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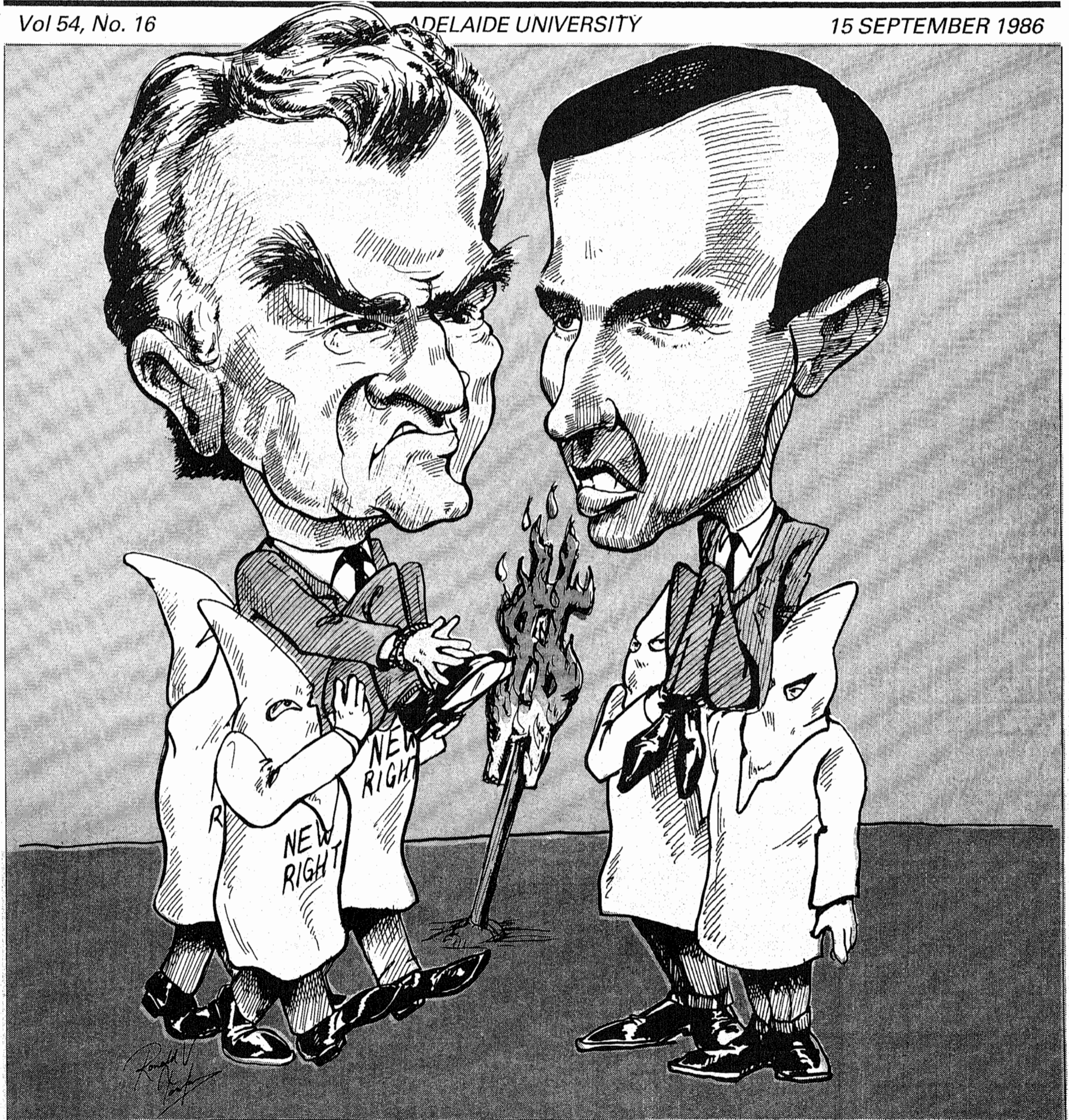
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OnDit

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15 SEPTEMBER 1986



The New Right - intellectual wing of the Ku Klux Klan? Centre Pages



JUNK MAIL

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.

ALP defended

Dear Editor,
Robert Clark and other members of the Australian far left may see themselves as radicals when they complain about the Labor Party. Ironically, their complaints are part of a tradition which goes clean back to the last century. The dirge they play now for Hawke and Bannon is the one they played for Whitlam, and before him for Chifley and Scullin. All have had the sense to ignore it.

The dirge is this: you're not doing enough.

But whatever the ALP in government gets down is never enough to satisfy the far left.

The Federal ALP creates 700,000 jobs and cuts unemployment by 25 per cent - and the far left gives no credit. The Hawke Government introduces universal health care and backs workers' superannuation - and Robert Clark is silent. Paul Keating brings in a capital gains tax, a fringe benefit tax and other anti-avoidance measures - and the far left is silent. Sole parents, the unemployed, TEAS recipients, the homeless and Aborigines get more funds - but none of this pleases the "radical" fringe. Perhaps the way-out left missed all this because they were busy trying to create new myths about Labor's traditional role.

One of the greatest of such myths is that the ALP has a long record as an anti-uranium party. It's the recent "betrayal" of this stance which has caused Robert Clark to rip up his ticket. Yet in the Whitlam Government which Robert years for, Rex Connor declared he would sell uranium to the Devil, and Dr Jim Cairns tried to sell the stuff to the Shah of Iran. The ALP's stance against uranium began in 1977; as Paul Keating has pointed out, it effectively ended in 1984 when the ALP

decided to allow mining of uranium at Roxby Downs, Ranger and Nabarlek.

Another myth: that Whitlam's was a reformist government, while Hawke's is not. It is hard to see how the Whitlam Government can be said to have pursued the revolutionary policies the far-left wants. Whitlam did many things which were overdue to be done in Australia, but his policies were a little different from those of Western European Social Democrats. People of Robert Clark's mind spent the Whitlam years reviling the Party for "selling out"; some resigned in disgust that Whitlam was so moderate. A decade later, such people have not changed.

Yet in today's conservative era, the pace of reform in Australia is almost hectic by comparison with most countries around the world.

A third myth: that the Hawke Government is behaving improperly in talking to, and encouraging, business. Social democratic parties the world over have learned to do the same, to the advantage of all. Moderate left parties around the world now know that business people are not necessarily monsters, and that economic growth is an essential part of any solution to poverty. Alternatives to this approach have been tried in such places as Mitterand's France. They have failed dismally.

The far left's solution for Australia's problem is for a Labor Government to get elected, nationalise everything, destroy the economy, the ALP's own credibility and that of the labour movement, and hand Australia's destiny for the next few decades to John Howard or his successors. The Hawke alternative is to reform at a pace the voters will accept - the alternative which the Swedish Social Democrats have pursued so successfully.

One might well ask why the far left bothers with an ALP which it despises. Revolutionaries with a thirst for radical rhetoric will find little in common with the ALP, which has always been committed to democratic reform. They would do better with the Spartacists, or the Socialist Workers' Party. But although the far left hates pragmatism so deeply, they hate even more the thought of joining a party which isn't in power. At that point, it becomes hard to take them seriously.

Yours sincerely
David Walker

The Bargain price of education

Dear Editors,
Increasingly, I am inclined to the view that University Graduates are one of the more privileged groups in our society.

To begin my argument I would briefly point to the fact that the degree with which most of us leave University, opens up career and future-earning

prospects far superior to most in the rest of the workforce. That is privilege enough, I believe, on which my argument could rest, but I can go further.

How many students do not enjoy University? Very few, I fancy. Some may not be particularly rapt in some courses or subjects, but the people who really detest studying leave University. The rest of us like it at least enough to continue. Many of course actually enjoy what they study and find the work stimulating.

And what of University life in general? The rigours of study are rarely such that they interfere with the kind of social life each of us wants.

What I am saying then, is that students get a pretty good deal, financially, intellectually and socially from their years at University. We are privileged, and more so than most who miss out on University Education. To pay \$250 a year extra for what we get is perfectly fair. Our Tertiary Education will still be bargain-priced.

Tom Kidman
Economics

Shake your tail feather?

Dear Editors,
In response to Sam Paltridge's letter last week I can confirm that Sue Coles did not claim to be President of Lincoln College in 1983. Unfortunately in typesetting the election brochures last term the undeniable claim that Sue was a Lincoln resident in 1984 was turned into the incorrect statement that she was Lincoln President in 1984. I know: as Returning Officer I read her policy statement but did not spot the error in the booklet before it was printed. Apologies must go to Sue for the embarrassment she felt.

Don't worry Sam - back here in College the old-timers still remember you. Your name remains embossed in gold lettering on the Presidents' Board, and Stag Magazine for your last year in College, 1983, still bears the Rogues Gallery entry: "Shake your tail feather. Made heavy use of the presidential suite. Loves coleslaw. Won wet blanket of the year award."

Yours sincerely,
Graham Edmonds-Wilson
Returning Officer 1986
(Lincoln College President 1986 too)

Left falls short

Dear Editors,
If Robert Clark is firm enough in his belief that a new political party of the left is needed in Australia, then I suggest he sets about forming one himself. Then I hope his new party contests

the next Federal and State Elections, campaigning on the kind of left-wing platform he claims the Australian Labor Party has now betrayed. Only then will he realise what an utter waste of time and energy it would be trying to win votes for policies like supporting the B.L.F., shutting down valuable export-producing projects such as Roxby Downs, or making redundant our alliance with the U.S.A., all policies which I gather from his letter (*On dit*, 8/9/86) to Chris Schact, Clark would concur with.

Robert Clark's new party would be an abject failure because, contrary to what he claims, there is no "enormous potential support" for a left-wing platform of the kind he advocates. If there was, the Labor Party would stand on such a platform and win elections on it.

Certainly the Hawke Government may be criticized, as all governments may be for varying reasons, but it is by and large a good one. If it is not rushing headlong into radical left-wing reforms it is because it is more concerned with the aspirations, desires and welfare, of the great majority of Australians, not the ill-thought-out, blindly idealistic notions of men and women such as Clark, who constitute a vast minority of public opinion.

I write as a member of the A.L.P. myself, and while I have never had the pleasure of a meeting with Robert Clark, I can confidently say that it will be only his warm inner glow that will be missed in the party, and then only during meetings on cold winter nights.

Tom Kidman
Economics

ALP going strong

Dear Editors,
I welcome Robert Clark's announcement that he has resigned from the Australian Labor Party (*On dit*, 8/9/86). Robert should never have joined the ALP because it is a party dedicated to democratic procedures, the rule of law and freedom of association. Robert is a revolutionary Socialist. He did not want to reform Australia's parliamentary democracy; he wanted to replace it with a dictatorship by an all-knowing "Socialist" minority.

In the past three years the achievements of the Hawke Labor Government have included 670,000 new jobs, Medicare, saving the Franklin River, industry planning to preserve the car and steel industries, an increase in the real value of social welfare payments (from 40.9 p.c. of Federal Government outlays to 42.3 p.c.), and a capital gains tax, fringe benefits tax and crackdown on tax avoidance to redistribute wealth.

There is much left out of this list,

including the record of the Bannon Labor Government.

Nearly everything in Robert's resignation letter is untrue or distorted.

But at least he has been honest and left the party he has abused for so long.

Although Robert Clark is leaving, membership in most States, especially NSW and SA, is rising.

Yours sincerely,
Mick Atkinson
ALP member

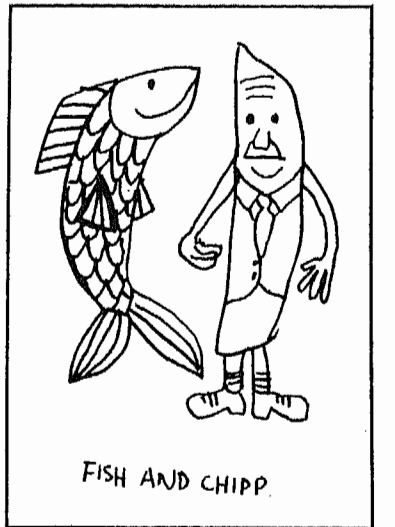
Vote Democrat

Dear Editors,
Edward Aspinall's letter calling for a new political party in Australia seems to follow the establishment media line - if you don't talk about the Australian Democrats they might go away.

The only party that has constantly stood for social justice and the environment has already had a great influence in modifying legislation and yet no more than one in eight voters will support it at election time.

Sensible policies are there in green and gold my friends. Read them and be convinced. Then vote and turn them into reality.

Sincerely
Bryan Milligan



The Democrat alternative

Dear Editors,
Edward Aspinall (*On dit*, No 15, 8/9/86) calls for "a new party that truly stands for social justice and the environment". I have good news for him. His party already exists, and is called the Australian Democrats.

David Hester
Classics Department

PRODUCTION NOTES

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SF-AM MORE UTTERLY INANE BILGE...SO YOU CAN SUFFER LONGER





Prof Marjoribanks



The late Prof Stranks

Uni may give Sth Africans scholarships

by Paul Wahington

Two scholarships to study at Adelaide University for South West Africans unable to gain access to higher education under the apartheid system will be offered in the foreseeable future.

A motion supporting offering scholarships to South West Africans was passed by the University Council in June this year.

The motion was moved by Dr Jim Hyde, a member of the Council, but his recommendation that the students be selected by the African National Congress (ANC) and the South West African People's Organisation (SWAPO) was turned down in favour of consultation with the Australian Department of Foreign Affairs.

Offering scholarships to disadvantaged South Africans was an initiative that the late Vice-Chancellor, Professor Stranks, had supported. Professor Stranks told *On dit* in March this year that he supported

the idea of offering scholarships to South Africans, after Melbourne University had moved in the opposite direction and severed all academic links with South Africa.

Professor Stranks had described the decision of Melbourne University as poorly thought out.

The Acting Vice-Chancellor, Professor Kevin Marjoribanks, was unavailable for comment to explain what stage negotiations to offer the scholarships were at last week.

Mr. McKie of the Register's Office said that Professor Marjoribanks was trying to "push things along" but that proceedings had been frustrated by Professor Strank's sudden death on August 9th.

He said consultations with the Department of Foreign Affairs and other groups had taken place.

The scholarships, it is anticipated, will be worth over \$8000, with extra assistance for travel and establishment.

Study costs up after tax changes

by Jamie Skinner

Purchases of drawing, technical and scientific equipment by individuals can no longer be made free of sales tax due to the recent budget.

Items such as calculators, computers, compasses, protractors, rulers, technical pens, dissection and molecular kits will cost students, tutors and teachers approximately 20% more on top of the wholesale price.

Mr Tony McCarthy, a spokesperson for the Adelaide University Bookshop said that it mainly affects the area of drawing equipment and students in the faculties of Engineering and Architecture.

"If a student wants to buy a calculator even if he studies he has to pay the sales tax" he said.

"As of now we won't be able to sell dissection kits, molecular kits and a number of items which we used to be able to sell tax exempt."

Mr McCarthy said that Engineering students who buy around \$100-120 worth of drawing equipment at the beginning of each year are the ones most likely to feel the pinch.

Their purchases are likely to now

cost them up to \$150 at the start of next year. "It hasn't been well publicised. I didn't even know about it until someone said to me that you can't get sales tax exemption on calculators anymore" he said.

He said that in the past students wishing to claim tax exemption on items would have to obtain a form from their department and would purchase items at the tax exempt price. The bookshop would buy goods from the suppliers including tax, sell them tax exempt then claim the tax back afterwards, "a very complicated process" he added.

The goods for use in schools, universities and educational institutions are documented under the Sales Tax Exemptions and Classifications Act 1935, Provisions 63, items (1) - (3).

The items are documented as scientific instruments, scientific apparatus, charts, wallsheets, diagrams, examination papers, directions sheets and envelopes for use therewith.

A spokesperson for the tax department who did not wish to be

named said that the bill for an Act to amend the sales tax (exemptions and classifications) Act 1935 had been well publicised in Mr Keating's budget speech on August 19.

Stationery items were not covered under Provision 63 because they have never been under sales tax exemption.

Mr McCarthy said that the first printed knowledge he had received on the issue was in the University of Adelaide Diary, a weekly newsletter published by the Information Services Unit of the University of Adelaide.

It read: "Purchases by individuals (students, teachers, tutors etc.) associated with universities and schools of scientific instruments (eg. calculators and computers) for use in institutions can no longer be made free of sales tax. These goods will continue to be exempt when purchased by the educational institutions themselves."

Item 63 (a) of the Exemptions and Classifications Act 1935 disallows educational institutions having bought scientific equipment etc to resell them to individuals.

New BIBLION service

Thanks to changes to the Barr Smith Library's BIBLION system it is now possible to determine the loan status of books directly from BIBLION.

The new service began on September 1st. It will enable users of the system to find out whether an item is on loan, and if so, the due

date of return for that item.

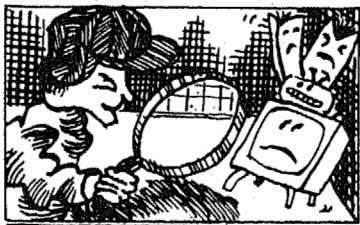
Also BIBLION will display a list of people with holds on a particular item if there are any.

The 'loan service' works by first selecting the entry you wish to know about, as for normal operation, and then pressing the 'L' key and the item number on the screen.

By pressing 'RETURN' the screen will then display if the item is on loan, the loan status of all copies of that item.

The loan status screen not only informs the user whether the book is on loan or not but also whether the book is a 3-day, 2 week, or overnight loan.

After Chernobyl, the media cleans up



MEDIA MINDER

by David Bowman

Here are two sets of quotations which you are invited to compare, if possible with a straight face.

The first passage comes from the leading article of a newspaper of 2 April 1979. Under the headline 'US must cut out the double talk', it discusses the accident at Three Mile Island, the nuclear power station in Pennsylvania:

"The Americans have a particular capacity for organising confusion. While their official spokesman have made almost an art form of saying very little and qualifying it at length, the American people have a habit of saying a lot and saying it very loudly. The result is an explosive mixture of half-truths, half-lies, misinformation and emotion. Watergate was one example. The Pennsylvania power-house breakdown is another...the world expects - and is entitled to - a better, [more] authoritative explanation than it has had so far..."

It is surprising that the nation which prides itself on being the world's foremost in technology could, in the first place, have such a breakdown. But that it should then be unable to explain what happened, why it happened or what will happen is startling and disturbing.

...not only are the official statements conflicting, they are also uninformative.

This appeared in *The Australian*, next day the paper referred to 'the extraordinary inept fumbling and bumbling of the experts and authorities responsible for informing both the American people and the people of an alarmed, solicitous world'.

On 10 May 1986, *The Australian* returned to Three Mile Island. This time the occasion was the Chernobyl disaster, and this time *The Australian* said:

"When the Americans experienced the accident at Three Mile Island, which, although it also involved nuclear energy, was considerably less serious than the accident at Chernobyl, the whole world knew what was going on. The local inhabitants were warned of the dangers facing them; the newspapers, television and radio were replete with free discussion of what was involved; scientists and other experts, both official and unofficial,

including critics of the administration's nuclear policy, openly offered their opinions and advice.

Private citizens were immediately informed that they should take precautions for their own safety. The Government was vividly reminded of the urgency of the problem and was offered a wide range of advice as to how to handle it.

But Chernobyl has been a different story, although none the less revealing..."

And six days later: "When the United States suffered a similar but much less serious accident at Three Mile Island the facts were readily made public."

Amazing. Whatever Chernobyl may or may not have done for Soviet credibility, it hasn't done much for *The Australian's*. To this rewriting of history in the leader columns can be added a travesty of reporting in the news columns. I find it inexplicable only in terms of ideological journalism, as in *Pravda*. Some time between Three Mile Island and Chernobyl, *The Australian*, like its chief proprietor, became *The American*.

It would be unfair, though, to make *The Australian* the scapegoat for the Australian media. Chernobyl was a disaster for almost the lot. Having published then a great mass of overheated material, and contaminated public opinion for a

continued page 4

SA ALP still shrinking, slump expected

by Robert Clark

Membership of the SA Branch of the Labor Party has fallen by a quarter since the election of the Bannan Government in 1982.

The latest figures show that in March this year membership had declined to 5425 from 7456 in March 1982.

The Bannan Government was elected in November 1982 and the Hawke Government in March, 1983.

In a recent *Sydney Morning Herald* article a party member said he believed the present number was below 4000.

A prominent party member and former candidate who spoke to *On dit* said the figure was "close to 4000" and predicted a further slump at the next release in March, 1987 following the controversies over the export of uranium to France and the Budget.

The source said he had "nearly killed myself" doorknocking and letterboxing in the last two elections and predicted the party in SA would have great difficulty carrying out basic tasks in forthcoming polls. Many people are staying in the party but have declared they would not be available at the next election.

He said he had raised the issues with senior party members - includ-

ing the Premier, Mr Bannan - but they had not appeared greatly concerned.

He said State Government funding for elections was now "odds-on".

(Federal elections are already funded on the basis of votes received).

"There is a great deal of anger among the rank-and-file at the Hawke Government," he said.

"People are asking: why bother?"

AT last Thursday's State Council meeting Hawke was attacked, savagely by several delegates, including one who compared him to Billy Hughes, the former Labor Prime Minister who split the party over the conscription issue in 1916.

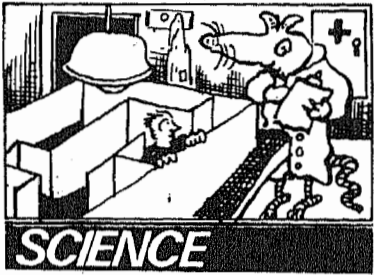
This followed a statement by Hawke on Wednesday that the government would not be dictated to by outside bodies - a reference to moves within the party to overturn the uranium decision.

John Scott, the Federal member for Hindmarsh and leading opponent of the uranium industry, said he had written to departing members asking them to reconsider.

"The best course is to stay and fight," he said.

"The party belongs to the membership, not the present leadership. The unity of the party is more important than the egos of certain leaders.

Counterfeiters to be conquered by hi-tech image makers

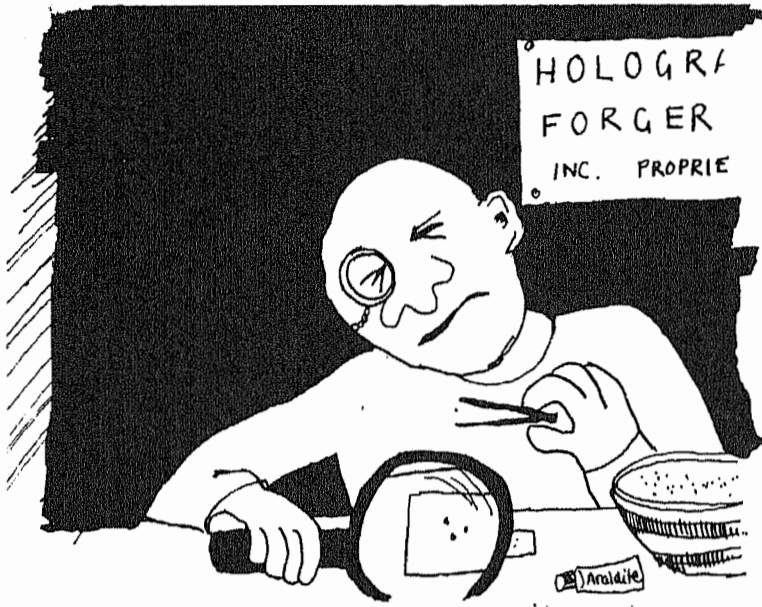


by Mark Douglas

Holograms, images or information made up of dots imaged in three-dimensional space, will be used in the future in security systems.

Applied Holographics, an Essex based British company, has developed a system which will use holography to print and also read security labels and information tags. They believe that, because the equipment it uses is complex and will be tightly controlled, the coded holographic labels will help combat counterfeiting (a crime with calculated worldwide turnover of \$60 billion a year).

Applied Holographics supplies 2 different systems. The first is a reader which can recognise any of the 4,000 possible combinations of blobs used to make up the 3-dimensional holograms. This machine can be used for preventing ticket forgeries - for sell-out concerts for



example. Each genuine ticket will carry a label with a particular holographic code.

The labels are printed by a Heloprinter - a device costing \$A500,000 which will be sold only to registered printers in the security business. Each label it prints will cost about four cents to make. The reader will then either pass the labelled ticket or reject it if the code on the label does not match the pattern it is

programmed to expect.

The second, more sophisticated, device marketed by the company is a reader which can extract data from a hologram. It will replace the magnetic stripes now found on credit cards and cash cards which are relatively easy to read and forge. The hologram in this system can carry up to 64 bits of data thus allowing an enormous 2^{64} combinations and will be virtually impossible to forge - they hope.

Qld unis form new student union

by Paul Washington

Tertiary institutions across Queensland have formed a statewide Student Union of all Queensland companies, the fourth such Union in Australia.

Other states with cross-campus Unions are Victoria, Tasmania and Western Australia.

Acting President of the Queensland Union of Students, Bevan Lisle described the establishment of the new Union as turning "the corner towards a federation of state student organisations".

"The Queensland Union of Students heralds a new era for Queensland students" he said.

Many previous inter-campus unions have been short-lived and plagued by organisational difficulties, the best example being the

Australian Union of Students, a national union which collapsed in the early eighties amid a flurry of factional squabbles.

Cross-campus unions when successful, enable student representatives to speak for a greater number of students than single student Unions can and so enhance the lobbying power of student groups.

An attempt last year to launch a new national student Union failed, largely due to the reluctance of any institution to finance the Union. AUS still has debts to pay incurred during its collapse.

Attempts to form national unions have been unable to achieve consensus between conflicting political interests. Student political movements vary greatly across the country.

Gallery display - a mirror of Australia

by Jamie Skinner

An exhibition on the works of popular Australian artist Bill Cook is currently on show in the Union Gallery.

Entitled *Visions Of A Larrikin*, the exhibition features paintings, drawings, caricatures and cartoons similar to the Aussie drinker afloat in his deck chair, one of Cook's paintings which adorns the end wall of the Union Bar.

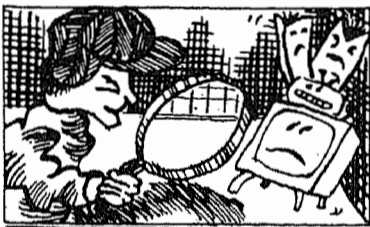
Bill Cook is an artist and political satirist of high repute whose work is held in public collections including

the Adelaide University Union Collection and the National Gallery of Victoria.

Cook is also an art teacher at Playford High School and has become a regular exhibitor at the Adelaide University Union Gallery, with exhibitions in 1979, 1981 and now 1986.

Visions Of A Larrikin is a view of Australians from within Australia and is a mirrored reflection of Australian life. The exhibition will continue at the Gallery until September 27.

After Chernobyl, the media cleans up



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long time to come, the media might now be expected to resume their responsibilities and undertake a clean-up operation. So far, however, there has been no sign of it.

No sign that the media are willing to admit to more than a passing fault. When the Russians lashed out at some of the gross reporting in the west, the Australian reaction was to blame the Soviet Union for western reporting. *The Age* said it was dishonest of Mr. Gorbachev to denounce the western media for delivering a mountain of lies on the accident and its effects where newspapers from Honolulu to Hamburg were striving in the face of Soviet secrecy to determine what had happened. *The Canberra Times*, itself a model of propriety, said that given Soviet aversion to a full and frank airing of the facts about accidents, the Russians were, in part responsible for any exaggeration.

Sentiments like these, it seems to me belong to the back bars of pubs where old journalists grow maudlin together. We are told in effect that a shortage of good information justifies the peddling of bad information, or at least diminishes the newspaper's responsibility. Can any serious newspaper or news program really accept that as a working rule? I don't believe so.

Indeed there was a dearth of information out of Chernobyl at first. This did not mean that the media were compelled to publish or play up rumours and speculation from everywhere, as they did. The opposite is demonstrable. By keeping to

the official information out of the Soviet Union, by using the factual material from European neighbours, and by treating the rest cautiously, even sceptically, a sane, reliable and sufficient cover was possible in those early days. Some people will see this as hindsight. Not at all. The *Canberra Times* did precisely this and triumphed. It was not a matter of avoiding all wrong information: the *Canberra Times* reported some statements, official and unofficial, that turned out to be wrong, and it was proper to do so. But in contrast to nearly all others, it kept an admirable grip on such material and kept it in perspective. It did not treat speculation, interpretation or unreliable information as fact or turn it into headlines.

Newspapers that did so could become very exciting. In Sydney, the headline in the Murdoch *Daily Telegraph* read '2000 Buried in Mass Grave' when the death toll stood at two. Murdoch papers, incidentally, seem to have been touched worldwide by some sickness. In New York the Murdoch *Post* said 'Mass Grave for 15,000 N-Victims'. In London the Murdoch *Times* donned half a fig leaf: its headline read, 'Fears of high death toll in atom disaster', and the opening sentence ran, 'The Soviet Union says only two people died in the nuclear plant disaster at Chernobyl but a Kiev source, quoted by the newsagency UPI, put the number of dead at 2000'. The Kiev source turned out to be 'a resident'. Nothing of the supposed resident's account could be confirmed by *The Times*. One significant aspect was denied by a hospital in Kiev. Did this deter *The Times*? Hardly.

Back in Australia, readers of that day's *Australian*, having first had the wits scared out of them by grossly exaggerated forecasts of the radiation danger, were told of 2000 deaths in the sixth paragraph of the

report and discovered, if they persevered to the forty-fifth, that officially the toll stood at, yes, the same two unfortunates.

Ghastly journalism, as we have already seen, was not confined to the news columns. The rush to judgement in many editorial columns suggested a new cold war.

Of course the leader writers were unlucky. One can only imagine the blank looks on most faces when Soviet nuclear power generation was mentioned. Who would know anything about that? Where in God's name is Kiev? It has to be done in two hours?

And so begins the solemn farce of guiding the public. There is not much harm done - and possibly even some good - if our leader writer shows commonsense and a proper humility. Some newspapers, however, demand thunder. Then reason and fairness tremble. By jumping to conclusions, and by summoning up all the old stereotypes of a wicked Soviet Union, some leader writers were able to present the Chernobyl crisis in crude terms of Soviet duplicity, carelessness, inefficiency, callousness and censorship. Chernobyl was peculiarly a product of the Soviet system. The other side of the coin remained hidden: the chance that the initial delay and other faults were due in part to uncertainty about the facts and to the universal instinct of bureaucrats to minimise bad news to their masters. Nor were the leader writers mollified by later developments. The swelling volume of Soviet information, culminating in Gorbachev's television broadcast, left them unmoved.

An honest comparison with the Three Mile Island information shambles might have tempered the comment a little. Compassion, too, was in short supply. But what mattered to the leader writers, with some justification, was that infor-

mation was not available when newspapers happened to require it.

Undoubtedly there were serious short-comings in the Soviet Union's handling of Chernobyl. The main point that I wish to make is that too many leader writers demonstrably wrote beyond their knowledge and in some cases beyond their capacity. They reflected entrenched attitudes rather than reason.

All this goes a long way towards explaining how the news reporting came to be conducted as it was. When the Soviet failed to put up in the early stages of the crisis, the news media drew certain conclusions. They saw suppression, lies, censorship. In the days that followed, they chose to disbelieve what the Russians said. Official news out of the Soviet Union was treated as propoganda, while propoganda that came from elsewhere was treated as news.

Having decided in the main to rely on non-Soviet sources, the media seemed incapable of distinguishing between those with, and those without, an axe to grind. Wild tales were accepted. Americans and others pursuing political advantage (as pointed out by Bruce Wilson in the *Melbourne Herald*) found a welcome in the news columns. George Schultz and the CIA came to dinner.

In this turmoil the *Canberra Times* found safety by keeping to a Moscow dateline - it based its coverage on Moscow-sourced information. What more simple or logical? The Soviet Union was the centre of the crisis; unless the fall-out of radiation became overwhelming elsewhere, developments there should be the focus of the story. Most other papers hitched themselves to New York or London datelines, then falsified these by compiling the associated report in the office from heaven knows how many different sources.

This boiling together of various sources into a single report is the way of the news magazine; for daily newspapers I have always thought it was the least reliable procedure. It maximises the chances of inaccuracy, distortion and imbalance.

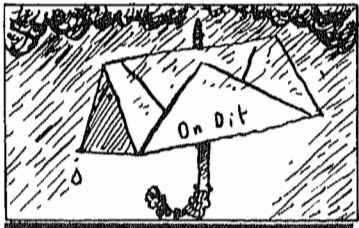
The great Chernobyl mess was, I believe, brought about not by a lack of information but by an overdose of ideology and a shortage of editing skills. And certainly by the pressures and temptations of competition. For days the news out of Moscow was thin, and lacked excitement; for some, this was an irresistible invitation to turn to copy that would frighten hell out of people and sell the paper. Of course there were less unworthy motives: some newspapers lost their balance by trying to explain the significance of what was happening and to foreshadow possible developments, only to forget the hard facts in the process.

Of the big metropolitans, the *Sydney Morning Herald* alone seemed to me to emerge with reputation intact. Two or three others were not actually disgraced.

Some of the smaller papers - *The Newcastle Herald* and the *Hobart Mercury* for example - did better than both *The Age* and *The Australian*. If the cover was much less extensive, it was also less misleading. A *Mercury* editorial published on the first day was the most sensible and careful that I saw. It refrained from roaring with premature indignation.

Our media blew it at Chernobyl. But of course it is never too late to mend. The Chernobyl story needs to be set to rights, and one must assume that, unless the fall-out has brought moral leukemia, the best of the media will yet see to it. Reprinted with the permission of *Australian Society*.

The end of the world?



LETTER FROM MELBOURNE

by Terence Cambridge

Here in Melbourne we are facing the end of Western civilisation as we know it.

According to a series of reports in *The Age* last week, Melbourne's most important institution, the Victorian Football League, may soon be no more.

Half of the VFL's 12 football clubs, it seems, are technically bankrupt, several of the others will probably have to submit to the tender mercies of people like Dr Edelsten in order to survive, and Melbourne's legions of footy fans might as well forget the whole thing and get used to watching soccer, or God forbid, Rugby.

Well, maybe it won't be quite as bad as all that - in this city hyperbole and hysteria are the main characteristics of all discussions about football - but *The Age* reports do make it clear that the VFL is in a very parlous financial position and that football in this State is facing its own equivalent of the Wall Street crash.

Melbourne has woken up to the unpleasant fact that the next few years will see some of the most momentous changes in the long history of Australian rules football.

The demise of the South Melbourne Football Club and its rebirth as the Sydney Swans under the beady-eyed patronage of Dr Edelsten, who was himself, it has now emerged, the tool of a team of marketing experts, serves as a reminder of the fate awaiting many of the remaining Clubs.

But what does it mean when a Melbourne football club dies?

This writer has just moved into South Melbourne, formerly seedy,

run-down and working class, now trendy, renovated and upwardly-mobile.

These days the milk bars around South Melbourne are painted fetching shades of pink and the aroma of roasting coffee wafts along the streets. The suburb has avante-garde film production companies, shops selling yellow, green and pink home-made pasta, unisex hairdressers cutting yellow, green and pink hairstyles, dozens of bistros and boutiques... but no football team.

Down the end of busy Clarendon Street the lonely lakeside oval where South Melbourne played is now the haunt of the joggers in their expensive Reeboks and satin shorts.

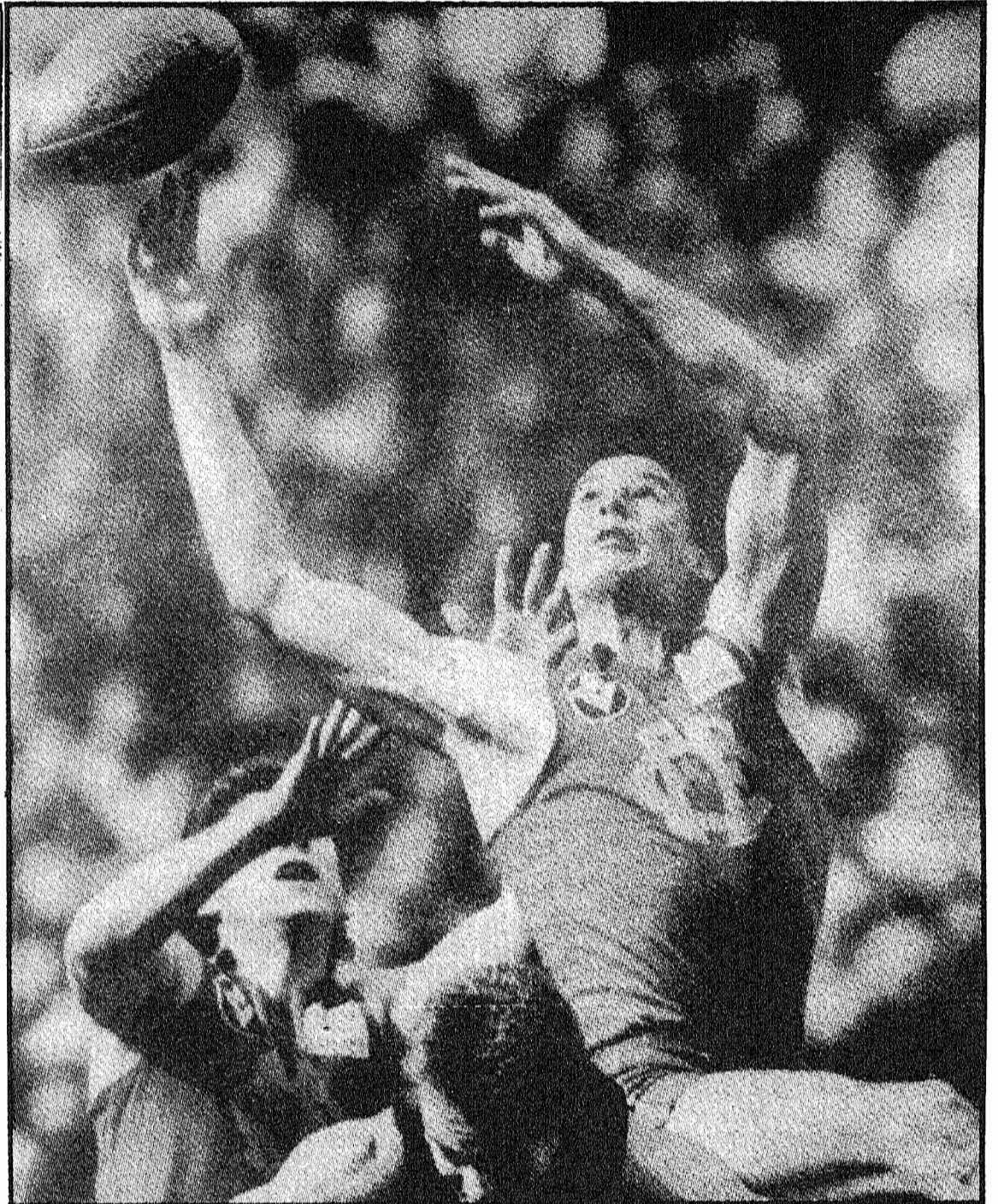
Earlier this year in the quarterly journal *Overland* a former South Melbourne supporter and player, Max Piggott, explained what the area had lost: "Listen to the old cry 'Carn the Bloods' or better still the call to arms, 'Up there Cazaly' and you'll understand why old men are crying. Cazaly was typical of the Irish Catholics, the pro-Mannix, anti-conscriptionist working class of South Melbourne in the 1920's and 1930's."

In the hard decades between the wars in Melbourne's gritty inner-city suburbs, places like South Melbourne, Collingwood and Fitzroy, following the local football team made life bearable.

"On one day a week football broke down class barriers," Piggott says. "Football developed a sense of loyalty among people who were questioning whether loyalty meant anything after the senseless slaughter of the Great War and the mindlessness brought about by industrialisation. Football gave hope, winning was possible.

"Now the symbol of that hope has gone for those who remember it as it once was."

The new push to market football teams, Swans-style, as packaged sporting entertainment threatens to sweep away the intimate bonds between the clubs and their communities of supporters. This becomes all too clear when you



Fitzroy in action - "one of Melbourne's 11 remaining Michaelangelos."

attend a Swans home match at the Sydney Cricket Ground and listen to the crowd mimicking the team slogans created by advertising copywriters which continually blare over the SCG's deafening PA system.

And South Melbourne probably won't be the only club to be done over in this way. Various syndicates, consortiums and joint ventures are now bidding for a licence to start a Brisbane VFL club, a move which could see either St Kilda or Fitzroy liquidated.

Like South Melbourne, the 103-

year old Fitzroy Football Club is a community bound together by its history and by the lifelong commitments made by its supporters.

Fitzroy's most famous player is Haydn Bunton, familiar to South Australian football followers, and its most famous supporter is the burly man with a shaven head and one missing eye who attends every game wearing his Fitzroy guernsey and his "I'm a one-eyed Fitzroy supporter" badge.

Former Richmond player Kevin Bartlett said recently the death of Fitzroy would mean the loss of one

of Melbourne's 11 remaining Michaelangelos.

And Melbourne's down-and-out yarn-spinner, Barry Dickins, wrote of Fitzroy: "Royboys, when you win I find money in the streets. When you lose I meet Rupert Hamer walking through Toorak."

So for many football supporters here, last Sunday's knock-out semi-final between Fitzroy and the Swans was also a kind of barometer presaging the outcome of the battle between the old and the new for the soul of Australian football.

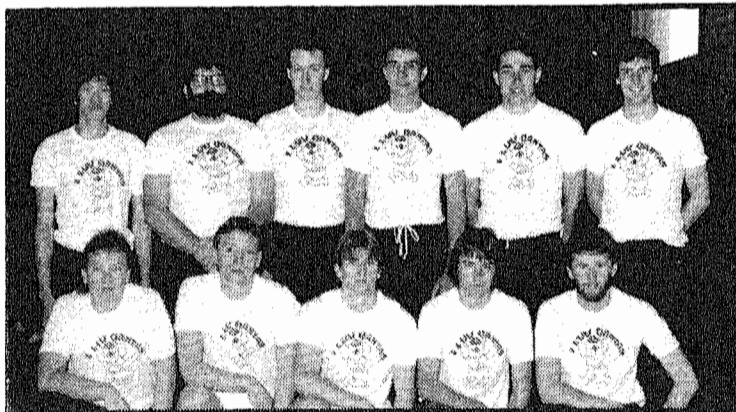
Uni volleyball triumph

In an anticlimatic final, Adelaide University Men's Team defeated Uni of W.A. 15-8, 15-7, 14-16, 15-7. The final was the culmination of an intensive 2 month training program under the guidance of Andrew Burdin who acted as captain, coach, svengali, great white hope and spiritual leader.

The team was never hard pressed by any team up until the finals. Andrew "Big Nose" Otte was unbeatable from the corner hitting position. Geoff "Beagle" Bailey hit consistently off the block and his accurate reception skills were rewarded when he was awarded best receiver in the tournament (we scoff!).

Chris "Gibbon" Madden stunned the spectators by his freakish skill, accuracy and consistency and was one of the first six players from Adelaide University that were selected in the Combined Uni's team.

Andrew "Big Bird" Burdin was by a country mile the outstanding player at the tournament winning the Best Blocker award. Other players within the team were outstanding as well in comparison to other University first six combinations.



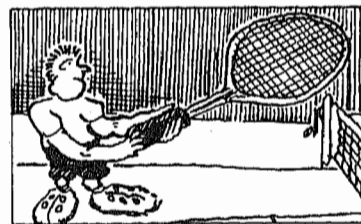
A.U. volleyball team

It was said that the Adelaide second six could have beaten any team at the tournament and this claim was tested against the University Mixed team. The Adelaide Uni Second Six whipped them 15-3, 15-6 and stunned the crowd.

Night-time entertainment was lively as usual and the Intersarsity Cup lays safely in the hands of the "top Gun" team until Brisbane 1987. To all other Universities - UNLUCKY - see you next year.

Tournament Scores

vs Macquarie	15-1, 15-1	vs Tasmania	15-0, 15-1
vs Melbourne	15-7, 15-4	vs Monash	15-5, 15-3
Semi-final: vs Sydney			
15-6, 15-2, 15-2			
Final: vs W.A.			
15-8, 15-7, 14-16, 15-19			



SPORT

Sports results

compiled by May Khizam

Amateur Football

A1 Grade - Preliminary Final.

Adelaide Uni 11-17 d.

Greenacres 12-8.

Best Players; Hall, James, May, Williams, S. Parker, Keynes.

Goal kickers: Tasker 3, Eaton 2, Huston 2, Shultz, Dadds, May, Hall.

A3 Grade - Grand Final

Woodville South. 12-17

d. Adelaide Uni 10-4,

Best Players: Stanley,

Ryan, Hammond, Mc Donnouct

Proodman, Brandwood.

Goal Kickers: Burdell 3,

Knight 2, Burfield 2, Ryan, Hammond, Wheaton. A7 Reserves- Grand Final Adelaide Uni 14-15d. Kilburn 9-6. A9 Grand Final Adelaide Uni. 14-13 d. St. Dominics 8-7.



Abbie's

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Pressure on postgrads from Keating budget

Mark Leahy
President, PGSA

The Keating budget has dealt a number of blows to education in Australia and the losses have been felt by undergraduates and postgraduates alike. However, there are a number of problems which relate specifically to postgraduates which, to a large extent, have been hidden under the more general budgetary issues.

In their 'attempt' to protect lower-income students, the Government has made postgraduates on scholarships exempt from the administrative fee. However, as is the case with TEAS recipients, rather than simply exempting them, they are sending them additional \$250, which will then be sent back to the Government. What is conveniently overlooked is that this money is taxed, so that the amount which actually gets into students' hands is \$190. Furthermore, only recipients of Commonwealth Awards will receive money, making it necessary for the University to bear the cost for those students on University of Adelaide Awards. In order to be able to do this, their incidentals allowance has had to be reduced from \$293 to \$100. The incidentals allowance was raised only last year, in order to help postgraduates pay

their Union fee, at a time when the attrition rate among postgraduates is rising, due to financial difficulties.

Furthermore, there is a serious flaw in the theory that the Government is taking care of lower-income students by exempting scholarships holders, since scholarships are given on merit, *not income*. This means there will be many postgraduates having to pay the fee, regardless of their inability to do so.

There is also a misconception that most postgraduates will be exempt. According to the Council of Australian Postgraduates Association, 75-80% of postgraduates will have to pay the fee. Part-time students are ineligible for scholarships, so particularly effected are mature age students, women and postgraduates with dependants, whose other commitments make them unable to enrol full-time.

On top of this, scholarships have not been indexed this year, enforcing a real cut to postgraduate support. Postgrads on scholarships are now below the poverty line. In order to return to the 1984 levels of support, the living allowance would have to be raised by 15-20%.

Yet again Overseas' students have fared particularly badly, with the

overseas' visa rising to \$4666! And, whereas students on University administered scholarships have been previously exempt, this will no longer be the case. This presents the University with a dilemma. It can either supplement overseas' scholarships, to take in the charge, or it can require the students to pay it themselves. If it does the former, it will place an accumulating burden on the scholarships' budget (\$20,000 in 1987, \$40,000 in 1988...), severely reducing the number of scholarships this institution can offer. If it does the latter, we can say goodbye to overseas' students. Who would accept a \$7000 scholarship with a \$4666 charge?

Throwing the principles of free and equal education out of the window, this Government has seriously attacked education and research in this country. It is now up to us to fight. It is no use sitting back and hoping someone will fight it for us. Arguments won't convince the Government to change its mind, but thousands of people shouting their anger might - this has been the cause of the failure of previous attempts at introducing fees. I urge everyone to write letters, to become involved; specifically, let's make sure we attend the Rally on Wednesday 24th.

Christopher Pyne
Finance Vice-President

With students not seeming to be as highly excited about Fees to go out into the streets and hit the barricades. I think a new approach should be made towards the Fees Issue. This could consist of several parts -

1) Consultation with the University as to the method of collection, the level to remain unchanged other than changing

indexes with consumer prices, and perhaps even the necessity for the University to collect the Fee at all. This method could lead to perhaps a more palatable charge, more efficient and easier to finance.

2) Lobbying of Opposition and Government members to show the distaste students have for the fee and make sure that it is not increased by any future government or by the present govern-

ments.
3) To challenge the fee as illegal, with State support. This is a slight possibility as when the states transferred the University to federal control it was

4) To lobby the state government to have the University of Adelaide Act amended to remove the power of the University to collect the Fee.

All students must fight the fee

Michael Fox
Education Vice President

I'm not angry, just very disappointed, still.

I wrote of the fees issue last week and, while not wishing to duplicate, feel I must append.

Mr Keating, in his 1987 budget speech stated, "...The Government believes it is only fair that participants in the higher education system share some of its costs." I believe that they already do, by providing most textbook and stationery costs, and in many cases, the means of personal income (read: taxable income).

It is argued that graduates benefit in later years through higher incomes, but what of the higher taxes they subsequently pay? those most affected by the \$250 charge, however, will be part-time students, and many of these study to adapt to changing conditions in their work environment.

Minimal-cost-study has been undertaken concerning the charge, and Universities will only receive 10% of the revenue collected.

I harp not just through self-interest, but because I honestly believe that this move on the part of the Federal Government has been hasty, is contrary to its party policy, will harm the quality of education and is not in the national interest. It is a classic case of short-term gain with long-term loss.

In 1981, the Fraser Government attempted the initiation of fees and loans for higher degrees. It was thwarted by the ALP and the Democrats in the Senate. At the time, Mr Dawkins wrote... "Enrol-



Michael Fox

ments will fall by 10% when there are already too few students in higher education."

Times have changed. Whilst enrolments may increase, 19% of those presently studying will not re-enrol next year because of the financial burden. Think about it.

G.S.M. - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH - BARR SMITH LAWNS.

"That the students of the University of Adelaide oppose the introduction of tertiary fees in any form".

NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH MARCH. VICTORIA SQUARE TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE. "NO FEES BY DEGREES" 12 NOON. SIGN THE PETITION, SEND A FORM LETTER. STEM THE FLOW.

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.

Positions 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).

NO FEES BY DEGREES

General Student Meeting, Wednesday 17th September, Barr Smith Lawns (weather permitting) or Mayo Refectory.
March Against Fees, Wednesday 24th September, Victoria Square, 12 noon

Student union strife

The campaign against the \$250 administrative fee is alive, if not particularly well.

Student representative groups continue to wave the flag though it seems that the war is over. The decision, made in Canberra, to introduce the fee can only be expected to be revoked from Canberra, but the Canberra powers-that-be have given no indication that this will occur.

Rather Senator Ryan has concentrated on softening the blow by pointing out the positive features of the budget for education - but also to little avail.

Though the majority of students have accepted the fee and acknowledged the rationale behind its introduction students' associations, or their equivalents, across South Australia intend to make their point - that any fee which restricts access to education is unacceptable.

Because the student population is still made up of students from middle - to upper-class backgrounds the \$250 fee is of little concern, and organisers of the anti-fees campaign have experienced difficulty in rousing students to express the outrage which it seems they are supposed to feel.

Unfortunately the anti-fees campaign is suffering from the lack of coordination on a national level that could make lobbying effective.

But even if a national student union did exist there is every reason to believe that it would achieve little in any case. The inevitable mix-



ture of political diehards from across ideological spectrum would ensure that nothing was ever actually done.

An example of this dilemma of becoming caught in one's own web was a meeting of cross-campus anti-fees campaign last Wednesday night at the Adelaide CAE campus.

Adelaide University, whose Students' Association representatives anticipated the grinding anguish involved in organising a cross-campus campaign, was absent.

However the CAE's, SAIT, and Flinders University managed between them around fourteen people to plan a National Day of Action.

In principle it's probably a good sort of idea. In practice it's slightly better than unworkable.

Ideas ranged from press releases (responsibility for which was delegated to a working party) to newspaper advertisements (decision delegated to a working party) to handbills and leaflets (delegated, of course, to a working party).

"Perhaps we could have an advance interview

on Four Corners or something like that" proclaimed one member of the meeting enthusiastically.

Another member pointed out that though it was necessary to include Adelaide University in the decision-making process (and of course in the financing) it was not going to be possible to work with the President of the Adelaide University Students' Association, Anthony Snell - a further logistical hitch.

Discussion turned to finding a delegate to attend a national meeting of student representatives interstate, but no-one volunteered to go. (Fortunately the decision could be deferred to a working party).

Though I left before discovering how just over a dozen people were going to be divided into the four or five necessary working parties, the upshot of the meeting was that a march from Victoria Square to Parliament House would take place.

In all probability the march will come off; determination can make up for a lot of organisational failings.

But the most painful aspect of the confusion is that, should student representatives ever have the opportunity to make a difference to an issue (the \$250 is a fait accompli), for the most part they will fail.

A national lobbying apparatus cannot be established overnight, but it seems that one that could be established would not work anyway.

Paul Washington

Murphy's case in perspective: political judges are needed

In the wake of the Murphy affair, PROFESSOR TONY BLACKSHIELD of La Trobe University argues that 'political' judges have a right to sit.

On July 1980 an *Age* editorial suggested that practising party politicians should be not appointed to the High Court. Both Chief Justice Barwick and Mr Justice Murphy had been so appointed; but, said the editorial, "the precedent is bad". This was demonstrated by "Mr Justice Murphy's reasoning in some of the cases which he has formed a minority of one".

On 6th August this year, in two cases decided by the High Court, Mr Justice Murphy found himself now in a minority of two (along with Mr Justice Deane). In the meantime, Mr Justice Murphy, the High Court and *The Age* have been caught up in a chain of events unparalleled in High Court history.

Only one thing remained unchanged. At intervals throughout "the Murphy affair", *The Age* repeated that all the trouble was

judge's constitutional right to sit in judgment when he believes that to be the appropriate course.

What is unacceptable is the willingness, yet again, to draw from the Murphy affair the lesson that no High Court judge must ever again be appointed from Parliament. On the contrary, the lesson to be drawn is that no High Court judge must ever again be subjected to a campaign of smear and innuendo designed to erode the legitimacy of his right to office.

The point is of fundamental importance for three different reasons. First, the underlying belief that judicial decisions can somehow be made in a "passive", "neutral" or "apolitical" way was always a naive delusion, and is nowadays dangerously outmoded. The essential judicial concern with "politics" - with issues of policy and polity - is

No High Court judge must ever again be subjected to a campaign of smear and innuendo designed to erode the legitimacy of his right to office.

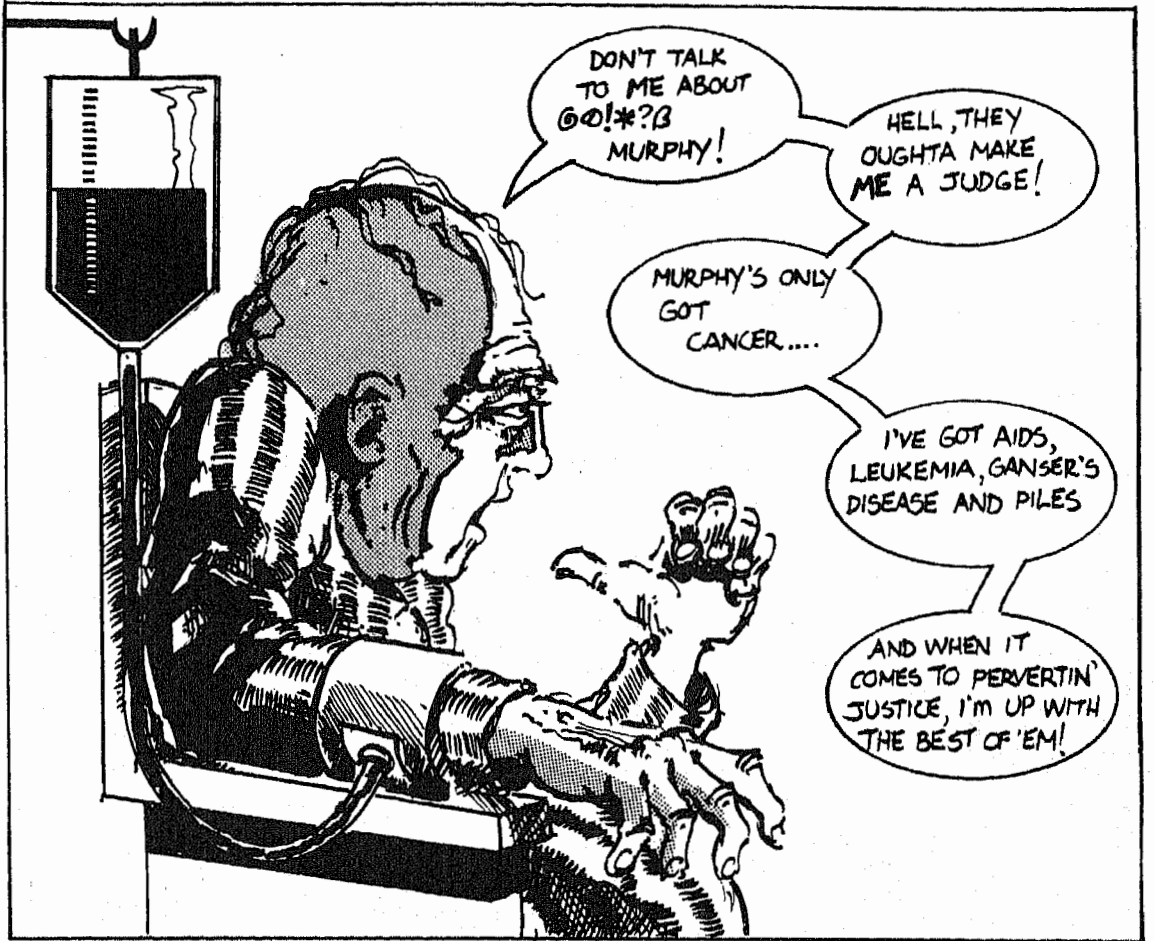
due to the appointment of a former politician to the High Court. The editorial on 2 August repeated this view.

Most of the views expressed in that editorial, however debatable, were entirely legitimate. There is room for genuine disagreement and doubt as to the propriety of Mr Justice Murphy's return to the bench, and of the Chief Justice's unprecedented public expression (in a press release!) of his own private views on that topic. There may even be some room to cast doubt (though only by casuistry) on a

now recognised by all federal judges, and by all reflective lawyers.

The difference of all this from "party politics" is of course profound and important, and much in need of understanding. But we do not advance this understanding by pretending that the "political" aspect of judgment does not exist at all; and still less by assuming that a man or woman who has been a "party politician" in Parliament will continue to act as a "party politician" on the bench.

Secondly, since the High Court's



paramount role is in federal constitutional law, its informed and effective discharge of its functions has always *needed* (and will need in the future) the contribution of judges like Griffith, Barton, O'Connor, Isaacs, Higgins, Knox, Evatt, McTiernan, Latham, Barwick and Murphy. That is, it needs judges with practical experience and understanding of the parliamentary system, just as it needs (say) an equity lawyer or (rather urgently) criminal lawyer. The presence of former solicitors-general does something to meet this latter

need: or are they, too, henceforth to be barred by *The Age's* doctrine that practical experience is a disqualification for office?

Thirdly, this issue is fundamental to "the Murphy affair" itself. "The Murphy affair" is *not* about "little mates" or illegal tapes, or dubious witnesses wired for sound by even more dubious reporters. It is about the fact that, right from the day of Mr Justice Murphy's appointment in 1975, some sections of the community and the legal profession have refused to accept the legiti-

macy of his right to sit.

It was only because of this refusal that some were willing to publish, and others to believe, disreputable smears which would not have been published or believed about any other judge. Public criticism of what High Court judges do and say *in their judgment* happens too little in this country. Public attempts to subvert their legitimate right to do and say it must never be allowed to happen again.

Professor Blackshield is Professor of Legal Studies, La Trobe University.

A junkyard odyssey uncovers buried digital treasures

People have been finding new uses for computers faster than other people can build them ever since they became fashionable. But where do all the old ones go? JOHN LINDSAY found a 'computer graveyard' with a few surprises for the bargain hunter.

The sight is slightly sad, even bringing a lump to the throat. Like an elephant's graveyard, the great skeleton's of dead computers litter a one acre field of once fertile farmland, now the latest outpost of the suburban sprawl: this is Bolivar, once the most out-of-the-way place the government could find to put a sewerage treatment plant, now the sight of housing developments and not one public phone! (Good one Telemundo).

An advertisement in the Advertiser had been bugging me for months and I had to have a peek at this source of possible fantastic bargains and goodies. Fortunately the half-hour drive was made bearable by Jean Michael Jarre, Animal House and one hundred and ten kilometre an hour wind in my ears in the Claytons car. The lot is not hard to find but be warned: it is at the far end of Burton Road, Bolivar, just off the main road, trying to get at it from the other end of Burton Road will land you in a creek, probably intimately connected to the sewerage treatment works.

Arriving at the Pearly-gates one wonders just what one has gotten oneself into. There is a burnt-out car outside the entrance, probably belonging to a debtor and alluded to by the lady on the phone; I didn't park too near; the Claytons car might have got the idea and completed rotting on the spot: not nice. Walking through the gap between

two rack-mount cabinets the view is stunning and exciting, rather like being a dog in a butchers or a school boy in the Swanette's changing rooms. This place could be heaven for screwdriver heads or it could be a 'Backup aborted due to head-crash' for silicon heads. This place is a monument to man's unbelievable capacity to make things that are outmoded before they are sold. The consumer watchdog's nightmare would have a scene here, probably by the dead Circon terminals from the Barr-Smith Library which have been sent out here to rust in an undignified manner before their gold plated strips are soaked in acid to recover the precious metal and justify their purchase cost.

In a covered shed, out of the wet stuff is Mr Luke. He is the alchemist who buys computers by the tonne and strips them for the precious metal they contain, not just gold but steel and aluminium too. Some kind souls rescue the recent dead and perform voodoo rituals to revive the corpses, making them work once more after their life of slavery. Terminals with burn-in so bad that the words 'account number' are still firmly etched on the State Bank's credit control machines and giant disk drives with air pipes snaking about and going from one empty hole to another, joining non-existent disk-paks. The sensation of decay is increased by the appearance of a



HEY MISTER, THOSE COMPUTER CIRCUITS I SCROUNGED FROM HERE ARE NO GOOD!

Y' JUST HAVE TO TOUCH 'EM, AND SPARKS GO FLYIN' EVERYWHERE!

KID, THEM'S FROM OUR OLD "LOST IN SPACE" COMPUTERS... THEY'RE SUPPOSED T'DO THAT!

boy with a screwdriver. This is the inspiration that makes grotesque impressionism understandable. Picasso's 'boy with a screwdriver' would have eyes that spoke evil destruction, hands wielding sinister instruments of deconstruction and the most angelic look of bliss on the urchin's face.

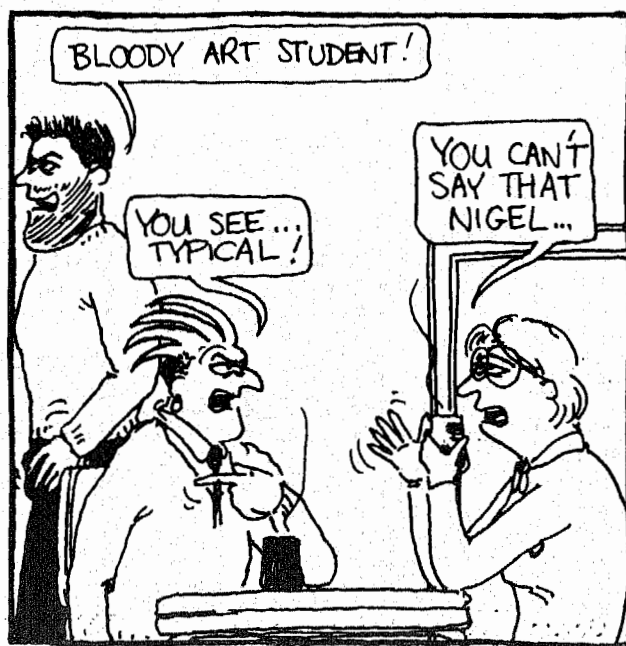
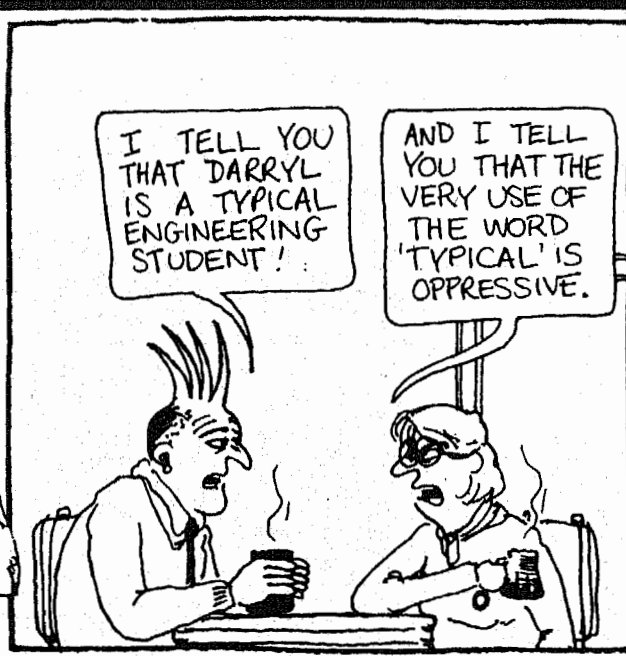
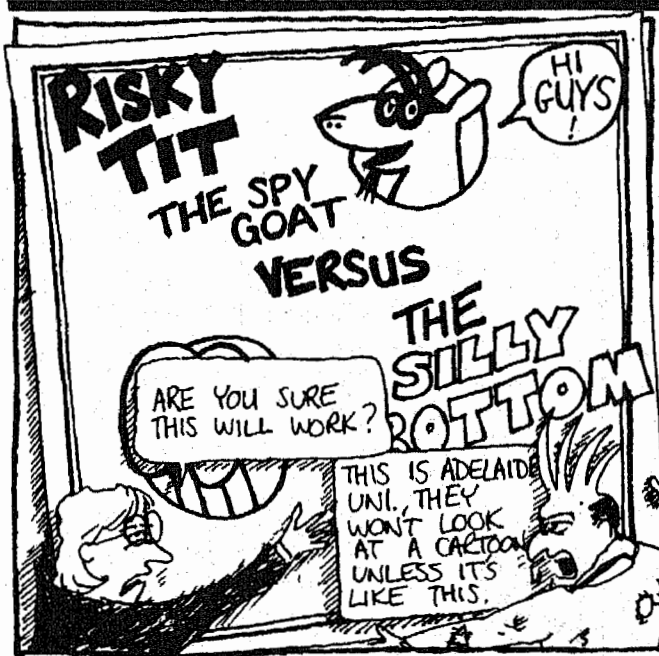
Atmosphere is in the senses of the perceiver but the sense of death and burial is furthered by a chat with the Undertaker: Mr Luke. This gentle man rips the guts out of

DB25 connectors with the detached air of a chainsaw murderer, placing the gold plated pins in a tray to be 'treated' later. A snoop reveals some nice thing to invite back to my parlour, a pretty little Italian disk drive from Olivetti, with eight inch floppies looks like it might go well with an antique 1984 terminal by ICL. With tongue firmly in chequebook I enquire about the price and quickly get the impression that the hartering normally involved with pur-

chasing a new machine might just get me better acquainted with an IBM cardpunch; aerial view.

Fortunately Mr Luke is a good sport and a weight lifter an the Claytons car is soon heavy laden and full.

So silicon heads and resin (cord solder) sniffers, get out your chequebooks and jump in your cards for a stroll down memory lane. Visit lot b. Burton Road, Bolivar between 9 and 12 every Saturday.



KENTON PENLEY

Students caught in the middle-class squeeze by the \$250 fee

On Budget day the deed was done. A tertiary fee, albeit called an "administration fee" was introduced. Next year all tertiary students will be paying it.

There was a certain symmetry about the event.

It was a Labor Government under Gough Whitlam which had abolished university tuition fees in 1973, and, like many Whitlam reforms, Fraser in his seven years in power dared not undo it.

It has taken another Labor Government, and a Treasurer who is arguably the most economically doctrinaire we have had in decades, to grasp the nettle and make students contribute to their education.

The cost is \$250. From one point of view that is not a lot. Not much more in fact than the union fee which inexorably creeps higher each year no matter what the political complexion of the Union Board.

But what is to stop a hungry Government, desperate for any source of revenue, squeezing more and more out Australia's 300,000 university and CAE students.

As a group they are not overendowed with wealth and now the precedent has been set for charging them a fee. Where will it end?

Students have been especially vocal in opposing it. But unfortunately, in the public eye, some students have done their cause more than good.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* found one such student and put her on the front page of the paper, arguing her case for not having to pay a fee.

Vanessa Jones, an 18-year-old student at Sydney University, told the newspaper she was caught in a "middle-class squeeze."

She had moved out of home nearer to uni because her mother lived an hour's travelling time away and complained that she couldn't get TEAS because her mother's income was too high.

And like many other students she found it particularly annoying that, if she left uni and went on the dole, she could be supported by the Government right away.

The letters, of course flooded into the paper, most along the lines of: "The gall of this young woman is amazing . . . I suggest Miss Jones takes a good look at the real world. She would quickly realise just how fortunate she is."

Vanessa may have been unfairly roasted, but, as her story emphasised, it is mainly the middle classes who go to university.

The question is: "Should the middle classes who are already in a privileged position in our society, receive yet another perk via a free education?"

The self-interestedness of many middle class families in opposing tertiary fees was highlighted when, two days after the budget, the Queensland Minister for Education, Mr Lin Powell, announced that he was opposed to the \$250 fee.

And the reason he opposed it, was because it would hit middle-income earners.

He pointed out, quite accurately, that "the burden will fall mainly on



Paul Keating

middle-income families who are not eligible for tertiary education assistance."

Mr Powell is a very conservative member of the Bjelke-Petersen Cabinet and is not known as an advocate of more Government handouts for the poor and needy.

But he knew that most university students were members of a privileged group and he was all for them keeping their privileges.

Mr Powell also announced that the Queensland Government was considering challenging the fee in the High Court. He said it might breach the 1973 agreement which the States made with the Whitlam Government under which the Federal Government took over tertiary education funding.

The States agreed providing the Federal Government did not charge fees to attend university.

But of course there are many others beside Mr Powell who oppose the \$250 fee, and few are of his political ilk.

It was a surprise to see the Chairman of the Commonwealth Public Service Board, Dr Peter Wilenski, oppose fees.

As one of the Federal Govern-

ment's most senior public servants he is in a position in which it would have been unthinkable to be opposed to a Government policy.

Yet at a meeting of the Sydney University Senate he endorsed a recommendation which described the fee as "deplorable" and demanded it be dropped.

The Government has taken care to see that the most needy students will not have to pay the fee.

Of Australia's 300,000 tertiary students 114,000 will be exempted. These are those on TEAS (next year to be known as AUSTUDY) and post-graduate student awards.

But a good many anomalies and strange bureaucratic devices remain.

For instance, overseas students will be exempted from the \$250 administrative fee. But overseas students already pay and next year they will pay more.

Except the Government will deduct \$250 from the set fee, so at least on paper, they do not have to pay the administration charge.

It will be difficult to convince an overseas student that they are being exempted from anything.



Queensland's Education Minister Lin Powell

The zeal of the New Right - rationale or lunacy?

The New Right has moved to the fore of the Australian political debate in the last month, but has existed for much longer. However where the movement came from and what it represents is dimly understood. ROBERT CLARK takes a look at the rise of the New Right

In the flat landscape of Australian politics, unfettered by ideology or principle, a new phenomenon has emerged.

It has been called the "New Right" and while most Australians first heard of it two weeks ago, it is a political force that has been growing for the past five years.

It has certainly broken on the already troubled national political scene as a massive storm.

Consider this:

- The Prime Minister, Mr Hawke, condemns the "New Right" as political troglodytes and economic lunatics.
- The Trade Minister, Mr Dawkins, calls their actions treasonable and Metalworkers Secretary, John Halfpenny says they are "intellectual wing of the Ku Klux Klan."

"Many of those who propose radically liberal ways of organising the economy hold quite conservative, traditional social views."

- The Australian Federation of Employers calls on the Opposition to get its act together or they would form a new party on the right.

These events reflect a major argument of economic and political fundamentals. At stake is not just political power for one or the other party but the future of Australia's ordered business and industrial institutions and the traditionally interventionist role of the government.

The "New Right" is a rather amorphous, eclectic movement committed to free-market, anti-

intervention philosophies strongly anti-communist and pro-US in foreign policy but generally conservative and traditional on social issues.

On the political front, most prominent is the National Farmers Federation, which has an \$11m fighting fund with which it vows to break unions, the dries of the Liberal Party and the Australian Federation of Employers, headed by former Fraser Government adviser, Andrew Hay.

The engine room for the movement is its "think tanks", including the Centre for Policy Studies at Monash University, the Centre for Independent Studies, and the Institute of Public Affairs.

Discussion groups such as Crossroads and the H. R. Nicholls Society also exist.

Their views can be found in *The Australian*, which boasts five columnists (Des Keegan, Greg Sheridan, Katherine West, Norman Podhoretz, and B.A. Santamaria) who could be identified with the New Right and in *Quadrant*, a more traditional right-wing magazine. *The Bulletin* was the first to record the "New Right" movement in October 1984 and is generally sympathetic.

Yet, a leading proponent of the New Right, Prof. Lauchlan Chipman, points out that there is nothing new in its ideas.

Notions of free markets and the

primacy of individual freedom have been around since the 18th century. What is new is that these ideas form the basis of a revived political force in the 1980's. The question is: why?

Hawke and his Ministers obviously have used the "New Right" to take the heat off the criticism of their Budget and the embarrassing attempts of the Immigration Minister, Chris Hurford, to gain publicity. It has also served as a "honeyman" to bring together not only the fractured ALP but the nation.

Yet the New Right has been gathering force for several years. Like most things in our political and cultural life, it hails from the US.

Its recent foundations lie in the Moral Majority Movement which swept America in the late 1970s and campaigned vigorously for the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980.

However, it can be traced back to the battles between free traders and protectionists at Federation for example, and battles over the role of arbitration in the early decades of the century. In 1929, Prime Minister Bruce fought - and spectacularly lost - an election on the abolition of the Arbitration Commission.

The failure of expansionist, Keynesian economic solutions in tackling the crisis which have beset Western economies since 1973 have provided the base for the rise of the New Right anti-state, free marketeering sentiments.

Many of the protagonists of the new right object to the label, and prefer "economic rationalists", "neo-conservatives", or "radical economic liberals". They certainly display an almost evangelical zeal, crusading for smaller government, less tax, less regulation, weaker unions, and the abolition of centralised wage fixing.

Professor Michael Porter, of the Centre for Policy Studies at Monash University, says: "We'd be better off if the government got out of things."

"Australia has earnings lower than it should because of its antiquated inefficient market arrangements."

He is particularly trenchant about the role of the unions and the arbitration.

"The next election won't be a battle between Hawke and the New Right but between consensus and minor tinkering"

"We impose wages on employers from on high. Employees and employers have not got to come together to increase the size of the cake." He says union behaviour should be the subject of common law actions in the courts and derides union leaders as the real conservatives defending an inefficient system.

Porter, a former Whitlam adviser, pointed out that Whitlam and his Treasurer, Dr Cairns, decided to deregulate the financial system nine years before Keating did so. They were overruled by their public servants. Today, however, many more public servants have studied in the US and the public service on the whole is much more "dry", he said.



Former Secretary to the Treasury John Stone

One area in which the economic liberals are coy is "privatisation", an idea which has lost its appeal since the SA election last December. Porter simply says each case would have to be examined on its merits.

Although the New Right are in broad agreement on the economy schisms appear when he debate turns to social issues which, in Chipman's words, "split the movement like a butcher's cleaver."

Many of those who propose radically liberal ways of organising the economy hold quite conservative, traditional social views.

They tend to be pro-family, and anti-feminist. (Despite the roots in fundamentalism, however, this is not a major current in Australia).

For example, the hard-line libertarians hold that all drugs - heroin included - should be legalised, believing that this would eliminate the secondary crime connected with drug abuse and break the power of organised crime. Naturally the traditionalists recoil in horror from the suggestion.

Chipman says the test of neo-conservatives on such issues is "the extent to which they believe moral values should be legally enforced."

Not surprisingly, this conflict has been raised by critics on the Left. A recent article in the British intellectual magazine *New Statesman* by historian Christopher Lasch argues:

"Conservatism appeals to a pervasive and legitimate desire in contemporary society for order, continuity, responsibility and discip-

THE NEW RIGHT: WHO ARE THEY?

HUGH MORGAN, 46. Executive Director of Western Mining Corporation, one of the Roxby Downs partners. Sees mining company battles with Aborigines over land rights as war on paganism in defence of Christian values. Member of Crossroads, Institute for Public Affairs.

JOHN STONE, 56. Former Secretary of the Treasury 1979-84 and schoolmate of Hawke's. Director of Institute of Public Affairs and of Peko-Wallsend, member of Crossroads, trenchant critic of Hawke Government in his weekly newspaper columns.

CHARLES COPEMAN, 56. Chief Executive of Peko-Wallsend. Former Rhodes Scholar and Oxford colleague of Hawke. Sparked off debate on New Right by sacking 1100 workers at Peko's Robe River site in W.A. in dispute over work practices. President of H.R. Nicholls Society, dedicated to the disbandment of the arbitration system. Has called for the replacement of Federal Parliament by a

Senate appointed by the states.

PROF. GEOFFREY BLAINNEY, 56. Professor of History at University of Melbourne. Made headlines in 1984 with controversial remarks over Asian immigration and multiculturalism, over which entire History Department disowned him.

ANDREW HAY. Former adviser to Phillip Lynch broke news of the Khemlani Affair which brought down Whitlam Government. Now heads Australian Federation of Employers and Melbourne Chamber of Commerce. Reported to be planning right-wing people's power rallies around Australia next month.

JOHN HYDE. Former Liberal MHR and leader of Federal dries. Now Created Australian Institute for Public Policy after losing seat in 1983, and Crossroads, economic discussion group.

Other members include John Howard, Jim Carlton, Michael Porter, Ian McLachlan and former Liberal MP Bert Kelly.

He writes that the development of capitalism over the past two centuries and the rise of consumerism, rather than the feminists and left-wing intellectuals usually blamed by the neo-conservatives, have undone the traditional social fabric.

Lasch goes on to suggest that traditional values are in fact anti-consumerist and anti-economic growth, the very pins of modern Western industrial societies.

line; but it contains nothing with which to satisfy these desires."

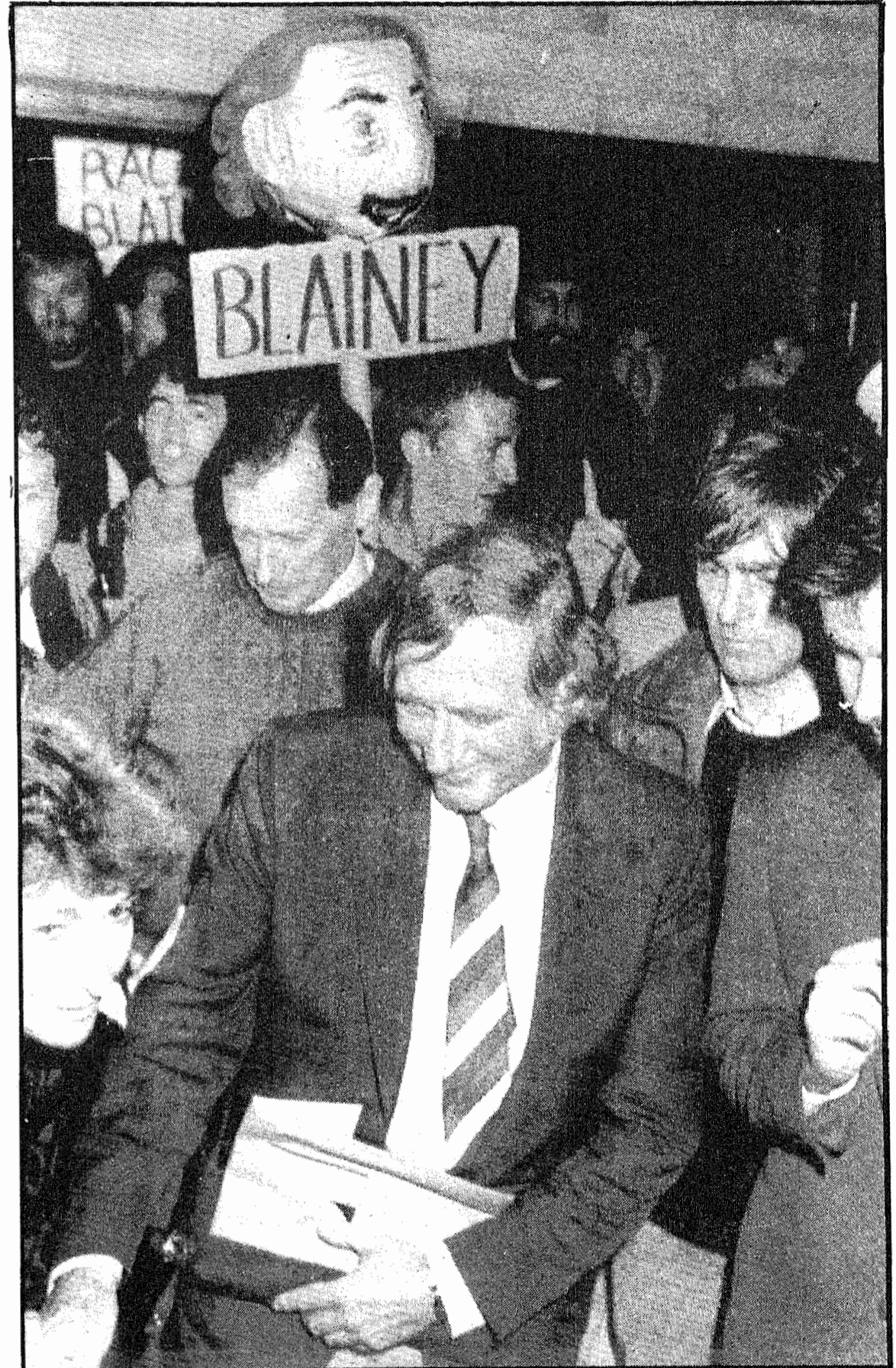
He believes Australians "like right-wing Labor governments" and dislike radicalism.

For the radical Right, that is the rub. Since the First Fleet, governments have been a major player in Australian political and economic life. The New Right might be better termed the neo-radicals fighting conservative, phlegmatic Australia.

Yet already much of their programme has been either implemented or has appeared on the political agenda, the latest being review of work practices. Indeed, Hawke in his early days as PM was regarded as a hero for his deregulation of the financial system, the float of the dollar and the introduction of foreign banks.

Whether this indicates the right-wing nature of the Hawke Government, the popularity of its reforms or the limited power of Australian Governments to set the political agenda, you can decide for yourself.

Schisms, conflicts and contradictions aside, for the time being at least, the New Right will only grow.



Professor Geoffrey Blainey

Wet on campus, dry elsewhere

by Robert Clark
As New Right groups advance around the nation, so in South Australia.

The best known figure would be Ian McLachlan, from an establishment pastoral family, who is president of the National Farmers Federation.

The SA branch of the Liberal Party has moved a long way from its days under the paternal eye of Sir Tom Playford.

Liberal sources describe Olsen as "dry-ish" and reflecting a dry party. Although he campaigned for a privatisation he also opposes tertiary fees.

The ascendancy of dries in the branch was underlined by the comfortable victories of former NSW Opposition Leader Bruce Macdonald as Vice-President and former MHR Grant Chapman as Senate candidate at the last State

Council in August. Another prominent dry is Alexander Downer, also from one of SA's old families, who said the younger generation of members were much less affected by the party's traditional paternalism.

On campus both wet and dry leaders claim ascendancy. Hugh Martin, leader of the dries, says "the majority of active members would class themselves as dry conservatives."

He said Liberal Club discussions were on the economy and "nearly exclusively on the economy, whereas 20 years ago it would have been foreign policy and social issues."

SAUA and Club President Anthony Snell said the wets were dominant and in fact the campus organisations were "wetter" than the party proper.

SALAD RISING GREEN TO THE MEMORY

by Barry Westburg

Huge chords - Wagnerian chords - were pumping out of the loudspeakers.

He was listening to "Die Meistersinger," on compact disc, while writing a poisonous little story in a postmodernist mode for one of the city of Doreen's better magazines. Somehow, Wagner helped him reach the right level of pretentiousness. On the television, sound turned down, was a one-day cricket match, Australia vs. India. Cricket kept him closer to reality. One-day cricket kept him closer to vulgarity. So he could strike a balance.

Then there was the knock at the door.

Outside, it was blinding sunlight. A golden woman was standing there in running shorts and an inadequate halter-top. She was glistening after her run. This was the neighbour who had promised to drop in someday after her daily five kilometres.

"Wagner! Meistersinger! How did you know that is my favourite opera? You might succeed after all. In seducing me, I mean. I assume I read your transparent male mind correctly."

"Grotesque! So you think I want to... 'Seduce' is not even in my vocabulary! However - let's say that a friendly level of carnal knowledge is not out of the question in the distant future if you play your card right."

"You could be a very funny person - with lessons. But then you probably have been taking lessons for quite a few years."

"So...uh... is Wagner all that brings you to my door?"

India was bowling and just took Alan Border's wicket for a duck. So it goes.

"I've decided to come for the sole purpose of showing you how to make a salad."

"Que?" His imitation of Manuel in Fawlty Towers.

"I've come to show you how to make a salad. And I heard the Wagner. The whole neighbourhood can hear the Wagner."

On the stereo Wagner's contentious minstrels were preparing to show the gaping citizens of the town of Nuremberg just what it means to sing like a pro. But Jean-Paul hit the remote control and started the whole opera once again. A transparent stratagem.

She threw herself down on the bed, tired from her run. And began an ecstatic hum-slong with the overture. She looked like the overture sounded - Wagner to the tips of her Adidas running shoes. And she did not seem to mind when he discreetly joined her in - o, more precisely, on - the sack. It was the best place in the house for listening to music.

"About that salad," she said.

"All I've got is lettuce in the fridge."

Then she turned to him "You got garlic?"

"I've always got that - I think."

"You got salt?"

"Of course I got salt. That is, maybe I got salt."

Then, tentatively, like Benjamin Franklin with his landlady, he 'attempted familiarities.' Also like Benjamin Franklin, he committed an 'erratum.' So it goes.

His kitchen, he reflected, was by sheer neglect reduced to a post-modernist decorator's fantasy. She would see the innards of the kitchen glistening in the cruel afternoon sun. Electric cords running in all directions, looped over a complex array of servo-mechanisms, none of which had been cleaned in recent memory. (The electric pasta machine was the worst of the lot.) The rubbish bin was an overflow.

The remains of a spontaneous lobster feast, two days before, with Jan the barmaid, were beginning to draw attention to themselves. Could he stall her off? Keep her in or near the bed?

"Did I tell you my husband is a cop?"

"Husband? Cop?"

"Not really a cop. He's on the Star Force, the special branch."

"Husband?"

"Yeah, and a copy."

Jean-Paul fell silent for maybe the third time in his life.

"Relax, Tiger! We've separated on a trial basis."

Jean-Paul relaxed, a little.

"But he still comes over almost every night, and sort of keeps an eye on me. He's incredibly jealous."

Jean-Paul glanced at his watch in mock horror, as if he suddenly remembered an appointment with his sharebroker or... hairdresser.

"Then tentatively like Benjamin Franklin with his landlady he 'attempted familiarities'. Also like Benjamin Franklin he committed an 'erratum'"

"Hey... isn't it getting late? We've sure been listening to a hell of a lot of Wagner. And...aw...shucks! I've still got a lot of work to do on this story for *Nemesis*. "On the TV he saw another Australian batsman get run out."

Trapped at the wrong end of the wicket! The Indians were jumping for joy. Brown skins, flashing white teeth.

"Forget it. I'm not leaving until I've shown you how to fend for yourself, salad-wise. You look like you live on junk food like *hamburgers* most of the time."

"Are you talking about my small but noticeable potbelly?"

She yawned as if she would soon be dropping off to sleep.

Food was an *obsession* since Hortense had left him. Ever evening, almost, he went to a restaurant. He probably knew the dining-out scene better than most natives knew it.

Then, at a prompt from the Wagner, she started up again, alert.

"Hey, *Seppo*, you got olive oil too?"

"Seppo?"

"Australian version of cockney rhyming slang: You are a Yank, sounds like septic tank. Ergo...Seppo."

"Nice, a real sweet sound to it. But I got olive oil, for sure."

"My husband has killed three people... but that's in seven years on the force."

"I wonder how it feels... to kill."

"I wonder how it feels to eat a green salad with garlic."

"Your husband like his food?" Jean-Paul was thinking it was time to get off the bed and brave the kitchen.

"Not really, it's just fuel to him. He has a high metabolism. He's incredibly fit, of course."

She changed her position on the bed, so that the full stereo effect was not lost to her. Jean-Paul regarded it as a deliberately provocative writhing. But he was too often wrong about body language. He had been *very* wrong once, in '84...

"Jeez, I crave it, really love it, the Wagnern."

The ancients thoughts that eating was a sacred rite. To eat the wrong food at the wrong time was akin to blasphemy, and invited madness and death, or at least psoriasis, boils, dandruff. So the ancients were pretty careful about how they prepared their food. The moderns were a different story. Food just *happened*... at the end of a long but invisible production chain. Where do hamburgers come from? What do they *mean*? Questions of little interest to the fast food junkie. The disappearance of God from everyday life was accompanied by the disappearance of cooking as a sacred activity. Then came the birth of civilization and chronic gastritis.

"I'm almost afraid to ask, but... you got vinegar in there too?"

The wife of the jealous killer-cop rolled over on her back as the last chords of Wagner washed over her

"How do you peel a garlic, Seppo?"

"Carefully, with delicate shapely surgeon's fingers?"

"Quite utterly dismally wrong. You take a single clove and use the flat side of the knife and smash it *hard* with your huge hairy male seppo fist."

She was right...the naked garlic squirted out of its skin. Chop chop and the slick glandular garlic was in little bits. These were scraped into the bowl on top of the salad-spoonful of rock salt. Taking the wooden spoon she mashed the garlic into the rock salt, making a coarse paste. To this she added a single spoonful of Angelo Orsi Deluxe Brand olive oil, imported by Jean-Paul from California and never opened until now. The oil she blended into the garlic paste, thinning it out.

Jean-Paul went for the knife.

"Hey you don't *cut up* the lettuce for this, Seppo. You *tear* it, leaf by leaf. This is a fully manual operation, right? And you got to make sure that each shred is tender lettuce and not stalky. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

"But, hold on...you forgot something. You forgot to add the vinegar!" Jean-Paul fairly lunged for the bottle of Woolworth's malt vinegar. She was too fast for him and got between him and the bottle. This produced another Close Encounter of the Second-Best Kind. Smell. Jean-Paul could smell her hair and the garlic. And the salt even seemed to have a primitive smell of the Aegean about it. The cradle of civilization. Salt-eating was the beginning of it all, right? Trade routes, etcetera. Commerce and all our subsequent troubles. The Rise and Fall of Empire. Settlement, eventually, of the city of Doreen itself. My god, what was this scented woman leading him into?

"Pay attention, Seppo! Not to worry about this vinegar just yet. We have the salt the oil and the garlic in the bowl. We stirred it all together. Over that we have the lettuce. Now you just *flyff* the lettuce into the oil and garlic paste, until

the paste is pretty well spread over all the little shreds."

This time he did as he was told. The afternoon was drawing on, the

shadows outside were beginning to deepend. The Australia-India cricket-ground was in deeper shadow, since the match was in Sydney. Was he living on borrowed time now? The salad was now glistening with a dull sheen in the dark brown bowl. Deep green and dark brown in rich contrast.

By now he was beginning to trust her, sort of.

She sprinkled the vinegar - one salad-spoonful - evenly over the lettuce. The oil seeped up from under, the vinegar rained down as from on high. This seemed meet and as it should be.

"You add vinegar only when you are ready to eat. We'll butter some of that full-corn bread and have it along with the salad. You've got a decent wine in there, too. That will do to drink."

Jean-Paul opened the bottle with his old wooden corkscrew. (He couldn't find the pneumatic de-corker in its usual place.) This was one thing he *could* do. They took the bread and salad out to the verandah table, where he poured out two glasses. The wine would be decent, even a good one. He looked over at the woman who had so recently shared his bed, his music.

"Cheers."

She took one tiny sip.

"But you aren't touching your salad," he said.

"The salad is for you, Seppo. I have to go now. Thorstein will be expecting me - and I don't want him to start *looking* for me, if you follow my meaning. That always causes trouble, especially if his mates are along."

The woman who could make a salad like that just up and walked briskly out of his door, not looking back.

The cricket in Sydney was indefinitely halted by unseasonable hailstones. The TV was showing clips of past matches between the two sides. Jean-Paul put on the Overture to "Die Meistersinger," then collapsed onto his bed and began listening to the whole opera for the third time that day. Thus establishing some kind of a world record that never got written into the books.

That's all that happened.

Trust me, Thorstein!

Time and again, for many years after, Jean-Paul made that salad for himself and sometimes for others, never varying the ingredients or the procedure. It became almost the sole constant in his life, a ritual ordering. Sometimes he would turn on the Wagner before going to the kitchen.

Several women allowed themselves to be seduced with this salad, with the rich pretentious chords of Wagner as a contributing factor.

We must imagine now that some years have passed since the day described above. Thorstein is now chief of police in a smallish western metropolis. His wife, grown matronly, donates her time to Meals on Wheels. Confined now to a wheelchair - the result of a pantry accident (involving a newly-purchased trash-computer) - Jean-Paul can remember that original salad with bold clarity, as if it had been a still-life by Van Gogh. The woman of the salad remains in his memory, too but now rather like a faded drawing by Willem de Kooning.

But the ageing writer, his mind cluttered with the art and music of centuries, is still unable to summon up one image - that of Thorstein, his lifelong and endless rival.

It is not until the long night of his final struggle with the Angel of Death - with a little circle of mystified apothecaries, bloodletters and holy men in the attendance - that the honoured writer Jean-Paul Maltravers can feel the lifting of the burden of the mystery.

And, expiring, cry out:

"Woman, you forgot one thing! *The freshly ground black pepper!*"

Limelight

The Mister Champagne of showbiz speaks his mind on Oz movies

Australian cinema is gaining a reputation overseas. But media personality, John Michael Howson, has a less glowing view of Australian movie succes. JAMIE SKINNER reports.

On dit: What shape do you think the Australian Film Industry is in?

JMH: I am a trenchant critic of what goes on in the Australian Film Industry. What happens in Australia, a film is written and before you can say Jack Robinson without any re-writes or re-development, the damn thing is being filmed. The rip-off that goes on in Australian filmmaking is the thing that upsets me. Too many people in this business in Australia call themselves producers but are really just rip-off merchants.

I mean they get in to take advantage of tax funding, pay themselves more money than any Hollywood producer would ever pay himself making these indifferent films - and they've got their money and don't really care whether the picture makes money or doesn't.

You have writers who believe that everything they have written is carved in stone and can never be re-written and actors who are cast in films and have got no idea of how the medium works.

People put money into film, call themselves producers, make a ghastly picture, take it off to Cannes or the American Film Market and try to flog it and have the investors waiting back home with great expectations.

I have the feeling that most Australian producers and directors when you talk to them, they all think that they're making the next great Australian movie which is going to take Cannes by storm.

I mean, I know producers in this country that never go to the films. Never! I don't think that they even watch television.

I'm appalled to see the crap that is put up every year for the AFI (Australian Film Institute) Awards. If this is the best that is available, Christ knows what's the worst!

On dit: Any examples?

JMH: *Burke & Wills* was atrocious, I mean what was the story?

I kept saying to the people at Hoyts, two people went into the desert and died, tell me what happened? There is no excitement. It's like the thing they made about the Anzacs on television which was three times longer than World War I and nothing happened.

On dit: How successful are Australian films overseas?

JMH: Films like *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *Breaker Morant* and *Gallipoli* have been successful overseas but they were never huge successes in big chains of cinemas. They were successes in art houses.

And there is nothing wrong with that because in the United States there are more people that go to art house movies than live in the whole of Australia.

The big exception though was the *Mad Max* movies. They have been the most successful in America and also *The Man From Snowy River* was successful in the bible-belt because it was a nice clean wholesome film for all those midwesterners who go to church on Sunday. I think that *Crocodile Dundee* will probably do all right. I don't expect it's going to be the huge rocker take-off success that it has been

here but I think it will have an appeal to an American audience because Americans love to see New York being sent up, particularly by a foreigner.

You read things here being put out by the Film Commission that films like *Bliss* have got crowds pouring into cinemas to see them. That's just not true. Simply not true.

I have been there and I've seen the cinemas where Australian films are playing and they are very small dinky cinemas and believe me in the case of *Bliss* they weren't queuing to get in, they were running to get out.

People keep selling Australians the myth of the overseas success. Some obscure French film magazine raved about *Monkey Grip*. In fact it was *Cahiers-du-Cinemas* that wrote an interesting review about *Monkey Grip*. Nobody else did. Nobody else like it in Cannes, it was a big "no-no". But because one magazine wrote a semi-favourable review, it was printed in the press here as if the whole of France was belting their way into see it.

And that's the bullshit that's perpetrated here all the time.

On dit: How do you see the future of Australian cinema-going?

JMH: One of the things which will probably change movie-going here is the development of the cinplexes, the multi-screen cinemas with about six to twelve screens built at shopping centres much in the vein of those in Westwood, California.

You've got plenty of car parking, its geared to attract the family unit who can't go to the movies because it means a trip to town. They go to their local shopping centre, park for free, go and see a movie and still be near home.

They do phenomenal business in the States with people who have probably never been to the pictures for years.

It also means that people doing their shopping during the day and have got a couple of hours to spare can say "Oh! I'll go to a movie"

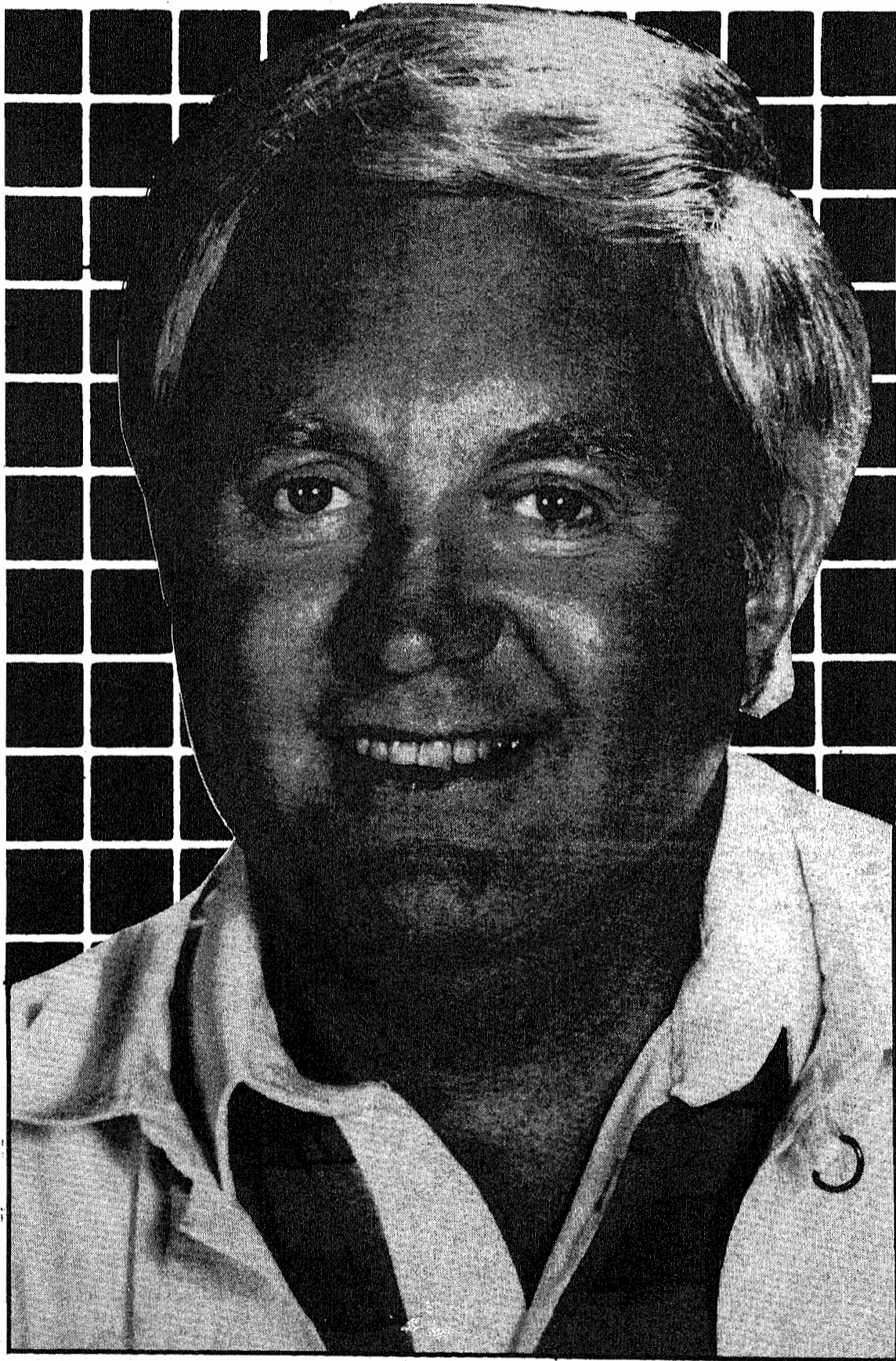
The first one is opening in Chadstown, Victoria at the end of the year and Hoyts are doing a chain of them around Australia. I think it will change viewing habits tremendously.

On dit: You appear to be very critical of Australian films and the Oz movie scene?

JMH: Of course I'm critical about Australian films, I think that they're going through a phase at the moment which is not a very good one. I don't think all is despairing, I think that we will turn around within the next five to ten years. I think we will have talented people producing and being involved. I think the day of the rip-off will come to an end and we may make fewer films, but we will make better films.

On dit: You used to write for theatres in Melbourne in the days before grants. What do you think about the theatre scene today?

JMH: I am totally opposed to the grants they handout to a lot of people. They (the politicians) hand



John Michael Howson: "I just want to win money."

out money willy-nilly to everybody because they're terribly frightened that if they don't give money to the cloud-cuckooland macrame-weavers then they'll be thought of as philistines, instead of saying "Well I'm sorry, you can't have the money, you know, tough cheddar if you think I'm a philistine."

A lot of people I know who are actually people involved in the arts on the administrative and funding side never go anywhere. They wouldn't know what was good, they wouldn't know what was bad either.

I saw a very bad production of something in Melbourne once with all these politicians in there for the first time. They were all applauding and carrying on - all for a third rate production!

There are too many people who think there is a great big bottomless

pit of money to fund esoterica. You can do your own things in the arts, but do it at your own expense.

On dit: What do you believe is the secret of success?

JMH: The secret of success I would believe is delegation - get the best people around you and let them do their jobs to their best and then you're always going to be OK but when you try and do everything yourself, you get driven mad because you're doing their job as well as your own. If you're good at something stick at doing that and get someone else who is better than you at doing other things to do that job. There are so many people who become desperate about "success" that it always sort of alludes them. That's life! It never seems to be going as fast as you want it to go but I believe that everything happens to you when you're ready for it to

happen.

On dit: What do you think is the role of the interviewer?

JMH: A lot of people don't like doing satellites, they find it very impersonal sitting there talking to a camera and prefer to talk to a living breathing interviewer.

So that's where I come into it on the Ray Martin Show. I tend to travel and pick up the interviews and the stories.

I am the intermediary between the audience and the event. I never have become blasé about what I do - I love it!

But I realise that most people will never meet their favourite stars so therefore I am the intermediary.

On dit: You're getting into movie production in a big way next year?

JMH: I am making a series of hor-



From left, Alan Ruck, Matthew Broderick and Mia Sara in John Hughes' "Ferris Bueller's Day Off"

Broderick's day off is a struggle to take it easy

FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF
Hindley Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

In Ferris Bueller's own words, "Life moves pretty fast; if you don't stop and look around, you could miss it". That's one of the many reasons why Ferris Bueller decides to take his ninth day off for the semester. But Ferris is no ordinary guy and this is no ordinary day off.

The charismatic, charming and larger-than-life Ferris (Mathew Broderick) has planned his day wisely so it won't be wasted. First, he has to come up with another tragic illness to convince his parents to let him stay home from school. He also convinces the entire student body, which regards him as something of a hero, that he needs a kidney transplant.

However he doesn't fool his jealous sister Jeanie (Jennifer Grey) who loathes the way he gets away with everything. Nor does he fool

the Dean of the students, Ed Rooney (Jeffrey Jones), who's determined to expose Ferris, once and for all, as a fraud. It's thanks to Ferris' electronic and creative ingenuity that keeps his would-be captors at bay.

But the day doesn't run exactly to plan. There are a few hiccups as Ferris convinces the Dean that his girlfriend Sloane (Mia Sara) also needs the day off because her grandma has just passed away. Ferris also persuades his best friend Cameron (Alan Ruck) to let him take his father's prize 1961 Ferrari 250 GT California to cruise downtown Chicago in style.

Once in the city, the "struggle to take it easy" begins in earnest. The clever Ferris manages to overcome all obstacles, including a rather snooty maître d' in a high class restaurant. One of the film's highlights is Ferris' hilarious rendition of "Twist and Shout" at a huge street parade. He is so amazing that soon has half of downtown Chicago (including his father) dancing and laughing at his antics.

Ferris saunters through his day with such style and cool that for a moment it seems as if such magic is possible. But with Ferris continually addressing the audience it is obvious that reality is not an issue here.

Broderick has the confidence and winsomeness to convince us he is Ferris Bueller. But it is Alan Ruck who is really brilliant as the ever-worrying Cameron who, even in his serious moments, never fails to make the audience laugh. Jeffrey Jones also provides humour as the petty, revenge-seeking dean who learns the hard way that no-one can beat Ferris Bueller at his own game.

John Hughes (*Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, *Weird Science*, *Pretty in Pink*) has made a delightfully witty and often hilarious film about a guy who knows the true "value of a day off", and also knows that "you can never go too far". Three free spirits live it up during one outrageous day in a memorable film of pure escapism.

John Michael Howson

from page 13

ror films. I love horror movies and have always wanted to make commercial horror films. Leave the art to the others who can win the awards at the festivals, I just want to win money.

I've got around me now a group of people who I believe have the energy, the knowledge and the enthusiasm to get involved with things.

On dit: What do you think is the most important thing to know in the profession you're in?

JMH: The greatest thing you can have in any profession is having the knowledge to be able to cope with a crisis.

If you don't have that knowledge and background experience then a crisis comes along and you throw your hands in the air in a panic. If you have the wherewithal to weather that you'll be alright.

So the big problems do come along and you can cope with them, that's the secret of being a success in the media, not being able to cope with the successes but with the bloody dramas.

On dit: What's it really like in Hollywood?

JMH: I have been in Hollywood to dinner parties with great celebrities and they can be as quiet and as boring as anything. They can be very sedate situations. I have also been to parties in Hollywood in a room

full of nobodys and they've been frantic with everybody sniffing, snorting and smoking whatever.

You can't say that everybody in Hollywood is doing one thing. There are people that live a certain lifestyle in Adelaide and there are people who live another lifestyle in Adelaide. The divisions are drawn more in Hollywood because of the fact that today you can be serving tables in Westwood and a couple of weeks later starring in a television series, a few months after that back serving tables in Westwood or a multi-millionaire.

There is a lot of tackiness, exploitation and untalented people in high positions. There are nuts there who do resent the fact that people have made a success of their lives - hence a lot of the high security.

On dit: You don't just do the Ray Martin show do you?

JMH: I've developed out of that now because its just one of the things I do. You can't just rely on one thing, that's ridiculous because not only does it become very boring but also in the palpitatic world of television, radio and the press, if one job is cancelled (or "axed") you know you're really out of work but if you've got six jobs and one job is cancelled, well you've still got an income. My philosophy has always been to do a lot of things.

On dit: What will you be doing in the direct future?

JMH: I'll be going over to England at the end of the year to cover my sixth James Bond movie, *The Living Daylights* and then I'll be doing twelve weeks on a cabaret show in Launceston. I'll be writing my next book whilst I'm in Tasmania. After my first one, *I Found It At The Flicks* was a bestseller, they asked me to do another one.

I'll also be doing a provincial television series based on movies and video done out of Ballarat and I do syndicated radio in Adelaide, Perth, Melbourne, Sydney, Queensland and Tasmania.

On dit: Do you every have any second thoughts about some things which you may have to do?

JMH: I don't really have any nerves about anything I do, I always check out what I'm doing - I don't rush in and do stupid things, I always check out what I'm doing.

I really actually love the exhilaration of doing something that is different, what it may be

I've got photos of myself wrestling on the ground with a man-eating leopard which was really quite nice to do.

On dit: Weren't you scared it may attack you?

JMH: When wouldn't a leopard eat a person?

When it is really well fed and it doesn't want to eat anymore. I had had a big meal so then I went in and it was like a big pussycat.

Banal Biggles has the right amount of bull

BIGGLES
Academy Cinemas

by Mathew Lowry

Translating a hero from the first part of the century into an entertaining film for the '80's does have its problems, so maybe it's not surprising that none of the 97 stories written about Biggles, (a biplane ace and hero from WWI) were used to provide a script for this movie.

But it is surprising and quite disappointing that the filmmakers felt the need to use such a banal 'timeshift' idea so that they could Americanize the story as much as they did.

Briefly put, Jim Ferguson, the stereotypical American successful businessman, finds himself mysteriously zapping back to 1917 WWI, where he meets Biggles, saving his neck once or twice before reappearing back in 1986.

It turns out that he is Biggles' "time-twin", and that whenever one is in mortal danger, the other drops through time to lend a hand. Biggles is accompanied by his team of Ginger, Algy and Bertie and with him and his all-American girlfriend kill lots of nasty Germans and blow-up their secret-weapon in a police helicopter in typical James Bond style.

This film suffers from lack of direction. It tries to be another action-adventure flick, but the weak script and poor acting bring it down. It just doesn't climax any-



By Jove! - Biggles a bomb?

where, and due to the sudden translation from 1986 to 1917 and back (which occurs at least six times), the sabotage mission is fed to the viewer in bits and pieces, resulting in a lack of credibility. The action sequences dominate, giving most of the film a comic-book feel.

There are some fine points to this movie. Neil Dickson plays Biggles with just the right amount of bull, but is completely let down by Alex Hyde-White's role of Jim Ferguson.

The ending seems to promise a sequel if this one is successful enough. I doubt it.

Number Five comes alive in E.T. model movie

SHORT CIRCUIT
Academy Cinemas

by John Lindsay

The trouble with entertaining films is that they are real bastards to review. Short Circuit is an entertaining film and is definitely on my list of enjoyable entertainment, but marked "For the relief of Brain Strain only". While fun, the plot is predictable, although the actual story is a good yarn.

The writers have done their homework and don't fall into the trap of making the technological side too unbelievable: no barely disguised C64's pretending to be Cray-1's in this picture, even the robots are mechanically functional although not the most sturdy of designs. A net would stop Number Five but armored vehicles and tanks are not match for this little David, whose laser weapon pot is a perfect advertisement for Ronny Raygun's Star Wars plan.

When lightning strikes and Number Five comes alive, the world had better not park its car too close. This little robot can disassemble cars, destroy armored vehicles and entertain the guests afterwards. Charming and sweet words that swiftly come to mind to describe the bucket of bolts showing that the Hollywood image-makers have finally succeeded in making a star that doesn't need to be pampered, needs only occasional maintenance and will work overtime on the weekends for nix. With E.T. as a model, an electronic edition certainly has the right pedigree to grace the silver screen.

The Nova Robotics Company reminds me of the inhabitants of the Computer Science Department. Newton Crosby PhD, played by Steve Guttenberg, is the inventor of Number Five. He would

rather be teaching his robots to play music on a keyboard than talk to the Top Brass military people who have come to meet the robots and put them through their paces.

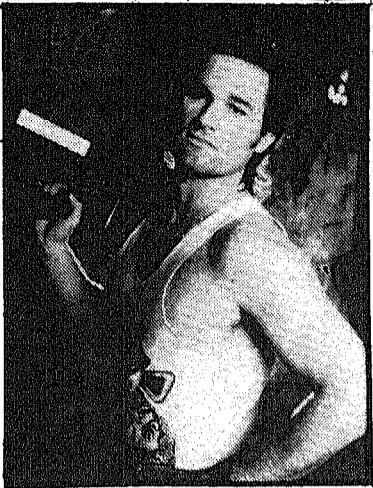
Newton and his Indian offside haven't set foot outside the fence of the Nova for about five years, maybe more, and they are suddenly confronted with the 'real world'. This is the point at which the audience target age is indicated: pubescent children. These two scientists, aged about 28, haven't seen a woman in their lives and the Indian is coarse to a degree heard only in the passages of schools and Union Board Meetings.

Ally Sheedy plays a convincing Stephanie Speck, an environmentalist with a passion for stray animals. She provides the female interest to keep the audience in Peaches and Cream mode and her approach to life is exactly the kind of stuff dreams are made of. With typical American abandon she falls in love one day, kisses her man that night and heads for his family farm the next. Number 5 turns up in her mobile kitchen redecorating the walls, floor and ceiling and quickly finds a place in her heart although she doesn't really understand what he is.

Although in many ways this movie does a great disservice to the Artificial Intelligence community, it also provides the catalyst to consider the prospect of an intelligent machine with emotions that are as real as your or my emotions. Who are we, basically machines ourselves, to say a 'machine' is incapable of being 'alive' simply because it is a machine. This is an interesting line of argument and the movie is worth seeing just to get you thinking philosophically about the way you think and experience the world.

CINE SCENE

Jamie Skinner



Kurt Russell as Jack Burton

Big Trouble In Little China:

John Carpenter (*Halloween*, *The Thing*, *Escape From New York*) dishes up a lot of Fu Manchu nonsense and Indiana Jones gun-hoism in this goofy adventure. Kurt Russell is Jack Burton, an arrogant, anti-hero who drives a truck, the Pork Chop Express. (Hoyts; Glenelg)

Buff's Film choice:

Double Take Meet The Astro Zombies (Classic); *The Trip to Bountiful* (Piccadilly); *E.T. - The Extra Terrestrial* (Hindley); *Colonel Redl* (Classic); *Highlander* (Hindley); *The Colour Purple* (Hindley, Chelsea); *F/X - Murder by Illusion* (Piccadilly).

FILMS WHICH START THIS WEEK INCLUDE:

Goldcrest's production of E.M. Forster's classic novel, *A Room With A View* (Hindley, September 18), starring Maggie Smith, Helena Bonham Carter and Denholm Elliot and directed by James Ivory and the R-rated horror comedy, *Vamp* (Academy, September 19) Starring Grace Jones.

UNION FILMS IN THE LITTLE CINEMA:

Three films, Wednesday 17th September, 7.30 - 10 pm.

This weeks selection of films concern women in the arts.

Got To Tell It (1974) is a 34 minute short film on the life of gospel singer, Mahalia Jackson.

The Girl with Incredible Feeling (1977) is a 39 minute short film detailing the talent of Elizabeth Swados, a young author, composer and performer who has a unique approach to her life and work.

Antonia: A Portrait of a Woman (1974) is a warm and affectionate portrait of Antonia Brico, an accomplished orchestra conductor who in the 1930s at the age of 73 established international reputation as a conductor.

SALVADOR

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Freebies!

SALVADOR

On dit and Wallis Theatres have double passes to give away to students. The first ten students to rush into the On dit office and tell us who is the star of *Salvador* will each receive a pass to see the movie.

Brandauer a hero of tragic proportions

COLONEL REDL
Classic At The Fair Lady Theatre
Trak Cinema

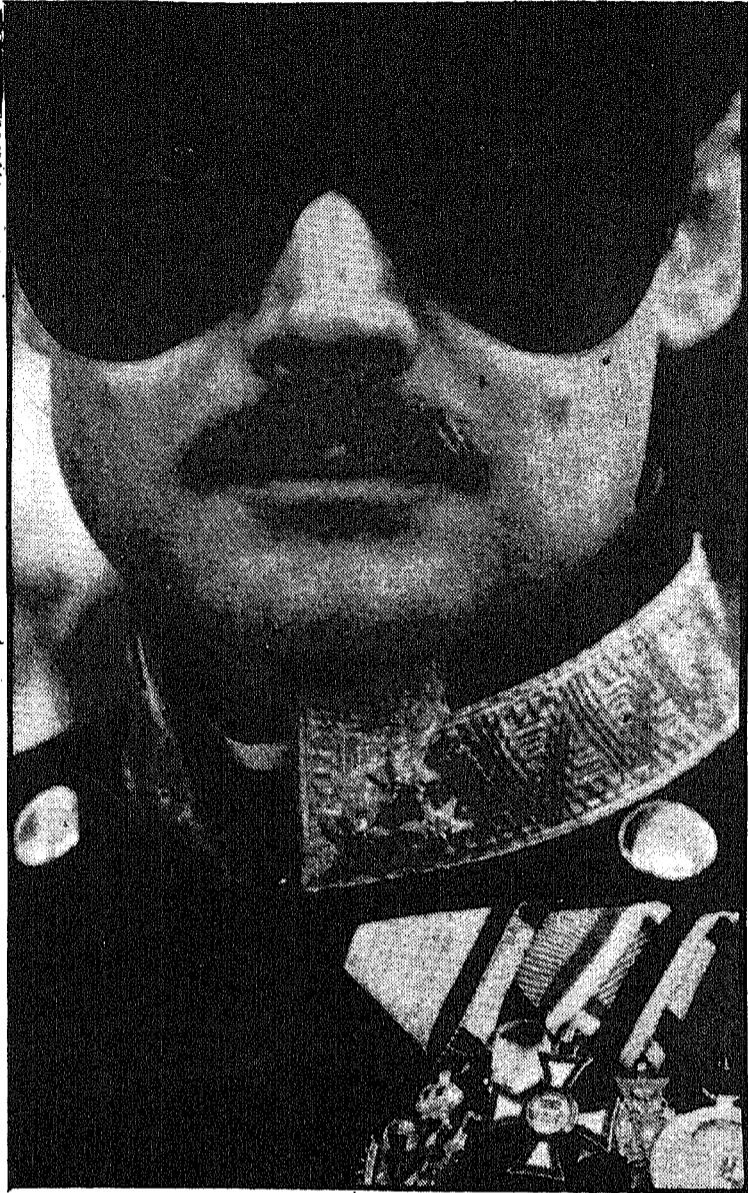
by Peter Rummel

The suicide of Colonel Alfred Redl in May 1913 was one of history's more ironic twists. A year after the Austro-Hungarian Empire's Army intelligence chief shot himself in the head - the scapegoat in an elaborate plot to bolster the unity of the crumbling Hapsburg dynasty - the empire's final collapse was triggered by the assassination of the plot's architect, Arch Duke Franz Ferdinand, plunging Europe into the Great War.

At least that's director Istvan Szabo's interpretation of the Redl affair. And if it doesn't fit the accepted view - which holds that Redl was blackmailed into turning traitor after being threatened with denouncement as a homosexual - Szabo and his co-writer, Peter Dubai, offer no apologies. "We were", he says "inspired by history to write a work of fantasy". His notion of Redl as a victim of the times and his own obsessions is, for the most part, a success aided immeasurably by Klaus Maria Brandauer's performance in the title role. Brandauer, the lead in Szabo's *Mephisto*, strikes exactly the right balance of ambition and vulnerability, creating a hero of tragic proportions.

The son of an obscure Station Master in the Ukraine, Redl is first seen as a boy preparing to enter the prestigious imperial military academy. "Always remember you owe your good fortune to the emperor" are his mother's parting words to the young Alfred. Redl takes her injunction as gospel, and it ultimately proves the key to his downfall. While he remains devoted to an ideal of the monarchy's patriarchal benevolence as represented by the ageing ruler Franz Josef, Redl is unwilling or unable to recognize the spreading decay and corruption exemplified in the person of the emperor's heir, Franz Ferdinand (a sinister Armin Muller-Stahl), until it is too late.

At the academy, Redl strikes up a friendship with a fellow cadet, Count Kristof Kubinyi, and their turbulent relationship is depicted by Szabo as a crucial factor in shaping his destiny. Kubinyi and his



Klaus Maria Brandauer as Colonel Alfred Redl

family embody everything to which the Station Master's ambitious son aspires: wealth, breeding and, above all, status. More than anything the adult Redl craves the acceptance of his aristocratic colleagues. Yet Redl is forever destined to remain an outsider, keenly aware of the gulf separating him from his brother officers despite his superior ability.

There is also a further important dimension to Redl's friendship with Kubinyi. Early in the film, Redl, now a captain, is observed discussing the reasons for his friend's popularity among the prostitutes of

the garrison brothel with one of the girls; and although the tone is light hearted, the intimacy of his questions reveals more than curiosity.

However his bisexuality is merely one facet of Redl's life that must be strictly repressed - along with his low birth and Jewish blood - in his quest for approval. Ironically, Redl's only confidant is Kubinyi's sensual sister, Katalin (Gudrun Landgrebe), his occasional lover. She alone accepts him for what he is, not what he yearns to become.

Eventually Redl's talents carry him to the rank of colonel and an appointment as head of army intel-

ligence. Along the way, his zeal and ruthlessness have earned him, with one exception, the enmity of the very people whose esteem he has always sought.

When Franz Ferdinand decides that, to unite the empire's ethnic minorities and quell regional factionalism, a 'spy' must be found among the army's most highly placed officers, his choice is obvious. Whereas Kubinyi, by virtue of his birth, can be spared the consequences of plotting with pro-Hungarian sympathisers, there is no such safety net for Redl, the "bright peasant lad".

Klaus Maria Brandauer's Alfred Redl is an intriguing paradox; a brilliant soldier whose capacity for rigid self denial when it comes to furthering his ambition is matched only by a morbid tendency towards self destruction. The balding, pudgy faced Brandauer has a special knack for unearthing the humanity in men whose motives and behaviour are essentially unappealing. In *Mephisto* he excelled as Hendrik Höfgen, the weak willed actor who compromised all notions of honour and principle in order to continue performing after the nazis come to power, transforming Höfgen from a symbol of evil into an object of pity; even the dissolute baron who gave Meryl Streep syphilis in *Out of Africa* had a certain self mocking charm.

As Colonel Redl, Brandauer is allowed plenty of scope to bring out the man's conflicting strength and failties. For while the film makes no attempt to conceal Redl's denial of family or his appetite for power, the sincerity of his loyalty to the monarchy is beyond question. Nor is Redl's weariness - as he begins to realize his intended role as victim and the futility of a lifetime's desperate striving to measure up to a code of noblesse oblige which would always exclude him - soon forgotten.

Despite its excessive length (roughly 140 minutes) and an irritating ambiguity in presenting Redl's relationships with certain characters, *Colonel Redl* consistently fulfills a goal Szabo once set for himself in an interview: "To awaken an interest in the people I want to tell about...to broaden people's understanding and sympathy - and my own as well: That's what I'd like to do."

Corn & gore aside in important tale of militarism

SALVADOR
Academy Cinemas

by Robert Clark

This must be the year for Latin American films.

Salvador tells the same story as the year's other Latin American film, Chile, and wraps it in schmatz. Nevertheless, Salvador tells an important tale with conviction and entertainingly so.

Like the Australian-made documentary Chile it is the tale of a brutal Third World military regime held in place only by US support.

Against this background almost inevitably the love affair of a free-wheeling, hard-living American foreign correspondent and his peasant lover is set.

In this case it is true, the story of photo-journalist Richard Boyle, who co-wrote the screenplay.

The other writer was Oliver Stone, who received an Academy Award for *Midnight Express*. Salvador has the same well-wrought tension and climax as *Midnight Express*, interlaced with some down home American values.

If nothing else, it is a fascinating example of what is necessary to make a viable film in the US.

The hero, Boyle, is not anti-

American. No, he tells the State Department hands, he loves America. That's how he lost his hearing in one ear: defending American values of human decency.

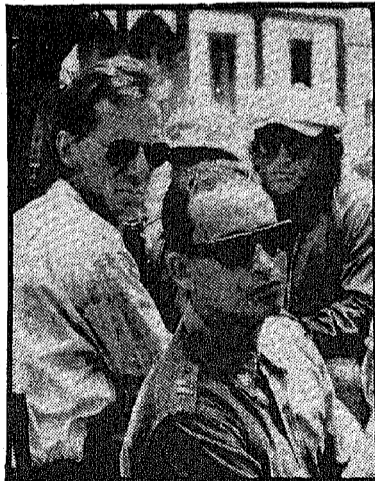
But let's not get sidetracked. Down on his luck, Boyle and his buddy Doctor Rock - a fat unemployed DJ played by James Belushi - drive down to El Salvador from San Francisco. Boyle can live there on \$300 a year by selling a few photos and stories and, more importantly, he can be reunited with Maria, his lover.

Doctor Rock does not know what he is getting into. He is the well-meaning, womanising, hard-drinking American guy who knows nothing about politics or Third World poverty. Like the audience, he comes to learn a lot about both.

As I said, Salvador is an important film. The US spends each year an estimated \$137,600,000 on military operations in the Third World.

Appart from the waste and the rather more arcane effects on the world economy, this means that large numbers of the poorest people on earth live their lives in abject poverty and abject fear when they have every reason for speaking out.

Despite the much-lauded free



James Woods and Jim Belushi press of North America, this message is often lost on voters bedeviled by Washington's disinformation machine which paints all peasant movements as agents of Moscow.

The truth is more like Salvador. Governments do turn their guns on their people. Peasants do lose their heads for not holding an ID card. The people live in the most disgraceful of conditions.

The election of Ronald Reagan was a turning point for the right wing death squads in El Salvador. They took it as a signal of support,

hence the murders of four American nuns and later of the Archbishop of San Salvador, who preached peace.

Perhaps the most telling sequence occurs during the battle of Santa Ana, in which the rebels on horseback have all but defeated the military. The advisors to the well-intentioned US Ambassador tell him he will go down in history as the envoy who lost El Salvador to communism if he does not immediately resume aid. The tanks began to move once again and the rebels are routed.

Salvador is worth seeing. The tale, both grim and emotional, is well told. James Wood is excellent as the fast-talking impassioned Boyle, Belushi is well-suited to Doctor Rock. John Savage as the photo-journalist who dies trying the take the ultimate war shot makes the best of a limited character, likewise the winsome Elpidia Carrillo as Maria.

Hollywood corn and gore aside, the most uncomfortable moments for this reviewer were listening to the Aussie journalist played by Gary Farr. He sounded like a Cockney who had got lost at Birdsville, yet another reminder that American sensitivity to foreigners does not end at El Salvador.

Genesis means more of the same

INVISIBLE TOUCH
Genesis
Virgin Records

by Graham Lugsden

It's been two years since the last *Genesis* offering (*Seconds Out*), but age has not wearied them.

The band has undergone the inevitable line-up changes over the two decades that *Genesis* has existed, the most notable being the exit of Peter Gabriel as front man. Seeing as he is not doing anywhere near as well as his old band, and that they are now doing spectacular business, it might be inferred that *Genesis* are better off without Gabriel. However, many feel that *Genesis*' originality and diversity left with Gabriel, and that the band are now little more than Phil Collins' backing musicians.

But that would be unfair. *Genesis* is the living instance of tight, professional and extremely likeable rock n' roll. They produce superb albums, either as individuals or as a unit, seemingly at will, and they are now rehearsing for a world tour that will take them to all the major record-buying countries, including Australia. And perhaps most importantly, they are staggeringly successful.

★ ★ ★

The cover says *Genesis*, but my goodness, doesn't it sound like Phil Collins?

Phil Collins, of course, has had immense success as a solo artist with *Face Value*, *Hello I Must Be Going* and the world-wide smash hit of *No Jacket Required*. He has been so successful that there were

grounds for wondering whether he could re-integrate into *Genesis*, for which he is drummer, lead singer and chief tune-smith.

Well, rest easy loyal fans, Phillip Collins has melted into the groups again - just - but he doesn't exactly fade into the background. Yes, Phil is the most prominent member of the band, and no, we aren't allowed to forget it.

But the most pleasing point is that the other two-thirds of *Genesis* is just as technically capable as Mr. Collins. Mike Rutherford, at last, enjoying some solo success of his own with his *Mike & The Mechanics* project, is a clever guitarist and able song writer, and Tony Banks is clearly a very good keyboardist. If only they were allowed greater scope to display their talents.

Remember those blistering descending drum rolls that made songs like *In The Air Tonight* and *Sussudio* so memorable? The good news is that they appear on *Invisible Touch*: the bad news is that they appear on almost every track. Once or twice is enough to remind us that you're a bloody effective drummer, isn't it Phil? It gets a tad tiresome to have every sweet guitar riff or keyboard solo swamped by a fusillade from the percussion department. And what has happened to the brass that Collins used on his solo albums? Only *Anything She Does* has a brass section, which is a pity.

To the songs. Please don't let the title track and current single, *Invisible Touch*, put you off buying the album. Its perfect pop pap, and the very essence of slick, well-produced commercialism, but it is the only overt money-maker present.

(The theory is that one hit single will spark strong album sales, so perhaps they can be forgiven for including just one teenybopper nightclub song. Perhaps.) As one listener said, "It's so well made that I can't make any bad comments about it, but I hate it."

Tonight, Tonight, Tonight gives Mike Rutherford the chance to show off a bit on the axe, but I couldn't help feeling that it was a distant relative of *In The Air Tonight*. The lyrics actually mean something, there are a number of meaty instrumental breaks, and some good instrumentation. This is one of the longer songs, and it, like the other lengthy songs, *Domino* works well. More please.

Land Of Confusion comes close to social comment, which we do not expect from the *Genesis* music machine.

"Superman, where are you now, Everything's gone wrong somehow."

The men of steel, men of power, Are losing control by the hour."

Breathe a sigh of relief: it's not yet another peace song, but a call for a generally saner world. *Midnight Oil* do not lose many sales to *Genesis*, which is not such a bad thing.

In Too Deep, *Anything She Does* and *Throwing It All Away* are, as the titles indicate, of the same ilk. But this is the sort of thing that *Genesis* do so well, and have made their trademark: the my-baby's-left-me-and-I-got-the-blues-so-come-back-or-I'll-never-write-another-ballad/ballad.

The instrumentation, lyrics and broad appeal reinforce the standard that we expect from this band.

Side Two of *Invisible Touch* con-



Phil Collins

tains the album's best tracks, *Domino* and *The Brazilian*. *Domino* is sub-divided into two sections: *In The Glow Of The Night* and *The Last Domino*. These are very different, but both featuring long instrumental solos on guitar and keyboards. The album is worth buying for *Domino* alone. It is about twice the length of the average ditty. Phil Collins said that some of their best (unused) material was of extended duration. After hearing the ripper *Domino*, I can well believe it.

The other track that made the album for me was the instrumental called *The Brazilian*. A foot-tapper riff, some brilliant keyboard work from Tony Banks (I suspect that he wrote it, although none of the songs are credited), and no Phil Collins drum rolls make this the icing on the cake. I would not be surprised if this was the next single.

That their standard is so much higher than everybody else's is what makes *Genesis* such a consistent outfit. Other bands "progress" and often fall out of sight, but *Genesis* simply keeps on producing quality pop (which is not to suggest that they repeat themselves, or stagnate - far from it). Their reliability ensures the success of each album, since anyone can buy one of their albums, confident that it will all be worth their time and money, and free of the pits and troughs of less talented bands. Witness the disappointment many fans of *INXS* (apt title, that) felt when *Listen Like Thieves* was released. They were unhappy at the 'change of direction', and wanted *The Swing: Volume Two*.

The difference between *Genesis* and the rest of the world is that the former found an excellent idea, and stuck to it.

Exuberance, style and hard-edged rock

CHER O'BOWLIES
The Undertones
EMI Records

by Joe Penhall

The Undertones emerged from Dublin in the late seventies to rocket straight into the vanguard of U.K. new-wave music.

With Feargal Sharkey on lead vocals the band, fresh out of school, scored their first hit with the E.P. "Teenage Kicks", and from there went on to record a string of youth-orientated, high energy hits, one of the last being the brilliant soul-based "Save Me".

This album is a compilation of those songs, starting with the E.P. "Teenage Kicks", and including the boisterous "My Perfect

Cousin", "Wednesday Week" and "Hypnotized", and their later more introspective efforts such as "Tear-proof" which sadly received progressively cooler reaction resulting in the band, frustrated, dissolving in 1983.

More than anything else it is a dance album, featuring hard-edged guitar based rock later augmented by some timely keyboards, and songwriting which - though initially often decorative - is in patches up with the best of the New-Wave/Punk generation.

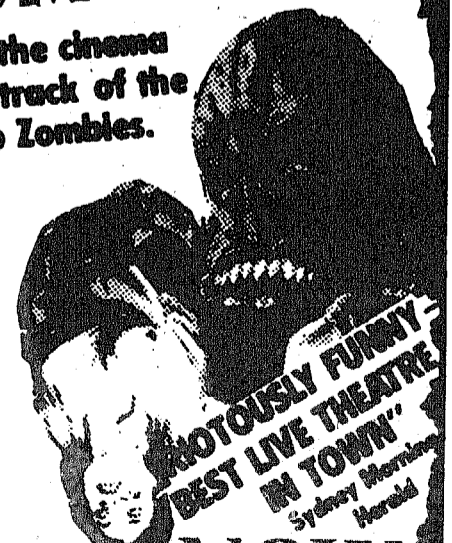
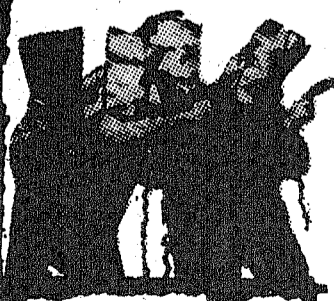
It is a timeless album, reflecting both the exuberance and style of the sixties, and the "Never Mind the Bollocks" prosaic quality of the band's own late seventies punk generation.

On screen, John Carradine at his extreme worst in a tale of extraterrestrial corpses, is transformed by the Double Take group into an Australian scientist who has been commissioned by the 1988 Bicentennial Authority.

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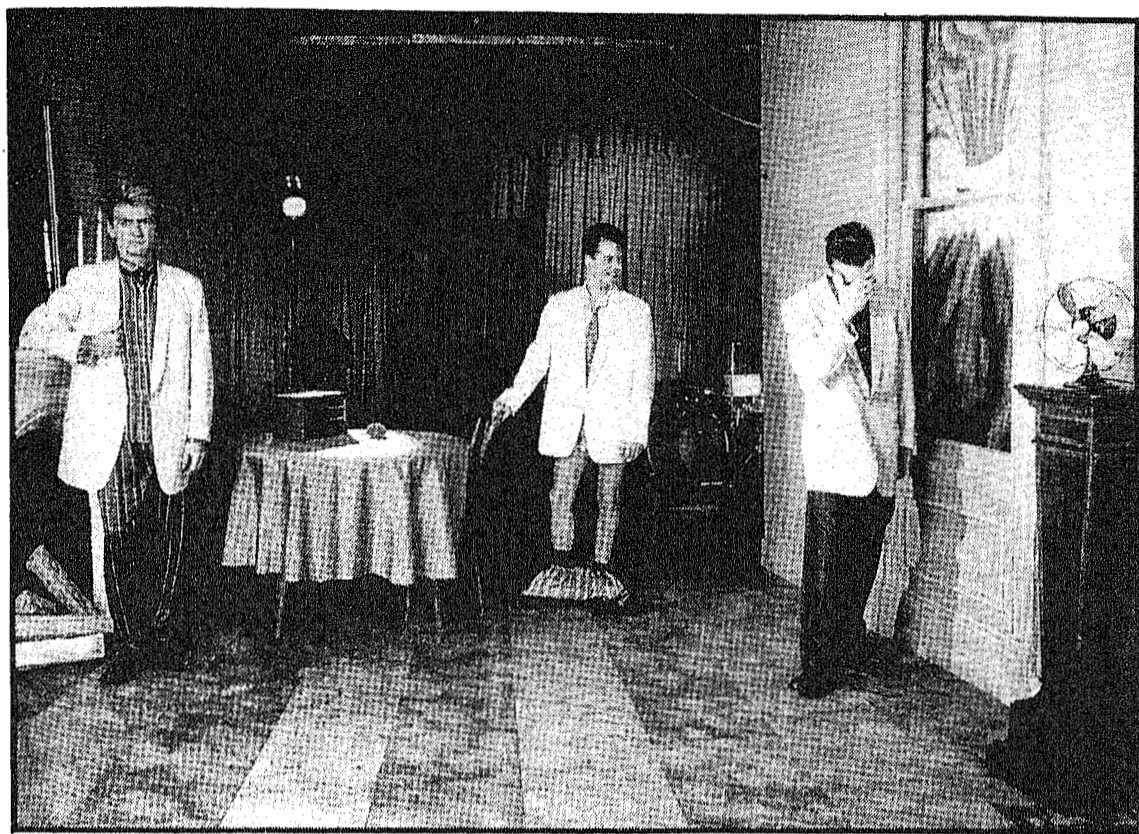
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A full House crowded with talent



CROWDED HOUSE live at Le Rox

by Joe Penhall

If in the Australian Music "bizz" a contrived pout and the obligatory leather jacket come hard, its been rumoured that one could always resort to talent. The odd Nerdy-pants who shall remain nameless (but not hatless God forbid!) have done their pitiful best to counteract this attitude, and a few well known examples are currently bozo-ing it up in the U.S. right now as living testimony to the fact.

However in one corner of this green and pleasant land, our saviour existeth. And last Thursday night, during the band's first Adelaide gig (at Le Rox) they, in home made suits and expressions belying sincerity incarnate, revealed themselves.

The band is "Crowded House", and to a full house on Thursday, they demonstrated that, contrary to popular belief good music does not equal pretentious gits with gelled curls and synthesizers, and that success does not equal selling out in America where the charts are rig-

ged and the D.J.'s tasteless menopausal anyway.

The band were tight and concise, and demonstrated an ability to shift from rocketing rock, to taut, primal love songs to light hearted improvisation without missing a beat.

Helped out by a keyboard, only occasionally the band stripped arrangements to the bare minimum, and even presented an acoustic set, which included "Anarchy in the U.K." and a classic from Harry Belafonte (which neither the band members nor this reviewer knew the name of) which someone from the audience inexplicably began singing halfway through the set.

Neil Finn's voice was powerful and his songs as ever spot on, as he delivered a repertoire comprising tracks from the band's debut album as well as the odd request (like the blistering finale: Split Enz "I See Red"), while Paul Hester and Nick Seymour provided a seamless and confident backing. Curiously Paul described the performance as being played at 70% at the band's potential...

Roll-on 100%.

A night to remember



JAZZ

PHILLIP MORRIS SUPERBAND Thebarton Theatre

by Richard Ogier

Despite the Thebarton Theatre - and partly due to it - this was a night of jazz to remember.

The audience experienced, mutually, some of the world's best jazz musicians playing at their best, and the embarrassment of watching them in one of the worst concert venues imaginable.

Laughable, isn't it, that the capital city which prides itself on its festival and a self-professed reputation as a centre for the arts in Australia, is the only one without a decent, large-scale concert hall.

Anyway, if it fazed the musicians it did not show in their playing. An enthusiastic crowd of about 900, urged to astounding musical heights, what turned out to be two super bands in quintet format.

The first was lead by Jamaican born pianist, Monty Alexander, who was, even by his own heady standards, in a particularly adventurous mood. His finely chiselled frame cut an impressive figure, lurching and grooving, as he lead the group through a series of tempos with solos that were bursting with fresh and sophisticated ideas.

The sheer brilliance of Alexander's performance was closely rivalled by those of veteran saxophonist, Jimmy Heath, and

Danish bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson. Both are players of great depth, whose solo work readily absorbs the listener with its intense exploration of tonal range and sonority. Perhaps the most highly regarded jazz musician Europe has spawned, the often cumbersome acoustic bass sounded like a symphony in Pederson's hands.

The second constellation was almost as impressive as the first, with the bluesy groove of Jimmy Smith's organ providing the music with a harmonic base.

In supportive roles were guitarist Kenny Burrell and drummer Grady Tate, whose supremely smooth and orthodox style was the perfect foil for Jimmy Smith's rough-edged organ sound.

Soaring over the top came the blistering technique of Jon Faddis, a young trumpeter whose playing has burgeoned under the glowing of Dizzy Gillespie. The master's influence was no where more evident than during Gillespie's Bop classic "A Night In Tunisia".

The only impressive aspect of an other wise untypically ordinary set by local outfit, Schmoie and Co, was the glassy vocal of Angela Smith. A relative new cover to the Adelaide scene, she would be well advised to concentrate less on notes and more on sound before she attempts such adventurous improvisations. A few notes is often enough to create a compelling solo line, and for a vocalist, it is especially important to develop this capability, before complex things are tried.

Masters of discord

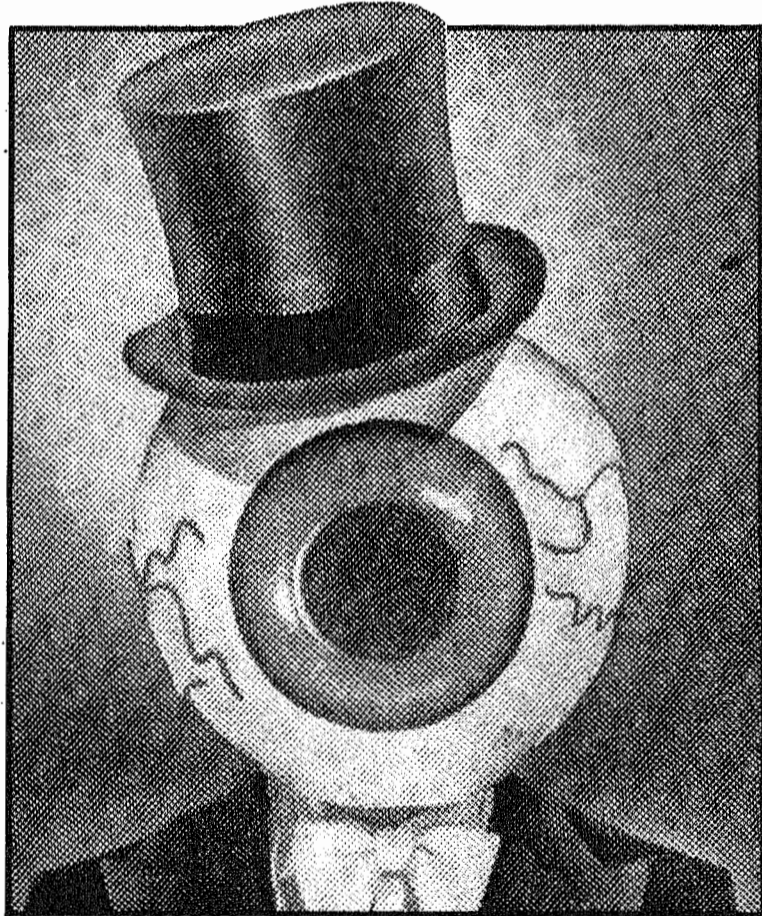
THE RESIDENTS in concert

by Alex Gunther

For thirteen years the Residents have kept their identity and faces a secret. They come from mid-western America and started out in 1972 with their debut album *Meet the Residents*. The cover was cleverly designed to appear like the new album of the Beatles gone incognito - and insane. Confirming rumours were seeded and contradicted by the publicity department of their label, Ralph records.

Their music, the antithesis of the Beatles and good music in general soon got them a cult following. I mean some people like bum trips while they're dropping acid.

Both Wednesday and Thursday nights sometime in the holidays they played the Tivoli to a packed house. They had two emulators, guitars and two vocals. One could really tell that over the last thirteen years this band had lovingly honed their music to sound as discordant and displeasing as possible. No one could play music this bad without being very dedicated. In short - it was a masterful performance. Two members were dancing in time with their eyeball masks on and the audience promptly fell into a trance. It was incredible! This act merited no less than complete



attention from everyone and during a prolonged track of baboon-like gibberings some dreamy watchers replied in earnest, "Goo

ga ga bloer!"

The Residents have to be the most confident band I know to do this to a crowded pub and pull it off.

Virgin Classics

Amidst a muted fanfare last month. Virgin Records introduced a new chapter to the ongoing success story. The company that had the grace to bring us "the Sex Pistols", and the gall to subject us to "Genesis" is now adding such artists as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Ludwig Beethoven among others to their every growing catalogue of artists.

Dubbed jocosely as "Virgin's Classic Look For Winter", the catalogue consists of approximately twenty five titles, all on Digitally Recorded Compact disc, and featuring performances from the distinguished "London Symphony Orchestra", "the Chamber Orchestra of Europe" and individual artists like James Galway

and pianist Geoffrey Saba.

The catalogue includes both popular, and more esoteric works such as Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and Bach's "Violen Concertos", and, in the latter class, Symphonies by Mozart, Schubert and Haydn.

The discs have received considerable acclaim in the U.K. where they were first released on "Pickwick Discs", including lavish exaltation of the musical quality in "Gramophone" classical music paper and praise for the product quality in "Which Compact Disc?" paper.

In addition featured artists will be touring Australia, with James Galway, the first scheduled, arriving in October, to play at the Festival Theatre on October 11.

A change of direction

THE BRIDGE Billy Joel CBS Records

by Joe Penhall

With this, Billy Joel's eighth studio L.P., we see the man once again changing direction - with admirable results.

Although not branded as a progressive musician he has progressed and changed consistently and quite dramatically over the years. He has been a piano-folkie, a rock 'n' roller, and Beatlesque 'sixties revivalist, 'fifties revivalist, and now he adopts his new identity, best summarized on some decidedly jazz based tracks from the album,

"Big Man on Mulberry Street" and "Baby Grand".

The singles, "Modern Woman" and "A Matter of Trust", are indicative of the harder, more commercial tracks of the album, as is the tense "Code of Silence". However the album's highpoints definitely emerge as Joel diversifies. On "Baby Grand" he duets with Ray Charles, his hero. On "Big Man on Mulberry Street" he uses an upright - bassist and, as on many tracks a distinctive shuffling rhythm, and bluesy, subtle chord changes - a recognisable throwback to late fifties and early sixties modern jazz and blues.

Lyrical Joel resumes the search he seems to have abandoned during

the "Second Wind" and "Innocent Man" stages, ricocheting between the comforting "Baby Grand" to the uncertainty of "Getting Closer" ("I'm getting closer, but I don't have all the answers yet") to the bitter "Running on Ice" which ironically questions the very identity which he once revelled in - (namely on "Streetlife Serenade" and "The Stranger": - the hard-nosed sharp-arsed streetkid, whom he now downgrades for his "superior...urban attitude" and ulterior motives.

The album blends Joels poetic and disarmingly honest lyrical content, with more basic musical forms for a refreshing change.

Morse excels in Williams' classic

A STREECAR NAMED DESIRE
Arts Theatre
Until September 20

by Fran Edwards

Thank God David Clisby did not give us another bad imitation of Marlon Brando! Everytime I go to see this play the spectre of yet another young actor with heavy lids mumbling his way through the part of Stanley rises before me. In fact in all aspects this was competent cast. I had a little difficulty with Mitch's accent (I wasn't sure where it was coming from) but Bill Charlton brought the sensitivity to the role that it deserves.

What can I say about Helen Morse, has all been said before and probably better. If it was not the best every portrayal of Blanche, then it was at least the best that I have seen for a very long time.

Deborah Little was as good as always, in fact I think she improves everytime I see her. She and David created a magnetism between Stanley and Stella which you could almost touch. The supporting cast kept up the good standard, which is more than can be said for the tech people.

The Tech crew had problems, some more annoying than others. One, a crackle in a speaker was almost certainly beyond their control, but none the less annoying.

As for the other difficulties, let's start with the set. The concept of the set was interesting and probably could have worked well. The reality was that it looked as though it was made for a larger stage, and the action which took place at the sides, the scenes outside the door and in the bedroom, were almost in



Helen Morse in "A Streetcar Named Ernest"

the wings. I also had trouble coping with the actors moving across behind the set, they could be seen when they were 'off', but whether this was deliberate or just because we were seated at the side is difficult to determine.

I may be old fashioned but I dislike unmasked lights at the top of the stage, particularly when light levels are set so low, one's eyes are drawn inevitably towards the

lights. The other great distraction was the unnaturally long scene changes. As the basic set changed very little and the costume changes were minimal, one wonders why they were so long and noisy.

All that sounds petty especially as the performance by the cast were so good, but all these minor annoyances detract from a production which could have been quite exceptional.

After liberation, trying to understand

ROOM TO MOVE
STC
Space Theatre
Until October 4

by Fran Edwards

One of the characters in this play (an academic) says that the people of the eighties are looking to the fifties for the answers to questions which were raised in the sixties and seventies. He could be right! He could also be very wrong! The one thing I am most certain of is that the whole of this play is thought-provoking, real and funny.

Post-liberation feminism is an uncertain area. We are all aware that what we whole-heartedly believe in and would like to feel is some times betrayed by our underlying, culturally in-built reactions. The cast of six characters struggle their way through a maze of situations and relationships. Five of the characters are loosely 'related', the sixth is an outsider who challenges the tenets they hold so dear. I'm going to risk giving away any more of the plot, its worth seeing if only for the wit and the comedy.

The cast do a magnificent job with Rayson's excellent script. Stewart Stubbs and Barbara West are particularly good, but Jane Menclaus, Terence Crawford and Catherine Lynch all turn in more than creditable performances. I have always been a fan of Henry Salter and I enjoyed enormously his portrayal of the forty year old academic who has completely "internalised" feminism to the point



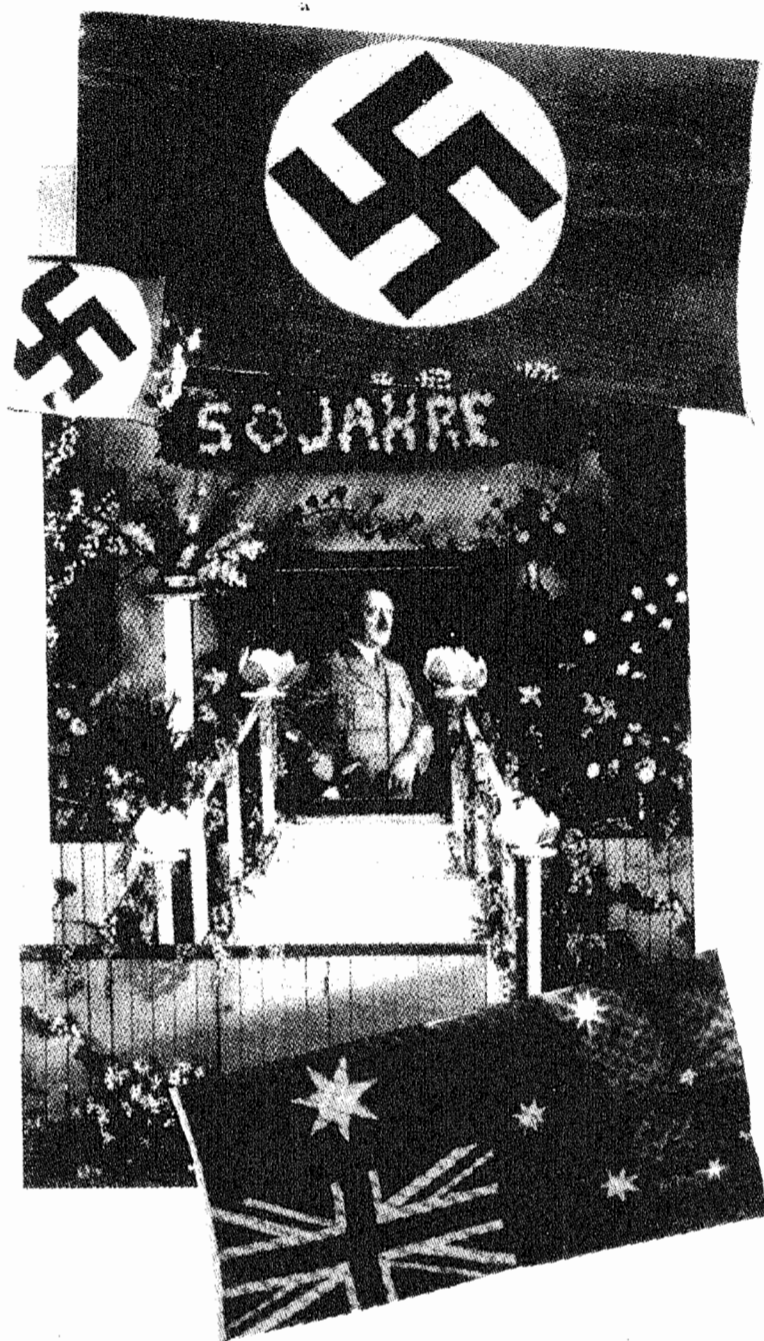
Hannie Rayson

where he endangers his relationship with his feminist live-in love.

I must also congratulate the designer, technical crew and director. The action moved smoothly from scene to scene with no interruption, aided by a piece of stage which moved in and out like magic, producing new sets when your attention was diverted and a revolving set, complete with actors

in some cases. The whole impression was that the action was flowing and continuous.

Room to Move, by Hannie Rayson continues until the 4th of October which gives you plenty of time to go along and enjoy it. This is the State Theatre Company at their best, it is Australian theatre at its best and in addition it's funny!



A WW2 tale we're sure to see again

THE HUMBLE DOCTOR
The Stage Company
Season Closed

by Fran Edwards

It is good to attend a production of a new Australian play (South Australian actually) that works well. So many new plays, although good, have glaring faults. *The Humble Doctor* does not suffer from this Malaise. It is tightly written, well balanced and interesting.

The production by The Stage Company did it justice, John Noble's direction was controlled but not restrictive. Nothing was overdone, which would have been so easy even the doctor himself managed to hint at being unstable without obvious histrionics.

The small cast were excellent, blossoming well under Noble's control. I was particularly impressed by Maureen Sherlock (who played the doctor's wife) and Richard Margetson, in the role of Franz Neumann. Both in their own way displayed the light and shade in their characters well.

Just as impressive was the set and tech. crew who deserve congratulations for a job well done.

The play is set in the Adelaide Hills just before the outbreak of World War II and deals with the upsurge in nationalist feeling in

Australians of German origin, fostered supposedly by the Nazi regime.

The idea developed from some excerpts from (secret) military intelligence file 20418/6. Date probably 1940/41 which Rob George read and then allowed his imagination to work on. In other words it is based very loosely on some events which may have occurred if military intelligence is to be believed.

All of the characters are of German extraction except the policeman who investigates their actions, played with sympathy by Jim Morrissey. Some like Otto Shulz, the local pastor, are innocent dupes caught up in the intrigue. Others like Elsa Neumann are swept along with the tide and their emotions. Celine Griffin's portrayal of Elsa developed well and the growth of the affair with the doctor, played very ably by Robbie McGregor, captures the intense passion which confuses the innocent Elsa. Damon Saunders handled the role of the politician Karl Mueller with careful ease, showing him easily lead and yet not quite a villain.

The production was a credit to the company, and the play is not one of those to be performed once and lost forever. We will see it again and when we do I hope that the next production is as worthy as this one was.

MISCELLANEOUS

Broomball
Broomball, the newest game to 'sweep' Adelaide, could be just what you or your social club are looking for.

Have you ever watched Ice Hockey and wanted to play? Broomball is basically the same but no skating experience is necessary - you wear sandshoes and not skates, which is not impossible as it may sound.

Broomball originated in Canada at the beginning of the century and is gradually spreading across the world. Australia's eastern states are very involved in the game, and we hope the same will happen here.

We play Wednesday nights at the Thebarton Ice Arena from 8.30 - 10.30 pm. To watch is free. To play is \$4.00 per night which covers entrance and uniform hire. If you require a broomstick and helmet, all we ask is an additional 50 cents hire per night.

All you need to supply is yourself, tracksuit, and sandshoes of any type. We will do the rest.

All are welcome to come along by yourself or bring a group of friends. Teams are mixed, and the players all enjoy a good social life with the Association.

For further details, contact Miss Jo Cannon, work 228 0774 home 334 4085

"Special Night" - on 17th September. An invitation night is being held and cost to new players on that night will be \$1.00 only. This is a very good opportunity for you to see if you like Broomball without having to play a competition match.

SEE YOU ROUND LIKE A BROOM-BALL!

A.U. Touch Club Special General Meeting
Tuesday, 23rd September at 1 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

Summer teams. All players interested in playing touch this summer (October [late] - March [early]) should attend. We need to know how many teams to enter and what uniforms to wear. (They will need to be ordered). Any suggestions as to club colours will be considered but a decision will have to be made at the meeting.

At present - Club men's and womens teams will play on Wednesday nights.

- Club mixed will play on Tuesday nights
- Social mixed teams will play on Thursday evenings at the Waite oval.

Start getting your teams organised now! And come along or send an delegate to the meeting. Players without teams can then be organised into teams or make up numbers.

NOTE: Summer competition is 7-A-Side. You should aim to have at least 11 players and a couple of reserves to fill in. Social mixed teams should aim to have 4 or 5 women (or U14) boys and 5 or 6 men

Anglican Tertiary Students
Tuesday Lunchtime - Mass in the Chapel.
Wednesday 8.00 am Taize style service in the Chapel. All welcome.

Wanted to Buy
I pair of motorbike riding boots of keeping-out-water quality or better.

One pair of wet weather motorbike riding trousers.

If you have any of these items which you would like to sell please ring 267 3165 and ask for Lynton.

Students For Christ
Come along to our weekly meeting, Thursday 1 pm in the Union Cinema, and have a great time learning about and praising God.

Accommodation
Single person, para-professional, part-time student willing to look after home and all that is associated with it while student/professor away, for a period of no less than 6 months.

For more details please contact Carmel on 223 3433.

AUTHORS! AUTHORS!

The Editors of the Adelaide University Literary Society magazine, *Diphthong*, want earnestly to read your best work in prose, poetry and literary criticism for possible publication in the long-awaited, all new 1986-7 edition, *Diphthong*, despite its onerous, seemingly inert name, again represents an opportunity for unpublished (unpublishable?) writers to have their work published and indeed read by in a sociable, familiar milieu. So don't be shy and hesitant about letting the editors have a peruse at your verse or a perusal of your prose. Remember, you're among friends.

Apart from the incentive of being published in this esteemed organ of young art, the editors, mindful of the inherent venality of writers, offer cash prizes for the best poems and stories which should go towards furnishing that garret (closet?) and legend (ego?) of yours. They would particularly like to see your stuff in the favoured form of the short story, and want also to use fine, topical essays and reviews of the kind found in established litmags. This latter encouragement will cater for those of you who cannot write to save your own lives but who can write to save those of others.

Your submissions should be typed, have on them your name, and must be yielded by SEPTEMBER 30 (or thereabouts) to the Lit-Soc pigeon-holes that you will find either in the Jerry Portus Room, Lady Symon Building, or in The English Department, Level 6 of the Napier Building.

If you have any queries, by all means contact Dino Di Rosa on 260 4678. As Bill Shakespeare would today probably have written, "Well, you've got to start somewhere, sort of thing."

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.

Person (non-smoker) Wanted to share a clean and tidy 2-bedroom f/f flat with a Malaysian student at Anzac Highway, Plympton, \$34 pw plus expenses. Close to bus-stop and shops. Suits students. Phone Lee 297 9780.

A.U. Student Life
Public meeting 1 pm Wednesday 17th September North Nining Room. Rob George begins a bible exposition series through the book of Romans.
All welcome.

AU CANE
At our lunchtime meeting on Wednesday (17/9) Matilda Bogner will be speaking. She is a member of AU CANE, and has been involved in protests at Roxby Downs. She will share with us her views, and some of her experiences.

We meet at 1 pm in Room 247 of the Napier Tower.
All welcome.

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).

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.

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.

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

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. ACT.

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

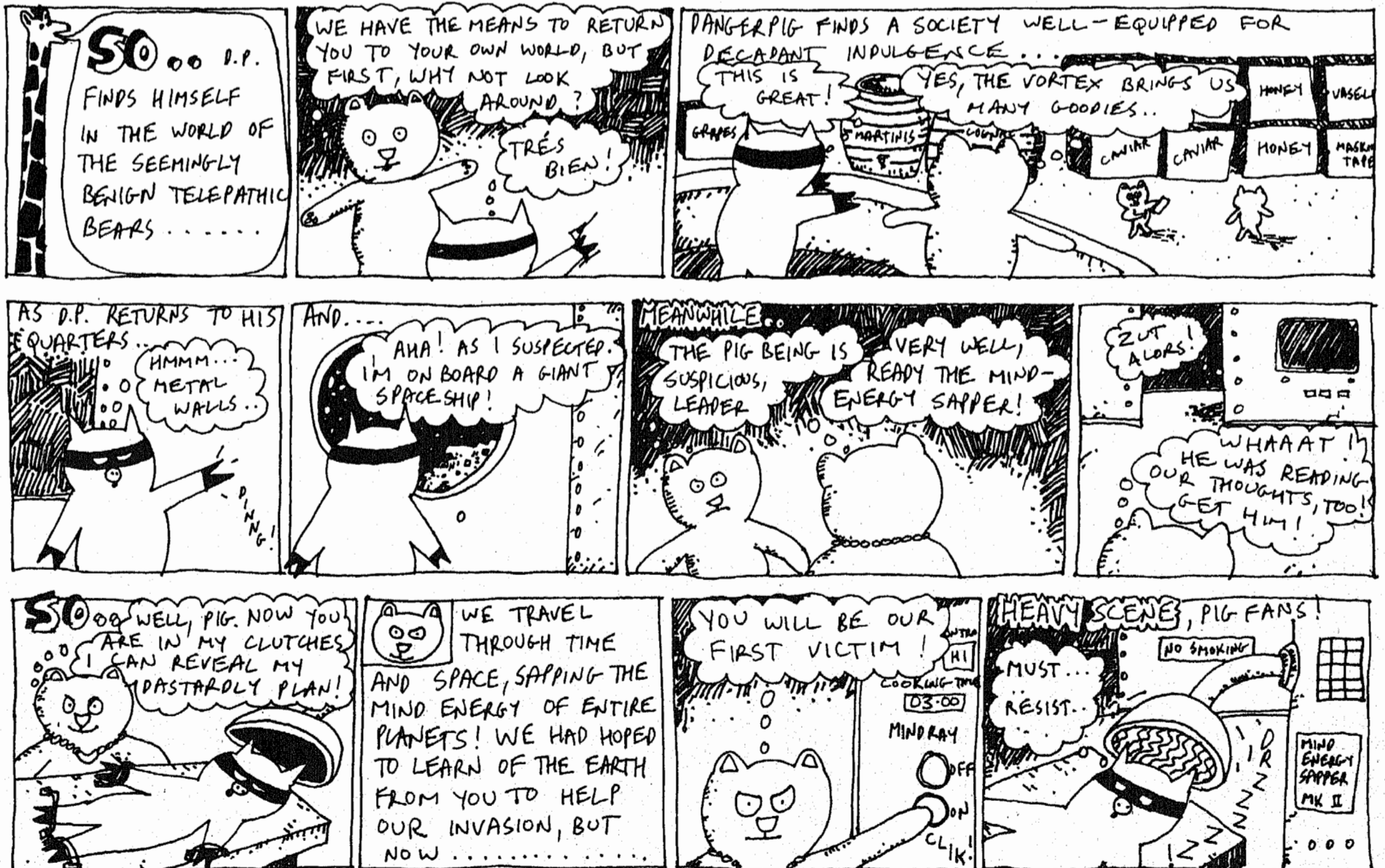
ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION
Nominations for Catering Advisory Committee (3 positions)

The Adelaide University is 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.

DANGERPIG!

- AND HIS CONSORT - CARELESS ROBERT.



© BABEL SEPT. '86

FROM THE PIG BEANS CORPORATION.

START AT THE BACK!

Voice of the people

An investigation will be held into Radio Radical, a privately-owned radio station in Rome. The station has received a number of complaints about one of its programs, "Voc Pop", which enables listeners to call the station anonymously and insult whatever or whomever they wished. The calls were played back uncensored from an answering machine. 2000 calls were made every day, from neighbours who threatened each other, politicians who blasted their opponents, soccer fans who ridiculed rival teams, and criminals who confessed their crimes.

But most of the complaints concerned an imitator of Pope John-stop-it-or-you-know-what-will-happen Paul II, who kept making obscene announcements.

You show me yours

Visitors to the Royal Melbourne Show last week were somewhat surprised to see a number of clearly angry terrorists attempting to hold the Showgrounds hostage.

Actually, the Victorian Police had decided that it would be fun to hold a simulated terrorist attack on the Showgrounds during Show week, presumably to show off to the taxpayers how

darned clever they are at catching naughty people. There was a simulated chase of the simulated terrorists, and then the (real) police had a simulated shoot-out with their pretend political partisans. And, surprise, surprise, the police won.

Shock Fergie birth problem revealed!

In July, the Minister for Agriculture in NSW, Jack Hallam, banned the importation of semen from a Holstein bull called "Pitcairn Lin Fergie". Fergie has, unfortunately, a genetic defect. We only hope that a certain British prince was told before the wedding.

A humble apology

Yes, alright, so you all noticed the mistake in last week's photo, and yes, you can all feel smug about being clever buggers for picking it up, when the entire On dit layout team (both of us) missed it.

If you really think that you're pretty bloody good at detecting blank spaces, then prove your massive perceptive abilities by trying to fill it. Suggest a caption that could have been included with last week's photo (re-

printed below) and you might win one of the following:

- First Prize: 2000 records
- Second Prize: 3000 records
- Third Prize: 1 record, and a night out with Enzo.

Deliver your entries to On dit, south-western corner of the cloisters, and who knows, maybe you will soon be bopping to Boney M's All-Time Worst, Jim Nabor's Whistles Poland's Favourite Christmas Songs, or even Des Colquhoun Serenades A Bowl of Muesli

That ol' black magic

The good witchdoctors of Swaziland are hoping to improve their corporate image, and have launched a national campaign to that end. For one thing, they want a repealing of the law that says tribal or traditional healers must be referred to as 'witchdoctors'. They also want to be able to display bones and skins outside their waiting rooms, which is their traditional trademark. And if they do not get a better press soon, then they will turn journalists into toads, and all the trees shall hang with fishes, and there shall be much wringing of hands and wailing, and there shall be many extra tough budgets.

Food for thought

The Greek Government, worried by the falling number of American tourists visiting Greece, and the lack of money that non-existent tourists aren't spending on non-holidays, are comforting Europe-shy over-the-Atlantic visitors with some unusual statistics. Of the 6.6



Life on Mars Unusual surface features

The US scientists claim to have found possible evidence of life on Mars. The scientists, Vincent Di Fazio and Gregory Molenaar, have published their findings in a paper titled 'Unusual Martian Surface Features'. They state on the basis of an analysis of the surface features and a 'water-soluble' mineral called 'halite' that they believe the features are the remains of a once-existent ocean. The features are primarily concentrated in an area known as 'Chryse Planitia' which resembles an approximately 1,000 km wide shallow pond. The features are thought to be the remains of a once-existent ocean. Other puzzling formations analysed by the study, which employs a near microscopic camera to see to Mars in more detail any area of interest discovered by the ground rover. They propose to build a prefabricated space station in orbit around Earth using the Columbia space shuttle to lift the station to orbit. Both photographs of the rock-plateau, and the two scientists are seen to examine the area more closely. Whilst they do not regard the unusual features they have analysed as definite proof of intelligent life on the planet, they consider it is at least possible enough to warrant further examination of the Martian terrain. David Messenger

Scoop!

We at On dit were most interested to read in the 17th August edition of the Sunday Mail about the supposed human face sculpture on the surface of Mars.

The same object, featuring the same study conducted by the same scientists, was discussed in On dit in 1983, three years before the Sunday Mail's front page 'news' appeared.

On dit, 1983

Count your change and win \$500 Page 4

THE MYSTERY OF THE FACE ON MARS
 AMAZING STORY AND PICTURES PAGE 50

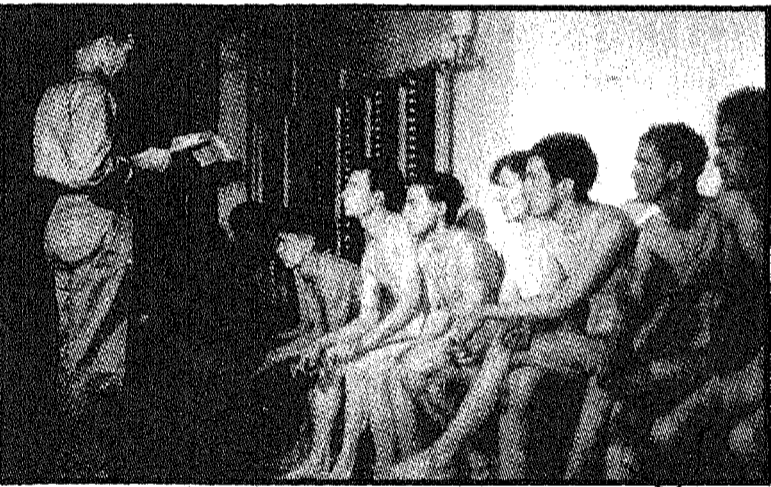
Sunday Mail (three weeks ago)

million Americans who travelled to Europe in 1985, they claimed that only ten were killed by terrorists; a .00015% chance. More Americans were killed by dogs in the US than terrorists in Europe, which must be very comforting. The Greek Government also calculated that cycling was 870% more likely to result in injury, eating was 960% more dangerous, swimming was 3,240% riskier, and being hurt while driving a car was a numbing 15,210% more likely than being blown away by an AK-47-wielding revolutionary.

been poisoned within a few days of the wedding. After Oliver died of phosphorus poisoning, relatives remembered a comment Mrs. Wilson had made at their reception. A guest noted the large amount of cakes and sandwiches remaining, to which Mrs. Wilson replied: "Just keep them for the funeral, although I might give this one a week's extension."

Death of the Week

This week's death concerns one Oliver Leonard, who was poisoned by the woman he had just married, a Mrs. Wilson. This was her second marriage - she had been married to a man named Ernest, who had also



PRESENTING THE COMIC THAT CAN BE WORN ON A CHAIN AROUND YOUR NECK TO SCARE AWAY INTELLECTUALS...

CAPTAIN ADELAIDE

THE RETURN OF THE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE Part 7
 WHILE FLYING TO AMERICA TO SAVE THE WORLD, TREVOR HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO BE SEATED NEXT TO AN OBNOXIOUS TEXAN MEGA-MILLIONAIRE... THE ONLY APPARENT CONSOLATION BEING THAT HE IS NOW ABOUT TO DIE IN THE CRASH RESULTING FROM THE PLANE'S WINGS HAVING FALLEN OFF...

