

# OnDit

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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY

April 6, 1987

## CATCHING UP WITH COMPUTER CRIME



# Protests continue in print-media revolution



**It is now four-teen months after Murdoch's Wapping coup PATRICK WIN-TOUR charts the rest of Fleet Street's routes to the future.**

In the words of Frank Barlow, the Financial Times chief executive, "Sunday, January 26, was the day on which Fleet Street, as we have known it for all our working lives, ceased to exist."

That was the day on which Rupert Murdoch proved that it was possible to produce two mass circulation Sunday newspapers without a single member of his existing print workforce; without using the railways and with roughly one fifth of the numbers that he had been employing before.

The General Secretary of Sogat, Brenda Dean, a year later recalls: "That weekend our provincial newspaper distribution members did not hold the line, often in the face of intense employer intimidation, whilst the journalists made a crass misjudgement about their own bargaining power. Everywhere we looked for support we found doors being shut in our face."

Since then, outside Murdoch's Wapping plant the bitter protests have continued - "the longest funeral ever held" as one print union official wryly describes it.

But for the rest of Fleet Street the battle has been to catch up with Murdoch, while for the print unions, as institutions, the aim has been survival. In some sense the two sides have needed each other: none of Murdoch's rivals had alternative print plants and could not risk disruption during their negotiations. The union, for their part, were too intimidated to resist.

Tony Dubbins, the National Graphical Association General Secretary, is confident that the worst is over: "At the time of Today and Wapping there was a lot of hype to the effect that you don't need printers or typographers any more and what was needed was electricians. Well, that's been proved non-



Boycotters and protesters against Murdoch's computerised media network

sensical. We've now got a significant presence at all four Today print centres and we hope in the very near future to formalise a recognition and bargaining agreement with the company.

"Similarly at Robert Maxwell's London *Daily News* we've just concluded an agreement allowing for the transfer of 50 members from Mirror Group Newspapers and we have reached a 12 month collective agreement. In the provinces as well we have concluded over 50 direct input agreements."

The print leaders argue that the deals their chapels have reached in the 12 months since Wapping at the *Telegraph*, the *Express* and the *Mirror* could be worth, in the long term, as much to employers as Murdoch's arrangements. Out of the chaos it is possible that a more modern, if constrained, form of print unionism is emerging based on company bargaining, fewer bargaining units, joint consultative committees and a form of binding arbitration which retains the ultimate right to strike.

Both Dean and Dubbins contend Murdoch foolishly rejected this path having locked himself into a deunionisation strategy at the beginning of 1985, only months before it became clear that change could be brought to Fleet Street by negotiation.

"Murdoch," Dean says, "was going to do it for the hell of it. I suppose there are very few challenges

that face a man like that any longer in business life. It was such a big gamble, he couldn't resist it. He wound himself up on his own hype and having set the ball rolling, he was totally committed and it did not matter what we offered or what agreements we struck elsewhere."

Perhaps the most developed example of the new print industrial relations is the *Daily Telegraph* which is halfway through its negotiations. The *Daily Telegraph* started printing at West Ferry Road in the docklands on September 29. In Fleet Street the paper, purely on its printing side, had been employing 1 650 full time equivalents supporting a wage bill of £40 m, with skilled workers earning between £400 and £555 a week and unskilled between £350 and £525.

Mainly due to technology only 679 are now employed at West Ferry Road (a reduction of 62 per cent) and the wage bill has fallen to £16 m. Basic rates of pay have also been brought down. The surplus staff have left with redundancy packages worth up to £45 000. The paper is now undertaking what Andrew Knight, the *Telegraph* chief executive, acknowledges to be more a complex negotiation amongst the 1 600 print staff.

The aim is to introduce direct input technology this year in advertising and editorial. Around 600 redun-

dancies are sought. The current 276 strong NGA composing room is to be cut from 276 to 56. Compositors' wages are to be cut from £525 to £420 with an extension of the working week from a 30-hour, four-day week to a 37½-hour, five-day week.

Knight stresses that even with these changes it will take time before the *Telegraph* becomes profitable. The paper has also concluded a procedure agreement which management regards as quite as good as anything Murdoch was seeking from Sogat and the NGA for Wapping.

The agreement with the production unions contains both a lay-off clause in each employee's contract in case of industrial action and a form of binding arbitration, with arbitrators having the option to award the final position of one side or the other - in addition, each employee is required in his contract of employment to observe procedure.

"We regard that as a sufficient sanction and that there is no need for a legally binding collective agreement," comments Knight.

Like Knight, Frank Barlow also doubts the necessity of legally binding collective agreements. "The essential element of a disputes procedure is that it works. Motivation and goodwill is as important a factor as anything. Anyway you already

have legally enforceable individual contracts of employment so you can take legal action against individuals, as I have in the past."

The FT announced in July that it intended to have full direct input technology by January, 1988, and a new docklands print works six months later. The process would involve 404 voluntary redundancies, probably cutting out £8 m worth of labour costs.

Perhaps the most ambitious proposal is to cut the number of bargaining units from 25 to three - press, press, and publishing and maintenance and services. Within this a series of traditionally separate jobs, for example electricians and engineers, are being merged.

Perhaps the most unpredictable talks still ahead, apart from the future of Manchester as an origination area, are Robert Maxwell's plans at Mirror Group Newspapers for direct input, on the run colour and possible regional printing. Rumours suggest that Maxwell plans to print in Watford, Birmingham, and Oldham.

Tony Dubbins says: "It's going to be a very hard, tough negotiation to bring in the technology at the Mirror this year, but it would be naive of us to pretend that all national newspapers are going to be printed in London and Manchester in the future."

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Research for the military may soon close the gap between the wilder speculations of science-fiction and the more baffling productions of modern technology if the expectations of a US futurist are well-founded.

Earl Joseph, a futurist with the Minneapolis-based think tank Anticipating Sciences, thinks the military could one day solve its manpower problems not by boosting recruitment, but by growing human beings, according to the science magazine, *Omni*.

Stanford University neurologists today keep brain cells alive in chambers filled with salt water and nutrients which mimic the environment of the body. This is a similar practice to that which enables test-tube babies to grow.

This facility, along with the ability to recombine DNA and alter the expression of the genetic code, may lead to creation of new forms of life,

says *Omni*.

"You are not far away from growing an entire human once you grow the first part," says Earl Joseph.

"And then it could snowball. Once you're able to grow the first earlobe or finger, you have really broken the barrier for the whole body."

He notes that the US military is already interested in producing android soldiers.

"We know of methods of turning on the cell-division process to do it faster than it would normally occur," he says.

"If you could grow adults and you needed an army overnight, you could grow an array."

Joseph suggests that the grow-your-own human beings could be made blue to distinguish them from real humans.

But "these genetic robots might be the next race that we discriminate against," he says. Breeding them for war makes this likely.

Hisao Yamada, professor of information sciences at the University of

Tokyo, thinks that the very survival of the human race could be at risk from the proposed artificial military superhumans.

"As long as there is the possibility that a machine will destroy your enemies and not destroy you, you will be willing to pay for it," he says.

"So I think there will be research in the future on machines harmful to humans. If we keep on doing that at a certain point we will build a machine that is hostile to mankind. I think it could go haywire and destroy us."

Presumably it's everyone's right to perform research to make creating the human race obsolete, especially in the interests of creating superhumans.

A famous 19th century philosopher wrote that "a life itself is essentially appropriation, injury, overpowering of the strange and weaker, suppression, severity, imposition of one's own forms, incorporation, and at the least and mildest, exploitation."

The writer was Friedrich Nietzsche from whose philosophy the last attempt to produce a master-race gained impetus - the Nazis.

## Health book released

by David Blades

A booklet on health has recently been released for school leavers and tertiary students.

It is published by the Australian Medical Association with the support of a grant given by the Commonwealth Department of Health.

Entitled "Your Body - Just the Facts", the booklet discusses lifestyle, including advice on exercise, relationships, nutrition, relaxation, and details on the effects of drugs.

Also, information is provided on common health problems, methods of contraception, AIDS, and Sexually Transmissible diseases.

The booklet is available at the Student Health Centre, and the Second Story Youth Health Centre (112 Rundle Mall).

## PRODUCTION NOTES

*On Dit* is a weekly news-magazine produced at Adelaide University. Edited, published and designed by Jamie Skinner for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685.

Postal Address: "On dit", Adelaide University, P.O. Box 498, Adelaide S.A. 5001.

## Libnews

The Adelaide University Liberal Club held its Annual General Meeting last week celebrating a membership of about 150.

Chris Pyne was elected President of the club this year at the AGM with Rachel David Vice-President, Joe Carney Treasurer and John Kain Secretary.

Chris Pyne and Rachel David are members of SAUA Council and John Kain is a member of Union Board.

## Minister wrong- AIDS unit head

by Rosemary Clancy

Recent claims by the Special Minister of State that there is no benefit in depositing blood in a commercial blood bank have been refuted by the head of the Communicable Diseases Unit in South Australia.

When the issue of the "Private Blood Bank of Australia" was raised in Federal Parliament recently, the special Minister of State, Senator Tate, said that the NSW Department of Health had approved technical aspects of the bank but had not approved the collection of blood within the State Public Hospital System.

The Red Cross has offered to make the same service available to the public at no cost.

However, Senator Tate believed there was no point in using this issue because "The Red Cross" implementation of stringent testing procedures and requests to persons with high risk of AIDS to refrain from donating blood, has resulted in the safest blood supply technically possible in the world at present.

Contrary to this belief, Dr Scott Cameron, head of the Communicable Diseases Unit in South

Australia, stated that there is a 1-3 month period after the victim contracts AIDS in which positive antibodies are completely undetectable in the blood.

"The most we can do is ask the donor whether he/she has engaged in any risky activity over the last 3 months. This precaution, together with the emphasis we place on educating the public, the questionnaire and declaration the donor must complete and the final blood test, we hope will adequately deter high risk people from donating blood.

"Adelaide, however, is a low-risk population and something in the region of 150 000 donations have been tested in South Australia without having uncovered an antibody-positive sample," he said.

Dr Cameron added that although depositing one's blood in a private bank is a reasonable move, he personally disapproved of the private blood bank of Australia as he believed it was founded on profit motives.

He said that it was a bid to capitalise on the panic aroused by the sudden emergence of the AIDS virus.

## In-fighting hampers sit-in protest

by Andrew Rosser

The sit-in staged at Parliament House to protest the administration charge last week was a "disappointment", according to SAUA President, David Israel.

The thirty-six South Australian students that made the trip to Canberra did so with the hope of organising a national delegation of students to meet with Senator Susan Ryan Federal Minister for Education, and discuss the \$250 tertiary fee. David Israel described it as "an opportunity for Senator Ryan to see a coherent national student body".

Apparently, however, the student protestors from N.S.W. had other ideas. They had already arranged for a group of four N.S.W. students to meet with Senator Ryan and were adamantly opposed to the suggestion of a national delegation.

Later, the N.S.W. protestors suggested that a fifth member be added to this delegation - an overseas student currently studying at a N.S.W. tertiary institution. Senator Ryan temporarily objected to this, but after returning from a press conference agreed to meet the five N.S.W. students.

However, when she returned the five delegates were nowhere to be found and consequently the meeting fell through. David Israel said that he could not help but feel that it was poetic justice.

He claimed that the movement for a national delegation "was sabotaged by students from N.S.W.", and described them as "parochial and dogmatic".

Another meeting was organised for later in the day and it was decided that delegates from each state would be present. But, once



again the protestors from N.S.W. proved to be the stumbling block. When asked to elect a representative to attend the meeting, they could reach a decision over whether or not they would agree to the second meeting. It soon became obvious that the majority of the N.S.W. protestors still held that if anyone was going to meet Senator Ryan, it should be the original five N.S.W. delegates.

Even when the representative from the A.C.T. suggested that an extra N.S.W. delegate be sent instead of himself, they refused to support the meeting.

Nonetheless, David Israel said that the trip was not a complete

fiasco. The S.A. Tertiary Student Federation has organised a meeting with Rosemary Huxtable, assistant private secretary to Senator Ryan, in a fortnight's time.

Whilst in Canberra, David Israel and John Spoehr, President of the SAIT Union, met with Democrat Senators Macklin and Vigor. They were also able to speak with one of Labor Senator Graham Richardson's personal advisors.

David Israel also argued that the march from ANU to Parliament House was successful in attracting a great deal of attention and communicating the message that students are not "going to take the tertiary fee lying down."

## Enrolments axed

by Samantha Young

"Between 1 600 and 3 000" students at Perth's Curtin University ave been classified as disenrolled, after failing to pay their fees on March 31st.

According to Liz Cambell, Education Research Officer at Curtin University, the Administration Department is "isolating some students into consent."

Fourth year social work students have been told that if they do not pay their fee, with a thirty dollar late fee on top of the \$250, institutions hosting them for the practical components of their course will be prevented from course completion.

"Lecturers and tutors are being used by the University to compel Social Work fourth years to pay. They are acting out of genuine concern on behalf of the students. The

same can't be said for the Administration department:

"This underhand method forced forty students to pay today." (2/4/87)

Ms. Cambell said that boycotting students are being given letter, stating that the fee is still payable, with a late fee of thirty dollars, but this will still not guarantee re-enrolment.

"If students are not accepted for re-enrolment, they have to forfeit the thirty dollars." A meeting on the eight of April will determine the number and fate of the boycotting students.

"Students cannot be barred from Campus, but they can be barred from practicals, a crucial part of many students' courses. These students legal rights are being examined at the moment. It is a pity that such low, sleazy methods have to be resorted to," she said.

## -O'Ball's dire loss-



by Melanie Griffith

This year's O'Ball Spit ran at a loss of just over \$1 500.

The attendances were low with a turn out of only 690 students and public. The show itself catered for 1 200 people.

The loss will be covered by the SAUA functions account which subsidises the losses of SAUA activities.

O'Ball directors Geoff McDonald and Victoria Dennis said that this year's show was not held on the Saturday because of the large number of international acts which were playing in Adelaide during O'Week.

Bands such as ZZ Top, Eurythmics and the Moody Blues provided strong competition for the

'87 O'Ball so the venue was changed to a Friday afternoon show.

No acts offered to the O'Ball were considered attractive enough to compete with these bands.

"The atmosphere on the day was energetic with the weather definitely in our favour. Although the door count was disappointing the show itself was an agreed success," they said.

The O'Ball Spit was held on March 6 and featured the bands the Mad Turks from Istanbul, Every Brothers, Suburban Bears and Huxton Creepers.

Last year's O'Ball ran at a loss of \$5 000. The 1985 show made a \$1 2500 profit while the 1984 O'Ball made a profit of \$7 000.

## Graduate jobs easier

Unemployment among university and CAE graduates has dropped to its lowest level for five years according to a survey conducted by the Graduate Careers Council of Australia.

The survey held last year polled 42 947 graduates from 61 tertiary institutions.

The most up-to-date figures were compiled from questionnaires circulated among graduates on April 30 last year.

3.4 per cent of graduates who had completed their first degree were seeking full-time employment when the national unemployment level was 8 per cent.

This is a decrease on the 1983 figures when 4.7 per cent of graduates were looking for work when the national unemployment level was 8.9 per cent.

The survey showed that more

CAE graduates were looking for full-time employment than university graduates.

3.2 per cent of university graduates were unemployed compared with 3.6 per cent of college graduates.

There was a marginal difference between the amount of women graduates seeking work at universities and CAEs.

The survey showed that there was 0.2 per cent more women uni graduates and 0.1 per cent more women CAE graduates looking for employment.

One of the most important factors in the better employment opportunities of university graduates was the increase in the private sector job opportunities.

23.1 per cent of these held jobs with private employers whereas 17.1 per cent were working in government jobs.

Of college graduates, 11.6 were working in government jobs and 8.7 per cent in private firms.

The survey shows that there are more first degree graduates leaving Australia.

The figure has risen from 2.5 per cent in 1982 to 3.5 per cent in 1986.

There are also a significant amount of higher degree graduates going overseas. The combined figure for CAEs and universities for those with doctorates leaving Australia was 13.5 per cent.

A spokesman for the Graduate Careers Council, Mr Dale Harvey said that the difficulty for graduates seeking jobs had not increased.

"There is the problem of people not getting the job they had hoped for, but that is almost a perennial thing."

## German card fiasco

Supporters of the Australia Card should celebrate its defeat in the Senate last week if events in West Germany are anything to go by.

A recent announcement by a West German party's executive that they had all lost their identity cards in the wash, has triggered a spate of "accidentally" lost and destroyed cards.

According to the Bonn correspondent of Britain's *Independent* newspaper, the mass carelessness was a protest against the introduc-

tion of new plastic cards - to replace cardboard ones - which could be read by computer - linked devices carried by police.

In West Germany all citizens must carry identity cards.

German registry officers have been flooded with enquiries for new cards, the paper said, to replace those which have gone through washing machines or been chewed by children or dogs.

In Hamburg party sympathisers have paid mass visits to laundrettes while others have placed wash troughs around the city into which passers-by can inadvertently drop their cards.

ALP Senator Nick Bolkus, a leading opponent of the Australia Card, said that he had not heard specifically of the idea but that "numerous groups" had threatened civil disobedience initiatives if ever an ID card were introduced in Australia.

# SAUA elections

**BY-ELECTION  
FOR ONE POSITION  
ON SAUA COUNCIL**



**SARAH FINLAY**  
O'Week, O'Ball, O'Camp helper  
Student Radio  
Sailing Club  
Lacrosse

I'm not in the Liberal Club, I'm not in the Labor Club, I'm not on any sort of political ego trip. I'm just a normal person who wants to become involved in student affairs. This year I was an O'Camp, O'Ball and O'Week helper.

I am a common sense person and will bring some common sense views to the Students' Association Council. So vote for me.

**ANDREW LAMB**  
3rd Year Law  
1st Year Economics

Debating Society, AISEC, Days of Our Lives Club, AULC and a big fan of Coopers Sparkling Ale. Is there life after death? In the case of the SAUA, Yes; - with energy, motivation and enthusiasm. The Union's got to get in touch with students again to be an effective representational body. I know what you want - and I'm going to get it. With a mix of action, efficiency and an undying devotion to good party, I can make the SAUA better than ever.

**JON COLLINS**  
3rd Year Arts Student.  
No photograph supplied.

□ □ □

**POLLING BOOTHS:**

- SAUA OFFICE**  
9am - 5 pm Monday to Friday  
9am - 7 pm Thursday
- AIRPORT LOUNGE**  
11.45 am - 2.15 Monday - Friday
- MEDICAL SCHOOL**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Friday
- WAITE INSTITUTE**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Wednesday
- CASM**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Friday
- LAW SCHOOL**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Wednesday
- NAPIER FOYER**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Thursday
- ENGINEERING SCHOOL**  
11.45 am - 2.15 pm Thursday

**POSTGRAD**

**AFFAIRS**

*Mark Leahy*

An academic's contract stipulates that they are required to spend 50% of their time researching and 50% teaching.

Yet, while there are many ways in which excellence (or competence) in research is rewarded, there are few ways in which academics can be rewarded for excellence in teaching. More fundamentally, the tertiary education system, as it stands, does not even require competence in teaching.

Consider this basic fact: at all other levels of education a minimum level of teaching training is required, in all other professional careers a minimum level of training in that career is required, yet no form of teacher training is required for those who opt to teach at tertiary level.

Academics, by the time they have achieved their PH.D's, will have received ample training in research yet, unless they are one of the lucky minority who have done part-time teaching as a postgraduate, they will almost certainly have had no practice or training in the skills required to teach.

The problem goes further than this however: there are positive disincentives to excellence in teaching. The primary aspect which is scrutinised when assessing people for an academic job is a person's research record: their thesis, the number of publications... A person who has spent a large amount of time teaching will be at a disadvantage to a person who has spent all of their time researching because the latter will have had more opportunities to publish and the more

publications to your name, the more chances you have at getting a job.

Even once you are lucky enough to get a job, promotion principles are skewed in favour of researchers rather than teachers. Typically, publications (quantity & quality) play a major role in promotions. Excellence in teaching is a more-or-less absent consideration. Indeed, we haven't even been able to formulate adequate methods of assessing excellent teaching, much less reward it.

With regards to postgraduates, this is a particular problem when it comes to supervision, because a large part of a supervisor's role depends upon teaching skills. Since a supervisor is chosen because of their expertise in a certain field and not because of their potential teaching skills, it is rather like Russian Roulette, a game of chance, as to whether you will be given a competent, incompetent or excellent supervisor.

Although there are a series of problems which contribute to the high attrition rate among postgraduates (only about 60% complete), lack of adequate supervision, according to a number of national and international surveys, has been isolated as a major contributory factor to this problem. If universities are seriously trying to tackle the attrition rate, if there are to respond to such reports as the *CTEC Review into Effectiveness & Efficiency in Higher Education*, if they are committed to improving the quality of teaching within such institutions, then these problems must be addressed. Student organisations, as representatives of the people most affected by quality of teaching, (the 'clients' of professional academics) should be actively encouraging the discussion of such issues.

**WEST PEACE DISARMAMENT**

**SUNDAY RALLY**  
p.m. April 12th  
**Victoria Square**  
March to PEACE  
& ENVIRONMENT FAIR  
Speaker: Jo Vallentine, Senator for Nuclear Disarmament

Disarmament, U.S.A.  
223 1210 Ecumenical Service 1.15 p.m.  
St. Francis Xavier Cathedral

## LOST PROPERTY SALE

Tuesday, 7th April, 1987  
1.00 p.m. - 2.00 p.m.

### UNION HOUSE CLOISTERS

Bargains galore - This event is one of campus' occasions to be experienced by all Staff and Students. Come and buy back the article you lost! (Proceeds to charity).

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE  
ELDER CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC  
ELDER HALL CONCERT CALENDAR

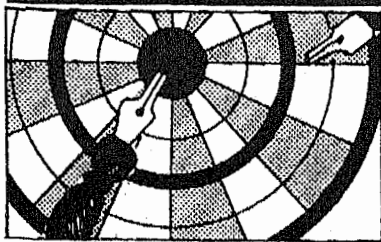
**Thursday, 9th April - MICHAEL LEUSCHNER (Piano)**  
Recital to commence at 8 pm in Elder Hall (not 1.10 pm) Admission: \$6, \$3 concession.

Programme: Beethoven Sonatas Op. 10 No. 1 & Op. 31 No. 3, Schumann: Papillons, as well as works by Chopin and Chabrier.

**Thursday, 30th April - MELVILLE WATERS (Organ)**  
Recital to commence at 12.10 pm in Elder Hall (not 1.10 pm), admission free.

Programme: All J.S. Bach - Toccata, adagio and fugue in C major, Two Chorale Preludes "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland" and Concerto in a minor.

**WORK ACTION:**  
Now available  
in the  
Students' Association  
Office.



**LETTERS**

Deadline for letters to the editor is noon on Wednesdays prior to publications. All letters must be signed and include the author's telephone number. Pseudonymous letters must include the author's real name. Letters may be edited for defamations, clarity, blasphemy and limited space. Please keep letters concise.

**Critical mediocrity**

Dear Sir,  
If *On Dit's* resident literary madarin, Mr Dino Di Rosa, wishes to distinguish himself from the critical mediocrity he discerns in *The Advertiser* perhaps he could begin with his books page in the last edition of *On Dit*.  
Mr Di Rosa's repertoire of sophisticated gusto consists of, in part, "shit themselves laughing", "a really pissed off Joseph K", "pissing in each other's pockets", "I'm waiting for my cheque Stefan", "not bad, huh", "prophylactic airliners" (!) and "ring co-editor Dino Di Rosa on 260 4678 for a good time".  
When he claims that Sandra Hall "writes like someone who has never experienced an orgasm" (what is the test for someone who does - manuscripts marked by outbreaks of erratic handwriting?) should aspiring contributors to the Di Rosa-edited "Diphthong" forewarned of the particular editorial techniques employed therein? One would know, however, if Mr Di Rosa thought one's writing sufficiently lively if, when blue-pencilling one's contribution, he reached for a prophylactic airliner. But where would he put it - over his head?

Stephen Horan

**Mr Di Rosa replies**

Dear Ed,  
Who is Stephen Horan and why is he saying those terrible things about me? Is he a life-long reader of *The Advertiser* (flat and dead)? A reactionary bore? A literary piker? A critic's criticaster? A would-be-if-only-he-could-be? Is that a blue pencil in his pocket or is he not glad to see me and my "prophylactic airliners"? Well, whomever he may be, a pox on him, as Goethe said.  
Dino Di Rosa

**Pyne's reply**

Dear editor,  
I don't know why Michael Fox and David Israel keep trying to get their faces and names into *On Dit* all the time. No-one wants to see or hear from them. Why don't they just get on with their jobs and leave out the petulance that shouldn't belong to 29 year-olds.  
Yours sincerely,  
Chris Pyne

**Disgusted**

Dear Editor,  
At three o'clock my lecture finished and I walked down to the Barr Smith Lawns. I was disgusted!  
The verdant grass was strewn with thousands of miscellaneous items. These included cans, cartons, paper, plastic, cigarette butts, crockery, cutlery, *On Dit's* (what sacrilege!) and, most disgustingly, assorted pieces of food. To say that this refuse, (which some despicable students seem to excrete with passion), spoils the otherwise pleasant environment of the Lawns is an understatement.  
The trail of destruction which follows in the wake of some irresponsible students turns the Lawns into an on-campus garbage dump.  
I appeal to students' consciences and common sense; take the time to use one of the many rubbish bins provided in the area and urge other students to do likewise. This small effort will ensure that litter will be kept to a minimum, a change from which you and many other users will benefit. This applies not only to the Barr Smith Lawns but to our campus in general.  
Come on students, keep the Lawns Beautiful! Clean up your act!  
Mark Gamtcheff

**Students the most active in fighting for political causes**

**Forum is a weekly column where individual organisations explain their beliefs. This week DES LAWR-ENCE of the People for Nuclear Disarmament discusses the Peace Movement.**

As the peace rally crowd makes its way from Victoria Square to Peace Park next Sunday, in the annual Palm Sunday march, there will be plenty of cynics who will be saying "there go the peace dupes again."  
And what has changed for all the bruhaha of International Year of Peace? Not one bomb fewer in the nuclear arsenals! No doubt they will point to the trouble spots of the world: Beirut, Iran/Iraq, Afghanistan, as proof of the futility of the peace movement.  
What the cynicism does not account for, of course, is the determination, resilience, and perseverance of the human spirit, which is epitomised by the membership of the movement in its many forms, rising and falling, but never dying and throughout the century. Cynics are so often idealists who fall into ignorance through an inability to comprehend the fact that progress towards a peaceful, just world is necessarily slow and may well involve a whole epoch of human history.  
Through our songs we proclaim our belief that we will prevail. This is our belief, of course, and yet to be proven; but what is beyond doubt is that the contrary position is self-fulfilling.  
It is easy (and a facile judgement) to point to all the wars and crises during 1986 and judge the event a hollow failure. The successes are perhaps more subtle, but no less real. In South Australia the most notable change has been the broadening of the movement as indicated by the enthusiastic participation of the heads of churches. This year, once again the rally will be preceded by an ecumenical service (in the St. Xavier's Cathedral) and at least eight of the academies of Christian Churches will put their names to a published letter expressing their support and announcing their participation. Once again there will be politicians of different persuasions taking part. A number of schools have organised contingents, and groups from a wide cross section of the community are involved. It appears that one of the major achievements of I.Y.P. has been to make participation in the peace movement possible, without attracting the label of "left wing fringe lunatics" or "commie dupes."  
But if it was only that change (which has made the rally more popular), important though it is, which occurred, then the cynics might have some justification for their remarks. A more important outcome, however, has been the bringing of disarmament and peace topics into the public forum, for debate. The relevance of the peace movement to national and international events such as the Rejkjavic talks and the release of the Dibb report has helped to stimulate this debate.  
A further development as a result of I.Y.P. has been a broadening of the understanding of the nature of the Peace Movement, by the general public, and within the Movement. No longer can it be seen as merely groups pressing for disarmament but as encompassing all those organisations within the community which seek to redress loss of human rights, and rid the world of oppressors, a major one of which happens to be the monstrous arms race, and ethnic as well as political and Trade Union groups.  
These developments were influential in the General Meeting's selection of themes for this year's Rally. The main theme "Peace & Disarmament - East & West" stresses the fact that equal emphasis should be

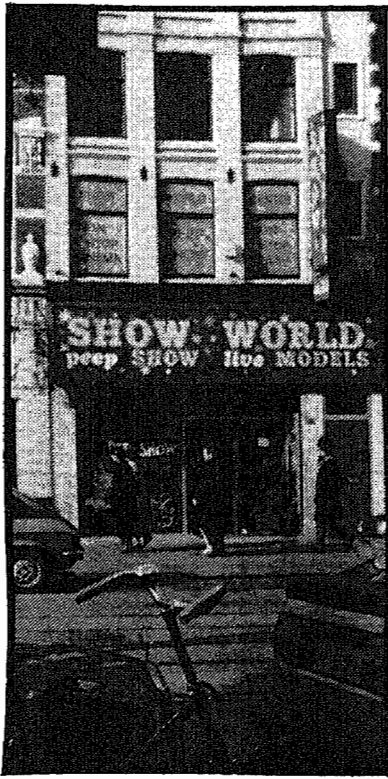
given to both Superpowers. Between them, their nuclear arsenals represent the explosive power of one million Hiroshima's, and any nuclear war between them would necessarily be "total". This horrific oppression nurtures in its shadow many other forms of injustice, particularly in the Developing World and often under the "protection" of one or other of the superpowers.  
The further themes of "Nuclear Free Australia & Pacific" and "Close Foreign Bases - Start at Pine Gap!" recognise this relationship in global affairs and express the Movement's desire to take Australia out of alliances which make us partners in perpetuating peoples' miseries.  
But probably the most important features of Palm Sunday is that it is a celebration, a day when people from all walks of life share their aspirations for a peaceful world. What better person to publically express this than the guest speaker for the day, Senator Jo Vallentine, Australia's first Senator for Nuclear Disarmament.  
Throughout the last hundred years or more the student movement has played an important role in world history.  
In developed countries and in the Third World, students are often active around political causes. The matter at hand may be to do with the students' own conditions -- democratic rights on the campus, imposition of fees, poor housing, bad teaching facilities and so on.  
But the tradition of student struggle has a much wider scope. Students take action over issues that concern the wider society -- the problems of the country, of the labouring people, the natural environment or the threat to world peace.  
In capitalist countries the main purpose of universities is to train up reliable technologists and administrators to serve the big corporations and the government institutions. Many students float comfortably with this destiny. Years may pass when there is very little political activity on campus.  
But dissenting voices and signs of political movement always reappear on the scene. People awaken from their slumbers. Perhaps it is because the university so clearly stands for the comfortable elite that generation after generation of students for Nuclear Disarmament, the umbrella Peace group in South Australia has a membership encompassing Human rights, religious, dentists throw up some from within their ranks who challenge the status quo.  
Few sons or daughters of poor families make it to university. Of those that do, some go all out for themselves -- aim to beat the rich kids at their own game. But most students from poor backgrounds don't act this way. They do not forget where they come from and feel a heavy sense of responsibility to use the rare opportunity at their disposal, the new knowledge around them and the solidarity of others to strike a blow for the ordinary people of the world.  
From amongst the middle class students (who comprise the majority of an Australian university) there is a percentage who also aspire to serve something higher than their own self-advancement. They articulate what is best in their own class background -- the demand for social justice.  
Assisted by progressive teachers, inspired by nationwide political movements and introduced to much new thinking, students come together to fight for political goals.

Of course there are peaks and troughs in all things.  
Big upsurges in the student movement may only come every one or two decades. However much dedicated activists may wish to have a "big movement", it cannot be wished into being.  
But even in the quieter periods there is an enormous amount of work to be done. Problems threatening the welfare of students frequently arise. In Australia overseas students, and now the local students, are menaced by fees and the growing privatisation of the university system. Campaigning around these questions not only defends the economic and social position of the students, it also helps to preserve a core of activity within the student movement.  
However important are the welfare questions, other matters arise on the students' agenda. Even in the quieter periods students will voice their concerns about wider social issues. It is important to take these up in an appropriate way and not restrict activity entirely to the students' own welfare.  
The struggle for peace, for disarmament of the superpowers, is of special concern to young people throughout the world. Questions of national independence and democratic rights for the people are closely linked to peace. With the ugly colonial past still fresh (still not entirely dead) overseas students are particularly sensitive on these matters.  
The destruction of the natural environment is also a cause widely taken up by young people. What will be left of the world's natural resources for future generations unless today's reckless, profit-seeking plunder is stopped?  
In every period many students work to carry on the traditions of their movement -- defence of student rights, support for the oppressed people of the world, service to others ahead of narrow self-interest.  
One question asked of the student movement is what happens to the activists once they graduate? Do they lose their ideals and accommodate themselves to the status quo? Perhaps some do, but probably not the majority.  
The demands of work and family certainly alter lifestyle. The relatively flexible routine of the campus is replaced by an often grinding and repetitive schedule. It requires a stricter personal discipline to combine these new commitments with continued work in the movement. Despite the difficulties, many graduates find ways to go on making a contribution -- a very big one in some cases.  
There may be periods when it is difficult to carry on an active involvement in the movement but the interest in events, and the ideals, can be kept up. It is never too late to resume work in the progressive movement.  
Some do "make a break" with their students days and set their sights on personal wealth and fame. The outcome is not always a happy one. Even if these "achievements" are obtained, there can be an emptiness about them. The sense of purpose, of social usefulness and of unselfish comradeship are often lacking, despite all the "success".  
Those who can carry on the relatively simple lifestyle and the honest ideals of their student days -- with appropriate adjustments for later life and the graduate environment -- are probably the most fortunate. The good traditions of the student movement should be taken up not only on the campus, but also as a useful guide through life.

**LEE MARLING reports on the formation and activities of the Green Electoral Movement.**

The Green Electoral Movement was formed in Adelaide as one in a number of responses to the debates that occurred on the green politics/alternatives at the 1986 Getting Together conference.  
It is nearly one year old and has a membership of 80 people drawn from various political parties and progressive groups. At the moment it is mainly based in the metropolitan area and divided into four regional groups, North, South, East and West.  
Currently, GEM has been debating three issues alongside the usual task of fundraising, distributing newsletters and networking with other groups. Briefly, these issues are as follows:  
• Developing and synthesising "Green Philosophy" on organisation, environment, social justice etc., in order to be able to present a comprehensive viewpoint to the public. In this task GEM has communicated and debated regularly with similar inter-state groups. Hence the Charter of Principles and Green Preamble presented below.  
• GEM has been debating its position in relation to the current developments in the eastern states which are exploring the possibility of the creation of a new political party or coalition. People involved are peace activists, greens, womens groups and a range of other progressive groups. There are also a number of 'personalities' like Joe Camilleri, Peter Garrett, Bob Brown, Joe Valentine and Jim Falk.  
The crux of this issue is the question of GEM's readiness to affiliate with a national political initiative given its small size, lack of resources and relative isolation from other groups in Adelaide.  
Secondly, a number of concerns have been raised about this initiative which has been labelled (perhaps unfairly) an alternative ALP. GEM emphasises grass roots control and empowerment at a local level and already problems have arisen with the degree of national control that can be imposed on local groups by a party structure. The debate continues and your input would be appreciated.  
GEM's alternative is to work at a local level by networking with sympathetic groups and building links in the community. An example of this is our approach to the May 2nd Council elections. GEM, in liaison with the SA Nuclear Free Assoc., is circulating a 17 point questionnaire to council nominees on peace and environment issues. The response (or lack of them) will be collated and distributed through the local press as a guide for electors. In Prospect GEM has united with Nuclear Free and Heritage groups to support like-minded candidates.  
• Given that GEM has this emphasis on grass roots participation and action, would local, community based activities be more appropriate? GEM, like other progressive groups, faces the problem of inequitable access to the media. Essentially it seems that the media magnates are loathe to allow the public to make informed political and environmental decisions by ignoring if not deliberately misrepresenting alternative views.

## AL'S GOT HIS FINGER IN THE DYKE!



**Amsterdam has long been famous for its sleaziness, pornography and drug culture. ALEXANDER GROUS sent us this report after suffering two weeks in the city of sin.**

not, you are amazed at the swastika brigade who walk right past them to 'move along' the guys who are hounding you: That's Justice.

Deep breath, ahhh...fresh air at last. "Hey man, want anything? I got trips, hashish, coke..." Your thoughts will be disrupted at least every couple of minutes by the multitude of concerned samaritans peddling their wares. You won't have to pick them, they will swarm to you like the morons who swarm to the American Evangelists: only this time, they preach and you listen. You do not make a habit of being rude to anyone in this city, for your next of kin will be notified quite promptly. You just stare and mumble no, or just shake your head.

So, where does a weary, bleary eyed boy from "Austeerallia" go when in the city of sin? The student will no doubt be headed for where his budget will take him. You can find reasonable accommodation for \$16 - \$25 per night. Whatever you do, don't head for the Boat hotels without knowing which ones are good; most tend to be bad! If you like being prey to thieves, bug bitten and vomiting as the boats lurch and roll in the night, then by all means visit one of these dens of nausea. The best hotels/hostels are all bunched around the red light district, and it is here that you should head for Amsterdam.

Now what? Well, since Amsterdam radiates outwards from the red light district, I can always go for a wander. For the novices, Amsterdam's red light district is not only a home to the legal prostitution now inherent in that district, but it also contains a multitude of pubs, bars, cafes (more on them in a minute), top live band venues, and not to mention the sleazy little cocooned peep shows, live sex shows, and everything that can be done to the human body. With a fruit and veg

stand, Lassie, Tupperware etc. etc. Well how much would you be prepared to pay for all of this? Wait you also get...

Actually, the prices around this bowel of fornication vary for the shows. Twenty five bucks will let your voyeuristic gaze paruze a live "Fucky Fucky" show - as they call it, and your average sleaze cinema will set you back a mere ten bucks! Yes, but do you think that *Dynamo* can remove those stains sir?

Now, the most novel aspect of this city are the various shapes, colours, sizes of the prostitutes who sit in their little street lined rooms and wait for your precious genetic present. There are hundreds of them, and here you don't need a supermarket trolley; just stroll up and bingo! Well, if you love the risk of contracting AIDS, and are hell bent on instigating a suicide spree, then a cool fifty bucks is a small price to pay. If you'd rather have other unspeakables performed on your enervated trembling body, then twenty five bucks is nothing, is it? But wait! You also get...

In case the women feel that this article is sexist in nature, think again! Guys from the age of, well, whatever age you fancy really, are readily available, and at equally competitive prices to their female counterparts: The wonders of the Western free market system.

Should the guys not wish to venture into a room that thousands of men have come into, then just take your pick off the street. If you can't spot the leopard panted pink silk topped, fur-coated hooker, then you are as pure and wholesome as one of our more colourful candidates for Prime Minister - no guess there.

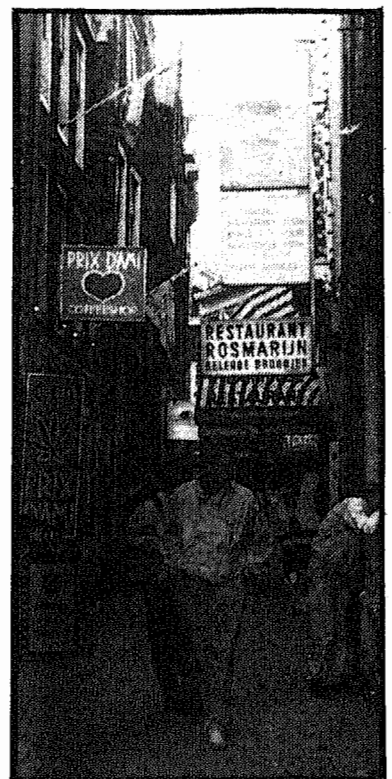
The most amusing part however of my boy scout adventure outings through this part of christianity was seeing one hundred Japanese men in suits being given a tour at two am.

As if on cue, they all disappeared down one of the side streets, only to reappear precisely fifteen minutes later, grinning from ear to ear....

Now, what about d-r-u-g-s? What? Someone asks, as well as all the hedonistic primordial atrocities above, there are also drugs? No! Yes! "My word; why, you just go back.. yes; my word there are! Why who are you to talk; golly, by gee, my word, we don't have a drug problem, my word, here we are good people. My word; yes..." Once more, a good and incredibly 'intelligent' Australian politician in the milieu of a certain state was heard to utter those words. Well ship him here and he'd have a few worries. The place is not only openly drug orientated, but the attitude here is one of "I don't really give a damn..." This is the local opinion, and tourists are the ones who "Ohhh" and "Ahhhh" at the sight of the dope cafes. To score an incredible chocolate cake that will send you into oblivion in an hour, it costs about six bucks: the dreaded "Space Cake". Lost in Space will then take on a new meaning.... Otherwise, you name it, it's here, Kashmere hash, Columbian, Acapulco Gold etc. etc... If you'd rather some psychedelia, then these wonder elixirs go for about five bucks each, or a sheet of ten for about forty bucks - more if as my mate 'Caz' from Queensland says, "They're really shit hot..."

Greenery is less abundant here but if you're that fussy, then once more, moral minority will be looking for you. As I said, you name it and it's here...Oh, almost forgot, if you would like to get your 'ass whipped' to a juicy pulp, or want to find out what dungeons and dragons is really about, then the stocks and bonds in the little specialty sadism parlours are not the same ones you look at in your economics degree.

Live bands are truly brilliant in this



part of the world, but the best ones are a little way out of the red light district. 'The Milky Way' has some top iconoclastic bands, which usually pack in quite a crowd. Be ready for some vivacious violence however, for the night that I went along, a skinhead gang crashed the place, and the band's singer and the skin's leader had a good little punch up of their own. The 'winner' then decided that would happen; if it was the skinhead, they would do as they please on stage, and if not, then the band could still play. Simple, yes? Well, after the singer got hit in the throat, the skin got decked, and we all lived happily ever after - minus the band.

Now that I've covered the necessities of living, I could tell you about the cost of food, trams, canal rides, drink prices, etc. etc. Expensive. That's it: More than in Australia. Now, if you'll just point me to the nearest phone box, I think I'll call home and tell them that I've just finished communion at my Christian Youth Hostel...amen.....

## The Bistro-better than expected

**UNION BISTRO**  
Adelaide University

by John Lindsay

Level 4 of the Union Building contains a surprise: The Union Bistro. This Union facility provides good food in nice surrounds for a reasonable price. But is it really as good as one would like to believe?

Upon entering, the excellent Salad Bar steals the scene. If you order a main course you are entitled to eat as much salad as you can, quite easy to do, the salad is excellent and very filling. The usual potato and lettuce are there, but other more exotic vegetables and seed more more unusual things, like Tab.

My friend and I had Fried Camembert as an Entree and it was very well presented with a plum and brandy sauce. The light salad/garnish was highly edible and pleasant to look at. Unfortunately the Bistro tends to smother fried foods with a uniform batter, appropriate for fish but a little tough for cheese.

While I had a highly enjoyable Chicken Kiev for my main course, my companion had Fried Prawns. Both were delicately presented and

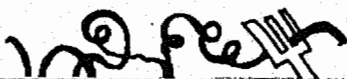
well balanced, but the prawns suffered from Bistro Batter Disease. The chips were ordinary, perhaps French-Fries would be more appropriate, but the garnish was, as good garnish should be, delicious. The salad from the bar augmented the flavour of the food and added tremendously to the atmosphere, which is by no means lacking.

A wide choice of desserts was available, but sadly, slow eating and a fullness of tummies conspired to rob us of a chance to sample the desserts. However the menu is no deficient in this area and the hungry could eat cake, icecreams and pavlovas till they burst.

A self-serve cup of coffee and you're ready to face the world again, and of course the less abstemious can enjoy the Bistro's famed Ports while they reorganise their thoughts for the afternoon's studies or evenings sleep.

In all, a little over priced: the meal cost \$21.50 with coffee, for two, which is OK but don't forget, students get a ten percent discount for their main meal which reduced the bill to \$20.15. Take a group or a club and have an annual dinner in your Union Bistro.

## Austral Atmospherics



**FOOD**

**AUSTRAL HOTEL**  
205 Rundle Street  
From \$7.50

by Simon Slade

I must confess that the Austral Hotel has always held a certain fascination for me in that it is the original "old" pub in Adelaide.

It is not a victim of re-development in the genre of the General Havelock and the Earl of Aberdeen (the latter being quite tasteful, though) and also in its clientele; the scruffy sandshoe stands in between the Doc Martens and the snaffled Gucci loafer.

From the Yuppie to the gutter, you'll find them all at the Austral.

I visited on a Wednesday night and the Dining Room was rather quiet; there was still a strangely attractive atmosphere; the music from the stereo; the chatter from the bars.

I was offered a drink as soon as I sat down and decided to have a beer. There is a very wide range of beers on the wine list but I decided upon a glass of Cooper's Draught; the Austral being a Cooper's pub has Ale, Draught and Stout on tap.

My meal arrived, and was reasonably presented. The vegetables were carrots, spinach (this is in a few of the vegetarian dishes) and deep-fried mashed potato; which seemed the strangest combination of the traditional, trendy, and tacky (in

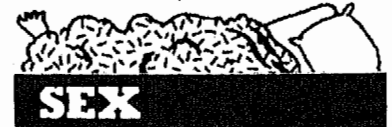
that order) but was very pleasing as a complement to the chicken. The sauce, too, was very appropriate for the dish, and the chicken had been roasted quite simply, so as not to hide the flavour of the sauce. My only reservation about this is that the sauce itself is quite subtle and may have benefited from a little more spice. A glass of riesling (\$1.00) complemented this.

The decor is unique, the food different whilst not off-beat and the service friendly but a little slow. I rated it a 6 for service, a 9 atmosphere and a 7 for food.

The Wine List is extensive and offers comments.

After a short interval, the waitress arrived for my food order. The Austral caters to most palates, from the vegetarian dishes, of which there were about six, through steaks to the more trendy such as trout in filo pastry and chicken in champagne and mushroom sauce. I chose the latter, and accompanying vegetables.

Whilst I waited, and nibbled on the home-style bread and butter, I caught the conversation from the table behind "...social workers aren't always... equal opportunities act prohibits ... recipient of a grant of \$5 000 ... highest ALP incidence is in ghetto people.. more women carry the virus in Sydney than men..." The group of ladies whom I had assumed to be a women's cricket team were obviously far more socially conscious than I had, at first, imagined.



**SEX**

Have you ever had trouble trying to get rid of that dork grasping your elbow and asking you to come outside and have a look at his Monaro.

We asked people from various departments and clubs how they got rid of one night stands; the answers are here:

"I eat little boys like you for breakfast!" Arts.

"I don't talk to it and it goes away." Waterpolo Player.

"Lets go to Jules." Arts.

"Smile, at least God loves you."

"I'm going to Perth tomorrow." "Get Lost!" Arch. Sci.

"Say, 'Hallelujah, Praise the Lord!' and ask it to pray with you."

"Swap you, Herps for Syph." Med.

"What strains have you got?" Med. "I've got to meet some friends at the Bridgeway."

"I've got a Headache!"

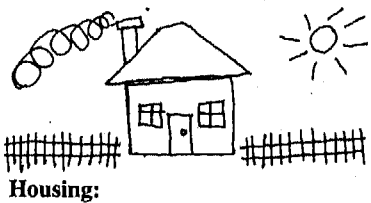
"I hate your guts!"

"I've got to brush my pubic hair with the lice comb." Law.

If you've got a question for Miss T. just send it to:  
Miss T. Eyes,  
C/- On Dit  
University of Adelaide  
GPO Box 498  
ADELAIDE 5001

## Moved out of home and coping with the pressures of your existence? SALLY NIEMANN and ARTHUR KAVOORIS tell you how to survive on a student wage without really trying.

It's that time of the year when many students are attempting to get their housing arrangements together. Take these survival tips on living out of home or you may be facing starvation and deprivation for the year ahead.



### Housing:

Student Housing is fun if you can get in, if not, Emergency Housing, Currie Street, will supply rent rebates if your rent is high. They will also supply a bond.



### Maintenance:

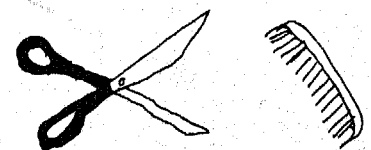
If your Land Person doesn't supply a lawn mowing/gardening service, they obviously don't care about the exterior of your house so neither should you. For the interior, cleaning goods are expensive, so attempt to keep major clean ups down to a maximum of twice a year.

You can tell when its time to do a clean up because small green creatures crawl over your feet when you go to have a shower. Avoid inviting your parents around for cups of tea until directly after a major cleaning operation.



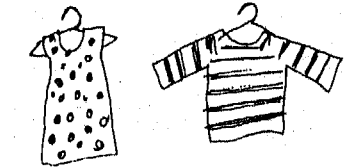
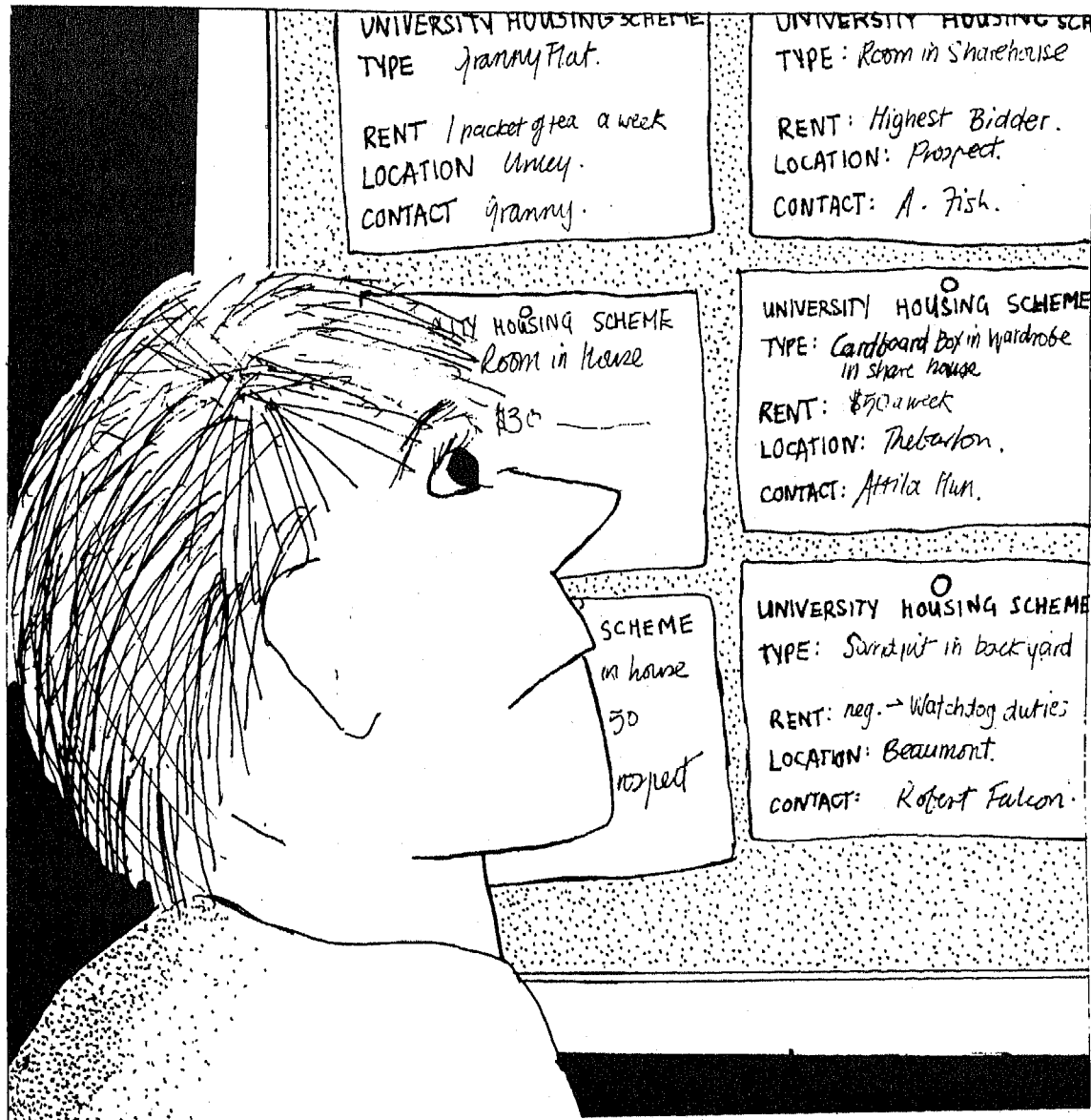
### Ironing:

Buy permanent press, or for those who don't live in jeans and T-shirts, cheap irons can be purchased at second hand shops, trash and treasure markets and all good op-shops. Less time consuming is to be less worried about ironing - body heat flattens them out after a while anyway. There's always the saliva method - get dressed, then spit on the palm of your hand and rub vigorously the offending creases. Beware, this method tends to make the clothes go rather stiff.



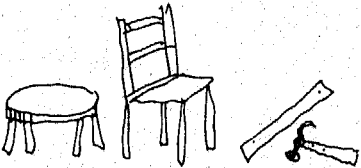
### Personal Grooming:

The Craft Studio has haircuts for \$4, or for those who can't spare \$4, long hair is coming back into fashion. If you must have a trendy haircut, Salons are always looking for suckers to practice on. We can't guarantee the results, but at least you'll have an interesting new style.



### Clothing:

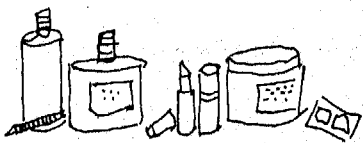
Op shops are now offi... trendy, therefore the prices of the goods have quadrupled. If you happen to venture into the country, small town op-shops have ultra-cheap clothes. When all else fails, head for the local Good-Will bin armed with a screw driver and monkey wrench, after all, you are the deserving poor. Hang around retirement villages and wait for the inmates to pass on - why buy Rayban copies or facsimile pointy toed shoes when you can get the real thing for free. If Mummy told you second hand clothes were grubby and the phobia still remains, soak your bargains in a bucket of pino-clean overnight.



### Furniture:

Always think 2nd, 3rd or 4th hand. If you're very lucky, Wingfield may not have had a recent burning off. A generous relative or friend may care to donate to a worthy cause (who cares about Ethiopia when you've nowhere to hang your Country Roads).

Some councils have days when they collect large pieces of 'rubbish' from residents. People leave their junk on footpaths waiting for the garbos to collect it - get in first. Garage sales are a godsend for paupers but are often difficult to find. Trash and Treasures, S.A. Furniture Disposals, (Main North Road), second hand stores and auctions are also useful. Don't get too carried away at auctions, you may end up buying the house or pay half your weekly income for a broken down art-deco lamp.



### Make-up:

Who has time to put make-up on, but if you must, Harris Scarfes has a bargain cosmetic table. For that special occasion, dress up and go to a department store cosmetic counter. Tell them you want a make over and they'll be quite willing to oblige. Freebie perfume and aftershave can be prostituted from these same counters by convincing the salesperson you are a worldly person looking for a new odour sensation.



### Food:

It's a good idea to buy your food at the scabs half hour, 12 - 12.30 at the Central Market. While they're serving you that half kilo of carrots, quickly shove a lettuce into your shopping bag. If the store detective isn't looking, you might be able to score some nice juicy tomatoes as well.

When you buy groceries, try to avoid all goods with nicely colored packages - you pay for the blonde in the bikini featuring on the Special-K packs. Go for black and gold - don't let it worry you that the cooking oil and shampoo look surprisingly similar.

Essentials such as toilet paper should be procured only after you've given it some thought. On Dit back copies are free you know!! If that idea doesn't appeal, grab those rolls lying around in public toilets. Rumour has it, the Hilton Hotel has nicely scented, softie toilet paper in its lavatories. The Hilton, by the way, is also useful for guest soaps.

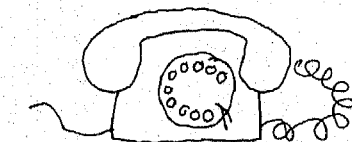


### Laundry:

If people near you at parties start having asthma attacks or just complaining loudly as you walk by, its time to surgically remove your clothes and head for the Laundromat.

Most underwear can be given a new lease of life by turning it inside out and re-wearing it. The true

undies test is to thrust the article in question against a bare wall. If they fall down, put them back on. If not, Drive should do the trick. Let's hope those little crusty bits weren't the only things keeping them together.



### Phone:

If you can manage to scrape together the installment fee you are well on the way. Let Telecom know you are a poor student and they will send a \$12 rebate certificate with each bill. They are also quite happy to let you pay that mega-bill off over a period of time if you ask nicely. Another idea (if you don't get caught for embezzlement of government funds or impersonating a non-existent person) is to use a pseudonym when you get the phone connected. This avoids being chased half way around the country for a bill you can't possibly afford to pay. When Telecom sends a bill addressed to Ethel Schmuck you can deny all knowledge and simply pay the \$40 reinstallation fee and avoid coughing up for all those ISD calls to granny in Czechoslovakia.

A phone tally system is essential in a share-house so as to avoid blood shed when asked to pay what you see as an improportianate part of the bill.



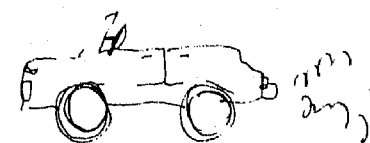
### Entertainment:

Okay gang, Bimbos is out for this year, but a midnight stroll through the West Terrace cemetery is a bigger buzz than you thought. Getting off your face is a little more difficult.

Don't pay \$2.50 for a tiny thimble of scotch and coke when South Australia produces some of the cheapest (and most horrible) wines in the world. At five litres for under \$6 its almost better value than milk.

If you can't bear to throw up any more bad wine, forego the rent money and splash out on a bottle of scotch. Place the bottle in your ruck sack/bag when you go into pubs.

Dodgy if you're caught, worth it if you're not.



### Transport:

A car is basically a black hole that continuously sucks up your funds like a cosmic vacuum cleaner. Apart from registration, petrol and optional expenses such as insurance and services, cars do tend to break down a lot.

The cheapest way to keep it on the road is to park it in your drive way and leave it there. You can always invest in a \$300 lemon and dump it when the rego is due. If you insist on driving your car around, swing into a sidestreet as soon as you see blue flashing lights. You just better hope the boys in blue don't notice the 'sculptured' body work, bald tyres and inoperative indicators. Always drive under cover of the night, preferably when there is not a full moon. If they do try to pull you over, don't switch on your high beam and make a run for it.

A \$300 lemon is no match for a turbo charged commodore.

Bicycling is much cheaper and healthier. After a year or so of pedalling your way around town, your body will look similar to those gorjy people on the Coca Cola ads. Don't be fooled by those safety ad-helmet, orange glow jackets and high reflectors are far too expensive. Lets be practical, they're not particularly attractive to look at and are also uncomfortable. Who wouldn't be unnerved by an orange-glow two metre flag waving around behind them?

Public transport is too horrible and too un-groovy to even consider. Best use for your Transport card - burn it along with On Dit back copies during one of those winter cold snaps.



These are just a few handy hints for cheap but comfortable living for poor students, but not all of us have the capacity or insight to be self-supporting individuals. If things get really tough and you can't cut it, it's time to move back in with the folks. After all, everyone has fond memories of that hot cup of milo brought to you in bed on cold winter mornings.



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# FEATURES

## COMPUTER CRIME:

## HIGH TECH TERRORISM

Why do people have such an interest in Computer Crime? Why are otherwise trusted employees tempted to break the security on the computers they use and defraud the companies they work for?

These questions and the possible answers to them have the computer industry in Australia in confusion. We are at a strange point in world terms: we have a small country with very few computers connected directly to each other. This means, access to them is by directly connected terminals in offices and by dial-up telephone modems. The uses computers are put to in Australia are very different to those in other countries. The difference is not obvious at first but it is very important. Australian companies use their computers to manage their databases and financial transactions and some very enterprising people use their computers to run factories and automated production lines but these are brave and rare individuals.

In America it is a different story. Large American companies have national networks which link the mainframe computers needed to manage billion dollar corporations. These networks allow the machines being used by the office workers to access just about anything of importance within the company from just about any terminal, just about anywhere in the country. The problem occurs when the managers try to stop these workers from looking at what they shouldn't be looking at. This is not a simple procedure because these networks are simply huge and plugging a gap in one machine may not stop a worker from getting at the same data via several other machines.

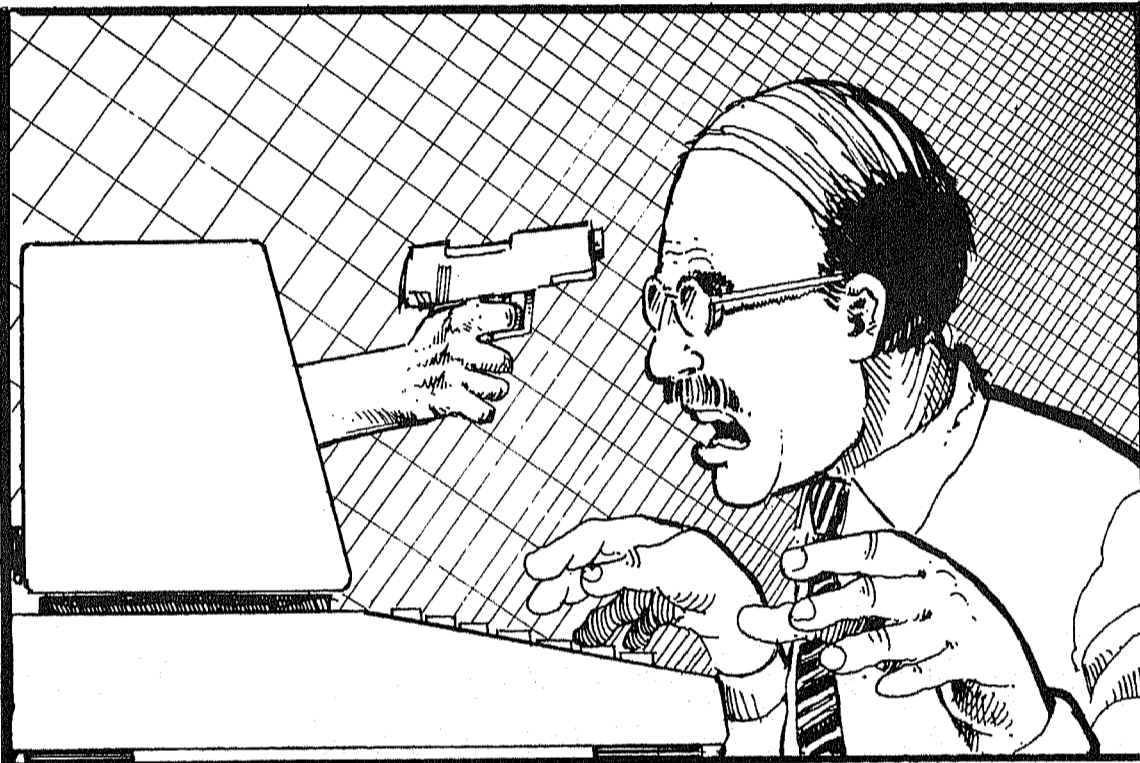
### "Computers are smart filing cabinets."

So what's everyone getting upset about? Computers are not very bright and computer users know that. The computer will do anything it is told to do (as far as it is able to) and the program it is running is capable of doing so.

This question of capability is the one central to computer security. If you give a group of workers a tool, it is likely one of them will abuse it. This applies equally to manual labour as it does to technical workers, it's just that the damage done by technical workers abusing their tools is often far greater than that caused by a machinist making a new mail box for his fence during his lunch break.

To get some idea of the magnitude of the problem, consider the West German company Volkswagen. They announced that they lost \$383 million dollars in foreign exchange fraud. This loss was sufficiently large to endanger the company's financial security and could possibly

### From England and America to Adelaide Uni, JOHN LINDSAY looks at the problems of computer crime and security.



delay the sale of a 20 per cent government stake in the company. If this type of fraud had happened to a small Australian company dealing in foreign markets (as many of them do), that company would have been wiped out of existence. A loss that large experienced by any Australian bank would seriously endanger the savings held for millions of Australian investors and damage the image of the corporation beyond repair.

Small frauds are occurring with remarkable regularity. Two univer-

sity students were charged with conspiracy and theft after allegedly milking [50 000 from automatic telling machines. This ATM fraud comprised thirty-three counts of theft from Westpac Bank and sixty-seven counts from the State Bank of Victoria. The details of how they did what they did remain secret but one suspects they were caught only because they got greedy. To not be detected for so long suggests they developed a way to convince the bank's computer they were a terminal in a bank and then deposited money which didn't exist into their accounts. The net effect is money in the 'bank' which doesn't even exist. Tong Lai Tan and Tien Sang Tan devised a very clever idea indeed.

So from little Asia to The Land of Hope and Glory. In the UK, EFT (Electronic Funds Transfer) represents 83 per cent of all money transferred. It is now much simpler for a Terrorist group to find a clever computer boffin and get him to rob a bank than send Shamus and Paddy down to the local Citicorp to make a withdrawal.

Unfortunately the rapid spread in the use of the computers has led to the security problems now faced. The movie to OSI (Open Systems Interconnection) has made many companies and banking corporations to use the X-25 packet switching protocol, indeed Telecom Australia's data network is X-25, and X-25 brings with it an inherent lack of security.

The actual wire entering a bank carries data intended for other banks and businesses as well as the data belonging to that particular bank. In fact this problem occurs at any time when a common carrier is used (as in Telephones and Radio), unless the link between the two pieces of equipment is a unique piece of metal or optical fibre, it is likely to end up on someone else's screen or in someone else's bank account. This happens far more often than most computer people are willing to admit, but I saw a case of it only last week on the University's computer system. The method used at Adelaide Uni is that of terminal servers connected to a network, because all terminal servers are connected the same network that all the computers are connected to, they all see the same data. It is up to each server to decide to which terminal any particular 'packet' of text belongs.

Unfortunately it doesn't always get it right and your screen can fill with another user's text, in this case the listing (in 'C') of part of the operating system used by one of the Uni's computers.

### "By a little careful programming a satellite could be programmed to fly into another satellite."

All this has little to do with you, you say? How about America's 'Captain Midnight'. On April 27 last year he put a message across each viewer of Home Box Office's cable service: 'Good evening, HBO, from Captain Midnight. \$12.95 a month? No way! (Showtime/Movie Channel, Beware.)' This message lasted four minutes and was in protest of HBO's decision to scramble its transmissions. This was the first major act of computer/video terrorism seen in the World. It demonstrated the weaknesses in security in satellite systems and made the American satellite industry sit up and take notice of how analysts had said for years that the satellite system was vulnerable. New stories of satellites being moved from their orbits were always ridiculed by the industry, but the viewers who lost their pictures while the satellite was out of position were not fooled, nor were the

technicians who repositioned the satellites laboriously over tenuous radio links thousands of kilometres long. By a little careful programming a satellite could be programmed to fly into another satellite or disable its transmitters until a code is sent by the person who disabled the transmitter on the first place. These and other problems are the axe swinging over the satellite industry.

So what does this mean to us in Australia? Firstly, is AUSSAT secure? Certainly we don't rely on it heavily for our daily communications, but we will. Secondly, why shouldn't large organisations go to war in the skies and on our television screens? Imagine a Coke commercial being demolished by a Sparkly Cola ad bursting through.

We do not know but we soon will and applied mathematicians are going to have their work cut out developing newer and better encryption techniques to foil would be satellite hijackers.

There is a problem, but is a self curing one. Most of the people in senior management in Australia are not familiar with computers. They see them as sophisticated typewriters, not clever filing cabinets. There is a subtle difference: filing cabinets are locked at night and looked after carefully to ensure no one steals files. Computers just live on desks, their users don't ever think about where the data is. This is brought sharply to mind when a machine is stolen, along with all the data inside it; the pay roll records, the managing directors tax memos and the driving pool list. But what about back-ups yo say? What back-ups I say. A fire recently ravaged an eastern states University computer facility and the few back-ups that existed are still not enough to replace, in some cases, years of data. Fortunately young Australians are being exposed to more computing, younger and will be better equipped to handle computer management decisions when they have to.

And you, the small and sometimes large time computer people? Remember well: Computers are smart filing cabinets. Their contents are precious and need to be both protected and duplicated. Not all users are villains, but somewhere, someone is going to find the hole in your security and use it against you. This is not paranoid, this is Statistical. The level of crime may not appear very significant to you, but even 'borrowing' one copy of a program is illegal and if you own it, yo could be liable.

### "insignificant data: plans for missiles..."

When you take your computer to be services, think about what the hard disk contains. Does it have the company's tax record for the last five years on it? Is there other critical data an unscrupulous computer dealer might use against you or sell to one of your competitors? Always think: would you send your filing cabinet full of files to the dump? No? The British sold two word processing stations with hard disks full of insignificant data: plans for missiles, instructions for milling machines to make crucial weapon parts, internal memos detailing defence expenditure, you know, insignificant data. The funny thing is only one has been recovered so far... the other is still out there... so are the Russians!

# Just because your'e paranoid doesn't mean nobody's after you

Drugs is an emotive topic. It's never neutral; everyone seems to have a strong opinion about it one way or another. I say "it with malice aforethought. Drugs as we all know is a generic concept covering a multitude of sins and medicines from codeine to crack.

Take my mother. She's keen on explaining behaviour she doesn't understand - any behaviour - by saying "He's on drugs." "He" isn't being used generically here. My mother rarely applies this explanation to women because "Women have more sense." Women tend to be "bad with their nerves," however.

She wouldn't think there was any safe use of drugs. "Drugs" for her is a small range of interchangeable and dangerous substances: heroin/cocaine/marijuana/LSD, which addicts "crave" just to stay normal. In her social world "drugs" equal "drug abuse" equals "drug abuse of a few functionally equivalent and addictive substances." "Drugs is bad." I guess my mother isn't alone in her views.

This makes the business of writing about those who sell or distribute drugs that much more problematic. "Dealers in death": what else is there to know about them? My mother was in sympathy with the Penang courts: "Pushers should hang," she says.

But a slightly more sophisticated view recognises, or attempts to create, a distinction between pushers and dealers. Many people would want to distinguish the acquaintances of Olivia Channon that supplied her "to do her a good turn" and those who supplied the suppliers out of profit.

The term pusher seems to suggest someone more active, creating a demand, developing a market. A dealer distributes, or hands out in everyday talk.

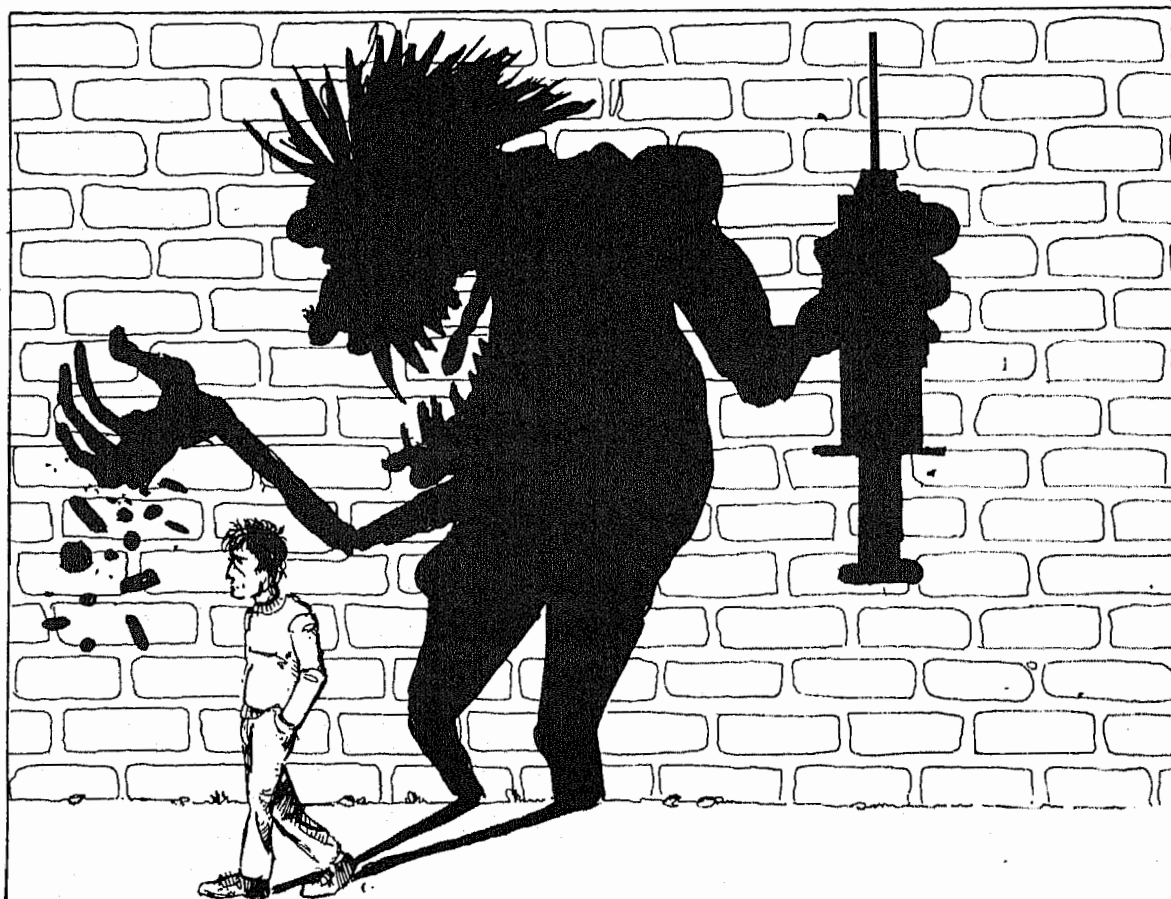
Of course a more sophisticated view still would want the specific categories of drugs spelt out in some detail, along with the pushers' or dealers' own habits concerning drugs, before reaching any conclusion. Is a pusher someone who makes a living from drugs in contrast to a dealer who sells a little to enable him or her to buy their own supply? Do dealers by definition have other jobs? Are pushers motivated primarily by profit and dealers motivated by money only in so far as it enable them to buy more of the same for themselves? Are pushers more unscrupulous about the types of substance they sell? Do they operate by my mother's criterion that all drugs are really functionally equivalent, in terms of profit at least? Are pushers those individuals who have substituted the general proposition, "Drugs is profit," for the equally broad proposition "Drugs is death"?

But regardless of specific title, those who deal in drugs are entrepreneurial in the extreme. They are involved in a high risk business for high profits. The rewards are great, the potential costs are enormous. I came across my dealer/pusher in the middle of a completely different investigation. Unlike the Sunday tabloid press, I didn't pose as an addict or as a potential customer to get my information. In fact I didn't pose as anything except perhaps as a journalist.

Lee had quit the business. The risks had become too great. He wasn't Mr Big, but a cog within a cog. Most are cogs within cogs. He'd been inside prison for theft and didn't fancy going back again. If he continued selling drugs, the chances were that he'd be caught and sent back. He'd had enough.

He talked with hindsight. He hadn't suddenly recognised the

**Those who deal in drugs are entrepreneurial in the extreme and are involved in a high risk business for high profits. GEOFFREY BEATTIE tells how Lee became a bagman for the mob and how he got out.**



error of his ways, he wasn't interested in fingering anybody, he didn't proselytize about the benefits or harm of drugs. He talked in a manner about his involvement with drugs (a word which rather surprisingly he, like my mother, used, and again like her he liked to linger on). "Drugs is glamour" to Lee, sort of, but more importantly it was a means to an end. Not Nirvana, or even a villa in Marbella, just a bit of brass to get him out of a few tight spots. We talked in his council flat, his alsatian Sheba at his feet. He was nervous, bordering on the paranoid. But as that cliché of modern times says, "just because you're paranoid doesn't mean nobody's after you." Lee had every right to be paranoid, as it turned out.

He stroked Sheba nervously. The flat was decorated with second-hand furniture full of holes inflicted by Lee in an outburst with a hammer. It smelt of dog and baby. Lee chain-smoked Marlboro: "My only luxury now." He and his wife were both on the dole.

How did he get involved with drugs? "By accident, really. I was living in a flat in Eccleshall Road in Sheffield at the time. I didn't like my digs. I was working at this nightclub as a glass collector, and one night I just packed my digs in. I was fed up.

"But I couldn't find anywhere else. The same night, this bloke just happened to come into the club. We started chatting - he was a regular customer - and he said, 'When you've finished work, why don't you come back to our place for a drink, like?' So he gave me his address which were just up Crookes, and I went there and we started talking and I told him I'd got nowhere to live, so he put me up. He was called Brian. And that's how I got involved in the drug scene.

"At first, he didn't force me into anything. A Jamaican bloke used to come up to the house with Brian,

and I'd see these little silver packages that they were putting out. But when ever I come into the room, they used to pick them up and put them away. A bit sus really. Anyway, one day, Brian said 'Look you can trust him,' so they opened up and said, 'Well, we'll tell you what it is - it's drugs.' I'd never seen or heard of drugs much before."

"What kind of drugs?" I inquired. (He really sounded like my mother, the way he said "drugs".)

"Pak Black and Red Leb - hash - and acid tabs. He used to go to Students' Union and sell it to some customers down there. I started going there with him. I never got any money at first, or anything else, I just used to go with him. Brian had a few regular customers and would only take new ones if they knew his regulars. They started giving me money to go out with, and I started going out with Brian socially and that. I cut me days down at the club and me gaffer asked me questions: 'We know it's not like you.' 'What's going off?' sort of thing.

"I didn't like anybody prying into me background so I just packed it in and Brian said, 'What are you gonna do for money now then?' I said, 'I don't know,' and he said 'Well, come with me down Students' Union and give us a hand.' So one Friday night Brian said, 'Can you take these couple of packages down - they'll be expecting you.' And I took them down, I took four packets of Red Leb, and he gave me seven quid, and I thought, well, that's not bad for an hour's work, like. And one thing led to another.

"Then I used to go on a pick-up with a Jamaican bloke to Newcastle and Glasgow, and that's when I really got involved. It were all right, but it were frightening, because when we got it - you get it in what you call a weight - you carry it in your shoes and all sorts. What Jamaican bloke used to do is go into a toilet and split it in two and he'd take half and I'd take half, and he'd

give me ten or fifteen quid and tell me to go into town and get a few drinks and a sandwich and catch the late train back, and he'd head straight back.

"We'd separate then, and meet back at digs. And if there were anything wrong when I were coming back, if police had spotted him - 'cos they used to tail him now and again, Drugs Squad, that is - his wife, she were half-Jamaican, would come down and let me know at station beforehand. I wasn't known as a drug carrier or anything like that, you see.

"I were never pulled. Well, that's not true - I were pulled once in a bust in Students Union. Drugs Squad bust into the Union and I happened to be in the toilet. They bust in, and there were four blokes in the toilet and they strip searched us all, but luckily I didn't have anything on me that night. But I used to carry acid tabs - never syringes, never ever, we never went into syringes, just hash and acid.

"When I started going to Newcastle, I used to make 25, 30 quid a time - that's going, fetching it, coming back, and then selling it. We used to do Newcastle and Birmingham, I did three trips a week. I also got some to smoke myself. I had only been getting £65 a week from the night club.

"The Jamaican bloke used to spend £360 when he bought the hash, a weight at a time. When I sold it, it used to be fourteen, no fourteen and a half quid a quarter, but it depended on quality because sometimes you got some real garbage.

"It was just the Jamaican who used to buy it, because he knew exactly what he were buying. Brian and I just used to sell it. Jamaican knew what he was doing. The Jamaican sold it as well, he had a lot of contacts on the square, Havelock Square. He had a lot of friends down there.

"Brian lived near Tinsley. It used

to be really bad because Brian had to make trips for customers at four o'clock in the morning. He'd go to Dore and Totley - there used to be a police woman buyer, yeah, honestly - and we'd get up at four or five o'clock in the morning, get a taxi from town, and meet her at Dore and Totley. Posh end of town.

"I got a bit frightened because when I were going selling it, I used to go in to Students Union and have a drink on Saturday afternoon. It got busted one Saturday afternoon. Drug pushers thought somebody were grassing, and Brian said, 'We're gonna have to do more and more trips elsewhere and stop coming to Union.' I thought, oh, now it's getting too risky. They explained to me that if I got caught they'd get me a good solicitor and all that, which I believed Brian would have done - I wasn't so sure about Jamaican bloke.

"One day I'd got £280 on me that were part of float money for next batch of drugs, and I thought, oh, well, if it's like this, I'm going. And I went. I just took that money and packed me gear and went. I went to Scotland for a few weeks to me grandad's, he didn't know it were drug money I was splashing around. I stayed with some other relations in Edinburgh for another week after this. Then I came back to Sheffield, to a hostel for homeless people. I'd nowhere else to go. Brian and the Jamaican weren't too pleased. They could have killed me, you know. They were pretty angry, so I heard.

"But I couldn't stay in the hostel for too long. They moved me out to a probation hostel. I was back about five months, I didn't have a job. One Wednesday afternoon the warden called me in and said, 'A bloke's coming to see you today, you'd better not go out.' So I say, 'Who's this bloke?', and he said, 'They call him Brian.'

"He traced me. He'd tried going to pubs and asking people, but he got the address from a woman behind the dole office counter. She fancied him, 'cos he's not a bad looking bloke. He started chatting her up and taking her out at dinner times. He told her he had to find a close friend, and that's how he got the address.

"But he weren't violent or anything. He just said, 'You've got to leave the hostel and come and live with me, because half the float were mine and you've got to work it off.' So I came to work with him doing property repairing. He were only doing it on a small scale, painting windows, and he weren't making much money, so I said, 'Why don't you buy some gear and we'll go into it properly?' So he bought some new tools and we started doing jobs for Pakistanis in Tinsley. We were doing complete painting jobs, new kitchen floors, that sort of thing, making some good money. In four months I'd paid him back, plus I was saving a bit of what I owed the Jamaican bloke. After the four months, he said I could leave any time I wanted. So I did.

"Jamaican is still dealing in drugs but Brian has stopped. I'm frightened of the Jamaican. If I saw him, I'd leave Sheffield again. After I left Brian's house, I lived at Hyde Park Flats. I was there just a fortnight when I did see the Jamaican. I shot off to Skegness for a week, then King's Lynn. I gave away all the brand new stuff the wife and I had got, pots and pans and a suite to a friend. I sold the electrical stuff. I couldn't take the gear with me. I had to get out of Sheffield.

"I stayed away for six months, but the hostels for homeless people

# Division on the drugs front

Sami Harari came to Australia last year as a guest of the Federal Government; a slick advertising man who had overseen the development and implementation of a massive English anti-heroin media campaign dreamed up by his Yellow Hammer agency. His job: to sell the concept to the Australian states.

This year, probably about May, some Australians will see the result: a mass media campaign focusing on heroin; modified to suit factors peculiar to Australia and financed through the National Campaign Against Drug Abuse, the \$100 million program born out of the special premiers' conference.

Victoria, almost certainly, will be excluded. "The heroin campaign is going down the wrong track," said Mr Hayden Raysmith, the Victorian Government's director of youth affairs and a Victorian representative on the national campaign. "These media campaigns cost a lot of money and our reading of the research led us to believe it was not the most attractive course."

While Victoria agreed - along with Western Australia, South Australia and Tasmania - to await assessment of the finished product (once it goes on show in New South Wales, Queensland and the ACT) it has effectively decided to extricate itself from the proposed national anti-heroin promotion.

Victoria's objections are multiple, but they embrace the fundamental differences in philosophy that, according to Victoria, exist between this state and the majority national view in regard to combating drug problems. (It should be noted here, however, that the Federal Government, for instance, does not acknowledge such differences).

The English-type campaign is victim-oriented; that is, it concentrates on the dire consequences of abusing heroin (pimpley skin, balding, constipation, loss of control, etc). "Heroin screw you up," the English posters and advertisements declare.

That, said Mr Raysmith, is tantamount to a scapegoat approach which encourages the general population to distance itself from the problem rather than being educated to the realisation that abuse of drugs, licit and illicit, is more often than not symptomatic of deeper community weaknesses.

"It not only scares people but it tends to overwhelm them with the sense of a problem out of control. It's like identifying evil and then deciding that evil resides only in evil people, that all we have to do is get rid of them."

The prevailing Victorian view is that mass media campaigns might be even worse value for money; that they might be counter-productive by bringing attention to a problem and inadvertently enticing potential users to the substance.


A recent New South Wales underage drinking campaign, for instance, offended the Victorian authorities with its emphasis on the effects of drinking and its featuring of advertisements including the portrayal of a young woman sitting pathetically on a bed without briefs and posing the question: "Do you want to end up like this?"

The NSW authorities insist the campaign had positive results; the Victorians and others are sceptical.

The issue raises one of the fundamental differences in the Australian drugs debate. While all parties agree that, despite global concern about the problem, little empirical evidence exists to direct strategists, each is equally convinced that sufficient is known to vindicate their varied stances.

The Commonwealth, NSW and Queensland, then, are convinced that the proposed heroin campaign,

**ALL HE WANTED WAS A FEW LAUGHS.**



*When life doesn't seem that great, heroin might seem a great way to have a few laughs. But it isn't long before the fun turns into a bad joke. You'll start looking ill, losing weight and feeling like death. You'll lose control of your mind as well as your health. And eventually you might even risk death. So if a friend offers you heroin, don't treat it as a joke. Otherwise heroin might have the last laugh.*

**HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP**

**It is now fourteen months since the Federal Government launched the National Drug Offensive. DAVID HUMPHRIES reports that there has been much action and vast sums spent at trying to implement a national plan. But the cracks are showing in the much heralded unanimity.**

for instance, run in conjunction with a broader drug strategy, is proper, given the success of the English program and their own reviews of research elsewhere.

Victoria, however, was intrigued that Scotland had demurred from the English campaign. The Scots, despite considerable political pressure from London, chose a media campaign based around the call "Be What You Can". It does not specify particular drug substances and their effects but instead was designed to encourage Scots to think about their lifestyles and local communities.

"Our reading of the English and Scottish material puts the Scots well ahead," said Mr Raysmith. That may be so, but equally it may not be. If there is any certainty in the questions about combating drugs, it is that too little is known for anyone to be certain about anything else. "A good deal of this business has always been based on hope rather than firm evidence," said one drug program administrator.

Mr Michael Delaney, who is manager of the National Campaign Against Drug Abuse, put it this way: "The difficulty in a lot of these

things is that there is a lot of conviction but I'm not sure there's much science."

"From time to time, there are debates about target substances and target groups and some want to move ahead on some substances quicker than others. Sometimes there are philosophical differences," Mr Delaney said.

"But what's remarkable about his campaign is that all the governments do agree that you've got to have a campaign and the policy is very much shared between them."

"From the start, all of us have been very careful not to say the drug problem is a youth problem, an Aboriginal problem, a women's problem. It's a societal problem and we've now got Australians firmly understanding that it's not just about illicit drugs," Mr Delaney said.

He said the supporters of the proposed heroin campaign had been guided by the British Health and Social Department's strong endorsement after a departmental review. Further, mass media campaigns had proved effective in Australia on a range of problems -

smoking, drink-driving, general health, etc - and research had concluded that no mass media campaign had proved demonstrably counterproductive, Mr Delaney said.

"Part of the problem was that, previously, we didn't have systems to measure the extent of heroin use. We're trying to find out these things, including the means of properly measuring the success of failure of the different strategies, by funding drug research centres of excellence."

Mr Delaney said the heroin debate had been changed by the AIDS scare, with his political masters - the Ministerial Council on Drug Strategy - deciding to promote the priority on heroin because of the potential of intravenous drug users to spread the disease.

The national campaign argues that statistical evidence supports its decision to upgrade the priority of heroin. Bureau of Statistics figures due to be released show that 400 deaths were attributed to heroin in the 15 to 34 age bracket in Australia last year, overtaking for the first time the number of non-motor vehicle

deaths attributed to alcohol.

Mr Delaney acknowledges the scepticism which confronted the campaign's launch. "A lot of people said initially this was a straight political stunt by the Federal Government and there was a lot of cynicism about the household booklet (produced as the first major project of the campaign.)"

"Our research told us that before we did anything about specifics, you wouldn't get to first base unless you went and talked about drugs generally; unless you said: 'Listen, it's not hard drugs and it's not kids. It's all of us and it's all the things we take which are drugs'." Mr Delaney said "People had to think about it and get a debate going and the figures show we got a pretty substantial change in attitude."

Indeed, research has shown changes in attitude but not all agree that the changes are the most desirable. Researchers at Townsville's James Cook University, for instance, tested the responses of North Queenslanders to the household booklet. "The Drug Offensive campaign appears to leave a lot to be desired," the researchers concluded. "Essentially, those least in need of the campaign were those most influenced by it. The campaign appears to have had little impact on at-risk groups."

Victoria has opted for a more community-oriented approach, attempting to emphasize alternatives to drug use, increase general awareness of the problems that might lead to such use and to facilitate community efforts to overcome those problems.

It is the unsexy face of the fight against drugs, distanced from news media which see the problem only in terms of narcotics abuse and prefer largely to ignore the principal killers of the drug family - tobacco and alcohol.

The Victorian organisation is in three tiers. First, alcohol and drug committees, made up of government and non-government service providers and other interested groups, have been established in each of the state's eight health regions.

Second, Victoria is the only state to use national campaign funds to employ community resource workers to service each of those regions. Their function, with the help of local groups, is to identify local problems and to help implement a local remedy.

"It's an attempt to reduce people's isolation, to get them talking about the issue as it relates to them, to help them to understand what they can do about it," said Mr Raysmith. "One of the best antidotes to the drug problem is better communication, not just within the family but between all sorts of people."

An RSI self-help group, for instance, is examining alternatives to tranquilliser use, such as relaxation techniques and communication skills to help doctors better understand their problems.

Third, Victoria is the only state to have established a committee which integrates the work of all the relevant government agencies - education, police, health, prisons, and others - along with the work of the non-government sector, whose "influence in Victoria has led to a much more balanced response", according to Mr Raysmith.

"There was this sense in Victoria that the best course was to sit down and think out the most appropriate route; that we shouldn't lose our marbles over this. There is now much less paranoia about heroin. People are recognising that less

# UCCA ROULETTE

**Securing a place at University depends on far more than your A-level grades. Inter-college rivalry, regional snobbery and the political prejudices of dons can equally affect your chances. NEIL BENNETT reports on the failings of the British admissions system.**

It's late August and The Letter arrives. As you pluck it gingerly from the mailbox and turn it over in your hand, a dozen sublime thoughts run through your mind. Is the champagne chilled enough? Will you snort the line of coke now or wait until your mother gets back from the shops?

But suppose it's bad news. Will the hair-dryer in the bath be quicker than the bottle of aspirin? Can you really overdose on Multivite? All these questions will be answered in the next few minutes as you play the

Great University Entrance Game. For getting into college is something of a lottery, and ringed with more than a touch of élitism and deceit. The whole system, in the opinion of some, is so archaic and flawed that you stand a more-than-even chance of ending up on a course for which you're decidedly unsuited - or not going to university at all. I call my first witness.

We all filled in UCCA forms. We summarised Our Lives So Far into four pages of computer jargon. One of the biggest spaces on the form is

set aside for your tutor's report on you. You never get to see that assessment, and the tutor can write whatever he chooses. So if he loathes the colour of your shoes, or even the way you walk, you might as well start looking for a place on YTS right now.

Sitting in his book-lined study overlooking north London, Ian Beer, headmaster of Harrow, has few worries about getting his boys into university. He knows that he has one master looking after the problem full-time with eight other

staff working for him. The school even has a network of Old Harrovians in different faculties and universities, who can be contacted for admissions advice.

This is the kind of organisation parents expect when they're forking out £1 500 a term for their child's education. But in Tower Hamlets, just across London, it is reported that the entire borough only puts around eight children into higher education each year. Is this a fair competition?

Then there's the UCCA handbook. When you decided to apply to read engineering, did you really pick up that booklet and look at every engineering course it listed? Of course not. There's a chance that the course which would have suited you best is lurking in there somewhere, the page on which it is listed still unturned.

Nevertheless, you listed five courses for which you wanted to be considered. Suddenly, what had appeared to be a simple matter of asking to go to university became embroiled in one-upmanship between colleges. Some departments only consider candidates who put them first. Everyone else gets rejected. Hardly surprisingly, the departments never tell you this, so once again it's down to guesswork.

Pat Moberley, head of Pimlico Comprehensive's sixth-form abhors the way that the universities compete. "It's quite awful the way myths and trendiness govern where people choose to go." She often urges applicants to phone the relevant departments and demand a straight answer. Sometimes they even get one. When one pupil rang a department at Dundee, its spokesman admitted that it didn't mind being placed second to Edinburgh but did object to coming after Aberdeen.

Pat Moberley meanwhile declares that the only reason why the public schools don't like the change is that they can no longer charge exorbitant rates to take pupils back for that final term. The change has undoubtedly cost the independent sector a great deal of money.

Despite this "progress", Moberley feels that her sixth-formers are still heavily discriminated against when they apply to go to Oxford or Cambridge. "Apart from a few creditable exceptions, they're not genuine about encouraging people from the state sector."

Yet everything above - all the deceit, incompetence and eccentricity - is a mere bauble when you discover the real flaw in the system. A flaw that has forced 170 000 teenagers a year to play this crude form of UCCA roulette. The flaw is none other than your friend and mine, A-levels. Or, more specifically, the marking of them.

The only way a university can choose between the candidates it wants and the rest, is by their A-level grades. All but the most prestigious courses ask for an average set of grades, often a B and two Cs. But the problem is that C is the narrowest band in the grading system. A mere six per cent separates a B from a D. While a B is something to be proud of in all but the nastiest Oxbridge interview, you might as well forget about a D.

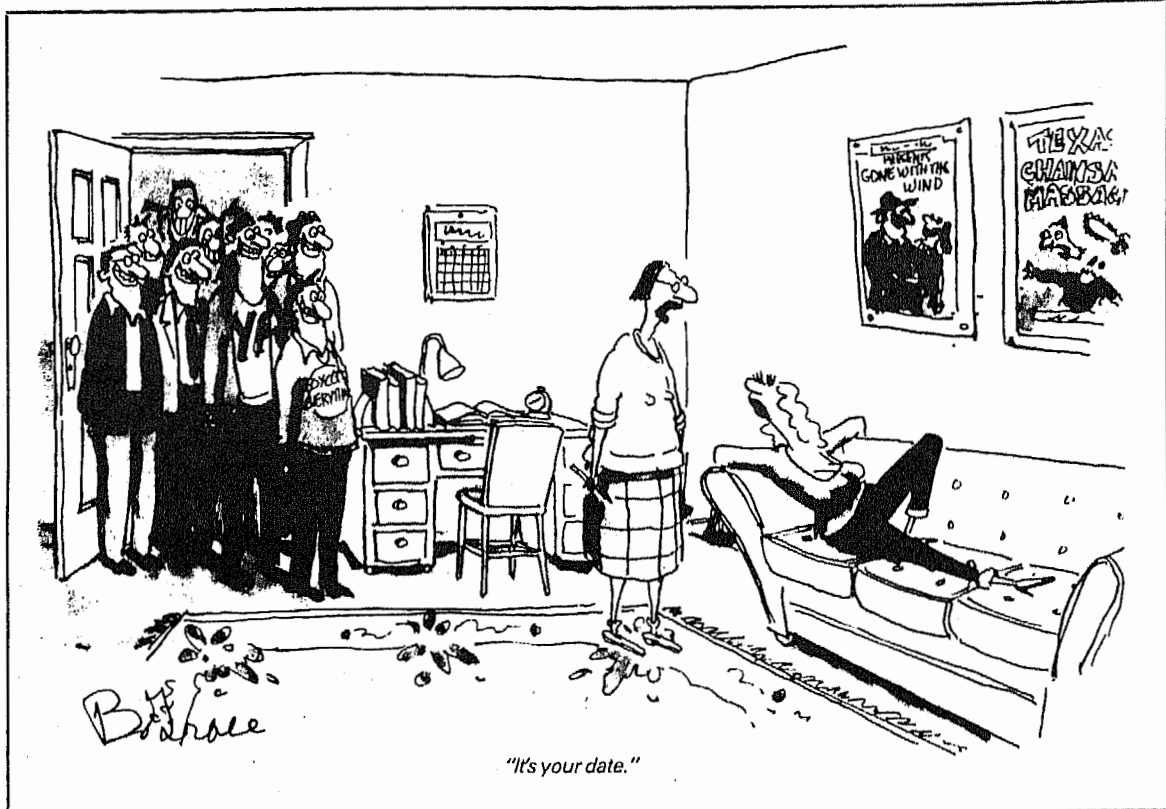
So six per cent is all that stands between that golden place at Footlights College Oxbridge, and the concrete confines of Grimeford Poly. You and everyone else can vary by six per cent on the day - but if you suffer from hayfever, bad luck.

Uncharacteristically, former education secretary Sir Keith Joseph spotted this problem before his disappearance earlier this year. From 1987 onwards, the C-grade band will be the same width as D and E. But that doesn't really help if you took your A-levels this summer.

There still remains one further problem: that your whole future depends on one day's performance. Many people have called for more continual assessment at A-level. Pat Moberley actually runs one of the few courses in which there is 30 per cent of this form of appraisal. The trouble with this system, though, is that a tutor may once again dislike you - and mark you down. Moberley herself roundly condemns the whole "performance" circus. "The entire system is dishonest in its method of judging people. The A-level grading system is bizarre."

Despite all the hurdles, the astonishing fact is that almost half UCCA's applicants will find a place. It's enough to restore your faith in humanity. Ian Beer remains sublimely optimistic, too, ending our discussion on a happy note. "I've been a teacher for 25 years and there are very few boys who should have gone to university and didn't." Well, if you're still awaiting The Letter from UCCA, you can certainly drink to that.

Neil Bennett is The Guardian's Student Journalist of the Year.



## FROM P.10

were worse than Sheffield. Four blokes in one room, bed bugs, the lot. Sheffield hostels were much better. I knew all the wardens. If you were short of food, if you'd spent you money, the warden would let you have baked beans on toast, on tick. There was nothing like that in King's Lynn."

Lee has been back in Sheffield for three years. He got married and obtained a council flat. He hasn't worked since. During his wedding reception somebody robbed the gas meter, their pram was stolen off a bus, the factory at the back of his flat has put up a wire fence to stop rubbish being dumped by Lee's neighbours. Things are closing in on him. "It's like a prison," says Lee "It's worse than prison, any day the Jamaican might turn up. He doesn't have a little decorating business so there's no way I can work my debt off with him. I'm just waiting."

Cogs within cogs. "Drugs is dangerous."

## FROM PAGE ELEVEN

than one per cent of the population use heroin and that it's not something we have to treat like the plague," said Mr Raysmith.

"There are sensible ways of dealing with this - a methadone program, the issue of clean needles to addicts so that people don't pass on AIDS and hepatitis"

"It is about providing positive alternatives and we'll continue coming at the problem from as many different fronts as possible," Mr Raysmith said.

"The issues have got to be dealt with back where the support structures exist rather than trying to pick up the casualties at the end of the line."

The logic of prevention being the best cure is indisputable. Tough law enforcement, appealing as it is to zealots and political speech writers, has not and will not overcome what essentially is a question of supply and demand; while demand remains, there will always be willing

suppliers.

Similarly, treatment and rehabilitation too often is a case of shutting the gate once the horse has bolted. Reality, however, demands that this and the question of law enforcement, along with the related matter of corruption, be fully addressed. To do otherwise would be to abandon the victims of drug abuse and to invite its profiteers to trade with effective immunity.

Consequently, 80 per cent of the \$100 million marked for the national drugs campaign over its three years has been directed to treatment and rehabilitation programs. The Drug Offensive, which incorporates the educative and research roles, gets \$13 million. Enhance of federal law enforcement has been allocated \$17 million from a budget separate to the national campaign.

Then there's the interview. These can be pretty whacky. Everyone has a friend (but no one's ever met him) who attended an interview at Oxford. When he entered, his potential tutor was reading the Times behind a desk. "Impress me", he demanded. The sixth-former went ahead and set light to the newspaper. He was awarded a place. But not every sixth-former carries matches.

Harrow boys have different problems when they attend interviews. They can often walk straight into a confrontation with a militant don just longing to grind a political axe on them. Harrow keeps a blacklist of departments where this has happened, and steers well clear of them.

Harrow is also feeling the pinch now that the seventh-term Oxbridge exam has been abolished. The exam always favoured the public schools, since they were the only ones with the facilities to prepare for it. Now everyone has to take the exam in the first term of their final year, or get in on the strength of their A-levels alone. Ian Beer doesn't favour this system at all, and claims that Oxford has actually admitted that it made a mistake.

# LIMELIGHT

## The jazz superstars

**The Academy Award winning film *Round Midnight* which depicts the bigotry and rough times faced by black jazz musicians in the 50s and 60s is to be released at the Film Event next month. RICHARD OGIER explains how in the 80s it is possible to speak of jazz musicians as superstars.**

In the film *Round Midnight*, Dale Turner (played by Dexter Gordon) is the quintessential jazz musician of an era - black, struggling against bigotry and failed recognition, fleeing the acutely racial climate of New York in the 50s for the allure of bohemian Paris.

When legendary jazz musician Miles Davis - a would-be contemporary of Dale Turner - was approached by promoters to appear at next year's Moomba festival in Melbourne, he demanded \$80,000 a week for himself alone with a maximum of two shows weekly and no support band. Housing his group and entourage in first-class accommodation would be extra.

Similarly, the young lion of the trumpet, Wynton Marsalis charges \$40,000 a week to tour and saxophonist Sonny Rollins demands \$30,000.

Bebop Father, Dizzy Gillespie - who toured Australia recently - played to small groups of loyalists in seedy New York clubs in the 50s. Now he plays to thousands of people in concert halls world-wide.

The status of these artists - a small group that they are - signifies a substantial shift in the artistic and cultural reckoning. Where for generations the artists of jazz were treated like vaudevillians and buskers it is now possible to speak of jazz musicians as superstars.

Miles Davis made a cameo appearance in the high rating television programme *Miami Vice* last year and Wynton Marsalis modeled expensive European clothing for the English pop magazine *Melody Maker*.

When Davis appeared on the American music industries dog and pony show, the Grammy Awards, he was met with rapturous applause. It was widely reported a few years ago that he had his yellow Ferrari positioned on the curb outside the presentations - it was inoperable at the time - simply because it was a stage prop he liked to have around.

Davis' name was in the papers again when he refused to meet rock star Mick Jagger. Jagger had made the appointment so as to be introduced to Davis and was turned away after waiting in a car for an hour.

In the 1980s Davis, Marsalis and Gillespie are the first black jazz artists to reach the upper reaches of American-style super-stardom. They are famed and loved more for who they are than what they do.

Davis and Gillespie, 60 and 69 respectively, are of the first generation of black artists to see their names recognised by both the arts intelligentsia and the wider public.

In the past white popularisers of black forms and ideas have won most of the fame and the fortune.

Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman, plainly put, exploited the Big Band formulas of Count Basie and Duke Ellington. Pianist Bud Powell - upon whose life *Round Midnight* is

loosely based - was a shadowy and wretched figure in a Paris asylum when Dave Brubeck's version of black cool jazz was charting worldwide.

But perhaps the superstar status of these musicians represents a wider acceptance and recognition of jazz itself.

A far cry from the glitz and glitter of the Grammy Awards, the up-market French newspaper *Le Monde* ran a front page story of Davis's return to playing after a six year hiatus in 1981. And the glossy English arts/culture magazine, *The Face*, ranked Davis's latest release, *Tutu*, seventh on its list of last year's best albums ahead of Talking Heads and James Brown.

Wynton Marsalis commands and receives huge fees playing a brand of jazz that was conceived in the 60s. It was considered esoteric in the extreme at that time. It was the stuff - like Bebop before it - of clubs not concert halls, and it enjoyed the support of cultish loyalists rather than fans all over the world.

Up until the 1980s jazz musicians had to struggle continually to impose their art and then struggle against the forces for diluting it should success arrive. The success of Wynton Marsalis suggests that this is no longer the case; at least, not to the extent that it was.

His work stands a message of hope to artists everywhere, about the value and possibilities of uncompromising art.

Ten years ago there was no jazz category at the Grammy Awards. Ten years ago those who consider such things, the self-confessed guardians of western culture, would not have spoken of the great jazz musicians in the same breath as the great song writers; or, for that matter, the great actors, writers or directors.

Not so now, I would think, at least in some circles.

For the musicians themselves the feeling is obviously one of relief. For Davis and Gillespie, after four decades in the forefront of jazz, the struggle for wider acceptance is over and it is no longer necessary for them to impose their art.

Asked about retirement by the *Times on Sunday* earlier this year Gillespie said: "Retire? There'll be no retirement.

"I'm gonna have no better time doin' nothin' else. People come from all over the world to see you. You're an artist, you're a creator. There's nothin' better than that man."

In 1984 Miles Davis told jazz critic Leonard Feather: "It's a good sign of your social status when you can have whatever you want in the world. I love clothes and I love cars. And I love to have a good band.

"My manager makes life easy on tours I only have to show up and play. Really, it's a good life."

Many artists get tired of imposing their art. But the sense of relief that comes with success must be doubly



strong for a jazz musician, especially one of Davis and Gillespie's vintage. The reason: it represents a victory over those repressive factors of the 'jazz life' so sensitively portrayed in *Round Midnight* - the bigotry, the failed recognition, the poverty. Dale Turner, like so many contemporaries of Gillespie and Davis, does not manage to cope with the deep inner voids that they cause.

Perhaps the greatest strength of *Round Midnight* is that it succeeds as both a personal story - that of Dale Turner - and a universal one. It makes the rough times of the real-life victims of Dale Turner's generation seem all the more tragic and the

success of the survivors all the more remarkable.

If jazz's struggle for recognition is even partially over, the fight has been a long one indeed.

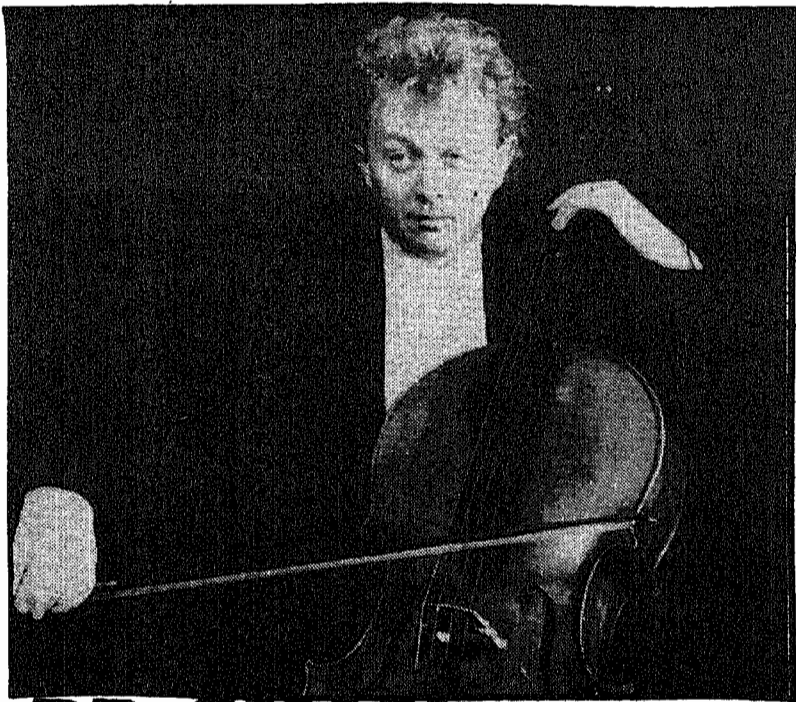
If jazz remains severely undervalued in the Australian cultural reckoning there are signs that is changing too. On the country's campuses, jazz is beginning to find a place in the student culture in the way that the work of Beckett and Freud did in the early sixties.

Although jazz does not enjoy the following in Adelaide that it does in Sydney or Melbourne, live contemporary jazz echoes around the upper reaches of the Union Building most weeks at Adelaide Univer-

sity and has drawn close to a hundred students.

In Melbourne, Australian jazz musician, Vince Jones, plays to packed houses at the Hot House venue every week and his Adelaide shows - now a regular event - are frequently booked out months in advance.

Jones is the first Australian jazz artist to win recognition and acceptance with both the Arts establishment and the wider public. He won the prestigious APRA award (Australian Performing Right Association) for jazz composition last year and a recent release, *On The Brink Of It*, climbed well into the top one hundred.



## DD SMASH MEETS FOOTROT FLATS

by Kate Thomas

Dave Dobbyn, the front man for New Zealand's *DD Smash*, is at a turning point in his career.

The singer, songwriter, guitarist and keyboard player has just composed and performed the soundtrack for the film *Footrot Flats* and is poised between films and touring with his band *DD Smash*.

He said by phone from Auckland that he found writing a film score provided a balance to the six years of live gigs.

"*DD Smash* cut their teeth playing live, so now it is time for a break so we can all reassess our directions."

But exactly what the future holds Dobbyn will not speculate.

Dobbyn says the *Footrot* success has spurred him on to write scores for more films.

"My ideal would be to do two films a year."

"Film music is really very satisfying and it is a good discipline, it forces you to meet deadlines and it gets you involved in the technical aspects of film making, the melding of visual images with sound."

"Good rock performers should understand the different sides to music, particularly the importance of video and film for promoting music as a complete package."

"It was very satisfying being able to rework and experiment with sounds until you are happy."

The film's co-producer John Barnett invited Dobbyn to score the *Footrot Flats* soundtrack because his music seemed to suit the film.

The producers and director Murray Ball hoped Dobbyn's music would lure a wider audience by show *Footrot Flats* was not an animated children's feature.

The draw card was a winner. Half a

million New Zealanders have previewed *Footrot Flats* and it will open in Adelaide on April 19.

Dobbyn says it's a winner because "It doesn't preach about morals. It's more a bunch of stories thrown together which roughly fall into one exciting action packed story."

The film may be light hearted but the making of it wasn't. Dobbyn took his musical brief seriously and spent a month watching videos and analysing the musical structure of John Williams scores.

Suffering from overkill Dobbyn abandoned his self-improvement course and followed his instincts.

Fourteen months later he produced six songs, the signature themes and tunes for each of the characters (Dog, Horse, Cheeky and Wal) an overture, a finale and incidental music.

The sound was a mixture of upbeat calypso, ballads, hard edge rock and guitar riffs.

"It was very much sink or swim, I really learnt on the job."

"Sometimes I had to write to order; on the other occasions I was given free reign."

The soundtrack was recorded with award winning New Zealand groups the Herbs and Ardijah and a college choir, which sang a version of God Defend New Zealand, in Auckland in 1986.

The first single released from the soundtrack album, *Slice of Heaven*, was awarded the Song of The Year at the 1986 New Zealand Music Awards and went to number one with the second release *You Oughta Be In Love* storming to number two in the charts.

*Footrot Flats* soundtrack will be available in Australia shortly to coincide with the film.

## Up the Joshua tree

THE JOSHUA TREE  
U2  
Island Records  
Virgin

by Gavin Williams

It has been nearly two and half years since the release of U2's last album "The Unforgettable Fire", but "The Joshua Tree" has certainly been worth the wait.

After the near miss of their previous LP, the partnership between Brian Eno and U2 has produced an album of breathtaking brilliance.

"The Unforgettable Fire" seemed fragmented and only partially finished, and the album as a whole suffered for it. The new album "The Joshua Tree" has no such troubles, for all the songs blend together to form a very cohesive, tight LP.

The sound of the album is reminis-

cent of earlier U2 efforts, being somewhat harsher than recent offerings; with the ringing guitar of the Edge shining through on most tracks. Eno's influence shows with some beautifully melodic passages, such as the introduction to "Without You".

It is this combination of sounds, plus the forceful drumming of Larry Mullen Jr. and the soaring vocals of Bono that ensure a unique record. Tracks such as "Red Hill Mining Town", "Street with No Name", and the bluesy "Trip Through Your Wire", stand out from the rest. However the album is so strong it is almost unfair to differentiate between songs.

Even though we are only into March this is one of my albums of the year; and with rumours of a U2 tour pending we shall be hearing far more of this fine LP.

## TOP OF THE NEWS POPS ON DIT'S CHARTBUSTERS

Howsitgoing? This is Rocking Rick Wilson, playing all the news that's fit to be news around the world this week. Just sit back and relax, and let deejay Dick spin for you all the hottest news items, both local and overseas, which have had the current-affairs crazies bopping away over the last few weeks. Better fasten your seatbelts, as we launch into this week's

### ON DIT NEWS TOP TEN

Falling to *Number Ten*, just edging out the local bus strike threats, is Victorian RSL president, Bruce Ruxton. Big bad Bruce has gained plenty of media airplay, particularly on TV, with his strongly worded single, "No commies, no wogs, no bungs, and no poofs - just real men like me!" Gained further notoriety for himself by calling his boss a 'wimp' a few times on national television.

Coming in at *Number Nine* is Liberal backbencher Wilson Tuckey with his political hit to the body, "Who are you calling a scumbag, Paul?" This is only his second chart success, following his classic debut "Christine", released on the coalition label in mid-1986. The language gets pretty blue at times, as Wilson takes a friendly dig at our Federal Treasurer's past.

Steady at *Number Eight* are the assorted Syrian and Lebanese militias with their cover of the Split Enz hit, "I Got You". Latest count of foreigners kidnapped by this collection of middle-east talents stands somewhere in double figures, with Americans proving the most popular target. With governments refusing to give into their demands, we can expect the kidnappings, and resultant newspaper coverage and chart success, to continue for a while yet.

In its regular position at *Number Seven* was any track from K-Tel's ever-popular album of human-interest and cute-baby-animals-born-yesterday-at-the-zoo stories. We never go for more than a few

### ON DIT NEWS TOP-TEN CHARTBUSTERS

1. Coalition Crisis
2. Reagan Stuffs Up
3. Admin. Fee
4. Alms for Allah
5. Liberrassey Snuffs It
6. Razor Gang Revisited
7. Man Bites Dog
8. I Got You
9. Tuckey Talks Turkey
10. The Boss Speaks Out

days without either the TV or the papers giving one of the tracks from this all-time favourite a burl. This week the papers featured "Neighbors star visits dying fan in hospital", and "Baby camel joins SA police force".

Another cover version debuts at *Number Six* this week. Remember that early eighties number one hit, "The RazorGang", by big Mal and the Liberals? Well it's been redone by that man who's always high in the news charts, Paul Keating. For his upcoming mini-budget, Paul's assembled a group of dedicated backroom boys to find ways to slash government spending by hundreds of millions of dollars. The end result is a product which sounds very similar to the original.

After peeking briefly at number one, the death of Liberrassey due to AIDS is slipping out of the charts fast. Harshly described by some critics as a cheap attempt to get publicity out of the demise of Rock Hardon last year, who also died of AIDS, but with much greater media coverage. Personally, I found it a spectacular release from a man always renowned for his showmanship.

At *Number Four* this week, the Iran-Iraq gulf war has been a huge media success for its creators. Religious records don't usually chart well, but this religious war has been in the news charts for over four years, and shows no signs of dying

out. Recent sales have been boosted by the involvement of Iran in the Contragate scandal. This is a powerful release. Strong rhetoric delivered by the Ayatollah, backed by the 41-million strong fundamentalist choir, and their stirring chanted chorus.

The Hawke Government finds itself at *Number Three* this week with their proposed 'administration' (ie tertiary) fee, and the widespread student opposition to it. Got good airplay in the student media here and interstate, but surprisingly has barely made it on to the playlists of any of Adelaide's major media outfits at all.

Political scandal fills the top two positions on the chart this week. At *Number Two* after peaking in the top spot, is the Contragate scandal. This just continues to get solid media coverage week after week. There have been a string of successful singles from the album, including "Arms For Iran", "Ollie, the All-American Boy", and Ronald Reagan's solo hit "Forget What I Said Last Week, This Is What I Really Remember Doing". One wonders how much longer this story will go on, now that founding member Don Regan has quit proceedings.

And for the third week, at the top of the chart, John Bjelke-Petersen's "Coalition Crisis". This likeable peanut farmer from up north has captured lots of hearts and even more front pages with his controversial comments on Coalition leaders John Howard and Ian Sinclair. Treated by some people as the funniest thing since Monty Python, and hailed by others as the messiah come to lead Australia boldly into the 19th century, one thing is for certain. These days when Joh opens his mouth and begins to splutter his pearls of wisdom, the news editors hold the front pages, and another good laugh is assured for all.

Another Richard Wilson rip-off.

## So why won't the world listen?

### THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths

by Richard Wilson

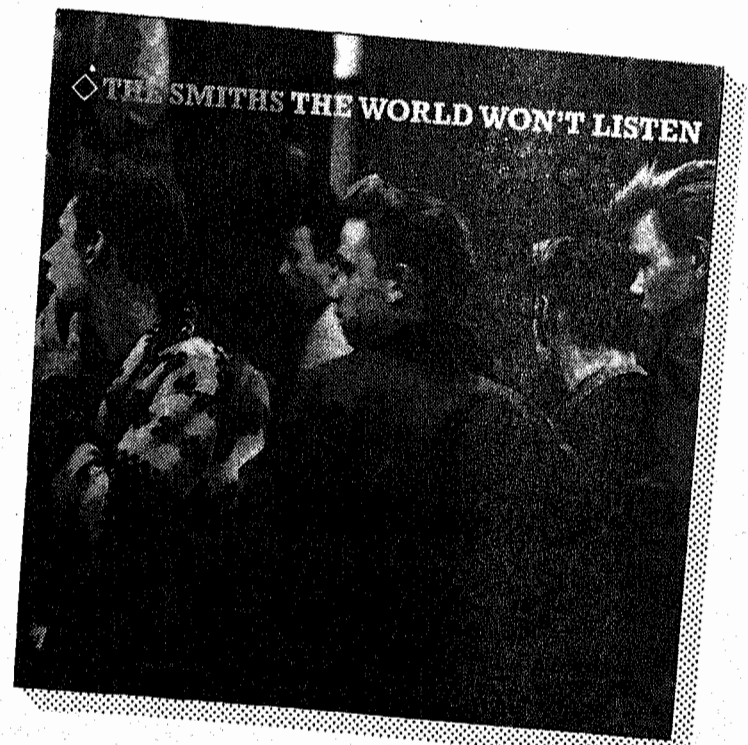
"Burn down the disco... Hang the DJ! Hang the DJ!"

So proclaims the first track on *The World Won't Listen*, the latest album for those darlings of the alternative music set, *The Smiths*.

After changing record labels, their old company (Rough Trade) held *The Smiths* to their contract and insisted they produce another album for them. This is the result - a collection of singles, B-sides and a couple of previously unreleased songs, recorded between January 1985 and September 1986.

As usual, all the songs are written by guitarist Johnny Marr, with enigmatic vocalist Morrissey supplying the lyrics.

Side one is filled mainly with melodic pop tunes, such as the brilliant singles *Ask*, and *Bigmouth Strikes Again*. It also contains London, possibly the fastest track *The Smiths* have ever done, and *There Is A Light That Never Goes Out*. Lifted off *The Queen Is Dead* album, *There Is A Light...* is a classic Smiths tongue-in-cheek love song, with Morrissey crooning "And if a double decker bus crashes into us, to die by your side, such a heavenly way to die" with a full flowing melody backing.



Side two contains the slower tracks, the best one being *That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore*, in addition to the excellent instrumental, *Oscillate Wildly*.

It's a rare pleasure to get 16 songs on the one album, but it's also the cause for my only criticism of the album - most of the songs are too

short! You're just getting into the rhythm and feel of a particular song when it finishes, and another one begins.

That aside, especially when you remember that it's only a collection of bits and pieces put together to fulfil a contract, *The World Won't Listen* is not a bad album at all.

## Come Out: a talkfest and melting pot of young persons' theatre

**For the first time, the World Congress and General Assembly of the International Association of Theatre for Children and Young People will be held in Adelaide. KATE THOMAS reports.**

Australia's youth performing arts reputation as a "neo-colonial backwater" will be severely challenged at an international congress for young people's theatre in Adelaide in April.

The Ninth World Congress and General Assembly of the International Association of Theatre for Children and Young People (ASSITEJ, from its name in French), to be held at the Adelaide Festival Centre from April 8-16, will coincide with one of the world's largest youth festivals, Come Out. It will be the biggest international arts gathering held in Australia and the first time the ASSITEJ organisation has met in the southern hemisphere.

More than 300 delegates from 50 countries will debate the state of the performing arts and future directions for young people's theatre.

The director of the Australian branch of ASSITEJ, Mr Michael FitzGerald, says the congress will be essentially a "talkfest and melting pot" for ideas and performances which "will enable us to display the type and quality of Australian youth-orientated theatre in a world context".

Twelve performances have been selected for the Come Out program, including the premiere of the Adelaide rock musical, *Frankie*. The Melbourne group, Handspan's *A Change of Face*, and Sydney's Theatre of the Deaf's *The Moon Between Two Houses*. Two overseas companies, the Dong Rang Theatre for Young People from South Korea, performing *Wandering Stars*, and the Honolulu Theatre For Youth, staging *Song for the Navigator* will also appear in the official program.

Unofficially, the State Opera of South Australia is putting on a youth opera for the occasion, *The*

*Iron Man*, based on the Ted Hughes novel.

It will not be a "showcase" of past works, rather a representation of young people's theatre in Australia today, according to FitzGerald, who has more than a touch of evangelist about him. He harbours a burning desire to convert the rest of the world to an appreciation of Australia's dynamism.

He believes the country is on the cutting edge of new developments and he hopes the congress will make a significant impact on the international theatre world.

"We have a good reputation overseas through films, rock music and the visual arts, particularly Aboriginal Art, and Australian youth theatre is well developed in a variety of companies, including South Australia's Unley Youth Theatre and Melbourne's St Martin's Theatre," FitzGerald says.

"The Rustavelli Theatre Company's 1986 tour left them with an extraordinary impression of Australia. They told their Russian dramatists that Australia was the place in the world. They were excited by the people, the environment and what we are doing. They loved our energy as well as our laid-back approach."

This reaction is not surprising considering the traditional, conservative European attitude to young people's theatre which is reflected in the Eurocentric nature of the ASSITEJ organisation.

"We do things differently here, we do not have the century-old dead wood to cut away. We can show the world a fresh young approach to young people's theatre."

Australia joined Paris-based ASSITEJ in 1975 and its executive committee in 1981. ASSITEJ is an associate body of the UNESCO-

sponsored International Theatre Institute.

ASSITEJ was founded in 1965 to promote and develop theatre for young people throughout the world and operates on the principle that "theatre is a universal expression of mankind...which can influence and link large groups in the service of peace".

Given these lofty ideals, FitzGerald considers it a great honour to host the congress. He says it represents considerable interest in Australia as a European force in a geographically Asian region.

"The decision to hold the ninth congress in Australia was official recognition of the importance of forcing links with the southern hemisphere, Asia and Third World countries in the South Pacific region."

"Australia is the ideal venue because we are seen as non-aligned and non-threatening country which can act as a mediator between the Eastern and Western bloc countries."

Australia's federal and State governments have recognised the diplomatic significance by sponsoring delegates from Thailand, China, India and Vietnam, as well as providing assistance to the Dong Rang Theatre for Young People and the Honolulu Theatre For Youth.

"The Come Out Festival made Adelaide an obvious choice to host the congress," FitzGerald says. "It is one of three world class youth arts festivals, the others being the Ritej in Lyons, France, and the Vancouver Children's Festival. "And Carclew, Australia's Centre For Youth Performing Arts, is ideally suited to the co-ordinating role."

The congress theme, Towards the New Theatre, will examine the relevance of theatre for young people,



why and how young people's theatre should deal with current problems and needs, and cultural developments, including technology in the late 20th century and beyond.

Speakers at the congress will include experts from Britain, West Germany, Bulgaria, the US and Australia.

The preliminary program will feature Jorg Richard (West Germany) and Christine Westwood (Australia) discussing The Place of Theatre in Youth Culture.

Given the involvement of 50 nations, the difficulty caused by three official languages and a variety of cultural backgrounds, it will

not be all plain sailing. "It's not going to be an easy congress," FitzGerald says.

"There will be confrontations, particularly about the place of youth theatre, some countries do not accept youth theatre in our terms. They do not acknowledge the validity for youth culture in its myriad forms. They do not believe young people can have a place in their own cultural destiny. They assume it is something youth are educated to by adults."

"For too long young people's theatre has been the Cinderella of the performing arts world."

"It is no longer a stepping stone to the real theatre. It is real theatre."

## Powerful study in psychological torture

**THE COLLECTOR**

La Mama

Until April 11

by Graham Lugsden

The transition of harmless infatuation into a not-so-harmless obsession is explored in La Mama's latest production, *The Collector*.

Ferninand Clegg, an apparently mild municipal clerk, has fixated himself upon a young socialite girl, Miranda, who lives opposite the Town Hall. He is terminally shy, inarticulate and slightly mentally deficient, but he is sharp enough to recognise that the attractive and successful Miranda will always be beyond his reach.

So he kidnaps her. Miranda is taken to an isolated farmhouse and incarcerated in the cellar, which Clegg has already prepared as her bedroom. But the bedroom-cellar is also where Clegg indulges his hobby. He collects butterflies; he captures a beautiful object, kills it, and then displays it for his own pleasure. He shows Miranda his collection, and she asks him which is his favourite. "Oh," he says casually, "the Aberrations."

Miranda is, of course, an addition to his collection.

The Cellar Theatre at La Mama is an ideal venue for the subsequent action, as its intimately small size

brings the audience very close to Miranda's ordeal. We see with painful clarity how Miranda at one stroke has lost her social superiority over Clegg, as he holds the key, and that her only hope of escape is to exercise her intellectual superiority.

Wayne Eckert, as Clegg, gives the simpleton clerk a sinister edge. Eckert's mannerism and reactions are spot on, and his credible London accent is well maintained. We are always aware that Clegg has the capacity to explode, which is difficult to achieve with such simplistic dialogue.

Jacqui-Anna McBride, as Miranda has to work very hard to generate genuine sympathy from an unhelpful script. The adaptation by David Parker, from the novel by John Fowles, gives little chance to make Miranda seem anything but harsh and waspish, but McBride manages to restore the softer human side of Miranda that is present in the book.

Indeed, the only fault with *The Collector* is the script that the cast are forced to work with. The most chilling aspect of the novel is the final image; Clegg is going out to kidnap again, and this is entirely lacking. That said, however, the play is still a powerfully moving study in psychological torture that will stun and shock the most jaded of theatre patrons. Add this one to your collection.

## STAGE LIGHTS

KATE THOMAS

Adelaide is eagerly awaiting the start of another international arts festival Come Out started last Friday with a spectacular Arts On The Move parade involving some 4 500 students from 55 different schools who walked from Victoria Square to Elder Park where they previewed festival events.

Organisers predict the two week Come Out Youth Festival will attract about 35 000 young people to the theatre performances, during the festival.

Highlights will include the Assitej Ninth World Congress, an international association of theatre for young people; an Allwrite literary workshop and a series of visual arts activities arranged for more than 400 000 people.

Festival director Malcolm Moore said "About 92 per cent of seats were sold and about 50 per cent for general performances."

"In all there are 48 000 seats on sale for 200 performances of the 30 different shows in the official program."

"About 35 000 young people are expected to attend performances in the theatres 27 500 will see performances in Adelaide schools and a further 6 000 will see country performances."

Add to these the number participating in the workshops and visual arts activities and the youth festival emerges as a \$650 000 extravaganza.

## Sterling performances in Irish family drama

**A HAPPY AND HOLY OCCASSION**

Adelaide University Theatre Guild  
Sheridan Theatre  
Season Closed

by Fran Edwards

The Guild have opened their season for 1987 with a very strong play from the writer who gave us "Es-sington Lewis, I am Work".

The play set in Newcastle in 1942 looks at a family of Irish migrants, putting them under the microscope for an important evening in their lives.

The twelve year old eldest son of the family is about to leave for the seminary to study the priesthood. As a period piece it is most interesting. I must confess to having missed the point which O'Donoghue was trying to make if it was anything over and above the fact that the working class (and particularly migrants and women) had it hard in those days.

However the script was well crafted and the characters nicely developed. This production was a credit to the Guild and the expert hand of director Barbara West. There were some sterling performances even more creditable because of the maintenance of accents (some better maintained

than others).

John Tann did very well in the role of Denny O'Mahon, the father, a competent and sensitive performance. Frank Gargro won my odium as Tocky, John's mate, a thoroughly nasty piece of work convincingly played. Rosie Johnston also deserves a mention for her portrayal of Breda, the black-sheep friend of the family; her performance was delightful. Bob Vale, John Edge and Phyllis Burford displayed their many talents creating colourful and believable characters. Twelve year old Christy, the priest-to-be, was played by Lachlan Haig who will no doubt be seen often in the future.

The most difficult role in the play was probably that of Mary, the O'Mahon wife and mother. Jessica Lea struggled somewhat with the complexities of the role and I think found them beyond her present experience. She wasn't bad, just maybe a little beyond her range.

On the production side the Guild maintained its very good reputation for attention to detail and technical proficiency. What more can I say? If you didn't see this production you missed a nice piece of theatre and you should be ashamed of yourself for not supporting an excellent theatre group which is right on your doorstep.

BOOK

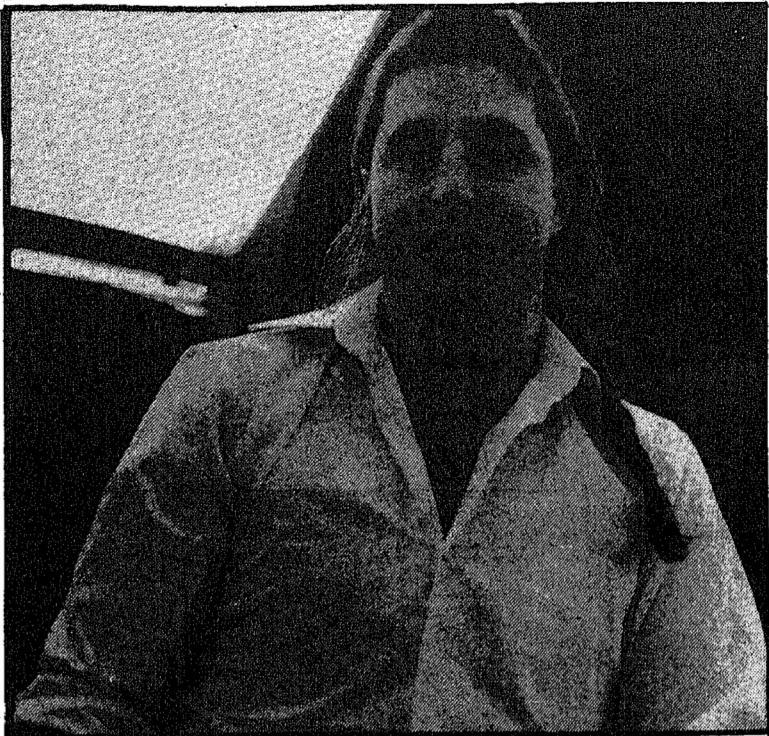
MARKS

## DINODI ROSA

Manning Clark, the voluminous Australian historian, opened the recent Australian National Word Festival in Canberra in his usual withering manner by declaring that "we live in an age of turbulent emptiness", in a country "where almost everything is allowable". And "so now we must re-read the works of the past and decide what we want to shove into the dustbin of history and what we want to keep in our journey into the future."

The Wordfest, as it is better known, was a much more successful justification of the here and now in literature than Professor Clark's old great man's conclusions suggest. Taking in writers from all over Australia, from Britain, the US, Canada, Europe and New Zealand, the biennial event went on without much rancour but with a condiment of bookish controversy. Don Anderson has been a naughty boy again, having upset visiting feminist Eva Figs, who accused him of "gutter journalism" in his *Times Sunday* column.

The critically important American novelist William Gaddis was there, too, asking for scotch at the reception, only to be informed that scotch was reserved for the Governor-General. The man who has written three novels in thirty years and been compared to James Joyce would have to wait and make do with white wine or juice. Like hell. The known-for-being-unknown New Yorker was eventually granted his wish for a stiff drink by an understanding publishing woman. Gaddis went on to talk about dialogue and voices and old houses as the origin of a story, as did Australia's Kate Grenville. Gaddis' most recent



Tim Winton

novel, *Carpenter's Gothic*, is reviewed on this page.

Melvyn Bragg, British multimedia personality and author of 13 books (his latests is *The Maid of Buttermere*), among others talked about the role and place of the modern writer. "I think it's a search for a pantheistic revival to retreat to a fortress, but not a fortress of self. More a fortress of context." No man is an island; he is more likely an islet.

Tim Winton, reviewed last week, was also there in good company. He has finished his fourth novel, *In the Winter Dark*, and another, very tentatively titled *House of Cards*, will be completed during his long stay in Europe. (Lucky bastard.) He is also writing a screenplay based on *That Eye The Sky*, his last novel. Before an international contingent, he had to

sort of explain himself and his horizontal country and background. As a young Australian, he said, he only has a "boutique form of suffering called melancholy." Happiness never lasts, and so he is the victim of "nostalgia in anticipation." He spoke about his landscape: "The breach is part of my family's mythology and provided much of my education. It was in the sand dunes at the age of seven that I found out what it meant to be the character Interruptus in the long-playing one-act drama, *coitus interruptus*."

Ah, poor fellow, my country. Robert Dessaix, presenter of ABC's "Books and Writing", put it best in Canberra. Australia is a bit like a resort hotel, he said. "We're all here, but we don't know why we're here."



# Gaddis' great American novel

CARPENTER'S GOTHIC  
William Gaddis  
Picador, \$9.95

by Dino Di Rosa

*- Oh the house yes, the house. It was built that way yes, it was built to be seen from outside it was, that was the style, he came on, abruptly rescued from uncertainty, raised to the surface - yes, they had style books, these country architects and the carpenters it was all derivative wasn't it, those grand Victorian mansions with their rooms and rooms and towering heights and cupolas and the marvellous intricate iron-work. That whole inspiration of medieval Gothic but these poor fellows didn't have it, the stonework and the wrought iron. All they had were the simple dependable old materials, the wood and their hammers and saws and their own clumsy ingenuity bringing those grandiose visions the masters had left behind down to a human scale with their own little inventions, those vertical darts coming down from the eaves? and that row of bull's eyes underneath? He was up kicking leaves aside, gesturing, both arms raised embracing - a patchwork of conceits, borrowings, deceptions, the inside a hodgepodge of good intentions like one last ridiculous effort at something worth doing even on this small scale, because it's stood here, hasn't it, foolish inventions and all it's stood here for 90 years....*

Do we have here, in this typical rambling house of words from Gaddis' atypical book, the story (storey?) of the modern novel in the never-ending (Finn, again!) wake of post-modernism? Has it, the salt-damp of multi-media and all, come to this - a confessed "patchwork of conceits, borrowings, deceptions"? A "hodgepodge of good intentions"? Was C.P. Snow right in claiming that Joyce, that melancholy Jesus who left us with "The Keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a love a long the (sic)", was a dead-end for the novel? Well, "it's stood here, hasn't it, foolish inventions and all, it's stood here"? Has Gaddis, with such words above the late work of 'high modernism', has he here or elsewhere written the Great American Novel(s), as some have suggested?

Whatever your answer to these questions (and I forgive you if you cannot give a damn either way about such infinitely academic issues), Gaddis' passage, which is to do with the specious architectural style of the river-front New York house in which all the specious 'action' of this novel takes place, deconstructs his most recent work perfectly. This is his third novel in three decades, and he has scaled down and made perhaps even more implicit and actual - and tedious - his well, ah Joycean? single-minded vision of the world.

He is a nondescript author, this 64 year-old New Yorker famous for being not famous enough, a recipient at different times of both the Guggenheim and MacArthur Foundation Fellowships, and yet critically still neglected by those who really matter. Gaddis' first two

novels, *The Recognitions* (1955) and the massive, fragmentary *JR* (1975), let fall his themes of American decline and corruption. After writing *JR*, which is about a 11 year-old kid who becomes a corporation, Gaddis went away again doing what he always did when not composing a book: working on scripts for industrial films, teaching at colleges, and writing speeches for corporate executives. He has an insider's view of the Madison Avenue machines and their networks and their game-players, and too bad if you are not with him and his mind's eyelet and very fine ear for irksome voices.

Oh the plot yes, the plot. Well, I will try to relate this structure that is as meaningful as so many sky-scrapers-full of American Dreams. Paul and Liz Booth are renting the Victorian house of a chain-smoking, proselytizing, geologist-cum-novelist named McCandless, who is shadowed by the CIA. Paul is a Vietnam veteran, having been frayed by his own men, and still angry with it; Liz is an asthmatic heiress whose millions are indefinitely tied up in a trust fund in a banking Byzantium. Paul is the public relations man for an evangelist, Reverend Ude, whose movement stretches as far wide as Africa. When Ude drowns a boy while baptizing him, Paul, the hollow man, twists the accomplished fact into an advantageous miracle. Recognizing Paul's schemes, Liz meanwhile perseveres with an attempt at insurance fraud, and runs the gamut of emotions from A to B. McCandless declares himself the founder of African gold, and seduces Liz. But there is no gold, only the fools' gold of greed, and finally there is oblivion, of one sort or another, for all.

This run-down perhaps makes *Carpenter's Gothic* seem more involving than it is, but it is only involving in the sense that it is so prodigiously involved. "Revealed truth", runs one of its more outstanding sentences, "is the one weapon stupidity's got against intelligence and that's what the whole damned thing is about." Gaddis has commented that it is "about getting it wrong and stupidity. It's about stupidity and innocence, stupidity and greed, and the unswerving punctuality of chance."

Much of this is new to me, his deeply unsatisfied reader, who is incidentally a bit miffed by the comparisons critics have made between he (Gaddis) and Joyce. There is much dialogue, yes, and instead of quotation marks there is the dash technique made famous by Joyce and since used by others and, yes, there are voices and narratives conducted in real time and, yes, scherzos and scherzos of sentences.

But in and of itself there is no pure joy or music in *Carpenter's Gothic*, as there is in any one line of Joyce. I pick *Ulysses* off my shelf, cleave it, and there it is, a tot of art, the sound of music: "Mild fire of wine kindled his veins." Gaddis' work, contraiwise, with its irredeemingly mixed voices and cluttered prose, is the sound of telex machines talking amongst themselves. It's academic.

## NEW WRITING

**EXCUSE ME!**

**BUT DO YOU WRITE?**

**And does the call of your muse echo vacantly down these stale halls?**

**That is to say, has your poetic imagination been repressed by the lack of an active, accessible organ of student publishing?**

**Submit your creative outpourings now to the On Dit Office, down On Dit Lane, South-West corner of Cloisters, for a hopefully regular new creative writing segment. Do it.**



CELLULOID

Henry Krinkle.

The Color Of Money:

A rather needless sequel, a quarter-century hence, of *The Hustler*, with Paul Newman again as Fast Eddie Felson, out to make another big killing via a young hot-shot pool-player, Tom Cruise. Martin Scorsese directs feverishly as always, but his priorities are all wrong, the wrong kind of picture, and the last half is thematically a bunch of crap. (Hindley)

Crimes of the Heart:

I defy anyone to endure these two hours of Southern accents and manners, and keep intact their cotton-pickin' sensibilities. And you're a very sick person indeed if you even enjoy it. (Hoyts)

Children of a Lesser God:

Another Jane Everett special. The best part of deaf-actress Miss Matlin is her cleavage, and the fact that no one, least of all her, will be able to hear her screams.... Her little translator must be having a great time under her bed translating her moans and commands to real-life lover William Hurt... (Hoyts)

Platoon:

Probably one of the best war movies ever made, and already a classic of the genre. Oliver Stone's Vietnam melodrama is so straightforward, so pared down into hand-to-hand conflicts between Good and Bad, Right and Wrong, that maybe there isn't any room for art. But as Jonathan Hainsworth wrote last week, "It's the real thing..." not before time. (Hindley)

Over The Top:

What can I say? A product of brain damage? The lowest of lowest common denominators? Sylvester Stallone, the Italian Battalion, has said that he wants to try for movies based more on human relationships. Problem is, he's only vaguely humanoid himself. (Hoyts)

Films which start this week include: the Barry Humphries comedy, *Les Patterson Saves The World* (Hoyts, April 9); *Footrot Flats - The dogs tale* (Hoyts, April 9); the horror-comedy *Night of the Creeps* (Hoyts, April 9); *Police Academy 4* (Academy, April 9); and the Richard Pryor comedy *Critical Condition* (Hindley, April 9th).

Union Films:

Due to circumstances beyond the Union's control, there will be no Wednesday Night Film programme for first term. Hopefully, the Union's weekly programme of quality alternative cinema will return in second term.

Buff's Film Choice:

*Tenue de Soiree* (Classic); *Death in a French Garden* (Trak); *A Room With A View* (Hindley); *Platoon* (Hindley); *Stand By Me* (Academy).

Festival of Aussie Short Films:

The S.A. Media Resource Centre is presenting a festival of Australian short films.

The highlight of the selection is Jane Campion's *Peel*, which won the Short Film Award at Cannes last year.

Other include the eccentric films of Peter Lawless and Greg Woodland; *Sharkey's Party* starring Jo Kennedy and David Argue and the black comedy *Tripe*.

The festival schedule includes student films on April 15, featuring *The Rentman*, *Dorothea* and *Skipping Girl*; Victoria Women's Film Unit on April 22 and 23; an Experimental Night on April 21 with *High Heels*, *Apparitions*, *Gem of an Idea* and *Towards a disclosure on the phenomenology of the amateur cinema*; perspectives on Women In Film (April 14) and a Jane Campion night (April 16) screening *Peel* and *A Girl's Own Story*.

Jane Everett is on sickness leave having her uterine wall scraped.

# Bizarre look at gay love in French love triangle flick

TENUE DE SOIRÉE  
(Evening Dress Lover)  
Classic At the Fair Lady

by John Lindsay

Sometimes I get the feeling Australians will never understand French films. I don't say this out of disrespect for Australian cinema goers, but most people who go to see this film are not going to get the complete picture.

On the surface it is a bizarre love triangle story but it is also a deeply funny satire on stereotypes and roles in relationships.

Imagine brazenly walking into a home, ransacking the furniture, stealing the money and having sex with the householder. You find that exciting? Well add a basic plot and story-line which will have the AIDS Council screaming and you've got a highly unusual piece of celluloid by Bertrand Blier.

Bob is a gay ex-con turned high class house breaker whose advice to his new apprentice is, "You should dodge owners, especially when they have guns."

For a while he has Monique fooled



Tenue de Soiree-cynical look at gay love

but not Antoine, he's quite sure Bob's after him. He's happily married to Monique, who is told, by Bob, "Quite bouncing on me, your man's watching."

*Tenue de Soiree* is a cynical look at gay love and seduction.

It is also takes a close look at the

lives of the incredibly rich and bored. A couple return to their house on the verge of suicide, the find the love triangle at the end of the lover's tiff. Rather than shoot the intruders, the householder suggests a little gymnastics in the bedroom, too which Monique asks,

"And what do I do? Knit?"

So time passes and things happen. To say more will spoil the movie for you, but look out for the gay-bar scene, Adelaide could do with a venue with its interior, but don't go to the ladies or the gents.

## Gourmet movie with voyeuristic plot

DEATH IN A FRENCH GARDEN  
Classic at the Fair Lady

by John Lindsay

The publicity for *Death in a French Garden* described it as 'A wicked and erotic mystery. A flawed love affair and a flawless crime,' but that doesn't hit at the excellent suspense and gripping characterisations. This is a gourmet movie, a plot with voyeurism, robbery, kidnapping and suicide. Enough for you? Well add murder and lots of way-out sex and you have a full plot without holes and giving tons of enjoyment.

Christophe Malavoy plays a down-at-heel guitar teacher, welcomed into a bourgeois household to teach a rich woman's daughter. The plot develops around the relationship between the woman (Nicole Garcia), her husband (Michael Piccoli) and a hired assassin (Richard Bohringer). You can rest assured all is not as it seems and you will be guessing until the last frame to work out who is going to kill whom.

If you enjoyed *L'Addition* ("The Patsy") when it was on last year and found the evil prison warder played by Richard Bohringer to be believable and repulsive, then you will love his new character. The assassin's role fits easily on his shoulders and is at all times credible and frightening. To say you know what is on his mind and to try and guess his next action is an exercise in futility. The twists and turns in the plot centre around his actions and intended actions.

In all: an excellent film and exciting entertainment.



Douglas and Lancaster: wankers

## STALLONISH INTELLECTUALISM

TOUGH GUYS  
Hindley Cinemas

by Alexander Grous

Ever hear of Jeff Kanew? Well, the wanker *Gotcha*, *Revenge of the Nerds*, and this will become quite obvious if you see his latest offering, *Tough Guys*.

What! You all say, but its got Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas in it! (The latter having spawned a horrible little worm also with a concave chin). Why can it be so bad? Surely the monotonous plot of two ex-convicts just released from spending thirty years in jail for train robbery has nothing to do with it. That's not the worst of it; that comes when they try to hold up another train, in order to achieve the same level of self-gratification that they became accustomed to whilst sharing a cell together.

If you try to achieve some type of Stallonish intellectualism from this film, forget it! The screenplay is that good that it should have no problems making a clean sweep of the Academy Awards. Likewise, John Michael. You know who should have no problems "just adoring it...." The only chemistry oozing from the screen is what you've thrown onto it, and it may be the same by which the 'special' effects were also incorporated into the movie.

The countless stand-ins who litter the screen have undoubtedly been handpicked straight from the pages

of *Hustler* magazine, and they display equally apt talent on the big screen.

What I am getting at is that this movie is so bad - how bad is it? This movie is so bad, that if it was nominated for the logies, it would stop Ann Wills from claiming her eleven thousandth ornament for her mantlepiece.

Concomitant with the poor acting in this movie, is the phallic symbolism displayed by the two geriatrics as they rob yet another train: two senile old men riding an enormous hard, vibrating mass. Douglas exclaims, "Well golly, trains ain't never been this much fun before, yuck, yuck...." If there was any coherence in this movie, it must have passed me right bloody quickly, for the scenes were pasted together quicker than Rambo can make another film.

So you thought that Bill Collins' weekly comments were predictable? ie. "...this movie is one of my favourites...watch out for the scene.... blah...blah..." Then prepare to reach a new height in the true meaning of the word. Characters are flat, lifeless, cadaverous, and if the cue cards were any bigger, the whole team of the *Today Show* would be holding them up.

But why are you being so hard on me Mr Reviewer? The movie asks. Because I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!!! So next time some jerk says, "Hey, let's go and see *Tough Guys*! I heard it's really good!" You just turn around and score him in the never-never, 'cause you heard otherwise! End of story.

## Under the weather

OVER THE TOP  
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Arthur Kavooris

Sylvester Stallone could hardly be called a critics pet, as almost every movie he has made has been savagely panned by critics. He first appeared on the screen ten years ago as Rocky, an ageing punch-drunk boxer. His dumb performance delighted audiences and critics alike, until we realised that the man wasn't acting stupid, but actually was.

Through his blood and guts vigilante movies, he has come to personify the typical right, macho sadist, who's jock size is larger than his I.Q.

Although his latest film *Over the Top* is a slight deviation from this image, it still exhibits many Stallone idiosyncracies, but Sly, wants to be taken seriously as an artist. But who in the world will? Prior to his *Rambo* days. Stallone attempted to get copyright of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The author, Tennessee Williams flatly refused his offer vowing that as long as he is alive, Stallone would never degrade his play by playing Stanley Kowalski.

Junk films like *Cobra* and this one were his only alternative.

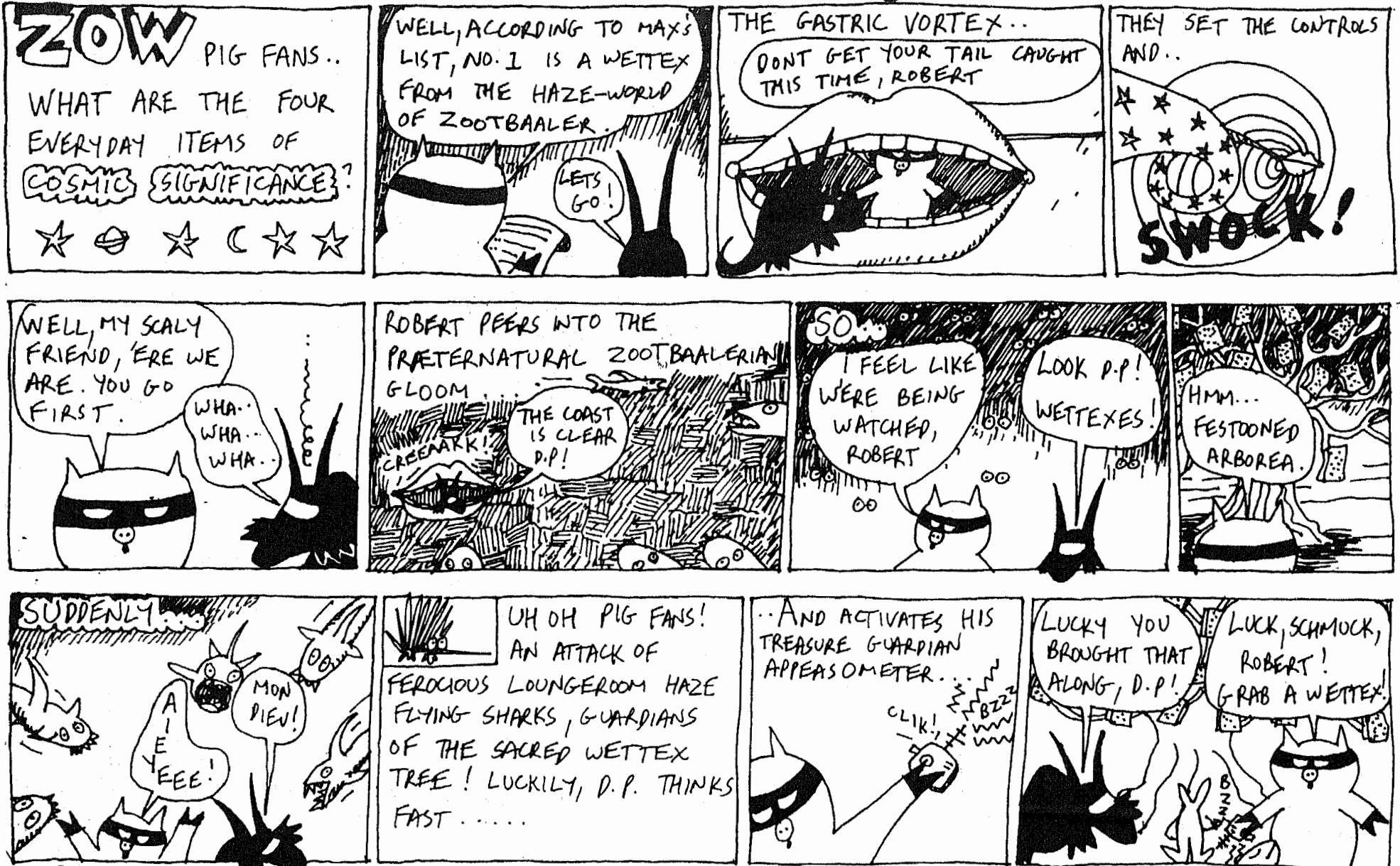
In *Over the Top* he plays a rough diamond who sets out to win the respect of his son and America via the World Arm Wrestling Championships.

Stallone again has attempted to write a script. A four year old could have done a better job with a crayon, in a pre-school class.

To say that it is a disgustingly bad film that should only be seen by dye-in-the-wool Stallone fans is an understatement. And if my sources are correct, some of them actually make it to University.

# DANGERPIG!

—AND HIS CONSORT—  
CARELESS ROBERT.



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BY THE FABULOUS BILE TRIPLETS

GET READY FOR PALM SUNDAY

# PROSPECTS for PEACE

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## PROSPECT TOWN HALL

SATURDAY APRIL 11  
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## "TENUE DE SOIRÉE"

Evening Dress

A film by BERTRAND BLIER  
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EXCLUSIVE PREMIERE  
NIGHTLY 7.15 AND 9 P.M. SHARP  
SUN. 7.15 P.M. ONLY (no Monday)

REDUCED RATE CAR PARKING  
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**Student Christian Movement:**  
We will be having a social event (of sorts). We shall meet in Meeting Room 1, (Level 5, Union Building) and then go down to the Barr Smith Lawns to listen to the band Glass.

**AU Gay Soc.:** meeting 1 pm in the Careers Counselling Centre. Tuesday 7th April.

**Craft Studio:**  
A "relaxation and better sleep" course will be beginning at the Craft Studio on April 11, from 1 - 3 pm. This course will teach mental and physical relaxation exercises to prepare you for a good nights sleep, and it will also help you to understand the causes of insomnia. The cost to students is \$13.00, and you can enrol now by calling in at the Craft Studio, or ring 228 5857.

**A.U. Footlights Club:** will be holding a general meeting to discuss plans for its mid-year review. Any students wishing to express an interest in being involved with any aspect of the mid-year show (acting, production staff, scriptwriting) are more than welcome. The meeting will be in the Little Cinema 7.30 pm, 14th April.

**Jesus' Power is the Answer:**  
This week, Students for Christ presents evangelist Len Hawes series of talks on AIDS - and other diseases: Jesus' Miraculous Power is the Answer. This man is not all talk, but also demonstrates his belief with action. Be at the Games Room, 1 - 2 pm, Tuesday 7th - Friday 10th of April. Also on the 9th, Thursday night at 7.00 pm in the Cinema. All this is on Level 5, of the Union Building. (opposite the Uni. Bar).

**Juggling Club:**  
Do you have 2 hands, 3 balls and a tongue? If so why don't you bring them along to the Barr Smith Lawns (Games Room if wet) on Tuesday or Thursday at 1.00 pm and learn to juggle from our internationally acclaimed instructors. It's free!

**UNION ACTIVITIES BEGINNING**  
**MONDAY APRIL 6TH:** Wednesday April 8th, 2 - 4 pm, New release music in Union Bar; 6 - 9 pm Music students performance in Union Bistro.  
**Thursday April 9th, 1 - 2 pm University Challenge** General knowledge test to be held in Dining Rooms (level 4) to pick those with best results to represent Adelaide Uni in Hobart for ABC TV shows. Be there by 1.10 pm; 1 - 2 pm Jazz/Rock band Glass on Barr Smith Lawns (bar if weather poor).  
**Friday April 10th, 2 - 4 pm** New release music in Union Bar; 6 - 9 pm Pianist performance in Union bar; 9 pm - midnight Free entertainment in Union Bar with The Others featuring Chris Finnren - great rhythm and blues. AU Students FREE Admission. Guests \$3.  
**Saturday April 11th, 8pm - 12midnight, AU Science Association - Lizard Men and Just Kidding** AUSA Members \$3, AU Students \$4, Guests \$5.  
**COMING ENTERTAINMENT:** Seaweed and Wire, F.A.B., Suburban Bears  
**UNION BOOKSHOP:** Brain Food Sale of Academic Books on Ground Floor.  
**UNION VOUCHER SCHEME:** Lottery draw day is Thursday April 16th at 1 pm on Barr Smith Lawns.

**FOCUS ON SOUTH AUSTRALIA:**  
The next Gallery exhibition, opens 6.30 pm on Tuesday, 7th April.  
Come to the Gallery to see the best and most valuable exhibition of University of Adelaide and U of A Union's select works of art from their collections for years! They're "your" works of art! Famous artists include Hans Heyson, S.T. Gill, Lawrence Daws, Dusan Marek, Mervyn Smith and many more fine artists.  
Also, in the Gallery Showcase, starting Monday 6th April, handcrafted jewellery, unique and bizarre, will be on special.  
Prints available from the Print Rack.  
The Gallery: Open Monday - Friday 10 am - 5 pm and until 7 pm for the duration of Focus on South Australia exhibition. Further information from Jennifer Jones, Arts Officer.

**Women in Tertiary Institutions - Inaugural Meeting:**  
In 1982, women of various N.S.W. Higher Education Institutions developed W.I.T.I. - Women in Tertiary Institutions. It provided a forum for women staff (academic and general) and students to meet, discuss common concerns and plan for action on those concerns.  
By 1986, W.I.T.I.'s role had become recognised by many formal bodies. A.W.I.T.I. has since been developed in Victoria, and both Tasmania and Western Australia are currently organising their own.  
A federation of State W.I.T.I.'s, or a national W.I.T.I., could provide a base for representation on various national policy-making bodies, and a forum for discussion of issues relevant to women in the higher education sector across the States and Territories.  
It has therefore been suggested that a W.I.T.I. might usefully be formed in S.A., and the Advisory Committee on Women in Tertiary Education of the Office of Tertiary Education is undertaking the initial organisation. They will be holding a dinner on Friday, 24th April, to discuss forming a South Australian W.I.T.I.  
Anyone interested in attending should contact the University's Equal Opportunity Officer, Kay Rollison (Rm 012d, Mitchell Building, Ext. 5962) as soon as possible.  
**Kay Rollison**  
Equal Opportunity Officer

**Student Life**  
Wednesday 1st April, 1 pm North Dining Room, Christian Fellowship, fun, sharing and teaching. All welcome.

**Lutheran Students Fellowship:**  
Thursday April 9th. This week a guest speaker from the Medical School is coming to talk about Medical Ethics, a subject taught to medical students. We will meet in the chapel at lunchtime - 1 pm.

**AUSFA:** Committee Meeting are held 1 pm Mondays in the 'Rubble' or clubrooms, level 5, Union House. Members and Non-Members welcome.

**A.U. Women's Soccer:**  
The A.U. Women's Soccer Teams are looking for new players. Training is 1-2 nights per week in the city and matches are played on Sundays, also in the city. No experience is necessary - just drop a note in our pigeonhole in the Sports Association Office or call Moya Dodd on 49 5870.

**Student notices are published free on this page, subject to space. Lodge your notice at the On DIT office, south-west corner of cloisters or drop it into one of the notice boxes in the SAUA office or refectories. Deadline for notices is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication.**



**Student Radio Programme Guide**  
for the week beginning Monday, April 6th: **Monday:** 10.30 pm - 20¢ of Mixed Lollies, up to date (well almost) news on what's happening in and around about town; 11.30 pm - Hop on the Groove Tube with Jude and Lynne; 12.30 am - An hour with Mary-Anne and Avril.  
**Tuesday:** 10.30 pm - Murray and Clem. Brand new time slot featuring Clem's Gems, important unity announcements and special guest Malcolm; 11.30 pm - Birth, death, beauty, obscenity, order and chaos. In short it's a juxtaposition in Cry of the White Wolf With Hamish and Rob; 12.30 am - The Witching Hour with Ilka and Josie. Great variety of music, featuring a review of *As Time Goes By* and possible give-away double pass.  
**Wednesday:** 10.30 pm - 20¢ of Mixed Lollies, even more great 'up to date' news and reviews about town; 11.30 pm - Giselle and Clare. The Spontaneous Combustion Show; 12.30 pm The Green Onion Show.  
**Thursday:** 10.30 pm - Top of the Schlock with DJ Michael WARNER; 11.30 pm Paula and Rosie bring you A Touch of Arrogance with Jaded Wallflower; 12.30 am - Mary and Maddy.  
**Friday:** 10.30 pm - Footlights Radio Show; \*11.30 pm - Fun With Dirk and Roland; 12.30 am - Robert Duorak.



**SCOOTER FOR SALE:**  
Red Yamaha Beluga '80, as new - \$600.00 ono. Includes ARAI Helmet. Contact: Franca Petrone; phone 43 4846 after 7 pm.

**For Sale:** Guitar - Remus, solid body - good cond. \$100. Contact Bill Henderson Rm W17 or ring 340 1524.

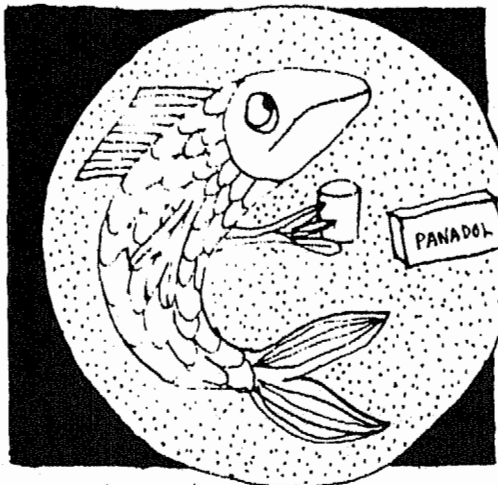
**TEXTBOOK WANTED:** Student wants to buy "Genetics, Evolution and Man" by Bodmer, W.F. and Cavalli-Sforza, L.L. (Freeman). Please phone 42 2053.

**A.U. Science Association Bar Night:** is coming up, and should not be missed! Yes, on Saturday 11th April AUSA gives you 'Just Kidding' and 'The Lizardmen', beginning at 8 pm in the Uni Bar. AUSA members \$3.00, A.U. Students \$4.00, Guests \$5.00. The Annual AUSA Winery Tour this year will be held on Sunday, 12th April. Bus leaves from the Uni Footbridge at 11.00 am. Tickets are only \$4.50, but seats are limited, so get in early! Tickets can be bought from Bernadette Hiskey, on the Horace Lamb end of the Maths Lawns, at lunchtime.

## PSYCHOSOMATICS AND THE AVERAGE FISH



EPISODE FIVE



It was the morning after the lifetime before...

One of the major disadvantages to being a fish is that you often have approximately a thousand younger brothers and sisters... and if you wonder why Jonquil looks so green around the gills - just you imagine what it is like to wake to 1,000 tinny transistors playing 'Stairway to Heaven'...

AND JONQUIL AWOKED FROM HER CORNER OF THE FISH TANK TO SOMETHING TRULY HORRIBLE



icky... icky... blech...

WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?!

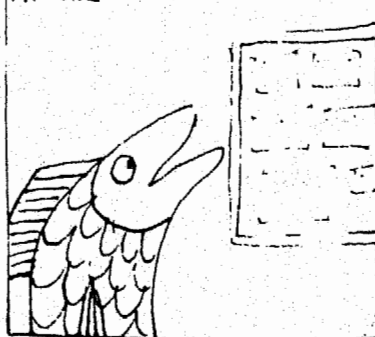
this place is hell to me...

I've had enough! I'm leaving!

...not a single tank among them...



IN HER EFFORT TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME JONQUIL LOOKS AT THE UNI NOTICE BOARDS



Are you looking for somewhere to live...

Come and see this room at the share house I live in! Fish tank, cheap rent and it's a great place for parties and eternal quests

NEXT WEEK  
A savage journey into the share houses of Adelaide.

# START AT THE BACK

Edited by Rupert and Enzo.

## Alien Invasion

UFOs, aliens and starship invasions. Are they real? Could the earth ever be attacked by aliens light years advanced in technology and knowledge?

American film maker Woody Allen believes not. He doesn't think that aliens would bother with us meagre humans.

"It is the beings just 15 minutes ahead who pose the real threat because they will claim the best tables in restaurants, monopolise the best seats at the theatre and will always know the best horse to back at the races."

## Day got riddem

The *Sixty Minutes* team are to release a record.

The song, which was written by the show's producer, Gerald Stone, will be in praise of the show and will be performed by a professional band. Mr Stone and the *Sixty Minutes* crew are said to be excited by the song, and are hopeful of it entering the Top 40.

## Scandal, rumour and gossip

Incidentally, while on the subject, the sound of the ticking clock that is the *Sixty Minutes* trademark is not a clock at all, but a metronome.

## Butcher sure, aren't you?

A Scottish study has found that butchers have more sons than daughters. For every 100 daughters that born to butcher fathers, there 121 boys born. It is believed that the families of butchers eat more meat that has been taken from cows injected with male hormones for faster growth. Feed the man meat.

## Throw away the key

Belgian police have cracked a major child pornography ring in Brussels. The organisation was based in the Brussels headquarters of UNICEF. No, that was not meant to be funny.



## STUDENT COACHCARD

GIVING ONE THIRD OFF NATIONAL EXPRESS & SCOTTISH CITYLINK STANDARD FARES (ONLY £3.50 VALID FOR 12 MONTHS)

This is a student card advertisement from a British newspaper. Rupert and Enzo invite readers to fill in the spaces of the four vacant balloons, and send their entries into the *On Dit* office by no later than Friday. Prizes awarded to the best 10 entries.

## Hit the road, Omweri

A member of the Kenyan Parliament has asked the government to return a 7.5 metre python that is alleged to bring good luck.

MP Ojwang K'Ombudo that the python, Omweri, was a good omen, and that the Ministry of Tourism and Wildlife had spoiled the luck of his constituents by taking the python away. A major road and the water supply to the town of Nyakach had had serious problems since Omweri had been moved to an animal orphanage, said K'Ombudo.

"The last time that Omweri visited Nyakach, we had the greatest harvest and if we have a mean harvest this time, the blame will go to the Ministry of Tourism and Wildlife," he said.

## Coke adds love

A woman in Massachusetts who used to work for Coca-Cola has made a financial settlement with the company for unfair dismissal. She was allegedly fired for falling in love with an employee of Pepsi-Cola.

## Jumbo rumba

Meanwhile a Malaysian Member of Parliament has urged the Government to use rock music to scare away wild elephants from villages.

Hu Sepang, a member of the Opposition, suggested that rock music should be used, but the Minister for Science, Law Hieng Ding, said that there was no possibility that it would be introduced. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the Malaysian Government banned rock music last year.

## We don't believe it

An Alaska Airlines jet was delayed on April 1st, after colliding with a fish.

The fish, which apparently fell into the jet engines, had been dropped by an eagle.

## A pick-up pick-me-up

Sick of "Buy you a drink, honey?" Find "Your place or mine?" a bit too strong? Given up impressing the plebs with "Is there room in your handbag for the keys to my Porsche?" What you need is the *Alpine 1987 Fresh Ideas Diary*.

The diary lists 365 Fresh Ideas for those of us who are just a tad jaded and tired. Apart from suggesting some unusual new meat-market pick-up lines, the diary also includes some fresh excuses, fresh ways to quick fame, fresh ideas on freshening your finances and fresh party ideas (such as the Mad Max beyond freshness party). Ironically, the diary is published by the providers of less-than-fresh breath, Philip Morris.

Well, here are some of those refreshingly fresh ways to get fresh. Enjoy your heady lifestyle, hedonists.

"It's amazing how much you remind me of a model I used to know."

"You look a little lost. Could I be the person that you are looking for?"

"Have you seen poetry in motion? You should watch yourself on film."

## Five finger discount

How to get a 100% discount on food and drink at the new Mayo refectory: wander in, preferably when there are plenty of other people around, scoff as much grub as you can, and wander out again. It's that easy.

## Room-mates please note

The noise made by pigs as they eat can damage human hearing.

This is the option of two Danish doctors, who studied 1,100 pigs for a couple of days and measured the noise that they made at feeding time. They found that some of the squeals made by pigs reached 104 decibels, well above the danish safe maximum of 90 dB. The doctors recommended that human feeders be replaced by automatic feeding machines.

REMEMBER WHEN T.V. NEWS PROGRAMS WERE MORE INTERESTED IN REPORTING NEWS THAN BEING A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT?... REALLY? I DON'T. SO WITHOUT ANY FURTHER ADD, ITS TIME FOR THE...

# CHANNEL 0 NEWS AND COMEDY HOUR

