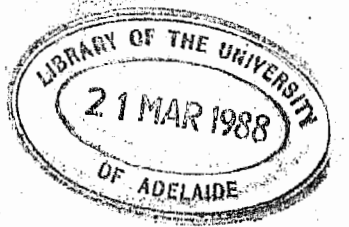


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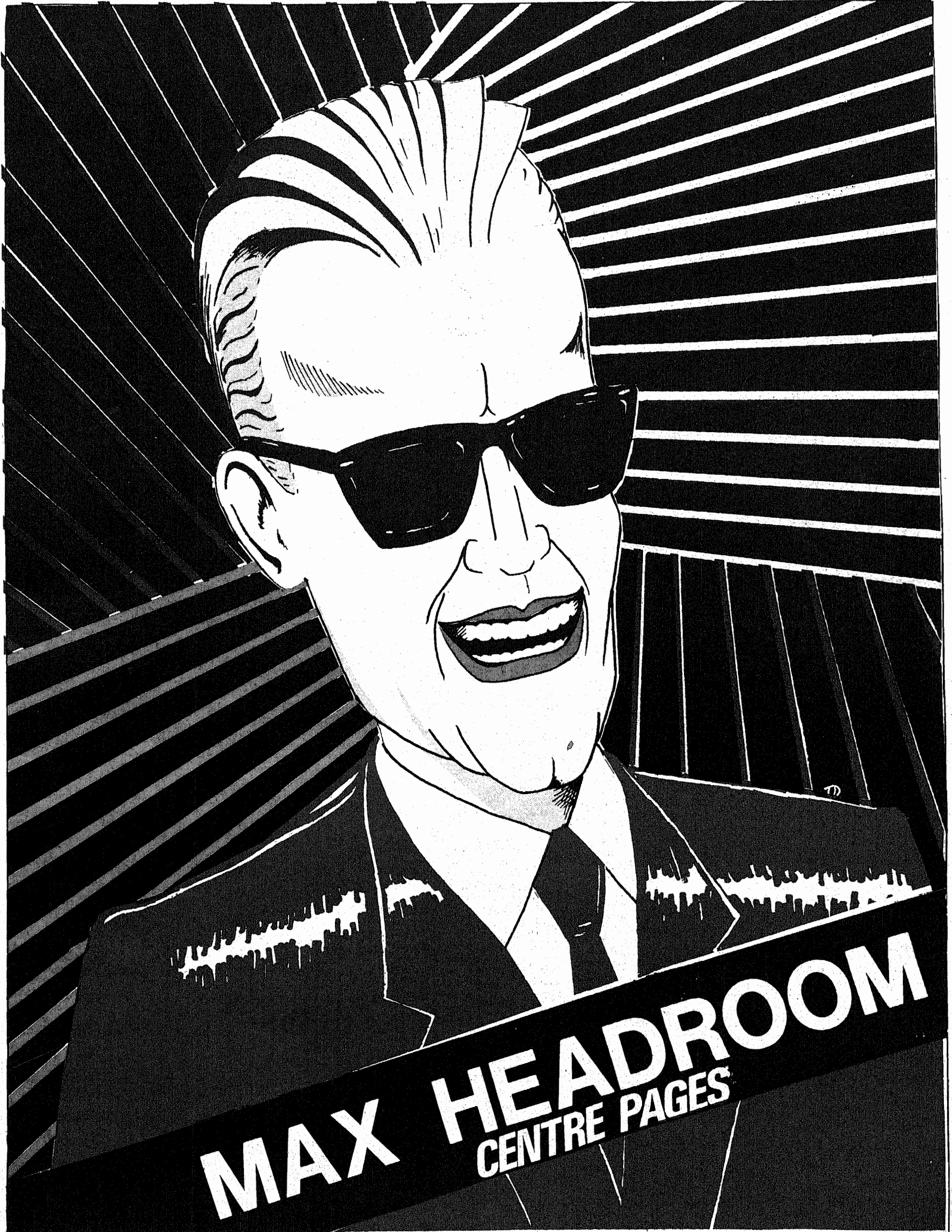


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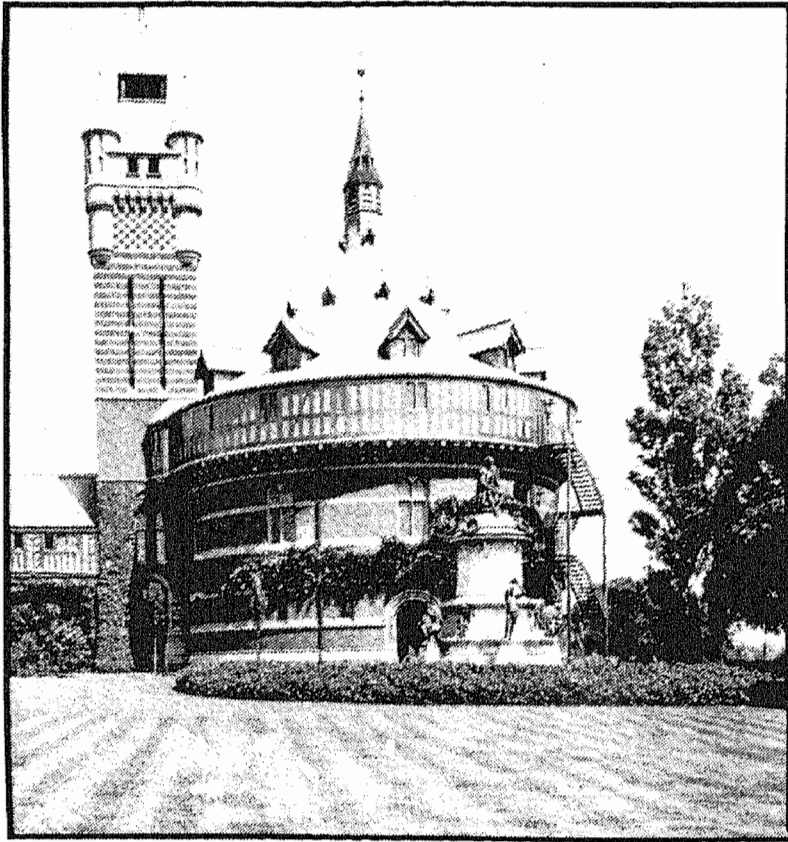
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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY

30 March, 1987



Famous theatre gets new lease of life



The world's most famous playhouse is about to be rebuilt after a delay of nearly 150 years. Shakespeare's Globe will be built near its original site, by the River Thames opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, 400 years after the original foundations were laid in 1599.

The theatre is expected to cost \$33 million and is scheduled to open on Shakespeare's birthday on 23 April 1992.

After 17 years of governmental politicking and legal wrangling The Globe's re-building plans are starting to bear fruit.

The Globe's turbulent history nearly rivals the controversy created by Shakespeare's Hamlet, Macbeth and King Lear when they dashed upon its boards.

The Globe was built in Shoreditch by James Burbage in 1567 from wooden beams taken from the first

Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, the most famous playhouse in the world is being rebuilt. KATE THOMAS reports on the rebirth of the Globe.

known English playhouse known as The Theatre.

The bankside area, a popular spot for plays in Shakespeare and Ben Johnson's time, was chosen because it was outside the jurisdiction of the city's Puritan council.

The Globe burnt to the ground in 1613 when a faulty cannon discharged during a performance of Henry VIII.

A new Globe was erected on the same site and remained in use till all the English theatres were closed by Oliver Cromwell's Puritans in 1642.

For more than 150 years the prospect of restoring the Globe has excited many imaginations.

American actor and movie director Sam Wanamaker has pursued the project with dogged vehemence for more than a decade.

The collapse of the English property market in the mid-70s hampered his negotiations with the site's joint owners, Southwark Council and the Freshwater Derno property company.

The council gave the Globe a 125 year lease and insisted the develop-

ing company should provide plans for its reconstruction.

The Duke of Edinburgh backed a massive fund raising effort which provided sufficient money for preliminary costs.

A left-wing council won control of the Southwark district and councillors damned the Globe plans as elitist and borgeoise. They wanted to use the land for additional housing.

The British government planning department and the Environment Secretary opposed the council's plan. This started a legal wrangle in which the Globe organisation sued

the council for failure to carry out the terms of their agreement and Derno sued the council for \$30 million damages.

In an out-of-court settlement the Globe regained its 125 year lease and the Southwark Council agreed to pay Derno \$18 million damages.

Archaeologists from the Museum of London have uncovered an old waterfront on the site and propose to carry out a four month dig before the official foundation ceremony in July this year which is expected to be attended by the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh.



Apartheid boycott puts academics in the hot seat

Lectures have been disrupted by student protestors at the Cape Town University. DAVID BERESFORD reports on the way the anti-apartheid boycott is affecting South Africa's academic community.

Probably the most famous piece of cross-examination in a South African courtroom came during the great treason trial of the late 1950s when a professor of philosophy was being grilled by the country's leading criminal lawyer, "Izzie" Maisels. The professor was appearing as a state witness, claiming to be able to recognise "Communist" leanings in published texts. Maisels read extracts from various texts, which the professor happily identified as Communist, until the barrister held one up and said: "But, professor, you wrote that one."

The story reflects the confusion that many academics suffer when they venture into the political arena. And it is brought to mind by the current problems afflicting South African academics as they find themselves on the sharp edge of an increasingly effective, international boycott.

The boycott of South African university staff has been operating on an ad hoc basis for years, but with the upsurge of struggle within South Africa and the resulting growth of anti-apartheid sentiment abroad, it is now affecting most sectors of academic life. The seriousness of the boycott was brought home to South African lecturers and researchers with the controversial decision (subsequently over-turned) to ban them from World Archaeological Congress, followed by their exclusion from the World Congress of Sociology in New Delhi.

Behind such well-publicised snubs to South African intellectuals, there are believed to be numerous individual boycotts: overseas academics turning down invitation for fear of being pin-pointed as collaborators

with apartheid, and South Africans being refused the use of research facilities overseas.

The controversy has also been fuelled by the arrival in South Africa of Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien who defied the wrath of the anti-apartheid establishment to take up a five-week visiting lecturership at the University of Cape Town - and is now facing the wrath of local students.

South African academics are uncertain how to deal with the boycott, and their confusion is compounded by what might be described as the "Why me?" syndrome, particularly noticeable at the major English-language universities, which have for long been involved in the anti-apartheid struggle within South Africa.

A serious division is now developing over proposals to facilitate a selective boycott by compiling a roll-call of "acceptable" university staff, committed to fighting apartheid. The idea is currently being considered by the University Teachers Association of South Africa (Utasa), to which the staff associations at the four main "liberal" universities - Cape Town, Natal, Rhodes and Witwatersrand - are affiliated.

Such a vetting programme is strongly opposed by traditionalist figures such as the vice-chancellor of Cape Town, Professor Stuart Saunders, whose own credentials include the presidency of the South African Institute of Race Relations, which has done much to tell the world about apartheid.

Professor Saunders holds fast to the position taken by Albert Ein-

stein when attempts were made to exclude German scientists from an international conference on physics after the Second World War.

When the organisers attempted to make an exception for Einstein, he refused to even consider the invitation, telling Madame Curie,

"It is unworthy of cultured men to treat one another in this type of superficial way, as though they were members of the common herd, being led by mass suggestion."

Saunders insists that those who will suffer most from the boycott are "the very people who have been most outspoken against race discrimination and apartheid," pointing out that academics with "unimpeachable records" have already been hit.

"Academic boycotts won't stop people coming to the country who are not critical, but will certainly stop people who are critical," he says. And he questions where the line will be drawn internationally if the principle of an academic boycott gains recognition - Nicaragua, Poland, the Soviet Union, Vietnam, or America? Who decides on this in the world of knowledge? He applies the same criticism to a selective boycott: who will be the judge?

A contrary argument is offered by the man with responsibility for drawing up the selective vetting scheme, Professor Colin Gardner, chairman of Utasa. Gardner - Professor of English at Natal University - says that, given a straight choice between a blanket boycott and no boycott at all, "I think a blanket boycott would probably be preferable, or more useful, politically, in the long run."

Gardner concedes that any kind of

boycott in the academic sphere could be likened to book-burning. But, he argues, "where there are questions that involve, as apartheid obviously does, the way human beings treat one another, or the way certain people are prepared to condone or turn a blind eye to certain kinds of inhumanities, it seems to me that the issues are so important that it becomes difficult to argue that questions of academic freedom - important as they are - are really more important."

Arguments against the boycott have "a tendency to make academic freedom seem the queen of all freedoms. If one were to make a hierarchy of human freedoms there might well be some validity in the view that academic freedom comes about fifth or sixth on the list. The idea that what you do to ideas is, as it were, more important than what you do to people I think is not true."

In a milieu wrought by rivalries and jealousies, there is the suspicion that the boycott issue may be clouded by professional antagonisms. In the case of the English universities this may find expression in the perception of the Afrikaans Institutions a more fitting target than themselves for sanctions. But the difficulties in establishing vetting criteria for selective boycott is illustrated by the case of Stellenbosch University.

Stellenbosch - the intellectual "nursery" of most leading members of government since the Nationalists came to power in 1948 - has been badly hit by refusals of overseas academics to visit them. In an attempt to counter this, the Rector, professor Mike de Vries, has drawn up his own declaration of principle, which will be accompanying future invitations. It states: We reject outright all discrimination on the grounds of race, colour or creed, and see ourselves as committed unequivocally to the dismantling of apartheid and to achieving inclusive democracy and equal

opportunities for all in this fair country."

Stellenbosch has the distinction of being the first of the Afrikaans universities to open its doors to "other races." Even so, its record hardly stands against Cape Town University, for instance: roughly 16 per cent of UCT's 12 000 students are "black" against some 2.6 per cent of Stellenbosch's 13 000 students. And while UCT has opened its campus hostels to all races in contemptuous defiance of the Group Areas Act (which enforces residential segregation), Stellenbosch's blacks are being housed separately under a Group Areas Act permit (a small "inter-race" hostel is now under construction).

Selective letting is likely to prove particularly contentious as far as individual academics are concerned. Professor Laurence Schlemmer, of Natal, for example, was one of those effectively excluded from the Delhi Congress of Sociologists (he in fact withdrew his application when he learned of the threatened boycott).

Although his opposition to apartheid is well-known, he is disliked in the anti-apartheid establishment, partly because of his close identification with the Zulu leader, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi. As the ANC (which is bitterly opposed to Buthelezi) would probably be involved in any South African academics, Schlemmer might well expect to be targeted.

The ANC's own position on the academic boycott is itself somewhat confused. Its formal position is that the boycott is a blanket one allowing no exceptions, but it recently appeared to contradict that by approving the attendance of two sociologists from the University of the Witwatersrand at the Delhi conference and actually participating in a conference at York University with about two dozen SA academics.

Learning and lectures don't mix

by Andrew Rosser

The current tertiary education system, based on lecturing and examination, is not conducive to useful learning, according to an article published recently in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Dr M. Jackson and Mr M. Prosser, the authors of the article, claim that under the present system useful learning is at best a "side-effect".

They argue that graduates are ill-equipped to face the trials that they will encounter in the future, where emphasis will be placed upon flexibility and initiative.

Skills developed at university, such as note-taking, the ability to recognise examination questions, and a good memory are insufficient in enabling Australian students to cope with future challenges, according to the article. The practice of regurgitating lecture notes in essays and exams, whilst enabling many students to pass, does little for actual education.

"The system in effect teaches students to solve just one problem: How to transfer the contents of lectures to exams and essays, and so pass. They know where their interests lie under this system: in grades, not in education.

"The aim of university education today ought to be to produce graduates who know how to learn independently and also in co-operation with other people".

They advocate an approach in which 'students consciously and gradually learn what they have to learn and how to learn it. They need to learn how to work with other people to improve everyone's performance. Instead of being told to be concise, organised, or analytic, students need to be shown what these things are and helped to develop their mastery of them. Moreover, they need to learn how to evaluate their own work, because once they graduate they will have no lecturer to assess them".

To achieve these goals, they suggest using problems and models together with small group work and discussion, effectively creating a classroom-like atmosphere rather than the more inflexible and less productive lecturing system.

However, they are not recommending the total abolition of the educational system of lecturing and examination altogether. In an *On Dit* interview with Dr Jackson, he said that he was looking for an "expansion within that system - making it grow and making it a little more flexible". He argued for a simple reallocation of resources rather than an upheaval of the system. He argued that university administrations should provide the impetus to modify teaching methods instead of perpetually asking for more funds to create more places in universities.

Well... I'm practicing for life in the big wide world by missing as much of Uni as possible...



Uni loan fund drained as fees squeeze students

by Andrea Besnard

The University Loan Fund, subsidised by the government for financial assistance for students, has been exhausted.

The fund contained \$80 000 this year. \$95 000, drawing on a \$30 000 overdraft, had been committed by last Thursday. 400 students have received financial assistance.

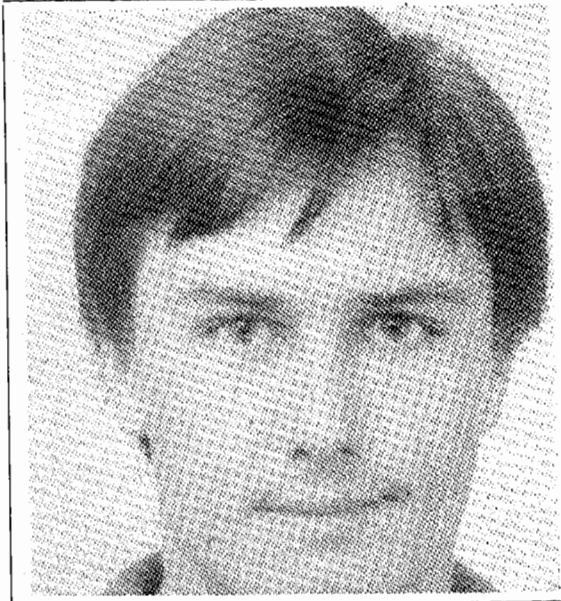
The Students' Association this year has encouraged students to apply for a loan as a protest against the administration charge. This would make the government aware of financial hardship caused by the fee.

Mr Richard Branford, Education and Welfare Officer, said that the loans committee is now presuming that the government fund will not be replenished in the near future.

He said students should explore all avenues before seeking a loan, but that genuinely needy students would be assisted.

Mr Branford said he did not believe that the SAUA campaign has had any detrimental effect on the loan fund.

Although the publicity it offered would have brought it to the atten-



Richard Branford

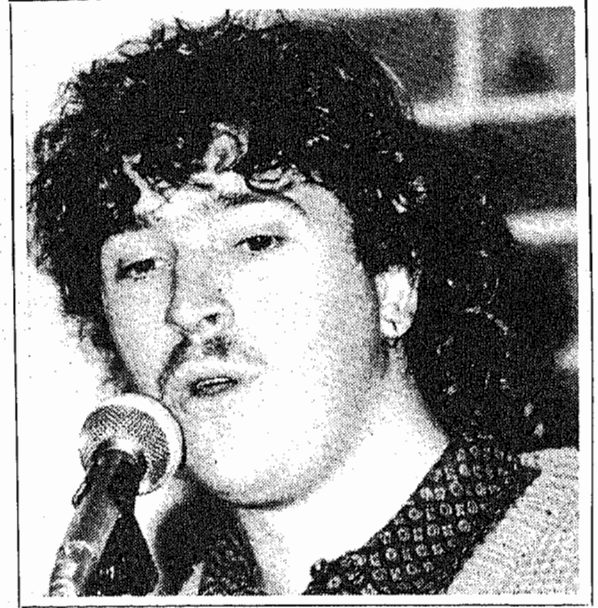
tion of more students than would otherwise have been the case.

"The Loan Fund Committee has applied the same criteria to applications this year as any other," he said.

Mr David Israel, President of the

SAUA, said that "student should not be too concerned about paying the Administration Charge by March 31st.

"The University bureaucracy will take a few days to catch up with them," he said.



David Israel

But he did remind students to pay their statutory fees on time because of a \$30 late charge.

But a late fee may yet be applied to the administration charge.

University Council will discuss this at its next meeting on April 10th.

Fees rouse students

Students across Australia recently took to the streets in protest to the government's Higher Education Charge. GRAHAM HASTINGS reports on the demonstrations.

Student unrest around the country has increased following the National Free Education Week and Finance Minister Senator Walsh's admission that he is pushing for the fee to be doubled.

According to the March 20th edition of *The Australian*, Walsh has recommended that the administration fee be raised to \$500 in a submission to the government's Expenditure Review Committee.

It was Walsh initiated the government's push for student fees in 1985, with a proposal for an annual tertiary fee of \$500.

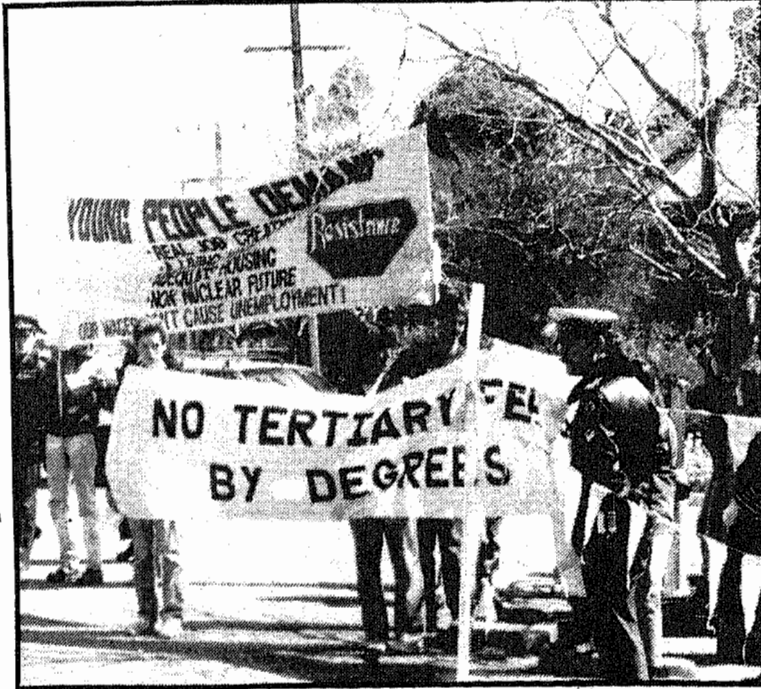
In federal parliament, John Dawkins said the present fee was a "very small contribution" towards the \$8 000 per student average yearly cost of tertiary education.

Both Dawkins and Education Minister Susan Ryan have refused to deny that the fee would be doubled.

Meanwhile student opposition around the country has escalated over the last three weeks.

In Brisbane 2 000 students marched on March 12. On the same day 500 students occupied the Queensland University administration building for four hours.

Last Wednesday Queensland students occupied the Commonwealth Education Department Offices, where several students were arrested. Several hundred students later tried to march onto the city watch-house to demand the release of the arrested students until they were blocked by police cordons.



"I think there can be very little doubt that the fee will go up, the question is probably when", Queensland University student association secretary Jorge Jacquera told *On Dit*.

"Unless something drastic happens, unless the student movement can revoke the fee completely, then it will go up. The campaign against the fee, already strong at Queensland University, will gather even more support if the fee is doubled."

In Perth, the anti-fees campaign is being led by Curtin University. The Student Union Council room has been renamed Boycott Headquarters. From it a daily eight hour picket of the university's administration is organised. On March 12 they organised five double decker buses to take students to and from a 2 500 strong rally in the city.

In Sydney, last Wednesday 4 000 students marched on the Commonwealth Department of Education Offices. It was described as one of the largest protests since the end of the Vietnam War.

A couple of hundred students occupied the offices for about four hours. About 50 police forcibly ejected the protestors resulting in some wild scuffles.

Outside the building more violence flared as the police tried to

take away arrested students, some of them bleeding and claiming that they had been bashed. Scores of students flung themselves at the police cordon which was protecting a police vehicle in which the arrested were placed.

At Melbourne University about 400 students stormed a meeting with New Right figure Andrew Hay.

Chanting "No Fees! Free education. Go home!" they hemmed Hay in on all sides, and he was unable to continue his speech.

In Adelaide over a thousand students marched against the fee on March 12. The General Secretary of CSACSO (Council of South Australian College Student Organisations) Lucy Schulz told the rally that students all over the world are once again mobilising. We should take inspiration from the French students who had forced the government to back down on fees.

A speaker from the South Australian Institute of Teachers, David Tonkin, said that the whole education sector was under attack. The disadvantaged sectors of society were being asked to make sacrifices while big business was announcing record profits. What is needed is a broad fightback linking up with other sectors under attack.

Angry students rush AUSTUDY centre



by Graham Hastings

Students occupied the floor of the Austudy Centre in Luminis House to protest against the Administration fee and the inadequacies in the current Austudy Scheme last week.

The occupation held last Friday was organised by the South Australian Tertiary Students Federation (SATSF), the state cross-campus group organising opposition to the fee.

The Centre was tipped off before the occupation by an unknown source so students arrived to a cordon of Federal police and security.

Some students managed to enter by using a side entrance. The Federal police photographed students entering the building and those waiting outside.

Speaking on behalf of the SATSF, SAUA President Mr David Israel said that about 8000 students in South Australia were affected by the poor level of Austudy support. He said that many students hadn't received their first payments six to eight weeks after applying.

The SATSF was also concerned that promises that Austudy be raised to the level of unemployment benefits by 1987 had been broken. They were also calling for the reinstatement of the incidentals allowance and dual eligibility for student allowances and pensions for single parents as was the case under the previous TEAS scheme.

Fees, fees and business funding: Liberal plan for higher education



Peter Shack, Liberal Shadow Minister for Education

by Alison Mahoney

The Growth Plan for Higher Education announced by the Liberals earlier this month is being viewed by party members as a "green light for growth, competition, excellence and innovation."

Mr Peter Shack, the Shadow Minister for Education embodies the principles of free market economics with regards to higher education. After the launching of the Liberals new plan it is being hailed as a radical policy, stemming from the New Right.

According to Mr Shack, in the world of competitiveness, higher education is very important not only for individuals but for Australia and our future. In keeping with this philosophy, Shack asserts that the most fundamental principle of their plan is for expansion and growth in the higher education sector.

The Opposition's education policy centres around the restructuring of control over education from the Federal government of individual state governments. Basically this will allow governments to have greater autonomous rule over the future of higher education in their own state.

The main points of the oppositions

new, ambitious drive to further the higher education process can be outlined as follows. It will include, greater individual responsibility being granted to each institution, the option to establish private universities as well as encouraging private investment to occur in already existing institutions.

Also in the policy, is the plan to make available 20 per cent of government money for higher education scholarships for students. In the undertaking of these scholarships it will be possible for students to redeem them at an institution of their own choice.

Possibly the most controversial facet of the Liberal's proposal is the notion of full fee-paying students, which will become a hard reality in the future.

Shack believes this will aid students somehow disadvantaged by the current system of matriculation and HSC throughout the country. Many students who fail to qualify for quota cut offs and miss out on places because of calculated scores, may be an asset to Australia in the future if they have access to education. According to Shack in their access is by paying for education, then so be it.

Quoting the personal experience of Shack in the 1970s it helps to illustrate what the Liberal's proposal may mean for some prospective students.

Although successfully completing school in 1970, Shack failed to get a Commonwealth Scholarship, and entered into university as a fee-paying student. Mr Shack explained that in today's society "I'd miss out totally" and he believes this to be "blatantly unfair especially for kids in a similar situation to me in the 1970s and therefore the Liberals say, all should get a go."

It should be noted however that if the Liberals win an election and govern Australia, this does not mean every individual seeking a tertiary education will be paying exorbitant fees. Where fee paying is applicable, it will be decided upon by the individual and the institution concerned. It will be "on whatever basis seen fit, although it will obviously vary from institution to institution as well as from course to course."

The money being spent on education in the future will have a tight limit, regardless of whichever party is in government. This has already been indicated by the present government's introduction of the \$250 administration fee. According to Shack it is a myth that "as demand increases the Commonwealth responds - the cold reality is that you can't," and Shack argues that the government's \$250 fee is an admission of this fact.

It appears that under a Liberal government this \$250 will remain a fact, however Shack explained that institutions will have the individual, government interference free right to implement and modify the charge as they see fit (as it is to be used for their own financial requirements).

Yet Mr Shack did strongly argue against the likelihood that the \$250 fee would be increased at all, in fact it would be "highly unlikely".

When in government, the Liberals pledge to maintain the maximum possible numbers in higher education. The national media in recent weeks however has reported that a freeze on the number of places in universities would be put into effect. Shack says his political opponents who have suggested such an occurrence, purely because in their policy the Liberals have decided not to give specific figures of future numbers in universities as Shack argues that it would be unreasonable to announce such a figure of

expected higher education places as it "is impossible to decide until you are in government due to not knowing the budgetary circumstances you are likely to inherit."

The principles of the free market, promoting healthy competition between higher education institutions, will come into operation under a Liberal government.

To maintain higher education and to enable its continued growth is a need "to open it up to private investment as well as maintaining public funding", he argues.

Mr Shack suggests this is of great necessity if Australia is to keep pace with the currently developing nations such as Taiwan, South Korea and Tehran. For reasons of inter-country competition Australia needs more and more people to undertake higher education. And according to Shack three main sources of private money will expand the education system into the future.

As already emphasised, 2 sources of private funding will come firstly from fee paying students who don't get scholarships and secondly from private universities to be established to promote competition.

Thirdly in Shack's proposal "a tradition of private, commercial support should be encouraged and subsequently established." It is believed that such private investment funding will involve universities being open to the share market, corporations directly funding student scholarships and also local and national businesses getting involved in research and development to aid higher education.

In releasing their Growth Plan for Higher Education at the A.N.U. in Canberra on March 5th, the Liberals have taken decisive steps which they believe will further the education system in Australia. According to Shack the policy "is by no means set in concrete and although it has a very clear outline, suggestions of possible improvement would be listened to."

It is no surprise that the thought of public reaction especially student reaction was of paramount concern when formulating their policy. Shack explained that they "tried to consult widely on a more informal than formal basis to sound out ideas."

The Shadow Minister defined the developing of such a policy as an 'ongoing process' and although it is too early as yet to ascertain a

generalised public reaction, newspapers around the country have given it wide coverage, and Mr Shack said that he has been pleasantly surprised by the low level of direct opposition even from what he calls the "expected opposition." The decline of public education in Australia."

Senator Ryan continued to denounce the policy by suggesting that "the decision to freeze the number of publicly provided higher education places would start the decline in education..."

On the issue of granting each state more autonomy, Ryan asserted that "the abdication of the Commonwealth's co-ordinating role would be a recipe for chaos."

Senator Ryan, although keen to criticise was also quick to suggest that the ALP is already undertaking some of what the Liberals propose.

For example Ryan explained that the process of encouraging industry to invest in research and development by giving tax deductions costing the Hawke government up to \$150 million is already under way.

Perhaps the most credible criticism from Ryan is the suggestion to treat the Liberals plan with a certain caution, for the public to tread warily, due to the fact that Senior Liberals assert when in government public spending will decrease significantly.

The Liberals are planning to 'sell' their higher education policy at every available opportunity. As part of their election advertising the policy has been reproduced in pamphlet form enabling it to reach the public. Shack believes that selling the policy to the populace involves speaking to as many groups as is "physically possible".

According to Mr Shack whenever you advocate change you can always expect some opposition and this has come directly from the Minister for Education, Senator Susan Ryan. In a press release to coincide with the release of the Liberals plan, Ryan asserts that "the oppositions higher education policy if every implemented would herald

Nobody can ascertain what would really happen in the higher education sector under the new pseudo-radical policy of the Liberals just as no-one can foreshadow what will continue to happen under the Hawke government.

What can be determined is the fact that the 80s have heralded a change in tertiary education, beginning with the \$250 Higher Education Charge.

Urban myths and juicy tit~bits



by Jamie Skinner

Adelaide newspapers have a pretty slim range when it comes to reading gossip columns. The Sunday Mail has "From The Terrace" and The Advertiser, "The Commuter Page". Both columns have only been initiated over the past twelve months. On Dit's own "Start At The Back" is the successful follow-up based on Moya Dodd and Andrew Gleeson's "Where It's At" which featured in On Dit in 1984 and 85. But there is another column which has been around longer than all of these put together.

It is "Column 8" and it adorns the front page of The Sydney Morning Herald. "Column 8" as it has been known since January 11 1947 daily

reports about a dozen paragraphs of urban myths, nostalgic memorabilia, sight-seeing gossip and juicy tit-bits of irrelevance, like this one from 1964:

Did you see the placards carried by the Opera House workers when they marched on Parliament House? One of them read: "The Beatles will be old men when the Opera House is finished."

In its origins, the column was headed by Granny Herald with her bespectacled hawk-like face. Her picture was based on the first editor of the SMH, Syd Deamer, who



COLUMN EIGHT

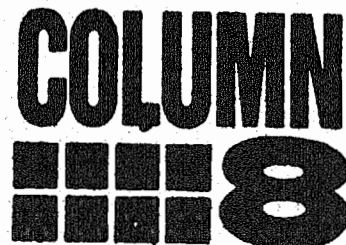
edited the column until his retirement in 1962.

Granny Herald reported the trends as they came and went. In 1956 she told her readers: "You can now get crushed ice both for and after your parties by special delivery in plastic bags. The Ice Manufacturers' Association tells me they've been working on the idea for years." Granny Herald was replaced by a stylised logo in 1967. The 100 000 odd tit-bits and items over the years have come from Government mishaps in institutions like Telecom and Australia Post, peculiarities on number plates, vari-

ous journalists who have seen amazing things in their call of duty and even the annual first callings of the cicadas.

"Column 8" has covered the Milperra Massacre in 1984 where rival biker gangs slaughtered each other and the old journalistic cliché of a group of party guests who had to have their stomachs pumped after eating foul prawns which they thought had poisoned the cat.

And most recently... "SEEN in Killara: a cat with a broken leg in a plaster cast, and a condom over the cast to keep it dry."



Karzis elected as AU Labor club prez

The Adelaide University Labor Club (AULC) held its Annual General Meeting last week boasting a membership of 69 to begin 1987 with.

George Karzis was elected President of the club for this year at the AGM, with Ingmar Taylor Vice-President, Hamish Nairn Treasurer, and Benjamin Vagnarelli Secretary.

Both Vagnarelli and Taylor are also members of the Union Board.

The AULC replaces ALPSA, the Australian Party Students' Association, as the campus Labor club.

New Right legal threat gags NSW lecturer

by Kate Murray

A prominent leader of the New Right has threatened legal action against an academic because of comments he made in a lecture.

In a letter to Mr Braham Dabscheck, a senior lecturer in industrial relations at the University of NSW, Peko-Wallsend chief executive, Mr Charles Copeman, has warned that his lawyers are studying the contents of Mr Dabscheck's lecture material.

"I am told that in recent lectures you have delivered on industrial relations, you have seriously misrepresented the circumstances of the Robe River dispute and its outcome," he wrote in the letter.

"I am taking steps to secure evidence of remarks you may make on this subject, so that they can be considered by our solicitors."

Speaking to 150 first year students, Mr Dabscheck used the Robe River dispute as an example of the "management approach" to industrial relations, which is expounded by

the New Right.

"My essential approach is to provide students with information about everything - even if it is a critical interpretation of what is going on," Mr Dabscheck said.

He told the students that in his view Peko Wallsend had lost the dispute. "Their objective was to get rid of unions and the arbitration system and they didn't get that."

Mr Dabscheck, who has been lecturing at the University of NSW since 1973, was shocked and surprised at the reaction of Mr Copeman but after consulting a university lawyer decided to ignore the threat.

"It would have been a dereliction of my duty to my students if I had not mentioned Robe River," he said.

In an angry rebuttal which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* last week, Mr Copeman, said, "I have never, and will never advocate that unions be banned or done away with."

Screws on uni tightening: Prof

A leading British academic is currently in Australia lecturing on the British tertiary education scene.

He is Professor Sir Peter Swinerton-Dyer, the Chairman of the University Grants Committee - the British equivalent to our Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission, headed by Mr Hugh Hudson.

The Australian Vice-Chancellor's Committee has invited Sir Peter to Australia to lecture on the efficiency and effectiveness of university and research funding, university industrial relations, student demand and the binary system in British universities.

Sir Peter believes that in times of financial stringency, if the best research is to be adequately supported then it is the less-good research that will suffer.

"The amount that the Government pays to keep the university system going has been decreasing in real terms year by year and all the signs are that it will go on decreasing," he says.

"It is no longer enough both to provide teaching of good quality for the present number of students and to support all the research that university departments are capable of doing. That has been true for some time, but the situation is getting worse."

"If the number of students in uni-

versities is reduced, the government grant will be correspondingly reduced - though if the number of students is increased, the grant will not be increased," he maintains.

"So the pressure must fall on the research side. The University Grants Committee has therefore committed itself to a funding policy which is selective on the research side."

He says that, "The expansion of the universities - which some had thought would lead to national prosperity - followed by the rioting of the increased numbers of students in the late 1960s and early '70s, meant that their prestige had diminished. Then the fact they had no friends became far more important."

They became the target of economies, there were demands for efficiency and effectiveness.

Sir Peter said universities needed to have their own system of professional accountability, before government created a less sympathetic system.

Sir Peter is twice a knight, being both a knight of the British Empire and a baronet. He is on a leave of absence as a Professor of Mathematics ("a wrangler") at Cambridge University. He has served as both a master at St Catherine's College and as Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge.

They seek him here

by Nyrie Smith

Has the art thief who stole the Picasso from the Melbourne Art Gallery set his sights on the Union Works of Art collection?

Because two paintings from the collection have gone missing.

The first, an oil goache on paper was painted by the father of the premier Charles bannon. Entitled *Town Under Seas*, it was last seen in November and has a value of \$150.

The other is a screen print by Greg Donovan. Called *Fail Pass*, it was last seen in the storage area unframed and has no current recorded value.

Due to the recent dispute of the mobility of Union art works, the Activities Council has recommended a documentation and re-

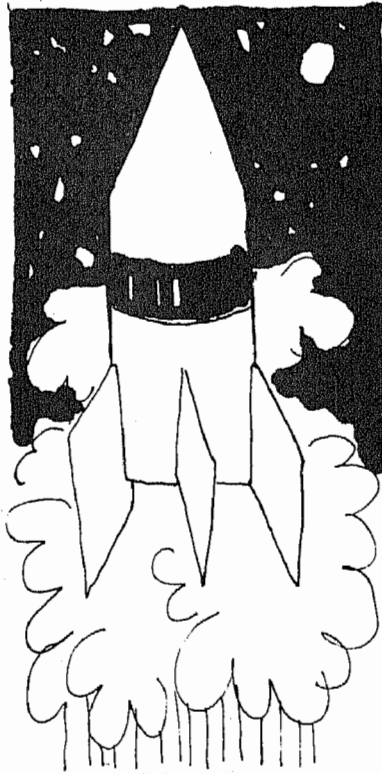
evaluation of all 21 works of art. Some are even being restored.

Stephen Sinclair from Theodore Bruce has been commissioned to revalue all Union and University Works of Art since the most recent valuation took place nine years ago.

Ms. Pamela Rungi, University Works of Art curator is recommending ways for future storage of the works because in the past they have been shuttled away in the Union loft, sixth floor storage area or projection room in the Union building.

If the Picasso thief has been lurking around the cloisters he may have scored himself two prize works of art, most of them are gravely under-insured and do not have an up-to-date valuation price.

Spaceward-bound on a wing and a prayer



The Japanese are nothing if not extremely confident.

Only twelve years ago Japan stepped into the space race and sent its first satellite up, and has now put 18 into space.

In February the launch of its Marine Observatory Satellite (MOS-1) was a milestone. It was Japan's National Space Defence Agency's (NASDA) first satellite in an orbit that circles the earth over the poles.

Now there are plans afoot to have a space station above the earth early next century - without yet having the technology to build a rocket that will take a payload greater than half a tonne into space.

This takes confidence.

The commercial opportunities of being a major space power are only beginning to be realised, in a field utilising the best technology and where the costs involved are enormous.

For a major power, such as Japan is, there is every incentive to grab a piece of the action now.

Facing a tight timetable, and lagging behind the US, the USSR, and the Europeans in space technology, Japan's first priority is to produce a commercially viable launch vehicle big enough to send a two-tonne payload into geostationary orbit.

This is what Europe's Ariane is doing.

This launch vehicle must also pro-

vide the basis for a space shuttle carrier. Japan's Space Activities Commission is discussing the possibility of a manned space shuttle going up sometime in the 1990s.

The rockets that Japan has used lately have been Japanese-American hybrids, the more sophisticated technology being the American contribution.

The new rocket Japan is working on, called the H-II, will be on the launching pad in 1992 the Japanese say.

The Japanese must overcome the technology gap between building the new H-II and its American hybrids soon. The technology exists; the Americans are already using it but they're not giving any of it away.

So the race, for Japan, against the clock is on.

Japanese satellite launches are notoriously expensive by international standards. One uniquely Japanese reason for this is that the country's fishermen keep NASDA launches confined to two 45-day periods a year.

Rockets scare away fish, and the sea around Tamegashima, a launching area, is full of bonito. There are more fishermen than spacemen to carry political weight so the fishermen, more or less, get their way.

Even so NASDA compensates the fishermen to the extent of ¥600m a year.

The cost of launching a satellite currently is approximately ¥30m per kilogram of payload, while the competitive rate would be about ¥8m a kilogram.

Japan's fiscal - 1985 space budget was US \$736 m, only 10% of the Americans' expenditure, so far modest programme.

But this low-level spending is incompatible with the high ambitions it now has.

Aerospace has been tagged by the Japanese Government as a key new industry of the 1990s. Commercialisation of space is one of the things the space race is about.

If Japan is to achieve its new goals of crossing the final frontier there is a lot to do in a very little time.

A giant of science

OBITUARY

by Robyn Williams

A dapper little man but with shiny elbows

And short keen sight, he lived by measuring things

And died like a recurring decimal

Run off the page, refusing to be curtailed.

That picture of a scientist from Louis Macneice may be of the typical public image of boffins. It is the opposite of Peter Mason, except perhaps in his dying; he did refuse to be curtailed.

Peter was perfectly comfortable with the rigors of traditional science. He was also equally at home with a thousand youngsters, giving a talk on the history of navigation, as the paper planes swooped past his ears.

When writing a script, or a book, his lateral thinking was awesome. Poems, bits of Brecht, readings by Bernard Miles, Greek torch songs, revolutionary marches, nice girls with rude rhymes...



"Where on earth do you find all this" I'd ask as the flood of material became clearly too much for the broadcast time allowed.

"Just a mo," he'd reply sweetly, "I've come across another 20 absolutely essential quotations from Michael Faraday!"

He wrote about rockets and moons and rubber and polymers and light and photons and haemoglobin and steel at the same time as the *Bible*, and Greeks, the IRA, shift work,

concentration camps and Ronald Reagan.

He was perfectly willing to shock, like when he went on Anzac Day to talk to schoolchildren, he chose to discuss the plight of the Turks during World War I.

But such daring was never meant cruelly. Peter Mason was the most incredibly gentle man, above all as an intellectual.

One is expected to score papers in journals rather like cowboys carve notches on their guns. Taking time out to wonder about the point of it all or even to promote one's field, is not admired in some circles.

His last months were spent in the appalling frustration he himself spoke of regarding the latter days of J.D. Bernal.

The marvellous mind imprisoned in the dying skull. Peter was desperate that his ideas should not die with him.

We, his friends who admired him both for his splendid mind and his great qualities as a human being, must ensure this does not happen.

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If you find this tough...

by Rosemary Clancy

Australians live in worse conditions than East Germans according to a recent report by a Washington population study group.

Dr Joseph Speidel, of the Popular Crisis Committee, said the intention was to present "a snapshot of the world and how we're doing, and.... we're not doing very well"

The "Committee" ranked countries the countries from most to least comfortable to live in based on inflation, population growth, infant

mortality, adult literacy, personal freedom and calorie supply.

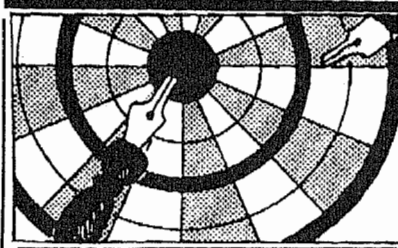
Switzerland figured at the top of the list as the most comfortable country, Mozambique at the bottom, and Australia languished behind East German as the 17th most comfortable country.

Graham Huge, Lecturer in Demographics at Flinders University, said he wasn't surprised at Australia's diminished status and attributed it primarily to high inflation and mortality levels.

"Movement in commodity prices

in recent years has devastated the Australian dollar, so this would've been instrumental in pushing us down the scale. The high incidence of road accidents and heart disease-related deaths would definitely influence the findings," he said.

Dr Hugo believes that Australians generally must learn to take responsibility for their own health, forego dietary excesses and attempt to maintain some level of fitness if any change is to be seen in the mortality rate.



LETTERS

Deadline for letters to the editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication. All letters must be signed and include the author's telephone number. Pseudonymic letters must include the author's full name. Letters may be edited for legal reasons, or for reasons of clarity or limited space. Please keep letters concise.

Vikings, Amazons and Jungle Lesbians

Dear Editor,

Well I knew that something had to be written about my "overtly based and sarcastic article" of the 1987 O'Camp (*On Dit* 2/3/87)! After all the beer that got poured on me during Skulduggery, threats about my general well being, butter attacks during the O'Ball Spit; at last something has been written in black and white. Not by the illiterate Vikings but by their female counterparts: The Amazons!

First it's the "rape and pillage" cry of the Vikings and their adventure seeking thrills and now its the poison arrow attacks of the Amazons editorial writing skills! I still am rolling on the floor with laughter about how many elaborate smokescreens of group names you must hide yourself behind! Names that are more at home in the history section of the Barr Smith Library!

Firstly Ms. K. Dyer, I was "cynical and sarcastic" in my article. I don't deny it! My article would not have had its effect if I wasn't. As for "sour grapes" in my article, I didn't mention anything about the vast quantities of sour-grape by-product that were consumed by some of the helpers on a "dry" camp!

Don't worry, I felt the feelings of "camaderie and closeness" too. The whole article says that the O'Camp was a good experience and many close friends were made. Unless you're illiterate or can't understand what you read. Who the hell slammed the camp my fine young cannibal! Didn't you read the part: "A number of drunken sleepless nights with freshers... is well worth the experience and the forty five dollars!"

I don't really understand what you're trying to say in your article. I never "slammed" the camps. I said that you experience quite a number of things on the camp that you don't experience anywhere else except on an O'Camp.

The only thing that was immature was to retaliate by throwing steak sauce over the Vikings' dorm - but I wasn't the immature person that started the throwing of cooking material over pants and then hung them up unhygienically in the mess hall.

If I was immature then what do you call that. Or doesn't that matter because its the act of the elite Viking group.

May I ask of what relevance it has that I spent 7 months last year at the Uni. I am a first year student! Oh! By the way, what qualification do you need to write an article. Do I have to join a group - I reckon the bricklayers sounds like a good group name! Then I can wear a red head band too and write editorial articles!

Lastly, I think the name "Cat" is quite humorous. I don't know how I deserve a nickname but obviously it has racist overtones. I honestly pity your fickle brain in having to resort to basic racism in order to try to upset me.

It reminds me of childhood play. Something akin to the Vikings on the camp. I only sended the Vikings up because I don't think they went to the camp to make friends. They went in a closed college group and that is not the aim of the camp - the O'Camp is meant to promote making friends, not hanging around in a college group acting like hoons with red head bands.

Ms. Kirsten Dyer, with all due respect, I don't think you know what you are on about. Your letter is only a personal attack on me and says nothing useful about the article that I didn't already know! I think you and yor group of primitive jungle lesbians should go and swing on a long hard vine or better, sit and rotate on a viking helmet!

John Cirillo
No Group Name!

Ex-Counter Calendar reader replies

Dear Editor,

In response to Mr P (paranoid) Coory's bad tempered reply "Paul Coory replies" to my letter I have a few points to make.

My original letter was merely a polite attempt to ascertain certain facts about this year's Counter Calendar. I was not accusing anyone of corruption or inefficiency, nor was I attempting to score any political points. Surely there was no need for Mr Coory to respond in such vicious terms of abuse to a friendly enquiry. (The fact that he did makes one wonder if he has something to hide.)

I DID read Mr Coory's editorial and I DID see his explanation that the Counter Calendar was shortened "due to lack of SPACE". As Mr Coory was the editor of this publication I assumed, apparently wrongly as it turns out, that he was responsible for how long it was to be and thus I presumed that his "lack of space" stemmed from a "lack of money to buy more space". NOW he tells me, interspersing his comments with a quite excessive amount of gratuitous abuse, that last year's *On Dit* editors had in fact allowed him only a limited number of pages to work with. O.K., I am willing to believe him, but my questions still stands. "Why did Moya and Paul apply such a limit?" Why didn't Mr Coory simply refer my question to them rather than answering me with much abuse and few facts?

Mr Coory's highly subjective criticism of the 1985 Counter Calendar, as well as being uncalled for, also seems to be quite the reverse of the truth. Rather than justifying this statement here, and provoking even more vitriolic replies, I merely suggest that any interested students view the abovementioned volume and judge for themselves who is right.

Finally, my name is NOT Linda (Gale) as Mr Coory suggested and if he gets sued for libel because of it, he has only himself to blame.

A disappointed Ex-Counter Calendar reader

Softdrink cans and rubbish bins

Dear Sir,

Whilst sitting outside the refectory on Wednesday afternoon enjoying a cup of coffee, the effect of the cool change and the passing parade of nubile fashion, I could not help but notice the intrusion in to this cossetted world of an elderly women briskly collecting softdrink cans from rubbish bins.

Does one need more evidence of the affluence of tertiary students as discussed by D.W. Griffiths in the last edition of *On Dit*?

C.J. Morgan-Jones

It's what's underneath that counts

Dear Editor,

Why does this publication and too many of our students insist upon categorising the student population of Adelaide Uni? The O'Week edition of *On Dit* contained a questionnaire in which we could find out to which social clique we belonged. My friends and I felt non-existent when we found that we fitted into none of these "categories".

Fair enough, it was supposed to be funny. But, I don't know many people who find it hysterical that some people have to live in Bowden and shop at a Port Adelaide "Hypermarket". Why should people who went to a college feel embarrassed or superior to those who went to public schools? At Adelaide Uni it seems that what you wear is what you are.

Doesn't it all seem too trivial and immature? Come on, Adelaide Uni students. Who cares what school you went to, where you live, if you wear "Country Road" or not, what car you drive, or how much money your Mum and Dad earn. Isn't what is underneath all that, you, the person and your individual personality which makes you what you are in the Long-Run? Let's stop this ridiculous bitchiness and become the united student body that is so lacking at the moment.

Samantha Young
Vanessa Hook

A question of answers

Dear Editor,

While flicking through *The Advertiser* recently I came across an article on South Australia's Education Department. This article suggested that many teachers in our High Schools are teaching subjects that they are not qualified to teach.

I was appalled (however not totally surprised) at the realisation that in the most important years of our schooling we cannot feel confident that we are receiving the standard of education we should be. The most shocking thing of all is that the consequences do not stop there.

It means that very often we struggle through Matriculation Exams due to insufficient knowledge and if we do manage to pass and get into College or even University, then we again struggle to keep up. The pressures to perform well in our tertiary institutions are high enough without the added handicap of not being properly prepared in earlier years. Therefore it does not surprise me that the drop-out rate in these institutions is high.

So while some older people wish to believe that the youth of today are just plain lazy and do not want to take advantage of the greater opportunities through further education they may wish to reassess their thoughts and put some of the blame off the uneducated, unemployed youth where it seems to

belong - on our state's education system and those "educated" people running it.

However, it is very simple to say it must be the fault of the Education Department as they are so directly involved in this - yet is this really where all the blame lies?

Could it be the fault of the State Government, or if this problem is more widespread, the Federal Government: perhaps our parents generation is to blame, which seemed to simply accept many radical changes in education that have occurred in the past? In fact, one could suggest that parents are not involved or interested in the supervision of their children's education or they would have realised something was lacking.

Yet, whether one of these is to blame, or a combination of all these parties, is not the real issue now to do something about this problem facing us? Should we not be making moves to upgrade and improve our education system so our children will not be disadvantaged even more than ourselves?

If so, how do we go about it? I do not know the answers to all these questions. However, I feel this issue is important enough to raise with the hope that someone will recognize the serious need for answers.

Dee Corcoran
Politics Department

Bourgeois Bullshit

To the Editor of *On Dit* (and in particular to D.W. Griffith),

I have not seen in a long time such bourgeois bullshit! Under a pathetically thin cover of 'good common sense' the author of "What is wrong with paying for education" (*On Dit* 16/3/87) has rambled on and on with garbage that amounts to little more than "Oh great! The good old days are back again where universities won't have those nasty little working class peasants who are such an eyesore on our campus!"

D.W. Griffith (if that is your real name!) may have raised some points which clearly demonstrate the abuses of Austudy as practised by some of the unscrupulous 'Burnside Brigade' - taking Austudy while living in Daddy's 'other' house, for example. However, this is no reason to say that because Austudy is subject to abuse it should be abolished. To advise students to accept that Austudy will soon be no more, and that tuition fees are on the horizon and then to condescendingly suggest that students should spend their energies on securing a viable loans scheme is utter defeatist tripe! I bet my bottom dollar that D.W. Griffith won't ever need such

a loan - no doubt Daddy is putting him (or her) through uni - whatever it costs.

I cannot speak for any students other than those who are like me - sons and daughters of parents who can't afford to put us through uni. Without Austudy, a tertiary education would be impossible for us. As it is, most of us have some kind of part-time job to supplement our income. While I am sure that many will think "Tough luck - my Dad's rich and yours isn't!", I see that as tantamount to saying "Let's keep the time-honoured status-quo: poor people in the shit and rich people in our ivory towers."

Austudy has its problem - yes, I'd be the first to admit that. But you don't kick out a good idea just because it gets abused, you find and expel the abusers.

Speaking personally now, I am grateful for the opportunity that was given to me by an early seventies government that believed in Democracy, not Oligarchy. TEAS was a great step forward - its demise (unfortunately, very likely) will be an indication of regressive thinking and the end of any real chance for the working man.

M.N. Storm, English.

Raspberries for the Plaza

Dear Sir,

I feel it is about time somebody gave three loud and juicy raspberries to those responsible for choosing the new design of the Hughes Plaza. Once a pleasant area of lawn and shrubbery, frequently used by many people for lunching, relaxing, and socializing, this area as now been turned into a forbidding expanse of pebblecrete dotted with raised brick boxes sporting lots of woodchips and a few rather feeble trees.

No expense has been spared in the new design to ensure that people pass through the plaza as quickly as possible, without loitering or strolling - there are

no chairs, no benches, or usable meeting places anywhere in the new design. I am sure any first year architect or planner could have designed a plaza that would have been useful, attractive, and usable, as well as merely leak-proof.

At least the barren and deserted Napier Plaza now has an equally undesirable partner. Let us hope that there are no plans to redesign the Barr Smith Lawns.

Yours,
S.P. Moseley,
School of the Built Environment
S.A.I.T.

Library - the Quiet Zone

Dear Editor,

The Library has been declared a Quiet Study Zone following complaints by large numbers of users last year that they were unable to concentrate on their work because of the noise created by some people. One small group talking in a study area can inconvenience a large number of other Library users.

Library users who need to discuss something can move to one of the group study rooms in the Library - keys are available from the Loan Enquiry Desk on Level 3 South - where they will not disturb others.

Richard Henshall (*On Dit* 16th March) and other users may not have caught up with the existence of the University Study Room on Hughes Plaza (opposite the Hughes Plaza Office). This is a new

study facility which is open from 6.30 am to 10.45 pm, seven days a week, and which is available for group discussion at all times that the Barr Smith Library is open.

In addition to the University Study Room, there are areas in the Union Building and also in some Departments where people who need to get together to talk about an assignment can do so without disturbing Library users who need a quiet environment in which to work.

Far from ignoring the wishes of Library users, we have taken steps to ensure a quiet study environment for the majority of people who use the Barr Smith Library.
Alan Keig
User Services

A dusty desk

Dear Ed,

If anyone sees Chris Pyne, could they tell him his desk is getting dusty again.
Mick Fox.

Never has there been a greater need for a real political alternative

Dear Editor,

The argument against my recent article calling on students to mobilise over the fees issue was quite adequately espoused by D.W. Griffith's article. Based on the Senator Walsh and the ALP Right's line it is open to a number of criticisms.

There are some obvious faults: the inadequacy of AUSTUDY (many ALP apologists "forget" that many poor students are excluded from financial assistance on technical non-financial criteria) and that education is not free (students pay for it through higher rates of taxation and lost income while studying).

However, I want to deal with more general socio-political criticisms. Proponents of fees say that the abolition of tertiary fees has done nothing to increase accessibility of tertiary education for lower socio-economic groups. They usually cite Anderson and Verwoon's study of this. What they neglect to add is that this study was based on 1976 data, only two years after the abolition of fees. Anderson's more recent studies has shown that there was a significant increase in the proportion of students from lower socio-economic backgrounds in the late seventies. It's becoming increasingly obvious that these gains were lost in the eighties by the decline of the real value of tertiary student assistance and the continued decline in funding of public secondary schools. These cuts have been made for political expediency - the Liberals to grant lavish public funding to the most elite private colleges and the ALP to bolster the Catholic vote by increasing the funding to Catholic colleges.

It is the height of intellectual dishonesty for the ALP to abandon any chance of reforming our elitist education system and then claim it's doing the working class a favour. George Orwell would be proud of this sort of doublethink!

The arguments for large scale privatisation and deregulation of the education system ultimately arise from the new free market orthodoxy in the economics of education. It has significant support in all major political parties and in business organisation. It is based on the human capital theory in which education is reduced to its economic functions and in particular, to a site where individuals "invest" in order to maximise their future earnings (ie. their future earnings will be worth more than will be lost by studying and paying higher taxation rates). These ideas originate from Adam Smith and are fundamental to free market economists such as Milton Friedman, Richard Blandy and George Fanc.

But there are individual and social benefits of education additional to the value of extra earnings accruing to graduates. Further, the effect of education on earnings is indirect and mediated by factors external to the human capital paradigm. Free market human capital theory postulates an ideal case significantly different from the real world. Calculation of "rates of return" on investment in education have encountered unsolved theoretical and empirical problems and should be regarded with scepticism.

The implementation of free market policies as a basis for education policy would weaken general/non-vocational education, lower participation rates, reduce the quality of courses and increase social inequality. It ultimately conflicts with political democracy, social rights and real individual freedom.

The economic idealism of the Right, whatever form it takes (student fees or reduction in real wages), fundamentally misrepresents real economic mechanisms and ultimately seeks to lower the living standard of most Australians on behalf of an elite few.

Never has there been a greater need for a real political alternative.
Graham Hastings

Lack of legislative action means darker days ahead for prostitutes

Forum is a weekly column where individuals and organisations explain their beliefs. This week, ROBERTA PERKINS of the Australian Prostitutes Collective looks at the issue of the decriminalisation of prostitution.

Adelaide has a greater reputation in Sydney than simply the city of churches. It is thought by many Sydneysiders to be progressive and daring in its social and legal reforms, particularly under the Labor Governments of South Australia over the past two decades.

It came as a shock to many of us here in the Sydney office of Australian Prostitutes Collective to learn that the Pickles Bill, which proposed progressive reforms to the prostitution laws, failed in its reading before the Legislative Assembly of South Australia. What this means for workers in the prostitution industry in Adelaide is a continuation of the 'Dark Ages' of prostitution in Australia. Perhaps it will mean even darker days ahead for workers in that city since in all likelihood police will take their revenge for the attempt by prostitute women to empower themselves through the political and legal processes.

What the legislative failure in Adelaide means for Sydney prostitution is the possibility that this action (or rather, lack of action) might influence the rather timid New South Wales Government of the present.

Yet, this same Government, then under Neville Wran and a reformist zeal spearheaded by a much more daring left wing faction, was responsible for the first Australian attempts at decriminalisation in 1979.

At that time the New South Wales Labor Government had been inspired by a combination of lobby of feminists, Humanists and Civil Libertarians calling for the repeal of victimless crimes.

In the resulting wave of legal reforms the prostitution laws were completely revamped. The old prostitution laws whereby prostitutes were criminalised disappeared altogether. A new Prostitution Act was introduced and while this no longer made it unlawful to work in prostitution, certain areas, such as residential streets and massage par-

lours, were prohibited for prostitution, and those living off the earnings of a prostitute were contravening a specific law meant to stop the activities of 'hoons' (Sydney pimps).

This enabled prostitutes to work in a brothel or a commercial street or at home unencumbered by the laws. It is a system we have optimistically referred to as 'partially decriminalised', and it is still in operation at this moment.

All the rules of rational behaviour would suggest that this reform experiment of the New South Wales Government was a logic stepping-stone to full decriminalisation. Adding weight to this assumption is the fact that the recent New South Wales Parliamentary Select Committee On Prostitution had recommended the logic of removing anomalous laws and of amending others in an effort to bring the current statutes more in keeping with a practical decriminalisation system.

Also, the long held belief that the community at large was opposed to prostitution was dashed by a public opinion poll indicating community acceptance of all kinds of prostitution but street soliciting. Thus, everything seemed to point to the next logic step of a progressive government: decriminalisation.

However, a timorous trend in the present New South Wales Labor Government has avoided a follow through on the Select Committee's findings and recommendations. And, in this frame of mind the Adelaide event could very easily convince this government that caution is very different to legalisation, and a bold experiment will become a futile exercise in social reform.

Decriminalisation has been the battle cry of prostitute lobbies across the world for the past decade. In its most idealistic form it is the complete removal of all laws pertaining to prostitution in state statutes. However, as most governments would not agree to the repeal of all such laws without some kind of environmental regulation, often



lobby groups are forced to accept regulatory laws - but no more excessive than laws pertaining to other businesses, perhaps with idiosyncratic variations.

The decriminalisation of prostitution is very different to legalisation. The latter is applied to areas of the world such as West Germany, Nevada, and in Victoria, and while they vary from place to place basically legalisation refers to a system of criminal laws which restrict prostitution operations. In Victoria, for example, only brothels which are able to acquire permits operate legally, whereas brothels without permits, home prostitution and street soliciting receive extreme penalties.

Most countries, though, include laws of prohibiting prostitution in their criminal codes. A variant of criminalisation exists in South Australia at the moment, where street soliciting, home prostitution and working in a brothel, as well as living off the earnings of a prostitute, contravene laws. Variations of criminalising or prohibition exist for Western Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, Northern Territory and the Australian Capital Territory.

Interestingly, and contrary to popular understanding of the subject, the criminalisation of prostitution is a relatively recent event in Western history. Throughout the Middle Ages prostitution came

under town planning regulations but it was not prohibited. In the 16th and 17th Centuries fierce moral repressions were brought to bear on individual women for their 'sinful' behaviour, but by the 18th century attitudes became much more relaxed. Towards the end of the 19th Century, following a wave of panic over the spread of sexually transmissible diseases, the so-called and much over-rated 'white slavery' operations, and the mounting numbers of women entering prostitution to survive, governments in England and the rest of Europe and in North America reacted by introducing a series of criminal codes to curb prostitution. And finally, the evangelists and moralists of the time persuaded legislators to prohibit prostitution activities altogether.

Direct results of the prohibition of prostitution were the increase of male criminal control of female prostitution, police corruption and a general loss of workers' autonomy. In America, for example, the criminalisation of prostitution led to the demise of the madam and the large bordellos to be replaced by mafia (eg. 'Lucky' Luciano in New York) control on a nation-wide scale.

In Sydney much the same trend occurred. After the introduction of a law prohibiting street soliciting in

1908 (Sydney has always had a long

and strong tradition of street prostitution), criminal operations took over the control of prostitution both on the streets and in brothels coupled with police extortion (paying police officers not to arrest law-breakers among those workers who are under the power of these criminals but to arrest the workers who are not so controlled). Criminalisation of prostitution remained in New South Wales for the next 70 years. As pointed out in 1979 in a period of reforming zeal the situation changed virtually overnight. In the backwash of this legislative amelioration criminal controls over prostitution and widescale police corruption disappeared.

In view of these positive outcomes for prostitutes and the recognition of this by the Select Committee, whose three year study and quarter of a million dollars expenditure is the most intensive such inquiry into prostitution ever undertaken in Australia, the only rational direction to take is further decriminalisation. Incidentally, the only other recent government study into prostitution that matches the Select Committee in time and money has been in the Netherlands Government has adopted a toleration policy towards prostitution - effectively, decriminalisation.

Count the cost of not voting Democrat

by John Coulter

It is a matter of record that only the Democrats voted against the \$250 student fee. Both Liberal and Labor Parties (the Laborials according to Senator Norm Sanders) supported the fee. How can Democrat support for the student cause be turned to practical student advantage?

Few in the community seem to know that Federal Electoral Funding was introduced before the last federal election. This is how it works. Individual candidates or parties that obtain at least 4% of the vote are reimbursed for electoral expenses at the rate of two postage stamps for each vote received in a House of Representatives election and one postage stamp for each Senate vote. Thus a lower house candidate who obtained 6 000 votes would have his/her electoral expenses reimbursed up to 6 000 times 72 cents or \$4 380. A senate team that received 50 000 votes would be reimbursed up to 50 000

times 36 cents or \$18 000.

Each primary vote which does not go to Labor or Liberal costs that party 72 or 36 cents depending on whether it is a lower or upper house election. As well as your voting rights, in an electoral sense, each of you has the power to exercise \$1.08 worth of financial clout. Parties or individuals receiving less than 4% receive no reimbursement. Hence votes for splinter groups may deliver a negative message to the Laborials but lack a positive component such as a vote for the Democrats who are likely to gain more than 4%.

Voting for the Democrats in a federal election on the issue of student fees will convey a very appropriate financial message to both Liberal and Labor Parties. The Democrats have consistently opposed fees for higher education, joining with the then Labor opposition in 1982 to block the Coalition's Bill to impose fees on higher and second degrees. Many students may have no difficulty in meeting this fee. However it

should be opposed on principle. It does severely disadvantage some; for example, prisoners and part-time students who are also supporting parents. Moreover, Australia should be encouraging more rather than less investment in higher education. In an increasingly complex society democracy can only work if citizens are informed articulate and involved, some of the attributes of quality education.

But you say, "I shouldn't vote on only one issue; what's the Democrat record on other socially important matters." When the government moved to delay the COL adjustment to pensions just before Xmas last year only the Democrats voted against this proposal. Uranium exports, and specifically uranium exports to France were opposed only by the Democrats. Labor Senators voted unanimously against a Bill on this issue introduced by Senator Norm Sanders. The Bill was taken verbatim from Labor Party policy. Most of the environment protection legislation in

recent years has been introduced first by the Democrats.

The recent takeovers, especially media takeovers has been mutely accepted by the Laborials. The Democrats spoke out and attempted to instigate an inquiry into media ownership. While the Laborials have relinquished all financial control to the powerful force of international greed operating the so-called free market, the Democrats have repeatedly pointed to the damaging, non-productive and tax avoidance consequences of takeovers. Approximately two thirds of our foreign indebtedness is related to private borrowings, much of it related to takeovers. Australians are paying foreign money lenders to buy assets that were already Australian owned. Interest payments on these borrowings are tax deductible. It has been calculated that the Bond media takeovers alone have cost, on average, each Australian taxpayer \$6. The miniscule tax paid by these takeover high-flyers must be set against the governments pro-

testations about catching tax and social welfare cheats through the Australia Card.

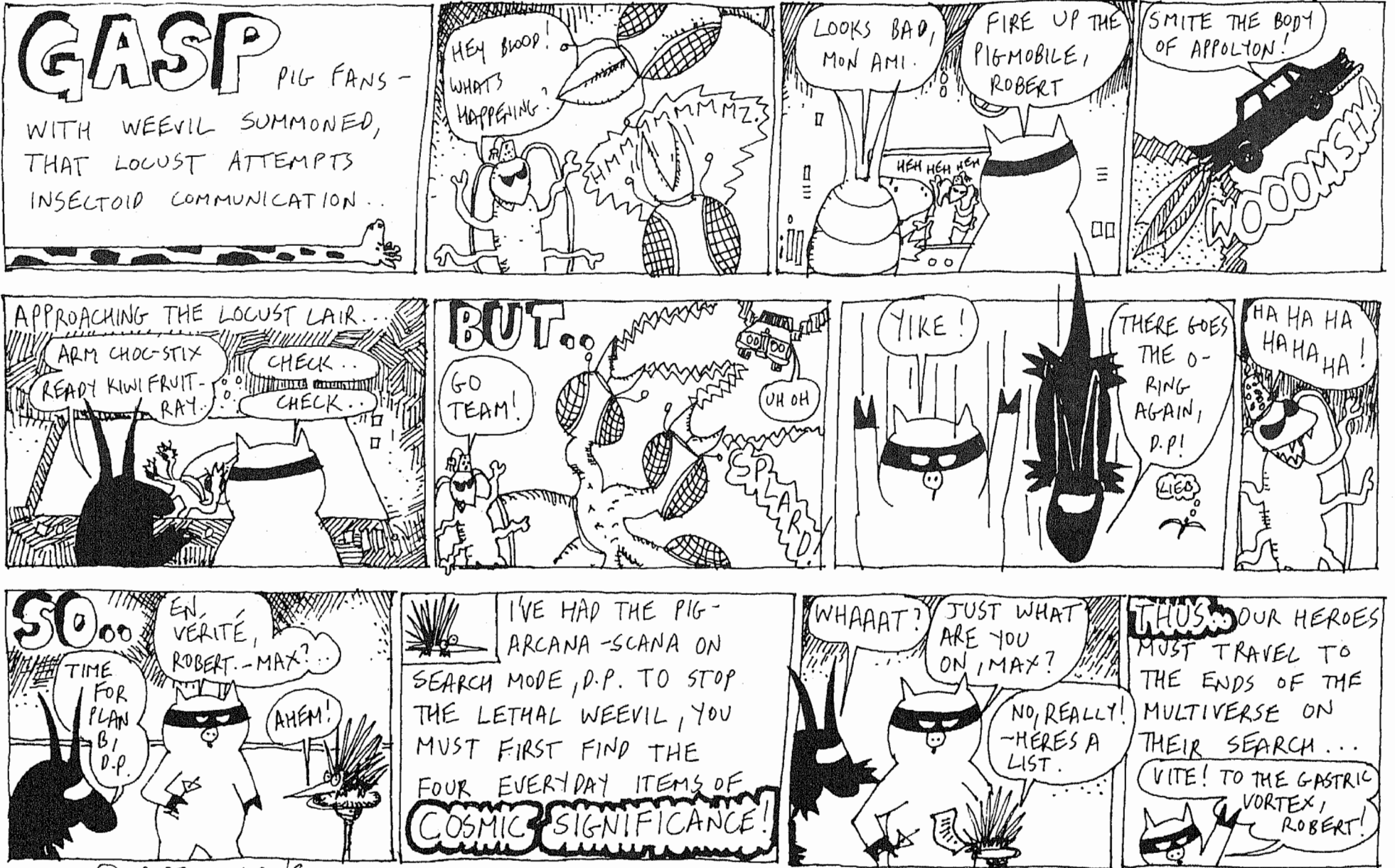
The Democrats oppose the Australia Card. It has been established that the legitimate objectives of the card can be achieved more cheaply, more effectively and less intrusively by way of upgraded use of the tax file number. Given this fact we have serious reservations about the civil liberties aspect of the Australia Card, particularly in the light of the emergence in Australian politics of the extreme right.

Through electoral fundings you have more than a vote to express your opinion on these and other issues. If you are over 18 or approaching 18 and have not enrolled make sure you do enroll so as to exercise both your voting right and your voting power.

(Dr John Coulter is a part-time lecturer in Environmental Studies, Vice President of the Conservation Council and a Democrat Senate Candidate.)

DANGERPIG!

—AND HIS CONSORT—
CARELESS ROBERT.



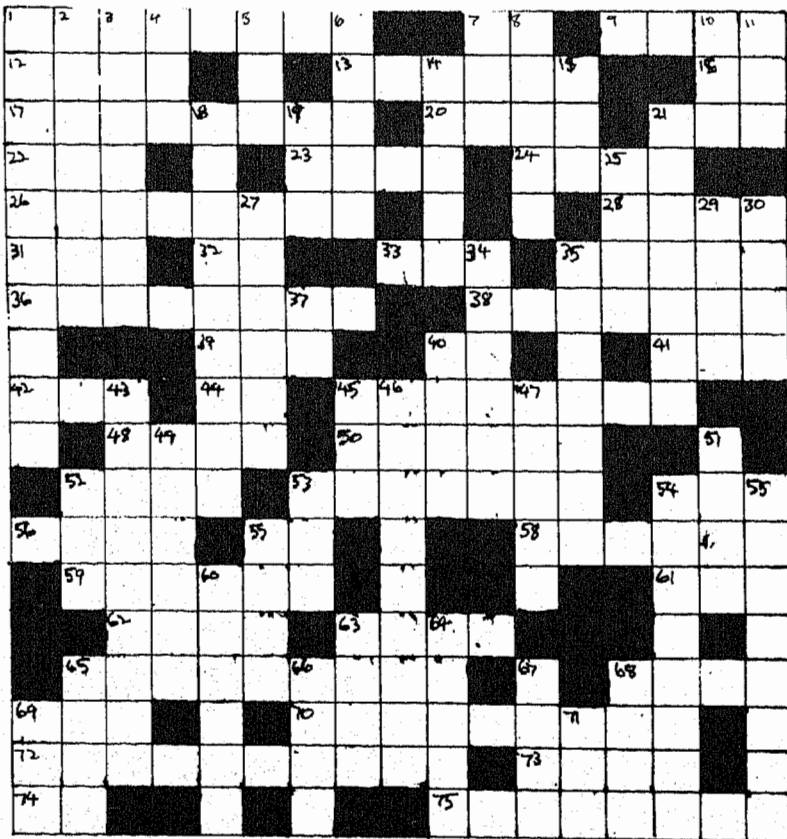
On Dit Campus Crossquiz No.2

ACROSS

- 1. DRAINAGE TUBE
- 7. PETROL CO.
- 9. WHERE THE COFFEE SHOP IS
- 12. BURDEN
- 13. COVET
- 15. PRINTERS MEASURE
- 17. DRUG
- 20. COMPUTER CO.
- 21. SOLIDIFY
- 22. BOG
- 23. BIOLOGICAL UNIT
- 24. FLAG POLE
- 26. APES
- 28. WAN
- 31. SMALL DRINK
- 32. TOWARDS
- 33. OLD PRESSURE
- 35. SUCKS-IN
- 36. THROW OUT (4-4)
- 38. PINS
- 39. AUST. STATE
- 40. DISEASE
- 41. COMPASS HEADING
- 42. CHA
- 44. DOCTOR
- 45. FAKE
- 48. ORPHAN
- 50. DETAIN
- 52. BROWNS
- 53. AVOT
- 54. PART OF 'TO BE'
- 56. ROCKY HILLS
- 57. SOME KNIGHTS SAY IT
- 58. STEEP MOUNTAIN
- 59. DRINKING VESSEL
- 61. AUST. AIRLINE
- 62. EFT
- 63. PENS
- 65. OPTICAL INSTRUMENT
- 68. GRAIN
- 69. WORRISOME (COLL)
- 70. SPEED CONTESTS
- 72. UNABLE TO PLEASE
- 73. LEAN
- 74. AUST. TERR.
- 75. CARRYING

DOWN

- 1. TAKE
- 2. BLOODLESSNESS



- 3. VEGS.
- 4. VICT. MATRIC
- 5. CHILD
- 6. CONTESTS
- 7. CHILDS NAPKIN
- 8. COMPUTER CO.
- 10. COST
- 11. EXPLOSIVE
- 14. HYBRIDS
- 15. PREFIX (10th)
- 18. STUTTERING SPEAKERS
- 19. H₂O
- 21. PINS
- 25. POTATO
- 27. IN THE DIRECTION OF
- 29. SEDIMENTS
- 30. LIFE
- 34. WHAT YOU GET IN TAS.
- 35. MARKS
- 37. PART OF 'TO BE'
- 40. SPIN
- 43. CONSCIOUSNESS
- 45. JUICE
- 46. HEAD
- 47. SMALL ISLANDS
- 49. RETORT
- 51. LIQUEUR PORT
- 52. PEAK
- 53. KNIGHT
- 54. SPORT
- 55. JOINING
- 57. TRAPS
- 60. TURNS
- 63. FOOL
- 64. GIVES IN
- 65. GUESS
- 66. CRUSTACEAN
- 67. LUMINOUS RING
- 68. STONED
- 69. ERR
- 71. MOTOR

SOLUTION

TO

LAST

CROSSWORD



Sparks will fly

Monday Lunchtime 1 - 2.15 pm Come to The Debate: Creationism vs. Evolution. See and hear the best Scientific and Religious Minds. Brought to you by TIAMAT. Little Cinema. All welcome.

UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE
GET YOUR NAME DOWN IN THE SAUA OFFICE
WE NEED YOUR BRAINS

BY-ELECTION NOMINATIONS CLOSE TUESDAY 31ST MARCH FOR ONE POSITION ON SAUA COUNCIL
Applications available from SAUA Office between 9 am - 5 pm
RETURNING OFFICER

AUDITIONS AUDITIONS

on
Saturday 4th April, 2 - 5 pm
for
Moliere's "The Misanthropist"
directed by
Christopher Bell
at
The Centre for the Performing Arts
1st Floor
Old Medical Building
Frome Road
Adelaide
for further details ring
The University of Adelaide
Theatre Guild, 228 5999

Lady doctors and male nurses

WOMEN'S SPACE

Kathy Edwards

Non-sexist language is an issue that has received much publicity from feminist supporters and conservative opponents.

It is an issue that should certainly be of concern to every member of society, since language is not only essential to our everyday lives, it is fundamental to our identity as rational human beings. Language is undoubtedly a very powerful force in society, since it has the ability to define the environment, and shape our ideas and conceptions of the world. It is in fact so fundamental to our existence that it is often taken for granted. We do not often stop to think about the words we are using, their origin and their history. Objects and concepts have names, but how did these originate, who named them, and what do the names actually mean?

Recent feminist research and analysis of these questions by such forward thinking women as Mary Doly and Dale Spender has unearthed some very startling and worrying answers. Their research has shown that historically men have had the power of naming.

Socially and culturally humankind has been separated into two distinct groups, male and female, and these groups have been allotted different characteristics, roles and life experiences. Yet the power of naming has been exclusively given to males, meaning that our language is

limited to encompassing and expressing only the male view. Women's views and experiences have at best been trivialized, and at worst totally ignored.

Egotistically, these male designers have assumed that the male view is the norm, and that the term "man" can be used both to mean male and human. They have assumed that they spoke for the entire human race when they named it "mankind". When they have stood at their podiums, altars and lecterns and spoken enthusiastically of the "Rights of Men", "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" and "The Brotherhood of Man" they have conveniently overlooked their sisters. Similarly we are expected to use such terms as "chairman", "foreman" and "The man in the street" for both males and females.

Feminists are now beginning to challenge these assumptions in an effort to redress this male bias in our language. In doing so we have faced criticism from conservative groups who argue that the changes which we wish to make are clumsy, unaesthetic and ungrammatical. When non-sexist language is considered in the light of logic, however, it becomes evident that the reverse is true. In today's society it makes much more sense to use non-sexist language than it does to use old fashioned and outdated sexist language.

For example, conservatives argue that terms such as "mankind" or "the man in the street" do not mean specifically male, but rather encompass all of humanity under the generic title "man". In texts where "man" is used to mean both male and human, however, it becomes

very confusing. It is often necessary, in fact, to read sections of the text several times before the author's meaning can be understood. When writers write of the "Rights of Man", do they mean the rights of males or the rights of humanity?

Other examples of outdated sexist language include terms such as "lady doctor" and "male nurse". In using these terms the assumption is being made that doctors are normally male, and nurses normally female. In today's society this simply isn't true, and so the distinction becomes pointless.

Feminists also feel that sexist language seeks deliberately to obscure or silence women. When reading a text readers form visions of the subject matter in their minds. Hence when they read of "primitive man" instead of "primitive humans" they would associate "man" with the masculine, and think literally of a male. This concept becomes even more ridiculous when it is considered that women now constitute over 50% of the total population. The norm is certainly no longer male!

In the light of this feminists are asking that certain modifications be made to our language not only to include women, but to make our language more workable. Humanity, Humankind, or People can be used in place of "mankind". The "man in the street" should become "A person in the street", or "people in general", "Chairperson" and "Supervisor" could be substituted for "chairman" and "foreman". Instead of writing "the Australian he" when referring generally to Australians, it would be more accu-



rate to write "Australians they..." Modifications such as these are not clumsy, in fact they are neater and more accurate. Conservatives have of course tried to ridicule our cause by giving false interpretations of our intentions. Hence there have been numerous articles written trying to convince people that if non-sexist language came into common usage we would all be forced to use terms such as personager (for manager) or personally (for manly) or even worse, chaircreature for chairperson. This, of course is not true.

When changing our language, however, we must beware of pitfalls. There is no point in substituting terms such as "The Rights of Humanity" or "Human Rights" for "The Rights of Man" if the set of

rights concerned are only the rights of males. Terms such as this should remain as they are, so the fact that they are sexist both in name and nature will be obvious.

Women are currently obscured by our language, but we are obscured blatantly and openly. We would only be making our oppression harder to identify by changing our language as a token gesture, without also changing the assumptions and attitudes behind it.

We must combine our campaign for non-sexist language, then, with our wider struggle for our rights, whether be social, legal or political. Non-Sexist language can only be truly non-sexist, if it is so in both name and nature.

POSTGRAD AFFAIRS

Rae Durham

Steep increases in Visa Charges, and the removal of exemptions for overseas postgraduate students studying in Australian universities, will have detrimental effects on overseas student research in this country.

As a vulnerable sector in our university community, overseas students are continually being targeted by the Government when expenditure cuts are enforced.

18 Australian universities, including Adelaide University (Newcastle is the exemption), are prepared to adopt a 'hard-line' approach to the problem of the Overseas Visa Charge. What we anticipate will happen is that these universities will not 'find' any extra funds to pay the visa charge for overseas postgraduate students, as the cumulative factor would mean the erosion of all scholarships within 5 years.

Instead it is far better to encourage the universities to exert some pressure on the government and push for changes to the Visa Charge policy - viz-a-viz - at least to have scholarship holders exempted from the charge.

To this effect the PGSA has put forward a submission to Adelaide University. The PGSA have also met on several different occasions with students from Adelaide, Waite

Institute and Flinders to work out a plan of action which can be implemented during this year. Waite students, Cameron Grant and Andrew Geering, have put together a paper on the 'Contribution of Overseas Postgraduate Students to Agricultural Research in Australia' and we hope to use some of their findings in our campaign.

This week, Dr Alex Diamantis, will chair a meeting between overseas postgraduates who will speak to specific problems encountered by them. Administrative and academic personnel from both Adelaide and Flinders Campuses will reply to the speakers, thus facilitating an open discussion between the students and the University administrators on some of the problems. Of course problems for overseas students are not always financial - they are concerned with issues such as Supervisors and Topic selection; Getting Results before returning home; Academic and Language Support as well as Welfare Services. If you are a postgraduate student experiencing problems in any of these areas get in touch with Rae Durham in the PGSA office, telephone 228 5898 for further information.

Later on in May, the President of the PGSA, Mark Leahy, will visit Canberra as Secretary of CAPA, to present a national submission opposing the Visa Charge; meanwhile the PGSA will continue to pressure the University of Adelaide into increasing and maintaining its opposition to the ubiquitous Visa Charge.

Having recognised that career choice and academic direction can pose difficult problems for many students, AIESEC A.U. Local Committee and A.U. Careers Service are conducting a series of "Prospects '87" seminars this week.

These seminars are designed to inform third year students of their career options in Accounting, Economics, Business and Computer Science.

"Prospects'87" takes the form of three seminars in which guest speakers will address a variety of topics related to their profession with the aim being to impart a better understanding of the various vocations to students.

The first seminar (to be held on April 3rd) will discuss prospects for graduates, the application, preparing a C.V., interview techniques

by Stipo Androvic

New students may be unaware of the Barr Smith Library's microcomputer service.

Nine Apple Macintoshes are available for use in the Audio-Visual Section as well as a wide range of software - Macwrite, Microsoft (word processing), Imagewriter, Pascal and ClickArt services.

Here's how you can experience the joy of word processing your next essay: buy a blank 86 mm diskette (available from the Union Bookshop for \$7.95), then proceed to the AV Loans Desk and borrow a mouse, Macwrite disk and instruction manual. The Mouse is a small box which allows you to 'point' at menu selections, by rolling over a desktop. It's very easy to use, and so are the instruction manuals.

However, a general warning: don't launch immediately into a major work until you've mastered the basics like retrieving files, editing and printing. Although the system is designed to be virtually idiot-proof, it took this writer at least 9 very confusing sessions spread over two weeks before I could get a print-out (hard copy, for the PC buffs) of an urgent piece. There's usually at least one terminal free, even in peak hours, but a three to four week waiting list applies for those wishing to

and Recruitment from an employers' viewpoint.

The second seminar on April 10th will cover Chartered and Public Accountancy, Management Consultancy and Retail and Commercial Banking.

The third seminar (April 24th) will discuss Management in Industry, Corporate and International Banking, Merchant Banking, Stock and Share Broking, and Securities and Finance Training.

These seminars provide students with an invaluable opportunity to meet prospective employers prior to on-campus interviews.

All seminars commence at 4 pm and will be held in the North Dining Room of the Union Building. Tickets will be available outside the Napier Building at 11 am, Tuesday March 31st. Cost is \$2.50 per seminar or \$6 for all three. An audience limitation of 80 per seminar applies.

use the high-quality Laser printer.

In its info leaflet, the Library publishes a disclaimer limiting its responsibility for the machines. The computers were provided by the University but no extra staff were allocated to them, meaning "the level of assistance to users will be...minimal". Despite this, Gordon Abbott and Rosemary Jarvis (in the A-V section) are very helpful and, if you plead desperately, will set you back on the straight and narrow.

Most student users are happy with the service - the main gripes being the small number of terminals, and the even smaller number of the powerful Macintosh Plus computers. The long waiting list for the Laser Printer is also unpopular. John Edwards, a tutor in Pharmacology, uses the Imagewriter to produce graphs of lab tests. He notes that the smaller standard Apple Macintoshes with one disk drive can be time consuming as they constantly require manual disk changes. Virginia Grantham (Science) "experienced difficulties" and found the PC's "confusing". Nevertheless, it's still worthwhile to familiarise yourself with what is available. Who knows, you may join the ranks of happy Mac-addicts presently infiltrating the library.

SAUA PRESIDENT

David Israel

Senator Ryan in answering a question in the Senate on the 19th of this month reiterated that, and 4 quote "... the policy of the Government in respect of the administration charge is that it will be indexed in line with cost increases under the education index."

This means that the Hawke government's policy on the administration charge is as it was announced in the legislation last year, that it will increase as costs of education increase. Well we all know how believable Labor's policies are at the moment, free education, Uranium to the French etc.

So the murmurs we are hearing from Canberra about doubling the administration charge are quite significant and certainly shouldn't be dismissed lightly.

Students and the Higher Education sector in general have borne the brunt of government cuts for too long. The time has come to reverse this trend. The South Australian Tertiary Students' Federation which is at this stage an informal group has this objective in mind. We must unify and fight if to stop the Higher Education sector from slipping back into the dark ages were elitism was rife. Let's not trade in education.

On a lighter note applications for University Challenge close soon so if you're an Oxbridge or a Scumbag get your name down and get a free trip to Hobart in September - not to mention fame, fortune and glory (maybe).

That's all this week having been rather bogged down with financial matters this week.

If anyone has seen our Finance Vice-President please give him a map, compass and dog biscuit and direct him down to the SAUA office.

Tingle Tangle Cafe
230 Rundle Street

Try our fabulous food and cakes
in a relaxed atmosphere
Only a minute's walk from the Uni.
Bring this voucher for a free coffee
or 50% off any drink.
Only one voucher per person
and valid until 1/5/87.



SEX

Have you ever had that nasty "Swelling-feeling" that the condom you've used is too tight.

Well according to a recent report, six million Americans will suffer from condom rashes and itchings this year.

The painful disorder is known as contact dermatitis and is caused by the chemicals in the condom, not the rubber.

The report by skin specialist Dr Ted Rosen in the journal *Emergency Medicine* says that many men think that they have venereal disease when in fact all they have is contact dermatitis.

"It is the most misdiagnosed, mistreated and misunderstood condition," he says.

According to the report, 3% of Yanks suffer from the rubber allergy through having an adverse reaction to certain condoms.

And the solution?

Doctors suggest using condoms manufactured from the intestines of sheep.

Maybe they might be able to make woolly condoms as well to keep your pecker warm during winter.



Block busters on Video



VIDEO

by Sam Jinna

The Steven Spielberg drama, *The Color Purple* is the hot tip this month to hit the shelves this month. Nominated for 11 Academy Awards and winning none, it stars Whoopie Goldberg and Alfre Woodard. Warner Home Video is tipped to release the blockbuster movie in June.

April releases from Warner Home include John Badham's cycling-drama *American Flyers*, Rob Lowe in the icehockey teen-pic *Youngblood* and the Martin Scorsese boxing drama *Raging Bull*, starring Robert de Niro, Cathy Moriarty and Joe Pesci. These releases are due on the shelves the first week of April.

CIC-Taft will set April on fire with the release of two action packed sizzlers. Both haven't been screened in Australian cinemas. *Blue City* stars Judd Nelson (*Breakfast Club*, *St. Elmo's Fire*) and Ally Sheedy (*Oxford Blues*, *Short Circuit*) and features a mean and moody soundtrack from bluegrass musician Ry Cooder. Fire with Fire stars Craig Sheffer (*That Was Then, This Is Now*) and Virginia Madsen (*Electric Dreams*) in a romantic-drama about two lovers who come from opposite sides of society. Also from CIC-Taft this month is three *Motown Video* Orig-



inals, due in the shops the second week of April.

RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts Video have a strong line-up of six first release titles for their April release. They include the Cannes winner *When Father Was Away On Business*; the gremlins movie *Critters*; *Out of Bounds* starring Anthony Michael Hall and directed by Richard (Tightrope) Tuggle; the action-pic *Sudden Death*; the adventure-movie *Band of the Hand* starring Paul Michael Glaser and the animated sci-fi show *Transformers - The Movie*, just out of the cinemas. These titles have a shelf release of April 6th.

Other April first releases include John Carpenter's *Big Trouble In Little China* starring Kurt Russell and Harold Pinter's *Turtle Diary* starring Glenda Jackson and Ben

Kingsley on CBS Fox Video. The Madonna/Sean Penn disaster *Shanghai Surprise* is the lead April release from CEL. Also on the shelves from CEL include Paul Morrissey's *Mixed Blood* and Timothy Dalton in the gothic-horror movie *The Doctor and the Devils*.

Video Top Ten:

1. *The Gods Must Be Crazy*
2. *Hannah And Her Sisters*
3. *Highlander*
4. *Short Circuit*
5. *About Last Night...*
6. *Wildcats*
7. *Salvador*
8. *Head Office*
9. *Raw Deal*
9. *Miracles*
10. *Young Sherlock Holmes*

The Video Top-Ten is compiled by Arkaba Home Video



COOKING

MARJORIE LONG

Chinese Omelette

This recipe is meant to be as full of vegetables as possible, since eggs are to be used discreetly, not too often, because of their cholesterol content.

Choose 3 or 4 of the following:

Chopped shallots, chives, and/or onion

Chopped celery, capsicum, mushrooms

Corn kernels, cooked green peas

3/4 C bean sprouts

1 T chopped water chestnuts.

Measure approx. 1 1/4 C of combined vegetable ingredients.

3 large eggs or 4 small ones

MSG if desired

Salt

Oil

Beat until white and yolk are combined. Stir in vegetable. Season as necessary. Scramble softly in a little oil. Serve with rice for Chinese cuisine, or on toast, or with jacket potato if you're not in a Chinese mood.

P.S.: Change the vegetable ingredients to make a Spanish inspired omelette. I suggest diced tomatoes and onions, diced cooked potato and chopped greens (don't forget parsley!).

Top food, bottom prices

Budget-balanced Meals: An American dietitian from a New York Medical Centre gives this list of easily prepared and tasty casseroles. By combining foods from first two columns, a high quality protein is available to the consumer. Each casserole serves 4 to 6 people and by omitting meat, the food cost is minimised.

1	2	3	4	5
2 cups cooked	1 cup cooked	Sauce: 1 can soup & 3/4 cup water	Vegetables to make 1 1/2 cups	3-5 Tbsp. topping
Brown Rice	Soybeans	Cream of tomato	Browned celery & green onions	Wheat germ
Macaroni, whole wheat	Lima beans	Cream of potato	Mushrooms & bamboo shoots	Slivered almonds
Corn	Peas	Cream of mushroom	Browned green pepper & garlic	Fresh whole wheat bread crumbs
Spaghetti, whole wheat	Kidney beans	Cream of celery	Almost cooked green beans	Sesame seeds
Rice, (brown rice is preferable)	Black beans	Cheddar cheese soup	Almost cooked carrots	Brewer' yeast (de-bittered)
Noodles, whole wheat	Garbanzos (chickpeas)	Cream of pea	Browned onion & capsicum	Sunflower seeds

- Choose one ingredient from each of the five columns.
- Mix together ingredients from first 4 columns.
- Pour into greased casserole dish (1 quart) and bake 30 minutes at 325 F.
- Top with one choice from column 5 and bake 15 minutes longer at 325 F.
- Salt to taste at the table. Serve with bread and a salad. Enjoy!

Pop in for some good English Roast



FOOD

ENGLISH ROAST AND PASTA CAFE

21 Hindley Street
From \$4.80

by Simon Slade

My initial reaction to the English Roast and Pasta Cafe was that the two are seemingly rather inconsistent; on the one hand, hot, spicy food with a variety of pastas and on the other, traditional roasts with vegetables. This combination does,

however, allow much more variety on the menu.

The Cafe is fully licenced and is situated next to the Tattersalls Hotel, in premises which I only remember as dark, dingy and forbidding, with a foreign name. To the credit of the management, the premises are now light, airy and cheerful; even the 'Now Open' sign reads 'Have a Nice Day'.

It seems to be developing as a 'pop in for a meal' restaurant; the sort of place to go when you only have a fridge full of food that takes hours to prepare and you really can't be bothered. I think it is for this reason that many of the customers were on their own, most appearing to have

been working late at the office. Even so, the staff made them feel very welcome.

Natalie served my table, and I asked her for her recommendation and, for once, I took that advice.

Roast lamb was on its way.

Whilst waiting, I had a glass of scotch (\$2.00) and a chat to Natalie, who has just the right manner for the clientele of solitary gourmets.

She informed me that, as well as the roasts they offered a wide variety of pasta dishes and schnitzels and quiches too; it's obvious that they are trying to cater for anyone who wants a meal in a hurry.

My roast arrived, and Natalie's advice had proved to be correct - it was delicious. The lamb offered lit-

tle resistance to my knife and was cooked to perfection. It was served with a variety of interesting mixed vegetables making a change from the 'potatoes, carrots and peas' of most establishments offering vegetables with meals.

For dessert, a wide range of cake is available. I chose one with lots of strawberries and cream and had a glass of port to complement it.

In summary, the English Roast and Pasta Cafe offers quick, good food at a reasonable price. In its class it's great and with a few modifications, it could become a top restaurant. The provision of a good wine list will be a starting point.

I rate this one 6 for food, 6 for atmosphere and an 8 for service.



COMPUTERS

JOHN LINDSAY

IBM is in trouble! They invented the IBM PC and started MS-DOS computing, as we know it today, but their baby has grown up and now other companies are taking the lead. Compaq's 386 machine has been released and is selling well in spite of its five figure price tag, and Microsoft shows signs of independent thought, supplying and enhancing MS-DOS 3.3 to Compaq and all the other 386 companies. The very existence of a new breed of MS-DOS computer, using a chip not used by IBM is enough to cause senior IBM executives to loose sleep. This, coupled with strong rumours of new IBM hardware to be released later this year, is causing a slump in corporate sales in the States right now. Some analyst suggest IBM is going to make a change to the 3.5 inch disk format with 1.5 megabyte drives, this will probably translate to 800K of usable storage which isn't a great step forward: 5.25 inch drives can do that and the disks only cost five dollars each, as opposed to eight dollars for a 3.5 inch disk. The advantage lies with IBM and the software companies. It will take far longer for software to be pirated to the new media which will push sales of software up in the home market.

All this is a nice theory, but it spells trouble for IBM who just don't know when to stay dead. They released their IBM Jx, a machine which was supposed to fill the home market. It was not 100% compatible with the IBM PC and XT at a software level, so the users had to buy new versions of the software they already had at the office to use in their new computer at home. The market resistance to this product has been a block-buster. Most IBM dealers have only sold one; to themselves! This new machine will probably have the same problem: lack of compatibility induced by a drive towards more compact hardware and unclonable chips.

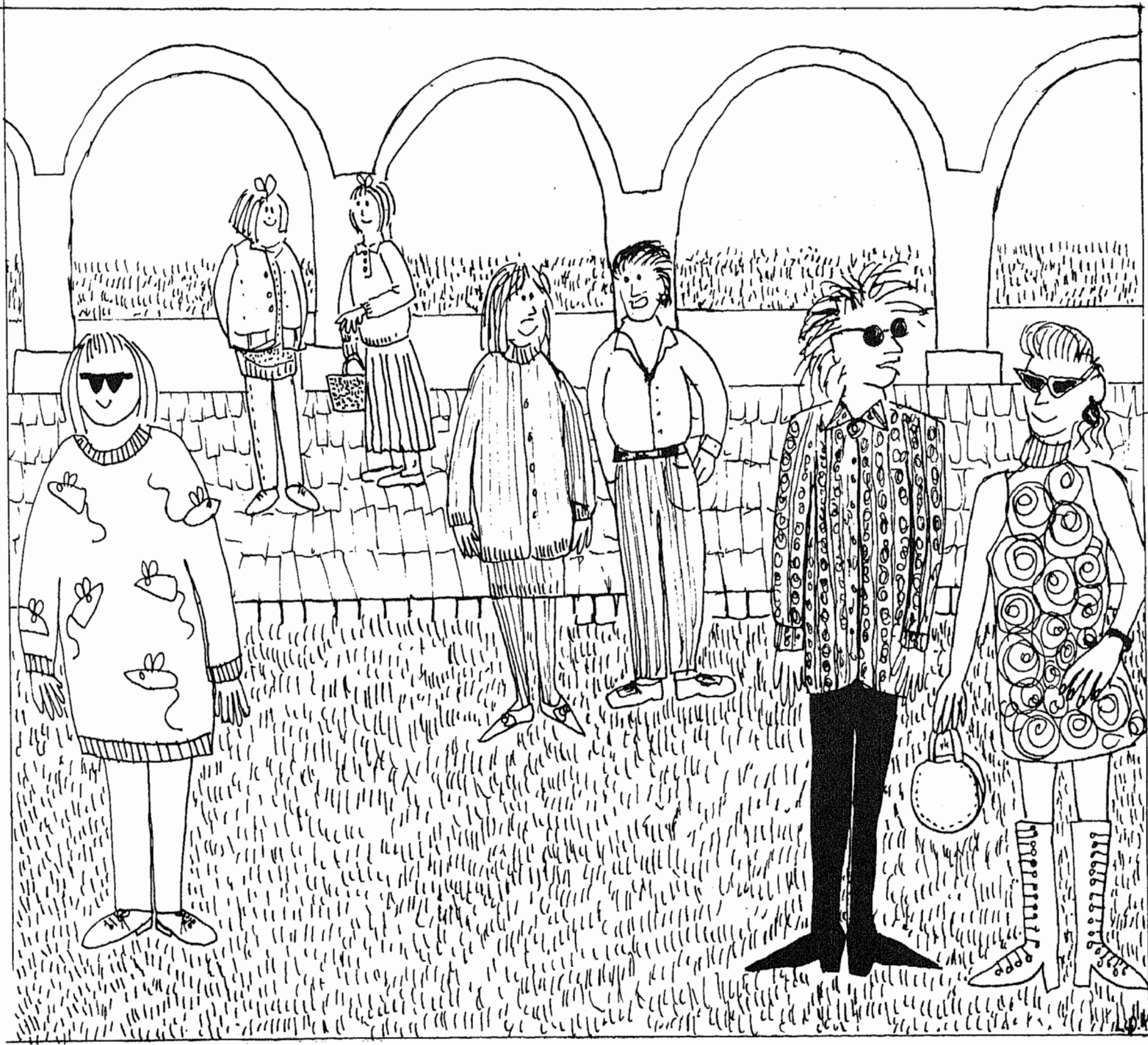
At the high end of the market, we have the threat of IBM introducing their own 386 machine. Will they follow Compaq's lead and produce a machine which is directly compatible with both the IBM XT and IBM AT or will they go off on a tangent? Most analyst believe it will be a bit of both. The old software will run, but to use all the best features of the machines the users will need to buy new software. The problem is, who is going to be bothered writing software which only runs on IBM's 386? IBM that's who. But no one buys IBM software so I wouldn't loose any sleep.

Another dark horse in the race is networking. Can IBM provide a reasonably priced gateway to their manyframes for PC users? Probably not. The PC is going to be stuck firmly on the desk until the Open Systems Interfacing people get their act solidly together and third parties supply suitable hardware. Certainly terminal cards exist which can date transfer but the process isn't transparent. You can't go out and buy a 'take home' package which you can install yourself on the end of your terminal cable which then attaches to your computer and lets the computer read the files on your disks and you read the files on the main computer's disks. The problem occurs on two levels. The file structure used on your micro is different from the file structure used on most mainframe computers. The database you use has a special file structure which isn't compatible with any other database unless you use a file conversion utility. This problem extends as far as transferring data to a twenty page document and that is very slow. Some companies print the document and then read it into a computer using a text recognition unit rather than try to connect the two machines directly.

Next Week: Computer Crime Feature.

WHERE TRENDDOIDS AND GROOVERS RIG UP & DECKOUT

Knocking your first term wardrobe into shape? So where do you go to buy your clothes for when you go raging on the weekend? JOSIE GUGIS visited the local shops to find out what they have to offer.



SPORTSGIRL
97 Rundle Mall
447 Portrush Road
North Adelaide Vilage
169 Unley Road
297 Diagonal Road

The true Sportsgirl girl sports a "WHAT'S IN THIS VERY SECOND LOOK". In order to achieve this look many valuable hours must be spent wardrobe planning, colour-co-ordinating and matchmaking.

An essential pre-requisite is also a bank account with the basic minimum of \$500 credit, so that a maximum purchase of one David Lawrence knit, and Frontline 100% wool pleated skirt can be made. (Accessories optional, and according to season). On the positive side however, *Sportsgirl* stock a large range of garments in sizes 8-16 to cater effectively for most shapes and sizes.

The garments are of very good quality (mostly wool, linen or cotton) and amazingly durable. (They can be worn at least twice without the top button coming off). The range of colours and combinations is astounding, with this range not only extending to the clothes but also to the shoes and accessories.

Basically *Sportsgirl* can be likened to a specialty or gourmet supermarket. What is offered there can be bought for half price at *Target* or *Woolies*.

But often for the true sportsgirl these cheap lookalikes are not enough. The label is vital. The style is essential. Anything not recommended in *Dolly* is not available nor worn.

Sportsgirls knows this and therefore will visit the store at least once a day, otherwise they face the possibility of severe withdrawal symptoms.



MOD-IMAGE
133 Rundle Mall
282 Unley Road
6 Twin Street

Okay all you Mods' out there, do not be deceived by the name of this shop. It definitely does not apply to this place. I couldn't even find anything semi-modish in there. Rather *Mod-Image* features rather middle-of-the-road type garments with above average prices.

The knitwear there is fascinating though, if you go for big bulky jumpers with objects in 3-D growing out of them. *Mod-Image* is quite a small little boutique, sort of tucked away in a little lane, but you can't miss the sign. It is worth looking into, just for the sake of seeing how absolutely un-Modish it is.

INNOCENTI
132 Rundle Mall

The average streetwise male shopper would possibly give *Innocenti* a miss if he was looking for a pair of Levis.

The clothing styles are the kind loved by those who frequent "Rio's" or "Jules". The "tuck your shirt into your pants" look is demonstrated here as being the acceptable way to dress. Most *Innocenti* frequenters wear their pants inside and so that their fellow *K-Mart* shoppers can spot the label. At it's best the style can be described as semi shiek and after dark. The range of semi-interesting items include suits (with complimentary red scarf tucked into waistcoat pocket), select leather items; (the kind the Big MAFIA boys hide their drug collection in); trench coats which feature THE COLLAR; and trousers which have stripes and the POCKET.

Well, quality wise, *Innocenti* has got it made. Items feature REAL wool, REAL linen, REAL cotton. No hanky pank here.

Prices are rather extravagant. It could possibly require you to takeout a Uni loan, especially if you want *Gucci* shoes to match the look. So there you have it guys. *Innocenti* shows promise?



DYNAMITE
27 Rundle Mall

The name *Dynamite* is certainly applicable to the prices in this boutique which require you to borrow Daddy's bankcard or pawn your Humphrey B-Bear watch. Apart from this drawback, *Dynamite* is well stocked and rather fascinating. It features a lot of casual classy gear, which can be dressed up or down, depending on the occasion.

Denim seems to be a *Dynamite* favourite, and the designers also seem to go in for a lot of knitwear.

Everything in *Dynamite* can be mixed and matched. Watch out though for the miniscule change-rooms. Anyone with a claustrophobia problem had better give them a miss. The quality of garments is very good - all guaranteed to last. Surprisingly also, *Dynamite* features stock which will see you through many seasons. Unlike *Sportsgirl*, it is not at all faddish, and the clothes speak of comfort and versatility.

VENUS
Off Frome Road

Venus is the grooviest, newest place to hit town, when deciding what to wear to *Limbo's* on Saturday night. All your fave 20s and 60s ger is on

those racks. It just depends on whether you like to expose your belly button or not, as to which style you choose.

But beware poverty-stricken groovers - the price range is rather extravagant. (Op-shops probably offer the same for \$2.00)

At present the *Venus* range is also rather limited in the stock it holds but this is soon due to change.

The look is definitely different and rather eccentric. Take it to the streets babe, if you dare!



AERIAL
134 Rundle Mall

Aerial is a super trendy, brother to *Country Road*, and cousin to *Sportsgirl*. Pretty cool guys. A shop definitely worth checking out. It features casual and after dark looks, to suit most trendies and groovers. A must to visit during "Sale Time" where prices are genuinely reduced to acceptable double figures. Even girls need not feel bashful if they want to peak in. The shop assistants make it all worthwhile and you might even spot a shirt that you like.

Aerial features colours and styles to suit most guy's shapes and sizes. It also stocks a limited range of shoes, which complement "The Look". GO FOR IT!

CHERRY LANE
118 Rundle Mall

Cherry Lane is a *Sportsgirl* twin. Like *Sportsgirl* it is a true essential shopping venue life of a girl with an escalating bank account. The *Cherry Lane* look is like it's twin also very trendy. This season the essentials to achieving this look are woolen leggings (\$36.00), bulky woolen cardigans (preferably the same colour as leggings, \$65.00) and a woolen plain knit mini skirt (\$36.00). Accessories optional.

Cherry Lane also cater quite adequately for male groovers and trendoids, at the same costs. Watch out for flaws in garments - a thread vital to the construction of the garment is bound to come loose, even in the changing room.

Before entering *Cherry Lane*, have a clear idea in mind of what you are looking for. The shop assistants do a marvellous job of brainwashing you into buying THAT SKIRT because it suits the colour of your freckles.

The clothing range is mediocre - what *Cherry Lane* don't stock, *Sportsgirl* inevitably will. Sales are a bargain at *Cherry Lane*. Everything is discounted at an enormous rate. Shopping is also accompanied by a countdown of the Top 40 with *Madonna* and *Wa Wa Nee* featuring among the tracks. The Videos in the store also make shopping a visually exciting experience.

UNION BAR SPECIAL PRICED DRINKS WEEKEND

APRIL 3rd - 4th

FRIDAY APRIL 3RD

West End Mix 'N' Match Night & O'Camp Reunion



with "Very Sanes" and Student D.J.'s
Match your ticket with that of a person of the opposite sex to win

- Ansett Pioneer Bus Trip to Melbourne
- Swatch Watches
- \$100 East Coast Clothing Voucher
- Sony Walkmans
- West End Promotions Kit

Special West End Export Beer price.

SAUA O'CAMP REUNION

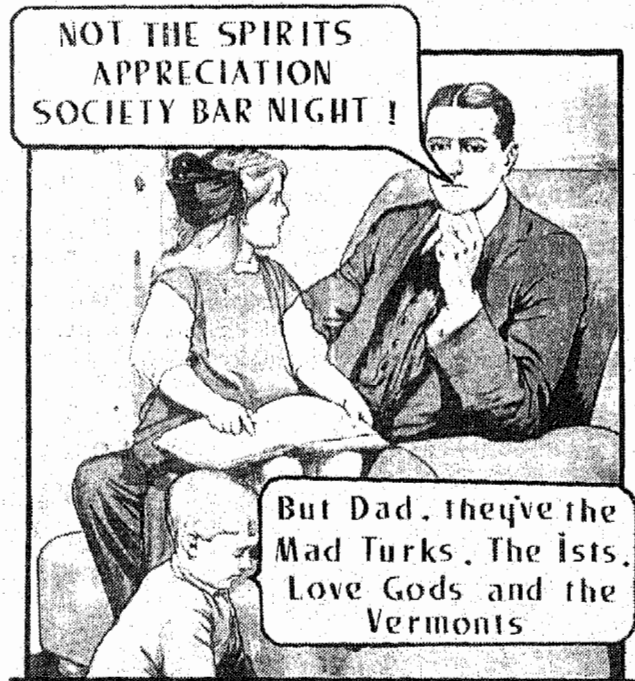
AU Students Free. Guests \$3

Be early.

A free echo to the first 120 people after 7 pm.

SATURDAY APRIL 4TH

Yes, it's the **Spirits Appreciation Bar Night**



"Buy the World for Half Price"



Cheap White Horse Scotch, Coruba Rum, Gavilan Tequila
Beans Choice Bourbon, Gilbey's Gin, Canadian Club, Malibu, Kahlua, & Baileys

4 BANDS -

"Mad Turks from Istanbul"

"Ists"

"Love Gods"

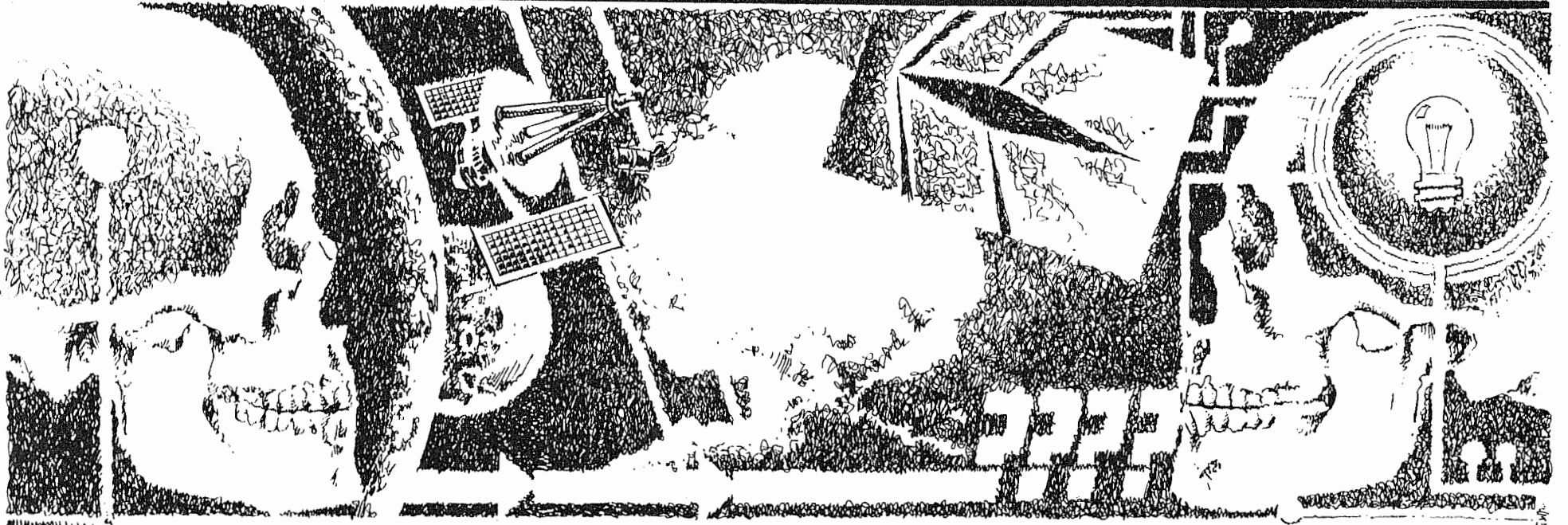
"The Vermont"

8 pm - 1 am.

A.U. Students \$4, Concession \$5, Public \$6

Sponsored by World Liquor Agencies.

FEATURES



SCIENCE, THE TWO-EDGED SWORD

The Commission for the future is a government body exploring breakthrough and developments in science and technology. Last October ROBYN WILLIAMS described how the late Peter Mason exemplified the Commission's work.

It's one of the saddest things I've ever seen. Someone as vital, passionate and vocal as Peter Mason struck dumb, unable to explain those extraordinary ideas that still crowd his poor brain.

First the numbers disappeared, making a professor of mathematics and physics suddenly innumerate. Then, as the cancer worked steadily through the left cerebral hemisphere, so the words went too. Peter now has about one hundred left and they invariably refuse to form sentences. He's given to jagged bouts of stuttering and (something I realised only recently) has also slowed in reception so that ordinary conversation from others is often too fast for him to absorb.

Not the best state to be in when you want to make a crucial speech about the future of science and technology on the planet. But he did, and it worked.

When I first met Peter Mason about ten years ago he struck me as a keen boffin, a pleasant fellow and someone with an active conscience. He was, in other words, very easy to underestimate. He did not appear likely to be the writer and presenter of several major series of broadcasts, all to be published as books, some overseas. His first go at reading a script was uneven: the voice too foggy, the inflection sing-song, the wording too unsubtle. When I made these points, expecting them to be ignored as they often are, Peter clearly absorbed the lot and was back in a matter of days with an effort improved beyond imagining.

He soon wanted to go on from vignettes to major opuses. *Genesis to Jupiter* was the first: a history of navigation. Not something to create havoc, we thought, broadcast it without fanfare and it may well be taken as educational. Some colleagues of mine thought it dreadful! But, when *Genesis* went on the reaction was without parallel. Scores of calls of congratulation, hundreds of letters came, and the book, done hesitatingly by the ABC, sold out in weeks. When I asked Peter whether he was pleased he smiled sweetly and said he'd nearly finished 'opus two': *Cauchu*

the Weeping Wood (a history of rubber). That was followed by *The Light Fantastic* then *Blood & Iron*, each a celebration of the proper use of science and condemnation of its abuse. Science the two-edged sword, for war or for peace; to save lives or to end them; for the benefit of us all or the pastime of the elite.

Never was Peter trying to diminish the staggering achievements of modern research. Never was he Luddite. He simply asked "what is it for?"

And that's what he was trying to say to the Commission for the Future when he came to his last meeting. We stopped our business. Phillip Adams noted that Peter has waited patiently for two hours (heroic for a well person at a board meeting, let alone someone ravaged by cancer of the brain) and asked that he be heard. Peter Mason then stood - he insisted on being on his feet, as if that would compensate for the reluctant words - and he presented us with a simple chart he'd spent the week preparing and then talked for ten minutes. When meaning refused to come either Sheila Mason, Peter's wife, or I would hopefully put in a phrase and in this way help the statement along. When he finished Peter fell back in utter frustration and weariness, tears pouring down his face.

He had talked about Science and Human Needs. His point: that *between 1850 and 1950, scientists provided the means for satisfying the majority of human needs*, that, by implication, little other than the computer had been produced after 1950 that necessarily made much difference. This may seem shocking, but I think Peter's right. By 1950 we had the means to house, feed and clothe the people, to keep them healthy, to enable them to communicate as never before, to enrich their leisure as much as anyone could reasonably desire and to power industry with both steam and electricity. In each category the provision was high by 1950 and has gone up little since and perhaps been diminished in some respects, (food and clean water).

Why should this be important to

the Commission for the Future or to anyone else? Well, because one can be too easily seduced by the glitter of progress. Because we really must face the fact that the world and certainly Australia, cannot afford to advance on all fronts simply because a few feel like it or because it makes others awfully rich. And because the Commission must always take the point of view of the citizen who asks, "What's the point of it all?" or, "What choices do we have about how we may live?"

Therefore, the Commission for the Future should not join the cacophony of experts swapping conventional wisdom. We must demand *unconventional* wisdom and also refuse to be demoralised by the devastating edifice of space-age hi-tech.

It's not simply the pause given to everybody's self-confidence by Challenger, Chernobyl and the relentless spread of the AIDS plague, reminders of horrible force that science is not omnipotent. It's that even those fields which may seem useful could well be costly distractions. Peter's point is that we had enough science by 1950 to solve the world's problems. We haven't done so for all sorts of human, social and political reasons. Chasing more equations with million-dollar apparatus won't help anyone (apart from professors' egos and defence chiefs' megalomania).

Instead we should use time to try to make sense of the gigantic amount of information and knowledge already produced. And make no mistake: if research stopped tomorrow, it would still take 10-15 years in some disciplines to catch up with what's been done, to try to understand what's already available from science.

Meanwhile the toys of the 80s are being seen to fail. Mathematicians worry about the uninhibited use of computers in teaching; they believe that analysis will suffer. Prof. Lester Thurow of M.I.T. says technology has been misused in the office and actually *reduced* productivity: he says word-processors have been a failure. Barrie Sherman in his latest book *Working at Leisure* predicts

that technology will replace 400 000 jobs in education in Britain.

Another 400 000 will go from health and social services, banking and insurance will lose 200 000 and tens of thousands will go from agriculture, fishing and forestry. All with little attempt to consider leisure as a constructive activity.

Australia's plight is similar. Peter Mason's concern is that we therefore look to the broad implications of all this, that the Commission for the Future should ask some really curly questions about where it is leading the nation and where we might choose to go instead if given half a chance.

What use would people make of scientific expertise if it were on tap in the high street? Not as expensive gisos but as information and advice on everyday matters like pollution, noise, malnutrition, frailty, loneliness and so on. The 'science shops' of Europe have been a small start. Could Australia do something better, more imaginative way that change priorities in research? I could imagine a vigorous demand and very soon, for such centres to help communities change their energy systems for example.

How could the workers whose jobs are threatened, plan for different employment? Is there a new role for coal? Can we really encourage our children, with good conscience to do the dangerous dirty work of mining? Is there another way? What hope is there for the sugar farmers of the north- what would it take to convert them from providence of sweet indulgence, to growers of fuel? That use of sugar would not increase the carbon dioxide burden overall. The technology is well-known, but what other factors must be there to facilitate this change?

How can our unions move from the collective Australian obsession with dollars and little else, to force the same revolution here that those in Sweden have achieved; sophisticated involvement in management and planning of industry. The Swedish unions have seats on the board, run research institutes and demand the highest standards of the managers. Talk is about much more than 2.3 per cent and super!

What *could* we do with land ruined by poor farming methods? Don't sneer at country people, give them alternatives. The same with loggers and foresters; they cannot leap from

a lifetime's commitment at the wave of a banner. There must be scores of ways to plant trees away from the native woodland, to build a high-value timber industry that depends on more than bog-rolls, burger-wraps and ecological disaster for its future.

All these questions! The odd thing is that there are plenty of bright folk with good answers yet they seem to be unheard in Australia. It's the Commission's role to give them a hearing; to offer choices.

But have I dodged the main point about 1950? That we had enough skill by then to do most of what's required? I don't think so. If malaria is the greatest scourge of humanity, then the answer lies as much in reducing poverty (and so increasing physical resistance) as it does in inventing a vaccine. If hunger is the greatest killer, then distribution of food is the key, not the invention of countless wonder cereals, herbicides and pesticides. There is always plenty of food available; the poor don't get it, so they die. Two weeks before Bob Geldof and his magnificent rockers raised \$55 million Live Aid, the EEC dumped \$250 million of surplus food down mine-shafts.

If heart-disease and cancer are to be tackled, could we not attempt more prevention (in which we invest a small fraction of the amount spent on advertising junk food and tobacco)? If we really want to bring peace do we *have* to do so with the most expensive and disreputable technology (SDI) ever mounted in human history? Do we really need to go even faster, higher, longer, louder and in more colours?

Peter's fate is symbolic of the humanity, brilliance and yet the limits of science. Nothing can be done to save him and it's pointless trying.

Everything can be done through people like him to teach, to explain, to excite and to change the relationships of power in the equation of science. That's why Peter wanted to tell the Commission for the Future to keep its eye on history and the distant horizon, not on a quest for respectability; to remember the disadvantaged in Australia, not only the men in blue suits. He wants to distinguish, as Gough Whitlan once said, between *movement and activity*.

And Peter Mason did all that, without a word-processor or a microphone or a computer. Just with a hundred words.

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Europe: students in anger unite against academic reform

In scenes reminiscent of May 1968, last December thousands of French students took to the streets to protest Jacques Chirac's government's plans to make France's higher education system more elitist.

Nurtured by deteriorating employment prospects for students, last December's uprising had been brewing for years. In 1968, French youth between 16 and 25 fell roughly into three categories: one third were students, one third were employed and the rest were unemployed.

In such a tight labour market, university qualifications improved chances of getting jobs. In its first 10 months, Chirac's government achieved the distinction of being the first government in the history of modern France to allocate less money for education than for defence.

The implications for students were obvious: less funds for higher education would mean fewer places.

Then the government introduced a draft university bill, named after the Junior Minister for Education Alain Devaquet. The bill proposed a doubling of fees to about \$200 a year.

It also proposed introduction of a selection process giving the universities greater autonomy in selecting students. The present system gives students the right to choose their university once they have successfully completed their higher certificate examinations.

The bill further proposed the abolition of state diplomas - a system conferring equal qualifications regardless of where they are obtained, a provision designed to give opportunities to students from less prestigious universities.

The eventual aim of the Chirac project is to create elite universities to service private enterprise.

Since the onset of economic recession in the '80s, sons and daughters of workers, who represent 60% of the French population, have constituted only a quarter of the student population. The children of the wealthiest 15% of the French fill 45% of university places.

The Devaquet bill would have restricted access to universities for those with least financial means.

The main student union, UNEF-ID (National Union of French Students - Independent and Democratic) called a warning strike for October 21. The response was not overwhelming, but it initiated preparations for further action.

By November 15 the first major co-ordinating meeting took place at Caen, with representatives from most institutions. In many universities and high schools, students had already developed forms of organisation similar to those of the 1968 student movement.

The basic unit in all cases was a faculty or school general assembly. They were open to all, and were the highest decision-making bodies. Each assembly elected a strike committee, which then combined with similar committees from other faculties to map out strategies. The strike committees also elected delegates to co-ordinate with other universities and schools.

Between November 15th and 22nd these forms of organisations spread rapidly throughout Paris and the regions, as more faculties and schools joined the strike.

Various commissions were also created - their role being to occupy the lecture rooms and organise discussions. The students laughed off suggestions that they were manipulated by political groups. They wanted nothing to do with either



Old Shibboleths that students are conservative and apathetic are falling down. The Student movement worldwide is experiencing some of the biggest mobilisations since the late sixties. GRAHAM HASTINGS reports on recent Student activism in France, Greece and Spain .

left or right parties, saying both had shown their incapacity to respond to their needs.

"We do not belong to any political organisation" said Philippe Curmin, a member of one of the strike committees.

"We are all united in one goal - the removal of the bill. But there are two poles in the debates. Those who consider that the removal of the bill is a sufficient goal, and those who want to take the present movement beyond this goal."

Another major national student meeting was organised by the student unions on November 22. The following day 200 000 people marched in Paris in a demonstration called by the national federation of teachers (FEN) to protest against the Chirac government and to demand a "future for youth".

Over the next two weeks, the Chirac government stumbled into France's most serious government crisis in decades.

More than 80% of the country's faculties went on strike. On November 27, the first national day of protest was called. Over half a million students and teachers took to the streets.

"If the bill is withdrawn there will be no more government," Education Minister Rene Monory defiantly said the next day.

On December 4, the mobilisations reached a huge climax. A million students and teachers marched in Paris and 300 000 in the provinces.

The next day, Chirac announced that the three contentious clauses in the bill would be withdrawn, but the students were not satisfied. The demonstrations continued.

The French riot police (CRS) ruthlessly attacked the students, injuring 200 and arresting hundreds more. The police were accused of firing gas canisters at the students. One

student lost an eye, another's skull was smashed. A chant of the 1968 protests was heard again - "CRS - SS".

The confrontations continued through the weekend. On December 6 students occupying the Sorbonne were evacuated by riot police using water cannons, stun grenades and tear gas. Riot police on motorcycles chased students through the Latin Quarter.

Malik Ousselini, a 22 year old student of Algerian origin, was one of those caught by the police in the doorway.

"The policemen came into the entrance of the building with night sticks" said witness, Paul Bayzdon.

"The young man next to me was crying out: 'Leave me alone, leave me alone!'. He fell and the police kept kicking him in the head."

Later that night Ousselini died - officially of a heart-attack. An autopsy confirmed that he died from damage caused by blows to his body.

That night, rioting spread through the student areas of Paris. Nineteen cars were burnt, 28 demonstrators were arrested and 20 people were injured.

Much of the rioting was condemned by student leaders and attributed to Casseurs (breakers) - right wing provocateurs working with police protection.

French television confirmed the allegations, showing a police officer allowing some 20 members of a far right student organisation to pass through a cordon. The group's members were wearing motorcycle helmets and carrying iron bars.

On the Sunday, student leaders approached left wing unions to seek support for a mobilisation the following Wednesday. Only the Communist Party - led union federation (CGT) agreed.

The students also scheduled a December 8 march in Paris to protest against the death of Ousselini and to call for the withdrawal of the entire education bill.

On Monday, Chirac announced

that he would withdraw the entire bill. Hours later Devaquet resigned.

On December 10, more than half a million marched in Paris in memory of Ousselini. The FEN and CGT participated. Thousands wore badges reading "Never That Again".

Chirac retreated further. Two other controversial bills, one to tighten conditions for French citizenship and the other to allow private enterprise to run prisons, were postponed until April.

On January 15 Greece reeled as two and a half million workers stopped work in the biggest general strike since the fall of the colonels in 1974. The protest, against the Greek social democratic government's austerity measures was started, as in France, by students.

Students entered the struggle following a 24 hour strike by teachers on November 12 demanding higher funding for tertiary education, higher wages and more democratisation of civil servant's code.

The movement started in the polytechnic schools where students demanded abolition of discriminatory measures against them and an equal chance with graduates of the other high schools to gain entrance into the TEI, the institutes of Higher Education.

They occupied the polytechnics and some general and technical schools in Athens. On December 16, some 115 high schools participated in the biggest high school rally since the fall of the dictatorship in 1974.

A severe crisis has developed in the ranks of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu's socialist party (PASOK) which has severely weakened the ability of the government to push through its planned austerity measures.

The call for a general strike created a crisis in the PASOK controlled union federation GSEE. Its President, a supporter of Papandreu's policy, opposed the strike and caused a split in the federation. On February 9, Papandreu

reshuffled his cabinet by removing seven members, three of whom were leaders of the left wing of the ruling party.

In Spain more than 2.5 million students obeyed the call by Spanish student unions for a boycott of their classes for January 20th to 24th to back demands for access to universities without exams.

The students were also demanding a minimum stipend for students from low income families, unemployed benefit for jobless graduates, a limit to increases in fees and more state spending on education.

As in France and Greece, they were reacting against the introduction of so called reforms in the education system.

The four day boycott ended in violent clashes with police and the severe gunfire wounding of a 15-year-old student. As a result demonstrators are now demanding the resignation of Interior Minister Jose Barrionvevo Pena, the man responsible for the police.

The mobilisations and boycotts have continued with negotiators unable to reach agreement. Continuing police repression has led to more severe clashes. On February 3rd 45 people, 32 of them police, were injured.

The student revolt couldn't have happened at a more inopportune time for the Socialist party government of Felipe Gonzalez. Negotiations with the country's main unions for a further social pact in 1987 have broken down. The atmosphere of protest generated by the students is considered to have been a factor in holding the unions back from another disastrous pact with the government.

Gonzalez's delicate handling of the transition from dictatorship to democracy, which has consisted in the main of not rocking the interests of the conservative forces in the country and of burdening workers with the costs of the economic crisis, now risks falling apart.

The spread of student protests to other areas of the community, as occurred in France and in Greece, is evidence that students reflect a general discontent in the community and are less isolated than the authorities anticipated.

The result has been costly for some. The Chirac government has certainly been stunned. The Greek Pasok government has also been forced to shed some of its left cover and move openly to the right.

In Spain the inevitable confrontation with a repressive apparatus still laden with the remnants of the fascist past will cause Gonzalez serious worry. In particular an uneasy alliance achieved with the trade unions federation to enable his austerity measures to be applied, risks being permanently shattered.

In France the decision to occupy the schools did not come from any political group but was a spontaneous response by students. In Greece a similar process took place. The decision to occupy was taken by a meeting of over 200 schools and gradually spread to other schools.

The occupations generated broad discussion on a range of social issues which affect students. The schools became centres of attraction for students and many voluntarily stayed there every night.

Authorities fear student anger could spread to the rest of the population and become a serious block to their austerity drives. Chirac has already felt its effects. Papandreu and Gonzalez are preparing to fight it. Others around the world are no doubt watching with anxiety.



Post-punk Bolshevism and 80s anarchism lack the sixties spirit

In narrowly political terms the post-sixties movements were remarkably ineffective; today the German Greens are the only significant political force in a major European country who owe something to the sixties.

For a time Euro-socialists and Euro-communists sought to appropriate the legacy of 1968 but today, with the partial exception of Scandinavia, such claims have lost all conviction. Blocked politically, the sixties impulse nevertheless had a large if intangible impact on ways of living, on gender relations, on teaching methods and on the content of education.

Today's students seem to oscillate between a legitimate, but limited, defence of their own interests and vaguer, if estimable, expressions of international concern. For the moment they seem to lack either the delusions or the dedication of those who believed that they were taking on the whole established order or that "under the paving stones lies the beach", as one of the slogans of 1968 put it. But it would be wrong only to see the narcissism and consumerism in, say, Band Aid, or to draw inappropriate contrasts between Danny the Red and Bob Geldof. Interpreting the changing rhymes of youth culture is a difficult business, though even the superannuated sixties veteran can surely be permitted to find comfort in the fact that John Lennon's stature has grown rather than diminished.

In the sixties rock music proved itself the harbinger of social radicalisation. Today a post-punk Bolshevism or anarchism has reappeared in youth culture. The entrepreneurs of fashion are scarcely concerned at the meaning of the symbols they exploit.

In the sixties it was said that fashion accelerated because revolution was treading on its tail; today revolutionary icons sometimes serve simply to spice up the bland or fawdry offerings of the culture industry.

The scope of student and youth resistance will be set, not by the entrepreneurs of pop, but by the depth of the social problems besetting the social system - and by whether or not official politics proves capable of dealing with them.

The real agenda [in Britain] is set by Margaret Thatcher not Richard Branson; and the performances of

Recent student protests in Paris and Shanghai have shown a re-birth of university activism in the 80s. But ROBIN BLACKBURN, a guru to an earlier period of Academic turmoil suspects that the students of today lack the delusion and dedication of their 60s and 70s predecessors.

Owen, Steel and Kinnock will count for rather more than those of Saint Bob or even Red Wedge. The French students had their success last year because they filled a political vacuum left by the decrediting of the established Left parties.

The test facing British politicians is bound to be much harsher since the British economy stands to be even further devastated by the successes of our capitalists. If Margaret Thatcher is allowed to win again then it will take more than a Champs Elysee-style demo to halt the butchery that will then be in prospect.

Many students will be amongst those whose futures will go down the tube, together with the hopes of those who try to produce or build anything. Indeed many students are already afflicted by the general impoverishment of a society where talents and resources are being wasted on a prodigious scale.

A proportion may expect to become high-flyers in the City or the Civil or the civil service but none can be sure that a degree will entitle them to a rewarding job, or even any job at all.

Resignation or egoism may, nevertheless, inhibit many students and only a minority of them are likely to identify with any radical challenge to the established order. But the case may be very different with secondary school students, who face bleaker prospects and heavier pressures than those who have broken through into the comparatively lush pastures of higher education.

From Paris to Shanghai students have recently re-emerged as pioneers of political change, leading some to point out that '1986' was a re-arrangement of '1968'. The challenge by French students

not only defeated Chirac's plans for higher education by rallying wider support but also set the stage for industrial unrest which further damages his hopes of making the transition from Prime Minister to President. In China student mobilisation has proved to be no flash in the pan; with great courage student protestors have defied government bans in their insistence on the need for democratic reforms.

Students have also been in the thick of other political dramas, as in the growing rejection of apartheid inside and outside South Africa or in civic resistance to dictatorship in South Korea. In the Haitian town of Gonaives, close to the spot where Toussaint Louverture first proclaimed his commitment to revolutionary Republicanism, high school students and youth helped to spearhead the movement which toppled Baby Doc Duvalier; in Manila, students and youth swelled the crowds which hastened Marcos on his way and helped to block subsequent military intrigues.

In spite of such impressive instances of student insurgency we would be quite mistaken, I think, to expect any simple return of the spirit of the sixties.

Lenin called students the "stormy petrels" of revolution, their youth, their hopes for the future, even their relative privilege, disposing them to be the first to recognise oncoming revolutionary crisis. In "Third World" contexts, Lenin's description still holds; and in societies where the established order is less brittle and revolution scarcely on the agenda, student mobilisations can still register the onset of social and political crisis. But in either case student actions are now likely to aim at more limited and specific goals than 20 years ago.

In the late sixties it was argued that the economic significance of the "knowledge industries" gave added

significance to student actions. Graduates were destined to be recruited to a new credentialised proletariat and were therefore the natural allies of the labour movement. The subsequent rise of militant trade unionism amongst teachers and white collar workers goes some way to bear out this prophecy. But so far as students themselves are concerned, the more far-sighted analysts warned that they would be unlikely to develop a cumulative identity of any depth, both because the student body changes completely every three or four years and because the prospect of competition for scarce elite jobs is bound to encourage a rather unattractive conformist individualism.

At least part of the recent effectiveness of student action derives from the fact that, in their great majority, they are drawn from the better off and more influential sectors of society.

Last year's climbdown by Chirac is, in this respect, more reminiscent of Margaret Thatcher's defeat on university fees in 1984 than of the challenge to De Gaulle in 1968. Higher education may be valued for its own sake but it is also, of course, the great incubator of yuppie careers and lifestyles. In an age of recession and expenditure cuts, the defence of higher education assumes less expansive and generous forms than in the heady days of May 1968.

The student revolts of the sixties made the leap from particular grievances to projects of universal transformation. The "new left" movements they spawned challenged hierarchy, the institutional totems of bourgeois culture, gender, discrimination, racial oppression and the colonisation of everyday life by the capitalist spectacle and imperialist militarism. Those intent on "storming heaven" rejected careerism and soon forgot they were or had been, students:

It may be significant that, when the

much-vilified Liverpool Council declared its defiance of the Government, hundreds of thousands of school students filled the streets supporting them. And just as the sixties' revolts received encouragement from a wider youth culture, so tomorrow the growing assertiveness of 14 - 18-year-olds could well inspire a new generation of school revolts.

The Government's refusal to accept the settlement negotiated with the teachers has opened a breach in the secondary system which could render it more vulnerable to student rebellion, especially at the fifth and sixth form level.

The grotesque inequities encouraged by the division between the public and private sectors of secondary education could well be a target of protest.

Secondary school pupils must also be concerned about the relevance of the education they receive to the problems of life and work they will face.

Given the scale of youth unemployment and the needs of a post-industrial economy it would make sense to offer proper grants to all school students to extend their education to the tertiary stage, if they wished.

While the corporate demands of university students do not need to raise general questions about the destiny of society as a whole, this is not the case for technical college students, or the much larger numbers of fifth and sixth formers. For long the great levers of public policy have benefited financial speculators, rentiers and investors in real estate; they have penalised productive and social investment. The young have paid the heaviest price and the official Labour movement has done precious little to defend or represent them. While there are hundreds of thousands of tertiary students there are millions of secondary students. If they ever decided to move they could make the student sit-ins of the sixties look like a storm in a tea cup.

Robin Blackburn was dismissed from his lecturing post at the London School of Economics in 1969, after being accused of inciting the violence that led to the temporary closure of the LSE. He is now editor of the New Left Review.

MAX HEADROOM

He's slick, smart, glib and sarcastic. A born celebrity, he has starred in a movie, made a guest appearance on a record and featured in advertisements as well as hosting his own rock video show.

He is a trendsetter, influencing many areas of the entertainment industry both overtly and in a less obvious fashion. He is of course, *Max Headroom*.

Brainchild of Annabel Jankel and Rocky Morton, the precocious genius element of the rock video industry, Max was created initially to provide an attention-grabbing link between videos.

However, Max required some explanation, after all, he doesn't meet everybody's pre-conceived ideas of what a television host is. He exists only on television, consisting not of flesh and blood, but rather the electronic impulses that create his image on the small screen.

Further, as the ultimate evolution of a television announcer, Max has been reduced to a talking head (with an occasional appearance by his shoulders). Finally there is the matter of technical flaws. As the product of a computer simulation, Max suffers periods of "down time". This can result in anything from a prolonged (and rather annoying) stutter (a la "Molly" McIdrum) to an unpredictable and slightly ridiculous pitch change.

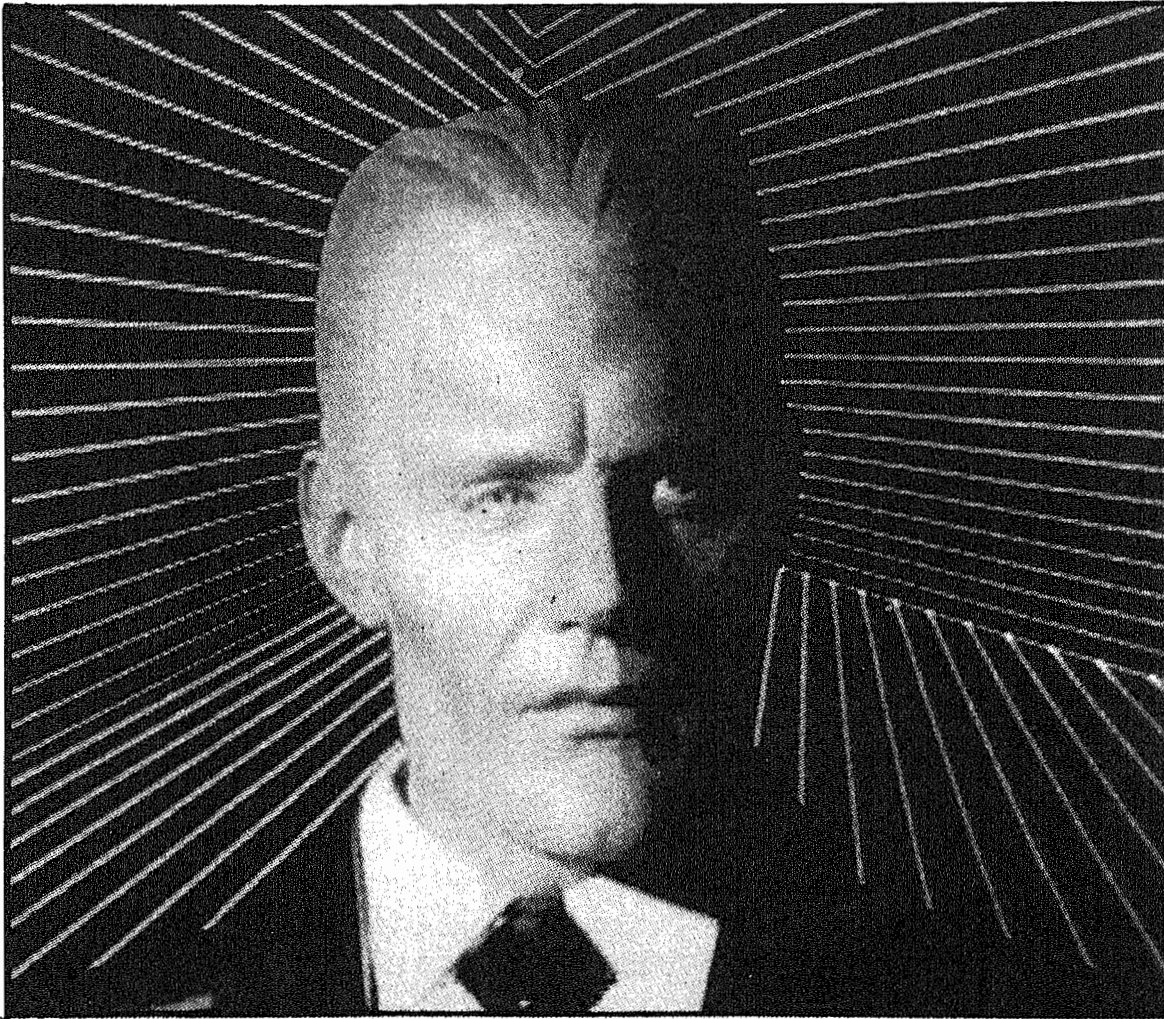
□ □ □ □

MAX'S MOVIE

Max Headroom - the movie, as dedicated Headroom fans will testify, traces Max's rather bizarre beginnings. A brilliant tele-movie lasting a little under one hour, it is the ultimate science fiction cult show, with obvious comparisons to *Blade Runner, 1984* and *Scarface*. The \$1.5 million movie makes use of some of the most stunning computer graphics to date. Staccato bursts of grisly violence highlight the creator's cynical insights into a television dominated society - a future world of television tricks and exploding audiences - shows that will literally blow your mind.

The movie is set in a post-economic holocaust, "20 minutes into the future". It traces the fortunes of Edison Carter, award winning investigative reporter for the "What I Want To Know" show, Network 23's highest rating TV star. Carter is ably assisted in the control room by his partner, Theora Jones. A computer operator, Jones maintains constant communication with Carter, and with the aid of a sophisticated computer system, guides him through the labyrinth-like-building Network 23. Rising out of the stark, decaying landscape like the obelisk in *2001*, Network 23 towers over the tramps and derelicts providing an effective reminder that in this culture, television is the only growth industry.

The trans-global network, in an attempt to boost its ratings, has commissioned Bryce Lynch, a sixteen year old computer whizz, to prevent viewers from channel switching.



Bryce has developed "Blipverts", a revolutionary technique which compacts thirty seconds of advertising information into three seconds. Blipverts are to be the basis for the largest advertising contract in history (with the "New Tokio" based *Zik Zak* corporation).

A spectacular success, Blipverts however, have an unfortunate side effect. By violently stimulating otherwise dormant nerve-endings, they cause a massive build-up of electrical charge, resulting in the spontaneous explosion of some viewers. Enter the baddies with a Reagan-size cover-up.

At the start of the movie, Edison Carter is at the scene of one such "domestic explosion" determined to inform his audience of what they want to know.

Without revealing too much of the storyline, Max is created out of the character of Edison Carter using one of the pimply teen Lynch's projects. By scanning the neural networks of Carter's brain he can store and represent an entire personality onto a television screen.

□ □ □ □

Antieli - MAX

To this reporter's knowledge *Max Headroom* the movie has only had one airing on Australian television. Entrusted to the ABC, the movie scored the incredible timeslot of New Year's Eve (1985/86). With no pre-publicity, the movie was described in television guides as a "rock and roll science fiction fantasy," a description that was enough to prompt a very small number of people to pre-set their video recorders.

As for the disappointing, large number yet to experience Max's movie, there seems little hope in sight of a future airing. Despite the dramatic increase in the popularity of our hero on the basis of his video show and Coca-Cola and Radio Rentals advertisements, the ABC has yet to re-screen one of the most innovative tele-movies of the decade.

Those who doubt the power of Max's influence need only compare the movie to the newly created *CDPTV* (formerly *Countdown*). The ABC displays contemptible hypocrisy by emulating the very techniques used by Jankel and Morton in their own show while neglecting to give exposure to their influences.

MAX-a-million

It's ironic that a character who foils the evil designs of big business and clandestine, multi-million dollar advertising contracts should be approached by the Coca-Cola company to promote their product. Regardless of such incongruities Max has well and truly made it to Madison Avenue. Has he joined the conspiracy?

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MAX Facts

Beneath the plastic, angular features smiling ridiculously from the side of STA buses, and in the ubiquitous commercials, is Canadian actor, Matt Frewer. Frewer plays both Edison Carter and Max in the movie, undergoing a four and a half hour transformation to become the handsome Headroom.

A mask of Frewer's face is made and subsequently sculpted and replaced. This image is then extensively manipulated using advanced video technology that includes chromakey, digitising and scratch mixing. Frewer's voice is also heavily manipulated using the current sound sampling technology.

□ □ □ □

MAX tracks

Max has always been intimately connected with the music business, primarily due to his video show on the Big Time channel, skid row TV.

Last year he took time out from a hectic schedule to make a guest appearance on the latest record by English electronic band, *Art of Noise*.

Not a surprising marriage of talents, *Art of Noise* has been loosely described as the eighties equivalent of the LSD sugar cube, using extensive hi-tech sampling synthesis and found sounds to create an interesting amalgam of synthesised and natural effects.

Following a recent collaboration with veteran guitarist Duanne Eddy, producing an inspired cover of the Peter Gunn theme, *Art of Noise* teamed up with Max on the song "Paranoimia".

The single version is accompanied by an excellent video (of course!) and is essential listening for Headroom devotees (a word of warning, the version on the "In Visible Silence" album does not feature Max). A lively electronic instrumental track provides an excellent backdrop for Max's mixture of psychoanalytical ramblings, megalomaniac meanderings and bad jokes.

The 12" version is a little disappointing offering no real advancement on the achievement of the single.

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Megalomania MAX

In part thirteen of series one (a new season is being filmed) Max has graduated to an interview with pop personality Sting, a perfect foil for The Headroom blitzkrieg.

Questions remain, will Max make another movie? Will Max's popularity in the U.S. mean another actor in the White House? Stay tuned. Now "let's have a taste of that old computer generated s-s-s-w-s-w-s-wagger."

MAX HEADROOM

It's twenty minutes into the future. Television is the only growth industry. Edison Carter is the award-winning reporter for Network 23, highest rating of the thousands of TV channels.

Carter stumbles onto a story: a middle-aged man mysteriously explodes in his apartment. The cause? Blipverts: all the impact of a 30-second commercial packed into just a few moments. The invention of Network 23's 16-year-old hacker, Bryce Lynch, they have an unfortunate side effect: every now and then a particularly slothful viewer's nerve-endings are over-stimulated, and he explodes. Very messy. And very embarrassing if anyone finds out. Carter has found out.

Carter has to be stopped. Bryce employs a pair of thugs to kill him. After a dramatic chase, Carter rides away on a motorcycle only to be blocked by a boom gate under Bryce's electronic control. The last thing Edison Carter sees before the crash is the writing on the boom gate: "MAX HEADROOM 2.3m".

But there's a problem. Network 23's top personality is hardly in a condition to front his show. Or is there a problem? Young Bryce takes a brain scan from the almost-dead Carter, and generates a computer facsimile. He believes the stupid viewers won't know the difference. But it's not enough for the station executives: the animation is too jerky, the voice synthesis often fails. They scrap the machine.

Eventually, the gadgetry is bought by Blank Reg, proprietor of Big Time TV: one camera, a VCR, and a stack of scratchy old pop videos. Reg thinks the jerky computer image is "amazing", and makes him the star of the show. He mumbles the words "Max Headroom", and dumb Reg thinks that's his name. Network 23 is worried again. Big Time TV is rating well - and their star performer is a brain scan that knows the secret of Blipverts...

Thus is born *Max Headroom*, the "world's most deeply superficial media star". What began as a movie and TV series has generated two books, a song and a video with English band *Art of Noise*, a \$25 million ad campaign for Coca Cola (as well as other "product endorsements") and, of course, t-shirts, posters, computer games and cosmetics.

For most Australians, however, *Max Headroom* is just "that weird guy in the Coke ads". This ignorance can be blamed upon poor programming by ABC-TV.

The movie *Max Headroom: 20 Minutes into the Future* was broadcast in the wasteland of New Year's Eve, December 1985 - without publicity or explanation. Despite the programme's success in Britain, the ABC obviously regard it as a "filler". Those who saw it did so by chance. The series itself was treated no better.

Episode one begins where the movie ends: Max is the host of his own video show. He'd rather be doing current affairs, but he'll manage. The animation is still jerky, and the voice doesn't work properly - but he's improving.

Max Headroom begins without titles or theme songs: just an unexplained view of Max, talking in German. Next comes a video, also in German, and eventually the commercial break. Twenty-four minutes later, the programme just stops: no credits, nothing. Hardly the way TV is done!

It certainly confused old Auntie. The day Max was to go to air, somebody looked to see what this new programme was about. When that un-named person saw a programme



without credits, without titles, and "bad edits", they were shocked. How can this unfinished programme go to air? In classic piece of ABC adhocery, panic ensued. An episode of *Inspector Gadget* was broadcast instead. No explanation,

no apology. A week later, still no *Max Headroom*. But there was an apology: Max would start next week. In the meantime, no one can imagine the arguments as Max's supporters persuaded the powers to give the programme a go.

Max Headroom eventually went to air - five programmes short, in the wrong sequence, with totally inadequate pre-publicity - and with a cute message telling people "do not adjust your set".

Since then, the ABC screened the

programmes again - well, twelve of the original thirteen - but still without any real publicity. Auntie is seemingly incapable of telling its potential audience about the gems it broadcasts. We're told in excruciating detail about the fourteen re-run of *The Two Ronnies*, but never find out about something new until the series is half over. But this gripe about ABC-TV's publicity is an old and well-known one, and finally seems to be fading under the David Hill régime.

More importantly, the ABC obviously fails to recognise the programme for what it is. To write off *Max Headroom* as a pop video show with a cute presenter is missing the point. Sure, on the surface it's pop video. But for those who bother to pay attention, Max is much more: the ultimate in shallow TV personalities. Max is satire at its best. He's the worst part of every TV personality all at once: pretentious, idiotic, perfectly-combed hair, delivering appallingly tasteless lines while grinning with evenly-spaced teeth, a huge ego. In many ways, Max personifies television itself.

In that first series, Max goes through a subtle metamorphosis. He becomes slicker, more confident, his movements less jerky. The background sound effects become more realistic. His chair creaks as he turns, his clothing rustles. His tan gets deeper. He becomes more real - or at least more of a cliché. By the end of the series, the producer has committed suicide, Max takes control - and chaos results. Showing the programmes out of sequence destroys that effect. Showing the series without the necessary prologue of the movie destroys the rationale.

Incidentally, although the movie says Max is computer-generated, he isn't. He's Canadian actor Matt Frewer, who's played bit parts in movies *Monty Python's Life of Brian* and *Spies Like Us*. After four hours of make-up work, he's videotaped in a fairly conventional manner. The individual frames of video are edited into a different sequence to create that distinct jerky look and to remove the frames when Matt blinks. The backgrounds are simple computer graphics, added last of all. But again, Max shouldn't be reduced to a display of technological trickery. That Max isn't really computer generated is irrelevant; he gives the *impression* of being so, and that's what counts.

Why is the ABC failing to take advantage of such a popular programme? I suspect it's because somebody in management just doesn't understand the programme - someone still stuck in the world that says *Porridge* is the highest form of entertainment. Or maybe they're just not willing to take a risk. (Is that the same reason there has been virtually no promotion for the excellent *Theatre Sports*?)

Meanwhile, a new series of *Max Headroom* has been made: a talk show, with interviews, live acts and a studio audience. *Rolling Stone* describes one episode as "a rim-shot litany of ethnic abuse. Max tells a far joke in German. He introduces a video. He brings on guest artists: the Broomstick Men, a sort of avant-pratfall act, and a mime... who appears with a rubber glove pulled over his head.. cheap one-liners... dorky double-entendres."

But will *Max Headroom* return to Australian screens? Although the ABC did suggest they'd repeat the movie and series some time in 1986, that didn't happen. They have yet to announce any plans. And whether they'll buy the new series is anyone's guess.

VENICE

He was there the morning I crossed the San Vitale Campo. Sitting straight and still seeming oblivious of the people on their way to and from San Marco. His gaunt figure caught my attention and I stopped, wanting to approach but held at bay by his proud stance. The next day he was at the same post - eyes closed and coat immaculate. Again I was on my way to S. Marco but it was too hot. The little colony beckoned me to come relax with them...

Venice is full of cats and no one is to say if they are pets or no. under the Ponte D'Accademia there live several tabbies, gingers and tortoise-shells; most of them well fed and carefully groomed but some of them care worn, perhaps ill used. It was with these that my ginger lived. Or at least I supposed he did. The bridge leads from the Academie to the campo and next to it on the campo side is a tiny, bushy garden; one of the few green spots of Venice. The colony gathers there in the heat of the day, stretched languorously under the leafy shade. Beneath the bridge someone has put one or two bowls and old clothes as bedding. Each morning lumps of sausage and mince find their way to the bowls, sometimes there is milk. The cats live quietly by the side of the Grande Canal, city deities of content.

I sat for hours on that second day watching the feline residents stalk drowsy pigeons while hawkers trapped tourists with gaudy rubbish. He sat not moving a muscle. Never condescending to twitch even a whisker as the tourist groups bustled and sweated round his sacred patch.

Why did he stay in the blazing sun exposed to the trample of traffic, with nothing near but ancient stone? Other cats came to investigate and sniff at my offerings. He sat withdrawn; erect, alone, inviolate. I could barely perceive his breathing though I saw the sea breeze ruffle his deep, almost auburn coat.

I spent another week in Venice but saw the old cat only twice more. Returning from an afternoon trip to the Lido I crossed St. Vitale to glimpse him walking toward the canal. Padding slowly over the hot paving, long limbs flexed with the smooth grace of an ocean swell, he disappeared under the bridge, leav-



ing me with something rare.

My last day in Venice I took my breakfast of bread and cheese to eat in the silent, cool square. In the middle stood my master, as still and meditative as before, dreaming with the world forgotten. Leaning on the steps of a consular residence I played with two half grown kittens as they tumbled and ran in the bushes, glad to be free of the hoards in the misty morning.

The old cat moved toward me. Coming right to my feet he looked into my face, a firm command for attention. Not daring to touch I offered some food, unsure of the protocol. We ate together, sharing with the younger cats arriving in jealous greed.

With him close I could hear the wheezing breath and see his eyes were filmed with cataract. His coat was spotless, it shone in the sun, but

it was grown thin. his teeth were few. It was summer then but winter must tell hard on him. Maybe that was why he stood so long in the sun, he wanted its warmth.

The cheese finished, I stayed on while the crowd thickened and the boats moved on the canal. The whole of that last day was spent in the company of the old ginger cat. Not once did I stroke him. He did not leave the space in front of my

feet. Others came to photograph and pet the cats but the ginger stayed straight and unmindful at my feet. All the while I heard his laboured red breath blowing out and pulling in against the tide of his years.

Late afternoon he left me, walking under the bridge without a backward look. I picked up my bag and headed for the train station.

Jessica Tascher

Fallen Heroes

You could not leave me could you?

No.

Now that I am dead you will have to set me free.

free.

It is you who must set me free.

Your hands are grimed with my blood, it clots and dries under the nails. I am cold and stiff in this room, the candles burn low. You must go.

But what life am I to lead empty of you?

I am dead empty of you.

I have lain all night beside you, feeling your limbs ridged planks of coldness as the hours mount. How many other nights have I stayed thus next to you when those limbs were warm and supple? How can I go?

We are nothing to each other.

You are my King.

I am your dead brother, a heap of dust, a mound of frozen pain. There is a new Lord. Twenty years we fought together in a strange land. A barbarian land. God's land. Locked in a unison of love we were triumphant. But you are slain and no one is left to kill me.

Turn me over and look into my eyes. See I am gone. Let me have peace. Wash away the blood, dress me in myrrh. Send me in linen and coin to Hades. I am dead.

The blunted sword that tore me through your neck is broken and scattered.

I know.

You are dead.

I set you free.

What shall I do?

Build with flame an altar and place my body on it.

I cannot leave you.

I have left you. We are separate. We are fallen.

Jessica Tascher

Something to Find Again Later

Shhh. run the bath in cold enamel softly, someone might guess at the reason for so much steam. Yes, lower yourself in. Let the hot, hot water lap up round sinning thighs and into the devil's hole. Is it happening now? Can you feel the good deed begin? Pills are about their business too, coursing through hungry entrails left gorged by the night acts of bedroom scenes.

Nausea rises in a welcomed surge. A violent cramp knots your stomach as spasms begin to evict the sordid evidence. Stumbling blindly down the passage, desperate to reach the pink lace room, you push a towel into your mouth to stifle knife screams.

In the room you kneel at the end of the bed, head fallen to the cover. Legs spread and the contractions one long agony of blood, you hope no tell tale stain has reached the carpet as five packets of delicately per-

fumed sanitary napkins catch the dead flow. Sweat trickles down once more naked sides, a pale mockery of remembered rippling touch of lover's hands.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallow'd be thy name... recite familiar lines now the rack is easing and darkness has fallen. Urine and faeces are mixed in a clotted mass on the floor. You go to the bath again, but in the cool water of redemption this time. Virgin body patted dry and forgiven; return to the alien past on your bedroom floor, but you can not discard what you can not acknowledge.

To the kitchen with innocent look you step, find a receptacle. Pick from the floor one hundred pieces of surgical cotton and line the tupperware box neatly. Almost finished. Close it fast. Into the freezer, something to find again later.

Jessica Tascher

LIMELIGHT

On Dit's Academy Awards

for artistic infamy

On Dit's Raouls 1987

Ten Worst Films:

1. *Aliens* (A new kind of Women's Picture)
2. *Club Paradise* (Club Pathetic, more like)
3. *Creator* (Should have been aborted)
4. *Dogs in Space* (Dregs on Film)
5. *Shanghai Surprise* (The Terror of Tiny Town II)
6. *Hail Mary* (Oh, Godard!)
7. *The Mission* (Impossible)
8. *Peggy Sue Got Married* (A rip-off, but what an arse!)
9. *Three Amigos!* (Dozens of writers!)
10. *Over the Top* (The sound of one hand clapping)

Mike Preston Award for Worst Actor:

Michael Hutchence, *Dogs in Space*.

Meryl Streep Award for Worst Actress:

Kathleen Turner, *Peggy Sue Got Married*

Roddy McDowell Award for Worst Supporting Actor:

Peter O'Tool, *Club Paradise* and/or *Creator*

Ruth Gordon Award for Worst Supporting Actress:

Maril Hemingway, *Creator*

Edward D. Wood Award for Worst Direction:

Richard Lowenstein, *Dogs in Space*

David Puttnam Award for Worst Production:

David Puttnam, *The Mission*

The Bill Collins Award Encomia Ad Nauseam Award (for the year's most joyously overpraised film):

Aliens

The Raouls

For crimes against cinema



Sly scores a hattrick- beefy Stallone from OVER THE TOP



scores his third Raoul

The Helen Keller Award (for the best performance by a deaf person as a deaf person who falls in love with an improbably handsome teacher of deaf persons who is really an improbably handsome actor with whom she has fallen in love in real life):

Marlee Matlin, from a competitive field, for *Children of a Lesser God*. **The That's-Another-Fine-Mess-You've-Got-Us-Into-Stanley Award:** Stanley Kubrick (again), whose long-awaited Vietnam epic *Full Metal Jacket* will no doubt be inundated by the other half-dozen Vietnam epics, such as *Platoon*, to be released this year.



The Silver Scrotum Award (to the performer who most resembles a testicle): Bob Hoskins, *Mona Lisa*, *Sweet Liberty*



The Andy Warhol Award (to that performer whose fame and talent are inexplicable but who perhaps represents a mutation of pop culture):

Whoopie "Missing Link" Goldberg.

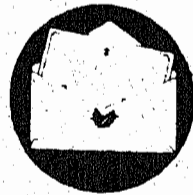
The You-Ought-To-Be-In-Pictures Award (to best new "talent"):

Fawn Hall, the fashion model-cum-secretary in the thick of the Iranscam fiasco. Built like a Lam-bourghini Countach (twelve on the floor), with legs that go up to her fawn hair, Ms. Hall has soft-porn magazines and perfume companies beating a path to her door asking for her autograph. Asked recently by Max Factor Cosmetics what she wears behind her ears, she replied, "My ankles, usually."

The Joseph Mengele Award (to that personage of the Arts and Sciences whose work can be considered a contribution to humanity):

Sylvester Stallone (again), whose vegetable mentality has given us the thought-provoking *Over the Top* to ponder and argue about this season. **The Gulag** (to those people who, quite simply, should be shipped off to specially equipped concentration camps):

Those silly Catholics who protested the release of *Hail Mary* without having seen the bloody thing, and who will no doubt be up in arms when the Australian religious satire *The Miracle Man* comes out.



The House Un-American Activities Committee Award (to the greatest Yank patriot in pictures):

Oliver "I hate America" Stone *Platoon*, *Salvador*

The Golden Glans (to the biggest dick head in Hollywood):

Sean Penn, *Shanghai Surprise*, *At Close Range*

The Henry Fonda Award (to the star who is a dead certainty to win Best

Actor Oscar):

Paul Newman, *The Colour of Money*

The Joh-for-PM Award (to the year's most benignly right wing performer):

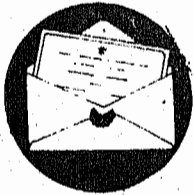
Paul Hogan, *Crocodile Dundee*

The Rock Hudson Award (to the actor who best keeps his bi-sexuality a secret):

Tom Cruise, *The Colour of Money*, *Top Gun* (No prizes for guessing the phallic symbols in those two movies.)

The Raoul Life Achievement Award:

Liberace, who tickled a few ivories in his time and bugged the classics and who, alas, died recently of the dreaded AIDS (Artistic Integrity Deficiency Syndrome) that will soon claim Neil Sedaka, Princess Stephanie of Monaco and the Baghwan (Rajneesh for "the bugged one"). Liberace's only major appearance in the movies, in the 1955 masterpiece *Sincerely Yours*, showed that he was, at bottom, a deeply misunderstood American genius. And he had a cute toosh.



The Thanks-for-Nothing Award (to that "artist" who has blessedly not made a movie this year):

Stephen Spielberg, Michael Cimino.

The Stan James Award (to that "critic" who must have no idea what he or she is talking about):

On Dit's lovely reviewer with the common touch, Jane Everett, who gasped of *Aliens*: "While squirming in my seat I was still able to appreciate it as a beautiful work of cinema."

The John W. Hinkley Award (for the best idea poorly executed):

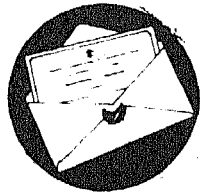
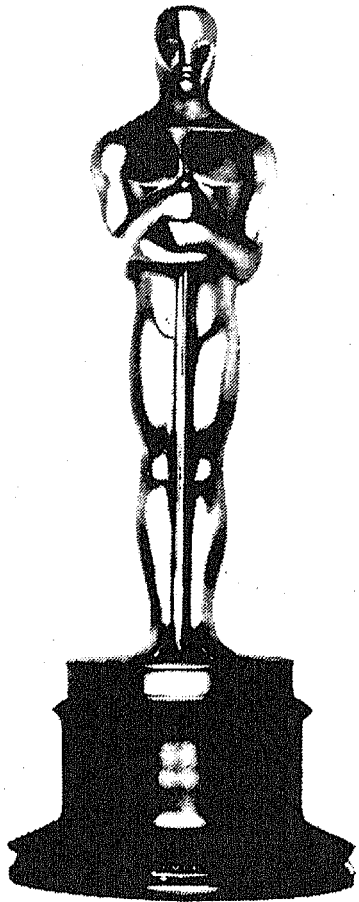
The Fly.

The Oh My God - Oh, Gross - Boo! Award (for the sickest scene in a slasher film this past year):

Director David Cronenberg, who played a gynaecologist supervising the birth of a maggot in his own movie, *The Fly*.

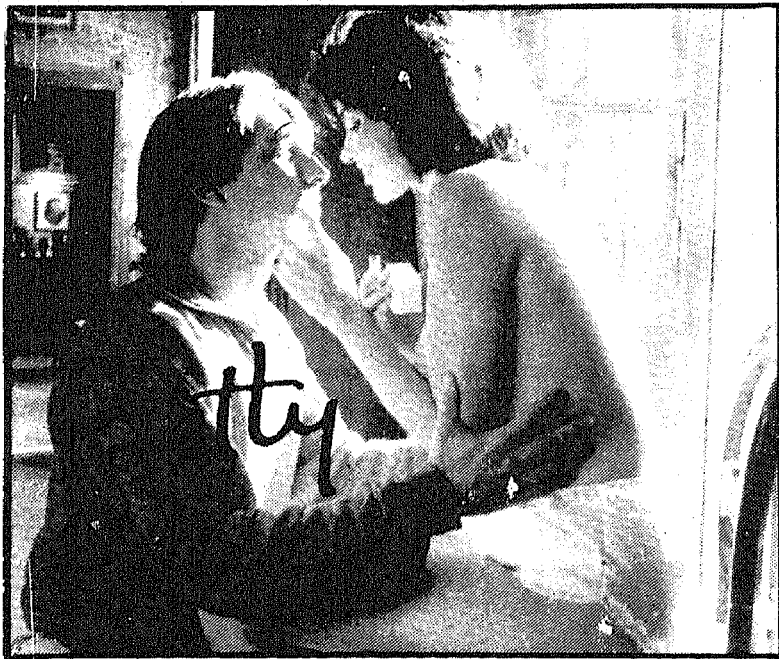
The Cleopatra (for the best blow job in a movie):

Melanie Griffith, *Something Wild*.



On Dit's film critics put their cinematic credibility to the test by selecting their tips for this year's Oscar race.

	BEST FILM	BEST ACTOR	BEST ACTRESS	BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR	BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS	BEST DIRECTOR
Dino Di Rosa	<i>Platoon</i>	Paul Newman (<i>The Colour of Money</i>)	Sissy Spacek, (<i>Crimes of the Heart</i>)	Michael Caine (<i>Hannah & Her Sisters</i>)	Dianne Wiest, (<i>Hannah & Her Sisters</i>)	Oliver Stone <i>Platoon</i>
Jane Everett	<i>Children Of A Lesser God</i>	James Woods (<i>Salvador</i>) shared with Dexter Gordon (<i>Round Midnight</i>)	Sigourney Weaver (<i>Aliens</i>)	Dennis Hopper (<i>Hoosiers</i>)	Mary Elisabeth Mastrantonio (<i>The Colour of Money</i>)	David Lynch <i>Blue Velvet</i>
Peter Rummel	<i>Platoon</i>	Paul Newman	Marlee Matlin (<i>Children of A Lesser God</i>)	Tom Berenger <i>Platoon</i>	Dianne Wiest	Oliver Stone
Jamie Skinner	<i>A Room With A View</i>	Paul Newman	Sigourney Weaver	Denholm Elliot (<i>A Room With A View</i>)	Dianne Wiest	James Ivory (<i>A Room With A View</i>)
Michelle Chan	<i>Platoon</i>	Paul Newman	Marlee Matlin	Denholm Elliott	Maggie Smith (<i>A Room With A View</i>)	Oliver Stone
Jonathan Hainsworth	<i>Platoon</i>	Paul Newman	Marlee Matlin	Tom Berenger	Dianne Wiest	Oliver Stone
Sam Jinna	<i>The Mission</i>	Bob Hoskins (<i>Mona Lisa</i>)	Kathleen Turner (<i>Peggy Sue Got Married</i>)	Michael Caine	Maggie Smith	Oliver Stone
Arthur Kavooris	<i>The Mission</i>	Paul Newman	Jane Fonda (<i>The Morning After</i>)	Willem Dafoe (<i>Platoon</i>)	Maggie Smith	Oliver Stone



A week of rapturous lovemaking in frog flick

BETTY BLUE
Piccadilly Cinema
by Arthur Kavooris

Thanks to the artistic success of *Diva* and *The Moon in the Gutter*, film director Jean-Jacques Beineix, has become one of Frances most highly acclaimed film makers. His latest film *Betty Blue* will further solidify his position as it is by far his best film up to date. Deservedly so it has been nominated for an Academy Award in the category of Best Foreign Film.

In *Betty Blue*, Zong (Jean-Hughes Anglade), a would-be writer who after years of pounding against publishers doors has lost confidence in himself and given up writing. His life has no purpose or meaning until he meets Betty (Beatrice Dalle). After a week of rapturous love making, Betty, looking fetching in a pockadot halterneck dress, arrives on Zong's doorstep and promptly tells Zong that she is moving in.

Betty soon discovers Zong's old discarded manuscript. Convinced of his genius she vainly attempts to have them published and get Zong writing again.

What appeared at first to be merely eccentricities, soon surfaces as insanity. Betty's mental health rapidly deteriorates and it is Zong who must ultimately solve Betty's problem once and for all.

Betty Blue is a multi-dimensional film as it is a balanced blend of humour and drama. Although the film begins and ends on a serious note there are many amusing move-

ments in the movie. For instance, Betty silences a difficult customer by stabbing her with a fork at the Stromboli pizza bar.

The French are renowned for their satirical good wit as only they could take the sudden death of Zong and Betty's friend, Eddy's mother and create a series of riotous comedic scenes.

Being a non-Hollywood film *Betty Blue* is totally naturalistic, as there are not glitzy or glamorous characters walking around immaculately groomed. The movie is almost like a slice of modern reality as the events, no matter how absurd they may be, seem all too real.

This is accomplished largely through the realistic portrayals by the two lead actors and by the fantastic cinematography. Long slow uncut panning scenes create an almost fairy-tale like atmosphere that highlights Betty and Zong's romantic adventure.

The most intriguing aspect of *Betty Blue* is Betty's state and reason for her insanity. The exact reasons are not spelt out, but enough innuendos are made to suggest that Betty was mentally unstable to begin with. The best one being the use of the colour blue whenever Betty is in some state to suggest that all is not what it seems. Betty's precarious state of mental health becomes unabashed because she could not cope with failure. Either failure in Zong to become a great writer or her own personal misfortunes. Something which many people suffer from and can relate to.

Reiner's summer of '59 will make you laugh, love and cry

STAND BY ME
Academy Cinemas

by Arthur Kavooris

Stand by Me is based on the Stephen King novella *The Body* and is the first major film to be made by Rob Reiner. The story deals with a middle aged man (Richard Dreyfuss) who after a tragic event recount his experience as a child of seeing his first dead body. He takes us back to a small mid-western town in the Summer of 1959. It was the Labour Day weekend, which in the U.S.A. is the last day of the Summer holidays.

Verne aged 12, doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. He buried his pennies jar under his house, but after cleaning his room out his mother burnt the map. Whilst under the house making his upteenth attempt to locate the jar of pennies, he overhears a conversation from his older brother and friend that they saw the dead body of a boy who has been missing.

Verne spills his guts to his three friends, Billy, Chris and Eddy, and together the quartet decide to spend the last days of their summer together looking for the body. Their trek into the wilderness to locate the dead body becomes one of self-discovery.

Rob Reiner who previously brought us the cult rock movie *This is Spinal Tap* has created a wonderfully brilliant movie that is devoid of glossy and cutesy characters. He set the mood of the era perfectly aided by some great 50s music, and well defined characterisations. The personalities of each boy is unique and seems almost all too familiar, as they are characters of peoples which at some stage in our lives we have known.

River Phoenix who appeared in *The Mosquito Coast* turns in an astounding performance as Chris, the tough kid from the "white trash" family. Chris has loads of potential, but the small town society won't give

him a chance. Eddy (Corey Feldman) is the local town's hero who will go to any lengths, no matter how dangerous they are to prove that he is brave to his mates. Verne (Jerry O'Connell) is the neighbourhood fat boy who talks quicker than he thinks. His gullibility and lack of tact give him a congeniality that is hard to refuse. And finally Billy (Will Wheaton), the slightly introverted boy who when opens his mouth, spouts pure gold. He commands the greatest amount of respectability from the group as they realise that he one day be someone of note.

Stand by Me has been an enormous success, as it was the "sleeper" of the year. The secret to the success of the film lies in the simplicity of the story. The pain and joy of growing up, is something that we have all experienced. Consequently this movie is bound to trigger a few old memories and make the experiences all that much more memorable and endearing.

Fonda and Bridges shine in Lumet sizzler

THE MORNING AFTER
Academy Cinemas

by Arthur Kavooris

Alex the one time starlet, awakens from yet another drinking binge to find herself in the bed of an unknown man. The identity of her lover is soon disclosed when she identifies him from a newscast as a pornographic photographer. She can not remember what happened last night, but what she does know is that her bedmate is dead. Dead from what she calls "A heart-attack from a knife". The evidence is incriminating. Alex desperately tries to remember what happened the night before, the morning after.

Alex (Jane Fonda) better known as Viveca Van Lore was once a promising dancer/singer, who couldn't cope with the pressures that stardom brought. She sought comfort with "the bottle" and is now a "has been", almost totally supported by her estranged husband Jackie (Raul Julia).

Unfortunately for Alex, only Jackie and Turner Kendall (Jeff Bridges) believe that she is innocent. Turner Kendall is retired from

the police force on an invalid pension. Together they set out to prove Alex's innocence and unearth the culprit.

The Morning After is the latest movie to come from the highly acclaimed director Sidney Lumet. It signals a return to what Lumet does best; suspense melodramas as it is made in the similar veins of *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Childs Play*.

There are many interesting aspects to *The Morning After*. The floodlight, photography, that almost seems too luminescent to be viewed by the naked eye. This unusual cinematographic technique is diametrically opposite to the "film noir" style. It is effective as it creates much of the suspenseful atmosphere. The empty and all too obvious studio backlot, reminiscent of Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, acts towards dis-associating Fonda's character from other people making her predicament all that more dramatic.

Jeff Bridges who made his screen debut in Peter Bogdanovich's *Last Picture Show* plays his part to perfection. His latest acting achievement will further consolidate his

position as one of "Hollywood's" leading actors. Raul Julia, who enjoyed a monumental success with *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, has begun to concentrate more on acting in motion pictures. He has been a leading dramatic actor in theatre for almost two decades. His performance whether he be playing a marxist revolutionary or an up-market hairdresser are always subdued on target.

This is definitely Jane Fonda's picture as she yet again turns in another tour de force performance as the likeable lush who is being framed for murder. Ironically her father, Henry Fonda had two of his best roles in *Twelve Angry Men* and *Fail Safe*, were both directed by Sidney Lumet.

Similar to most mainstream cinema, the overall film concept is let down by the inadequacy and total unoriginality of the screenplay. The writers of *The Morning After* have, in a last minute effort to usurp dramatised emotion, has resorted to using kitschy cliches like "Hold the fort I'm coming".

CELLULOID

JANE EVERETT



Beatrice Dalle as Betty Blue

Films which start this week include: the Barry Humphries comedy, *Les Patterson Saves The World* (Hoyts, April 9); *Footrot Flats - The dogs tale* (Hoyts, April 9); the horror-comedy *Night of the Creeps* (Hoyts, April 9); *Police Academy 4* (Academy, April 9); and the Richard Pryor comedy *Critical Condition* (Hindley, April 9th).

Buff's Film Choice: *Room With A View* (Hindley); *The Mission* (Hindley); *Mona Lisa* (Academy); *The Assam Garden* (Piccadilly); *The Fly* (Academy).

Dogs In Space: Don't waste even a dollar getting this turkey on video. Some films are terrible but may still be worth seeing because of what they tried to be. This is not one of them. It's an amateurish, boring, appallingly written and acted tribute to the punk movement of the late 70s. Michael Hutchence better stick to singing. (Academy)

Cult Clips - Perspectives in the Arts:

The State Film and Video Library is currently presenting a season of short films screening at the State Library Theatre.

The films include Phillip Glass - the making of an Opera (87 mins; March 11); Francis Bacon and the Brutality of Face (58 mins) plus Le Pink Grapefruit (27 mins) - March 18 and Rockaby (60 mins; March 24).

The films screen on Wednesdays during March and start at 8 pm. For more details phone 268 7366.

The Fly: This is a very good horror/sci-fi movie with excellent performances from Jeff Goldblum who plays the scientist who, after an experiment with teleportation, begins to turn into a large insect, and the lovely, leggy, Geena Davis as his long-suffering girlfriend. It's not as good as the original with Vincent Price. (Academy).

Something Wild: Though it's a superb comedy of American manners - straight guy meets wild woman and fights her psycho husband - it's possible not for everyone. It's a subtle, unpredictable movie that some will like, others will find too bizarre. Three excellent performances from Ray Liotti as the psycho, Jeff Daniels as the straight guy, and the underrated, under-used Melanie Griffith, the Judy Holliday of the 80s.

Platoon: A superb anti-war film from writer/director, and Vietnam vet Oliver Stone. Not a heavy-handed treatment of blood and courage. It is hugely entertaining and will for what it's worth, sweep the Oscars. Tom Berenger as the psycho sergeant is excellent, as is William Defoe as his good guy adversary (Hindley).

A Room With A View: A lovely and faithful adaption of E.M. Forster's novel about the repression of passion among the British in the Edwardian era.

A film that is a pleasure to watch if just for its wonderful cast. Maggie Smith as the gossiping chaperone, Denholm Elliott never less than perfect, and the impressive newcomer Daniel Day Lewis. (Hindley)

PLATOON ISN'T MASH

PLATOON
Hindley Cinemas
Glenelg Cinema Centre
by Jonathan Hainsworth

It's a hot day as usual. The platoon of U.S. Soldiers, "grunts" as they call themselves, are tired and frustrated. On this patrol they have entered a Viet-Nameese village searching for the enemy, the Viet-Cong. All they have found is a cache of Russian made weapons.

The platoon of angry young men, a mixture of veterans and novices, are out for revenge. It is at this village that several of their comrades were brutally killed. They stand around trying to intimidate the peasants into revealing which among them are V-C. A woman rants and raves in her own language. Sargeant Barnes, the scar-faced near-psychopath has had enough. Impulsively he shoots the distraught woman dead. Without pausing he grabs a child and puts a gun to her head. He threatens to kill her if the dead woman's husband does not confess. The old man shakes his head, pleading ignorance to the American. A sensitive young soldier, Chris, looks on, appalled, feeling impotent.

Suddenly the tension is broken by the arrival of the platoon's other Sargeant Elias. He screams at Barnes, "Who appointed you executioner, you piece of shit!" He slams the butt of his rifle into Barnes' face. The two men commence a savage fight. The other soldiers gather round cheering their respective leade. The platoon's inexperienced, gutless Captain pretends it is not happening.

If you have not already caught the new Viet-Nam war movie *Platoon*, you may have seen this clip from it. It encapsulates this startling, powerful movie - realistic, entertaining and bereft of melodramatics or sentiment. In this scene the central theme is dramatized: that American forces were not so much at war with the invisible Communist guerilla fighters as they were with themselves.

It's hard to write anything new about *Platoon*. Just about every critic has praised it. Though a movie without stars it has drawn a huge audience in the U.S. making it one of the biggest, and most unexpected commercial successes of the year. It's bound to sweep the Academy Awards. Most, though not all, veterans have agreed that it depicts the true story of the American soldier's experience in Viet-Nam. The false myth of Stallone's *Rambo* has been exorcised from the movie-going conscience in favour of a carthantic cinematic experience that displays without fuss what really happened. You come out feeling both drained and exhilarated.

The creative force behind this excellent film is writer-director Oliver Stone. He is a strange mixture. A volunteer, a medal winner,



and a veteran he believes both in traditional machismo and populist left-wing politics. Haunted by his own nightmares of the war, and the turmoil his country endured, Stone drifted into Hollywood.

In 1977 he won an Oscar for writing the hit movie *Midnight Express*. After stumbling through his first attempts at directing (*Seizure*, *The Hand*), he penned the screenplay for *Scarface*, *Year of the Dragon*, and *8 Million Ways to Die*. These movies shared many of Stone's obsessions: a macho protagonist living and killing on the edge of society and their own sanity. They were also consistently awful, overblown with "BIG IDEAS" and pseudo-poetic violence.

Then last year came a change in the quality of Stone's work. In collaboration with journalist Richard Boyle, Stone wrote and directed a compelling, sweaty account of the latter's odyssey through the unruly hies of American in Central America. *Salvador* was a superb movie that showcased a dynamic performance from the under-rated actor James Woods. It seems that Stone's talent for gutsy stories of fear and courage only come together when they have a personal and realistic base.

Hollywood has not made many movies about the only war America lost. *Coming Home* (1978), *The Deer Hunter* (1979), *Apocalypse Now* (1979), *Friendly Fire* (1976) used the war as a background for particular stories that never addressed themselves to the issue of being a "grunt". They were serious

attempts but money in tinsel town dried up if a director wanted to push an audience's collective face into the blood and misery that was 'Nam.

And this attitude among Hollywood moneymen never changed towards Stone's ten-year-old script for *Platoon*. In the end a British company, Hemdale, financed what would become the best American war film.

Platoon follows the adventures of Chris (played by Martin Sheen's son, Charlie) as he disembarks onto the airport tarmac. In one breath the new recruit sees the body bags, the dust, and the cynical, aged faces of the young men who are going home.

Stone, utilizing his own memories, shows us the nitty-gritty details of being a combat soldier. The fatigue from carrying a heavy backpack, the insects that never leave you alone, trying to survive on four hours sleep, the ease with which one can freeze in the pressure of the enemy.

It shows that the only way a group of soldiers can survive this hell is to trust each other, and stick together. Chris' platoon is split between the dope-heads lead by Elias, a superb soldier who believes that if you throw away all morals and decency then you've conceded the war to the enemy, and Barnes, an officer who has become deranged by jungle fighting.

The movie comers four patrols, the last of which is a harrowing raid by the V-C against the vastly outnumbered Americans. Without giv-

ing away the conclusion the tension between Barnes, Elias and the fight for Chris' soul is resolved.

Stone proves himself a master of portraying characters in action. We sympathize with all his "grunts" even when their fear and rage spills over into atrocity towards the peasants. All except Sgt. Barnes the "villain" of the story. Tom Berenger has received a lot of attention for this part, and taking nothing away from his skillful performance it is a relatively easy part.

I was more impressed with Sgt. Elias played by the extraordinary William Defoe. With this character Stone is attempting to create a new mythical American war hero. Elias is in no sense destroyed by the war. This, in spite of the fact that he believes that America has lost militarily and morally no longer deserves to win. Still he goes on, fighting the V-C with immense cunning, and helps and cares for the young men of the platoon.

He is the best face of America in Viet-Nam - idealistic without illusions, pure without being puritanical, intelligent without false rationalisations. Elias is the conscience of *Platoon*. Defoe is by no means classically handsome. His body is wiry and lean. His hungry features resemble, of all people, the young Boris Korloff.

Compared to him the unsavoury bubble-gum exploits of real life draft-dodgers, Chuck Norris and Stallone look pathetic and obscene.

Oliver Stone's *Platoon* is like Elias lean, unpretentious and admirable. It's the real thing.

Unsung "masterpiece" of modern cinema

CRIMES OF HEART
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Jon Nolan

Crimes of the Heart leaves one tired. Tired of faked Southern Belle accents and of thin comedy.

The plot basically revolves around a trio of sisters. None of the three (or indeed anyone else in the film) is inspiring. The script and scene-setting give a strong suggestion of Tennessee Williams. However, instead of that hand's masterful design and balanced storytelling, *Crimes of the Heart* swings, pendulum-like, between mediocre humour and a monotonously regu-



lar narrative.

Innovation, insight, depth and plausibility are all absent in large quantities. Going to see a movie is too expensive to waste on this dreck. Wait until it comes out on video - and then don't rent it.

This movie will probably run for two weeks; it deserves to run for two days. The fact that the total audience was fourteen is a sure sign that *Crimes of the Heart* is hedging for that hazy oblivion of disinterest peculiar to modern cinematography.

Go to see it if you have to. The only excuse I could find for some-

one doing so after being warned about this schlock is brain damage.

The real crime about this pus-marbled fart of decadence is that intelligent people will see it, and read into its spastic sophistication a depth that is just not there.

This film doesn't qualify as an all-time bad flick. It's one of the largely unsung (and hopefully lost forever) "masterpieces" that make ordinary cliches look like Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity.

As you can probably tell, I loved this film, and have seen it four times.

WILLIAM VARDA, the SMART GUY

BY JONB WITH HELP FROM THE OBSESSED AVENGER

PANDEMIC: PART TWO.



RIGHT... TO WORK.

THE DOOR - LOCKED, NOT A SURPRISE SKELETON KEY, DO YOUR THING!

AND INTO THE MAGIC CAVE I GO...

WHAT THE F -



EMPTY? AND WHAT ARE THE BIO-HAZARD STICKERS FOR? UNLESS...

BULLETHOLES?!?

... SOME SORT OF VIRUS OR BACTERIAL AGENT'S GOT LOOSE MAYBE?

LATER... IN THE BAR: ... AND THAT'S THE STORY. I DESTROYED THE CLOTHES I WORE AND CLEANED UP. NO-ONE SAW ME.

BUT WHAT?

AS FAR AS YOU KNOW.



MISTER WILLIAM VARDA?

YES?

HINDLEY STREET: Repent, SON, ARE YOU "PRETTY BOY"? THEY PUT ME ONTO YOU FOR A GOOD TIME.

for the end is near!

YEAH I AM.

DIE, SINNER.

AND SO BEGINS MY DARK MINISTRY.

BUT NOW -

TIME TO DISAPPEAR!

HELP! MURDER!



SMART GUY PANDEMIC EPISODE 3

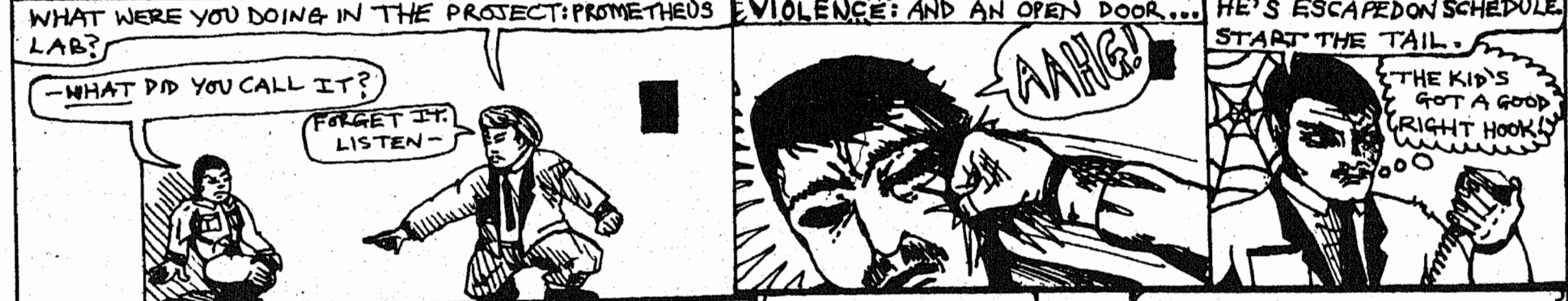
Where am I? OH THAT'S RIGHT. JAIL.

PRISON CAN TEND TO BE DISORIENTING.

MR. VARDA, HAVE WE RECOVERED YET FROM RESISTING ARREST? YES?

MY NAME IS MURCHISON, FROM ASIS.

MR. VARDA, THIS FOLDER CONTAINS SUFFICIENT FALSE EVIDENCE TO CONVICT YOU OF ANY CRIME OF MY CHOICE - RAPE, ARSON, MURDER, TREASON, TREASON AGAIN... START BEING COOPERATIVE, MY SON.



WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE PROJECT: PROMETHEUS LAB?

-WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?

FORGET IT. LISTEN -

VIOLENCE: AND AN OPEN DOOR...

HE'S ESCAPED ON SCHEDULE. START THE TAIL.

THE KID'S GOT A GOOD RIGHT HOOK!



RUN, RUN, RUN.

THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME! THEY MUST THINK I'M A SPY, OR WORSE! TERRIFIC!

I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY - UHF!

SORRY, FATHER!

YOU SHOULD BE.

AND WILL BE.

BUT GO IN PEACE. FOR NOW.

THAT SINNER WAS SO RUDE - HE MUST CARRY THE SICKNESS...

HE MUST BE PURGED!

CONTINUED.

From Madness to Sadness: the Sun and the pain

Madness: Here was greatness, wonder, majesty - a group no words could describe but which every human heart could groove to. A group whose every new record ensured stampedes to the record shop and hours of rapture afterwards. Pogo-ing at Thebarton and getting flat tops with the coupons inside the record bags. Talking like "Michael Caine" and being smooth to "Yesterdays Men". Subliminal styles: liminal sounds. It was all too much, and late last year it was all over.

If ever a band was trapped by the past it was *Madness*. With their brilliant 1984 album *Keep Moving* they did just as the title urged. Their

"If ever a band was trapped by the past it was Madness."

audience didn't. Closing their minds to the new music, hailed by critics as "classic" and "definitive pop", audiences wrote *Madness* off. On their last tour of Australia they were met by mindless chanting from meated-headed skins and finger-up-their-arse revivalists whenever they erred from the tried and tested nutty-boy/ska routine. The last album, the masterful *Mad Not Mad* reached the top 10 in England briefly but was ignored elsewhere. With their pride intact but their wings smashed, Yesterday's Visionaries called it quits.

On the band's last visit to Adelaide early last year, Chris Foreman explained to *On Dit*: "Our last album in England got tremendous critical acclaim - they were all saying it's brilliant. And the amount of people when I went out that would say 'Your album's great!'...but it just didn't sell very well. So what do

I do? I mean you can sell and be shit..."

Their troubles were compounded by Mike Barson's departure the year before: "I used to really like him 'cos I would come in with an idea and he'd sort of back me up," said Chris. "He was a good guy, I had a lot of faith in him. If he'd come and said 'I've got a song and it goes like this' and it was only one chord, I'd play it. Obviously we miss him but you can't sit around moping forever."

"I think the person who suffered the most when he left was Lee, because he used to really like Lee's lyrics. And he [Mike] was saying to me the other day that as soon as he saw him [Lee], he'd just think of a time... So it was a bit hard..."

The final offering from *Madness* is a farewell single and a compilation album *Utter Madness*. The sequel to 1982's *Complete Madness*, it contains all the hits from *Our House* to the enigmatic farewell single "(Waiting For) The Ghost Train". Recorded late last year when Mike Barson rejoined the band to play keyboards, the song is proving to be the band's finest as well as final moment. It was top 20 in its first week.

Of "...Ghost Train" Suggs says "It's indirectly about South Africa, believing that nothing will (or will) ever change..." (He has also said that it's a metaphor for the band - always waiting for things to pick up, but never doing so).

The album also contains the brilliant single, unreleased in Australia, "The Sun and the Rain". The song, a top 5 hit in England, led to scandal and the notorious ban by the BBC when Carl on live T.V. dedicated the song to his brother in prison. His brother chose that night to break out.

From the same period is the classic "Michael Caine". Hailed in England as "Single of the Year" in 1984, the song still inspires debates over what it's all about.



From Madness to sadness. This week Madness' final album the compilation, Utter Madness was released posthumously. JOE PENHALL looks at the album and the last days of the band the critics called "The definitive English Group."

Chris gave his view: "Well Carl is a wise man. But I remember for years he was going: 'I'm going to write a song called 'Michael Caine' and it's going to have Michael Caine talking on it'. I've said this before and he got really upset - but he'll write a song in bits and pieces y'know, and he'll go 'Oh I've got this song' and he'll sing a bit of it,

then a few weeks later he's got another bit..."

"Y'know - it's good, he writes good songs and that was a good song but then afterwards he's going 'Well it's about informers and it's about Northern Island' ... so I don't know. He never said that before he wrote it but if he said that, then I'd believe it..."

So, the end of the line for the *Madness* Train? Not quite. By the time *Utter Madness* drops out of the charts, Suggs, Carl, Chris and Lee should be back in them as a new four-piece. They plan to re-record material written for the album left incomplete when *Madness* split, as well as write new material for a debut album to be released soon.

Billy Bragg at Le Rox



BILLY BRAGG
Le Rox
March 25th

by Dale Flemming

On Wednesday night at Le Rox, a small man, devoid of pretention, walked on stage, plugged his guitar into a lonely amplifier and began singing songs to the club's capacity audience.

He was Billy Bragg, whose casual and unimposing attitude towards the audience was a pleasant relief from arrogance seen in most who take the stage.

Whether or not he may be playing in front of a hundred people for the Greater London Council or for eight hundred in Adelaide, he still dedicates himself towards the performance. He listens to remarks hurled at him throughout the show and answers with intelligence and humour.

There is a startling contrast between the appearance of the solitary guitarist, and that of the performer

with such intimate links with the audience.

The image of the performer becomes more dramatic by his isolation, which in turn, impacts significantly upon the music. Bragg has had to compromise between lead and rhythm arrangements in order to make the sound more attractive. His style on the instrument is, as a consequence, characterised by heavy-handed rhythms, punctuated by thin yet dramatic flourishes and resulted in a distinctive "Billy Bragg" sound.

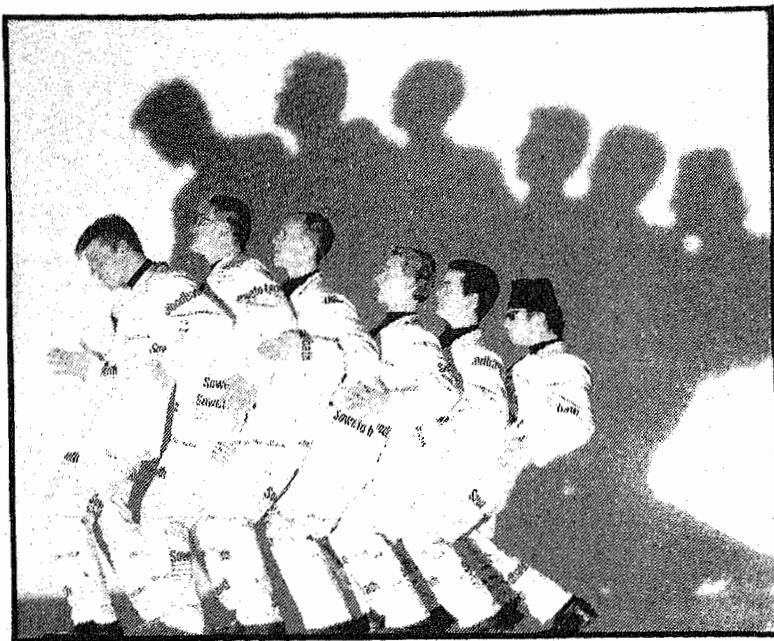
Bragg's socialist leaning lead him to touch on it's most stereotypical themes such as, unionism, the role of the state and imperialism with both economic and militaristic connotations. He is a liberal in the classic sense and a socialist in the popular sense. He speaks of barriers which restrict the well of the individual and uses the East-West conflict because it is the most popular and approximate metaphor. A series of concerts in the USSR served only to intensify his attitude

towards the petty European power-games the character of the individual in the USSR proved to be as helpless as that in the west.

Individualism is also a theme of those songs which seem to be more obviously concerned with personal human relationships. One could ask, why the cynicism or the pessimism. The answer can be seen in the socialist context, not only concerning these songs with a clear political message but those about love and romance and its links with the individual. The right to autonomy, dignity and freedom apply just as faithfully in this sense. Here we see the socialist applying the most basic liberal tenets upon simple individual relationships. In his own words, "The facts of life are not man and wife, but man and woman, sadly."

The role of the "Red Wedge", Bragg was quick to establish, is not about ambitious musicians trying to change the world. The Red Wedge does not intend to be a body of action, rather, it serves to enlighten and incite the individual into action and Bragg is the perfect ambassador for the cause. He is charming, sensitive and intelligent and uses his unique character to create a casual environment in which to work, proving in this case that popular live music presents itself as the perfect medium for the promotion of his particular preoccupation.

On Wednesday night, Billy Bragg could do no wrong while he held the Le Rox crown in the palm of his hand and although his presentation of music is minimalist, his approach to politics is symphonic and his optimism highly contagious.



UTTER MADNESS
Madness
Virgin Records

by Joe Penhall

Madness: Greatness or Goodness - like the sun entering the soul. How can mere words describe? Subliminal? *Utter Madness* says "Yes".

Containing all the hits from *Our House* to the band's swansong "(Waiting For) The Ghost Train" it accurately chronicles *Madness* last years as they find phenomenal success with tracks like the simple do-it-yourself "Driving In My Car" and gradually lose it as musically they hit their stride with classics like "Michael Caine", "The Sun and the Rain" and just about every other track on the album.

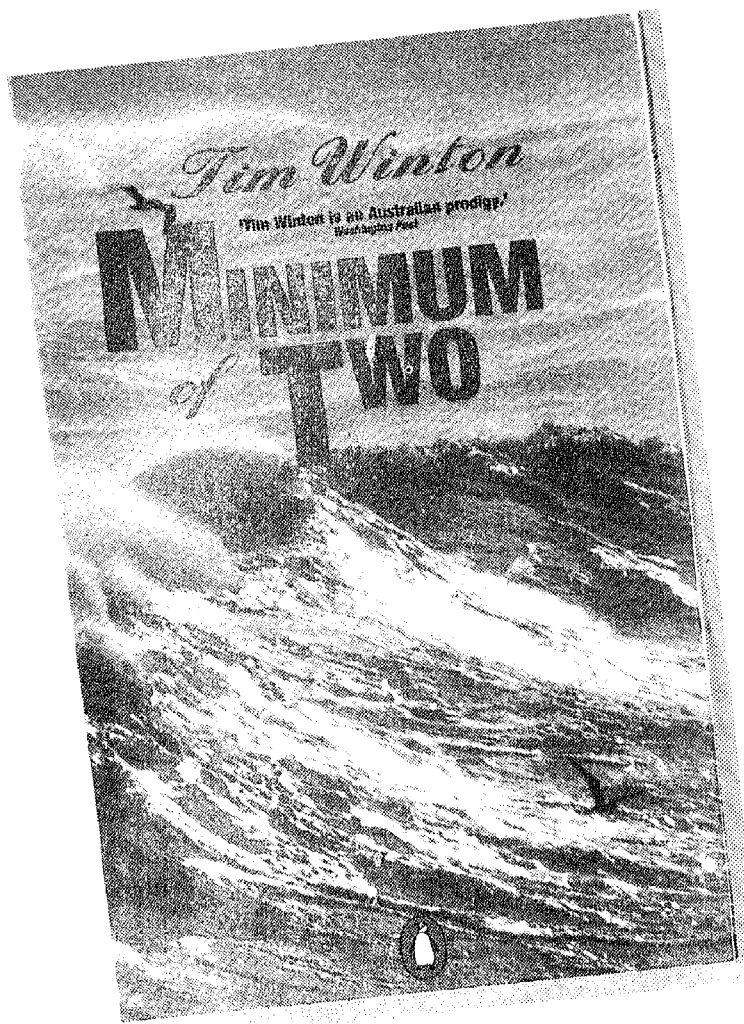
The chronicles of English urban life in the 1980s are unmatched simply because they are seen through

particularly bright, caring eyes. "One Better Day", an ode to Arlington House for derelicts in London is poignant example. The modern England of bag ladies and snap-frozen tramps is brought closer to home by *Madness*

"Yesterday's Man" suggests a crumbling nation, running out of time, with the only ones in a position to save it characteristically refusing to even acknowledge the problems.

As "House of Fun" chronicled adolescence - turning sixteen and reaching "the lion's den", "Our House" chronicles working class family life

with adolescent buoyancy. "The Sun and the Rain" penetrates the senses and the soul just as once or twice in your life the sun and the rain do. Buy it, or even steal it. Just get it. Got it?



Favoured characters return in Winton's compassionate novel

MINIMUM OF TWO

Tim Winton
Penguin, \$7.95

by Dino Di Rosa

"All good writing," penned Scott Fitzgerald before he drowned among the beautiful and damned, "is swimming under water and holding your breath."

Tim Winton, the celebrated young author of three novels and this the second of two short story collections, has often swum under water and held his breath off the beaches of his native Western Australia, and his is consistently good writing. Resourceful, life-affirming, impassioned, compassionate writing. His angelic talent, at 26 years of age, is almost spooky. Here again in these stories he gives meaning and love to those ordinary people we daily take for granted, makes them extraordinary for being all the more nakedly human.

There is the lonely boy who lives and is left out; the fat girl in the newsagency who watches life and love go on beyond the horizon of her counter; the girl who liberates herself of land and sadness by wishing to swim forever, like a shark; the mad man who avenges his wife's rape only to lose his own life and become a "dead man"; and the philosophical young bather who tries to fathom his old friend's despair. "There are times when all you can do is feel, when there's nothing but alarms ringing and you can't even see yourself in the mirror."

Winton again brings back before us the everyday stories of his favoured characters from previous books. The more things stay the same with them the more things change. Cleve and Queenie Cookson, from his second novel, *Shallows*, are here: Cleve still naive, Queenie still strong, toning herself brown and hard after having had their child. Jerra and Rachel Nilsam and their little boy Sam - Joseph and Mary and Baby Jesus themselves - live and learn in short stories since they first appeared, in Winton's first novel, *An Open Swimmer*. Little accidents

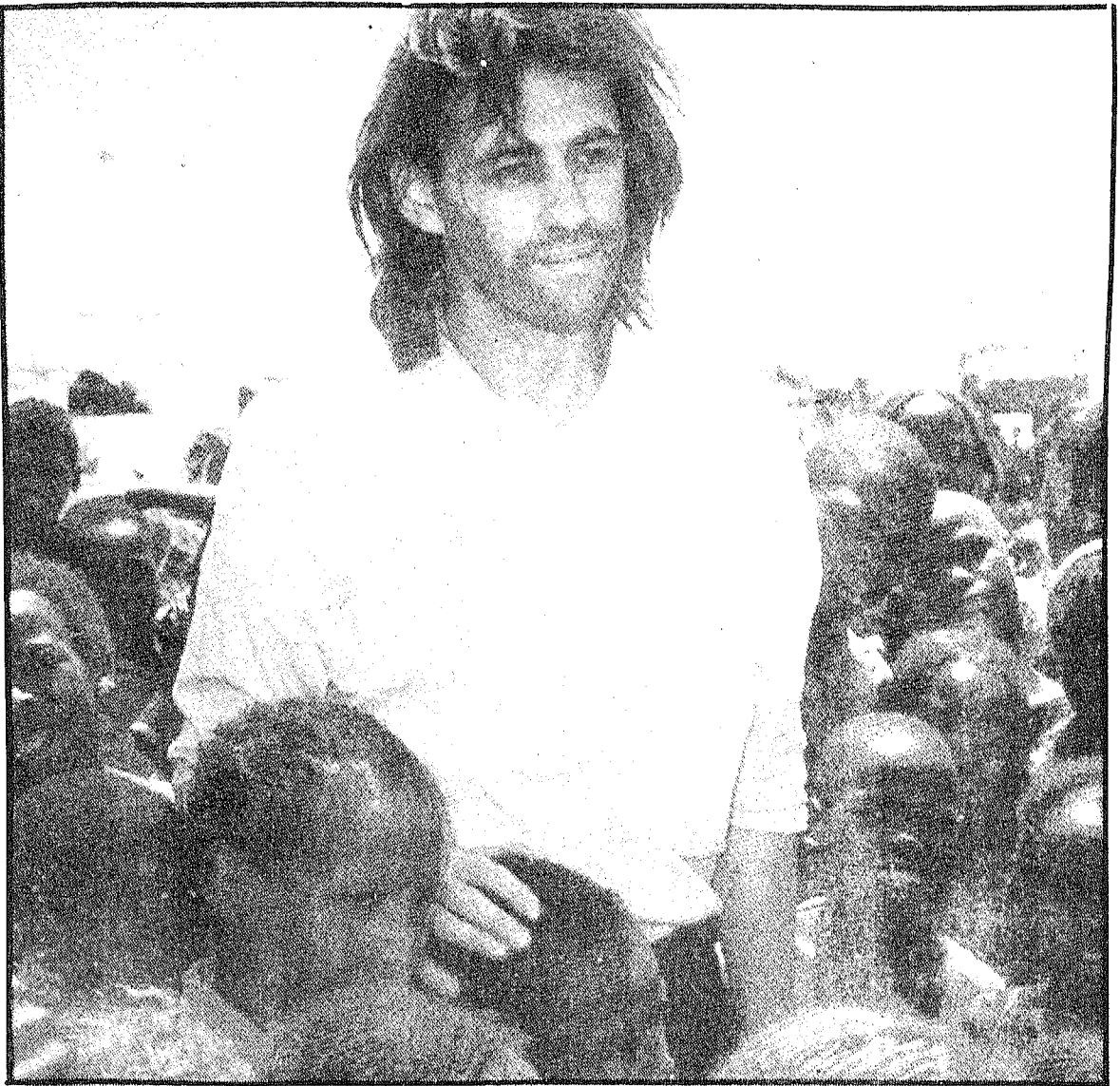
and traumas and encounters, breaking hearts as if the big bang of the universe, make them - and us - think and feel again, and live to fight another day.

In *Blood and Water*, the final story of this Fremantle Doctor of a collection (which Winton has devoted to his son and wife, "my blood, my water"), Rachel is about to bear Jerra a boy:

The midwife came, felt Rachel's abdomen, and commandeered their bed. Fires purred in the stove and the fireplace. The street was quiet. They played Haydn on the stereo and held hands during Rachel's contractions. They heard the midwife's snores. Her name was Annie. She was a tall, athletic woman who always wore her hair tied back in a scarf. She believed in God and healing and the goodness of people's bodies.

But the birth is not without its awful, clinical complications, and it has to take place in a hospital, with its bureaucracy of life and death. Helen Garner has written well and lucidly of her friend Winton's stories about the good in a frightening universe. Hold your breath and swim in more good writing:

They lay in the dark and tried to sleep. Jerra thought of the dead fireplaces at home. He thought of the empty little house. He turned on his folding cot and felt the huge load rise up in him and he began to weep. His body muscled up against the sobs. He tried to be quiet. Tears tracked into his hair and he tasted salt and it was as strong in his mouth as blood. Jerra Nilsam cried. He wept and did not stop and he thought his eyes would bleed, and when he found a pause in himself, he heard the big bed above him clanking. He got up and turned on a dim light. Rachel lay with a pillow between her teeth. Her eyes were breaking with tears. 'I feel so defiled,' she said. He turned out the light and held her. She filled his arms.



IS THAT IT?

Bob Geldof
Penguin \$9.95

by Phil Wood

Many stars have written autobiographies which at times are amusing and thought provoking, but few can say their life stories are as intensely readable as Bob Geldof's.

The Boomtown Rats were never as popular in Australia as they were in England in the late seventies, at the end of the 'New Wave' era, but few people who have ever listened to the radio can say they have never heard of the 'Rats' or their most successful single in Australia; 'I Don't Like Mondays'.

It would be a mistake for anyone to avoid reading this story purely because they do not like the 'Rats' music or enjoy Geldof. 'Is That It?' embodies all that is weird and wonderful about the rock music industry, and in particular the characters who populate it. 'Is That It?' is essentially in three parts: Geldof's childhood in Ireland, the Boom-

town Rats formation and success, and the incredible formation of Band Aid and Live Aid, for which Geldof was essentially responsible.

Geldof, born into a middle class Catholic family and educated at a strict Catholic school, rebelled at an early age, running the gamut of minor crimes, drugs and aimless irresponsibility before achieving minor success as a music and entertainment reporter in Canada. Leaving Canada to avoid being deported as an illegal alien, Geldof tried to establish a newspaper in Ireland before eventually gaining notoriety and riches through outrageous antics with the 'Rats' in Ireland and then England.

All those who have ever been interested in the backstage antics of bands and their entourage will find Geldof's anecdotes about life on the road and attempts to promote the 'Rats' hilarious and honest.

Geldof's honesty about his life and work is the overriding impression gained from 'Is That It?'. Always honest, often loudmouthed and

abusive, Geldof openly used his popularity as a 'pop star' to promote 'Band Aid' and later 'Live Aid'. His gripes against both the music industry and the press are often insensitive but always hit their mark, while his description of their battle against officialdom to establish 'Live Aid', and later distribute the funds gained at times makes the blood boil.

'Band Aid' was essentially born after Geldof saw the Ethiopian famine on English television. His constant prodding at the personalities involved, in order to raise a few thousand pounds, eventually snowballed into a huge logistic and monetary tangle, which culminated in 'Live Aid', and raised in excess of £100 million for African famine relief; at the expense of Geldof's own health and funds.

The final success of 'Live Aid', and the portrait Geldof paints of the work it enabled to be done makes 'Is That It?' both a personal triumph and a wonderfully readable story. Definitely one not to be missed.

Focus on Literature

GUIDE TO MODERN WORLD LITERATURE

Martin Seymour-Smith
Macmillan, \$39.95

"Not a few modern writers exist by virtue of being unreadable...They do not exist because they have been read with true attention and true curiosity, they exist because they could not be."

These words are not mine, but Martin Seymour-Smith's; they give an indication of his approach to this book and suggest the idiosyncratic nature of his discussion of writers and their books.

I like the sentiment. So many authors do little other than cast shadows to obscure the better work of their contemporaries that it's worth pondering occasionally how they manage to get away with it.

It suggests that there is something, somehow, very imperfect about the publishing industry.

The quote is from what must be one of the best introductions for a reference book written. Beginning with realism, the movement with which such authors as Henry James

are associated, it looks briefly at the major changes in literature this century, focusing on modernism; both as a distinct movement of the early part of the twentieth century (Modernism) and as a movement in which we still participate (modernism). But what is literature? Everyone has a favourite definition, and for a "Guide to Modern World of Literature" to exist a narrower definition than "everything ever written on paper and published" is needed.

Seymour-Smith's is a good one and a useful one though difficult to summarise.

Junk is not literature. Junk is Cartland and Krantz and Collins; soft-porn, lots of violence, plenty of money, a spy or a politician or two, guns, yachts, glamour and glitz. Junk.

Above junk, but still not literature, is what Seymour-Smith calls the "middlebrow". The middlebrow echelon of the writing world has aspirations toward literature and respectability but doesn't quite make it. John Le Carré, D.M. Thomas, and the more recent offerings of Norman Mailer, are middlebrow.

And literature? "It is toward the

truly mysterious and yet authentic that the creative writer must aim... Recourse to the purely surreal can now lead to nothing better than the raw material of the dream...What is needed is the real dream: the meaning of the dream is its own, original day-haunting images. This truth contains, absorbs, and accepts..." Inadequate, but you begin to get the drift.

Major writers - British to Byelorussian - are discussed in a lively intelligent way uncluttered with weighty, technical jargon.

A chapter of a length appropriate to the amount there is to write is devoted to each nation or bloc: American (North) Literature gets about 150 pages, British about 130, and Australia, couched in between these two, gets 20 or so. And Polish, Portugese, Western-Minor, etc, each get their due.

The appraisals and summaries are presented succinctly and in an accessible style - the best things in the best words.

This is a useful and interesting reference, as a reading guide, as a critical-sketch collection, and as a 'read' in itself. It's probably even worth the terribly respectable price.

Kate so great!



KATE CEBRANO AND HER SEPTET
Space Cabaret
Festival Theatre
Season Closed

by Kate Thomas

Kate Cebrano took a gamble in abandoning her role as lead singer with the funk dance band I'm Talking to tackle a jazz tribute at the Space Cabaret Club.

The gamble paid off and Cebrano emerged as an extraordinarily beautiful singer whose mature voice belies her 20 years.

The show is well timed to promote the release of her solo album, titled Kate Cebrano and Her Septet which has been praised for its ingenuity, warmth and style.

Kate and her Septet delighted opening night patrons with a selection of jazz classics, lating rhythms, blues and soul in an informal framework spiced with delightful Cebrano patter.

Renditions of Midnight Sun, Lush Life, Fever and Sweet Embraceable You met with applause and much

tapping of toes. Praise is well overdue for some impressive Melbourne musicians - pianist Jex Saarelaht, Russell Smith (trombone) and Robert Burke (saxophone) who gave depth to Kate's sparkling lyrics.

As Australia's most popular female singer, a title she won at last year's Countdown Music Awards, Kate has acquired fame and respect in a remarkably brief time.

For someone who began singing at 16 with her brother Phillip, in a three piece band called Hoagy Cats, and later trained in Melbourne's smoky jazz clubs, Cebrano has an impressive string of hits to her credit.

Cebrano hits include Trust Me, Do You Wanna Be, Lead The Way, Love Don't Live Here Anymore and Holy Word.

Even now as she lurks on the brink of becoming an International celebrity Kate seems undaunted by her success and relative inexperience.

"I want to learn 30 years of singing in the next two years. I'm impatient. I have oodles of challenges confronting me every day and I want to develop my own style.

The things which have influenced her music are as diverse as her future ambitions. "I used to wag school a lot to watch day time movies. They were my only real contact with jazz until I started singing.

"But I do have singers I admire now, especially Nina Simone and Ella Fitzgerald.

Critics have pondered disparity between Cebrano's vivacious stage show and her restrained emotion on vinyl.

"Many of the great jazz singers have had tragic lives, so when they sang they expressed that. But I can't bluff it - I have had an easy and charmed life.



Getting better & better as time goes by

AS TIME GOES BY
The Marat Pack
Club Foote
Until April 10

by Kate Thomas

Madcap mayhem abounds whenever the Marat Pack come out of the closet. This is hardly surprising since their comedy shows are really glorified group therapy sessions for schizophrenic alter egos.

The trio combines the bizarre talents of two "some time lawyers" and a singing waiter who improvise skits, gags and songs usually based on topical themes.

Their current production *As Time Goes By*, blends some eleven year old material, pilfered from Footlights scripts with new ideas gleaned from appearances on ABC TV's *Theatre Sports*.

As Time Goes By is billed as "a Casablanca comedy cabaret", "a story where, love and intrigue meet each other, have dinner and a few drinks and wake up in the morning feeling cheap". This is a loose interpretation of the 1944 film classic so beloved by local reviewers. Critics Samela Harris and Andrew Tobin will be in for a shock if they expect the show to follow previous Marat Pack productions or even Bill Collins' film eulogies.

As Time Goes By opens with a

samba version of the haunting song of the same name and proceeds to poke fun of everything from the film's opening credits to Bill's closing platitudes.

First night patrons described it as "fresh, innovative, full of hysterical Catholic gags" and "classy and sophisticated" one was heard exclaiming "at last the Marat Pack have matured, the banal humour's the same but their delivery is slick".

By now Adelaide audiences are quite familiar with their previous work and continue to gorge themselves on the trio's zany offerings. They flocked to earlier shows despite these media reviews - *Poodle Armageddon* - "a 90 minute humour harvert... Ticking away somewhere in there is a gifted comic brain..." (Advertiser), *Thirty Nine Steps* (Festival Fringe) - "The show is nothing but sheer bloody funny, ...and highly irreverent, ribald and cocksure... polished and disciplined..." (Advertiser) and *Not One But Two* - "a full house laughing uproariously... skits of marvellous inventiveness..." The Marat Pack is well worth watching and fostering..." (Advertiser).

What is their successful formula? The Marat Pack, otherwise known as Francis Greenslade, Sean Micallef and Alex Ward, describe their work "as a series of vignettes of life... which flow from one to

another... inspired by our driving egos." They modestly cite Anthony Durkin as the "fourth wheel of the tricycle" and rely upon an army of friends and fans act as production crew.

The Marat Pack's genesis is short but spicy. The name derives from the heady days of the French revolution when dissident Jean-Paul Marat was so bloodily murdered in his bath.

They formed in 1985 after a long suffering Adelaide Footlights Club foreably threw them from the homely nest.

Blinking in disbelief that their five year 'reign of terror' had ended, the trio launched themselves on Adelaide's underground comedy circuit performing at the University, the Fringe Club or Club Foote.

A national reputation is spreading through appearances on ABC TV's *Theatre Sports* as the yuppy team.

Get Her, and through the Marat Pack Theatre program on 5MMM. Francis Greenslade achieved well overdue recognition by winning a Hey Hey It's Saturday talent competition with his now famous worms song.

As Time Goes By marks a turning point in the Marat Pack's comic cabaret style, so catch a glimpse of their latest offering before the guys are swept up in a national cabaret circuit.

Tables unturned at the Red Shed

TURNING THE TABLES: AN EVENING OF MONOLOGUES
Red Shed Company
At the Red Shed
Season Closed

by Stipo Androvc

"It is essential that work in theatre has an ideological moment behind it... we choose to perform in an epic style rather than naturalistically." So say Italian playwrights Dario Fo and Franca Rame of their four monologues presenting the feminist equivalent of Soviet Realism.

Instead of Happy Ivan marching off to Tractor Factory No. 3 in *Workers' Paradise*, we have *Overworked Ethnic Housewife in Exploited Marriage*; *Waking Up*, played by Antonietta Morgillo; *Whore in a Madhouse* (Alice McHenry); and a piece on the conditioning and repression of girlhood in *Alice in Wonderless Land* (Mary-Anne Pitman).

If one is prepared to accept the barrage of socialist jargon and the huge feminist lexicon of the authors, it is possible to enjoy some moments in these first three pieces. Morgillo's sketch of the Italian Wife in *Waking Up* has splashes of comic relief between vehement critiques on the evils of multi-nationals.

McHenry delivers the Mad Whore's story while strapped to an electric chair: as a client falls asleep on her "like a slaughtered ox", she robs him of his credit cards and Rotary Club membership.

While the catalogue of male abuses against her is vividly presented, it is hard to feel much sympathy for a character filled with such venomous hatred of the opposite sex. The whore concludes by advocating arson against the

Capitalists as a means of "political action".

Alice in Wonderless Land is performed on a rope swing, an apposite metaphor for the freedom and gaiety of childhood. Alice panicky Alice sees a monstrous vision of the world - Father, Teacher, Priest, Judge - queuing to abuse her. A knight in shining armour saves her from molestation by a tree (he castrates its penis-branch) but takes Alice back not to his castle, but - (gasp!) - to his multinational factory. Eventually Alice is moulded into a desexed, passive female eunuch by our horrid consumer society.

The fourth monologue, *The Mother* belongs in an entirely different category to the others. Fo and Rame cast aside their epic ideological baggage and work at creating a moving tale of a mother's anguish. The mother (played passionately by Eileen Darley) learns her son is a terrorist, and reflects on why he chose this course. She re-runs the past: his childhood, her parenting, seeking clues. There are some wry digs at modern child-rearing ("we let him smash all the porcelain he wanted... just like the paediatrician said") amidst the painful soul-searching of the mother, who schooled her son in "the rhetoric of infantile Leftism".

Perhaps there is a place in the theatre spectrum for the stylised radicalism of The Red Shed Company.

Certainly the audience present (seated incongruously at cozy cabaret-style tables) got what it expected, and applauded the militant, pessimistic barbs. But if they want to broadcast their message to where it really matters - to the unconverted - some attempt must be made to move beyond the familiar invective and dialectic territory.

GALAPOGOS DUCK
Space Cabaret
Festival Theatre
Season Closed

by Fran Edwards

The Duck, as they are affectionately known, have a good following in Adelaide, and this was well evidenced by their sellout season at the Space Cabaret.

The audience, on the night that I attended, demonstrated a wide variance in age and social groupings, but all obviously enjoyed the offerings of one of Australia's foremost jazz groups.

And they were very good, but not as good as I know they can be. My companion who had not had the pleasure of hearing them before confessed to being a little disappointed with their performance. I am reluctantly forced to agree with him as the opening numbers lacked the tightness which we have come to expect of musicians of this calibre. The bass and drums seemed just a fraction out of sync and their usual zest was missing.

Things did improve as the evening went on and the more they played the better they got. I never fail to be amazed by the versatility of group

Underdone Duck



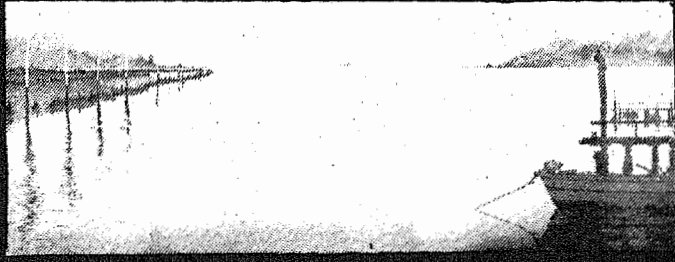
members who switch from instrument to instrument with accomplished ease. Particularly the trumpet player who plays the sax so beautifully.

It would not really be fair to suggest that any one of them played badly or that any part of the performance was sub-standard, but maybe on Thursday night they were

just a little jaded or overtired. Some friends assured me that the same problem did occur on other nights and to the devout Duck fans there was no problem anyway. Perhaps I am just a bit too picky because I enjoyed the evening anyway and I still think they rate as the best Australian jazz group I have heard.

SHOWCASE

The Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia is currently showing an exhibition of the Marine River Project by Kate Breakey, Paul Krieg and Michael Klivanek. The exhibition closes May 3.



An exhibition of etchings by Peter Hickey and Gwyneth Tilley is showing at the Tynte Gallery.

Ultra-large POLAROID gives maxi-results

IN FULL VIEW

An exhibition of Large Format Polaroid Photography
Art Gallery
Season Closed

by Stipo Androvic

The works in this exhibition use a special ultra-large format instant-print camera, of which five were made by Polaroid in the late seventies.

The print size is 20" x 24", giving astonishingly crisp, detailed prints. More importantly, the artist is given immediate feedback on his/her results. However, the enormous bulk of the device (about the size of a large fridge) means that the photographer must work in a studio, restricting his subject choices.

Eight Australian artists and a half dozen Americans are represented in this show. Three basic approaches were used: found-object composition, photo-montage and portraiture. The first genre is exemplified by "The Deadly Sins", a superb septych by Australian Fiona Hall, incorporating a smorgasbord of silvered metallica-spanners in 'Avarice', sardine cans in 'Pride', a trowel for 'Sloth', and a hilarious brace and bit in 'Lechery'.

Olivia Parker (USA) shows an inspired comic mastery of the montage form in her three works. "A

day of Pasteum" features photocopies Parthenon columns towering over (real) butterfly wings and geraniums. In another, an old bromide family portrait hides under 3-D cinema glasses. In what seems a delightful parody of the Pravda style of photojournalism, one family member has been airbrushed out.

This format does not really lend itself to large depths of field, being more suited to severe close-ups: in this sense I felt the works of Rowlands (USA) and the Australians Anna Balla & Robyn Stacey did not really stretch the possibilities of the medium.

They appear mediocre against the breathtaking acuity of the American photographers Lucas Samaras and Robert Mapplethorpe, whose portraits of naked men are suffused with a lithe, animal vitality. The latter's smouldering images of a Negro in "Ecstasy" and "Profile" are they highlight of this show. A dazzling, Priapic dandelion offsets the granite-hard profile, while a blood-red chrysanthemum oozes out from behind the man's shoulder in "Ecstasy".

Considering the limited time they had with the camera, the Australian photographers produced impressive results. Possibly the strongest of these is Debra Phillips' series using Landsat images overlaid with material. "Ashes and Charcoal"

presents a quirky bushfire dichotomy: on the one hand the geographic satellite map, and on the other the micro world of smoke, coals and ash. Her "Gumleaves and Landsat" utilises the medium to the full - delicate eucalypt leaves brushing over the harsh Landsat reds.

Chris Fortescue's nine-piece composition "Nine Facts, or the Truth of Dreams" also works well, the multiple exposures producing a strange transparency of matter, almost echoing Escher.

Rather than dwelling on textures and effect, some of the artists chose overt political themes. The satirical Barbie-doll suites of Lynn Smith (Aust.) present a cutting indictment of stereotyped womanhood. Barbie also pops up (this time with soul-mate Ken) in Anna Zahalka's work. In "Ken, Venus and David", the myth of the sex symbol reaches its sublime apotheosis in the communion of Ken, Venus de Milo and Michelangelo's David, in some idyllic pasture.

"In Full View" provides a good opportunity to see a wide range of contemporary photographic styles in this unusual format. The wimpy Holmes a Court pastels on display in the gallery below may leave you tranquil and serene, but be prepared to let the Photographic Super-Realism upstairs knock you off your feet.

FRANCIS GREENSLADE

ALEX WARD

SHAUN MICALLEF

THE MARAT PACK

presents

A CASABLANCA COMEDY CABARET

"A story where love and intrigue meet, have dinner and a few drinks, and wake up in the morning, feeling cheap . . ."

9.30 P.M.

MARCH 25-28 APRIL 1-4 APRIL 8-10

CLUB FOOTE

26 Blythe Street (off Hindley Street)

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT BASS OUTLETS OR AT THE DOOR PHONE 212 7998

Logies, a little bit of America right here in dear old Oz.

THE BOX

by Kate Thomas

It was the lanky yank who best summed the Logies. When he won the Gold Logie in 1977, he turned to Burt Newton and said:

"Here you are pal! It'll spend six months in your house and six months in mine."

With such a paucity of Australian talent on the screens, the Logies inevitably end up in the same hands.

And this year the Logie hopefuls seem even thinner on the ground after the demise of the late night variety show.

There is no clear favourite. But the celebrities that must be in the lineup for the biggie are Daryl Sommers, Greg Evans and even Tony Barber must be considered a chance.

And on the local front Anne Wills will not doubt claim her birthright to her 14th doorstep.

This year's Executive Producer Tedd Dunn agrees, "People like to see their favourites out of the role they play on the screens," he says.

"It's an opportunity to see how they dress and present themselves away from the character they normally play."

This side of the show has created some scenes which have gone down in infamy.

In 1976 cowboy Lee Marvin made a satirical appearance in an obviously tuxedoed two sizes too small.

And last year Larry Hagman (alias Dallas's hat fancier JR) turned up at

the ceremonies to be presented with dinkum Aussie slouch hat which he proceeded to put on back to front.

Anyone who watched the 1973 Logies also could not forget *Mod Squad's* Michael Cole stagger on stage and utter a never-heard-on-Australian TV expletive?

But one of the most memorable incidents came in 1979 when the Logie veteran Bert Newton made the highly dangerous mistake of calling the boxing immortal Mohammad Ali a "boy".

A more than nervous Newton only just avoided irreparable damage after a few tense moments.

This year the show will be telecast live from the Hyatt on Collins Hotel in Melbourne.

"We have tried to make it sophisticated and upmarket as possible," says Dunn.

"The designer has created a set to go with the stunning interiors of the Hyatt."

And as usual a gaggle of overseas celebrities have been imported too. Loretta "Hot Lips Houlihan" Switt, LA Law star Harry Hamlin and *Entertainment This Week* co-host Lezza Gibbons.

From the local talent coffers the producers have dug out last year's Gold Logie winner Daryl Sommers, Neighbours stars Jason Donovan and Elaine Smith, *The Last Frontier* star Tony Bonner, Kerri-Anne Kennerly, Denise Drysdale and Chelsea Brown.

The other Australian interest in Sydney is filmmaker David Bradbury who is in line for one of the much sought statuettes. His film *Chile: Hasta Cuande? (When Will It End)* has been nominated for best documentary.



STUDENT RADIO PROGRAMME GUIDE starting Mon. 30th March.

MONDAY: 10.30 20¢ of mixed lollies (the magazine hour featuring an interview with Billy Bragg; plus Student Radio finds out about the love-hate relationship between Adelaide Uni students and the vending machines in the airport lounge); 11.30 Murray and Clem; 12.30 The last great act of defiance.

TUESDAY: 10.30 The dogs die young in Tin Pan Alley (Blues with Basila and mysterious friend); 11.30 British rock with Black Soul (with Guy Alison and Nick and Bob) 'till 1.30 am.

WEDNESDAY: 10.30 20¢ of mixed lollies (the magazine hour featuring an interview with country band the Flying Emus who won awards at Tamworth Country Music Festival earlier this year. The notorious Nick X also joins us for some more film reviews.); 11.30 Thunderbirds are go (with Louise and Sarah); 12.30 Godzilla meets King Kong (James and David present a special on the Beat).

THURSDAY: The overseas Underground Show (hosted by Mike and Mära, featuring obscurish non-Australian music ranging from hardcore metal thrash to industrial jazz); 11.30 An alternative to Torture (with Malena Tom and Mathew); 12.30 The Glam Show (with Mära and guests).

FRIDAY: 10.30 Friday on my mind (Suzzana and Litsa); 11.30 The reincarnation of Elvis (Alex); 12.30 In Control (Bernie and friends)

NEW WRITING

Ode to Sue-Louise

Edge of deepness
The crystal glasses chipped
I see the piano
My instrument of life, my voice,
my oneness with soul
of being and desire

I feel so much
I need to express
Simple. Unified!
Three chords is all I need.
I move toward. I sit. I play.
I make my noise. I live once again.

John Davies

A.U.S.R.M.L.: Adelaide University Society for the Reform of Marijuana Laws invites all interested persons to its first general meeting for 1987. Come and find out about the big event, On-The-Spot Fines. Membership \$1 A.U. Students, \$2 Others. South Dining Room, Level 4, Union House, 1 pm Wednesday April 1st (This is not an April Fools prank).

A.U. Athletics Club: For anyone interested in attending this year's Intervarsity in Sydney, May 11th-15th there will be a meeting in the Jerry Portus Room on Wednesday April 1st at 1.00 pm. If you are interested in going but unable to attend the meeting leave your name and telephone number in the Athletics Club pigeonhole in the Sports Association Office.

A.U. Sailing Club: Sailing Day, Henley Beach Sailing Club, End of Burbridge Road, Sunday April 5th, 11am.

A.U. Juggling Club: Have you always wanted to learn the vital social skill of juggling? Come along to the Juggling Club and we'll teach you (for free!) You already know how to juggle! Then we guarantee to teach you some tricks you don't know, with only a small risk to your health. Every Tuesday and Thursday at 1.00 pm on the Barr Smith Lawns. BYO balls please.

Sports Association - Election of Officebearers 1987/88
 Voting for the position of Honorary Assistant Treasurer will take place in the Sports Association Office, during normal office hours from Monday - Wednesday, 23rd - 25th March. All Sports Association members are entitled to vote. The positions of President, Deputy President and Honorary Assistant Secretary have been unopposed. All positions will be announced at the A.G.M. being held on Monday, 30th March, 1987 at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

5-A-Side Soccer
 Entry forms are available for intra-mural 5-A-side soccer (men's and mixed competition) from the Sports Association Office. The closing date for entries is extended to Wednesday, 1st April. A Team Co Ordinators meeting will be held on Friday, 3rd April in the Jerry Portus Room at 1.00 pm. Competition will start during the week commencing Monday, 13th April, with play on Monday and Wednesday lun chtimes.

WANTED: Experienced typist for Contract Work. Ring Sue for details on 271 1329.

Lost: one pair reading glasses in brown case. Thursday 12th March, between Adelaide Uni and Walkerville. Ring Elizabeth 337 9015 (ah). PLEASE.

Adelaide Uni Boat Club:

National Championships Lake Barrington Tasmania March 1 - 5. Watch the Uni rowers as they compete in the Nationals during the Kings Cup Regatta on Sunday the 5th. Catch the action on ABC.
 Reminder: Club Open Day, Saturday April 11 - 10.30-2.30 pm. All interested rowers welcome.
 Intervarsity 1987 - this years Rowing I.V. will be held from 11th - 17th May (1st week of Swat Vac.) on the Nepean River at Penrith N.S.W. Rowers are required for both mens and womens crews in the following categories: Open Eight, Open Coxed Four, Light-weight Coxed Four, Open Coxless Pair, Open Scull.
 If interested contact Denise Collins 333 2415, Richard Wiseman 332 2831, or leave a note in the Boat Club Pigeon Hole.

Fishing Club:

There will be a meeting of all persons in re-forming the University Fishing Club, in the Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon Building (behind the Sports Association Office) at 1 pm on Tuesday, 7th April. Meanwhile you are asked to contact the Sports Association and leave name and contact no. or department.

A.U.N.A.S.A.L.

Yes, it's on again, the Engineering Society Pub Crawl. This year the North Adelaide Safari Aided by Liquor T-Shirts are available from Mechanical Engineering Building, Room M210, 100% Cotton, \$10.00 member, \$12.00 non members or B.Y.O. T-Shirt for \$3.00 and \$5.00 respectively. Pub Crawl commences 6.30 pm April 10th, Uni Bar.

Save the EFA!

The Economics Faculty Association has re-scheduled its 1987 AGM for Tuesday 31st March at 1.10 pm in Lecture Theatre L17, Lower Ground Floor, Napier Building.
 The first attempt at an AGM was an abject failure - almost nobody turned up (but you knew that anyway!) If it happens again, the Association will be closed down. If this happens, the proceeds go to the Clubs Association. THE MEMBERS LOSE EVERYTHING. GET NOTHING.
 It's your Association, your loss and your fault! If the EFA does not receive great support it WILL cease to exist.

APOLOGY!

A lifestyle article which appeared in *On Dit* Vol. 55 No. 2 may have suggested that practitioners of A.U. Rhee Taekwondo Club indulge in "mindless violence." It was not the intention of anyone at *On Dit* to damage the image of the sport and hope the club's reputation has not been tarnished.

Resistance Club: Wednesday April 1st at Little Theatre Union Building "So What Does a Socialist Country Look Like Anyway?" Slide show presented by a member of the Australian work brigade to revolutionary Cuba during January, followed by a (brief) Resistance AGM.

This coming Tuesday the 31st of March CISCAC (Committee in Solidarity with Central America and the Caribbean) will have a book stall at 12.30 directly under the information boards outside Union House. All sorts of reading material, information and paraphernalia will be available so come along, browse and have a chat with us - don't forget the GENERAL MEETING the following Tuesday, April 7th.

A.U. Dramatic Society I.G.M.: To be held Thursday 2nd April. NOT as previously advertised on 26th March. All members are urged to attend as committee members will be decided upon and the year's activities outlined. Anyone who has not yet joined this new and exciting society is most welcome to attend, and any outstanding fees can be paid at this time.

Shock! Horror! - Thinking encouraged at Uni! If you to feel subversive come along to the Adelaide Uni Philosophy Club where Prof. Graham Nerlich will be giving an Introductory Paper "Paradoxes: The fun of Philosophy?" WHEN: Tuesday 31st March 7.30 pm, WHERE: Hughes Building Room 511. All welcome. Wine and Cheese provided!

AU Lutheran Students Fellowship: Thursday March 26th. This week we are going for our annual walk through the Botanic Gardens. We will depart from the Cloisters at 1.10 pm.

Student Christian Movement: We shall meet again on Thursday at 1 pm in Meeting Room 1 (Level 5), for an extravaganza of a meeting. All welcome.

Evangelical Union:

Tuesday Meeting: 1-2 pm North Dining Room. John Smith will give the first of two talks continuing this term's theme BEING SURE OF THE TRUTH. This week: "The Truth That Frees".
Brekky: Thursday 7.30 am Dining Rooms. Come along for fun and fellowship with other Christians. Brekkies really are worth getting up early for!
Prayer Meetings: Monday 8.30 am E.U. Room; Tuesday 8.30 am E.U. Room; Wednesday 8.30 am North Dining Room; Thursday 1.00 pm E.U. Room; Friday 8.30 am E.U. Room
Cell Groups: These are small groups for prayer and Bible Study. ARTS: Monday 1 pm Room 207 Napier; ENGINEERING: Monday 1 pm Engineering Tea Rooms; MATHS SCIENCE: Friday 1 pm E.U. Room; MUSIC: Wednesday 1 pm E.U. Room; SCIENCE I: Friday 1 pm Chapel; SCIENCE II: Thursday 1 pm Chapel.
CAMP: 19th - 21st June. Speaker: Dick Dowsett. More details later.

st. ann presents ...

Beach Party II

intercollege fresher's welcome

sat. april 4th 8pm

\$10 beer cider softies

dj really wild things

at st.ann's college

187 brougham pl. nth ad.

all welcome!

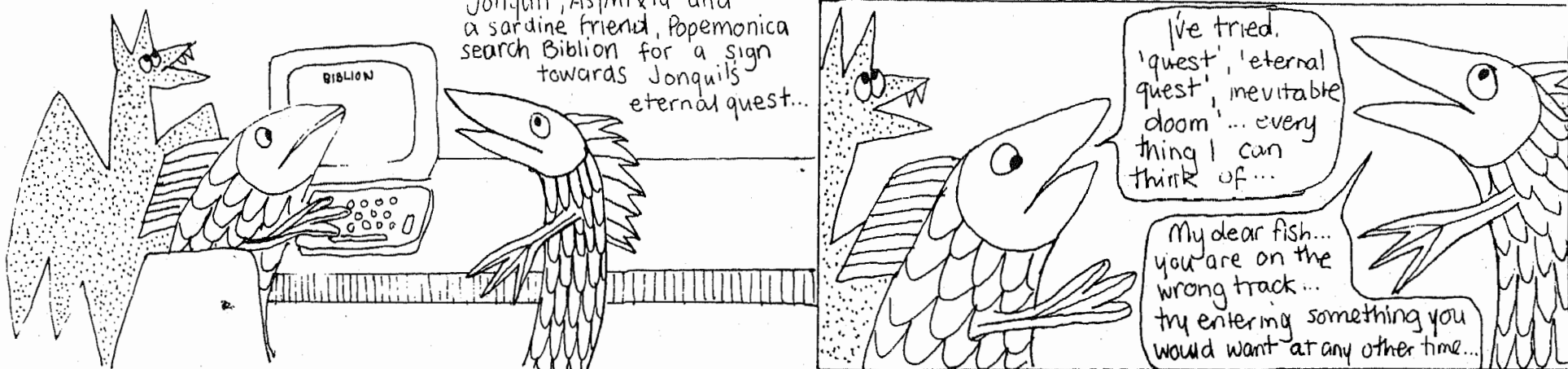
PSYCHOSOMATICS AND THE AVERAGE FISH



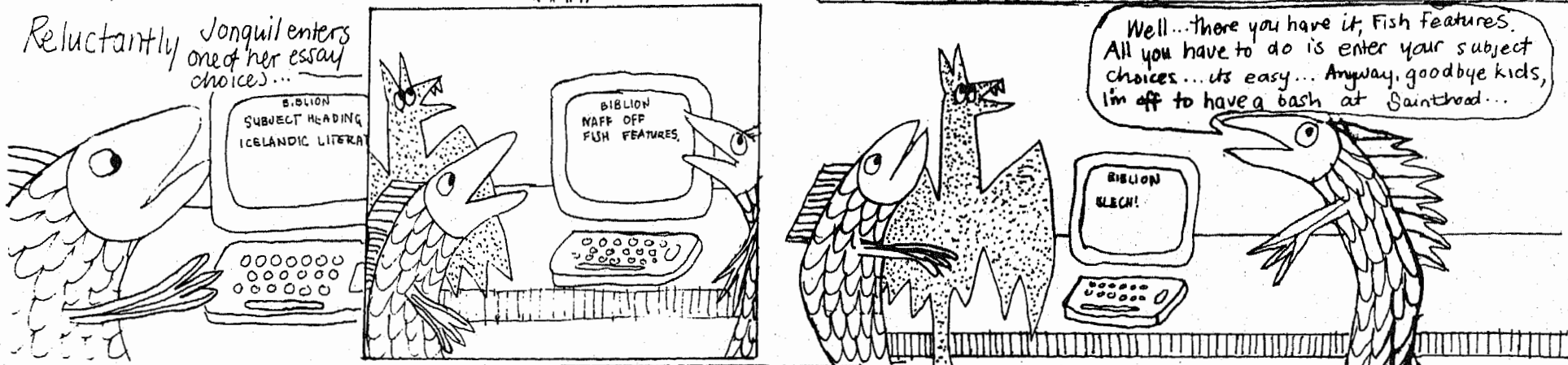
EPISODE FOUR

the continuing saga of a fish who has gone to the dogs...

Jonquil, Asphixia and a sardine friend, Popemonica search Biblion for a sign towards Jonquil's eternal quest...



Reluctantly Jonquil enters one of her essay choices...



The Cartoonist panics... realising this comic is getting trite



NEXT WEEK A COMIC WITH MORE LARGE AREAS OF BLACK!

HEY KIDS! JONQUIL GOT HER FIRST COMPLIMENT LAST TUESDAY! SHE'S NOW KNOWN AS 'THAT DISGUSTING FISH THING IN ONDIT!' WOW!

START AT THE BACK

Lock up your sheep 'cos Enzo returns. Edited by Rupert and Enzo.

S.N.A.P. election

How's this for blatant vote-buying: if you vote for S.N.A.P., they will give you a million dollars. The Sell Northern Australia Party argue that the way to solve Australia's economic problems is to sell the top half of the country. "We will sell Northern Australia (or lease it for 999 years) as a going concern to a friendly nation. The proceeds of the sale will be used to carry out our twelve point plan for

Australia, with you as a \$1 000 000 shareholder...that's right, we will make you a millionaire."

Good grief, what a thought! Can you imagine how intolerable it would be if everyone on your street had a Mercedes and a BMW? Even those commoners on the corner would have a Filipino maid, and absolutely *no-one* would be impressed by your \$2 500 ball gown, as they would all have three others exactly like it: the end of civilisa-

tion! We most strongly urge you to do everything in your power to ensure that S.N.A.P. are snapped! Mobilise in the clubs and the PTA's, in the boardrooms and the golf links, in the conference room and the executive loos! If necessary, we are even prepared to - dare we say it - demonstrate. Desperate!

Boring & Childish

That scurrilous and utterly contemptible junior brother of *On dit* that is sometimes known as *Bread & Circuses*, but more often as "that #@%&+! gutter rag", has done it again. The past two editions have mentioned the doings of a mysterious new society known as the 'A.U. Satan Worshippers', who have had numerous dark covens to view such films as *Flesh for Frankenstein*, *Bloodsucking Freaks* and *One Hundred and One Dalmatians*. Christian groups, and parents of freshers, have been concerned about these notices. However, we can assure worried mummies and daddies, and Fred Nile, that the group is fictitious. The contact number listed in the notice is Gospel Good News.

Quotables

Bob Hawke, on how he thought the public's perceptions of himself had changed: "They probably think that Hawkie's a sort of less outrageous bloke than he was before. They probably like the way, when you don't have the responsibilities of office, you can occasionally fart in church..."

Stan Marsh, a Queensland Councillor, on homosexuals and their "disgusting unnatural type act": "I am sure if you got a well-meaning nymphomaniac and locked these bokes up with her for a week they'd come out saying the natural way is the better."

Knew it all along

The name 'Brisbane' comes from the French word *briser*, meaning 'to break', and the Northern English word *bane*, 'bone'.

Deep and meaningful

Wow, gosh and ZOWIE! *Ten* entries!

Yes, that's right, *ten* entries in our 'Washing machine kills dad' competition. Spiffing wot? And some were rather jolly. Attend if you please:

"A violent domestic argument led to the tragic accidental death of a forty-year-old male washing machine today..." (George Karzis) "...It was dreadful, really horrifying," confirmed son Nicholas, local manager of Whirlpool, "The damn thing stood up on its Inlet Pipe A and simply clobbered him, poor sod..." (Matthew Lowry)

"Madrid - Disaster struck here yesterday, at the annual Home Appliance Olympics, when Gooden Kleen, famous sheet washer, accidentally swallowed his father, Nizen Brite. Said Mr Kleen, 'He was just a front loader - I'm a Hoover Elite. I didn't see him doing the washer leap, and he landed in me.'" (Derek Crannafor)

"...After a high speed chase, police caught the machine, a member of Whitegoods For White Supremacy. Ronald Regan, however, denied selling them arms." (James Greentree)

"...I hope Fabulon can put the body back into my husband" (Geoff Anderson) Yes, thank you Geoff, don't call us.

The entry that very nearly won was written entirely in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and featured the well-known hieroglyphics for 'gaol', 'Penthouse magazine', 'washing machine' and 'full rinse cycle'. Ve-e-e-ery clever, Jon Nolan; the experience will be invaluable in your Law career.

But the winning entry, from Rebecca Crannafor of English, was as follows: "MIAMI, Wednesday: The Dolphins' quarterback, Walt 'Washing Machine' Miller killed Harvey Blastit, groundsman. Miller was passing the ball when he stumbled and fell, crushing Blastit instantly.

"Known as 'Dad', Harvey Blastit had been a groundsman for 38 years. He began assisting at training when the Dolphins' equipment budget was reduced."

Bonza, Rebecca. That has won you three double passes to see *The Colour of Money* (thanks to Greater Union for being awfully decent - what nice people they are!) and an immediate entrance to the *Advertiser's* cadetship program. Turn up Monday

Everyone else mentioned above, plus Geoff Vass and Birgitte Sorenson, can collect a double freebie to *The Colour of Money* from *On dit*, On Dit Lane, s/w corner of the cloisters. Sorry, lads, we forgot the number of the Swiss bank account.

American update

Percentage of Americans who say that doctors in hospitals should wear white coats: 65.

Percentage of French men who say that they would like to see Princess Stephanie pose nude in a magazine: 28.

The number of different types of bottled waters that are served at the Bar à Eaux in Paris: 150.

Estimated number of expressions in English for being drunk: 2 500.

Ranking of 'the outdoors' and 'in trains' as the unconventional places where Canadians have had sex: 1,2

Percentage of feature films made

in the US that were shot in California: 43.

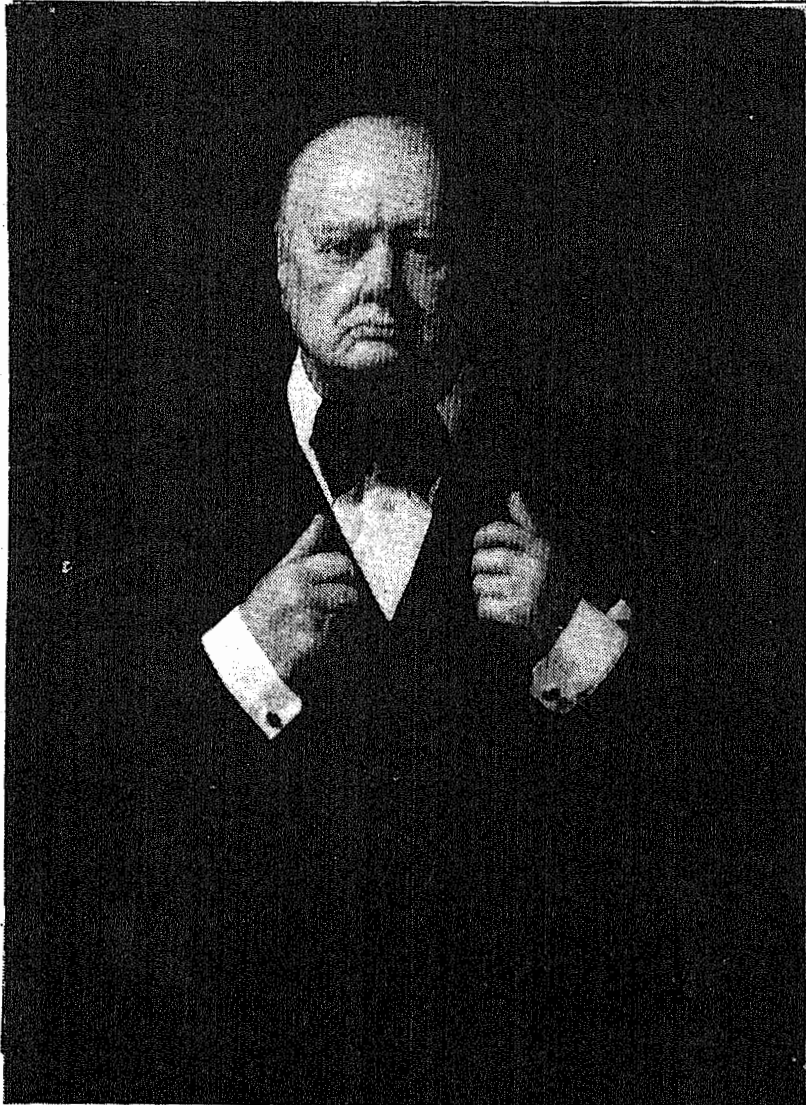
Number of movie tickets sold in 1986: 1 030 000 000

Number of videotape rentals in 1986: 1 040 000 000

Percentage of adult Americans who claim to have had contact with the dead: 42 (and we all know what that is)

Percentage of American teenagers who say that they believe in the existence of angels: 67

Number of sailors and associated servicemen in the US Pacific Fleet: 238 000



Harrumph! Never...in...the field...of...human journalism...has so little...been done by so many...for so much money.

BE AFRAID. BE VERY AFRAID. THE MORTEIN

YOU SHIVERED IN HORROR AT VINCENT PRICE IN 'THE FLY'... AND YOU VOMITED AT THE SPECIAL EFFECTS COVERING JEFF GOLDBLUM IN THE REMAKE... NOW, A NEW DIMENSION IN HORROR;...

Panel 1: "TREVOR AND RUI-2 FLY TO ALCOHOLIA TO SAVE THE STARTRUCK CREW... AND PROBABLY THE UN-EUSE WHILE THEY'RE AT IT..."

Panel 2: "OH YEAH... NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT I CAN SEE THE RESEMBLANCE..."

Panel 3: "MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANET... EXCUSE ME SIR... SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU LOOKING FORESHADOWINGLY AT THAT NOT-TO-BE-DISCLOSED-THIS-EPIISODE SCENE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW..."

Panel 4: "WHAT IS IT, BIT-PART? AGENT LOUIE WHO CAPTURED THE STARTRUCK 'SECOND PRIZE' IS READY TO TELEPORT HERE AS YOU REQUESTED. VERY WELL... PROCEED."

Panel 5: "MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE ON THE PLANET... ALAN BOND SOON TO BE ERECTED ON THIS SITE. WELL, THIS IS MY HOME, A.U. ALCOHOLIA: THE BIGGEST ALCOHOL MINE IN THE GALAXY..."

Panel 6: "THE ONLY THING WE'RE BETTER KNOWN FOR THAN OUR INVOLVEMENT IN SPORTING EVENTS..."

Panel 7: "MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE OTHER ELSEWHERE ON THE PLANET... OH PUKE-CITY! AN INSECT MUST HAVE GOTTEN CAUGHT IN THE TELEPORT WITH HIM... HE'S TURNING INTO A FLY!!!"

Panel 8: "WAIT... HE'S CHANGING AGAIN OH MY GOD! IT'S REPULSIVE! IT'S GUT-WRENCHING! IT'S BLOOD-CURDLING... IT'S MUCUS-FROTHING... IT'S... IT'S... IT'S..."

Panel 9: "ACTUALLY IT'S NOT TOO BAD... YEAH... I LIKE IT. ANYONE FOR AN ARM WRESTLE?"

Panel 10: "OH GREAT!... DONUTS!... BLURK! NOW THAT'S REPULSIVE..."

Panel 11: "LET'S TALK POLITICS..."

Panel 12: "THERE IT IS... JOH FOR P.M. (POST MORTEM) YOU'RE HAVING MY BABY?"