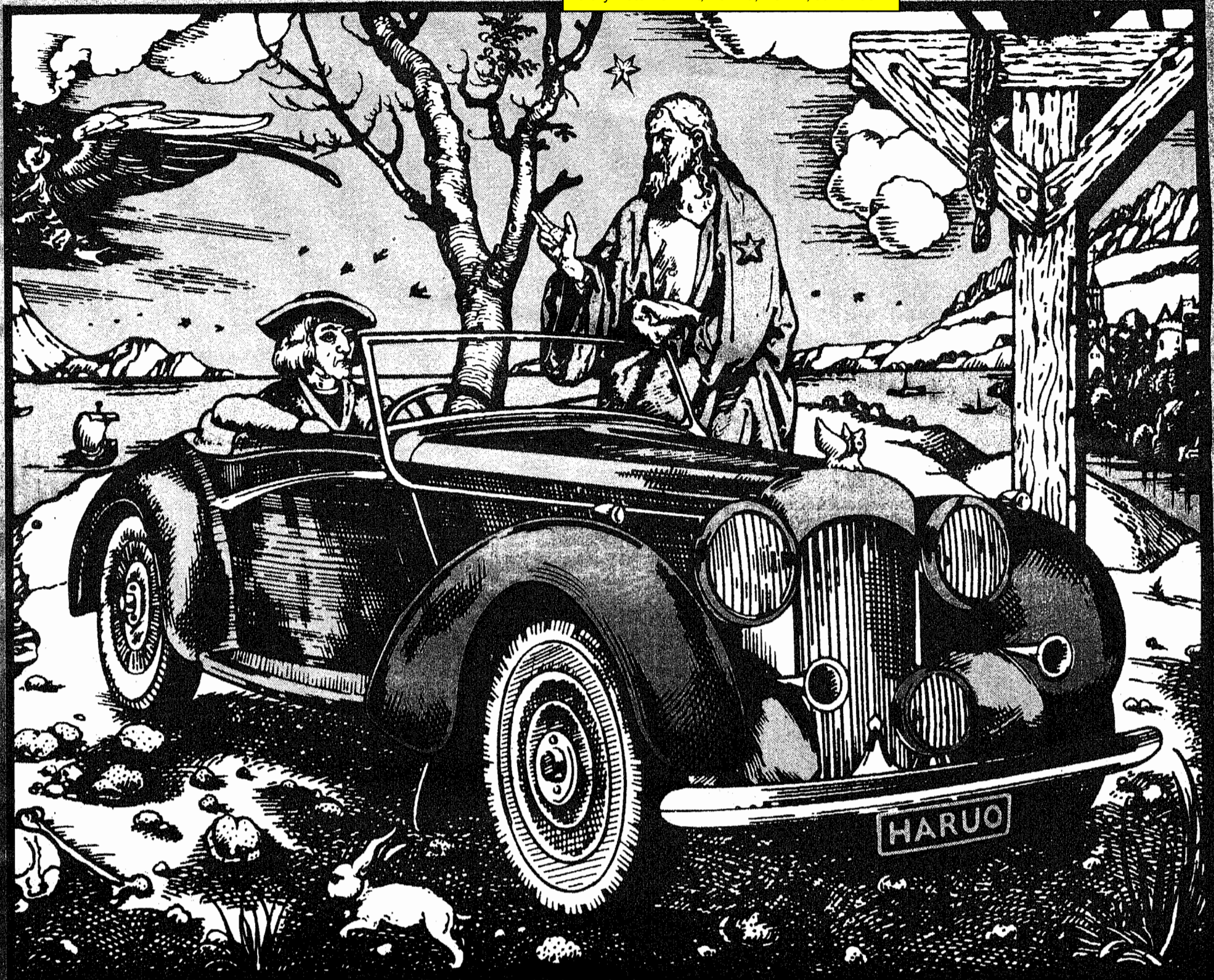


# ON DIT' TRANSPORT

Library Note : On Dit, Vol. 49, No. 11, June 1981



**WILSON ON WHEELS  
DUNCAN ~ MAKING  
TRAINS RUN ON TIME  
A STATE TRANSPORT  
AUTHORITY TALKS**



# EDITORIAL

Sir Thomas Playford is dead. One of South Australia's great statesmen so the media tells us with accolades from misty-eyed political friends and foes.

Sir Thomas Playford, whatever else he might have been, was a man who fitted well the age in which he reigned as Premier. Few then were the complexities of government; fewer still the numbers of departments, a less massive bureaucracy, and, one may say, less public accountability. On the final downfall of his regime the new Labor entrant found, much to his surprise, that the office of Premier didn't really exist! Sir Thomas had held it as an honorary position, with his "real" job being Treasurer. The fact that he had got away with that one as well as other play-offs between this State and the Federal Government and himself and private enterprise, showed some of the style that was evident in this man, and no longer evident in ours.

His age however has gone, and the new era is one of larger and more complex government. Its ministers need to be able to grasp the basics and complexities of economics, or at least give the appearance of being able to do so. They need to learn how to handle the mass media and present their policies to a more fully informed, intelligent and critical voting public. Times have changed.

But let's not kid ourselves. Are politicians any more accountable than they were fifty years ago? Are we any more likely to be heard after a fight through to ministers over stone-faced secretaries and large desks? Sure things have changed, but how many people have you heard say, "I don't know, I don't understand politics" and then go and vote the way a friend assures them is best?

How many of you know the name of the MP in your electorate, let alone spoken to him or her?

How many of you opt out of the ideology of democracy by casting all politicians aside in one sweep of your hand, neatly categorised as corrupt or not really worth thinking about? Do you bother to put in a formal vote during election time, and if so, do you mindlessly follow the way everybody in the family has voted for the past ten years or do you exercise an ounce of grey matter and make a conscious, individual, independent decision (and possibly still make the same choice - at least it's legit.).

No, politics doesn't have to rule the world, nor does it, as some have tried to convince us. Neither is economics the only issue in politics although the politicians seem to have us sized up right with the hip-pocket I'm-all-right-Jack attitude which pervades the whole Australian electorate and is so sensitive to lures of lower taxes and increased family allowances.

But, you cry, only two real choices, Labor or Liberal. Maybe you're right; politicians have fallen into the same trap - the National Country Party is fast losing its identity within the Liberal Party, particularly at a Federal level, and it seems only recently (the last election) that the Australian Democrats are being taken somewhat seriously as a political alternative. It just shows how the Australian people can demand an alternative and win. Or can they?

Why fill an editorial with politics you may ask? Well we had to make an issue out of something, and if you hadn't noticed, this one's about transport (see front cover and middle pages).

**Paul Hunt  
James Williamson.**

# Letters

## \$15,000 where?

Dear James and Paul,

So, Linda Gale thinks that keeping students informed as to the fate of the \$15,000 the Union has given AUS is "silly and frivolous".

Well I don't.  
\$15,000 is a lot of money, and it won't take much effort for Linda or an AUS local secretary to write an article for *On dit* explaining how the money is being spent.

If student representatives like Linda can't be bothered informing us how substantial grants like this one are used, then what use are they?

Remember, \$15,000 is exactly one thousand dollars less than the cost of the typesetter whose purchase provoked such bitter debate in 1978. Looked at another way, the \$15,000 is \$5,000 more than the amount granted to the University's Non Collegiate Housing Scheme last year.

That payment only went ahead after the Union was convincingly reassured by University Council as to how the money would be spent.

It seems a trifle incongruous to allocate money for the direct benefit of Adelaide University students in such a careful manner and then exercise no control whatsoever over a payment Union members are not able to easily supervise.

Properly, all Union members should be able to find out what's happening to their money.

In conclusion, I'd like to make it clear that I support the payment to AUS, but I believe the correct way for it to be made is as openly and publicly as possible, and in a way that will generate maximum student interest in a subject beholden to us all; our education.

"Silly and Frivolous"? I wouldn't have thought so Linda.  
Geoff Hanmer

## Collect for SPARK

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am writing to you on behalf of the Management Committee of SPARK (Single Pregnancy and After) to seek your help in providing collectors for our Badge Day on Friday July 10th, 1981.

Our organisation is a self-help group providing support for single pregnant women and their families. We are a small voluntary agency whose finances rely heavily on community support. To this end, a successful Badge Day will greatly assist us in maintaining our services.

You are no doubt aware the rate of ex-nuptial births has risen steeply - particularly among school age people. This is the reason we have tried to continue our programme of Preventative Education in schools.

We would be most appreciative if you would inform both students and staff of our impending Badge Day. It would be a tremendous help to SPARK if any of your students/staff could volunteer to sell badges for an hour or so on July 10th either in your area (e.g. local shopping centre, outside school) or in the city.

Could you please let us know as soon as possible if anyone is able to volunteer. We can be contacted on 43 8241 between 10.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m. and after hours on 51 2199. Should you require any further information please contact SPARK.

Yours faithfully  
Ann Sharley  
Office Supervisor

## Golden goose reply to women

Dear Sirs,

As far as males go, I regard myself as fairly liberal in my views on sex discrimination (of both males and females).

However, when I read the first paragraph in the article "Women set to lose" (*On dit* 15.6.81) I was disturbed by some of the authoresses' claims. Miss Mandy Cornwall and Miss Chris Barry claim that there has been a "notable absence of reporting on how these cuts will affect women". I haven't heard much on how they will affect men either. Most of what I have heard is how the humans (hupersons if you rather) of Australia will be affected.

I'm vory sorry that women are more likely to interrupt their working life for child-bearing. Medical science, I'm sure, is working on rectifying this inequality between the sexes. After all it is the right of women to bear children, why should men be denied the right? (I'm not saying that our creator was a sexist.)

Groups in society that claim that they are being discriminated against shouldn't take too extreme a point of view. Just remember, if you try to take all the golden eggs from the goose at once, the other half of MANKIND may decide to kill the goose.

Yours  
David Brummitt

# Vitamin Deficiency

Dear Sirs,

In response to a letter by Paul Witt, *On dit* 4.5.81 in response to my article "Vitamins - who has control?" *On dit* 27.4.81, several points require clarification. Mr Witt raised three questions:

- 1) Is there any scientific evidence to show vitamin therapy has a curative effect in any disorder apart from gross deficiency disease?
- 2) What is the basis of my claim that orthodox medicine is not preventative in nature but rather "crisis" orientated?
- 3) What do I have to gain if the proposed restrictions on over the

counter sales of vitamins and minerals is defeated?

Mr Witt's letter has clearly demonstrated for information relating nutrition and disease and the nutritional basis to preventative medicine.

In order to answer Mr Witt's first two questions, a series of articles will appear in *On dit* commencing in the next edition relation to nutrition and disease supported by scientific evidence, with special interest focused on vitamin and mineral supplementation.

In answer to the third question, it should suffice to say that I am convinced by present scientific findings that vitamin and mineral supplementation is a

valid preventative rejuvenative and maintenance health programme. My interest in nutrition could be understood when Mr Witt realises I established the whole-food section of the Catering Department on campus.

The Nutrition series will be based on a fine paperback book, cheaply and readily available at bookshops and health food shops to enable those interested to extend their knowledge and to limit the bibliography to afford more interesting reading.

Ron Kendall  
Wholefoods  
Union Catering Department

### Proof Readers, Writers and Layout People.

Without you *On dit* won't come out, and this week nearly didn't (the Editors and a faithful few did the work). So if you can spare an hour or so in the day or on the weekend, please, pretty please (crawl, scrape, etc.) come and see us. Those people who are interested come, particularly those who put their names down at the beginning of the year. Meetings every Monday at 1.00 o'clock in the *On dit* Office.

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### STONEWALL DAY

**Saturday June 27**  
**Rally - 10 a.m.** Rundle Mall Fountain  
**Workshops 12 p.m. - 5 p.m.** Box Factory, Regent Street, City. Bring lunch. Coffee, tea and orange juice available. Child care available.

- Topics**
1. Violence against and between gays
  2. Media Representation of lesbians and gay men.
  3. Relationship between Women's and Gay Liberation movements, lesbian sexuality (women only).
  4. Vulnerability of past gains ... looking at bars, saunas, commercial involvement in gay community and government attitudes.
  5. Oppression in our daily lives, families, households and work situations. A personal look at the problems we all face.
  6. A historical look at the Adelaide gay community. What was important in the past and what is important now. Discussion of the relationship between gay men and lesbians.

For further information contact  
Penny 45 7353  
Carley 269 4507  
Paul 441 1643

### GREEN EARTH SOCIETY - INAUGURAL MEETING

The Green Earth Society will hold its inaugural meeting on Wednesday, 24th June at 1.00 p.m. in the Little Cinema, Level 5, Union Building.

"We are not Gods. We are members of a complex ecosystem. Like a rat is a pest to man's ordered farm, Man is a pest to the world's ordered environment. Left free to destroy, the rat will devastate the farm. There are no checks upon Man's Destruction, no Ecological pest control - except self-destruction."  
(E.W. Harrod)



# Uni Phone Debate



On dit has received prompt reply to last week's letter from an unknown academic concerning the purchase of a new telephone exchange from Professor R.E. Luxton. It goes as follows:

Your nervously unnamed correspondent (v. 49, No. 10, June 15, 1981) has unfortunately misinterpreted the *Lumen* article describing the new telephone system ordered by the University. I hope the following facts may clear the confusion.

1. The decision to order the new 900 line system was made by Council on the recommendations of the Engineering Services Group (ESMG) following an extensive study of usage and costs of the present Telecom leased 960 line system over a period of three years, and of the "new generation" technology approved for use in Australia by Telecom last year.
2. The new system is regarded by ESGM as a commercial investment. It will pay for itself as the saving in rental payments to Telecom, in excess of \$80,000 per year, will by itself allow the capital and interest to be repaid in less than seven years.
3. For three years manual records of telephone traffic have been laboriously kept. The new system will log this automatically so that each Department can be informed regularly and reliably of its telephone use and costs. It is anticipated that this will encourage more responsible use of the telephone and will hence lead to further savings. The system will record the leading digits only of all numbers called for each extension - not the whole number, to ensure that personal is in no way violated - so that a geographical map of usage can be assembled. From this the viability of tie-lines to particular areas will be assessed.
4. I know of no way in which

conversations can be "spied upon". Indeed the new system is significantly more 'secure' than the old system. The "conference hook-ups" can only be initiated if each telephone in the hook-up nominates to be connected.

5. The \$450,000 capital cost of the new system is being met two-thirds from a bank loan at normal interest rates and one-third from savings made by ESGM from other similar investments. Thus these funds would not have been available for either of the purposes suggested by your correspondent as neither could produce the cash flow necessary to service the loan.

6. Far from providing Telecom with increased profits the system will in fact have the opposite effect as

- (i) the equipment is being purchased from an independent supplier and not from Telecom,
- (ii) we shall at last be able to check the accounts Telecom submit as the new system includes full accounting information.

Indeed it could be said that we are paying for the system by reducing Telecom profit!

In conclusion, the high annual growth of telephone traffic, and hence of costs, is of great concern. This is the type of money which might otherwise be used to pay tutors or fund research scholars. The ESGM has installed and pays for the operation of the TELEX facility in an attempt to curb the telephone costs. The new telephone system will allow much more effective management and will therefore lead to greater efficiency in communications and much less frustration on the part of users. The cooperation of all members of the University, staff and students, will nevertheless be necessary if the cost of calls is to be contained without us having to resort to draconian measures.

**R.E. Luxton  
Chairman, ESGM**

# WHAT PRICE?



Janine Haynes, Grant Chapman and Ron Elstob

LAST THURSDAY'S lunchtime meeting in Union Hall between Liberal Member of the House of Representatives, Grant Chapman, Australian Democrat Senator-elect, Janine Haines, and Labor Senator, Ron Elstob, to discuss the topic: 'What Price Education?', was an interesting contrast in political stereotypes. There was Mr Chapman, clean and manicured, in an expensive business suit. Next to him was Democrat Haines, in neat but casual dress. Then was Mr Elstob, sat like a lost truck-driver poured into an ill-fitting suit. What these politicians had to say to our small gathering was also a redefinition of the stereotype.

The two primary issues discussed were: the government's plans to introduce post-graduate tuition fees, and the accompanying loan scheme.

Liberal Grant Chapman began the discussion with a statement of the government's position on these issues. He described University reaction to the "allegedly detrimental effects" of the new government initiatives as "extreme and alarmist", and claimed that fears about fees forcing students to abandon study were "demonstrable nonsense".

Mr Chapman then tried to show that the loan scheme, which would allow students to borrow about \$6,000 for three years of study and have fifteen years to repay it, would off-set the problem of having to pay approximately \$2,000 per annum in fees. This, and his claim that poor tax-payers bear the burden of putting the children of rich families through University, met with general derision.

Mr Chapman, in defence of

the introduction of fees, said that the students who could afford to sustain their tertiary education would have more resources available to them, and the fee-deterrent would make post-graduate hangers-on go out and get a job! After the laughter subsided, the Liberal Member pointed out that tertiary students represent only a small proportion of the total population of Australia, and so must bend to the national desire for a tight budget.

His talk finished, Mr Chapman was then bombarded with questions from the floor. "What if the University refuses to charge fees?" was a question from a member of our faculty. "In that case," came the threatening reply, "fees would have to be administered by the Department, or University funds would have to be reduced."

The Liberal politician was then asked: "How can we trust the Government assurance that undergraduates will not have to pay fees, when so many Government promises have been broken in the past?" Mr Chapman's reply, none too reassuring, was that no proposition at present exists to introduce across-the-board fees.

Mr Chapman then rushed off to witness the burial of Sir Thomas Playford, while his political colleagues - Ron Elstob and Janine Haines - proceeded to bury him and the arguments he had presented.

Australian Democrat Senator-elect, Janine Haines, proposed that the community should be the one that pays to develop the talents of the tertiary student. She decried the Government's lack of enthusiasm in its funding of education at all levels, and claimed that fees would dis-

criminate against the poor, women and migrants.

Fees are "financially stupid", because their administrative costs would off-set most of the income gained from them, and restrict development of the nation's talent pool. The introduction of post-graduate fees at this time only makes sense when seen as a first step toward across-the-board fees and the complete elimination of TEAS.

Janine Haines stepped down amidst generous applause, to be replaced by Senator Ron Elstob. His main reason for attending the meeting seemed to be to give us an early taste of a Labor campaign speech. After outlining the utopia that would be under the Labor government and what a mess the Liberals are getting us into, he closed his talk by describing the present Government education policy, as "A disgrace in our own time and for future generations".

The optimistic notes came at the close of the discussion. In reply to the question: "Will the Australian Democrats try to stop the introduction of fees?", Janine Haines said that they would, probably with ALP support, in budget debates at the state-level.

Rene Rhys, organiser for the Australian Council of Post-Graduate Students, wound things up by complimenting Adelaide University on its prompt and strong reaction to the fees issue, and outlined the national initiatives planned to pressure the Liberal Government into reversing its position. She urged that the issue must not stay on campus, but get out on to the streets with the public.

**Tony Butcher**

# Vegetarians Beware

On last Wednesday nearly fifty students were treated to a large quantity and variety of well prepared vegetarian food. The dishes ranged from simple salads with yoghurt dressing to very rich balls of fried batter in syrup. Everyone there ate well and was made to feel welcome.

All the food was supplied free of charge and the object was to get together a group of interested people to start a Vegetarian Club. We were told of plans for cooking demonstrations and lessons as well as being introduced to the secrets of cooking with ghee (clarified butter). However we were not told of the other plans the organizers had in mind for the Club.

This is to be a Vegetarian

Club with a difference.

According to their proposed constitution, this Club is being established 'fundamentally to preserve and promote Vedic lifestyle and culture'. For those of you unfamiliar with 'Vedic lifestyle and culture', every time you have lunch at Govinda's, are offered a book or some food from a man in a saffron robe, or hear a group of people chanting, playing drums and ringing bells in Rundle Mall, you are witnessing 'Vedic lifestyle and culture'.

Yes, it seems that the Hare Krishna movement is attempting to get a foothold on campus via the unsuspecting palates of our vegetarian students. Not that there's anything wrong with the Hare

Krishana's starting up on campus, but they should do it without using false pretences and misleading people.

So next time you see an advert for the so-called Vegetarian Club, remember the old saying 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach' and keep in mind what their objectives are.

**On dit Staff.**

## LATE NEWS

At the CSC Executive Meeting on Friday, the Vegetarians Club's proposed constitution was changed. The Club in future is likely to be the Hare Krishna Vegetarian Club and the loopholes in allowing non-Union members to have full voting rights on the Committee were plugged up.



# UNION PRESIDENT

SWEEPING CHANGES to the structure of the Union Council (UC), the ultimate Union decision making body, are being proposed. These are twofold.

The first is that an executive body be set up. It will be comprised of four members of the UC and there is provision for extra non-voting members to be added if it is thought necessary. Their primary functions will be to administer matters and act on behalf of the UC as well as to perform anything which may be necessary or incidental to the foregoing. The UC can at any time require a report of Executive's activities.

Secondly, there is to be a President instead of a Chair of the Council, as is now the case. As the position of President is of great importance, the functions as in the amendment are below:

- 5.
- (a)(i) To perform such duties as UC may from time to time determine.
- (ii) To act as the official spokesperson for the Union.
- (iii) The performance of such other functions as may be necessary or incidental to the foregoing.
- (b)(i) Shall chair the meetings or nominate someone to do so.
- (ii) Is required to report to the UC his/her activities if it is requested.

These amendments will not only change the structure but create one full-time paid position, so it is important to ask why it is felt the change is needed.

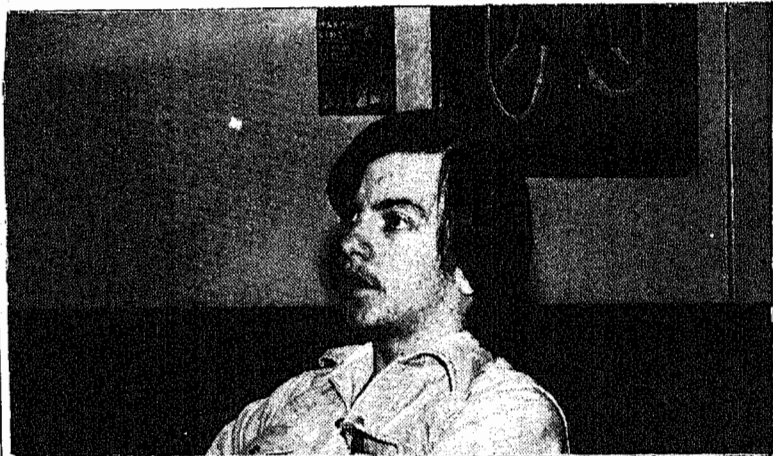
It would seem as though there has been a pseudo-executive in the past. As the UC is involved in the day to day running of the Union, decisions must come from someone and many must be made on the spot. With an executive there is a definite decision making body for this type of thing and for any emergencies which occur, particularly in the December-February period when there are no Council meetings. Also, they could do some of the more menial tasks which are necessary in an organization like the UC.

At the moment, the Secretary of the Union is forced to interpret sometimes vague and often political motions. This at first glance seems a silly point, but it is important. The Secretary is a professional person and, at the moment, receives the recoil from groups/individuals who may disagree with the Union's actions. If there was an executive (and a president) it would be they who receive the flak - and rightly so, it may be argued, as they made the decisions in the first place.

Finally, the executive would have an overseeing power over



Mooted Council Presidents Cornwall, McAlpine and Maddocks



other Union members; including the President, to make sure that the action decided upon was being carried out in the manner desired.

The reasons for there being a President are a little more involved. It appears that there will shortly be a need for another paid person in the Union. This results partly from the Secretary becoming more involved in the running of the Student Bookshop. Also, if the Union goes ahead with the suggestions of changing the Catering Department to induce off-campus groups to use its services, much of the workload will fall upon the Secretary. There will be more menial work to be done by someone and a student position is cheaper than employing a professional.

A president could give a student viewpoint on reports put forward by the Secretary who, being a professional, orientates reports towards the financial management of the Union. This may, at times, conflict with the views and needs of the students.

Another reason for a president is the increasingly political direction of the Union's motions. The 'Razor Gang' and other government actions against students are the main reasons for this. As mentioned before, the repercussions of this tend to fall on the shoulders of the Secretary, where they do not belong.

When I asked Kerry Hinton, present Chair of the UC if he

thought he could do a better job if he was a president rather than Chair, his reply was a definite yes. He compared his experience of Chair with that of President of the Students' Association in 1978. When 100% of his time should be devoted to the problems of the day, the job was more efficiently and effectively done. Furthermore, a president is in the building all the day so it is possible to know what is happening at all times (well most) and to check that things are being done. The Chair of the UC usually studies full time. As the position itself requires a large amount of devotion, there is always the problem of guilt associated with missing lectures and the constant worry of falling behind.

There is one final question which needs to be answered and that is will the president become a figurehead? Mandy Cornwall, President of the Students' Association, does not think so. The executive will be there to keep an eye on him/her, and it is intended that they will work together to achieve more. She also sees the position of president as the next step in students taking a more active and responsible role in the Union.

On a final note, one Union Councillor and Education and Public Affairs Committee Chair, Julia Gillard, said that she fully supported a paid president and would appreciate hearing any student feedback.  
**Chris Barry**



## Another Troglodyte

THE TROGLODYTE competition goes on and yet another Law lecturer gets it in the neck. Are there any other departments where lecturers are really getting on your nerves? Send in your entries and reasons.

Here is the Troglodyte of the week.

Mr Bernie Marks, lecturer in Taxation Law, has been complaining all year that he cannot tell his classes jokes because of objections about their content in previous years.

Finally during a lunch-hour lecture (apparently one is allowed to say anything one likes at lunch-time) he had the opportunity to let his humour fly. The joke he told was regrettably prurient, painfully long, and most of us had smiled at the predictable punch-line about five minutes before he got to it. What a waste of ten minutes of good

lunch-time!

Someone ought to tell the guy that his jokes have been banned, not because they are sexist (they are, and that only makes us feel sorry for the crud) but because they rate really poorly on the undergraduate scale of funniness.

And while we're on lectures, *On dit has decided for fairness and balanced reporting, that it will run a Best Lecturer of the Year award. Yes, you read it correctly, best lecturer. If a lecturer (or lecturers for that matter) has gone out of his/her way to help you or is generally informative and helpful within and without lectures, then give them a pat on the back publicly.*

*The same conditions apply as for the Troglodyte competition - give your reasons for your entrant. On dit will try and think up a suitable prize.*

## Stonewall Day

"Well, I was the manager of the *Stonewall* when they were raided. They started assaulting people, pushing people around. It's just that the gay community took enough shit and we weren't going to take no more."

In the summer of 1969 in New York occurred the *Stonewall* Riot, the Boston tea party as it were of the movement. The *Stonewall* was a homosexual dance bar on Christopher Street and the riots followed a police raid over alleged infringement of the liquor laws. This was a common occurrence; what was unusual was that the customers fought back. Not only that, but they shouted their pride in being gay.

And it happens here too. In 1978 a peaceful *Gay Mardis Gras* was held in Sydney and was violently broken up by NSW police. Over a hundred lesbians and qav men were

arrested. The charges were later dropped in court when it was proved that police had acted in a grossly illegal manner.

*Stonewall* day has yet another significance. It was on June 28th 1935 that the Nazis enacted the anti-homosexual laws that sent thousands of people to their deaths in forced labour camps. Gay men prisoners were forced to wear the pink triangle larger than any other identifying sign so that other prisoners would know to keep away from them. This period is the symbol of struggle and liberation.

*Stonewall* day in Adelaide occurs on Saturday June 27th with various activities planned in its honour. A full programme of events is on the notice page.

**Julie Bryden for the Stonewall Day collection**

## Bilbo

### TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

Bilbo saw what at first glance could seem to be irregularities in the recent lost property sale. Firstly, what happened to all the expensive pen sets, etc. that must be lost over the period of the year. Why were articles of junk usually the only things that saw the light of day to be sold off to charity.

Secondly, who was the mysterious woman bidder who

seemed to have so much control over the proceedings. One mention of the fact that she would have to go soon immediately brought out all sorts of goodies from a previously covered box. Expensive calculators, you name it, it was there - all at 1.55 p.m. when most students had gone back to lectures. Funny thing was, this woman didn't seem to be a member of the student body. Perhaps she was the wife of someone in the administration. This honourable hobbit's sense of fair play is outraged.

### NO CONNECTION WITH THE TRUTH

Bilbo was interested to see editor James Williams desperately trying to get through on an internal line to the Bursar before deadline on Friday for some comment on the alleged slack state of the internal phone system. But to no avail - he was calling the wrong number. This however was no fault of his. In fact it was a fault in the internal phone directory - they had listed a wrong digit. Our friendly hobbit wonders if this situation speaks for itself.

### ESSAYS WANTED

The Students' Association needs essays of all qualities in all subjects for the SAUA ESSAY LIBRARY.

All essays accepted will be paid for at 50c each, and returned to the author within two weeks.

All contributions will be kept strictly confidential and anonymous.

Bring essays in to the Students' Association any time between 9 and 5.





# Labor women

The position of women in the Labor Party remains static following the Party's annual State Conference held two weeks ago. A motion which would have resulted in positive discrimination towards women was amended to delete the more radical proposals.

This result was ironic considering that it was the first state Labor Conference to be presided over by a woman, outgoing Party President Barbara Weise. The deleted clauses would have guaranteed representation of women at Party conferences and on Party committees at state level in proportion to the female membership of the Party, and also required Party delegations from trade unions to include women in proportion to membership. Further stipulations would have ensured women were pre-selected to safe parliamentary seats.

These specific proposals were diluted and the outcome was merely a statement of

intent to raise women to an equal position in the Party. A committee was established to develop further proposals concerning the role of women in the Party.

This result can only be seen as a setback to those who wished to see an equitable position for women in the Labor Party. It was Barbara Weise herself who moved the watered down amendments. She told the Conference that although she supported the original more radical motion, she felt it would not attract sufficient Party support at the moment.

One positive proposal concerning women which the Conference did pass, supported the appointment of a Party National Secretary to deal with women. But overall it was not a remarkable finish to the term of office of the State ALP's first woman president.

Tim Dodd  
Sarah Dinning



## Israeli Elections - Will Begin Bomb?

THE RECENT RAID by Israel on Iraq's nuclear reactor tells us much about Israel and its situation in respect to the Arab states. We have here another case of an Israeli action, "vital for its survival", where the carrying out of the act undermines the alleged basis for it. Israel proclaims itself threatened and then proves its military superiority, and confidence in that position, by launching an attack on a major Arab state.

Israel claims it sought to prevent Iraq from threatening it with nuclear weapons. Yet Israel has the bomb, was the first to introduce it to the region and has been guilty of numerous aggressions as well. The Arab states have had to live under the threat of the bomb for years. Had Iraq tried to redress the balance, it would produce a balance of terror in place of monopoly of terror. Israel has taken it upon itself to deny to whom it chooses the bomb itself has.

Begin's justification for the raid is also interesting for its use of emotional blackmail in talking of preventing genocide. He falls back on the traditional means of silencing criticism of Israeli actions by invoking Western guilt over the Nazi killing of European Jews. He equates the State of Israel with the Jewish people incorrectly, and the survival of the Jews with that of Israel. Deliberate

confusion is fostered by the association of the Arab aim of dismantling Israel, with the killing of all its citizens. Were not Nazi Germany and white-ruled Rhodesia, to name two, dismantled without the extermination of their population?

Is Israel under real threat? Not from Lebanon where civil war has destroyed and fragmented much of the country. Not from Syria bogged down in Lebanon. Not from Jordan, where the excellent natural defence of the Jordan River Valley keeps Jordan's small army out. Not from Egypt which is now a US client state. It seems Israel's concept of defence is unmatched in its scope. Israel's confidence in its military superiority, underscored by its attack on Iraq, is stated quite bluntly in *The Age* of June 16th where Mr David Kimche, Director-General of the Israeli Foreign Ministry, said: "Our army could very easily smash the Syrian army if we wanted to. We have an excuse if you like." He is referring to Syria's stationing of surface to air missiles (SAM's) in Lebanon in response to Israel's shooting down of two Syrian helicopters, and the crisis that has resulted as Israel demands their withdrawal.

No doubt things will quieten down after the Israeli general election this month.

Mike Khizam



A moving advertising Gimmick

## SPREADING THE NEWS -from the horse's mouth

TO TWO EDITORS hardened by constant bombardment with "new and exciting" sorts of press releases, not to mention the jading process of going through the advertising hoop to win last year's election, publicity gimmicks that make us look up are few and far between.

But the South Australian Art Gallery managed with their 100th Anniversary promotion last Thursday. The proof lies in the fact that we are writing this article.

Someone up in the Gallery it seems got the idea that Adelaide should be taken back to the atmosphere of that cold, wet day of June 18, 1881 when all the socialites crowded the then much smaller Gallery building to see royalty cut the opening ribbon.

However, Gallery staff didn't just rest at period costume.

Centenaries come ... well ... but once every hundred years. So the gathering hired actor Alan Lovett as a town crier addressing passers by, mall walkers and as it turned out, Uni. students, with the good news of the joyous occasion. But Alan didn't go by foot. No, he travelled on a carriage pulled by a horse. And if that wasn't enough, the horse was covered with enough helium filled balloons to lift a smaller animal. These were handed out to kids along the way. Quite a visual gimmick and one that had most television news services as a captive audience.

The public took it rather well too, not only just seeing the strange sight of a bellowing man being pulled down the Mall by a balloon covered horse, but also finding out and responding to the information that Alan was shouting out.

Said he, "I expected people

to come up, see it was the Art Gallery, and piss off. One doesn't expect Mr and Mrs Adelaide to be too interested in art. But the public reaction has been just amazing."

And what was the message Alan was crying across Adelaide? Simply that the Gallery is holding two exhibitions to commemorate the centenary. First, *Visions After Light* is a comprehensive view of South Australian art over its life - the entire history of art in a colony. The other is entitled *Graven Images of the Promised Land* and is a collection of South Australian prints. The opportunity to have a cosy lunch up at the Sculpture Court and then to browse through the exhibits should be too hard to resist, especially considering that you won't get another chance for a hundred years.

On dit Staff

## God says yes

HOPE AND MEANING are being denied by most Australians today. This was the reason given by Deane Meatheringham for the series of public meetings to be held next week called "God Says Yes". Everyone seems to be saying no to humankind - denying our personality, denying the future, denying and meaningful existence.

When asked about the investment being made in what many see as a bright future for Australia, he agreed, but went on to say that he saw a paradox in our behaviour. "Despite a lot of economic development, there is, nevertheless, no hope because of it. There's no hope ... because of unemployment - people find no hope in the political arena."

Students, coming from the more privileged socio-economic groups of society might be expected to be less despair prone. However this is not the case according to Mr Meatheringham. Although many are motivated and much time is invested into what is becoming an increasingly competitive study environment,

many students are still plagued with despair. "I'm doing all this, I'm passing, but what is it all for?" is a common attitude he has found when talking to students. Mr Meatheringham was quick to deny that this coming series of talks was just another attempt at making Christianity more positive and psychologically appealing. "When God says 'yes', it means that he also says 'No' to everything else," he said. "When God says that his way of dealing with the world is through 'grace' he is also saying 'No' to 'meaning' through self achievements. When God says 'Yes' to sex, he says 'No' to immorality. When God says 'Yes' to creation, he is saying 'No' to humankind's exploitation of it. When God says 'Yes' to us, he is also saying 'No' to us as mere mechanisms."

When asked whether he would be arguing from gathered evidence or from Biblical texts, Mr Meatheringham replied that it would be a bit of both. But in order to know what the Bible really does say, it would be necessary to stick fairly closely to it. We all have different images of God,

he said, so we need to know what the Bible really says.

"God says Yes" is a series of meetings to be held next week that have been organised by the Evangelical Union. Meetings will be held over the lunch hour and will comprise a half an hour talk followed by half an hour's discussion. Two speakers have been arranged. Deane Meatheringham who will be speaking on four occasions, is Uniting Church Minister from Coromandel Valley. Phil Carr, ex-Chaplain at Flinders University, and currently at Maughan Church in the City, will be the other speaker.

Andrew Fagan

### God Says Yes

Mon. 29th June, 1-2 pm Little Cinema, "Yes to the World", Deane Meatheringham.  
Tues. 30th June, 1-2pm Little Cinema, "Yes to Life", Deane Meatheringham  
Wed. 1st July, 1-2pm Little Cinema, "Yes to Sex", Phil Carr.  
Thurs. 2nd July, 1-2pm Nth and Sth Dining Rooms, "Yes to Now", Deane Meatheringham.  
Frid. 3rd July, 1-2pm, Little Cinema, "Yes to the Future", Deane Meatheringham



# SOWETO LIVES

THE ONLY HOPE for South Africa's future lies in revolution. This was the message of Vernon Hoffmann, a black South African speaker at a forum in the Little Theatre last Tuesday.

The forum, attended by about 85 people, was organised by the Students' Association's Education and Public Affairs Committee and the Campaign Against Racial Exploitation to mark the fifth anniversary of the Soweto uprisings in South Africa in Jun 1976.

The first speaker was Lynn Arnold, Labor MP and ex-President of the South Australian branch of the United Nations Association.

Mr Arnold pointed to areas in which Australians can participate in the struggle against racism and Apartheid. The South African rugby team, the Springboks, are about to tour New Zealand. South Africa has long seen such sporting contacts as proof of its international prestige and credibility, and thus as tacit support of its Apartheid policies.

Australia should in no way be seen to support New Zealand's hosting of the rugby tour. He suggested that we should pressure our government to join many African nations in their boycott of the upcoming Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference in New Zealand.

He also stressed the hypocritical stand that the Fraser government has taken in strongly criticising Apartheid and yet doing nothing to rectify the oppression of Aboriginal people in Australia, particularly in Western Australia and Queensland.

Ruby Hammond, an Aboriginal spokesperson, spoke quietly of the racism that she and her people had suffered, and still suffer, in Australia. She talked of how, in her youth, all Aboriginals were forbidden to have contact with 'whites'

unless they were issued with passes classifying them as "honorary whites".

It was not until a referendum in 1967 that Aborigines were considered to be citizens of this country, enjoying all the privileges that citizenship entails, such as compulsory education until age 15.

It was Ms Hammond's view that unless the treatment of the Aboriginal people - including the treatment of Aborigines by government departments - improves drastically in the near future, race relations in Australia will deteriorate to the present level of race relations in South Africa. She said that there is a limit to the oppression and degradation that the Aboriginal people could endure.

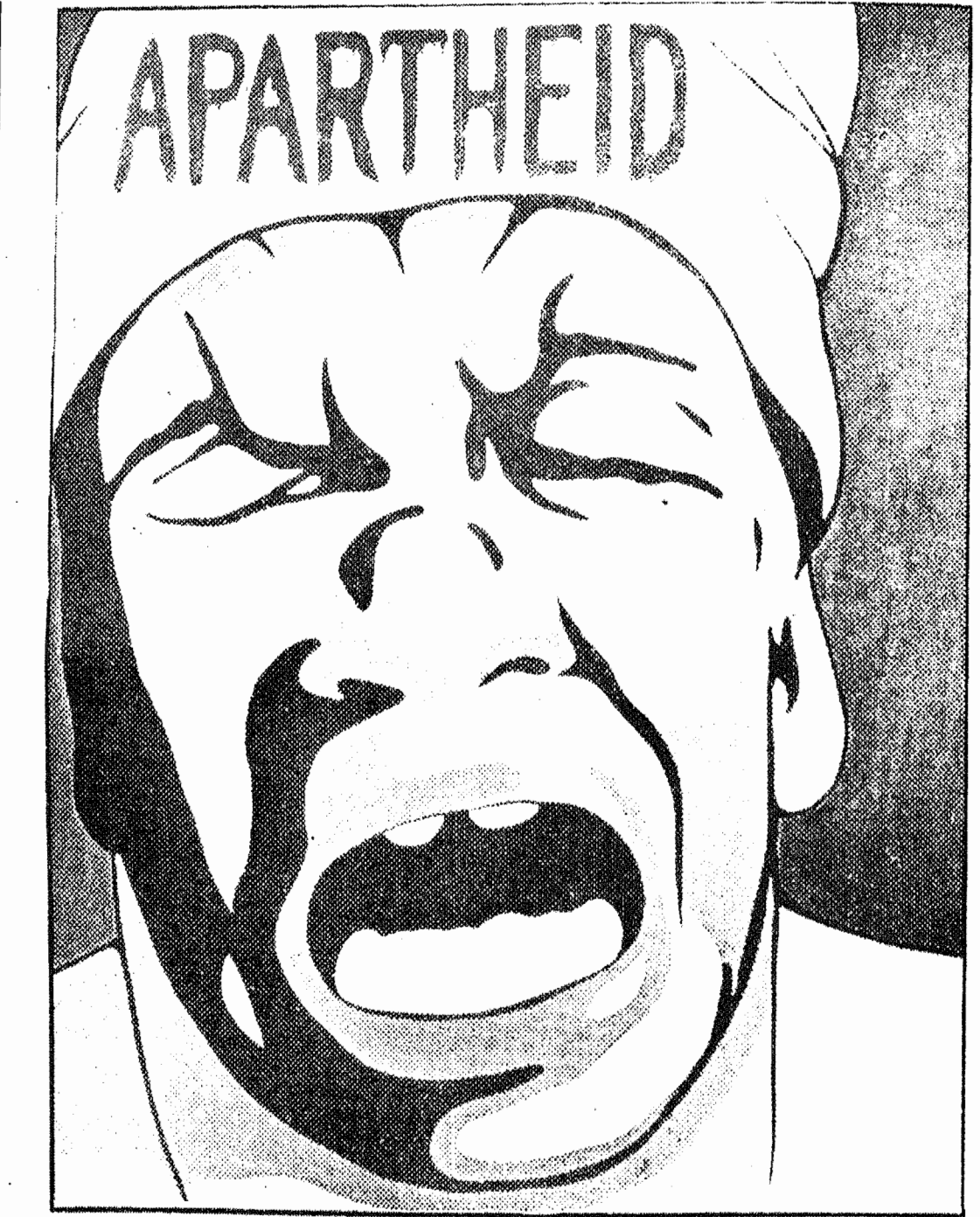
Now that they are organised on a national scale, she argued, the Aboriginal people will be able to effectively fight for their rights. "We are fighting the same struggle as the people of South Africa," she said.

The final speaker was Vernon Hoffmann, a black South African now living and teaching in Adelaide. He talked of life under Apartheid, and of the struggle undertaken by school students to put a stop to Apartheid and racism in South Africa.

He told of the school where he had been a student, and which he returned to as a teacher: Trafalgar High, in Capetown. At Trafalgar High the students hung banners and placards on the school fence demanding "freedom and justice", and this was provocation enough for the South African police to enter the school with guns and dogs, to attack the children with batons and teargas, and then to fire at them as they fled.

The headmaster ran to the aid of one child who was injured and heavily bleeding, but was forced away by the police.

Mr Hoffmann, however, did



not see Soweto Day as an occasion for mourning. Rather he talked of it as a high point in the struggle of the South African people - as a day to be celebrated.

As a member of the audience pointed out, the Soweto uprisings marked a change, both in the spirit of the struggle within South Africa, and in the attitude and solidarity of the surrounding African nations - once seen as South Africa's "buffer zone". It marked the beginning of the cosmetic changes to Apartheid - the removal of 'whites only' signs from park benches, and other minor changes which did

nothing to challenge the fundamental economic system and the racist premises that Apartheid is based on.

In response to questions about the possibility of a violent future for South Africa, Mr Hoffmann pointed out that there can be little more violent than a society where, while a small minority enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world, the vast majority of the population have an infant mortality rate of 50% before the age of 5, and where people are going blind from the diseases of malnutrition for no reason other than the pigmentation of their skin.

Violence is institutionalised to a horrifying extent in South Africa. The black townships are built on specifications which sound like those of a prisoner of war camp: streets must be wide enough to allow an armoured saracen to do a U-turn; there must be a clear line of fire in all directions between houses; no township may be built within .303 range of a highway.

Mr Hoffmann asserted that the only way in which those violent institutions can be removed and a democratic society established is, tragically, violent means.

Linda Gale

## A1 Football nears goal

University's top team playing in Grade A1 Amateur League is lying second after seven rounds. The side has the best percentage of all the teams and is only one game behind the top position.

The good percentage can be attributed to a twenty-one goal win over Henley in the first game of the minor round. The

game showed particular promise as three players new to the side played particularly well. Craig Schulz on the wing was a first year student playing his first game with the Club. Others playing well in their first game in the A1's were Peter Clements (centre half-back), Ashley Georgeson (half-forward flank) who kicked three

goals, and Michael Eaton.

The second game of the year was played against Greek - an unknown entity. Their players showed great skill as they were so short, and yet able to execute head high tackles with practised regularity. The Greeks were soon set in their place when a twenty man brawl developed and Uni. players ran from everywhere to get a piece of the action. One brawler was Brenton Eckert (ruck rover - six foot - ten stone) who was confronted in the pack by big Bob Anderson of Greek (ruckman - six foot four - fourteen stone). The Uni. man took the only avenue open to him - kissed Big Bob and ran. An unsettled Greek side then went down to Uni. who kicked nine goals in the final term.

A win over Riverside followed and Uni. were on top of the ladder and preparing to meet Adelaide Teachers College in the first week of swat-vac. The "students downed pens" for the derby match, to be played for the Hickinbotham Trophy consisting of a Methuselah of Champagne (a sixteen bottle

bottle). The match was even until half way through the last quarter when all the push-ups the Teachers College PE students do during the week paid off and they kicked five quick goals. Both sides consumed all the champagne in ten minutes after the game.

A loss resulted the following week against the top team, Kilburn. However, the side didn't play well and as we were beaten by only three goals we feel that we will be able to beat them in the future. Richard Smith in ruck played well.

The A1's bounced back against Croydon the following week and then readied to play Scotch on the main "oval" at Scotch College. The conditions were such that not many goals were scored and Uni. ran out winners by nine points in a game which was notable only for Mark Wellington's scrape with death. At one stage it looked as if his skin would be unable to breathe as he was covered in mud from head to toe with not a patch of bare skin. The trainer rushed out with a towel and he was able to

play out the game.

The A3's, the Club's second side, play against the first teams in other clubs. They are having a reasonable season, winning three games after losing the first three at the beginning of the year due to an unsettled side. Players to have performed well so far include Tim Proudman, Hugh Abbott, Andrew Fahey, John Cawley, Mark Puddy, Jim Wilhelm, John Agnew and Andrew Considine. Phil Henshall, Paul Twiss and Richard Kimber are all having good first seasons.

Of the lower sides (A1 Reserves, A3 Reserves, A6, A9 and A6 Reserves) the A3 Reserves, and A9's are well into the top four and the A1 Reserves are just out and now within striking distance.

Finally as a reminder to all Club members, as an alternative to training on July 2nd, there will be a Sauna Night at American Health Studios, followed by a chicken and beer tea in the Gallery to watch videos made of all grades, each grade getting a quarter each - so come along and see your side, yourself and others on TV.

Football Club Secretary



## MANSIONS COIFFURE

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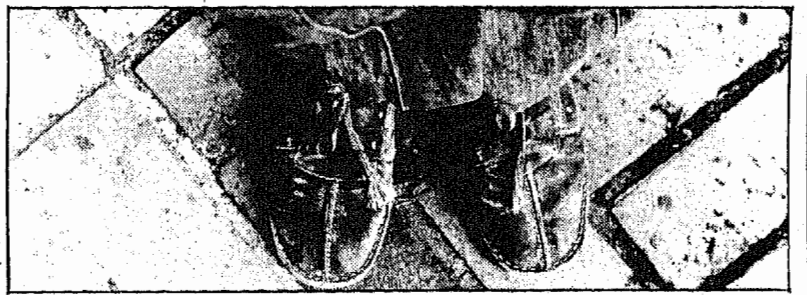
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# transport



## Transports of Delight

TRANSPORT, the very word strikes fear into the heart of even the most hardened of Government ministers, state treasurers and advertising account executives. There are stories of our elected representatives begging on their hands and knees so as not to receive the humble yet oh-so-devastating title of 'Minister of Transport'. Reports of cabinet ministers having to play a version of 'Russian Roulette' to who gets this despicable role.

For, you see, one has to transport people from point A to point B whilst simultaneously, and at the same time, transporting back those people who have been to B and wish to return to A, not to mention those people who start of somewhere different altogether and want to get to point C and wish that the people going from A to B would get out of their way, and somewhere in the middle the humble concession card holding Uni. student who wonders when the fares will rise again, whether he/she will get to his/her lecture on time, and what on earth is so good about point A that all those people from point B want to get there so quickly (not necessarily in that order).

Transport officials, on whom the all-important job of doing this has fallen, tend to follow the age-old axiom in that if you can't please everyone some of the time, you might as well please no one all the time and save the money whilst blaming the opposition for anything you can think of. Seriously though, transport people are showing signs of alarm as the latest figures show that people are opting out of public transport for their own form of movement. Transportologists have tried throughout the ages to come up with ideas on how to woo people back to the crowded congested and normally uninhabitable buses, trains and trams. Most, if not all, don't work as the travelling public is nearly never quite as stupid as the transportologists would like to think. They have come up against three basic problems which can be classified as the why, how and when problems.

The why problem is expressed as 'Why do people need transport?' Transportologists have no real answer to this. It appears that since man himself climbed out of the primeval mud he has required a need to go somewhere. At first man used the only method of travel known to him, the thumb. Then it was discovered that hit hitch-hiking was only successful when the technology required to build automobiles was available, so man had to use his legs instead. The invention of the wheel was a great setback to mankind, for you see when Ugg the caveman had finished his prototype rock and was taking it to the patent office, it slipped out of his hands and rolled

caveman who was just finishing his successful experiment with nuclear fusion. (Ugg was later charged with being in charge of a defective vehicle.)

Later on people decided that they would like to imitate the birds. After centuries of jumping off of cliffs wildly waving arms and legs, mankind realised that there was a better way to tackle the problem. Two Americans, Wilbur and Orvil, cashed in on the lucrative airline market with their invention, the aeroplane. Originally they used it as a conversation piece and a tax dodge but later they found that the damned thing could actually fly and before they could say 'MacDonald Douglas' the offers came pouring in.

Back on the ground, people had now been accustomed to railways, model T's, bicycles, omnibuses, carts etc. and the art of moving one's person from one point to another worked its way into our technological high-pressure vitamin-deficient lifestyle. Never mind, we're stuck with it so we should get used to it.

'How?' How should people be moved in the most efficient way? Can society keep up with the fast pace of transport technology? Do we need to? Can the government afford a busway? Is an international airport feasible? To O-Bahn or not to O-Bahn, that is the question. Can we put all of Adelaide on wheels or rails? It seems that governments will be constantly perplexed as to how much money to spend vs benefits achieved and of course the poor old Transport Minister gets the blame for whatever happens. You can really start to feel sorry for those fellows.

'When?' Is this the question of 'When does the transport revolution begin?' No, it is the 'When is the next bus going to bother to turn up?' question. There is a standard trick in interpreting the new STA time-tables to calculate the actual bus arrival time. This is how: simply take the time from the timetable of when the bus was supposed to leave and add thirty minutes, then subtract the number you first thought of. This gives the Minimal Bus Arrival Probability Time, or in layman's terms, a guaranteed time when the bus will not arrive. Clever isn't it? Mathematical prestidigitator aside, the consequences of a transport system actually running on time would be shattering. People who left home early to catch the late train would catch the early train instead. People would arrive in the city too early to do anything combined mass of people on the Adelaide station platform muttering 'Why doesn't the government do something about it?' would cause economic depression and massive structural damage. Never mind, it will probably never happen, so sleep easily and leave all these worries to the friendly Transport Director.

Clarence Hubcap

LET'S SEE NOW :-  
3 CYCLISTS, 1 DOG,  
4 PEDESTRIANS ...



## 007: Licence to kill

The driving test is presumably designed to sort out the prospective road-using lunatics from the safe reasonable drivers who will use their cars responsibly. So, why put it in the hands of a terminally insane bunch of cretins called driving instructors, jaded men who have faced death in a thousand different ways all their working careers, have lost their nerves and tempers and have hence become vindictive, nit picking and vicious.

One would expect that reasonable people such as us would be able to judge whether we should be let loose on Australia's highways. To aid this judicial process, *On dit* revives a simple test - see if you make the grade.

Basically we use the standard point system - average pedestrians 1, cyclists 1, cars 2, motor cyclists 2, anyone benefiting from the year of the disabled 3, police cars 5, pedestrian police 6, radar traps 10. Of course if they are making attempts at resistance, points are doubled. Hitting them with the door also doubles points.

Now scoring. The scoring period is the three months of validity of the learner's permit. A score of under three means that you are about as responsible as a geriatric with a blood alcohol of .079 and therefore qualify as good enough. Points above one hundred also qualify you to pass - you may not be responsible, but you've got to be a damned skilful driver to hit all those speed traps (and get away). Three to one hundred is a fail - you have no redeeming features.

If you've passed the test, then read on. This is how to diddle the Motor Vehicles Department who are sure to try to cheat

you out of your birthright.

**Rule 1:** Forget scoring the last *On dit* lost points during the actual test even if you're sitting on ninety-eight. Just renew your Learner's and start over. Hitting someone at this late stage would be disastrous to your driving test - it is very hard to adjust your mirrors when the windscreens are covered in blood or to park when there is a wheelchair stuck in your axles.

**Rule 2:** Don't slip the \$50 note to the instructor in the Learner's permit. The person who examines this won't be testing you. Instead, leave it on the seat or, if you really want to make it obvious, shake the instructor's hand and transfer it that way. Keep it low-key though - these men have integrity.

**Rule 3:** Send some friends around to take tests in really clapped out old cars just before your test starts. They'll take out all the instructors for a nice half hour drive. After fifteen minutes they will hopefully have broken down and the instructors will have to walk back to the office. By the time they get to your test, you'll only have five minutes left and when you've adjusted your mirrors, you'll only have time for a quick spin around the block which presumably anyone can

do.

**Rule 4:** If the examiner faints, don't revive him. These people have been trained to think that they are tough. Ego will not allow them to admit the slightest perturbation as you play *Dukes of Hazzard* driving under trucks, etc. When they finally revive, you should tell them about how wonderful you were, how happy you are that they inspired you to such driving heights. They'll never know the difference (and mark you accordingly).

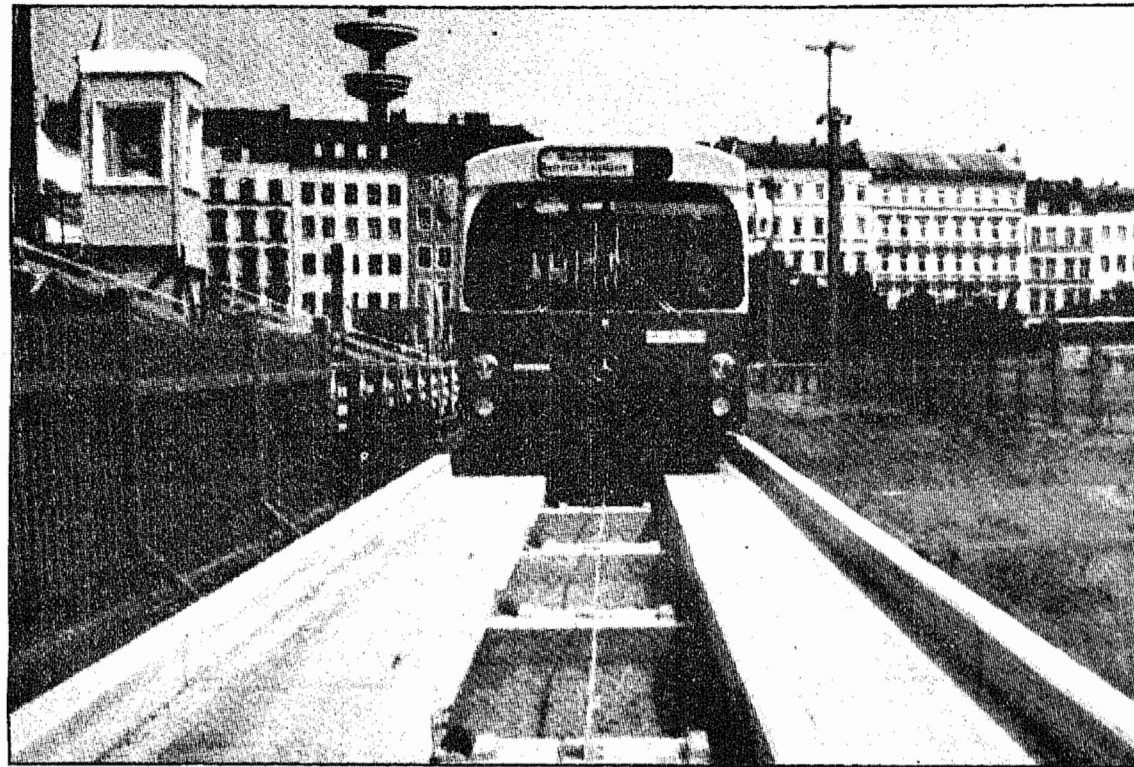
**Rule 5:** One final rule - don't take the examiners too literally. This is the difficult one - you may be a perfectly good driver and yet not be able to take instructions.

For example, "pull into the curb". This one could conceivably cause lots of trouble. The ideal is to pull up slowly parallel to the curb at a distance of not more than 30cm, not to career full speed at 90° to the curb, tearing the wheels off at the stubs. "Pull out into the traffic" is a similarly confusing instruction. Don't be thrown when told to "stop here" - you're sure to end up a hundred metres from where "here" was a moment ago. The worst thing you could do is cut your losses and reverse back up the street. Finally one last bit of advice. When the instructor says "turn left here", wait until the next street. Hand brake turns may be very impressive but you'll lose your eight points immediately if you do them in South Road in mid-peak hour traffic.

So that in a nutshell is *On dit's* guide to the driving test. Soon you too will be zipping along with a pair of P plates, licenced to kill. Good luck.  
Ken Oath



# TRANSPORT... going into the 80's



O-Bahn - coming straight at us

**Transport.** The very word strikes fear into TEAS income concession-card carrying students. Facing snarly bus drivers who demand you show them your student card properly and frown at anything greater than a one dollar note, tackling the ticket collector on the train who asks for your ticket cause panic stations, or your feverishly search your coat to find your crumpled ticket.

Sheepishly you hand it to him; he inspects it, hovering over you while you shrink as far as possible into the hard seat, expecting at any time the bone-shattering shaking of the train to bring him crashing down on top of you. His sea legs somehow hold him upright; he thrusts your ticket under your nose and says, "wrong one".

You cry in horror and dig deeper in your pocket; "Where's the ticket?" By this time the ticket collector has mumbled something about coming back later. This leaves you time to calm yourself and find the right ticket which is handed to him with a grinning face on his return. It stays clutched in your hand for the rest of the journey.

Other things bring the spectre of travelling to and from Uni. into the fore, but enough ghastly memories.

Remember how you passed your travelling time reading the day's thought provoking message on the back of the ticket; playing pontoon with the numbers on the front to see how close you get to 21; working out what sort of names you would give to the different people in your bus or train carriage or categorising them into their respective occupations. Or letting yourself fall only half asleep, afraid that you will miss your stop ...

"Parliament House"  
"Er, yes. Could you please tell me who the present Minister of Transport is?"  
"Mr Michael Wilson."  
"Oh, of course. And the Shadow Minister?"  
"Um, Mr Duncan."  
"Could you put me through to him please?"  
"I'll see if I can contact him somewhere in the House. He's a hard man to catch."  
"Thank you."

## Shadows of LRT

Peter Duncan doesn't seem very happy with his portfolio. With Dunstan's resignation due to ill health and the new leader a more conservative Des Corcoran, Duncan was handed the difficult portfolio of Health, then undergoing a lot of scrutiny with allegations of government mismanagement, and wastage and pilfering on a large scale. It involved somewhat of a demotion from Attorney-General where his outspoken views were making him at least a little of an embarrassment to the then Labor government.

Whether this had a quietening effect on the man many had predicted early in his career would be a future Labor Party leader and Premier (at that stage Labor losing power was not even a remote chance), was hard to guess. Not long afterwards he found himself on the Opposition benches, and now is shadowing the Minister for Transport.

An ex-On dit Editor, Peter Duncan considers the transport portfolio consisting of more than whether buses or trains are running on time, although he didn't outline to this reporter what specific areas outside of that did fall within his portfolio, or if he found them interesting.

Mr Duncan perceives a challenge to the public transport sector within the next generation. The obvious rising cost of fuel, increasing congestion in the city, difficulty in finding parking, all lead to a greater and growing dependence on a fast efficient transport sector for the future. This challenge obviously needs to be met.

Mr Duncan feels the present Government has failed in some significant areas. Most significantly he believes they are due to the policies of economic 'mismanagement' of the Liberal Party which has led to the latest price rise to come into effect soon. Duncan says fare prices have increased 25% since the last budget and expects that they will increase by the same amount again.

He comments that the penny-pinching policies of the Liberals has led to a cutting back on services and maintenance staff causing a general disenchantment with public

transport by its patrons. This has led to a lowering of the standard of services out of all proportion with the savings made. When questioned further he said a certain lowering of funds leads to things such as cancellation of a bus which then leaves an area unserved. He feels transport - its availability, standard and cost - affects our quality of life, and hence, I assume, is more than just a mode of movement. It is a way of life maybe, or only for some of us?

On to the emotive area of the North-East transport corridor, Mr Duncan still feels the Light Rapid Transport (LRT) electrified tram system is the best, most efficient, and in the long run, cheapest solution for the North-Eastern suburbs. The Liberal Government is currently attempting to get as much of the O-Bahn Busway system built as possible before the next election to show the public it's doing something, suggested Mr Duncan. He also said that if the present government doesn't get past the point of no return with the O-Bahn when (not if) the Labor Party regains power, they will dismantle the system and push on with the LRT.

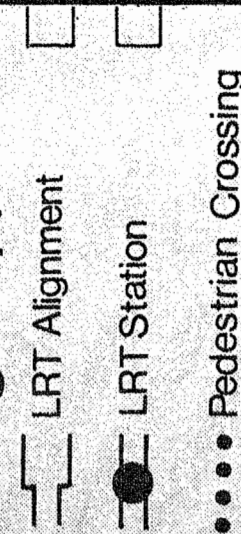
And what other policies would his government implement? They include the fulfilment of the need for faster services (bus lanes, express buses) and the upgrading of services without the miserly attitude of the Liberals. Price controls on petrol would be introduced (Mr Duncan rejects the notion that price instability is inherent in the petrol retailing industry) and threats of petrol companies leaving the State will be ignored.

A bonus would be better co-operation with unions which, in itself, would lead to upgrading of services. (Has Mr Duncan forgotten the transport strike just before the last election?)

When questioned on his own political future, Mr Duncan refused to be baited. He said his portfolio was Transport and he would be concentrating on that.

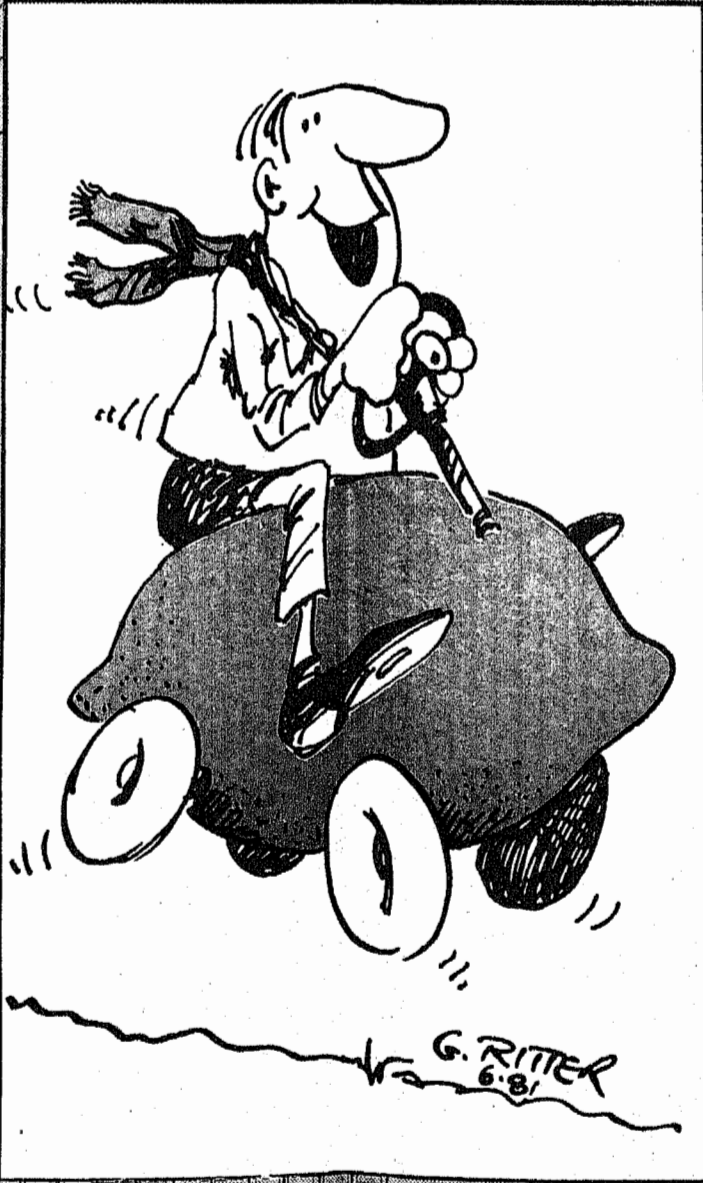
After the interview was over, Mr Duncan attempted recruiting a new member to the Labor Party but this reporter refused to be baited.

## ALIGNMENT OF Riverside Alignment Design Opportunity



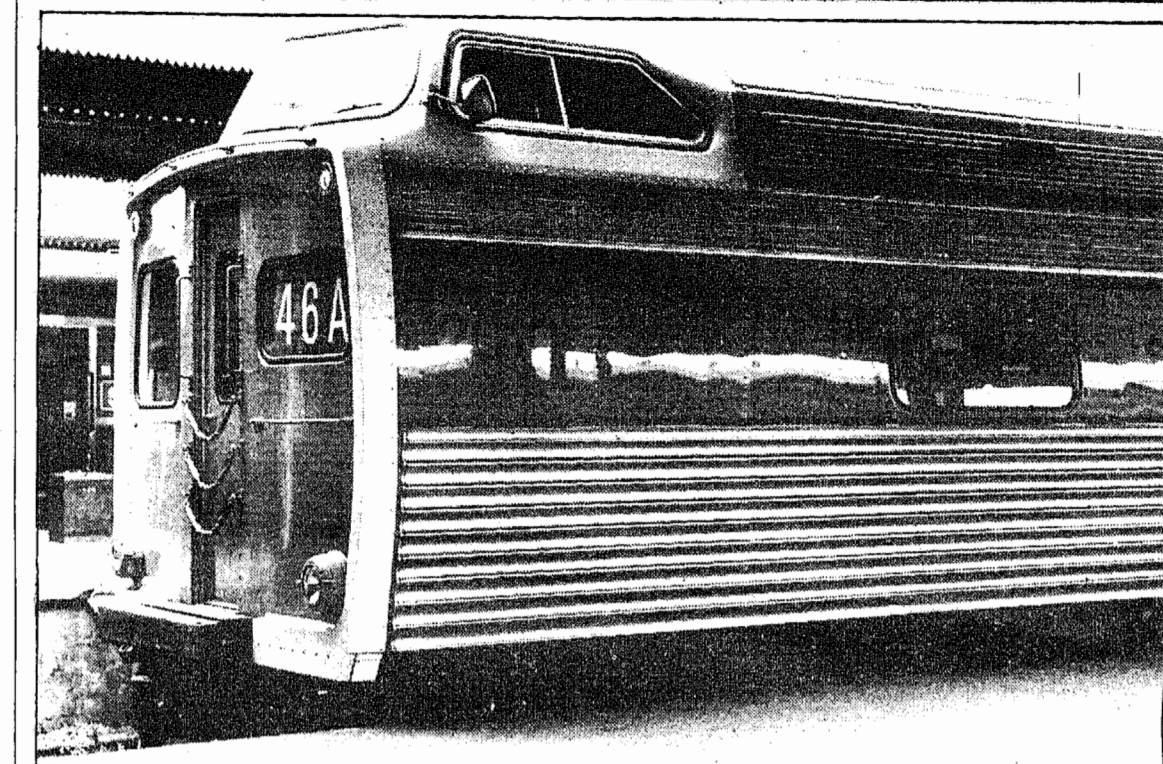
And now something that always drives people around the bend - Transport. Of course it's important to us all. With a car you can go out when you like and come back when you like - if you can afford the petrol. On a bike you can go out when you like and come back ten minutes later than you like, frozen to the marrow. On a bus you can go out, wait an hour, freeze, come back (before the last bus), wait another hour, freeze.

On the subject of public transport, we have interviews with the General Manager of the STA, Frank Harris, and two interviews with Michael Wilson, State Minister for Transport and his shadow, Peter Duncan from the Left of the ALP. It's funny to see anyone but a fascist attempting to make the trains run on time.



boom gates and light controls at car park entrance  
opportunities for pedestrian links at river crossings

The Municipal Tramways Trust (MTT) and the South Australian Railways (SAR) were the bodies which governed transport in this State until 1975 when the South Australian Government negotiated for the Federal Government to take over the non-metropolitan railways. They are now run by the Australian National Railways (ANR). The MTT and SAR were amalgamated into the State Transport Authority on 1st March 1978. In 1979-80 the STA provided for 73,210,000 passenger journeys, an increase over the previous year of 3.8%. This increase is expected to continue.



Suped up trains, only two more to come

## Handling Hens, MAN diesels and the Public

FRANK HARRIS is a man who instantly strikes you as likeable and easy to get on with - but then with fourteen years' service as General Manager of the old MTT (Municipal Tramways Trust) since 1978 and now General Manager of the State Transport Authority, he has had a lot of practice in dealing with the public.

Any people who would like to speak to him directly are put right through with no "I'll pass on your complaint" from a secretary, which can leave you in the dark as to whether your voice will ever really be heard.

When asked about problems of co-ordinating the bus and train sections of the STA, Mr Harris replied that there have been problems in trying to marry two different systems which have, historically, grown up in different ways and the people in them have different philosophies and different backgrounds. He feels they have been reasonably successful, one indication being the feeder buses that meet the trains and a common transport map showing the various lines available. The ticket purchasing system which allows transfer between bus, train and tram, he feels, is another bonus for passengers.

Mr Harris had little to say on the latest fare rise mooted, although it seems clear it will go ahead.

In the sensitive area of implementing Government policy, Mr Harris says the STA operates within Government guidelines but does make independent decisions. He says that if there are changes which could affect the public substantially, they are referred to the Minister. A two-way exchange of information exists with recommendations such as free travel for pensioners and unemployed between 9 and 3 and the introduction of the City loop free service being

implemented at the request of the Government.

In the area of complaints Mr Harris says every complaint that comes in either by phone, letter or via the Minister, is investigated. Every person who writes a letter gets a reply. He feels that compared with the number of passengers carried (200,000 per day) and number of journeys made, the level of complaints is relatively low.

Each claim is assessed on its merits and if they are legitimate they will be followed up.

On to the standard of transport. There is a twelve year replacement programme for buses where they are replaced after twelve years on the road, so check the teeth on the next bus you travel on. There are currently 140 MAN buses on order to replace those that will be reaching retirement over the next two years. The bus fleet is generally being kept up to date.

For trains, though, don't hold your breath. Only two more "super train" carriages are yet to be delivered but the STA is looking at upgrading the present "red hens". The programme includes making them quieter, improving the colour scheme, the floor surface and conditions for the driver. A few are being done-up as a pilot programme and if successful and cost efficient the whole fleet will then be upgraded. Will we start calling them blue hens or maybe red roosters or black sheep?

With strikes Mr Harris says STA's objective is to keep buses and trains running all the time so they attempt to have as close a liaison with all the unions as possible and have cross-communication with them on changes.

It came as a surprise to me that fares are massively subsidised. The passenger pays only 25% of the cost of running the service which continues a

Government policy of low fares. The current subsidy is \$50m.

The Minister for Transport, Mr Wilson (see later interview) commented that the Government sees transport as a community service and has no intention of making people pay the full cost of their trip, otherwise they would be paying \$1.20 or more every time they stepped on to a bus. (The latest price may bring our contribution up to 35% or thereabouts however.)

Government cuts have affected the STA as well and with the major cost being the labour component, employment opportunities with STA have been reduced. Other introductions are automatic train and bus washing facilities and general efficiency improvements. Mr Harris says all this is done while still attempting to maintain the standard and level of service.

The future of the STA is one of growth, with an increasing role for the Authority and a bigger task to carry out as more people turn to public transport. LPG buses are currently being tested and areas such as electrification of railways and other changes will be dependent on the funds available. An underground system like Melbourne's new loop has a very high cost, and Mr Harris said that such a system is "very desirable, that's the best place for transport". As General Manager of the STA, I don't think he means that out of sight out of mind applies in this situation or that he would prefer the issue was dead and buried.

But for a man in his position, an unenviable one in my view, he seems to have done remarkably well in handling the public. South Australia does have one of the best metropolitan systems in the country. Let's hope we can keep it that way.

Good luck Frank Harris.

Paul Hunt



# Wilson on Wheels

I caught up with Mr Michael Wilson (Minister for Transport) at a radio interview he was having with Phillip Satchell at 5DN on Friday at 12.45. "He's a busy man," says Rick Burnett, his Press Secretary "since he came back from his holiday, er, I mean trip". (Caught him on that one; lucky I've too much integrity to print that quote.)

I was invited to sit in the control room with other ABC staff, handed a cup of coffee, and sat back to watch how real interviews go. It was to be a talk back programme.

Phillip tackled Mr Wilson on the passing of the random breath testing legislation and the call by Mr Draper (Police Commissioner) for the Government to indicate how much breath testing it wanted. It seemed to be a matter of funds and Mr Wilson said that he couldn't answer the extent to which people's breath would be tested at that present time.

On to the emotive North-East Transport corridor and the present Government's choice of the O-Bahn system of which Mr Wilson commented about his trip to Germany - "it was exactly as I expected. I was delighted with it ... First of all it's a very simple piece of technology, it's not difficult at all. I know it's hard for people to understand." He then went on to emphasise the environmental aspects of the O-Bahn system; its low noise level, and low visual impact because of the size of the track. Due to flood mitigation proposals upstream on the Torrens, the guide-rail track for the O-Bahn will be able to be put lower into the ground. How far one wonders?



Phillip Satchell and Wilson in a "talkback situation"

He is excited with Volvo's new flywheel development, impressed about methanol powered buses and the duo electric/diesel buses. In other developments St Peter's Council has refused to sell the Government some land because they don't think the project will go ahead, and the Save the Torrens Campaign thinks that in times of financial strife the O-Bahn is likely to be canned. The Minister was adamant that it will continue -

"The Government has a commitment to provide a rapid transit service to the outer North-East suburbs by 1986 and it intends to pursue that promise. I am not here to

preside over broken promises.

Ralph Bleechmore from the Save The River Torrens Campaign said that previously Mr Wilson had said, while in Opposition in 1978, that he was opposed to a route through that area. Mr Bleechmore also considers the cost to be unwarranted in lieu of the current financial problems of the State. (The 1979 estimate for the O-Bahn was \$43 million, the LRT \$115 million.) Mr Wilson also feels that for the first time "a government is going to give the people of the inner suburbs something to make up for the disadvantage they will suffer from transport going through their area," that is, the River Torrens

Beautification Program.

Ralph Bleechmore commented that he believed the election promise of the O-Bahn was made on the basis that the present Government didn't believe it would win power, that it needs the two seats in the North-East and is now stuck with the O-Bahn. He believes there are other alternatives that need to be re-canvassed. Environmentally, historically and as a transport solution, he feels the O-Bahn is not viable. Mr Bleechmore said that Mr Duncan has indicated that the Labor Party has not committed itself to any proposition and is leaving the question open. This contradicts what Mr Duncan said in a phone interview last

week (see this issue).

Mr Wilson then faced some questions from the public; some complained about not having the new buses, others asked about the local content in the O-Bahn system, others felt there weren't enough buses on their route. One person wanted the Disneyland style monorail (and considered the train idea too old fashioned), which would cost in the order of greater than \$200 million. The Minister considered the cost prohibitive and thought the massive concrete pylons put into the Torrens Valley wouldn't impress too many people. Mr Wilson also feels, although he likes trams and likes travelling on them, that the LRT is also too costly.

Construction on the O-Bahn is expected to start in January/February next year.

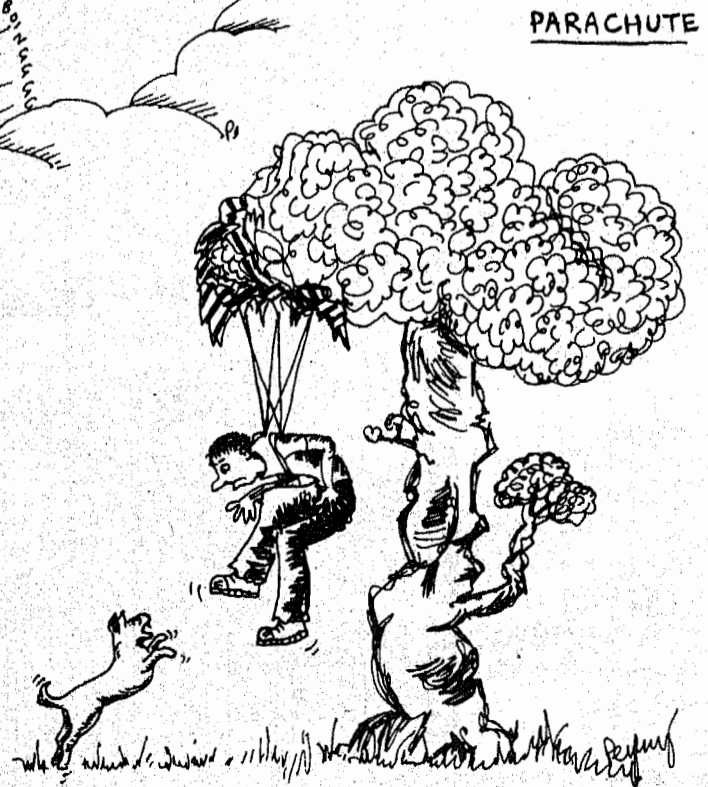
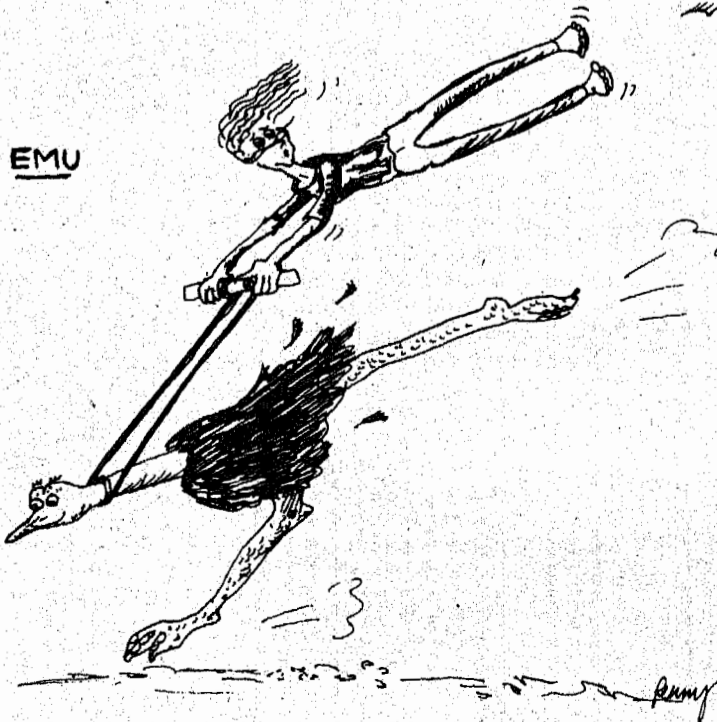
I asked Mr Wilson what he would do about St Peter's Council refusing to sell the land. He feels that they will see that the system will go ahead and will then, through negotiations, sell the land. He doesn't feel compulsory acquisition is desirable, although it obviously is an alternative.

He said that if Labor reversed the present Government's decision and ripped up a partially completed O-Bahn system, he would consider them very stupid.

So the battle rages on. Who are the winners and losers? Are environmental concerns significant? Does testing people's breath constitute a breach of privacy?

Who knows? *On dit* will keep you informed.  
Paul Hunt

## ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORT.





# PROSH strikes back!

NORMAN GUNSTON had a "back to the Dreamtime", Bazz and Pilko have a "crinkly, wrinkly time" and so *On dit*, not one to be slow, introduces to the reading public those dim memories of old. It is here you can read and reminisce, shed a tear of sadness, and reflect on days gone by. Remember how University used to be; its aura ageless, though touched by the changing world.

Remember how you fought to get more than one sheet of toilet paper off the roll when the dispenser invariably stuck, how you tried to avoid being drowned in paper and harassed by student politicians during election time, when the fears you knew to be irrational concerning going to the wrong place at the wrong time for your final exam were found to be just that - irrational. Ah ... there is much to tell.

*On dit* tells it in its **BATTLESCAR NOSTALGIA** column, recounting the adventures and events of years gone by.

Student and staff contributions or suggestions for the column will be welcome.

The first area this column is going to touch on is PROSH. Hopefully to be revived even further this year as a charity fund-raising event combined with a few hair-raising schemes, PROSH isn't a patch on what it used to be in former years.

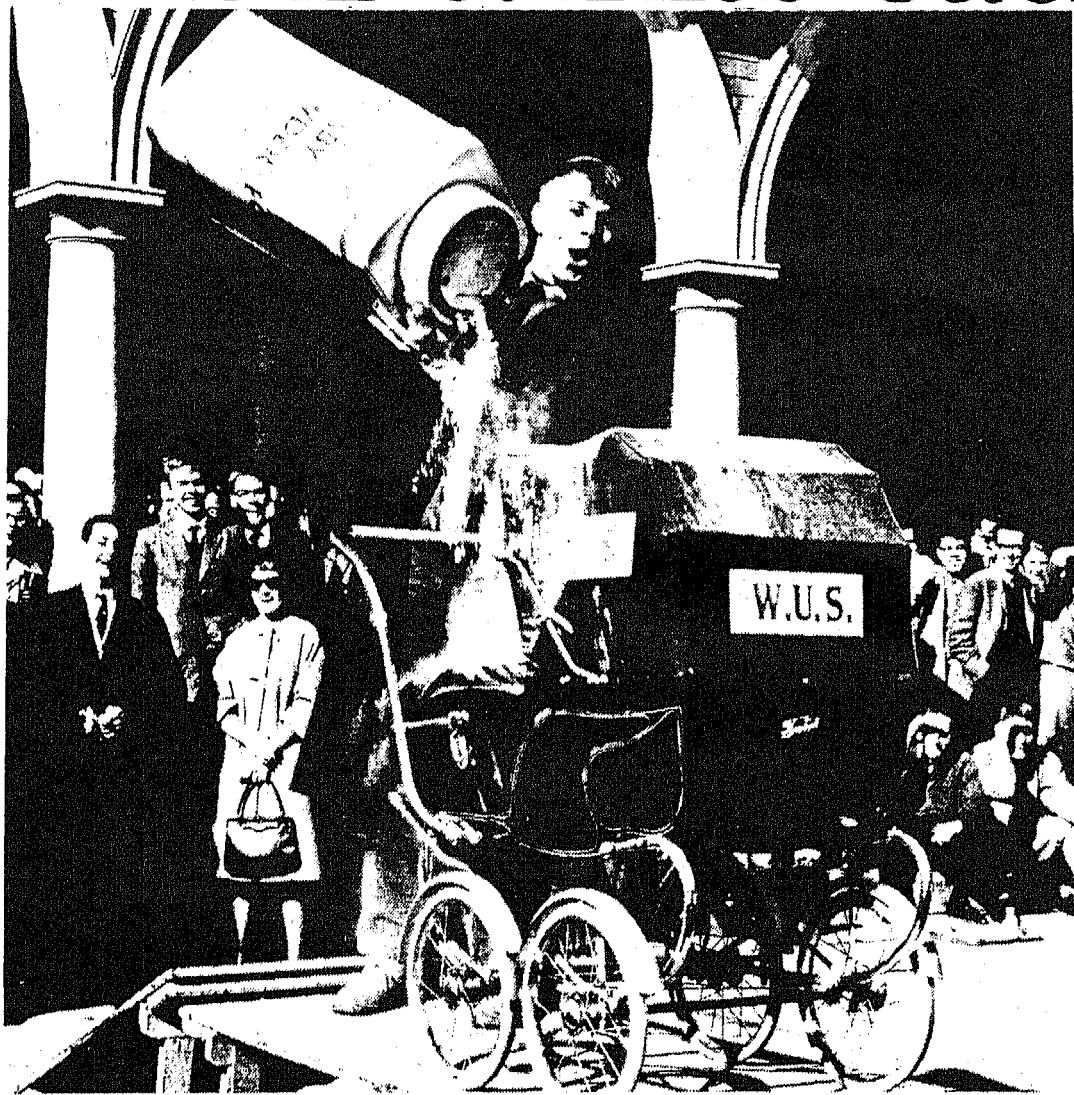
Due to the decreasing interest in humorous and generally harmless pranks, and the fact that more damage tended to be done than money for charity raised, PROSH died a slow death. It ceased to exist in 1979 when a PROSH meeting and committee showed that students were not interested in those sorts of activities any more. The only sign of any last dying throes was some spontaneous individual-student activity shown by the occasional flying egg or water bomb which whizzed past. With little or no effective opposition and little atmosphere, these sporadic activities died out quickly, their extent evidenced only by the odd wet patch or flour spattered path.

But PROSH was only dormant. 1980 came and some of the normal activities of PROSH returned, albeit with fewer involved.

The PROSH rag, called *Off dit*, was produced and sold for charity, with many people in Adelaide expressing their surprise and pleasure at its return. Bazz and Pilko dropped hints that they (or Peter Plus) should be kidnapped and held for ransom in normal PROSH style, but the nearest people got was Possum of Possum's Pages from the *Sunday Mail* or the South Australian head of the Salvation Army.

One highlight was phoning in enough requests to 5KA to make the "most requested song for the hour" Beethoven's 1812th Overture, a copy of which had been discretely left at the desk that morning just in case they didn't have one.

Other included; kidnapping David Tonkin's letterbox; one of Mr Jolly's paddleboats (which earned some money for rides in the Law School pond); and a bus which copped some critical media attention. Lucky nobody thought of a 747!



Students - raising money, lowering moral standards.

## UNIVERSITY PROCESSION Traffic Delay

### "An Outrage"

Sir—It is high time something drastic was done to curb the serious inconvenience resulting from university students' processions.

Friday's lengthy procession of these playboys and girls, with their frivolous circus antics, held up the traffic along the main thoroughfares for more than an hour, thus disrupting business and causing inconvenience to thousands of visitors to town from outside centres.

Having urgent business in the city I found myself early in the afternoon held up on North terrace and inextricably jammed in a congestion three vehicles wide, from which there was no escaping.

Police were fully occupied coping with the antics of the ebullient young people. For their pleasures, hundreds if not thousands of motorists were obstructed in the performance of their business and affairs. It was impossible to move. Shopping was out of the question.

We all know that students, in their growing numbers, need an annual outing, but why penalise the public and hold up traffic to the inconvenience of many people while these irresponsible young things

have their fling along the main streets of the city at the busiest time?

There are centrally situated parks where such demonstrations could be held without inconvenience to the general public.

These student processions are getting longer every year, requiring more and more police supervision. If parents and friends of the young people wish to admire their antics they should be willing to pay a small sum in a park while more sober-minded and busy citizens are free to go about their affairs unhindered.

Friday's hour-long traffic hold-up was a disgrace and an outrage.

**"OUTRAGED CITIZEN"**  
Michael

The normal flour, water, egg and rotten fruit bombing returned, without the powerful slingshots of earlier years which caused much of the window breakage - and also allowed the bombing of police cars on Victoria Drive from the safety of the University grounds.

The real meaning of PROSH (i.e. procession) seems to have been lost over the years too. A procession of floats with humorous comments and send-ups of public figures and current events used to move off from North Terrace at 1.00 o'clock and travel through Adelaide. It earned a reputation similar to that of John Martin's Christmas Pageant as people would turn out to see the latest contribution of Uni. students to the world of social and political thought. The floats were normally inspected by the police before the procession and passed or failed, but surprisingly, the ranks of the procession were often joined by "extra" floats which seemed to have missed the inspector's roving eyes.

In 1958 students attempted to tie *Popeye* to the fountain as "Adelaide's answer to Sputnik, *Popeye* sails under the Pole"; painted a zebra crossing across Frome Road; had giant men's footprints leading into the women's lavatory at Adelaide Railway Station; and embedded a parking meter stand in the

Burnside traffic island with a notice "Dogs free, cats 6d".

Newspaper reports from 1962 say that onlookers were pelted with flour bombs as the floats passed; and an after-procession dance (PROSH hop) followed, with the refectories being decorated with the leftovers of thirty plus procession floats.

Not everybody was impressed - see the letter below.

*The News* of 3.8.62 reports on some of the funnier pranks -

"The students' annual procession through Adelaide was due to begin at 1 p.m.

Soon after moving from North Terrace, hundreds of students marched to Christian Brothers' College in Wakefield Street.

"They marched through the gates, upstairs, and around classrooms where college students were working and shouted, 'We want to enrol' ... 'we want school'.

"Then they assembled in the quadrangle for a mock school enrolment.

"The school's principal, Brother J.V. Bourke, read the enrolment order stating that any pupils wanting to enrol must be accompanied by a parent or guardian.

"After cheering the principal and school for being good natured about the rampage, the students left again for North Terrace.

[Another newspaper report

stated that Brother Bourke also said that because of space, classes would be held in the member's stand of the Victoria Park racecourse.]

"At the corner of Victoria and Park Terraces four policemen were busy this morning moving a cement 'toilet' students had placed conspicuously on a traffic island.

"A police officer said the stunt was going too far. 'It was an absolutely stupid thing to put on a busy road just before the morning peak hour traffic,' he said.

"Twenty law students 'took over' the women's convenience in Victoria Square and proclaimed it Adelaide's Festival Hall.

"Clad in tails, the students attracted crowds of city workers as the Adelaide University Jazz Band Mark II played.

"Many of the students attended a jazz breakfast in the East Parklands before converging on the city.

"An attempt to race six bathtubs in the boating lake in the parklands soon failed. All sprang leaks.

"Prosh day director, Jon Haslam, said the official program of student pranks was not designed to incense the public.

"We are out to raise £5,000 for our appeals and charity, and this would not be the way to do it,' he said.

"There are always a few wild ones, and I hope the public won't see the irresponsibility as part of the official program'.

"Not all concerned were University students."

In 1963 thousands of people blocked intersections when they watched the procession, where police ordered some signs to be removed from the floats, and radio announcers Bob Francis (5AD) and Chas. Lumsden (5KA) were kidnapped. A giant replica of a parking meter was placed in the fountain in the River Torrens and students sold copies of the PROSH rag, *Grime*.

In 1958 £1000 was raised for charity. In 1960 £2500, 1961 £3000, 1963 £5400, with some years over 2000 students taking part in the fund raising activities. In 1980 approximately \$800 was raised and maybe fifty people took an active role in collecting money through PROSH rag sales or "collecting" items for resale at a price.

PROSH back in the old days was a fun affair and had a certain air of legitimacy because of the charitable nature of the function. Some, but not all of the pranks, were good for a laugh and not damaging to property or persons (gnome collecting is definitely out!).

Has student apathy gone too far or can PROSH be returned to somewhat of its former glory and hilarity?

Thousands of people turn out to a rally, think about turning out actively for PROSH to have a great time and raise money for charity as well. While you're thinking about it *On dit* would like contributors for the PROSH rag, so if you can send an issue up (any issue will do) put your witty talent down on paper and let the public buy it - names changed to protect the innocent. There is also a meeting in the South Dining Rooms on Tuesday at 1.00 to discuss the return of PROSH. Act now! Do it!

Paul Hunt

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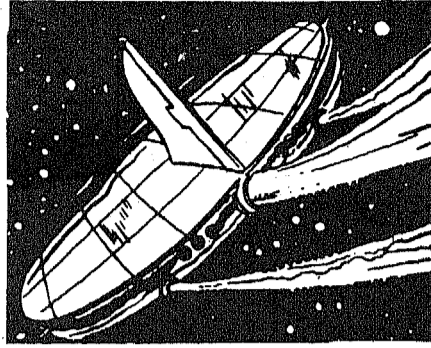
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# Human nature, human folly

Human nature. How often do we hear people explain the way we behave by the phrase, "It's only human nature"? It's only human nature that we behave in erratic, unpredictable ways. It's part and parcel of our natures that we are subject to guilt and grief, lust and hatred, love and malice, and greed.



At least, this was the way in which people commonly saw themselves in previous times. Aristotle, Confucius and St Paul would all have been familiar with the idea of 'human nature'. Today, however, things are different. The modern view of humanity is to see ourselves as the product of two things - our heredity, and our environment. Other ideas are outmoded.

Our views of human nature, or lack thereof, do, significantly, reflect themselves in how we think and act. One does not need to be a philosopher to see how closely morality is linked to the idea of human nature, for example. And one very interested action, taken in 1973, could I think be said to epitomize the modern view of human nature.

If refer, in fact, to the placement on board the American *Pioneer 10* and *Pioneer 11* spacecraft of indstructable,

engraved plaques. These identified the planet Earth as the source of the craft, giving an explicit description of our location, as well as the physical dimensions and chemical composition of human beings. They are meant for the information of intelligent beings beyond our solar system, where the probes will ultimately be directed (see diagram).

The plaques were the idea of the American scientist Carl Sagan, who in the May 1975 issue of *Scientific American* writes:

"Each plaque measures six by nine inches and is made of gold anodized aluminium. These engraved cosmic greeting cards bear the location of the earth and the time the spacecraft was built and launched ... Units of time and distance are specified in terms of the frequency of the hydrogen spin-flip at 1420

megahertz. In order to identify the exact location of the spacecraft's launch a diagram of the solar system is given."

And so on. No doubt exists in my mind that any half-witted flying saucer pilot could fail to work out who and where we are. Sagan continues:

"These plates are destined to be the longest-lived work of mankind. They will survive virtually unchanged for hundreds of millions, perhaps billions of years in space ... They will show that in the year we called 1973 there were organisms, portrayed on the plaques, that cared enough about their place in the hierarchy of all intelligent beings to share knowledge about themselves with others."

Ah, it brings tears to my eyes. Isn't it wonderful? Too bad da Vinci and Beethoven couldn't send along any of their efforts. I guess the little green men will have to content themselves with Mr Sagan's drawings and the hydrogen spin-flip. *Chacun a son gout.*

Now, to get back to the question of human nature, do you not see how Mr Sagan's view of human nature has allowed him to do something that might turn out to be very silly, eventually? He has, or so he thinks, advertised our position to 'persons' whose nature he does not and cannot know. He has gambled our very existence on these 'persons' being nice, like us. Like Mr Hitler and Mr Pol Pott, maybe. I wouldn't worry too much, though. It should take millions of years for the plaques to reach the nearest stars. I suppose in that way we are fairly fortunate. But let your imagination run riot for a minute. What if ...

\*\*\*\*\*

ONCE UPON A TIME, somewhere deep in the unfathomed reaches of intergalactic space, a battle-scarred star cruiser warped-out into standard space-time. To an observer nearby - had there been an observer nearby - the ship would have seemed to suddenly materialize where before there had been nothing but the black void of deepest space.

Commander BZARK stood alone on the bridge of the star cruiser, feeling a trifle hot beneath his plastic face-mask and cape. He looked down at his gamma-ray digital chronoscope, and was pleased. Not a micro-minute had been wasted. They were on schedule, and now safely out of range of the Federation star fighter fleet.

Wheeling around on his toes, BZARK strode through the automatic doors that separated his compartment from the operations room. Two guards in white plastic body-armor, carrying heat-wasters, solemnly bowed to him as he entered and then took up positions on either side of him, guns at the ready. BZARK stopped just inside the door.

As he entered, the occupants of the room fell silent, and rose, standing respectfully to attention. The room was covered with control panels, and little red, blue and amber lights flickered on and off at random. BZARK's deep rasping voice boomed out across the room: "We are now in the seventh star sector in X107," he announced. "We will remain here until our repairs are completed. Captain ZARPON, you shall remain on duty and report any developments directly to me." With that, BZARK turned and retreated into his compartment.

ZARPON was left alone in the operations room, except for the ubiquitous and silent guards. He sat at the main control desk. Placing one hand upon the desk's hydro-template, he said in a soft voice: "Guidance. Report traffic this sector. Action."

Instantly the ship's guidance computer communicated to him a report on the sector they were in. As ZARPON held his hand on the template, a small voice spoke to him inside his head. ZARPON touched a blue circle on the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Immediately, a ghostly image of the disembodied head of Commander BZARK appeared before him in mid-air.

"What is it?" asked the ghost.

"Your worship," said ZARPON, "guidance reports an unidentified and unpowered metallic object floating through our sector. It is not a Federation space mine. It is probably only a piece of debris, but it is unusual to find anything at all in this sector."

BZARK's image remained silent for a second before it spoke. "Investigate. We must leave nothing to chance."

The strong, harsh light of the servo-lamps illuminated the dull and battered metal object lying upon a platform in the hold of the star cruiser. ZARPON and an armed guard watched on, impassive under their plastic face-masks, while the techno-robots moved back and forth over its surface, whirring and humming as their mechanical arms extended, rotated and retracted.

ZARPON again pressed the blue circle on the back of his hand. The ghost of BZARK reappeared.

"Your worship, the object is a primitive interplanetary space probe from the star system G1053 in the nearby fourth star sector in X106. Guidance has estimated its age at 1000 megaminutes."

The ghost disappeared briefly, and then returned.

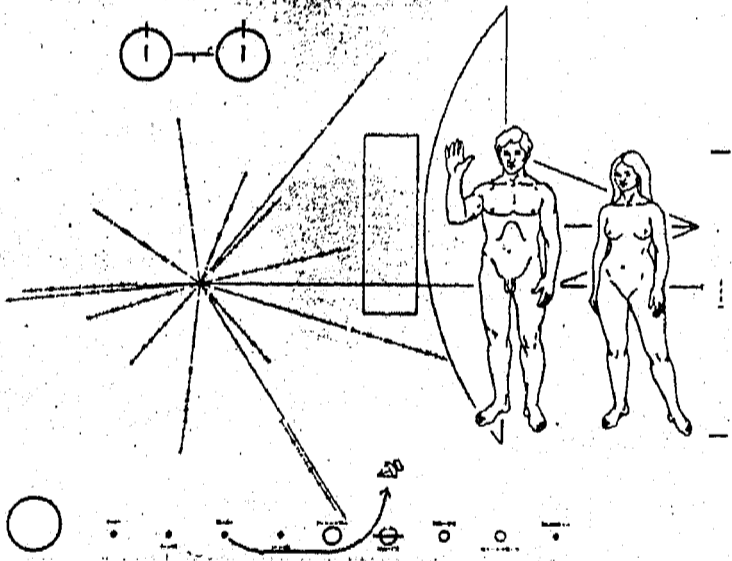
"I have consulted guidance, Captain ZARPON," said the ghost, "and it would appear that this system would make a good haven for us while we undertake repairs."

Alone again, ZARPON sat at the main control desk in the operations room while the star cruiser warped across into star system G1053. Before him, on the flat, black surface of the control desk, lay a small oblong metal plate which one of the techno-robots had removed from the surface of the primitive probe. ZARPON had kept it out of curiosity. Guidance had apparently pinpointed the source of the probe from information provided by the probe's builders upon the surface of this plate. For creatures at such a lowly stage of development, that had really been quite a foolish thing to do.

ZARPON placed his hand on the hydro-template once again. "Guidance. Project matrix G1053 security. Action," he said, softly.

The answer came. ZARPON sat on in silence, the lights before him flickering on the surface of his face-mask, deep in thought. "We cannot be squeamish," he thought to himself. "This is neither the time nor the place. And yet this will be the third race of humanoids we are to have destroyed in this maga-minute. Is it really necessary? Yes, of course," he reassured himself. "Guidance knows best."

James Irving



ENGRAVED PLAQUE on the *Pioneer* spacecraft to Jupiter is another message that has been dispatched beyond the solar system.

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UNEMPLOYMENT

So who wants a job anyway?  
When I wake up in the morning  
I sit up straight and commence a symphony of yawning,  
Leaping out of bed with the conviction of a politician telling  
the truth

It's on to the floor and twenty push-ups:  
OK, here we go then - one...two...three... there's got to ...four  
... be something ...five... more to life...six ...than...

Anyway, I make it to twenty (any less and I couldn't face my  
son - 18 yrs. 6 feet 5 inches, face like the surface of the  
moon - who runs ten miles every morning; any more and I  
wouldn't make it as far as the bathroom).

Down to breakfast wearing executive-type shirt, executive-  
type suit, executive-type tie (given to me by my daughter -  
16 yrs, braces, ponytail, figure like a pencil - one Father's  
Day years ago: "Thank you darling, just what I've always  
wanted; no, I never guessed for one moment") executive-  
type shoes, executive-type socks, fish net jocks (well, I've  
got to have my bit of fun, haven't I? The real fun is that my  
wife doesn't know; come to think of it, neither does my  
secretary).

At the bus-stop the kids from the private school in town are  
there as usual

- I've got a new calculator -
- I got nine years ago -
- mine's got more buttons than yours -
- mine's got a brown carrier case -

Haven't I heard that somewhere before?  
Here in my plastic cubicle ten flights up  
I wonder to myself, "Where did I run out of luck?"  
My sugar-sweet secretary with the TV smile  
Looks pre-programmed/pre-heated/pre-sealed as she hands  
me a file

Board meetings  
Bored people

Everything around me is made to measure  
Even the ash-trays record the acoustics of the weather.  
The multiple phone lines bring the world to my finger-tips  
- a world being compressed to the size of a silicon chip.

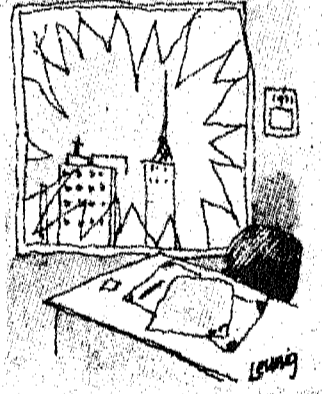
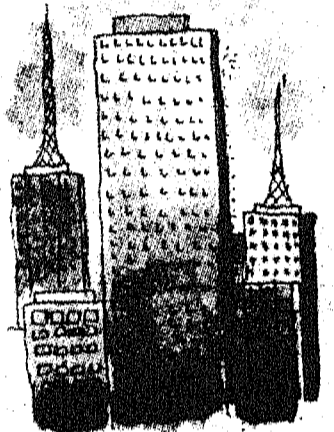
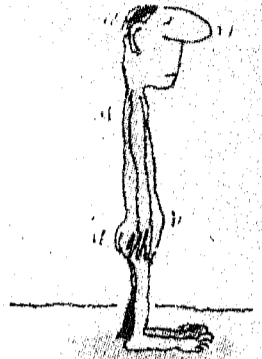
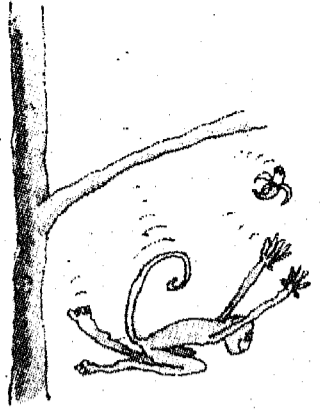
Home at last  
I try to forget the day that's past

- Hello darling have a nice day at the office don't sit there  
it's just been cleaned you haven't taken your shoes off  
have you don't leave your tie there and don't blow smoke  
at the goldfish your dinner's in the oven try not to spill  
gravy down your shirt again Michael bringing some of his  
friends home tonight to listen to records so try not to  
grumble won't you dear? -

Hit the bottle, hit the wife  
If this is a living, what is life?

So who the hell wants a job anyway?

Andrew Stone



WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO DIE FOR IRELAND

To whom I may present these words  
I chance I'll see no time again.  
Except maybe a lie hanging in a tree  
Descending to earth in autumn  
And rising again in spring.  
Maybe I'll see a moonlit tin of toast and marmalade  
In the precious little corner shops of yesterday.  
Maybe I'll see a figure standing there  
Collapsing to the ground with a bullet through his  
head.  
Shooting themselves to sleep  
They're never quite all there  
Part is buried underneath the English pillow soaked in  
Irish blood.  
Light up the shaking world!  
And you may discover (to your not-so-innocent  
surprise)  
Dying Irishmen with English blood on those Irish  
Sands.

Little Irish boy cries upon the stage.  
His father now presented to the world as a distorted  
corpse  
With a smile.  
"Even some things are worth dying for"  
He thinks, as he steers his floating coffin  
With the land still dripping blood into the sea.  
In the shallows he pictures One United Ireland  
And hopes the sum of deaths  
The total blood  
Will make life worth living for.  
Above all else he hopes  
That his little Irish boy will be able to say -  
"WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO LIVE FOR IRELAND"

David J. Thornley



# Bohemian Opera



James Christiansen as Marcello

**La Boheme**  
**Puccini**  
**Opera Theatre, June 13th**

If the opening night, and subsequent box office successes, of the Opera Company's *La Boheme* are anything to go by, the 1981 Season should be a resounding, especially with *Carmen* and *The Barber of Seville* on the agenda, and modernists will be pleased to hear that the extremely recent *A Christmas Carol* of the Scottish Thea Musgrave will finish us off for the year.

Set in Paris of the late nineteenth century, *La Boheme* represents an Italian (Puccini) musical interpretation of a German (Murger) view of Bohemian life in Paris, and Puccini's music sensitively reflects both the gaiety and pathos of Murger's novel, particularly underscoring the pathos.

The plot represents variations of the theme of tragic fatalism, or, doomed from the start, since Mimì enters coughing, and ends the drama by dying consumptively. Nevertheless, in the first act, after an extremely rapid wooing in the appropriate garret, love triumphs, and the new found lovers set off for a second act of much gaiety and celebration, tinged, however, with callousness and complete amorality, as our other two lovers, Marcello and Musetta, indulge in a series of ploys which would leave a psycho-therapist reeling, in which an elderly admirer is duped and left holding the bill. The third act explores contrasting approaches to affairs of the heart, neither of which

work, with one couple espousing apparent lightness and gaiety, while the other manifests suspicion and pain. In true romantic fashion, however, all is resolved, with the assistance of several doom-filled coughs, and apparent happiness prevails. But by the fourth act, all is, however, lost for everyone, since both the ladies have disappeared, and the gentlemen are left to cheer themselves. Mimì appears only to embark on her deathbed scene, and, despite Rodolfo's highest romantic efforts, dies, and Tragedy triumphs. It is, however, in this act that Puccini most shows his musical/dramatic genius, with sudden contrasts between soaring and noisy gaiety, and quietly painful pathos, with an extremely poignant ending. No wonder the first audience of equally sentimental Italians refused to leave!

For Thomas Edmonds and Marilyn Richardson, the evening was a tour de force, since they both go far with their acting to expand their roles. In the roles of the other lovers, James Christiansen and Catherine Duval provided at times inspired support. The diction was on the whole good, although the men were definitely ahead - the ladies, at times, seemed to be battling the orchestra. Ten points, however, for the choreography of the crowd scenes in the second act, with the chorus, augmented by the Epiphany's little boys, staging a perfect frieze with a co-ordination that would have left the Australian Opera envious. Ian Campbell has

definitely made an impact with this, his first production for State Opera. The sets and scenery, too, caught the flavour of the two sides of the Bohemian coin, with the destitution of the garret and the flamboyance of the street.

Being unfamiliar with the opera, the differences of scoring cited in the programme by the Musical Director, Denis Vaughan, were entirely lost on me, and my only impression of the orchestra was that, while it was most competent, it was generally several degrees too loud, relative to the voices.

The first night audience, by the way, is almost an event in itself: if opera can be regarded as social music, then the more obviously 'social' crowd is probably a natural concomitant. A warning, however, about acoustics: again, we have discovered that the place not to be is in the stalls under the balcony. It occurs to us that the nineteenth century European idea of boxes around the walls, rather than overhanging balconies, was probably more acoustically sensible, since it preserved the shape of the amplifying box.

Nevertheless, this production of *Boheme* is one of those rare events you should run to see, although, fortunately or unfortunately, by the time you read this, it may be sold out. Last I heard, there were seats on Tuesday and Thursday (23/25th) Still, if you miss out, *Carmen*, too, promises to be quite something, and opens on August 8th. Be early. **Osman Minor**

# Crepes take the cake

Viens vite!  
Crêpes aujourd'hui.



THANK YOU first entrants of the 1981 *On dit* recipe contest. The judges had a hard time figuring this one out but finally decided that the savoury crepes made the *On dit* grade, being fairly cheap and using spices imaginatively. Thanks however to Diana Short. YOU might have taken it out but for the fact that few people I know can afford chocolate. But the digestive biscuits were a nice touch.

This however leaves the eds with a problem. Someone out there has won a free meal at the British Hotel - but who? The entry was unsigned. Would the winner please come into

the office and establish their identity - preferably by cooking us up some of the above mixture?

As for all you who have just tuned in to this serial, the story so far is submit a cheap, very nutritious, imaginative and preferably individual recipe to *On dit* and wait for the prize, a fine meal from the *British Hotel*, Finn's Street, North Adelaide, to roll in. There you will be treated to a gourmet meal in an historical University type setting and might just recover in time to get your next week's entry in. Entry deadline is Thursday at 12 a.m. What have you got to lose?

**Savoury Crepes - serves 4**  
5 medium (or 4 extra-large) eggs  
2 cups of milk  
2-3 cups of flour  
3 dessert spoons of butter  
3-4 tablespoons of grated parmesan cheese  
Salt (to taste)  
Oregano  
Chinese five spice  
Garlic powder

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, placing the whites in a clean dry bowl. Beat the yolks with one cup of milk in a separate bowl. Add flour to the yolk mixture to form a thick dough. Melt the butter in a saucepan and fold into dough until well combined. Add cheese, salt and spices and mix in thoroughly.

Add sufficient milk to convert to a thin batter and beat until smooth and all lumps are removed. Further dilution should be with water and not milk.

Beat whites with a clean, dry egg beater until stiff. Fold whites into batter gently, ensuring that no lumps of white remain, but so that you do not knock the air and 'fluffiness' out of the mixture.

**To Cook**

Heat a generous teaspoon of butter in a 10-12" cast iron skillet, to a temperature at which the butter will sizzle without turning brown; this may require several trial and error attempts.

When the pan is at the correct temperature and a small quantity of butter is sizzling in the pan, add one or two tablespoons of the batter to the pan. As quickly as possible swirl the batter around so that it covers the entire bottom (not on the sides) and then quickly pour the excess back into the bowl containing the mixture. (No cooked lumps or other bits and pieces should be allowed to fall back into the bowl.) When the wet upper surface of the pancake begins to form a significant number of bubbles, the other side is cooked. The edges should be freed gently from the pan using an egg slice or similar, and tossed (if you can't toss, turn it over with the egg slice).

As the other side cooks, steam will rise in little jets from the upturned side. When this ceases the pancake is cooked.

Serve immediately with anything you fancy.

**Za Za's Divine Recipe**  
**Chocolate Crunch Cake**

3 oz. butter  
1 oz castor sugar  
1 Tbsp. golden syrup  
4 oz milk chocolate  
8 oz digestive biscuits

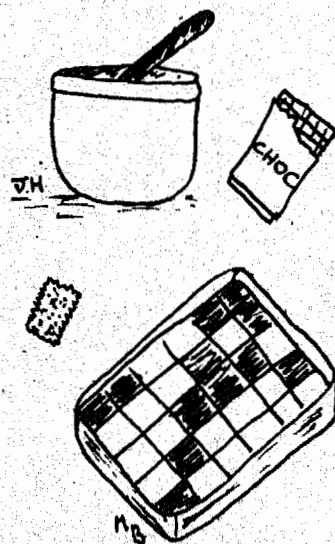
Crush biscuits into fine crumbs between pieces of greaseproof paper. Melt chocolate in basin over hot water.

Cream together the butter, sugar and syrup. Stir melted chocolate into the creamed mixture. Mix in biscuit crumbs.

Spread mixture into a flat dish lined with greaseproof paper. Place in refrigerator or cool place to set.

Decorate with icing sugar and glace cherries

**D.M. Stern**



# Honest Injun

**Fort Apache, The Bronx**  
**Academy Cinema, City**  
**Paul Newman**

After an awful debut in the 1954 religious 'epic' *The Silver Chalice*, Paul Newman has reached the point where he is probably the key American film actor of his generation, by which I mean those who came to prominence in the 1950's. After his embarrassing start, Newman made rapid progress, appearing in such excellent films as *The Long Hot Summer* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. But he still spent most of the fifties in the shadow of Marlon Brando, who had just completed a string of classic American movies that included *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront*. Newman isn't as versatile an actor as Brando, but over the last twenty years his films have generally been superior.

*Fort Apache, The Bronx* is probably Newman's best film since *Cool Hand Luke*, fourteen years ago, and he has never been more likeable. It also marks the end of more than five self-inflicted years as box office poison due mainly to bad starring vehicles. He keeps the rebellious Newman anti-hero image alive in his portrayal of Patrolman Murphy, but discards the

unpleasant characteristics that he used so effectively in *Hud* and *The Hustler*. Murphy is a tough but good humoured veteran of fourteen years in the Bronx as a member of the 41st Precinct, known as Fort Apache because it's the only moderately safe place in a violent slum district.

The story opens with a drug crazed prostitute on a psychotic binge (chillingly played by Pam Grier) gunning down two rookie cops. A new, out of touch desk-bound Captain (an appropriately rigid and impractical Ed Asner) takes over, determined to run the precinct his way, which only adds to the trouble of the weary cops. Violence flares up in the Bronx between the police and the ghetto dwellers as a result of the new captain's policies, and during a bitter riot one of the cops, Morgan (a stand out performance from Danny Aiello), kills a Puerto Rican boy.

Only Murphy and his partner, Carelli (Ken Wahl) witness Morgan's actions, and for the rest of the film Murphy is plagued by doubts. Should he break the unwritten law and become an out-cast by betraying a fellow cop? Or will he follow the dictates of conscience?

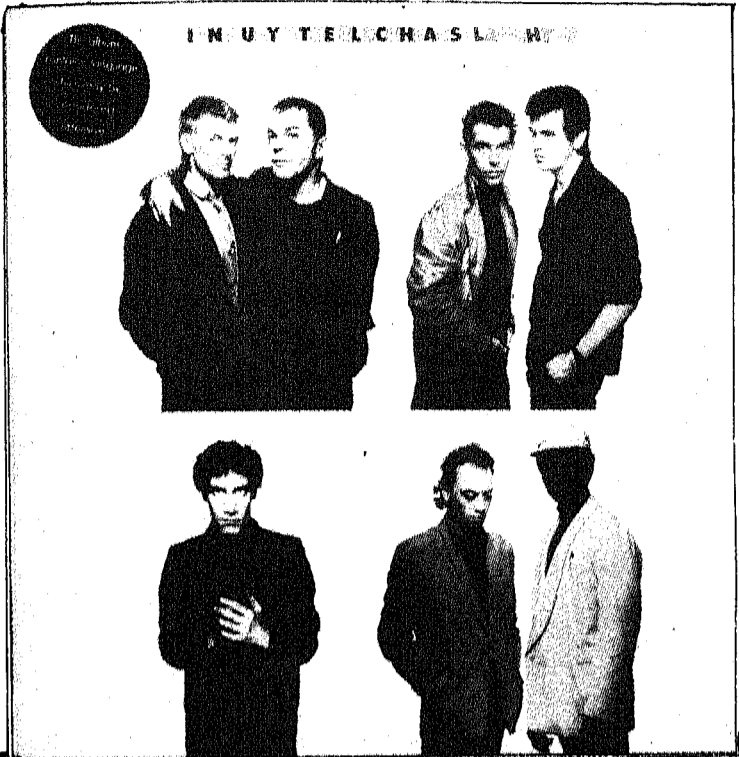
It isn't all that difficult to guess which path Murphy takes, and the catalyst is provided by the murder of his girlfriend Theresa (Rachel Tietbin), a nurse and part-time junkie. She is given a lethal dosage by her suppliers, who fear that her relationship with Murphy poses a threat to the lucrative drug syndicate inside the hospital where she works. The scene where Murphy learns of her death gives Newman his best dramatic moment in years and is uncomfortably real to watch; Newman's own son did of an overdose almost three years ago.

*Fort Apache, The Bronx* is a triumph for Newman, Asher and a largely unknown supporting cast. It's a well paced movie directed with flair by Daniel Petrie who manages to combine the inherent tragic elements of the movie with touches of humour without making the final product grotesque. Only one minor feature detracts from the film's final credibility. Newman, at 56, is still undoubtedly handsome and the much publicized blue eyes remain undimmed with the passing of the years, but it seems a little incongruous to cast him opposite a leading lady younger than two of his daughters.

**Peter Rummel**



# Recorded Laughter



**Ian Dury and the Blockheads**  
Laughter  
Siff

This is Dury's third album, and in my mind, his best. Positioning itself between the rawness of *New Boots and Panties* and the more sophisticated *Do it Yourself*, *Laughter* is instantly likeable, though not overtly commercial. It still has those characteristic Dury lyrics; sometimes biting, sometimes ridiculous, and always witty. Worries were held that after guitarist and musical director Chaz Jankel left the *Blockheads* when the last album was completed that Dury was bound to fold as a musical force. However, if anything, the opposite has occurred. *Laughter* has lost the clutter that tended to exist on *Do it Yourself* and is more forthright as a result. Best tracks on the album include the single, *I Want to be Straight*, *Superman's Big Sister*, *Oh Mr Peanut!* and the anthem like, *F\*\*\*\* Afa*. No prizes for guessing what

the asterisks stand for. Swearing is nothing new in music, though rarely does it seem as at home as with Ian Dury. He does not swear to sell records, but rather to express himself in the vernacular of London's East End. And after all, that ability of Dury to express himself frankly and intelligently in his lyrics is what makes him one of the most honest songwriters in England.

*Laughter* should satisfy all Ian Dury fans and for that matter, anyone who wants to hear some music which began in the New Wave era, and unlike other acts, has successfully survived due not to gimmicks, but talent. Dury proves here that musicians don't have to sell out to sell records, an ability that most current singers and groups forget in their pursuit of a dollar (or a million).  
Paul Klaric

## Runaway success for the Stray Cats

**Stray Cats**  
Runaway Boys  
Arista

*Stray Cats* are a three-piece band from New York who found difficulty being accepted in their home town. So, moving across the Atlantic and meeting up with ex-*Rockpile* member, Dave Edmunds, they set about making an album and a new home.

The result was *Runaway Boys*, an album that gets back to basic rock 'n' roll with twelve catchy numbers that are almost fifties in style. Yet, this is not an *OL '55* job; most of the material is new, and the lyrics deal with topics ranging from the American Hostages in Iran to a hate of disco-music. As such, the sound of the music is more modern, more original and more authentic than any revival group could muster. Perhaps it's because the *Cats* are not reliving any past

memories; they are playing a brand of music as new to them as it was to Bill Haley twenty-five years ago.

*Runaway Boys* also avoids the trap that many other rock albums fall into, that of overkill. Each tune is kept as basic as possible, producing a crisp, uncluttered sound which is refreshing amid the current wave of "robot music".

The *Stray Cats* are young, enthusiastic and talented and together with Edmunds, have produced a fine debut album.

There is little point trying to single out any tracks which rate a special mention; each is done perfect justice by the *Cats*. So should you want a dose of energized, basic rock 'n' roll without having to walk down memory lane, have a listen to *Runaway Boys*, a versatile oasis in a desert of disco, synthesizers and hype.  
Paul Klaric

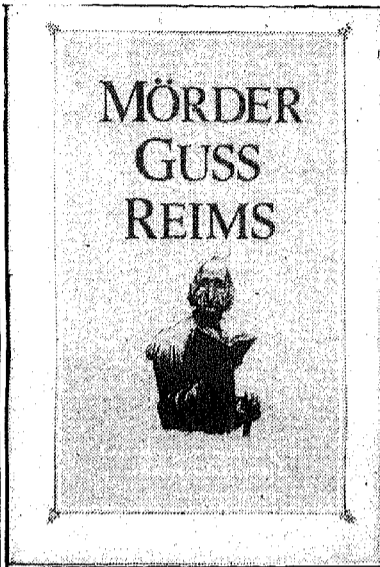
1. DEVO - *Girl U Want*.
2. The Bureau - *The First One*
3. The Cure - *Primary*
4. Jackson Zumdlsh - *Flyblown*
5. Sports - *Against the Dance*
6. Gen X - *Polson*
7. Lene Lovich - *New Toy*
8. The Revillos - *Scuba Scuba*
9. The Parachutes - *Emotion*
10. The Selector - *Cool Blue Lady*
11. The Plastics - *Diamond Head*
12. The Ears - *The Lollyhater*

# MOTHER GOOSE OR- "HOW TO COOK SAUERKRAUT"

**Morder Guss Reims**  
John Hulme  
Angus and Robertson

John Hulme won't even admit to writing this book. He claims to have transcribed and annotated the manuscripts of one Professor Doktor Gustav Leberwurst, who he also claims was (before his death) one of the world's foremost experts on sauerkraut, and is supposed to have written two books on the subject. 'Getting back to realities for a moment, are you one of that strange breed of person possessing a good German accent (when you want it) and the ability to pronounce German correctly? Then even if you don't know what the words actually mean then this book is for you.

The whole book is written phonetically in English but it is heavily disguised as German, only correct German pronunciation of the words will expose the phonetic English. If you succeed in this, however, you will discover that the book contains a large collection of



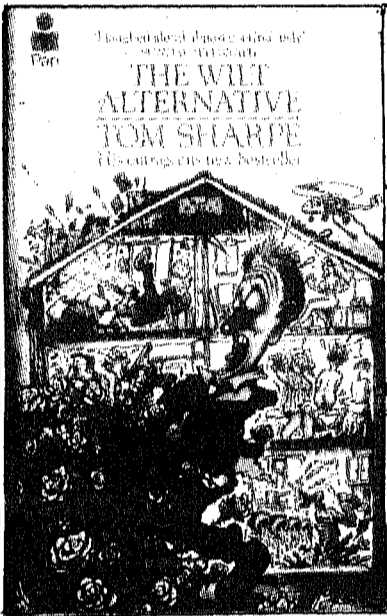
Mother Goose nursery rhymes (*MORDER GUSS REIMS* actually reads as *Mother Goose Rhymes*).

What really makes this book funny is that the author then turns around and treats the text as if it was actually written in German. He translates it into pure English and then interprets it with reference to many obscure sources of historical events.

These interpretations do not have any connection whatsoever to the nursery rhymes but the association is in general highly amusing. Anyone who has ever flunked German but thinks he knows a bit of the language will get a million laughs out of this book.

1. *Das Allgemeine Universalfachwörterbuch Der Sauerkrautwissenschaft*. (All About Sauerkraut)
2. *Gesammelte selbstgeprüfte Sauerkrautrezepte mit Vorbereitungsregeln und Anleitungen zum Kochen*. (How to Cook Sauerkraut)

Michael Brock



**The Wilt Alternative**  
Tom Sharpe

Following in the footsteps of his earlier novels, *The Wilt Alternative* somewhat weakly continues the saga of Henry Wilt "innate coward and hen pecked husband". While Sharpe is *always* funny, it's fair to say that his latest book is less so. It lacks the edgy satire of *Riotous Assembly* or the careful plot of *Porterhouse Blue*.

In the course of this novel, Wilt is assaulted by maniacal left wing ideologues, his children, his wife, a rosebush, the National Health Service and a few assorted terrorists. Wilt emerges triumphant in an English sort of way.

Overall, the book appears as a low key morality tale rather than a satire. Sometimes Sharpe's search for laughter strains his supply of things to laugh at. As well, the characters are poorly developed and display characteristics not entirely consistent throughout the book.

If you're an afficiando, buy it, but if not try *Riotous Assembly* in which people are murdered with elephant guns, machine guns in mock battles, and hanging. All good clean fun with the South African police and very topical with our own boys in blue packing their new .357 magnums.  
Geoff Hanmer

## Sharpe Wit

# NIX' FILM COLUMN

### SNEAK, SECOND-HAND PREVIEWS

A couple of weekends ago the Australian Film Institute screened a number of new, yet to be released, Australian features at the Glenelg Cinema Centre. The purpose was to select this year's AFI Award winners (or 'Ozcars') to be announced in October. Admission was open to AFI members with all of them (between 50 to 100 in SA) being entitled to vote for the Best Film category.

Unfortunately, AFI rules exclude any reviews, with critics (like *Advertiser Arts Editor Shirley Despoja*) and pseudo-critics (like myself) who weren't AFI members being barred. That might be just as well, considering the reports I've got on the quality of these new Oz movies. One very reliable source maintains that most of the entries are disappointing, with only Peter Weir's *Gallipoli* being the significant exception. Weir has departed from his earlier films by concentrating more on developing strong characterizations - a direct contrast to his 'atmosphere' piece *Picnic at Hanging Rock*.

However, *Roadgames* and *Centrespread* didn't fare so well. The former is a \$1.7m US backed film with two American hack actors, Jamie Lee Curtis (of *Halloween*, *The Fog*, *Prom Night* and *Terror Train* fame) and Stacey Keach. Set in the Nullabor, the story about a

truck driver (Keach) and a hitch-hiker (Curtis) being stalked by a homicidal maniac, has been called "extraordinarily silly". It's already bombed in the US, and if local audiences have any sense, it should do the same here. As for *Centrespread* (produced by Adelaide's Wayne Groom) the SA made saga about a young girl's rise in the "modelling" world, response has been even harsher. The AFI audience almost laughed it off the screen and I've been told that "it gives soft-core porno movies a bad name".

### BARELY A SURVIVOR?

But the most scathing comments were reserved for another locally filmed production, *Survivor* (remember that mock-up Jumbo Jet that 'crashed' at Paradana last year?). Produced by Melbourne's Tony Ginnane and directed by veteran English actor David Hemmings, *Survivor*, according to its synopsis, concerns:

"A pilot, the only survivor of a plane crash, tortured with guilt and unable to explain the reason for the disaster, sets upon a course of discovery, desperately seeking to overcome his loss of memory." It's very much the 'international' movie of which there's been a lot of heated debate lately. Even though it's been made in Australia you'd be hard pressed to guess that.

*Survivor* was initially planned

for release last January, yet we'll be seeing it's premiere (in Adelaide) next month. Sadly, you can't say it's a case of 'better late than never'. According to people who were involved in *Survivor's* production, the film nearly failed to live up to its title. For a while, so the sources claim, it wasn't going to be released because of severe problems in getting the film 'together' in the editing room, and for its overall appalling quality. Those who saw it for the AFI awards say that the extra six months in post-production haven't helped, and it's just a terrible movie. One cynic in the local film industry has suggested that *Survivor* would have been better off being sold straight to TV. That way, so the reasoning goes, there's absolutely no chance of bad word of mouth.

### A PHANTOM FILM?

Just because you make a critical dog doesn't mean you're finished. Not in the movie business anyway. Despite the above remarks about *Centrespread*, its producer, Wayne Groom, is laughing. I understand he's already in the black, having sold the movie to European territories. Groom is working on ideas for his next project, and I've heard there are three basic choices. It's either going to be another soft-core effort, a horror story, or it just could be a film version of that immortal comic strip character - *The Phantom*.

## Student Radio Top 12



# Horst's - not the worst

Horsts  
91 Grenfell Street

Wake up early or sleep through the alarm? It's yet another Monday morning and there's no food in the house! (to your dismay). But breakfast is a must. Totter out of the house and head for town.

Where to go? Horsts? It's closer to the bus stop and you're definitely lacking in energy. So to Horsts we go (resounding chords).

Oh. Something "cool", calm and pleasantly contrasting. A feast to the eyes and warm as toast.

Sliding into a chair (comfortable) one ponders the menu. Light breakfast? Full breakfast? Continental? Prue chooses a light breakfast and Di elects for a full breakfast. (Light breakfast: juice, cereal, croissants and tea or coffee \$3.20. Full breakfast: juice, cereal, something hot - omelettes/bacon and eggs/steak, etc. etc. - toast and jam, and tea or coffee. \$4.50.)

In the few minutes between order and delivery, waiting for the delight to begin, we sit back and look at the restaurant itself. Lots of plants (e.g. palms and umbrella trees) and masses of theatre and art exhibition posters. Colour! Red brick arches, wooden tables, a red tiled floor, and a piano. A symphony of reds, browns and greens highlighted with pure colours. Some windows are coloured, and there is an enormous "picture window".

If you just want a cup of coffee (or something a little stronger), there's an "International Bar" with stools and newspapers (if you are devoted to reading at breakfast).

Breakfast arrives, juice first, then cereal. Both of us had decided on muesli for a cereal - and we agree that it tastes very nice; there's honey to go with it if you wish. On to coffee and Di's choice of tea (wide range available). Then the croissants, toast and jam appear, deliciously hot, which we consume with great relish.

Di hadn't even finished her toast before her omelette was served; cheese and mushroom (a hobbit's delight) looking delicious and tasting delicious. And by the way, if you like alcohol with your breakfast you can have it!

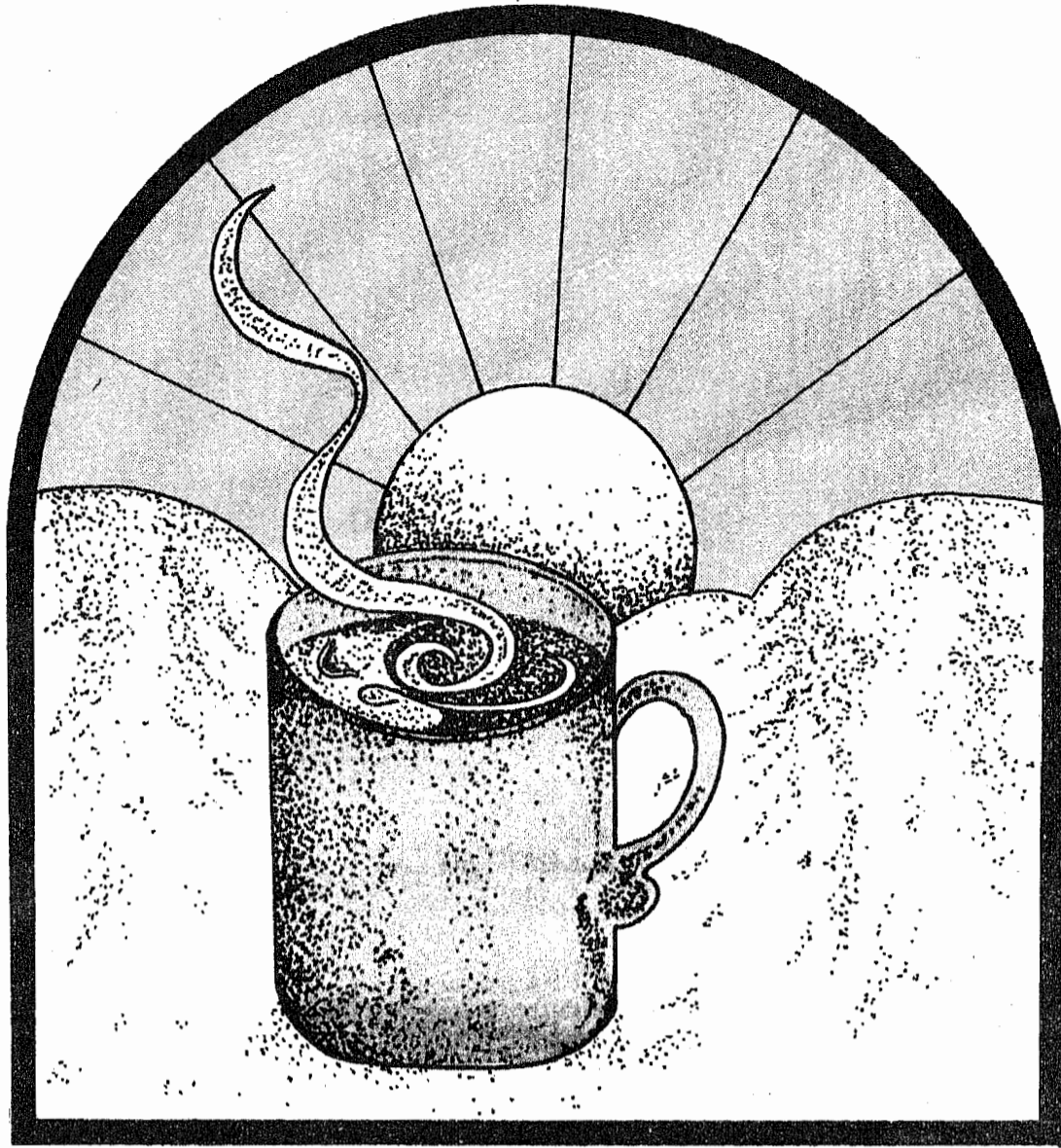
In due course the magic of breakfast dissipated and we had to slowly head for work. In retrospect Horsts gives you value for money - and is definitely something to chorus about.

Diana Short  
Prue Dunstone

# Feeling down- try the Cellar

Breakfast in the Cellar is relatively easy for three reasons - I generally find myself much more capable of staggering *downstairs* at 8.30 a.m. than of staggering *upstairs*, assuming I have to handle any steps at all. Also, you don't get any choice as to what you can order - a great boon for those ghastly bright, headachy mornings when the nights on cheap flagons in front of the TV have finally caught up with you and thinking is a definite no-no. It's croissants and a hot drink for all - very Henry Ford. Finally, if you feel even going *down* a flight of steps is a bit athletic for an early morning, then you needn't miss out. Just go to the Wills Refectory where you can score exactly the same food for exactly the same price; yet another case of the Cellar doubling up on everyone else's catering.

However, breakfast at Uni. has its good points - one can get in a good full day studying by starting early. Breakfasts are short when there are no fights over the news-



## IS THERE LIFE before 7 am?

Life's three eternal early morning problems - how to turn the alarm clock off without getting out of bed, how to get out of your pyjamas, and what to eat for breakfast? Here *On dit* will answer them all in turn. Firstly you can't, secondly the same way you got into them the night before but backwards. The third is a bit more complex. Of course you could simply run out to the kitchen and hoe into the frogot loops - but what sort of way is that to start your day? Far better to go out somewhere.

Have you been finding that your nights are monopolised by important engagements like having a headache, washing your hair? Having breakfast out opens up seven more opportunities a week to see your friends. Thinking of marriage but scared about what your prospective spouse is like in the morning? Bounce into their bedroom at 7 a.m. with a toaster and a pack of white Hi Fibe and you'll find out. Breakfast is a great social time - *if* you've got up at 4 a.m. and have your head together before the other guests arrive. You'll be the life of the party.

A surprising number of Adelaide restaurants supply breakfasts. This list is by no means exhaustive but we hope it will give you a taste for the early morning dew. Thanks to our hardy reviewer Diana Short and friends and those restaurants that donated the food. You have the chance to see the rising sun for the first time. And yes, 7 a.m. really *does* exist.

paper to distract you from the morning cornflake.

It seems also that the Cellar fosters a tremendous feeling of solidarity with those around you also stupid enough to greet an hour of the day numerically less than 11 with open arms. Truly, the Cellar has a nice homely feel at 9 a.m. - steam rising from coffee cups, motorcyclists defrosting themselves over someone else's cigarette.

And the food isn't abysmal either though no choices other than croissants and coffee/tea presented themselves to my gaze - unless hot dogs and cheese rolls could be

called breakfast (which I doubt).

The coffee at the Cellar is typically not good - one would hope that in the near future they could organise a better situation - but then it isn't bad either. Anyway it was good enough for me, a cold half sleeping caffeine addict who had to write up a number of stories before 10 a.m.

As for the croissants, for 18c, I think the Catering Department has managed to give good value here. The rolls are sweet and contain a filling of apricot jam (?). Though not brilliant, the croissants are pleasant enough and cheap enough to give the average student a good

start to his/her day.

In all, I'd have to say that the Cellar scores 5 out of 10 - What they do they do fairly well if unspectacularly, in a warm breakfast atmosphere. But the range is dreadful and there aren't enough seats. Once again, why can't the Catering Management Board arrange some tables for two to go in the empty spaces? At least it would mean that couples who slip down for a quiet intimate breakfast could eat in peace without having to share a table, while still utilising the space available fully.

James Williamson

# Pancake kitsch

Pancake Kitchen  
Gilbert Place

We stumble off the train and peer at the early morning sky. God, it's raining; there is a bitterly cold wind swirling round the platform. I pull my coat tightly around me, we snuggle together, and head for the Last Homely House West of the Mall. The Pancake Kitchen!

We open the door, and a blast of warm air rushes out and envelopes us. Ahhh ... We are shown to a table (reserved for us!), whereupon we collapse into crumpled heaps of sleep to be woken in order to order our order.

We stare at the menu with bleary eyes and after much hesitation we inform the waitress we would like her to order for us. She returns almost immediately with coffee, orange juice, pancakes, ham and eggs, tomato, a hobbit-sized platter of mushrooms, milkshakes; but *no* Alkaseltzers. Pity about that. You have *no* idea how hard it can be to eat breakfast on an empty stomach in the monumental proportions as served to us.

We raise ourselves up and start pouring sugar in our coffee. We sip tentatively. (Ahhh...) We bow to Mecca in thankfulness and fall asleep in our pancakes. The coffee quickly has the desired effect. We awaken, and TUCK IN. Goodie, Goodie, Yum, Yum. The food goes down with consummate ease. Sufficient it seems for all of today and most of tomorrow.

Half an hour later we had wiped our platters clean, licked the last vestiges of maple syrup from our fingers, and were down to our last cups of coffee. Reading the morning paper that they had thoughtfully provided for us. And then, all too soon, it was time to go, time to leave this quiet backstreet haven, this warm friendly homely house and venture once more out into the cold Adelaide streets.

Diana Short  
Harry Roberts

# Got leftward leanings?

Left Bank  
Pulteney Street

Today's morning is wet, cold and miserable. Just as the weatherman (Keith Mortyn?) predicted - they're right for once!

... Although "one of us" has already toast and coffee once this bleary morning, she's still hungry - hence she joins with a friend who has equally "nothing" to do (and is also ravenous) and troop off to the Left Bank Coffee House.

Warm and comfy is a first comment as they sit down and peer at a menu written on a blackboard-easel. Scrambled eggs - bacon and eggs - ham and eggs (\$2.50) muesli (65c) ... croissants and jam (etc.) (\$1.60).

Breakfast comes - ham tastes delicious! as does the juice (though a bit sweet), toast, muesli, tea ...

They converse about nothing in particular - an eye falls on a stray sculpture acting as a plant pot, small plants, ferns peeping out - sprouting everywhere - Photographs are dotted around the walls adding to the general colour scheme of browns and greens.

There is a considerable amount of art-craft-work in the Left Bank, pottery 'sculptures', photographs, a small gallery. The bookshop incorporated with the restaurant. (One place in town you can read whilst having an evening meal!)

And you would never feel 'alone' as there are some quite large groups of people who obviously joined together for a group "breakfast out" (ideal), as well as one or two or three people munching together at the odd table.

A delightful thought pops up. "It's a nice place, friendly, comfortable, 'homely' - nicely cluttered like my own kitchen, serves the kind of breakfast (and food in general) that if I had time I'd cook for myself."

Diana Short  
Nicola Hardie