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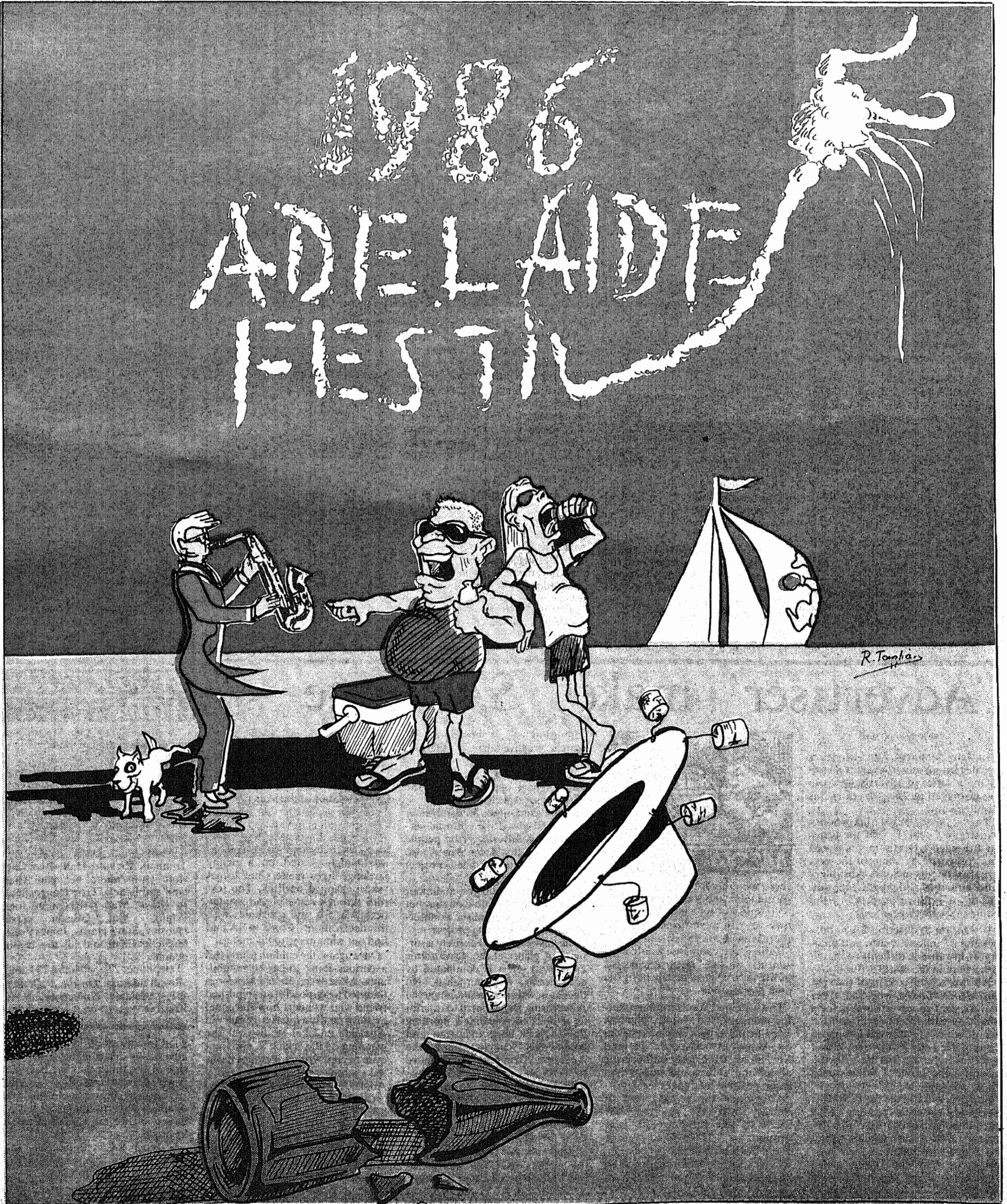
OnDit



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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

17 MARCH 1986



Sergeant Derringer has an idea

The story so far:

Sergeant Derringer, having inadvertently landed himself, his partner and his police Commodore in the lounge-room of a suburban house, had had an idea. Derek 'the Breaker' Pylon is setting off for work.

Twenty minutes later Sergeant Derringer was lying in the back of an ambulance, feigning whiplash, en route to the Modbury Hospital, a small fortune in workers' compensation and, he had good reason to believe, a quick promotion.

He had left Constable Pettywit at the scene of what would soon be a major crime to sort out the final details of his scheme with the surviving residents - and to negotiate with the dozen-off tow-truck drivers who had arrived in a competitive cavalcade some minutes before any of the emergency vehicles.

It was a good plan, as befitted the great criminologist's mind which had conceived it, and he went over it in his mind to make sure there were no loose ends.

A bizarre serial sex-murder.

It was the one thing that would go unquestioned in Adelaide. The bodies would be further mutilated, wrapped in hessian and buried in shallow graves somewhere in the country. Upon his recovery Derringer would stumble upon them when they were suitably decomposed and earn himself the accolades of the South Australian press for his relentless pursuit of duty. Following that sort of publicity a promotion was inevitable.

The Sergeant knew a bricklayer who would prefer a couple of days unpaid labour to several months in prison, and he had arranged with Pettywit to ensure that the successful tow-truck driver would remember retrieving the car from a stobc pole on Grand Junction road.

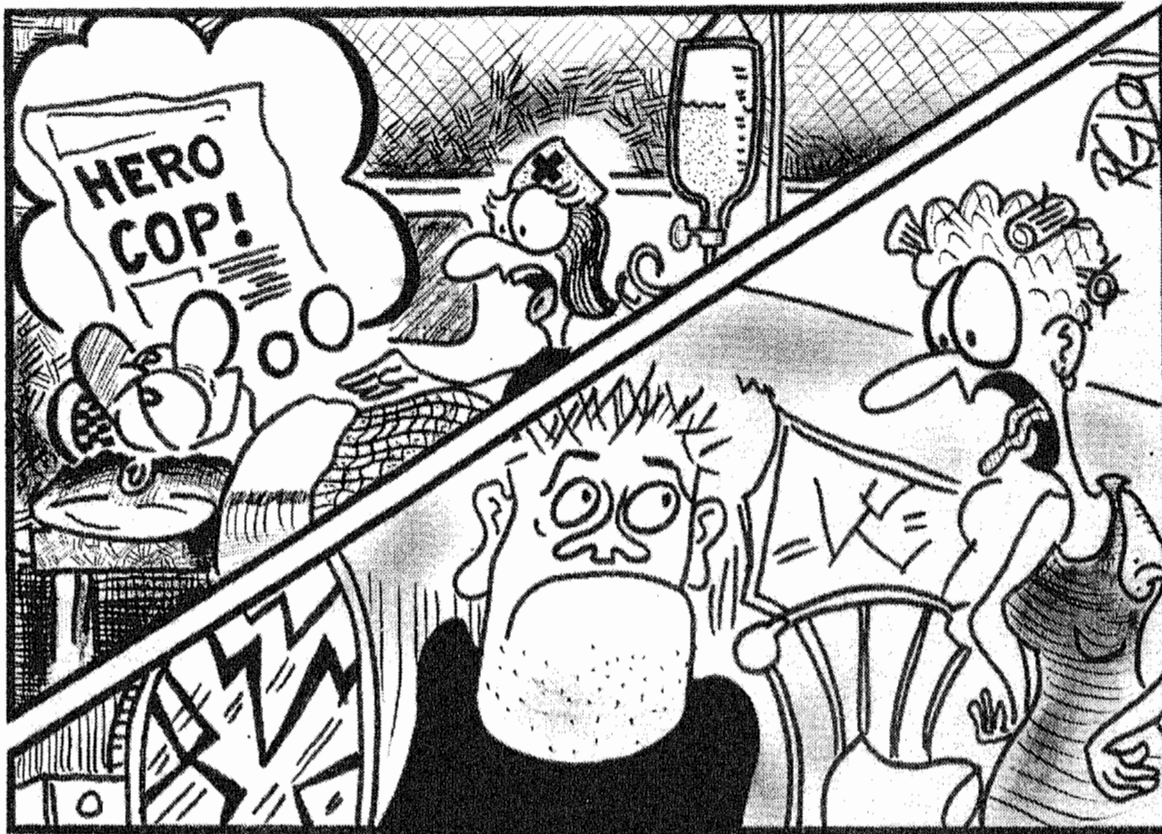
Eventually three residents had appeared from among the rubble, and they had proved his most difficult hurdle.

It was not that they morally opposed his plan - far from it - but they did drive a hard bargain. The woman, under threat of being implicated in the crime, had eventually settled for a cut of the interview-fee revenue and a winning Police raffle ticket - Derringer made a mental note to arrange that as soon as he

BREAKER'S REVOLT PART 3

A SAVAGE JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN DREAM

BY DAVID MUSSARED



got back to the station - and the man, who was an illegal immigrant, had wanted residency and police protection for his marijuana crop at Virginia.

The surviving son had proved the easiest. He wanted to be a policeman when he grew up, and Derringer, recognizing nascent talent when he saw it, was only too happy to agree to see what he could do.

The Sergeant, still nursing bitter memories of Derek Pylon crunching several of his less essential bones during the previous year's Rugby League Grand Final, was a little disappointed that he had not managed to apprehend the Breaker into the bargain, but he decided reluctantly that another witness might have proved awkward, and congratulated himself on his failure.

Besides, as Inspector Derringer he would be in a much better position

to wreak his eventual revenge on the Northern Districts' star prop forward. He would not forget the humiliating spectre of Breaker Pylon performing a war-dance on his prostrate body before a crowd of police-cadets then tucking the ball under one arm and ambling some sixty unopposed meters through a demoralised Eastern Suburbs team to score a touch-down between the posts. Revenge was going to be sweet.

He grinned wickedly at the prospect. A St. John's attendant hovering over him took the grimace to be one of courageous denial of terrible pain and administered a hyperdermic. Derringer sank back into the stretcher, the red light on the ambulance roof illuminating his face in

stroboscopic flashes as the vehicle sped through a gentle mist toward the friendly beckoning of the 'Casualty' sign. The nurse shuddered at the thought of such valour and drew the sheet over the policeman's head, sure that no mortal being could bear such a ghastly expression and live.

Derek awoke to the sound of a magpie warbling in the garden. Gladys was clattering away in the kitchen, making breakfast, and he lay awake awhile listening contentedly. Remnants of the hang-over that was his daily lot lingered over his rudimentary consciousness, and he savoured them appreciatively. Time, he decided, to get up...

Gladys rushed into the bedroom in time to save a toppling wardrobe,

This story is fiction. The characters and events described have, to the author's knowledge, never been approximated in real life. No slur is intended on the office holders or the various institutions mentioned. This setting is no more than a literary convenience.

but too late to do anything about the dressing table mirror.

Derek's nickname was as much a recognition of his clumsiness as of anything else, and he was forever knocking things over - the billiard table at the Ploughman's Lunch, the gas meter-box which he had kicked into inoffensive shards after barking his shin on it one night and once, his greatest ever feat of misadventure, the entire complement of motorcycles belonging to the Sons of Cain Touring Club. The array of Triumphs and Harleys had gone down like a row of dominos when he had leaned against one of them outside the Prince Charles Head the previous Easter. The Sons of Cain had never forgiven him his faux pas, and he was forever having to toss its club members through some hotel window or another as they hounded him from pub to pub.

He sat miserably on the bed listening to Gladys' scolding. Derek had three great loves in his life; his wife, his Ducatti and his work - more or less in that order - and the morning ritual always upset him. Squirming with chagrin he avoided her gaze by squinting out through the broken window to see if the magpie was still there. One good shot with a .22, he thought, and the little bastard'll never bother me again.

Gladys' tirade ended abruptly and, as she did every morning, she regretted it immediately. Derek looked so glum crouched on the edge of the bed with his boots on the wrong feet and looking anywhere except at her that she felt sorry for him. Beneath his formidable exterior, she knew, the big lug had a heart of gold, and she reached to pat his cheek affectionately, smiling her forgiveness.

"Yer fucken breakfast is fucken ready."

Derek ducked his head to hide a grin. His forlorn air was not exactly contrived, but he had long ago realised its usefulness.

He tied his shoe-laces, pondered for a moment over the enigmatic angle his feet seemed to have assumed, and stumped after his wife into the kitchen. Today held every promise of being a good day. It was Thursday - payday - the sun was shining, there was work to be done and, as an added portent of good fortune, out of the corner of his eye he had caught a glimpse of the God-send's Siamese stalking the offending magpie.

'Advertiser' makes SA grate

by Robert Clark

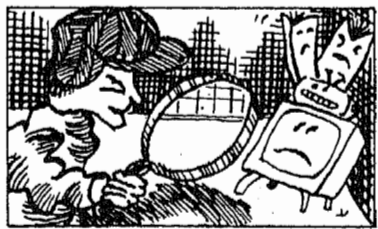
In late January, *The Advertiser* published an advertisement advertising a series of advertisements to be displayed in *The Advertiser* this Jubilee year.

The ad, head "What Makes South Australia Great?", said the series of full-page advertisements would be "prepared by some of the best creative talents in South Australia" and aimed to "highlight the multitude of positive aspects" of the State in its 150th year.

It went on to describe SA as possessing a "unique charm and quality of life that is difficult to match anywhere in the world."

All this set off a train of thought for *Media Minder*, who had never before seen an advertisement for a single advertisement, let alone for a whole series of ads, even in a paper calling itself the *Advertiser*. Was it another hype for that hype of the century, the Jubilee? What would these ads say?

Further, why did the paper think it necessary to tell its readers - who presumably all lived in SA - that the place was so great? Couldn't they be trusted to make up their own minds on that one? Perhaps the *Advertiser*, along with the rest of



MEDIA MINDER

those who rule SA, had an inferiority complex about the State.

No, said George Shaw, the *Advertiser* display advertising manager, there was no inferiority complex.

Rather, the campaign would concentrate on the "positive aspects" of life in SA, he said, repeating his own propaganda.

The idea had come from marketing manager Bob Goldie, who had been inspired by a similar series in an American newspaper. He and Mr. Shaw are clearly enthusiastic about the series and have "had some positive feedback".

Altogether thirty ads, free of charge, will be inserted. At \$5,716.48 per full-page ad, that amounts to a \$171,494.40 present to the birthday state.

So far six have been run, prepared by local agencies. Not only is it an

interesting way of showing off the state's "creative talent" (is there no creative talent outside the advertising industry?) but the exercise provides a neat opportunity for the 'Tiser to scratch clients' backs.

At the same time, *Media Minder* wondered idly if the editorial section of the *Advertiser* (the people who do the first seven pages) also had a six-figure Jubilee project planned.

Editor Meikle said yes, a number of Jubilee stories would be run, but there was no journalistic counterpart to the advertising project.

The answer was not entirely a surprise. A glance at the *Advertiser* is enough to see it is dominated by accountants, not journalists. No decent newspaper would allow the Advertising Department to run riot as it does in Adelaide's morning daily. As a huge industrial and commercial conglomerate, the *Advertiser* Group has much more to worry about than fostering journalistic talent and adventurous reporting.

What, then, have these Jubilee advertisements been telling us?

The first read thus:

"There are two types of people in the world - SOUTH AUSTRALIANS (this was written sideways

up the page in very bold capitals (and those who want to be.)"

Media Minder adjudged this one a complete failure. The sheer idiocy of the statement aside, it did not emphasise any of the near-mythical "positive aspects", nor was any "creative talent" evident.

Other ads have been less crass, also with their inanities. A woman, mystifyingly seated on a penny-farthing, urges readers not to get "short-changed on life". The text runs through some obscure statistics about SA and concludes with this declaration: "Come to SA and find out what living really means."

Once again, the column found this a curious thing to say to inhabitants. Moreover, *Media Minder* is tempted to agree with an anguished friend who wonders how she could exist for nearly a quarter-century in Adelaide and fail to discover the meaning of life which is apparent even to copywriters. Perhaps it was the wrong suburb or, being Adelaide, the wrong school.

Another memorable ad described SA as "the living room of Australia". This is so ludicrous it defies further discussion, although one is inclined to ask, "where is the toilet?"

While there is no doubting the

PRODUCTION NOTES

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Edited and published by Paul Washington and Moya Dodd.

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Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685
Postal address: *On dit*, P.O. Box 498, Adelaide University, S.A., 5001.

good intentions of the *Advertiser's* advertising department, it seems a sign of the times that the best our paper of record can offer is a series of unspeakably chauvinistic and mindless advertisements to tell us how good we are supposed to be having it.

As much as anything else, the *Advertiser* has demonstrated the power of the press to bore.

How Kristine made Keating squirm

This is the Teflon Treasurer, the one to whom no mud sticks.

He is the man who can swim through shit and come out smelling like roses.

He is known for his sartorial elegance; the man in the double-breasted suit who is the original Mr Unflappable.

But at the mention of a woman called Kristine, a distant figure in his past who had taken out a breach of promise suit against him over 12 years ago, Mr. Keating lost his cool.

Mr. Wilson Tuckey, a Western Australian Liberal MP, last year claimed he had obtained details of a statement of claim against Mr Keating filed on the records of the NSW Supreme Court.

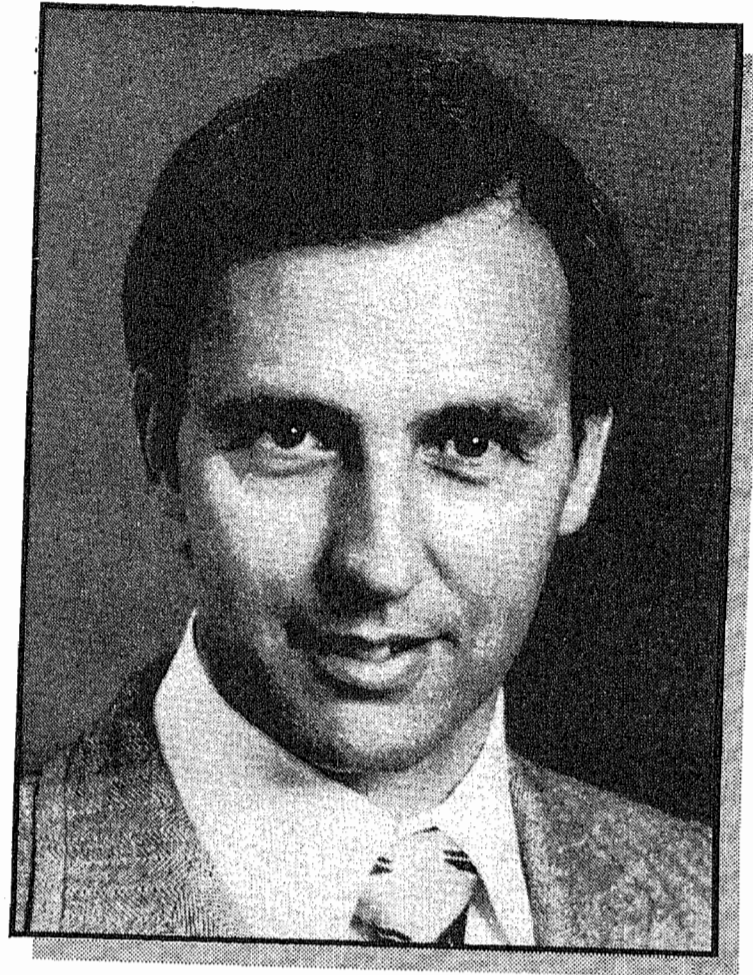
In the Parliament Mr Keating labelled Mr Tuckey a "stupid, foul-mouthed grub."

The next day, outside the House, Mr Keating vowed to "obliterate" the Opposition Leader Mr Howard for supporting Mr Tuckey's personal attack on him.

"From this day onwards, Mr Howard will wear his leadership like a crown of thorns and in the Parliament I will do everything I can to crucify him," Mr Keating vowed.

We publish part of the document filed in court on Kristine's behalf in the action which was later referred to in Parliament.

These are the special damages which Kristine claimed:



Do Re Me



Eurogliders 1.



Eurogliders 2.

Photos: TOM PRICE

Wedding Dress	\$250.00
Veil & Headpiece	69.00
Satin Shoes	14.99
Stockings	2.50
White Slip	4.99
White underwear	12.98
Wedding Cake	25.00
Deposit on Hire Cars	10.00
Deposit on Amory	60.00
Stationary	43.20
Bridesmaid Dress 2 @ \$65.00	130.00
Mother's Dress	80.00
Mother's Shoes	22.00
Wallpaper (in kitchen)	50.00
Kitchen Stool	17.50
Going Away outfit	112.00
Going Away Shoes	19.99
Going Away Handbag	25.00
Total	\$994.15

Uni links with South Africa?

by Kim Pedler

Scholarships to Australian universities could be offered to black South Africans denied access to universities in their own country, the Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University, Professor Don Stranks, said last week.

His stance on this issue runs contrary to a motion passed by the Melbourne University Staff Association to ban academic links with South Africa.

History lecturer at Melbourne University, David Phillips, who originally moved the motion, said that the stand is "designed to show where Australian academics and universities' stand in relation to South African universities and to the apartheid system in general".

However Professor Stranks said this decision to sever academic links "hasn't been thought through accurately enough".

He said that "premature action... would actually damage the institutions that have taken an anti-apartheid stand."

Since 1959 it has been illegal for



Don Stranks

blacks to go to white universities, however more leniency is now being exhibited due largely to pressure from western nations.

Capetown University has actually moved to an anti-apartheid stance.

Late last year Adelaide University Council voted against disinvestment in South Africa, while Melbourne University Council has yet to make a decision.

A series of public lectures on South Africa will be held later this month, said Professor Stranks.

Uni crime

by Dale Flemming

Crime around Uni. is nothing new but after O-Week this year security officials were left stunned by its unexpected increase.

Last week there were seventeen reports of theft from students, with text books being the main items stolen.

Mr. Ron Rooney, Security Supervisor, believes the thieves have realised the value of stealing text books for their resale value.

Also popular are handbags, bikes, motor cycle helmets and even a filing cabinet from the Union Building. As many as five bikes were stolen during O-Week, leading Rooney to the conclusion that there may be some degree of organisation behind the crime wave.

To counter the obvious simplicity of bike theft, security has suggested that a "U" bolt, which will be on sale to students through the Union Book Shop, for \$21, be used as it is virtually bolt-cutter proof.

Both Rooney and Peter Turnbull, Chief of Security, would like to see security cameras installed to monitor bag rooms and lockers. They say that for about \$2000 an excellent surveillance system could be installed.

O-Ball loses \$5,000

The annual Students' Association (SAUA) Orientation Ball ran at a loss of \$5,000.

The loss will be covered by the SAUA Functions Account, which had been built up to approximately \$17,000 by similar functions in the past. (The 1985 Orientation Ball ran at a \$12,500 profit while the 1984 O-Ball made \$7,000).

Orientation Ball director Mr Devin Clementi, who also directed the 1985 O-Ball, said that the loss was partly due to the lack of a recorded product.

"When we booked the Eurogliders they had five songs on the SAFM play list, but they dropped off," he said.

He said that the weather was also a factor.

"If it had been 10 degrees hotter, more people would have come and the bar would have done better", he said.

"As it was, Roger [Clarke, Bar Manager] said that we only sold half as much as in our worst year ever so far."

He added that the people in the crowd had enjoyed themselves, especially when the Eurogliders appeared.

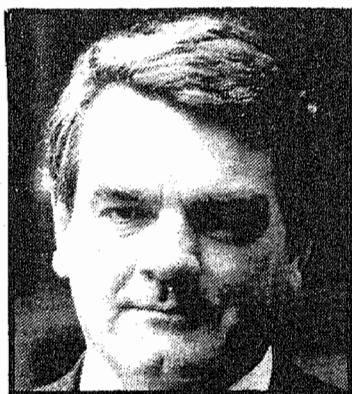
The Orientation Ball was held on March 8 and featured Do Re Mi, Los Trios Ringbarkus and the Eurogliders.

Hitler not guilty, says historian

DAVID IRVING has raised numerous controversies with his perceptions of 20th century history. PAUL WASHINGTON spoke to him during his visit to Adelaide recently.



Destruction of Dresden in 1963. The success of this persuaded him to become a professional historian. He moved into the limelight in 1983 when he at first gave support to the fake Hitler diaries obtained by the German magazine *Stern*, then later disproved their authenticity. His current project, a book on Winston Churchill, has again ruffled feathers, with its claims that Churchill has been glorified by history as Hitler has been maligned.



David Irving-no apologies.

"There are very many records revealing Churchill's role in the second world war, particularly private records, private diaries and so on, that show him up in a very much less heroic role than we've been accustomed to believe." "They highlight his venality, his corruption, his cowardice, his drunkenness..." "These aspects are played down whereas the criminality of Adolf Hitler is played up." "It is the job of the historian to try and arrive at the truest picture of the statesmen of the 20th century..." Publishing the Churchill book is not going to be easy however. The American publishers, Doubleday, told Irving that they "didn't like what he'd found out", and demanded the return of a hundred thousand dollar advance payment made to him. British publishers are "maintaining an icy aloofness", while a German company, Rowohlt "have paid me four times what the previous

publisher made me pay back." Irving's research and tours have taken him around the world, and to many trouble spots.

Before his arrival in Australia last week he spent some time in South Africa travelling and lecturing, although a scheduled television appearance was cancelled at the last moment due to pressure from the South African Zionist Federation.

Of the South African situation he commented: "I feel quite sorry for them [South Africans]." "The whites are very apprehensive, they are leaderless, they are turning into extremists in their anxiety to find a solution..."

"They can't find understanding in the western world, and the western world can't understand really why it needs South Africa."

Though Irving denies ever calling himself a 'mild Fascist', disputing a claim made by a *Sydney Morning Herald* article recently, he is undoubtedly an "ultra-conservative", and an outspoken one.

He has a dry wit, and is happy to direct it at all and sundry, including personalities at the same end of the political spectrum as himself.

He criticizes harshly the Thatcher government, and Mrs. Thatcher. "Unfortunately she [Mrs. Thatcher] is a woman, and this, is the biggest opposition I have to her."

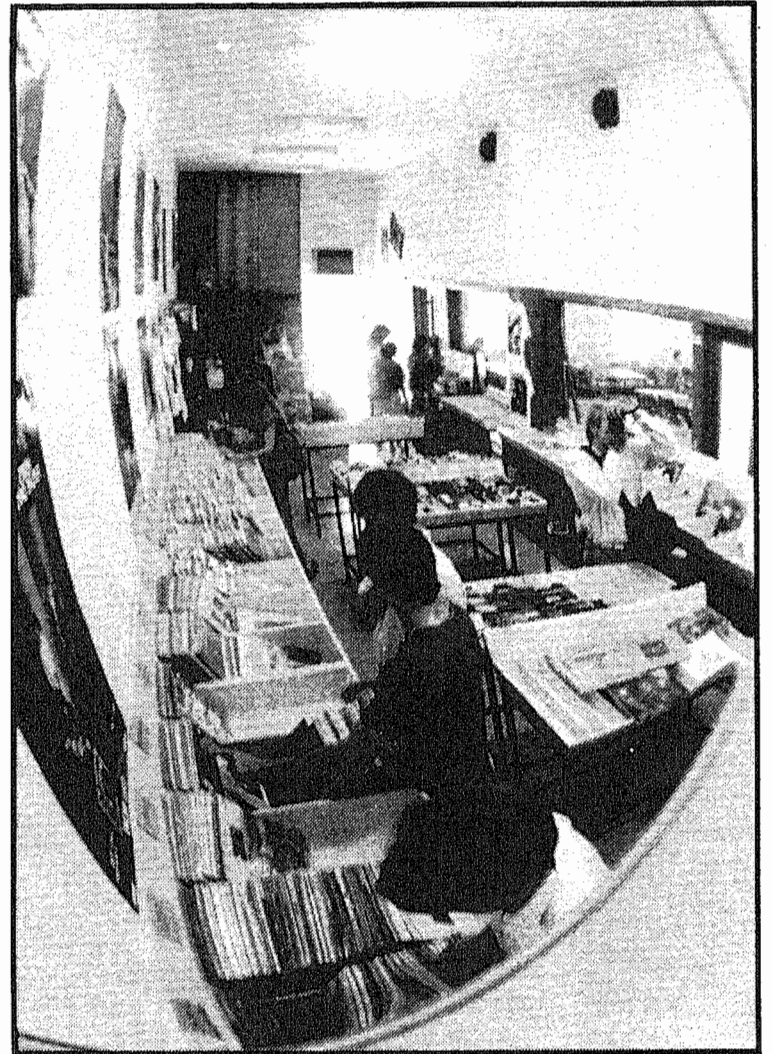
"I think a woman's place is not in number ten [Downing Street]."

"She has felt compelled to act in certain ways - or to over-react in certain ways - to prove she's not a woman."

"I don't think any government can be proud of what she has done..." Irving's last published book *Uprising*, a history of the 1956 Hungarian insurrection was released in paperback at Writers' Week recently.

Compared to his other achievements *Uprising* is quite uncontroversial, perhaps calming a few academic nerves before the Churchill history is published.

For amongst the numerous descriptions, both foul and fair, that have been attached to David Irving, we can be fairly sure that history will carry 'controversial' in its train.



The record shop-a well kept secret. Photo: ALEX HANCOCK

Records on campus

by Richard Wilson

One of the best-kept secrets on campus this year has been the uni record shop which opened early this month.

Called simply the Record Shop, it is run by Mr. Greg Rutherford, whose past record retailing experience includes five years at the *Muses*.

The shop stocks the top 30 albums and singles, plus hundreds of back catalogue LPs and cassettes. Most styles of music are catered for - pop/

rock, jazz, electronic, classical, folk, R&B, as well as comedy and soundtracks.

Rutherford also stocks a big range of t-shirts and singlets for sale. Windcheaters are planned for winter. Other items available include compact discs, blank cassettes, and accessories (headphones, leads, etc.).

The shop is run on a two-year lease from the Union.

The record store is located at the end of the Wills Refectory, where the Union Shop used to be.

New discounts for students

by Carolyn Schuh

The Students' Association is establishing a student discount scheme in conjunction with businesses around Adelaide, whereby students will receive a discount on presentation of their student card.

Students' Association President Anthony Snell is writing to over 250 businesses, and of the 100 letters so far sent out, some 25 businesses have responded.

Snell says he has tried to reach all of the general community, not just book and art shops which are usu-

ally associated with student needs.

The businesses that have responded include a typewriter firm which is offering a 30% discount; mens' wear - 10%; hairdresser - 10%; car rental services - 15%; motor vehicle repairs - 20%; electrical goods - 20%; sewing machines -10%; art materials and books 10-15%; camping goods - 10%.

Snell is hoping to put out a Directory by the end of first term listing the businesses that have responded to his letter and what kinds of discounts they are offering.

Clubs slam demolition

The demolition of clubrooms on level five of the Union building has been accompanied by controversy.

Eight clubrooms are being demolished to create two large club spaces.

The President of the Clubs Association (C.A.), Mr. Paul Horrocks, said he hoped the change would encourage greater use of the area.

In his submission to the Union about the changes, Horrocks said that the response to the proposal was entirely positive and that the clubs wished the work to go ahead as soon as possible.

The President of the Science Association (AUScA), Paul Brooks said that after Horrocks had shown him the proposal in October he had said that he was not in favour of the changes and knew

of half a dozen clubs that regularly used the area that would oppose such a move.

C.A. Assistant Treasurer Ms. Samantha Horrocks attacked the decision to go ahead with the proposal.

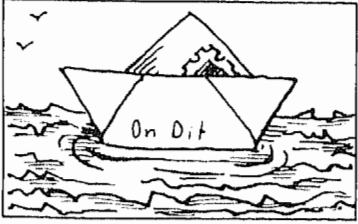
Major decisions such as knocking down clubrooms can only be made at a C.A. Council meeting she said. Ms. Horrocks further said there was no reason to rush through with the demolition during the holiday period.

Ms. Horrocks also added that there had been discussion at a Union sub-committee meeting about hiring the area out to conventions as a revenue-raising measure for the Union.

Demolition of clubrooms started in February.

by Graham Hastings

What if they lose the Cup?



LETTER FROM PERTH

by Ronan Moore

PERTH; the state of excitement, the biggest part of Australia, the land of the sandgroper, the home of Bond, Holmes a Court, Rolf Harris (when he's not in South Africa), and as if you didn't know it: Home of the America's Cup.

As some Pommy bard once said, "Ah, there's the rub!" Not one person in W.A. doesn't know that the America's cup is here. If you thought the advertising was bad in S.A., come to Perth!

Apart from the volume of advertising there is also the annoyingly aggressive nature of it all. "We've got the cup so the rest of Australia can get lost. You never did like us anyway!" Excuse the gross exaggerations, but there does exist the almost unreal sense of being left out of Australia here in W.A.

Apart from the physical isolation there is something in the psychic make-up of the people here that the rest of Australia has something that W.A. hasn't.

The America's Cup has brought a lot of feelings out in the open. Everyone here feels that the rest of Australia has something they

haven't. They don't exactly know what it is but they want it too!

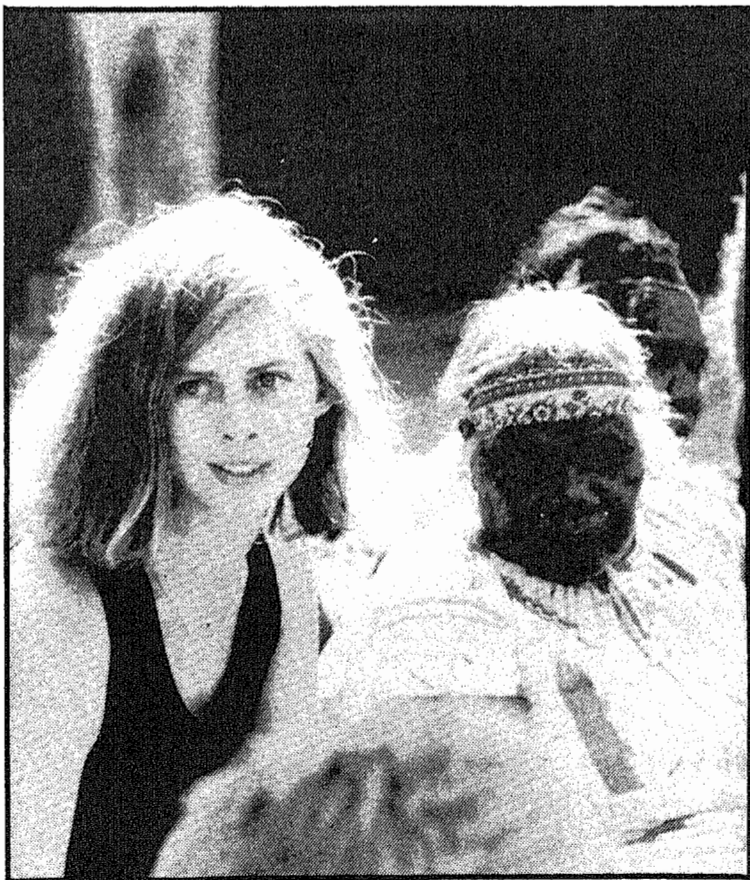
Back to the Cup. Fremantle (not Free-mantle) or Freo, as the locals call it, is a hive of activity. The activity is not matched though by the rising rents, these have been skyrocketing since Bob Hawke was doused in champagne back in '83. Stories of the \$100-a-week house that is being rented out for \$1000-a-week are only beaten by the cries from local shop renters who are screaming blue murder at their price hikes. And justifiably so!

Fremantle itself is an area that is not unlike Port Adelaide. But it never undergoes the fearful changes that Fremantle has seen.

Everywhere now bears the nautical touch. Pubs have undergone name-changes to cash in on the America's Cup theme. John Newcombe moustaches, shorts emblazoned with the KA12 call sign, la coste t-shirts, and the inevitable plethora of officially marketed junk abounds in Perth.

Luckily, however, no-one has yet matched the inspired soul in Adelaide who dreamt of marketing bitumen hunks for \$5 a shot. There's an idea! Maybe I'll make some money by selling official salt-water from off Freo!

The main thing that more far-sighted people here see is the waste of all the new high rise America's Cup buildings, hotels, etc. What happens if, God forbid, Bondy loses the cup? Even the new casino has come under fire (a casino with poker machines), "what happens if we lose the cup, will the American's come and spend their money in W.A.?"



Cultures meet in the Cloisters last week during a performance of Aboriginal singing and dancing.

More women at Uni

An increasing number of women are attending university but few are studying in the traditionally male areas of technology and engineering, according to Australian Bureau of Statistics (ABS) figures released recently.

The figures show that although the number of women studying at Australian universities has increased from 50,375 to 77,521 over the last ten years, the majority are concentrated in the humanities.

During 1984, almost 40 per cent of women students were enrolled in

humanities courses, while only 1.4 per cent studied engineering and technology. In the same year, only 17.4 per cent of male students were enrolled in humanities and 14 per cent were in engineering and technology.

The ABS statistics also show that the average age of students has risen between 1974 and 1984.

In 1984 60.6 per cent of students were under 24, compared with 71.9 per cent in 1974. During the same period, the number of students over 40 more than doubled, from 4.3 per cent to 9 per cent.



Keith Wilkey bound for Perdition

Playing music for manic depressives

by Terence Cambridge

A grating cacophony of distorted electric guitars fades away and a disc jockey's droning voice intones: "That was the *Screaming Tribesmen* with their song *My Love's Blood*, and before that you heard the *Psychotic Turnbuckles* with *Psychotic Situation* and *Suicidal Tendencies* with *Institutionalised*. "Next up, I think we'll listen to *Perdition* with *Sick World*."

It's a long way from easy-listening radio 5AD with the urbane Jeff Sunderland or the smooth, slick programming of SAFM.

Radio 5MMM's weekly "Smash it Up" program is a kind of anti-top-forty show, according to presenter Keith Wilkey.

For two hours every Monday, Wilkey plays songs that make the *Sex Pistols* sound like Patsy Biscoe. The bands have names like *Itchy*

Rat, *The Lord's New Church* and *The Gay Cowboys in Bondage* and their songs are full of apocalyptic imagery, black humor and plenty of sex, drugs and violence.

The lyrics typically go along these lines: "I ain't got no money, I can't pay the rent; Last week's dole cheque has almost went; I ain't got no reason, I ain't got no excuse; I'm just a victim of self-abuse."

And Wilkey's laconic, droning announcing style makes him the definitive anti-DJ.

"I'm not into the super-hype that the mainstream DJs put on," Wilkey told *On dit* last week.

"My style is no frills and so if I come into the studio with a hang-over everyone listening can tell," he said.

Wilkey said the music he played on the "Smash It Up" show was hard to categorise.

"It's independent, Australian, alternative, post-punk, I suppose, but I just like to call it 'grunge'," he said.

"A lot of the music is to do with people living in pretty rough situations so the songs are a lot closer to real life than the sort of things the major radio stations play.

"The violence in a few of the songs goes a bit over the top, I guess."

Wilkey said he hadn't had any complaints about the music he played, "although one person did ring up and tell me I was playing music for manic depressives."

The "Smash It Up" show is on 5MMM every Monday from 11 am to 1 pm.

"We used to start it at 9 am but a lot of people said the music was too hard to take that early in the morning," Wilkey said.

Nukes the 'new face of peace'

The superpowers should put more emphasis on nuclear weapons by sealing down conventional weapons and forces according to a British group captain who watched the atom bomb fall on Nagasaki.

Speaking in the first of a series of lectures at La Trobe University last week, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire said that nuclear weapons are the only way to prevent a third world war.

He said that nuclear weapons were "the new face of peace" and their importance in preventing superpowers aggression was "the paradox of war."

Group Captain Cheshire is a prominent figure in the debate in Britain over nuclear weapons.

He claims that a return to conventional weapons would cause a world war and the consequent loss of millions of lives.

Group Captain Cheshire said it was necessary to maintain a nuclear deterrent which was "as safe and moral as possible."

Forty years ago he flew over the coast of Japan as a British observer on the mission to bomb Nagasaki.

During the mission he "nearly lost control" when he recalled how he longed for peace as a boy after World War I.



Los Trios Ringbarkus were a hit at the O'Ball. They'll be back this Friday to play at the Union Bar. The bar will close at 7 pm and re-open at 8 pm for *Los Trios*.

Positions vacant

Material on this page has been inserted at the direction of the Students' Association Council. The Students' Association is constitutionally entitled to one page in *On dit* each week.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION

BY-ELECTION

Positions Available: Union Board 3

Activities Council: 1
Nominations Open: Thursday, 20th March, 1986 (9.00am)
Nominations Close: Thursday, 27th March, 1986 (4.00pm)
Nomination forms available from:

Union Secretary's Office (1st Floor, Lady Symon Building)

VOTING:

Wednesday, 9th; Thursday, 10th; Friday, 11th April, 1986.

POLLING BOOTHS:

Wednesday, 9th April: 9.00am-7.00pm Student Activities Office
11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
11.45am-2.15pm Law School
11.45am-2.15pm Waite
Thursday, 10th April: 9.00am-5.00pm Student

Activities Office 11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
11.45am-2.15pm Napier Foyer
11.45am-2.15pm CASM.
Friday, 11th April: 9.00am-5.00pm Student Activities Office
11.45am-2.15pm Airport Lounge
11.45am-2.15pm Medical School
11.45am-2.15pm Engineering School

TO VOTE

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

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

Graham Edmonds-Wilson
Returning Officer

More vacancies

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION BY-ELECTION

For one General Member of the Activities Standing Committee. Nomination forms are available from the SAUA Administrative Secretary in the SAUA Office.

Voting will be conducted on Wednesday 9th, Thursday 10th and Friday 11th of April 1986.

Prosh week

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PROSH 1986

(4th-9th of August)

Applications are called for the position(s) of Prosh Director(s) and Prosh Rag Editor(s). The 1986 Prosh Director(s) will be expected to co-ordinate Prosh Week activities and organise "Prosh After Dark".

Nominations open: Thursday 20th March 1986 (9.00am)

Nominations close: Tuesday 1st April 1986 (5.00pm).

For further information contact the SAUA Office.

The Prosh Rag Editor(s) will be expected to edit the 1986 Prosh Rag.

Applications close on the 24th April.

Applications should be in writing and addressed to the President.

Mhairi MacPherson
Administrative Secretary

Malaysian gov. funds overseas admissions



SAUA PRESIDENT Anthony Snell

The University is considering admitting "fee-paying" overseas students to Adelaide University courses in 1987.

The Universiti Sains Malaysia (U.S.M.), with the support of the Malaysian Government, has proposed that 70 matriculated Malaysian students be admitted in 1987 to first year courses in Medicine, Engineering, Accounting and other schools of the University, S.A.I.T. and other South Australian tuition Institutions.

These students would arrive in Adelaide in July 1986 to do a course at the Institute of Technology designed to familiarise them with Australian and University life. The Malaysian government would pay the University a sum of money to cover the additional costs incurred in educating the additional students.

The Registrar, Mr. Frank O'Neill, has suggested this amount be set at about \$14,000 per year for Medicine, with lesser amounts for the other courses.

The Malaysian Government has been concerned for some time that the number of home-government sponsored overseas students admitted to Australian Universities has declined since those universities started admitting overseas students on the basis of matriculation scores only in the early 70s. Private overseas students are not required to undertake government service

when they return. The Government is also worried that worthy students who cannot afford to attempt matriculation in Australia are being disadvantaged. Hence the U.S.M. proposals.

The Faculty of Medicine at its last meeting indicated its approval for the project provided the increased numbers would not disadvantage existing students and that the fee charged would fully cover any additional costs incurred.

The Medical School would also have to have some say as to which students were accepted. It would seem some fifteen USM sponsored students would be admitted to the Adelaide University Medical School in 1987 in addition to the existing quota of five overseas students.

The Faculty under the proposal could expect to receive about \$10,000 for each student sponsored by U.S.M. It has been suggested most of this money could be used to expand the Medical School Library.

Once all the Faculties concerned have been consulted, the proposal will be debated in the University's Education Committee and Council. The University is currently studying the U.S.M. Matriculation syllabuses and participating in a mission in late March to Malaysia to discuss appropriate bridging courses. A decision will be made either in April or May.

Should anyone like further details or wish to discuss the matter with me, come and see me in the Students' Association Office.

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SAUA

STUDENT WELFARE SERVICES

President of the Students' Association, Anthony Snell.

Education and Welfare Officers, Vivien Hope and Richard Branford.

Students' Association Office, George Murray Building, University of Adelaide, North Terrace, Adelaide 5001.
PH. 228 5406, 228 5383, 228 5760, 228 5430, 228 5915.

CONTACT WITH STUDENTS

- (a) Information seeking enquiries on government departments, general welfare, University etc.
- (b) Interviews on all welfare issues/services.

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE

- (a) University loans.
- (b) Union Emergency loans.
- (c) Financial counselling/budgeting advice/debt repayment advice.

ACCOMMODATION

- (a) Collegiate housing.
- (b) Non-collegiate housing.
- (c) Rent, Rooms, Houses/Flats - Students' Association Accommodation Board.
- (d) Tenancy advice - rights and implications.
- (e) Referral to outside agencies (Emergency Housing Office etc.).
- (f) Rent Relief enquiries.

STATUTORY FEE ENQUIRIES

- (a) Fee deferral interviews.
- (b) Fee variations - withdrawals, financial difficulties, academic/administrative changes.

GRANTS AND BENEFITS

- (a) TEAS - applications, appeals, eligibility advice.
- (b) Unemployment benefits - application advice, obligations, appeals, CES advice.
- (c) Social Security - pensions and benefits advice.
- (d) A.R. Riddle Scholarship interviews/general scholarship information.

ADVOCACY AND APPEALS

- (a) Administrative matters.
- (b) Academic matters.
- (c) Government and bureaucracy.

OVERSEAS STUDENTS

- (a) Counselling.
- (b) Resources and referrals - "CWOS", "ADAB", other government/non-government agencies.

EMPLOYMENT

- (a) "Work Action" - Students' Association Boards.
- (b) Referral and advice re: other employment agencies/resources.

EDUCATION

- (a) Assistance for Faculty/Department student representatives.
- (b) Assistance and administration of submissions to government, University etc.
- (c) Applied research.

LEGAL ASSISTANCE

- (a) Information.
- (b) Referral.
- (c) Advice.

REPRESENTATION

- (a) Contact for students with University.
- (b) Initiation and additions to services.

CHILDCARE

- (a) Liaison with Tertiary Institutions Occasional Child Care Centre (T.I.O.C.C.C.)
- (b) Information, resources, and referrals.

Severe measures

The recent decision by the Melbourne University Staff Association to sever academic links with South Africa is the most significant protest against the South African system of apartheid that has yet been made by members of the academy.

However the decision has serious implications for the academy, the most obvious being the political overtones that such a move carries.

Admittedly it is not an overtly political decision but an ethical one that the Melbourne University Staff Association obviously feels is warranted in light of the continuing strife in South Africa.

Furthermore, to stifle the free exchange of thought and ideas in this way cannot but cast a shadow on the academic integrity of the West's institutions of learning.

This move by the M.U. Staff Association has not been endorsed by the University itself, and neither has the move been echoed by other major academic institutions.

OnDit

Notably, Professor Stranks, Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University, described it last week as 'premature', and 'endangering the institutions' that have adopted the stand.

Such a move can have no positive result, and can serve only the ignorance at the root of the conditions it opposes.

Disappointing moves from the AMA

The Australian Medical Association's actions last week in boycotting the Federal Government's medical fees enquiry and calling on doctors to cease bulk billing has indicated that the

AMA is prepared to act like a more traditional trade union.

The move was apparently inspired by the delay of the inquiry and the exclusion of certain AMA evidence. Further, the AMA Council recommended recently that Australia's 3.6 million pensioners and other health care card owners should no longer get automatic free treatment.

In its actions the AMA is beginning to resemble the Dr. Bruce Shepherd's specialists' group. No doubt, AMA members have some cause for complaint; it would be impossible to set up a national health scheme such as Medicare without displeasing some interest groups.

But after being educated at public expense and having their high incomes underwritten by a public health scheme, one would expect that they could find a better way of communicating their dissatisfaction to the Government than by hitting out at a bewildered public.

Moya Dodd
Paul Washington

Machismo the Sandinista way

FORUM

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

This week **TRICIA HENSLEY**, recently returned from Nicaragua, reports on the Association of Nicaraguan Women.

An Australian work brigade went to Nicaragua in January to help harvest the coffee, the country's major export. During the one month stay, the brigade attended a series of meetings with various political organisations that continue to work for the revolution.

AMNLAE (Association of Nicaraguan Women, Luisa Amanda Espinoza), is the organisation which deals specifically with women's issues.

Many problems facing Nicaraguan women are familiar to women throughout the world. However, Nicaragua is a poor country, whose development is hindered by a war with the U.S.-backed Contras based in Honduras.

The main priorities of most Nicaraguans is to defend the revolutionary process. As a result, women working for equality in Nicaragua have different priorities than women in industrialised, western nations.

This is how a representative from AMNLAE explained the situation to the Australian brigade:

Q: Please explain the history of the women's movement in Nicaragua.

AMNLAE: The first women's organisation in Nicaragua was formed in 1977. It was called AMPRONAC (Association of Women Confronting the National Problem), and was formed specifically for the liberation struggle.

At that time we called for the right to organise, freedom of expression, equal rights for women, and an end to the torture and killing.

Women took over a radio station, occupied churches and schools, went on hunger strikes and 'marches of mourning women'. We took every opportunity to let the world know of the Nicaraguan situation.

There were many dangers in this work. One big step forward was for women to go outside their homes and face the National Guard. Women had to shake off their fear and stand up. We began to participate in different aspects of the revolutionary movement. Housewives were forced to take to the hills and join the guerrillas, as they became known to the Somocistas.

On July 19, 1979 (the day Somoza was overthrown), AMPRONAC

became AMNLAE, in honour of the working class woman who was the first to die. Luisa represents the many other women who struggled and died for the revolution.

The FSLN's programme has always included the liberation of women. AMNLAE's major objective is to incorporate women into the defense of the revolution, because only by defending the revolution will women be emancipated.

Q: What has the revolutionary government done to improve the situation for women?

AMNLAE: According to law now, men and women are equal, there is equal pay for equal work, and women's bodies can't be used commercially.

A law of mothers and fathers has been passed, legislating that both parents have equal responsibility for children. However, it will be a long time before we break through the traditional machismo, and men take real responsibility.

Q: How has the war affected AMNLAE's priorities and strategies?

AMNLAE: An important AMNLAE project is the Committee of Mothers of Martyrs and Heroes. This is a solidarity group for women whose children have been killed, or are in active service.

The Committee provides physical and economic support when it's needed, and the women can give each other emotional and moral support. The whole community joins in the commemorative services for the martyrs, to show their solidarity.

The Committee also works to maintain contact between the soldiers at the front and their mothers, by delivering letters and arranging transport for visits whenever possible. The problems of visiting in heavy combat zones made it necessary to restrict them.

However, the mothers somehow managed to save up, and went anyway. This meant many were caught in the crossfire or ambushed, so we had to think again about it. This led to campaigns to teach mothers that it is better not to go, and finding other means of communication. Irregular battalions of men between 17 and 24, were created, each carrying the name of a martyr or hero. A member from these battalions speaks to the mothers each month, to give them personal details of what is happening on the front.

We try to train women to improve their political and ideological understanding, and technical skills, so they can take on more positions. The war is causing many women to take on jobs of greater responsibility, as the men must go to fight.

For example, women now work as union organisers, mechanics, in alternative medicine, telecommunications etc. There have been teams



Central American women in the firing line

of women going into the mountains and war zones to extend telephone lines, and some have been killed.

We set up day-care centres and diners for children. The demand is still not completely satisfied, but many more women now have the opportunity to be productive in other sectors of the society.

The first child-care centres were called CDIs (Childhood Development Centres) and were set up with international support. The CDIs had very good facilities, and the conditions were far more luxurious than the children experienced at home.

This created a problem, as the children didn't want to leave at the end of the day. So we had to reconsider the CDI project, because it was interfering with the lifestyle.

Now we have APIs (Popular Children's Hostels), which occupy empty houses. They focus on the fight to survive, and try to teach women to be more creative and use their own resources. APIs bring together women in the area who need childcare, and the rest of the community is encouraged to join in so they will understand and help in the problem.

Q: Do men participate?

AMNLAE: No, but we're working on it.

Pursuing revolutionary change during a war clearly makes the issues of women's equality complex, and sometimes seemingly contradictory. For example, two years of military service is compulsory for men who are 16 and over, but not for women.

Julia Conley, a representative from CNSP (an umbrella organisation for solidarity groups in Nicaragua), explains some of the problems women face in defending the revolution's achievements, while working for further change.



Sandinista military might

for women.

We say that we have the same physical capacity as men, but there is one factor you can't get around. Being such a traditional Latin American country, women have always had a central role in the family.

CONLEY: AMNLAE has been to the government many times to discuss the question of military service.

Having men who are so macho, there is no one else to take over looking after the family. It doesn't matter how revolutionary they are in their approach, they could be the best Sandinista in the world, but they won't look after the family. At least, they won't do it equally. We haven't reached the point yet where we have convinced men to take fifty percent of the responsibility. We can't be romantic and say we'll make it 50/50, and let women go to the front. We have to be realistic, because families wouldn't function.

In the same way as we have education campaigns to show people they should share the job of harvesting coffee and assisting in educating everyone, we also have a campaign launched to teach people about the responsibilities of the family, shar-

ing the job of looking after the children and sharing all the work in the home.

But this is not a thing you achieve rapidly. You've got to work at it. It's not going to come in five years.

The fact that military service is obligatory for men only, in no way detracts from the fact that every woman has a responsibility to prepare herself for the military defense of Nicaragua. Women go in irregular battalions, which involves defense against counter-revolutionary gangs, which sometimes attack towns. We also serve in reserve battalions, the popular militia and the police force; every defense activity except the two years compulsory military service.

Q: If the draft starts at sixteen, couldn't women do their military training before they start having children?

CONLEY: It's also a question of family ties and traditions. If you go to a mother and say, we're taking your sixteen year old daughter into the mountains; she's going to be with a group of men; she's going to be there for two years; she's going to fight - mothers wouldn't stand it for a minute.



JUNK MAIL

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

Money, utility and profits

Dear Editors,
Congratulations on the article by Mei Shu Shu in *On dit* 3 March. The point of the whole sordid affair is that the University is in debt. Governments who allocate money primarily to ends that enhance industrial technology also withhold money from tertiary education. There is, firstly, an imbalance towards technique and against knowledge.

Secondly, and more insidiously, enough money is sometimes given but selectively and under the influence of big business (and more correctly of economic maximization). One factor behind this is the rationalization of a government pruning its expenditure (cutting off its nose to save its face!). The other factor is the idea of progress whereby utility, speed, comfort and above all, profits are given inordinate importance (and those four things are worthy ends when they are not made into idols). And the flipside of this is, in short, war, to protect certain questionable achievements.

It boils down to the fact that the West is still trying to make everything in the physical and social environment, "useful".

This is called teleology "The science treating of the end or design for which things are created". That is, universities will mould bits of society like so many nuts and bolts, or it will allow freedom of research (in Physics or Biological Sciences, in the Humanities, in the Social Sciences for example).

Culling Asians for profit is not a solution to the economic dilemma. Instead, it is part of a movement to freeze human thought into one preconceived mode. The industrialization of universities will cut off the one avenue of creativity and will give us every prize except humanity itself.

I am an ever-loyal Australian citizen and an Anglo-Caucasian. There is no stake in this for me. But half the university staff is scared out of their pants and won't say anything because of fear. The economic policies are tacit approval of the yobboes scrawling racist excreta on the uni toilet walls. As a mere student, I can afford to speak out because things cannot get worse for me.

Peter D.M. Nelson

Coory must bear responsibility

Dear Editors,
Whilst reading "The Factual Account of O-Camp" I felt that Paul Coory had quite neatly sidestepped what I would consider to be the most important point of the episode. "The girl in question had [had] unidentified tablets slipped into her drink which caused her later to slip into a state of semi-consciousness." I believe that if she had not had some idiot tamper with her drink then she would not have required hospital treatment nor caused Mr. Coory's embarrassment.

As Director of the camp, Mr. Coory must bear responsibility for the well-being of the individuals in his charge, especially as this sort of combination of drugs and alcohol could easily have had much more serious consequences.

Yours faithfully,
John Edwards

Monarchist's reply

Dear Editors

In my jetsetting life as a On Tit rephothole anfulltime Uni-strudel, many a strange thicks do i see, but to taketh the cake was the story on the medical skelly and the saber toot stripies, a.k.a. the royaltit story.

APPARENTLY THOUGH the quoon and phil were actually ear IN ADENOIDE AND Billions kidlets and wrinklies lined the lines to seethem NO Monarcrips strudents could be FOUNDED??? by On Tit to talk to, does this mean all Monarcrips are are kidlets and Wrinklies?! SURELY NIT! doth it mean Om Tit are DEAFDUM-BANBLIND???OR! doth it mead Monarcrips the breadth of the WHOLE place are closets!-lying low for fear of leftits reprisals an general poopooing!?!?

Who nows I don't definatly thats for short, but whot i do now is this: I am and have been and aprobably will be and oh was ad nevewont be a MONarcrips sort of an am proust tooo boot. PLUS I categorically lik her and DIG her for this reisting: SHE MAKES THEM HAPPY!!!

She got nice hats and doggies fop to look at and offsprigs to read about AND she simply dos agOODthing by smiling at all those pebble! for it "Takes more muscles to smile than it takes to not so they they say. I thin she has alot of gits -raw courage and gits!

A degree in two years?

Dear Editors

I wish to join with your correspondent, Mr. Mick Atkinson, in deploring that the inestimable *On dit* reporter and political commentator, Mr. Robert Clark has not yet been granted a degree.

All those who have come to know Mr. Clark since he enrolled at University two years ago in 1984 will lament, as Mr. Atkinson does, that "Robert Clark still hasn't got a degree."

Those of us who are familiar with Robert's outstanding intelligence, intellectual perspicuity and unsurpassed academic prowess cannot help but agree with Mr. Atkinson that Robert Clark should be awarded his degree immediately. It can only be bureaucratic, nit-picking obstinacy, a slavish regard for regulatory minutiae which has prevented the University from offering Robert his degree. We don't deny that a three year degree is the norm but Robert's is an exceptional case. We feel that the ground he has covered in his two short years at univer-

Social cripples on campus

Ho hum. Another year at *On dit*, another loony and inaccurate letter from Michael Atkinson.

In one letter, atkinson, who is at last writing under his own name, attempts to link me with Pol Pot, Vietnam, the Soviet Union and "the Extreme Left". In all this he is wrong.

He also has the irritating habit of telling people what they are thinking. Again he is wrong. One wonders if he manages to perform better as \$35,000 Press Secretary for the Minister of Immigration.

The sources of his agitation were two articles I wrote about the Philippines for the first edition of *On dit*.

The first was a satire on the saturation media coverage of the election and aftermath. As usual, it was mostly shallow and misinformed.

Atkinson asserts that "for Robert Clark, no political change is genuine unless it is violent." In the case of the Philippines, I would merely like to see some genuine change. I am not, as Atkinson again wrongly asserts, disappointed by Aquino's victory.

Marcos may have gone, thankfully, but the system of cronyism and kinship remain, not to forget half his Cabinet.

And given that Aquino was "elected without any formal policies on what basis could anyone offer her enthusiastic support.

Next, Atkinson introduces the furbies of Pol Pot and Vietnam. Allegedly, "my mates on the Extreme of Totalitarian Left" (for some reason written in capitals) supported Pol Pot a decade ago. I don't have any mates who supported Pol Pot a decade ago and certainly none who support him now. That privilege is reserved for the United States.

Then, we are told "Robert Clark still defends the concentration camp regime in Vietnam". This is news to me.

Then, it is claimed that "Robert Clark still hasn't got a degree". This is the



ANYWAY all these pebble oo say "WHY" to our very own Queer, "WHY NAT" and i know your all going to sa BECAUSE SHE TAKETH THE pebles money mon" BUT I sa "the Quoou taketh and the Quoou gives back to PROBABLY" !!!!!PLUS if the Queenie dinae getit some other smartie-pants would lik Bob Nob or Mr Greasing or of cor Mrs Snatcher in England!

Sooo i say all Monarits an Royalbits at all, (but nat necessary Righties) standop and be counted or at least right to On Tit and air yours.

Yours
Joe McSchmoe BallpenhallIV

sity warrants possibly even a higher degree. Why not an honorary doctorate?

How encouraging it is that Mr. Atkinson, should have taken up Mr. Clark's cause. As a member of the Minister of Immigration's full-time personal staff, Mr. Atkinson is obviously preoccupied with national affairs of great moment. Who would have thought he could have found the time to attend to the needs of a mere student, that he is prepared to battle for the little man.

But that is not all. Mr. Atkinson, a proud member of Labor's Right-wing has simply shrugged aside ideological differences to campaign for Mr. Clark whose left-wing commitments are well documented. It's almost enough to restore one's faith in the political process.

We now trust that Mr. Atkinson will use his obvious influence in higher places and take the matter up with his Minister's cabinet colleagues. Robert Clark must not be permitted to languish un-BAed one moment longer.

Steven Williams

only entirely correct paragraph in the whole letter. Yes, I decided to slum my degree in three years, instead of two.

I am even asked why I quoted the Philippines Action Support Group. In fact, I contacted a number of people, including the academics, Dr. Ron May and Dr. Marian Simms of Australian National University, for comment. Given the opaqueness of the then-freshly installed Aquino regime, they had nothing to say. PASG however was prepared to make a strong, newsworthy statement, and one which has been greatly borne out by events. Unlike the Filipino Association, the PASG has been active and vocal in its opposition to Marcos for several years.

As for the idiotic crack that the "PASG consists of aobut 20 Australian communists", I can only point out that Senator McCarthy died almost 30 years ago and, presumably, meaningless red-baiting died with him. Then, perhaps this is after the "maturation of the Atkinson political philosophy.

Like most people who have ever associated with Atkinson, I am tired of his pathological passion for malice. He is one who prefers subteruge to open debate and enjoys personal attacks which are vicious and abusive.

Unfortunately, he is not going to go away. Desperate to establish a right-wing ALP faction in SA, he has moved onto campus in a search for a power base.

He and his acolyte David Walker (who shall be henceforth known as Akky's Lackey) are now busily trying to expand the size of their grouping above phone box status.

Given the personal revulsion both of them inspire in people of all political persuasions, I suggest they set up their own club and all it S.C.O.C. - Social Cripples On Campus

Robert Clark

O-Camp comments

Dear Editors

It is with great disgust that I read of the "scandals" surrounding the O'Camp. As one of the co-directors of the camps let me voice some comment.

Firstly I cannot attempt to apologise to the mother of the girl concerned. I confirm the fact that both the Ambulance team and the attending nurse told Paul Coory and I that the parents would be notified. Their failure to do so is beyond me.

As for the statement that her parents did not know of the event, I challenge that statement. The girl involved rang her parents following the incident and informed them that she was fine and that she intended to stay for the rest of the O'camp.

In Dixie Van Der Linden's letter to the *Advertiser* she infers the idea that parents signing the disclaimer are not aware that the camps are not run by the University but by students. If she had read the disclaimer form she would have noticed these facts, they are clearly on the form.

As for Mrs. Van Der Linden's statements regarding the narrow guidance of the student leaders I claim that no guidance to drink themselves to oblivion is given to any O'camper.

Information given to O'campers clearly states that no alcohol or drugs are allowed on the campsite. The unfortunate fact is that many students come on the camps with the idea that they are on a three day bout of booze and drugs. I cannot do anything about the "alcohol culture" that surrounds Matriculants.

Again I proffer my apologies to Mrs. Van Der Linden for not having informed her about her daughter, that was an error

On a lighter note I deny, referring to the back page of *On dit* issue no. 1, that sausages were served on the first four meal - in any shape or form. And I state that \$60 was spent on meat on the second camp, not an unknown figure as vaguely reported in *On dit*.

Ronan Moore
Co-Director 1986 O'Camp

Union Fee 'outrageous'

Dear Editors

I am not your pubescent spott y little Herbert who rushes into print at the drop of a tube of Clearasil. However, I am prompted to write to you by the article "About The Union Fee" by Hugh Martin in the 10th March edition of *On dit*.

Look, I'm 43, married for 20 years with 2 kids. I hold a responsible job, own my own house despite interest rates and at appropriate intervals place my 1,2,3, etc in the box of my choice. I'm also undertaking a part time degree course which in total will have taken me 9 years and \$882 in Union Fees for Christs sake, for which I receive in return from the Union NOTHING.

My interests lie outside the University, so why the hell should I subsidise the Students Golf Club, the Student Liberal Society or the Student Mah Jong Front? I do not drink in the Uni bar, visit the Craft Studio, use the Child Care Centre or Non-Collegiate Housing. I subscribe independently to the University Foundation and rarely read *On dit* which I consider to be just to the Right of Ghengis Khan politically.

I totally object to paying this outrageous fee and do so only on sufferance. How about a campaign for 'User Pays' or a 'Fair go for all of us oldie part-timers' who benefit not one whit from either the Union or the wretched fee?

Yours faithfully,
Norman J. Lee

Plea for maintenance

Dear Editors,

Here we are on the first day of term lectures, - beautiful weather, birds of feathered variety singing and an eager anticipation about 1986 Study. Even the busy Union booksellers smile as they tote up your bill.

However - a plea to the busy maintenance men - PLEASE can we have the almost blocked entrance to the lockers in the Women's Room Complex cleared, the light repaired in the locker room and the light at the entrance to the Women's Room (broken 1985) repaired. Also there is a dryer in the toilet complex that has not worked since enrolment day. It would also be appreciated if the blankets are returned.

We would be most grateful if these items could be attended to soon.

Sincerely
Lorraine May

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OnDit Features

Thousands of miles from home and still laughing

There's more to ethnic humour than Irish jokes. *On dit* dips into a well of mirth from the migrant communities.

The Chinese don't tell them. The Lebanese love ones about priests, beards and pubic hair. The Vietnamese favour ones about Ho Chi Minh and water buffalos.

A not-so-bright peasant chap from the Black Sea invariably crops up in Greek ones these days.

Those of the Croatian community are still all politics, political and more politics.

Jokes, that is. Every ethnic group has its own distinctive brand of humour, shaped by its language and coloured by its own unique view of the world. And multicultural Australia is possibly the best place in the world to explore just what makes the people of our planet laugh, a veritable cross-comedy language laboratory. Armed only with a note book and a sense of humour *On dit* went out to track down these gems of risibility from the comic traditions of some of our non-Anglo Saxon communities.

The subtle Vietnamese sense of humour can be difficult for the uninitiated Westerner to penetrate.

The most popular Vietnamese jokes are political and reflect the refugee community's suffering under the communist regime.

A typical Vietnamese joke goes like this:

Back in the days just after the communist victory, when the Vietnamese had close diplomatic links with India, a delegation of senior Party officials is travelling in that country. Their convoy is stopped by a cow (which they know to be sacred to the Indians) standing in the middle of the road. They are trying to move it without success as the Indian delegation arrives from the opposite direction. "Out of the way" the leader of the Indians says. "We Indians know all about cows, they are at the heart of our ancient religious culture". But for all their pushing and pulling and shouting and pleading they can't budge it.

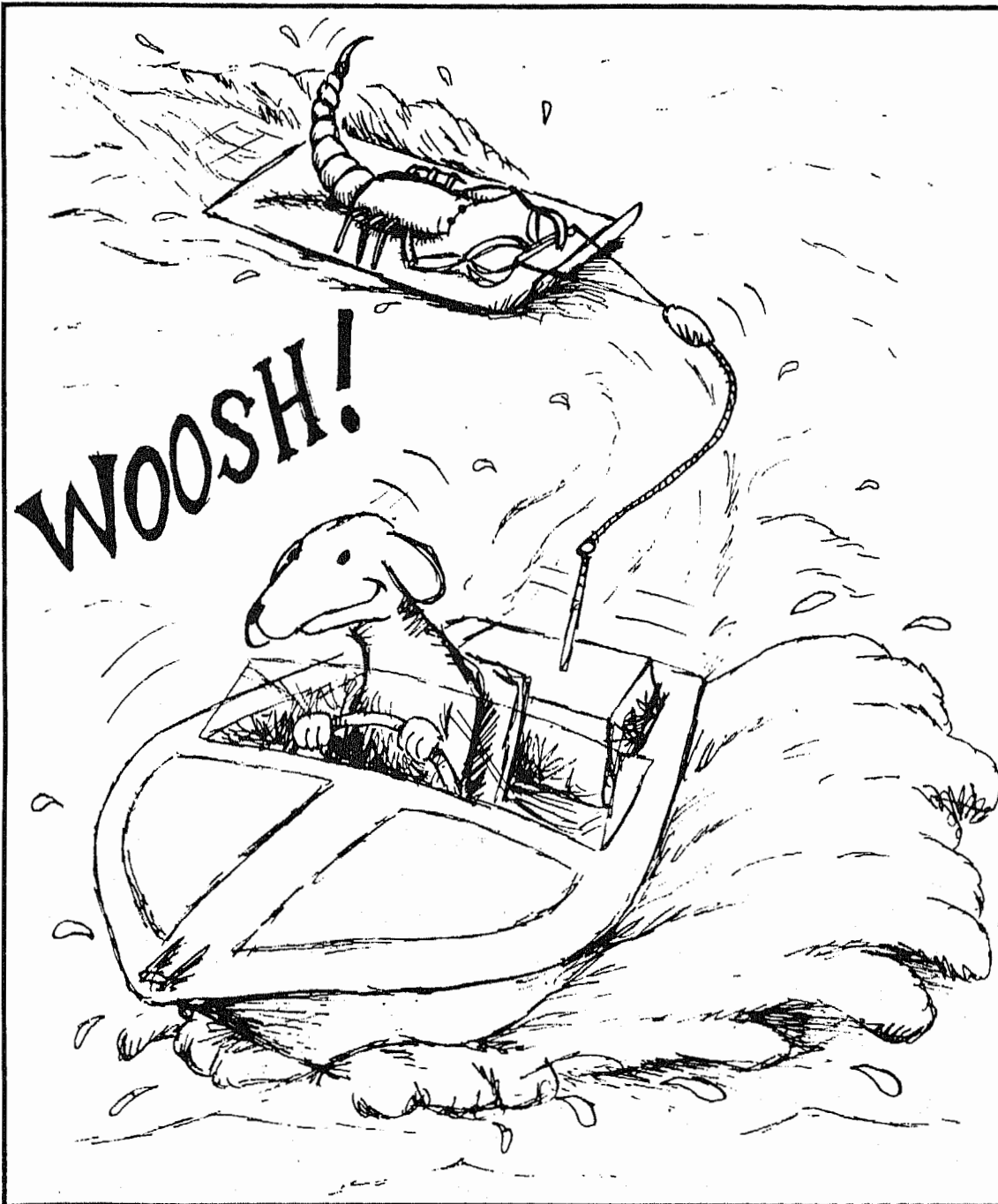
So they call on a venerable holy man who is passing and ask him to say some prayers and use his spiritual powers but even he can do nothing.

So the leader of the Vietnamese, who is very angry, gets out and whispers very quietly in the cow's ear: "Listen here, cow, if you don't move you'll be sent immediately to a re-education camp" and at once, obviously in a terrible panic, it runs off."

The Lebanese admit that the majority of their jokes are "dirty" but very few, they insist, descend to the low levels of obscene crudity of comparable Anglo-Saxon jokes.

They explain that the colloquial Arabic words for the sex organs do not have the unacceptable, obscene overtones which attach to their English equivalents.

One classic Lebanese joke is heart rendingly full of stoic incomprehension at the excess of misfortune which fate seems to have dealt



the Lebanese.

A scorpion wants to cross a river but it is in flood. The scorpion knows it would drown if it made the attempt. It sees a big dog on the bank about to make the crossing and calls out. "Hey there dog, I want to cross the river but the current is too strong for me, let me ride across on your back."

"No way," says the dog, "you'll sting me and then I'll die."

"Don't be ridiculous," says the scorpion.

"If I stung you while we were crossing we'd both drown."

Well, the dog sees the sense in this and agrees.

When they are half way across, the scorpion stings the dog.

"Why did you do that", says the dog as they are both sinking below the waves, "Now we are both going to die."

"I don't know," says the scorpion. "I suppose it's just because this is Lebanon."

The most typical Italian jokes are about family life, especially sexual relations and religion.

"They are about sexual things, but in a wholesome way," one Italian-Australian said.

"Many of them are not crude,

they tend to have a sexual tinge, innuendo rather than anything overt.

"You'd tell them to your mother without reservation."

Sicilians, as well as having to bear the brunt of Italian "Irish jokes" are also regarded as somewhat unsophisticated in their sexual relations and preoccupied with issues such as cuckoldry.

A Sicilian and an Italian from Rome who were born on the same day are in the habit of getting together for a drink on their birthday, one joke goes.

They bring along the gifts they have each received from their families.

This year the Sicilian has been given a rifle and the Roman a very expensive gold watch.

As it turns out, they so like the other's present that they agree to swap.

When the Roman arrives back home his wife rebukes him.

"Why did you swap that lovely watch for that stupid gun, that watch must have been worth five times the gun's value", she says.

Well the Roman says that he already had a watch and thought the gun would be useful to go duck shooting.

The Sicilian goes home and his father, the patriarch of the family, is amazed and outraged by his son's action.

"Look what you've done, you've gone and swapped that beautiful shot-gun for a watch.

"What are you going to do if you find your wife in bed with another man ... tell them the time!!!"

According to a number of Chinese-Australians, the set-piece story with a punch line style of joke is not common in traditional Chinese society.

This doesn't mean the Chinese lack a sense of humour; they love punning and other forms of word play and mimicry.

"It's not that we don't enjoy life," one Chinese-Australian said.

"But we do tend to have a rather dry sense of humour.

"Because we are very much governed by manners, set rules of behaviour in every day life, it's rather rigid and formal and cracking a joke might have an adverse affect.

"There wouldn't be any joke cracking between husband and wife, or boss and employer, for example, the relationship would discourage that."

Like the Vietnamese, the Croatians are largely political refugees and their jokes tend to concentrate on political issues.

"Political jokes are very popular with us, they are a safety valve for people, a way of expressing our feelings of repression, it's the only way people have of letting off steam."

One typical Croatian joke goes like this.

When Tito died they set up a committee to supervise his burial.

Because Tito was Croatian (one of the ethnic groups making up the Yugoslav federation) they decided he ought to be buried in the Croatian republic.

(Many Croatians, especially expatriot Croatians who are firmly opposed to the communist Yugoslav State, regard Tito as a traitor to his people). But the Croatians wouldn't agree to that because they said they didn't want him. Because he had spent so much time among the Serbians (the dominant Yugoslav ethnic group), they ought to bury him.

But the Serbians didn't want him either because he was Croatian.

In an effort to resolve the deadlock they approached the Slovenians [another Yugoslav ethnic group] but they said he had done nothing for them and refused.

As it turned out, one of the burial committee was a Jew so they turned to him and said, "What about your people, the Jews, perhaps they could bury our great national hero."

But straightaway the Croatians interrupted.

"No way," they said.

"Jesus Christ was buried by the Jews and look what happened to him."

Pondios jokes, the Greek equivalent of Irish jokes, are currently all the rage in that community.

Pondios is a rural area on the Black Sea now part of Turkey but formerly Greek.

A young man from Pondios is walking in the countryside and spies a shepherd with a vast herd of sheep.

"You certainly have a huge flock, how many sheep have you got?" he says to the shepherd.

"I'll tell you what," replies the shepherd, "if you can tell me the exact number you can choose one of my flock, my very best ewe if you like, to take home for yourself."

So the young chap from Pondios spends the whole afternoon counting them. He adds them correctly and the shepherd tells him to go ahead and pick the sheep of his choice. As he is going off carrying the animal the shepherd calls after him.

"Tell you what, here's a chance to win another sheep. I'll try and guess where you're from, if I'm wrong you get to make another choice but if I'm right I get the one back you've chosen already.

The young chap agrees and sure enough the shepherd guesses correctly that he's from Pondios.

"That's amazing," he says, "how did you guess that?"

"Oh it was easy enough, only someone from Pondios would choose the sheep dog by mistake for a sheep."



Third World self-help

The politics of aid and poverty

by Paul Washington

The scene is one of many third world villages - India, Africa, Latin America - take your pick.

There are the usual children crippled by hunger, distended stomachs looming rudely from the T.V. screen; the falorn pained resignation in the eyes of the adults, to whom extreme poverty is a part of life, is haunting.

In the background an aid worker moves from one famine victim to the next, as incongruous in the midst of such pathetic misery, as the sacks of grain he has brought with him.

Foreign aid provides medicines and food, commodities precious beyond measure to those whose lives depend on them.

While the aid lasts, life takes an upward turn for these villages. Sadly aid is limited and awareness of the misery to which these people are subjected lasts only a little longer.

Worst of all, foreign aid has a political aspect, and political considerations have a nasty habit of overriding humanitarian ones.

In any case aid is merely a band-aid measure, and does little to stimulate a failing economy.

As governments of undeveloped nations battle rocketing inflation and a contracting economy, they are faced with the need to borrow, either to prop up the economy or merely to service an existing foreign debt.

In servicing a large foreign debt the situation is created in extreme cases where so much of a nation's Gross Domestic Product is tied up that the country must export some of its limited resources to boost its income.

These exported commodities are then no longer available for use within the country exacerbating the already chronic poverty, and bringing more pressure to bear on the government.

Often emergency aid is necessitated by the actions being taken to remove poverty.

This is where the politics of debt begins, for a creditor will not con-

tinue to lend unless it has faith in the debtor's ability to repay a loan.

A process of changing the economic policy of the debtor commences, bringing it under the direction of the creditor nation.

Foreign loans, of course, are necessary to third-world governments' attempts to stimulate their economies, augmenting the nation's industrial and agricultural capacities.

However problems are not solved by loans, the symptoms are merely alleviated in most cases.

It is a problem of utilization of resources that creates a contracting economy and debt trap.

In 1981 a Food and Agricultural Organization study discovered that "the 51 countries of Africa presently have the potential to feed a population three times as large as that now living on the continent, even allowing for the fact that 47% of the land surface is useless for crops."

Similar is true of other undeveloped nations.

In the initial stages however a drastic anti-inflationary program is needed to set a nation on the road to recovery without it withdrawing largely from the international economic system.

Increasing its export volume generates a greater income, while tightening its volume of imports reduces its expenditure; a hold on wage increases, coupled with a curtailed issue of bank credit, all are measures demanded by the International Monetary Fund of a nation in danger of defaulting on loan repayments, before further assistance will be given.

This locks the developing nation into the international system, and also creates internal unrest because of the program's austerity.

Hence it is often difficult to implement, and always undesirable.

However undeveloped countries will not gain any measure of self-sufficiency without taking harsh and radical steps.

There is no easy solution to the third world debt crisis, but the cost of change must surely be less than that of poverty.

'Please don't sponsor this child'

Sponsorship of Third World Children has now become a major fundraiser for voluntary agencies; it is a sure-fire way to attract money. But it is not such a good way to spend it. PETER STALKER argues that there are better ways to help.

Perhaps a million 'foster parents' in the West are now sponsoring children in the Third World - each giving around £20 a month - in what has become an extra-ordinary international exchange.

Advertisements for Save the Children in the US offer the prospective parent a long series of multiple choices. You check one box to choose the sex of your child and then another for their location or race. After this, as with most of the organisations, you get a child 'on approval' - with a photograph and a case history. If you accept, the process starts; you send your monthly aid and get letters from the child of your choice.

The appeal of all this is almost irresistible, and it is hardly surprising that this is one of the fastest-growing sources of money for voluntary agencies. In Australia, the main organisations concerned, World Vision Australia and Foster Parents Plan, sponsor between them 85,000 children from developing countries.

'She honestly believed that some day her sponsor, who lived in Toronto, was going to invite her to go and live there.'

There can be no doubt about the good intentions of most of the donors.

They wish to help identifiable individuals and hope to learn more about the places where their money is being used. It is a more attractive proposition than working through a conventional aid agency, which might fund a thousand projects from a central fund and appears much more impersonal.

For the western family this correspondence might offer an interesting educational experience for their own children. What Manuel feels from it, apart from a vague feeling of inferiority, is much less clear.

Many donors would try to avoid being so insensitive in their letters. But, no matter how much care you take, things can be read into the letters, even when they are not the writer's mind.

One of my most depressing experiences in Peru was talking to a sixteen-year-old girl who was living in the most appalling conditions of poverty and overcrowding. She honestly believed that some day her sponsor, who lived in Toronto, was going to invite her to go and live there. When I asked her for more details she was a lot less sure.

Indeed sponsorship in general plays up the 'aid' side of development. Using outside aid to promote

The most obvious disadvantage of such programmes is that they are expensive to run. The photographs, the monitoring of each family's progress and the translation of an endless flow of letters - all cost money. And that means that the people that you want to help will give less.

But most donors will be aware of this and probably accept it as the price of the service they are receiving. What they may not realise is that in almost every other way in which the donor is better off through a sponsorship scheme, the sponsored child or family is correspondingly worse off.

Take the instant appeal of helping one person. The children do of course exist as individuals. But they are also part of a family, a village or a school.

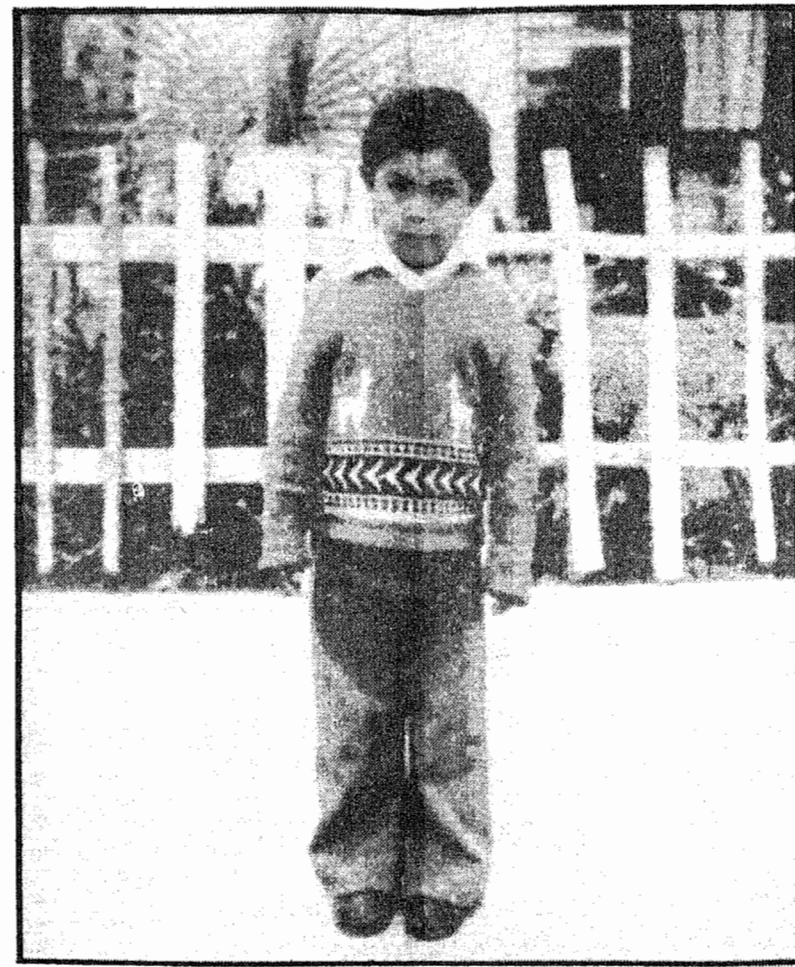
My first contact with the sponsorship phenomenon was in a children's home in Colombia. Ten-year-old Jose wanted me to organise a foster parent for him. Most of his friends had sponsors and he hadn't. In the fiercely competitive world of childhood he was dependent on the charity of the more fortunate children - which meant that he only got the teddy bears when the ears had been pulled off.

Helping an individual is divisive - and is particularly damaging in societies which are already sharply divided in all sorts of ways; rich and poor, black and white, high caste or low caste, literate or illiterate.

Nor is trying to help an individual likely to succeed. Catapulting even one person out of poverty is a daunting task - especially on \$20 a month. And while there will be some successes they will be few and far between. Most of the poor (harijan children in India for example) have the odds stacked against them. And unless you do something about changing the odds they will not stand much of a chance.

Another disadvantage of being in contact with just one person is that they are also in intimate contact with you. Manuel, lives in a squalid slum on the edge of a Latin American city. The regular letters he gets from his sponsoring family give accounts of their interesting lives - of skiing holidays in Austria for example.

For the western family this correspondence might offer an interesting



There are better ways to help

ing educational experience for their own children. What Manuel feels from it, apart from a vague feeling of inferiority, is much less clear.

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Indeed sponsorship in general plays up the 'aid' side of development. Using outside aid to promote

self-reliance is something of a contradiction, but one which many of the Western donor agencies manage to live with by keeping a low profile.

But ironically the sponsors are giving money in this way precisely because they think it is more useful; there seems less likelihood that the money will go astray. And it is true that the sponsorship agencies maintain a small army of social workers who travel round keeping tabs on the families and looking at how the money is used.

But is this more reliable than simply making a grant, say, to a Gandhian organisation in India?

This is doubtful. Having so many supervisory staff is in itself a potential source of misuse. Favouritism between the social workers - who usually come from the local community - and certain families is not unknown - nor is dishonesty. Sponsorship agencies are no more open to abuse than other organisations, but there is no reason to suppose that they are any less so.

'The regular letters he gets from his sponsoring family give accounts of their interesting lives - of skiing holidays in Austria for example.'

There is, however, a more significant consequence of building up a supervisory system. The agency becomes a local 'institution'. In sensitive situations - and that means almost everywhere in the Third World - this is no small disadvantage.

In fact, one of the greatest advantages that voluntary aid usually has over government aid is that it is lighter on its feet. Small groups can be funded here and there as the opportunities crop up. But the sponsorship agencies in many ways forego this advantage. They are rooted in one place and need to be on good terms with the local authorities if their system is to work. And this restricts the kinds of project that can be funded.

El Salvador is an extreme example. Most organisations feel that they can no longer carry out effective development work there -

indeed many of the people involved in their projects have now been slaughtered by the military. Foster Parents Plan, however, has had no such problems and is proud of the fact that its programme is still running.

But if you need to be inoffensive to the powers-that-be, the chances of promoting constructive change are not high. And for any donor worried about getting value for money - that should be a matter of some concern.

Take the case of the village of Chimbote in Peru. The families sponsored were often workers in the local fish canning factories and the exploitation there was a significant contribution to their children's poverty.

More relevant than the welfare programmes that the sponsored families were getting might have been legal support to press for better working conditions. But that would have made them unpopular in certain quarters. Alleviating the problems of the poor is one thing. But solving them involves much more difficult choices.

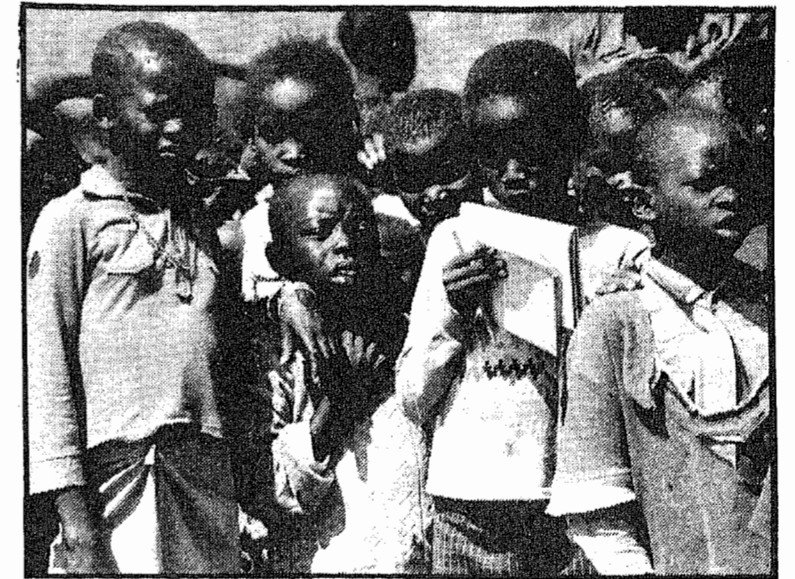
Yet solutions are more and more what the sponsorship agencies claim to be offering 'Community development' is the cover-all catch phrase. Housing programmes, irrigation schemes, health services or making handicrafts - these have now been moved to the centre of the publicity platform. And all, of course, are activities that any agency could become involved with.

Everything depends on how the programme is designed and on the political consequence that it has; to say that you are involved in community development is not enough. The intended impact has to be carefully chosen - and the sponsorship agencies are not in a position to make the best choice.

What is certain is that there are better ways to help. The organisations without the sponsorship burdens have much sharper and more cost-effective operations. And they have no shortage of programmes that help children; in nutrition, in education or in health.

You may get a less direct satisfaction - no letters, no thank-you's. But the people who do get the satisfaction are the people who matter.

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The children of Africa

Victorian-style heart tugging

by Robert Clark

Although child sponsorship in Australia has been modified over the past few years, it is still an issue among aid and development agencies.

Brian Witty, SA secretary of Community Aid Abroad, said CAA had never considered child sponsorship as a fund-raiser.

"Child sponsorship is straight charity", he said. "It's a Victorian, heart-tugging response."

"If you provide people with money on a regular basis they become quite dependent, but if the money runs out it provides hardship. That's contrary to what we believe development is."

Dave Toyce, communications director with World Vision Australia, the major child sponsorship agency in this country, said all aid was a form of handout and child sponsorship was no worse.

It was a form of collection World Vision used because a child presented a "window on a community".

He said child sponsorship has changed greatly, although forty per cent of all donations for children go directly to the individual of family. Sixty per cent goes toward community projects.

Toyce did not think that aid to individual families set up barriers

and inequalities between them and others in the community, as long as it was "sensitively handled" by local field workers.

However, employment of field workers also requires extra expenditure. Whereas 85 per cent of CAA's budget gets into the field, 22.4 per cent of World Vision's budget last year was chewed up by advertising and administration costs.

Witty said instead of concentrating on the individual, aid should focus on the causes of poverty.

"It means justice, and justice means changing the status quo. "In our view, development is a quite political process, although non-partisan. To say that development is not political is to be quite naive."

"Any organisation challenging the status quo is going to come across a range of opposition."

CAA began in the mid-1950s as Food for Peace but changed its name and philosophy away from handouts to self-help. It works mainly in India, but also in Sri Lanka, Indonesia and Central America.

World Vision is an international California-based, Christian body established in 1950. It is the largest aid group in Australia, and employs a hundred people here.

Controversial sponsor critic has no regrets

by Robert Clark

Journalist Peter Stalker has no regrets about the story he wrote for the English development magazine, New Internationalist, four years ago.

The controversial cover story, "Don't Sponsor That Child", was picked up in a number of other Western nations, especially Canada, where a lively debate began after the United Church newspaper published it.

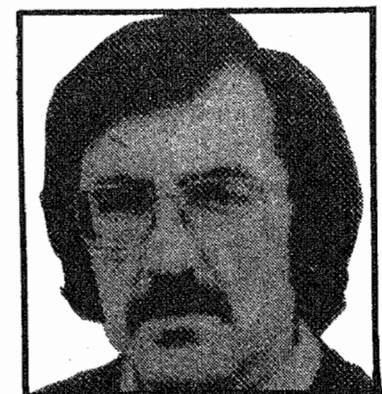
At first, however, people were surprised, said Stalker from Oxford. "This is a subject which had never before been tackled in the open by aid agencies or journalists."

"Aid agencies don't criticise each other in public, although over the years they had considered child sponsorship a very poor form of aid."

One of the problems for journalists covering aid is that many of them covering the subject do not want to be too critical in case it is damaging for aid as a whole.

"But a lot of people were glad it had been done."

The article accelerates a process already taking place among agencies in which they were reconsider-



Peter Stalker, critic of his involvement in child sponsorship.

The argument of child sponsorship agencies is: 'we are collecting money from people who would otherwise not give'.

"We think this rather underestimates donors, who would be just as likely to give to a really sensible programme."

Stalker cited the efforts and successes of Bob Geldof's Band-Aid as evidence that people were interested in overseas aid and had indeed embarrassed the "very cynical" UK Government.



Let your fingers do the walking....

Everyday people are finding new things to do with their telephones. **RICHARD WILSON** takes a look at the lighter side of telecommunication advances.

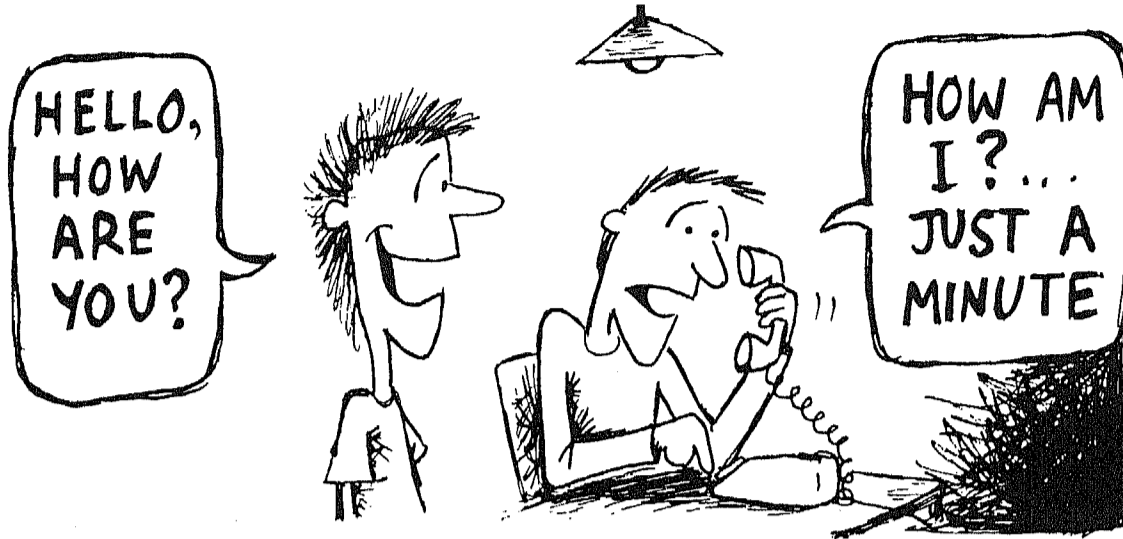
AIDS. VD. Liberal Policies. Ghosts. Even a bedtime story. All at your fingertips, and all for just 16 cents. These and literally hundreds of other topics constitute the dial-it services available throughout the world to anyone with a telephone and 60 seconds to spare.

The boom in dial-it information services can probably be attributed to modern societies quest for knowledge and its desire for ease in obtaining this information. As the telecom ads extol, let your fingers do the walking for you.

For years, we have been able to get the time, weather, and TAB results by merely dialling a four digit number. But in recent years this service has been expanded to include all sorts of other topics.

In addition to the well-known dial-a-horoscope and dial-a-prayer, each state has its own unique services.

WA, predictably, has a dial-an-America's Cup Update. Melbourne has dial-a-champ, and a tacky Santa-line. In Sydney, you can get into some soul talk, get info on wines or VD, or get an update on John Howard's forthcoming crucifixion on the Liberal Line.



(Surprisingly Labor has no similar propaganda service in Sydney, or elsewhere for that matter).

And in South Australia, you can get the low-down on Festival events, or find out where to gaze high-up to sight that much-publicised comet. And 1986 wouldn't be complete in South Australia without a Jubilee Hotline. This is found by dialling 1-1986 (that's Telecom's idea of a funny gag).

In America, the range to choose from includes such titles as dial-an-atheist (as opposed to dial-a-prayer), dial-a-muppet, Hustler Fantasies, and Party Line, a Soap Opera with a new 60-second episode every day.

Dialling Melbourne's dial-a-champ resulted in hearing an interview with Vicki Cardwell reigning

world women's squash champion and winner of four British Opens. She tells how she gave up tennis for squash, and how to eat a balanced diet.

Dial-a-hit gave me the chance to groove away to a very tinny version of *Bronski Beat's* latest bland offering, *Hit That Perfect Beat*.

The children's storyline was off the air due to technical difficulties, while the Santa-line in Melbourne provided heaps of laughs. Dialling (03) 11677 results in a merry old voice yelling out "Hello everyone. I hope you had a happy Christmas ... I've been all around Australia, and seen lots of happy children ... ho, ho, ho, ho, ho..."

The jolly old fellow then launched into a 30-second rave about Matchbox Trickshooters, their special

features, and how they're one of his most popular gifts. Santa selling out to commercialism. For a toy car! Talk about shattering childhood illusions.

There are two companies, based in Sydney, which supply private dial-it services for Australia.

One of them, Recorded Information Services, is part of the Harry M. Miller corporation. Speaking to Mr. Miller's personal secretary, I learned they provide 32 services nationally (16 in Sydney alone) including Maggi-line, the Luna Park fun line, the Liberal Line and the aforementioned Santa Line.

They can, with Telecom, provide a line for any person or company to use for 6 or 12 months.

For a "negotiable" fee, you can

have your own message available to callers statewide, or if you and your bank balance desire, nationwide. The message can be changed hourly, daily, or weekly. You can record your own message, or get them to record it for you.

However, there are laws in Australia which limit the content of these messages. The situation is much more relaxed in other countries like America and Japan. (Apparently Japan has got some very strange ego- and fantasy-satisfying lines indeed).

Unfortunately, while you may get lots of phone calls (the Santa Line was taking 30,000 per week in December), unlike in America, Telecom retains 100% of the money spent on calls. All you get is the bill from Harry M. Miller.

Which brings us to the future. What does it hold? What changes are in store? With the laws regarding content constantly being relaxed, we could soon see a whole new, even more adventurous range of services being provided to the community. 16 cents could soon get you dial-a-deviant, or dial-an-exam-answer (just picture Centennial Hall in November - filled with thousands of phones - one for each desk).

Conceivably, further down the track, we would even have dial-a-degree. None of this three to five year slog at Uni. Just a 30 second phone call, and you get a Bachelor degree. (45 seconds for your doctorate). Now that would certainly streamline the education system.



YOUR FUTURE IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS



If you are a graduate or will complete a degree this year, have an interest in international affairs, and wish to play an active role in promoting Australia's interests overseas, have you thought about a career as a Foreign Affairs Officer.

Applications for entry to the Australian diplomatic service at Foreign Affairs Trainee level in 1987 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
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Limelight

**Cats in the Kitchen Wizz,
exploding dogs in the microwave...**

**Move over
Dame Edna,
here comes
Shirley!**



Angela Moore plays the outrageous **SHIRLEY PURVIS** in the Castanet Club's new show at the Fringe. **MOYA DODD** caught up with both of them.

Cats in the Kitchen Wizz, exploding dogs in the microwave, a son who disguises himself as a lampshade - all this is everyday for Australia's most talkative housewife, Mrs. Shirley Purvis.

A gossip, a rehabilitated agoraphobic, and above all a commentator on everything from fashion to feminism, she is presently touring Adelaide with the cabaret group *The Castanet Club*, which won the 'Best of the Fringe' award two years ago.

Since then they have toured Australia and overseas. And when not on the housewife superstar circuit, Shirley lives in the Sydney suburb of Caringbah with her none-too-loving husband Barry and her warped thirteen-year-old Darren.

We caught up with the unstoppable Shirley, and her creator Angela Moore. Trouble was, Angela could barely get a word in edgeways. This is what Shirley had to say:

On dit: How has being a housewife superstar changed you?

Shirley Purvis: I used to be stuck at home. I used to be stuck at home, dear, locked in the house by myself. I had that thing called agoraphobia where you get scared to go outside the house.

I used to do really strange things, you know, because I was so bored at home. I used to get the Kitchen Wizz out and I'd put all different colour vegetables in it and I'd leave the lid off it and turn it on and the vegetables would go flying around the kitchen, it was like the Poltergeist! Wizzing all around. the



room, you know - that was the sort of thing I used to do.

On dit: Is that where Nanna Purvis got the inspiration for her cat? [Nanna Purvis has a cat with no legs: one was lost in a rabbit trap and other three in a Kitchen Wizz without a safety catch].

Shirley: I think Nanna does that sort of thing too 'cos Nanna gets bored too, and I think she might have put the pussycat in there one day. Or maybe the pussycat got in there itself, I don't know, but I know she didn't have the safety catch on. That was a horrible thing. We had to go and clean it up, you know.

-That was like the story with poor little Mitsy One [the family dog]. We had this thing about the holocaust, you know, and we were real scared about it. So Barry was building this bunker out the back in the garage, putting an extra layer of hardiplank on the garage so we'd have somewhere to go when the holocaust comes.

Well now, what happens is we wanted to know how much radiation you could take. So we thought we'd test it out on Mitsy in the microwave. We put him in there, we turned the microwave on, we wanted to see how long he could stand it.

He was going round and round like this, the poor little thing, and then he started scratching on the glass and he got this little look in his eyes like Rin Tin Tin when he's trying to say something to Rusty, and then he exploded all over the microwave. Oooh...

On dit: Did you get a new microwave?

Shirley: Oh, we had to ... we had the Mr. Muscle trying to get it off, but it wouldn't come off for days, it was awful. We don't have much luck with pets, they all seem to have something go wrong with them. Don't know what it is about us.

On dit: Just getting back to what we were talking about earlier, what has fame done to you?

Shirley: Oh yes, that's what I was talking about, wasn't it? You probably know I went along to Gynea Tech, to a government retraining program for the domestically insane. When I got out of that, I realised I had this skill for talking and making people laugh. Then, of course, the Castanettes. I met them and they wanted me to come along and be their house mother and then I come on stage. I couldn't stay backstage, noooooo....

But it hasn't changed me, that's the main thing. I'm still very down-to-earth.

On dit: What does Barry make of it?

Shirley: I don't know, I don't care. I never used to see him anyway, you know. He got a bit dirty when I come down here, you know, 'cos he has to go out and get a pizza every night.

On dit: Is he jealous?

Shirley: Oooh, no, God no. He probably doesn't even know. Probably asleep now under a duna of pizza boxes at home.

On dit: What about Darren? He took a Scouts course in camouflage...

Shirley: Oh, yes, he's good in the Scouts. He's good at the camouflage, and he tries very hard. He's like me.

On dit: Is he still doing the lampshade act?

Shirley: Oooh, yes. Sometimes if we're bored at home we'll say 'Put the lampshade on and we'll see if we can find you'. We string him along, he thinks he's very good.

On dit: What about fashion? Are you a great follower of fashion, do you like to come out in the latest thing?

6 He was going round and round, and then he started scratching on the glass and he got this little look in his eyes and then he exploded all over the microwave.'

Shirley: I do. Crimpalene's the thing. You can't go past it. It's so drip-dry. It doesn't breathe very much, you get a bit smelly under the armpits, but I can travel in it, I don't need an iron - I'll wear anything if it's crimpalene.

On dit: Is it true that you wanted a fur coat for Christmas but Barry gave you a vacuum-cleaner hose?

Shirley: Yes, but when I say a fur coat, I don't mean the real thing. It's true, you know: real women wear fake furs.

On dit: I know that at one stage you were wearing the vacuum-cleaner hose as a fur...

Shirley: I'm not proud, you know, I thought I'd give my husband the hint that it wasn't what I'd asked for. He's thick as a brick, he didn't catch on. I wore it all day that day, I was flicking it around me and everything. He was just sitting there watching the television.

Car chase to Nirvana

REPO MAN

Classic at the Fair Lady

by Alison Rogers

Repo Man provides an interesting insight into the seamier side of American life.

The movie has been done on a very cheap budget, but this detracts nothing from the movie at all. A "Repo Man", is one who had the unsavoury task of repossessing people's cars who fall behind in their payments.

Our young hero (Otto), is first seen at a party, with punks of every sort around. He leaves the party in disgust after finding his girl in bed with another. As he is walking home, a "Repo Man" asks him to drive away a car (supposedly because his wife needs to get to hospital in a hurry "to drop her bundle"). He finds himself in the car yard of a "Repo" firm, and leaves after expressing his distaste by tipping a can of beer on the office floor. Needless to say he returns to start a career as a "Repo Man"...

There are some wonderful charac-



Punks and the parking lot

ters featured in this film. The little old man who drives across America, with something very strange in the boot of his car is one.

Whatever it is, it has the capability to disintegrate anyone who opens the boot. The car is worth \$20,000 and the race is on to repossess it.

The three punks who spend their time "committing crimes" are an example of director Alex Cox's ability not to push the absurd too far.

Otto's parents spend their time watching born again preachers on the T.V. and smoking joints. Inevitably Otto meets another girl who at the end of the film is responsible for putting thousands of volts through his body. Charming, but there is a point to it.

One of the most unusual characters in the story is the mechanic, who has some weird theories about life, the world and the universe.

Alex Cox wrote and directed this film, showing a great skill for subtle humour.

The soundtrack is supplied by *Iggy Pop*, *The Plugz* and several more obscure American new wave bands.

"Repo Man" has a wonderful ending in which Alex Cox makes the clichéd "riding into the sunset" scenario work for him.

For something completely different see *Repo Man*.



Sally Field meets James Garner

Matinee schmaltz

MURPHY'S ROMANCE

Hindley Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

Murphy's Romance is a winsome contemporary love-story made by a traditional sentimental director.

And there's really not much to it. Girl (Sally Field as the down and out country girl with a difference) meets gentleman Murphy Jones (James Garner as a wily storekeeper), they become friends and fall in love.

Director Martin Ritt again has some warm (and some not so pleasant) characters to work with. The romance between Emma Moriarty (Field) and Murphy is merely a sweet and sour convergence of two characters - thankfully it is not a soap story.

Ritt is a sensitive old-fashioned director working again with screenwriters Harriet Frank and Irving Ravetch, a team of three responsible for *Norma Rae*, *The Sound And The Fury*, *Conrack* and *Hud*. *Murphy's Romance* tries hard not to be an '80's movie; it's old time movie making with a contemporary Arizona setting.

Field is a little wooden compared to her Oscar winning role as Edna Spalding in the farm-drama *Places In The Heart*. Field has fallen back on her 'country' girl character evident in *Back Roads*, *Norma Rae* and *Smokey and the Bandit*. She's a little stilted and only manages to outshine Garner in a few scenes.

Garner, who in recent years has appeared in the movies *Tank* and *The Glitter Dome* (two films which were quickly forgotten) is superb in the character-part of Murphy. Garner has proved before that he is an acting respectable in *Victor/Victoria* and he always possesses that unique screen charm and elegance. It's definitely Garner's movie, something which I bet the producers didn't expect.

Brian Kerwin plays Emma's ex-husband without a cause, Bobby Jack who is a sleazy wimp, an unlikeable character and all the more credible for it.

Murphy's Romance is simply an old-time movie with a witty script, made by a bunch of Hollywood hacks. It's matinee movie schmaltz, a "small" movie which may just slip through the cinemas without much passing interest.

Silly and stupid

REMO WILLIAMS: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS...

Academy Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

First there was *Rambo*, then *Commando*, now there's *Remo - unarmed and dangerous*, a very silly and stupid movie.

But the things he does would make James Bond look like a fairy.

Whether it's hanging off the Statue of Liberty (American propaganda again?), fighting off frenzied dobermans or just running on the edge of high-rise buildings, *Remo Williams* is comic book material come to the screen.

He's been chosen and recruited by a secret government agency (CURE) to clean up some of the more latent troublemakers in society, who seem to mostly be possible political opponents. It's another twist on the vigilante theme, worked to death in *The Exterminator* and *Death Wish* and their respective sequels.

Remo (Fred Ward from *Southern Comfort* and *Uncommon Valour*) is taught by Chuin (pronounced Shuun), a master of Sinanju, which is some ancient martial art which began in Northern Korea. Chuin has a neat repertoire of dodging bullets and running on water but this film reviewer is yet to believe that the Sinanju skills displayed in the film can really be done.

Chuin is played by Joel Grey, looking more like an anorexic Pat Morita - this character is not new, just look at *The Karate Kid* and TV

series *Kung Fu*.

Based on the *Destroyer* series of pulp action novels, *Remo* is written by Bond veteran Christopher Wood (*Spy Who Loved Me*, *Moonraker*) and is directed by Guy Hamilton who seems to have spent half of his directing career doing Agatha Christie and 007 movies.

Remo makes bearable entertainment. But it's a bit too light and shallow which is a pity because *Remo* seems to have had a lot of work put into it, most probably aiming for a megabuck 'success', which it isn't.

The makeup of Joel Grey is quite well masked but one would have thought that the simplest thing to do would be to get an Asian actor for an Asian role.

Wilfred Brimley again plays Wilford Brimley as Smith - the head of CURE who must fold up the three-man agency and commit suicide if there is threat of exposure.

Kate Mulgrew, in a modern woman role of Colonel Rayner, is really just another damsel in distress a la Rae Dawn Chong in *Commando* and Julia Nickson in *Rambo*.

Many of the action sequences disappoint due to the quick editing and sharp scene-changing. A lot of *Remo* looks fake because it so blatantly cheats.

Remo surprisingly gets better in the latter parts with some real tension and guts in the story evolving which is good because none of the first part of the film could be taken at all seriously.

VIDEO

Jamie Skinner

Many of the big movies from 1985 have been lined up for video release in the next couple of months.

Peter Weir's first Hollywood movie, *Witness*, starring Harrison Ford and the John Landis comedy, *Into The Night*, starring Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer will be released in the shops on April 18 from CIC-Taft.

The Mel Smith-Griff Rhys-Jones spaced-out comedy, *Morons From Outer Space* has been lined up for a May release on Thorn-EMI.

RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts Video will be unleashing the sex n'sweat movie, *Perfect* starring

John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis in late-March. With it will be released the Bryan Brown cop-thriller, *The Empty Beach*; Neil Simon's *The Slugger's Wife*, starring Rebecca de Mornay and Michael O'Keefe; the R-rated terror flick *Striking Back* and the *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* on the Silver Screen label.

CBS Fox Video have the third part of the *Star Wars* trilogy, *Return Of The Jedi* now out in the shops with the traffic-school comedy, *Moving Violations* due out in April followed by *Porky's Revenge* in May.

Gillian Armstrong's *Mrs. Soffel* starring Mel Gibson and Diane Keaton and John Boorman's ecological adventure, *The Emerald Forest*, will be available for rental or sale at \$24.95 from March 24 on



CEL-Premiere.

Other new releases now out in shops include Peter Bogdanovich's *Mask*, starring Cher and the western-spoof, *Rustler's Rhapsody* on CIC-Taft; the Clint Eastwood Western *Pale Rider* and the supernatural shocker, *Evilspeak* on Warner; David Lean's *A Passage To India* on Thorn-EMI and the Chuck Norris splatter-movie *Code Of Silence* and the teenpic *Fraternity Vacation*, starring newcomer Stephen Geoffreys on Roadshow.

CODE OF SILENCE

Roadshow

This action-packed Chuck Norris cop movie went pretty well unnoticed at the cinemas last year.

This is surprising since it was very successful in the States.

Norris plays Eddie Cusack, a cop who does not like to adhere to the strict 'code of silence' which exists to protect corrupt cops.

When the daughter of an underworld gangster is kidnapped and a drug war breaks out, Norris steps in for lots of shootouts, a bit of chop-socky and a heavy dose of violence on the eyeballs.

Code of Silence, despite its low level of production quality, is still very entertaining as an action movie.

CINE SCENE

Jamie Skinner

Plenty: Fred Schepisi, the only artist among the craftspeople of the so-called Australian film renaissance, has with the cinema what Hemingway said a writer should have with the novel - a "built-in, shock-proof shit-detector." This innate sense of his gives the crap of David Hare's drama at least a balance, even a buoyancy. Nothing Diva Streep does is allowed to ruin this film's high entertainment. (Hindley).

Agnes of God: Religious belief versus the science of psychiatry is the forte here and director Norman Jewison doesn't take sides. Fonda, Bancroft and Tilly are brilliant, so is the movie. (Hoyts).



Meg Tilly is touched by God in *Agnes Of God*

Catholic Boys: School discipline is harsh as Andrew McCarthy and co find out in Michael Dinner's humorous account of a Catholic boys school in the 60s. Catch Donald Sutherland as a priest sporting a head of curls. (Hindley).

European Vacation: Chevy Chase and his all-American family track across Europe causing much mayhem and lots of laughs. It's the most ill-happened holiday since their first *Vacation*. (Academy).



Chevy Chase

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

Prizzi's Honour: John Huston's wicked and wily movie is an adult comedy, so that it necessarily precludes half of the present university milieu. The other half should enjoy themselves immensely. (Academy).

Where The Buffalo Roam: Bill Murray plays Hunter S. Thompson, the godfather of gonzo journalism who tramps through his assignments fuelled by drink or dope during 60's America. Art Linson directs this excursion in hippy euphoria and Cheech and Chong-like slapstick. (Trak).

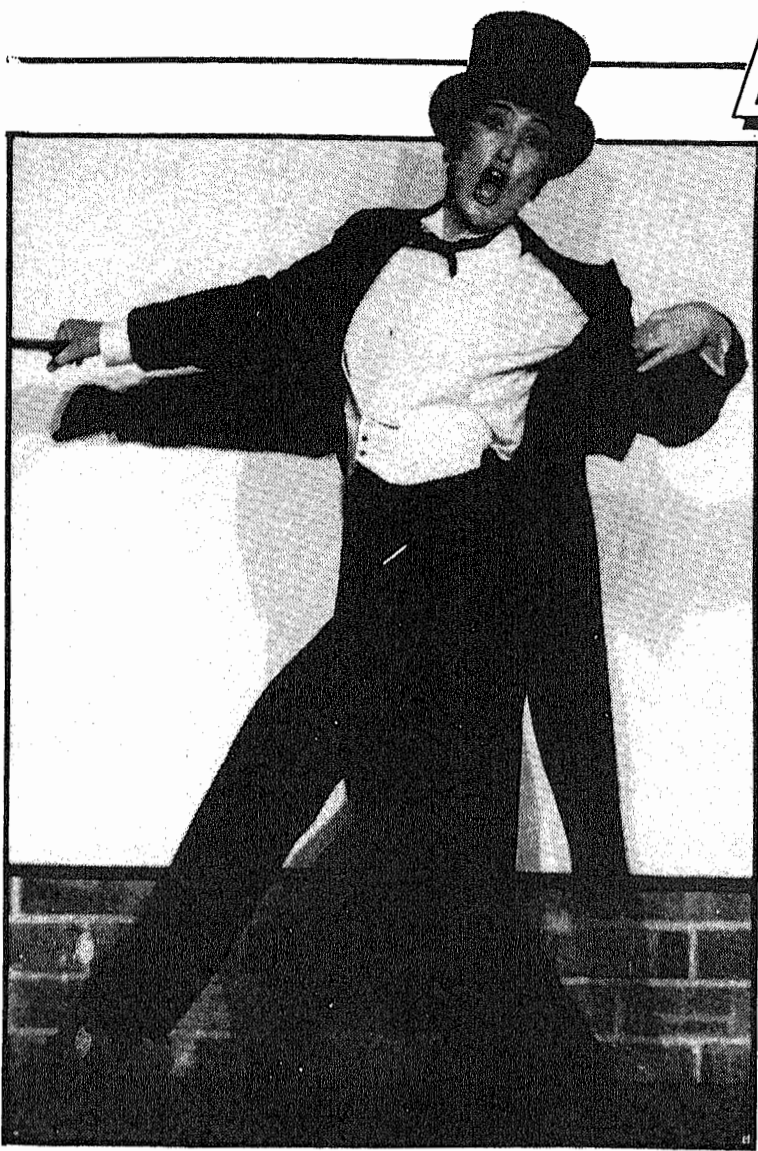


Bill Murray as Hunter S. Thompson

Union Films:

Wednesday March 19th at 12.10 pm - *Teenwolf* starring Michael J. Fox, Union Hall, \$3 students.

Films which start this week include Sir Richard Attenborough's *A Chorus Line* (Academy; March 21) starring Michael Douglas.



Theatre Guild's view of SA women

SA's herstory

**RING THE BELL SOFTLY,
THERE'S CRÉPE ON THE
DOOR**
Adelaide University Theatre Guild
Little Theatre

by Dale Flemming

To take 13 women from South Australia's history, put them together and listen to what they

have to say is an ingenious concept from which to develop drama. By some excellent direction from Sue Rider and a thoroughly professional cast *Ring the Bell Softly, There's Crépe On The Door*, from the University Theatre Guild, becomes an exciting presentation of music drama against this theme.

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A generous serving of inspired nonsense

BOOJUM
State Opera
Scott Theatre
Until March 22

by Moya Dodd

What do you get if you combine cast members of the *Sullivans, Sons and Daughters, Cop Shop* and *Carson's Law* with Adelaide composing twins Peter and Martin Wesley-Smith?

Boojum! A singing, dancing operatic spectacle combining music, theatre, dance, comedy and even film to produce this world premiere that even the visiting Royals couldn't miss.

The musical is based on a 'nonsense poem called 'The Hunting of the Snark' by Lewis Carroll. Ten assorted hunters go off in pursuit of the mysterious snark, though they don't know exactly what it is. The risk they take is that the snark, should they find it, could turn out to be a boojum, which spells obliteration for its finder.

But the plot is also about the life of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, the man behind the Lewis Carroll pseudonym. Both Dodgson and Carroll appear throughout this musical, taunting and reprimanding each other, and arguing about who created whom.

However, the performance is not bogged down by its more serious reflections on Dodgson and his struggles, his 'snark' and his 'boojum'. There is plenty of melody (this modern opera is by no means inaccessible) and lots of comedy.

At one stage a pianist on stage drops all his music sheets onto the floor and resorts to reading them



Hunting the Snark

from there, with neck craned and obvious alarm as he finishes each sheet and looks about for the next.

At another point a caterpillar appeared and bragged about being a 'fine-lookin' fella' because he ate all his greens - then stripped to his G-string to prove it. And then there were the obviously different twins

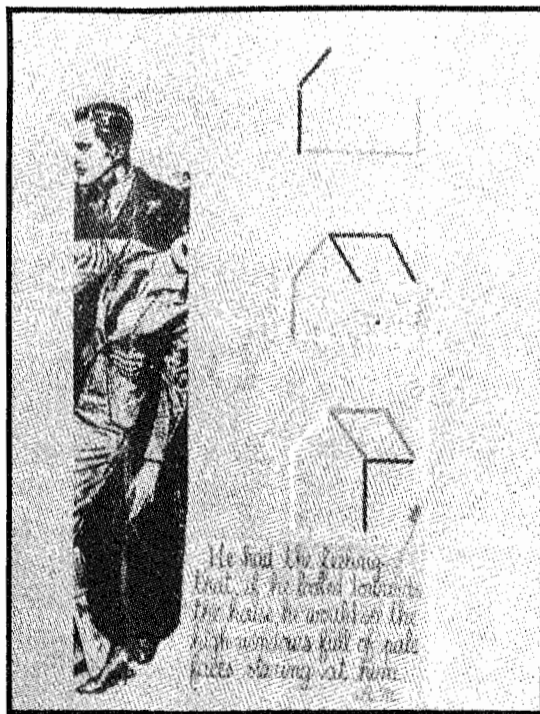
who sang about the problems of being monozygotic, while the others asked "Which one of you is spare?"

It was, after all, based on a nonsense poem and could afford a generous serve of its own nonsense.

As a whole, the performance succeeds as a drama and as a spectacle.



Mailings from Chile



Postal art and brown paper

ANOTHER PERIPHERY
17 Mailings from Chile
by Eugenio Dittborn
Experimental Art Foundation
Until March 23

by Emma Hunt

Eugenio Dittborn's work comes from Chile to Australia and compares the cultural identities, trying to find some link between two "hinterlands".

Australia and Chile are peripheral countries - when placed next to Europe or the United States. Dittborn expresses through his mail paintings the notion that in our peripheral societies, peripheral

gaps and tensions exist between people.

Outcasts, people on the edge of society, like Peruvian Indians and Aborigines, are suffering unintegrated in their own society.

Dittborn's political statements are strong.

Faces of criminals silkscreened onto brown paper are post marked with red acrylic and sewn with red and black wool.

He wants to reject the pictorial tradition of giving his subject an identity. He rejects the enhancing of the artist. He uses plain brown wrapping paper because it denies the monumental element of canvas or the value of the surface as an "absolute representation".

The pretentiousness of art is reduced through the theme of communication, mailing systems, (which has led, indirectly, to the death of criminals and resisters), to a level that every criminal, forgotten sports figure, prostitute and victim of central power will comprehend.

Dittborn's art uses a play of different techniques in his work, but the essence of it is that it is "time superimposed through folding." The mail system is the technology of distance perverted, for within these envelopes, what is sent is only circulation between here and there.

This exhibition is an excellent example of art as a tool of social comment.

Nexus touches wood and drums up a storm

**NEXUS PERCUSSION
ENSEMBLE**
Adelaide Town Hall

by Monica Hanusiak

If you had gone to the concert given by *Nexus* hoping to witness an impressive display of percussion technique I'm sure you would not have been disappointed.

Their dazzling technique confirmed their reputation as the world's top percussion group. But sheer virtuosity was not all that the audience experienced last Thursday night at the Town Hall. In fact, you walked away from the concert impressed not only by *Nexus*' brilliance but also by their musicality.

Their musicality was borne out in the first instance in Steve Reich's *Music for Pieces of Wood*. The piece required three out of the five players on claves to weave rhythmic patterns in, out and over the short rhythmic pattern and pulse that is maintained by the other two players.

The precision and energy of the ensemble in this piece not only gave us a taste of what we were in store for that evening but also underlined the validity of the piece's title: for we certainly did get music from those two pieces of wood.

And so the music continued. But it was music of a different kind that we heard in Takemitsu's *Rain Tree*. In this piece a shimmering soundscape was created through the interplay of vibraphone with marimbas and crotales. *Nexus* replaced the rhythmic drive that we heard in the Reich piece with delicate tone colours that evoked a transitory cool change for most of us who had experienced the heat of that 40 degree day.

William Cahn's *Kebjar Bali* coupled fiery splashes of tone with

equally fiery rhythms. Such was the artistry of *Nexus* that the audience remained spellbound until the last gong finished vibrating. In fact, the silence that existed between the last musical sound that was heard and the first murmurs of applause in this piece and in others enhanced this whole musical experience of *Nexus*.

John Cage's *Third Construction* was a pure celebration of percussion sound and of percussion playing by *Nexus*. As with the rest of the program, we witnessed the meeting of these five individuals' playing powers to create this 'tour de force' of percussion playing.

In the only solo item of the program, Russell Hartenberger, presented a sound possibility that may warrant further exploration. For this was a percussion solo for body. As such it depended on no external percussion apparatus except for a microphone which picked up those sounds produced by the performer as he slapped and drummed on his body. While at times humorous, the performance was inherently musical and not guilty of any sort of gimmick.

The concert closed with another Reich piece, *Drumming, Part I*. As with the first piece, *Nexus* was able to present a performance of the work that embraced the simplicity of its structure on the one hand while revealing the musical intensity underlying such a construction.

The ragtime number that we received as an encore was an added bonus for those of us who had already succumbed to the charms of *Nexus* the night before at the Fezbah. For others it was still a further moment of percussion pleasure. For most of us, the impact of *Nexus*' concert could be seen on the smiling faces that left the Adelaide Town Hall that night.

A voice for after dark

VINCE JONES
Le Rox

by Richard Ogier

The persona of Vince Jones goes a long way towards explaining the current vogue for man and his music; the laid back, take-it-or-leave-it kind of on stage personality, the after-dark voice, the semi-detachment, wit, and elegant maleness that comes through his lyrics. Fittingly, "Vince" and the group shuffled on stage late when they played at Le Rox recently, and began by improvising on the coat tails of a pop tune as it faded out over the public address. It was a novel idea, but didn't really come off; the playing was rather too diffused.

Once the group moved into the familiar territory of its album repertoire however, the music quickly rose to great heights.

Many of the tunes have been associated with Vince Jones since the beginning and now fit his group like well worn slippers.

Both Paul Williamson and Bruce Sandell were very strong as front line reeds, the latter played some of the funkier solo lines I've heard, especially on slow-medium tempos.

Alan Browne fits the classic mould of the jazz drummer, he plays loudly and he accents hard and often.

Unfortunately Vince has added the synthesiser to his instrumentation since he came to Adelaide last year.

While at times it was mildly effective



Vince Jones and friend

tive - an organ setting as a background "wash" - it mostly sounded false and out of place against the group's predominantly acoustic sound.

On the moody slow tempo selections such as *Everything Happens To Me* and *My Funny Valentine*, Joe Chindame's piano accompaniment was a little too deliberate.

Vince's trumpet style concentrates on exploring a sound - as much a personal as a musical one - and Chindame would more effectively

capture and distil it by thinking more in terms of sounds rather than "text-book" chord voicings himself.

Vince's cool and breathy vocal was most effective in its pastel-shaded middle register, and his improvisations were bursting with ideas.

As a trumpet player however he has not the same level of maturity. This sound is interesting enough but too often it is uncertain. Most of his solos did not have

much of that essential ingredient, tension and release, and on some of the quicker tempos his ideas faltered. (Notably, he didn't solo at all on the blistering Be Bop tune *Sneaky Pete*).

When the group played opening melodies and out choruses Vince's trumpet was often drowned out by the reeds.

I think this is a case of instrumental technique falling behind ideas. Hence it will be interesting to see how Vince develops as a Trumpet player.

Johnny the wart returns

ALBUM
Public Image Limited
Virgin Records

by Joe Penhall

John Lydon, A.K.A. *Sex Pistol* Johnny Rotten, once a particularly unsavoury wart up the nose of the music industry is now tickling its fancy with the release of the latest album from his pre-fabricated, post-punk assembly: *Public Image Limited*.

On the enormously acclaimed and aptly titled *Album*, Lydon drones, screams and roars his way through a variety of topics, amounting to intensive frustrated self-expression, in a project which lyrically departs little from his past work, but at times, musically re-embraces the more accessible, exciting rock of the *Sex Pistols*.

Amidst a cacophony of squealing and roaring guitars, airy synthesizers and explosive drums, Lydon's work ranges from the ingenious to the unbearable. The opening track, the high tensile *F.F.F.* is typical of the album. "You used to be nice, now you're twice as nice. You used to be good, now you're too good... Farewell..." he roars, through contorted vocal chords.

The second song, and obvious high point of the album is the single *Rise*. "Anger is an Energy..." he wails, before almost wistfully adding "I could be wrong.. I could be right".

The album's most obvious let down (or highlight, depending on how hard core a fan one is) is the monotonous *Fishing*. As if to assert that the previous song's melody was a mistake, Lydon drones on, occasionally breaking into an enraged snarl, with only the lyrics saving it ("Sweet subservience, I think you're stupid but deserve a mention").

Bags is another of the painfully monotonous set, with the chant: "Black rubber bags" muscling in sixty-three times.

The final track, and a comparative highpoint is *Ease*. With a marching tempo reminiscent of *Rise*, and a catchy refrain and chorus, it would make a good close to the album.

It is an album which, although as subtle (and at times painful) as a stoning, is a testament to Lydon's honesty and originality, and although by no means a great musical contribution, it will hopefully artistically herald the return of Lydon as an innovator.

Violent Femmes chase big bucks

VIOLENT FEMMES

The Blind Leading the Naked

by Matt Gibson

It has been over a year and a half since the release of the *Violent Femmes* second album, *Hallowed Ground*.

The group found a surprise success on the progressive music market with their unique genre of music - a type of early fifties, gospel, country punk, characterized by Gordon Gano's deranged, dysphoric-sounding vocals.

Their new album, *The Blind Leading The Naked*, sees a progression towards a much tighter rhythm section, a direct result of the influence of producer and session muso, Jerry Harrison (of *Talking Heads* fame).

The album is orientated toward commercial success. As is typical of such attempts, the album's release was spearheaded by the release of the only cover on the album as 'the single' - a remake of the early 70's T-Rex classic *Children of the Revolution*. The album's release also coincides with an Australian tour, the perfect cash generating combination.

It is often all too easy to be critical of an album, when the general style of the work does not appeal. However it is not hard to appreciate the quality of the music both in relation to other crisp anarchistic-sounding bands and to their own earlier material. This album will certainly delight most of *Violent Femmes* cult following and probably earn them a few extra adherents.



Violent Femmes

Delicious self-indulgence

BOOZE, CARS AND COLLEGE GIRLS

Spalding Gray
Little Theatre

by Bill Morton

Spalding Gray: a rather ordinary looking man who during his entire "performance" doesn't move from behind a desk.

Subject matter which never approaches the so-called "essential ingredients" of good theatre, which is never challenging, thought provoking, topical or political.

And yet, remarkably, one of the most enjoyable nights spent so far this Festival. Welcome relief from being shouted at, dictated to, or physically forced into either some sort of involvement or response to what's happening on stage.

This is pure self-indulgence of an almost delicious nature.

And our own indulgence derives

from that of Gray. *Booze, Cars and College Girls* is nothing more than one man in the midst of a stream of fees, mostly spontaneous recollections about experiences from his earlier life.

There are his "Lost Weekends", the code word for a weekend of adolescent alcoholic self destruction. There are his aspirations to be a member of the Ferrari team, and the resultant pranging of parent's cars. Then there is the loss of virginity and the discovery of "sexuality".

Such unashamed, uncompromised preoccupation with one's own self is a practice so often wallowed in by pretentious performers convinced of a God given uniqueness and superior importance. Spalding Gray is never guilty of such crimes. His delivery is always naturalistic and conversational.

And what makes it all the more accessible is that Gray unfolds his "adventures" in such a way that we

sense he shares our own excitement in the discovery of a relived experience.

Running through the whole performance is the question: how does such a simple format create such appeal? It is not, I believe, that Gray's life has been any more exciting or eventful than our own. Instead I suspect the show is based around a simple, basic philosophy: that in every person's life there is something worth telling, and something to be gained from it by other people. Herein lies the justification for Gray to use the theatre as a vehicle for his own self exploration and explanation, and to charge people money to witness it.

What we must not forget is that behind this seemingly simple format is a theatrical form which Gray has created for himself and has now brought close to perfection. So he is much more than a rather quaint man who spins a good yarn.

Back to the past

from page 15

The characters are all extraordinary in the degree to which they are cast apart from the traditional feminine roles of their period.

In addition to this are the ways the characters interact when they are thrown together from different time periods, classes, occupations, even languages.

Feminism, although presented in its most obvious form by 13 female speakers, never becomes a front-running theme of the play. It is a subtle back-drop for the clearer aim of the play which is to examine and contrast the life-styles of women from different classes and careers.

Nelle Kolle, Patricia Hackett and Agnes Dobson, all stage performers of a sort and from a similar period, are seen as essentially false by an early colonial housewife, Hannah Pike, who would see life without the cut and polish of the entertainers.

Another interesting character interaction occurs between Catherine Helen Spence, a social reformer during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and Kate Cocks, the world's first Policewoman who admire each others' achievements.

An audience at the Little Theatre can only be overwhelmed by the flood of information they encounter from a performance of *Ring The Bell*.

Research has been extensive with a number of surprises occurring throughout the play as more and more connections are revealed between the characters. *Ring The Bell* has won this year's *Advertiser* Critics' Fringe award as this excellent production stands in a class above the usual Fringe activities.

For those who enjoy thoughtful and entertaining drama with a complementary musical score, *Ring The Bell Softly, There's Crêpe On The Door* is something to see.

Tim Winton: the angel of the literati

TIM WINTON is a young Australian writer, the author of three books and a winner of the Miles Franklin Award. During a recent visit to Adelaide he spoke to **DINO DI ROSA**.

Tim Winton looks like an ant-eater and writes like an angel.

He is at twenty-five one of the most gifted prose writers in the land, but I found him humble and "grateful" - and wearing nothing but a bath-towel.

His three books, *An Open Swimmer*, *Shallows* and *Scission*, have garnered him Australia's most important literary trophies, including the rich *Australian Vogel* for the first novel and the honourable *Miles Franklin Award* for the second, and acclamations such as this from Don Anderson: "his fiction is full of care, in all three senses - of craftsmanship, of moral concern, and of a sobriety before the facts of life."

Here for Writers' Week, he had just launched another critically successful novel, *That Eye in the Sky*, when he told me he was still completing his "apprenticeship", still "learning".

I show him too much reverence and respect, I talk desperately of artistry and craftsmanship, "Hemingway" and "Joyce", but he tells it to me straight and simple. "I think I'm just another human being, I'm lucky and fortunate enough and grateful for it. What I enjoy doing and doing well I can do full time. I'd be just as happy if I were a maker of chairs; it's using what you've got, and doing it and doing it properly. You're just doing something well. Making good things: that's all life's about."

But surely there are one or more dimensions to writing than there are to woodwork, more to art than there is to craft?

"If I was only a craftsman, my work would only be the sum of its attributes. But a good story is magic; it's more than its components. Once you pull the compo-

nents away, you still haven't found the mystery of the story."

Tim Winton knew fairly early on in life that he would be a writer and that writing would be his life as well as his livelihood. He would have been ten at the time of the first inkling, and a little older when he had the conviction. He was sixteen when his work was first published, a poem in a far-off literary magazine that went bust.

"I can't remember when I wasn't a writer," he says, "in the sense that I can't remember that I didn't write. I became a writer - when I started writing well."

He began his first novel, the beautifully adolescent *An Open Swimmer*, with a sense of innocent resolve, and such a resolve has enlivened and distinguished his work every since. (This was 1980: a long, lost time ago).

"I was in love with the notion that I could write a book. I felt that I was going to write a book - I could feel this book, and all I had to worry about was just getting it finished. I was so taken by the magic and excitement of writing a book. I felt I could see it out, and did, and it felt great. It was hard but very exciting."

Shallows, his deep and complex, but somehow too prosaic and distanced, second novel was an altogether different kind of experience, however.

"*Shallows* was a frightening experience because it was a second book: all the expectations, you won a big prize, blah, blah, blah. A very big idea and it was a big, ambitious work. It was kind of one of those I should have kept in the bottom drawer for ten or fifteen years, for my old age. But what the hell with people's expectations; I just wrote it the way I saw it."

In any case, this 1984 novel, which took two and a half years to write, won the milestone Miles Franklin.

But I still choose to 'bring up' Wolfe and Hemingway and Faulkner (and Mailer and Henry Miller, for chrissakes) - 'great men' because great writers.

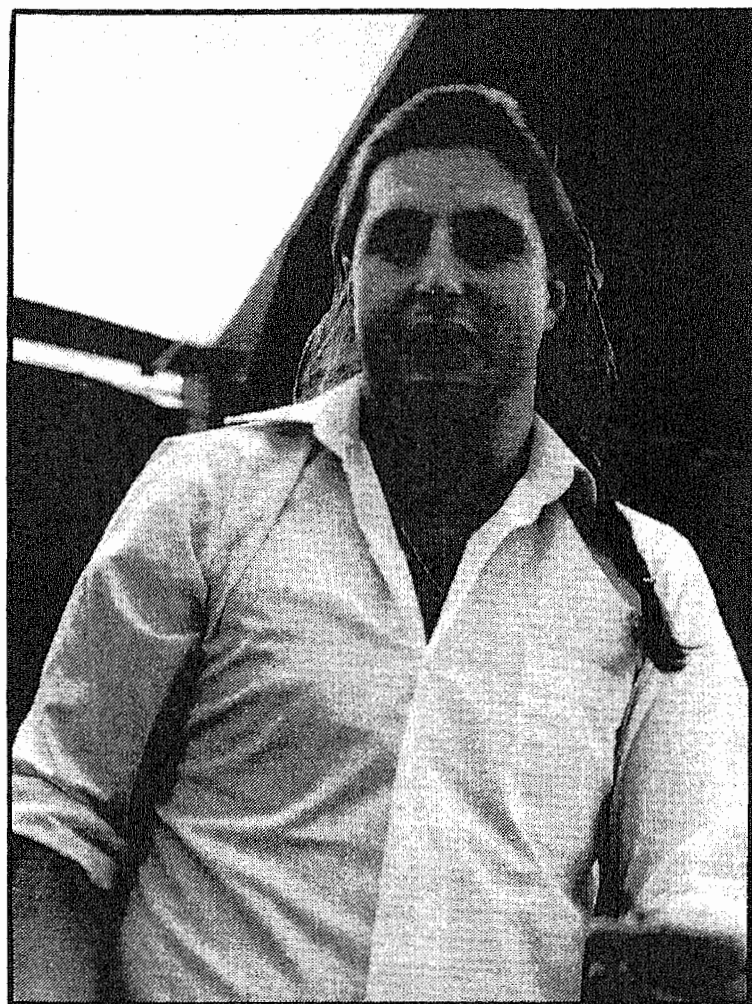
"This whole business of celebrity and writing books are totally separate," assures Winton. "They're not anything to do with each other. I mean, you can't confuse great books with great people. I think Brian Gore's got a lot more to offer to humanity than Hemingway ever had. It's a different scale altogether. It's an American phenomenon which we swallow lock, stock and barrel. Once you write a good book, somehow you're special. You walked up to Hemingway and saw that he was famous because he was used to being treated like he was famous."

"It's like Ken Kesey; he's used to being famous, he's a cultural figure. I hope he's still a writer, though it's always a mystery whether he's a writer anymore or not. But you're a cultural figure, and that's much different. I don't like that."

A Christian who sees the idea of an exclusively man-centred universe as "egotistical" (you mean egocentric? I suggest. No, he says, *egotistical*), Winton is not so religious about so-called art.

"My life is just as important as my writing - probably more important. There's more to life than writing; there's more to life than art. As I said to someone else yesterday: if it comes to saving a person's life and losing the Mona Lisa, you can have the Mona Lisa, mate! Burn it, take it! If it's ten people versus the Sphinx, take the Sphinx; I want the people."

"Art isn't life: art comes from life, it proceeds from life; and it takes on a life of its own. It isn't the same as human life. That doesn't negate the importance of art. All forms of artistic endeavours are one of the



Tim Winton

highest things we can do, almost as high as giving food to people who haven't got any food."

The literate among us will hear more from Tim Winton. Next year he will leave for Europe with his family in what should be a three-year-long "sedentary" sojourn, during which time he will write a "big novel" he has planned.

Before all this he will publish another collection of stories, which he hopes to be a development, if not an improvement, on *Scission*,

and a book of two novellas after the fashion of Helen Garner and other Melbourne writers.

We have, I think, agreed to disagree: I am still in devout awe of the pantheon - and of stuff like this, from *Open Swimmer*.

'Made out of the part of the brain.' The aggregated life, the distilled knowledge of lifetimes, of ancestors, of travel, of instinct, of things unseen and unknown. His sluggish mind blundered on unaware.

One, two, three - testing?

About Vivvie

JUST TESTING
Derek Robinson
(William Collins, \$15.95)

by Paul Washington

"Absolute wonder, that something as beautiful could be so devastating and destructive. It's as simple as that. You see the shock-wave coming out from it, and...It's a terrific sight, beautiful. In the middle of it varies from...oh...all sorts of colours...like five-four colours, y'know...right through the range, right through the spectrum. You have the red colour to an outside of pure white which even clouds in the sky don't seem to possess the same whiteness. And yet it's so devastating and so destroying."

Wally Jackson
(Christmas Island, 1954)
From *Just Testing*

For most of us the nuclear spectre is a grim possibility lurking over the horizon. It means the clippings we see on the news, and politicians negotiating behind closed doors. We hear about it, and occasionally talk about it, and one or two of us even try to do something about it, futile as such efforts are.

But for a significant minority namely those British military personnel who were stationed in the vicinity of, and participated in, the labour pains of nuclear technology in the fifties, the nuclear threat is an undeniable reality.

Denied the technological advances of the Manhattan Project, the British embarked upon a series of



rapid tests in the fifties to develop their nuclear capabilities.

But until 1960, 2 years National Service was compulsory for every man, eighteen and British. *Just Testing* reports how twenty thousand servicemen were exposed, literally as guinea-pigs, at Christmas Island, Monte Bello and Maralinga to over twenty huge nuclear explosions.

Now nearly thirty years later, for most of these ex-servicemen the sound of the bombs still rings every day.

In 1983 the British Nuclear Test Veterans Association was formed with the aim of achieving recognition from the Ministry of Defence of the danger to which servicemen were exposed, and of seeking compensation for them and their dependants.

A BNTTVA study of over a thousand ex-servicement con-

ducted in 1985 uncovered what many had suspected all along - that those ex-servicemen exposed to nuclear radiation were largely suffering severe medical problems.

Over half of those surveyed suffered from serious skin diseases, many from heat and lung problems, many from ulcers, some reported premature loss of hair and teeth, many were sterile, and a number reported grossly deformed children.

Just Testing is a comprehensive account of the investigations conducted by the BNTTVA, whilst hindered by a blanket of silence from the officials and departments concerned.

To coincide with the Australian Royal Commission of Inquiry a number of books upon the same theme were released.

Along with Derek Robinson's *Just Testing* came *Clouds of Deceit* by Joan Smith, and *Fields of Thunder* by Denys Blakensay and Sue Lloyd-Roberts.

Although recompense is yet to be made to the victims of a decade's nuclear testing the gross irresponsibility of the Ministry of Defence and others involved in the test program is finally coming to light.

Just Testing is as convincing as any document based on the unofficial investigations of a volunteer organisation can be.

It is a necessary book for all concerned with the nuclear testing program in the world today, and for those who seek to understand the true human cost of nuclear 'progress'.

VIV RICHARDS:
The Authorised Biography
Trevor McDonald
Sphere \$7.95

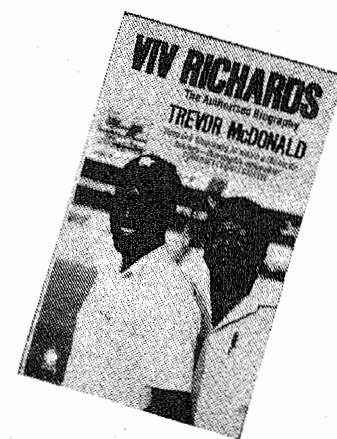
by Robert Lawton

Paperback sporting biographies are as common as sparrows. Generally, they contain several thousand words glorifying the subject, written in lumpy sports-writer style. The heroine or hero picks up the racket/gets on a horse/learns to drive and after the initial setback of patchy form becomes a world champion and instant celebrity. Plenty of journalists can (and do, I'm sure) trot out these potboilers in their sleep.

This book is the first sports biography I've ever finished - but that is not to say that it jumps right out of the mould I've described above. The subject, the world's most commanding batsman, helps to bring the book alive. The author, aware of this, is constantly quoting Richards at length on his memories of certain matches, his politics (or lack of them), his thoughts on his fellow players and the game itself.

West Indian cricket was for years a pastime for the white colonists. But about the time Vivien Richards was born, black West Indians began a slow progression towards their current position of great sporting prestige.

This was inevitably linked with the islands' movement towards political independence. Although "Viv-



vie" continually asserts that he's not interested in politics, Trevor McDonald writes some of the best passages in the book when discussing the close ties between fame and success on the field and the growth of national confidence and self-awareness.

Despite the pedestrian style and the pages of statistics and cricket trivia, the special magnetism about Richards comes through. His elegant and unaffected voice, is present throughout most of the book, discussing his early success in England (when he seemed incapable of ever making less than a century), his attitudes to South Africa, to Rastafarianism and to his own success. This makes the book readable.

But it is no more than that - just readable - because of the way in which the narrative swerves about and McDonald's habit of dropping in chunks of irrelevant background and cricket stories, and repeating himself several times over.

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

MEETINGS

Resistance Club
"Towards True Democracy in the Philippines". Speaker: Loretta Rosales, National Council member, BAYAN (coalition of teacher, student, peasant, church, womens, trade union organisations).

Thursday March 20th, 1.00 pm on the Barr Smith Lawns.

Organised by the Resistance Club in conjunction with the Philippines Action Support Group.

Students for Christ
Thursday, 20/3/86, 1.00 pm (5 - 10 mins), "Students for Christ" AGM. Please come along for this brief meeting (5-10 mins) which is necessary for our affiliation. The planned Students for Christ meeting will run straight on from this.
Tony Mills, phone 277 2228; pigeonhole "Students for Christ", Clubs and Societies Office.

A.U. Society for the Reform of Marijuana Laws

We are pleased to announce the Inaugural General Meeting for 1986 of our esteemed society. You are invited to be present at 1.00 pm on Thursday, March 20th, in the South Dining Room (Level 4, Union House), and to conduct yourself in a manner becoming a Uni student.

German Club
Kaffeeklatsch - free coffee and German conversation. Everyone welcome. Thursday, 1.00 - 3.00 pm. Chapel.

Lutheran Student Fellowship (L.S.F)
You're welcome to come along to our introductory meeting this Thursday 20/3 at 1pm (lunchtime) in the chapel. It's a great way to find out just what makes L.S.F tick and to meet the rest of the mob. Good on ya!

Adelaide High School Old Scholars Association

Annual General Meeting, 24th March 1986, 7.30 pm, Adelaide High School.

All Old Scholars most welcome. Any Old Scholars wishing to become members see me, or put name, address and phone number in my pigeon hole.

Kristen Tilmouth
Vice President AHSOSA
Contact Dept - Organic Chem.

A.L.P. Club
The Annual General Meeting of the Australian Labor Party Students' Association will be held at 1 pm on Tuesday March 25 in the Lit-

tle Cinema. Speaker will be A.L.P. State Secretary Chris Schacht; and there will be elections for all office-bearers. If you're a club member, you're urged to attend.

20th National Folk Festival
La Trobe University, Easter 27th - 31st March, 1986, weekend student ticket \$33.00, brochures available from Barry Salter in Union Administration.

Juggling Club
Tuesday 1.00 pm. After the excitement of Orientation Week with more new clubs to join than you have fingers, you may think the Barr Smith Lawns have gone dead. Think again however, as the re-emergence of the Juggling Club in 1986 has been postponed to live up the post O-Week blues. Some of you may not realise that an important part of your education does not involve reading books, others may have trouble keeping their balls in the air, still others may have had a burning ambition to learn to juggle. Whoever you are, come along to the Barr Smith Lawns on Tuesday and learn to juggle at lunchtime. B.Y.O. balls please.

Disarmament Ambassador Richard Butler
Since his appointment by the Hawke Labor Government, Richard Butler has pushed tirelessly in world forums for real, verifiable arms reductions. His appearance is the work of the Politics Department, and all A.L.P. Club members are welcome to hear him speak in Napier 101, at 8 pm on Monday March 17th.

SPORT

Lunchtime Fitness Classes
By the University of Adelaide Health Service.

Time: Tuesdays and Thursdays 12.30 - 1.00 pm.

Place: North/South Dining Room, Level 4, Union Building (Diagonally opposite the Craft Centre). Change rooms, toilets and showers Level 4 and 5.

The classes run for 30 minutes with the opportunity to learn to jog or to join in one of the running groups after, if you wish.

Inquiries to Sean Power, Health Service, 5050.

Women's Soccer
The A.U. Women's Soccer Club is looking for a coach for the reserve team. Applicants and interested players phone 269 2960 or leave a note in our pigeon-hole in the Sports Association Office.

The Windsurfing Club
Any people interested in learning to Windsurf. There are two training days this Saturday and Sunday 22,23 of March, from 10-4 at Tirranna Way, West Lakes; free for all members, and non-members can join on the day.

After the training on Sunday, there will be a party on the beach in front of the Henley Sailing Club (at the end of Burbridge Road, West Beach). B.Y.O. food. FREE Beer and Wine supplied to all members. So be there! Join the fastest growing sport in the Uni.

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

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

Gridiron
Anyone interested in establishing an Adelaide University gridiron team, contact the Sports Association office on 228 5403 and leave name and phone number.

Surf Club
All members and anyone who wants to join, come to a meeting in the Jerry Portus room, near the Sports Association Office, on Friday March 21 at 1.15 pm.

MISCELLANEOUS

Activities
Tuesday, 18th March - 1.00 - 4.00 pm. Video on videorecorder in Union Bar.

Wednesday, 19th March - 12.10 pm. Film screening of "Teenwolf" with Michael J. Fox in Union Hall. Only \$3.00. See the film on the big screen.

1.00 - 4.00 pm. Clubsport video in Union Bar.

6.00 pm. Music Students performance in Union Bistro.

Thursday, 20th March - 1.00 pm. Lunchtime concert in Union Bar. Doug Anthony All Stars by popular demand.

Friday, 21st March - 12.00 - 2.00 pm. Jazz on Fridays in the Gallery/Coffee Shop with "Greg Knight Quintet" featuring Schmoec on Sax.

6.00 - 9.00 pm. Tony Hubmayer plays Baby-Grand Piano in Union Bistro.

9.00 - midnight. Activities Council is sorry to present *Las Trios Ringbarkus* in Union Bar. Adelaide University Students \$4.00, guests \$6.00. Tickets available from Student Office from Monday, 10.00 am, be early, only 1 guest ticket per member. Note: Union Bar to close 7.00 pm, this night only and re-open 8.00 pm only for *Las Trios Ringbarkus* patrons with tickets. Apologies for inconvenience.

Saturday, 22nd March - 8.00 - midnight. Touch Football Club Bar Night with *Drive-time, Garages of Desire and No U Turn*. Adelaide University Students \$3.00, guests \$4.00 and \$5.

First Term Activities Programme
Cover activities happening in Union Build-

ing 10th March - 10th May. Pick up your programme from your student pigeon hole now. They are being delivered this week.

Coming Entertainment
Huxton Creepers (from Melbourne); *F.A.B., Emmanuel Bros*, and more. O'Camp Reunion, Thursday, 27th March in Union Bar. Free with great band.

1986 Voucher Scheme
Valid March 3rd - April 4th.

You will have received a Union Voucher booklet inside your Union Diary when you paid your Union Fees. The Vouchers entitle you to freebies, discounts and entry into various lotteries when you fill out the information required and lodge them at the designated areas.

Major prizes include full Union Fee refunds, a two week trip to New Zealand and Contiki tour, lunch with the Vice Chancellor, cash prizes of \$100.00, and many more.

The lotteries will be drawn on the Barr Smith Lawns on Thursday, 17th April, at 1.00 pm.

First Term Typing Course
Learn to type in 10 days. Monday to Friday, 7th April - 18th April. A fifty minute lesson per day, 9.10 am or 10.10 am. Classes in Meeting Room 1 (Level 5, Union House). Cost \$40.00 students, \$50.00 public. Electric typewriters available.

Registration forms now available from the Union Administration Centre.

Become a Scout Leader
As a means of meeting and working with young people the role of a scout leader is second to none. Rose Park scouts need two assistant scout leaders. Meetings are held on Friday evenings through school term dates with occasional additional activities, camps, bushwalks, etc. scheduled at weekends. An experienced scout leader already conducts the meetings and will be happy to provide training and an introduction to scouting activities. Rose Park is located in the inner eastern suburbs with the scout hall just a few hundred metres from the Parklands. If interested please ring Jim Litchfield, after-hours 31 1592.

Information Wanted
Two weeks ago two filing cabinets, one with four drawers and one with a single drawer, went missing from Level 5, Room 56 of the Union Building. These grey cabinets contained 97 years of records and history of the A.U. Science Association, and are irreplaceable although they are worthless to anyone else.

Could anyone who has any information on their location or who saw them being removed please contact the A.U. Science Association in the Clubs Association office, or phone Paul Brooks on ext. 5049, a.h. 278 5481. Anonymous letters may be left in the Student office, Clubs Association office, or Paul Brooks' pigeon-hole in Physics.

Exhibition
An exhibition will be held during the last week of the festival in the architecture department of Adelaide University.

There are a lot of posters (more than 100), many of extremely high quality (several of Japan's leading graphic artists are represented).

Times: anytime between 10.00 and 5 pm till the 23rd. Many of the posters are for sale.

Wanted
Person to share 2 br flat in Joslin (St. Peters). Rent \$35 p.w. plus expenses. \$50 bond. Preferably non-smoker. Phone Patrick 363 0753.

Lost
Lost on 12/3/86. Disabled student urgently needs return of Sony lapel microphone and carpiece used in lectures; Ph: 344 5303, or contact J. Felis, Botany Dept. pigeonholes.

Lost
Precious silver bracelet on Uni campus. Tuesday 4th March. Please contact Uta Enneking, ph 269 3047. reward offered.

FOR SALE
HONDA CK 500 MOTORCYCLE. Great touring bike in immaculate condition. 6 months reg. 1 lady owner. \$1300 o.n.o. Phone: 42 4943 ah.

For Sale:
Red Suzuki GSX 250. Top cond. Reg. till Aug. \$800. Phone Rob. 42 5141.

For Sale:
Very large fridge in excellent working cond. \$150. Also about eight lounge chairs for \$40. Phone Rob 42 5141.

Wanted To Buy:
Clemente Anatomy: A Regional Atlas of the Human Body.
Joseph - "Textbook of Regional Anatomy" or Snell - "Clinical Anatomy for Medical Students".
If you have any of these and are willing to part with them, please contact Anne on 333 2651 after 6 pm.

For Sale:
1 Wardrobe; 1 Large 4 drawer student desk; 1 dresser table; 1 Ripcurl wet suit; small. Phone 267 4802 and ask for Denis or Gerry.

For Sale
Datsun 1600, 1972 model. Reconditioned engine, new clutch, new master and slave cylinders. Body requires a few repairs. Runs excellently, good practical car, has served owner faithfully.
Only \$895.00, phone: 258 0837 after 6.00 pm.

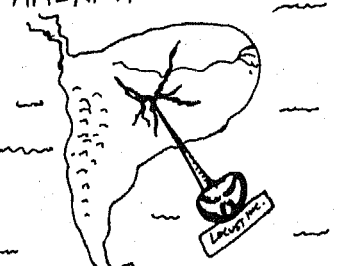
For Sale
Men's 12 speed Malvern Star Racer. Good condition. New tubes and tyres, has carrier - \$130 ono. Contact Stephen 332 4360 (evenings).

DANGERPIG!

- AND HIS CONSORT - CARELESS ROBERT.

MAIS, OUI,
PIG FANS! HOSTILE OCTOGENARIANS, COMBAT LLAMAS AND THE MASTER LOCUST! HOW WILL OUR HEROES COPE? HOW WILL WE?

PLOT DEVICE NO. 48: MEANWHILE, IN SOUTH AMERICA ...



THE MASTER LOCUST, LLAMA PLAN UNDERWAY, IS UP TO NO GOOD AGAIN ...



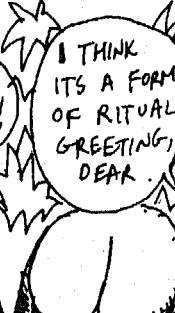
NO, GENTLE READER: THAT IS NOT A FREUDIAN SYMBOL: THE MASTER LOCUST HAS STOLEN THE SACRED GOLDEN ZUCCHINI IDOL OF THE BIZARRE AND ISOLATED PROUD - HOMME IST TRIBE!



PROPERTY IS THEFT



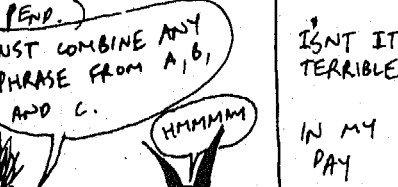
NATURALLY, THEY ARE UPSET ...

AND, WE'LL GET BACK TO THAT STORY LATER.. MEANWHILE, IN DOWNTOWN PIGSVILLE ..




CARELESS ROBERT SETS OUT TO PACIFY THE OLDSTERS WITH HIS ECHIONA - BRAND OLDIES BUZZWORD GENERATOR! (PAT. PEND.)



- BUZZWORD GENERATOR -

A	B	C
OOOHH,	I DONT KNOW	THINGS WERE DIFFERENT
YEESSSS	DEAR	THESE YOUNGSTERS
ISNT IT TERRIBLE	I REMEMBER WHEN	MY HUSBANDS INCONTINENT
IN MY PAY	BELIEVE YOU ME	DONT LIKE THE WEATHER.

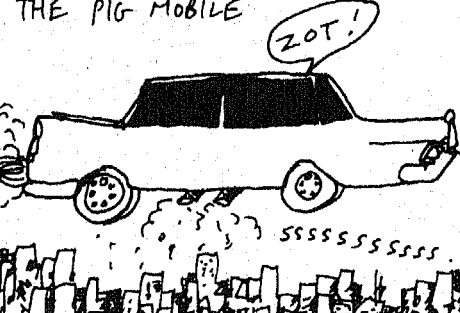
AND: IT WORKS! WITH CONVERSATION, SCONES AND A VOTE ON LOCAL COUNCIL, C.R. WINS THEM OVER!



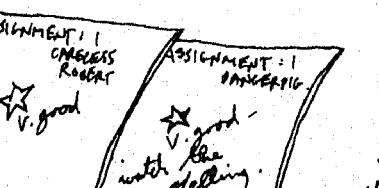
THIS ALLOWS DANGERPIG AND ROBERT TO GO AFTER THE LLAMA-MENACE.




THEY SPRAY THE CITIES FROM THE PIG MOBILE



AND WIN! THUS PASSING THEIR FIRST TEST IN SUPER-HERO SCHOOL ... (IF ONLY IT WERE THAT EASY)



AND NOW! COMPETITION TIME! WRITE IN AND TELL US WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE -




START AT THE BACK!

Edited by Graham Lugsden

Fame and Misfortune

Heard last week near the *On dit* office as a Festival-goer was looking for the performance venue: "Excuse me. Do you know where the small theatre is?"

Word watch

The Chinese are famous for their spirit of invention, so perhaps it's not surprising that China is where the 'wrong character correction team' has originated.

The 'wrong character correction team' is not a horde of roving psychologists hunting down people with personality disorders, but rather the Chinese equivalent of a scout group which seeks out and eliminates sloppy calligraphy.

Groups of children known as 'Young Pioneers', to which membership is compulsory under the direction of the Communist Party, roam the streets of Peking seeking out careless strokes and dashes in the characters on signs and billboards.

In one week the Young Pioneers find up to 40,000 mistaken characters.

Some children are even giving their parents dictation tasks.

On another tack the State Commission of Language Planning has plans to ensure that 'all Chinese speak the same language by the year 2,000'.

However attempts to modify the language by pruning about 800 characters from the alphabet have been angrily opposed by older Chinese unable to understand the script.

Sesqui... squibbly... centy... 150th

Texas is celebrating its 150th birthday with South Australia this year, so this column thought it would "do something for the Jubilee" that involved the Lone Star State. Hence, we acquired a copy of *The Dallas Morning News*. (One does not like to go overboard in one's patriotism.)

Buried inside the *D.M.N.* was

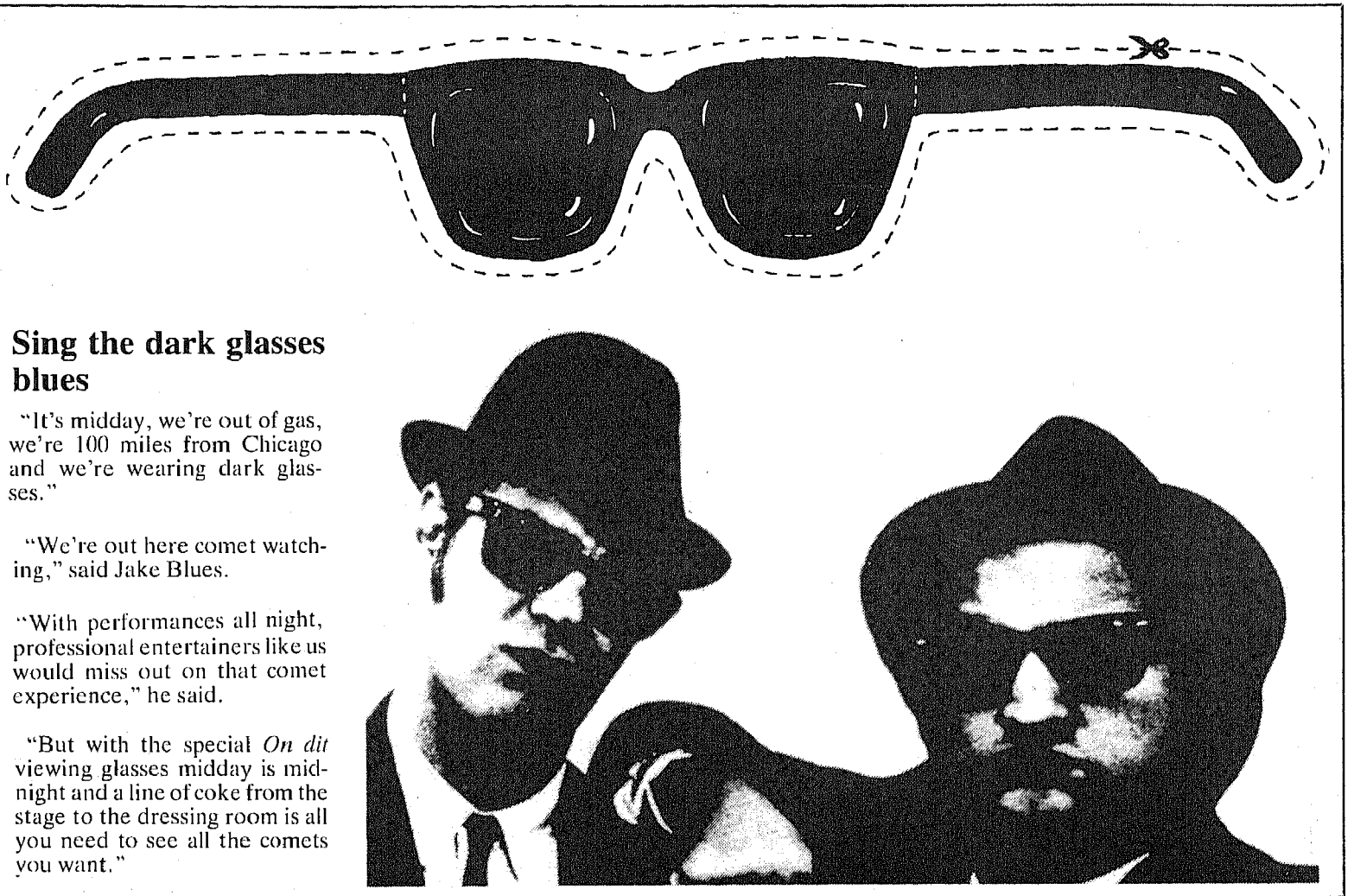
Sing the dark glasses blues

"It's midday, we're out of gas, we're 100 miles from Chicago and we're wearing dark glasses."

"We're out here comet watching," said Jake Blues.

"With performances all night, professional entertainers like us would miss out on that comet experience," he said.

"But with the special *On dit* viewing glasses midday is midnight and a line of coke from the stage to the dressing room is all you need to see all the comets you want."



the classified section, which is, in its own opinion, "the world's largest classified marketplace". They have some very strange ads in Dallas.

One classification is simply called 'Happy Ads' where people pay money to wish the world some inane pleasantries. "Have a nice day", "Be optimistic" and "Nice days are worth having" are repeated ad nauseam.

Then there are the more unusual Happy Ads:

"Super kid, Sabrina Bell made the fourth grade B Honour Roll. Congratulations, Dad."

"What are these happy ads doing around me?"

"At least we had Paris."

"Knock yourself out."

"Eat more possum."

"Go S.M.U." (Can anyone tell us what this means?)

"Monday, Monday." (It was Wednesday).

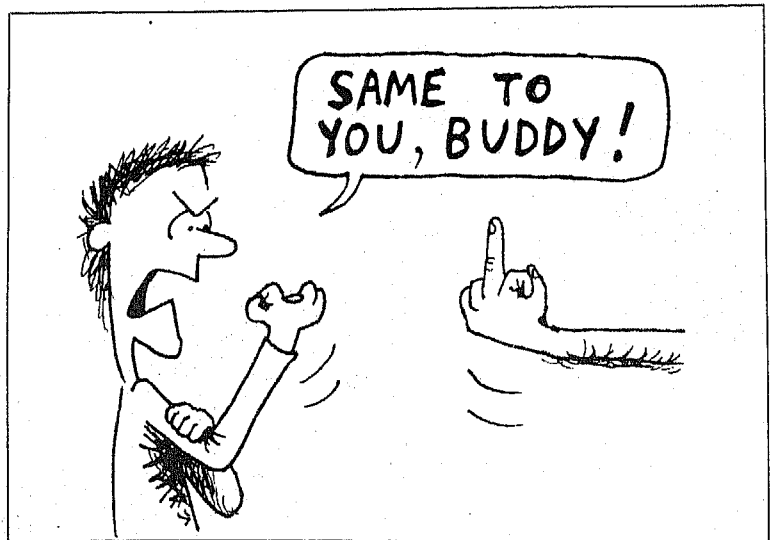
There must have been a big football match looming, because there was one section called 'Cowboy Sidelines'. (The local ball-chuckers are the Dallas Cowboys). Some of these included "Good luck Cowboys", "Go Cowboys go!", "Cowboys you're number 1" and "Have a nice day."

And lastly, there is an ad for 'Rambo Grams'. If you want Rambo to come to your party, call (Texas) 279 2855. True.

Spare Parts

Last week this column told of the Auckland man who retrieved his artificial leg from the police. Now it seems that a West German person has misplaced a finger.

Berlin police are searching hospital records for a possible owner of the severed digit. They said that a 26-year-old



man was surprised to hear a thud as he entered his car parked in the Tegel district of West Berlin. He investigated, and found the wayward finger. Thinking it was just a sick joke, he left it by the roadside, but at the weekend he contacted

police and returned to the spot. Experts later confirmed that the finger was human. Adelaide University students who believe

that the finger may be theirs are asked to ring ISD 0011 301 3805467.

PRESENTING THE SUPERHERO WHO'S SO TALENTED HE CAN LIP-READ THE MUPPETS...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

in
BACK TO THE PAST
Part 2

TREVOR HAS INADVERTENTLY
WALKED INTO A TIME
MACHINE...

