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Sex, violence
and the ALP
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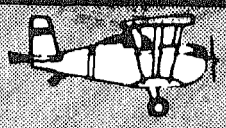
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OnDit

VOL. 54 NO. 2

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

10 MARCH 1986

WORLD EXCLUSIVE
QUEEN INTERVIEW

page 3



Ronald Hunter

He winced as the missiles struck

The story so far:

We left Sergeant Derringer and Constable Pettywit trying to extricate their reputations, and their patrol-car, from the lounge-room of Valley View residents after cornering unwisely in hot pursuit of our hero. Derek 'the Breaker' Pylon, the cause of their distress, has meanwhile broken his motor-bike key off in the lock of his front door, watched by his school-teacher neighbours Julia and Charles Godsend.

Julia Godsend, a little more practical in such matters and who was forever criticizing her husband for his unworldliness, took the initiative.

She flung open the window above their brass bed-head and shouted across the fence at the Pylons' bedroom window opposite. The response was muffled snoring, rising and falling with tidal regularity.

Finally Julia snatched up her husband's bedside copy of 'Decameron' and hurled it at the source of the noise. Glass shattered, and the startled, curler-fringed, face of Gladys Pylon appeared.

"Who the fuck's that?" Gladys peered suspiciously into the night.

"Boccaccio" shouted Charles gleefully. He spent much of his life in anticipation of moments like this.

"Oh, it's youse." Charles' wit was entirely lost on Gladys. "What the fuck d'yer want smashin' my fucken winders at this time of night?"

"What light through yonder window breaks?" whispered Charles inaudibly. "Sorry to disturb you Gladys, but there seems to be some kind of dangerous dinosaur snuffling around in your shrubbery."

"Ay?"
"Poor creature." He stared at her solemnly. "Alone and palely loitering. A rogue bunyip arisen from his amber pool."

"Ay?"
Julia summoned up her best Western Suburbs vernacular and translated hurriedly. "Yer old man's locked 'imself out. Pissed as a fart."

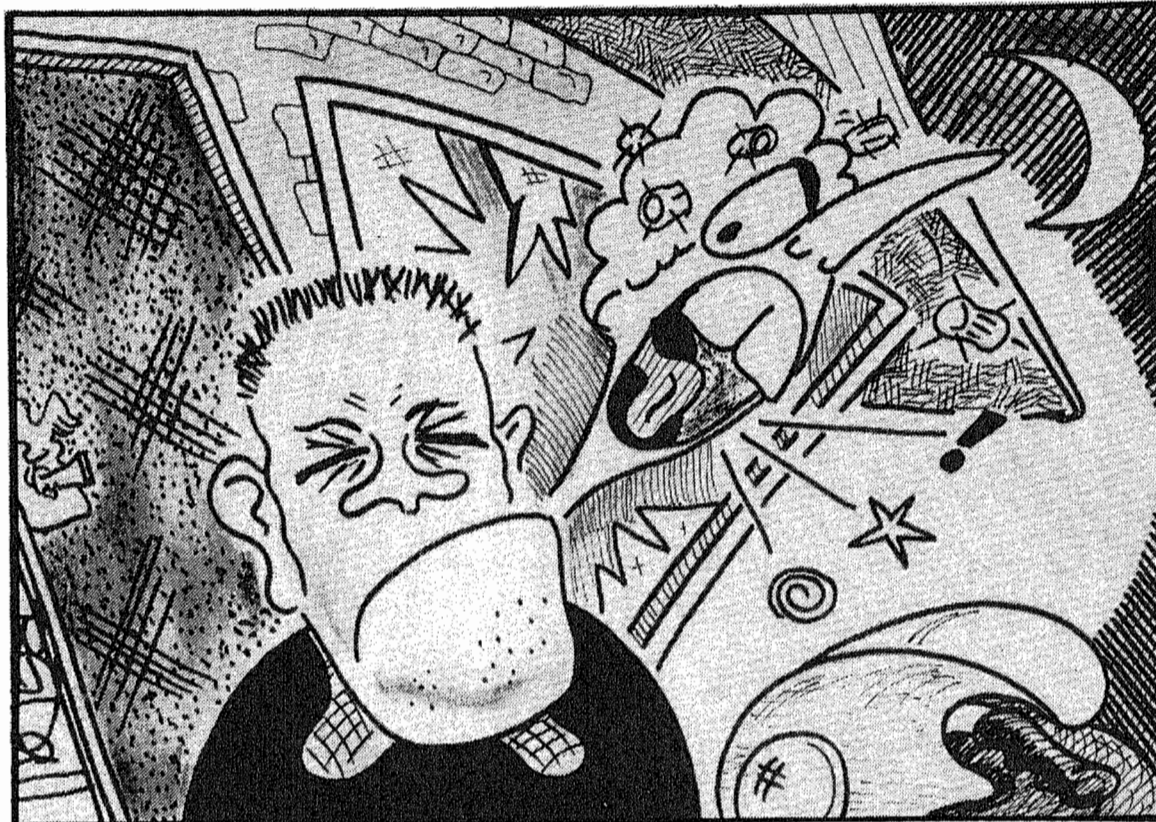
"Then why'n't ya fucken say so."
The head disappeared, a light came on and the Godsend's were privileged to an expansive back view of Gladys as she flounced out of the room in her frilly green pyjamas.

Charles, who had once described himself to a teaching colleague as a

BREAKER'S REVOLT PART 2

A SAVAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM

BY DAVID MUSSARED



"voyeur of human foible", hastened back out into the kitchen. The twins, both of whom were in his Remedial English class at the local high-school, added their voices to the fray from their bedroom at the back of the Pylon house. The family's blue-heeler launched into a chorus of barking.

He watched the lively altercation at the front door, with lights flicking on and off, and listening impressed to the torrent of abuse being poured onto the deferentially lowered head of Derek. The big man eventually took offence at being accused of being "pissed out of yer tiny little mind", seemingly to Charles the least insulting of the salvo of vituperatives. The argument culminated with the slamming of the door - again with an attendant tinkle of breaking glass - and loud swearing from Derek, who was still outside on the verandah.

His temper in no way improved by the encounter, Derek did not at first

realise the full extent of his tactical disadvantage. He renewed his assault on the lock, this time with the correct key, only to be defeated once again by the obscenely protruding relic of his previous attempt.

He shook his Easter Island head, squinting at the ravished cherub on the door, and hammered at the security screen.

"Fuck ya ya fucken bitch." His anger was awesome in its single mindedness.

"I'll fucken show ya. I'm goin' down to Zorbas t'see if any of me mates is there. Least I can fucken trust them."

Zorbas, Charles recalled, was an all night wine-bar in Hindley Street with an unenviable reputation. The twins had proudly boasted to him in class one day that their father had, on his last visit, caused some minor structural damage to the building

following a misunderstanding with a group of bikers, and he wondered what kind of welcome would await his neighbour there. Neither of them, as it happened, were to find out.

A new irate roar from Derek bore witness to his eventual comprehension of the intractability of his situation.

His motor-cycle key, he realised, was not in a position to be of service to him. Charles watched as he picked up the pliers again and succeeded in effectively neutering the cherub - rendering the business end of his key beyond recovery. Derek sat down on the saddle of his Ducatti to think.

The verandah light went off, a final gesture of indifference on Gladys' part, and Charles finished his glass of port. The spectacle seemed to have come to a stalemate, with Gladys having a decided advantage over her husband, and he debated with himself whether a third glass

was in order, or whether he should go to bed.

His quandary was resolved when he glimpsed the furtive figure of Derek scaling the side gate - an act which brought the trellis and part of the fence between the houses crashing to the ground - and he picked up the bottle and scuttled into the laundry from where he had a view of the Pylons' back-yard. He had not long to wait.

A crash of rubbish bins and an outbreak of snarling from the Pylons' dog rewarded his vigil. The back light flooded on, revealing Derek rolling about in mortal combat with the heeler amid a selection of scattered garbage cans - by climbing on which he had evidently hoped to gain access to the bathroom window.

An assortment of cooking accessories came hurtling in rapid succession from where Gladys, invisible to Charles, had taken up a defensive position behind the kitchen sink. He winced as the missiles struck home.

"Tut-tut, how cliché" he clucked disparagingly as a rolling-pin bounced off Derek's behind. Derek picked the implement up gratefully and used it to quell the carnivorous instincts of his assailant. The dog fled, yelping, and he turned to face his wife, an electric toaster exploding at his feet as he did so. Derek hefted the rolling-pin like a boomerang and flung it, with more anger than intent, at the kitchen window.

For the fourth time that night there was the sound of breaking glass, followed by a brilliant flash of blue light. Maralinga Avenue lapsed suddenly into darkness.

"Vulcan has struck" Charles chortled admiringly. "He's knocked the bloody fuse-box off its mountings. What an arm."

The unexpected eclipse seemed to defuse the Pylons' anger. Shouted complaints from their neighbours on the other side and Derek's contrite pleading eventually convinced Gladys to allow her husband to return sheepishly to the fold via the back door.

Charles, his view somewhat retarded by the lack of light, decided that the evening's entertainment was at an end and returned to bed. The sounds drifting across from the broken window opposite as the Pylons consummated their armistice lulled him to sleep.

Police on campus - legally

by James Williamson

Police enquiries made on campus without university knowledge last Thursday were perfectly legal according to the Registrar Mr. Frank O'Neill. This runs counter to a generally held belief amongst students that State police can enter the grounds only on official invitation.

Police were called to the Hughes Plaza branch of the ANZ bank by the Manager when a woman entered claiming she was being harassed by what the attending officer's described as a "deviant".

University security staff approached the male and female officers and were treated politely. In the past security staff have been told to "go away". Students' Association President, Tony Snell was informed of their presence.

Peter Turnbull, Facilities and Security Superintendent said there was a "long standing gentleman's agreement" between police and the university that the police would inform security staff that they were coming onto campus. Chief Superintendent Lockhead in charge of the Adelaide District confirmed that this had not been done on Thursday, but said



Police came to Adelaide Uni. last week - in search of 'a deviant'.

that normally they would inform the Security Office of their movements.

Police and Security Staff confirmed that the "Gentleman's agreement" tended to break down in urgent situations when leave-taking is sometimes retrospective. The university is in no position to complain as the agreement is purely voluntary, but Peter Turnbull said that in general there was a "good working relationship with the police."

The Registrar, Frank O'Neill said

that police had the same powers of entry onto the university as to any other private premises.

Students would agree that it was in their best interest to have the laws enforced on campus but police had agreed to consult the university on sensitive matters.

This agreement was reached after incidents in the 60's where the threat of police action had hampered the "free exchange of ideas".

Students puzzled by law results

Many law students are unhappy at the change in last year's pass marks at the end of year exams.

In previous years the minimum pass was held at 55%, but last year the pass mark was lowered to 50% to accommodate the student record computer system.

Kathy McEvoy, a Deputy Chairman of the Law Department said that the papers were marked as always, and at the same standard, but were graded for the record cards. The credit & distinction percentages did not change.

The problem arose when the provisional results were posted on the old scale but the students later received lower new-scale marks in the mail.

Many disgruntled students were surprised to find a lower percentage, even though it was still counted as a pass if it was over 50%.

Mrs. McEvoy said that notices were put up in many places to give notice of the change, but she agreed that many individual students may have not found out before receiving their new marks.

PRODUCTION NOTES

On dit is the newspaper of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Edited and published by Paul Washington and Moya Dodd.

Thanks to Richard Ogier, Jamie Skinner, Jaci Wiley, Joe Penhall, David Mussared, Robert Clark, Graham Lugsden, Alex Hancock,

Alex Webling, David Israel, Ron Tomlian, Richard Dall, Ben Cheshire (somewhere between Thailand and Israel), Troy Dangerfield, Jo Davis, Marion Ratzmer, John White, Mat Gibson, Trish Hensley, Steve Hards, James Prest, Michelle Chan and all the layout people.

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University muscles in on Union House

by Paul Washington

A breakdown in communications between the Union and the University has led to confusion over the use of space in Union House.

The problem first became evident when the university agreed recently to allow the ANZ Bank to install an automatic teller machine (ATM) in the airport lounge of Union House without any apparent formal discussion with Union Board.

Union Secretary, Rob Brice, said that the only discussions that occurred concerning the project were 'informal talks with a former Secretary and a former Students' Association President.'

However, in the latter stages of 1984 the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Don Stranks, received a letter from the then Union Secretary, Heinz Roth, agreeing to the installation of the ATM in Union House.

"It's quite clear there was discussion between the University and Union", said Professor Stranks.

"With the departure of the previous secretary a break-down of communications seems to have occurred [between the University and Union, and within the Union]" he said.

In response Brice said that the agreement made between Heinz Roth, the previous Union Secretary, and the university was a general agreement to have the ATM installed.

However "the Union should have been consulted about the details."

The agreement between the University and the ANZ bank to build the ATM was made in November

1984. Work began early this year.

Work on the ATM will now be delayed for up to a month until materials required for changes to the design of the ATM desired by the Union can be delivered.

The confusion surrounding the installation of the ATM is one result of a disagreement between the University and the Union over who had the right to determine how space in Union House will be used.

A further controversy exists over which body can lease out the space currently occupied by the ANZ bank, when the ANZ moves later this year.

The Union holds Union House lease from the University, except for the area occupied by the ANZ.

The bank began its tenancy when Union House was originally built, and so has leased its space from the University.

Moves are now afoot within the University to lease the ANZ area to the State Bank as soon as the ANZ vacates the space.

Before Union House was completed in 1975 however, the ANZ bank paid over one hundred thousand dollars advance rent to the Union, to assist with the building costs.

It is unlikely that the Union will continue to receive rent for the space however.

"The Bursar maintains that that area where the ANZ bank is the University's concern to do with as it wishes," said Brice.

"We question the very fact that the University seeks to control Union House."



Royal revelations ...

AMAZING, never-before revealed details of the private lives of the Royals have been disclosed by the Queen and Prince Philip in a world-first exclusive scoop interview with On dit.

We now know:

+ That after more than 30 years of marriage the Queen still wishes Prince Philip wouldn't cool his tea by pouring it in his saucer

+ That the Prince, affectionately known as Phil the Greek, has long dreamt of returning to Adelaide, the only place in the Southern Hemisphere where "one can find a good yiros."

+ That heir to the throne, Prince Charles, still dabbles in the occult and hopes to use the Queen's Tour to establish a trans-global ouija board link-up with the ghost of Skippy the kangaroo.

+ That the Queen still keeps in touch with Royal intruder Michael Fagin.

The Queen agreed to talk frankly for the first time about the reality behind the glittering ceremonial pomp and circumstance of the British Royal Family as a token of Royal gratitude to an On dit reporter

Our intrepid cub reporter, Winston Partington-Bishwell-Killingfields-Smyth (OBE), formerly of St Peters College, received severe neck injuries and was treated for possible permanent brain damage when he threw himself upon a semi-naked Maori who was apparently intent upon approaching the Royal party as it disembarked from the Royal Barge at Glenelg yesterday.

It is our pleasure, as your tearaway student newspaper first with the Royals to present this edited transcript of the epoch-making event and first for Australian journalism.

ON DIT: ...er...um.. our Highnall Royness...no, blast, sorry.....Your Majestic, Highest....damn it. Your....er...Mrs Windsor...no that's not it....

QUEEN: Beloved representative of our dear subjects from our far-flung empire, be pleased to address our Royal selves as "Your Most Royal Highness, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, Empress of all

EXCLUSIVE

India and the Americas, Queen of England, Canada, Australia and....(an aside) Philip dearest, is that the lot?

PRINCE PHILIP: And New Zealand.

QUEEN: Oh yes, and New Zealand.

PRINCE PHILIP: And Queensland.

QUEEN: And My Land.....

ON DIT: Thank you very much. Can I begin by asking about your heir Prince Charles? Concern has been voiced about some of his more bizarre interests. Some experts say the monarchy is headed for disaster if a mantra-mouthing, vegetarian clairvoyant should ever get his backside on the throne. Do you share these concerns? Does the Prince dabble with the occult?

QUEEN: Ever since he was very young, Charles has loved animals.. That's why we sent him to school in Australia. Perhaps Philip can better answer your question.

PRINCE PHILIP: The whole thing is a storm in a saucer, sorry, teacup. I found him trying to contact Mountbatten with a damned ouija board on the throne one day, just after he married that damned girl the photographers keep following. Well, I took it off him, of course. Told him he was too old for that sort of thing, that M batten was a crashing bore when he was living let alone when he was dead. He went off it for a while, but just before we left to come over he started babbling about getting in touch with a ruddy kangaroo. The lad's never been the same since he was bugged at Timbertop.

ON DIT: Security is a problem on Royal tours. Adelaide is especially difficult because of its unique reputation for deviancy. Your Highness has been touched by perversion in the form of one Michael Fagin, who found his way into the Royal Bedroom and asked you for a cigarette. Are you concerned about security for your trip to Adelaide?

QUEEN: Not at all. I think most families have their dev-

iancy problems which can only be overcome by understanding. Since meeting, Michael and I have developed a warm and caring relationship. I still send him a carton of Dunhill on his birthday. The security at Government House really is impregnable and the colonial idea of glass-topped walls is an admirable one we shall adopt for the Palace upon our return.

ON DIT: I hope your highnesses won't mind but, well, On dit is a student newspaper and students these days aren't much interested in politics, or the history of the monarchy or class consciousness so my editors have asked me to stick to stuff relevant to students. We understand that Princess Di is very particular about the brand of marmalade the royal provisions officer gets in for Prince Charles' breakfast. Are there any other products you'd like to plug?

QUEEN: All our preferred lines bear the "By appointment" label. Customers who purchase these brands can be sure they're getting a product with the official Royal seal of approval.

ON DIT: What about rock music. We've had royal rockers like Prince and Queen. Now there are reports about a group of young Lords, Ladies and Baronesses forming a raunchy rock band and gigging around London. Is that a sign of the times? Does royalty's future lie with rock and roll?

QUEEN: Well certainly Prince Philip has a fine collection of Neil Diamond albums and Princess Diana has a poster of that young man from Duran Duran in the East Wing 2nd bathroom if that's what you mean.

ON DIT: Not really. I think our readers would like to know if your Royal Highnesses are going to get more involved yourselves. Can we expect a rock opera for the next royal wedding? Perhaps "Prince Andrew -- Superstud!"?

QUEEN: I don't think

continue to page 5.

Keating: all style no substance?

Style.

It's Paul Keating's trademark and political strength. It has annointed him as Bob Hawke's natural successor, carrying him from the obscure but vicious world of NSW Labor Right machine politics to the verge of Australia's highest political office.

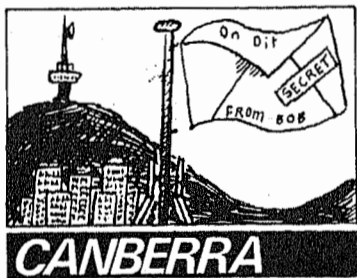
More importantly for the Hawke government, Keating's style has also been crucial in winning business support for a 'new style' Labor party. Keating has been able to introduce a series of policies which would make Opposition John Howard envious: floating the dollar, introducing foreign banks and almost bringing in a consumption tax.

But for a while there Keating lost his cool. Stripped of his style he looked and acted like any other politician - all threat and bombast. Suddenly Keating was vulnerable.

For all the proclamations that a John Howard Liberal Party would be a new-look Opposition with 'radical right' policies to challenge the Hawke government, ironically it has scored its greatest success by the oldest and most traditional of political tactics: head kicking.

Enter Wilson Tuckey: a 'fixer' and head kicker of the old-school, joining the ranks of Reg Withers, Peter Walsh and Ian Sinclairs - not to mention Keating himself.

'Ironbar' Tuckey, an appellation resulting from an assault conviction against an Aborigine in 1967, freely admits he targeted Keating with a loose brief from Howard. He has also threatened to reveal new



names to which Keating is sensitive.

So Tuckey dragged up a 'breach of promise' action taken against Keating over a decade ago. It was designed to throw the government's most dangerous minister off-balance, and the tragedy is that the strategy succeeded.

Keating can be a devastating Parliamentary performer, but his outburst a fortnight ago against John Howard displayed a surprising lack of political acumen.

His promise to "crucify" and "obliterate" Howard raised the "Kristine factor from a colourful, but minor, Parliamentary sidelight to the centre of the political stage. As a result major dailies including *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Age* felt obliged to lead with the story in their Saturday papers.

Realising his error Keating later that day toured the press gallery - a clear signal of a politician in trouble. Keating tried to reassure journalists that he had not gone over the top and that he had everything under control. (Storming the gallery offices is an old habit of politicians in crisis - an unobvious way of stroking journo's egos it also allows

continued page 4

4 NEWS

Flinders Uni will protest Royal visit

Flinders University students will stage an anti-Royal protest when Prince Philip visits their campus on Thursday.

They will demonstrate against the unveiling of a \$15,000 bust of explorer Matthew Flinders and subsequently hold an "Anti-Royal Garden Party."

The Duke of Edinburgh, in his capacity as head of the Conservation Foundation, also will inspect research carried out by the School of Biological Sciences.

The General Secretary of the Students' Association of Flinders University, Kathy Larrigy, said the event was a waste of money.

"The administration has spent \$15,000 on a bust and about \$3,000 refreshments for guests. That money could buy dozens of books, or pay for a tutor for a year," she said.

"All this is happening at the same time when student numbers are being restricted due to a lack of money."

Ms Larrigy said the university was "craving for prestige" and had "overlooked student needs in their desperate attempt for Royal recognition."

Flinders University Vice-Chancellor, Professor Keith Hancock, admitted the visit "does have a public relations side to it."

"It's given us an opportunity to invite people who are relevant to the university," he said.

These included local MPs, school principals, mayors and the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide.

Prof. Hancock said Flinders University was "very light on" in works of art, and local sculptor John Dowie had "done a very good job."



The ALP last week launched a publicity campaign with some quirks.



Bob's overture to the people: sex, drugs and ultraviolence

Bob Hawke must think that sex, drugs and a bit of "the ultraviolence" is the way to win the next election.

The ALP has just begun a series of television commercials, using the music from *Clockwork Orange* to put its message to the people.

ALP national secretary, Bob McMullan said last week that the ads will lead to a more sophisticated and serious treatment of the issues.

Maybe that is why the ALP's advertising agency, Forbes McFie Hansen, chose to use the *Clockwork Orange* music in the ad.

It is the overture to Rossini's *The Thieving Magpie*, which in the film

accompanies the scene in which Alex and his three droogs, while high on violence stimulating drugs, give a rival gang a thorough going over.

Is this the image which Bob Hawke is trying to put across?

The message of the advertisement is that his Government promised to create 500,000 jobs in its first three years but has actually created 608,000.

The advertisement depicts people, presumably out of work and unused to getting up early, being coaxed out of bed and going to work.

Is Bob saying that his Government has got people back to work by

encouraging them with a few well aimed "tolchocks"?

According to Bob McMullan the ads are a part of a long-term strategy to present the Labor Government's achievements and policies rather than the traditional campaign style of "firing all of your ammunition in the last few weeks."

He said people were tired of being wooed only for a brief time in election periods and then ignored until the next poll.

The last federal election was little more than a year ago and the next need not be held until early 1988.

O-Week: There was much to stare at



The Essendon Policewomen's Band was just one of many O'week attractions...



...or distractions...

Keating

from page 3

line to be pushed on a background basis).

Now that Tuckey has succeeded in rattling Keating he can now be put back on his leash - although John Howard is unlikely to keep him under too tight a rein.

For this is where the Kristine factor becomes part of a wider political picture.

The economy is precariously balanced. Keating wants a tight budget, while the Labor Party is increasingly frustrated with the financial strait jacket demanded by the market place. Hence the recent 'revolt' of seven Ministers with welfare portfolios rejecting budget cuts for their areas, and the leaking last week of both a Treasury position paper and a Cabinet submission from Keating calling for \$1,400m in

budget cuts.

Keating's demand for blood and the sacking of the Minister responsible for the leak will add further ammunition for an Opposition which, until a few weeks ago, looked remarkably ineffective and fragile.

While Keating is under pressure Howard has no grounds for complacency. He can exploit the increasing signs of economic trouble, but the fact remains that the 'Dry's' policy, revolution within the Liberal Party remains incomplete and worse, ill-defined. Howard's rhetoric as deputy leader remains unmapped by concrete alternative proposals.

In many respects the Kristine factor could prove a crucial turning point for the Hawke government. For regardless of issues, the focus will be on Keating's performance in Parliament. Howard's chances of leading the Liberal's back into office rests almost entirely in destroying Keating's credibility.

Labor wants students

The Labor Party needed activists on campus to push along the political debate in the party, the Special Minister of State, Mr. Mick Young said last week.

He encouraged students who supported the Labor Party to come forward and be involved in campus politics.

He said that the career-oriented students of today should also turn their minds to politics.

Otherwise student campuses would be a missing link in the party he said.

"Worrying about a career is one thing," he said. Students should also "worry about into what sort of society your career is going to be placed.

Turn to p14 for Young interview



Some students becoming orientated

Politics in schools could create jobs for Arts graduates

by Richard Ogier

A new area of employment opportunities will be opened to tertiary graduates by the introduction of Politics, as a matriculation subject, into South Australian secondary schools next year.

Graduates whose degrees include Politics will have the best chance of obtaining jobs teaching the subject.

"Many students that have gone through teacher education programmes in the past have taken studies in Politics which up until now they have not been able to utilize. Well, this subject is tapping into a large pool of expertise that exists in the teaching force," according to Mr. Gary Willmott, the Assistant Director of Education (Curriculum and Assessment) at SSABSA (The Senior Secondary Assessment Board of South Australia).

The syllabus - which was designed by a working party that included Dr. Carol Bacchi, a Lecturer in Politics at Adelaide University - has been approved by SSABSA and the Joint Matriculation Committee of Adelaide and Flinders Universities.

It is divided into core and option sections, with the former including topics such as The Constitution and Federalism, Political Representation and Parliament, Voting and Elections, Political Parties, Social Movements and Pressure Groups, and Australian Foreign Policy.

The second category includes such topics as Power and the Mass Media, Trade Unions and Arbitration, Gender, Power and Politics, International Political Organisations, Super Power Relations, since 1940, and the Politics of Arms Control.

The concept of teaching politics in schools has been attacked in the past in Right Wing journals like "Quadrant", and through the education column of Murdoch's "Australian", on the grounds that it is educationally unsound.

The accusation has been based on the criticisms that the subject

engenders very strong emotions, and therefore is unsuitable as a means of teaching people clear and logical thought and that various aspects of the subject - including the intricacies of East-West relations - are too difficult for young people to grasp.

A further criticism is that the teaching of politics is somehow open to a left-wing bias.

In response to these claims Willmott said that "the subject is no more open to bias than any other social science."

"The syllabus is very explicit, in its detail of the content of the topics, and substance of the course, and is certainly not designed to promulgate any political philosophy. It is very much an academic programme in the disciplined study of politics as a social science."

Willmott also said that assessment on the basis of a combination of external examination and internal school grading, would work against the propagation of bias.

On the issue of the subject's difficulty, Willmott said "It (the syllabus) has been designed by a cross-section of people from the tertiary sector and from the schools, who are very familiar with the capabilities of students, and what can be expected of them."

Brian Abbey, a lecturer in Politics at Adelaide University believes that there is nothing educationally unsound about teaching emotionally laden subjects.

Discussing the Politics syllabus on Radio 5UV late last year he maintained that people give their best effort and attention to subject matter that they see as being of "real emotional and practical significance for them".

He referred to the need to debate and discuss Politics in schools, rather than to suppress the topic.

Said Willmott, "The subject is designed to raise students' general knowledge of the political process and political institutions so they can participate as informed citizens."

Amazing revelations

from page 3.

that's likely. After all, we had to get that electric guitar away from Prince E Edward after he electrocuted one of the corgis.

ON DIT: What about your influences then?

QUEEN: What do you mean? Pink gin?

ON DIT: Not exactly.

Where do you see your reign coming from? I mean, as a young Queen starting out on the road doing all those royal opening gigs you must have been inspired by other monarchs. They don't have CAE courses in Royalty, do they?

QUEEN: Prince Philip and I do not like to be pigeon-holed.

ON DIT: I'm sure our readers would like to hear about young Prince William. I realise it may be early yet, but Prince Charles' stay at Timbertop in Victoria was mentioned earlier. Have you given any thought to enrolling William at Adelaide Uni when the time comes? He'd be more

than welcome, so long as he takes it easy at O-camp.

QUEEN: I'm sure Charles and Diana will give that serious consideration.

ON DIT: Just one last question. How do you feel about the continue calls for privatisation of the monarchy? We've seen Captain Mark Phillips' ads for Landrover and British Leyland. Might your Royal Highnesses consider extending the concept of corporate sponsorship? Perhaps a Wendts logo on the Crown jewels, or why not a Pal commercial with your corgis?

QUEEN: Well, we have been approached by one television programme offering a large fee. Who was it again Philip?

PHILIP: "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" dear.

UNFORTUNATELY at this point the interview was cut short by technical problems - Mr Partington-Bishwell-Killingfields-Smyth forgot to turn the tape over. We apologise for any inconvenience to our readers.

Out of place at the Ball

THEY couldn't have been more out of place.

Among the 3,800-strong crowd of adolescents in tight jeans, trendy haircuts and heavy make-up at last Saturday's O-Ball, MCs Neil and Steven of Los Trios Ringbarkus stood out like lentil patties at a butchers' picnic.

Tripping over power cords and bumping into microphones, they were the antithesis of the smooth, smarmy radio station disc-jockeys who usually MC shows like the O-Ball.

"Hiii.....We're Los Trios Ringbarkus and we're here to have a really good time with you here tonight," they warbled unconvincingly at the start of the show.

"Boy are we going to have fun here at the Adelaide High School Ball and I hope you've all picked out your partners.

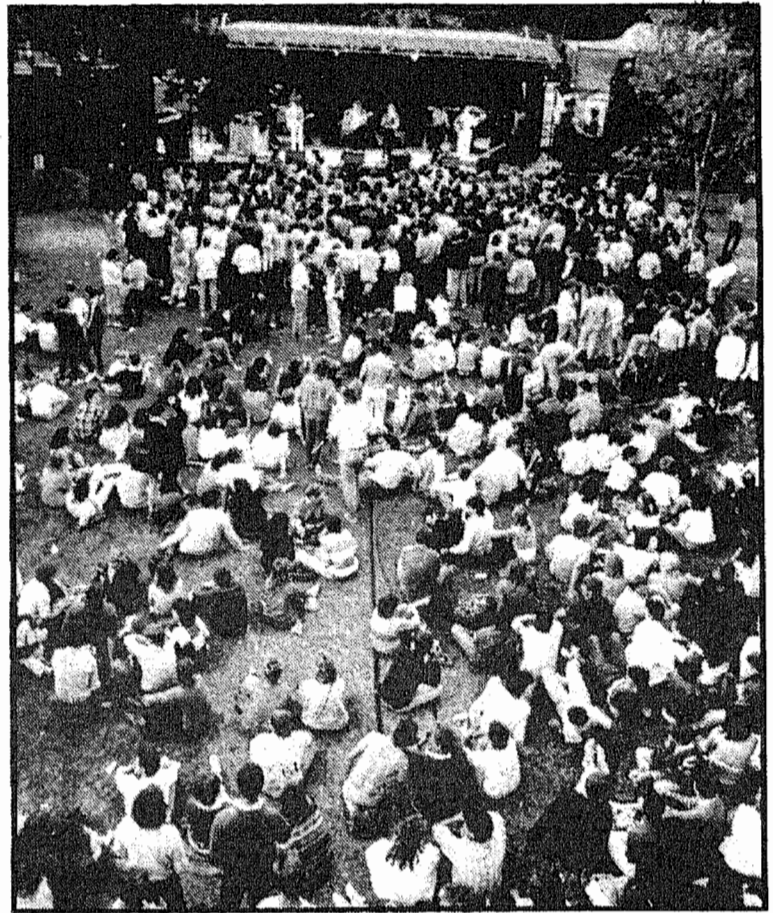
"You have entered the magic world of rock and roll where you can jump up and down and bump into people and it doesn't matter.

"Hey!!!! Somebody just called us a 'fucking wanker'.

"Well, anyway, here's the next band, the Von Trapp Family singers with their hit single, 'Do Re Mi'."

As the fashionably sullen-looking members of Do Re Mi stalked on to the stage, one gained the impression they were not amused.

And judging by the lyrics of their songs, which deal with concepts such as penis envy



and anal humour, they believe that rock and roll is far from a laughing matter.

Down in the crowd, though, the beer was flowing, the marijuana was burning and the punters were managing to have a good time.

Organisers, however, were somewhat more subdued as rumours spread that the show would run at a loss.

And there were some particularly unedifying scenes on the door where the security guards, apparently escapees from Yatala Labour Prison, were taking the opportunity to renew their acquaintance with the female anatomy while searching patrons for bottles.

All in all, it was everything an O-Ball usually is.

The big man behind the big show

by Terence Cambridge

The most difficult thing about interviewing this year's Orientation Ball director, Devin Clementi, is just getting a word in edgeways.

In the Students' Association office which he has commandeered Clementi is constantly being interrupted by members of his small army of O-Ball helpers.

"Hey Devin, Pike wants to know where the P.A. goes".

"Ask him if it's a double Martin and if it is tell him we have to fly the fucking three phase," Clementi replies.

"Devin, how much rope do we need for the cloisters?"

"Well we need three metres for each pole so just go and count how many poles there are in the cloisters - you do know how to count, don't you?"

For most students the O-Ball is simply a night of loud music, dancing and drinking.

But for Clementi, it is the culmination of weeks of organizing, wheeling and dealing, and hard work.

"To put together a show like this, I've got personnel and equipment coming from four States," he told On dit last week.

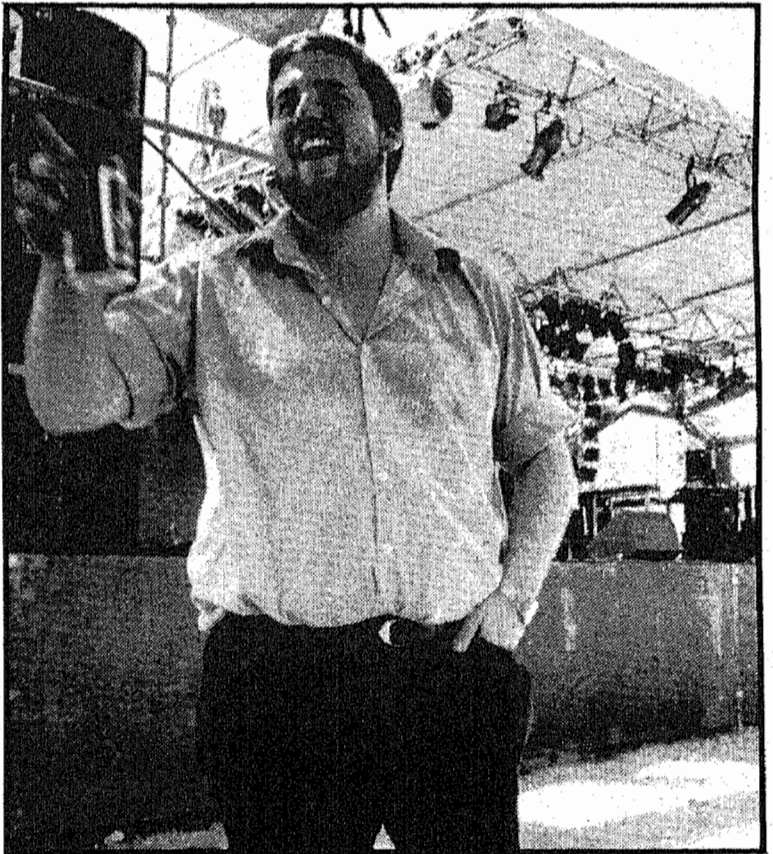
"The Gliders and their stage gear are coming from Perth, Do Re Mi are coming in from Sydney and flying out to Canberra, and we have to truck in a special stage from Melbourne.

"So a lot of the time I just sit on the phone bouncing across the country from the east coast to the west coast, trying to co-ordinate it all."

Clementi speaks in a soft American accent which befits his job.

"I was born in Chicago and in 1965 my parents dragged me to Australia as a screaming infant with an American accent," he explains.

He has been organising rock shows at the University since 1983 and co-directed last year's O-Ball for the Students' Association.



That show was an enormous financial success, making a profit of \$12,500 which was returned to Students' Association coffers to finance future functions.

This year Clementi has planned for a profit of around \$6,000.

His philosophy is that the O-Ball should strike a balance between being a show students can afford and making a modest profit.

"It's all very well to say you should put together a small show with obscure, ideologically-sound bands, but the bottom line, as far as I'm concerned, is that the Ball must break even, it must not lose money because that is throwing students' money down the drain," he said.

"A lot of people don't realise that there is no way of running a show like the O-Ball without spending mega-bucks.

"Just to set up the Barr Smith Lawns for a show, to put in a stage, put fencing up and so on, costs around \$26,000 so like it or not you are into spending big money.

"While I don't want to make huge profits at the expense of keeping ticket prices low, I certainly don't want to run an O-Ball like the 1983 fiasco [when the O-Ball lost an estimated \$18,000].

"If I wake up on Monday morning knowing the O-Ball hasn't broken even, I'll be very sad."



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

Let Hurford speak...

Dear Editors,
The first 1986 *On dit* is surpassed only by the 1984 paper which it so closely resembles, yet it contains an article, "Migrant intake up", which deserves criticism.
That article demonstrates a deep confusion over the A.L.P.'s immigration policy. Suffice it to say that the centrepiece, laudable as it is in its attack on racism which we all deplore, manages to create the impression that Chris Hurford wants to slash the migrant intake. Precisely the opposite is the case.
Social Democrats like Hurford have been fighting for many years against those on the far left of Australian politics who fear that migrants will take the jobs of "real Australians". That's one reason why the current policy includes taking migrants who have skills Australians don't have. We also take refugees, but the overwhelming majority of migrants are brought here to reunite them with their families.
Hurford has raised the migrant intake from 64,000 to 95,000 over the past two years. Why a few of Adelaide's many ethnic leaders found it necessary to call that a "nominal" increase, probably only they know. It's a pity that the migrant leaders with a different view of Hurford's approach weren't asked to comment. It's even sadder that the Minister wasn't allowed to defend himself.

Yours with confidence,
P.A. Leask,
and ten other signatories.

Sanity at *On dit*

Dear Editors,
Imagine the sigh of relief I breathed, when I realised that once more sanity prevailed at *On dit*. After putting up with last year's unmitigated tripe it is wonderful to be able to contemplate a year at uni. with something worthwhile to read at the refectory table. Please never let Mr. Walker darken our pages again. I consider myself one who has always held *On dit* close to my heart as an interesting and entertaining student newspaper - alas until last year, which should go down in history as ash 1985 of student literature. (Stick that up your jumper Henrietta Frump!) I await with bated breath for the first issue of 1986 *On dit* from our two extremely talented and intelligent young editors.
Yours faithfully,
an adoring reader, xxx

The 'factual' account of O-Camp

Dear Editors,
As directors of the O-Camps, myself and Ronan Moore have always ignored the cheap scandals *On dit* has provided the University over the years, however, as representatives of the Students' Association, and also as human beings, we refuse to ignore the methods *On dit* employed in producing this year's irresponsible scandal. We refuse to ignore the manner in which they totally disregarded the factual details regarding happenings on this year's camps. And we absolutely deplore the manner in which they attempted to drag the family name of a first year girl through the mud unnecessarily, despite many attempts by various SAUA office-holders, Education and Welfare Officers, myself and even the girl herself, to have the names suppressed, as the girl was entering tertiary life for the first time and it would be very unfair to deprive any student the chance to start University with a clean slate. The thought of having her name

The Real Story

Dear Editors,
Cory Aquino has defeated Ferdinand Marcos for the presidency of the Philippines.
Robert Clark (*On dit*, March 3), and his mates on the Totalitarian or Extreme Left of politics, are angry that this change has occurred by ballot and popular, non-violent rebellion.
For Robert Clark, no political change is genuine unless it is violent, class conscious and ends in a Marxist-Leninist dictatorship. It is significant that the Soviet Union's newsagency, Tass, was supporting Marcos in his final hours.
Cory Aquino's victory disappoints the Soviet leadership and Robert Clark because it defies the Marxist-Leninist analysis of history.

Robert Clark writes, in his fairy story (p.2), about "people in the mountains who were so poor they were fighting with guns for a better kingdom." Those of us who have known the Extreme Left on campus for the past ten years get a terrible shudder of déjà vu upon reading that sentence. The Extreme Left at Adelaide Uni supported a Leftist guerilla in Cambodia called Pol Pot who fed a poor, rural army to victory. It had second thoughts about him only after his army had murdered almost one million Cambodians. Robert Clark still defends the concentration-camp regime in Vietnam.

Some things don't change. Robert Clark still hasn't got a degree.

May I ask the editors two questions about *On dit's* coverage of the revolution in the Philippines?

Why ask Robert Clark, an anti-Aquino partisan who has no ability to write truthfully or grammatically, to cover the Philippines for *On dit*?

Why publish a story about the reaction of the so-called Philippines Action Support Group to Aquino's victory? P.A.S.G. consists of about 20 Australian Communists. The group you should have contacted is the much larger Filipino Association of S.A., which has Filipino members.

Their reaction was a different story, the real story.

Mick Atkinson

Science Assoc. O-Camps OK

Dear Editors,
Once again the Students' Association camps have excelled themselves at their version of orientation.
Despite the alcoholism, unsuitable seniors and basic lack of organisation it is possible that a few people made friends anyway.
The wave of publicity generated each year by the Students' Association camps severely jeopardises all orientation camps. We consider that our camp and some others do in fact benefit the new students that attend, and we do not wish to see them stopped by the irresponsibility of the students Association.

Yours faithfully,
Paul Brooks,
President,
Adelaide University
Science Association

About the Union fee

Hugh Martin,
Chair, Finance and Development
Sub-Committee of the Union Board

All students at Adelaide University must pay a fee to the Student Union, otherwise the University will withhold their degrees or stop re-enrolment.

This situation was created by an Act of Parliament and thus can only be changed by such a process. The setting of that fee is the responsibility of the Union Board with the assent of the University Council. It is the fondest dream of most Board members to lower the fee. This however is difficult because if the University decides the fee is too low, it can step in and set its own level. The fee can and is currently being combined by sound management, an elimination of political finicking that characterised the seventies and through the policy of marketing the Union (e.g. leasing space to a Record Shop).

The breakdown of the fee as

shown, is a rough estimate of your contribution to each Union service. As Accounting students will know, a precise costing is very difficult and time consuming. The Union provides other services such as the Bookshop, Squash Courts etc. which pay for themselves and these are not included.

The Union receives its income from this fee, various investments, profits from operations (such as the Bar) and rents from the Record Shop, Student Travel and the Pharmacy. If the fee were removed many of the services would be curtailed but it is inconceivable that the shops, refectories and bar would disappear. The profit from these operations could provide for an adequate level of student services.

None of the services of the Union are permanent. If you consider any of them frivolous and a waste of your money, or you would like other services provided, write to *On dit* as it is the best way to have your view heard.

Where Your Union Fee goes

Sports Association	65.00
Clubs and Societies	28.00
Students' Association	
- Education Activities and Services	26.00
- Media - <i>On dit</i>	11.00
- Student Radio	4.00
- Bread and Circuses	1.00
Theatres and Union Hall	18.00
Catering	15.00
Bar (Profit)	18.00
Craft Studio	12.00
Gallery	11.00
Post Graduate Students Association	8.00
Activities	8.00
Child Care	4.00
Non-Collegiate Housing	2.00
University Foundation	1.00
	\$196.00

Complaint!

Dear Editors,
As a new student at Adelaide Uni, I recently obtained my first copy of *On dit* for 1986 and am taking this opportunity to comment.

I guess that whenever someone puts pen to paper it is the reader who is at the forefront of our minds and the impression we might make on him/her is of chief concern.

Whilst I was suitably impressed with the general quality and presentation of this publication - the Editorial (Onditorial) left me COLD! Not that the attempt at humour bothered me but quite frankly the final paragraph was extremely poor!

I certainly hope that when such comments or in fact quotations are printed, that you do consider readers such as myself who are not impressed by an attempt to raise a smile via the use of atrocious language.

Tom Schmid

an important message for students...

teas teas teas teas
teas teas teas teas
teas teas teas teas
teas teas teas teas

teas applications
must be in by
march 31

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

SAUA

Paul Coor y

Collect your TEAS booklets from the SAUA Office

Education standards

A recent study by the Economic Planning Advisory Council once more criticized Australia's educational and training systems for falling behind developments in many other developed countries. It took a teaching union, the Federation of College Academics, to point out that data on which the EPAC report is based is six years old, so diluting the report's significance.

It seems however to be a popular pastime amongst economists to slam Australia's skill base' for not keeping up with envisioned developments in highly industrial nations, and, whenever possible, the education system. But though watery phrases such as 'increased participation' and 'loss of competitiveness' are tossed about with gay abandon, concrete suggestions to starve off the so-called decline don't extend far beyond encouraging more people to enrol in technology-oriented courses.

OnDit

Is the answer to generating economic growth and productivity, cutting the deficit, producing exportable merchandise etc, merely to turn universities into glorified institutes of technology, when educationists and economists alike will eagerly point out that funds to provide more places in existing science and technology courses simply are not available?

Perhaps the fault lies not with institutions of learning so much as with the business sector itself for failing to inject more funds into university research.

Most of us know that Australia has a stock of highly trained personnel in science and technology areas whose skills are not being utilised because of a lack of funds to finance the research that enable us to produce exportable items.

The widely spread belief that our education system is inadequate is a myth in the context of generating graduates with the expertise to book Australia's economic strength and competitiveness internationally.

Or if the economic diehards prefer, perhaps we could train more scientists by wasting less money on economists.

Orientation

For some, the end of Orientation Week means the start of a new academic experience; for others, it is just another year. We trust that all new students now find themselves suitably oriented, and congratulations must go to O-Week Co-ordinator David Israel and O-Ball Director, Devin Clementi for a slickly organised Orientation program

On dit is, of course, your newspaper and we welcome your suggestions and ideas. Please utilise the 'Letters to the Editor' space or drop into our office.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

British papers radical, negative

FORUM

Student newspapers vary from obviously politically directed propaganda rags to semi-professional operations to just plain rags. Here PAUL JOHNSON takes a look at the role of student newspapers in Britain.

Anyone glancing through the 1985-86 crop of university papers might well conclude that students are serious and warm-hearted but a bit negative. An awful lot of banning, boycotting, vetoing and black-listing goes on. 'Poly Bans Barclays' was the main headline on the Bristol *Bacus*. The University of York's *Nouse* also reported a ban on Barclays cheques. The *Warwick Boar* splashed the news that student pickets, trying to prevent 'Tory rebels' from opening an account at Barclays, 'spat on several of them and screamed obscenities'. Perhaps naturally, banks are a focus of student hostility. *Omega*, the paper of Herriot-Watt University, prints a hate-list of what it calls 'unsympathetic bank branches'.

'No Racist Platform' was the front-page lead of Oxford's *Cherwell* (very political these days). Durham's *Palatinate* also reported a 'no platform' policy, that being the current cant phrase the Left uses for

gay life'. On the other hand, at Bristol, according to the *Bacus*, the union has passed 'an anti-heterosexualist motion'. The *Sussex Union News* carried an article about the campaign by the Women's Group to ban 'pornographic objects' on campus. They took particular exception to the sale of 'offensive cigarette lighters' and the fact that 'nude women were being used to advertise Brighton'. The group had therefore decided to picket, with a 'mixed picket' on alternate days. By contrast, however, the *Wessex Student* wants to ban Mrs. Whitehouse for 'moral fascism'. At Warwick, according to the *Boar*, they are planning to ban blood sports by what it calls 'Slaughter Sabotage'. It is the same in Cambridge, where *Stop Press* reported that a student in digs who hung a brace of partridges 'by a silk dressing-gown cord' from his window-box caused 'uproar' and that, although his landlady told the mob which gathered that 'they ought to go and get a job', the offensive right-wing birds were stolen.

When not banning, students are worrying. At Herriot-Watt, according to *Omega*, it is the outrageous increase in the cost of the campus tumble-driers. The *Sussex Union News* reports great concern about 'concrete cancer' in the university buildings. The *Edinburgh Student* says the worry up there is 'tea-bag cancer', which I gather stems from a tobacco-substitute. *Palatinate*, the *Strathclyde Newline* and *Nouse* carry items reflecting the fear of AIDS, thought they differ on causes and remedies. On the South Bank, according to its *Pipeline*, the worry is lack of vegetarian food in the union, one student complaining 'there's lots of vegetarians and were [sic] getting pissed off with chips and beans [sic] are to [sic] expensive'.

More understandably, perhaps, students are worked up about violence, which seems to infest the campus these days. At Bristol *Bacus* reports that gypsies invaded the university's sports ground, drove the groundsman out of his home and forced him 'to go into hiding at a secret address'. The LSE's *Beaver* recorded a whole series of individual attacks on students, some racist, and accused the Bursar of 'paying lip-service to security'. In Cambridge, *Stop Press* splashed the story that a student arrested for possession of a loaded gun claimed there was 'a risk of attacks on students' and that he felt a 'moral responsibility' to help police 'in the role of a quasi-vigilante'. But then



The *Mancunian* gave an enthusiastic account of how 'three double-decker bus loads of students from our union' formed part of a mob...

denying a hearing to anyone whose views are disliked. 'No Chance Fowler' was the heading on an issue of the *Wessex Student* almost entirely devoted to protest against 'the cuts', changes in welfare benefits and 'the fight against the government's education policy'. This abominable nomanism reflects, of course, what the *Strathclyde Newline* calls the 'manipulation and politicisation of student issues by a small number of left-wing extremists [which] effectively silences any opposition'. But not all the banning fits this formula. *Nouse* also reported that a student had been 'banned from Christian Union meetings and removed from its mailing-list for leading an active

students engaged in a lot of violence themselves. The *Mancunian* gave an enthusiastic account of how 'three double-decker bus loads of students from our union' formed part of a mob which prevented the National Front from holding a meeting at Stockport Town Hall. The 'no platform' policy has led directly to violence at several universities, as their student papers reveal.

Rightly or wrongly, students are associated with violence these days - and with disgusting behaviour too. *Hullfire*, the Hull University paper, under the splash headline 'Halloween Horror', reported that 'Vomit and faeces were left scattered around the Union building after the Halloween Ball. Used contraceptives and patches of burnt carpet were also found following the cheap cider promotion night'. To judge by the score or so papers I have been reading, too many students take part in violent picketing and not enough in the student Community

Action programme, admirably described in *Nouse*.

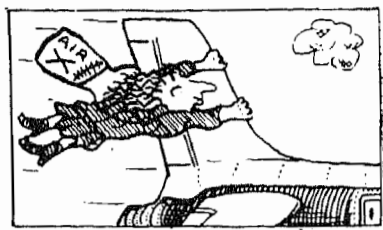
These publications provide an insight into student heroes and villains. Sir Keith Joseph gets a lot of stick. The University College London paper, *Pi*, says student leaders refused to shake his hand when he paid an official visit. Particular fury seems to be directed at Harvey Proctor MP. On the other hand, Enoch Powell now seems an acceptable figure: after a visit to St Andrews, its *Chronicle* gave him a fulsome write-up.

One rising student hero is Eddie Shah. The Bishop of Durham, as one would expect, gets himself talked about. We know he is a silly man but can he really have said, as reported in *Palatinate*: 'Sometimes I think that God and Karl Marx are a lot more down-to-earth than the rest of us'? Among the writers who get themselves interviewed or enthused about, I noted Julian Barnes, William Boyd, Joseph Heller and Michael Frayn.

My chief criticism is that there is not enough creative writing in these student mags. Some of them, such as *Stop Press* and *Palatinate*, provide an excellent news-service to students, with good straight reporting and listings columns. The Nottingham University *Impact*, the Bristol *Bacus* and the Warwick *Boar* have admirable layouts too. So does the *Mancunian*, which in addition gives plenty of space and prominence to readers' letters, which ought to get high priority in any campus publication. But there are few feature articles of any quality, and virtually no fiction or poetry. Many of these papers seem to be used by their editors simply as vehicles to advance particular policies, nearly always negative ones. If student mags must veto something, why not a ban on destructive demos and punch-up politics - and fill the space thus released with the literature of youth?

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Thailand's Whisky a Go Go



TRAVEL

by Ben Cheshire

Thailand has to be the easiest place in Asia to travel in.

Unlike China, many of its people speak English. Unlike India, there are very few of the aggressive touts and taxi drivers who try to sell you everything but their mother's underwear.

The Thais, like the Australians, are a fairly laid back people. They like nothing better than to sit around with friends, getting pissed and telling stories. Aussies fit in perfectly.

Thailand also boasts an efficient and cheap transportation system, good food, and if you need it, good medical services. VD clinics are especially popular with the fat Europeans who come to Thailand for cheap sex. "Hey, mister, you want fuckee? Number one, cheap and best!"

Once you arrive in Bangkok, the first thing to do is to make arrangements to leave as quickly as possible. Bangkok is a hole. A noisy dirty hole. Have a quick look around by all means, but there are much nicer places to go in Thailand.

Also, if you are booking through Student Travel, make sure you only stay one night at the Thai hotel where most STA customers are sent. It's useful for the first night when you don't know your way around, but far too expensive when you realise there are dozens of cheap guest houses in nearby Khao San Road.

From Bangkok, most travellers head north to Thailand's second biggest city, Chiang Mai.

It's about 11 hours by rail or road, and you might like to break the journey by having a look at the archaeological project near Sisatchanalai being run by a team from Adelaide Uni and the Art Gallery. A hotel has recently opened in Sisatchanalai and for a dollar or two someone will take you to the village at Ban Ka Noi where the digging happens.



One of Thailand's impressive landmarks—to see the sights take off on your own rather than go on a conducted tour.

Chiang Mai is most noted for its colourful night bazaar and big handicraft shops. Most tourists do a circuit of the umbrella factory, the silk factory and the "Young Elephant Training Centre", but there is an alternative which is more fun. For about \$6 a day, you can hire a

motorbike and head off to what ever looks interesting.

The motorbikes are only Honda 125's, but with a few days you can take them to the northernmost tip of Thailand, the fabled Golden Triangle. Have your photo taken at the intersection of Thailand, Burma

and Laos! Sip banana shakes as you look over the infamous Mekong River! Buy a T-shirt!

If you really want to get away from it all, take your motorbike into the hills tribe areas dotted all over northern Thailand. You'll see much

more than poor buggers on their commercial "hills tribe treks". Each one claims to take you to the most remote, the most untouched, the most authentic hills tribe villages, but you end up seeing the same plastic folk dances and buying the same pseudo-hills tribe clothing.

To recover from the motorbike trip, the ideal medicine is a couple of days on one of Thailand's glorious tropical beaches. At all costs do not go to Pattaya. Pattaya is like a giant overpriced sex bar for fat middle-aged tourists.

For budget travellers, the most popular spot is the island at Ko Samui, south west of Bangkok. It's a travellers hangout, a place where you can order joints or hashish cookies and have them put on your hotel bill! Ko Samui is also a bit hard to get to (at least 11 hours by bus from Bangkok) so there are not too many of the fat tourists mentioned above.

If you haven't got time for Ko Samui, there is an equally good island paradise only 3½ hours from Bangkok. Ko Samet has white sandy beaches, palm trees, great food and it is cheap. A basic but comfortable bamboo bungalow will cost you two or three dollars a night.

The best part is that there is nothing to do except sleep, eat and read. There are windsurfers and snorkels for hire, but most people like me, just sit on the beach all day.

Finally a word about drugs in Thailand. Some people have the idea that Thailand is knee-deep in marijuana and that the police go around planting heroin in rucksacks. This is not true. In three visits to Thailand, I've only been offered drugs once (5 grams of smack from a Dutch hippy, I didn't hang around to find out the price).

In many areas, marijuana is readily available and top quality, but the penalties for getting caught are so severe it's just not worth it. Possessing just a tiny amount of dope could land you in a grotty Thai gaol for a year. Dozens of foreigners have discovered this the hard way.

There's really no need for this anyway, because if you want to get off your face, Thailand has this brilliant and cheap local whiskey. It's called Maekhong and it's almost worth the airfare on it's own!

Put your mind at-TEAS: apply now

by Vivien Hope

TEAS continues to operate in 1986. There have been some increases in allowances and slight adjustments in the means test.

Neither of these changes have meant an increase in real terms for TEAS. However, even if you are doubtful that you will get TEAS you have nothing to lose by applying.

Do not be put off. There may be possibilities you have not considered. *All students should apply.*

1986 rates are:

'At home' allowance is \$2,477 p.a. (\$47.50 p.w.).

'Away from home' allowance is \$3,821 p.a. (\$73.28 p.w.).

For a majority of students the means test is the decisive factor. Remember that substantial increases or decreases in your parents' income may affect eligibility, so check your situation.

If your parents' income decreases then you may be eligible when previously you were not. If there are major changes in your own marital status or that of your parents or in

your spouse's or parent's income you should apply for TEAS during the year.

It is essential to understand that the regulations which apply to the administration of TEAS benefits do not allow discretionary power for the department - in a nutshell, they are as bound by the regulations as you - but of course they do not have to suffer the consequences.

Remember, no matter how heart-rending your situation may be, if you have a previous qualification at the same level as one you are attempting or if you are excluded by the means test, you will not receive benefits.

Appeals can be made and they can be successful but only by making direct reference to the regulations and arguing persuasively that they favour your case. Above all don't imagine that the Tribunal which considers appeals will be able to make decisions on compassionate grounds because they have no brief to do so.

If you amend your enrolment during the year it may affect your eligi-

bility. Check with the Education/Welfare officers before you withdraw from a course. Remember, you must notify the Department of Education of any changes within seven days.

TEAS and those 'outside the norm'

Repeat Year Benefit: Academic progress rules are complex. The normal situation requires that you pass 50% of workload attempted in last year of study but, if circumstances in year of failure were beyond your control and didn't exist before year of study and these circumstances are the reason for failure then an extra year's benefit is available.

It is crucial that you ask for the information sheet that 'Benefits for a Repeat Year of Study' at the TEAS Office.

Current Income: The normal situation here is that your TEAS allowance is means tested on parental income for 1984-85, but, if a drop in

parental income is permanent (two years or more) and substantial (30% upwards), then you can ask to be assessed on 1985-86 income.

Remember, the drop must occur between 1st January 1985 and 30th June, 1986. Again ask for the information sheet on 'Assessment Based on Current Income' at the TEAS Office.

Away from Home: The normal situation is that your eligibility for TEAS is means tested on parents' income at the 'at home rate' unless your travel on public transport from home to university exceeds one hour, or where you can show that it is impractical or unsuitable to study at home, then the 'away from home' rate may apply.

Remember, the 'away from home' allowance is still means tested but at a higher rate and it does not mean that you are independent. Again ask for the information sheet on 'Away from Home Rate - Difficult Home Circumstances at the TEAS Office.

Remember to get your application in promptly for early clarification.

Delays are not uncommon especially for students who fail to complete their application forms satisfactorily. Make sure that the information you provide is logically consistent - it will be carefully scrutinised. Remember your signature makes information you provide a binding declaration.

Apply by March 31st in order to get benefits backpaid to January 1st. Late applications will only be paid from the date that the form is lodged.

Finally, if you have any queries about TEAS before or after you have lodged your application or wish to prepare documentation or make other representations to the TEAS office including appeals to the Tribunal, contact Vivien Hope or Richard Branford Education/Welfare Officers on the ground floor of Lady Symon Building (228 5430, or 228 5914) for information and assistance.

OnDit Features

FESTIVAL LIFT-OUT



Adelaide: 'jumped-up Athens of Algiers'

Adelaidians. See yourself through others' eyes. A former resident of this city returns after an absence to compare the Adelaide of the Festival to the Adelaide he remembers.

"We know we have a heck of a lot of people here," says the man at the South Australian Tourist Bureau. I'm sure the man is right.

Adelaide is just not the same. There are crowded places to go late at night and umpteen numbers of alternative ways to entertain yourself every day.

Adelaide seems to be just luxuriating in living up to its reputation as the Australian equivalent of Europe's Mediterranean coast. It has briefly become a late night, outdoor, cafe society with grapes in season and lots of local wines.

It's lucky that Adelaide does have these three weeks every two years to reaffirm its reputation. Because I know that at every other time of the year it's just a jumped-up provincial

town with fond ideas of its own importance.

Only during the Festival does Adelaide turn it on. But even then it's conviviality and festiveness is just a veneer stuck onto Adelaide's unchanging soul.

I was down at Elder Park on the Saturday night of the Festival's opening. Crowds of people pressed against each other enjoying the fireworks and the entertainment.

But they still behaved like staid Adelaidians. At such an event in Sydney there would be a warm, drunken good feeling in the air, people would be jumping into the Torrens and a few brawls would break out to be quelled by the police.

Not in Adelaide. People omed and aahed at the fireworks like a Sunday School group on a vicarage picnic.

And since that opening night, on each succeeding night Adelaide has kept it going till late at the two Festival bars; the Fringe Club on North Terrace and the so-called Fezbah, in the Festival Centre.

The Fezbah conjures up images of the Casbah, the colourful town in North Africa, and I suspect the association is deliberate.

But Adelaide is supposed to be the Athens of the South not the Athens of bloody Algiers.

I went to the Fezbah the other night and it was exactly what I remembered as the Piano Bar. Except that they tried to charge me to get in.

On the Festival Centre Plaza they have a cafe arrangement which sells takeaway food.

It looked like good fun and one character was up there playing music as he projected bizarre slides onto a screen, creating his own do-it-yourself video clip.

A large audience was sitting languidly watching it. A friend from interstate could not believe their placidity. She thought they looked as if they were having afternoon tea.

The Fringe Club seemed to me the only place which had any natural feel about it. It looked like something which happened of its own accord rather than being carefully orchestrated. It's atmosphere, in a colourful courtyard surrounded by old warehouses, seemed just right.

Adelaide needs more of this and it needs it all year.

Updated Hamlet rarely misses

HAMLET
The Thalia Theatre Company
Space Theatre
Until March 15

by Paul Washington

Without actually seeing it, it's difficult to imagine a contemporary version of Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark*, one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies.

But the Thalia Theatre Company has done it, and done it well - updated Hamlet.

The plot has all the strength of a traditional version, but, as the Thalia Company intended, the shroud of theatrical tradition has been lifted to demystify Hamlet without (thankfully) simplifying him.

Oddly small amendments have been made to the script, quite ineffectually, which otherwise rings through the theatre with all appropriate Elizabethan majesty.

Hamlet and Claudius, played by Michael Gow and Patrick Dickson respectively stand out, as they should, adding to the authenticity of this production.

Robin Ramsay brings out the best of Polonius, the faithful adviser to

the King who never quite hits the mark, but rarely totally misses.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern carry violins - which seems odd. It is in fact quite clever because they provide a rivetting musical backdrop at times, hence doing away with an orchestra, and sound technicians.

Hamlet directs and controls events more obviously in the Thalian production than he does in Shakespeare's original. He 'plays' Claudius, strings him along, and is in fact possessed with such a daemonic energy that the rest of the cast is partially eclipsed.

However, this doesn't detract from the essence of the play as a tragedy, and neither does it diminish the stark sadness of Hamlet's own position.

Rather, it illuminates his paradoxical joint status of protagonist and victim, and clearly portrays the development of his character.

Bogdan Koca directs a crisp, fast play which is wholly enjoyable to the last. Those who have read or studied Hamlet should not miss this 'contemporary' production which casts a whole new light on the seventeenth-century Shakespeare classic.

Vision of truth not convincing

DREAMS IN AN EMPTY CITY
State Theatre Company

by Tom Morton

Since he wrote his first play, *The Father We Loved On A Beach By The Sea* a little less than ten years ago, Stephen Sewell has become the most important playwright writing in Australia today.

He has revolutionized Australian drama in more ways than one. Whereas Williamson, Buzo and their contemporaries had held up a mirror to the complacency, prejudice and emotional desiccation which characterized Australian society without offering explanations or remedies, Sewell was the first to look harder and deeper and try to show us *why* things are the way they are.

For Sewell, the answers to this question have always been political. His plays have as their underlying theme the difficulty of achieving radical change in a country where those who are most in need of revolution are those who resist it most fiercely. They force us to ask again and again: Why has socialism failed in Australia? Why are we so quick to forget our own history? Can we hope that things will ever change again?

It's because Sewell asks these questions, and tries to answer them, that his plays overshadow those of his contemporaries and predecessors. He is one of the people actively making our culture, a culture not just to be consumed, but to be *used* in order that we may understand and act. Precisely because he occupies this position, because each new work of his re-defines our contemporary culture, we're obliged to think even harder about every new play and be even more critical than we might be with one of his less ambitious colleagues.

So it has to be said: *Dreams in an Empty City*, his latest play, which was commissioned by the State Theatre Company for the Festival and opened on March 1st, doesn't quite come off. It's a play on a massive scale, with a much more complicated plot than anything Sewell has previously attempted, and a finale which, if it were really convincing, would make the end of *King Lear* look like a kiddies' picnic.

Unfortunately, however, this is

the problem with the whole play: despite the real anguish and commitment which we can feel must have gone into its writing, it fails to convince us of the emotional truth of what the characters are experiencing and what they tell us about their past and present lives.

The play revolves around a contrast between power and powerlessness, between the utter ruthlessness of the world of high finance and the attempts of ordinary people to engage in relationships which involve something other than self-interest or the domination of another person.

John Gaden turns in a masterly performance as Wilson, the ageing Sydney accountant with impeccable social credentials who decides to wage a very private war against the foul-mouthed, nouveau riche upstart Wiesland, who is played with great verve and true swaggering viciousness by Warwick Moss. Unwittingly caught up in this war is Chris, an ex-Catholic priest turned actor who discovers that someone has taken out a contract to have him killed.

Chris and Wilson are the play's two poles, and it is one of the major flaws in Sewell's script that Chris never comes to life as the play's "hero" in the way that Wiesland and Wilson do as its villains. If there is a real hero in this play, a character with whom we can truly sympathize, it is Karen, Chris's lover.

Yet here again we run up against a recurrent problem in Sewell's writing: the female characters he produces always fall into one of two categories. They are either, like Karen, emotional, caring, affirmative, but unable to take control of their own lives and function independently of men, or they are hard, calculating, manipulative and powerful. Like Nat, the successful woman banker, moreover, they very rarely get to talk to each other; it seems that they can only communicate with or through men.

Jacqy Phillips makes a valiant effort with Karen, but Sewell's characterization is simply too bland to allow her to make the part seem more than a mouthpiece for what Sewell tries to convince us are the values we must oppose to the implacable destructiveness of modern capitalism.



'Dreams in an Empty City'—a watershed

The pattern is too familiar: woman is the affirmer, the giver of life attempting to redeem the cynical, disillusioned male whose intellect threatens to destroy him. Somehow Sewell has lost the acute sense of the intermingling of the personal and the political which was the great strength of his last play, *The Blind Giant is Dancing*. Karen and Chris never seem to talk about anything except the meaning of existence, so that even when Karen finally manages to bring Chris to the point of rediscovering hope within himself and for humanity, it seems, despite that fact that this is probably the most moving moment of the play, a very abstract affirmation.

It's probably true to say that the play is more successful in depicting events on an epic scale - in this case the workings of the international banking system, which collapses at the end of the play - than it is at conveying the intricacies of personal

relations. It's one of Sewell's great gifts as a playwright that he can manage to portray actions and scenarios of this magnitude on the stage in such a way as to make them tangible and all-too-believable.

There are moments in the play which induce a kind of dizziness, as though we were seeing from a great height the true scale and savagery of the forces which govern our lives and our helplessness before them. He is greatly aided in this by Neil Armfield's assured and intelligent direction and Stephen Curtis' almost ascetic set design. Both director and designer have grasped the breadth and depth of Sewell's vision of a world on the skids and brought obvious care, commitment and imagination to its realization on the stage.

The fact that *Dreams in an Empty City* does not quite succeed in convincing us of the truth of its vision is not the fault of the cast, the staging

or indeed the play's subject matter, but rather of the author's desire to say too much at once.

It might be easier to accept the diversity of themes and Great Metaphysical Questions which Sewell tackles if the character of Chris, who must try to find a solution to the problem of evil, reject revolutionary violence, discover a new meaning and a political value in personal relationships and become a kind of Christ-figure at the end of the play, did not have to carry so much of the burden of the play's intellectual speculation. As it is, the character simply does not have the emotional complexity to unite all of the attitudes and experiences to which he gives expression during the play, and it's doubtful whether anyone but a Hamlet or a Faust could do so.

I believe that this play will prove to be a watershed in Stephen Sewell's development as a writer. He has already shown us in *The Blind Giant* that he is capable of writing on an epic scale, and of showing us a reality which is entirely contemporary, our own world and our own hopes and fears made terrifyingly concrete.

He has tried to do so on an even more imposing and all-embracing level in *Dreams in an Empty City*, and somehow it doesn't ring entirely true, yet at the same time, it seems to me that has exorcised some of his demons; the obsession with the failure of the organized Left in Australia to engage in effective concerted political action, the feeling of individual futility which dominate the earlier plays seem to have been at least partially ameliorated in *Dreams*. It's as though Sewell senses that it's time to start asking other questions, looking for other ways to change.

Whichever course his writing takes from here - and my guess is that he will return to more simple, personal plays - he will continue to be one of those voices which bring us back to ourselves, which speak to us about the links between our insignificant lives and dreams and the murderous fiction of international politics, which show us what is our powerlessness and what could be our power.

Laughing at all those those things we should take seriously

THE LAST DRIVE-IN ON EARTH
Troupe Theatre
Until March 23

by Tom Morton

Troupe's Festival Show *The Last Drive-In on Earth* begins and ends with the cast chanting what might be the moral of the story they tell: "Natural is as natural does".

You'll have to go and see the show to find out what it means in context, but this catchery also sums up the performance and the whole mood of the show; *The Last Drive-In* is natural, confident and colloquial, and plain good fun into the bargain.

It's the story of Cheryl, a not so typical teenager who tries to live out the myths of good times, first love, sex in the back seat at the drive-in, and all the other adolescent compulsions which her friends enthusiastically follow.

But Cheryl can't quite believe in it all. She's a bit of an outsider, timid, outrageous and coolly rational by turns. Three different actors play the three faces of Cheryl, a simple but effective device which allows us

to see her contradictory tendencies and conflicting desires whilst keeping us at a critical distance. Cheryl is frightened and even repulsed by sex, but "she had to be the first to do everything" her friend Meredith tells us. So she makes it with Tony in the expected fashion, gets pregnant, has an abortion, leaves school, doesn't know what she wants to do, lives with Tony, leaves him, lives alone, gets more and more bored and lonely until one day she kills herself. Or does she?

Having played out all the myths which kids grow up with, Gavin Strawhan's script turns them on their heads and debunks them. Despite this, there's still too much emphasis on the suicide theme for my liking; the repetition of Cheryl's fantasies about death and suicide becomes a little melodramatic, and detracts from the otherwise well-judged pace of the script.

The jumps from Cheryl's story to the Teenage Tales and back again in the first half are also somewhat abrupt.

All in all, however, it's a very strong script, and it manages to talk

about all those things adolescents would like to be able to talk about, but can't (especially if they're boys); sex and the feelings we have about it, masturbation, drugs, insecurity, loneliness. It's all in there folks, and it's put across in such a way as to defuse embarrassment and inhibition, simply by making us laugh at what we're supposed to take very seriously.

The cast of seven work together as a real ensemble, and it's their energy and obvious commitment which really make this show; in particular Annabel Giles, Catherine Fitzgerald and Eileen Darley as the three faces of Cheryl showed a strong sense of dramatic co-operation.

Special mention must also go to Luke Cutler's simple but startlingly effective set design.

Venetia Schrueder has made an impressive debut in directing *The Last Drive-In*; her success, and the success of the production as a whole, could be seen in the enthusiastic response of the largely teenage audience the night I saw the show.

Propaganda, but spiced by humour

ADIOS CHA CHA
Sidetrack Theatre Company
Lend Lease Technology Space
Until March 15

by Robert Clark

If you judge a theatrical work by the hold it creates over you, then you won't get better this Festival than *Adios Cha Cha*.

Sydney's Sidetrack Theatre Company take us to a village somewhere in Central America in this story told with wit, song and powerful drama.

Like most in Latin America, the villagers are neglected and exploited, kept in place by ignorance, extreme poverty and violence.

The piece begins with peasants, eyes averted, making offerings to the local priest. He receives the fistful of notes from the landlord's wife with great enthusiasm; the assorted vegetables and leftovers from the villager less so.

But it is the arrival of the new priest which eventually radicalises and liberates them. He educates them, makes appeals on their behalf

to the landlord, and explains that they do not have to cower before anyone.

Naturally, he is killed, but not before the girl, Cha Cha, has decided to go to the hills and take up arms.

Threading through the plot are the events and mishaps in the life of the community; a villager taken away by the landlord for asking liveable wages; his wedding on the night of his release from jail ten years later; his wife's search for him after his sudden disappearance; the two goonish soldier-brutes who explain it is their task to defend the government from the people; and the grotesque local gentry - distinguished by pull-on bulbous noses - dancing with even more grotesque dummies.

The music and the night itself are Latin in flavour. And what could be laboured propaganda is held up and spiced by moments of humour.

Finally, the unsung star is the hopelessly-titled but atmospheric Lend Lease Technology Space, comfortable but sparse enough for this performance.

Stand-up humour

THE BIG APPLE COMEDIENNES
The Space
March 3 - 8

by James Williamson

Festivals of Arts work on the premise that good culture travels. Stand-up humour often doesn't but the *Big Apple Comediennes* proved to be the exception. They were good culture and travelled well.

The show provided all the flavour of seething New York yet wisely centred on the common themes of family, marriage, sex and menstruation to which at least half the audience could relate.

When Mistress of Ceremonies Adrienne Tolsch, reportedly one of the five funniest women in the States, came onto the spartan set to warm up the audience, it took only a little time to reap the desired result.

Tolsch's rough and ready joking on sex and marriage concealed the fine intelligence which unified her act.

Bouncing off the "up" mood created by her predecessor, Margaret Smith's brooding urban paranoia drew nervous laughs from the long punctuating silences between perfectly timed gaps.

Valerie Pappas, a vocal impressionist perhaps travelled least well of all the acts but certainly showed a fine ear for mimicry with impressions ranging from Diana Ross and Liza Minelli to an entire scene from the Wizard of Oz.

The *Big Apple Comediennes* brought something quite new to the Adelaide Festival which made their long trip worthwhile. Outrageous and raucous as stand up comedy must be, the three exhibited a paradoxical polish to their roughness, an easy feeling that they weren't working too hard for their laughs.

Romping satire

THE DOUG ANTHONY ALLSTARS

Living Arts Centre

by Vicki Bennett

If the thought of highly irreverent musical parodies, presented energetically and skilfully, appeals to you, don't miss the *Doug Anthony Allstars*.

No sacred institution seemed exempt from their romping satire: from Rambo ("the man who changed not only the face, but also the genitals, of today's society") to Charles Aznavour (who has to be seen, heard and laughed at to be appreciated).

Even the Sphinx was not immune! Rock and blues standards were distorted, until any resemblance to the original was purely incidental, and delivered with reflection humour and marvellous harmonies. The encore ("we don't need this kind of pity") had the masses waving arms in a la *Comidown* and laughing till it hurt.

Funny as SBS news

THE TIBOLDI BROTHERS
Living Arts Centre

by Vicki Bennett

Billed as "ethnic humour", this cabaret duo displayed the talents which have brought them a short way (from *New Faces* to our illustrious Fringe) in a long time!

The act itself chronicles the fortunes of the brothers Tiboldi from their departure from their beloved families, to an oppressed existence in Club Boreguilla (the latest in "time share migrant homes") and

Entertainment at basic level

REG AND SHELL ON THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN TOUR
Living Arts Centre

by James Prest

Reg didn't mean to become a transexual. It simply happened to him.

He had no choice; an angel came down one night and told him that he was the Chosen One - a guinea pig for a cruel experiment. (Maybe that's the price you pay for being a believer).

However, don't think Reg is confused about his sexuality. You might have doubts at first, but then the end of the show you'll know what Reg wants.

Shell, Reg's best friend supports him as he takes you deep into their private world, and appeals to you for your participation. He wants to have your baby for you.

Reg and Shell operate at a fairly basic level in order to get their laughs.

Some members of the audience respond well to the verbal abuse of Reg and Shell - members of the audience were bent double. The nature of the subject dictates its effect - you could find it funnier than, as the Fringe guide says, a blind chainsaw juggler, you will find it at times totally rivetting, and there is no doubt that this is an original and innovative work.

It isn't the sort of thing you see every night on TV. You may find their obsessions offensive but the show makes fun of the people who have to swear once every sentence;



Reg and Shell on their Immaculate Virgin Tour.

who need vacuum cleaners, carrot juices, green turtle potties and joints to get their thrills.

They also attack sex stereotyping in our society through their exaggerated costumes and their procedures for selecting a mate for Reg.

On a more banal level, had they slowed their lines down they would have increased their effectiveness greatly.

Secondly, there are minor technical problems with transexual men acting as surrogate fathers needing contraceptive protection against women. However once the "idea" has been stretched out for as long as

possible then there still remains fifteen dismal minutes to go.

Reg and Shell decide to light up a joint and take us on a trip into the experience of Reg's first period.

Red lighting stains the walls in a pathetic effort to keep our attention.

In contrast, the opening scene is captivating and very funny. The costumes and makeup throughout the act are very effective.

So if you're interested in some deviant fun and are prepared to accept that it will be quickly forgotten, then do as Reg and Shell say and bring a partner and body oil.

Bursting at the seams

THE FLYING FETTUCINIS
Club Foote

by Graham Hastings

Good cabaret requires a fast moving script bursting at the seams with jokes and strong performers capable of holding the attention of the audience.

The Flying Fettucinis certainly fits the bill. The four person group wasted little time in winning over the small but enthusiastic crowd at Club Foote.

The performance consists of a series of rapid-fire hit or miss skits punctuated by the occasional song.

Their repertoire includes more than just a sprinkling of political satire but not enough to turn the performance into a political sermon.

Crowd pleasers include an anthem for the Liberal Party, "I like nuclear bombs", and the *News/Truth* sketch.

A word of warning though - don't wear your Sunday best to the show - if you see the performance you'll know why.

Not bad, but a bit familiar

THIRTY-NINE STEPS, TWO ESCALATORS, AND A LIFT
A.U. Footlights Club
Club Foote

by Alex Hancock

I couldn't help thinking I'd seen it all before. I was sitting at a table at Club Foote, "Adelaide's newest cabaret venue" watching the opening night of Adelaide Uni's own Footlights' Fringe review, *39 Steps, Two Escalators and a Lift*, and an all-pervading sense of *deja vu* overcame me.

It wasn't the venue - Club Foote was new to me, and the seamy atmosphere of the place was appealing, if a bit hackneyed. No, it was the show itself that was all too familiar, and the members of the cast and crew to whom I spoke afterwards made no apology. It was admitted that "about 60%" of the programme was old material, but I felt sure that I had seen some of the "40%" before as well: at the Prosh Show that the group put on at the Uni. Bar last August.

Those who went to see the usual sexist, puerile, undergraduate humour for which these reviews are renowned were not disappointed, but this should not necessarily be taken as a criticism, but more as a warning to those who feel that "contemporary" comedy should reflect some ideology identical to their own, and may feel slighted by Footlights' disregard for such concerns.

The show is funny - very funny - and that is all it sets out to be. The script, written by anchor-man Shaun Micallef and a host of others stretching back over the years (as do many of the skits), was delivered with the energy and enthusiasm which this style of humour relies on so much.

Francis Greenslade's undoubted comic talent was exploited to the full, and many of the sketches were built around him; either alone as he proceeded to embarrass, insult and confound a succession of straight



Some of the Footlights performers...

roles, or in partnership with relative newcomer Nick Babidge, notably in a clever monologue between two identical twins (Keith and Keith), and a "stereo" sketch where two couples (at opposite sides of the stage) simultaneously fight out identical infidelity scenes while the "sound technician" fiddles with the "balance", "volume" and "speaker feedback" controls - you have to be there.

The "token women" in the cast - Rosie White, Margot Storer and Tania Gristwood - have their moments, but are generally under-utilised. Their 'Three Little Girls' sketch, where they discuss sex and birth-control methods such as the condominium, I.O.U. and diagram, went down especially well.

An unexpected package for me was Alex Ward, whose control of his body is so complete that he often appears to have none at all. His mere presence on stage was enough to cause ripples of laughter, and his "Plasticine Man" sketch was a riot. Tony Durkin and James Neate tended to play a foil to Greenslade in many sketches: Tony generally

type-cast as a sexually frustrated homosexual artistic type (you must hear 'Ode to a Seagull'), and James as a vacant, stupid buffoon. Both execute these roles with typical aplomb.

The musical numbers and accompaniment provided both high points and low. Michael Spargo's magnificent voice made his "Blind Freddie" solo a highlight, but the lyrics of Nick Gogol's songs fell flat. The band overwhelmed the all-singing, all-dancing 'East meets West down South', but that could easily be written off as opening night gremlins. On the whole the band was inconspicuous, which is more a compliment than a criticism.

In all, *39 steps, Two Escalators and a Lift* made an excellent, relaxed night's entertainment. Although it was a trifle patchy and perhaps a fraction long to maintain the pace, the vivacity of the cast and the quality of the better bits more than made up for this.

If only it was all new material....



ADT dancers in the whirlpool

Fear, horror and beauty

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM
Australian Dance Theatre

by Terence Chan

There is less to the name of the Australian Dance Theatre's new piece for this year's Adelaide Festival, *A Descent Into the Maelström* than meets the eye: it is in fact to be taken quite literally, because "a descent into the maelström" aptly describes the experience of seeing this production.

A Descent Into the Maelström is adapted from a short story of the same name by Edgar Allen Poe, about a Norse fisherman who is blown into a great maelström with his two brothers and who alone survives and re-emerges transformed after resigning himself to his apparent fate.

Given the folk-legend/fantasy nature of the story, it would be only too tempting to make use of an array of the latest technical wizardry in a way reminiscent of the dazzling but disastrously superficial *High Flyers* put on by the company last year.

However, to their credit, designer Eamon D'Arcy and director Mathew Maguire have taken pains to avoid any hint of pyrotechnic display. Eamon D'Arcy's designs, dominated by a monolithic wooden crossed mast of a boat, have a sculptural simplicity which conveys the atmosphere of tension and mystery more powerfully than any piece of technical wizardry.

The energetic choreography of Melissa Fenley, with its strong body lines and powerful stark movements, is ideally suited to his company. *A Descent Into the Maelström*

is essentially an ensemble work and the ensemble succeeds in displaying its strengths brilliantly, positively radiating with energy.

At first sight, the movements may appear confused and chaotic but if one were to look closely and ponder a while, one begins to discern the underlying structure in the dance, just as the Norseman begins to discern certain patterns in the swirling confusion of the maelström.

The principal patterns to emerge from the work deal with the way in which images of fear and horror interact with those of grandeur and beauty. Thus, in the midst of dancers moving at a frantic speed, a serene net mender - a role which Fenley has the subtlety to give to a woman and which is portrayed with graceful elegance by Elizabeth Oldgoes about her work oblivious to the terror around her; and ominous urgent movements are followed at the next instant by light springy steps; and again, the lyrical grandeur of a soprano voice is superposed onto the relentless rhythms of the music (more about this later).

Guy Detot has grasped the interplay between the fisherman's fear and his inner sense of revelation perfectly while Tia Propocz as the Angel of Death is by turns ominously evil and mysteriously tender.

The music, specially commissioned from Philip Glass and played with a masterly touch by the Philip Glass Ensemble, is literally tailor-made.

Glass is no stranger to dance theatre and the experience shows. While tempered with a gentle lyricism, the music never forgets that the action on stage is rushing headlong towards a meeting with fate. Like the choreography, the hypno-

tic musical stream overflows with energy and never releases the audience's attention. There are moments when flashes of lightning fly between the stage and the orchestral pit. A company of the calibre of the ADT deserves music of comparable quality and on this occasion, the Philip Glass Ensemble does infinitely greater justice to the dance than the crackling recordings the ADT is accustomed to. The music is not an accompaniment: it is part of the action on stage.

One could quibble about the fact that the movements do not always flow as smoothly as they could and that some of the dancers are sometimes not quite as firm on their feet as they could be but it would be pompous to label these as technical faults, because these are the very things giving rise to a rough-edge quality which gives the work an unpretentious honesty. However, if I were to indulge in a quibble, it would be that I cannot help thinking that the effect would be far more powerful had the ADT been given the bigger stage in the Festival Theatre: the Opera Theatre stage is barely big enough to stop the work from bursting at the seams.

Although the performance lasts only an hour, it would be difficult to absorb all the gems in this fascinating piece of dance theatre, if only because of the sheer pace. It is a work full of rich and subtle imagery (there is even a passing tribute to *Swan Lake* thrown in) and while not everyone is transformed into a silver-haired man like the fisherman, at the end of it one re-emerges still wondering just what deeper mysteries lie within this journey into the maelström. This is the Australian Dance Theatre at their finest.

spoon playing, some mind-boggling yodelling and the assurance that we're all "beautiful beautiful" people (said with an appropriate drawl).

The next section of the show comes with another change of character and costume as they saunter on to the stage in pink and orange miniskirts, dark glasses and ridiculous platform shoes to complete their hip 60's look.

The inevitable send up of rock 'n' roll results with particular merciless attention being paid to a version of *Hurts Too Much*.

This stage in the show also begins a series of embarrass-the-audience routines as a backing group, the *Randoms*, are extracted from the crowd.

Warning: In later audience partici-

pation numbers, hold on to your beers as one member of the duo appears to be fond of the stuff but has no regard for private property!!

The final costume change reveals the *Topp Twins* in more contemporary outfits.

The songs also have a slightly more serious content (with topics ranging from their politics to their sexuality) but retain the humour of the preceding material due to the *Twins'* fundamental optimism.

This is not to say that the songs are entirely light-hearted; the anti-nuclear songs, especially the haunting *Radiation Burns*, have a particular sobering effect.

Nevertheless, the major priority of the show is to get us all to laugh and because they do not preach about their views they undoubtedly succeed.

THE TOPP TWINS
Angas Hotel

by Cathy Smit

If you're looking for some whole-hearted, undemanding entertainment in this year's Fringe programme, then the *Topp Twins* in cabaret is your kind of show.

These spirited singing sisters (they actually are twins!) have a refreshing approach to life which is strongly reflected in their songs.

Added to this is their outrageous sense of humour which leads them to don gingham skirts and satin cowboy shirts in the first third of their show in a hilarious send-up of their own musical mother-tongue: country and western.

In this part of the show we are treated to a rendition of the art of

People in bath tubs?

EVEN ORCHESTRA
Tub Thumping
Living Arts Centre
Until March 16

by Emma Hunt

On first hearing of this performance, one would imagine a group of people sitting in bath tubs, thumping the sides.

I was pleasantly surprised to find a series of multi-media productions - a collage of slide projections, film, animation, human shadow play and brilliant live sound effects and narration. This was created by the six orchestra members. The audience was later invited to see the materials used, and experiment.

The eight pieces, the longest being ten minutes, are written and produced mainly by Bruce Currie and John Hughes.

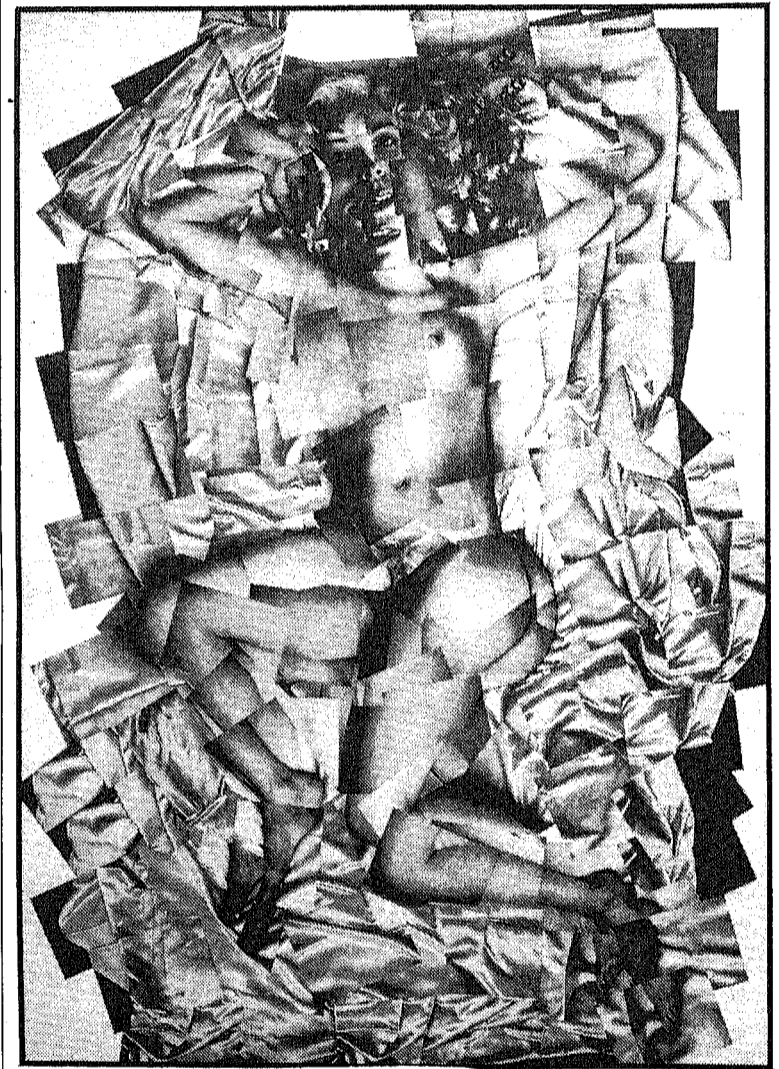
The productions evolve out of quirky ideas - "drip drip goes the sweat into me tub."



In *Meal*, a man "haunted by his fanatically religious mother, dreams of lost youth ... and yabbies".

Their aim is to create "a fusion of live theatre and film."

Sold out on the first night, this Sydney group should be included in your Fringe repertoire.



The art of Hockney: cubist snapshots

Dissatisfied with tradition

DAVID HOCKNEY
PHOTO COLLAGES

Tynte Gallery, North Adelaide
Until March 23

by Mary-Anne Haddard

"There is a kind of doubling, an intensification of the experience."

The speaker is artist David Hockney, talking about his photographic collages. An exhibition of eighteen of Hockney's creative collages, is his first to be shown in Australia. The feeling the viewer receives from seeing these particular works of art is the concept of time. Hockney's dissatisfaction with the traditional photographs influenced him to experiment with the juxtaposition of photographic images, the results proving to be far from just the mere snap-shot.

Grand Canyon South Rim With Rail, epitomizes Hockney's ideals of combining time and space in photography. This magnificent collage depicts the awe and grandeur of a seemingly endless and earthy canyon.

The Scrabble Game, the most appealing work in my opinion, clearly indicates the influence of Cubism on Hockney. With multiple

photographic images of Hockney and his three friends enjoying a game of Scrabble, we find ourselves looking in a circular motion, focusing not only on the work as a whole, but upon each individual photograph and the image it presents.

The clever and amusing Hockney manages to sometimes leave an impression of himself in these collages. Whether it be his hand resting upon the table, a shadow portrayed on a zebra crossing, or his incomparable red socks and sandals.

Hockney's skill in each of his photographic compositional arrangements show the dramatic use of line and form, the same skill which makes him one of the world's finest painters. *Nude*, by Hockney, may possibly be an answer to Marcel Duchamp's *Nude*.

Hockney says: "When Duchamp made his *Nude Descending Staircase*, his point of view was fixed in one place - only the subject was moving. I am trying to convey what it is like for both viewer and subject to be moving through space."

The exhibition is visually stimulating by the work of a great artist, presenting his highly original, artistic and startling photographic images.



The Queen and her entourage caught in less-than-royal poses

The monarchy : do we need it?

The passing of the new Australia Acts last week and the visit of the Queen to South Australia has raised the old issue - should Australia become a republic? MOYA DODD reports on a range of views of the monarchy and the new legislation.

Willie Hamilton

Willie Hamilton is a British Labor MP notorious for his attacks on the Royal family.

British Labor MP Mr. Willie Hamilton must surely be the most persistent and outrageous Royal-basher of modern times.

In a parliamentary career that spans decades, Mr. Hamilton has poured insult and abuse on almost every member of the Royal family.

And of Australia he says: "The Queen is totally irrelevant to Australia. The Royals constant visits to Australia are an affront to the nation - a total waste of taxpayers' money.

"They would never be missed except for the socialites who want to kiss their hands. I often wonder if these people who gush and guff even remember the event a few days later.

"I've got the feeling that the Labor Party and Bob Hawke are basically against the monarchy but they said its abolition would be one of their top priorities."

Hamilton has gained notoriety all over the Commonwealth for his outspoken attacks on the Royals. In Britain he has been branded as uncouth, undignified and ridiculous and Tory MPs have called him a coward and a bully.

Of the Queen, he said recently that "my own wife would probably do a better job".

Hamilton says that his anti-royalist sentiments date back to when he was a schoolboy in Durham. He says he was hauled out of school on a freezing day to wave at a black car containing King George VI ... and wished between chattering teeth that he had a bomb to throw.

Since then, he has aimed his comments at the family's wealth, Princess Di's wardrobe, Princess Anne's employment prospects and, of course, 'Royal Floozie' Princess Margaret.

"When one compares the Royal

family's private wealth and fantastic tax privileges with the gross poverty and pittance paid out in pensions and this country, the difference is obscene" he has been quoted as saying.

"Prince Charles and Princess Anne are unemployable. Princess Anne and Princess Margaret are probably the most useless women in Britain. They would not even get a job in a textile mill ... if there is to be any more redundancy, let it start at Buckingham Palace."

Of Prince Charles, he said: "The Government talks about unemployment - he's unemployed! They send him on a deep-sea dive in the Tasman or off to Texas under the impression that he's a great ambassador - he's just a playboy."

Of the Princess of Wales: "She's a clothes peg for all the fashion houses and just a newer member of the PR show."

And of Princess Margaret: "She should be dispensed with tomorrow. I've always said she's the most expensive kept woman in Britain."

"They're all the same really. It's the longest running farce in Britain; they just change the props and the personnel."

Bruce Ruxton

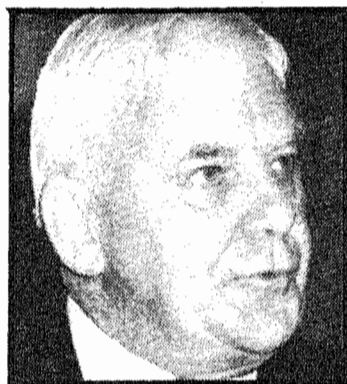
Bruce Ruxton is the President of the Returned Services League in Victoria, and an ardent and outspoken conservative.

Victorian RSL chief Bruce Ruxton is an unashamed pro-monarchist - so much so, in fact, that he's considering mounting a High Court challenge to the new Australia Act, which severs judicial and legislative links with Britain.

"What the RSL stands up for is the institution, and that is the constitutional monarchy", he said.

"It's not hero worship of some lady in London; it's the institution, the Crown."

He said that the powers of the Crown to dismiss a government and disallow parliamentary bills for a period provided an added safeguard



for the person in the street.

"It's there in case a criminal government takes power. Marcos-style or Mafia style. The Crown can dismiss; it's not for somebody in the upper class, it's for everybody", he said.

"There are some people in this country who don't like the monarchy ... But when I ask the question: 'Please let me know the name of a republic on the face of this earth that has more freedom than Australia' then no-one can answer me. Why change the system?"

He said that the monarchy not only provided the country with a sense of continuity but it also had the advantage of an aloofness from politics.

"We've always fought against political appointments for the offices of Governor-General and Governor.

"Some of them have been great Australians, but we'd argue they shouldn't have been there. I'm talking about Lord Casey, Sir Paul Hasluck, Sir Isaac Isaacs."

He said that Crown representatives should be chosen from the services.

"I think there's a great argument to have a non-political sphere, and usually someone from the services", he said.

"It doesn't do in Victoria, because the Premier hates anything that's been in uniform.

"Your Governor, Sir Donald Dunstan - he's a great soldier, and that's the sort of person [required]. They've been bred and taught to serve all political masters without fear or favour"

Mr. Ruxton said that he was scrutinizing the new Australia Act and considering the possibility of a High Court challenge. "We're just wondering whether the right of the governor to disallow bills has been taken away from him," he said.

The new Act

The new Australia Acts, which came into force last week, drastically alter legal and judicial relations between Australia and Britain.

The Acts, passed by both the British and Australian parliaments, end the links between the Australian and British parliamentary and judicial systems.

The legislative links severed include the power of the British Parliament to pass legislation which would apply in Australia, and the Colonial Laws Validity Act (1865) and the rule that State laws inconsistent with British laws are invalid.

The most important judicial change is the abolition of appeals to the UK Privy Council from State courts. Previously, litigants could appeal to either the High Court of Australia, or the Privy Council.

Michael Dunn

Michael Dunn is a former Adelaide University student and the author of a book 'Australia and the Empire'.

The new Australia Act is to be welcomed, but the real issues are those raised by the 1975 constitutional crisis, according to author Michael Dunn.

"There's no question that it's long overdue ... there really isn't a reason why we should have this association with the Queen," he told *On dit* last week.

"The real issues that need clarification are the issues raised by 1975-confusion over the powers of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the opportunity that those confusions provided for the Governor General to act."

He said that the issue was dormant at present because of the emergence of the Democrats as Senators who undertake not to block supply, but that this could change if a government was confronted by a hostile Senate prepared to block supply.

He added that the relevance of the British monarchy to Australia is decreasing, partly due to the many people who have come to this country since World War II, and who have no links at all with Britain.

Kathy McEvoy

Kathy McEvoy is a constitutional law lecturer in the Adelaide University Law School.

The new Australian Act is an important coming of age for Australia, according to Adelaide University Law Lecturer Kathy McEvoy.

"It's an important piece of self-recognition of nationhood and of quality and self-esteem in Australian political and judicial terms", she said last week.

"I think it's time that our legislatures operated within a purely Australian context. Now there's no question of any British legislation of the future applying to us. I think for lawyers that's an important matter."

She said that the abolition of appeals to the Privy Council from State courts has important symbolic value.

"The High Court is for absolutely all purposes in Australia the top of the judicial ladder. That's the last word on legal questions so far as Australia or any person in Australia is concerned," she said.

"Symbolically that's very important, that we now make up our minds on what our law is."

She said that the former situation created a great deal of legal and practical confusion because of confusing precedents.

"Even as recently as last year, a matter was taken on appeal to both the Privy Council and the High Court at the same time," she said.

Mrs. McEvoy welcomed the new Act as a step away from a colonial past.

"I think I would be very happy to see Australia as a republic. I think that it would be very appropriate for Australia. We're a very mixed lot of people, many of whom have no real connection with Britain...I don't think that involves a rejection of any of the cultural values or political values that nation has given us," she told *On dit*.

I think the Australian people will gradually drift into Republicanism. I don't think [the Royal family] have got any role here. They come here and walk up a few jetties and open a few fetes...it doesn't seem very significant to me."

About as rare as sabre-toothed tigers

As the Queen tours Adelaide we ask: "Where are the monarchists on campus?" *On dit* got out amongst the masses last week to look for them.

Our conclusion? In the unexplored wilds of the Barr-Smith Lawns, amongst the gliders and the speed boats, monarchists were about as rare as sabre-toothed tigers.

They were more than just extinct. It was as if they had never existed.

Natalie Meyer of Law was against the monarchy. "There's no purpose at all," she said. "We're trying to shake off imperialism."

Gail Higginbottom was forthright in her views. "I don't think we need a sovereign," she said.

John Ridgway of Law equally so. "There's no point," he said.

Two others were more philosophical. Richard Drew of Civil Engineering, after a number of beers, thought the issue was irrelevant. He said: "Having a blatant monarchy is a lot better than having a less obvious oligarchy.

"The (United) States is a much more subtle dictatorship. Would you rather be lorded over by a large group of multi-national companies

or an obsolescent monarch?"

Likewise Leslie Francis of Science. He thought the monarchy "fairly irrelevant."

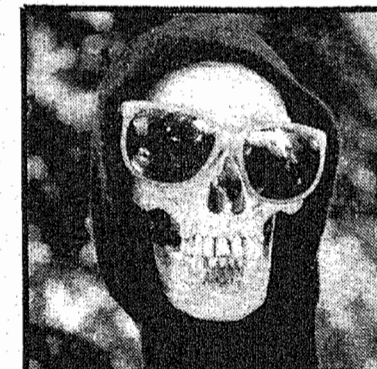
"The Queen doesn't have any say on what happens in Australia."

The skull of Medicine was the most forthright. "The monarchy is an institution in decay. It has lived out its time, it has decomposed, let's have it dead and buried."

Are there any monarchists out there among the student population? Break your silence, we want to hear from you.



Natalie Meyer



the Skull of Medicine...

Migrants must benefit Aust.

- Hurford

Last week's *On dit* centrespread on immigration and multiculturalism in Australia criticised the office of the Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs. This week RICHARD OGIER speaks to the minister, Chris Hurford, about his immigration policies.

Big headaches must be an operational hazard for Immigration Ministers, irrespective of their political hue.

They have the unenviable task of selecting from over a million applicants for migrant entry into Australia every year. (In 1985-86, 84,000 places are available).

They must adjudicate between the conflicting claims of groups within society, and trade-off economic considerations against the emotional and ethical complexities of reuniting families. Add to that the problems that surround illegal immigration and you could forgive a minister for feeling that he or she is in a "no-win" situation.

The present minister, Mr. Chris Hurford, meets the challenge of the portfolio with a low key approach but with no shortage of conviction.

"I would dispute anybody who suggested that I haven't played up, haven't used very opportunity possible to me to advocate the values of multi-culturalism in my career as minister of the last fifteen months."

Mr. Hurford's comments come in the wake of stinging criticism of his ministerial performance and of his immigration policies by local migrant community leaders, in last week's edition of *On dit*.

He firmly refutes the claim made by several, that the current requirements for migrant entry into Australia, discriminates against people from non-English speaking countries.

"We don't choose people on their ability to speak English. That is a piece of mis-information they have got. We don't have any points for language itself, but we do concede that there is an element of language involved in whether one is employable or not."

"The policy is not in any way based on race, because there are people speaking English coming from the Philippines, coming from Malaysia and other parts of the world."

"Look, I make no apologies for the fact that when we have to ration, the Australian people would want me to choose those in priority, who are of greatest benefit to this country. If it is of benefit for employability to bring in people who have some English then so be it. The rationing system brings that about."

Hurford said that increases in the migrant intake he foreshadowed recently - a boost of 10,000 to 95,000

next financial year with a further increase to 105,000 the year after - were as much as the job market would bear. He also cited unemployment as the main reason why "migration is not popular with the vast majority of Australians."

"That feeling [against] one person coming here while one person is unemployed in this country, is a natural one. One of feeling support for those that are already here."

Hurford rejected the suggestion that the Blainey inspired right-wing back-lash against Asian immigration indicated that he had underplayed the rhetorical side of countering that attack.

Why is there then, a groundswell of opposition to Asian immigration to Australia, and towards multiculturalism generally, after forty years of large scale migration?

"In addition to the unemployment situation - and this is the number one reason - there is a second consideration, people have a feeling of comfort and support for their own culture always, and the dominant culture here is the one that has arisen out of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic cultures. And the majority of people are not keen on having that upset ... We have got a big task to get out there and sell multi-culturalism as something beneficial to the country."

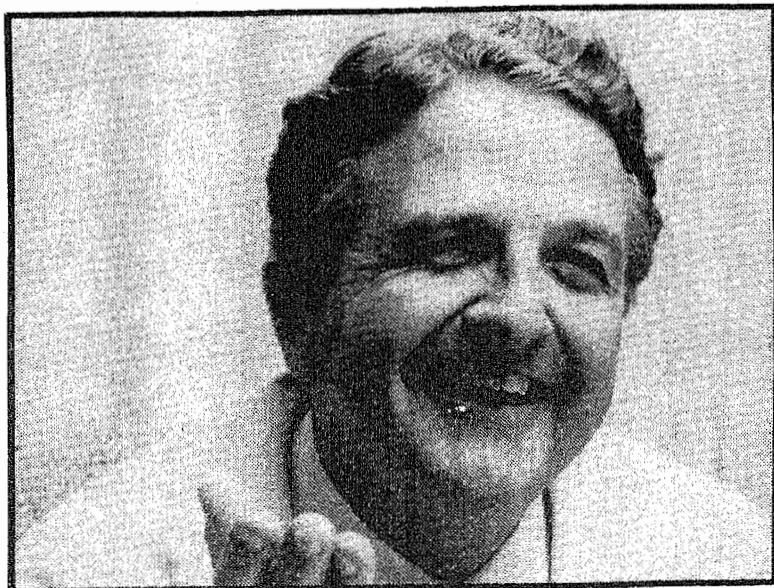
"One of my most common phrases is what a dull country this would be if we were just a pale reflection of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic societies elsewhere."

One prominent migrant leader in the Indo-Chinese community, suggested to *On dit* last week that there is a lot of goodwill in the Australian community towards migrants, and blamed the government for failing to tap into that goodwill.

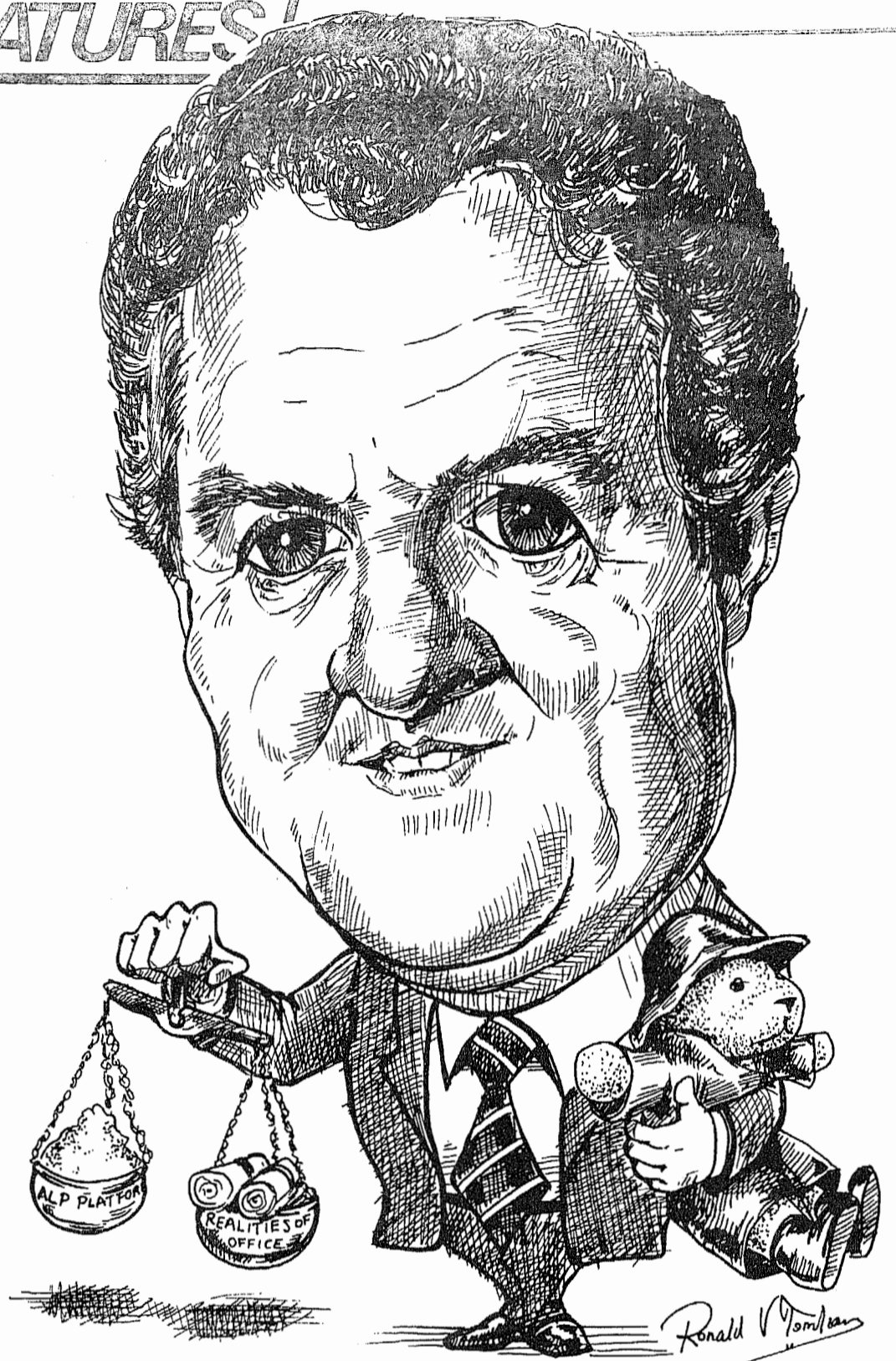
Said Hurford, "did he give you any ideas of what we should be doing to tap into that so-called goodwill? I reject [these] claims and know then to be nonsense."

On the subject of future migrant intake levels Hurford was reluctant to commit himself.

"I would think it might be ten years before we built up to [150,000] maybe less ... but we must make sure that we've got the true infrastructure there before we can build up to that figure."



Chris "Moo Hereford" Hurford: "policy not based on race"



ALP's Catch-23 of '80's - style compromise

To listen to Mick Young, Special Minister of State, you would think that there are few rewards in the life of a Cabinet Minister.

For Mick, it seems that shopping sprees in London to buy Paddington-Bears are little recompense for the trials and responsibilities of the job.

It is apparently not easy for the fifteen boys and one girl of the Cabinet to break election commitments for the sake of political reality.

"It's one thing to have all the dreams and utopian concepts but sitting around the Cabinet table and having to make the decisions is another ball game," he told a meeting of the ALP Students' Association on campus last week.

Only this week the Hawke Government backed off its commitment to introduce uniform Aboriginal land rights legislation throughout Australia which would have given blacks the power of veto over mining on their land.

"I'm not putting forward an excuse," said Mr. Young last week.

But he continued: "Our political intelligence is such that we might do better in following the decisions we have made (that is to abandon uniform land rights)."

"If we were to go down the track of opening up a war over land rights we could have it with us right up until the next election.

"It would have to be fought every inch of the way."

"I think that what is uppermost in Hawke's mind is that we're sick of

getting in there for just one term."

"What we need to do is give Australia the opportunity for a longer period of Labor administration."

Mick admits quite frankly that staying "in there" for long periods involves compromise. But he is ready with the apology for the Government's pragmatic outlook.

If by compromising, they stay in power longer then it follows *ipso facto* that they will have more time to solve the problems of our society.

"We're not going to overcome many of the problems in society in a three-year term or a six-year term.

"We have to make the Labor Party govern for a much longer period of time than it has to this date."

But why is the Labor Government in the awkward position of having to

go to the polls with policies that are impossible to carry out?

Mr. Young says: "We have this very unique situation in Australia, unlike political parties of our ilk overseas; we have what you call conferences at which they lay down the law.

"They sit down and say this is what we want the Labor Party to do. The government has to make a judgement as to whether it would stay in power having done."

Labor's long-time supporters are left with a dilemma. The party needs to stay in office to carry out reforms but cannot carry them out for fear of losing office.

That's called a Catch-23; it stands in memorial to the 23 dark years that Labor spent out of office; 23 years that it will evidently do anything to avoid repeating.

ST ANN'S



INTERCOLLEGE

FRESHERS'



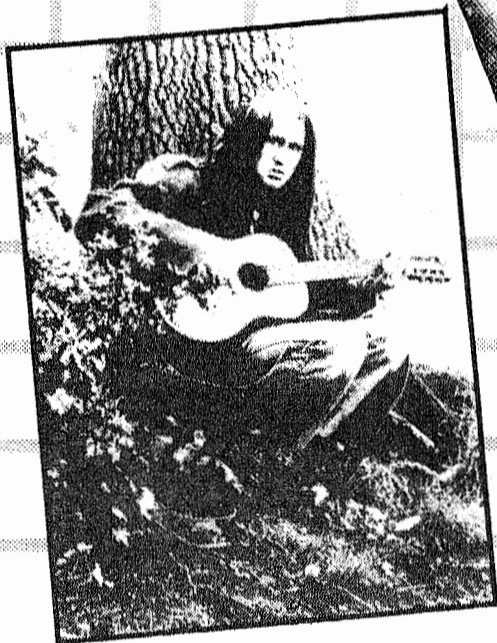
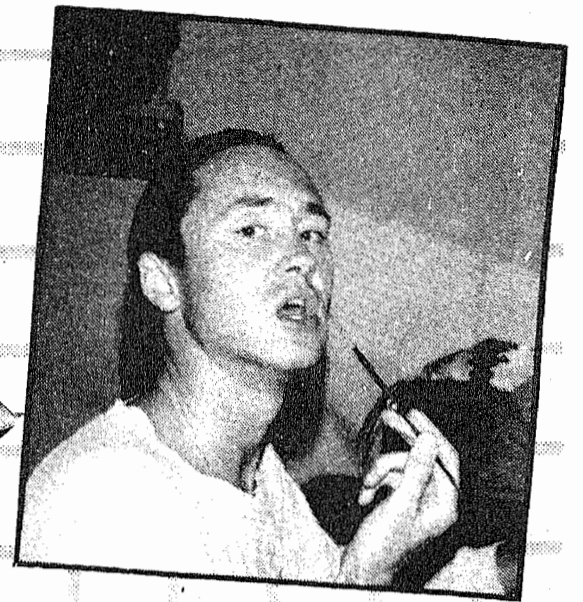
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Free beer, cider and softies. Top local DJ. All welcome!

Limelight



Oh wow heavy scene man

Oh, wow! Neil returns. This week the ABC brings back to our television screens the long awaited repeat of *The Young Ones*. When he visited Adelaide recently Neil spoke to JOE PENHALL.

Last November with the hit TV series *The Young One's* behind him, a hit single and album, and a new book on the best sellers' list. Neil Weedon Watkins Pie, professional hippy, announced that he was coming to Australia.

"It was all Mike and Rik and Vyyan's idea really, they said: 'Why don't you go to Australia?' We'll what they actually said was: 'As far away as you can think of Neil and then lie low for, you know, thirty years' - well, what they said was 'A hundred and twenty'. Well thanks a lot guys, ha, ha, really funny joke."

Furthermore, he was going to be here for Christmas!

"Christmas is really bad...right? You have to stay in with your parents and there's old films on the telly and carol singers keep hassling you for bread and you've got to eat lots of horrible food..."

So while fellow Young One's Rik and Vyv toured England, and Mike

helped Santa Claus with his new movie, Neil packed his bags for the Antipodes and plaintively asked:

"How long do you think it'll take to hitchhike to Australia from here? Somebody told me it is really hot there at Christmas and it is winter in July and everything's like the complete opposite of what it is in England."

"Does that mean people cry at jokes and laugh at the aquarian concept of grain eating as a way of enlightenment?"

Months later after a press release had informed us that Neil was "still somewhere between Istanbul and Bali") Neil and his alter-ego, Nigel Planer arrived for his first solo Australian tour.

In a dingy half-lit changeroom at the Opera Theatre, Grote Street, Nigel Planer, alias Neil was being hassled. He still had to change clothes and apply the necessary make-up, whilst conducting an

interview, and trying to find a misplaced banana...for the show?"

"No, I just fancy one to eat."

As he hurriedly applied Neil's earthy make-up, and Los Trios Ring Barkus, sounding like a bunch of displeased baboons, made an assortment of warm-up noises in the neighbouring changeroom, Planer explained that the famous hippy was living on borrowed time.

"In England I no longer do Neil at all, I've given him up...this time last year we did a farewell gig, and this is just basically a similar gig to that."

Yet Neil is at the pinnacle of his career, he even has an accountant, why end it now?

"In England a comedian has to stop after chart success. After that you can't go on for long, because you attract a different sort of audience."

With a hint of glumness that reflected the gloomy surroundings he added: "We didn't know the song was going to chart like that and so it put paid to the comedy side of things somewhat. It became too strong and overshadowed the rest."

However Neil wasn't always a top ten artist with a profile in Smash hits.

"Originally he was a folk singer. Me and Peter (my ex-partner) did a show about a pop festival called *Rain*. We had a few minutes before the next act, and we just had this bloke, Neil, so we thought we'd give him a try, and see what he's like."

"People thought he was a real folk singer and so we sort of took him from there."

And although Neil and *The Young Ones* are relatively new to Australian audiences, Vyv, Mike, Rik and Neil are well established in England, both together and in their solo careers.

"We were a live act in London and we came over to Adelaide in 1982 as a group just before making *The Young Ones*, and did a show in the Adelaide Festival called *The Comic Strip*, where we were a group of stand up comedians."

This show, which included Rik Mayall and Ade Edmonson as the Dangerous Brothers, led to a televi-

sion series in England called *The Comic Strip Presents*

However Planer lamented that it's a bit difficult to sell in Australia because each week is a different episode with a completely different story and different characters.

Though he thinks that "some of them are brilliantly funny, there's a heavy metal episode, and a Beat Generation episode."

So do scenarios of the beat generation and hippydom suggest an interest in the sixties?

"I think it was an interesting time," said Planer. When we did Neil's *Book Of The Dead* and the album, it was interesting looking up all the old books and doing the research. It was quite interesting to see the influence of the sixties - it was fairly far reaching."

The book, containing among other things a recipe for backwards time travel in a quest for past lives was an English best seller and is now available here.

The Young Ones series, now on third and fourth repeats in America and England, is to be repeated this week in Adelaide.



Enjoy a little

ROCK A LITTLE

Stevie Nicks
EMI

by Mat Gibson

Perhaps a more apt title would be 'Synth A Little'. She has almost completely discarded her traditional West Coast Los Angeles' sound and has found little more than a rather dull mixture of medium tempo pop clichés to fill its place.

Nicks' voice, which has carried so much of her solo material, is as strong and enchanting as ever, but doesn't save her on most of the tracks, being lost in a maelstrom of quecks and barks delivered from an extensive range of cost-impressive synthesizers.

Unfortunately, the most impressive feature on the album is the lineup of ace session musicians, many of who played on her memorable *White Dove* concert series of several years ago.

Waddy Wachtel; Michael Porcaro; the versatile Chas Sandford; Bob Glaub, Danny Kortchmar and Russ Kunkel from Jackson Browne's section; and production by Jimmy Iovine and Ric Nowds.

Strangely *Heartbreakers* Mike Campbell and Benmont Tench, rather than an expected Tom Petty, join her to write and perform on two tracks. The song *Imperial Hotel*, one of the few good pieces, was co-written with Mike Campbell and sounds every bit like a Tom Petty track.

Yet there are good works other than *Imperial Hotel*, namely the single *I Can't Wait*. It is the only one of the album's 'pop' songs which really makes it. Far and away the finest track and the last on the album is *Has Anyone Ever Written Anything For You*, a smoother, lighter piece, very much in the vein of her earlier work and a saving grace for many of Nicks' listeners.

Although it isn't actually a bad album, it just doesn't rise above pleasant listening.

Air was putrid

This year's Skulduggery show was quite a successful evening even though there was a poor turnout, 650 less people than last year.

Skulduggery is an annual Orientation-week event held in the Cloisters and is organised by the Medical Students' Association.

The bands playing this year were *The Ken Oath Orchestra*, *No Cause For Alarm*, and *The Naz*.

The smaller amount of people meant that this year getting a drink or moving around was possible. Last year's show was so crammed that you were more likely to go home with more alcohol on you than in you.

Barry Salter, Activities Officer, said that the popularity of Skulduggery varied from year to year. This year's total of 1350 were able to socialise a lot easier and there were no bad incidents.

There were only a few medical problems, most of which were the result of heat exhaustion combined with alcohol.

The Naz were the warm-up band and played while most people were concerned with talking and drink-getting.

The Ken Oath Orchestra really

lightened up the night and came on just as everybody was "happy".

John Vincent did his usual Gregarious routine plus a special medical students version of *Dire Straits*, *Money for Nothing* complete with Mark Knopfler headband.

Both *No Cause For Alarm* and *Ken Oath* were well received by the crowd and had many people bopping.

No Cause For Alarm came on about 11.00 pm in the Refectory and played many of their own renditions of popular songs until about 12.30 when the music and the kegs finished.

The one thing that made the night miserable was the heat. It was a sultry night which made being in the refectory at all a real chore, and skulling easy.

The usual row of couples and small circles formed on the grass between the SAUA and CSA, a place where the air was quite putrid.

Like many other people, this writer was not going to risk driving home ended up going home in a taxi. A parking ticket the next morning was the price for a great evening, as well as a hangover of course.

Ignored, but still worth a listen

BEHIND THE LINES
David Knopfler, Polygram

by Mat Gibson

For those of you who failed or refused to read the Entertainment section of the Advertiser some two or three months ago, you probably won't earn the mantle of ignorance for not knowing that David Knopfler had released a second album.

The one review it did receive it could have done without. Discarded as a poor effort and considered not worthy of a second listen, many people like myself must have been convinced not to spend our precious record dollars on a probable flop.

It was not until a copy appeared in a second hand store (actually the only copy I had seen) that I was tempted to, and did, purchase one. And what a good album it is.

The first impression one gains is that it is largely different from his first record, *Release*. The guitar is far less prominent save for some excellent work on 'Double Dealing', 'Sanchez' and 'Prophecies'. For the most part a synthesizer carries all but two tracks (which feature an acoustic piano) but only

'Shockwave' tends to suffer at all from this.

And while the album's other reviewer claimed it had no track worthy of release as a single, the first song of side one more than fits the bill of an up-tempo catchy tune, followed immediately after by 'Shockwave'.

The most notable and impressive feature of the album is Knopfler's marvellous combinations of rhythms and mixture of styles. Particularly on the innovative 'Prophecies', easily the finest track on the album, Knopfler shows his inability to be both controlled and energetic, moods echoed in all of the other songs.

I can think of few artists whose style is similar to that of Knopfler's, except the brilliant Canadian artist Bruce Cockburn, yet another musician suffering from undeserved underexposure in Australia. Perhaps Knopfler's future Adelaide concert sometime in May at Le Rox will help to generate interest in his work.

This is definitely an album for those who even partially enjoyed what little they heard off *Release*, those left unsatisfied by stereotyped pop, and anyone who has the patience to listen seriously to an album twice.

Emotive and bluesy

FEARGAL SHARKEY
Feargal Sharkey
Virgin

by Joe Penhall

With a fractured emotive voice and a flare for writing bluesy appealing rock, Feargal Sharkey is about to be very rich and famous. His debut, a self-titled album produced by *Eurythmic's* Dave Stewart, is a stylish and exciting start to his career.

The opening track and first hit single "A Good heart" establishes the intensive soul-based sound but is by no means the high point. An early highpoint is the high energy "You Little Thief" which as the new single deserves to be number one.

One of the few disappointments is the disasterous ballad "Make to Measure" which is heavy on passion and light on music, while another ballad "Someone to Somebody" is melodic but highly commercial and seemingly tailored for the mushy American charts.

The album is characterized by smooth female backing vocals, crisp brass and keyboards, and very minimal synthesizers, and reflects the recent return to a more traditional, earthy sound that many British artists are now making.



Church made in heaven

HEYDAY
The Church (EMI)

by Richard Wilson

The Church are the perennial bridesmaids of the Australian music scene. Almost everyone has listened to and liked Church material at some time, but the band fail to have even a portion of the following of the 'big' Australian groups like *Midnight Oil* and *INXS*. Rather, it's a case of "The Church? Yeah, they're OK."

Formed in 1980, *The Church* have

released three albums previously - *Of Skins and Heart*, *The Blurred Crusade* (considered by many as the definitive Church album), and the intense *Seance*.

As an album, *Heyday* is much more accessible. The distinctive Church sound is still there, but the songs are slightly different to previous material, due to the fact that all but two of the ten tracks are written collectively by the group (in contrast to previous albums which were penned almost exclusively by bassist/lead vocalist Steve Kilbey).

Nearly all the tracks work, with occasionally religious overtones. Even *Night of Light*, which has a chorus which would be right at home as the theme for an American TV soap, is quite enjoyable.

Myrrh, *Columbus*, *Disenchanted*, and the second single *Tantalized* particularly stand out.

The Church will be in Adelaide on March the 18th and 19th, and you could do worse than go along and help finally consummate the marriage of *The Church* and 'popular appeal'.

Not-so-saintly boys

CINE SCENE
Jamie Skinner

Brazil: Terry Gilliam's "other side of now" is a brilliant bizarre vision of the future - a sort of "nutty 1984". It's been showing since late December, a lot longer than a lot of the other "big" movies from the holidays. *Brazil* which stars Jonathan Pryce, Michael Palin and Robert De Niro can only really be enjoyed on the big screen. (Picadilly).

Back To The Future: Robert (*Used Cars, Romancing the Stone*) Zemeckis' crash course in comedy time-travel is now entering its 30th week at the Hindleys. It has been nominated for four Academy Awards, most of which are technical - Best Original Screenplay, Best Song, Best Sound and Best Sound Effects Editing.

White Nights: Taylor Hackford did well in 1982 with *An Officer And A Gentleman*, but since then he hasn't delivered us anything memorable with *Against All Odds* and now Russian ballet meets KGB blackmail in *White Nights*. Baryshnikov and Hines are great in the dance sequences, oh! but is the rest boring! Catch the yuppie songs *Say You, Say Me*, by Lionel Richie and *Separate Lives* by Phil Collins and Marilyn Martin.

Twice In A Lifetime: It may be too close to the truth for many. As long as you can manage not to identify with the characters, then you'll like it. But don't take Mum and Dad if their marriage is shaky.

Witness: Bonza. Forget *Rambo* - this is the real thing. The best of Hollywood with the best of Oz. Peter Weir I love you.

Films which start this week include *Agnes Of God* (Hoyts; March 13) starring Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft and Meg Tilly and Martin Ritt's, *Murphy's Romance* (Hindleys; March 13) starring James Garner and Sally Field.

CATHOLIC BOYS
Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

Any students out there who have vivid memories of school punishment only a few years ago may get a kick out of *Catholic Boys*.

Especially if you went to a Catholic School. So be warned to be either amused or offended, *Catholic Boys* (which was released as *Heaven Help Us* in the UK) not only takes a dig at the "school institution" but pokes at the Catholic School in a neat and naughty way.

Catholic Boys is set in Brooklyn during the mid-60s at St. Basil's - a Catholic boys school run by a bretheren of brothers in brown saintly robes. St. Basils is ruled sternly and poetically by Brother Thadeus, played by Donald Sutherland looking a bit perturbed in his role as the headmaster - with an afro!

Discipline at the school is carried out by the book even if it means throwing it at the unpious pubescents. The swift punishment is delishly enforced by the brothers, one of whom Brother Constance (Jay Patterson) seems to sadistically enjoy his punitive measures.

However, a sympathetic newcomer to the school, Brother Timothy (John Heard from *Cat People* and *Cutter's Way*) more than identifies with the boys and plays a part in Brother Constance's eventual (and evident) dismissal.

Andrew McCarthy from *Class* and *St. Elmo's Fire* plays Michael Dunn, a somewhat shy and wary newboy who experiences quite a jilted shock after his first day!

Dunn eventually falls into a group (based purely on those "getting in trouble"), headed by the dumb toughie Rooney (Kevin Dillon as a carbon-copy of his best known brother) who rules the others - Corbet (Patrick Dempsey), a born fol-



From left: Mary Stuart Masterson, Stephen Geoffreys and Patrick Dempsey in Catholic Boys

lower; Caesar, Dunn's best friend and an overweight genius.

Stephen Geoffreys the punk-kid vampire from *Fright Night* and *Fraternity Vacation* plays the over-sexed and very busy Williams. Basically it is a non-talkative role in the film but Stephen Geoffreys has that teen-likeability of Michael J. Fox and shines out even in a small role.

Catholic Boys definitely has a "serious" edge to the prankery of the kids. In the first half, it is centred on the unjust maltreatment by Brother Constance and in the latter, a teen romance between Dunn and the girl from the corner shop hangout is worked well into the film - and it isn't sweet and sickly.

It is a sensitive part to the film though, very much similar to the "teen" romance between Noodles and Deborah (Jennifer Connelly) in Sergio Leone's *Once Upon A Time In America*.

The romance between Michael and Danni (Mary Stuart Masterson who is much like Jennifer Connelly

in *Catholic Boys*) is soon halted when the instigation of the school, Danni is taken into government care and her father is institutionalized, stricken with melancholia. A head on battle between the boys and the Brothers begins, which leads to a rather dramatic climax.

Script for the most part is funny, even though it often goes for the

easy gag. The development of some of the characters (mostly the brothers) suddenly halts half way through, with a sudden concentration on only a few characters with a noticeable neglect on others.

Catholic Boys is by far not the perfect teen movie - but it is a quality attempt - something which is becoming a real habit in Hollywood, as far as this kind of movie goes.



Brother Constance reprimands Rooney in Catholic Boys

Dance film has its defects

WHITE NIGHTS
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

Taylor Hackford's *White Nights* is, prima facie, sheer indulgence in the superb dancing of Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines.

The opening scene shows Baryshnikov, one of the world's greatest dancers, in Roland Petit's masterly *Le Jeune Homme et La Mort*. Here Baryshnikov's brilliance shines, each movement blending into the next. Unfortunately the plot is not so smooth. James Goldman's tale is really an implausible, yet often predictable, story of political blackmail.

Baryshnikov is Nikolai "Kolya" Rodchenko, a Russian dancer who defected to the West eight years ago because of artistic curfews in the Soviet Union. Baryshnikov himself defected to the West some eleven years ago for similar reasons.

A plane crash in Siberia thrusts him firmly in the hands of sinister KGB agent Colonel Chaiko (Polish director Jerzy Skolimowski). Chaiko is represented as a somewhat typical KGB spy: persuasive, relentless and cruel.

Because of his defection, Kolya is still considered a criminal in Russia. The KGB seizes the opportunity to show Kolya as a kind of Prodigal Son, returning to his 'fathers' full of contrition.

To achieve this end he is placed under the 'supervision' of Raymond Greenwood (Hines) and his Russian wife Darya (Isabella Rossellini).

This is the Hollywood debut of the beautiful Rossellini daughter of Ingrid Bergman, who is sub-



Baryshnikov and Hines-dancing through White Nights.

sequently creating much interest in Europe and Britain. As Darya she is gently reassuring, fighting against her own love of Russia.

Hines is an American tap dancer who fled to Russia in a protest against his country's involvement in Vietnam. However, since displeasing the authorities he has been confined to entertaining peasants in a rendition of *Porgy and Bess*. He may be promoted if he succeeds in convincing Kolya to dance with the Kirov Ballet.

After initial differences, Kolya and Greenwood join forces to plan escape to obtain the artistic freedom they cannot find in Russia.

As Kolya's ex-lover, Helen Mirren has some strong moments. However it is acclaimed actress Geraldine Page as Kolya's agent who really impresses in her brief yet memorable scenes.

White Nights is Hackford's fourth major film. Where it may not attract as much attention as his *An Officer and a Gentleman*, it still promotes the same struggle for freedom and integrity to oneself.

Here the plot seems secondary, transcended by the technical and artistic brilliance of Baryshnikov and Hines. Previously they regarded each others' dance forms curiously, but when they dance together they become one. In Twyla Tharp's dance sequences they are stylish, exciting and quite simply "electrifying".

Those expecting an intense political thriller may be disappointed since the essence of *White Nights* is the desire for freedom and the magic of dance - with a likeable soundtrack thrown in for good measure.

Weir's simple, winning recipe

WITNESS
Hindley Cinemas

by Graham Lugsden

This is the way films should be made.

Peter Weir's *Witness* is an object lesson in film-making to his American brethren. The recipe is as simple as it is well-known: take a good script, a director who knows what he is doing and add a dash of fine acting. It will surprise and delight even the most disillusioned of palates.

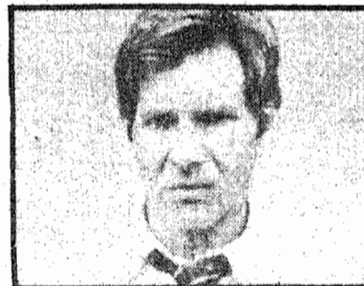
Witness will win Oscars, of course; the only doubt is about the number.

Harrison Ford is John Book, a Philadelphia police captain, witnessed by a small Amish boy. The boy, his widowed mother, and Book, seclude themselves on an Amish farm, to escape the crooked cops who were behind the murder, until the boy can safely testify.

The Amish are a religious sect that exists across America, keeping their communities closed to outsiders, maintaining their ideals and following their beliefs, virtually untouched by the twentieth century. They have no cars, radios, televisions or central heating. They wear no buttons on their cloaks, since they believe that they are vain.

They have almost stopped time - they still call Americans outside their communities "the English".

By juxtaposing the two societies - Amish and modern America - Weir invites the viewer to resolve the



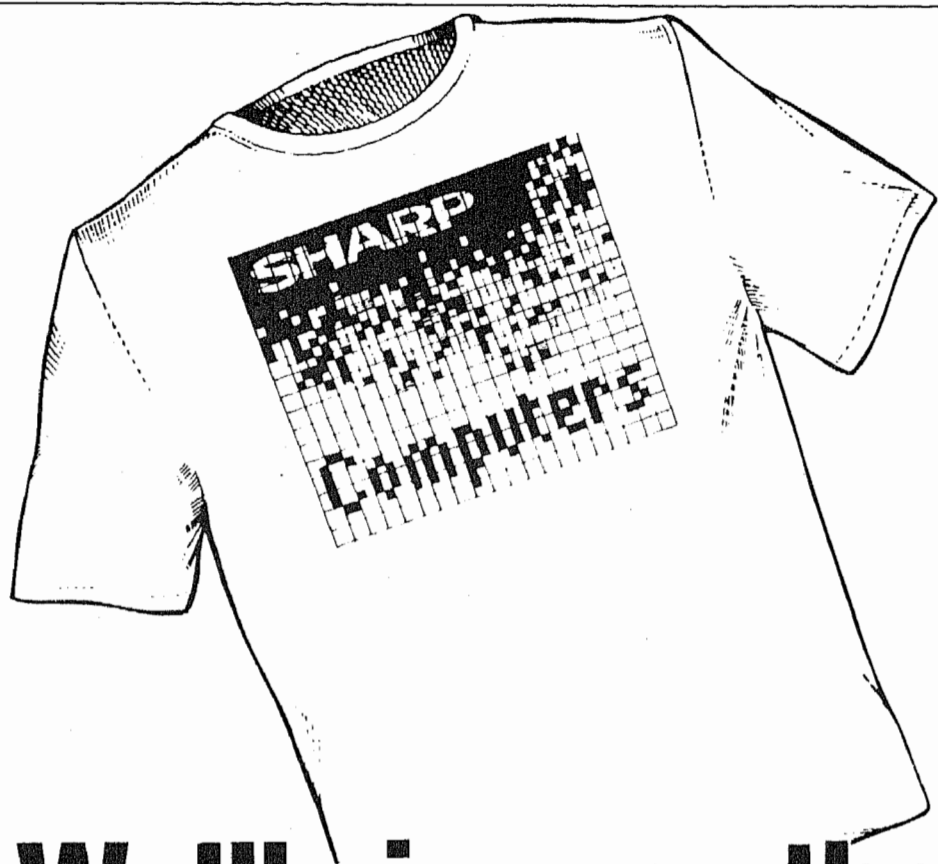
Harrison Ford plays John Book, moral question: which is superior? Weir leaves us in no doubt as to his own views.

There is a confrontation between a party of Amish and some young hoodlums in the local town. (The Amish do occasionally buy supplies from 'the English'.) The hoodlums begin harassing the young Amish men, who are not allowed to fight back.

It is Book, as pseudo-Amish, that eventually slaughters the gang of toughs. One is sickened by one's own society, and proud of a group of theological radicals who live as their ancestors did in the seventeenth century.

It is difficult not to gush when discussing *Witness*. There is so little to complain about - perhaps the only barrier to taking the whole family to see it, would be a good dose of 'colourful' language. If that doesn't bother you, then you have no excuse.

One day, all films will be made this way: until then, catch this one, and pray fervently to the patron saint of cinematography.



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Under the rabbit ears

by Alan Brideson

So it's that time of the year again when what channel 7 used to call big event specials, the Grannies and Oscars, grace our small screens and we in the antipodics watch American celebrities give each other endless standing ovations on account of their artistic achievements. Leaving aside Meryl Streep's up coming "Night of the superstar" the Grannies had its moments.

Kenny Rogers and Ronny Milsap won my dress award for the night. Kenny opted for the nostalgic 1975 blue beaded dinner suit which I'm sure had inch cuffs on its flaired trousers and Ronny Milsap's handlers outdid Stevie Wonder's by proving that the 80s means you can wear purple shirts and wide floral ties - or was it the other way around? Kenny actually looked like he was waiting for John Denver or Paul Simon to come back from the loo. But I guess he smiled a lot which is what counts, and of course, if you're compere you don't get embarrassed about not getting any nominations.

For all the American hype the show was inevitably predictable and boring. Stevie Wonder and Huey Lewis (who?) got to sing for the eighth year in a row, and Phil Collins was the music rep from the rest of the world - although now he's won a bag of awards they'll make him an honorary Yank-like Sting. Naturally "We Are The World" (or just the biggest and richest part) got an Oscar or two and a standing ovation. This much was obvious since Lionel Ritchie and Michael Jackson were sitting in the front row. But Michael thanking God (did God sing after Springsteen or was that Willie Nelson?) had the cynic in me wondering if he's going to move into rock gospel - a sort of latter day Harry Belafonte (instead of the 'banana boat song' he could do a nose song). No doubt young Mic was genuine, particularly as he finished by asking everybody to "Remember the children". I'm sure he meant those in Africa, but maybe it was a Freudian slip in reference to Gary Coleman's defunct "Different Strokes" (once the most popular show on Adelaide

screens - amazing but true) and his own hazy future.

Winners of the obligatory immortality awards this year were the Rolling Stones and the Gershwin Brothers which I guess has a certain symmetry to it. But lots of the drama of the elderly sister of the Gershwins strolling on to stage was nicely lost thanks to some slick programming that had her wedged between "Starship's" immenseley well through out "we built this city on rock and roll" and Whoopi Goldberg, who while having obvious talent, is making a name for herself by being different, just like Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy used to be. Anyway *Rhapsody in Blue* didn't quite fit, standing out like the attempt at credibility that the awards lack.

But the performance of the night goes to the *Rolling Stones*. Overcome by the emotion and poignancy of a big award, they looked like someone had just woken them up and nailed them to the wall so that they'd face the camera. Mick, probably more interesting in the fluctuating Wall Street money markets, said the joke was on everybody else, but the best line came from Charlie Watts who pointing at the award, muttered, "It's got wheels on it!"

For something a little more serious, *Writer's Week* shed an interesting perspective on the power of television.

While commenting on the box's manipulation of culture, James Silberman, President of Summit Books and former publisher of Muhammed Ali and E.L. Doctoron among others, let out an amazing statistic. For serious literature - you know the stuff that never makes it on English Department reading lists because it was written after Christ - he expected print-runs of approximately 15,000. Yet, he remarked wryly, while Barbara Woodhouse, that English 'great dane', was doing her bit with dogs on American TV, he managed to shift 300,000 copies of dog training manuals. That's a pile of books in anybody's language.

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IN 1986?

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

MEETINGS

Adelaide High School Old Scholars Association

Annual General Meeting, 24th March 1986, 7.30 pm, Adelaide High School. All Old Scholars most welcome. Any Old Scholars wishing to become members see me, or put name, address and phone number in my pigeon hole.

Kristen Tilmouth
Vice President AHSOSA
Contact Dept - Organic Chem.

AIIESEC's Cheese and Wine

This promises to be the cheese and wine event of the year.

Who can come: Anyone studying Economics, Commerce or Maths Science.

When: Wednesday, 12th March, 1.10 pm.

Where: The Napier Lawn (opposite the courtyard, almost opposite the Economics Front Office and next to the stairs going up to the Law Plaza).

What: Donations have been received from the S.A. Brewing Co. (beer, wine cooler and T-shirts), Arnott's (96 packets of Ruffles Chips), Kraft (Cheese), and Woodroofes (Lemonade).

It's free, so why not come along???

Thursday Brekkie

This Thursday at 7.30 am come and have some fun and meet some new people in fun, friendship, free food and especially Fellowship in our Praise and Prayer time at the North Dining Room by Evangelical Union, an interdenominational Christian group on campus.

The Nature of God

Come and hear this Tuesday at 1 pm in the North Dining Room about "The Nature of God" which continues throughout the term. Grant Thorpe is our speaker for the next three weeks.

It is both an expansion of our knowledge of God and exploration of ourselves as well as a really good chance to meet new people.

Bahai Society Notices

An independent view on the Bahai Faith. BBC Video, Tuesday, March 4th, 1 - 3 pm, Little Cinema.

Bahai Society by-election, Tuesday, March 18, 1.00 pm in the Clubroom.

A.U. Folk Club

Thursday 13, 1 pm, Cloisters. Come and join A.U. Folk Club for an hour (or two) of singing and folk music.

All welcome - BYO voices and instruments.

Students for Christ

Students for Christ will hold an A.G.M. on Thursday 20 March at 1 pm. Please come along to this brief meeting which is necessary for our affiliation. The planned Students' For Christ meeting will run straight on from this. Ph. Tony Mills on 277 2228 for further information.

Physics I and/or Maths I student who would be willing to make available photocopies of the lectures on Wed. and Fri., to a fellow student who is unable to attend on those days. Must be intelligent and good at Physics and Maths, and take full and clear lecture notes. Payment offered: \$1 per lecture. Phone 339 5177. Ask for Helen.

Student Life

Wednesday 12th March, 1 pm, North Dining Room, Student Union Building.

All welcome. Christian Fun Fellowship Teaching and Sharing. Come and make some new friends.

SPORT

Self-Defence Class

Members of the University Community are invited to enrol for a class in practical self-defence techniques, under the instruction of a well qualified ex-S.A. Police Instructor, with over 20 years experience.

Instruction is devoted to proven self-defence techniques for dealing with violent situations, and is not to be confused with Karate, Tae Kwon Do, Kung Fu or other martial arts systems. The training given is suitable for anyone regardless of age, size, strength or sex, and can be applied to any common assault situation. It is anticipated that a course of 10x1 hr. lessons held twice weekly during a five-week period in term time will be conducted. Cost will depend largely on numbers enrolling but will not exceed \$10.00 for a complete course (for Sports Association members). If interested please leave your name and contact at the Sports Association Office. Class size limited to 20.

Winter Baseball

Students and staff, male and female, who are interested in playing baseball during the winter season, are invited to leave their names and contact at the Sports Association Office. The Winter Baseball Association is keen to include a team or teams from Adelaide University in this season's competition which starts at the end of April. The winter competition is very much a social competition and mixed teams are permitted to compete. The Association has also offered assistance with coaching and scoring if necessary.

Fishing Club

The University Fishing Club was reformed last year and is seeking new members. Anyone interested in this activity is asked to contact the club through the Sports Association Office.

Lunchtime Recreational Sport

Form a group of friends or a team from your department and have a fun game on University Oval. Sports available are: Volleyball - experience the thrills and excitement of outdoor volleyball on grass. Soccer - Five-a-side.

Softball

Mixed teams are encouraged for all of these activities. The Sports Association will supply the equipment and co-ordinate games.

Amateur Wrestling

The S.A. Amateur Wrestling Association has approached the Sports Association with a view to providing assistance with the formation of a club at the University. Previous experience is not required. Members of the University Community who are interested in this sport and in the formation of a club are asked to leave their names and contact at the Sports Association Office.

Intra-Murals

Touch

An Intra-Mural Touch competition will be held during first term on University Oval, starting 24th March. Form a team and enter this fun competition - mixed teams accepted. Entry forms are available from the Sports Association Office. Individuals wishing to play should also leave names and contact, and we'll put you in a team. Entries close on 14th March. Exhibition games will be played during Orientation Week on Tuesday and Wednesday between 1&2pm.

Inter-Varsity Baseball Championships 1986

These are being held in Newcastle, N.S.W. from 12-16 May 1986 - players must be enrolled students to be eligible. If you are a student currently playing competition baseball for a district club you can form a team (combined with Flinders University students if necessary) to participate. Contact the Sports Association if interested.

Snooker and Billiards

The Adelaide University Billiards and Snooker Club is preparing to embark upon its most promising season ever. Following the comprehensive victory in the Inter-Varsity Team Snooker Championship at Monash last year, the Club is eagerly awaiting our chance to successfully defend the title in Adelaide later this year.

Matches are held between members each Tuesday at the Post Tel Institute, 2 Franklin Street (just behind the G.P.O.), with prospective members welcome next Tuesday, March 11th. Membership for a full 12 months is a pitance at just \$6 with no other fees charged.

Feel free to come along on the 11th and have an enjoyable evening at our expense.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Italian Government Scholarships

The Italian Government is offering a total of 100 months of scholarships to Australian citi-

zens during the academic year 1986/87. Scholarships will be awarded as long-term (1 academic year i.e. 8 months) or short-term (3 months).

Fields of study: Italian Language; Italian Literature; Music; Art.

A number of scholarships will be reserved for candidates wishing to study subjects relating to Italian language and culture with priority given to teachers, social workers and others who would use Italian in their profession.

Benefits: 600,000 Italian lire per month. Health insurance premiums, the cost of travel between Australia and Italy on Alitalia for holders of long-term scholarships only.

Conditions: Applicants are required

- (1) To be Australian citizens;
- (2) To have some knowledge of the proposed field of study;
- (3) To meet the health requirements of the Italian Government.

Further information and application forms are available from:

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

Please ask for two application forms if intending to apply for both a long-term and a short-term scholarship. Closing date, March 21, 1986.

Indo-Australian Cultural Exchange Program 1986/87

The Government of India is offering two scholarships for Australians to study in India during 1986/87 at the undergraduate, postgraduate or postdoctoral level.

Students enrolled in Ph.D courses in Australia may apply for a cultural exchange scholarship to enable them to complete some research in India to assist in the completion of their Australian Ph.D. program.

No undergraduate courses are available in Medicine under the Program and places available for undergraduate Engineering students are very limited.

The duration for undergraduate courses in India is three years and for postgraduate degrees normally two years and the duration of the award will normally be for two years. However, this could be varied depending on the nature of the degree or research program undertaken.

Benefits available under the scholarships include living allowances of up to \$A90 a month, medical expenses, study tour costs, book grants, some holiday costs and reservation charges for hostel accommodation.

Applications close on 20 March 1986 and application forms are available from:

The Secretary,
Department of Education,
(Indo-Australian Cultural Exchange Program),
Department of Education,
PO Box 826,
Woden, ACT 2606.

Inquiries: Dick Grierson (062) 83 7649.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Secretary, Lodge of St. Alban, 27 Buvington Street, Walkerville 5081.

Austrian Government Scholarships

The Austrian Federal Ministry for Science and Research is offering a limited number of scholarships for the academic year 1986-87 within a scheme called "Applicants from All Over the World".

Applications are invited from Australian citizens who are qualified postgraduates between the age of 20 and 35 years and who would undertake research work or specialised studies at an Austrian university or research institution.

Candidates must be capable of undertaking tertiary studies in the German language and must submit with their application a detailed study or research program. The scheme is primarily intended for graduates (young scientists at universities, research institutions and similar bodies who have a Master's degree or equivalent) who wish to do a year of research work or specialised studies as postgraduate work. The scholarships are not intended for a full academic course and will not be granted to candidates who intend to write their thesis while in Australia.

Successful applicants will be accommodated in student hostels and health and accident insurance will be provided. No fees are payable and the scholarships provide an allowance of up to \$A628 a month.

Applications close on 21 March 1986 and application forms are available from:

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

Inquiries: Del Froome (062) 83 7635.

MISCELLANEOUS

O-Guide Correction

The 1986 O-Guide states that the Craft Studio is served "by an all-German crew". The editor wishes to point out that one member of the staff currently holds an Australian passport, and hence the above statement is incorrect. The editor apologises for any offence caused to the hard-working Studio staff.

Tutor required

Year 12 PES Economics student requires 1 hour per week. Apply: Lambini Gorezis, phone 268 2324.

For Sale

Brown EJ Holden. Good condition, good tyres, runs well. Urgent sale. \$320. Contact Robert 43 9674 evenings.

DANGER PIG!

- AND HIS CONSORT -
CARELESS ROBERT.



START AT THE BACK!

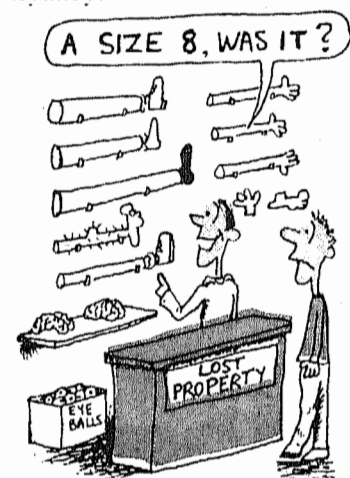
Edited by Graham Lugsden

Out of step

Sir Robert Helpmann, doyen of Australian dance, is believed to be planning a comeback at the age of 76.

But while the great man's physical prowess may be beyond reproach his many fans may be disappointed with the state of his memory.

Helpmann is in Adelaide for the Festival and was phoned up by a journalist seeking an interview. Sir Robert gave no sign of being unhelpful but for some reason insisted that he was in Sydney.



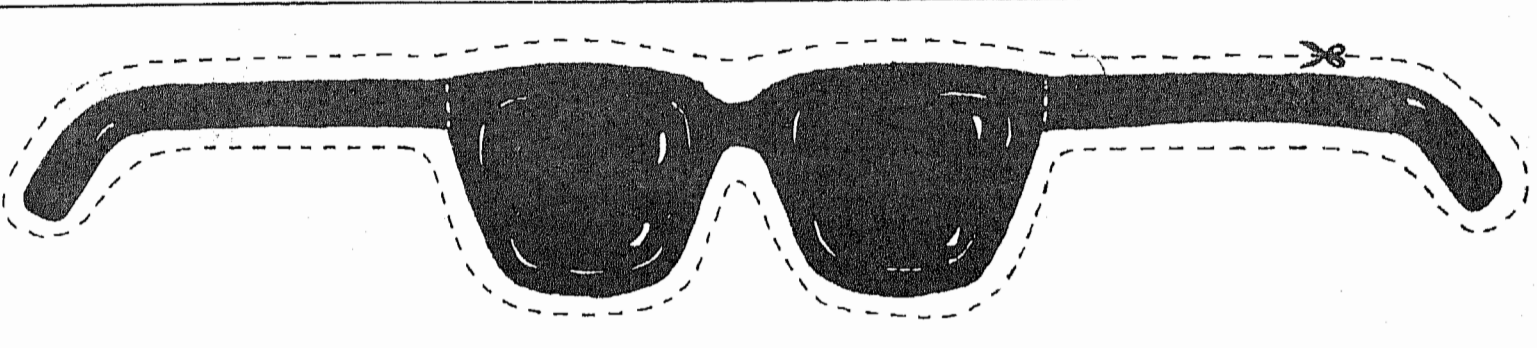
Armed and Dangerous

The Madrid zoo has discovered the theft of four pythons, two boa constrictors, a Brazilian tarantula and two alligators. Manager Dionisio Serrano said "We suspect Biology students because these are not the type of animals you would want to handle without experience."

Meanwhile in Auckland a man hopped into a local cop shop to retrieve a piece of lost property. He took possession of a size eight shoe and an artificial leg.

That's Credible

Definition of courage: "A man with both legs broken was cleared of armed robbery charges yesterday. He grinned at the judge, handed his crutches to a warder and bounded up a flight of stairs to freedom." (Age).



Halley's Comet mania hit New York City last week.

"When will it ever stop?" said prominent citizen Mick Jagger.

"Everytime Jerry gets up to do the three o'clock feed she drags me outside to see some dirty snowball in the sky.

"Thank God for On dit. With their special viewing glasses I don't have to look at it."

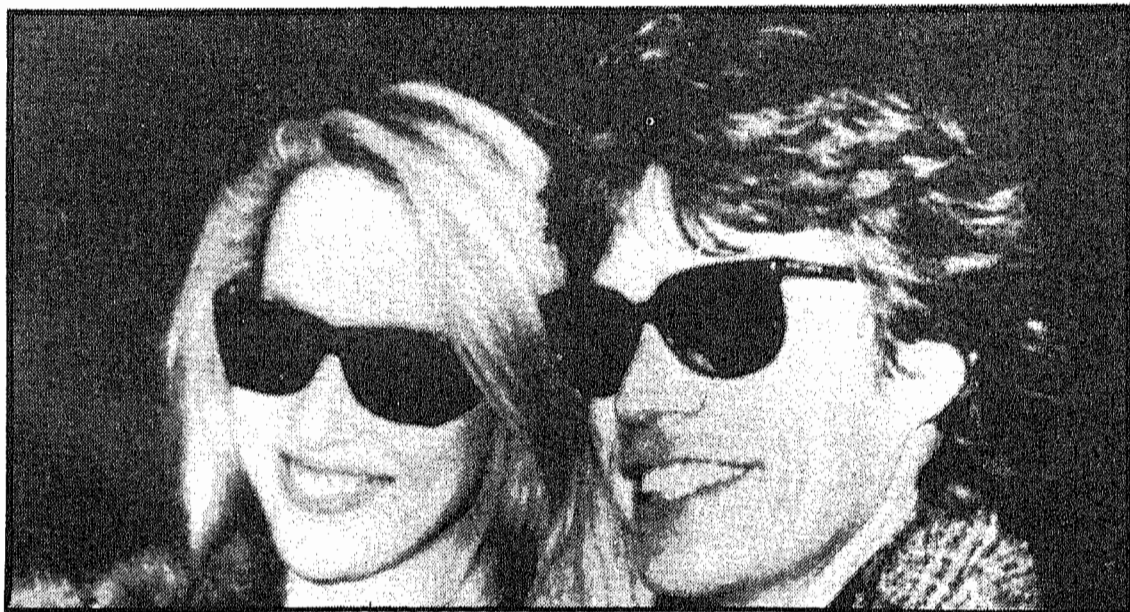
Mick said he'd heard about *On dit's* viewing glasses from fellow singer Stevie Wonder who'd been wearing them all his life.

But wait; it looks like Jerry's got a pair too!

With those glasses she can forget about the comet and the baby.

"And she's not embarrassed when we do it with the lights on," said the joacular Mick.

"Thanks a lot *On dit!*"



J and B

Every profession has its own jargon and buzzwords, and the racing industry has some rippers.

"Aids" does not refer to *that* disease, but to the means of communication between a horse and rider: pulling the rein, or nudging the horse's flank.

"Out for an airing" means that the horse is simply racing for the exercise, so don't back it.

A "bat" is the whip - "getting the bat out" means a jockey is whipping the horse. When a horse "blows up", it does not exit this life in a spectacular fireball; rather, it simply runs out of puff (or "wind").

If a horse is "boring", it does not fail to excite the horsey set; it is charging in front of other horses, possibly leading to disqualification. "Entire" is the euphemism for stallions that are not geldings.

Pommy Ingenuity

Britain has struck back in the war to find the world's oddest sport. Previously, Australia was a contender for the title with Queensland's infamous "dwarf-tossing" contests. However, the dastardly Poms have invented "ferret-legging".

It is reputed to be Britain's fastest growing sport. Luckily for the Anglo-Saxon world, it has the advantage of being shatteringly simple.

The gullible victim has his trousers tied securely at the ankles with string (the most difficult part). Then a ferret is placed down O Gormless One's trousers. The winner is the one who lasts longest.

The present champion of England - and hence the world - is one Mr. Reg Mellor of Barnsley, who has withstood the treatment for six hours.

It is not known when Mrs. Mellor will sue for divorce.

Sticks and Stones

Margaret Hilda Thatcher has had a multiplicity of nicknames in her parliamentary career. Attila the Hun, the Iron Maiden and Hilda the Great have all been past handles.

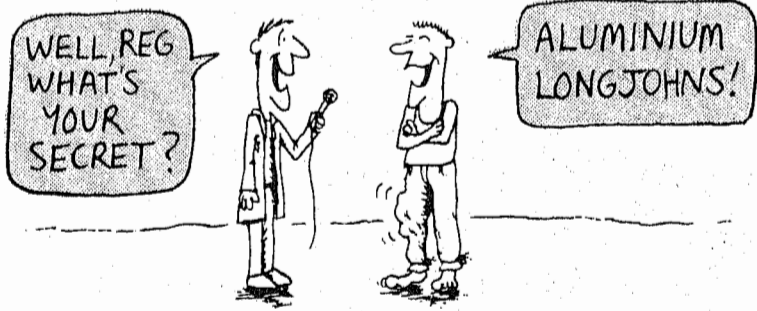
Now her Tory opponents (the "wets") have added a new name to the list - Mama Doe.

Credit squeeze

A young Sydney lad recently received an invitation from American Express to apply for one of their credit cards.

They said that ownership of the blue card was "evidence of a substantial salary and an excellent credit rating. It says you are financially reliable. It says you hold a responsible position."

The obviously valued potential customer is thirteen and has an allowance of \$10 per week.



The film that's got the critics raving!;
 "THIS MOVIE IS THE BIGGEST LOAD OF.... GOOD... FILM EVER..."
 - THE NEW YORK TIMES

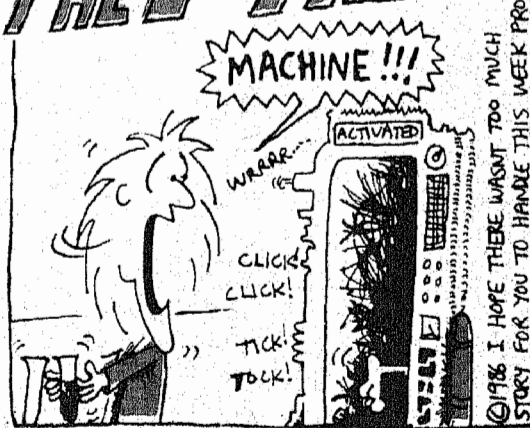
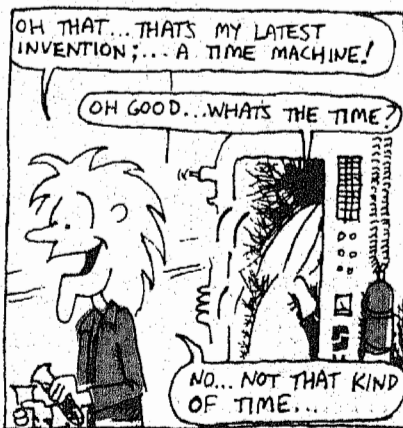
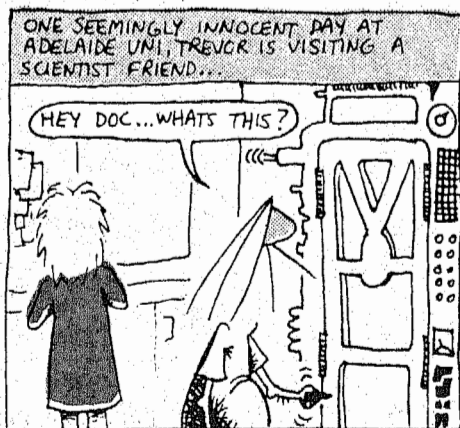
"IF YOU'RE CONSIDERING SPENDING YOUR HARD EARNED MONEY BY GOING TO SEE THIS FILM I SUGGEST YOU ... [DO] ..."
 - MODERN HANG-GLIDING

STEVEN SPIELBERG

Presents:

BACK TO THE PAST

Directed by... Ima Nobody
 Produced by... U. Neva Herdovme
 Written by... N. O. Ideas
 Edited by... O. B. Scure
 Clapperboard borrowed from... STEVEN SPIELBERG
 - STARRING -
 Micheal J. Walking as Trevor,
 Don Johnson as a DeLorean Sports Car
 AND
 Francis the talking mule as Ronald Reagan



©1976 I HOPE THERE WASNT TOO MUCH STUFF FOR YOU TO HANDLE THIS WEEK PROP.