

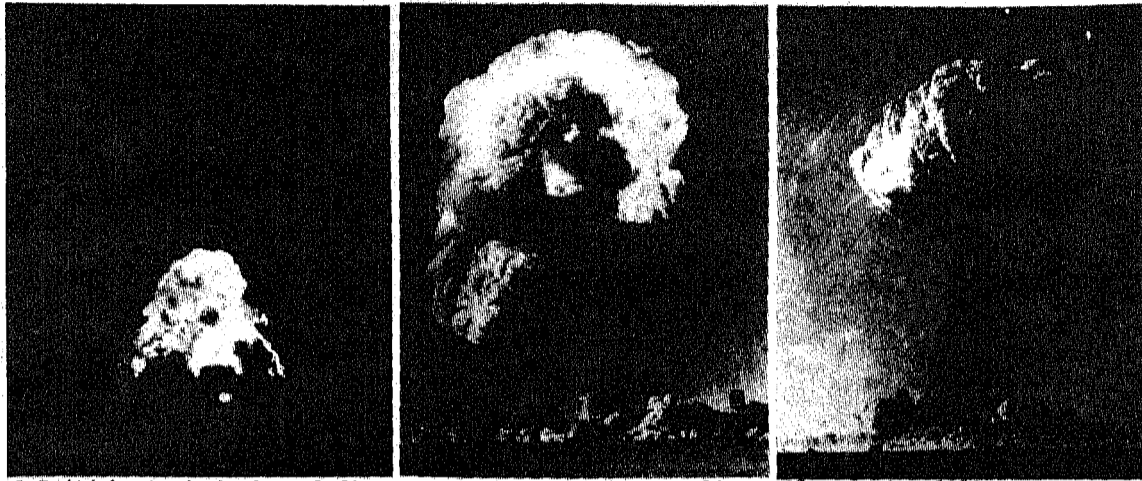
# On dit



Vol. 52 No. 3

Adelaide University

Monday 19 March 1984



A British atomic bomb exploding at Maralinga, South Australia on 27 September 1956.

## Maralinga: then and now

by Jane Willcox

Thirty - two years ago Colin Bird's job was to remove test cannisters of atomic dust collected from radioactive clouds by aircraft during the British atomic bomb testing at Monte Bello Island off Western Australia.

Three years later Mr Bird had cancer of the ears, throat, tongue and shoulder muscles.

Today, after numerous operations, Bird is left with very few muscles in his upper body.

In 1952 Mr Bird was an RAAF engine fitter and the British were detonating the first of twelve atomic bombs in Australia.

A year later they had moved their test site to Maralinga in South Australia's far north.

"I was wearing a hat for the sun and shorts for decency," Colin Bird told On dit last week as he recalled his experiences with the testing team.

"I'd unbolt the cannisters and hand them down to scientists. They were dressed in full suits; gloves and helmet," he said.

"They looked like Mr Armstrong on the moon."

"There were four large bolts, I was under the wing looking at them."

"All that radioactive stuff went right down my throat."

Mr Bird left the RAAF in 1966 after more than 23 years of civilian service and was forced to leave his civilian job ten years ago because he had cancer.

"I'm completely unemployable," he said.

After six or seven weeks removing test cannisters in Broome, Western Australia, he was transferred to the RAAF base in Amberley Queensland.

"They ran a geiger counter over the planes we'd used and found the level was so high no-one was allowed to fly them."

"And then they decided in their wisdom to steam clean the planes."

"Initially I was cleaning in a hat and shorts, but it was decided that was too dangerous, so they gave me overalls," he said.

"A bit late." Mr Bird spent two months at Amberley cleaning the planes.

"Then they decided it was impossible to clean them so they were buried somewhere in Queensland."

Mr Bird couldn't disclose where the planes were buried as it was still "secret".

Mr Bird is a member of the Australian Nuclear Veterans Association, a group who are fighting to have the health problems of ex-servicemen who took part in the atomic experiments recognised by

the Repatriation authorities.

"I was an engine fitter, I knew as much about radiation as the people who live on Mars," he said.

"I know a lot more now."

Mr Bird feels the "lack of precautions" taken over the atomic testing was "atrocious".

Britain detonated 12 atomic bombs in Australia between 1952 and 1957. The first explosions were at Monte Bello, and nine were carried out in South Australia at Emu Field in the North-West and at Maralinga.

The Treasurer of the Australian Nuclear Veterans Association, Mr Beitzel, said there were "no safety measures" at Emu Plains.

Mr Beitzel was attached to the naval unit responsible for setting up the campsite and construction, and saw four bombs exploded.

"The countdown was five, four, three, two, one, zero, about turn: the only thing we were told to do was turn our backs," he said.

"Once we just jumped in a car and went and had a look at the hole after the bomb had gone off."

Mr Beitzel was told he'd be working for the Commonwealth Department of Supply.

"Now I wonder what we really were doing up there."

## BACKGROUND

The issue of British atomic bomb testing in Australia re-emerged last week with the release of a document declassified under the British 30 year security rule.

The document revealed that high military authorities had ordered troops to be subjected to "psychological stress tests" during the explosions.

Men from three British and Australian armed service units were segregated from other personnel at Maralinga into a special compound only 2.4 km from the blast point.

The 62 Australians involved have never been publicly identified. The Australian Nuclear Veterans Association National President Mr Harold Crosbie said their fate was a "complete mystery".

Fifteen thousand Australian service personnel took part in the atomic experiments in the 1950's and thirteen hundred were possibly exposed to radiation he said.

Four hundred have approached the Australian Nuclear Veterans Association, none of these amongst the 62 "volunteers" or member of their families Mr Crosbie said.

It has now been revealed that the aims of the psychological tests were to train troops to protect themselves against atomic explosions and to observe their reactions.

Britain detonated twelve atomic bombs in Australia between 1952 and 1957. The first explosions were at Monte Bello Island off the north-west coast of Western Australia. Nine bombs were exploded in north-west South Australia, seven at Maralinga and two further north at Emu Field.

Between May and April in 1980, the *Advertiser* newspaper set up the "Extra" team to investigate the tests. They uncovered information alleging the effect of the "black mist" fallout on tribal aboriginals, previously believed to have been outside the testing area.

The Returned Services League opened a national register for ex-servicemen who believed they were suffering ill-effects from radiation exposure.

In less than two months there were 52 deaths from cancer entered on the register.

In May 1980, a Perth businessman Patrick Connolly (then 36) made assertions that he saw aboriginals in the contaminated area at Maralinga, the contaminated area at Maralinga, and that ASTO agents warned him to keep quiet after he made his statement public.

Investigations prompted a health study on tribal aboriginals in north-west Australia led by Dr T.N. Cutter then head of the Aboriginal Health Services.

A report was tabled in Federal Parliament entitled "Radiological safety and future land use at Emu Atomic Weapons test sites".

As quickly as the issue blew up, it died down. Since 1981 Maralinga has been all but ignored by the Australian public until last week's disclosures.

## How we saw the British A-bomb tests thirty years ago



### Atomic Cloud Forms Head Of Aborigine

The way the smoke column of yesterday's atomic explosion twice formed the gigantic head profile of an aborigine impressed even the most sophisticated scientific observers.

One who saw the explosion from 13 miles away, said: "After the huge head, unmistakably that of a Myall black, had temporarily faded from the 15,000 ft. high smoke column, it reappeared just as clearly once again before the smoke column flattened and drifted slowly away."

"It made me wonder just how an old native witch doctor would explain the weird significance of the greatest smoke signal and the most destructive happening man has ever caused on the Australian mainland."

THE  
**ATOM BOMB EXPLODES** and  
GODFREY'S SUPPLY THE FAMOUS SWEDISH  
**Electrolux '25' MODEL**

TO TEST ADELAIDE'S AIR FOR RADIO ACTIVITY

This official scientific test required the use of a vacuum cleaner which would function for an indefinite period, 24 hours a day, drawing through special filters dust particles from the atmosphere. Godfrey's chose and supplied a rebuilt Electrolux "25" for this important task.

Godfrey's have a limited number of rebuilt Electrolux "25" models, identical with this atom test machine, for immediate delivery. Complete with all attachments, including 3-JET SPRAY GUN, and UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS.

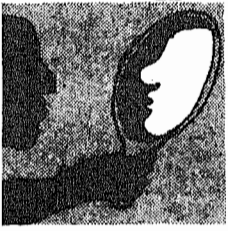
Other Swedish models from  
**12 Gns.**  
cash or E2 deposit.  
13 ADELAIDE ARCADE, W2903

**GODFREY'S**

News item, advertisement and cartoon from *The Advertiser* of 16 October 1953.

# At sixty one the man with a great innings is still not out

## PAGE TWO PROFILE



by Richard Wilson

"Have a go, ya mug."

The traditional catch-cry of the drunken spectator on the hill drifts across Adelaide Oval. Suddenly the crowd erupts into life as willow sends the red leather crashing into the boundary. High up in the scoreboard, people rush about, trying to register the latest score.

We have all seen the Adelaide Oval scoreboard, from the outside. But what really goes on behind all those numbers and names?

Roy Carr has worked inside that scoreboard for over a quarter of a century, and has seen a great many changes in that time. *On dit* spoke to him last week.

Roy Carr, 61, has certainly played a great innings.

It began back in 1956. In that year, he applied for a job as a maintenance painter at the oval, and became a member of the ground staff. He worked, among other things, as a room steward until 1960 when the then scoreboard operator left, and Roy was asked to do the job. He accepted it, and has never looked back.

He worked in the scoreboard until his retirement in 1982.

He still scores during the major games. In addition, he also umpired cricket for four years, between 1960-1964 — another involvement in the game he loves so much.

If the scoreboard looks big, that's because it is. It stands, roughly, about 25 feet high, is about 100 feet long, and ten

feet wide. To operate it, you just about need a degree in scoreboard adjustment.

There are four levels, and a total of four "stations". A station is a specific area of the scoreboard such as bowling figures, or the signs showing which player fielded the last ball. The operators of each station work as a team Roy Carr says.

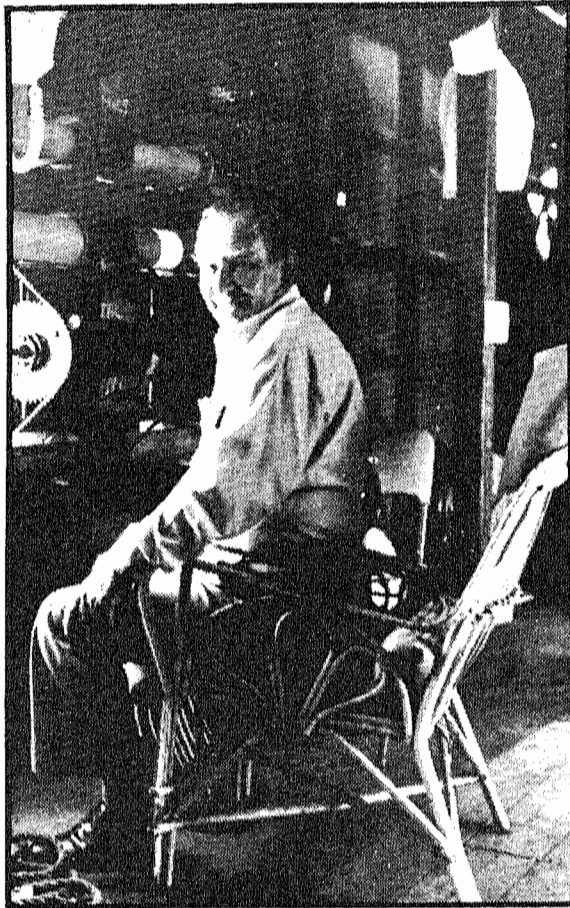
When the occasional mistake does appear on the board, the crowd beneath soon let them know all about it, he says.

On a normal cricket day, Roy would arrive about an hour before play is due to commence. Then, one of the four operators will go to the dressing rooms and find out the compositions of the teams, including the probable batting order. As soon as the toss is decided, the fielding side goes up on the board, followed by the batters.

Those name-plates, which seem quite small from the grandstand, are in fact massive pieces of metal, which measure over nine feet by one foot and weigh anything from 16 to over 20 pounds, depending on how many times they have had a new name painted over. In total, there are about 50 of them in the scoreboard.

Roy also umpired football matches, but gave them away a few years ago. They were cold, wet, and windy, and he describes himself more as a "fair weather player".

Although football matches are much easier to score, and the crowds are more boisterous, he prefers the four and five day cricket matches to cold Saturday afternoons in mid-winter. (Incidentally,



Inside the scoreboard at Adelaide Oval.

he is an avid South Adelaide supporter).

When asked to recall some of the more amusing incidents during his time, one that quickly came to mind concerned the player Fred Trueman.

"I think Freddie Trueman's the greatest character I've seen on the field," he said.

"When they fired a 21-gun salute from the parade ground ... he pulled out a white handkerchief, and surrendered straight away!"

Mr. Carr went on to discuss how the game had changed.

"At one time," he said "they used to say it was an old man's game. But there's more young people in the crowds now than ever before."

He has his doubts about one-day matches.

The one day game has brought a lot of people into it, but as far as I'm concerned, it's just cut and slash, and there's not

much finesse as far as the art of the game is concerned."

"Nowadays you get a test every other week just about, with the Pakistanis going through one way, and New Zealand another."

"With all this ballyhoo, it's overdone. Overdone to hell. I feel they're trying to create personalities where personalities just don't exist."

Roy feels that after three or four games, the players begin to notice the amount of money involved.

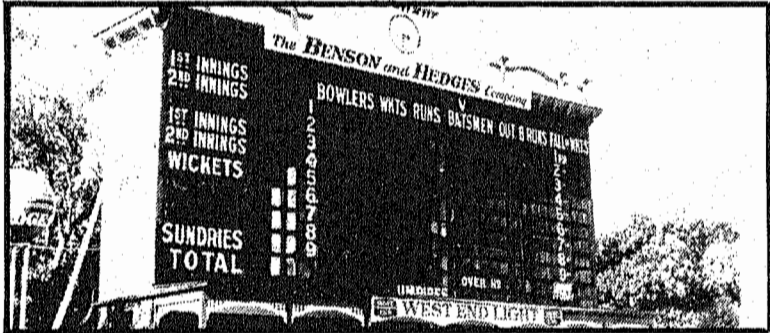
Being a student of the old school of manually-operated scoreboards, I asked him for his opinions of the new electronic boards, such as those operating in Sydney and Melbourne. He felt that they were a great idea, but seemed a bit worried that when you wanted the score all you could get was a player's life history, or an ad for Coke. Also, he feels the concept of instant replays could hurt the umpiring of the

game. Roy wouldn't pick any one player for the best he has ever seen, but he mentioned the teams of Richie Benaud, and Ian Chappell, which contained such magnificent players as Grout, O'Neill, Harvey, Thomson and Lillee. He added the individual names of Ray Lindwall, Garry Sobers, and Barry Richards, and was full of praise for them.

"You talk about one day cricket. These blokes would show them a thing or two!" And where does he think cricket is heading?

"It can only get better, as long as South Australia keep winning", was the parochial reply.

So, next time you're at Adelaide oval, complete with zinc cream, pot-belly, and thongs, and hurling abuse at the touring team, pause for a moment to look at the scoreboard. Think about it. There's much more to the scoreboard than the scores.



## MEDIA

David Walker

What are the real differences between the newspapers of Australia? One age-old theory focuses on differences between the readerships. It is not a Marxist theory or a capitalist theory. On the political spectrum it is somewhere off in the deep infra-violet. No-one can say who invented it. But in ultra-condensed form it runs as follows:

The Melbourne Age is read by the people who run the country.

The Canberra Times is read by the people who think they run the country.

The Sydney Morning Herald is read by the people who think they ought to run the country.

The Melbourne Herald is read by the wives of the people who run the country.

The Financial Review is read by the people who own the country.

The West Australian is read by the people who think the eastern states run the country.

The Hobart Mercury and the Melbourne Sun are read by the people who think the country ought to be run the way it used to be run.

The Adelaide Advertiser and the Brisbane Courier Mail are read by the people who think it still is.

The Sydney Daily Mirror and the Adelaide News are read by the people who don't care who runs the country as long as they've got big tits.

The hottest issue in Australian politics for the last fortnight has been the so-called "Age Tapes": what should be done with the NSW police

## Who reads the newspapers?

tapes, of questionable authenticity, which are believed to record, among other matters, Mr. Justice Murphy talking to someone about a NSW Government appointment?

Political argument over the tapes will be based to some extent on what voters think of the conduct of their parliamentarians. Hence Australian newspapers' coverage of the affair is of some importance.

Having broken their original story, the Fairfax-owned Age has shown remarkable restraint — or pink — cheeked embarrassment — in not pushing the issue too hard. The Age "would welcome the establishment of a parliamentary inquiry into the tapes and transcripts" as "a useful step towards a thorough investigation by a Royal Commission." Its editorial writers see — or have been told to see — corruption and organised crime as "a vast problem of which the tapes have given only a glimpse."

Other papers have seen the matter rather differently. The Sydney Morning Herald, also Fairfax-owned, has run an editorial under the heading "Senate inquiry off target", saying that "...A Senate inquiry into the judge is an inappropriate response to the tapes..." The Sydney Morning Herald has called for "a broader inquiry" into the tapes.

Rupert Murdoch's Sunday Telegraph has run an editorial titled "Get on with the real issues of the elections". Its editorial writers described the notion of a Senate inquiry into the tapes: "...what must be even more disquieting [than the phone tapes] is the decision by the

Opposition parties in the Senate this week to establish a Parliamentary Committee..." The editorial concluded that "This country can do without Star Chambers".

Other Murdoch papers have not echoed this line, however; the News in Adelaide, for example, is in favour of a Senate enquiry.

The Melbourne Herald also favours a Senate inquiry, with misgivings. The Advertiser, controlled by the Herald and Weekly Times Group, is uneasily equivocal, and seems to wish the whole thing would go away.

In fact no clear pattern emerges in the editorials.

It is often suggested that Labor governments are victimised in newspaper editorials, if not in the rest of the paper

The present government, however, seems blessed by an absence of partisanship in the press — at least on one issue.

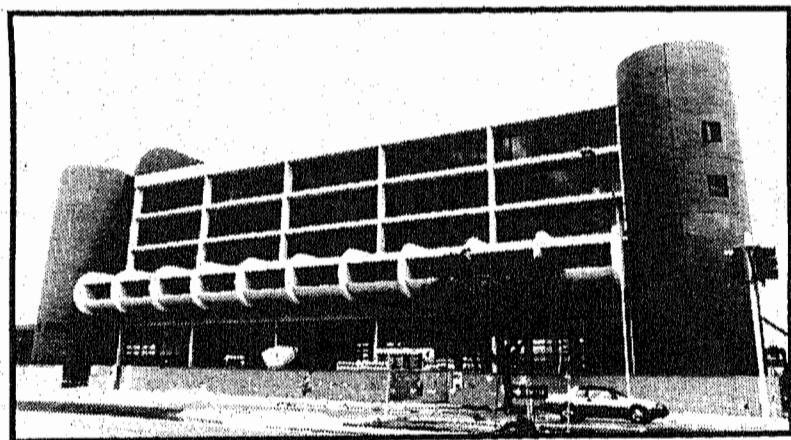
## PRODUCTION

*On dit* is a weekly news-magazine. It appears every Monday during term.

Edited by Mark Davis and Andrew Gleeson for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Design: Tim Dodd and John Tanner. Typesetting: Jo Davis.

Thanks to Jaci Wiley, Devin Clementi, Mhairi McPherson and all our news and feature writers, photographers, cartoonists, columnists, reviewers and layout workers.



## OUTRAGE!

by Moya Dodd

Anyone taking a casual stroll down Wakefield St. recently may have been suitably shocked by the imposing sight of Adelaide's latest inner city eye-sore — the new Metropolitan Fire Service HQ.

"It's just really cretinous. They must have had a riotous time on the drawing board," said a leading Sydney architectural pundit during a recent visit.

"It's a heavy-handed monstrosity, it's out of scale, it's meaningless formalism, it's just the banal repetition of a cylindrical motif," he added.

Apparently the \$18 million air-conditioned structure houses such firefighting essentials as a full gymnasium, two squash courts, a basketball court, a plunge pool and a sauna.

No wonder they ran short of money and had to borrow \$5 million from the fireman's super-annuation funds — at an interest rate of 5% over the C.P.I. rate.

But, you may ask, isn't this sort of thing necessary for a lean, alert and efficient fire service?

"The Metropolitan Fire Service could operate out of an abandoned warehouse if necessary. All it needs is communications," noted one source who has closely observed the functioning of the fire service for a number of years.

"The new HQ is a grandiose extravagance and a folly."

"On dit" understands there have been no tropical beaches, orange groves, or glider launching pads installed yet, but we're awaiting further information.

# Ryan cuts funds to unis that overpaid senior staff

by Mark Davis

The University of Adelaide will have \$6,000 deducted from its Federal government grant because it has overpaid its vice-chancellor.

The Minister for Education, Senator Susan Ryan, gave details in Parliament last week of overpayments to senior staff in tertiary institutions during 1982.

She said that deductions totalling \$259,000 will be made from Federal government education funding this year as a result of the overpayments.

"Universities and colleges of advanced education that paid staff more than the amounts recommended by the Academic Salaries Tribunal in 1982, will have the amounts of overpayment deducted from funds provided for this year" Senator Ryan said.

A spokesperson for Senator Ryan said that Adelaide University would lose \$6,000 this year because of an overpayment to its vice-chancellor, Professor Don Stranks.

"The Commonwealth government is determined that tertiary institutions should observe the recommendations of the Academic Salaries Tribunal in their payments of academic salaries" the spokesperson said.

"Any institutions paying more than the recommended amount will have that extra amount deducted from their grants."

The deductions from this year's grants will be made under a piece of legislation enacted, but never exercised, by the Fraser government.

The legislation is a penalty clause inserted into the States Grants (Tertiary

Education Assistance) Act in 1980.

The Registrar of the University of Adelaide, Mr. Frank O'Neill, said that the vice-chancellor's salary had been set as part of his employment contract on his appointment.

The vice-chancellor was appointed three years before the introduction of the penalty clause.

"The Government's decision creates a dilemma for the University" Mr. O'Neill said.

"Do we now break our contract with the vice-chancellor, or pay the fines?"

Mr. O'Neill said the government's decision also raised matters of principle.

"Interference by the Government in the affairs of the University conflicts with the principle of the University's autonomy and independence" he said.

"But it is not a black and white matter." "Universities do have a responsibility to the community and to the government" Mr. O'Neill said.

He said that Adelaide University has made "alternative arrangements" with the Vice-Chancellor regarding his salary.

Other institutions which will be hit by the government's decision include Flinders University and the South Australian Institute of Technology.

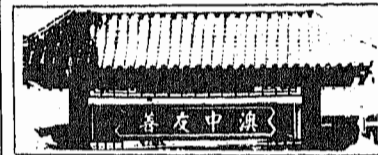
Flinders University will lose \$4,000 this year because of over-payments to its vice-chancellor.

The SA Institute of Technology will be the biggest loser of all Australian tertiary institutions. It is to have \$175,000 cut from its government grant because of overpayments to lecturers.



Vice Chancellor, Prof. Stranks - \$6,000 overpaid?

## Dating - Chinese style



### THIS WEEK IN ASIA

Alan Brideson

As China attempts to shed the remains of Mao's Cultural Revolution, computer dating has caught on in the Chaoyang District where a Marriage Introduction Centre has a growing clientele according to reports in *China Reconstructs*. Computer dating is organised on the strict assumption that the ultimate aim is marriage, and for a young generation only a few years away from the traditional matchmaker, the dating service fills a gap where social norms have yet to be fully developed.

What do the young Chinese look for in marriage?

The foremost demand made by 73 factory workers, 22 office workers and 5 post-graduates sampled in the Introduction Centre's survey was for mates who are honest, principled and upstanding. No one listed political involvement as an appealing attribute which demonstrates a change from the party orientated days of Mao's reign.

Height was mentioned by 80% of these surveyed, with women setting approximately 1.65m as a standard measure. More men mentioned looks as being important but the figure was only 17%, and of this number delicate features, a slender figure and fair complexion were listed as positive attributes.

In the year of Orwell's 1984 it seems appropriate to the report of an Indonesian armed forces commander who while warning of the latent threat in the communist movement, has called for the alterations of some history textbooks.

*The Financial Review* quotes General Benny Murdani as stating that: "Although the party has been outlawed and communist teachings banned, the communists in accordance with their doctrine won't stop their struggle."

General Murdani's remarks echo similar statements by Indonesian government officials and the banning of a weekly magazine *Topik* for the publication of articles with communist sympathies. General Murdani carries the communist paranoia further with his demands for the rewriting of history texts which, in his view, incorrectly award the uprisings of 1926 and 1927 against the Dutch colonial rule as being communist inspired. Murdani claims these accounts are false as they attribute the uprisings to faith in communism and not simply hatred of colonial rule. The communists were however responsible for many "bloody national tragedies" such as the attempted coup of 1965 which brought the present Suharto Government to power.

It was following the riots of 1965, blamed on the communists, that the Communist Party was banned. It is estimated that some three million communists were killed, imprisoned or exiled and Jakarta has yet to renew relations with Peking. The Indonesian Government recently set aside \$A5.5 million dollars to screen and re-educate former Communist Party members, which-when added to calls for the re-writing of history books - certainly arouses images of a land under the watchful glare of Big Brother.

In this time of revitalisation of Australian industry, as we are encouragingly told, the Australian Government has approved the construction of a \$14m hotel in Perth by a company from Singapore. It is customary in such situations that a 50% Australian equity is met. In this instance however, the equity has not been met, yet the government has approved the construction with the statement that Australian equity could not be found on reasonable terms.

The picture is not all bad as the Australian ownership will be raised to 50% in 1989. However it seems a pity that Australians could not even find reasonable terms under which to help build a hotel on our own soil.

## Qualified Viets forced into unskilled labour

by Moya Dodd

Professionally qualified refugees from Vietnam are being forced into unskilled labour, according to a recent survey.

Less than 10% of the doctors, engineers and other professionals questioned had obtained employment in the fields for which they were trained in Vietnam.

The survey was conducted by Dr. David Cox of the Department of Social Studies at the University of Melbourne.

More than half of those questioned were employed in unskilled or semi-skilled jobs. Only 8 percent were unemployed.

Dr. Cox blamed the lack of vocationally oriented language training for the low acceptance of overseas qualified professionals in their areas of speciality.

"It is inconceivable to think that at least a reasonable proportion would not possess the skills appropriate for practice in Australia," he said.

More than 90 percent of those surveyed

had enrolled in English language classes soon after arriving in Australia.

But, according to Dr. Cox, the courses were poorly structured and it was "difficult to grasp any logical progression from less advanced to more advanced courses."

Dr. Cox said that the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs focussed on basic English courses, resulting in "a pool of dissatisfied, frustrated and under-employed professionals."

Mr. Kevin Haggart, of the Migrant Education Section of the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, agreed that overseas qualified professionals do not get the standard of language tuition they require.

"It certainly is a problem," he said. "Each profession would need a specialised course, but to provide that we'd end up running a terrific amount of courses and our funds simply won't allow it."

"Our primary aim is to provide survival English."

## US Courts give rapists choice of gaol or chemical castration

by Jane Willcox

Some American courts are using "chemical castration" in sentencing rape offenders.

In the past year, several judges have handed down shortened gaol sentences to defendants who agreed to take the drug Depro-Provera.

Depro-Provera decreases male libido by suppressing the male sex hormone testosterone without causing impotence.

With regular doses the drug cuts down men's sexual aggression and, according to researchers, they lose their urge to commit sexual offences.

Last year a Californian judge sentenced a 61-year-old child molester to a year in custody and five years of bi-weekly Depro-Provera injections. The prisoner faced a maximum gaol sentence of eight years.

In November another Californian judge gave three rapists a choice of 30 years or castration - physical or chemical.

In August, Joseph Frank Smith was convicted on three counts of burglary with intent to commit rape and was given a fine and reduced gaol term because he agreed to take Depro-Provera during his probation.

A leading Adelaide criminal lawyer told *On dit* that to offer a reduced sentence in exchange for "anything" is "in no sense voluntary" because the offender will always opt for a reduced gaol term.

Depro-Provera has no long term effects. Although a man's testicles may shrink during treatment, all organs return to their normal size and function when the drug is stopped, say researchers. But is the drug a "cure"?

According to a representative of the

Rape Crisis Centre, rape is about power, not sex, and most rapists lead sexually fulfilling lives.

"Rapists are not suddenly overcome by lust and passion" she said.

"As a rehabilitative method it would be more useful for the man to undergo Psychotherapy."

Dr. Fred Berlin, co-director of America's John Hopkins clinic which conducts the country's largest program for administering Depro-Provera to sex offenders, says the drug alone cannot change a man who rapes out of violent anger.

But Depro-Provera - by depressing sexual appetite - makes offenders easier to treat through psychotherapy because they can see an immediate improvement in their behaviour, he said.

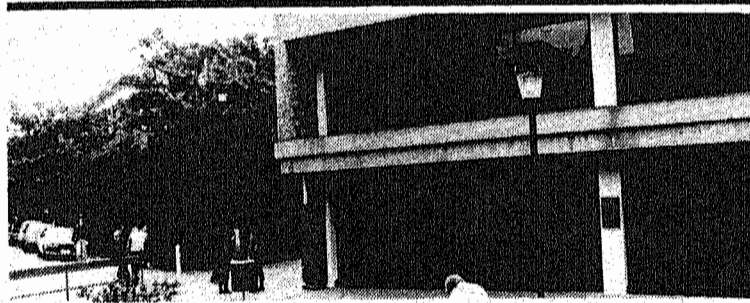
Depro-Provera is the trade name for medroxy-progesterone acetate, a synthetic injectable form of the female sex hormone, progesterone.

Also called the morning-after-pill, Depro-Provera has caused controversy because of its side-effects on women when used as a contraceptive. It is not widely used in Australia, although it has been administered to young women in youth-training centres.

The drug's side effects on men are similar to female menopause with hot flushes, high blood pressure, weight gain, nightmares, fatigue and circulatory problems.

"If its effects are to reduce aggression without interfering with normal sexual activity I would have less reservations about the treatment" an Adelaide rape lawyer said.

"But we've got to find better ways of dealing with rapists than changing their biological make-up" he said.



The Security Department in Adelaide University has moved into a new office in the Hughes Plaza and is now open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

The changes were motivated by student concern about security - especially after hours - said Facilities and Services Co-ordinator Peter Turnbull.

Before, the only way to contact an attendant after hours was by phone. Now

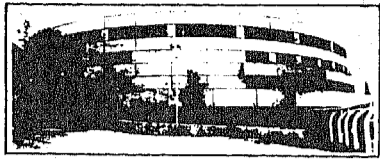
students can drop in if they have any problems, he said.

The office has radio contact with three security attendants on duty between 7 am and 11 pm every day.

Within six weeks all attendants will be wearing a navy blue uniform, but Mr. Turnbull hopes this won't make people think of them as University Police.

Also in the new office is Lost Property, car parking, non-collegiate housing and the booking office for University facilities.

# Bye Dickins!



## MELBOURNE

Peggy Maxwell

Barry Dickins is going to Paris. In the last few years, Barry Dickins, a middle aged man with a love of beer and a tendency to break into tears if people don't love him, has become one of Melbourne's characters.

He is a storyteller, playwright and in recent times has written a regular surrealistic column for the *Melbourne Times* and occasional articles for *The Age*.

He was always hard up, always pressuring some editor for an advance, and it was hard to visit the pubs around Carlton and Fitzroy without seeing him at the bar, talking to a few mates about how life was hard and how unfeeling Melbourne and Melbourners were.

There were times when Barry didn't have enough money to eat. But he has always been amazingly prolific, producing thousands of words a day, pestering people to read and accept.

He used to buy his typewriters for less than \$20 from a second hand shop. He wore them out in about six months, took them back and traded them in on new ones.

Barry Dickins has come to see himself as Melbourne's conscience.

When a vagrant who had been sleeping in a garbage bin was crushed to death in a collection truck last year, Barry went and interviewed the man's mates and the people who had spoken to him on the last evening. He reconstructed the night, then wrote a piece from the man's point of view about how awful it was to live on Melbourne's streets in winter and what loneliness is and how death from garbage truck can seem like a reasonable option. The piece was published in the *Melbourne Times*.

Barry is always writing sob stories about trendies and posh women and people who don't love their parents and sleeping in Fitzroy Gardens with your face upturned to the rain. Sometimes he is very funny. Sometimes he is very sad. People began to watch for his name in papers, and bumping into him became part of what makes Melbourne's inner suburbs interesting.

Perhaps his writing is not original. Perhaps it is just different, clever with the right dollops of pathos. But he writes about a side of Melbourne people see but don't acknowledge, and being hard up has a romance that rather appeals to stodgy Melbourne.

Once, *The Age* sent Barry Dickins to one of Melbourne's poshest club restaurants, planning to get him to write a satirical review. He turned up in a suit, looking rather like a well groomed wombat.

Then he began to get drunk and abused the other patrons, telling them all the while he was a journalist from *The Age*.

The night club was embarrassed. *The Age* reared itself in righteous horror and

slapped Barry over the wrists. But the story has been told and re-told in pubs ever since.

Stuffy old Melbourne is rather proud of Barry. It's nice to have an individual you can point to when people ask you if the city has a soul.

But then, it changed. Barry Dickins was awarded \$20,000 by the Literature Board of the Australia Council, and he bought a new typewriter and began to make his little trips of exploration in style.

And now he is off to Paris. Gay Paree. Paris in the spring time. One can't help but wonder what the French will make of him. And what will Melbourne make of him when he gets back?

Everyone is amused and a bit proud to think of our home-grown poet of hard luck swanning it in the Louvre and eating icy poles on the Eiffel Tower. He has promised to send some stories back. Everyone looks forward to reading them.

But last week, after writing a fantasy piece about how he took Germaine Greer to the drive-in (she said she found him strangely magnetic), he was heard to remark that he thought he would make a lot of money this year. Perhaps as much as \$60,000.

So much of the rhythm and tone of Barry's work depends on his being on the outside, a bit pathetic, nose pressed against the glass of establishment windows.

Perhaps the true test of our middle aged urchin will be his writing from inside of the establishment. Will he be as odd, as clever, as fresh to the world?

I hope Melbourne will not be the poorer for Barry Dickins' wealth.

## Non-educational issues on campus

**INGRID CONDON**  
STUDENTS' ASSOC.  
PRESIDENT



Hello again. Hope your first week went smoothly, and that you're not too bogged down already with assignments, essays etc. It's been a busy (if cold) week here in the SAUA, with the first meetings of the Action Committees, etc, and getting activities organised for the year.

Last week, I wrote about the structure of the Association and about some of the issues that we'll be raising on campus this year. This week I intend to talk about why the Association works on these issues, in response to those people who say that the SAUA and AUS should work exclusively on education issues.

Education issues, of course, remain a large area of our work — obviously the conditions under which students work are very important. But there are other issues which affect and are of interest to students, as responsible members of society. No one lives in a vacuum — the University is not cut off from the "outside world" — it's part of it. Many of the issues confronting students today have wider social significance, though they may take specific forms on campus — for example, racist attitudes towards overseas students and students from non-Anglo-Saxon background results from the racist attitudes prevalent in our society. Similarly, sexual harassment (or 'academic rape') of women students stems from sexist attitudes in the community at large.

Students are a powerful group in the community: we are a voice that is listened to, we have valuable resources and skills and as educated and privileged members of the community we have a social responsibility to work towards making this a more just, equitable and peaceful society. So — get involved! Come out and vote, tell us, your representatives, your concerns and ideas, or get involved in a campaign. A step in this direction would be to attend the Constitutional Museum display which opens this Thursday (22 March). It's been organised by the Australian Union of Students (SA Region) and is an historical representation of the last ten years of

student activism. It's a great opportunity to find out about your national student union and also to see the work that is done.

And speaking of AUS ... I received two petitions last week concerning our membership of AUS. These will be put to referendum. The first petition reads:

Pursuant to clause 13.1.2 of the SAUA Constitution we the undersigned members of the Association petition for a referendum to consider the following motion: "That the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide continue to be affiliated with the Australian Union of Students."

And the other petition:

We members of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide pursuant to clauses 13 and 14 of the SAUA Constitution propose the following referenda questions be submitted severally to the members of the SAUA in conjunction with the by-elections from April 2nd to April 5th; Namely:-

- "That clause 5.2 of the Constitution of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide be repealed and that a new clause be inserted into the Constitution as follows: "5A The SAUA shall not be affiliated with the Australian Union of Students."
- "That the Executive of the Students Association of the University of Adelaide be directed to:-
  - withdraw the Students Association of the University of Adelaide as a constituent organisation of the Australian Union of Students pursuant to clause 30 of the AUS Constitution.
  - not make or request from the Adelaide University Union any further payments of annual subscriptions to the Australian Union of Students except upon order of a court of law.
  - not expend that proportion of the SAUA 1984 Budget remaining unexpended which is allocated to the Australian Union of Students line items and request the Adelaide University Union Council to use the budget saving either to give a Union Fee rebate to students or to reduce the Union Fee for next year."

One last thing... this is the last week of nominations for the SAUA by-elections. If you're interested in running, pop in and see me in my office and I can explain the positions more fully to you.

## AUS Delegate's report

Annual Council of the Australian Union of Students was held in Melbourne last January. *On dit* is publishing reports from Adelaide University's representatives at Council.

I attended Annual Council as an observer from Adelaide Uni. and an active supporter of the 'regionalisation' proposal to redistribute much of the funds, resources and activities of AUS away from the central secretariat in Melbourne and out to the individual states.

For several years now, I believe, AUS has not been as effective as it should be, operating as an almost totally centralized organization based in Melbourne. Communication with its membership — the students on campus — has not been adequate and the involvement of activists on campuses has not been encouraged by the National Office.

A large and politically diverse group of activists from around Australia formed a caucus at council this year called the Left Alliance. This concentrated its energy on the restructuring of AUS towards a more effective union, more visible to its membership and involving more students at both the campus and regional levels.

The overwhelming majority of delegates and observers to council from South Australia participated in the Left Alliance. South Australian activists have experienced the problems associated with the lack of funds over the past two years.

We have had no state office, and that, together with inadequate administrative

funds, has made communication between campuses and the South Australian organisers of AUS difficult. This communication is a simple but essential function of the region. But it needs money to be done effectively. The regionalisation proposal allocated us that money.

There were three major 'factions' operating at council this year. There was the broad right-wing, who again seemed to concentrate their efforts on obstructing the flow of debate and providing a distorted interpretation of AUS policy to the media. The pro-union forces were divided into two, the Labor Left and the Left Alliance.

The Labor Left wanted to maintain a strongly centralized organisation, but we believe that a Student Union which operates in this way must be seriously questioned. This structure only allows for "top-down" decision making and activity, whereby the Secretariat in Melbourne produces ideas and the regional organisers have to put them into action. The regionalisation proposal enabled students to participate more fully in the life of the Union.

The result from Council is that AUS now has a partial regionalisation of funds. In 1983, 12% of AUS's budget went to the regions. This year 24% of the total budget has been reallocated back. This means that South Australia gets just under \$23,000 to operate in 1984.

In many ways it will be a test year for AUS. We still don't have enough money to be as effective as we would like to be this year, but the South Australian chapter will be stronger. The only way we can rebuild a strong national union is if we can build up the regions and increase the relevance of AUS to its membership.

We will be doing the groundwork this year to regenerate interest in activity and prove the case for regionalisation, thus ensuring a more extensive reallocation of funds back to students in 1985.

Yvonne Madon

## STUDENTS!

### WE OFFER YOU

An exciting, highly effective reading and study skill programme, designed for people of all ages who require to improve their reading and study abilities. It really works!

Join an

## IMPROVED READING AND STUDY SKILLS COURSE

THE OBJECTIVES ARE TO:— INCREASE

OVERCOME

- \* wandering attention
- \* poor comprehension
- \* lack of concentration
- \* re-reading of passages
- \* inadequate recall
- \* study fatigue

- \* reading speed
- \* understanding
- \* motivation for reading & studying

ALL DESIGNED TO ENABLE STUDENTS TO COPE WITH THEIR HEAVY READING REQUIREMENTS.

Five 3-hour sessions from 6 to 9 pm as follows:-

Wednesdays: March 28th, April 4, 11, 18, May 2 (April 25 is a public holiday).

Venue: Meeting Room 1, Level 5, Union Building.

Students \$75.00, Adults \$95.00.

IMPROVED READING CENTRE

ALL ENQUIRIES AND ENROLMENTS

PHONE 42 5565

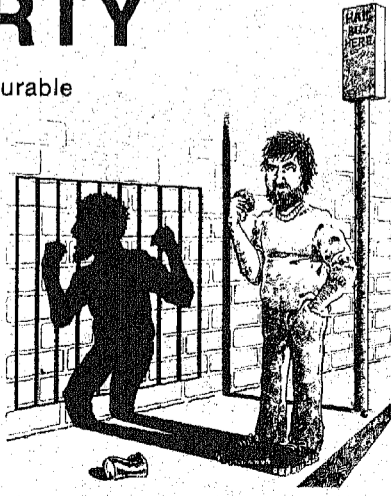
## THE ILLUSION OF LIBERTY

A Public Lecture by the Honourable

**SIR JAMES KILLEN**  
**BONYTHON HALL**

**TUESDAY**  
**MARCH 27th**  
**1.10 p.m.**

Presented by the University of Adelaide Foundation



# Hick journo spills the beans on Writers Week...

# Standards on the decline say academics

Intellectual standards in Australian universities are continuing to decline, according to two Victorian academics.

The academics, Dr. Michael James and Mr. Robert Manne of La Trobe University, have claimed there is growing alarm and despondency among university teachers about the failure of new students to cope with the demands of higher education.

Many students are demoralized at having to embark on traditional and difficult courses of study for which their schooling has left them ill-equipped, the academics said.

They reported that many university teachers are convinced of a decline in the general knowledge, conceptual capacity and level of literacy of their students.

Dr. James and Mr. Manne have just completed a study which looked at the academic results obtained by La Trobe first-year students in the six largest departments of the humanities and social science schools.

A comparison of the annual results of students between 1975 and 1983 revealed a steady decline in the proportion who passed and a corresponding rise in the percentage which failed or dropped out.

In 1975, for instance, a little more than one quarter of first-year students in philosophy, history, English, legal studies, sociology and politics failed or dropped out of their courses. By 1983 the proportion had risen to more than a third.

In a report which sets out the study's findings, Dr. James and Mr. Manne, included examples of students' essays "chosen more-or-less at random" which, they say, reveal "levels of naivete, ignorance, and conceptual confusion" which will be of little surprise to anyone who has taught in recent years at a lower status university or a college of advanced education.

by Peter Hockney

It was 3.48 pm on the lawns outside the Festival Writer's Week tent and the literary creative types were thick on the ground.

I wasn't one.

Just a leaky Ball-pentel-pushing journo from the alternative student media with no shorthand and only the vaguest idea of how to rewind the office micro-cassette recorder.

The bosses hack at *On dit* wanted me to crack an interview with some literary wiseguy by the name of Peter Corris.

"He's Australia's greatest writer of private-eye detective fiction" they reckoned in a rare moment of animation and overstatement.

"He's the creator of Cliff Hardy, Australia's scruffy, hard-drinking, drives-an-old-Holden, heart-of-gold, no-illusions answer to Sam Spade.

"Corris' novels are published worldwide by Pan books.

"And ordinary people, you know, people on buses and in the ticket queues at football park, people waiting for the vinegar at fish-and-chip shops, actually read him.

"They can't get enough of Cliff Hardy on \$75 a day plus expenses sleuthing around Sydney's drug-dealing, con-artist, real-estate swindling, gone-surfing underworld."

The editors called that a story briefing. Sounded to me more like they'd already half written the story.

"Why don't you write it," I suggested.

"Get going sonny, we've got a hard-hitting editorial to hone to perfection," was their collective, sensitive-to-student-needs reply.

Out by the writer's tent the sun wasn't exactly pulling its punches, holding its own book launching, its own one-man/woman/astral-body show.

I wiped the sweat from my brow with a handkerchief which would have done a better job if I hadn't used it to wipe the dishes the night before.

This crowd was clearly wised up to

why the Patrick White opus so powerfully expressed, in mytho-poetic narrative form, the anxieties and irresolvable paradoxes of the Australian Jungian archetypal psyche... even if I wasn't.

But would they come clean with Peter Corris' whereabouts.

I tried an old journo's trick.

I asked at the information tent.

Ten minutes later I had him.

He certainly didn't look the part: no facial scars, no obvious hangover, no fedora, no packet of Lucky Strikes, no flashy, loud-lipsticked blond in tow.

He was tall though, adidas jogging shoes, trendy spectacle frames and straight, flat, mousey-brown hair.

I put the pressure on. Pulled out my notebook, switched on the micro, got the photographer to swap lenses, take light meter readings and generally rummage around in his camera bag.

"I see you got done-over good and proper by *The Advertiser* was my opening gambit.

I referred to a damning little critique of Corris' latest book in the day-before's paper by one of *The Advertiser's* literary hit-persons.

The literary-critical punk had called his work "derivative", and "inacho".

I expected Corris to come out fighting, but he just sort of swayed away a bit, still took it on the jaw.

"Well I certainly hope they are derivative," he said.

"I make a virtue of the fact they are derivative.

"All literature since Homer's derivative.

"They're not very macho though, are they?"

"They're less macho than they used to be.

"When I was living with Jean she used to trim out the macho excesses.

"Sure, you have to consider the possibility of sexism.

"That's very much part of the genre.

"If you read Mannett and Chandler today [the two greatest exponents of



Shock horror: Corris comes clean on "copy-cat" caper.

classic American private eye fiction), unless you are making allowances for time and place you could find them very objectionable.

"The women are seen either as a source of disorder or a source of entertainment.

"They are not seen as any kind of intellectual force.

"Because my work is so dependent on these there's a possibility that will shape my work.

"I try to make the women real in their own right and fully functioning people."

Well the photographer was still at it, and it was only polite to ask a few more literary critical questions, but I knew I'd got what they wanted back at the office.

Aust-Lit shock horror, real headline material: "Corris Confesses. He's a Copycat."

There hadn't been a better news angle since Pythagoras freelanced as Geometry Correspondent for the *Athens Morning Herald*.

And I'd meet my deadline as well.

Things were looking up — if only the tomato paste and scrambled egg remains on my handkerchief hadn't meant I couldn't clear my running nose.

*Keen sleuths should keep their eyes peeled for the full text of On dit's Peter Corris interview to be published in a forthcoming edition.*

# ...as the Swedes put their doctors to the pen

by Alison Rogers

Medical practice is the best training you can have to be a writer.

That is the view of Per Jersild, a Swedish novelist who was in Adelaide for *Writer's Week*.

He put to rest the myth of the struggling author living in poverty whilst completing the unrecognized masterpiece.

"I started to write as a teenager and then I realized I couldn't maintain myself by writing. So I went into medicine and at the same time I wrote.

"My first book appeared when I was still a medical student. I gained much from being a doctor. It gives you a skill to judge people. You have to be very quick when you meet a person, to get some type of impression in a few minutes.

"Then as a doctor you have to write some records about the patients as well. It is a good training for a writer to write short and precisely and leave out everything that is not important — the best school I ever went to."

Jersild has written fifteen novels and two books of short stories as well as writing for film and television.

He talked about being a writer in a country the size of Sweden.

"I had to go on in my medical profession for fifteen years because it is very hard to support oneself [as a writer] in Sweden.

"It is such a small language — we are just eight million people."

He has had four books published in English, but said "It is hard to be published in England, living in a small country. America is easier to break into and the European countries (Germany, France and Russia). England is very stiff, they are very nationalistic in a way and would rather publish their own writers."

Some of his work has satirised Swedish bureaucracy, the Swedish Health System and the military forces, but he avoids criticizing the Swedish government too severely because he sees Sweden as being

in a crisis situation at the moment.

"We have a very bad economy and can't continue to build on the welfare system. We also have threats from the Soviet Union. Since 1981 we have had up to fifty Soviet submarines in our water, but we have only caught one. They are threatening Sweden as an independent nation. Therefore our country must stick together. That means you can't go on criticizing the government — we must come together as a people."

When asked if he saw the role of a writer as being a teacher to people on social issues he replied, "Some writers see themselves as prophets or speakers for the underprivileged. Swedish writers were very concerned about political and social issues in the 1960s and '70s. I choose topics that interest me and hope they also interest other people.

"Writing is a profession, it is a peculiar profession, but it is a profession."

Jersild has found that success brings respect.

"When I was younger, it was embarrassing to admit you're an artist. People always laugh at those pretending to be artists, unless you are successful and then you can do whatever you want. In the mid-seventies my books started to sell very well and now I am a full time writer. I don't have to have another profession."

As well as using skills acquired whilst a doctor, Jersild uses knowledge gained from being on the inside of the medical profession.

"I have written two or three books about the medical profession I couldn't have been able to write without being a doctor. I used to criticize the medical schools of Sweden, saying they are rather lousy at producing doctors and rather good at producing writers."

He lists Jonathan Swift, James Joyce and George Orwell amongst his favourite English writers. The titles of Per Jersild's books that have been translated into English are *Animal Doctor*, *A Living Soul*, *Children's Island* and *The House of Babel*.

# Doctors: price turns on where you live

by Tasia Pertsinidis

A recent survey conducted by *On dit* has shown that 30 percent of Adelaide doctors charge higher fees than the government scheduled fee.

The survey, of 60 GPs in 12 suburbs, also found that fees charged by doctors vary greatly between some suburbs and others.

More often than not the fees charged by GPs are correlated with the wealth of the suburb their practice is located in.

In suburbs such as Sefton Park, Tranmere, Toorak Gardens and North Adelaide, most doctors charged fees higher than the government scheduled fee.

When *On dit* asked doctors why they charged higher fees they cited overheads and expenses incurred in running a practice.

They said that rents and rates contributed most to their overheads. Rents in a suburb like Toorak Gardens are four or five times those in areas like Croydon.

However, one doctor whose practice is in Unley Park — where rents are high — said that despite his overheads he "is charging the government recommended fee and would never otherwise."

Another doctor said "we work hard — why shouldn't we be entitled to what we have worked for no matter what suburb we live in?"

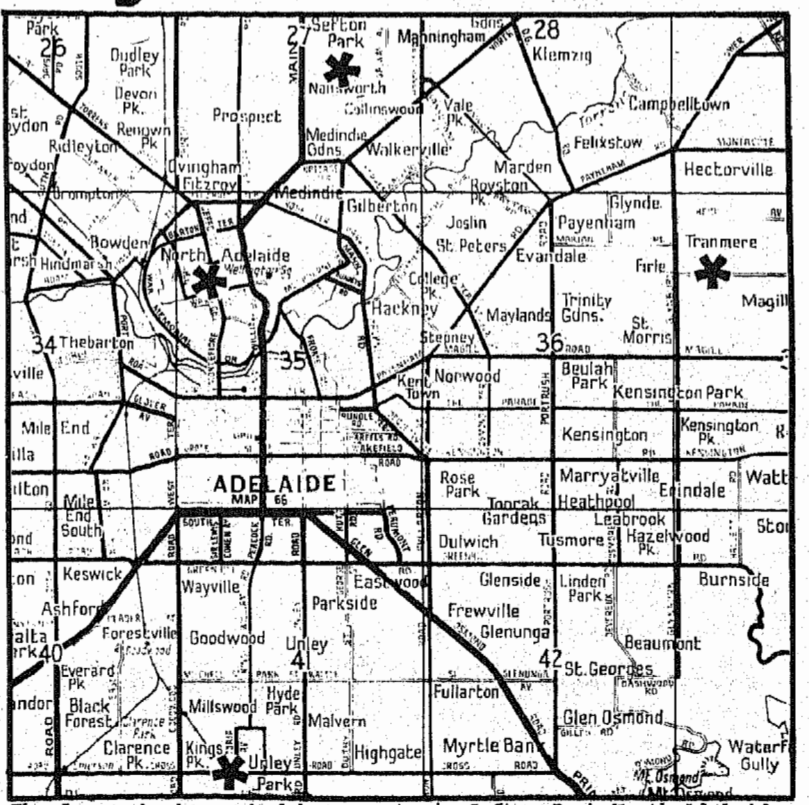
A spokesperson for the Amalgamated Metalworkers and Shipwrights Union said the union had received complaints from its members about doctor's fees.

"The cost of producing a doctor is high for the taxpayer" the spokesperson said.

"The taxpayer puts an investment of \$80,000 per doctor for a doctor's studying expenses."

"Doctors have a dual moral and financial obligation to the community at large because the population pays for their training" he said.

The Australian Medical Association



The four suburbs marked by an asterisk—Sefton Park, North Adelaide, Tranmere and Unley Park—are among those where doctors frequently charge more than the scheduled fee.

supports doctors charging above the government scheduled fee because they "believe the government fees are not sufficient."

The government recommended fee for a standard consultation is \$12.00 while the AMA recommends a fee of \$15.20 for the same service.

Problems of supply and demand, however, are dampening the tendency for higher doctors' fees.

The Assistant Secretary of the AMA, Mrs. Evans, said that while doctors could afford to charge more a few years ago, recent increases in the supply of doctors has cushioned the trend for higher fees.

Mrs. Evans said that Adelaide suburbs are "overdoctored" with some areas having one doctor to every 436 patients.

This creates differing supply and demand patterns from one area to the next, which are linked with the wide variations between fees charged in different areas.



# On dit

Newspaper of the Students' Association  
of the University of Adelaide

Monday 19 March 1984  
Volume 52, Number 3

In 1977, early in the Fraser government's first term of office, the Australian Council of Trade Unions called a general strike of Australian workers to protest against that government's dismantling of Labor's national health scheme, Medibank. Now, early in the term of the Hawke government, workers are again striking over a Labor national health scheme: but this time the strikers are determined to prevent the government from proceeding with the scheme.

Hundreds of doctors and radiologists employed in public hospitals in NSW and the ACT went on strike last week over medicare. The strike was called by the Australian Medical Association and the Royal Australasian College of Radiologists. The Federal branch of the AMA has called on branches in other states to take industrial action. The doctors are protesting about having to sign government contracts covering their services to private patients in public hospitals.

The NSW President of the AMA, Dr. Godfrey Douglas, has said that the Australian medical profession will not accept the nationalisation of the medical system which Labor is attempting to introduce. Labor's Minister for Health, Dr. Blewett, has in turn

condemned the doctors' strike as "irresponsible".

The AMA has denied that the dispute is over money. "The dispute is not about how much doctors earn — it is about a power assumed by the government under section 17 of the Health Insurance Act which could be used to destroy people's rights to make private arrangements with their private doctors to treat them in hospital" the Federal President of the AMA, Dr. Lindsay Thompson, said last week.

Dr. Thompson's protestations aside, the deeper issue in the Medicare dispute — the one which is becoming *abete noire* for both the government and the medical profession — is the future of doctors' incomes.

It is this issue, for instance, which lies behind the campaign the AMA has been conducting since September last year against bulk-billing under Medicare. The AMA points out that doctors who bulk-bill their patients are forced to accept a fee which is 85% of the scheduled rate. But that in itself does not mean there will be a drop in doctor's incomes. Bulk-billing, the government says, will eliminate the bad debts which often erode doctors' incomes. Bulk-billing will also reduce doctor's administrative costs such as postage; and, under Medicare, utilization of health services by the public will probably rise significantly. So, all else

being equal, doctors' incomes should not be threatened by Medicare and bulk-billing.

However, as commentators have noted, all else is not equal. A growing over-supply of doctors is already leading to price competition amongst medical practitioners. In some suburbs GPs are competing for their share of the health market by keeping surgeries open for longer hours, making house calls and so on. In some areas there are doctors who are risking being in breach of medical ethics by advertising their services in the suburban newspapers — albeit in a very low-key fashion.

The introduction of bulk-billing would intensify this competition between doctors. In a suburb where the established practices are charging the scheduled fee a new GP, eager to break into the market, would have a perfectly legitimate way of cutting fees.

It is not bulk-billing in itself that is threatening doctors' incomes, but bulk-billing in combination with the over-supply of doctors and the state of the economy.

That is why the AMA is determined to resist Medicare and why the government must establish bulk-billing before the economic up-turn restores doctors' market power.

Mark Davis

## Three minute warning - not even enough time for a cup of tea

**TOM MORTON was in Germany in March last year when, on the same weekend, the Hawke Labor government and the conservative government of Helmut Kohl were swept into office in Australia and Germany respectively.**

While Adelaide has been — to quote our revered Premier — "letting its hair down" over the past few weeks (or, if one has been a frequent visitor at the Fringe Club, getting it up), Canberra has been "taking stock".

After a year of Labor Government, there's been a great deal of talk from both sides of the floor about what Labor has achieved or failed to achieve. Nearly all of the boasts and accusations have been concerned with developments in Australian internal politics since 5 May last year; very little attention has been given to Australia's involvement in the international political scene.

This ought to surprise us, since one of the pledges made by Hawke and Hayden soon after the elections was that Australia would play a more prominent role in international politics, and that there would be a number of new foreign policy initiatives.

Whilst there have been a number of encouraging signs for those who hoped that a Labor Government would mean a more independent Australian foreign policy — for example, Bill Hayden's attempts to mediate in the disputes about Vietnamese occupation of Kampuchea — there have also been severe disappointments, such as the Government's gutless and hypocritical about-face on East Timor. That is a long and dirty story in itself. But, important as both these issues are, I want to argue that the brave new boys in Canberra have so far failed to address the most important question for our foreign policy; that of Australia's degree of autonomy as a supposedly independent country, and its relationship to its most important and influential ally, the United States.

I'm going to approach this question in a rather roundabout way, by talking about another country which, on the face of it, has very little to do with Australia politically, namely the Federal Republic of Germany. There is one coincidence which suggests a comparison between the two countries; last year, on Sunday 6 March, Federal elections were held in Germany and the coalition of Christian Democrats and so-called Free Democrats ousted the Social Democrats who had governed West Germany for nearly 14 years. I had been living in Germany for two years at the time, and it was one of the most exhilarating and depressing weekends of my life. Exhilarating, because of the distance of Europe it had seemed impossible to me that Labor could win such a massive victory in

Australia; depressing, because neither I nor any of my German friends had believed that the Right would attain such a strong hold on the West German parliament, despite the emergence of the Greens as an electorally significant fourth party.

The change of government in Germany has had one very important consequence for international politics, one which may ultimately affect even Australia. It cleared the way for the deployment of Pershing-2 missiles on West German soil and assured President Reagan and his advisers of the more-or-less unquestioning compliance of Germany with American wishes regarding NATO policy. From the night of 6 March onwards, those Germans who had not voted for the new Chancellor Helmut Kohl and his slippery sidekick Genscher began to feel that the deployment was a foregone conclusion. Despite this, those same Germans — 1.3 million of them — turned out last October to protest against the missiles and the beginning of a new escalation in the arms race between East and West.

Since then, the climate of relations between America and the Soviet Union worsened considerably. People in Germany have even more reason to be afraid than they had in the "hot autumn" of 1983. In answer to the Pershings, the Soviet Union has begun to deploy a new "generation" of missiles, the SS-22, in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. The SS-22 has a flight time of 3 minutes, within which it could reach targets all over West Germany. As Egon Bahr, the defence and disarmament expert of the Social Democrats, has pointed out, the SS-22 can have no other purpose but to beat NATO to the punch and destroy the Pershings and other NATO nuclear missiles sited in Germany before they can be launched. To paraphrase the words of one of Ian Dury's current British hits, you wouldn't even have time to boil the kettle for a cup of tea.

Interestingly enough, the conservative press in Germany and Britain, usually glad of every opportunity to warn us of the threat of Soviet military might and stress the need for the West to "re-arm to disarm", has kept surprisingly quiet about the SS-22. There is a good reason for this: the German and British governments, and those sections of the mass media in both countries which support them, are coming slowly to the realisation that they have cried wolf once too often. And instead of simply becoming *blase* about the menace of the Russian "wolf", the people of Germany and Britain — unlike their antecedents in

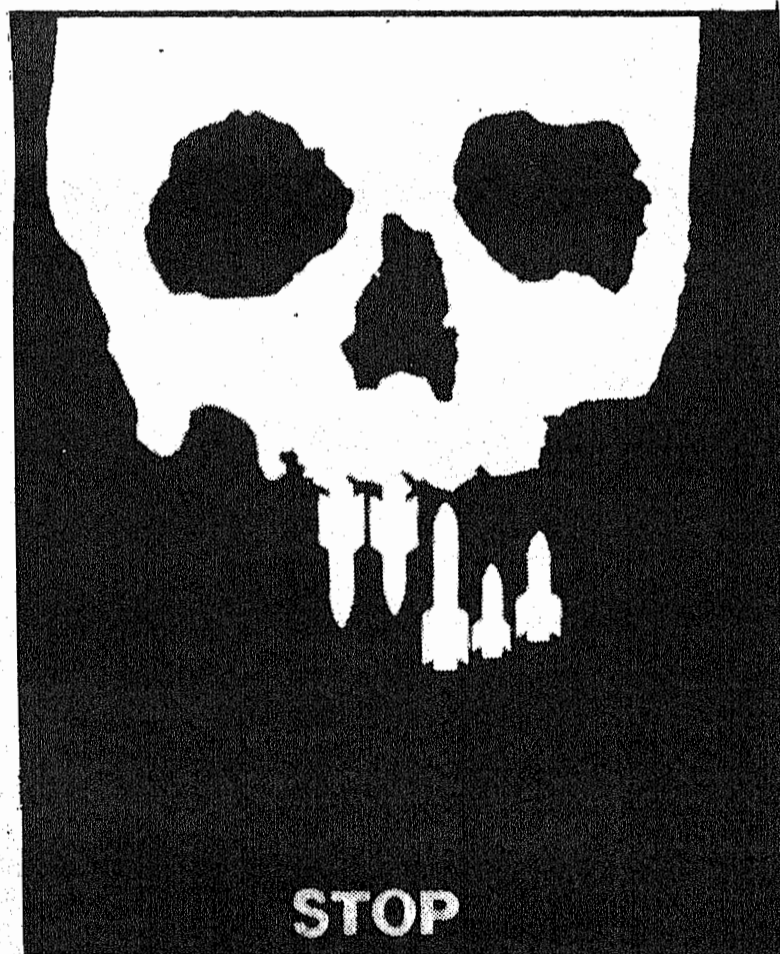
the fable — are becoming more conscious of the reasons for the increased tension between the Eastern and Western bloc. This is why Kohl and Thatcher would prefer not to upset their voters with the news about the SS-22 because it is patently obvious that the deployment of SS-22s is a direct and understandable response to the deployment of Pershing II missiles in Germany and cruise missiles in Britain. Furthermore, it is precisely the response which the Soviets declared would follow if NATO began to deploy Pershings in Germany. Yet Kohl and Thatcher cannot now admit to their electorates that, by allowing the Pershing deployment to proceed, they have exposed their respective countries to far more immediate and deadly danger from a Soviet first strike aimed at "taking out" the new NATO missiles than they faced before, when Russia supposedly had the potential to "blackmail" Western Europe with the SS-20s.

As Egon Bahr has noted, despite the ostensible threat of nuclear "blackmail" used by NATO as a justification for deploying Pershings and cruise, there has never been any instance in all the time that the Soviets have had supposed nuclear "superiority" in the European theatre that they have even indicated that they would use that superiority to exert political pressure on Western Europe.

The risks have always been too great. The problem is, however, that so long as NATO continues to deploy missiles in Europe, the risks of an attack from the West as perceived by the Soviet leadership, can only become greater. This is the fatal logic which Reagan, Thatcher, Kohl and their supporters fail or refuse to recognize: that the more the "nuclear capability" of the West is increased, supposedly in the interests of deterrence, the more likely the Soviet leadership is to "go for broke" and attempt to win a limited nuclear war in Europe by means of a first strike, before NATO can achieve a position of strength from which it could afford a first strike against Russia.

But what does all this have to do with Australia? Quite a lot, I would argue, because the situations which both Germany and Australia find themselves in at the moment are very similar. Both are allies of America and theoretically dependent on America for protection if attacked on a large scale. Both countries allow the presence of American bases on their soil. Admittedly, there are no missiles sited in Australia. But it is beyond doubt that the American communications bases at Pine Gap, North West Cape — and for that matter, Smithfield, not all that far away from Festival town — would be nuclear targets, even in the case of a "limited" nuclear war in Europe, since they are an integral part of the American communications and strategic command network.

The Australian government has at the moment no control over the bases or the purposes for which they are used. It



cannot hope to influence the American President in any way if he were to decide to engage in a nuclear "exchange" with the Soviets. Yet Australia would of necessity become involved in such an exchange. In much the same way, Germany could become the "theatre" for a confrontation between the two superpowers — and, as is obvious to a growing portion of the German people, after America's behaviour in Grenada, Germany can hardly assume that America would allow the German Chancellor the right of veto if it were decided in Washington that a limited war in Europe were unavoidable.

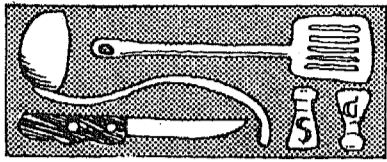
In terms of international law, the presence of Pershings in Germany and of American communications bases in Australia represent a direct threat to the sovereignty of each country. In more immediate terms, this means that, regardless of whatever government we elect, in the event of war in the Northern hemisphere our government and we, the Australian people, will have no power to decide whether we become involved or not. We shall not have the power to decide whether we live or die.

This is plainly an intolerable situation, and the simplest solution to it is for

Australia to demand that the US close down its bases here. I am not sure, assuming that the present Government had the will to do so, whether or not it would be allowed to close the bases. The Americans have very important interests to protect. Ultimately, it is up to all Australians to recognize the threat to our own security which the bases represent, and to put pressure on the government to remove or allay this threat. Hawke and Hayden have declared their commitment to "peace and disarmament" by appointing a special Australian Ambassador on Disarmament; if they are really serious about this commitment, and about creating a more important and independent role for Australia in international politics, they must make it clear to America that the continuing presence of American bases in Australia will only be tolerated if the US begins to pursue international policies which lower rather than raise the likelihood of those bases becoming nuclear targets. And it is up to us, the voters, to ensure that the Labor government is not allowed to continue to disappoint our expectations of its foreign policy.

Otherwise we may only have a very limited number of disappointments left.

# After adequate amino acids on a student budget?



## COOKING

Marjorie Long Dodd

The cooking of meals hardly rates as No. 1 priority in a student's timetable when often only fleeting attention and time is allotted for this activity.

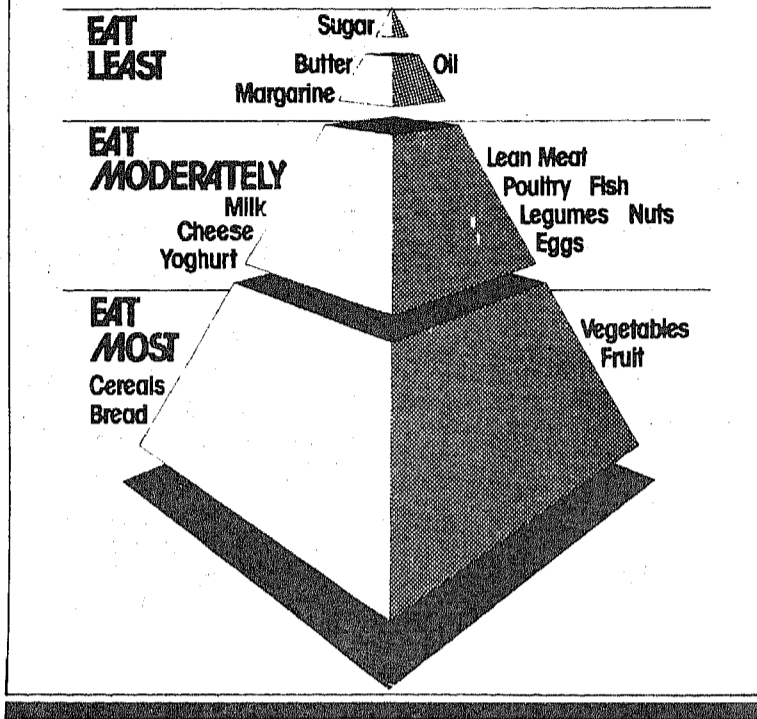
This food column is aimed to help YOU the undergraduate, irrespective of the amount of free time at your disposal. You want tasty meals with maximum nutrition and minimum effort? You can't afford to get sick? Then I'm on your side!

First off, take a good look at the accompanying Healthy Diet Pyramid. No, it wasn't cooked up by an *On dit* "journo". It is the brain child of Professor Mark Wahlquist, who climbed from the depths of Adelaide University up to the top rung of Prof of Human Nutrition, Deakin University. Being the bright boy that he is, he knows how the food jig saw puzzle can best be solved.

The pyramid makes it dead easy for you to achieve good nutrition within your budget. Eat mostly of fruits, veggies, and grain, it says. So the chant from childhood "Eat Up Your Vegetables!" can now be your Marketing motivation.

The slotting of the protein foods into the "Eat Moderately" section certainly relieves pressure on your pocket book. You can be guaranteed an adequate protein supply, even if meat is not on the menu every day. Surprisingly, protein is present in all foods except sugar or fat, and adequate amino acids can be found in combinations of a cereal and a legume are combined into a meal, along with greens

## THE HEALTHY DIET PYRAMID



and potatoes. Since sugar and fatty substances rate "least" on Professor Wahlquist's scale of nutrients, count this also as a budget bonus. Why spend on "empty calories" which undermine your resistance to "wogs" and "bugs"; gives favour to sniffles and sneezes. Eat voraciously of fruits for dessert; not only do they come from the "Eat Mostly" category, but soon they will slip out of sight leaving only sighing and drooling nostalgia, until 1985s summer heat brings on new

supplies. **Fruity frolics** Freeze sweet sultana grapes for a nice cold surprise. Layer finely sliced onion between chunks of watermelon. Let stand a few hours before garnishing with chopped mint and serving. Halve small rockmelons, scoop out seeds, then scrape the flesh into small pieces. Replace into shells and freeze. Thaw a little, add some passion-fruit, and behold — a Rockmelon Sorbet.

# Racism 'rampant' on this campus

The following statement has been published by *On dit* under a direction from the Executive of the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

Racism is rampant on this campus. Most people have at least some idea of what the term racism means. We know that racism is discrimination against people of different races, cultures or colours — for example they may have dark skin, or be in some way culturally different.

Australians know that racism exists — they know it exists in Australia, and they know, by and large that racism is essentially an attack on people's right to participate fully and equally in society, and that there seems to be an enormous amount of complacency about the issue. Obviously the situation here is not as extreme as in, for example, Nazi Germany or South Africa, but it is much more subtle, it is still widespread, and, with the emergence of neo-Fascist groups like the National Alliance, is becoming more visible, with a chance of gaining new strength among the population.

**Racism in Australia** White Australians have a long and bloody history of repression over the indigenous people of this country, the Australian Aborigines. The dispossession of the land, along with the devastation of sacred sites without a treaty or any agreement, the murder of what seems to be hundreds of thousands of Aborigines is a legacy that white Australians can hardly be proud of — in fact, it is more than justification for allowing Aborigines the right to the remnants of their culture — unless we want to go down in history as the first people ever to destroy an entire civilisation. And racism in Australia doesn't end there. There is widespread discrimination against black people and Asians.

AUS policy notes: That as the current depression deepens, simplistic chauvinist and racist ideologies are more likely to gain acceptance without effective resistance (National Policy (1984) p. 3). AUS also: notes with grave concern the continued incidence on campuses of the neo-fascist propaganda of such organisations as the Australian Students' Association, the Progressive Nationalist Party, the National Alliance and National Action. AUS totally rejects the slogans, dogma and vicious racism that these organisations are attempting to disseminate and foster through stickers, leaflets and the newspaper 'Audacity' propagating such slogans as 'Stop the Asian Invasion' and 'Keep Australia European' (National Policy page 3.)

**On campus** With the appearance of such racist propaganda on this campus, the SAUA has made moves in accordance with our policies and those of AUS to act against such vicious attacks on our membership. (There is an enormous amount of cultural diversity among our students, including Aboriginal students, overseas students and Asian students). The Students' Association feels it has a moral obligation to campaign strongly against racism — otherwise we're not servicing our membership properly. We'll be working on issues such as the Overseas Student Visa Charge, South Africa, Aboriginal Land Rights as well as a general policy for the Association. Get involved, come and see us if you've got any ideas, or attend a meeting of the Social Action Committee (the next one is Thursday 22nd, at 1 pm in Meeting Room 1).

Ingrid Condon  
President, SAUA  
P.S. This was written under direction from the SAUA Executive.

# Stock market forgery and clockwise races



## PUNTER'S TALK

Robert Cecil

Rorting good fun. Old punters must have felt a warm glow when they read about last Wednesday's stock market rort in Monarch Petroleum shares. Wednesday morning a forger dropped a notice, on a Monarch Petroleum letter head, under the door of Australian Associated Press at the Perth Stock Exchange. The letter said Monarch had gained a 4 p.c. stake in the rich Jabiru oil find in the Timor Sea and that a big Australian company wanted to buy part of the Magnet group of companies, of which Monarch is a member. The first claim was very credible as Monarch had started a court action to recover its stakes in Jabiru. It had been

kicked out of the consortium after the other partners said it had welched on the cost of drilling. And the second claim, that it had a rich suitor, could do no harm to the share price either. Suspecting nothing, AAP wired the notice and it soon boomed over the speakers on every trading floor in Australia. In the next hour, 111 parcels of Monarch were traded as the price of a share soared from 20c to 40c. Almost one and a half million changed hands at a total value of \$488,370. Although Monarch directors asked for trading to be suspended at 9.15 am Perth time, the order could not stop trading until 11.30 am Eastern time. By then the forger, or his employer, was cleaning up. But the gifted rarely reap their just rewards in our society. The National Companies and Securities Commission now says it will freeze all Monarch sales transacted on Wednesday morning. And although it may be obvious, from inspecting the list of sellers, who was in on the rort, it's another thing to pin the forgery on them. A crime such as this can't be prevented either. Hundreds of company notices hit

the exchanges every day, and are dismissed immediately so the market is disseminated immediately so the market is properly informed about all listed stocks. The only solution is rapidly to detect forgeries. On the racing front, *Punters' Talk* special Admiral Lincoln did it again last Monday, winning the Australian Cup in a thrilling finish at 9/1. Our Shout, whom I nominated as the danger, ran fourth after looking a better chance than The Admiral one furlong out. The Admiral will now go north to Sydney for the Autumn carnival, with the Sydney Cup (two miles) his main target. I suggest you give him a miss at his first run up there, as many horses fail to handle the clockwise direction after running anti-clockwise in Melbourne and Adelaide. But the Saturday before was a bad for *punters' Talk* followers. Bread and Wine (evens) was beaten by a head after racing three wide to the turn. His was a hard luck story so take him each way if he lines up in the Duke of Norfolk Stakes at Flemington this week. Other horses to follow are galway Prince, who is being given a solid lead-up to the AJC Derby, and Royal Regatta and Love a Kiss, who both have their hooves on the till.

**PUBLIC NOTICE**  
The Students' Association of the University of Adelaide wishes to apologise for the content of last week's edition of *Bread and Circuses*, on two counts.  
i) The blatantly racist nature of the S.W.A.P.O. with A.U.S. advertisement. The sentiments expressed therein do not reflect the views of the S.A.U.A., or of students on campus.  
ii) We publicly apologise to Dame Roma Mitchell for the obvious correlation between herself and the column insultingly and sexistly entitled 'Aunty Roma's Box.'  
Once again, the S.A.U.A. as a body would like to publicly dissociate itself from the content of last week's *Bread and Circuses* and would like to remind readers that the editors have 'unfettered editorial discretion' (in accordance with paragraph 10.4 of the SAUA Constitution) over the content of this broadsheet.  
Ingrid Condon  
SAUA President  
on behalf of the S.A.U.A.

**HINDLEY PASTA PALACE**  
100 HINDLEY ST., ADELAIDE 51 9500  
Fully licensed Monday — Friday lunch Every night dinner  
MAIN COURSE FROM **\$4.50**  
For bookings of 20 or over  
\* MAIN COURSE **\$6.90**  
\* DESSERT (all inclusive price)  
\* HOUSE WINE OR SOFT DRINK  
FOR BOOKINGS PHONE JILL SYKES (functions manager) on 264 1033 or 263 3578

**OFF THE TERRACE**  
FINE FOODS  
Shop 29, The Renaissance Arcade, Phone: 223 4297  
Open: Mon. - Thurs. 7.30 am - 5.00 pm  
Fri. 7.30 am - 9.00 pm  
Sat. 7.30 am - 12.00 noon  
• Interesting sandwiches and meals  
• House baked cakes.  
• Tea and coffee  
• Breakfasts  
• We also cater  
You will find us in Austin Street, across North Terrace from the Mitchell Building (we are opposite the Terrace Penguin Bookshop).



# On dit In-depth

## Computer games: the fashion with no passion

Computers, hailed as society's saviour and embraced so quickly by the young, have a more frightening dimension, as author JOSEPH WEIZENBAUM explains.

To understand the content of most computer games, one has only to sample the mainstream of television to know that it consists mainly of what would in German be called Unsinn, Bloedsinn, Wahnsinn, that is, nonsense, stupidity and insanity.

In one so-called situation comedies relieve the otherwise almost constant stream of mindless violence. On Saturday and Sunday mornings the same fare is presented yet again, only now in cartoon form so that children can absorb it even more directly.

The mass of computer and arcade games present precisely the same fare translated to take advantage of the new medium. However, whereas the television viewer passively receives, the computer game player actively participates. In concrete terms, this means that, while the television viewer watches say, U-boat commanders launch torpedoes against "enemy" ships and shout with joy as their targets disappear beneath the waves, the computer game player launches torpedoes and experiences the thrill of the torpedo run.

I almost wrote "the thrill of killing", and an important point hangs on this near slip of the pen: I dare say few submarine captains experience the thrill of killing in connection with pushing a button that initiates a torpedo's rush towards its target, nor do bombardiers in aeroplanes have that experience when they launch their bombs.

Most human beings would be incapable of such actions if they were not able to maintain what a physician might call a "clinical distance" from the ultimate consequences of their actions. A less euphemistic way of saying the same thing is that much intensive training in psychic numbing is required before an ordinary person can launch torpedoes that sink ships or release bombs that vaporise people several thousand metres below.

There is an eager market in this world for people who are already psychically

numb by the time they enter the world's workforces, that is, who are superbly trained to make no connections between what they do and the ultimate effect of what they do on what might be called the end users of the product of their labors.

Most of the computer and arcade games I have seen are trainers for just that skill. Spaceships and aeroplanes are shot down in great numbers. Nuclear bombs shower whole countries. Many games are so constructed that there can be no survivors: "winning" consists of keeping the game going longer than has any other player, and that generally means being a quicker and more effective killer.

There is even a computer game on the American market called Custer's Revenge, in which the player wins who

related to the computer-game phenomenon I have just been discussing, in at least two ways.

First, in that the vast majority of the small personal computers, that is, those intended for the direct personal use of students, already installed in schools, come prepared to play many of the most popular arcade games. For many youngsters, these games are what lure them to the computer in the first place.

In other words, we may expect the "education" in violence without guilt and in psychic numbing, the training offered by the arcade and often by the home computer as well, to be continued and reinforced in the school and by whatever little moral authority the schools may have left.

‘ America seems to be in the grip of a fad which recalls the CB radio, Rubik's cube and the hula hoop madnesses of years past. ’

has raped the most American Indian women. In that game, the most gruesome and frightful insult a man can wreak upon a woman is cleansed of all torment, horror and anguish. Only abstract operations on plastic buttons remain. This is what I mean by psychic numbing.

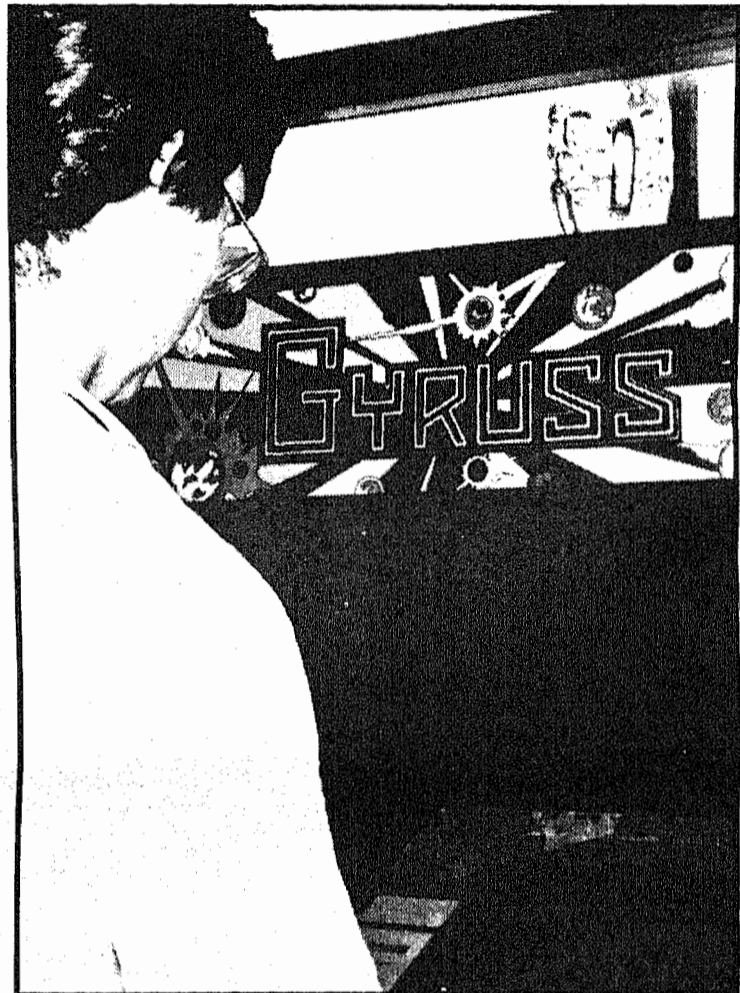
At the time of writing, the American educational establishment is in an almost panic-like state. The mass media have declared us to be the "Information Society". The pressure on schools to provide computer instruction to children of age five years or older is all but irresistible. America seems to be in the grip of a fad which recalls the CB radio, Rubik's cube and hula hoop madnesses of years past.

The effects of the current disorder, however are not likely to be as trivial as were those of the former. The minds of our youth are to be shaped in new ways. This is not mere entertainment. This is

Second, in that much of the normal, ordinary computing that children will presumably be taught by way of preparing them for their roles in the Information Society, such things as model building, for example, has the same potential of separating what one does from the effects of what one does as do the computer games I have just discussed, only the process is more subtle. It is relatively easy to avoid contaminating young minds, even while instructing them in the design and use of occupation models, to be sure.

All that we require are alert teachers who themselves understand what models are and what one can and cannot learn from them.

Models embody only the essential features of whatever it is they are intended to represent. If a model of an automobile is intended for wind tunnel tests, then the outside shape of the model car is



important, but no seats nor any other interior furnishings of the real automobile need be present in the model. What aspects of reality are and are not embodied in a model are entirely a function of the model builder's purpose.

But no matter what the purpose, a model, and here I am concerned especially with computer models of aspects of reality, must necessarily leave out almost everything that is actually present in the real thing.

Hence what can be learned from manipulating the model is strictly limited

The American educational establishment's response to the obvious impossibility of training teachers in numbers consistent with the extent of the flood of computers which it has loosed on the schools is to convert the disaster to a triumph: it is consequently boasted that in general American teachers of computer subjects know less of those subjects than do the youngsters they are charged with teaching.

An inevitable result of this condition is, I fear, that almost all youngsters who get their formal introduction to computers in primary and secondary schools will have been given a certain facility for the creation of computational models without any corresponding knowledge of their limitations.

But what is even more worrisome is that this kind of naive simpleness results in an abdication of responsibility, a closing of the mind to reality without an accompanying sense of incompleteness; in other words a psychic numbing to the ultimate consequences of one's work of the same kind as that induced in the computer arcade.

The effect on children of being exposed to the idolisation of the kind of rationality required (at least for the present) to program computers, of the further elevation of calculation above judgement, must be understood in the context of the culture in which it takes place.

Our culture is already nearly committed to the proposition that the only legitimate knowledge we can gain of our world is that yielded by science. All thinking, dreaming, feeling, indeed all other sources of insight have already been delegitimised. The indoctrination of our children's minds with simplistic and uninformed computer idolatry, and that is almost certainly what most of computer instruction is and will be, is a pandemic phenomenon...

This is an edited extract from the foreword to Joseph Weizenbaum's "Computer Power and Human Reason" (Pelican Books 1984) pp. xv - xix. Copyright Joseph Weizenbaum, 1984. Reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

## ON ELECTRIC AVENUE

by Andrew Gleeson

Adelaide's video game empires are alive and flourishing, stretched out along that electronic half-mile of neon nightmare called Hindley Street.

Elaborate parlours, replete with skating rinks and squash courts, rub shoulders with dingy, poorly lit pool and pin-ball haunts, offering the isolated high-tech diversion. Sparkling clean, anaesthetized video-houses, evincing a healthy 'family' ambience with their uniformed guards and strict dress regulations, contrast with sleazy looking establishments, identified by the leather-jacketed, black-T-shirted youths crowding the footpath at the entrance.

Tens of thousands of South Australia's young people frequent the video-game parlours every month. The amount of money young people spend on this new electronic entertainment has quickly established it as one of the big growth areas of the state's economy.

A spokesperson for one of Hindley Street's largest parlours estimated that some 8,000 tokens are purchased each week. Each token entitles the user to one game on the machines.

One of the most popular games at the moment is 'pole position' — a racing car

game. The race-car track is one of the great durables of a constantly changing industry. Games on this theme have retained their popularity through each new wave of technological innovation.

After the famous 'space-invaders' game first hit the market technological change advanced rapidly, scarcely three or four months could pass without a new machine coming out. Then a plateau was reached as the range of possible variations on the standard technology was exhausted.

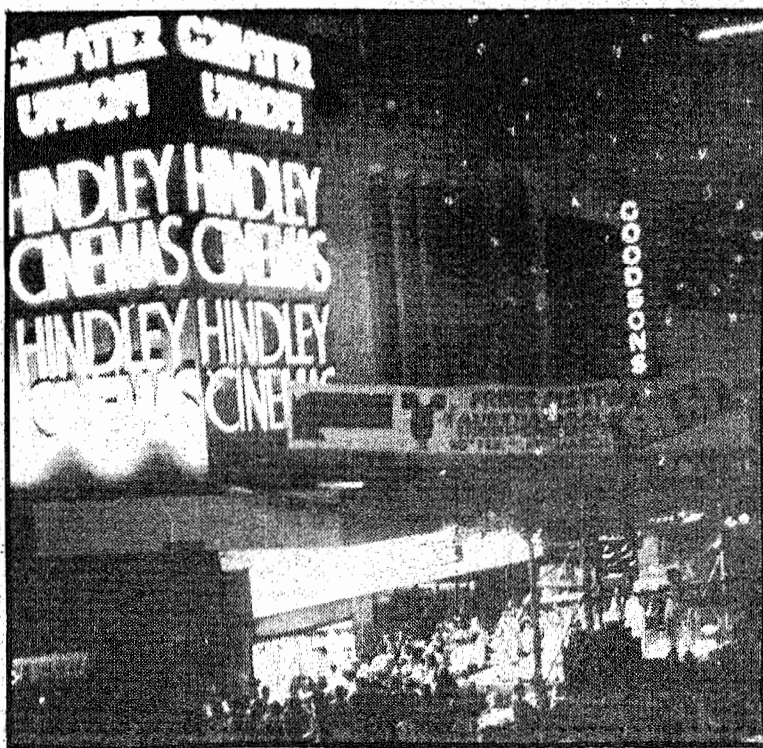
However a new spur to the industry is expected soon with the advent of Laser games. This new generation of games will start appearing in Australia soon.

To the kids the game's a few dollars of pocket-money; to the parlour-owners it's a fortune. To the police it's a growing problem.

"There seems to be developing some kind of subculture since they have been in vogue" said Police spokesperson Senior Sergeant Malcolm Schluter.

"It is pretty depressing to see the same faces down in Hindley Street all the time. An inordinate amount of money and time is spent on the machines."

Both hard and soft drugs have often been found in the possession of young people that make-up the video-game subculture — the 'hard-core' of regular patrons.





# Strictly illegal: marijuana cultivation for beginners

'On dit's' anonymous gardening writer advises on *Cannabis sativa* and techniques for indoor cultivation.

Before I write on the aspects of growing Cannabis I would like to emphasize the Number 1 Rule of the marijuana connoisseur; that is NEVER KEEP ANY MARIJUANA OR PIPES, BONGS, CLIPS, ETC. IN YOUR OWN ROOM, GLOVEBOX OR OTHER PERSONAL AREA. For the Constabulary to charge anybody with possession they must have proof that the contraband belongs to that person. Having the substance in your own room is clear evidence of possession. Always harbour your materials in an area commonly used: lounge room, kitchen, laundry, etc., so, if found, the police must prove a connection, that is "to knowingly possess and cultivate."

The Indoor Garden appeals to many students and low income people due to its ease of control and low cost of maintenance. The Cannabis plant adapts well to the indoor environment with the limiting factor being the amount of light available to the plant for growth.

Natural light is cheap and, providing the window faces between North-East and North-West, provides plenty of energy. The Photoperiod (or the period of available light) can be extended by artificial light. Tungsten lighting (light bulbs) are generally too weak to provide enough light for growth in the lower leaves. Fluorescent lights are a much better proposition. Two four-foot fluro tubes when placed side-by-side with a 4 inch gap between tubes will grow 2 adult plants. The fixture should be designed so that it can be raised as the plants grow — always keeping the light four to five inches above the plant tops.

The choice of fluorescent tubes is important. One should be 'Blue Biased'. That is, it should have an emphasis on the blue wavelengths of the light spectrum (e.g. decorator blue, cool white or other tubes with a cool or cold label). The second tube should be 'Red Biased' (labelled 'merchandiser white', natural white' or 'warm white deluxe') so that all wavelengths of the visual spectrum are represented. A reflector should be used to improve the efficiency of the light output.

The soil medium is crucial to the plants' growth. The root system needs to be able to take up nutrients, water and exchange gases. The soil must be light, airy and spongy; water should not pool on the surface (indicating inadequate drainage) and it should crumble easily when balled. The soil must also be high in available nutrients (nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium) and have near neutral pH. Poorly drained soils can be improved by adding sand (20% by volume).

Before sowing, the soil can be treated with "Rose Food" fertiliser which works well. Do not continue Bulk Fertilizing after sowing as this will kill the germinating seedling.

"Rapid-Gro" fertilizer can be used during growth stages till the onset of flowering. It is generally believed that the continual availability of high nitrogen levels during flowering delays the maturing process. However, this has yet to be proven conclusively.

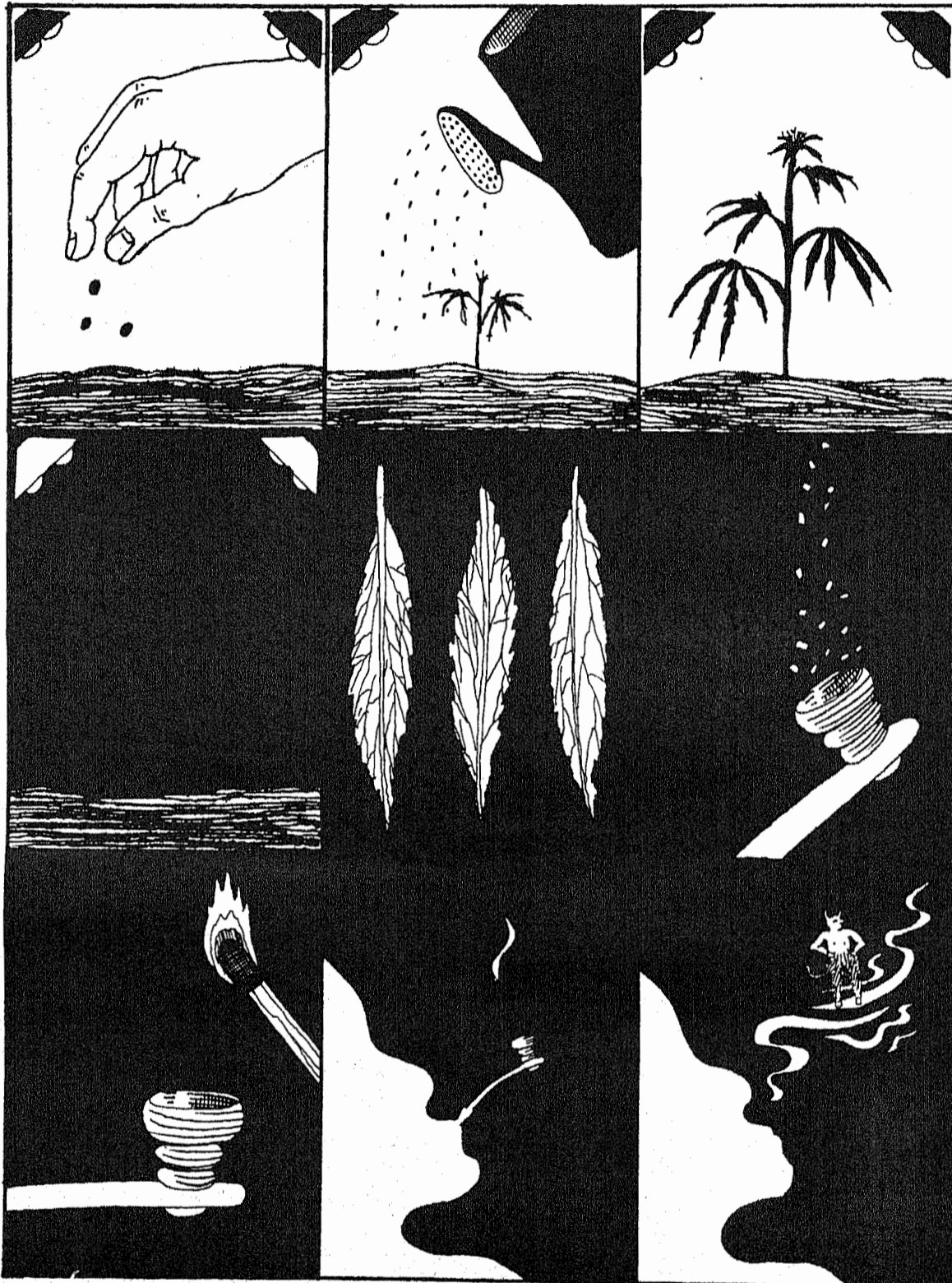
Never fertilize a dry soil medium. Firstly, water the soil lightly using room temperature water. (Water from the cold tap may be too cold and cause shock to the plant). Allow the pots to sit for approximately 15 minutes and then fertilize. A common mistake with pot-plant cultivators is over-anxious fertilizing. Over fertilizing causes the soil to become toxic to the plant. Excess fertilizer changes the osmotic conditions of the soil causing water to be drawn out of the plant. Toxic soil is first noticed when the plant looks dehydrated even when well watered. The leaf tips die first and dehydration rapidly spreads over the plant, killing it very quickly. To save a plant under these conditions one gallon of luke-warm water per 2 gallons of soil must be run through the pot and the top 2 inches of soil removed. Hopefully the leaves should regain turgor in a couple of days. As a general guide do not fertilize more than once every fortnight.

The soil pH should be as close to neutral, or pH 7, as possible (as opposed to garden soil which should be slightly alkaline). An acid soil (which is very common in Adelaide) with a pH 1-6 can be corrected by adding limestone, marl or wood ash. In general add 3 cups of hydrated lime or 6 cups of fine wood ash per 50 pounds of soil to raise the pH one point. A highly alkaline soil (pH 7-14) can be corrected by adding pine needles, citrus rind or coffee grounds.

Germination occurs between three and fourteen days at temperatures of 21 - 32 degrees. The key to a successful germination rate is to keep the soil moist on the surface (but not saturated) until the seedling shows and then letting the soil surface dry out between wettings. A regular day/night cycle (using an automatic timer) is important for normal development of the plant. Interruptions in the light cycle cause the plant to be under stress. Since Cannabis has the ability to change its sex, a stress may cause a potentially female plant to change to the male sex or become hermaphroditic (two-sexed). Set the timer for 16-18 hours of light for the first 4 to 6 months. However, have the timer set for the daytime so that prying police and neighbors don't investigate light left on all night.

When the primordia (or immature flowers) begin to differentiate along the plant stem into either the male or female sex (usually after the 4th month), change the light cycle to below 12 hours. This will hasten flowering. It is important not to interrupt the dark portion of the light cycle during flowering, as this prolongs the maturation.

Plants need to be watered no more than once a week. Let the soil go through a wet/dry cycle in order to facilitate aeration and aid nutrient uptake. Water should be aerated for a few days for two reasons: 1) so that cold water does not shock the roots; and 2) dissolved chlorine has time to dissipate into the air. In basements place pots on boxes or polystyrene blocks to insulate them from the cold ground. In winter, when temperatures drop below 10 degrees



(which decreases THC concentration) add extra lights and adjust the light cycle to begin in the early morning. The lights put out enough heat to raise the temperature 5 degrees in the area around the plants and the plants benefit by the extra light.

Pruning of the Cannabis plant is a matter of personal preference. Some cultivators allow the plant to grow naturally thick and bushy. In the indoor environment pruning not only allows the

lower intensity light to reach the forming head at the stem but also provides some reward for the effort to put into the growing of the plant.

In the third month of growth the initial apical meristem (or main shoot) can be snipped and should provide a reasonable smoke. Cutting off the growing shoot removes the source of a hormone which acts as a growth inhibitor to the branches. The absence of the growth inhibitor causes the nearest leaf axils (or branches)

to become the new growing shoots. Pruning allows the plant to develop its branches earlier, however, don't overdo it. Severe pruning creates a stress on the plant.

Using an indoor garden consisting of 3 four foot fluorescent tubes and reflectors, with the ability to raise the fixture as the plants grow can yield 4 adult plants and a reasonable amount of good quality smoke. However, remember the practice is illegal and if you get caught don't blame me.

**THE PANCAKE KITCHEN**  
13 GILBERT PLACE, ADELAIDE. Ph. 51 9469 - 51 9052

Come and relax in our comfortable colonial Pancake Kitchen. If you love coffee, you'll find some freshly brewed when you arrive... Also available, a large selection of sweet and savoury pancakes... steaks and salads... cold fruit juices... ice cream sundaes and many more... Fantastic atmosphere!  
- No need to hurry because ...

**We NEVER CLOSE**

OPEN 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK.  
TAKE AWAY SERVICE AVAILABLE.

Like many good things in life the Kitchen can be a little tricky to find. Just follow this map.

**LOVELY!**

## Politicians make joint effort

by Mark Davis

The marijuana law reform campaign has given rise to a most unlikely marriage between two former politicians from opposite ends of the political spectrum.

SA's former Labor Premier, Don Dunstan, and former Liberal Prime Minister, Sir John Gorton, have put their political differences behind them to become Patrons of the National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

Sir John, 72, PM between 1967 and 1970 spoke to *On dit* recently about why he supports NORML.

"I don't think marijuana does any harm," Sir John said.

"I think that the acceptance of laws against marijuana, as with the acceptance of laws against heroin, is simply making it easier for people to buy and sell marijuana

and heroin.

"In Australia we stop only about ten percent of the heroin that comes into the country.

"It's sold at enormous prices that enables them to go on paying fines on the stuff that's pulled in by the police.

"I believe that we should move to the British system of having people register as dope addicts and buy the stuff at the points at which it should be sold.

"This would cut off all the profits from the rackets and reduce the number of heroin addicts," Sir John said.

The South Australian Patron of NORML, Don Dunstan, has also stated that the present marijuana laws may encourage the use of drugs such as heroin.

"It is vital for our war against harmful drugs in this community that marijuana be separated from those drugs," he said following his appointment as a Patron of

NORML.

"The difficulty of the present law and administration is that the only way for the most part that people can obtain marijuana is to get it through the channels who are peddling the drugs that we must always set our faces against in this community, and to have them channel through the same means is the very reason why people sometimes cite cases of people having started on marijuana and going on to something else."

Mr. Dunstan, like Sir John, believes that marijuana is not harmful.

"The people who use marijuana personally are in fact doing themselves no harm and they are not doing any harm to anybody else," he said.

"That they should be subject to criminal proceedings is a blot on our community.

"It is a nonsense."

# Limelight

Entertainment & the arts in the limelight

## Eric still blowing his own f---ing Bogle

Singer-songwriter Eric Bogle is one of Australia's best known music exports. His classic song *The Band Played Waltzing Matilda* has been recorded by more than 70 artists around the world. His concerts for the Festival Fringe at the weekend were sold out weeks in advance, but is he a happy man? BEN CHESHIRE reports.

"Musicians are treated like shit," says Eric Bogle, staring resignedly at the guitars and records scattered around his lounge room.

"When I stopped being an accountant and became a musician, my life insurance man rang to say that my premiums would have to go up, because I'd be in the same category as demolition workers and deep sea divers!"

"I know quite a few musicians get wiped out travelling from gig to gig, but the real reason is that everybody thinks we take drugs, drink ourselves to death or die of syphilis."

"And my mother in law keeps asking me when I'm going to get a fucking job, as though this isn't one! Eric Bogle is obviously less than delighted with the public image of musicians, but one thing is for sure: he'll never go back to accountancy."

It was during a businessmen's flight from Brisbane to Townsville in 1979 that he decided to exchange the security of life as a well paid accountant for the ups and downs of the music world.

Though he'd caught the same flight dozens of times before, it suddenly struck him that every one of the grey suited passengers on board, including himself, was doing exactly the same thing — opening up his briefcase to get on with the paperwork and not waste a second of the company's time.

There must be more to life than this, he thought.

Spurred on by the knowledge that a couple of songs he'd released in Ireland were starting to do well, he decided to turn the singing and songwriting which until then had been only a hobby, into a fulltime profession. The next couple of years were spent writing more songs and performing in folk clubs in Australia, Europe and America.

Success came slowly but steadily, and although he has never achieved mass popularity, he manages to sell far more records than most folk musicians in Australia.

His first two albums, 'Plain and Simple' and 'Now I'm Easy' still clear up to 600 copies a month, an impressive figure when you realize they were released four or five years ago.

But for Bogle, the greatest satisfaction in music comes simply from writing songs.

"You're creating something that never existed before and once you've done that, you think you're fucking great," he says.

"It doesn't matter how bad it is. When you've finished a song you say to yourself well that's it, exactly what I wanted to say, and I did it. Nobody helped me except maybe the rhyming dictionary."

"I know I'm never going to make any money out of these things, but I still can't stop writing them."

"Public acceptance of the songs is the icing on the cake, but the cake has already been baked when you've written the song."

But does it bother him that comparable success in rock music would probably make him a rich man? "Well if I was successful in the rock music field I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you, I'd be in my Belair mansion by the swimming pool."

"I see great talents, especially in Australia, struggling to eat, living on their friends' charity."

"And they're great, they could blast most of the wankers on *Countdown* off the fucking screen!"

According to Bogle, many singer-songwriters are turning to country music in order to make a living.

Many of them have no alternative because of the small size of the folk scene and the unlikelihood of ever cracking the mainstream.

Nevertheless, he reserves a certain contempt for those who have compromised everything, including their personal lives, to be a star.

He readily admits that he'd like to be one, but says it would have to be on his own terms, and unfortunately, that is not the way stardom works.

"I'll do it my way, or not at all, and I'm not going to don a cream fucking shirt and a black stetson and sing three chord songs if I think that's going to help me become a star," he says.

Anyway, Bogle believes that folk music fans are the best audience in the world.

He says folk audiences actually listen to the words — the music is not part of the background, it's something to be involved in.

People going to his concerts should be prepared to listen to two hours of lyrics, and listen carefully because although the lyrics are often heavy, they are very rewarding.

"I wouldn't call it pure entertainment," says Bogle.

"People don't come to my concerts to be relaxed and be entertained, I don't think."

"Some of them come along to be extremely disturbed at things I'll sing about, some will get a laugh but hopefully most of them go away thinking about things."

Eric Bogle is such an intense character that he almost feels guilty if he makes an audience laugh.

Some of his light hearted songs deal with subjects such as dead cats, dubious hamburgers, Bob Dylan fans and of course, politicians.

But he says a song written about a politician is really creativity wasted.

"Political songs are easier to do than cartoons, you just caricature the most prominent features of the politician you're singing about and you get a few cheap laughs."

"I feel guilty about it at times, not because the politicians don't deserve all they get, but because it's a cheap laugh, it has no particular musical merit."

That's not to say that Bogle has no political commitment.

A former Communist Party member and now a fervent socialist, he often performs at benefit shows, such as the campaign last year to save the Riverland Cooperative Cannery at Berry.

But most of his spare time in the last 12 months has been spent restoring a 130 year old cottage at Gawler.

Bogle moved to South Australia in 1982, fed up with the noise with high real estate prices of Sydney.

"I couldn't afford to buy a fucking dunny in Sydney," he says.

"Also I always like to go against the tide — everyone else was fucking well leaving so I thought I'd come."

"But I've bought this house to live in, not as a real estate investment."

"I haven't renovated it so that I can sell it to some young trendy and make a quick killing."

However, being successful has meant that he only actually lives in the house for only a couple of months a year, in between tours.

Bogle has toured Europe three times, America several times and Australia more times than he cares to remember.

He says folk music is regarded as more in the cultural mainstream in Europe and America than it is in Australia.

And of course, it's especially popular in Ireland.

"You get this incredible mixture on the Irish hit parade," he says.

## Books & Ideas 17

A burgeoning Orwell industry is underway as countless pundits and commentators set to work drawing comparisons between the real 1984 and Orwell's 1984. TIM DODD argues that if one must draw comparisons, British writer Anthony Burgess' book 1985 is a more appropriate starting point.

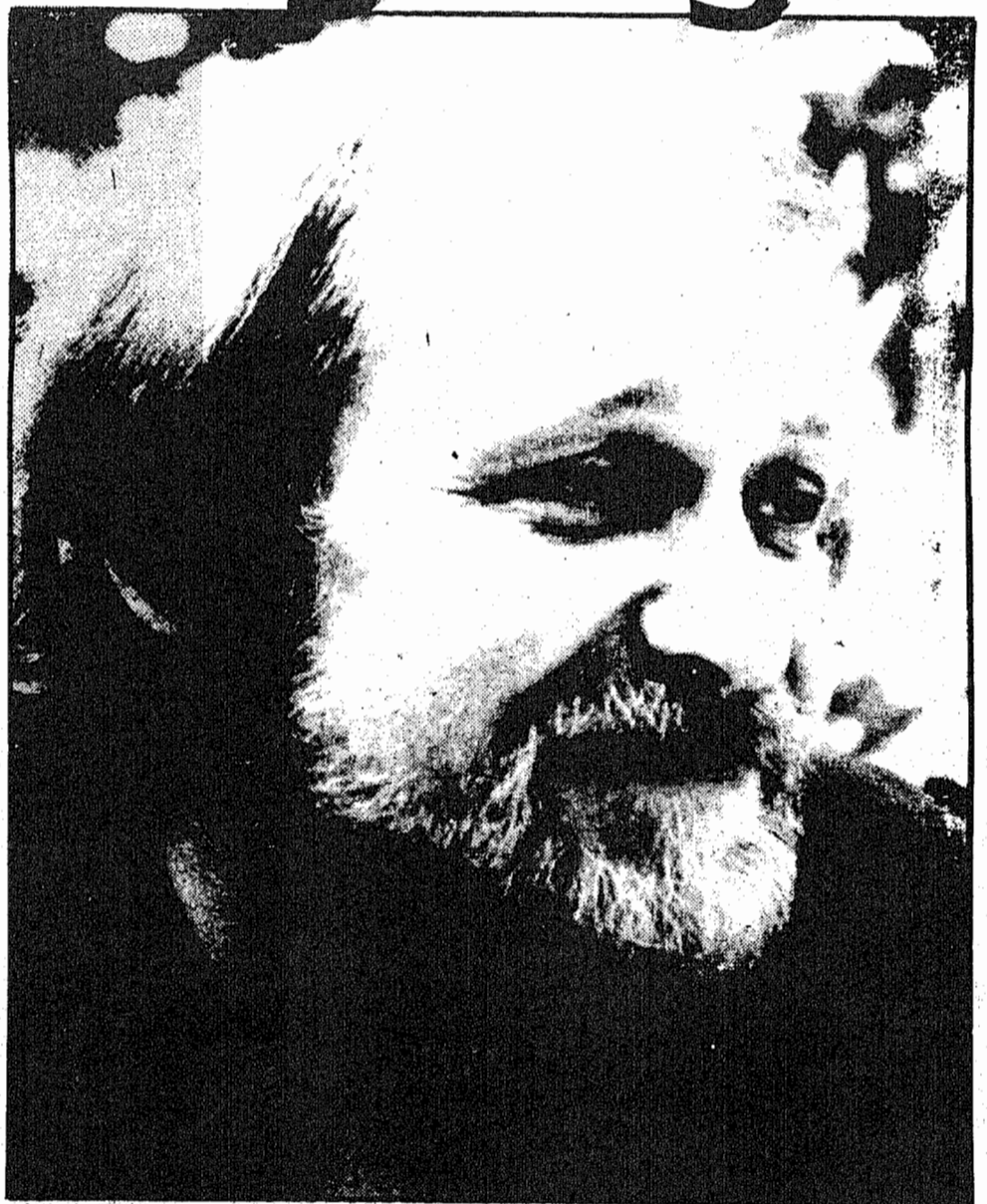
## 15 Television

A new series of ABC TV's popular *Yes Minister* program began recently. *On dit's* JANE WILLCOX spoke to South Australian Cabinet Ministers and Departmental Heads about how accurately *Yes Minister* portrays life in the upper echelons of the Public Service and government.

## Music

18

Elton John performed in Adelaide last week amidst claims by anti-apartheid protestors that he had lent support to the South African government by performing in that country. RIKKI KERSTEN reviews the Elton John concert.



The mind bogles.

"You'll have somebody playing a fifteenth century Irish Air on the pipes, and that'll be Number 3, and you'll get The Skids being Number 1."

"The Celts are the most unusual people, they create great beauty, and in the next second they're capable of great barbarity."

"They'll blow your fucking head off and then write a sad song about it."

According to Bogle, folk music is gradually getting more exposure in Australia because of the public and independent radio stations which have sprung up in the last few years.

Getting airplay on the commercial station is still extremely difficult.

"You've got to educate the DJs to stop calling you a folk artist."

"Because if people hear them say they're going to play a folk song, they switch off right away."

"That's because their idea of folk music is someone with his finger in his ear singing 'Hey Nonee No, Let's Fuck the Milkmaid!'"

"Folk music is of course entirely different to that."

Bogle's new album, which is due out in July, takes what he coyly describes as 'a new style.'

The title track, 'When the Wind Blows' deals with nuclear devastation, although he is quick to say that

there are a couple of 'funnies' as well.

Bogle says he has reached the age where he has realized the impossibility of 'tilting at windmills' all his life.

Describing himself as resigned rather than contented, he says he has learnt to live with his own faults of intolerance and bad temper.

So what does he see himself doing in 20 years' time?

"In 20 years I'll be dead," he says bluntly.

"But he'll only be 59 years old ..."

"Oh, family history, heart attacks, my lifestyle, my build."

"Take all these factors into account and I'm the sort of bloke that just doesn't live very long."

Well what about in 10 years' time?

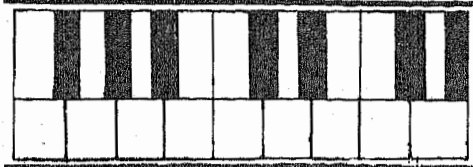
"10 years, well probably much the same as I'm doing now, waiting for the phone to ring."

"Someone offering me a 500 dollar gig somewhere that'll keep me going for another fucking month."

"I know what I'd like to be, I'd like to be the father figure of the folk scene, getting respect that is due, but that will never happen."

I'll tell you one thing I won't be doing, I won't be a fucking accountant."

## MUSIC



# Spiffing good Guards

The Band of the Coldstream Guards.  
MONDAY MARCH 5th  
Adelaide Town Hall

by Chris Murray and Diana Short

...The band filed in formally in their pretty uniforms, followed by the bandmaster, then, shortly after the 1st joke was told, all trace of formality disappeared!

Regarding music: as would be expected, the band is extremely competent, displaying a musical diversity from hard-core classics e.g. *Wagner*, to a (mercifully) short Sinatra medley. All music played was well-known with an original arrangement, and highly imaginative — notable was the use of unusual instruments such as the fanfare cornet, marimba and piano.

One section of the programme was called "Meet the Soloists" — with trombones, the instruments mentioned above and the euphonium. Unfortunately the drum was omitted.

The best solo effort was a rapturous "Rhapsody in blue"; Gershwin as he *should* be played (no grotty Broadway version here), by brilliant young pianist Nick Taylor.

Between pieces we were entertained by the highly amusing and engaging bandmaster whose quips and funny stories kept the audience excited and attentive.

All in all, absolutely topping!

# Swanning it with laughs

D'ARC SWANN  
Little Sisters Cabaret

by Jacqui McBride

D'arc Swann are a four member rock dance group from Sydney. The group consists of three girls and one guy, all of whom are classically trained.

However, they've left the restrictions of the classical technique far behind them, to the point where a similarity to extremely fluid and well polished disco dance is characteristic of them.

Rock Dance is ideally suited to the cabaret venue. It is fascinating to watch, yet required no continually sustained interest. D'arc Swann fit the bill perfectly: they presented a well-balanced act which made admirable use of the space available to them. Indeed, their movements were so well choreographed that at times there seemed to be far more than four people on stage.

The audience obviously appreciated the choice of music which was loud and contemporary. However, I feel that their first number, a slow and sorrowful pas de deux, may have been an awkward choice since the audience was not sufficiently enrapt to abandon conversations which had built up during the night.

Fortunately, subsequent items amply made up for this deficit.



The band of the coldstream guards, formal but fun.

D'arc Swann like to tinge their act with a grain of humour, and this was very evident in the cowboy and nightclub scenes, when we saw a series of role reversals — highly effective.

My only serious criticism is that at times the act seemed a little self indulgent, verging on appearing unstructured because of the almost frenetic quality present in their movements.

I have little doubt that D'arc Swann was the trendy dance show of the Fringe — not that there was an excess of competition. Still, don't let that put you off: if you enjoy high energy, innovative and exciting dance leavened with a sense of humor (and who doesn't) then D'arc Swann are well worth the night out and the price of a ticket.

# Mayfair shows polish

Once Upon a Mattress  
MAYFAIR LIGHT OPERA

by L.O.K.

This was one of the most pleasing amateur productions of a musical I've seen in Adelaide.

Under the Musical of Verdon Williams, a top professional conductor, a performance of high musical standard was reached. The orchestra, chorus and soloists combined extremely well in Mary Rodgers attractive and tuneful score.

The show was extremely strongly cast with good singer actors in every role.

It was hard to single people out but Felicity Baldock and David Perry sang with beautiful line and tone. Perry needs only to overcome a slight stiffness to achieve the operetta style Miss Baldock conveys with ease.

Lynn Hooper led the cast as the Princess and Shirle showed the value of her perfectionism as Mayfair nitpicker by giving a beautifully paced and judged performance.

Don Goldsmith and Ian Rigney were audience favourites as the Wizard and the King. A new talent aries in young Timothy Taylor, gifted with good looks, stage presence and rich voice, as the Jester.

Joe Mezzino, Megan Dansie, Hayley Clark and Diane Smith also contributed much. Doris Dodds direction and costumes were of a high standard. A few costumes were magnificent.

The Contemporary Music Theatre Symposium asked how we should train our singers to be total stage people. In Mayfair experienced people are prepared to take on and impart their formidable knowledge to young performers.

# Flawless Sky

Sky  
4 MARCH Thebarton Theatre

by Fran Edwards

Not even the discomforts of the Thebarton Theatre on a hot evening could put a damper on the enthusiasm at *Sky's* concert.

The performance began with Bach's *Tocatta*, possibly their best known recording, but the rest of the evening was filled with *Sky* compositions, by present and past members, some beautifully familiar, some pleasantly new. All the music was full of melody and characterised by the strong beat and heavy rhythm typical of *Sky*.

The guest musicians, Ron Aspery and Lee Fothergill, blended in with the four group members to form a truly unified and well balanced sound. Tristan Fry, Herbie Flowers and Kevin Peck are all founder members of the group which was enhanced by the addition of Steve Gray after the departure of Francis Monkman in 1981.

This year saw the departure of John Williams from the group, and whilst such a talented musician must be missed I must say I found the sound as good as ever.

The lighting and stage presentation was effective. I did wonder at one stage when the drummer was more frantic than usual whether the smoke was from a fog machine or if the drums were really burning up!

Herbie Flowers (bass and brass) lit up the evening with his tuba strung with fairy-lights, which was joined by a turned on sax and a bright trumpet for a more comic number. Peck's and Fothergill's excellent guitar work was accompanied by Fothergill's quiet confidence and Peck's dazzling smile.

The end of the evening saw the audience whistling, stamping and calling for more. After one encore *Sky* returned for one curtain call and were gone.

# Colourful Rose

Tokyo Rose  
TOU-CAN-TOU CABARET

by Sue Green

*Tokyo Rose* describe themselves as a "cathartic, sarcastic, political, hysterical, 7-piece, mega-fun, feminist, cabaret, country and western, soft-core punk band." For "hysterical" read "humorous" — and they lived up to their billing.

The Tou-Can-Tou, with its salmon-pink walls sporting kitsch scalloped mirrors and pictures of toucans, its potted palms, its black vinyl tablecloths and steamer chairs and its dim lighting, proved to be an ideal venue for the band.

After a late and lukewarm start, *Tokyo Rose* socked it to us for nearly 2 hours, livening their numbers with costume-changes, props, tap-dancing and New Wave dance routines, and interspersing them with Nagasaki's cabaret patter — including dingo jokes told in a Scots accent.

The one adjective *Tokyo Rose* left off their billing was "colourful". Against their backdrop of an orange sun with green and lavender rays, they paraded in a rainbow of wigs, hats, headbands, shower-caps and masks; mini-skirts, grass-skirts, T-shirts and tights; and gloves (evening and boxing). The tutu with raincoat and boots won my 'Costume of the Night' award.

*Tokyo Rose* hail from Perth. The band's local Subiaco jokes would have been more meaningful

transposed to appeal to Adelaide audiences. (What's our equivalent of Subiaco, I wonder?)

As the evening progressed, we met Saki Toomi on bass guitar, Kamikasi on mandolin, wee Wishy Washy on drums, Hari Kari on lead guitar, Napalm on trumpet and keyboards, Casablanca on sax and guitar and Nagasaki 'on mouth'. For one number they went calypso, with bongo drums and castanets. Versatility might be their middle name.

*Tokyo Rose* can play, sing, tell jokes and act. In short, they can entertain.

# THEATRE



# Ad-land visited

A.D.  
FLINDERS DRAMA CENTRE Red Shed

by Jane Sloan

*A.D.* is a play involving a series of movements through mime. What the actors have done is to focus on seven specific advertisements, study them without sound for several hours and then attempt to recreate, expand and exaggerate the gestures and expressions used in these ads.

Nebel Kitchens, Taurina Spa and Woman's Day are perhaps the most successful ads used in the play.

The Red Shed is the perfect venue for *A.D.* — small, informal and relaxed with cushions for the audience rather than chairs. The audience is expected to move around throughout the performance since the 12 actors perform in many areas — in front, to the side and to the back of the audience as well as behind a large glass window.

Two televisions replay the seven advertisements at various intervals throughout the play so that the audience begins to understand the source of the movements.

It is a very funny performance — if a little too drawn out. The build up of fake, cheesy smiles, the ad-libbed grunts, groans exclamations and odd remark while the actors go through a series of ballet like, gorilla like or mechanical movements, reduces the audience to laughter.

However, it is only as a build up of effects that the play has its impact — many of the movements in the performance seem meaningless and unrelated by themselves. It is the amount of activity throughout the performance that saves it from becoming boring.

Several different situations are created in which the mime is performed; the beach is one of the most successful scenes; girls with dark glasses lying on towels, sighing deeply while a group of guys stare at them, grunting and pounding their feet in a primitive animal fashion. From there follows a lot of smiling, touching, dancing and attention seeking gestures. It is a scene which the audience can freely relate to.

Two other scenes — Roske Skin repair and the other of a mother serving her family salad are also very well done.

The whole play is well executed, if a little confusing to those not understanding the subtleties behind it. The concept is certainly brilliant and the unconventional way in which it is performed makes the complete mockery of the advertising industry very enjoyable to witness.



a la chilena

Gallery. Boutique  
Shop 8/116 Melbourne Street  
North Adelaide  
Phone 267 4471

Unique collection of hand-crafted clothing and jewellery, and striking wall-hangings from Chile, Peru, and Equador.

Open 6 days — Closed Mondays.

# Cabinet solidarity breach over 'Yes Minister' How true is it ?

A new series of ABC TV's popular *Yes Minister* program began recently. *On dit's* JANE WILLCOX spoke to South Australian Cabinet Ministers and Departmental Heads about how accurately *Yes Minister* portrays life in the upper echelons of the Public Service and government.

Premier John Bannon thinks it's "painful to watch"; S.A. Education Department Head, Mr. J. Steinle thinks it should be "compulsory viewing for all Department Heads"; and the Minister of Community Welfare, Greg Crafter, is "considering using it in departmental development programs."

The program is ABC TV's *Yes Minister*, a comedy depicting life in the upper echelons of the British Public Service. *Yes Minister* focuses on the relationship between the bumbling Right Honourable James Hacker, MP, and his wily dominating Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir Humphrey Appleby.

Many Ministers and Department Heads in South Australia watch the program and agree that it can be remarkably "close to the bone."

Premier Bannon has seen a number of episodes and told *On dit* that *Yes Minister* is "painful to watch" because it is "so accurate".

Although, he added, the program is slightly exaggerated to heighten the comic effect.

Community Welfare Minister Greg Crafter is a fan of the show and gave *On dit* three statements:

**Official:** "A Permanent Head might advise me to establish an inter-departmental working party to examine the impact of your query on the constituency."

"But seriously though, I rarely get the opportunity to watch it although I was given a script on becoming a Minister which I use as a handy point of reference."

**Unofficial:** "I have asked the Head of my Department for his advice and he advises me not to comment."

**Off-the-record:** "I am considering using the series in departmental staff development programs."

Agriculture Minister and Chief Secretary Frank Blevins said he seldom watches the show, but wishes being a Minister was "so easy and so much fun".

Housing Minister Terry Hemmings is an "avid viewer" but he feels the program is a "little bit unrealistic" because it depicts the Minister as having "more power than they actually do."

*On dit's* line of questioning seemed to throw the Attorney-General Chris Sumner. He is probably

more used to unravelling and fending off tricky, convoluted legal questions. Totally confused, he asked a few times what *On dit* intended to do with the information. Finally he offered us that *Yes Minister* was "completely" true to life "in my case", quickly adding "this is a joke".

Dr. Hopgood, Minister for Environment and Planning didn't watch the program very often and admitted he wasn't as much of a fan as other Ministers. *Yes Minister* is a caricature he said disapprovingly.

Education Minister Lyn Arnold, on the other hand, thinks *Yes Minister* is "delightful", yet has a "skewed view".

"It is a comedy program, built to highlight the foibles of human nature" he said.

"Some aspects are pertinent though."

He particularly enjoyed the first episode in the new series, which dealt with the lack of women in the upper reaches of the Public Service.

"It demonstrated how everyone agreed in principle, but still the situation was unchanged."

South Australia's Sir Humphrey Appleby's joined our Ministers in agreeing that there was more than a grain of truth to *Yes Minister*.

Director of the Department of Technology, Mr. Peter Ellyard is an "habitual watcher" who finds *Yes Minister* an "almost terrifyingly realistic portrayal of events."

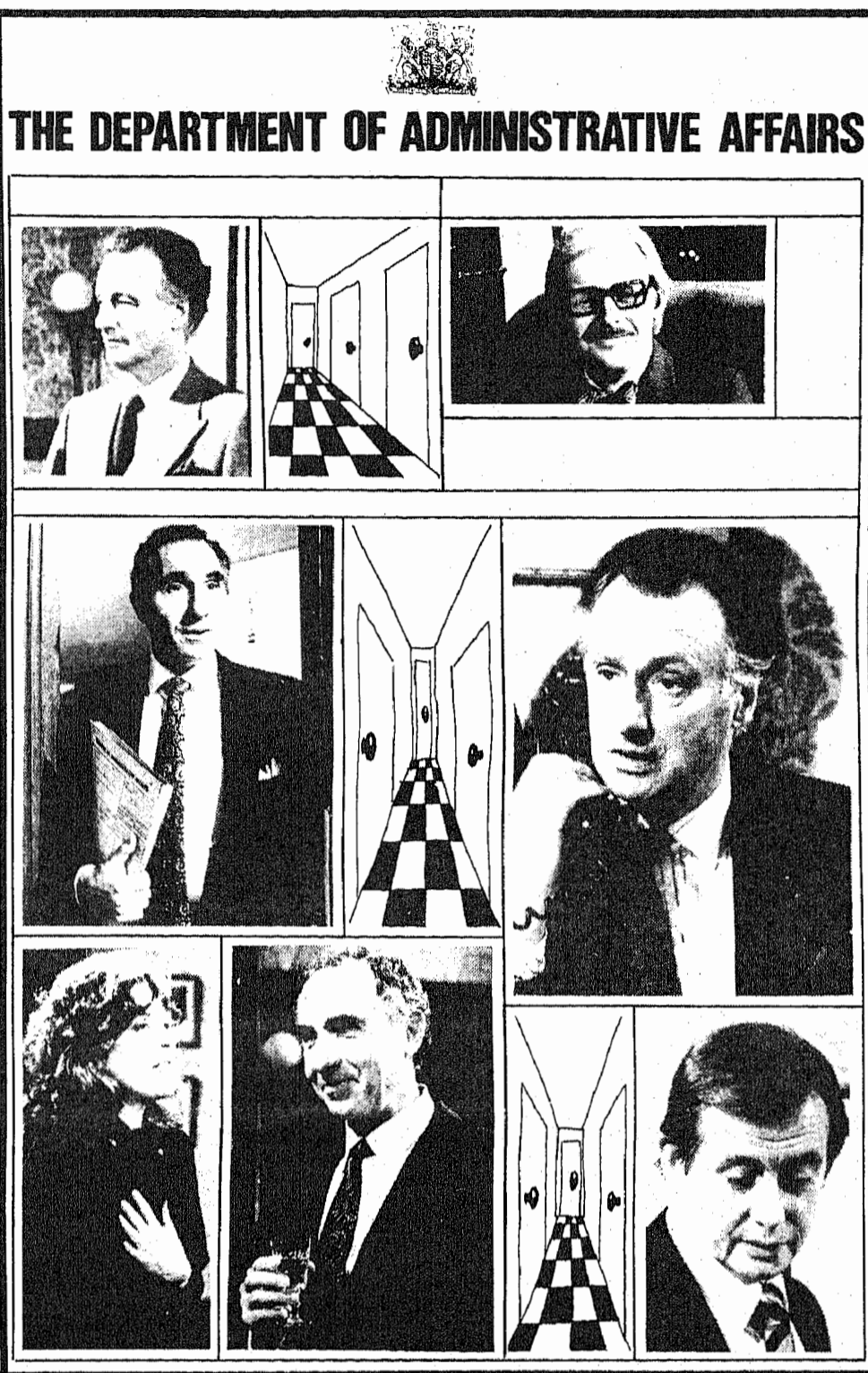
It's obviously written by someone "in the know" he said.

Mr. Keith Johns, Director-General of the Department of Mines and Energy never misses the show and agrees that it was obviously written by someone who has worked in the Public Service.

The Director-General of the Education Department, Mr. John Steinle suggested the program should be "compulsory viewing" for all Departmental Heads and Ministers. "It is remarkably true to life" he said.

Mr. John Jenkins head of the Marine and Harbours Department thinks there are "elements of truth" in the program "as with any parody".

It is a mixture of things that do happen and things that outsiders think happen in the Public Service, he said.



## LIVELIGHT FILM & T.V. CHOICE

Compiled by Jane Willcox and David Walker

### TELEVISION

#### MONDAY 19 MARCH

WILLESEE; Channel 9; 9.30 pm

With the depth of *Sixty Minutes*, the social conscience of *The News*, the ratings of the ABC and a recent libel suit, there must be some reason this program is still on television. A free copy of *On dit* to anyone who writes in and tells us.

WATERFRONT; Channel 10; 8.35 pm.

Yet another over-publicized, over-produced "Aussie" mini-series about another boring period in Australia's history.

#### TUESDAY 20 MARCH

BOYS FROM THE BLACKSTUFF; Channel 2, 8.45 pm.

British award-winning drama about unemployment, poverty, mental breakdowns and marital problems. Brilliant insight into the seedy side of life. Depression guaranteed.

#### WEDNESDAY 21 MARCH

ROYAL HERITAGE; Channel 2, 7.30 pm.

"Sir Huw Wheldon continues his account of the royal collections ..." Excellent program with a very dull title. Typical ABC.

#### THURSDAY 22 MARCH

THE TWILIGHT ZONE; Channel 10, 10.40 pm.

Made in the days of *Lost in Space* and *My Favourite Martian*; terrific low-budget, black and white science-fiction. Acted by the likes of Vic Morrow of *Combat* fame.

#### FRIDAY 23 MARCH

TIME WAS; Channel 2, 7.30 pm

If you still don't understand Beatlemania or have never heard of Chubby Checker, this is for you. If you remember them, relive the "good-old days" of the Twist.

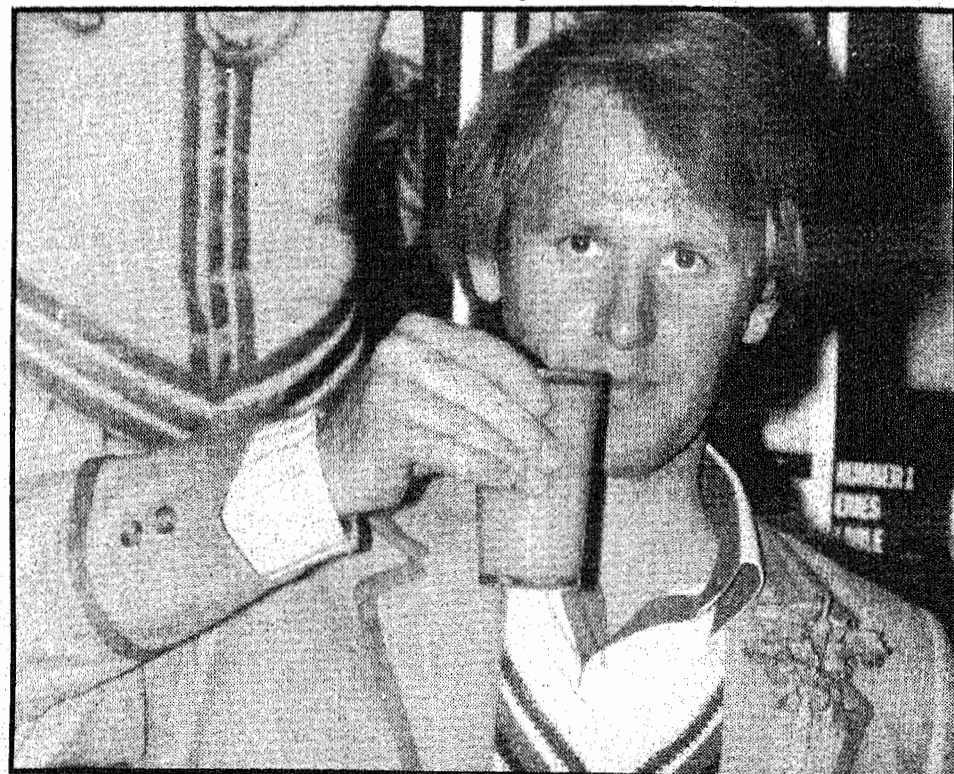
NOSTALGIA UNLIMITED; Channel 7, 10.30 pm.

Part of a cheap package of black and white B-grade movies, Channel 7 has bought. Radio Rentals man Lionel Williams has been dragged back from obscurity to comper.

#### ALL WEEK

DR. WHO; Channel 2, 6.30 pm

New series in which ex-alcoholic vet meets old foe Davros and his band of Daleks, who once again try to take over the world. Who will win!



Peter Davison- ex-alcoholic vet turned doctor.

### FILM

**The Woman Next Door:** Almost a black Romeo and Juliet, a highly original Truffaut drama of two old lovers (Gerard Depardiev and Fanny Ardant) pushed together again in suburban France. Fine acting, masterly filmed.

**Silkwood:** Will preach mainly to the converted, but the story of Karen Silkwood, nuclear activist, is chilling despite factual uncertainties and far more personal than *China Syndrome* et al. Fine supporting cast (Cher is brilliantly natural) for magnificent oddly optimistic Meryl Streep performance.

**Tender Mercies:** Lean Texan drama of fictional singer Mas Sledge's search for self. Robert Duvall

gives capable performance but director Bruce Beresford (*Breaker Morant*) and cinematographer Russell Boyd have made a film almost too thin and oblique to watch.

**The Big Chill:** Eight old friends convened by tragedy spend a nostalgic weekend re-discovering the joy of one another's company and remember the 60s. Fine cast, great (60s) score but no drama. Hard to see why the film was made, or why it has received such rapturous acclaim.

**Educating Rita:** Another overrated, inconsequential film redeemed by fine acting of Julie Walters and Michael Caine.

**Careful He Might Hear You:** Vies with *Breaker Morant* for the title of best Australian movie ever. Overscored, occasionally overacted but brilliantly photographed, with the astonishingly convincing Nicholas Gledhill, age seven.

**The Right Stuff:** Slick and humorous account of early US space program as seen by the witty Tom Wolfe. Parodies American military and government bureaucracies. Subtly informative.

**Return of the Jedi:** Flashy effects, but this *Star Wars* replay is no match for *Empire Strikes Back*.

**The Day After:** Worthwhile message artlessly preached. Efficiently depressing, but there are more important movies — and certainly better ones...

**Gorky Park:** Barely competent adaptation of Cruz-Smith bestseller lacks "Russian-ness" of book. Since it's in Helsinki with an American cast (Lee Marvin, William Hurt), this is unsurprising...

**Staying Alive:** Boxing director seeks competent actor-dancer, money involved. Now screening with the equally sub-human *Flashdance*.

**Being There:** Last great Peter Sellers film is a unique comedy. Chance, a gardener, enters the world a TV addict and is instantly famous for his wit and wisdom. Genuinely unmissable.

#### Union Films

**The Meaning of Life:** familiar erratic Python, an uncontrolled, outrageously unsparing series of squibs. Not high comedy, mind you, just puerile satire. 101 min. Tuesday, Union Hall, 1.10 and 5.10 pm.

**The Hunger:** Pretentious exposition of eroticism, fantasy and horror, is a doozy while it lasts but a nullity when it finishes. David Bowie and Catherine Deneuve are bohemian vampires in NYC. 94 min. Wednesday, Union Hall.

# Superstars & their latest megabombs

## FILM NOTES



PETER RUMMELL

I can only guess their reasons, but lately some of the most bankable stars in Hollywood appear determined to prove themselves in other facets of film production, usually as producers, directors and/or writers. Could they be motivated by some deep-rooted guilt complex over the exorbitant fees they command for their work in front of the camera alone? It doesn't seem likely.

Perhaps, as seems more probable in certain instances, megalomania is the key motive — a misplaced conceit that anything Welles, Chaplin and Keaton could do, they can do better. Or possibly the challenge of directing simply strikes a receptive chord in an artistic temperament. After all, some of our most successful contemporary directors — Mike Nichols, Sidney Limet and Sydney Pollack among them — began their careers as actors.

Motivation aside, occasionally these actor-directors have been spectacularly successful. For the past three years the Best Director Oscar has gone to men better known for their on-screen accomplishments — Robert Redford, Warren Beatty and Richard Attenborough. For Redford it was a case of first time lucky, while Beatty and Attenborough had been combining writing, production, acting and direction — with mixed results — for a number of years before their respective successes with *Reds* and *Gandhi*.

More often, though, the actor turned director discovers that enthusiasm and commitment offer no guarantees of achievement. And the rule of thumb seems to be that the greater the degree of personal involvement in a given project, the less probable its chances of success.

Sadly the likes of Orson Welles, Peter Ustinov and Woody Allen are few and far between; and even they could turn out the odd fiasco when acting as the writer, director and star of their own movies. When lesser mortals wear all three hats the very intensity of their commitment tends to obscure their overall perspective and objectivity.

The two most recent superstars to have fallen into this trap appear to be Barbara Streisand and Paul Newman, with *Yentl* and *Harry And Son* respectively. These films are soon to be released in Australia, but the early word from several key American critics isn't favourable. The impression is that, in assuming responsibility for the script and direction of their movies, as well as taking the starring roles, both Streisand and Newman have seriously over-extended themselves.

Much has already been made (as it was with Attenborough's efforts on *Gandhi*) of Streisand's single-minded crusade to bring Isaac Bashevis Singer's novella, *Yentl*, to the screen since first reading it fifteen years ago. Her devotion notwithstanding, Streisand has been accused of tampering with the underlying premise of Singer's story of a young Jewish woman in nineteenth century Russia whose thirst for knowledge causes her to adopt the guise of a man in order to become a rabbi. In effect the detractors claim, a serious piece of writing has been transformed into something which could well be subtitled "Fiddler On the Synagogue Roof".

Paul Newman, too, has received a lukewarm reception for an undertaking which was undoubtedly close to his heart, *Harry and Son*. For Newman, whose own son died under tragic circumstances, filming the story of an aging construction worker coming to terms with the contrasting values of his aspiring writer son must have been a wrenching experience. On paper it may have looked as promising as *Terms Of Endearment*, but the production has been labelled by *Time* magazine's critic as mannered and saccharine, with Newman's personal magnetism completely overwhelming his young co-star, Robby Benson. Newman's disappointment must be all the more keen considering the past success he had enjoyed.

He had an auspicious debut when he directed his wife, Joanne Woodward in the stunning *Rachel, Rachel*.

It's less than fair to prejudge a film on the strength of a random sample of negative reviews; only time will tell whether the condemnation heaped on *Yentl* and *Harry and Son* is deserved. But if the criticism does prove to be valid, hopefully Newman and Streisand's mistakes will stand as a salutary warning to other would-be actor-directors of the problems that arise when painstaking objectivity is eroded by the sheer weight of personal commitment and participation.



"The Woman Next Door": no flashy careers or chevrolts.

## Viva la difference!

The Woman Next Door  
DIR. FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT *My Fair Lady*

by David Walker

French cinema really is different. If *The Woman Next Door* was American, it would be a flashy, funny drama starring Meryl Streep and William Hurt as two New Yorkers with careers and nice Chevrolts, and audiences would throng to see it in the annual pre-Oscar moviegoing binge. But it is French, and hence rather different.

Bernad Coudray lives happily on the outskirts of Grenoble with his wife and son. He is a bear of a man, a hulking, slightly hunched giant with a prize fighter physique and the blunt features of a Breton fisherman. Gerard Depardieu, playing him brilliantly, is a blazing star in France.

One day a husband and wife move into the house next door. Mathilda Bauchard is Bernard's great past love, now remarried to a solid, reliable and loving older man. Mathilde is played by Fanny Ardant, an unconventionally beautiful theatre actress making her film debut.

The film explores the personalities of Mernard and Mathilde as their relationship begins again. If the characters are too superficially normal to be American creations — no wierd habits or strange lifestyles — then the story is too unusual to be American either. At first Bernard, displaying his ego,

ignores Mathilde; then they decide to be just good friends, and soon after are arranging assignations. Mathilde eventually tries to break things off, at which point Bernard publicly assaults her. This would be the climax of an ordinary film, but Bernard and Mathilde continue to come together, twisting the film in an unexpected direction.

All is done with the greatest subtlety and disregard for dramatic convention. The audience is continually reminded that this is one film where the worst may not happen when you expect it, but rather a few minutes later when you have relaxed. Director Francois Truffaut captures it all on film with a remarkable eye for detail.

Bernard and Mathilde are as far from caricatures as they could be. Bernard's constant, delicately expressed love for his son, whom he play with constantly and unselfconsciously, and the peculiar mannerisms of his love for his wife — he claps his head to her stomach in moments of confusion — all this suggests great care by actor and writer.

Gerard Depardieu's character could be a monster, yet he turns out to have merely an extreme dose of human defect. Similarly Ardant creates a flesh-and-blood woman, not a frustrated mistress. The passion of the two turns and intertwines with fascinating originality.

The sheer humanity of this film is its greatest asset. Over the story is laid an artificial, staged narrative by a character called Mme Jouve, played with gentle finesse by Veronique Silver. She throws a continuous light on the errors of the two lovers. That their lives are so well illustrated is a tribute to all involved.

## Tender Beresford

Tender Mercies  
Hindley cinemas

by Dino Di Rosa

The days of collaborating scriptwriters and directors may well be nigh.

The two aspects all too often fall out with each other and the trend for serious filmmakers is slowly moving towards directing and writing pictures as one — but don't take that as an admission of the auteur theory. The fact is that the state of the art, with the studio system long gone, is now conditioned by individual artists (when it's not controlled by the money-men), most of them self-styled. What results on the screen, in movies that have a screenwriter and director as separate personalities, is discordance, and few observers have noticed this covert tendency.

Bully, then, for the people behind *Tender Mercies*, a rare work of artistic uniformity, an uncommonly complete portrait/landscape painting of rural Texas and Texans, dim and frameless and canvas-thin though it is. Needless to say, hardly anyone's bothered to go and see it; people, it is true, don't want to sit in front of a symmetrical, muted, uniformly hued work such as this — they like the sensual security of colour and movement.

Working against this schismatic trend, Australian director Bruce Beresford and writer Horton Foote have married their efforts compatibly. Their styles are similar in that they are elliptical — the film is generated, if at all, not by what is said, but by what is felt, not by action, but by what happens off-screen.

Who better then, to essay the lead role than Robert

Duvall, the distinguished method actor who has personated some of the earlier Foote works, as the mute recluse Boo Radley in *To Kill a Mockingbird* and as the handyman in *Tomorrow*, which he considers his best work to date? As Mac Sledge, the one-time country and western star, he's a lost soul. A two-time divorcee, a drunk, a wretch, he asks for work at an isolated motel-gas station run by a Vietnam widow (Tess Harper; her first role, and a weak one) named Rosa Lee and her young son (Allan Hubbard).

But here's the great shortcoming of *Tender Mercies*. Not one third the way through the picture, Mac declares his love for Rosa Lee, and she's not at all taken aback; she must have seen it coming, but we certainly didn't — there's not even an implicit indication of romance. The falsity of this is bewildering and disappointing, for the rest of *Tender Mercies* is noted for its emotional precision and picture-making constancy (it were any slower it would threaten to look like a postcard of the horizon). The Australian cinematographer, Russel Boyd, has done a commendable job of painting the parallelism of Jeannine Oppewall's vertical interiors and Nature's horizontal exteriors. Only from that crucial moment when five good ole boys come to see their musical inspiration, the erstwhile Mac Sledge, country singer-songwriter-star, asking for some advice, he replying, "sing it as you feel it", does the movie do the same, and even then in its own oblique, stupefying way (sadly, once it's finished, there's nothing; it's like glimpsing an undefined landscape by an obscure hush-man — not exactly? Guernicaesque).

Beresford says he likes to direct films with a "sense of texture and density". *Tender Mercies*, his first American effort, has all of the former and very little of the latter. Its sense of colour, image, action and sound is fascinating.

We were wrong. Last week's *On dit* incorrectly attributed a review of *The Emigrants* to Xenia Hanusiak. The author of the review was David Winderlich.



The Department of Foreign Affairs

## YOUR FUTURE AS A DIPLOMAT.



If you are a graduate, or will complete a degree this year, have you thought about a career as an Australian Diplomat? Applications for entry to the Australian diplomatic service at Foreign Affairs Trainee level in 1985 close on 30 April this year. Details and application forms are available from Department of Foreign Affairs Offices and Regional Offices of the Public Service Board in State capitals and from:

The Recruitment Officer,  
Diplomatic Staff,  
Department of Foreign Affairs,  
CANBERRA A.C.T. 2600

# Orwell reconsidered

With the advent of 1984 George Orwell is being overshadowed by the phenomenon his last novel has become. A burgeoning Orwell industry is under way as countless pundits and commentators set to work drawing comparisons between the real 1984 and Orwell's 1984. TIM DODD argues that if one must draw these comparisons, British writer Anthony Burgess' book 1985 is a more appropriate starting point.

The unfortunate thing about 1984 is what it has done to poor George Orwell.

His life and his work have been completely overshadowed by the symbol which his last novel has become: NINETEEN EIGHTY FOUR spelt out in bold, menacing capitals.

This phrase "nineteen eighty four" has come to mean something — and very likely something different — to everyone.

To someone of vague radical feeling it is the hand of reactionary suppression. "Just like 1984 man," he or she might say about drug laws, police raids and government corruption.

Whereas to the reactionary it's the vindication of all that political conservatism stands for. "1984 shows where communism leads they say, praising Orwell for being a socialist honest enough to confront the awful truth about socialism.

So 1984 is here but the real Orwell is nowhere to be found. Instead we get tedious stories in the press about what 1984 really in-fact means and profiles of somebody who claims to have had Orwell's ear on his deathbed. Worst of all are the television reports which draw fatuous parallels between the real 1984 and Orwell's book.

The funny thing about 1984 is that it's just like any other year. And the best thing that will ever happen to George Orwell is the end of the year 1984.

It is a very plausible notion then, for someone seeking to re-examine Orwell, to begin in the year 1985.

In 1978 the writer Anthony Burgess published a book which had another look at Orwell's 1984. He spent the first one hundred pages looking at Orwell. And then he presented his own scenario, novel, which is a closer approximation of today than Orwell's 1984. he called it 1985.

Burgess pictures a Britain controlled by the trade unions. Britain is The United Kingdom. The trade unions are the Trade Union Council. Naturally the state slogan is TUC=TUK and the state is soon popularly known as Tucland.

Tucland is crippled by strikes. The unions, even though they wield all of the effective power, still strike. Striking is part of a union's reason for being. It doesn't matter that they are now striking against themselves.

Language is reduced to Worker's English. This is the language of the working class and once everybody speaks with the working class vocabulary, says Burgess, all real literature and real learning will be forgotten.

Education falls back to the standard of the lowest common denominator. When only Worker's English is permitted there's a limit to what can be taught.

Burgess portrays a state which has ossified and decayed, but not through political oppression. In Tucland it's just that the bulk of the people don't want it any other way.

The regime is a benevolent one. Material needs of citizens are well catered for, except of course during the legitimate strikes of one's brother workers, and unless you decide to flaunt the rules of your union. If you decide to fight your union, you'll have no job, no social security and no money.

Tucland is nominally ruled by an ineffectual King Charles the Third; podgy, big-eared and nice. He has

naturally had to make some concessions to the lifestyle of his brother workers but the Royal Family is able to nobly adjust.

Naturally Tucland is going broke. It's hocked to the gills to the Arabs, who are building a mosque to rival the abbey in Westminster.

Against this background Burgess brings on his Winston Smith. The hero of 1985 is Bev Jones, a history teacher who has had his fill of teaching worker's history in Worker's English. Then his sick wife dies when the hospital burns down during a fireman's strike.

Bev quits the system, then gets caught and goes through the benevolent process of reeducation. It's an amusing story which is related offhandedly in a way which might bely its significance.

But Burgess can be deceptive. In English fiction he's a maverick. All of his books are unpredictable; in length, in style and in subject.

He is best known for his short novel *A Clockwork Orange* — largely because of the famous film made by Stanley Kubrick.

*A Clockwork Orange* is a good example of his approach to fiction. His fictional characters are often just convenient devices for transmitting his own thoughts.

In *Clockwork Orange* he manufactured some dazzling characters and situations to use as a vehicle to make his main point — that nothing justifies destroying individual free will.

He frequently confuses the reader. From *Clockwork Orange* Burgess became notorious as an author supposedly fascinated by violence. He strongly denies this but his readers who are carried away by the dazzling fictional vehicle that he created for this novel can be forgiven for getting the wrong impression.

The truth is that the plot and structure of a Burgess novel is ultimately irrelevant to what Burgess is trying to say. It is revealing that he has observed that there are no new plots for novelists or dramatists under the sun. Most plots have already been invented in one of the ancient myths and what gaps the myths have left the classical authors have filled in.

All that the present day author can do, says Burgess, is to borrow an already existing story and embellish it.

Burgess unblushingly borrows the plots for his novels. For instance the plot of his recent novel *Earthly Powers* is clearly a pastiche of his own experience and the experiences of a lot of twentieth century figures whose biographies he has read.

His borrowings are sometimes more arcane. For instance he claims that the structure of his novel about Napoleon, *Napoleon Symphony*, is based on the form of Beethoven's Third Symphony, "the Eroica".

Burgess manages to get away with this borrowing; because of the sharpness and wit of his writing it succeeds magnificently.

It is only when one considers Burgess' typical way of writing a novel that what he has done in 1985 becomes clear. Burgess has gone borrowing again. But this time he's dipped into Orwell's 1984.

He has read the book, exercised some of his dazzling wit and fertile imagination and written a new story. However the story itself is an empty shell. It's essentially a poor copy of Orwell. But Burgess has used it as a vehicle to put over his thoughts about today's world. And his principal message is this: "The most dangerous feature of our time is the disregard, and indeed the scorning, of the exceptional."

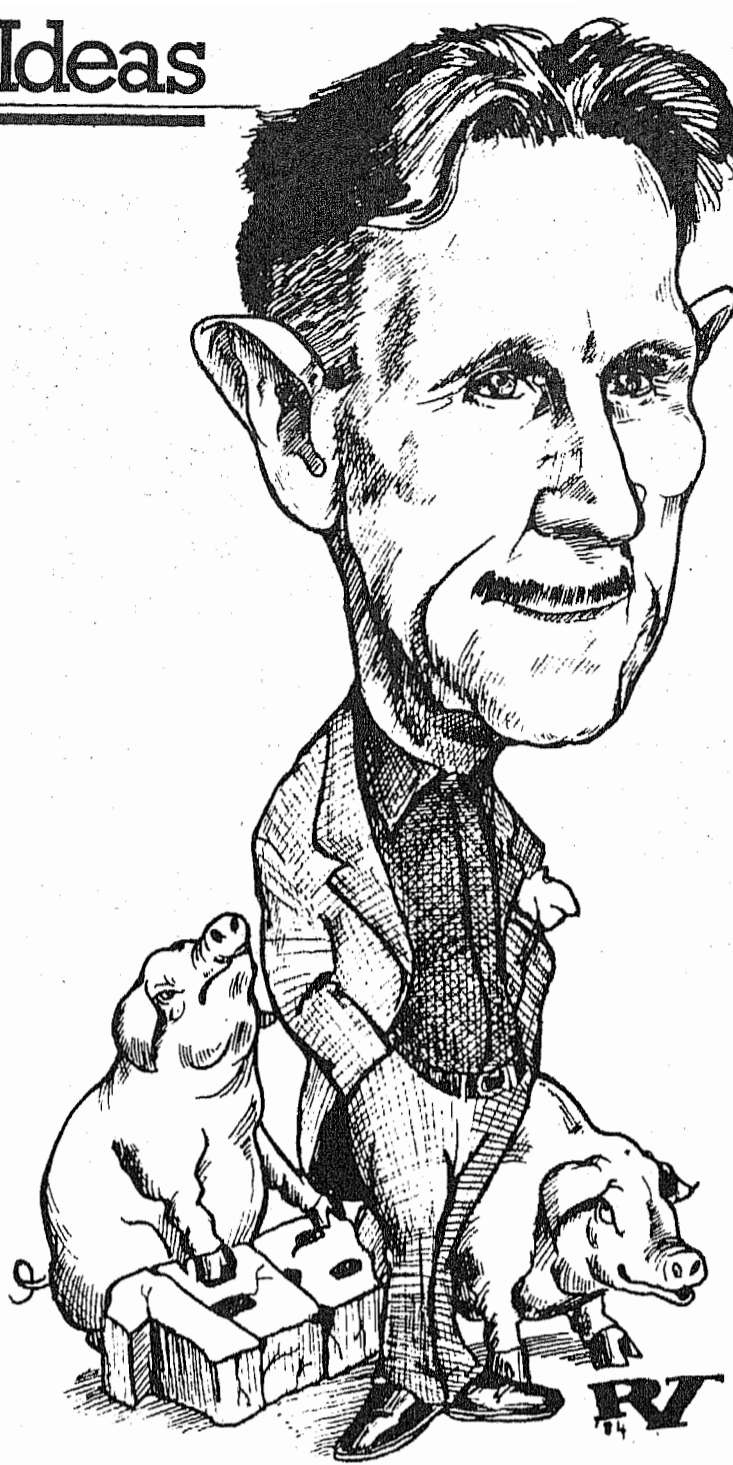
Burgess detests what he sees as the tendency of our society to encourage the lowest common denominator. He considers that it leads to intellectual mediocrity, the end of any real feeling in people for each other and the creation of a society not worth having.

Burgess is using Orwell as a vehicle and he ropes Orwell in onto his side.

Orwell was the one who said to the middle classes: "You have nothing to lose but your aitches (by becoming proletarian)."

Burgess won't accept that the real Orwell is speaking here. Orwell was a product of Eton, he spoke with an upper class accent and his aitches "were just what he could not lose," says Burgess in 1985.

"He had at heart the cause of working class justice, but he really couldn't accept the workers as real people.



"They were animals — noble and powerful, like Boxer the horse in *Animal Farm*, but essentially of a different substance to himself."

And remember, says Burgess, the total condemnation of the proles in 1984.

Burgess is provocative, and also lively and brilliant. So at the end of this year 1984 or even before, forget the rubbish written about Orwell in the press and consider what he was really on about.

You could do worse than start with 1985.

## BOOK MARKS



by Jaci Wiley

Picture it: a cookery book printed pink on white with lavish photographs of gastronomic delights, and footnotes elaborating on the history, legends and magical powers associated with them. Entitled *The Romance of Food* (Hamlyn, distributed by Golden Press) the queen of romance fiction, Barbara Cartland, attempts to restore the art of cookery. Now she'll have the reputation of not only having her nose in everyone's business but her fingers in everyone's pie.

*Outrider*, a literary magazine for ethnic writers in Australia, has been launched. Those interested in contributing should note that poetry will be accepted in the original language as well as English but all other material must be in English. Send contributions to Editorial Committee, 16 Ward Avenue, North Caulfield, Vic, 3161

The Oxford Australia Competition for the best children's novel is now inviting entries. The competition is held jointly by Oxford University Press Australia, The Australian Children's Television

Foundation and Dromkeen and offers a prize of \$3000. The author will receive the prize for writing a work judged to be the best Australian children's novel suitable for publication and for adaptation as a screenplay for television.

Entrants must be permanent residents of Australia and may submit more than one work. Each work must be an original and unpublished novel of no more than 25,000 words suitable for children under 13 years. Entry is free. The winner will be announced in July during Children's Book Week.

Closing date: 31 May 1984. OUP reserves the right to publish the winning work as a novel and The Australian Children's Television Foundation reserves the right to adapt it for television.

For entry forms &/or further details contact the Oxford Australia Competition c/- Rita Scharf, GPO Box 2784Y, Melbourne 3001.

Douglas Adams has been awarded a Golden Pan for his book "Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy". This Pan Publication has sold in excess of one million copies.

The music industry provides publishers with plenty of material for print. Allen and Unwin have *Rock and Pop Crosswords* to test one's knowledge of those areas of music. Hutchinson have both *Future Pop: Music for the Eighties* which explores the direction of future music by looking at current musicians and *The International Encyclopedia of Hard Rock and Heavy Metal* which includes both the well-known and unknown bands.

## WEEKLY BESTSELLERS

### NON-FICTION

1. LADYKILLERS by A. Jacobson (Plusto; \$5.95)
2. THE HAWKE ASCENDANCY by Paul Kelly (Angus and Robinson; \$19.95)
3. STRETCHING by J. Anderson (Shelter; \$7.95)
4. ADELAIDE STREET DIRECTORY (Gregory; \$8.95)
5. NATIONAL LIESURE SEMINAR DISCUSSIONS (Victorian Government; \$8.50)
6. RELIEF WITHOUT DRUGS by A. Meares (Fontana; \$4.95)
7. THE BILLINGS METHOD by E. Billings (Donovan; \$7.95)
8. ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE DREAMTIME (Collins; \$14.95)
9. UBD ADELAIDE STREET DIRECTORY (UBD; \$9.50)
10. COLLINS GEM FRENCH DICTIONARY (Collins; \$3.95)

### FICTION

1. MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN by S. Rushdie (Pan; \$7.95)
2. FOREFATHERS by N. Cato (Coronet; \$7.95)
3. ADVERSARY by J. May (Pan; \$5.95)
4. NO GOOD MEN by D. Richardson (Angus and Robertson; \$4.95)
5. BATH BOOKS (Collins; \$2.95)
6. TURTLE BEACH by B. D'Alpuget (Penguin; \$5.95)
7. MISTRAL'S DAUGHTER by J. Krantz (Bantam; \$5.95)
8. A FORTUNATE LIFE by A. Facey (Penguin; \$7.95)
9. ON THE BLACK HILL by Bruce Chatwin (Pan; \$6.95)
10. SECOND GARFIELD TREASURY by J. Davis (Doubleday; \$9.95)

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

## CHEAP TEXTBOOKS

Just arrived from the U.S. and U.K. we now stock a large selection of remaindered textbooks at genuine reductions ...

SCIENCE ECONOMICS

BIOLOGY PSYCHOLOGY

MEDICINE ACCOUNTING & BUSINESS

UP TO 70% OFF

CITY BOOKS BASEMENT SALE  
108 Gawler Place, City



# Protest - but Elton's still standing

Elton John  
9 MARCH 1984 Memorial Drive

by Rikki Kersten

"After 20 plus bucks, he'd better play it!" Comments like this flew thick and fast amongst the pre-warm-up crowd which packed Memorial Drive for what has almost turned into an annual dose of Elton John's live best.

The atmosphere was amiable and expectant, as people bedecked in "Too Low For Zero" boaters jostled for positions and called out to friends in the crowd. Thousands of these people had obviously already savoured the excitement of an Elton John show, and had come back for more. We knew that it was going to be good, and so it was. But Elton smashed every other preconception we might have had about what to expect from an Elton John concert.

Elton usually starts off with a bang, with one great blast of piano rock, aided by an atmospheric light show, loud crazy clothes and those cheeky grimaces which only Elton can deliver. But not this time.

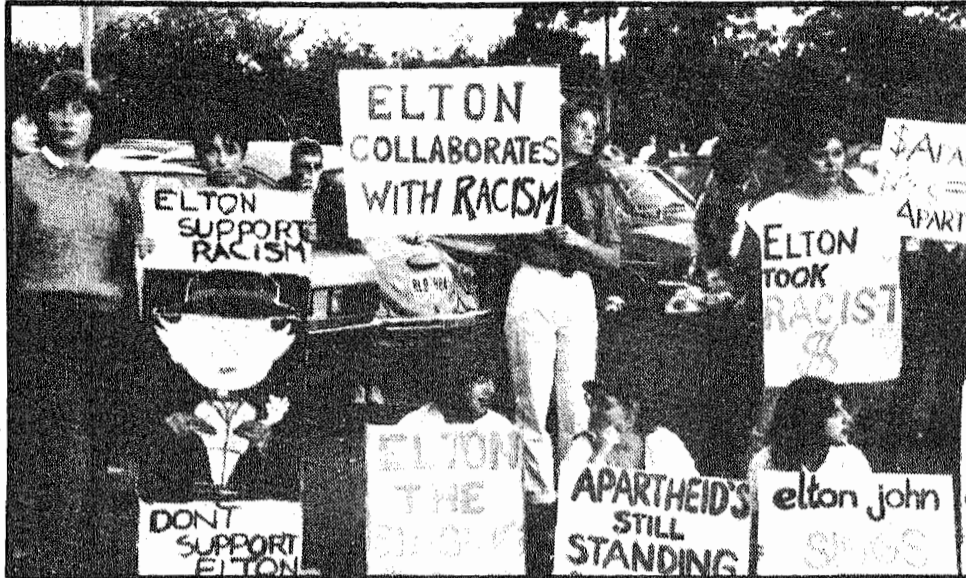
The lights dimmed, and the band strolled on. A spotlight strikes the white piano, and Elton is revealed in splendid, formal attire — red tails, black trousers, red boots, straw boater. Without further ado, he begins to play *Tiny Dancer*. Elton the rocker stepped aside, and mellowed each and every one of us with a serenade. It was wonderful.

Elton announced that the first half of the concert is to be made up of old hits, followed by some songs from his latest album. Here is another change — gone are the quips and patter. The music was going to be what mattered tonight.

The most distinguishing aspect of this concert, and one which made it stand out from previous Adelaide shows, was the choice of material presented.

Hardened Elton John fans were treated to a binge of old album cuts and singles which we had never heard before. These included *Hercules*, *Teacher*, *The Bitch is Back*, *Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me*, *Island Girl* and *Philadelphia Freedom*. The surprise of the evening, which got the people in the stands rocking on their feet, was the inclusion of *Pinball Wizard*.

The presentation was tight and professional, which is to be expected, as Elton was backed by his original



Demonstrators at the Elton John concert band, with new addition Frank Mundell at the synthesizer and sometimes guitar.

The sound was loud, almost to the point of distortion, and stretched the limits of physical endurance, but remained thankfully bearable.

The mixer, however, has a lot to answer for. One of the most dazzling features of an Elton John show is the master himself when he is firing and playing rock and roll piano. But far too often the piano was totally drowned out by Davey Johnstone's guitar, to the point that it sounded like one long Johnstone solo with Elton relegated to the role of accompanist. It was frustrating to see those chubby fingers flying and not being able to hear it.

But then came *Benny and the Jets*, that classic which was made for live performance. At last we heard Elton's keyboards in solo glory, uninterfered with and utterly captivating. The piano stool began to fly, and the tempo quickened.

A rather overdone version of *Blue Eyes* glided into *I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues*, and it was time for *nouveau* Elton.

The live performance of *Kiss the Bride* was absolutely overpowering, and worked so well that it deserves pride of place alongside *Benny and the Jets* and *Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting* as the *creme de la creme* of live rock songs in his repertoire. The lights were employed with great artistry to add a surrealistic backdrop to *Too Low For Zero*; other new songs were a rocky version of *Crystal*, *I'm Still Standing* and *One More Arrow*.

No one, including Elton, expected him to be let off without a few encores. We were rewarded with *Your Song*, *Saturday Night's Alright* and *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, but it was not enough.

Elton returned, and proceeded to drive the crowd into a frenzy with *Crocodile Rock* and that wild rock and roll medley of Beatles and other sixties songs.

The crowd refused to leave. Elton relented, and came back alone, and ended as he had begun. *Song For Guy* soothed the savage beast in all of us, and we went home feeling completely satisfied and at peace with the world.

## ROCK

Fifty thousand people filled the Melbourne Showgrounds to witness the last live performance for at least two years of *The Police*.

With that many people at one venue you could be excused for thinking that there could be some trouble, but according to Sue Smith from EON FM radio station, one of the organisers of the concert, nothing could be further from the truth.

"It was one of the smoothest run shows this town has ever seen" Smith said.

The whole city is still buzzing about the *Police* show which is a complete contrast to the Bowie show earlier this year. Whereas Bowie's fans had five hours of waiting before he hit the stage, the *Police* made their concert more like a mini-festival. The proceedings started at 4.00 pm with Melbourne's *Kids in the Kitchen*, followed by the *Sonnyboys*, Canada's Bryan Adams and *Australian Crawl*.

The *Police* took the stage at 8.00 pm. Sting and company played for over two hours.

With five top acts and 50,000 fans the show went without a hitch. Melbournites who paid \$19.00 certainly got value for money from this gig as did the eight bus-loads of Adelaide folk who went over.

It also looks like the success of the *Police* concert will establish the Melbourne Showgrounds as a major Victorian venue. Pity the peroxide mega-millionaires couldn't get to South Australia.

## DISCS

It's A Man's Man's World  
RENEE GEYER *Mushroom*

by Ben Cheshire

Poor Renee! For ten years she's had this terrible dilemma of being a blues singer who has to turn out pop hits every now and then in order to get some commercial success. It's a cruel reality, because the blues is obviously what she does best and enjoys the most. This record, originally released in 1974 as her second album and re-issued this month, is like all the other Renee Geyer records in that about 60 percent of the songs are gutsy, sleazy blues numbers with the remainder of curious mixture of rather sappy ballads.

Don't Box Me In/Drama At Home  
STEWART COPELAND AND STANARD RIDGWAY

by Bill Cornish

This is the single off the soundtrack to the Francis Ford Coppola film *Fumble Fish*. On Side A Stewart Copeland of the *Police* teams with Stanard Ridgway of *Wall of Voodoo* in a typically quirky Copeland number *Don't Box Me In*. Side B *Drama At Home* is the more usual mood piece one finds in all soundtracks with its Japan-style keyboards effects and percussion all performed by Copeland.

## THE RECORD FACTORY

presents

### SLASH RECORDS

Dream Syndicate

Rank and File

Fear

Violent Femmes (watch for gig details)

Slash — The Early Sessions (Compilation)

### COMING SOON:

Green or Red (great)

Los Lobos (move over Blues Brothers)

## THE RECORD FACTORY

downstairs, Rundle Arcade (behind D.J.s)

Real music for living people.



## Not so red Gum

Redgum

7 MARCH *Big Brother's Cabaret*

by Jaci Wiley

*Redgum* are not the band they used to be.

The band hasn't got the familiar energetic style, the passionate anger and aggression which one is accustomed to hearing. *Redgum* are moving towards a passion which is pleading, even soft.

The addition of bass, drums and keyboards had a profound effect on their presentation. Many favourite *Redgum* songs were enhanced by these additions.

Reggae beats were stronger, rock 'n' roll rhythms more distinct and the hint of the tone and quality of new wave syntho-pop could be heard from the keyboards. Some excellent guitar was played by Hugh McDonald who was free to pursue a wider range of styles than usual.

*Diamantina Drover* was the only song which suffered. The clear, simple beauty of this ballad was destroyed by the over-enthusiastic, ill-mixed "fuck-it's-electric" arrangement.

All the old favourites were presented with the

customary vitality. *It Doesn't Matter To Me*, *Only 19*, *Where You Going To Run To?*, *Surfing USA* and *Poor Ned* were received with an enthusiasm equalling their performance.

Despite the concentration of old favourites and catchy, new, ideologically sound numbers in the latter half of the evening, there was a predominance of gentleness in the first half. It was then that the impression of change, of soft pleading passion was formed. It's effects were impossible to discard.

Rather ironically, the hardness created by the drums and keyboards did nothing to diminish the ballad quality of the early part of their performance. Verity Truman was more prominent than ever before, her voice, flute and saxophone being major contributors to the new sound quality. This was a pleasant surprise I hope will form a precedent for future performances. Her voice is not strong but it is melodious and expressive. Her instrumental work is inspired.

*Redgum* fans should hope the changes are not reflecting a collective state of mind. If the members of *Redgum* are giving up the fight, what hope have the rest of us got?

## No pretensions

Chas and Dave  
3 MARCH *Elizabeth Octagon Theatre*

by Ian Bell

Rita is Steve's "date". This is Rita's first ever concert. Rita likes *Culture Club*. Rita has never heard Chas 'n' Dave before. Rita is in for a surprise.

On the same night that the Festival of Arts began, Chas 'n' Dave were having a "Knees up" at Elizabeth. An almost full house of ex-patriot Englanders clapped, cheered, sang and stomped along for over one and a half hours of Cockney fun. Charles Hodges (Chas) and David Peacock (Dave)

and drummer Micky Burt work together as only a successful partnership of 12 years can.

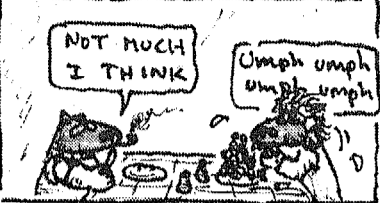
The atmosphere was not like a concert at all, more like an English pub with long rows of tables at right angles to the stage. Whole families from all corners of the UK who are now in this corner of Australia ate their crisps, drank their shandies and beer and loved every moment of Chas 'n' Dave's first Australian show.

It was a rare night out. No pretensions, no hassles, no trouble hearing or seeing the main act. Their audience may be a limited one but they left well pleased.

Even Rita enjoyed herself.

THE ANTIHOON'S LEARNING EXPERIENCE OF LAST EPISODE HAS DRIVEN HERB TO A PATH OF VENGEANCE DIRECTED AGAINST THE MACHINATIONS OF THE YOOMAN RACE, THE OPPRESSORS OF ALL WOMBAT-KIND ...

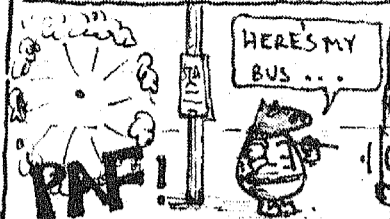
... BUT FIRST, HERB AND DR. WOMSTEIN DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF THE COMIC STRIP OVER LUNCH



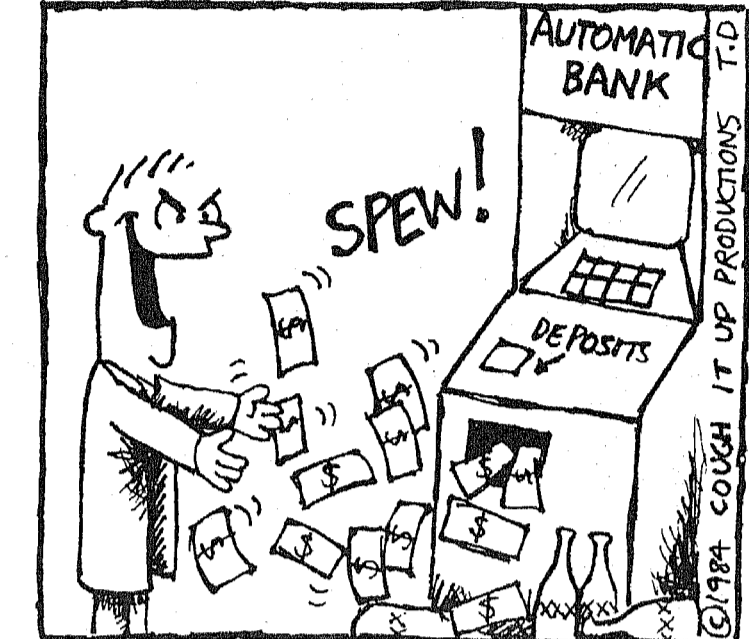
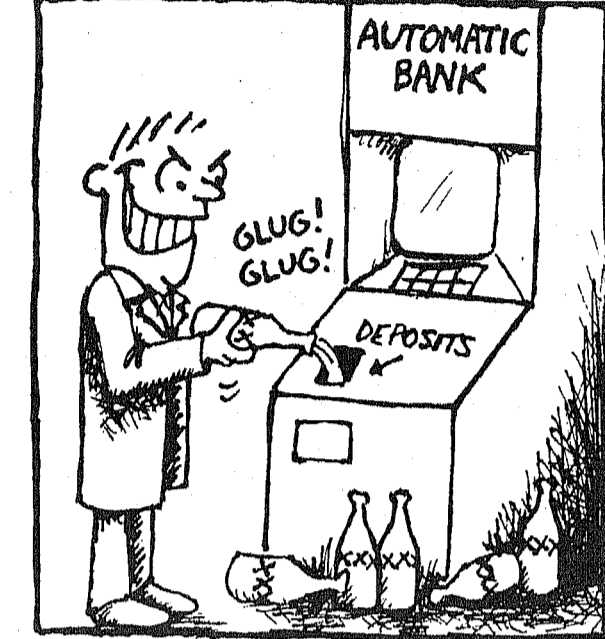
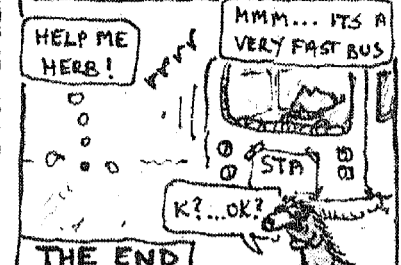
DR. WOMSTEIN EATS SO MUCH THAT HE REACHES A LARGE CRITICAL AMOUNT OF MASS



AND SO HE UNDERGOES A GRAVITATIONAL COLLAPSE BEYOND HIS SCHWARZCHILD RADIUS ...



AND BECOMES A 'BLACK HOLE' ...



**WAITE BALL**  
 Friday 30 March  
 with **RHYTHM WILLIE**  
 members \$12.50  
 non-members \$13.50  
 Includes supper and drinks  
 Tickets from Waite Common Room or Student Activities Office.

**TWISTER SOLUTIONS**

URGRTHERTIEGEGOGG  
 DEHEIHTOHEGNIGRER  
 OOTIEIHNSTRETHIGHT  
 IGHGTGNTOTIEIIOGNGEI  
 EREIESGRHISNOTEGE  
 OGISITOTETONOHINI  
 OOTESIHTTIEGNDOGT  
 DNAKGNLSHEGOE  
 OIMGMINOTITREHT  
 RKINAKNHEHERGO  
 BNINTHIAADBENIOGDO  
 AMHTTIAABGRKHNOR  
 KGITUBDROUBTTTRD  
 ENHTNUBODBTDBUTBA  
 NIKHINDAORBAUNTA  
 GMNIGKBBRTTDTIHIN  
 KAKENIUADBUHTNKIN

**X-Word** solutions next week

**Down**

- German river
- Speck
- Heard attentively
- Rodents
- Knocks
- Thread
- Beaten
- Rule
- Building material
- Australian birds
- Antiquated

**Across**

- Diversions
- Lubricant
- Beachwear
- Chief
- Currant cake
- Scottish Island
- Sting
- Pore over
- Many
- Central
- Single combats
- Brute
- Rift
- Pitch
- Frozen covering
- Place
- Stock
- Attack
- Casual
- Laments
- Obelisk
- Amusement
- Ill

**COFFEE SHOP ON CAMPUS NOW**

EXPRESSO  
 GREAT  
 GELATI  
 DELICIOUS  
 FOOD

THE GALLERY,  
 LEVEL 6, UNION HOUSE,  
 ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY,  
 Open Monday to Friday (11 am — 6 pm)

