



Former Nazi issues threat

by Mark Davis

A prominent and notorious member of the racist organisation National Action has threatened *On dit* with "counter action" following our publication of the names of two Adelaide National Action members.

The threat came from Mr. Jim Saleam, a former member of the Nazi Party and now a well-known National Action figure in Sydney.

Mr. Saleam is a founding member of National Action. He has taken a high public profile in the organisation's activities and has been linked with incidents of violence and harassment.

Mr. Saleam wrote to *On dit* from Sydney last week alleging our recent article *Unmasking National Action* (*On dit* 25 June 1984) was "fabricated" and "bogus".

The article "was clearly designed to 'incite' people against our organisation" Mr. Saleam wrote.

"We do not consider however, that what we would have to say would be taken seriously by you" Mr. Saleam continued.

"Consequently, we would advise that any campaign of incitement against National Action must be met by counter action."

"Your co-thinkers in the eastern states have already observed that in this regard National Action is more than competent [*sic*]."

On dit's co-editor, Mr. Andrew Gleeson, rejected Mr. Saleam's allegation that the *Unmasking National Action* article was fabricated.

"*On dit* stands by the article completely" Mr. Gleeson said.

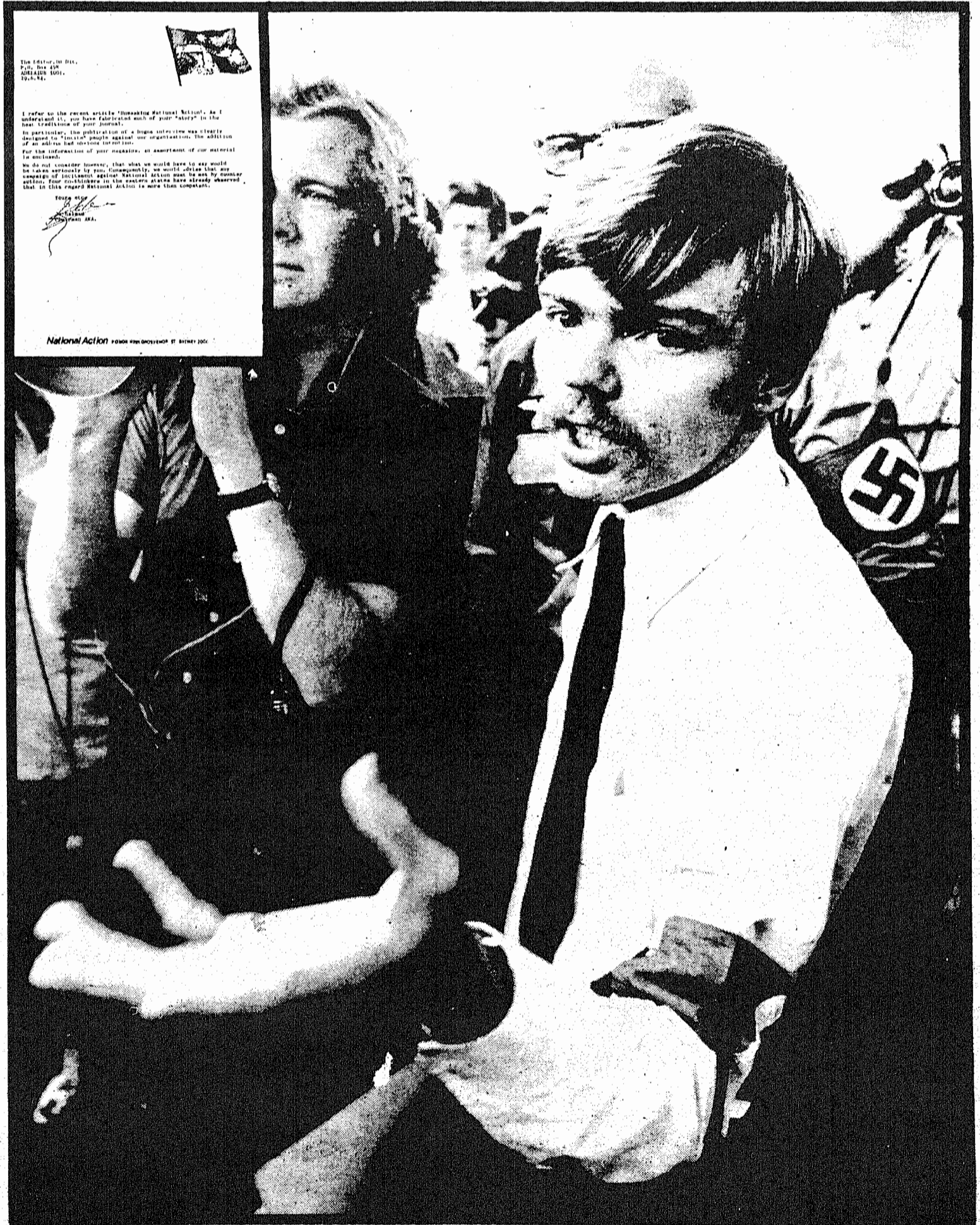
"It was truthful and accurate in every detail and there are witnesses as to the truthfulness of every quotation."

Mr. Gleeson said the *On dit* editors were taking Mr. Saleam's threat seriously and had reported it to the police.

Mr. Saleam is enrolled as a student at the University of Sydney where he has contested positions in student elections. In February he stood as a National Action candidate in the Federal by-election for Hughes, a seat which covers Sydney working-class suburbs.

Mr. Saleam was involved in incidents at Sydney's Macquarie University which lead to the banning of National Action from that campus in March. The banning was the first time in over 40 years a political group has been barred from an Australian university.

According to the Macquarie University student newspaper *Arena*, Mr. Saleam visited Macquarie University on 22 March with a group of supporters and began putting up National Action posters in the Students' Council offices.

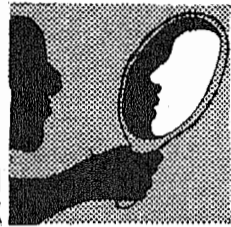


Mr. Jim Saleam pictured in 1975 (inset: Mr. Saleam's letter to On Dit).

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Workaholic judge with a finger in every legal pie

PAGE TWO PROFILE



by Robert Cecil

It's hard to believe, but the urbane, well-read and literate Mr. Justice Kirby was once a student politician.

In 1964 and 1965 he was President of the University of Sydney's Student Representative Council and the University Union.

At meetings of the National Union of University Students, an honorable predecessor to AUS, he met Robert Holmes a Court, John Bannon, Chris Sumner, Gareth Evans and Peter Wilenski.

Michael Kirby became chairman of the Australian Law Reform Commission (ALRC) and a Federal Court judge, Robert Holmes a Court chairman of the Bell Group of companies and a challenger to the might of BHP, John Bannon Premier of SA, Chris Sumner Attorney-General for SA, Gareth Evans Attorney-General for the Commonwealth and Peter Wilenski chairman of the Commonwealth Public Service Board.

"Student politics was, at least at that time, a preparation for leadership in the next generation," Justice Kirby said during our interview in the foyer of the Adelaide Hilton.

"It's changed. In those days it was personality politics. One just ran on one's personal qualities.

"We didn't have party alignments. People were generally known to be Liberals or conservatives. I was always a liberal."

Michael Donald Kirby, 45, recalling his university days in the off-campus Phillip Street Law School, said although most law students had studied "on the night shift" he had studied in the morning.

"One's biorhythms get into habits. The morning is a wonderful time. You are fresh, the phone doesn't ring, the staff isn't there and you can think, reflect and get a great deal done."

He now works a 13-hour day, seven days a week and lists work as his recreation in *Who's Who*.

"I'm starting a bit earlier now — about half past five or six," he explained.

"I make no complaint about this

because I have an interesting and socially-worthy job. Save for the justices of the High Court I believe I have the most interesting legal position in the country."

Michael Kirby describes himself as one of the last generation to be raised in the Calvinist work ethic.

He said the microchip would make such people redundant and reduce them to neurosis.

Did he feel that he missed something by not occasionally plunging himself into the betting ring at Canterbury or barracking for Parramatta from the hill at a Rugby League match or generally debauching himself with the masses.

"I'm not in the image business," he replied sharply.

"I've always regarded sport as a foolish diversion and in that sense am a completely atypical Australian."

Reading, swimming and time with his extended family were his favourite recreations, but all had to take second place to work. He is not married.

Kirby and leading Sydney Queen's Counsel Murray Gleeson shared the burden of lecture notes and research at Law School.

"He still alleges he is weak in Constitutional Law because I did that subject for us," the judge related, "although I've noticed he's appearing in many leading constitutional cases.

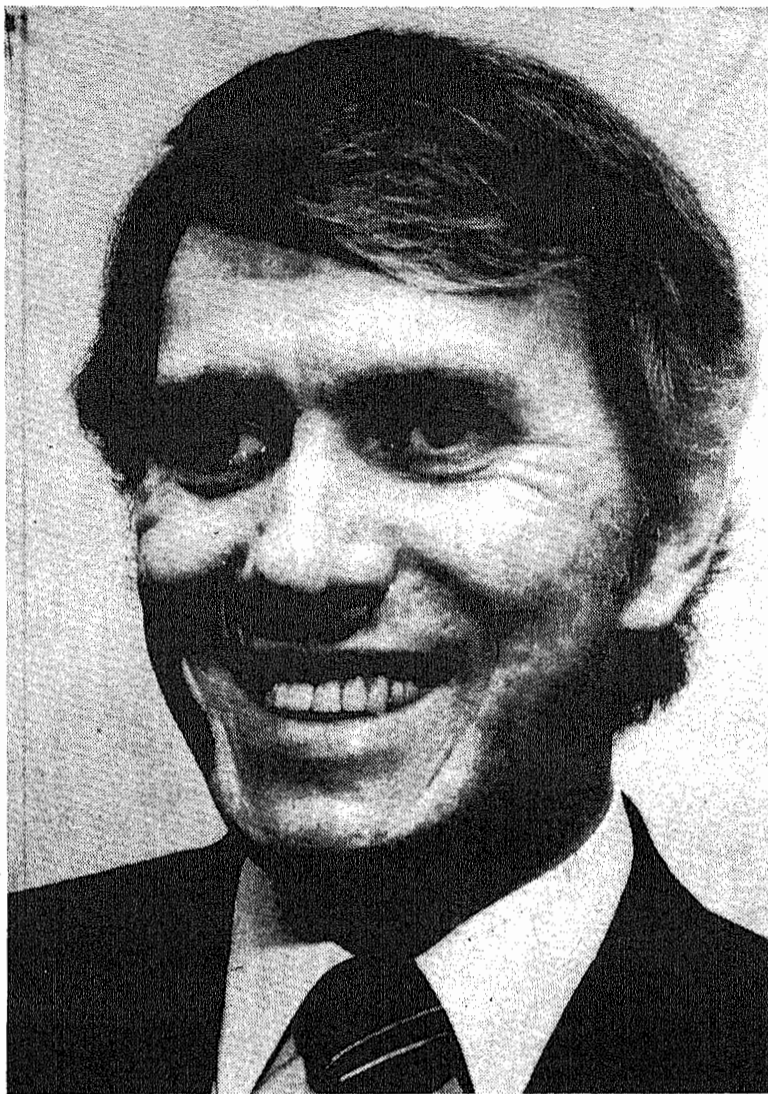
"Of course, I take the credit for that.

"I'm still weak in company law. I assert he left a few chapters out of the lecture notes when he handed them to me."

Australia's premier law reformer said he was sometimes disappointed that the ALRC's recommendations were processed so slowly.

A law reformer needed to be both optimistic and impatient, he said, but the arrival as Attorney-General of Senator Evans, a former Law Reform commissioner, had quickened the pace.

He said Sir Anthony Mason, before he was a justice of the High Court, had proposed that law reform draft bills be automatically referred to Parliament and, unless disallowed, passed into law.



Mr. Justice Kirby

"This is possible with railway and garbage ordinances. Why not with ALRC recommendations?"

On any day of the week, Justice Kirby seems to be making a speech, or dropping a press release to newspapers, on a stupendous variety of topics.

He said he writes his own speeches and press releases because "there are very few people who can get into your mind sufficiently to replicate your manner of expression."

"We use summaries to make sure reporters get it right. Senator Evans taught me that journalists work to desperately tight deadlines.

"If you are interested in communicating the issues of law to society the deadlines have to be taken into account."

Although he is probably the most popular lawyer in Australia, Michael Kirby values his freedom from the judgements of public opinion.

"Today I'm speaking about euthanasia. Very few politicians would speak about such a subject because, although opinion polls show 69 p.c. of Australians favor euthanasia where a person is suffering from a terminal and painful condition, there is a very strong group of sincere and dedicated people who are keenly against it," he said.

"It is part of the genius of our society that we have an interaction between politicians, and officials who are not so hidebound."

Did he have ambitions to go to the High Court bench?

"Every lawyer has a High Court judge's baton in his knapsack," he replied.

"Being appointed to the High Court is musical chairs. You have to be in the right place at the right time.

"But judges, like the angels, should not have ambition."

Overseas student fees do damage to Commonwealth wealth ties

Changes in overseas student policies in recent years, especially the introduction of high tuition fees for overseas students, have severely strained relations between Commonwealth countries according to a recently released report.

The report said tertiary institutions which had lost overseas students had suffered a weakening of their international reputation and thousands of people had been denied the chance to study abroad.

It said that in the five years since Britain introduced full-cost fees for overseas students there had been similar moves in other countries.

The report was issued by the Commonwealth Standing Committee on Student Mobility.

The Committee expressed concern that movement of students between Commonwealth nations "may be on the point of decline."

"High and rising tuition fees for overseas students constitute one of the major impediments to student mobility" the report said.

"We urge member countries to restrain the increase in fees for Commonwealth students and move towards the reduction of discrimination."

"We find the case for charging 'full-cost' fees to students from abroad unconvincing."

The report said 64,000 Commonwealth students were currently attending universities and other tertiary institutions in other Commonwealth countries. The vast majority were in Australia, Britain, Canada, India and New Zealand.

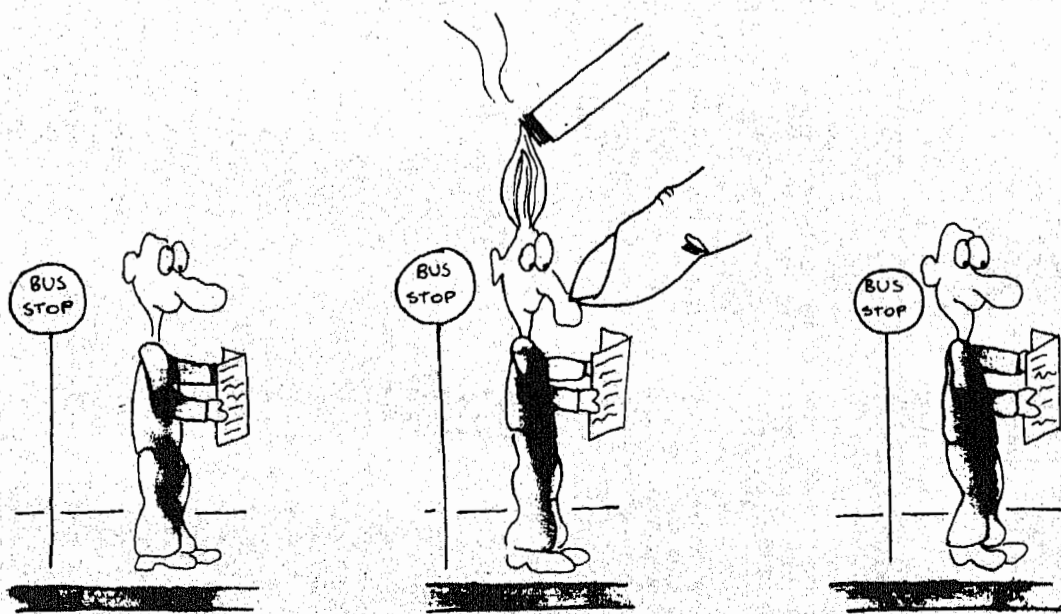
Of these five host nations, only India does not charge overseas students more than home students.

The report said there was a danger the academic priorities of institutions might be distorted when additional fee revenue from overseas students was higher than revenue from home students.

"Rumours exist that some universities in some countries which charge full-cost fees offer untried courses in order to attract fee-paying students ... and that entry standards have dropped for overseas students in order to admit students who can afford the full cost."

The Standing Committee is a 12-member body with an Australian representative, Mr. Frank Hambly, secretary of the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee.

Thought of the Week



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To chronicle the changing face of today

by Alison Rogers

Jan and Gail are two middle-aged housewives who gave up that life to become lovers.

Krissy is a punk rocker who wants to be a novelist.

Coral is an Aboriginal woman taken from her mother and placed in an institution when she was five months old. Thirty years later she has traced her family.

These are just some of "the faces of change" as chronicled by award-winning journalist Anne Deveson.

Deveson has just finished a book about everyday Australian women who have achieved something special in their lives.

The book, *The Faces of Change*, is based on an acclaimed television documentary series produced by Deveson.

"We had a great reaction to the Jan and Gail story" Anne Deveson said last week.

"So many people wrote saying 'I never understood gay people before, but Jan and Gail's story was a true love story — it has helped my understanding of gay people'."

The Faces of Change is enlightening reading. The story of Coral, an Aboriginal woman, can't help but make you ashamed of being a white Australian.

On dit spoke to Anne Deveson at her book launching last week.

Although now one of Australia's most highly respected journalists with three top media awards to her credit, Deveson's career had humble beginnings.

A drop-out from first-year

University science, she was working as a typist when she decided to try for a job in journalism.

She wrote to 63 newspapers in England asking for a job and got one reply.

It was from the lowly *Kensington County Borough Times*, a small paper run by a staff of two people.

She took the job and after training began to write freelance material for prestigious US newspapers such as the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

She went on to work for the BBC and hasn't looked back since.

Deveson does, however, admit to the occasional setback in her career.

Like the time she worked for Sydney radio station 2GB as a lunch-time media commentator until the station management changed its programming philosophy.

"They decided, in their infinite wisdom — or otherwise — to change to a lighter, easy-listening music approach" she said.

"But the station was actually picketed by all these women chanting 'Anne for Lunch'."

"The management disappeared and called the police but there was no violence. Women wandered in and out with their children while I solemnly did my final program."

And what projects is Anne Deveson working on for the future?

"At the moment I'm writing a book on schizophrenia and I want to do a series on men, similar to *The Faces of Change*, because I feel their roles are changing as well as women's."



Award winning journalist Anne Deveson.

Union to create second education/welfare job

by Mark Davis

The Adelaide University Union has decided to employ a second Education and Welfare Officer — but it could cost students an extra \$4.00 a year in Union fees.

The Education and Welfare officer is a Union employee whose duties include assisting students with financial, academic, housing or personal problems and under-taking research of education issues.

The decision to employ a second Education and Welfare Officer was made by Union Council at its last meeting.

The current Education and Welfare Officer, Mr. Andrew Derrington, told Union Council that

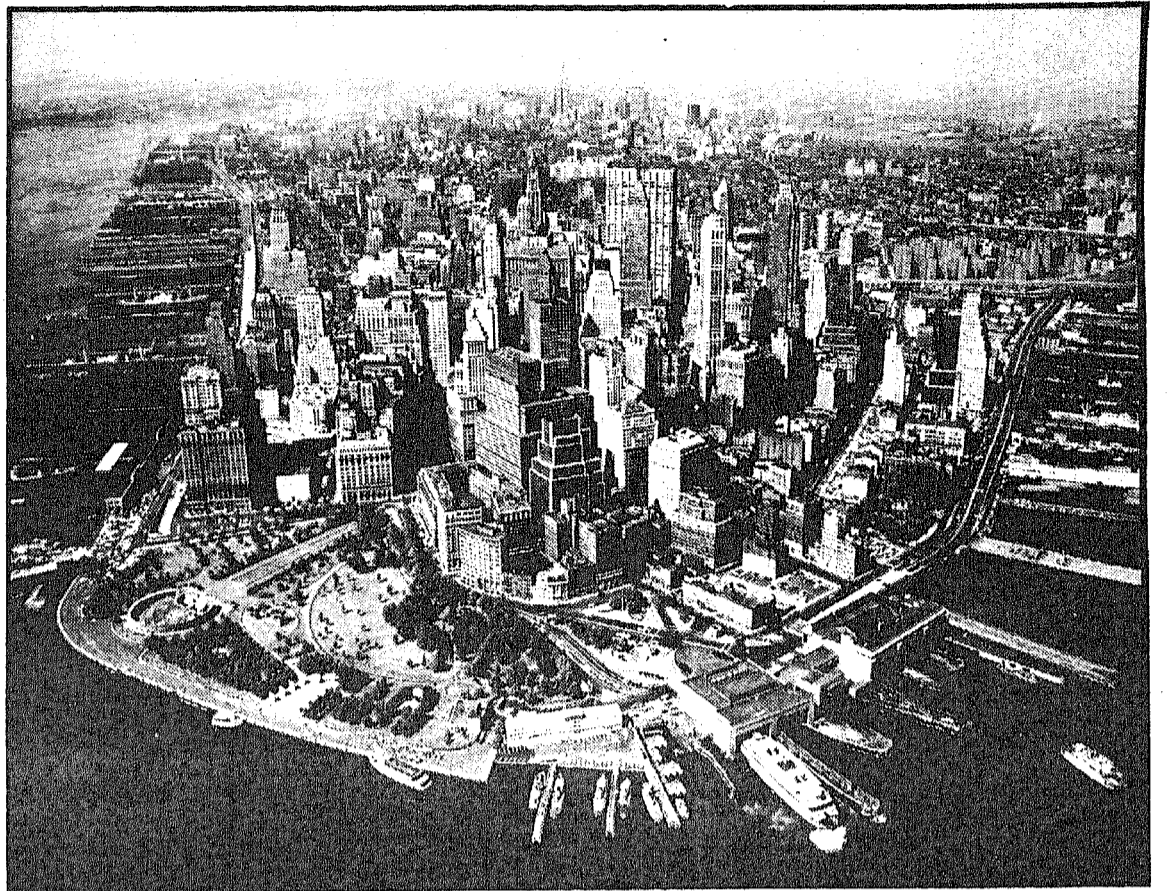
the demand for welfare services by students was too high for one employee to manage.

During debate on the matter Union Council was told the cost of employing another officer would have to be met by an increase of up to \$4.00 in the annual Union fee.

Councillor Ken McAlpine said the increase in Union fees was justified.

"The 70 per cent of Union members who don't need welfare services should have to make a financial contribution towards the 30 per cent who do need those services" Mr. McAlpine said.

He said most students would be willing to pay a higher Union fee if it meant increased welfare services.



New York from the air.

The Big Apple stews as Reagan coasts home



STATESIDER

by Alex Dickinson

New York spent most of this week preoccupied with trying to stay cool in the uncommonly hot and muggy weather. The Bronx was awash as people tried to cool off by opening fire hydrants and as a result the city went through two billion gallons of water a day, and fire fighters struggled on with no water pressure.

Tempers flared and a cop was killed trying to stop a junkie stealing a set of spectacle frames from a pharmacy.

People queued for hours in New York to buy air-conditioners, often to find stocks run out.

Traffic banked up for dozens of miles in New Jersey as New Yorkers headed south to the Jersey coast on the weekend while some of us headed north in search of cool mountain air in the Catskills, but even there the heat was oppressive and the snow had finally melted.

Meanwhile, the rest of the country struggled to keep up with the complex moves of President

Reagan's foreign policy. Talking to reporters in his 25th press conference, Reagan put his rhetoric behind him and stated that he was willing to have a summit with Soviet leaders whenever they desired. This brought a positive response from voters around the country, but a few were cynical and wary of the motivations.

With an election this year it would appear the President has, with his usual subtlety, moved to a new and somewhat different stance in dealing with the Soviets. He has little to lose of course. The Soviets are unlikely to agree to a summit until after the election — if at all — so Reagan needn't be bothered about the outcome of any such talks. After all, it's the thought that counts.

The Soviets have requested talks on limiting space weapons, and the White House has held back, claiming such a treaty would be "un-verifiable".

On a related topic Edward Teller (the proud father of the hydrogen bomb) has come out of his Tower at Stanford in another letter in favour of space based defence (now referred to as "Star Wars" or "Beam-the-Bomb"). Teller wrote: "Mutually assured destruction (MAD) is a morally repulsive idea..." Unfortunately more repulsiveness doesn't seem to be a major consideration in superpower relations. A heated discussion

between scientists is continuing via the computer networks, but the consensus seems to be that such defensive weapons are both impractical and de-stabilising. At the same time, with Soviet submarines taking up closer coastal positions the gut reaction is to go for defence.

The Reagan administration is looking strong in the face of the forthcoming election. As if by magic the President has remained un-sullied by a continuous stream of accusations of corruption and incompetence in his staff. Most people I've talked to (from a car window washer at the Holland Tunnel exit to an AT&T executive) think that he's the best available.

Mondale lives under the handicap of having been with Carter who is now seen as a wimp. His popularity has gone down as ex-president Nixon's has risen again.

Reagan seems to be unwilling to rest on his laurels however as shown by his recent change in technique for dealing with the Soviets. Time will tell if he decides to address other areas he has earned a notoriety in: black civil rights and women's issues.

Australia has scored high on the Associated Press newswire recently with an item on Bill Hayden talking to the Soviet foreign minister about the Sakharovs and another on the high bargaining value of the Koala bear in diplomatic circles. But as usual in the Big Apple, *Men at Work* are getting more exposure than the rest of Australia put together.

Unions will join-Young

The four pro-Hawke trade unions refused reaffiliation to the Victorian ALP would inevitably be readmitted, the Special Minister of State, Mr. Young, said last week.

He told a meeting of the Australian Postal and Telecommunications Union in Adelaide on Wednesday it was important the ALP gained more union affiliates so it properly reflected the views of the community.

Mr. Young made his prediction on the eve of the ALP national conference in Canberra, which may review the decision of the Victorian ALP conference a fortnight ago rejecting the unions.

"These (four) unions are affiliated in nearly every State and most ALP branches would be delighted (to have them)," Mr. Young said.

"It's always in the interests of the ALP to attract more unions to

affiliate. And I'm not just talking about attracting greater numbers because we need more funds."

He said 71 p.c. of unionised workers were represented in the NSW ALP, while in the Tasmania ALP only 34 p.c. were represented.

The NSW branch had an opportunity to represent working people better, he added.

The NSW ALP is run by Mr. Hawke's Labor Unity faction and has held State office for the past eight years. The Tasmanian ALP, run by the Socialist Left, is in Opposition and does not hold a single Federal seat.

The ALP national executive considered the reaffiliation question on Thursday, but decided to defer it.

The unions are the Shop, Distributive and Allied Employees' Association, the Federated Clerks' Union, the Federated Ironworkers'

Association and the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners. Together they would hold about 12 p.c. of the vote in the Victorian ALP. The anti-Hawke Socialist Left commands more than 53 p.c. of the vote now.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Hawke, has publicly supported all four unions, but the Victorian Premier, Mr. Cain, and the Senate Leader, Senator Button, are believed to favor admitting only the ironworkers and carpenters now.

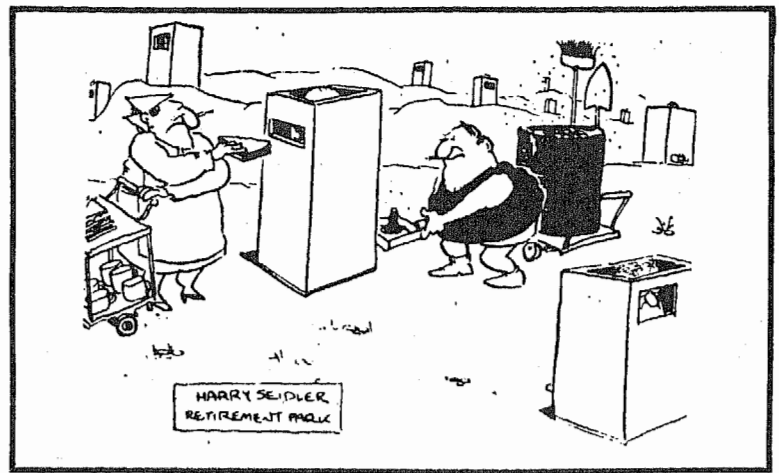
The Victorian conference rejection followed allegations that the unions were controlled by two groups of Catholic activists: the National Civic Council and the Industrial Action fund.

The dominant Socialist Left faction in Victoria fears the four unions would support the Prime Minister.



Boy George came to town on Friday and On Dit's camera caught some of the excitement in Rundle Mall.

Picture: Alec Tibbits.



Cartoon win a novel landmark



SYDNEY

Geoff Hanmer

It's not only the weather that's been a bit chilly in Sydney lately. Relations between the medical profession and the Government have been decidedly frosty while black clouds hang over the fast-festering dispute between the Government and teachers concerning intensive language course class sizes.

As a sideshow, we saw the conclusion of a defamation case the likes of which is rarely seen. An all-in public brawl between Harry Seidler, the noted Australian expatriate architect and Patrick Cook an even better known cartoonist. The court case was entertainment in its purest form with drama (Seidler screaming 'You're a fucking liar' as Cook began his testimony); pathos (Seidler claiming that he had not been commissioned to do a single house since Cook's offensive cartoon); and humour (Architectural academic Peter Myers claiming that he believed Cook's cartoon meant that Seidler had designed a retirement village without a roof).

Various Sydney landmarks were dragged through the mud by Cook who claimed that Seidler's Blues Point Tower "disfigures the view of the Harbour from any point from where it is visible."

The novelty of the case was increased by a great number of Seidler's relations disporting themselves in the public gallery and on the floor of the court. Among them, Justice Elizabeth Evatt, sister to Seidler's wife, Penny and Clive Evatt, Penny's brother who represented Seidler. Not since Petrov has the presence of an Evatt in court provided such rich public spectacle.

Naturally enough, John Fairfax Pty. Ltd., co-defendants with Cook missed no opportunity for fair reporting of the case, usually on page three or page one of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The *National Times* week ending 5 July gives over about four pages to a report of the trial.

Seidler's loss came as something of a shock to the legions of Fairfax hacks in their Broadway bunker. A chance call by your correspondent to the *Sydney Morning Herald* soon after the jury handed down the verdict was accompanied by background sounds not unlike those of celebration.

The decision is a landmark for

Australian architectural criticism and certainly a poke in the eye for those donning suits of shining armour; or maybe just for those who think they're right all the time.

In a less public but equally all-in brawl, Rodney Cavalier, the new-boy Education Minister, is having it out with the Teachers' Federation over the vexed issue of class sizes.

There are a lot of delicious ironies in this case, chief among them Ivan Pagett, the "moderate" president of the Teachers' Federation. Just before the last election, Pagett replaced well known "lefty" Max Taylor in an operation by the NSW Machine Right to tone down the stridency of teacher demands. At the time, there were strong complaints by Taylor and his group that the Machine had been pouring money into Pagett's campaign, distorting the election. However, Pagett has not been as pliable as the Party would have liked and, faced with the reality of the NSW education system, he has been almost as militant in outlook as Taylor although, it must be said without Taylor's flair for big-noting himself.

On the other side of the fence is noted "lefty" Rodney Cavalier, member for Gladesville and a major figure in the ALP Steering Committee, the NSW Left machine. Cavalier considers himself a cross between Shakespeare and Albert Einstein, but despite this handicap, is generally well regarded in party circles.

Since he's become a Minister, Cavalier has been making his presence felt in rather odd ways. The present dispute is a good example.

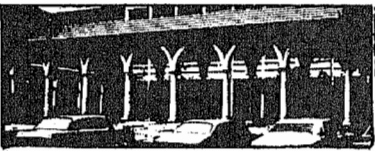
It revolves around class sizes for intensive language courses. Teachers claim that inner city intensive language classes are much smaller than those in the disadvantaged Western suburbs, and want the classes in the West reduced in size.

A good issue for a left-winger to back you might think, but Cavalier has consistently refused to talk to Pagett or anyone else about the issue, and so the teachers are going on strike.

The moral of the story can take the form of a sad NSW ALP left joke: "When is a lefty left? When he (or she) is left out of the Cabinet."

And to finish the story for those like Sitric O'Sanassa who confuse gossip with news, your correspondent can now reveal that Rodney Cavalier eats Chinese food with a fork and sleeps with his wife. As for the doctors; well who cares? They don't.

Voting: Johnnies to the Taxation Office



THE UNION

Adelaide University Union is the organization which administers the Refectories, Bar, Games Room, and so on. Its funds come from the annual Union Fee paid by students. Union Council is the governing body of the Union — Council has 19 members, 18 of whom are elected each year by students and members of the Union.

by Mark Davis

Every now and then Union Council goes through what can only be described as a fit of collective madness.

The most recent manifestation of this phenomenon took place at the June meeting of Union Council two weeks ago.

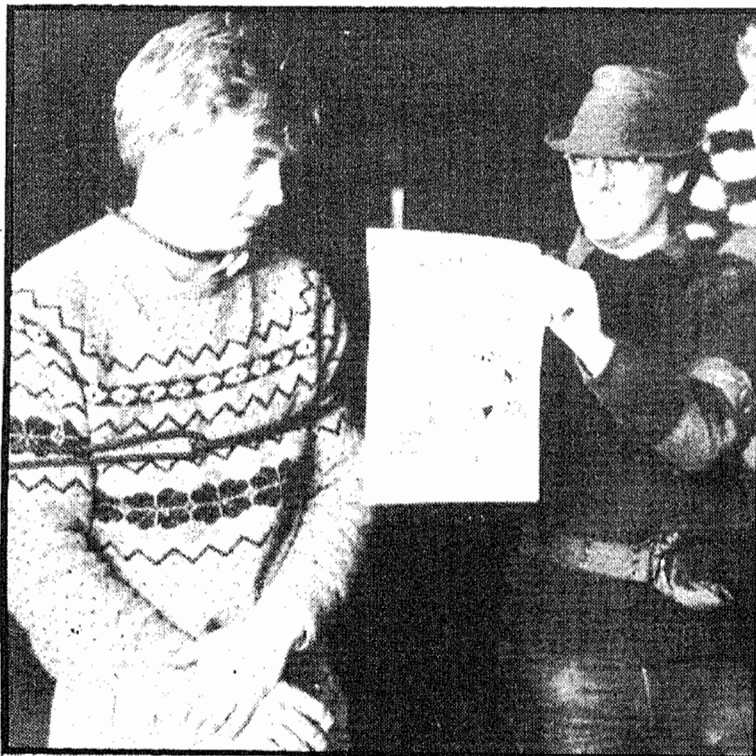
Council spent over one and a half hours debating where to place ballot boxes in the forthcoming Union and SAUA elections. A straightforward enough topic, you say? Well, not so — at least not when Union Council gets its hands on the subject.

The ballot box debate saw Council start with a simple proposal and meticulously transform it into a ridiculous scheme which would have seen ballot boxes strewn all over the campus like so much confetti. And along the way, for good measure, Council came to the brink of deciding to place a ballot box in — believe it or not — the staff cafeteria of the Australian Taxation Office.

But why all this fuss over the location of a few ballot boxes in the student elections? As some members of Union Council will tell you, everything is political. It is widely accepted that placing ballot boxes in places like the Medicine, Law and Engineering faculties will increase the turn-out of students likely to cast "right-wing" votes. So Union Councilors make decisions on where to place ballot boxes according to how they feel about a supposed increase in the "right-wing" vote: after all, everything is political.

Last fortnight's debate started with a proposal from Union President Nick Murray to place ballot boxes in the Medical School, Waite Institute, Law School, Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music, Napier Building foyer, and Engineering Building.

Students' Association representatives and left-wing members of Union Council wanted the Engineering Building ballot box



Union Council is prevented from hanging President Nick Murray — but invading Flinders Uni. students did just that last Friday.

excluded. Ingrid Condon, Union Councillor and Students' Association President, said that having a box in the Engineering Building would "favour one group of students too much" and she presented a motion to exclude the proposed Engineering ballot box.

Union Councillor Ian Pedler, an Engineering student, opposed the exclusion of an Engineering ballot box. Pedler argued that the more ballot boxes in an election, the more democratic the election would be.

To prove his point Pedler moved a series of amendments to have ballot boxes not only in the original proposed locations (including Engineering) but also in the Barr Smith Library, the Chemistry Department and the Physics department. Pedler's amendments were passed by Council to the accompaniment of some rather heavy-handed humour from left-wing councillors: "let's have a box in the Politics Department, in the 'Marxism and Leninism' course."

At this point veteran left-wing councillor Ken McAlpine played what was to prove a trump card and passed a written amendment to the meeting's Chair, Nick Murray. McAlpine's amendment was to place a ballot box in the Australian Taxation Office. Murray screwed up the scrap of paper and threw it away, ruling the amendment frivolous and therefore out of order.

Predictably enough — for those

familiar with Union Council, at least — a long discussion on meeting procedure and standing orders ensued. Dissent was moved in Murray's ruling as Chair and Council went on to debate whether, under its standing orders, the McAlpine amendment was "frivolous".

Ken McAlpine: "According to usual precedent 'frivolous' means motions like 'that the President be shot at dawn'. There is nothing frivolous about this motion."

McAlpine pointed out that there are over 200 part-time students working at the Taxation Office.

Murray: "But the Taxation Office is not a study area on campus."

"Neither is the Law School" came the interjection.

Murray's ruling was voted down and Union council went on to earnestly discuss whether a ballot box should be located in the Australian Taxation Office.

McAlpine scored points when he apparently suffered a chronic attack of sincerity, slamming his fist on the table and swearing at Union Council: "They are a group of students who are singularly fucking disadvantaged ... I can see no reason why people who work in town should not have a ballot box at a reasonably accessible location."

Councillor Gary Martin's suggestion that ballot boxes be placed at other locations where students work, such as "the John

Martin's cosmetics counter or the Robin Hood Hotel on a Friday night" went un-noticed and the meeting voted in favour of McAlpine's amendment.

But the Tax Office ballot box was not to be — faced with a motion that had been amended beyond recognition, and which would have meant 10 extra ballot boxes, Council ultimately decided to accept the original proposal moved by Ingrid Condon — that is, to have ballot

boxes in the Medical School, Waite Institute, Law School, Centre for Aboriginal Studies in Music, and Napier Building but not in the Engineering Building.

The only point to the long debate seemed to be for Union Councilors to demonstrate to each other the lengths they are prepared to go to in order to get their own way.

As Councillor Martin pointed out, "we are all collectively behaving in a very silly fashion."

Consensus: AUS style

So AUS is on the skids. What is to become of student Unionism? Campus representatives from all over Australia met in Melbourne on the weekend of June 30/July 1 to decide the future.

Student politics, whatever else it may occasionally manage to be, is politics in the sandpit. Student politicians still talk passionately about Trots and Comms and ideals. The hacks live on next to nothing and put in hours of unpaid work, smoking, drinking, talking and organising.

The people who cut their teeth by campus number-crunching are often found 10 years later at the head of pressure groups, on the staff of politicians or in Parliament itself.

Many are also members of political parties. The two main parties use them to stay briefed about events on campus, but for the main part, students are alone.

On the weekend of June 30/July 1 students from all over Australia gathered in Melbourne for a special summit meeting.

The Australian Union of Students, traditionally in the vanguard of progressive politics, is in a crisis, and the summit was called to decide the future of the national student voice.

Invitations to the summit, issued by AUS executive, were couched in the familiar language of consensus.

But both the summit and the ideas presented to it had been planned with a hard-headed manipulative political skill by students who believe that the days of radical student politics are, for the moment, over.

The summit meeting set up a committee to formulate proposals for a student referendum on unionism. The students who organised the summit believe that this process will deliver the control of the student voice into their hands, and take student politics out of the radical rat bag once and for all.

Since a wave of campus secessions in 1979 AUS has been crippled by faction fighting, as warring groups struggled to come to terms with a campus population that was putting study and jobs before politics, and a society that preferred Malcolm Fraser to Gough Whitlam.

As Right wing students sought to finish the Union off the left gradually split into two factions. Some clung to the belief that AUS should foster and encourage radical politics. They became known as Left Alliance. Others evolved into a new breed of left-wing student activists: efficient, numbers-crunching machine politicians. Pragmatic, real-worldists who kept a careful watch on popular feeling.

This group — known as Labor



AUS has seen better days—this was Annual Council 1978.

Left — gradually stole the initiative. By 1982, they controlled the management of the Union, with nearly all the paid officials in their camp. The loss of three major campuses this year from right-wing attacks brought matters to a head.

Controlling the executive, they invented and orchestrated the summit as a means to push out the Left Alliance, who they see as the Union's main liability, and produce a revamped AUS concentrating on student services and education issues.

The idea of a summit was first raised at an emergency Easter meeting of Labor students. Both member and non-member campuses were to be invited, but the representatives would not be directly elected. Instead, they would be the leaders of the campuses' Student Representative Councils. This counted in Labor Left's favour, because people who were already experienced student bureaucrats were more likely to be pragmatic.

Secondly, the agenda was carefully planned around a series of good

Labor Left speakers and workshops on aspects of student unionism. There was to be little time for caucusing and rebellion.

By the time the final plenary was held on Sunday afternoon, Labor Left's proposal was meant to seem as natural as the student political equivalent of motherhood.

As a final trump card, Labor people with contacts overseas arranged for Neil Stewart, the president of the British National Union of Students, which is run along Labor Left lines, to be in Australia to chair the summit.

Then, shock tactics. Four days before the summit, the union's five paid officers called a Press conference and said that they believed AUS was finished and a new student body should be set up.

Within hours of the Press conference, Labor Left distributed more than five clearly-argued position papers on different aspects of the union.

At that stage, Right-wing students and the Left Alliance had only a few typewritten sheets between them.

The Right-wing was arguing for scaled-down bureaucracy and total concentration on educational issues. The Left Alliance wanted a new organisation based on the State councils. (This would rid them of the Labor Left-controlled Federal bureaucracy, and probably give radicals control in two or three States).

The first day of the summit finally came and there were a few awkward moments. The Left Alliance had obtained and distributed a copy of Labor Left's minutes, where the agenda and voting structure for the summit was discussed and decided upon with embarrassing cynicism and opportunism. Labor Left, however, managed to cast doubts on the minutes' authenticity and the Left Alliance were not sure enough of their ground to use them.

Later, Left Alliance tried to push through an alternative agenda that allowed more time for talking and put more emphasis on political issues. The attempt was quashed after a member of the Labor Left, Anthony Albanese, attacked the radicals' notorious wordiness. He said: "Our agenda might not talk about the bourgeoisie hegemony of the watchamacallit, and footnote it, but it will work." Everyone laughed.

On Sunday evening, after hours of workshops, speeches and squabbling, the mood of the meeting

was clear.

The Left Alliance, now attacking the legitimacy of the summit and calling for more time and consultation had been isolated. Labor Left and the Right-wing were united around a proposal for a committee to be set up to consult with students, followed by a special council in August at which a new student organisation would be set up.

In his speech opening the summit, Neil Stewart said he had recently been speaking to a Minister in the Thatcher Government who remembered playing cricket at Oxford with a young Australian called Bob Hawke.

Mr. Stewart said it must have been fun to see a match in which both sides bowled underarm.

But he went on to push an idea of student unionism as a reliable way of keeping basic issues going, in between the peaks and troughs of student activism.

Of the radicals he said: "It's no good bowling bouncers at the Government all the time in the vain hope that one will knock them on the head and kill them. If you do that, you will simply be ignored. You must have unity and you must be convincing. If we can do it under Thatcher, then you certainly should be able to do it under Bob Hawke."

The Age



SHELL AUSTRALIA POST-GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Arts & Science/Engineering

Two Shell Post-Graduate Scholarships providing for fees and living costs plus cost of travel, are offered to provide post-graduate study at a university in the United Kingdom.

The Shell Post-Graduate Arts Scholarship is open to honours graduates of an Australian university in arts, commerce, economics and law. The Shell Post-Graduate Scholarship in Science or Engineering is open to honours graduates in science or engineering.

Applications for scholarships, which are normally tenable from October 1985 close on September 28, 1984. Prospectus and application form may be obtained from the Registrar of the University or from the Personnel Manager of The Shell Company of Australia Limited.

Short Story Competition

On dit, the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide is inviting submissions for its 1984 Short Story Competition.

Winning stories will be awarded prizes as follows according to the discretion of the judges: \$300 first prize, \$150 second prize and \$50 third prize. The prize-winning stories and other meritorious entries will be published in a special edition of *On dit* in October, 1984.

Entries must be unpublished works of no more than 5,000 words, typed double-spaced on good quality quarto or A4 paper and submitted by **17 August 1984**.

Entries should be sent to:
Short Story Competition
c/- *On dit*
GPO Box 498
Adelaide, SA 5001.

Kindly funded by the University of Adelaide Foundation.

National Action exhibit their competence ...

Continued from page one

"A Students' Council employee ... informed Mr. Saleam that he was putting up his posters on Students' Council property [and] asked for the poster to be removed" *Arena* reports.

"Saleam refused, so the employee took it down himself. Another poster was put up and ripped down, and then another."

"The staff member then turned around to find about half a dozen burly National Action supporters, one armed with a baton, standing behind him."

"They started to push and shove the staff member down the corridor ... but he managed to slip past them and duck out the back door."

Arena goes on to report that Mr. Saleam and his supporters then visited a student club room where they ransacked files, overturned furniture and threw clubs' possessions around the room.

Following this incident the Vice-Chancellor of Macquarie University, Professor Webb, banned National Action. Professor Webb said National Action had "behaved in a completely provocative and offensive way."

"I've always been careful not to interfere with free speech of both students and staff but that doesn't mean I have to accept people who are not members of the University coming on to the campus ... who actually try and provoke violence" he said.

... and this is the ideology of pure racial patriotism

Much has been said, in recent weeks, about the shadowy organisation National Action. But what are National Action's beliefs and policies? D.W. GRIFFITH reports.

National Action's most striking presence in Adelaide is their "Stop the Asian Invasion" stickers, which decorate walls, signposts, trains and buses.

But there is more to National Action than stickers. They produce posters, pamphlets and a tabloid bi-monthly newspaper, *Audacity* — a surprising amount of literature for a fairly small political group.

In all the material, two interwoven themes dominate the whole: "The Asian Invasion" and "Australian nationalism".

One of National Action's current pamphlets is headed "Stop the Asian Invasion". It starts "There is an ASIAN INVASION taking place. It is economic. It is cultural and political ... There is no future for Australia as a European nation, no future for Australia."

"...Is Australia to become a sort of DUMPING GROUND for anyone from anywhere who wants a 'better life'? ... So called 'refugees', criminal elements, Pol Pot guerillas, subversives, political extremists, Asian capitalists ... all can freely enter Australia ... European migrants are discouraged from coming to Australia; Asians are encouraged."

"...The Asian invasion is out of control. Clearly, our leaders imagine that a foreign takeover is good for us ... With cheap labour to beat down Australian workers, and big capital

investment, local Big Business is right behind the sell-out of our national future."

There is no evidence presented by National Action that Asians are disparately encouraged to come to Australia. The Liberal Opposition was shot down in Parliament and the press when it attempted to prove such claims.

National Action do not support Liberal Party immigration policies; they refer to the lies of "the Labor/Liberal coalition." National Action do not acknowledge the screening process applied to immigration applicants.

The other side of National Action is "Australian Nationalism", patriotism taken to its farthest extent. Henry Lawson, William Lane, Jack Lang, Arthur Calwell and others are recalled in patriotic, White Australian calls to action.

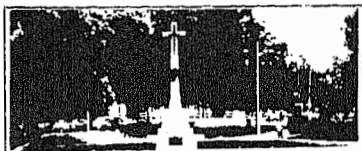
And what is "Australian"? "By the term 'AUSTRALIAN' we mean not just those who were merely born in Australia. All white men who come to these shores with a clean record and who leave behind the memory of the class distinctions and religious differences of the Old World, all men who place the happiness of their adopted land before imperialism, are Australian." What is "white" is not defined.

A National Action policy document declares the group's aim of "repatriation to countries of their choice of persons who cannot or will not assimilate into the Australian culture."

US bases will be withdrawn, "small-scale defensive tactical nuclear weaponry" will be acquired, the armed forces will be given "political education".

On all matters, National Action has a policy of "Australia first."

Treading the path to enlightenment will mean a very, very long journey



RELIGION

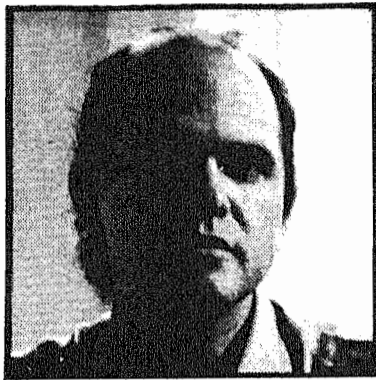
Andrew Gleeson

When Alan Driver left Adelaide in 1970 he was headed for Europe via Asia and didn't force a long period overseas. As it turned out he did not return for 13 years. It was the furthest idea from his mind that he would spend 11 years in Thailand. Eight of them as a Buddhist Monk.

Alan visited campus two weeks ago to speak about Thai culture and Buddhism to a seminar organised around the Student Activist Exchange Scheme.

The life of a Buddhist monk is very austere. Alan would arise at six every day for the morning meal. This meal would have to last him for the whole day: monks are not allowed to eat — or take any form of liquid sustenance — between midday and sunrise. At night he would sleep on a wooden floor clothed from the cold only in his robes. There is no prescribed hour for turning in but the ideal teaching is that a monk should sleep for only four hours, from 10 pm to 2 am. This and some thousands of other spartan rules are still observed in the strictest monasteries.

Monks are at liberty during the day to use their time as they see fit. Some in meditation, some in work, some in study of the Buddhist



Alan Driver.

scriptures. Alan himself had made the study of the texts his major task.

There is a strong emphasis on self-reliance in Buddhism. Each individual must work out his own salvation. For everyone this salvation — or 'enlightenment' as it is called in Buddhism — takes aeons of birth and rebirth to attain.

Though each person exercises their own judgement, study and learning from scriptures and spiritual masters is essential to reach enlightenment. Those who achieve enlightenment are called 'Arahants'. Of these there are very few, though popular superstition in Thailand frequently attributes the state to various gurus who become the object of veneration. Any monk claiming to be an Arahant must be careful though, as a spurious claim to enlightenment is one of the four sins for which a monk can be disrobed.

The path to enlightenment, through discipline, asceticism and the cultivation of the virtues of the

noble eight-fold path — right view, thought, speech, action, livelihood, effort, mindfulness and concentration — consists in progressive emancipation from the furnace of craving and desire, the basic cause of suffering. When we are finally free from desire we have attained enlightenment.

It is a moot point how the state of enlightenment should be described. In the Buddhist view we have no substance or soul but are merely a series of transient phenomena; the mental life of your experience. When we no longer desire, we no longer experience and — it might seem to follow — when we no longer experience we no longer exist. But Alan says a Buddhist would not be happy to say 'I will no longer exist'. They may prefer to say that 'consciousness no longer arises'. Existence and non-existence no longer apply. They are surpassed.

Since returning to Australia, Alan has sought to sustain and deepen his understanding of Buddhism by teaching it to school children at secondary and more recently primary level. This is necessary to ensure he continues to develop the 'insight' that we must cultivate to grow in the path of enlightenment.

Not that there is any point to being in a hurry. It takes millions of rebirths (across thirty two possible planes of existence from insects to disembodied spiritual powers) over aeons of time, to achieve Nirvana. The magnitude of these epochs is strikingly expressed in an ancient Buddhist metaphor: the erosion of a mountain by the brushing of a piece of silk.

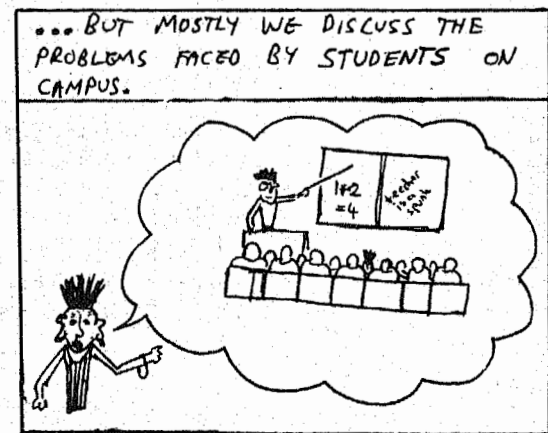
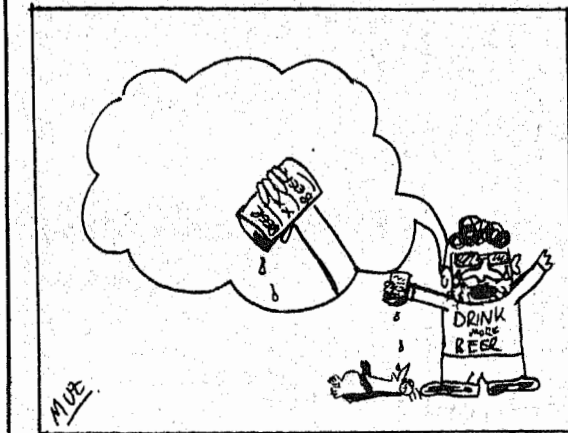
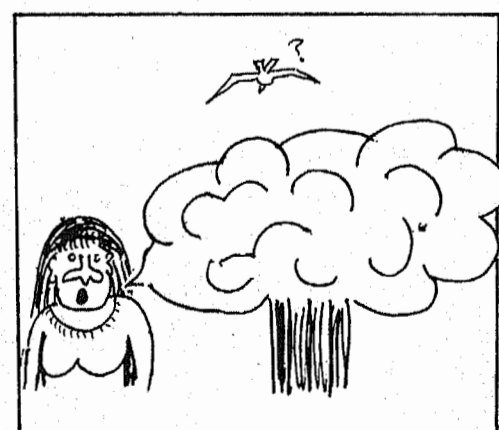
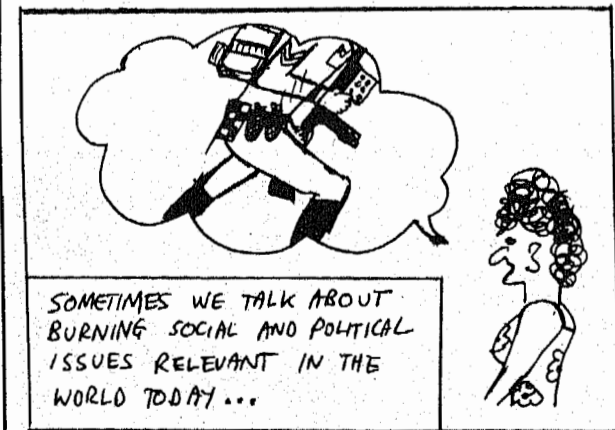
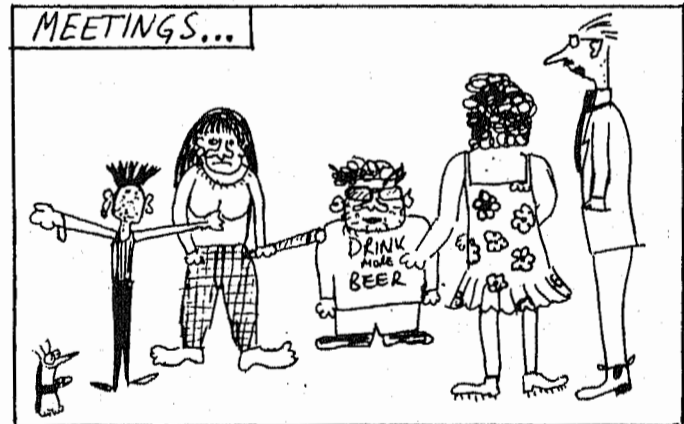


SAUA VIEW

LIFE, THE SAUA AND EVERYTHING.
BEING A MEMBER OF THE SAUA EXECUTIVE IS NOT A TERRIBLY POPULAR OCCUPATION. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH IT - BUT WE DO SEEM TO HAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF ...

A weekly column in which members of the Students' Association (SAUA) Executive Committee report on the Association's activities.

This week DAVID MUSSARED, ordinary executive member, reports.



GSM

THURSDAY 12 JULY 1 PM

HELEN MAYO REFECTORY

1. That the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide congratulate the State Government for reducing the maximum penalty for private cultivation and use of cannabis, and urges the government to proceed further towards legalization.

2. That the officers of the Students' Association of the

University of Adelaide take every opportunity to support the campaign for the legalization of the private cultivation and personal use of cannabis.

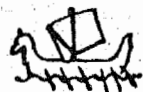
3. That this G.S.M. recognizes the right for adults to cultivate cannabis for personal use and to choose to use cannabis free from the interference of the state.

AN INVITATION

The Phoenician at O'Connell

EAT WELL

EAT LEBANESE



Fully licensed
BYO. available

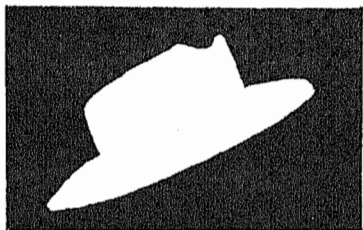
Lebanese Australian Restaurant
10% Disc. on \$5.00 purchase or over to students.
47 O'Connell St. Nth Adelaide
257.4876

Dick busts open the big mushroom heist and gets the dope on Big Ears

Last week we introduced Mr. Hank Tracy Jr. *On dit's* top news hard-hitting investigative reporter imported from the U.S. On his first job we sent Mr. Tracey to the Central Market to do a colour piece on Market characters.

But Mr. Tracey's previous experience is as a private investigator for a major U.S. firm and we failed to take into account the influence of this background on his reporting. The result was a story that read like an episode of *The Untouchables*, shrouded in drama, intrigue and adventure.

We tried to explain to Mr. Tracey that his modus operandi was inappropriate to our paper and, thinking we'd get the message through, sent him off to do a story on Magic Mushrooms. But alas it appears Mr. Tracy



HANK TRACY REPORTS

is incorrigible: and perhaps the subject-matter was a poor choice on our part, lending itself readily to Mr. Tracy's vivid imagination.

Magic Mushrooms, Hank Tracy style...

It was eight-fifteen on a Sunday morning, there was no hot water left in the shower, I had a hangover like someone was having a shootout in my head and the eds wanted me out on a job.

Something about a big mushroom heist up in the hills. Some long haired hippie types were ripping off mushies from private property and running into trouble with the owners. Made a big splash in the local rag.

Not ordinary mushies either but some kind of head job. I've heard of pills and even grass but buzzing out on mushrooms is really something. At least this job is vegetarian, not like my last one. But what is this thing the eds have with food?

I wolved down my coffee and burnt toast, threw on my trench-coat, jumped into my Andrew Eustice Datsun and headed for the hills.

Driving up the freeway I went over my briefing from the eds. "Just ordinary people" they said, but I didn't believe it for a moment. I know all about these long-haired student radical types. Probably the Adelaide connection for a big international ring.

I pulled-over and came to a stop. This looked a likely place. Secluded woodland area. A good day for it too — there's sure to be some of these mushroom-heads around here.

I set off prepared for trouble, keeping my itchy trigger-finger

ready on the 'record' button of my *On dit* standard issue two-speed National Panasonic. It was a couple of miles before I spotted someone acting suspiciously. I decided to shadow him for a while and get the low down before I moved in.

A very shady character: holes in his jumper and trousers, tatty leather shoes. A bit balding but maybe he's one of these skinhead-types. He mooched around checking out various toadstools and what-not, before crouching down and starting to dig up a big clump of bright blue mushies. I waited till he filled a whole bag, so that I could catch him dead-to-rights with the evidence. Then I pounced.

He reeled back in horror at my microphone. I had the drop on him: "G'day. I'm a reporter from the Adelaide University student newspaper *On dit*. We're doing a piece on Magic Mushrooms. What's that you've got in the bag?"

He was squirming — caught like a mouse in a trap — but he couldn't deny it. He had the dope in his hands. I grilled him hard and he broke down with a full confession.

When you take it your "...perception of colour changes. It seems much more intense. I have mild hallucinations like seeing patterns in the wall paper move and shift. Time becomes meaningless and the content of your imagination seems much more real and vivid."

"You frequently have three



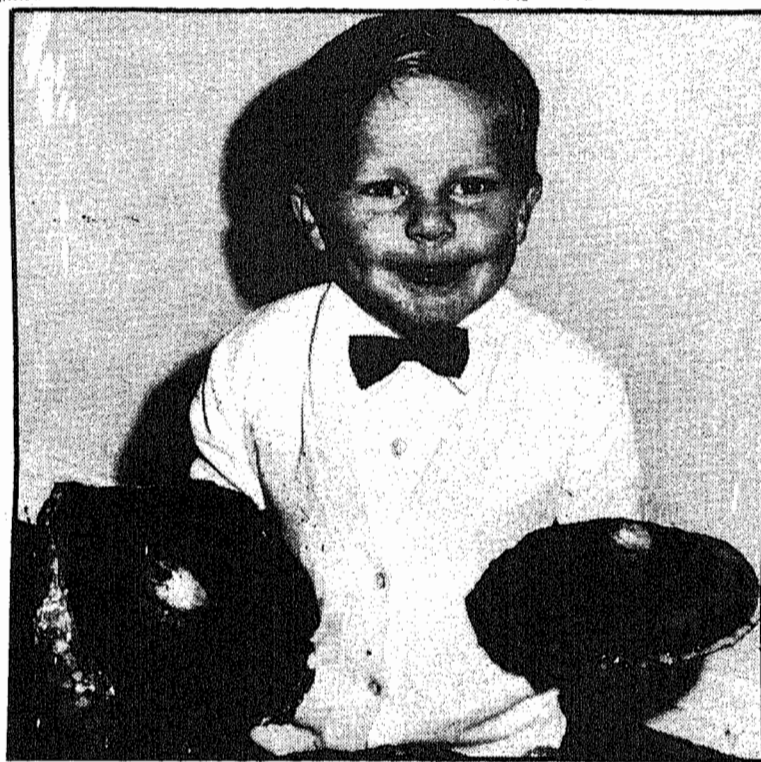
different layers of perception. In the outer-world you have colours and distortions of form — that's out in the environment. Then there is an interface between that and your mind where you seem to see abstract patterns on places like the surface of your eye. Then inside your mind imagination is heightened. Your awareness of all three at any moment is equally strong." Sounded like my normal condition most Sunday mornings.

Naturally he tried to deny the stuff is dangerous. "I think it can be dangerous for some people. For the most part it's relatively harmless. Most people have a really good time". I told him he could save it for the judge.

He became pretty slippery when I asked him about clashes with land-owners. He claimed that in three years he hadn't heard of any clashes between mushroomers and farmers. "I haven't come across any irate farmers carrying shotguns ... it's only a minority of mushroomers who may be responsible for property damage. It's just a few car-loads of hoons ... I think most of the fears of farmers is just exaggeration.

"Most users respect property, fences, gates etc ... We don't have two heads. Were just normal people."

It sounded to me like he was trying to play things down and cover for someone. So I turned up the heat and eventually he turned informer. Told



Big Ears

me everything I needed to know. The head of the operation is a guy who goes under the name of "Big Ears".

Well I figured I had just about enough to bust the racket wide open. Now if the eds will give me the green light it's just a matter of tracking down Big Ears.

Pretty funny people these mushroom-freaks, I thought to myself as I drove home. Personally I'll stick to gin and double scotches. How they manage to roll mushies up inside the cigarette paper beats me though.

Racism, the many-headed monster

MICHAEL CONDON looks at the re-emergence of racism in Australian society and argues that it is a phenomenon based on fear and ignorance.

Is there an inherent racism in Australian society? With debates in

Parliament concerned with the limitation of Asian immigration, backlash received by Austcare in its Queensland Appeal and the propaganda on this campus discriminating against people of different race or ethnicity it seems that the White Australian policy is sliding out from under its rock. In the face of an increasing depression, economic conditions have already

undoubtedly contributed to racism coming out of its closet.

We all know that racism exists and that racism is an attack on people's rights to participate equally and fully in society and yet there seems to be an amazing amount of complacency about the issue. Though it was greatly encouraging to see a General Student Meeting vote overwhelmingly against racism of any kind last term, there are still a number of problems that need to be addressed.

The current economic crisis has forced many students to come to terms with the fact that a piece of paper is no longer a guarantee to a job. But groups like the National Front and National Action have disseminated racist propaganda on this campus in the form of stickers and leaflets that promote another explanation. The most common slogans of "Stop the Asian Invasion" and "Keep Australian European" show that the hunt for scapegoats is alive and well in Adelaide University. The physical descriptions of scapegoats alter in time but this year the propaganda is centred on Asian immigrants and students. The work force related arguments are the same as those used



25 years ago when the scapegoats were Italians and Greek immigrants.

Another alarming factor is the persistence of the Federal Government in discriminating against Overseas students. The Overseas Student Visa Charge has been recognised as a form of racism. The University Council of Adelaide University pointed to this fact in 1979 by expressing "deep concern" that the charge may exclude underprivileged Asian students from studying at Adelaide University. The continuation of such discriminatory policy could well have a detrimental effect on Australia's relations to its closest neighbours. To make matters worse the financial argument for the charge, on the admission of the former minister for Immigration (and duty free colour TV's) Mr.

MacKellar, is highly questionable. It raises less than 1/2 a percent of the education budget in revenue.

The interaction between different peoples, different countries and different cultures in Australian society is valuable in increasing Australia's knowledge. It increases the diversity of Australian society offering us a greater range of choice in our lifestyles, from the food we eat or clothes we wear to the ways we relate to people.

Fear and ignorance are two of the main causes of racism in Australia. Hopefully campaigns on this university will impede the development and propagation of racist ideology amongst the university population and society at large.

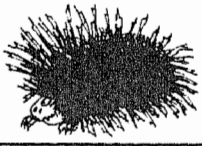
A public lecture by
**PROFESSOR
BEDE MORRIS**
(John Curtin School of Medical Research, A.N.U.)

**ELDER HALL
FRIDAY 20th JULY
1.10 p.m.**

Presented by the
**UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE
FOUNDATION**



TRANSPLANTATION & CANNIBALISM
ETHICAL PROBLEMS FACING CONTEMPORARY MEDICINE



LETTERS

Deadline for letters to the Editors is 12.00 noon on Wednesdays. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymous letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication!)

Desire for privacy

Dear Editors,
I write this letter in regard to the article which appeared on the front page of *On dit* in the issue of the twenty-fifth of June, and which printed my name and address.

I do not wish to discuss the truth and fairness of the article — which I have already challenged. Rather, for the benefit of your readers, I wish to state that I am no longer associated with National Action.

I ask that all who have read the article, and this letter, respect my desire for privacy, and refrain from seeking from me information on a matter upon which I have turned my back.

Rodney Brookes

Personal privacy

Dear Editors,
I notice that you have allowed the private address of one Rodney O.D. Brookes to be published in the article "Unmasking National Action" (*On dit*, 25 June 1984).

One mark of a democratic society such as that which exists in this country is that the right of people like Mr. Brookes to hold and express their own opinions is protected, no matter how vile those opinions may seem to the rest of us.

In holding and expressing his appalling, blatantly racist views, Mr. Brookes has broken no civil or criminal law. Nevertheless, your reporter, D.W. Griffith, appears to have decided that, by holding his racist views, Mr. Brookes has forfeited his right of privacy.

By publishing Mr. Brookes' private address on the front page of your tabloid, you and D.W. Griffith have intentionally or unintentionally provided a means by which abusive telephone calls, vandalism or worse may be directed at Mr. Brookes by any persons inclined to such actions.

At the least, D.W. Griffith has committed a journalistic indiscretion by listing Mr. Brookes' address. The editors must also bear responsibility for allowing it to be published.

The racist views of people such as Mr. Brookes and Australian National Action should certainly be exposed in their barbarity in print. However, the fight against racist attitudes should not involve the exposure of people to possible personal harassment.

Hoping you will respect personal privacy in the future.

Michael Proeve

O'Sanassa's snide attacks

Dear Editors,

I'm not particularly impressed with your columnist Sitric O'Sanassa and his snide attacks upon Labor members and journalists who, coincidentally, mostly stand somewhere left of consensus.

It seems typical of people like O'Sanassa that they can't put their real name to their work, although they love to rub everyone else's nose in the dirt.

Granted, there is a place for a gossipy and even slinging style of journalism. Some parts fell within the bounds of behind-the-scenes gossip but I wonder whether the alleged personal relationships are relevant, or even true. It is as if those not on the dig-it-up and ship-it-out wing of the party are not allowed to maintain personal relationships with the opposite sex. Maybe Mr. O'Sanassa's biases would be more satisfied if they were gay. Still, Mr. 71 percent himself is hardly known for his lack of Lotharian tendencies.

As for dragging up an 11-year-old misdemeanor, that speaks for itself.

And when on the subject of Mr. Duncan, it can be seen O'Sanassa can no longer restrain from withholding his "views". One has an image of him foaming at his mouth while picking out "Gulag" on his Remington, while the Federal Government's close ties with Indonesia and South Korea, as well as their quiescent attitude over America's "military occupation" of Australia, conveniently slip his (her??) mind sic

Karpov

Some praise and a brickbat

Dear Editors,

Thanks for printing my letter and also for your voluntary apology over the article written by Sitric O'Sanassa. However, you edited my letter removing a reference to the identity of O'Sanassa. The reason you gave for this action was that you could not verify this point. If that was the case how do you know I was wrong? Secondly, if you were playing safe on truth then why did you print an article from an unknown person?

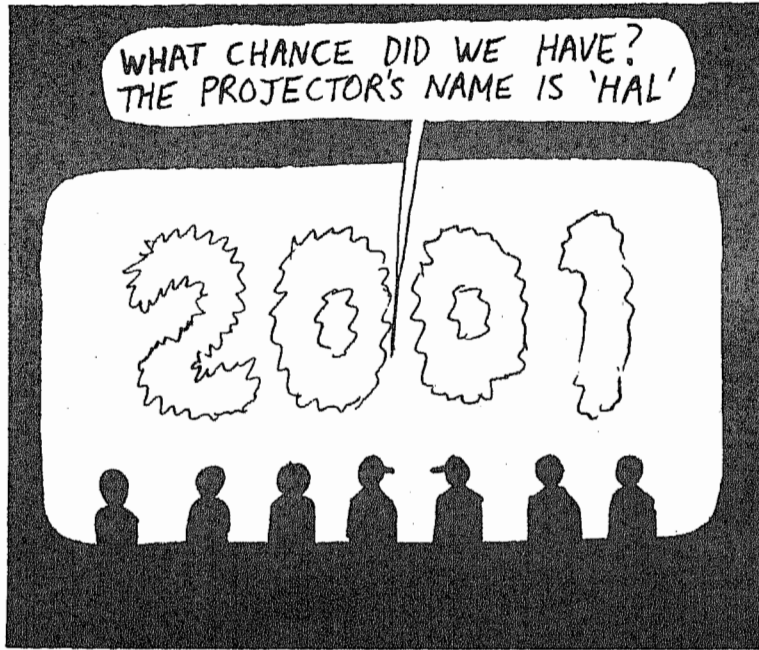
Greg McCarthy

Penfriends sought

Dear Editors,

I am a 20 year old Indian boy and I am studying Commerce at the Bombay University. I and several of my college friends are interested in writing to penfriends between the ages of 19 — 21 yrs. Anyone interested should write to:

Mr. Manmohan R. Saini
3 Narula Bldg, 21st Rd.
Chembur, Bombay - 71
India



A space idiocy?

Dear Editors,

I was exceedingly pissed off to pay \$2.50 (more than the student price at the Academy Cinemas on Tuesdays) to attend the screening of *2001: A Space Odyssey* in the Union Hall on Tuesday afternoon, only to see the projectionists stuff up their task something chronic.

Remembering that one of the film's prime attractions is to revel in the special effects footage, it was disappointing to see that those responsible only bothered to focus one projector, so that we alternated between one focused reel, and one unfocused. Invariably, all the

excellent special effects footage was shown on the intolerably focused projector.

I particularly enjoyed the inventively original addition of several minutes of lightless silence in which the audience was able to contemplate the awesome magnitude of space. In this day and age, where so much concern is shown for the physically and mentally disabled, it is indeed wonderful that the projectionists allowed us a rare insight into the bleak world inhabited by the deaf and blind.

Yours as an ex-watcher of
Union Films,
M. Esdoss

Ignore the "Old Hack"

Dear Editors,

I refer to "Old Hack's Warning" (*On dit*, Monday, 18 June).

I was appalled at the "Old Hack's" blatantly narrow-minded attitude toward student politics and elections.

As far as the "onslaught of paper excretion" is concerned, he/she obviously knows a lot about it; this person's letter contains more smut than any election campaign could offer.

Any student with a bit of common sense would realise that this person is doing exactly the same thing in their mud-slinging letter, that he/she is whinging about happening at election times.

The "Old Hack's" manner of writing only serves as an indication of the kind of ignorance and deceitfulness the right wing thrives on, and that repulses students at election times.

Let's hope our "fresh faced first years" (as he/she puts it) are not as gullible as "Old Hack" assumes they are.

So, to all those students (first years, or otherwise) that have no idea what is going on at election time, PLEASE, it is important and in your interests to vote for someone who represents you. "Steering clear of the ballot box" will not help at all, despite "Old Hack's Warning". It is an important time. Realise this and half your "battle" will be over.

A Concerned Student.

Saying it all

Dear Editors,

I had considered replying to B. Seager and R. Wilson (*On dit* 25 June 1984).

But their letter says it all.

Laurie Williams

Who represents whom?

Dear Editors,

I write to you about a fallacious statement made by a pro-AUS supporter just after our secession from that organisation. The statement was as follows: "we (meaning the left) who recognise the greater role of students in society". It would seem that this statement implies that the left is under the illusion that the centre-right does not think that students should become involved in social and political issues.

This is clearly ridiculous. There are many clubs on this campus who are working and lobbying for what they see as the correct remedy or defence of certain social problems or supposed social problems. These clubs range from the Palestinian Human Rights Club and CANE to the Moderate Students Alliance and Pro-Nuclear.

All of these clubs represent the views which are held by their membership to be important and worth taking action on. Thus, there are many students, whether you class them as left, centre or right that recognise the role of students (and indeed all people) in society.

The fallacy of the previously mentioned statement lies in its assumption that because certain centre and right wing groups opposed AUS and oppose the current policies of the Students' Association they aren't interested in social issues. This is a myth as they simply are opposed either to the support of those particular issues (ie they don't believe that an institution such as SAUA should become involved in such issues which inevitably will have a biased slant (at the moment left wing).

That is, they believe that such an institution should be serving students and issues which the majority of the SAUA membership

Door on display

Dear Editors,

It was a pity that your brief article on the new entrance for the Barr Smith Library was based on an early proposal, as a close-to-final design has been on display on Level 3 of the Library for the past couple of weeks. This shows the straightened and realigned footbridge and the redevelopment of the area between the Hughes Plaza, the Darling Building, the Library and the Elsie Marion Cornish steps.

I would appreciate it greatly if this fact could be drawn to the attention of your readers.

David West
Student Representative on
the Barr Smith Library
Committee

Football not moss destruction

Dear Editors,

Poor old Laurie! (*On dit* letters 18 June 1984).

Is he chained to the Maths Laws? If he really can't stand footy there must be *somewhere* else in the uni "civilized" enough for him to go — he can take a stroll to the University Oval if he likes — wherever that is.

And what a load of crap about us enjoying it when the trees get hit. The "demented laughter" is at the HOPELESS KICKING not at moss destruction — he makes it sound like we're damming the Franklin or something.

Unfortunately for him, football is a "normal recreational activity" and if he wants to join in — him and any of his mates — they are welcome. The more the merrier!

Otherwise he should grow up, shut up and move out.

M. Bukva

Taking heat out of foreign aid debate

Dear Editors,

The question of overseas students has raised some heat lately. Two government reports, the Commonwealth Government's reviewing overseas student levels for the 1986 academic year, and allegations local students are being displaced by overseas students have set off the debate.

The Jackson report was about Australia's foreign aid. Foreign aid is one of those things often in for a heap of criticism.

I think one of the best ways we can give aid is to offer education, especially to South East Asian students, and in building up their own tertiary institutions. (The Vice Chancellor was recently overseas reviewing some programmes run by Australian universities designed to do just that).

It is in Australia's interest to have a generous large scale overseas student programme. I am sure it will provide lasting benefits in excess of other forms of aid, and improve S-E Asian countries' ties with Australia

However we need to counter the idea that having overseas students takes Australian student places. If the government made it clear a certain number of uni places only exist because they are a part of our overseas aid programmes, it should tend to head off arguments about Asians taking our places.

It would be terrible if a hostile attitude developed to overseas students in Australia.

Graham Edmonds-Wilson

Andrew England

Monday 9 July 1984
Volume 52 Number 11

I am a fascist!

Those fortunate enough to be distanced from what passes for political discussion amongst certain members of the student body will be unaware of a fascinating change the English language has undergone.

I refer to the way the word "fascist" (which the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines as "one of a body of Italian nationalists organised in 1919 under Benito Mussolini to oppose Bolshevism") has been drained of the meaning it once had.

In the hurly-burly of political debate amongst a small but noisy group of students on this campus, the word "fascist" is bandied about with reckless abandon.

This person is a fascist, we are told. So is that person. The Left are fascists and the Right are fascists. Even the Centre, the moderates, and those who are apolitical are fascists.

And even I am a fascist, I must confess.

Well, that is what a budding political activist called me last Wednesday.

It's rather disturbing being told you're a fascist. But it is far more disturbing when the name-caller is highly astonished to discover you find the appellation insulting and goes on to explain that he was merely engaging in something he calls "conversational politics."

These people, as well as seeing hordes of fascists everywhere they look, are also in the habit of using the word "Stalinist" in a novel way.

When they say they have a lecturer who is "a real Stalinist" or they attended a meeting where "the Chair was a bit of a Stalinist", they apparently do not mean their lecturer has a predilection for mass-murder or the Chair was a tyrant. They simply mean that the lecturer is strict and the Chair ran the meeting efficiently.

Is it all just a case of colourful and inventive use of language? Maybe — but if someone can toss around the word "fascist" and fail to understand why people may take it to refer to something more serious than mere "conversational politics" then there is something wrong with the language and our attitudes towards language.

As George Orwell said, the greatest enemy of clear language is insincerity. And woolly-headed thinking, one might add. Often the inability to use

clear language is a symptom of a person's inability to think things through with any precision.

We hear a great deal about the way the media, the advertising and entertainment industries, and our school-teachers are lowering society's linguistic standards. Surely a far greater threat to our language comes from the cheapened form of political debate now prevalent.

Today's politicians use language to obfuscate the issues and stir up passions. Meaning and clarity of thought are the first victims of their abuse of language.

But perhaps the greatest threat of all comes when politicians join forces with, or become, bureaucrats.

Let us consider again what George Orwell has to say. In his essay "Politics and the English Language", Orwell translates Ecclesiastes, Ch. 9, 11 into the language of the bureaucrat: "Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account."

Mark Davis

UFOs : fact or fiction ?

OPEN SPACE

Open Space is a weekly column in which organisations explain their beliefs and activities.

This week FRANK GILLESPIE explains The Australian Centre for U.F.O. Studies.

If UFOs existed at all before 1945, why were reported sightings so few and far between? Why did the first UFOs take the form of lights which chased planes ('foo fighters'), and where did they go after 1945 (the year of the first nuclear test — coincidence?)?

What caused the outbreak of 'flying saucers' in 1947, and what was their relationship to the huge 'cigars'? Why did the reports of these objects climb to an incredible peak in 1967, all over the world? Why did numbers of small thin flat discs at low level appear only in Scandinavia over one or two years?

How have UFOs managed to cross every barrier on Earth, geographical, cultural, socio-economic, national and religious? Why were the first illuminated rectangles seen floating eerily through the air, while later ones were reported as upright, stationary, and at ground level? Why do UFOs never float on water, or travel along the land surface? Where are their wheels, wings, propellers, fins, jets, and other attributes of flying craft? Where are the Bug-Eyed-Monsters of science fiction, or the 'little green men' so beloved of the media?

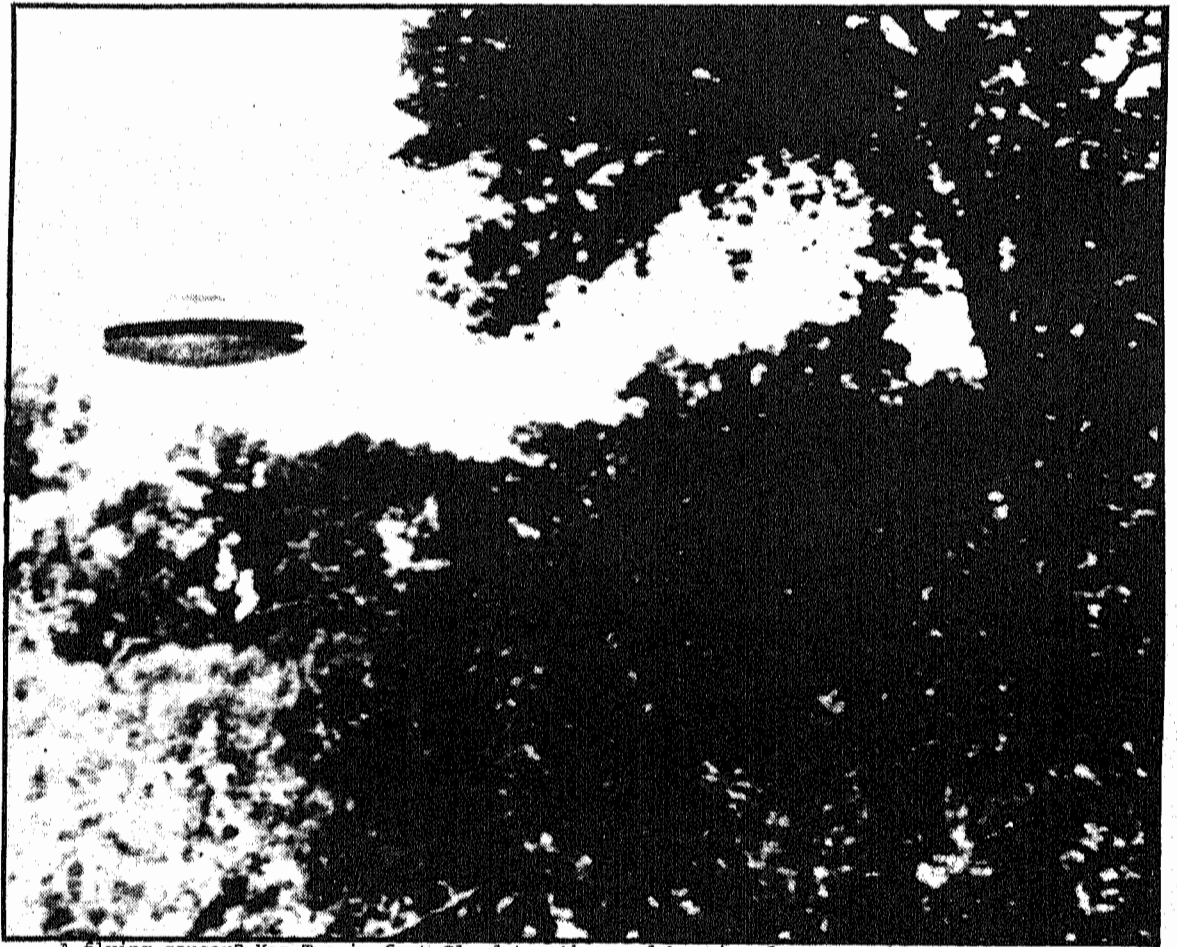
Why are the occupants of UFOs always humanoid, but never quite human? How can they travel so fast in the atmosphere without noise? Why do some types of UFOs appear for a while, only to be replaced by something quite different? How are all UFOs reported to be devoid of joints, seams, cracks, hinges — yet sometimes with open doors? How do they stop cars, and turn off radios and lights, without damaging batteries and generators? What makes highly compacted doughnut depressions in the middle of cereal

crops, without leaving tracks in or out? Why are these depressions swirled anticlockwise in 99 cases out of 100? How do you predict when and where the next UFO will appear, and what its behaviour will be?

These are just some of the questions to which the Australian Centre for UFO Studies is trying to find answers. The Centre, or ACUFOS as it is usually known, is a loose confederation of most Australian UFO groups, who have agreed on a policy of co-operation for mutual benefit. ACUFOS also has a number of individual investigators and researchers, as well as scientific and technical consultants for almost every speciality possible.

Even with all this expertise working together, very little progress has been made towards proving any of the numerous UFO theories, although several have now been eliminated as viable candidates. All efforts to find consistent patterns in UFO data have failed; and many ufologists agree that this points to some sort of 'intelligence' at work, rather than any 'natural' phenomenon, which one would expect to be more predictable. Whether this 'intelligence' is internal (hallucinations, imagery, imaginations, psychic phenomena etc.) or external (extra-terrestrials, time travellers, alternate universes etc.) is currently the subject of considerable debate. Answers to just some of the questions above would go a long way towards resolving this controversy.

While the world around us presents us with unanswered questions such as these, can we afford not to try and find the answers? Where would our civilization today if Galileo, Newton and Einstein had ignored the puzzles:



A flying saucer?—Yes. Two in fact. Glued together and hanging from a string.

that confronted them? Whatever UFOs may be, they represent a gap in our knowledge which is broader by far than any other currently perceivable. Where are all the scientists seeking to quench a third knowledge that is supposed to be at the very soul of all true scientists? Perhaps the problem lies in the fact that UFO research costs the researcher, rather than rewarding him; but I doubt it! More likely, the spark of true scientific inquiry has dimmed over the years, and there are now many, too many by far, who think there is nothing of importance left worth seeking just for the satisfaction of finding it!

Perhaps the indifference of scientists stems from the exotic nature of many of the best known UFO theories. Yet even the most outlandish of these theories becomes almost commonplace when placed alongside black holes and the Big Bang, or quarks and magnetic

monopoles! The principle that we ought not to postulate the existence of entities unnecessary to explain the phenomena before us is frequently cited to make nonsense out of UFO theories, but who dares apply this principle to the embryo 'Unified Field' theories? The space-time 'speed of light' limitation is also used to discredit extra-terrestrial theories, but only fools would stake their all on the reality of that limitation. We do not have the faintest idea what 'time' is, or 'electricity', or 'gravity'; or how any of these relate to each other. To any 'honest' scientist, the all-important knowledge should be his abysmal lack of knowledge, and the consequent futility of using theories to find flaws in other theories.

On the second Friday in each month, the local unit of ACUFOS meets to discuss UFOs and the unanswered questions, usually in the home of one of their members. This group, UFO Research (S.A.)

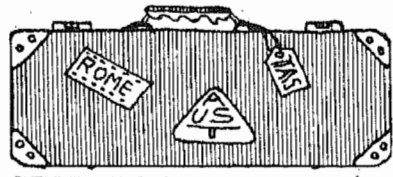
Incorporated, is currently very small, and the exchange of ideas is therefore limited. New people, new ideas, new points of view are needed; to direct these discussions into new and productive channels. Any persons motivated by genuine scientific curiosity are welcome to attend, and they should contact Ray Brooke on 264 4175 (evenings) for further information.

Should anyone feel inspired to write in response to this article, or to expand on some aspect of it, then they are invited to submit their thoughts for possible publication in the *Journal of the Australian Centre for UFO Studies*. The editorial address is 6 Reginald Avenue, Findon 5023, and the telephone number for enquiries (evenings) is 45 4177.

Information regarding ACUFOS and its functions and services may be obtained by writing to P.O. Box 546, Gosford, N.S.W. 2250.

10 LIVING

All you need for Europe on the cheap



TRAVEL

The Intelligent Traveller's Guide

Thinking about taking off O.S. but not certain how to take the first step? Undecided between taking your digital alarm or your football boots, or your Michael Jackson video and your Duna? Wondering whether your boardies will be warm enough on the Riviera? Should you pick up that high school French grammar book now?

In the first of two contributions to this column JEFF DODD will give you the low-down on low-budgeting in Europe. Jeff spent three months around the Continent's tourist haunts. Here's his report.

How about going to Europe at the end of the year? Go to one of the big travel agents and they will handle everything. It will go like clockwork and cost you heaps. If you have heaps, then read no further, this is not for you. On the other hand, if you are one of the impecunious majority and still want to go, this column is the Way, the Truth and the Light.

Do you have \$4,000? This is close to the minimum you will need for 90 days. Rock bottom is \$3,500, and that would be rocky indeed. You can only beat this by stopping in one place and getting a job, or staying with friends, or relations and hitch-hiking. Remember, house guests are like

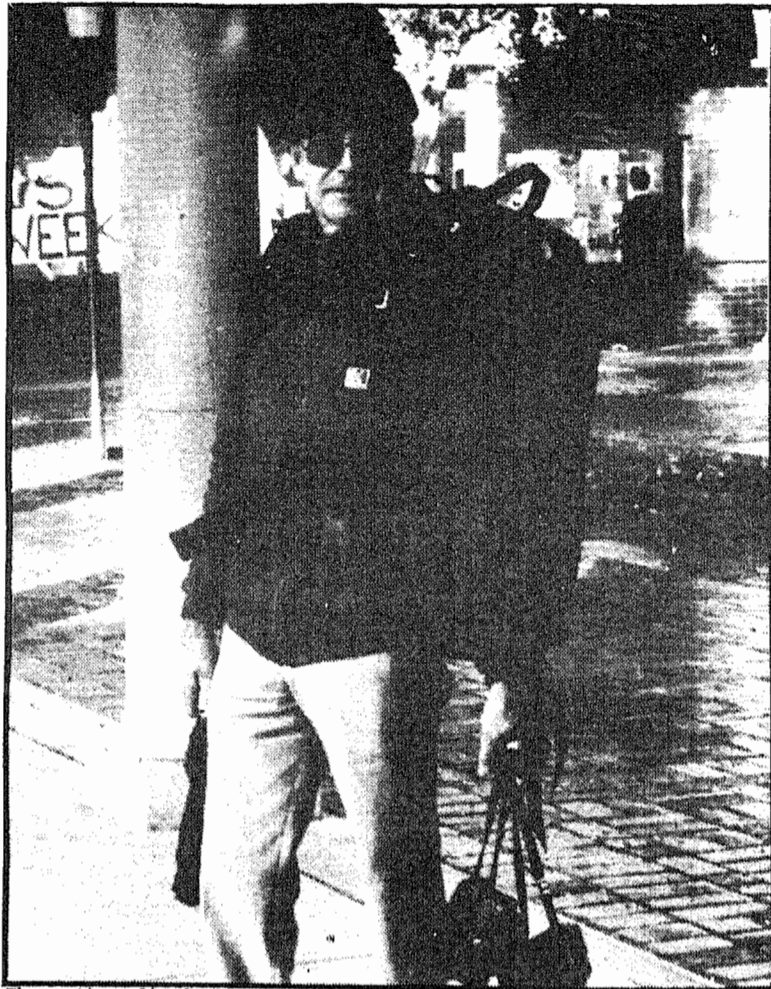
fish, after three days they smell.

Why go anyway? If you're in Architecture, Languages, or Music, then you don't need to be told why. Others may reflect on their interests. As for me, I'd only ever seen two of the Impressionists. Over there I saw hundreds, without queuing. And they were not behind glass. The delight of living in Paris for a couple of weeks seeing and doing all the things I'd heard about, and then to Arles, Florence, Venice, and the Greek Islands. Follow this up by skiing in brilliant sunshine in Central Norway in temperatures down to minus 25 from one of the world's superb Youth Hostels. And so it goes on.

If you have not been overseas before, or anywhere much on your own, then you are certain to feel anxious.

Consider arriving in some strange foreign city when maybe it's late, and raining or snowing, and you wonder: what do I do now? Where do I go? Where do I start looking? Tens of thousands of students and others have gone before, and they all managed. You can too.

The best fare on offer at present is from Qantas and British Airways ex Adelaide. They will take you to London or Frankfurt, and then, after a stopover if you want, to another European city, for no extra. You can then make your eventual return from some other city to the one you originally arrived at. Leave before November 30th on the basic fare — the cheapest. It's nice to go with someone, but on the very clear understanding you are free to split, if you wish. Having a companion is very handy if you get sick. For instance, the bloke I was with got a ghastly case of food poisoning and had I not been there I'm sure the concierge of that little place in the French Maritime Alps would have



The author displays the equipment you will need for a continental journey.

had him in the hospital in jig time at horrendous expense. It's also good for someone to look after the swags while the other can dart around fixing arrangements at railway stations, ferry terminals and the like, or checking out accommodations.

As for your swag, suitcases are out of the question. You'll need a pack, but not with a frame because it's too

difficult to get into luggage lockers at railway stations.

The Lowe brand is ideal. It has a zip flap to cover the excellent shoulder harness and converts to a valise with full zip opening and extra pockets. It's a joy to use, and you will keep it forever. A shoulder bag is essential for directories, camera and other odds and ends.

A money belt is vital and costs about \$4 at the disposal store in Rundle Street East. They are new, but replace the elastic, it won't last. Here you keep your return ticket, Eurail Pass, passport, travellers cheques, and most of your cash. Lose or have these stolen and you become an instant non-person. As a tourist you stick out like grannies teeth. People make their living preying on the likes of you, so look out.

Keep the pack weight down — 15 kilos is plenty. If you have too much the alternative is dumping stuff or posting home at \$20 for 5 kilos. Take only one pair of shoes, or ankle boots that will take a bashing — and a pair of thongs. Have one only outfit for civilised circumstances, other times it is parka, skivvy, and jersey all the way.

Stomach wog is a universal travellers hazard, so take Lomotil tablets, a prescription item, and Cepacol pastilles for sore throat. Cold sores could give you a bad time and make you an outcast for two weeks, so take Betadine cold sore paint.

Aluminium climbers' flasks are good to carry water to keep you going, and they are guaranteed not to leak. I heard of someone who had cooking oil in a plastic bottle which leaked and just about ruined everything in the pack. You buy sterile water in supermarkets.

Consider one of the comprehensive insurance policies which cover medical and hospital expenses, luggage loss and not catching the plane because of illness. Three months cover costs about \$130 for \$25,000. If you are injured or have a bad illness it will bankrupt your family to sustain and rescue you.

Jeff Dodd will continue his advice in *The Intelligent Traveller's Guide* next week.

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE
in
THE CASE OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN
Part 3
(AND ITS SPOT THE COMPUTING PUN TIME...)
TREVOR, ZAK AND MAMIE ARE ON A HOLIDAY IN THE SNOW WHERE THEY MEET VI KING AND TREVOR IS THREATENED BY HER GIANTIC, WOULD-BE BOYFRIEND...

JUST THINK TREVOR ONE DAY WE'RE AT UNI PLAYING 'FIN THE PAPER DART ON THE PROGRAMMING LANGUAGES LECTURER', AND THE NEXT, WE'RE AT A SKI LODGE IN THE SNOW HIDING FROM A PRETTY GIRL'S BOYFRIEND. LIFE'S FUNNY ISN'T IT, TREVOR?

BLOODY HILARIOUS.

HELLO THERE, I'M HANS OFF THE LODGE SKI INSTRUCTOR, AND FOR A SMALL FEE I COULD TEACH...

NO, THANKS. WE'RE NOT INTERESTED.

JUST A MINUTE. UM... I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME.

I DIDN'T THROW IT, IT'S TREVOR.

OH... ARE YOU THE ONE THEY CALL 'TREV-BABY'?

HEH HEH... CRINGE!

LOOK, I'M SORRY BUT WE DON'T NEED TO PAY FOR SKIING LESSONS FROM GREEDY SKI INSTRUCTORS.

ME... GREEDY?

EXCUSE ME, DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND THE LODGE SKI INSTRUCTOR, MR OFF?

YEP RIGHT OVER HERE.

THANKS!

ARE YOU OFF?

SOME PEOPLE THINK SO.

EXCUSE ME, I'M OFF.

OK... SEE YOU LATER.

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT.

NOW, TREV-BABY...

IT'S TREVOR!

I ONLY CHARGE...

YOU DON'T TAKE 'PISS OFF' FOR AN ANSWER, DO YOU?

OK, I CAN TAKE A HINT.

LOOK, VACUUMHEAD, I DISAPPEAR! VACATE! REPLACE YOUR PRESENCE WITH YOUR ABSENCE!! ABOUT FACE, MARCH!! MOVE YOUR MOLECULES TO ANOTHER LOCATION!! ...GO AWAY!!!

OK, I CAN TAKE A HINT.

HES GONE

WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?

YOU WERE A BIT HARD ON HIM WEREN'T YOU?

WELL, WHAT DO WE NEED SKIING LESSONS FOR? BY THE WAY, TREV, CAN YOU SKI?

NO

ME NEITHER

JUST KIDDING, TREV. YOU REALLY CAN'T SKI?

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SKIING YOU COULD WRITE ON THE BACK OF A POSTAGE STAMP WITH A BLUNT SCAYOL.

NEVER MIND. ME AND ZAK'LL TEACH YOU.

I HAVEN'T BEEN SKIING FOR AGES, BUT I'M SURE I'LL REMEMBER HOW. YOU KNOW, YOU NEVER FORGET, IT'S LIKE RIDING A BIKE.

YOU SIT DOWN AND PEDAL?

AND SO LATER, ON THE SNOW FIELDS... THAT BIG GUY DIDN'T REALLY SCARE YOU, DID HE TREV?

SURE, I'M SO WORRIED I COULD ONLY GET TO SLEEP FOR 3 HOURS LAST NIGHT... AND THAT WAS ALL ONE BUNK AT A TIME.

SKI BUNNY

C'MON, TREV-BABY, HE WASN'T THAT SCARY.

DID YOU HAVE YOUR GLASSES ON BACKWARDS? HE LOOKED LIKE DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S FIRST ATTEMPT.

WELL YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM TREVOR. I HEARD SHE WASN'T INTERESTED IN HIM. SO WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER OUT SOMETIME?

YOU THINK SHE'D LIKE ME?

SURE, WHY NOT?

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING VERY EXCITING ABOUT ME... I'M THE KIND OF PERSON WHO FILLS IN THE GAPS BETWEEN PEOPLE WHO STAND OUT IN A CROWD.

CHAIRLIFT

OK, TREVOR, YOU'RE READY TO GO. JUST SLIDE ALONG LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

LOOKS EASY

SURE, SO ARE YOU GONNA ASK VI OUT?

OK, I WILL

GOOD ON YA, TREVOR... oops.

SPLAT!

WOW... IT REALLY IS AS EASY AS IT LOOKS...

ISN'T IT COLD DOWN THERE TREVOR?

I DON'T KNOW I'M TOO NUMB TO FEEL ANYTHING

AND... HE HAS TO BE HANDSOME...

DOES VI REALLY LIKE TREVOR? WHERE DID HE LEARN TO BREAK-DANCE? WHY HAVE WE STILL NOT SEEN THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN? WHY ARE YOU STILL READING? IS SIMON TOWNSEND REALLY A GLOVE PUPPET OPERATED BY WOODROW? IS THE WORLD REALLY WONDERFUL? I'LL TELL YOU NEXT EPISODE.

On dit In-depth

A guide to the pissoirs of Paris

Legendary BBC extra-terrestrial, Dr. Who, would seem to have enough problems traversing time and space every evening at 6.30 without being asked to do it in a public lavatory.

But according to recent reports from Britain, replacing the Doctor's much loved police box Tardis with a public convenience was one of the options considered by the programme's producers.

It seems the show's ratings are falling and it was felt that some aspects of the show are too arcane and not understood by the younger generation.

The Tardis was singled out: they don't have police boxes any more in Britain and the kiddies can't "relate" to it, was the reasoning.

A number of alternatives were considered, one of which was a public lavatory.

Now, to give the programme's producers their due, it was no ordinary toilet they had in mind.

No, they envisaged Dr. Who and his companions hurtling through the cosmos in one of

the all-new, fully-automatic, state-of-the-art, electronically operated, complete-with-musak, money-in-the-slot lavatories which have only very recently been developed and are being installed on the footpaths across Britain and the Continent.

The lavatories are in fact the product of French sanitary expertise.

The first of these marvels of modern plumbing were installed in Paris about five years ago and now other European countries are following suit.

Fortunately for *On dit* readers, one of our reporters was holidaying in France at the time the news broke.

We sent him out to track down this formidable French toilet and to discover just why they were considered suitable accommodation for the Doctor and his time travelling companions.

PETER HOCKNEY returned to Australia recently and filed this illustrated report on the Parisien lavatory scene.

pissoirs affording cover only for the portion of the anatomy between the knees and arm-pits.

Every facial expression associated with urination, be it relief, pain or pleasure, is on public display.

For the French, of course, it has always been perfectly natural: they drink a lot, they piss a lot.

Recent visitors to Paris, however, will have noticed a gradual but drastic change to the French convenience landscape.

A few years ago the authorities began demolishing their pissoirs and today very few remain.

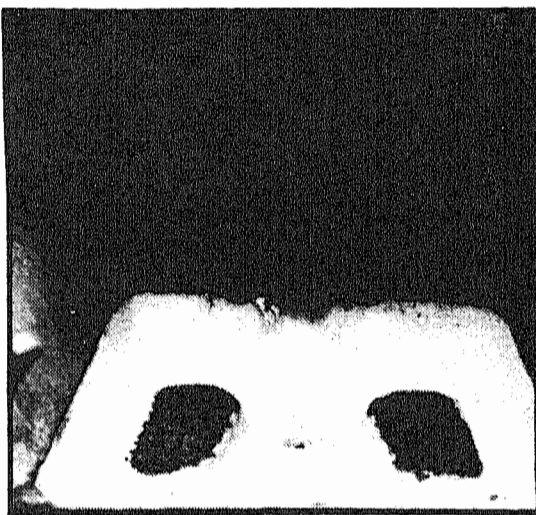
Obviously something grand and outstanding was needed as a replacement.

Enter onto the footpaths of Paris the all-new post-modernist chrome-and-fibreglass, one-franc-in-the slot public lavatory.

Paris is the most beautiful city in the world.

It's a city of winding, cobblestoned streets lined with seamless rows of seven-storey apartments.

It is a city which mixes ancient elegance with the most forthright



Toilette primitive



Toilette a la mod



modernism.

The huge featureless mirror facades of new department stores reflect the mouldering spires of 500-year-old cathedrals.

And the new toilets, with their mirror-bright chrome, moulded plastic and impeccable modernist geometry, would be little moments of space-age incongruity against the ageing Parisien backdrop, if such moments of modernist incongruity were not part and parcel of life in this city.

But before we enter one of these sanitary marvels to discover an automated experience truly worthy of Doctor Who, let us consider the French lavatory context against which they are set.

The Australian reader, unfamiliar with the European scene, must appreciate that for us the toilet is a seat which, although we take it for granted, is a highly sophisticated piece of machinery.

For us going to the toilet can mean sitting down for hours reading a book, listening to the radio or playing chess with a personal chess computer.

The construction of our toilet allows for all sorts of extras such as a choice of wooden versus plastic seats, wool versus fluffy acrylic seat covers and whether or not to lodge one of those colours-the-water-blue cleaners in the cistern.

The basic French toilet brooks no such complexity; the French toilet is a hole in the ground.

Certainly over the last century the French have taken to making it a ceramic hole in the ground with raised footprints placed to ensure there isn't too much latitude in the squat position one is forced to adopt.

In some toilets it is safe to stand on the footprints while flushing and watching the water froth all around.

In other toilets of less precise plumbing you get your feet very wet.

Simplicity of design and conception has its advantages.

The Australian Anglo-Saxon plumbing machine toilet has a weighty dignity which requires that a room or at least a substantial part of the bathroom be set aside for its

functioning.

The great Australian outdoors dunny is as prepossessing and characteristic a part of the bush landscape as woolsheds and windmills.

No so the French hole in the ground.

I discovered innumerable French toilets tucked into mere nooks, crannies and broom cupboards.

In the fourth-floor apartment of a friend I searched in vain for the amenities until let outside onto the communal stairs.

There, tucked inconspicuously into the wall of the stair-well, was a toilet which flushed with such vigour that it threatened to waterfall out on to and down the deep red, richly grained old wood of the stairs and bannisters below.

It is highly possible that if the French had been mentally bound by the concept — one might almost say paradigm — of the toilet as seat, they might never have made the giant leap forward which produced the world's most advanced public convenience.

Let us now place our one franc in the slot and experience the full joy of automated defecation Parisien style.

The money drops, a momentary pause, a faint whurring and a curved panel slides open.

The previously impenetrable structure opens like Ali Baba's cave to reveal its inner sanctum.

We step off the streets of Paris into a moulded plastic, spotlessly clean space-age capsule for one.

The door slides closed and the street sounds are silenced.

French muzak plays from hidden speakers, a fine stream of water falls continuously in a small alcove in the back wall as we settle into a shrine-like stillness.

The toilet itself is constructed from a solid piece of moulded plastic with the fittings extruded from the base and rear wall.

It's nothing like the Australian, Anglo-Saxon seat toilet; rather an inspired quantum leap forward from the hole in the ground.

At the base as receptacle is a basin without drain or plumbing and, above, two extended arms support

the squatting position.

The music plays, we read the interesting instructions and explanation on the side wall and the water behind us flows on like our own miniature mountain brook.

This is truly a suitable vehicle for Dr. Who, a worthy substitute for the Tardis.

All that is lacking is the appropriate control panel and we would blast off over the roof tops of Paris or back into time or whatever the French equivalent might be.

Reluctantly we slide open the door and step out as the door closes automatically behind.

As promised the machinery rumbles into life as the hidden workings deep in the toilet's bowels start up, the toilet fittings swing backwards into the machinery's innards to be sprayed with hot, high pressure water jets to ensure spotless cleanliness .. and all for the price of a Franc.

But what does it all mean, those of sociological persuasion will exclaim.

The old pissoirs made obvious sociological sense: the French have always been uninhibited and unashamed when it came to all the bodily functions.

The highly public pissoir was an obvious symbolic declaration of this freedom of spirit.

Well if we consider the new toilets we discover they embody another equally important French value, a principle laid down by the French Revolution; that of equality between all men and women.

In the Australian setting, few would choose a public convenience if a private were available.

Not so in France.

There the ultimate lavatory experience with all the automated thrills and spills of a computer game is available to all regardless of class, race or religion.

This aristocrat of toilets is available equally to rich and to poor.

But then let us not forget that Paris is the city where sanitary inspectors follow the dogs around lowering vacuum brush cleaners from the back of high-powered motor bikes onto every last pile of dog shit.

Travelers legend has it that the world's worst toilet is to be found in an Egyptian railway station.

People who have braved the smell and got within ten paces of it — very few get any closer — say it has every appearance of being pre-Roman Empire.

They say it is clearly an archeological site, probably in continuous use since the earliest Pharaohs; an antiquity as mind-bogglingly ancient as the pyramids.

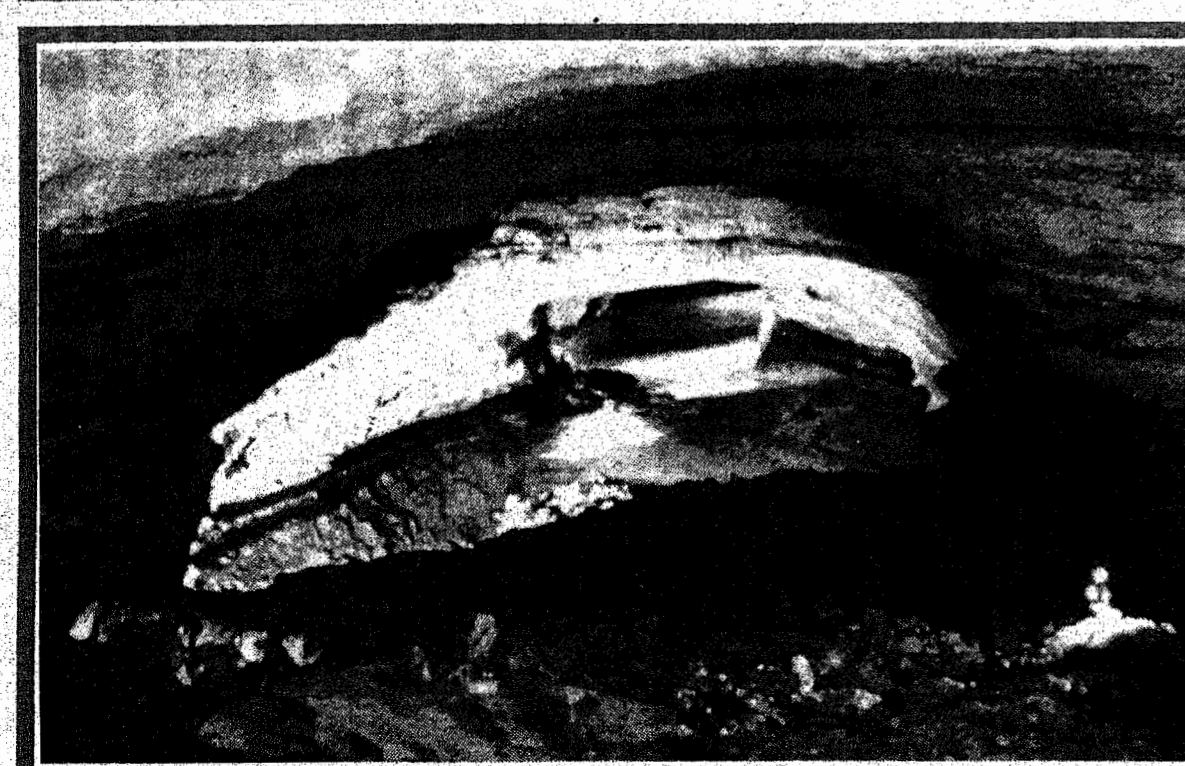
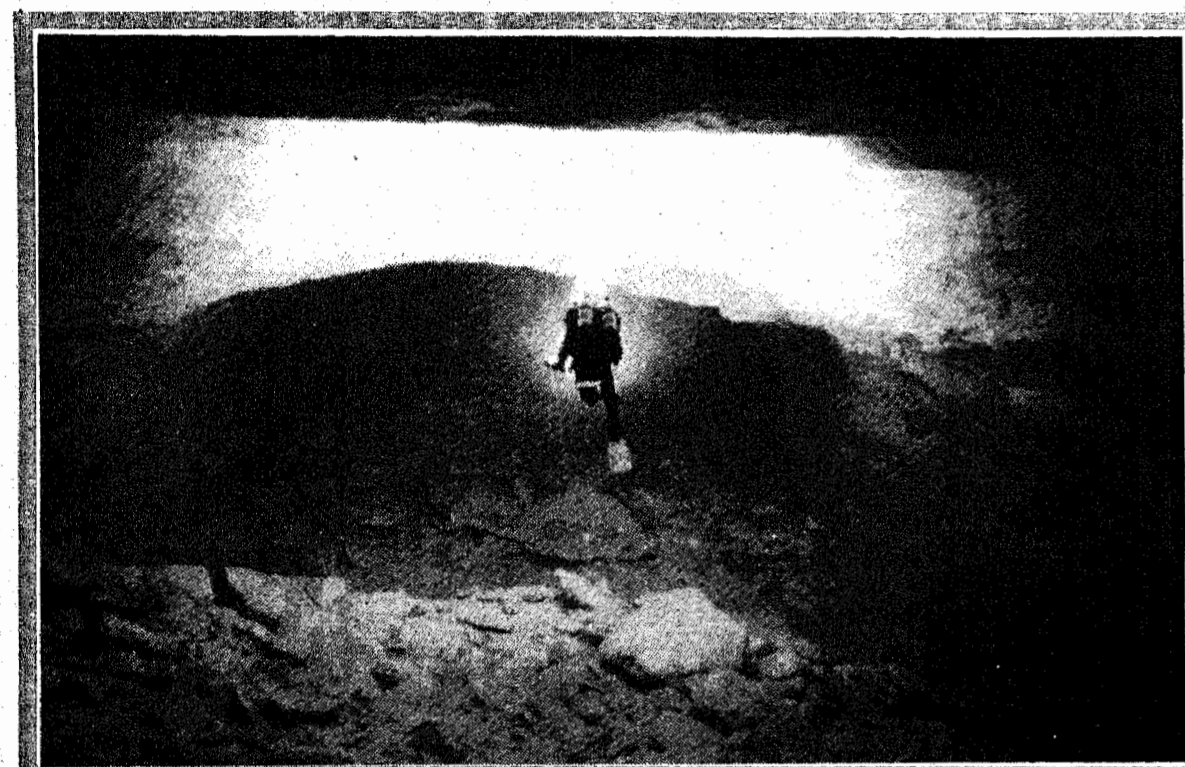
While Egypt boasts the most ancient, France can lay claim to the most modern.

And it is only fitting that the French should once again be in the sanitary plumbing limelight.

After all, the famous Parisien pissoir has always been — at least for the straight-laced, always-wash-your-hands-afterwards Anglo-Saxon races — something of an unseemly eighth wonder of the world.

They have always been both shocked and intrigued by the fact that French males urinated practically in the open, the French

CONQUERING THE EVEREST OF THE UNDERWORLD



In October last year three intrepid young Australians beat a team of French divers to set a world underwater diving record in the extraordinary Cocklebidy Cave in the Nullabor desert.

ALISON ROGERS spoke to her brother Peter, a member of the Australian team.

The idea of going down a dark hole in the ground full of water wouldn't be most people's idea of a good time. However there are those of us who spend a good deal of time and money doing just that. My brother happens to be one of them. Peter Rogers was a member of the Australian Diving Team that went down the Cocklebidy Cave in the Nullabor Plains in October 1983. They set a world record for reaching the furthest point underwater and underground. I spoke to Peter in Melbourne recently about the record breaking dive.

airchamber which was over 200 metres long with a rocky floor which we were able to climb over. Once we got over that, there was another lake going off. When we knew there was another air chamber we planned another dive (1983) because we knew we could use that as a camp". They extended the known total length of the cave by 700 metres in total. 200 over land and 500 underwater. Cocklebidy Cave, is situated in the Nullabor Plains. "It is undisputedly the world's largest discovered underwater cave. It's not a through journey, it is a return one

For the first 5 1/2 kms. the cave is bigger than a railway tunnel, massive dimensions ... it suddenly starts to get very narrow, down to the stage where there's a couple of places where you can just squeeze through.

"The 1983 dive was first planned at the previous year's dive in 1982. Cocklebidy was first dived in 1971 and from then on, people have been steadily increasing the distance along the cave, though no one has reached the end yet."

Peter has participated in the 1979, 1982 and 1983 dives. "We broke new ground in '82, we went on another 200 metres and discovered a new

so its 12 kms in total. There's nothing else approaching that, not even half the distance." The Cave starts off with a large hole in the ground, steeply sloping down to the water line. There are two places where the water has air above it but you have to swim about a kilometre before you get to the first large breathing space. That's the Rockpile Chamber. From the Rockpile Chamber to the next

resting place — called 'Toad Hall' — you have to swim a further 2.7 kms (3.7 kms in total). The Australian Team got a further 2.5 kms after Toad Hall, but found no more air.

"For the first 5 1/2 kms the Cave is bigger than a railway tunnel, massive dimensions and it heads due north. After that it suddenly starts to get very narrow, down to the stage where there's a couple of places where you can just squeeze through. Then it comes to one very narrow place where you can't fit through if you are wearing a tank, you have to push the tank through in front of you."

Though only three people were involved in the actual recordbreaking dive they had a team of fifteen people to back them up. Constant radio contact was kept with those above, and six divers took most of the equipment to Toad Hall and unpacked it. The team of three, Hugh Morrison, Ron Allum and Peter Rogers, were underground for a total of 57 hours. "We went in on a Wednesday morning (12th Oct.) at about 10.30 am. We got to Toad Hall that afternoon, at about 5 pm. We slept the night in Toad Hall.

"Altogether, we were in there from Wednesday morning until Friday evening. Over the first couple of days all the necessary equipment was ferried down to the first lake and then out and over to the first rock pile. We had special underwater frames that you could fit fourteen tanks at a time to. That was set up as a first base."

There the six divers unpacked the sleds in which they had waterproof containers of clothes and food, sleeping bags and radio communication equipment. They carried the equipment over the rock pile and assembled it in the water on the far side.

"Then [Hugh, Ron and Peter] ... took one sled and headed off as far as they could go. At the second rock pile, we left the sled and carried three tanks each. We swam on as far as we

could go. One diver after that [Hugh Morrison] went on ahead with just one tank when we couldn't fit any further with three tanks. [Hugh] went on as far as he could get with one tank and in fact he had to turn around because he didn't have enough air to go any further. The only problem is that the Cave gets too narrow to fit the tank and diver through, so technologically you would have to compress more air into a smaller tank if you want to get much further."

I queried the safety of allowing Hugh to dive solo with only one tank. "It's not conventional technique. When you dive normally you have a buddy diving with you so that you've got two air supplies; you always plan so that if you have to, you can share one air supply if one packs up. When you are diving solo you always dive with twin tanks, so that if one packs up you can use the other. When you're alone and you dive with one tank like he did, it's not very good."

Hugh was gone for a total of 22 minutes whilst Peter and Ron waited for him. "It seemed like the longest 22 minutes of my life!" Peter remarked.

In 1983 the Australian Team had some competition from a highly professional French Diving Team

top of Mt. Everest."

I asked him about the relatively small amount of media response. In the year of the America's Cup, and *Men at Work* and Vegemite I was surprised that more publicity wasn't given to an Australian World Record. "You don't normally do this sort of thing for the media response. None of the three divers were concerned about media — we did get some response. A lot of it was probably due to the French who came and because they had sponsorship they had to get some media attention. But we didn't have any sponsorship that we were that worried about, that we had to turn around for. It's a lot of work getting sponsorship and a lot of work releasing information and most of us didn't have time for that and weren't really interested in it. It was well known within the circles and that's all we were really worried about."

A certain amount of improvisation went on with the Australian Team who didn't have a vast amount of funds to splurge on expensive equipment. Ron Allum is something of a technical whiz-kid when it comes to inventing equipment for bizarre uses. He made the sleds which carried the air tanks.

Cocklebidy ... is undisputedly the world's largest discovered underwater cave. It's ... 12 kms in total. There's nothing else approaching that, not even half the distance.

who had been sponsored \$15,000 to conquer Cocklebidy and make a television program about it.

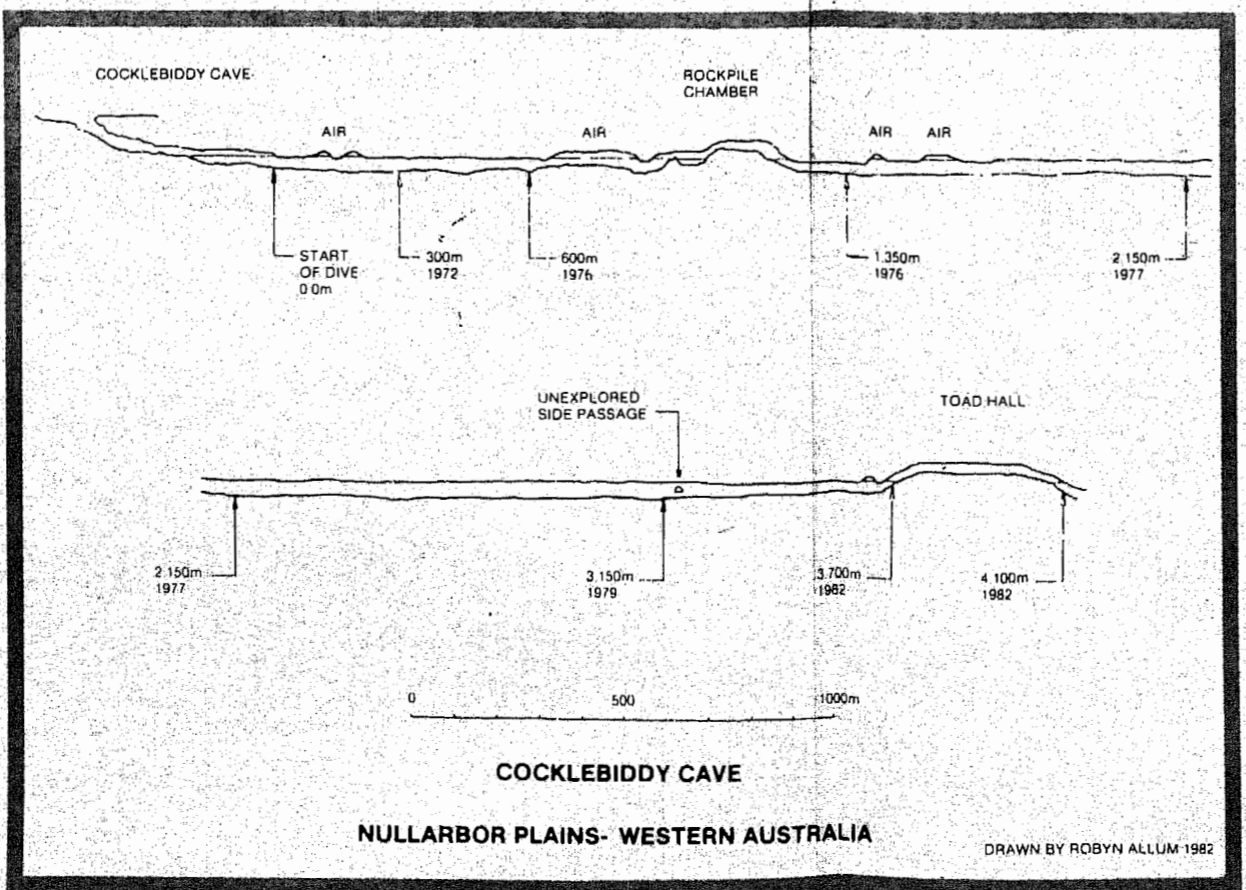
"Neither party knew that each other were going to dive until a month before the actual dive took place. The original response to the French Team was mixed. Most people didn't realize how serious they were and therefore weren't that worried. When the French had reported that they had reached the end of the Cave people were fairly disappointed." The French had reached the end of the cave as far as they were concerned, but the Australian team was determined to have a go.

Was there any competition between the French and the Australians? "The competition was against the Cave. There is an unspoken law amongst cave-divers that a particular group will work a certain cave and that's their property even though it obviously isn't. Therefore the French were treading on our toes. When the French stayed with us in Melbourne they said had they known that we were working the cave they wouldn't have come out." Hugh Morrison managed to go on about 240 metres further than the French team. "The French left their line in, there's about 6 kms of it in there now. There's never any doubt as to where people have got to. Normally you reel your line back in, but on this sort of trip you leave it there. It's like leaving your flag on

"All the clothes and food to be kept waterproof were fitted into six inch plastic sewerage pipes." Did they need any special mix of food to keep them going? "Not really. We needed mainly instant high energy. Lots of chocolate, milk, soup, stewy things that were already made up. We didn't have to eat a great deal more. We drank a lot more. We virtually ran out of liquid down there. We had to restrict ourselves. The water down there is safe but very brackish. I doubt if your kidneys could gain any liquid from it."

Without any vast sponsorship what did they do for money? "Hugh Morrison owns a dive shop in Perth, we got a fair amount of support from an Adelaide dive shop, (Adelaide Skin Diving Centre) in terms of equipment. We raised some money ourselves. I got some money from selling an article. Ron rang around people and got reduced prices on equipment. Over the years from previous expeditions we owned a lot of equipment anyway."

Was it all worth it? The soggy feet, 57 hours underground and a total of 12 hours underwater? "Yes, definitely. It's quite an unusual feeling. When the previous divers have been in they leave little bubbles under the roof and you can see them reflecting like little mirrors when you look up. When you get to a section where the bubbles stop and the guidelines stop, it's quite a euphoric feeling."



Peace movements: then and now

Recent years have seen the rebirth of an Australian Peace Movement. Hundreds of thousands of people have marched through the nation's capital cities in protest against the nuclear arms race and Australia's complicity in it. BILL CORNISH traces the political and military developments which have brought the world to its present crisis and spawned the new peace movement.

Earlier this year there occurred two significant and contradictory events in the fortunes of the Peace Movement in Australia. On Palm Sunday the 15th April over 250,000 people involved themselves in the now traditional March for Peace; with 150,000 marching in Sydney and 120,000 in Melbourne. It was a major victory for the movement which in recent years had had little impact on Australian people.

The next day, as if to obliterate the credibility generated by this success, the so-called "Mad Bomber" sent his threatening messages to various schools and parliament houses in the Eastern States and set up a fake bomb in King's Hall at Parliament House, Canberra in the name of peace.

In this context it is therefore worth examining the efforts of the Peace Movement in Australia and bring it into perspective with Australia's history of continued involvement in the nuclear world.

There have long been people who for religious or conscience reasons have voiced their opposition to war; but an organized peace movement is something of a Twentieth Century phenomenon. The first peace movement could be dated back to the secession of the German Communist Party (KPD) from the Social Democratic Party (SPD) at the outset of WWI after the SPD had declared its support for the German war-effort. After the War the KPD remained consistently critical of the elements within German society that advocated a militaristic solution to its problem in particular the Freikorps which terrorized the country in the 20s. By the late 20s this stance was to prove very costly as the KPD ran foul of the Nazi's, suffering severe setbacks in the street-clashes to be finally declared illegal when Hitler became Chancellor in 1933.

The peace movements that had sprung up elsewhere in Europe were also effectively discredited by their links with the newly-formed Soviet State.

Even during the course of WWII the propaganda machines of both sides were so effective as to virtually nullify any thought of opposition to the war. In Britain conscientious objection was only allowed on provable religious grounds in which case such people were placed in the support services, without any option not to partake in the war-effort.

In 1945 new horizons were opened up for the warmongers when in early August atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The destruction wreaked by those two bombs was unprecedented and surprised even the Americans. Suddenly they possessed the capacity to destroy an enemy without fear of retribution. It was with sheer arrogance that the decision-makers in the Truman Administration assumed that the United States had the right and responsibility to monopolize this weapon.

Yet even in the late 40s, many Americans within the establishment were seeing the dangers of such a stance; they were to pay dearly for their views and actions when America was gripped by the anti-Soviet, anti-Communist paranoia that was personified in the rantings of Senator Joe McCarthy in the 50s.

A candidate in the 1948 Presidential Election Henry A. Wallace, former Secretary for Agriculture in the Roosevelt Administration, was ridiculed and disgraced for basing his foreign policy projections around the possibility of peaceful and extensive trade and diplomatic relation with

the Soviet Union. One of his prominent aides Carl Marzani was imprisoned for his views on the Soviet Union which he later published under the rather evocative title *We Can Be Friends*.

In 1952 Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, the prominent American scientists, were executed for handing over the design of the atomic bomb to the Russians. They had dared to doubt the reliability of the leaders of their nation to avoid the temptation to use this weapon for aggressive purposes. Such doubts have historical credibility since it has been well established that the bombs dropped on Japan were by no means the deciding factor between the two sides and that the Americans repeatedly turned a blind eye to attempts by the Japanese to come to a negotiated settlement. In order to be able to totally exclude the Russians who had routed the Japanese in Manchuria (China) and were preparing to invade Northern Japan the US required unconditional surrender from the Japanese.

It is ironic that the very balance that the Rosenbergs were trying to bring about, served as the cornerstone for the strategem that was to justify American nuclear arms escalations in the following three decades — that of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD). That is that as long as there is relative parity between the two super-powers, and each has the capacity to retaliate and destroy the other many times over, this will serve as a deterrent for nuclear war. Apart from the obvious problems that this rather glib assumption incurs — namely that so much is left to the judgement of humans and computers, neither of which is fail-safe — even this has been replaced in America by the belief that limited nuclear war is both possible and winnable and with the increasingly accurate weapons it is possible to take out the Soviet weaponry before they have a chance to retaliate. As Dr. Bill Caldicott has pointed out even a limited nuclear war, if it were possible, would eventually effect the whole of the world's population, as no part of the atmosphere would be left uncontaminated.

So alarming has this situation become that even such custodians of the establishment as retired-Admiral Gene LaRoche, Averall Harriman, a prominent statesman in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, and George Kennan, Truman's Ambassador to the Soviet Union, have declared their opposition to Reagan's defence policies labelling the latest arms race as 'Nuclear Insanity'. One only has to examine the success of the nation-wide campaign spearheaded by Australians Helen and Bill Caldicott to see what a great number of the American people feel about this.

Australia has traditionally tied itself to a stronger power in both economic and strategic spheres. In accordance with the decline of the British empire and the rise of the American, it began to switch allegiances in the years after WWII. In September 1951 the ANZUS treaty was signed by the Australians and the US, formally linking Australia to the US-Pacific defence network. Yet the links with Britain continue as nuclear tests were carried out at Maralinga in South Australia as a joint project of the British and Australian Governments. As well Australia supplied Britain with uranium in the years between 1944 and 1963. Either way such symbiotic relations ensured that Australia would be drawn inexorably



An Anti-nuke demonstration on the steps of Parliament House, Adelaide.

into the nuclear world.

The film *Back to the Blast* is an excellent discussion of the Maralinga testing and gives voice to the dozens of technicians, soldiers and Aboriginals who have suffered slow and agonizing deaths as a result of being exposed to radiation due to inadequate precautions taken by the British and Australian authorities. It is also worth watching to see the arrogance of such men as Sir Ernest Titterton, one of the leading scientists on the site, as he attempts to bluster his way out of any responsibility for the plight of these people.

...dozens of technicians, soldiers and Aboriginals ... have suffered slow and agonizing deaths as a result of being exposed to radiation due to inadequate precautions taken by the British and Australian authorities.

played host to US bases in Pine Gap, Nurrungar and North-West Cape and Darwin has become an airfield for B-52 Bombers. Prime Minister after Prime Minister has accepted these bases under total US terms without attempting to investigate their functions. There is footage of the late Prime Minister Harold Holt receiving a peppercorn from the US Ambassador as symbolic rent for American installations in Australia.

There's been little attempt by the Americans to honour the ANZUS agreement in regard to the bases. Indeed Christopher Boyce, the young computer-operator at TRW in America serving life imprisonment for handing secrets to the Russians, cited as his main motive indignation

In more recent times Australia has over the deceptions that the US was feeding to the Australian Government, while using Pine Gap as an information gathering unit to

detect Soviet submarines.

The uranium mine at Roxby Downs only serves to further involve Australia in the nuclear war chain as there can be no guarantee that once the uranium leaves the country it will not be used to make nuclear weapons.

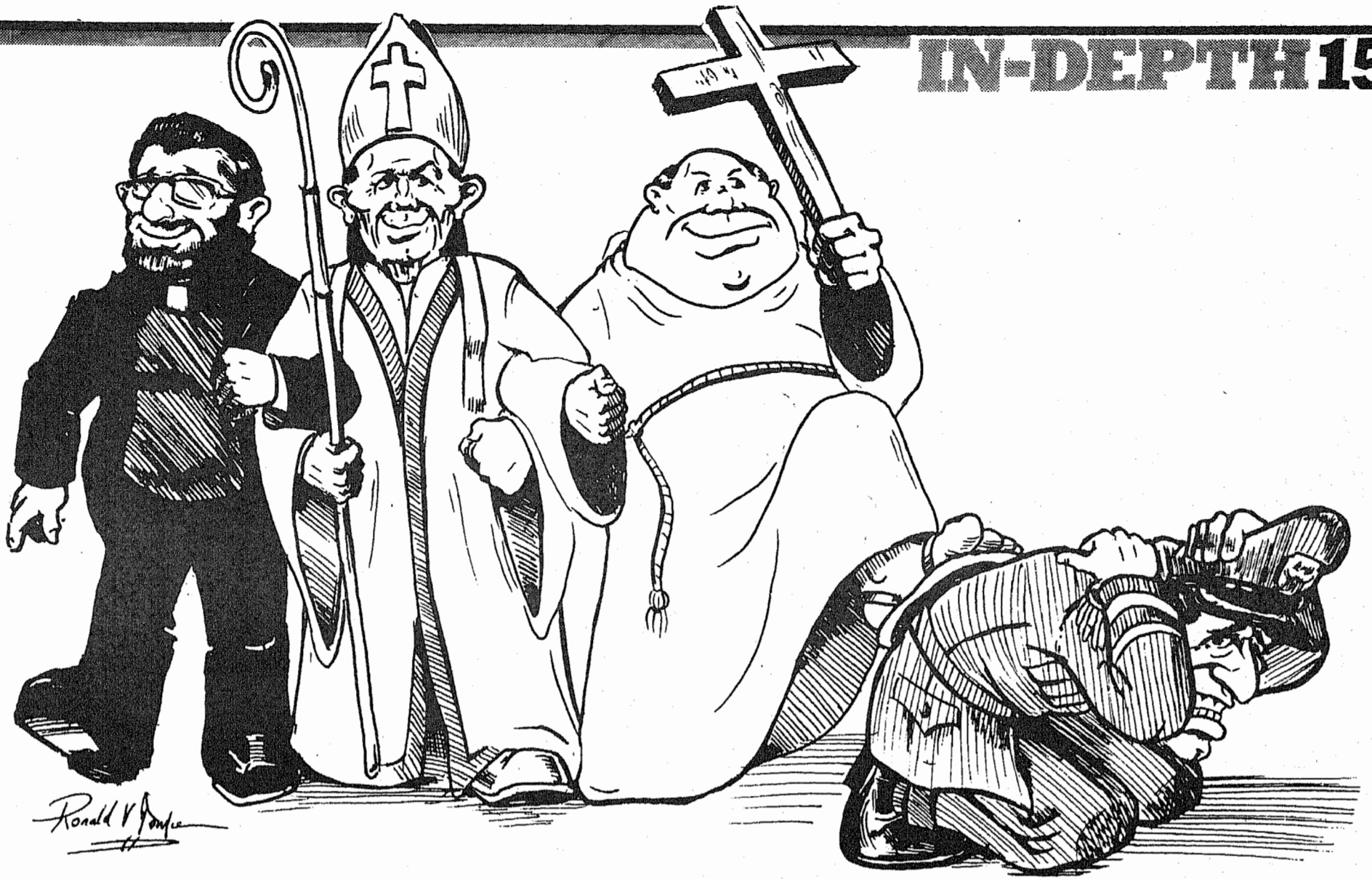
Even though there has long been a tradition of resistance to such policies in Australia it was not until the late 1960s that the Peace Movement moved into full-swing. (So successful had the security and propaganda mechanism been that nuclear arms testing and the export of uranium that went on in the 50s

left.

However as the Australian troops came back from Vietnam and the recession of the mid 70s set in, political activity of this kind went into decline. An argument that came to prominence was that Australia's remoteness from the central area of conflict — Europe — would protect it from the effects of nuclear war. This argument totally ignores Australia's ties to the United States and the attention focused to it by the bases and uranium enrichment installation. The media and the very Labor Government that legislated against the damming of the Franklin River were able to discredit the Roxby Downs blockaders as 'professional protestors', while Bob Hawke chipped in with snide little comments about recognizing the same faces from the Franklin protest at Roxby Downs. This of course negates the possibility that a concern for a local environment can be had by people with a concern for the broader nuclear issue without some notorious intent being construed. Hence the Franklin protest was "peaceful and legitimate" while the Roxby protest conducted in much the same way was "violent and illegal".

Yet while reaction of this nature has set in and been encouraged the sheer weight of events has led to an increasing awareness in people's minds of the issues at hand. The television media has given good coverage to individuals such as the Caldicott's and American war-hero David Hackworth's opposition to the arms race and also to the Palm Sunday March. The attendance figures for these demonstrations are testimony to the growing concern amongst ordinary people who are not necessarily members of the left. The facts speak for themselves; the danger of nuclear war is immediate and must be acted upon accordingly. In the words of a song by *The Cure* called "World War III"

World War, no one would believe it
no one's a winner, no one's a loser
just a dead friend.



Bishops stop blessing the bomb

In the United States the Catholic Church, traditionally the backbone of authority, is urging members of the armed forces to refuse to wage nuclear war. SUSAN THOMAS spoke to American Bishop Thomas Gumbleton about the Church and pacifism.

It is early morning. Grey and overcast. The landscape flat, the colours muted. Overhead, above the empty runways, the silent hangars and the brooding silos where the F111s and nuclear missiles wait, a solitary lark celebrates the day. Below, a tiny band of people processes, singing across the airfield following three white robed friars and a tall crucifix. And with every step forward that they take, the two US Air Force jeeps confronting them are driven back.

It is like an old Hammer Horror with Dracula repulsed by the Cross. The truth is only slightly less bizarre. US military personnel are instructed not to make eye contact with peace protestors.

So what will the President do today? Will he draw close the shutters and watch the rally on the box or will he risk a confrontation? One thing is certain: if he does, he will see; among all the other symbols, flocks of doves and crosses and, God-fearing man that he is, he will not be encouraged.

For in the States the Catholic Church is resolutely and vociferously opposed to his policies. And since it is the largest single Christian denomination with 55 million members (about a third of the population) 30 per cent of them regular church-goers, he has grounds for unease.

Not only do the priests, the religious orders, and the laity regularly land in gaol for their illegal, non-violent, conscience-raising protest, but worse, they are busily and successfully inculcating an informed hatred of war in the younger generation.

How do they do this? By teaching the contents of a modest little paperback. *The Bishops' Pastoral Letter On War And Peace In A Nuclear Age — God's Promise And Our Response*. It is a small tome, the sort of thing whose embarrassing title causes you to pass over it very quickly in the bookshop. Yet the contents are dynamite.

For instance, it elaborates the impossibility of waging nuclear war on any scale without inflicting harm

on innocent civilians, and then addresses the armed forces.

"To refuse to take such action is not an act of cowardice or treason but one of courage and patriotism."

It calls the politicians' bluff: "Recent talk about winning or even surviving a nuclear war (reflects) a failure to appreciate medical reality", it says. "Any nuclear war would inevitably cause death, disease, and suffering of pandemonic proportions without the possibility of effective medical intervention."

And it points up the social and personal consequences of the arms race: "We see a system which threatens mutual suicide (and creates) economic distortion of priorities — billions readily spent for destructive instruments while pitched battles are waged daily in our legislature over much smaller amounts for the homeless, the hungry, and the helpless at home and abroad."

Authoritatively and very simply, the Letter has destroyed the President's hawkish philosophies. The principal author of the book, Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit, has been in the UK for the annual council of Pax Christi — the international Catholic peace movement and winner of last year's UNESCO Peace Education Prize. We met in an old school building, the movement's London HQ, over soup and bread.

What effect had it had in the States, I asked. A lot. "The peace movement was already very strong and the Letter provoked a great outcry among the reactionaries. Because it is taught in all the schools and discussed in the churches, they see that in the long run it will have a major impact on attitudes to war, conscription, and non-violence. And in the end, they fear that young people won't believe in war any more."

Bishop Gumbleton is one of those admirable American intellectuals who, even jetlagged, can distil complex truths and express them simply. Lean, square jawed, and whey-faced with tiredness, he explained how he came to be a

pacifist, then how his church arrived at a new understanding of the theology of Just Wars, and finally the relevance of all this to American foreign policy and the plight of the Third World.

"It's not a position we arrived at suddenly. When I was growing up during World War II I took it for granted that a good Catholic would go to war if necessary." It was his experience as an observer in the Vietnam war which changed his beliefs.

"I was not allowed into the prisons in the South but I met with a number of ex-prisoners and their families, some of whom had experienced the notorious tiger cages. I realised that a Catholic could be a conscientious objector to a particular war without being an all-time pacifist. I supported a lot of boys who wouldn't accept the draft.

"At that time not one Catholic bishop had questioned the morality of anything that happened in that war — not the carpet bombing nor Hiroshima nor Nagasaki. Quite simply the Church took no position. You had bishops blessing bombs and the army in spite of the clear violations of traditional morality.

"In 1966 and '67 the bishops still saw Vietnam as a means of stopping communism. But by '68 they began to ask, 'Is the damage disproportionate to the good we hoped to achieve?' By 1971 they were denouncing the war because quite clearly any good was surpassed by death and destruction."

It was a turning point. The Catholic Church put the responsibility for choosing war squarely on the shoulders of the individual combatant.

It took twelve years and much soul searching, and in the end the bishops came out with a new simple message. It's all there in the little black book.

What it says is that nuclear war is always wrong because it can never be contained, must escalate, will inevitably injure non-combatants, and that the misery and destruction will inevitably outweigh the benefits. Thus it can never fulfil the criteria for a Just War.

The present policy of deterrence is not only criminally dangerous but also immoral. "Deterrence," the bishop explained, "can only be morally acceptable if it is interim to disarmament and only if the weaponry is minimal. Cruise violates all the conditions because when it is

deployed on a large scale, it will be virtually undetectable and so removes all hopes of arms control.

"Pershing is even worse. Pershing is designed to achieve the destruction of the other side's weapons, therefore it is a first strike weapon and there is every incentive to use it in a crisis."

This is a return to the true Augustinian concept of a Just War, he says. But, I said, a lot of people have trouble with the idea of killing. "I have a lot of trouble with it too", he said thoughtfully. "To kill simply is not there in the New Testament. But the church does seem to be on its way back to the earlier pre-Augustinian Christianity where killing for whatever reason was unacceptable."

What if you encounter something as evil as Hitler, I asked, what then? He looked weary. It is the question that everyone asks pacifists. "Pacifism could have worked in Hitler's Germany if only the Church had given a lead, but it didn't."

"If you have sufficient resolve you can prevail.

"In Denmark when the Jews were ordered to wear the Star of David so that they could be identified and shipped to the concentration camps, the King put on the Star and so did the rest of the citizens and the plan failed. Non-violent, passive resistance can work."

Bishop Gumbleton believes servicemen should refuse to deploy, or to facilitate the deployment, of nuclear weapons. "Any counter population weaponry has to be condemned unequivocally. If, say you're on a Trident submarine with a D2 missile, at what stage do you say No?" he asked. "Do you wait till the order is given or do you make your position clear now? I believe it should be now.

"I also believe that illegal, non-violent protest is increasingly necessary — otherwise our governments will continue to ignore us. What is so frightening now is that so many of the things Reagan says are so much like the things Hitler used to say... to the point where almost anything is justified if it is going to suppress communism."

Was he referring to the President's "Russia, the focus of all evil" speech and if so, I wondered, were the words his own or the speech writers?

"He has said the same thing on several occasions. Whenever he finds

himself in sympathetic company, especially with fundamentalists revivalist groups, he is likely to express these ideas about communism. The President is a very simplistic man and absolutely persuaded that there would be no problems in the world if it were not for Russia... that all the troubles in Africa and the Middle East are instigated by Russia.

Being simplistic also means ignoring the global and national realities of the arms race. Politicians are good at this, which is why the Pax Christi Council took as its theme for this year "North-South problems and the effect of the Arms Race on hunger and development in the Third World."

Their information sheet makes gloomy reading. In 1982, we spent 19,300 dollars per annum on every soldier in the world and 380 dollars per annum on the education of each school child. As military technology becomes more sophisticated, the costs escalate and the gap between living standards in the developed and the developing nations grows steadily wider.

"One of our bishops pointed out recently that the primary purpose of being in the arms race is to preserve our privileged position in the world — to remain dominant.

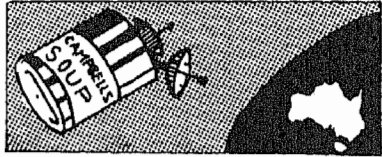
even if we want to share our goods we just don't have surplus any more — it is all committed to arms. The two things are linked. That's why the United States resists the efforts of the Third World to change the world economic order. As it is, it works for our benefit and we like it that way."

"But public awareness is growing along with the peace movement. In the States we already have areas of immense poverty and huge deficits caused by our commitment to arms. The effects are only just now being realized but it will get worse, the message is getting through."

Pax Christi spends a lot of time and thought on education, and the American sector has produced a number of Arms Race Primers for use in church discussion groups and workshops. I found a true story in one of them about an old man, a recluse, shut off from his neighbours, who was found dead one day surrounded by pistols, rifles, and bullets. Terrified of burglars, he had spent all his welfare cheque on weapons and died of starvation.

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Close encounters of the asteroid kind & dinosaurs



SCIENCE

Maxwell Demon

It Came From Outer Space

Even if you don't believe in astrology it's still possible to believe in the potency of the heavenly bodies. However it's not the planets you should worry about but the asteroids.

The evidence looks pretty firm that whatever caused the dinosaurs — and many other species — to die out 65 million years ago came from outer space. A 65 million year old bed of clay has been discovered which contains unnaturally high amounts of the rare metal iridium. There are only two possible sources for this abundance — asteroids and volcanoes.

Volcanoes can be ruled out because the clay bed also contained tiny granules of quartz scarred with grooves. The only places known to contain these scarred granules of quartz are the debris of nuclear explosions or meteorite craters. They are never found in volcanic ash.

Scientists naturally drew the inference that 65 million years ago the earth collided with a pretty big

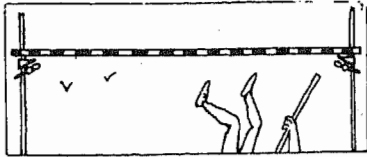
meteor. A collision with an object ten kilometres across would be sufficient to raise enough dust to blot out the sun for months. And a few months of darkness would wipe out the dinosaurs and a good many other species besides.

Some scientists have taken this speculation further. They believe they see evidence for a similar pattern of destruction occurring regularly in the earth's past. They infer that the sun is orbiting a hidden, but relatively close, neighbour with which it has periodic close encounters. When this happens the solar system enters a dense meteorite belt and one of them collides with the earth.

On Mars too there is evidence of a massive meteorite collision. In this case the culprit would have been an asteroid about 600 km in diameter. The collision theory is the best explanation for a huge depression which covers a third of the Martian northern hemisphere. It's about 3,000 metres lower than the rest of the planet and apparently surrounded by the remnants of a crater ring. Also the craters in this big depression are much fewer and further between than the ones on the rest of the planet. So probably the area was wiped clean at some stage.

What we don't know is how long ago this Martian collision occurred. It would be interesting if it happened to match up with one of the apparently periodic extinctions of many species on earth.

Blacks on the track



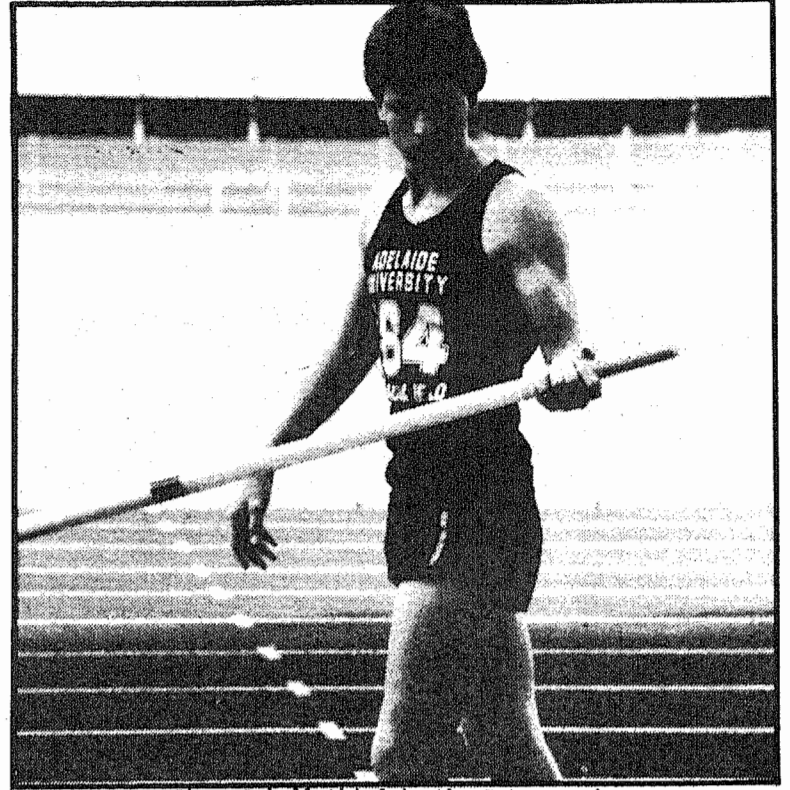
SPORT

The 1984 Australian Intersvarsity Track and Field Championships were held at the QEII Stadium in Brisbane during May. Two hundred athletes represented 16 Universities gathered together for the second most prestigious athletic meeting in Australia.

As usual competition was of a very high standard with three new I.V. records being set; G. MacLoughlan (Sydney) for the 400m, (46.7 sec.), S. Andrews (New England) in the decathlon (7353 points) and S. Gyngell (Sydney) in the shot put (16.05m).

Adelaide University with an elite squad of six athletes came a creditable seventh overall. The Blacks only gold medal came in the ball and chain event with Tom Murrell retaining his hammer throw title with a heave of 49.40m. Simon Arkell came third in the pole vault with a height of 4.00m and Steve Wachtel picked up fourth place in the triple jump (13.56m) and a fifth in the long jump (6.40m). A mean 4 x 400m relay of Guy DeBelle, Tony Hall, Simon Arkell and Cameron Bell placed an economical fifth (3:38.0 sec.).

The social events were well patronized by the Blacks as cold Four-X beer proved to be most popular. At the cocktail party held at Griffith University on the opening night the vocal Blacks were the first to arrive and last to leave. A Toga Party on the second evening lived up to its



Simon Arkell, third in the Intersvarsity pole vault.

reputation turning into an orgy of fun.

Our huge thirst was soon quenched as the traditional boat races followed the band's last encore. The Blacks were well charged for a big performance in the 8 man skulling glamour event. Some dubious umpiring saw the Blacks disqualified for spillage in the semi-finals (obviously due to differences in head volume/velocity on lip impact between Castlemaine-Perkins and S.A. Brewing Co.). Tasmania again put in a big performance with only two men, but it was Sydney who took line honours.

An enjoyable rest day was spent nursing hangovers in the surf at Burleigh Heads and Surfers. The final dinner and trophy presentation at QEII topped off a great week in the Sunshine State. It would be hard to imagine having a better time on an Intersvarsity, but 1985 in Perth is looming to be even bigger and better for the Blacks! On the local scene this summer the Blacks are emerging as a powerful force in Interclub athletic competition. Potential Olympians should contact the athletics club via the Sports Association, Tom Murrell (267 2060) or Tony Britten-Jones (44 5730).

THE AMAZING EXISTENTIAL WOMBAT STRIKES BACK ... 36 "Journey to the Centre of the Chutney"



WHERE HAVE HERB AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVED AT? IS IT REALLY THAT EASY TO MISTAKE CUSTARD FOR CHUTNEY? WILL THIS COMIC STRIP EVER RETURN TO THE ORIGINAL STORY ???

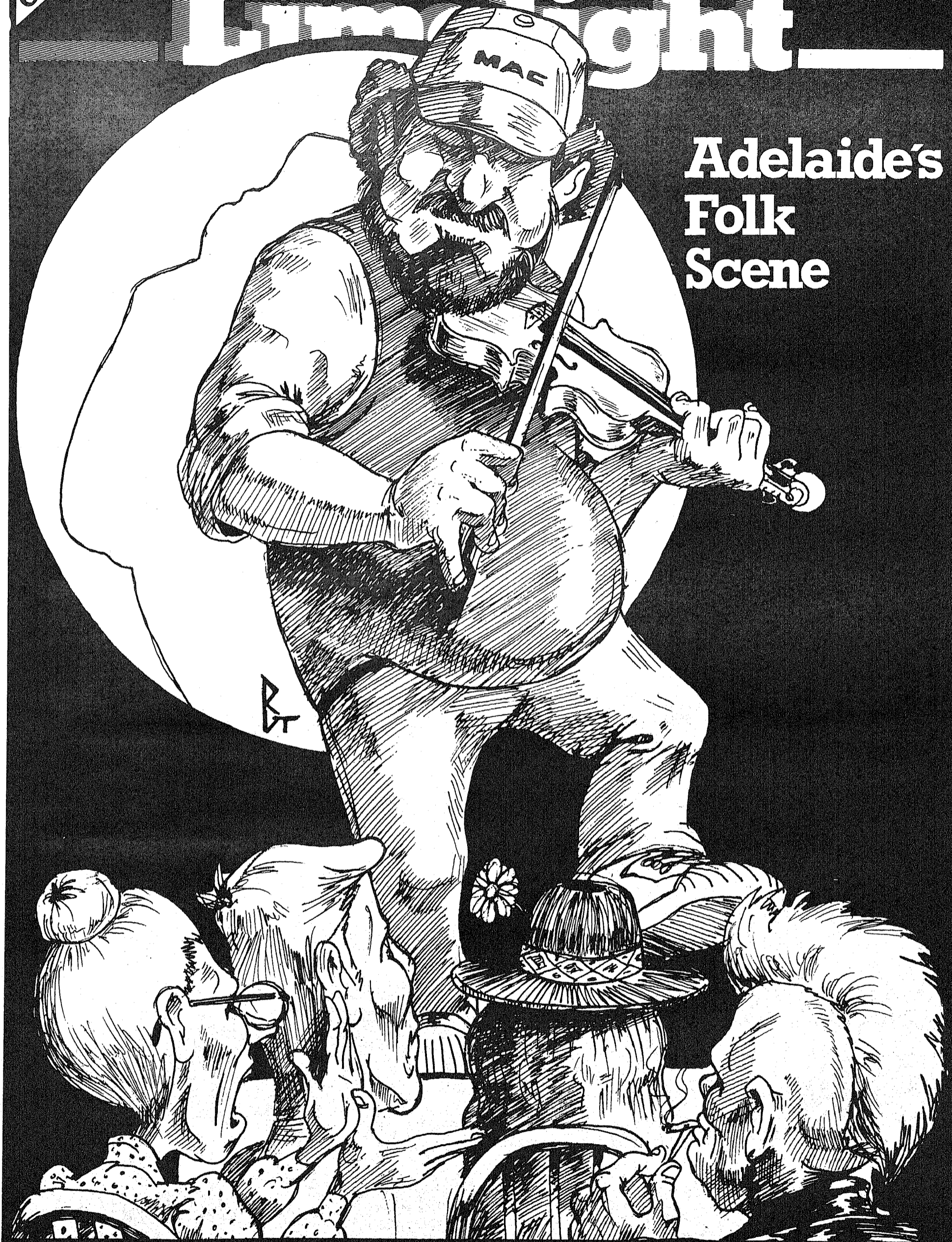
While pondering these weighty questions you may like to do the following simple test: Arrange the below objects into neat piles then work out which pile is sentient..

THAT'LL BE ME WYS!

On dit

Limelight

Adelaide's Folk Scene



by Alison Rogers

The scene is a smoky, dimly lit room. On stage are four over-weight, heavily perspiring men giving all they've got to a raunchy reel.

The beer-swilling crowd are lapping it up. Out front is Adelaide's fiddle player Warwick Nottage. He never fails to amaze. His deft, lightning quick fingers are like a spider on a hotplate, a sharp contrast to his physical appearance. He's your original Ocker beer-swilling truckie who has had more beers than most people have had showers; he weighs in at 20 stone.

Down the front near the stage we have four

or five children cocooned in their sleeping bags. There's no categorizing the crowd; they range from hippies complete with Batik tank tops to casually dressed middle-aged couples reliving the good-times of the traditional British folk club, through to elderly women with their perms freshly blue-rinsed.

This is the Adelaide folk scene in action.

Everyone who is anyone has at some stage in their distant and murky past had some sort of connection with the folk scene, whether it be personally or through a friend.

And so even though the Adelaide folk scene may appear to be small its connections are

extensive. People who are not actively involved take a sentimental interest in its health and vitality.

According to Adelaide's folk performers, activists and followers, the Adelaide folk scene is paradoxically on its last legs and booming.

The recession has hit not only our pay packets, but our folk music according to one of the organisers of the Celtic Club, John Stewart: "The folk scene is in a recession apart from the Traitors Gate Folk Club", he says.

"Established singers and musicians are not prepared to give the lesser ones a go, not just learners, not in the folk scene. They must learn

not only to take, but to give as well."

"There is plenty of talent in Adelaide, but disillusionment with the folk scene."

John Stewart's comments point to one of the main problems of the folk scene. There has been a general feeling of malaise about folk for at least the last year.

There are few new bands cropping up, few new faces among the committed folk followers and little new blood among the would-be performers.

And new blood is vitally important because folk is not just a Saturday night form of

(Cont. pg. 18)

A way of life goes on ...

from page 17

entertainment, but a lifestyle. When you join the folk scene you join it body and soul and live it day and night.

While my friends were going to the disco I would be persevering on my mandolin desperate to master the jigs and the reels that are part of the folk initiation.

With folk festivals all over Australia many an aspiring folkie has travelled thousands of kilometres in search of the ultimate reel.

Theories relating to the folk scene's ill-health fall into a number of categories.

One man band extraordinaire, Dan Burt, says there is just no provision for beginners now. In the good old days, Tim Whelan, tin whistle virtuoso and one of the founding members of the Celtic Club, conducted well attended beginners' classes which demystified the world of folk for many eager to learn.

To all appearances the Celtic Club was one big happy family.

In the words of Dave Moss, a Celtic Club organiser, "there was lots of euphoria in the Celtic Club until the personalities tried to bend the club to meet their own ends."

A yearly publication put out about the annual Celtic Club Festival depicted Tim

Whelan in a photograph under the caption "all tin whistle players are pooftas."

Tim Whelan was apparently not the sort of person to take this perceived insult lightly. Since that publication appeared, he has renounced the folk scene and not set foot in the Celtic Club to this day ... much to the loss of the scene and especially prospective new blood.

Dave Moss, one of the initiators of the photo prank readily admits: "There's no better musician than Tim Whelan in Australia for capturing the spirit of things."

Adelaide today is without the essential centrally located folk pub. Originally at the Cumberland Arms in Waymouth Street, the pub moved in support of the landlord being evicted rather unceremoniously (but that's another story), to an original folk haunt — the Mile End Pub on Henley Beach Road.

This didn't work as well as people had hoped. According to John Stewart, "The Mile End is a dead end. We miss the Cumberland Hotel. The Mile End is too far out of town."

He recommends, "Shift it (the pub) from the Mile End to somewhere more congenial. It's never taken off there. Somewhere more central with an amenable landlord."

The move in location didn't give the added

tonic to the folk scene that was originally hoped. Instead members dwindled and only the devoted few went on to the Mile End. Rumour has it that the Folklore and Folkmusic Society are going to bury past differences with the Cumberland Arms management and try to re-establish the folk scene at the Cumberland.

Perhaps one of the reasons for a waning interest in the folk scene in Adelaide is due to the lack of a central social pub with a landlord who is supportive towards the folk scene.

One of the folk clubs that is certainly booming is the "Traitor's Gate" club. Derek Moule, one of the organisers of the Traitor's Gate says: "I haven't known a healthier time for professionals in folk music in South Australia as in 1984."

He doesn't regard Traitor's Gate as essentially a folk club for folkies. Perhaps this is the key to its success?

"Traitor's Gate isn't set up for only the folkies, it is more a shop window to the general public, to show them what folk music is all about."

Derek told me of the origins of the name Traitor's Gate.

"Traitor's Gate is called such because the club breaks the folk tradition and pays its

performers instead of expecting them to perform for free."

Most folkies are in agreement that Traitor's Gate is the oasis in the relatively arid folk scene.

Warwick Nottage says, "The Gate is definitely healthy, but we don't see your average down-and-out folkies there. We don't see regular faces."

Derek Moule outlines a constant problem that performers face: "How do you sell working class songs, sung to middle class audiences by middle class singers? That's folk music."

Judith Crossley a person who's been through the ups and downs of the folk scene in Adelaide for a long time, has this to offer on improvements to the folk scene. "The folk scene in Australia has one problem, we should be looking for other strands of nationality like Vietnamese, Italian and Greek, to name a few, to make folk in Australia exist for those without British origins. It would be nice to get the Aborigines involved as well. There is a need to combine the cultures in Australia to make it a multicultural folk scene."

"Folk music, like other forms of human endeavour is ever changing; if it doesn't get bigger and better people think it's failing. It will always survive in some form or another."

DISCS

Still sunny

Get Some Fun
SUNNYBOYS
Mushroom

by Gary U. Nickorn

Where, I asked myself as I listened to this album for the first time, have the old floor-shaking, Thebby-quaking *Sunnyboys* gone? What has happened to the band that stunned the independent scene with the raw talent of *Happy Man*, and broke into the commercial lime-light with the unforgettable *Alone With You (Tonight)?* With some trepidation and an awful lot of faith I played the album through several more times.

Suddenly from beneath the slick production, clearer vocals and barrage of brass there emerged that unmistakable beat of the *Sunnyboys* as they once were, should be, and hopefully will be ever after. It was well worth the wait — although perhaps just a thin edge of the pounding excitement of *Alone With You* has been sacrificed in the general tightening up.

The single *Show Me Some Discipline* which spearheads the album is a good general indication of what is to follow — a collection of driving, drumming rock filled out with occasional fancy guitar-work and the unexpected inclusion of a horn section.

This is an album you can play in your lounge room as well as (very) loudly at parties, nor does it sound out of place against the super-production of US and UK titles. Three tracks

stray noticeably (and successfully) from the compelling *Sunnyboys*' formula — the brassy (and quite surprising) *Comes As No Surprise*, the almost jazz-rockabilly *Work In Moderation* and the noholds-barred rock and blues song *Catwalk*. Along with the superlative *Love In A Box* and title-track *Get Some Fun* (which is probably the closest the *Sunnyboys* will ever get to a pop song, and that's not very close) these tracks are all potential singles or 'B' sides.

This is not an album that is going to storm the US charts and give Casey Case something else to cackle about. What it *will* do is give the band a base of credibility and recording experience (this is what, about their third album?) and establish them as being considerably more than just another 5MMM 'flavour of the month'.

And beneath the polished surface of this new and sophisticated *Sunnyboys* lurks all the power and energy that is the trade-mark of the band — with brass knobs on.



Joe Jackson.

Cynic puts his music where his mouth is

Body and Soul JOE JACKSON

by Mark Calligeros

This is the third non-rock album from J.J. the previous ones being *Jumpin' Jive* and *Night and Day*. *Body and Soul* is a superb album and one which shows Jackson won't rest on his laurels and is always looking to progress stylistically.

The production is quite special, the album being recorded in New York's Mahogany Room Studios, with all players playing simultaneously. Then, to make sure the results weren't too outdated, a thirty-two track individual machine mixed the individual

instruments up to the necessary levels.

The personnel on this album have been extended. There's Jackson's old-time Bass-supremo Graham Maby, joined by guitar, synth, piano, sax, flute, flugelhorn, and two female vocals.

The album is wide-ranging in emotions and musical style, and you'll find the style fits the content and mood of the songs remarkably well. *The Verdict* is a ponderous and majestic song about the attentions of a lover, and waiting for the end result of the relationship.

Cha Cha Loco is more frivolous with a real Bossanova feel and wonderful backing vocals from Ellen Foley and Elaine Casnell.

Graham Maby gets funky in *You Can't Get What You Want*, with the steady brass making a great foil to Maby's ever-appropriate playing.

There's no one representative song on this album, least of all the singles *Go For It* and *Happy Ending*, which are really towards the happier end of the album's emotional spectrum.

Be My Number Two is the most poignant and personal song of this album, this album's *Real Men* if you like.

The real achievement of *Body and Soul* is for a rather cynical artist to shed his veil of criticism and detachment, and give his work his body and his soul.

Jackson's motivation for *Body and Soul* came in no small part from being pissed off with the soullessness of so much contemporary popular music. He has succeeded in not only illustrating that soullessness by comparison to his own effort, but in helping to alleviate it.

LIMELIGHT GIG GUIDE

Compiled by Alison Rogers

MONDAY 9 JULY

MIXED BAG — At the Grenfell Tavern.
LIVE BAND — Findon Hotel. Free Admission.

TUESDAY 10 JULY

THE ADELAIDE STOMPERS — At the Cathedral Hotel. One of Adelaide's most popular jazz bands.

WEDNESDAY 11 JULY

GEOFF MARTIN (Guitarist) — (7 till late) At the Hackney. 12 string guitarist.
DISCO — At Tavern 63.
HEARTBEAT — At the Bridgewater Inn. A reggae band.
ANTHONY ACKEROYDE — At the Flying Trapeze.

THURSDAY 12 JULY

ROYAL GARDEN JAZZ BAND — At the Tonsley. For jazz fanatics.
THE GANGSTERS — At the South Adelaide Football Club. Mainly a cover band.
THE SAINTS AND THE INNOCENTS — At the Tivoli. A popular Sydney band with a good sound.
RADIOACTIVE — At the Woodville Football Club.
RITHERS — At Maylands.
LOUNGE LIZARDS — Mile End Pub. Old Adelaide band.
STREETBEAT — At Armstrongs. (Formerly Hotel California).
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM — At the Cathedral Hotel. Boppy pop rock band.
STEVEN CUMMINGS BAND — At the Flinders Uni.
PAUL FRANCIS AND ANNABEL SIMMS — At the Hackney Hotel. Pianist and vocalist.
STREETLIGHT AND FX — At the Lockleys Pub. Last two winners of the battle of the band competition.
DISCO — Tavern 63.

FRIDAY 13 JULY

ALFREDO — At the Flying Trapeze.
THE REPORTERS — At the Peter Jackson Hotel.
THE GANGSTERS — At the Findon.
THE SAINTS AND GRONG GRONG / At the Bridgeway (later at Lark and Tina's).

Grong Grong are head bashing.

HEARBEAT — At the Alma. See above.
COUNTERFEIT — Victoria Hotel.
THE GREG KNIGHT QUINTET — At Maylands. For jazz fans.
DICK FRANKELS JAZZ DISCIPLES — At the Sussex. Dixie-land jazz.
THE LOUNGE LIZARDS — At the Angas. See Above.
REVOLVER — At the Producers. Punk band.
THE ALLEYS — At the Oriental. Old rock 'n' rollers.
NO PRESERVATIVES AND JUDAH — At the Alma. Judah are a Christian Rock band. No Preservatives are a rock 'n' roll band.
DISCO — Tavern 63.
RICHARD EASLING — At the Hahndorf Pub. 12 string guitarist.
EUPHORIA — The Bridgeway Inn.
DISCO — At the Governor Hindmarsh.

SATURDAY 14 JULY

D.N.A. — At the Austral.
ZEN VENOM — At the Alma.
THE FLYERS — At the Mile End Pub.
SKAT KATZ — At Maylands. Rock 'n' roll.
TRAITORS GATE FOLK CLUB — At the Earl of Leicester. For all you closer folkies.
PHOTO JERX — At the Club Mix.
ALFREDO — At the Flying Trapeze.
BEATNIX, RADIOACTIVE AND NO QUARTER — At The Findon. A great line up!

SUNDAY 15 JULY

FALLING SPIKES AND SALAMANDER JIM — At the Club Mix. Great names.
THE SAINTS AND THE INNOCENTS — At the Tivoli.
THE GANGSTERS — The Bay Disco. Cover band.
CAROLE STURTZEL AND THE WILD OATS — 3.30 pm and 8.30 pm at the Duke of York. Country.
Grateful thanks to 'Streetbeat' and the 'Rock Express' people. All those hotels that rang through with their bands. Any keen journalist types interested in reviewing local rock acts — see Alison Rogers at 'On dit'.

This cathedral's not so gothic



LIMELIGHT GOES TO THE PUB

In our continuing series on Adelaide pubs MELISSA DINE O'SAUR visit the Cathedral Hotel, North Adelaide.

Innocently facing the beautiful St. Peters Cathedral, the Cathedral Pub is one of North Adelaide's better known watering holes. One can't help wondering if in the days when Adelaide was reputed to be 'the city of churches' the back clad clergy would come back down to earth by surreptitiously stealing into the Cathedral Pub for a brief-respite from holiness.

It must be one of the more pleasant pubs in Adelaide to come back to the real world in. It reflects the neighbourhood in its classy decor and rooms. Adelaide's city pubs sometimes get incredibly grim and grotty looking — anyone who has seen the Uni Bar on a Friday night at about ten minutes past midnight knows what I mean. The Cathedral is above this and manages to keep the prices of drinks from matching the surrounding area. 90c for a schooner of beer doesn't seem too bad, though I can't claim to be a connoisseur of drinks and their prices in Adelaide.

The downstairs of the Cathedral has the obligatory front bar, which in most cases when I have been there has been deserted. The bar extends through to the lounge-cum-dining room, usually housing a few in the above 30 to middle-aged group (usually couples) eating, or sitting in the corner for a quiet chat and drink. Upstairs is for the more lecherous of us who are interested in the 18 year-olds or younger. This is the part of the Pub with which I am more familiar.

I have generally been to the Cathedral to hear a band play in one of the rooms. Thus it makes it hard to judge what age group the pub would draw on its own merits. The younger crowd bopping away upstairs must be a reflection of the band's music, not necessarily the age group the pub management is aiming for. I would suspect the management would be aiming for a slightly older age group on a regular night, those in their mid-twenties with (hopefully) a solid middle class wage to spend on drinks.

Once up the wooden stairway you emerge onto a rather narrow landing type of area; to your immediate left (through the plaster

arches) is the bar, and on your right the wall, is interrupted only by entrances to those eternal necessities, the Ladies and Gents loos. If you follow the pursuit of the majority of people you will find yourself at a wooden bar (if my memory serves me correctly) which goes in a semicircle with one half longer than the other. Following the shorter side of the bar you'll find a doorway which leads to a rectangular room where bands play. Going in the opposite direction there are a few stools littered around the bar and then through some pillars, a room with tables, chairs and the essential jukebox. Surrounding this upper story is a balcony which, whenever I have been there, is bathed in a sickening green light. It is suggested that this rather vile colour is to discourage drunks from using the balcony to release the contents of their night's drinking orally or otherwise.

Thinking about the architecture, one can't help feeling that the architect was very confused. With the posts, pillars and arches, plus the compulsory 'colonial' ironwork on the balcony, he or she must be a cross between a Roman, a Gothic and an Ocker.

As previously mentioned the clientele when I have been there has been on the young side. It ranges from private school lads to slightly older ex-private school goers, now at University and probably attached to one of those remarkable institutions, the University colleges. In all of my University life I yet have to figure out the 'colleges'. They seem to be institutions based on primal, barbaric, ancient rituals, which are only understandable to those directly involved. One of the initiation ceremonies seems to involve wandering around in brightly coloured stripey sweatshirts (Red, Blue and Yellow) and getting pissed at the Cathedral.

There seems to be generally a larger proportion of males to females, so if you are after a guy perhaps the Cathedral is a good hunting ground.

The Cathedral has bands playing every other Thursday and occasionally on the weekends I believe. The sort of tastes the bands tend to cater to are young, light poppy (but not untrendily commercial), boppy dance music. Every time I have been there, without fail, something goes wrong with the beer. I don't know whether it's my ill-fortune or whether I carry a dreaded beer curse with me. Maybe next time I go there'll be no delay with the beer. There is consolation in the fact that the management usually offer half price on a spirit during a Thursday night when a band is playing. Be prepared to fight your way to the bar. It gets absolutely packed, with 6ft giants.

If you want a quiet drink and a friendly chat without having to scream into your friend's ear, I suggest you stay downstairs, otherwise come up and enjoy the fun. The Cathedral is only a short walk from the Uni. So in between your study and bouts of drinking at the Uni Bar why not come along and check it out!



Puking on the road with Duran Drone

Ace investigative Rock-reporter DAVID WALKER has penetrated the web of secrecy and intrigue surrounding the fabulous success of the band *Duran Drone*. He finds that life on the road is not all its cracked up to be.

From David Walker in a cesspit somewhere

Fred Smith has every reason to appear pleased with life.

At 23 this former toilet cleaner has found riches and obscurity as an unglamorous "roadie" with the hit band, *Duran Drone*. Yet behind his obstreperous stick-it-up-your-backside attitude, is a young man who has obviously found difficulty in coping with the strain and agony that working with a truly hideous band touring the world can bring.

"You are not allowed to get indigestion in this business but I regularly puke whole meals," Smith admitted.

"It's usually caused by listening to hours of dreadful music from that bunch of musically ignorant narcissists. There are times when I really want to get out of it.

"I feel beter for a good old spew. *Duran Drone* get grand-scale hate from the music critics, but you can't beat a good old technicolour yawn from someone who works with those idiots.

"I'm a very moody person, anyway. I'm a bit of an aggressive — very National Front. The hardest thing is to stop listening to the *Sex Pistols*' tapes at a rehearsal and having only Simon Le Bore singing anyway.

"The whole crew find that difficult to cope with, so now we stay in the hotel toilet shooting up and bashing each other into the early hours. No one wants to be abused and humiliated for working with *Duran Drone*."

There seems little reason for Smith ever to be successfully abused. His huge 20-stone bulk has made him the "heavy" of the crew ever since lifter and mover Rodney Hinze (no relation to Russell) announced his diet.

But Smith has no interest in food or stray sides of beef sharing his bedroom.

"Not anymore — I've had enough of food. I can't keep it down anymore. From now on I only eat to keep my strength up" he says.

Since last year he has shared his life with a packet of Extra G and a bottle of stomach pills.

"I was the last one in the group to go", he said. "When you are surrounded by people chucking up loudly behind the stage, eventually you feel like you have to bark too".

Smith's sentiments are echoed by others in the road crew, who tell sadly of lives of continuous regurgitation. Heavy lifter Jackie Splunge:

"I once drove halfway across Europe in a van with Simon [Le Bore] and a couple of friends, heading for a concert in Hamburg", she said. "He played *Hungry Like The Pig* for 300 miles on the cassette, and we had to break the windows so we could lean out and throw up. We'd all had Irish Stew for lunch and it was really messy.

"I wouldn't want to go through something like that again."

George Hes, a fresh-faced fellow with "Hitler Youth" tattooed on the back of his neck — among other places — agrees.

"I've sworn off anything with protein in it", he volunteered. "From now on I drink beer only — it's easier to spew."

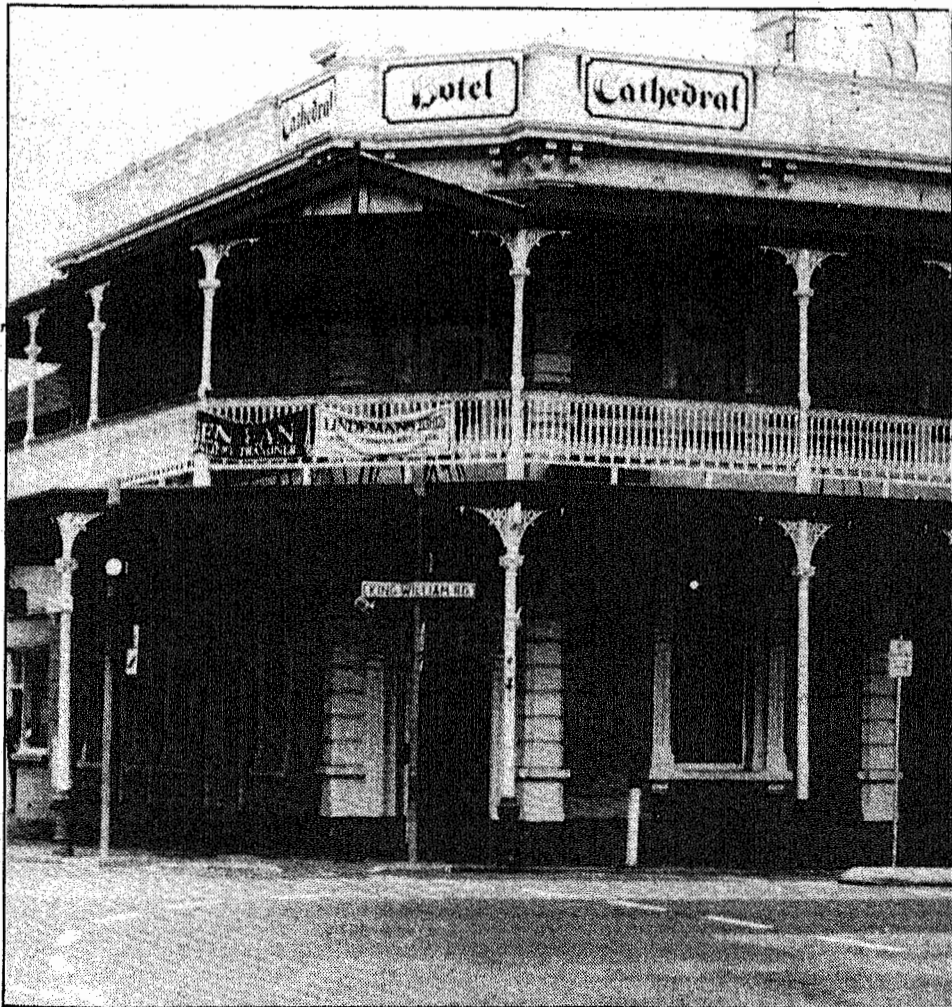
Fred Smith rejects any suggestion that the road crew condones *Duran Drone*'s music.

"It stinks," he says.

"It was pretty awful a couple of years back, but we managed to get by with just queasiness and the occasional bit of irregularity. But when the *Girls on Filth* single hit the concert list, things started to rise in the stomach, and before long we had our first *Duran*-induced chunder.

Once romantic companions were allowed on the road, but they no longer join the band.

"How could we keep them?" asks Smith. "You're in bed at three o'clock in the morning, and some big-headed rock star decides to play *The Duren* at 90 decibels ... it ruins your sex life."



A solid base in fact

Australia and Nuclear War
MICHAEL DENBOROUGH (ed)
Croom Helm

by Armon Hicks

This book arose out of a Symposium called *The Consequences of Nuclear War for Australia and its Region* which was held at the Australian National University on May 30th and 31st, 1983. It contains the papers delivered at the Symposium, suitably edited and footnoted. The only exception is the chapter on the film *Dark Circle*.

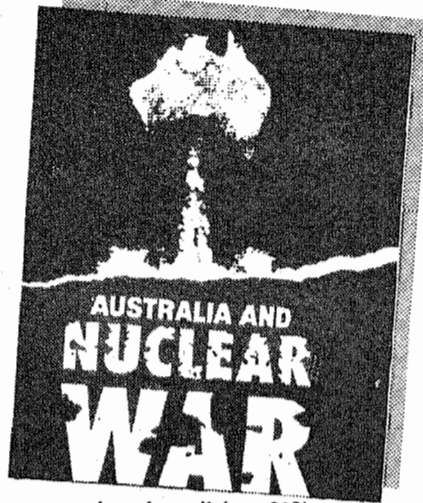
The book is divided into three parts; *The Nuclear Arms Race*; *The Consequences of Nuclear War* and finally *The Prevention of Nuclear War*.

Australia and Nuclear War is a book which has been needed in Australia. For it provides a solid base from which to confront those who are uncommitted or believe the nuclear problem is the problem of the northern hemisphere, or who accuse the anti-nuclear movement of being merely emotional in its opposition to all things nuclear. This book has a solid base in fact. For example Chapter 9 *Some Changes in the Atmosphere over Australia that may occur due to a Nuclear War*.

But it is not merely a scientific treatise, it also recognises the emotion of the issue. It also reveals that the anti-nuclear movement is widely based in society, not merely a concern of a small group of radical left-wingers. There are essays on the role of doctors, scientists and women.

The essay *Women and the Prevention of Nuclear War* delivered by Nancy Shelley, is not only an attack upon the obscurity of nuclear war because for her

"the issue is, however, the structure of men's thinking and the dominance of white



male culture." (pg. 229)

because

"In our society, it is men who have developed the science and technology of which the ultimate products are nuclear weapons. It is women who have been made invisible by the dominance of male thinking, who sometimes have been defined out of existence and who are constantly objects of violence." (pg. 228).

In this essay nuclear weapons are only the catalyst. The real object is the transformation of society whose basic masculine ideology has resulted, and will always result, in nuclear weapons.

Further, women have accepted a responsibility to bring about peace, but not for excusing men and finding us a place in the campaign. That is our responsibility,

"Men have to learn that to demand the acceptance of their argument is to require the acceptance of their frame work. That is not working together; it is oppression. There are many factors which must be stated clearly, and understood, if we are to work together in this most vital task." (pg. 230).

She calls for a change of vision, and way of thinking about the issue:

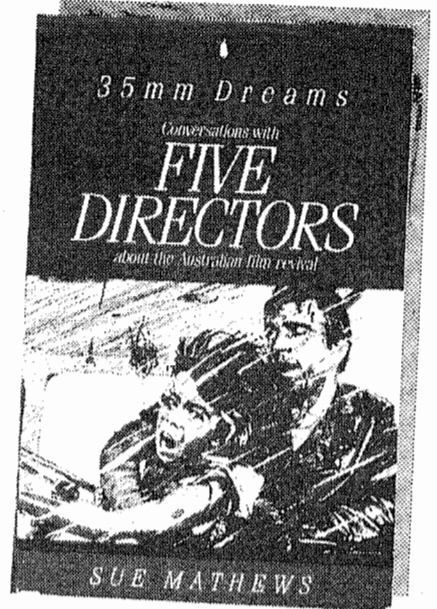
"...we deny our humanity still further by pretending a rationality in this insanity, and become co-opted into the enormity as into a conspiracy, by proposing 'rational' arguments to refute those put forward by the madmen who exercise power in the world, and by suggesting 'rational' actions to meet the menace." (pg. 233).

The essay by Nancy Shelley was the most provocative, and powerful, because the other essays were preaching to a converted reviewer.

The final essay, after the penultimate one by Nancy Shelley, will find more acceptance being not nearly as radical, even though Patrick White demands individual grass roots action of us all.

This book will succeed in its aim. To quote Michael Denborough, this book is part of and an aid to:

"an enormous groundswell of support coming from people all over the world. We must all join together, with a sense of urgency, in the struggle for survival."



Dream on

35mm Dreams
SUE MATTHEWS Penguin \$9.95

by Armon Hicks

This book will only be of interest to those film goers who have an historical or biographical critical bent. It's certainly not for those film goers, to who the film itself is the entirety — a complete thing unto itself, a visual experience — and the credits are merely a formal structure.

The five directors interviewed are, Fred Schepisi (*The Devils Playground*) who has a number of interesting things to say about Hollywood, especially the accountants in charge of the studios (something echoed by George Miller); Peter Weir (*The Year of Living Dangerously*); Gillian Armstrong (*My Brilliant Career*) the only woman who discusses that fact with reference to her film making career; John Duigan (*Far East*); and George Miller (*Mad Max*).

Similar issues are asked of each director, their beginnings, the actual construction of movies, and about the future and role of America in Australian film. But one of the most interesting questions that Sue Matthews asks all directors is whether film is an art form, or a commercial product?

An interesting book but not "a portrait of the new Australian cinema" as the back cover blurb states. That is the role of another book about the films themselves. Rather it is a portrait of the Australian film industry.

A fine wit

Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant
ANNE TYLER Penguin

by Jane Wheaton

Anne Tyler's most recent novel, *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*, was a best-seller interstate when it was first released earlier this year. While it has not received comparable notice locally, it is a fine piece of writing which outshines many of this year's new paperbacks.

It is the story of a family fractured by fear, jealousy and, above all, misunderstandings.

However heavy all this may sound, this is above all a witty and penetrating novel. Tyler's observations are extremely pointed and she identifies the often twisted humour inherent in the events she describes.

All in all, this is a vivid and very entertaining book.

WEEKLY BESTSELLERS

1. WHAT'S IN A NAME by Cockburn (Ferguson \$16.95).
 2. REVOLTING RHYMES by R. Dahl (Penguin \$4.50).
 3. WORDS IN WISDOM by B. Percy (ed) (Writers' Workshop \$5.00).
 4. PUTTING THE ONE MINUTE MANAGER by Blanchard (Collins \$12.95).
 5. DIETING MAKES YOU FAT by E. Cannon (Sphere \$5.95).
 6. IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE by T. Peters (Harper and Row \$12.95).
 7. TODDLER TAMING (Doubleday \$6.95).
 8. TREAT YOUR OWN BACK by R. McKenzie (Spinal \$5.40).
 9. LOVE YOUR DISEASE by Harrison (Angus and Robertson \$9.95).
 10. MICROWAVE COOKBOOK (Golden \$14.95).
 11. COLOUR ME BEAUTIFUL by Jackson (Little Hill \$12.95).
 12. KIT WILLIAMS (Cape \$12.95).
 13. MENUS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS by M. Kirkwood (Rigby \$9.95).
 14. THINK AND GROW RICH by Hill (Thorsons \$8.50).
 15. UBD ADELAIDE STREET DIRECTORY (UBD \$9.50).
 16. IN GOD'S NAME by D. Yallop (Cape \$21.95).
 17. LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL by J. Le Carre (Pan \$6.95).
 18. ONE MINUTE MANAGER (Fontana \$4.95).
 19. TALL POPPIES by S. Mitchell (Penguin \$6.95).
 20. JEWEL IN THE CROWN by P. Scott (Granada \$5.95).
- Compiled from information supplied by Standard Book, 136 Rundle Mall, Adelaide.

Primitive and crass

Othello; Macbeth by Shakespeare
Adaptation by Anne Tante Rigbys

by Fran Edwards

Turning the classics into cartoons is not a new idea. The old "Classic's Illustrated" comic books covered hundreds of different titles and entertained many readers. The titles under review are, however, different.

In their favour it must be said that they use a reasonably complete text. The "Classic" comics did tend to forgo the flowery speeches in favour of getting right down to the nitty gritty.

Rigby's B5 size limp cover, perfect bound efforts are more substantial, and so is their price: \$7.95 ("Classics" sold for two shillings).

The art style is primitive and crass and definitely not evocative of the mood of the text.

Far from the finest Marvel-comics tradition of pictorial realism and ultra perspectivization these books are drawn as mock-primitive text-pen doodlings. The sense of filmic "editing" so assiduously cultivated in the best comics is here totally lost: panels are pointlessly arranged and subdivided on the page out of sheer affectation.

These books will interest neither serious Shakespeare readers nor comic buffs.

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Leopard pure artifice

The Leopard
7th Adelaide Film Event/Picadilly

by Dino Di Rosa

Seeing it today, almost twenty years after its first release, *The Leopard* is virtuous and monumental — not even a milestone, but an example. Till now we've not seen the movie as it was intended — undubbed, unDeluxed and three hours long — and to "revel" at last in its native Italian and in its fullness is a rare privilege. This emblematic Luchino Visconti movie abashes all of the gee-whiz filmmaking that is today the staple-diet of so many; technique is its artifice, not technology.

Visconti worked the direction and scripting, basing his epic on Giuseppe de Lampedusa novel, about a noble Sicilian family (the Salinas) during the course of breakdown in 1860s Italy. The country is torn apart by revolution and reaction, and the Salinas have to brace themselves for change. The patriarch prince Fabrizio — the "gattopardo" of the familial emblem — is a dynast but also a realist. As played by Burt Lancaster, who, it transpired, modelled his performance on the director, he's a great obelisk weathering an inexorable storm, a relic shaking at its foundation but not at its face.

Lancaster has rarely been better as the Sicilian blueblood; the thick sideburns that suit him so well, his tanned, weathered countenance and his statuesque presence all seem to complement the climate over which he presides.

Brando was one of the first people considered for the role of the Prince, and the correlation that one immediately registers is not as fateful as it seems — Brando actually apotheosized the Lancaster character later in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*. The same sense of the intuitional within the institutional occurs in the *Godfather* pictures as it does in *The Leopard*: Brando and Lancaster were stately and economically in their physicality — they were Italian.

The Leopard is a lot more joyous behind the lens — rich and dimensional. And so is Giuseppe Rotunno's photography. This great artisan's work is so bodied and textured that it makes the kiddy 3D process look merely like a trinket. Everything about the visuals is tactile: the opening shot of the Sicilian countryside, and the rest of the exteriors in general, look three dimensional on the huge, vial screen; there are veils and curtain and drapes in the interiors that jump and flutter out from each frame — the inanimate becomes animated.

The filmmakers have given the characters body like I've never seen before. Lancaster I've mentioned, but the young lovers in this picture are handsome. Alain Delon, young and sharp, slices the air as Tancredi, the Prince's knight-errant nephew, an opportunist who first supports the revolutionary Redshirts and then, after he loses an eye, joins up with the royal army. He loosely courts the Prince's frigid Concetta — his cousin — but his sights are diverted by the daughter of a friend of the family, a ripe queen (Claudia Cardinale) whose cleavage outsmiles all her contemporaries. It's a really engaging hot look that these two lovers give each other when their eyes first meet, but the whole affair is sexless. Visconti, a homosexual, doesn't know how to direct or evoke hetero heat; he's really only in his mettle with man-to-man relationships, as he shows with the special liaison that exists between the Prince and the family priest (Romolo Valli). And I'm not sure whether Cardinale was right for the role, either. She looks too Grecian; more dark-eyed histrionics and less lip-biting and she'll recall a tragedienne.

My nit-picking doesn't diminish my awe and reverence for this movie and its contributors, though. Lancaster, the movie's corner-stone, is monumental and epic like film; just as *The Leopard* is too wise to not see the wood for the trees, "Il Gattopardo" is a realist. At one point, perceiving the tempestuous changes, he resigns that the old leopards and lions are being superceded by the new hyenas and jackals, all of them believing themselves to be rightful. The Prince of Salina, it's true, can be as subjective as a Marxist. Like a landmark, he's the first to sense change; tears cascade down his old facade like new rain.

Munchkin Moore's back to comic rage

Unfaithfully Yours
Hoyts Regent

by Peter Rummel

Unfaithfully Yours is the second remake of a much liked 1940s comedy — modified for 1984 consumption — to reach Adelaide in recent months, following closely on the heels of Mel Brooks' revamping of Ernst Lubitsch's *To Be or Not to Be*.

And at a time when films in general and comedies in particular are being tailored for the lucrative teen market, which turns out in droves for the likes of *Class* and *Porkys*, this harkening back to the successes of the past is both a welcome change of pace and a cause for concern.

Welcome because it's a pleasure to see near extinct elements such as dialogue and timing staging a comeback in film comedy. Alarming in that the idea of remakes, generally speaking, smacks of desperation. It suggests that the more literate of today's crop of comedy writers are running out of ideas, and that occasional gems like last year's *Tootsie* and *My Favourite Year* are the rare exceptions to the rule.

When even Mel Brooks opts for a more or less straight-out remake, it becomes apparent that something is rotten in the studios of Los Angeles: innovation is dead, long live the remake.

Sermon over, the 1984 *Unfaithfully Yours*, taken in isolation, is more deserving of qualified approval than scorn. Not having seen the

original, written and directed by the revered Preston Sturges, I'm in no position to be outraged by deviations from the 1948 blueprint. Even so, there are places when the direction of Howard Zieff and the script of Robert Klane, Valeric Curtin and Barry Levinson (who made an impressive debut as director with the comedy-drama *Diner*) fall conspicuously flat.

This time around the role of the insanely jealous orchestra conductor, originated by Rex Harrison, is taken by Dudley Moore. He is Claude Easton, convinced through a series of misunderstandings that his beautiful young wife (Nastassja Kinski) is cuckolding him with his friend and protege, a virile Armand Assante. All this is established in the opening scene as Claude, while he conducts a symphony mentally plots his revenge.

In fact this is one of the film's major structural weaknesses. Too much is given away too quickly. Right from the outset we know what Moore is planning to do; nothing that follows comes as a surprise.

The second problem stems from the first in that we discover, again all too soon, that Moore's fury is groundless, and that his wife is merely lending their apartment to her sister for her trysts with Assante. It's as if Zieff is anxious to bolster Moore's tenuous leading man status by assuring us that the gorgeous Kinski could never betray cute little Dudley. But in divulging the secret so early he deprives the audience of the chance to vicariously identify with Moore's voyeurism and growing

apprehension, paving the way for a prolonged anticlimax.

But it's the performances that save *Unfaithfully Yours*, particularly Dudley Moore's. For the first time since *10*, he isn't afraid to appear ridiculous — a device which made much of his work with Peter Cook so memorable.

For Moore is best as the down-trodden little man reacting ineffectually, yet hilariously, to forces beyond his control. But after the success of *10* became too intent on establishing a suave, romantic-comedy leading man persona a la Cary Grant. Not only was he out of his depth, his later performances showed a growing tendency towards egomania (does he ever stop playing that piano?) and selfconscious pathos. Which, for someone who made his reputation as a zany fallguy, can be fatal. Just ask Jerry Lewis.

Happily, though, *Unfaithfully Yours* sees Moore returning to what he does best, and he leaps about like a homicidal munchkin, eyes bulging and mouth quivering in comic rage.

He also gets able comic support from a most unexpected source — Nastassja Kinski. After the agonies she endured in *Tess*, and her comatose performance in *Cat People*, it actually seems as though she's enjoying herself on screen, and the result is surprisingly infectious. Coming at the same time as her role in *The Hotel New Hampshire*, *Unfaithfully Yours* should widen this talented actress' accepted range considerably.

Fanny and Alexander, Picadilly: What a film is this! Spellbinding Ingmar Bergman masterpieces his fine cast, exquisite images and communicates with amazing directness. See it!

Return of Martin Guerre, Classic: Worthily revived veteran of current Film Event is, with *Fanny and Alexander*, one of the two best films of the year to date. Gerard Depardieu is a peasant returning to his family after years of war, a changed man — so changed that suspicions are aroused. Fine cast, fine film.

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Hindley: Hackneyed old legend transformed into allegorical tale of natural man free of

civilization's limiting influences. Full of technical and artistic merit.

Terms of Endearment, Hindley: Amusing if over-rated, emotionally dynamic comedy — drama about Mother and Daughter and Husband and Neighbour and Life — and Oscars. Jack Nicholson is ... oh, wow, man...

Unfaithfully Yours, Hoyts: Moderately successful comedy remake has jealous orchestra conductor (Dudley Moore) failing to be cuckolded by nubile spouse (Nastassja kinski). Cast excellent, plot less so but end result fluffily amusing.

UNION FILMS

(Union Theatre 1.10 pm)

The Right Stuff, Tuesday: Slick and humorous account of early US space program as seen by the witty Tom Wolfe. Parodies American military and government bureaucracies. Subtly informative.

Trading Places, Wednesday: Well made, funny and full of Eddie Murphy's comic inventiveness as rich boy and poor boy swap lifestyles.

LIMELIGHT
FILM
CHOICE

Compiled by David Walker

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Lacking that spark

The Removalists

DAVID WILLIAMSON Stage Company

by Fran Edwards

This play has become a classic of Australian theatre and deservedly so. The punch, both verbal and physical, is still there; in theory, that is.

The performance I saw lacked impact and was flat in many places, although it did have its moments and was filled with undoubted potential.

Second nights are notorious for being the worst night of any production and this probably followed the tradition.

The design and technical work was good but the cast, although proficient, lacked the vital spark.

Don Barker failed to reach the high standard we have come to expect of him although his performance was adequate.

There were no bad performances only flat ones.

The cast didn't seem to make the script work until the second act and the introduction of two new characters.

Patrick Frost as Kenny brought some life into the performance and Leo Taylor was unruffled, uninvolved and fun as the Removalist.

The first time that the dialogue began working was in an interchange between Kenny, Constable Ross (Peter Merrill) and the Removalist.

This is a disquieting play which depicts the bigotry, sexism and violence, both domestic and institutionalised, that was rife in the early '70s. The script reminds us there is no cause for complacency as all of these problems are still with us.

It is a powerful script and deserves a powerful performance and that is what was lacking.

THEATRE CHOICE

by Fran Edwards

Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare presented by S.T.C. at the Playhouse. Opens Sat. Classic romantic tragedy.

Salonika by Louise Page presented by Troupe at Old Unley Town Hall. Wed. — Sat. 8 pm, Sunday 6 pm. Matinees, Thurs. 11 am, Sat. 2 pm. Troupe takes you to the beach.

The Coronation of Poppea by Monteverdi (in English) presented by the Elder Conservatorium in Bonython Hall. 10, 12, 14 and 17 July at 7.30 pm. Opera.

Extremities by William Mastrosimone presented by Playbox Theatre Productions at the Space. Opens Wednesday 11 July. A play about sexual violence.

Wait Until Dark by Fredrick Knott presented by the Burnside Players at Lentara Community Hall, Perkins Crt. Magill. Fri. and Sat. 8 pm. Season extended. Thriller.

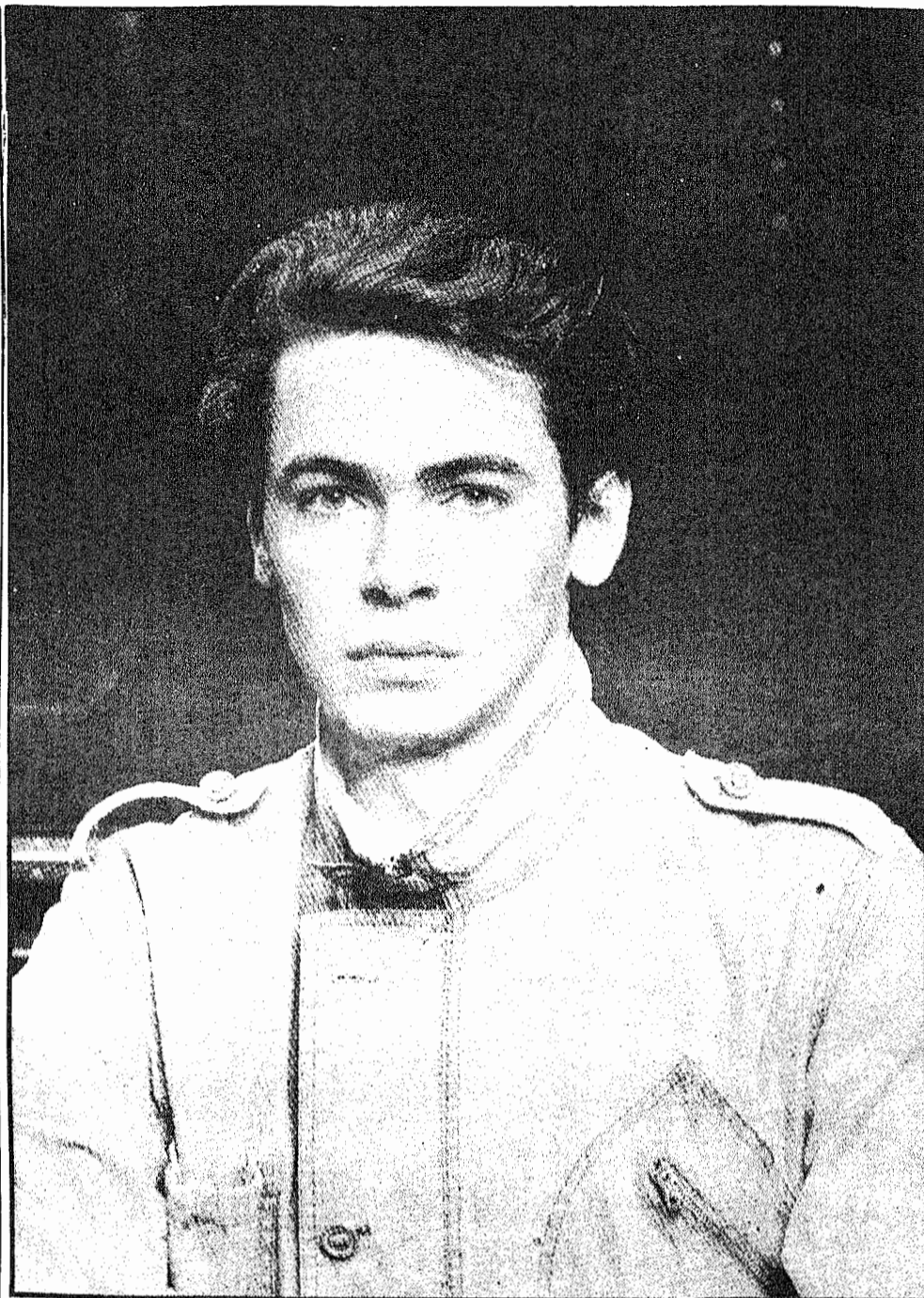
Waltzes from Vienna presented by Mayfair Light Opera Society at Mayfair Academy Theatre, Goodwood. Wed. to Sat. at 8 pm. Musical.

STAGE WHISPERS

Anyone who fancies themselves as a musical comedy star and lives in the Northern suburbs please note Northern Light are holding auditions for their next production *Funny Girl* this Sunday at the Shedley from 1 — 5 pm. If you're interested ring 255 0323.

For those of you who thrill to a military tune the Army (no less) will be in Concert on 21 July at the Festival Theatre. The Band of the 4th Military District will beguile you with *Battlestar Galactica* and the like for a mere \$12. Don't miss it!

Word has it that the Rockhouse Cabaret is presenting some good fun theatre (intermingled with some awful crap) in its variety segment before its live bands at midnight. Might be worth wandering down to 173 Hindley Street to check it out.



Ivo Pogorelich.

Pogorelich no Horowitz

CLASSICAL

Ivo Pogorelich
27 JUNE
Festival Theatre
by Jan Wiersma

At only 25, Ivo Pogorelich has already established for himself a reputation as one of the most controversial pianists of our time. His playing has been described as the work of a genius on one hand, and the careless efforts of a thoughtless young musician on the other. The man attracts tremendous publicity wherever he travels, and his audiences have come to expect a super virtuoso. It was indeed a shame that the Festival Centre recital offered no great pianistic show-piece to demonstrate Mr. Pogorelich's full resources. The program consisted of the Bach English Suite No. 2 in A minor, Mozart's Sonata in A (K 331) and the Chopin B minor Sonata.

The extensive program notes mentioned that Ivo Pogorelich regarded Glenn Gould and Vladimir Horowitz as his role-models. Gould's influence was obvious throughout the Bach. Ivo Pogorelich was able to let his audiences enjoy the complex part writing of Bach, without ever seeming dead or dry, in approach.

One aspect of Mr. Pogorelich's performance that I found annoying was his constant rush from one movement into another. I wonder whether this is an integral part of the Pogorelich style, or whether management may have warned him that occasionally Adelaide audiences feel the primitive need to applaud the individual movements of the works presented.

The opening bars of the Mozart Sonata exposed a strong clinging legato melody line which sung out over the simple bass accompaniment. This was to be the style for the entire Sonata, and made an ideal contrast to the Bach.

Mozart's Rondo Alla Turca is a particularly well known movement but in the control of Ivo

Pogorelich it became much more grand than usual. The rhythm was absolute, but still yielded to well calculated rubato which was not once out of place. The chords were rich and through them we heard the piano sing with a superbly full sound. The overall impression that Pogorelich gave with the Mozart was that he was not going to be dominated by the interpretations of his predecessors, and while nothing was outrageously radical, there was a real spark of complete originality.

After the interval we were to hear the Chopin B minor Sonata, which was the style of piece with which the audience expected to see Pogorelich at his best. They were not to be disappointed; he made the piano roar and played with great rapidity and clarity without missing a note. But, if anyone was expected to see another Liszt or Horowitz as the publicity surely led us to believe, they would have been disappointed. I was really expecting to hear a young genius who would present a radical departure from the normal musical ideals — he was certainly different, but could only be considered radical by the most conservative.

The Sonata opened majestically, with careful attention paid to legato and rests in the score. The dynamics were not always as accurate but certainly very effective, and by no means offensive. The tempo moved to and fro as the music rose and fell in intensity, but not once was there any hint of a loss of rhythm coherence.

Variations were played with more variety and contrast than is usual, which certainly made a change from the usual very stereo-typed Mozart interpretation. The central Menuetto was accorded the grace it deserved, and was performed without any radical departures from what we have come to expect.

The concert was interesting, and Adelaide was indeed fortunate to be able to hear Ivo Pogorelich. I found his playing and approach quite brilliant and always enjoyable, but could not describe it as approaching Horowitz, as some listeners have done.

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Bands

If your Uni life is frosted over with the Big Chill then it might be appropriate to get along and see **Icehouse** when they come to Adelaide at the Thebby Theatre on Friday 27 July.

They'll be supported by **Do Re Mi**. At \$8 a ticket for students and \$10.50 for the public you may well have to think carefully about the dough re you.

But **Icehouse** is a popular band so get along quickly to the Student Offices at Adelaide, Flinders, Magill or Roseworthy and pick up your ticket. Don't be left out in the cold.

Debating

The author of this modest column has long been in awe of the remarkable ingenuity displayed by rock musicians in inventing names for their bands. A new ABC TV series, for instance, boasts bands with names like *Canned Spinach* and *The Savage Newsagents*.

But now I am duty-bound to report that the rock world has been eclipsed at this talent by the debaters. Our very own Adelaide Uni club feature teams with names like *Ma Non Troppo*, *Chocky Chips*, *Phonetic Death* and even *Demaleadlinktajivers*.

They're debating this Thursday (12 July) at sundry venues in the Union Building. See the notice opposite under "Union Activities" for more details.

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Start at the indicated letter and move horizontally or vertically one letter at a time so that you spell out a sentence which ends in the middle of the diagram.

No. 5. Clue: Venerable Bede.
 Ecclesiastical History of the English People, 1, ch. 23.

Public Announcement

The Chemical Engineers have been declared [sic] the Soccer champions of 3rd year Engineering after the Engineering Soccer Committee [sic] disallowed [sic] the Mechanical Engineers from the competition. This was due to the fact that they (the Mechs) cheated by playing a member of the West Adelaide team. (How desperate were they?)

Secretary
 Engineering Soccer
 Federation

For Sale

Books, clothes, plants, toys, electrical and kitchen goods; at the **Amnesty International Thrift Shop**, 96 Glen Osmond Road. Open Tuesday to Friday, 11 am to 4 pm.

Ford Fairmont XC 1977 4.9 Four-speed. Suit GT buyer. Totally immaculate with too many extras to list. Low kilometres. \$6,500. Phone 337 9276.

VW Fastback, 1972, 1600cc. Good condition, \$1,100 o.n.o. Must sell. Contact Paul Bell, Computing Science pigeon-hole or call at 31 Hamaton Street, Hawthorn.

HP-11C calculator. Brand new (still in box). Programmable to 203 lines. 19 storage registers plus one indirect storage register. Automatic memory re-allocation. Full mathematical and statistical functions. Functions guide and handbook including program applications etc. \$120.00. Call Brett Hobson on 267 1226. If I'm not in, leave your number.

Lost

Vast Reward. \$10.00 for the capture of, or information leading to the capture of a calculator that is a Hewlett Packard HP 41CV, and mine. B.J. CROSBY is scratched in the battery compartment. Contact Physics Department. This calculator escaped during Swot Vac.

Stolen

Black V6 Ford Capri RFO 424. Stolen outside gates on Victoria Drive near footbridge on Friday 29 July. Any information please phone Wayne on 389 6271.

Wanted

Person willing to give **English** lessons in exchange for tuition in Persian. Further information ring Bill on 272 9699.

Jobs

Opportunities in radio. Radio University SUV relies heavily on volunteer work for its operation. If you would like to become involved contact Margaret Cameron on 228 5115.

Let me help you with your **removals**. Only \$15.00 per hour. (Holden one-tonner). Phone Peter after 4 pm on 353 2947.

Hire

Marquee hire. Pull your head in at your next party — under cover of a marquee. We have 30' x 18' or 18' x 18' for hire at \$70 only. (It's over \$100 at commercial rates). Phone Steve 42 9553 or leave a message with the Basketball Club at the Sports Association.

Union Activities

9 July, 12 noon. **David Bowie Serious Moonlight** Tour videoscreening in Union Bar.

1.30 pm. **China Syndrome** videoscreening in Union Bar.

WEDNESDAY 11 JULY
 6 pm. Music Students performance in Union Bistro. Free to Bistro patrons only.

FRIDAY 13 JULY
 8.30 pm. Free entertainment in Union Bar on large videoscreen with **Friday the 13th** and **Michael Jackson's Thriller** plus more.

SATURDAY 14 JULY
 8.30 pm. Windsurf Fleet Bar Night with **The Innocents** (formerly Adelaide, now from Sydney) and the **Dagoes**. A.U. students \$4, guests \$5.

ICEHOUSE — Coming to Adelaide

Campus activities S.A. and SA-FM present: **Icehouse**, Friday 27 July, 8 pm. Thebarton Theatre. With special guests **Do Re Mi**. Tickets \$8.00 students, \$10.50 public. On sale from Monday 2 July.

Only from student Offices at Adelaide and Flinders Unis, and Magill and Roseworthy Colleges. **Be quick**.

Thebarton will be fully licenced and no seats downstairs.

Orientation Week Co-ordinator

Orientation Week 1985 is Monday, March 4 — Friday, March 8, 1985.

The Activities Council invites applications from students interested in co-ordinating and organising the 1985 Orientation Week programme. Duties involve assisting all the associated groups and clubs and societies with the organising of their activities.

The Activities Council pays an honorarium for the position which involves many weeks work. Applicants will need to be available all of February, and at other times during the vacation.

Great way to gain experience in organising activities and working with people

For further information and to apply, contact Barry Salter, Activities Officer in the Union Administration Office. Applications close 20th July, 1984.

Notices

Socialist Club Film Screening. Wednesday 11 July. *Frame Up* (directed Dunn, Power and Double) and *Evictions* (directed Lowenstein). 8.00 pm in the Little Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. Season concession available.

Hairdresser — Cheap. Professional Italian hairdresser available in Craft Studio, Level 4, Union Building on Thursdays from 12.00 to 4.00 pm. Only \$3.00 for a great haircut.

AU Skindiving Club SCUBA diving course starting 3 July. \$100.00 — taught by a professional instructor to national and international standards. Contact Mark Divito 250 5438 or David Cowan 356 5187.

Anglican Society. Angsoc meet Tuesdays for Holy Communion and Thursdays for discussions at 1.10 pm in their room up in the far reaches of the Lady Symon Building, Cloisters.

FAME!

FORTUNE, POWER and POPULARITY will be yours.

GADRIAN, the **History Club** Mag., wants **YOUR** essays and other written pieces. Anything not more than 5,000 words and having something to do with history is **SPLENDID**.

Drop your submission into the **GADRIAN** box, History Dept. Office, 5th Floor, Napier Building, OR come and talk to us. (Contact: Carolyn Milton c/o English Dept. pigeon hole or on 337 4579.) Deadline is July 13, so hurry!

Christianity and Revolution in Central America. CISCAC will be holding a joint meeting on this topic with socialist Christians on Tuesday 10 July at 1 pm in the Trophy Room. Further information contact Peter Sobey, Mechanical Engineering.

Lutheran Student Fellowship meets in the Chapel every Thursday lunchtime during term.

Debating Club. Thursday 12 July. Round 4 for B grade tonight at 7.00 pm. "That Love Will Find A Way". The Lesbians v. Ma Non Troppo (Little Cinema). St. Marks v. Minimum Chips (Meeting Room 1).

Demaleadlinktajivers v. The Commonwealth of Australia (Portus Room). 8.30 pm. Secret topic (given out in the Bistro at 6.30 pm). **Noblesse Oblige** v. Emanon (Little Cinema). **Chocky Chips** v. **Phonetic Death** (Meeting Room 1). **Two Imposters** v. **Twelfth Team** (Portus Room).

Footlights Club Revue — back on campus! Wanted — members, actors, writers and crew. Annual general meeting 9 July 7.30 pm, Meeting Room 1. Queries through Students' Association office pigeon-hole.

Thursday July 12. Special Meeting for all students. **The Roxby '84 Blockade**. Information and discussion. Little Cinema, 1 pm. Presented by Adelaide University Campaign Against Nuclear Energy.

Thursday July 12 A.U.C.A.N.E. presents the first of a series of four education sessions discussing nuclear energy and its consequences.

July 12. Nuclear Energy — What is Involved?

July 19. The Astec Report / A Government Whitewash?

July 26. The Nuclear Arms Race.

Aug. 2. Alternative Energy.

Meet at the Students' Association Office, 7.30 pm.

Friday 13 July the S.C.M. will be holding a meeting to discuss racial tension in Australia — why it exists and the Government immigration policy. Meeting Room 1 at 1.00 pm.

"Breaking out of the Frustration Syndrome". Is there such a thing as a true and lasting fulfillment? If so, how can we attain it?

Everyone is welcome, especially you, to attend a brief, stimulating message by Rev. Colin Jones and then ask questions or debate in an open forum situation. (Here's your chance to sound off all your grievances about Christianity).

WHERE: North Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building.

WHEN: Thursday 12 July, 1-2 pm.

Bahai Society invites ALL members to the Holy Day Commemoration of the Martyrdom of the Babi the forerunner of the Bahai Faith on Monday 9 July, at 1.00 pm in Meeting Room 1. For enquiries ph. 267 4993.

Monday 9 July at 1.15 pm. SaGA presents the first episode of the Battleground television series: "Edgehill" — in the Jerry Portus Room. Free.

Wednesday 11 July at 1.15 pm SaGA presents episode two of Battleground: "Waterloo" — in Meeting Room One (5th level, Union house). Free.

Thursday 12 July at 1.15 pm SaGA presents episode three of Battleground: "The Nile" — in Meeting Room One. Free.

Friday 13 July at 12.15 pm SaGA presents episode four of Battleground: "Charlons". Free.

At 1.15 pm the fifth episode will be shown: "France 1944" — both in Meeting Room One.

AU Labor Club Annual General Meeting. Wednesday 18 July in the North Dining Room.

The Adelaide University Geology Society wish to remind all their members of the Annual Dinner at the Buckingham Arms Hotel, 7.30 pm this Friday (the 13th).

Let it be known that in the past a good time was had by all — rush and get your tickets from your reps. now, mode of dress to be advised.

Non-Collegiate Houses. There are some rooms available for students of the University of Adelaide in the Non-Collegiate houses at North Adelaide and Hindley Street. Applications to Peter Turnbull at the Hughes Plaza Office or Andrew Derrington, Student Welfare Officer.

The Liberal Club presents Senator Messner speaking on "The Liberals and the Welfare State" in the Little Cinema, Friday 13 July at 1.00 pm. Wine and cheese provided. H-

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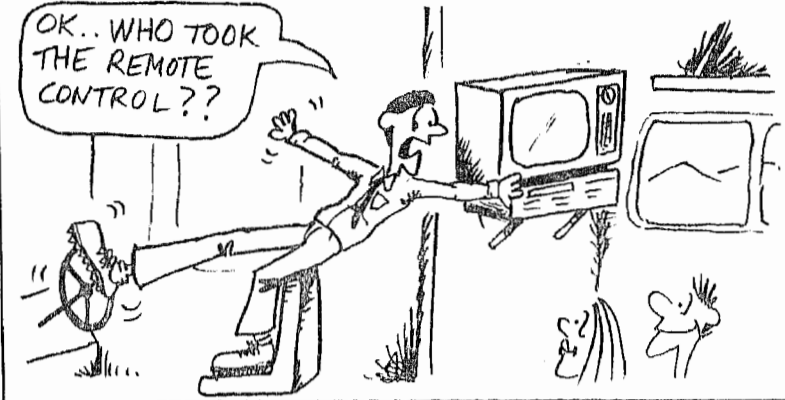
Some of the best, some of the worst and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd

Watching the road

Censors beware!
Seventeen people died in a bus accident near Ankara last month because the driver tried to stop his passengers from seeing love scenes in a video showing on the bus.
The *Turkish Daily News* reported

that the bus crashed while driver was trying to set the video system to fast-forward during the love scenes.

This column is reminded of the saying which goes: "Sex in the eighties is great, but it's much better if you pull over to the side of the road."



Ingrid Outdone

The revelation of SAUA President Ingrid Condon's creative genius in the *Where It's At* bad writing competition a fortnight ago seems to have provoked a flood of entrants willing to outdo her.

This week's winner comes from the *Moonaboola Quill*, a 24-page cardboard-bound affair which claims to be Australia's oldest amateur writer's magazine.

This poem was written by *Quill* editor David Elrick. We believe it rivals the Vogons and perhaps even William. T. McGonagall himself.

It goes like this:
The Greatest Mirth

The earth
Is the birth
Of the greatest mirth
A race so mad
With a history so sad
They're sure to win
The greatest sin
Of a world so vain
With so few sane."

You are reminded that the weekly winner is awarded a Mars Bar. At the end of term a Union Bookshop voucher to the value of \$20 will be given to the best of the weekly winners.

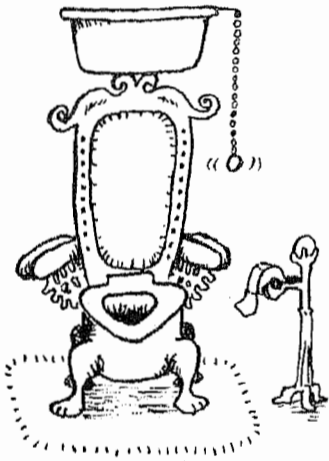
The Royal Flush

Where It's At is all in favour of personal hygiene but we were somewhat dismayed by a *Daily Mirror* report that King Fahd of Saudi Arabia has just spent \$3 million on the toilet in his yacht.

It seems the good ol' Australian dunny has been thoroughly outdone by the royal floating loo, which now boasts a solid gold toilet-roll holder.

The new loo is a part of \$15 million worth of improvements to the yacht.

It now has a marble swimming pool that can be drained at the push of a button and turned into a ballroom. We sincerely hope there is no reverse switch.



Valuable rubbish

The old adage that nothing in life is free has taken on a new meaning in Canberra lately.

Local Government Minister Tom Uren has proposed the prosecution of scavengers at local rubbish dumps.

By a curious twist of legislative fate, he proposes to use section 12 of the Public Order Act, which was brought in by the McMahon government in 1971 to protect the

Commonwealth's property from anti-Vietnam and anti-conscription demonstrators. It seems the section's only purpose now is to protect the Commonwealth's rubbish.

The *Canberra Times* managed to catch up with one such scavenger and discovered that he was making \$400 to \$500 a week collecting scrap metal.

The gentleman "did not want to be named because he said his son went to a private school."

Times horror sensation

Rupert Murdoch definitely owns *The Times*.

This fact was put beyond all doubt recently when London's dignified daily newspaper carried the headline "Lesbian lover tells of wife's sexual taunts in headless corpse case".

Worse still, the paper has introduced an up-market version of *Newsbinger*, known as *Portfolio*.

One commentator has suggested that their next marketing step should be weekly pictures of hunting parties on different estates in a Spot the Grouse competition.

True colours

Did you spot the racist ideology in the layout of the letters page in the last edition of *On dit*?

Campus politico Chris Sen, whose greatest claim to fame is probably his throwing arm when launching yellow paint bombs at the Prime Minister, came into *On dit* last week to complain about the hidden significance of the cartoon and its placement in relation to his letter, headlined *Phantom Go Home*.

Sen pointed out that of the three characters in the cartoon, two were white and the third, a native, was doing all the work.

Our editor replied, quoting the French post-structuralist philosopher Althusser, that as a cartoon is a work of art it is only by observing its absences and silences that its ideology can be penetrated. Only through the science of dialectical materialism, he explained, can you escape ideology.

Sen's reply? "You fascist!"

Sen later confirmed that his appeal to the memory of Hitler was mere "conversational politics."

Force of habit

Old habits die hard.

So Bill Hayden discovered last Tuesday when he strode into the Opposition Leader's Office, muttered "Force of habit", and walked out.

Wally!!!

by a man who thinks that penguins look silly

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The story so far... Wally is financing his life of crime by working as a nightclub comedian...

Meanwhile, the council hired a new parking inspector...
Harry the Hare... I'm here to help you

Meanwhile... Why are you chickens crossing the road?
We're on a school outing... from Poultry Grammar

Harry was on the trail...
BEEF!

AHA! GOT YOU!

O.K... keep your hare on...

Wally ran away
STOP!!
Not by the hare of my chinney chin!!

Will Wally get caught? You know what they say about hares and tortoises... What about when Harry goes to the haredresser? When will Devin pay my \$5 bet? Find out next week.