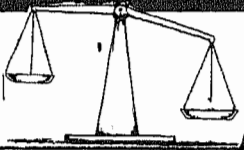


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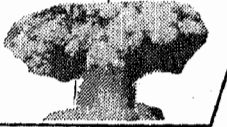
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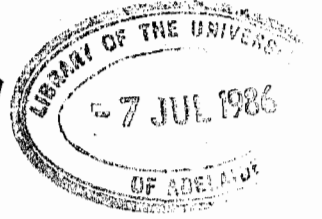
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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

JUNE 16, 1986



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2 SERIAL

Breaker's demise: the red phone rings and the game's all over

The Story So Far:

(Ronald Reagan in far off America accuses Gorbachev of frizzling American live-stock with giant death-rays. Gorbachev confesses that his wife is an American spy. She tells him that American burrowing submarines are even now tunnelling under Siberia, that the Yanks have developed a weapon which destroys societies while leaving both buildings and populations unharmed. If you fill up bomb cases with American \$10 bills and drop them over loony, left wing, guerrilla-run, Third-World rabbles, it is remarkable how quickly budding Che Guevaras will lose their popular base. And it's a whole bunch cheaper than conventional or nuclear warfare.

The world economic community trembles. Political and financial vested interests are dangerously intertwined. The USSR has a revolutionary new strain of wheat growing in some place called the Nuke-Rain. It grows to twenty feet tall in any climate, with grains like coconuts, and glows conveniently so that it can be harvested around the clock.

Reagan has a heart-attack late on a September night. Sweating in an bleached infirmary beside his beloved red-phone he stares mortality in its face, and summons up apocalypse to mark his passing.

"Armageddon in our lifetime" still rings from the old Baptist church of his youth. His vocation is to bring on the new millenium.

Cold motors cough into life under the icepack. MX missiles poke out like blind worms from silos in the sand. The wild-flow-



ers are blooming in the Flinders Ranges; Hawke and Keating quibble over tax. Dreamtime plains quiver under a dado of early warning signals. An old

man wheezes an order into a telephone, and jets, with arcade-game technology in their guts, blink red on radars across the Bering Strait.

"YOU HAVE...0...LIVES LEFT"

"GAME OVER"

"YOU SCORED...").

Rather depressed, the author saw little point in continuing with the tale.

THE END.

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Accountant on his way

by Jamie Skinner

The Adelaide University Union's Accounting Manager, Mr Ian Withall has resigned from his position after four and a half years.

He will be taking up duties as Commercial Accountant at Luminus where he will assist in the creation and development of "high-tech" companies such as Bresa, Reprotec and Geolumen.

Luminus is the umbrella company for the marketing of technologies that are developed at Adelaide University.

Mr Withall said that the highlights of his job as Union Accounting Manager were the computerisation of the Union and Union Bookshop, the redevelopment of the SAUA Office and the airconditioning of the Bar.

The Union Accounting Manager's duties include balancing the



Ian Withall

Union's finances and setting the union fee each year.

The Union is currently conducting interviews for the position of Accounting Manager.

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PRODUCTION NOTES

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

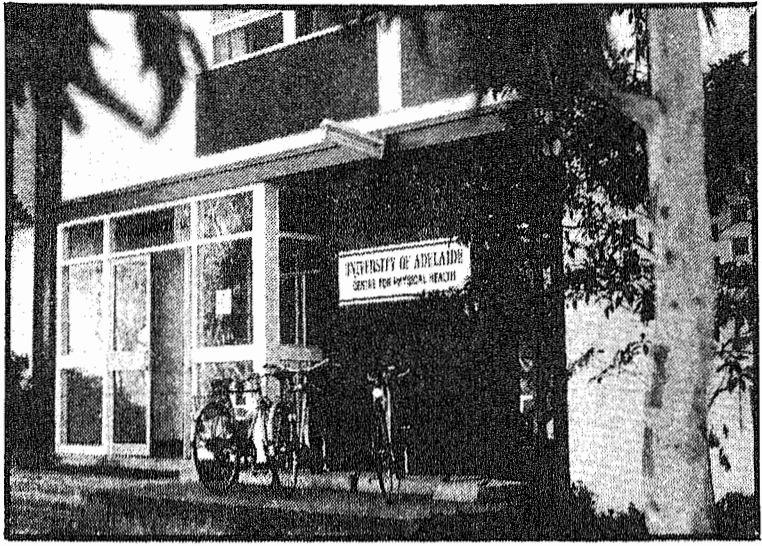
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Postal Address: On Dit, Adelaide University, GPO Box 498, Adelaide, 5001.



The Centre on Mackinnon Parade: will students have to pay?

Malaysians to buy Adelaide degrees in marketing plan

by Richard Ogier

Adelaide University will sell places in education to Malaysia amidst criticism that such moves represent a step towards market-based education in Australia.

Under the recently approved scheme - entitled MATES (Malaysian Australian Tertiary Education Scheme) - the Malaysian government will pay the way for fifty-one students to complete degrees at three South Australian institutions - sixteen of which will study at Adelaide University.

The students will be taken on "outside student quotas."

Senior Deputy Chancellor, Dr Harry Medlin, who negotiated the scheme on behalf of Union Council, said he hoped Adelaide University would make a profit out of the venture. But he stressed that its underlying aim was to "promote goodwill between Australia and Malaysia."

The students were chosen by a selection committee of three in March, by a group of seven hundred, organized by the University Sains Malaysia. They will arrive in September after a one month bridging course that will include English tuition.

According to Union Education and Welfare Officer, Vivien Hope, this will not adequately prepare the students for their academic life in Australia.

"These people will suffer serious language and cultural problems," she said.

"This whole scheme has not been thought through enough. The big dollar has been the over-riding consideration."



Lance Worrall & Vivien Hope: plan "thin edge of wedge"?

The decision making process inside the University concerning MATES, by-passed the normal channels with discussion being confined almost exclusively to Union Council, the Vice Chancellor, Dr Medlin, and Council representatives on the selection committee, Dr Alex Diamantes of the Department of Physical and Inorganic Chemistry.

The involvement of the Education and Executive Committees was confined to perfunctory discussion. Said Medlin: "I would agree that communications were abnormal but not so as to be improper."

President of the Post Graduate Student's Association, Mr Lance Worrall, claimed the University was acting on the implied threat made by the Federal Government, that campuses who failed to show "entrepreneurial flair" marketing courses overseas, would suffer further funding cuts.

Education as "trade rather than foreign aid", said Worrall, could be the "thin edge of the wedge" for market based education in Australia.

"It spreads the whole dynamic of competition among public institutions for profit, and once that becomes entrenched you get pressure that can dilute academic standards, and resources fail to go where the public interest is."

Worrall also expressed doubts as to the schemes compliance with Affirmative Action measures proposed by the recent Mayer Report, and whether the additional student load would not put financial pressures on departments.

MATES was expected to be discussed further at a University Council meeting on Friday afternoon, shortly after the time of writing.

A number of members are known to be deeply concerned about the scheme.

Gym to cause fee hike?

by Joel Magarey

The Adelaide University Union could be faced with a bill of up to \$30,000 for the Centre for Physical Health (CPH).

Following a request from University Council, the Vice-Chancellor has set up a working party to examine the distribution of the Union Fee between sport and other Union activities.

If the working party decides that the Union should be responsible for part of the CPH's funding, the Union may be forced to raise the Union Fee. An increase of around \$4,000 would be required to raise \$30,000.

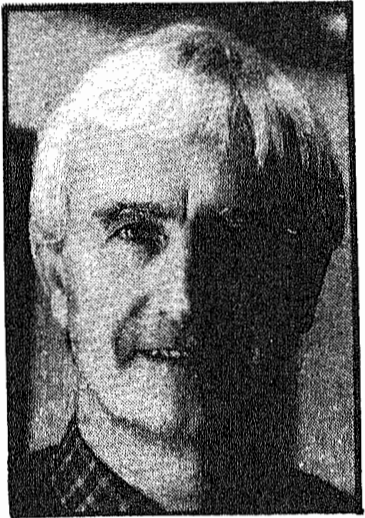
Union Executive Chair, Anthony Snell said that the Union "simply cannot afford" to foot the bill without increasing the Union Fee or reducing services.

He said that the issue was a "trial of strength" between the University and the Union, and that the CPH could be the "first cab off the rank" for the University to offload further responsibility onto the Union.

The Secretary of the Union's Sports Association, Colin Pickering said that the University had the misconception that the Union had funded the CPH in the past.

He said that apart from a \$20,000 interim grant in 1984 and a \$4,000 grant in 1985, the CPH had never been funded by the Union fee.

The minutes of the University



Colin Pickering

Finance Committee's April 18 meeting note that "...the University Union has up to and including 1984 contributed to the Centre (before 1984 via the Sports Association and then directly to the Centre in 1984), and that the cause of the problem is that it is not now doing so..."

University Registrar, Mr Frank O'Neill said that it was a question of "optimum use of resources available." If funds could not be found and services were cut, then this would be one of the "realities of life."

"We live in a changing time with changing funding levels," he said

Police seek stolen Apple

by Graham Hastings

Police have been called in to investigate the theft of nearly \$3,000 of computer hardware from the Union Building during the May vacation.

The hardware was part of an Apple promotion held in the Upper Refectory and was part of a system that was to be donated to the Students' Association following the promotion.

The hardware was stolen from the cleaning rooms on Level Four.

Head Steward, Dave Maslin, said that the police had been called in to investigate but at this time they had no leads. Part of the problem is that they are unsure exactly when the hardware was stolen.

Union Secretary, Rob Brice, said that there were no signs of forced entry but added that the rooms are often left unlocked.

He said that in hindsight it was foolish to store such valuable equipment in the cleaning rooms and that in future the Union should undertake to store such things in more secure areas.



Rob Brice, Union Secretary

Students' Association President, Anthony Snell, said that he was "very disappointed" by the theft but expected that Apple would still donate a system to the SAUA because the loss would be covered by insurance.

Library blitz on freebie copiers

by Paul Washington

Up to 27 people caught making free photocopies in the Barr Smith Library last term face action against them under a rule of the Library covering misuse of equipment, Librarian Eric Wainwright said last week.

A spate of free photocopying took place following an article in the last edition of *On dit* for first term about how people had been ripping off the photocopying system by turning off the machine before ejecting their cards.

The offenders were given "a pretty severe warning and...lost their cards on the spot", said Wainwright.

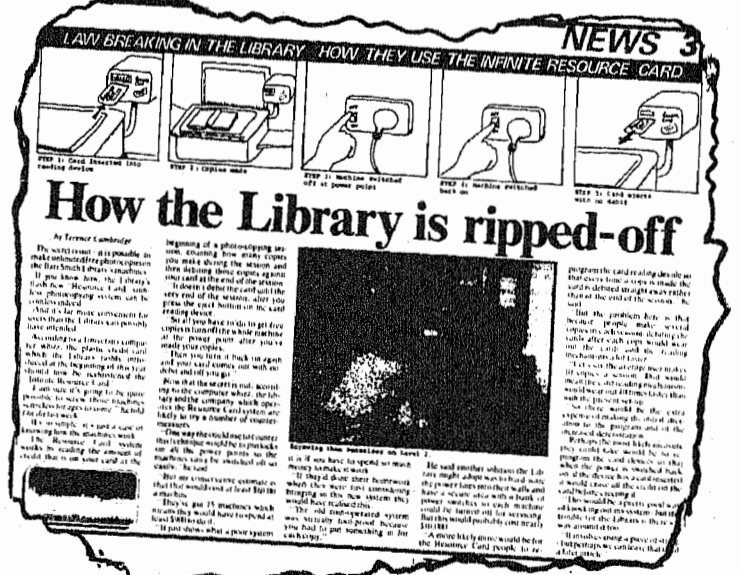
"If caught again we could take action against them but that would have to be taken by the library rules tribunal and they would decide what to do?"

He said that because the photocopying system was self financing any free copies made would ultimately result in an increase in the cost of photocopying.

But Heather Howard, Administrative Services Manager, said the library had not yet decided whether the library rules tribunal would prosecute the offenders.

The penalty "would probably take the form of a fine", she said.

At the beginning of 1986 the lib-



rary introduced a new photocopying system using resource cards which store up to \$100 credit.

A number of people have found the cards less than convenient however, either by not having the correct change to put credit on the cards, or through losing them.

The discovery by *On dit* that people had been exploiting a failing of the system to make free copies resulted in changes being made to the system almost immediately.

Mr Bob Litchfield, State Manager

of Resource Card Ltd., the company that leases the resource card system to the library, said there had been "no problems" fixing the system to prevent further free photocopies.

"It only took about two minutes to fix it all", he said, "Now anyone turning off the machine will have all the credit wiped off their card."

Litchfield said the company would be taking no action against those caught making free photocopies.

New council means stronger ties: Ryan

by Alison Mahoney

An Asian Studies Council is to be established in Australia by the Commonwealth Government for an initial period of five years. The Minister for Education, Senator Susan Ryan, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr Bill Hayden and Mr John Dawkins the Minister for Trade decided on establishing the Council in May.

A statement from the Education Department said the role of the Council will be to "stimulate and promote national awareness of Asia in industry and the community; and provide a national perspective on Asian Studies requirements in Australian Education at all levels."

The Council will incorporate eight delegates from the business, union, education and government sectors. It will come under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Education.

A Government allocation of \$300,000 has been set to fund the Council in 1986-87 with a further \$350,000 in 1987-88.

The establishment of the Council follows the report of a working party which looked at the feasibility of establishing such a Council.

Senator Ryan said that "the working party found that Asian Studies provision in Australia has not significantly improved since 1980 and on current trends would be no better by 1990".

"We are not prepared to accept this situation. It will seriously jeopardise the development of our relations with Asia, especially our capacity to seize economic opportunities in the region".

Links between Australia and Asia are becoming increasingly important. Senator Ryan emphasised that "Australia's future, especially our economic future, lies in the development of productive inter-



Federal Minister for Education, Susan Ryan

dependence with Asia, which is becoming a centre of world activity."

Andrew Watson, the Chairman for the Centre of Asian Studies at Adelaide University said "the best hope will be to enable real resources to be directed towards Asian Studies in a way not yet achieved although interest has prevailed since the 1970's".

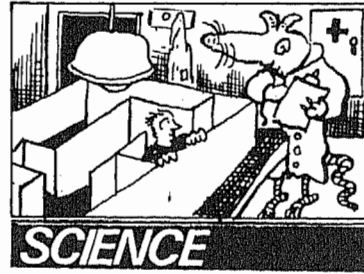
He said the "greatest advantages will be the integration of Asian Studies in two ways; a greater understanding of what is being done in our country and to help ensure that Asian Studies be

related to other study disciplines - i.e., economics and politics."

The most popular Asian language - Indonesian - is only studied by approximately 1 per cent of students. Because of this the main thrust of the Council will be towards secondary schools with "an emphasis on the acquisition of specialised texts and teachers" said Mr Watson.

Mr Watson believes the effect of the Commonwealth Government Scheme will be rapid simply because the financial resources have been made available to promote relations between Asia and Australia.

Sex, Santa, grog and the flagging Aust. birth-rate



SCIENCE

by Mark Douglas

In this weekly column, we will be reporting on new developments and controversy in the fields of Science and Medicine - both here in Australia and also overseas. If you have any articles of interest or questions you would like answered please feel free to drop them into the *On Dit* office.

Pregnancy...Abortion...Contraception...Sex...Insemination... It is virtually impossible to pick up a newspaper these days and not find an article on one of these subjects. In fact it has been calculated by one (tongue-in-cheek) reporter that Australia's total forestry industry provides only enough paper for the printing of the word "sex" in all papers and books throughout the world in any one year.

Apart from providing the world with their daily dose of written "sex", Australia also has one of the lowest birth rates in the world, (which all goes to show that we are a nation of readers, not Romeos). In an attempt to counteract this trend, Australia has become one of the leaders in the field of biotechnology. The Monash-Queen Victoria in vitro fertilisation (IVF) Program is a world leader in this field. Now we hear that this technology is being sold to the Americans, and several of our leading IVF specialists are to head IVF units in the States.

In recent times, there has been a deluge of articles from various groups decrying IVF and associated technologies. These articles put the point that IVF is

"unnatural". It will, we are told, lead to the obsolescence of wombs, breasts, men, women, sex and western civilisation as we know it. Apparently all it won't affect with respect to parenting, is baby's 3am feed and the production of dirty nappies.

Next week in this column we will be looking at the IVF program. We will report on the methods and technology involved and the criteria which need to be met to become part of the program. We will also look at what can and can't be done with our technology at present, and in which directions future experimentation may be heading.

Australians Dr. Colin Mathers and Roger Harris of the National Perinatal Statistics Unit at the Commonwealth Institute of Health in Sydney have recently released a study in which they researched the trends in monthly birth rates in Australia. Traditionally the peak has been in September, nine months after the Christmas - New Year break, and the jokes about festivities, intoxication and the Christmas spirit abound.

The time of year when most deliveries occur has changed significantly over the past 100 years to a February-March peak which developed in the 1970s. This suggests that Australians have gone from the traditional Christmas conception to a May-June conception. Perhaps jokes about the weather getting colder should replace the spirit of Christmas jokes.

Statistics are interesting, but do they reveal any great truths about why babies are born when? More importantly, can they provide any useful information to women who are expecting to be expectant and also hate queues? Unfortunately not. All these facts, interesting though they are, prove nothing more than that in Australia there is a mini-boom of babies in February and March and no-one knows why.

Brittannia's dim view of 'lazy' colonials

LONDON CALLING

by Geoff Hanmer

Australians aren't too keen on work was the message in a recent BBC radio program.

Citing such luminaries as John Elliot, the presenter Heather Peel put together an impression of a happy lotus land, wracked by strikes and the evils of union domination; the inhabitants turning up to work only when they can't go to the beach.

Now, whatever your politics, you'd have to say this was laying it on a bit thick, especially coming from the Brits whose idea of work is getting up to go to the tea trolley. Things here happen at a more genteel, some would say geriatric, pace.

Trying to interest sales staff in selling you something is often difficult here, and even the simple act of buying a stamp in Britain is fraught with the horror of the queue. Queue-ing is, of course, the British art form, developed by government bureaucracy to heights unknown in Australia. The all day queue at many London branches of the Department of Social Security is probably the best example. More frequent are the well known Post Office queues, now improved into

a single line that often stretches out of the door and down the street.

Private enterprise, it must be said, isn't much better. The Al-fresco cinema queue is a guaranteed laugh in the winter months, and the environmentally superior bank queue can be relied upon for a breather from the weather outside. Banks, incidentally, have only recently discovered customer service, which in England seems to involve not charging you for keeping your money. (That is, if they condescend to open an account for you, for you'll first need to convince the Bank that you are a fit and proper person to hold an account).

I suppose after all this you can always go to a pub for a drink, if you can remember when they open; a quaint legacy of the nineteenth century. Parliament hasn't changed the opening hours because the Conservatives are fearful about the backlash.

And if we've got the unions, Britain has a far more potent menace, rampant bureaucracy, theoretically responsible to umpteen different democratically elected committees but in reality answerable to none. The Inner London Education Authority (ILEA) is a convenient example. It is run by elected members who in turn elect a chair, who really runs the thing. But, it can't raise money itself and relies on central government for the lion's

share of its funding. It doesn't even employ its own staff, who used to be employed by the Greater London Council (GLC) which recently ceased to exist. The GLC was funded by central government, and contributions from the Borough Councils which make up London.

So what happens when ILEA teachers go on strike because they only get £120 (\$250) per week? Nothing. Everyone points the finger at everyone else, and ILEA teachers stay on strike because, although the employer body on the Burnham Committee (which has nothing to do with the ILEA at all) wants to give a small rise, central government won't supply the money. This then pushes the Borough and District councils, who have to make up the difference further toward bankruptcy, and probably means less money spent on other services which in many cases are close to collapse.

With all this mess, the visiting Australian can get tired of the smug British attitude towards the 'colonial' countries; which in popular myth are still barbaric outposts of the empire. It would serve them right if John Elliot and Alan Bond came over and took over everything. Then they would have some really unpleasant colonials to whinge about.

ALP turning green?

by Paul Washington

"The Labor Party will become more 'green' as time goes on" according to the South Australian Minister for Environment and Planning, Mr Don Hopgood.

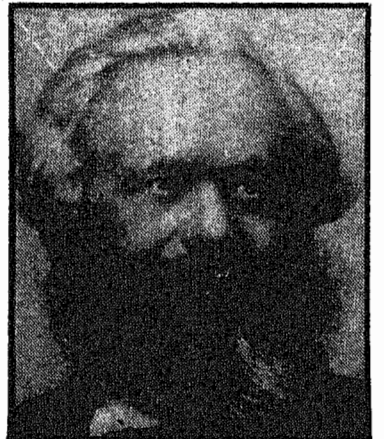
Mr Hopgood spoke to the ALP Students Association last Thursday on conversation and the environment.

He said that the Labor Party's traditional concerns with social justice and proper distribution of resources were a condition for a successful 'green' program.

"A basic concern is that economic development is not the real enemy here but it is a condition for economic management, because nations that are poor will have a poor environmental record."

He compared the difference between the views of the "Green movement" and his own views to the difference between the philosophy of the Utopian Socialists of the nineteenth century and the scientific socialism of Karl Marx.

"The green movement is a broad sort of movement. It involves people at the fringe who seem to be



Karl Marx

attracted by Erich von Daniken and flying saucers, and extremes of animal liberation and all that sort of thing," he said.

"I don't think these people do much harm, at the same time I, don't think they can be seen as the flagships of the future.

"They provide some energy, they provide some enthusiasm but there is no substitute for a scientific analysis of trends and ensuring that your management reflects that scientific analysis."

Long rule of the Left ended in SA by moderate alliance

The long rule of the Left in the South Australian ALP ended recently when the Centre Left and right-wing Labor Unity combined to clinch a majority on the state executive. CYRIL QUINE dives into the labyrinthine netherworld of ALP factional politics to find out how it happened.

Premier John Bannon appeared tired and depressed on television last week, adding hints of a possible retirement after the next election to a generally dolorous countenance.

His glum looks were a mystery, given that he and his faction, the Centre Left, had just won a stunning victory at the party's state conference, ending the long dominance of the Left.

Ever since Mr Bannon won power in 1982 he has had to tolerate sniping from a party machine controlled by an enemy faction. Now that the parliamentary and organisational wings of the party are arranged in concert he can rest a little easier.

But how did it happen? How did the Centre Left turn the tables on the "progressives" as the Left are called - and how did the apparently moribund Labor Unity spring to life to make its lethal pact with the Centre Left?

By hard slogging in the unions, and especially the sub-branches, according to a reliable Labor Unity source who spoke to *On dit* last week.

According to the source, the anti-Left alliance made gains in the unions, especially the Australian Workers' Union where a number of officials defected to the non-Left.

Although unions account for 75% of state conference votes, compared to only 25% for the sub-branches, the tide was really turned in the latter.

The source said a campaign of encouraging inactive non-Left

party members to start attending sub-branch meetings began not long after the 1985 conference.

"At first a lot said 'I don't want to go along because the maddies have taken over and they're boring,'" the source said. "But after a bit of encouragement they came along in their droves."

"The Left say it was stacking but overwhelmingly these people were on the membership list at party office. A lot of them were long standing members."

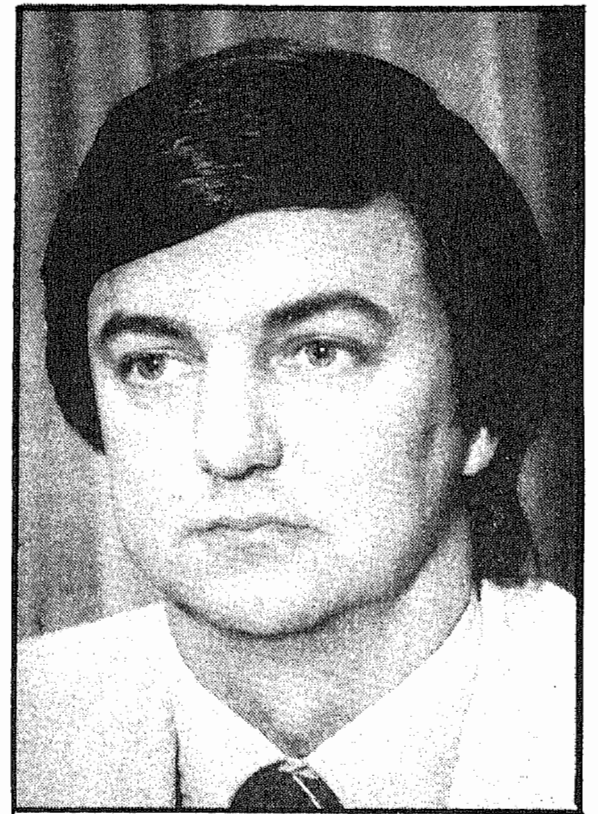
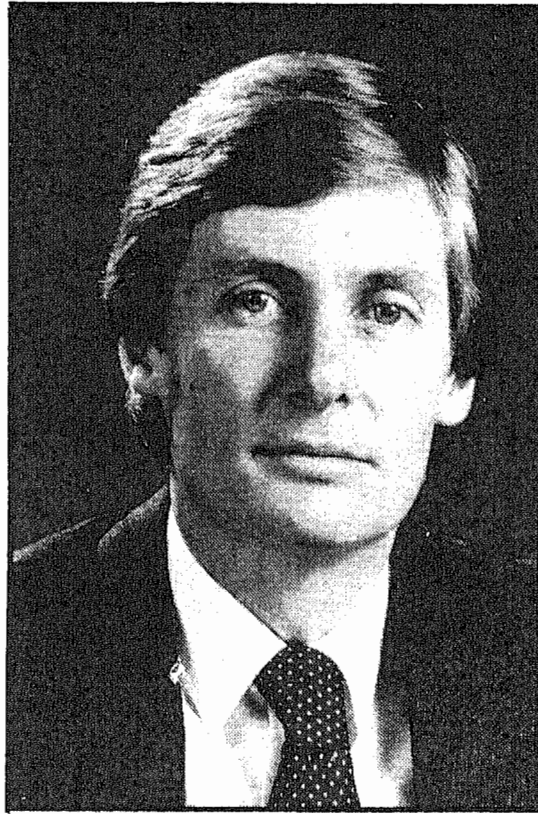
At least one sub-branch was taken from the Left because of that faction's determination to win what the source called an "ideological battle" for Young Labor. They won the few state conference votes commanded by Young Labor, but lost many more through neglecting their sub-branches.

The source said it had not been a deliberate policy to distract the Left with Young Labor but lucky circumstances.

The initiative for the Centre Left-Labor Unity alliance came from the latter, according to the source, who said it was doubtful that the Centre Left would have made an effort if Labor Unity had not been created. But once the organisational work was underway the Centre Left had done it "extremely well".

Factional alliances in the ALP can be fickle things, resting as they often do on the shifting sands of perceived self-interest or electoral fluctuations.

Even when the divided lines seem carved in concrete strange things



Adelaide University agitators of the 1960s, John Bannon & Chris Schacht.

may be going on behind the scene. According to the Labor Unity source a leading member of the Left was "carpeted" by his faction for offering Labor Unity a deal that would "shut out" the Centre Left.

This claim brought a ripost of "absolute bullshit" from a well-placed source in the Left. This source said Labor Unity had approached the Left, and when the approach was rebuffed spread the story that the Left had made it.

The Left source wondered if the present alliance would last too long, saying it was a marriage of present convenience, and that there was no love lost between some members of the two allied factions.

While acknowledging that the Left would need to "work hard" to recover, the source thought the Centre Left and Right (Labor Unity) might not even care about next year's conference.

Centre Left and Labor Unity only wanted control now because pre-selections for the next state and federal elections will be decided this year, the source said.

"They only want to retain control of the parliamentary party because the Government can ignore party policy and does. Land rights, child care, environmental issues - you name it and they have ignored it," the source said.

The source cited the Government

ignoring party policy as the basic reason for the Left's defeat.

"It has not got much to do with the emergence of Labor Unity. The problem is the drift of people on the left from the party because of the lack of commitment to ALP policy by the Government," said the source.

The source agreed with *The Advertiser's* commentator, Matt Abraham, that the Centre Left-Labor Unity victory at the conference represented the "philosophical neutering" of the party.

"The Left has been the traditional source of ALP policy," said the source. "If they (the Centre Left and Labor Unity) stay in power the ALP won't be the party it has been traditionally."

Work for dole OK: Hopgood

by Paul Washington

Programs employing dole recipients in environment and conservation work have "great potential," the South Australian Minister for Environment and Planning, Dr Don Hopgood, said last week.

Speaking to the ALP Students' Association last Thursday, Mr Hopgood said that reforestation and wetlands programs could benefit from the work of volunteers and unemployed people on the dole.

"For a period of ten years now there's been a degree of voluntary work done particularly in the national parks area," he said.

"It's been following negotiations [on] an agreement with the unions involved, and a large number of people have worked on ... reforestation, weed pulling, stuff like that."

Mr Hopgood was speaking on the day following the Prime Minister, Mr Hawke's address to the nation on Wednesday evening, where one of the surprises of Mr Hawke's speech was his advocacy of community work for people on unemployment benefits.

"It's not merely a matter of sending thirty or forty people up to national parks and leaving them to cut out a walking trail," Mr Hopgood said. "There's a lot more involved but we know how to run a program like that."

"The problems I see are that first



Deputy Premier Don Hopgood of all if you're dealing with people who are being paid less than award conditions then you've got to do some sort of deal with the trade unions, otherwise they will rightly see it as merely an attempt to break down award conditions.

"Secondly you've got to find the resources to supervise the additional work effort that's being entered into."

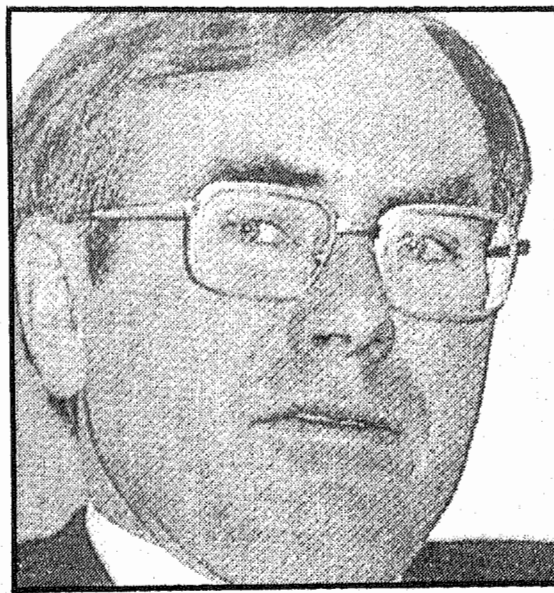
"We have very limited resources to supervise a big incursion of labour," he said.

Areas in South Australia that could benefit from environmental

work include "many parts of the Adelaide Hills ... parts of the Murray River, and areas that have been affected drastically by salinization," Mr Hopgood said.

In his national address, Mr Hawke had said that young unemployed people he had spoken to during the Priority One program had indicated a desire to be involved in socially useful work.

Community work in exchange for unemployment benefits is a policy recently supported by the Leader of the Opposition, Mr John Howard.



Liberal leader John Howard.

But, Mr Hopgood said, the policy was not originated by Mr Howard.

"He's [Mr Howard] the one that most recently put it on the political agenda but it goes back for years and years," Mr Hopgood said.

"There's always been an arrangement about it ... right back to the days of the Depression, when there was no unemployment benefit as such, you just got rations."

"There was an agreement in those days as to whether you should have to work for the rations that were made available."

IUDs, pill most effective: survey

Women using diaphragms have a pregnancy rate twenty-four times higher than women using the contraceptive pill, according to a study by the Family Planning Association of Victoria.

The study found that the pregnancy rate for women using diaphragms was twenty-four for every one hundred woman-years compared with the pregnancy rates of one and one point five for the contraceptive pill and intra-uterine devices (IUDs) respectively.

Although the study team found adverse publicity about oral contraceptives and IUDs had resulted in increased popularity of diaphragms it also found a low continuation rate among diaphragm users.

Only thirty-three per cent of one hundred and fifty-five women surveyed were still using diaphragms after twelve months.

Seventy-one per cent of those women had switched to another form of contraception.

The study concludes that "the use of the contraceptive diaphragm is only suitable for a special group of women, those who are dedicated to its use and will accept a significant failure rate."



Deadline for letters to the editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication. All letters must be signed and include the author's telephone number. Pseudonymic letters must include the author's full name. Letters may be edited for legal reasons, or for reasons of clarity or limited space. Please keep letters concise.

A quick chop in the face

Dear Editors,
I would like to express my feelings on the bombing of Libya by the U.S.A. I feel compelled to speak out in favour of Reagan because I think that the left-wing crap expressed in this paper and numerous pamphlets circulated throughout the University neglect the "silent majority" who feel that the counter-terrorist attack by the U.S. was totally justified.

Last year at school, whilst doing my matriculation, I was not once subjected to any year eight students' abuse. They may not have particularly liked me, or my beliefs, however they respect the wide difference in age, and moreover size, between us. All of the year eight students realised that hassling a matric would only bring about a quick chop in the face. Sure, such action by an elder student may be harsh, however it is disciplinary, expected and justifiable. No-one (not even a socialist) likes to be pushed just that little bit too far.

Similarly President Reagan's bombing of terrorist training camps and military bases in Tripoli and Benghazi is justified. Gadaffi has condoned and actively supported terrorism against American and European citizens. He is responsible for funding, training, supplying and supporting terrorists - all in the name of his "revolution". The only way to combat terrorist attacks or state sponsored terrorism is by military action, until it ceases to support terrorism.

Attempts were made by the U.S. to resolve the matter within the United Nations - Gadaffi denied that he or his chronic associates had anything to do with it. Mr Gadaffi - the proof is in the pudding. Revolutionary movements involve a degree of strongly supported, not opposed, terrorism. Gadaffi has even openly admitted his support for terrorist actions against the American and European civilians. Reagan says he has undeniable evidence - so you ask "where is it?" Surely if such proof was revealed to Gadaffi and the world, it would thus enable Gadaffi to determine and repair the leaks in his security.

The small force of Gadaffi and his Libyans has pushed the superpower of the U.S.A. just that little bit too far. They were warned of the consequences, but continued their actions. Reagan thus chopped Gadaffi firmly in the face. However, though I detest Gadaffi and his revolution, I must admit I admire his courage. NO year eight student would ever even think about hitting back. School kids are sensible enough to realise that the second blow will be a hell of a lot harder.

Yours,
Tim Seymour-Smith
First Year Arts

Objections to Bill of Rights

Dear Sir,
I refer to your one-sided article regarding the proposed Bill of Rights. Quite a few points in the article require to be answered and I look forward to a second article by an informed opponent of the proposed Bill.

The most fundamental of objections is that the proposed Bill cannot hope to include all available rights and the omissions will thereby be prescribed; this is in contrast to the present position in which rights exist which are not specifically prohibited.

Malcolm Anderson

Loonytoon Liberal money-wasting

Dear Editors,
When are Bob Brice and his Union Council cronies going to stop wasting student funds? When are Anthony Snell and his Liberal loonytoon legionnaires going to stop wasting student funds? Last year during election campaigning the sounds of conservative economic wizz kids could be heard dancing through the cloisters. "Sound Management", "Lower Union Fee", "Fairer System", the newbreed has arrived! These slogans were obviously poor political gestures to cash in on student apathy.

The Union Fee has been increased. Bob Brice and Hugh Martin have included themselves in the longwinded battle between the Craft Studio and right wing members of the Union Council. Everyone has the right to involve themselves in what they want. Bob and Hugh's involvement is so far to the tune of \$5000 of student money, and this is only the start of the crusade against the dark forces of art culture and creativity. How much more will students have to cough up?

When are you going to climb down off your political hobby horses and start taking an active part in finding out the concerns and needs of students?

Anthony Snell's true colours are finally showing through. His aptitude for money wasting and boring conservative policies is astounding. When in the history of the SAUA have the services of a lobbyist been sought? When have they ever been needed? Instead of feeding some fat arse beauracrat to do your dirtywork for you why not start making some positive initiatives, e.g. a student body incorporating other campuses or does that sound a bit too much like hard work? Get up off your weak knees Snell and start working for Students.

David McConnon
Science

Making a mountain out of a hill?

Dear Editors,
It has happened again. Would Peter ANDREW Hill please shoot himself because it would make my life much more pleasant.

Now I am getting his religious propaganda and I hate it.

"Praise the Lord"!!
Peter WILLIAM Hill

Oppression in the pews?

Dear Editors,
First feminism took over academia, then it took control of the political arena. Next to fall [sic] was the media.

Now feminism is storming the last remaining stronghold of 'the patriarchy' - the Church. The Uniting Church recently announced that it is to conduct a survey to see if women are still being oppressed [sic] in the pews. In Melbourne, 126 leaders of Catholic Orders vowed to start "consciousness raising of the Church along Christian feminist lines." (Did not Jesus Himself say, 'No one can serve two masters'? Can one serve the living God and the "god" of equality at the same time? No way!)

For their part, the Anglican Church, not to be outdone, whats [sic] to ordain women as priestesses. (Priest is masculine and so a woman [sic] can be a priestess, not a priest). Not all Anglicans, mind you, just a vocal minority.

The ordination of women is not an option for the Christian Church, it's a pagan religious practice of ancient times. God has ordained that men be the leaders in the Church, home, and wider community.

It's time the churches took stock. A Christian cannot serve both God and mammon. True equality and true liberation can only be found in God's son, Jesus. Feminism is a sham and its fruit is bondage and not liberation.

Yours sincerely,
Alan Barron, MEOW Co-ordinator,
(Mainline Evangelicals opposing the Ordination of Women).



Library cheats rip off students

Dear Editors,
I was disappointed that *On dit* should give such wide publicity (5/5/86) to a method of defrauding the Library Copying Service, as it obviously encourages some otherwise law-abiding students to try the method. Since by that time the Library had taken a number of counter measures to prevent this fraud, this resulted in a number of students losing their cards and suffering considerable inconvenience. As long as Copying Services have been in existence in the Library, some students have tried to rip-off the system through stealing paper, bypassing coin mechanisms, etc. This did not start with the card system. *On dit* readers should be aware that if a few students cheat the system, it is not the Library that suffers, it is other students. The Library's Copying Service is

not funded by the University - all costs have to be met from money put into the machines. If copying is obtained without payment, then the price of copying will automatically rise and the majority of law-abiding students will be penalized. The Library has always had to be on the alert for people trying to rip-off fellow students, and I hope that students who become aware of these people will tell us, so that we can prevent others from losing money.

As a matter of interest, the new card-based service appears to have been particularly popular so far, with an increase in use of the service of about 40% during First Term.

Eric Wainwright,
University Librarian

Compulsory frills?

Dear Editors,
I would like someone to answer these questions. We may have to put up with compulsory union membership, but are all the frills compulsory too? Are they legislated into the Act? In other words, is it necessary by the Act of Law for us to have to support a Bar, a Cinema, a Sports Association, Creche, etc, etc? This is, I am sure, what so many of us who are complaining about the size of fees, really grumble about. I would, personally, rather make a voluntary donation to support the things I believe in but have no use for (e.g. creche) and pay happily for facilities I do want to use (e.g. Craft Studio) even if it were twice the current compulsory charge, because in the long-run, I would surely, be paying fees, and be happier on two counts. One, my voluntary contribution to a worthy cause and two, freely paid subscription(s) to the extra-curricular activity outlets/clubs, of my choice.

I do not see that the compulsory charging of moneys to pay for/subsidize things which are not directly running the union can be right. We are then, it seems, being made to support apparently money-losing activities. I am sure that there are many of us who have to pay our own fees and who are not being subsidized by parents who feel the same (and that must include many who are not mature age students and who have had a hard financial struggle to make it to Uni).

One of the very few 'amenities' [sic] to genuinely benefit all students and must make a profit, is the bookshop. None of us can study without books and at the prices they offer, anyone going elsewhere would be a fool.

But what about the other money-soakers? Do any actually make a profit? If not, why not? If they weren't private enterprise concerns they'd be unable to receive a nice little subsidy to keep going. The refectory and bar for instance, the little I've seen of them suggests they are not exactly competitive in their charges. I prefer to bring my snacks from home and have my 10c cuppa in the MASS room.

So, is there someone out there who isn't in a nice little niche that is threatened by loss of sinecure who can give a straight answer and no excuses and justifications for how and why we should pay our fees. And by the way, the free membership for F.T. students to the Centre for Physical Health (\$40 p.a. to all P.T. students) must mean that, in effect that we P-Timers are subsidizing them. And that's not the only area where F-Timers get it really good for their bit extra. It's out of all proportion to the additional fee they can pay!

Yours etc.,
Y.A. Podd

Bloody-handed murderers

Dear Editors,
This is not a book title, but a description of the Australian Governments, past and present, who, by their too little, too late and don't give a damn attitude to their fellow Australians, condemn them to death.

Our kind and gentle, darling Wife and Mother, Did Not Want To Die.

Neither do many other Australians who are condemned to die. All of the past and present Australian Governments will no doubt disagree with the title of Bloody Handed Murderers, but what better term could be used to describe politicians who hand out millions of dollars to other countries, when our own people in Australia are dying every day through the lack of sufficient medical research funding, the lack of sufficient trained Oncology staff, the shortage of hospital beds for terminally ill patients - the list goes on and on. Medical research funding in Australia is one of the lowest in the world, caused primarily through the too little, too late, don't give a damn

attitude of Government Medical Advisers.

Medical research funding on the very large scale needed to overcome the bloody minded inefficiency of so-called Government medical experts could be very easily achieved by scaling down handouts of taxpayers' money to other countries. The same scaling down of handouts could be used to train more badly needed Oncology staff to relieve the pressure on badly over-worked Nursing staff and also Silver Chain, Palliative Care and HOSPICE, all who bring help and hope into so many homes.

To the eternal shame of all politicians Private Citizens are donating large sums of money for cancer research and other areas of medicine in urgent need of funding.

Could it be that our Prime Minister and his associates have found medical research funding too hot to handle or is it their Lap Dog approach to other countries needing finance, that causes their Bloody Handed murderous neglect of their own Australians?

Laurie Reynolds

Craft review a set-up

Dear Editors,

In the May 5 edition of *On dit* a letter to the editors was accredited to me, but its contents had been so drastically altered as to quite alter its original content and meaning. I understand that the editors of *On dit* wanted to tread carefully with respect to allegations I made concerning the behaviour and conduct of Hugh Martin and other liberals in the Finance and Development Committee proceedings over the Craft Centre affair. The point of that letter remains however utterly valid and especially in view of Martin's recent denials of intending to axe the Craft Centre (*On dit* May 5 '86). In my original letter I gave absolute support to Ms Vera Trust's contention that this so called 'review' was right from the start a "set up", with the unmistakable intention of removing the Craft Centre after observing some peripheral formalities. In my assessment - and I'd better stress mine - it is completely dishonest of Martin to now try and pretend that no such intention existed, or to behave as if he and his liberal colleagues on the Council ever intended an open or extensive investigation of the Craft Centre. Martin has a lot to say about the conduct of Michael Fox at Finance and Development Committee meetings, but I believe that any objective assessment of Martin's contributions would reveal the truth about his whole approach and intentions with respect to the Craft Centre. Finally, my letter commented upon the contradiction between the rhetoric of liberalism - individual freedom, democracy etc. and its practice, as seen in the behaviour and statements of some of our liberal representatives [sic] here on campus.

Peter Curtis

Part of the original letter was deleted for legal reasons - Eds.

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Library crisis

Hardly a week goes by without someone in the University complaining that they do not get enough money.

The University's sources of funds are not infinite and in times of economic difficulty it must look to trim the fat from the less vital areas of its expenditure.

Education is obviously considered a high priority. So when the money is tight they look to services like the Centre for Physical Health (better known as the Uni Gym) to make a saving.

Understandable as this may be, the University should not attempt to offload its undertakings

and responsibilities onto the Union. Ultimately, it comes out of your pocket and there is a strong case for arguing that it is nothing less than tertiary fees by the back door.



But what is even more alarming is the dismal reality of indispensable services being forced into decline for lack of funds.

The Barr-Smith Library is one such service. It is the most important resource of the University.

Why, then, has it been allowed to deteriorate to the point where it "faces a crisis for the future of its collections", to use the Library's own words?

The numerous complaints of students and academics are not unfounded. There are large

problem areas in Library services and the bottom line for almost all of them is money.

The University has, to its credit, maintained the 'library books' share of the University income. Clearly this is not enough, and nor is it the point.

The Library exists for the sake of its users, and users need a library that works, not one that has maintained a figure in a budget. Services, not numbers, are the problem, which is why students should be given more than a token voice on decision-making bodies.

Of course, the money ultimately comes from the government, and it is to be hoped that Bob Hawke's message of thrift to the nation last week will not mean cutbacks in the area of education.

As a well-known slogan says, if you think education is expensive, try ignorance.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Strange encounters of a flying kind: UFOs and warnings from space

Forum is a weekly column in which groups and individuals explain their beliefs and activities.

This week Colin Norris, Director of the Australian International UFO/Flying Saucer Research organisation explains the goals of the organisation.

The UFO phenomenon has been reported throughout the ages and in 1945 came to the attention of modern man when five Avenger aircraft disappeared over the Bermuda Triangle.

The term UFO means Unidentified Flying Object ... and generally infers something from space, but in fact, many sightings are natural phenomena, i.e. clouds passing Venus, weather balloons going in one direction when the surface wind is blowing in a different direction.

The word Ufologist describes those people who make a serious study of the phenomena of Unidentified Flying Objects. It is unfortunate that the notion of Ufologists being lunatics or charlatans has been conferred by the Governments of the world and their agencies, and has meant that many people who have experienced what are popularly called 'strange encounters', have remained silent for fear of public ridicule and social censure. Yet despite their public denigration of Ufology, these same authorities have spent millions of dollars investigating this same phenomenon.

The term 'flying saucer' was coined on June 24, 1947, when an American pilot, Captain Kenneth Arnold, reported seeing nine disc-shaped objects weaving their way between mountain tops. He described them as 'kitchen saucers turned upside-down'. When the report was sent around the world many other reports came to the fore.



Now going back to the five Avenger aircraft disappearance, it must be remembered that a few months before in that year the Americans let off their first atomic bomb and I believe the UFO's were responsible for the disappearance of the craft as a warning to mankind.

After the war many reports of unidentified flying objects were made. In Western countries civilian groups began to study the UFO phenomenon as sightings were reported with increasing frequency. In 1952 the Australian Flying Saucer Research organisation was formed here in South Australia and remained under that title until 1978 when it became Australian International UFO/Flying Saucer Research Inc.

Through those thirty-four years many UFO reports have come forward and it would be impossible to insert them all here, however suffice it to say that every year out of around fifty to eighty reports at least two percent cannot be explained. These range from objects on the highway to craft in paddocks.

In the early 1940's, Air Force pilots were reporting UFO sightings and they were taken very seriously with no attempt being made to debunk the pilot's claims. In 1953, the Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.) stepped in. They ordered the Air Force to clamp down on UFO reports, and that ruling has been in force ever since.

Flying Saucers have been seen by Airline Pilots, Army, Navy, and

Airforce personnel, many of high rank, Astronomers, Physicians, Police Officers, Ministers of Religion, the average man, woman and child, and primitive people in jungles. They have all described the same object. Four American Presidents have proclaimed their belief in UFOs before their elections - they were Presidents Eisenhower, Johnson, Ford and Carter - but once in the Whitehouse silence was the order of the day.

Historically, all known civilisations have recorded their experiences of encounters with extra-terrestrial life. Archaeological excavations all over the world have revealed strange sketches, paintings and statues for which the extra-terrestrial hypothesis is a plausible explanation ... Erich Von Daniken

caused quite a stir when he challenged archaeologists as to whether they had the correct answers to their findings. His provocative books brought this phenomenon to the man in the street and sent many enquiring minds on a search for the truth about saucers, past and present.

The authorities know what many of us suspect. Surely the public has the right to be properly informed and to be given both sides of the story. In 1972, America sent a spacecraft into deep space, depicting on the outside, man, woman and our position in this galaxy. They have sent five gold records into space, continually talking in many of Earth's languages, telling 'whoever' about our Planet. World Governments have been asked to keep certain channels open at all times ... "to talk with our neighbours."

Albert Einstein and his theories of Relativity and Special Relativity, has made the Universe much smaller than we thought, and space travel would not take thousands of years as previously thought ... (It is not very long ago that our very credible scientists thought the Earth was flat, and persecuted anyone who dared to challenge their theories.)

There was a time not so long ago that science was of the opinion that life only existed on this planet, however today they are trying to contact extra-terrestrials.

Since our ventures into space scientists have put messages on their spacecraft just in case the craft should be intercepted by Aliens. It has been suggested that distance would be too great for people to come to this planet. I want to point out that I believe there are huge spacecraft travelling through space from other planets and when in the vicinity of our planet send out smaller craft to investigate our planet.

Since 1947 there have been hundreds of thousands of reports from both civilian and authoritative people who logged the reports seriously and to some extent did research as far as possible but never gave a fair explanation to the public. There are regular sightings around the world and the most recent one of importance occurred in Brazil where objects were chased by the Brazilian Airforce.

I do not think there is any hostility coming from these people coming to our planet and I would suggest that we start to behave more intelligently towards each other so that we may be able to have these space people contact us.

Work action needs improvement



SAUA PRESIDENT Anthony Snell

seeking a casual employee to work on a one-off basis, temporarily or even permanently.

The details of this job are placed on the Work action Boards which are located in the Napier Foyer or just outside the Association's office at the north-eastern end of the Cloisters. If any student is interested in one of the positions advertised they should go to the counter inside the Students' Association Office where they will be asked for their Student Card and be given more details of the job, including the employer's phone number. The employer can then be contacted directly.

At the moment Council is considering ways of improving this service to students. I have prepared a summary of options for its consideration that include advertising in the media and yellow pages, writing to employer groups and School Counsellors, moving the Work Action Boards and computerising the service.

The University is currently considering restructuring the academic year to introduce Semesters. Under the Semester system, which

operates interstate at institutions such as the University of New South Wales. The year is divided into two "terms" rather than the traditional three.

Semesterization has been on the books since the Department of Commerce effectively introduced the system to its teaching programme in the early eighties. The University has been prompted to consider the matter now by the introduction of four term years in South Australian Schools and Flinders University's decision to adopt Semesters from 1989.

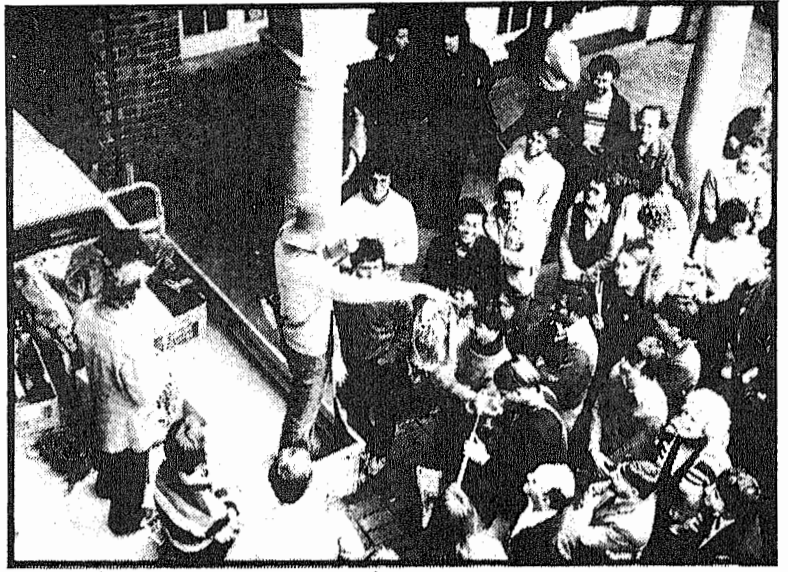
A decision on semesterization cannot be expected in the near future, however. The proposal is only at the early stages of the University's decision making process and is likely to meet strong opposition along the way. Any changes will not take effect for at least two years.

Anyone with strong opinions on this issue can get a copy of the draft proposal from the Students' Association and raise the matter with the Education/Services Standing Committee which will be considering semesterization soon.

Casual and vacation work can be obtained through the Students' Association's Work Action Programme.

Over the course of a year quite a wide variety of jobs become available through Work Action, one of which just might suit you. At the moment there are notices for labouring, gardening and tutoring positions, amongst others on the Work Action Board around campus.

Work Action operates like this - the Association contacts, or is contacted by, a business or individual



A previous lost property auction

Property sale

Everything people have lost on campus over the last year and failed to claim will go under the hammer on Wednesday at 1.00pm at the Students' Association lost property auction.

Facilities and Security Superintendent Peter Turnbull said that

items to be auctioned ranged from "wallets and umbrellas" to "a couple of bicycles".

Footlighters James Neate and Francis Greenslade will conduct the auction, the proceeds of which will go to charity.

Union elections

Adelaide University Union Annual Election 1986

Positions Available: *Union Board 18, Activities Council 5*

Nominations open Thursday 26th June, 1986 (9.00 am) and close Friday 4th July, 1986 (4.00 pm).

Nomination forms available from Union Administration (1st Floor, Lady Symon Building).

Voting
Monday 21st, Tuesday 22nd, Wednesday 23rd, Thursday 24th, Friday 25th July, 1986.

Monday 21st July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.

Tuesday 22nd July
9.00 am - 7.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Law School.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - CASM.

Wednesday 23rd July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Napier Foyer.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Waite Institute.

Thursday 24th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Engineering

School.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Medical School.

Friday 25th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.

TO VOTE

You need to produce *one* of the following to obtain a ballot slip. It must also be produced when the vote is returned to the Polling Booth.

The Adelaide University Student Card, 1986 STA Travel Card (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study), Adelaide University Law Library Card, Waite Institute Card.

SAUA elections

Students' Association Annual Election 1986

Positions Available:

President
2 Vice-Presidents (Education and Finance)

Orientation Co-ordinator
8 Councillors

On dit Editors
4 Members of the Education/Services Standing Committee

4 Members of the Activities Standing Committee.

Bread and Circuses Editors
Student Radio Directors

Nominations

Nominations open Thursday 3rd July, 1986 (9.00 am) and close Friday 11th July, 1986 (4.00 pm).

Nomination forms available from Students' Association Office, George Murray Building.

Voting

Monday 21st, Tuesday 22nd, Wednesday 23rd, Thursday 24th, Friday 25th July, 1986.

Monday 21st July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm - Students' Association Office.
11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.

Tuesday 22nd July
9.00 am - 7.00 pm - Students' Association Office.

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11.45 am - 2.15 pm - Airport Lounge.
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You need to produce *one* of the following to obtain a ballot slip:

The Adelaide University Student Card, 1986 STA Travel Card (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study), Adelaide University Law Library Card, Waite Institute Card.

It must also be produced when the vote is returned to the Polling Booth.

PROSH IS COMING get involved!!!



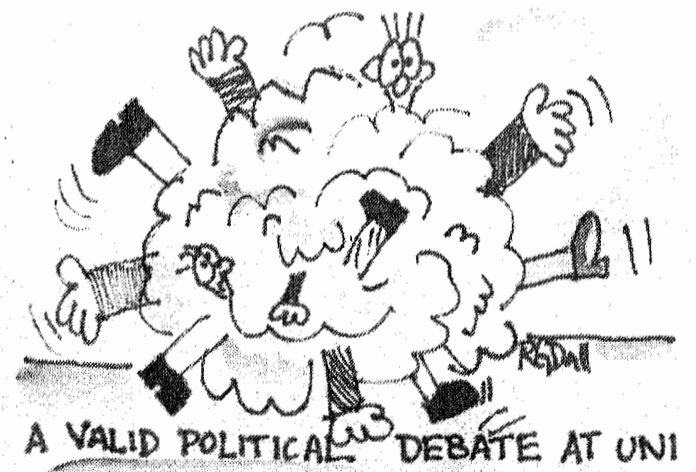
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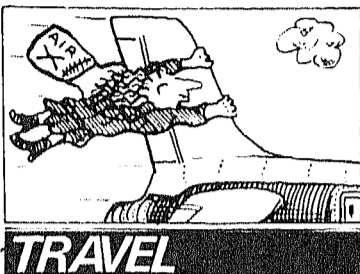
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Travelling the hard way: on the cheap



TRAVEL

by Alison Rogers

One thing to remember when travelling on the cheap is that invariably you end up paying for it. Taking the cheapest flight 12,000 miles may seem like a good idea at the time, but at some stage in the thirty hour trip you are bound to regret it. The ideal way to do it would be in your private jet complete with jacuzzi and cocktail bar. But as most of us aren't Rupert Murdoch or Kerry Packer we are left to choose between Singapore Airlines at the best or Garuda at the worst.

My flight fell somewhere between that, Al Italia (which is fine if you aren't scared of exploding luggage at Rome airport!). From Adelaide to London with stops at Melbourne, Singapore, Bombay and Rome it costs \$1550 return. The ticket is open for a year from the date you leave Adelaide.

Flying from Australia rapidly became very boring for me. I was flying into the night - if possible arrange your flight to fly through the daylight hours, as the view out of the window is bound to be ten times better than the in-flight movie. Unless you are very brave, don't get off at Bombay. The airport looks like a decaying railway station and whatever you do, don't use the toilets, they aren't safe.

The quality of the trip very much depends on who you end up sitting next to. I was unlucky, I sat next to a mother and her screaming eight-year-old daughter. The best thing to do is take full advantage of the cheap spirits on board and drink yourself into oblivion.

Jet-lag wasn't a big problem - a couple of early nights when you first arrive and you should be fine. Apart from the intense cold, the other thing that struck me was the price of everything. Even though the current exchange rate is roughly two dollars to the English pound, once you get here the pound has the same buying power as the dollar. So you pay twice as

much for everything here (the only thing that's worth it is the Guinness!) and three times more for much inferior wine.

Upon my arrival here I decided to get a job and consolidate my savings. Fortunately for me I am staying with relatives; renting is very expensive here especially in London.

Having said I was going to get a job and being laughed out of the house - "There are three and a half million unemployed here, you know" - I went to the local job centre and they arranged a job interview at a restaurant cum steakhouse. I went along and to my surprise I got the job. However since Margaret Thatcher has been in power she has done everything possible to make life difficult for the worker. There is no award wage for waitresses, I'm being paid £1.69 per hour and each shift goes for seven hours without a break.

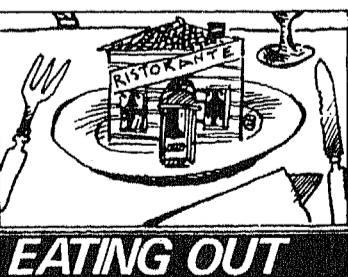
The only way to survive doing something like waitressing is on the tips. For a busy night you can get up to £30.00 in tips, most nights you average between £10 and £15. Even so it is very hard work and I've heard that it's much better on the continent, the conditions are better and the pay certainly can't be worse.

It's a bit of a trade off having an Australian accent in England. So far I've been taken for a Canadian, a Northern Irishman and someone from Cornwall. Once they find out that you are from Australia they are bound to have an aunt, brother or niece in the Antipodes, usually from Sydney or Melbourne though.

The best thing about England is the pubs. They have an atmosphere that very few Australian pubs have. Old men come in with their dogs and sit by the fire giving their hounds drinks of beer. The beer is wonderful, though I've become used to it ice-cold. The lagers are served cold and the most popular is Fosters which is available in almost every pub. Unless you are very rich don't bother buying the wine, the cheap stuff is undrinkable.

The question I've been asked the most is, "Why leave Australia to come here?". I must confess that I find that a bit difficult to answer at times, but one thing is certain - if Thatcher and Reagan declare war on Libya I'm catching the first plane back!

Fine Lebanese food at a reasonable price



EATING OUT

by Paul Washington

When eating out becomes the rule rather than the exception one restaurant begins to look pretty much like any other. Finding one that stands out from the crowd is no small feat.

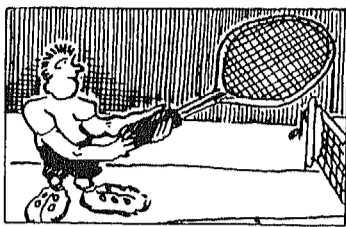
The *Phoenician* has built up a steady clientele over the years mainly by word of mouth advertising, and has now opened a second restaurant in Hindmarsh Square.

(The other is in North Adelaide). Probably the main reason for its popularity is that, quite simply *The Phoenician* provides some of the finest Lebanese food in Adelaide without charging as much as many other establishments would. A main course platter costs less than eight dollars, and for less cosmopolitan palates the menu carries such dishes as the mixed grill.

But leaving a restaurant with a good impression of it often is the result of more than just good food. Quite often it's a consequence of having knocked off a bottle of Chardonnay.

In any case *The Phoenician* has brought together all things good about eating out - the food is first class, the restaurant is licensed, the staff are friendly and keen to please, and you don't pay through the nose.

Blacks looking good



SPORT

Australian Rules

Nearly half way through the season the Uni Blacks are looking good with six teams out of eight in the four and the A3 Reserves, A8s and A9s on top.

The A1s are in third spot after losing to S.H.O.C. by four goals in a display that added several ulcers to Coach John Griffen's digestive system. Hopefully, with the big game against Riverside they might play to their potential and consolidate their place in the four. Craig Schulz and David Husten played for the State team against SAFA recently and both played well enough to suggest they could be picked in the Carnival side later this month.

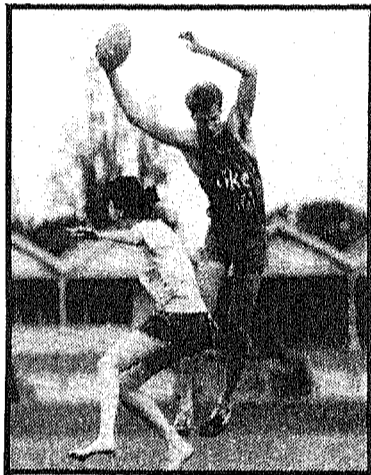
The A3s have picked themselves up off the floor and won two of their last four games to start moving out of the regulation zone. The A3 Reserves have really hit form and shot into top place thanks to some brilliant play by Mike Papadopoulos, Mike Anstey and Ian Grundy. Also performing well are the A8 "Glamour Side" and the A9 "Sty Council".

The Blacks sent a team to the Melbourne I.V. last month and defeated everyone they played except Melbourne, the eventual carnival winners. Starring for the Blacks were Mike Dadds (Captain), Ian White (Vice-Captain), Simon Hanson, Rick Gilfillan, Andy Basham and Brett Dutschke. Many others also starred but mainly off the field.

First-year players making an impression with the Club include Ben Wicks, David Noonan, Ron Laurencis, Andy Wallace, Marcus



Austey, Jeremy Clapp, Sam Singleton, Chris Charnock and Paul Case. Older players moving up the ranks this year are Paul Hammond (A1), Sean Braidwood and Dave Taylor (A3), and Simon Emms (A1 Reserves).



Touch Intramurals

First term finals:
Division 1: Grand final - Blanks 4, Like Wow Wipeout 2. Playoffs - Bad Company 3, Pie Floaters 2; Toccutters 3, Barbarians 3. Final placings: Blanks, Like Wow Wipe-

out, Pie Floaters, Barbarians, Toe Cutters.

Division 2: Grand Final - Super Engees 2, Buckleys 2. Playoff - Vaccinators 4, Oxbridge 1. Final placings: Buckleys, Super Engees, Stobie Poles, Rigor Mortis, Vaccinators, Oxbridge.

Division 3: Grand Final - Motley Crowd 2, d. Kentish Army II. Playoff - Kentish Army I 5, Anointed Ones 0. Final placings: Motley Crowd, Kentish Army II, Kentish Army I, Anointed Ones, Apathy Inc., Lepers.

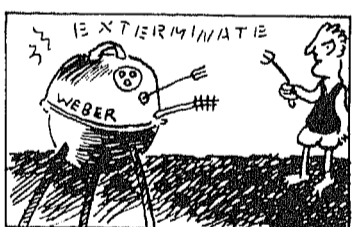
Training for the end of year trip will be on Thursdays at 12:45 on the Uni. Oval. Those who are interested in going on the trip should see Tony Wilkinson for details. Teams are reminded that the 2nd Term Touch starts Tuesday 17th June. Keep in touch.

Results of Inter-varsity golf, played in May vacation.

Semi-Finals
Sydney 5 - Adelaide 2
Newcastle 5 - Wollongong 2.

Final
Sydney 4 - Newcastle 3.
Best players were Grant Murray, Chris Broomhill and Len McGuire.

Keeping the doctor away



FOOD

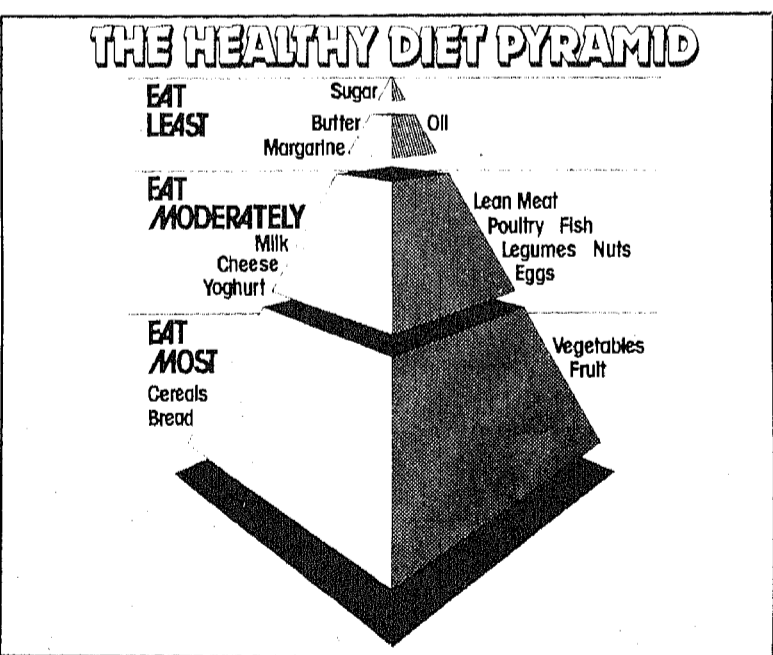
The quality of life improves when sick days become rare events. You can bolster up the body's defence mechanisms by eating the right nutrients - necessary biochemical "bits and pieces" to be found in abundance in food, glorious food.

Ignore the avalanche of leaflets thrust upon us by entrepreneurs of the health food business, where nutritional knowledge is heavily immersed in the usual sickly sweet sales pitch. After all, vitamins/minerals/protein/fibre come cheaper, tastier, and more satisfying from the real food world.

The nutritious foods the body needs can be obtained if each day, one consumes:-

★ Four serves of cereal, preferably whole grains. Choose from bread, all varieties of grains, pasta, corn. These complex carbohydrates are your best sources of energy, besides providing vitamins, minerals, fibre, and some protein.

★ Four serves of vegetables. Green and yellow vegetables, as well as the cruciferous family (cabbage, cauliflower, brussel sprouts, broccoli), are important in that they help in prevention of cancers. Potatoes are worthy of more attention, especially if cooked free of fat.



★ Two or more serves of fruit. Vitamin C is needed every day, so think of citrus fruits, pineapples, etc. Eat yellow fruits for Vit. A.

All fruits, vegetables and grains will supply generous amounts of vitamins, minerals and many different dietary fibres. Who needs to rely on bran, which is harsh to one's gut; who needs fibre pills, a commercialised gimmick?

★ Two to three small serves of protein will suffice, since protein is present in all foods except sugar and fat. Ever tried legumes? Those dried peas and beans of different shapes and colours can be teamed with any cereal to provide high quality protein. Lentils, chick peas, kidney beans, and split peas are

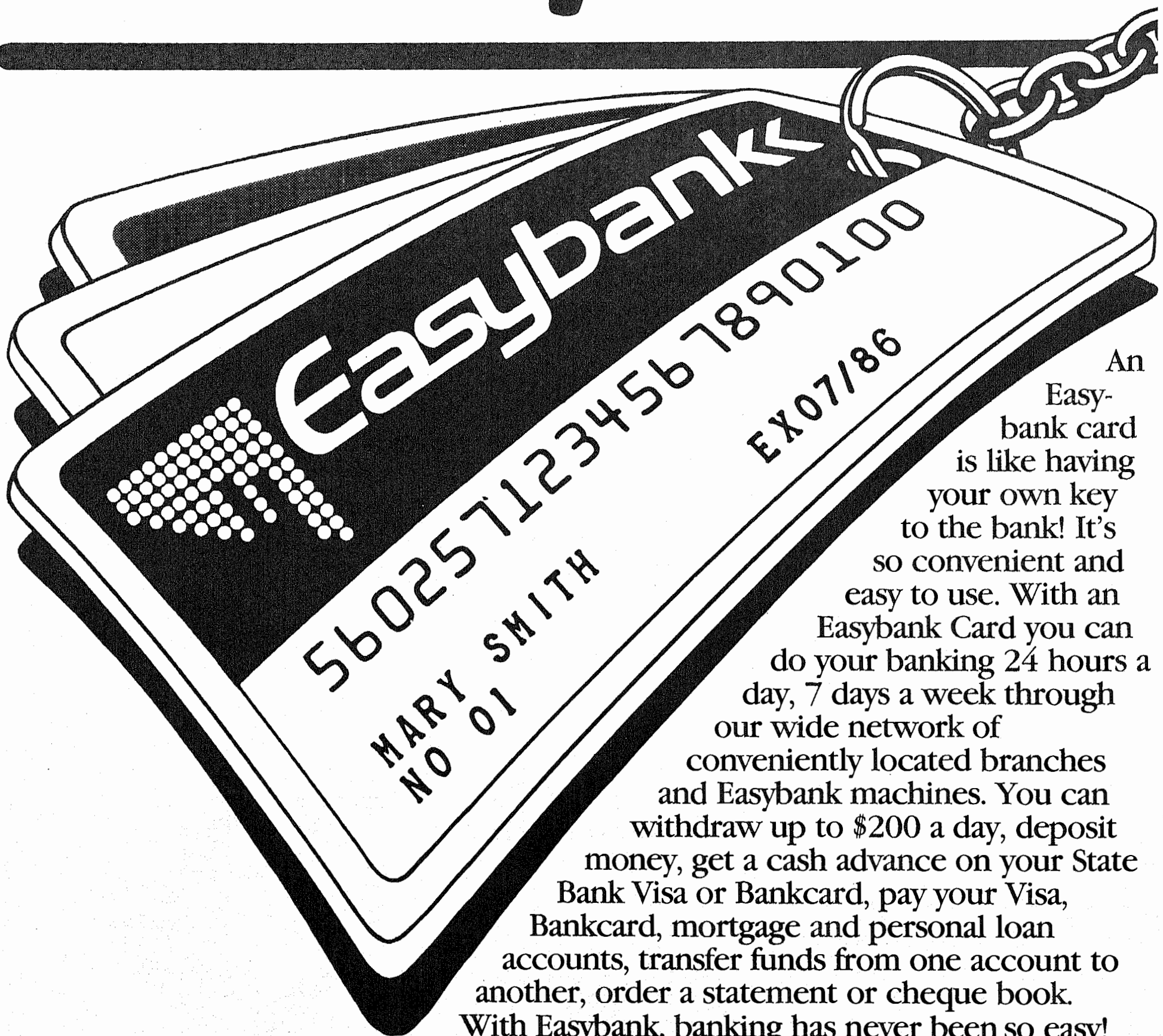
popular, and gentle on the purse strings, too.

Nuts are another protein which have a long shelf life. They are commonly used as a snack food, but nutritious enough to be part of a meal. Watch the calories in this popular item.

Milk, eggs, and cheese are traditional protein foods, but should be used moderately. They lack fibre and add to one's cholesterol.

All meats are expensive, and whilst the quality of protein is good, the disadvantages are high content of fat and cholesterol with no dietary fibre, ingested pesticides and anabolic steroids and the possibility of transmission of disease to humans.

The Easy way to Easybank.

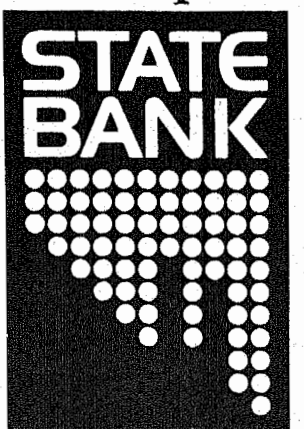


An Easybank card is like having your own key to the bank! It's so convenient and easy to use. With an Easybank Card you can do your banking 24 hours a day, 7 days a week through our wide network of conveniently located branches and Easybank machines. You can withdraw up to \$200 a day, deposit money, get a cash advance on your State Bank Visa or Bankcard, pay your Visa, Bankcard, mortgage and personal loan accounts, transfer funds from one account to another, order a statement or cheque book. With Easybank, banking has never been so easy!

Talk to us about a State Bank Easybank Account at our branch on Campus.

Easybank Machine locations in the city: • 55 Grenfell Street, corner Gawler Place • 49 Rundle Mall • Royal Adelaide Hospital Administration • 160 Rundle Mall, corner Pulteney Street • 161 Hutt Street • Corner Hindley and Bank Streets* • 97 King William Street • 51 Pirie Street* • 71 Gouger Street

*These machines will open May '86.



The Soccerroos Just short of Mexico

As the World Cup Finals slide into top gear in Mexico, Australia is once again left standing in the sidelines. MOYA DODD spoke to Australia's soccer sweeper CHARLIE YANKOS about our World Cup campaign.

"We never got to Mexico - that's the crucial thing - we didn't get there. It was our ambition and it was Frank's ambition and it really hurt."

The speaker is 25-year-old Australian sweeper Charlie Yankos, lamenting Australia's failure to make the finals of soccer's most glamorous event, the World Cup.

"But I think we started to get respect worldwide, which we never had before, and that was probably more important than success," he says.

"If we'd beaten Scotland luckily and got through to the World Cup, nobody would have taken any notice. But because we really played well, we proved to them that we were really capable of matching them, and matching probably any team in the world. Then they started to sit up and say: hey, Australia is a force now."

If that respect was converted into results, Yankos would be in Mexico now, battling it out with attackers like West Germany's Karl-Heinz Rumennigge and Denmark's Michael Laudrup.

Instead he finds himself in Adelaide, settling into his new national league club Adelaide Hellas and reflecting on a World Cup campaign which was so full of successes, but which ultimately failed to reach its goal.

"All along the road we had specific things we had to achieve," he says.

"We had to draw in Israel, we had to beat them here. It worked the other way 'round so we got three out of a possible four points. Likewise with New Zealand, we had to draw over there and beat them here. We did that. We had to win the two games against Chinese Taipei comfortably. We did that. We got on top without losing a

game in the Oceania group.

"The next hurdle was the draw in Scotland and beat them at home. Unfortunately we didn't draw over there, so we made the task a lot harder for ourselves, and we ended up getting the draw here.

"We didn't succeed in our task, but at the same time we shouldn't say we were rubbish, because we produced enough good soccer to put Australia on the map."

His observations may provide some comfort for the success-hungry sporting public in Australia, which is not renowned for its patience. Australia has not played in a World Cup Finals series since 1974.

"Realistically, we're probably ten years behind other countries in Europe and so on," says Yankos.

"We're trying to bridge that gap, and slowly it's starting to happen. The only way we realistically can do it, because we're not full-time professionals, is to do it as a collective unit. And that's what Frank [Arok] has been doing.

"Having a look at the squad that played in the last World Cup series, about nine or ten players from that squad started in 1983 when we first played against England. And it's starting to pay dividends."

The Australian squad was regarded as a joke by the British fans up until the first game against Scotland, he says. They were portrayed by the media as a defensive side, physical to the point of brutality. One paper described their back-line as "five men-mountains."

"We went out shopping and talking to people...they expected [the

Scottish team] to kill us, absolutely demoralise us," says Yankos.

"The comments were like: OK, how much are you going to lose by? The supporters were thinking that way, the media were thinking that way, but after the first half when it was nil-all, they were shocked. And even after the two-nil result, they were still shocked.

"We went out there to survive. We knew what the Scottish could do at home. You're not just playing against eleven players anymore, you're playing against the crowd. This crowd was incredible. They were that loud the noise just kept buzzing for 90 minutes.

"I personally believed that we could do it, and I think that most of us did otherwise we wouldn't have got as far as we did."

Charlie Yankos was born and brought up in Melbourne and has been playing soccer competitively since the age of 12. "I wasn't one of the most skilful players, by no means, but I just stuck to my game. Nothing came easy."

He started playing top-grade soccer for Heidelberg United at 18 and first played for Australia in 1983 under coach Frank Arok, who was temporarily in charge while the then-coach Les Scheinflug was away. Arok eventually got the national coaching job and Yankos has been in the squad ever since.

The immediate task for the national squad is to prepare for the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul. He says that any player who has not played in a World Cup Finals series will be eligible. "It's going to be pretty much like a World Cup, except that you won't be getting your real big names."

The Olympics means more training, more preparation and more international competition, according to Yankos, and they need it all the time. "If it wasn't for the Olympic Games coming up now, we wouldn't have anything for another two years," he laments.

Another problem the Soccerroos face is a lower fitness level than their fully professional counter-

parts. He concedes: "We've got to be full-time if we're really going to match them."

And if they do take time off for training camps, they then have to deal with the inevitable career difficulties.

"We tend to be discriminated against," says Yankos. "You're playing for Australia. Instead of people appreciating that and giving you the time off, it tends to go against you.

"I've been fortunate. Working here with Nautilus, it's right into the fitness industry, so I've been grateful to get a lot of time off."

There is a notable trend of Australia's better players moving overseas to turn full-time professional. Has he ever been tempted to join the exodus?

"A lot. A lot. I've had a couple of opportunities to go. With Jimmy Patikas, while we were over in Greece...there were several clubs interested."

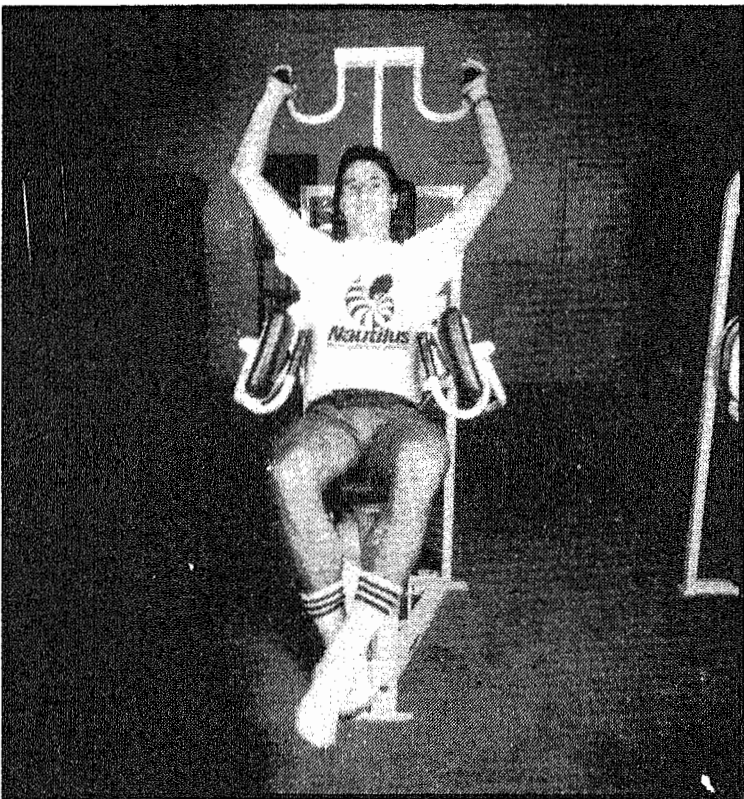
We played enough good soccer to put Australia on the map.

He says he turned down the chance to join a Greek club, Aris, shortly after the World Cup campaign ended.

"My ambition was to become a full-time professional. I think maybe that opportunity's slipped away a bit. I should have gone, but being the realist that I am, I always look at other things, weigh up the situation. I'd just give up everything I've got here, just to go and try."

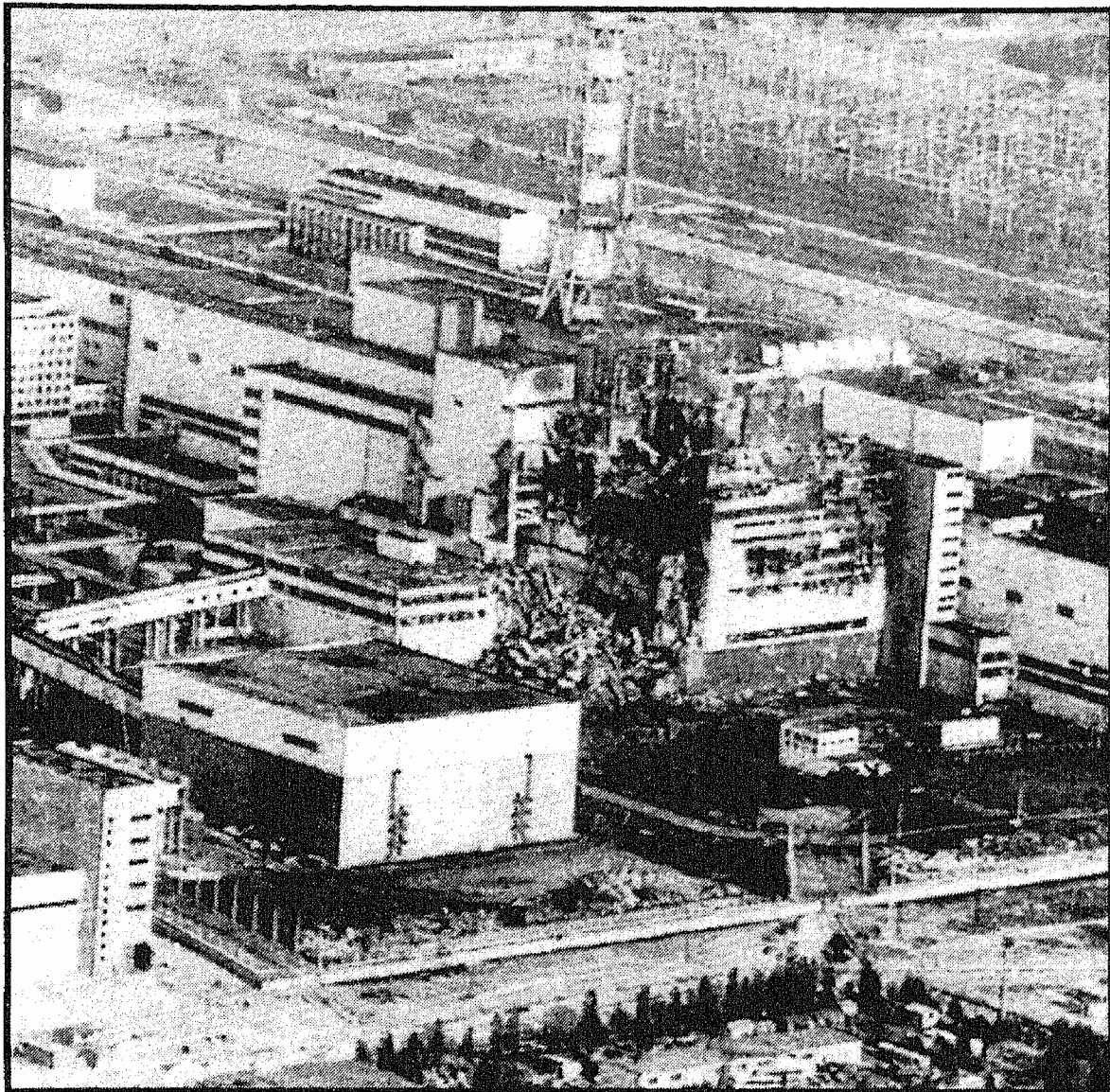
The decision was good news for Adelaide Hellas, who jumped at the chance to sign the big defender for \$30,000. Already the move is proving successful.

"I love winning," he says with a smile. "But one thing is, I hate losing even more."



Charlie Yankos working out at Nautilus

Can N-reactors be made safe?



Chernobyl. Where now for the nuclear industry?

It is now over a month since Chernobyl hit the headlines, and spelled out for all the risks involved in nuclear technology. Perhaps the cause of the accident will never be known.

On dit takes a look at the nuclear industry and the future of the technology.

Maybe we will never know what really happened at Chernobyl. Though the Russians have promised full and frank disclosures their obsessive habit of secrecy is hard to break.

But what may prove an even more formidable obstacle to knowing the truth is the fact the Chernobyl number 4 reactor is now buried under 4,000 tonnes of sand, lead,

clay and boron.

Chernobyl has been entombed, and beneath the shield of material placed around it, it will remain dangerous for thousands of years. No detectives will ever sift through the rubble of the accident, endeavouring to determine what went wrong.

We will never learn the lessons about nuclear safety which a full

examination of Chernobyl could teach us.

The initial accident occurred at 1.23 am on Saturday April 26. The reactor was apparently going through a maintenance and testing period when hydrogen gas which had accumulated in the reactor building exploded and blew the roof off.

But there are at least two rival theories to explain how the dangerous hydrogen gas came to be there.

The most popular is one voiced by the Russian chief of the investigation team. One of the 1,600 pressurised pipes which carry cooling water through the reactor core burst. It sprayed steam onto the graphite block which fills the space between the water pipes and the nuclear fuel rods. The graphite was hot enough to react with the steam

to form carbon monoxide and hydrogen.

But in normal circumstances the graphite is not hot enough (1,000 degrees C) for this reaction to occur. Possibly the cooling system - impaired after the pipe had burst - allowed the graphite to heat up.

However if the Russians had not changed the graphite in the core frequently then it may have tended to heat very quickly. After exposure to too much radiation, graphite undergoes a small chemical change which changes its heating characteristics. Possibly the Russians had not maintained the reactor properly which led to the old graphite becoming too hot.

Another possibility considered seriously by experts is that the steam reacted with the zirconium alloy on the pipes to form hydrogen. But, once again, this reaction does not occur if the temperatures are normal.

Something else must have happened earlier at the Chernobyl plant. Because normally if the cooling pipe burst, safety mechanisms would close the reactor down long before it became hot enough to generate flammable hydrogen gas.

The Soviets have referred to "human error" as a factor in the accident and these earlier events may be what they are referring to.

When the hydrogen exploded on that fateful Saturday it probably did not breach the reactor itself but it did blow the roof off and apparently damaged hundreds of tonnes of machinery - used to load the nuclear fuel - which was poised right over the reactor.

The machinery teetered, and fell. It would have broken through into the heart of the reactor exposing its deadly radioactive elements. More steam would have spewed from broken cooling pipes, perhaps reacting to form more hydrogen and cause a further explosion.

The reactor core would have continued to heat in a runaway reaction.

This analysis, based on studies by western scientists, may not be entirely right. But nobody, even the Russians, will know if it is wrong.

Can a reactor be made entirely safe from a Chernobyl-type accident, a reactor which could never, under any circumstances overheat?

Thirty years ago a group of American scientists sat down to design a completely safe nuclear reactor. They succeeded. It was called Triga.

When one was built around 1960 the famous Danish physicist Niels Bohr put it through a test at its opening ceremony. He pressed a button which pulled all of the control rods out of the reactor core at high speed.

In conventional reactors this would lead to a runaway situation heating the core until a meltdown occurred. In the Triga the power soared briefly then stabilised.

The Triga was fundamentally different to nearly all the reactors which were built before it and since it. It is like the comparison between a car and a helicopter. While both are designed to be safe they are safeties of different sorts.

If a car breaks down while running it merely cruises to a halt and no damage is done. But if a helicopter breaks down it will flutter to earth and possibly kill its occupants. So engineers give the helicopter all sorts of backup systems to prevent accidents.

The helicopter is like today's reactors; it is only safe for as long as the safety mechanisms work. The car is a much safer proposition.

So why haven't Triga reactors taken over the nuclear industry?

It is a question of size. The biggest Triga was only a ten megawatt baby. In comparison the Chernobyl reactor was a 1,000 megawatt reactor - a common size for a commercial nuclear power station.

The problems in making a reactor safe grow in proportion to the size of the reactor. But public opinion is sure to respond to nuclear energy's dismal safety record by demanding better guarantees of safety. And the only way that the industry can credibly respond is by building reactors which cannot under any circumstances, melt down.

There are a number of modern reactor designs which have striven for inherent safety. Germany's THTR 300 is a reactor in which the fuel elements are balls (about the size of tennis balls) rather than rods. The small size and large surface-to-volume ratio is said to ensure that the reactor can never get too hot - even if it lost all its coolant.

Sweden has a reactor called PIUS, in which everything sits in a bath of boron - a substance which absorbs the neutrons which spark a nuclear chain reaction. Under normal operation the coolant water pump keeps the boron solution out of the reactor, but if the cooling system fails then it floods in and the reactor stops.

Computer's hardware, soft sell

Computers are a booming industry. Unfortunately not everyone can afford them so bargain-hunters flock to auctions hoping to save a few bucks. But, as JOHN LINDSAY discovered, auctions are not always such a good idea.

The sight of grown men bidding for second hand and often suspect equipment at close to recommended retail prices with the belief of getting a bargain was disturbing.

The place was Kearns Brothers Computer and Peripheral Auction. The scene - bargain hunters, computing professionals and the general public. For some there would be cause for happiness with the money made from an old computer well past its prime, for others there would be a slow awakening to the true worth of what they had purchased.

Industry standard Epsom printers

hold their value, replaceable print-heads have always lulled the users of these machines into a false sense of reliability. What they don't realise is the cost of having a head replaced!

So the bidders all paid very nearly recommended retail price for them, even for old ones: definitely a sellers market here. Even a broken printer made by another company sold for over \$150 and it needed a new print-head. A broken monitor sold for over \$100, a little high when a guaranteed new one costs \$300 and a new picture tube costs \$50 plus fitting.

Complete systems sold more realistically considering the uncertainty of their past lives and the rapid march of obsolescence. If one was careful a good quality NEC APC III could be had for half recommended retail and IBM JX machines sold well too. Old CBM-PET systems could be had for very little, about what the disk drives they contained were worth but they have little use today because they run only the software that comes with the second-hand computer and that is usually very little.

Old hardware was disappointing and very over priced. Some of it was bought for spare parts but often the spare parts made from old machines fail themselves at an alarming rate. When someone pays \$130 for an archaic tape-drive there is something wrong.

Software sold well and at very fair prices. A professional can resell this software for 100% profit if it comes in a sealed packet. Expansion boards also fall into this area

but they are a mixed blessing. Many of these boards are brand new and these are the ones to be careful of! They are being sold because no-one else will buy them and no-one will buy them because they don't run enough standard software.

Modems, touch-pads and joysticks were over priced on the whole and a new one could be had for very little more than the price paid for many of these. Major peripherals like plotters sold at excellent prices and were wonderful value for money. The only pitfall here is to make sure your computer can talk to the device you want to buy.

There were ten Casio hand held computers and ten Casio super scientific calculators for auction and the bidding went through the roof, badly. Once the price was taken to the limit and one of each machine was sold no-one wanted to buy the other eighteen machines: not for a machine that is now out of date and can be had for less from a sale in a department store.

So how not to get stung: work out what you want before you go and find out how much it is worth from someone who knows. Have a cheque from the bank certified to the maximum amount you wish to spend: this avoids trouble with the auctioneers who need to know the cheque will no bounce. Inspect the equipment for obvious defects, missing manuals, missing power cords, missing disks and missing keys on the key-board. Make sure your computer will talk to what you want to buy: it may cost more than it's worth to have your computer mofified.

Most importantly: keep a level head when you bid. Stop when the price goes above what you consider a fair price and keep an eye on the professional computer engineers and consultants, they know what things are worth and will not let themselves get stung: if they stop bidding, you stop.

Details concerning auctions can be found in the Saturday Advertiser classified ads under 'Computers'.

Limelight

Woody Allen face to face with reality

Woody Allen has just directed his 14th film, 'Hannah and Her Sisters'. DINO DI ROSA examines the career of the New Yorker filmmaker up to the release of his latest movie.

In the late sixties and the best part of the seventies, Woody Allen - the walking, talking inferiority complex, the Little Tramp reincarnated as a horny, brainy twerp - emerged as America's ultimate humourist-analyst.

Whether he did it with his stand-up routines or his manic early movies or his clever prose, Allen helped his contemporary audience laugh off the impossible ideals of truth and beauty, the questions of life and death and those who had sought an answer to them. ("I don't believe in an after-life, although I am bringing a change of underwear." "It is impossible to experience one's own death and still carry a tune").

In the shadow of Vietnam and Watergate, when seemingly he was left alone with the nation's "enormously liberal" women, Woody the anxious young man played the field and played it hilariously badly. Forever running against type, yet somehow talking his way into bed with those anorgasmic bitch-goddesses, Woody Allen was a hero because he was a coward.

These days one accepts as a matter of course the appellation of "artist" whenever one comes across discussion of Woody Allen, maker of such acclaimed films as *Annie Hall*, *Manhattan*, *Stardust Memories*, and now *Hannah and Her Sisters*. Progressively (regressively?), Allen has become a serious comedian, his movies serio-comic; at once or in turns depressed and erratic, the man and his work have nevertheless been consistently praised.

Still there are those obsessions with truth and beauty, life, love and death and "the whole damn thing" - but they're not laughed off anymore, as they were in *Take the Money and Run*, *Bananas*, *Sleeper* and *Love and Death*; they've lived

through by Allen's characters, with his own persona as comic relief when it isn't the protagonist of these obsessions.

As a private filmmaker and as a public actor, he has become more or less detached and dispassionate, rigorous instead of vigorous, and so therefore have some of his pictures. When once he might have hoped to emulate Chaplin and Keaton - and surely he has already achieved this classic status - he has for some time now confessed to an aspiration to the immortality of an Ingmar Bergman or a Federico Fellini. Woody Allen has ceased to be a

The pitfall is the temptation to do comedy, than stop and do something serious, then back to humour...

hero because he has become an "artist".

No other major American director and screenwriter can be said to have the kind of creative control he is said to have. Comfortably situated somewhere in his beloved Manhattan, he pretty much has free reign and has work continually in progress, which is perhaps some of the reason why his movies from *Annie Hall* onwards have been so variable as much as varied.

The middle brow and middle-class praise him each time for his "innovation" and even "cinematic genius", but he himself knows that in pushing himself to make the perfect movie he has instead arrived at much imperfection. *Annie Hall* is his most satisfying film on most serious and comedic levels, so I can't account for its having won the 1977 "Oscars" for Best Film, Direction and Screenplay. But even in that most fulfilling of

movies the congenitally unfulfilled Alvy Singer (Allen), much too trenchant to have a lasting relationship with the flighty Annie Hall (Dianne Keaton), sent us home still unfulfilled, still worried about his Jewishness, a critic rather than a philosopher. (We could quite conceivably have gone through much worse: originally Allen intended to call the film *Anhedonia*, which means the inability of one to experience pleasure...)

The sour note lingered when out of Allen's loins came what one can only call his "blue period": the wretched family study *Interiors* (1978), the grey poem of love, art and New York City *Manhattan* (1979), and the misanthropic (even anti-Semitic!) "autobiographical" exercise *Stardust Memories* (1980). These pieces, avowedly the "borrowed grandeur" of Bergman and Fellini, have been lauded by reviewers, who have likewise called them "Allenesque". But they are "willed" attempts at classic cinema, and they are in dire want of the personality of "Woody".

Then came the very slight, "Bergmanesque" spree called *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* (1982); the brilliant but, again, very slight newsreel spoof *Zelig* (1983); the engaging though uncharacteristic homage to all untalented performers *Broadway Danny Rose* (1984); the classic movie-within-a-

movie of last year *The Purple Rose of Cairo*; and now the snug, rather smug *Hannah and Her Sisters*, which is conspicuously like the snug but never smug Bergman encore *Fanny and Alexander*. From *Bananas* and *Take the Money and Run* (wild movies!) to *Interiors* and *Manhattan*: there is no doubting that in these years of maturation Allen had made it to the front rank of movie craftsmen.

Who in the sixties and early seventies would have thought that we would be referring to an Allen movie as being "well-made" or "beautifully done" (not Allen, I'll bet)? Yet his vain (in all senses of the word) attempts at art or culturedness must necessarily put him off-side with those of us who don't indulge him, who want him to do that for which he is gifted - the art of comedy. He himself said in 1979 that, "If my film makes one more person feel miserable, I'll feel I've done my job." It's like Aristophanes wanting to be Euripides.

As a private film-maker and as a public actor, he has become more or less detached and dispassionate.

Woody Allen does not, I think, have the thoroughgoing passion or spirit - the power or the inspiration - to become the kind of artist he used not to take all too seriously but now looks up to with such admiration. He lives and works like an artisan, and one senses that his despair is not much more than academic.

"My real obsessions are religi-

ous", he has said. "They are to do with the meaning of life and with the futility of obtaining immortality through art. In *Manhattan*, the characters create problems for themselves to escape. In real life, everyone gives himself a distraction - whether it's by turning on the TV set or by playing sophisticated games like the characters of *Manhattan*."

"You have to deny the reality of death to go on every day. But for me, even with all the distractions of my work and my life I spend a lot of time face to face with my own mortality."

This is quite something from someone who would make us cry with laughter when we read his pastiche on Ibsen or Strindberg or any of the other great kooks who left us with the remembrances of their art: "[his] work can be divided into three periods. First came the series of plays dealing with anguish, despair, dread, fear and loneliness (the comedies)...". Yes indeed, life

and art are meaningless, but a smart gag and a dumb guffaw help in their moment to make existence worthwhile. Tolstoy or Nietzsche couldn't tell a good joke if they had tried, but Woody can make fear and trembling a comic art form.

One of Allen's major critics has suggested that it is as if he thinks that comedy belongs at the "chil-



Rediscovery of Oz art Woody Allen

GOLDEN SUMMERS
South Australian Gallery
Until 25th June

by Simon Stevens

This great exhibition 'is all about youth' thus quoth Daniel Thomas, the director of the South Australian Gallery. Most of the work in this tour was produced by the artists before the age of twenty-five. And, with this in mind, it's not too bad at all.

The collection has not only many of the paintings from those famous Hiedelberg bush days of the artists' youth, but also contains the older, more mature works of this group. Roberts' 'Shearing Rams' and 'Down on his Luck', Streeton's 'Fire's On' and McCubbin's 'A Bush Burial' are all present. These pictures, which have become national icons to the extent that they can be found on place mats, biscuit tins and be basis of Kit-Kat commercials, are to be found upstairs apart from the main collection. I don't know if this was a deliberate move on the part of the curator Ron Radford, but it works quite well. By taking the spotlight off the works we all know, we are given the opportunity to examine the younger works which make up the substance of the collection.

Nor is "Golden Summers" simply another collection of Hiedelberg works. It shows the variety of the group's skills and the genius which transformed a foreign tradition into a uniquely Australian was applied in many ways. It was this collection of 9' x 5' paintings that initially enthralled me the most. Especially when seen in such numbers - over twenty-five of them. Their subject



matter covers many topics, from traditional themes, to losing the dog and a game of footy. To many the small detail and scale is an uncommon side to Australian Impressionist painter who we are used to painting large and strongly.

Other unusual items in this collection are paintings such as Study for 'The Spirit of the New Moon', by Arthur Lourerio, Streeton's "Oblivion" and Roberts' "Adagio". All three of these paintings deal with a subject matter and style which we are not used to seeing in the work of the Australian Impressionists. The first painting by Lourerio (who I've never heard of before) looks almost like a print of Blake's with its symbolic manifestations of 'Moon' and 'Stars' running around on a very atmospheric canvas. Streeton's "Oblivion" which was inspired by reading Tennyson's "Lotus-eat-

ers", is a woman reclining on the ground in a very Delphic setting, while Roberts' "Adagio" is a strange portrait of a woman playing a violin with with silhouette of a lone tree on a hill in the background which appear to have a symbolic feeling to it.

The best thing about this exhibition is that you do not leave the gallery with your head full of sheep shearing and bush motifs, but full of colour, and images of youth. I think Ron Radford deliberately manipulates the paying visitor (\$2.50 conc. \$4.50 Adult) with a superb placement of paintings which attract your attention to the more recognizable works, but allows you to move on to and discover the lesser known works. It is a rediscovery of something we have come to take for granted - the greatness of this group of Australian artist.

Allen's table", not there with the "grown-ups" who do thought-provoking, life-affirming drama. To misuse Allen's own wit, he tends to place comedy "underneath a pedestal". He always makes clear the distinction between comedy and drama, yet just as always his pictures rest or fall on how convincingly and satisfyingly they can accommodate these ambivalent if not ambiguous compulsions.

This is fraught with creative dilemmas and quandaries, as Allen has admitted in interviews and shown in his movies. "It's very hard really because when you're trying to do that kind of work you fall into a trap - Chaplin fell into it certainly...The pitfall is the temptation to do comedy, then stop and do something serious, then back to the humor, then some more drama. The trick is to truly integrate the comedy and the drama, to intertwine them. I've decided that the only really effective way to mix the two is to do drama and interpolate comedy into it."

I think that in this respect Allen's work has reached an interesting - and rather ominous - point with his "latest masterpiece" (as Anne Wills casually calls it), *Hannah and Her Sisters*. He has nicely but on the whole unsatisfactorily crafted its dramatic aspects, which concern a theatrical family and its separate lives, loves and problems. Here Allen again exhibits that he has taste and aestheticism, and a certain sensitivity and skill behind the camera: the picture looks beautiful, and the little things are wisely done. But there are too many of these Bloomsbury-in-Manhattan characters for him to fully personalize them in the story, and he ends up with thin, vague people, *Hannah and Her Sisters* giveaways page 19

especially Michael Caine's character and characterization, which simply don't belong in a Woody Allen film.

Hannah (Mia Farrow) and her sisters (Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest) and her parents (Lloyd Nolan, Maurcen O'Sullivan) and her friends and her kids and her theatre-acting render the "interpolation" of Allen's own comedy scenes a little flat, give them little aim or energy. John Simon, another of Allen's important critics, has demurred that his inclusion was an afterthought. "Indeed, that the entire film was extensively reshaped during its editing. I've heard performances being assembled in the cutting room, but to create a whole film there seems a very questionable procedure, not the way of an artist."

As Mickey Sachs, Hannah's infertile and dreadfully hypochondriac ex-husband, Allen thinks he is about to die, and when his worst fears are found merely to be fears, it's like he's been re-born. He rather too speciously goes through the philosophers and the religions, but realizes when he walks into a screening of *Duck Soup* that the Marx Brothers were absolutely right in their pragmatism. He resolves to live and let live and marries Hannah's sister and learns at the end of the movie that she is about to have his baby and gives her a nice big cuddle and kiss. A happy ending to end all happy endings: Woody potent, fertile and thoroughly middle class. The Marx Brothers were great anarchists, but the inspired anarchy of Allen's early comedies have been suppressed by his same talent. All we've got to respond to his movies now is their "art".

Flying Doctors - a plot breaks out



by Alan Brideson

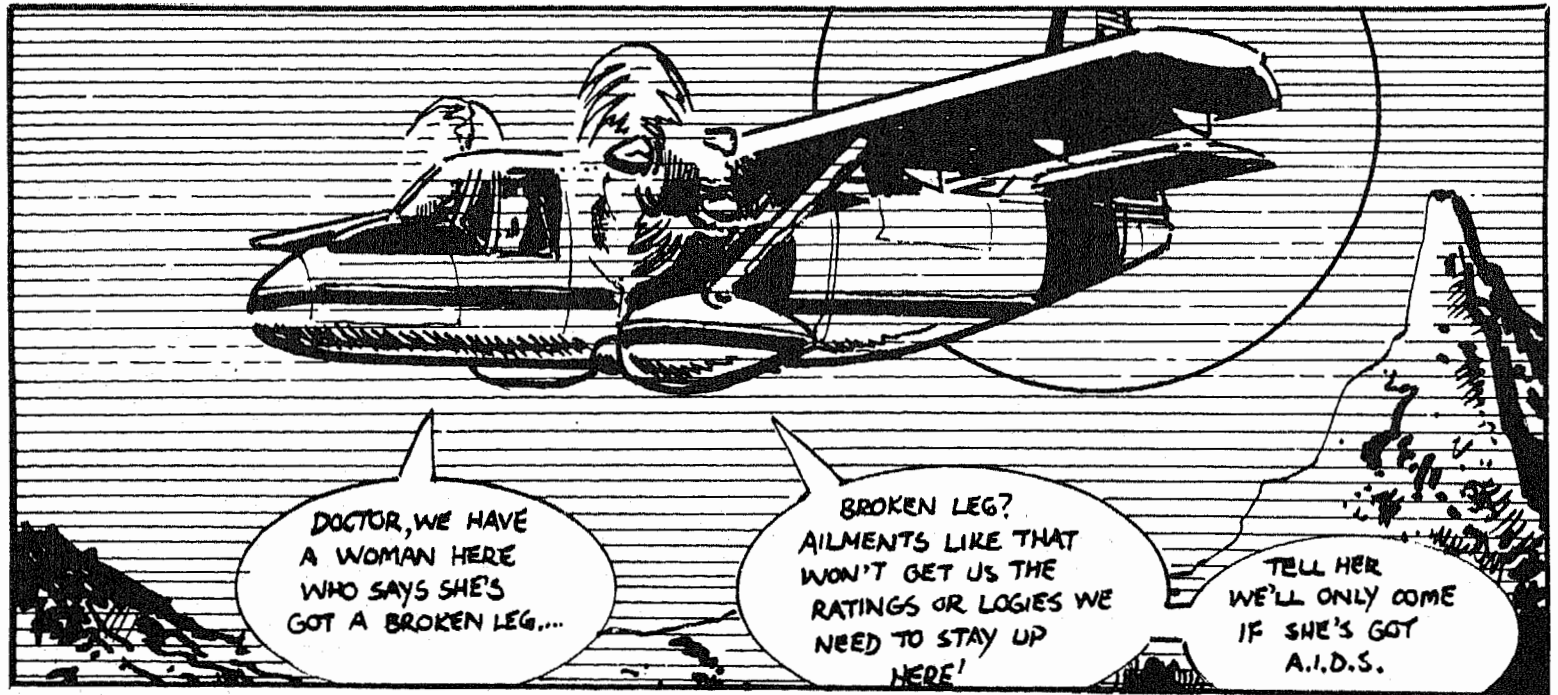
Martin "Power Without Glory" Vaughn crawled across the screen clutching his stomach, and I knew exactly how he felt. You see the ad had said that all you had to do was to turn into "The Flying Doctors" to share the "emotion, excitement, triumph and adventure". So I had dutifully sat down, putting aside the books, and muscled up to the TV for a piece of great Australian drama.

I know it sounds absurd, but I have occasional moments of illusion like this. It's my theory of what keeps you young - the ability to be amazed. I should confess that at heart I was expecting garbage, which explains that cask of Stanley Leasingham (1987) at my side, but I was prepared to be surprised. In the end I was: this garbage was bad.

Yet "The Flying Doctors" was supposed to be a little different. For one thing Hector "Showcase" Crawford had apparently spent a bucket on the series - in particular on the Victorian town of Minyip, converting it into 'Coopers Crossing'. Here of course was the first big problem: you make a series about a doctor service in a country town and to do this you convert a country town into a country town.

The result was that the town, miles from anywhere, looked decidedly like Hahndorf. The pub et al was dressed up to heights that "Bellbird" never reached, and Adelaide's 'Beaumonts' will be pleased to know that I suspect there's a particularly pleasant craft shop in the main street - a street where no-one would look out of place wearing 'Country Road' hand-me-downs.

But this series is not about a coun-



try medical practice, it's about a country medical practice and a plane. Leading our intrepid little group is the nice Andrew McFarlane (having been granted a re-entry visa after doing a spot of terrorism with Tom Sullivan in Eastern Europe) playing a nice doctor with a nice name - Dr Callaghan.

Callaghan's a nice guy. He shaves, wears 'Rivers' shoes, body shirt and one drop of sweat on his eyebrow. I was going to be Freudian about that drop of sweat, but that would give the writers too much credit. My guess is that the sweat is from the lights - you see in Coopers Crossing its always 2.30 on a sunny Friday afternoon.

Most folk are on their way to the pub when a plot breaks out - I mean a crisis. I think the show would liven up a bit if we just let everyone get to the pub. They could talk to Maurie Fields, the barman, about

typcasting. But you see they put a canopy over Coopers Crossing just to make sure that reality doesn't fall on the set. So although its desperately hot our new lady doctor goes to bed (the sun yet to set) in her flannelette jammies. And although the sun always shines, we manage to have a massive typhoon for plot purposes when it looks like the plane might be able to take off and save our stars from a dramatic storyline.

But what about these storylines. Well the first lot I saw were about this nice lady doctor called nice Dr Randall. Randall is having all sorts of trouble - first off she's a woman and she's from the city. God what a novel plot twist, and what bad luck for her. The big question is whether she'll be accepted by the town. Her chances were somewhat darkened when she had to remove the leg of a leading citizen, on his pool table of

all places and with it raining outside.

The town was a bit peeved and the leading citizen had obviously been told by the director to look disappointed. I felt sorry for this guy. He loses a leg while running a farm that took him two days to cross, he'll only ever be able to wear one sock at a time, but everyone stands around his bed contemplating law suits and he gets to say bugger all, let alone get a close up of his well practice look of disappointment.

I could go on but really it's all too pathetic. It's soap I know, but you kinda hope you'll get some Imperial Leather amongst the Palmolive. I kept thinking how a show like "All Creatures Great and Small" had characters in it - people from the land you won't find walking down Collins St; or even "Hill

St. Blues" where one of the more commonly used sets is the male toilet. Maybe a camera in the Coopers Crossing pub's loo might catch some twon folk in a natural act.

In the end I was reminded of a country doctor, admittedly a vet, that I once met as a kid. Okay he had no plane, but he drove a purple holden monaro at speeds only over 120 k/h. He never showered, and as I stood watching him do painful things with a knife to male livestock (acts which forever made me fear puberty) he held an echo in the other hand, putting it down occasionally so he could pick his nose. But as he told the cattle where to get off and the rain turned the manure into mud and vice versa, he looked at me and remarked with a grin "You're a bit of a stupid city cunt aren't you". I'd like Dr Callaghan to meet him.

This is it: TV's top tunes 70

by Richard Wilson

Quick - what were the lyrics to *Dragon's* song 'Rain'? Or Bertie Higgins 'Key Largo'? Or Jona Lewie's 'Stop The Cavalry'? Very few people can even remember how the songs went, let

alone their lyrics. Yet these songs were all in the Top Ten selling hits of the year in the past few years.

If you now ask those same puzzled people to recite the theme to *Gilligan's Island* or *Meet The Flintstones*, you'll probably get a note - and word-perfect recital,

complete with all the de-de-de-doods and Yabba Dabba Doos.

Such is the impact of television programs on our childhood years. We forget what we learnt in yesterday's lecture, but still remember the *Batman* music and the *Superman* intro. ("Look! Up in the sky!" etc.), even though we probably haven't seen the shows in question for over five years.

Since these themes have such an obvious effect on people, why hasn't anyone bothered to put them all together on a record until now.

American Steve Gottlieb finally did put together a record called *Television's Greatest Hits* earlier this year, and is already reaping huge rewards from the double album of TV hits. The record has charted well all around the world, leaving an arrogant Gottlieb smiling all the way to the bank.

"I realised that people have been looking for these songs for years", says Gottlieb, "and it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that people love them."

These songs have a staying power that lots of pop music doesn't have. They're part of a folk culture; everyone knows them whether you've seen the shows or not... they all have tremendous emotional connections with people, and for some reason no-one had gone to the trouble of putting it out on a record.

The record is equally popular everywhere, being hailed 'album of the year' by the often harsh U.S. press.

"I realised very soon into it (the project) that I had stumbled on an incredible gold mine in the sense that they were all such gems.

"It's great music, it was written by incredible talents ... Because it's been coming out over the TV

monitor, no-one's ever giving it much respect. You put it on your stereo, crank it up, and think 'God, that orchestra is hot!'"

Gottlieb suggests why the record is so popular: "I think it's spurred on by the whole nostalgia craze, but I think it goes way beyond that..."

"No matter what your expectations are of the record, most people go away with them surpassed."

Personally, I wouldn't go as far as Gottlieb. The 70 tracks are good, but they didn't "surpass my expectations."

Gottlieb found some master tapes missing or in poor condition, and so an orchestra is used to recreate some of the tracks. This doesn't always capture the spirit of the original recordings. Everyone would have their own favourite tunes, but

I personally like 'Lost In Space', 'Gilligan's Island', 'The Flintstones' and the 'Bugs Bunny Overture' (This Is It).

To sum up, a great buzz to put on at parties, and as Gottlieb says, some of the pieces are very cleverly written and good songs in their own right.

And in the future, there are plans for a dance medley of 30 tracks, a second album of TV's greatest hits, incorporating themes not covered in this first compilation like 'Thunderbirds', 'The Flying Nun' or even 'Gomer Pyle'. For the time being, however, we must be content with this album, and a single from the *Jetsons* show, called 'Jane, get me off this crazy thing', currently available at a tacky record shop near you.



Dr Smith almost comes to grief

How much do you remember

1. Who was Fred Flintstone's best mate?
2. What was the name of the trouble-plagued family in *Lost In Space*?
3. Popeye's energy food was a) carrots, b) spinach, c) prunes.
4. How many females were stuck with Bob Denver in *Gilligan's Island*?
5. Who was Clark Kent's grumpy boss?
6. Maxwell Smart was Control Agent No. ???
7. What was Dobie Gillis' main

problem in life?

8. Which star of *I Dream of Jeannie* currently plays (and is) a rich American businessman?

9. Match the animals with the stars.

Mr Ed	Bear
Flipper	Cat
Fang	Dolphin
Boo-Boo	Dog
Felix	Horse

10. Who uttered these immortal phrases?

- a) "Never fear, Smith is here!"
- b) "Ise yam what Ise yam (I am what I am)."
- c) "Sorry about that, Chief."
- d) "Woof."

8. Larry Hagman.
9. Mr. Ed - Horse; Flipper - Dolphin; Fang - Dog (Get Smart); Boo-Boo - Bear (Yogi Berra); Felix - Cat.
10. a) Zachary Smith, *Lost In Space*; b) Popeye; c) Maxwell Smart, *Get Smart*; d) Kim Tin Tin (or Fang, or even Lassie).

1. Barney Rubble.
2. Robinson
3. (b)
4. 3 - Ginger, Mary-ann and Mrs. Howell.
5. Perry White.
6. 86.
7. Girls.



Crusading Council

HOME AND ABROAD
The Style Council

by Joe Penhall

The Council's crusade in the name of style and class continues with this smooth new live album, recorded at various venues during last year's "Internationalists" world-tour.

With the band comprising the line-up we saw on last year's Australian Tour, as well as the *Style Council's* trademark brass (which were replaced by synthesizers on the Australian leg) the album sees the band at its best.

The album includes the most recent hits "Walls Come Tumbling Down" and "Shout To The Top" as well "Headstart For Happiness" from "Café Bleu" and other album cuts. The fiery, funky "Internationalists" is extended by extra riffing from Weller's guitar, and solos from drummer Steve White

and bassist Camille Hines.

"Homebreakers", a track from "Our Favourite Shop", sung by Mick Talbot has a sinewy intensity, is driven by Weller's brilliant distorted guitar, and bridged by one of the finest solos he has produced yet.

The normally less-than-impressive "The Lodgers" and "A Stories Throw Away" are given new strength and swing in the spirit intended.

The exclusion of "Big Boss Groove", arguably the *Style Council's* finest moment, is an annoyance while the perfect, seamless playing of the dozen songs on the album render it more of a compilation than a spontaneous event.

Where *The Jam* live were characterized by frustration, and unmistakable power, the *Style Council* are a different and cooler kettle of fish.

Kennedys wrench guts

FRANKENCHRIST
The Dead Kennedys

by Alexander Grous

The Dead Kennedys: Gut wrenching thrash wielding a political pitchfork, band whose derisive and multifarious views question the very foundation of the society which they live in.

Their latest offering, "Frankenchrist", is markedly divergent from the ultimate thrash of earlier albums, "Plastic Surgery Disasters", "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables" and "In God We Trust". It is by comparison extremely polished, with less emphasis on distorted guitar riffs and distinctive frenzied drumming, concentrating instead on politically explosive lyrics encapsulated by mellower bass/rhythm mixing. This is not a thrash album.

Lead singer Jello Biafra, as well as producing the album, wrote all but one song on it (this is the same inconclast who ran for mayor of San Francisco, and managed a third place). His disgust with the political arena is nowhere more evident than in "Stars and Stripes of Corruption", where Capitol Hill is envisaged as a 'wino hangout'. Likewise epitomising the band's disgust with the U.S. is another side two songs, "Macho Rama"; It sets the tone for the rest of the album,

"His mom and dad clutch themselves and cry,
Their favourite son will never walk again,
Coach says, "That boy gave one hundred percent,
What Spirit,
What a man."



As well as directing much cynicism towards politics and American views, the band directs a large proportion of it at the U.S. entertainment media. The other side two songs reflect this quite obviously. "Goonz of Hazzard" is a musical abhorrence of "the good ol' Duke Boys", with an equally catchy riff. "MTV Get off the Air" is a clever piece of studio work, combining a 'nasal' chorus of morons with a ridiculous DJ - you know the type", Fantastic, great, we've now got Lisa on the line..."

Side 1 is the faster of the two sides, and features more prominent guitar work; the bass in particular, on "A Growing Boy Needs His Lunch", which is a Presley tribute of a different kind.

The last song on this side is by comparison the most 'commercial', but by no means in the same league as blunders the likes of "...got a microwave oven..." (No guesses there). Titled "Chicken Farm", it is a smooth, war message with a difference. one should listen to the lyrics closely. Overall however, the album is exemplary, and is one that has no trouble differentiating itself from the forever present cesspool of commercial hype.

Lyrical brilliant, musically smoother than its predecessors it should not be regarded as another thrash album, but rather as a progression and experimentation for the band. Some fans will not like it, others however will not be disappointed.

Andrew McCarthy, Molly Ringwald and Jon Cryer from *Pretty In Pink*

Offbeat opshopper is pretty in pink

PRETTY IN PINK
Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

Pretty In Pink is the sixth film made by producer-writer-director John Hughes, a man who is fast making his name as a maker of youth dramas and comedies.

His film credits include *16 Candles*, *The Breakfast Club* and *Weird Science* and he is said to have written *Pretty In Pink* for Molly Ringwald, a teen actress who has featured in most of his films.

She plays Andie Walsh, an offbeat op-shopping teenybopper who yearns to go to the prom with rich college boy Blane McDonough (Andrew McCarthy), even though she is a non-conformer and all of Blane's friends despise her.

Matthew Broderick look-a-like Jon Cryer from *No Small Affair* plays Andie's madcap friend Ducky whilst Harry Dean Stanton (*Paris Texas*, *Repo Man*) plays

Andie's dad who's in misery for half the film because his wife left him three years ago.

Debut director, Howard Deutch, maker of many music videos gives the production a fast pace and lots of visuals and with the modern music is often like a videoclip. It is the strong acting talent and the quality of the material which makes *Pretty In Pink* work, the direction although inspired does not show any control over the performances, which are frequently allowed to slide and a few scenes are over-acted and unimportant.

Pretty In Pink is a reversal on the 1983 comedy *Valley Girl* in which a girl from the middle-class valley gets involved with a punk-kid from Hollywood. Both films are similar in their boy gets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl approach.

However, there's enough freshness and vitality in *Pretty In Pink* to make it both entertaining and stimulating.



Lionel Blair as pop promoter Harry Charms with Baby Boom

50s-flavour musical

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS
Academy Cinemas
Season closed

by Joe Penhall

When the fifties novelist Colin MacInnes envisioned the collapse of the glorious post-war youth movement, as the commercial sharks and pop-pimps of the day moved in to take their cut, he could not have been more accurate.

Today, the natural descendants of the said nasties reign supreme, and though one or two of their greedy little fingers made it into the *Absolute Beginners* pie, the film will stand as an inspiration to those for whom it was made: the youth.

Filmed in the studio and on location in North London, the film chronicles the movements of the "hero", Colin, and his friends as they trip between nightclub, coffee bar, Colin's depressed family home by the river, and strife-torn Napoli, the fictitious North London suburb depicting Notting Hill during the race-rioting of 1958.

Billed as a musical, it is light on

the West Side story dancing, and relies more on solo performances from various singers, including Sade and David Bowie.

It is notable that in answer to criticism of "selling out" and "exploitation" director Julian Temple points out that both Bowie and Paul Weller asked to do the film.

True to the spirit of the MacInnes novel, the film is colourful and fast moving, and cleverly combines both the serious and the more light-hearted themes of the novel. However the mainstay of the film, and obviously its most important theme is the English post-war undercurrent of fascism, which in the summer of 1958 reached its zenith in the race riots of Notting Hill.

By contrasting the celebration of Colin and his peers, with the misery of his black friends and neighbours, the film in the best tradition of the musical (witness *Fiddler On the Roof* or *West Side Story*) delivers a poignant message. A message which cannot be ignored, and with world-wide release for *Absolute Beginners* hopefully won't be.

Comic-strip chaos

KING SOLOMON'S MINES
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

King Solomon's Mines might seem a lot like *Raiders* or *Indiana Jones* but is more like a comic-strip than anything.

The action is fast, the editing faster and the performances have no depth, giving them that "cartoon cut out" feel.

Richard Chamberlain from *Shogun* and *The Thorn Birds* plays the gungho hero Allan Quatermain with a mixture of the looks of Tom Selleck, the wit and humour of Roger Moore and the slimness of Inspector Gadget.

Ex-model Sharon Stone in her debut film is Jesse Huston, a damsel who drags Quatermain to Africa to find her archaeologist father. He has been kidnapped by the evil German Colonel Bockner (Herbert Lom) and the mad Turk Togati (John Rhys-Davies).

The production set-pieces are quite lavish for the first part of the film: the market-town and native-camp are as good as any Spielberg production but the airfield and mines sets lack realism and *King Solomon's Mines* uses the most basal of special effects at the end.

Jerry Goldsmith's score is a wham-bam orchestral Ben Hur and

Sharon Stone makes her escape in *King Solomon's Mines*

often sounds too grandiose for this adventure. Script is by Gene Quintano (*Comin' At Ya*) and James R. Silke (*Ninja* films) and they have laced *King Solomon's Mines* with the usual one-liners but have failed to keep to the real storyline of H. Rider Haggard's classic novel.

Action man J. Lee Thompson (*10 To Midnight*, *Evil That Men Do*) keeps the thrills and spills going for most the movie, but like the rest can't keep it up for the last half. *King Solomon's Mines* is an average B-movie adventure which is only bearable because the action goes so fast that the audience is whisked along with it, not noticing

the flaws. It seems that the makers have made the sequel, *Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold* as fast as they got this one out.



Richard Chamberlain as Quatermain

He was 98 lbs. of solid nerd until he became...



The peculiarity amongst the June releases this month is a 98lb weakling called Melvin who is transformed into a hulking monster when he jumps out of a window and lands in a truck containing nuclear waste.

He becomes a super-nerd known as *The Toxic Avenger*, who seeks to avenge evil with the power to rip a man's arms off with the flick of a wrist.

Any similarities to "the Hulk" may be forgiven, *The Toxic Avenger* is R-rated and is getting its first Australian release on video from Premiere Home Entertainment. Along with it will be released *Dance With A Stranger* based on the true story of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain, starring Miranda Richardson, Rupert Everett and Ian Holm.

CIC-Taft video will release the Joe Dante sci-fi-adventure *Explorers*; the Chevy Chase comedy, *Fleisch*; *Friday the 13th Part V-A New Beginning* and the Marty Feldman comedy, *In God We Trust* on 19th June.

Warner Home Video recently released the David Puttnam film, *Cal* starring Helen Mirren; *The Pope of Greenwich Village* (aka *Village Dreams*) starring Mickey Rourke, Eric Roberts, Daryl Hannah and Geraldine Page and *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*, starring Mel Gibson and Tina Turner.

Out in the shops now from CBS-Fox video is the spy-spoof, *The Man With One Red Shoe*, starring



Tom Hanks, Lori Singer, Carrie Fisher and Charles Durning and the romantic-comedy *American Dreamer*, starring Tom Conti and Jobeth Williams.

Roadshow Home Video have in the shops now Wolfgang Petersen's fantasyale, *The Neverending Story*; Lewis Gilbert's, *Not Quite Jerusalem* starring Joanna Pacula; the Julie Walters comedy, *She'll Be Wearing Pink Pyjamas*, the Australian home comedy *EMOH RUO* (try saying it backwards!); *Breaking All The Rules* and the S.E. Hinton teen-drama, *That Was Then...This Is Now*, starring Emilio Estevez, Craig Sheffer and Kim Delaney.

RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts Video will release the Australian

epic-adventure, *Burke and Wills*, starring Jack Thompson, Nigel Havers and Gretta Scacchi; the horror-comedy, *Fright Night*, starring Chris Sarandon, Roddy McDowell, William Ragsdale and Stephen Geoffreys; *Maxie* starring Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin and *Gilda* from the Silver Screen Collection, all due out in the shops Friday 13th June.

Also in the shops now from the CEL-Premiere Australian drama, *Bliss*, starring Barry Otto and directed by Ray Laurence, and John Sayles' *The Brother From Another Planet* (reviewed in *On dit* vol. 54, No. 8) on Palace Home Video.

Jamie Skinner

BEST DEFENSE
On CIC-Taft

by Graham Lugsden

I had the highest expectations for this film and none were realised.

Best Defense paired Dudley Moore, who has not found a suitable vehicle for his immense talents since *Arthur*, and Eddie Murphy, who has squandered his - and wasted both. One would have reasonably hoped for a dynamic screen chemistry between the two leads, with their complimentary abilities. Murphy's rapid-fire quips and Moore's cheekily innocent, ridiculous punchlines should have worked well in tandem.



Eddie Murphy

But we do not get the chance to see how the two would have been together on screen, because, incredibly, they never actually

meet. A golden opportunity has been wasted by the producers: they separated the pair into two almost entirely unconnected storylines. Moore the unlucky designer of defence componentry, and Murphy is an Axel Foley-style soldier in the US Army, in charge of a tank that incorporates the piece of equipment designed by Moore.

However, not only are the two separated by physical distance, occupation and the Atlantic Ocean (Murphy is serving in the Middle East), but the writers contrived to have them separated by two years in time! So the film is constantly and unnervingly swapping between middle America 1982, and Iraq, 1984.

CINE SCENE Jamie Skinner

Films which start this week include *The Official Story* (L'histoire Official), (Cinemas du Sous-Sol: June 19); the comedy *Just One Of The Guys* (Academy: June 19); the Chuck Norris splatter pic *Invasion U.S.A.* (Hoyts: June 19) and *The Winds Of Jarrah* (Classic at the Fair Lady: June 20).

Shooting Gallery: A group show featuring film and video projects funded by the Australian Film Commission is on show each Monday night in June at the Trak Cinema, Toorak Gardens.

Film Event: Films featured at the Film Event this week include Chris Bernard's *Letter to Brezhnev* (until June 18) and *The Chainstarring* Leo McKern, Warren Mitchell and Nigel Hawthorne. (Piccadilly).



Sharon Stone

King Solomon's Mines: Gung-ho *Raiders* and *Indiana Jones* rip-off starring Richard Chamberlain as Allan Quatermain in this adventure yarn very loosely based on H. Rider Haggard's classic novel. Herbert Lom, John Rhys Davies and Sharon Stone costar in this poor imitation. (Hoyts).

Union Films: Wednesday June 18 at 12.10, film screening in Union Hall of *Police Academy 3 - Back In Training*. \$3 students.

9½ Weeks: Director Adrian Lyne jerks off with the camera using Hollywood mediocres Mickey Rourke (blah!) and Kim Basinger (never say never again!). It's boring and conversational. At least *Flashdance* was entertaining, this shouldn't even have been controversial. (Academy).

The Money Pit: Bland American comedy starring Tom Hanks and Shelley Long about a young couple who move into their dream house and it becomes a nightmare. The talent of director Richard Benjamin are wasted in this Steven Spielberg studio production. (Hindley).



Michael Caine

Hannah And Her Sisters: Woody Allen writes, directs and features in this light comedy about life and love, starring Michael Caine, Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Carrie Fisher and Max Von Sydow. (Cinemas du Sous-Sol at the Hindley; Chelsea).

Half Life: Nuclear experimentation on unsuspecting participants. A gripping, chilling documentary on the true events of March 1954; project 'Bravo'. (Classic at the Fairlady).

A Nightmare On Elm Street Part 2: Freddy's Revenge: They don't make 'em like the first one, wait until it comes out on video when the uncut verion will be released. Freddy Krueger is having his last days at Hoyts, so be quick if you want to catch him.

Hogan's hero-a hit

CROCODILE DUNDEE
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Alexander Grous

If *Crocodile Dundee* does not catapult Paul Hogan into an international film career, then nothing will. His 46th year could well go down as one of immodest success. Maybe the success of the film is a divine compliment for his doing the "C'mon America, you look like you need a holiday" adverts for free.

The movie will no doubt have already been seen by close to half of you, and it has out-grossed any predecessors in this country, broken all box office records. It is an entirely good-natured, high spirited comedy on the idea of race and culture, containing a dry, laconic sense of humour. An enormous amount of work has gone into refining the humour, and it is rigorously obvious throughout.

Hogan plays Michael J. "Crocodile" Dundee, a leather skinned, wiry Northern Territorian crocodile poacher who becomes famous after surviving a crocodile attack. His ever escalating 'horror epic' reaches the shores of America, where a resourceful magazine reporter decides to track him down. Linda Kozlowski plays the reporter, Sue Charlton (Kozlowski recently played opposite Dustin Hoffman in the stage production of 'Death of a Salesman').

Dundee takes her on the 'ordeal' that catapulted him to celebrity status, and here the film envelops the audience with its vibrant, at times kaleidoscopic extravaganza



Mick "Crocodile" Dundee caught up a pole in New York city

of the Northern Territory. Peter Fauman's direction is superb, as are the talents of the producer John Cornell. The fact that this film was made in both Australia and America ensures a duality of appeal. When Charlton entices Dundee back to the 'big', 'beautiful' world of New York, this knockabout larrikin unleashes upon the New Yorkers a naivety and good naturedness that leaves them short of wind.

The character of Dundee is quite an interesting one. It is a throw-

back to the idyllic days of Banjo Paterson; a romantic mysticism combined with a set of "old-fashioned values" - a common sense conservative. This bush 'Dr Doolittle' has an intimate affinity with nature, and a tenderness and kindness that some city people haven't got - or had, and have now lost. In this sense, Hogan's character is not a mask, nor is it a mean-spirited parody. Hogan and his ability to captivate make this movie enormously entertaining.

Suffice it to say, Hogan captivates

the people of New York, and in the end of the movie the hero manages to ride off with the girl whose heart he now has captured. I will say no more concerning the movie's outcome.

John Cornell ("Strop") and Hogan both have a considerable financial stake in this \$8 million film, as does Hogan's long time collaborator on the Hogan show, Ken Shadie - who wrote the movie along with Hogan.

Cornell says of the movie, "We didn't want to bore the audience shitless, or push across any philosophy..."

Hogan and Cornell began to write the movie in 1984, after making exploratory trips to the NT. He announced the project whilst working on his 'warm-up' project, *Anzacs*. Despite working in extremely difficult locations like Cloncurry, Kakadu National Park and New York, the movie came in both on budget and time. John Cornell was then sent to America as a negotiator, and he even hired a firm in Los Angeles to preview the movie to an American audience - quite an unusual event for an Australian film. Hoyts bought the theatrical rights to the movie in Australia, and the rest is history!

Crocodile Dundee will undoubtedly be a success for Hogan. It has already proven this. No doubt we will be seeing "Son of Dundee", and "Dundee versus the alligator people" etc, etc. This we may be able to endure, but a sudden influx of "Yyeeeechhaaayy" tourists wearing two tone alligator skin shoes? I mean, really?

Freebies to Allen movie

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Hindley Cinemas

Preview by Jamie Skinner

Hannah and Her Sisters marks the 14th film to be written and directed by Woody Allen. It features an ensemble cast, most of which are Allen regulars such as Mia Farrow, Michael Caine, Barbara Hershey, Carrie Fisher, Sam Waterston, Max Von Sydow, Dianne Wiest and Julie Kavner.

Farrow plays Hannah, the wife of Elliot (Caine) who has several sisters. Most of the sisters are middle-aged but Elliot falls for Hannah's sister Lee (Hershey) who is married to Frederick (Sydow). It's about life and love, adultery and suicide, the plot of which deals with so many characters that it would not do justice to cover it here.

Woody Allen is said to have been especially interested in the relationships of sisters and the themes of the apparent meaninglessness of life and what happens to a man whose adulterous impulses develop within the same family?

It is the fifth time in a row that Mia Farrow (Woody's girlfriend) has starred in an Allen movie after *Purple Rose of Cairo*, *Zelig*, *Broadway Danny Rose* and *Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*.

Hannah and her sister also stars Farrow's real life mother, Maureen O'Sullivan and seven of her eight children.

Woody Allen's next film is being kept a large secret. So far called *Untitled Comedy*, suffice to say that it stars Mia Farrow.

On dit has fifty single passes to give away to the first students to come into the *On dit* office and tell us the name of one of the stars from *Hannah and her Sisters*. Each will receive a single pass.

Woody Allen feature page 15

Bikini Atoll becomes living hell in tests

HALF LIFE

Classic at the Fair Lady Theatre

by Alexander Grous

March 1954; children line the idyllic Pacific Island of Bikini Atoll. The waves break gently on a grinning shoreline, enticing the complacent islanders to grin at their paradise. Soon however, an invisible cesspool of caesium and other radioactive wastes would transform paradise into an ugly, barren, lifeless pit of death and devastation. *Half Life* is a film on the events of 1954, in which the United States exploded their first H-bomb, 'Bravo' - a sickening title in the circumstances.

Dennis O'Rourke shot this documentary in the Pacific Islands, utilising archival footage and interviews with those natives still surviving. Interviews were also filmed with doctors and American weather observers present during the testing. Make no mistakes, this film is not subtle by any means. It is an explicit statement of how the United States 'deliberately' used the Pacific Islanders as guinea pigs, in order to test the long term effects of the new toy they had discovered: radiation.

The film is compact and very smoothly edited: The information provided creates a slow crescendo of disgust and outrage. Concomitant with this are the well chosen extracts of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. Perhaps most prevalent, when the music accompanies shots of the H-bomb test, synthesizing the horror and savage beauty of this newly conceived mushrooming menace. The ultimate juxtaposition occurs as the bombers have delivered their lethal cargo. The most notable difference



Despairing grandmother with her grandchildren whose parents lived on the Pacific Island of Rongelap in 1954

between this test and that of previous years is that in 'Bravo's' case, the islanders downwind of the test site were not evacuated, as had been the case with previous detonations. *Half Life* converges specifically on this point; the movie is bitter and underlines an animosity that we could never quite comprehend as outsiders. Such is the scale of hatred felt by these pitiful islanders.

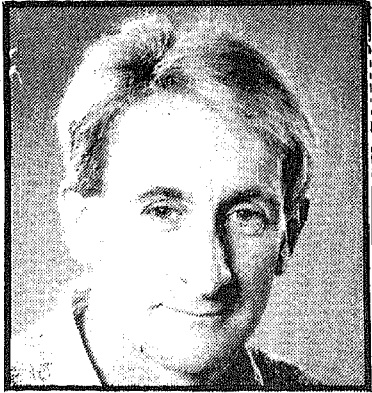
It is the archival footage and commentary which elicit strongest reaction from the audience. In particular, the Eisenhower era, which ushered in the nuclear age amongst fears of 'communist insurgencies worldwide', tried to convince the American public that the stockpiling of nuclear arms would be "for the benefit of society as a whole." The film then has the commentary of someone extremely 'important' telling the world that these "simple natives" are happy to lose their homeland "for the benefit of mankind."

With the inhabitants of the Bikini Atoll becoming 'accidentally' contaminated, the United States now had a group of subjects to study the long term effects of radiation. In

the film these effects are revealed to us as cancers, deformed children, to name but a few. This film has reached a new sharpness and economy, with a maximising of impact by avoiding polemics. The most condemning evidence concerning the deliberate exposure of the islanders comes from the interviews with the American servicemen working as weathermen and radio operators at the time of the bombing.

This film is in a way about genocide, the slow death of one culture, brought about by a more powerful culture. The haunting, flattened out minor-keyed music of the Hawaiian guitar is in a sense a lament like the film itself. It tells of a paradise not so much lost, but taken away. As a final note, think about this. The United Nations handed over the Marshall Islands to the protection of the United States in 1947, in order to "safeguard the welfare of the people living there." Anyone concerned with the forever escalating arms race should make a concerted effort to see this movie.

Allow yourself 86 minutes to just sit, watch, listen, and think.



Good value: "Real Thing"

THE REAL THING
STC

by Fran Edwards

What a lovely production! Tom Stoppard has written yet another witty script but in some ways this script is even better, it seems more accessible than his previous efforts. It is well crafted and skillfully presented by the State Theatre Company, the best thing I've seen them do for a very long time.

John Gaden made the right choice when he decided to act in instead of directing this play. He was perfect for the role of Henry and his portrayal was delightfully complemented by Lynette Curran as his second wife, Annie, and Deborah Kennedy as his first wife, Charlotte.

The design work on this production was particularly good, with excellent use being made of the revolving stage. The sets were

meticulous and realistic. The direction was not intrusive, but the real star is Stoppard, playing with words as he does so well.

Henry, our hero, is a real romantic. A playwright who still believes in true love. But he is loathe to leave his wife for his girlfriend at first, waiting to find out if this is the "Real Thing". Henry isn't really the type to have affairs, just the type to write about them, I wonder how much of this play is a self-portrait?

The images Stoppard carves with words are intricate, he likens a good play to a cricket bat, cleverly jointed and sprung so that when an idea is hit with it it will carry. He also makes the observation that the difference between a playscript and real life is thinking time (think about it). And if you don't understand my allusions, which do not do justice to Stoppard, go and see the production. It is "The Real Thing" and worth your money.



Disappointing

THE RECRUITING OFFICER
State Theatre Company
Season closed

by Katharine Thomas

The Recruiting Officer has all the ingredients for a hit. Unfortunately, John Bell's recipe does not rise to the occasion. Despite a satirically amusing plot about the art of no-so-gentle persuasion, which includes mistaken identities, assumed disguises, forged letters and a colourful cast of characters, the piece falls short of great expectations. The roguish captain, jealous lover, vapid heiress, fading fop and honest country bumpkins all residing in C18th rustic Shropshire, prove an uneven blend in Bell's hands.

However the evening does have its rewards in the richly characterised performances of Brian

James as the benevolent Squire Balance, Deborah Kennedy's sharp-witted Sylvia and deceptive Pinch, John Hannan's rakish Plume, Fiona Press as the lusty wench and Wayne Jarratt as the slow-witted Bullock.

What this production lacks is bawdy delivery, exaggerated caricature and an energetic pace suggested by the comic text. The fortune teller's scene and some of the recruiting drives would benefit from shortening and tightening.

The problem lies with Bell's understated interpretation of the satiric and bawdy text. Bell also compromises his role as a director by his artistry as an actor in his portrayal of Brazen, a declining dandy and rival to the debonair Captain Plume. Bell's cameo performance sparkles with a wit, vitality and style lacking in many of the cast.

Richard III a hit, Sher steals show

Last month the Royal Shakespeare Company thrilled Adelaide theatre-goers with its production of *Richard III*. FRAN EDWARDS reports.

Yet another Richard III has come and gone. This one the most expensive yet! The production, by the Royal Shakespeare Company, was preceded by the usual hype and oodles of advance publicity. This coupled with the company's reputation led to extremely high expectations, difficult for any show, no matter how good, to live up to.

And it was good, make no mistake about that, very good. Many theatre buffs, students, social snobs etc. left the hallowed ground of the Festival Theatre suitably awed. Awed by the magnificent set. Awed by the pomp and circumstances. Awed by having at last seen the Royal Shakespeare Company in the flesh, but mostly awed by HIM.

I can say unequivocally that Anthony Sher is the best Richard of Gloucester I have seen. He has a fine feel for the language and a commanding stage presence. This was not however the best production of *Richard III* I have seen. That honour goes to the Rustaveli Theatre production which I saw during this year's Festival. There are very good reasons why, in my opinion, the Rustaveli was a better production overall than the RSC.

The main reason is balance. Shakespeare knew the meaning of balance, his plays contain their own natural balance. They work better as ensemble productions. In the Rustaveli production although Ramaz Chkhikvadze was a superb actor I did not feel the entire production would have fallen apart if one of the other players had had the leading role. However the RSC have succumbed to the "Star" system. Anthony Sher gave them a better Richard than they had seen since Sir Larry and they built the production around him.

How difficult it must have been for the other players being overshadowed night after night. No



Anthony Sher as Richard III

wonder some of the performances seemed just a little jaded. Please do not mistake what I am saying, there was not a bad actor on stage, but it is difficult to maintain an impressive stage presence when someone else is cartwheeling around the stage on crutches.

Elizabeth, Penelope Beaumont, was strong and had a fierceness to match her red hair but the other characters faded into insignificance. Young Henry, Richard's nemesis, was too weak. Henry may still be a callow youth but he must appear to have strength as well as fight on his side if his victory over such a consummately clever and agile Richard is to appear believable.

So they made much of Richard, allowed Sher to develop the character to the point where you almost like him (well he's so cheeky!), then suddenly this brave and fearless, ruthless and unrelenting man a craven coward crying for a horse to escape on and meekly succumbing to being ritually murdered by Henry in order to create a spectacular stage effect.

The change in Richard was too sudden, and the fault was not in the script, it was in the direction. The

direction of this production had flair and there were some magic moments. When Richard slithered to the throne after his coronation like some disgusting slimy abhorration a chill ran down my spine. The dream visitation the night before the battle was also magnificently staged. But the back-lit silhouette of the gold-armoured clad Henry plunging his cross-symbolic sword into Richard's back, whilst a most effective image, was not a natural progression from what had gone before - there was insufficient lead-up. The problem is the play should be enhanced by effects, not the effects enhanced by the play.

The production as a whole lacked the tightness, the discipline which was so characteristic of the Rustaveli performance. However the staging was excellent. Richard's costume which allowed him to cast such an ominous spider-like shadow was an example of the delightful design work. The church/castle set which lent itself so well to many of the scenes was enhanced so often by the effective and creative lighting. So you see it was a good production, the pity is that with a little directorial constraint it could have been so much better.

London hit fails

TOP GIRLS

Troupe Theatre Company
Season closed

by Bill Morton

Caryl Churchill's play *Top Girls* came to Troupe on the reputation of a successful season in London.

It shows that the same issues do not necessarily translate from country to country, even if there is a common language. When successful executive and capitalist Marlene exalts the virtues of Margaret Thatcher, we do not experience the same "real-life relevance" which London audiences must have felt who knew the Iron Bastard herself was just around the corner at No. 10.

Yet the problem is not simply our own antipodean isolation from Big Questions. Churchill's script does not seem to warrant the reputation which accompanied its downward journey to our land.

Its beginnings were promising. Marlene holds a dinner to celebrate her promotion. The guests are a collection of real and imaginary women. Each of them has achieved the all too rare distinction of "making it" in male-dominated history. But the patriarchal shackles have left their scars. The dinner is not so much a celebration as an exercise in self-indulgences, non-communication and (male modelled?) debauchery. Not to mention vomiting.

From this clever scenario Churchill reverts to realism and jostles us back and forth between Marlene's employment agency and her sister's working class home where she left her child when she fled to the big smoke at the age of 17. The ruthless face of female executive success is portrayed, as is the plight of a working class woman bound to a life of motherhood. Caught in the middle is the confused and simple daughter.

Issues of conflict between women arising from class and the political structure cannot survive on stage on merit alone. The context in which they are presented must be convincing. While Churchill may be strong on insight, she is weak on dramatisation. By the end of the play we have degenerated to soap-opera proportions. The conflict between the two sisters goes through a predictable progression from shouting, to tears, to "I love you" reconciliation, to further shouting. Squirm-in-your seat material.

A poor script is always compensated by good performances and direction. Once again the strength of the Troupe ensemble was reiterated in this respect. In addition to Catherine Fitzgerald's typically polished performance (as Marlene) each other actor played at least two parts as though it was as simple as changing socks.

Nothing sacred to the Aussie poet's pen

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF AUSTRALIAN SATIRICAL VERSE
Edited by Philip Neilsen

by Anne Winckel

There's nothing warms the heart of a true blue Aussie more than a well aimed dig at the establishment. Phillip Adams does it with bite, Willesee does it with finesse, and Paul Hogan does it with his thumb to his nose! And don't we love it.

Hence it seems a curious fact that until this year there had never been a collection of Australian satirical poetry. The newly arrived Penguin version edited by Philip Neilsen, is a well overdue milestone, and completely enjoyable (if it doesn't hit that spot where it hurts!) to the very end where Richard Tipping proves that even "Mangoes" aren't sacred!

Satire is the combination of criticism or derision with humour and wit; and nobody worth getting escapes the poet's sugar-coated poisoned pen. Bob Hawke and the Queen rate very highly. The clergy, the wealthy and the police are regularly called to account.

This may all sound very typical of any book of satirical verse, but

Neilsen's volume is uniquely Australian, as his anti-nuclear "Bush Lullaby" shows:

One cackling kookaburra swept from the trees
Two uneasy emus brought to their knees
Three bustling bandicoots deafened by the sound
Four waddling wombats burnt underground
Five writhing ringtails sliced into meat
Six crisp koalas toasted by the heat
Seven tangled taipans dissected on the grass
Eight playful platypuses melted smooth as glass
Nine crippled kangaroos, mutant crow and currawong
Ten million jolly swagmen floating in the billabong.

Charles Harpur, Henry Kendall, Victor Daley, Banjo Paterson, Henry Lawson, A.D. Hope, Douglas Stewart, James McAuley, Peter Porter, Bruce Dawe, and Clive James (familiar Australian writers whose satirical work has often been ignored) are joined by over seventy other poets to make up this remarkable book. But beware - while sitting enjoying another's demolition, you may suddenly discover that you are the subject of the poet's subtle dig!

Galapagos, here we go again

GALAPAGOS
Jonathan Cape Ltd., \$24.95

by Paul Washington

Human evolution, said Charles Darwin in less accessible terms, was largely the result of making the best of a bad thing. And since there has been no evidence to the contrary since Darwin's day we can only assume that he was more or less correct.

Certainly Kurt Vonnegut has always believed that Darwin hit the nail squarely and firmly on the head when he spelled out the Theory of Natural Selection, the idea that traits conducive to causing as much long term discomfort for as many as possible are by their very nature, self-perpetuating.

But in a world where life was likely to be easy Vonnegut manages to find more to laugh about than most. The man who once said he found scientists interesting "because of the way they turn things upside-down to see if they look funny that way" has gradually turned the worlds of his novels on progressively more and more of a tilt only to find that, at the point of maximum confusion, the world was not a very funny place at all.

The solution - start again!
Galapagos is the story of how, one million years ago back in 1986, the human race came to an abrupt halt except for a handful of holiday makers marooned on Santa



Rosalia, one of the Galapagos Islands.

Unfortunately the woman who is to become the mother of the whole human race - the second Eve - is herself the progeny of one who had been in Japan in 1945 when it had a nuclear bomb dropped on it. Consequently Eve mark two has faded genes, and her children are born resembling highly evolved sea-lions.

The upshot of all this is that future humanity is unable to fashion weapons of war, or invent esoteric economic systems, but it can catch all the fish it needs so as to live happily ever after.

Galapagos perhaps was inevitable. Darwin's theory has allowed Vonnegut to create a stage upon which his sense of the absurd can be

given full expression. Vonnegut's characters, nervous bundles of foibles and eccentricities with a dash of ambition thrown in to make it at least seem as though they are going somewhere definite, stumble from one accident to the next, unable to look to the future because of an inherent inability to cope with the present

Galapagos is one of Vonnegut's best, up there with *Mother Night*, *Jailbird*, and *Player Piano*. Although he has come a long way from his early sci-fi anti-utopian novels to more benign social satires, the sad-funny mix and the unflinching compassion stands out as sharply as ever. For Vonnegut it seems, the more he changes the more he stays the same.

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If you don't have an electronic card and would like the chance to win seven days at the Beachcomber ask any ANZ staff member to arrange a card.

But be quick. The competition finishes at close of business on 16th July 1986.



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a hamburger
with the
lot you could
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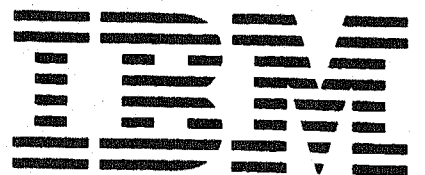
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And, as a recent Financial Review survey of top business executives showed, one of the most admired corporations.

Even if you don't know a megabyte from a floppy disk, we would like to talk to you when we visit your campus on June 16-17.

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Counselling Centre (Horace Lamb Building) for further details and information on graduate career opportunities in IBM.



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START AT THE BACK!

The alternative to being happy. Edited by Rupert the Portuguese acrobat, and ... Enzo the phantom.

Once bitten...

A group of researchers from the Victorian Department of Conservation, Forests and Lands decided that it would be fun to find out what would happen if there was a sudden outbreak of rabies in foxes. So they caught forty foxes, tagged them with radio transmitters, infected them and set them free near Bendigo. Then they tried to recapture them. Ten of the rabies-carrying foxes are still free, despite using every fox-catching technique known.

Moral of the story - avoid eating fox stew when next in Bendigo.

...Twice sly

Police in South Korea have arrested a 25-year-old woman who bit her father-in-law.

Kim Yong-mi had been lying in bed after a tiff with hubby when his father - her father-in-law - entered the room and complained about her alleged laziness. He is said to have attempted to force Mrs. Kim to join the rest of the clan at work in the fields near her village. Mrs. Kim, being an independent and liberated young thing, then expertly sunk her mandibles into her father-in-law's hand.

He now needs two weeks in hospital. He said afterwards philosophically, "How lucky it was that I wasn't bitten by a Victorian fox."

Absolute Believers

So you think *Hail! Mary* is something to get red in the face about? Well, Methuen Australia is about to publish a really naughty book called *The True Believers*, written by Canberra Peter Bowler, who is that rare combination of public servant and interesting person. His book includes details of some really weird religious types, including one bunch of certified loonies who call themselves the Divine Light Mission. Their leader, a Mr. Guru Maharaj Ji (or Sid to his mates) has told the faithful that the fluid felt at the back of your throat with the tip of your tongue is not mucus but nectar, and that after-images on the retina have nothing to do with the optic nerve or any of that scientific rubbish, but that they are actually what is seen by your third eye. (Bet you didn't even know that you had one). In addition, Those That Have Seen The Light believe that the vibrations you hear when you cup your hand over your ear put you on to The Source of Life.

"Triffic. As long as they don't try to ban the movies that real people see, they won't harm anybody.

Thy Will Be Done In

Sydney radio station 2CH is owned by the Council of Churches. This august body recently banned the station from advertising *Total* brand solar heaters. The Council considered one of the lines a tad too blasphemous to go unnoticed. The line was: "See how *Total* energy systems can blend into the environment and how God can reduce your total power bill to a fraction of what you are paying now, believe it or not". Fancy mentioning the Almighty's name and further accusing Him of actually doing a half-decent thing like cutting costs, on a religious radio station!

It's all very strange...next thing you know they'll be advertising *Hail! Mary* on radio.

A Spaniard in the works

In the tradition of *Teach Yourself* books such as *Teach Yourself Hydrogen Bomb Maintenance*, *Teach Yourself Masturbation* and *Teach Yourself How To Sell Teach Yourself Books* comes *Teach Yourself Spanish*, written by the obviously Iberian Mr. N. Scarlyn Wilson. Mr. Wilson ('Pedro' to his friends) suggests that the following phrases would be useful for travellers to España:

"I will do it for you with great pleasure!"

"Have they seen the judge? Nobody knows where he is."

"As soon as he is dead, I suppose that his house will serve as a museum."

"The soldier whose wife's arm the surgeon amputated is a friend of mine."



You know fellow peace-loving Americans, Nancy and I have been to Nevada, and you know, you too can survive a Nuclear War. In light of the Congress' budget cuts, we're putting away for those post-holocaust days. Armageddon here we come!

Spewed forth from the SAUA

From the SAUA minutes for the Education/Services Standing Committee meeting, 14/5/86, item 5: "The Education Vice-President said that another meeting was needed for

coding and it should be next week some time. She will be contacting those members not here so that Mr. Snell, Mr. Stough and herself are not the only stupid idiots in the world to come along."

Michelle, we don't think you are a stupid idiot, even if you think you are.

DO RE MI have gone SO FA

The Do Re Mi will be at Adelaide University next weekend as part of the 100th Anniversary of the Do Re Mi (written by the Do Re Mi) and will be held at the Do Re Mi.

Scoop

Someone at Sydney's *Sun-Herald* has been reading *On dit!* This headline appeared in the first *On dit!* for 1986, and later, suspiciously, in the *Sun-Herald* on the 1st of June. Yet another scoop for *On dit!*

DO RE MI HAVE GONE SO FA

Their debut album has been released in England and has gained better reviews than anyone in the band expected. And is the album actually selling? We don't ask the sorts of questions.

PRESENTING THE LAST THING ANYBODY NEEDS.... (AN EXTENDED MIX OF THIS COMIC...)

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

BACK TO THE PAST Part 7
 JUST IN CASE THERE'S ANYONE WHO WANTS TO BE REMINDED... THE ENTIRE HISTORY AND AREA OF THE WORLD HAS BEEN SUCKED INTO A NIGHTCLUB IN HAMBURG IN 1960, THROUGH A BLACK HOLE CAUSED BY THE PRESENCE OF THREE PEOPLE IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME...

IGOR, YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK TO 1986 WITH US...

ARE YOU KIDDING? I'VE BEEN MAKING A MILLION DOLLARS A WEEK IN ROYALTIES FROM THE SONGS I'VE RIPPED OFF. NEXT WEEK I'M INVENTING PSYCHEDELIA; I'M RECORDING "SGT PEPPERS..."

YES I CAN... I INVENTED MULTITRACK RECORDING ESPECIALLY FOR IT; 48 TRACK DIGITAL TOO... 'CAUSE THE BEATLES HAD A HELL OF A TIME WITH ONLY 4...

LISTEN TREVOR, THE ONLY WAY WE CAN CORRECT WHAT WE'VE CAUSED IS TO SPREAD THE TIME/SPACE CONTINUUM BACK TO ITS PROPER PERSPECTIVE.

A TIME BOMB OF COURSE! WHERE DO WE GET ONE?

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

BUT WHAT FORCE DO YOU USE TO THROW A CONTRACTED HISTORY BACK INTO PROPORTION?

HERE... TAKE THIS ONE...

WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S THE FORM OF ME WHICH, IN THE NORMAL FLOW OF TIME, BELONGS ABOUT 45 MINUTES IN THE FUTURE...

ANYWAY... TO ANSWER YOUR PREVIOUS QUESTION... WE HAVE TO MAKE OUR OWN TIME BOMB... AND IT'LL TAKE ABOUT 45 MINUTES...

QUICK, GRAB IGOR... IT'S ABOUT TO GO UP!

HOW WILL WE KNOW WHERE OUR OWN TIME WILL END UP?

LOOK, THERE'S MADONNA IN THE DYING STAGES OF HER POPULARITY... THAT MUST BE 1986... FOLLOW HER...

BOOM!

AND SO HISTORY WAS RESTORED TO ITS PROPER PERSPECTIVE, LEAVING ONLY THE BEATLES, WITH THEIR TREVOR-INSPIRED LONG HAIR TO EXPLAIN THE EXPLOSION AND SUBSEQUENT FIRE. NEXT WEEK: DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND; THE RETURN OF THOSE LITTLE THINGS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN IN "CAPTAIN ADELAIDE" FOR A LONG TIME... (JOKES)...

© 1986 IF YOU THINK I'M RUSHING THE END OF THIS STORY... YOU'RE RIGHT PRODUCTIONS.