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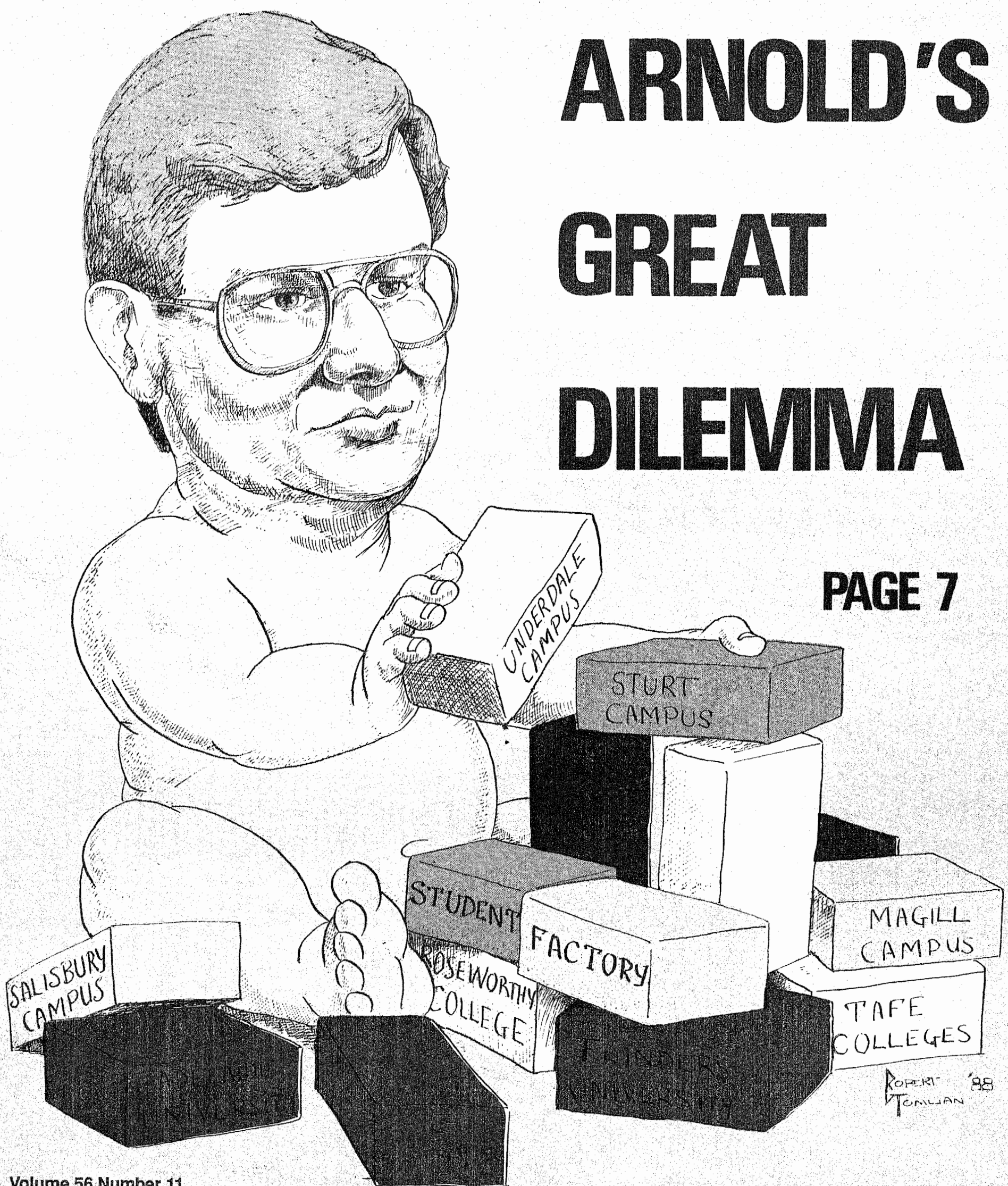
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11 JUL 1988

omnibus

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY JULY 4

ARNOLD'S GREAT DILEMMA

PAGE 7



A hymn to Yuppiedom

From *The Spectator*, this ditty from the annoying but unmissable Auberon Waugh. Mr Waugh once remarked (in his book *In The Lion's Den*) that the overthrow of Britain's private school system "would be most welcome, as it would put more money in the pockets of middle-class parents". Utterances like that haven't restrained him from utterances like this:

And even now, at twenty five
He has to WORK TO KEEP ALIVE!
Yes! All day long from 10 to 4!
For half the year or even more,
With but an hour or two to spend
At luncheon with a city friend.

What about Elliot?

Political morality is an odd thing (and a contradiction in terms, some would say) but it's at its funniest when it's being applied in a completely unselective fashion.

So it was amusing to see student from this esteemed Place of Learning present an Adelaide representative of mining and steel giant BHP with a petition this month protesting BHP's involvement in Chile.

I doubt BHP executives get too upset about these things these days. A few of them were fairly young in the 1960s, when these sort of protests first became fashionable, and when they caught a conservative world off-balance. At least one BHP executive is known to have been an anti-Vietnam War marcher.

More than that, senior BHP people (of which there are none in Adelaide) have spent the last few years fighting Robert Holmes a Court, John Elliott, the unions, the government and the Japanese. A few students must seem like light relief.

But it was their selectivity which was at once surprising (because they seemed to be idealists, people of principle) and quite expected (because it's been happening this way for years, making our young radicals in one sense quite, quite conservative).

The question was, why weren't they presenting similar protests to Elders IXL, John Elliott's company? Elders' sins are much like those of BHP: it has commercial arrangements with a dictatorial regime which won't allow mass protests, which censors its news, which has a history of brutality toward its own people which has included starvation and torture.

The regime is, of course, the Soviet Union. Elliott, in fact, is one of the leading figures in the Australia-U.S.S.R. Friendship Society, and Elders ships a lot of grain to Russia. Without protests.

The conclusion has to be that our protestors are only interested in nasty right-wing dictators, and that to attack left-wing ones would be political bad manners.

It's no use muttering that protestors "have to start somewhere"; if you wanted to start with the really unpleasant types, there are some Black Africans who make General



KEEPING UP

The current wisdom, compiled & annotated by D.W. Griffith.

Pinochet look like a cream-puff. And "you have to start somewhere" was the rallying cries two years ago when South Africa was Distaste of the Month. Yet South Africa, as *Keeping Up* has argued before, is not the worst of the African regimes, although it is the wealthiest. And the people protesting South Africa two years back seem to a large extent to be the same ones energetically vilifying the unpleasant Pinochet now.

This column suspects Mr Elliott is quite safe.

Do you recall Kolalgu?

The notion of selectivity brings us to a recent Bernard Levin article in London's *The Times*. Some of Levin's more recent essays are available as a paperback called *The Way We Live Now*, which you might find at Imprints on Hindley Street and which contains a particularly memorable essay on why E.T. should make you cry.

But in a more recent essay, he looks at an article in another UK paper, *The Observer*, which deals with an Afghanistani village called Kolalgu. It was the scene of a massacre by Soviet troops; the remarkable aspect of it was that the event was captured in all its horror by an Afghan photographer.

Levin first quotes from *The Observer*:
He concludes:

"For some officers and men of the Red Army the long road home from Afghanistan could lead to disgrace before an international war crimes tribunal...These pictures...along with eye-witness accounts...provide enough evidence...to begin building a detailed case against individual soldiers...the word 'Kolalgu' could take its place beside My Lai in the haunting lexicon of...atrocities...At least four articles of the 1949 Geneva Convention...appear to have been breached...The question that will haunt Gorbachev's 'year of peace' is whether these images of carnage will allow the world to forget the name 'Kolalgu'.

That must hold the record for the shortest lived prophecy in history. For the world has already forgotten the name of Kolalgu, and the massacre will not lead to disgrace for the killers, and Kolalgu will not take its place beside My Lai, and at least 444 articles of the Geneva Convention may have been breached by the Soviet troops without any danger of retribution.

You will remember the picture of a man being shot in cold blood in Vietnam. He was a Viet Cong soldier and was killed by a South Vietnamese officer.



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OR
WILL IT BE MASS-PRODUCED FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET??!!?

20/1/88 Nicholson

I say "you will remember" with considerable confidence because no one could count the number of times the scene has been shown on television. It was, over the years, forced into our minds' eyes until we could not forget it, and whenever a producer wanted a handy bit of anti-Americanism, he would reach for the film.

I have not seen any of the pictures of Kolalgu on British television, though they may well have been shown, but I am quite sure that, even if the scene has been shown, it will not be constantly repeated over the next dozen years.

And the obvious questions is: Why? Why is the weird imbalance so pronounced that My Lai now has a permanent place in history (and so it should) though Kolalgu and what happened there disappeared without trace in a fortnight? Why are our enemies regularly acquitted before even being charged, while our friends are treated as guilty until they can prove themselves innocent, whereupon they continue to be treated as guilty?

I have sought to analyse the basic form of this tilted equations, and I think I have found the pattern, although I am as lost as ever when it comes to asking why the pattern takes the form it does.

Take a reasonably sceptical man or woman, with moderate political views and a firm belief in democracy, to the Soviet Union and South Africa. You will find, again and again, that a statement made by a Soviet official about his country will be accepted without demur whereas a parallel, or even exactly the same, statement in South Africa is (rightly of course) taken on probation at best until cross-checking can be undertaken.

They may not deny Kolalgu, nor condone it; they probably won't even say, as their fathers did, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. They will simply make haste to forget it, some of them within a fortnight.

I am sorry for the young Afghan who took the Kolalgu pictures and

saw his people slaughtered around him, but I have to tell him that he has heard the last of it.

The thing that eats talent

The latest in top-ten lists, as compiled by *The Age*, is the Top Ten Songs Yet To Be Performed By The Young Talent Team:

- 'Jesus Saves White Trash Like Me'
Slaughterman
- 'The KKK Took My Baby Away'
The Ramones
- 'From Her To Eternity'
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
- 'God Save The Youth of America'
Billy Bragg
- 'The Back on which Jezza Jumped'
TISM
- 'Girls, Girls, Girls'
Motley Crue
- 'Detroit Rock City'
Kiss
- 'The Thing That Eats Hippies'
The Dead Milkman
- 'Igloo'
The Screaming Tribesman
- 'Nude School'
Painters and Dockers

The road to the Gaza Strip, 1988.

Quite a few *On Dit* readers may remember Charles Glass as the Middle East correspondent who was kidnapped in Lebanon last year before escaping his captors. Rather fewer will know him through the pages of *The Spectator* as possibly the best journalist covering the area. His account of the events behind the assassination last month of PLO leader Abu Jihad seems a chillingly accurate explanation of how Israel and the Palestinians got to where they are today.

'While the fighting was still in progress,' Yitzak Rabin wrote in a censure passage of his memoirs, about the 1948 Arab-Israeli War, 'we had to grapple with a troublesome problem: the fate of the populations of Lod and Ramleh, numbering some fifty thousand civilians...I agreed that it was essential to drive the inhabitants out. We took them on foot towards the Bet Horon road. The population of Lod (Lydda) did not leave willingly. There was no way of avoiding the use of force. The inhabitants of Ramleh watched, and learned the lesson: their leaders agreed to be evacuated voluntarily, on condition that the evacuation was carried out by vehicles.' One of the Ramleh inhabitants forced to leave was a 13-year-old boy named Khalil al-Wazir. Al-Wazir made his way to the Gaza Strip, where he was arrested by the Egyptians in 1954 for launching a raid against Israel. Later, he moved to Kuwait where,

with Yasser Arafat, he founded the Al Fateh Palestinian commando group. He became the equivalent of the PLO's minister of defence with particular responsibility for operations in Israel-occupied territory. His Israeli opposite number, Yitzak Rabin, was part of the cabinet which decided to put Abu Jihad to death - exactly 40 years after he had driven him from his home. He leaves his wife, Intisar, and their three children, Issam, Iman and Hanan. Ariel Sharon said, 'Justice has been done.'



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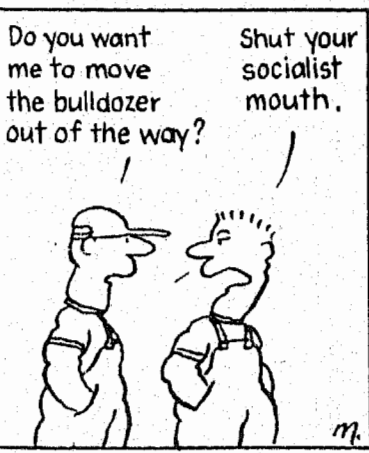
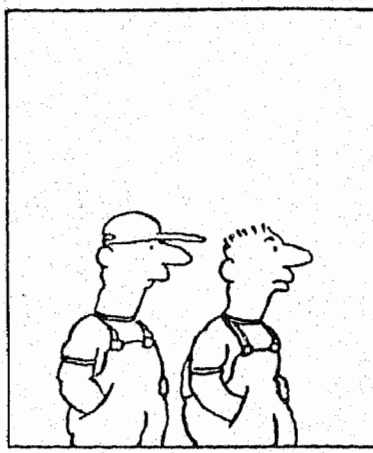
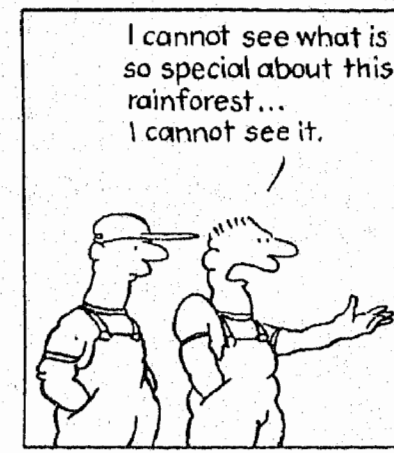
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Freight and Blah! and a few laughs: Alex Wheaton

Cover cut by: Benjamin Hunter

Thanks to all the folk on the hill who print our humble magazine so well. Thanks also to Roger in the bar for his kind favour on Saturday night. Not many people are kind to On Dit, but when they are, we repay them well. Apologies to anyone who was offended by the back page - we fully realise that this type of smut should not be made public, at all ever.

To everyone, every where, we here in at On Dit would like to wish you a happy American Independence day. We like Americans. An we like them to be independent. Off you go now, and tie crackers to doggies tails.



from the Sydney Morning Herald

Sexual abuse challenged

by Richard Ogier

A massive boost in the number of women security attendants is needed to combat sexual abuse on campus, an internal report has recommended.

The 17-page report, prepared by a working party of student representatives, comes amid both student and university concern at the heightened incidence of sexual abuse on campus this year.

Says the report: "So far in 1988 Adelaide University has been host to a diversity of crimes, ranging from rape, non-sexual assault, 'flashing' and other forms of harassment. The victims predominantly have been women, and cover the full range of campus users..."

"All these categories should be considered 'at risk'."

The report, which will go before University Council next month, says that Affirmative Action principles should be applied to all security staff appointments to ensure that at least one woman security attendant is working at all times.

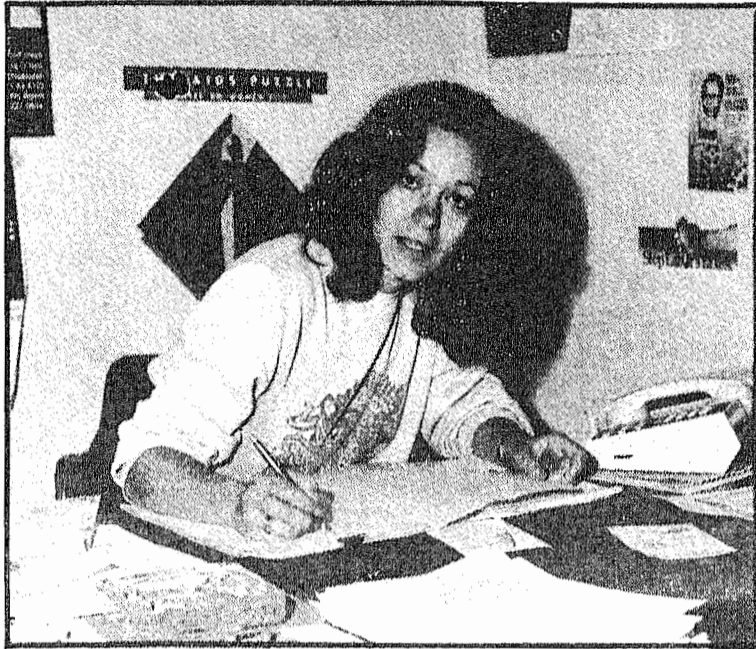
At present, the University's 24-hour Hughes Plaza security service employs only one (recently appointed) security officer (see accompanying story).

The report denies any suggestion of "tokenism" saying that installing more women officers is "an essential and minimum security requirement if we are to provide a security service which is supportive of women".

And even in times of financial hardship, says the report, the importance of campus security should mitigate against any (further) rationalisation of services.

The current level of 29 officers, it says, should be set as the minimum staffing level.

The report draws links with a lighting survey conducted in April by Students' Association representatives and an officer of the Crime Prevention Unit of the S.A. Police Force in recommending the university augment campus security through the use of technology such as emergency telephones and automatic lights.



Report co-writer, Ms Arna Evers-White

The lighting survey (presented to University Council by SAUA councillor, Sue Coles) has been endorsed by Council which has pledged to spend \$100,000 as part of a plan to upgrade lighting on campus.

The report also recommends that:

- A permit system of on-campus after hours parking be initiated, free to women students and staff.
- The university establish a pick-up bay for persons who are dependent on taxis or other personal vehicular transport.

In the wider context of preventive measures the report says an education programme should be made available to each woman encompassing self-defence classes, workshops on rape awareness - to be organised by the Equal Opportunity Office - and forums where women can discuss their "experience and reactions" concerning sexual abuse.

An information booklet should be produced and distributed to undergraduate and postgraduate students at enrollment in 1989 and to first years alone every year after that.

An additional pamphlet, directed at men, would be written in the style of "Are You a Sexual Harasser".

Says the report: "Men should be informed that (some of) their behaviour is not acceptable male behaviour, but may, in fact, be highly offensive".

Spokesperson for the working party, Students' Association Women's Officer, Ms Arna Evers-White, said she hoped the report would help to make the University's approach to combating sexual abuse more preventative.

She said that the University was now operating in a "crisis mode - that is reacting to attacks when they happen rather than adopting a wider view."

"The report emphasises an on-going strategy through forums, publicity and self-defence classes. The on-going is what needs to be emphasised," she said.

Ms Evers-White wrote the paper with Students' Association Education Research Officer, Mr Alan Fairley, and Post Graduate Students' Association Researcher/Organiser, Mr Mark Leahy.



New security attendant, Linda Miles

Linda's happy as the lone woman

by Richard Ogier

Newly-appointed Adelaide University security attendant, Ms Linda Miles, is very much one in a crowd. Not that she minds.

Ms Miles is the first qualified female security officer to be appointed to the university's security branch - until now firmly a boys only domain.

Ms Miles took up her new post two weeks ago with, she admits, a few reservations. But now that she's beginning to settle in it's proving, well, better than expected.

"It's true that I was a little worried about working with an all male crew but there are no problems what so ever there", she says.

"They're all very accepting". In fact, the soft-spoken Ms Miles says working with gents only could have its advantages. "Some women can get a little bitchy", she

says with a laugh, "men are quicker to turn off. I mean, some women can't help but give you half-an-hour of their problems".

Ms Miles has spent the last couple weeks finding her way around the "maze-like" campus - something that is a little daunting even though it has a certain familiarity.

Ms Miles spent seven years traipsing the meandering halls of Melbourne's Alford Hospital not so long ago.

But the last 18 months she's worked in a protective services division of government security in Melbourne.

"I'm looking forward to my time here", she says.

Ms Miles was appointed as one of a group of four new recruits. The others are Mr Ken Chester, Mr Jeff Mitchell and ex-Rolls Royce mechanic, Mr David Atkins.

The story of a language

by Rebecca Lange

Although not a new language Esperanto has remained relatively unheard of in Western Countries.

Esperanto is an international language which takes its roots in English, Russian, German, Polish and French.

Developed in Poland 101 years ago, the language has had varying amounts of influence and Adelaide University hosted the first Australian Esperanto congress in 1911.

The failure to have it adopted as the official language for the United Nations saw a decline in its interest. However, due to the increasing costs of interpreters the European Economic Community plan to use a modified version as a 'bridging Language' between different foreign governments. This has meant a new interest in the language.

Fifty three countries now have some connection with the language and a recent survey by UNESCO estimated that over 10 million people in the world now speak it.

Last year there were 100 different universities in thirty countries offer-



ing the language. With the most rapid expansion occurring in Asian countries such as China, Japan and Korea. As well as the Eastern European countries.

Particularly enhancing is the "Passport Service" which lists names and addresses over 800 people in 55 different countries. These people will host esperantists for a couple of days or more free of charge.

If travelling doesn't appeal to you esperanto also provides the opportunity to have pen friends in many different cultured countries throughout the world.

There is now an Esperanto group on campus

Austudy fraud check

by Sally Niemann

A sample of students receiving Austudy payments have been sent letters demanding information about earnings for 1988.

The letters have been sent as part of a survey being carried out by the Benefits Control Unit in an attempt to ensure students are not defrauding the Austudy system. Director of the Benefits control Unit, Mr Allan Hoffman, said the survey was being conducted because "concern was felt by the Government that Austudy payments were not going to the people it was intended going to".

"It really is no different to what we have been doing in past years."

Mr Hoffman added that it was a verification of data exercise, not a prosecution exercise, but said that "there will be prosecutions where there are breaches."

533 letters have been sent out in South Australia. This means that 5% of all South Australian recipients of Austudy have been targeted, a larger than normal percentage for a 'survey'.

The Benefits Control Unit was set up by Mr Peter Duncan, Junior Minister for the Department of Education, Employment and Training.

"We can go anywhere we want to go



EWO Mr Korndyke

to get any information and to verify data. What we are asking is less detailed than when TEAS first started," Mr Hoffman said.

"For majority of students it is not going to effect them at all. We want to ensure that the right people are getting the data."

Senior Private Secretary for Mr Duncan in Adelaide, Mr Jim Hyde, said there was "no hunt going on to try and cut down on benefits."

"The whole of this government's attitude to Social Security and benefit fraud is that the people who



Mr Duncan

it hurts most are those people who need it.

"We want to make sure the Austudy money goes as far as possible. Anyone defrauding the system are cutting out those who deserve it."

Education Welfare Officer for the student Union, Mr Michael Korndyke, warned that "the system is deceptively simple".

"Students should contact an Education Welfare Officer, either myself or Maria Schumann, on receiving a letter from the Benefit Control Uni."

Witness the attacks the Peru military denies

by Richard Ogier

Authorities in Peru flatly deny they are holding two farmers captive even though witnesses claim they saw them being dragged away by the military.

Jorge Perez Ore, 26, was working on his farm in the Huanta province of the Ayacucho department when he was jumped by members of a nearby military base.

The Ayacucho department (department being similar to an Australian state) is a modest distance south east of Peru's west coast capital, Lima.

Several of Jorge's relatives who claim they witnessed the incident, have told human rights authorities that Jorge was seized and detained at midday on December 30 last year. Accordingly, his "disappearance" has been denounced to the regional attorneys of Huanta and Ayacucho.

Yet officials continue to deny they have detained Jorge.

His whereabouts remains unknown.

At midnight last December 22, Emilio Vargaz Satiago, 56, was detained by members of the army at his home in Huayhuas, Macachaca, also in the Huanta province. He is reported to have been taken to the Castropampa army barracks.

As in Jorge's case, the authorities



HUMAN RIGHTS FILE

have denied detaining Emilio even though witnesses claim they saw the act. And similarly, human rights authorities have denounced the "disappearance" to the attorneys of Huanta and Ayacucho.

Amnesty International has said it is "concerned about the physical safety" of Jorge and Emilio.

But they are only two of numerous peasant farmers to have been arrested in Huanta and Ayacucho since several political assassinations - apparently by the Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path) guerilla group - in the latter months of 1987.

Several departments were at that time placed under state of emergency provisions - which remain to this day.

The Shining Path have recently been responsible for the execution-style killing of captives in the emergency zones and for the first

time earlier this year, in the Puno and Cusco departments (which were not then under a state of emergency).

Those killed have included members of rural development teams and health workers, apparently for the sole 'crime' of having 'co-operated' with the government.

But authorities are also believed to have killed people they have seized. Human rights groups have registered their concern at the detention of political detainees on false charges, evidence of torture and ill-treatment, and extrajudicial killings by the police, military and civil defence forces.

More than 150 prisoners were massacred in three Lima prisons this time last year after violent revolts were stopped. Some of the survivors were later tortured and evidence has emerged that up to 60 alleged to have died were secretly taken into the custody of the navy.

Since 1981, all political prisoners in Peru, including prisoners of conscience, have been charged with terrorism.

Human Rights File is compiled from information supplied by Amnesty International. For further information Amnesty can be contacted at 155 Pirie Street, City. Telephone: 323 0066.



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EDUCATION REVIEW

New scheme to aid Aboriginal students

A new version of the Aboriginal Study Assistance Scheme (ABSTUDY) has been launched by the Federal Government. It will provide additional help for tertiary and secondary Aboriginal students, beginning in 1989.

Included in the new scheme will be modified income testing, as well as the existing student benefits.

The announcement of the scheme was made jointly by the Minister for Employment, Education and Training, Mr Dawkins and the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Mr Hand.

They said that those students who did not meet the 1989 income test requirements would be maintained at the 1988 rates, and AUSTUDY would continue other benefits such as tutorial assistance and fares for isolated students.

Wran may cause teacher down turn

The Federal Government's proposed tertiary education tax may have a major effect on the quality and number of teachers graduating from Australian higher education institutions.

The warning was issued by Macquarie University's School of Education has drawn up a critical analysis of the proposed government tax, originally formulated by the Wran Committee.

The paper enhances the Macquarie University's belief that the Federal Government's plan to increase the number and quality of graduates is doubtful.

"Under the Wran Committee's proposal new students who enrol for primary courses would emerge not only with their training but with a debt of \$4,500", it says.

Secondary students however,

studying such subjects as modern languages will receive a bill of about \$6,000. The graduates of the key shortage areas of maths and science will be faced with bills of around \$9,000.

The result of the Wran proposal will run contrary to the intentions of the green paper to secure more maths and science teachers, leading to a decrease in the number.

The "Ideal Type"

According to a leading industrialist the image of Engineers as seen by the Australian public is as "a pompous lot who can only speak of their projects".

To improve their image, deputy chairman of Allico Steel Corporation, Dr Manuel Alves said the nation's engineers should launch a public relations campaign.

He also said that compared to other countries, Australian engineers are grossly underpaid.

Furthermore, unless engineers are paid competitively, the necessary talent previously attracted to engineering, would turn to other fields or go overseas for a better deal.

A better opinion of engineering as a profession will be brought about in a promotion demonstrating that engineers are committed and competent professionals.

Dissolution

A call for the dissolution of the Flinders University Students' Association was an "annual event" according to Association President Mr Jim Wellmore.

The call came in a three page leaflet entitled "Scandal - call for the dissolution of the Students' Association" and was not signed by any group or person.

"Our (NUS affiliation) referenda was legal, we fulfilled quorum, and the leaflet actually shows how well we have been doing, I think."

Mr Wellmore said they (who ever they are) were "wasting their time".

Report reveals lessons to be learned

When students speak does the University listen? Not necessarily. But the security on campus report by student representatives released last week (see page 3) shows how the student body might best go about getting its views and concerns heard.

The report is wide-reaching, authoritative and obviously intelligent. It's systematic in its appraisal of the problem and maps out specific proposals for addressing it. Moreover, it has been put together with admirable haste.

It is, of course, a case of understatement in the extreme to say that sexual abuse on this campus is a cause for serious concern. It is something that must be handled with sensitive hands and yet the university must be quick to adopt the sort of decisive action proposed by Ms Evers-White and her working party if any progress is to be made.

The earlier survey into lighting on campus, organised with haste in the wake of the rape (re-

On Dit

EDITORIAL

ported in these pages) in April has highlighted the deplorable security risk posed by large sections of this campus. Numerous areas are overgrown with low-lying scrub (a would-be assaultant's perfect hiding place) and areas such as the 'short-cut route' to North Terrace through the courtyard adjacent to the Conservatorium often are barely lit at all - disgrace by any measure.

Needless to say, it is tragic that only after a handful of varying "incidents" does the university decide to take action.

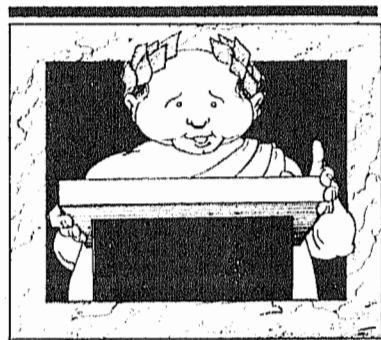
We should all note the date (June) at which Council has promised to spend \$100 thousand on upgrading lighting on campus so as to monitor its progress. How long before the literally massive overhaul that's required is on in earnest.

We should notice also who it is - which students - are responsible for acting here. In future weeks when the brouhaha of elections is with us and the talk is of 'factions', 'tickets' and 'personalities' - we should remember who's done what over issues like this. For their report, Ms Evers-White, Mr Alan Fairley and Mr Mark Leahy, and for the earlier lighting survey, Ms Sue Coles, should be strongly commended.

If only NUS had managed to build an equally tangible (and therefore sellable) alternative to the Wran plan in the same quick-footed and decisive manner, we might not now be staring a spurious Graduate Tax in the face.

Richard Ogier,

The Tribune's account of our times



FORUM

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

As concentration of media ownership intensifies in Australia alternative publications are thought by many to be of increasing importance. This year, Communist Party Newspaper Tribune turns 65. Tribunes' DAVID WINDERLICH reports.

A week is supposed to be a long time in politics - try sixty-five years. That's how long *Tribune* has been giving the workers side of strikes and covering the struggles of Aborigines and the peace movement.

Tribune began in June 1923 when Australia's fledgling Communist Party turned its newsheet into a popular agitational paper - *Workers Weekly*.

In 1939 *Workers Weekly* became *Tribune*.

From the beginning, *Tribune* broke stories that the mainstream media ignored. The CIA's links to the Nugan Hand bank and the Witenoom mines legacy of asbestosis were only picked up by the mainstream media after being given a high profile by *Tribune*.

Tribune currently provides an unparalleled coverage of the uncontrolled development taking place in Sydney and The Greinev government's draconian essential services legislation.

The Bicentennial makes *Tribune's* coverage of Aboriginal issues of particular interest. It did not begin in 1988.

In 1938, white Australia celebrated its 15th birthday. The *Sydney Sun* didn't feature one article about Aborigines during the whole of 1938.

Tribune denounced the celebrations as 'jingoist war propaganda' and ran articles about the mounting evidence of sexual abuse and exploitation suffered by Aborigines under the control of the Aboriginal Protection Boards in NSW and Queensland.

Tribune was often paternalistic - however, it did take pains to present a positive picture of Aborigines. Take its reaction to assimilationist ideas. Wrote *Tribune*:

"The natural pride of race of the Aborigines is as real and legitimate as that of the whites and must be respected."

Tribune's biggest failure was its neglect, despite featuring many articles about the British atomic tests in Australia, to mention the effects of radio-active fall-out on Aborigines living in the test areas.

But by the 1950s almost every issue included an article about Aborigines and the Communist Party's policy of self-determination and 'collective ownership of tribal lands' was being expressed in the pages of *Tribune*.

The party and *Tribune* reached their peak in the Second World War. Despite being banned by the Menzies government from 1940-42 the good will felt towards the Soviet Union as a vital wartime ally - rubbed off on Australian communists.

Even in the glow of glasnost it is difficult to believe the affection felt for the Soviets. The hammer and sickle flew above state parliament on Red Army Day, Stalin was Uncle Joe and the conservative Premier Tom Playford spoke at a celebration of the USSR's national day - the anniversary of the November 7 Revolution!

Today, John Howard bristles at the prospect of commercial fishing deals being signed with the Soviets.

But during the war Russians were our allies, the Moscow connection an advantage. The Communist Party grew and so did sales of *Tribune*.

Party members selling *Tribune* door to door on Sunday mornings in working class areas were, for once, more likely to run out of *Tribunes* than to have the dog set on them.

What Tribune's readers say

by D.W.

Chris White, Assistant Secretary UTLC.

The mainstream press completely sets the political agenda so getting a different perspective from *Tribune* each week is like a breath of fresh air.

Brian Toohey, former editor/writer National Times, now Editor of Private Eye.

Interesting and useful...since the media takeovers the importance of any alternative publication has increased.

Irene Gale, National Convenor, CARE.

Half the reprints in the CARE newsletter come from *Tribune* reports - it's very useful for information about aboriginal and anti-apartheid issues.

Ashley Fuller, Wilderness Society, Campaign Co-ordinator in Adelaide.

It provides a lot of the facts and statistics that you need for environmental issues.

The CPA came out of the war with over 20,000 members and *Tribune* with a circulation of around 30,000.

Several states produced their own *Tribune*, Queensland had two - the Queensland and North Queensland *Tribunes*.

Today, only the national *Tribune* remains. Its circulation has fallen to 5,000 and the Communist Party too has shrunk to a fraction of its former size.

The decline began with the Cold War. The Menzies government reacted to the Korean War by attempting to outlaw the Communist Party.

Although the Party and *Tribune* survived a brief period underground and their right to exist was upheld in a national referendum, the anti-communist hysteria, generated by Menzies' campaign, was a severe setback for Australian socialists.

The credibility and confidence of Australia's communists was also badly shaken by revelations of Stalin's atrocities and the Soviet Union's domination of Eastern Europe.

The Communist Party of Australia responded to these setbacks by discarding its uncritical pro-Moscow line and developing an independent and democratic socialism based on Australian conditions.

However, this led to a series of

splits in the organised left. In 1964, the CPA Marxist Leninists broke away from the CPA to follow a Maoist line. In 1971, the Socialist Party of Australia was established by CPA members who opposed the Communist Party's condemnation of the USSR's invasion of Czechoslovakia.

A series of Trotskyite groups emerged, the largest of them being the Socialist Workers Party.

But the left wasn't just fragmenting - it was broadening also. The peace movement, the women's movement, solidarity groups, gays, environmentalists and migrants began to organise, multiply and take control of their own struggles.

These social movements produced their own newsletters and stimulated a range of publications some of which they controlled and others that were independent but sympathetic. The best known of these publications include *Spare Rib*, *New Internationalist*, *Social Alternatives*, *Chain Reaction* and *Australian Society*.

The 1970's also saw the emergence of another important outlet for community groups and social movements - public radio.

For most of the century *Tribune* had been almost the only source for news and ideas outside the conservative mainstream media. The Communist Party was one of the

few organisation involved in the struggle for peace and justice.

Today there are a range of alternatives to both.

Even the mainstream media has improved. According to Brian Aftrons, National Organiser for the CPA:

"twenty years ago there were a lot of things you could only read in *Tribune*. The mainstream media wouldn't objectively report a strike. To some extent they've been forced to change."

Newspapers like the *Age*, the now defunct *National Times*, a number of ABC and SBS TV and radio programs and even Channel 9's feature reports that are critical of the worst abuses of government and business.

However, they don't criticise or question capitalism or liberal democracy *per se*.

Th Left, the Communist Party and *Tribune* are partly victims of their own success. The creation of the Welfare State and reforms such as equal opportunity legislation were the result of struggle against injustice. However, they have made capitalism more acceptable and radical alternatives less appealing.

These broader changes have led *Tribune* to play a different role. *Tribune* Co-Ordinator, Murray Broad, sees it as "a universalising role, projecting the overall picture that the others are only doing in bits and pieces."

Tribune has become something more than a party paper. It now describes itself as "produced on behalf of the Communist Party of Australia to service the socialist, labor and progressive movements and to publicise their views...providing news information, analysis and commentary which assist people in these movements".

The socialist framework remains but its boundaries are much more flexible.

Although *Tribune's* circulation has shrunk and its financial situation is precarious, its influence should not be underestimated.

Its contribution to Australian politics is best summed up by Brian Aftrons: "*Tribune* is read by a lot of key activists in the Labor and progressive movements. People who are opinion makers. If they get some ideas from *Tribune* it's performing a very useful function."

Tribune is now available in the University Book Shop.

Bannon attempts Uni coup

The Labor Party have left students with very limited alternatives in the Free Education Campaign. The choice seems to be to accept the tertiary tax and tinker around the edges or to continue to campaign for Free Education in the electorate.

I regard free education as a fundamental principle which cannot be abandoned without conceding that education is not a responsibility of the society.

Casting education as a social responsibility presumes that graduates contribute to the community and the economy in a way that is socially beneficial and that the economic advantages of graduates are taken into account by higher rates of marginal taxation.

That is, if a graduate earns more, they pay more tax. To accept user pays principles in higher education will inevitably have consequences in the values that underpin education in Australian society. When every student is required to pay as they learn the pressure to ensure that their education is to their individual economic advantage increases.

Students have to make commercial judgements about what they study.

The opportunity to change courses of study is also limited by financial constraints. In short, students will have to approach learning from a position of individual self interest rather than have regard for the social good. And there can be no doubt that lay-by education will be less accessible to disadvantaged groups, particularly when value added is marginal.

In short, free education is a bottom line for the student movement which should not be abandoned because Government at the



ALAN FAIRLEY
Students' Association researcher

moment is in the hands of over zealous economic rationalists. Free Education is not negotiable and the campaign must go on.

Now that the Labor Party has sold out their Education Platform they have positioned themselves in opposition to students and the student movement. It is the responsibility of the student movement to now take the conflict into the Electorate and for most effect into marginal electorates. This is probably the last battle ground for free education and it will be here that we will win or lose. We need to organise an intelligent and well organised campaign which involves a lot of leg work by a lot of people. We need students to get involved in the next stage of the campaign to win. So think about how you can help, and keep your eyes open for more details in student media.

Amalgamations

The State Government also seems to be setting a collision course with the Education sector in South Australia. The Draft White Paper that has been leaked to us proposes a complete upheaval of higher education in the state.

It is clear that the Bannon Government wants to take control of uni-

versities and colleges in this state and retain it. Of most concern is the proposal to embark on wholesale amalgamations of Tertiary institutions. The Government is attempting to collapse all the existing institutions into two universities.

There are a litany of problems which arise out of the leaked White Paper that should be of concern to all students in S.A. History has shown over and over that multi-campus amalgamations result in significant deterioration of educational service delivery, inefficient management systems and lower staff morale. The entire higher education sector in South Australia will be disrupted for marginal economic gain.

In fact, the Finance Department of the Federal Government questions whether amalgamations are economically viable.

What it does mean is that Higher Education in South Australia is easier to control if there are only two universities with a majority of government appointments on their governing body. Government control in Higher Education is a threat to academic freedom and institutional autonomy. Amalgamations as proposed threaten the quality of your education.

Medical Students

Med students would be happy to know that the time honoured tradition of failing a student for the entire year for failing one, sometimes small component of their course, looks like being scrapped.

Every year med students present at the Students' Association understandably outraged about having to repeat a whole year most of which

they have already passed. Earlier this year the issue was raised on Educational and Academic Matters Committee within the University and the Dean of Arts, Bob Dare, and I argued that this was outmoded and unreasonable. It was agreed that the Dean of Medicine should be approached. Now the faculty has decided to change its policy relating to failure and once it has gone through Education Committee and Council it will be law. At last the Med School is being more reasonable.

Security on Campus

Congratulations to all those people who have been involved in the security campus campaign.

Three months ago there were plans within the Uni Admin to close the Plaza Security Office at night and reduce the number of security personnel on campus. This year there have been several instances of sexual assault reported on campus which prompted a safety awareness campaign, which called into question the wisdom of reducing the level of security on campus.

It also focussed attention on the issue of lighting on campus. Last week the Education Committee approved the expenditure of \$100,000 to upgrade lighting on campus. Plans to cut security staff were turned around and more staff have been employed to restore the service to previous staffing levels.

Furthermore, it looks likely that the Adelaide City Council will provide better lighting around the University. The campaign is continuing but congratulations to all concerned for these major victories.

OS students meet in Melb



SATHISH DASAN
OS Students

Second term is well on its way and overseas students have been busy trying to get the job done. The response to the highly successful International Nite '88 has been tremendous.

The OSA is actually planning a much more informal dance night which has been tentatively set for the 16/7/88. Watch the Campus Media and posters for more information.

On the sports front, the Malaysian Students Association organised a seven-a-side soccer tournament last weekend and it was good to see a healthy turn-out - both on and off the field. An idea for an 11-a-side tournament has been mooted and all those interested should contact the OSA to get the thing going.

Nationally, overseas students will be meeting in Melbourne on the 21st - 24th of July to decide on our National policy for 1988/89.

Lastly, I would like to congratulate OSA Hawks for their 2nd place in the seven-a-side tournament over the weekend. Good show!

S.A.U.A. ANNUAL ELECTIONS

Election Dates:
25- 29 July inclusive.

Nominations:
Open - Thursday 7 July
Close - Friday 15 July

Nominations will be open for the following positions in the SAUA.

1. President
2. Vice -Presidents (2)
3. Women's Officer
4. Orientation Co-ordinator
5. On DIT Editor(s)
6. Bread & Circuses Editor(s)
7. Student Radio Director(s)
8. Eight General Members of the SAUA Council
9. Four General Members of the Education/Services Standing Committee
10. Four General Members of the Activities Standing Committee
11. Seven NUS Delegates

Nomination forms and further details available at the Student's Association Office.

Nomination forms will be lodged in the Student's Association Office.

SEMINAR ALL STUDENTS WELCOME

*"An Introduction to
Student Representation"*

**FRIDAY JULY 8TH
1.00 PM**

North Dining Room, Union Building

Here is your chance to be introduced to the wonderful world of student representation. This is a one hour introductory session aimed at projecting the work, and opportunities for participation, in the student organisations your Union Fee maintains.

This introductory session will provide an insight into the key areas of formal student representation:

- within the University
- within the Students' Association
- within the National Union of Students

The links between these different levels of representation will be established, and their role in the broader work of the student movement discussed.

Discussion will be pitched at those of you who have not been directly involved in the process before. We hope you may opt to follow up on the programs we develop out of this initial seminar, but we're quite happy if you just want to come along and listen to the presentations.

Further information is available from Alan Fairley in the Students' Association Office, drop by for a chat if you have any questions or suggestions.

Arnold's amalgamation push puts him in the arena of hot events

The State Government's plans to amalgamate tertiary campuses in S.A. is proving a headache for Further Education Minister Lyn Arnold. Here, BRIAN ABBEY, presents the first extended essay on the controversial debate since the draft White Paper was leaked two weeks ago.

It's a green! It's a blue! It's a white! No, it's a lemon! It's the State Government's paper on restructuring higher education which appears in one colour and then another, but is almost never in public view.

The story of this attempt to restructure the tertiary sector through a massive merger programme is a story of wasted opportunity and politico-administrative ineptitude of unusual proportions.

The episode opened with the request by the S.A. Institute of Technology (SAIT) Council to have that institution redesignated a University. This move was designed to enhance the status of the Institute, the standing of science and technology in the community, and the status of the associated professions. It would also assist in attracting larger research sums from government and industry and in the marketing of courses and services overseas.

SAIT's request to the State Government was soon followed by a similar request from the College of Advanced Education (SACAE). This was only to be expected - why should any institution wish to be left behind in these things? These steps followed similar developments in other States.

This *ad hoc* approach threatened to become a major system redesign by default. At this point the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide circulated a discussion paper proposing a deliberate redesign of the S.A. tertiary system. After outlining a number of the key considerations which ought to enter into the restructuring of the State's system, the paper went on to propose a three university model. This model was based partly on geography and partly on disciplines. It suggested a northern, central and southern university with each to have a core of the basic disciplines, each to engage in postgraduate teaching, and each to have a special focus or mission. The central university, grouping the institutions now on North Terrace, was to be a closed development, i.e. to be capable of no further growth beyond those boundaries. The northern and southern universities were to cater to the faster-than-average population growth anticipated in those areas between now and the end of the century. Special relationships between the university sector and TAFE were suggested.

The University's hope was that restructuring would provide the occasion for initiating or speeding up educational reform.

The circulation of this paper could have been expected to arouse controversy: indeed, that was an inescapable part of any attempt to raise the level of the debate from an institution-by-institution approach to looking at the system as a whole. However, the response it received, at least from the other institutions,

was unexpectedly hostile and defensive. Instead of seeing it as an invitation to a long-overdue debate, it was treated as a threat. Critics labelled it (somewhat shrilly) as "arrogant", "imperialistic" and "self-seeking".

As one who favoured the circulation of this provoking paper, I was surprised at the hostility of the reaction it attracted. Perhaps the critics were right: perhaps it was insensitive of the oldest, most conventionally prestigious institution to put its views forward in that way. Or perhaps, and I think this is nearer the truth, the reception reflected the sheltered life that tertiary institutions have led. Unaccustomed to rapid change, inexperienced in considering system design, safe and secure within a framework of close regulation, the institutions have been unused to the demands of forward planning, the rigor of aggressive debate and the mechanics of proposal, counter-proposal and negotiation to a resolution. It might seem strange to some to say it, but perhaps we in the tertiary sector have something to learn from the equanimity and good grace with which the inevitable frictions associated with change are handled through the theatre of confrontation-negotiation in the sphere of industrial relations.

Be that as it may, events now began to move rather more quickly. First, the State Minister, Lyn Arnold, announced an enquiry into the structure of the system, and then a similar announcement came from the Federal Minister, John Dawkins.

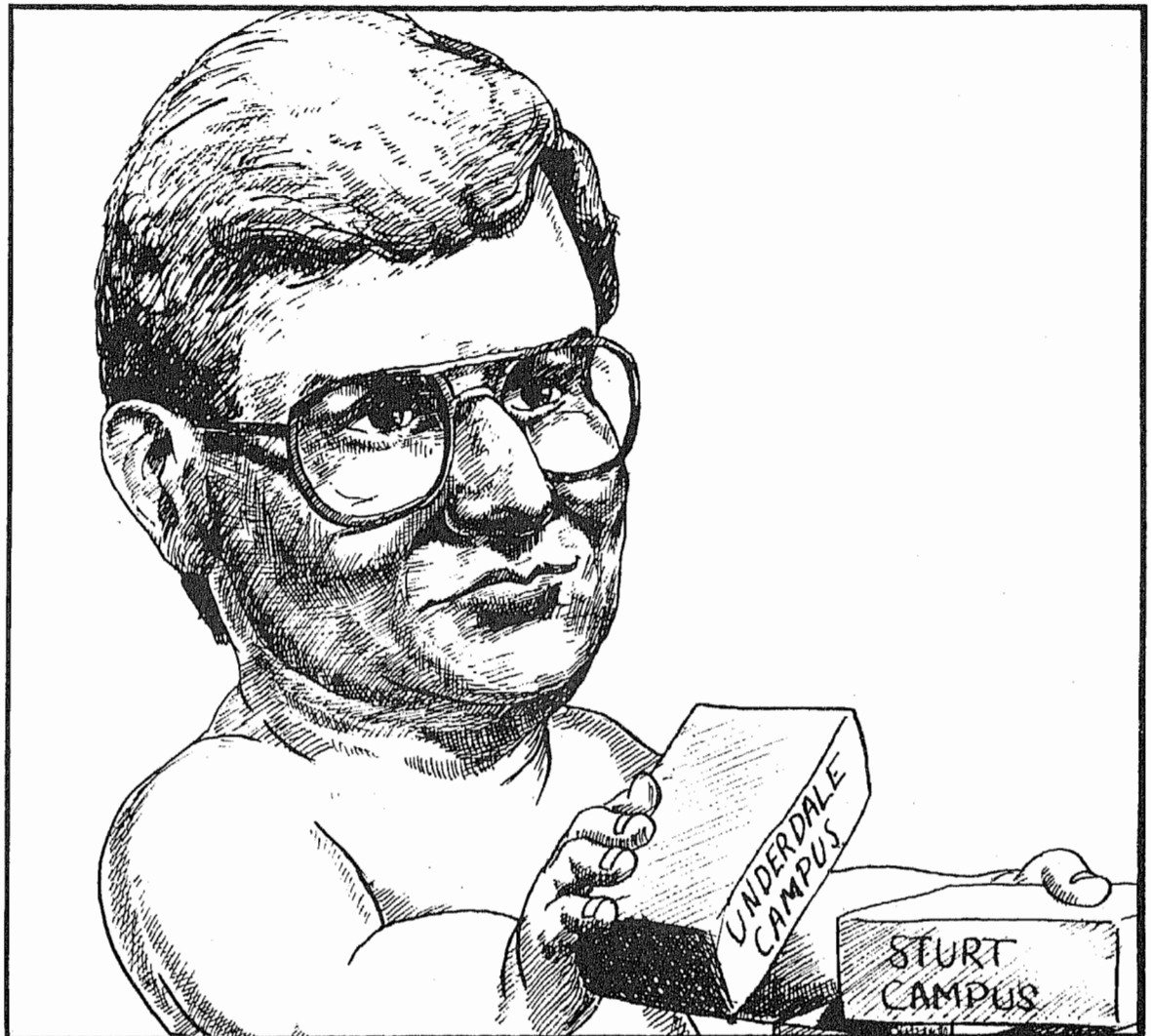
These developments were, to my view, wholly beneficial inasmuch as they further broadened the debate and injected new elements into it. The Dawkins paper gave official support to reform movements which have been proceeding (even if too slowly) in most tertiary institutions during the past few years. Here I am referring to reforms such as improving equity and access for under-represented groups, improving student support services, easing the restrictions on transfer of credit from one institution to another, a new awareness of

"By this time one would have thought that the Minister's feet were so full of holes that he could have stopped shooting. Not so."

the cost of student dropout (both to the student and to the system), greater staffing flexibility, improved internal management procedures, closer links with industry and community needs, new proposals to meet the increasing unmet demand for student places, and the like.

But again, in both the State and Commonwealth papers, it was the topic of amalgamations which seem to catch everyone's eye.

The Commonwealth Green Paper produced some spuriously precise figures which were supposed to prove that institutions had to be this big or that big in order to be educa-



tionally and financially viable. They did no such thing, and before long the Federal Minister and his advisers were forced to back away from these figures, claiming that they had been nothing more than tentative approximations designed to stimulate thinking. What these spurious figures actually did stimulate was a scramble to get big. Institutions, believing that their funding would suffer if they did not meet the Commonwealth size limits, began developing proposals for growth by amalgamation. Models and counter-models - one, two, three, four, many universities - flew back and forth, completely obscuring the real objectives of any educational change.

This mess was made worse by the State Green Paper. This document, much less intelligent and much less subtle than its Commonwealth counterpart, had little or nothing to say about education reform in the broader sense. It was fixated on institutional size but, lacking even the veneer of figures and argument, it depended on rhetoric and assertion. Structured around the one - two - three - university model, it gave great emphasis to this issue. Reading between the lines it was plain to see that the State Paper had been written by bureaucrats who favoured a one university model for use by a Minister who favoured a two university model.

If the Paper itself seemed to offer little to educational reform, the way the Minister and his Office of Tertiary Education (OTE) conducted the ensuing debate offered less. A very short time was allowed for the preparation of submissions. Sceptics saw this as an attempt to catch the institutions off guard, with staff and students on summer vacation. While larger Federal considerations probably dictated the timetable, this at least ensured that there would be little debate within the

institutions before formal submissions were lodged. This in turn ensured that any political flak created by the State's moves would come late in the process and be difficult for the Government to manage.

There was no consultation with the institutions or the unions over the process by which the Green Paper was to be produced and debated, and eventually turned into Government policy. There wasn't even a detailed timetable for this process published until quite late in the day.

There was to be no provision for a collaborative approach involving

"...how did a Minister of long standing, real ability and undoubted political courage waste a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity in this way?"

the institutions in identifying and solving the sector's problems. Each was to submit its own proposal which would then be taken away by the Minister's advisers and turned into whatever was the Minister's (or the advisers') wish. As far as the institutions were concerned, their involvement was to end when they dropped their submissions into the mail box.

The strategy of keeping the institutions divided and uninformed seemed to be working in this phase, although no great foresight should have been required to see that this

could not last for long, much less provide the basis for a new system.

We have to presume (because the Minister has been silent on the subject) that the hope was to gain increased control over S.A.'s main agencies of research funding and scientific and technical education, to boost the output of market-ready graduates and then to use these new powers to feed a hi-tech restructuring of the ailing local economy.

In such a context rumours proliferated. Those who would anyway have opposed reform movements found easy targets for attack because of the Minister's silence and aloofness and because of the poor quality of the material circulated in his name. Those who would have welcomed dialogue about progressive objectives waited in vain for some lead. The facts and figures to support the amalgamations push never came.

By this stage, perhaps as early as March, it had become obvious that wholesale amalgamations could not be a useful vehicle for education reform; indeed it was emerging as a threat to the reform process already under way.

The Commonwealth forces seemed to understand this, and moved the amalgamations question right out of the spotlight. This probably reflected a belief in some sections of the Canberra bureaucracy that amalgamations, besides being politically dangerous, may also be economically indefensible. They are more likely to cost money than to save it, except perhaps in special circumstances which don't exist in South Australia.

Mr Arnold and OTE failed to see these things and plunged ahead with their merger project. In doing so the State Minister and his advisers made one of the oldest and simplest

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Dial an L.A. thrill of your choice

Sex over the phone? It could only happen under the L.A. sun. In the first of series of travel articles, ALEXANDER GROUS investigates.

California: sun, surf, nightlife, excitement, telephones. Telephones? Is this a joke? Indeed not, the telephone has spawned an industry in Los Angeles that has infiltrated Australia and other countries only in the last few years. The catalyst for a multi-million dollar per year industry is sex; more specifically, phone sex. Putting the oral into aural, the business is a lucrative one, an it seems there are just as many people involved as there are telephones.

"Hi, this is Laura, I'm sure glad you called me," the recording says in a sultry feminine voice. "I bet there's a lot of things you'd like to do to me, right? Well now is your chance, so why don't you begin by..."

Simple, isn't it? You take a voice, preferably a soft and sensuous one, add an alluring touch of fantasy and bingo - instant sex appeal. Couple this with a direct charge number, and now you have a business. Simple see? And where do you find all these uninhibited, raunchy numbers of decadence? Well, on just about every street corner in Hollywood. There you'll encounter little brown boxes that for a couple of quarters spill into your hands a newspaper full of little numbers and a collection of the most provocative messages you're ever likely to see.

Do you have a 'phone love' preference? It's all in black and white; fetishes, dark girls, short ones, tall men, couples, the list is endless. Many of the numbers are recorded messages, in which you're billed for the length of your call, otherwise you pay a small fee and the call cost. But what compels someone to enter into the profession, and how do they go about it?

Sitting in a Hollywood Boulevard pizza bar, surrounded by the wild and varied elements of Americana, I speak to Jasmine in between mouthfuls of stringy pizza.

Jasmine has been working as a 'phone therapist', as she calls it, for the past two years. An attentive and attractive girl, she is no different to the thousands of hopefuls that come to Hollywood each year, in the hope of success and stardom.

"I was so naive when I first arrived," she says. "That all disappeared when after six months I was broke and had nowhere to sleep. Well, luckily for me, one of my girlfriends asked if I wanted to come and see if I could get a job where she worked. I didn't even know what she did exactly, but I knew it had to do with phones, and so I assumed that she sold stuff over the phone."

"Boy, was I wrong. It turns out that she goes into a recording studio and tapes these really sexy conversations, so that they can play them when guys ring up! I was shocked at first, and couldn't believe the stuff she was saying. Pretty soon I got used to it though, and that's about the time I started working there as well. It pays well, and you don't even have to see or actually 'talk' to anyone, so that suits me okay."

"Putting the oral into aural, the business is a lucrative one."

There are hundreds of agencies in operation around LA - and even more individuals - so not everyone gets a recorded message. Jasmine tells of the 'live' work that the girls sometimes do.

"Oh sure there's live work, I tried it once, but I prefer the recorded stuff. That's just me mind you. I guess it's exciting at first, because every call is different, and there's someone there on the other end. So you've got to do your best to please them, and really give 100% in every call. It's pretty tiring you know, considering the amount of calls per day that you get."

It appears that the best way to get into the profession is to scan the papers for vacancies. Some girls, however, simply ring places and ask if anyone is needed. Still



others can work from their own home, provided they can afford a special line to bill the other party and keep record of it.

Suddenly, Jasmine's room-mate Cheryl appears and she too is in the phone sex industry. It turns out she's one of LA's longest running and most successful live call agencies.

"I'd never do anything but live calls" she says, taking a seat. "I'm a fairly sensuous person, and relate better to someone else actually being there. You do get the odd weirdo, but there's so many places around now that people can choose exactly what kind of sex they want to talk about."

"Some of the girls do the phones during the day, when the businessmen and offices are busy, and in the evenings they go on 'outcall'. Some earn a lot of money that way but you can only do it for short periods or you're exhausted."

(For those wondering, 'outcall' refers to visiting people in order to provide 'therapeutic' services.)

Cheryl explains why sex over the phone has become so successful...

"I think it's because everyone has needs, and most of the time, with the one partner, you are inhibited. We all know that over the phone you can be much more liberal and open, because you can't see the person for one, and second, you can use your imagination much more."

"By allowing people to relieve some of their tensions and fantasies over the phone, you are providing a service that could prevent them

"I bet there's a lot of things you'd like to do to me right?"
'Phone Therapist'

from hurting someone and it makes them feel good.

"We get a buzz out of it too in some cases because you have to give your all when trying to arouse someone merely by talking to them over the phone."

The question plaguing me was what happens if these girls progress

to dating some of the men that ring?

"Sometimes, it happens," says Cheryl. "If I like his voice and he seems nice enough, why not? I've done it before. I wouldn't usually do it after talking to them only once, but after a few times you sort of get to know them a bit."

A few days later I came across an ad for a new concept in phone eroticism: a 'Party Line of unrivalled Passion'. People could ring and place three ads on an answering machine whilst listening to existing ads from others. Apparently, it is one of the most popular phone services of its kind.

Another striking feature of some of the newspaper adverts advertising sex and sex related 'pastimes', is the number of clinics specialising in breast enlargement. Silicone implants are an obsession at the moment in this part of America. Together with the over-abundance of ads boasting "well proportioned busts", is one big LA industry. How does old adage go when referring to a somewhat 'over accentuated' bust, "Silicone valley is just around the corner".

From page 7.

political mistakes in the book. They were building a campaign which threatened and divided their friends while it simultaneously united and promoted their enemies; and all in pursuit of a secondary or non-essential objective.

More precisely, the rigid and unexplained adherence to the amalgamation strategy began to dissolve the dominant coalition which has developed within the institutions in recent years to support more rapid movement towards education reform.

By this time one would have thought that the Minister's feet were so full of holes that he could have stopped shooting. Not so.

The manner in which the draft White Paper (or Blue Paper, as it has been termed) appeared proved that little had been learnt. It was handed to the members of OTE's Advisory Board, among whom are the heads of the institutions, on condition that the contents not be shown to or discussed with anyone! So much for the consultative process within democratically-structured institutions like this one.

This rather crude gambit may have been meant to allow a token consultation whilst keeping the matter out of the public domain; or it may have been a political tactic designed to draw the university and college leaders into apparent collusion with the Minister, splitting them off from their institutions and thus weakening both. Either way it didn't work.



The torrent of rumour and alarmist conjecture became a flood, and began spilling into the Press, very much to the Minister's disadvantage.

The academic unions, under pressure from the membership, began to publicise their fears and press the Minister to withdraw and recast the Paper. There began to be talk, even from ALP supporters, about running anti-Government campaigns in city and inner-suburban marginal electorates.

In this institution the Vice-Chancellor's promise to the Minister was honoured but someone somewhere, quite predictably, wasn't so strict about it. The Shadow Minister for Education appeared on the *Advertiser's* front page with a resumé of the document's contents. The article ended with a lame and rather directionless quote from Mr Arnold, thus completing his rout.

The contents of the Paper, which are rumoured to be worse than the *Advertiser* report revealed, will

have the effect of giving to those who oppose educational reform a battle standard and rallying cry more attractive than anything they have been able to fashion for themselves for about a decade past. We shall hear again much fevered and declamatory talk about "academic freedom", "excellence" and "autonomy", larded with copious nostalgia for the glories of the past; and, thanks to the Minister and OTE, we shall hear it all in a context which makes it both relevant and

Please don't misunderstand. There is nothing at all wrong with such values; at the end they must be protected.

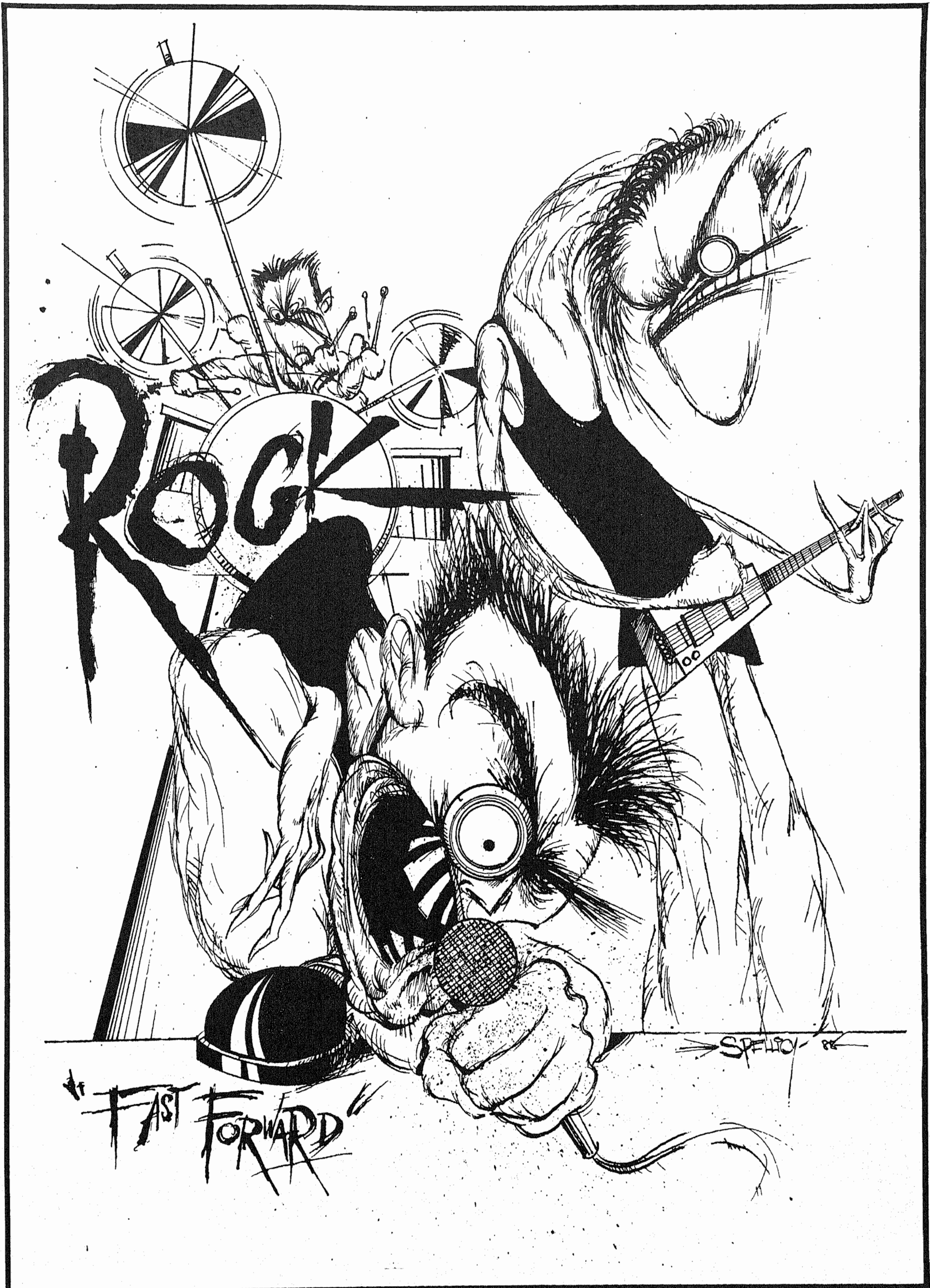
But the task of educational leadership as we go into the last decade of this century is to create a climate in which these indispensable values can be carefully and coolly analysed afresh to discover their essential contemporary meanings, meanings which must be appropriate to these times and compatible with other key values being pursued through social and educational reforms.

The sad outcome of the inept management of this whole episode is that the Minister and OTE have made these crucial question harder to ask, not easier, and have made the range of answers likely to be offered narrower, not broader.

Many of his friends will want to ask: how did a Minister of long standing, real ability and undoubted political courage waste a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity in this way? One would want to look very closely at the quality of the advice he has received; perhaps the answer is there.

Whatever the answer may be, the Government is in real danger of halting the progress of educational reform in this State, and alienating many of its supporters in the process. The pressure for reform needs to be maintained; the push for wholesale amalgamation needs to be dropped. It is not too late.

Brian Abbey is Senior Lecturer in Politics.



ON DIT MUSIC SUPPLEMENT

Where the outback and the city collide

Gondwanaland is considered to be Australia's most successful aboriginal-influence band. MATT GIBSON spoke recently with Charlie McMahon, the band's central figure.

Since 1983 *Gondwanaland* has filled the position of Most Unique in the spectrum of popular music. Basing their sound around the continuous rhythmic drone of the didgeridoo they have stunned, perplexed and, ultimately, entertained audiences right around Australia.

The band's central figure, Charlie McMahon, typically received no official musical tuition, but gradually picked up the essentials of didgeridoo performance from an early age.

From his late teens playing basic three and four chord acoustic songs with friends on the river flats outside of Blacktown, McMahon spent five and a half months touring the U.S. to promote the instrument.

The tour was a success in many ways. Firstly because the Americans, attended performances with a genuine desire to listen; secondly because it introduced McMahon to the possibilities and scope of synthesizers; and most importantly because it afforded him the opportunity to reassess his national identity.

"It was the longest time I'd been out of the country and away from the bush, and I started to feel what it meant to be an Australian.

"It's often when you go away from a place that you get a totally different perspective...So I had this feeling of the very special nature of the country, which is stability.

"I felt that Australia had 'stability' written all over it, in every way. So I got this idea of *Gondwanaland*, of a place which is close to its distant past in its present form.

"That's what Australia represents to me. I also had the idea of combining the didgeridoo with synthesizers...so when I came back here I had the idea of finding a synth player in Australia. So the band started off as a response to a sense of identity."

McMahon chose the synthesizer over the inclusion of acoustic keyboards for the important reason that synthesizers are far easier to tune than a didgeridoo. While you can perfectly tune a didgeridoo by cutting away at the inside, it alters the overall tone as well.

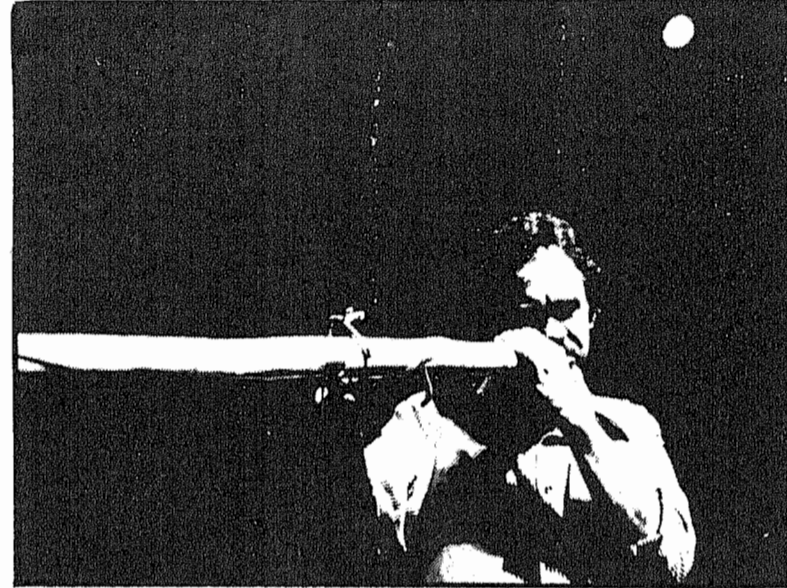
"I have a few beautiful sounding didg's," says McMahon, "and I dare not cut them. We simply tune the synthesizer to each didg."

Three albums down the track and there have been cries that since the release of *Terra Incognita* in 1984 the didgeridoo has slowly but surely been swamped out by synthesizer noises. That even the percussion, which forms the important bridge between the two instruments, has been stifled. To an extent, this is true on their latest album *Gondwanaland* which even includes tape loops and snippets of recorded radio material.

"What's happened with music with me," declares McMahon, "in some ways is that I've evolved out of the didg being the dominant sound force in it and I've moved into other areas.

"Like the vocals in 'Troppo' and that sort of thing. The song format is going to continue to grow. We've basically substituted the didg for the bass guitar. Musically, the didg now takes up the bottom end, rather than forcing it to be a lead instrument."

McMahon's sense of identity comes as much from the Aboriginal experience as it does from the European. He has always associated with kooris (as they now wish to be known), often going 'outbush' with



Charlie McMahon : didgeridu and identity

them. He greatly admires and respects their culture and mastery of the bush and rejects the notion that we shouldn't attempt to hang on to our bush culture, as the influence of open space on the national psyche is unavoidable anyway.

Whilst not actually actively involved in any "schemes or plans of action", he insists that he is working for Aboriginal rights "at a cul-

tural level", and is thrilled to see communities like Redfern (an Aboriginal suburb of Sydney) being able to coalesce after years of division and apathy.

"There's a lot of advancement out there in the aboriginal people, in their ability to organise things and pull things off. It's really great to see."

Musical arachnids back with a bite

The Lime Spiders have recently returned from a tour of the USA. They will, however, not be stationary for long, as they are presently touring again to promote their new album, Volatile. ALEXANDER GROUS discusses their latest works and efforts with them.

A scathing trip into the bowels of debauchery, history and thumping rock (on the wild side), *Volatile* reaffirms the band's commitment to music with a vengeance. As with anything to do with these four hard rockin' boys, it must be played LOUD! The sound level of the record should be no different to that of any of their gigs.

Richard Lawson, the Spider who drums, began by telling me of the hectic tour across the mainland USA.

"It was an over the top tour! Awesome. Not having been out of Australia, we were blown away by the whole thing.

"It seems like the tour was a success, for all these people were writing that we were OK, and others were saying to us that we sounded pretty good, saying things like, 'You guys are a pretty good hard rock band', and stuff like that.

"I think what many liked about us was the fact that our influences ranged from blues, to psychedelia and pop.

"The actual tour started off on the West Coast, where we played for a week in LA, then we went down through Texas, Alabama, and up to the East Coast, then back down to Georgia, Washington, even Canada, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, and LA again.

"It was very hectic, I mean, we played fifty two dates in sixty days, where in the first month we played thirty dates on our own, and then we played twenty two dates with PIL, and later nine nights in a row."

Richard noticed some differences with the US crowds, as opposed to the Oz crowds they play to when not jet-setting.

"The main difference between the two lies in the fact that the crowds in Australia are absolutely blind drunk, in particular I am referring to our pub gigs, whereas the American crowds just turn out and have a big party.

"They don't drink as much, but they really get stuck into it, dancing around and packing a lot into their night out. But, Australian audiences are still the wildest slammers around, no doubt about that!"

On the subject of touring, after the band finishes touring around Australia to promote *Volatile*, it seems there are more adventures for the boys planned and on a grander scale than the last trip.

"Well, this year we've got a world tour planned," Richard says.

"On June 15th we're off to Britain then Europe, playing in the Ross Kilda festival, and throughout Europe, then back to Australia, then New Zealand and finally the USA."

At present the band is promoting their new album and touring around playing material from it. So what do they think of *Volatile*?

"Interestingly enough, we sit down and listen to our own record, very much like any other one we might put on. We're pretty critical of it when we have to be, but we also get a kick from hearing ourselves.

"If anyone thought that we were going to make a record that was an extension of *The Cave Comes Alive*, our last record, then they were sure as hell wrong! This is a hard rock album, and it should quell those who were beginning to scream out sell out after the last one.

"We are not selling out, and once the title track hits you, bang! That will make you think twice.

"We wanted to get back to basics with this album, is what it comes down to. I mean *Volatile*, the single released, is the heaviest and dirtiest track out of all of them. The response is pretty mixed, with the commercial radio stations not touching it with a bar, whereas others that do play it came it; they seem to like it.



Lime Spiders : new album proves they're not a sell-out

"Greg Henderson's mixing is responsible for the twelve inch version of *Volatile* being so expansive. It would have to be the best and fullest sound we've ever achieved. The guy is just a whiz kid of sound engineering!"

What will strike those that hear the record, or should I say those that read any of the lyrics, is the varying degree of subject material. There's everything on the record from Greek History, with the track *The Odyssey*, to sheer savagery and kinkiness with *The Captor and the Captive One*. Richard explains these two polar tracks.

"*The Odyssey* reflects our love of Greece, which we've visited at different times. It's one of my songs, and also reflects my interest in ancient history. *The Captor*, however, is a great rock 'n' roll track, almost like the Rolling Stones meet Led Zeppelin.

"It's a track about a guy bringing home the girl next door, experimenting on her, putting her in a jar, etc, etc. Our sings are all pretty diverse, with everyone contributing to writing.

"Here I think is why we do okay, because we all have an input into our

music. On person just doesn't come in and say, 'Here, put music to this', as is often the case."

"All in all, the album has something for everyone, I think, with a few tracks being more 'commercialised', although I don't know if that is the right word, whereas others are your solid hard rock songs.

"We're really happy with the album, and it should give us some good material to do when we go on our world tour."

Donny Osmond - A prisoner of image?

A comeback by any artist must be handled carefully, particularly when their musical credibility is on the line. For no-one is this more true than Donny Osmond, whose current attempts to forge again a career in rock have come under close scrutiny from music journalists. On Dit's MAT GIBSON spoke recently to the reborn Osmond from Salt Lake City.

When interviews were lined up recently his record company were most anxious that a serious angle be taken. With an open mind I took the call from Sydney and began with several stock standard questions when David Penberthy burst into the office squealing "Oh Donny" in a loud American accent.

Far from destroying the interview, David's presence worked to break the ice quite nicely. What follows is a transcript of our three way conversation. Rather than feed you my subjective judgements on Donny's 'credibility', it's probably best for you to read and make your own.

D.O.: ...particularly the *Donny and Marie Show*. I mean, I look back at some of those reels and cringe. But then, who can knock success, because it was so successful.

True, it's not a success I can easily live down and I probably won't live it down for the rest of my life, but then that depends on what age bracket we're talkin' about.

The young teenagers now know roughly about Donny Osmond but they don't have an image hang-up. Let me just ask you a question. That guy in the background [David], is he there? Can I just ask him a question?

M.G.: Sure you can.

D.P.: G'day, who's this on the line?

D.O.: Donny.

D.P.: Donny Osmond, really! How are you?

D.O.: Fine. I find it really interesting that you should say that.

D.P.: You mean that I screamed 'Donny' when I came in. That was because...

D.O.: You don't have to explain, 'cause I totally understand. As I was tellin' Mat, I'd probably do the same thing too, y'know. If I was looking at what I used to do in the past.

D.P.: What so you've changed your show over the years a bit.

D.O.: [laughs] Yeah, slightly.

D.P.: Right, 'cause I can only remember seeing you as a kid with the Osmond Family.

D.O.: Well, that's why you said what you said and that's why I'd say the same thing.

D.P.: Well, the reason I did that was I didn't realise you'd planned a comeback or anything like that. I just thought that somebody was talking about Donny Osmond and immediately thought 'Hey, 1970s and flared trousers', that kind of thing.

"I'd much rather be who I am now than a brand new artist trying to make it with no name."

D.O.: Right, right. Have you heard the new single?

D.P.: No, I haven't. Have you got a record out already?

D.O.: Yeah, it's called "Soldier of Love".

D.P.: What, are you planning an tour.

D.O.: The album will be out in a few months but the tour won't be happening for a while.

D.P.: Yeah, well, it was nice to speak to you.

D.O.: Yeah, well, I just wanted to meet you over the phone at least and don't worry about it, man, 'cause I get it all the time.

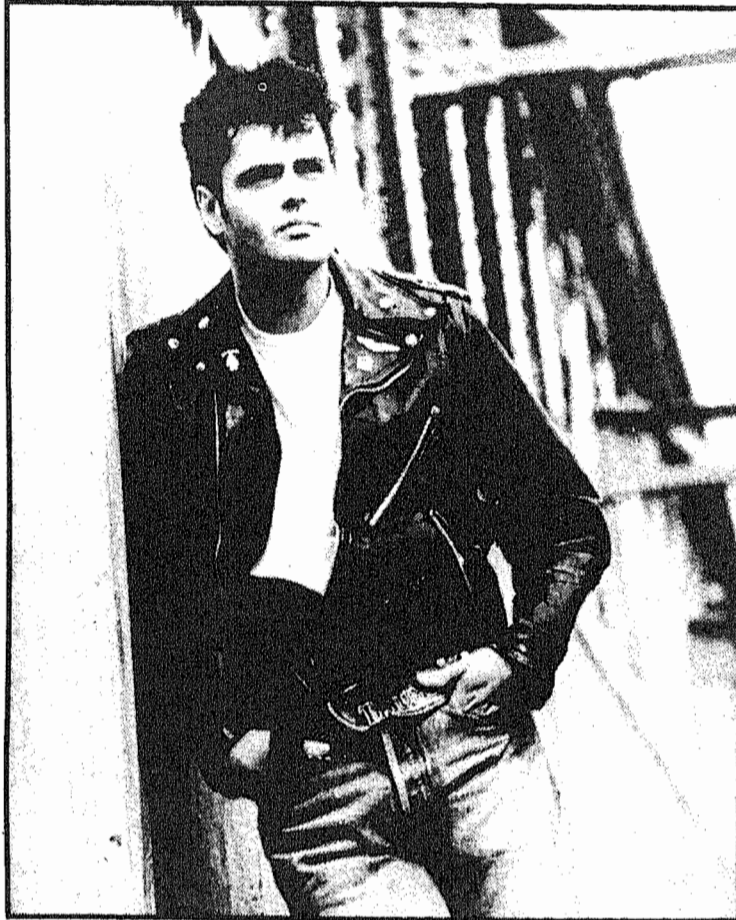
D.P.: Does it piss you off?

D.O.: No, no, it's OK.

D.P.: So whaddya think of Sydney?

D.O.: I haven't had time to see it.

D.P.: Yeah, well, go see see some of the markets there. You'll love Paddington. But



Donny Osmond : goodbye flares and schmalz

take your dark glasses or you might get mugged.

D.O.: [laughs] I don't think so, it was a long time ago.

D.P.: How long has it been, about 15 years?

D.O.: At least. But then there was the *Donny and Marie Show* which went on a little longer.

D.P.: You mean, I'm A Little Bit Country?

D.O.: You got it.

D.P.: I've probably got that record somewhere in my bedroom.

D.O.: Yeah? Well, I threw all mine away. [mutual laughter]

business. There's not just you but thousands of other talented artists who's work gets ignored.

D.O.: I tell you somethin', I'd much rather be who I am now than a brand new artist trying to make it with no name. At least I'm a known quantity, so it's just a matter of changing perceptions.

D.P.: Let me ask you, Donny, have you changed your image at all? Because people used to associate you with the clean cut, all American, Mormon image. Has there been a change there?

D.O.: Yes, considerably.

M.G.: I'd draw a tentative correlation with Michael Jackson. Y'know the child superstar who returns later with an ultra-hip image.

"Perhaps there is more to Donny Osmond than just glitzy costumes and shiny teeth..."

D.O.: If it was half-baked, nobody would believe it, because nobody would take me seriously, because I wouldn't take myself seriously.

M.G.: You'd certainly have to believe in yourself to attain the accolades that you did before.

D.O.: Look, I wouldn't want it that way again, particularly with the teenyboppers screaming and all that. It has a tendency to cheapen your music. Nobody takes you seriously because it's considered a fad.

So perhaps there is more to Donny Osmond than just glitzy costumes and shining teeth. We'll just have to wait for the album to see if he really has turned over a musical leaf.

A guide to home recording systems

The four track makes for affordable, easy to use recording equipment that allows an individual or band make demo tapes of a fairly high quality.

ALEXANDER GROUS looks at the four tracks available and the prices you might expect to pay.

Why should the four track market be such an important one for Tascam, and other manufacturers?

Composers can assemble a good part of an orchestra, or a mucial band entirely on their own, thus aiding both composition and convenience. It is the practicality of this that makes the four track so appealing. The fact that you can buy one for under seven hundred dollars not only saves expensive studio time, but puts them within the reach of many people.

In principle, four track recorders work like this; You plug into it and begin taping much like any normal cassette recorder. Once finished, you then rewind the tape, and whilst listening to it, you then re-record onto another channel, without erasing the first. Thus, you can hear on replay, both of the instruments. In practise, you therefore have all of the sophistication of a recording studio, (rather scaled down) at a fraction of the cost.

You can record on the Tascam four tracks up to ten different parts, making for formidable technological convenience at your fingertips. Bands can thus polish and perfect their sound recording, before taking their tape to a studio, or venue.

"It is the practicality that makes the four track so appealing."

All the four tracks covered here are in the 'Porta' range, which means they are of a portable 'go anywhere' nature.

Porta One Ministudio

The most basic of the Porta range, a four track recorder with four inputs, features dbx noise reduction; each channel has a 2-band equaliser; the sensitivity of each channel can be set and controlled by linear faders; a pan pot makes it possible to assign the channel signal to anywhere between tracks during recording; four VU meters allow you to monitor 'safe' range of sound; a variable pitch control allows you to provide your own effect.

Recommended retail price is \$799.

Porta Two Studio

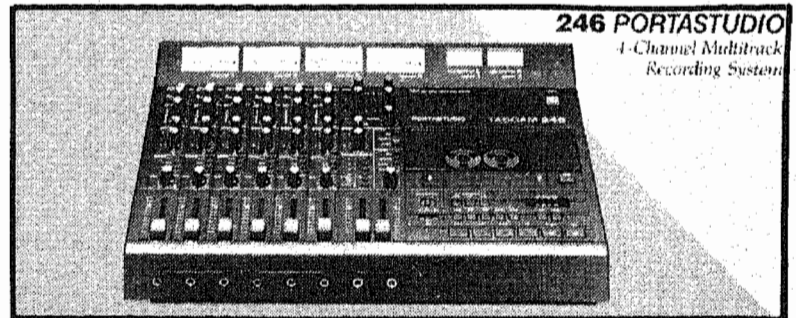
The Porta two has everything that the Porta one has, and more. Instead of accepting only four input channels, it has six, giving greater recording capabilities. The Porta two has the addition of a separate effect bus, which can be used to drive a separate external reverb unit, or other effect. You can then return the effect signal via the return effect jacks, allowing you to mix it into the master stereo signal.

A midi sync in/out terminal is provided, allowing you to work with this twentieth century marvel, thus incorporating a drum machine, synthesiser, etc.

Likewise, the flexibility of six inputs paves the way for doubling up your sound on those channels not directly recorded upon. **RRP \$1,099**

Porta Five Ministudio

This has everything that the Porta One has, but has replaced the displays with electronic peak level meters. It features a sync out also, which like the Porta Two allows for midi compatibility, and its effect submix also allows for using external effects. It is thus a good cross between the two, and is more like the Porta Two, except that it has four input lines. All of the four tracks also have a zero tape function, which allows you



The fourtrack - practical, easy to use.

to set your counter to zero, and when you are constantly rewinding, it automatically stops - at zero saving you much frustration. **RRP \$699**

246 Porta Studio

Now we are in the big time of four tracks. Resembling a mixing board, the 246 also contains a six track mixer, has two speed recording operation, and is the beginning of the 'serious recording' category.

Every function of the Porta Two is here, except in much better quality and sophistication. A few additions are those already mentioned, plus a 12% pitch control, and a tape counter showing minutes/seconds or index increments for very fine precision. The tape memory allows for quick search, and creation of continuous playback loops as well as zero tape function. This is the

epitome of sophistication, for the semi-professional, and is of exceptional recording quality.

RRP \$1,995

Allans music in the city has the full range of four tracks featured here, and many more. All of the four tracks featured here take ordinary tapes, making them increasingly popular, and the Porta's one, five and two also take batteries. Tascam is now bringing out an eight track taking cassette tapes, which is eagerly anticipated, both for its practicality, and price - about half that of a reel to reel eight track.

Peter Noske in the basement of Allans is the guy to see about the little beauties featured here, and remember that Allans gives Adelaide Uni students a pretty good discount, on presentation of your Uni card. So if you've been wondering about four tracks, check 'em out. They make pretty good sense.

THE BAND THAT ROARED

ROARING JACK

ROARING JACK have developed a reputation for delivering aggressive live performances that leave the crowd panting in a sea of sweat and stout. **DAVID PENBERTHY** talks with three members of the "celtability" band and music, politics and alcohol.

The five-piece Sydney outfit Roaring Jack are refreshingly unique and challenge anybody to slot them into a suitable category. At their Flinders show a friend of mine, whose vision was slightly impaired at the time, peered towards the stage and remarked "Shit! It's Redgum on speed!"

Not quite. *Roaring Jack* lack the nasal overtones of most folk bands and graciously refrain from singing scores of songs about bonnie rovers who go wack-fo-tiddle-ay-ey. Their fusion of rock and roll aggression with the beauty and complexity of folk tunes makes for original music with guts and passion. Often described as "punk-folk" or "celtability", the most accurate appraisal of their style comes from lead singer Alistair, "Sort of like the Clash meet Steeleye Span in a backstreet and job them".

I caught up with three members of *Roaring Jack* - Alistair, Steven on accordion and mandolin, and Bob who plays various guitars including the mighty Celt O'Caster - during their first Adelaide tour.

"I'd like to reverse the perception amongst Australian kids that if you could avoid being in a trade union it would be a good idea."

David: How do you feel about being constantly compared to bands like the Pogues?

Alistair: Oh, it goes back a lot further than the Pogues. We'd all been playing this sort of music for a long time before we'd even heard of the Pogues. We've all played Celtic music in the past, but we've also played rock and roll. We've never been the sort of people who are into folk music to the exclusion of everything else.

Steven: People forget about the Celtic influence in white colonial Australian music and make silly comparisons.

David: Yeah, *The Advertiser* described you as "Australia's kindred brothers of the Pogues".

Alistair: I suppose it's a convenient thing for the press, and for Australians who only know the Pogues.

Bob: I mean, we don't look like that. (Points at a picture of a gummy and particularly demented looking Shane McGowan, lead *Pogue*, on the cover of *New Musical Express*)

Alistair: I fuckin' hope not! Anyway, that kind of comparison is really superficial. In Britain there's lots of bands who play in this style. *The Clash* pioneered it with *English Civil War*, and then the *Pistols* did *Frigging in the Rigging*. So the *Pogues* weren't the originators of the style, it was the *Pistols* and the *Clash*. We're more influenced by the electric-folk bands that sprung up in the early 70s, particularly *Fairport Convention* and *Steeleye Span*, than by the *Pogues* or the *Dubliners*.

Steven: There is a big difference between Scottish and Irish music but people can't pick it, they lump it all together as folk music.

Bob: On the whole, most of our tunes are Scottish-Celtic.

David: There is a strong political element in Celtic music. Do you think the political ideas of the band carry over from your roots?

Alistair: Yeah, hanging around folk clubs as a kid was very political, with all the marches and debates. I was only fourteen and didn't have much insight into what was happening, but it rubs off on you.

David: Could you see Australia producing something like the Red Wedge in Britain, you know, an "Australian Made" with a conscience? What issues do you think it would tackle?

Alistair: Well, it certainly wouldn't be to keep Labor in power! (general laughter and agreement) In Sydney we've been approached by some members of Young Labor, but we've all got different ideas about what issues to support.

I'd like to reverse the perception amongst Australian kids that if you could avoid being in a trade union it's a good idea. We want to alter this distortion that is generated largely by the media.

At the moment, it's a bit dodgy, as the ACTU are right behind the Accord. They're all set to sign this treaty to prevent strikes for twelve months, so that unions accept any shit that's hurled at them.

We don't want to look like we're supporting the ACTU on that one.

David: Have you played benefits in the past?

Bob: Heaps. We've had them coming out our ears.

Steven: The worst thing is that there's never anybody there.

Alistair: They always have them in halls with shitty acoustics. We did one recently for the BLF, which was good.

David: You got a pretty mixed response at Flinders when you played *Lads of the BLF*. People started whinging about Big Norm.

"There is a big difference between Scottish and Irish music but people can't pick it, they lump it all together as folk music."

Alistair: That's why we go on so much about the BLF anyway. The stuff written in the press is not necessarily true. They're the only union that's had the bottle to stand up to the ALP.

David: I don't believe it's a question of whether you're a big BLF fan or not, but whether you think deregistration is a fair thing.

Steven: Yeah, that's exactly it.

David: Do you worry about being pigeonholed as a political band?

Steven: Yep.

David: You know, like Billy Bragg, "socialist guitarist", Roaring Jack,



"socialist rock band...that sound like the Pogues.

Steven: Ha! God forbid!

Bob: As long as we keep singing songs about men who blow their arseholes off in the lay, there's no chance. If it was soapbox rhetoric all night it might be different.

Alistair: A huge part of our show has nothing to do with politics, that's just an element in it because it's a part of life.

David: I suppose it's something you can't avoid, although most Australians spend half their life trying to.

Alistair: Sure. We sing about things that affect our lives, and politics is part of that. But we're not a political party, we're a rock band.

David: Do hotel owners ever retaliate to your politics and kick you out?

Alistair: Nup...Oh, one really early on, but that wasn't the only reason. That was the last straw. The real reason was we were too loud and unruly, and at the time of the BLF deregistration, I came out and said something to the crowd, who heckled me.

Bob: Us in a dance club didn't work.

Alistair: Still, they were fair about it.

going between us all. At the end of the night the owner said piss off. That was a really straight sort of Irish folk pub.

David: Too much for the hard core folkies?

Steven: Yeah, we got up their noses.

David: In your song *Yuppiewtown* you slag off the renovating trendsetters who drive out working people. Have you ever been told that *Roaring Jack* don't match the new brass fittings and the Hycraft carpet?

Alistair: There was a bit of that when the Piccadilly became a dance club.

I've got nothing against hip-hop clubs. I like hip-hop.

(general look of distress)

David: Hmmm. Fair enough.

Alistair: All we've ever had is help from the whole industry. I wish someone would chuck a brick at us, it'd be great for our credibility.

Bob: There was the flowerpot incident.

Alistair: What?

"Play some rock and roll" and you called him a dirty hippy!

Bob: He came up later and said 'you don't remember me, but I'm the man with the hanging basket'.

You've got to keep your wits about you.

David: With the *Street Celtability* EP, you were conscious of capturing the insanity of your shows on it? You seem to have succeeded.

Alistair: Yeah, I think so too. It was recorded at ungodly hours of the night. We had to finish gigs and then record because we've got other jobs, so the

whole thing was done very late...and very pissed.

One night we took a crowd up and hung around until about four in the morning, when we were trying to mix it all down, and by that stage we were absolutely fucking plastered.

At six o'clock the cleaning lady came in and said 'there's a body in the lift!', and there was this geezer lying on the floor with his legs hanging out the door with the lift opening and shutting on them. He'd been lying there for three hours or something.

...and Alex Wheaton discusses their latest album...

The Cat Among The Pigeons is the title of the album just recorded by *Roaring Jack*. Their second visit to Adelaide and their forthcoming LP are the reasons I'm talking to squeezebox/ electric mandolin player Steve and vocalist guitarist Alistair in the lounge at the Exeter Hotel.

Steve is quiet and mainly monosyllabic; belying as I later find, his stage image: cheerful and active and always with a broad grin. Alistair is talkative, almost voluble, ranging over the topics with ease.

A glance at the watch confirms we've been talking for over half an hour. Still no interview to speak of, but Alistair and I have discussed the development of Celtic music, the distinction between it and Gaelic music, and Alistair's own background. As befits his Scottish ancestry, he is much concerned with the history of his country. One song on the new record deals with 'the '45' - the English Army's attempts to clear out the Highland clans in 1745.

Roaring Jack is in essence an electrified folk band. Using Celtic instrumentation and some of the best elements of rock 'n' roll, the band has been described as "Punk Folk" and "Gaelic Thrash" or "Sort of like the Clash meet Steeleye Span in a backstreet and job them".

"So perhaps you've got folk music by the scruff of the neck and are dragging it into the Twentieth Century?"

"Yeah, perhaps. It's more bringing the politics and the issues of today to folk music," admits Alistair. Steve agrees. Their's is the politics of the working class, raised and defended with no compromises.

"...the band has been described as 'Punk Folk' and 'Gaelic Thrash' or 'sort of like the Clash meet Steeleye Span in a backstreet and job them'."

And the recording sounds more controlled, much more a studio album, I venture. Steve fields this one: "You can't record acoustic instruments playing live in the studio - they just sound too mushy...they intrude on all the other instrumentation and you can't get the separation of sounds."

Alistair is quick to praise their record label 'Mighty Boy': "They're pushing hard to establish (themselves) as a top label...they have a great deal of integrity; they don't interfere in our affairs at all...very supportive."

But on the question of album release? "Well, they'll probably put out two singles from the album before it's launched - Yeah! Toe in the water stuff to try for some radio airplay. They're pushing us to put out a controversial single - we're not so sure of it - it's about contemporary Australian politics..."

"But whatever happens, it'll be out by the middle of the year - we're really waiting to see what people think of it. Obviously we're going to lose (grimaces) some of our folk audience coz of the way we've approach this one."

Whatever happens, I think it bears watching out for.

money to spend - more time to record it."

The producer, Tony (I think!) has come to Adelaide with them: "Well, we've just finished the recording, I've come for the partying really, I'm really pleased with the album, it's a lot tougher record," he ventures.

A digression is necessary, *Street Celtability* was recorded quickly and cheaply, a 'sameness' about the songs mars it's message. A few nods are exchanged, I've talked them into an early listening of the new LP. Cassette and tape player are brought in and we listen to 3 carefully selected tracks.

They have every right to be pleased, it's a great sound; robust yet melodic, that Celtic influence underpinned by solid drums and bass. Alistair points out the band members knew each other as folk musicians before forming *Roaring Jack* less than 3 years ago.

"We draw heavily on celtic influences - you also have to know how to play rock 'n' roll too!"

I suggest that this is a more powerful and perhaps more diverse record.

"We draw heavily on celtic influences - you also have to know how to play rock 'n' roll too!"

"Well, yeah, - It is much more diverse. *Cat Among The Pigeons*, the title track, is very melodic, the closest we get to ambient (?) music... it ranges across a great deal of ummm, territory."

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Ceberano - singing her way into jazz hearts

It's tough for female artists to get on in the Australian music industry says singer Kate Ceberano. In this interview she talks frankly to MAT GIBSON.

When Kate Ceberano first broke onto the national scene as lead singer of *I'm Talking*, she was heralded as one of the most promising voices in popular music.

As true as that may have proved, she has decided to return to her more natural medium, jazz.

Touring nationally with her Septet and releasing a self-titled live album was only the first of several solo musical projects, including the jazz/blues soundtrack of the acclaimed series *Stringer* and the impending release of another Septet album. The group is about to hit Adelaide in early July with the promise of a new and diverse show.

"I'm a little more serious," says Kate of her attitude to the latest Septet performance. "I know that technically I've worked a lot harder for the new repertoire and we've written a number of songs, so there are some originals in the set now."

Ceberano's rise as a jazz singer is not due alone to her success with *I'm Talking* and her natural ability alone. Jazz, she points out "is very popular in Melbourne...like at the moment we have some very popular jazz groups, like the Bachelors From Prague, y'know.

"And then there's Vince Jones and his group and various other players around

town who are very talented technically and who have a very good attitude (and a) good sense of humour about it...it's not so elite anymore and hopefully we're adding a new element, a modern element."

While jazz may be an important part of her life - and her centre of attention musically at the moment - Ceberano has not relinquished her contact with pop, despite *I'm Talking's* break-up late last year.

While she insists that the group broke 'amicably' it's not hard to see that an element of frustration and disillusionment crept in concerning the group's music in live performance.

"It's hard...to develop and package yourself the way you want to be seen rather than how others think that women ought to be seen."

However, she insists that pop has lost none of its appeal for her. "I love that kind of music. I'm actually recording another pop album at the moment. An album due out soon and another on the way - prolific little bugger, aren't I?"

Not that she's at all shy of her current rate of record release (three albums in one year), she indicates that her music is filling a gaping hole in the Australian music scene.

"Well, God, I mean, we've only got an enormous shortage of female vocalists in Australia...And I think it is difficult in this industry in Australia, being female... Contractually, it's not hard, rather, how to develop and package yourself the way you wanna be seen rather than how others think that women ought to be seen.

"It's not that a sexy image is such a bad thing but it's the fact that maybe they (record company managers) feel that they have to have that image in order to sell the work. 'Cause there's nothing actually wrong with a female wanting to be female and sexy like Madonna, say, because some women are just like that.

"Some women are lovely and voluptuous... but to have to feel that they're obligated to do that in order to sell an album is pretty sick, I reckon..."

"We have our women set up as these girlie girlies and our men as strong, hard, working-class rock'n'rollers, which is just utter crap."

While I never intended on drawing her with so hackneyed a topic like "So what's it like to be a woman of rock/blues/jazz, smarm, smarm" she obviously has some rather well thought out opinions on the matter. When I mention her involvement in the Priority One and Olympic musical projects she again showed her willingness to get involved in issues.

"I think that we, as artists, are often considered opinion leaders for the younger people and if there are issues that need to be communicated, then, OK. I mean, to really look at those issues in the face."



Ceberano : an image of talent, style and feminine voluptuousness

While Kate Ceberano may have to wait some time for the government to fully realise popular music's value as one of the most effective ways of reaching young people, she's not biting her nails, waiting

producing some of the best night-club jazz in Australia.

Kate Ceberano and Her Septet will perform Adelaide July 14 - 17 at Club Footie.

Breaking through the barriers

DALE BARLOW is an Australian saxophone player of no small talent. He has spent a number of years in Europe and America touring the vigorous jazz Festival circuit. In the company of such major names as Cedar Walton, Gil Evans and Kenny Kirkland, he has made a name as a solo performer.

Now, with pianist Paul Grabowsky, bassist Lloyd Swanton and drummer Tony Buck, Dale Barlow has formed the Wizards of Oz. JEREMY PHILLIPS talks with Dale about the future of the band.

After playing together for a couple of years, the band has released its first album, *Soundtrack*. The album is also being released on Polygram's international jazz label, EmArcy. This makes the Wizards the first Australian jazz artists to be widely distributed overseas. Naturally Barlow is very pleased.

"It's a real breakthrough for Australian jazz. Previously nothing's been recorded (for international distribution), that's the thing that's really bugged me. We've had some good players around, but..."

It has been frustrating for Barlow to perceive that the only way to interest record companies was to compromise the band's dedication to jazz, to become more commercially orientated.

"It's not the sort of thing that sells like pop music. But we really care about the music, and we're not going to compromise it at all," Barlow said.

It had been in Barlow's mind for some time to gather around him the very best young Australian jazz talent he could find and create a group which could represent Australia in the international jazz scene, "a kind of supergroup".

"No Australian band has really done that successfully. I've done it with American artists and been billed as 'an Australian saxophone player and writer'."

"But in terms of taking an Australian band over, it's never been done before. The *Australian Jazz Quartet* did do it in the fifties. They toured opposite Miles Davis, made records, did very well. But it hasn't been done since."

Barlow discussed this idea with Paul Grabowsky when they met in Germany. They returned to Australia at the

"If young people are playing the music, a lot of the pop infrastructure can be used to promote them."
Dale Barlow

same time after years overseas, quite by coincidence.

"I didn't know Paul was back. I was going to ring him in Germany."

"We started working on this idea straight away. I had a lot of music written."

"It was just me and Paul originally. We were the first group to travel regularly between Melbourne and Sydney. When I came back two-and-a-half years ago, hardly anyone was doing it. Now everyone is."

This greater circulation of jazz talent is part of an increased interest, especially



Wizards of Oz : a new force in jazz

among young people, in jazz. This has been an international thing. The rise of the Marsalis brothers in America, and Courtney Pine in England, are evidence of this.

"It's young people playing the music. I think that's a real deciding factor. Young people are starting to realise this and I think that's creating popularity."

"If young people are playing the

music, a lot of the pop infrastructure can be used to promote them.

"For instance, Courtney Pine in England. I don't think he's a great saxophone player at all. I was in England at the time when he was becoming big. He's a victim of the English pop scene."

"Basically, it's like Elvis Presley, or someone, taken from nowhere by a

bunch of agents, and made into a big star, taught how to sing.

"He was just around at the right time, when the English pop companies were looking for their equivalent of Wynton Marsalis."

With the record companies proclaiming these 'geniuses', the press feels obliged to try and justify this and, according to Barlow, the whole thing gets out of hand.

"I was seeing them around (Marsalis, etc.) at jam sessions, on the street. They were nothing special; they were good players amongst a whole bunch of good players. Then suddenly they get all these big raves. It's a funny thing, I don't quite understand it."

With Barlow and Grabowsky's strong compositions, the *Wizards of Oz* make a pleasant change from the usual rehashes of standards one generally hears. And unlike many jazz compositions, the pieces are often very catchy.

The tunes recorded on *Soundtrack* are ones which the band has been playing for a long time, ones they feel they can express themselves through.

"We have an entire repertoire now, enough to record four new albums. Now, I suppose, we're writing more for the *Wizards*."

"Because I'm working with this steady line up, I sit down to write, envisaging Paul's piano playing, his improvisational needs. The same with Lloyd and Tony."

"That's the good thing about working with the same groups of individuals."

An important new addition to the Australian jazz scene, and a fine first album, an international recording contract, and the decision of master jazz pianist Herbie Hancock to produce their next album (sometime in the new year) - it's all a great coup for Barlow and the *Wizards of Oz*, and a pleasure for anyone who appreciates jazz.

IN THE CITY OF ANGELS

Jon Anderson
CBS

by Mat Gibson

When progressive 70's music collided with hi-tech instruments the result was usually insipid experiments by artists who didn't quite grasp how to use them properly. Yes were a classic example.

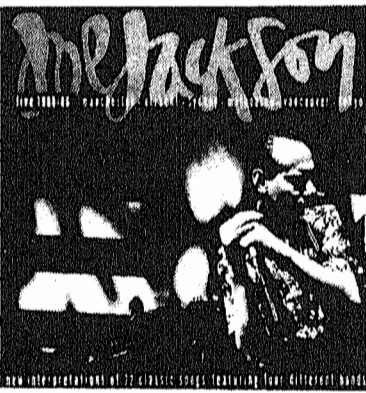
From originality they sank to glam rock, modern synthesizers providing the sequins on their aural shirts.

On his latest solo album Jon Anderson, the groups lead singer does little to abate the degeneration which had produced 87's atrocious *Big Generator*.

While Anderson does an admirable job of varying the rhythm beat and tempo, the melodies tend to swirl and swoop like happy little butterflies around Anderson's half chipmunk vocals.

Three important exceptions are *Sundancing (For the Navajo/Hopi Energy)* whose complex rhythmic arrangements and semi staccato vocals make for an exciting musical work; and *Top Of The World (The Glass Bead Game)* and *Hurry Home (Song From the Pleiades)* both of which are based upon rousing folk melodies.

In the City of Angels, a tribute to Los Angeles, is far from a failure. Yes, fans will be delighted but the music has limited appeal because of its over-produced feel.



LIVE 80 - 86
Joe Jackson
Festival

by Mat Gibson

Anyone who has seen Joe Jackson in concert will know what a talent he really is. Great musicianship, a brilliant songwriter and quite a flair for the theatrical. More importantly, he is capable of rearranging his material for superlative effect when live. On *Live 80 - 86* he captures some of the finest moments of his fine world concert series.

While Jackson takes pains to maintain his high musical credibility he often comes across as arrogant and pretentious. While this may, in fact, be true, for the average punter the music is all that matters.

Musically and artistically, Jackson's compilation is a complete success. Each side of this double album is a different concert series. Only the Jumpin' Jive tour is omitted, with Jackson imploring those who want more of that style to go to the 'source'.

Through the four side format, musical integrity is maintained for each concert series, but the material selection on each side does not preclude songs from *Look Sharp* appearing on the Big World tour section.

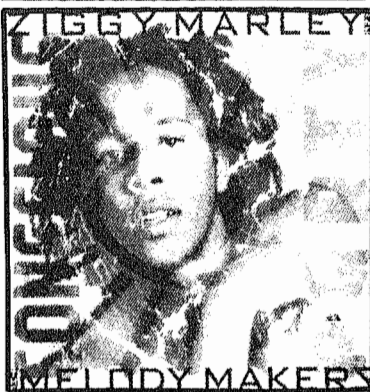
As a work of 'new interpretations' it succeeds with one or two reservations. The material on side one, from the Beat Crazy tour, lacks significant alteration.

By comparison, that from the *Body and Soul* tour and especially the Big World tour are complete reworkings. Of particular note are *Sunday Papers*, with its new beat and lyrics. The slow version of *Steppin' Out* and the capella *Is She Really Going Out With Him*, a long time favourite from his Night and Day tour.

Live 80 - 86 is more than a live album and more than *Dead Letter Office* collectors piece.

Accessible for the uninitiated, it is also a delight for his hardened fans.

Perhaps Jackson will spark a spiritual revival in the quality of live recordings.



CONSCIOUS PARTY
Ziggy Marley and the
Melody Makers
Virgin

by Mat Gibson

Many might suggest that Ziggy Marley will receive undue attention from his blood connection to the master, while other equally talented reggae artists have to prove themselves through their music.

One listen to *Conscious Party* is enough to prove that Ziggy could easily have made it without his father's legacy.

Through nine songs he displays the kind of versatility, expression and feel for rhythm and soulful melody which made his father so popular. In addition, he takes up similar themes in his lyrics: peace, love, racial harmony, and belonging.

The gem of the album, *Dreams of Home* is based around Ziggy's acoustic reggae strumming, sparse percussion and a neat, effective lead guitar work and led by a large background vocal section singing a mournful counter melody.

The album is produced by Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth and once would expect more funk rhythms to have crept in as a result, given the pair's penchant for that groove with their two bands *Talking Heads* and *Tom Tom Club*.

Thankfully the rhythms are kept as simple as possible, which accounts for much of the appeal of the album, right after Ziggy's richly textured vocals.

Conscious Party comes as the timely confirmation of Ziggy's long suspected talent. A classic slice of reggae which suffers neither from the synth-swamp construction of artists like Shy & Robbie, nor the overt commercialism of reggae imitators.

THE TOUGHEST: THE SELECTION 1978 - 1987

Peter Tosh
EMI

by Alex Wheaton

This album is a testament to Peter Tosh, shot to death in his home at Kingston, Jamaica on September 11th, 1987, age 43.

A testament to his music, his ability, and his perseverance. It follows Tosh through his time with Bob Marley, in the *Wailers*; and his solo career as one of reggae music's highest selling performers and leading statement.

A testament to his ideals and his struggles, against the prosecution of Rastafarians and their 'sacrament' - marijuana; against the injustices and poverty of his country; against oppression everywhere....

This album is then in some respects a sanitized version of the Peter Tosh story, covering the period 1978 - 1987. The selection features his most popular and well-known songs of the period, and earlier material re-recorded (*Maga Dog*) following his split from Bob Marley and the *Wailers* in 1974.

Included then are *Reggaemylitis*, *Bush Doctor*, *Johnny B. Goode* and the hit duet with Mick Jagger *Don't Look Back*.

Eleven songs then, diehard Peter Tosh fans will have no use for this album; for those of us who know little about the man or his music, and little about reggae music in general, this is a good introduction: an admirable record.

LIFE'S TOO GOOD

The Sugarcubes
Festival

by Gavin Williams

The Sugarcubes debut album, *Life's Too Good* is the most exciting and innovative album to be released so far this year. What makes it even more astonishing is they originate from Iceland, hardly a country known for producing anything interesting.

Unlike the sweetness implied by their name, *The Sugarcubes* do not sing about nice things. Instead *Life's Too Good* is a dark, haunting record - both musically and lyrically.

The first thing you notice about the LP is the unbelievable voice of the elfin-like Bjork, lead singer. Her voice is not of this world. It can soar like Kate Bush one minute then yelp and scream like Lena Lovich or Nina Hagen the next. On *Sick for Toys* her voice wafts through the background with an almost ethereal, angel-like quality then unexpectedly explodes during the chorus.

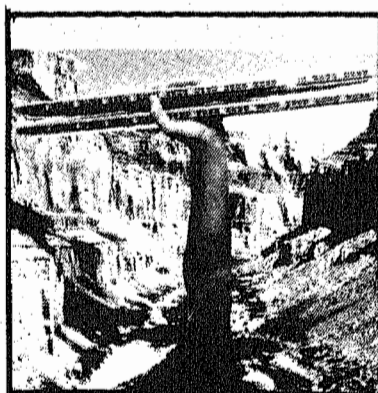
Contrasted with this heavenly voice are the harsh spoken vocals of Einar who not only shares singing duties but also plays the trumpet. This unholy marriage between Bjork's dream-like voice and Einar's guttural monotone is certainly different, if nothing else.

Musically, the album reflects this strangeness ranging one from the grinding guitars of *Coldsweat* to the sparse jazz swing of *F-king in Rhythm and Sorrow*.

This isn't a very melodic record, relying mainly on the atmosphere created by the vocalists for its appeal. Much credit here must go to the producer for giving everything the space it needs. The frantic rhythms, the deft guitar lines and the occasional trumpet hardly ever collide with each other - they leave that to the singers.

The lyrics, when decipherable, are totally insane, or is it just that I don't understand the workings of the Icelandic mind? Anyway, *Devs* the current single tells of a visit from God - "I thought I had seen everything He wasn't white and fluffy He just had sideburns And a quiff, he said hi!, I said hi!" - say no more.

Life's Too Good isn't going to be everybody's proverbial cup of tea. This is not an easy record to listen to, it actually requires an effort to appreciate it and that's why it isn't going to sell large quantities in Australia. It's a shame because it's a fine record and a stunningly confident debut which bodes well for the future.



GOODBYE BLUE SKY
Godley & Creme
Polygram

by Richard Wilson

Another year, another album...

For Kevin Godley and Lol Creme, it must all be getting a bit monotonous by now.

Musicians, composers, video directors, illustrators, this pair have done it all. Born in the same British suburb in the late 40's, they've been playing together in bands for 25 years.

They're probably best known musically for their work with Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart as *10CC*, which resulted in songs like *Rubber Bullets*, *I'm Not In Love* and *Life Is A Minestrone*.

Their desire to extend themselves beyond the realm of pop songs led them to produce their first solo album *Consequences* in 1977.

Two years later, their third album *Freeze Fram*, containing the brilliant

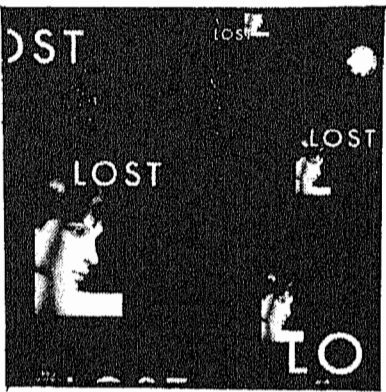
single *An Englishman In New York*, provided them with the opportunity to make their first pop video.

Now, in 1988, comes their seventh album together since leaving *10CC - Goodbye Blue Sky*.

It's heavy on the Blues/Gospel feel, but a touch light on creativity. They may have reached, as the title of the last track suggests, *Desperate Times*. Despite this, there are some brighter moments.

Apart from the pleasant, innocuous single *A Little Piece of Heaven*, *Sweet Memory* is vintage Godley and Creme, while *The Big Bang* classic 12-bar blues, really rocks along, and is probably the highlight of the album.

Too much of the rest however, sounds flat and fails to excite. Perhaps they should consider going into video production fulltime...



LOST
Died Pretty
Blue Mosque

by Andrew Marshall

Died Pretty live are a grinding, wailing, wall of distortion. But records, now that's another matter. The band positively sparkles on vinyl - an evil brew of dark melodies, blues and a rich, heavy atmosphere of discontent.

Occasionally an organ breaks through the murky gloom of minor chords, but the mood of *Lost* is well characterized by the opening line of *Out Of My Hands*:

"Two o'clock in the afternoon and I wish I was dead."

The tracks range from the sublime *Free Dirt* (featuring Don Walker on piano), to the ridiculously self indulgent *Winterland* - either very good, or very, very bad.

On the positive side, the title track stands out along with *One Day*, which features the sullen vocals of Ronald Peno, the lead singer with the deranged stare.

Fans of the band will no doubt be grumbling about an increasing number of ballads creeping into the *Died Pretty*

line-up, but if the standard of *Free Dirt* is an indication of future directions, this is one reviewer with no complaints.

GLASS TIGER
Glass Tiger
EMI

by Mat Gibson

Glass Tiger hail from Canada, the Great White North and on vinyl the music comes across just as cold.

Real passion in music cannot be forced along through strained, warbled vocals. Nor can 'rock 'n' roll' sound effective or genuine when the production makes it sound so glitzy. Even the addition of the odd saxophone solo doesn't help that much. Not that there's anything 'epic' about *Glass Tiger's* music, they simply have displayed little of whatever originality they possess.

So many hundreds of artists have trod and retrod this particular musical path that the sound has become truly foot-weary.

Lyrically, they are juvenile, although no doubt their sentiments are genuinely heart-felt. Taken on face value they appear formulaic, much like the music.

The group would do well to get out of the studio and just record in someone's backyard, it might just bring a spark of real life to their music.

THIS NOTE'S FOR YOU

Neil Young
And the Blue Notes
WEA

by Mat Gibson

An 'explosion of blues' aptly describes Neil Young's latest musical venture. With a true sensitivity for Chicago blues and swing, Young and his nine piece band (including a six piece brass section) handle the jaunty, up tempo and very brassy material and the smooth low-key ballads with the ease of familiarity. Young even manages to look the part, resplendent on the sleeve with the thick side burns and dark glasses.

Most tracks are laid down with a basic swing beat and punctuated by either quick brass passages or a typical blistering guitar phrase from Young, whilst his emotive nasal vocals dance gauchely in front.

The whole package appears something of a blues tribute, the sleeve itself stamped *The Dawn of Power Swing*. The album opens with:

"We are men at work
We got a job to do
We gotta keep you rockin'
To keep your soul from the blue"

(From *Ten Men Workin'*)

Others typically declare eternal love, warn about women who tempt or "put your soul on ice" or simply deliberate on how good it is to be a 'blues man'. If it wasn't done with such style it would be trite.

Expect to hear bands like *Rockit '88* or *Suburban Bears* performing covers from this album this year.



HAPPY HOUR
Ted Hawkins
Festival

by Mat Gibson

At 50, Ted Hawkins has only just begun to hit the 'big time'. Not that it took that long for him to turn to music, in fact he's been playing his guitar for most of his life.

However, much of this seems to have been spent in poverty, hardship and the wrong side of the law. His experiences form the core of his emotional music.

'Discovered' busking on the streets of Los Angeles, Hawkins is possessed of such a gifted voice and lyrical incisiveness that people throng in expectation of his street performances even today.

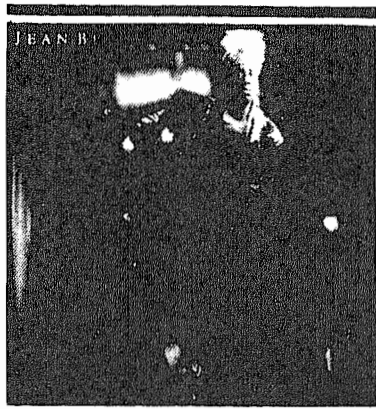
Hawkins' folksy, acoustic style remains largely unembellished on *Happy Hour*, with a subdued backing band joining him on *Happy Hour*, *My Last Goodbye* and the latin infused *California Song*.

Additionally, Night Train Clemons joins him on *Gypsy Woman* and *You Pushed My Head Away* with his Cray-like pinched guitar to produce some delightful (if agonising) blues.

While *The Constitution* acclaims America's most famous piece of imaginative writing, the rest of the material are love songs that seem written more from soulful instinct than painstaking effort.

Either way, the sad tales and emotional outpourings disguise the optimist he insists he is.

Happy Hour is one of the simplest, most heartfelt and purest musical recordings to have been released in many years and anyone interested in blues or anyone interested in soul, or in folk or for that matter anyone who just enjoys a sad love song ought to pay some serious attention to Ted Hawkins.



JACKNIFED
Jean Beauvoir
Virgin

by Richard Wilson

Jean Beauvoir, he of the platinum mohawk, is back. (I can see the people dancing in the streets already.) To begin with, let me inform the uninformed of his background.

Cuban-born of French and Haitian parents, Beauvoir formed his first band, *Topaz*, at the age of 13. A restless spirit led him through many groups and styles, working with the *Ramones* and *Little Steven* among others.

He was best known, however, for his part in the notorious American shock-rock outfit the *Plasmatics* (notice how this is beginning to sound like an obituary?).

His first solo release, *Drums Along The Mohawk*, brought much critical acclaim.

Now, we look at his new album, *Jacknifed*. Um. Err...well... Prince has certainly got a lot to answer for.

The album was recorded in Sweden, France, Denmark and New York. Assisted by a cast of thousands, Beauvoir composed, produced and performed every song.

Sadly, it sounds a lot like Prince in one of his more sane moments. All of it.

Sure, the sequencers all make the right sounds at the right times, the mix is picohertz perfect, and the melodies, especially on side two, are quite pleasant. But it's so mind-numbingly bland.

The only excitement comes from listening to the Prince-esque squeals and gasps which plague all ten songs.

It's smooth as freshly-sanded wood, and about as appetising too.

VOLATILE
Lime Spiders
Virgin

by Alexander Grous

The second 'full scale' album from the Spiders has hit the stores. If you thought that *The Cave Comes Alive* was gravitating towards a more commercial and softer approach to their music, stand back.

Volatile does justice to the title, and is back to the basics of hard, driving rock.

A mixture of writing on the album adds to the variety in styles, but the title track, *Volatile* remains one of the pluses of the album. The extended version of the song is a whirlpool of sound, and very well engineered.

The Captor & The Captive One makes for a good rock 'n' roll track, as the band themselves like to say, as does *Deaf, Dumb & Blind*. The single guitar of Gerard Corben battles it out at times with Mick Blood's gravel singing, and is part of the style that makes up the Lime Spiders.

As a whole this is better than the last album, and obviously shows that getting back to basics and pushing aside a slick production routine is a winning formula, as these guys should go about capturing a bigger segment of the market, without having to compromise in order to do so.

GREEN THOUGHTS
The Smithereens
Enigma/Liberation Records

by Alex Wheaton

Judging by critics reactions, *Green Thoughts* is one of the most eagerly awaited releases of '88 - and rightly so. This is an entirely consistent following

to last year's *Especially for You* L.P.

No radical musical departures here, just a pleasing rock'n'roll record with plenty of bounce, and plenty of sixties influenced songs. A neat touch, backing vocals on *The World We Know* by 60's hero Del Shannon.

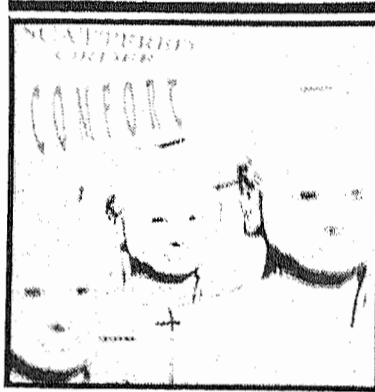
Smithereens lyrics by singer Pat Di Nizio are deeply bedded in gloom and despondency, examining the darker side of relationships; but it's the music that drives this band along. At times strong and powerful guitar attack, at others the gentle 'twang' of the 12-string with carefully balanced percussion (eg. 'Elaine').

Without a doubt, it's the drums that hold this vehicle together, when they pick up the pace with a barrage of rim shots and a thundering driving beat the band can only follow.

There's songs like *House We Used To Live In*, *The World We Know* and *Drown In My Own Tears*.

Yet there's a reservedness about the *Smithereens* that was not so apparent on the first album. The powerful songs are just that little bit restrained from the full blooded wall-of-sound assault.

The first single *Only A Memory* incidentally, has a fine rehearsal-room version of Iggy Pop/David Bowie's *Lust For Life* on the B-side; not available on the album.



COMFORT
Scattered Order
Volition - CBS

by Richard Wilson

Don't worry if you've never heard of *Scattered Order*, you're not alone. Largely ignored in their own country, they are however a healthy reminder of the diversity that still exists in Australian music.

Formed back in 1980 in a dark household/recording studio in Brisbane, the original group was a loose conglomeration of artists who took as their point of departure the idea of white noise with an amphetamine beat.

Eight years and six albums later, the idea has faded somewhat, and only one of the original members, Mitch Jones, is still with the group. The intervening period has seen several members pass through the group, including Jones' wife, Drusilla, who joined in 1983, and now co-writes the material with her husband.

The passage of time has seen the group move away from their oblique beginnings, owing a lot to *Snakfinger/The Residents*, to an emerging pop sensibility.

Despite this their latest album, still sees them as rabid consumers of junk musical and television culture (eg. *King of Blip, 50,000 Volts*). It also sees the appearance of the group's first ballad, an acoustic lament, *Saturday*.

To gain an insight into the band, the release comes with a compilation album of the Scats work from their previous five albums.

A fascinating if somewhat demanding package from the band whose live performances were once described as "an aural equivalent to the giant marshmallow Michelin man in *Ghostbusters*".

SEMI TWANG
Salty Tears
WEA

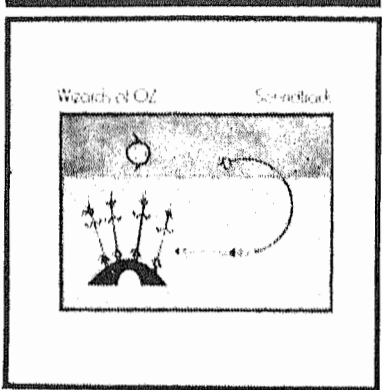
by Alexander Grous

A credible album, from this American folk/rock/country band. A four piece outfit, side one of their album is more in line with Springsteen type music, whilst the second side evolves into a more original, richer side.

Accordian, bass, rhythm/lead guitar and drums make for a 'nice' sound, and good songwriting only reinforces this.

Billy Heartsick, After Hours, Starved For Love are the tracks I found to be highlights of the album, with other tracks being a little lacklustre in parts; not all other tracks, but much of side one was particularly guilty of this.

A simple structural approach has kept the sound clean and simple, so there isn't a myriad of layering to contend with. Altogether a pleasant work, and one that you can listen to when sombre, or are in the mood for something tranquil and more idyllic.



WIZARDS OF OZ
Soundtrack
Polygram

by Jeremy Phillips

The first album for Australia's most important new jazz group, the *Wizards of Oz*, is a fine effort. *Soundtrack* consists of original compositions by co-leaders Paul Grabowsky and Dale Barlow. The most striking thing about this album, is the diversity of styles and moods which it encompasses.

The album opens with *Visby*, a piece dominated by the saxophone of its composer, Barlow. An atmospheric piece, gentle but with an underlying sense of tension, it takes up nearly half the first side. The only weakness in this number is that it feels too much like it is composed of parts; a sax solo, then a piano solo, etc. At the end of an evocative, sliding bass solo, there is something of a gap which anticipates a return to the theme played by Barlow. This sense of disunity detracts from the piece.

Disunity is something which *Coal for Cook* consciously seeks to create. A Grabowsky composition, it is an extraordinary mixture of frenetic drumming, a theme with a classic pop sound, and piano lines reminiscent of Debussy.

This piano, played over a torrential drum and bass line, has a disquieting effect, which becomes greater as it tapers off into an energetic *avante-garde* solo. The different sections of *Coal for Cook* are wonderful to listen to, but the way they are strung together is a little bemusing, especially the theme which is completely alien to everything which follows it.

Side one finishes with a fresh, straight post-bop number by Grabowsky entitled *Horace*.

The second side hangs together better as a unity, possibly because three out of the four compositions are by Barlow. *None of the Above* is a model piece similar to pieces on Miles' mid-sixties albums (especially *ESP*).

The playing on this and the other less arranged, conceptual pieces (like *Nothing's Enough* and *Leaving*), is confident and strong.

The playing generally on this album is excellent. Particularly Grabowsky's often quirky piano stands out.

As the main melodic contributor, Barlow plays some great music on tenor. Swanton's bass links very well with the piano, and forms a solid unit all through this album (except for a little friction in *Coal for Cook*). Though a little heavy handed at times, Tony Buck's drumming provides the right level of energy and space behind the other players. It isn't intrusive drumming, but neither does it fade completely into the background.

Altogether this is a very enjoyable album. The *Wizards* energy and dedication to the music is patently obvious. Fresh sounding playing and a mastery of diverse moods and styles are the elements which make the album so good.

Limelight

Cleese steps out

PENELOPE GILLIAT talks to the goose-stepping funniman.

"Do the silly walk," passersby shout to John Cleese, the English actor who looks like a Grenadier Guard. He is 194 centimetres tall and sits like a collapsible ruler in, indeed, collapse. The right-angled walk he resorts to instinctively in some of his best-loved performances raises his legs at 90 degrees to the pelvis and ignores the knee joints.

Cleese first did the silly walk in a 1970 episode of 'Monty Python's Flying Circus' and by now is fed up to the teeth with people calling for a demonstration.

Time has passed, and the 'Monty Python' authors have gone on to other things. But the silly walk remains intact, thank heaven, in 'Python' reruns and in 'Fawlty Towers', the recklessly splendid 1975 TV series with John Cleese and Prunella Scales at bay in the dreadful seaside resort hotel that they are trying to run in Torquay.

Though Cleese gives short shrift to any request for a repeat performance of the famous gait, the instinctive muscular tendency seems to be unquenchable.

Last autumn, in his beautiful 1850s house north of Hyde Park, in London, I noticed that he would try to suppress the twitch of the amazing reflex by relaxing in an easy chair, say, with his legs over one of its arms, but as soon as there was some domestic emergency, such as hunting for the coffee grinder in the fridge ("My wife, Barbara, is American, so she puts everything in the fridge: Hoover bags, sticking

"The character of Basil Fawlty...is rooted in a particular sort of English testiness."

plaster"), his limbs stiffened and the silly walk did its damndest to be activated.

When performed, the walk is the furious vault of a character pretending command over predicaments of his own making that exasperate and obsess him. Its inventor has thought a great deal about anger in the world: in public affairs, in his own life and work—and, indeed, in the decline of civilisation as manifested by the state of public telephone booths.

"Someone telephonically knowledgeable and I had a bit of an argument about that," Cleese told me. "He said that telephone booths didn't work because they were vandalised. I said they were vandalised because they didn't work."

When we emerged from the kitchen after the coffee-grinder search, Cleese's younger daughter, Camilla, three-and-three-quarters, was sitting down on the dining room carpet to take off her red shoes and her white socks. The left sock went into the left shoe, the right sock into the right shoe, and the pair were set together ready for action under the dining room dresser.

John Cleese watched with a respect that, to go by her glances backward to him, she knew she could count on. His life—and not only where children are concerned—bears not the faintest resemblance to his

writing, which has some of Molière's dramatic use of misanthropy.

Basil Fawlty, along with most of Cleese's 'Monty Python' fictions, is fuelled by rage, and Cleese has made of rage the fifth humor—not melancholy, not bile, certainly not phlegm or sanguinity: just plain rage. It rules his figment's lives, stiffens their spines, unites them in the infuriated intensity that is a key attribute to Cleese's farce.

Anger is John Cleese's familiar. He reports having struggled for years in private life with the middle-class embargo on expressing it. "Full permission to get repressed or heavily sarcastic. But to release anger, not on your life," he says. His former wife, Connie Booth, who plays Polly, the assistant manager and waitress in 'Fawlty Towers', collaborated both in the writing of the first episodes in this study of pent-up tantrum and in his private combat with anger. They divorced, amicably, in 1978, and share custody of their teenage daughter, Cynthia.

Their lasting friendship led smoothly into professional collaboration on the post-divorce episodes of 'Fawlty Towers', as splendid in the study of rage as ever; the two writers know the territory. "It's the people who try desperately to put a measured surface over secret anger seething away underneath who give you the sense of most violence," Cleese says.

"The wonderful thing about a sense of humour is that the moment you laugh at

emphasis as unemphatically as Cleese does. He went on: "The Germans used to bomb Bristol, just up the Bristol Channel, and if they had any bombs left they dropped them on Weston. Inhabitants used to say, 'Who says the Germans haven't got a sense of humor?' Some inhabitants. Apart from the leftover bombs, nothing violent has happened in Weston. Life there is, of course, entirely free of sex. Occasionally, people are born in Weston by parthenogenesis. Speaking for myself, I was a very slow developer sexually. You can print this: I lost my virginity very late in life, at the Station Hotel in Auckland, New Zealand. I was in my mid-fifties."

The family name was Cheese until 1915, when his father amended it, because he was going into the army.

Reginald Cheese had a marvellous sense of cliché, says the heir. "He was an insurance salesman and the son of a solicitor's clerk, and the family hoped like anything I'd do something in the same line." I can't think they were disappointed in the end: the bequeathed knowledge of the bureaucratic is actually very much present in the figures of thwarted regimen that Cleese excels in writing and in playing.

His father's savoring of clichés expands into the son's passion for words: for euphemisms that no one uncloaks, for language's unheeded stangenesses. Cleese says that he learned how to silence cricket expertise by uttering the words "with this cloud cover and a bit of a green top, the seamers should make it move around a bit for the first hour".

He goes on: "I once wanted to do a

obsessive behaviour you've got a bit of space to look at it and defuse it, if you'll forgive the military stuff. I'm also rather keen on anxiety."

After years of psychotherapy, Cleese is keener than ever on anxiety, mostly through the conviviality of work with his psychiatrist and friend Dr. Robin Skynner, with whom he wrote the seriously funny question-and-answer textbook 'Families and How to Survive Them'. Skynner says in the book that anxiety is "vital". Cleese asks, "How?" Skynner says, "You wait until you get into a car driven by someone who doesn't have any, then you'll see!"

Open anger and hidden anxiety are natural collaborators in the tetchy characters invented by John Cleese. It is the exasperatingly barmy rest of the world that these characters treat as the abnormality. The existence of others takes toll. The effort to suffer hotel guests more or less gladly shows in the lines of determination around Cleese-as-Basil's jaw.

John Cleese was born in 1939, in Weston-super-Mare, in Somerset. "Childhood was very low key. Dad was 46 and Mum was 40 when I was born," Cleese told me. "Extremely little happened. I was an only child. Content and solitary, though never lonely." I have never heard a man use

character who spoke in clichés completely. 'Uncharted waters.' 'Now, there's a pretty kettle of fish, or should I say a horse of a different color?' He ponders. "What do we all mean? Amazing the way we don't listen to ourselves."

A tireless listener to himself and to others, Cleese has a love affair with words not unlike P. G. Wodehouse's. He starts to list some that beguile him: "Plummet", 'Lurk', 'Ululate', 'Berserk', 'Unhinged', as in 'deranged', 'Pique', 'Amok', 'Akimbo'. That leads him to the possibility of Legs Akimbo, whom he identifies as a famous Zulu courtesan.

Cleese has just finished producing his first feature film, directed by Charles Crichton, 'A Fish Called Wanda'. The script is the first he has written on his own; the cast is Jamie Lee Curtis, Michael Palin, Kevin Kline, Cleese, and his daughter Cynthia, in the part of his daughter in the story.

"She's supposed to be about 15, playing two years younger than she is. A terrific brat," Cleese says. "She's got a real gift for comedy. I think she's going to be an excellent actress, and that's fine, provided she's got another interest. Acting's not enough to engross people unless you're, say, Jack Nicholson. (cont. p14)



Burroughs loses his head in the West

THE WESTERN LANDS

William S. Burroughs
Picador

by Sally Niemann

William Burroughs is insane. If he were poor or didn't write books his family would have had him put away. His latest book, *The Western Lands* is the third and final part of Burroughs' so-called spiritual odyssey through youth into age and then into death and beyond.

It features such events as the 'medical riots' of 1999, where cancer victims revolted against physicians when it was discovered that doctors had known for years how to cure cancer but had kept the cure secret.

Other great events are the giant centipede plague and the discovery of a mountain filled with honeycomb. Quite believable, in a really ugly way. Whatever provoked Burroughs to write this, I hope he keeps it to himself. I am thankful I do not have to live in his head. It must be a stinking, writhing mass of human carnage in there.

Basically, the entire book is made up of short, sinister stories, all of which have recurring themes and characters.

At one point, he relates the story of Last Chance. This is a town where, on your way to eternal peace in the Western Lands, each individual must confront and destroy their greatest fear/enemy in a battle. The individual is able to choose the style of both battles and weapons, but must win if they are going to continue their journey.

In the cute little tale, some people choose the 50/50 battle. This involves relying on total chance. In one form of the game, competitors each choose a gun, one which has a bullet in it. They hold the gun at point blank

range to their enemy's chest and pull the trigger.

In another form, the competitors drink cups of tea with sugar cubes.

One sugar cube is a time-release cyanide capsule. The enemies must face each other for twelve hours before one of them dies.

Thus the reader is dragged, mentally screaming, through a whole range of torturous, angst ridden paths. We never actually reach the promised Western Lands. Perhaps Burroughs could not bring himself to believe in a greater life after death.

In parts one and two of the trilogy (*Cities of the Red Night* and *The Place of Dead Roads*)

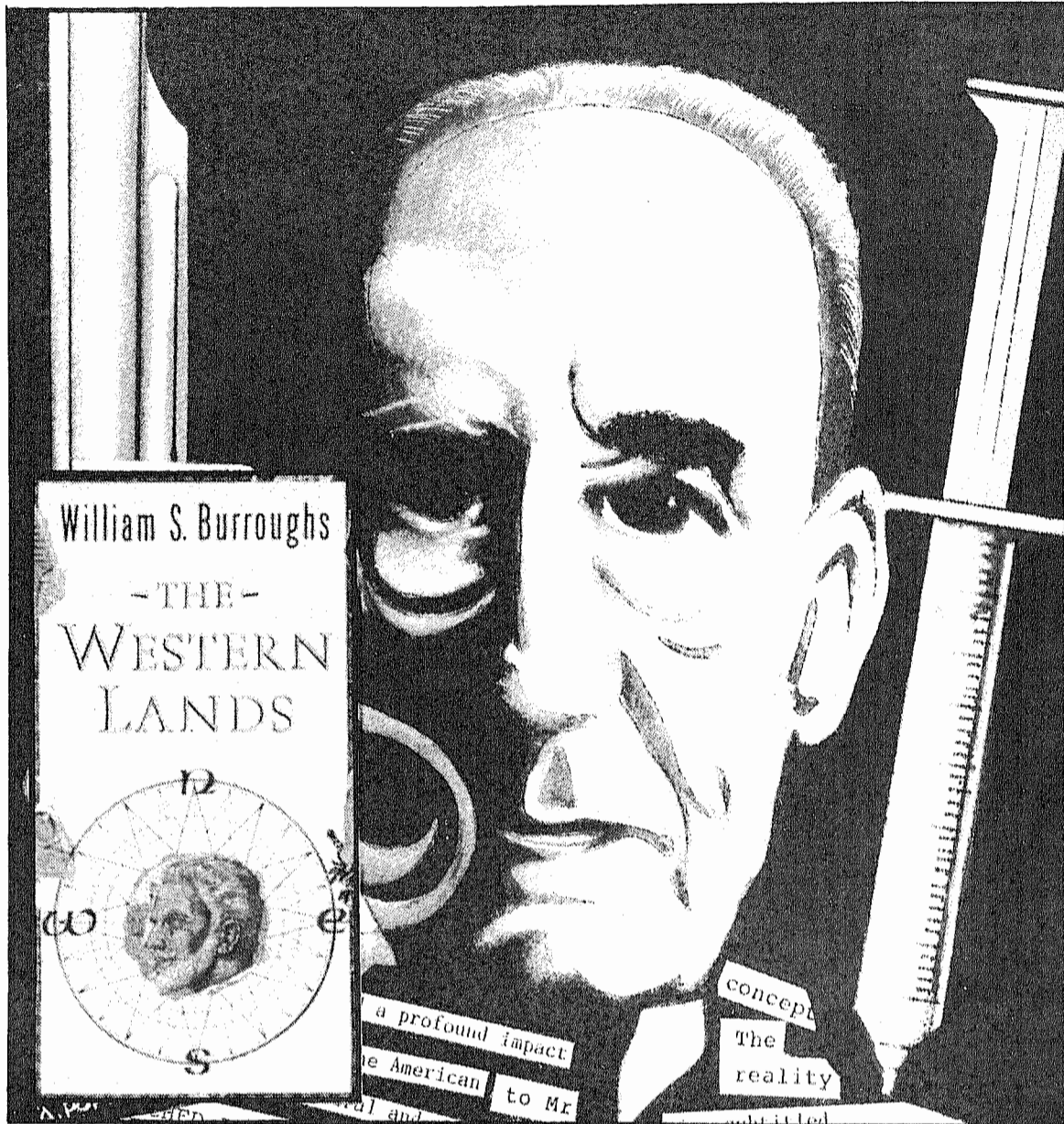
we see characters dragging themselves through a variety of desolate environments, desperately attempting to find solace in sex and heroin. The Western Lands takes the desperation and desolation one step further. Sex and heroin are no longer viable options or solutions to the problem of spiritual emptiness.

They must face the greatest fears of their lives in order to avoid the greater pain and emptiness of not making it to the Western Lands.

The theory of the novel is fine, even quite fascinating. It is the graphic detail involved in the stories which carry the theories that bother me.

It is always interesting to see what William S. Burroughs is doing, but my advice would be to wait until the book comes out in paperback.

At \$37.50 a copy, it is not really worth it just to confirm what we already knew - that Mr Burroughs has overindulged in psychedelic drugs.



Love - a bitter, twisted tale of pain and angst

LOVE
Angela Carter
Picador

by Sally Niemann

Love is Angela Carter at her most bitter and cynical. It follows the lives of two brothers from childhood, through to University life and eventually into the mental asylum.

Buzz and Lee, always very different, accepted those differences as acceptable and normal. Lee marries a small, strange, frightened 18 year old girl. Lee knows she is strange, but doesn't realise she is also dangerous.

Buzz and the new wife get along superbly, playing their insane little games and seemingly living in a world of their own.

As it turns out, the young wife doesn't recognise people as individual human beings, but sees them as a combination of possessions and toys. When Lee has an affair, she attempts suicide. When she is placed in an asylum, she eats her wedding ring. Lee's affair made her feel that one of her toys had been taken away.

Originally written in 1971 and released this year with some alterations, the novel is supposedly about what free love was really like in the 60's.

I kept getting the recurring feeling that it was actually about what love relationships are all the time, and will probably always be.

It is bitter and cynical, perhaps made moreso in the light of Angela Carter's own personal life experience. Readers are used her *Magic Toyshop* ideas and her *Nights at the Circus* lust for life.



the relationships intensify and the characters have no space in their lives for anything apart from each other. They are all-consumed by each other and the general feel is that of suffocation and destruction.

We realise Buzz is mad when he shows Lee pictures of the suicide attempt, taken before he called an ambulance. This type of behaviour is typical of Buzz. He gets to a point where he cannot recognise anything as being real or valid unless he can view events through the lens of a camera. He takes photographs of

In *Love* we have much pain and angst, with bits and pieces of feminist theory thrown in. The overall effect is one of great despair, especially in the light of the squalid environment in which it is set.

The flat in which the three characters begin the story is sparsely furnished but has the general feel of light and airiness. The light and the air disappear as Lee and his wife bathing, sleeping, eating, having sex, doing absolutely everything. Lee accepts this bizarre behaviour initially, but must eventually face the fact the Buzz and his wife feed off of each others' insanity, and that neither of them are going to get any better while in each others company.

There are fantastical scenes of Buzz painting himself in war-paint for a party, dancing obscenely around with a huge joint in his mouth.

The most fantastical scene of all is the wife's death scene.

Dresses as a bride, she paints her face, arranges herself on the bed and then turns the gas on.

It is faintly reminiscent of Mrs Haversham in *Great Expectations* in the sense that in drastic, unconventional situations conventional symbols become stronger than they normally are. We realise that Lee's wife was always more in love with death than with Lee.

Thus she marries death and leaves the other characters more scared, more bitter than when they first encountered her.

This novel was worth reading when it was first written, and is still worth reading in the light of Angela Carter's more recent publications.

Adams agency lacks appeal

DIRK GENTLY'S
HOLISTIC DETECTIVE
AGENCY
Douglas Adams
Picador

by Sally Niemann

Douglas Adams wrote his novel on a Macintosh computer. I wrote this review on a Macintosh computer. Douglas Adams likes Coleridge. I too have a soft spot for Coleridge. So I suppose Douglas Adams and I have quite a bit in common.

But if I met him I probably wouldn't run up and tell him what a great novel his latest effort is.

For starters, I loathe books that have really really long titles.

Not just because it takes a long long time to tell your friends the name of the book you just finished reading, but also because it takes a long, long time to print it out at the top of the page.

The next thing I disliked about this book was the fact that Adams has resorted to hackneyed science fiction cliches to amaze and excite his readers.

Time warps are okay in their place, but when they become the centre of the novels thrilling story line, I get a bit bored.

Then there is the ending. I won't explain exactly what happens, but believe me it is disappointing.

I can never tell with Douglas Adams whether each consecutive book is disappointing because you get over the shock of his style, or because he runs out of ideas after a while.

Whatever it is, *So Long and Thanks for all the Fish* was a bit less exciting than the other three

books of the *Hitchhiker* trilogy, and this novel seems to be a bit less exciting again than *Fish* (see what I mean about very, very long titles?).

There are some funny, even hilarious scenarios in the novel.

Like a ghost attempting to make a phone call, or drag his own dead body to his house. But after a while the coincidences become tedious a trying. One event after another is easily explainable by some complicated scientific-supernatural phenomena; one event after another has a whole series of causal events after another causing it.

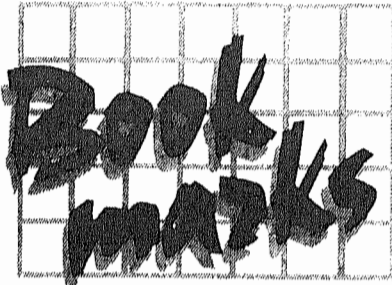
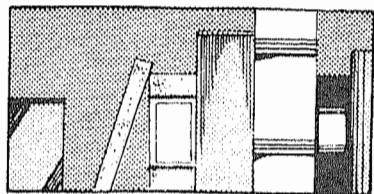
Everything becomes too tidy, but only in the authors mind.

Under all these complaints I have the suspicion that first-time Adams readers (if there are any out there

may enjoy the novel. Hard core Adams fans will probably be a bit disappointed. Perhaps it is the case that his publisher is knocking on his door demanding he fill some sort of publishing contract. Maybe he cannot pay his rent, maybe he has a growing family, maybe, if I thought about it hard enough, I could devise a good excuse for Adams having written a book that is below par when compared to his other creations.

The novel has redeeming characteristics. It can be read in about three hours. It is quite cheap. It probably won't be made into a tacky ABC television series. It is a small book, and thus easily carried about ones person. It probably won't be thrust down the throats of unwilling schoolchildren. Overall, I'd say, borrow it from someone who already owns the book. Spend your money on books you really need.

Contemporary writing a displaced art



With Paul Washington

So much of good literary criticism is devoted to finding the right context in which to say much that is largely obvious. The same can be true of the literature it describes.

Iris Murdoch (whose training was as a philosopher, and whose practice is as a novelist) has written something similar to this of philosophy, and, despite the efforts that eminent critics have made to set literary criticism apart from philosophy, it seems to me that literature and criticism need philosophy if only to inform them in setting their sights on their real subjects.

A problem, an overwhelming one, of so much contemporary writing is that its sights seem not to be set anywhere in particular, or if not

that then far too high, pointlessly high.

Philip Larkin, the English poet (who also wrote criticism), was once described as a poet of "diminished expectations". But what is intended here by diminished is telling. Larkin's own words will do best; in his *Required Writing* he explains that:

"I write poems to preserve things I have seen/ thought/ felt (if I may so indicate a composite and complex experience) both for myself and for others, though I feel that my prime responsibility is to the experience itself, which I am trying to keep from oblivion for its own sake. Why I should do this I have no idea, but I think the impulse to preserve lies at the bottom of all art."

Why this can be described as the attitude informing "diminished" expectations must have something to do with the extravagant claims modern literature and, even moreso, modern literary criticism, are making for themselves.

Against this idea of literature having some commitment to representing real life we have modern literatures fixated with, and seemingly puzzled by, "an image of total freedom [or] an image of

total determinism" (Murdoch).

By total freedom might be meant the subjects of novels such as Camus' *L'etranger* or Jean Genet's writings, the existential / post-modernist character failing to find himself in a world of impersonal law. Total determinism allows character to find itself only in such law. But neither of these positions satisfies us in attempting to understand what we believe to be true - literature in attempting to elude belief eludes much more too.

There exists a long, varied, and rich history of literature as something necessarily of value and appealing to real experience - real because we live it and of value because it helps us to know what we are doing when all this is going on. This is consonant with Larkin's approach to literature. Elsewhere he writes:

"It seems to be undeniable that up to this century literature used language in the way we all use it, painting represented what anyone with normal vision sees, and music was an affair of nice noises rather than nasty ones."

Jargon-free, Larkin's commitment, as shown in poetry and criticism, is to this real life that we can all access. We need an appealing and accessible literature; and this needn't rule out experiment.

In an essay, 'The Idea of Perfection', Miss Murdoch writes,

"...the most essential aspect of culture is the study of literature, since this is an education in how to picture and understand human situations. We are men and we are moral agents before we are scientists, and the place of science in human life must be discussed in words. This is why it will always be more important to know about Shakespeare than to know about any scientist..."

It may be that in fact total freedom and total determinism collapse into the same thing - for an uncertain literary culture they might as well be considered to do so and I think Miss Murdoch would concur.

We can still immerse ourselves in Shakespeare because we can still find in Shakespeare what we need to maintain contact with him - among a host of things, a glimpse of how fertile is that ground between these extremes. There is no need, and no justification, for resorting to the sort of scientism that has found its way into modern literary-critical writing.

And, less resolutely, into literature. Necessarily less resolutely - Iris Murdoch again:

"We learn through attending to contexts, vocabulary develops through close attention to objects, and we can only understand others if we can share their contexts. (Often we can't.) Uses of words by

persons grouped round a common object is a central and vital human activity...Words are the most subtle symbols which we possess and our human fabric depends on them."

Considering the way in which we use language is integral in considering

"...what the work of attention is like, how continuously it goes on, and how imperceptibly it builds up structures of value round about us..."

We have a literary inheritance that developed against a background of such consideration, and this should be regarded and respected, not least by those who aim to be included in it in some way.

Literary critics, whose express vocation it is to establish and explore this tradition, to cast it as the product and a means of human belief and endeavour, are failing literature in an uncertain hour.

While criticism has assumed for itself a position privileged even over the literature it purports to speak of, a position that renders faith in that criticism impossible, the real practice of literature is deprived of what ought to be the most astute agency for illuminating its failings.

And at the same time the ascendent literary-critical practice

Cont. page 14.

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POLTERGEIST III
Hindley Cinemas

by Kanton Penley

"Is it as good?": the question everyone asks about cups of coffee ("...as Bushells?") and sequels. *Poltergeist III* is nearly as good as *II* and probably better than *I*.

Unfortunately, the strengths of this movie are strengths of past movies, which is a polite way of saying it plagiarises like crazy.

Little Carol-Anne, complete in red pjs skips just out of sight, and when we do catch up with her she isn't Carol-Anne, but a nasty little creature in the same red clothes.

Straight from one of the scariest movies ever, *Don't Look Now*, right down to the colour of the little girl's dress.

Possessed cars rattle into life, their engines turning over sounding more like dinosaurs doing the same in their graves.

A toss up as to whether this resembles scenes from *Christine* or *Nightmare On Elm Street III* more. And so on.

The only time people complain about such plagiarism in a sequel, and possibly rightly so, is when the film you are watching is little more than a pale imitation of the one before it, with a similar title. After all, in Russia, certain plagiarisms are respected; if you like the culture, do it the justice of improving upon the old, or simply retelling it.

Stephen King, the horror writer, believes in the power of repeating images and even names suggestive by association, because we are all



pre-programmed to feel scared by these things already.

The greatest weakness in *Poltergeist III* is that of Kane, the evil preacher from *Poltergeist II*: a man insane in life, who, now dead, "has become of the beast".

He and his cheated followers seek to utilize the psychically sensitive Carol-Anne's life force to guide

them into "the Light", giving *Poltergeist II* a lot more than the original movie ever offered.

Through no fault of the producers the man who played Kane died of cancer during this film, and so we

have a lot of poor facsimiles racing about in unconvincing rubber masks, masting his pre-recorded

ghostly whispers.

(A small gruesome note * The elder sister of the original *Poltergeist* was stabbed to death by her boyfriend in real life. The young actress who played Carol-Anne had her intestine explode shortly after this film. With 'Kane' dead of cancer as well, it's little wonder the rest of the family didn't want to appear in *III*).

This movie has a relatively convincing set up. Carol-Anne is in Chicago, staying with her aunt (Nancy Allen being far more wimpy than you ever saw her in 'Robocop'), who lives with the Superintendent of a giant office-block/apartment, and his daughter by the first marriage.

All of which allows for suitable mush, the stock Horrorwood formula of presenting a Happy Families scenario. Horror doesn't work. They feel, unless there is a Normal secure environment to be threatened and cast asunder.

Which is the most disgusting conservative failing of all the *Poltergeist* films. The Family rules, ok?

The only force more powerful than evil, we were told in *II* and have rammed at us in *III*, is that of the family's love for each other. Even if you're only an autistic, even if you're only family by marriage, as long as you love each other as family. Hollywood has problems with any sort of love that extends beyond those recognised by the church, even in these times.

Philosophical and moral outrages aside, this film offers a fair bit of what you're bound to want if you go to this film in the first place.

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Lick, slurp, chop, tit, suck, puke, beat, yum, lovely

BLOOD DINER

Academy Cinemas

by Alexander Grous

"FIRST THEY GREET YOU, THEN THEY EAT YOU." The title says. Yumm, yum; blood sucking, gut licking, steamy, hot sucking flesh. Lick, lick, slurp, slurp. This movie is an R-rated 'delight', teeming with tittie, hummy, guts, blood, slurpy.

Blood Diner is the story of two brothers, who rip the brains out of their deranged dead uncle's head, in order to get his help in summoning Sheetar (Shit?): the wicked goddess of two million years ago. She must however, be constructed from the bodily parts of young women - recalcitrant ones in particular - and topped off with the sacrifice of a virgin.

An occasion of celebration for death buffs, the movie has so many mutilations that after the first one where topless girls are butchered after being gunned down in their aerobics class, you lose track. For the beat off artists, you will love this 'spooof', for all of the clichés are there, including the foreign macho man punk cop, teamed with a black co-worker, who he keeps trying to worm into. Lovely.

Legs, bowels, heads, arms; cut destroy, suck, eat, lick, puke, lovely.



Sheetar is later brought from the cosmos to overtake the body of the young girl that has been composed for her inhabitation, and she is delightful.

Of course, the mandatory big breasts and stereotypical image of a 'dream girl' is there, so you youngies that slip into the theatre can put your hand in your pocket and have the time of your life. Lovely.

There it is, lovely. The movie is not to be taken seriously in any way, except if you need the motivation to carry out any of the acts, "It was the movie officer, *Blood Diner* made me do it!" So pagans, satanists, and little boys and girls, chop, chop, beat, beat, yum, yum...lovely...

Clever script and fine acting in Oz



Pete Menzies (Stephen Kearney) drives through the Oz outback his way

RIKKY AND PETE

Hoyts Regent Cinema

by Martin Graham

Rikky and Pete as a contemporary Australian film not dealing with a major literary work or an historical event, is somewhat of a rarity.

That it is highly entertaining, is steeped in Australian culture and has not resorted to the lowest common denominator appeal of Mick Dundee is a credit to the Australian director/writer couple Nadia Tass and David Parker.

The plot of the film is essentially simple. Rikky (Nina Landis) takes off with her brother Pete (Stephen Kearney) to the mining settlements in North-East Australia.

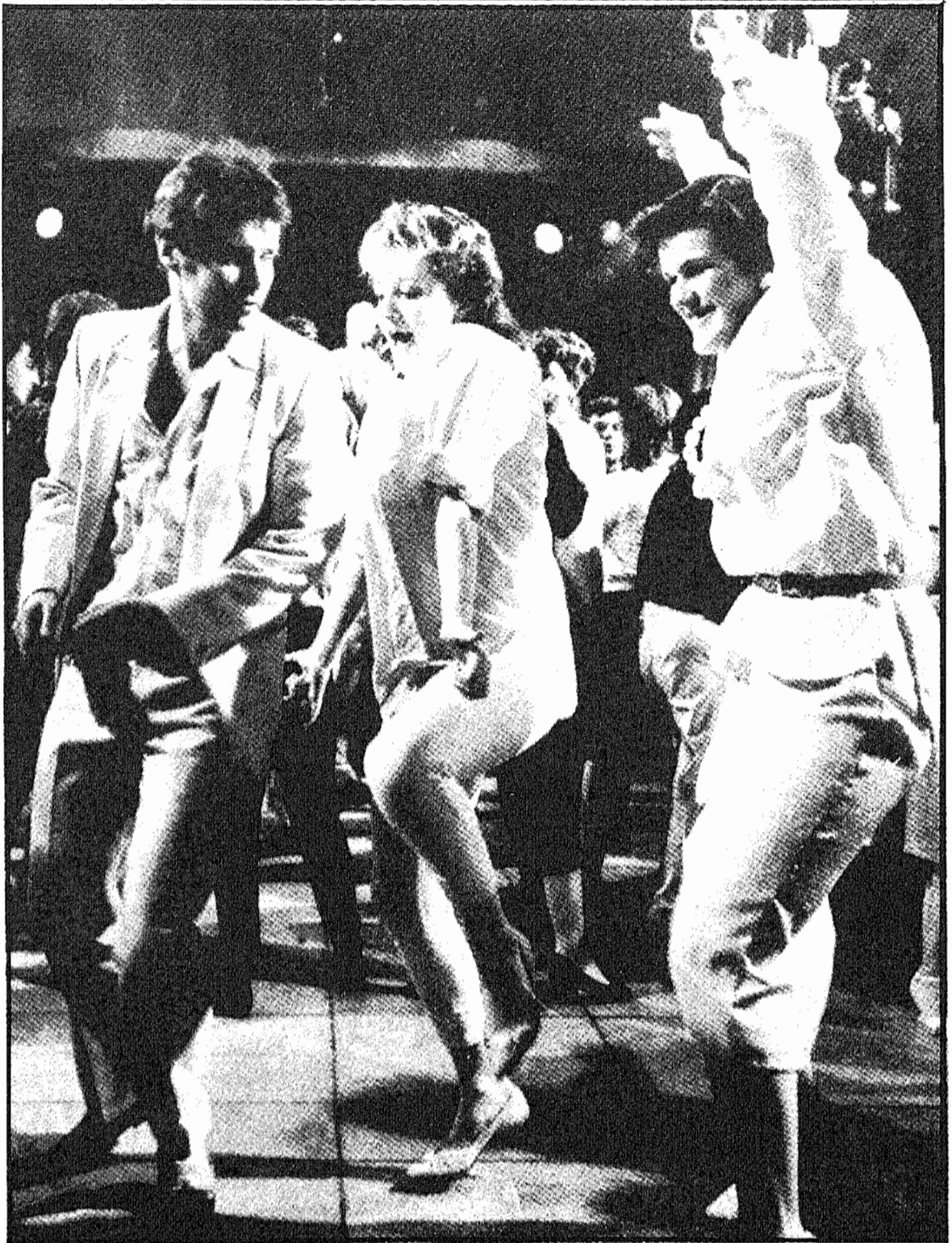
Pete's life had become too hot to hold him in Melbourne and Rikky was dissatisfied with her life as a

geologist and would-be folk singer.

The process of Rikky and Pete finding themselves provides the backdrop for some very funny scenes. Some involve Pete's ingenious inventions, others are simply the product of a clever script and some fine character acting from the large supporting cast.

In addition the film, through the sensitive portrayal of its characters is able to achieve a suspension of disbelief that makes the film funny rather than absurd in its more far-fetched moments.

Rikky and Pete is a lighthearted look at Australians and some aspects of Australian culture. It never takes itself too seriously and has a depth that leaves you walking away from it feeling entertained and satisfied rather than, as is the case with many American productions, degraded.



Rita, Sue and Bob too: George Costigan, Michelle Holmes and Siobhan Finneran get down

Satire and sympathy in provocative UK social comedy

RIKA, SUE & BOB TOO!

Trak Cinema

Starts late July

by Melissa Angel

From its bleak beginning to its riotous ending *Rita, Sue and Bob Too!* is a provocative social comedy, sending up some of the more absurd aspects of life on a council housing estate in Northern England, whilst providing an introspective view of this underprivileged world.

Rita (Siobhan Finneran) and Sue (Michelle Holmes) are best mates who do everything together, including their first sexual experience.

When Bob (played amusingly by George Costigan) offers them a lift home after they have been babysitting for him and his wife, they find themselves being questioned not about their addresses but their virginity.

One thing leads to another, and it is not long before Bob is demonstrating the magic of reclining seats to his giggling but willing pupils.

These clandestine in-car affairs continue until the inevitable intrusion of the proverbial nosy neighbour, who observes them in the most unlikely situation and loses no time in doing her duty by reporting the matter to Bob's wife, Michelle, (Lesley Sharp).

The threesome are confronted, and from here the film takes a new direction.

Director Alan Clarke (*Scum,*



Rita, Sue and Bob too: "a continuation of the male fantasy theme"

Made In Britain) never allows the pace to slacken, but relentlessly explores characters and situations with satire and sympathy.

Clarke's sharp observations are responsible for much of the film's sense of realism, but this is also due to its having its roots in the real-life experiences of writer Andrea Dunbar.

Finneran and Holmes are thoroughly convincing as teenagers at once too mature for school and yet too immature for the experiences which Bob offers them.

In a world where there is no-one capable of adult responsibility and no desirable role-models, Rita and Sue have grown up quickly, regarding men and marriage as their only destiny, despite deplorable parental

examples.

Their homes are little more than slums, their families swamped by alcohol and complacent discontent.

It is in this light we are made to regard the actions of the girls; there is nothing pleasing in their lives, and a shared liaison with a married man is better than nothing. They seem blissfully unaware of the moral implications of the affair.

To the audience's discerning eye, Bob is a creep, but to Rita and Sue, indeed to Bob himself, he is absolutely marvellous.

Although the unexpected ending suggests a triumph for the girls, it can also be seen as a continuation of the male fantasy theme, even a celebration of Bob's actions, leaving the final standpoint of the film ambiguous.

A collection of post-walk impressions

From page 9.

Rehearsal and the shooting schedule went easily, leaving only a residue of back trouble for the actor-producer. "At this height, and doing that job . . ." he says, pointing skyward and walking about to put backache in its place.

He says of 'Wanda' that its shape was provoked in his mind by 'Beyond the Fringe'. Pause. "When I saw 'Beyond the Fringe', I think I decided against depression for good. That extraordinary explosion of creativity, I was struck by the fact that there were four people all being equally funny, so 25 years later I set out to write four equally funny roles for 'Wanda'. I failed, of course. My part isn't as funny as the three others, but I'm hugely charming to make up for it.

"The character of Basil Fawlty...is rooted in a particular sort of English testiness."

"Most people feel guilty about being depressed. I used to feel that if someone in the room was down, in a spirit of pure decency you had to be more down. Wrong." He sometimes seems to swat at his own thoughts as if they were bees.

The character of Basil Fawlty, as of almost all Cleese's obsessives, is rooted in a particular sort of English testiness made worse by its stabbing politeness. Cleese sees the type as "the sort of man who says, 'I'm awfully sorry, but I think

you've mistaken me for someone who gives a damn'".

The type is not at all untrue to Basil Fawlty, a man of ranting protocol who overrides pleasure. "Look! My wife enjoys herself. I worry!" he yells to his hotel in general. "A fair summing-up," Cleese says, "of the way your average professional neurotic will see his marriage."

The lurking historian in John Cleese longs to write a history book starting from the year 893. "A nice, insignificant year," he says. "Nothing much going on, just people sitting around quietly. No one with sweeping ideas of how to put the world straight."

He is bothered by the self-righteousness of politicians. "Humor's the Godgiven mechanism for spotting egotistical behaviour. Look at what we laugh at: greed, lust, rage, envy, self-righteousness. Show me a sitcom about St. Francis of Assisi and I'll show you a turkey. Denis Norden"—one of the longest-loved TV wits in England, a deft, pondering man tuned in to by a vast constituency—"says the most important moment in world politics is the moment when someone at a conference gets a raspberry seed between his teeth. The moment of the vital concession."

A pause, of course. He bends down in his study, despite his painful back, to look carefully at some watercolors in his workroom. He has become absorbed in collecting watercolors, and not as investments. Then: "Democracy's a good

idea, naturally. Doesn't work, but worth exploring. Like marriage."

He visibly runs through his two marriages in his head, looks cheerful, and breaks his own silence again to say, with the passionate temperance that is peculiarly his, "Standing in the middle

of the road politically, I'd love to do a stinging satiric show on behalf of standing in the middle of the road politically. A really immoderate attack on immoderates by outstandingly moderate people".

This extreme moderate is troubled by most organised religion, because of its excesses, but he says its failure obviously matters to people. "I got interested in it after doing 'The Life of Brian'. And there's something I did in a Python book. It's an interview with Vice-Pope Eric. He'd been elected on the same slate as Pope Paul, and he was asked about Christ's teaching and whether there was any conflict between that and the Catholic Church.

"He explained that if you are propagating a creed of poverty, humility, and tolerance you'd better have a very rich and powerful and authoritarian organisation to do it. That seemed to me to catch absolutely the unanswerable paradox in organised religion. If religion is about stripping away the ego, then why is it that these stripping organisations behave so egotistically themselves? I actually think 'The Life of Brian' was a very religious film.

"What it was sending up was the way people usually follow religious leaders by rapidly discarding what the religious leaders really meant—so that religion ends up by serving the purpose of making people feel more righteous than others they disagree with. 'Thou shalt not kill—except, of course, under the following circumstances'.

"Most of the trouble in the world seems to come from people denying their dark side and projecting it into other people. That's what paranoia is: making yourself feel great because

you're right and everyone else is wrong. Then if you have to do awful things to those others, you're always morally justified, because what else can you do when you're confronted by these awful people? It's the only thing they understand. It seems to me that the real trouble between America and Russia or in Northern Ireland or the Middle East has to do with people pretending to be better than they are.

"The obvious, inarguable failure of religion is that a lot of intelligent people don't seem to be able to find a thing in it that's any good to them. So that removes one clear possibility of seeing yourself as part of something larger."

I ask about all the psychotherapy. Obviously anxious not to break faith with malady, he says, "I used to have a recurring anxiety dream. An exam-anxiety dream". He begins to look eased by telling it. "I'd dream that I'd suddenly discovered I had to take an exam the very next day in a subject completely unknown to me. So I'd rush round all the Cambridge bookshops looking for the key textbook. They'd all be out of it.

"The cat just ate it! It was terrible! I had this dream till I was about 35. Then I started saying to myself, 'Wait a moment. I already have a degree from Cambridge. What am I worried about?'"

Cleese is himself laconic. He cherishes the silence of, for instance, snooker on television. "You don't have to have the sound on at all. It's all calmness and skill and good manners. To make snooker work on American television, they'd have to make it a contact sport.

"And the way they shoot the game gives you this lovely sense of geography.

Long shots. I'm very keen on them."

Every film comedian I've ever known likes working full-figure, and as a filmmaker Cleese prefers using master shots as often as he dares, for the sake of letting audiences choose what to watch. John Cleese thinks courteously. "I'm very fond of good manners, especially those of Italians running restaurants," he says. "They make you feel at once that you are one of the cognoscenti, whatever you order. 'Osso buco and the house wine, please.' 'Perfetto, Signore.' I once went to a place and ordered veal scaloppine and asked where the gents' was. 'Perfetto, Signore.'

"The waiter made you feel that those were the only two things that any man of genuine taste could possibly have wanted."

A John Cleese character likewise

"The walk is the furious vault of a character pretending command."

manages, whatever plot predicament he is coping with, or however much mayhem his wild strivings for order create, to seem to be in polite and majestic control. It is very seldom that he cracks under the conditions that try him, and even then he conveys a flash of feeling that all might yet work out.

"I can stand the despair—it's the hope," the hero of 'Clockwise' says, sitting in a country lane waiting for the next setback. Enough energy spent to kill a man. But farce doesn't know exhaustion. This actor is a piercing, true blue technician, and the line soars.

Reprinted from the New Yorker

Contemporary writing a displaced art

has set itself the task of undermining that history in which literature is seen to have its strongest commitment to human life and interaction. At best this leads to solipsism.

Iris Murdoch reaffirms the possibilities of literature developing in line with a sane and responsible philosophy. (It seems to need reaffirming). It is not enough for the post-Derridean critical establishment to gloat over the rhetorical and unstable nature of language, literary, philosophical and otherwise - it is the language we live with, and by, and why it works in the way it works is secondary to what we do with it.

It shifts on us at critical moments, but what of this? Fallibility is a human condition. In "Ignorance" Larkin (who incidentally claimed to write only about three poems a year) observes,

"Strange to know nothing, never to be sure
Of what is true or right or real,
But forced to qualify or so I feel,
Or Well, it does seem so:
Someone must know.

Strange to be ignorant of the way things work:
Their skill at finding what they need,
Their sense of shape, and punctual spread of seed,
And willingness to change;
Yes, it is strange,

Even to wear such knowledge - for our flesh
Surrounds us with its own decisions -
And yet spend all our life on imprecisions,
That when we start to die
Have no idea why."



Philip Larkin



Iris Murdoch

Our critical establishment's attitude to literature is losing its notion of the personal. Its commitment to dismantling the operations of language garbles everyone's perspective. We lose sight of our humanity as our literature, and interpretations of it, displace our respect for what is real

and valuable. Criticism should never have become so complacent.

This has been a someone - write - something-quickly - since - Stephen-Horan -missed- another- deadline production.

A public complaint

by Sally Niemann

It is not often one is able to make public complaints. As an Editor of a small newspaper, I would like to grasp this opportunity to complain publicly about one of the greatest horrors of our age - the Housing Trust.

I assumed they were ruthless and evil when I heard they were creating ghettos of single parents in housing trust areas in small country towns.

I felt they were evil when I saw the social problems these ghettos caused within the small country towns. But in a sense I forgave them as I realise that all public bodies are under great resource stress.

It was not until the Housing Trust took it upon themselves to ruthlessly thrust themselves into my life, without my permission, without my invitation, that I felt

truly enraged by their very existence. I shifted into a large but pleasant old house in the Eastern suburbs of Adelaide. Very nice, for me. Then the Housing Trust stopped by, on the off chance that my house might be falling down, and demanded that the landlord fix it up.

The house has salt damp. The repair of salt damp requires that the bottom section of the affected walls be removed and replaced with new bricks plus plastic to guard against future occurrences of salt damp.

They actually expected that myself and my house mates would not object to inhabiting a house with only the top section of each wall in place.

Not only this, when the rather nasty little men turned up at all hours of the day and night, totally unannounced, to "fix the house" the Housing Trust refused pay any attention to the tenants (my house mates and me) complainant.

The Housing Trust had decided that, regardless of the privacy, comfort or quiet enjoyment of the tenants, the house must be fixed.

Never, ever trust a Government body which claims to want to be your friend. Things - houses, roads, office blocks, in fact everything except people - come first.



is concise use of the language, clear presentation of arguments for and against...



use of appropriate illustrations and cross-referencing to other authorities...



all in such a way as to convincingly disguise the fact...



That we never really have anything new to say.



ACTIVITIES WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, 4TH JULY, 1988

Tuesday, July 5th
7.30 pm Free Japanese film in Cinema with "The Seven Samurai". Speaker - Professor Gavin McCormack from Uni. Japanese Department.

Wednesday, July 6th
7.30 pm Student Vs Staff University Challenge. General knowledge quiz in Union Cinema to be run by A.B.C. under match conditions. Come and support our team against the staff team. FREE

Friday, July 8th
4.00 pm Nominations close for Union-Board and Activities Council elections.
7.30 pm - 10.30 pm Free Jazz in the Bistro with "Just Friends".
8.00 pm - Late Student Talent Night 2 in Union Bar. Second heat to find our best band. At least half of band must be A.U. Members. We pay you 2¢ to watch.

Saturday, July 9th
9.00 pm - 2.00 am Student Radio 5UV Bar night featuring "Exploding White Mice" and "Life After Reagan".

COMING ENTERTAINMENT
"Too Many Cats", "Casual T's", "John Schuman Band", "Crummy Cowboys", SPIRITS APPRECIATION BAR NIGHT, "Every Brothers", "De Sotos".

ACADEMIC REMAINDER BOOKSALE
Cheap textbooks on sale in Union July 14th - 18th, 9 am - 5 pm.

LOST - One large Grey address book, contains many Alice Springs addresses. Belongs to Paddy Hall - Contact department, English. Reward offered (\$20).

SAGA gives notice that its AGM is to be held on the 4th July at 1.10 pm in the Clubs Common Rooms. President.

A.U.S.R.M.L. (Adelaide Uni Society for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). 1st Meeting for '88. In Meeting Room I - Level 5 Union Building at 1.30 pm. Thursday 7th July.

PETER DUNCAN GUEST SPEAKER
The Federal Minister for Employment and Education Services Peter Duncan will speak and answer questions on the Referendum to change the Australian Constitution and Equity in Education - 2 topics of current interest to students and staff of the University at 1 pm Tuesday July 5th. The venue is the Law Lecture Theatre 2 which is on the second floor of the Ligertwood Building - the Law building adjacent to the Napier Building. The discussion is organised by the Broad Left Law Groups which extends an invitation to any interested people to attend.

flatmates
For people who care where they live. Flats, houses, etc., to share, or someone to share with you. Special Student Concession. Call Trudi on 236 0121 for an appointment. We are located at 297 Pirie Street, Adelaide.

Student notices are published free of charge on this page, subject to limited space. Lodge your notice at the On Dit office, south-west corner of the Cloisters. Deadline 12 noon Wednesdays prior to publication.

FOR SALE
1 single bed (wooden frame, mattress and springs). Good condition. \$100 o.n.o.
1 wardrobe (6' X 3'6" Big!!). Good condition, \$75 o.n.o.
Contact on 42 1049 after 6.00 pm any weeknight.

FUN FUN FUN FUN FUN FUN ON DOIT NOIDS PROOF ROIDERS.

If you've an eye for a typographical glitch, one or two hours spare a week, and the urge to get involved in your student paper, come and see us in the south west corner of the Cloisters.
Proof reading is as easy as it is vital to the production of On Dit and dank-haired editors just don't get the time for it.
All you do is wander into the office, anytime you feel like it, and mark corrections into text when it comes back from the typesetter - while you talk, or smoke, or plan parties...

Come and see us soon.

The Inaugural Student and Staff Exhibition

Attention to all those with the creative urge. Why not paint, draw, photograph, sculpt, film, perform or even install your way into entering the Inaugural Student and Staff Art Exhibition. What could quite possibly be the most unusual even of Adelaide's visual art program in 1988, the Student and Staff Art Exhibition is open to all students and all staff of Adelaide University.

Entry forms may be collected from various venues around the University: The Union Gallery, sixth floor of Union House; The University Staff Club; The Union Office and The Students' Association Office. Entry forms must contain a description of the work and an indication of the particular medium the artist has chosen to use. The closing date for registration of interest submission forms for the Student and Staff Exhibition is July 22nd 1988.

The Union Gallery is a unique exhibition space. It offers a variety of different innovative and creative ideas for display purposes. Why not emulate a Brian Eno video installation? Why not attempt a David Hockney photographic collage? Why not dabble in oils the Picasso style? Or why not simply create your very own original? With prize money totalling four hundred dollars, this may be your only chance in a lifetime to be discovered!

Made possible by a grant from the University of Adelaide Foundation.

LOST: One SWATCH men's watch, black with black band, red hands and freaky 'Vertigo' circles on face. Watchglass scratched. \$20 REWARD offered. Please reply to Alan Pollnitz in my pigeon hole at P & I Chemistry. Thank you On Dit.

FOR SALE
Near-new automatic washing machine for sale, phone Lee 42 3274.

FOR SALE
Solid leather gladstone (Kit) bag in good condition. \$25. 265 4028.

BAHAI SOCIETY
Annual general meeting. Union Common Room. Level 5 Union Building 1 pm, Monday 4 July.

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION FILM PROGRAM UNION CINEMA, TUESDAYS 7.30 PM LEVEL 5 UNION HOUSE

Japanese Cinema Classic
Guest Speaker Prof. McCormack, Japanese Department, University of Adelaide.

THE SEVEN SAMURI
1954, Japan, BW, 20 mins. Kurosawa's classic film about a 16th century Japanese village which hires professional warriors to fend off bandits. Features Ioshira Mifune, Takashi Shimura and Yoshio Inaba. English subtitles. Directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Annual Election 1988

POSITIONS AVAILABLE: UNION BOARD 18 ACTIVITIES COUNCIL 5

Nominations Open
Thursday, 30th June, 1988 (9.00 am)

Nominations Close
Friday, 8th July, 1988 (4.00 pm)

Nomination Forms Available From:
Union Administration (1st Floor, Lady Symon Building)

VOTING

Monday, 25th, Tuesday 26th, Wednesday 27th, Thursday 28th Friday 29th July, 1988

POLLING BOOTHS

Monday, 25th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm
Students' Association Office
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Airport Lounge

Tuesday, 26th July
9.00 am - 7.00 pm
Students' Association Office
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Airport Lounge
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Law School
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
C.A.S.M.

Wednesday, 27th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm
Students' Association Office
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Airport Lounge

11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Napier Foyer
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Waite Institute

Thursday, 28th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm
Students' Association Office
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Airport Lounge
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Engineering School
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Medical School

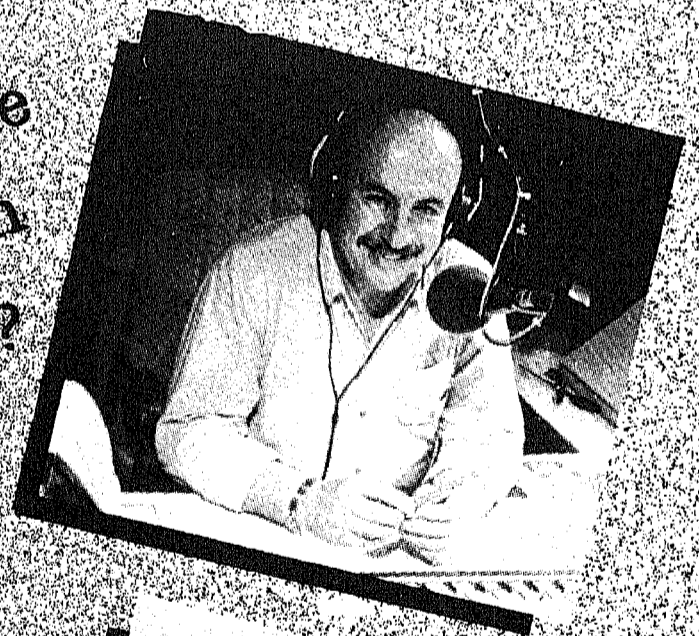
Friday, 29th July
9.00 am - 5.00 pm
Students' Association Office
11.45 am - 2.15 pm
Airport Lounge

TO VOTE

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

- The Adelaide University Student Card
- 1988 STA Travel Card
- (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study)
- 1988 ISIC Card
- (with Adelaide University cited as Institution of Study)

Will he return in '88?



"I'll be there!"



**PROSH!
RUN AMOK**

PHANTASMAGORIA

by Guy Fawkes

What?

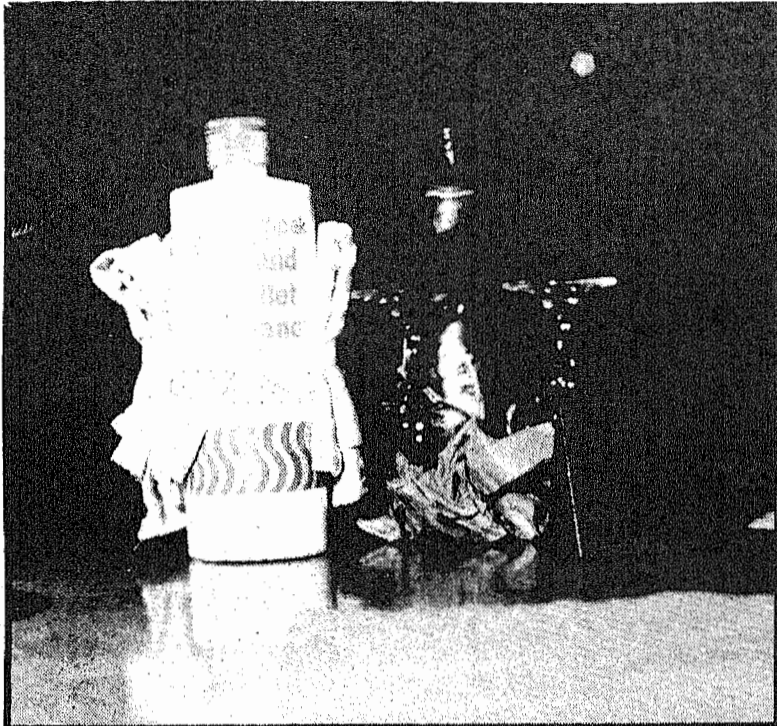
A funny thing happened to me the other night in the Union Bistro. I was sitting, quite happily, eating my Spaghetti with a friend, and a woman rushed up and dumped a bottle of Liquid Toilet Cleaner (*Commercial grade - disinfectant cleans and destains*) on the table.

She explained that our table had won some type of Bistro Table Prize. Then she ran off.

This is quite disturbing. What happened to the Bistro?

Is the food so bad they have started handing out complimentary toilet cleaner with every meal? Do they now have to attract custom by handing out free groceries?

What does it all mean? Is it still safe to eat at the Bistro? Where do they come from, and why doesn't somebody take them away?



See - it's true, they did put this bizarre little gift on my Bistro table!!!

The VIP

Mr David Israel, ex-Student's Association President, is now a very important man. He has currently obtained the much coveted position of Education Committee Vice-President, as well as winning the highly prestigious honour of becoming Returning Officer for Union and Association elections.

Word has it that Prof Marjoribanks is getting very nervous indeed. Could we see the very first Undergraduate Vice Chancellor?

It should be noted that Mr Israel was also seared at the Bistro when the toilet cleaner arrived.

Is this a coincidence, does it mean that all important people cannot get by without their toilet cleaner?

On yer

On Dit actually employs some quite famous people. Yoland Higgs, our Texan reporter, has recently been raised to celebrity status. She (actually, really, you better believe it) SLOW DANCED with FAT CAT. Yes, it's true. Pics next week. This story should not be spread about as the Truth has been making enquiries. On yer, Yoland.

YEEEHA!!!!!!!!!!!!

On Dit has now entered the computer age, which is a good thing, as it lets Phantas be written at 2.30 am Saturday morning. It

does mean that On Dit has one or two more typos (spelling errors for the uninitiated) than normal. It has taken two years of hard labour on various committees, sub-committees, working parties and task forces, but finally we have done it. And ain't it just grand! Phantas says a big thankyou to the powers that be (for once) for these unique and wonderful pieces of machinery. Latest phrase around the office - "Can't you read my mind you stupid fucking machine."

Second phrase - "Where in the hell has that article gone - I know it's in there somewhere."

Third phrase - "On yer" - just for

Yoland, who hates having her name on the back page.

Notes from the sewer

The SAUA public note book reveals some interesting facts about the private lives of SAUA inhabitants. Prior to elections, this book is a sure fire way to find out which people are important, and which are simply self-important:

* Michael - I will be in the Barr Smith Library studying for a tute at 3.15 pm, we can discuss campaigns after that - James (Greentree).

* My Last Will and Testament by M.A.Gamtcheff: please give all my worldly possessions to the RSPCA. Except my tape collection which can go to SUV, my Chocolate Appreciation Society can go to the United Nations and Andrew Joyner can have my little stereo and Meredith can have my left over alcohol or smokes.

* Michael - I do most of my studying today. If you need me I will be near the Language Labs in the Napier - James (eds note - this young man must be very important)

* Mark - Could you return my dress - Linda (eds note - you may well ask!)

* To all concerned - James Greentree will be back at 2.10 pm (eds note - I told you he was a very important young man)

* John - Tracy Ellery called. Congratulations. (eds note - hmm, I wonder what all that was about?)

* 11/4/88 - George - how are you? Must have a chat sometime. Anthea.

14/4/88 - George - meet you here at 5pm or soon after to go to the airport - Anthea.

18/4/88 - George - we must actually catch up and have a chat - NOT about student politics. Anthea.

21/4/88 - George - this is IT! I'm going to Perth tomorrow, so if we don't catch up today, it'll have to be next week - so there! Anthea.

* Ben Vags - what time at your place tonight? - Sue

* Sue Coles - Have you got my other essay? Not that I want it back just yet...I just wondered if you still had it. Kathy.

* Arna - call Melinda Dowd re sexual harrasment weekend.

* Mark Gamtcheff is in league with Satan.

* James Greentree - at least 100 people came into see you. (he must be important then)

* Mark Gamtcheff - URGENT!! Catch a plane to New Gunica and meet me 40 km NNW underneath the old palm tree we knew so well. You know who.

* Andrew - Fuck off wanker - you know who.

* John - No Labor preferences NOW, No Labor preferences EVER you loser.

* George - do something about your bald spot.

* Your Royal Highness Lord Karzis - why not have a chat with Lambo.

This has all been faithfully reprinted from a public document. Go and see for yourselves. Believe me, the press never lies (unless it does it without meaning to.)

GRIMROD JOSCHKE
IN
Paper Chase PART THREE
BY TIM HOWE
©1988

THE WAREHOUSE HEADQUARTERS OF ALL JAMES' ENEMY OF GRIMROD JOSCHKE...

THIS IS IT, ANTHEA!

DRAW KATANAS...

LET'S DO IT!

PRIVATE

手塚治生

THEN THEY ENTER THE WAREHOUSE.. AND THE BATTLE WITH ALL'S ASSASSINS BEGINS..

THE ASSASSINS ARE FEEBLE COMPARED TO THE FIGHTING PADWESS OF JOSCHKE AND CRIMSON.

SHK

SSHK

GRIMROD!

AH, MR. JOSCHKE... I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

NEXT FINALE!