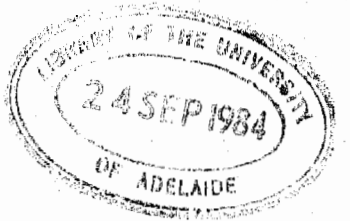


# On dit



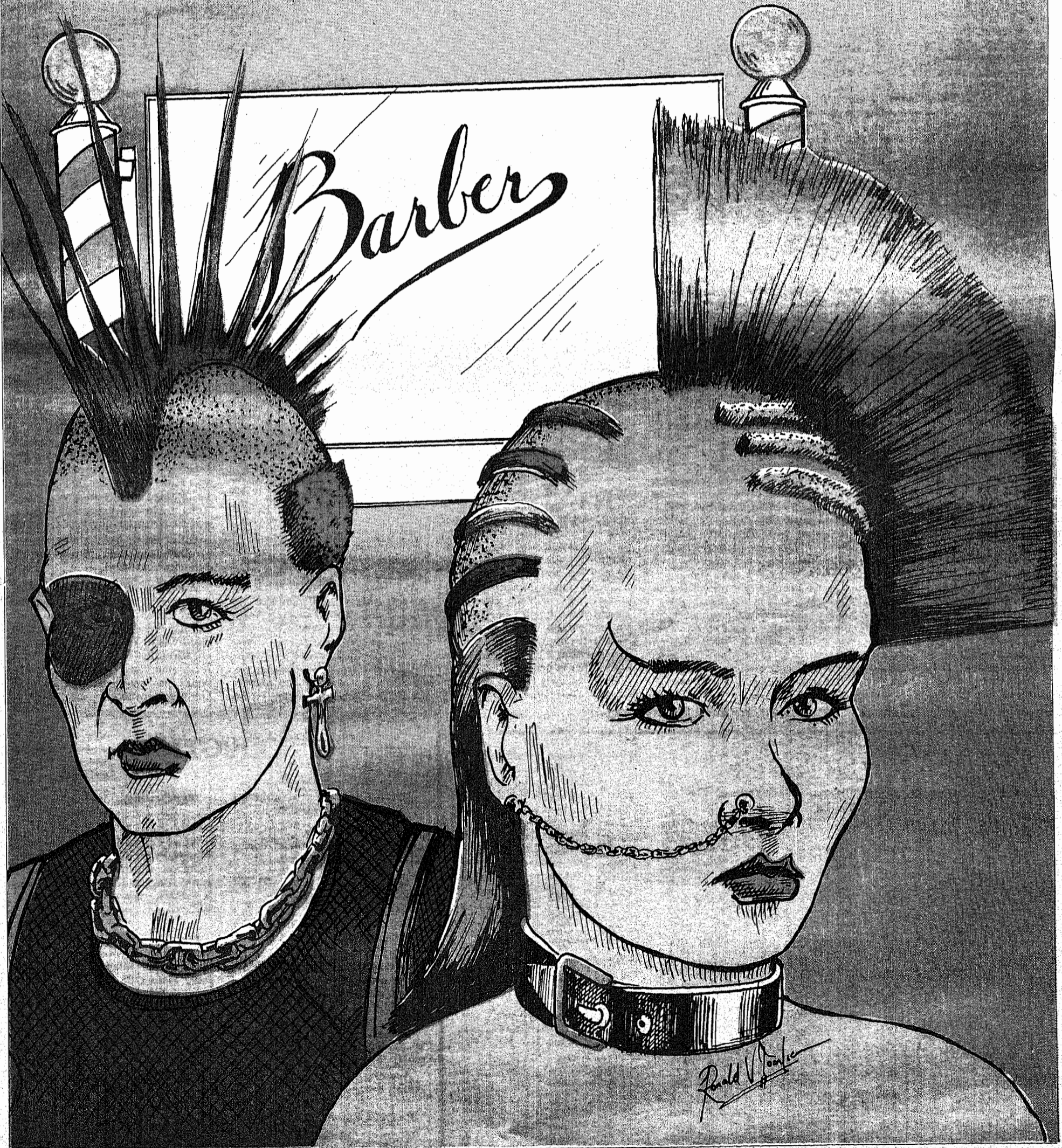
Vol 52 No 16

Adelaide University

17 September 1984

THE HAIRDRESSING REVOLUTION - PAGE 17

PINEAPPLE HEAD AND LOBOTOMY CUT



Ronald V. ...

# Why did Adolf cross the road? It's funnier this side of the war

## OUTTAKES

From an article by Alan Dundes and Thomas Hauschild in *Western Folklore*, October 1983. Dundes is a professor of anthropology and folklore at the University of California at Berkeley and author of a new book on German culture, *Life Is Like a Chicken Coop Ladder*. Hauschild is a German ethnologist.

Nothing is so sacred, so taboo, or so disgusting that it cannot be the subject of humour. Quite the contrary — it is precisely those topics culturally defined as sacred, taboo, or disgusting that provide the principal grist for humour mills.

In a history of atrocities, it would be hard to think of any example more gruesome than the methodical murder of millions of Jews in Nazi Germany. Astonishingly, jokes about the plight of Jews in World War II are now current in West Germany. These jokes, which many will no doubt find to be in extremely bad taste, might be said to constitute a form of "executioner's humor," rather than "gallows humor."

Whether one finds them funny or not is not an issue.

Jokes are always a barometer of the attitudes of a group. Auschwitz jokes exist, and they obviously fill some psychic need for those who tell them and those who listen to them. They demonstrate that anti-Semitism is not dead in Germany — if documentation were needed to prove that point.

Here is a joke heard in Mainz in 1982:

*How many Jews will fit in a Volkswagen?*

*Five hundred and six — six in the seats and 500 in the ashtrays.*

The Jew/ashes equation is an all too common theme in Auschwitz jokes. Other aspects of the Holocaust are also found in these jokes.

*A child plays with a cake of soap. Granny says, "Keep your fingers off Anne Frank."*

The Nazis did experiment with transforming Jewish corpses into soap, a metaphor for the conversion of "dirty" Jews into an agent of cleanliness. The joke suggests that the child should not play with Anne Frank. In other words, the dead should be allowed to rest in peace. Perhaps it is implied that the younger generation should not play with the products of Nazi Germany.

The transformation of Anne Frank into a bar of soap suggests one of the principal themes of these jokes: the reduction (literally) of masses of Jews. And in these jokes, we find the "condensed" Jew, who fits into an ashtray or who has been reduced to a piece of soap. Granny, like most Germans, favours cleanliness, yet she orders the child *not* to touch the soap. We have the "clean" Granny, a representative of the Nazi generation wishing to repress that "dirty" part of history.

*Two Jewish children are sitting on top of a roof near a chimney. A passerby asks, "What are you doing up there?" "We are waiting for our parents," the children reply.*

*A Jew is walking down the street carrying a gas container with a pipe connecting it to his mouth. A passerby asks, "What are you doing?" "I'm addicted," he answers.*

Here the problem of guilt is resolved through an insidious form of projection: the Jews wanted to be gassed. We see a similar device in the next text. Through repression and projection, the joke teller and his audience can pretend that they are not guilty; the Jews wanted such treatment.

*Why did so many Jews go to Auschwitz? The fare was free.*

A new scapegoat has been added to the German repertoire: the Turk. The influx of Turkish migrant workers throughout Europe has inspired a number of anti-Turkish jokes. One might think that the Turk would replace the Jew as the butt of jokes, but that has not been the case. It is instructive to see how Jews and Turks are treated in the same joke.

*A German, a Jew, and a Turk are waiting in the clinic to see their newborn babies. A nurse tells them that their children have been mixed up and they do not know which baby belongs to which father. The German says: "Let me be in there undisturbed for five minutes." He comes back a few minutes later and with great certainty says: "This is your child, this is mine," etc. The nurse wants to know how he has done this. At first, the German refuses to say. But she presses him further and finally he says: "I went in, raised my arm, and shouted, 'Heil Hitler'. Immediately, my son lifted his arm and return the same greeting. The Jew shit in his diapers and the Turk cleaned it up."*



The mixing up of the children may reflect a continuing concern with racial purity. The German's reluctance to tell the nurse how he succeeded in identifying each baby suggests that he realises that racist ideology is taboo. Still, he eventually admits that he used the Hitler salute to distinguish the true German. The modern twist is that the Turk is identified by the fact that he cleans up after the "dirty" Jew.

There is little evidence of remorse in these jokes. Only the reference to leaving Anne Frank alone hints at any compassion for the victims of Nazi death camps. The persistence of anti-Semitism is seen in a joke that finds Hitler in hell:

*Hitler has been burning in hell for dozens of years for all his sins. Finally*

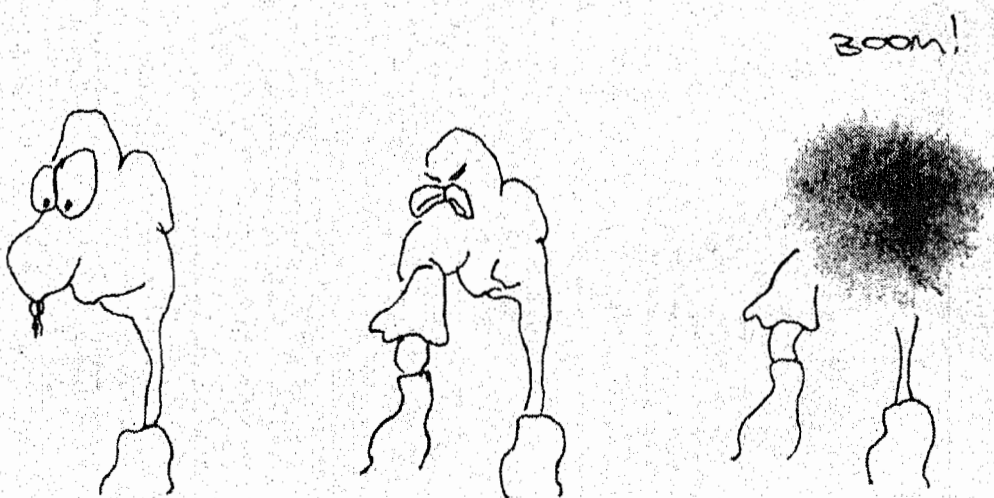
*he is cleansed and he enters heaven. God asks him: "What would you do if you could return to earth, Adolf?" Hitler answers: "I would gas Jews!" Angriily, God sends him back to hell for three more years. When Hitler returns to heaven, God asks him the same question: "What would you do?" Hitler says: "Gas the Jews." Again Hitler is sent to hell for three years. When he comes back, God asks him a third time: "What would you do if you could return to earth?" Hitler has thought over the whole thing and says: "I would build some beautiful highways." God asks: "To what places would you build these highways?" Hitler answers: "Directly from Prague to Auschwitz."*

This joke was told by a bus driver in Bavaria to amuse tourists on his

bus. It contains a common argument, namely that Hitler deserves credit for some things, such as building good highways. The premise of the joke — that Hitler suffered enough in hell to be cleansed — is worthy of notice. Yet the joke concludes that Hitler's anti-Semitism (and perhaps German anti-Semitism generally) is so virulent that not even the horrors of hell could change it.

Auschwitz jokes allow the joke teller and his audience to admit that Auschwitz is indeed a part of German history. This is surely a healthy sign. Yet at the same time, it is disturbing to think that the recognition of Auschwitz's grim reality has not ended centuries of anti-Semitism in Germany.

### Thought of the Week



### PRODUCTION

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# Colleges fight funding cuts

by Lis Heller

The Federal government's decision to phase out all financial aid to university colleges is "extraordinarily ignorant" according to Mr. Mark Hough, the President of the National Association of Australian University Colleges.

Mr. Hough, of Adelaide University's Lincoln College, last week launched a national campaign against the government's decision.

He said the campaign would attempt to change the popular image of college students as a privileged elite or the children of wealthy graziers.

Since 1957, Mr. Hough said, successive governments had shown their support for the university colleges by providing financial assistance.

But this year the government had reversed its attitude.

The colleges suffered a 25 percent cut-back in funds this year, he said.

And the Federal budget held further surprises — the government now intends to phase out all financial aid to the university colleges by 1986.

Mr. Hough blames the government's decision on Minister for Education Senator Ryan's "ideological fixation that colleges and halls are bastions of wealth and privilege, catering only for those from private schools."

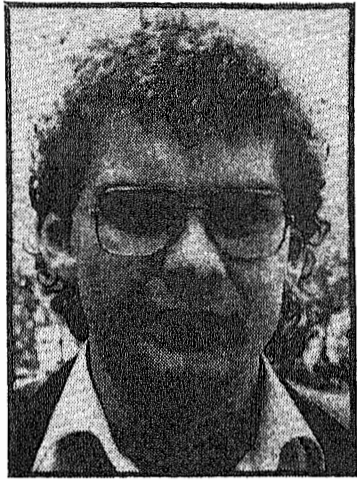
Meanwhile, the Association of Heads of Residential Colleges and Halls (AHRCH) has armed itself with evidence, in the form of the Beswick Report, to show Senator Ryan that colleges do not cater for a privileged minority.

The Beswick Report sets out the results of a survey carried out by Professor David Beswick, of Melbourne University, and was released earlier this year.

The report found that students attending colleges follow "the pattern found for Australian university students generally."

Mr. Hough summarised the findings in a speech to students last Sunday at Lincoln College.

"The report revealed that the vast majority of students in residence were from the country; 80 percent had to live away from home to attend



Mark Hough.

university, more than half were from government schools and a quarter came from homes where the combined parental income before tax was less than \$300 per week" he said.

"In short, the empirical evidence of the Beswick Report clearly indicates that colleges and halls assist disadvantaged country students."

Mr. Hough said Senator Ryan "has refused to accept the facts borne out by the Beswick Report."

"We have a minister who has shown no regard for country students and has ignored all requests to discuss the issue with those who are directly affected."

"If Senator Ryan won't listen to us, then we will begin to concentrate our efforts on marginal ALP members of parliament particularly in the country."

He urged college residents, their parents, ex-collegiates and other concerned people to write letters to MPs and the newspapers.

As there are more than 16,000 students residing in colleges in Australia Mr. Hough believes the colleges have "the potential to generate a significant level of mail activity in electorate offices all over the country."

If results are not achieved soon, Mr. Hough believes that the colleges "may be relying on the Prime Minister to take action."

Otherwise college fees will go up by at least seven dollars a week from next year.



Tongues and miracles at the Christian Revival Crusade.

# Tongues cry out for salvation in "miracle church"

by June Willcox

Lorraine Ibister is trying to save me.

She has one arm around my shoulders and one on my chest. She is looking straight into my eyes.

"We ask the Lord to accept this lovely girl."

"Do you believe in Hell?"

"Do you believe in the resurrection?"

"Are you ready to accept the Lord?"

The murmurs of people praying for my salvation echo in the large, empty hall. Shafts of light pour in through the high windows.

The eleven followers and one baby that never stops smiling are a congregation of the Christian Revival Crusade, a "Miracle Church."

Lorraine Ibister, dressed unassumingly in a bright blue dress is their minister.

The Christian Revival Crusade is one of the main pentecostal or charismatic churches in Australia. It is a Christian movement which believes its followers can attain special powers, such as healing, through the Holy Ghost.

Lorraine Ibister is ministering to a mid-week meeting of the CRC in the Norwood Community Hall.

The congregation sits in a circle. It is a diverse group with clothing ranging from a fur coat to a windcheater advertising Harley Davidson motorcycles.

The meeting begins informally with singing, one man being accompanied on a guitar. Everyone claps along and some close their eyes and hold their arms aloft.

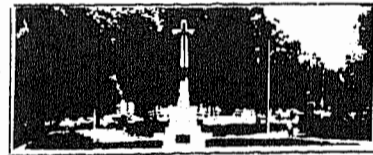
Lorraine and the woman in the fur coat speak in tongues. The words sound like an obscure European dialect.

Lorraine launches into her sermon: "God wants you to start to move in the supernatural".

Her words are interspersed with murmurs of agreement and phrases such as "praise God" from the congregation.

The small congregation is one of the Christian Revival Crusade's 80 churches in Australia.

The Crusade has 20,000 followers,



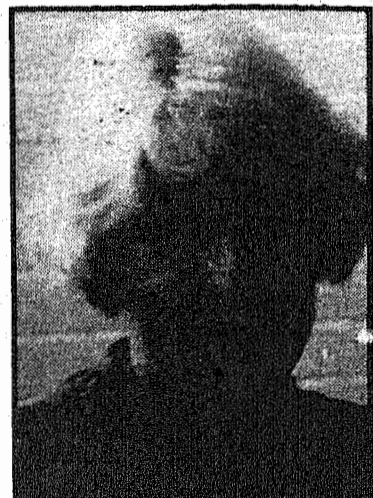
## RELIGION

according to its South Australian vice-chairman, Pastor Slape.

In South Australia there are more than 3,000 followers, a third of whom are children, Pastor Slape said.

The other main pentecostal church in Australia is the international Assemblies of God.

The two churches are closely related and often swap ministers. Lorraine Ibister for instance is a minister with the Assemblies of God but she ministers to both churches.



Lorraine Ibister who has been "cured" from cancer.

Lorraine Ibister is a faith-healer. She is aged "between 20 and 60" and from her West Lakes home she travels Australia in the car "God provided".

Ms. Ibister was "converted in a blackberry bush" and believes God will provide her with whatever she needs.

"I've been trained to rely on God, God told me no matter where I go and what I do he will supply me" she said.

"When I needed a car, God provided. Fully registered, with insurance and air-conditioning."

To date, God has "cured" her from cancer of the womb, bowel and liver, and provided her with the money and means to spread the word.

She is a dynamic speaker. During her sermons she mimes her anecdotes, throwing her legs and arms about.

She believes the community is "going down the drain" and blames "violent videos" for turning people into "sex maniacs" and breaking up marriages.

"People are going to clairvoyants to find out about the future: they should turn to God if they are insecure" she said.

Lorraine Ibister ministers to people from all walks of life: "from millionaires to matrons."

"Psychiatrists are the most difficult, they fight because of their training."

After the sermon at the Norwood Community Hall finished, members of the congregation discussed their experiences.

The man in the Harley Davidson windcheater with tattoos on his arms was inspired by his experiences with the Christian Revival Crusade. In the past few days he had found a job and he praised God for relieving him of his money worries.

A landscape gardener said God had given him "the vision" about eight months ago to help people find jobs.

A young girl who looked tired said she had been up until two the night before trying unsuccessfully to save a Hungarian communist. Lorraine suggested she try praying.

Then the Minister turns to me, saying she feels I have joined them for a reason. The group have their eyes closed in prayer.

I try to answer her questions honestly.

"Do you want immortality?"

"Of course you want immortality."

She is smiling; eventually she resumes her seat.

The meeting breaks up, coffee and biscuits are served. I am exhausted. Lorraine Ibister didn't save me, but she is undeterred. "I've a feeling you'll be back." She follows this with a warm but determined smile.

# Poetic justice in Vietnam

A 63-year-old Vietnamese poet, forbidden by the authorities from writing for over 25 years, has now been imprisoned for having "cultural links with foreigners".

Bui Hoang Cam became prominent as a nationalist poet during the Japanese occupation of Vietnam in the Second World War. In 1946 he joined the Vietminh and fought against French colonial rule.

After the French defeat and the 1954 partitioning of Vietnam, Hoang Cam and other writers in the newly created Democratic Republic of (North) Vietnam called for artistic freedom. They supported a cultural liberalization program launched by the Communist party in 1956, and Hoang Cam became a leading figure in this movement.

He wrote against what he saw as abuses of power and corruption in the government and Communist party hierarchies. In particular he criticised measures adopted by the North Vietnamese authorities to implement land reform.

The object of the land reform program was to eliminate as a class landlords and rich peasants. The government later admitted to a number of excesses in the application of the land reform programs - but at the time it reacted to criticism by suppressing all independent publications and imprisoning many prominent critics.



## HUMAN RIGHTS FILE

Hoang Cam and other intellectuals were forbidden to write and the poet has since made his living by running a cafe in Hanoi.

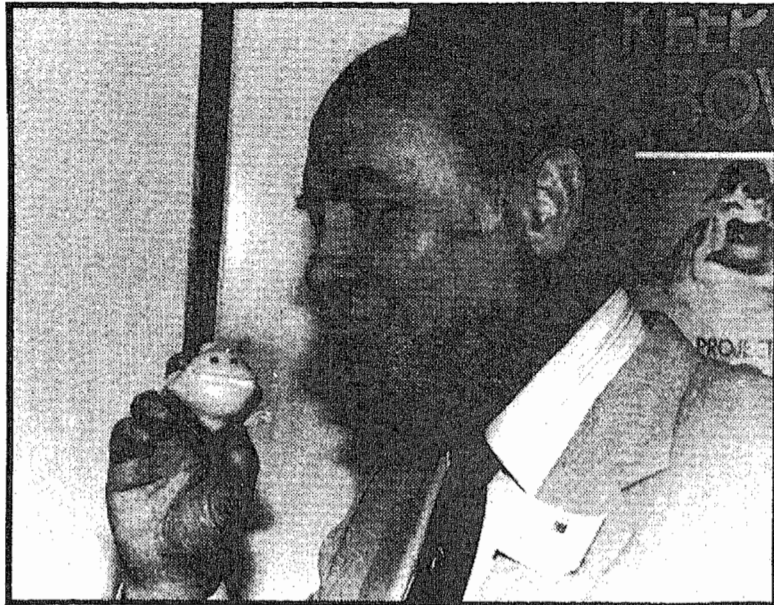
In August 1982 he reportedly asked a Vietnamese emigre visiting Hanoi to take a collection of unpublished poems to his daughter in the United States. The emigre was searched at the airport and the poems confiscated. A few days later Hoang Cam was arrested and charged with having "cultural links with foreigners".

He has been held in Hoa Lo jail, Hanoi, since. The authorities claim his poems are "notoriously subversive political writings" and have indicated he will only be freed if he "reforms".

'Human Rights File' is compiled from information supplied by Amnesty International. For further information, Amnesty can be contacted at 18 King William Road, North Adelaide, Telephone 267 5059.



"Doe-eyed" John Olsen,



Mr. Tonkin, former Liberal party leader.

## Comic Olsen, sad Ken and 'freckles' Mackay



Scarabeus Sacer

What ever happened to that nice little man John Olsen? If he's not calling the Roxby protestors "moronic" and "freaks", he's referring to John Bannon as a liar and cheat.

Formerly doe-eyed and softly spoken, Olsen has now taken to going red in the face, jumping up and down, and splattering his opponents with vitriolic slaver. He demonstrates all the signs of

mutating into his preposterous predecessor, David Tonkin.

Personally I think he is the victim of a particularly cynical firm of public relations consultants: shadowy, suited figures who, for their own warped amusement, have told Mr. Olsen to improve his "image" by being more rabid. They then wait in their penthouse offices for their client to appear on the television acting in accordance with their whimsical instructions, and proceed to roll around helplessly on their shag-pile carpet, silk handkerchiefs stuffed into their mouths to muffle their hysterical laughter.

Vale Ken McAlpine, student heavy in every sense of the word. The rotund Ken, veteran supremo of left-wing student politics has at last, it

seems, bowed out.

But what a sad way to leave. It was Ken's painful task as returning officer for the Students' Association ballot to oversee the vote for SAUA President, a job which fell to the obnoxious Greg Mackay, whose smarmy leering visage is visible elsewhere in this issue.

Ken must have been heart-broken to realise that his successors in the Left Coalition were so gormless and ineffectual that they could not prevent Mackay, a notorious charlatan, from taking this post — traditionally a Trotskyist sinecure — away from them. Condon and Company had no answer to Mackay's public appeal, which centres on his freckles (retouched from a watercolour paint-box daily) and his strangely translucent child-like body.

## Cheap frills come to campus



Brian Ferrari Formal Wear comes to campus in an effort to smarten up Uni. students.

## CAMPUS BRIEFS

### Silence is golden

A group of Adelaide University students is organising what may be the University's most unusual club.

The Silence Club aims to "seek, negotiate for the use of, and ensure the appropriate maintenance of" quiet places on the University campus.

The club hopes that these places will be available for students and staff to "pursue any form of 'Self Centring' activity (Yoga, T'ai Chi, Meditation) without interference from anyone else and without interfering with anyone else."

People interested in joining the club should contact Dave Rowlands on 260 1060.



### Have you seen this graduate?

After last term's graduation ceremonies University staff handling

hired academic gowns found an undeveloped film left in the pocket of one gown.

The film has been developed and the photos (see picture) may be claimed at the University mail office, telephone 228 5307.

### Library amnesty

In what a library spokesperson has described as "an unprecedented and unrepeatable fit of goodwill" the Barr Smith Library and Law Library have decided to take part in a statewide amnesty on penalties on library books and materials.

Any library item borrowed before 10 September 1984 may be returned until 28 September without penalty. The only exceptions are items against which other readers have placed holds.

It is the first time the Barr Smith Library has offered an amnesty.

# Voices from the sexual revolution

In these sexually-liberated days the purplest of purple prose is often reserved for sex scenes which make *Lady Chatterly's Lover* look like a nursery rhyme. *On dit* presents a selection of sex scenes you can be glad you didn't write, much less live through.

"How many were there?"

"Hoodlums, you mean? Only five, but it seemed like a hundred."

"What was it like?" he asked, and she could hear his breath coming faster, and his fingers began to explore inside her body. The beast was getting turned on by her agony!

(*Fame & Fortune* by Kate Coscarelli, St. Martin's Press)

The smooth bed waited for them, as if it knew — as she did — what the gruffness in his voice had meant. His eyes were already filled with all the elsewhere-ness of sex...

His hands clutched her waist, as she fought them off. But still, he grabbed her, stroking her more furiously, then parting her thighs and touching her. "You're still dry," he said threateningly, as if she had disobeyed him. "Take this off," he told her. "Go over there and spread your [naughty bits] for me."

She shook her head. "No," she said, backing away, "not now. Not now Alex." The moon had thrown maze-patterns of light against the walls; she thought of Knossos.

(*Shadows and Light* by Francesca Stanfill, Doubleday)

The dress rucked above her knees, then rose higher as her body reached the deep foliage of the Persian rug. She had nipples like oatmeal biscuits with small pink tips. Her skin seemed to be dusted with icing sugar, it smelt of marzipan. He threw off his clothes...

(*The Banquet* by Carolyn Slaughter, Ticknor & Fields)

As he ran his fingers lightly over her abdomen, he asked, "What is that long scar across your stomach?" His fingertips traced the eight-inch ridge that ran from just under her left breast to her right hipbone. He deserved the truth, she decided. Maybe it would cool his ardor. "I was gang-raped when I was nineteen. That's just one of the scars they left me."

"Really?" he asked, his hands moving lower and more excitedly.

Laurel withdrew her finger. Nicholas opened his eyes and looked down at her. She was spitting out his [naughty stuff]; she told him it was two hundred calories a shot and she'd rather use it up on white wine. She wiped her chin on his stomach.

(*Almost Paradise* by Susan Isaacs, Harper & Row)

Her body shook as Joe lowered himself onto her. Sex, though, can have a mind of its own, and despite her emotions, despite the way they were kissing, she could not let go. She was dry. Like a car that won't turn over, she would strain and strain and the ignition would not catch. She could not believe this was happening. Joe was moving like a jackhammer and she was dead inside, as if she had been shot with Xylocain.

He slipped out.

"I'm embarrassed."

He put a finger on her lips. "We've been keeping the gates locked for so long, they don't just open. They have to be oiled, softened."

(*Friends of the Opposite Sex* by Sara Davidson, Doubleday)

Her legs remained together — there were no banners and confetti for him, no welcoming committee — and he had to manoeuvre his hand through an obstacle course before he could push a finger inside her. She wriggled in discomfort... When her breathing grew shallow and quick, when she was moving with his finger, he whispered to her, "Oh little one, open your legs," which she tried to do, but her legs tightened instead. In consolation, she patted his erection, a stray dog that roused in her pity and concern about fleas.

(*Elbowing the Seducer* by T. Gertler, Random House)

### 5UV wins award

The University of Adelaide's radio station 5UV has received a national award for its radio documentary "A Survivor's Guide to Nuclear War".

The programme was awarded a Certificate of Merit at the 1984 Australian Hi-Fi Awards.

The programme is one of a series of documentaries entitled "Nuclear War, the Race Against Time" produced in late 1983 by Naomi Spitzer and Chris Brooks, from recordings made at a seminar organised by the Medical Association for War. The series has been broadcast on public radio stations throughout Australia.

The "Survivor's Guide" examines the things we can do to minimise the physical effect on our bodies of a nuclear blast. It will be re-broadcast on 16 September at 3.00 pm, and the complete series will be repeated early in the new year on Radio 5UV.



### Times are changing

A new national student newspaper, *Student Times*, was launched last week by the Australian Liberal Students' Federation.

The newspaper will be distributed on tertiary campuses throughout Australia and is now available at Adelaide University.

# The uncanny 'sixth sense'

Ever wondered why palm readings and horoscopes are sometimes so uncannily accurate? **BEN CHESHIRE** went to the new Sixth Sense in North Adelaide to find out.

On first glance, it reminded me more of a Salvation Army bookshop than a resource centre for the mystic arts.

There was a large stack of posters of the kind which show a small smiling girl looking thoughtfully into the distance, with some profound and meaningful message written below.

Books and pamphlets were scattered about the shelves and in the corner next to the coffee machine two middle-aged women were engrossed in deep conversation.

But a closer examination of the bookshelf revealed no bibles or brass band music.

Instead, most of the titles dealt with tarot card reading, yoga, thought power, mahikari, numerology and I Ching.

And there was something about star chart reader Gary Temple which made me think of the circus.

Nevertheless, Gary Temple had only been speaking for a couple of minutes about my own star chart before I realized that most of his analysis was uncannily accurate.

His description of my own traits and characteristics was, in my opinion, about 80 or 90 percent correct.

According to Temple, some of the people who come into the Sixth Sense believe that it's all a lot of rubbish, but they often leave thinking differently.

"Mostly you just lay out a reading and it tells them exactly what's there and by the end they've lost their

doubts", he said.

"There would only be about half a dozen people in all the time I've done readings that have gone out disagreeing with everything I've said, and I've done at least a couple of hundred readings."

The star chart is based on the positions of the planets at the time of a person's birth.

The theory is that each planet has certain characteristics, so if Venus is the dominating planet, it should bring love, sensitivity and artistry.

The chart costs \$35, but the Sixth Sense also offers palm and tarot card readings, numerology, psychometry and I Ching at \$8 for students.

Until recently, the centre was located in O'Connell Street and known as the Sixth Sense Coffee Lounge.

The change of name and shift around the corner to Ward Street was largely a result of economic circumstances, according to Gary Temple.

"The coffee shop didn't pay for itself because we had to have someone working all the time to serve the drinks and food", he said.

"That didn't work but the readings did."

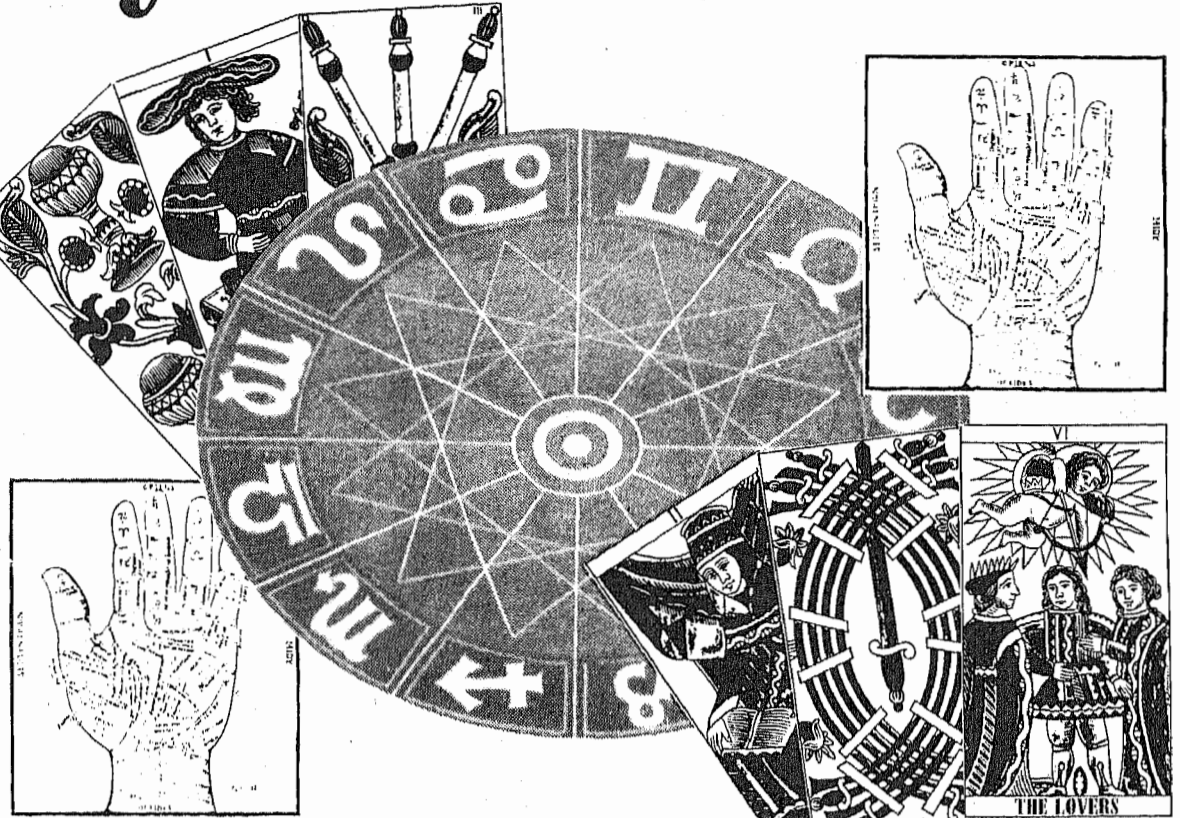
So they turned it into a cooperative-cum-resource centre for people interested in alternative views on medicine and psychology.

For \$20, anyone can become a member and have access to the small library and freedom to drop in at any time.

According to co-op member Pauline Gailey, the aim is to educate people into the "New Age", in which people will be able to express their ideas more freely.

"We're showing people their potential", she said.

"We're not saying that we'll guide you along, but we can show you what potential you've got, and you can use



those potentials and build them up."

"The main thing to remember is that no matter what method we're using, it's not us that's actually doing it, it's the person you're doing the reading for that's doing it."

"They have the answer and we just feed it back to them."

The Sixth Sense claims to get about 50 customers a week, most of whom have heard about it by word of mouth.

This includes all types of people — even businessmen and old age pensioners.

Many of them are searching for alternative solutions to their problems.

Gary Temple estimates that about 50 percent are going through some kind of crisis, and want to know if things are going to improve.

He believes the position of the stars recently has caused a lot of people to re-evaluate their positions.

Many have thrown away old relationships and begun new ones, because what they need from a relationship has changed drastically.

Is he able to use the technique on himself?

"To some extent, yes, but if you're really gloomy, you can't usually see through your own gloom."

"It's best to get someone else who can be objective."

Temple has been involved with the mystic arts for more than eight years.

He was interested in the occult from an early age, and began star chart readings after picking up more information on the subject from books and an adult education course.

Now he believes that there are almost unlimited possibilities for the mystic arts.

"The occult is entering science very strongly, and there will be no difference between the two in 20 years", he said.

"It's becoming very common now for science to be exploring many areas of what began as quite occult feelings."

## AUS considers taking legal action on unpaid fees

by Mark Davis

Students at Adelaide University may not have heard the last of the Australian Union of Students (AUS).

AUS is planning to take legal action against campuses which have refused to pay their union fees.

This could include Adelaide University which has not passed on its AUS membership fees since March when students here voted to leave the national union.

The president of AUS, Mr. Michael O'Connor, said last week that legal advice had been sought and campuses which had failed to pay their membership fees would be issued with summonses.

AUS is now in deep financial trouble as a result of non-payment of fees by several campuses which have pulled out of the union.

Mr. O'Connor said AUS had

budgeted on \$600,000 this year, but \$200,000 still remained unpaid.

He said three of the union's office staff had been dismissed and the union's national executive officers were running AUS under extremely difficult conditions.

"Campuses who have paid their fees are pushing us to take any action necessary to ensure that these other campuses fulfill their legal obligation to AUS" Mr. O'Connor said.

"As far as we are concerned if some campuses have had to pay the money we do not see why anyone else should get out of it."

The outstanding funds were needed to support the union's officers and to start the new national student organisation which is being planned to replace AUS.

AUS is due to be wound up by the end of the year.

## Competition for funds may close Centre

by Andrew Gleeson

The future of the Women's Studies Research Centre is in doubt because of financial stringency.

Sources inside the University administration have indicated to the Centre's director, Dr. Susan Magarey, that funds may not be available to continue the Centre's work after the expiry of her three year contract in late 1986. Dr. Magarey is the only full-time staff of the centre.

The University, attempting to wipe out a substantial deficit in its staffing budget, is considering economies which may see a reduction in the number of full-time tutorships as well as the passing of the Women's Studies Centre.

Dr. Magarey said last week that numerous attempts by supporters of the Centre to secure commitments from the University for post-1986 funding have failed.

"There have been many expressions of sympathy and support but no commitment to funds" she said.

Dr. Magarey fears that the youth of the Women's Studies Centre, and "profound ignorance" of what Women's Studies is and its importance, puts the Centre at a disadvantage in the competition between University departments for reduced funds.

Most of the Centre's work consists in the supervision of post-graduate students and the Post-Graduate Students' Association is deeply worried about the future of the Centre.

P.G.S.A. Organiser Lance Worrall believes male prejudice against Women's Studies is a factor threatening the Centre.



Dr. Susan Magarey

"One suspects that some male academics see anything to do with Women's Studies as a very low priority" Mr. Worrall said.

"Yet," he explained "Women's Studies is hardly a marginal area. It attempts to intergrate the study of half the population into academic research, is based on an already impressive body of scholarship, and is well established as an area of study in other universities both here and overseas."

"One cannot help but wonder whether any comparable area would be treated in this way."

The Centre was established late last year with a \$3,000 setting up grant; a 3-year contract for Dr. Magarey (who came to the Centre from the A.N.U.) and a \$600 budget for 1984. The Centre has to share an electric typewriter with Continuing Education.

Fortunately Dr. Magarey has

managed to supplement the Centre's meagre funds with outside funding. She has obtained \$42,000 from the Department of Labour, \$8,000 of University Research Grants and \$3,000 from the University Foundation.

This money has been used to employ temporary research assistants and organise a series of public lectures.

Dr. Magarey has given interdisciplinary courses for honours students and a terms lectures in the History Department. This is in addition to her research and post-graduate supervision.

The closure of the Centre would not affect Dr. Magarey personally she explained.

"I've got a job to go back to" she said. "But unless the Centre has a full time member of staff for a reasonable length of time then the work of the Centre cannot go on at all."

## ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE

by Joe Orton

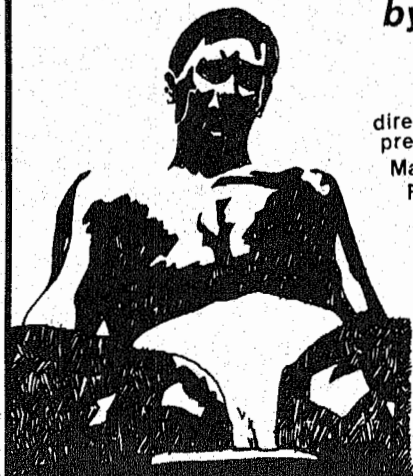
directed by John Mc Conchie  
presented by DRAC at the  
Matthew Flinders Theatre.

Flinders University  
Sturt Rd. Bedford Park  
Wed - Sat 22nd  
Wed - Sat 29th  
8:00 pm

\$5.00 and \$2.50

bookings on

212 6866



The material on this page has been inserted under a directive from the Executive Committee of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. The Students' Association Executive is constitutionally empowered to direct the *On dit* editors to include up to one page of material in any given edition of *On dit*.

## Resolutions of the SAUA Executive Meeting of 11 September

"That the Executive of the SAUA thanks Miss S.K. Fung of the Overseas Christian Fellowship for attending this meeting and saying prayers."

*Snell/Darzens*

"That the Executive notes, ratifies and confirms the minutes of the meeting of the 27 August 1984."

*Darzens/Snell*

"Now that a comprehensive list of student representatives has been compiled, the Executive directs the E.V.P. in accordance with S. 7.6.6 of the Constitution, to convene a meeting of all student representatives within two (2) weeks to discuss cuts to the Department Staffing Budget and other issues of concern to student reps. That all Executive members be informed of the time, date and venue of the meeting."

*Stefano/McKee*

"That the following voting members of the SAUA Executive be members of the Constitutional Review Sub-Committee, as established on 27 August 1984: Anthony Snell, Vince Stefano, Davids Darzens."

*Mackay/Brown*

"That the position of SAUA representative on the Activities Council be filled by Miss Pippa McKee."

*Snell/Darzens*

"That the position of SAUA representative on the selection committee for the second Education Welfare Officer to be employed by the Adelaide University Union be filled by Greg Mackay."

*Snell/Brown*

"That the positions of SAUA Representatives on Planning, Finance, House and Welfare Committees be declared vacant and advertised on *On dit*. That the Executive seeks advice on the position of SAUA representative on Finance Committee, bearing in mind section 7.7.5 of the Constitution. That the Executive appoints people to these committees at the next executive meeting."

*Snell/Darzens*

"That the Executive vetoes the decision of the SAC to refund Mr. Rocco Weglarz economy bus fare to Canberra in order to attend the ALP National Conference."

*Snell/Darzens*

*Carried with the requisite 2/3 majority.*

"That the Executive instructs the Treasurer to investigate the alleged misallocation of expenses to the SAC ledger cards."

*Snell/Darzens*

"The Executive requests the President to present at the next Executive Meeting the written reports presented by the office bearers of the SAUA to the Executive over the last year."

*Brown/Mackay*

"Noting the dissatisfaction of student with the SAUA as evidenced, amongst other things, by the low turn-out in the recent elections, the Executive believes that a questionnaire to obtain the views of students on the future activities and state of the Association is desirable to provide some guidance to the Executive. The Executive appoints the Education Vice President to design and arrange the distribution and collection of the questionnaire. The questionnaire, once designed, is to be presented to the Executive for ratification."

*McKee/Mackay*

"The Executive condemns the 1983/1984 Executive for the manner in which they wrongfully appointed people to positions relevant to orientation in 1985. Realizing the undesirable precedent that would be set if this were allowed to pass, the Executive declares all positions relating to orientation in 1985 vacant. This act in no way reflects upon the competence or integrity of the previous appointees and the Students' Association apologises for any inconvenience caused. Nominations for the positions of O-Week Co-ordinator, O-Ball Directors and O-Camp Directors are called for and nominations close at the commencement of the next regular SAUA Executive meeting. Nominations are to be presented to the President."

*Mackay/Darzens*

"This Executive believes that the issue of the Roxby blockade is one which divides the community both on and off campus. This Executive also notes that a significant proportion of the SAUA Executive, namely Greg Mackay, Pippa McKee, Anthony Snell, Davids Darzens, Hugh Martin, and Andrew Brown were elected on a platform of working on issues that unite students such as TEAS, Curricula and assessment. The Executive further believes that in order to maintain the SAUA's credibility and lobbying power in education it is not appropriate for the SAUA Executive to express a viewpoint on this issue. The Executive therefore directs the President to call a General Student Meeting on the issue of the Roxby blockade to be held on Friday 14th September at 1.00 pm on the Barr Smith Lawns (Refectory if wet). In order to maximise student

# President holds line against a "steamroller" SAUA executive



**INGRID CONDON**  
STUDENTS' ASSOC.  
PRESIDENT

Never has such factionalism been displayed as by the Students' Association's new ruling junta. As President, I am placed in an intolerable position by people who have shown that they have absolutely no intention of working in the best interests of students or the Association, but are only seeking to gain as much power as they can.

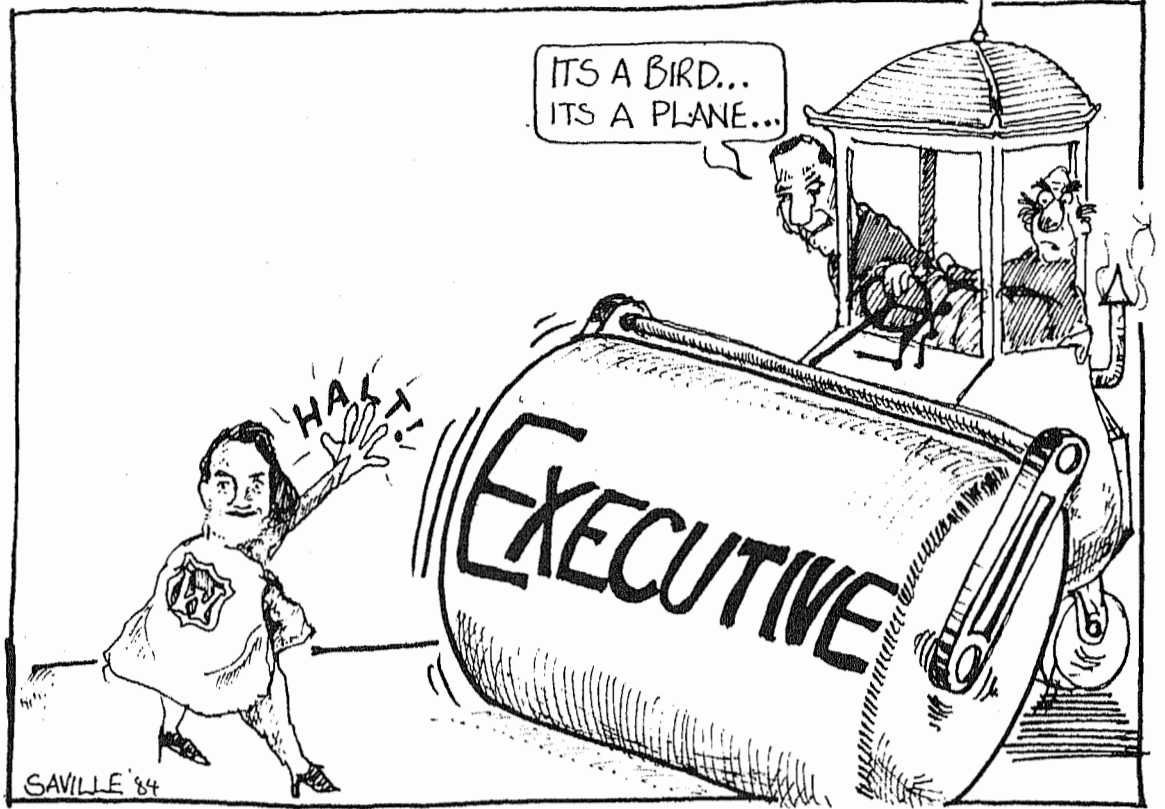
The Executive meeting of last Tuesday was a prime example of this. Motions were shoved through with little debate, speakers not in the ruling caucus were cut off. No interest was shown in other people's point of view.

As President I am put in a particularly difficult position with an Executive who refuse to communicate with me. They are totally unable to make any decisions without having a caucus beforehand. Because they do not like me, even though I hold the office of President any suggestions I make are rejected immediately, not on their merits but because of the Executive's totally ridiculous factionalism.

## A New National Student Organisation

Students from all campuses in Australia will be meeting at the end of the year to talk about forming a new national student organisation. This is a unique opportunity for Adelaide University students to have an input into starting a new student organisation from scratch.

I believe that it is very important that we have an input into this end-of-year conference in order to participate nationally in an organisation that we're happy with.



To do this, however, eight delegates must be elected in a general student ballot. The Executive must decide whether to hold this election or not. Not to hold such an election would be to deny students at Adelaide University the right to have their say in a national forum. Anyway, I'll keep you informed of the Executive's decision.

## Departmental staffing

Some concerned student representatives and "ordinary" students have got together a petition against departmental staffing cuts to try to make the University reconsider its decision to slash tutors and other staff with obviously disastrous educational implications.

The petition being circulated already has over 200 signatures on it

and is probably the most important issue for third term. Yet when a motion was moved at Executive to allocate \$200 for a campaign, this was rejected. These right-wing Executive members, who have continually criticised the left-wing by saying it is not in touch with student needs have shown an appalling lack of concern in dealing with these issues themselves.

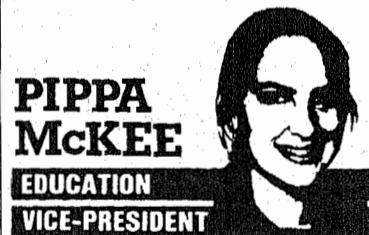
It's now up to students to take up the initiatives — to speak out against cuts which threaten their education.

While the SAUA Executive continues to play their power games, the real work of the SAUA (fighting for student rights in a number of areas, the main focus being on education) is suffering. And, ultimately, students are the losers.

At the last meeting the Executive declared all of these positions vacant (again). Any interested students can nominate (or re-nominate) for these positions. Nominations close at the commencement of the next Executive meeting, which will probably be held sometime during the week of 21 — 28 September. Just to be on the safe side, nominations should be presented to me as soon as possible. The Executive did not call for nominations for *Counter Calendar* editors. Are they trying to shelve the *Counter Calendar*, which has always been widely read and recognised by students as a useful resource when trying to decide what subjects to choose?

Anyway, that's it from me for this week. See you 'round.

# Fightback over funding cuts to staff and colleges



**PIPPA MCKEE**  
EDUCATION  
VICE-PRESIDENT

A lot has happened in the past week — staff funding cutbacks have become a major issue, as have the college subsidies cut. The Students' Association will be calling a General Student Meeting in the next couple of weeks on the issue of the staff funding cutbacks where the academics will be invited to explain the situation to

students. I would urge all students to sign the petition currently in circulation. I will also be calling a meeting with departmental student representatives to discuss the problem.

The other issue of the moment is that of the college subsidy cuts. The government has decided to scrap recurrent funding for colleges, arguing that they are elitist as mainly private-school students live in them. However, as Martin Altmann (Lincoln College Club President) pointed out in a letter to the *Advertiser* (12 September) a survey conducted showed that 80 percent of collegiate students *have* to live away from home, most being country

students. If this subsidy cutting does occur, many students will be unable to attend Uni. This is another area where only students will be able to effect change. A petition is being organised and I would urge students to sign this one as well.

The SAUA will be circulating a questionnaire to all students in the near future on what activities you would like to see the SAUA take up; where you want to see the SAUA direct its energies and resources, and how you think we should go about it.

I think these are the main topics — I'll let you know what's been done about them in my column next week.

# Not as short as Klaric



**GREG MACKAY**  
SAUA  
PRESIDENT ELECT

Last Tuesday's Executive meeting proves that not all Students' Association gatherings are as short as Paul Klaric. Nearly three and a half hours of mayhem, maudlin and motions transpired before the complete agenda was consumed. And what does this mean? The SAUA is undergoing rapid

change internally and external liaisons are being fostered. The election of the Constitutional Review Sub-Committee will see both the current and proposed constitutions undergoing vigorous examination.

The formation of an informal working party to review the design, outlay, decor etc. of the Student Activities Office is a first step toward giving the office a facelift and an identity (there's a first time for everything).

In an attempt to expand the input into the SAUA all aspiring student "pollies" (preferably commonsense types who are students for 99% of the week) are invited to check out the ad appearing somewhere on this page

relating to SAUA reps. on Union Committees.

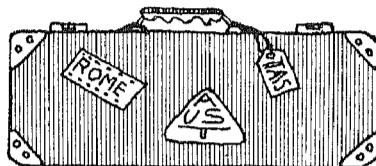
The majority of the Executive is already on Union Council so fresh input is rarer than hen's teeth.

The first bona fide (i.e. dinkum di) SAUA social function is coming up in a couple of weeks (or as soon as my butt is slipped into gear). This will probably take the form of a 'Welcome Back To the SAO' — type party.

Had enough waaaa for another week? If not, read some of the rest of this page. We all do it, we all love it.

A big thank you to Rosemary and Janine for making this such an inspirational column.

# Midnight visits, fine food if you go to Bali too



## TRAVEL

The Intelligent Traveller's  
Guide

This week's traveller, Barbara Salzborn, spent two months in Indonesia. ROBERT CLARK reports.

As *Redgum* have noted, Indonesia is a popular Australian tourist target. Asian Studies student Barbara Salzborn and her family met some mixed experiences during their two-month stay.

Most memorable was the knock on the door in the middle of the night.

"It was our second day in Indonesia and the first at Carita Beach, which is on Java's west coast.

"No-one else was staying at the beach camp, except for the owner of the guest-house who lived some distance away. Before coming we'd been warned about bandits who preyed on foreign tourists and had attacked people for money, watches and so on.

"I was the only one awake that night when someone began knocking. My brother kept sleeping like a log and my parents were in another part of the hut. I was petrified.

"They called out in Indonesian and kept knocking — or banging — for half an hour. I made no answer.

"Finally they went away and I fell asleep, only to be woken by my mother who called me to open the door.

"I opened the door. Silhouetted in the moonlight were about 20 men armed with rifles and machetes.

"I thought: 'This is it.'

"They were military. They wanted to check our hut 'for firearms' although we think this was also a pretext to search for 'subversive'

literature.

"They checked the place carefully and thoroughly in 15 minutes. Afterwards they were very apologetic. They asked my parents to sign a declaration that they hadn't been disturbed in the middle of the night and really didn't mind. They signed of course."

Pangandaran, also on Java's west coast, holds different memories.

"Pangandaran is well off the tourist beaten track. It's a popular spot among Indonesians which we heard about on the travellers' grapevine.

"It's a small fishing village surrounded by untouched native vegetation — jungle in fact. But it was the people we met rather than the environment which made it so wonderful.

"My brother and I became friendly with a group of young fishermen who were also helpers at our hotel. For a week they were our hosts.

"They were very eager to show off Indonesia to us. They taught us games, such as a simple one with stones vaguely resembling 'tac tac toe'. They took us to see *wayang*, a traditional shadow puppetry which uses an ancient tongue even the locals didn't understand. We walked in the native forests, along the beaches and ate lots of fantastic food from grotty-looking street stalls.

"The last night was unforgettable. They cooked some fish on hot coals in the beach sand, which we ate with rice in palm leaves and salads and sauces.

"It was a beautifully still, warm tropical night. Afterwards they brought out their guitars and flutes.

"Our 'hosts' were all young, like us, about 20 to 22. But the funny thing was we never met any of their families, and, even more marked, not one female took part in any of their activities.

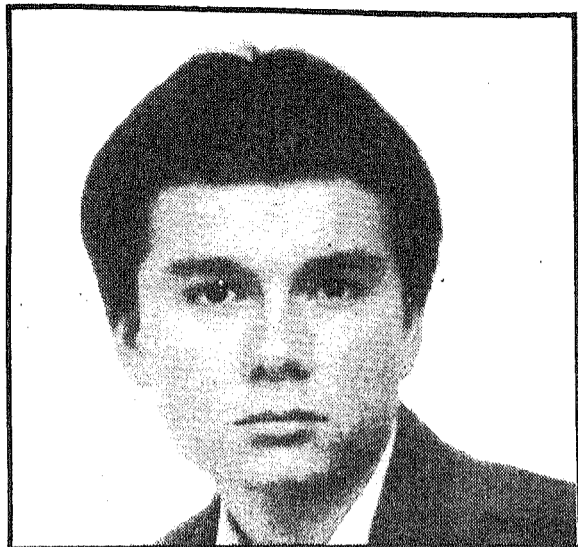
"The main thing is to get away from the tourist haunts, where people are willing to rip you off, and to the less-penetrated areas where you meet the genuine, friendly people."



A beach in Java.



Traditional cooking methods in Indonesia.



Paul Grant



Anthony Snell



Rocco Weglarz



Yvonne Madon

# Rocco loses refund: major political fight looms to get it back

by Andrew Gleeson

At its meeting last Tuesday the executive of the Students' Association voted to overturn a decision of one of its sub-committees — the Social Action Committee — to refund former SAC member, Rocco Weglarz, the cost of a return economy bus fare to Canberra.

Mr. Weglarz went to Canberra in July to attend the ALP National Conference, following a decision to send him made by the SAC.

The morning after the executive's decision last week a large banner appeared in the Helen Mayo Refectory proclaiming: NO POWER WITHOUT RESPONSIBILITY. PAY ROCCO BACK. The banner disappeared within a few hours but a campaign to secure Mr. Weglarz's refund was underway.

In recommending the vetoing of Mr. Weglarz's refund to the executive SAUA Treasurer Anthony Snell advanced three grounds for not refunding Mr. Weglarz.

The first was that the SAC was running over budget and had violated the constitutional requirement to leave 25% of its budget for the new SAC elected in the annual July poll.

Another former SAC member, Mr. Paul Grant, denied last week that the SAC had been profligate in its spending.

He said the SAC had gone over budget because of expenses debited to it by the executive. The SAC had not been advised of most of these debits, let alone approved them.

Mr. Grant was able to provide a detailed list of the debits. Subtracting them from the total SAC expenditure gives a figure which is under-budget and conforms to the constitutional requirement to conserve 25% of the budget.

Mr. Snell agreed that this was so and that the responsibility for the over-spending could not be laid solely at the feet of the SAC but must be shared by the old executive.

However he argued that it was still the SAC's responsibility to know the state of their budget, even if money

was disbursed from it by the executive. It was easy enough, he said, to determine the state of their budget and restrict their spending accordingly, especially as they had a representative on the executive.

In response Mr. Grant insisted blame lay wholly with the executive "The Executive chose to take out of our hands a substantial proportion of our money" he said. "The responsibility for the excess expenditure should lie with them.

"The S.A.C. fulfilled its responsibilities to the student body in 1984."

Mr. Weglarz said the SAC had sought to ascertain its financial position by approaching the then Treasurer, Yvonne Madon, verbally at executive meetings.

He said Ms. Madon has assured him the SAC had 'lots of money'.

The second ground put forward by Mr. Snell for vetoing the refund is that when the SAC passed the refund motion it had just spent \$196 of its \$200 Travel line-item to send Kathleen Brannigan to the Women and Labour Conference in Brisbane. Thus it had only \$4 left to spend on travel. Mr. Weglarz's fare cost \$99.

This was true, Mr. Grant conceded, but he defended the action on two grounds.

Firstly, Ms. Brannigan had approached the executive for funding of her trip and this had been refused.

Secondly, he argued that it is not a constitutional requirement for Committees of the Association to spend within their line items, only a moral convention. He could see no objection to the SAC paying for trips out of another line item so long as the overall expenditure is responsible.

Mr. Snell's third ground was that Mr. Weglarz had already been to the Conference at the time the SAC passed the motion to refund him, "so it could not be said he acted in reliance on it."

To this, Mr. Grant said that Mr. Snell based this statement on an examination of the date appearing on

the SAC minutes.

But, he said, this was the date that the minutes were handed to the Administrative Secretary of the Association, not the date the meeting was actually held. The meeting was held, and the refunding motion passed, before Mr. Weglarz went to Canberra.

Confusion surrounds the expenditures on Prosh that have been debited to the SAC.

As reported in last week's *On dit* it is alleged that Mr. Weglarz told people they could spend 'carte blanche' on Prosh and that he gave Association staff the impression the money was to come from the SAC budget.

Mr. Weglarz strongly denied this. He said that he assumed the money would come out of the SAUA functions account and that he instructed all individuals buying items for Prosh events to present a budget.

Mr. Grant also claimed that the Prosh items debited to the SAC — \$283.33 for Prosh costumes — was debited by the *new* executive. This was firmly denied by Mr. Snell. A search of executive minutes last week by *On dit* could reveal no such motion passed by either the new or old executives.

It appears strenuous efforts will be made to reverse the executive decision.

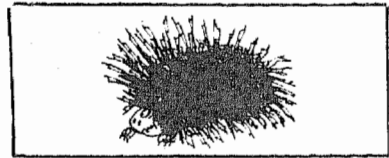
Mr. Grant compared the executive's action to a company refusing to pay its employees because the company made a loss.

Mr. Weglarz himself was incensed that his attendance at the ALP Conference has been regarded as a "perk".

He explained that he attended the Conference in the face of serious medical advice, when he had been unable to find a substitute. He had not wanted to go.

"It was cold and painful and boring" he said.

"I wish such a trip upon the irresponsible and ungrateful members of the SAUA 'let's-play-political-games' executive.



## LETTERS

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

### The case of Rocco Weglarz

Dear Editors,  
The SAC on 4 July 1984 voted to send Rocco Weglarz to the ALP National Conference as the Association's representative at the present government's Policy Making Forum.

The Conference dealt in length with the future shape of education policy and assistance for those engaged in tertiary study as well as many other issues which effect students as members of the wider community. Because of these factors we feel it was important that Adelaide University students be informed of the outcome of this Conference.

After writing a report and presenting resource documents to the SAUA Executive for use in dissemination to the wider student body, we feel that Rocco Weglarz has adequately fulfilled the tasks set him by the Association in relation to the attendance of the Conference. The incoming Executive has now reversed the decision of the previous SAC and has refused to allow this Committee to cover the travelling expenses incurred, leaving Rocco Weglarz to bear the entire cost. We feel Rocco Weglarz has adequately fulfilled his responsibility to the SAUA and the wider student body and we feel it is time that the SAUA Executive faced up to and honoured its responsibilities to Rocco Weglarz.

We the undersigned call on the SAUA Executive to pay travelling expenses of \$99 and formally apologize to Rocco Weglarz for its total lack of responsibility in the handling of this entire matter.

P.J. Blackmore  
and eleven signatories

### On dit's reporting

Dear Editors,  
Ineptitude and irresponsibility in the reporting of student affairs has a history as long and as sad as that of *On dit's*.

Most people, unfortunately, remain indifferent to such bad reporting, through no fault of their own, save that there is only one "newspaper" on this campus, and, as such, they are left with only one point of view, and none to compare it to.

We are told that University is a starting point for the people who attend it. Engineering students aspire to be engineers. Law students aspire to be lawyers. *On dit* reporters, possibly, seem to aspire to membership of the gutter press. Hence the skills they seem intent to acquire: those of misquoting, misinformation and missing the point.

In brief, Rocco Weglarz, an Arts student who aspires to whatever it is Arts students aspire to, was promised, reimbursement for his recent trip interstate, before he took the trip.

Personally speaking, I do not understand what Andrew Gleeson means by "a slip twist the cup and lip". An elite and obscure phrase from a "newspaper" of a very similar nature I might suggest.

I think I have an understanding of justice though, and I see it taking second place, once again, to the consistently trashy reporting of *On dit*.

Kenton Penley

### Injustice

Dear Editors,  
Injustice. That one word sums up the whole issue. After working through facts, figures, constitutional sub-clauses and personal likes and dislikes, the moral issue is clear; I've been robbed.

Missing is one week of my time, that I should have spent studying and \$99 of my own money spent while carrying out a task, set by the Students' Association. Money I was promised, in writing, would be reimbursed.

Thank you very much!  
What sort of games do they think they're playing. I wonder whether they consider the pleasure they derive from "winning" another match in the game of Uni politics, is worthwhile.

Morally they have "lost" or perhaps I should rephrase that as they have lost any Morality they laid claim to.

If they do consider this disgusting affair to be justified then their whole morality needs a drastic rethink.

Perhaps prayer now will save them from a more heated, personal explanation later.

Rocco Weglarz

### Students' Association "unjust and wicked"

Dear Editors,  
At 3 pm on 4 July this year, the Social Action Committee voted to pay for Rocco Weglarz's train fare to a conference later that month. Mr. Weglarz did not claim that money till this month, after attending the conference and presenting an extensive report (15 pages plus folders of supplementary documentation) to Executive Committee which promptly voted not to reimburse him for the \$99 fare. This is an absolutely unjust, wicked, and probably illegal act.

Why did the Executive Committee do it? They claim that they needed to cut back the spending of the SAC, but as a member, Paul Grant, pointed out, the SAC is \$400 within its possible expenditure.

I therefore demand that the SAUA Treasurer, Tony Snell, Education Vice-President, P. McKee, President-elect, G. Mackay, and Ordinary Members, Davids Darzins, Hugh Martin, Andrew Brown and Vince Stefano answer publicly why they voted to relieve Rocco Weglarz of \$99 — money that he had spent in order to carry out the work of the SAC, not wages, or honourarium, or anything that would have made his wallet any fatter.

If they do not answer, we can assume that they realize their guilt and are willing to repay Mr. Weglarz.

Chris Sen

### But does it scan?

Dear Editors,  
Here you'll read  
A witty rhyme,  
To publish, as you will.  
As you can see  
It's been composed,  
With some degree of skill.  
Election time is here again,  
Campaigns are in top gear.  
As always the sure road to fame,  
Is spouting words we want to hear.  
More promises they're sure to break,  
We know that's always clear.  
And no more mention, of what we'll gain,  
Until this time next year.

Howard Ayeneau

# PRAY



The Executive may come to think they're God.

### The new broom

Dear Editors,  
So now we've got a new executive. What does this mean, you might ask?

This means before long it will be making its presence felt. Already, some of us have felt the brunt of it.

The Right-wing are wielding their mighty broom of power, attempting to sweep clean any undesirable remnants of the past left in the SAUA. What kind of executive is this? Power! They not only want to get their sticky fingers in some of the SAUA's pies but in all of them. Is this democracy?

One of the first things this new executive has done is to annul the election for the positions of the 1985 Orientation week co-ordinators, O-Camp Directors and O-Ball Directors.

These positions were advertised during last term and applicants were put before the previous executive committee members. The successful applicants were consequently elected and filled those positions forthwith.

What kind of executive annuls an election when they discover some of their newly elected members haven't been chosen for those positions?

For what reason this has been done I would not like to think! An election annulled! Ha!

What kind of an attitude does this show our executive has, anyhow? They can't have something their own way and so act in an undemocratic manner.

Maybe the executive members

hold personal grudges against those people elected? Even so, what does this say for democracy?

I believe those chosen to fulfill the above mentioned 1985 positions, were judged before a panel to be competent enough to carry out their duties. The present executive claims to want to maximise services and benefits to the Union, but what do they really want to get out of it?

Isn't it time students realised that these people are out for personal gain? They are not interested in what our future students want, instead they are out for what they can get. The glory and the money! Students of Adelaide University, that will be your money that they will be playing with. What right have they got to do this?

First they pass a motion to say prayers before meetings, next one of them will be claiming to be God! Because they constitute the executive, what it says goes! Is this justice? — I think our executive has got a few things to answer for. Don't you? What is power without justice, anyway? Who will be next in line to be swept beneath their almighty broom? It might be you.

Anyway, these are the people you voted for! And there will be plenty more to come, don't worry: now much power can you take from them without having any clarification or justification for their actions?!

Erica Davison  
Anne Stone

### Amen ... the revised standard version

Dear Editors,  
I am writing to you in regard to the article "The Right Takes Over ... Amen" (*On dit*, 10 September 1984) which appears to have been written by someone not present at the meeting who gleaned information from only one or two of the meeting's participants.

The report does not do justice to what the new Executive is on about.

I would like to take this opportunity to correct one of the misrepresentations made in the article, namely what the article says about the Liberal coalition's attitude towards child care.

Liberal M.L.C. Daina Laidlaw worked with a past SAUA President to establish on-campus child care facilities.

On-Campus child care is something that was supported then and is supported now by members of the Liberal coalition on the SAUA Executive, i.e. by Greg Mackay,

Pippa McKee, Anthony Snell, Davids Darzins, Hugh Martin and Andrew Brown.

Opposition to the initiative by Liberal forces on the Union Council was because the centre could not receive Commonwealth Government funding if situated where it is at present, i.e. upstairs with no external play area.

The article also claims that there was a stunned silence and an embarrassed hush after Diana Laidlaw spoke and that she was spirited out of the meeting. This is not true. Diana Laidlaw was thanked for attending and speaking at the meeting and as she had other engagements that morning she left the meeting, but not before she was shown the child care centre by S.A.U.A. and Liberal Club Treasurer Anthony Snell.

I think the above facts should be known.

Davids Darzins

### Not a word about Uncle Joe...

Dear Editors,  
Any paper that can continue to publish John Ballantyne's continuing saga of the Continuing Threat from the Extreme Left deserves special consideration.

This time *The Kremlin and Peace* (*On dit*, 10 September 1984) in which he shafts Peter Duncan, goes even further right than the traditional League of Rights line.

For the first time I learn that Joseph Stalin actually set up the World Peace Council in 1949. And I think it will be a first time for everyone else too.

I have a League of Rights publication called *The Peace Racket* by Fred Wells, a former Communist. Of the origins of the WPC, Wells writes: "...in 1948 a World Congress of Intellectuals for Peace was held in Poland. A continuing organisation, the International Liaison Committee of Intellectuals, was set up, which in turn organised the first World Peace Congress held in Paris in 1949. This Congress launched the World Committee of Partisans for Peace, which in November 1950 was renamed the World Peace Council." Not a word about Uncle Joe.

Bruce Muirden

### Classic mud-slinging

Dear Editors,  
John Ballantyne's article (*On dit*, 10 September 1984) is part of the continuing saga of claims that the peace movement is manipulated by pro-Soviet agents. It is a classic in the art of mud-slinging. Whilst some of his allegations against the World Peace Council are alarming (though difficult to assess, because of John's biased presentation), his conclusion that the WPC is pro-Soviet is irrelevant to the debate on the substance of peace and disarmament issues.

If the policies or arguments of a particular individual or organisation are, in John's opinion, flawed, then he ought to be able to rationally argue that they are. John doesn't bother to do this. Instead he argues that the fact that George Georges was invited to address a People for Peace rally "conclusively demonstrated that the People for Peace are not really a peace movement at all". This is a ridiculous leap beyond the facts. Does John believe that all of the organisations which have invited either Peter Duncan or Senator George Georges to speak, are pro-Soviet? People for Peace represent a very loose-knit coalition of church, political, conservation and community groups.

I believe that it is completely immoral to use the threat to slaughter millions of innocent people as a means of obtaining foreign policy and defense objectives. Whether or not the widespread holding of that belief in the West helps the Soviet Union is irrelevant as to the correctness of that belief.

Staged, mutual, unilateral disarmament is perfectly feasible. The fact that there has been an accidental unilateral reduction on the part of NATO, without the Soviet Union taking military advantage, bears this out. So why not make a deliberate unilateral reduction, which need only be small in military significance in order to achieve a great deal politically? (The Trident C-4 missiles have recently been found to be unreliable — about one in three are expected to be faulty. They are not due for replacement by the Trident D-5 until 1989).

Peter Lavers

Letters continued page 16



Monday 17 September 1984  
Volume 52 Number 16

## A neglected argument

The recent Roxby blockade has provided the media with plenty of high drama. It should also be the occasion for serious discussion of the issues involved — the dangers of uranium and the nuclear fuel cycle. Unfortunately we have seen rather less of this.

One reason is the highly technical nature of the debate over say, the safety of various waste disposal methods. A more accessible debate though is that over the nuclear arms race. Here, seemingly, little technical knowledge is required.

The argument is quite straight forward. If Australia supplies uranium to the world this will fuel the nuclear arms race — and we all agree that that is a bad thing.

The disagreements here are political rather than scientific. Those who see the West as the besieged Free World, resisting gallantly the implacable march of Godless Communism, will believe that nuclear weapons are necessary as a deterrent to aggression.

On the other hand, those who see in the West the machine of relentless capitalist imperialism, pillaging the Third World and threatening the peace-loving People's Republics, will believe that uni-lateral nuclear disarmament is feasible.

Of course, there is a certain type of technicality to political questions as well. To really answer a question like: "Which nation bears the greater

blame for the arms race, the United States or the Soviet Union?" one would have to be a much closer student of world affairs than the present writer would lay any claim to being.

But agnosticism about a political matter is treated with far less tolerance than agnosticism about a scientific controversy. There is little reason in this disparity, as clearly a political matter can be just as complex as a scientific one; but political passions are hard to influence with reason. Agnosticism about a political issue almost always attracts the accusation of moral cowardice.

But there is at least one position on the subject of nuclear war which avoids political or technical complexities.

It is a doctrine of moral absolutism, which insists that the deliberate taking of an *innocent* human life is *always* wrong i.e. it is never justified under any circumstances.

This is a quite conservative position. For instance, it is the basis of Catholic opposition to abortion and euthanasia. In the field of warfare it leads to the doctrine of the 'just war' and the just means of war.

According to the theory war is justified if the cause is a just one and just means are employed.

'Just means' has usually meant weapons used against active soldiers in the field. It is designed to exclude the use of weapons against civilians and other non-combatants (e.g. prisoners of war). Hence, for instance, the saturation bombing of civilians is an unjust means of war.

So too are weapons of mass destruction, as these do not discriminate between combatants and non-

combatants.

Now nuclear weapons are weapons of mass destruction *par excellence*. There is no way their effect can be restricted to any one class of people. Hence they are proscribed under just war theory.

When a weapon or tactic is proscribed under just war theory it is proscribed absolutely. It will not be justified even when that weapon is used against you by an enemy. This is a very severe teaching — contrary to the human urge to retaliate in kind: but that is the doctrine.

Just war theory is not pacifism. Unlike pacifism just war theory permits the use of force under clearly defined conditions.

This century has seen a gradual dying away of 'just war' ideas. Once they were very influential, but the development of modern weaponry has seen them abandoned: states could no longer win if they adhered to the rules of just warfare.

The absence of the idea of the just war is the most striking feature of the nuclear weapons debate, and the most alarming.

It is not enough to entrust our future to political brinkmanship and utilitarian calculations. Reconsideration of just war theory would at least introduce a strong moral dimension into the debate on our most urgent modern problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

On behalf of the students and staff of Adelaide University and the University Union, *On dit* extends its sympathy to the Union Secretary Heinz Roth and his family on the recent death of their son.

Andrew Gleeson

# A philosophy of freedom

## OPEN SPACE

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

This week DAVID BROOKS explains the philosophy of the Henry George League.

### LAND

Man is a creature of the land and it is from the land that he derives his very existence. Everything we know of, everything we have, is the result of nature or of human labour applied to nature.

The Georgeist philosophy defines "land" as: "The material universe outside of man and his products" and "Labour" as: "Human exertion, mental and physical, in the production of wealth" and "Wealth" as: "Natural things so moved, altered or combined so as to fit them for the satisfaction of human desires".

It also recognises that "man seeks to satisfy his desires with the least amount of exertion" (why else would he invent the wheel?)

Land is the storehouse which brings men into existence and from which they live. It is the source, and final receptacle, of all.

### MAN

Men have walked upon the Moon: have split the atom and daily replace human organs. But the children of men die from lack of food. Men are unable to exert their labour to produce food, clothing and shelter which are the basic necessities of life. The contrast, of immense technical ability on one hand and abject poverty on the other, poses an enigma to our civilization which it is becoming of greater importance to solve as the disparity between the

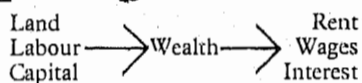
two continues to develop.

The moral and economic sciences govern the most sensitive of all human nerves — the hip pocket. Men produce wealth, but the distribution of the product is inequitable and condemns many to poverty. To this inequitable distribution of wealth the Georgeist philosophy gives answer.

Men fear change, particularly in the economic and social scenes. Perhaps because our experiences have always been of change which make conditions worse and not better. Changes which make other men more powerful over us, which bring about more rules, regulations and interference with our daily lives, and make it difficult to go about our daily tasks. Fear of change is a formula for disaster, for it inhibits all development and progress and must result in stagnation, not only of injustice but also of justice. And nothing on earth stagnates without succumbing to death. You either grow or you die, for that is nature.

### WEALTH

Wealth is produced by the exertion of human labour upon the land. Part of the wealth produced is for immediate consumption and part is set aside to assist further production. This latter part is called *capital*. It is logical that each partner to the production of wealth is entitled to a share. Thus:



The above formula is axiomatic. It operates irrespective of the political ruling of a nation. Socialist nations believe in capital; but that capital should be in the hands of the "state". Land in such societies is also "owned" by the state. In capitalist nations the capital and the land is "owned" by individuals. In all nations labour is the property of the being.

Labour is the active factor in production. Capital, a product of labour, is an active factor second to, and reliant upon, labour. Land is passive, independent of the other two, and exists irrespective of them.

It is the passive factor of production (Land) which is so coveted by both Socialist and Capitalist society. And yet all men rely upon this natural occurrence, land, for their very being.

### POLITICS

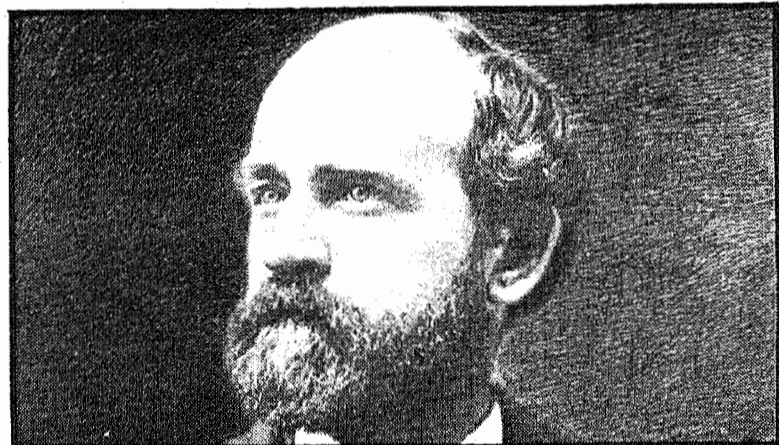
Socialist countries battle problems of production and poverty. Most recognised is their failure in agriculture to produce the food requirements for their peoples.

The Capitalist nations battle problems of unemployment and of poverty. The supply of goods is more than adequate. But only to those who are applying their labour.

An enigma? No. The hip-pocket rules and those with the largest pocket, in whichever political system, seek to preserve the state which allows their influence to rule.

Each political system has faults which are unacceptable not only to the opposing one but to the people within each system.

Is there then a system acceptable to all people? One which produces the goods. The answer must be 'yes'. It is inconceivable that the present round of human misery and deprivation, of uncountable wealth and power, is the result of nature. It can only be the result of man's ignorance of the law of nature or



Henry George.

perhaps his stupidity.

### POLITICAL ECONOMICS

Men require land upon which to exert their labour. And land is the product of nature, not of man. Who then should "own" land? The "primitive" aboriginal regards the land as sacred. It is not such to civilised men? What can you produce without it? *Nothing*. For without land we do not exist.

The role of government, requires some form of income. This income for the State can do no other than come within the formula set out in the figure above. There are many avenues for government to take when raising revenue. To tax the active factors of production, labour and capital, or, tax the passive factor, land. Most governments tax labour and capital (wages and interest). Where land shows an income, this is taxed.

There is a failure here to recognise the natural forces which require competition between labour for wages and capital for interest. There is a continual tendency for the return to both labour and capital to be at the lowest which is acceptable, e.g. below a certain wage labour will not work because below that point life cannot be sustained. The same applies to capital. This factor is of great import. For the inevitable

conclusion is that all taxation is at cost to rent (the return for the use of land).

Recognition of this fact is the solution to many of the outstanding problems of our civilization. For it means that a minor change in the taxation structure of both Socialist and Capitalist nations can bring about the redistribution of wealth and power which is the seat of discontent.

By placing all taxation upon the rental value of land we bring about a system whereby land would be neither held by the State nor by the individual unless required for use. Government income would be restricted, *as it is today*, only by the value of land measured in rent.

Labour would no longer be restricted, for unused and un-owned land would always be available. Capital, unfettered by taxation, would flow more freely and cheaply to where it is needed most.

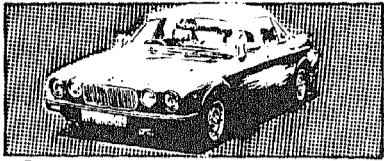
The losers would be the few who hold privileges of wealth and/or political power.

Those who gain from this change would be the great mass of people and their children.

The existing political and economic structures are failures for the majority of the world's people. This is the alternative. Freedom, the unexplored alternative.

# 10 LIVING

## Aussie limousine sets very high standards



### CARS

Roger Burton and Jim Cock

The pinnacle of the Australian car manufacturer's model range has always been the large, expensive limousine-type car. Indeed, to car-makers the world over, the big limousine heads their range. In Australia the choice comes down to a decision between the Holden Statesman and the Ford LTD.

We were able to review the Statesman Caprice Series II which will be the last of its kind to be built.

The car is styled very much along the lines of the classic limousine styling with a slant towards American ideas.

It is a large car which certainly wouldn't win any prizes in drag coefficient stakes. Very few concessions have been made to aerodynamics.

The interior is in line with the limousine image and with room for 4 to 5 adults. The seats are trimmed in velour or optional leather at no extra cost.

It is equipped with air conditioning, power windows, central locking, intermittent wipers, cruise control, the handy trip computer and — for relaxation — the top of the line Eurovox radio cassette with no less than six speakers. The sound system proved to be a point of contention with tapes jamming twice in the unit. It seems that complex tape loading mechanisms are not suited to the harsh conditions to which most cars are subject.

The air conditioning was praiseworthy providing excellent comfort for all passengers including

those in the rear seat.

The instrumentation includes speedometer, tachometer, oil pressure, voltmeter, fuel and temperature. The dash layout is again very much in the American style and whether it's liked or not depends very much on the individual. The all up price — \$30,159.

The bent eight provides smooth confident power through a three speed transmission. Even with the large weight of the Statesman the 5.0 litre was effortless in its operation. Overtaking on country roads was a simple matter of picking the gap and planting the foot. The cruise control also means that very little effort is needed for country driving.

Around the city the big V8 tends to be heavy on petrol with the average city cycle being 20 litres per 100kms. However, the advantage of a fast getaway from the lights can be offset against the fuel consumption.

On the highway it is reasonably economical with a return on average of 14.5 litres/100kms. It will certainly be a disappointment to see the 5.0 litre disappear from the GM range.

The transmission can be a little jerky in operation especially when shifting it manually from first to drive. The small quirks aside it does provide ease of driving both in the city and on the highway.

The overall style of Statesman may be very American but the handling is definitely European. The handling is remarkable for a car of its size. On tight corners body roll is evident but a quick glance at the speedo can be quite a surprise. The handling is very neutral and is best summed up as neat and precise. For the driver it is a simple matter of choosing the line and directing the car onto that line.

The handling of this car is a credit to those people at Holden who engineered Radial Tuned Suspension.



The General Motors Statesman Caprice—"suited to Australian country driving as well as stylish city driving."

The ride on both dirt and bitumen is above reproach. Wind noise from around the B pillar and tyre thump tend to intrude into the cabin but never really become annoying. The front seats provide good comfort. We drove practically non-stop for thirteen hours and at the end felt no aches or pains.

Power steering is fitted as standard to the Statesman Caprice. It has a

nice feel to it being neither heavy nor light under all driving conditions. Parking this car can be a big hassle though, even with the power steering. In tight car parks the front wheels tend to scrub on full lock and this combined with a big turning circle makes hard work of getting into 90 degree angle parks.

The Statesman is a car that is suited to Australian country driving

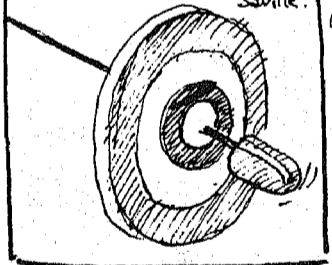
as well as stylish city driving. It is most unfortunate that General Motors announced only a few weeks ago that it would discontinue the Statesman range. Somehow I don't think the American replacement will live up to the standard which the Statesman has set.

We thank General Motors for allowing us the use of their vehicle.

### LEONARD BOND

ON THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S SECRET SERVICE

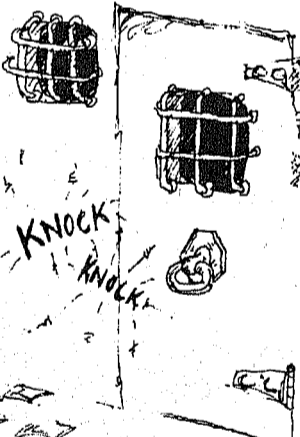
BY Matthew "Shammy" Sawille



A DISTRAUGHT LEONARD SITS IN HIS CELL AND AWAITS HIS ILL FATE.....



..... WHEN THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR....



DON STRANKS... V.C., OBE, PH.D., LL.B., B.A. BARB & ... (etc)... ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY...



LATER.....



I'M PREPARED TO MAKE AN OFFER... YOU WORK FOR ME AND I'M PREPARED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE



WELL LEONARD, YOU'RE FINALLY OUT OF JAIL... A NEW LIFE AWAITS YOU! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

LIKE RON SPLATT



WELL... THIS IS IT! THE A.U. SECRET SERVICE CLUB ROOMS.

BUT IT'S THE UNI BAR!



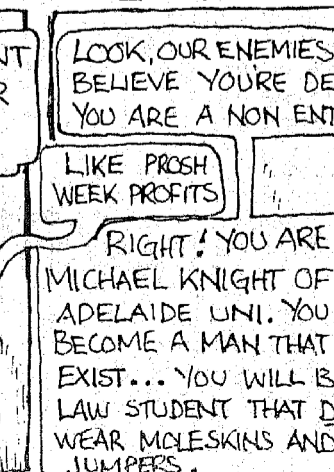
IT'S JUST A FRONT. THE POT PLANTS, LIES THE MOST SOPHISTICATED AND EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT THE SCIENCE FACULTY HAS TO OFFER.



THIS IS OUR WEAPONS DEVELOPMENT CENTRE. GUNS, TANKS, HIGH SPEED VEHICLES, AND THE LATEST IN FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTES ARE DEVELOPED IN THESE UNIVERSITY LABORATORIES.



WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO WORK FOR YOU???



LOOK, OUR ENEMIES BELIEVE YOU'RE DEAD. YOU ARE A NON ENTITY

LIKE PROSH WEEK PROFITS

RIGHT! YOU ARE THE MICHAEL KNIGHT OF ADELAIDE UNI. YOU WILL BECOME A MAN THAT CANT EXIST... YOU WILL BE A LAW STUDENT THAT DOESNT WEAR MCLESKINS AND PINK JUMPERS.

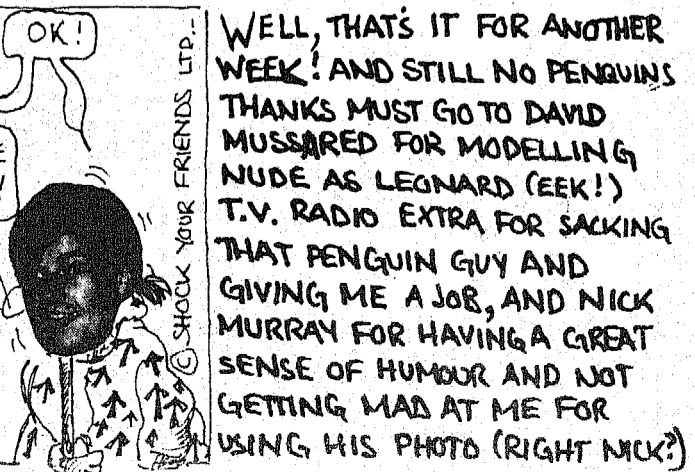


FIRST THOUGH, WE HAVE TO GIVE YOU A NEW IDENTITY



HOW'S THIS? OK!

NAW! LETS MAKE YOU HANDSOME!



WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ANOTHER WEEK! AND STILL NO PENGUINS THANKS MUST GO TO DAVID MUSSARD FOR MODELLING NUDE AS LEONARD (EEK!) T.V. RADIO EXTRA FOR SACKING THAT PENGUIN GUY AND GIVING ME A JOB, AND NICK MURRAY FOR HAVING A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOUR AND NOT GETTING MAD AT ME FOR USING HIS PHOTO (RIGHT NICK?)

© PRETTY FUNNY PLOT PROD.

© SHOCK YOUR FRIENDS LTD.

# On dit In-depth

## Does history always tell the truth?

N. Kalaitzis

George Orwell's *1984* envisaged a society whose rulers had fabricated history. Orwell got the idea for his novel from observing the propaganda work of the British Broadcasting Corporation in World War Two. He believed the wholesale invention of history was one of the hallmarks of Twentieth Century despotism.

This conviction is shared by the Institute for Historical Review, a world wide organisation devoted to investigating and exposing the falsification of history.

The Australian branch is headed by Mr. John Bennett, a Victorian lawyer for the Legal Aid Commission, President of the Australian Civil Liberties Union and author of the handbook *Your Rights 1984*.

Controversy has surrounded the "Revisionists", as they are known, because they have challenged the accuracy of the Jewish holocaust. They are often branded as racist or Neo-Nazis. According to Mr. Bennett they have been persecuted and harassed. He sees this as "part of a world wide attempt to silence Revisionist writers." He says "usually what the Revisionists say is grossly misrepresented."

Bennett claims the revisionists are constantly misrepresented by their opponents. "It's largely an evidentiary thing" he said. "Firstly, you've got to clearly understand what the Revisionists are saying. We're not saying that there were no concentration camps, we're not saying that there wasn't a high death rate in the camps (due to malnutrition, disease, etc.), we're not saying that the Jews weren't persecuted."

"What we're saying is that the whole thing has been blown up out of proportion" Bennett said.

The Revisionists claim there is no solid evidence that there were gas chambers in Nazi Germany and refer to the Jewish holocaust as "the hoax of the twentieth century".

"The holocaust thing bores me silly, quite frankly" John Bennett remarks in a casual tone.

"I'm just not terribly interested in the details of the allegations and such. What I am particularly interested in is the inability for otherwise quite rational people to deal with what people like me say."

"There's a general sort of lack of rationality. The Revisionists are subject to a fair degree of character assassination, to which we have effectively no right of reply. I mean I've been called 'a pathological raver' in the *New Statesman*, 'unhinged' in *Commentary*, 'Possibly more evil than Himmler and Pol Pot' in *Quadrant*. It's pretty hard, if you're possibly more evil than Himmler and Pol Pot. You think 'Ah, perhaps I should go around, you know, committing mass murders or something'."

Bennett laughs it off and says that Revisionists are only interested in historical truth. "Well look, some of them are probably anti-semitic and some of them are probably Neo-Nazis. All I'm saying is the Revisionists I know — Prof. A. Butz, Prof. R. Faurisson, and myself and Dr. Staeglich in Germany in particular, as far as I can see, have a disinterested concern for getting the historical record correct."

Revisionists are concerned with the falsification of history and its manipulation for political ends. Bennett believes universal literacy and the mass media have made the twentieth century "the century of propaganda".

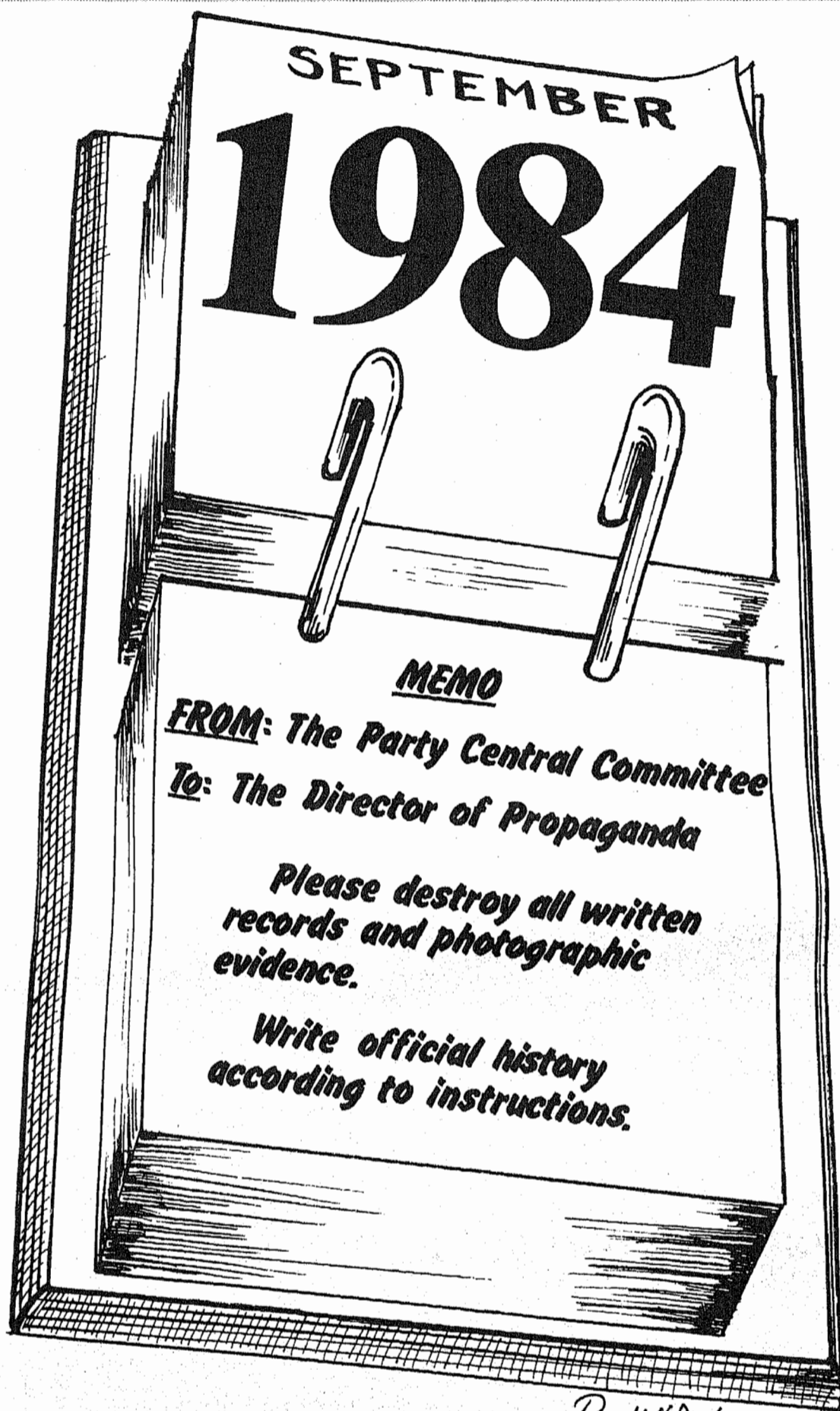
He cites the flood of anti-German films and books as reminiscent of the "Hate Sessions" depicted in Orwell's book *1984*.

"People's perception of 'history' depends on brainwashing by the media, indoctrination by the education system, peer-group pressure, self censorship and TV docu-dramas."

Revisionists claim that they have had to venture into the historical arena because of the "default of regular Historians". Bennett concedes that Revisionists are self-styled historians with no qualifications for backing up their claims, but says "the people who assert there are gas chambers and extermination policies by and large aren't historians and the people who contradict them by and large aren't historians."

Attacking the role of historians Bennett says "most academics dealing in Modern European History are too cowardly to even investigate the revisionist evidence."

But according to Dr. Robert Dare, Chairman of the History department at Adelaide University, John Bennett



is wrong and distorts what historians do.

"Historians do revise and do it all the time" he says. "Historians make mistakes but they are human too. Everyone writes from their position in the world and place in society. Historians are members of society also."

"But there is no benefit to history if someone stirs up hurt. Revisionists cannot defend their position if they are irresponsible or if it gives pain to people around. The social benefit does not outweigh the pain."

Dr. Dare agreed that established versions of the history of events such as World Wars are often biased versions, the propaganda of the victors.

"It is self-evidently true of the victors. But in itself that does not prove that Jews did not die. It is not evidence in itself, but it does justify questioning. Major studies of wars are written by the victors. It does not automatically mean it is not true. You can't get objective history, only more or less."

According to Dr. Dare historians

are just "scribblers on paper" writing about the past. They write history by selecting and interpreting things with an ordinary responsibility to check everything and investigate honestly. Nevertheless, he admits some have done it badly, thus the need for constant revision.

Initially, there was a fair amount of frenzied reaction to what people like John Bennett said, but over time it has cooled down.

The President of the Jewish Congregation, Mr. A. Erlanger, himself a survivor of the Second World War, said there is solid evidence everywhere for the existence of gas chambers in the war.

Of the Revisionists, he says "They are telling lies, because I can prove the opposite. I have my number tattooed on my arm and where they cannot prove anything we can prove unfortunately that it has happened."

"The things that happened under Hitler are still going on around the world today, and that is the danger. It is happening today in smaller groups."

Asked whether books and articles

by the Revisionists should be banned, Mr. Erlanger said "Either they should be banned or completely exposed as lies."

Whether there is any falsification of history is another matter.

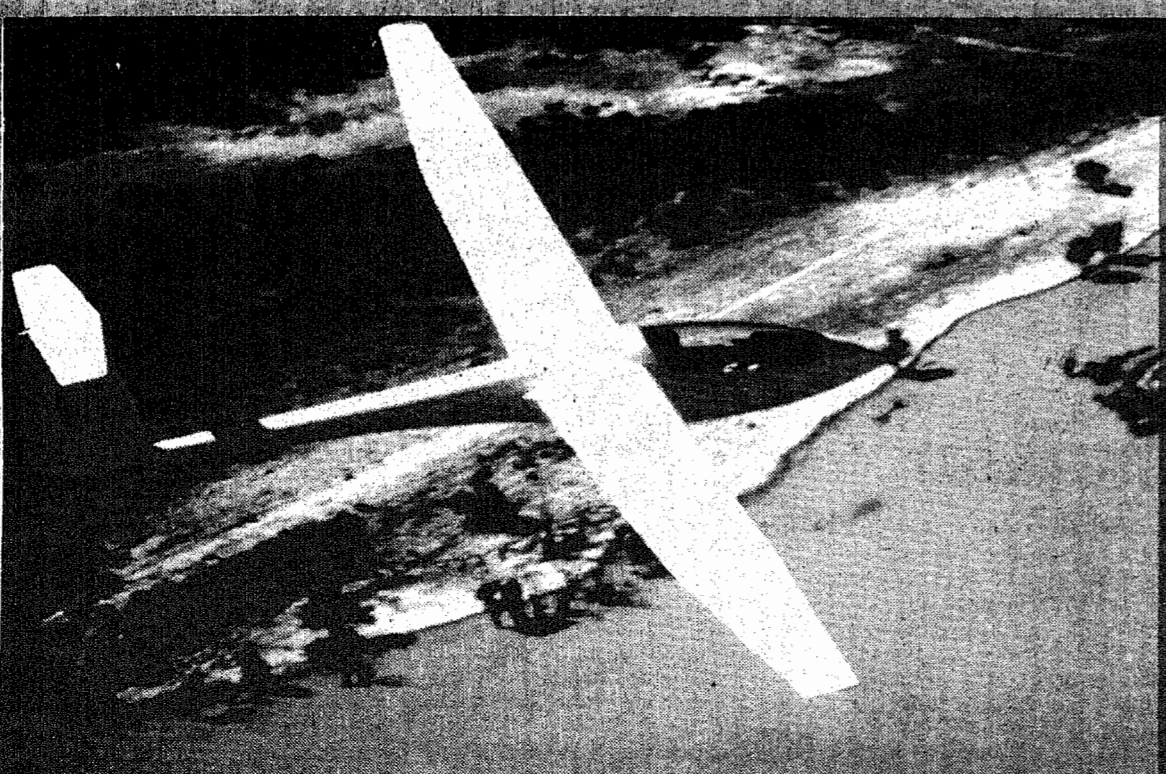
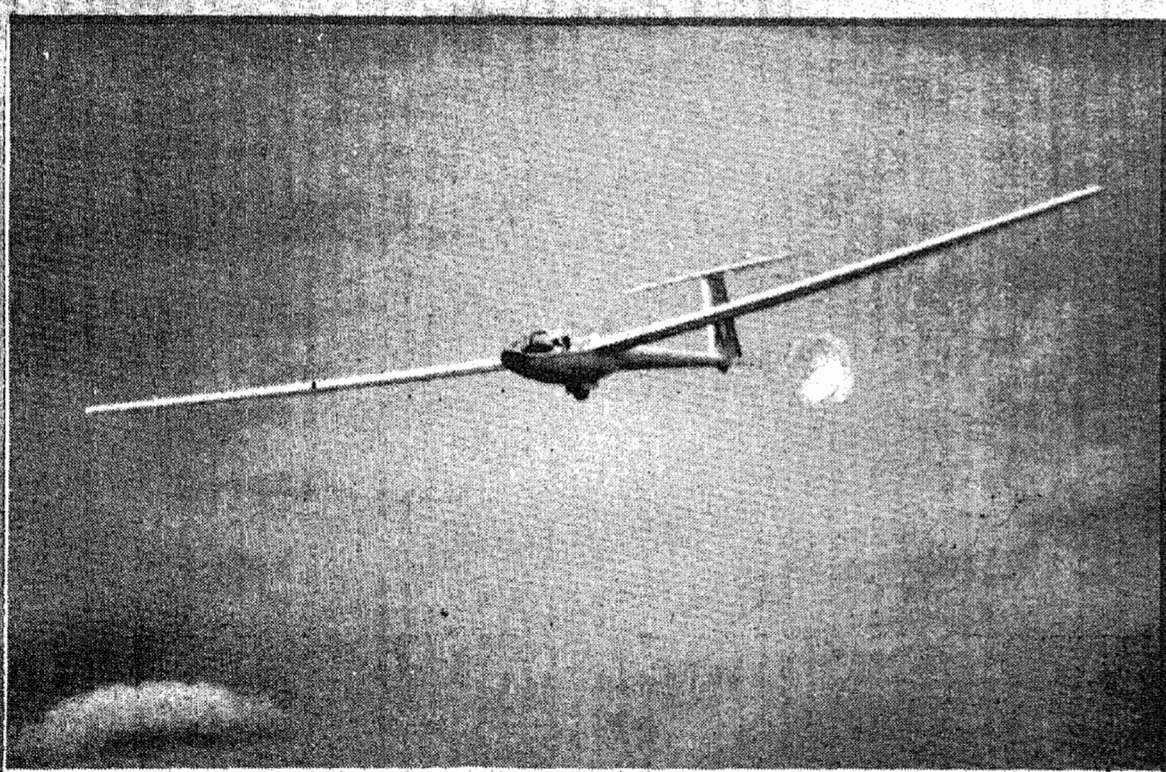
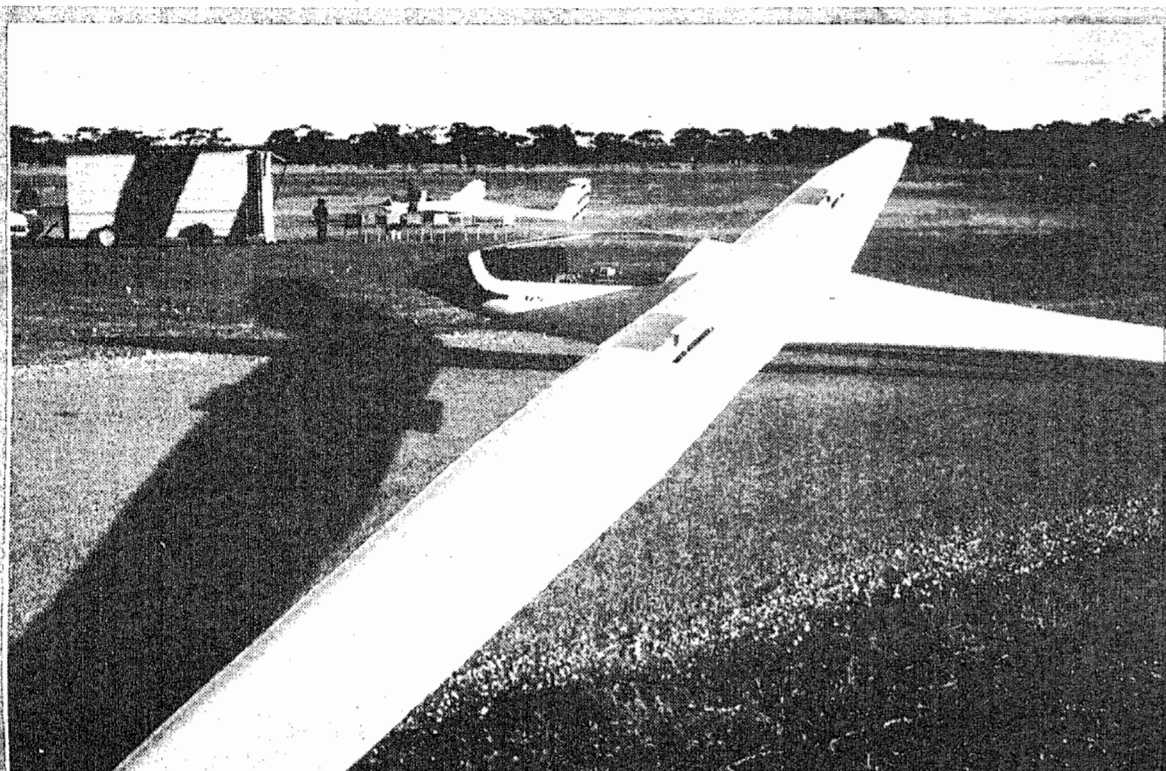
"Unfortunately, that's not necessary" Mr. Erlanger said. "It was such a catastrophe and such unspeakable horror which took place that one doesn't need to add to one doesn't need to add to it. And if one could have been through it like I have, it's something which no decent person would imagine to make propaganda out of."

Mr. Erlanger and the Jewish Community do not accept the Revisionist movement as a genuine one. "They will do more harm unfortunately, than we probably realize. Anything which is based on entire lies is harmful for any society."

Asked whether he thought that questioning things such as history was wrong, Mr. Erlanger replied "I think they are not questioning things, they make statements. Statements based on lies. That's a completely different thing."

# A glider pilot reminisces

# MAKING THE EARTH MOVE



Question: What sport can — all in one day — take you up above the clouds, leave you stranded in the desert and turn the world upside down? Answer: gliding. MARGARET SIMONS remembers the gliding fraternity with whom she spent her youth and her first solo flight.

It was the beginning of the season and the people in the clubroom looked as though they were learning a weird sort of semaphore.

As they talked, they waved and flapped their hands. Sometimes they would put down their beers and spread their arms, swaying and tilting, trying to convey the excitement of the solitary adventures they had had that afternoon.

They were glider pilots. They had spent winter weekends

freshly solo and anxious to gain my first cross-country certificate before the season was over. I needed 10 more hours in the air before I was allowed to leave the home field, and every weekend was a flying weekend.

I would get up with the sun and put my towelling hat over the joystick of a glider. Once that was done, the aircraft was booked. Mine.

And then the push down to the strip, and the wait for the right weather.

*We circled over brown paddocks because they gave off more heat, and we watched for semi-trailers on the highway because sometimes their slipstream would shake off a bubble of warm air, and we could rise with it.*

huddled on wet airfields waiting for a break in the clouds so they could launch into the glass-smooth air and float back to Earth. People had broken records in winter — on the right day.

But now it was summer and every day was right, with thermals so strong they lifted you out of the seat when you flew through them.

We put on towelling hats (wide-brimmed hats wouldn't fit into the cockpit) and daubed ourselves with zinc cream. Pilots spent hours sitting under perspex canopies, racing each other across the country, searching for

Beside the strip was the piecart (it was always called the piecart, and probably had been one once). We sat under its eaves and chewed grass and had long, slow conversations, always watching the sky. Was it right yet? Should we launch?

The expert was Jock. He had been 70 ever since I had known him. He had a bit of trouble getting into the cockpit these days, but he spent his pension flying.

Jock appeared, as a much younger man, on one of the photographs in the clubhouse. The photograph showed the opening ceremony of our club. There was no clubhouse, just a

*...the glider Jock flew ... was a shocking orange and looked like a Loch Ness monster... but if Jock could not stay up in it, no one else bothered to launch. He had been flying over that country for a long time.*

thermals, gaining height, losing it, scraping home, sometimes landing out.

The strip was a sea of dust, kicked up by the prop of the power plane we used to tow us aloft. If you were running with a wing you got a faceful, and when you let go you had to turn your back to the slipstream. By the time you looked back, the power plane and glider would already be several hundred feet up, floating above the heat and dirt.

I was new. Sixteen years old,

line of aircraft and a group of men with short hair and baggy trousers.

Those men had built the glider Jock flew. It was a shocking orange colour and looked like a Loch Ness monster beside the sleek white fibreglass machines, but if Jock could not stay up in it, no one else bothered to launch. He had been flying over that country for a long time.

Sometimes he would take me up with him. He'd point to the sun glistening on the river below

us and show me how to spot the patches of irregular light that he said signalled warmer water and rising air.

We circled over brown paddocks because they gave off more heat, and we watched for semi-trailers on the highway because sometimes their slipstream would shake off a

Soon there were more stories: a Japanese pilot landed a few miles away at dusk and saw kangaroos in his paddock. Someone had told him they were carnivorous and rather than face them he spent the whole night sleeping in the cockpit.

An Englishman got lost over South Australia and radioed back

*...he would loop and spin the glider, making the Earth turn on its belly and spin. Then he would look at me and grin and ask if the Earth moved for me, too.*

bubble of warm air, and we could rise with it.

Sometimes, you could see the thermals begin and grow into enormous dust willy-willys, rushing and winding their way across the wheat paddocks. That was strong lift.

And Jock could lose height, too. He wasn't meant to do aerobatics at his age, he said. He was told his heart might conk out. But it was all right with me there to save him, and he would loop and spin the glider, making the Earth turn on its belly and spin.

that he was over a town with two silos, a pub and a railway line. He didn't understand why no one could tell him where he was.

And sometime during that long summer of blue skies, strong lift and strong friendships, I became a cross-country pilot.

The right day came. The wind was blowing down the course I had to follow, there were people willing to come and fetch me when I landed. I had an aircraft. I had no excuse.

I launched into hot, bubbly air and quickly gained height. The

*About the middle of the flight, I felt very alone. Last year, I remembered, I had been frightened to go into the city by myself. Now I was thousands of feet above strange country with only the price of a telephone call in my pocket.*

Then he would look at me and grin and ask if the Earth moved for me, too.

Sometimes gliders didn't come home, a group of us would have to set out with a trailer to go and fetch them from some paddock hundreds of kilometres away.

Everybody had an outlanding story: the crew who arrived in the paddock and opened the trailer to load a stranded glider only to find there was already a glider in there; the pilot who walked into a homestead wanting to use the telephone and found he was in the middle of a wedding reception; the farmer who refused to let the glider or pilot off his property; the cows that trampled on wings; the crews that got lost; the pilots who always managed to land near a pub.

And then, at the height of summer, the foreign pilots arrived. Germans came to escape the European weather and airspace restrictions. Japanese with hundreds of hours flying but no cross-country experience came because there was somewhere to fly to.

plain below was brown with ripe wheat and stubble.

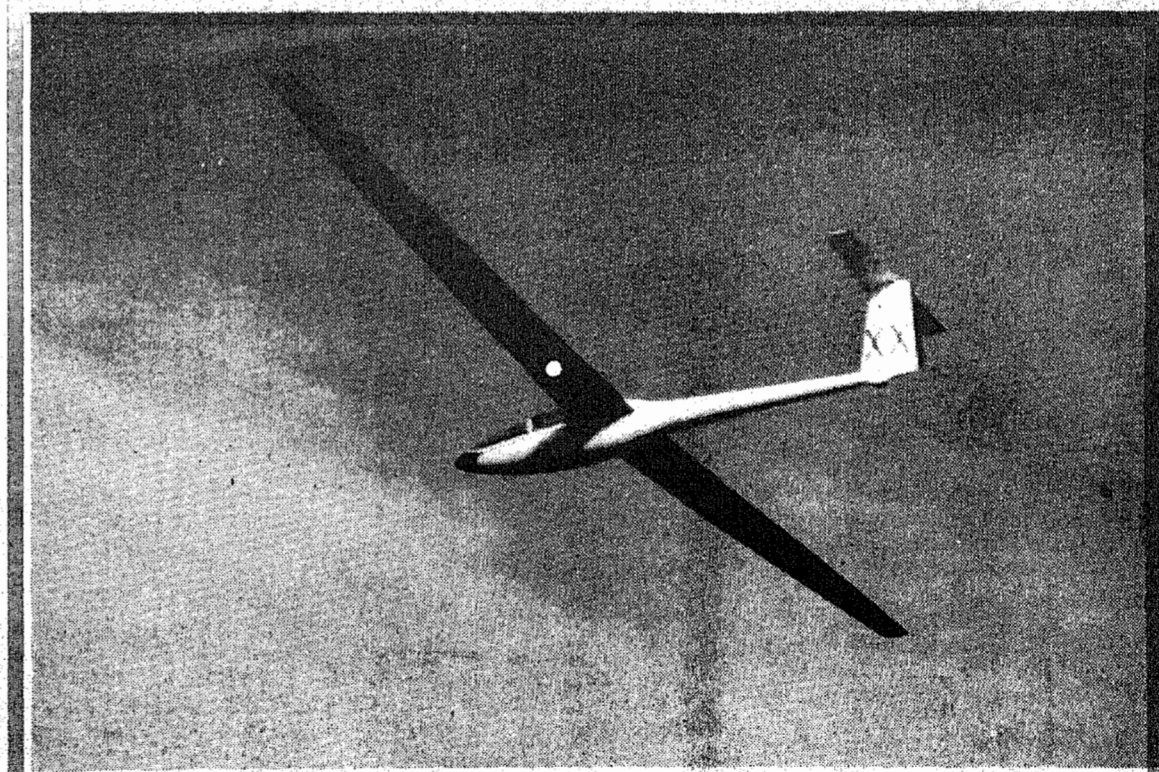
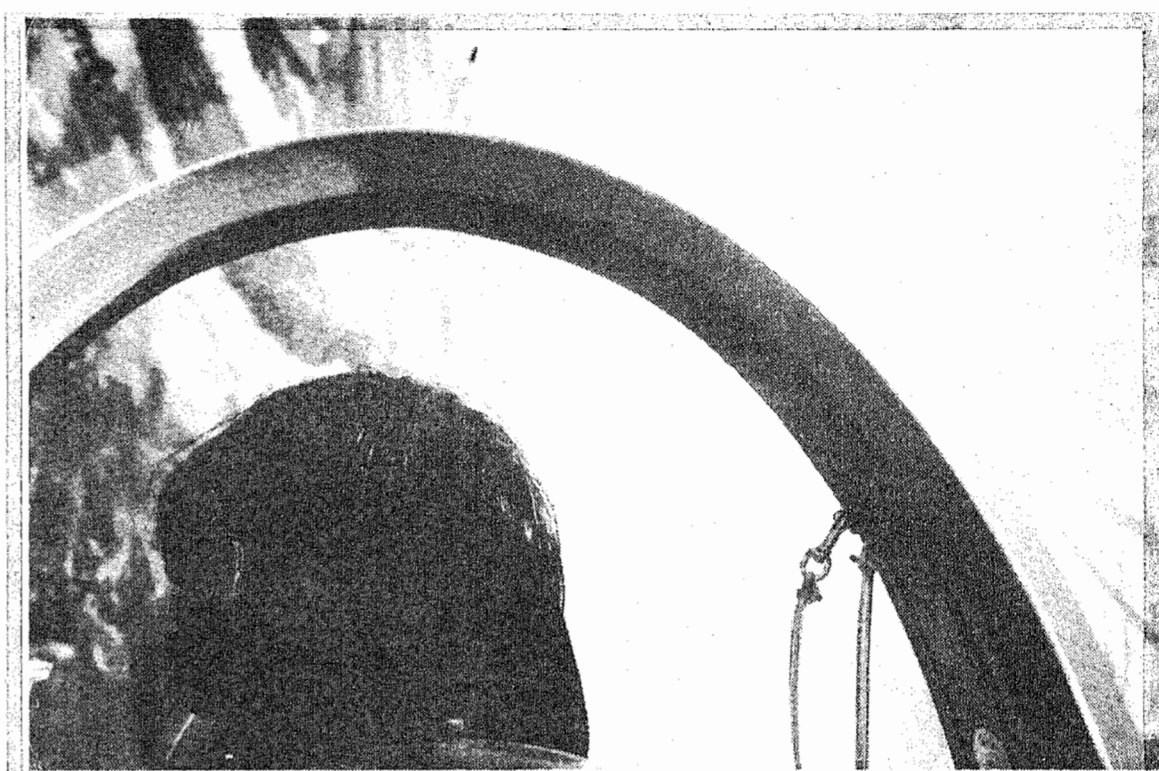
It seemed like a long flight, with many pauses to circle and gain height. I was terrified of dropping below four thousand feet, although you didn't really need to worry above two thousand.

About the middle of the flight, when I couldn't see the club field and I couldn't see my destination, I felt very alone. Last year, I remembered, I had been frightened to go into the city by myself. Now I was thousands of feet above strange country with only the price of a telephone call in my pocket.

Then the town came into sight, then the airfield, and I landed. The place was deserted; just a hangar, a phone box and a crowd of people firing every 30 seconds in the distance. I phoned the club to say I had arrived, and heard people in the clubhouse cheering in the background.

Then I spent two hours sitting under the wing of my glider all alone and feeling very, very, happy.

The Age



# A LETTER FROM HELIX

## A short story by Bruce Tafe

The kitchen table is the cockpit of my father's life. He sits staring at his empty plate or spinning a glass in his hand and you know he's contemplating the cards fate has dealt him. My mother tells a story about it. I was a baby at the time, so you have to imagine me bawling away in the front room and, perhaps, my father's shoulders hunched against the sound as he sat with his plate pushed back. It was 9 am so my mother must have jumped at the sight of him.

"Aren't you going to work?"

He didn't answer, but the table creaked as he shifted his weight. His left hand rested on the table and he was gouging a penknife between the outspread fingers. Did my mother have the courage to join him in the tiny kitchen? If she was holding a hungry baby there must have been little choice. She would have sat down opposite my father and unbuttoned her blouse, while he took a firmer grasp on the knife and punched it between the outstretched digits of his hand. Bang, bang, bang.

"Darling?"

She knew what a job was worth. Like so many migrants, my father had queued at factory gates, watched work go to the Australian in a line of a hundred men. When the Post Office took him on he was about ready to die for them. But wind or rain or sleet or snow could not have prepared him for the treadmill behind the GPO's wedding-cake facade. It was a hushed-up scandal that their school for mail clerks had a dropout rate of 90 percent. It offered six months' training on full pay but only one in ten lasted the distance.

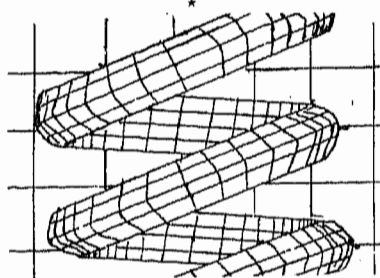
In psychology you learn about "sorting tasks". Take a deck of cards and deal it into two piles, black and red. Now deal it into suits. A mathematical relationship is known to exist between the time it takes you and the number of choices you have to make. It is easy to design such an experiment but try to find volunteers for an hour-long demonstration. Mail handlers had to learn the numbers corresponding to six hundred different destinations. On the first morning they were given a bag of letters and a seat facing a wooden wall of slots, under an incandescent bulb. Each day the bags grew heavier. For three epic months my father sorted the greasy, well-thumbed letters, faster and faster, becoming something of a star recruit.

"They are getting on top of you," my mother offered. Bang, bang, bang. I can no longer picture her sitting opposite him — she is hovering, frightened, in the doorway.

"You don't like their jokes. Those bastards!" The knife stabbed faster and faster. My father stared laconically at his hand, which was spread out like the blindfolded girl at the circus. Then he looked away from the knife, looked up at my mother — "You mustn't go any more!" she pleaded.

The knife stopped. The story ends here, my mother draws the veil across the private lives of a young

couple. Even what I have revealed is to some extent fictional as my mother spoke only Polish in those days. But there is one last thing to add: my father was back at work next morning and he stuck at it till he found a better job.



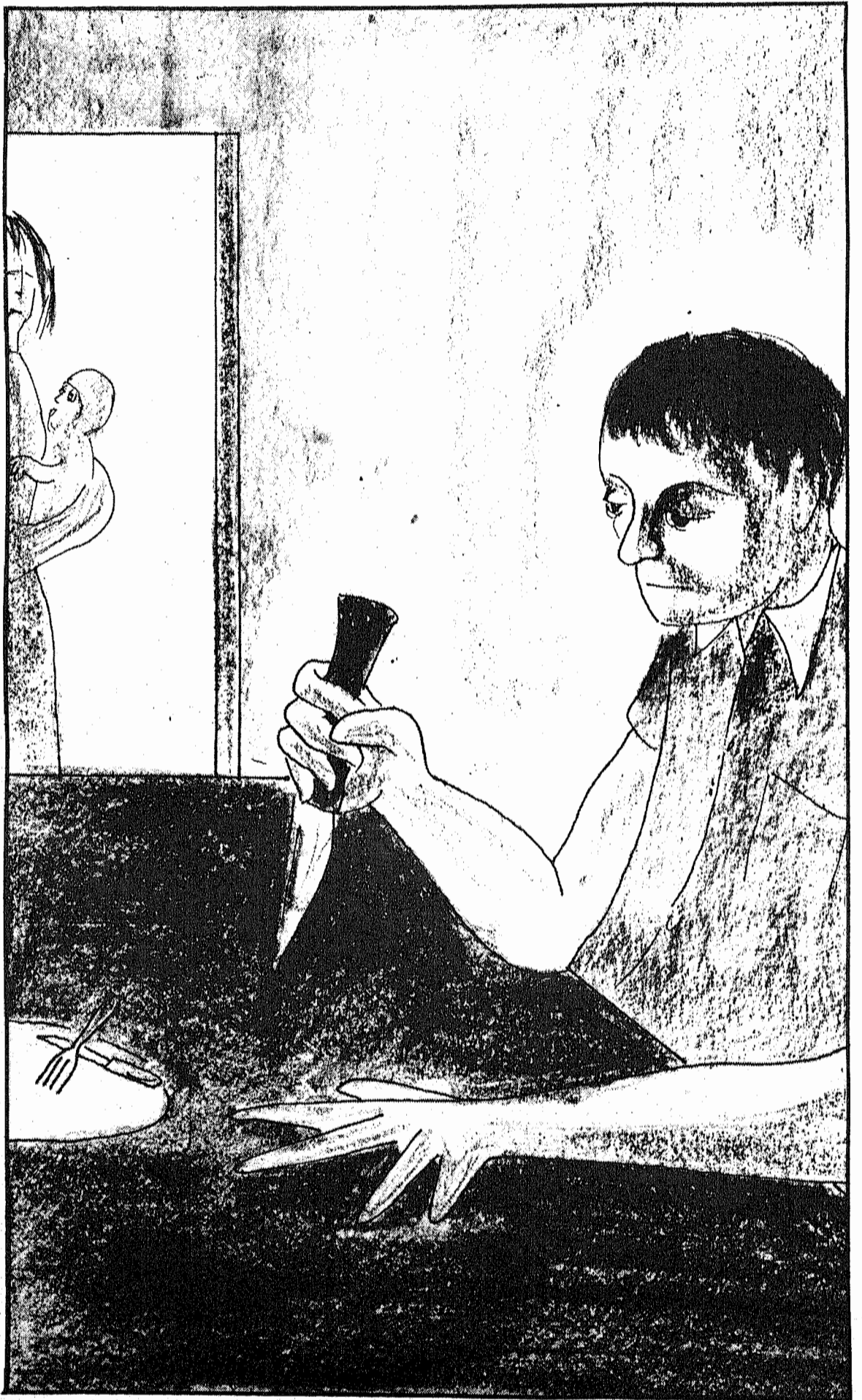
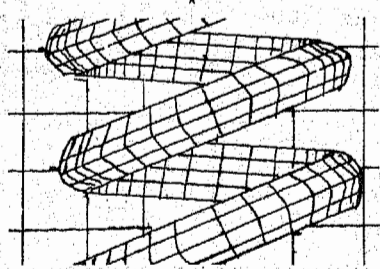
I was reminded of the story when I got the letter from "Helix". I've been posting off poetry and articles ever since I finished my Honours degree. Most mornings I get up late, pull on a dressing gown and run out to check the letterbox. For six months there was nothing but the usual stack of literary journals. Then, last week, "Helix" accepted an essay. I live in the sleepout, Dad and I don't often cross paths but when you get a break like that you've got to tell someone. Even as I strode in, dressing gown flapping, it all seemed rather pointless. "Helix" is about linguistics, semiotics, post-structuralism. Dad doesn't know those words.

He was sitting at the new pine breakfast table, his wry, shrunken face bent over a mass of overlapping forms and receipts, a pocket calculator almost lost in a hand made for hammering and sawing. After a moment he looked up at me, his eyes magnified by a big pair of tortoiseshell glasses. It was as if he couldn't work out my exact size or shape.

Dad had a mahogany roll-top desk but chose to work at the breakfast table, pushing the salt and pepper grinders aside. The table divided the kitchen from the enormous living area. He had built the whole thing. The ceiling sloped like the roof of a chapel, ending in a row of skylights. High above him the handle of a claw-headed hammer projected from the great wooden rafters, abandoned when he'd finished the extensions. I looked at the hammer and it was no longer just a wry memorial to a fall in which my father had broken his leg. It was like the high-water mark of his power, now unattainable.

"Is that the mail?" he asked. In fact, this is what he asked me almost every morning. It was an interest we shared.

"Yup," I said. "Nothing for you, though."



Perhaps I'm romanticising the role of the kitchen table in my father's life. That first mean little table, its knife marks hidden under a layer of popcorn patterned linoleum, was my desk right through highschool and university. My rickety little desk, the cockpit of my life. These last six months I've been waiting for a scholarship to come through so I can do a higher degree. I'm planning a thesis on the post-structuralist novel. There's no guarantee I'll qualify but there's nothing else I particularly want to do. It's funny, but I seldom worry about the future. I keep myself busy writing poems and planning articles, filling the rubbish bins and fireplace with balls of crumpled paper and covering the table with notes. My father, who arrived as a refugee, bought it for ten shillings at a time when he had nothing. At that same table I have written, "Life is a canvas on which one can choose to paint, or not to paint." There is something poignant about that.

### ARTISTS WANTED

Hope to make a career as a cartoonist or illustrator?

Then *On dit* is the place for you.

Gain valuable experience and have fun working for your student newspaper. Contact the editors, *On dit* office, south-west corner of the Cloisters, phone 228 5404.

# Makin' hole at the patch: life on the drilling rigs

Thinking of spending the long vacation working on the oil rigs? Then you'll need to find out what a "turkey" is and how to check whether the "pusher" is in the "doghouse". CAMERON MORRIS reports on life on the Cooper Basin oil rigs.

**W**hat job is more physically demanding than shearing, tougher and dirtier than cane cutting, more rugged than tuna fishing and more dangerous than the three of them put together?

The answer? "Makin' hole" as one of the four hundred oil and gas riggers in South Australia's Cooper Basin.

Life on the rigs wasn't meant to be easy. For instance, there's a new language to learn.

In your first few hours on the job, you may be asked to check the water level in the turkey's nest, bring the whoopee around, and then see whether the pusher is in the doghouse. And if you don't jump to it smartly, the driller may prompt you into action with adjectival gems that would warm the heart of the toughest bullocky.

While this can be a little off-putting to some beginners, this is the *lingua franca* of "the Patch" and it's best to brush up on it before you arrive on your first rig job.

The "turkey's nest" is a man-made water reservoir, a "whoopee"



is the name given to any four-wheel drive vehicle, the "pusher" is the rig boss and the "doghouse" is a shelter which doubles as an equipment store and lunchroom. And, of course, "the Patch" is any region where oil and gas exploration activities are taking place.

After completing their first 12-hour shift on the rigs, many hot and thirsty newcomers are shocked to find that their camp is a dry one, that is, all booze of any type is absolutely prohibited.

Other more lenient camps enforce a four-can limit of beer per man per day.

This prohibition, along with the long shifts, the back-breaking work, the heat, dust and mud, and the isolation from family and friends in the harsh Australian desert, is too demanding for some hopefuls. Worker turnover is high.

The personnel officer for one major company admitted that his organization had experienced problems in this area and that during one particular week, seven crew members left the same rig.

Still, if you can hack it, there's big money to be made in the Basin.

Unskilled labourers on the rigs can earn as much as \$700 for one week's work. Opportunities for spending money in the bush are few and so saving is virtually compulsory.

Put simply, the function of a drilling rig is to "make hole" as rapidly and efficiently as possible in the hope of striking good-yielding deposits of oil and natural gas.

Oil and gas exploration is a very expensive venture that does not always reap dividends but SA's Cooper Basin has proved itself to be a worthwhile producer. Situated in the far north of South Australia, "The Basin" consists of twenty-nine different reservoirs and covers an

area occupying thousands of square kilometres.

The actual drilling process is achieved by simultaneously rotating and lowering the "drill string" in the ground.

The drill string is created by connecting lengths of drill pipe together. Attached to the bottom of the drill string is a drill bit. This drill bit enables the drill string to bore down into the earth and, as more depth is attained, more sections of drill pipe are systematically added to the "string".

This process is interspersed with a series of "round trips" which involve the removal and replacement of the drill string into the hole.

During such operations, the drill floor is where all the action is. For this task to be accomplished efficiently and safely, the driller and his crew must remain in complete co-ordination and communication with each other.

Crews of six are usually required to run a drilling rig. Both the toolpusher and the driller give the orders around the rig. Their respective jobs are to ensure that millions of dollars worth of drilling machinery is well-maintained and operated.

Only years of experience in "the Patch" qualifies them for such responsibility.

Although most rig work is basically heavy labouring, an experienced rigger is an adept all-rounder who can assist in the transportation, maintenance and operation of the rig.

Many rig workers are already tradesmen but full-time mechanics and electricians are on hand to rectify the tougher problems.

Both the rig and camp are fully transportable. A complete camp facility numbering half a dozen buildings or more can be whisked off to and established in a new location within a day. A rig move is a more complicated procedure which normally requires two full days (depending on how far away the new site is).

Most rig workers in the Cooper Basin work on a two weeks on, one



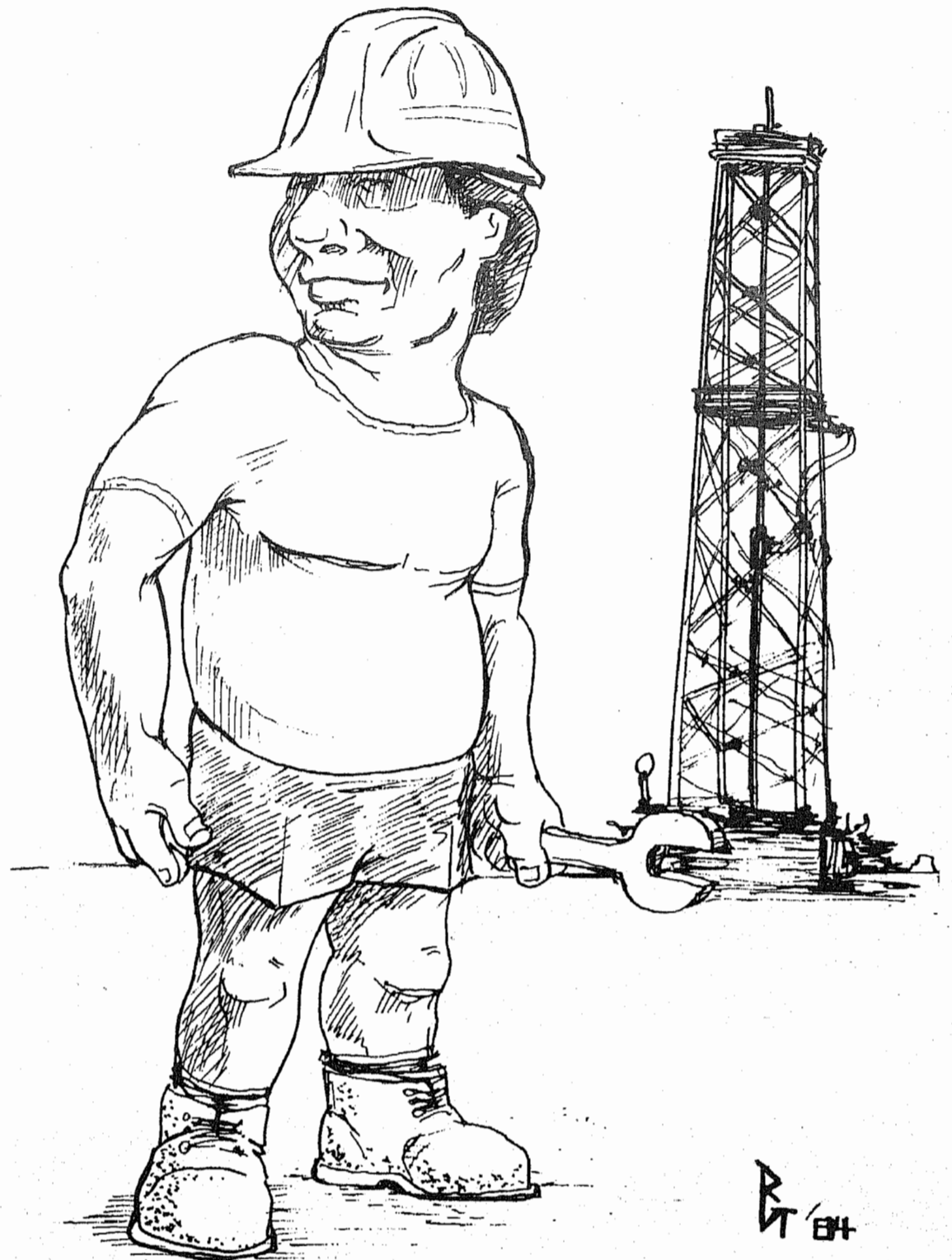
week off basis. All workers employed under this scheme normally work 12 hour shifts for nearly every day of their "hitch".

One company still functions with a three weeks on, one off arrangement but eventually worker demand will probably require that the more popular system be adopted. The argument in support of the former scheme is, why spend three weeks away from home when the same number of hours can be worked in two weeks.

All the major oil and gas exploration concerns have offices located in Adelaide and it is from here that the riggers board for the two hour flight to Moomba or any of the other outlying airstrips.

These flights afford an opportunity to witness some of the most fascinating terrain in Australia.

Exploration for oil and natural gas resources is vital for Australia's economy. Playing an integral and important role in this process are the rig workers; for without them who would "make hole"?



## YOUNG MEN

*Moving into the world you have three options:*

**You can use your tertiary education to get a share of the "good life".**

**You can avoid any social responsibility.**

**You can be bruised helping to change our world through Christian involvement.**

The idea of serving others appeals to me and I would like more information about your life work.

Name .....

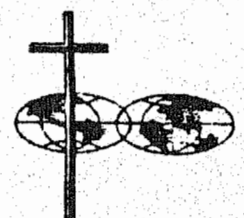
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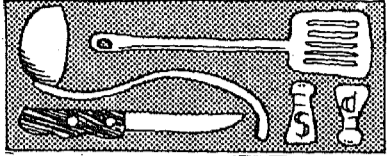
Studies..... Year .....

**The Columbans, Catholic priests working to rebuild our world through Gospel values in Asia and Latin America invite you to share their involvement in this third option.**

Contact: Rev. Leo Donnelly,  
St. Columban's Mission,  
Nth. Essendon, Vic. 3041.  
Tel. (03) 379-3544.



# 16 IN-DEPTH Food for the poor



## COOKING

Marjorie Long Dodd

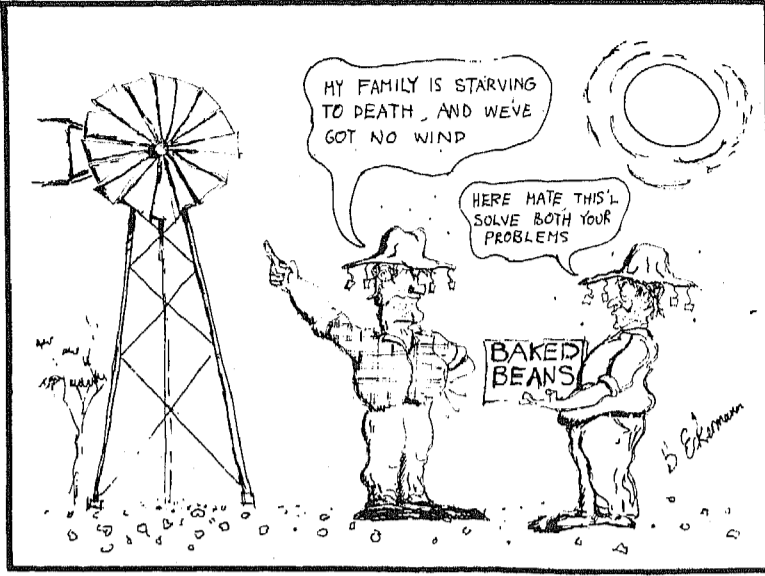
For the poor of the world, with the day to day reality of keeping body, mind and soul together, the partnership of legumes and cereals emerges a clear winner, quietly filling the food bowls of millions; staple foods spanning the centuries.

What are legumes? Mature dried peas, beans and lentils. Dull, uninteresting? Not when there's an aching void in one's inners, and the money jar is well-nigh empty. Hunger is the wand that changes these Cinderella foods into the princely prize of enjoyable tucker.

Let legumes play a central role in your feeding routine. Protein content is more than adequate when teamed with a cereal. Each supplements the amino acid deficiency of the other. Served together, their protein quality equals that of meat. Common examples of them are:-

- Baked beans on toast, soya beans on toast.
- Peanut paste on whole grain bread.
- Lentil and barley soup.
- Bean soup with rye bread.
- Rissoles, containing a cereal and legume.
- Houmous, eaten with Lebanese bread.
- Succotash, made with Lima beans and sweet corn.

Once you've chosen your legume, rehydrate it in hot or cold water. Let it soak until the seeds look bloated. Soak in the morning, and it can be cooked in the afternoon. Red lentils, green lentils, chick peas, black-eyed beans can be cooked without a pressure cooker, but soya beans are difficult, and need 20-25 minutes pressure cooking after soaking. Cook



up big, and freeze the surplus. Add fried tomatoes and onions to any cooked legumes for an easy meal, serve up with crusty bread or heaps of potatoes and greens. Serve whole grain bread with the following dishes, if no cereal is present in the recipe.

C = Cup

t = teaspoon

T = tablespoon

### Legume Surprise

2 C any cooked legume (mixture is suitable)

2 t chopped parsley

lemon juice, salt

paprika (optional), grated cheese

Stir beans in hot oil for 3 minutes.

Add parsley, lemon juice and stir a few minutes longer. Season to taste.

Sprinkle with grated cheese, and grill in a shallow dish.

### Lentil Patties

2 C brown lentil puree (cooked and drained)

2 C cooked potatoes, mashed

3 T grated onion

1 egg

1/2 t salt

2 T vegetable oil

1/2 t sage

some sweet basil

Put onion, sage and fat in a small saucepan and simmer for a few minutes over the fire, but do not brown. Add the lentil puree and then the mashed potatoes; mix well. Form into round patty cakes and brown lightly in a quick oven, brushing over with oil.

Brown lentils quite often are labelled green lentils in supermarket packages. They become brown when cooked.

### Soya Roast

1 1/4 C soya beans, cooked or half-cooked

1 1/4 C grated raw potatoes

Parsley, chives and/or mint

Sesame seeds

1 medium onion

1 t salt, herbs as desired

Vitamise beans, onion, parsley, etc. Combine all ingredients, grating the potato and adding that last to the mixture. Spoon into greased baking dish; sprinkle with oil and breadcrumbs, paprika and sesame seeds. Bake 45 minutes until golden brown. May be varied by adding tomato, sweet corn, celery or peanut paste. Could add 1 egg.

## LETTERS

-Continued from page 8.

### Bed and coituses

Dear Editors,

I'd like to offer my heartfelt thanks to the new editors of that esteemed rag, *Bread and Circuses*. Messrs. Mussared and Gent (Esquire) you should both be knighted.

Imagine my relief when I picked up a copy of *B and C* on not seeing women with exploding nipples decorating the front cover.

The history of *B and C* has been a long and sad one. The previous two sets of editors managed to plunge *B and C* to depths previously unreached in the history of gutter journalism, managing to offend every single different student group on campus.

Please, Mussared and Gent, keep up the standard.

Congratulations also to R.G. Dall whose talented and clever person, the cartoon in the first edition was illuminating and intellectually uplifting (but I didn't get the bit at the end — will there be a sequel?).

A Fan

### What do we see?

Dear Editors,

After reading the Education Vice-President's report *Federal Budget Deceptive* (On dit, 10 September 1984) again, the Vice-Prez though she knows quite a lot about the budget and she can write a letter to a Senator, the Vice-Prez appears to be quite IGNORANT about what the new budget will mean for us, the students!

That we will be faced with oversized tutorial groups. We ask, will we ever see our tutors? Apparently some students already ask this question!

That this may be the end of an era: there is pressure one hears to get rid of course options, in the name of cheap education.

Yet our Vice-Prez knows nothing of these matters.

Do we see our Vice-Prez encouraging students to sign any petition against such moves to solve the University's financial crisis: no. What do we see? The Vice-Prez writing, boring articles on the actual mechanics of the budget, of interest to economics students, but no one else.

So the next time the Vice-Prez writes an article make sure it is of relevance to us students and not just the Treasurer.

Christopher Reilly

### Coitus interruptus

Dear Editors,

Imagine my horror and disgust on picking up the first copy of *Bread and Circuses* this term. What a load of drivel!!

Where's the humour? The clever jabs at various individuals were executed with such subtlety. Come on Gent and Mussared, get your act together!

Where are the interesting and skilful front covers? Me and my mates have got them all pinned up in our club room (formerly the *B and C* fan club room) — not any more.

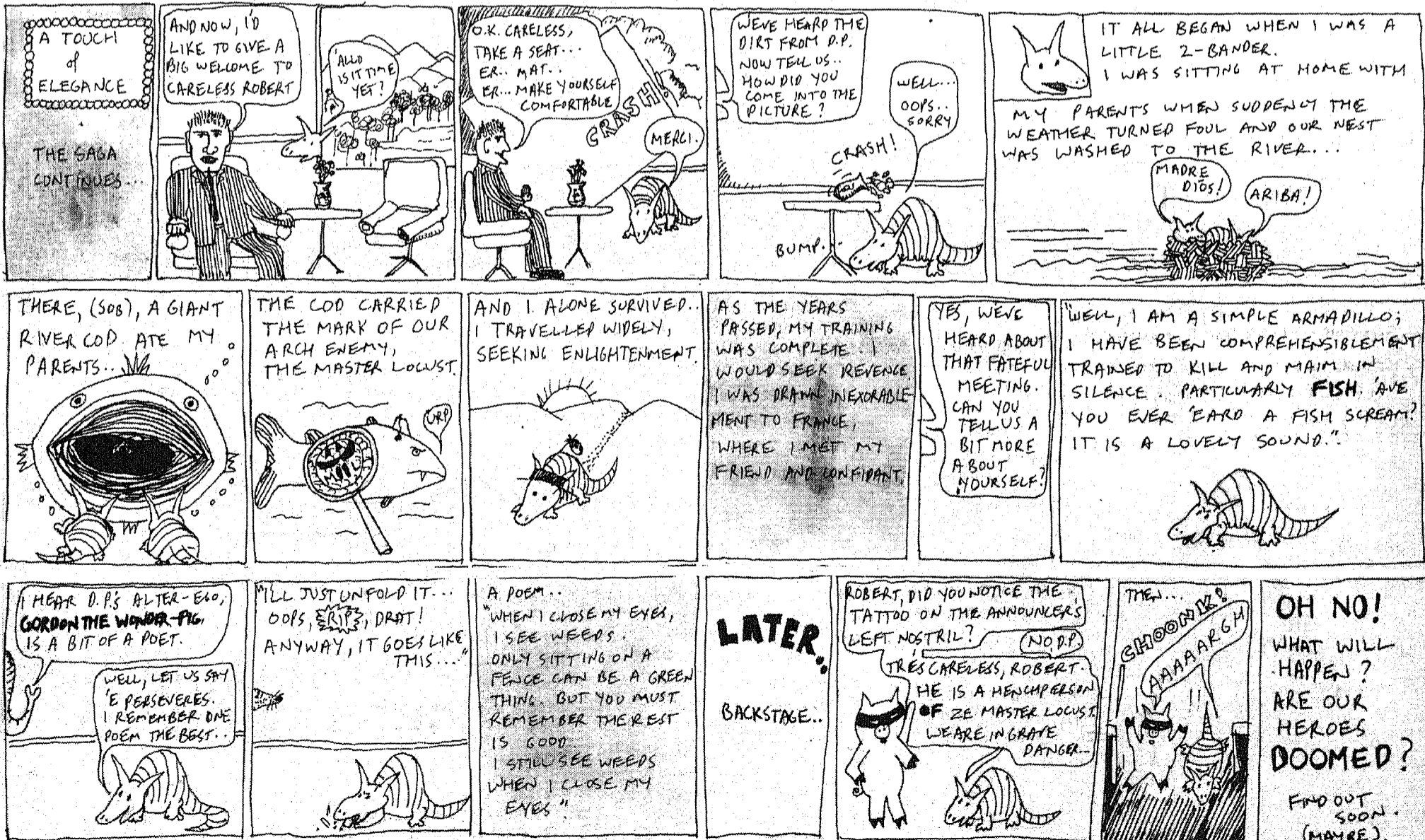
And as for the cartoon by R.G. Dall, just who does he think he is — God or someone? As a born-again Christian I found the whole concept of the cartoon most offensive.

Does this mean there are no more exciting court cases and defamation threats; what will we have to liven up our university life? And where's the on-campus news?

We know we can't expect that load of jumped-up *Sydney Morning Herald*ers to include any campus news in this rag.

Former Fan

# THE HOGGIST'S FAVE! DANGER PIG! AND HIS CONSORT-CARELESS ROBERT-



On dit

# Limelight

## PINEAPPLE HEAD AND LOBOTOMY CUT

You can see them in the Austral Hotel or the Uni Bar any Saturday night — the “pineapple heads” sporting their dyed and gelled, twisted and chopped hairstyles. But what does it all mean? JANE WILLCOX reports on the alternative hairdressing scene in Adelaide.

The healthy head is dead. Throw away your pin-ups of Princess Di and pour your pH-balanced, deep-penetrating, ginseng-enriched, aloe-vera-boosted, nucleo-protein hair reconstructor, with special ingredient Promlinin 49, down the drain. All you need is coke and orange juice or sugar and egg whites.

For the latest looks in the hair fashion stakes you'll want your hair to be in the worst possible condition.

And if it's not, the constant over-bleaching, matting, twisting and teasing will ensure it soon will be.

After all — as one Adelaide hairdresser put it — the hair grows back.

Welcome to the hairdressing revolution where image and individuality outweigh the natural and the healthy.

The unconventional haircut has long been used as an expression of subcultural solidarity — from the piled-up, long-sideburned, rockabilly styles of the Teddy Boys in the '50s, to the post-punk “Pineapple Heads” and “Lobotomy Cuts” of the '80s trendoids.

Adelaide is traditionally thought of as a conservative city but there are still plenty of the younger set who are prepared to challenge that staid image.

While we may not have the sub-cultural diversity of an intensely fashion-conscious city like Sydney with its yuppies, mods, preppies, punkabillies and trendoids, we do have at least one group which is out to set new fashion trends. For the sake of argument, let's call them the “Individualists”.

The greatest insult you could level at an Individualist is to call him or her fashionable or trendy.

The Individualists believe they alone developed their own unique hairstyles and dress codes.

They usually cut their own hair or get friends to do it and are fond of phrases such as “self-expression” or “my own style”.

They typically sport the “messed-up-just-got-out-of-bed” look, although they are not adverse to shaving sections of their head in the pre-surgery appearance of the Lobotomy Cut and using vast quantities of hair gel, the Brylcreem of the '80s.

Continued page 18







## U2 tribute by rock foreigner

U2  
Sept. 20, 21  
Apollo Stadium

by Dino Di Rosa

Writing about rock music is foreign to me, even though as a culture — and not as an art — I come in contact with it everyday. But the recognition by the mainstream of the Irish band U2, motivated more by their concert tour here than by their virtues, moves me to write something about this special group.

The rock press, as is usual of journalism, finds it hard to evaluate them: dealing in ephemera, all they can say is that U2 are here and that they are important. Moreover, they can say with good faith that this band rejects the way in which rock bands are popularized in inverse proportion to their creativity; how, after a time, a group of musicians begin to lose all creative autonomy.

But the way the rock press judge U2, and how they judge the genre generally, can't distinguish the peculiar (for that is what U2 is) from the commonplace. Rock reviewers, who themselves become pop culturists (and sometimes cultists), because pop culture is all that they deal with, patronize U2 by suggesting how virtuous they are for not seeking to prostitute their talents. But aren't these same

people burdened by the pop culture when they appraise modern music in the manner of a consumer guide ("If you like ..., then you'll like ...")?

What I'm saying is that U2 is above all this; a lot of rock writers can't begin to understand what the band members (vocalist Bono Vox; lead guitarist Dave "The Edge" Evans; bassist Adam Clayton; drummer Larry Mullins) stand for, and how they understand themselves. This is the fundamental relationship in art criticism; that it doesn't exist between rock and its judgement suggests that there is no art and that, therefore, there is no criticism (except from a commercial point of view).

All that these young men have said so far has impressed me greatly: they're peculiar. They are tremendously articulate and resourceful, and can afford to be a little smug. This is what "The Edge" has to say: "I don't think the media find it easy to write about us; I think they find it easier to write about pop groups."

"Pop groups are made for the media: they're one-dimensional and very exaggerated characters. We're not, but we often find that the pop industry, and the pop journalists, try to exaggerate our beliefs and ideas in order to bring us into line with the others. They want a hook to hang us on, but I don't think it's a very successful one."

The beliefs and ideas "The Edge" talks about are theirs, and it's up to us if we want them to be ours. Bono, "The Edge" and Mullins are Christians, but their music isn't pious, not even when played backwards; they place themselves above — not outside of — the mainstream, and their music is uplifting and naive and wishful, not a wrist-slashing product of vicarious suffering.

The fact that they've been recognized may still not harm that precious creative autonomy. That nexus between the artist and his advocate (something beyond that which exists between star and fan) is there in U2 and those who take them seriously. Adam Clayton: "The biggest rewards and the best things are those rare moments when you happen to meet maybe one fan on a one to one basis and they tell you how much you helped or strengthened them at times and how much you mean to them and that really is the essence of it, and it doesn't happen everyday and you forget about it for a while and then suddenly it happens to you again and you find yourself almost crying because it is such a significant thing. I think that is one of the greatest things about it."

I feel exactly the same way about U2, the only new rock band I can *revere*. This relationship is the highest anyone can go; and it's indefinable, as nebulous as when Bono sings, "What am I in the name of love?"

Music on the other hand is what noise is not. "The science of harmonious sounds" (University Dictionary); "any pleasing, rhythmical, or melodious sound in art or nature" (Webster's Dictionary); "that one of the fine arts which is concerned with the combination of sounds with a view to beauty of form and the expression of emotion" (Oxford Dictionary).

When does music become noise or vice-versa? You can still have music without harmony, rhythm or melody. So, let's look at a more basic level of the co-ordination and timing in music. These are what distinguishes music from noise.

An instrument or singer with no accompaniment cannot be "noise", no matter how unorthodox it sounds. The only reason we

would call this "noise" is because we expect to hear and see things a certain way.

It is when more than one instrument or voice are played together that "noise" can occur. How you ask? By each instrument or voice playing in totally different contexts and with no synchronization or co-ordination with one another. When each instrument or voice plays in a totally different key and different time, this causes violent clashes between them.

The more synchronized and co-ordinated each instrument is with the other, the more the result becomes music. The key lies in the concept of musical timing. Music is co-ordinated and in time, whereas noise is not.

Next week we look at guitar problems and solutions again.

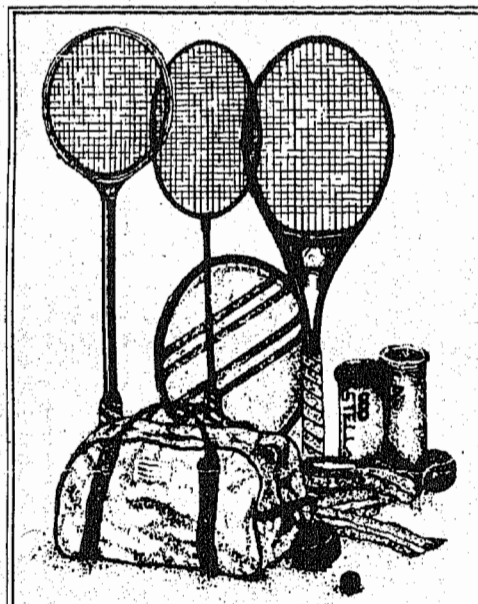
## MUSIC NOTES



Nick Kalaitzis

What is the difference between music and noise? Some would say there is none in rock 'n' roll. The two words are often interchangeable so let us look more closely at this.

A good starting point is to define the two terms. Noise is "any loud, discordant, or unpleasant sound" (Webster's Dictionary) or a "loud outcry, clamour, or shouting; din or disturbance made by one or more persons" (Oxford Dictionary).



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## Adelaide's haircuts in focus

from page 17

Gel allows the hair to protude at all sorts of peculiar angles and stay there.

Hair gel sales in Adelaide have reputedly increased by 1000 percent since 1981 and the Individualists' hairstyles have spiralled with them.

In spite of the Individualists' claims of originality, it seems their hairstyles are a mix of influences from both overseas (Britain in particular) and interstate.

According to an Adelaide School of Hairdressing administrator, the more outrageous local hairstyles are a delayed reaction to European styles, as interpreted by Australian youth.

"Hairstyles are simply a reflection of social changes and the recent explosion of different styles is a symptom of confusion" he said.

There is only one salon in Adelaide that specializes exclusively in "alternative" hairdressing, although there are plenty of others which cut both unusual and conservative styles.

*Limbo*, in Rundle Street, is a self-styled "renegade" hairdressing salon which is based solely on the personal taste of the owner Keren.

Keren sports a partially dyed hairstyle that has been twisted, matted and rubbed together to achieve a "pre-Rastafarian" look.

She refused to cut a customer's hair if she disagrees with the style they want and she particularly loathes the "just-been-to-the-hairdresser" look. She has actually turned people away because she won't set and blow dry their hair.

Keren cuts hair in clod-hopping Doc Marten boots, a black skirt and a thick horse-hair jumper.

"We don't talk garbage to our clients" she told *On dit*.

"In a lot of salons it works that if you're in love with your hairdresser you'll go back — hate your hair but love your hairdresser."

"Whereas here, if you like your hair you'll come back."

Keren is aware of the disdain the "blue-rinse mainstream" has for her style of hairdressing, but business is booming and she doesn't care.

"It's not just chopping up the hair" she said.

"There are right ways and wrong ways of chopping it up."

*Limbo* has been in business for 10 months and now employs four full-time hairdressers.

Before *Limbo* opened, most people in Adelaide looking for an alternative hairstyle cut their own hair, and many still prefer to do so.

Many university and college students, for instance, cut their own hair and they're very good at it, according to a hairdresser from *Browns Hairdressers* by James Byron, King William Street, City.

"They give us ideas; we learn new things from them" she said.

"They understand how to balance the whole thing and relate to colour."

The home-grown styles may not be technically perfect and will probably only last a week but they are a good enough alternative for those who can't afford a \$25.00 haircut, she said.

She prefers cutting hair that isn't in very good condition because it is "easier to handle."

"Condition is not important any more."

"None of the staff's hair here is in good condition" she said.

*Browns* cuts both individual and trendy styles, while "trying not to get too 'punk-weird'".

*Saks*, at Unley, cuts hair from the conservative to the outrageous.

*Saks* hairdresser David Shields said the explosion in hairstyles is extending to younger and younger people all the time.

"We've had 12-year-olds wanting bits left long and different colours in their hair" he said.

"They go to school like that."

"It's getting like a competition and it's not frowned upon as much at school and work these days."

In the few short years since the punk explosion, and in the transition of punk styles from Europe to Australia, the "alternative" hairstyle has moved from being an angry and rebellious badge of identity to an acceptable fashion.

As a hairdresser from *Browns* said: "You're allowed to look different now without getting weird looks."

"With the acceptance of Boy George, people are starting to understand you're not a weirdo or a punk."

# New wave dissolves into frothy death

## - Recent albums testify

Public Image Limited  
THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT...

by Mark Calligeros

It seems time to say that the new wave, whatever it was, has broken and all pop devotees are left with is foamy white water. Some may say new wave has been dead for some time, and they may be correct, but the revelation only came home to me in reviewing these three records.

*Public Image Limited* is a group headed by John Lydon, better known as Johnny Rotten from his *Sex Pistols* days. If you suspected he couldn't sing when you heard the *Pistols* your suspicions will be confirmed here.

This album basically comprises whining vocal chants underscored by fairly repetitive funk/disco bass. There are even the Malcolm McLaren drum machine noises. This style works quite effectively on the single *This is Not a Love Song*, where the slightly bizarre lyrical content is matched by the arrangement. Elsewhere the album is tedious, unmusical and incredibly repetitive.

This album is entitled *This is What You Want, This is What You Get*. It should have been "If you buy this, you get what you deserve." What musical worth there is on this album is spoilt whenever Lydon starts to sing. His vocals are funny and appropriate in *This is Not a Love Song* but elsewhere they're capable of driving you to use this record as a frisbee.

### The Alarm DECLARATION

*The Alarm* are a four piece English band. Their music is a curious mixture of acoustic and electric and of country-style acoustic guitar and new wave.

The presentation of the band, and this album, *Declaration*, plays on this "Wild West" influence. But these guys aren't just cowboys, they have a message:

"Take this song of freedom put it on and arm yourself for the fight.

Our hearts must have the courage to keep on marching on and on."

What exactly this fight is against I can't tell you.

*Marching On* repeats the message to stand and fight, or at least stand and shout. The single *Where Were You Hiding When The Storm Broke* sounds like a *Big Country* rip-off with the bagpipe-like guitar in the chorus.

*Sixty Eight Guns* is a good example of *The Alarm's* style, and is remarkably like early Bruce Springsteen with tremolo guitar, vibrato organ, harmonica and full vocal harmonies. *We*



The Alarm—an unconvincing marriage.

*Are The Light* is the stand-out piece on the first side with insistent acoustic guitar, strings and good harmonies. At last one can see the band attaining what they've obviously aimed for — a moving song, politically based, and in their own style.

Unfortunately most of the album falls short of this achievement, though I consider the second side, which is more acoustic than the first, to contain some good songs. At least *The Alarm* have something to say, and many may find their mixture of country and new wave style influences intriguing. I don't find the marriage a convincing one.

### Psychedelic Furs MIRROR MOVES

*The Psychedelic Furs'* new album doesn't really take the band over any new ground but seems satisfied to portray the band in the way that has earned them success to date. In fact,

the chief criticism of *Mirror Moves* is that you've heard it all before.

The album abounds with simple chord structures saved by quirky and distinctive melody lines, and thoughtful arrangements. *Heaven* was a reasonable single, though not exceptional, and the same applies for the whole album.

Until a new direction becomes evident the general public have to listen to a multitude of supposed new stylistic adventures: you know, the sort Molly Meldrum hails each week on *Countdown*, and the sort you tire of after two listenings. At least the obituary for new wave can cite one of its positive achievements — "deliver us from blandness."

Perhaps the problem is that the mode of expression the *Furs* are using is no longer new, it has been assimilated by mainstream pop. The new wave is new no longer: it's as everyday as heavy metal or disco.

## ALL THAT JAZZ

*All That Jazz* is Limelight's "beginner's guide" to modern jazz. Each week RICHARD OGIER looks at a classic jazz recording; this week it's Charlie Parker's "Lullaby in Rhythm".

Drugs from fifteen, mental institutions, alcoholism, a marriage on the scrap-heap and extreme emotional imbalance — all in the dehumanizing indignity of an acutely racist world.

The most recognized yet least understood figure in jazz, it's a wonder it has taken Hollywood until now to get hold of a potential bonanza. The tragic life story of Charlie Parker is to be the basis of an up and coming film *The Essence of Jazz*.

Charlie Parker once said: "I was always on a panic... but worst of all nobody understood my music."

Parker changed jazz. His purely musical contribution has been greater than that of anybody else. "Bebop", the style he almost single-handedly created in the forties, meant the birth of modern jazz. And yet — that old chestnut — recognition did not come until after his death.

More "upfront" types popularised bebop with the wider jazz public. Parker did not sell himself or his music, he just got up there and played.

A Charlie Parker record is in itself a rare bird indeed, and unfortunately, by modern standards, sound reproduction is never all that it could be. But the music is always the same.

While Parker's self-abusing lifestyle cost him numerous jobs, his closest friends and his marriage, it did not (incredibly) infect his playing. Everything he ever did was outstanding.

We have chosen *Lullaby in Rhythm* because it is, by jazz standards, reasonably easy to get hold of. It is ideal Parker for those with an academic interest in jazz, because it captures the master at his prime. Moreover Dizzy Gillespie and Lennie Tristano feature.

Essentially the album is a 1983 pressing of a 1947 world series or "battle of the bands" type radio programme (so it makes for a bit of a giggle as well).

One track comes from a home jam session and another is one of the legendary Dene Benedetti's wire recordings. Benedetti threw his own sax away when he heard Parker play, to spend the rest of his days chasing him with a microphone, recording everything he could of Parker "live" — and getting thrown out of numerous night clubs in the process.

Sometimes he had to drop his mike through the ceiling or sit on the gents with his wires running out to the bandstand.

You couldn't have a series of 'classic jazz recordings' without something (anything) by Parker. Every jazz musician since is in debt to him.

*The records reviewed in "All That Jazz" are available from John Davis records, 22 Twin Street (off Rundle Mall) with a 10 percent discount for Adelaide University students.*

## DISCS

Andrew Stewart

### Love On The Air DAVID GILMOUR

Nice intro (sequenced keyboards and fretless bars) falls prey to a bad attack of the overproductions. Not that it was an interesting song to start off with. Go back to 1977. Do not pass go. Do not collect your *Pink Floyd* royalty cheques.

### The Blue Hour RAISE THE DRAGON

A simple but fairly effective outing from another new band, this time British. Pleasant if slow-moving backing, mock-meaningful lyrics — fundamentally nice, if little more than background music.

### Make Believe HELTER SKELTER

No idea who this mob is, but it doesn't take a musical genius (like me!?) to spot that they've ripped off their name, sound and almost the song from early *Siouxsie and the Banshees*. Pathetic, and badly produced at that.

### I Am Only Shooting Love TIME BANDITS

By all accounts doing well around the nation's dance-floors, this is a pretty inoffensive single from a totally obscure Dutch band. Mild pop-funk, iffy vocals, doesn't do a lot. Not worth the ink really.

10-9-8

### FACE TO FACE (C.B.S./Epic)

by Armon Hicks

If you think you have heard this sound before, you're so right. It's early Pat Benatar, without the benefit of raging, danceable passion. However it does have a nice finishing echo.

By the way the flip-side *Heaven on Earth* is the better of the two, but a fraction too slow.

### Love Resurrection ALISON MOYET (C.B.S.)

by Armon Hicks

This song by one half of *Yazoo*, sounding like *Yazoo* is yet another piece of mindless drivel.

There is an implied Arabic theme, with both the single's cover and film clip showing camels and playing upon resurrection in the desert: deep, really deep. Unfortunately Omar Khayyam is only evoked in the packaging and not in the lyrics.

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# Demands reading

## - Llosa: vigorous, lively and profound

**Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter**  
Mario Vargas Llosa (Picador \$7.95)

by Jaci Wiley

*Literary Review* described the Latin-American novel as the "most vigorous contemporary literary form at present".

The pre-eminence of Gabriel Garcia Marquez justifies that description.

Marquez, a Columbian writer, won the 1982 Nobel Prize for Literature. His first novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is a modern classic and he is deemed "a great writer of our time."

Marquez is the vanguard of this powerful literary form, but he is not the sole representative of the contemporary Latin-American novel.

Peruvian-born Mario Vargas Llosa stands close behind.

Llosa is a novelist, playwright and critic. He is also a writer of topical features and covered the 1982 World Cup for the Spanish newspaper *La Vanguardia*.

*Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* is not Llosa's first novel. It was published in Spanish in 1977 but did not make an English edition until 1983. Picador released their English translation this year.

Prior to *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* Llosa wrote three novels. *Conversations in the Cathedral*, *The City and the Dogs* and *The Green House*.

His latest novel, *The War at the End of the World* is a bestseller in Spain and South America.

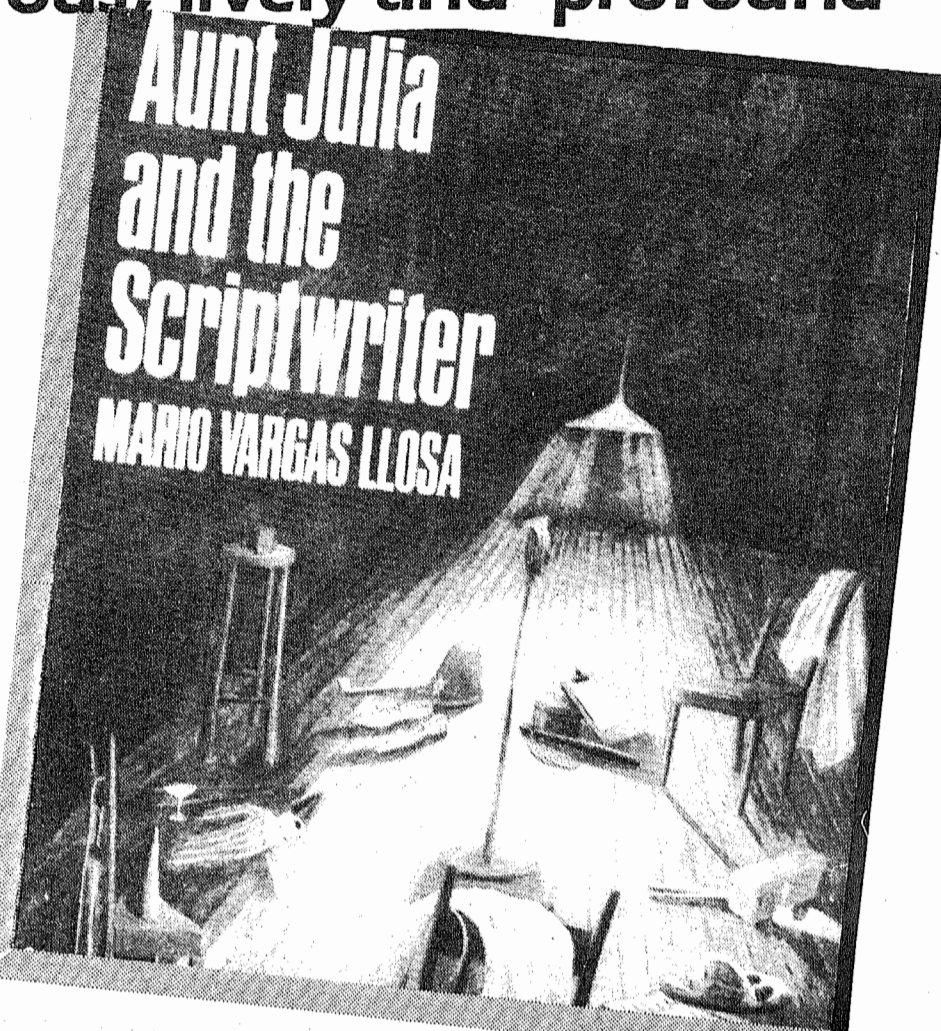
If *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* is representative of Llosa's work, I am eager to read the others.

It is a lively, refreshing, hilariously funny and strangely profound novel.

Llosa experiments with the novel form in *Aunt Julia* by interweaving the narrative of Mario with the prose versions of his friend, Pedro Camacho's radio scripts.

The effect is stunning. *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* is a difficult book to put down.

Llosa sets the novel in Lima, Peru. His main protagonist, Mario, is an 18 year old Law student and radio-news editor in pre-TV Lima. Mario desperately tries to establish himself as a writer of creative fiction while he befriends the Bolivian scriptwriter (Pedro Camacho) and scandalously involves himself in an affair with



his 32 year old divorced Bolivian Aunt (by marriage) Julia.

Mario is headstrong and determined. Pedro is meticulous, prejudiced, devoted to the "art" of radio soap-opera scripts. Julia is mature, world-wise but often swept away by the minutiae of life. She, as most Peruvians, are fanatical listeners of Camacho's serials.

Llosa deftly juxtaposes the two writers and their attitudes to their work. Pedro Camacho comes out looking something like Agatha Christie's Hercules Poirot, with a devotion to detail and petty prejudices which almost put Poirot to shame.

In fact, much of the humour comes from Camacho's scripts. The need to churn out 10 radio serials each day, all with separate locations, characters and action, finally defeats the writer. Characters get confused, actions are irrelevant and locations muddled.

This slowly develops against the narrative of Mario's love affair with Aunt Julia and their attempts to find a JP who will marry them.

*Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* comes highly recommended. It is vigorous, lively, humorous, profound.

It deserves, no, needs to be read.

# Cheapest imitation garbage scum

**It's Me, Eddie: A Fictional Memoir**  
EDWARD LIMONOV (Picador \$7.95)

by Jaci Wiley

This "fictional memoir" is a Russian emigre's cheap imitation of the worst of Henry Miller or Norman Mailer. It is, at its best, a novel to avoid. At its worst, garbage.

Born in Gorky in 1941, Limonov emigrated to New York City in 1975. He had already developed something of a reputation as a poet in Russia, with eight volumes of poetry published between 1967 and 1974. Limonov's poetry has appeared in translation in Spain, Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

Since his settlement in the West, Limonov has worked as a construction worker, steelworker, painter, tailor and caretaker. He has also attempted novel writing.

*It's Me, Eddie* is the result of that attempt.

And it's a poor attempt.

Limonov's novel is one long lament. He emigrates, he loses his social and artistic

standing, he loses his wife, he loses himself and, alas, love. So he searches for them all in the streets of New York City.

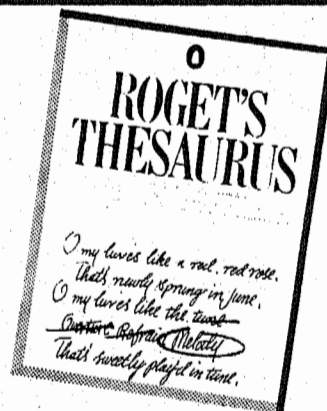
Eddie contrives to have his first homosexual experience because he cannot bear the thought of women. But it fails. His ageing, artistic partner just doesn't have what it takes. So Eddie encounters a stranger at night and has sex with him in a sand pit on the streets.

This is his search for love and social standing. Through sex, through the misfits and outcasts of society, Eddie hopes to crawl up the social ladder and regain a status he once had. Predictably, it doesn't work.

Limonov does not explore anything new. His insights are smooth stones next to the talents of McCullers, O'Connor, Nabokov, Malamud and others.

If *It's Me, Eddie* has become the object of intense praise and abuse it's because it deserves the latter.

Limonov's self-indulgent, boring lament leaves too much to be desired. He's only too right when he pens "I am scum".



# Technological Thesaurus

**Roget's Thesaurus**  
Susan M. Lloyd (ed) (Penguin \$8.95)

by Jaci Wiley

The *Roget's* is perhaps one of the best-known, most widely used reference books next to the dictionary.

How fortuitous that it be updated, revised and abridged for special release as a paperback (which is within even the poorest student's price range).

Editor Susan M. Lloyd has completely revised the *Thesaurus* for this Penguin edition. It claims to be "in direct line of descent from Roget's original," still ranging from the literary to the colloquial, the scientific to the philosophical.

Perhaps the most important changes made to this revised edition are technological. Lloyd has included key concepts in the computer and entertainment industries which previous editions have omitted.

"Data processing," "hatchback," "mole" and "sitcom" are but four of the new entries to this *Roget's Thesaurus*.

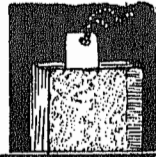
Even if such concepts are unlikely to require the attention of the potential user of a *Thesaurus*, it is an invaluable reference.

# WEEKLY BESTSELLERS

1. THE LIVING PLANET by David Attenborough (Collins \$25.00).
2. IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE by T. Peters (Harper and Row \$12.95).
3. GLOVES, SWEAT AND TEARS by Rod Marsh (Penguin \$4.95).
4. AUSTRALIAN POCKET SPELLER by J.S. Arnold (Oxford \$2.50).
5. MARTHA GARDENER'S BOOK by M. Gardner (Gardener \$12.50).
6. ROGET'S THESAURUS (Penguin \$8.95).
7. INDIANA JONES by M. Kahn (Armada \$6.95).
8. FOUNDATION'S EDGE by I. Asimov (Granada \$5.95).
9. HOLLYWOOD WIVES by J. Collins (Pan \$6.95).
10. RELIEF WITHOUT DRUGS by A. Meares (Fontana \$4.95).

Compiled from information supplied by Standard Books, 136 Rundle Mall.

# BOOK MARKS



Jaci Wiley

What's wrong with Australians? In 1983 there were no titles published under the categories lapidary, metaphysics, psychiatry or statistics. And only one title each was published in the categories geology, numismatic and safety.

Those categories which topped the lists in numbers of titles published were "juvenile" with 248 publications to its credit, "fiction" with 189 and "religion" with 186.

Another interesting fact about the Australian publishing industry is that Australian produced titles outsold imported titles for the first time in 1982. Things are looking up for local industry, and hopefully for Australian writers too!

Poetry lovers take note. A poetry reading will be held at the Cathedral Hotel at 8 pm, Tuesday, 18 September.

The reading serves as the official launching of the Mobile Poetry Workshop (which is subsidized by the SA Arts Council).

Performance poetry by Eric Beach, Jenny Boulton and Geoff Goodfellow. Admission is \$2.00.



Readers of this column not already familiar with the range of Australian Literary magazines available would no doubt be stunned to learn of the numbers produced each year. However, many of these come and go. Over third term this column hopes to publish the names and addresses of those magazines which have 'survived' and have established a regular place in the literary scene. Details of the magazine will be provided where possible.

**Aspect**

PO Box 275, Newport, NSW 2106. Publishes poetry, reviews, short stories and critical articles on arts and literature. Quarterly. Annual (Aust.) subscription \$15.

**Australian Book Review**

Book House, 199 Cardigan St., Carlton, Vic. 3053. Provides comprehensive reviewing of Australian writing in all fields from history to literature to farming. Ten editions per year. Annual (Aust.) subscription \$27.50.

**Australian Short Stories**

75 Neil St., Carlton, Vic. 3053. Publishes original Australian Short Stories, contemporary in nature. Bi-monthly. \$1.95 per issue.

**Australasian Drama Studies**

c/- English Dept. Qld. University, St. Lucia, Qld. 4067. An illustrated journal with contributions from both academics and practitioners on past and present Australian and New Zealand drama. Two editions per year. Annual (Aust.) subscription \$15.

**Australian Literary Studies**

PO Box 88, St. Lucia, Qld. 4067. Entirely devoted to the study of Australian literature. Publishes historical, scholarly and critical articles, bibliographies, biographical information, interviews, reviews and lists of research. Two editions per year. Annual (Aust.) subscription \$15.

**Hecate**

c/- English Dept., Qld. University, St. Lucia, Qld. 4067. A women's interdisciplinary journal. Particularly interested in approaches to women's liberation. Also prints creative works and graphics. Male contributors welcomed. Two editions per year. Annual (Aust.) subscription \$5.

# Unashamedly male cinema

Splash  
Hindley Cinemas

David Walker

Walt Disney Studios, deep in the financial cesspool, have suddenly, unexpectedly thrown up a hit. *Splash*, a rather soggy romance wherein a Massachusetts mermaid visits New York, is proving immensely popular.

What is it that attracts people to such a film? Perhaps it is leggy, blonde Darryl Hannah, the attractive lady in the fish suit. Her character's journey into the wilds of Manhattan in search of a little boy — now grown to a man — who she briefly encountered years ago in the waters of Cape Cod, is the core of the film.

The core, but not the heart. That belongs to Tom Hanks, playing Allen Bauer, a successful New York fruit wholesaler who is the object of the piscine beauty's attentions. The two meet, Allen is inundated by not unwelcome affection, and the two set up in his pleasant luxurious New York apartment. There they engage enthusiastically in sexual gymnastics during the many moments when Allen isn't working and the mermaid — now quaintly named Madison — isn't watching television or using Allen's credit card. In case you wonder, mermaids apparently sprout legs out of water.

A problem emerges when the obligatory mad scientist hunts down Madison and douses her with water revealing her finny form to all. She is carried away to be secretly studied, and eventually rescued by Allen, his brother and a repentant mad scientist.

There is not a great deal to this film. The plot is unoriginal. The gags are old, unfunny or irrelevant, and often all three.

The director, Ron Howard (*Night Shift*) graduated to films through television's *Andy Griffith Show* and *Happy Days*, and the television influence shows. Visually there is absolutely nothing inventive or creative about this film.

It is also unashamedly male cinema, produced by men from a male viewpoint for a male audience — not that most men are going to find it rivetting, any more than most women.



The mystery remains — why do people want to see this film?

Two somewhat brighter spots stand out in an otherwise unrelieved dimness. Darryl Hannah, in the few moments which the script allows,

shows flashes of what might be acting talent. And John Candy, as Allen's overweight brother Freddie, has one marvellous moment in an extremely capable and quite amusing performance. Two people to look out for in a film you should not fail to miss.

# Wretchedness study

Reuben, Reuben  
HINDLEY CINEMAS

by Peter Rummel

In future years the contest for the 1983 Best Actor Oscar could well be referred to as the battle of the bottle, as all five nominees had to contend, in varying degrees, with the ravages of celluloid dipsomania. In fact, alcoholism is always a fairly safe bet come nomination time.

However, alcoholism — as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences takes pains to point out — is a serious problem, one which should be treated in an appropriately sombre manner. Hence Ray Milland sweating his way (brilliantly) through the D.T.'s and the spiders on the wall to a Best Actor award for *The Lost Weekend*.

But the Academy takes a dimmer view of movies depicting drunkenness with anything approaching lightheartedness: such films must be morally suspect. Accordingly, a happily soused James Stewart, whose companion in *Harvey* was an invisible six-foot white rabbit, went unrewarded.

And the pattern continues. What chance would Peter O'Toole's boozy, philandering matinee idol of *My Favourite Year* have stood last year (assuming the Mahatma hadn't been up for deification) against Paul Newman's on-the-wagon lawyer from *The Verdict*?

Excuse the preamble, but this shaky personal conjecture is the only reason I can offer to explain how Robert Duvall's reformed alcoholic managed to edge out Tom Conti's virtuoso performance as the whiskey-sodden poet of *Reuben, Reuben* in this year's Oscar race.

As played by Conti *Reuben, Reuben*'s central character, Gowan Evans McGland, is a toned down Dylan Thomas, a dissolute celtic poet eking out a living on the New England lecture circuit, addressing women's literary clubs and bedding as many members of the audience as possible. He hasn't written a poem in five years and is impossibly stingy to boot, having devised



Tom Conti as he appeared in "Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence."

an ingenious method for pilfering waiter's tips.

Apart from whiskey, women and words his main obsession in life is a morbid preoccupation with his rapidly decaying teeth. Another worry is his amiably estranged wife's impending biography of his life and work: once he's drunk himself to death, she cheerfully informs him, the paperback rights will earn her a fortune.

Just as his morale is at its lowest ebb he falls in love — too late — with the beautiful, much younger Geneva (Kelly McGillis), the grand daughter of Spofford (Robert Blossom), a laconic poultry farmer cum philosopher and Gowan's only two legged friend in the commuter haven of Woodsmoke. Spofford's dog, the Reuben of the title, also figures prominently — and crucially.

Julius Epstein has done a skilful job of literary grafting in bringing *Reuben, Reuben* to the screen, culling it from both Peter de Vries' novel *Reuben, Reuben* and Herman Shumlin's play *Spofford*. The result is a typically adroit piece of work from the stylist who co-wrote *Casablanca*, with plenty of sharp one liners and a well developed sense of irony.

## TV NOTES



Richard Wilson

Watch out! There are seven weeks left in this, the final TV ratings period for the year. But be warned, after seven periods already this year, the goody basket contains lots of repeats.

Channel Ten leads the way with *Superman I and II*, *The Rose*, and the brilliant special effects of *An American Werewolf in London* (it must be good, I saw it twice on the O-Camp in February!)

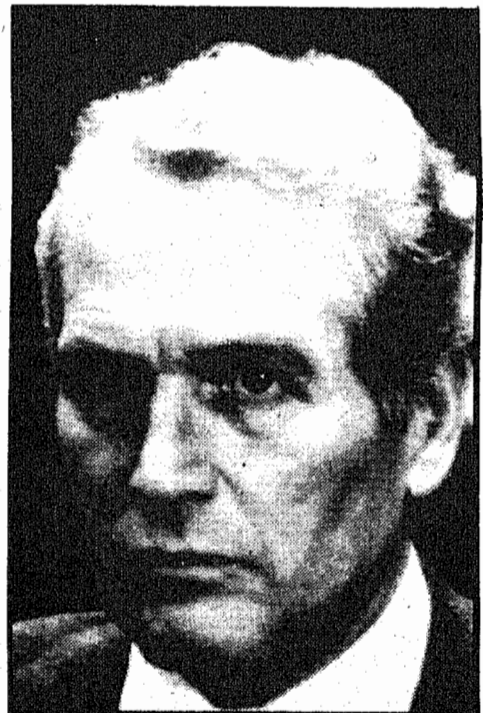
Also, we see the long-awaited sequel to the science-fiction series *V*, *The Final Conflict*.

Channel Nine, which is leading the ratings battle so far this year with four straight overall wins, appears to be a station which has dug its hand too deep into the barrel. Movies during September and October include *The Dollmaker* (with Jane Fonda), *Table For Five*, *The Hoaxling* and *Death on the Nile*. Also, we get to see *Apocalypse Now* and *Jaws* again.

Chanel Seven has Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine in *Escape to Victory*. Paul Newman stars in *Fort Apache — The Bronx*, and Australian films *Blue Fin* and *Devil's Playground*. Some of the sports highlights include the James Hardie 1000 live on 30 September and both the VFL and SANFL grand finals.

And the ABC has a new series of *Open All Hours*, *Big Country*, and *Minder*. The voyage of Sinbad is traces, and October sees the beginning of *The Barriers of the Mind*, a programme looking at mental illnesses.

And on the odd chance that none of these shows appeal to you, there's always study.



Right face, wrong movie—Paul Newman in "The Verdict."

On the more serious side, the ABC is currently screening *Six Australians*, a documentary series on Aborigines produced in Adelaide. It provides Aboriginal people with an opportunity to speak for themselves about the issues that affect the Aboriginal people today. Issues such as the languages, their affiliation with the land and their feelings about other Aborigines and Europeans.

The six Australians are Cliff Coulthard, a heritage Ranger; Maurice Rioli, a footballer; Freda Glynn, in the Aboriginal media; Trevor Adamson, a teacher; Sylvia Blanco, a ballet dancer; and Neenya Charles, an office worker. They tell the story of their lives, and how through their work, they are trying to bridge the gap between Aboriginal and European culture in Australia.

A major aim of the series has been to help dispel prejudice. The programme is broadcast each Friday morning, at 10.25 am. This Friday, the show focuses on Maurice Rioli.

Now getting back to the usual silliness of this column. Why is Mike Willisec still on TV? (A good question, you may ask!) Six months ago, Channel Nine rescued him from the reject bin, stuck him behind a desk, and gave us all an extra half-hour on week nights to do homework.

There have been street marches, suicides, and hijacks. *Redgum* even wrote a song about him. But still he drones on. Again we ask, why?

If you can think of an answer to this problem, write it on a piece of paper, and deliver it to the *On dit* office marked "Mike Willisec Competition". You could win a Monty Python book. Enter now!



## In the end was the Bang

*Et à la fin était le bang*  
A.U. FRENCH CLUB

by Julie Treffke

"In the beginning was the Word ... and in the end was the Bang" or so one read in the programme notes to the Adelaide Uni French Club's production of Rene de Obaldia's play *Et à la fin était le bang*, an event which took place at the end of second term.

The play itself is a fascinating smorgasbord of comedy, prophesy, symbolism, absurdity and socio-religious comment which this reviewer will make no attempt to unravel. The complexity of the play in no way hinders one's enjoyment of it, however: the tone is light-hearted throughout and even your average non-francophone could appreciate its comic situations, all revolving around the central figure of Oscar the Stylite, played with knee-crushing dedication by director Francis Greenslade. He spent almost the entire three hours sitting centre-stage cross-legged on top of a ten-foot high column. He didn't say much, and hardly ever moved, but his performance was certainly memorable. The column itself presented some difficulties in production continuity — it was not easy to shift inconspicuously — but the scene-shifters just managed to maintain control.

Apart from a few slight hitches in this area the production was generally smooth, the pace racy, and the performances for the most part quite professional. The large cast of 23 never became unwieldy thanks to the director's admirable choreographing.

Of the large cast, about half a dozen excelled both in their acting proficiency and in their command of the French language. The two principals, Rachel Spencer and Penny Dally, as Oscar's two devotees, Adelaide and Mathilde, were outstanding in both these respects, and Rachel's sleeky sexy black-gloved temptress who finally gets Oscar down off his ivory tower was stunning.

Keith Wilson and Andrea David led the field among the group of obnoxious tourists who come to admire Oscar not through devotion but through base curiosity, and the tour-guide was brilliantly played by Michael Manetta, who is either a master of characterisation or was type-cast, it was hard to tell which. In any case his portrayal of the suavely gallic, self-opinionated and oh-so-handsome guide would have stolen the show if not for the dominating presence of Oscar himself. Olga Pinto played Oscar's mother, a thoroughly convincing madonna clad in black and with a mother's suffering oozing from every pore.

My only major complaint with the whole exercise was the presence of the supporting play, *Un geste pour un autre* by Jean Tardieu, an entertaining farce in itself, and also well-produced, but which stretched the whole performance out to about three and a half hours, which is too long especially when most of the audience are concentrating hard simply to understand the language.

*Le bang* would have been all the more enjoyable for being seen through fresh eyes, instead of through strained ones.

# Tropical rock

**Beach Blanket Tempest**  
NEW MOON THEATRE COMPANY

by Fran Edwards

They called it "Shakespeare's new surf rock musical" and that's about as good a description as you will find. The plot does owe something to Shakespeare (how much is debatable) but it's also a surf-rock-musical, and very good at that.

Set on the isle of Aralan, on the Great Barrier Reef, the plot attempts to follow Shakespeare's argument but there have been drastic amendments to the characters.

Prospero becomes Vince Prospero former Duke of Rock 'n' Roll; Alonso, King of Naples becomes Regine, Queen of the Di Napoli House of fashion and Vince's brother Tony (Antonio) is her manager.

Most devastating of all is Ariel's transmutation to Gidget!

But it doesn't really matter because mostly it's good time rock 'n' roll a la *Rocky Horror Show*.

Technically the show is great. The set is imaginative and colourful. The music, which is vigorous and catchy, was mostly pre-recorded but this did not detract from the spontaneity of the evening as the composer Chris Harriott was on hand to add keyboards to enhance the excellent tapes. The use of UV light and fluorescent dyes in the costumes was extremely effective.

The choreography was well defined, from the sensuous movements of Frankie and Annette in *Attraction* to the bouncy rhythms of *Get up and Dance*.



My only reservation about the stage movements at all would be why not radio mikes? Those long microphone chords and complicated dance routines give one the feeling of impending disaster, although it was so well rehearsed they never mislaid a mike or a chord once.

For some it may be a bit expensive (\$13.90 and \$9.90) but if you can afford it it's worth it, so go watch them "dance up a summer storm."

## Energetic parody

**Ubu Roi**

THEATRE EXCHANGE Hartley Playhouse

by Diana Short

Briefly, this play is Pa Ubu's bid for the throne of Poland, when egged on by his wife. Ubu assassinates the reigning King Wenceslas, usurps the throne and continues ever more power-hungry. To quote "In the five days you've been King (Pa Ubu), you've committed more crimes and murders than it would take to damn all the saints in Paradise." *Ubu* has had many modern parallels.

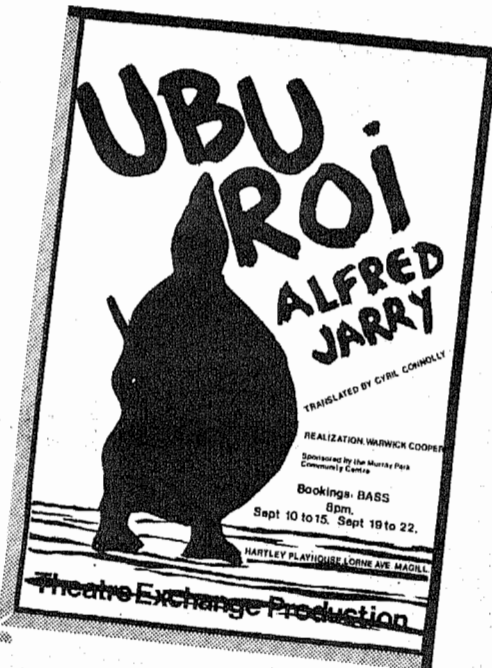
Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* was first performed in December 1896 by the *theatre de l'oeuvre*. Scenes of violence and pandemonium accompanied this notorious premiere, followed by verbal battle between the theatre critics. French theatre was never the same again.

It has been said that this play set the tone for twentieth century drama.

The play itself, developed from a playlet for marionettes written when Jarry was 15, is a farce, full of vulgar language and childish violence plus sexual innuendo. It is also a parody of Shakespeare's tragedies.

It includes pantomime and elements of marionette theatre — the characters are overgrown puppets, and the play has anarchistic tendencies too. Jarry's use of language is unusual for its time and still relevant in its political comment.

The cast in this production is enthusiastic and keeps the fast pace well around the two leads Pa Ubu and Ma Ubu, played by Peter Muisulis and Hedley Buxton.



There is a lot of required audience participation: for example you may be pulled up on stage and thrown into the debraining machine.

If you'd like to see something very funny, full of energy and spontaneity that is very much a parody of "power corrupts" then go and see it. I'm still laughing.

## THEATRE CHOICE

Compiled by Fran Edwards

*Beach Blanket Tempest* by Dennis Watkins and Chris Harriott presented by New Moon Theatre at the Playhouse until 22 September.

*Children of a Lesser God* by Mark Medoff presented by The Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust and Paul Elliott at the Opera Theatre.

*Ubu Roi* by Alfred Jarry presented by Theatre Exchange at Hartley Playhouse (Magill SACAE) until 22 September.

*The Boiling Frog* by Alison Lyssa presented by Troupe Theatre at Old Unley Theatre until 7 October.

*The Club* by David Williamson presented by La Maria at La Maria 18 — 29 September.

*Gi Gi* presented by the Metropolitan Musical Theatre Co. at the Arts Theatre. Opens 26 September. Musical.

*The Conquest of Carmen Miranda* by Robyn Archer presented by State Theatre Company at the Playhouse. Opens 29 September.

*An Englishman's Home* presented by Blackwood Players at the Tower Arts Centre (cnr. Goodwood and Daws Rd.) until 22 September. Comedy.

*The Hot Tiara* presented by the Burnside Players at the Lentara Community Centre, Magill from 21 September. Comedy.

## STAGE WHISPERS

Not included in Theatre Choice this week is the one night show at the Festival Theatre on Sunday 30 September called *The Radio Show of 1934: A song in your heart*. The aim is to recreate the "magic and nostalgia" of a live radio broadcast in "the good old days". Could be fun.

*Camelot* is coming! Have we bought our ticket? How are we going to eat this week then? All I can say is that for \$25 a ticket it had better be good!

A BOTTLE  
OF BASEDOWS  
BEHIND AN  
UNFINISHED THESIS

BASEDOWS



Basedows excellent wines: Eden Valley Rhine Riesling 1983, White Burgundy 1982, Frontignac Spaetlese 1983, Barossa Hermitage 1980, Cabernet Sauvignon/Shiraz 1977, Cabernet Sauvignon 1981, Old Tawny Port, Old Show Tawny Port.

AB3081/84

# BRIC-A-BRAC

## HI-LITES

### Students revenge

Plato asked of society 'Who will guard the guardians?' and for aeons students — from primary to tertiary level — have yearned in their hearts to know who will examine the examiners.

Subjected to year after year of endless sadistic exams, with select groups chosen to undergo public humiliation on TV shows like *It's Academic*, students have long sought revenge on their oppressors.

Well now it's here. On 5UV at 8 pm this Thursday to be precise. That's when 5UV premieres its series of interviews with the Chief Examiners for the South Australian Public Examinations Board.

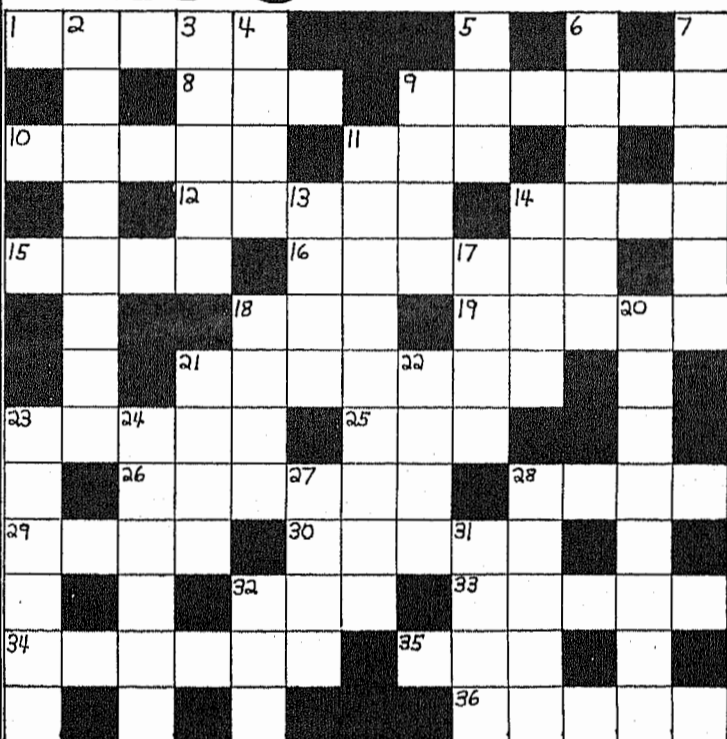
The series is designed to help matriculation students with their forthcoming ordeal. I hope the programme will be an ordeal for the examiners! This week it's physics and chemistry. Revenge is a strong feeling. I'd like to meet the persons responsible for those subjects.

### Trekkies

Budding Mahatmas should wash their loin cloths and ring Andrew Altar on 223 6460.

He is organising a summer trek to the source of the Ganges River. With a group of ten or more a substantial reduction in air fare can be obtained.

## CROSSWORD NO 8



### Across

1. Sound bells
8. Possess
9. Dissipate
10. Standpoint
11. Impact
12. Tapestry
14. Chill
15. Deceiver
16. Release
18. Cover
19. Succulent plants
21. Light meals
23. Herring
25. Assigned portion
26. Frozen covering
28. Indiscretion
29. Trick
30. Property
32. Adder
33. Loiter
34. Disregard
35. Joker
36. Festive

### Down

2. Encumbrance
3. Grinding tooth
4. Pitcher
5. Suited
6. Climax
7. Takes rest
9. Round plate
11. Personal greeting
13. Downfall
14. Matures
17. Aid
18. String instrument
20. Exciting book
21. Ornamental fabric
22. Springs
23. Filter
24. Revolt
27. Instance
28. Exhibit
31. Round cheese
32. Prepare

## TWISTER SOLUTION NO 7

O F A D N A R T E B E T O F A O O  
 D E B N A M E T A N B T E R A N D A F  
 N T T W L E S A M B N F A A N D A F  
 A R E O O S I N E M A O D A D O F  
 N D A F M E W B S B N O N F O R O  
 I W A S A S A W I T E R A N O O R  
 S V E E K E N B E T R F A D L W O  
 R A L M A N A A N D A F L W  
 T A M T E B M E S I D O F L O O  
 R K E S A W E S R O W O W O O  
 A V W A E I S B N T L O L R O F L  
 B S I S B N E M A E W O F A O A W  
 N E M A E A M B N B E T O D N D A  
 A M A N T N B E A O F T E R A N A  
 N A R B E A R T R A A D N A O R F  
 D O E T T N E T E N F A O L W O  
 A F O E T D A F O D A F O R O L W

Answer: Travel makes a wise man better and a fool worse.

### NOTICES

A General Student Meeting has been called for next Wednesday 19 September aiming to express support for Filipino students in their struggles against the Marcos regime and condemning that regime.

The meeting, on the Barr-Smith Lawns at lunchtime, is being held on the eve of the 12 anniversary of the imposition by President Marcos of martial law.

The motions to be proposed express support for the League of Filipino Students and its efforts against the repressive Marcos regime and call for the Australian government to cease aid to the Philippines.

**Namibia — An Occupied Land.** A public meeting addressed by Susan Nghidinwa, member of the central committee of SWAPO, the South West African People's Organisation, will be held in Lecture Theatre 101, Napier Building at 7.30 pm on Tuesday 25 September. Presented by A.U. Campaign Against Racial Exploitation. FREE — ALL WELCOME.

The Tjilbruki trail follows a series of fresh water springs along the southern coast, steeped in Aboriginal history and mythology. According to legend an Aboriginal was condemned to death by his elders for killing an emu out of season. The springs mark the way where he shed his tears on the way to his death.

As a celebration of National Aboriginal Week the members of the Student Christian Movement invites any interested people to join them in a guided walk along the trail.

There will be a meeting in Meeting Room One at 1.00 on Friday 28 September for finalizing details where anyone interested is invited to come.

The walk is planned to take place on Monday 8 October, leaving from Uni at 10.00 am. Transport will be provided if needed.

Contact Jan or Alison on 31 3197.

**Socialist Club Meeting — 1.00 pm Monday 17 September.** South Dining Room (Level 4, Union House, under the Bar). All progressive people welcome.

**A.U. Skindiving Club — Annual Dinner.** 7.30 pm Friday 21 September. The Town House, Hindley Street. Tickets from the committee until 19 September.

The Students' Association is hosting a series of seminars on various aspects of Thai Society.

Kathleen Brannigan (Exchange Activist from Adelaide University) will be speaking on: *Women in the Third World — Focus on Thailand* on Wednesday 26 September at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

All poets, playwrights, novelists, short story writers, graffitiists and normal people: come to the inaugural meeting of the New Literary Society, South Dining Room, Monday 24 September, 1.00 pm or contact Vlad Thune (Music).

### CYCLISTS

There will be a meeting for all people in the Cycling Club this Thursday at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room, behind the Sports' Association office.

**A.U. Choral Society** — Haydn lives when we sing: Haydn — Mass in Time of War; Lambert — The Rio Grande. At Elder Hall, 3.00 pm Sunday 23 September. Tickets \$5.00 and \$3.00 at the door or Students' Association office. Supported by the University of Adelaide Foundation.

Thursday 20 September — Free Breakfast. 7.30 am Dining Rooms, Level 4, Union House. After breakfast talk by Steve Metcalf.

I am selling lots of German books and some German records. All in good condition and selling at half price. Phone 269 5076.

Adelaide University — Student Life. Christian fun, fellowship, sharing and teaching. Every Wednesday at 1.00 pm. North Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building. ALL WELCOME.

Lisa Dacanay, Deputy Secretary-General of the Asian Students' Association, originally from the League of Filipino Students, will be visiting Adelaide University on Wednesday 19 September. There will be a special open meeting of the Students' Association Executive at 2.00 pm in the North Dining Room at which Lisa will be present. All students are welcome and encouraged to attend.

This meeting will discuss the national Conference to be held in October, "Australian Students and the Developing World". This is a major student conference which will bring together various groups such as aid agencies, church groups, trade unions and student representatives.

**A.U. Sailing Club.** New member discount — \$5.00. Compare this with the cost of joining other Sports Association clubs. Why join? If you're already sailing this is an excellent opportunity to crew or skipper top racing class boats. If you're a wind-surfer who's tired of standing up and getting saturated why not try water sport the easy way. Give all enquiries to the front desk, Sports Association Office.

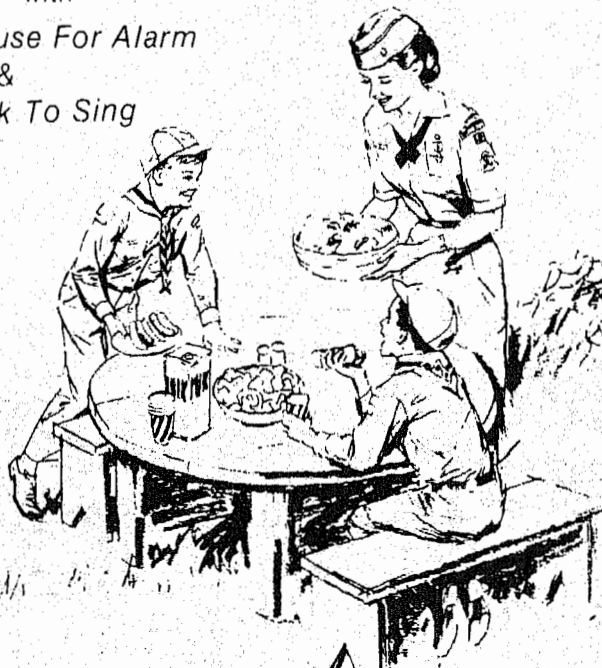
**Trekking** — A group of students is getting together this summer to take a trek to the source of the Ganges River. Should our group be of ten or more, the reduction in air fare cost would be considerable. The trek will be close to "at-cost" price so if you're interested in joining us call Andrew Alter at 223 6460.

**Lutheran Student Fellowship** — Every Thursday lunchtime (1.10 pm — 2.00 pm) during term we meet in the chapel. We may have a guest speaker, discussion topics, singalongs, or who knows what, but we're sure you'll enjoy it. Come along this week.

## THE A.U. SKOUT PATROL

Skulling challenge

with  
 No Cause For Alarm  
 &  
 To Sick To Sing



Saturday September 22nd. Adelaide Uni Bar.

Hairdresser — cheap. Professional Italian hairdresser available in Craft Studio, Level 4, Union House on Thursdays from 12.00 to 4.00 pm. Only \$3.00 for a great haircut.

### RADIO HIGHLIGHTS

**Monday 17 September**  
*US Election Preview:* 8.15 am. The continuing saga of Reagan vs. Mondale. This report looks at House elections.

**Tuesday 18 September**  
*Vietnam: Lest We Forget:* 8.30 pm. This week's history of Australia's involvement in Vietnam focusses on the realities of operations in the field and looks at the tensions which developed between men and officers. Its title — "Sonny goes surfing".

The series was compiled from interviews with over 20 soldiers, their wives and counsellors.

**Wednesday 19 September**  
*Rangelands:* 8.00 pm. The final in this six-part series during which John Pryzibilla talks to delegates to the Second International Rangeland Congress, held in Adelaide last May.

Range researchers, educators and users from 30 countries have been discussing their common aim — to develop more enlightened and appropriate styles of land management.

**Thursday 20 September**  
*Classical 78s:* 9.00 am. Allan Giles presents a fascinating display of technical virtuosity and artistry from a wide range of historic recordings.

This week's programme features prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2, with soloist Jascha Heifitz.

*Meet the Examiner:* 8.00 pm. Produced by the Department of Technical and Further Education, this series of interviews with the Chief Examiners of many of the major subjects is designed to help students in their preparation for the matric exams.

The first programme meets the examiners of Maths and Chemistry.

### UNION ACTIVITIES

**Monday 17 September**  
 12 noon. *Flashdance* video screening in Union Bar.

1.30 pm. *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* video screening in Union Bar.

**Wednesday 19 September**  
 6 — 8 pm. Music. Students performance in Union Bistro. Free.

**Thursday 20 September**  
 1.10 pm. Video screening in Union Bar. See Bar noticeboard for details.

**Friday 21 September**  
 1.10 pm. Jazz Rock and Blues Club lunchtime concert with *Wind and Oboe quartet* on Barr Smith Lawns. (Bar if weather inclement).

8.30 pm. Free entertainment in Union Bar with *Small Talk* commercial rock dance band.

**Saturday 22 September**  
 8.00 pm — 1.00 am. Skout Patrol Bar Night featuring *No Cause For Alarm*, *Too Sick To Sing* (couldn't be drink). Special Beer skulling competition. St. Marks vs. Spirit Appreciation. A.U. students \$4, guests \$5.

### COMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 26, Thursday 27, Friday 28 September**

8.30 pm. "Romeo and Juliet" performed by Magick Circus in the Union Bistro. "If there was ever a totally unconventional thoroughly entertaining cabaret production of Shakespeare's tender tragedy, Magick Circus has hit upon it". (*The Advertiser* 7/7/84). Their performances are intended for audiences who are susceptible to paroxysms of laughter. Come along and have dinner prior to the performance at 8.30 pm. Admission free to diners.

**Saturday 29 September**  
 1 / 5 pm. *VFL Grand Final*. Special live telecast on the big video screen in the Union Bar.

**Calling All Original Songwriters**  
 Awards will be made to the best original songwriters at the Annual International Australasian Broadcasting Awards (The Paters) for the first time this year. The five different song categories are best pop, rock, A.O.R., (Adult Orientated M.O.R.) country and specialist (jazz, novelty, comedy, ethnic, religious, orchestral). The Paters will be presented during the third annual radio convention to be held in November at the Sydney Hilton. Both professional and amateur songwriters are invited to participate and songs must be original and presented on a good audio cassette tape, before 30 September. Note deadline extended for student entries.

Entry forms and further information available from Barry Salter, Promotions/Activities Officer in the Union Office or from local radio stations.

**Coming Entertainment**  
*Learn Zulu*  
*Shake 288*

# Where It's At!

Some of the best, some of the worst and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd

## Toilet training

Has soccer violence at last come to Australia?

At a recent National Soccer League match, the wife of one of the goal keepers brought her puppy to the game and, becoming totally absorbed by the action, neglected to watch the pup as it drifted off into the crowd.

A rival supporter, standing against

the fence and hollering abuse at the opposition, failed to notice the approach of the puppy, which raised its hind leg against the man's trousers and scrambled back to its owner.

The horrified fan, upon discovering the damage, spun around in search of the culprit which by now was being cuddled well out of sight.

We understand the rival team went down a goal to nil.



## Politics

It seems political history has finally managed to cast Ronald Reagan in a role to the Left of the United States Senate.

The issue is genocide, which you wouldn't think anyone could possibly be undecided about.

But recently Reagan asked the Senate to conclude its 35-year-old debate about whether to ratify the International Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide.

The treaty was signed by President Truman in 1949 and has since been ratified by 96 other nations, but the US Senate has always been prevented from ratifying it by powerful pressure groups.

Now what sort of pressure group would support genocide? It seems the Liberty Lobby and the John Birch Society both take the view that a nation should have the right to dispose of certain sections of its population if it so wishes. The treaty, they say, is "an infringement on national sovereignty."

Meanwhile, the Senate remains undecided and Reagan plays the "leftie".

## Petty?

And, still in a soccer mood, this column is alarmed to report that West Germany's Coaches Federation has formally complained to that country's Football Federation about the appointment of the legendary Franz Beckenbauer as national team coach.

It seems that Beckenbauer — who for years played as a sweeper in the West German team and was universally recognised as one of Europe's most accomplished players — has never passed, or even sat for, a coaching examination.

## Enterprise

Bureaucracy reigns supreme in Croydon, England where an enterprising widow employed two teenagers to demolish the top two storeys of her historical house because she thought her property taxes were too high.

Alas, police stopped the demolition, and the council told the widow her rates would not be reduced and she would have to rebuild.

## Que?!?

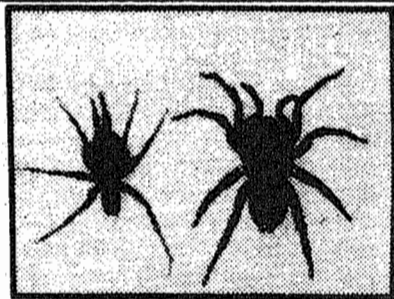


Adelaide City Council take note! Banned from the Mall but still in favour. Former Country Party leader Doug Anthony is shown here accepting a garland after the opening of a new bridge at Murwillumbah, NSW. "The Hare Krnas have certainly brought a lot of colour and life to the district," said Mr Anthony. Thanks to Graham Edmonds-Wilson for the picture which appeared in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE.

## Creepy

What's black, eight-legged and hails from North Queensland? Answer: Flo and Joh.

The male and female of the new species of trapdoor spider just discovered in Daintree rainforest have been christened Joh and Flo respectively by CSIRO entomologists in Canberra. Flo is the larger.



## Black and white

Where It's At belatedly takes up the anti-racism theme of the SAUA's doomed Prosh with this tale from South Africa.

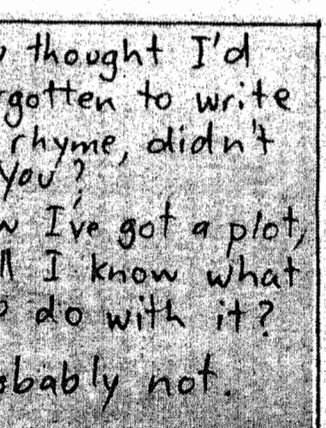
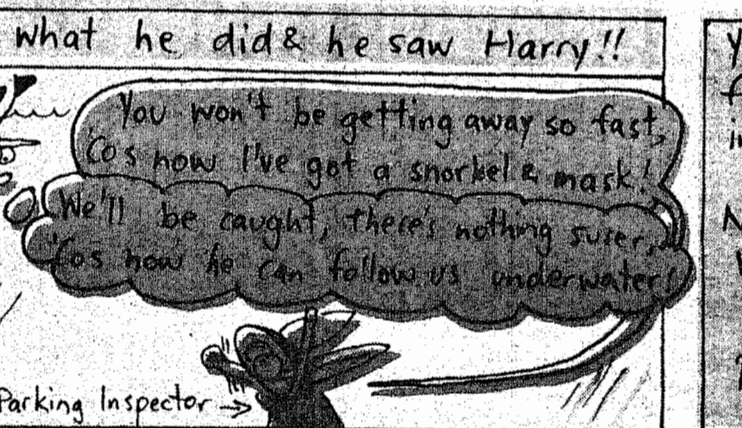
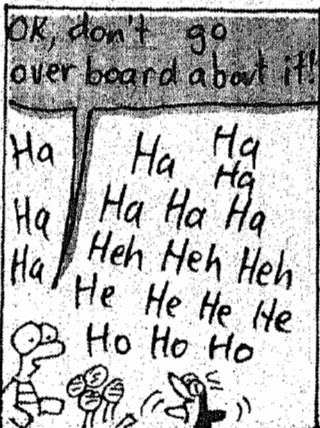
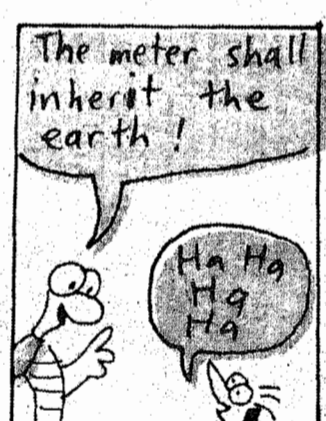
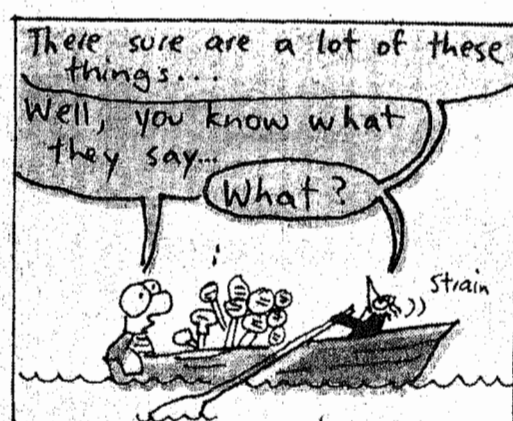
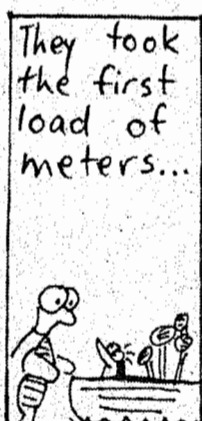
Apparently the 10-person coloured crew of a sinking fishing boat ran onto a dangerous sandbank near Port Elizabeth in preference to landing on a safe "Whites Only" beach and risking prosecution.

## Wally!!

& Leo

by me.

So far... Wally & Leo are stealing the parking meters to take back home...



Parking Inspector →