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Murdoch has a new man in Adelaide. He's young and experienced, but can he turn The Advertiser from a parochial rag into a quality newspaper? story inside...

OnDit

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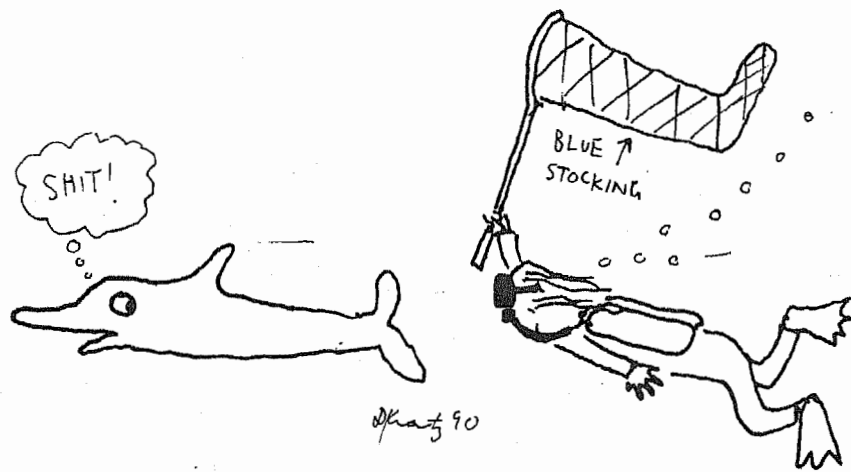


WORLD NEWS



AND HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

THE STOCKINGS THAT KILLED DOLPHINS



The new Environment Officer Jo Gilbert has made an auspicious start to her career. When plans to release 50 blue helium-filled balloons to mark the start of Blue Stocking Week became known, Ms Gilbert objected on the grounds that they would come down in the ocean and kill dolphins in some unspecified manner. The Womens' Officer Amy Barrett said to On Dit, "I had no idea I was such a ruthless killer. Incidents like this show what a valuable watchdog role can be played by the E.O. position." A motion to stop the release of the deadly balloons went before Council and was passed. Ms Barrett now plans to release 50 blue helium-filled driftnets to mark the start of the week.

BISTRO CLOSURE SHOCKER

Advertised as a professional, public restaurant in the Adelaide Review, I was somewhat shocked to find that at only a couple of minutes after 8 pm on Monday that the Union Bistro had closed.

Closed, finl, kapputshutdn, go home-what-do-you-think-this-is-a-restaurant-or-a-hopeles-joke-don't-you-know-your-bedtime-is-7.30-ours-certainly-is.

Shame, Unlon Bistro, Shame for closing when most hungry bastards are only just starting,

because even the Queen smells

evocative

& bold

it sure smells

its age

essence

of Queen

lawnmower man!

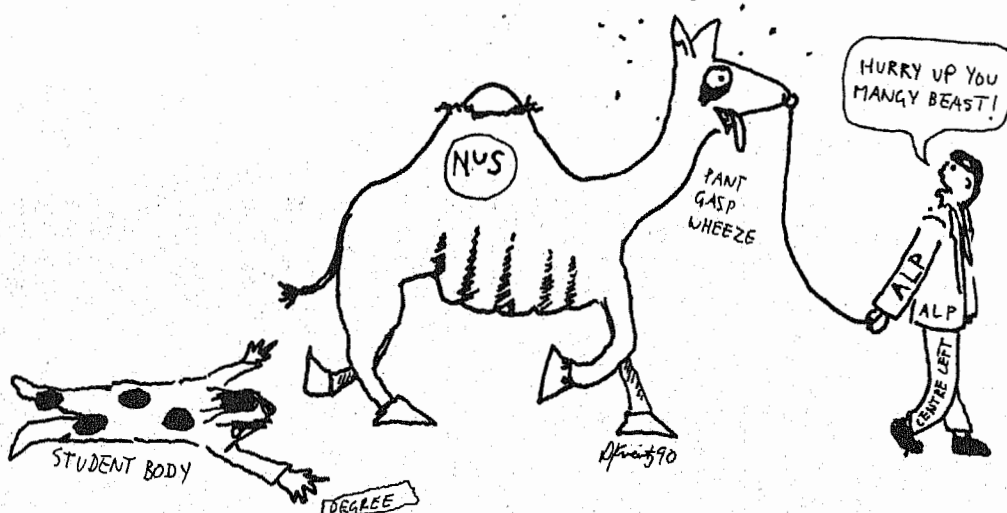
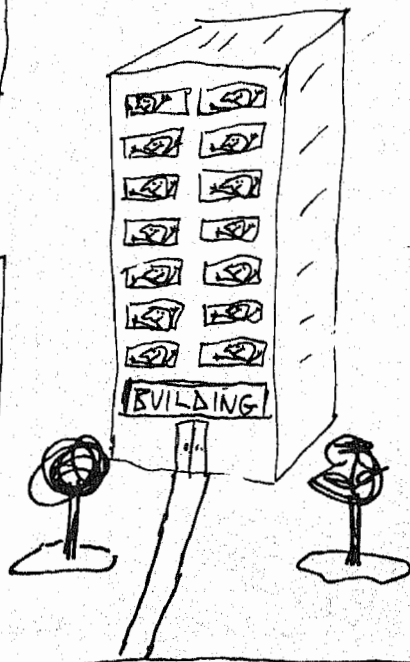
back for more sultanas!

a cartoon in any real number of parts by D. Penberthy

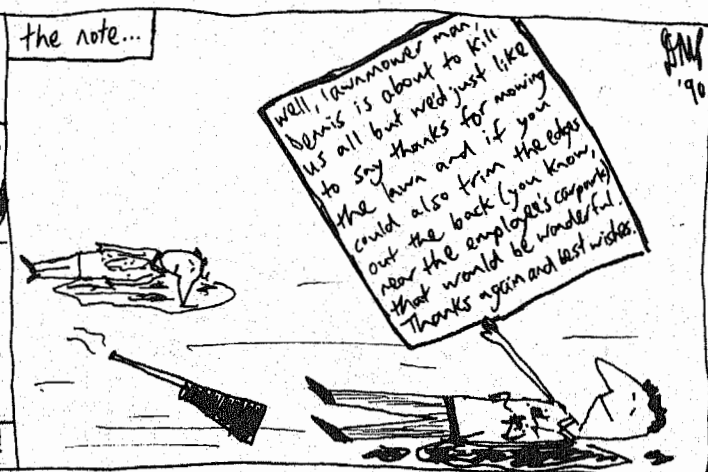
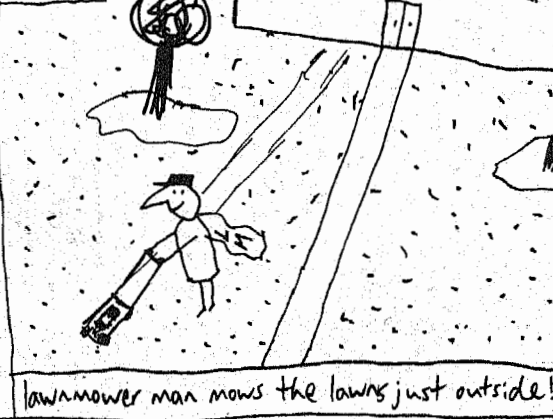
lawnmower man, come quick! The building has been overrun by terrorists!



the terrorist... DENNIS AL FAQVARI!



later... BUILDING the note...



22 OCT 1990

Prosh 1990 Goes Off With a Very Small Bang

In the face of doubts over its future, Prosh has survived. With over \$2000 raised for the Flying Doctors and the Southern Areas Womens' Shelter, it seems that Prosh will be here, at least as a fundraising exercise, for quite some time yet.

Prosh Director and Finance Vice President, Kamal Farouque, told *On Dit* that he was "pretty happy" with the success of Prosh.

"Prosh After Lunch and Prosh After Dark went really well- the turn out was excellent" he said.

"It was great that we made so much money for the Flying Doctors and the Womens' Shelter. Through door takings at the bar and the sale of the Prosh Rag we made about \$2000, which is on a par with the money raised in recent years."

Despite the exuberant participation of about 100 water and flour bombers around the Union Building and cloisters, there was no major damage on Prosh Day.

"Security didn't report any major problems and I don't think anybody caused any real hassles, apart from a few complaints from people who were hit by water bombs. I think a few bottles were thrown out of the bar but this stopped after the balcony was closed."

In terms of student participation, Prosh flopped. Only 50 students participated in the Prosh-session, which was supervised by a similar number of police as it made its way through town.

The Intercampus Sculling Com-

petition and the Ironman/Ironwoman Contest were cancelled.

Farouque told *On Dit* that he was disappointed that SAUA-organised events were so poorly attended.

"I think that people are more interested in throwing bombs and carrying on like yobbos than actually getting involved with organised events."

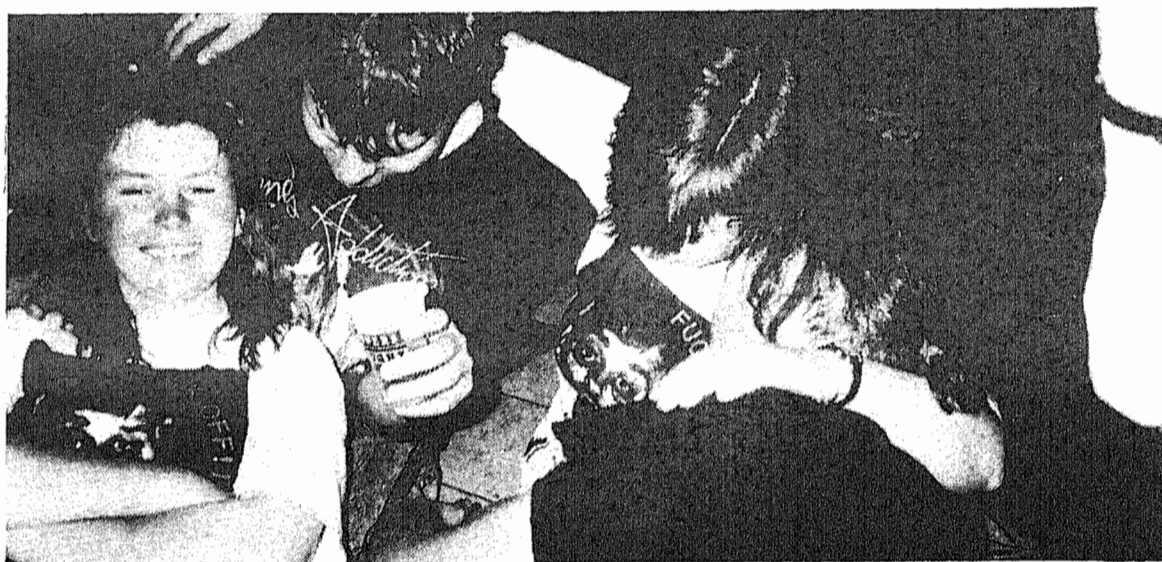
"I wasn't particularly happy with the interest shown on the day. The number of students who participated was pretty disappointing," Farouque said, adding that "...It was a real pity that we had to cancel some events."

The only events which came off were the Porridge and Port Brekky / Wrestling, in which a rather angry Channel Ten reporter was thrown into a large paddling pool full of warm porridge. The Prosh After Lunch/Prosh After Dark bar entertainment was also a success.

The main problem with Prosh 1990 was the last minute fashion in which it had to be organised. No students applied to become Prosh Director and last year's FVP candidate, Mark Olweny, did nothing by way of organisation with the Activities Council.

It was only when Kamal Farouque turned the future of Prosh into an election issue, promising that as FVP he would single-handedly resurrect it, that Prosh seemed to be going ahead.

However, most students thought that Prosh was being held on Friday September 14, the last day before the two week semester



Above: Prosh Director and FVP Kamal Farouque- Mixed feelings over Prosh 1990
Below: Acts of shame and degradation

break.

While the role of Prosh in its capacity as a charity fundraiser seems to have been vindicated, the days when most students

participated in Prosh activities are over.

"It will really depend on how students feel about getting involved and whether there is

enough support for the idea of banding together to raise money for charity by letting your hair down a bit," Farouque said.

David Penberthy

Improvements In Access For Disabled Students Underway

The Finance and Development Standing Committee has received a proposal from new Operations Manager, Mr. Claude Pronol, to allocate \$25,000 to increase access for disabled students on campus.

While the University has already taken steps to build ramps and modify lifts to make the campus more user-friendly for disabled students, there are still a number of areas where they are unable to move with ease.

At the Union Board Meeting of August 6, 1990, Board resolved that "funding be provided for wheelchair access to the SAUA, PGSA, EWO office from the 1990 capital

redevelopment budget and that work begin on access as soon as possible."

Mr. Pronol and ex-Education and Welfare Officer Ms. Maria Schuman researched the problem of access and with access consultant Mr. Trevor Harrison drafted the following recommendations:

- That two lifts be installed, one in the Lady Symon Building and one in the George Murray Building, to provide better wheelchair access.
- That ramps be built outside the Lady Symon door and the Stewards/PGSA foyer.
- That a ramp be built in the Little Theatre's front-of-house

Foyer.

• That the steps leading up to the club rooms and bar passage way (near the North/South Dining Rooms on level 5, Union Building) be replaced with concrete ramps.

• That signs be placed to indicate where disabled persons can enter buildings, for example, in car park areas.

Mr. Pronol recommended that "the modifications be carried out early in the new year" and that the recommendation be "approved as quickly as possible so that disabled students can gain access to AUU Buildings.

David Penberthy

STOP PRESS

President of the Labor Club, Ian Steel survived a censure motion at the Club's General Meeting on Monday, October 14. Sources within the Labor Club have revealed that the motion (moved by Jack Snelling and seconded by Centre-Left faction member Justin Jarvis) to censure Steel over his conduct during the August SAUA and Union elections, lapsed after Steel voted against the motion and create a tied vote. It has been alleged that Left faction member Steel undertook during debate not to vote in the motion ballot, but apparently had a change of heart when it appeared the motion would succeed.

It has also been revealed that Left faction member Penny Wong requested that members of the media not be informed of details of the meeting.

Steve Jackson

Women's Edition of On Dit

All women are invited to contribute articles, features, graphics, short stories, poetry, cartoons etc., for the 22nd October edition of *On Dit*. Please leave contributions in the marked box in the SAUA or the Women's Room by October 18

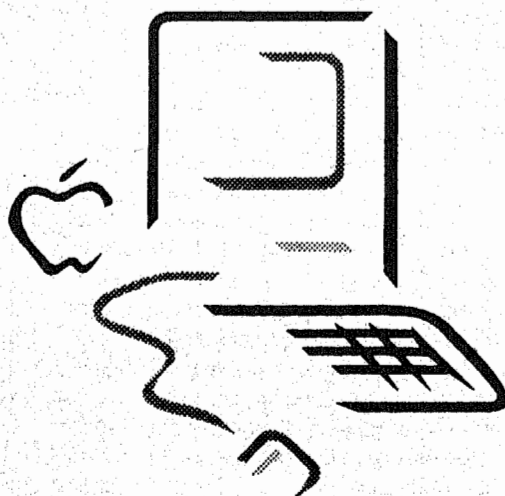
Why will 16 October 1990 stand out as a great day in the history of Apple Computer?



Ask the Apple Consortium

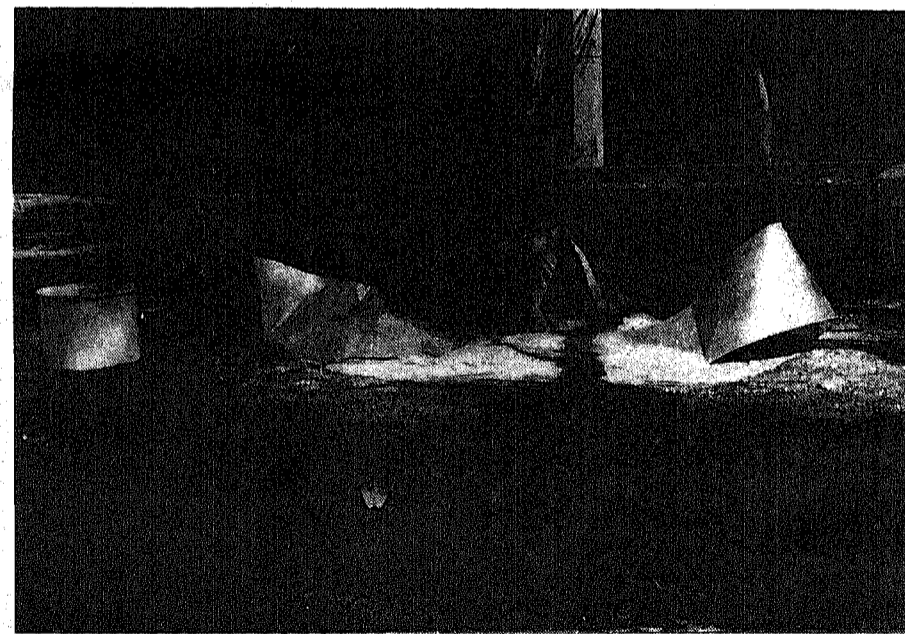
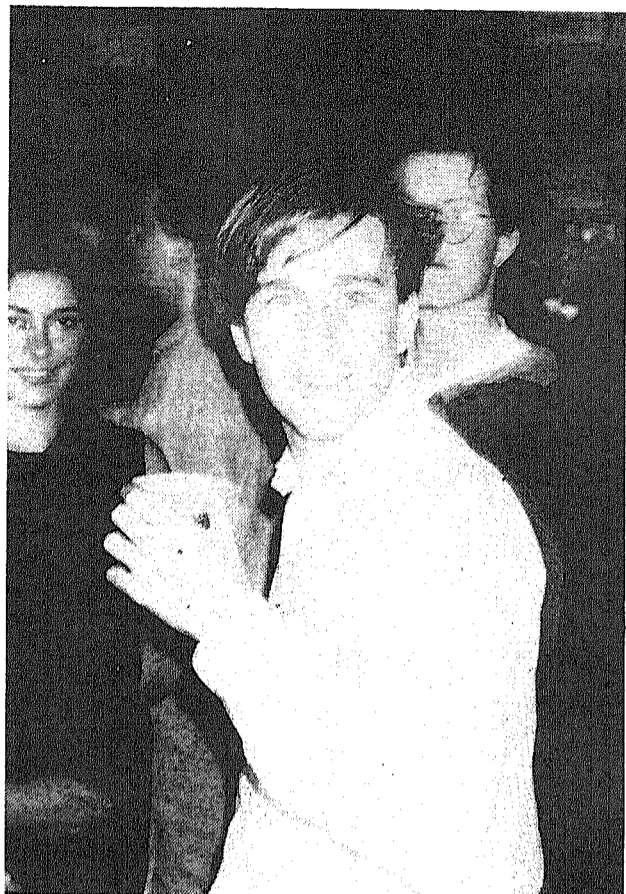


Ph 228 5441



the power to be your best

feature



Snippets From Prosh 1990

Top Left- Simon Healy, next year's On Dit editor with Dave Krantz, carries on the time-honoured On Dit tradition of getting as pissed as possible as often as possible

Top Middle- Kirsty McKenzie, bar person and ALP political person, surveys the motley crowd in the Uni Bar.

Top Right- What's all this, then?

Middle Left- Anonymous bottle-wielding vigilante prepares to attack from above (shortly before the arrival of security)

Middle Right- On Dit and Student Radio person, Jodie Wilson, engaged in a passionate tongue-thrasher with an equally shit-faced person wearing a brown suit

Bottom Left- The punters go wild as hot band Choose Groove rip off some hot licks

Bottom Right- The sad and sorry remnants of the Porridge and Port wrestling pool lie crumpled in the cloisters

letters

God is Dead and Jesus is a Reprobate

We would like to respond to three of the letters which appeared in On Dit on the 1st October.

First, to the letter by Julie Anaf, on the subject of the language used in our introductory leaflet at the talk by Dr Woolcock. We acknowledge that such language is alienating and hence contrary to humanist ideals. The article is otherwise informative and will be used after being rewritten in the third person plural.

We have invited Marlene Le Brun, Lecturer in Law, to give a talk entitled "Feminism and Language" on Thursday 25th October at 1:10 pm in Meeting Room 1.

Second, we would like to respond to the Evangelical Union's "large pile of patronising crap". While this "large pile of patronising crap" is redolent of a large pile of crap, it offers fertile slopes for the industrious, anomic humanist. We will now proceed to harvest what the Evangelical Union has sown.

1. The Evangelical Union claims that "we all deserve gods judgement. This is because we have all rebelled against God". One of Gods Judgements is specified in Leviticus 26:27:28 "If in spite of this you do not listen to me and still defy me, I will defy you in anger" (rather unbecoming of a benevolent God) "and I myself will punish you seven times over for your sins. Instead of meat you shall eat your sons and daughters". Leviticus enumerates many of the rules that must be followed to avoid such gastronomic delights.

19:19 "You shall keep my rules. You shall not allow two different kinds of beast to mate together. You shall not plant your field with two different kinds of seed. You shall not put on garments woven with two different kinds of yarn".

19:20 "When a man has intercourse with a slave girl who has been assigned to another man and neither ransomed nor given her freedom, inquiry shall be made. They shall not be put to death, because she has not been freed".

Does Leviticus 19:19 mean that if I wear K-Mart polyester-cotton pyjamas I must eat the flesh of my sons and daughters? Should I shun my parents lest they wear wool-blend socks? Is it all right to seduce my best friends slave girl so long as I do not wear clothes that clash?

2. The E.U. says that "if were really honest we cant even live up to our own [standards]". We emphatically reject the concept that we are damned to view ourselves as existing in such a pathetic state. In short, speak for yourself.

3. The E.U. says "God, being holy can't just lower his standards, nor can he ignore our rebellion". Yet earlier in the letter it is said that "God is the only judge". If God is the only judge how can the E.U., in their judgement, claim that he is subject to the concept of holiness.

Furthermore, WE are the judge of all things.

4. Continuing directly from the opening quote in point 3, the E.U. says, "If he let even one person off, everyone including Hitler, Saddam Hussein and us would

have to go scott free. Right would be wrong, wrong would be right and there would be no justice" (cats and dogs living together). There are several issues in this sentence we would like to take up.

- "Everyone", by definition incorporates "Hitler, Saddam Hussein and us."

- We refuse to be classified with Hitler and Saddam Hussein merely because we may or may not have worn polyester-cotton underwear.

- By claiming that if he "let people off" there would be no right or wrong, they have made God subject to the concepts of right and wrong. God this violates their statement that "God is the only Judge".

- You can not use the concept of justice to make inferences about an after life. Allowing evil deeds to go unpunished in the after life would be unjust. However as Bertrand Russell said, if the top layer of fruit in a containment is rotten, one would conclude that the lower layer must be fresh to compensate; one would infer that the entire consignment is rotten. (You cannot assume that because there is injustice in this life there cannot be in the next, assuming the existence of an after life at all).

- We also object to the E.U.s contribution to war-time propaganda by classing Saddam Hussein with Hitler. While his rule has been despotic, his actions to date do not put him a class with Hitler.

5. "God would be perfectly justified in condemning everyone". "Justified" by whose criterion? This statement is indicative of religions propensity to create patronising, judgemental fanatics.

6. "But together with being just. God is also loving". Why was he so tempestuous in his youth?

7. "God would be perfectly justified in condemning everyone. God is also loving and has chosen not to do this. Instead he sent his son Jesus into the world." (Forgive us lord for this are dreadful toadying). Did God, sending Jesus into the world, mark a turning point in his choice of destructive method? Did he abandon the old tried and true methods of flood, earthquake and pestilence in favour of the establishment of institutions which would promote suffering, intolerance and ignorance for two millennium? Or has he merely added another weapon to his arsenal?

Thirdly, in Response to Yvette McDonells letter, we would like to share with you some of our experiences with Christianity, such as the thumb screws, hot coals on the belly and warm nights on the rack. But what were really exciting was the self flagellation and the restless nights on a bed of rusty nails with a hair jumper.

We grew up in a religious family but in High School came to the conclusion that religion was hypocritical and that God didn't exist. We became an atheist doing what we wanted when we wanted.

By the time we came to University, we got into bondage, sado-masochism and some really bad things (including the rat lab and the Barr Smith). We went around unliking to ourselves, and being hostile to every Christian we met (and everyone else for that mat-

ter). As we began to meet Christians in some of our courses we found they were just as exciting as we thought. We began to ask questions, and were met with stony silence and stark ignorance.

We were challenged to read the Bible.

We enjoy challenges.

We said in our hearts "God!!" Can you hear us! Look, if there is anyone out there, we're about to sit down and read the Bible! So if you really exist, can you show yourself to us? Please! It would be really appreciated". But there was no answer (try it yourself).

We commenced a mission, a mission to find God (try it yourself). After a series of strange events and rituals, including viewing Hells Bells, we came to realise that Jesus Christ is "the way the truth and the life" (John 14:6) during a really wild party. As we settled into a party mood we felt all our repressed hostilities flow away. As the shackles of our earthly cares fell away from our bruised flesh, we saw the full glory of Heaven erupt into the room. A great host of angels descended in rank upon rank from the clouds above. At the helm was an Archangel armed with the truth of Biblical Numerics, and his trusty pocket calculator. On the breast of each angel a C.P.A. badge shone like the sun. We shielded our eyes and marvelled at their freshly pressed pinstripe suits. Their newly sharpened pencils flashed in their right hands, and their briefcase shields were upraised in their left, as they drove a wedge through the demon hordes. Surrounding the twin demons of cynicism and despair, and thrusting Turgon and Hurin aside. Then the Archangel turned upon the twin demons. That was a grim meeting. At last the twin demons stood alone their guard dead around them; and the fought with Gothmog until another Balrog came behind them and Gothmog hued them with his trusty pocket calculator and a black flame sprang up from the helm of Fingon as it was cloven. Thus fell the High King of the Noldor; and they beat him into the dust with their maces, and his banner, blue and silver, they trod into his blood.

James Glesecke President AUHS
Mark Stewart Treasurer AUHS
P.S. There is no God.

Addendum: We regret that James and Mark will be unable to answer any responses regarding this letter as they are both recovering from a bad acid trip in Glenside. Mark is currently demanding the right to be legally declared an armchair, and the doctors hope that James might soon advance to such a satisfactory state.



Eat Shit and Die, Patronising Christian Bastards

To the E.U.

Your self righteous judgement that "of you were to die today, you would not go to heaven..." forced me to re-examine my beliefs in my own terms and thanks to my friends like M.R., my mother and Peter Close, the Lutheran Chaplain, I can now have a relationship with my God in relation to my own interpretation of the Bible and I just hope the counsellor (she knows who she is) is more sensitive, and less judgemental while trying to counsel people who need to be reassured of their faith.

M.R.'s Friend

P.S. Thanks for the apology and explanation, Andrew and Judi, but your letter sounded just like the patronising lectures I received from the counsellor.

What? Two On Dit 17s?

Dear Guys,

Going back over my year's collection of "On Dits", I noticed a slight bungle. The issue dated September 3, was named "volume 58 no. 17". OK. The next issue, September 10, was also endowed with the moniker "volume 58 no. 17".

Are you guys trying to short-change yourselves on issue? Was it a late night, stress-induced mistake? Or was it put there on purpose to see who was "on the ball" with their reading of On Dit? If so, I hereby claim my prize.

Yours etc,

**B.D. Allen,
1st Year Arts,
English Dept.
and some other wise guy name
you will no doubt give me.**

Dear Ben,

Congratulations! You spotted the deliberate mistake. We decided to title that edition No. 17 because it was such an appalling piece of shit and the original No. 17 wasn't too bad. This way, when we are old, we can show our On Dits to the grandkiddies without the unnecessary embarrassment of having them say, "Gee, this On Dit 17 (Mk. II) is an appalling piece of shit, Grandpa!"

Dave & Steve

The Wrath of the Engle

Dear Mr Penberthy,

I am writing to you as one of the engineering students who, according to your article was "arrested after Pub crawl" (On Dit 1/10/90).

It is a pity that a fine paper like On Dit has, for one of its [sic] editors, a mud-racking [sic] sensationalist "journalist" such as yourself.

In future, I suggest that you research your facts more thoroughly before publication. For your information, we were not arrested at all, merely reported (as much as someone would be for speeding). As for your accusation that we were "taken to the station", nothing could be further from the truth. We were merely spoken to by the police and then allowed to leave.

In addition, we were not arrested for willful damage, and we did continue on the pub crawl until its completion.

We did not "rip the phone off from a pub wall", but picked it up on Pulteney Street (not Grenfell). Also, we did not try to throw the phone into the bushes, but to leave it in the square still intact.

I am not proud of the incident, nor am I trying to vindicate my actions. I am merely pointing out the gross inaccuracies in your sensationalised article. I advise that, in future, you become better prepared for your articles otherwise we will find that it is you who appears in court.

Name Withheld

Dear Anonymous Engle With Spelling Problem,

Spare me your desperate and inarticulate indignation. I was walking down Pulteney Street towards the Austral on the night of the Pub Crawl. I was told by three different engles at the Austral that the students had been arrested and would not be completing the pub crawl.

Whether or not the phone was "ripped off a wall" does not seem to be much of a point to quibble over. It was not speculation on my part; I was told this by the three engles. It will be interesting to see whether the court views the fact that you took the phone from Pulteney and not Grenfell Street as a mitigating factor.

Also, thanks for referring to me as a "mud-racking" journalist. It's kind of a motto I work under. "If there's mud to be raked, I'll rack it!"

Yours,

D. Penberthy

What?

Dear Editors,

I see you headed last week's two most convincing letters "A Large Pile of ... Crap" and "Two Fat Ladies, God Exists!"

And "Reality Gordo's" letter: "An Unbelievably Fulfilled Person Speaks Out".

Oh the poor guy! He really was concerned wasn't he. I wish everyone would stop persecuting him.

Just think, when Jesus dies, Gordo's red Porsche will still be rolling.

Oh hang on, isn't Jesus already dead?

Patience, then reality.

(the as yet unanswered)

Sarcasm for Jesus.

Amen.

"Real Issues" Avoids Real Issues

In reference to the current issue of "Real Issues" - could its authors consider this:-

We women just can't win. If we abort, we are murderers. (Is miscarriage manslaughter, by your reasoning?) If we become single mothers we are parasites, burdens on society and give up our own chance of a future. If we give the baby up for adoption, we suffer incalculable psychological stress, and so may our children, knowing only that their parents aren't their "real" family.

What about pregnant women, who are critically ill - and there has to be a choice made - them or their child?

What about women in third world countries, with numerous

children, no access to contraception, death from starvation staring at them - and they realise that they are pregnant again?

Let me tell you a story. The sister of a good friend of mine, who was a virgin and engaged, was raped. She fell pregnant and planned to have an abortion - but pressure from family and "friends", plus three pro-lifers who actually physically assaulted her when they learnt of her decision - changed her mind.

But - to make it worse - three months later she tested positive for AIDS.

My friend's sister committed suicide - at nineteen.

Abortion would not have solved all her problems, but it would have solved one - the terrifying, horrifying experience of carrying the dying baby of a rapist.

You say that everyone has a right to live. Do not these women also have such a right?

F. Pollock

History Dept.

Yvette the Unstable

Dear Yvette,

For a while I thought you actually believed in Christianity, and that this belief was the basis for all your Christian-related work this year on campus. Now I can clearly relate this behaviour to your claim that you are really only being "emotional and corny", and that your "personal relationship with Jesus", who no longer exists (if he ever did) is a result of your unstable frame of mind. This accounts for your claim, "you might think I'm being very emotional here, but it's true". Don't worry - I'm sure it is! Instead of trying to sort out these troubled emotions, by asking others, such as Heath Anderson, (who actually already has a stable emotional state, it seems) to believe in them too, I suggest that you use some of your time on campus to your advantage, and visit one of the student councillors in the hope of finding a solution other than God, which you yourself claim is "boring, pointless and basically a waste of time and effort".

Bill Harrison

3rd Year Arts

The Towering Inferno

Dear Steve and David,

Some of your readers will have been inconvenienced in recent weeks by evacuations from the Barr Smith Library. In each instance the evacuations were caused by false alarms. Air conditioning plants in Barr Smith Library and the Horace Lamb Building are being connected to fire alarm systems to increase the safety of these buildings. The technicians doing this work have had some problems with the circuitry.

I thank your readers who were caught by any of these false alarms for their cooperation in evacuating the library and I apologise for the disruption to their study. The efficient evacuation of a building as complex as the Barr Smith Library relies on the cooperation of the users, and the staff are appreciative of the prompt responses shown by users in these situ-

ations.

It is most important that every evacuation is treated as an emergency. When an evacuation is requested library users should leave the building from the closest exit. There are several exits on each level of the library. Using lifts or stairs during an emergency could be very dangerous. The central stairwell enclosed by fire doors should never be used during an evacuation. The fire doors are designed to cut off the oxygen supply to fires and opening those doors could make a small fire into an inferno, and/or produce a sudden gust of air strong enough to knock someone off their feet.

I hope that Barr Smith Library users will not be inconvenienced by more false alarms and I count on their continued help in keeping the library as safe as possible for users and staff.

Ray Choate
University Librarian
Mick Draper
Convener,
Barr Smith Library Health
Safety and Security Committee

Another Long Letter From A Christian

Dear Gordo (Heath En),

I think you'll find that the horrible consequences that have occurred in history via the religion "Christianity" (i.e. Spanish Inquisition, Aborigines, etc. ...), occurred due to the true gospel being overshadowed by institutionalism, construction of hierarchy, strict ritualism ... indeed overshadowed by "religion".

How a true 'Christian' Pope could murder so many people and still sleep at night, I don't know. Likewise, the early Australian missionaries loved the local tribe, but to let them enter the house? No way, stay outside you savage! Again I am puzzled at how a real Christian can do this.

But Gordo, please understand, and I am not making excuses for myself, but incidents like this happened when the real Gospel of Christ was forgotten. Heavens! I thought you'd notice if first.

As for our 'monopoly on fulfillment', you are absolutely correct. Who the hell do these churches think they are? The truth is that anything from boxing to rose pruning can be the Lord and Saviour of our life, no matter what anyone says.

But just remember that Jesus warned against idols, and that's exactly what things like that are ... but I suppose that's no use to you because you don't believe He was the Son of ... etc ... etc ...

Poll away! Go on, find out how many people hated the Campus Challenge. You'd be very foolish however. Jesus warned years ago that we would be rejected en masse, so why not go ahead and fulfill biblical prophecy?

Which reminds me, Gordo: In the light of your firm stance that there is no God, how can you explain the countless miracles that have happened and are still happening today? I don't mean the miracles of faith healing or personal salvation, which are not provided as proof to you, nor the miracle of a very, very crucified

man coming back to life. What I'm on about are those visions that occur to those who aren't "into religion", so therefore can be explained away by humanists as "hyped-up-hallucinations".

I'm talking about situations such like that of Rev. Allan Davies, of Adelaide who was a criminal, as far away from the Church as you could imagine, save for this Christian who kept wanting to pray for him. Whilst this man prayed, and while Mr Davies wished he'd hurry up and leave; something very unusual happened. The rest is history, and Allan Davies would only be too glad to tell you about it all, including the vision.

How, oh how, Gordo, do you explain that?

How do you explain a similar occurrence, some years ago now, of a man who persecuted the church (much more than you do) who had nothing to do with Christians, shown very much by his killing of them; who then claimed to have seen a vision of Jesus yelling "why do you persecute me?"

This wasn't hallucination. He wasn't lying. Indeed, St Paul of Tarsus went on to write a very big chunk of the New Testament.

Explain away, Gordo ...

I won't argue any other point you made, due to them involving belief in God, and it would be pointless to you.

I agree very much that christianity is only a small part of this world.

John Lennon was correct in saying that it would shrink; that his band was "more popular than Jesus". How very true, the fab four may have helped start the turning of the tide away from God.

But do I look worried? The Bible predicted this (read Revelation, Gordo, the book right at the end of the flower-presser) in quite some detail, but man the climax doesn't favour the Beatles.

Oh yer, that's another thing, explain all Bible prophecies that have happened not only in the past but also at the very present. With a bit of research, you will find many of them.

Comon on ... let's hear it ...

If you intend to answer this, and the previous challenge of visions, with the famous cop-out "I don't know", then you are stupid to leave it at that and be content with your lot. One day you might see that.

In closing, I acknowledge that you have experienced a religion. You have long, first hand knowledge of christianity.

Big deal

Church is boring, religion does nothing, christianity is hypocritical, rituals only wear out your knees!

Don't try religion. Try Jesus. The rest will then fall into place. I have a hunch you were at a relatively spiritually dead church, no offense.

I hope that you (and all people) will find strength to stand and grow without the crutch of "Gordolism-materialism".

All that you have now, will vanish in the next 80 odd years, you claim nothing more.

All that I have will last for beyond that; I claim nothing less.

Peter Wilson

2nd Year Science

**President
Wendy Wakefield**

**New Project/Research Officer
in the Students' Association**

Monica Carroll is the new SAUA Project/Research Officer, the position formerly held by Alan Fairley, who resigned in July. Monica undertook her undergraduate degree and is completing her postgraduate study at Adelaide University, and was a student representative both in the Union and on the University Education Committee. I am looking forward to working with Monica over the next few months, and welcome her to the SAUA.

Teaching Survey

Teaching Surveys and Education Bulletins will be arriving in your pigeon holes this week. Unfortunately there were hold-ups with the printers, so we have been unable to circulate them earlier. **Please complete the teaching survey - it will provide the Students' Association with your views about aspects of teaching at this University.**

Fire Exits in the Barr Smith Library

I was alarmed when I was informed by a student that he was unable to open one of the fire exits (because it was padlocked) in the Barr Smith Library during one of the false alarms a couple of weeks ago. After speaking with the Librarian, Ray Choate, it turns out that there are keys in glass cases (which you break in an emergency) to unlock the padlocks, which apparently complies with occupational health and safety regulations. The library will be placing clearer signs on the doors which indicate the location of the keys and how to open the doors. I will be monitoring this issue to ensure that the situation is improved satisfactorily. Thanks to the student who informed me of the problem.

Faculty Elections

A number of faculties will be holding elections soon for student representatives on Faculty and other committees. If there is voting in your Faculty over the next few weeks, make sure you vote. More and more crucial decisions are being devolved to Faculties under Area Management, so a student voice is essential.

1990 SAUA Orientation and Planning Retreat

The first SAUA Retreat was held in 1988 at Victor Harbour over two and a half days. It provided the new SAUA Councillors and members of Committees the opportunity to learn about the SAUA, their roles and to plan campaigns and events for the coming year. Some of the outcomes of that Retreat are still ongoing, including the SAUA's campaign to get the University to lift their game in the area of elections for student representatives on Faculties.

This year the Retreat is at Normanville, at the Dzintari Latvian Camp. The agenda is chocka block - it certainly is demanding of all the

new reps and especially office bearers and the President elect, who are expected to make presentations about their roles and goals for their term.

The agenda includes information and discussion sessions on the structure and history of the SAUA, the relationship of the SAUA with other organisations including the National Union of Students and the College student organisations with whom we are about to amalgamate, governance in the University, student unionism, issues in the higher education sector, and meeting procedure, as well as sessions devoted to planning for the coming year. Skills that the SAUA reps will learn on the Retreat will enhance their effectiveness as student representatives - which will benefit you, the students they represent.

SAUA Council

The next meeting of SAUA Council will be held on Wednesday October 24 at 6.15pm (venue to be decided - look out for it in next week's On Dit!). Everyone is welcome to attend and participate,

especially those who have not attended a SAUA Council meeting before. If you would like to raise an issue with me, don't hesitate to come and see me anytime, (I'm available outside office hours if you would like to see me then) in the SAUA Office, or leave me a note in my pigeon hole there.

**Women's Officer
Amy Barrett**

For the last four weeks, I have been your new Women's Officer, thanks to those who voted for me and those people who made such a superb effort to come out and show their support for the Women's Officer referendum.

I am available to talk to any student at any time about sexual harassment, child care, discrimi-

nation, etc., and will outline my ideas for actions in these areas in future On Dit columns.

Blue Stocking Week is this week (October 15th-21st) and is a week of celebrating women in University. Apparently, the intellectual men of the 18th century had a 'thing' about blue stockings and wore them whilst engaging in their academic pursuits - when women came to Uni they were derogatorily called 'blue stockings'. Today 'blue stockings' signify the struggle of women in Uni and this week will focus on some of the issues facing women both on and off campus.

Events planned are:

Tuesday, 1 pm - Champagne launch with Suzie Mitchell (author 'Tall Poppies' and 'Hot Shots') speaking. Union Gallery.

3 pm - Women's Health- Talk about women and eating disorders. North/South Dining Rooms.

Wednesday, 1 pm - Champagne/chicken lunch in Women's Room. All welcome.

6 pm - Films Focussing on Women's Issues

Thursday, 12 - 2 pm - Fair Day! Stalls in cloisters. Music by Guitar-playing folk legend Edwina Lucas.

3 pm - 'Women in the Ministry'. Talk on the controversial issue of the ordination of women. North/South Dining Rooms.

Friday

12:30-1:30 Talk on "Women in Recently Published Literature" by the owners of Murphy Sisters Bookstore. SACAE Kintore Avenue-Go to Scott Theatre and take lift to 7th Floor.

3 pm - Women's Happy Hour in the Women's Room. Drinks provided.

4 pm - Postgraduate students and women - everything you ever wanted to know about honours and postgraduate work. Panel discussion with Peggy Mares. North/South Dining Room.

• Get your blue stockings - wear them Tuesday - Friday and get involved in the week's activities - they should be lots of fun!

**BLUE STOCKING WEEK
OCTOBER 16-19**

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features

The ALP needs

Paul Keating for PM

In the present economic climate the Hawke ALP government is more concerned about preserving the welfare, health and education initiatives it and previous governments have made than attempting to build high spending government lead recovery plans which characterised the Whitlam government. At the least it seeks to shift the financial burden in health and welfare onto those who can afford to pay.

Privatisation of selected state enterprises is part of this strategy. Until recently, privatisation has been rejected by the ALP government for principally two reasons.

First, it went against existing (and considered fundamental) ALP policy. Second it was considered to be an unsound method to either improve the performance of the industry sector which the corporation was in, or to raise general revenue. It now appears clear that in certain cases privatisation can improve sector and the privatised corporation's performance.

It would appear that QANTAS for instance, would have become disastrously uncompetitive unless a major capital injection occurred. This is something that neither QANTAS nor the government can afford. It was presented with an either/or solution. Either you sacrifice welfare, health and education further or you sell off some of QANTAS. The government is now committed to selling 49%.

And so two major ideological principles of the ALP collide; the preservation of nationalised industries versus the maintenance of humane (socialist?) levels of the social wage.

Both these principles come out of the ALP's relationship with the trade union movement. The bulk of the ideology that is naturally associated with the ALP comes out of this relationship. The previously well established trade union/ALP objection to privatisation was that a) it removed public sector workers to the private sector making them more vulnerable to attacks on their wages and conditions; (b) it reintroduces the possibility of unfair competition within sector oligopolies which disadvantages workers as consumers (since state run enterprises 'keep them honest'); and (c) some industries and services are by their nature, best run by the government since it would be inappropriate that they be privately owned. (For instance water, gas and electricity are public resources and shouldn't be able to be bought and sold as private property. QANTAS doesn't seem to qualify here.)

The ALP has prided itself as the champion of the low income earner and the underprivileged. It maintains as its ideological goal the principle of equal opportunity. But what happens when its obvious that the economic cake is too small to give everyone access to a reasonable education, adequate health care and child care or even to keep alive those who haven't? Since Keating scratched high tax-

With the ALP anti-privatisation idol crumbling under the weight of economic necessity, the ALP now faces a problem of political identity. Whereas previously the party has been held together by a vision of a state enterprise-lead evolution to a democratic and popular capitalism, it is obvious now that the rhetoric is outdated. Mounting debt pressures and increasing cynicism from the population towards government (and indeed bureaucracies of any kind) has reversed the assumption that the ALP in power should expand the state into previously unregulated or unfunded areas. What vision for the ALP now? Steve Jackson reports.



The Australian Labor Party no longer has an identifiable set of principles underlying its policies. Paul Keating can stop the ad-hoc policy rot and stop the ALP's slide from electoral favour.

tion for high income earners as an option to redistribute wealth (since, so the argument goes it is a deterrent to career achievement and therefore excellence, not to mention ALP voting executives) economic growth remains the only viable option to improve the lot of the underprivileged. The policy ne-

This only goes to prove that there is no such thing as absolute principles in politics. But it goes further than that. With the economy in serious danger of disappearing down the third world debt plughole faster than the withdrawal of the plastic ten dollar note (only the most foolhardy ALP

only way to save sensitive areas of the welfare budget from the Treasury knife were to be to privatise a university, some hospitals or Australia's Railway system? The folly of the Thatcher years has shown that a firesale of government owned enterprises may keep some wealthier workers happy

'Once the privatisation door is open, policy commitment is always 'flexible'. Perhaps ALP commitment lies with the greatest pool of votes? Perhaps this is the new ALP ideology-follow the swinging voter.'

cessities imposed by this have caused the Left of the ALP considerable heartache. They are faced with supporting policies that may adversely affect the workers in the sold-off enterprise and indirectly other workers as consumers, in order to fund the ever increasing demands of health, education and welfare. With slashes to welfare now the norm every Budget night the ALP and especially the Left are faced with little choice: the anti-privatisation principle needs revision.

yes-men would deny this) the ALP is now in danger not just of having its diehard principles blurred by economic circumstance but in becoming uncertain of its priorities. While Keating no doubt has a vision of a new ALP ideological edifice to replace the Curtin inspired model, until he takes over from the tiring Hawke the electorate will remain without a clear understanding of the ALP's *raison d'être*.

For instance, how would the ALP react if in a couple of years the

when they buy shares and it may improve the look of the Budget in the short-term but it does not cure entrenched structural problems in the economy. It is a short term election winner that in the long term cures no ills.

But tell this to the single income earner with children who have had their childcare allowance slashed, or to someone structurally unemployed who has had their retraining programme scrapped.

What then? Where does the ALP commitment lie? Once the privati-

sation door is open policy commitment is always "flexible". Perhaps ALP commitment lies with the greatest pool of votes? Perhaps this is the new ALP ideology-follow the swinging voter.

At the last Federal election this poverty of principles within the ALP was not exploited by the Peacock Liberal Party. John Hewson is a different matter however. Aided by a stronger front bench and a clear commitment to building a Liberal Party fuelled by ideas, it will not be long before the electorate has a clear understanding of the basic principles underpinning Liberal policy. This is no doubt why Keating is increasing his profile in government in an attempt to give it a more defined ideological profile. The partial privatisation of the Victorian State Bank saw him promote it and left faction Premier Joan Kirner's input vigorously thereby conveying the impression that the ALP was entering a period of policy reappraisal from which nothing, not even State banks or the attitude of the Left, are immune.

Unlike the Liberal Party, ordinary ALP members expect to be treated with a little bit more respect than this however. Clyde Cameron, Minister in the Whitlam government, has been one of many to observe recently the noticeable decline of activity at the sub-branch level in the ALP. Obviously ordinary members no longer wish to be active in a Party where the leaders have gone ideologically AWOL, however 'good' their intentions.

Lets be clear about what is at stake here. Traditional ALP ideology may have been treated roughshod in the past (perpetual wage restraint imposed by the trade union is an obvious example) but at least it was given lip service in order to unify the Party. Whitlam believed in political centralisation of the Federation, he believed in a high social wage, he believed in expanding state run enterprises (buying back the farm). The fact that he largely failed on these three counts is inconsequential-other (economic/constitutional/political) factors could be blamed. The rhetoric could be kept intact.

Now that this rhetoric is being so openly fractured, it appears extremely unlikely that it will ever be revived.

With support continuing to drift away from the ALP it is time that a change is made. The 1990 Federal election primary vote of 39.4% was Labor's lowest since World War Two. As David O'Reilly wrote in the September 25 Bulletin: 'Bob Hawke has the dubious honour of presiding over a period in Australia's history which witnessed unprecedented growth in the number of electors turning their backs on the mainstream political parties.'

Time for Keating to put the ALP back on track? I think so.



109 Waymouth St, Adelaide, Ph 231 4602

Live Entertainment, 17th to 20th Oct.

Wed

John Thomassas

Party duo with a difference.
Live in the Saloon Bar.
Free admission

Thurs

Fern Black

The darker side of rock.
Live in the Saloon.
Free admission.

Fri

Grin Head

Rock and Roll to put a smile on your face.
Live in the Main Room.

Sat

Come and Lay down your Guns, Bust a move cause the Chain Reaction from the Juke Box in Siberia has us Thunderstruck.

Live Entertainment in the Main Room.
Free Admission before 9pm.

The Waymouth Tavern. An intimate atmosphere, friendly staff plus weekly drink specials in addition to weekly promotions. Open till 3am every night except Sundays until 8pm.

109 Waymouth St, Adelaide, Ph 231 4602

ON YOUR BIKE

Saturday, 1st December
11am Victoria Square
Bike Rally, culminating in
Environmental Picnic at
Rymill Park

Bring your friends and bring your bike to show your support for a car-free, green Adelaide!

TO ALL CONSTIPATED THESIS WRITERS
IF YOU ARE STILL WORKING IT OUT WITH A BIRO,
THIS IS FOR YOU!!

THESIS WRITING WORKSHOP OCTOBER 17

9.15 - 10.15 General session
UNION CINEMA LEVEL 5

Administration : regulations and guidelines, submission and examination, grievance procedures.
Library : facilities for postgrads., library searches, sources on writing/ editing/ referencing/ organising.
Typical hindrances : resources etc.

10.15 - 12.15 Faculty Panels
MEETING ROOMS 1,2,3 LEVEL 5
First draft, editing, pitfalls, time management.

12.15 - 1.00pm. Ordinary General Meeting
PGSA

At this meeting, committee representatives will be elected, and constitutional changes voted on.

1.00pm Lunch at the Union Bistro
(\$3.00 for participants)

~~RSVP~~ the PGSA Office, 2385898 ~~123456789~~

RSVP

Badics
Seaweed Evans
Edwina Lucas
My Love Simpson

Saturday 20 October
Adelaide University Bar
8pm \$6 SPU/\$9
Presented by the ANC Solidarity Group Adelaide University
All proceeds to the ANC

time to...

ACT UP

ACT-UP, the Active Coalition to Unleash Pride, is a broad, democratic activist organisation committed to safeguarding and extending the rights of people with HIV/AIDS and preventing the further spread of the virus. Here they outline the nature of their struggle

SILENCE=DEATH

We are here to say that there is no "National Strategy on AIDS" that we can see, nor can there be one until people with HIV and AIDS are given a voice in their future, and until treatments are made available which will save their lives.

Let me tell you about "The three biggest lies in AIDS in Australia today". 1. The Australian Government's approach to AIDS is a model for the rest of the world;

2. Now that we have AZT, HIV has become a chronic, manageable disease; and

3. You catch more flies with honey than vinegar, so it's better to try to change things slowly and gently from within the system, rather than to rock the boat and upset everybody.

1. The Australian Government's approach to this crisis has been excellent in terms of education and prevention campaigns. But what about the people who have HIV and AIDS? Where are the treatments they so desperately need? Where are the seventy five drugs which are in use overseas, while we have only five?

2. One drug - especially such an unsatisfactory one as AZT - does not change HIV into a manageable disease. AZT makes half of the people who take it ill and the other half have to stop taking it after a year. What do they do then?

3. AIDS service organisations depend largely on the government for funding. They have become normalised, bureaucratised, and complacent. They cannot speak freely or agitate loudly for a change. Only ACT UP has that freedom. Only ACT UP can speak out, pressure and agitate. ACT UP is the conscience of the bureaucracy.



SILENCE=DEATH

We, as People Living With AIDS (PLWAs) and their advocates, express our outrage that government bureaucrats, pharmaceutical executives, researchers, doctors, and the media have locked us out of decisions affecting our lives. We demand access to all information and a strong voice in all decisions affecting our lives. We demand that the Australian government recognise its moral responsibility to its citizens with HIV and AIDS. We are prepared to hold our breath until we are satisfied that our demands have been met.

We Demand:

1. Equal access to medical, social, and educational services relating to HIV and AIDS for all Australians who need them, regardless of geographical location or income.

2. Access to effective research programmes for HIV/AIDS. These programmes must be designed to save the lives of the thousands of people who will otherwise die of AIDS in the next three years. They must offer equal access to women, people of colour, injecting drug users, and children.

3. A national trials and treatments agenda which is determined by the government with input from AIDS activists and the infected communities - not by drug companies and clinicians. This policy must have at its heart a proactive, aggressive approach to seeking treatments for trialling and testing. Drugs must be trialled at the initiative of the government, because of interest in the public health, not at the prompting of drug companies for profit motives.

4. That the media cease using the AIDS crisis as a vehicle for sensationalism, and adopt a responsible and constructive approach to reporting of AIDS issues. The media must not promote hysteria to sell copy; instead they must help combat the AIDS-phobia and bigotry rampant in this

country. They must present positive images of the thousands of people living with HIV and AIDS who struggle to lead their lives in the face of this epidemic. In particular the widespread use of inflammatory or isolating language, which is contrary to medical understanding and which dehumanises people with AIDS must cease. We vehemently reject the use of inaccurate terms such as "AIDS -test, -carrier, -blood, -victims, and innocent victims".

5. Civil rights for all people living with HIV and AIDS, and those perceived to have HIV or AIDS. We need anti discrimination legislation - and the enforcement of that legislation - protecting jobs, housing, and access to services; full legal recognition of lesbian, gay and bisexual relationships; respect for transsexual rights; anonymous and absolutely confidential HIV antibody testing as well as pre- and post test counselling; housing that meets the medical needs of PLWAs; substance abuse treatment; the right to bear implements for self administration of drugs; and the right of people with life threatening conditions to choose treatments they deem beneficial for themselves.

6. An end to compulsory HIV antibody testing and quarantine under any circumstances. This includes for migrants, international travellers, and prisoners. The government must make good its stated opposition to compulsory testing.

7. The same standard of care and treatment for prisoners as for the general population. Prisoners must have access to positive safe sex and intravenous education, and the means to practice it. They must be provided condoms, sterilising solutions such as bleach, and clean kits. Segregation of HIV positive prisoners must be outlawed.

8. Continuation of a nationalised healthcare system guaranteeing equal access to treatment and care, regardless of ability to pay.

9. Real national strategy on AIDS which addresses all these demands, and which is actually implemented on all levels of government and community. This policy and all its manifestations, including funding allocations, must be publicly accountable to the communities affected by AIDS, their advocates and AIDS activists.



SILENCE=DEATH

An Adelaide ACT UP group was formed at a public meeting on Friday September 21. Inspired by the effective and creative activism of the North American, British, and other Australian groups, 50 people launched ACT UP Adelaide.

The first action is planned for 30 November, one day before World AIDS Day. It will highlight the drastic situation in prison where there is compulsory AIDS testing but no needles, condoms, bleach or explicit safer HIV preventative materials. There is widespread unsafe needle use and unsafe sex in South Australian prisons. Prisoners with HIV infection need that same care and treatment as the general population.

The inaugural ACT UP meeting also targeted lack of services for people with HIV infection, the lack of availability of drugs and drug tests in Australia; the prejudice and inadequate services people with HIV infection face in South Australian hospitals; the prejudice from the media towards people with HIV infection; interference and prejudice from religious leaders and some parts of the organised church.

ACT UP believes that the AIDS crisis calls for a broad movement of people actively engaged in ending the epidemic. ACT UP Adelaide is seeking those who will commit themselves to participate in forms of non violent direct action including civil disobedience.

A public meeting at 5pm, Wednesday 25 November at Darling House, 64 Fullarton Road Norwood will organise the action planned at a prison on 30 November. Please attend.



Hilton Hotel

May 1991 heralds the Adelaide University Union Graduation Ball, to be staged in the Hilton Hotel Ballroom. To mark the occasion the Hilton is offering some very special room rates to people who attend this august occasion. Paul Champion took it upon himself to stay at the hotel and discover the truth behind the legend that is the Hilton.

Hilton, like Rolls Royce or Wedgwood, is synonymous with excellence in its field. The world over, Hilton Hotels are recognized for the high quality of their facilities, the excellent service of their staff, and the extraordinary speed with which they can race an ice bucket up to your room. As I discovered, one of these is a lie.

My first contact with the hotel was with Ms Yvonne Nicolas, the super efficient public relations manager who granted my request of a double room plus breakfast, for the purpose of reviewing the hotel. The idea of a complimentary dinner, although mooted, was tactfully knocked on the head. My stay was for one Friday evening, or more specifically, noon on Friday to 11am Saturday when the cleaning colossus wheels its way through the hotel, undoing the wrongs of restless sleepers, sloppy eaters, and honeymooning couples.

Putting their 12noon arrival time to the test, I arrived at a quarter past. Sure enough, a reservation had been made for me, and I was handed a receipt with the pleasant information "Room rate \$40.00" and my key. Hilton keys come on an immense plastic key ring about 15 centimetres long, the idea being that they should be hard to lose, or easy to remember if you're carrying one. This too proved to be a lie.

The lifts in the hotel are neat. Reasonable prompt to arrive and relatively quick, they are also possessed of charming décor. As you face away from the door there are two mirrors placed in 45° angles in the corners, something of a theme throughout the hotel, and are great for people like me who like to exercise a degree of subtlety when admiring their own reflection. Despite the complimentary status of my room, I was on the 10th floor (nice one Yvonne). The view faced both south and east, taking in a sweeping panorama of our beautiful city from the edge of the Standard Chartered building in all its glittery glory, out to some nameless beachfront suburb, with all manner of things in between. This was primarily Victoria Square, which I now know to be best viewed from around 35 metres above. The city emblem is laid out in purple and yellow flowers in an ornate ceremonial flower bed in Victoria Square, put there no doubt for people like me in elevated rooms. The bed was huge, king size, accommodating the most expansive and enthusiastic of sleepers. A mirrored closet had ample room for a weary traveller's clothes, and a mirrored toilet door (how about those mirrors!) led to

the en suite. There is a bath, although it is not of what could be expected of a bath in the Hilton. It accommodates one person in reasonable comfort, and two in unreasonable discomfort. Three or more people would be recommended to pursue their aquatic delights in the Hilton's spa after nightfall. The shower offers hot sudsy action aplenty with a power jet of massaging heat that just doesn't know when to quit. Thrown into the deal is a hardy rack for luggage, a TV to pacify the mind, and the mini bar.

The mini bar spreads itself throughout a small fridge and the

"A local call costs 80c. This amounts to 22c of telecommunication and 58c of ambience."

three shelves above it. The contents could be reasonably carried in a John Martins bag. Upon your arrival you are able to sample from any of the following; individual 375 ml bottles of Yalumba Cabernet Shiraz, Yalumba Semillon Chardonnay (chilled of course), an Australian champagne, and a French champagne the name of which eludes me. Your taste runs to spirits? In this event feel free to down a 50 ml bottle of any one of a number of spirits; gin, scotch, bourbon, vodka, and mixers are found in the fridge. Beer, Evian, chocolate milk, cashew nuts, chips, even a humble Mars bar can be found there too. This being the Hilton however, there is nothing humble about this otherwise pedestrian confectionery. It comes with a \$2.00 price tag, which you would be hard pressed to find in even the most venal corners of the Royal Show.

The Hilton is a corporation which knows its way around a mark up. The room's telephone (dial 4 for room service, 9 for the operator) allows calls to anywhere in the world at your leisure, and, naturally, at your expense. A local call costs 80c. This amounts to 22c of telecommunication and 58c of ambience. When however one considers that Telecom habitually levies an 8c ambience charge for calling from a less than private phone booth, the Hilton's fee seems more reasonable. I immediately put the phone to the test and rang up three or four people to tell them that I was calling from the Hilton. My smug feeling grew. I left and went back to work.

Following an afternoon of costing people with my Hilton key

ring ("Know what this is...?") I returned with my companion to the hotel. My creeping feelings of cleverness were justified by the presence of a bottle of French champagne left by the publicity manager (no worries Yvonne). It was the only unexpectedly complimentary beverage I came across during my time at the hotel. So, having looked at the view again, marvelled at the mirrored magic of the room (more 45° mirrors) and given the bed a few tentative bounces and full scale flops, we decided to take the bold step of asking for room service.

Room service is truly a noble institution. Remember when you used to be sick in bed and you could call your parents and ask them to bring you things, and they would? That's a lot like room service except room service are a little less prompt, but they don't care about the state of your room. We phoned, asked for an ice bucket, and began to contemplate the chilled delights of our champagne. So we lay about the room for a bit.

Then we admired the view. Then we wondered where our ice bucket was.

I called room service again. They were polite but firm. The hotel was very busy but our ice bucket was on its way. I relaxed and returned to the room service menu. Twenty four hours a day one has access to the Hilton's room service menu which has a range of starters costing around \$10.00 and meals at around \$15.00. To their eternal shame the Hilton does not cater at all well for vegetarians, having only one or two dishes without meat. Much to their credit, however, they have a nicely put together wine list, and one sleeps safe in the knowledge that a bottle of Hill of Grace is only a phone call and \$36.00 away at any hour of the day or night.

But I even found difficulty in taking solace from this thought as forty five minutes later, still no ice bucket had arrived. If such a simple thing as a bucket of ice could not be arranged, how would they deal with a complex task such as, for example, getting me a bottle of wine? Using marvellously addled thought processes we reasoned that standing in the corridor would doubtless hasten the arrival of the much sought after ice bucket. It was at this time that we locked ourselves out of our room.

Remember how the ugly keyring was supposed to avoid this unpleasant occurrence? It doesn't. I stood in the corridor without my shoes, in jeans and a polo shirt, and thought about the security conscious nature of a self locking door. And what a pain in the arse it is.

Having now fully embraced the role of the simple minded guest, I shared a lift with two American conference delegates down to the reception, where I explained my predicament.

"I've locked myself out of my

A night of pleasure

room," I said shoelessly.

No smile, no sympathy, no acknowledgement of the humour of the situation. Instead all I got was another key, thank god.

Back at the room we remained iceless. Now near desperate, we ordered food; two vegetarian toasted sandwiches, garlic bread, French Fries, and strawberries with cream for two. We also explained that an hour had passed since we had first called and all that had happened was that the complimentary champagne had become closer to room temperature. We were given profuse (but not gushy) apologies and the assurance that it would be rushed to us.

One hour after we had asked for it, our dream of an ice bucket became a reality. Entirely to their credit, realising that there had been a cock up with the ice bucket, our meal appeared with all due haste. The sandwiches and garlic bread were pleasant, the fries were well enough prepared to be discerned from the fish 'n' chip shop variety, but the *piece de resistance* was the strawberries with cream. A seemingly simple piece of work, they were unspeakably delightful, the strawberries intensely flavoured and the cream fresh. The complimentary champagne may well have been the French equivalent of Seaview Brut, but that's not a dishonourable thing. Later reclining in a champagne and straw-

berry flavoured haze, it was deemed that roomservice weren't such a bad bunch of guys after all, the bed was one of great comfort, and that I would name my first born after the man at reception who gave me the spare key.

If one feels a touch smug upon first occupying a room, then it is a near holy feeling one experiences upon confronting the dawn, naked and well rested, from a tenth floor window. Or maybe it was just the knowledge that a complimentary

continental breakfast was on its way. Sunrise over the city was a becalming experience, much as I imagine sunset is on the other side of the building, and I whiled away the time till breakfast directing thoughts of "I'm at the Hilton and you're not" at the people below. Naturally they were entertained with no malice, just the overwhelming feeling of corpulent self satisfaction and wellbeing which I imagine settles upon many guests of the Hilton.

Breakfast at the Hilton is a magnificent occasion. Room service bring it punctually at the time specified on your order form the night before. A marvellous feature of room service is that they don't look at you when they come in; you could be committing an unholy sin in the eyes of god, and they would not ask if you wanted it on the table. Unless you were already using the table. With regard to breakfast, the pastries and croissants were delicious, the orange juice freshly squeezed, and the menu has a wide selection of yummy dishes to choose from.

Given that we had to be packed and ready to go at 11 am, we decided on a lightning fast tour of some of the other facilities. We settled on the spa and pool which share a floor with the in-house hairdresser and in-house investment adviser. The pools are situated on the sundeck, nice when the weather is pleasant but we

were assailed by seemingly sub-Arctic winds whipping about us as we endeavoured to spa ourselves into a hedonistic coma.

I actually felt a little sad on my way to the desk to check out. Through its combination of name, image, and the quality of its services and facilities, a room at the Hilton has a particular charm. It engenders a downright cozy feeling of luxury and privilege, aside from the physical comfort perpetually at hand for one to immerse oneself in. Unfortunately, the spirit of the ice bucket reappeared. We were overcharged \$60.00 for clerical services never received. It was politely and professionally dealt with, however, and eventually we settled the bill, amounting to around \$50.00 of shameful pleasure. When I think about it, I even enjoyed the things I paid for. On a night of complimentary occupancy, no higher compliment can be paid to this hotel.

The standard rate for rooms at the Hilton are, according to the brochure we received, as follows:

Single Room \$175.00
Twin Room \$190.00
Double Room \$205.00

For attendees at the Graduate Ball special rates apply. Contact the Hilton Hotel for details.



Oct. 19. 8pm
FLIPPER DOWN DALLAS

Adelaide Uni. Bar.

Students : Free
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Adelaide University Bar
8pm \$6 SP/\$9

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Tim Bowden- A Lifetime of Backchat

OD: I believe you were born in Hobart, and attended the University of Tasmania. How relevant has your university education been to your career?

TB: It was terribly important to my parents. My father always felt that he had been cheated in not being able to make the best of himself through education, so it was terribly important in his mind that I got a university degree.

I wanted to be a journalist, so I did the university course part-time, and I stayed there for five years, which was an eternity! Anyway, I got the degree.

As to whether it's been useful, I think so—education always is—but I don't think it made a difference in terms of what I've done or where I've been. It was a bullshit degree, I have to tell you, because all I did was feed back the stuff that I'd been taught. But it's nice to know the degree is there.

OD: After you graduated, you worked for the BBC's General Overseas Service in London. How did you get into that?

TB: I knocked at the door and said "here I am." I had radio skills by that stage—when I was working at the Hobart *Mercury*, I was introduced to somebody from the ABC who suggested that I do some freelance work—and so when I went to England I knew enough to be able to get some work with the BBC.

Now producers in those days sent freelancers out to do interviews and then the producer would get the tape and edit it. Freelancers didn't edit their own work, but I did, so if a producer hired me he knew that he would have more time to go to the pub...

So I went around and interviewed the people I'd always wanted to meet: Frank Mulr, Dennis Norden, Alistair Cooke. So I did that for a couple of years and then came back to Australia.

OD: Besides London, you've worked in a variety of places: Laos, Vietnam, Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines, New York and, of course, Sydney and Hobart. How have these places influenced you?

TB: Asia fascinated me. Australia had suddenly woken up to the fact that we do live in this part of the world, that there wasn't a magical umbilical cord connecting us with Britain. It was exciting, there was a lot going on at the time. There was confrontation between Malaysia and Indonesia, and the Vietnam War was gearing up with President Johnson putting half a million men into South-East Vietnam. Some of the people I've interviewed and books I've done have got an Asian connection—George Aspinall in *Changi Photographer*, and Neil Davis in *One Crowded Hour*, for example. So yes, Asia did have a big influence on me.

OD: Speaking of your books, I believe *The Way My Father Tells It* began as a family history project based on tapes recorded by your father. What made you decide to publish it?

TB: Like many Australians, I knew very little about my own family. When my mother died in 1982, I became acutely conscious of the fact that my father was in his seventies, that he was the last alive of the six children in his family, and with him would die the memory of not only his generation but the two generations before. So I encouraged him to talk about his upbringing, and I set down general questions about the food he ate, the people who visited the house, the entertainment, and so on.

Towards the end of 1987 or 1988, I showed some of the transcripts to Nina Riemer, a senior editor at ABC Enterprises, and she suggested that I keep in mind the idea of a book...and the book eventually happened.

OD: How did you feel about hearing about your father's past?

TB: I was interested in a general sense because I work in the area of oral history and it's indulgent to start work on your own family. Mind you, I didn't feel too guilty because we were always bullying people to do the same!

My father asked me if he should try to censor what he said, and I told him to trust me and to tell the story, and we would edit it later. We didn't censor anything except in the case of an emotional attachment where existing parties could have been hurt. So I did a terrible thing for an oral historian to do—I erased the tape and destroyed the manuscript...

OD: *The Way My Father Tells It* is also a social history of Tasmania. Do you have any idea why Tasmania is still seen as the backwater of Australia?

TB: Is it?

OD: I find that is the case, yes.

TB: Well, I see Tasmania as being the testicle of Australia: suffusing the mainland with strength and vigor. What a pity there's only one of them!

There are all these jokes—"Come to Tasmania where two heads are better than one"—but you'll find that said about the backblocks of certain areas of New South Wales, I suppose. It is all just a joke, really.

OD: Turning to another one of your books, *One Crowded Hour* is being made into a mini-series by the South Australian Film Corporation. What control do you have over that?

TB: (matter-of-factly) None...once they get the rights to the book, that is it.

But I do trust them. Jock Blair, the Head of Drama, came to me before the book was written to say that they were interested, that it was a terrific story. I know Neil liked the work of the SA Film Corp, and that if his story were going to be done he would prefer it to be done by an Australian company.

Since then, I've been taken on a research trip through South-East Asia to help prepare the treatment for the series. Tony

Tim Bowden, presenter of the ABC's *Backchat* programme and author of biographies *George Aspinall-Changi Photographer* and *Neil Davis-One Crowded Hour*, is undoubtedly one of the country's leading journalists and philanthropists. Born in Tasmania—"the testicle of Australia, suffusing the mainland with strength and vigor" as he says, Bowden has just released his personal family history "*The Way My Father Tells It*". Stephanie Pribil spoke with Tim Bowden about his life and work.



lan Warden,
Canberra Times,
7 December 1988

Morphett, who is one of Australia's best screenwriters, is working on the project, and I have every confidence the project will be extremely well done.

OD: As you said, *Changi Photographer* also has that link with Asia. Where did the idea come from for this project?

TB: I was doing some programmes for the ABC on prisoners-of-war of the Japanese, and I heard about this chap [George Aspinall] who had taken photographs in Changi and on the Burma railway, so I went to see him. At one stage of the interview, I asked him how many photos he had taken, to which he replied "about a hundred", and when I asked him how many he had left, he pulled out a drawer which held about sixty mouldy, water stained negatives...

Even then, the penny didn't drop! A week later when I was in the shower—where great ideas often strike—I said "Ah, there's a book in that!"

So I suggested to George that we do a book together, and that's just what we did. The book won a design award, which I was delighted about for the designer Maree Cunningham, and I was also quite amused because the wording of the award said "for enhancing marginal material" and I hoped

that referred to George's shadowy photos rather than my prose!

OD: You also produced a radio series called *Taim Bilong Masta*, about the Australian involvement in Papua New Guinea. In the book of the same name, the author Hank Nelson comments that you "had previously demonstrated an interest in Australians on the margin." Where does that interest come from?

TB: I was influenced by the BBC's Michael Mason series *Plain Tales from the Raj* in which British people who had lived in India talked about the experience. I had also done some documentaries on people in the Northern Territory—Kidman, for example—so I had an interest in "the frontier" wherever it was.

I had never been to Papua New Guinea before '79 or '80, and I did most of the interviewing in Australia because we were looking at the Australian experience. I was actually allowed to work for two years on the series with Hank. He was the academic and I was the journalist.

OD: He also said that you were working seven days a week on the project. After putting such an effort into your work,

Anyone who was offended had X-Ray vision to see through guitars, or a vivid imagination, because those guitars cover a multitude of skins.

Last Thursday, for example, Mr Bowden appeared shirtless behind his desk so as to give an impression of nudity while discussing listener's letters about an appearance by a rock band calling themselves The Lubricated Goats on *The Goats*...

Mitzi Charlesworth (Forest Lodge, NSW) correctly predicted that flak would blizzard in about the segment, and observed the naked band's performance very closely to spot any 'full frontal affrontment'.

en said that musicians' guitars are phallic symbols, but I am not so sure. From the glimpses of the band's 'equipment' seen that night, I am persuaded that their guitars are a gross misrepresentation of the truth. As a result I insist that if the ABC repeats such a performance, any nude band be only allowed to play ukeleles. They are about the correct size.

Frankie, NSW) believed that *The Lubricated Goat Segment* was a ptempt to provoke—and he was provoked.

But she seemed to actually like them. I don't improve, but are any publicity stills available that the ABC had sunk to the depths of depravity. I don't improve, but are any publicity stills available that the ABC had sunk to the depths of depravity. I don't improve, but are any publicity stills available that the ABC had sunk to the depths of depravity.

have you ever been disappointed with the result? Or are you usually quite satisfied?

TB: Oh, it's for other people to judge, really. I mean, *Taim Bilong Masta* ended up being the *Blue Hills* of documentary making—twenty four episodes of forty five minutes each, plus the book and tapes. It had broken new ground, and people had expressed appreciation for it, so by that yardstick it was satisfying.

OD: And what about *Backchat* at the moment?

TB: I think the continuing success of *Backchat* is due not to what I do but to people's fascination with what other people have to say about the programmes that they have views on.

OD: There is now *The Backchat Book*, too. In it, you reproduce parts of an article written by Jaci Wiley and printed in *On Dit*. The article analysed *Inspector Gadget*, and was used as the basis for an edition of *Backchat*.

TB: (grinning)—we were very grateful to *On Dit* for allowing us to use it.

OD: What was the general reaction to it?

TB: I think people were amused by the heavy analysis of *Inspector Gadget*, but there was no specific reaction to it.

OD: You are also working fulltime with the ABC Social History Unit. What does that involve?

TB: It's effectively making programmes and documentaries based on oral history interviews. We have three programmes: *Talking History* (Sat 1.30pm), which is a sort of history magazine; and there's *Word of Mouth* (Sat 9.45am), which is a classic piece of oral history; and there's the feature (Sun 1.30pm), where we do set pieces, for instance the Anne Whitehead series on the William Lane "Utopian" colony.

OD: What projects do you have in mind for the future?

TB: More of the same. Writing books based on oral history is an interest of mine that will continue. I'll probably do a light-hearted book on Antarctica, and I have some more material on prisoners-on-war. Beyond that, I haven't thought.

"The...the editors are given...enormous independence."

THE MAN

At the age of thirty two Peter Blunden could hardly have believed his luck when Rupert Murdoch appointed him editor of a leading Australian daily. Like it or not, *The Advertiser* is one of the most popular newspapers in the country, being read by over 210,000 people every day. It is also one of the most commercially viable. For a man of Blunden's years to be given the responsibility of editing such a successful paper is quite remarkable and says something about his experience and ability.

Peter Blunden is a dyed-in-the-wool News Limited journalist. His career began fifteen years ago in Sydney where he completed a cadetship with the *Australian* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. After a period doing various rounds on *The Australian* he came to Adelaide in 1980 and spent two years running a two person news bureau with Peter Ward. He then moved back to Sydney where he was a general reporter, and in 1985 was appointed chief of staff for the Canberra Bureau of News Limited.

From 1985 to 1988 he held the position of chief of staff on the *Australian* as assistant news editor, and in 1988 presided over the launch of the *Weekend Australian* colour magazine, which he also edited.

The magazine has done very well," Blunden says. "The *Weekend Australian's* circulation is very strong and the magazine has proved to be a valuable asset to the paper."

THE PARISH PUMP

As a journalist whose entire career has been spent in the eastern states, Blunden has probably heard more than a few snide remarks about the "parish pump" mentality which critics of *The Advertiser* believe it embodies. It is no secret that *The Advertiser* is held in low esteem interstate and that its reputation amongst journalists and the top end of the market is poor. However, while Blunden says that "it is very important for the paper not to be too parochial", he simultaneously denies that the paper suffers from parochialism or a poor interstate reputation.

"I disagree very strongly that its got a bad reputation interstate. I think its viewed as one of Australia's top newspapers. It has a very solid readership, and a very loyal readership. I also believe *The Advertiser* has a very intelligent readership. It's an institution in Adelaide. There is not a problem with any particular section of the market as I see it. I certainly think that its reputation is strong outside of South Australia."

Blunden's words seem less than convincing when you consider the bevy of abuse *The Advertiser* receives in journalistic circles. Much of *The Adelaide Review's* success can be attributed to its commitment to *Tiser-bashing*. It would be a tiresome task indeed to chronicle the amount of flak the paper receives from respected journalists. For example, when Brian Toohy, ex-editor of *The National Times*, was asked what journalists interstate thought of *The Advertiser*, he replied "They don't".

Blunden insists that such comments do not reflect the consensus. "Everyone's entitled to their personal view," he says, arguing that *The Advertiser* has an established recipe for success which he will maintain.

"The events of South Australia must be covered very thoroughly. We've got to bring to South Australia the best, most authoritative coverage of local events. But at the same time we've got to use that within a blend of news which ensures that we inform our readers about national and international stories as well. There must be a mix of stories to create a balance so that we provide a service for all of our readers."

THE AKERMAN YEARS

Blunden has come to *The Advertiser* at the tail end of what could be fairly described as

one of the darker periods in its history. Under Piers Akerman, editor for a period twenty-two months, criticism of the paper reached new levels. Before Akerman took over, the paper had experimented with alterations to its format and content, most of which were well received. The international news, entertainment and features sections expanded, and a colour supplement was incorporated into the Saturday magazine. These changes were scrapped after his arrival.

Akerman's time at *The Advertiser* was marred by allegations from senior *Advertiser* journalists and the Australian Journalists Association that the *Advertiser* staff were forced to work in an atmosphere of intimidation.

Blunden is not prepared to discuss the

The Advertiser is a paper with a long history of parochialism. For the last one hundred and thirty-two years it has "made our day" with a combination of extremely local news and extremely human interest stories. Its vision rarely ever extends beyond the boundaries of South Australia and is more commonly focussed on such phenomenal events as pensioners who derive pleasure from their twenty-six pet cats or brave men who retrieve trapped toddlers from storm water drains.

Whether this reflects on the paper or the city is hard to say. However, since it was bought out by Rupert Murdoch, the place and role of *The Advertiser* within South Australia has altered drastically.

The Advertiser has to be taken extremely seriously- not because of its content but because of its position, like so many others over the world, as a Murdoch-owned newspaper. Apart from the Murdoch-owned *Australian* and the tabloid *News* - itself connected in a variety of ways with Murdoch's News Limited- *The Advertiser* is Adelaide's only daily paper.

Is there a quality newspaper in South Australia? Is there diversity of opinion in the South Australian print media?

David Penberthy posed these and other questions to newly appointed editor of *The Advertiser*, Mr. Peter Blunden.

events of the past, whatever they may have been.

"I have come here as the new editor. I'm looking at where the paper stands now and where the paper is going in the future. I wasn't here in that time so I'm in no position to comment on what happened and what didn't happen."

When Akerman arrived at *The Advertiser* in October 1988 he announced that "the kind of journalism they have been practising in Adelaide is antique" and set about to change it. Under his editorship, the paper took an active role in areas of public policy and was criticised for its apparent willingness to support groups such as the development lobby and for embroiling itself in the internal politics of the Adelaide City Council. Human interest projects such as *The Adelaide Vines* and *The One and All* were given no small amount of attention.

Can *Advertiser* readers expect a similarly strident paper under Blunden?

"I think that there is very much a role for aggressive journalism which was enforced by Piers," he says. "We have to be prepared to tackle tough issues. It is definitely something which will continue in the future."

On the issue of whether or not such crusading calls into question the notion of media objectivity, Blunden is adamant that "it is the role of every newspaper, particularly through its editorials, to voice an opinion." This does not mean, however, that other opinions will be suppressed.

"*The Advertiser* has a superb forum for its readers to give their opinions as well. I would say that *The Advertiser* has the best letters page in the country. It devotes far more space

than any other paper to letting readers have their say. There's no fear or favour in what we print in those columns."

THE STAFF

One of the problems Blunden will face as editor is *The Advertiser's* poor retention rate of cadet journalists. Speak to any cadet who has worked or is working for the paper and they feel no particular fondness for it. Most cadets treat their training with *The Advertiser* as a necessary evil which must be endured before they can escape to another newspaper.

Blunden hedged around the question of losing cadets and discussed instead the need to appeal to younger readers.

ism, democracy and the free expression of ideas (the fundamental reason they decided to become a journalist) and the unnerving knowledge lurking deep down inside that the man who pays their wages probably owns far too great a proportion of the print media.

Unsurprisingly, Blunden spent a great deal of time twirling his biro when I asked him about the relationship between editor and owner at *The Advertiser*.

"The...the editors are given... enormous independence. I edit the newspaper. I decide what goes in and what doesn't."

Just by way of hypothesis, what would happen, say, if an *Advertiser* journalist wrote a feature criticising media ownership laws and arguing for more diversity of opinion in the South Australian print media?

Almost before I could complete the suggestion, Blunden interrupted: "That's a comment... not a feature."

"People are entitled to their opinions. If we had a balanced story with a whole range of views on the subject that would be fine. What you're suggesting is that somebody writes a piece attacking something. That's not a feature, that's a... go on..."

While he hastened to add that such a piece, if objectively researched and written, would be published in *The Advertiser*, it tempting to conclude that in the world of News Limited, a good Murdoch man knows that some things are best left unsaid.

Blunden does not believe that anything vaguely resembling a media monopoly exists in South Australia.

"I feel that there is diversity of opinion in the SA print media" he says. "We've got three newspapers here that are entitled to take whatever stand they want on any issue. I don't think we always agree on where we stand. It would be pretty boring if that was the case."

There are those who argue that it is pretty boring, and again, they include members of the *Advertiser's* own staff. A number of *Advertiser* journalists have informed me that, on occasions, they have been asked to rewrite stories which appear in *The Australian* and turn them into pieces for *The Advertiser*. They have also claimed that when *The Australian* appears at 10:30 pm *The Advertiser* will alter its layout and the priority which stories are given in the paper.

Blunden is adamant that this does not occur.

"Never. Utter nonsense. It does not happen. If we see a copy of *The Australian* we're hardly like to change anything because of the way they've done it. It's a different newspaper with a totally different market. It's a national newspaper. We have nothing to do with it. Nothing whatsoever. We don't use any news stories which are the same as *The Australian*. We sometimes, as with any paper on any given day, cover the same story, but it's not the same copy. They're written by different journalists and I can ensure you that there's no liaison whatsoever- none at all- between *The Advertiser* and *The Australian*."

If there is "no liaison whatsoever" between *The Australian* and *The Advertiser*, what about its relationship with *The News* and *The Messenger*? The three papers share the same printing presses, and, more importantly, the same photo and cutting libraries. I was told by a senior *Advertiser* journalist that the situation has already created a number of problems in terms of access to information. When I asked Blunden what exactly isn't shared between the three papers, he replied, after a long pause, "Where can I start?"

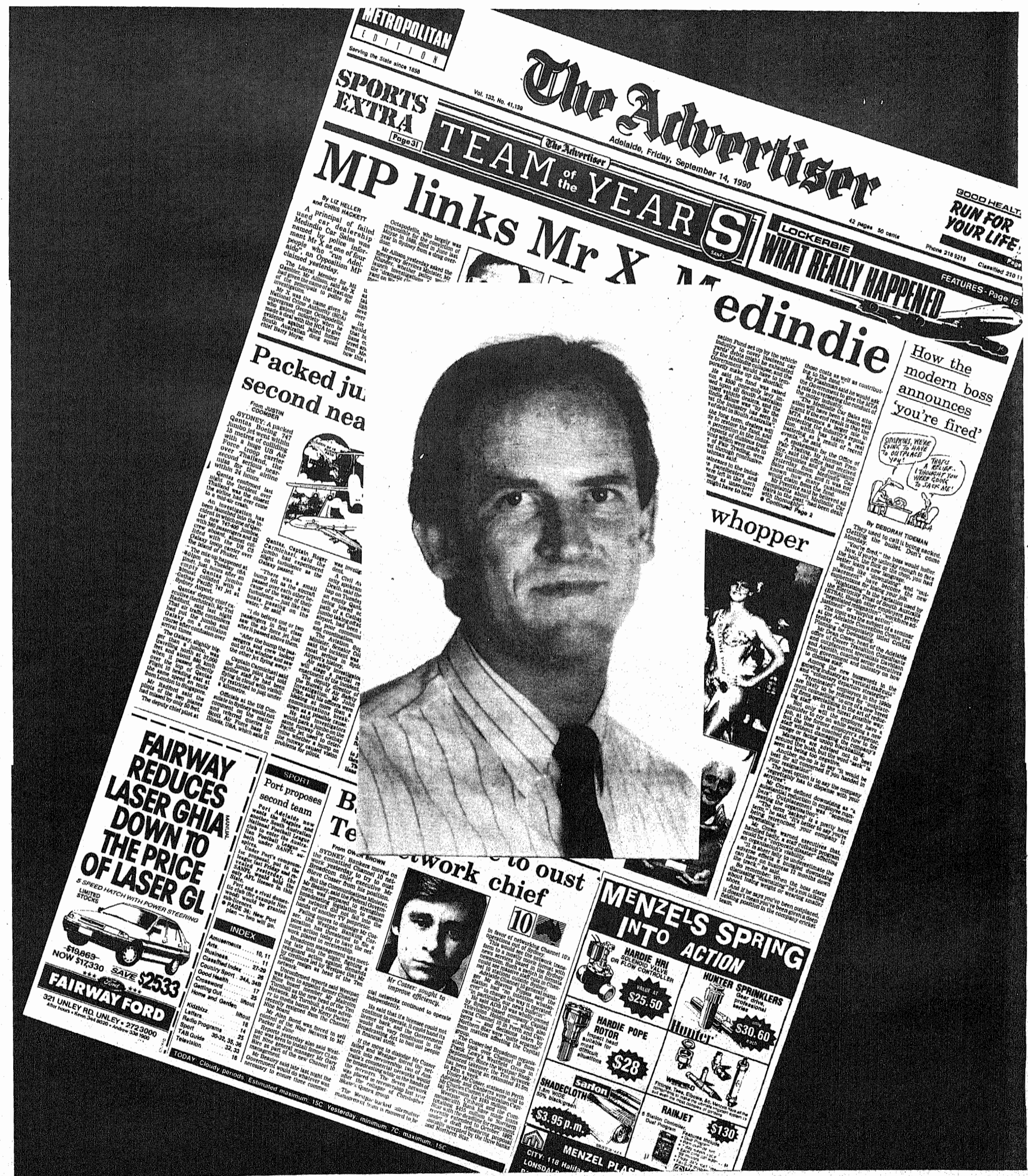
"We have totally separate staff, we have nothing to do with *The News* whatsoever. I would never talk to *The News* about anything, neither would any of the people who decide what goes in the paper."

THE OWNER

The worst thing you can ask a News Limited journalist is what they think of Rupert Murdoch. They experience an excruciating moral collision between their belief in plural-

THE FUTURE

Since Blunden became editor of *The Advertiser* in August, the style and content has not



Peter Blunden, newly appointed editor of *The Advertiser*- Young and experienced, but can he get our minds off the parish pump?

exactly been revolutionised. Unfortunately, the most memorable stories it has run over the last few months have concerned the "Miss Nude SA" contest at a local strip joint and the allegedly innubriated state of Dale Baker at the Magarey Medal count.

But it's early days yet, and it would be unfair to criticise Blunden solely on the basis of two stories, particularly so early on in the piece when he could not have been editing as tightly as he will be.


Blunden is an impressive man-not so much for what he said during the interview, but for what he said afterwards. We turned the dicta-

phone off and spent over half an hour discussing what we liked and didn't like in newspapers. No longer was he not the official face of the News Limited Corporation, he was Peter Blunden, speaking not on behalf of the company but a belle in the need, as an editor, to listen to other people's ideas, and

to give them the opportunity to have them heard.

It's just a pity that it's not his paper but somebody else's.

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Student Relief

Sir William Mitchell and Professor Goldby Speak

A well-attended meeting ushered in the appeal for the relief of refugee students overseas. Mr. Gent, in the chair, opened the proceedings by explaining the nature of the International Student Service, a world-wide organization of all students which, ever since the last war, has aided its members in need and distress. In this appeal to help universities in China, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, and Spain, the Australian universities had a fixed quota to obtain, of which Adelaide's share was £50. This amount would, however, almost certainly be increased with the invasions of Belgium, Holland, and France.

Professor Goldby portrayed the absolute and immediate necessity for aid. Apart from humanitarian grounds, which should be the concern of everyone in a community fighting for the preservation of such things, there were other important reasons. Students are usually young people with many years to live and on them, to a large extent, depends the future organization of the world. It is vital for the future that they should con-

tinue. Again, their special training has fitted them for a certain type of life and for that training to be of any use it must be preserved. Finally, the appeal expressed and showed that solidarity and interdependence in research, knowledge, and outlook on which the whole student world depends for its very existence. To say that charity began at home or that we must devote all our efforts to win the war did not counteract the importance of the problem and was generally an excuse for laziness or meanness, even to home charities and war demands.

Sir William Mitchell endorsed all that Professor Goldby had said and then turned to the practical side. He quoted figures and reports of the numbers and needs of students without homes, books, teachers, and even food and clothing, showing their pitiful condition and desperate need. Having asked everyone to do their best he concluded with the very generous offer to add the last £10 if the University could raise £40.

The meeting ended with a collection at the door—the appeal was on.

Women Do the Decent

VARIETY SHOW IN JULY. Prices Reasonable

The Women's Union has come good with a rush. At a packed meeting last week they scrubbed off their dance, their annual afternoon tea to the Wives' Club, organized a new V.S.D. group, encouraged knitters to go on knitting more and more, and non-knitters to fork out some more coin.

Finally they decided to hold a do, that is, they are going to stage a variety evening, or, more strictly speaking, two in aid of war charities.

It was decided to cancel the annual at home and the Wives' Club afternoon tea as being unnecessary for the present, and it is hoped that the Finance Committee of the Union will permit the money that was to have been spent on these functions to be given to the Comforts Fund. In addition to this women are asked to pay the money that would have bought them a ticket to the dance, to the Women's Union for the F.F.C.F. That sounds pretty ambitious but just wait and see!

Last year the V.S.D. group came to a comparatively sticky end. This year it starts again. Two to four on a Wednesday, probably, and if we can get the doctor we hope to get.

But the biggest piece of news is the variety night. Martyrs all, these women; prepared to make fools of themselves to raise money for war charities. Remember, July 24 and 25, a Wednesday and a Thursday night—the prices moderate and also probably the acting.

Do not be misled. This is no high-brow form of entertainment. The women will let down their hair, take off their spectacles and their blue stockings and then—wow! Heaven knows what then, but it's in a good cause. Let's keep a night for it and come and laugh at them.

And don't forget, you women—KNITUNITS and go on KNITTING.

"Official"

Last week we announced, apparently somewhat prematurely, that the procession was "off." And so it was, and so it is, but the matter had not then been referred to the relevant committee in true democratic style. The Men's Union Committee, therefore, desires now to inform the student body officially that for the reasons already stated in "On Dit," it has decided to abandon the idea of staging a procession.

Maybe you'll say you knew about this already, and that we're just filling up space; but it at least proves that there is some use for red tape.

Mr. Goodall Wants
 all your
Old Paper, Exercise Books, etc.
 for the **RED CROSS**

80 . 70 . 60 .

About six weeks ago, there was an agony column in "On Dit" about books disappearing from the Lady Symon Library. As a result of our moaning, ten have come back, — yes, one whole eighth, i.e., twelve and a half per cent. Even the Government pays back more loan money than this, and we claim at least to equal the Government in integrity. Perhaps if, instead of moaning, we shall say what a wonderful response there's been, how marvellous it is that ten whole books, complete with most of the binding, have been returned. If you own up now, the matter will be kept from the police.

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Fairies in the Lady Symon

COTTON COMES GOOD.

The time was last Tuesday, April 9. The occasion was the A.G.M. of the Arts Association, and the sensation referred to occurred in the presentation of a play, "The Babes in the Wood," by John Gent (i.e., the presentation!), which initiated the proceedings.

A minute analysis of the delicacies of the plot, which was an extremely intricate one, was evident in Mr. Gent's interpretation. The curtain rose on an empty stage representing a woodland scene, and the first object to present itself to a startled audience was Mr. Bob Cotton as the Fairy Foxglove, clad in an impressive superstructure of some flimsy purple material, while the lower half of his anatomy was screened by a tubular mass of pink crepe paper in the form of a kilt—and a pair of Prince Alfred College football pants.

Mr. Gent was the villain of the piece, in a Hitler moustache and dark and sinister clothing, while his two wards were represented by Miss Elizabeth Carter and Mr. Bill Thomas. Miss Margaret Reed and Miss Allison Hogben, as two ruffians, completed the caste. But for several unfortunate "black-outs" in the lines, which were difficult, consisting as they did of rhymed couplets, the acting, particularly in the case of Mr. Gent, was very good. The play as a whole was a thorough success and a fit start to the year's programme of the Arts Association.

The formal business of the evening was then conducted. The Hon. Sec. for 1939, Mr. D. B. Kerr, read the minutes of the last A.G.M., his report, and, in the absence of Mr. Gough, the Treasurer's report. The latter led to a discussion as to whether Mr. Gent was an asset or liability to the Association, as his subscription in default appeared on both sides of the statement. The matter is unresolved, unless Mr. Gent has paid up in the meantime. Cad, sir! The elections were held in the form of a secret ballot. The officers for the year 1940 are as follows: President, Mr. D. B. Kerr; Vice-President, Miss P. Viner Smith; Secretary, Mr. S. J. Jacobs; Treasurer, Mr. G. W. Irwin; Committee: Miss Crook, Miss Hogben, Mr. Price. The position of Hon. Auditor to the Arts Association, one of the most coveted in the University, was again the excuse for the expression of the Association's surplus wit. Professor Fitzherbert and Mr. M. Quinn-Young eventually emerged triumphant after a sharp struggle with so noteworthy a field of contestants as Mr. John Gent, Mr. George Amos, Mr. William Morris Hughes, Professors Portus and Stewart, Mrs. Goodall, Mr. Jack Lang, Mr. Ned Kelly, Mr. Adolph Hitler, Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, and Mr. Doug. Wighton.

The proceedings closed with a general note of thanks all round on an excellent supper. The Treasurer is both willing and anxious to receive any and all subscriptions as soon as possible. These may be left at Mr. Hamilton's office.

Correspondence

RED LETTER.

Editor, "On Dit."
Dear Sir,

There has been lately so much talk about the Communists that a very necessary distinction has been neglected. "Democracy" is not so much a social and political system as much as a method of putting ideas into practice. It is a peaceful and constitutional way of expressing whatever opinions are predominant at the time. If any section of the community should have definite ideas on the nature of society and social policy they have a constitutional method for their realization and in a democracy have no right to realize them any other way. A democratic state has no justification to suppress opinion but it has so if that opinion includes a non-democratic way of fulfilment. Communists have a perfect right to express their social views but no right to attempt to realize them by force or other unconstitutional methods. The whole question of suppression is invalid if it is not tackled from this point of view.

C. A. PRICE.

NICE PEOPLE.

The Editor,
"On Dit."

Dear Sir,

Last Tuesday at about 2.30 p.m. I happened (?) to walk on to the refectory verandah and was amazed at the sight that confronted me.

There among the crockery, the paper bags, the papers, and the cigarette boxes (left, I presumed, by some Sunday school picnicers) were butterflies fluttering hither and thither. But it is not at the butterflies I am complaining. Let us have more of them. Weary students like to gaze at these strange native fauna, to whom time means so little.

Rather I would complain of the disgusting state in which the lawn had been left. It is rather revolting for people who find it possible to eat at tables to have to sit afterwards on the lawn surrounded by the dirty dishes of those who can't. On descending from the verandah to the lawn, it becomes not so much a question of mind the step, as mind the bottle.

I realize the impossibility of the Union Committee being able to prevent people leaving crockery about—the only line of approach is to ask those people who have been brought up right to take their trays, etc., inside, when they have finished with them, and to ask those who haven't been brought up right, to watch those who have and copy them.—Yours faithfully,

M.P.

A GOOD THING?

The Editor,
"On Dit."

Dear Sir,

There seems at present to exist too much deploring of the fact that we are

apathetic towards the war and too much discussion about some means of showing our support (it would be nice, wouldn't it?), and far too little being done about it.

There exists, of course, the usual "Varsity standby"—a dance in aid of Red Cross funds, etc., but why not something with greater potentialities, something in which those enlightened ones who do not indulge the "light fantastic" might participate; something in which all faculties and each year could take a part; something towards which all clubs, sporting and otherwise, could contribute; in short, a "Varsity procession (in the May vac?), during which collections in aid of Red Cross, Comforts Fund, etc., could be taken up. You know the idea, nets held out from passing cars and lorries, and joyous throngs throwing in 2/- pieces and 10/- notes. To tempt the more tight-fisted our women students (veiled or otherwise) might wend their way, clothed in gala dress, through the crowds, bearing receptacles (for contributions), and wearing smiles fit to touch a heart of stone—or, preferably, a pocket of gold.

The last procession caused banishment for three years. The three years are now up. In any case, it need not be too crude (probably a censorship committee could see to that). If topical and slightly suggestive in spots, it should prove sufficient for Adelaide to open its purse, and for the council to shut its eyes.

There exist those who will say that it is against the constitution of the Union to support such a venture for such a purpose. If that is so, there is something wrong with the constitution. I suppose it does allow for the support of the Allies? and the gout? and the Red Cross? and the Comforts Fund? If so, why not the procession?

Others will say that fun and frivolity are out of place—that it is the wrong thing for the wrong time. But they cannot say the purpose is wrong. Do not let them hinder us. Let them stage a mock funeral with all pomp and ceremony and a five-mile cortege. Success to be gauged by receipts.

And yet others will say that we will get no support, arouse no interest (a) from within—yet I know of 130 or more blithe spirits already anxious to make a start; and (b) from without. The best answer to this is to refer your memory to the letters and articles in our papers after the last one in 1938. They certainly showed no lack of interest!

You know Adelaide is a funny little city, and John Citizen is steeped in middle-class morality, but in spite of this handicap, and the fact that he righteously repents of it the next morning, he will laugh heartily if you tell him about friend Adolf's secret weapon or that Hore-Belisha, and he is generous, you know.

So doesn't it look like a "good thing"?—Yours, etc.,

T. B. HUNTER.

Learn a New Word Every Day

1.
Prf. Gartrell will simply amaze yer
With his passion for paronomasia.

2.
Our purulent puss
Has pustules of pus.

3.
Have you tasted the bag of the bee?
Or the lymph
Of a nymph?

4.
A monk seldom uses a monocle;
'Tis thought insufficiently monachal.
But sometimes a hungry Dominican
Will fill up his belly with pemmican.

5.
In heat waves I like my tongues jellied,
And not only jellied, but gelid.

6.
Regarding this Mr. Walker of Walker-
ville,
Does anyone reckon 'im
Worth such an eponym?
Speaking personally,
We cannot tell, because
We don't know who he was.

7.
There is not such a word as "adap-
tion."
At least, to the best of our know-
ledge,
Yet we find this plebeian contraption
in use
In our Physical Cultural College.
(Seen on the blackboard in the hut.)

Noble!

"Incidentally, official University opinion is in favour of any activities run on behalf of the Red Cross or some similar cause. Surely that is good enough excuse and worthy enough to encourage us to continue our happy social round."—"On Dit," March 12, 1940.

Why not a super batting shop for cultured people, if "any activity"? The cause will justify it.

Why not admit that we dance because we like dancing, debate because it is stimulating and good fun? Of course if we are honest we lose the glow that comes from being noble; perhaps honesty is not worth the sacrifice.

Little Alf plays football with the gang to develop muscular co-ordination. We read the newspaper so that the journalist may be paid, and buy petrol to foster better trade relationships with U.S.A. Truly hath the poet hard spoken when he said—perhaps the editor can supply a couplet of suitable sentiment). N.B.—The editors couldn't.

On Reading "Boat Train"

I wonder what this modern art
is all about
I cannot tree
the mystery
the hidden chart

a capital is so de trop
you know
re punctuation
renunciation
is the go

ex latin quarter in paris
hearken clarice
it reached a peak
with our literary sheikh
Max H . . . is

who writes above our meagre brains
about boat trains
he knows it quite
i s'pose it's right
he's taken pains

he knows a sac re sex
so contra lex
his might and main
would reap a gain
boosting dex

and so for modern poets who Eheu!
the cap fits too
i think you'll find
from mouth to mind
they're foo' the noo

—Raben.

Youth in Chains

(An Australian university graduate, Miss Anna Dane, returned recently from a period of teaching in a German girls' school.)

Three months spent among the Germans last year left me convinced of odd contradictions among them, their decency as individuals, and their indecency as a nation.

I met with nothing but kindness from all Germans with whom I came in contact, and I found the average German hospitable, friendly, and charming, though perhaps a bit too sentimental for my casual Australian ideas. The whole nation is work-crazy, and although this is better than play-crazy, I should dislike very much to be wrapped up in work as they are. German thoroughness is famous, but they sometimes overdo it.

However, thoroughness and industry have always characterized the Germans, and in the "new Germany" I found a great deal both to admire and to deplore. I admired the national interest in health and physical training; at the school where I was the girls were kept wonderfully fit by sport and physical exercises.

Their diet was carefully chosen, but I suffered from the food, because I never seemed to get enough to eat, accustomed as I was to the good meat and butter of Australia and to plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, none of which I could get here. I never saw cream in Germany, and butter had begun to be scarce even in May of last year; what there was was of very bad quality. Meat was scarce and very expensive and eggs also. But the girls had been used to it for some time, so did not suffer at all.

Then there is the standard of domestic efficiency to which every German girl, whatever her age or class, must attain, and the fact that all girls serve their "duty year" on the land or as domestic help in a family; and their thrift: even the wealthiest girls in the school had no more than three shillings a month pocket money, and were trained to spend carefully and keep their own accounts.

As I looked at those young German faces I was puzzled for a long time to determine the difference between them and young Australians. At last

I found it. Those German faces wore a look of acceptance, and they were resolute with the sort of determination that comes from accepting what one is told without question. That is what I most deplore about Germany—that the youth of the country should grow up in this unquestioning obedience, this dreadful acquiescence, like cogs in a machine which can run smoothly only while all the parts are uniformly efficient. It is the sort of unquestioning obedience that turns people who are otherwise kind into people who are bestial to those others—Jews, Liberals, and Catholics—who do not agree with the official policy.

The Germans are more efficient than we are, but at what a price! The youth movements, the schools, the press, and the wireless all do their best to make youth conform to one pattern. They have everything, this "new Germany"—health, efficiency, industry, and enthusiasm. But they have lost the priceless human right of shaping their destinies in freedom. I can see in Germany the tragedy of a decent people, badly led; of wonderful possibilities misused.

Resignation

The co-editor of "On Dit," S. J. Jacobs, has written to the Union Committee, asking it to accept his resignation from "On Dit," as he has been called up for military duty at Wayville prior to enlisting in the 2nd A.I.F.

So This Is Australia!

EXTRACTS FROM GENUINE LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE PENSIONS DEPARTMENT.

1. I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is so?
2. This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?
3. I have been co-habiting with several officers at headquarters but so far without result.
4. I am glad to say that my husband who was reported missing is now deceased.
5. Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake.
6. Mrs. Brown has had no clothes for the past twelve months and has been regularly visited by the clergy.
7. I am writing to tell you that my baby was born two years old, when do I get the money.
8. Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.
9. I am sending my marriage certificate and six children, I had seven and one died, which was baptized on half a sheet of paper by the Rev. Mr. Thomas.
10. Please find out for certain if my husband is now dead, as the man I am now living with won't eat or do anything until he knows for certain.
11. I am very annoyed that you have branded my eldest son an illiterate. Oh it is a dirty lie because I married his father a week before he was born.
12. My husband has been put in charge of a spittoon. Do I get more money?
13. In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 lb. I hope that this is satisfactory.
14. I have changed my little boy to a girl. Will it make any difference?
15. Please send my money at once. I need it badly. I have fallen into errors with my landlord.
16. I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works day and night.
17. In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
18. I want my money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with the doctor for a week and he doesn't seem to be doing any good. If things do not improve I shall try another doctor.

Aircraft Class

The Lord Mayor spoke to Professor Kerr Grant asking him to encourage the men of the University to take part in some activity connected with flying. In this war the air force plays a vital part. It has terrific striking power and provides an essential defence element. Hence as well as it is every man's duty to be able to use a rifle, it is equally desirable that a large proportion of the young manhood of the nation should be able, in case of emergency, to control an aeroplane, or, failing that, to prepare themselves for playing some part in aerial warfare.

Professor Kerr Grant has offered lecture theatres and apparatus, Professor Gartrell to give some of the lectures and Professor Fitzherbert to do whatever he can to help. These three professors have formed a committee which keeps in constant touch with Air Force authorities in South Australia.

Many students have already given their names as willing to participate in the class, but all who have not done so, and are willing to do this course, come along to the Physics Lecture Theatre to-day from 5 to 6 p.m.

The course will include all things necessary for the management of aircraft and will start right from dot, assuming that you know nothing about it.

Men of all faculties, this is something you can do without foregoing your University courses—something which you can do to help keep Hitler at a distance.

Australia needs you! Come along at 5 p.m. to-day.

"ON DIT" STAFF, 1940.

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Editorial Staff: Miss E. Teesdale Smith, K. Sanderson, E. F. Johnston.

The views expressed in "On Dit" through correspondence, etc., do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Editors, and we reserve the right to obtain an answer to any letter and publish it in the same issue.

"Crying in the Wilderness"

Last week a meeting was held, arranged by the S.C.M. but under the auspices of the Union. Its purpose was to launch an appeal for £50 as South Australia's contribution to the International Student Service Fund. Speakers were the Vice-Chancellor and Professor Goldby, and if you were at that meeting you will realize that the written word can do no more than was done then to commend this cause to students. If you were not there, however, consider seriously the nature of this appeal.

As a result of the chaos let loose in Europe there are thousands of students exiled and utterly destitute, their courses broken off, their chance of earning even a bare living temporarily gone. You may say that it is unfortunate—it is a tragedy; you may say that, deserving as the cause is, we have our own worries at home, our own charities to support. That is true, but it is at best a provincial outlook. We are members not only of our own University, but of the world university, one of the most important of all bodies, though a minority in point of numbers. It is to the students of civilized Europe that we look to put the world in order after the present war has ceased. If such an order is desirable, then this call to make some sacrifice now towards its achievement will not go unheeded.

We heartily commend to you the appeal for funds for the International Student Service.

Correspondence

REGIMENT AGAIN.

The Editor, "On Dit."

Sir,

The following statement, attributed to Dr. A. Grenfell Price, appears in your last issue:

"... the recent refusal to form a militia company for home defence has given the students a bad name with the general public and less fortunate people ask why they should fight when the students of the university lack the guts to do anything for their country."

I am amazed that Dr. Price, whose nightly utterances are awaited open-mouthed by thousands of radio fans should not only give credence to, but also publish such an inaccurate and unfair interpretation of the decision of the students on the question of the proposed university regiment, not company, as Dr. Price states.

I assure Dr. Price that the proposal was not turned down because of "lack of guts" on the part of the students, but, firstly, on the ground of what appeared to be insuperable difficulties caused mainly by the smallness of their number, and, secondly, because the students felt that they were better able to serve their country by being distributed among the already existing units.—Yours faithfully,

E. W. MILLS.

OUR FIGHT.

University, March 19, 1940.

To the Editors.

Dear Sirs,

"We're not doing as well as we hoped, and it's about time Australians snapped out of their trance and began to realize it" ("On Dit," March 19, 1940). What is this "trance"? Several millions of Australia's precious few, without a doubt, have a sorry outlook upon affairs to-day, an outlook which is responsible for their apathy, and which I suppose may be termed a "trance." In any case, it is time it was "snapped out of."

This outlook may be summed up in the terrible statement that the men going away in the Second A.I.F. are fools to join up—I have heard this voiced more than once. Australians have not realized that this is their fight, and it they don't fight back they'll take the rap. Their very existence in the future depends upon whether the Allies win this war. If we lose, we're done for. The British Empire is done for. Not in two or three years, but easily inside 20, and who amongst us does not look forward to at least 40 years of life? Those in the A.I.F. are prepared to look ahead for one year more—such is their courage. And these amongst us say, "The mugs! I'm safe here." It will take more than a "snap" to bring all Australians up to scratch before it is too late. This outlook will lose us the war. What are we going to do about it?

J.S.E.H.

WE WANT THE BARREL.

The Editor.

Dear Sir,

I have just read the last issue of "On Dit," and was struck by several of the advertisements. I refer, of course, to those for Nathan and West End Beers and also to the little bit about the Hotel Richmond for all celebration. Why should not Varsity celebrations (if any) be held on Varsity grounds. The establishment of a bar at the University and permission to have liquor on the grounds is long overdue. Much time is wasted popping into town for the traditional "quick one," which usually turns out to be a "long one." This subject, I know, has been dug up before, and I suppose will be dug up again and again until the authorities begin to realize that it is not throwing temptation in the way of the student, but merely having for the Union's own use profits now gained by the Richmond, Oriental, Nap Lounge.

By the way, congratulations on article "Cloistered Life," which proved quite light and interesting. Let's have more of it.—I am, etc.,

D. T. MARTIN.

Front Office News

ENLISTING.

All students intending to enlist should consult the Deans of their various faculties in regard to their work.

CONSERV. CONCERT.

There will be a Conservatorium Students' Concert on Monday, June 24.

LIBRARIAN WANTED.

A gazette notice from the Forestry Bureau, Canberra, has been posted calling for applications for the position of female librarian. Applicants should indicate their academic library experience and whether they hold a University degree or diploma in forestry. Knowledge of foreign languages desirable. Closing date, June 20. Further details available.

Enlistments

The following is the second instalment of the names of those who have been called up for service abroad. Again we remind you that we would be grateful for any omissions that are brought to our notice.

- J. F. Cleland A.I.F.
- W. L. Ligertwood A.I.F.
- M. Joyner A.I.F.
- Dr. J. Ray R.A.A.F.
- A. H. Ifould A.I.F.
- B. A. Magarey A.I.F.
- W. A. Warhurst A.I.F.
- L. A. Watkins A.I.F.
- R. Appleby R.A.A.F.
- M. J. Barrett R.A.A.F.
- J. W. Bateman A.I.F.
- T. Price A.I.F.
- Dr. F. R. Wicks R.A.A.F.
- W. D. Padman A.I.F.
- Dr. A. S. de B. Cocks R.A.A.F.
- H. N. Fowler (R.A.A.F.) is a prisoner of war.

(To be continued.)

Hotel Richmond

For ALL CELEBRATIONS C. 8080

The War and the Aborigines

The British and French Empires are now fighting for their existence against the forces of Nazism and Fascism. They fight to preserve that system of government they hold up to the world as worthy of preservation. They have control of the lives and destinies of millions of coloured peoples—they fight to maintain that control. At Munich, and on numerous other occasions, the "have-not" powers have criticized Britain and France for their control of native races, have claimed that they have a better right to such control and are, even now, attempting to uphold that claim. But the justification of Britain and France lies in the fact that their imperial policies in recent years have almost certainly been better than any the world has ever yet seen and were continuously improving. Even while at war Britain put aside £3,000,000 for the improvement of her coloured peoples.

But what has Australia done for her aborigines either in peace or war? Compare their condition to that of the American Indian, the New Zealand Maori, the British Indian or African, the French Moroccan. Does Australia's policy justify her claim to aboriginal control? This is a matter of vital and pressing importance in the present crisis. Dr. Duguid will speak on it in the George Murray on Wednesday, June 19, at 1.20 p.m.

REX

NOW SHOWING—

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

With Madeleine Carroll, Allan Jones, Fred MacMurray

Plus a spine-tingling Jungle Thriller

"ISLAND OF LOST MEN"

British Paramount News

NO PURER BEER BREWED

WEST END

WEST END LAGER, WEST END DINNER ALE AND WEST END STOUT ARE JUST AS PURE!

GUARANTEED FREE OF PRESERVATIVES

On the Trail

By the Watchdog.

The last week has been largely given to the gradual withdrawal of the sensational claims of Allied success in Norway. It now appears that Narvik is still in German hands, as are most of the other important coastal and railway towns. So that it looks as if the Allies (among whom we now include Norwegians in territory occupied by our troops) really are planning a new Peninsular war. In which case, as long as the Germans are not allowed to consolidate their position throughout the south of Norway, fairly regular Allied defeats and retreats from the bigger towns are to be expected for some time yet.

The strange complications of this war are apparent in the simultaneous efforts at present being made here and in Britain to suppress the Communists and to represent Russia as swinging away from Germany and towards the Allies. However, as long as internal solidarity and external policy prove incompatible, it seems probable that both efforts will continue.

The coal strike at last appears to be reaching its crisis. All parties agree that if a conference were called the trouble could be settled in five minutes. Each party also adds that it is not prepared to compromise. The truth is that the strike could not possibly have been more unfortunately timed. The Government justly claims that wartime is no time to commence a strike which threatens to paralyze the whole of Australian industry. Not unnaturally the strikers are described as saboteurs, and doubt is thrown upon their loyalty to democratic ideals. For their part, the strikers claim they are fighting for a vital principle. It is known that one Judge of the Arbitration Court spent six months framing an award, which was upset in two hours without the calling of evidence by the Full Court. It is also known that in the making of an award it is the practice to level hours up or down to those worked by the majority in the particular industry for which the award is made. But in the case of mining, technical considerations apparently make it necessary for certain classes of workers to do about three hours more than the rest. The trouble is that the Full Court levelled the hours of the majority up to those of a small minority. Hence the strife.

The Government has decided that special legislation is likely to be more efficacious against the wiles of the Communists than the application of the law as it now stands. We are informed that the Government did have sufficient power under the law to have acted against Communists long ago. And to those who have studied the technology of dictatorship it is disturbing to find our own Government suppressing freedom of speech and the press on the grounds that we may hear something dangerous in the future. If there is evidence against Communists they should have been tried on that evidence. If there is not, there seems little ground for the present suppressive legislation.

DOCTOR TELLS.

"The swastika is a sign of malignant growth, not merely in the political field, but in living matter." Dr. O. F. Jones told the American National Academy of Science. He explained how he had found the swastika sign in cancerous plant cells . . .

(“Advertiser,” 26/4/40.)

I Don't

My parents told me never to smoke:

I don't.

Or listen to a naughty joke:

I don't.

They make it clear I must not wink At pretty girls, or even think About intoxicating drink:

I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong:

I don't.

Wild youths like women, wine and song:

I don't.

I kiss no girls, not even one,

I do not know how it is done;

You wouldn't think I'd have much fun:

I DON'T!

(From “On Dit,” 20/4/37.)

IS IT TRUE?

That the warden of St. Barnabas' College decreed that as most College students are “pacifists,” the College shouldn't mind working on Anzac Day? That's a smack in the eye, anyhow, if it's true!

“ON DIT” STAFF, 1940.

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Farewell, “Phoenix”

The Union Committee has decided that it will not this year publish “Phoenix.” It is considered that it has had four years in which to establish itself, but has so far failed to do so; in point of fact, it is said that the publication appeals almost exclusively to the Arts Faculty, and as such does not warrant further Union support, at least until it can be more representative or achieve a higher standard in its literary work.

That this last argument should be allowed to weigh we consider a deplorable outlook. The standard of work can only be improved by the exercise of creative instincts, which, however immature in the case of “Phoenix”—and several good critics thought highly of the last issue—nevertheless represent an expression of cultural development that a University of our standing should not be without. A year's holiday may see the position change.

Editorial Note

At the beginning of the year we expressed the opinion that as the organ of a University student body, “On Dit” should stand for absolute freedom of expression in its columns. Our belief in that principle remains unaltered, but, due to the fact that the country is at war, circumstances have arisen which may make impossible the carrying out of that principle in its entirety. So far, in our estimation, no article has appeared in this paper to which any objection might have been taken; therefore we urge that contributors, especially in the correspondence columns, should continue to write without sense of restriction. Under such circumstances we need scarcely be conscious of any limitations that may exist.

Scoop!

News Flash!

When people started to talk about the formation of a Radical Club in this University and to raise their eye-brows (some of them) and gasp with horror (others of them), we felt mildly sick. So we promptly sent for the article below just to show that there are other Universities with political clubs. (“On Dit”—always first with news by cable.)

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

The Oxford University Conservative Association has several camps, whose relative strengths vary year by year. In general these might be described as (1) Tories, (2) Chamberlainites, (3) the Catholics, and (4) the moderate Conservatives. The first of these is relatively much stronger than for some time, since, while some second and many third year people are conscripted now, the Freshers straight from home and school are here in undiminished numbers and with “un-corrupted” ideas. They speak the tongue that Churchill spoke—the faith and morals hold which all their landed and ennobled fathers held or broke before them. Their ideas are barren, their habits (and waistcoats) picturesque. They lose their tempers in the Union debates at times. The Chamberlainites are few; their loyalties seem unfashionable among young Conservatives now; their stocks have declined ever since Munich.

Everyone has a soft spot for the Liberals. They are amiable and ingenuous and congenitally inoffensive. In the Union they sit happily under Gladstone's marble bust and in general carry more weight than their numbers would suggest and frequently score points from both their more numerous opponents. Their policy is vague: some members are nearly socialists, some very far from that side—“Liberty” (in a general sense) is their watchword and “ownership (i.e., private property) for all” one of their favourite slogans. They are united in implacable opposition to the present Government, but for the rest are about as muddled as Sir Richard Acland in his recent Penguin “Unser Kampf.” But undergraduate Liberals are not with Sir Richard's ultra-socialist measures and the marble bust of Asquith was also noticed to be sweating the other night when, with Arthur Greenwood and the

Marquess of Londonderry as guest speakers, the Union carried by 56 votes the motion “That the solution to our problems lies in a Socialist Britain.”

The Pacifists rarely speak in the Union these days, though they have their active clubs and organisations. Individually they go before the Conscientious Objectors' Tribunals as their age groups are called up; some are already doing ambulance work in Finland and France, others are doing land work or forestry instead of military service. They are not persecuted or ill-treated this time, and there is much sympathy and understanding for them here in Oxford.

The local undergraduate Fascists number, I believe, six. Only one ever speaks at the Union, and though he is a competent speaker the House is rather sick of his unvaried speech, repeated weekly or fortnightly as it is.

The Labour Club has the largest nominal membership and the largest and much the hardest working membership of any club in Oxford. And its hardest workers are the Communist “Party” whose work seems to be more than half the purpose of their coming to Oxford. All went well between socialists and communists in the Labour Club until the Russo-German Pact of last year—on issues like the “National” Government, Collective Security, Spain, and the rest they had been one solid group, keen, busy, and noisy—lots of house-to-house canvassing, considerable funds collected for China and Spain, frequent street demonstrations with other Labour and Trade Union organisations in Oxford.

But the Communist lead seems to be waning. English people of all shades of opinion are much less precipitate in attempting to suppress opponents and not give them a hearing

Front Office News

MILITIA CAMPS.

Advice has been received from the Department of the Army in Melbourne that local commands have been instructed to arrange for the camps of University students to be carried out in the period between the examination of University year in December, 1940, and March 30, 1941.

Students who are members of units other than University regiments will be attached for training to units which are holding their camps during this period.

A copy of the letter received by the Vice-Chancellor referring to military camps has been posted on the notice board.

SPORTS DAY.

The Council, at its meeting last Friday, resolved to authorize professors and lecturers to suspend lectures on the afternoon of Friday, May 3, as this is the afternoon of the annual sports day.

Hotel Richmond

For

ALL CELEBRATIONS

C. 8080

than some Australians are. They seem to have learnt better than some Australians that if there is any substance in a case, given a free and open ring or not, it will come out. They realize that by giving all enough rope the right ones will generally hang themselves, whereas suppression and martyrdom will only keep them alive and give them a new strength. The patent absurdity of much recent Communist somersaulting is telling now: much of the support which remains seems to come from admiration for their efforts in England in organising and helping the unemployed to get better conditions and in similar activities where the Labour Party has sometimes not sufficiently taken the initiative. But the casuistry which has gone to explain the Russo-German “marriage de convenance” has been too much for many.

Yet no one wants to suppress them—only 31 votes could be raised in the Union for a motion for their suppression by the Government. Conservatives, Liberals, and Labour were at once against it. Apart from a few ultra-Tories, the Communists alone seem to want the suppression of the Communists—they admit quite frankly the tide is running against them here and that a healthy spot of martyrdom would do them and their numbers and their cause all the good in the world—it has already roused considerable sympathy here and in France for their French “comrades.” No wonder no one is anxious to play into their hands. All parties gave Benes a tremendous reception at the last debate of this term. The various club meetings are also well attended—the Conservatives' Annual Dinner was a brilliant affair, sparkling with notabilities; the Labour Club's four-hour debate on Russo-Finnish affairs (on the motions mentioned above) was crowded, sustained, as noisy as usual and markedly “lively.” Such are Oxford politics at the moment—business is very much as usual, discussion is free and controversy willing. I hope there is as much broad-mindedness, freedom and liveliness in Australian Universities today. The broad-mindedness of the English undergraduate is at least one beacon in a dark world. The Englishman's respect for and understanding of liberty is an object lesson for the Dominions and the world.

MEDICAL STUDENTS

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ECOLOGY AND INDUSTRIAL CAPITALISM

Capitalism, based as it is upon a logic of individual greed-accumulation of money-endless consumption, is a social and political lifestyle completely ill-suited to the ecological needs of our planet. A "fuck-you" philosophy so profoundly irresponsible and anti-ecological in its approach to industrial manufacture that it has not even had the dignity and the foresight to minimize the dangers of their activities to members of their own species (Bopal, asbestosis and the uprooting of native peoples through destruction of native forest), let alone address the ecological consequences of their industrial practices. A philosophy which has historically regarded an entire ecological region, be it a desert or a forest as simply a place of abundant mineral wealth or timber to be exploited for financial profit with no regard for the ecological consequences whatsoever.

Capitalism in treating a living and self-sufficient ecological region as simply a source of mineral wealth or of timber exchangeable for money and for profit is completely contrary to just about every principle of modern ecology and eco-regional federation. To trample upon an entire forest region leaving it in a state of utter desecration, unable to support the native life for many generations to come, if ever, for the sake of money and profit is completely at odds with the concept of global eco-regional federation which tells us that we must respect the ecological integrity of every region upon Earth.

The once beautiful Oak forestland of the English Midlands, the historical birthplace of the industrial revolution, which was clear-felled in order to provide charcoal for pig-iron - the beams, nuts and bolts of the industrial revolution was perhaps the first victim of industrial capitalism as we know it, and although charcoal was later replaced by coal (unfortunately when the wood run out) the irresponsible logging by large state/capitalist enterprises for the manufacture of paper, furniture and wood chip has continued unabated.

It is obvious that the ecological importance of a forest or a lake cannot be measured in pounds, dollars or yen. Our approach should rather be one of attempting to find a rational and sustainable balance between the needs and overall health of the eco-region and the planet with the need to supply human-kinds most basic and necessary items of industry and manufacture.

Our industrial practices must follow a new non-capitalist, non-consumerist and more bio-cooperative path in which the primary economic and social question is not: How many dollars will this make my city or country?, but rather: How can we provide humankind's most basic industrial needs whilst positively improving the ecological health of the region in which the industry is located (i.e. not merely doing the "least amount of environmental damage").

The development of industry and manufacture has had an enormous effect upon the geography and ecological stability of our planet.

Beginning in the Stone-age with settlements based around the presence of flint stone (necessary for making spears and arrows) to the development of the uranium mine at Roxby Downs (South Australia) to the proposed mining of Antarctica are examples of human settlement and activity based not upon the organic desirability of the surrounding ecological region but upon the existence of inert and lifeless substances far under the surface of the Earth.

The effects of such a radical rupture between the human industrial activity and the natural living Earth, in itself extremely serious, has been compounded by the fact that the industrial revolution occurred before humans truly began to understand the global ecological implications of large-scale industrial activity.

A two-hundred year old conceptual time-lag has resulted in the development of environmentally damaging technologies and anti-ecological forms of industrial culture. A new era of agro-industrial harmony with the natural world is not only dependent upon the disappearance of capitalism but also upon the ability of our species to learn to produce our most essential items of manufacture - energy, bulk food, paper, glass, steel etc., in environmentally integrated, sensitive and non-polluting ways.

ENERGY

Although much of the machinery necessary for the development of large-scale capitalist manufacture was present many years prior to the industrial revolution in the form of complex mechanical looms and mills for weaving and grinding wheat and ore, the unavailability of large and centralized concentrations of energy severely restricted the growth of such enterprises. Much of the energy for early manufacturing coming from the wind (-mills) and water (-mills). The development of the steam engine powered first by wood and then by coal undermined the economic viability of these local and remarkably plentiful regional energy sources. Manufacturing enterprises which had once been scattered throughout the countryside and reliant upon locally available, essentially clean, renewable and non-polluting energy resources were superseded by the industrial centralisation characteristic of the state/capitalist era. Lancashire (England) abounds with the ruins of long deserted water powered textile mills of this early period of industrial manufacturing.

At first manufacture was restricted to areas close to the actual source of the coal. The development of industrial transport networks (at first favouring the great city-ports of London etc.) by ship, canal and later by rail led to the development of vast industrial centres. This development has led our species over the last two centuries to totally disregard the ecologically sound idea of scaling and powering our industrial and manufacturing concerns to make maximum use of environmentally safe source of energy available at the level of the individual ecological region. Instead, the suicidal greed of individual and state capitalism led rather, to the massive and overly centralised industrial cancers of the

late 19th century.

Fossil fuels - oil, gasoline and coal etc. (which, insofar as they are the fossil products of trees and other vegetation, are simply stored solar energy from millions of years ago) apart from releasing other extremely harmful pollutants (which cause amongst other things the deadly acid rain currently killing our forests) unfortunately give out large quantities of carbon dioxide, which is the major cause of global warming and the greenhouse effect. The continued use of these energy sources since the beginning of the industrial revolution, combined with the fact that we have cut down so many trees means that unless we take urgent action to limit the burning of fossil fuels our planet will experience violent changes in temperature and climate. The possibility of using nuclear power on a mass-scale can in the post-Chernobyl era hardly be taken seriously.

We must replace our present energy sources with environmentally clean ones; wind, solar and tidal flow etc., which despite massive corporate and governmental opposition are infinitely more efficient than they were twenty years ago. Everyday electrical companies are adding more wind-mills as supplements to their main supplies. Although huge amounts of energy can be generated by large hydroelectric stations the ecological consequences of such massive dams on major rivers has proved to be less than satisfactory.

In time this situation will doubtlessly change and our species might learn to harness the rays of the sun and the motion of the waves (derived ultimately from the gravitational pull of the moon) and conduct this energy to our homes and factories with marvellous efficiency hitherto undreamed of by our solar scientists, oceanographers and engineers.

For the time being however we must accept that such energy sources are only capable of producing moderate amounts of energy on a local basis and that for the most part industrial installations which require large-scale energy inputs must on account of their size be replaced by a large number of smaller plants spread more evenly throughout the countryside.

Although advances in technology (e.g. in super-conductivity) may solve many of our problems concerning energy supply and even if the majority of our vital industries were decentralised so as to maximise locally available clean energy sources, it seems almost certain that large-scale energy inputs will still be required by certain industries and manufacturing processes. Ore, for example, is only found in large concentrations in relatively few places and its mining and primary processing can only be conducted on a relatively large scale in a concentrated and intensive fashion.

One can imagine several eco-regions co-operating in large inter-regional schemes such as these. Such large-scale energy inputs are quite capable of being met from clean energy sources. Tidal flow and hydro-electric systems as well as such schemes to build huge rows of windmills across the American prairies or in giant blocks many

kilometres square of Britain's northern coasts are prominent examples of the possibility of producing large amounts of energy from alternative sources. Large-scale and intensive concentrations of industry do however as a rule of thumb tend to have a negative environmental impact and cause a large-scale pollution problem. Thus, although large-scale energy needs can be met from clean energy sources, industry must be encouraged to be of such a size that they are able to operate from locally available clean resources alone.

Clean energy systems are likewise equally unable to supply the energy requirements of vast urban populations. This is not to say that considerable energy cannot be saved through improvements in domestic and office architecture and the adoption of domestic energy generating devices (through using solar panels, back-yard wind-mills or local wastes to generate energy for heating and cooking etc) allowing a larger number of people to live on much less concentrated energy sources. But on the whole, the move away from fossil fuels and the integration of our species with the bio-dynamics of our planet requires a much more decentralised approach to urban existence in order that we might (within reason) fully utilise locally available clean energy and bypass the need for huge and concentrated amounts of energy not obtainable without considerable difficulty from alternative energy sources. This does not imply a return to the small town life-style of a past era as fast and efficient transport and communication systems no longer require us to live in huge and centralised urban agglomerations. Cheap and efficient communications systems are able to bring many of the benefits of mass-city lifestyles to the most remote outposts of human civilisation. Indeed, in some respects the growth of our once well-rounded and eco-regionally integrated cities into huge, grey and lifeless urban sprawls occurred precisely because long-distance communication and transport systems did not advance at a corresponding pace to other developments in art, science and technology. Television, passenger airplanes and satellites are all relatively recent innovations.

The emergence of the commuter train in the late 19th century, although used as a means of recklessly expanding the city limits to the points of cultural and ecological absurdity nonetheless concretely advertised the fact that the need to live in ever larger agglomerations was for all practical purposes quite unnecessary.

The monotony and dullness of the modern urban sprawl is neither inspiring or a likely breeding ground for individual and community identity, creativity and self-realization. The movement away from large and concentrated urban life-patterns to a more eco-regionally integrated moderate sized cities in order to make the maximum use of locally available clean energy sources although representing a difficult and time-consuming social-evolutionary adjustment is a desirable social-ecological goal at which our species might reasonably aim.

BIODEGRADABILITY OF PRODUCTS AND BY-PRODUCTS

Beyond considerations of energy we must consider the nature of the products of industrial manufacture themselves. Prior to the industrial revolution nearly every product of human manufacture could over some period of time be harmlessly and quite naturally re-absorbed into the organic life-cycles of our planet.

The large bottle dumps of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries although fascinating to the archaeologists are the first evidence of a species that was becoming dangerously alienated from both nature and its own wastes. Glass bottles are however not poisonous and can be quite easily recycled. Unfortunately advances in chemistry have allowed us to manufacture all sorts of products - plastics and insecticides etc., using or created materials previously unknown and quite lethal to the ecology of this planet. The disposal of these dangerous products and by-products having been until quite recently simply been dumped as far underground or as far away as possible or released through the highest possible chimneys. This kind of behaviour from the eco-regional standpoint of modern ecology is the height of irresponsibility whose disturbing legacy can be clearly discerned in the multi-nationals' sickening attempts to construct dangerous and sub-standard plants or dump extremely bio-destructive toxic wastes in poverty stricken third world countries who urgently require hard currency. The systematic exploitation of impoverished regions of the world by multi-nationals is the logical end-product of a system of industrial capitalism which is both morally and ecologically bankrupt.

More generally, the hole in the ozone layer cause by the emission of CFCs, acid rain as well as the dispersal of highly bio-accumulative dioxins have now become global problems which in addition to those of energy and industrial scale are such that we must as a species collectively attempt to solve by striving to ensure that all industrial products and by-products are non-polluting, recyclable and biodegradable.

The recycling of basic industrially produced necessities must occur where ever possible and at all levels of manufacture and distribution. All products involved in the manufacture as well as the final product itself, must be completely bio-degradable (i.e. not bio-accumulative) and capable of being harmlessly and organically re-integrated with out planet's vital cycles and life-patterns. The human species cannot give up its technology, it must however develop new ways of producing, using and disposing its basic manufactured articles using a bio-friendly, eco-regionally and globally responsible technology. The design, development and implementation of such technologies representing the scientific, technological and engineering challenge of the 21st century.

AGRICULTURE

The use of industrial machinery and chemicals within agricultural food production did at the end of the last century hold out great promise. In reality however, it has led to

large scale soil erosion, simplification and poisoning much of the world's most fertile agricultural land. In many parts of the world the agricultural land is devoid of people as well as the majority of trees, grasses and animals that had once lived there. In the North American Mid-West for example, beginning in the very guts of the USA and stretching as far north as mid-Saskatchewan (Canada) hundreds of miles of wheat broken only by an occasional clump of rough shrub are merciless trampled by huge convoys of gigantic tractors and harvesters effectively treating our best agricultural soils as if they were no more than a sterile growing medium laid out upon a factory floor. Vast tracts of land are given over to the production of a single strain of a single crop necessitating the increased use of chemicals in order to control large-scale infestations of fungus, weeds and insects which always accompany the practice of large-scale agro-industrial monoculture of this kind (More recently large-scale pest infestations are being controlled by interfering with the genetic structure of the insects themselves. The long term consequences of such practices are however largely unknown). The effects of this kind of agricultural production are well-known especially top-soil erosion and the alarming consequence of chemical residues perhaps most famously depicted in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* or Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring*.

This kind of large-scale agricultural misadventure is largely the result of state/capitalist imperialism which is perhaps best represented today by multi-national food-chains such as McDonalds. Not only does McDonalds not foster any kind of eco-regional consciousness (because of their international character) but rather pursue an economic policy of global capitalist imperialism. Cheap meat is produced on a vast scale with absolutely no regard whatsoever for the ecological health and stability of the eco-region from which the meat is obtained (eg. cutting and burning rainforest to provide rich pasture for a number of seasons before the land is exhausted and abandoned). The wheat in the buns frequently does not even come from the country where the hamburger is served up and (at the time of writing and in Australia at least) in packaging that is non bio-degradable and ozone depleting. The food is not marketed for its nutritional value and the advertising of the product is almost aimed exclusively at children who have not yet developed the critical ability to assess the moral, ecological and health issues involved in the production, distribution, consumption and disposal of the product and its by products which they or their parents are purchasing on their behalf.

The huge agro-industrial "collectives" of the now disintegrating Marxist state era have like their centrally planned, ecologically damaging and highly inefficient state industries a record for large-scale abuse of agricultural land that is as bad if not worse than their market-style capitalist counterparts in the West. Our present large scale

state/capitalist approach to agricultural food production can only result in ugliness, famine and ecological catastrophe.

Agriculture can be truly ecological only when it is scaled to the specific ecological features of the area. If a truly ecological style of agricultural husbandry is to become a reality, smaller-scale, more moderately sized farm units must supplant state/capitalist agro-industrial exploitation. Agricultural land, if it is to be made sustainable and improved upon, must be farmed in a way that is sensitive not only to regional and sub-regional differences in ecology but to differences in the fertility and micro-climates of individual fields, valleys, pastures and forests. Subtle but all important changes in the mineral and organic content of the soil from one pasture or one valley to another must be observed, monitored and carefully acted upon.

The farm unit or co-operative must in effect be small enough to be farmed as though it were a native garden and become an integrated and organic part of a complex agricultural/eco-regional relationship. The farmer should be encouraged to plant wind-breaks and areas of poor fertility or subject to high erosion should be left as native forest and shrub or left to pasture by animals appropriate to the region - and in doing so, greatly increase the possibility of fostering an ecologically sustainable agricultural relationship with the ecological region and the natural world as a whole.



DRAINING THE PLANET

Graham Purchase, in the third of a four part series outlining the relationship between modern industry and environmental damage, outlines the disastrous energy demands mass production and large scale agriculture makes on our planet and examines the possibilities of clean energy utilisation and small-scale farming.

George Jetson: What an asshole!

**The Jetsons
A Hanna &
Barbera film
Hindley Cinema**

What do you call someone who is insensitive, idle, ignorant, and unreliable; who cheats and falls, has no time for their family's needs, is patronising and sycophantic, and above all wears the self satisfied smug smile of someone who knows no other attitude or way of life. Asshole is not a bad answer; George Jetson is more accurate.

Hanna & Barbera's *The Jetsons* sets out to be a startling tour de force of animation. They have managed to effectively capture the style of the original Jetsons cartoon show and put it up on the big screen with little or no changes. The frequent use of computer animation gives itself away by its outstanding quality as compared to the traditional animation which is mixed in with it. You begin to notice very quickly that the computers produce far smoother, far clearer animation. The traditional animation, while for the most part impressive, is at times blurred and irregular by comparison but in keeping with the quality of all of those H & B cartoons we used to watch on Saturday mornings in the days before Robotech. The best animation however is to be seen in the rock video section of the film when Judy, voice supplied by Tiffany (diva of the shopping malls) has a sing-along with her new boyfriend, all reminiscent of a *Beatles* movie after a fashion, in which the style of animation runs riot with splashes of colour and some fabulous trippy effects complete with some very phallic flowers and other psychedelic sequences.

Unfortunately by carrying over the artistic style of the original onto the big screen so carefully, the moral fibre of the original has come through with it. The Jetsons are the ideal nuclear family. George is the traditional male head of the family. This is made most obvious in the opening song references to "His boy Elroy, his daughter Judy..." and of course "Jane his wife." On his way out the door to

go to work in the morning, (George when asked by his boss Mr Spacely, with voice supplied by the late great Mel Blanc, what he actually does at Spacely Sprockets replies "Well I push the button that get's things started" with a sense of pride.) George manages to both make commitments to his son that he fails to keep and later even fails to apologise for, and fails to offer Jane even a token of affection. They even sleep in separate beds at the beginning of the show and, when they arrive at the asteroid, wear all of their clothes to bed when they do share a bed. Jane is virtually ignored by George throughout most of the film and is treated as some kind of servant. It is interesting to note that the robot housekeeper & secretary are both also portrayed as being female, complete with aprons and skirts.

Every female in the film is displayed as being the submissive stereotype. Jane and Judy's major interests seem to be shopping, an interest they both share, and sex, which strangely only Judy seems to have a taste for. Presumably the message is that sex is something we will grow out of and is only for teenagers.

There are token efforts to promote multiculturalism through devices such as the large blue furry creatures which are the Jetsons new neighbours and the anthropomorphisation of the robots all which supposedly have equal status. Interestingly enough there are no Blacks or Asians in *The Jetsons* although the blue creatures do sound and behave like the stereotyped nigger right down to their taste in music. It seems that the makers of this film are trying to tell us that non whites really are alien, albeit friendly. Also interesting is the way in which these coloured folk are introduced. The baby of the coloured family (even niggers have families!) follows Elroy home and he wants to keep it as a pet! The fact that only the white males, with the exception of one female Board Member who has no speaking role, are in the positions of power reinforces the underlying racism and sexism inherent within this film. Human-like robots (they even have families and star in soap operas) do all of the work and the furry folk's role

is largely unstated.

The role of machines in the Jetsons is to do everything. Curiously the machines seem to either overdo things, or not quite do things. George's car is full of bizarre gadgets which whirr and click, but when he lands it his feet come out of the base *Flintstones* style and he must run with it as it transmogrifies into a small red cube to be parked in a pigeon hole. It seems that when all of these devices were created they forgot about safety standards, and indeed most times about usefulness. Most of the *Labour saving devices* are totally useless, if not dangerous. Despite the sprocket factory being totally automated, they still need someone to push the red button to start the process. A subtle way of reinforcing the essentially protestant work ethic. George's job function does not change. He is promoted to Vice President based upon him now having a supposedly more important button to press.

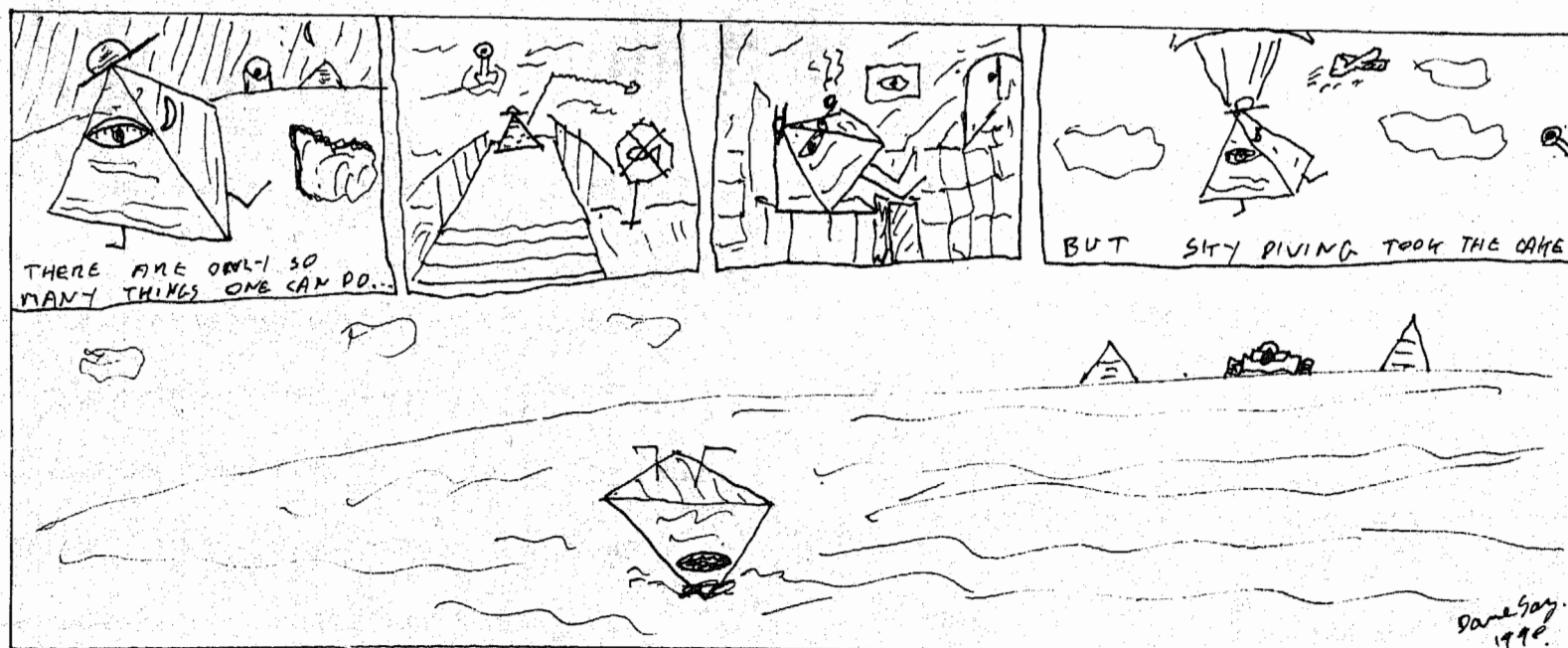
The predictable outcome of the film would be so sugar sweet as to be unpalatable if not for the sinister symbolism of the huge power hungry phallus like drill bit plunging its way deep into the womb of the asteroid where life in the form of cute little "Grungies" live and presumably breed. The corporate rape of the environment was never so graphically displayed in what is essentially a children's film. It is sad however that by the end of the film the Grungies turn from being industrious little partisans who sneak out at night and destroy the machines that are ruining their lives into virtual slaves of the Spacely Sprockets corporation by cooperating (they do all the work and sell the finished sprockets to Spacely) with Spacely and George Jetson. They prove to be so efficient as to double the production of the factory. What is not stated however is why these cute little critters would need money, or on fact anything apart from simply getting on with their lives. What's more it was George, a white male American, who made the decision on their behalf despite their clear high intelligence and ability to communicate for themselves. There is a very strong parallel between Spacely Sprockets and

some of our contemporary multi-nationals who would rather impose western culture upon an indigenous race simply for access to cheap materials and labour. Why is this behavior which is globally condemned as short sighted greed and has resulted in the genocide of indigenous races in the past being promoted to the children of today as an acceptable, desirable business practice.

Where are the ethics of these film makers, what ever happened to responsible film making? I would rather send the kiddies along to see *The Mission* a few times; at least then they would be learning something positive. To reinforce the hideous stereotypes that are the Jetsons and support the evil that is Spacely Sprockets is an example of cinematic irresponsibility at its worst. From this film children will learn only that environmental decay is inevitable, white males have some kind of divine right to wield power, selfish egocentric behaviour is acceptable and that life is unfair and who gives a fuck anyway. The final scenes of all of the little Grungies forming into a pattern to say "Thankyou George" when the credit for helping them must also go to his family, and George lapping it up with only support from the others almost made me puke. What a smug arrogant bastard. Do not be suprised if young kiddies who see this film don't grow up to be complete little shits.

The fact that this film is aimed at kiddies does not excuse the repugnance of its underlying message. By portraying these attitudes as normal the kiddies can and will get the message that this behaviour, socially acceptable 40 years ago maybe, is acceptable now. Times have changed and I would like to feel that the world has grown up a bit. The Jetsons could have been what it ought to have been, a clever, well animated piece of entertainment for the kiddies, and a bit of nostalgia for us, but brought into line with contemporary attitudes. After all it is set in the future, not the past. As it is *The Jetsons* in an anachronism that would be best left unseen. Sad, but them's the facts.

Dave Sag



Feds in love

My Blue Heaven
Directed by
Herbert Ross
Academy

This is not a film short on talent. It was directed by Herbert Ross, whose films (*Play It Again, Sam*, *The Secret Of My Success*) have been nominated for a total of (count them) 45 Academy Awards, whatever that tells you. Additionally, the screenplay was written by Nora Ephron, who wrote the script for last year's hit *When Harry Met Sally*. She is also less well known for having provided the screenplay for *Heartburn*, a slow-moving and charmless film of a few years back starring Jack and Meryl. Now the true nature of *My Blue Heaven* becomes apparent.

The story revolves around the relationship which forms between Vinnie (Steve Martin), a mobster turned informer under the Witness Protection Program, and Barney (Rick Moranis), the Fed assigned to look after him. Their personalities couldn't be more different; Vinnie is every inch the flashy criminal, superconfident and suave, while Barney is more retiring, underconfident and dances a poor Merengué. And he's on the right side of the law. Of course, given that the character is played

by Rick Moranis, all of the above could have been easily guessed. The only thing that Barney and Vinnie have in common is that they are both left by their wives, seemingly within minutes of first meeting each other. And do you think an unlikely but rewarding friendship forms between the two of them? Yes you do.

Enter the attractive but uptight local D.A., Hannah Stubbs (Joan Cusack, Oscar nominated for *Working Girl*). She wants to throw the book at Vinnie for his enthusiasm for committing crimes in her town whilst under Federal protection. This brings her into direct conflict with Barney, who says Vinnie can't be arrested while he is still waiting to testify in New York. More importantly, Hannah is also divorced. Well how about a limp romance developing between Hannah and Barney, with Vinnie's encouragement?

This is a movie where no-one goes away empty handed, except maybe the audience. Hannah ends happily with Barney, or as happily as any character can end coupled with Rick Moranis, Hannah's two kids get a Little League stadium built for them with Vinnie's ill-gotten funds, and even Vinnie ends up in a pointless romance with Hannah's off-sider who urges him to, "Treat me like a hostage". Steve Martin plays Vinnie as the broadest possible caricature of the Noo

Yoik mobster, and it's sad to see him have to struggle his way through a film where the biggest laugh comes from watching Hannah's horrified response when she accidentally drops her sons' turtle into the rubbish compactor. And for those of you who haven't yet grown tired of watching Rick Moranis play nerdy ineffectual characters, this could be your chance.

This is not to say that *My Blue Heaven* is unrelievedly bad, but the pedestrian nature of the script undermines its stronger scenes. There is a very enjoyable scene set in New York, where Vinnie teaches Barney how to dance the Merengué, one of the few times that the film generates any real life. But, despite the constant danger of Vinnie being rubbed out before he testifies, they are dancing because Barney agreed that it would be more fun than staying in the hotel room. Just like a real Fed would. Annoying too is the constant interruption of title cards introducing scenes, a la Hannah and her Sisters. These have the appearance of an afterthought, as while in the cards Vinnie is the narrator, there is nothing else to suggest this. Perhaps its best to sit this one out and wait until the undeniably talented people involved with this film appear in something better.

Paul Champlon



The rather relaxed soft furry thing

Gremlins 2: The New Batch
Directed by Joe Dante
Regent

I enjoyed *Gremlins 2* quite a bit. It is good to see the kind of humour that had me laughing myself sick as a child when watching the old Warner Brothers cartoons, resurrected in a new form with startling originality. *Gremlins II* is a cartoon - not in the strictly animated sense, but it has all the elements.

All of the humans look and act like cartoon characters. Almost more so than the Gremlins themselves. Christopher Lee is superb as Dr Catheter; the mad genetic engineer in whose labs the Gremlins go wild. The typically cartoon style results include the creation of one of the funniest characters in screen history. Mr Glasses (voice of Tony Randall) is that most dangerous of creatures... a clever gremlin. Not only clever, but with aspirations to culture and civilization. While this is happening the other Gremlins are busy consuming such diverse elements as sex hormones (creating the ugliest vamp ever to hit the screen since Miss Piggy), spider potion, bat potion, and sunlight potion. This motley crew of super gremlins provide the laughs for a good while. Phoebe Cates and Zach Galligan

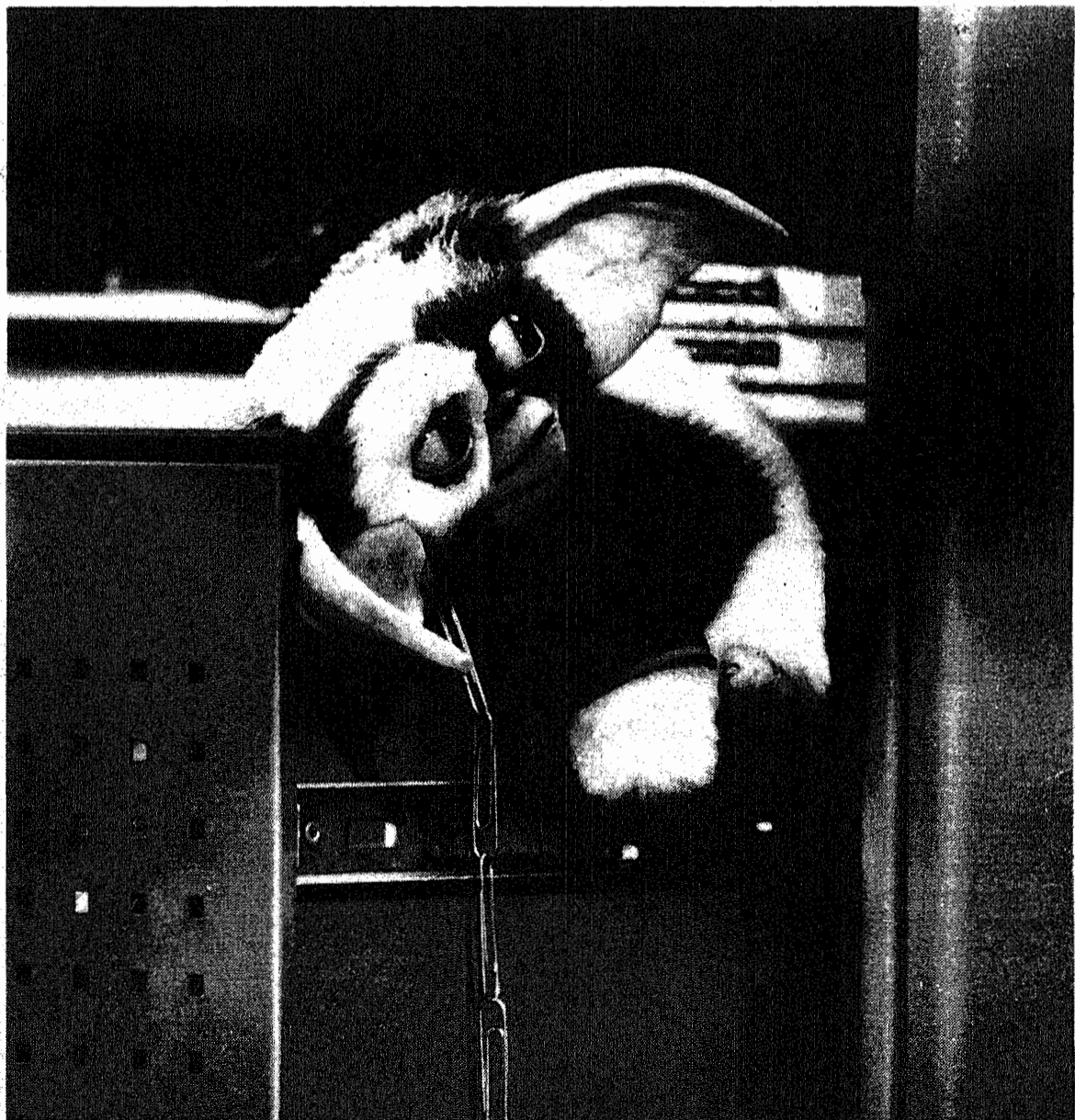
are well cast as the two "good kids" (who share an apartment out of wedlock) and inevitably become the heroes of the hour, but it is the cameos and background scenes which make this film such a joy.

The fully automated building is the big star however. What other building has a pretaped message which calmly announces in a soft monotone, "Giver of warmth, destroyer of forests, right now, this building is on fire", followed by "Yes, the building is on fire. Leave the building. Enact the age old drama of self preservation.", and elevators which announce the opening of the doors in the same soothing tone? "This building was not meant for people, only things" philosophises Daniel Clamp, head of Clamp Inc. and curiously similar in style and attitude to Donald Trump, famed Billionaire currently in deep shit in the States.

Hooray for a good film with a bright, true sense of humour unafraid to pay out anything. Everything that is America cops a serve somewhere along the line. It seems that finally the Americans have started to relax. Self deprecation American style, once the province of underground and cult films, has hit the mainstream.

Like any good (ie Warner Brothers) cartoon, *Gremlins II* is a pleasure to watch when you're stoned as a bastard, as I permanently am.

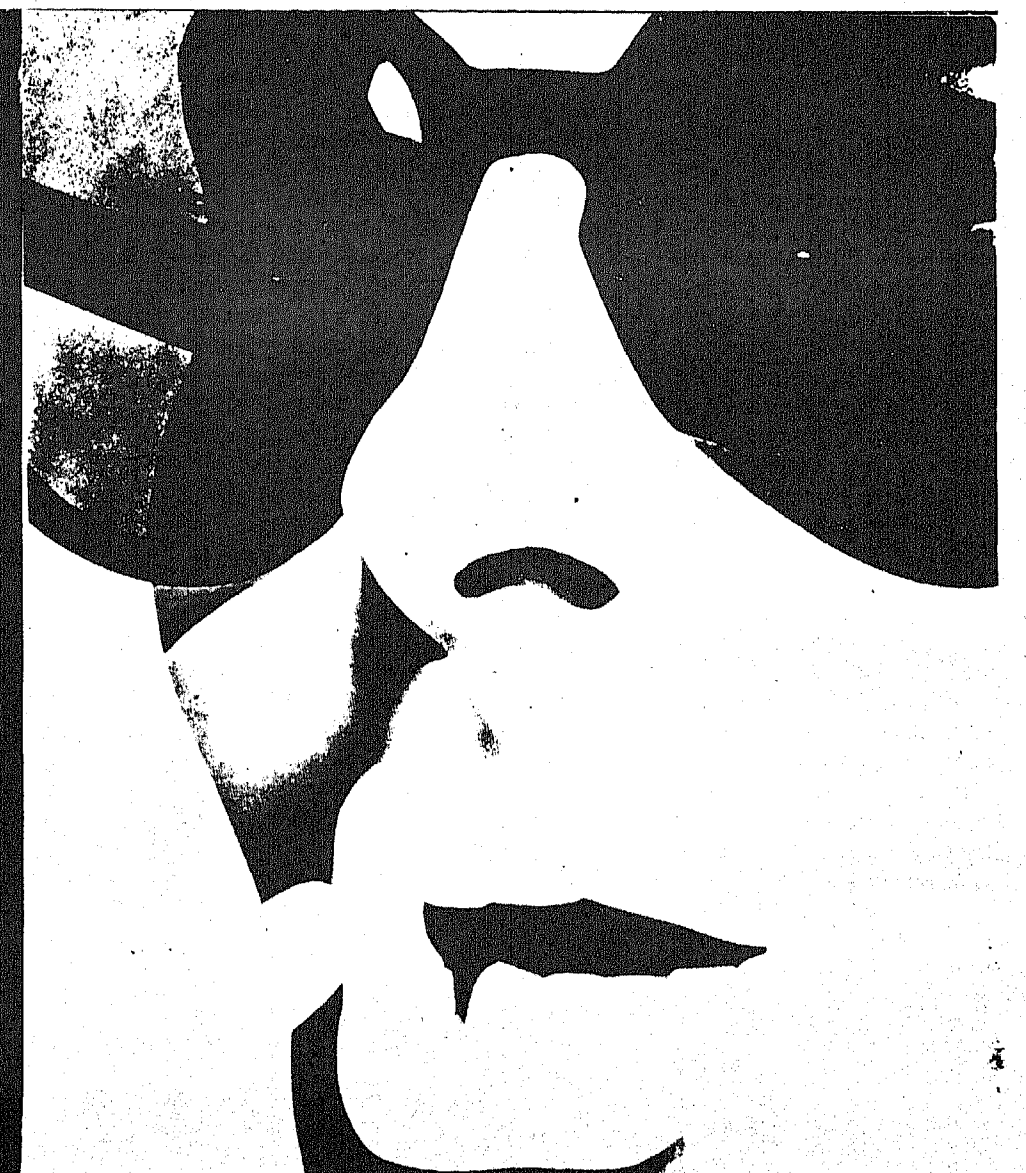
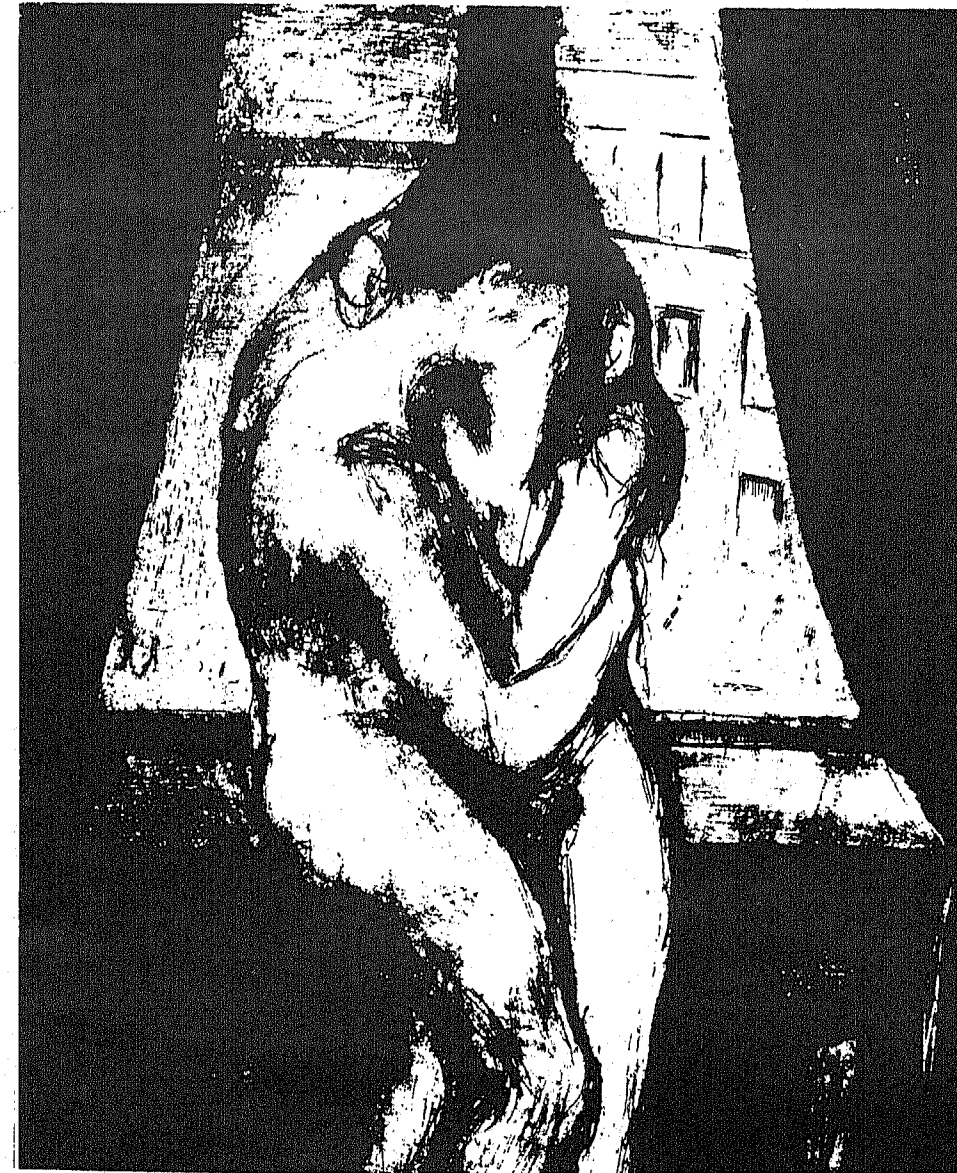
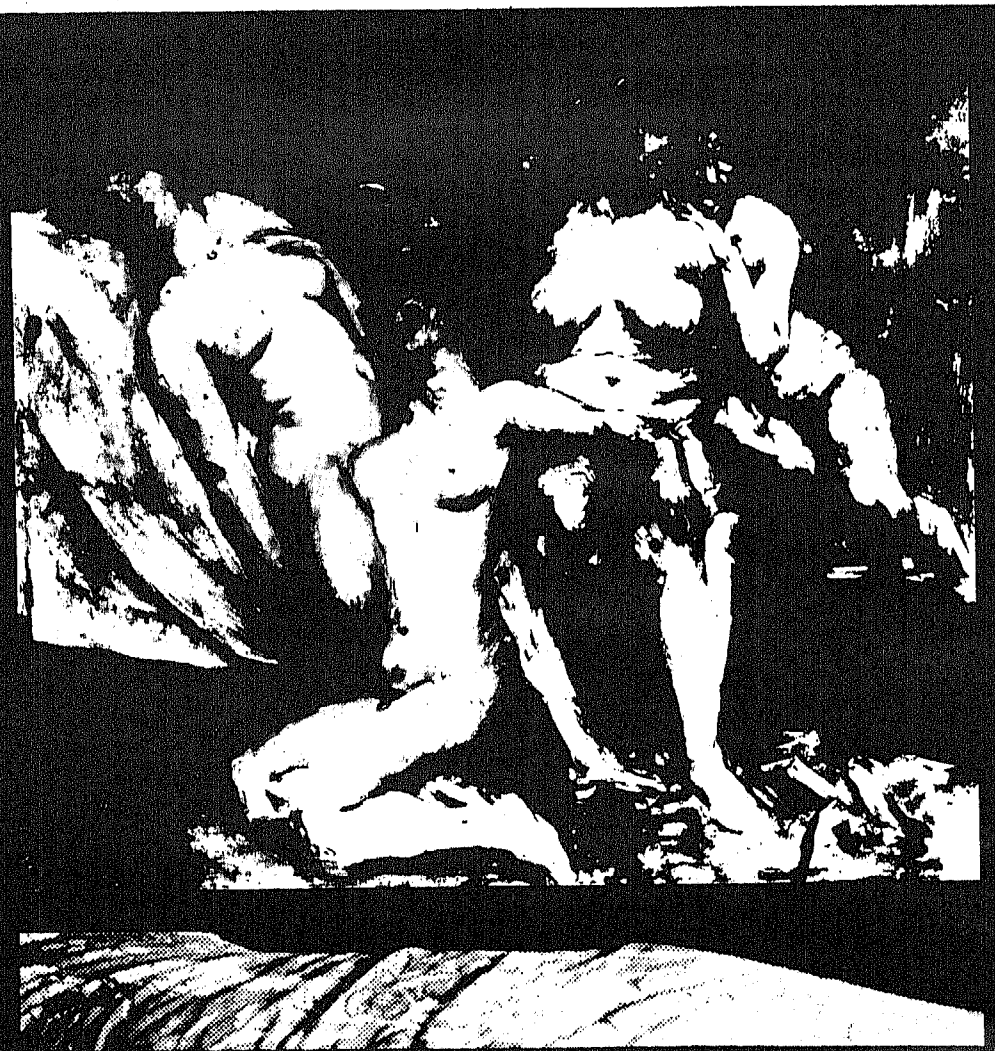
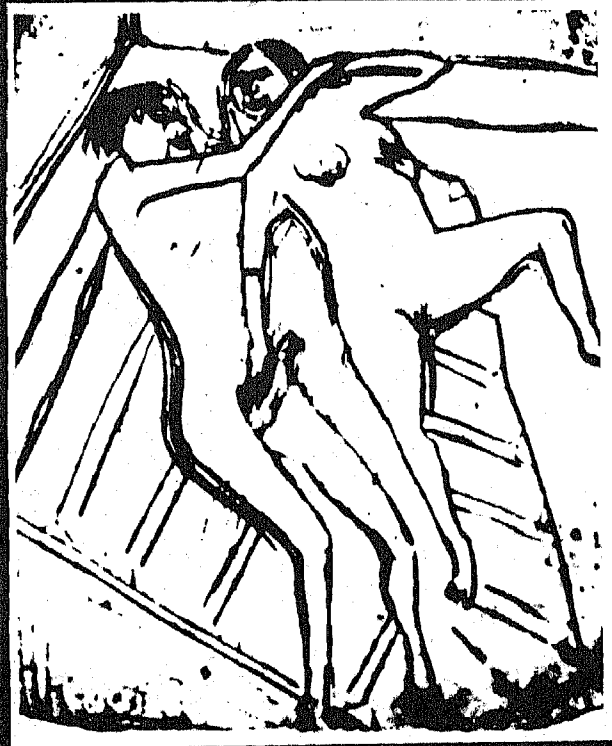
Dave Sag



I HAVE THE 1990 STAFF AND

A VISION STUDENT EXHIBITION

Fay Khoo discovers the wealth of artistic talent on campus and speaks with some of the contributors at the 1990 Student/Staff Exhibition.



The 1990 Staff/ Student Exhibition, as I see it, has been somewhat spectacular in terms of the diversity of its offerings. Many of the participating artists ooze talent. They have uncompromising individual styles which, admirably, do not bend to rigid social expectations.

The Exhibition was opened by guest speaker Driller Jet Armstrong who executed the rites with great flair. During the course of his speech, he related his own experiences as a burgeoning young artist on the brink of consciousness, which I am sure was highly relevant for all those involved. It was a thoroughly pleasant evening attended by a modest crowd of artists and friends. The presentation ceremony followed and although I had no idea who the judges were (or for that matter, the extent of their artistic qualifications), the results, I felt, nevertheless accurately pinpointed some of the most talented work on display. Many sales were completed, and it has been brought to my attention that David Krantz's work has had the unprecedented success of selling out even before the exhibition began. Other pieces which sold quickly included Sarah Prior's "Flowers" and David Pedlar's "Cow Pot". I took some time out to speak to a few of the artists on their philosophies and inspirations. The results are highly encouraging.

David Krantz

Some might presume that Dave Krantz, being a cartoonist, would hold humorous social commentary as his prevailing philosophy rather than artistic inspiration. I spoke to him and found that under the apparently unrelenting hard shell of an angry young man lies a wistful soul who yearns for the perfection of his art. Almost like an oyster really. His disappointment in the disillusioning reality is evidenced by his remarks when asked to share his thoughts on the Exhibition. "I would like to protest firstly over the shameful way the exhibition was run. I should have won the sculpture prize for my sculpture entitled 'wire coat hanger'." But the young man softened and gave "thanks to family and friends for rallying together to buy my much undervalued works".

Further, Dave's reluctance to produce and exploit art for commercial gain is amply manifested in the pricing policy of his works. There is however, a sense of awakening realisation - "A piece of paper with a few lines on it is worth much more than the ridiculously low prices I was charging" and "I am astounded by some of the prices of the other pieces - for example the photos - after all, I've got a polaroid - why can't I charge between \$60 and \$2000 for a couple of holiday shots."

I then asked Dave what constituted his

art form, he answered with honesty and touching simplicity - "I have no art form". However he hastily added, "I am the unrecognised genius of the '90s - the next Monet...there's a couple of masterpieces inside waiting to get out." We shall definitely be hearing more from this open young chap in the future.

Sarah Prior

Sarah Prior did, on the other hand, win an award for her piece "Flowers", and deservedly so. There is a clarity of vision in her work and, to use an oft abused term, ample talent. Her skilful use of colours and her looseness of style won her second place in the Painting on Paper category. For the moment at least, Sarah's philosophy is an admirable one. Art for her, is a privilege that should be extended to the whole community and not merely to the elite few. She sees art for fiscal gain as generally being a trade-off. Once the artist surrenders artistic integrity in order to increase material wealth, inspiration is correspondingly lost.

This simplistic view of life further extends and manifests itself in Sarah's work. Her looseness of style she accredits to her Matric art teacher Mrs. Gordon, who encouraged students to paint for enjoyment rather than to fulfill academic expectations.

Sarah does not restrict herself to one medium to expression - often she experi-

ments with oil pastels and palette water colours. Perhaps her artistic ability should be traced back to her childhood. Other children took music and/or dance lessons - Sarah went to art school. She believes that learning the fundamental techniques was important in shaping her eventual work. More so, art school is important in that it instils and cultivates artistic instincts in children who are in their formative, and arguably, most developmentally important years.

Whatever the source, Sarah's ability to draw is undeniable. Her painting kicks out from its prominent spot of display. It demands, and gets, attention. The aesthetic pleasure it gives to the senses is tremendous.

I asked Sarah her plans for the future - although there is nothing specific at the moment, architecture will remain the course of study, she will be painting pottery for Helen Sacharias in the Craft Studio. This pleases her. It flatters her that her work is liked, but she remains sedately modest - "I was chuffed at winning second prize - I was flattered to be included in the many extremely talented students and staff of the University of Adelaide. South Australia has a lot to offer the rest of the world."

Melissa Douglas

And so it does. Further down the display

line in the exhibition are "Cecilia" and "Sea Horse" by Melissa Douglas - works of unbridled raw talent. Both show a remarkable cohesion of form that is all the more astounding because she has received no formal training. There are no concessions to social mores in her work, only a very personal side unfurled to a judging society. It seems to say - this is me, Melissa Douglas, exposed, naked, vulnerable, with only my art to protect me.

"Cecilia" is a passionate embrace of colours and images, of oil paints on a door ("I prefer to paint on furniture rather than paper because it's more functional"). It won first prize in the Oils category and stands as the most eloquent testimony of Melissa's capacity as an artist, for it represents her first attempt at painting in oils. An indication of greatness? I unreservedly believe so.

Named after a friend, "Cecilia" is the embodiment of an inner journey, a highly personal experience that is paradoxically universal because "everyone will experience it at one stage or another." It is motivated by, and represents, a tribute to friendship, and although it appears less complex than "Sea Horse", Melissa believes that "Cecilia" is the more abstract of the two. To be read from top to bottom, starting at the questioning eye, the painting represents a journey of resolution of conflict as it moves downwards. It is not transformation, but an

extension: a growing experience. "Cecilia" is undeniably breathtaking. It literally sucks out the emotion till there remains only a vacuum of sensual experience.

"Sea Horse", her other work, grew out of a simple pencil etching of an eye. It is essentially a collage on paper (on a guitar case belonging to Adam Smith) that incorporates marbling techniques and positives of horses and merry-go-rounds, and is based on lyrics written by Smith. "Sea Horse" is proliferated with images of chaotic order. The confusion - "The aimless kiss of engines roar inside your head/ It questions promises you made/ with water." The horse eventually develops to become an extension of personality: an aspect of the self that was previously denied from expression but is now revealed (because human personality allowed it to be released): it remains an inseparable part of the self however. There is furthermore a sinister undertone that resurges with the death imagery - the deliberate calm, drowning feeling. The confusion, and tempestuous nature of the piece all work together to mould a storyline that is startlingly lucid in its very anarchism.

Melissa believes she should undertake, at some stage, some formal training to acquire technical skills. She is also looking forward to expanding and doing some silversmithing in jewellery. It will hopefully

not change her style though.

For Melissa, painting is an inward looking experience. Less a depiction of images than an abstract "adventure of the imagination." It is self-indulgent, but there is nothing frivolous about her art. Painting is an "incredibly personal experience" that strips and leaves the self naked, exposed, always vulnerable for all to judge. It is a permanent "compulsion" that constantly demands her undiverted attention and fulfilment in expression.

Nevertheless, vestiges of scepticism founded on reality emerge in her speech. Melissa believes that the University should more consistently put on such exhibitions in order to provide an outlet for burgeoning artists - options, she feels, are limited. Nonetheless, options or no, she will not stop painting.

Lucky.

Other powerful pieces include such contributions as "Cult Idol" and the Untitled chalk piece on paper by Ben Mudge (which won third placing in the Paper category). His work is highly individualistic, and again, bespeaks formidable talent. The use of colours in Ben's work is incredibly effective, and there is harmony of style and form: a swirling zenith of distinct yet inseparable images. His work is evocative of almost surrealist sensuality. I did not speak

to Ben as the opportunity did not present itself, but I am sure his pictures, when viewed, will say plenty.

Paul Turbitt, the founding member of Scretenth, won the first prize for sculpture, for his powerful piece, and Glenn Nanda, as expected by most, swept the first placing for photography, for his piece "Miller's Time", a photo of the memorable Katie Abbott (now moved to Sydney) looking distinctly sexy with her lips wrapped around a beer bottle. Special mention should be given to Helen Sacharias, the soul of the craft studio, who won third place for her wonderful raku pottery, for being the unending source of encouragement for scores of budding artists who have passed through the doors of the craft studio over the years.

It would be impossible, not to mention foolish, to attempt to discuss all the works in the exhibition. Anybody who calls him/herself a member of Adelaide University should take the opportunity before it ends to go and see the exhibition. It is an indescribably vital exercise. How can we call ourselves educated if we cannot appreciate art; or more importantly, the art of our fellow students/staff? Go. Do.

Suburban Dreams

Return Home A Ray Argall Film Season Closed

Return Home is a newly released film from Ray Argall, and is easily the most impressive of all the recently released Australian films.

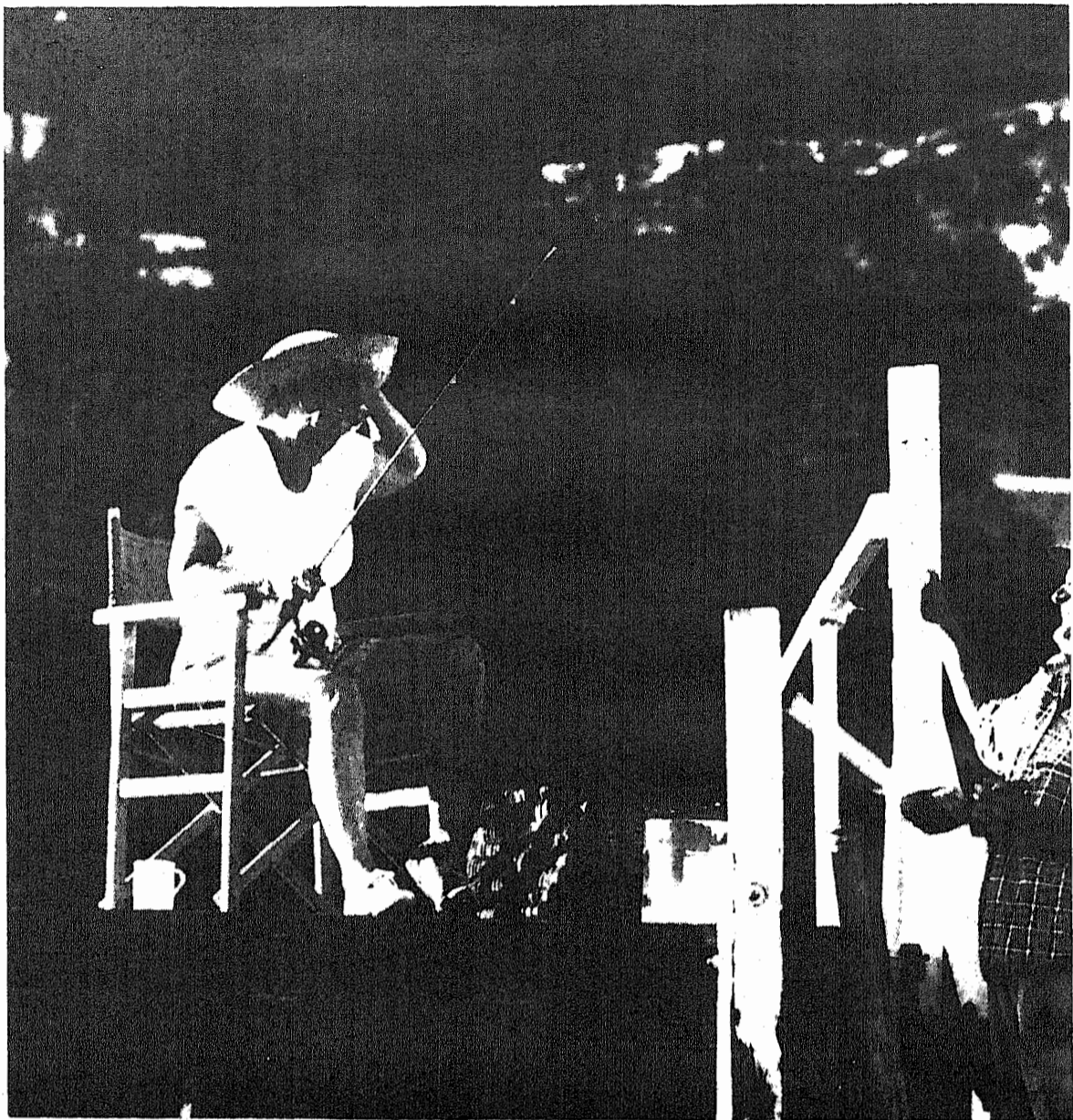
Filmed in old Henley Beach itself (far-away-in-time), Return Home is one of life's simple pleasures. It details the return home to Adelaide of Noel (Dennis Coard), a successful Melbourne insurance broker. After life in a faster lane, complete with broken marriage, Noel views his brother Steve's lot as idyllic; running a petrol station and living cream-brick style in the suburbs with his wife and two children. Steve (played with complete conviction by Frankie J. Holden) struggles with his wife (Micki Camilleri) trying to keep the service station and its consistently low trade going as he refuses to give in to self-serve pumps and other new petrol station money-spinners. They are surviving, albeit overworked and underpaid. Despite this, the husband and wife team are very happy together and gain the whimsical envy of Noel. Holden and Camilleri are perfectly cast as the husband and wife team, their day-to-day grind captured with fine-eyed detail and affection

by Mandy Walker's camera work.

The fourth character in this urban landscape is Gary, Steve's larrikin apprentice, flawlessly played by Ben Mendelsohn. He is the original petrol-head but has an unmistakably Australian charm. Alongside these main characters are spot cameos from Joe Camilleri as a busker and Rachel Rains as Gary's estranged girlfriend.

Make no mistake - Return Home is less concerned with car-chase action and more with naturalistic dialogue, beautifully conceived plot and recognisable characters. Ray Argall has created an assured film that is an absolute pleasure to watch. It's as familiar as an old photo album and tells of an Adelaide of unmistakable whimsy and nostalgia. It is refreshing to see that finally an Australian film is able to tackle situations that are as familiar as tea at six and a mortgage. It conveys therein a quirky Australian quality that rings definitively true. From fish and chips on the beach near the Glenelg jetty to the bogans near the pie cart Return Home is a tale from a modern day Henry Lawson. Everything in this unusual film is told without apology, and conveys what is essentially a simple story without boring its audience. Return Home is a sophisticated film that is all about ordinary life, and by that fact alone makes it an extraordinary must-see.

Rachel Healy



Let's Get Smacked

Let's Get Lost A Bruce Weber Film Season Closed

Documentaries are rarely gestures in style, and yet Bruce Weber's Let's Get Lost, a documentary on the life of jazz trumpeter Chet Baker, is in the end little more than a gesture. It is a film in which surface moves beyond history and chronology, where the screen is vacated of its content, so that its final impact is not unlike listening to one of Chet's tunes - a basking in the romantic, in a texture of sound which is so breathy as to be almost absent. If documentaries aim to tell a truth then Weber's truth-telling, whatever its legitimacy, lies in a motion of mimicry, in the perfection of a gesture.

Chet Baker was a trumpeter in the cool style, playing romantic, meandering tunes with a sound both thin and textured. But more than this, he was a "jazz image", the popular meaning to a style which was nothing but style. With his extraordinary casual beauty and life of fervent notoriety, Chet would have seemed the very epit-

ome of "cool jazz", his life converted into a symbol by the demands of the public. He was not flesh, but photograph.

As if attempting a gesture of accommodation, Weber's camera has become style obsessive. Entire sequences are dominated by the play of surfaces. In one scene the camera floats over an endless parade of photographs taken of Chet at the height of his beauty while his soft, romantic trumpet floats over the background in a pattern of double take and reflects his notoriety (he was a junky, and many of the interviews from his later years reflect the delicate influence of drugs on his intellect). There is, however, very little romance or glamour to be found in his lovers and even less in his notoriety. The surface of the pop icon is supposedly ruptured.

But the Let's Get Smacked sub-genre is never really established, and in the end Let's Get Lost is a film devoid of motion. The conflict of representation which is so essential to the maintenance of a traditional cinematic progress is denied through the dominance of Weber's self-conscious and contradictory image making. Alternatively, the film never allows itself to give in completely to the seduc-



tion of surfaces. Pitched halfway into a field of confusion, it becomes a game of representation which eventually denies its own activity. Appropriately it ends with a sequence from one of the horrible

Italian films that Chet managed to drift into through some bizarre promotional misadventure. Whilst Weber may achieve occasional moments of individualistic beauty, the film never moves beyond the

realm of flat portrayal. The audience is given a slide show, a montage of past surfaces overwhelmed by paralysis.

Andrew Joyner

Black Australian Comedy

"Bran Nue Dae"
The First Ever Aboriginal Musical
The Playhouse
October 11-20

Before seeing this show, I wondered how I could present any criticisms I had of it without appearing patronising. I need not have worried because it was absolutely brilliant. Rarely have I been so thoroughly entertained or experienced so much fun in the theatre. My foolish expectations of a degree of amateurism were utterly unfounded. The script possesses a strong earthy humour that is totally honest. It is incredibly funny and extremely tender by turns. The actors are completely at ease with their parts, which is a difficult challenge given some of the subject matter. It deals with sensitive issues such as native culture and Christianity, sex, masturbation, drugs, and aboriginal drinking and deaths in custody. These are topics which, I am ashamed to say, tend to make anglo-saxons cringe, yet this troupe present them with a sensitive humour that makes it natural and unthreatening. It is

perhaps the most intelligent and relevant piece of Australian theatre since Michael Gow's "Away".

This is not to say that the show is a heavy lesson in the troubles of black Australia. Indeed, the overwhelming feeling is one of fun and optimism. An example is the burlesque song parodying a chorus line - "There is nothing I would rather be / Than to be an Ab-or-ig-in-ee / (Please tell me why they take my land away)"

The script is indeed very clever. It is a funny comedy in its own right. But it also satirises these contemporary black and white issues in a way that is not bitter or accusatory; instead it is gentle and understanding, in a way that demystifies the Aboriginal situation. By bringing such a humorous, compassionate exposition of black problems to the Playhouse, a bastion of white culture, I hope that it can build bridges between our cultures.

The movement and choreography is dynamic and athletic, not relying on precision for its effect, instead with cleverness and wit it mixes typical European and Aboriginal dancing movements to amuse by its frivolity. The music is very well-crafted, evoking a wide

range of emotions. It is witty and funny, tender and sensitive, humorous and optimistic, painful and hurting. At one stage you are laughing hugely when the two Aboriginal protagonists, Uncle Tadpole and Willie, are caught when their dope-smoking hippy friends are busted by the police, only to feel sickened and hollow a split second later when Willie cries "But black men die in gaol, Uncle!" A very skilful piece of theatre.

But the main theme of the show is love, and that's what I felt when I left the theatre - love, respect and admiration for a fantastic troupe of actors, and a revitalised respect for their race and culture. I would love to go backstage for a yarn with them. In this wonderful show they managed to confront serious issues with great humanity, humour, optimism and love. I loved it. It's tremendous fun. I can't recommend it highly enough. It's bloody marvellous. Go and see it.

Paul Cummins.



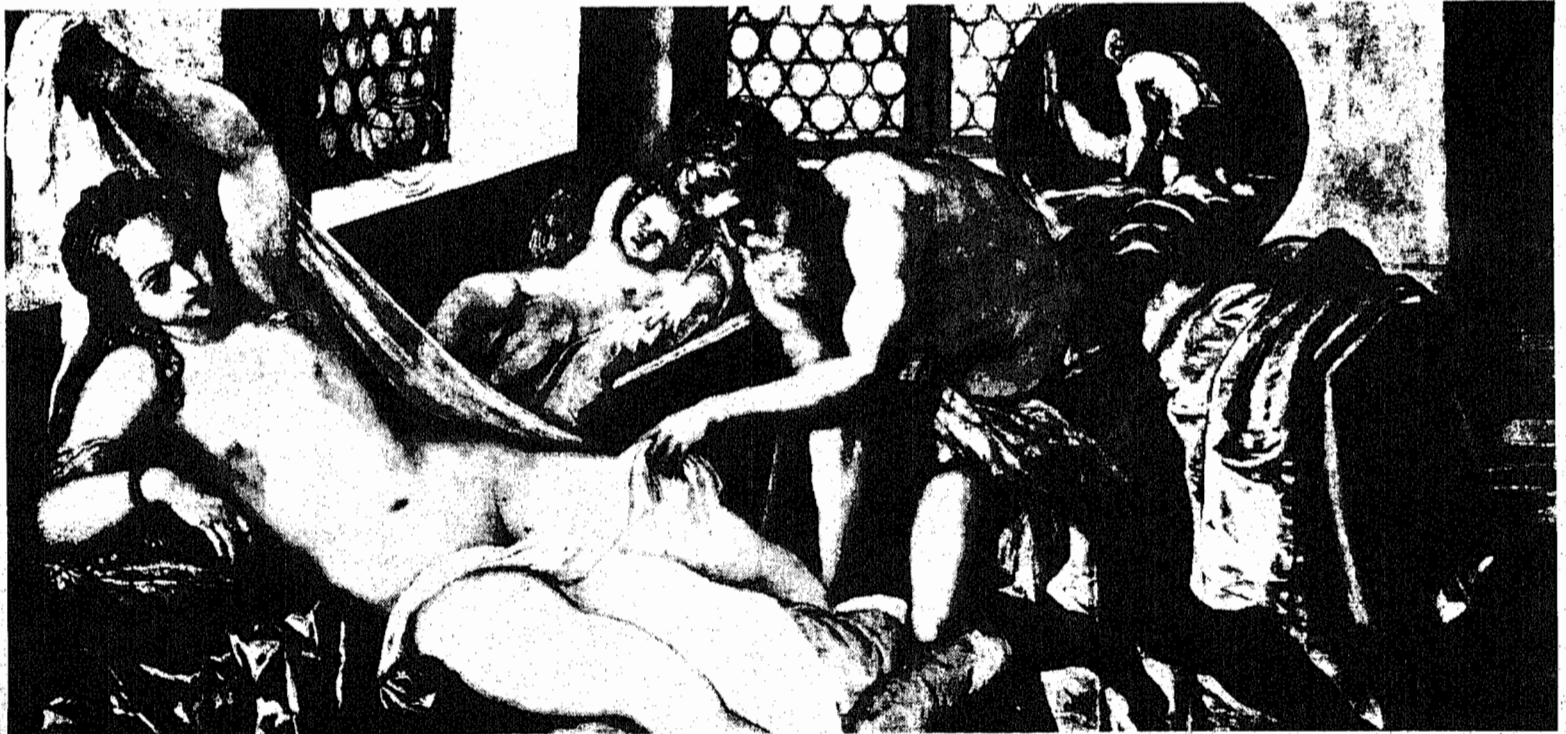
Web of Deceit, Intrigue and Lust

La Mandragola
A.U. Theatre Guild
Little Theatre
Until October 27

As well as being the author of *The Prince*, a seminal work on government and power, Niccolò Machiavelli was also a playwright. *La Mandragola* (1518) combines intrigue and corruption with farcical comedy. The Theatre Guild perform the play complete with songs, a prologue, incidental music and a selection of speeches taken from Machiavelli's other writings interspersed between the acts.

Peter Wagner plays Callimaco, a young Florentine obsessed with trying to bed the beautiful Lucrezia who is married to a foolish lawyer. A scheme to this end is devised by the parasite Ligurio, and he begins the complex task of implementing the scheme with the help of his servant Siro, Ligurio and Fra Timoteo, a corrupt Dominican priest. The plot involves trying to convince Lucrezia and her husband that in order for Lucrezia to conceive a child she must allow herself to be ravished by a young rogue who has partaken of "La Mandragola" or mandrake, believed in the later Middle Ages to assist pregnancy.

The contrived plot gives Machiavelli scope to point out the hypoc-



ris and corruption inherent in human nature and the abuse of office, but the play seems geared more towards providing laughs and entertainment than pointing out obvious parallels with the modern world. Perhaps inevitably, the cynical biting character has been lost over time. The wider implications of the plot are suggested by the inclusion of extraneous material spoken by "Machiavelli" himself (Norman Attersmith) and the songs, performed in earthy style by Eva Calvaresi.

Director Antonio Comin (professor of Italian at Flinders University), assisted by June Barnes, has generally succeeded in bringing out the intrigue necessary to keep the story moving, although some of the characterization seems either uncertain or overdone in the intimate Little Theatre space. Peter Wagner was not quite convincing enough as the intent but hesitant Callimaco, making the plotting and deception appear a little too ridiculous. He is assisted ably by an alert Ligurio (John Edge),

while John Keal as the lusty Siro overacts shamelessly but just gets away with it, not really having enough to do to upstage any one else. As Messer Nicia, "The most blockheaded and simple-minded man in Florence" David Smith from the English Department has created a ridiculously snivelling cuckold of Dickensian ludicrousness. Roman Turkiewicz is perfect as the craftily amusing Fra Timoteo.

All the cast are lavishly costumed with silks, capes, gowns and breeches (complete with prepos-

terous codpieces), which along with the subdued lighting, gives some idea of the period. Machiavelli's play itself is not a masterpiece of comedy or social comment but the convolutions of the plot and the sharpness of Edge, Smith and Turkiewicz maintain interest and entertainment.

Geoff Griffith

music

Hee-Haw Prayers on Edge The Birthday Party Virgin Records

"By Golly," I thought to myself, "It must be ten years since the Birthday Party released these seminal albums?"

Seminal? Yes, that's what everyone else calls them. And yes, it was about 10 years ago that these records first came out. The importance of the Birthday Party as savours/heralds of the clad-in-black, teen angst, fuck the world contingent cannot be underestimated.

Nowadays, Nick Cave is a born again junkie, singing with his band the Bad Seeds, with the intention of appealing to lots of people and making lots of money. Back then the Birthday Party were about the nastiest thing going, and Nick Cave made 'Angry' Anderson look like a mutant hippy garden gnome. He also sang with conviction, like there was no tomorrow (considering his appetite it seemed there wasn't going to be...).

The early Birthday Party releases haven't been available for quite a few years around these parts, and this is why the nice Virgin people have made them re-releases. Now if they could get around to releasing the 1979 LP "Door, Door", I'd be in raptures.

Seminal? No, not exactly a precursor, simply Cave's first and finest moment.

Alex Wheaton

Dare To Be Different Tommy Emmanuel EMI

If you did not have the opportunity to see Tommy Emmanuel's spellbinding performances in Adelaide recently, do the next best thing - buy this album.

His musical talent is brilliant with a capital B. This stunning album features a diverse range of styles - jazz, classical, flamenco, a hint of folk, swing and rock 'n' roll. It is a

rhythmically incisive and refreshingly unique instrumental masterpiece.

It is difficult to pinpoint a highlight on "Dare To Be Different" because of the variety of musical styles but the remake of the Shadows' 1962 hit "The Rise and Fall of Flingel Bunt" is outstanding. "Guitar Boogie" is a highly charged, vigorous rock 'n' roll piece, "Countrywide" has a relaxing folk feel about it, whilst "Jacaranda" and "Tequila Slammer" allow Tommy to display virtuosic skills on the guitar. Each track is energetic and precise, with tight backing performances from his band.

If his guitar prowess doesn't leave you bewildered, Tommy also plays the bass and drums throughout the LP (talk about gifted!). James Morrison makes an appearance on two of the tracks. Tommy Emmanuel is without question a master of his instrument, this album is proof. Bravo!!

Michelle Gillam-Malone

Living Colour 12" "Type" CBS

From the new album "Time's Up" which is just out on local release. Classy and Smart. What you would expect from black guys with guitars and big amps. "Type" makes more use of Muzz Skillings' distinctive bass (particularly in the introduction) and the vocals are oh-so-smooth. Also here is a great cranked up version of "Should I Stay or Should I Go?", "Final Solution" and a live version of "Middleman". Again all produced by Ed Stasium and the bright gatefold cover is by the Thunder Jockeys. Buy before your time's up.

by James Sanchez



The Birthday Party: Nick Cave, Roland Howard, Tracey Pew and Des Heffner

the unwanted child

A moral tale examining the sensitive issue of child-rearing

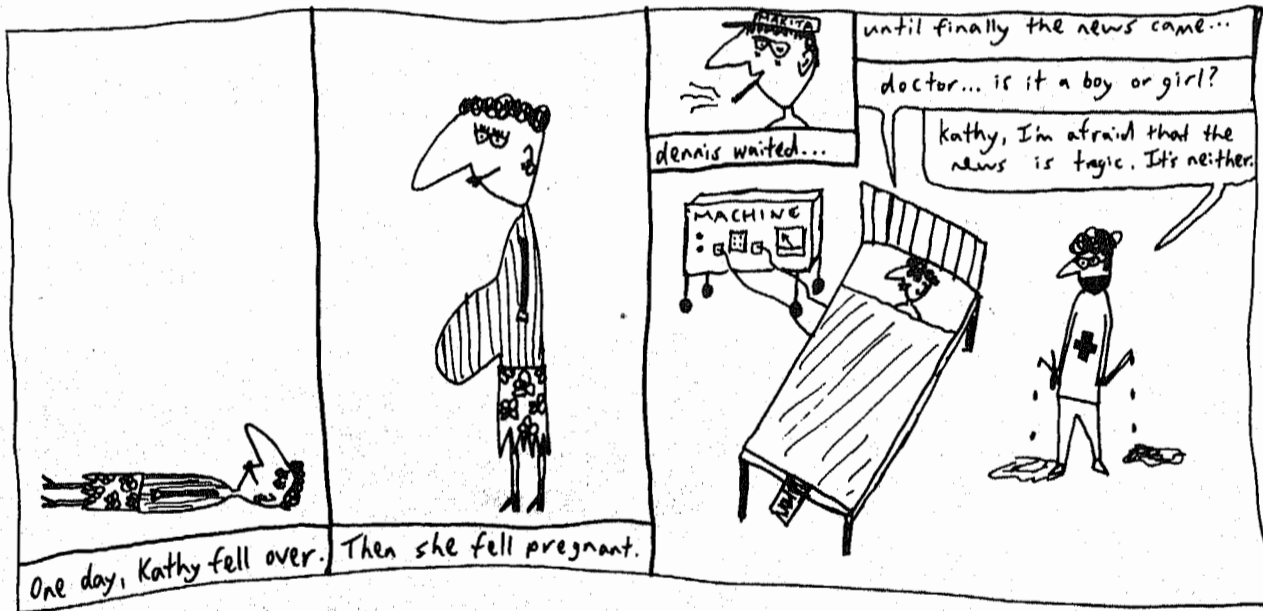


Dennis



Kathy

Dennis and Kathy had always wanted a child.



it's a goanna!



classifieds

Cycling Club

Intervarsity Triathlon
The 1990 Australian Universities' Triathlon Championships is to be held on Wednesday December 5th at Atkinson's Dam (80 km west of Brisbane). The event will comprise a 1.5 km swim, 40 km cycle and 10 km run for individuals and teams. Atkinson's Dam is warm and still water, the cycle course is mostly flat with a few undulations, the run course is flat with a few long gradual hills.

Only University students are eligible to compete, the Club can pay the entry fee and refund up to \$100 of your transport and accommodation expenses.

Contact Richard Wiseman via the Cycling Club pigeon hole at the Sports Association by November 2nd.

Furniture For Sale

Wardrobe, 180 x 145 cm three doors with seven drawers and two shelves \$90, desk, office style, steel frame wood top 140 x 82 cm \$70. Single bed \$30. Phone Wang ex 5360 or come to 4/55 Fullarton Road, Kent Town after 6 pm.

Overseas Students Scholarships

Please note that the proposed foundations for the Scholarship Scheme for Overseas Students printed in Vibes (Volume III Edition I) is an edited version. The original copy is available in the OSA office.

Quek Ngee Meng
Welfare & Services Officer
National Liaison Committee

UNION ACTIVITIES THIS WEEK

Monday, October 15th
9 am - 5 pm Annual Staff Student Exhibition in Union Gallery. Stunning display of artistic talent on campus. Over 100 works in acrylic and oils, photography, sculptures, works on paper and crafts. Continues until Friday October 19th.

Tuesday, October 16th
1 - 2 pm Lunchtime concert in Union Bar with "Flipper Does Dallas". Sneak preview of band that will play at mature age student night on Friday October 19th.

7.30 pm Last film in Cinematheque Film Programme in Cinema with "Overlanders" (122 mins., director Harry Watt, Britain 1946).

Wednesday, October 17th
1-2 pm Theatre Sports comes to campus. Free demonstration by team of 4 plus compere in Union Bar. Bring your mints. Prelude to campus challenge.

Friday, October 19th
9 pm - Midnight Mature Age Students Benefit with "Flipper Does Dallas". Help raise some funds for the Mature Age Students Society to buy their members a microwave. A.U. Students free. Guests \$5.

Saturday, October 20th
9 pm - 2 am ANC Benefit Show in Bar with "Radics", "Seaweed Evans", "Zonke", and "Edwina Lucas". A.U. Students \$4, Guests

\$5.
Coming Entertainment
"Artisans", "Batteries Not Included".

Campus Challenge

1.10 pm Wednesday, 17th October, at the Torrens River there will be a time of getting to know Jesus and one another better. Bring your lunch and a friend! All are welcome.

Postgraduate Study For Women

Women - have you ever thought about Honours or Post Grad work?

- What is Postgraduate study?
- How do you get more information?
- What's in it for me?

Thursday, 3 pm - Panel discussion of Postgraduate studies and women speakers, includes Peggy Mares.

What to bring:
a friend
lots of questions

PENGUINS ON PARADE

The University Colleges present "The Penguins on Parade Inter-College Club Ball" (ICC Ball), Saturday 20th October, 7.30 pm - Festival Theatre, Banquet Room. Formal Dress. Band, "Outset". \$22 a head - \$25 at door. Price includes beer, wine, softies and supper. Contact the Colleges: St Anne's,

Women's Edition of On Dit

All women are invited to contribute letters, articles, poetry, short stories, cartoons, graphics, etc. for the October 22nd edition of On Dit.

Please leave contributions in the contribution box in the Students' Association, or in the contribution box in the Women's Room by October 17th.

St Mark's, Lincoln, Aquinas, Flanders Uni Hall or Catherine Ordway (Law Dept) for tickets! Be there to see the cup presented and for the last big night of the year!

Melbourne Cup Luncheon

Union Bistro
Tuesday November 6th, from 12 noon. 4 course Buffet lunch. \$12.00

per head (includes complimentary glass of champagne). View the race on the 6 foot big screen. Fully licensed. Please book on 228 5858.

Latin American Cinema Night

Thursday, 18th October.
Free films.
AU CISCAC presents "Burn" and "Romero". Union Cinema 7.30 pm.

Wanna Be a Star?

We need sixty people to "act like students" for a University video production to be filmed in the last week of October (date still to be confirmed).

It will only take one afternoon and a huge lunch will be provided in lieu of pay.

See the Student's Association for further details and the chance to become a screen legend.

Special Message to Richard Shipton...

We're really pissed! Thanks!

Be a Rigger Head! Row Row Row Your Boat

Coxswains urgently required for the Uni Boat Club. If you are approximately 55 kilos, enjoy your lager, and would like to meet other keen punters like yourself, then this is your calling. For more info call Fay on 271 5738 or leave a message in the Sports Association.

PRODUCTION NOTES

ON DIT is the weekly newspaper of the Student's Association of the University of Adelaide. The editors have complete editorial control although opinions expressed in the paper are not necessarily their own.

Editors: Steve Jackson and David Penberthy
Advertising Manager: Andy Joyner
Typesetting: Sharon Middleton & Georgie Matches
Bromiding: Andrew Joyner
Freight Supremo: Alex Wheaton

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Special thanks also to Anne Whitall and Paul Cummins for their work on the Prosh Rag.

If you wish to contact ON DIT write to:
ON DIT, GPO Box 498, University of Adelaide,
Adelaide, S.A.
Telephone 228 5404, 223 2685. Fax 224 0464.
ON DIT is printed by Murray Bridge Press - thanks guys.

When you say yes...



say yes to safe sex.

Making the first move might be scary, but more guys than you think have sex with other guys. It's natural, and if you're safe you'll have a great time.

And what's safe? Kissing, cuddling, licking, stroking, wanking, oral sex (avoid cum in the mouth), vaginal and anal sex with condoms and water-based lube.*

For more information on safe sex and discussion groups for young gay and bisexual men, call Dean at the AIDS Council of South Australia ☎ 362 1611

* (such as KY-gel)

Produced by the Victorian AIDS Council 1990

