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**Letters**

Vietnamese Student's Book Appeal

According to a very recent body count (not yet confirmed by US), there are all in all 850 students who are studying at the School of Engineering and the Institute of Technology in Saigon. To keep up with the rapid development of modern technology, we have about 4,000 books, mostly over 40 years old (left behind by the hurried French) and mostly out of date.

Books and students who use them are being cantted into a small room called "library," 50" x 40" x 9." Mind you, the American average height is just over 5' 3".

HILP HELP! HELP!

Please help us by donating any Uni. books (Engineering and Sciences books are most needed) so that you no longer need or by collecting them from anybody who wants to get rid of them.

All books collected can be left with the Vietas at 63 Greenhill Road, Wavyle-Hor- or with T. V. Nguyen, Elect. Eng., or perhaps with any 'oriental human being' who looks rather suspicious during Orientation Week.

In return you are all invited to a very informal and singing party with the Vietas at 63 Greenhill Road, Wavyle-Hor on 13/10/90 at 6 p.m. Vietnamese Students' Association in S.A.


Hilp !!!

Dear Friends,

We, your neighbours are still in hunger.

To help the hungry people and students of Indonesia, who has no money to continue their study, we write this letter to you, Dear Friends.

I still remember when I was visiting Australia most of the daily magazines and un-used clothes are still very useful for the hungry people and students of Indonesia.

Will you be so kind my Dear Friends to help pass this letter to every dormitories (dorm, transact, church, Rosarius) and print this news in the Student Newspaper in this University and local newspapers.

Every gift of money, un-used newspaper, un-used clothes, and un-used books can be sent directly by sea mail and etc. addressed to:

Re: Paul Nguyen, University of Singapore, 44 St. Alfred's, London, UK.

Djarikas, Indonesia

Gift, for every single gift will be appreciated.

Your kind help is need of help from us, Dear Friends.

Teteo Mabuchi.

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**Dossier on ON DIT**

Chief of Staff:

Garry Disher and Philip Lyne

Alison Hastings

Chris White, Jon Gillis, Adrian Wilson, Editors

Good Ritter

Richard Apps, Lyn Arnold, Bob White, Phil Malcolm, Phil McMichael, Chris White, Jon Gillis, Mr. D. Littie, Ralph Middaway, Michael Raupach.

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On DIT or SRC Office

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**Wanted**

One Editor for a new national magazine of the Arts (drama, film, folk, jazz etc.) aiming at both student and off-campus readership. The magazine will be quarterly, and will be published by N.U.A.U.S. Literary Foundation, Aquaria.

Applications should include a statement of experience in this field, and should be submitted to the Cultural Affairs Director, N.U.A.U.S., 344 Victoria Street, NORTH MELBOURNE, by Wednesday, 18th March.

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**Editorial**

In July last year, STU questionnaires were distributed to academic staff, and the results were recently released. 274.3% of the staff answered the questionnaire.

The most important result concerns student representation in academic councils. Participation in uni. committees, such as discipline, faculty and curriculum boards, finance committees and the board of discipline, over 70% of the staff felt that they themselves should be represented.

In the second place, that the non-Confidential nature of the committees should be available to all members of the university.

Over 85% of the staff felt that they themselves should be represented members on the committees.

If this is the case, then some of the staff might feel that the non-confidential nature of the committees should be available to all members of the university.

If this is the case, then some of the staff might feel that the non-confidential nature of the committees should be available to all members of the university.

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**Alternative Resolution**

So you think it would be more romantic-like with a name:

null, there's no name for it.

But there is an alternative, instead of waiting around for the resolution — call National "U." Become involved with society, art and politics, and all those delicious things that National "U" has under copyright — for the whole country!

You are "National U." — every national student newspaper is in every university in Australia. By the way, your first red-hot copy will be available on 9th of March at your SRC.

Now, how does a talented bod look like in such a distinguished company? All you do is pay any contributions to The Editor, National "U," 944 Victoria St., Nth, Melbourne.

So, if you're a budding journalist, cartoonist or what have you, and collect your very own identity badge.
HERE AND NOW

You might very well ask, "Why is the Union still like a bombed-out ruin? Why didn't they fix it before term started?"

The sad story, my friends, is as follows:

In preparing for the contract with Hansen and Yudin, an offer was made which suggested a certain course of action. However, what was not known at that stage was that there would be a considerable change in fortune in the building industry. This led to nearly a 20 per cent increase in the cost of the project. In about $1,000,000 that's a lot of money.

What we had to do then was to reduce the size of the building and add more rooms. By a series of miracles, we were able to cut out a complete section of building work, save another $50,000 here and there, and raise another $100,000. But all this took four weeks, which is really quite fast (ask those who had to do all the work).

That four weeks made the difference between having a tight workable schedule and an impossible one: the refectories will not be open at the beginning of first term, because the builder will be hard at work in the kitchen and reposing the south wall of the Helen Mayo Refectory.

MEANWHILE

Place
Lady Symon Hall
Cellar (Union Hall)
Foyer (Union Hall)
Miln Bar (Portus Room)

Service
Place
Ladies' Symon Hall
Cellar (Union Hall)
Foyer (Union Hall)

Snack Bar (Portus Room)

Coffee service

BY-AND-BY

Stage II is now complete. Apart from the Stage I changes there are now Union and Sports Association offices downstairs in the Lady Symon Building, and a milk bar downstairs (in the Western Annex). The 10,000 sq. ft. terrace is finished (and every lunch hour there are meetings of up to 2,000 people). A few colonnades may replace the existing ones, but on two levels, to permit full circulation at the upper level of the campus.

The "Heavenly Hazy" wing is all right. A large foyer has enough notice boards for most purposes, space for a bar to be occasionally used, a small cloakroom/laundry/desk and a small baggage rack. On a mezzanine is the bank (twice the size of the present one). A small lift will be installed for disabled or elderly people and goods to upper floors.

The Helen Mayo Refectory has been replaced by one of similar size. Beyond the feature — a small theatre, Salisbury and recording rooms, provisions for a tea, a much better kitchen, and a good bookshop. If you are a bibliophile, the parlous position isn't quite so sorry, because while it will be possible to get into some of the buildings by means of little ramps, we still won't have our lift.

PIE IN THE SKY

But in case you've forgotten what this is all about, let's go on that March 1971 tour again.

The colonnades are much the same, but instead of the Eastern Annex there is a Union Bookshop, which extends from a large basement up to the first floor, about twice the size of the WEAA Bookroom. The eastern colonnades might look a bit odd, because the Bookshop's west facade will be ready for the end of Stage 2 and will be of somewhat different character from the rest.

The real Stage 1 development is best appreciated from the sewer service road behind the Johnson and Brown Laboratories.

The Upper Refectory is longer, and a Milk Bar is added to the Severn. The Coffee Lounge is to provide more kitchen and some accommodation for kitchen staff.

The present milk bar is gone too, banished temporarily to the Portus Room.

New space on the second floor includes a book club, dining room, lounge and meeting room(s).

Above this area is a space for clubs and societies. Hopefully, all clubs who want to work at it and a boardroom to store things in — can be accommodated simply but well.

There are shared offices, separate offices and Committee meeting rooms.

Also in this section is a lounge.

Over the Wills and Upper Refectories, at last a games room — table tennis, billiards (plus cards and chases for the time being). This is regarded surely as a recreation area (i.e. you won't have to be an A Grade TT player to be allowed in).

By now (still March 1971) the enrolment is about 8,000 and some workers in the building are assuming an area more in keeping with a Union in a University of this size, with numbers likely to be padded.

Your own gain them is games room, club office and committee meeting room, plus a café (dining) rooms, provision for a tavern, a much better kitchen, and a good bookshop. If you are a bibliophile, the parlous position isn't quite so sorry, because while it will be possible to get into some of the buildings by means of little ramps, we still won't have our lift.

AND WHAT ELSE?

There won't be terribly much more Union in 1970. But there will be lounge space in the Union Hall foyer, in the top floor of the western annex, upstairs in the George Murray Building with a television set, and of course in the Lady Symon Hall, April after.

The SRCNUAUSION PC/Club Services office is in the George Murray's west corner, and the Student Counsellor(s), Warden (and Housing Service) and Secretary are in the first floor of the Lady Symon Hall.

All room bookings can be made in the Union office, even including Union Hall bookings.

The Union now runs the bookshop of course, and the ANZ Bank and barber are in business as usual (buy here not the next barber's shop).

WHAT NEXT?

The Union Council has decided to ask a group to analyse the results of the referendum, together with submissions on the general subject.

This group will consist of the President of the Union, three present members of the Union Council, and two members elected at a GENERAL MEETING TO BE HELD ON SUNDAY, MARCH 16, AT 1 P.M. IN THE UNION HALL.

This group will make recommendations to the Union Council (constituted). I imagine there will be other general meetings leading to changes of some sort in the present Union structure, and perhaps also its relationships with the SRC and Sports Association.
The Oldest Continent—Time Riders

I'm probably being pretentious and miss the point altogether, but my feeling about Stan Ostoja-Kotkowski's presentation of his "sound and image" production is that it may be regarded as the beginning of a significant and valuable contribution to Australian cultural expression. It is difficult to express exactly why, but as a beginning I am not least referring to its Australian nature, i.e. using only the materials of Australia to attempt to judge its value or otherwise. And the word "culture" should be stripped partly of its derogatory connotations — as in "culture" for "cultures" sake, or "cultural" bourgeois elite. There needs to be some criteria based on a response to the artistic work which has probably in some subtle and complex manner successfully communicated a feeling, experience, message or whatever from and by the artist.

The inadequacy in any such review is a failure to articulate the experience — here it's probably more complex because of the medium; sound and image yes, but also with a narrated theme, poetry, modern dance, contemporary music and also digidero, electronically produced images, bush and landscape photography, aboriginal works of art, cave and bark paintings, mythological modes of the ancients, aborigine as a work of art, contemporary paintings... and more, a whole page more. From Kenneth Slessor, Richard Meale, Brian Connelly, Abigail Jullian, Sculthorpe, Judith Wright, Elizabeth Dalman's Australian Dance Theatre, Leonard French, Roland Robinson, Peter Tahourgin, Claude Weisch, J. S. Ostoja and on... it almost reads like a list that someone who is culturally "in" can understand. But making the assumption that each of these Australian artists has something to say that's worth anybody's time, and then using this as part of your artistic judgment and evaluation is, I think, imaginatively, almost intelligently, then your work of art as a continuous process of selection and interpretation is meaningful and produces such a response. Hence in this way perhaps that contribution takes on the form of a valuable cultural expression.

The theatre itself was absorbing, the aboriginal folklore and mythological as expressed as in "The Dreamtime" sequence written by Tony Morphett after much research contrasted with, and as part of, "Time Riders". There was a conflict between a young aborigine, dominated by the Australian aboriginals in the modern city, and an older, wiser man closer to tribal culture, making demands. This was expressed not only in the many visual images already discussed, but also creatively and dynamically by the members of the Australian Dance Theatre, displaying most exciting interpretation and position of the performers. The value again of this to our culture is seen both in the artistic medium, and in its context. Yes, I would recommend a trip out to the Unity Theatre to experience "The Oldest Continent..."

By Chris White

Because of the time needed to produce and print ON DIT, reviews of the musical and opera attractions were unable to be given.

ON DIT will probably try to raise additional finance for the trip to see Ruddi and Bobby.

ON DIT offers for its cultural consumers, a special prize to pick the star festival performers whose publicity officer is cleverly spreading rumors about that very same star. Why does he need it every four hours?

Friends and Neighbours

"Friends and Neighbours" at Theatre 62 is virtually a refreshing change in pace at the moment and as such is a gentle night's entertainment and a continuation of all the classic situations. Two members of a Russian Trade Delegation stay at a "typical English home", where virtually all friends and neighbours are celebrating typical English pleasant rituals — two wives join to put their two husbands in order and the daughter is already forming a similar relationship with a gomilies boy friend, Sebastian. There are the usual slapstick, house-mending stunts, the usual fight between father and prospective duchess of a son-in-law and constant the Lancashire accent with all its inane pitfalls for the Russian peasant.

Joan Clements, Bridget Phillips, Lola Blackworry, Barry Hill, John Edmund (who also directed), Barry Underwood, Chris Winney and Rita Street all managed to convey the epitome of theatre Lancashire families and theatre Russians. The direction is mostly delicately patterned and lightly structured so that by the end the play becomes a study of all these typical comedy characters and, if taken as such, it is a delightful experience. On this level none of the situations seem overly dramatic or take on the feeling of having seen all this before somewhere in the past, the whole performance is refreshingly enjoyable.

On Monday Jean Genet's "The Maids" will begin at Theatre 62 as a late supper show, and on Thursday afternoon, Nigel Graham will start matine performances of Conan O'Brien's one man drama "King Harold Explains..."
My initial reaction to the first half of "Drip Dry Dreams" was that as a pop review, it was disappointing. The versatile actors were desperately trying to be funny but failing because of weakness in its script and direction.

It also was not conforming with my stated prerequisite of a successful review—e.g., main clever, witty, satirical sketches containing relevant social and political undercurrents and the occasional obvious bally huck.

Not conforming with this stereotype was reinforced by the professionalises of the actors, born Sydney with reputations as movie artists and with the controversial producer, John Tinker ("America Hurrah," "Keys to the Band," "The Royal Hunt of the Sun") etc. family-owned.

But as a whole this reaction was invalid. After seeing the whole show the opposite reaction was true. The whole thing is what I had already experienced, and the second half began to lose its meaning and purpose of the review. The recommendation is now strong. The entire thing is now almost "Drip Dry Dreams" brilliant! But why was there a changed reaction?

Initially the ideas behind this type of review break down traditional conventions. It is like nothing I have ever seen before; it is extraordinarily funny just because so much of it is unexpected. Its concept involves the bizarro, the irrational, the social situation, dreams and actions free from any control by reason. The program uses the word "surprise." And here the actions between the "characters" portray more complex, subtle relationships freed from a more conventional form of artistic statement that is more easily reducible to direct messages and to "reality." To go further would bring before a response to the individual scripts. The humour was generally however of a different kind—something of the overtones of the best of British "gougerly," or Marty Feldman, something of the theatre of the absurd, or what is stated in the program (which after all turned out not as pretentious rubbish) something of the shaggy dog story, Mel Magazine and slapstick. I think that "Drip Dry Dreams" is more than just entertainment. I may, of course be entirely wrong.

These impressions were conveyed by the performers, each one a "character" in the true sense of the word. One immediately reacts to the sassy, crazy, risque facade of the Bambi, whose loud-tongued hair and appearance begins the reaction. The others, James Dilks, Anna Nyg and Peter Silver should be relegated behind Graham Bond. Bond—all four personalities seemed joyously through the whole tend to the cleverer direction producer John Tinker. And the pop element is a central part of the revue, in the form of the picturesque Oakapple Day. It is a pity that the audience didn't spontaneously dance in the theatre and on stage during their last coupe of songs.

—Chris White
Well, the Pacific was raped: Ballantyne affirms it. After Cook, the traders and missionaries, cracking the various whips of gold and God, Not to mention the seed of sailors Far by months at the mast – (A curious thing, the sailor removing those Allen clothes brought by his fellow-white missionary.) Then the revenge of the conquered – Bigh cast adrift, rowing three thousand miles; Flinders tortured by death in his ship And by a decade of French detention; Cook himself clubbed – a mistake! – while the traders, The missionaries, Continued space in their particular profits – And Banks in the background, smiled, Bringing back for the "Royal Society" some curiosities, sketches, discoveries. Not to mention a Real Live Noble Savage who whored for him In the best circles. The arrow of retribution landed somewhat amiss. Two hundred years went by. Diving through the documents, sheets of history survive – Fragments, avidly studied; and so, "Pacific Rape." (History mocks us again: behold the Adelaide Festival, in Cook's bicentenary, faced with a play written locally and examining questions deep in our history, Not Quite Having Room for Very Sorry For "Pacific Rape" on the Official Program – Come back next Festival, try again, Perhaps with a colder potato ... Thus the Board of Governors – pompous shits.)

Cook stands accused: the play, Brilliant in portrayal, Must to become a trial: who raped the Pacific?

If you are not a teacher of Australian affluence You are required to ask that question ... Go and see "Pacific Rape." – Adrian Wilson

"PACIFIC RAPE"

by Colin Ballantyne

SHERIDAN THEATRE – Wednesday to Sunday until March 22.

The above review is an honest personal response. It represents a successful artistic communication. It raises important questions that remain unanswered about the role of the critic. Australia has no real critics. The Festival has failed to produce anybody who is able to articulate the experiences, evoking importances or otherwise, to our way of life, and assess the achievements and failures of those participating and representing. This obviously more than just a sterile line of adjectives in the News, Advertiser, ON DIT etc. review, the cartoon comments on the inability of the "average man" to attend any of the shows, the jokes at the starring profiles made through neveral commercial consumerism and at the boost to the tourist industry, the incomplete criticisms of the festival cultural elitism. These problems probably need to be made, but we have to make the jump to a complete cultural appreciation and criticism. Perhaps in two years time? But to play the assigned role of the conventional reviewer, it can be stated that Adelaide director Colin Ballantyne has with "Pacific Rape" stimulated a definite response. The presentation of his theme, not strictly only historical but for us today, was unorthodox but successful. This was because director Jean Marshall achieved the covering of the author's black voice, Tom Wintle's excellent mime sequences, and Peter Tahourdin's music from the Moog synthesizer into a compelling, thoughtful piece of theatre. The cast, not only as historical characters but also on stage to argue and debate the rape of the Pacific, was uniformly good. The guide-narrator in modern dress (John Ratter and Alan Wadles) established the debate, Cook (Roger Marshman), Banks (David Galiga), Bligh (John Hesby) and Flinders (Dean Roberts) replied in action and argument. Mireille Albers, Vicci Odyba and Stefan Jurić were impressed in the mime sequenices. More than Australian drama just for the sake of being Australian drama.

MADIMAT

Bojus (Warrior Dance)

Anyone, I think, is bound to feel helpless at attempting to understand let alone criticize the performance of the Balinese Dance Company at Prince Alfred's College Theatre. This is made no easier by the inextricable surrounding of a scene space and the fabulous cultural context of the Festival of Arts. Surely it is too facile to say it "You either hate love Eastern music and dancing." As the close when the demon king, Niratavatica, has just been defeated and "Happily Arjuna and Suresha return home after having fulfilled their duty," the audience clapped in vain, calming no doubt on the gradual awareness that perhaps they do not have curtain calls in Bali.

I would think I have been much more suitable had the Festival met the Balinese Dancers on Balinese terms in both presentation and organization. A Good Festival must be one where different cultures meet and interchange at all levels so that the old separatist juxtaposition of human thought and activity may be given a jolt into a patchwork medley. The problem on Friday was that the audience was the master, defining its own context, its own set of limitations and having already been defined socially as the center of the Festival.

Despite these severe but I am afraid inherent limitations it was a successful evening in many ways. The performers were artists with a full understanding of body control and coordination. No one part of the body was less important than any other with regulation of eye, fingers and toes as moving signals on a basic understanding and identity of head, body and limbs. This even though the intricate and special connotations of the stories, language and movements could not be fully understood, the dancers managed to convey a sense of overall impression. The Warrior Dance generated an immense image of power and fury, and the Bumble Dance was light, gentle and fraticious. The dancers always established a relationship between their movements and their rhythmic instrumental music on metal keys, gongs, drums, flutes and a pair of string violins. Such relationships enlarged the implications of special movements for us without us really needing to comprehend their specific meaning.

It was in essence an interesting and very beautiful experience. There was throughout the performance one important realisation for many people of the complexities of Eastern dancing. With such realisation came the understanding that our culture does not by its very premise enable an understanding of every other culture, I think many people on Friday night realised that there were still many things if not in heaven then at least on earth, which were still beyond our comprehension.

Jonathan Gillis.