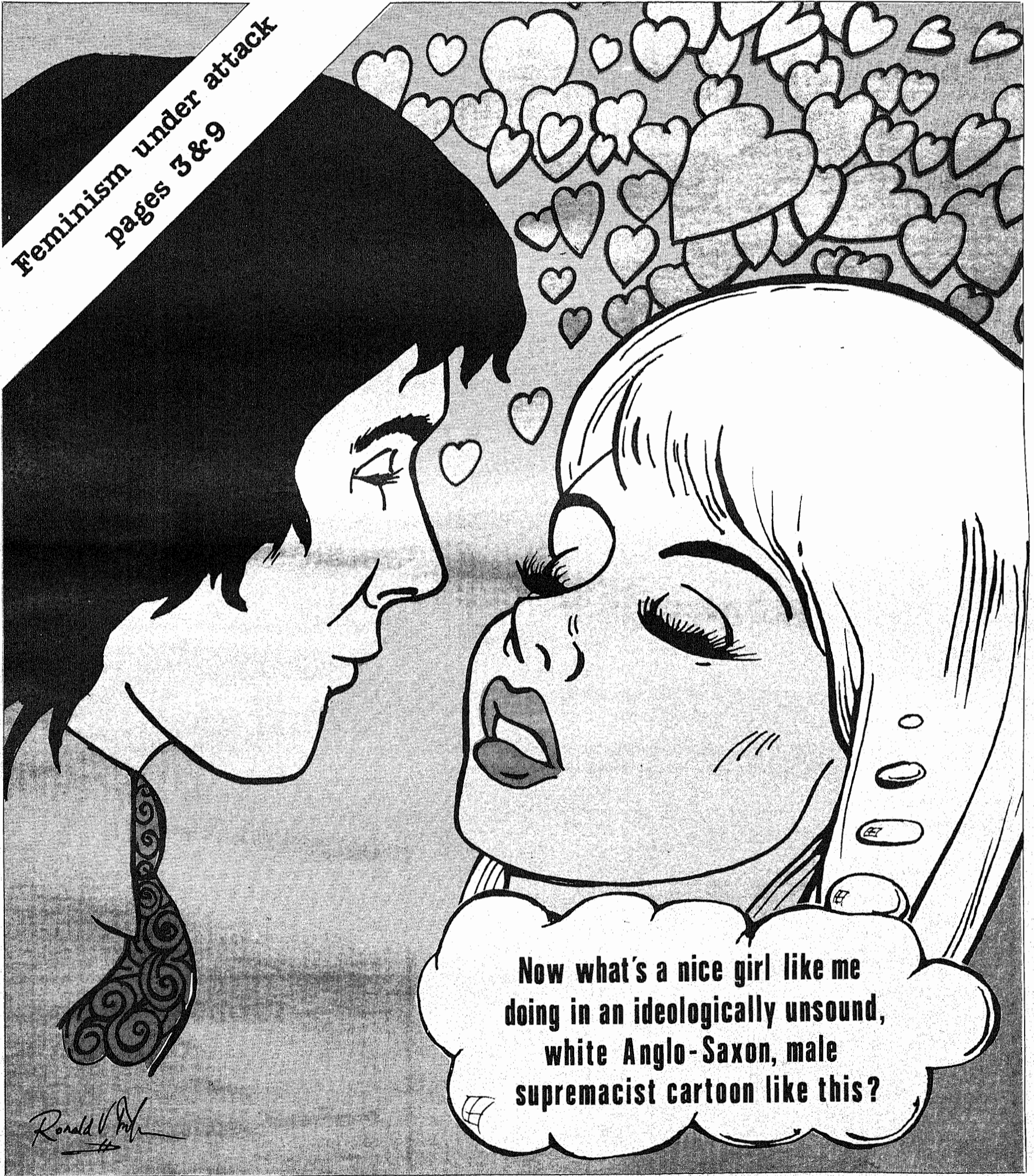


On dit

Vol.52 No. 14

Adelaide University

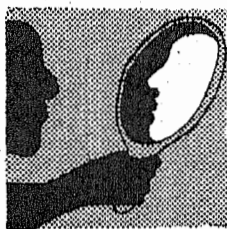
30 July 1984



HORROR DEATH PLUNGE Exclusive pix inside

A woman on the air offended male egos - SAFM's Josephine

PAGE TWO PROFILE



by Alison Rogers

Josephine, radio station SA-FM's popular disc jockey and one of the first women to work in Adelaide commercial radio as an announcer, doesn't like to be labelled a feminist.

"I believe anyone who wants to do what they like should do it" she says.

"If people want to be housewives, they should be housewives; if they want to be radio announcers, tennis players — whatever — they should."

And yet Josephine's own career hasn't been all that easy.

"Early on I was amazed at the men I was working with. They reacted so violently against working with a woman. I think their male egos were offended."

But she doesn't face these problems at SA-FM. Far from it, in fact.

"They are a fairly enlightened station, more so than most" she says.

"As far as radio stations in Adelaide go, this is the best for attitudes to anyone."

"Paul Thompson is the spearhead for all that, he is very open-minded. It was his idea to get two female disc jockeys."

"He is also very progressive thinking as far as radio programming and attitudes towards the public is concerned."

"We've got the community switchboard, the job search scheme and the listener advisory board. That's where we advertise for people and they come in and criticize the radio station at their leisure."

So who's behind all of SA-FM's new ideas?

"Greg Smith, our program manager, instigates most of our ideas. He is very good, one of the best programmers in Australia, if not the best."

"I really think SA-FM is one of the best radio stations to work for in Adelaide. We're a team, everyone pulls together!"

Josephine herself has been involved in radio for seven years.

"I really got bored with the run-of-the-mill things that people do" she says.

"I started in radio by going to the West Australian Institute of Technology where a community radio station was started up."

"Then I worked my way into commercial radio through country radio."

"Working in the country is valuable experience. It's highly regarded by commercial stations."

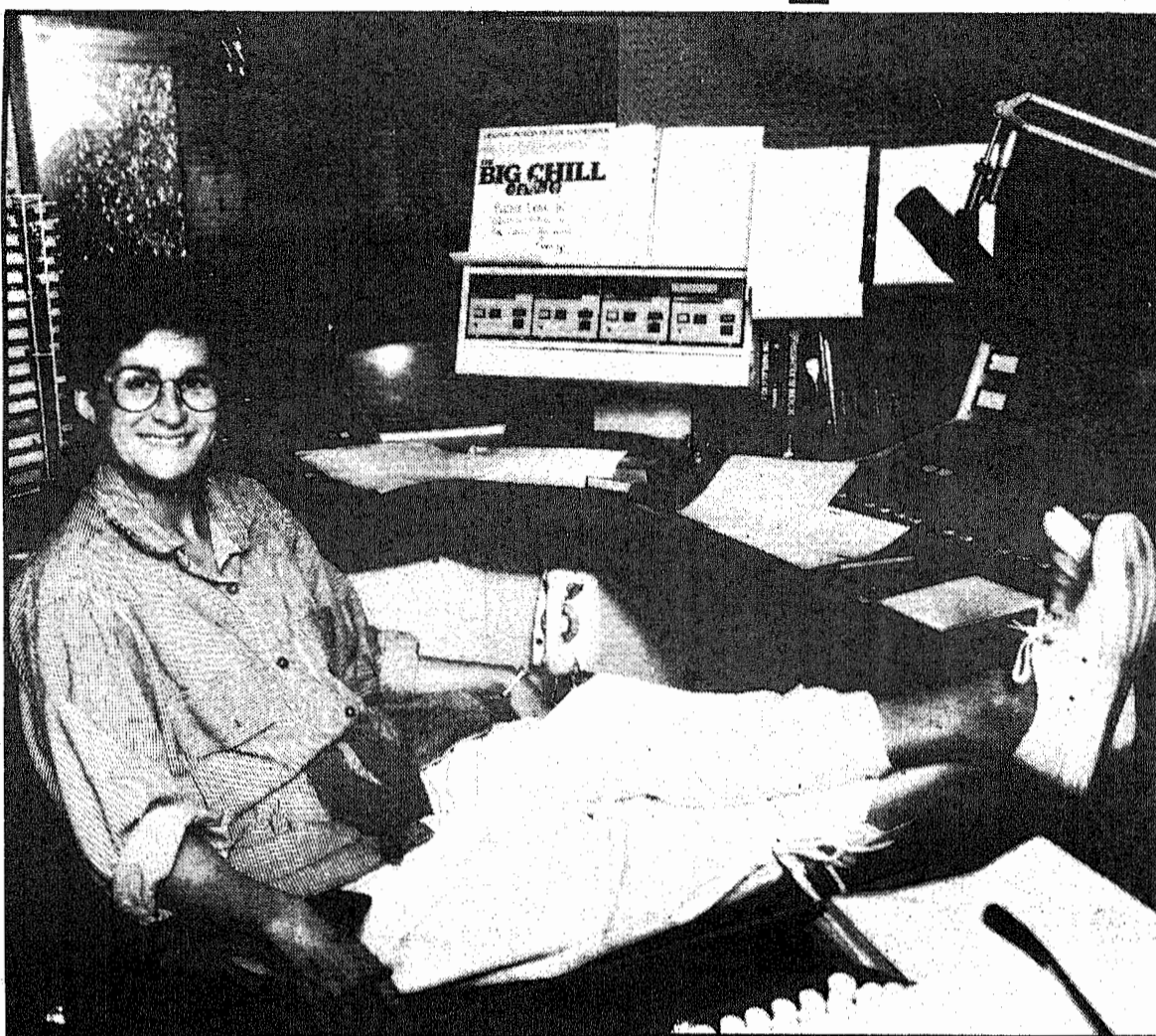
How did she land a job with SA-FM?

"I left Western Australia after finding Perth radio a hard nut to crack into. So I came here and knocked on all the doors and left tapes with all the stations. SA-FM was the first one that came through."

Josephine agrees that radio makes a challenging and difficult career.

"I've had a lot of fun out of radio, but it can take over your life."

"I think I have this obsession with space."



Josephine stretches out in the studio

"The small studio really doesn't feel constrictive unless you spend too much time on air. I can nip out during four tracks in a row and make myself a coffee."

Most people wouldn't regard Josephine's midnight to dawn shift as the most civilised working hours.

"It is very hard to find openings for better shifts" she says. "Everyone is good."

"At the moment I'm just putting

my head down and working at being a good announcer."

"I feel as though being a disc jockey is a constant revision of what you do and saying to yourself 'that's terrible' or 'that could have been done better'."

"I think I could be a lot better than I am at the moment."

Would she like to see more women involved in the media?

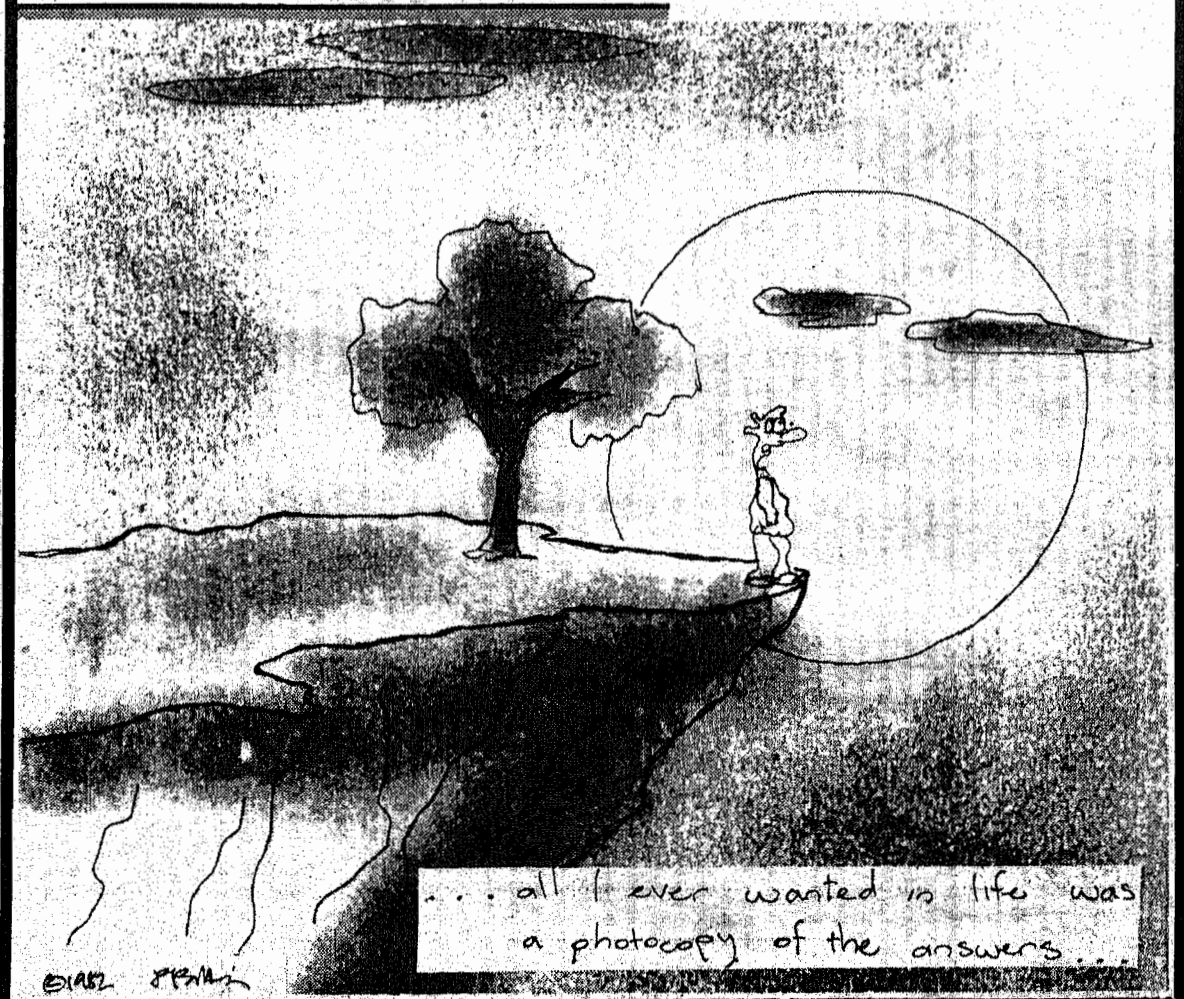
"Yes, but it's a very competitive

business. I don't think women can get together and say 'we're going to work against the males'. It just isn't in the nature of the business."

"I think in order for a woman disc-jockey to be successful she must have positive support from station management."

"There are a lot of women doing television news and current affairs out in radio it is really unusual to hear a woman announcer apart from stations like 5MMM and the ABC."

Thought of the Week



... all I ever wanted in life was a photocopy of the answers.

Provisional student election results

Provisional results for the 1984 Students' Association & Union Annual Elections were announced last Friday: Students' Association President: Greg Mackay elected. On dit editor: David Walker elected. Education Vice-President:

Pippa McKee elected. Union Council: Michael Condon, Greg Mackay and Andrew Brown elected (15 Further Positions to be filled after distribution of preferences). Full details will be available from the Students' Association and Union offices.

PRODUCTION

On dit is a weekly news-magazine produced at the University of Adelaide.

It appears every Monday during term.

Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685.

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

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

Associate Editor (Jokes and World News): Peter White.

Associate Editor (Postage stamp design): John Tanner.

Reviews Editor: Jaci Wiley.

Advertising Manager: Devin Clementi.

Typesetting: Jo Davis, Liz Reynolds.

News Team: Moya Dodd, Alison

Rogers, Peter White, Ben Cheshire, Cameron Morris, David Walker, Kathy Rogers, Robert Clark, Nick Kalaitzis, Robert Cecil, Jane Willcox.

Layout: Moya Dodd, Jane Willcox, David Mussared, Graham Hastings, Jaci Wiley, David Walker, John Tanner, Peter White, Alison Rogers (tobacco and coffee stains specialist).

Graphics: John Tanner, Mark Koerber, Ron Tomlian, Rob Tomlian, Richard Dall, Troy Dangerfield, Daryl Pattison.

Photography: Damian Barrett, Jenny Lagoon, John Tanner, Peter White, Devin Clementi, Saul Geffen, Alison Rogers, John Adam, Alec Tibbits.

Farewell: Peter "Rabbit" White (1976 - 1984) and John "Postage Stamp" Tanner (1982 - 1984) — stay in touch.

4 UNI LIFE



French club members, Keith Wilson, Len Blazeby, Andrea David and Robert Lawton rehearse a scene from "Un Geste Pour un Autre" to be staged in the Little Theatre Aug. 2-4.



Dear Aloysius

your questions answered

Dear Aloysius,
How can I achieve the "anti-gravity" hairstyle which is so popular among my friends at the moment?
Yours Medusa

Dear Medusa,
I suggest you try a short, sharp electric shock ... although this treatment can be terminal if you're not ultra careful. I think you will find your nouveau-punk friends are using hair-gel but I warn against that. I've heard that laboratory tests of hair-gel on rabbits found that it leads to all sorts of deranged behaviour.
*

Dear Aloysius,
We've been having student elections here for I don't know how long, and being really conscientious I have tried to talk with as many candidates as possible.
No Candidate seemed to have the best policy but I couldn't find her/him anywhere. I voted for No Candidate anyway. Did I make a mistake.
Yours,
Donkey Voter

Dear Donkey,
I do not discuss student elections.
*

Dear Aloysius,
I'm having terrible trouble with my stream-of-consciousness. It just goes on and on and on and on...
Yours,
James Joyce

Dear Jim,
I suggest something which will stop your mind ddead in its tracks before it can do anymore harm. Try tuning into "Days of Our Lives" or "General Hospital" which are screened on Channel Nine every weekday afternoon.
If that fails, try enrolling in Economics.
*

Dear Aloysius,
Can you tell me if God really has a billion names?
Yours Metaphysically,
Gavin

Dear Gavin,
I can't answer that one, but fortunately I do have her address and will pass your query on.
*



DUNG BEETLING

by Scarabeus Sacer
How is it that there is no provision in the constitutions of the various clubs and societies for those members who either commit unpardonable blunders or transgress unwritten codes? For these poor clots (and they are numerous) there should be prescribed and appropriate methods of effacing their crimes, an honourable way out of their all-encompassing disgrace.
The solution for some clubs is obvious.
The snooker player who fouls and

consequently loses a tournament single-handedly has little remedy but to mount the table, place the sharper end of the cue against the soft palate and fall forward in a gracefully terminal arc.

Equally efficacious, if not so swift, is the treatment prescribed for bungling wargamers who through blatant negligence march entire elite regiments into bogs. Such incompetents should suck persistently on a mouthful of their own Napoleonic cavalry until the secondary symptoms of lead poisoning (i.e. vomiting and muscular cramps) are observed.

A pleasing effect, I feel.
This oversight is something all right-thinking committees and executives should address themselves to.
* * *

One of the few consolations of last week's electoral farce is the fact that it signals the end of Nick Murray as a prominent representative of the student body.
That this intellectual gelding should have achieved even his present petty level of grandiosity is an embarrassment to us all. He has the manner and bearing of an expensive car salesman.
It is indicative of the success of his "Hail-fellow-well-met" brand of approach that when the hooligans from Bedford Park Campus visited Adelaide University during their so-called independence celebrations, they "executed" Murray as a symbol of their defiance. One wishes they had found someone of more consequence.
It is to be hoped that when his time of office has expired this slimy self-publicist disappears into obscurity for ever. There should be dancing in the streets.

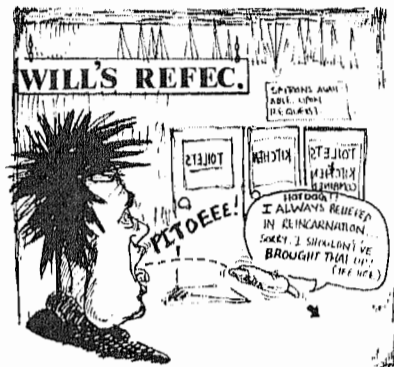
WAITER, THERE'S A PAPER PLANE IN MY SOUP

Refectory round-up: your guide to gastronomic survival on campus.

This week's gastronomic atrocity award goes to the Wills Refectory grill bar's "Continental Hotdog."
While our multi-cultural society has introduced us to many wonderful and exotic gastronomic treats, it does occasionally throw up some rather bizarre hybrids.
The awful "pizza submarine" is a

case in point, but now the Wills Refectory has set a new high in the cross-cultural stakes.
I refer, of course, to the continental hotdog, an unhappy conjunction of Greek, American and Australian influences.

You take a Greek-style chevappaci sausage, give it a few squirts of Rosella tomato sauce and shove it into a white bread roll.
The result is far too incongruous to be edible.
You might just as well slap



together an "Indian hotdog" by stuffing a bread roll full of Tandoori chicken and mango chutney.
*

Say cheese: it's the photo club

"Flash, bang, wallop, what a picture, what a picture, what a photograph."
No doubt many of you own a camera. How many times have you got those snapshots (sorry "priceless memories") back from the developer only to find that fantastic photo of your boyfriend/girlfriend standing on his/her head blowing out the candles on your birthday cake is too dark/blurred/light, or their foot/head/whole body has been cut off?
You too!

Well maybe you don't really care. If so, don't bother reading on!
This article is for those people who are interested in photography. But please don't all go. Photography doesn't have to be as mystical as transcendental meditation or as puzzling as student politics.

Nor does it have to consist of you taking the pictures and then sending them off to be developed, only to find that half of them aren't worth the paper they're printed on.
The answer then — the Photography Club. Up till now, the Photography Club has been basically a facilitative club. Membership of the club is necessary in order to use the dark room facility in the Craft Studio. In return for the \$8.00 membership fee, members are entitled to use the dark room as often as they like, which includes the use of all chemicals.
But that's not all. We (the Photography Club) want you to help us expand our activities.
At present, the following opportunities are available. In conjunction with the Craft Studio, basic photography courses are run each term. Over a period of six

weeks, the basic techniques of taking photographs, developing black and white film and printing your magnificent works of art is covered for a mere \$19. After this - the world is at your feet!
If you already know how to do all this we can cater for you too. Members are entitled to borrow the club's cameras, Tamron Adaptall lenses, and other accessories, as well being able to buy paper and film at cheap prices.
Suggestions for future activities include the occasional social evening, critique evenings with professional photographers, the possibility of specialised workshops.
If this article has started you thinking, feed your thoughts with some more information from Vera, Helen or Tom in the Craft Studio, any time it's open. Better still, join up!

Find the schooner!



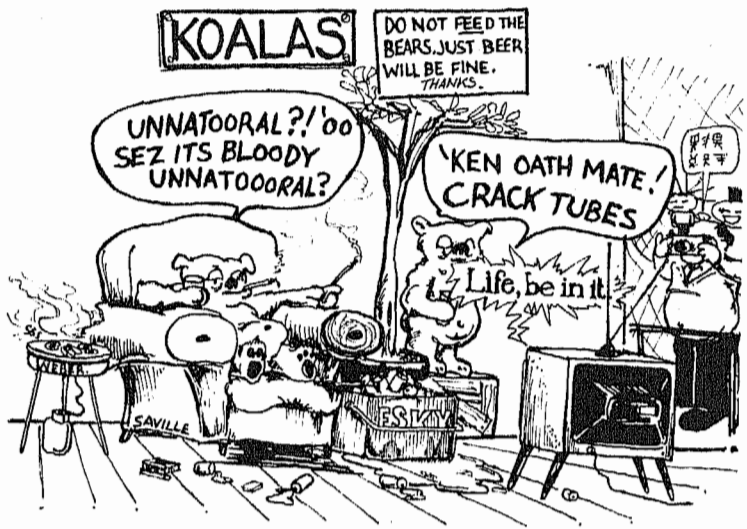
It's the On dit "Find The Schooner Competition". Our artists have blanked out the schooner glass held by one of these energetic Uni Bar patrons. You correctly indicate its position and we'll shout you to a pint.

Governor on the Park

restaurant

Licensed, B.Y.O. encouraged
Specialize in Lebanese and Middle Eastern Cuisine
A relaxed place to enjoy lunch and dinner
Open: Monday — Saturday for
Lunch — 12.00 — 3.00 pm
Dinner — 5.30 — 9.30 pm
37 Hindmarsh Square, Adelaide, 5000
tel: 223 2644
10% discount for students

Horror Death Plunge



Jap greenies say no to koalas

by Jane Willcox

Koala bears, due to be exported from Australia to Japan soon, may not be as welcome there as previous publicity suggests.

A group of Japanese conservationists are opposed to the introduction of koalas into the Nagoya Zoo.

They claim the building of an enclosure and the planting of gum trees for the koalas has led to the destruction of the only worthwhile natural area of vegetation in Nagoya.

"Koalas are not suited to the Japanese climate and it is unnatural for them to eat eucalypt leaves transported by air and to live in air-conditioned rooms" the conservationists said.

The export of koalas, announced in April, attracted widespread attention in Australia and Japan, where it made the front pages of most newspapers.

Japanese zoos are expected to make millions of dollars from marketing the koalas which

apparently fascinated Japanese people.

The Japanese conservation group, has called for the support of the South Australian Conservation Council and has written to Australia's national conservation group, the Wild Life Preservation Society of Australia.

"We are protesting about our Mayor's invitation to bring koalas to Nagoya" they said.

"We don't want koalas and we think the thoughtful citizens of Nagoya don't want them either. Moreover, we are afraid that politicians, journalists and tradespeople will take advantage of koalas as they have with pandas."

The Director of Australia's National Parks and Wildlife Service is in Japan re-examining the suitability of Japanese zoos.

Peter Conway, private secretary to the Minister for Home Affairs and the Environment, Barry Cohen said the Government is planning to send the koalas to three zoos simultaneously to avoid rivalry or competition between Japanese zoos.

Rapist fathers protected-author

by Jane Willcox

We live in a society that not only expects but protects rape, according to Elizabeth Ward author of the book, *Father Daughter Rape* released this month.

Rape occurs because we live in a patriarchal society and when rape occurs this structure protects it Ms. Ward said.

The key element in father daughter rape is young girls are taught that only strangers rape she said.

However, statistically, girls are "nearly always" raped by their father or a father figure.

Ms. Ward used the word rape rather than incest because the girls themselves describe their experiences as rape. The legal definition of rape requires coercion and vaginal penetration.

"This legal definition is irrelevant, particularly when you're looking at young children" Ms. Ward said.

Young girls look to their fathers for guidance so the act is usually in some way coercive and the girls are often too small for vaginal penetration, she explained.

Father daughter rape is "quite common" in Australia, but there are no actual figures.

"All we know is that in the last five years, whenever the problem is

talked about publically, droves of people come forward who have had the experience" said Ms. Ward.

"We do know the men who do it are super-super normal, no alcoholics, not necessarily violent men."

Most victims so try to tell someone but up until they were rarely heard. This person is often the mother.

In earlier literature the mother was blamed for the problem, said Ms. Ward, but she is "not guilty".

Most women ignore the situation because they are economically and socially dependant and they are confused by rape in the home she said.

"As a women all of us are taught the home and the family are the safest places to be, where we are free from rape."

Ms. Ward wrote *Father Daughter Rape* after she encountered the problem in a women's refuge, in 1979.

Mr. Ward's interest led her into libraries looking for more information on the subject.

"What I found there angered and disgusted me. A whole body of clinical literature that perpetuated all the myths. Bent over backwards to forgive the father, blamed the child and particularly blamed the mother."

Police have not yet released the name of a large yellow teddy bear which plummeted to its death in a horror suicide plunge from the fourth floor of the Adelaide University Union building yesterday.

An *On dit* photographer who rushed to the scene captured these exclusive pictures of the teddy's tragic last moments.

The death-plunge teddy was first spotted at about 4.30 pm apparently poised to jump from the balcony balustrade outside the Union Gallery.

A group of students from the University bar and a soft-toy psychologist called to the scene pleaded with the bear for about 15 minutes.

"The teddy was clearly deeply disturbed and not completely coherent," the psychologist, Dr. C. Robin, later told reporters.

"All he could say was 'pom tiddly, pom tiddly' and 'goes the more it, goes the more it'; an unmistakable indication of derangement in a teddy."

Despite all entreaties, the bear jumped.

He was rushed by ambulance to the Royal Adelaide Hospital but was reported dead on arrival with burst seams.

What is believed to be a suicide note was later found scrawled in honey on a piece of wholemeal bread left in the Mayo Refectory.

The police forensic squad, which reassembled the slice from broken crusts, released this text of the teddy's letter.

"I just can't go on any longer ... all these years of society insisting that I conform to the cute, cuddly and soft role-model, that I never complain no matter how often I'm bumped head-downwards up the stairs.

"And the media ... always reinforcing the societal stereotype of teddy bears as child-loving, fuzzy-brained imbeciles.

"I'll admit there are plenty of teddies who choose that role, but what about bears like me who hate kids and play-pens, cuddling up at night, cinnamon toast, bed-time stories, being tucked in and picnics.

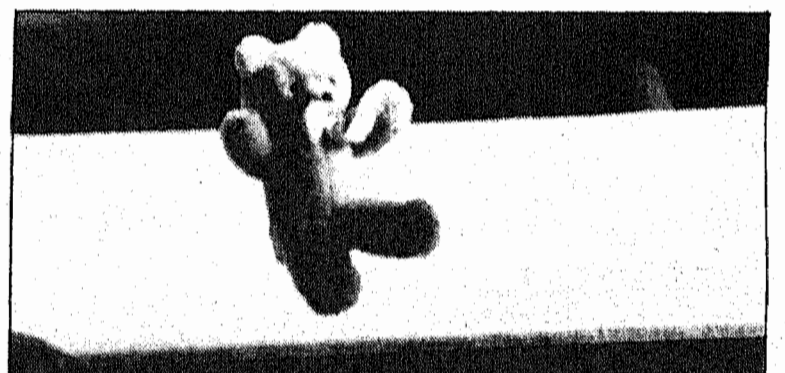
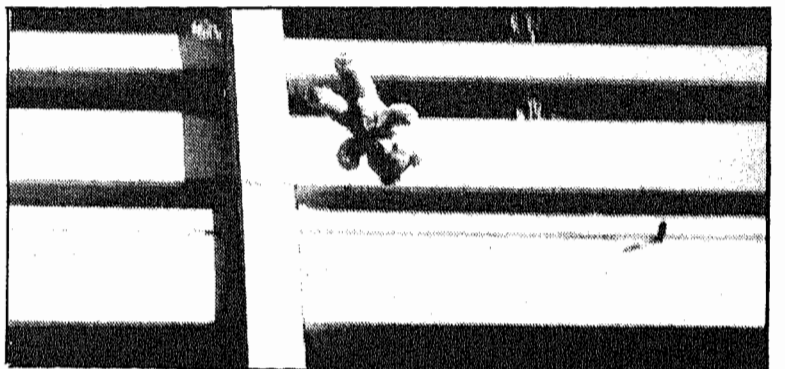
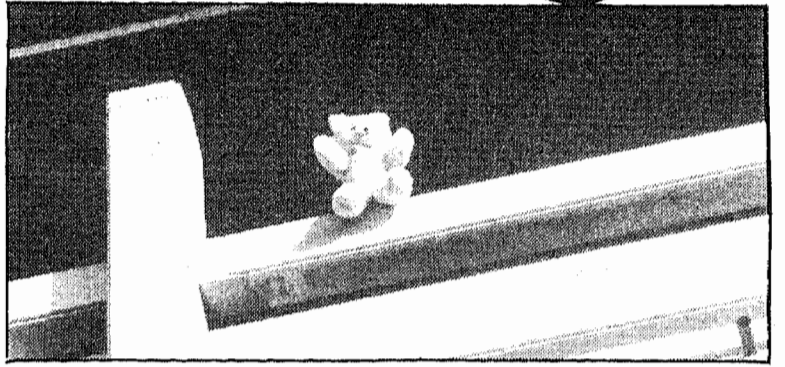
"There's just no choice for a teddy..."

Attempts to reconstruct the rest of the slice are continuing.

A spokesperson for a close associate of the dead teddy, Mr. Paddington Bear, said that Mr. Paddington was currently in conference with members of the Liberal Party's shadow ministry, and was not available for comment.

The spokesperson did say, however, that Mr. Paddington believed that the very adverse publicity given recently to teddy bears, firstly in *On dit* and later in the national media, could have contributed to the dead teddy's breakdown.

"Once again *On dit's* conscience must be weighed down with terrible guilt," he said.



Exclusive pix: The un-named teddy bear's last moments as he plunges to his death from the 4th storey of the Union House





LETTERS

Deadline for letters to the Editors is 12.00 noon on Wednesdays. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will only be considered for publication if the author's name and phone number are included (not for publication).



Dog club

Dear Madame,
It's a shame isn't it when fine artistic work is blatantly rejected by the established press? That is why there is a wonderful publication that exists as a medium for unprinted cartoon artists to make their presence known. It's called "Dog Club" and it is a magazine that publishes strips that "On Tit" can't. Artists simply drop their works off to Umbrella music or Berlitz Cafe and fame, fortune and eternal happiness soon follows.

Floyd Bondage
Roving Reporter
Dog Club Magazine

PAIN in the neck

Dear Editors,
I write to you with great concern about the make-up and aims of PAIN. There seems to be some incredible myth floating around that PAIN is a front for extreme right wing activities. This is bloody ridiculous!

PAIN was formed by three individuals with a sense of humour (which some people obviously don't have) in order to create a funny club which could look cynically at campus issues and follow in the wake of the Society For Putting Things On Top Of Other Things. One of these persons is left, one centre/left and one apolitical.

The poster which we put out regarding the nuclear issue was misinterpreted. It read "PAIN says students should ignore the uranium issue .. stuff it!" This was not intended to be political but in fact apolitical ... it told students to forget the issue and get on with their lives.

In case you didn't know PAIN stands for "People Against Inane Nonsense", and nothing else. Included in inane nonsense is: student politics, extremist politics, Perfect Match (may we emphasise this), American soap operas, Australian soap operas, Ronald Reagan, Milan Brick, McCarthyism, Stalin, Hitler, National Action, Roxby Downs blockades, The Communist Party Legislation of the 50s, Webster, Derryn Hinch. We love Monty Python.

The Directorate, AU PAIN



Cheshire chat

Dear Comrade Editors,
Please, please spell my name right. It's Cheshire, with an "h" in the middle. As in cat.

Ben Cheshire

A hard act to follow

Dear Editors,
As one of the lucky few regular readers of this sparkling publication I write to congratulate you on last week's superb edition.

It was lively, sharp, and, dare I use the word, relevant, from cover to witty cover.

The 1985 lot have a very hard act to follow.

Dave Allen

Quack, quack

Dear Editors,
Oh, wow!!!
I would like to publicly thank Mr. Cartoonist for a wonderful episode 5 of "Wally". It brought joy to an old penguinophile's heart.

I would also like to warn the perpetrator of the blasphemy outside the Mawson Lecture Theatre (i.e. two STUFFED penguins) that we'll get him/her/it in the end.

Also, though I know it will be considered specist, how about a Play-penguin centrefold?

Jasper

Blainey and racism

Dear Editors,
Andrew Gleeson's editorial (16 July) defends Professor Blainey ("Nothing in Professor Blainey's public statements are [sic] even remotely racist") and condemns the "violent" anti-racist demonstration at Melbourne University. In both of these judgements Gleeson ignores the evidence.

What are Blainey's words? He raised the bogey of the "Asianisation of Australia", called Asians a "favoured majority", spoke of "a slow Asian takeover" and expressed fears that they may "undermine" our democratic values.

He chose to use the alarming percentages of migrant intake rather than the actual figures which average 15,000 per year over the past six years. "43% in the last year" is much more disurbing to the insecure.

He urges us not to "surrender Australia" and claims that "Australia belongs to European civilisation". This is very emotive language for the public statements of a respectable academic trying to raise responsible debate. What are the realities of the "violent" demonstration? Of course, the media played it for all it was worth. Remember the shot of the woman student screaming as she was dragged away? Or the faces distorted as they chanted "Blainey out!"? However, an editorialist in *On dit* should go beyond the shiny surface of Murdoch-style journalism.

Alax Kahn, Secretary of the Stop the Racists Committee in Melbourne, wrote to the *Age* on 6 July to answer the reports of the demonstration. On the question of

"violence" he wrote:
"Marchers chanted outside Blainey's building. Twenty briefly gained access, hoping to picket his seminar, when someone inside opened a door. Minor tugs-of-war occurred when demonstrators clung to each other as police made three arrests (none for acts of violence). Personal damage was nil."

Blainey will have to live with the fact that his statements have precipitated outbursts of overt racism throughout Australia. He has had this influence simply because he was (Gleeson prefers the word "is") "one of Australia's most distinguished academics".

Because it is his university post which is the basis of his status to influence public opinion, the members of his own department have publicly repudiated his views and some Melbourne students joined in this repudiation by staging the anti-Blainey demonstration.

If Blainey were at Adelaide University those who oppose racism here would have to consider how to respond to Professor Blainey. Perhaps they would decide to picket him, perhaps they would decide to boycott his classes, perhaps they would challenge him to debate.

I hope that they would not join Andrew Gleeson in deciding that because the Professor is more courteous, more civilized and more urbane than National Action he should be excused for repeated statements which have generated anti-Asian hostility.

Linda Gale

Blainey provides ammunition for racists

Dear Editors,
We wish to comment on Andrew Gleeson's editorial (16 July 1984) which argued in part that the recent actions of demonstrators at Melbourne University, who disrupted a class being conducted by

Professor Geoffrey Blainey, were unjustified. It was stated that "nothing in Prof. Blainey's public statements are even remotely racist" and that the "tragic irony" of the behaviour of the demonstrators is that it "plays into the hands of the real racists."

We agree that precipitating open debate is a necessary step in dealing with taboo subjects such as racism, and that it is only wise to assess immigration policy in the light of public opinion. Further, we agree

that the violence of the demonstrators cannot be justified and that it did not aid their cause.

However, the debate over whether or not Professor Blainey is a racist is miscast. His personal views are virtually irrelevant. The point is that his opinions have been utilized by extremist right-wing groups such as National Action in their campaign to exacerbate inter-racial tension and distrust.

Professor Blainey's position as a widely respected academic has lent credibility to such groups; it is he whose actions "play into the hands of the real racists". Blainey would have acted in a more responsible manner had he stated his case in such a way as to prevent it from providing ammunition for racist groups.
A.U. Student Christian Movement

Biological determinism restrictive for both sexes

Dear Editors,
Alan Barron, of the Festival of Light, appears to have missed some central points in my reply to his original letter.
He has not responded to the evidence of women's subordinate

position in Australian universities which I referred him to. He has also failed to answer my critique of his discriminatory assumption that the only valid career paths are those based on conventional male life patterns.

Instead, Alan has launched yet another attack on feminism and non-sexism. For example, he accuses feminists of devaluing the work of housewives.

In fact, most feminists argue that this work is so important that it should be shared equally by men. The problems of "working mothers", which Alan makes so much of, would then be substantially reduced.

Alan also implies that feminists are espousing potentially "totalitarian" values.

In fact, feminists have traditionally argued for increased freedom of choice for women and men. On the other hand, the rigid form of biological determinism which Alan espouses is authoritarian and restrictive for both sexes.

Carol Johnson

The place of evolution

Dear Editors,
In recent years, in the first year Biology course, I have had the problem of having to give the lectures on mechanisms of evolution at an inappopriate time. The lectures are scheduled for the end of second term. I'd like to present evidence that the lectures properly belong towards the end of the third term.

The present arrangement causes problems for students too. Look at a number of the widely used biology text-books. Evolution is the seventh of eight major sections in Helena Curtis's *Biology* (4th edition). W.H. Johnson et al.'s *Biology* (3rd edition) has 40 chapters, of which the evidence for evolution and the mechanisms of evolution are chapters 37 to 39. Paul Weisz's *The Science of Biology* contains 32 chapters, of which mechanisms of evolution is chapter 31; other aspects of evolution occur in the very last chapter of that text.

Biology courses and text-books vary greatly in the order of a number of topics. There are good arguments in favour of contrasting schedules for certain topics. However, the two great synthesizing subjects in biology are evolution and ecology. These often come towards the end of courses in text-books (as in the three examples in the preceding paragraph). The reasons for this are not difficult to comprehend.

If a student is to understand something of the mechanisms of

evolution he must first study the results of evolution. At present, with the mechanisms of evolution at the end of the second term, the student has barely begun the survey of the diversity of the animal kingdom. Look at Darwin's *Origin of Species*, or look at most any text or chapter dealing with mechanisms of evolution. There are some good examples from the plant kingdom, but about 90 per cent of the "classic" examples are from the animal kingdom.

Another prerequisite problem is posed by the nature of mechanisms of evolution. While it draws its examples from a number of biological disciplines, the theoretical underpinning rests on population genetics. Thus, students must have thoroughly assimilated elementary genetics before beginning mechanisms of evolution. Thorough assimilation of a subject involves having completed the lectures, practicals and tutorials; furthermore, there is nothing like having studied for — and passed — an examination to concentrate the mind.

This year we are better off than in some preceding years. Last year students were still working genetics practicals when the lectures on mechanisms of evolution started. There is some advantage to placing genetics immediately before mechanisms of evolution, but the twin disadvantages (of both not having thoroughly assimilated genetics, combined with the lack of exposure to the animal kingdom) are certainly too much.

For special historical reasons at this University, I was not in a strong position to insist upon a return to third term (where I once taught

mechanisms of evolution in first year Zoology). However, on a number of occasions I made my feelings about the unsatisfactory situation clear — without effect.

I thus sought means of coping with the unsatisfactory state of affairs. As the biochemistry part of the biology course has usually been completed well before my scheduled lectures, and as there is a rapidly growing impact of molecular biology on evolution, I have attempted to use examples from the more molecular side to replace certain classic animal examples, examples which the student now only meets in third term. That solution is not ideal. Another partial solution is to bring in some Australian examples, and also examples from the agricultural sciences.

The reasons behind the present scheduling have never been given to me. I trust that those who have determined that mechanisms of evolution be placed at the end of second term will come forth publicly and defend that decision by rational academic arguments. They might also care to explain why the usual academic courtesy, of listening to the arguments provided by the specialist chosen to give the subject, was not followed.

Alternatively, if the academic reasons for placing mechanisms of evolution towards the end of third term are accepted, then why isn't it there? At present, the lecture topics in Biology I otherwise follow a reasonable sequence, quite close to the sequence of topics in many biology text-books. Why not complete the job?

Clyde Manwell
(Professor of Zoology)

**WANTED
CARTOONISTS and
ARTISTS**

Interested in drawing?
Hope to make a career as a
cartoonist or illustrator?
Then *On dit* is the place for
you.

Gain valuable experience
and have fun working for
your student newspaper.
Contact the editors, *On dit*
office, south-west corner of
the Cloisters, phone 228 5404.
You too could end up with a
job as an artist on *The Sydney
Morning Herald* as a result of
experience at *On dit*.

Monday 30 July 1984
Volume 52 Number 14

An Unemployment Initiative

News last week of sustained economic recovery in the US and of a significant decline in the Australian inflation rate shouldn't blind us to the fact of Australia's continuing high unemployment.

The Australian Bureau of Statistics figures for June put the nation's total of unemployed at 634,100. This is 8.9% of our 7 million strong workforce. South Australia has 56,100 unemployed, being 9.1 of the state's 600,000 workforce.

The one group not directly accommodated in

the Prices and Incomes Accord are serviced by a bewildering network of schemes and projects sponsored by various State and Federal Government Departments.

One of the few non-Government bodies working for the unemployed in South Australia is South Australian Unemployed Groups in Action, an organisation established last year after a series of conferences on unemployment arranged by the Australian Democrats. S.A.U.G.I.A. is essentially a set of unemployment groups who came together to swap ideas, support one another and establish a united voice for dealing with Government and the community.

Recently they were granted \$80,000 by the State Government's Community Employment Programme to establish a Co-ordination and Resource Unit for the unemployed in Adelaide.

The unit will encourage greater co-operation between unemployment organisations,

establishing a network for the exchange of information and resources. It will conduct research into issues affecting unemployed people and distribute this information. One of its first jobs will be the production of a directory of unemployment groups, listing their resources and programmes.

It is to be hoped that the present drop in the inflation rate will not be at its time-honoured cost of increased unemployment. Only further improvement and perhaps some significant structural changes in the Australian economy will produce any permanent relief for the unemployment malady.

In the meantime, for all their daunting bureaucracy, it is groups like S.A.U.G.I.A. who will keep the hopes of those without a job alive.

The State Government is to be congratulated on its generous recognition of this splendid community initiative. *Andrew Gleeson*

Smoking scare an error?

OPEN SPACE

'Open Space' is a weekly column in which organisations explain their beliefs and activities.

This week Dr. W.T. Whitby of the Smokers' Rights League argues that anti-smoking campaigners have suppressed findings favourable to smoking.

Professor Sir Ronald Fisher of Cambridge University said some years ago, "the smoking-lung cancer theory will eventually be regarded as a conspicuous and catastrophic howler."

Some recent findings bear out his prophecy, chiefly the famous M.R.F.I.T. study in the United States, reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (24 September 1982). In this trial thousands of men were divided into two groups, the "intervention" group being, among other things, put off smoking.

After seven years it was found that the intervention group did much worse in most diseases.

For instance they had nearly 22 per cent more lung cancer than the group that was left to smoke as it wished (page 1470).

At the same time a large trial in England, the UK Heart Prevention Project, gave similar results, as reported in the *Lancet* (14 May 1983), which lead the *London Daily Telegraph* to run headlines: "Workers advised by their doctors how to prevent heart disease died in greater numbers than those who stuck to their old ways."

These findings must at the very least raise some doubts about the smoking scare but to the anti-smoking campaigners there is "no possible doubt whatever". That they threw the campaigners into a panic is apparent from articles in medical journals, for instance one by Dr. R. Stallones, a leading campaigner, who wrote in the *American Journal of Epidemiology* (June 1983), "Epidemiologists are likely to find themselves whether to defend the project (M.R.F.I.T.) or hunker down until the storm has passed."

If anyone doubts the powerful influence the campaigners have on the media the fact that no newspaper published a word of the M.R.F.I.T. should be enough. It was certainly newsworthy. Just imagine if the findings has been the other way!

Suppression is a necessary part of the campaign.

Booksellers selling my book debunking the smoking scare told me they were threatened by doctors with a boycott if they did not remove it from sale.

Professor Schrauzer of the University of California testified before a U.S. Congressional Committee that it is well known among scientists that cigarette smoke prevents cancer. Dogs made to inhale the merest traces of radioactive substances practically all get lung cancer, but Cross *et al* of the Pacific Northwest Laboratory, Washington, reported in *Health Physics* (42.1982) that if dogs are made to inhale cigarette smoke with the radioactive substance they get a lot less lung cancer.

They considered that since tobacco smoke causes promotion of mucus in the lungs it forms a protective coating preventing cancer causing particles from penetrating the lung tissue.

Professor Sterling of Simon Frazer University, referring to reports of smokers getting less lung cancer than non-smokers, asks, "Why do smokers get less?" He agrees with Cross as to mucus being the reason. (*Journal of Chronic Diseases* 36,1983). Again no word of these startling reports in the press.

Radioactivity is well established as causing lung cancer but we hear very little about it. The whole world environment is saturated with it from atomic tests carried out by the great powers, not to mention the British tests in Australia and the French tests in the South Pacific. It remains active for thousands of years and there is enough to account for every lung cancer there is — but tobacco gets the blame.

Frantic efforts have been made to induce lung cancer in animals but, despite unsubstantiated claims, the efforts have totally failed.

Scientists have recently given

sworn testimony to the U.S. Congressional Committee that no animal has ever got lung cancer in this way.

When one realises how easy it is for radioactivity to produce it and that smoking will not, then this must be accepted as good evidence that tobacco is harmless.

By making a scapegoat of smoking governments have been able to escape billions in compensation to service personnel and civilians suffering from the effects of radioactivity, including, it seems, Australian Aborigines. To them the vast sums they provide to the campaigners are well worth while.

Findings showing that smokers get a lot less of many diseases as compared with non-smokers are likewise hushed up. To mention a

few: ulcerative colitis, ratio 1 to 6 (*British Medical Journal*, 10 March 1984); cancer of the large bowel (*Journal of the American Medical Association*, 16 January 1981); Parkinson's disease (*National Cancer Institute monograph* 19); diabetes (*Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1 May 1972); high blood pressure (*Medical Journal of Australia*, 23 January 1982); fatal blood clots (*British Medical Journal*, 1974, various dates).

Babies of non-smoking mothers die almost twice as often as those of smoking mothers from respiratory distress syndrome, the chief cause of infant death. (*American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology*, 15 October 1983). It seems that something in tobacco smoke protects the babies' lungs.

Painful menstruation is relieved

by nicotine (*Lancet*, 24 December 1983).

The anti-smoking campaigners have sneered that I am a lone voice in questioning the smoking scare, but I am merely acting as a kind of editor in presenting the views and findings of distinguished scientists which may be read in the publications named.

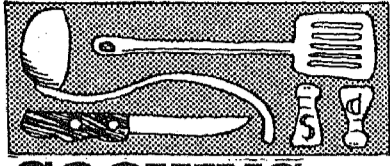
Recently a host of doctors and scientists have testified that they do not accept the smoking harm theory — all reported in the U.S. Congressional Record.

The public — and doctors who have blindly accepted the smoking nonsense — should be allowed to read the other side of the controversy, and their good common sense must surely reject the scare, and Professor Fisher's prediction will come true.



8 LIVING

Fresh vegies: opiate of healthy



COOKING

by Marjorie Long Dodd

Nutritionists and epidemiologists are continually advising us to eat more vegetables and less meat, salt, fat and refined carbohydrates. This is important, they say, if we are to avoid the Westernised degenerative diseases which accompany an affluent society.

Vegetables give colour, flavour, texture, bulk and variety to our meals. They provide vitamins A, B and C in varying amounts. They supply the minerals, calcium, phosphorous, potassium, iron, iodine and other trace elements.

Vitamins A and C are now emerging as very important safeguards against disease. The experts tell us to eat our green and yellow vegetables every day as there is strong evidence that they are a preventative factor against some cancers (see report from National Academy of Science).

Buy fresh, crisp vegetables in season. Store greens in plastic bags in the refrigerator. Use the crisper in your fridge too. Tupperware containers are great for crisping up vegetables, but the price may limit the number you have. Because of these storage facilities, we can buy quantity as well as quality when the price is right. Never buy wilted vegetables or those tinged with yellow. They will only be good for garden compost!

Never soak vegetables for any

length of time. Vitamin C can be lost on exposure to air as well as to soaking. Scrub root vegetables to clean, peeling only if necessary. Cook as quickly as possible in very little water to preserve colour, vitamins and flavour. With this method there is no need to use soda which destroys vitamins. Overcooking ruins the colour and flavour, with less vitamins. Never discard the cooking water which contains vitamins and minerals. It can be used as a cool drink or frozen for soup stock.

Serve up veges BIG!

Bigger serves mean more fibre, vitamins and minerals and far less calories. So eating more vegetables means a satisfying fill-up without putting on weight. With extra vitamins and minerals, there is greater body resistance to bacteria, and less misery and time lost through illness.

Vegetable cooking takes on a further dimension when a protein is added to a variety of vegetables to produce a more substantial dish. Here are two different and appetizing dishes for you to try.

Zucchini Quiche

Into shallow pyrex pie dish, 1 t onion flakes, 2 t chopped parsley, 1 t chopped chives, 1 C sliced zucchini, grated cheese and salt. Beat 1 egg with 1/3 — 1/2 C milk. Pour over. Top with breadcrumbs, sprinkle with paprika and, optionally, more cheese on top. Bake 30-40 minutes at 300° F till set.

Vegetable and Bean Casserole

2 sticks celery, sliced
2 zucchini, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
1/4 small cauliflower (cut into small flowerets)
125 g (4 oz) green beans



4 shallots
1 onion, diced
1 can butter beans
1 can whole tomatoes
1 clove garlic
1 T chopped chives
1/2 t basil
oil and butter
250 g (8 oz) potatoes, peeled, sliced
1 T chopped parsley
1 t chopped mint
vegetable salt
30 g grated cheese

Fry the onion until transparent. Add crushed garlic, celery, carrot, zucchini, pepper, cauliflower and beans. Stir 1 minute. Add mashed, undrained tomatoes, salt and all the herbs. Stir in drained butter beans. Transfer into a large heatproof dish. Cover vegetables with a single layer of potatoes, brush over with melted butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake uncovered in moderate oven for 40 minutes till potatoes are tender and golden brown.

No roar for return to the '20s

by Jennie Lacoou

There was hardly the roar one would have expected coming from the Upper Refectory last Friday night due to poor attendance at the History Club's presentation of a "Return to the Roaring 20s" night.

Through no fault of the organisers less than 50 people supported the History Club's presentation. This could have been due to the fact that all their efforts at publicising were inundated by the mass electoral material around at this time of the year or more than likely to the fact that there was a free entertainment bar night upstairs.

The return to the roaring 20s was a spectacular night of nostalgia where those who were game enough sported 20s attire and "charleston-toned" around the dance floor to the jazz of a three-piece live band by the name of *Maja Feelgood*.

Those who made their presence known did not allow the lack of numbers to put a damper on the night.

Despite competition from the bar there was enough atmosphere created in the Upper Refectory by the pop of champagne corks when prizes were given for best dressed and best dancers.

For only \$3.00 one could have come and indulged in the nostalgia of the 20s, enjoying light refreshments such as coffee or possibly something a bit stronger (brought in violin cases by those who remembered that it was a BYO function).

"A Return to the Roaring 20s" was definitely a night to remember and if it was any indication of what is to come let's hope the History Club do follow it up with another presentation as imaginative.

On dit In-depth

True love: wedding bells or women's lib

Who needs feminism when you can have a man instead? Especially when that man is a ski-champion bank executive, or a young lawyer you meet at the second-hand car yard who offers to fix the new Jaguar you're too stupid to drive, or a former poverty-stricken artist who becomes an investment analyst so he can buy you champagne and caviar.

That's clearly the philosophy of just about all the young women characters portrayed in a selection of "True Romance" comic books sampled by *On dit* last week.

Life for these characters is a form of feminist, equal-opportunity nightmare.

The ski champion, the young lawyer, the investment analyst are just a few of the tall dark handsome types whom the young women spend every waking moment luring into matrimony.

With their Barbie and Ken doll good looks, the girls next door, their young doctors, their hearts and flowers, white weddings and earth-shaking first kisses, they present such a laughably repetitious series of sexist clichés that even the most impressionable, and naive teenager must surely fail to take them seriously.

So simplistic is their view of human behaviour that they make the average Mills and Boon romance look like *Sons and Lovers* or *Women in Love*.

And yet there's a curious paradox here.

All students of comic books will know that it took sociologists and linguists considerable diligence and effort to uncover the capitalist US-imperialist message hidden beneath the whacky surface of the Disney comics ... and they were intended for children.

And yet when it comes to "True Romance" comics, indeed one assumes for teenagers and even adults, the reactionary message is so blatantly trumpeted it takes no uncovering.

In more recent comics — the just released Federal Comic's bumper issue "All Love Romantic Stories" contains several examples — the comic's authors have launched direct if crude assaults upon feminist notions and aspirations.

So crude, in fact, they bear a striking resemblance to early Chinese Communist propaganda extolling the virtue of striving for the revolution.

But let's take a look firstly at the basic "True Romance" story-line.

The story's titles are revealing enough all on their own. Some examples: "The Boy Next Door", "Will He Ask?", "Loveless Kicks", "A Talent For Kissing", "When in Rome, Watch It", "Use the Right Bait", "I'll Pay For These Kisses" and "Love Passed Me By."

The opening frames from "The Boy Next Door" reveal all.

Our heroine Karen sets the scene: "For one year I have been going steady with Lance Jones, quarterback for the Pro Football Tigers. He is fun, exciting, strong and handsome."

Karen: "When I'm out with you Lance, I feel like a young high school cheer leader."

Lance: "Well, rah, rah, rah to that ... as long as you cheer for me Karen."

And then there's Muriel from "Tender Loving Kisses."

She's in love with the

impoverished Greenwich Village artist, Virgil, who she feels



compelled to reject because: "Just my luck ... I'm half in love with an artist who'll never make enough to support a family. I've seen other women in the Village caught in the trap ... married to men of little talent ... supporting them too long ... Their love destroys the men they marry until nothing is left ... no love, no respect, no manhood."

Virgil: "It's a dream we'll share the rest of our lives, sweetheart because you're going to marry me."

Muriel: "If you say so, my love."

And how about this for a profound insight into sexual relationships... Ron and Jenny are engaged to be

married but face a crisis when both discover that the other has had a history of flirtatious encounters with the opposite sex.

As they side up for the final kiss; "Darling don't let me wake up and find this has been a dream."

And then there's Claudia in "After Ecstasy-Heartbreak" who is forced to the realisation that Derek who, "made all other men seem dull", isn't going to propose.

Finally they sort it all out and discover wisdom.

Jenny: "If we'd never been out with other people, we'd never have recognised the real thing when we found it with each other."

Ron: "Only this ring, my darling, makes all the difference."

And then there's Claudia in "After Ecstasy-Heartbreak" who is forced to the realisation that Derek who, "made all other men seem dull", isn't going to propose.

Claudia: "As suddenly as that, the glory went out of the night ... I knew there'd be no proposal ... not now or never."

This is of course good clean, sexist fun.

But the episode entitled "Call Me Ms" out of "All Love Romance Stories" is a different matter altogether. Here the male chauvinist propaganda goes out of its way to ridicule the notion of women working and insists that women can only be happy if they put romance (in the traditional male-dominated sense) first.

In the episode's opening frame we find one of the few times when a woman is portrayed as anything but Barbie doll beautiful. Kay Rogers, an advertising agency executive appears under a women's liberation symbol. Her face is somewhat pinched and strained.

She explains: "My parents hadn't been able to help me through college and when I had my degree I was determined to live my own life ... I wouldn't be caught in the love-trap and give up my career as my mother had done when she married Dad. No, I guess I was what they called a woman's liberator."

Until now Kay has repulsed all the "cassanovas" who wanted to get too serious. Then one day, on the way up in the lift, she encounters a strange man.

Being a "women's liberator" she is repulsed when he "ogles" her but, lo and behold, it's not long before he is shown into her office and introduced as a representative of a lip cream company who plan to use advertising prepared by Kay's company. She is to work on the account.

This highly-consciousness-raised exchange occurs.

Mr. Hibbs: "I'm Wayne Hibbs, ... am I wrong or were you annoyed at me this morning?"

Kay: "You might say that."

Hibbs: "I came here to discuss advertising for lipcream; not hassle with a chick who happens to have nice legs."

Kay: "A typical male attitude Mr. Hibbs. I'm capable of putting aside my personal feelings about you."

They get down to work.

Hibbs: "Underlying our ads in the past has been the idea that lipcream products make girls more attractive to men."

Kay: "Isn't it enough for women to just want to look attractive period. You men nauseate me. You automatically assume we dress to please you and are constantly trying to win your approval, well it just isn't so."

Hibbs: "Sorry you think that, Miss Rogers, I think I'd better talk to someone else about our campaign."

Kay: "Wait Mr. Hibbs I ... I shouldn't let my personal feelings interfere with business ... I owe you an apology."

First: grudging acceptance of Mr. Hibbs' professional ability as the hard "women's liberator" begins to melt.

Then: "He really likes me ... I wonder if he's married or engaged or anything."

Then a date: "I've got to be careful, this guy really turns me on."

And then the final "women's liberator" humiliation: Love.

Hibbs: "I know how you feel Kay ... I think it would be a horrible waste of time for you to give up your career ... but you won't have to if you'll marry me."

Kay: "Never mind the detail, I just heard you propose and I accept. I may keep my job ... but now I know my marriage must always come first."

D-268

KISSING

29

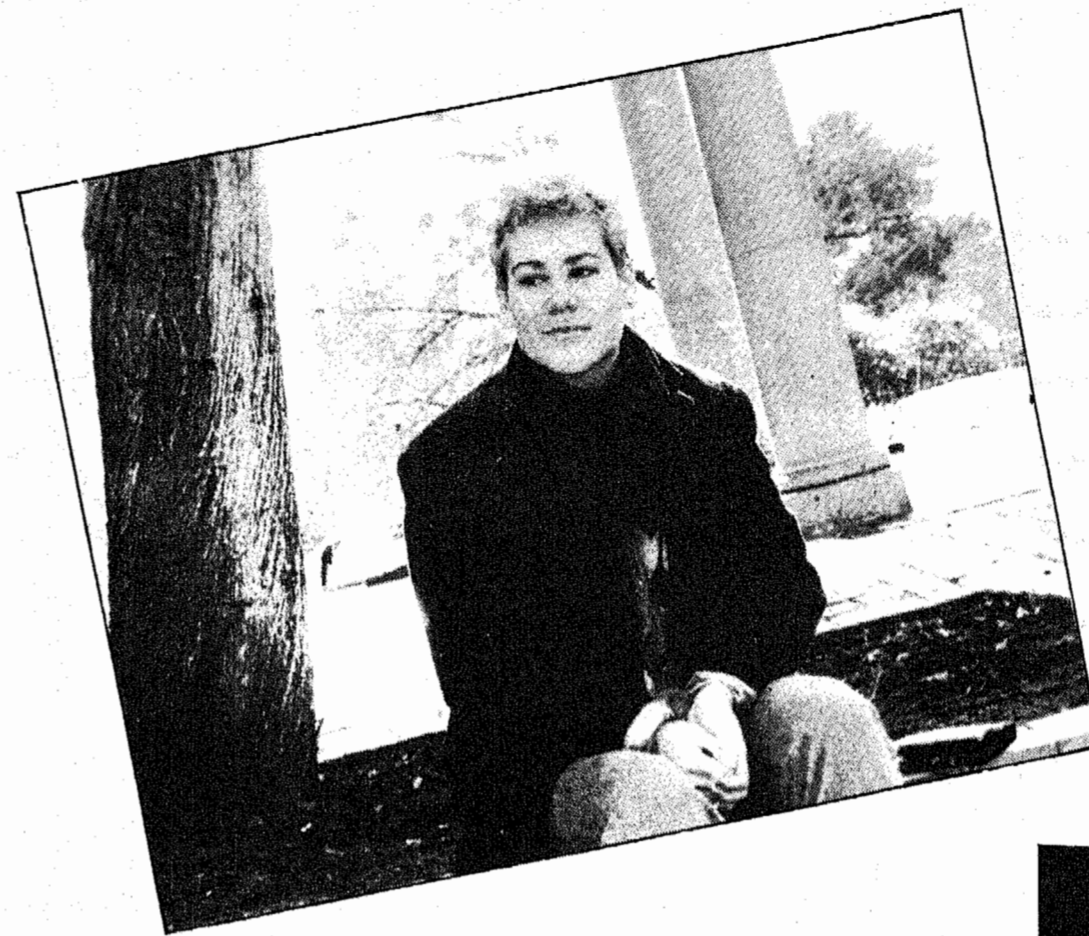
ARTS

Like a herd of sheep — everybody is individual. Arts students have a social conscience, they 'discover themselves' early on in their course. The arts students consider clothes to be an extension of their personalities; anything goes — C'est la vie!

The arts can be divided:

- The "individual"
- The Trendy
- The socially conscious
- The bohemian/artistic.

Arts students are hard-working, creative, with their momentous load of nine hours a week. (With an overload they may have twelve). But they still find time for recreation: reading, seeing plays, seeing bands, alcohol and drugs, drinking coffee, and, a must, the Festival of Arts...



The Socially Conscious.

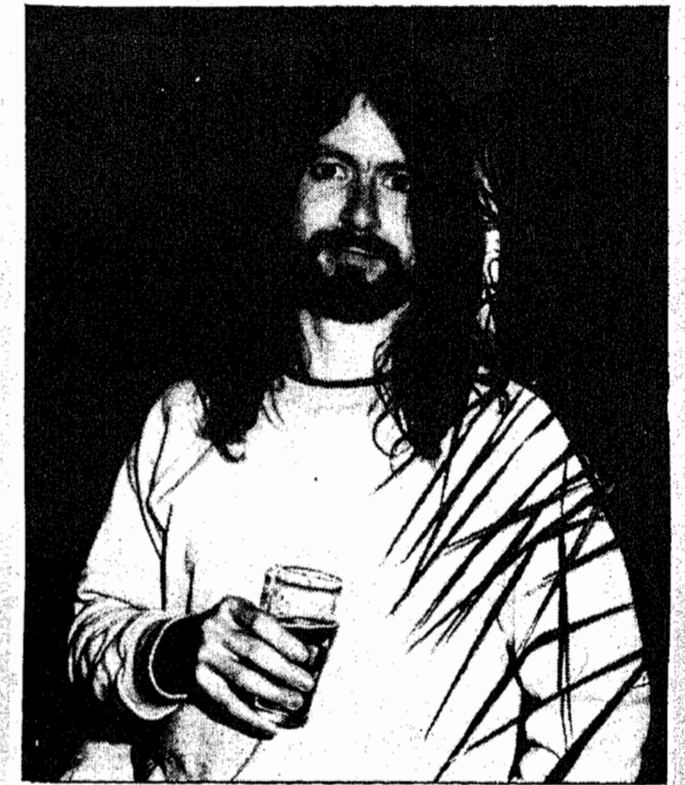
Denim jeans, denim jackets, Ugg boots, desert boots, clogs, sandals, bare feet. The look says 'I am poor'. Any colour windcheater or old jumper. Bags, jumpers or anything else is decorated with social issue badges. Any kind of hat or cap optional. Their keywords are: radical, feminist, activist, fascist, socialist, democracy, capitalist pigs.

Stockists: Goodwill stores, Cheap Jeans, Eastcoast, or companies that have been out of business for years.

The Bohemian.

Lots of hair (sometimes a throwback to the sixties), baggy trousers with patches over the holes. The more modern bohemian retains the hair (though coloured), and wears shapeless, brightly coloured articles of clothing. Lots of coloured scarves, long flowing coats. Self-painted, 'creative' T-shirts or Windies. Large ornamental earrings. For girls the look is Isadora Duncan. Tragedy, music and 'interest' play a big part in the bohemian's life. Most still think the Premier of South Australia is Don Dunstan.

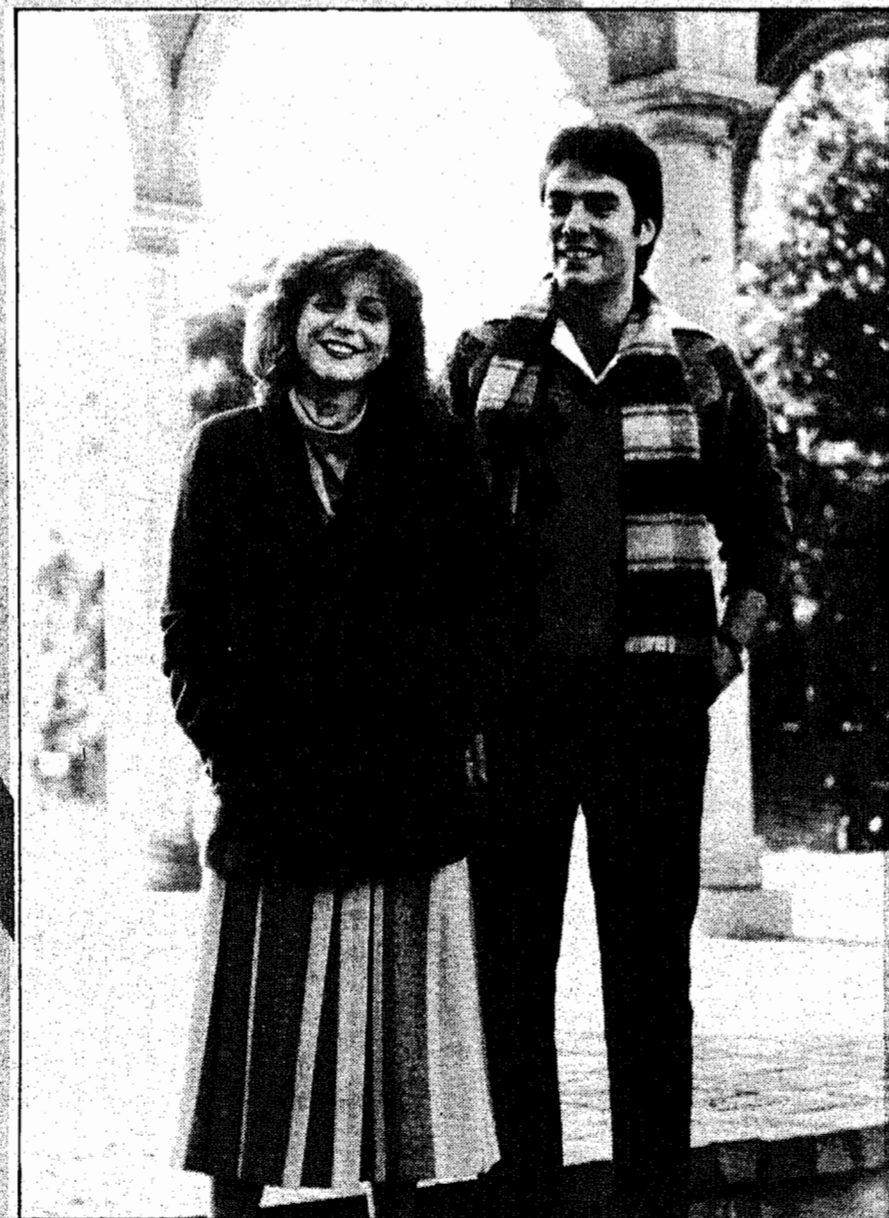
Stockists: Goodwill stores, Oroton, inherited clothing or jewellery, Levi Jeans, Exacto.



The Individual.

New Wave/Pseudo-Punk hairstyle, any number of colours. It's the 'I do not own a comb or brush' look. Either lots or no make-up. Eye-liner for guys and girls. The look is shapeless: no form, no figure, slashed and holey. Pointy-toed shoes or lace-up boots. Black is the colour. Lots of leather, studded belts, outrageous earrings. For this arts student, the eighties is the decade of the Ugly.

Stockists: Sportsgirl, Mod Image, Mirror Mirror, Vive la Wombat, The Last Resort, Stuart Membery.



The Trendy.

Hair coloured, but usually a single tint. A hint of new wave, with slightly pointed shoes. Tailored or full skirts, shirts, trousers, ties and scarves. Sleeveless, studded, windcheaters. Leather or wool blouson jackets over baggy linen or denim for men. Wrap around belts. The general look is unobtrusive, gearing up for work in the Public Service or a bank.

Stockists: John Martins Men's Dept. and Miss J.M., Myer Men's department and Myer Miss Adelaide, Fiona's Clothes Horse, David Jones, Nightmoods, Jonathon Silver.

Thai peasants' other world

ALAN FAIRLEY has just returned from Thailand where he visited a remote Northern village and was the first foreigner many of the peasants there had ever seen. FAIRLEY reports on conditions in Thailand and on plans for a student exchange between Adelaide University and Thailand's Khon Kaen University.

The little Honda buzzed along, sliding occasionally in soft mud between fields and paddies, the purplish-green of the abundant cassava crop, and the chequer-board greens, greys and browns of the rice paddies in different stages of cultivation.

Occasionally a strand of banana trees, and even jungle, broke the pattern.

Everything was damp, for the monsoons had arrived, but the reddish hue of the earth sloshing beneath our wheels reminded us of the dust and the tragedy of the dry season.

The dull grey of the day, and the drizzle which blurred its scenery, were giving way to the more absolute mask of dusk.

The village couldn't be far now. We passed several peasants: some pushed or hauled their square-framed wooden barrows, usually women, with a child or two crouched inside. Some licked a bamboo switch over ponderous water buffalo, great grey or pinky-cream shapes which barely reacted to our noisy machines as we glided past.

The people noticed though, the older ones curious but too polite to stare. The children just gazed. My companions were confident that I was the first "farang" (foreigner) the little ones had seen, and probably the first to visit the village.

Presently we were there. A group of securely constructed huts on stilts

shrouded by foliage. A communal store, the meeting house, the contrasting Buddhist temple, and small plots cultivated with vegetables, completed the scene.

Then time for an unhurried talk with one of the village representatives, the hospitality of the house, and an audience of curious children.

This relaxed meeting was one of the purposes of our tiring journey from Khon Kaen. We were the Secretary-General of the Asian Students' Association, an Australian student delegate, and a Public Health student from Khon Kaen University. We listened to the story of a people's struggle for existence in a demanding physical and economic environment.

The problems of which Thai students speak took on a human face. The face of a young woman worn out by work and child-bearing. Or little brown faces, above which fountain small top-knots and below which threadbare Spider-man T-shirts speak of the other world which sucks these people dry.

The collapse of the cassava market becomes a personal tragedy not just an unfortunate economic fact.

And you wonder which of these small faces will in a few years join the exodus from the North-East to Bangkok. There they will arrive in the huge, noisy bus depots and be taken in hand by the pimps of industry or the market in human bodies. Small faces which will be

rouged and made-up and abused for the few Baht which can come to them in no other way. Or faces that will lose their colour in the sunless nether world of child slave-labour.

These are the people around whom the student songs revolve. The beautiful tunes, and poignant words which lose so much when written in English.

Often they are melancholy songs which echo a brutal reality. Of times when campus grounds soaked up the blood of students, and the jungles became a sanctuary from the military butchers and the fascist gangs who strode beside them.

"If I were born a bird
With wings to fly far away
A white dove I will be
The people to freedom I'll lead
If I were born a cloud
Over rice field cool shade I will bring
And if a grain of sand
Cast me down as a path o'er the land.
To die for the masses
for the people — willingly
I will sacrifice my very life.

And many lives were sacrificed. Just as occurs in the Philippines today, students are among the first to stand their ground in the face of the violent and ruthless men with medals on their chests and guns in their hands.

Today the confrontation is not so stark. Yet the image of the bird remains to inspire, as does the symbol of the farmer and the buffalo.

The eyes of the students roam far beyond the gates of their campuses, and their skills take shape within the simple villages, and squalid slums of their people.

In December this year an Adelaide University student, Kathleen



An elderly woman of the Ilong tribes with her grandchildren

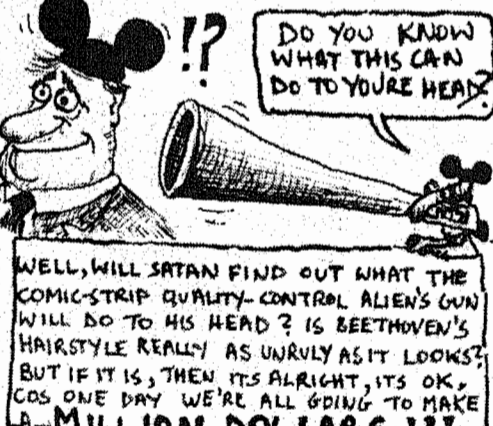
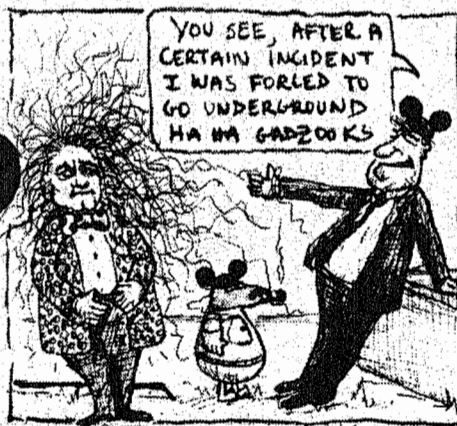
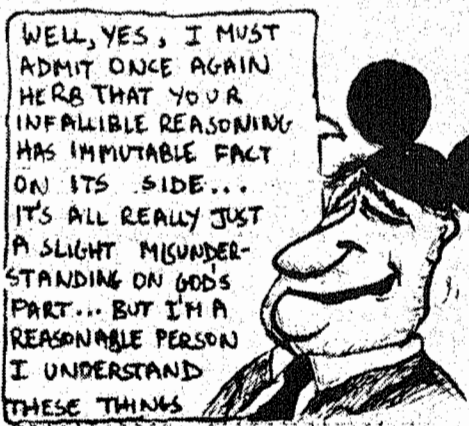
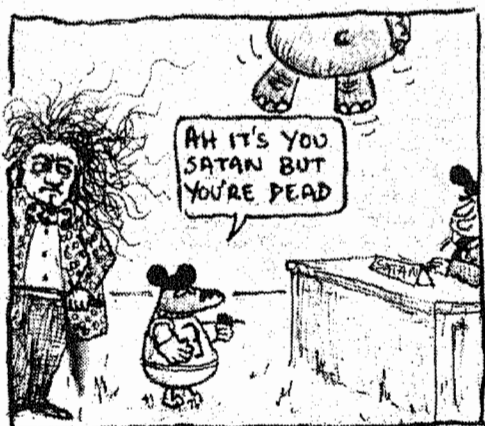
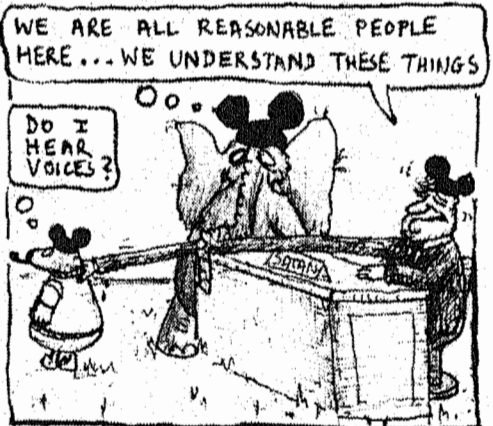
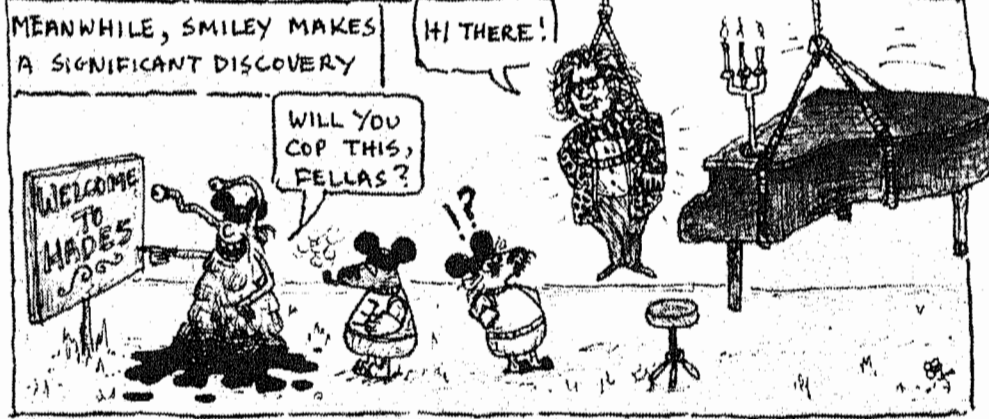
Brannigan, will walk into this other world of student activism. And a student activist from Khon Kaen will soon walk into ours.

It probably doesn't take much imagination to decide who has the most to learn.

The programme for the Adelaide Uni visitor was established after discussions with Thai student representatives from individual campuses and the Student Federation of Thailand. There are three principle areas at this stage.

THE AMAZING EXISTENTIAL WOMBAT STRIKES BACK ... EPISODE 37 by a reasonable person

THE STORY THUS FAR ... HERB AND COMPANY HAVING FALLEN THROUGH THE SURFACE OF PLANET CHUTNEY WHICH INCIDENTALLY TURNED OUT NOT TO BE MADE OF CHUTNEY BUT CUSTARD HAVE LANDED IN A PLACE NOT MADE OF EITHER CHUTNEY OR CUSTARD AND THEN THE CARTONIST ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE REFRIDGERATOR AND WAS TRAPPED IN THERE A FORTNIGHT AND HE ONLY ESCAPED BECAUSE HE HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO MAKE PAVLOVA-LIKE NOISES WHICH ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A PASSING CARNIVORE WHO...



On dit

Limelight

Adelaide and all that jazz



Jazz, the music which grew out of the struggle of black Americans against racist oppression, has always attracted only a minority following.

Despite the fact that jazz has provided the musical foundations for all Western popular music, very few jazz players are known to a wider audience and very few have won the fame and fortune of even the most minor and ephemeral pop stars.

So what is this thing called jazz? Does it exist in little old Adelaide? Is there, hidden from public view, a local jazz sub-culture of smoke-filled dives and hot improvisers jamming away to the wee hours? *On dit's* RICHARD

OGIER looks firstly at the modern jazz scene in Adelaide and then offers a few clues for the uninitiated about what jazz is all about.

So, where do you go to see firing hot jazz in Adelaide?

If you can't make it to the States, Sydney's not a bad bet, and it is jazz revival time in Melbourne. But if you are confined to Adelaide — Australian capital of culture and the arts — you have got a bit of a problem.

While there is no shortage of "Trad gigs", the modern scene here is at best random, and at worst pushing non-existence.

Sadly there are only two regular gigs around at the moment; on Saturday nights at the Maylands Hotel and on Wednesday nights at the Highlander.

Sometimes "Jazz Action" feature modern jazz at their monthly meetings at the Tivoli, as do the "Southern Jazz Club" every Thursday night at the Tonsley Hotel.

Adelaide's old stable of great players — like Adelaide Uni's own Dr. "Teddy" Nettlebeck,

(Psychology) — and a wealth of new ones from the jazz course at the Adelaide College, can't get regular work.

The little that is around few know about anyway. Jazz seems to suffer because of misguided publicity and promotion.

While jazz doesn't have the popularity potential of rock, and people like "Jazz Action" have few funds, if you can get to the right people you can get the support; it has been proven.

The Rhythm Section recently finished one of the longest modern runs in Adelaide's jazz history. Bassist Mike Pank a twenty year veteran on the Adelaide scene spoke to *On dit*.

"We must have had thousands through the Old Lion over the twelve month period. But the crowds dropped off about the time the new management took over our advertising. We were lumped in with the rock group in the disco."

He went on to say "you've got to pinpoint the jazz market to get to it; you are not appealing to the general population, you're after a select group."

The sad thing is that the "Jazz at the Lion"

was mind-blowing. If word had got around campus there might well have been droves of us down there every week; tired of the fang and roar of rock and roll, or just for the snapping fire of something new and different.

The same might be said of a concert at the Adelaide College last week, that featured Paul McNamara. It was exciting and modern, but few knew.

I was also one of a handful to witness the Peter Hodge Quartet's Goodbye and Goodluck gig at the Marryatville recently. At one stage the audience consisted of me and an elderly gentleman selling a selection of metwursts from a tub on wheels.

Jazz in Adelaide has not always been so quiet. "I remember when Adelaide was full of jazz, in the sixties" said Les Walker of John Davis Records. He spoke of The Cellar and the Creole Room, and the "fantastic modern stuff" there every week.

"At the Uni too, I used to go down there of a lunch time, but no more. Where's it all gone?"

Turn to page 14 for the Limelight guide to modern jazz.

Bird, Miles and all that bebop

— Jazz unravelled

For many of us, modern jazz is an erudite and inaccessible form of music. RICHARD OGIER gives a lay-person's guide to the different musical styles in modern jazz

What is jazz to most young people? The word conjures up a wealth of images: Glen Miller — for mums and dads only — or that "Mickey Mouse" traditional stuff, or that "wayout noise", inaccessible to all but that strange animal the jazz musician.

While traditional jazz has its place — it is happy and highly social music — as does Miller's smooth big band sound, there is so much more. Namely, the music of that mystery category, "modern jazz".

But first, what is this thing they call jazz? Don Burrows has said it is a "how" rather than a "what". It is way of playing, the basis of which is improvisation — the spontaneous music of the improviser, on and around the melody and its chord structure.

This is the main thing that sets jazz apart from all other music. Its capacity for self expression and creativity is what attracts musicians and listeners alike. But it ain't easy — the improviser must have the God-given ability to be able to hear melody in his head, and the technical know how on his instrument to actually blow the notes.

In other words, to manage composition on the spot!

Jazz musicians often say that you cannot play a wrong note, just make a poor choice.

It follows then, that improvisation makes jazz a highly individualistic music; no two improvisers will sound the same. Unlike classical and to a lesser extent rock then, record buyers get the music of artists and not composers.

OK, so what is modern jazz?

Put simply, any school of improvisational music since the jazz revolution of the forties. Nice and vague isn't it, but great diversity makes generalizing a crime.

These are the main schools or styles, most of which have been heard around Adelaide.

"Bebop" was first, and it marked the birth of modern jazz. A birth in the sense that it was a radical departure from all that went before, and in that it laid the foundations from which modern jazz would develop.

Inevitably, jazz and race — or racism — have always been inseparable. Bebop was a reactionary black movement against the exclusively white commercial success of the big band age (Miller and Goodman and so on). Not only was a black musician banned from playing in white bands, he was banned from staying in motels, he had to eat in the drab black quarters of restaurants and — perhaps most gut-wrenching of all — family and friends were banned from most of the places he was playing.

Musically speaking, it was time for a change; the big band music had become cliché laden and monotonous.

Bebop is small group music. It features soloists — of unprecedented facility at the time of the forties — and is rhythmically and harmonically far more complex than big band music. It is racy, nery, and is usually played very fast.

It was created by a self-taught genius, saxophonist Charlie Parker. A small group of awe-struck musicians used to gather at Mintons Playhouse in Harlem to hear him play the new way. A jazz equivalent to Bach or Beethoven, McCartney or Jagger, he died a heroin addict roaming the streets of New York, without status or widespread recognition. One of many victims of the jazz/race conflict.

"Cool jazz" emerged in the early fifties. A cooling of Bebop, it is very laid back and relaxed, hence the name "cool" (cold when it is played badly).

Trumpeter Miles Davis was the primary exponent of cool. While Parker based his playing on fast passages, Davis tended to sit on long, haunting and brooding notes. Cool incorporated elements of European classical music.

Dave Brubeck, among others, popularised jazz with the general public. For a while record sales were comparable to rock. Cool marks jazz's widespread acceptance as "art". Groups began to play frequently on American College and University campuses. Students came to take an academic interest in jazz, in the same way they did Freud or later Beckett.

In the late fifties two schools, "funk" and "hard-hop" grew out of a belief that jazz had become entirely cerebral, and had lost its

Should you decide to venture out for a taste of Adelaide's modern jazz delights, you may find yourself face to face with one of that strange species, the jazz musician, or worse still, a whole group of them.

An embarrassing situation might follow if he or she or they start talking in "the language", and you don't know what the hell he/she/they is talking about.

Here is *On dit's* "save-face-hip-glossary", or key to unlock the mystery of modern jazz jargon.

Drop one or more at random for great effect.

"Chops" — A player's speed on instrument.

"Horn" — Any instrument.

"Axe" — Any instrument.

"Cans" — Headphones and house muso's favourite liquid, especially with chops — meat not instrument — for the Saturday barby.

"Blow" — To play one's axe or horn.

"Skins" — Drums.

"Fanger" — Electric guitar, but only when played by "Rocker" (derogatory of course).

"Love Gig" — As in "playing for love man" i.e. playing for no money.

"Trane" — John Coltrane, famous Negro saxophonist.

"Miles" — Miles Davis even more famous Negro trumpeter.

"Bird" — Charlie 'Yard Bird' Parker. Famous Negro saxophonist.

"Cool" — Laid back and a "turn on" or Cold and a "turn off" (depending on context).

"Bad" — No good, or very good, depending on context. (Note tone of voice).

"Mean" — As above.

firing emotion and gut attraction. So, back to the basics.

Funk is hard, driving music, drawing much from the blues of the first Negro spirituals. Today's soul has its origins in funk.

Hard bop — predictably enough — is based on Bebop, except that it too is harder and more complex. John Coltrane was the primary exponent, and a cult figure in jazz. Incidentally he too was an extra-ordinary individual in a music full of them, he used to practice for days on end at a stretch. He would sleep sitting there, literally with his sax in his mouth. He, like Parker, was a heavy heroin user and died disillusioned and disturbed.

In the early sixties "free jazz" was born. The creators were Coltrane and another saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Free jazz was a revolution in the same way that bebop had been in the forties. Ideally it is free in the sense that the musician is free to utilize all the sounds that are available to him, and not to do whatever he likes. When it is played well it is highly intense and emotional music; when it is not, it is distressing, howling, chaos.

The freedom is due to the fact that there is no set key, there is no set tempo or beat, and notions of structure are dispensed with. All sound is music — a pianist might hit his instrument — and the music of eastern cultures is incorporated.

The fusion of jazz and rock in the early seventies, coincided with a crisis period in rock. The *Beatles* breakup and the Woodstock catastrophe and consequent shut down of the major rock venues in the States, left a generation of rock listeners and musicians without focus or direction.

Don McLean's song *American Pie* refers to "the day the music died".

Miles Davies made *Bitch's Brew* in 1970, and to date it remains one of the biggest selling jazz records. It was in fact the pioneering jazz rock or "fusion" album, and attracted droves of jazz and rock listeners.

Fusion uses the electronic instruments of rock — guitars and keyboards — and is based on sophisticated rock rhythm and harmony. However, in a sense, jazz is simply borrowing from itself, since rock grew out of jazz anyway.

Next term *On dit* begins a regular jazz column in the hope of spreading the word a bit. As well as "greatest-ever" record reviews — each of which will be available at a discount price through John Davis Records — there will be concert and gig reviews and previews that will tell you who's on, where and what type of jazz they are playing. You may get a chance to get out and hear some, and you might even dig it. As Fats Waller used to say, "One never knows, do one?"



A classic shot of saxophonist John Coltrane, characteristically moody and introspective



Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Allen Eager and Kai Winding at the Royal Roost.

OPENS WEDNESDAY!

FOOTLOOSE PRODUCTIONS AND ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY FOOTLIGHTS CLUB

FOOTLIGHTS FINEST HOUR

The very best of
Footlights (volume 2)

Union Hall
Adelaide University

August 1-4 & 6-11
8.15 pm

or 2

ADULTS \$7.00 — CONCESSION \$5.00 — BOOK AT THE BOX OFFICE

Not for money or the politics, but for the fun

No Cause for Alarm are a "no gimmicks" local band who hail from Adelaide Uni's St. Mark's College and whose guitarist is a tutor in the Law School. MOYA DODD reports.

"If we had a woman with a cello between her legs, a bald lead singer or somebody dressed up in drag, we'd have a much, much better chance of getting a recording contract."

The no-gimmicks band is *No Cause For Alarm*. The speaker is Mark Calligeros, vocalist and bassist. The topic is the band's future prospects.

"Ignoring false modesty, I think some of the songs we have are good enough to be commercially successful at a national or even international level," says guitarist and vocalist Andrew Stewart.

"But that's probably the case with hundreds of bands. Being successful ultimately just means being in the right place at the right time."

But hitting the top forty isn't the prime concern of the four musicians who in 15 months have taken *No Cause For Alarm* from a small-time outfit that only people in red, blue and yellow rugby jumpers had heard of, to a demo tape, a regular gig, a keen following and a repertoire of over sixty numbers.

"It isn't just for the money 'cos there isn't any," says Andrew.

"I don't think it's for any great political or social ideals. It's just because we enjoy ourselves, and we think we've got something that people would like to listen to ... catchy

danceable songs and a way of playing where we enjoy ourselves as much as the audience. If we've got any hallmark that's it."

They're also plenty of fun to talk to. Ask them what sort of audience they attract, and they say "drunken".

Ask them why they took on a manager and they tell you "It's because we're gullible, because we have this masochistic desire to be ripped off, and because he threatened us".

Ask them about their weirdest gig and they'll tell you it was when the drummer was out on the balcony of a one-bedroom flat on Anzac Highway. Ask them about their chances at the big-time and they'll tell you that "we've even got our drummer used to the idea of sleeping with Molly"

Ask Andrew about previous bands and he'll tell you about *Sanity Clause and the Braindeer*, which played Christmas Carols. Ask him about his worst band and he'll say it was a blues band called *Blind Lemon* which lasted only one gig in a church hall when "someone pulled out some bishop's gear and started dancing about in that."

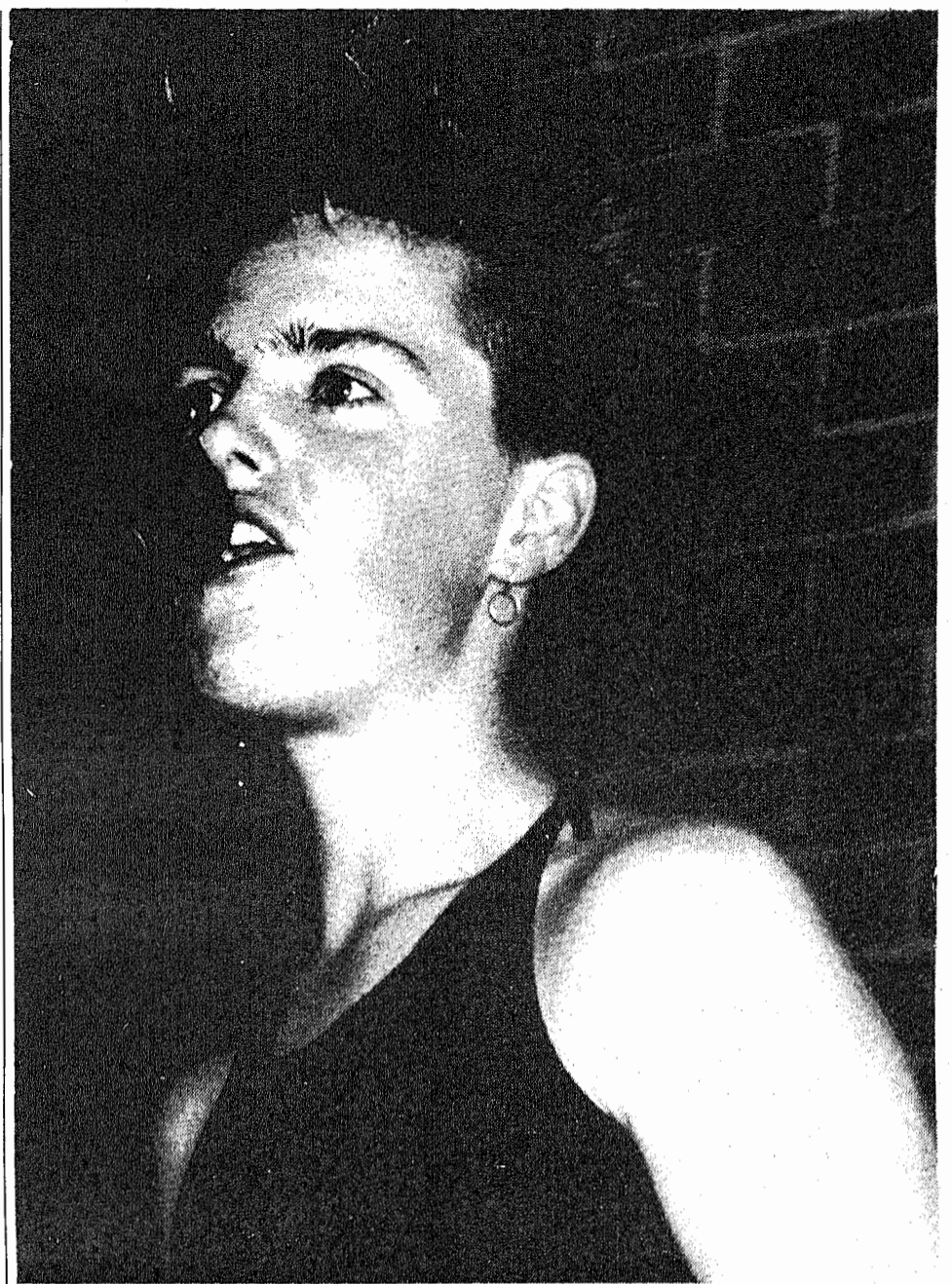
He may even tell you "actually, I used to have long greasy hair..."

The band consists of two students, an apprentice and a tutor in Adelaide Uni's Law Department, playing guitar, bass, keyboards and drums.

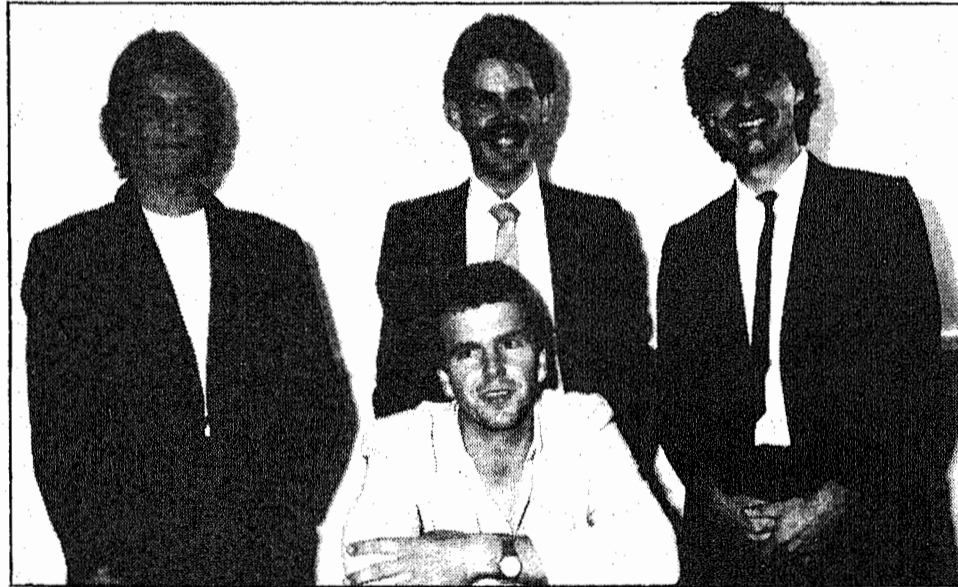
Law School tutor, Andrew Stewart admits to some strange ambitions.

"I've never yet managed to look down and catch somebody's expression who's seeing the band for the first time and only previously knew me from Contract tutorials.

"I'd love to see it happen. I'd love to see their face."



Lindy Thorpe, singer with Ulula Strix



No Cause For Alarm

DISCS

This Island EUROGLIDERS

by Mark Calligeros

It is perhaps not coincidental that the Australian album that generated most interest last year, *Goanna's Spirit of Place*, and this new *Eurogliders* offering, the most important Australian album of 1984, have some very similar concerns.

But instead of *Goanna's* "promised land" mentality, the *Eurogliders* are not singing of milk and honey.

"Oohh ... I'm tired of living in the sand Oohh ... I'm searching for a better land... I don't wanna live in this place".

Bernie Lynch is keen to point out he's not actually knocking the place ... rather he's searching for some sort of understanding of his place in it. This theme appears not only in *Heaven* but also in *No Action*.

Musically these songs, like the whole album, are melodically strong, impeccably arranged and distinctively *Eurogliders'* songs.

New bassist Ron Francois has given the *Euro's* bottom end a touch of class. The subtlety of his bass parts is outstanding.

Add to this Grace Knight's soaring and

expressive vocals and you have a fairly lethal combination. Knight and Francois are the two active elements on record and this new chemistry works equally well live from all reports.

The real brains-trust in the band, however, is songwriter Bernie Lynch. His songs are enthusiastic and distinctive. Lynch's choruses in particular are highly infectious.

Lynch sings the lead vocal in five of the album's 12 songs, his voice being best displayed on the powerful *Never Say and It's the Way*.

The rest of the band should not be ignored. Intelligent guitar and synth playing is evident in the first second side track *Keep It Quiet*, while the drumming in *No Action* is excellent, excellent.

The last accolade must go to Englishman Nigel Gray whose production has enabled the band to get the result they deserve.

It would be nice to conclude by saying the *Eurogliders* are the new Australian talent, but I don't know if they'd like that label themselves. The *Eurogliders*, as their name implies, probably have their eyes set firmly on the foreign market. The band's feeling towards Australia is hinted at in the album's title and songs, yet the failure to really follow through such feelings deprives the album of its purported theme.

This is a shame because it's the only criticism of an excellent album.

Screech owls of women's rock

All female bands are a rarity on the Adelaide rock scene. ALISON ROGERS interviewed one such band, *Ulula Strix*, after they played at the Women's Week dance at Adelaide Uni.

Ulula Strix are one of the few all-female bands in Adelaide. Although the band has only been together for one year, they have a tour of Sydney and Brisbane under their belt, a demo tape and a following in Adelaide.

I asked them if they preferred to play to mixed audiences or all female audiences.

"We seem to get a better response from mixed audiences. We've wondered why and decided that it's probably because mixed audiences come to gigs to hear the bands, whereas women's audiences are usually there for another reason. It's usually a fund raising function, or a social occasion and music isn't the main drawcard.

Has it been a deliberate policy to play mainly to all female audiences? "No, not really. It's just that women's functions usually want an all-women band, and we're one of the few all-women bands in Adelaide."

What does the name *Ulula Strix* mean? "It's Latin. We just heard it and liked the sound of it and the look of it in writing so we decided to use it. It means Screech Owls in Latin."

If you had to describe you music to someone who hadn't heard it before, how would you describe it?

"We've heard it described as underground British Music, though that was a while ago: I don't think it's that accurate now. I'd call it on the borderline between pop and rock. It's pretty, but also quite powerful in some ways."

Jude, the guitarist, writes most of the songs. Does she write 'political' songs?

"I don't set about to write a political song. I used to, but I don't now. They happen every now and then. I don't feel as a writer I've got a cause. Our stuff is political because it is meaningful."

The band toured in Sydney and Brisbane for five weeks last Christmas. They met with

varying receptions. "Sydney women didn't appreciate us and Brisbane loved us. There were several reasons for this".

"A few women's bands played together in Sydney. We played a few gigs with *The Hotspots* and *The Stray Dags*. And when they'd finished, we still had a week's worth of gigs to do, and by that time everyone had had enough."

"In Sydney we were playing mostly to women's audiences and in Brisbane to mainly mixed."

"As a band we felt fairly rattled by Sydney, and we thought we'd bitten off more than we could chew. Once we got to Brisbane we said 'Well we're here, let's make the most of it'. We also played by ourselves in Brisbane, which means the audience just comes to see you, which makes a big difference to way the band feels."

What about repertoire? "We've had a tremendous turnover in our repertoire. It's the same size, but it's improving. We grew out of a lot of stuff really fast."

For the future *Ulula Strix* are planning "a demo tape, larger repertoire, and feeling happier playing on a more regular basis and to a larger audience."

"YOURS FAITHFULLY" TYPING SERVICE

Professional presentation at very economical rates. From \$1.00 per page for foolscap size, double spaced tutorials, essays, theses etc.

Telephone dictation is also available for rush jobs.

For further information please phone 271 9699 or 277 6952 or call at 123 King William Road, Unley

A radical analysis

Learning Liberation
Jane Thompson
Croom Helm \$17.95
by Jaci Wiley

Learning Liberation is not for the light-hearted dabbler in education and feminism. As one book in a series on the "field of adult and continuing education" this is, as its publicity states "a radical forum on adult education".

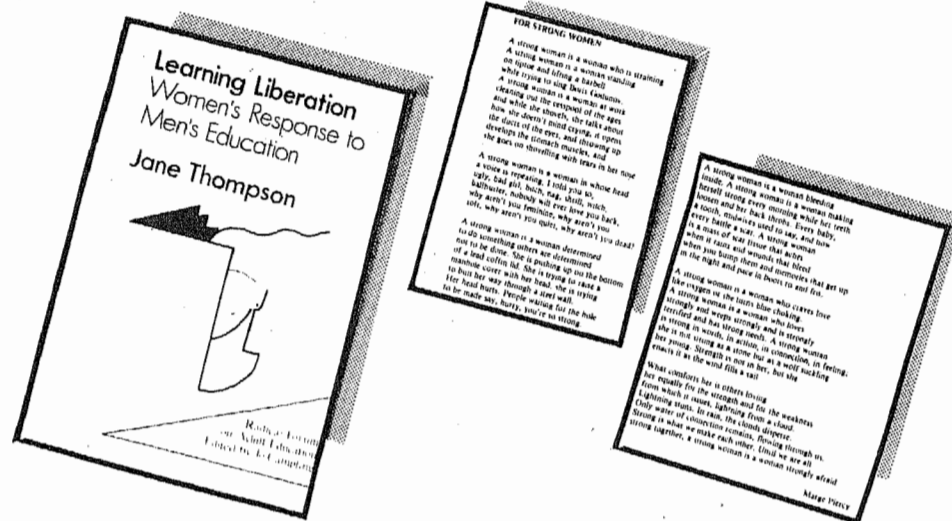
Subtitled *Women's Response to Men's Education*, this heavily political (and polemical) text defines men's education as the currently operating system based on the patriarchy and its notions of educational needs.

Jane Thompson has critically examined the education of women at all levels, but with particular attention paid to adult and continuing education.

As background to the analysis Thompson provides an outline of the theories and methods used. The editor's introduction and preface convey further useful information to the reader on the underlying assumptions of *Learning Liberation*.

In chapters such as "The Re-emergence of Feminism", "The Politics of Women's Oppression" and "The Personal Implications of Women's Oppression" Thompson explains the need to re-assess and radically re-structure the present education system.

The specific details of such assessment and restructuring are covered in the other chapters, including "Adult Education Theory and



Cover of the book and introductory poem to LEARNING LIBERATION

Practice — A Feminist Critique" and "Continuing Education Reviewed".

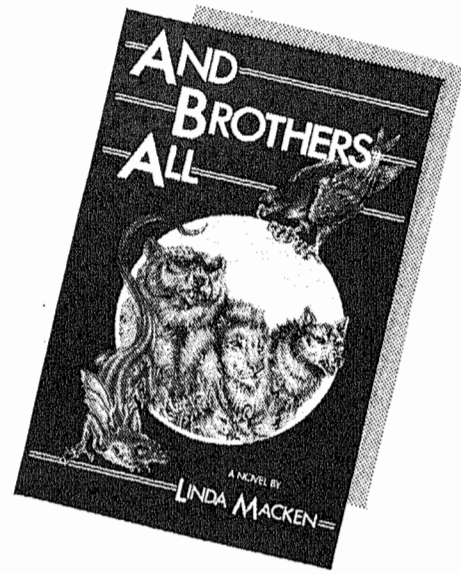
This is a compelling and disturbing book designed to present a radical assessment of the

current and future educational needs of women — and men.

This is not for the light-hearted. *Learning Liberation* is refreshing but likely to be most

useful to those working as educationalists or policy makers. It is specifically centred on the English system but the principles have application to Australia.

At the recommended price of \$17.95 it may not be ideal for a personal library but it should be read by those teachers, academics and students involved in the debate on women's education and women's studies.



Fantasy to formula

And Brothers All
Linda Macken
Fontana
by Fran Edwards

There's always room for another author who writes great fantasy stories. Linda Macken is not it.

Macken's fantasy is an allegory of the world's powers uniting to fight a common evil. In *And Brothers All* each nation is represented by an animal: Borshov the bear, Khan the dragon, Arias the eagle and Anglos the lion. The story is over-simplified and unbearable.

As if that's not enough, Macken's prose and poetry are atrocious. Each chapter is introduced by and littered with poetry of one form or another.

I endured the poetic intros to the first five chapters. That's all I could stomach.

If possible, the prose is even worse. It tends to be stilted, didactic and dull. Almost as if written to a formula.

Macken appears, at first glance, to be emulating Tolkien. She lacks the skill and the suitable vocabulary, managing only to tie herself (and the reader) into knots.

Even the proof reader must have been bored. *And Brothers All* is full of typographical errors indicative of the lack of consideration and thought put into its publication.

Don't waste your money. For the price of this book you could see a good fantasy film.

First women's studies textbook

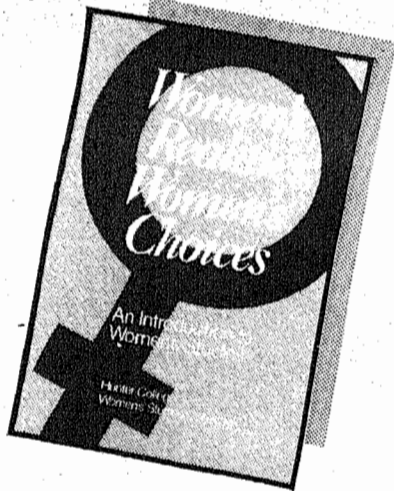
Women's Realities, Women's Choices
Hunter College Women's Studies Collective
Oxford University Press
by Jaci Wiley

In the mass of women's publications currently keeping many presses running, *Women's Realities, Women's Choices* stands out as an informative, broadly-based, explanatory text.

Subtitled *An Introduction to Women's Studies* this text outlines the rationale and issues of women's studies courses. It is, as its preface says "the first basic textbook written for introductory women's studies courses."

Those unfamiliar with the issues of women's studies — or indeed, the women's movement generally — will find this text informative and helpful. The Hunter College Women's Collective have covered most areas of discussion in the present women's movement, putting them in a form easily accessible to educators and students.

Women's Realities, Women's Choices is divided into three main sections with a total of 15 chapters. The subjects raised range from *Defining Women* to *The Family Circle* and provide sound analysis of such issues as



"women's 'nature'", "choosing alternatives" and "women and political power".

This book is bound to be an invaluable reference for those involved in the women's movement, women's studies or the general academic community. Even at the price of \$25.50 it is a worthwhile acquisition for the personal library.

BOOK MARKS



by Jaci Wiley

Cambridge University Press is 400 years old. In 1984 CUP celebrates its unbroken printing and publishing activity. Along with Oxford University Press and Vatican Press (which started in 1585 and 1587 respectively) CUP is the world's oldest press. Although CUP claims its 400 years in 1984, it has earlier origins. In 1534 King Henry VIII granted the University of Cambridge the right "to print there all manner of books ... approved by ... the Chancellor or his deputy and three doctors."

Infamous *Oz* magazine founder Richard Walsh is now chief executive of Angus and Robertson Publishers. Walsh, who shocked the world with the biting satire of *Oz* magazine has been an important media figure since the 60s. He has worked in advertising, television and the now defunct *Nation Review*.

The Combe affair has generated a small "boom" for some publishers. *The Ivanov Trail* by David Marr (Nelson \$9.95) and *The Lobbyists: Using them in Canberra* by Peter Sekules (Allen and Unwin) are but two such titles. Sekules is a lobbyist himself and in the

book tells what the job is all about and how it works. Could give some insight into decision making in the nation's capital.

Poetry books seem to take a low profile in most publicity campaigns. *Instructions for Honey Ants* (University of Newcastle \$9.00) is the anthology of best entries to the Annual Mattara Poetry Prize 1983. Those interested in poetry should find this collection enlightening — especially if they entered for the 1984 Mattara Poetry Prize.

Other poetry books released include Maureen Freer's *Tealeaf Oracles* (Boolarong), Jack Stevenson's *Because of Ghosts* (McLeod Press) and Patrick Brian Cox's *The Ineluctable and Other Poems* (Cosmosynthesis League).

Friendly Street, the gathering of poets and poetry lovers meets not this Tuesday, but next Tuesday (the first Tuesday of August) at the Box Factory, Regent Street, Adelaide at 8 pm. Those unfamiliar with Friendly Street should know that the evening opens with two guest readers, followed by a break and then an "open reading". The open reading consists of members of the audience reading their own verses. So, BYO drinks and poems. It should be a good time.

Closing date for the *On dit* Short Story Competition is 17 August. 28 entries have been received so far and we believe the next month will see the last minute rush. Get your stories in! Further details this issue.

Bad prose

The Stones
Philip Norman
Elm Tree Books
by Jaci Wiley

It's yet another book about *The Rolling Stones*.

What can one say about it? All the usual things: informative, possibly interpretative, insightful... What can also be said is that Philip Norman's prose is, shall we say, purple on occasion (on many occasions) and the book is not inspiring.

Written in usual rock journalist style, this publication should appeal to *Stones* fans/followers and those interested in the history of rock music.

WEEKLY BESTSELLERS

1. SEEDS OF YESTERDAY by V. Andrews (Fontana, \$5.95).
2. COLLINS PLAIN ENGLISH DICTIONARY by G. Wilkes (Collins, \$21.95).
3. IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE by T. Peters (Harper and Row, \$12.95).
4. COLLINS CONCISE AUSTRALIAN DICTIONARY by A. Krebs (Collins, \$14.95).
5. ROGET'S THESAURUS by Roget (Penguin, \$8.95).
6. 1984 by George Orwell (Penguin, \$4.95).
7. ONE MINUTE MANAGER (Fontana, \$4.95).
8. ZEUS DATA CHARTS (Buck, \$6.70).
9. THE RAJ QUARTET by P. Scott (Heinemann, \$24.95).
10. TALL POPPIES by S. Mitchell (Penguin, \$6.95).
11. CLANGERS, BLOOMERS AND BLUNDERS (Macmillan, \$9.95).
12. FAR PAVILIONS by M.M. Kaye (Penguin, \$9.95).
13. IN GOD'S NAME by D. Yallop (Cape, \$21.95).
14. POSSIBLE DREAM by C.P. Conn (Quartet, \$2.95).
15. BIG SECRETS by W. Poundstone (Morrow, \$13.95).

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

Cosy Home Coffee House invites you to have

Spaghetti Fun

For only \$4.20 you get as much spaghetti as you can eat plus four different sauces. Come to Cosy Home Coffee House and have a huge pot of spaghetti with pots of four sauces — Giacomo, Calabrese, Pesto and Cosy Home's Special — brought to your table for a filling, relaxed and fun night out.

Every Friday and Saturday from 7 pm till late



Unique fun only at your



116 Melbourne St.

ph 267 2469

Lacking in coherence

The Hotel New Hampshire
Academy Cinemas

by David Walker

The Hotel New Hampshire suffers from the same flaw which frustrates cricket fans watching the late-night highlights: it becomes, in condensation and adaptation, merely a collection of those moments when there was most "action".

John Irving's book was long, but likeable and popular, though less so than his first best-seller. *The World According to Garp*. *Garp* also made it to the screen, as an underrated but spirited film which succeeded through the strength of its central characters.

Hotel, ten-year saga of a family composed mostly of dreamers, homosexuals, writers and the ordinarily incestuous, lacks any central character, and is weaker because of it. On film that weakness is fatal. Both the Irving books are long; only *Garp* is strong enough to withstand the brutal cutting needed to produce a 120-minute film.

John Irving's writing is a careful mix of comedy, tragedy and melodrama. *Hotel* the film often destroys the mix, dividing the plot into the funny and the rest, making the funny rather cheap and the melodramatic rather silly. Rather than humour permeating life, it punctuates it.

If only *The Hotel New Hampshire* cohered a little more, it would be a fine film. The material is excellent, even if the attempt to squeeze it all onto celluloid forces the film to jerk from scene to scene annoyingly. It is only in the last hour that the defects become obvious, as events begin to move with ridiculous speed.

Beau Bridges, no longer young and better for it, plays Win Berry, a gentle father who dreams of the hotels he might one day run.

Jodie Foster is equally right as his hard-nosed daughter coming to terms with her own aggressive sexuality; Rob Lowe plays her hornily adolescent brother with passable competence.

Best of all, Nastassia Kinski has escaped the model cliché to give a quietly powerful performance as Susie the Bear.

In places the people who made *Hotel* got it very wrong. They cast a child called Jennie Dundas as one sister in the family, and she is clearly out of her depth trying to play a 20-year-old dwarf author. An awful, sugary violin score coats the whole film like treacle. Several scenes are speeded up, as if to save time.

There are many moments in this film which just don't work; the audience chuckles when they were intended to be feeling the pain and struggle of the characters. That is the worst of signs in a brave try which fails.

LIMELIGHT FILM CHOICE

Compiled by David Walker

Romancing the Stone, Hoyts: Enjoyable adventure/romance/comedy in Colombian jungle, shades *Indiana Jones* in places for colourful characterisation and fine acting from Michael Douglas and the magnificent Kathleen Turner. Less intense than the Spielberg film but worthwhile.

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, Hindley: Even more of the same from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* team. Indy goes down Indian cave with pretty "girl" to find treasure. Full of terror, gore, surprises and death-defying stunts but the people are a little disappointing.

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Hindley: Hackneyed old legend transformed into allegorical tale of natural man free of civilization's limiting influences. Full of technical and artistic merit.

Terms of Endearment, Hindley: Amusing if over-rated, emotionally dynamic comedy — drama about Mother and Daughter and Husband and Neighbour and Life — and Oscars. Jack Nicholson is ... oh, wow, man...

Unfaithfully Yours, Hoyts: Moderately successful comedy remake has jealous orchestra conductor (Dudley Moore) failing to be cuckolded by nubile spouse (Nastassia Kinski). Cast excellent, plot less so but end result fluffily amusing.

COLD CHISEL

A farewell to fans

Cold Chisel: The Last Stand
ACADEMY CINEMAS

by Alison Rogers

Cold Chisel's film *The Last Stand* is a fine tribute to one of Australia's greatest rock'n'roll bands. It's comforting to know that though they are gone permanently from the stage they have been captured at their best on celluloid.

The film is made up of footage from their sold out "Last Stand" concert in Sydney, old film clips from smokey pubs, interviews with people who know them (including Peter Garrett of *Midnight Oil*), and the band members themselves.

There are also pieces of film showing the Newcastle Riots (at the time when *Chisel* was playing there), Jim Barnes at home with his daughter, and views of fans waiting outside the concert.

The film showed *Cold Chisel* playing better than they ever have before. One of the band members said, "In those final concerts, we finally achieved what we've been striving for all this time?"

The sound (of course) was excellent.

Jimmy Barnes exercised his lungs to the limit, and, with gallons of sweat pouring from him, seemed almost larger than life. It felt like the real thing, the urge to clap and cheer at the end of each song was only stopped by the camera showing from above the vast audience screaming and writhing below.

Chisel are portrayed as hard playing, hard drinking, fast living lads who believed in music without any gimmicks.

On film we see friendly banter between the band in the change rooms, hear anecdotes about Jimmy Barnes suddenly diving into the audience during a concert, see them looking like flower children from the early 70s, and much, much more.

A must for any *Chisel* fan, or anyone interested in bands and good rock'n'roll.



LIMELIGHT T.V. CHOICE

Compiled by Richard Wilson

MONDAY 30 JULY

The Charge Of The Light Brigade, NWS 9, 11.00 pm: John Gielgud, Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings. This is the Tony Richardson version of the events leading up to British involvement in the Crimean war. There are some impressive bits, like Richard Williams' animated treatment of the setting. On the whole however, you could be disappointed, after having stayed up to 1.25 am to watch this debacle.

T.V. NOTES

by Richard Wilson

The ratings are out! From April to early June, hundreds of viewers slaved away watching a hot television set: from this extensive intake of celluloid fantasy, I can now tell you the ten most popular T.V. shows. But not just yet.

Instead I'll talk about the tasteless and sexist goings on in the matchmaking program department.

Channel Seven tonight rolls out *The Love Game* as a challenge to Ten's *Perfect Match*. In this show, hosted by Mark Holden, a celebrity

TUESDAY 31 JULY

Shackleton, ADS 7, 8.30 pm: Four hour drama-documentary of the life story of Antarctic explorer, Ernest Shackleton.

WEDNESDAY 1 AUGUST

Dangermouse, ABC 2, 5.25 pm: Watch the world's greatest secret agent, Dangermouse, and the world's worst assistant, Penfold, battle the villains in this hilarious animated satire. May be designed for the kiddies, but adults should love it.

THURSDAY 2 AUGUST

Inspector Gadget, ABC 2, 5.30 pm: Another fast-paced animated action adventure-comedy. *Inspector Gadget* is a bumbling detective who has 13,000 mechanical gadgets to help in his fight against crime. The producers literally got smart by getting Don Adams for the Inspector's voice.

Secrets of Three Hungry Wives, ADS 7, 8.30 pm: One of three housewives has murdered a wealthy, immoral playboy. Who dunnit? Who cares!

FRIDAY 3 AUGUST

panel (Denise Drysdale, Terry Willesee, Peter Phelps) fire personal and embarrassing questions at the entrants, and then decide which pair should be sent off to "romantic holiday spots". Compared to this, *Perfect Match* handles the job with class by leaving the matchmaking to old silicon-head, Dexter the robot (who looks like the aborted offspring from a mating between a word processor and a dalek).

Speaking of *Perfect Match* (Greg Evans to be precise), a new competition wins this columnist's award for most sexist contest of the month. The details are on page 54 of last week's *TV Week*; and run like this... "We're looking for Australia's perfect female body, and, if you believe that description fits you, ... fill out this coupon, and mail it, along with a full-length picture of yourself in a swimsuit..."

Greg Evans heads the judging panel, and prizes total \$11,750. The competition is being

Young Frankenstein, SAS 10, 7.30 pm: Comedy— Mel Brooks at his best, this time sending up horror movies. "Filmed in glorious black and white", it is the story of how Frederick Frankenstein (Gene Wilder), an American brain surgeon discovers his forebear's notes, and then decides to try some of the experiments himself.

SATURDAY 4 AUGUST

Oh God, Book Two, SAS 10, 7.30 pm: Good, harmless fun for the whole family with George Burns.

SUNDAY 5 AUGUST

Svengali, NWS 9, 8.30 pm: Peter O'Toole, Jodie Foster.

Time After Time, SAS 10, 8.30 pm: No, not the song. It's all about H.G. Wells building a time machine back in the late 19th century, and Jack the Ripper using it to escape to New York, 1979, to continue his murderous acts. David Warner, Malcolm McDowell.

The Hustler of Muscle Beach, ADS 7, 8.30 pm: As the title implies, a small town hustler moves to the beachside, and grooms a retarded boy for the Mr. Olympian Contest, but his plans are thwarted by romantic complications.

sponsored by leading lingerie manufacturer, Kayser.

Back to the ratings survey. Channel Nine made a clean sweep of the top six positions, Channel Seven finished second with SAS 10 a distant third in the commercial stakes. They should win this current survey however, with the fabulous *Bodyline* mini-series, and of course, the Olympics — all 300 hours of them.

Here are the ten top-rating programs:

1. 60 Minutes (NWS 9)
2. Different Strokes (NWS 9)
3. Webster (NWS 9)
4. Sale of the Century (NWS 9)
5. New Faces (NWS 9)
6. Sunday Night News (NWS 9)
7. Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em (ADS 7)
8. A Country Practice (ADS 7)
9. The A-Team (SAS 10)
10. Sunday Night Movie (ADS 7).

A modern 'Romeo and Juliet'

Romeo and Juliet
STATE THEATRE COMPANY
Until 11 August
by Bill Morton

It's a pity the State Theatre Company's latest production isn't called *Albert and Noreen* rather than *Romeo and Juliet*.

Perhaps then the problems associated with the production of probably the world's best known and most quoted play would have been avoided.

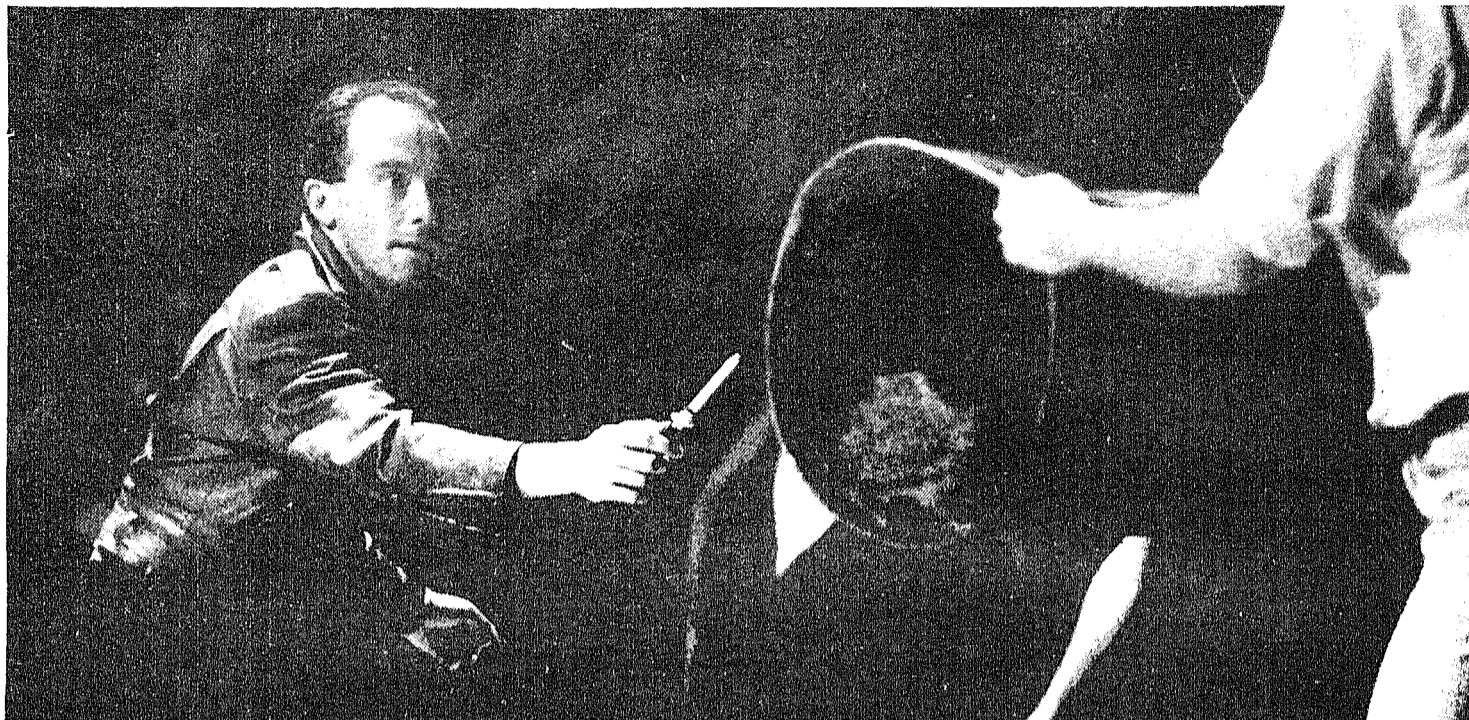
Everyone knows *Romeo and Juliet*. We all have our own little preconceived ideas of how the play should look and feel, and these ideas are with us before we even walk into the theatre. When something different happens it causes a shudder of unease: our image of the play is challenged.

The STC's *Romeo and Juliet* was just this: a challenge. To forget our Matric English lessons, to forget previous productions we had seen, to forget we have even read the play. To experience the play as if for the first time. And in this context to feel the words and their evocation, and only then to judge the production's validity.

At interval I ran for a scotch to flatten the hairs bristling from my scalp. The play I was watching was alive and buzzing with verve, pace and excitement. The contrast consisted of charged emotion and sensuality.

This modern production with its visible wings, towering set and on-stage music was giving me the same "this is now, happening around you" vibes as I got from Stephen Sewell's *The Blind Giant is Dancing*.

Of course much of the play's "modernity" stems from the dress. Identifiable as of the upper class, we get no more clues than this, the characters are no more Beaumont than Springfield than Toorak; their dress is no more '84 than '80. But specifics are not needed. The set, music, and costumes provide an underlay for the real substance. Is it really possible to



draw correlations between life in the sixteenth century and life in 1984?

Invariably with Shakespeare these correlations consist of studies of human nature: man/woman attempting to come to terms with his/her own greed, or his/her lust for power, or his/her own self-awareness.

Consequently seeing Shakespeare is often a very personal experience: Hamlet's Macbeth's or Lear's agony is our own. *Romeo and Juliet* lets us draw a thankful breath of objectivity. All its crises, laughter and conflicts are those of youth: as we were once, when we knew no better.

Neil Armfield appears to have recognised and understood the importance of youth in

Romeo and Juliet. Youthfulness is the pervading mood and Odile le Clezio and Simon Burke both have oodles of the essential ingredient to make youthful folly convincing: innocence. Their innocence allows them the blindness of their passion and desire; it is the factor which drives them despite the social and familial forces conspiring to bring down their almost holy union.

The influence of youthfulness is not only seen in Romeo and Juliet's love-match — it determines the action of the whole play. Forces of reason — exemplified by Friar Laurence (commendably played by Errol O'Neill) and of authority (the parents of each family) — are powerless when faced with virile, aggressive and illogical youthful thinking.

The Montagues and Capulets butcher each other because like all young bloods they want a fight. Friar Laurence has infinite solutions, but no solution can convince a young person unable to have the one he/she wants.

Romeo and Juliet is a classic tragedy: at the end our hopes of love and happiness are both dead from their own hands. And yet there was still a sense of celebration about the STC production.

Emotions and feelings laid bare; no shame, no guilt; the willingness to pursue them to the end, the desire to shout out loud everything important, everything felt.

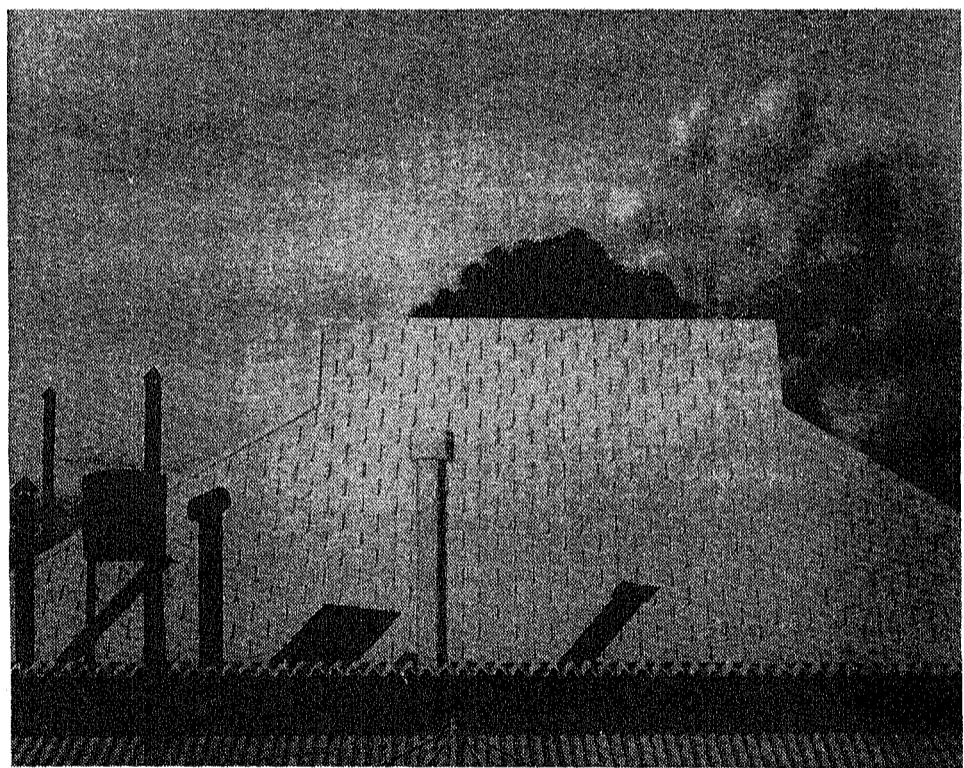
Everything ends in destruction, but one which defeats any attempt to harness the raw energy of youth.

A BOTTLE OF BASEDOWS BEHIND AN UNFINISHED THESIS

BASEDOWS

Basedows excellent wines: Eden Valley Rhine Riesling 1983, White Burgundy 1982, Frontignac Spaetlese 1983, Barossa Hermitage 1980, Cabernet Sauvignon/Shiraz 1977, Cabernet Sauvignon 1981, Old Tawny Port, Old Show Tawny Port.

AB3081/84



"Apricot Clouds" a painting by Ron Hawke

Suburban tension

Ron Hawke Paintings
Contemporary Art Society
Porter St. Parkside
until 4 August
by Julian Skinner

Ron Hawke has taken a novel, back-yard view of Adelaide life. He hails from Sydney which, he points out, "sensitized" him to aspects of the environment peculiar to Adelaide.

Corrugated iron is one of them.

Stobie poles, corrugated iron fences and rotary clothes hoists are put in a new perspective in paintings on exhibition at the CAS until 4 August.

A "strongly Adelaidean construction material", corrugated iron is also an excellent means of expressing the city's light, which has great clarity due to SA's dryness.

Hawke paints scenes of suburbia to create a feeling of tension, a stillness "which is not peaceful, which gives the impression that action is about to take place."

The arrangement of his paintings is not always a reflection of what is possible. For instance, the depiction of shadows. This is part of the striving to create an atmosphere of unease.

Hawke wants his paintings to invoke thoughts about the suburban surroundings.

Critical of the Adelaide art scene, Hawke believes there are many good, dedicated and

hard working artists in Adelaide who are disadvantaged by the lack of financial support apparent in other areas of the arts. An important feature in this is the lack of outlets for exhibiting contemporary art.

BRIC-A-BRAC

HI-LITES

Radio 5UV Highlights

Monday 30 July, 7.30 pm: Dipping Into Books — Programme 4 in this Radio New Zealand series on trends in children's books. This week — "Through the looking glass: Alice and beyond" — looks at fantasy.

Monday 30 July, 8.00 pm: Transitions: The Making of Modern Europe. Professor Natalie Z. Davis of Princeton University discusses the feature film, *The Return of Martin Guerre*, and what this story of imposture in a 16th century village says about the society of the time.

Tuesday 31 July, 8.00 pm: Workers' Weekly. Current political, economic and industrial issues, produced by the Labour Studies Department of the SACAE, headed by Ray Broomhill.

Also includes a regular commentary on current affairs in Australia and a weekly round-up of what's on the labour movement in Adelaide.

Tuesday 31 July, 8.30 pm: Crime — Does the punishment fit the crime? American and Scandinavian criminologists consider the virtues and vices of their respective systems of criminal punishment. (From Radio Canada International).

Wednesday 1 August, 8.00 pm: Sex and Society. "Sex and the Disabled" — looks at some of the issues facing disabled people in our sex-centred society.

Wednesday 1 August, 9.00 pm: Science Journal. How often do you read notices of "Corrections", "Errata", "Apology"? In Scientific publications especially, errors can be not only frustrating but in some instances

lethal. Dr. John Sabine from the Waite Agricultural Research Institute of the University of Adelaide, surveys the problem and draws some conclusions, on 5UV's Science Journal this week.

Thursday 2 August, 8.00 pm: Horizons of Science — ANZAAS '84. The second programme in this series of reports from the 1984 Congress of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science.

Friday 3 August, 12.30 pm: Nunga Radio. Community news and information of both current and traditional interest, mixed with a selection of popular music. Presented by the Aboriginal Community Centre.

Saturday 4 August, 9.00 am: Fine Music Morning. A recital by Lisa Cheshire (flute) and Wendy Lorenz (piano), with works by CPE Bach, Bohm, Prokofiev and Bartok.

Saturday 4 August, 11.00 am: The Art of Choral Singing. A rebroadcast of 5UV's 1981 production — prescribed listening for all choral singers and trainers.

Saturday 4 August, 1.00 pm: Women's Journal. A mixture of interviews on a wide variety of topics relating to women's issues, and a diverse range of women's music.

Saturday 4 August, 5.00 pm: The Folk Show. Earlier this year American singer-songwriter Tom Paxton gave what has been described as the most stirring evening at the Traitor's Gate Folk Club. The second part of his performance at the Gate will be broadcast on 4 August. Not to be missed!

NOTICES

Socialist Club Films: Black Holiday (directed Marco Leto, 1973). Leto's film about the internment of Rossini, a liberal university professor in one of Mussolini's prisons in 1931. To become an effective opponent of the Fascist regime, Rossini learns that he must examine the limitations of his own class and his own mind. The core of Leto's film is a metaphor for political quietism and acquiescence.

Wednesday 1 August, 8.00 pm in the Little Cinema, Level 5, Union Building. \$3.00 and \$4.00.

Hairdresser — Cheap. Professional Italian hairdresser available in Craft Studio, Level 4, Union Building on Thursdays from 12.00 to 4.00 pm. Only \$3.00 for a great haircut.

"The exception and the rule" by Bertold Brecht, directed by R.G. Davis will be performed at the Drama Studio at Flinders University on 8, 9, 10 and 11 August at 7.00 pm. Bookings at the Flinders University Drama Office, telephone 275 2637. \$5.00 unemployed and \$2.00 concession.

Did you ever want to hear about the Big Bang?

Come and hear Dr. Horton of the Physics Dept. give a talk about Astronomy and in particular about the early years of the universe. Presented by the A.U. Astronomy Club, Little Cinema (Level 5) 1.10 pm on 8 August (Wednesday). FREE.

The next A.U. Astronomy Club meeting will be held on Wednesday 1 August in the North dining room at 1.10 pm. If you're sick of all this political rubbish, come and see films about the Solar System and the Universe about us. All welcome.

Wednesday 1 August

The Gliding Club will meet in the Jerry Portus Room at 7.30 pm. There will be a talk on advanced post-solo soaring and cross-country flying. All interested people welcome.

Debating Club. Thursday 2 August. Tonight is B Grade Round 5, the last B Grade round and last debate for this term. To celebrate we're having a dinner at 6.00 pm in the South Dining Room for all members and friends. Debates follow at 8.00 pm on the topic: "That it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than to take arms against a sea of trouble and by opposing end them."

Emanon vs. Twelfth Team (Chapel); Phonetic Death vs. Two Imposters (North Dining Room); Noblesse Oblige vs. Chocky Chips (Meeting Room 3); Ma Non Troppo vs. The Commonwealth of Australia (Meeting Room 1); Minimum Chips vs. Demalemadinktajivers (Little Cinema); The Lesbians vs. St. Marks (Portus Room).

Service to Youth Council Inc. Badge Day 17 August. We urgently need collectors for our Badge Day to reach our target. Need only collect for one hour — in the city. Contact Eve Brown 272 2544.

Attention. The French Club presents "... Et A La Fin Etait Le Bang" by Rene d'Obaldia in the Little Theatre at 8.00 pm Thursday — Saturday, 2 — 4 August and at 2.00 pm on Friday 3 August.

This performance is the Australian premiere of the play and if you don't comprehend tres bien le Francais then a little synopsis of the action, in English, will be available.

Adults \$5.00, concession \$2.50.

Support the only regular French Theatre in Adelaide.

Thursday, 2 August — GSM in support of nuclear-free New Zealand and Australia.

Sunday, 5 August — Hiroshima Day March 1.30 p.m. Victoria Square.

UNION NOTICES

MONDAY 30 JULY

30 July, 12 noon. "Blues Brothers" videoscreening in Union Bar.

2.15 pm. "Flying High 2, The Sequel" videoscreening in Union Bar.

1.10 pm. Activities Council meeting in Union Office. See Don Ray in action at his last meeting of Activities Council.

WEDNESDAY 1 AUGUST

6 pm. Music Students performance in Union Bistro. Free to Bistro patrons only.

FRIDAY 3 AUGUST

1 pm. Jazz and Blues lunchtime concert with "The Benders" from Sydney in Union Bar. Free jazz-rock. Great band.

6 pm. Free entertainment in Union Bistro to patrons only.

8.30 — 11.30 pm. Free entertainment in Union bar with "Mile End Light Orchestra" (folk). Joint presentation by A.U. Folk Club and Union Promotions.

SATURDAY 4 AUGUST

7.30 pm — 12.30 am. Combined A.U. Football and A.U. Netball Club Bar Night featuring "P.R." (from Melbourne) and Adelaide's "Chessmen" in Union Bar.

Students \$4, guests \$5. Special happy hour 7.30 pm — 8.30 pm with Beer on special 60% schooner. Be early.

SUNDAY 5 AUGUST

4 pm — midnight. "Rage Against Racism" show in Union Building with "Strange Tenants" (exclusive appearance from Melbourne), "Learn Zulu", "The Luau", "Screaming Believers" and C.A.S.M. band plus films in the Cinema (4 — 11 pm), other entertainment in the Gallery and lots more.

Students \$6, public \$8. First giant Union Night to use most building. Admission price allows you into whole venue. Licenced and some food available. Tickets on sale from the Student Office now.

COMING EVENTS
Prosh Brekkie Crew and the S.A.U.A. present the "Not the 84 Olympics" Prosh Breakfast
Friday, August 10 at 8 am. Upper Refectory featuring "George Smilovich" (exclusive from Sydney). Tag Team Comedy from the Flying Trapeze and other special guests.

L.A. comes to Adelaide, come dressed for your favourite sport. Be early for this one, the limited number of tickets will be available from the Student Office from 10 am Monday, August 6. Watch for the Prosh Brekkie sleep in!

"True Brothers" — Friday, August 10 8.30 pm. End of term party with "Le Club Foote" and "F.A.B." — Saturday August 11.

THIRD TERM ACTIVITIES CALENDAR
I don't need to remind you that third term is quickly coming, particularly in terms of planning ahead. If you have organised any activities for third term, and want them advertised, send us the details for the third term activities calendar.

The Activities Calendar is a listing of events and activities planned (or thought of) to occur in the Union (and University) and is sent to every student and Union member via the internal mail system. Third term commences on Monday, September 3 and is likely to conclude at the end of October. We will list events happening in November and December given sufficient space. The deadline for third term calendar will be Wednesday August 22 at 5 pm.

Please send or phone your information, copy and any photos or artwork you would like included to Barry Salter in the Union Office by Wednesday, 22nd August. Free advertising for you.

THE PROSH RAG. All those interested in helping with the *Prosh Rag*, come to the bar at 1 pm on Monday 30 July. The theme is anti-racism though we probably won't stick to this theme. We want anything — articles, jokes, cartoons. So if you want to meet nice (almost!) people and have fun times (yes, it is possible at Uni!) come up and speak to the Editors who are Alison Rogers and Gary Martin. The deadline is Wednesday 1 August. The Editors will buy the first round of drinks!! (gulp).

ACCOMMODATION
There are a number of vacancies in the University's non-collegiate housing. Contact Peter Turnbull, Hughes Plaza office.

FOR SALE
Complete Hi-Fi system. Technics SL1200 direct drive turntable. SME tonearm. Shure V15 type III cartridge. TEAC A100 Dolby cassette deck (front loading). Rambler A3000 amplifier. AKAI SW136 three-way speakers. Mint condition. \$650.00 o.n.o. Phone 272 0653 or 31 8468.

I am selling books on philosophy, religion and mysticism. Subjects include philosophy, logic, history of Western philosophy, Aristotle, Christianity, yoga, palmistry, astrology, numerology and Tarot. All books in good condition and selling cheaply. Phone 269 5076 and ask for Tamara.

FOR SALE
Fender Fretless Precision bass. Never used. \$590. Phone 339 1968 and ask for Tony.

JOBS
Native speaker offers German tutoring for reasonable price. Ring 267 1162.

I am an experienced tutor in:
• French • Italian
• Dutch • German
For beginners, advanced and high school students (also Matric standard). \$10.00 per hour. If you need help in any of the above languages please ring Marianne on 353 4242.

TO LET
Female wanted to share flat with female and male. Non-smoker, tidy person preferred. \$25.00 per week plus expenses and bond. Quiet, arc in West Hindmarsh, 10 minutes from city, and excellent shopping nearby. Bus stops close. Cordial atmosphere. Phone Andrea or Dave at 46 9100 any time (phone machine on if not in).

FOUND
One beret, found at the Law School. Phone Simon 43 7129.

APOLOGY
From a Mother

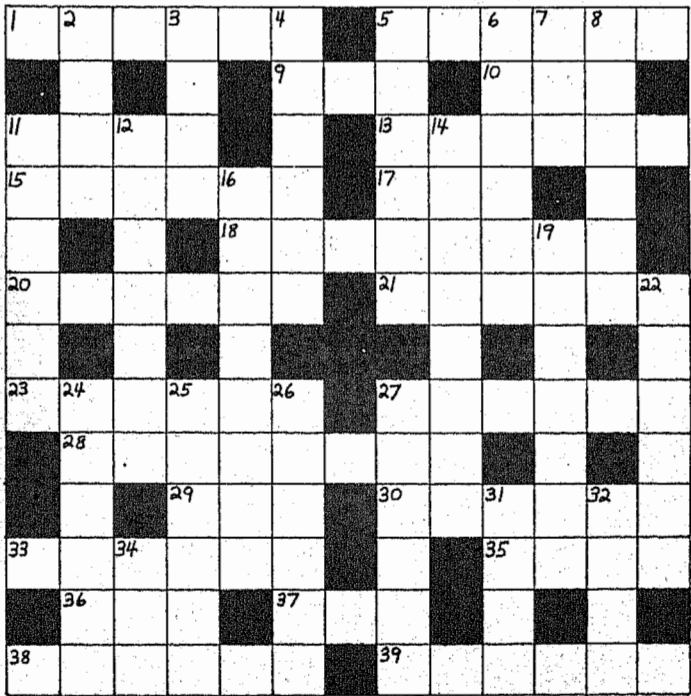
I am extremely distressed by the behaviour of my son and his fellow Chemical Engineering students. I would like to apologize to the Mechanical Engineers on behalf of my son and the other Chemical Engineers and promise that if it happens again I will spank him, deny him his jelly beans and send him to bed early.

Signed
A Chemical Engineer's Mum.
P.S. I have tried to teach him to spel.

LEGAL NOTICE
The Supreme Court of Australia hereby serves notice on the Chemical Engineers' "Engineering Soccer Federation" that an injunction has successfully been lodged by the Mechanical Engineers preventing the Chemical Engineers from printing more mindless crap. Further libel statements will be held in contempt of court and the Chemical Engineering common room will be bombed as a retaliatory measure.
Chief Justice A.G. New

CROSSWORD NO. 7

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Across | 23. Bore | Down | 16. Lift |
| 1. Guides | 27. Tranquil | 2. Broth | 19. Erased |
| 5. Luck | 28. Versions | 3. Regular | 22. Thin layers |
| 9. Beverage | 29. Imperial mass unit | 4. Gazes | 24. Revoke |
| 10. Brazilian city (abb.) | 30. Certify | 5. Swivel Wheel | 25. Sympathises |
| 11. Uncerting | 33. Withdraw | 6. Amphitheatres | 26. Four score and ten |
| 13. Odours | 35. Lyric poems | 7. Nothing | 27. Entangles |
| 15. More frank | 36. Respectful fear | 8. Less affectionate | 31. Related |
| 17. Bronze | 37. Digit | 11. Receptacle | 32. Parliamentary constituency |
| 18. Carbonated citrus drink | 38. Lustrous | 12. Amended | 23. Pair |
| 20. Blades | 39. Composed | 14. Obvious | |
| 21. Stair step faces | | | |



TWISTER SOLUTION NO. 6

S A N N I F O V T H E V I F N A S
E T N I N G M E H R M O N G D T E
R I G F I V O E E W R E G F I R
W R E G N G E T M O N G N S N G W
T I R F I N S J T V I F I E T E R
E T W R N N A R W R E G N R I R W
S E S E G D H A V I R E R W R W N
A H A W T V A W R S T I R I
V D N G N O V N R W E E T I V
A H T I O M I O V S A N A
N A M R I T M O S E T M V A N D H
I V T W R V O S A V A T M H D H I
N G N G M T V E N D H I T V O A V
R W O W R I N H D G W R S E M N I
I T M R I S A A V I N R I T G W
T S O M T E S A I N V I W T R W O
M E V E S S O N D H A N G W I T M

No. 6. Answer: The moving finger writes and having writ moves on.

Some of the best, some of the worst and a dash of the bizarre. Edited by Moya Dodd

POPE-SCOPE

Well folks, it's the moment you've all been waiting for! This week *Where It's At* announces the winner of the Pope-Scope Caption Competition! But first it's thanks to all those who sent in the 46 entries to Pope-Scope.

Let's run through a few of the entries:

Is **Xavier Pilkington** an Engee or is **Xavier Pilkington** an Engee? His entry: "The Pope demonstrates the latest techniques in birth control."

A touch of the bizarre from **Richard L. Tuft**: "...and a coming rounda the lasta turn to the final stretcha, itsa Abstinence just ahead ofa Rhythm Method followed thena by a distant contraception anda Castration a longa last. But whatsa thisa folks, it's Immaculate Conception coming from nowhere to wina the Christian Stakes here at Vatican Park."

Thanks Richard, you came close.

Ian Modistach, master of the four-line limerick, chipped in with: "A Habit uncouth and unsavoury Holds the Bishop of Wessex in slavery

With maniacal howls
He de-flowers young owls."

Another Engee, **Richard O'Hair** came through with, among others: "Not the Avon Lady again!"

"Just checking for KGB assassins."

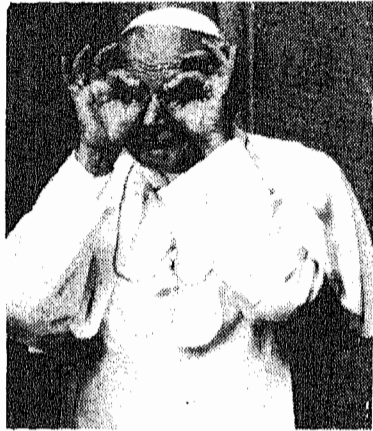
"Cor! Take a gawk at those nuns! These X-ray glasses are great!"

Mike Hunt was inspired to write: "Pope Karol, Italy's hottest new film director after his success with *Rubbers of the Lowest Part*, lines up a shot for his latest blockbuster *Interuterus Jones and the Ten Pills of Doom*."

"He's been like this every night Doctor. Ever since he read *In God's Name*, he won't go to sleep."

Lorraine Sheppard gave us all a laugh: "To the Pope-mobile, Bishop!"

No prizes for guessing who entered: "Man, that was some party



last night..." I know, I know ... **David Mussared**.

Is **David Dickson** a stargazer? "Apparently by holding up your hands like this when Saturn and Mars are in opposition on the sixth day after the first new moon after the 2/3 II orbit about the centre of the galaxy you can see through ladies dresses."

P.K. Wood came through with: "Well, they do say it makes you go blind!"

Tilly Van der Meulen entered: "The Ayes have it."

Tim Nicholls seems to have been

drinking too much coffee again. Included in his eleven entries were:

"Mr. Wong! Mr. Wong! I've lost my travellers cheques!" "The Emperor's new binoculars". "The Vatican method of stopping nose bleeds."

Ave **Alison Lawry**!! "Ave decco at this!"

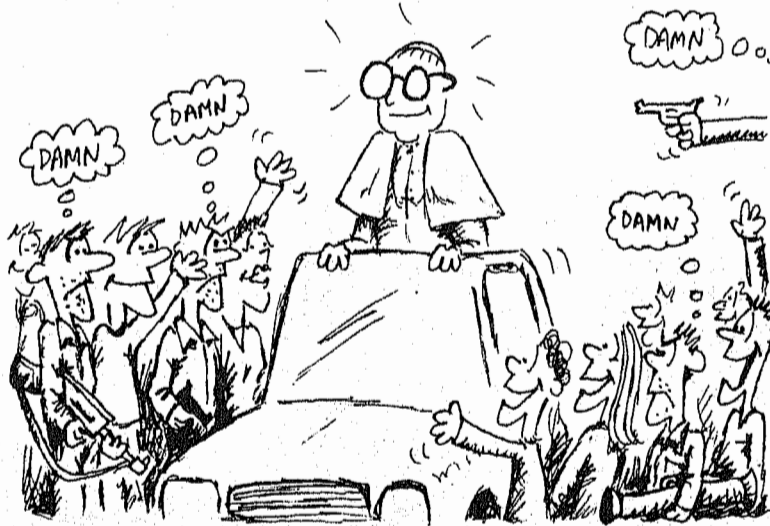
Chris McClure entered: "the Holy Sec?... I'm not sure ... is like this?"

THE WINNERS

After much deliberation, we decided we couldn't pick a winner. You know what it's like here in *On dit* ... we're all a bit slow, easily confused, indecisive ... so we decided to pick two.

The winners are ... (drum roll).

Tim Nicholls with "Holy St. Peter's Square, Batman!" and **C. Quinn** with "Hey! C'mon fellas, you wouldn't shoot a guy with glasses would you?"



John "one bean in every cup" Tanner

BYE JOHN

John Tanner, former *On dit* artist has left us for the bigger layout tables of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. (That's what working in *On dit* can do for you).

The *On dit* you are holding still retains quite a few Tannerisms, for instance the "Page Two Profile" logo or the "Bookmarks" logo.

On dit will sorely miss the patter of those little Tanner feet creeping around the office as their owner told jokes only he found funny.

John's greatest talent was for lateness, but this week the egg is on our faces. We didn't get to the bus station to see him off. SORRY JOHN.

Below is the excuse.

We all got out of bed on the wrong

side this morning. The office had been broken into, and stolen.

Mark marked up all of the copy at the wrong column width. The typesetter broke down, Jo had a nervous breakdown. The urn blew up.

We all got into Jaci's car and it burst.

We caught a cab but the cab hit a bus turning into King William Street.

Moya died.

Peter is a quadraplegic.

Those who could walk caught a bus. It was the wrong one, we decided to fly back from Perth. SORRY JOHN.

We'll all miss you lots and lots.

Greenery

What's in a name?

The National Tree Care award last week went to the Twigg family, of Bears Lagoon near Bendigo, for their service in planting and regenerating trees over the past thirty years.

The prize was a highly polished Mallee root, mounted and ready for hanging.

We understand the first name of the senior male member of the Twigg family is Woodward.

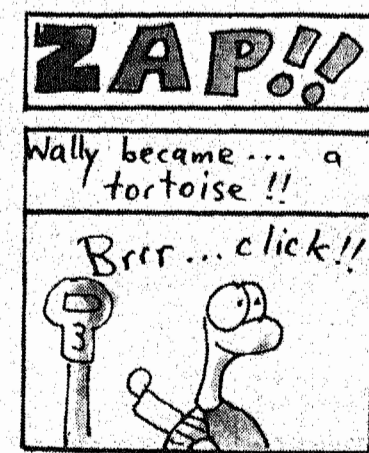
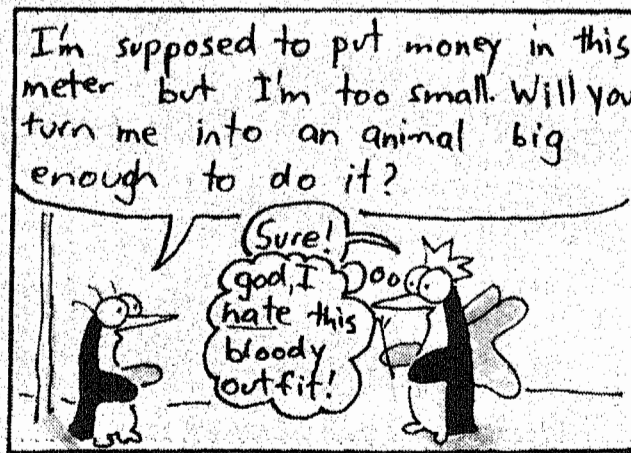
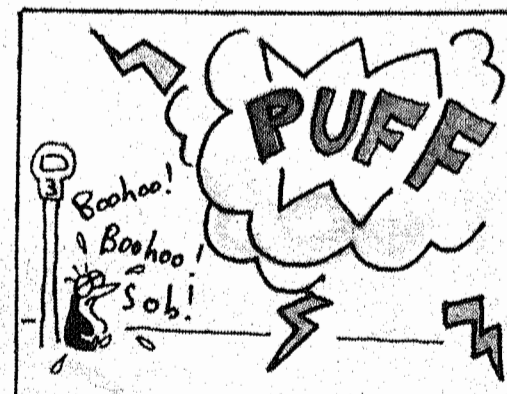
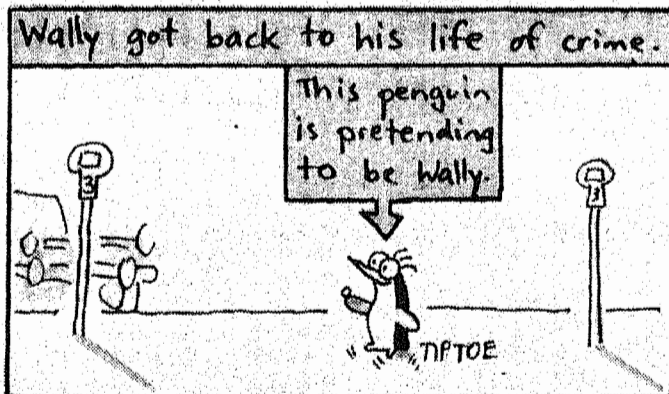
Wally !!

by a man who is being held to ransom by penguins

6

The story so far:
The penguins have taken over this cartoon strip. Harry lost Wally in the crowd...

© RGDall 26-7-84



Will the penguins notice my clever trick to get Wally back into his own cartoon strip? What will they do to me if they do notice? Is this cartoon really taken from old 'Cop Shop' scripts? Who cares?