

373.05
050.2.

NEWS

RIK, THE SNOTTY-
NOSED ANARCHIST
PAGE 4



FEATURES

WHERE TO GO
OP-SHOPPING
PAGE 9

\$\$

FEATURES

NORTHERN IRELAND:
A COUNTRY TORN
PAGE 10



LIMELIGHT

LAURIE ANDERSON
INTERVIEWED
PAGE 15



Registered by Australia Post
Publication No. SBF0274

OnDit



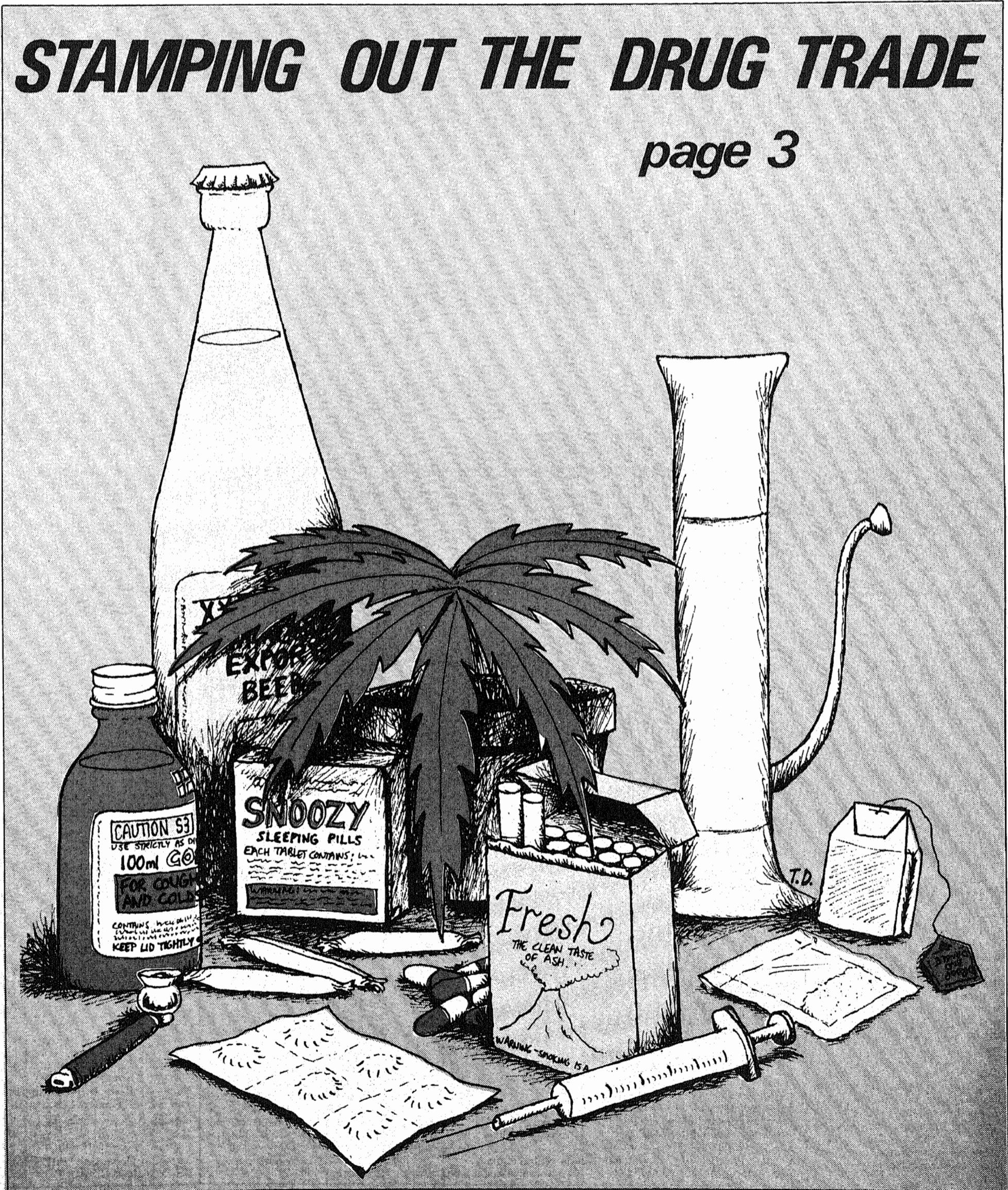
VOL. 54 NO. 6

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

14 APRIL, 1986

STAMPING OUT THE DRUG TRADE

page 3



'Follow me comrade' she said

The story so far:
(Derek 'the Breaker' Pylon has, by an accumulation of misunderstandings, arrived at a Politics tutorial).

Derek found himself standing awkwardly in the focal point of a semi-circle of curious undergraduates perched on tattered armchairs and saved himself from further embarrassment by lowering his bulk carefully into a vacant seat. He laid Gladys on the floor beside him and waited patiently for a chance to announce the purpose of his visit. The tutor, a tall, haggard woman dressed in faded denim overalls that seemed at odds with her middle-aged face, opened the discussion.

"This week's topic, as those of you who have done the reading are no doubt aware" she glowered accusingly at the recumbent tutorial "is much more complex than it would seem at face value." The sweeping glare alighted on Derek, and he shuffled his feet nervously. Her steely grey eyes reminded him uneasily of one of his wife's intimidatory stares when he had done something unforgivable and irreparable to some cherished item of household furniture.

She smiled at him crookedly, and he cowered inwardly. There was nothing even remotely reassuring about the expression, one to which she did not seem much accustomed, and he thought suddenly of the artist's impression of a feeding pterodactyl which had hung on the wall of the Reformatory School classroom in which his entire three years of secondary education had been unsuccessfully conducted. The similarity was startling.

"You haven't sat in with this group before, have you? I take it you are an extra from Bill Kennedy's tutorial. My name is Myrna Crowley." The smile twisted itself back into a business-like scowl, with just a hint of leering dinosaur hovering around the tightly crimped lips.

"Mario Castelli sent me" Derek replied hesitantly to her rhetorically raised eye-brows "about that Riasanovsky piece you wanted demolishing."

"Mario - um - Castelli you say? Yes of course. Mario would say something like that about Riasanovsky." She did not seem at all certain of the fact. "And your name is?"

"Derek, Mrs. Crowley."

"Ms ... Myrna will do. I won't introduce you to the rest of the group. Take too long and you'll probably forget all their names anyway. Ask them as you go. As I was saying, this week's topic did have a bit of a catch to it. A sting in its tail, you might say, I do hope that not too many of you took the question literally."

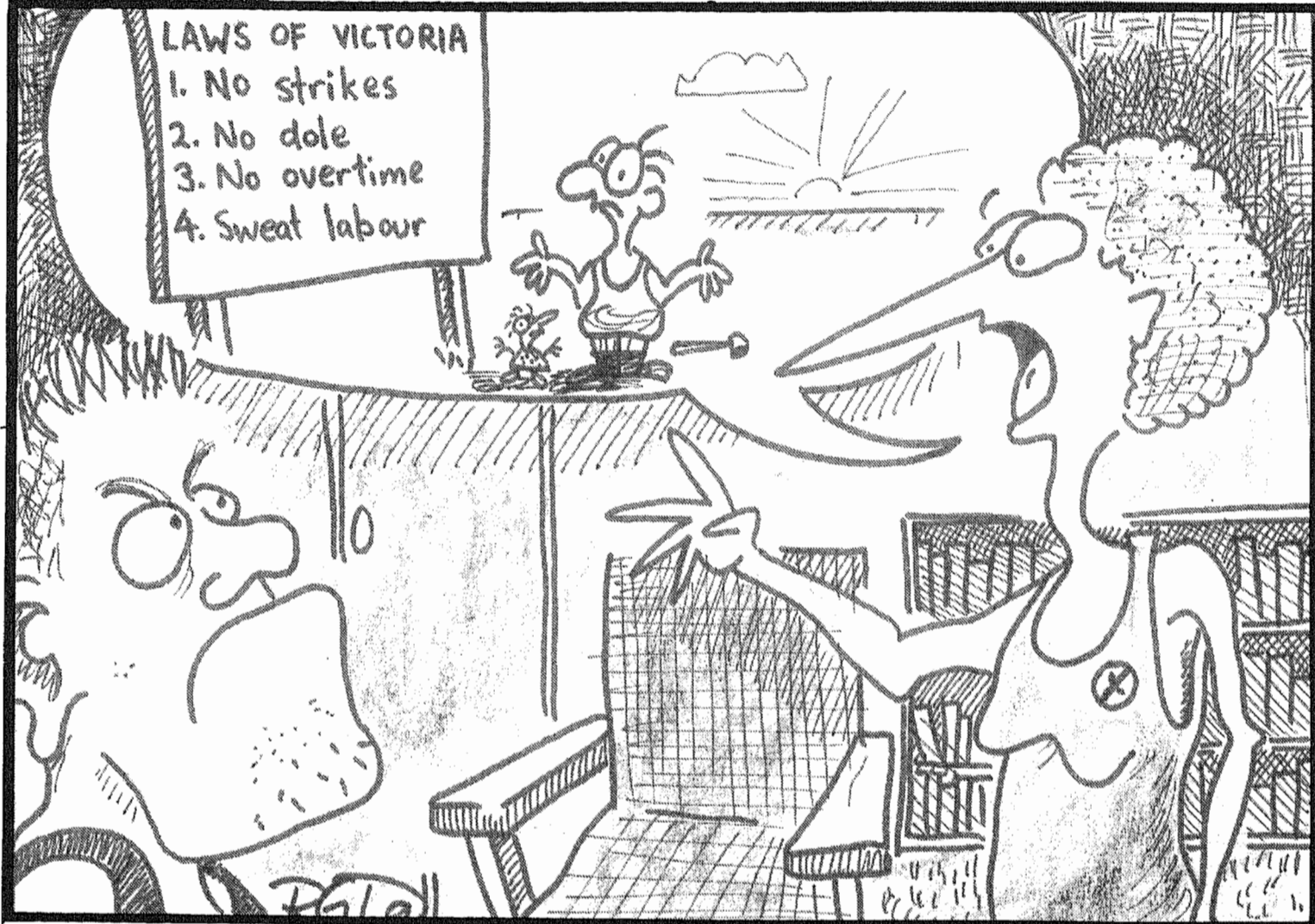
"Unlike Mario Castelli" she flipped a contemptuous, long-fingered hand toward Derek "I have a high regard for Riasanovsky's analysis of the growth of class-consciousness among the Petrograd factory workers, and I included the other readings as examples of how even careful historians can miss the point entirely. What I wanted you to do - what I hoped you would all find - was that the precepts assumed by the question itself were far too confining."

A collective slump among the students bore witness to the fact that they had indeed taken the question literally - after all, she had set the damned thing - and those who had struggled through the confusing tangle of Riasanovsky's article, strained to remember anything which could conceivably be of relevance.

BREAKER'S REVOLT PART SIX

A SAVAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM

BY DAVID MUSSARED



Derek, unwilling to explain her misunderstanding lest he attract a more convincing impression of primeval reptilian gluttony, maintained a tactful silence. Myrna continued without pause, explaining how the minutes of a factory workers' soviet meeting in Russia at the turn of the century bore greater implications for the development of Trade Unionism in Australia than did the four other set readings, which actually dealt with the subject.

She launched into a description of working conditions in nineteenth century Melbourne, with an occasional malevolent glance in Derek's

direction, narrating in bleak, relentless detail the privations and iniquities of the Antipodean colonial inheritance. Derek listened to her eloquent monologue with growing disquiet.

The picture she drew of the Victorian workers' lot was a dismal one. Twelve and sixteen hour days, no unemployment benefits or sick-leave, wages which allowed a bare subsistence level of survival, Union organisation and strike action punishable by law ... "sweated labour", she called it, and Derek had to agree with her. He had no idea the situation was so desperate.

She told of riots in the Victorian goldfields, of the massacre of unarmed Chinese miners, of someone called Peter Lalor who fought for justice in something called a Eureka Stockade, of strikers being imprisoned and above all of the oppression by the imperialistic English monarchy as it grew fat on the suffering of half the world.

It never occurred to Myrna Crowley to mention that the events she was describing in such stark detail took place over a century before, nor did it occur to Derek that her

impassioned call to social justice could be a hundred years out of date.

A deep and smouldering anger at the perpetrators of such blatant repression began to grow in him, and he forgot all about his errand of demolition. Behind that primitive ornithological grimace, he realised, lay a brave and good-hearted woman who was striking out at all that was unjust in the world, and he felt with her a sense of responsibility for what was happening to his brother workers just across the border.

An hour later, after picking up his hammer and shaking the horny hand of a smug Myrna Crowley, Derek Pylon stumbled out into the half-darkness of the corridor a changed man. He sought out Carmel among the hurrying students and, without preamble, begged her to tell him what he could do to help put the political situation to rights.

Since coming to the University, he explained, he had learnt of the horror of capitalist imperialism and very much wanted to do something about it.

As chance would have it Carmel was a member of a dwindling section of the student population who still believed in Marxism, maintaining the rage and things left-wing. She was enormously flattered by his request and decided that, for all his eccentricities, this Derek was a natural and thus far undiscovered ally in the left's losing battle to retain credibility and popularity in the wave of 'New Right' reactionism that had swept the campus in the past five years. It was getting on toward student election time, and she did indeed know of a way in which Derek could throw his considerable weight into the fray.

"Follow me comrade" she said loftily, and led the way to the lifts.

Cliche comes to life as man bites dog



MEDIA MINDER

by Moya Dodd

There is an old journalistic cliché that when a man bites a dog, that's news.

So there was no doubt much hilarity on the editorial floor when Sydney's afternoon newspaper ran a front page 'Man Bites Dog' story recently, complete with a picture of a lugubrious wide-eyed mongrel with a large bandage around its



head.

This true-to-life cliché originated in London, where 19 year-old Stuart Smale bit his dog so badly that it required surgery.

Two workmen heard a dog howl-

ing nearby, and investigated to find Smale beating his black-and-brown mongrel bitch Jade with a metre-long wooden stick in his garden. He then picked up the dog by the ears and bit her left one.

Not content with this, he thumped an observer's van with a hammer and threatened the workmen with a crowbar.

He was granted a conditional discharge by a magistrate, banned from keeping a dog for a year and ordered to pay veterinary fees and compensation to the van-owner.

But animal lovers were left growling. Brian Bicknell, Bristol inspector for the RSPCA, told reporters: "This is disgraceful. Anyone who looks at this sentence is going to think 'why worry?' This only allows people to get away with murder. It's no deterrent at all."

PRODUCTION NOTES

On dit is a weekly news-magazine produced at Adelaide University. It is the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Edited and published by Paul Washington and Moya Dodd. Circulation 6000.

Thanks to Richard Ogier, Jamie Skinner, Jaci Wiley, Joe Penhall, David Mussared, Barbara Black, Robert Clark, Graham Lugsden, Alex Hancock, Ron Tomlian, Richard Dall, Mat Gibson, Ben Cheshire (somewhere between Thailand and Israel), Troy Dangerfield, Geoff Hanmer, Cathy Smit,

Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685.

Postal Address: "On dit", Adelaide University, P.O. Box 498, Adelaide S.A. 5001.

The National Drug Offensive

'Will it work?' ask students

by Jaci Wiley

Drug abuse is a serious problem according to students surveyed at Adelaide University by *On dit* last week.

Most students believe the fight against drug abuse is absolutely necessary but doubt the effectiveness of anti-drug campaigns in combating the problem.

The survey follows the launching of a national campaign against drug abuse and addiction in Australia. "The Drug Offensive - A Federal and State Initiative", the first phase of the campaign, was announced by the Prime Minister, Mr Hawke, and each State Premier on national television on Sunday April 6.

Architecture student, Peter, said of the initiative "It's necessary but whether it's going to do any good or not is another thing" and Helen Sanders said she had "doubts about its effectiveness".

Students expressed a variety of causes of these doubts.

One female Arts student surveyed believes the community accepts drug abuse.

"People have accepted too long the abuse of drugs", she said.

Mark Priadko, an Economics student, believes that drugs like alcohol are accepted "social lubricants" and says that "there's always justification for their use" no matter what they are.

Most students agreed that the success of the campaign would depend on "how they go about it", stressing the importance of educating schoolkids.

"We have to get to the kids at schools who want cheap thrills ... on speed, dope, etcetera", said one student.

"You've really got to get down to



Two-thirds have tried marijuana

Remember the dope-smoking students of the flower-power era, when peace and long hair were all the vogue, and John Lennon was still singing catchy Utopian ditties?

Well the long hair has been phased out, and John's no longer merrily making music, but the dope smokers' numbers have been little affected.

That's the indication of an *On dit*

survey conducted late last week on campus to determine how many students used any form of drugs.

The survey found that 67 per cent or two thirds, had used marijuana at least once, while 17 per cent used it regularly. But harder drugs had been tried by only one of the students surveyed and none admitted to using them regularly.

83 per cent of students surveyed were 'social drinkers' and 33 per

cent smoked, demonstrating the popularity of the 'legal drugs', alcohol and tobacco.

The wide acceptance of marijuana by those surveyed suggests that it is rapidly falling into the same category as alcohol and tobacco, of socially acceptable drugs.

All students however believed that drug abuse is a serious problem, the majority citing school-age children as the group most at risk.

To be effective with schoolkids, information has to be "written in kid's language not bureaucratic language" according to Peter.

"And", he said, "they've got to

get people the kids look up to - none of them look up to Hawkey and those guys."

Students varied in their beliefs about the drug problem in Australia.

"Everyone, everywhere has a drug problem" said Mark Priadko, but he doesn't believe South Australia has a "hard drug" problem.

"I don't see it. I hear about it. It depends on whether seeing is believing," he said.

Another student believed drugs - both licit and illicit - were part of massive industries in Australia. He said corrupt police officers and mafia controls were important when dealing with the problem.

An Arts student summed up the general feeling about the problem of hard drugs with the statement: "Heroin abuse is terrible."

She hastened to add that all forms of drug abuse and addiction "have to be attacked."

One third of the students approached during the survey knew nothing about The Drug Offensive - including its existence. Most admitted to being only vaguely aware of its scope and objectives.

All students surveyed expressed some degree of support for the national campaign.

And although most expressed surprise at the \$100m. cost of the initiative, they felt it was money well spent.

Mark Priadko said that spending \$100m. on Defence is "a waste" but the national campaign "is a proper defence. An anti-drug campaign is a defence - it's almost another war."

Brits still confused, says research

After one year of the British government's campaign against Heroin, parents in the U.K. are as ignorant and confused about drug misuse as they were before the campaign, according to the Dept. of Health and Social Security (DHSS).

Leaflets produced by the ministry have had little impact, the result of a press campaign directed at parents had been negligible "with recall and recognition (of advertisements) almost totally absent."

Research by two independent agencies - Andrew Irving Associates and Research Bureau Limited - suggests that the campaign has actually hardened people's attitudes towards heroin.

It appears that some young people have even taken to questioning heavy drinking and smoking habits.

The findings of Andrew Irving Associates suggest that evidence of any significant change in parents' knowledge or attitudes of the subject was minimal.

There was a high level of concern and anxiety over the drug problem but parents were discovered to be unable to distinguish between one drug and another, to over-react at the possibility of their children being involved with drugs, and commonly blamed the problem on blacks, pushers, and the inner-city factors.

The DHSS advertising and leaflets aimed at parents were found to be considered "tepid, unenthusiastic, lacking in impact and uninvolved."

In contrast, people felt that a



UK drug campaign has had little effect

strong message was put across by the media advertising campaign aimed at young people, entitled "Heroin Scews You Up".

However, the research highlighted that family doctors - whose assistance most parents would primarily seek - had less understanding and sensitivity to the problems faced by addicts.

Addicts were accused by doctors in Bristol and Manchester of being "untrustworthy, - evil, selfish, deceitful, with no moral princi-

ples." As a solution to addiction one G.P. stated "I like the American way .. the cold turkey treatment ... just lock them up."

The research discovered that heroin addicts had probably been driven underground by the campaign, and that prospective addicts were finding accessibility to the drug was decreasing as pushers were becoming harder to locate. Cannabis smoking, or the use of amphetamines had not been touched by the campaign.

\$100 mil, eight govts and 3 long years

The Prime Minister, the Premiers of every State, and the Chief Minister of the Northern Territory made Australian political history on Sunday April 6, by appearing together on television to make a joint report to the nation.

The occasion was the launching of The Drug Offensive, the public education segment of a National Campaign Against Drug Abuse which began at the 1985 National Drug Summit in Canberra.

The eight governments of Australia unanimously committed themselves to spending jointly \$100m. over three years in the fight against drug abuse at the 1985 summit.

The Drug Offensive involves the delivery of 5.4 million copies of a 24-page booklet on drug abuse, and community access to a toll-free, 24 hour National Drug Information line.

At the launching of the Drug Offensive the Prime Minister, Mr. Hawke, presented harrowing statistics on the extent of drug abuse in Australia. 32 per cent of all deaths of people aged 15 - 25 are connected with drugs, and a sharp increase had occurred in the number of deaths related to opium-based drugs in the 15 - 34 age group.

"Such a tragic cost in human life and suffering is something no society can tolerate," Mr Hawke said.

The Drug Offensive booklets and telephone information will cost

about \$6 million nationally.

But the campaign is not without its critics among welfare workers and agencies, many of whom feel the substantial sums of money devoted to the campaign could be better spent by directing it straight to welfare and rehabilitation efforts rather than a publicity campaign.

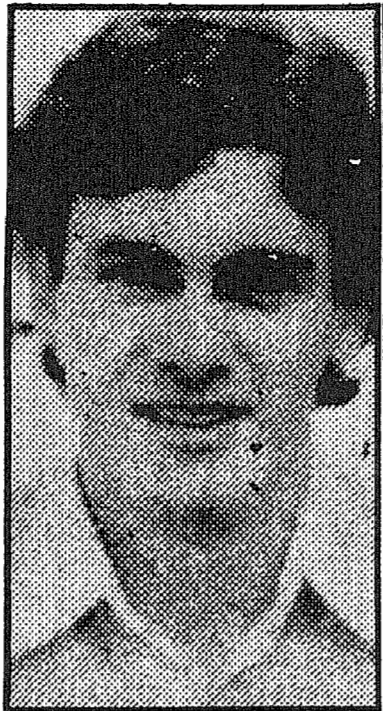
One of the most outspoken of these has been the Reverend Ted Noffs of Sydney's Wayside Chapel, who has criticized state and federal bureaucrats for their handling of the campaign.

"You never see these people until someone mentions money, but look at the Salvation Army and the little wayside chapel who were there to help when there was no money. Rather than giving the vast amounts of funds to re-inventing the wheel, it should be going to the front line", Rev. Noffs commented.

will be directed mainly at education on the effects of tobacco and alcohol use - the so-called 'legal drugs'.

Of drug-related deaths throughout the nation, 81% are tobacco related, and 16% alcohol related.

The Federal Leader of the Democrats, Don Chipp, has said he is appalled that the Federal Government has not moved to more closely regulate alcohol and tobacco advertising in the media, in an attempt to stem the number of alcohol and tobacco-related deaths in Australia.



David Reid

Climber death tragedy

David Reid was one of the University Mountain Club's most active members.

Sadly his mountaineering career was cut short on Sunday, March 23rd, when he lost his footing and fell 280m to his death in New Zealand's Southern Alps.

David was attempting to climb Mount Nazomi, the first peak south of Mount Cook in the MacInnes Range, when he fell. He had previously climbed Mt. Cook in February.

Last year he completed a history honours degree at Adelaide University.

Rik 'as rude as possible'

After an immensely popular initial series, the *Young Ones* has developed a small cult following. Rik Mayall and scriptwriter Ben Elton, spoke to JOE PENHALL about the new series of the *Young Ones* and the ideas behind it.

Rik Mayall, better known as "Rik", the snotty nosed sociology student and resident anarchist in T.V.'s *The Young Ones* is the first to admit his own inadequacies.

"Rik was certainly based on the kind of person I was when I was a teenager. He is a mass of contradiction, the basis of his character is immense hypocrisy and immense selfishness," he says.

Of the *Young Ones*, the series said to be revolutionizing British T.V., he says: "All the characters were designed to be as rude as possible ... 'cause there was so much stuff about nice lovable people..." - a pointed reference to the enormously successful *The Good Life*.

However there is more to the *Young Ones* than the occasional attack on the odd "lovable eccentric". The rather less-than-lovable Margaret Thatcher is a favourite victim.

Says Rik: "It's not specifically left-wing, it's a bit more anarchic than that. It's definitely seriously anti-right wing ... the basic premise is that if people want to laugh, which they do, then they have to adjust their politics in order to laugh."

However, he hastens to add "First and foremost I'm a funny man - not a political speaker."

Rik along with partner and fellow *Young Ones* scriptwriter, Ben Elton, has been a stand-up comic for the best part of ten years. It's a profession and an art, and one of



Rik Mayall in action

the few things that the two take seriously.

Of Rik, Ben says: "We were at University together, but he was above me, and he saw a comic play I wrote and asked if I wanted to come in on the *Young Ones*."

"I was a stand-up comic at the time, and I saw them in all the small clubs. I was working in the same clubs as they were, ... I had the opportunity to get inside their skin."

Unlike Ade Edmonson (Vivian) and Nigel Planer (Neil), Rik is virtually a full-time stand-up comic. Since the making of the *Young Ones*, while Edmonson immersed himself in writing and making films, and Planer involved himself in acting (his latest cameo being in *Brazil*), Rik and Ben have per-

formed hundreds of gigs around England.

"You have to keep practising your art if you want to stay any good," says Rik. And unlike Planer, who has produced a hit record and a best-selling book, he considers anything other than stand-up comedy as less important. "I just see the telly and anything else as a spin-off of what the basis of the art is, which is: standing up in front of people and making them laugh," he says.

Ben agrees, maintaining that "It keeps you fresh", and explaining "We believe in the dignity of the audience, and basically if we don't make them laugh, we've failed." In addition the "immediacy" of stand-up comedy, where the failed comedian soon knows it, appeals to the pair.

On his own forte Ben adds "I like to write 'cause writing is immediate ... you write Vivian's head is blown off, then you go on to the next line. If you've got to be there while Vivian's head is blown off ... it's three hours."

Of the forthcoming show, which the pair will be presenting at Thebarton Theatre on April 24, Rik says "I don't want people to expect to see the *Young Ones* ... obviously the sense of humour will be very similar to the *Young Ones*. I've only half-written what I'm going to do. I think I'm going to wait 'till I get to Australia and see what the mood is..."

Tickets are on sale now in the Students' Association Office, at \$22.70 for normal people, and \$12.70 for students.

Lib candidate in poster row

by Moya Dodd

The Adelaide University Geography Society is angry about a Liberal by-election poster which it says could mislead its members into believing that the society supported a Liberal Candidate.

The poster, which appeared last week during the Union and Students' Association by-elections, featured a bust of Lord Kitchener pointing at the reader and the words 'what will you do about your union fee?'

It resembled a Geography Society poster produced last month which featured the same picture and the words 'Join now, or else'.

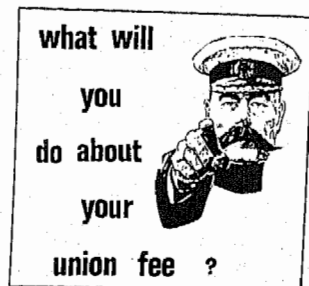
In a complaint to *On dit* last week, Geography Society Vice-President Mark O'Neill said that some members had been misled into believing that the society supported Nick Gaité, a Liberal candidate.

He said that others had approached him in confusion and asked if the society was supporting Nick Gaité.

"I said no, because it states in our charter that we're non-political," he said.

He also complained that a number of Liberal posters appeared next to Geography Society posters.

Liberal candidate Nick Gaité said that the posters were printed for him by the Liberal Club and there was no intention to connect his



campaign to the Geography Society.

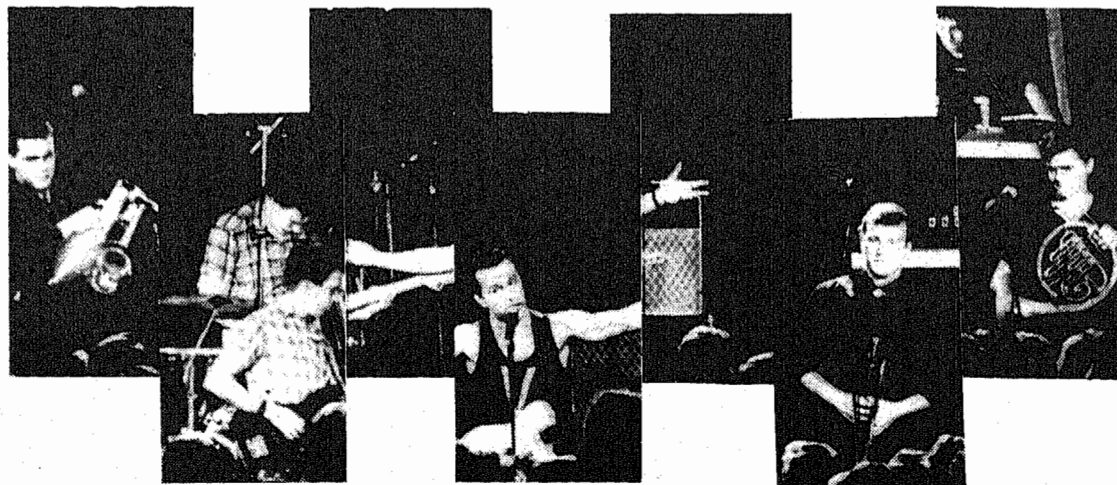
"They have their posters all over the noticeboards. I just put mine in an empty space," he said.

He said that the picture had been taken from a poster produced by the Liberals two years ago.

He doubted that people would be misled by the poster. "It's a pretty weak connection," he said.

Adelaide University Activities Council Presents

HUNTERS & COLLECTORS



SATURDAY APRIL 19TH

8 pm - 1 am

Plus 2 Support Acts

The show is in Mayo Refectory, Ground Floor in Union Building, Adelaide Uni (off Victoria Drive) Tickets on sale from Student Office Students \$6 Public \$8 Show is licensed.

Booze ads now 'adult viewing'

by Richard Ogier

The advertising of alcoholic drinks on television will soon be restricted to "adult viewing times".

The recent revision of laws by the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal (ABT) - to take effect on July 1 this year - will forbid alcoholic drink advertisements on weekdays between 5 am and 12 noon and again between 3.30 pm and 8.30 pm. On weekends the restriction will apply between 5 am and 8.30 pm. Previously alcohol advertising has been banned on Sunday.

The new laws will not, however, apply to sponsors of live sporting telecasts on Saturdays or public holidays with the exception of Christmas Day and Good Friday.

Mr Alan Biggs, Broadcasting representative at the South Australian office of the ABT said the changes came as a result of the "collective mutterings from various groups in the community such as the AMA

and various parents and citizens groups."

"There is a generally accepted view that limits need to be placed on alcohol advertising on television," he said.

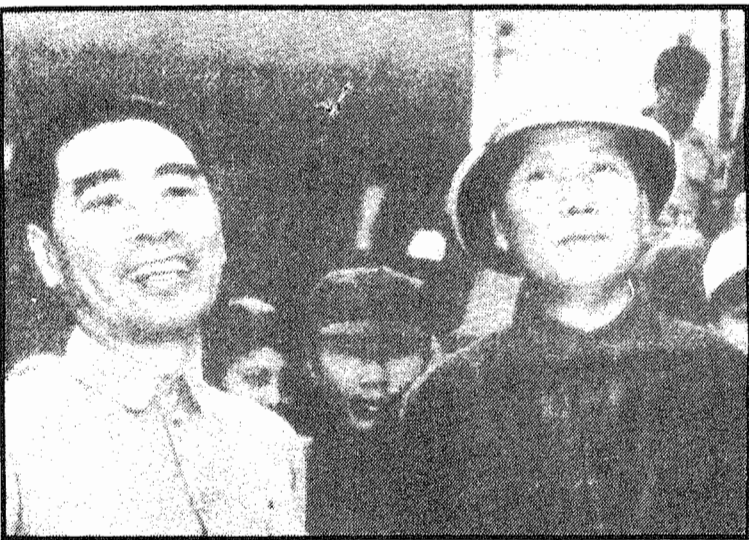
Biggs said the Tribunal had stopped short of banning alcohol ads altogether because it was necessary to present a "balanced view".

"The Tribunal [has] sought to balance public concern with the desire of various groups to advertise an adult product. It's a matter of where you draw the line."

"The responsible view is that an adult product should not be advertised at times when the lowest number of children are watching."

According to Biggs it is purely coincidental that the new laws coincide with the government's \$100m. anti-drug initiative.

The chairman of the S.A. Drug and Alcohol Services Council, Graham Forbes, was not available for a comment late on Friday afternoon.



Chairman Mao (right) with Zhou Enlai at Chongqing Airport.

Mao suffered Parkinson's

Mao Zedong, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party for 41 years and leader of the world's most populous nation for 27 years, suffered severely from Parkinson's Disease.

Professor Hu Hua, of the People's University of China, confirmed this in a lecture to politics students last week.

Mao died in October, 1976, and his body remains embalmed and on display in a memorial in Tiananmen Square, central Beijing.

Mao's ill-health in his latter years and his death have been the subject of a great deal of speculation among China-watchers. Many sur-

mise that Mao lost a great deal of power to the "Gang of Four" clique during his illness.

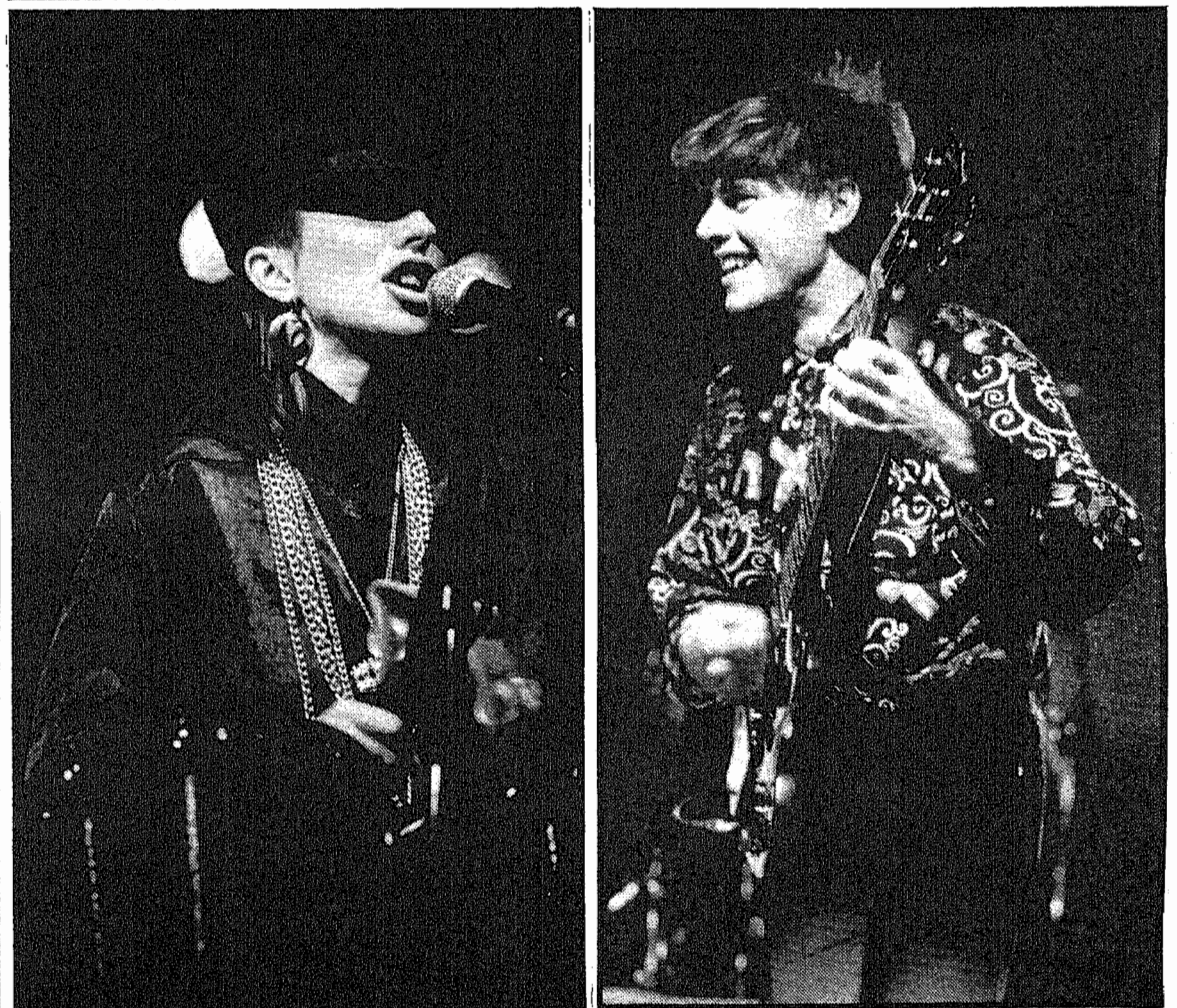
Professor Hu said Mao suffered greatly from the disease during his last two years. Mao's face and skin became distorted and he was unable to speak. He could write only in large characters.

Professor Hua reiterated the standard Beijing line today that Mao was a great revolutionary but had made some serious mistakes.

The Professor was a guest on campus of the Centre for Asian Studies.

He addressed a Chinese Politics class on the background to the Cultural Revolution and a lunchtime seminar on the "Gang of Four".

The Mayo at night



GANGgajang played in the Mayo Refectory last weekend

Photos: TOM PRICE

Mhairi farewell

by Moya Dodd

The Students' Association (SAUA) Administrative Secretary, Mhairi MacPherson has resigned after four years in the position.

It is likely that she will be replaced by a temporary stand-in from within the Adelaide University Union until a permanent replacement can be appointed.

Her duties are presently being shared by other staff members of the SAUA and the Union.

SAUA President, Anthony Snell said that the SAUA staff were disappointed to see her go.

"She had a vast store of experience around this place," he said.

Ms MacPherson has left to set up a business interstate.



Mhairi MacPherson

Cancer killing more and more

Cancer is creeping up as the number one national killer, according to Australian Bureau of Statistics (ABS) figures released last week.

The figures show that the incidence of deaths from heart attacks and strokes has decreased over the last five years while cancer deaths are on the increase.

Heart attacks caused 28.1 per cent

of all deaths in 1984, compared with 29 per cent in 1979, while the percentage of cancer deaths rose from 20.8 per cent to 23.5 per cent. Strokes as a cause of death fell from 12.6 per cent to 11.5 per cent in the same time.

Heart attacks, strokes and cancer were the three main causes of death in 1984.

Heart attacks caused a higher proportion of male deaths than

female deaths (29.8 per cent to 26.2 per cent), while proportionally strokes killed almost twice as many females as males (15.1 per cent to 8.5 per cent).

Cancer caused 24.3 per cent of male deaths, compared to 22.6 per cent for females.

On an age basis, accidents, poisonings and violence were the greatest killers in the one to 14 age

group, with motor vehicle accidents being the main single cause.

In the 15 to 24 age group the death rate for males was almost three times that of females, with motor vehicle accidents the greatest killer for both sexes.

In the 25 to 44 age group the death rate for males was almost twice that of females, with accidents, poisoning and violence the most significant cause.

In the 45 to 54 age, heart attacks and other circulatory system diseases were the main cause of death for males while cancer was the biggest killer for females. In the 55 to 64 age group, the death rate for males was twice that for females, with cancer the main cause for both sexes.

In the 65 to 74 and 75 and over age groups the most common killer was circulatory system diseases.



JUNK MAIL

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.

Problems in South Africa

Dear Editors,
Your News article contained in On dit (7th April, 1986) refers to "Sth Africa: myth of the empty land".

If the content as reported is accurate of the presentation made by Dr. Norm Cherington, then I would suggest it is an entirely subjective and biased approach and inconsistent with history, and research by historians to date. He goes so far as to leave himself an escape route by saying "Even if the myth were not true it would not serve to justify white claims to the whole of the subcontinent."

Historically the black tribes of Africa have always been on the warpath. They have been waging wars with everyone from the Portuguese, Dutch, English, Germans and more fiercely among themselves and rival tribes. To this day the factional wars are a major problem especially in areas of tribal borders. They have a destabilising effect on the workforce, commerce and result in an undependable labour market. This is beside any socio-economic and welfare implications. It would have been thought that after three centuries of co-habitation with people of European origins that they, the black people, without trying to rob them of their ethnic and tribal customs and beliefs, would have learnt to live in peace with each other.

What must not be lost right off is the fact that the black people have learnt from the white man how to employ efficient farming methods, avoid erosion and to store your harvest for a dry season. Many black people are fiercely competitive by nature to yield everything a capitalist system can provide. The black majority of South African inhabitants are today a powerful voice in that marketplace and domestic and foreign markets have realised this.

The question of politics rears its head once more and although Dr. Cherington colours the lecture as history, and is stretching the scope of that subject rather far, he is unable to leave this "IN VOGUE" subject of black politics untouched.

Now for the political science question. What Dr. Cherington and others, which include the majority of action seeking, sensationalist journalist and their gullible Australian and other foreign news editors with their broad-minded vision of what should and what should not happen in a strange and far away place, is to impose what they subjectively consider should be done.

They say all black rights to political dialogue has been removed. This is utter garbage. The present government, and I hasten to disassociate myself from anything it does or stands for, are engaged and have been for a long time now in elementary carrying out basic guidelines set out by the now redundant League of Nations. They are guiding the black majority towards a western style of democracy and showing

them how this system ought to be run. Unfortunately it would appear that culturally, and I stress only in that area, the black man still has tribal overtones which are too strong to relinquish and although they try to partake in the democratic system it still falls down because of despotic and tribal indifference. This is clearly apparent in almost every region. In some areas the tribal system is so strong that anyone seen to partake in such a system is seen as a traitor to the tribe and in some cases brutally murdered.

I would suggest that once the blacks are able to show that they are able to act responsibly within the framework that they find themselves in, and the present situation is appalling, and show they are able to manage lawfully, peacefully without fear to the white minority that the white people will welcome them back within the full political area and proceed forthwith for the goodwill of every citizen without concern for race, colour or creed. The imposition of sanctions by Australia in any form will only serve to place more black people outside the workforce, frustrated, rebellious and subsequently lead to further violence. However the consultation, free movement of people, and the press, will allow multinational companies to impose international conditions of employment within their South African based operations and serve as a general moral uplifting for all and will show whites that they have to compete on an equal footing.

If organisations like the ANC, who openly advocate an armed struggle, are seen to be heading towards controlling the affairs of all blacks, then the whites will just make more guns and ammo, to shoot them. Who is paying for the making of the guns - both blacks and whites. The general opinion in Australia is that the ANC is the mouthpiece of all blacks is a media hype to the utmost extreme. ANC has a negligible following within South Africa, although it boasts otherwise.

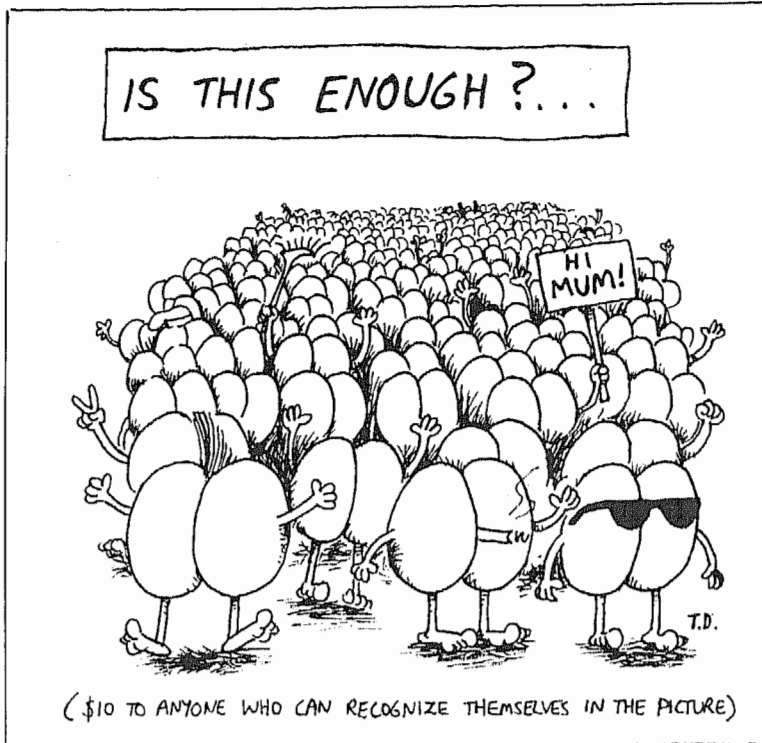
I agree the revolution has started, however it should be allowed to develop to make South Africa a peaceful, law abiding nation co-habiting for the mutual benefit of all who live there and not an armed, bloody struggle where blacks pay for the bullets that shoot them.

With active intervention from Australia, and I hasten to add not some ill-conceived militant neo-communist splinter faction of a political party, but of the community and commerce as a whole we would see all South Africans black and white, benefit to uplift their vision of what could be achieved. As it is my grandfather died and my father served in the last world war fighting alongside Australians defending democracy. If we now feel they've lost sight of that democracy then why don't we go there and help them see it as it should be rather than kick them in the ribs when they are having a hard time.

The whites have lived in Southern Africa for over three centuries now and are as ethnic to that continent as the blacks. There is no question of "empty land" claim. Everyone lives there and everyone has a title to the land. Do remember though the blacks were conquered in war by the Dutch and English and that is how their offspring (today's whites) got to control the land. Nobody is staking a claim today saying it was "empty land" and therefore first come first served. This concept is utter rubbish. Blacks and whites just want to live in complete harmony.

So let's drop all the media hype and visual bombardment of stonethrowing (I know it makes entertaining television, probably better than Hill Street Blues or Miami Vice, because it's real - it must really be a ratings blessing) and get on with some constructive work to minimise the problem.

Rowan Timms
Law School



(\$10 TO ANYONE WHO CAN RECOGNIZE THEMSELVES IN THE PICTURE)

Buttocks fan

Dear Editors,
An open letter to Troy Dangerfield:
Oh, mighty Captain Adelaide guru,

On dit needs more buttocks.
Please contribute some of yours.

A.Nus

Support for Vera

Dear Editors,

I write in support of Vera Trust and the Craft Studio. Why do we pay \$196 for Union Fees? One of the reasons is to provide a number of student welfare and recreational facilities and any move to withdraw such facilities should be open to question.

I am particularly critical of the way in which this issue is being handled: who is questioning the need for a craft studio. What are the terms of reference for this investigation? What right have these people to investigate one of our facilities, with a view to removing it, without openly consulting students? Everything seems to be occurring behind closed doors. Specifically, what measures are being taken to ensure that Vera Trust has the right to properly protect herself and the facilities she manages against the allegations of a few

councillors? I wonder if a similar attack against the Sports' Association would be allowed to be carried out in such a manner?

Apart from these matters of principle, I also reject the reasoning behind such moves. The Union is a non-profit making organisation and it is right that this is so. Any moves away from providing basic and necessary facilities in favour of profit-making commercial enterprises should be viewed with some contempt. The primary function of a student union is to provide student services, not to act as a shopping complex whose main concern is making money. There are plenty of these across North Terrace. I give the Studio my enthusiastic support!

Yours,
Mark Leahy

A bloody good fight

Dear Editors,

Well, at least it's a start. The Craft Studio review may hopefully result in a \$12.00 reduction in Union Fees if, and only if, all students write a submission demanding that the Craft Studio be made self supporting. I urge everyone to put pen to paper now, don't be apathetic - do it now. The submissions should be sent to Robert Brice, Secretary/Manager, Adelaide University Union, Lady Symon Building.

It may be all very well for Vera Trust to say "Profit before People, or People before Profit" but I'm damned if I'm going to be a part of supporting something which costs the earth to run, have no interest in and from the sounds of it neither does 99.9 per cent of the student population.

If all organisations which come under the Union ambit were self-supporting, the Union management fired and only a single typist/clerk retained on about \$15,000 per year, the Union fee could be reduced to about \$2.00 per year for full-time students. We are all paying through the nose for what are, essentially, parasites.

Anyone feeling the same say, especially part-timers, and want to put up a bloody good fight to get the fees reduced to this level, can get in touch with me via the Anthropology Department pigeon-holes.

Norman J. Lee

P.S. I still haven't heard [sic] where the boat belonging to the Yacht club is.

The Craft Studio debate

Dear Editor,

Regarding the Craft Studio:
Julienne Ford, Sociologist, in her book on the science of meanings states an experience that is common to all...

"Is he (or she) smiling or smirking? What is that look in his (or her) eyes?" Succintly [sic] she continues...

"We experience reality then, through a complex psychic and bodily process which both affect and are affected by the focus of our attention. Our conscious and subconscious beliefs about society, others and ourselves produce our attitudes. Equally our auidial, visual and sense perceptions (hearing, sight and touch), affect our perception.

To experience and keep love is one of the major goals of men and women. Can any of us define and analyze love or can we only experience it? Can we by deductive analyzing acquire it? Yet can we doubt that to deepen and keep quality in loving relationships we need to work at mental, psychological, physical and spiritual union?

Craft learning and expression - is it not in the deepest sense a development of the quality of sense and feeling perception? Do we not need these qualities to be developed along with intellectual development for as to be fully integrated personalities?

Yet, what is the basic bonding

mechanism in society and "where has it got us"? I quote Julienne Ford in full...

"economic life today is the real (bond of the civilized world. The world is held together not by political or religious harmony, but by economic interdependence: ... Economic theory is bound hard and put by the static, abstract character of modern thought: ... industry ... has reached an unexampled pitch of perfection. The result ... of distributing this potential wealth ... (is) not leisure but is ghastly caricature unemployment...

Ford further states ... "every civilized and half civilized nation of the world sits helplessly watching ... growth within ... a malignant tumour of social discontent ... fed above all things by a cramping ... shortage of the means of livelihood, which arises, not out of the realities of nature, but out of abstract inelastic thoughts about money."

Whilst I agree that more advertising and perhaps free lunch hour introduction courses would make the facilities better known, do we really want to decide the issue of the Craft Studio on the basis of economic viability? What about quality of life viability?

Sincerely,
Lorraine E. May

Schizo but no-one told us

Dear Editors,
(another raving letter from "paranoid pete")

In October last year (when I was a fresher), a letter was sent to my home address informing me that I had no longer been attending lectures in history subject, HIB Australia: Outpost. This struck me as being most peculiar because I could have sworn I had enrolled in the Science faculty, as a fresher.

By hook or by crook I made it into second year, at least so I thought until I received a letter from the chemistry department. It warned me that if I did not attend more Chem. I practicals (apparently, I've been to all but three this term, though I do admit I cannot remember them) I would be precluded from the theory examination. What a bummer, how many times do they want me to pass Chem. I?

Fortunately, in both incidents I was assured it was just a case of computer error combined with coincidental names, but what pisses me off is the sheer size and stupidity of the errors. We may have identical names, but were in different faculties and/or different years.

Is Adelaide Uni in some "Employ a cretin" scheme or should I change my name? Perhaps I really am schizophrenic and no-one told us. Four weeks to go 'til holidays, I think I'll just make it. Oh dear, in comes the mist again...

the (not quite) one and only

Peter Hill
(Science)

P.S. Do you ever get Deja vu? I get it all the time.

P.P.S. Do you ever get Deja vu? I get it all the time...

Dry humour

Dear Editors,

I share the disgust of many of your letter writers in the compulsory payment of a Union Fee. This makes a mockery of 'Free Education'. As the Government imposed this annihilation of the basic freedom of Association, only Government can restore it. Labor and the Democrats both support Compulsory Unionism, only the Liberals with there [sic] commitment to the individual and their right to choose, support voluntary Unionism. Thus if you don't want to pay your Union Fee, the only solution is to vote Liberal at the next election.

Whilst we remain under compulsory unionism we must make sure that the fee provides us with the services we demand. Thus it is the duty of the Union Board to regularly review all areas to ascertain [sic] if they are running according to the desired intention, if students still want that service and if that service is the best use of the money and space. Over the last few years reviews have been carried out on the Gallery, Childcare, Education and Welfare Officers, Catering etc. The Craft Studio is no different and thus shall not be treated differently. If there are problems, the board must identify them to solve them, if there is unmet demand, this too must be ascertained [sic]. I would invite all who have an opinion on the Craft Studio to present a submission to the Union's Secretary, Rob Brice, by April 24, 1986.

The policy statements of particularly the ALP club do not grasp the practical realities of running such a vast service association as the Union. It is cliché to say the Union must provide more and better services without raising the fee. It is as common as it is naive [sic]. You cannot get something for nothing. If services are to be increased, the union fee must rise. If you wish the fee to be reduced, services must be curtailed.

I wish all the rhetoric [sic] spoken by the ALP candidates could be true but it is not because we live in the real world where all services cost money. The only sensible approach is a pragmatic approach and not hollow rhetoric [sic].

Hugh Martin
Chair of Finance and Development

more letters p.8



Compulsory fee

OnDit

The enquiry into the Craft Studio has generated some debate on the topic of compulsory membership of the Adelaide University Union (AUU) for all students. Some people take the view that membership of the Union, and hence payment of the Union fee, should be optional.

Compulsory unionism is necessary in an industrial context to maintain the bargaining power of workers with their bosses. But a student union is formed for different purposes and fulfils a very different role. And the concept of compulsory unionism is being questioned more and more by the Liberal dries who are now finding footholes on campuses across the country.

So what do you get for your \$196 union fee? The AUU is a large organisation with an annual budget of around \$5.5 million. (About \$1.25 million of this is raised through the union fee). It provides you with services such as the bookshop, the refectories, the bar etc. It prints a

newspaper each week. It gives you the opportunity to join a host of clubs, involve yourself in student politics, gain organisation experience, and meet dozens of people you would never run across otherwise. It gives you a Students' Association whose job it is to liaise on your behalf, organise campaigns to protect your interests as a student, establish discount schemes etc.

All this can form part of your educational experience at university. It is your choice whether it does. But no less importantly, your union also serves you by simply being there to protect your interests as and when necessary.

For example, in 1982 the Fraser government tried to pass student loans legislation, which provided for students to be financed through university by bank loans as a supplement to

TEAS. It was widely seen as the first step towards the complete abolition of TEAS. After vigorous lobbying by student groups, including the now-defunct Australian Union of Students, it was delayed by the Senate just long enough for the Liberal government to be voted out of office.

If they were given the choice, many students would not join their union. The decision would be seen in terms of: 'Should I pay \$196 so I can join the soccer club and drink at the bar?'. The answer would be no. The union would lose revenue and be drastically reduced in its operations.

What the advocates of optional unionism forget are the less visible benefits of having and belonging to a student union. Without them, it is quite possible that there would be no continuous assessment, no student representation on decision-making bodies, reduced TEAS and no free tertiary education. It could all add up to a bill far higher than your \$196 union fee.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Why the Aussie flag must change

FORUM

With Australia's bicentennial just around the corner, the debate on the future of Australia's flag has been taken to heart by some people. Here F. Clune presents his views on the flag

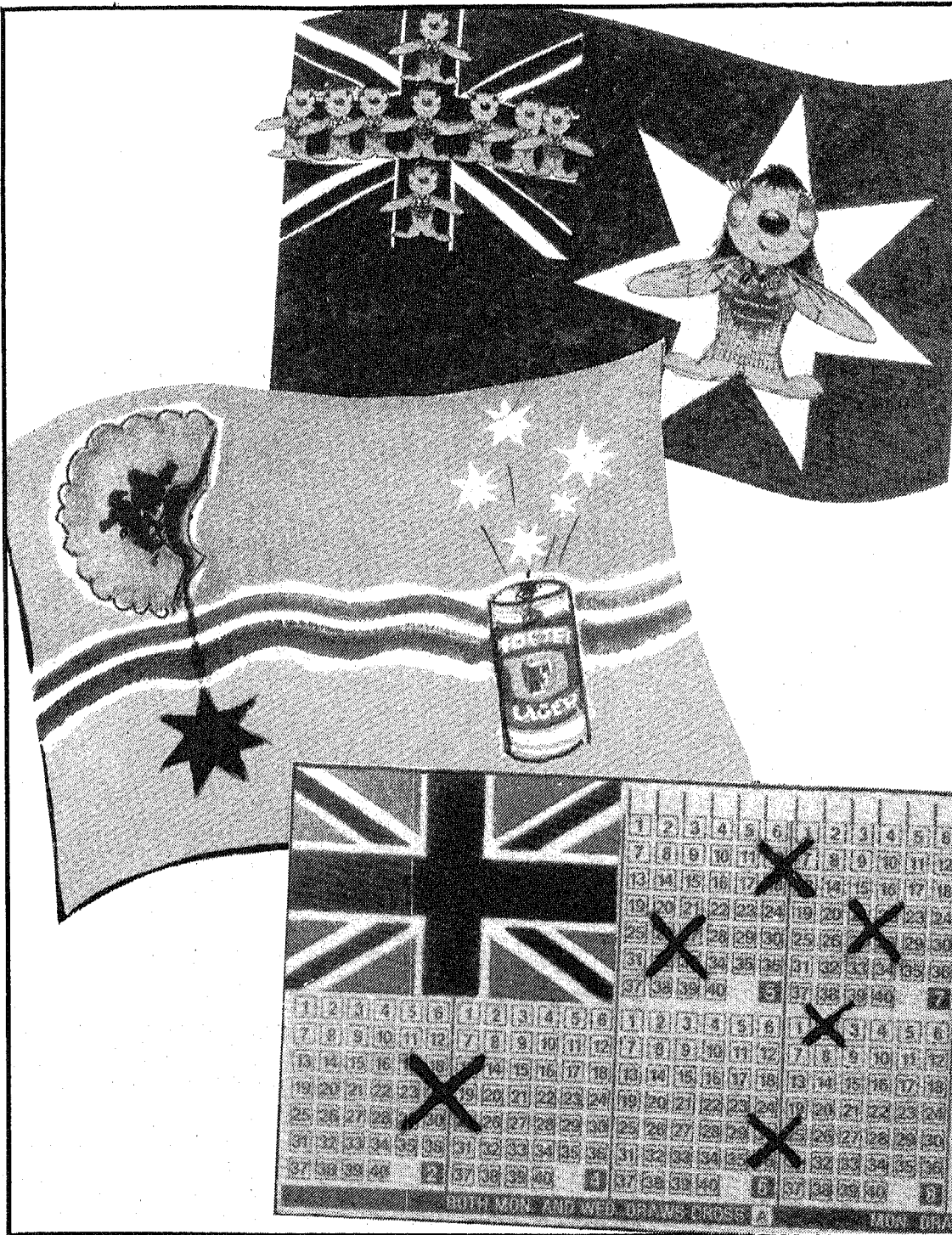
Why, a few people ask is there any fuss at all about flags? They say they don't care much about flags because they are only bits of coloured cloth which frequently cause too much strife so why make any hullabaloo over them? Fair enough, but you can bet all of Banjo Paterson to a stop sign that in Italian, Greek, Slav, and American or just about anybody else does not think of his flag as just a piece of cloth. If flags don't mean much and are only meant for the likes of sporting or, bury the thought, war efforts, then why do we see the cross of St. George flying from the towers of British churches, churches that exist only for peace and harmony among other compassionate and essential things?

A certainty however is that while an appropriate flag might or might not increase the degree of pride or performance of a country, without one the celebration of that country's efforts cannot be as full blooded as they should.

Unfortunately the image of flags suffers from time to time when associated with the likes of crazy/extreme political parties, dictators or murky revolutions in distant lands. But taking the good with the bad, it is an inescapable fact that they make a small but vital contribution to all societies.

Of all the changes needed for this country now it has become obvious to those who care for it, who look to its prosperous future and who can also see the problem, that we need a flag without the Union Jack on it to truly represent this country and we need it soon. This is a vigorous young nation not long emerged from its historical adolescence, it has shown it is ready to perform in top company world wide, so why in blazes should it not receive honours in accordance with unmistakable Australian efforts?

Today in Australia, 1986, there are over 900,000 people of Italian stock alone out of a population of



some 16 million. Some 20% of the entire population is of Irish extraction. Why should they and why should this now culturally varied nation of Australia give full support to a flag that has the flag of one particular nation, Britain, taking up twenty five percent of its surface in the top left hand corner, the most important position in heraldic design? Why shouldn't there be today an Italian, Greek or Slav or a composite of all types there.

In all honesty what does a union jack mean to a Macedonian, German or Vietnamese? If any of us are worried about Australia as a people going their separate ways, surely one Australian national symbol representing all those who live in Australia is one handy tool to help reverse that by binding the nation together more securely?

A purely Australian flag would go much further than the present one can now by doing one of the things

it is supposed to do. It would help to unite those different cultures via expressions of purely Australian pride and sentiment whenever Australia is on show, and whoever said there is something wrong with pride and sentiment? Unfortunately it is largely difficult for the present Australian flag to let Australians feel that way except for those who want to hang onto its overriding Britishness.

Those who are frightened of

change also say we shouldn't be so concerned that the flag be recognized readily overseas, that not many people recognize the individual countries anyway.

One wonders if any of those people have ever seen one of those old movies where two women have turned up at the same ball with the same evening dress on, their silken smiles putting a sheen over their mutual desire of giving each other a blood transfusion in the shortest possible time without blood transfusion equipment.

Well Alan Bond and the Australia II effort probably did, because by devising the cartoonish but effective looking boxing kangaroo flag they made sure they were not going to be either of those two ladies at the ball. They made sure a very costly venture was not going to be confused with anything British, the British once again with whom they were competing and who represented themselves with the union jack as well. They did not want themselves confused with the British or any of their marine craft, or New Zealand, the Hong Kong Yacht Club or any of the other remaining things with the union jack on it that all look uniformly and neatly the same.

For a moment enter a strange scenario. Think of a group of individually famous operatic performers congregating to hear one of the group giving a solo performance in a big show. The show begins, revs up and in the end is a great success. Then picture the disappointment over the loss of the mutual celebration of joy among the group over one of their fellow performers excelling if by some strange device the others could not and where never to know which one of them was the star. They were perhaps in the dark and could not hear, only at the finish did they experience the thunderous applause. There would be confusion and a sense of emptiness in them, they would applaud along with everyone else but their hearts would not be in it.

It would be worse if there was no audience. Cast yourself away to a lonely huge theatre with all the seats empty and a great soprano singing at her best - all that beauty for nothing.

Worse still if it was the performance of a country at anything and that country could not be distinguished. A country is a collection of many different performers, and that country's fellow performers, as well as its audience, is the rest of the world.

Med school merger?



**SAUA
PRESIDENT
Anthony Snell**

The University will probably be participating in a Working Party with Flinders to consider possible means of achieving closer co-operation between Adelaide's two Medical Schools. The Minister of Health, Dr Cornwall, has gone on record as favouring amalgamation.

It has long been the opinion of some people in the community that South Australia is not big enough to support two schools. The University of Adelaide's medical school admits 105 new students a year and Flinders University Medical School is producing some 57 new doctors a year.

According to a recent article in the



John Cornwall - SA Minister of Health

Advertiser (25/2/86) by its Medical Writer, Barry Hailstone, South Australia has one of the highest doctor-patient ratios in Australia with one doctor to about 450 people. The Australian average is one to 520 people. It was in the same article Dr Cornwall stated his belief in amalgamation.

At its meeting on 21 March, 1986 the Council of Flinders University indicated it was opposed to a merger of the two Schools of Medicine, though it did believe some closer co-operation could be achieved. Subsequently Dr

Cornwall convened a meeting with the Vice-Chancellors of the two Universities. At that meeting he expressed his wish to secure better use of the medical resources of this state. He said he was specifically concerned about the number of present graduates, the difficulties of providing sufficient internships for them, imbalances between demand and supply both for doctors in different locations (especially in country areas) and also with different specialists.

The notion of the Working Party arose out of that meeting.

Fighting for a better deal

**Michelle Clark
Education Vice-President**

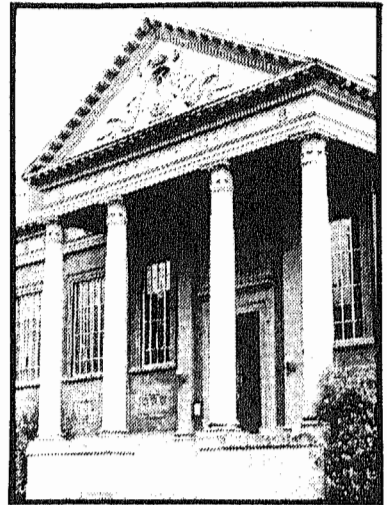
Many of you would not know what the Education Vice-President does, let alone that we have one. Hopefully the following piece of information will be useful to first years and very boring to everyone else.

The Education Vice-President (EV-P) is responsible for the Education/Services Standing Committee which looks after education issues and services for students at University and in the community. The EV-P deals with many people on behalf of the Students' Association in order to get a better deal for students.

The Committee meets approx. every two weeks and most members are interested and concerned with student welfare.

The Education Vice-President is available to any student who has a problem relating to their university education. I have an office in the Students' Association Office and can be contacted there.

At the present time I am preparing a submission to the Library



Committee (on which I am the Students' Association's representative, along with Monica Carroll) to decrease the charges of A3 paper at the copying service. I feel that many students along with myself are concerned at the price rise from 10¢ to 12¢. If anyone else shares my views I would be glad to hear from you.

Malaysia: another view

Dear Editor,

I would like to refer with concern on the "Malay Government Questioned" article published by *On dit* on 24th March. I was saddened that allegations have been put forth across bluntly without taking regard to the very sensitivity of the issue in question.

1) It is, of course, a fact that the Malaysian Government (I do not refer to it as Malay Government because both Malays and non-Malays hold administrative positions) has considered proposals to advance the Malay race and indeed several proposals have been carried out in practice but they have been done not at the expense of other races.

The most significant proposal implemented is the New Economic Policy (NEP) which has been carried out since the early 70s and is designed to end by 1990. It has to be admitted a significant share of these benefits from NEP have been given to Malays but non-Malays have not been left high and dry. Non-Malays are given the opportunity to participate in the economic progress directed to the Malays; e.g. poorer non-Malays have been allocated to cheap housing and land units under re-housing and land development schemes, they could work in the Government or private sector regardless of race and colour, and more schools have been built to accommodate both non-Malays and Malays.

One has to understand the past historical background of Malaysia to justify the implementation of such a policy. British colonisation of Malaya (or Malaysia) beginning in the 18th century had been on "divide rule" basis imposed on the various races. The British realised the Chinese were competent traders; therefore they encourage the Chinese to participate actively in the economic sector. The other races; the Malays and the Indians had not fared better during British colonisation because a majority of the Malays were farmers and the Indians, labourers.

Until the British colonisation ended in 1957, the various races differ greatly in their wealth economically. The Malays and Indians were worse off because very few had the opportunity to engage in the economic sector.

When Malaysia obtained her independence in 1957, the Malays in power realised the "dilemma" of their race. Therefore, the reasons behind the implementation of NEP and the policies prior to it, which is directed mostly to Malays and a smaller proportion to the Indians (because they are a minority group) and the Chinese (as they are financially better off). By and large, the Malays are expected to be compensated what had been lost to them before the dateline of the ending of NEP in 1990. By 1990, privileges granted to them will be withdrawn unless a certain economic

Malay government questioned

and social target have not been achieved. One has to try to be sympathetic enough to understand the "dilemma" of the Malays to comprehend why the Malays were given priority in economic policies. One also has to understand that in the process of carrying out the policies, the Malaysian Government have not suppressed other races (which includes me).

2) There has been no active program to reduce the non-Malays' population through alleged laws and practices. My stint in Malaysia for a while recently has given me no evidence of any attempted for e.g., outright sterilization programs.

3) There has been no attempts to restrict the quality of education to any race and upward mobility of that group; by this I mean "on the surface of it".

Admittedly of course, it is different "literally" in the sense that the Malays are given priority to other races with regard to their high poverty level in society and why most Malay students studying overseas are sponsored as they could not financially support themselves. This is expected to produce a new generation of Malays to be highly educated equal to the non-Malays before this privilege may end (as I understand it) by 1990. It is quite untrue also that the worst teachers were sent to schools with predominant Chinese students. The quality of teachers sent to the various English, Chinese, Indian and Malay schools has been on an equal basis; to do otherwise would undermine the very pillar of the educational system in Malaysia where opportunity for education is provided equally to all races.

4) It is of course quite true that the person sitting for his/her exams has to state his/her racial group. However, this is not responsible for racial discrimination on the basis of selective marking. For e.g., students when writing essays are required only to state their student number and not his/her racial group. Exam papers are marked according to their quality presented and not on the grounds of "racial discrimination". Equal number of teachers consisting both Malays and non-Malays were given the task of correcting these papers.

5) Not all the better Malay students were sent to special schools to be taught in English as the first language to avoid obstacles of a language barrier. The best Malay students in fact, were sent immediately to do their matriculation in Australia after they have completed sitting for their SPM/MCE examinations (equivalent to Year 12 Matriculation) without going to any Special English schools. The other half, which fare worse, were sent to these schools for only very short periods, i.e. 3 - 6 months.

6) It is true, as a matter of fact, to say that a predominant population of the University students in Malaysia consists of Malays. However, many factors account for this. Firstly, the Malays are the largest racial group in Malaysia (52-56 per cent). Secondly, studying overseas proves to be irresistible to most non-Malays because of the prestige and status involved.

7) It is unjustifiably false to say that students of other races studying in Malaysian universities are merely there for appearance and pacesetter roles. My involvement in student politics in the University of Malaya had been an active one considering that the 70s were heydays of student unity and power.

Due to unfortunate circumstances, most non-Malays Malaysian students studying in tertiary institutions at present have to pay extra Visa fees which takes the greatest proportion of their total budget. I grieved for them because they have to bear all the brunt.

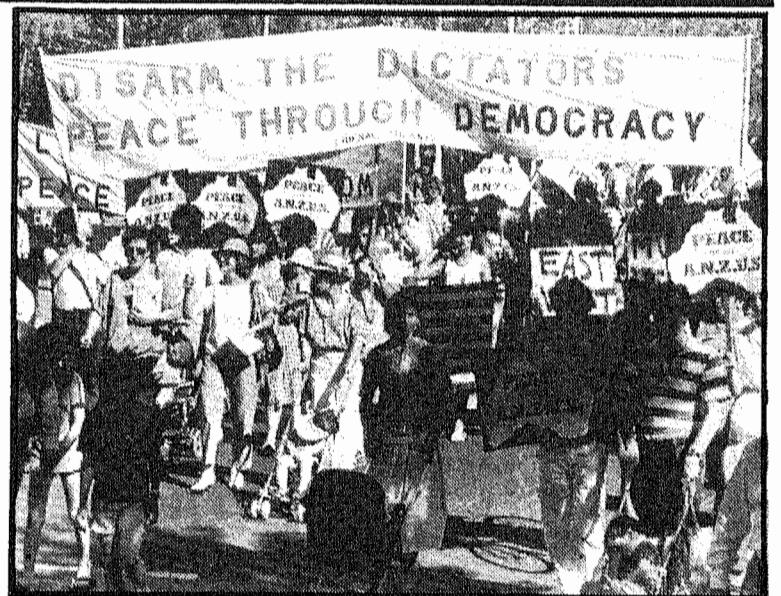
8) Whether or not the Malaysian Government can absorb [sic] costs to cover the total visa fees for all the sponsored students is questionable. It is enough to note that the Malaysian Government have decreased its intake of sending Malay sponsored students to study in Australia in recent years.

9) After graduation, the Malay student is not guaranteed a job in the Malaysian Government service. This is in light of the fact that the current recessionary situation in Malaysia has not guaranteed even the sponsored student employment.

10) The 'new plan' of sending 70 UKM students to continue their higher education in tertiary institutions in South Australia in my view may be true to the extent of increasing Malay graduates but not true in respect of reducing non-Malay graduates in Malaysia. This is done as I understand that such a move is part of the NEP program and not otherwise.

To sum up, my grievances and sympathy rest both on the Malays and the non-Malays who have been through hard times trying to understand and live peacefully and harmoniously with each other.

B. Ladidumas
Concerned Former
Malaysian Student



Liberals, peace and social justice

Dear Editors,

The tone and standard of Peter Sobey's letter "Liberals Peace Effort Just Tokenism" (*On dit* 7/4/86) is set in the first paragraph, where he refers to the "U.S. war on Nicaragua". An informed person would possibly have said the "U.S. backed war waged by the Contras against the oppressive Cuban-Soviet backed Sandinista government." As with much of the letter it is a misleading and ill-informed description.

The consistency of the argument employed by Sobey also leaves much to be desired. He claims "We have to make a stand in Australia to disengage ourselves from the business of war", yet two lines later he asserts "Peace will only come when there is social justice in the world". Sobey's argument is one of unilateral disarmament and non-alignment for Australia, that is of non-opposition to Communist expansion. However it is due to the work of communist governments that some of the greatest aberrations of social justice the world has seen are in effect today.

The Moscow-backed Ethiopian government spending \$40m on birthday celebrations for their ten years in power whilst millions starve; from a population of fifteen million, the 4.5 million Afghan refugees fleeing their Soviet aggressors (it is interesting to see that the United Nations figure for total refugees in the world is ten million); the internal exile of Sakharov and others in the Soviet Union; the enforced abortions in China; and the terrorist activities of the Soviet-supported P.L.O. and Gaddafi. Yet these are the social injustices, Sobey's policy of apathy to communism would not only condone but encourage.

The mentality of such ludicrous arguments is seen when one considers the contrast between Sobey's statement that "Reagan's arrogance and double-speak show him to be the only one interested in war", and the stark reality of 115,000 Soviet troops waging war in Afghanistan, the communist NPA in the Philippines [sic], the 300,000 Vietnamese troops in Cambodia and the 30,000 Cuban troops in Angola.

The inaccuracies in Sobey's, less than convincing, argument extend further to his description of the Palm Sunday peace rally. Firstly, the Liberals did not "head the march", as claimed by Sobey, but rather marched behind the PND and those coming from the prayer service in Bonython Hall. Secondly the hypocrisy lay not with the Liberals but with a frighteningly large number of supposed peace marchers who exhibited somewhat unseemly aggression in their hurling of unprintable abuse, obscene gestures and threats at the Liberals simply as they had a different view on the attainment of peace.

I must add I do agree with Mr. Sobey's assertion that "Peace will only come when there is social justice in the world", but let us forget his idiotic call for total estrangement of Australia from the "business of war", for we are but one country and while there flourishes one of the most repugnant ideologies the world has seen (i.e. Communism) there shall be no social justice and no peace. Perhaps rather than banning "U.S. bases" and "warships", as Sobey would have us do, a more practical [sic] step would be to fight for this social justice he speaks of and provide an effective combatant [sic] against communist expansion.

Finally, to answer Sobey's question, I say yes, marching in the peace march is part of the way we practise our "raised democracy" - that is by voicing our opinions - after all this is Australia not the Soviet Union.

John Kain
Law

OnDit Features

Lots to be said for Op Shops

Op-Shops are a convenient and cheap source of clothes and household goods. Their popularity is demonstrated by their quantity. *On dit* took a look at a dozen Op-shops around Adelaide to find out what they have to offer.

St. Vincent de Paul
113 Unley Road, Unley
Bus Stop 3, Route 191

St. Vincents has long been the traditional haunt for Op. shoppers. With 26 shops in the Adelaide suburban area, St. Vincents is one of the larger charity based organisations and the shop on Unley Road is one of the best and cheapest Op. shops around.

The quality is good and there is a large selection of both mens and womens clothing. There were some great dresses for around \$5 to \$10. The kind loved by those people who frequent Limbos. Silk scarves, oriental-style dressing gowns, black jackets and fake furs were some of the more interesting items in the store.

Prices seldom went above \$20 with the main range being from \$5 to \$10.

Judith Shillabeer

Goodwill
176 Unley Road, Unley

Goodwill is another large charity based organisation like St. Vincents but this shop on Unley Road didn't really impress me that much.

Mens black dinner jackets and furs and wraps seemed to be the main items of interest along with the usual Op. shop range of kids jumpers and old jeans.

Prices, though, were cheap, ranging from \$2 to \$15 for most items, but service poor. I did want to buy a ring, but it was too hot to wait any longer for service so I left. In all, this shop is alright, but not as good as other opportunity or secondhand clothing stores on Unley Road.

Judith Shillabeer

Henly & Grange Community Op. Shop
Henley Square, Henley

This is definitely the older style of Op. Shop that has managed to successfully avoid the current fashion of the 'trendy op shop'. Still, as it probably has been for years, staffed by the elderly ladies of the community the Henley Shop has a stable clientele of needy families in the immediate vicinity.

Being incredibly cluttered and seemingly confused, any customer must set aside hours to find anything in here. The place is, however, spotless and the clothes - the major item in the shop - are clean and mended.

Like the Goodwill stores this is a shop only for the serious among us, for time and patient searching are needed to find the true treasures that lie hidden within this small and definitely non-trendy shop.

Sally Trodd



Our intrepid Op shop team model the latest in Op shop-wear



Scrap Shop
89 Henley Beach Road

Before entering the *Scrap Shop* one must first be aware of the fact that this is a private enterprise establishment, and in fitting with the ideals of profit making is quite expensive. Open most weekdays and Sundays, this shop is staffed by helpful if vague assistants.

Strolling within brings back many memories of early visits to grandparents' homes for the wares are predominantly furniture and general house-hold bric-a-brac. For those wishing to fabricate a whole ancestry of academics or war veterans here is the place to purchase the necessary war medals and graduation photographs.

A visit, however is worth the effort and careful scrutiny can reveal some worthwhile articles especially for people looking to furnish a home. Although you pay high prices, the acceptability of 'Bankcard' alleviates this problem, and it is well stocked and fascinating.

Sally Trodd

Saint Vincent de Paul
The Parade

Operating from a condemned building on the corner of The Parade and Portrush Road is Vinny's Boutique, another one of many Saint Vincent de Paul branches around town.

It lacks range because of the size of the building. However what it has is of very good quality and all clothing is cleaned and repaired before it is sold. Prices are very reasonable and compare favourably with the Salvos. For example, jackets and pants from between \$5 and \$10 and women's frocks and coats for similar prices.

Once again this shop is typical of most, in that there is a greater range of women's clothing. I don't know whether psychological forces are at work, or whether women just like changing their clothes more often than men. Regardless of this, Vinny's is definitely the shop where both sexes of trendy, money conscious, shoppers could be satisfied, at least before the roof falls down.

Dale Flemming

Salvation Army
Red Shield Shop
123 Sturt Street

This deceiving little shop front opens up into a vista of useless paraphernalia which you can't help but find interesting. It was by far the best Op. Shop the view crew looked at.

The Salvation Army shops which permeate the city are all cheaply priced. There was a very wide range of men's and women's clothing which sold at mostly between \$5 and \$10 with some ballroom gear at between \$20 and \$30.

If clothes aren't your scene, then what about an antique Gestetner or a camera? How about some china for the kitchen or some earrings that'll really turn a head? And who in Adelaide would feel complete without some snowshoes or an umbrella for that unexpected sunshine?

Whatever you want you could find here including some pretty trendy clothing for any character.

Dale Flemming

Salvation Army
Whitmore Square

Just around the corner from Sturt St., is the Whitmore Square branch of the Red Shield Shop.

The stock is much the same, but to cope with what seems to be the warehouse of the Salvos there is a trade-off between space and efficiency of organisation. This isn't to say there isn't a wide range (in fact it's greater than Sturt Street), but it may be harder to find what you like.

This shop has a greater range of electrical equipment ranging from primitive kitchen appliances which could have been used on the *Buffalo* to giant value radios with which Colonel Light may be familiar.

Plenty of furniture too, and most of it very cheap. Prices are similar as it is still run by the Salvos with bargains everywhere you look and of course there is always room to haggle.

This shop also has a good range of paperbacks, useful to fill the tedious hours many students seem to have and there were also a few records. Who could go past classics like the soundtrack to "South Pacific" or "Explosive Hits, '76". Crockery, cutlery and manchester also cover the acres of shelf space in this shop alongside many items which could loosely be described as junk. Oh well, someone might find it interesting.

Dale Flemming

Budget Shop
Blind Welfare
158 Henley Beach Road

The *Budget Shop* is a clean and seemingly well run establishment in a complex of newly built shops. The array of wares is varied and ranges from rollerskates to records all of which are sorted and well arranged.

The shop is entirely staffed by volunteers and the prices are average with a large proportion of profits being used for rental and fumigation. This is, perhaps, a place where one should search for low-prices household items rather than the elements of a new and exciting winter wardrobe.

Though one of the cleanest shops visited the *Budget Shop* does not immediately show promise but careful investigation could prove rewarding.

Sally Trodd

Jungo
95 O'Connell Street,
North Adelaide
Bus Stop 4, Route 5 or 6

If you are looking for a plain, drop waisted 1930's black dress and are prepared to pay up to and over \$30, this is the place to shop.

The quality of the clothing is high with prices to match. Being a private enterprise store this is to be expected. Prices ranged from \$12 for a petticoat, to \$295 for a leather coat. Be warned, take out a student loan before you visit Jungo.

But if you want a black dress, a leather jacket, fashionably worn silk shirts or lace, you could try here. Shop around first, though, some very similar items at cheaper prices can be found elsewhere. Stick to St. Vincents, Goodwill or Red Shield - if you look around you'll probably find what you want at a more affordable price.

Judith Shillabeer

Northern Ireland: the politics of a country at war

MINORITY RELIGIONS

In this service of articles *On dit* examines the experiences of some of the world's minority religious groups. This week **HAROLD JACKSON** and **ANNE MCHARDY**, former Northern Ireland correspondents for *The Guardian* newspaper, discuss Ireland's "double minority".

There is no easy answer to the problems of Northern Ireland and none is offered in this article. The purpose is rather to bring out clearly the iceberg of religious and social conflict that lies beneath the rioting, deaths and material damage.

The conflict has roots in the earliest British attempts to subdue the whole of Ireland.

Ireland was colonized by the British who went to great pains to suppress any local rebellion against their rule. In the seventeenth century they offered grants of land.

seized from the Irish, to any who were prepared to maintain forces to keep down the surrounding rebels, and thousands of Scots and English

took up the offer - the so-called Protestant Plantation. For the most part they settled in the north-eastern counties, which were nearest their point of embarkation, and the

Protestants there gradually evolved as a majority.

The differences of stock and religion and the circumstances of the newcomers' arrival ensured the enmity of their Catholic victims which survives to this day. It also created a siege mentality in the settlers themselves which has been just as durable.

All this politicking also left the legacy that is found in some of the world's most intractable trouble-spots - the problem of the double minority. Within their own enclave the Protestants of Ulster, one million

strong, outnumber their Catholic brethren by two to one. But in the wider context of Ireland they themselves are easily outnumbered three to one. The inevitable and disastrous result was the advent of a ruling establishment with the reins of power in its hands but acting under the stresses of a besieged minority.

And what has emerged has been a society suffering from a deep psychosis in which rational thought and action are invariably overtaken by emotional spasms the moment it comes under stress. It is fatally easy for the detached observer

to ask loftily why the two sides don't just do this or that to resolve their differences. There is always the calm assumption that reasonable people sitting around a table can come to terms with any problems. But it is vital to grasp that this sort of "reason" is still far off in Ulster because of the enormous build-up in pressure created by the quite genuine fears on each side. Fifty years of failing to get any real say in



IRA gunmen: violence is the only message that will be understood

the government of the province - and with little prospect of a change in the situation - left the Catholics with a burning sense of grievance, reinforced by both institutionalized and informal discrimination.

A man's first name - Sean, Eugene, Liam, anything Irish rather than English - is usually enough to reveal he is a Catholic and nothing will convince him that his failure to get a job or a home is not governed by that fact. Similarly the Protestants see themselves confronted by a sullen minority which they believe wants to destroy their constitution and put them into the hands of what they regard, with justification, as one of Europe's most reactionary, theocratic states.

The north has an urban, working-class tradition born of its industrialization which sets it apart from the essentially agricultural south and the conflict can be seen as a working-class problem. There have been no riots in the prosperous areas. But that is not the whole story.

The most affluent and the professionals are protected by their own mobility. They know they have the resources to go, if they must, to calmer parts of the province, or to Ireland or Britain. But, when important changes have been contemplated and the Stormont or British governments have looked for electoral support, the middle classes have split along sectarian lines as decisively as the working class.

That the violence is confined to the poverty-stricken ghettos reflects the working-class lack of an escape route. With a generally low level of industrial wage, high unemployment, and an acute shortage of low-cost housing, the people, trapped by their economic circumstances in the slums, are ready victims of gut reaction when they feel a threat to such little stability as they can cling to.

Conflict was present at the birth of Northern Ireland and it has remained part of its heritage.

Perhaps the major reason for this is the total inability of either side to recognise the good intentions of the other.

People believe what they need to

believe. It is important for the Catholic working class to feel persecuted as it is for the Protestants to feel at risk from the enemy within and the Catholic hordes waiting over the border. This is what provides each side with the sense of community which is felt to be the only real security available.

The manifestations of it have been seen on a hundred newsreels - the waving flags, the Orange sashes, the pictures of their folk-heroes, the Easter lily, the bowler hat, the incantations recalling the Troubles or the victory of King William III over the Jacobites in 1690.

The Ulsterman's passion for parades baffles the outsider. But it is a highly significant element in the sub-tribalism which is the kernel of the society. Its purpose is not only to display the trophies of each side's successes but also to delimit



Graffiti in an Ulster street

the territory each claims. The parades seldom cause trouble until they ventured into areas regarded as the property of the other side.

It is no use dismissing all this as primitive nonsense. Robert Ardrey has sought to show the importance of territory to all animals, man included, as a source of security. It cannot lightly be threatened, no matter how ritually, in a society as insecure as Northern Ireland.

So this is the first point to make: that virtually everyone in Ulster feels under threat and reacts

accordingly. There is no inclination for reason or compromise simply because the most urgent need is to combat a threat which may seem small or non-existent to outsiders but looms obliteratingly over those locked into the situation.

By its very nature Ulster is the poor relation of the United Kingdom. In mid-1984 Ulster's unemployment rate was 21.6 per cent compared to the British rate of 12.6 per cent.

But the overall Ulster figure masked the real internal problem in which the employment rate varied not only according to area but even, in some cases, from street to street. In the province's second city, Londonderry, the unemployment rate averaged 29.3 per cent in 1984 while it was a frightening 40.6 per cent in Strabane.

The nature of unemployment



exacerbated the social problem still further. Everywhere adult male unemployment was higher than adult female unemployment. The Derry figures were 38.2 per cent for men and 15.8 per cent for women while the Strabane figures were 53.1 per cent for men and 20.5 per cent for women.

This meant that for years the main breadwinner in many families has been the wife. What has grown out of this has been an embryo matriarchy in which the traditional dominance of the male has been steadily

eroded. In a society which still observes the sort of cultural mores which persisted in England in the nineteenth century, this has had deep social and psychological effects. There is a constant "need" for the men to assert their masculinity.

The result of it all has been a growing incidence of vandalism and blind destruction of public property - walls defaced, telephone kiosks destroyed - and a growing inclination to combat authority in the most flagrant way possible. This was one way to show that masculinity was still potent.

This is the material on which leaders like Ian Paisley and Gerry Adams can work with such effect. Both rely on the emotional response they draw from their followers and use a mixture of radical economic and old-fashioned nationalist politics.

The point about the emphasis on religion in the quarrel is not that it bears any real relationship to confessional differences. People rarely make any reference to doctrinal differences. But religion is the handiest identifying mark available to the two sides. The terms Catholic and Protestant are used to describe the cultural, political and even racial differences, not just the religious ones that, by accident of history, attach to them.

Similarly the charges the two sides level at each other have nothing to do with their religious beliefs. They are ill-defined, emotional, and always refer to the general, never to particular individuals. The Catholics call the Protestants bigoted, grasping, rigid and unforgiving of any transgression of their cultural norms. The Protestants say the Catholics are feckless, lazy, have too many children, are dirty and expect everything handed to them on a plate.

The roots of the Ulster problem are group identity and insecurity. The Catholics look to the Irish government for protection and the Protestants to the British. But to further complicate the already complex, neither trusts its ally. The Catholics do not always like what they see of the Irish Republic, any more than the Protestants do. The Protestants have lived since



The face of fear in Northern Ireland - "there is no inclination to reason or compromise"

partition with the knowledge that the British saw Irish unity in 1921 as the ultimate objective. However often the formula that there can be no change without the consent of the majority is repeated, they know the British would like to be rid of this seemingly insoluble and ugly problem.

Many people argue that the root cause of Northern Ireland's difficulties lies in education.

The Catholic hierarchy, as in

peaceful periods the streets, particularly on the boundaries of the main areas, always tended to become mixed. The casual meetings that were possible there are far less likely on the big estates where children can grow up, go to school and go to clubs entirely within the estate boundaries. Since most work places remain segregated, too, it is easy to see why some of the young people regard people from the opposite community as something

and the climate for a reasoned political solution evaporated, the authorities committed themselves totally to the restoration of law and order.

But the only way they could see to return the province to acceptance of the legal authority was to step outside the law. They introduced internment without trial and immediately sparked off a massive anti-militant reaction from the Catholic population. So Stormont's commitment to law and order has simply produced a degree of official illegality, which has gravely undermined its credibility, and even greater disorder.

But the deepest paradox is, perhaps, that into which the British government has found itself dragged. Westminster insisted on the Stormont authorities introducing reforms to bring the practice of the province into line with accepted democratic norms. A sense of bewilderment overtook British people at the apparently capricious refusal of the Catholics either to acknowledge or accept these measures.

What the British have evidently failed to grasp is the essential inconsistency of the policy. The reason that Ulster was created was that the Irish Protestants did not believe in the possibility of the two communities living harmoniously together. Since the underlying philosophy of London's policy now is that the Catholics do not pose a

"As the crisis has developed and quickened in pace its essentially emotional and irrational nature has become clearer..."

many other countries, has insisted that its flock be taught in Catholic schools. This has meant that from the age of five years the two communities have led separate lives in the most formative area. They have not seen one another, they have been taught different aspects of their joint history, and inherited different cultural outlooks.

One of the most depressing side effects of the violence since the civil rights movement began has been the way the destruction has combined with urban rebuilding programmes to push Catholics and Protestants from the inner city slums onto new estates where the sectarian boundaries are even more sharply drawn.

Segregation is much more complete on the new estates than it could ever be in the cramped streets of the inner city. During

akin to Martians.

As the crisis has developed and quickened in pace its essentially emotional and irrational nature has become clearer and has led to a series of paradoxes which have increased the frustration of the participants.

The problem of the SDLP, the main Catholic party prepared to reject violence and attempt a peaceful solution, is that it cannot abandon the nationalist ideal completely, and its leaders have to come to terms with the Catholics' ambivalent attitude to violence. Historically all their gains have been made through violence.

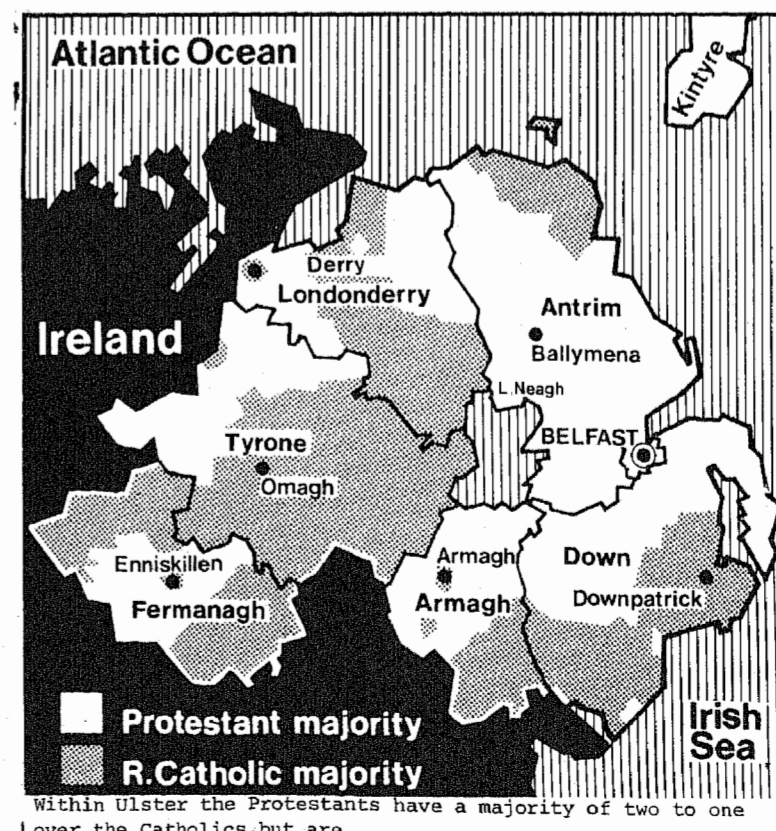
On the Protestant side the Stormont government became enmeshed in an equally impossible dilemma. As violence increased

threat and can take their full part in the running of the state, it inevitably calls into question the whole basis on which Ulster was created. If the two communities can live peacefully together, why should partition survive?

The violence has, in fact, postponed attempts at a political settle-

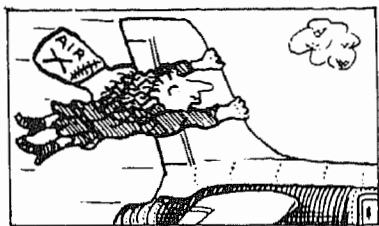
ment by frustrating any initiative. But the lack of a settlement feeds the violence and justifies the actions of the paramilitaries. If nothing has been achieved by the ballot box why not try the gun?

The imponderable question throughout has been how high a price people set on their illusions: we do not yet know the answer in Ireland.



Within Ulster the Protestants have a majority of two to one over the Catholics, but are

Pyongyang: don't laugh at the leader



TRAVEL

Forget the cruise ship to the South Pacific, give London a miss, and why go to Singapore? Try North Korea says ALAN FAIRLEY - you deserve it.

by Alan Fairley

Are you one of those impoverished law or medicine students already worrying where Mummy and Daddy can send you over the Christmas break? You've done the Swiss Alps, been shopping in Hong Kong, and isn't L.A. so dreary? Of course you'd simply love to pop over to see your soul-mates in South Africa, but hear the natives are getting restless. Well, why not be a TREND-SETTER; try the Democratic People's Republic of Korea now! It certainly is different.

The heart of the DPRK is the bustling metropolis Pyongyang. This very modern city nestles among low hills, with lovely pastel-coloured apartment blocks receding into the misty distance. January is a lovely time to be in North Korea - and NO pushy Americans!

Pyongyang itself is a modern city that was largely built thanks to American largesse. Realizing that Democratic People's Korea needed a smart new capital the U.S. kindly obliterated the old city in the early 'fifties, leaving the happy Koreans with a flattened, steaming mound upon which to raise a city which would mirror the aspirations of their new society. You've got to give the U.S. Air Force their due, when they do a job, they do a good job. The word around at the moment is that

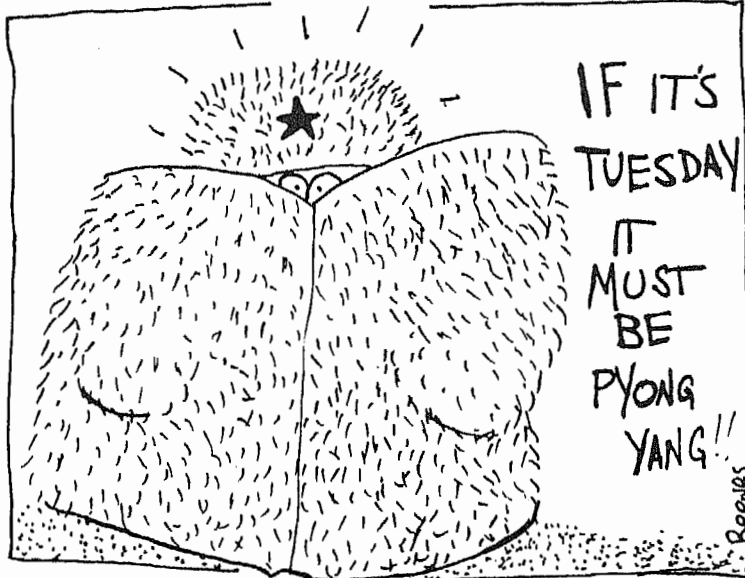
they're thinking of similarly landscaping Managua for the Nicaraguans rather than leave them at the mercy of the Russian town planners. You've seen their fashions, imagine what they'd do to a city!

Anyway ... you fly into Pyongyang over a snow-quilted landscape dotted with cute little hamlets and veined with rivers. The old Ilyushin strains into its landing approach making you wonder whether Soviet planes have a much slower stall speed than freedom-loving planes (and there's no Junior Flyer's Club so be prepared for a bit of disappointment from the kiddies).

Once on the tarmac you taxi past a array of snow shrouded aircraft. Yes... even here in the DPRK the realities of the twentieth century impinge on the weary traveller. In drab green rows stand the pride of the North Korean air force. Here is the front line of defence against the nuclear missiles pocketed in silos down south of the border; evil harbingers of doom ready to pop like so many irradiated zits out of their little hidey-holes, heading north to begin urban renewal all over again. And waiting for them like a brood of primordial insects are the DPRK biplanes - waiting for that brief ecstatic flutter into the crisp air to meet their doughty foe...

But by now you've forgotten all these sombre thoughts as you fumble to get all the Duty-Free goodies back in your glossy plastic travel bag. Swiss choccies, - "check"; Vodka - "check"; Reflecto-Lenin badges, - "check"; Stroat fur cap, - "check"; Prague 68 T-shirt, - "Czech" (I think it's a local soccer team); Moscow Airport had it all!

And what's that you see through the window? A huge portrait over the main terminal building slightly distorted by the little beads of condensation that inch across the window. Can't quite make out who it is. For a moment it looked a bit like Oliver Hardy - but that's unlikely. they don't show many American movies here. Maybe it's the Reverend Moon, it's definitely an oriental face. But no, he doesn't like the northerners remember.



They are not part of the Free World like him and won't recognize his manifest divinity. Oh well, we'll probably find out who it is sooner or later.

Well, to cut a long story short...my fellow Australian, Stephen, and I soon had a third antipodous attached to us. This was a snappy little character, a devotee of the Cult of David Lange, who was absolutely devastated to be considered almost-an-Australian. They'd won the Test Series (Yawn), taken on the Gallie Terror International, chucked a brown-eye at the U.S. Fleet; when would the world learn that the Kiwis had stood up? Who knows, but Stephen and I bloody learnt - again, and again, and again, and...Nationalism really does suck (but our little gold kangaroo badges went down well).

The smooth V.I.P. buses whisked us from the Airport to the Karyn Hotel, twin towers fit for Blake Carrington. No signs yet of a Club Med tour...so far so good. And what a great place for holding snaps: the monolithic bronze statue of Kim Il Sung (That's his name) presiding over the city; the great Flame of Juche Tower; the Arch of Democracy (or triumph, or the Constitution, or Constantine, or

Victory, or whatever it was called). Juche by the way is the state ideology, which I never quite figured out. People stopped trying to explain it to me when I asked if the local chewing gum was called Juche Fruit. It's the local variant of Marxism, fixed up by Kim (a.k.a. "The Great Leader" or "The Beloved Leader"). But as an ASIO - a credited pinko from Down Under it was all of a bit confusing to me. Ah, the mysterious orient.

So, take note all you Barry Manilowite from the Law School - SURVIVAL HINT FOR THE DPRK 1: Don't laugh at the Great Leader. Would you wipe your bum on the Stars and Stripes in a Roadhouse in Little Rock, Arkansas; would you wear your ISRAELI IS OCCUPIED PALESTINE Badge to dinner with Bob Hawke; would you play 'Free Nelson Mandela' at a backyard barbie in one of the Johannesburg's better suburbs? Of course you wouldn't! So DON'T laugh when you're told that the Great Leader built, inspired, created, oversaw, started, guided, and/or influenced absolutely everything in the country. And DON'T raise an eyebrow when you're told that the Dear Leader (Kim Jong Il, begat by Kim Il Sung) is nurturing all those self-

same projects. But I digress.

Broad Boulevards (that's just a fat street for those of you who haven't been to Paris) criss-cross the city carrying public transport vehicles and service tracks. Beneath the roads is the Metro, a remarkable underground rail system in which each station carries a theme from the Great Leader's past and the goals of the New Korea.

In one, a myriad of tiny mosaic tiles made up a massive strip picture of the city itself, while at the end of the main platform the Great Leader beams benevolently at the happy commuters. In the next station a great floral mosaic shows the Great Leader instructing peasants on how to farm. Overhead great chandeliers hang in green and purple bundles - bunches of grapes for the scurrying throngs.

And here we have a real boon for the wide-eyed traveller. The hurrying hordes are well-fed, well-dressed and obviously purposeful. None of those pesky beggars who ruin a shopping spree in the Bangkok market, or malnourished waifs who hassle you when you stroll through Manila side streets. In fact the people seem to be the most cossetted of any I've seen in an Asian city. A strong image is that of the strings of brightly clad children moving around the city (from one memorial to another probably). Like mobile packets of jelly-beans with the black ones picked out, they seem to be everywhere. They don't beg, they don't steal from you, they don't try to give you painful and embarrassing social diseases, and they don't ruin your day by dying in front of you. What more could you want on your annual O/S Rage?

So have a think about it. Go to the DPRK. Forget the cruise ship to the South Pacific, it'll be full of groping and puking football teams. Give London a miss - the pipes will freeze and the National Front thugs will kick the shit out of you. And why bother to go to Singapore - you may as well be in Sydney. Rock along to Pyongyang - you deserve it.

Anne Louise Lambert, Botticelli angel

Anne Louise Lambert - the "Botticelli angel" of *Picnic at Hanging Rock* fame - is now performing with Lauren Bacall in the play *Sweet Bird of Youth*. SIMON MILNE spoke to Anne about her career, Lauren Bacall, and *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

Meeting Anne Louise Lambert, Miranda in *Picnic at Hanging Rock* an currently being heavenly in *Sweet Bird of Youth* at the Opera Theatre, was rather like fulfilling a childhood fantasy. Peter Weir's "Botticelli angel" is now one of Australia's leading young actresses, devoted to serious role playing and one of the finest fruits of our 1970s cinema Renaissance.

I talked to her about *Hanging Rock*, her role in the critically acclaimed Gylish film *The Draughtman's Contract*, her future prospects and of course, her current role in the play starring the legendary Lauren Bacall, *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

O.D. I've seen you in four things: *Hanging Rock* of course, *The Draughtman's Contract*, the *Borgias* series and an episode of *Chopper Squad* ... Do you remember doing that? You were in a beach beauty pageant or something?

Anne: Yes. It turned up in London not so long ago when I was

working at the National and it was a source of great embarrassment.

O.D. I haven't yet seen *Sweet Bird of Youth*. I read the review in *The Advertiser* which gave a rather tepid synopsis...

Anne: Rather an inaccurate synopsis. It's basically the story of two people [Chance Wayne and Alexandra del Lago] the latter making a come-back film after disappearing at an early age, rather like Greta Garbo, leaving behind this wonderful legend. After what she thinks is a disastrous opening ... she has to be terribly brave, appearing with wrinkles and everything, she goes off on a sort of bender with this boy she's picked up called Chance Wayne (Colin Friels). They end up in his home town of St. Cloud in Louisiana. In the first half of the play they discuss a lot of ideas - particularly the loss of youth. In the later part of the play the world of St. Cloud is brought to life in the form of Boss Finley who is sort of like a Joss Bjelke-Peterson only worse.

O.D. Which do you prefer, stage or film?

Anne: I like them both in different ways.

O.D. What about delivering the same lines, night after night?

Anne: Well once you throw off the straight-jacket of the Director's influence there's a lot of exploration to be done.

O.D. You don't think much of Directors?

Anne: I don't think there are too many Directors around worthy of the title?

O.D. Was Peter Weir a "Director"?

Anne: When I worked with him I was only 19 and I was very green and he didn't "direct" me as such - he simply cast me for a quality that I possessed at the time which he had the sensitivity and the grace to bring out...

O.D. Helen Morse's line, "Miranda, she is a Botticelli Angel" has been passed down as one of the famous lines. Did you feel overwhelmed having that tag at the time?

Anne: When I eventually got to Florence some years later what struck me about Venice ... was ... that I felt terribly sorry for her. She had that look in her eyes that I empathised with ... A certain sad-



Anne Louise Lambert

ness of bearing the burden of being looked at all the time, and being fiddled with in people's fantasies and I felt quite moved ... Being beautiful, almost, being used by people. It's quite difficult when you're young to cope with that - especially when you very rarely feel beautiful. It's not until you're older and you see films or photographs when you think 'God, I really was something special'.

O.D. I suppose everyone has asked you this, and I'm going to be no exception - what's Lauren

Bacall like to work with?

Anne: She's very approachable, very friendly and forthright, but because she works so hard and has to rest, she doesn't come over to the pub and hang out with everyone else. But she has a great company spirit. She loves films and every Thursday night we go off to see a film after the play in a cinema which opens for us. There's popcorn. She likes that sort of thing.

O.D. Will you still be acting at 61?

Anne: I'd like to be.

Limelight

Damned from the start, but things looking up for **THE DAMNED**

Since its beginnings in 1976 *The Damned* has tasted success only sparingly. But now things are looking up. Last week JOE PENHALL spoke to ROMAN JUGG of *The Damned*.

Rat Scabies, *Damned* drummer and self-confessed animal once said that *The Damned* were so named because that's precisely what the members were. Bassist, Bryn was a compulsive car-thief, Rat was ricocheting between brushes with the law, and some equally damning drug pushers, and guitarist Roman Jugg was, like the others, on the dole.

However, as Roman pointed out last week during the band's whirlwind Australian tour, they were not the only ones. "I was on the dole before I joined *The Damned* ... Rat was doing a little bit of burglary ... But it's all very well for us to bleat about how hard it was for us in those days, but it's just as hard for people nowadays ... it's worse now than then."

The band was formed in 1976, the dawn of the punk era, with Rat, bat-like singer - Dave Vanian, and guitarist, Captain Sensible as the core. Through a succession of bassists and guitarists the band progressed, until in 1980, present guitarist, Roman, joined (initially as keyboard player), followed by Bryn on bass.

And though the band have long been considered by some as the very first punk band, once sharing the bill with the fledgling *Sex Pistols*, and the still lesser-known *Clash*, the label never quite suited. Says Roman: "It depends on what your definition of punk is ... basically the reason we started playing that sort of music is because at the time, 1975/76, it seemed that you couldn't go and see a group unless it was in Earl's Court, or Wembley Arena or something. There was nothing like the small pub or small club scene, which had completely died out.

"Also it was the attitude: that you didn't have to be a great musician to be in a group. And I think it was that attitude that sort of sparked it all off."

During a decade in the industry the band has found itself looking down the barrel on numerous occasions. The most momentous being

shortly after their second album when Rat Scabies left (escaped?) again, this time to form his own band *The Wildcats*. But the bonds of what Roman calls "a love-affair with *The Damned*" for the members, re-united the group.

Many of their contemporaries

"As far as selling out goes, well I don't really know what that term's supposed to mean. We never said that we didn't want money, we didn't want to be successful..."

have been less fortunate. Countless new wave bands split up soon after earning their first success, the *Sex Pistols* being the obvious example, with favourites *The Jam* and *The Clash* eventually following suit.

Of *The Clash*, Roman says: "They made their stance and they rammed their opinion down people's throats, they didn't really offer any solutions ... and they always preached against these bands like the *Rolling Stones*, and the fact that they were very successful, and basically I think *The Clash* fell into that trap and became exactly what they were preaching against in the early days."

"I think the only ones that have



survived from that period are *The Stranglers*, who also have progressed onwards and *Suzie and the Banshees* - I think she's finally learnt to sing now.

It is significant that many of the survivors are not notably "political bands", and as Roman points out there is more to the art of politicizing an audience than meets the ear.

"We have written some political songs but we do it in more of a subtle way, I don't believe in ramming a political opinion down someone's throat when it's just stating the bloody obvious, and not offering any solutions. It's like Billy Bragg - he's going 'round Britain now with some very political songs, but he's not really offering any solution."

Either way: "Stating the bloody obvious" or trying to find solutions (which arguably Bragg, Weller et al are doing), Roman decides "...I

can't see Maggie laughing", and adds "I'd like to see her out of office but what's the point of me writing a song about it, everyone knows that!"

So from one movement to another, why does he think the Punk movement had such widespread appeal to the youth of the mid seventies?

"Probably because they were in the same position as the people in the groups. As a group we never regard ourselves as being any different to our audience, we're all people, except that we're up there entertaining them ... I hate this pop star image that people try to mould you in as soon as you get a little bit

of success" he adds emphatically, as well as pointing out the role of "the very shrewd business men, and the shops in the highstreet" in making punk "a very fashionable thing to be part of."

With success for the band, came the inevitable accusations of selling out, most notably for the whimsical single 'Grimly Fiendish' and their recent U.K. number two hit, 'Eloise'.

"I was on the dole before I joined *The Damned* ... Rat was doing a little bit of burglary ... it's all very well for us to bleat about how hard it was in those days but it's worse now than then..."

"As far as selling out goes, well I don't really know what that term's supposed to mean. We've never said that we didn't want money, we didn't want to be successful; and

what's the point of forming a group in the first place unless you want to become successful and want to sell records. It's a damn-sight better life than working in a factory mate!"

On the subject of 'Eloise', a remake of Barry Ryan's 1968 hit, Roman explains "It was always a favourite of Dave's, and I remember when it came out ... this marvellous song with all this orchestration on it - from that period there was a couple of really classic songs like 'Eloise' or 'McArthur Park'."

The song is just another of many musical directions the band has taken. In ten years the music has boldly progressed from three chord buzz-saw-guitar numbers, to complicated, painstakingly arranged masterpieces.

Roman explains: "...It's like a growing thing, it's like an egg developing, it's just that when you get influencing around you, and the chance to listen to different people, you take the best out of that, and

you just become affected by that. It's exciting when you go into the studio and you use strings, and all sorts of wierd and wonderful instruments."

Surprisingly the band members are classical music devotees, Wagner being a favourite:

"Everyone knows a little bit ... you know - what you hear in everyday life. The first record I went and bought was Beethoven - you know-

da da da dum (the Fifth Symphony). The whole piece is so good, and so many different classical composers have done some good stuff ... you know Wagner is a great favourite of *The Damned*, blasting out on the way to a gig - always gets you psyched up" he adds, laughing.

After ten years in the business, with a string of ex-members and managers behind them, the band

are only just beginning to make an impact outside England. However, with their new-found success, and a

renewed vein of optimism running through the group, the world may just be their proverbial oyster. Roman claims that it's their inability to do anything else that has kept them together, but what about ambition?

"Well if you was asking Rat that," laughs Roman, "he'd say he wanted to be "the biggest, the best and the most successful group there's ever been ... personally I'd like to carry on and make bloody good records, and if we carry on making bloody good records then we will be successful - whether or not we'll be "the biggest and the best" is another matter..."



Greasy Pop oasis misses

AN OASIS IN A DESERT OF NOISE

Various Adelaide bands on Greasy Pop Records

by Richard Wilson

An oasis is supposed to be a source of replenishment. A place to drink one's fill from. If this is the case, then the water in the oasis is

polluted. This Greasy Pop compilation of Adelaide bands has a couple of hits, but also a lot of misses.

The album is a collection of 13 tracks from 11 local bands who were playing during (mainly the beginning of) 1985. As a result, many popular local groups like *The Screaming Believers*, *July 14th*, and *The Iguana Twins* are not to be found on the record, funnily

enough, the Pop Side and the Greasy Side.

The Pop side sounds like it was released two decades too late. Most of the songs have varying degrees of the 60's sound to them, both in rhythm and melody, with the exception being the *Primitive Painters* and their song, 'Undertow'.

Of the 60's-style stuff, the first of *The Verge's* two contributions to

the album, 'Here With No Fear' could be considered the only track to work. It's got a haunting harmonized melody line, and although a bit repetitive, is an excellent track, and the second best on the album.

And the best? The aforementioned *Primitive Painters* song. A catchy and accessible piece, with an extremely listenable chorus. Most definitely the highlight of the album.

Mention must also be made of the *Dad Nats* (remember Natalie Wood?), and their tongue-in-cheek ditty, 'How to Keep Your Husband Happy'.

The Greasy Side contains songs you'd be much more likely to hear in a crowded smoke-filled northern suburbs hotel on a Saturday night.

Although they can be quite terrible live, *The Spikes* recorded material is usually fairly good. 'Spy In My House' is no exception.

The Mad Turks From Istanbul also make a small contribution to the oasis with their song 'Yet You Wonder Why'. Only 1:55 long, it has great guitar work from Chuck Skatt and Hank Turk.

From here on, the side slides back into the typical loud, tuneless guitar-thrashing sound which turns so many people off the local scene. Even the *Exploding White Mice* fail to capture the power of their recent 6-track EP 'A Nest Of Vipers' with 'Down On The Street'.

The idea of an album showcasing local talent is a worthy one, and I look forward to listening to the 1986 version of *An Oasis In A Desert of Noise*. One suggestion though - keep the oasis filled, but purify the water a bit more next time.

Refinement succeeds for Hunters and Collectors

HUMAN FRAILTY
Hunters and Collectors

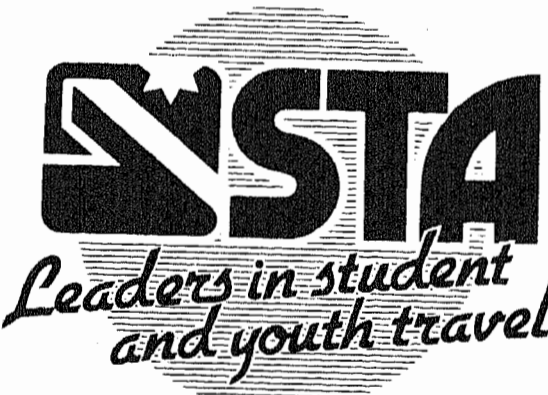
by Ludwig Gerdolf


Hunters and Collectors have released four albums without much commercial success. This, their 5th album has the chance of breaking into the top 20 album chart, although the sound has not been drastically altered to achieve this.

The refinement of their music has resulted in stronger hooks and a sharper production. Throughout the album, the Bass and Drums are intertwined like the snakes around the knife on the front cover. Seymour's guitar powers over the album with the horn section giving more body to the songs. One major difference is the introduction of female backup vocals on 'Say Goodbye' which soften and enhance Seymour's vocals, to make it the best track on the album.

Two outstanding tracks on side two which have a slightly different feel for *Hunters & Collectors* are '99th home position' and 'Dog'. Both are tightly rhythmic and catchy, but probably aren't single tracks.

In short, *Human Frailty* is a great album which captures a lot of *Hunters & Collectors* in an accessible style. Don't miss *Hunters & Collectors* playing at Adelaide Uni Bar next Saturday.






STUDENT TRAVEL AUSTRALIA

together with

Present



THE Film Event of the year featuring
Contiki Destinations New Zealand and U.S.A.

5 p.m. Wednesday 16th April

Union House Cinema, Level 5, Union House,
Adelaide University

All interested Students and Staff Welcome

"Come and have a drink with us"

The Arcade, Level 4, Union House, Adelaide University. Phone 223 6620 Union Building, Flinders University, Bedford Park. Phone 275 2179 55a O'Connell Street, North Adelaide. Phone 267 1304

Laurie Anderson, queen of art and 'something quite extraordinary'

Laurie Anderson has pioneered a whole new area of 'performing art', and achieved great popularity. MAT GIBSON spoke to Laurie Anderson on her recent stop in Adelaide.

The last nights of the Festival saw a gathering of the artistically arrogant to worship one of the queens of avant garde performance art, Laurie Anderson. A handful of music fans, those there on the advice of friends and some inquisitive types, including myself were present, but it seemed that a lot of the audience were there to be seen.

Knowing only isolated parts of her early hit 'O Superman' I had only a few ideas of what to expect: synthesized sounds and some unusual visual effects. What she delivered was something quite extraordinary. A blending of visual and aural effects which at once attacked and soothed the senses. The stage and its four players were dwarfed by a backdrop video screen in which Anderson had captured the essence of American hi-tech life and all of its glamorous falsehood.

Rising out above these images was Anderson's music. Produced by eight preprogrammed synthesizers, two back-up vocalists and a keyboards player, her music is a unique mixture of psychedelic synth and eighties pop which punches out a dramatic third dimension to the screen's statements on the American technocracy.

Her songs range from the haunting, 'O Superman' and 'Big Science', to the comic, 'Smoke Rings' and she delivers all of them stressing their individuality by incorporating a variety of musical techniques and instruments including a recorder, knocking on a microphone stand, tapping on the stage and beating parts of her body loaded with spare drum-machine parts.

Such is the accessibility of her performance that one doesn't have to be an amateur music critic or synthesizer fan to appreciate what she

"If a person stands naked except for their socks and plays a trombone in the street, that's madness. If they do it in an art gallery, that's performance art."

has to offer. It is both angular and melodic, powerful and vulnerable and stunningly thought-provoking.

She interposes her material with humorous monologues, one particularly struck me as a good example of the train of thought and perception of life which typifies her lyrics. "I recently had my palm read by a couple of people, who both said the same thing. In my first life I was a cow. Then I was a bird and then a hat. 'A hat' I said. 'Yes a hat' she replied. And the feathers from your bird life went into the hat, which amounted to a sort of half-life. And then I was hundreds and hundreds of rabbis. This is my first time as a woman...which kind of explains a few things."

In the end the show closes with the final prophetic sounds of 'O Superman' and the credits roll up the screen.

It's pretty hard to categorize exactly what Anderson does. "It's what's called performance cut,"



Laurie Anderson—the queen in action

she explains. "No-body knows what that is. I don't know and people who write about it don't really know either. Ah, it's some kind of combination of music and pictures."

One commentator pointed out the inconsistencies of the term. "If a person stands naked except for their socks and plays a trombone in the street, that's madness. If they do it in an art gallery, that's performance art."

Perhaps the best description of a performance artist is someone who pays as much attention to the presentation of their art form, as to the art form itself. This neatly places Anderson as a performance artist, Dylan as a performer and K.I.S.S. somewhere in between the two.

She hasn't always been a performance artist, of course. The first sixteen years of her musical life were spent learning the violin, a synthesized version of which she still uses in her music. "Since I was a child I played the violin and did paintings. I was always interested in a lot of different things and combining them"

Anderson still concentrates on utilizing both forms of communication in her act. "I consider what I do extremely specific. It's not about vaguely making films and vaguely making tapes, but the point is to make a combination of things where you can receive all kinds of information at once, stopping short of some kind of barrage, so that it's not some kind of light show."

Her music and her films are certainly not intended to create purely aesthetic situations. Anderson is very wary of the power of such material and its use as a forum for

the artists own political and social ideas.

"I think its incredibly dangerous to work that way...art is a very poor carrier of that kind of idea because it is essentially not fair. The difference between conveying an idea and conveying art is that art comes to you sensuously. It comes through your eyes and your ears. Ideas come straight into your brain...."

When you connect an idea with an image or sound you gotta be careful where you take it. It can easily become propaganda."

In a sense then, Anderson attempts to keep her music distanced from catchy mainstream pop for the sake of ideological integrity whilst taking pains not to fall into "the main pit fall, which is didacticism." So she treats what she sees is a fine line between escapism and didacticism to deliver her message, whilst still being entertaining.

What she actually speaks out,



about is "nominally about technology, but it's really about the way people use technology. Her point is that the abuse of the technology which is so integral to our western way of life could spell disaster or dehumanization. So the songs deal with "how to manage to stay human in the midst of all that. I mean most people I know are kind of cave people as far as that's (technology) concerned..."

"...They turn on the light, or start the car: they've no idea what's going on but y'know you depend on it more and more ...I think in a lot of ways it's quite alienating to live in a world that's so complicated."

Not that she condemns technology outright. She acknowledges its benefits and it would be hypocritical of her not to, considering her music. "I mean I'm very critical of technology, but at the same time I use technology to make that criticism - so there's a few inherent contradictions...I gotta serious love/hate relationship"

Anderson takes her work very seriously. Her songs are predominantly social and political and believes that "everybody has a responsibility to society. I'm not saying that art should have a political consciousness, but it does for me...without that it wouldn't be important for me"

For many people her message gets lost somewhere in the strange cacophany of pictures, sounds and language. Criticism of the meaninglessness of her work neither crushes her will to continue nor spurs her to hammer the message home. "If someone doesn't get it, I'm not going back over it. No amount of telling 'em will mean

anything and it can't be summarized in a few paragraphs. If it could I'd type it out and hand it out on the street."

Naturally a lot of her criticism is directed against her own country. When I spoke to her it was just after the first US attack on Libya. The conversation quickly turned to the peace movement and nuclear arms race. She was surprised at the size of the Australian peace movement and proudly announced that her home town of Chicago was recently the first US city to proclaim itself a nuclear-free zone.

Nuclear weapons and Reagan's Star Wars project were examples of abuse of technology. "He's (Reagan) a very stupid man...the reason some people love him is they think that he humanizes political issues ... he's a madman - but talk about tricky and using words in a tricky way. He's a very brilliant manipulator of words and people."

The complexities and subtle guile of language is another of her interests. Her pet quote at the moment is by American author William Burroughs: 'Language is a virus from outerspace', which forms the basis of her latest single, taken from the album 'Home of the Brave'.

Released to coincide with her Australian tour, it is the sound track from her movie of the same name. Many of the songs will sound familiar to those who saw her performance at the Festival Theatre, and the movie itself is from a recent series of concerts in the States.

The bulk of the material, particularly 'Smoke Rings', 'Language is a Virus' and 'Talk Normal' have a lot more energy in them than most tracks off her earlier albums, particularly 'Big Science'. This may be partly due to the production assistance of Nile Rodgers, whose work is normally associated with rock figures such as Mick Jagger and Madonna.

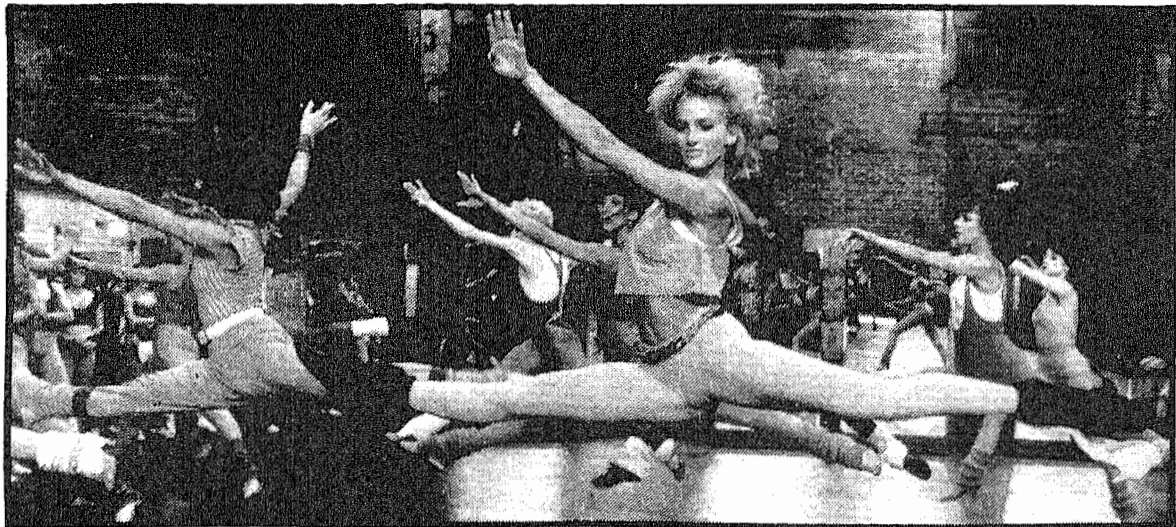
For a live recording the reproduction is excellent, but then so much of the material is pre-recorded. "I've never done a totally live show in my life," she states quite unashamedly. For her, a concert "is like a studio on stage."

Although the album's sound is closer to mainstream pop than her

"When you connect an idea with an image or sound you gotta be careful where you take it. It can easily become propaganda."

other material, it is still the stripped down, sparse sounding music which is her signature. Synthesizers used to create new sounds and new styles, not just as mindless replacements for regular electronic instruments and complemented by a little live 'magic', to make this her best album yet. An excellent taste of what the movie 'Home of the Brave' should be like. For those of you who missed her live, to see this film is a must.

The image we see of so many rock and film stars is usually a facile one. To see Laurie Anderson on stage is to watch an almost fragile figure totally command a thousand sounds and images; to meet her is to discover how very strong and wise she really is. So little effort is required to appreciate what she has to offer. Her music is inventive and superb, her performance compelling and her message about technology seems a simple one: don't accept it complacently - look think and be careful.

Janet Jones going through her paces in Richard Attenborough's *A Chorus Line*

Tension, sweat and tears

A CHORUS LINE: THE MOVIE
Academy Cinemas

by Fran Edwards

Anyone who has suffered at an audition, any audition, could relate to the story of "Chorus Line". Auditions are always hell, but nothing compares with the sheer hell of a dance audition for a Broadway Musical. This film captures it all, the tension, the sweat, the tears and the heartbreak.

Richard Attenborough's masterful direction keeps you enthralled and involved. For the entire film you feel you are really there, sitting in the stalls, a silent interloper on this 'cattle call'.

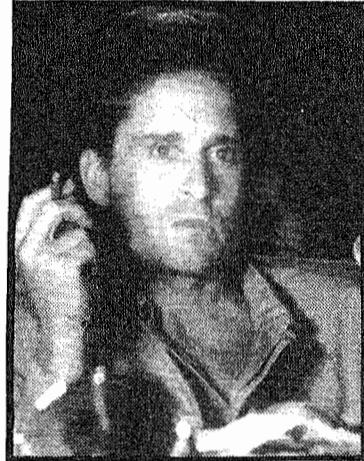
Apart from Michael Douglas there are no really big names in the cast, no stars, but talent is there aplenty. The songs are not easy and they blend with the action. All are

beautifully performed. That doesn't mean that without exception they were all performed better than I have heard them before, but it does mean they were great, and fitted this production well. If anyone thought Michael Douglas was merely a heart throb who couldn't act, his tight, hard performance as Zach should kill those thoughts.

On the technical side the camera work was superb. Dance is not easy to capture on film but the angles and shot changes had been worked out well, the camera had been choreographed as well as the dancers. Full marks to the director of photography (Ronnie Taylor) for the consistently good (and appropriate) lighting and framing which captured the feel of the inside of a theatre.

As you may have gathered I enjoyed this film. It is well pro-

duced, well finished and full of energy. However a prerequisite to the enjoyment is probably a love of dance or theatre. If you possess this attribute I wholeheartedly recommend it.



Michael Douglas plays Zach

Bring on the blubbering

BRING ON THE NIGHT
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Joe Penthall

The ideology behind Sting having the birth of his fourth child filmed, with the film distributed to mainstream cinemas throughout the world is to, say the least, questionable. Quite a sneaky move when one considers the proportion of the population given to blubbering at the first glimpse of an unclad newborn. Not that there were that many blubbering at the new documentary's first screening last Thursday, there was only about a dozen in the cinema.

The film opens with a scenic camera tour of the beautiful French countryside surrounding the enormous chateau in which Sting and his cohorts are playing. Inside the chateau we see Sting and the band arranging and rehearsing material from his first solo album: *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*, prior to the new band's first ever concert tour.

Then there's the footage of Sting and the band running up and down a Parisian Boulevard, jumping over rubbish bins and prattling about in fountains, while bemused Parisians look on, and the inevitable crowd of kids joins in. All very forgivable in a 1964 fictional film about "four lads from Liverpool" with a similar name, but Sting is no longer a "l.d", nor is it 1964.



Sting

From a man who holds the attention of an unbelievable proportion of today's youth, it appears as nothing more than a ridiculously self-indulgent and coy attempt to flog a dead horse even deader, and further exploit the very people who idolise him as the "working class hero" (with middle class values) that he supposedly is.

For its breathtaking photography of Paris, and the chance to see a fine musician and songwriter at work, it is perhaps worth a look. For the additional padding, and frankly, ideologically dodgy concoctions of Sting and Director, Michael Apted, it deserves every bit of the critical and commercial response that it has so far received.



El Sur (The South)

World of the child

EL SUR
(The South)

9th Adelaide Film Event
Piccadilly Cinema
until April 16

by Robert Clark

This is a slow-moving picture, outwardly unremarkable, but evocative and quietly memorable.

It has been photographed beautifully, with particularly fine use of light and shadow and set in northern Spain in the late fifties.

Here a young girl, Estrella, is fascinated and attracted by her enigmatic father, a doctor and water diviner who can foretell the sex of unborn babies.

But even Estrella's mother knows nothing of the father's past. Only fragmentary pieces surface in the film.

We learn that Agustin hails from the south but left because of violent quarrels with his father. He was thrown into jail during the Civil War for being on the losing side. We also discover he had an unfinished affair with a minor film actress, Irene Rios.

Estrella finds the name written repeatedly on an envelope and follows her father from the local cinema to find him in a cafe writing a letter to the woman. The inscrutable Agustin becomes more human.

This, like other scenes, could be banal, but is delicately and intelligently handled.

The performances too of child actress Sonsoles Aranguren and Omero Anutti as Agustin no doubt prevented the slide to cliché. Aranguren is particularly confident and commanding as the child.

The film ends as Estrella leaves for the south, the warm faraway paradise which has been symbolised for her on a series of bright fairground postcards. She carries with her the southern telephone number which her father dialled on the evening before he shot himself.

The strength of *The South* is that director Victor Erice is able to draw the viewer into the world of the child and share some of the warmer moments of her childhood and adolescence. There are many fine moments - her first communion, the scene in the cafe, the visit of the grandmother or Agustin divining.

El Sur was selected for the 1982 Cannes Film Festival. Erice's 1973 film, *The Spirit of the Beehive*, won great critical acclaim and awards.

But, *The South* then is perhaps a testimony to Erice's editing, having pieced it together, following an in-production fallout with producer Elias Querejeta which ended shooting.

The film is elusive, ephemeral but capable of enchanting.



The new video releases for April comprise unreleased mainstream movies and some films which have not been long out of the cinemas.

RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts video will release in late-April the yuppie movie, *St. Elmo's Fire* which stars an ensemble of young talent more affectionately known as "the brat pack" - Emilio Estevez, Ally Sheedy, Judd Nelson, Demi Moore, Andrew McCarthy, Mare Winningham and Andrew McCarthy.

With *St. Elmo's* will be released Stephen King's, *Silver Bullet*; the teenpic *Secret Admirer* which stars C. Thomas Howell; Joseph Losey's screen-adaptation of Nell Dunn's play, *Steaming* starring Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles and Diana Dors; *The Boy Who Had Everything* starring Diane Cilento and Jason Connery and *Cover Girl* on the Silver Screen Collection.

The R-rated Jackie Chan action-movie, *The Protector* and *The Dirty Dozen: Next Mission* starring Lee Marvin will be available for rental, or sale at \$24.95, from April 24 on CEL-Premiere.

Roadshow Home Video have just released Paul Verhoeven's mediaeval epic, *Flesh and Blood* starring Rutger Hauer, Tom Burlinson, Jack Thompson and Jennifer Jason Leigh; the comedy *The Flamingo Kid* starring Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna and *Dorothy Stratten - The Untold Story*.

George Miller's unreleased adventure-drama, *The Aviator* starring Christopher Reeve and Rosanna Arquette; the wrestling-romance, *Crazy For You* (aka *Visionquest* in the States) starring Matthew Modine and Linda Fiorentino and Paul Schrader's latest film *Mishima - A Life In Four Chapters* will be released by Warner Home Video on April 8th.

Dusan Makavejev's, *The Coca-Cola Kid* starring Eric Roberts, Bill Kerr and Greta Scacchi; Joel and Ethan Cohen's razor sharp thriller *Blood Simple* and Bryan Brown in

Jennifer Jason Leigh and Rutger Hauer *Parker* are now out on Premiere Home Entertainment.

Jamie Skinner



FLESH AND BLOOD
On Roadshow

by Jamie Skinner

Dutch director Paul Verhoeven's mediaeval blood n'guts epic passed through the cinemas late last year without much attention. It's a film full of sex, booze and gore - something which makes it more of an exploitation flick than a movie with purpose. However, it is entertaining in its 'slick' sort of way, with its blatant symbolism of things to come. Rutger Hauer is Martin, a mercenary for a rich noble while Jack Thompson plays Hawkwood, the captain of the army. Tom Burlinson plays the noble's son.

The noble double-crosses a group of mercenaries by not giving them any of the battle-pillage rewards and a group headed by Martin takes off swearing revenge. Jack Thompson in the meantime has slashed a frail nun and overcome with guilt, retires from fighting to look after her and start a farm. Burlinson as Steven is a young wimpy scientist who is betrothed to Agnes (Jennifer Leigh in an entertaining role). However, she is kidnapped by the band of rebels and becomes Martin's mistress in order to survive her peril. The rest of the film is Steven's siege of the rebel's castle which they have conquered.

Although this is what is technically described as a "tits and bums" epic, with the camera painstakingly setting its focus on "flesh and blood" - a voyeur's delight on the big screen, much will be lost to video. Performances are not bad considering the strength, professionalism and chemistry of the cast - these could be what saved *Flesh and Blood*. There's a lot of corny symbolism, which is good if you like European film inspiration. I enjoyed it for its sleaziness and adventure. Oh! and by the way videophiles, the version evidently released in Australia (at the cinemas and video) is an edited one. Don't despair, there is always Caligula to re-rent.

CINE SCENE Jamie Skinner

Prizzi's Honour: John Huston's wicked and wily movie is an adult comedy, so that it necessarily precludes half of the present university milieu. The other half should enjoy themselves immensely (Academy).

Plenty: Fred Schepisi, the only artist among the craftspeople of the so-called Australian film renaissance, has with the cinema what Hemingway said a writer should have with the novel - a "built-in, shock-proof shit-detector." This innate sense of his gives the crap of David Hare's drama at least a balance, even a buoyancy. Nothing Diva Streep does is allowed to ruin this film's high entertainment. (Hindley).



Oscar winner William Hurt

Kiss of the Spider Woman: Hector (Pixote) Babenco's Brazilian-American movie has surprised all for not just being critically acclaimed but a box office success. William Hurt stars as a homosexual prisoner who loves old movies - a role which won him a Best Actor Oscar - Raul Julia and Sonia Braga co-star. (Hoys).

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.

European Vacation: Chevy Chase and his all-American family track across Europe causing much mayhem and lots of laughs. It's the most ill-happened holiday since their first *Vacation*. (Academy).

Union Films: Wednesday, April 16th at 12.10 pm - film screening in Union Hall. \$3 students.



Ken Ogata as Mishima

Film Event: Films featured at the Film Event this week include Paul Schrader's biopic *Mishima - A Life in Four Chapters* (April 17 - 30); Andrei Konchalovsky's *Maria's Lovers* starring Nastassia Kinski and Vincent Spano (until April 23); the French-German film *The Future of Emily* starring Brigitte Fossey (April 17 - 30) and *El Sur* (The South) until April 16.

Films which start this week include John Carpenter's *Black Moon Rising*, (Academy; April 18); Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin in *The Delta Force*, (Hoys; April 17) and Karl Reisz's *Sweet Dreams*, (Hindley; April 17) starring Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.

Streep an insufferable Joan of Arc

PLENTY
Cinemas du-Sous-Sol
at the Hindley

by Jane Everett

Fred Schepisi is not only the finest filmmaker this country has produced, but is also among the handful of directors who possess the talent and imagination to shake up the medium, to be an innovator.

His two Australian movies *The Devil's Playground* (1976) and *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* are masterpieces. After moving to America Schepisi made two brilliant but flawed works *Barbarosa* (1981) and *Iceman* (1984). *Plenty* is his first adoption of a play.

The good news about *Plenty* is that it represents Schepisi's first commercial success. The bad news is that it's really not a very good movie. It's not a disaster like *Out of Africa*. *Plenty* is a sincere attempt by all concerned to tell a thought-provoking story. Unfortunately the major thought that this film provides is why was an artist of Schepisi's stature attracted to playwright David Hare's shallow and unconvincing drama about the decline of post-war Britain.

Plenty was a great success on the stage, mainly due to the powerhouse performance of Kate Nelligan. Her bravado in the lead role of Susan Traherne, breathed life into Hare's stale conception. The movie unfortunately has Meryl Streep in the lead. She manages to change this movie from a respectable failure into a semi-respectable monstrosity. Her dreadful acting exposes and illuminates every single thing wrong with Hare's absurd diatribe against the crumbling empire. A better actress, like Nelligan, would have tried to muddle through the inadequacies of the role by playing it as an insufferable, but entertaining eccentric. Streep spends the entire film being insufferable.

Schepisi's direction is intelligent and elegant. In the scenes involving

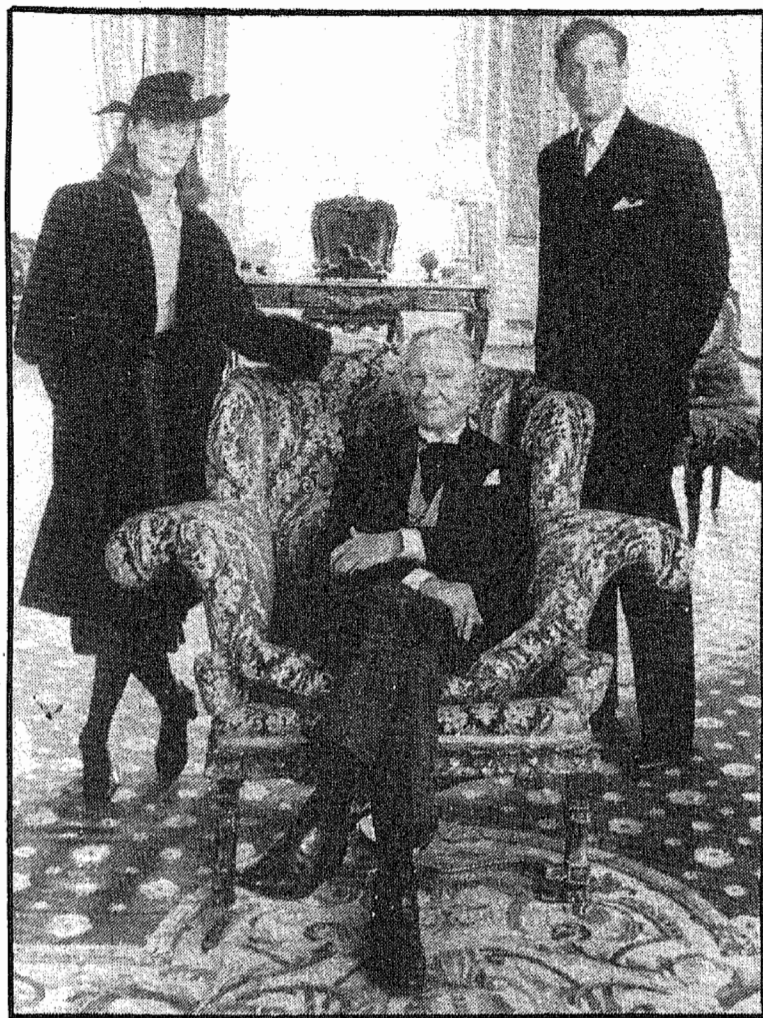
the supporting actors (Sam Neil, Sir John Gielgud, Ian MacKellar, Tracey Ullman, and Sting) he is able to get something going. But because Schepisi is faithful to Hare's silly, literary conceits the movie is essentially crippled.

Susan Traherne is a young British girl, when we first met her, working with the French Resistance. She is hopeful for the future of Britain once the war is won. It is her experiences in this period that will cast a shadow over the rest of her life or she sees her dreams deteriorate upon the hard reality of post-war, grubby decline. In these later years Susan becomes progressively frustrated and neurotic over what she believes is a betrayal of her country's ideals. Married to a dull bureaucrat (Charles Dance), Susan sees Britain as ignobly obsessed with trivia and everyone straining for "plenty".

Hare has written her as a Joan of Arc figure, a woman who represents the abused, social conscience of a nation. By the end of the fifties Susan has been driven by her own destructive impulses into drug addiction and insanity. Buried under all this excess Marxist/Freudian baggage is an important theme. That for many people directly involved in war, peace time is unbearably boring.

Do we feel any sympathy for Susan's plight? None whatsoever. Despite Hare's pretentious symbolism, Susan comes across as an inept, ignorant person. She complains about life without trying to do anything to change it. Why doesn't she join the Socialist movement, or become a nurse, or something? But that would spoil the writer's objective. Hare simply loves the old theatrical convention of the lead character being morally superior to everyone else, and to prove it, bitches at the other characters at every opportunity.

The arguments between the actors are the only times the movie comes



Streep, Gielgud and Dance: "arguments between the actors"

to life. John Gielgud steals the movie because no-one in the cast can play a bitch as effortlessly and effectively as he still can.

Actors are drawn to playing characters going mad. It means they can show off how well they can twitch and scream. They can really let themselves loose. Meryl Streep is so mannered and twitchy to begin with that it's a sick joke on the tolerance of the audience to cast her as Susan. To me she acts, acts, and acts and yet she's never more than a boring, stupid, hag. How-

ever many people seem willing to swallow her as Hare's suffering Woman of the Ages.

Tracey Ullman, the gifted comedienne, plays Alice, Susan's beatnik friend. Anytime she appeared I was pathetically grateful. In a few scenes she proves herself a more incisive and entertaining actress than marvellous Meryl. In fact she should have played the lead, except that the part isn't worth playing. With Meryl Streep in the lead the film is barely worth seeing; it's dead on arrival.

Singles game satire

CAN SHE BAKE A CHERRY PIE
Trak Cinema

by Joel Magarey

This is the sort of film that can be tragically neglected by movie-goers everywhere.

Having received official U.S. selection at the 1983 Cannes Film Festival it took this long to get to Australia, and even then was apparently only just considered worth releasing.

But *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie* deserves better treatment than that; it is biting funny, occasionally wackily so, penetrating, full of style, and - thank God - unpretentious.

Written and directed by alternative-style film-maker Henry Jaglom (of *Sitting Ducks*), who finances his own films, *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie* takes a semi-satirical look at the lives of a few modern big-city Americans, with regard to love, sex, and gender roles, and their respective involvement - or lack of it - in the hectic and unpredictable "singles game".

On a deeper level, the film also superbly contrasts the differences between rational, analytic, and generally stable lives and the more emotionally charged and turbulent ones. It also examines quite intimately why and how people "fall in love".

The story revolves around the relationship between Zee, a recently deserted-and-consequently-quite-neurotic-and-tearful New York woman (Karen Black in blinding brilliance), and Eli, a

rational cum intellectual middle aged divorcee, whose sex life consists of, as he puts it, "miscellania",

and who is quite definitely looking out for a deep, lasting, and committed relationship.

Michael Emil gives a lovable performance in a lovable role as he progressively loses elements of his stability and sanity, totally unsupported by a loveless and romantically incompetent colleague played by Merlin H. Frieburg.

Karen Black, at the pinnacle of her career, gives her whole to the part in an astonishingly skilful performance, and is consequently deliciously unbalanced and highly emotional as Zee.

It is the richness of the interaction involved in the relationship between Zee and Eli that is the highlight of the film.

Not a film that will knock you over, however - though this is not to be expected - but at various stages it only narrowly avoids soppy sentimentality (it's fine if you like it), and it definitely assumes that you will enjoy and appreciate the complexities and nuances of its plentiful dialogue.

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie has an undeniable sense of successful styling, crafted beautifully by Jaglom, and the performances of Karen Black and Michael Amis blend perfectly to make this a humorous and essentially intelligent film.

Studio-inspired sequel

JEWEL OF THE NILE
Hoys Regent Cinemas

by Dino Di Rosa

When Bob Zemeckis' *Romancing the Stone* came out a couple of years ago, it had the good luck of picking up those exhausted movie-goers who saw Steven Spielberg's *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and wanted to get off. Arriving at the tail-end of that movie's treacherous roller-coaster ride, the picture made something like \$70 million at the box office. And reviewers made more than favourable comparisons, saying they preferred the Zemeckis movie to that of his foster-parent because it wasn't so plastic and mechanical, and because he allowed the characters time to become people.

The characters are still there in the sequel, *Jewel of the Nile*, but Zemeckis (who has since directed the gimmicky *Back to the Future*) is not. Though I admittedly preferred his *Used Cars* or even *Back to the Future to Romancing the Stone* (which I found to be a little thin), the pop rhythm and style that so distinguishes Zemeckis as an avowedly American movie-maker are wanting in this studio-inspired follow-up. Lewis Teague has been called upon to direct, Mark Rosenthal and Lawrence Konner to write, and the result is an *Indiana Jones* movie with a lot of lulls.

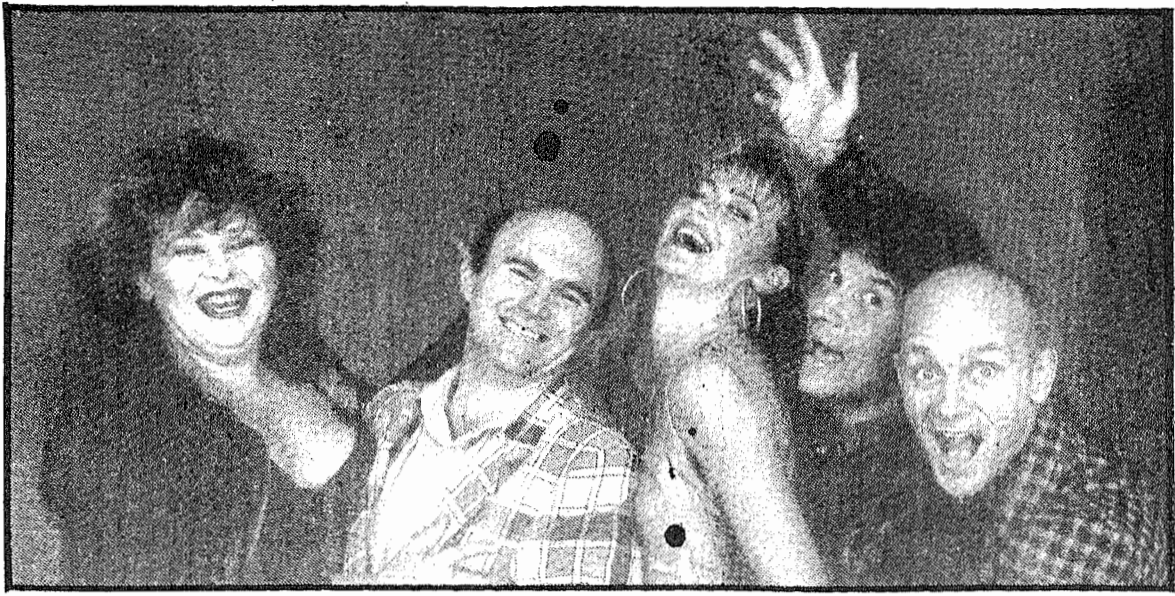
The last time we saw them, the best-seller-writer Joan Wilder (Kathleen Turner) and adventurer-gambler Jack Colton (Michael Douglas) had fallen in love and



begun their round-the-world cruise sailing downtown New York in their yacht. After eight months of this pleasure-seeking, our leggy authoress now has writer's block, from which she's delivered by an enigmatic African dictator who authorizes her to write his so-called biography. (Blanche d'Alpuget hasn't lived yet).

This is a clumsy, B-Grade sort of start, charmed only by the familiar personal charisma of Turner and the piggy meanness of Danny de Vito. From here the story goes all over the place and nowhere.

The ride, while it happens, is pleasant, however. You might, then again, find the sights objectionable. Trekking and chasing through the desert sands and tinpot dictatorship, the middle-American Jack and Joan provide the movie-makers with enough weak culturally imperialist jokes to make *Jewel of the Nile* a good idea at the time. Personally, I prefer Zemeckis' fresh and innocent Americana, and Diane Thomas' original spunky conception.



The cast of TOMFOOLERY fooling around

Talent, style, oomph

TOMFOOLERY
Adelaide Festival Trust
Space Theatre

by Fran Edwards

Very few people are indifferent to the music of Tom Lehrer. You either love him or hate him. I'm a fan from way back and as such I approached a production of Tom's songs by someone else with caution. Until attending this production I don't think I had heard anyone but Tom Lehrer "do" Tom

Lehrer. My verdict? Fantastic! If you are not already a Lehrer fan but have a decidedly warped sense

of humour and enjoy revue, get down to the Space before this production closes.

The cast are all talented and you will recognise most if not all of the five players. Tina Bursill of much TV fame (most recently "Prisoner"

- but don't let that put you off) was made for revues. Phil Scot (most recently of "Gillies Report" fame) is a consummate musician and has a

terrific sense of fun. Linda Nagle has style and lots of oomph. Trevor White (remember J.S. Superstar?)

is smooth, slick and great. Jeremy Cook is crazy, and the coolest cat I've seen!

The whole kit and kaboodle was directed with panache by Lex

Marinos (Bruno from "Kingswood Company") a very talented individual.

What more can I say (actually I could rave for hours, but I don't want to bore you). See it.

Lauren shines, but not much support

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH

Lauren Bacall
Opera Theatre
Until April 19th

by Cathy Smit

Merely the chance to see one of the great film stars "in the flesh" should be incentive enough to dig deep into those post-Festival pockets to see Lauren Bacall in Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird Of Youth*. Another incentive is that Bacall's acting is, to say the least, superb.

One suspects that many actors who have been successful in motion pictures, where each scene can be filmed many times to achieve the best possible effect, would flounder in the world of one-shot live theatre acting. However, Bacall's flawless and inspired performance as Alexandra del Lago undermines this theory considerably.

Unfortunately, her co-actors do not and perhaps cannot match her standards of excellence. Colin Friels gives a very mediocre performance as Chance Wayne, the self-important, parasitic small town boy who is Alexandra's temporary travelling companion. And Anne Louise Lambert as Heavenly Finley, Chance's high school sweetheart, is decidedly nondescript. Even if we cannot expect the



supporting actors to be on a par with such a great as Lauren Bacall, performances that rate a little more than mediocre would better preserve their integrity as actors.

The play itself was reminiscent of the acting of the cast; nothing much to get excited about. The story of the downfall of a self-centred crawler who has squandered his youth and the corresponding upturn of luck for an equally despicable over-the-hill movie star seems as senseless and random as the turning of the Wheel of Fortune itself. Maybe that's precisely what Williams is on about anyway.

But if you go to see Lauren Bacall rather than *Sweet Bird of Youth* you won't be disappointed.

RECENT RELEASES

Politics of crime and corruption

A QUARTER TO MIDNIGHT: THE AUSTRALIAN CRISIS

Organised Crime and the Decline in Independence of the Institutions of State

Athol Moffitt

by Robert Lawton

The subject of this book looks pretty challenging stuff. Not just a few cracks at the NSW situations, the author is prepared to argue that the whole of Australia is in the grip of corruption, extortion and terror. To the cynical Adelaide reader, this would probably stir up some comment like: Please God, send us corruption by the bucketful! Life here in the provinces is quiet enough for the aware and the hip to dream of the sleazy practices of Sydney and laugh off any removed analysis of crime and corruption throughout the country, let alone in South Australia.

Unfortunately, given some very good material (e.g. Costigan, bent police in NSW, Kerry Packer, Mr Asia, Nugan Hand etc.) this book falls flat on its face. It is tedious in the extreme and fails to get the reader particularly worried about issues which are of real importance.

The author, a Supreme Court Judge in NSW for twenty years (marks off immediately for readability), spends most of the book bemoaning the fact that so little has been done about the links between organised crime and the state. He goes into some detail on the various Royal Commissions which have tackled this area, both indirectly (the majority) and head-on. A second, shorter section is

devoted to Crookedness in the legal profession and the judiciary. But as I've said, he mostly bewails. He complains so hard about what hasn't been done that we get very little idea of why things should be done. This is not completely Moffitt's fault: much of the facts about organised crime in this country are hard to print because our libel laws are so repressive.

The other big problem with this book is the way it's written. After years as a judge (and years before as a big time lawyer) Moffitt cannot break the habit of the pompous, patronising tone which all lawyers are taught to use. The jacket says this book is "written for the general reader". But if you aren't a law student, be ready for a shock. This author is no investigative journalist. There's no racy style keeping you turning the pages. No - he just drones on and on, putting everything in a suitably indirect manner. When a few frightening stories about latter-day gangsters turn up, they're hard to wake yourself up for.

I certainly agree with Moffitt that organised crime is a major problem in Australia now. If you persevere with him, it's impossible not to see the truth of what he's saying. But he is so po-faced about the need for immediate action, gang-busting, phone-tapping, money-laundering investigations that it is easy to lose track of why these things are needed. This book is worthy; but it doesn't make the impending disaster a personal one. If you want a good read on the subject, I think Bob Bottom is probably better. At least that's who I'll read next - to see what Moffitt was really on about.

Order in the house

GETTING OUR HOUSES IN ORDER

Dean Jaensch
Penguin.

by Anne Winckel

This is an excellent book for the lay person - or politician who wants a clearer understanding of how the Australian Parliament runs. It's also great reading for anyone honestly interested in the future of our country, rather than the future of their bank balance, wardrobe or political popularity.

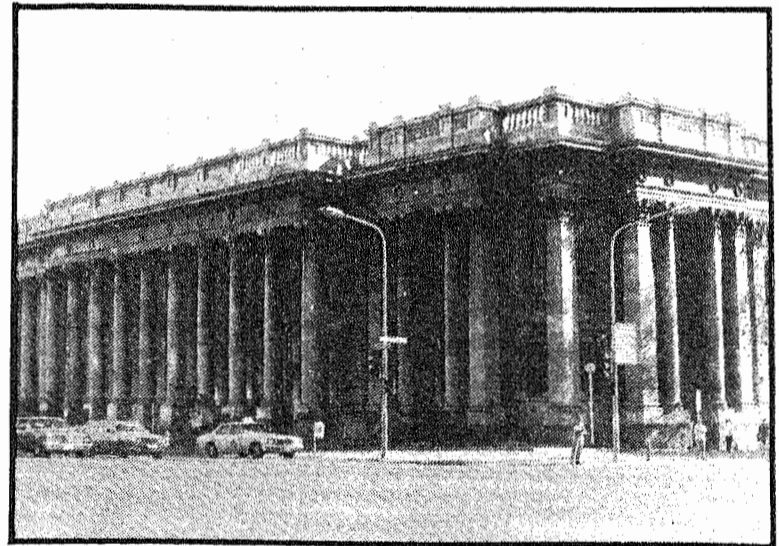
Mind you - don't get too excited - it will tell you what can be done for Australia, but it certainly doesn't let out the secret of how it can be done.

This book is extraordinarily easy to read, giving a jargon-free, straightforward account of the theory and practice of Parliament in Australia. Jaensch likewise succeeds in clearly establishing the problems in the system, but the book loses impact in his final analysis and suggestions of reform.

Concentrating on the national Parliament (rather than individual State systems) Jaensch has skilfully avoided too great a comparison with the British Westminster traditions, and has gone on to look at the different aspects of the parliamentary system as it is unique to Australia ("the Washminster mutation").

He raises many questions, and challenges many conventions. For instance, in a comprehensive analysis of the different Australian political parties, Jaensch looks at how different Australian political parties truly are, and what influence they have on Parliament. He goes on to examine if Parliament is really "representative"; and indeed, representative of whom?

After a scathing account of the "legislative" process (where members are asleep or absent) Jaensch then asks if our members of Parlia-



SA State Parliament—a house in order?

ment are actually in the business of making laws, or merely ratifying them. Is the Senate truly a house of reform and review? Does responsible government (whereby the public servants are responsible to the Minister who is responsible to the Cabinet who is responsible to the Parliament who is responsible to the people) really exist? Jaensch suggests not.

Finally Jaensch confronts the realities involved in the relationship between the Parliament and the public; especially with regard to the significance of the media, and the existence of the "apathetic Australia".

To this point *Getting Our Houses in Order* should actually be called "Looking at Our Houses in Disorder". Jaensch does it beautifully, in terms which everyone can understand (and with flow diagrams to establish even clearer fundamentals, such as the governmental structure, and the passing of legislation). He also uses up-to-the-minute examples, with many references to 1985 political situations

making the book topical as well as educational. But for aspiring reformers, it is little if no help.

Jaensch gives a superficially impressive list of proposed reforms, but his failure to voice any opposing arguments leaves the reader with a slight feeling of unrest.

Furthermore, the author freely admits that his reforms will not be instituted by Parliament due to the ever-present partisan interests at work. And he goes on to show how

the public (with whom the buck stops) are either too conservative, apathetic, or easily led astray to ever produce his reforms either.

Jaensch's recognition of the realities in society is commendable, but his whole thesis somehow loses credibility in the face of his statement that we have the government we deserve! I suppose he is actually hoping that all we "apathetic Australians" will actually read *Getting Our Houses in Order* and be transformed into educated voters.

START AT THE BACK!

A dash of something completely different. Edited by Graham Lugsden.

Yupdate

Forget Nicaragua, the arms race and the economy...President Reagan causes problems with garage doors.

Apparently every time that the President goes to his ranch for his holidays, thousands of Californians experience trouble with their automatic garage door openers (the little hand-held things that have lots of sweet flashing lights and exciting buttons).

Larry Murdock, owner of Genie Garage Doors, says that high-powered transmissions from Air Force One jam the signals from the automatic openers. Mr. Murdock said that he had had 800 - 900 complaints since the President's arrival last week at his Santa Barbara ranch. The Air Force and the Secret Service would neither confirm nor deny knowledge of garage-door problems.

But does this mean that now poor yuppies of South California have to put up with standing the BMW outside? What is this man Reagan doing to America?

Too right, mite

When Prince Phillip visited the Sydney Art Gallery recently, he

asked an ever-smiling mayor from the bush what he planned to do for the Bicentenary. After his reply, the Duke looked taken aback.

"What! What would you want with a big bride?"

The bushie was shocked, "No, no - a big parade."

Phallacy revealed

It's true - Coke can stop you getting pregnant!

Scientists in the Harvard Medical School have found that Coca-Cola can act as a spermicide. Using Coke as a vaginal douche after sexual intercourse is "more than mere folklore" said a spokesman, as it is apparently the drinks' acidity that kills the sperm. It found that Diet Coke was better than the common or garden variety, and that the new formula Coke was only about a fifth as effective as Diet Coke.

Researchers are now believed to be looking into the effectiveness of crossing your fingers, coitus interruptus and "standing up while you do it."



Yes, alright, so we ran the competition last week and you've already seen the picture and wanted something a bit more original for once and really you expected better from *Start At The Back* and what is the world coming to when the sodding editor can't find a different picture each week on a budget of \$30,000 and it's a stupid and childish picture anyway, I know, I know, I know!

Despite that, send in your captions for the picture from *Spies Like Us* (at the Hindley) and who knows? Maybe you could be the new SATB editor who really knows what he's doing and won't waste time and money on boring rehashed pictures that aren't a bit interesting and and and...

Seeing Double

When the Federal Government announced their "Drug Offensive" on Monday, the TV networks scrambled over each other to grab the choicest interviewees and supposed experts. Ted Noffs, of Sydney's Wayside Chapel, appeared on Nine's *Morning News* and *The Midday Show* with Ray Martin, half an hour later. Even more remarkable was one Mike Delaney, who managed to appear on Seven's *Eleven AM* and Nine's *Morning News*, in separate live interviews, answering different questions, at exactly the same time.

How did Mr. Delaney achieve this quite tricky feat? Did he have his twin brother appear for him? Or are there two people in Sydney who look the same, have the same name and same job? Or were the networks



being naughty by calling a taped interview 'live'? Something is rotten in the state of television land.

The Phoney War

There will be rejoicing in the streets! The Scilly Isles war is over!

After more than 300 years, the islands of Scilly, off south-west England, and the Netherlands will later this month formally declare the Scilly Isles war over. The state of hostility began in 1651, when Holland declared war on the islanders, after they had attacked Dutch shipping during the English civil war. Not a shot was fired in anger, but bureaucracy being what it is, somebody forgot to declare the war over until now. "But now the (Dutch) Ambassador will be making a speech and hoping to allay our fears of any attack from them," said a council spokesman.

Now that the Silly war is over, will the Brits and the Argies sign on the dotted line over their South Atlantic frolic? Not to close the battle, but to start it: at no point were the two ever technically at war.

X-rated

Alan Bond, yachtie and old mug polisher, is heavily promoting XXXX beer in the States at the moment, through his Castlemaine brewery. But why is it that the Yanks fall about laughing whenever they hear the XXXX jingle? Could it have anything to do with the fact that the biggest-selling brand of condom in the US is called XXXX...?

More medioddity

Last week we printed some of those ridiculous headlines from a competition in *New York* magazine. If readers have some examples of their own, then we would love to hear from you. (There might be some pecuniary remuneration in it for you. Then again there might not). Meanwhile, more of those wonderful clangers: "Baby born with winning lotto ticket."

'Doc who treated him' says: "Michael Jackson's face a mask. His real face is horror." Pictures inside.

'My mother beat me as a child' reveals human chicken. And the best of all:

'Crazed by rapid weight loss and visions of UFO's, Mum kills self, family - our astrologer and Elvis predicted it!'

Swallow your pride



The BBC, renowned as the world's most impartial and accurate news service, naturally highlighted in Britain the Melbourne bombing. It's description of Melbourne? "A sleepy Australian city in the heart of a farming district."

PRESENTING THE COMIC THAT PEAKED LAST EPISODE...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE



IN
BACK TO THE PAST
Part 4
TREVOR ARRIVES IN THE 60'S JUST AS STU SUTCLIFFE REALISES HIS LIMITATIONS...