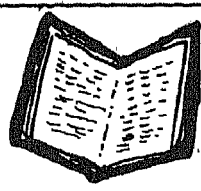


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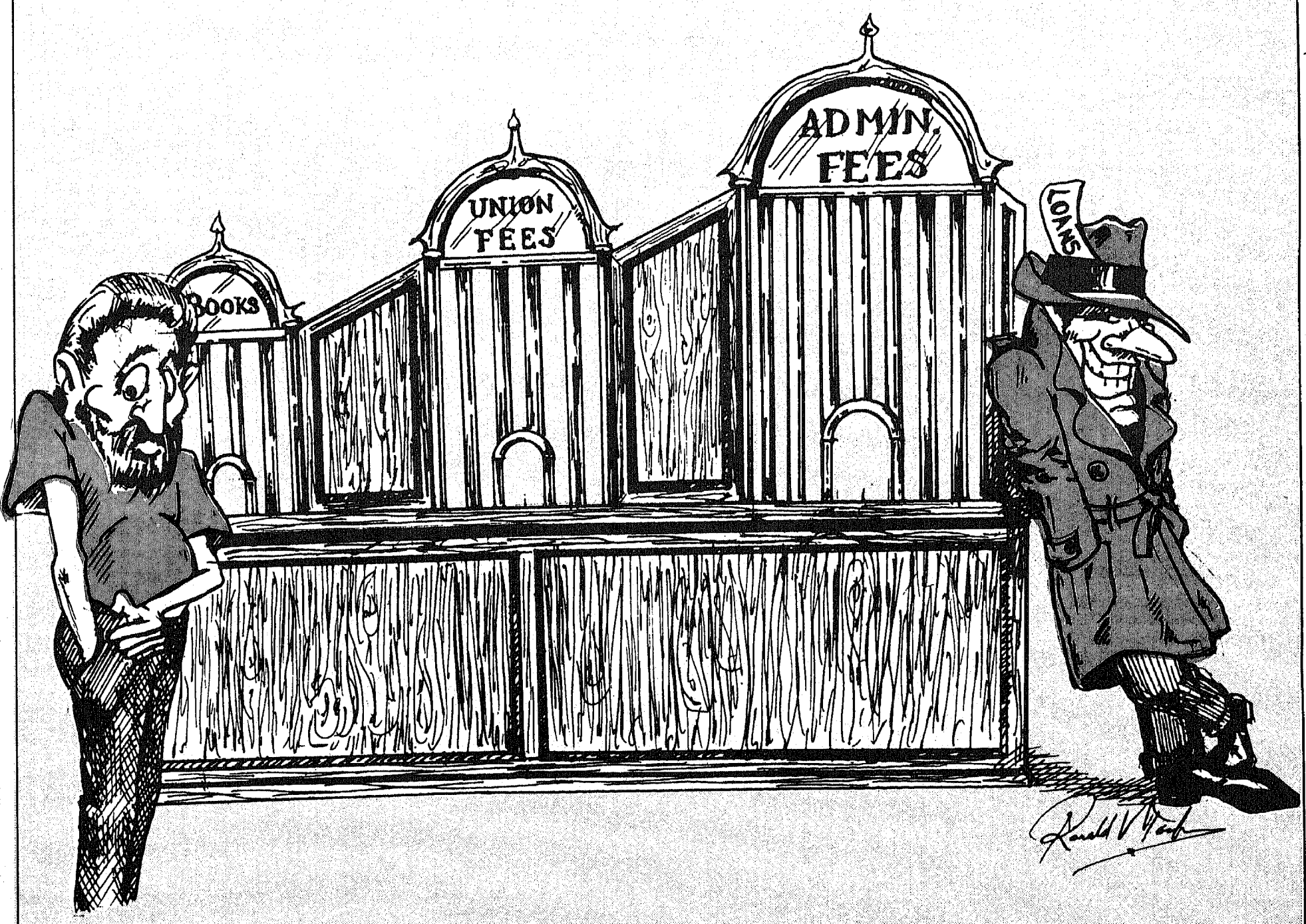
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OnDit

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ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

SEPTEMBER 8, 1986



The \$250 fee - thin edge of the wedge?? Pages 3 & 4



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

I like Australia!

Dear Editors,
After reading Peter Sobey's letter "In defence of Socialism", I am prompted to air my views. I find that I generally dismiss "letters to the editor" with a large degree of cynicism [sic] & regard the authors to be extremists. After all, what does it really achieve to write a letter to the editor?
However, after reading Peter Sobey's letter, I admit that I am somewhat confused. You see I like Australia. Out of the whole world I choose to live here, & in particular Adelaide. I choose to go to school here. I can go to Queensland over Christmas & do some work if I want to. With respect to the rest of the world's population, I can do relatively what I want, when & how etc. (this is being realistic without being an extremist.)
This then leads me to Peter Sobey's letter. His final paragraph glorifies Cuba & highlights his desire to change the Australian system - now I'm so confused. You see in my opinion, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. If you don't like it, lump it. If you don't want to watch 'Dynasty' then you change stations or alternatively we all know where the off switch is.
In essence, if Peter Sobey is so impressed with Cuba, what the fuck is he doing living here in Australia, going to his bourgeois university? As an economics student I can only rationalise his behaviour as follows.
i) Peter is impressed by Cuba's Socio-economic system.
ii) The cost to go to Cuba and take a few months to get established would be say, \$3,000. (Airfare, hotel for a few weeks, expenses incurred to get a job).
Conclusion: Because Peter elects to

remain here in Australia, the value of living in Eutopia [sic] is clearly less than the \$3,000 cost. If someone offered me "Paradise" for \$3,000 I would work my arse off to raise the cash. Hence, Peter Sobey says he wants a Cuban way of life yet he elects to beat his head against the wall trying to change Australian capitalistic system to that of Cuba's Socialistic regime. If Peter Sobey is typified of Resistance, I can see why I am not a member.

Pat Kenny
Economics

The badge trade

Dear Editors,
I would like to thank the Australian Liberal Students Federation (ALSF) for producing their very informative newspaper *National Student Times*. It proudly claims to be the very first National Student Newspaper in Australia (this is a curious claim, indeed, because AUS produced a regular National Student Newspaper *National U* which was distributed in campuses across Australia.)
I also read with interest that AUS gave financial support to the PLO. This is also curious because AUS never gave financial support to the PLO or any other National Liberation movement. I suppose if you tell a lie often enough some people might actually believe it.
According to the *Student Times* gospel all feminists are man-hating extremists, the peace movement is a KGB front and student activists shouldn't worry about organising on a regional or national level to campaign against the re-introduction of University fees and overseas student charges because the real student issue is how we can best flog off our universities to the highest bidder.
The total absence of any constructive article addressing real student education and welfare issues reveals how irrelevant ALSF is in the process providing real solutions to students needs.
However, the biggest source of amusement is ALSF's paranoid obsession about a global conspiracy theory - they try to insinuate that all protest groups are organised and financed by Moscow. The vast majority of protest groups are organised and financed by the initiative and enthusiasm of their own members. Might I ask where ALSF gets the money to give away a national paper?
However, I would like to thank ALSF not only for the nostalgia value of their McArthyist ramblings but also for boosting the sales of Resistance badges, and newspapers due to the widespread contempt many students hold for ALSF after reading the paper. I look forward to further brisk trade the next time ALSF decides to bring out another "First National Student Newspaper".
Graham Hastings
AU Resistance

Will the real President...

Editors,
Normally I do not take much interest in my alma mater's student politics, however I was most interested to read Susan Cole's election statement in support of her 1986 candidature.
Ms Cole's pledged to bring a 'new imaginative approach' to the Students' Association. I feel obliged to point out that in compiling the resume of her achievement, Susan has certainly demonstrated that she at least has a fertile imagination. Nestled amongst such laudible memberships as the Law Students Association and the Footlights Club was the extraordinary claim to have been President of Lincoln College in 1983.

My surprise was no doubt similar to Mark Twain's whilst reading reports of his own death, in that I was President of Lincoln in 1983. To my knowledge Susan Coles has never been President of Lincoln College. I don't know whether Susan's campaign was successful, but I wish her luck in her continuing endeavours to bring 'imagination' to student politics.

Yours exasperated but not expunged
Sam Paltridge
Department of History & Philosophy of Science, University of Wollongong.

Touch Football

Dear Sir,
I would like to tell everybody out there about the most fun you can have on a Thursday lunchtime. It's a thing called "S-A-Side mixed intramural touch football" (quite a mouthful). You don't have to be a brute like "King Kong Bundy" to play, nor do you have to be as fast as Carl Lewis, all you need is a pair of hands, a pair of legs, and a spirit of excitement!
Teams consist of either 3 men and 2 women plus reserves or 2 men and 3 women plus reserves. Nomination forms can be collected at the Sports Association Office in the Western end of the Cloisters so act fast. The first round of matches starts on the 11th of September (this Thursday). The trophies are up for grabs, so go for it!
Also, the A.U. Touch Club is holding a chicken and champagne film night in the Little Cinema on the 22nd of September. It will certainly be a great night and the film showing is the very funny "The Gods must be Crazy". Tickets for this can be obtained through my pigeonhole in the department of Chemical Engineering by leaving your name and phone number. Keep that date free and remember,
"KEEP IN TOUCH"
Peter B. Goss



Time for a New Party

Dear Editors,
The Federal Budget has highlighted not only the moral bankruptcy of the ALP Government, but also the high degree of similarity between the policies of the ALP and the Liberal Party.
In the economic area both parties believe in maximising corporate profit while keeping wages for the majority of Australians to a minimum. The Liberal Party, as always, is quite open in this area, whereas the ALP is more devious, using the Accord to reduce real wages to their lowest levels since the sixties, while the profit slice of the GNP is at a record level. Both agree that unions should be assaulted - although the ALP uses its traditional ties in this area to great success. Both also apparently agree in raising unemployment.
In the area of education, policies are virtually indistinguishable -

education cuts all round (except to private education) and the introduction of tertiary fees.
Approaches to Uranium sale are basically the same, similarity both believe in going all the way (to the end of the Earth, in fact) with the USA as regards the A(NZ)US War Pact. In defence policy generally, both agree in "upgrading Australia's role in safe guarding regional stability" - ie, an offensive defence policy maintains Australia's role as No. 1 imperialist cop in the region. Approaches to Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders (kick them out of the way of corporate profit) and multiculturalism are very similar. I could go on. What is clear is that although they may differ in matters of degree, at the bottom line both parties stand for a whole lot of equity for the rich at the expense of everyone else. The need has never been greater for a new party that truly stands for social justice and environmental issues.

Edward Aspinall
Law

Nutrition fiction

Dear Editors,
As an ex-Adelaide University student I was interested to see some articles on nutrition in July editions of *On dit*. I congratulate the author on putting the general message of low fat, low salt, low sugar, high dietary fibre across to avid readers. The attention to detail in the articles was disappointing however.
One article about breakfast comes to mind. We are encouraged to go easy on cheese which contains 6.6 g of fat per 20 grams, but could 'pile high' peanut paste which would contain 9.7 grams of fat in 20 grams!
The explanation of the effect of starches and sugars on blood glucose levels is based on chemical analysis

rather than physiology. I suggest the author pursues some of the many papers written about glycaemic index, papers which are causing us to rethink old teachings about the effect of sugars and starches on the body.
One further point on this article - does the author realise that fruit juice drinks are only 35% fruit juice! Unsweetened juices may be a better alternative.
A second article discussed keeping oneself nourished in cold months to prevent colds. It implied that a low fat diet was of benefit at this time of year - however I suspect there is no research to back up such a claim. Mind you a low fat diet for the decrease of heart disease and weight control is worth considering, having been well documented.
Keep the articles coming but please present the fact, not fiction of nutrition.
Yours sincerely
Annette Byron
B Sc Dept. Nutrition and Diet

PRODUCTION

NOTES

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National Times plan goes astray



by Terence Cambridge

The much-heralded and eagerly-awaited *National Times on Sunday* has turned out to be nothing more than mutton dressed up as a lamb.
In an elegant new format, the paper is dishing up the same old indigestible journalism that had become the hallmark of the old *National Times*.
The revamped *National Times* was supposed to be Australia's only quality Sunday paper, after the fashion of successful British up-market Sunday broadsheets such as *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*.
Certainly the *National Times on Sunday* elegant design owes more than a little to *The Observer* and, at first glance, is winningly attractive.
But when you stop looking at the paper and start reading it you find all that was second-rate about the old *National Times* has been carefully preserved in the handsome new layout.
On the news pages there are the familiar turgid articles which, in the

National Times on Sunday



peculiarly opaque prose style unique to the *National Times*, rehash at great and unnecessary length events you read about during the week in the dailies.
If these stories do by chance have a new angle you can be sure it will be buried deep in the story, probably somewhere near the 37th paragraph or so, where only the most persevering and masochistic reader will stumble across it.
Also given pride of place in the revamped paper are the "Special Reports".
These lavishly-displayed articles, it turns out, are perfect examples of the slipshod, journalism-by-innuendo which disgraced the old *National Times*. The "Special Report" by the old team of Brian Toohey, Wendy Bacon and Colleen Ryan which purported to reveal sinister "Keating-Anderson Connection" (NTOS, 17th August 1986) between the Federal Treasurer and wealthy property

developer Warren Anderson fell unmistakably into this category.
After finishing this magnum opus the long-suffering reader feels nothing so much as swindled.
Should the *National Times on Sunday* really ask its readers to wade through 4,000-odd words when it has nothing more substantial to tell them than that Mr. Keating once started an extension to his Sydney house without local council approval and has a wealthy friend?
And the curious World-War-Three-Plus-cheese-guide schizophrasia which the old *National Times* displayed in its last couple of years as it desperately chased new readers - it tried to be at both a hard-hitting, radical political journal and a trendy magazine exploring "lifestyle issues" - is even more pronounced in the version of the paper.
After exposing the evil nature of rich, capitalistic, antique-collecting running dogs like Warren Ander-

son and Paul Keating in its news pages the paper proceeds in its magazine section to advise readers on the ritziest restaurants to visit in Paris, complete with telephone numbers: "The restaurant that is the rage these days is Robuchon (formerly Jamin) at 32 Rue de Longchamp (17,271227)...It's best to call several weeks in advance to get a reservation." (NTOS, 17th August 1986).
Stories on the magazine section's "Pride and Pleasure" page have been so trendy they're just plain obscure.
Who on earth could seriously want to read an article beginning "The oil that works a treat for brushing out a Bavarian cream jelly mould could ruin a piece of fish" (NTOS, 24th August 1986)?
Fairfax's marketing team have attempted to capitalise on the paper's split personality by billing it as the paper for both sides of the brain.
But the truth about the *National Times* is that the brain - either side is about the last thing the paper is or.
The great pity of the whole exercise is that although Fairfax's plan to transform the old, loss-making *National Times* into a genuine quality Sunday broadsheet was a brilliant idea it has remained little more than that: a great idea over lunch waiting to be put into practice.

Fee fears

Fee may bar part timers - Registrar

by Paul Washington

Senior academics and administrators at the University of Adelaide have expressed concern at the impact that the administrative charge to be introduced next year will have on part-time students.

The Administrative charge of \$250 for 1987 was announced by the Treasurer, Mr. Keating, in his budget statement on August 19th, one of many bitter pills in Mr. Keating's "horror" budget.

The Registrar of the University of Adelaide, Mr. Frank O'Neill said last week he thought the charge would be a "disincentive for part-time students", especially those returning from the work force, to continue their studies.

"I am concerned about fees for any student, but I am most worried about the impact this fee will have on part-time students", he said.

The Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Dr. John Brebner, said he thought the "amount of money seems to be just enough to stop people doing one subject".

"The total effect seems to be part of a coherent policy of getting school leavers into uni places", he said, "and for full-time students I don't know that it [the charge] will be a significant factor".

But a spokesperson for the Federal Minister for Education, Senator Ryan, said the administrative charge was unlikely to have a significant impact on part-time students, as most were working either part-time or full-time and could afford it comfortably.

She said the Federal Government had decided to impose a flat-charge rather than one related to study workload because the level of administrative work was roughly equal for part-time, full-time and external students.

"It is not a charge related to tuition" she said.

The administration charge has been fiercely opposed by student representative bodies rationally, many of which are formulating strategies for campaigns against fees.

On Friday, August 22nd, representatives of over 20 tertiary campuses met in Canberra to discuss the possibility of launching a rational campaign, against fees, but decided that because of the difficulty of co-ordinating such a campaign due to the absence of a national student union, state campaigns would be more effective.

The states will be required to legislate to implement the charge.

Although most tertiary students will be required to pay the administrative charge, an estimated thirty per cent will be effectively exempt, as students receiving benefits under AUSTUDY, and student son other benefits will have the level of those payments increased to cover the charge.

The charge, beginning at \$250 in 1987, will be indexed annually in line with the General Salaries Index - an increase which will be written into the legislation implementing the charge.

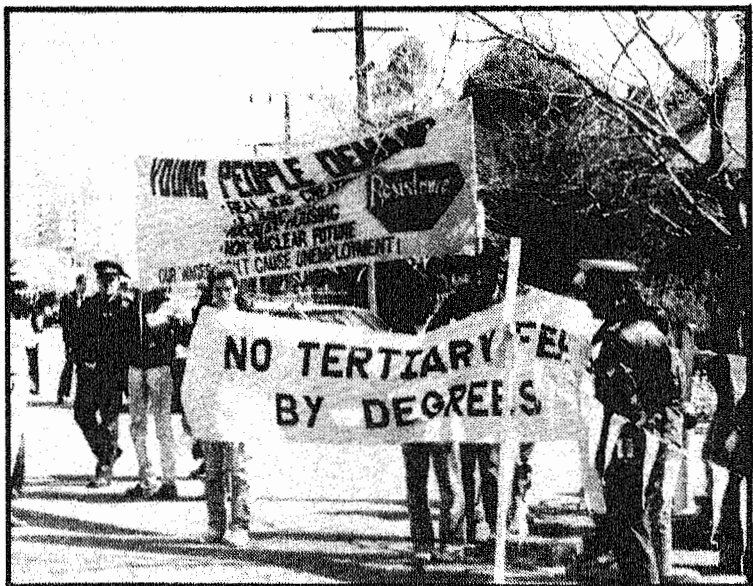
However only ten per cent of the revenue that the administrative charge will raise will go to the institutions, while the other ninety per cent will be taken by the Government.

In the case of Adelaide University where, according to the Registrar, Mr. O'Neill, the charge will raise about \$2m, the university will receive only \$200 000.

The Government in intending to provide 3000 new places in tertiary institutions next year, 1000 of which will be in N.S.W.



Paul Keating - many angered by "horror" budget.



Students and others gathered to protest during Paul Keating's visit to Adelaide.

'NO FEES' Keating told

by Richard Ogier

The banner read: "NO FEES BY DEGREES."

Said co-organiser and SAUA Councillor Sue Coles: "The charge means fees by the back door; it could be \$1000, or \$2000 or \$3000 in the near future."

One protestor said, "The fee will make it difficult for those that just miss out on TEAS because they live away from home or work part-time."

Another said, "What about our young brothers and sisters? There chance of a uni education is on the line."

Such was the sentiment of an angry demonstration by Adelaide University students in Adelaide last Thursday. About sixty were on hand to meet the Treasurer, Paul Keating, when he arrived at the Dom Polski Centre to sell the budget to local business people. The issue: the government's controversial \$250 administration fee.

A large contingent of police - more than a dozen in fact - were on

hand to greet students, but there was no trouble.

Demonstrators circulated an anti-fees petition - which had managed more than 600 signatures in just two days - and a strongly-worded pamphlet, critical of the fee.

It said: "Linking access to education with the ability to pay increases the social power of those with greater resources and disenfranchises the poor. Clearly, this runs counter to the 'reformist' nature of the Labor Party."

"At the end of 1984, people voted for a Labour Government which was committed to free education. The government has no mandate to re-introduce tertiary fees, under any circumstances."

It concludes by urging students to "to fight....to convince the Labor Government to scrap the charge before the bill becomes law later this year."

Demonstration organisers said they were reasonably happy with the student turnout, considering some faculties were still on holidays last week.

Student assistance raised in TEAS phase-out

by Paul Washington

Student financial assistance will be aligned with dole payments by 1989 under a new system of student assistance programmes to be introduced in 1987.

The new structure, known as AUSTUDY, will replace the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme (TEAS), the Adult Secondary Education Assistance Scheme (ASEAS), and the Secondary Allowance Scheme (SAS), and will provide payments on an age-related basis.

As of next year the incidentals allowance of \$100 paid to TEAS recipients will be scrapped while the \$250 administrative fee will be incorporated into payments, which will be fortnightly rather than monthly as is currently the situation.

The Federal Minister for Education, Senator Susan Ryan has described AUSTUDY as one of the key elements of the Government's Priority One Strategy.

"The significant increases in allowances being implemented by the

Adjusted Family Income	STUDENTS AGED 18 AND OVER ANNUAL ENTITLEMENTS			
	Tertiary/Adult secondary at home		Tertiary/Adult secondary away from home	
1985-1986	One Student	Each of 2 Students	One Student	Each of 2 Students
\$ 15745	2468	2868	4171	4171
18000	2305	2586	3608	3889
20000	1805	2336	3108	3639
23000	1055	1961	2358	3204
24914	573	1720	1876	3023
27024	50	1459	1383	2762
32234		808	51	2411
34114		573		1876
38294		50		1383
48714				51

This table indicates the allowance you will be eligible for in 1987 under AUSTUDY.

Government provide a much stronger incentive for young people to study and secure qualifications which will help them find and keep employment", she said.

An additional \$103 million will be made available for student assistance in 1986-1987.

Under AUSTUDY there will be a common basic rate for 16 and 17 year olds whether in tertiary educa-

tion or unemployed; a common rate for unemployed 18 to 20 year olds and students aged 18 or over who are independent or living away from home; and a common rate for secondary students aged 18 and over and for tertiary students who live at home will operate from 1989.

AUSTUDY will continue to be subject to a parental income tax, as TEAS was.

\$10 000 Prosh success

by Jamie Skinner

This year's Prosh activities managed to raise just over \$10,000 for the Multiple Sclerosis Society.

Prosh co-ordinator David Israel said he thought it was the most successful Prosh that he had seen at uni for four years.

"I think that more students took part in Prosh this year because of the wider range of activities", he said.

A capacity crowd of almost 2000 people attended the Prosh After Dark Show which itself raised \$6500 plus another \$1000 from the bar.

The Prosh Show which tradition-

ally ends Prosh Week featured eight top local bands and free movies held in the complex of the Union Building.

1966 students and friends payed \$5150 and \$7.50 to see *Exploding White Mice*, *Hey Daddy'o*, *Garden Path*, *Reverberating Clams*, *Lizard Men*, *The Writhers*, *Suburban Bears* and *Rockitt 88*.

"We kept our overheads down without bringing over any interstate bands" Israel said.

The Prosh Rag, the annual no-holds-barred paper for Prosh Week which sold at the price of \$1 raised \$2500 from a print run of 6000 copies of which 4000 were sold.

The Grab-A-Thon, an activity which involved stealing, borrowing or kidnapping items to score points for a \$50 cash prize raised a couple of hundred dollars for 's.

Other memorable activities from Prosh '86 were the Flinders Reclamation Tour, the pyramid building of 680 glasses in the Bar, the traditional Prosh Procession of painted jalopies, a touch football match attended by Graham Cornes and Michael Aish, yet another unsuccessful 'Drink the Pub Dry', a concrete canoe race and a Rock Film Festival featuring *Stop Making Sense*, *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia*.

Now you have it, now you don't - the push for the tertiary fee

TERENCE CAMBRIDGE looks at the history of tertiary fees and the background to the debate.

Next year's \$250 administrative charge for universities and college students will be the first government impost on Australian higher education students since the Whitlam Government abolished tertiary tuition fees in 1974.

Abolition of fees was part of the big-spending Whitlam Government's visionary "program" to provide equal opportunity in all sectors of Australian society.

According to Whitlam's Minister for Education, Mr. Kim Beazley Snr., the father of the present Minister for Defence, abolishing the fees would ensure students from poor backgrounds were not prevented from attending tertiary institutions.

Before their abolition, fees provided around 10 per cent of Australian universities' annual incomes.

In the early 1970's university students paid fees of between \$300 and \$400 a year, depending on their courses. At present prices this is equivalent to between \$1,100 and \$1,400 a year.

Disadvantaged students were eligible, on the basis of academic merit, for Commonwealth Government scholarships which covered the annual fees and also provided a means-tested living allowance.

This scholarship system was also abolished by the Whitlam Government and replaced with the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme (TEAS) which provided all students with a means-tested living allowance.

Interestingly enough, before the abolition of fees the Commonwealth spent some \$350 million (in present prices) on student assistance through the scholarships system compared with its 1985 TEAS expenditure of \$281 million.

The first suggestions that tuition fees should be reintroduced came with the election of the Fraser Liberal Government in late 1975.

Despite several attempts, the Fraser Government was unable to reintroduce fees because of strong protest campaigns by students and the education lobby and Parliamentary opposition from the Australian Democrats who held the balance of power in the senate. In 1981 the Liberal Government



The move to re-introduce fees stretches back to the Fraser years

did steer through Parliament legislation setting up a scheme for providing students with loans to cover their living expenses.

But the loan scheme, seen by the education lobby as the thin edge of the wedge which would lead to the eventual abolition of TEAS

middle class students still outnumbering low-income students by three to one.

Early in 1985, the Hawke Government's Minister of Finance, Senator Peter Walsh, floated the idea of reintroducing tertiary tuition fees for well-off students.

"...the original abolition of fees had had only a minor effect in encouraging greater numbers of low-income students..."

allowances, was opposed so vociferously by student groups that the Fraser Government shelved it.

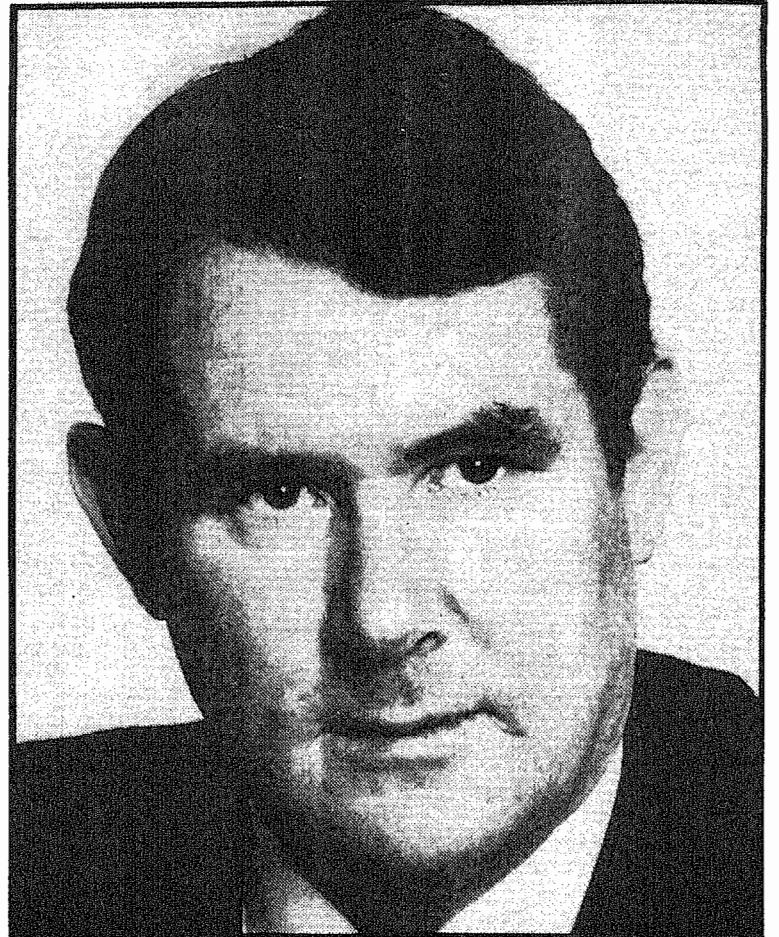
After the Fraser Government, faced by mounting economic and political problems backed away from its loans and fees proposals, the issue of tuition fees did not find its way back on to the political agenda until 1985.

By this time, several studies had purported to show that the original abolition of fees had had only a minor effect in encouraging greater numbers of low-income students to enter higher education institutions.

A 1985 survey by the Tertiary Education Authority of SA had not changed since 1974, with upper and

Senator Walsh argued that providing free tertiary education across the board effectively transferred funds from the average taxpayer to a student body drawn predominantly from the middle and upper classes.

Senator Walsh proposed the introduction of annual fees of about \$1,400 for university students, phasing in at a parental or personal income of \$22,300, the level at which eligibility for TEAS starts phasing out. People on incomes of less than \$23,300 would thus have continued to receive free tertiary education under this proposal, a fact which many lost sight of in the ensuing debate.



Peter Walsh - an advocate of tertiary fees.

Walsh argued that his proposal would be far more equitable than free tertiary education for all: "I find it ideologically repugnant that low-income families should be taxed to provide a free university education to a disproportionate extent to the children of upper and middle income earners. But then I, of course, am a true left-winger, concerned about realities instead of tokens and slogans."

After an acrimonious debate Senator Walsh's proposal was torpedoed in the Federal Parliamentary Labor Party caucus room in Marsh last year.

Despite his drubbing at the hands of caucus, Walsh continued to

such a scheme would be enough to increase assistance to welfare recipients paying rent - among the most disadvantaged in the community - by 30 per cent and to fully index the rate of, and income test for, all education allowances.

But it was not until this year's Budget that the Hawke Government moved on the fees issue by introducing modest, defacto tertiary fees through the new \$250 administrative charge.

The new charge will raise \$97 million next year. As 10 per cent of that amount will be retained by the tertiary institutions to spend for their own purposes, the charge will generate \$81 million in direct

"The loan scheme...was opposed so vociferously by student groups that the Fraser Government shelved it."

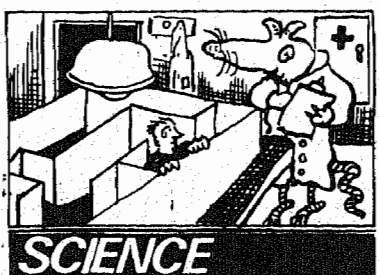
argue that fees should be introduced and in the lead-up to the 1985 Budget he again stirred the waters by putting forward a revamped fees and loans scheme designed to save \$325 million a year in Government outlays.

Walsh pointed out that the proceeds from the first half-year of

revenue for the Federal Government.

And as some 114,000 students on TEAS and other allowances and pensions will be compensated for, or granted exemption from, the charge, the Government expects to be left with only \$58 million which will be used to help fund an extra 3000 student places next year.

The magic of modern medicine



SCIENCE

by Mark Douglas
Once again an American drug company is in search of that Holy Grail of Medicine - a cure for the common cold.

Over the years there have been thousands of attempts to find such a cure. So far the variety of strains of

the common cold has frustrated all attempts to produce a vaccine, which would have to include proteins common to all strains to be effective.

But now Merck, of the U.S., has come up with a different method to beat the nose-blowing-blues. They have developed nosedrops which they claim will protect against colds. The nosedrops contain a mono-clonal antibody which blocks the receptors through which most of the 115-or-so strains of rhinovirus which cause colds enter the cells they infect.

So far however, their idea has had only limited success, but results show that in the future this concept

COMMON COLD CURES
← THIS WAY

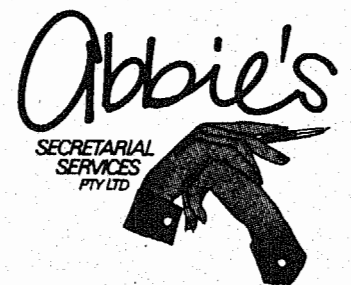


may be nothing to be sneezed at.

In the first tests, which were carried out early this year at the University of Virginia, 13 "volunteer" medical students took the antibody nosedrops and 13 took placebo nosedrops. They then had a heavy dose of virus squirted up their noses. Seven of the limited group

and nine of the placebo group subsequently caught colds - not an impressive difference.

What does augue well for future of the drops however, is that the onset of colds among the members of the treated group was delayed by one or two days and their symptoms were significantly less severe in all cases.



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Professor Donald Stranks

OBITUARY

by Moya Dodd

Adelaide University Vice-Chancellor Professor Donald Stranks died on Saturday August 9 from a heart attack after playing tennis with his son.

His death was sudden and immediate. He was 57.

Professor Stranks was one of Australia's leading academics. He had held the position of Vice-Chancellor since 1977 and was Chairman of the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee.

His interests were diverse. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the South Australian Council for Technological Change, Chairman of the Australian-American Educational Foundation and an Executive Board member of the Anti-Cancer Foundation.

He was also a member of the Australian Cranio-Maxillo Facial Foundation Council, a director of the University's venture development company Luminis and a member of the University's Board of Governors.

Professor Stranks was educated at Melbourne High School and graduated from the University of Melbourne with a B.Sc. in 1950. He received his M.Sc. in 1952 and was awarded a Ph.D. in 1954.

He was a Fellow of the Royal Australian Chemical Institute and was awarded its Rennie Memorial Medal in 1956. He later won the COMO Medal for Inorganic Chemistry Research in 1977.

His academic work took him all over the world. He served as Professor of Inorganic Chemistry at Adelaide and Melbourne universities, Examiner at the Universiti Sains Malaysia, Lecturer at the



Professor Donald Stranks - a distinguished academic and chairman of the AVCC

University of Leeds and Visiting Professor at Washington University and the University of Bristol.

In 1984 he was created Officer of the Order of Australia.

He was the author of three chemistry books and almost 100 research papers in radiochemistry, inorganic reactions, high pressure chemistry and chemical education.

Professor Stranks was also well-known for his co-operation and popularity with students, most memorably in events such as Prosh. During Prosh 1981 he led the Uni-

versity's secession from the Commonwealth and was crowned Prince Donald I of the Torrens River Province. He often participated in Prosh activities such as processions and pie-kills.

He is survived by his wife Caroline, two sons, one daughter and one step-son.

★ The Pro Vice-Chancellor, Professor Kevin Marjoribanks, has been appointed Acting Vice-Chancellor. A permanent appointment is not likely until early next year.



Professor Stranks was known for his participation in Prosh events.

"A great man to work with"

by Moya Dodd

The late Vice-Chancellor, Professor Donald Stranks, was a "tremendous" man to work with, according to the Registrar Mr Frank O'Neill, who worked closely with him for over five years.

"It was a great shock to hear that he had had a fatal heart attack..." he said. "I think anyone who knew him was shocked and saddened."

He said that Professor Stranks' major achievement during his time as Vice-Chancellor was "maintaining the quality of programs in the University while managing a budget reduction over the

nine to ten years that he was here."

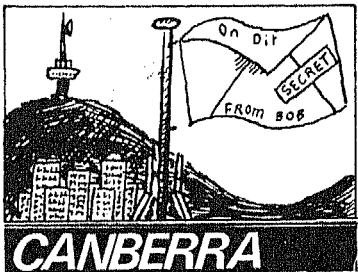
"One of the other great things that he did for the University was to build the bridges with the business community and the commercial community here, primarily through the development of Luminis Pty. Ltd.," said Mr O'Neill.

"He was a director and he was one of the people who developed that concept and brought it through to fruition.

"He was tremendous to work with in terms of his understanding and his human qualities and generally his capacity to give guidance as to what might be best for the University."

A memorial service will be held for Professor Stranks in Bonython Hall in mid-October.

Wisdom from Tassie



by Cyril Quine

No account of our nation's seat of Government would be complete without a mention of its most colourful and eccentric denizen, Mr Michael Hodgeman. Only a footnote perhaps, but still a mention.

Resplendant in his deep blue suit and ubiquitous red carnation, the Tasmanian Liberal member for Denison, the "mouth from the south", almost glows with a swarthy charm aimed at winning friends and influencing people.

He never fails to entertain the Canberra press gallery with his never ending search for publicity. His principle is that any publicity is good publicity, and his trademark is the use of language that bears closer relations to a pamphlet from the French Revolution than modern political debate.

A regular stream of Hodgeman press releases declare that the HAWKE SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT should be EXECUTED or BEHEADED. They exhort us to become REVOLUTIONARIES FOR AUSTRALIA who should RISE UP and OVERTHROW the CANBERRA SOCIALISTS.

And that's usually it. No facts or figures, no new announcement of things done or about to be done no matter how minor - just an effusion of hyperbolic opinion. He has produced a unique new asset for the modern politician: the news release with no news.

Journalists soon learn to ignore

him. But last week he grabbed attention with a typically rash suggestion that the Opposition should use its numbers in the Senate to force a double dissolution.

"It is my opinion that Mr. Howard will be Prime Minister of Australia and in The Lodge by Christmas if a double dissolution is forced...Every day that this Hawke socialist Government remains in office our country is going further and further down the economic gurgler..." he roundly declared at a press conference.

He did not say if he had consulted Mr. Howard about this proposal, but was confident the Opposition Leader would not decline any opportunity to become Prime Minister offered him by Mr Hodgeman.

He cited legislation to amalgamate the ABC and the SBS, and to defer pension increases, as two pieces of legislation which the Government has deemed very important to its "overall strategy", and which therefore the Senate should reject to force the double dissolution.

Mr Hodgeman was not daunted by the fact that section 57 of the constitution required the Senate to reject legislation twice, with an interval of no less than three months between the rejections, before the Governor General could grant a double dissolution.

He reassured the assembled reporters that, yes, he had indeed read the constitution (after all he is a QC). His reading of the constitution told him that the PM could go to the Governor General after the legislation was rejected a first time, and obtain a double dissolution by giving an assurance that it would be rejected a second time.

This struck his audience as a rather liberal interpretation, so just to satisfy any Doubting Thomases he proceeded to argue that "there is

still a time frame in which the three month provision can come about".

To prove this he began to calculate his dates beginning from the premise that the day's date was the 1 December. He modestly accepted correction on this point, disclaiming any ignorant of which day it was or where he was going. He insisted there was time for "the three month situation" to evolve - after all Parliament could sit into December.

He was not phased when it was coolly pointed out to him that Parliament did not sit again until 16 September which meant that, on the best scenario, if a piece of legislation was rejected by the Senate that day the earliest it could be rejected again was 16 December. This left exactly nine days for an election to be held and Mr Howard to move the family silver into The Lodge by Christmas.

"No...I'm not fiddling with the calendar," he protested. "I'm simply saying to you that there is still time for provisions of the constitution to come into effect." Mr Hodgeman is nothing if not persistent.

Mindful of the Immigration Minister's, Mr Hurford's, recent gaffe with Adelaide's morning radio guru Jeremy Cordeaux, Mr Hodgeman wisely refused the offer from an ABC radio journalist to appear in a regular spot in return for breaking news stories.

But he had some advice for Mr Hurford on how to get publicity, an art at which Mr Hodgeman is a past master: "I get up early in the morning and ring AM. I get on that program because I ring up. I don't get on as much recently, I must say, but I still ring up. I work on the one out of ten principle - ring up ten times and get on once."

"Mr Hurford wants to get on the John Laws program. All he has to do is pick up a telephone and ring

Changes likely to Craft Studio

by Paul Washington

The average student at Adelaide University is likely to use the refectories two or three times a week, enjoys the occasional break from study by going to the bar, attends shows a couple of times per year, doesn't know much about the Craft Studio, and never goes to the Barr Smith Library.

At least, these are the habits suggested by the report on usage of Union services commissioned by the Union earlier this year.

The report, conducted by Bowden, Sexton & Associates, drew its funding from a survey of 399 students selected on a stratified random sample basis at the beginning of term two this year.

It found that 87.7 per cent of students never use the Union Craft Studio, and only 2.8 per cent use it as often as "several times per month".

Although the survey contained questions dealing with all major Union facilities its focus is on the Craft Studio, and the low usage figures reported for the Craft Studio are likely to force changes to its methods of operations.

Over 70 percent of students surveyed said they were neutrally disposed or satisfied with the services provided for the Union fee overall while a similar percentage said they

and say 'Hello John, this is Chris Hurford'... when I rang up I had twenty minutes on John Laws last week..."

Mr Hodgeman ended by saying that he was still interested in the Prime Ministership if the position became available. He did not

did not want to see services cut.

99 per cent of students surveyed said they never use the Creche/Women's Room while 90 per cent never use the gym.

Among the surprise results is the questionable finding that 85.7 per cent of students do not use the Barr Smith Library (which is not a Union facility). If this figure was applied to the whole student population of Adelaide University it would mean that 6500 to 7000 students do not use the Library at all.

12.9 per cent of students surveyed said they found the refectory was the best facility while the same number felt the bookshop was the best facility provided. However, 7.8 per cent thought the refectory was the worst facility placing the refectory at the top of both best, and worst, facility tables.

26.2 per cent of students use the bar at least once a week and only 34.8 per cent said they did not use the bar at all making it the second most frequently used facility (next to the refectory).

The Gallery is used by only 3.25 per cent of students at all, and by 0.5 per cent daily, while the Coffee Lounge is only used by 2.5 per cent of students.

But excluding the refectory, bar and shows, all Union facilities have a non-usage figure in excess of 85 per cent according to the survey.

expect an early invitation however. But he did advise anyone holding a ticket on him not to throw it away. In the meantime he was prepared to accept a position cleaning the Parliamentary toilets if it helped get rid of the Hawke socialist Government.

Students must have community support

MICHAEL FOX
EDUCATION VICE-PRESIDENT

Well, I'll be blown. What a time to assume the responsibility of representing students here in matters of education and welfare. For most, next year will portend a financial burden that will seriously affect their lives.

The proposed \$250 "administration charge" comes hot on the heels of the decision to render TEAS as a taxable income. These increases, together with across-the-board belt-tightening taxes to be incurred by every Australian resident, will force more and more students to supplement their incomes via part-time employment. On top of already existing problems such as family dependency and stationery costs, and general day-to-day living expenses, studies can only be marred.

To front up with at least \$450 for enrolment next year will be too



Michael Fox
much for many. A random survey conducted recently by the Union's Education and Welfare Officers found that 18.75% of those asked would definitely be giving up their studies next year due to the per-

sonal cost of education. This represents not only a collective disappointment, but a blight on the aspirations, ideals and intellectual capacity of the nation.

There is no doubting that universities nurture the intuitiveness and inventiveness of aspirants to positions of high responsibility. To lose nearly 20% of students from this university can only affect the quality of education.

Nevertheless, over 80% will continue. Why? For some, there exists a blinkered vision of vocational success, but for others, a genuine desire to broaden their own mental horizons, to satiate a yearning for knowledge, and to offer a contribution to a better world. To the latter, I dips me 'at.

Students of higher education must now convince the community of their worth. Then, and only then will they receive the support they truly merit.

Elections

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
BY-ELECTIONS
NOMINATIONS ARE CALLED
FOR THE FOLLOWING
VACANT POSITIONS IN THE
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION:
BREAD AND CIRCUSES
EDITOR(S)

(maximum of two running as a team)
WOMENS' OFFICER
(candidates must be women)
ONE GENERAL MEMBER OF
THE EDUCATION/SERVICES
STANDING COMMITTEE

Nomination forms may be obtained from the Administrative Secretary in the Students' Association Office after 9 am on Monday 8th September. Nomination forms must be returned to the Administrative Secretary before 5 pm on Tuesday 16th September.

Polling will be conducted over the days Wednesday September 24th to Friday September 26th inclusive.

Anthony Snell
President of the Students' Assoc.

ORIENTATION '87

Positions are now open for next years Orientation programme, and enthusiastic motivated students are required to fill these positions in order to make them a great success.

Postions available are:
ORIENTATION BALL:-
O'Ball Co-ordinators (2)
O'Ball Helpers (lots)
ORIENTATION WEEK:-
O'Week Co-Ordinator
O'Week Helpers(2)
ORIENTATION CAMPS:-
O'Camp Directors (2)
O'Camp Helpers (24)

Nominations close on Friday, October 3rd, at 4.30 pm. Nomination forms are available from the Students' Association Office.

For more information on Orientation, see Paul in the Orientation Office (just inside the Students' Office).

How can they ?

Christopher Pyne
Finance/Vice President

Thank you for electing me as Vice President.

Without doubt the new Council is faced with a real challenge almost as soon as it starts - Tertiary Fees. The Government has gone back on it's past promises. It has ignored the state of the University in respect to it's buildings, size of departments and student: staff ratio. Now it has put in jeopardy the places of many students currently at University who will not be able to afford to keep studying. The action of the Government is totally reprehensible.

It may well be that the country is in a crisis as serious as a state of war, (as Hawke tells us). However, how

can the Government impose fees on students studying to better themselves, while leaving unemployment benefits untouched, making it more desirable to be on the dole than to study. The Government says it will increase TEAS to cover the fee, I don't believe this, it would defeat the purpose of the fee saving the Government money, which is supposedly why it is being introduced. The fee at this University alone will net the government \$2,250,000/year. The Students' Association will do everything it can to have the fee abolished before it gets underway. If this can't be done let's hope the income it will generate will go directly to improving the University and the quality of studying here.

PGSA angered as Union passes buck

by Paul Washington

Postgraduate Students' Association (P.G.S.A.) dissatisfaction with the Union, following the Union Executive's decision not to replace the P.G.S.A. research officer, culminated in a motion to sever all ties with the Union at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the P.G.S.A. during the holidays.

But a decision on the nature of the P.G.S.A.'s future relations with the Union was postponed to research the situation, as severing ties with the Union is fraught with legal complications, and the P.G.S.A. is anticipating a more sympathetic hearing from the newly elected Union Board.

The President of the P.G.S.A., Mr. Mark Leahy, said that the Executive's proposal - that one of the Education and Welfare Officers work three days a week for P.G.S.A. - was not acceptable.

"We maintained [to the Executive] that we need a research officer working a minimum of at least four days a week exclusively for us", he said.

The Union Secretary, Mr. Rob Brice, said that Mr. Richard Branford, one of the Education and Welfare Officers had been directed to work for the P.G.S.A. "for a significant amount of each week - I think three days was banded about."

But Mr. Brice said the P.G.S.A. had "rejected the offer".



Mark Leahy, President of the PGSA.

However Mr. Branford said he was "the meat in the sandwich".

"I have been told to conduct research work at the direction of the P.G.S.A. for up to three days a week but at my discretion".

Mr. Leahy said "we're fairly confident we'll get the position back because the new board is sym-

patheticand shows greater understanding of the needs of post-graduate students."

He said it was unlikely that the P.G.S.A. actually would sever its ties with the Union, which would be a complicated process "that would take years".

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The University of Adelaide,
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Adelaide S.A. 5001
Telephone: (08) 228 5835

Heresy, logic and the tertiary fee

Ever since the Federal Minister of Finance, Senator Walsh, made the heterodoxical suggestion that tertiary students should contribute to the cost of their education there has been a need for the Federal Government to reaffirm its support of an open and accessible education system.

Senator Walsh's proposal, in 1985, that students at universities pay an annual fee of \$1500 and those at CAE's a fee of \$900 would have raised for the Government an estimated \$300 m.

This move was defeated but not so convincingly that the fear of a tertiary fee was wiped from the minds of those who would have to pay it. (This fear was justified as \$1500 would have presented a formidable obstacle to students from disadvantaged groups intending to further their education).

So few people were surprised at the announcement on budget night that tertiary students would have to pay an administrative charge from 1987 onwards. The reflex response was to see the charge as a form of tertiary fee. A rose by any other name...

Yet little effort has been made to set the admin fee in perspective.

Although this year the Government was under enormous pressure to bring down a tight budget with a relatively small deficit, the deci-



sion was made to uphold the principle of open and accessible education by not re-introducing tertiary fees.

Instead we have an administrative charge of \$250 with provision in the legislation to implement the fee to increase it at the rate of the General Salaries Index - and by no more.

The strongest argument against the administration charge was "the edge of the wedge" argument - that the initial \$250 was merely a prelude to a bigger fee in real terms in later years and this has been undercut by the realisation that such an increase will not be possible under the existing legislation.

Set against the \$250 fee, 3000 extra places will be made available next year in tertiary institutions while long overdue and welcome rationalization of the student financial assistance program will take place.

While other areas held sacred by the Labor faithful - such as welfare spending - were cut mercilessly on budget night, education received an increase in funding in real terms of 2.6 per cent.

The tertiary fee, though it would have provided much-needed revenue, received the thumbs down.

The most objectionable aspect of the across-the-board administrative fee (though students on benefits will be re-imbursed) is its potential impact on part-time students, and the deterrent it will prove to be for people in the work force considering part-time study.

A student wishing to study only one subject in 1987 will have to pay not only around \$100 in Statutory Fees but a further \$250 for the administrative fee, and the contingent costs of studying (books, etc.) as well.

A part-time student spreading a three year full-time degree over five or six years will be paying a lot for that degree.

But education is expensive - around \$8000 per year per student on average - and when funding from the taxpayer is inadequate to feed the expansion of the education system, money must come from somewhere else.

Graduates benefit greatly from their tertiary qualifications - better employment prospects than non-graduates, higher wages, and in other ways a higher standard of living - and to object to the payment of \$250 per year (\$5 per week charge) for that privilege indicates, among other things, glaring ignorance of economic exigencies.

All in all education has done well from Mr Keating's "horror" budget, and apart from the unproven obstacle to part-time study, tertiary students have little to complain about.

Paul Washington

Say goodbye to the ALP

FORUM

The Government is under fire from all sides; from the Left, from the Opposition, and now from its own membership. The latest in a long series of betrayals is the decision to sell uranium to France says Robert Clark, as he hands in his resignation from the ALP.

To: Chris Schacht,
Secretary, SA Branch
ALP

Dear Chris,
Here are the remains of my ALP membership card. You've probably seen dozens of them over the last three years. But as you head toward your Senate seat, I'd like to use this perspective on campus where you began your career 20 years ago to point out why rank and file members are leaving in droves and in disgust and longtime ALP supporters like Patrick White refuse to vote for the party again.

I am resigning from the ALP because its record of betrayal and failure has become too long to endure. The Hawke Government has proven itself abjectly incapable of carrying out even the most minor reforms on behalf of the Australian working people, unwilling to even attempt them. Its self-styled "pragmatism" is a euphemism for cowardice.

The catalyst for my resignation, the decision to export uranium to France, is an excellent symbol of this government. The principle that we should not export uranium to the nation which has treated our part of the world as a testing ground for its weapons of mass destruction, and is proven to be murderously determined to continue, is apparently worth \$66m, with promises of more sales to come. So much once again for the platform.

There is also a certain contradiction in the Prime Minister's bold assertion that the French were 'getting our uranium anyway', and the oft-repeated assurances from apologists for the industry that we would wield absolute control over our uranium exports.

As Jim McClelland said, that policy was the only remaining differ-

ence between the ALP and the coalition. The decision was inept inner party politics, inept electorally and especially inept regionally. No sooner had we offered the uranium to France than the French PM arrives on our doorstep, calls Mr Hawke stupid and praises the two French agents who blew apart a man in his sleep.

Tsk, tsk, I hear you pragmatically snigger. What is politics without compromise? And then you trundle out that great standby line: "Look what happened to Whitlam! He went too fast!"

The Whitlam Government lasted three years. Who today is willing to bet that the Hawke Government, after pandering to every imaginable anti-Labor lobby will last more than five?

In this high temperature era of Australian politics, no party can expect to govern continuously for a long period. Better a short term reformist ALP Government than a long-term government implementing Liberal Party policies.

At first the government was guided by "National Reconciliation". Then it was the "Trilogy". Now, the leaders mouth "natural government". It is the gasp of people with nothing left.

It is what happens to those governments that are prepared to abandon not just their electoral platforms but every shred of principle. In the vacuum you've erected pragmatism as a guiding principle, tacked compromise to the masthead. In so doing the Labor Party has lost its way.

But the damage this government has caused to the labour movement and all left-of-centre politics will long outlive it.

First, the union movement has been tamed and cowed by the

accord. The Liberal Party, which previously had no idea of how to deregister a union, has already said it will use the anti-union legislation put together by some of the best union minds in the country.

Secondly, the biggest reform of this crop of Labor governments has been to the ALP itself. Absorbed by the remorseless logic of its "electoral pragmatism", the ALP has divorced itself from its traditional supporters and has succeeded thus in further Americanising Australian politics, turning the party into a Democrat-style Tweedledee to the Liberal Tweedledum.

Just like the Liberals, the ALP no longer has a party conference but a forum for the airing of views.

But having attacked the Left and accommodated the Right, we suddenly find the Government up in arms over the so-called "New Right". This revised version of the Right in the same old free market ideological garb has been gathering strength for years. While right wing think tanks have sprung up around the country, Labor Governments have not lifted a finger. Having never shown any ideological or political opposition to the Right, it's too late to start now. You've let them in.

Besides, what can the Right do that the Hawke Government has not already proposed or implemented? It will be different only by degree. More deregulation, more attacks on living standards and unions, more welfare cuts.

The path of pragmatism leads back to the start. This government has not altered in any way the structure of power in Australia. It has redistributed wealth in favour of the wealthy. (It even boasts that profits are at a record level and labour costs at a record low.) The wealth of the richest 200 Australians has increased three-fold in the life of the Hawke Government, from \$5b to \$15b. This is a disgrace.

The episode of the Hawke ALP Government is a shameful one in the history of the Australian labour movement. Let me remind you. I have made two lists on a foolscap pad. The first covers a page and a half and is entitled "Betrayals". The second is headed "Achievements", with a handful of entries.

The first can be further divided into two categories: the things the ALP was elected to do but didn't, and those it was elected not to do but did.

There we have Roxby, East Timor, land rights, the Bill of Rights, the Nuclear-Free South Pacific, ban on uranium sales to France and the repeal of draconian anti-union legislation.

The second includes the entry of foreign banks, the float of the dollar, welfare cuts, wage cuts, tertiary fees, the new White Australia policy and the deregistration of the BLF.

This omits ID cards for example, and the series of political outrages dating back to the Coombe-Ivanov

fiasco.

What has been done about the blot on Western democracy that is the Queensland Government? What compensation has been paid for Maralinga? What about that specious inquiry into Agent Orange? Not to mention the lingering suspicions which hang over the right wing faction in NSW, with its incipient crony capitalism.

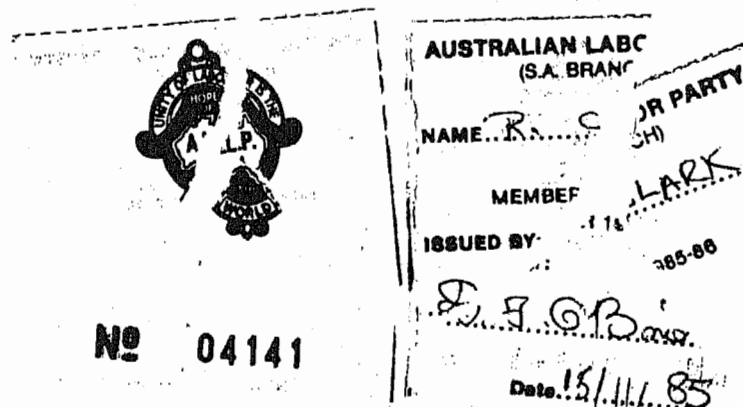
The ALP came into government prepared to back track, back down or compromise on anything as long as it could stay in power. That is political cowardice and ultimately political suicide.

A new political formation is needed on the left-hand side of Australian politics. There is enormous potential support for a party based on a platform of defending union rights and living standards, national land rights and a nuclear-free Australia and re-employment.

If I were you Chris Schacht, I'd keep an eye on the Parliamentary flock. More than a few are desperate to leave the fold.

But in true "pragmatic" Labour style you're probably more interested in winning that No. 2 Senate seat. The way it's going, "natural party of government" will soon have more candidates than rank and file members.

Good luck
Robert Clark



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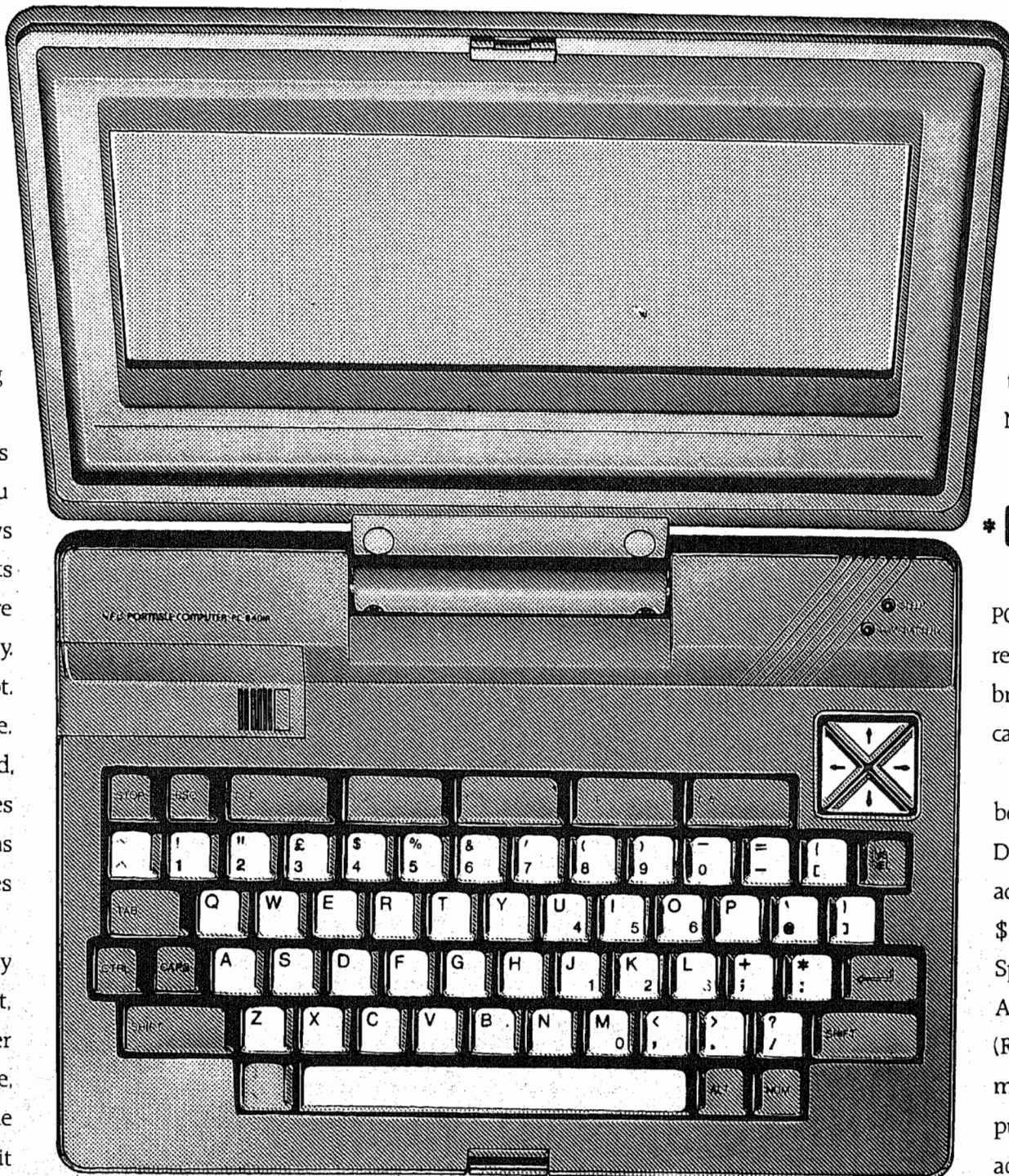
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



Writing with an eye for the wonder in the ordinary

Barbara Hanrahan is a popular author resident in South Australia. Here she talks to *On dit* about her writing.

by Philippa Schroder

Barbara Hanrahan is likely to consider your elderly spinster neighbour as a suitable subject for her writing.

Ordinary people are her heroes and heroines but she tries to convey the extraordinary side behind the ordinary.

"Just a woman living in a suburb like Thebarton is a heroine to me, and I just want to show how those people shouldn't be passed over", she says.

I know that if I don't get it down no-one else is probably going to do it because these women aren't going to be around forever. They're not just women they're men too. I'm just trying to make people see that the things they take for granted are a bit strange."

Hanrahan's writing is both historical and nostalgic. She has written books based in Queensland, New Zealand and England but favours South Australia because of the links with her childhood.

"Adelaide is an original place. There are lots of very original characters there and besides, you can read novels set in a big city such as Sydney, but not many are set in Adelaide." Often her heroines are quite feminist, independent and positive - qualities extraordinary for the historical era through which they lived.

Her first book, *The Scent of Eucalyptus* was an autobiography written after her grandmother's death in 1971. Living in London at the time, Hanrahan began to write descriptions of Australia in diaries.

"At that stage I didn't think I'd come back and it was as though I was writing for her. The diaries filled a great emotional need and without meaning to I began writing what became *The Scent of Eucalyptus*, about my childhood."

Many of the books have traces of her past in them; girls who don't have fathers, girls searching for fathers and some have grotesques in them. Barbara sees those as being linked with a married great-aunt who she was brought up with.

Emotion is the impetus for her writing. "I never start to write something based on myself unless I can feel that emotion." For her, inspiration is spontaneous and depends upon either meeting the right person or waiting until her own emotions get sharpened up.

It took ten years before she wrote the sequel to her autobiography. Based in London she found the distance from Adelaide brought out strong emotions.

Having lived in England for twelve years she gives it the status of a home. Now, she travels frequently to London



and feels that distance helps to reflect on Australia more clearly. "when you live in a place those little things can irritate you but when away, it's those very things which cause nostalgia and create emotion," she says.

She is wary of being associated with

constructive. At least in Sydney or Melbourne you can be anonymous."

Once a book begins to flow Barbara settles into a routine of writing every day. Emotion is necessary but it has to be disciplined as well. "It's a matter of slogging away and it's easier to do it every

and D.H. Lawrence. It is not their style but their dedication to writing which helped to start her off. Also, alone in London she felt the writers were her friends and so tried to do like them.

Although not planning to publish she liked to feel professional and so edited constantly in her mind. The first manuscript was accepted immediately and she considers that her development as a writer was unhindered because there were no writers in her life to criticise her progress.

Barbara currently juggles her priorities between writing and her original progression of being a printmaker. She has held over 25 exhibitions and several of the prints are used on her book covers. "It's difficult because you're always battling between which one you should be working on." She is currently running an exhibition to coincide with a book. Shortly she will fly to England and continue working on a book set in Chelsea.

"it's a matter of slogging away and it's easier to do it every day because the world which you're writing about is your real world."

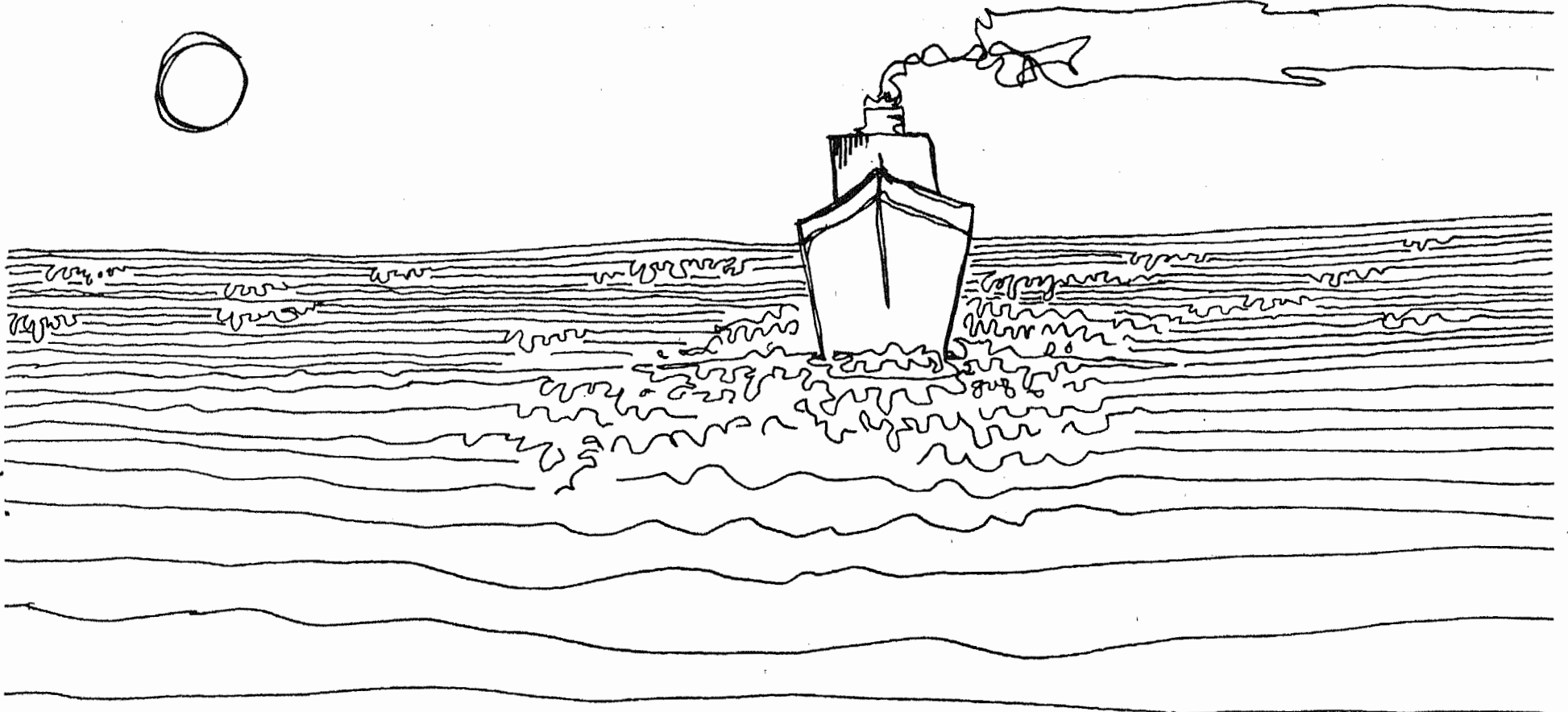
one particular place. "I think it's important to move about. Some people settle in one place and become known as, say, an important Adelaide artist or writer. I think that's very dangerous because it's easy to feel secure and important. In a small place people don't criticise openly - they go behind your back and that's not

day because the world which you're writing about is your real world."

"I write best in bed. By taking the phone off and shutting the bedroom door I can really feel in a vacuum and I need that sense of silence and privacy."

Certain writers have influenced her; Catherine Mansfield, Virginia Woolfe

Further poetic and literary contributions to *On dit* are welcome. Send your work to *On dit* C/- University of Adelaide, GPO Box 498, Adelaide or drop them into our office in the south-west corner of the Cloisters.



KRAFT-EBING NOTES:

NO. 206: A BIZARRE CASE OF SEDUCTION ATTEMPTED IN A FOREIGN TONGUE ABOARD A SEA-GOING VESSEL

by Barry Westburg

Call me Bogart, Sylvester Bogart, if you want to. That is not my name, however. I sailed to the USA from Europe early in the year 19____, and this is my story.

I managed, without a cent in my pocket - by means of an innocent stratagem - to secure cabin-passage aboard a Holland-America lines freighter from Rotterdam to Houston, but the Indonesian troubles required that the Dutch ship disgorge its passengers in New Orleans, instead. The "Zuiderkruis" was needed in Indonesia at once, to take prisoners from one island to another island. An unfortunate change of course, as we spent three days in a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico. This was the mischievous Hurricane Annie-Zelda Rasmussen, which we had picked up just after passing the Isle of St. Alonso and it fronted us all the way to the Georgia Sea Islands. During Annie-Zelda Rasmussen I learnt how to doze off on bulkhead walls and to swallow egg soup while upside-down in a marine toilet.

At this period, however, I derived a small comfort from the fact that Elmo Crappanzano the chief steward was as ill as I was - iller, actually - and was thus prevented from protruding his amours with a certain pneumatic German divorcee.

For had I not spent most of the voyage trying to attract the attention of this Ulrika - whose favours I had craved ever since my belated and rather compromised arrival on shipboard.

In all there were only twelve official passengers (I was the thirteenth, a last-minute, "unlucky" edition), and we were closeted together in a special compound. Since I was a young, unattached male (thus, a "student") - the only such among the passengers - and she was an extremely flirtatious and erotically inflamed female, I might be pardoned for thinking the chances of my success with her were "assured," as they say in *romans du boudoir*.

Note that I had been reading far too many *romans du boudoir* in my roach-ridden Barcelona *penzione*. There was nothing else I could do, since I was a penniless traveller, and was thus unable to pursue any of the Spanish *vixens* I could spy passing in the streets below. And yet I fancied these women to be in a state of perpetual excitement corresponding to my own, and thus aching for lovers of any description.

Ulrika was travelling to Houston to the arms of her fiancée (a Texas oil millionaire) and the merger was planned for a few weeks after disembarking. I was travelling back to California to join my own fiancée, Lena ("Legs") Lowenthal - president, Kappa Alpha Theta sorority - but we had no immediate

plans. Ulrika and I thus had a little in common. I had also spent a year in her own country. As a hitchhiker: No money and lots of needs.

"Seduction," if it ever was truly possible, is no longer fashionable, so I'm tempted to draw a curtain on the scenes of attempted seduction on the boat. But the God of Truth is a stern and exacting taskmaster. As a nineteen year old American male of course I could not employ all the armoury of the practiced seducer on a sophisticated European woman a decade older than myself. Probably my major blunder was in trying to conduct the manoeuvres - what were meant to be the preliminaries - in her own language. By so doing I inadvertently yielded vast steppes and tundras to my rival - the oily Crappanzano, chief steward.

Young men are (blessedly!) unaware of how little their youthful physiques and vitality count in the sexual arena, which is a zone - if truth be told - not of bodies but of words and gestures, of social signs and tokens. "Performance" means one thing to a hot-blooded young man who, in the absence of a sexual partner, must shamefully practice the English vice to preserve sanity - and it means something entirely different in the arena of intersexuality, where the meaning of the term "performance" is closer to - dramaturgy.

And this was where chief steward Crappanzano excelled. The entire repertoire of deferential gesture was at his disposal, along

display my large round melancholy eyes, with which I would gaze in meditative fashion at her across the room. This was supposed to convey the impression that I was harbouring the most profound desire for her. A desire... beyond mere speech.

Melancholy equals "poetic soul" equals Lord Byron equals - *fucking*.

I was too naive to know that, instead of displaying how racked-up I was supposed to be over her, I ought to have been finding ways of racking her up over me. I was parading the *symptoms* of a condition which could be of little interest (unless grossly ludicrous) to anyone who was not herself *already* envenomed with a reciprocal all-consuming passion.

In all of this, I had darkly divined that poetry could be a weapon of seduction - that being vaguely poetic was as good as being an operatic tenor or a football halfback. And since poets do occasionally have to do more than merely to gaze (like mute Byrons) they must prove themselves in the agility, *the athleticism of their speech*. All of which would serve - as metaphor? - for the athleticism of the ... Disciple of the Erotic!

Now the only regular chance I every got to engage the target person in conversation was at the dinner table. All the passengers were obliged to sit at the table, and I had so managed it customarily to sit directly opposite Ulrika. This was necessary preliminary, I thought, for my onslaught of Wit.

It appeared, from my pocket German dictionary, that there were two ways, in that murky

"Up to that moment, the little group of passengers had been chatting merrily, boisterously, as if ignoring us. But just then a leaden silence fell..."

with a fluent command of several languages, including Body. In retrospect, after a lifetime of conducting amours in the most difficult circumstances and with some of the most unlikely partners, I now see that the subtle steward made more headway with the affections of my dear Ulrika, just by silently arranging her napkin on her lap at dinner-time, than I made with my entire array of tactics. Well, two tactics. On one front, Language; and on the other, Silence.

Two devices I employed in irregular alteration: The first was to display my talent for *Spasserei* in her language (a sample of such 'jesting' in a moment). The second was to

language, to talk about *eating*. One was to speak about the way *human beings eat* - for that one used the ver "essen" ("to eat"). The other word was applied apparently only to the animal world: "fressen" ("to eat, gorge, of animal," the dictionary stated laconically).

One day, as we were taking our places around the table, I managed as usual to fix Ulrika with my basilisk gaze. Once I was sure of her attention I remarked that on this occasion I was so *hungrig* (hungry) that I felt more like *fressen* today than *essen*. That is, I felt more like "gorging" myself as an animal would than eating in a more anthropomorphic fashion. (The sea is a *well-known stimulant* to appetite, ho, ho, ho...)

The whole truth of a language is not always to be found in the shorter official dictionaries. She had begun listening to me with that strained politeness she preserved during most of our conversations. (I attributed this to her fear of losing control of her emotions: her deep shame at betraying how strongly she was attracted to me). As soon as my sentence was out though, punctuated by what must have appeared as a self-congratulatory little smirk ("see how famously I am getting on with my German!"), my listener's face suddenly changed.

Up to that moment, the little group of passengers had been chattering merrily, boisterously, as if ignoring us. But just then a leaden silence fell and all eyes were bulging inquisitively in our direction.

My divine Ulrika's refined expression changed, and a look of total disgust - or was it violent repulsion? - passed over it, darkening (as I then noticed - why had I not noticed before?) this German Frau's heavily powdered, gaudily made-up face. Lapsing into an almost guttural English, she veritably *spat* out the next few sentences.

"Do not - ever - say such a thing in my presence! It is too - it is too - disgusting! Ooff! Ughh!"

She quickly diverted her attention to the other gaping passengers at the table and ignored me for the rest of the evening. After that, whenever I crossed her path she would avert her eyes.

From that moment the ascendancy of the serpentine chief steward became pronounced.

I never learned any more German. But I have often wondered what was so offensive in my suggestion that I would like to "gobble" my food for a change. I have often since imagined hideous *doubles entendres* couched in my little speech - or nuances of which I was unaware. Maybe I got a wrong gender on a pronoun or something else in there - I just don't know.

I do know that from then on I would encounter the chief steward, at all the odd hours of the night, as he slithered to and from the cabin of a certain shameless, betrothed woman.

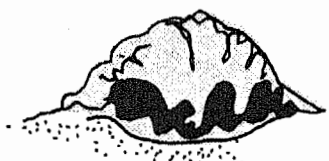
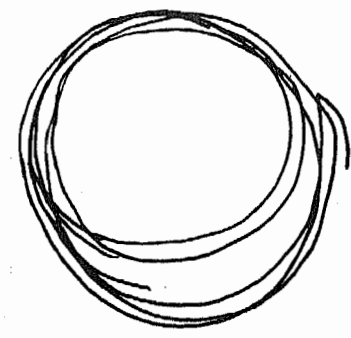
And, if I paused (as I frequently did) to listen outside her cabin, I could hear them.

Ulrika's throaty squeals undercut by the low growl, the *basso ostinato* of chief steward Elmo Crappanzano.

Argh! Argh! Argh!

Fressen! Fressen! Fressen!

* Note: The Contessa Scorpiia d'Amato, among other women whom I have shown this paragraph, says it is so much bullfeathers, and merely serves to illustrate not my youthful, but rather my mature, delusions about women and the *erotic*.



IN HER SHELL-LIKE

by Mark Leahy

She held the large shell against her ear and there it was - the answer she had been looking for, the search ended, the search begun. The polished talcum pink-lavender-white surface of its shiny flesh-textured innards carried the sounds of whispers and faint music. They were not at all like the sounds of waves she remembered hearing in shells she had collected, as a child, on the beaches of Earth. Here was something different altogether: clearer, more defined, having its source within the shell, not her ear. Realising what she had found, she pressed the still wet shell closer to her ear and shut her eyes. She let the pastel sounds drift through her receptive mind like a song and felt her body floating away, beyond her reach. She did not fight it. Here was the vehicle she had dreamed of; if she struggled, she might lose it forever. She felt her mind grow and grow, until it seemed larger than anything she had ever known. She was aware of two experiences: A) Large, B) small. One was her mind, the other her body which was, by now, almost forgotten - something reluctantly discarded, as a snake sheds a skin. She was hesitant to release the flesh and bone she had come to think of as herself, but...she let go and she had never had a body before, or if she had, it had been a long time ago and she could only just remember it, as a sort of dim memory of infancy.

Murex, mu'reks n. a genus of gastropod molluscs, some of which release the Tyrian purple dye. *Murex novamare*, a species endemic to the planet Rx, used in native rituals, as a religious symbol of the sea and its bounty (see Carthroy).

Shane Nelson watched the islanders on the beach below from the top of the chalk cliff. There were about twenty of them, all collecting shells. Borrowing might be a better word - certainly closer to the direct translation of their hobby: "Oron-welling" (Shell-borrowing). It was a popular past-time among the

natives. They spent hours walking along the beach, picking up shells, admiring them, listening to the sounds of the sea in them, then putting them back into the waves. They were a kind of sacred symbol to them and, as sacred objects, could not be owned by an individual. When Dr. Graves, of the first expedition, had taken a few of the more outstandingly beautiful varieties back to his laboratory, the local villagers had crowded around the ship with sticks and rocks in their hands, demanding their return. This was the only time the natives of Rx had ever shown any signs of violence. He promised them that the shells would be returned, unharmed, when he had finished examining them, but this did not placate them. Captain Roth was forced to order Graves to return the shells. She promised the natives that her crew would not

religion suggests that their central god-figure stems from a primitive worship of the sea and its wealth. Their word for themselves - "Pprillum" - directly translated, means "island of the soul." Their vision seems to be that of the soul floating on the divine sea - a sea which encompasses all truth and all being. The shell, within this mythical framework, is a symbol of the bridge between divinity and the mundane world - a vessel of communication through which their god speaks to them. In the beach ritual of Oron-welling, they seem to be making an attempt to approach closer to their god and their truth, by listening to the sounds of knowledge, via shells which are washed up on the beach, by the "infinite sea". Shells replace priests as a medium through which god speaks to ordinary people."

"They were a kind of sacred symbol to them and, as sacred symbols could not be owned by an individual."

touch the shells again and that all religious beliefs would be respected. The natives thanked Roth, but laughed at her suggestion that the shells had religious significance. Tape (Carthroy) p.67: "Clearly the murex shells have great ritual significance to the residents of Rx. Their vehement reaction to Dr. Graves' specimens is one illustration of this. Shells appear in their artwork and design, reminding me of the frequency of the use of the sea as a symbol in the ancient Minoan civilisation. In this instance, the shell seems to be - and here I am only making conjecture upon a few months study - symbolic of fertility, knowledge and truth. Their word for shell - 'Oron' - seems to have two meanings: 'shell' and 'gift.' A brief study of their

Rx: a planet, part of the grid R exploration. *Atmosphere*: breathable, although somewhat high in Co2. *Mineral deposits*: coal, copper, gold, silver, uranium. *Native inhabitants*: humanoid; second degree civilisation agrarian based. *Prospectus*: awaiting anthropological recommendations.

Minutes: Executive Committee (members; RK Skerrit, JJ Potter, SO Nelson, JP Streiber, DF Sterling, PJ Tolley)

Captain Skerrit expressed his concern that communication with the natives, while progressing, was slow. The fact that they had learned our language with surprising speed should have meant that communication

would have been relatively swift also. He reminded members that a comprehensive report on native societies was necessary by Empire law before trading or mining could commence. He asked the Committee to work as hard as possible. Lieutenant Nelson remarked that she had received the impression that further communication was impeded by the fact that the Pprillum considered homo sapiens as limited in some way, as if we are missing some piece of a jig-saw puzzle.

Captain Skerrit re-affirmed his request that members spend more time attempting to solve the problem.

At first she thought it was a painting with a sea-blue artificial horizon, but then she recognised the movement of the waves and she saw the scorched yellow scar of the soft beach and the dotted splashes which were people beneath, picking up shells and locking them into their ears. She looked beyond the hot sand and saw the cool green grass and the silver grey of the foreigner's ship, which was insignificant. She saw the bright red coat of the leader who was ever-so-blind to the voices and the colours. Colourblind. She saw the multifold strands and realised that in one of them she was an Innocent and ignorant individual with a little mind, without eyes and ears and she didn't even want to return...

Shain Nelson (Diary entry): I'd really like to get closer to the Pprillum. They're a very beautiful people, very gentle, very mysterious. I wouldn't like to see them exploited. After all, it's a mineral rich planet. There's something about them. Something they're hiding. Or something that's hidden. I'd like to know what it is.

Pprillum: native residents of the southern ranges and coastal areas of the planet Rx. *Humanoid*. *Skin*: coppery brown. *Hair*: absent on head, black on genital regions; head hair replaced by finer coppery scales. *Head*: broad, forehead well-rounded and

brow-ridges absent. *Eyes*: epicanthic fold gives slanting appearance; green or brown. *Nose*: absent, except for reptilian nostril orifices. *Lips*: thick and everted. *Build*: slight. *Chin*: well-developed. *Mammalian*. Average height 5 ft 4 inches. For anthropological details see First notes towards understanding alien species, Dr Rupert Grin Carthroy, (Oxford, 2566), pp.364-390. Species conversant with English, Russian and Chinese, as a result of three stage contact.

Conversation:

Nelson: I think there's something staring at me in the face.

Potter: What?

Nelson: I don't know. But I think they're privately laughing at us. Like...adults laughing at children.

Potter: In what way?

Nelson: Well, I think our approach is wrong. We're going in with a whole bundle of socially-constructed assumptions, which are blinding us to something pretty bloody obvious.

Potter: Like what?

View from a ceiling: the fluoro-light bathes her, reflects on her pale blue suit. She rests over the keyboard. She is thinking deeply. The door is closed and she is alone. She is on the verge of something. The electric brightness of her excitement reaches even up here.

Rain: it's raining outside, in a flood. Everyone is inside the ship. Most are on the sports' deck. The Captain is logging. Nelson is in her cabin, sedated. He thinks she may be close to something, but he doesn't want to push her. She'll share it when she's sure. She's a strange person. Very alone. It's best not to push his luck with her. He doesn't understand her. Who does? Strange, but valuable.

Her eyes (looking up): very metallic green. Alive with charged feeling. A depth of excitement and anticipation. Thoughtful. No-one could penetrate those eyes. She is not for reading.

She wakes in nightmare, ready to scream. But she suppresses it in the dark silence of her cabin. She is sweating. Her heart is pounding. She is alone and taking deep breaths, as if her head had been placed underwater for a long time. She closes her eyes, lays back on the pillow. She feels suddenly separated from the rest of her species. She has never felt so lonely.

Skerrit (Diary report): Streiber had an idea, which he tried out this morning. He

approached me with it this morning. For the love of Freud, I approved his idea! Still, we have to try these things. He said he'd been invited to a church ceremony the previous night. He told me that thirty or so Pprillum turned up. Instead of listening to a sermon, they drank from a cup which was passed round. After drinking, he said, they seemed to be thrown into some kind of trance. This lasted for a good fifteen minutes. He was left in a room full of vacant-eyed natives. They eventually came out of it and began embracing each other, as if they had shared some communal experience - a success of some kind. They then began singing. Streiber suggested that this drink might be what we were looking for. A narcotic experience? Telepathy? He suggested that he go along again and drink some himself. After consideration, I agreed to this.

After drinking, he suffered from intense stomach cramps and spewed all over the cave floor. The Pprillum carried him apologetically back to the ship. God, he looked awful. I thought he was going to die. So did he. The cramps lasted for a few hours.

"She floated, formless, but saw glimpses of herself in a watery reflection and thought she resembled a golden ball which changed its shape as she revolved."

Doc. said it was an unidentifiable vegetable poison.

Report: Disciplinary action has been taken against Nelson, Shain Olivium, MipE, Csm, MA, AD, Cco (list class). Charge: contravening basic first contact strategies. She was seen (by Keats) examining beach shells. Shells have extreme religious significance to the residents and misuse of objects represents a severe threat to resident-visitor relations. Taboo was set down by Captain Roth of the first wave.

I sent a charge of officers for her arrest, but by the time they had reached her, she had collapsed in a mysterious coma. The residents would not allow us to take charge of her body and insisted we wait for an Iirana (roughly translated: "group of six"). Within half an hour, a group of six natives arrived, clad in pink ceremonial gowns. They performed a, presumably, religious ceremony over Nelson's body sprinkling her with sea water, dispensed from large murex shells. She was then carried back to the ship, held aloft by the six, in a slow march resembling a

funeral procession. They handed her body back, but refused to be questioned about the ceremony and shrugged off our apologies. Nelson is in the infirmary and, if she recovers, will face a Jury of Four.

She floated, formless, but saw glimpses of herself in a watery reflection and thought she resembled a golden ball, which changed its shape as she revolved. She knew she might be dreaming, but that's all she had every known, even when she thought she was awake. She knew she was dreaming, but that's all she had every known, even when she thought she was awake. She knew she was being forced to rethink her being; she was faced with the knowledge that she no longer knew who she was or where she was. She knew only that she could transform and be transformed into an endless multitude of shapes and beings. Part of an evolving pattern. She looked deeply into the possibilities of form and pattern and wondered about what she might be or what she could be. She thought she may be made of clay. She had lost her eyes, or had gained different ones and could no longer comprehend flesh. She

«What are you talking about?
«I feel as if I've shredded parts of my life and found new bits.

«Nelson...
«I want to stay, Sir.
«Stay!? You're on report, for Chris' sake. You might never be allowed to explore again.
«The Pprillum are rich.
«In what?

«Have you noticed that the shell is very similar to the human ear?
«What?
«In shape. Very similar. Don't you think?
«I suppose so.
«Am I healthy?
«Yes, Nelson. Do you feel healthy?
«Very much so. Effervescent! Do... do you want things? I mean...things you find hard to imagine but would like to experience. Things almost beyond human experience?
«Like what?
«I wasn't thinking of anything specific.

Tolley: What's going to be your recommendation?
Skerrit: What do you think? We've been here for months. I'm going to recommend full trade and mining. The locals have no use for the minerals. And they'd probably benefit from trade. With the usual precautions.

was more frightened than she had ever been before. She felt like a lost child. She felt her strength bleed away into the limitless pool of the Universe.

«She screamed, Sir.
«Go on.
«I went in and she awake, sitting up on the bed.
A) There was absolute terror in her eyes. I tried to console her.
«What did she do?
«She just sat there. She didn't seem to see me. She seemed to be somewhere else altogether.
«What did you think you were doing, Nelson?
«It was beautiful...
«What was? What happened to you out there?
B) «I went closer than ever before.
«To what?
«I was set loose. Like...like...

View from a field: The dark grey ship is still pressing wet, like a huge rock, deep into the soft grass. The scar has healed and the grass is beginning to grow against its sleek surface. The door is open. The wind is rushing up from the sea, bringing the taste of rich salt. A single figure strolls down the grey ramp. She is thin and walks in luscious strides. She is smiling and her eyes are bright like dew. She walks in the direction of the beach with brisk steps.

View from the cliff: She is on the beach with the Pprillum. She stands out because of her bright blue suit. She is walking among, but not touching, the shells, which look like spots of orange and pink paint on a dirty canvas. The bright sun is low, lighting the sand with streaks of deep red, darkening the blue sky.

When we look again, she is far away. A blue brushstroke in the distance. Soon she will be indistinguishable from the dark, shadowy forms of the drifting Pprillum. Abstract patterns shifting in our eyes.

UNDER SUHARTO

This is your captain speaking. Our flight has been smooth and we will be arriving in Jakarta in approximately ten minutes time. Jakarta time is 2.10pm, please adjust your watches. We hope you have enjoyed your flight and thank you for flying Garuda."

That's O.K. mate I won't be flying Garuda again anyway. The bloody wog tucker you feed a bloke is enough to put anyone off. Nasi bloody whatever! Yuck! Give me a rump steak anyway.

I hope the girls are better than the food. I just fancy a nice, brown girl. Guys reckon these birds are real goers and cheap, too. Going rate is five dollars a night and anything goes. I turned to Chris, "Well mate it won't be long now and we'll be trying the brown velvet, eh?" "Right on, mate."

The plane skimmed over the city. Row upon row of red, tiled roofs. It reminded me of a cemetery with row upon row of headstones. We touched down and taxied along the runway. A light rain was falling as we walked down the gangway. The air was warm and smelt of decaying plants and rubbish heaps. The smell became fetid and sickly as I passed a huge pile of rubbish. Knee deep in the midst of it was an old woman and a small boy. He was holding a large bone which the woman quickly snatched away, and dropped into a piece of greasy cloth attached to her waist. Filthy dogs! What a way to live!

Inside the terminal I collected my pack and made my way to the exit. A solid fence held the jostling crowd at bay; except for the hands, the out-stretched hands of beggars. I patted my money belt, called, "Come on, mate," to Chris, and pushed through the crowded gateway. Hands grabbed at me from all directions and kids called.

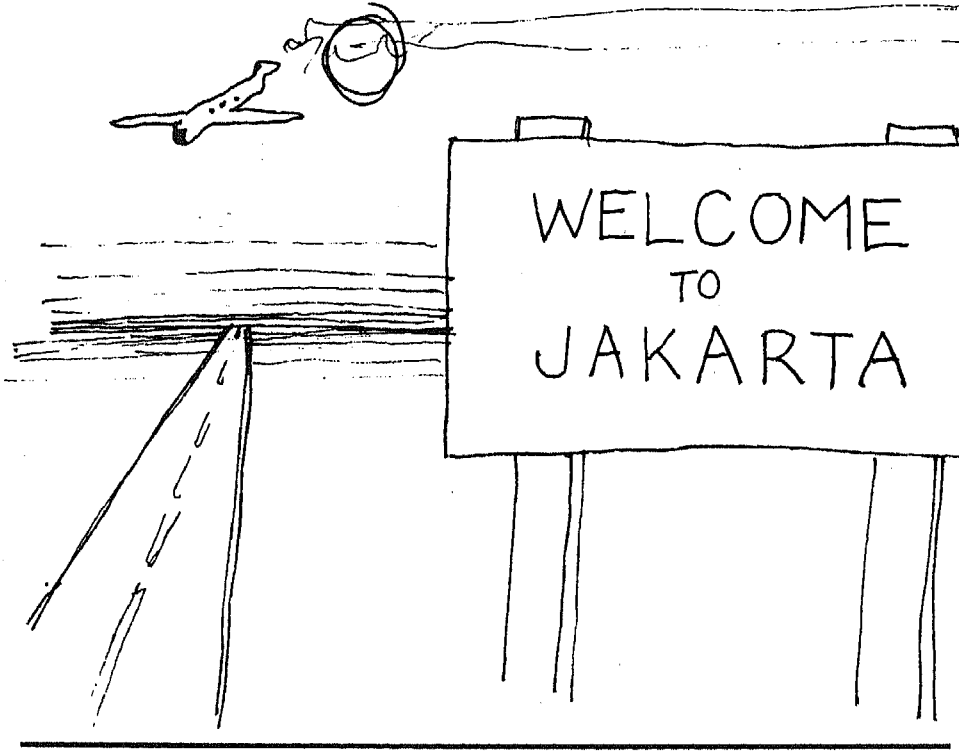
"Money, mister."
"Money, sir."

Damn them, bloody pests, I thought as I elbowed my way to the taxis. We took the nearest taxi and were soon in the city. The car stopped at the first losmen or hotel in my guidebook. A small man came hurrying out to the cab.

"Any rooms?" I asked.
"Sorry all full," he replied.

The taxi moved off to the next address in my book. "I'll check it out mate," I said, leaving Chris and the luggage in the cab. I walked into the courtyard. A young lad came towards me. "Do you have a room?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir. Please follow me." He led me upstairs to a huge room; inside was the biggest bed I'd ever seen, covered with a dirty brown, stained mattress. I entered the room and asked the price.



by Bronwyn Mewett

"Rupiah 10,000," he smiled.

"No, no, too expensive," I answered after quickly converting Rupiah to Australian dollars, "besides we need two beds." The air smelled dank and mouldy and the walls were spotted with mould. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling. What a dump!

I walked out and the lad followed. As I stopped wondering why the view from the balcony was ruined by barbed wire, he spoke; "Thieves, sir, very bad, but not in here sir, this, (pointing to the wire), keeps thief away. I give you special price sir, very special. Rupiah 8,000, very cheap, just for you."

"No way!" I hurried back to the taxi. The lad followed.

"O.K. You tell me sir. What price? 5,000? 4,000? What price sir?" "Piss off! I don't want your filthy room." The taxi driver drove off as soon as I was seated.

We finally found a clean, cheap room at Jalan Kebon Sirih number 23.

I found some clean, casual clothes and went to take a shower. Chris did the same. I entered the bathroom to find a squat toilet and no sign of a shower. Instead there was a large trough of water in the corner with a saucepan alongside. I did the best I could and came out slightly fresher.

Back in the room I asked Chris what our plans were.

"Do what you want mate," he said, "I'm stuffed. I'm going to have a kip so I'll be ready to rage tonight."

"Righto mate. I'll see you later."

I walked off to explore the city and check out the birds. Probably too early to find the best but I might get a bargain. I'd heard young girls were available over here; p'raps I'd score a twelve year old. You never know.

Beggars again. Brown faces, grasping hands and filthy teeth. Smiling and calling, "Uang." Some sat cross-legged while others stood or walked along one hand extended calling, "Uang."

"Money."
"Pleeease, sir."

Their rasping voices angered me, their filthy clothes disgusted me. Surely they could wash. Dirty, ragged children of about three or four were begging alongside their parents. Hadn't they any shame?

I pushed them aside and strode into a nearby bar. I'd down a few pints and forget them. Lazy bludgers, why didn't they work?

I finished my fourth beer and walked outside. I'd go and get Chris and we'd find a restaurant...then I heard an angry yell.

"No...go to Hell." A tourist was being pestered by beggars. He wore a batik shirt and light coloured shorts. I could see his red arms and sunburned neck, under a straw hat. I

imagined him sunbaking all day in peace, and now, when he wanted a meal, he was having to suffer this indignity.

I decided not to get involved, I'd read a pamphlet about foreign jails; and was turning to cross the road when I recognised his voice.

"Get out, get away...bloody hoons...I won't give you black bastards anything." It was Chris. He was throwing punches at the angry beggars and one writhed on the footpath. I ran towards the group. Someone was knocked onto the roadway. A taxi swerved around the prostrate figure but a large, khaki jeep didn't.

I heard a thud and saw the figure bumped onto one side and fall near the kerb. It was almost at my feet. I bent over and saw an old woman in rags with greasy hair and bulging eyes. I lifted her limp arm, trying to find a pulse in the thin wrist. There was none. I felt ill.

The fast gathering crowd pushed and shoved me away from the body. I heard shouts, sharp commands and four soldiers took control. The locals moved away and I could again see the body. The captain kicked over the corpse. "Orang Cina," he said, "Kasar." The soldiers stopped a taxi and pushed the bundle of rags inside. Their leader gave an order and the taxi moved away. He turned and ordered his men back into the khaki jeep, parked about fifty metres away. I saw him approach Chris and check his visa. He kept something in his hands after returning it.

Then the captain came up to me. "Please excuse me sir, an unfortunate accident. I hope you and your friend have a good vacation." His heels clicked to attention and he saluted.

Chris walked over to me. "Bloody bastards, won't leave a fellow in peace. Cost me fifty bucks to bribe that officer into not making out an official report, too. How about I take you to dinner and after that we find some little goers and make a night of it?" I looked at the roadway and saw a pool of blood.

"No thanks. I'll skip it tonight..." I answered.

"Come on mate, great birds, the real thing..."

"Not tonight Chris. I don't feel so crash hot."

I wandered back to my losmen in darkness; past young children asleep on the footpath, protected from the rain by only a sheet of plastic; past the black-eyed, red lipped prostitute bargaining for a better price, and the huge mosque packed with chanting Muslims.

Orang Cina - Chinese person
Kasar - Cheap.

Somebody's frame moves in and out
Of doors in a space.

A light

Glows in the centre of the system
Perimeters seen

but sometimes

A shock
Rattles glass from the frame
Somebody's shoulder
The cause

The light extends

Nerves tell
Loudly

The part is felt

Somebody knows
Now
How to move through openings
Right

Stefan Schutt

The Toy - after William Blake

Sheets caress me; I am a toy
Clasped by some small careless child
The covers are warm, the stuffing is joy
Dropping down into the world of the wild
At least I am safe in these sweet sticky hands
And the blankets in which I am placed every night
Owning two legs but unable to stand
Wearing a mouth but unable to bite
I dream of the earth, ageless and vast
Nestling on its pillow of black
Lighted by beams as the sun blazes past
The window of space, the curtains drawn back
Over in time she rolls without end
Over rolls mine, resisting the wake
Grabbing my body, a shield to defend
Holding on tight to his dreamy mistake.

Stefan Schutt

THE WHITE COLLAR

by Chris Kremmer

At twenty-five minutes past eight on a Friday morning, Simon Sullivan looked impatiently to one end of the railing platform, to a place where he new a train should now be. His breath made a fog in the dull winter cold as he exhaled in exasperation.

"Late again," he murmured slowly, without moving his lips.

A few seconds later, Sullivan saw the dirty carriages of the Adelaide-bound-all-stops service as it rattled and jerked into Glanvale station. He lowered his eyes to look upon the small, downtrodden man who sat holding a stick, presumably the throttle, as he passed along the platform in his little glass control box. The other passengers, who hadn't noticed that the train was late made their way aboard like so many sheep, or so it appeared to Sullivan. He made it inside ahead of them, being well versed in where to stand if one was to gain the advantage in the race for seats. In this way he was able to claim a position by a window toward the front of the carriage.

The train had jolted to a start when a tall, ungainly young man bounded onto the platform in a state of upheaval and galloped toward the departing carriages. The young man's hair was damp. Crushed was his suit of light blue and he waved his arms about wildly. He was sprinting for the doors which another passenger had, quite thoughtfully, opened for him half way down the platform. Passing Sullivan's window, the young man's eyes were open very wide, his mouth a vast, dark expanse as he gasped for air and grasped at the brass railing by the door.

At once the passengers of the train were taken by the drama of his quest. One old woman sucked in her breath and shut her eyes tight, while a child cried and a mother covered its mouth. One man shouted "Cahm on, cahm on" and thrust a burly arm into the air, as if his horse was on the post, then another man yelled out too.

Simon Sullivan kept his head low in a financial newspaper, seemingly unaware of the clamour which had overtaken the morning train ride into town. But when, amid the uproar, a red-faced man in an open-necked shirt vented his excitement with a blood-curdling yell, Sullivan looked out darkly from the corners of his eyes. He seemed to be losing patience when a volley of cheers and gasps rose up high in the carriage as the young man stretched, then stumbled, and then grasped the brass railing and launched himself inside.

The train had not gone ten metres more when the concrete and gravel platform turned to bush. All that could be heard then were the clicking rails that rushed beneath the carriage. A reverent air fell across the wooden car when, breathing with great difficulty, the young man picked himself up off the floor. Standing, his head nearly touched a beam across the roof and he was extremely thin. Patches of dust and dirt attached themselves to his blue suit in the fall. Mouth twisted with shock and eyes full with emotion, he faced the silent crowd.

"S...s...sorry," he said to the carriage at large. The craned necks and open faces seemed to swim before him with the motion of the train. "I was late." Still the silence held. It appeared they wanted more but he could think of nothing to say.

"Is that all?" asked an elderly man with obvious disappointment and there were whispers of discontent. Blushing fiercely with the shame of it, the young man searched for a place in which to sit.

Two steps down the corridor he spotted Sullivan, plump and bucolic with nicely shaped hair. A clerk only three years his senior, but many grades higher at the bank, Simon had the window seat on an otherwise unoccupied bench. Relieved to see a familiar face, the young man made straight for the seat, but raucous laughter rang in every ear as, catching his foot in the torn floor cover, he tumbled down beside his colleague.

Sullivan lifted his head momentarily from the newspaper and stared into the back of the seat in front of him. He seemed to be straining to hear a faint sound from far away.

"It's me, Simon," said the young man. "Mel" Sullivan's head twisted on its base like a door on a hinge.

"Oh..." he said. "You, M and turned back to the newspaper. The young man smiled. Then, aware that the conversation had in fact foundered, he laughed loudly in a way that surprised people in nearby rows and made the down on the back of Simon's neck bristle visibly.

"Hahaha," the young man laughed again even more loudly. "Nearly didn't make it," he said, continuing to chuckle and click his tongue in the way people do just before they say "just goes to show".

"Hmmmnnn," Sullivan replied dryly. "Seems you didn't get up early enough."

The remark made the young man's brow furrow into seriousness tinged with hurt. Haltingly he began to explain the intricacies of how fate had conspired to pit him against the clock on three of five mornings that week.

don't you?

The young man thought about it for a moment. Then, deciding he was not being asked a question, was overcome by a look of hopelessness and began blinking and looking into corners of the carriage and other places he would not normally look. The first of many rebukes for the day settled neatly and heavily like a yoke across his shoulders. From his pocket he took a book bound in maroon leather, "Accounting for Junior Clerks" embossed along its spine.

The passengers rocked gently left and right intine with the motion of the carriage. Closing his newspaper, Sullivan stared out on the bleakness that surrounded the morning train. There was a dessicated cleanliness about him that came from long showers, talcum powder, a fair skin and teeth brushed and flossed after every meal. Sometimes when the train lurched, tiny flecks of talc would be jettisoned to float whimsically

"His head twisted back and forth along the platform in disbelief, searching for them. Perhaps they too were late and would come careering down the ramp at any moment towards the train..."

Sullivan wanted nothing to do with it, and scanned the newspaper without moving his eyes in the way a person would do if they tryly were reading a newspaper. The young man's explanation was an involved affair. It extended not only to the mornings in question, but to the nights before, including two weekends and events which had occurred the previous year. He wa getting close to that morning when Sullivan turned his head sharply from the newspaper, glaring at him with tight, narrow eyes.

"I think you've explained quite enough,

before accelerating in a draught to the window near his face. The silver slim rims of his spectacles gleamed brightly on the few occasions when the sun broke through a low, leaden sky. His dark blue jacket cut a trim line along the white collar and shirt, and he wore a tartain necktie. The Sullivans were Irish, it was said, but Simon felt Scottish blood coursing through his veins.

With a sudden tremor, Sullivan realised that the train had come to Woodfield station. He grimaced, knowing that the men would be coming off nightshift. They stank, they

Fireworks On Mars

*You may as well have gone to an island
in the lake where you were scattering
your aunt's ashes, you were gone
so long; I remember much of life
is daily, a torn shade
at the apartment reminds me of the fury
of our cats prowling the sills, scratching earth
from the begonia, chewing the fern
reminds me I am waiting
for the pattern of meteors*

*and makes me wish I had warned you
the sky will enliven after midnight,
the stars a kind of fish in the waters,
sheer and half-here.*

*On the other side
of the window I suddenly see lights
slide down the back of the sky, pinlights,
meteors blowing silent as fireworks on Mars;
the lights snap on, then off,
brief star-pins slipping
down to the rim,*

*and I know you,
you alone at the funeral
could see the lake as a window
and saw the ashes' sinking
as the converse of stars.*

Sarah Sloane

swore, they were covered in vicious stubble. Their coveralls were filthy and they smoked openly in defiance of railway regulations. Their laughter cam from their bellies and always made a horrible din. Inevitably their hefty, beery, blue collar presence upset him and had, on occasion, followed him into his dreams. He hated them and as the train skimmed into the station he closed his eyes and held his breath.

The carriage creaked and jolted to a halt, brakes wheezing their relief. It wa quiet. Ears tensed, he waited for a sound. More silence, them more again. He opened his eyes. There was no-one there. Sullivan felt he must indeed be dreaming. His head twisted back and forth along the platform in disbelief, searching for them. Perhaps they too were late and would come careering down the ramp at any moment toward the train. But when the guard's bell rang and the carriage lurched forward, they were still nowhere to be seen. It was by mere accident that his bewildered eyes fell upon the open pages of the financial newspaper..

"Woodfield Engineering Folds - 2,000 Jobs Gol" bellowed the headline. Simon found it almost too much to conceive. He had not even the temerity to wish it and yet it had come true. Tufts of weed were springing from the cracked platform cement and the bitter grass seemed ready to overrun the place without the temperance of heavy boots. There in his railway seat, Simon Sullivan was filled with a most euphoric feeling, the sort one only gets when life is improved by events over which one has no control, as if the universe becomes suddenly kinder. The air is full with promise, everything under the sun seems better. Good news, the tonic for modern man. Like a Conservative election win or a brisk days trading at the stock exchange, Simon felt how wonderful life could be.

The young man noticed none of this as he plodded dutifully through the pages of his text book. The contents of it had sedated the nerves which had plagued him earlier in the journey. As he read, his face bore the dumb curiosity of one who reads but does not understand. The white collar jutted out over the lapel of his coat, held slightly askew by the sinews of his neck.

Even Simon's perfect world could not last forever. By an unwelcome reflex he found himself looking at the young man and the clouds went skittering over his thoughts once more. He appeared to have come straight from the shower but Simon suspected there were corners where the soap and water hadn't reached. Enclaves of wax and scum that had escaped all notice since he'd assumed care of his personal hygiene from a mother somewhere, a mother who'd probably not been bothered with it anyway.

Sensing this consideration, the young man looked up from his book rather cowedly and offered a hideously hopeful smile that filled Sullivan with disgust and disbelief. In any case, the time for getting off the stock cart was long overdue. Depositing the financial newspaper in a red leather satchel, he made his way past the spidery legs of the youth and toward first position at the door.

At five minutes to nine the two carriages and engine clattered into the city terminus as the young man searched beneath his seat for a lost bookmark. His hand grasped blindly in darkness as the leather sole of Sullivan's shoe made contact with the platform. It was joined immediately by other in a quick trot that settled into a brisk walk as he made his way to the exit. Not wanting to be left behind, the young man gave up the bookmark, which was in his pocket, for lost and moved quickly through the empty carriage to the end door.

From the door he could see a line of other trains resting in the bays where their human cargo had been delivered. Men in railway uniforms bustled to and fro, some pushing barrows, others behind the wheels of station vehicles. A grey-coloured mass of shifting shoulders and heads, curled and greased, bobbed up and down in a general surge towards a bottleneck gate, through which Sullivan passed first, on his way to work.

In the Hadley Glass Houses

The glass houses burn
 in the night by the road.
 Alien, poltergeists of steam
 wrap each canded house.
 Transfusions of light
 leak into my car.
 It is wrose than butter
 that grime on my windscreen.
 I am stuck inside.
 Over there the steam roars glowing
 like yellow soap. Behind visionless windows
 hard as fingernails
 the blank plants drink.
 Steam fills all the houses,
 percolates out a thin spoke,
 wet smoke eeling
 into shapes of white dough,
 dough kneaded over obscure lit panes;
 an exhumed gas of night plants
 floats towards my car.

Sarah Sloane

BRIEF MIGRATION

Fort Campbell, Kentucky, Feb. 21 - About two million birds survived the U.S. army's best efforts to freeze them to death yesterday. Thousands of birds - mainly blackbirds and starlings - remained perched on ice-covered pine trees while an estimated 500 000 other lay frozen to death on the ground...
 "We didn't expect to kill them all," said Brigadier-General John Brandenburg. He said the army would spray the area again.
 The birds are sprayed with a chemical to remove the protective oil from their plumage. Then fire trucks douse them with water. At night, they freeze to death.
 - the Age, 22/2/85
 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.
 - Mathew, 10

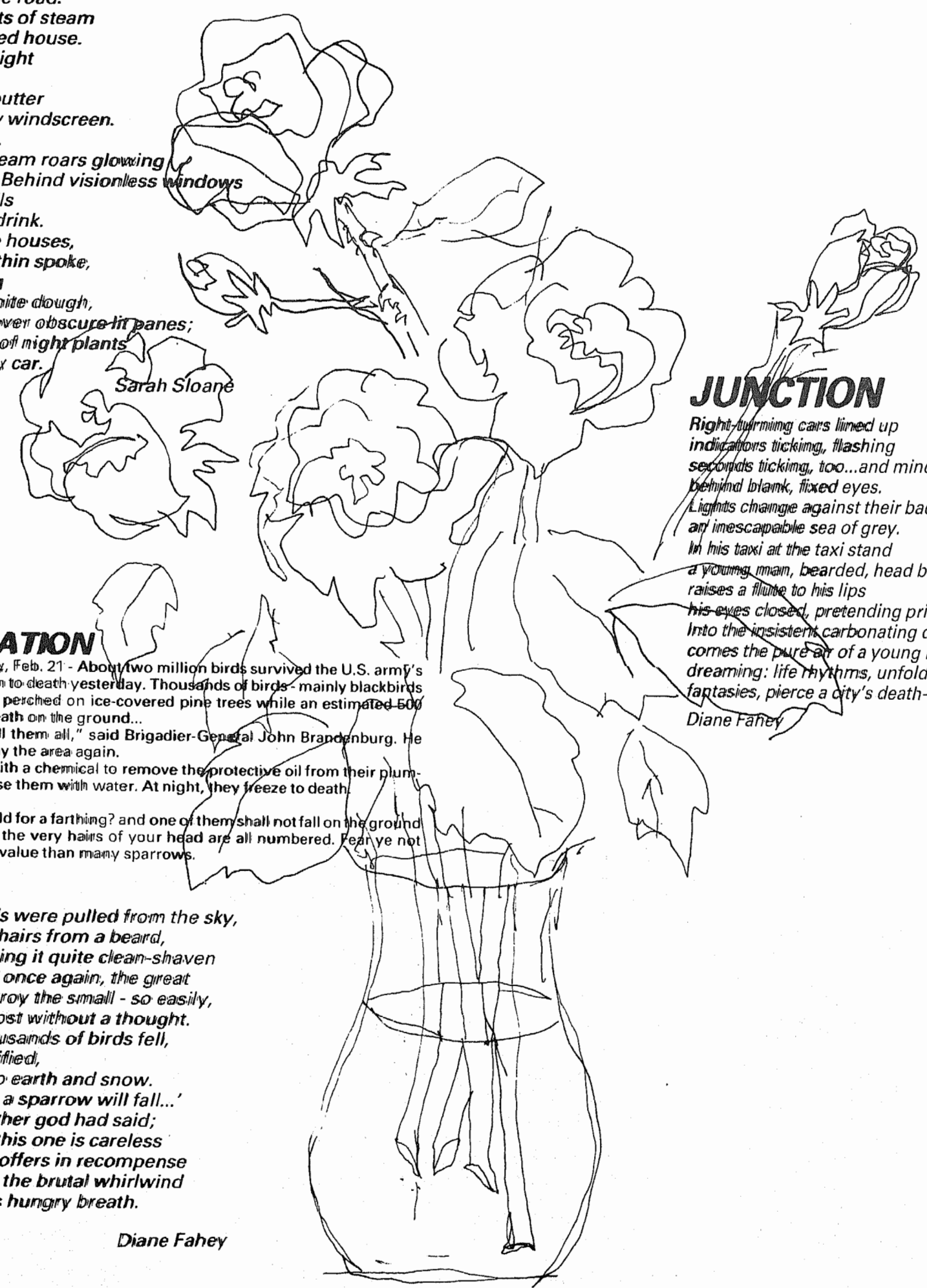
Birds were pulled from the sky,
 like hairs from a beard,
 leaving it quite clean-shaven
 And once again, the great
 destroy the small - so easily,
 almost without a thought.
 Thousands of birds fell,
 petrified,
 on to earth and snow.
 'Not a sparrow will fall...'
 another god had said;
 but this one is careless
 and offers in recompense
 only the brutal whirlwind
 of its hungry breath.

Diane Fahey

JUNCTION

Right-turning cars lined up
 indicators ticking, flashing
 seconds ticking, too...and minds
 behind blank, fixed eyes.
 Lights change against their backdrop -
 an inescapable sea of grey.
 In his taxi at the taxi stand
 a young man, bearded, head bowed
 raises a flute to his lips
 his eyes closed, pretending privacy.
 Into the insistent carbonating drone
 comes the pure air of a young man's
 dreaming: life rhythms, unfolding
 fantasies, pierce a city's death-music.

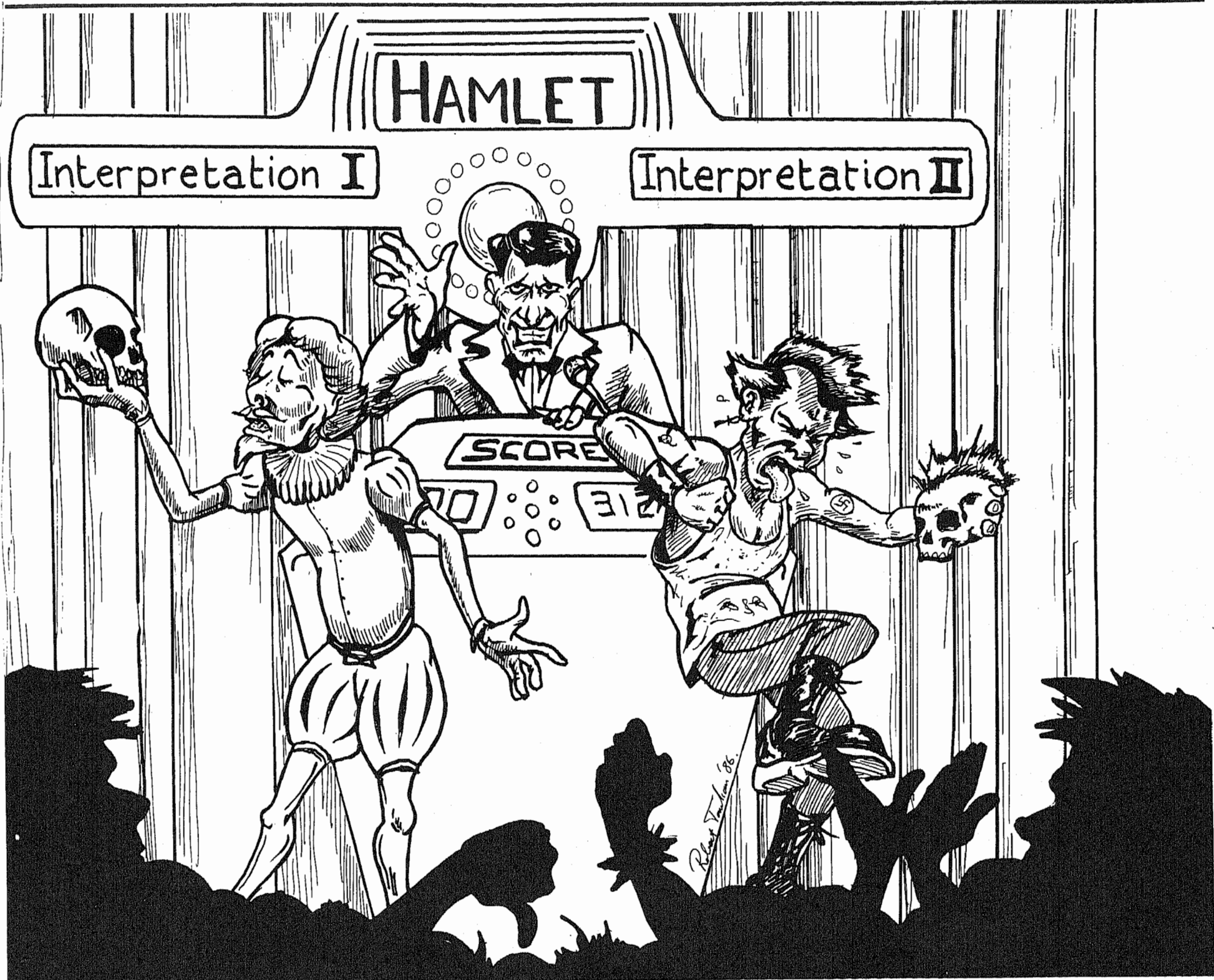
Diane Fahey



Plan for a New Architecture

1. Shrink every centre to its periphery and let this remain - a ring of sea chaining on a ring of land.
2. Pass through, ally of closure, that loop of forms
 to wrestle a space from the lucid canopies that hang there.
3. Have one chaos for the heart and live there always - gaze steadily on the pure city that you've left behind.

Limelight



Standing, swaying, clapping in the aisles - Theatresports comes to town

Theatresports is the latest attraction for theatre-goers with its mix of audience participation, humour and on-stage acting. On dit takes a look at Theatresports

A new cult is sweeping Adelaide, reducing Thespians to clowns and audiences to Holly friends. Theatresports, the latest opiate of the masses, is luring the young and the old to the Opera Theatre on Monday nights, where a referee, timekeeper, judges, teams and spectators battle for fame and fortune.

Theatresports is a marvellous blend of drama and combat. The mass hysteria which ensues can only be likened to the cult following inspired by Australian Rules Football, *It's A Knockout* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

It is a world wide competition, started by Canadian actor Keith Johnson, which pits six teams of actors against each other in a series of one, two and four minute improvisations.

Categories range from simple scenarios to more complicated ensembles, sketches, such as "a word at a time" where the team tell

a story by contributing a word at a time; "Spies and specs" an off stage character provides a small onstage voice, or "space jump" in which a sequence of events are sped up, slowed down or suspended in limbo. A panel of celebrity judges, with guidance from the audience, award points to the teams. The team with the most points is then eligible to compete for a place in the state finals.

The game begins when the pianist Milton Trot thumps out the Theatresports theme song,

"Overture, curtain, lights
This is it, the night of nights
No more rehearsing, or nursing a part
We know every part by heart
Overture, turn the lights,
This is it, we'll hit the heights.
And oh what heights we'll hit,
On with the show this is it.
And oh what heights we'll hit.
On with the show this is it."

Standing, swaying, clapping and singing in the aisles the audience welcome the glamorous and amusing master of ceremonies, the whistle blowing timekeeper and the flamboyant judges who preside over the rabble from the safety of a box in the auditorium.

The Master of Ceremonies, Isobel Kirk, introduces the teams, which feature weird names like Chocolate Fetish, Drop Dead, Absolute Beginners, Lucky Stars, Wasted Youth and What's Happening Zen?

Most teams comprise drama and university students and occasionally a few local actors who don't mind being tested in the arena of the improvisation.

"Get Her", an all-male team of three lawyers, Shaun Micallef, Alex Ward, Anthony Durkin and an Arts Graduate Francis Greenslade began acting together in The University Footlights Club productions and at the Club Foote during the 1986 Festival of Arts. They have been selected to go to Sydney to compete in a nationwide competition which will be televised by the ABC later this year.

Students from the Centre For Performing Arts, The Adelaide College of Advanced Education, Adelaide and Flinders Universities plus a handful of regular followers band together to form challenging teams.

The Master of Ceremonies is responsible for reciting the ten commandments of Theatresports. The first nine spell out theatrical no-no's, "thou shalt not block", "thou shalt always retain focus", "Thou shalt not shine above thy team-mates", "sins will be paid for", "thou shalt not waffle" culminating in the cardinal rule.... "when thy faith is low and thy spirit weak, thy good fortune strained and thy team losing, be comforted and smile because IT JUST DOESN'T MATTER!".

This is what it's all about. Theatresports is a night of outrageous fun and entertainment, a free for all where what you put in is what you get out of the show.

Participation is rewarded by handfuls of lollies which are thrown into the surging crowd. Excessive noise, obscenity and misbehaviour are punished by coercing members of the audience to climb into a mys-

terious "sin bag" on stage. Children wave banners begging for more lollies and some staid looking adults have been seen scrambling for fan-tales under their seats.

Theatresports started in Adelaide last year through the efforts of local actors Geoffrey Rush, Deborah Kennedy and Steven Ford. Twelve State Theatre Company members got the show running and then set about stimulating community involvement through occasional workshops.

Nearly a year later Theatresports is a raging success and has been forced to move from the Playhouse to the larger Opera Theatre. Steven Ford is confident the new Theatresports Committee will continue this branch of Community Theatre, "As long as there is a demand for this type of theatre there will be Theatresports teams".

The national coverage proposed by ABC television is guaranteed to spread the word. So treat yourself to some madcap mayhem before Theatresports becomes yet another national addiction. Don't be a Norm, get out there and participate. Theatresports is more than a spectators game.



CHRIS BAILEY

The Saints have been around for a long time moving "from one extreme to the other" JOE PENHALL caught up with Chris Bailey of The Saints recently and spoke about the band's last ten years.

Ascending the faded red carpeted stairs to *The Saints* apartment in a drab Glen Osmond block of flats, the band's leather clad bass player Archie Larizza overtakes me, a girl on each arm. I arrive at the door in time to hear Chris Bailey lamenting Luciano Pavarotti style: "Minc bambino's are leavink me!"

Inside the apartment, the singer-looking not a bit Italian, and even less saintly in long-johns and riding boots is bear-hugging Archie, and feigning tears.

He spots me as Archie is leaving and casts his eyes around in puzzlement, as if wondering which pile of crud I'd cavorted from. Introductions are made, and a few more *Saints* stir from beside the T.V. to investigate as Bailey settles down to iron the trousers which he's supposed to be wearing.

"Would you like a drink?" he offers. I accept. "Well you can't have one. What do you think this is - a hotel?"

Nevertheless, a beer arrives by courtesy of drummer Ivor, and we start chatting amidst the clouds of steam produced by the iron. We discuss Bailey's recent appearance on "Simulrock" - which leads to him airing his views on Amy Grant (his dream is for her to record one of his songs) and consequently religion. He calls it "a racket" - one of the biggest, just like Rock 'n' Roll.

With the ironing over, we join the others in front of the Bill Collins Picture Show, and start the interview - or at least try. Bailey is allergic to tape recorders.

He calls it a complex, I call it yet another unnerving attempt to get up a spotty young journo's nose.

So with the recorder hidden under the table and a pad out in pretense of taking shorthand - the interview begins.

On dit: If you had to sum up what *The Saints* have meant and stood for over the last ten years, what would you say.

Chris Bailey: "...Bastards, basically we were just a bunch of heavy fucking bastards..."

On dit: Ten years is a long time for an independent band...

Chris Bailey: "It's a long way to the top if you want a sausage roll" - in the words of the great Bord... or is it Bored.

The Saints et al have had quite a fun ten years really, from one extreme to another; found the world and back again.

On dit: It's been a long time, and only now are you really on the charts. Does that frustrate you?

Chris Bailey: Well you know how worthless the charts are...they don't necessarily bring you a lot of money, it's more of an industry orientated thing. For example, if one gets a lot of exposure on television then a lot of other nice things start to happen and people start requesting you, and marketing you.

But there's one very strange thing about show-biz: you can become this week's raver and you can be rocketed to number ten, and be there for two weeks, and it can be a nail in your coffin... Because it doesn't take many records these days till you shoot up to the charts, but a lot of people spend a lot of money making it (the record) and it's not an

The not so saintly Saint

unusual phenomena for people you assume to be hit bands, to be up to their eyeballs in debt, just because they spent too much money on the product.

On dit: Does it annoy you that the public are very much dictated to by industry "icons", like Molly Meldrum, to the extent that public taste is largely contingent upon industry taste?

Chris Bailey: Well, you must remember that none of the organizations that finance the arts are benevolent societies. You'd think an ABC Show should be unbiased but it's not...and it's just unfortunate that a lot of companies in this country play it extraordinarily safe.

The Australian record business is certainly now a lot more sophisticated, but the multi-nationals here are still awfully conservative because they are basically subsidiaries of foreign companies and they have very little autonomy.

On dit: True, but that doesn't give them license to talk crap. I mean, how can Molly Meldrum or for that matter the record companies say "We're so excited - or proud" about a group like Wa Wa Nee?

Chris Bailey: Because it means Capital!.. A lot of capital for them...the public is fed an awful lot of shit. But I'm occasionally sympathetic to record companies because...

Ivor: Because you can appreciate the business...

Chris Bailey: Yes. Thank you Ivor. Also they have to put up with as much crap as anybody. Look, there are two things you find when you go into show business - they are "credibility" versus "finance". 'Cause you can have billions and you may not be able to flog a product, like Samantha Fox..

On dit: And vice versa?

Chris Bailey: Precisely.

On dit: Can you see *The Saints* ever having "mega-success" and becoming an established chart band?

Chris Bailey: No...it's too late. I

think we've found a niche as we are.

On dit: How do you view some of your more commercial contemporaries, like *Dire Straits* and so on...

Chris Bailey: There's certain things about *Dire Straits* that are very attractive - they make good MUZAK (sardonically). I don't think he's a particularly good songwriter...

On dit: Talking of banality, what's your favourite colour.

Chris Bailey: Blue... (a long pause as he reflects) Communication: isn't it wonderful. It's a shame that if you stick to journalism you won't find a lot of it with rock bands.

On dit: That's a turn about, most "Rock 'n' Rollers" consider themselves to be very communicative, and school and university and the Establishment as the thorn in the flesh...

Chris Bailey: yes well one of the things that's wrong with the world is - to use a cliché - the Public School mentality: If you go from home to highschool, to university - another school, another set of discipline - you don't really get on outside perspective.

And a lot of people in our society in positions of some sort of power - treasurer is one of them - seem to go through that whole Public School Mentality, and that does blind you to a lot.

On dit: Talking of "positions of power", what's the story behind "Temple of the Lord" (the latest single).

Chris Bailey: "Temple of the Lord" is a little expression made relevant if it's said in a Glaswegian accent. As you know the Temple of the Lord is the body... And you cannot tamper with it, i.e. don't mess with me pally. But if you do say it in a Glaswegian accent it does seem to make a lot more sense..

On dit: Go on them...

Chris Bailey: (in thick Glaswegian accent) You cannae tamper with the temple of the lord...

Jimmy...

Classy soloists sound like a symphony

SUSANNAH FOULDS-ELLIOT
Soprano
Pilgrim Church

by Richard Ogier

The non-verbal skills of a singer are of supreme importance.

And when they are as highly refined as those of soprano, Susannah Foulds-Elliott, an audience can be transformed from interested observers on the outside looking in, to followers, closely and deeply involved.

Ms Foulds-Elliott, in her first Adelaide concert after two years abroad, showed that she has gained this capacity. Aside from rapturous applause between items, her audience listened with the quiet intent of a Sunday morning congregation, as she delivered a passionate sermon of songs with effortless ease.

She was supported by the sensitive keyboard touch of Stephen Walter, an accompanist who is not frightened to acknowledge a composer's use of space. He is as much at home with the pastel-shaded sonorities of Vaughan Williams as

the technical rigours of Hugo Wolf's 'Kennst du das Land?'

Ms Foulds-Elliott is an honours graduate of Adelaide University who will give her Masters recitals early next year. Stephen Walter is employed by the Conservatorium as an accompanist.

The programme opened with songs by Duparc that revealed the full-bodied resonance of the singer's lower register. In her time away, Ms Foulds-Elliott has gained the control necessary to hold or dwell on a note with telling effect, a

quality that comes with maturity.

Duparc's lyrical songs also best illustrated the subtleties of her intonation. She has the rare ability to develop a note seemingly out of thin air - to make her attack almost indiscernible. This feature of her voice - perhaps its most striking - was also evident in the introductory passages of Britten's 'The Trees They Grow So High'

Foulds-Elliott's most substantial offering, however, was a lengthy,

and difficult song cycle by Schumann, 'Frauenliebe und Leben'. She embraced its syncopated passages and dipping phrases - many of which occurred at considerable tonal distance from the piano - with confidence and finesse.

Unfortunately, the programme did not feature Ms Foulds-Elliott's upper register, with a breath-taking climax to Puccini's 'One Fine Day,' providing the only glimpse.

But this must go down more as a disappointment than a criticism, because the whole performance was one of high artistic merit.

Looking inside for answers

ON THE BEACH

Chris Rea
Polygram

by Graham Lugsden

There exists somewhere a perfect world of quiet contemplation, mellow friendship, idyllic happiness and gentle romance.

Chris Rea know this.

He has searched for this special place, and happily invited us on his whimsical musical quest, for over ten years. Why worry about the larger problems of existence, when it is the personal ones that cause us the most angst?

From his debut offering of *Whatever Happened to Benny Santini?*, which featured a song that helped his younger sister overcome a broken love affair, to *On The Beach*, the place that reminded him of a former love that did not last, Chris Rea has always pondered the small, the transient and the immediate. He is an outsider in a world that is obsessed with instant/super/as-seen-on-TV/quadrasonic/jet set/high tech. It is not only that he does not understand the preoccupations of the modern world; it is that he has seen enough of it - he was once a bouncer in the East End - and wants to explore the inner world for his own comprehension of the outer one.

Chris Rea found success sporadically at first, being denied recognition in the late 70s because of the swamping effect of punk, which forced anyone softer than AC/DC to the musical fringe. However, his indefinable soft-folk-musical-rock style maintained a cult following during the punk phenomenon. In 1983, he released *Watersign*, which sold over half a million copies, encouraging him to tour Europe for the first time. Since then, he has been back for at least four full tours, proving to be immensely popular as a live performer.

But Australia has ignored most of



Rea's work, only taking notice when the single "Stainsby Girls" reached the Top 10, and the album *Shamrock Diaries* was released. It was number one in Ireland, went gold in Holland and Belgium and platinum in Germany.

Here *Shamrock Diaries* did very little business, which is our loss. He could technically and artistically qualify for inclusion in Dire Straits. (Remember the shattering guitar solo in "Stainsby Girls"? It out-Knopflered Knopfler.) His lyrics swing dangerously close to poetry, being always poignant, pointed and personal. He is delightfully melodic; those bands that insist on deriving the tune from the tonic notes of a three-chord progression are severely shamed by his diverse musicality. And what's more, Rea

is astonishingly abundant. He once said that he only includes songs written during recording sessions, because he "forgets all the ones between albums."

The title song (I refuse to degrade them as 'tracks'), 'On The Beach', was a mellow introduction to a mellow album. The simple guitar melody, the sparse backing and that gorgeously gravelly voice are precursors for what was to follow - beautiful music, pleasant, understated rhythms and superb lyrics. Adding the sound of waves crashing on the shore between 'On The Beach' and the next song, covering the usually blank gap, was a nice touch.

It is difficult to pick favourites, since the songs are of such consist-

tent quality. If pressed, then 'Giverny' and 'Hello Friend' appeal most of all. The former is a heart-warming and exquisite ballad that will melt the coldest of cynics. The latter is a wistful, melancholy message to a long lost friend, and their changed relationship. Why do people change, and why cannot a friendship of old be renewed as it was?

"Sometimes I turn and I swear I hear you call

And I often wonder, how we lost what we knew

Seems it's all gone in the wind, washed away in the rain

And the years go by and by..."

'Two Roads' presents the fundamental incompatibility of two people who know that they will not stay together, but why not enjoy it while they do? 'Lucky Day' contrasts the plainness of a London morning with an almost Caribbean optimism. 'Auf Immer Und Ewig' is the theme of a film of the same name; hopefully the film will reflect the wistful whimsicality of the music.

The single, 'Its All Gone', is the most commercial, but that means little. It is the eternal battle between the free spirit that is in all of us, and the harsh reality that is outside:

"Of what became my childhood day dreams

Of all the things that used to be.

To my surprise

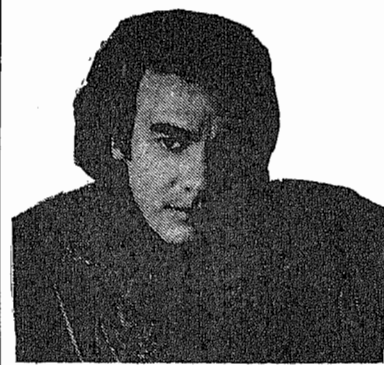
I stood alone

I walked a river of a waking dream"

On a more practical note, this is one of the few albums that is too long to fit on one side of a 90 minute tape. So the cassette of *On The Beach*, which has three 'bonus' songs, is truly good value.

If Genesis is the Coca-Cola of popular music today, then Chris Rea is the Grandfather Port. Sip of the elixir and ye shall be mellowed; but hasten, as this is one vintage that may soon be scarce.

Headed for the bin



HEADED FOR THE FUTURE

Neil Diamond
CBS

by Mat Gibson

Why is it that the artists of the '70s seem to think that to keep pace with the modern sound, to remain in vogue and, presumably, to keep the cash flowing, they must replace all their acoustics with synthesized, knob and button endowed equipment?

It just doesn't work for most artists. It takes away the feeling that somewhere, at some time the music was actually performed by humans with real talent and that the sound they created wasn't then cut, mixed, emulated, reverberated, compressed, depressed and generally mutilated before joining a great host of other bewildered noises and then notched onto plastic with a voice over the top to be sold as a song.

Neil Diamond once performed really touching songs.

Classics that have been translated into other styles by artists as diverse as Rush and UB40 and have been played hundreds of times by a great number of people. On *Headed For The Future* there are a lot of impressive names who helped to write and record the ten tracks, such as Burt Bacharach, Carole Bayer Sager, Stevie Wonder and Bryan Adams, but with the exception of *It Should Have Been Me, Me Beside You and Love Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, (not the well-known one), the songs sound all too much alike and lack real emotivity and spirit. Although not exactly offensive, the music is largely uninteresting, and I'm sure a lot of Neil Diamond listeners were hoping for a lot more out of this long awaited album.

Forbidden? Or forgettable?

SECRET DREAMS AND FORBIDDEN FIRE

Bonnie Tyler
CBS

by Mat Gibson

I could write a lot about this album. I could describe to you the interesting album cover or inform you of the trivial fact that Bonnie Tyler's hair was crafted by Rick Hylor of Vidal Sassoon. I could mention something of the musicians, probably centring on the two who appear to belong to another well known group fronted by Bruce Springsteen, - a cheap trick but I bet it caught a few eyes.

Perhaps it would also be useful to point out that Bryan Adams co-wrote one of the tracks and that Todd Rundgen arranged the backing vocals and has a duet with Tyler on side one.

But it wouldn't really say much and mean even less. There are only three facts about this album which really need to be said. Firstly, Jim Steinman wrote most of the material; secondly, he also produced the album; and lastly, the vocals are by Bonnie Tyler. It's epic rock in its purest form. Nothing else needs to be said.

Just a shadow of the past

THIS IS THIS

Weather Report
CBS

By Richard Ogier

Consider the cover: on the back a picture of the group's founders, Josef Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, warmly shaking hands: an inside sleeve featuring a thank you note and graphics of all the musicians who have played with the group; the return of Peter Erskine - now one of the most sought after drummers in contemporary music - and songs entitled "I'll Never Forget You," and "Update".

By now we have enough clues to discern that this album is a celebration of Weather Report's illustrious fifteen year history.

But the musical colour and invention that rifled the group to the forefront of the emerging Jazz/Rock movement of the early 1970's, is sadly lacking. In fact, "This Is This," is rather dull.

A new Weather Report release usually takes a few listens to penetrate not least because Zawinul's whooping, crackling keyboards make the music highly stylized and idiosyncratic. But this time around perseverance yields little for the listener. Why? Because, even if superficial earmarks of the group's style are evident, deeper, more central factors are not.

Specifically: rather than juxtapose many short, tight sections, whole tracks are based on clipped, uninspiring riffs. The best - or worst - example of this, "Face to Face,"

has the sameness of a (dissonant) dance track.

As with all of Weather Report's recent releases, the saxophone of Wayne Shorter continues to recede in importance. It is not heard at all until the fourth track, and more often than not it is well down in the mix.

So too is the guitar of Carlos Santana who features as a guest artist on two selections. Great guitarist that he is, his playing seems to lack variety more often these days. In his solitary solo, on "Copper Fingers", he plays a lot of notes but says very little.

Significantly, however, it is Zawinul's contribution that is most disappointing. Even though Weather Report is ostensibly the union of Zawinul and Shorter, Zawinul is its driving force. He produces the albums; his various keyboards are the focus of the music and he writes most of the material.

In terms of composition, the catchy chordal melody of the title track is the best he can muster. His only extended foray into genuine melodic line, the watery ballad, "I'll never forget you", is particularly yawnsome. Here the group's playing is untypically bland - why is drummer Erskine playing such a straight four? There are great chasms in the music where drum fills ought to be.

The album's leading light - if not its saving grace - is one of only two compositions not written by Zawinul: "Consequently", by Bassist Victor Bailey. Reminiscent



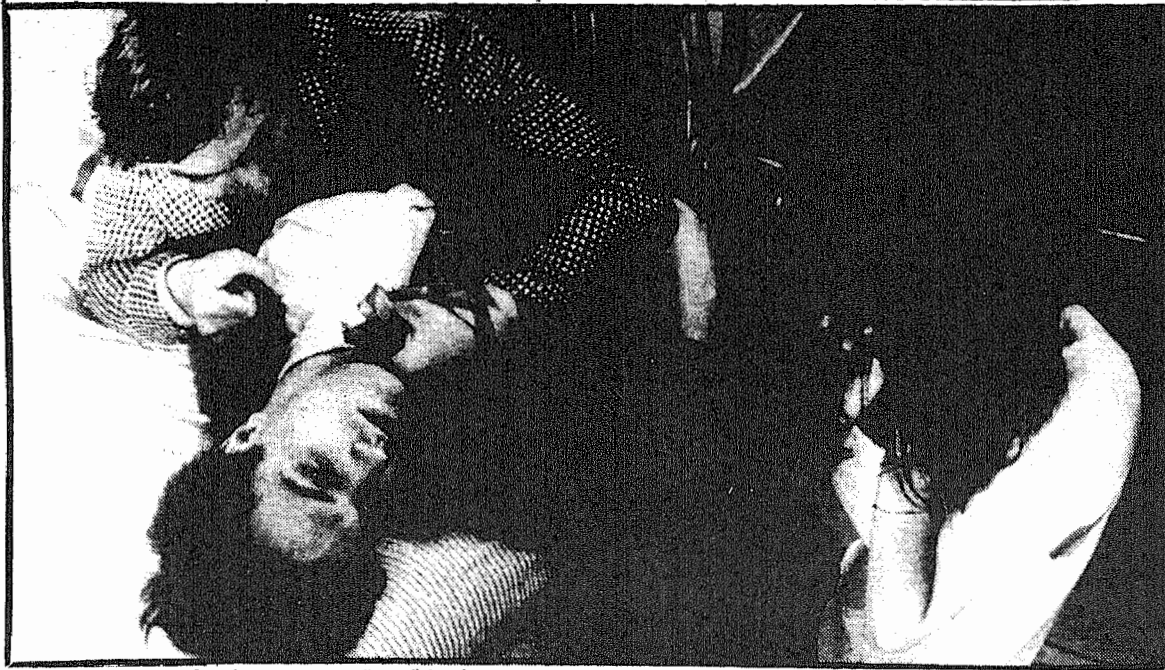
of Cannonball on the album "Black Market", it opens with an interesting thematic statement by Bailey himself, which leads into a chorus with a massive sound. The thematic material of the opening statement is then re-worked by Bailey before the return of the chorus, which is repeated.

The sense of form that is characteristic of Weather Report's best work is strongly evident in "Consequently". The problem of

its absence throughout the rest of the album would not be so telling if there were something in its place. Clearly, there is not.

This is This merely shows Weather Report doing what they have done much better elsewhere. It reveals the stylistic frills of their music, minus those things that have made much of it truly great in the past.

No cause for celebration.



Jean-Luc Godard's "HAIL! MARY" - "don't expect the usual sex flick because this isn't"

Hail! Mary ~

Sex, blasphemy & immorality?

HAIL! MARY
Classic at The Fair Lady Theatre
Season Closed

by John Lindsay

If you are expecting escapist, sexist pornography then you are going to be very disappointed. Forget the antics of the Zealots outside chanting Ave Maria at speed; these people have been misled. They haven't seen the movie nor will they ever see it because they expect sex, blasphemy and immorality. This movie is not about sex, I

don't think it is blasphemous and it does not portray Mary as immoral. The movie examines the problems faced by a girl who is experiencing virgin birth. The feelings of resentment towards an unseen God who puts this responsibility on her shoulders without asking is examined from every angle and is done to death. The medical opinion is sure it is virgin birth and Mary won't even let Joseph kiss her and he is her fiancée. So you ask, "Why an R rating?" Well the audience spends a lot of time watching Mary's naked body in one part of France and Eva's naked body in

another. Unfortunately for the overcoat brigade there is no sex on screen and lots less off screen than in a teen M movie. The audience found watching Mary's body to be quite comic at times and were on the verge of collapsing in laughter during some of the more reflective moments.

Godard's photography is beautiful and technically excellent but the plot and subplots are hard to follow in French with English subtitles. If you want an interesting way to scandalize your house mates this is it but don't expect the usual sex flick because this isn't.

Pythonesque teenpic

BETTER OFF DEAD
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Graham Lugsden

"DATELINE, Hoyts Theatres, Friday - Patrons were amazed to find one of their number, an alleged film critic from *On dit*, apologetic and gibbering hysterically, Ambulancemen called to the scene heard the critic mutter phrases like "can't believe it", "delightfully funny" and "enjoyable American comedy". This confirmed their diagnosis of a nervous breakdown, since as everybody knows, the Americans cannot produce witty, likeable comedies with sensitivity and finesse."

Wrong. The proof of the fallacy of the last statement is *Better Off Dead*, which is easily the best comedy to emerge from a Hollywood studio for the past two to three years. That it is, moreover, based around teenagers make it all the more difficult to believe that it is American. Previously, anything about teenagers was guaranteed to be crass, crude and cruel, but seeing *Better Off Dead* has smashed that misconception, fostered by films of the calibre of *Hot Dog*, *Screwballs* and *High School USA*.

Lane Myer, played by John Cusack (*Sixteen Candles*, *The Sure Thing* and the unreleased *Journey of Natty Gann*) has just lost his girlfriend, Beth, and is considering suicide. His mother cannot cook; one of the family meals is a lump of

greenish slime with sultanas in it, that crawls alive off the plate. His father, gorgeously hammed by ex-Major Charles E. Winchester III, David Ogden Stiers, is fighting a running battle with the paper boy to save his house from the newspaper missiles that are destroying it. His younger brother Beaver, eight years old, builds laser death ray guns and D-I-Y Space Shuttles from household appliances, and also reads books like "How to Pick Up Trashy Women". Amongst all this madness, it is no surprise that he tries to hang himself.

But he does not, which is lucky, because the French exchange student across the road, Monique, loves him. But Monique is greedily sheltered by her loathsome host family, and pawed by the elephantine nauseous son. Monique and Lane do eventually discover each other, but his old girlfriend Beth ("I need to improve my image. I need a boyfriend who is better looking and who has a better car.") is now going out with the odious school ski captain, curiously named Stalin. It is up to Lane to beat Stalin at skiing and win the girl, or girls. It is far less banal than it sounds.

Writer and director Savage Steve Holland (?) has managed to balance everything neatly, including the morality.

The gentle humour is almost Pythonesque at times, such as the advice given to Lane by his best friend, Charles de Mar, on how to ski well: "Go downhill, very fast. When you see an obstacle, turn."

There are many subtle rebuffs of American society: there was a neat reversal on the racist theme when Lane tried to kill himself by jumping off a bridge, but landed safely in a garbage truck. A black worker asks gravely "What's the world coming to when folks throw away a perfectly good white boy like that?" An exquisite animated scene took place in a "Pig Burger" fast food joint where Lane was employed. A male pig burger, complete with eyes, hands, mouth, legs and wailing tonsils, serenades his girlfriend, the cutest of female pig burners, on the guitar. A sheer indulgence that is worth the price of admission alone.



John Cusack



Currently out on CIC-Taft is the Alfred Hitchcock classic *Rear Window*, the Burt Reynolds comedy-thriller *Stick* starring George Segal, Candice Bergen and Charles Durning and *Cheech & Chong-Get Out of My Room*, a 53 minute made for video comedy tape featuring *Born in East L.A.*

Out in the shops from Cannon Screen Entertainment (formerly Thorn-EMI) include Michael Cimino's *Year of the Dragon* starring Mickey Rourke, the erotic thriller *Mesmerized* starring Jodie Foster and John Lithgow, Fred Schepisi's British drama *Plenty* with Meryl Streep, John Gielgud and Charles Dance and Ridley Scott's macabre-fantasy *Legend* starring Tom Cruise, Mia Sara and Tim Curry.

Roadshow Home Video's September release features the Academy Award winning black-comedy *Prizzi's Honor* starring Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner, the French comedy *Les Comperes* starring Ann Duperay and the Aussie Indiana-Jones movie *Sky Pirates* with John Hargreaves featuring as Lt. Harris.

Recent video releases from RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts include Chuck Norris splatter-movie *Invasion U.S.A.* (reviewed in *On dit* Vol. 54 No 10), the action-adventure *Remo-unarmed and Dangerous* starring Fred Ward (reviewed



Sally Field from "Murphy's Romance"

in *On dit* Vol. 54 No 3), *D.A.R.Y.L.* starring Barret Oliver and the romantic drama *The Last Winter*.

RCA's September releases feature Norman Jewison's *Agnes of God* starring Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft and Meg Tilly, *Murphy's Romance* starring Sally Field and James Garner (reviewed in *On dit* Vol. 54 No. 3) and the adventure-drama *The Delta Force* starring Lee Marvin and Chuck Norris.

CBS FOX will release the teenpic *Mischief* starring Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart and the Richard Lester comedy *Finders Keepers* starring Michael O'Keefe, Beverly D'Angelo, Pamela Stephenson and Louis Gosset Jr. in September.

Also on the shelves are Ron Howard's *Cocoon* on CBS FOX, the dancing montage *That's Dancing* on MGM-UA and Sting's concert-rockumentary *Bring On the Night* (reviewed in *On dit* Vol. 54 No. 6) from 7-Keys.

Jamie Skinner

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CINE SCENE Jamie Skinner

Buff's Film Choice:

Colonel Redl (Classic); *The Trip To Bountiful* (Piccadilly); *Highlander* (Hindley); *The Color Purple* (Hindley); *Crocodile Dundee* (Hoyts and suburbs) and *The Gods Must Be Crazy* (Classic and Trak).

Highlander

It's hard not to like this fantasy-adventure. Claney Brown is memorable as the evil warlord Kurgan and the timeshifts between the 1500's and New York 1986 are well staged. It has its flaws of unoriginality and music which could only have been composed by Queen but it is pure escapism with a plus. (Hindley)

About Last Night...

It's about sexual perversity in Chicago, Rob Lowe's hunky body, Demi Moore's tits, a jealous lesbian girlfriend and an overweight boozing buddy... and these are just a few of audiences' favourite things. (Hoyts)

Top Gun:

Tom "top gun" Cruise is up there with the best of the best-namely sex interest Kelly McGillis (*Witness*) and a half a dozen F-15 fighter pilots in this propoganda training-vehicle for the US Navy marines. The great aerial photography is its only redeemable feature. (Hindley)

The Karate Kid Part II:

Happy Days are here again! (Hoyts)

1986 Movie Ball

Movie Buffs alert! This year's Movie Ball is on this Friday night and is being held as a tribute to all those glorious musicals from the heyday of cinema.

Guests include the bubbly Anne Wills and Mr "showbiz" John Michael Howson (see interview with him in next week's *On dit*). The show will be compered by Jeff Sunderland and the 5AD Adelaide Big Band will supply the music.

A disco will commence at 12 midnight and will run for two hours. Cost is \$30 a head which includes supper, beer, wine and soft drinks.

The show starts at 8 pm Friday September 12th at the Grand Ballroom at the Hilton International and will finish at around 2 am. Bookings can be made at the Adelaide Hilton's banquet office or ring 217 0711.

Films which start this week include:

The 1969 worst movie ever made, *Astro Zombies* (Classic; September 12th) which will be accompanied by the comedy act *Double Take* which has been packing them in in the Eastern States in this most unusual double-act to hit Adelaide this year.

Tickets to the show will cost \$6/\$8 Monday-Thursday and \$7/\$9 on weekends. *Astro Zombies* and *Double Take* will be act the Classic for a limited season of two weeks.

Oliver Stone's political-adventure-drama *Salvador* starring James Wood, Jim Belushi and John Savage (Academy; July 12th).

Union Films in the Little Cinema:

Classics, new releases and rarely seen films are screened every Wednesday night from 7.30 pm to 10 pm. The films have been specially chosen to appeal to a wide range of tastes and are suitable for all ages.

Three films, Wednesday 10th September, 7.30 - 10 pm.

You Have Struck a Rock is about women fighting apartheid in South Africa; *The Red Stain* is a fourteen minute animated feature directed by Zdenek Miller showing ordinary people overcoming the powers of destruction and the classic movie about the bomb, *The Atomic Cafe* which details the history and culture of the atomic age using American 1940's and 50's propoganda footage.

Admission is free but feel free to make a donation to the programme. Coffee and biscuits will be available in the foyer and the bar will be open for interval.

Page brings believability to role in trip to magnificence

THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL Piccadilly Cinema

By Arthur Kavooris

The Trip to Bountiful is a sensitive film that tells the simple story of an elderly lady, whose last wish in life is to travel back to her birthplace, the town of Bountiful.

The central character Carrie Watts (performed by Geraldine Page) lives in Houston, Texas with her hen-pecked son Ludie (John Heard) and his vain self-centred wife, Jessie Mae (played by Carlin Glynn).

Carrie is somewhat of a prisoner in her own home. Her pension cheques are collected regularly by Jessie Mae who uses them to finance her daily trips to the beauty salon and local 'drug' store to meet with her fellow frustrated housewives to gossip.

One day after a cleverly executed plan, Carrie armed with a pension cheque which had been deviously hidden from Jessie Mae, sets off on her trip back to Bountiful.

Carrie meets up with a young army bride called Thelma, played by Rebecca de Mornay who helps her to overcome the many obstacles on her way back to Bountiful while being hotly pursued by a worried son and angry Jessie Mae.

The characters' 'trip' to Bountiful is an analysis of lost hopes, failed aspirations and lives unfulfilled.

The script is by award-winning Scriptwriter Hector Foote and is based on his play of the same name.

The film's success lies in its sympathetic portrayal of the principle characters, all in different stages of life who candidly talk about their lives' shortcomings.

By the end of the film, the charac-



Academy Award Winner Geraldine Page plays Carrie Watts in Peter Masterson's, "The Trip to Bountiful"

ters have aired their grievances and received solace from each other. However, the film ends on an unhappy note as they realise that it is impossible to reverse the damage done to their lives.

For her performance in *The Trip to Bountiful*, Geraldine Page received her first Academy Award for Best Actress this. She had been nominated for either Best Actress or Best Supporting Actress seven

times previously in such pictures as *Summer and Smoke*, *Hondo*, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, *Pete 'n' Tillie*, *You're A Big Boy Now*, *Woody Allen's Interior* and most recently *The Pope of Greenwich Village* last year.

I suspect in some way that she may have received the sympathy vote partly because she had been unsuccessful in her seven previous attempts but more importantly because she had been blacklisted for a number of years.

The Trip To Bountiful is an excellent vehicle to exhibit the talents of this actress whose experience has taught her to act with restraint and dignity, in order to bring believability to her role.

The Trip To Bountiful is a tender story that will suit the connoisseur of methodically acted, directed and scripted movies. Unlike this year's other major cinematic achievements, *Out of Africa* and *The Colour Purple*, *The Trip To Bountiful* was made for the designed purpose of telling a story, and not for entertaining the masses as these two other films were.

Surprisingly, *The Trip To Bountiful* in relation to its cost of production has been a success at the box office, especially as the project couldn't find any mainstream commercial backing.

This film would not have been made if not for the financial and enthusiastic support lent to it by the Sundance Institute, an organisation designed and run by Robert Redford for the purpose of providing funding, artistic assistance and practical experience to fledgling actors, actresses and directors.

If you are interested in viewing first class acting then this film is worth seeing.

Culture-clash comedy is capable of better

WORKING CLASS MAN (aka GUNG-HO) Hindley Cinemas

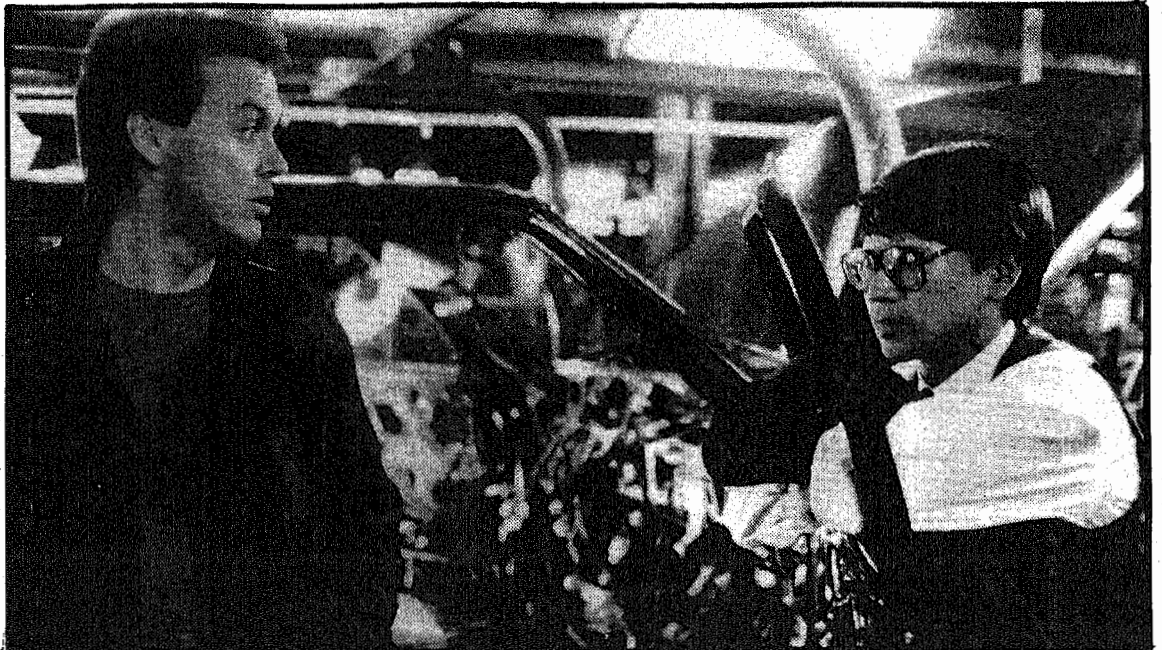
by Michelle Chan

Ron Howard's latest comedy, *Working Class Man*, is about what happens when East meets West in Hadleyville, Pennsylvania, a town sinking in the depths of economic depression. The town's major industry, a car factory, has closed down putting many out of work. Other businesses follow suit as the town's citizens slowly pack their bags and leave. Who can save Hadleyville from impending financial doom?

Enter our hero Hunt Stevenson (Michael Keaton), previously a foreman with the auto plant. With the town's backing he goes to Japan to persuade the Assan Motor Company to set up shop in Hadleyville to revive its car industry, promising hard work and high production levels. When the Japanese decide to take up his offer, the gung-ho adventure begins.

Needless to say, culture shock abounds as the American workers adjust to the methods of their Eastern executives. They have to get used to communal early morning exercises, shorter lunch breaks and less time off. In their turn, the Japanese experience urban American slang, meatloaf and Cabbage Patch Kids.

There is a temptation to send up the foreign visitors, but fortunately Howard resists this, though sometimes he comes close. When the two cultures strike problems it seems to be just a matter of inability to understand and a lack of



Michael Keaton and Gedde Watanabe clash about cars and culture in Ron Howard's "Working Class Man"

communication. Again Hunt Stevenson acts as a mediator, diplomatically resolving disputes where he can. However, when production fails to improve, it's time for a little bargaining with the workers and their pay levels. But Hunt's plan backfires and he finds himself under pressure from both the Japanese and his co-workers. The inevitable question is whether everyone can survive and still meet the required production quota (while of course remaining friendly towards the foreigners).

In *Working Class Man*, director Ron Howard (*Nightshift*, *Splash!*, *Cocoon*) is reunited with screenwriters Lowell Ganz and

Babaloo Mandel. The film makes a statement about the work-ethics of Americans and Japanese and points out the flaws in both. It's a light comedy about the clash of traditions, cultures, egos and even fists, shrewdly yet humorously depicted in typical Howard style.

Michael Keaton (*Mr. Mom*, *Johnny Dangerously*, *Nightshift*) was the ideal choice for Hunt. He's cool, classy yet still laid-back enough to be accepted as "one of the guys". Hunt knows when he's dealing with a delicate situation, but Keaton never forgets that the aim of a movie is to entertain, and he does just that, often with hilarious results.

Gedde Watanabe (*Sixteen Candles*, *Volunteers*) is, Hunt's,

boss who is caught between strict Japanese idealism and the more casual American approach to work. He's been through the Japanese "Management Executive Programme" and has worn his fair share of "ribbons of shame". He gradually learns to stand up for what he thinks is just. George Wendt provides us with some funny moments as Hunt's friend Buster, who cannot adjust to the Japanese ethic that "the measure of a worker's value is in his work".

Working Class Man makes serious social comments yet doesn't demand serious audience attention. Overall it's a brisk, entertaining comedy, but I can't help feeling that Ron Howard is capable of better.

Pravda - the foundary of lies

PRAVDA
State Theatre Company
Until September 13

by MyFanwy Jones

Pravda - A Fleet Street Comedy is not what you would expect it to be. The ironic title gives nothing away. The play is not about 'pravda', Russian for truth, the propoganda sheet of the same name, or the world of British newspapers. The playwrights even admit in the program that "Fleet Street is only a metaphor..." for something else.

Pravda is a satirical look at British society by English playwrights Howard Brenton and David Hare. According to John Wood who plays the leading role, a South African businessman and media tycoon, Lambert Le Roux, the play is "only superficially about newspapers, press corruption and the takeover of Fleet Street by foreigners."

"I think it is more about a country selling its heritage.... In Australian terms I see it as being far more symbolic of what we are doing in terms of selling off our culture...it is terrifying and pathetic, the extent to which we are allowing ourselves to become Americanised."

"And it is stupidity in Britain for them to allow people from overseas to come and take over what should have remained in British hands and tell them how to run their newspapers and have editorial rights over them."

"Le Roux is almost a Hitler in the way he manipulates and although I cannot say all newspaper proprietors manipulate people, it is probably 'Pravda'" he said.

The play's setting is topical and

parallels with Australian media barons are unmistakable. Murdoch recently took over the British newspapers the *Times*, *The Sunday Times*, *The Sun* and *The News of the World*. The introduction of new technology, reduction of staff and move from Fleet Street to Wapping, under direction of a foreign power now known as News International, the UK arm of Murdoch's worldwide News Corporation, is a process taking place in Britain, Australia and America. The playwrights used this worldwide takeover plan to introduce Machiavellian overtones about the use and abuse of power and the subjugation of the individual to the institution.

Pravda is about the suppression and distortion of truth for economical and political ends. Le Roux says in the last lines of the play "Welcome to the foundary of lies." The Arts critic for *The Advertiser* Lance Campbell went further and described the print newsroom as a "...base, amoral, cowardly, half-literate place". Essentially it is about the operation of real power.

The man who holds all the power is Lambert Le Roux, "a great supporter of integrated sports" who has sent mixed elevens all over the world and is know as "the sportwear king", a tycoon who lives in the orgiastic world of Fleet Street takeovers.

Le Roux buys English newspapers, turns them into scandal sheets, wheels and deals with politicians and intimates his staff. He makes a fresh, ambitious young journalist, Andrew May, the editor of one of the better papers. The paper flourishes until there is a clash between editorial and proprietorial interests. May is sacked and joins



hoards of former Le Roux employees in an attempt to buy their own newspaper to vast revenge on Le Roux. The plan fails and a broken and humiliated May returns to edit a degrading and sensationalist tabloid.

John Wood's performance as the caricature Le Roux is superb. He gives the part credibility which is lacking in the script. Andrew Tighe, as May, the journalist groomed to be prince and Heather Mitchell, his vocal wife are con-

vincing. Although the characters are all caricatures, John Doyle as the old-school editor Elliott Fruit-Norton, John Crouch as the inept politician Michael Quince, Don Baker as the pontifical critic Leander Scroop, Michael O'Neill as Le Roux's henchman, Eaton Sylvester, Deborah Kennedy as the feminist journalist and Merridy Eastman in the dual roles of shop owner and Royal look-alike, all give strong performances and wonderful moments of comedy.

The script is a little thin and packed with shallow cliches. For instance Fruit-Norton's decision to

leave newspapers and become chairman of the greyhound racing board is translated into tabloid jargon: "Extra, extra, EDITOR GOES TO THE DOGS". Surely readers in Britain, Australia and elsewhere cannot be expected to laugh at the style they read everyday (or can they)?

John Gaden's production is tight, the sets and acting excellent, however the script is not quite up to scratch. It is a pity the playwrights had not probed the fascinating world of lies with more depth and acumen!

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A sister's crazed imagination

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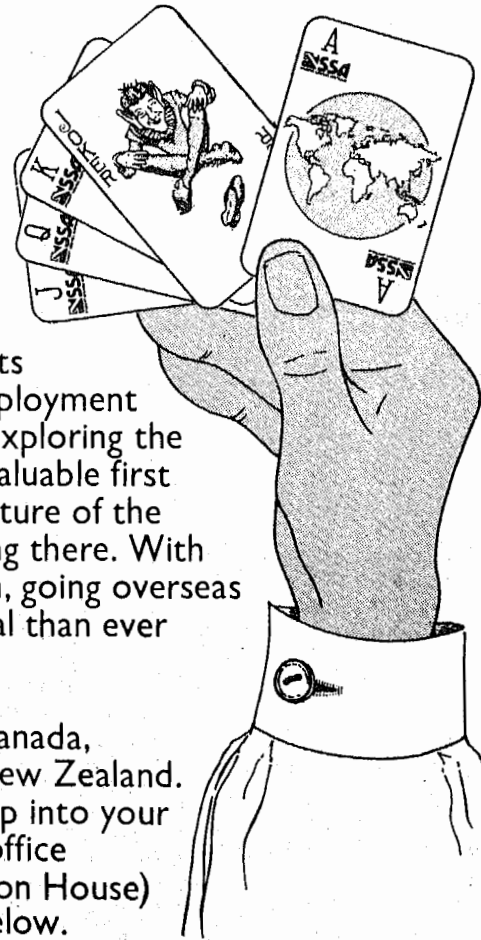
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The Student Work Abroad Program is a concept of a working holiday that allows students to combine periods of employment with time for leisure and exploring the host country. You gain invaluable first hand knowledge of the culture of the country by actually working there. With the Australian dollar down, going overseas with SWAP is a better deal than ever before.

SWAP has programs to Canada, Britain, Japan, USA and New Zealand. For more information drop into your Student Travel Australia office (The Arcade, Level 4, Union House) or send off the coupon below.



Please send me your brochure on SWAP

Name:

Address:

..... Post-code:

Campus:

Send to: Student Services Australia, PO Box 399, Carlton South, Vic 3053, or phone (03) 348 1930.

MEETINGS

EVANGELICAL UNION
 Tuesday Meetings: 1 pm North Dining Room. This term's theme is "The Holy Spirit".
Brekies: Thursdays 7.30 am Dining Rooms. This week - Praise and Prayer. It's a great start to the day and there might even be Coco Pops!
Cell Groups: Small Bible study groups arranged according to faculty.
ARTS Monday 1 pm 207 Napier Tower, Wednesday 1 pm L03 Napier Building.
ENGINEERING Monday 1 pm Tea Rooms.
MUSIC Monday 1 pm Chapel.
LAW Wednesday 1 pm L113 Ligertwood Building.
MATHS Friday 1 pm E.U. Room.
SCIENCE Friday 1 pm Biology Building, Friday 1 pm Chapel.
 Why not come along?

A.U. Touch Club 5-A-Side Mixed Intramural Touch
 This term's intramural touch starts this Thursday (September 11th) on the University oval just over the footbridge. This term's competition looks to be a lot of fun so put your team in today! Nomination forms can be obtained from the Sports Association Office. Why not have some fun Thursday lunchtimes and play touch football?

Anglian Tertiary Students
 Mass in the Chapel is at lunch on Tuesdays. We also hold a Taize style service on Wednesdays at 8 am. All welcome. Don't forget our camp, September 12th-14th, at Harrogate.

Billiards and Snooker
 The Adelaide University Billiards and Snooker Club will be conducting a snooker tournament commencing Tuesday September 16th. Matches can be played on campus or at the club's venue the Post Tel Institute, 2A Franklin Street, directly behind the G.P.O. The event will carry a trophy, necessitating a nomination fee of \$2, which guarantees players a minimum of 3 matches, each 2 or 3 frames. Similar local tournaments carry a nomination fee of \$5.

Participants will have the opportunity of valuable practice sessions on Tuesday, September 9th, commencing at 7 pm, or on September 16th prior to the commencement of the tournament, at the Post Tel Institute. For further details, contact Paul on 294 3075.

AUSFA
 The Committee meets on Monday lunchtimes in the Common Room on Level 5 of the Union Building - all members are welcome. We would also like to announce a film event on Tuesday, 8th September - all members are invited to gather in the Common Room at around 5 pm from where we will migrate to the Cinema to see *Big Trouble in Little China*. You'll enjoy it even if you hate the film.

Centre for Physical Health - 3rd Term
Aerobics: The Centre will introduce a new Thursday evening Aerobics class on September 4th, 6.15 pm - 7.15 pm. This class will be in addition to our lunchtime classes which are held from 12.45 pm - 1.45 pm Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 All classes are FREE to A.U. Students and members of the centre (others - \$2.00).
JAZZ BALLET: Classes will re-commence on Monday September 1st 6.30 pm - 7.30 pm. All A.U. Students and Members welcome. Cost \$8.00/10 weeks.
TENNIS COACHING: Classes will begin Sunday 7th September 10.15 - 11.15 am and are primarily for beginners. Cost \$12.00/10 weeks.
FUN RUNNERS: Start preparing for the centre's annual spring fun run to be held on Friday 26th September at 1.10 pm. Runners follow a marked course along the Torrens to the Weir and back to the centre (5.2 km) participation, not speed is the key factor. Certificates awarded to all entrants.
CITY TO BAY BUS: The centre will provide a bus for city/bay runners. Leaving the centre prior to race to drop runners at start and then collect them from the finish. Entrants then come back to the centre for B.B.O.

For further details/bookings on any of the above please phone 228 5150 or call at the reception desk, 127 Mackinnon Parade, North Adelaide.

Juggling Club
 Yes folks, we are still alive. Despite the emotional torment of being forced to juggle inside for most of the winter, the Juggling Club has survived. Come along to the Barr Smith Lawns any Tuesday lunchtime, and experience the joys of learning to juggle with grass poking up between your toes. Free expert tuition available.

A.U. Gaysoc.
 Our second-to-last meeting of the year will be held on Tuesday September 16th at 1 pm in the Group Room of the Student Counselling Service (opposite the Horace Lamb Lecture Theatre). New members are always welcome so come along!

Adelaide University Folk Club
 Whether you are an 'absolute beginner' or an old hand, come along to the folk club. Every Thursday at 1 pm. Sessions are held in the Cloisters when the sun shines or in the craft room when wet. All welcome.

Students For Christ
 Come and hear Rick and Cherie Gordon. When: Thursday 11th, Barr Smith Lawns. Time: (Little Theatre) 1 pm.

A.U. Philosophy Club
 Thursday, September, 11th 1986. Venue: Room 311, Hughes Building, Level 3. Professor William Lycan, Professor of Philosophy, University of North Carolina, will speak on Freedom of Will - a new defence of Soft Determinism. Wine and cheese and discussion will follow. All welcome.

Student notices are published free on this page, subject to limited space. Lodge your notice at the On dit office, south-west corner of the Cloisters. Deadline: 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication.

MISCELLANEOUS

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION
 Nominations for Catering Advisory Committee (3 positions)

The Adelaide University if seeking three ordinary members for the Catering Advisory Committee which reports to the Adelaide University Union Board.
 The responsibilities of the Catering Advisory Committee are to consider monthly management reports from the Catering Department, to formulate specific proposals to improve catering operations, to consider complaints made about the service provided and to prepare and submit Catering Department Budgets for consideration by the Finance and Development Standing Committee. Participation in the Catering Advisory Committee offers a student a chance to see how a \$M business is run. Any person wishing to nominate should do so in writing, in a letter, addressed to the Union Secretary.

Awards for Study in Commonwealth Countries in 1987

Applications are invited from Australians wanting to study in Commonwealth countries next year for awards under the Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan (CSFP), which is administered in Australia by the Commonwealth Department of Education.

Most CSFP awards in 1987 will be for study in the United Kingdom, Canada, Hong Kong and India. Other Commonwealth countries could include Jamaica, Malta, Nigeria, Ghana, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados and Uganda.

The awards are primarily for postgraduate study or research. Australian graduates may be considered for a second undergraduate course at Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the United Kingdom.

The benefits vary from country to country but they basically include, living allowance, return economy air fares, university fees, a book allowance and expenses to cover internal travel for approved study. Some countries also provide a spouse allowance.

Candidates who have completed or nearly completed a degree at an Australian university should apply through that university. Application forms for these candidates are available from the Registrars of all Australian universities.

The closing date for applications varies with each Australian university and may be obtained from the Registrar's office in individual universities.

Candidates who have never attended an Australian university should submit applications directly to the Commonwealth Department of Education in Canberra. The closing date for these applicants only is 3 October 1986.

CSIRO Division of Oceanography - Hobart Vacation Scholarships

Vacation scholarships are available from December 1986 to February 1987, for a minimum of eight weeks, to currently enrolled undergraduates who have completed not less than three years of a full-time undergraduate course.

A weekly allowance of \$175 plus cost of 2nd class rail journey or equivalent is offered. Details for applicants may be obtained from the Scholarships Office. Closing date Friday 19th September 1986.

A.U. Lawn Tennis Club
 Join us for the 1986/87 Summer Tennis Season. Student membership fee only \$15 division 1 and 2 players particularly welcome.

Membership forms available from the Sports Association Office or phone Diedre (President) 261 1397; Helen (Secretary) 332 5329.

University Elections AN ELECTION OF

a) Two undergraduate members of the Council (each for a two-year term); and
 b) Four undergraduate members of the Education Committee (each for a two-year term) commencing 1 January 1987
 will be held on Wednesday 22 October 1986. The following undergraduate members retire:

From the Council on 22 October 1986:
 Graham Donald Edmonds-Wilson
 Christopher James Flaherty
 Con Kenneth Kerry Stough
 David Morris Collings
 None of the above undergraduates is ineligible for re-nomination.

NOMINATIONS of candidates for either or both elections are invited. A nomination must be made on the prescribed form, and must reach the Returning Officer at the University before 12.00 NOON on Friday, 12 September 1986.

Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from the Registrar. (Please apply, in the first instance, to Room 742, Kenneth Wills Building at the University of Adelaide, or telephone 228 5207).

National Heart Foundation
 Undergraduates with at least 2 years successful completion of their course and currently enrolled in faculties of medicine, science or in biological sciences, are offered vacation scholarships for supervised research projects which are broadly related to cardiovascular function and disease, to be carried out in the summer vacation in universities, attached hospitals and research institutes.

The scholarships are tenable for six to eight weeks and valued at \$100 per week.

Details and application forms are available from the Scholarships Officer, The Registry. Closing date for applications (in duplicate): 15th September, A.C.T.

Enrolment Record Form
 Check your mailbox now! During the week August 25 - 29 forms will be placed in each student's mail box showing details of information recorded by the University for that student. If you have not received a form, please contact the Student Records Office, Level 7, Kenneth Wills Building, IMMEDIATELY.

F.J. O'Neill
 Registrar

FINAL YEAR STUDENTS
 Degree application forms are now available at the Student Records Office - closing date 30th September.

DANGERPIG!

— AND HIS CONSORT —
 CARELESS ROBERT.



START AT THE BACK!

The best thing since the Commuter Page. Edited by Dandridge and Tweedledeedumtedum.

The good, the bad & the Public Service

While the whole country is trying to pull itself out of the latest economic crisis to end all crises, the Public Service, who do not of course have to worry their overworked souls with such distasteful topics as cutbacks and restraint, will be taking a half-holiday this week to attend the Royal Show.

All State Public Servants, and possibly their Federal counterparts as well, will be given a whole afternoon, on full pay, to endure the hell of the Mad Mouse and the Gravitron, the trauma of the chairlift and Moonwalk, the worry of the Motor Show and wool judging, the tedium of watching the Showground stunts, and the sheer torture of buying showbags, all at your expense.

But for the vast majority of

Public Servants, the bother of actually attending the Show is so great that they heroically decide not to go, sacrificing their own chance of relaxation at Wayville so that others may enjoy it. Most simply go home for the afternoon.

Nothing to say

Every day, we receive mountains of press releases from politicians eager to tell us about their latest schemes and philosophies - "Why John Howard is worried about underinflated water-wings", that sort of thing - so we were not surprised to be sent an envelope from the Federal Minister for Education, Susan Ryan. But we were somewhat surprised to find that there was nothing in it: she had sent us an empty envelope.

Have we missed something of

crucial importance in the education world? Or is this just another education cut?

Waiter, there's a fly in my Scotch

Macquarie University, a very serious institution that is only concerned with Very Important Things, is researching the length of time it takes to get flies drunk.

A geneticist at Macquarie, Dick Frankham, is using an "inebriometer" to discover how long it takes your average Louie to get smashed out of his brains and fall to the ground. A number of sober flies, who had previously been laudably teetotal members of the winged insect community, were placed in the inebriometer, and then had an alcohol/air atmosphere introduced. Dr. Franklin, you will be pleased to know, has established that the average fly

takes ten to twelve minutes to get legless (wingless?), although some boring flies who could not hold their liquor only lasted for four minutes. A few, who were obviously regular and heavy drinkers, lasted for eighteen minutes before falling off the ceiling.

Now all Dr. Frankham has to find is a point for the experiments.

Scandal, rumour and gossip

Voters in the student elections that were held last term may recall that the successful *On dit* candidate, Jamie Skinner, circulated election material that featured himself as "Crocodile On dit", a character not entirely unconnected with Crocodile Dundee, the Paul Hogan character from the film of the same name. Anyway, those who faithfully voted for Jamie, in the belief that he would not stoop to wholesale plagiarism and honour his ethical obligations might be a bit perturbed to learn that he has yet to see the movie.

Star Wars

James Neate, the only SAUA Presidential candidate who managed to avoid the word 'Liberal' for the entire election, is now a television star.

Well, actually, all he does is stand in a lift in a chocolate commercial and raise his eyebrows alot. Captain Jim is part of a crowd scene in a lift - tricky, that - and is eagerly surveying the prospects of wrapping his orthodontic equipment around a certain well-known chocolate bar (even trickier). James called on all his vast experience as Footlights performer for the part, and is now considering a number of major roles offered

to him by Hollywood producers. "We want him to be the next Indiana Jones," gushed one producer after seeing James' impressive small screen debut, "but we've scared that the opposition will get to him first, and offer him *Rocky V*, *James Bond* or the *Crocodile Dundee* sequel."

Jamie Skinner was reportedly furious that Neate had been offered the part of Crocodile Dundee. "Bloody Neate would be worse than Roger Moore. I had that part sewn up until this Law School upstart came along."

Forget Bali, try West Java

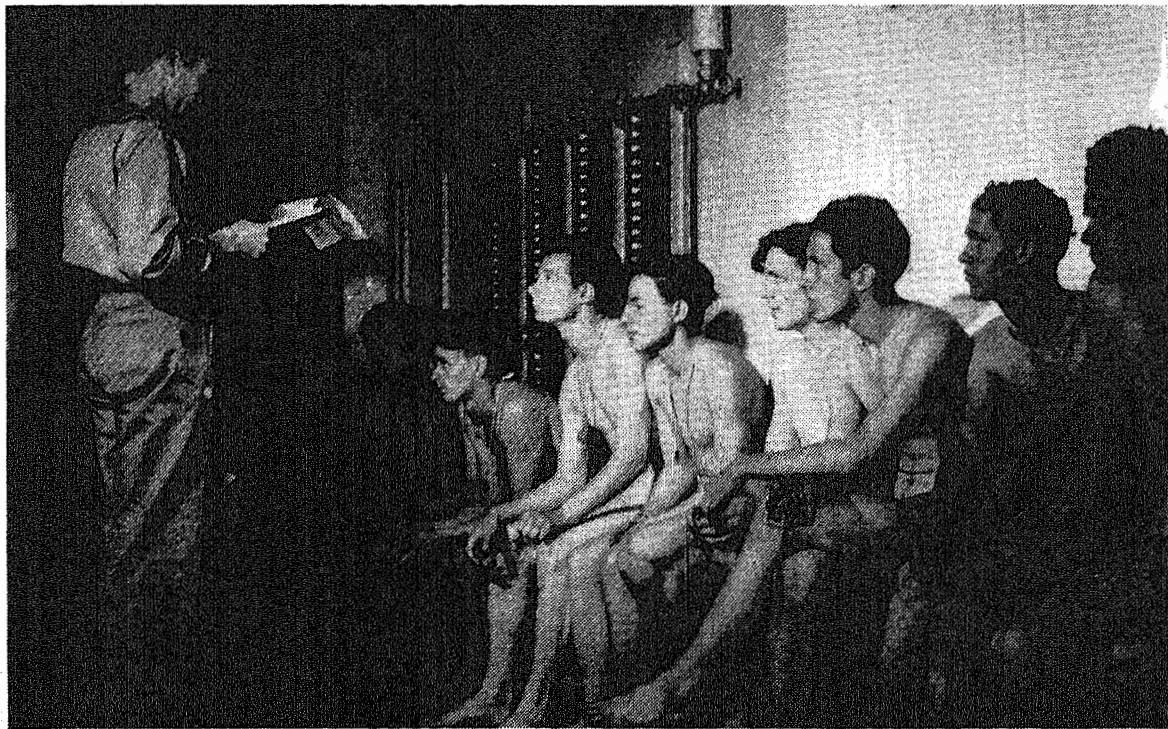
The residents of a village in West Java, Indonesia, are fond of playing soccer with their bare feet, and using a burning coconut for a ball. The ball is soaked in kerosene for two weeks before the match, which is usually played at night in a dry rice paddy.

Another village in West Java features an annual marathon race exclusively for virgins, while a third has declared itself a pig-free zone. The local constabulary is apparently not very popular.

Death of the Week

The caretaker of the Creswick graveyard, near Ballarat in Victoria, has a problem - one of his graves contains only a leg.

Apparently, the owner of the offending leg had intended to be buried with it, but he has since died and been buried elsewhere, seperated from his lonesome limb for eternity. Now the caretaker has to decide whether he should dig up the leg, and offer the grave to a whole corpse, or let sleeping legs lie.



THE SYLVESTER STALLONE SCHOOL OF SUBTLETY PROUDLY PRESENTS...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

in THE RETURN OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE Part 6
JUST IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE STORY SO FAR (OR YOUR SELECTIVE MEMORY DECIDED IT WASN'T WORTH STORING IN THE FIRST PLACE) HERE IS A QUICK REGURG...

THE FARY SO STOR...

THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE HAVE REVOLTED ALL OVER THEIR HOME PLANET AND ARE NOW PROCEEDING WITH THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD BY REPLACING RONALD REAGAN WITH A PHONEY. (FOR THE MORE HORSE-RACE-MINDED OF YOU, THAT MEANS A "RING-IN.") ANYWAY, TREVOR HAS JUST SAVED HIMSELF FROM A COUPLE OF ASS-ASS-INS AND IS NOW OFF TO THE U.S. FOR THE USUAL... (i.e. TO SAVE THE WORLD)

