionately dubbed 'Gladys' after his

BREAKER'S REVOLT PART 4

A SAVAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM

BY DAVID MUSSARED



wife - which he kept in a special cabinet at Castelli's Wingfield office.

Whistling as he pulled up in front of the besser-block shed, Derek was still feeling enthusiastic about the day's prospects. His cheeks were humming from the breeze on the ride to work - he scorned the use of helmets - and he dismounted with a flourish. He fetched his hammer from the cupboard, peeling off its suede cover and running one banana-dimensioned thumb over its dully gleaming head, and went in search of Castelli and his instructions.

He found him in the end in the store-room behind the office, engaged in earnest conversation with an unco-operative fork-lift.

"Two thousand dollar I pay for

dis" Castelli told him angrily, glad of the opportunity to cease battering at its jammed lift-lever with the back of an adjustable wrench. "Two thousand fucken bloody dollar. Now she is bugger-up after one week only."

He gave the lever a despairing clout. It snapped off cleanly and fell clattering to the concrete floor.

"Now look what she is done. Two thousand bloody bucks. Don't know what is the world coming to no more."

Derek, uncomfortably remembering that he had tried his hand at driving the fork-lift the afternoon before while Castelli was out doing quotes, did not venture an opinion. In his view the machine would be safest left in its present state of inoperability. It had almost killed

him yesterday, and it was only at considerable peril to his person that he had finally managed to render it harmless.

Castelli dropped the wrench with a sigh and gave Derek his orders. There was a row of beach-houses awaiting demolition at Tennyson, their sandy footing making them inaccessible to heavy machinery, and a small but delicate piece of deconstruction to do in the administration building of Adelaide University. He was to finish the two contracts and return to the office for lunch.

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.

With 'Gladys' resting comfortably over his shoulder and his dog-eared street-directory wedged between his knees, Derek roared off toward Tennyson.

He toed the Ducatti into top and opened the throttle. Buildings, traffic lights and school-crossings faded into an indistinct blur, and he relished the thrum of wind against his face. The occasional sound of a siren bursting into sibilant song disturbed his concentration, but for most of the journey he was occupied in trying to make sense of the directory maps.

The row of beach houses proved no challenge to his abilities, and he reduced them to unrecognizable rubble in the space of two hours, humming a rollicking Rugby tune as he worked. Still in high-spirits he included a nearby council ablutions block and a few spans of jetty for good measure, then hefted his hammer and set off for the University.

Thursday was always Derek's favourite day, and not just because he got paid at four o'clock.

It was also on Thursdays that his team gathered for their pre-match training. Friday, on their coach's advice, was a rest day before the Saturday afternoon match, but every other weekday was set aside, from knock-off-time till midnight, for training. Thursday was tactics night, and since Derek played a dominant role in any forward moves, he always enjoyed the camaraderie of the team discussions.

Their training, although rigorous, was hardly what a respectable Sydney coach would recommend for a top team - nor, for that matter, was their own coach particularly enthusiastic about it. The tyranny of the majority had, however, overridden his objections, and despite his insistence that they should cut out at least one session a week in the interest of team fitness, he was gradually coming around to their point of view. While it was true, the team often pointed out to him, that a nightly eight hour drinking session in the Ploughman's Lunch was probably an unorthodox avenue to peak condition, it was also true that they were half-way through their second undefeated season and had the Grand Final cup to prove it.

On Fridays, their rest day, they reluctantly forwent training and had a social night at the Ploughman's Lunch instead. So Derek liked Thursdays, and was proud of the fact that in the two years since he had arrived from Sydney and joined the Northern Districts Rugby League Club, he had not missed a single tactics night.

Hughes Plaza facelift

by John Sheppard

The Hughes Plaza is being rebuilt to prevent water leaking through into the Barr Smith Library and other underground rooms.

After inspecting the site the original designers and builders found that the only viable solution was to dig the plaza up and build it again.

The steel decking beneath the surface, which was ineffective in stopping the penetration of water has

been fitted with a continuous rubber membrane. This membrane will ensure that the plaza roof is impregnable to water.

The plaza design has also been modified to include a walkway cutting through it diagonally from the Elder Conservatorium to the Hughes Plaza Office.

Work taking place at the top of the main staircase next to the Library is to rebuild a major stormwater

drain, which must be re-routed to fit in to the new plan, and the upgrading of the original drain in that area which was too small to cope with the amount of run off flowing to it.

Proposed alternatives for the redesign of the plaza which were discarded included covering the entire area in bitumen, building a pergola-style roof over the whole plaza, for which the cost was prohibitive.

PRODUCTION NOTES

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There will be no *On dit* next Monday March 31, due to the Easter break. The next edition of *On dit* will appear on Monday April 7.

Move to lift uni equal opportunity

by Richard Ogier

An Equal Opportunities Board should be established on campus to monitor and promote equality of opportunity, an internal report has recommended.

Measures currently in place - many of which came from a 1981 submission "Women at the University" - "are not sufficient to secure equality of opportunity", according to the report.

"The provision of equal opportunity will require a more active policy in the future than has been pursued in the past."

The fifty page report, prepared by a working party for the Adelaide University Council, suggests that the Board be given the power to make recommendations of policy to the Executive Committee (the central policy making body within the University bureaucracy).

It also recommends that the Board report annually on progress in the area of equal opportunities, and receive individual complaints of unfair treatment from students, staff, and employees with a view to "reconciliation, examination or action".

The report does not, however, specify what that action might be.

Further recommendations suggest that:

- A member of the Equal Opportunities Board sit on each academic appointment and promotions committee to see that the process of appointment take place without bias.
- When new courses are proposed or existing departments or disciplines are reviewed by the University, that it be done "in terms of

equal opportunities goals."

- Board membership be drawn "mainly" from the student population, academic staff and the general staff.

According to the report, women constituted 45 per cent of first degree admissions at the University of Adelaide in 1984, a 12 per cent increase on the 1974 figure, and made up 46 per cent of non-tenured academic staff in 1985, an increase of 17 per cent since 1972.

Currently only 11 per cent of tenured academics are women, a 4 per cent increase on the 1972 figure.

Report Convenor, Dr Peter Mayer, of the Adelaide University politics department, said last week that a more hard-line approach in the form of quotas or targets to redress these inequalities, "would be like trying to put square pegs in round holes."

"We're not trying to lay down the law, our primary function is an investigative and active one."

"I believe talents are equally distributed, so why are so few women applying for positions?"

Students' Association President, Mr Anthony Snell, described the report as "vague".

"The proposal I have most reservations about is the one that says a board member should be on every appointment committee in the university."

"It means that people who may not be au fait with an academic area can refuse an appointment simply because they have a barrow to push."

The report has been submitted to Council and will be debated next month.

Mason chips off graffiti

by Moya Dodd

"NA kill red clergy" graffiti spray-painted onto Bonython Hall last week has had to be chipped off by a stonemason.

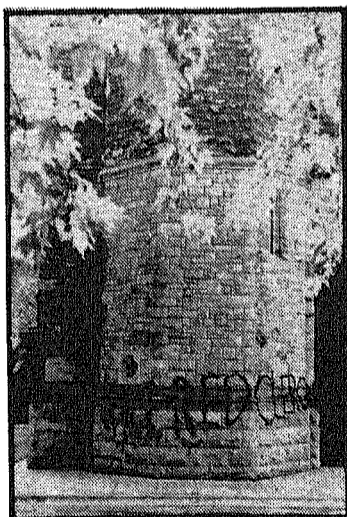
The graffiti is believed to have been placed by extreme right-wing group National Action between the hours of 11.30 pm and 2 am last Thursday night.

Building and Estates Officer Mr L. Cushway said that the graffiti was not removable by conventional chemical methods and a stonemason had been called in.

He guessed that the removal process had cost the University \$250 so far and said that the figure could rise.

Similar messages have been placed on churches in Adelaide, notably Scots Church on North Terrace opposite Bonython Hall.

The graffiti is thought to be related to an inter-denominational



National Action graffiti on Bonython Hall

church service scheduled for Bonython Hall on Palm Sunday, March 23.

Bonython Hall is a heritage building and is over fifty years old.

More egg on French faces

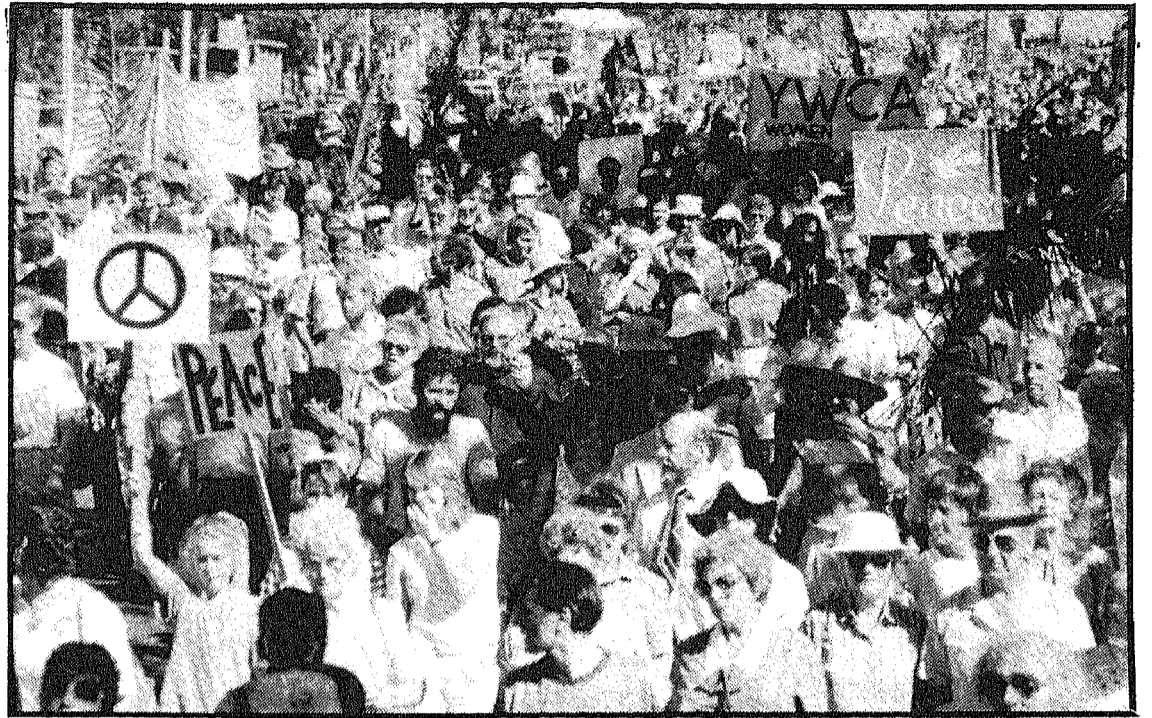
A conservation group has accused France of smashing birds' eggs in Antarctica to drive wildlife away from its proposed airstrip.

The Antarctic and Southern Ocean Coalition (ASOC), an international association of over 160 environment groups, says that the French are determined to get rid of wildlife near their Dumont d'Urville base and have been acting in breach of international agreements on Antarctic wildlife protection.

ASOC claims that eggs from at least two species of birds were smashed and replaced with plastic eggs to prevent the birds laying again.

France has been planning the airstrip near its base since the mid-60s. Construction began in 1982 but was suspended last year.

ASOC says its information comes from a French expeditioner who spent the past year at the base.



Adelaide's Palm Sunday peace march

Photo: HUGH HARTSHORNE

Many march for peace but many more don't

from page 1

most reliable guide to how Australians feel about security. They also demonstrate just how tough a task the peace movement confronts in seeking to gain public support.

The polls show that clear and sometimes large majorities of the Australian public support not only the alliance but also increased defence expenditure, a return to conscription, the presence of US bases, visits by nuclear ships and even, in 1980, Australia having its own nuclear weapons capability.

Public support for many of the positions advocated by the peace movement has been correspondingly low. In 1985, only 15 per cent of Australians wanted to quit Anzus

On only two questions have there been majorities supporting peace movement positions. In 1981, 42 per cent of those polled opposed B-52s which may carry nuclear weapons landing in Darwin. 40 per cent were supportive.

When the reference to nuclear weapons (which the B-52s do not in fact carry) was removed, opposition to the B-52s dropped to 29 per cent, and support rose to 58 per cent.

There was less ambiguity on the question of support for the MX missile tests last year: 49 per cent rejected co-operation with the US by Australia, while 45 per cent supported it.

The peace movement has undoubtedly been successful in mobilising support within what one might call its natural constituency - a relatively small section of the population. The polls, however, suggest

est that, ironically, the movement may have actually increased support for Anzus, a shift in opinion that few activists would have welcomed.

Why should this be the case? The answer would seem to lie in the pervasive feelings of insecurity which characterise the Australian electorate.

Australia is an underpopulated, predominantly white, affluent and resource-rich country in an Asia which is densely populated, non-white, frequently impoverished and resource-poor.

Most Australians feel that their country is both threatened (57 per cent in 1983) and unable to defend itself. Hence the need for a great and powerful friend for protection; hence the enthusiasm for Anzus.

Peace movement demands to close down the bases or stop nuclear ship visits threaten an alliance which most Australians see as being vital for their security. The risks associated with hosting the bases are seen as part of our insurance premium which we pay to be protected.

It is thus not surprising that the upsurge of peace movement activity should have been accompanied by an increase in support for the alliance.

In 1986 there is a growing awareness in sections of the peace movement that the negative slogans of the past may be counter-productive.

Many of this year's slogans are more positive than those of the past. They stress support for various disarmament initiatives - freeze, comprehensive test ban

treaty, etc - rather than opposition to the alliance.

There is also growing interest in defence issues, in part stimulated by David Martin's book, "Armed Neutrality for Australia".

The Australian peace movement confronts problems common to most other movements. Lack of funds is a perennial difficulty and so is achieving any sort of consensus as to goals and platforms.

The greater the number of activist groups which join the movement the smaller and more banal the area of consensus tends to be. Some of the professional groups concerned about the risk of nuclear war don't want to be linked to support groups for liberation struggles in the Third World and so on.

Even with agreed goals the difficulties of interstate coordination are enormous. Lack of money, plus the strong pro-grass roots anti-centralist sentiments of many activists mean that no effective national organisation has ever emerged.

The RSL maintains a splendid headquarters in Canberra and has a very active lobbying programme; the peace movement has neither headquarters nor lobbyists.

But the organisational problems pale compared with the most basic problem the peace movement confronts, namely the popular resistance to so many of the core elements in the movement's programme.

Without a much greater effort to address the deep-rooted security concerns of ordinary Australians, it is difficult to see how the movement can even widen its appeal.

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Surviving N-war in SA

by James Williamson

David Jones, John Martins and the AMP building are among two hundred and thirty nine city buildings chosen by a Defence Department survey as suitable nuclear fallout shelters. In the event of a holocaust, 140,000 people would find shelter in their basements.

Buildings were chosen for their ability to withstand radiation. Inside radiation levels must remain at one fortieth of those outside. Multi storey concrete floored structures with large basement areas best fulfil this role.

However multi storey structures will not withstand the force of a

direct blast near to Adelaide. Whether civil defence plans make sense at all depends upon what one considers a reasonable nuclear scenario, suggests Flinders University physicist and South Australian co-ordinator of Scientists Against Nuclear Arms, Ann Marie Grigotogono.

In the event of an average sized warhead exploding at Nurrungar, what would otherwise be significant injuries might be reduced to nil by suitable shelters.

But in the less likely event of an attack on Smithfield or Edinburgh RAAF base, shelters would be of little use.

The Natural Disasters Organization, the branch of the Department of Defence which has been carrying out such surveys since the cold war, passes on its findings to each state's emergency services.

Civil defence strategies in other states have been based on the judgement that a nuclear war was only likely to occur after a long escalation of international tensions. This delay would give emergency services time to stock shelters with food, medical supplies and clean water.

Federal authorities believe that there is no likelihood of nuclear war within the next ten years.



No hope and little glory for Britain

LONDON CALLING

by Geoff Hamner

Winter in London is the pits. With the temperature hovering around freezing for most of February, the only thing to enliven life here has been a trip somewhere warm. There is something masochistic in the way people here expect next summer to be even worse than the last; an air of resignation and defeat which, in the absence of anything more compelling, has become the dominant mood of modern Britain.

Britain used to pride itself on a liberal democratic tradition that produced among other things the oldest and most copied of Parliaments, a tradition that located reform firmly in the Parliamentary sphere, a tradition of non-violent dissent. Paradoxically, Britain today is haunted by the spectre of social violence, and the image of the friendly British 'Bobby' has been destroyed by their increasingly violent confrontations between protest groups, ethnic minorities and baton-wielding police.

Mr. Plod, on his bicycle, has been replaced by TV images of louts in police uniforms, punching, kicking and in one or two instances killing demonstrators in their efforts to enforce law and order. The average London policeman has been revealed to be intolerant of dissent, racist and not at all concerned with

civil liberties or common decency. The fragile calm following Lord Scarman's report on the 1981 Toxteth riots has been shattered by the riots of 1985; Brixton, Toxteth (again) and Tottenham showed just how great is the gulf between unemployed blacks and white police, and how far the Thatcher government is prepared to go to pursue its monetarist goals.

Conservative Party Chairman, Norman Tebbit, said only that the 1985 riots were caused by "wickedness". Months later, the police decided that the Tottenham riot had been pre-planned by un-named "agitators," a charge hotly denied by the local black community.

The truth may be elsewhere. In Britain at the moment, over three millions people are unemployed. Wages for unskilled workers are very low and prices are high. Housing conditions are appalling. No-one except the Conservative Party expects unemployment to fall or for the economy to improve. No-one knows what will happen when North Sea oils runs out. For the unskilled, unemployed black or white youth, there is no hope and very little glory in the land of Britain today.

For the first time, Britain's standard of living has dipped below that of Italy, a fact which has been given little prominence in the press. Not that Italy is doing so well, it's just that Britain is doing so badly; a performance which monetarists in Australia would do well to heed. In

a vain attempt to prop up falling income, the Government has resorted to an acceleration of 'privatisation'. This amounts to disposal of government assets on a massive scale; even the water supply authorities are being sold off. The money from the sales will be used to finance tax cuts; part of Thatcher's 1987 election strategy. This was too much for former PM Harold MacMillan, who likened privatisation to "selling off the family silver."

It is pathetic to see a once rich and powerful country clinging to the visions of its former glories while the foundations of British prosperity ebb away and the mass of the population is reduced to an undignified and bitter struggle for survival. In February, the coldest since 1947, hospitals were crowded with hypothermia cases; pensioners on £41 per week were unable to afford almost £15 per week to heat their homes. Instead of promising help to these people, the Government hedged, hoping to save money. This is the same Government which is about to abolish home insulation subsidies, and have already cut back on health education and social services, while allocating enormous sums to the Trident submarine program.

Britain can no longer afford to posture as a world power while its housing crumbles to ruins and while its other social services are starved of funds. But, tell that to Thatcher, who lives in hope of another Falklands war.

Babies' bottles and dummies cause cancer

by David Mussared

Most rubber teats used in babies' bottles and dummies contain "potent" carcinogens says this month's edition of *Choice* magazine.

Of 21 makes of rubber teats tested by the magazine, 17 were found to contain nitrosamines - in 12 cases "at levels which would be regarded as unsafe in other countries such as the US and Canada."

Silicon teats, a more expensive alternative, contain a "negligible" level of nitrosamines, says the report.

Nitrosamines, formed from additives used in the vulcanisation of rubber, have "long been known" to cause "malignant tumors of liver, kidney and lung" in animals.

"The risk in rubber products ... has been recognised only recently after studies found a higher incidence of cancer than average in workers in the rubber industry" says *Choice*.

Choice is calling for controls over the sale of dummies and teats. The National Health and Medical Research Council has been "considering" the issue, but *Choice* remains pessimistic about the outcome of its deliberations.

Even if the Council makes a recommendation, *Choice* says, "it

will not be obligatory."

"Each State Government will still have to decide whether or not to accept the recommendation and include it in State regulations."

"It is a downright disgrace when administrative and political delays allow products which may be hazardous to the health of babies to remain on the market."

The *Choice* report lists eleven brands of teats as "recommended" and seven others as "acceptable."

Eight of the makes of rubber teats tested were found to contain sixty or more parts of nitrosamines per billion. The US, Canada and several European countries have set a limit of ten parts per billion in dummies and teats.

Having checked for only four of the nine nitrosamines sometimes found in rubber, *Choice* says that "our results represent a minimum amount."

"There may well have been more nitrosamines than we found."

"The results are not comforting for parents", says the report, which recommends that "if you want to be sure of avoiding nitrosamines altogether, teats with 'silicone' on the label are your best bet."

"They cost more, but last longer and are almost certainly safer."

Police arrest greenies in Tasmanian forests

Seventy-four conservationists have now been arrested in the Farmhouse Creek area protesting the Tasmanian Government's wood-chipping policies.

The arrests were made under the Tasmanian Forestry Act under which it is illegal to enter designated forest areas without a permit. 4300 hectares of forest, most of it around Farmhouse Creek, are now a prohibited area to all but Foresters and journalists.

Last Monday, 38 protesters crossed roadblocks on the Farmhouse Creek road singing "We Shall Overcome" and then waited peacefully for police to take them into custody.

Among them was Democrat Senator Norm Sanders. He had an obligation, he said, to protest against an unjust law.

After having dealt with the greenies, police were faced with a protester of a different colour. Retired sawmiller Doug Fenton



Senator Norm Sanders

complained that woodchipping had destroyed the Tasmanian sawlogs industry. He said that the management of Tasmania's forest industries was an economic disaster.

On crossing the barrier he too was arrested.

Wilderness battle: page 9

Just folking around ...



From left: Cathryn Langman, Mary Heath, Dob Taylor, John Abbenante, Jane Pennington, Kate Battersby - the A.U. Folk Club

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Joh hits out at students

by Robert Clark

The Queensland Government will shortly introduce legislation which will give it greater control over tertiary student unions.

The amendments proposed to the acts governing the state's three universities and five colleges will make union activities subject to as yet unspecified guidelines.

Critics have described it as a blatant attempt to muzzle government opponents, especially the outspoken student unions at Griffith and James Cook universities.

The Education Minister, Lyn Powell, has told student representatives the objective of the legislation was to "depoliticise" student unions.

A spokesperson for his office said the component of the fee which paid for union facilities, such as sports equipment, would be compulsory but the rest would be optional.

The spokesperson was not, however, able to answer any of *On dit's* questions and said the Minister also would not be available for interview.

Griffith University Union's Education Officer, Lisa Neville, said the bills were hypocritical and undemocratic.

"The government constantly employs 'free enterprise' rhetoric yet cannot wait to intervene in the affairs of those it dislikes," she said.

"They won't even allow us to take it to our student bodies for the students themselves to vote on."

"It's simply because we and James Cook have been vocal in our criti-

cism of the Bjelke-Petersen regime.

"We were simply told: 'we're the government and we're elected every three years'. But a third of our membership is too young to vote."

"That's democracy in Queensland for you."

Under the legislation student unions must submit their budgets and fee levels to the institution's governing body, which will review them according to guidelines yet to be revealed.

(The Adelaide University Union also must send its budget to the Adelaide University Council. However, *On dit* understands it has never been refused and, in any case, Council has no legislative guidelines to provide a basis for refusal or approval).

The legislation also stipulates that the word 'union' must disappear from the names of student unions because, according to Powell, they must be seen to have no connection with industrial unions.

A spokesperson for James Cook University said: "We have no idea what they mean by 'depoliticising'. After all, this is one of the most blatant acts of politicking we have seen, even in Queensland. The government is trying to legislate us out of existence."

The spokesperson said the government had been trying to "get even" with James Cook University ever since it sponsored a busload of people to land rights marches at the Commonwealth Games in 1982.



Snell leads Libs again

by Paul Washington

The Adelaide University Liberal Club held its Annual General Meeting last Wednesday, at which Anthony Snell was elected President.

Snell is also President of the Students' Association for 1986. He said he had not decided if he would run for President at the annual S.A.U.A. elections again this year.

"It's too far in the future ... I haven't thought about it..." he said.

Also elected at the Liberal Club A.G.M. was James Neate as Vice-President and Chris Pyne as Treasurer.

The Liberal Club had 174 members at the start of last week.

"We're getting a few younger members involved, instead of just the old guard", said Snell.



Tony Snell leading the way



Bill Hayden: sometimes words are not enough

Bases put us in the firing line: Hayden

by Robert Clark

It's official. Australia is a "high-priority" nuclear target.

The Foreign Minister, Bill Hayden, told the Sunday television programme last week that the American bases on Australian soil would be "high-priority (targets) in an all-out exchange."

Hayden told interviewers the bases were "extremely important, in some respects critical, and we take risks with them."

"They are, I have said before, nuclear targets in certain circumstances, I would think high priority ones in an all-out exchange."

Hayden said however "the risk is worthwhile", a reference to the role in verifying arms treaties played by Pine Gap and Nurrungar, "because they contribute to stability."

Hayden's admission is another small step in the painfully slow process of official acknowledgement of the role of the major US bases at Pine Gap, near Alice Springs, North West Cape in WA and at Nurrungar, about 450 km north of Adelaide.

Less than two years ago Hayden and Prime Minister Hawke became the first Australian leaders to admit that the bases made Australia a nuclear target.

Previous Liberal Prime Ministers, Sir John Gorton and Sir William MacMahon, have both admitted they did not know fully the functions of the bases.

Indeed, only in the last six years has the Australian public been able to learn the true roles of the bases. Virtually all the information uncovered was unclassified in the US,

although the Australian Government, when it knew, tried to keep the information secret here.

Dr Jim Falk, author of the books *Global Fission* and *Taking Australia Off the Map*, said Hayden had merely "recognized what we had all known."

Hayden's statement was a "side-ways shift" which reflected "dissatisfaction in the ALP about the agreement the government has made with the US."

By admitting that the bases were a major strategic asset for the US, Hayden's claims of stability fell to pieces, Dr Falk said.

"If you are part of a nuclear weapons system you are part of a highly destabilising situation. It is a bit of a wild goose chase as to whether or not the system is a stabilising or destabilising influence."

Theatre Guild success

by Moya Dodd

The Adelaide University Theatre Guild is reflecting on one of its most successful shows ever, a Festival Fringe production which won an *Advertiser* critics Fringe award and played to sell-out houses throughout its season.

Ring the Bell Softly, There's Crepe on the Door, which played at the Little Theatre until the end of last week, attracted so many people that hundreds of them were turned away, according to the show's production manager Adele Chynoweth.

The show revolved around the lives of thirteen South Australian women.

"We didn't know what the audience reaction would be", she said.

"We chose the characters we thought were of interest to us and researched them, and in the end all except four people played the characters they researched."

"Because we were involved in the whole writing and research pro-



The Adelaide University Theatre Guild won the 'Advertiser' critics Fringe award

cess, it was hard to be objective, but we were very enthused about it."

She said that the cast was very pleased and a little surprised at winning the award.



Deadline for letters to the editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will not necessarily be published.

An unedited letter

The Editors,

Adlai Stevenson was probably right when he said that an editor is one who separates the wheat from the chaff and prints the chaff. I certainly think this is true of *On dit's* Paul T. Washington and Moya Dodd, who have threshed, censored, disarranged, distorted - everything but properly edit - my copy so far this year. To edit a piece of writing means, basically, to amend and compress the piece wherever it needs amending and compressing - to improve upon it, for publication. I am not satisfied that Paul and Moya have achieved this with regard to what I have written for them - in fact, they've consistently weakened my attempt at a "voice".

Examples. Last week I wanted to do more than just a hack interview with the author Tim Winton: with his encouragement I had written more of a profile, with extracts from his work carefully selected and placed in the text, along with my own personal literary allusions. Of course, *On dit* now being more than ever a small silo of chaff, this kind of wheat just had to go, lest it be too much for the idiot readership. There was no room - no place - for the relevance and the truth and beauty of my intended F. Scott Fitzgerald prologue: "All good writing is swimming under water and holding your breath."

An ugly red, editorial line had to go through this poetry, it had to withhold Winton's uses of the Word from the eyes and mind of the reader, it had to change information into misinformation. (Winton's latest novel is *That Eye the Sky*, not *That Eye in the Sky*; that means he is the author of four books, not three; he won the *Australian Vogel Award*, not the *Australian Vogel*). This is indifference, insipidity. It makes the writer look like a hack, an idiot.

I think I know what I'm doing, editors. You may think the *On dit* readership shapeless and mindless, but if one person had read those discarded prose pieces and the *sotto voce* notions and had been won by them, then the job of the writing would have been worth it. The style and the form of this year's *On dit* is not conducive to writing, merely the work of the beloved hack - it's kids' stuff. The reason and the purpose of a student paper is to inform and entertain its specific 'demographic'; it is also there to train and raise the writer in his or her formative years, to give him or her the freedom of learning. I mean, why write? Why bother? Why care?

Dino Di Rosa

Photocopiers charging like a bull

Dear Editors,

After finally making my way into the library, I found the need to photocopy one (1) page out of a text book. To my utter disgust [sic] I was forced to buy a resource card at a cost of \$2; and it still only gave me \$1 credit.

But worse was to follow. All these copies were to cost us 8 or 8½ cents each. Well where are those machines? All those I found were charging like a... bull at 12 cents a copy. Even Bob Hawke would be impressed with that sort of inflation. I ask when is it to reach 15 cents a copy?

A disgruntled [sic] library user.
David Lapans

Play it again

Dear Editors,

There seem to be two kinds of people who write letters to *On dit*. There is the person who has something constructive and useful to say and there is the person who just loves to see his name in print. Judging from last week's letter by John Edwards, he seems to fall into the latter category. Why else would he practise the art of 'stating the bloody obvious' and hit us with the inspirational revelation that "Coory must bear responsibility".

Allow me to state, for the final time, in honour of people like Mr. Edwards who obviously did not read my reply in Issue 2, that I do accept responsibility for what happened, as I also accept responsibility for everyone meeting new friends and having a great time. Most people tend to over-look this rather pertinent fact. (Try primary source material next time).

As for "Paul Coory quite neatly sidestepping the most important point", nothing was sidestepped whatsoever, as Ronan Moore and myself directed the camps in a manner displaying the highest sense of responsibility, and we both had a brilliant time on the camps as did 200 others - and that's all we care about. Therefore, useless 'spectator' input quite frankly bores us.

Having said that, if anyone still can't sleep at nights because of the O'Camp, please don't bore us any further and try to live with it.

Love and kisses,
Paul Coory

Royal musings

Dear Editors,

Well kiddies wasn't that wonderful news little Prince Andrew and Sarah what its getting betrothed. (Betrothed mind you! only peasants get engaged). Why, the ecstasy [sic] of it all made me want to blue rinse my hair in celebration.

Although silly me I must admit, I thought at first the news flash which burst upon my screen was heralding the 3rd World War or the Second Coming, but of course it was nothing as trivial as that. Mind you, I wasn't surprised, you see I just knew Andy and Sarah would be the perfect match, with a compatibility score that would have to rate in the eighties. (P.S., you see how educational Greg Evans and Dexter can be!).

I mean, I just can't wait for the next 38 issues of *Women's Weekly*, and the *News* wrap around, and the *Advertiser* supplement [sic] and the Channel 10 special and the ABC documentary and ... and ... and isn't another royal wedding going to be wonderful for Britain, especially now that unemployment has just hit a rosy 14%. Why, all those layabout young'uns can be specially employed to hang bunting along the streets and run errands for all the nice American tourists.

Anyway, let's just hope the wedding will be as good as Charles' and Di's.



Two out of three ain't bad

Dear Editors

Firstly, let me say that this is a !!!!!! house typewriter (Barr Smith efficiency!) but I shall attempt to deliver this disclaimer as best I can.

For starters I am not, repeat NOT a trendy. My "Blues Brothers" glasses do not have chains, God only knows why anyone else needs them anyway, and I wear them to protect my eyes; not my image. Gees! I've got photos of me

wearing them when I was three! Further (to this disclaimer) my wearing of '60's paisley has nothing to do with the fact that the Church are groovy, Jefferson Airplane are great (well, were great) and don't we miss the Sunnyboys something chronic?

One more thing. Anti-Royalists are just a bunch of jealous farts. I mean, gees!, the old dear didn't ask to get born to a king did she? Anyway, she only

bothers us once every few years or so and Bob Hawke's head on the back of our coins is sort of bleeaargh! My name is Mark Storm, I use words such as "groovy", "cool", "freak me out" and so on without any shame or pretence whatsoever and any smart arse who has anything to say to me can contact me through my Classics pigeon hole.

P.S. I am tall, dark and two out of three ain't bad!!

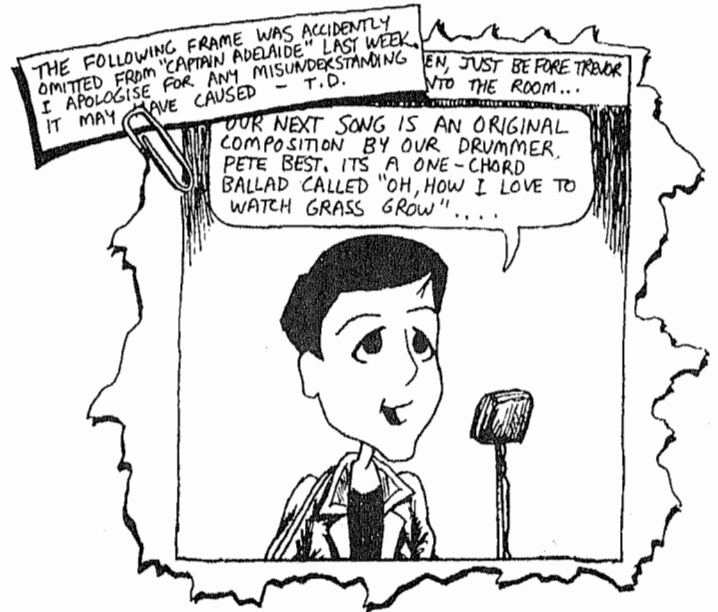
because next to the matinee show of *Barnum and Bailey's Circus* (and episode 57 of *Days of Our Lives*) I haven't had as much fun since.

But anyway, I'm so delighted for them, and so proud of the awe in which they are held.

Surely it's reassuring to see a grown journalist on \$40,000 a year tackle such an immense problem as calculating the precise minute to which the announcements of the Betrothal is made, and indeed determining its exact punctuation (including apostrophes where applicable). But the media is only taking its cue from those wonderful astrologers who have been working overtime, right into the middle of the day, to determine such events as will the first born have a willy or not, will Sarah renounce Christianity for Mithraism, will Andrew be able to piss straight after two months of hard marriage and honeymooning, and other such questions of national importance.

Yes indeed kiddies, these are awe inspiring days we live in. And they prompt me to sing that wonderful song, which we all learnt at school (pre-war that is): Rull Britannia, Britania rules the splash, urrgghh, glug, glug, glug, waves!

Yours,
David Nankervis



Beatles not boring

Dear Editors,

While recognising the author of 'Captain Adelaide' as an aficionado of the *Beatles*, I take exception to Trevor's description of them as 'boring'. I have in my possession a really scungy recording of the *Beatles* from their Hamburg days

which proves that they were one of the best rock'n'roll bands ever at that time. If Trevor is unable to appreciate this fact then he truly must be a philistine.

Sincerely yours,
Geoff Coates

Disarm, together

Dear Editors,

On Monday, March 17, I attended a public appearance on campus by Mr. Richard Butler, Australian Ambassador for Disarmament in Geneva. The attendees represented a "who's who" of the disarmament movement, and a valuable exchange on the realities of the situation was led by Mr. Butler.

At the meeting, we were informed by Mr. Butler that, at his previous engagement, the Liberal Club of S.A., their Club secretary had concluded their meeting with the recommendation that Liberals actively participate in the disarmament movement (rather than adopt the well known stance of Federal Party Leader Mr. John Howard).

This was seen by the Chairman of the meeting, an Adelaide University lecturer in international politics, as an encouraging sign that in uniting the whole range of community groups, we have a better chance for real, verifiable arms reductions on the international front.

Let us hope that in the future this does eventuate, and future advertisements for public meetings do not contain the

phrases "all A.L.P. Club members are welcome" (*On dit* Page 19, 17/3/86), included in such a way as to discourage others. Criticism can also be laid at the Liberal door, as our impotent Student "Union" apparently considers that the "silent majority" it claims to represent does not care about nuclear weapons and thus continues its state of observation along with most of the population. Students are able to challenge, question, debate etc. etc. issues that others find offensive or "out of reach", so why not encourage them to get involved, and question society's standpoint so that we can get the disarmament show on the road, together.

Wade. B. Stevens

Editors' note: We have received two anonymous/pseudonymic letters which make some serious comments and complaints. One is about the 'O-Guide/Counter Calendar' and the other is about the library photocopiers. If the authors would like to get in touch with us and put their names to the letters, we will be happy to print them.

'Lavatory' humour in B & C

Dear Editors,

With regard to the "drawings" on the front piece of the last two *Bread and Circuses* may I make these observations:

(a) Copy number one appeared to show a demeaning attitude towards women with regard to speech and dress; and

(b) Copy number two showed a demeaning attitude towards the dress of "new chums" at the Uni.

As a result I would respectfully suggest that unless the editors have something better to put in its place, such "lavat-

ory" humour deserves to be disregarded by new students on campus. The majority of students are not represented by such attitudes.

May I say too that freedom of thought and expression, in clothing (within the limits of decency) should surely make us open to accepting a wide variety of apparel. Otherwise we exchange one set of limitations in thought and dress for another.

Sincerely,
Lorraine E. May



Adelaide Festival grinds to a halt

OnDit

After never really fulfilling its promise the 1986 Adelaide Festival has ground to a halt. Adelaide's critics never really warmed to the occasion and consequently the public responded by staying away.

Just a week before the Festival's close two of what should have been the main attractions, *Voss*, and the Rustavelli Company's *Richard III* were unsold by 35 per cent and 45 per cent respectively.

Illusion turned out to be a \$300,000 anti-climax.

This is disappointing, both from the producers' point of view and from the point of view of those who would like to think Adelaide has a slender core of residents capable of appreciating truly world-class productions.

But then again, there is little to be obtained from the Festival that cannot be obtained through one medium or another at any other time.

So perhaps the whole idea should be shelved. If not we can at least hope that next time around Adelaide's public and press will band together to support the Adelaide Festival.

The politics of hatred

The appearance of National Action graffiti on Adelaide University's heritage building, Bonython Hall once again underlines the nameless, faceless stupidity which characterises the actions of this group.

The ambiguous "NA kill red clergy" slogan painted late last Thursday night is typical of the hateful slogans National Action have sprayed, plastered and etched on the walls of this city for the past few years.

Why is it that this group, whose slogans are so

visible, cannot be found in the telephone book, give no address, answer no questions, and have no official spokesperson? Why do they never run for Parliament? Why do they hide behind anonymous slogans and hasty fly-by-night acts of vandalism?

The reason they never enter the public debate and participate in the democratic process in the usual way is that they cannot do so. Their politics are those of hatred; their reasons are unclear and probably unsound. So they attack in a hit-and-run fashion, and usually aim for those who are least equipped to defend themselves. Their 'Asians Out' campaign is notorious.

And in the meantime, they cost us money. The Bonython Hall incident carries an approximate cost of \$250 and the figure rises with every blow of the stonemason's hammer. The building will probably be permanently scarred.

National Action's style of politics has no place in our society or on our campus. In a country that enjoys as much democratic freedom as Australia, it is only those who are running scared who must resort to tactics like these.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Privatised education: the costs

FORUM

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

by Lance Worrall

Postgraduate Students Association

2.) Off-shore annexes of Australian tertiary institutions in South East Asia.

3.) Fee paying courses within public tertiary institutions. Adelaide University, in association with Flinders and S.A.I.T. is negotiating with the University Sains Malaysia for the admission of Malaysian students paying around \$16,000 pa to courses in various faculties. Similar ventures are being planned in many other institutions around the country. The Melbourne Institute of Technology and Deakin University have both attempted to secure agreements with the World Bank and the Indonesian Government for the admission of 200 Indonesian Engineering students, each paying \$16,000 pa. These attempts foundered basically because academic standard would be depressed.

4.) Privatised cronies. A more isolated case of privatisation was the sale by Melbourne University of a privatised Professorship in Accounting to a multi-national firm. The firm agreed to pay the salary for the Professorship, provided they and not the University could choose the occupant of the position! The University agreed and took its 30 pieces of silver.



Lance Worrall: fees will deny access to higher education to lower-income earners

Recent opinion polls and the last South Australian State election have indicated that the Liberal Party's privatisation policies are the scourge of the electorate. And yet few are aware that in higher education the Labor Government is already enacting many Liberal Party policies of privatisation.

Is this a miracle of consensus from which we should all take comfort? Or is it an abnegation of the basic principles of free, open and public tertiary education? Before we join the chorus of acclaim for privatisation of education to be found in the *Australian* or *Bulletin*, or the clamour by Liberal spokespeople like Peter Shack to push for further privatisation and tuition fees, let us just see what these plans entail, who will lose and who will profit. Finally, let's look at how Adelaide University could be affected.

The Proposals

Recently, an overseas trade mission recommended that Australian courses be vigorously marketed in South East Asia. Overseas students studying in private courses would pay fees of around \$16,000 pa, and it is more than likely that many Australian students would also eventually pay fees. At present, these privatisation moves take three main forms:

1.) Wholly private universities as proposed by the Northern Territory Government and the Tokyu and W.A. Exim Corporations in Western Australia. In each case, Australian as well as overseas students would be charged full fees. Tokyu and W.A. Exim originally proposed that Murdoch University would take academic responsibility for courses within the W.A. private university. However the academic staff of Murdoch rejected the proposal on academic, financial, ethical and industrial grounds, and it is now proposed that the courses be marketed in association with the W.A. Institute of Technology. Further proposals include one for a University owned and controlled by an Evangelical church. Imagine the Reverend Fred Nile as your lecturer!

The Costs

The move towards marketing overseas courses has come about through government encouragement. It is attractive to tertiary institutions because of inadequate levels of government funding. But although the hopes of a windfall through privatisation are illusory, the costs are to be measured in more than dollars.

Basically, privatisation attacks the principle of entry into a tertiary institution on merit; privatisation is likely to lead to fees for all, or nearly all, students. Private institutions would be quite legally able to charge fees to Australian students.

There is also likely to be pressure to charge fees in public institutions to students who cannot enter on academic merit but who do have the cash. This is particularly so while, because of insufficient federal funding, many thousands of qualified students are unable to obtain a place in a tertiary institution. In South Australia alone last year, there were 25,000 applicants and only 10,000 tertiary places.

The answer to this is more federal funding, not fees. And if the present Labor Government does not eventually ask public institutions to

levy fees against some Australian students, an incoming Liberal Government certainly would, as Shadow Education Minister, Mr. Peter Shack, has made quite clear.

Of course, fees will simply deny access to higher education by low income earners, many women and many people from the racial and ethnic minorities. Moreover, a "free market" education sector cannot effectively be brought to account over matters of direct discrimination, let alone be required to adopt measures to redress the effects of longstanding and often indirect discrimination.

Institutions are moving towards privatisation because federal government funding is inadequate. But the government wants privatisation to further reduce its funding commitment. With the Federal Cabinet having all but agreed to the Keating/Walsh proposal for \$1.5 billion worth of cuts from the deficit, it is exceedingly unlikely that privatisation will yield extra money for tertiary institutions; rather it will weaken the basis of the institutions' claims for Government funding.

In any case, there are grounds for scepticism about whether say, \$16,000 pa would actually be sufficient to cover all tuition costs, such as infrastructural expenses. If not, public money will almost certainly be transferred towards fee levying courses. That is to say, these extra costs would be met by diversion of federal government monies into fee courses in the case of public institutions, or, in the case of wholly private universities; a federal subsidy of the type received by the private

school system would be attracted. This would place further pressure on present levels of funding of public higher education.

Within the "private" tertiary education system, the demands of profit making are likely to lead to cost cutting in areas of student services, larger classes, a tendency towards a more compressed curriculum and more superficial tuition, a tendency toward low entry requirements and

low failure rates to maintain student enrolments, and an exploited contract form of academic labour with little allowance for research. Within the public system, academic standards would suffer through the loss of resources to the "private" sector.

What about intellectual freedom, the right to pursue research free from interference? Within the "private" sector corporate bodies will be empowered to direct academic effort, the content of courses taught and of research performed?

Precedents established here would also further constrict intellectual freedom within the public institutions. One need only look to England or the U.S. to find examples of the suppression of information and research by private sector funding bodies. These examples include suppression of research into the harmful effects of pesticide use, the sacking of academics whose research questioned the role of forestry companies, suppression of the results of research on strategic and military matters, and so forth. Privatisation will further bias the content and role of higher education towards the needs and

interests of private business. Market oriented courses of immediate profit to private business will be funded preferentially, while other curricula from which the broader community may benefit will be demoted. This in turn will make the higher education system less accountable and responsive to the needs and interests of the broader community.

Finally, the scheme consolidates a shift in Australia's role in the Asian region, away from providing education as aid, towards education as trade, with a concomitant shift of resources out of the less developed countries of South East Asia. Frequently, only those favoured by the (often harshly repressive) home government, or those wealthy enough, would be able to study here. While Australia frequently lavishes military aid on some of the most repressive regimes of the region, there is less than ever a justification for reducing education, one of the most valuable forms of aid Australia can offer to less developed countries.

Implications for Adelaide

While Adelaide's negotiations with the Universiti Sains Malaysia are at this stage relatively modest, they contain many of the dangers referred to above. And, once established, there may be powerful financial incentives to expand the scheme. These are some of the questions that members of university committees should consider before accepting the overseas marketing proposals:

Will overseas marketing make all students more vulnerable to tuition fees?

What are the implications for the distribution of resources within the University and how real are the alleged financial benefits?

Given the relatively small number of Universiti Sains Malaysia students to be admitted, and therefore, the unlikelihood of any large increase in the numbers of tenured staff, can we really be sure that existing quotas and students will not be adversely affected?

Can we be sure that academic standards will be maintained?

The Postgraduate Students' Association is monitoring both the national and Adelaide situations regarding the marketing of courses. We believe that overseas students are merely the first victims of a generalised attempt to privatise higher education and introduce fees. This attempt should be opposed by Australian and overseas students alike.

Nominations open now

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.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION BY-ELECTION

Positions Available: Union Board 3
 Activities Council: 1
 Nominations Open: Thursday, 20th March, 1986 (9.00am)
 Nominations Close: Thursday, 27th March, 1986 (4.00pm)
 Nomination forms available from:
 Union Secretary's Office (1st Floor, Lady Symon Building)

VOTING:

Wednesday, 9th; Thursday, 10th; Friday, 11th April, 1986.

POLLING BOOTHS:
 Wednesday, 9th April:
 9.00am-7.00pm Student Activities Office
 11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
 11.45am-2.15pm Law School
 11.45am-2.15pm Waite

Thursday, 10th April:
 9.00am-5.00pm Student Activities Office
 11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
 11.45am-2.15pm Napier Foyer
 11.45am-2.15pm CASM.

Friday, 11th April:
 9.00am-5.00pm Student Activities Office
 11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
 11.45am-2.15pm Medical School

11.45am-2.15pm Engineering School

TO VOTE

You need to produce one of the following to obtain a ballot slip. It must also be produced when the vote is returned to the Polling Booth.

The Adelaide University Student Card
 1986 STA Travel Card (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study)
 1986 ISIC Card (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study)
 Adelaide University Law Library Card
 Waite Institute Card

Graham Edmonds-Wilson
 Returning Officer

Positions vacant

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.

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

Nominations close: Tuesday 1st April 1986 (5.00pm).

Nominations open: Thursday 20th March 1986 (9.00am)

For further information contact the SAUA Office.

Prosh week

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 April. Applications should be in writing and addressed to the President.

Mhairi MacPherson
 Administrative Secretary

Malay government questioned

Dear Editors,

I would like to make several comments on an article I read in the student newspaper *On dit* (University of Adelaide) 17 March 1986 written by Anthony Snell the Students' Association (SAUA) President. The article refers to a new scheme whereby students from Malaysia are sponsored by their Government who also pays a fee to the University for the privilege to study in the University of Adelaide (a fee of \$14,000 for medical students has been suggested). This scheme is proposed to aid "worthy" students who are financially "unable" to afford the costs of studying in Australia.

Several points have to be made about this proposed scheme and they unfortunately refer to the sorry state of affairs in our Northern neighbour. Some of these refer to items of interest of which the average Australian may be unaware of. Before anything more is said, Australia claims that it is officially against "any" form of racial discrimination.

1. Malaysia is a country with three major racial groups: i) Those of Malay, or approved as of being of Malay race; ii) The Chinese; iii) The Indians and others.

2. For reasons many Malays, especially those in power, are trying to advance the Malay race at the expense of other racial groups. More bluntly, the Malays are in the process of an active program to reduce the Chinese (and the other races) to second class citizens in their own country. To this end many laws and practices have been approved. Many being similar to South Africa's Apartheid laws. As the South African's (and a long time ago the English) know very well the best way to reduce the social and economic standing of any readily identifiable eg: racial, group, is to restrict the quality of education and upward mobility in education of that group.

3. In order to restrict the education level of the Non-Malays in Malaysia the Government has introduced several practices into the system of which the latest are supported by Australia. I

refer to the article by Anthony Snell. Firstly some not too well known items of interest.

i) In Malaysia there is the practice of those sitting for Public Exams to be required to state the racial group to which they belong. This makes the task of selective marking (with preference to Malays) much easier.

ii) In Malaysia the national language Malay, is the language of education. English is taught as a second language in much the same way as a child in Adelaide is taught another language, perhaps Italian or French. Needless to say that their level of competence in English is not the best. The better Malay students however, are sent to special schools where they are taught in English as a first language to enable them to pass the Australian exams without the hinderence of a language barrier. In addition to that, the best teachers are sent to the Malay special schools, and the worst sent to the schools with predominantly Chinese students.

iii) After Secondary School, the Universities in Malaysia are restricted by race quotas with a predominantly Malay content. The "other" students are there for appearance purposes and more pragmatically as pacesetters. This explains why the content of University students from Malaysia are predominantly Chinese and Indian, as Malays have priority access to places in Malaysian Universities.

iv) The Malaysian Government scholarships to Australia are for the better Malay students (the other races just don't seem to get them, don't try next year) with few exceptions in the case of Non-Malays. Under these scholarships the student has all expenses paid for including the Visa Fees of A\$3,500. After Graduation the student is given a job in the Malaysian Government Service.

v) Non-Malay students on the other hand are required to pay for the higher education they receive overseas. Due to the relatively lower standard of living and of course pay of the average person in Malaysia, the cost of sending a son or daughter to Australia and paying for the: Air fare, Visa Fee, University Union Fee, Accommodation, Food, and other expenses is exorbitant, even by our standards let alone theirs. Exorbitant to the extent that many families are required to Mortgage (or take out a second Mortgage on) their homes in addition to making sacrifices against their normal living expenditure.

4. The Visa fee of A\$3,500 has been steadily increasing over the years and the Australian Government is (inadvertently?) reducing the number of non-Malays able to afford to study in Australia. The Malaysian Government on the other hand is wealthy enough to absorb such costs.

5. Despite Malaysian Government efforts, Privately sponsored students (read non-Malay students) take most of the overseas quotas in Australia at least up till now. This is because entry has been on purely academic and not racial grounds. The non-Malay students have studied against the odds and beaten the Malays in many cases to places in Australia. Hence the new plan.

6. The new plan is to effectively "buy" places for Malays in Australian institutions of higher education in an effort to reduce the proportion of non-Malay graduates in Malaysia. This furthers the efforts of the Malaysian Government to Malayise the once multicultural Government and business sectors of Malaysia. It could be said that these relevant University Faculties are being bribed into allowing Malays into University by the back door. If this is the case, the implications could prove to be if nothing else, at least embarrassing, or have we no shame?

Is Australia and her educational institutions going to sell their services to highest bidder irrespective of the Apartheid implications of doing so, or is she going to hold to the policy of anti-racial discrimination and uphold the moral standards of her educational institutions?

Written by a concerned Australian student.

Fees scare unfortunate



SAUA PRESIDENT Anthony Snell

The Economic Planning and Advisory Council (EPAC), which advises The Commonwealth Government on economic issues, has issued a report suggesting that tertiary fees be reintroduced. The Report, entitled *Human Capital and Productivity Growth*, has drawn widespread editorial comment in Australia.

It is unfortunate that Editorialists have given undue prominence to the fees comments which, in fact, formed only a minor part of the report conclusions. *Human Capital* was mainly given over to suggest improvements in management and work practices. Also, as can be seen from the Report's title, the committee had no brief to consider the fees issue in any depth.

The report states: "While preserving the principle of providing tertiary education for those who win places within current and prospective tertiary quotas, consideration might be given to the generality of the Commonwealth's prohibition on tertiary education institutions charging fees for award courses."

This single paragraph has been the basis of much of what has been

written concerning the Report.

This recommendation is based on sweeping assertions not the least of which is that only technology and business studies graduates will contribute to our economic and social development.

Other concerns such as access and the desirability of an educated population do not enter into this particular EPAC Report. The readiness with which commentators have seized on many of its assertions is, in light of this, disturbing.

A number of students have approached me voicing concern about the Universities' proposals I outlined in last weeks column regarding the possibility of allowing Malaysian Government sponsored students to study at Adelaide University.

This feedback has certainly opened my eyes to many of the problems - particularly the Malaysian Government's racist education policies. I will now be in a position to raise these concerns with the appropriate authorities within the University. The Senior Deputy Chancellor, Dr. Harry Medlin, is currently in Malaysia discussing aspects of the proposal with the Universiti Sains Malaysia. He will be reporting back to University Council at its next meeting. Dr. Medlin was well aware of the effect the Malaysian Government's education policies may have on Adelaide University's response, when he agreed to be a member of the discussion group. Dr. Medlin has for some time been a critic of aspects of the Malaysian Government's education policies.

an important message for students...

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teas applications
 must be in by
 march 31

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If your teas application is in by March 31st, your payments will be backdated to the beginning of the year. Applications received by the teas office after March 31st will not be backdated.



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OnDit Features

Gray and Kerin at loggerheads over furore at Farmhouse Creek

The battle for the Tasmanian wilderness is on again, this time over the woodchipping industry. Stephen Mattingley, Secretary of the S.A. Branch of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, spoke to former director Bob Brown about the latest developments at Farmhouse Creek.

Farmhouse Creek suddenly hit the headlines throughout Australia, when forestry workers on company orders, roughly evicted people who had gathered to protest at roadworks crossing the creek, which for a decade has marked one of the limits of logging in Southwest Tasmania. Police stood by and watched apparently on orders from the Tasmanian Government.

Explaining why work on contentious new logging roads did not start until after the Tasmanian State election, a Forest Industries Association spokesman said that the weather had been unsuitable. The weather had been perfect - only the political climate had been wrong.

Both major political parties were silent on the issue of whether the forests should be cut down and exported, along with the potential for jobs. Only independent politicians, like Dr. Bob Brown, formerly Director of the Tasmanian Wilderness Society, spoke out.

He commented: "Mr. Gray [the Tasmanian Premier], in the run to the elections, when he was Minister for Forests, said not one word about woodchipping in Tasmania, because he knows how unpopular it is.

"But on the very day that people were granted their seats [in Parliament], the chainsaws started cutting down the trees at Farmhouse Creek, and within a few days, the machinery moved into the Lemonthyme State Forest."

These moves into the two most politically and environmentally sensitive forest areas were designed to provoke a showdown with the Federal Government and conservationists. Both these areas act as buffer zones to protect Australia's most famous wilderness area, Southwest Tasmania. They have been areas of contention between the forestry industry and conservationists for years.

Roadwork started without interruption by protesters near Farmhouse Creek, but action had occurred in Lemonthyme. Two bulldozers drove into a group of protesters, who immediately clambered aboard. After this confrontation, work stopped there for a couple of days.

Robin Gray immediately came out with the same type of invective rhetoric that he used during the Franklin dam dispute, making many wonder whether the style of his Government had changed at all.

Bob Brown commented: "It's got worse. The fact that the Government knew that there was an



Conservationists confront loggers at Farmhouse Creek

organised group of ruffians at Farmhouse Creek and essentially issued orders for the police to stand aside, while events there unfolded as they did, is an indication of the breakdown of the proper democratic right that people have to be protected."

The appointment of Ray Groom as the new Minister for Forests doesn't seem to have changed much, according to Bob Brown. "I've got no doubts that the orders are still going to come from the Premier's office. However, Ray Groom has said that he will speak with the conservationists, which is a change from Robin Gray's style, but I would not expect that the Government's policy on forests is

going to alter."

The same cavalier Government attitude to public rights seems to prevail. After the first incident at Farmhouse Creek, Ray Groom invoked a law to exclude the public from their own forests at Farmhouse Creek and Lemonthyme, under threat of arrest and a maximum fine of \$500.

Unsure of their power of arrest under the newly gazetted law, police at first held off. Meanwhile, talks with Forest Employees Action Group to defuse the situation with forestry workers were arranged.

Bob Brown remarked: "The workers have a very legitimate concern for their jobs. After all, due to

the woodchip industry and automation, 4,000 of them have lost their jobs in the last fifteen years in Tasmania, even though the companies are cutting down twice as many trees, because they're exporting most of those trees to Japan as woodchips. With them, they're exporting the jobs in downstream processing.

"The workers are being told it's because of the conservationists.

"The attempt by the conservationists and workers (myself included) to get together to meet that common ground ... to ensure the environment was kept while jobs were not lost, was simply torpedoed by the companies and Government."

While a rally was being held in Hobart to protest against logging of Southwest Tasmania, police arrested the protesters at Farmhouse Creek. This has not stopped ongoing protests, against both the destruction of the forests and the harsh law authorising the arrests.

Dr. Brown said: "The road at Farmhouse Creek, I believe, will be bulldozed through in a matter of weeks if not days."

"We always knew, from the outset, that people cannot prevent bulldozers and chainsaws if that force is used to violate our forests."

The issue at Farmhouse Creek has become much wider than just that area, Dr. Brown said. "It's symbolic of the fact that Australia's forests are being torn down at the greatest rate in history, and we've got so little left."

Behind the incidents at Farmhouse Creek and Lemonthyme is a political motive: the Tasmanian Government is trying to test the Federal Government's will to protect areas of national and international importance on the Register of National Estate.

Bob Brown explains the significance of National Estate areas: "The Federal Government has established areas like Farmhouse Creek and Lemonthyme as National Estate areas ... areas which are so important to the nation as a whole that they transcend State values.

"The Federal Government has the powers to protect these areas ... in particular its right to put conditions on woodchip export licences, which it issues to the companies, saying they cannot log or woodchip in the ten percent of [commercial] forests which are in National Estate areas in Tasmania."

In December 1985, the Federal Minister for Primary Industry, Mr. Kerin, announced his proposals for conditions on Tasmanian woodchip export licences. These would give the export woodchip industry virtually everything it wanted, while making a few token gestures to conservation, mainly in the form of consultation with the Commonwealth before logging some National Estate forests.

Mr. Gray hailed this announcement as a major victory. All that is needed to put the proposals into effect are the signatures of Mr. Gray and Mr. Kerin on an agreement to be negotiated between the Federal and State Governments.

Two months after the announcement, Mr. Gray denounced Mr. Kerin's proposal for Commonwealth involvement in National Estate areas as an attack on "States' rights"...

While the Tasmanian and Commonwealth Governments remain at loggerheads, unauthorised export woodchip operations are destroying Australia's National Estate forests.

Bob Brown concludes: "The real change will come about when a Federal Government takes up its national responsibilities to protect them [forests]. Until that happens, I'm afraid we're going to see continued incidents like Farmhouse Creek."

To deliver up this Africa, to free it and restore it to the righteous

MINORITY RELIGIONS

In this series of articles *On dit's* TERENCE CAMBRIDGE examines the experiences of some of the world's minority religious groups.

This week: the rastafarians.

Robert Chamberlain was 12 when he first heard the word 'rasta'.

His elder brother Michael had just returned home one Sunday morning after staying out all night. Robert was in the back garden but he could hear his mother shrieking at Michael: "You don't come round here with them rasta ways."

It wasn't until about a year later that he heard the word again. Some of the older guys at school had twisted their hair into long coils and let them grow into what they called 'locks'. They didn't call each other by their right names, but kept on referring to each other as 'rasta'.

From then on Robert couldn't escape the word: the music his friends listened to always seemed to have it in the lyrics; it was emblazoned across posters advertising concerts and discos; and his brother Michael introduced it into his everyday vocabulary along with terms like 'crucial', 'sooncome' and 'I and I'.

In the last few months of his schooling Robert befriended some guys who were heavily into reggae music. Quite often they would skip school and go to a record shop or hang around a West Indian take-away shop.

It was during these excursions that Robert became familiar with the meaning of rasta.

He began to realise the word was part of a dialogue called 'reasoning'; this meant he and his friends could talk about any conceivable subject.

But they talked about them in a different way. It wasn't just the words they used, like 'Babylon' or

'Selassie', it was the interpretation they gave to events, thoughts and feelings.

In the reasoning sessions Robert's friends talked as if they were at the centre of some vast, organised plan. It was like a web they were entangled in; they were trapped by this thing called Babylon.

The more he attended the reasoning sessions the more Robert grasped what was fundamentally a theory of history. Listening to reggae music became an almost revelatory experience. It was a vision of the world completely different to the one he had been taught by his parents and at school.

He left school in 1980 when he was 16 but there seemed to be no jobs for a young black in his English West Midlands home city.

The rasta vision began to take on a coherence: "The white man has always kept the black man in captivity; even when they let us go from our chains they kept us in mental enslavement," one of his friends told him.

Robert immersed himself in the sub-culture. He grew locks, dressed in a way that rejected Western fashions and even acquired a new dialect in which to communicate. He argued with his Pentacostal parents and had to leave home.

The word he had first heard when he was 12 took on a new importance and he began to structure his entire existence around it. He changed his name to Kinfe, an African name, and became a member of the fastest-growing black cultic movement. He became rasta.

This account of the rasta experience in modern Britain is given by Dr. E.E. Cashmore of the University of Aston in Birmingham, author of several books on rastafarianism.

The emergence of thousands of young rastas like Cashmore's Kinfe in Britain during the last two decades, together with the popularity of Bob Marley's reggae music, has brought the message of rastafarianism to the attention of the world.

Yet the roots of rasta lie in the black experience at the turn of the century and earlier.

Like many religious, philosophical and political systems of belief, rastafarianism draws its strength from the myth of a golden age in the past. Rastas locate this lost utopia in 'Ethiopia', a united African continent in which all black peoples lived peacefully, untouched by European colonists.

According to the rasta version of history, the Europeans carved up Ethiopia into different nations on the divide and rule principle. World history entered a new phase as the Europeans constructed a new 'Babylon', an empire founded on the domination of black races by whites.

For rastas this phase of history has almost run its course: Babylon will soon disintegrate and a black Zion will be restored.

Although commentators have argued over whether rastafarianism is truly a religion, there is no doubt about the Biblical flavour of much of the movement's vocabulary.

Rasta draws heavily on the Old Testament and its account of their homeland.

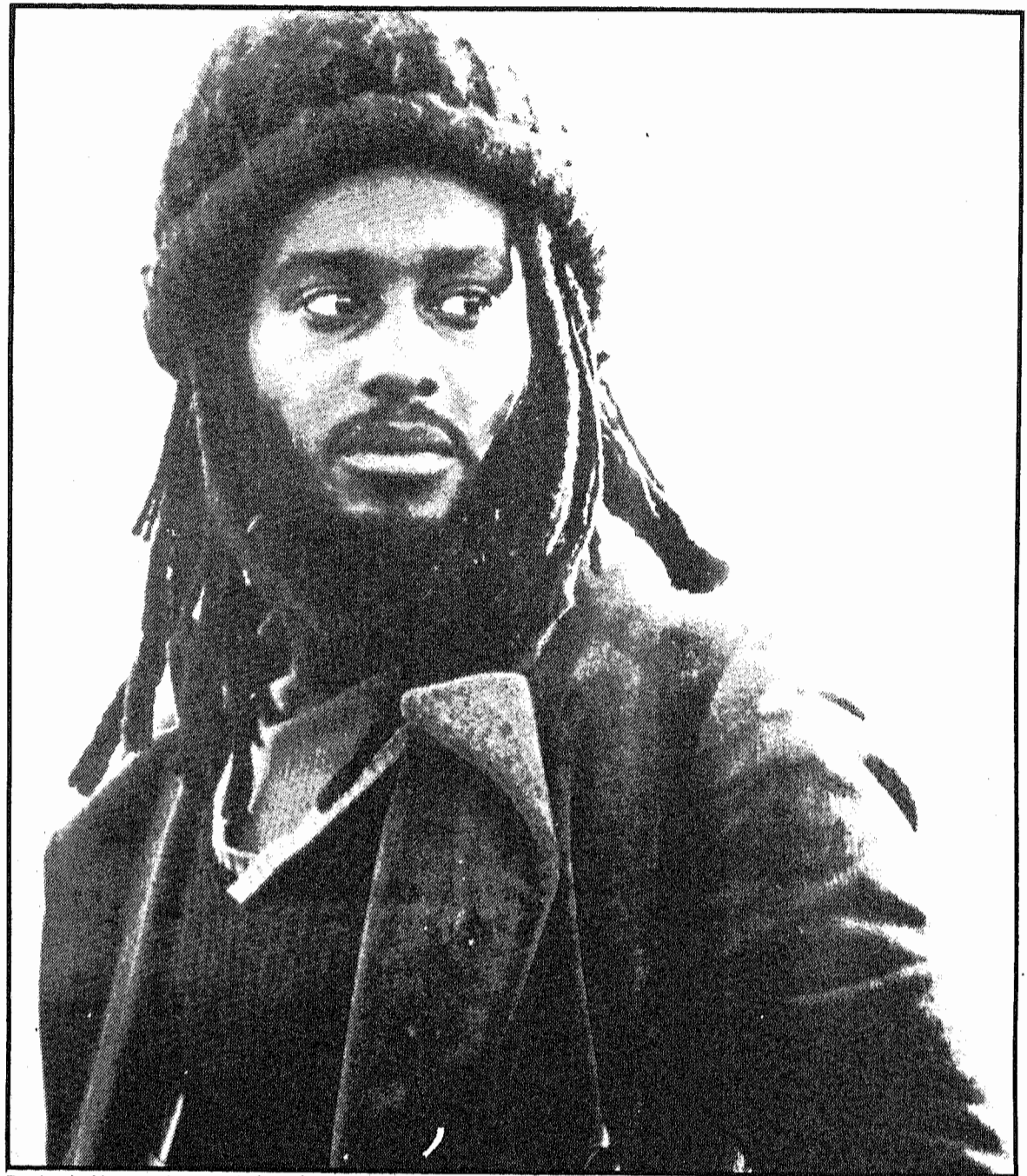
For blacks at the turn of the century, the Biblical story of the Jews took on a powerful ideological significance; it became the prophetic message of several early black leaders in the Caribbean.

Perhaps the most important of these leaders was Marcus Mosiah Garvey (1887-1940) who founded the Universal Negro Improvement Association. Under Garvey UNIA had one aim: to reunite black people around the world with what Garvey considered their rightful homeland, Africa.

Cashmore gives this summary of Garvey's philosophies: "For Garvey, blacks in the Americas had not only been repressed physically, but their minds had been affected by years of being subordinated to whites. Slavery had emasculated them to the point where they actually regarded themselves as little more than slaves. So programs aimed at the gradual integration of blacks into white society were meaningless for Garvey. His alternative was to restore the lost dignity of blacks by breaking totally with the white world."

Garvey's return-to-Africa dream became one of the central rastafarian ideas. The other main concept was the prophecy contained in an apocryphal phrase often attributed to Garvey: "Look to Africa when a black king shall be crowned for the day of deliverance is near."

Rastafarians believe this prophecy was fulfilled with the accession of Ras Tafari, or Haile Selassie, to the throne of Ethiopia



Rasta influenced everything from the cricket of Viv Richards to the music of Bob Marley

in 1930.

Selassie was seen as a black messiah and his crowning was held to herald the imminent downfall of Babylon and the deliverance of the black races. During the 1930s more and more black Jamaicans became convinced the redemption was not far away and the doctrine of the God of Ethiopia and the inevitable return to Africa was supported by a growing movement.

Rasta followers distinguished themselves by growing their hair and coiling it into long, matted 'dreadlocks' in accordance with Leviticus 21:5, "They shall not make baldness upon their head."

Smoking ganja, or 'herb,' a form of marijuana, was given religious significance by the rastas who identified it as the substance spoken of in Psalms 104:14, "He causeth the grass for the cattle, the herb for the service of man."

But it was not until the 1970s that there was an enormous surge of interest in rastafarian ideas among blacks. This phenomenon has been attributed to the material conditions of young blacks, both in the West Indies and in Britain.

"As unemployment amongst youth mounted, blacks were the worst hit; the plausibility of rasta beliefs strengthened the unemployment queues," Cashmore says.

He says the rasta theory of Babylon provided blacks with an analytical tool for interpreting their social position.

"Basically the theory is that, since the 16th century, white Europeans have sought to dominate blacks materially, culturally and intellectually," Cashmore explains.

"In slave days they did so through conquest and physical control.

"Since the late 19th century and the advent of emancipation, whites have developed other secret mechanisms, such as working inside blacks' minds. Education designed to maintain blacks' ignorance and religions manufactured to sedate blacks' consciousness were the methods chosen by whites."

The theory of Babylon, developed in spontaneous 'reasoning' sessions in virtually every major British city during the 1970s, became a reality for black youths, regardless of whether they accepted the divinity of Haile Selassie and the inevitability of a return to Africa.

Rasta influenced everything from the cricket of Viv Richards to the reggae music of Bob Marley.

Marley, in particular, became a rasta emissary. But reggae music had always been closely linked with rasta and with the experience of blacks in Jamaica and Britain.

These links have been traced by Dick Hebdige, of Wolverhampton Polytechnic, in his book *Subculture: The Meaning of Style*.

"Reggae is cast in a unique style, in a language of its own - Jamaican patois, that shadow-form, 'stolen' from the Master and mysteriously inflected, 'decomposed' and reassembled in the passage from Africa to the West Indies," Hebdige says.

He explains that in the Jamaican ska records of the 1960s reggae began to slow down to an almost African metabolism.

"The lyrics became more self-consciously Jamaican, more dimly enunciated and over-grown until

they disappeared altogether in the 'dub'.

"The Messianic feel of this 'heavy' reggae, its blood and fire rhetoric, its troubled rhythms can all be attributed to the Rasta influence."

The rhetoric of reggae, like that of rasta, combines a distinctively Jamaican oral culture with a remarkable appropriation of Biblical themes and language.

Paradoxically, it was from the Bible, supposedly the civilising agent par excellence, which provides blacks with alternative values and aspirations to those of their colonial and post-colonial masters.

"As the years went by it became increasingly obvious that there was a distinction between the practice of slavery and the Christian ideology... the contradictions became increasingly difficult to contain," Hebdige says.

"Inevitably, the black community began to seek its own reflection in the Biblical texts, and the openness of the religious metaphors invited just such a set of identifications."

The Bible supplied a range of peculiarly appropriate metaphors for the condition of poor, working-class black West Indians (the tribes of Israel suffering in Babylon) and a set of metaphorical answers to the problems of that condition (delivery of the Righteous, Judgement Day, Zion, the Promised Land).

"The Bible had its dark side too: an 'Africa' which lay dormant and forgotten inside the language of the white Master," Hebdige says.

"Read between the lines the Text could be made to deliver up this Africa, to free it, and restore it to the 'righteous sufferer'."

US bases: the truth emerges

The U.S. military bases in Australia have always been covered by a blanket of secrecy. Slowly however the truth is coming to light.

by Geoffrey Barker

In the remote desert country of South Australia, the Americans watch for big Russian missiles that can reach the US in 30 minutes with their doomsday loads of nuclear warheads.

The Nurrungar satellite early warning station can detect Soviet missiles from the moment of ignition by reading their infra-red heat signatures sensed by US satellites in orbit over the USSR.

Without Nurrungar, the US would have only 15 minutes warning from ground-based radar systems of a Soviet attack. With Nurrungar, the US warning time is doubled to a full 30 minutes - enough time to confirm the attack, inform the President, and to ensure a response.

"Nurrungar," a Defence Department spokesman said last week, "adds credibility to US deterrence."

It is one of only two ground stations for the American satellite early warning system, the other being in Colorado. It also, and obviously, represents a significant - and potentially risky - Australian involvement in America's global military network.

Two years ago the Prime Minister, Mr Hawke, acknowledged that the presence of US bases at North-West Cape, Pine Gap and Nurrungar increased the risk of nuclear attack on Australia.

Mr Hawke's statement outlined officially, for the first time, some general functions of the bases and argued that they helped to maintain and enhance the stability of the superpower deterrence relationship.

The arguments over the bases are resurfacing with the approach of the biennial ALP National Conference, which is the supreme policy-making body of the Labor Party. They are, as ever, highly emotional arguments, but they are occurring within an increasingly dynamic political, technical and strategic context.

Politically perhaps the most significant change is the increased information now available, primarily from the persistent work of Dr Desmond Ball, of the Australian National University, and from the guarded willingness of the Hawke Government to discuss the bases.

Technically, research and development in satellite/laser and weapons technologies are introducing new variables into the argument. In strategic terms the arguments are affected by developing superpower nuclear doctrines and, especially, by the US decision to pursue the defensive technologies known as "Star Wars" - the Strategic Defence Initiative.

The ALP conference battle lines are being drawn clearly enough. Right-wing and Centre Left members of the ALP foreign affairs



The Liberal contingent in Adelaide's Palm Sunday march

platform committee are proposing a Labor declaration that the bases be permitted to remain for as long as they continue to contribute to a stable global nuclear

A Defence Department spokesman says US nuclear strategy is unmistakably defensive in its orientation.

"It would be a strategic absurdity

Mr. Beazley acknowledges that Australia's capacity for influencing U.S. nuclear doctrines is limited...

balance and towards progress on arms control and disarmament.

The Left, still developing its position, is expected to argue for phasing out of the bases on the ground that technological and strategic developments are giving them the destabilising potential to be used for a possible pre-emptive US first-strike against the Soviet Union. It will be an issue of passion and noise at the Hobart conference in July, but the pro-base view seems certain to prevail.

for either side to attempt a disarming first strike for the time being", the spokesman said. "Neither side could hope to get away with it. The US does not have the capacity to destroy all Soviet targets even if all of its delivery systems worked."

Dr Bob Howard, senior lecturer in government at the University of Sydney, is a key figure in the developing Left view. "Certain changes of doctrinal and technical nature are taking place in the superpower relationship and they are increasingly moving towards a counterforce (i.e. disarming first-

...Nurrungar has a potential counterforce role because early detection of missile launches is a fundamental requirement for the 'Star Wars' defences...

Ultimately the two positions involve different judgements about the strategic intentions of the United States and how they are perceived by the Soviet Union.

The Defence Minister, Mr Beazley, argues that neither the US nor the Soviet Union would ever have the capacity for a disarming first strike. He assumes that the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) is largely a fixed reality of the US-Soviet strategic relationship. The doctrine holds, roughly, that neither side will pre-emptively attack the other because each knows that the other would be able to inflict unacceptable retaliatory damage even after absorbing a first blow.

strike) position. The move towards counterforce doctrines is destabilising. Whether they constitute a credible first-strike position is beside the point. As weapons become more accurate they can be used in roles they were not used in before, and you can argue that deterrence is being eroded," he said.

The differences between Mr Beazley and Dr Howard are well illustrated by their differences over the Nurrungar base.

For Mr Beazley, Nurrungar guarantees that the MAD stalemate will remain stable by enhancing US deterrence through its early warning function. Dr Howard argues that Nurrungar has a potential counterforce role because early

detection of missile launches is a fundamental requirement for the "Star Wars" defences which could give the US the ability to strike pre-emptively against the Soviets without risking unacceptable retaliation.

A similar difference exists over North-West Cape. For Mr Beazley North-West Cape essentially guarantees reliable communications for the US nuclear submarine fleet, which is an essentially retaliatory second-strike force. Dr Howard argues that America's new Trident submarines, with their highly accurate multi-warhead D-5 missiles, will give the submarines a potential counterforce role when they come into operation in 1993.

The difficulty in adjudicating these sorts of arguments is that they are conducted in ignorance of the complex and secret technical capabilities of the bases.

On Nurrungar, for example, Mr Beazley stresses that Australia has received repeated assurances from the US that the base is not involved in "Star Wars" research or development. On North-West Cape, the Defence Department acknowledges that the strategic equation will alter significantly after the deployment of the D-5 missiles, but insists: "As long as strategic submarine and bomber forces remain relatively invulnerable to an attempted disarming first strike - and this is likely to be the case for the foreseeable future - neither side will be able to escape the threat of massive retaliation". Ultimately Dr Howard and the Defence Department differ over what is in the foreseeable future.

From this ultimate difference flows differences over whether the risk acknowledged by the Prime Minister is worth running.

Mr Beazley argues that Australia benefits enormously from the small risk it runs in hosting the bases. He says Australia gets improved global

stability and improved national security from the bases, which enhance Australia's intelligence-collecting efforts throughout Asia.

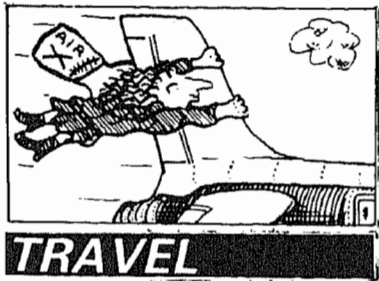
He argues also that Australia's security trade-off with the US is made as an equal partner. "America's NATO allies invite the US to contemplate its own destruction if it is obliged to respond to an attack on NATO territory. There is no conceivable threat to our security that would involve the US in such a choice ... So we are not consumers of American security", he says.

Mr Beazley acknowledges that Australia's capacity for influencing US nuclear doctrines is limited, but says there are important matters short of the strategic balance on which Australia can maximise its influence by hosting the bases. These include the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, the comprehensive test ban treaty, chemical warfare and arms control issues.

Dr Howard's view is just that the Government is not paying sufficiently close attention to the implications of technological developments and changes in nuclear doctrine which, he says, are leading the superpowers toward counterforce postures. "There must be acknowledgement by the Government that these things are taking place and are the most disturbing part of the arms race, and have implications for the bases", he says.

It is in these terms that the Labor conference will divide over the bases issue. From the American point of view the outcome will be the acid test of Australia's reliability as an ally. Australian government spokesmen are stressing that privately and publicly, and despite the SDI research program, they have received many assurances from the US administration that its nuclear strategies are entirely defensive.

China: a world within a world



TRAVEL

by Span

Partly from having travelled little in China, and that in midwinter, and partly from living for two months in a language institute on the outskirts of town, China for me is people before it is anything else.

It's the people in the streets - middle-aged women selling ice-ollies, sleeping infants draped over bicycle handle-bars or tied to their parents on the back carrier, clothing from a bland 40's or 50's Western style to the dusty, padded jackets and trousers worn by older people, and above all else the stares.

As a foreigner you are an object of curiosity, and a two minute pause to check a map, even in the heart of a city like Xilan, will attract a crowd of maybe a dozen people.

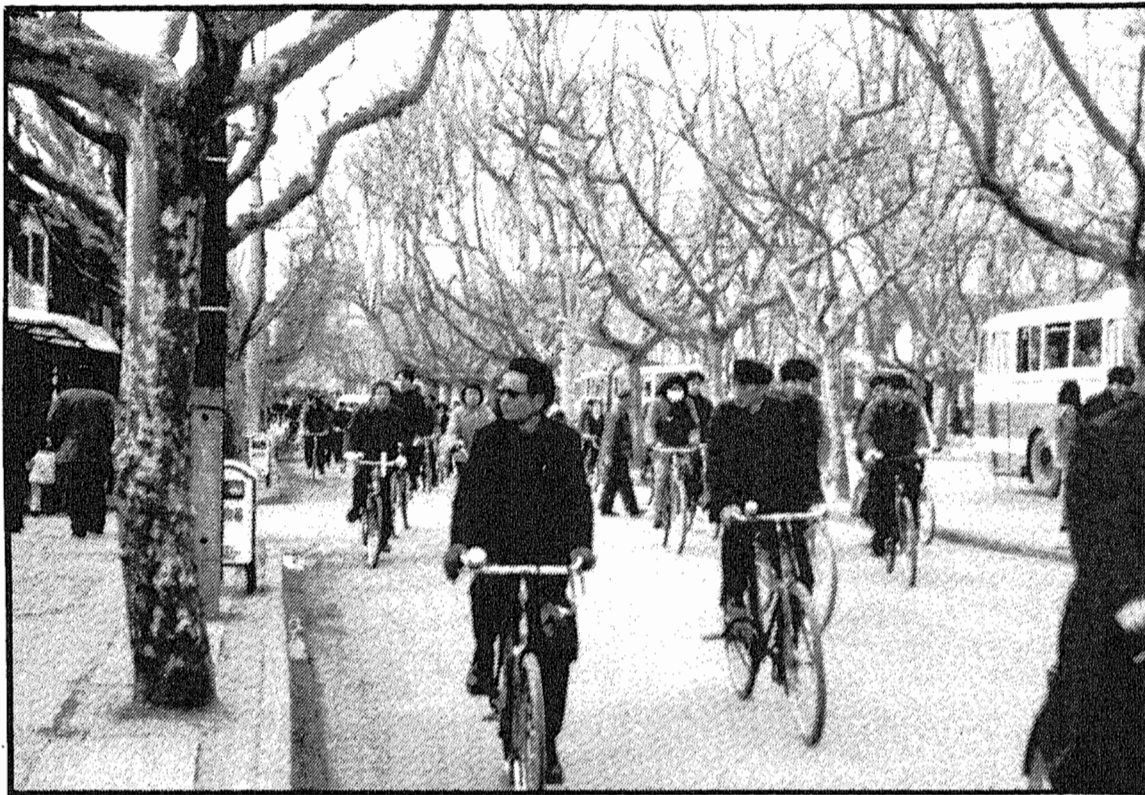
Heads will turn as you walk. In the peasant towns, where we've been a few times on carefully chaperoned excursions, the effect is multiple. Once a half a dozen of us waited twenty minutes for a bus, and the whole time had a crowd of five or six feet deep around us.

One of the onlookers heard one of us use the phrase "foreign students", and immediately said to the bloke next to him: "Foreign students - waiguo pengyou [foreign friends]."

This term, "foreign friend", is used widely and casually. It's the way we are categorised here, and further than that it explains our relationship with the Chinese.

China doesn't have a caste system like India, for example. It must have some kind of class consciousness but it doesn't exempt foreigners the way many other countries do.

One feels, after a while, that the meanest (that is, lowest class of) people on the streets, have a sense of being civilized, or advanced,



Cycling is still the most common form of transport in China

perhaps in a way that western people are not. An element of patronisation is often detectable, even if you can speak a bit of Chinese, even if a Chinese person is shyly confessing, "China is a very poor country, we have a long way to go," etc.

This is a glimpse rather than an accurate or informed viewpoint; it's certainly the impression I get.

Sometimes it is tragically funny, especially when the Chinese try to explain something which is not quite right. Once, when our antique hot water service went on the blink, we were apologetically told that "a peasant" had been digging a hole and broke the pipe. Two days later the corridor in our dormitory was full of workers on ladders repairing the rusty pipes, which are overhead.

On another occasion a friend of mine complained to a Chinese student about the spitting habit which is so predominant. He immediately took her side and explained that, yes, it was a problem, but only

because many people now come from the rural areas to study or work, and they retained their unhygienic habits.

Many Chinese seem to have an ideal associated with modernization, that somehow involves an improved standard of living plastered over the relatively disordered one which currently exists. Western technology and the one-child family will work miracles.

Occasionally I am asked what is my opinion, what would I advise. I tell them that the western world once thought an improved standard of living based on mechanization would solve all our problems, and in fact it simply redefined them. I usually get blank looks.

I am also asked frequently if I am religious or believe in God. It's another topic that dries up quickly, and doesn't tell me much about why they ask those questions.

On a more personal level I have had some enjoyable times with or through the Chinese. A book shop

employee once invited me to a "dance party", by which I understood him to mean a gathering of maybe two dozen Chinese people in their mid-20s. We ended up at a hall in which several hundred people of all ages were engaged in ballroom dancing. Three different units had combined for a pre-Spring Festival celebration. I stood out a little as the only foreigner present but people did talk to me from time to time.

Three youths claimed to be students of "classical music", and given the Chinese term they used (gu dian) I assumed they meant Chinese classical music. Then they began listing the composers: Mozart, Beethoven, and so on.

At one point a general excitement went up as the "disco" segment was announced. A barely recognizable piece of rock and roll began squawking over a poor P.A. as the bulk of dancers swarmed to the front of the hall to watch a small group of youths gyrating for five or

six minutes. That was the allowance, and straight after the ballroom dancing recommenced.

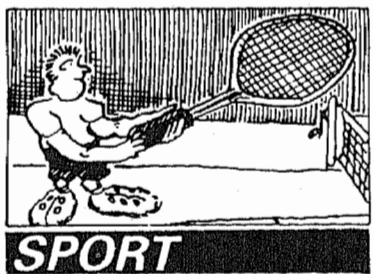
Many Chinese are interested in disco and ask Westerners to teach them to dance it. Walking the streets you will hear a variety of Hong Kong tunes blasting out of shops, once I heard the *Village People*, once Alice Cooper. Availability of Western music in China is like availability of Western literature, lowest common denominator. The Chinese have their own uptempo pop music though. While I was in Chengdu during the Spring Festival, I frequently heard a song with a punchy chorus line, very contagious rhythm, which apparently is about a Taiwanese making a living out of collecting used bottles. Much of this music seems to be romantic schmaltz; best appreciated on long train journeys where they blast it through every carriage.

Probably the most unusual experience I've had was an invitation to spend a couple of days with a Chinese family in the countryside.

A freezing two hour bus ride got me as far as the country seat, where I discovered first that my friend wasn't waiting to meet me after all, and secondly that there were no buses to take me the extra 40 km to his home town. It was 7.30 on a Saturday night as I checked into a traveller's hostel for Chinese people. I shared a room with two pork butchers from Changsha, and we spent the evening sitting in our beds, fully clothed, with two damp quilts each, chain-smoking and talking with some difficulty. Three heavies came in at one stage, asked me to account for myself, and went away again. In the morning it was snowing, so I abandoned the exercise and caught a bus back to Xi'an.

If there seems to be a negative or at least critical slant to much of this, it is mainly I think a reaction to being very aware of my foreignness, as well as the fact that China does seem very much like a world within a world. It has all the aspects of civilization that I am used to, but all of them being just that little bit different, rather than so radically different that the strangeness is familiar and expectable.

Sporting alternatives to notice



SPORT

A.U. Boat Club

Rowers from the Boat Club have performed well at the last three National Selection trials, held in Sydney, Ballarat and Adelaide respectively.

Karen Reidel and Amanda Cross look to be certainties for the Commonwealth Games with three straight victories against the tough Victorian squad. John Bentley has also been performing well in the Heavyweight single scull, being placed in the top five in Australia.

The Boat Club also has three representatives in the S.A. King's Cup squad: John Belcher, Scott McKay and Richard Hall. In the State Lightweight Team are Bill Natt and Richard Wiseman.

The club is in a particularly healthy state at the moment with a large and continuing influx of new rowers and the renovations to the club which have just been completed. The Club also has the added responsibility of hosting I.V. this



Wing Chun: deflection and counter-strike

year at West Lakes, which promises to be one of the best yet.

All enquiries about the club should be directed to Richard Hall 42 1884 or Chris Mantin 267 5463.

Wing Chun

Wing Chun is a unique style of Chinese Kung Fu which relies on deflecting or redirecting the oncoming strike, rather than brute strength.

It places a great deal of importance on landing the first strike, and on striking in a straight line. It also teaches people how to generate force efficiently without requiring enormous muscles. Co-ordinated properly, the body can generate a tremendous amount of force. People with small physiques

are not disadvantaged when learning Wing Chun.

We try not to fight strength with strength, but with skill. Thus, as you grow older, you will not lose your ability to defend yourself. For example, the late Grand Master Yip Man, was only five foot and weighed under eight stone, but he was renowned as an invincible fighter right up until the time he died during his early seventies.

If you want to learn effective and realistic self-defence skills, join our club and learn Wing Chun Kung Fu. We train at the Centre for Physical Health (Upper Gym) on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6.30 - 8 pm. Costs: \$20 training fee and \$28 annual membership. Contact us via our club pigeon-hole.

Centre for Physical Education

Fitness Classes are held at the following times:

Monday: 8.00 am, 12.10 pm & 5.30 pm.

Tuesday & Thursday: 5.30 pm.

Wednesday: 7.30 am, 12.10 pm & 5.30 pm.

Friday: 7.30 am & 12.10 pm.

Saturday: 8.00 am.

Classes are also held at the Waite Institute: on Tuesday and Thursday: 1.00 pm.

Aerobic Classes are held Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays at 12.45 pm.

Ethnic Dance classes are held Mondays & Wednesdays at 5.30 pm.

Weight Training instruction is provided in the Weight Room after 4.30 pm on Monday - Friday, certain times during the day and Saturday morning are also available if necessary. Appointments should be made at the Reception desk.

NOTE: The above classes are free to students of Adelaide University and members of the Centre.

"Learn-to" Classes. Beginner classes in Squash, Ballroom Dancing, Jazz Ballet, Tennis and Badminton will commence after Easter.

Squash: Thursdays at 4.00 pm - \$8.00/10 weeks;

Tennis: Sundays at 10.15 am - \$12.00/10 weeks;

Jazz Ballet: Mondays at 6.30 pm - \$8.00/10 weeks;

Badminton: Tuesdays at 5.30 pm - \$6.00/10 weeks;

Ballroom Dancing: Tuesdays at 8.00 pm - \$5.00/10 weeks;

Wrestling: A wrestling group has been formed. Those interested should attend the demonstration to be held on Wednesday 9th April at 1.00 pm at the Centre.

Billiards and Snooker Club

Currently meets every Tuesday at 7 pm in the Post-Tel Billiard Room at 2 Franklin

Street Adelaide (directly behind the G.P.O. with the entrance surrounded by scaffolding). The club always welcomes new members, both the experienced and the inexperienced. Visitors are also welcome, with all facilities provided by the club. So come on all you students and non students, who have for years potted around the family pool table and discover some of the secrets and techniques behind even elementary shots. The next meeting is on Tuesday 25th March 1986 and for further details phone: 260 3634.

The Windsurfing Club

The Windsurfing Club will be having a dinner at the Uni Bistro (Level 4 of the Union Building) at 7.00 on Tuesday 25th March. Free Wine and Beer supplied to all members. After Dinner there will be a hot new release movie shown (forget your XXX videos, come and see this!!!).

1986 Australian Universities Hockey Championships

Adelaide, 11 - 16 May. Sponsors: The Commonwealth Bank, Fosters Lager. Selection trials for both Men's and Women's squads will commence at the AUSA grounds, Foreman St., West Beach on Sunday 6th April at 10.00 am. All interested people are encouraged to attend. For further information contact Dave Eves Ph. 272 3300.

Table Tennis Club

There will be a meeting for all persons interested in playing table tennis and reforming the Table Tennis Club, at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon Building (rear of Sports Association Office) on Tuesday, 25th March, 1986.

Winter Baseball

Anyone interested in playing winter baseball is invited to attend a meeting in the Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon Building (rear of Sports Association Office) at 1.00 pm on Wednesday, 26th March, 1986.

Mixed teams are eligible to play in this competition.

Limelight



Art: the preserve of parasites

The 1986 Adelaide Festival is over. While many people enjoyed the pomp, glamour and glitter, others found it all a bit pointless. In a contemplative moment DAVID MUSSARED questioned the value of 'art'.

by David Mussared

When I was not so much younger masturbation was regarded as a peculiar, private obscenity. The sexual revolution changed all that.

Masturbation became acceptable. By 1975 the word 'wanker' had lost most of its sting, had become almost a term of affection - in a reflective sort of way.

Now, in 1986, masturbation is a vast, parasitic, government-subsidised industry. When you think about it it's been on the cards since the turn of the century - inevitable really.

Technology is the greatest of all iconoclasts. A simple invention can level empires, wipe out cultures, commit industrial genocide. Ask any disenchanted ex-Murdoch printer in London. The process is painful, but, when the lower classes are involved, always decisive.

When Gutenberg invented his press, when Crapper invented his water-closet, when Silicon invented her chip; a whole generation of illuminators and scribes lost their jobs, thousands of night-cart drivers found themselves short of things to do, millions of valves suddenly ended up rusting on the junkyard.

So why, in the twentieth century, when we have television, photography, radio, cinema, video, stereo and most of the other technological breakthroughs homo-erectus has been craving since ochre-bison days, why do we still have art?

The facts stand out like a superb listing in the Telephone Directory. Painting, which at best was an honest attempt to capture a frozen moment for posterity and at worst was outright pornography, has been made redundant by photography. Theatre has been superseded by the far subtler medium of television, and Woolies could knockup the *Venus de Milo* in a couple of hours out of polystyrene.

If Shakespeare were alive today he would be writing scripts for *Dallas*. Imagine! Out-takes, vast landscapes crammed onto the stage, sophisticated special effects... all packaged neatly for the consumer to appreciate. An Elizabethan playwright's wet-dream. The bard was no fool; in his time he used the medium available.

So what the fuck is the Festival of

With the advent of cinema, theatre suddenly discovered absurdism in a big way. When TV came along, theatre disappeared noisily up its own rectum.

The self-styled 'artists' who pioneered each new era of onanistic glee were no fools. They cased the market place, saw the writing on the canvas for traditional practitioners and pulled the most amazing scam in the history of the western world.

Take yourself back to the first half of this century, when most of the *art nouveau* was generated. Art then was a luxury commodity for the most part. Poor sons and daughters of aristocrats and industrialists would 'slum it' for a couple of years in an attic in Paris or in a German bakery then return home to sell their experiences to Daddy's friends at the gallery.

Vast vested interests lay in art - collections, theatres, reputations...all of which the cultured upper classes stood to lose if they admitted that the common people had at last caught them flat-footed.

Consider a whole generation of Australians growing up on the ejaculations of the art world. Rational thought goes out the window.

Arts doing in Adelaide in 1986?

Strange, isn't it, how each mass-communication revolution has been accompanied by the mystification of its competing 'art' form. When photography hit the mass market, painting suddenly turned to da da, pointil, surreal, cub and all the other 'isms' the contemporary garret-dwellers could dream up.

Any idiot with a camera could take a picture of a bowl of fruit, and when it was that easy, it was hard to convince them that your bowl of fruit was more profound simply because you had spent many foolish hours painting it. The people were catching on.

An industry - a way of life - was at stake. Precursors of today's advertising copywriters invented some-

thing that would counter it. A culture that was so randomly mysterious, so self-evidently affected and so mind-bogglingly profound that not even its proponents pretended to understand it. Traditional art moved over for technology, but instead of going down in a screaming heap, its descendants promoted themselves to even greater heights of elitist arrogance. The whole thing was a myth.

And now, and here is the part I shake my head in disbelief over, a new coven of mutual pleasers are trying to sell the whole sordid mess back to the people. It's a full cycle. This generation of self-elevated back-scratchers actually believe in the mockery handed down to them by their forebears.

And they're winning. Mostly they are voluntarily disenfranchised from the establishment, which has never lost its ability to chortle over the extraordinary wild-oats its offspring manages to sow. There's money in it, but sadly even that is ceasing to matter.

People - intelligent, working, thinking people - are being told that Becket is art. That taking off your clothes and engaging one another in sparkling Bohemian repartee on a stage is art. That photocopying your buttocks and pinning the smudged replicas to a gallery wall is art.

Grudgingly, deciding that if it's okay with the press then it must mean something, the people are starting to fall for the con.

It's dangerous. Consider a whole generation of Australians growing up on the ejaculations of the art world. Rational thought goes out the window. Anybody who frater-

nizes with the right people gets a government grant. Talent, once judged by the audience, has already become the preserve of the performers, writers and parasites of the New Establishment.

Do you believe that most of the performances at the Festival and Fringe pay for themselves at the door? Very few of them do.

Oh, on paper they might. But door-takings ignore minor overheads like the fact that the theatre company that has spent long years preparing its *Interpretation of Life Through the Eyes of an Underprivileged Mongolian Petunia* for your delectation exists on some kind of government trust, subsidy or the like. Most publicity is gratis, the writers and musicians learn their trade in government funded tertiary institutions - many eke out their Paddington existences on direct grants from the various Arts Council boards - and dozens, if not hundreds, of umbilically attached artistic satellite-types are paid as 'liaison persons' and 'project officers' to lubricate the motions of the mighty festival wank.

I looked up 'art' in the *Maquarie Dictionary*. Definition number eight was; 'craft, cunning; glib and oily art'.

Call me a philistine if you like, but that definition suits me right down to the ground.

And for sanity's sake don't anybody else offer me any of those ubiquitous freebies which the tentacular doyens of wank use to put, disbelieving bums on sweaty seats in their self-proclaimed 'Athens of the South'. Does anyone know anyone who actually paid to see a show at the Festival/Fringe?

Journey into the depths of the soul

VOSS
Australian Opera

by Terence Chan

Composer Richard Meale's first opera and the first major Australian opera (in the nationalistic sense), *Voss*, is about two journeys: a physical journey into the harsh and unknown world of the Australian desert and a spiritual journey into the depths of the soul. One is a dramatisation of the other.

The story, adapted from Patrick White's novel of the same name, concerns a German explorer, Voss, who sets out to cross the Australian continent. He solicits the support of a wealthy merchant, through whom he meets Laura. Though they only actually meet a few times, Voss and Laura enter into a kind of spiritual union which gradually develops in the course of Voss's journey into the desert, and which transcends physical space.

Towards the end of the opera, Laura sings: "The journey has three stages. Of God into man. Man. And the return to God." Thus in Act One when Laura says to Voss at their second meeting: "So you are ready to make the crossing", Voss replies: "I have already made it", after asking himself if he dares to cross the space that separates him from her.

In Act Two, there is the journey itself: "Our shadows lead us deeper into ourselves, into the redness of fire, the inferno of love, into the sun." (Perhaps whoever designed the programme cover was thinking of these words of Voss - on the cover is a painting by Fred Williams called *Fire Approaching*.)

And finally in the Epilogue, when a reporter asks Laura when does the future become the present, she sings in the last bars of the opera: "Now. Now. Every moment that we live, and breathe, and love and suffer." In a way, it is like a journey into Paradise through Purgatory.

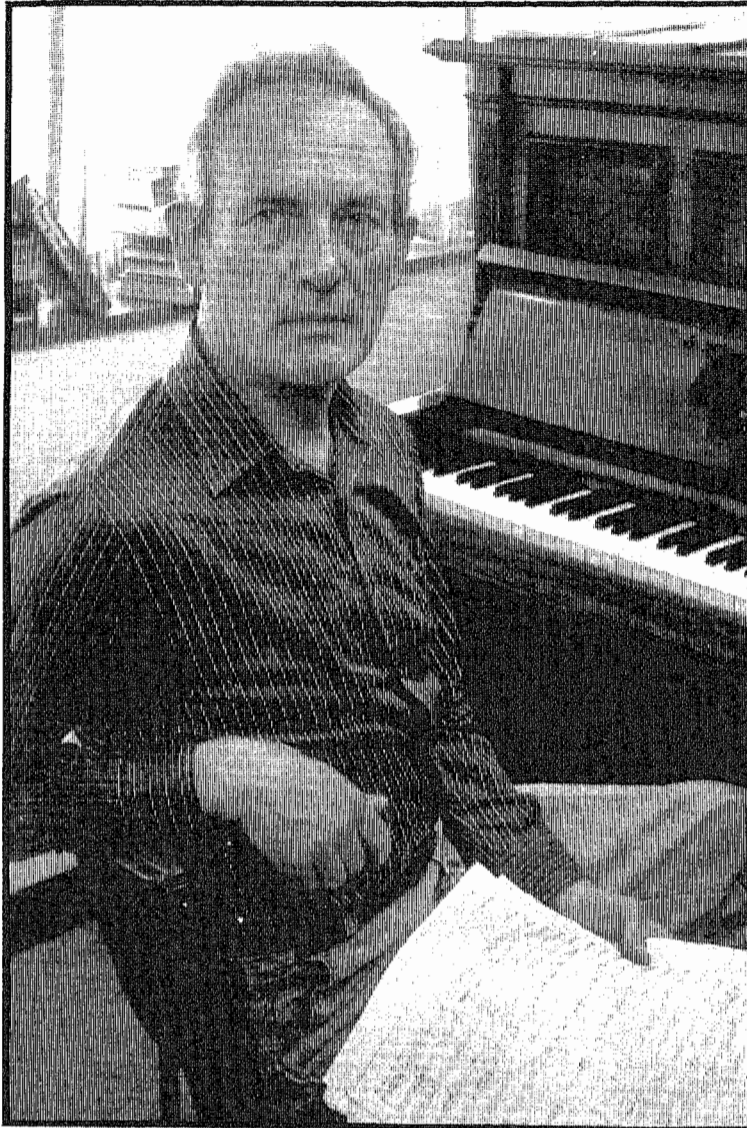
The libretto, by novelist and poet David Malouf, is full of beautifully evocative poetry. Yet much of its emotive power comes not so much from the words themselves as from the music to which they are set

("We lose the words but catch the music").

This is the first time that Meale, a reader in composition at the Elder Conservatorium and one of the most important Australian composers of his generation, has embarked on something on such an epic scale as *Voss*. His most recent works include two string quartets and *Viridian*, a landmark in the history of Australian orchestral music. *Voss* extends the lyricism and complexity of texture one finds in *Viridian*. The orchestral colouring has a texture that brings to life remarkably vividly the textures of the Australian landscape as well as the taste of daily life in Victorian Sydney, yet the music is also full of passionate intensity and contains some of the most beautifully moving love duets ever written for the operatic stage. Free of any obligation to any particular style, the music reveals a poetry unequalled in any other twentieth century opera.

The central pivot of the action lies in the relationship between Laura and Voss which takes place in a mystical dimension completely free of the constraints of space and time and the human flesh. To realise this on stage, Meale and Malouf have made use of one of the classic techniques of opera. For centuries, composers of opera have let characters sing together but independently of each other: they might, for example, be thinking different things and each would sing a separate soliloquy which is united to the other voices in the same musical ensemble.

The whole of Act Two of *Voss* is a logical extension of this device, in which all notions of conventional space and time are dissolved altogether. So in his first duet with Laura since his departure, Voss sings to Laura the words of his letter and as the messenger tears up the letter and scatters the fragments, Laura sings in reply: "You scatter words like torn bits of paper...". In this moment of graphic symbolism, we suddenly realise that it no longer matters to the action that Voss and Laura are physically divided by vast distance. What is remarkable is that the stag-



Composer Richard Meale

ing seems so natural that we can only see this as the logical next-step in the development of their relationship. Every duet they sing is so convincing that we forget that one is in Sydney and the other in central Australia until they each "return" to their respective worlds.

In spite of its perception and the directness of its symbolism, *Voss* is an opera remarkable for its subtlety. So much so in fact, that at times it taxes the audience's attention: there is simply no room for

sloppy listening. Unlike many nineteenth century operas, it does not rely on a convoluted plot to paper over its lack of dramatic power, and in place of the two-dimensional characters in many "traditional" operas, a multi-dimensional quality is demanded of all the singers.

The characterisation in this production has come off perfectly. Geoffrey Chard brings out the uncompromising nature and heroic strength in Voss with a rich

baritone voice that manages to sustain the required depth throughout. Marilyn Richardson, in one of the strongest female roles in the operatic repertoire, is at once tough, tender and passionate as Laura. Her understated aloofness from the complacency of nineteenth century Sydney society and her quiet dignity are flawlessly judged and executed to fully reveal the courage and strength of personality in Laura. When she sings, one hears the voice of the stars draping the desert landscape of designer Brian Thomson.

It would be easy for a lesser cast to be overshadowed in the presence of two such giants but there is a whole kaleidoscopic collection of other characters with the depth and presence to stand with Richardson and Chard as characters in their own right. In particular, the performances of Gregory Tomlinson as Harry Roberts, a young man accompanying Voss, Robert Eddie as Judd, the ex-convict, and John Pringle as the naturalist deserve loud applause. Conductor Stuart Challender manages to unite all the complexities in the score into a coherent performance and shows a deep understanding of the poetry involved.

Thomson's sets are almost naked in their simplicity yet so convincing in their suggestion of the Australian landscape. It says much for Thomson's designs that they accommodate so comfortably on the same stage at the same time two such contrasting worlds as Sydney and central Australian desert.

The one thing that is jarring in this production is the statue of Voss seen standing in the background at the end: it is a direct copy of the statue of Colonel Light in Adelaide and is just too much of a cliché. But otherwise Jim Sharman, the director, has fulfilled all the dramatic promise in the music. It would have taken a full-scale disaster to detract from the experience of what is surely one of the most significant operas to come out of the twentieth century.

Lacks the depth of fine Shakespeare

MACBETH
Unley Youth Theatre
Side Space

by Fran Edwards

Well, what they lacked in expertise they made up for in zest. This production contained lots of energy, unfortunately Shakespeare requires more.

Many of the cast made a valiant effort with what was left of the script, however, all except a few notable exceptions lacked the language understanding this play needs.

Please don't let me give the impression that this play failed, far from it, but it did lack the depth that makes a fine Shakespeare production.

The whole concept was interesting. They cut the play to run one and half hours with no interval. The set consisted of oil drums (which doubled as table ends, rostrums, witches hiding places and drums), planks (used for table tops and ramps) and straw (which was tossed in the air during moments of great activity, much to the distress of myself and other hayfever sufferers). The costumes were rags, all

fairly much the same, which enabled those with more than one part to change characters by the addition or removal of a hood or cape. The design work including the lighting was reasonably creative and fluid, giving easy passage from one scene to another.

It is difficult to pick out individual performers as, apart from lacking an in depth knowledge of the language, they were all of a good standard. I was impressed by Belinda McClory who played Lady Macduff. It is only a cameo part but she delivered the lines with an understanding beyond her years. Jill Stoner was also impressive as Banquo, but along with the other major players, Tim Macheath and Elaine Moore (Macbeth and Lady M) she lacked depth in places. The witches managed to be both haggard and cackly but still understandable which certainly deserves praise.

Macbeth is not an easy Shakespeare never mind an easy play and these young players coped adequately. It would be interesting to see them tackle something a trifle more modern. I think without the language difficulties they could display their many talents more effectively.

Stevie-Ray: Ambassador of Goodwill

MUSIC

by Joe Penhall

"When you're up and playing, and you're getting a chill all the way up your back because of what you just gave somebody and what they gave you back ... that's probably the biggest thrill", says Stevie Ray Vaughan, the multi-award winning Texan considered as possibly today's best blues guitarist, now touring Australia.

Born and raised in Austin, Texas, Stevie Ray played guitar in his first band at the age of eight. In high-school he was in a succession of bands, including *Blackbird* - "...A sort of Allman Brothers/Cream thing" recalls Stevie-Ray, before dropping out to form a band that recorded a never-released album. The band was the *Nightcrawlers*.

In 1981, Stevie Ray began recruiting musicians for his own band, and *Double Trouble* was born, named after a favourite song by Otis Rush.

The following year, after playing in New York as guests of the *Rolling Stones*, *Double Trouble* played this Montreux Jazz festival, where the likes of David Bowie and Jackson Browne reportedly looked-on admiringly. Proof of this came when Bowie offered Stevie Ray the job of lead-guitarist on the *Let's Dance* LP and Browne



Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble

offered the band free recording sessions in his own Los Angeles studios. The offer was accepted, and the result is the debut album, *Texas Flood*, recorded in a week, and nominated for two Grammy awards.

Following this came *Couldn't Stand the Weather*, and the notorious *Soul to Soul*, Stevie Ray's latest album, which he believes suffered due to over-production by a zealous record producer and engineers.

Now he is touring Australia backed by another high-powered Texas blues band, *The Fabulous Thunderbirds*, led by his instructor and perhaps inspiration, his brother Jimmy. According to Stevie Ray, it was his brother's

B.B. King records that first inspired him to play, and his brother who taught him everything he knows.

Now with Jimmy behind him on stage he has said that he feels comfortable, and is pleased to be able to give his brother the chance of some of the mainstream success which he is sure he deserves.

Stevie-Ray Vaughan and the *Fabulous Thunderbirds* play Thebarton Theatre on Monday March 24th, after meeting the Mayor of Adelaide, to whom Stevie-Ray, as Texas' Honorary Ambassador of Goodwill will present a letter from the Governor of Texas, to mark both state's 150th anniversaries.

On Dit's Raoul Awards for artistic infamy

For crimes against cinema

Ten Worst Movies:

1. *Another Country* (Rupert Everett must be a eunuch).
2. *Revolution* (Help! Help! This movie is revolting!).
3. *Rambo: First Blood Part 2* (U.S. Foreign Policy under "the Gipper").
4. *Rocky IV* (mutually assured black eyes).
5. *Dance with a Stranger* ("kitchen sink film noir").
6. *Deperately Seeking Susan* (Primadonna and amnesia: forgettable).
7. *Year of the Dragon* ("Nobody wants to watch this movie, do you?").
8. *Teen Wolf* (Fox as a wolf: a dog of a flick).
9. *Young Sherlock Holmes* (Conan Doyle: The Barbarian).
10. *Maria's Lovers* (starring a cast of thousands).

Mike Preston Award for Worst Actor:

Mickey Rourke, *Year of the Dragon*, 9½ Weeks.
Al Pacino, *Revolution* (a tie).

Ali MacGraw Award for Worst Actress

Nastassja Kinski, *Revolution*, *Maria's Lovers*.

Charles Durning Award for Worst Supporting Actor:

Donald Sutherland, *Revolution*.

Ruth Gordon Award for Worst Supporting Actress:

Primadonna, *Deperately Seeking Susan*.

Edward D. Wood for Worst Director:

Hugh Hudson, *Revolution*.

The Bill Collins Encomium ad nauseum Award: (to the year's most joyously overpraised film).
Out of Africa.

The Andy Hardy Award: (to the latest young Turk whose 'career' will predictably, and hopefully, not outlast his adolescence).

Michael J. Fox, wind-up child-star of *Back to the Future* and *Teen Wolf*, who is actually twenty-four- and shrinking.

The Stan James Award: (to that "critic" who must have no idea what he is talking about).

Bob Ellis (again), who wrote of Meryl Streep in *Plenty* that "on the whole, achieves one of the great womanly characterizations in English-speaking cinema, out Garboing and Redgraving and Bancrofting all rivals."

The That's-Another-Fine-Mess-You've-Got-Us-Into-Stanley Award:

Stanley Kubrick, working hard and no doubt meticulously on his Vietnam picture *The Full Metal Jacket*, where else but in England.

The Joseph Mengele Award: (to that personage of the Arts and Sciences whose work can be considered a contribution to humanity).

Sylvester Stallone (Sly to his friends; "fascist" to most others), maker of and apologist for pornographic epics *Rambo* and *Rocky IV*. Simplicity himself, Stallone has rationalized: "I think the intel-

ligentsia should understand that this country is functioning on emotional energy more than intellectual energy." Der, yeh.

The Jack-and-Diane Award: (to those young Hollywood couples who most epitomize the Great American Dream).

Sean and Primadonna Penn (the "Poison Penns"). John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal. The lovely couples, who are close friends and regularly swap spouses, were entertaining invited guests recently in Penn's fortress in Beverly Hills. Guests went home murmuring, "Oh, loved her, hated him, loved him, hated her," and so on.

The Raoul Life Achievement Award:

Don Knotts, *auteur-comic* genius, creator of the classic *Reluctant Astronaut*. When Knotts received his award through the post at his condo in Bel-Air, he said that, stylistically, he would be forever indebted to Stanley Kubrick and Jean Cocteau.



CINE SCENE Jamie Skinner

The Protector: Poxy chop-socky Jackie Chan action movie directed by James (The Soldier, The Exterminator) Glickenhaus. Rambo-ites beware. (Academy).

A Chorus Line: Richard Attenborough's screen version of the hit musical was not exactly well received by critics overseas. As it stands, it is glorious in its dance sequences, but it suffers in the solo scenes. Michael Douglas stars. (Academy).

Catholic Boys: School discipline is harsh as Andrew McCarthy and co find out in Michael Dinner's humorous account of a Catholic boys school in the 60s. Catch Donald Sutherland as a priest sporting a head of curls. (Hindley).

Eureka: Nicholas (*Insignificance*, *Don't Look Now*) Roeg's controversial epic of gold, sex, magic and murder was a box office bomb for MGM-UA a few years back.

However, it is a brilliant piece of cinema. "One of the richest movie labyrinths since 'Citizen Kane,'" said Film Comment. Gene Hackman, Theresa Russell and Rutger Hauer star. (Trak).

Film Event: Films featured at the Film Event this week include Francis Ford Coppola's version of Abel Gance's classic *Napoleon* (March 27 - April 9); Andrei Konchalovsky's *Maria's Lovers* starring Nastassja Kinski, Keith Carradine and Robert Mitchum (April 3 - 23) and Louis Malle's *Alamo Bay* (March 27 - April 10) starring Ed Harris and Amy Madigan. (Piccadilly).

Films which start this week include Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (Hindley; March 27); *The Jewel Of The Nile* (Hoyts; March 27) starring Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner; the French cop-comedy *Les Ripoux* (My New Partner) (Hindley; March 27); John Landis' *Spies Like Us* (Hindley; March 27) starring Chevy Chase and Dan Akroyd; Bruce Beresford's *King David* (Hindley; March 27); the horror movie *House* (Academy); March 28)

Union Films:
Wednesday, 26th March - 12.10 pm. Film screening in Union Hall.

Mystery movie needs answer

AGNES OF GOD Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

Agnes of God may be about nuns, but it's not the flying Sally Field type nor is it another *Nun's Story*. *Agnes of God* has a very "higher than thou" topic, that of faith versus reason. So immediately we are in "heavy" ground, so to speak.

Agnes of God is a theological thriller, which travels briskly over old territory with a golden hand.

Written by John Pielmer from his own stage play and directed by Norman Jewison (*A Soldier's Story*, *And Justice For All*), *Agnes of God* is about a young child-like nun, who gives birth to a child, and moments later it is found strangled with its umbilical chord around its neck.

The novice nun Agnes disclaims all knowledge of the conception, pregnancy, birth, death or sexual associations.

A court appointed psychiatrist, Dr Martha Livingston played by Jane Fonda, is sent to establish the degree of sanity of Agnes, so she can be tried for murder.

But nobody wants to know about nuns going to either nut-houses or prisons. So the heat is on for Fonda, who looks frazzled playing a chain-smoking shrink. Fonda hasn't appeared in any film since 1981, with *Rollover* and *On Golden Pond*. She's a bit edgy at first, but gets into "character" later on in the



Anne Bancroft and Jane Fonda share a cigarette in *Agnes Of God* more dramatic scenes.

The innocent Agnes is played by Meg Tilly, in her fourth feature after *Psycho II*, *The Big Chill* and *Impulse*. Her portrayal of a pure novice nun seemingly touched by God is an unworldly creature who sings angelically with a twisted innocence and a blissful appearance. Tilly appropriately deserves an Oscar.

However, Livingston is continually disturbed by the Mother Superior (Anne Bancroft) who believes that Agnes has been "touched by God" "Do you expect me to believe in immaculate conception?" exclaims Fonda.

A lot of the religious belief versus logic and psychiatry battle is represented through Fonda's and Bancroft's bickering in the early part, but they later join forces, and even share a cigarette.

Bancroft is quite fiery as Mother Miriam Ruth. She has that stern but likeable edge. "We're not from the middle ages!" she says assuringly looking around the 16th Century convent.

There is a lot of depth and elegance to John Pielmer's script which on stage just had a table, two chairs and an ashtray as props.

Even though the film tries not to take sides, when Agnes displays

stigmata (self-bleeding), it is obvious which side the makers are hinting at. Before the final climax, Jewison and Pielmer create a balance between the arguments and lets the audience make up their own minds.

As solemn and praiseworthy *Agnes of God* is, it doesn't quite make it, because with a film such as this, it can only give one ending, it can hint, but not reveal.

As much a murder-mystery, which often has its fair share of humour in it, *Agnes of God* treads on heavy ground from the beginning and doesn't give all the answers in a movie which aspires to ask all the questions.

True love fails to conquer

PRIZZI'S HONOR Academy Cinemas

by Graham Lugsden

Jack Nicholson is about forty years old, John Huston is seventy nine years old, and the storyline is about two thousand five hundred years old.

Nicholson plays Charlie Partanna, a hit man for the Prizzi Family, a Cosa Nostra criminal family in the New York of twenty years ago. Nicholson is strongly tipped for his second Oscar - his first was for McMurphy in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Huston won his first and only Oscar in 1948 for *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and has been nominated for Best Director with *Prizzi*, apparently for purely sentimental reasons. That would be unfortunate.

Quite apart from the morality of giving someone a gold statuette, just because he has not won one for forty years, is the fact that Huston does not deserve to be Best Director. His film isn't good enough.

Charlie Partanna is the fatally flawed hero. He meets, falls in love with, and marries, Irene Walker (Kathleen Turner). Then he discovers that his wife is a hit man as well. (Hit person?). And then they

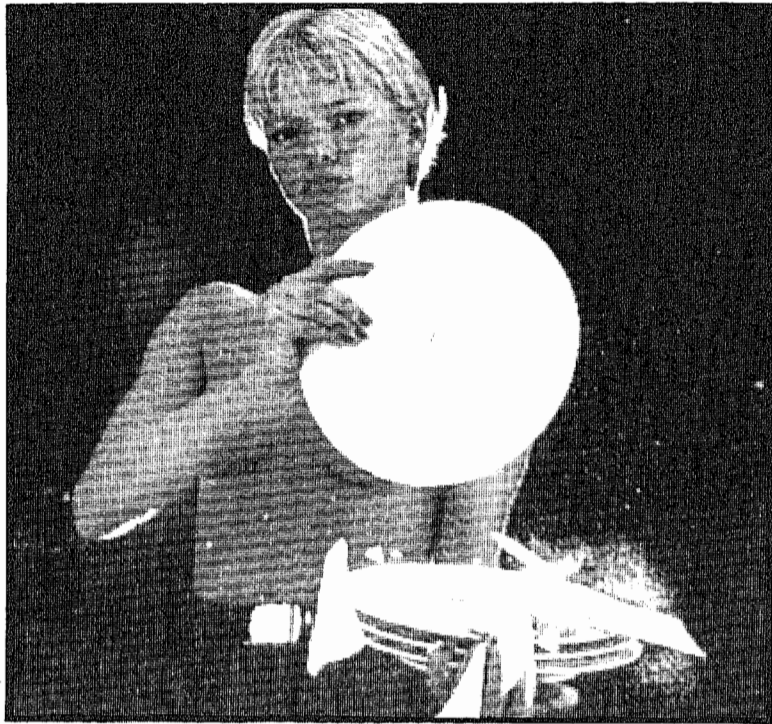
both find out that their next assignments are each other.

The question is, of course, whether they will remain loyal to their respective organisations, and carry out their 'hits', (and maintain their families' honour), or whether true love will prevail. The ending, unexpected as it is, is hinted at by the title.

Jack Nicholson is a delight. He holds the whole film together - especially in the uneven and disappointing second half. Kathleen Turner is suitably winsome and appealing, without ever standing out. John Huston gives his two leads a free rein for the first half,

which fairly bounces along; but as soon as Huston drops his dead hand on the film, it begins to lurch topheavily. The script is no help - suddenly everybody becomes very serious and glum. The humour is bypassed for the sake of 'dramatic effect', but the 'drama' is botched, and the 'climax' arrives before any build-up of tension has signalled to the audience that the climax is near.

Prizzi, despite its problems, is still not a bad film, but it could have been so much better. Incidentally, it's worth going, if only to hear Jack Nicholson's glorious Brooklyn accent. It's woit da admission arlone.



An exercise in pointlessness

Insults intelligence

THE POWER OF THEATRICAL MADNESS
Jan Fabre

by Bill Morton

This was the one time in my life I would have rather been chained to a television, and made to watch Dallas for 4½ hours.

In fact, I would rather have done anything than be submitted to this production. As it was it was the first time as a reviewer I have felt justified in leaving a performance an hour before its end.

The most objectionable feature of this exercise in pointlessness is that it is a scandal of criminal proportions. How dare Jan Fabre make people part with \$19.50 and systematically bore the crap out of them. I saw the show for free, and I still feel like suing for extortion.

Fabre's approach is to create an image, and then repeat it - over and over and over again. Or to stretch the one image until it has lasted for such an eternity of banality that we are driven to the bar, vainly hoping that when we return it will have disappeared.

When the performance is not boring and repetitious it is simply predictable. Out walked eight people, each carrying a stack of dinner plates. Dinner plates in theatre usually end up getting broken. Sure enough, these performers spend some time standing on their plates, holding them, passing them around. Then they break them. Some of those audience members more desperate for entertainment found it spectacular.

No doubt they would have regretted this brief moment of joy later when we had to sit through at least 20 minutes of watching the broken pieces being swept up. All in the name of art of course.

The performers also spent considerable time removing articles of

clothing. And putting them back on. And removing them again. At one point two naked men tango around the stage. Perhaps we were supposed to compare the lengths of their penises. Another enlightened comment on art?

These scenes were no different from the rest of the night. Unoriginal, unexciting, pitifully devoid of any quality to recommend them.

As the torture progressed the audience members became increasingly restless. Their interjections and quips outmatched the "entertainment" happening on stage. I was disappointed they did not jeer the whole group off stage.

Jan Fabre blatantly insults the intelligence of the audience. He expects we will find nudity clever or exciting when in fact it has been done to death before. He expects us to suffer prolonged boredom. At times he makes a concession, but only succeeds in playing for cheap, corny laughs. He believes he can do anything because he is the artist.

And like the show, his answer to this is predictable. He would accuse myself and the rest of the audience who walked out of not "understanding", of being too bound within the confinements of traditional theatre and art. He would tout his production as deliberately breaking those conventions.

Balls. As far as I am concerned, the sooner he and his troupe vanish up the arsehole of their artistic pretentiousness, the better.

The only good thing about this production is that it gives us a crystal clear definition of everything that is bad about new theatre. And perhaps it will help cure the knee jerk reaction still persisting in Australia which causes us to automatically expect new developments in theatre to come from Europe. Give me 14 drunks from Pimba and I would put on a better show than this.

Interesting exercise but not worth staying up for

LOVE, SEX AND THE SINGLE UNEMPLOYED

Unemployed People's Umbrella Theatre
Red Shed

by Fran Edwards

This show suffered an identity crisis. It seemed to want to be a play but it billed itself in the Fringe programme as a revue. It doesn't quite make it in either field.

It consists of a series of sketches loosely tied together, pertaining to a young unemployed person called Chris. Despite occasional flashes of inspiration the script was very

much 'been there, done that', nothing much that "Footlights" and others of the same ilk have not given us before (and usually with more panache).

I did like the party scene, and it served to display some of the possible talent in this group. I can't be specific about the talent as the group was either too poor or too lazy to provide even an information sheet let alone a programme.

What talent there is lacks discipline and direction. The good bits, what there are of them, seem to just happen by accident.

All in all an interesting exercise, but not worth staying up for.

Sinfully disappointing

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Northern Lights Theatre Co.

by Fran Edwards

If I had my way the orchestra (for want of a better word) which inflicted itself upon the innocent theatre-goers of the northern suburbs on the opening night of this production, would be shot. That should be the penalty for murdering such an excellent musical score.

I cannot with all sincerity say that all the musicians were out of tune, but if any were in tune they were drowned by their less able fellows.

All of this is more sinful because there were the makings of a very good production here. All of the singers that I could hear above the music sang well or at least competently. Michael Walters was ideal in the lead role and nicely complemented by the Golda of Jaii Beckley, although she lacked a little of Walter's strength. Their duct of *Do you love me* was delightful.

The high spot of the evening was Kathy Wardle's solo *Far from the*

Home I Love - I even forgot how bad the orchestra was! Kathy's voice is a joy to listen to and is worth coming back for.

There is no credit in the programme for a choreographer and I'm not surprised. If there wasn't one that explains a lot, if there was - I would not want to put my name to it either. There is no way that the bottle dance should even have been attempted. At that point in the proceedings I assume the director was not looking for laughs? With bottles balanced on hats at a 45 degree angle, that is precisely what he got.

Praise should be given to the back stage crew; the many scene changes were carried out unobtrusively and excellent use was made of the revolving stage.

I feel that the majority of the cast in this production do not deserve a bad review: they worked hard, sang well and were badly let down by badly played music, no choreography and direction which, unlike many other Robert De Athridge productions, lacked control.

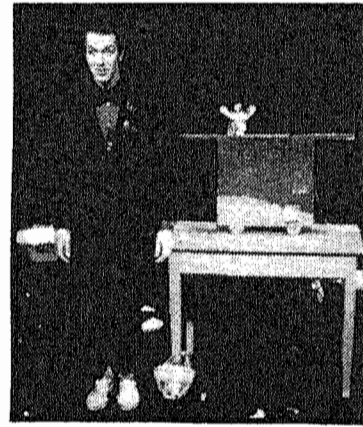
Absolutely charming

INTIMES, INTIMES
Jacques Templero
Little Theatre

by Tim Dodd

This is the story of Little Red Riding Hood, told by a Frenchman in a most unusual way. He used puppets, but not in the ordinary sense. Little Red Riding Hood was an apple, grandma was a potato and the wolf was the jaws of a very big fish.

This unexpected combination was just absolutely charming. Little Red Riding Hood hopped around with a little red hood draped over the stick which poked out of the top of the apple. Grandma, the potato, was mashed up and stuffed into the jaws of the fish. The whole performance was presented by Jacques Templero, in the guise of a clown,



and aided by a non-descript collection of junk.

It is, says Templero, a silent epic or a poem without words. The children in the audience loved it and the adults thought it was not too bad either.

'Le Wank Wank' tedious

SOLIDE SALAD
Michel Lemieux
Hilton International

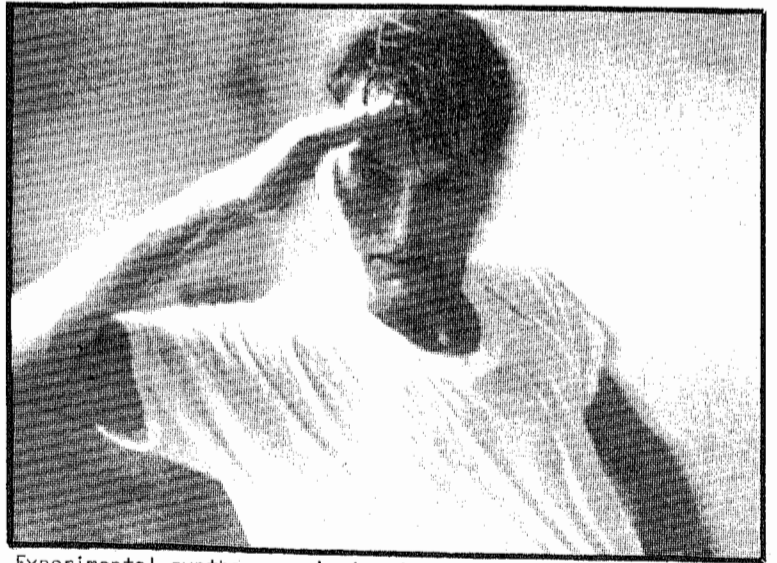
by Cathy Smit

Michel Lemieux: *Le Wank Wank*. I'm afraid that just about sums up my gut reaction to *Solide Salad*. Perhaps I'm just an uncultured pleb but to me, entwining oneself in a microphone cord, screeching in German and French at "Oscar" the robot, dragging a hand held electric keyboard over one's body to create "music" and wading through gas in an oversized fishtank like some pickled embryo is at worst tedious and at best laughable.

Not only was I unimpressed with Lemieux's ideas for the show but I was also disappointed in his apparent lack of energy or passion. The Festival Programme promotional spiel promised that Lemieux would perform with "the kind of energy ordinary mortals reserve for sex" and provided a sweaty "Breathless"-type photo of the Canadian presumably in the thick of his performance. Well, the sex life of "ordinary mortals" must be pretty lifeless if it's anything like Lemieux's rather impotent stage presence.

The experimental syntho-pop style of his singing and accompanying taped music also did not particularly appeal to me although I must admit that his vocal abilities, which at times reached almost operatic heights, were quite impressive.

The saving grace of the night was



Experimental syntho-pop singing in Solide Salad

the spectacular lighting and stage effects. The show opened with a display of stroboscopic, three dimensional patterns projected onto a large screen in the middle of the darkened stage. It is not until later in the display that you realize that the three dimensional effect was achieved by Lemieux, garbed in geometric foam shapes, moving in time with the projected images.

At another point in the show a fluorescent backdrop was used to great effect. Lemieux positioned himself against the screen and a bright spotlight flashed on for a couple of seconds that left a Hiroshima-like image of his outline. He then incorporated the

Little gem a great night out

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
The Independent Theatre Company
Wyatt Hall, Pulteney Grammar

by George Karzis

It is unfortunate that little gems like this are hidden away from the public eye, in out of the way school halls, because this production is really a very enjoyable one.

Independent Theatre is a very young company which is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation for understated quality. It has staged an able adaptation of a classic and well-known novel, which is no mean feat. It is an accessible piece of drama, which makes a change from some other fringe offerings. It does not suffer the pretensions which marred so many promising efforts.

The acting is capable, with only one member of the cast achieving a degree of virtuosity with his role; that being David Roach who assayed the character of Sydney Carlton.

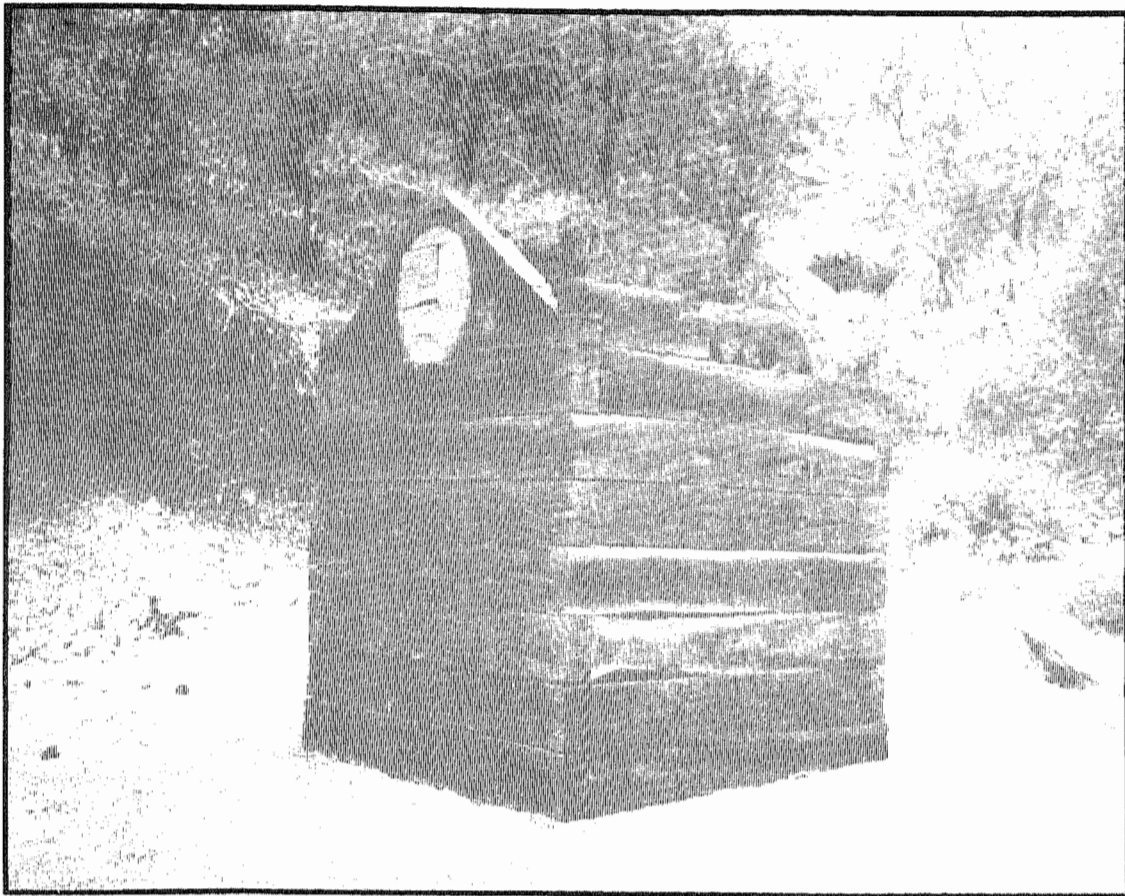
But what distinguishes this production more than anything is the excellent set and stage design. In a very limited stage area, the designer, who also happens to be Roach produces a very interesting and effective set, which allows for some splendid visuals. The centre-piece of these, a splendid sequence of the storming of the Bastille is worth the five dollar entrance fee all by itself.

Look, if you're sick of people trying to challenge your views on life, drugs, pre-marital sex etc., and all you really want is a good night's entertainment, then this is the play for you!

"shadow" into his own movements so that he looked like some many limbed mythological creature. The fluorescent effect was also used when an invisible Lemieux juggled three glowing rods and a circle on the darkened stage.

Various lighting effects were also employed to great advantage. A stunning example springs to mind where Lemieux had attached mirrors to his hands, forearms and forehead and skillfully reflected streams of criss-crossing light across the audience.

So all in all it was a case of great effects, shame about the human performer! If it's energy you want to see try ADT or the Nederlands Dans Theatre.



Environmental sculpture...

One of the best in Australia

SITE AND VISION
Carrick Hill

by Emma Hunt

A visit to the recently opened house at Carrick Hill, Springfield, presents the opportunity to see one of the best environmental sculpture exhibitions ever in Australia.

Set off the side of the main road up to the house, in an old quarry, the sculptures meld perfectly in a place from which stone was extracted for building.

The seven sculptors are mostly Australian, two with a British and Welsh background.

David Thorp, the curator, was inspired by the 'site' - the quarry - and the 'vision' - of Carrick Hill's extensive grounds. It is "a public institution that strenuously upholds

the values of its anglophile owners.

Thorp chose the sculptors for their experience with working out of doors. Roger Noakes, the only Adelaidean, has floated huge sculptures in the sea. Anne Ferguson has worked in Hagi, Japan on a huge public sculpture with sculptors from eight other countries. Her work 'Desert Wave' is made from Murray Bridge limestone, which she created using both power and hand tools.

Bruce Armstrong's "I Remember" is a small but impressive red gum house. Jill Peek has a love for derelict structures and her magnificent piece resembles a 100 year relic, with huge wooden structures architecturally aligned.

Tim Jones acclaims the hidden

energies of the earth and air while David Waltho, on the other hand, would like to see his sculpture become deciduous - as the plaster and paint flake off the wooden structures.

The sculptures merge in with the surrounding bush due to the use of natural materials, earthy and rugged with an organic nature.

The exhibition took a month to complete and all but two of the pieces were made at the site where they now stand.

Anne Ferguson praised the way the sculptors all helped, encouraged and criticized each other. It's a unique exhibition, and if you want to see some 'real' sculpture, pack a lunch, and spend some time staring at these awesome structures.

The lemon of the Festival

ILLUSION
Regent Cinema I

by Alison Lawry

On paper, the concept of *Illusion* was innovative and laden with potential - surrealist theatre set against a backdrop of pulsating rock music and evocative cinema.

But as the performance progressed, it became obvious that a pyrotechnic disaster was being realized.

Critics had billed *Illusion* as "the lemon of the Festival, defamatory to the good names of surrealism and panto".

Director, Mike Mallins, described it as "risk". But fore-warned is not always fore-armed, and a crowd of about 100 had gathered for the show.

The motivations behind *Illusion* were certainly valid. Writer Peter Carey (author of *Bliss* and *Ilywacker*) aimed to portray the corruption that pervades Australian cities, as well the infiltration of American symbolism and the loss of identity that this causes. However, so many expositions and attacks were made, that the end result was a detraction from the central purposes.

Illusion traces the progress of Trevis (Bruce Keller), a Humphrey Bogart style detective, as he tries to solve the murder of a merchant banker. A newspaper boy witnesses the crime, but his evidence is never accepted. It is Carboni who sells the newspaper, *Illusion*, and who ultimately is gaoled for the crime. All somewhat reminiscent of Kafka's *The Trial*.

Stephen Champion is good as Carboni. He uses his natural athleticism in dance to further his appeal of innocence.

Carey's story is totally pessimistic. Where we might expect to see people struggling against forced conformity and surrounding injustices, we are given no sign of such resilience. Even Trevis, who attempts to free himself from his mould eventually succumbs to his imposed image.

The lighting design of *Illusion* is promising. However Derek Nicholson never really capitalises on the potential effects at his disposal. Despite this, some of the mimed silhouettes remain memorable for their impact.

The highpoint of *Illusion* is Martin Armiger's soundtrack. It includes spoken word, song, and sound effects. The whole show is pre-recorded and played back through a complex live mix.

Armiger's lyrics are very evocative, and consistently complemented the sketches. "Must Be Chemical" and "Nice Warm Anger" were particularly effective. The ironic "There's Going To Be A Future" was very powerful. More could have been made of Armiger's music - it's a pity that its potential was not fully realized.

One especially memorable moment was a live address by "the witness", Jan Simmonds. She spoke about the so-called suicide of her brother, in Grafton Gaol, N.S.W., in 1960. Her description of the tragedy and the corruption that surrounded it, bought the surrealism back to a stark reality.

Despite the numerous shortcomings of *Illusion*, its experimental format, that of a "rock-clip come to life", certainly deserves further exploration. Perhaps Carey, Mullins and Armiger would do well to be less ambitious in any future collaborations.

Ovation deserved

RICHARD III
Rustavelli Theatre Company
The Opera Theatre

by Fran Edwards

Where were the pictures? On going to the theatre to see a performance in a language that is not my native tongue, I felt sure that the powers-that-be would provide a programme with photographs of the actors.

Now *Richard III* is a confusing play at the best of times, but when the main characters look like escapees from the Napoleonic Wars and talk a completely foreign language at machine-gun rate, sorting out who is who becomes a near impossible task, even if you are reasonably familiar with the script. Consequentially I got off to a bad start.

Richard was easy enough to spot, and the ladies of the cast (although they were all dressed in black) were quickly identified. The only names I managed to catch throughout the entire performance were Margaret, Richard (both of whom I had already identified), Richmond and Stanley. The other lords, etc. remained a mystery until they later become embroiled in action which positively identified them.

This confusion in effect spoils the first Act for me, however, having identified most of the characters I was free to be excessively impressed in the second and third Acts. The company contains some outstanding talent.

There were (apart from that programme oversight) no weak areas. The surreal but utilitarian set worked well. I am still puzzling over the costumes which seemed to me to have more of a French post-revolution flavour rather than a 15th Century English look, but I did not find them distracting or offensive and they certainly suited the set.

The use of lights and sound was particularly effective. The sound of heavy rain and lightning accompanied the arguments for Richard to take the crown, with the intensity growing with his "refusals" and the calming of the storm on his acceptance. The recurring musical themes which accompanied the unfolding of the plot emphasised the growth of Richard's power beautifully.

I can't tell you if the actors stuck to the script or if their diction was good (I had no trouble hearing them), but I can tell you their delivery and expression were superb.

Ramaz Chkhikvadze was outstanding as Richard, and Avtandil Makhharadze won the audience with his imaginative portrayal of Edward IV, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Jester (a different part for each Act). Robert Sturua's direction had flair but was always controlled.

The production as a whole certainly deserved the standing ovation it received from an enthusiastic audience, which contained a good sprinkling of Adelaide's own theatrical talent.

Fine recipe flops baking

BEEN THERE, SUNG THAT
Poor Taste
Tooley's Restaurant

It seemed to be the recipe for a perfect sophisticated late-night supper show, just the thing for all those exhausted culture vultures to unwind over after a hard night out at the opera.

Take some Cole Porter, Noel Coward and Stephen Sondheim, sprinkle liberally with the ample pianistic and vocal skills of Christopher Prank and Adrian Barnes and finish with a large dollop of the mischievously original satire of Pat Wilson, Adelaide's own cross between Blossom Deary and Tom Lehrer.

Unfortunately something went amiss in the baking - all the right ingredients are there but the end result fails to satisfy.

The attempts at comic by-play between the three for the most part don't come off. They seem forced and gratuitous and end up distancing the performers from the audience behind a wall of theatricality, and unfortunate outcome in such an intimate setting.

Pat Wilson is a fine song writer - her latest debunking of the social and cultural pretensions of the middle classes in "Professional Woman" is a gem - but unfortunately she chooses to push her voice beyond its limits in a couple of numbers.

Adrian Barnes also hasn't



'Been There, Sung That' - a sophisticated supper show

adjusted to the cosy intimacy of Tooleys. His gestures and projection seem out of place and a trifle overpowering bearing away from a large stage setting.

Only Chris Prank, with his understated, more relaxed presentation, seems wholly at ease with the audience. His vocal production may

lack technique but he has a fine sense of swing and an ability to let the songs speak for themselves.

These minor irritations aside, the best moment of *Been There, Sung That* do offer some outstanding entertainment for those enjoying the wit and whimsy of the ageless standards of the Broadway musical.

STATE OF THE WEATHER

World without end
Replays, a freeze frame, synthesised motion
Travelling the landscape with restless eyes
citizens, a network of faces
which forecast the weather
Night panorama
An enormous ring around the moon
A city reflected in water
Here stars are terminal
They fall, and cut the night
Stark as a leper's bell
The surface darkens
Sleep in the rain

Monica Carroll

He tiptoes to the front door,
Does not expect a reply,
Knocks anyway.

Imagines a chamber
Drawn by tapestries, rich with deep details,
Long corners of colours, coiled by incense,
Scattered w/books bound in leather,
Hung with glass paste and imitation gold
Draped over racks, a chair, wardrobe doors,
Prints on walls, little pieces on the mantle board
In the far left corner a floor bed,
Covers patterned over warm sheets
Awaits her soon
Homecoming.

She has the face of a foreign statue
The body of an overseas city
The mind of a show on ethnic T.V.
He seeks the handgliding thrill
Of a new experience:
She is not come, he strides the fence
With the patience of a true seeker;
Watches the neighborhood life
By the afternoon light,
Warm as toast
In the deep sun.

Stefan Schutt

CHEESE

Cheese is neither holy nor always holey, but wholly a part of my childhood. Those thick tiles of omni-purpose Kraft could just as well plug a leaky fuel tank as fill my hunger after school. In Melbourne I sniffed Italy in Gorgonzola and found spreading it with boarding school apricot jam amazing! Nobody thought though to melt cheese when I was kid, and those drooping hoods, those yellow snow-mantled landscapes of Emmenthal, and the sun-parched patches of Provolone left under the grill had to wait another ten years.

Cheese as a child was cheese-mites, the almighty power of the cow as she sailed udder-deep in oceans of grass, convoluted stainless steel and Pasteur, pasture, the long sweep of rain, slices of cheese yellow between white bread. That was cheese in a dairy district!

Today I can stare it between the eyes on a supermarket shelf, select a good red with it, who never knew wine as a child - this was after all dairy district - and assess its power to corrupt legacies, nourish grandparents and tilt political scales. I can offer it straight, having swallowed cheese whole, as a child, and survived.

Andrew Taylor

Mouse ears



"The perceived Australian reader is, just at this passing moment, tense and moody, self obsessed, overweight and a social leper."

So writes John Ross (Ross Publishing) commenting on trade book orders, which, he says, are "heavy with health, lifestyles, self-help, psycho-pop, food and leisure books."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Financial crises have dominated the media of late. Pre-occupation with the economy has come to publishing - but in an unusual way. In the publicity for a recent title, Picador did not indicate whether *Funny Money* falls into the category of fiction or non-fiction. I quote it in its entirety.

"Mark Singer's *Funny Money* is the story of a bank. The Penn Square Bank in Oklahoma City was unusual in that its manager couldn't say 'no' to anyone. What's more the chief lending officer wore Mickey Mouse ears. But when it collapsed in 1982 it set off the greatest crisis in American financial history since the Wall Street crash."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Trail of the Fox and *The Destruction of Dresden* are two titles by David Irving (available from Macmillan). Irving, whose controversial views on Hitler and the Holocaust were presented in an interview in *On dit* (17/3/86), has

caused angry and bitter debate. While this column does not agree with or wish to promote such beliefs, it does wish to encourage informed debate.

Readers and historians concerned with and about Irving's beliefs will find themselves better equipped to enter such debate by reading his books. The first title is a biography of Field Marshall Erwin Rommel. The second is an account of "one of the most controversial episodes of WWII."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Bestseller listings are often a source of amusement and bemusement. Frequently only those within the industry can make sense of them. For example, an Adelaide bookseller had *Gregory's Street Directory* top of its listing for some weeks.

Is this unbiased comment on Adelaide reading tastes or indicative of the "lies, damned lies and statistics" effect of lists compiled on proportional sales records?

The ABPA's bestselling list for 1985 is straight forward. Compiled on volume of sales statistics, those titles selling most copies are aptly acknowledged "bestsellers".

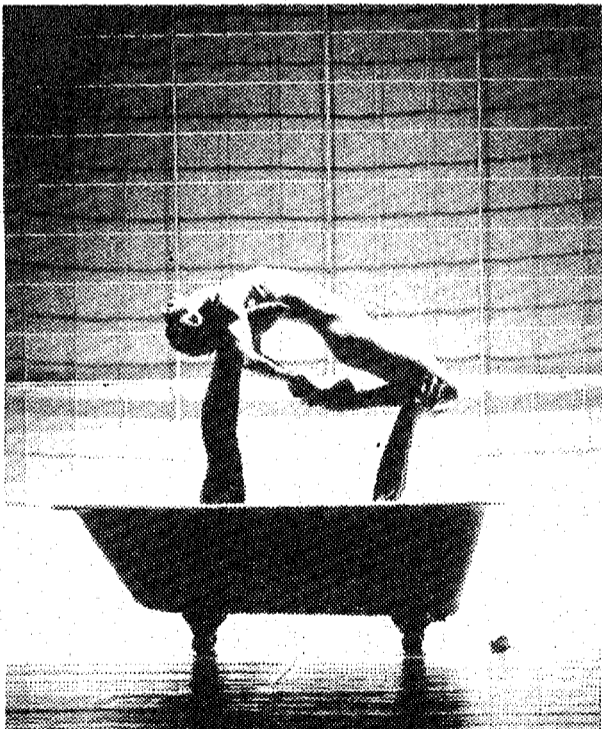
The ABPA list records that *Mad Max: Beyond the Thunderdome* and *Mad Max III* topped the Australian adult fiction titles, selling 50,000 and 35,000 copies respectively. In the general adult fiction category *Footrot Flats: Weekender* and Wilbur Smith's *The Leopard Hunts in Darkness* sold in excess of 170,000 copies. Another *Footrot Flats* title, *I'm Warning You Horse*, sold over 150,000.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

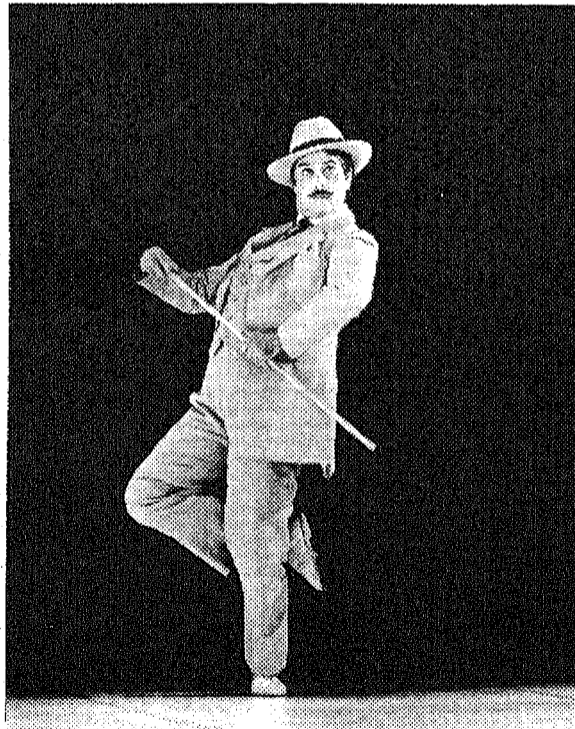
SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY

RETURNS TO ADELAIDE

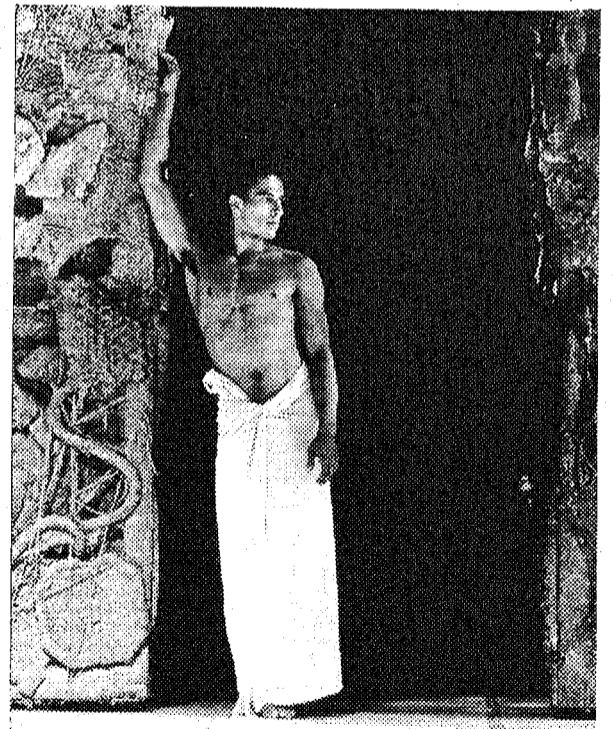
SOME ROOMS



"so new, so innovative" *New York City Tribune*
9-16 April at 8.15 pm
12 April at 2.15 pm and 8.15 pm



AFTER VENICE



"a stroke of genius" *New York Times*
18-26 April at 8.15 pm
26 April at 2.15 pm and 8.15 pm



Principal Sponsor of SDC

New Parking Service

For an experimental period, purchasers of tickets for this season may reserve in advance car parking spaces - available from 6.00 pm - for \$3.
Book at BASS.

Make a Meal of It!

When purchasing your tickets, reserve your place for dinner in Lyrics Restaurant and we will deduct \$10% from your food bill.

BOOK AT BASS Dial 'n' Charge BASS 213 4777

Student notices are published free of charge on this page. Lodge your notice at the "On dit" office, University of Adelaide, PO Box 498, Adelaide. Deadline is 12 noon Wednesdays.

MEETINGS

Freshers' Welcome

The Law Students Society presents the Freshers' Welcome.
When: Wednesday, March 26th, 8 pm.
Where: Games Room, Union Building.
Cost: \$6 members; \$8 non-members for all you can drink.
Band: Lizard Men (formerly Hey Daddy, The Bodgies, Chessmen and Lounge Lizards).
Tickets can be bought on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday lunchtimes in the Law School Foyer during lunchtime.

For Sale: National Panasonic Portable Component System \$350 neg. 2 years old - new price \$579. Going O.S. so must sell. Phone: 4421741 Long.

Catholic Community

Come and celebrate "The Passover Supper" Mass, 5.00 pm, Chapel, followed by Tea of (BYO) unleavened bread and nuts, sour herbs ... Thursday 27th March.

Lutheran Students Fellowship (L.S.F.)

This week will be taking part in a study based on Easter and its relevance for today (and as for Easter eggs, well ... I hope so!). Thursday 27th, 1 pm in the Chapel. See you there.
P.S. Don't forget the small groups thingo.

Campaign Against Racial Exploitation

A.U. CARE Annual General Meeting, 1 pm, Monday April 7th in the Jerry Portus Room.

Agenda:
1. Official Business:
a. Reports;
b. Elections - Convenor(s), Treasurer, Clubs Assn. Delegate.

2. Discussion:
a. Land Rights
b. South Africa and Namibia.
3. Plans for A.U. CARE activities.

If you think life on campus this year is dull, you're right. But out there in the wide world things are happening which we should be interested in. Australia's federal government has just betrayed the Aboriginal nation, not to mention their own policy, on the question of uniform national land rights legislation. In South Africa and Namibia the crisis intensifies, while Australia continues to harbour an "Embassy" of the minority racist regime.

So do something for yourself and for the world - come along and get involved in A.U. CARE activities.

Classical Association
Mon April 7, 8 pm, L2 (Ligertwood Bldg): "The Voyage of Argo - 1984".

Student Life
Wed, April 2nd North Dining Room Student Union Building 1 pm. Geoff Bailey speaks on his recent visit to China and how we as Christians can be involved in this country.

A.U. German Society
"Kaffeeklatsch" 1 pm Thursday. Meeting Room 1, Union complex. Native speakers and beginners welcome.

Miracle Meeting

Is there a supernatural God? Experience God's Power in your life. Hear healing evangelist Tim Hall. Share accounts of God's supernatural power in the world today. Thursday 27th March 1.00pm/Union Cinema. Contact Students for Christ. Phone: 266 1122, 276 8903

Resistance Club

Don't Bring Your Lunch Tuesday 25th March 1pm. Meeting Room 1 Union Building, Level 5 behind Games Room. An informal get-together. Lunch will be provided at a modest price. Come along and meet other members and find out more about Resistance.

A.U. Science Fiction Association

Free Video screening in Bar Level 5 Tuesday 25th 6 pm. See notice board for "title". Afterwards there may be a discussion or social get-together in the North Dining Room. All fans welcome.

20th National Folk Festival

La Trobe University, Easter 27th - 31st March, 1986. Weekend Student ticket \$33.00. Brochures available from Barry Salter in Union Administration.

Scientists Against Nuclear Arms

SANA is sponsoring a visit to Australia by Dr Hugh DeWitt, a theoretical physicist and on the staff of one of the two US laboratories where nuclear weapons are designed. His views are opposed to those of the administration and weapons lab hierarchy.

A public debate will take place between Dr DeWitt and Mr Bernard Thillaye, former Director of Strategic Policy Planning for Canadian Armed Forces at 1.15 pm on Sat, April 5 in the State Government Theatre (basement State Administration Centre, Victoria Square).

Juggling Club

Tuesday, 1.00 pm, Barr Smith Lawns. "Learn to juggle at lunchtime" is on again, every Tuesday lunchtime. Experience the peace and tranquility of throwing more objects into the air than you have hands. BYO balls, clubs, rings, fire sticks.

Thursday Brekky, Evangelical Union

Thursday 27 March at 7.30 am in Dining Rooms (4th Floor, Union Building). Come to a Brekky of Cornflakes, Coffee and Toast (with Jam!!) and meet lots of new friends and have a Praise of God and Prayer to start the day.

Tuesday Meetings, Evangelical Union
"The Nature of God" is being spoken about by Grant Thorpe under the specific heading of the "Spirit". It has been both challenging and illuminating, and of interest especially for those people who wonder who God is. So come and listen, as well as nibble on your lunch and meet new people in the North Dining room (in the Union Building, 4th Floor) at 1 pm, on the 25th of March.

Adelaide University Geography Society
What some famous people have said about its resurrection: "we are amused". - HRH Elizabeth II; "a damn good idea". - Robin Grey; "Goodness, my golly, gosh, we wouldn't allow it in my country". - Sir Joh. So, come along to our first meeting for 1986 and join us - in the first year laboratory, Ninth Floor, Napier Building on March 24 at 1 pm. All welcome - the meeting will take the form of a wine and cheese session (original eh?) where we will discuss forthcoming social activities and molest as many freshers as possible ... (only kidding) ... (really!). Remember: Napier Nine, 1 pm, on the 24th.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Hindi Language Scholarship

The Indian Government is offering a scholarship to an Australian to study the Hindi language at the Central Institute of Hindi, New Delhi, during the 1986/87 academic year.

The academic year begins in August 1986 and ends in April 1987.

The scholarship provides the return airfare, a monthly allowance of about \$A70 and hostel accommodation at a nominal charge.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from:

The Secretary,
Department of Education,
(Hindi Language Scholarship),
PO Box 826,
Woden ACT 2606.

Applications close on 14 April 1986. Enquiries: Pina Guarino (062) 837635.

Scholarship for Study in Greece 1986/87

The Greek Government is offering a scholarship for an Australian citizen to study in Greece during the 1986-87 academic year which is from 1 September 1986 to 30 June 1987.

The scholarship is for post-graduate studies or research. Candidates must be proficient in Greek, French or English.

The scholarship provides an allowance of about \$A280 a month, about \$A80 establishment expenses, free tuition, medical and hospital insurance and free transport within Greece subject to certain conditions. It also includes the airfare back to Australia.

Applications close at the following address on 1 May 1986:
Embassy of Greece
9 Turrana Street

Yarralumla ACT 2600.

Application forms are available from:
The Secretary,
Department of Education,
(Greek Government Scholarship),
PO Box 826,
Woden ACT 2606.
Enquiries: Pina Guarino (062) 837635.

Rikkyo University Research Fellowships 1987/88

Rikkyo University in Tokyo, Japan is offering up to four scholarships in the humanities, the social sciences or the natural sciences for foreign academics for 1987/88.

Applicants should be under 40 years of age as at 1 April 1987 and should hold senior academic positions at recognised institutions engaged in research or education.

Benefits include a living allowance according to status, a housing allowance, a research allowance and assistance with the airfare from Tokyo to Australia.

The term of the fellowships is from 3 to 12 months, starting between April 1987 and January 1988 and concluding in October 1988.

Further information and application forms are available from:

The Secretary,
Department of Education,
(Rikkyo University Research Fellowships),
PO Box 826,
Woden ACT 2606.

Completed applications must reach Japan before 31 May 1986. Enquiries: Pina Guarino (062) 837635.

Mexican Government Scholarships 1986/87

The Mexican Government is offering two scholarships, each for ten months, for Australian citizens to undertake post-graduate study or research in Mexico in the 1986-87 academic year.

The scholarships are primarily intended to enable research to be undertaken in Mexico leading to a higher degree to be completed in Australia.

The scholarships provide return airfares to Mexico, a monthly contribution towards living costs, enrolment and tuition fees, life and accident insurance and medical care.

Applicants must have a degree from an Australian institution of higher education equivalent to a Bachelor's degree in Mexico and be fluent in Spanish.

Application forms and further information are available from:

The Secretary,
Department of Education
(Mexican Government Scholarships),
PO Box 826,
Woden ACT 2606.

Applications close on 30 April 1986. Enquiries: Pina Guarino (062) 837635.

MISCELLANEOUS

Union Activities

Tuesday, 25th March - 1.00 - 4.00 pm. Video on videorecorder in Union Bar.

1.00 - 4.00 pm. Clubsport video in Union Bar;
6.00 pm. Music Students' performance in Union Bistro.
Thursday, 27th March - 8.00 - late. S.A.U.A. O'Camp Reunion with "East End Band" in Union Bar.
Free to O'Campusers and Adelaide University Students, guests \$2.00.

1986 Voucher Scheme

Valid March 3rd - April 4th.
You will have received a Union Voucher booklet inside your Union Diary when you paid your Union Fees. The Vouchers entitle you to freebies, discounts and entry into various lotteries when you fill out the information required and lodge them at the designated areas.

Major prizes include full Union Fee refunds, a two week trip to New Zealand and Contiki tour, lunch with the Vice Chancellor, cash prizes of \$100.00, and many more.

The lotteries will be drawn on the Barr Smith Lawns on Thursday, 17th April, at 1.00 pm.

Don't forget to use your voucher before 4th April.

First Term Typing Course

Learn to type in 10 days. Monday to Friday, 7th April - 18th April. A fifty minute lesson per day, 9.10 am or 10.10 am. Classes in Meeting Room 1 (level 5 Union House). Cost \$40.00 students, \$50.00 public. Electric typewriters available.

Registration forms now available from the Union Administration Centre.

Wanted

Lecture notes: Astronomy IH, Chemistry I (NOON). Will pay \$1 per lecture for full notes, 50c for outline. Contact J. Felis, Botany Dept. or phone 344 5303.

For Sale

Zoology II books: *Invertebrate Biology* - Barnes R. 4th Ed; *Vertebrate Life* - McFarland etc; *Outline of Entomology* - Imms 6th Ed.

Prices negotiable. All books in excellent condition. Phone 337 5848 after 5.00 pm.

The Skindiving Club has sets of Scuba gear comprising of steel tank, Fenzy BC and Regulator with scuba lead for \$200.
Contact Mark de Vos, ph. 42 6435.

6 string Ibanez Electric Guitar (Gibson lookalike). Excellent condition, \$180 (cost \$275 new).

Large fluoro lights with tubes, \$12 each and 2 500w Halide floodlights, \$15 each (grow your own and beat the rising price!). Contact Peter Matthews via pigeon hole in the Botany Dept.

Car Stereo: Pioneer, Model KP-575, together with 2 Clarion speakers, best offer. Phone 272 6065 and ask for Steve.

Dart Well-Ski, 2.3m. Hardly used. Cost \$550. Sell \$380. Phone: 3379276 (Mark)

Sedan or wagon in good cond. wanted desperately. Will pay cash - Ph: 267 2854 or ask for Doug.

DANGERPIG!

• FRIEND TO PSYCHEDELIA •

—AND HIS CONSORT—

CARELESS ROBERT.

OK!
—JUST WHERE DID DANGERPIG REPEL THOSE COMBAT LLAMAS TO? ...

..FAR FROM CITIES, PEOPLE AND ZIPPER FACTORIES, TO DEEPEST SOUTH AMERICA..
ARIBA! SSSSSS! BBLRRP!

TO WHERE THE PROUD-HOMMEISTS LIVE (REMEMBER THEM)
HOT POG!

NOW LETS TAKE S, PIG FANS, AS WE WORK OUT WHAT IS GOING ON IN THIS SO-CALLED STORY..
LLAMA REPELLENT-SUPA!

THE MASTER LOCUST HAS STOLEN THE GOLDEN ZUCCHINI -- AND PLANTED A FALSE PROPHECY! ...
WHEN THE GOLDEN IDOL VANISHES.. A MASKED PIG AVEC A MULTITUDE OF LLAMAS, MUST BE PUT TO DEATH TO APPEASE THE GODS.

SO, BACK TO SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE D.P. IS BLITHELY WALKING INTO LLAMA-FESTOONED PERIL!
ONWARD TO THE GRAN CHALO MON AMI!

(SORRY: LLAMA-FESTOONED)

SUDDENLY! THE PROUD-HOMMEISTS!
LORDY!

BUT NOW! WE HAVE A WINNER! REMEMBER LAST FRAME LAST TIME! YES, D.P. AND ROBERT - WHERE WERE THEY? -AT A PARTY, OF COURSE!

MEANWHILE...
MAMM... JUST LOVE COOKOUTS!

DANGERPIG TRIES A DESPERATE PLOY!
WAIT! KILL ME AND I WILL BLOT OUT THE SUN!

HUH - THAT OLD ONE!
SURE, PIG
I BET!
ETC...
YEAH, YEAH

BUT THEN!
WAIT!

THIS PROPHECY OF MASKED PIG - HAS LANDED HIM IN TROUBLE BIG BEFORE HE LOOKS TO CRISPY HAM... HE MUST EAT BREAD + JAM... OH... AND FULFILL 2 TASKS TO GAIN HIS FREEDOM!

START AT THE BACK!

Edited by Graham Lugsden

Justice...

Giovanni Lovatelli, 22, was shot and critically wounded on a New York subway recently. Trina Williams, 18, and Emmanuel Wheeler, 19, were charged with attempted murder, criminal possession of a weapon and reckless endangerment.

And what did Mr. Lovatelli do to Ms. Williams to deserve being blasted in the neck?

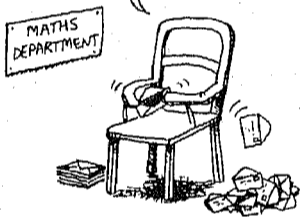
Apparently, he stepped on her toe.

...and more justice

A brother and sister were tried in Kenya for beating a second brother to death, because they believed that he had caused the death of a third brother by witchcraft. The court heard that the dead man (the third brother) had also threatened to bewitch one of the accused.

The magistrate sentenced the two accused to one days imprisonment. Despite the seriousness of the case, he was satisfied that justice would be served.

“I'D GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF FINDING EMPLOYMENT, BUT THEN OUT OF THE BLUE...”



Would the real chair...

In an attempt to avoid any possibly offensive sexist language, we addressed a recent circular to the CHAIR of Pure Maths, rather than the chairMAN.

Apparently, the recipient did not take kindly to his new title. The envelope was returned unopened, with the withering reply: "There are no chairs in the Pure Maths Department capable of opening envelopes."

Supply is looking into providing the department with chairs that can open envelopes.

World round-up

"Mr. Christopher Peterson, 38, and his wife were woken up in the middle of the night by someone shooting them both in the head with a small pistol."

Aftonbladet, Sweden

"Blackbirds characteristically jerk their tails up on landing. The cock is unmistakable, being black all over with a bright yellow eye ring." - RSPB newsletter.

"I'D JUST DROPPED OFF THE ELEVEN PEOPLE AT THE BUS STOP... AND THEN RUSS HINZES WALKED UP AND ASKED FOR A RIDE..."



"Asked to explain why his car was proceeding with its rear bumper scraping and its front wheel barely touching the road, Mr. Geoffrey Simpkin, defending, said: "My client, Mr. Hatchley, was on the way home from an ice hockey conference when he saw his friend, Mr. George Thompson, walking along the lane and offered him a lift."

"As Mr. Thompson was getting into the car, eleven other people, completely unknown to either of them appeared out of nowhere, climbed into the back, and demanded to be driven to the nearest bus stop." - Sunday Telegraph.

The Texas Connection

Remember last week's story about *The Dallas Morning News'* classifieds? In their 'Happy Ads' section was "Go S.M.U." Not being from the Lone Star State, we had no idea what this meant. Enter our Texas connection.

"Dear On dit, S.M.U. - Southern Methodist University. It's a private university near Dallas.

Go Mustangs, Texan Compadre."

Now, who the hell are the Mustangs?

Yupdate

From the cashing-in-on-anything-as-long-as-it-pays-well department: La Crosse, Wisconsin, is having a 'Llama Extravaganza' on May 10. Llama owning, is, apparently, the latest fad that the young upwardly mobiles of America have discovered in their glorious struggle for one-upmanship over the neighbours.

Before one rushes off to trade in the BMW for the latest word in four-legged transport from Nepal, one might be interested to know that Kim Novak, Loretta Lynn and Michael Jackson are all converted llamaphiles.

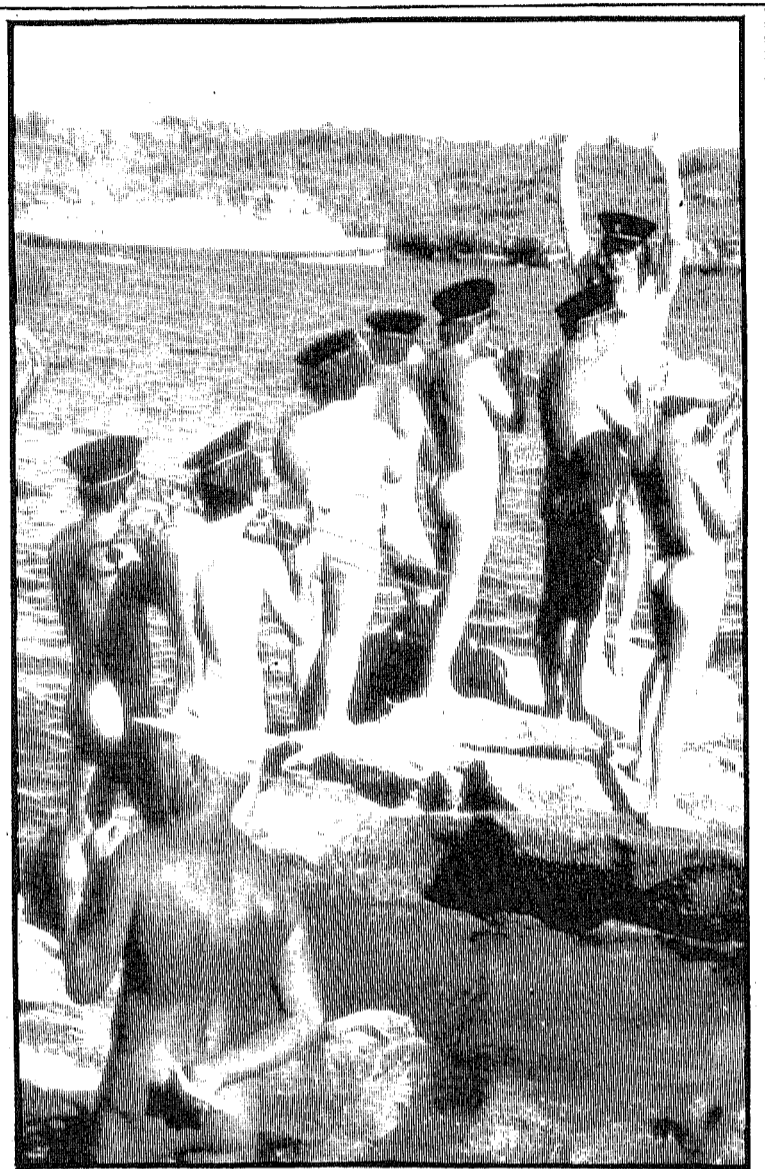
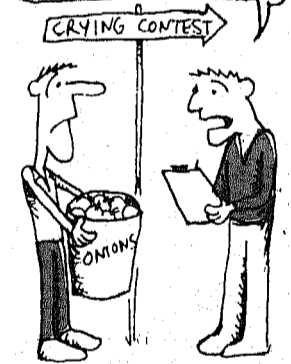
"They're an awfully good investment" gushed Sonja Moe, organiser of the Extravaganza.

"They're kept for their woll value, as pets and for their uniqueness, and for trail packing."

And remember: "you just don't ask a llama owner how many they've got."

It's just like owning a BMW, isn't it?

NO, I THINK THAT'S CHEATING, ACTUALLY...



On dit spotted the other paper in the country discovered that Liz and Phil visited Maslins while in LA, down to the welcoming committee.

Crying competition

Another competition that may be of interest to *Start at the Back* readers is to be held in central Java (just a short trip in the BMW from Bali). Indonesia's first crying contest will be held on April 15. An organiser said that it aims to stimulate theatrical creativity among young people and raise funds for retirement homes in Semarang.

"A cry of a person in pain, a wail of agony for the loss of

loved ones, a tear of joy and other acts to depict human emotions will be the subject of competition in the contest," the spokesman said.

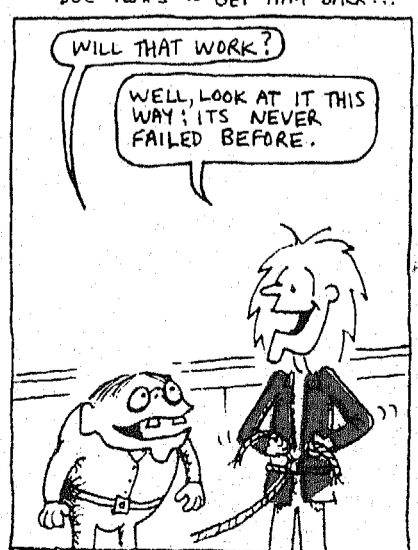
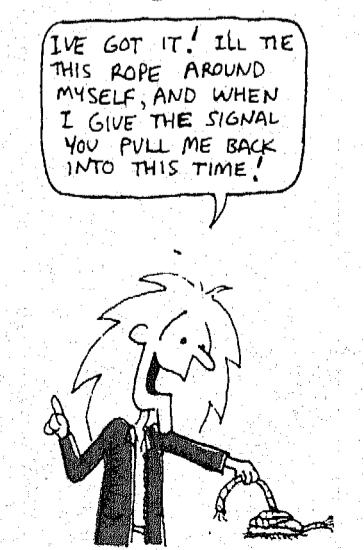
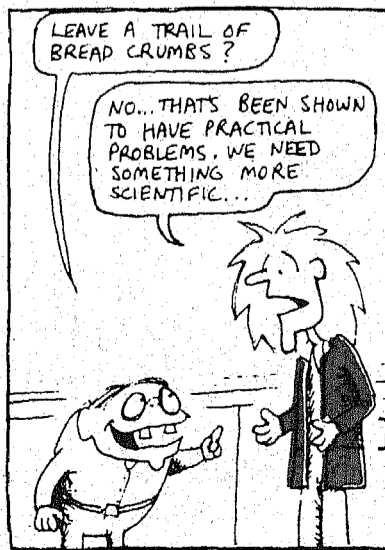
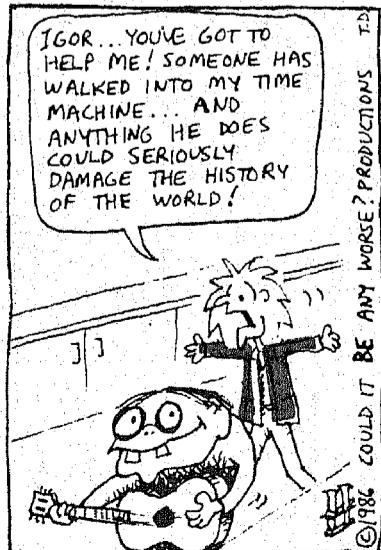
Last year, the city held a national whistling contest and a national flattery contest. Participants had to display their skill at winning a salary increase, convincing a spouse to adopt family planning methods, or persuading the public not to litter. Then they had to flatter the organisers into giving them a BMW.

PRESENTING THE COMIC WRITTEN BY THE PERSON WHO'S SO STUPID HE USES A BLACK TEXT-HIGHLIGHTER...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

in BACK TO THE PAST Part 3

TREVOR HAS BEEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO THE 60S, WHILE THE DOC PLANS TO GET HIM BACK...



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