

378.05  
05  
C.2

# OnDit



Registered by Australia Post  
Publication No. SBF0274

**VOL. 55, NO 3**

**ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY**

**MARCH 16, 1987**



**Last seconds  
of Challenger**

**CENTRE PAGES**



# Too much Bull for the NUJ

**New British Newspaper Sunday Sport is playing the young male audience with its mix of nipples, sex and sport. ANDREW DAVIDSON reports on the controversial newspaper that threatens new standards for the tabloid press.**



Don't tell John Bull his paper is offensive. Bull, aptly named editor of the new sex-and-sleaze tabloid *Sunday Sport*, is not a man who minces his words.

"Hey Rob," he shouts to his news editor, "we've got a journalist here interviewing me who thinks our article on rape this week was offensive! I don't believe it."

Bull is serious. So is the piece in question, headlined MEN GET A RAW DEAL! It asserts that too many women get away with false accusations of rape. It gives examples of the law's unfairness to men, such as the case in which a woman incited her boyfriend to rape a 12-year-old girl. Woman and rapist got equal sentences - five years youth custody. *Sunday Sport* thinks the woman should have got more.

Campaigning journalism is a new departure for *Sunday Sport*. Launched with a resolutely down-market mix of colour pin-ups, lurid vice stories and easy-read sports coverage, it has cased back on the breasts and introduced more words. But it remains, says Bull, a man's paper. The sort of stories a soldier in Aldershot or a sailor in Pompey would want to read, he says, in a slightly better mood.

Bull might be forgiven for feeling sensitive to criticism right now. The paper has had a rough ride since its September launch. It's already been banned from advertising on TV and vilified as pornography by sections of the National Union of Journalists. Bull is its second editor. The first was sacked one month after launch in an unsavoury row.

In a way the paper makes perfect marketing sense. If Rupert Murdoch's British Newspapers, *Sun* and *News of the World* can out-sell all

others by pushing back the barriers of taste and decorum, why not go even further and, as *Sunday Sport* owner David Sullivan has promised, "out-Sun-the-Sun"?

Add to that high quality colour, regional printing and a skeleton staff and you have a potential money-spinner. It makes more sense than either *Today* or the *Independent*. But the reality is less easy to live with.

Sullivan, a soft port millionaire who conducts all his business from a modern mansion in Chigwell, is earnestly, sometimes naively, straight forward. Even the paper's sternest critics admit that he has never hidden his intentions. He has always maintained that men would buy it because it had more "colour tits" than any other paper on the market.

Few in the media industry take it seriously. Fleet Street argues that the paper, launched initially in London and the south, can only be selling 175,000 at most. It will never, they say, sell more than 600,000 nationally.

Yet Sullivan has already claimed an audited average of 280,000 sales over its first four issues. He admits that has now settled at around 230,000. But with a 60,000 launch circulation in Birmingham and Leicester last month and its debut in the north - pinpointed as the paper's heartland - to come, Sullivan is still confident. It may be small beer compared to the *News of the World's* 4.9 million but it's a foot in the door.

And that worries some people. Brendan Fitzmorris, who coordinates news buying for one of Britain's largest wholesalers, W.H. Smith, admits that he has been watching the paper but denies that Sullivan has been warned about standards. "We never interfere with editorial freedom. So long as it doesn't transgress the guidelines we operate within, we will handle it," he says.



But the National Union of Journalists has complained. The women's committee of the NUJ's London Magazine Branch are lobbying heavily to have the paper "re-classified." They want it sold separately from other newspapers, put out of reach of children on newsa-

gents' top shelves with other soft porn products.

Women's committee chair Juliet Gosling argues that any attempt to pretend that *Sunday Sport* is similar to the *News of the World* just won't wash. She points to the sheer volume of pin-ups, the salacious cover-

age of sex crimes, the lack of any mainstream news.

"We don't want to ban *Sunday Sport*," she says firmly. "We just want to get it classified as the crap that it is."

*Sunday Sport's* executive editor Michael Gabbert, an ex-*News of the World* journalist himself remains unmoved. No popular *Sunday* is a *NEWS*paper any more, he contends, and says arguments that pin-ups lead to sex crimes are just spurious.

To prove it, *Sunday Sport* intends to commission a university criminologist to investigate any possible correlation. "It's just not possible to stop men seeing women as sex objects and vice versa," he says. "That's what heterosexuality is all about."

And anyway, he adds, the NUJ action is clearly orchestrated by the "lank-haired, dirty jeaned feminist brigade."

But there is little doubt that *Sunday Sport* has had an effect on other tabloids, not on circulation - but it does appear to have established new groundrules for what is printable in a national newspaper. *The Sun* in particular is running stories that even it wouldn't have touched a year ago which Gabbert claims, proves that "you can't say we are any sexier than the other tabloids."

It is a moot point. But the implications for titles like *The Sun*, *The Mirror* and *The Star* are serious. *Sunday Sport* has just 11 journalists, it carries virtually no advertising but will break even on its 30p cover price when sales reach 300,000. If they reach 750,000, Sullivan promises a *Daily Sport* and others are sniffing at the market.

The worry, already expressed by many tabloid journalists on Fleet Street, is that the established titles will have to come down to fight them.

Ironically, the final arbiter of how low standards sink could be television. Sullivan is still keen to back his northern launch with a large-scale TV campaign. To do that, he will have to convince the ITV companies that his paper, and his intentions for it, have changed.

Already, he argues, *Sunday Sport* has heeded the criticism and cut back on the endless procession of rape cases and pin-ups.

Reprinted with the permission of *The Guardian*

## TV tutor

by Yvonne Dietrich and Andrea Besnard

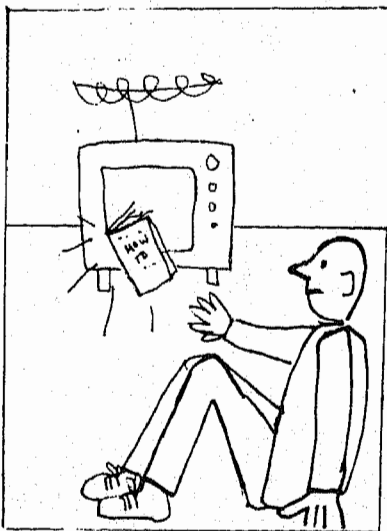
Students are now able to study up to tertiary level via television thanks to the Australian satellite AUSSAT.

The ABC and SBS are broadcasting satellite programs including cultural anthropology, business management, computer literacy, and electricity education.

Two educational institutions have agreed to give credit points for students studying by this scheme. Murdoch University in Western Australia will offer points towards a computer science degree and the SA College of TAFE will count business management towards its diploma program.

The Melbourne based company Learning Network (LN) is behind the idea. Ms Erina Rayner from LN said that their company hopes to expand its agenda to the more traditional university subjects and that the directors were meeting with various authorities from tertiary institutions.

The system is equivalent to Canada's "Knowledge Network" and Britain's "Open University", which cater for full time workers who



are unable to attend university.

"Anyone who has a television can do these courses. They are for people who are disadvantaged by distance, and for people who want to upgrade their skills and get new ones" Ms Rayner said.

The programs are broadcast on SBS from 3.30 to 4 pm and on the ABC from 6 to 8 pm weekdays.

## Fees!

65% of students at Flinders University have deferred payment of the Higher Education Administrative Charge.

Clare Buswell, General Secretary of the Students' Association said that a survey conducted during enrolment suggested that 71% of first year and 68% of re-enrolling students supported a boycott of the \$250.

"We're working towards a boycott at the moment. This will be decided at a General Student Meeting on March 18," "We've got a target of 1 000 to support the campaign and our figures suggest a strong student reaction." 3 400 out of the 5 600 students at Flinders University deferred payment of the \$250 fee.

"The Students' Association at Flinders University strongly urges students to boycott the fee and further demands a moratorium to be placed on all fees including the visa charge and the HEAC," Ms Buswell said.

The survey of students conducted during enrolment week sampled half of the 1 600 first year and a third of the 4 000 re-enrolling students.

## The Melbourne campaign goes upmarket



by Jamie Skinner

Students attending the University of Melbourne were unable to defer payment of the \$250 fee this year during enrolment week.

They had to pay the fee or not enrol. Student Representative Council President, Evan Thornley said that there was no danger of organising a boycott to obtain a deferment provision but it wasn't a real possibility telling people not to enrol.

"Our campaign has centred on stirring up student movement and getting the rank-and-file student involved in the anti-fees campaign," he said.

"I think we have to be very strategic about how we approach the campaign. We're giving the Federal Government an alternative if they're short of cash. Instead of saying "No fees, flow the deficit", we're saying that it is the corporate sector that should be hit. We've just got to be more sophisticated about our political action."

The SRC Council is seriously considering organising a boycott next year, in the budget or after the May mini-budget if the charge increases.

"At the moment I'm not convinced that we could organise one effectively and that it would have the appropriate effect."

1 000 students from Melbourne Uni staged a protest rally against fees last Wednesday. Students marched from campus to a lecture theatre where Andrew Hay (of the New Right) was addressing a group of Liberal students.



# Ryan's long haul in politics

by Alison Mahoney

"The new university charge is a fact of life. It is now up to students to work out a satisfactory way of coping with this fact." In the light of this comment from a spokesman for Senator Susan Ryan, there appears to be little hope of success in student boycotts around the country and protests marches in Adelaide.

He further commented that the current boycott is undoubtedly regrettable as students are only endangering their careers, and are attacking the financial viability of their institutions.

A distinct possibility resulting from such action is disenrolment, subject to the decisions made by the individual institutions.

Senator Susan Ryan however is closely monitoring the effects of the fee introduction through the setting up of a "monitoring committee", which will report to Ryan later this month.

It is proposed that Ryan will then take the report to the government for consideration in this year's budget deliberations.

According to the statement made on behalf of Ryan who is currently overseas, ample forms of compensation through AUSTUDY have been established for those students who are in 'desperate' situations.

It is now apparent that the Hawke Government has been and continues to be openly criticised for its controversial introduction of a university fee.

So too has Senator Ryan, personally accused of 'selling' out women's groups, society's disadvantaged and anyone in the general populace seeking tertiary qualifications.

Such recent and on going criticisms overshadow Ryan's noteworthy successes as Education Minister. A few weeks ago Ryan celebrated a career milestone by becoming our

nation's longest running Education Minister. It is an undisputable fact that since undertaking the portfolio in 1983 her ministry has secured approximately 37 000 new places in higher education.

The percentage of teenagers now finishing year 12 level of education has risen, from a previous 36 per cent to a predicted level of 50 per cent this year.

The criticism of Ryan with regards to fees may no entirely be justified as it is also conveniently forgotten that for just over a year now, Senator Ryan has strongly resisted all proposals for the reintroduction of tertiary fees, causing the dissension amongst her colleagues in cabinet.

It is known that Ryan is sympathetic to the feminist course, and women's issues in general. However the fees introduction and a previous decision to stop single mothers wishing to study from getting AUSTUDY allowance in addition to their pension, have cast doubts in the minds of some as to whether Ryan will continue support for women in education.

Yet in a statement from her department press secretary it is apparent that her support is reaffirmed. According to the spokesman, Senator Ryan has been and will undoubtedly continue to be a prime mover behind the National Agenda for Women.

Ryan has attended dozens of meetings speaking and discussing various issues with women and seeking the comments of women from various walks of life. The spokesman further added that the result of such general discussions will be the production of a report, soon to be released publicly.

Dr Susan Magarey, lecturer in Womens Studies at Adelaide Uni-

versity, was approached for her comments on Ryan, women, the National Agenda and fees. According to her there is no doubt about Ryan's future support from the National Agenda for Women.

She said that at a meeting for the Agenda late last year a set of priorities for women were established to be put to the government and these were solidly backed by Senator Ryan.

Dr Magarey also said that she would question the suggestion that Ryan has been strongly criticised by some in the women's movement, as she has not encountered much at all. According to Magarey, it would be more realistic to say that there are certain anxieties held by women aimed at Susan Ryan but more general ones about the entire Hawke Government.

Ms Magarey highlighted the fact that at the end of 1986, Ryan had to fight a pre-selection battle, and on winning it suggests that criticism from feminists may not be prevalent as her electorate constitutes a large proportion of them who pledged their continued support.

On the question of whether fees will effect women or not, Dr Magarey says that although there is no supportive data, she anticipates that the introduction of fees will have the effect of discrimination against women. Yet this will most specifically effect older married women.

As a young single mother, Ryan worked as a teacher in the early 1970s and studied for her masters degree simultaneously.

She entered parliament in 1975 and as an original member of Women's Electoral Lobby defined herself as a "feminist senator", causing slight shock waves in the ranks of the more established ALP



members.

These days it is far easier for a female in the Australian political system, she says.

Dr Magarey's reaction to this comment is generally one of agreeance. Magarey argues that it is basically easier for women now because the number of women in politics is much higher, especially because the Australian Labor Party has been far more receptive to women in the political system than any other government.

The battles and boycotts against the university administration fee will continue, yet Senator Ryan's reputation in politics should stand

firm.

She has carved a place for herself in the political system, although achieving what she has as a single parent never having had the support of a strong family unit.

Her responsibility as a Minister has always been put first, with the prospect of establishing new relationships in the back of her mind.

Said Ryan "I might have made that decision once or twice but the thing is: what can you give back? I certainly miss out on things.. yet I don't think that I could have done anything else that would have given me such enormous personal and intellectual satisfaction."



1600 students flocked to Parliament House last week in protest to the \$250 Higher Education Charge. Not one politician could be seen amongst the crowd.

## Student unions to form federation

Representatives of South Australian student unions announced the formation of a state federation of student unions to co-ordinate opposition to the Federal Government's \$250 administrative charge.

Representatives included Flinders University Students Association (General Secretary, Ms. Clare Buswell; SAIT Union President Mr John Spoehr; Council of South Australian College Student Organisations General Secretary, Ms. Lucy Schulz; SAUA President, Mr David Israel and Flinders University Student Union President, Ms Amanda Finnis.

The meeting was also attended by Ms Kathy Edwards, the SAUA's Women's Officer.

The new federation, the South Australian Tertiary Students Federation grew out of all a loose coalition of student union representatives and students that had been co-ordinating the anti-fees campaign in SA, since fees were announced last August.

The federation is still formalising its structure but campuses are likely to vote on affiliation later this year.

Mr. Spoehr said that the federation supported deferral of administrative fees and would support a national boycott if necessary.

He said that enrolments at the South Australian Colleges of Advanced Education were 12.4% down as a result of the fee.

At Adelaide and Flinders Un, 35% and 65% of students respectively have deferred paying the administrative charge. Fees are payable at Adelaide University until March 31 and at Flinders University until April 6.

"Nationally charges are being deferred with the possibility of an impending boycott," Mr Spoehr said.

Other campuses deferring the fee include Deakin University, the Victorian College of Arts, La Trobe University, Queensland University and the Brisbane College of Advanced Education.

Ms Edwards said that the fee discriminated against women, in particular mature age woman. She said she had heard of cases where husbands had refused to give their wives money to pay it.



## POLITICS

Larry Pickering's cartoons aren't really my cup of tea, but he did have a funny one in last week's *Bulletin*. In a large office behind an imposing desk sits a tiny John Howard. A secretary stands at the door, introducing someone about to enter the room. The secretary is saying "Another strikingly personable businessman of exceptional ability desirous of joining the conservative forces to see you, Sir." "Bugger it," says Howard plaintively.

The reference is to the John Elliotts, Ian McLachlans and Andrew Hays who are circling the wounded Howard. But the joke depends for its humourous edge on the changing role of business people in politics, especially in conservative politics. Thirty years ago that joke would have been inconceivable. When captains of commerce visited leading conservative politicians you were unlikely to read about it. But the main point is this. While such a visit might have been to give financial or other support, to deliver demands or to administer a rebuke it wouldn't have been to take over the man's job.

Then the barons of business were by-and-large back room operators. Indeed the marxist theory of politics was built around the proposition that the whole purpose of the liberal democratic state was to maintain the appearance of a separation between constitutionally-controlled democratically-based political power on the one hand and, on the other, the control of capital, the ultimate source of real social power.

The formal political sphere is, on this view, characterised by liberty, fraternity, equality - and, ultimately, its minor significance; while the realm of economic power is portrayed as beyond the reach of these noble values, as characterised by the subjugation of the many to daily need, by the inequality of masters and servants, by the alienation of all from each other - and, ultimately, by its capacity to determine society's structures and ideologies.

There is a second reason, according to this theory, why business and the state must appear to stand a little apart. The political elite must restrain the internecine fighting which can break out between competing sections of business. The state, it is argued, must servessssss as an umpire, above the clash of rival companies, which can look to the longer-term interest of this class and the capitalist system as a whole.

The ALP has been touched by the closer relationship between business and politics too. When Hawke came to the leadership he already counted some of the country's biggest businessmen among his close personal confidantes, and his circle has widened considerably since. Keating too has given business a legitimacy among Laborites that wasn't there before.

Over the past forty years, the State, because of its economic management role, its powers to subsidise and grant advantage by regulation, has become as important to business as its supply of raw materials or customers. This is even more so because of the decade-and-a-half of economic upheaval we've experienced.

This upheaval has depressed and dislocated markets but, just as important in this context, it has fractured the consensus which held conservative interests in finance, manufacturing, retailing and agriculture together behind the coalition parties. These interests can't find a leader and a platform to serve them all. The new power and professionalism of the ACTU and the various social issue groups poses another threat to business' latitude.

The temptation for top businessmen to forge the most direct links between the interests of their particular section of capital and the party political process must be intense.

As for the outcome: keep looking behind the news.

**BRIAN ABBEY**



## LETTERS

Deadline for letters to the editors is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication. All letters should include the author's telephone number. Anonymous or pseudonymic letters will not necessarily be published.

## O'Camp Article upsets Amazons

Dear Editor,

With regard to the article on the 1987 O'Camp (2/3/87) we, the O'Camp helpers, would like to suggest that the article was somewhat cynical in tone and content. This attitude does not lend itself to the true feelings of comradeship and closeness that we feel arise out of the camp. We believe that the article has a general atmosphere of "sour grapes" on behalf of the author, John "Caj" Cirillo (probably because certain articles of his lingerie achieved new heights during the camp). We would like to take this opportunity to state that we feel Cirillo acted immaturely, not only by writing this article, unjustly slamming the camp, but by pouring steak sauce over some of the first year's clothes and around their dorm. Being a second year student we do not believe that he was qualified to write the article. In the future we sincerely hope that *On Dit* will resist from printing such an overtly biased and sarcastic article.

Yours sincerely,  
Kirsten Dyer  
C/- The Amazons

## Library problems again!

Dear Ed.,

Once again the Library has been transformed over the holiday period. This year however the changes have included the removal of any area for quiet talking while studying. If you wish to have a group discussion you must use one of the small booths provided. On the face of it this would appear to be a reasonable enough condition for use of the library. However lots of people need and use the library as an area where they can finish off assignments and write papers. This often involves checking with other people in a similar situation.

Last year by popular acclaim the area for such work was the reading room where you could always rely on finding at least one other person struggling with the same paper and only too willing to quickly discuss some of the more difficult aspects with another confused soul. The Library rather than accept that this need existed and that the best area was the reading room has decided that there should be no talking at all in the Library even doing away with the small area that was available for talking while working last year. It seems sad that the wishes of a great deal of library users have once more been ignored.

Yours lovingly,  
Richard Henshall

## No Letters

Dear Editor,

What happened to the letters and the notices last week? Were they deleted for a lack of space or is this to become permanent? If so, why?

Chris Cox

- There were no letters last week due to a lack of space on the opinion page and a lack of letters (we received only two) which didn't warrant running until this week. - Ed.

## O'SPIT PROTEST

Dear Ed,

The sun shone brightly on the O'Ball Spit Friday afternoon, providing brilliant weather for the final major function of O'Week '87.

What ever happened to the idea of making all things possible for impoverished students during O'Week and facilitating an easy going environment for meeting people?

I turned up on Friday at 12.30 pm for a meeting with a friend in the ground floor refectory at the Union Building. The door was locked and the place was out of bounds, so I tried the Cloisters entrance only to be confronted by half a dozen or so security staff who would not let me pass despite my genuine pleas of looking for a friend and poverty.

What's this! The spirit of O'Week squashed by the age-old contrast of the have and havenots. Having attended O'Week functions at Melbourne and Sydney Universities I was understandably shocked at the idea of screening students with their wallets and subdividing the grounds like a prison camp because the necessary bits of paper were not forthcoming. Yes, students, most universities make O'Week functions free and, if they must charge for anything, charge only for food and drink not for the sacred right of admittance to the Uni Cloisters.

First I approached Geoff McDonald (one of the organisers) about my complaints and was told in no uncertain

terms "those students who can't afford to pay can stay outside". Estimated attendance was around 1 000 people, which is quite low for a university of nine thousand students. However, the actual numbers were approaching a meagre 700.

Many students were obviously discouraged by this (Pre-Austudy payment) entrance requirement. So what went wrong?

Firstly, those students who do not consume vast quantities of alcohol should not have to subsidize (as on Wednesday night) those students who do!

Secondly, why charge admittance for bona fide students; many of whom would not even approach the swordfights over cold strips of blood stained meat. Surely our massive Union fees could cover the cost of bands and charge only for food if the need arises!

I noticed also, a distinct lack of overseas students at the O'Ball '87. Is it not our duty to make these students welcome and show them the fun side of our so called "liberal culture"? Perhaps these often hard pressed students were not encouraged to attend for the aforementioned reasons and our "duty" was sorely lost in the minds of the management.

There is no hope for the current dilemma in student finances if the student representatives take a capitalist approach even to things such as the O'Ball Spit.

Randall Adams

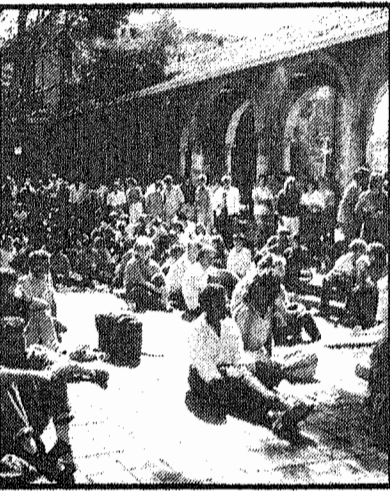
## O'Ball A Great Success

Dear Editor,

In the past it has been a university tradition to hold an O'Ball on a Saturday night, following the campus' Orientation Week; traditionally it was also the focal point of the week, where the Students' Association presented at least one major musical act with support bands. It was the talk of the week, an event many students eagerly anticipated.

In the past two years much publicity has been involved in organising the O'Ball, coupled with enormous expenses in an effort to make it a thoroughly worthwhile show. Unfortunately this year the SAUA was unable to gather the numbers needed to profit from the occasion. Countless hours were spent on planning, in order to satisfy the student body.

This year the SAUA tried a different approach for the O'Ball, and after much deliberation the O'Ball Spit was born. Until the event actually took place, no one could be sure of its success. It was a risk to stage a show on a Friday afternoon contrary to tradition. It was even more of a risk to include bands which, although diverse in musical style, were not as well known. Publicity was not as extensive this year, as in the past, especially as the O'Ball was originally programmed to be held on March 7, with advertisements in the widely read



O'Guide, acknowledging this fact.

However, the risk paid off, the O'Ball gathered sufficient crowds to make it a success. Food and drink flowed freely, the music was enjoyable and varied but most importantly everyone had a great time. Even the weather was on our side. It is here that I would like to congratulate the SAUA - and in particular Victoria Dennis and Geoff McDonald, the O'Ball Co-Ordinators, for their time, effort and careful organisation.

I feel that thanks must also go to Paul Coory, the Orientation Co-Ordinator for his hard work and to David Israel for his support and confidence, to Barry Salter for his careful budget advice and to George Karzis - for just being there. Thanks also to all the helpers and crew who helped to make the O'Ball Spit a success. Thanks guys, and congratulations on a job well done.

Yours sincerely,  
Josephine Gugis  
(O'Ball Helper - Crew, 1987)

## Shock Art Heist Scandal reply

Dear Editor,

This letter is in regards to the article, "Shock Art Heist Scandal", (*On Dit*, 2nd March, 1987), concerning the Union's pencil and watercolour artwork. *Memo to my Professional Colleagues: The need to think that I can think again* by Bill Cook and Union Policy on Borrowing Works of Art from the Union Collection.

James Neate approached me late last year about borrowing a work from the Collection for his office. A work was chosen but later, James asked if he could exchange it for another which he had seen in the *On Dit* office. My reply was that it was appropriate for works to be rotated from place to place, except where works were clearly intended for a particular area such as the Union's other Bill Cook work which hangs in the Union Bar and the very famous Arthur Boyd series of 12 paintings, *The Judge Series*, which hangs in the Cellar. Further, I told James that the movement of the work depended upon consultation with the current holder of the said work.

I was informed by James at a later date that he had spoken to *On Dit* staff, the then current holders of the work and that he had taken possession of it for his office. I, accordingly adjusted the Union's Work of Art Catalogue to indi-

cate the new location of the work.

The pivotal point of the controversy regarding *Memo...* seems to be the question of "consultation". It is most unfortunate that this misunderstanding has led to some very heated discussion such as that at the last Union Board Meeting, and even more unfortunate that Union Members have seen fit, once again, to push their forward points of view in such a way that non-productive seas of acrimony are left to swell. Perhaps we could all take a cue from the title of the Work at the centre of this particular mini-maelstrom.

There is, it seems, no hard and fast Union ruling on the loan of Union Works of Art. I shall be formulating such a policy to be put forward to the next Board Meeting for approval. It will contain the inter alia stipulation that Works of Art from the Collection may be borrowed for a period of six months, renewable if the Work is not requested by any other interested party, for further periods of six months.

By the way, Ed., Bill Cook is delighted that his drawing has been so keenly sought by Union Members.

Yours sincerely,  
Jennifer Jones  
ARTS OFFICER

## Paul Coory replies

Dear Editor,

In response to the letter in last week's *On Dit* regarding "Coory Counter Calendar truncated" (written by an understandably anonymous reader), I feel the need to clarify a few points which our misguided reader (let's call her Linda for reference purposes) seemed to have got wrong.

To the more intelligent readers (the vast majority) who have read my Counter Calendar editorial, I stated quite clearly the reasons for the reduced format.

I apologise for having to reiterate my editorial comments for the benefit of morons like Linda. Purely for her benefit, I will again explain my reasons and help clear a few misguided points which she raised, and I would strongly recommend that she read the following very.....very..... s l o w l y to help minimise any further confusion.

The reason for rejecting most (not all) of the contributions from non-first years was because limited space was allocated for the Counter Calendar, as were my directions from the O'Guide editors Moya Dodd and Paul Washington. This reason was stated painfully clearly in my editorial (paragraph 2, line 5).

The Counter Calendar was NOT truncated "merely on the basis of cost". Cost played absolutely no part in the decision to reduce the Calendar and neither was there an implication by myself that it did.

Finally, any student "who wishes to know just how good a Counter Calendar can be should NOT look at the 1985 edition, unless they wish to subject themselves to outdated, repetitive, slanderous dribble.

Also, let me add that I originally had over 40 pages worth of Counter Calendar material which had to be "truncated" to 16 due to the orders given to me by the O'Guide editors, which were based on space and not cost.

I think I've made my point.

Paul Coory  
Orientation Co-Ordinator

Allow me to firstly thank you for devoting most of your editorial (*On Dit* 9/3/87) to me. I have never been so flattered. Secondly, I would like to clear up a number of grave misconceptions (sadly lacking in facts) which appeared in the edition cited above:

- pertaining to the 1985 and 1986 O'Camp, you appear to be missing one vital ingredient in your 'story' - facts. In 1985 no person "nearly choked on his own vomit" and nor did any person have their "stomach pumped" in 1986. Nevertheless, those who were actually present on both camps appreciate your imagination.
- Mr. Coory "explicitly forbade *On Dit* access whenever he could" - true! It is also true that Kathy Moar and Nick Capozzi supported me on this explicit direction and practiced it on more than one occasion.
- You make special mention of how myself as Orientation Co-Ordinator performed two duties (O'Camp and Counter Calendar) whereas I should have performed only one pursuant to the SAUA Constitution. The reasons behind this dastardly act was that nobody else was willing to edit the *Counter Calendar*, and rather than not having a *Counter Calendar* at all, I undertook the job myself as I felt it was my responsibility and duty as the SAUA's Orientation Co-Ordinator. I guess if I chose not to edit the *Counter Calendar*, then I suppose the Orientation Co-Ordinator would have been slammed for not fulfilling his duties.
- Furthermore, you inquire as to why I went to such lengths to prevent *On Dit* access on the camps. The reasons for this was to simply protect the O'Camp Directors and all the first year students from the gutter sensationalist scandals which have appeared in *On Dit* in the previous two years.

Having read your rather amusing editorial, I find in the last paragraph an 'editorial vow' not to waste the students money by not producing crap. I find that difficult to believe having read what went on before.

I would imagine the majority of your readership would not. So my advice to you would be to get away from personal mudslinging and to adhere to your 'editorial vow' which concluded with the promise to "...inform and entertain its readers [and] not satisfy the ego of the editor."

Yours sincerely,  
Paul Coory  
1987 SAUA Orientation  
Co-Ordinator



# What is wrong with paying for education?

by D.W. Griffith

I sat in a King William Street pub last week while two Norwegian tourists explained to me how they planned to find \$A8,000 to fund their year's education.

Asked what they thought of the protest against Australia's \$250 tertiary fee, they laughed. What else could they do?

Last week's Forum article condemning tertiary fees is spot on in saying that the whole education system is in crisis. Government spending certainly has declined as a proportion of GDP since 1975. Our participation rate certainly is low; people are being turned away from universities.

But the belief that these troubles would evaporate if only we had street marches or another charmingly corrupt student union (in the mould of the old Australian Union of Students) is a misguided one.

Many students accept that the public outside our ivory towers see students as a privileged group.

What only a few have realised is that the public may be right and that this may be at the heart of the problem.

The horrible fact is that university students are overwhelmingly well-off.

The vast majority, of course, are the offspring of Adelaide's privileged, at least according to the statistics (hence that Law School phenomenon, the Beaumont Brigade). But of the rest, only a very few live a life of grinding hardship. Even students on AUSTUDY can have a good time at uni, something the average mother on a pension probably finds hard to sympathise with.

University students enjoy themselves because they possess something that many in the community can never obtain - hope. Their hope is well-founded. Most will leave university for the job of their choice, or at least for good pay. In at least this sense uni students are rich.

This hasn't stopped some university students from complaining, of course. One of Australia's best papers recently featured a story on 18-year-old Vanessa Jones, caught in what she called "a middle-class squeeze". Vanessa was living away from home because the prestigious Sydney University at which she wants to study is an hour's travel from her Miranda home. She won't be able to get AUSTUDY until she's classified as independent in a year's time. When Vanessa talks, years of unrealistic, fruitless, self-indulgent student activism echo behind her.

"I don't mean to be arrogant, but I am an intelligent person," she told the *Sydney Morning Herald*, before going on to describe working as "really horrible".

"I suppose it's an arrogant assumption that I should be supported because I don't want to live at home."

"But I don't see it as unreasonable."

"I am 18 and legally an adult and I should be entitled to...determine the way I live and take responsibility for myself."

For many readers this must have seemed like a bad joke - a teenager whose idea of responsibility is to be paid to move out of home.

The *Herald* doesn't seem to have searched too hard for Vanessa. Experience will tell you that there are thousands of Vanessas out there. Maybe you know one.

Or maybe you know one of the many students who are claiming AUSTUDY while living away from home in the house or apartment that Daddy bought them, or are being supported by their parents in some other way while claiming it.

My point is not that all students are like this. Far from it. But while so many are, aggrieved calls for the government to support students are likely to continue to be laughed at.

Brian Howe, the overworked Social Security Minister, rammed home this point in 1985 in an Adelaide speech at which he asked his audience to examine where the money for their demands was to come from. He deplored the fact that some of the young activists he was talking to seemed prepared to allow a redistribution of funds from the dole to TEAS in other words, less for the unemployed and more for students.

Howe argued strongly that the Government should concentrate on raising, or at the very least maintaining, the level of the dole and other assistance to the unemployed.

He rejected, too, the notion that students are worse off than anyone else.

When things began to get tight back in 1985, the Government naturally turned to university fees as a way of cutting costs, since to raise taxes would have been to hand the next election to the Opposition on a silver platter (more on the Opposition later). One suspects they didn't look at fees lightly; several members of the Hawke Cabinet had also been Whitlam Government members who helped bring so-called free tertiary education in back 1973. I say "so-called" because tertiary education has never been free; it was just that for many years now other people, not students, have paid for it.

Mind you, as Max Walsh has noted, "free" tertiary education arrived not because it was traditional ALP policy but because Whitlam's Cabinet colleagues saw it win rapturous approval from students at political rallies. The cheering looked good on television.

Many ALP members, inside and outside Parliament, came to believe that Whitlam's experiment had failed. They were strongly supported in his belief by studies which suggested that the types of people going to university in 1984 were much the same as had been studying in 1964 - that "free" tertiary education had changed nothing.

Chief among the doubters was Finance Minister Senator Peter Walsh, a man who detests luxury in all its forms and who is known around Parliament for having the lowest ministerial travel bill in recent memory.

Senator Walsh initially called for a means-tested annual tertiary fee of around \$1 500, then about one fifth of the average cost of a year's education. Later in the year, worried by the prospect of cumbersome administration which might trap some students unjustifiably, he began to look at the notion of a graduate tax which has been raised in the pages of *On Dit*.

Walsh finally adopted a version of the tax whereby students would take out a government-guaranteed loan for any part of the proposed \$1 500 fee which they could not afford. The loan was to be paid back only if and when the students' income later passed an arbitrary mark - he suggested \$15,000 a year.

Walsh and many colleagues felt the idea that students should pay a fraction of the cost of their education was fair - the government would still shoulder the bulk of the cost - but a vocal education lobby yelled the proposal down.

So instead we have ended up with the \$250 charge based on the imperfect TEAS means test. Even here, the exemptions are so generous that the Commonwealth Tertiary Edu-

ation Commission says only 55 p.c. of students will be obliged to pay the fee. But the protests will continue, no doubt, even if to a sceptical public they appear to be motivated by blatant self-interest.

Nevertheless, a few points need to be made about the current, imperfect fee.

To say that "education is a right" is to say nothing at all, except to that insulted two thirds of the population which has never been able to claim its "right". The factory worker at Port Adelaide knows that he is paying taxes which give a Burnside teenager "rights" which he will never have.

Many supporters of a fee also argue that society does benefit from an educated population. But such observers note that tertiary education boosts students' job prospects and earning potential. For many if not all students, that's the reason they're at uni. And those whose job prospects aren't enhanced by their education might well ask whether they are not claiming an expensive self-indulgence at enormous cost to the average taxpayer.

When people remind you that Australia needs a better educated workforce, remind them that fees won't necessarily stop that occurring. The current is actually helping to increase tertiary places - part of your \$250 has been put aside to create 3 000 new tertiary places this year.

To claim that the absence of fees is somehow wholly responsible for the increases in mature-aged and female students which we have seen over the past 14 years is far-fetched. The women who now constitute very nearly half of the Law School population for example, come very largely from privileged backgrounds. The surge of older students is at least partially attributable to the introduction of Public Service study schemes. And so on. Our whole society, not just our university system, has changed over the past decade-and-a-half.

To suggest that the current fee is the thin edge of the wedge is probably quite right. But the wedge was always coming. The question now is how deeply it will be driven, and what shape it will be. Some economists and political groups are arguing for full cost tertiary fees, and the best way to repel them would probably be to design a fair fee which meets Senator Walsh's original aim of not deterring potential students. As it is, the next election might see elected a government, possibly led by John Howard, to whom \$250 is a hilarious pittance. Ask yourself where the student politicians who fought so hard for a \$200 union fee are now. Most of them are marching against the Federal Government's fee, which seeks to recover about a third of the average cost of the service being provided - proportionally a far gentler demand than the union fee.

A bigger fee is coming. Politics and economics dictate that it must. The only question is who brings it in.

Students would now do best to campaign not for the abolition of fees but for a loans scheme with long term pay-back provisions such as Senator Walsh described nearly two years ago. It is something which the government would buy, which would make it more open to ideas from the student lobby, and which would be fair.

But it won't happen. The marches will go on, although their size will decrease.

And the public will continue to look at our green and pleasant universities with a sceptical and envious eye. They are justified in doing so.

# OnDit

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY



Last Wednesday's fee protest, the second in six months, showed a sizeable turnout of 1000 students from the various S.A. universities and campuses.

But the March was undermined by lack of student interest compared with last September's rally, which hooked 1800 students to the streets. The March got off to a hurried start when a hundred students left Victoria Square just after 12 noon. The march was still full of the spirit and optimism of the first rally, but attracted only half the number. Today's students are too apathetic to care. The Higher Education Charges are simply not a high enough amount to motivate students in the numbers that a strategic campaign against tertiary fees needs.

If the anti-fees campaign is going to have any effect on the Federal Government, then students across Australia must unify and support the campaign together. If they don't, then the campaign is lost. Only a handful of campuses across Australia are boycotting the fee. Students at the University of Adelaide are not. Maybe if the Higher Education Charge is increased to \$1000 or more, students will start fighting. When it is \$1000, then maybe students will speak up.

## Paradise Library enters new phase

by Chardri Igore

Returning to the arduous joys of study last week bought with it the revelation that the Paradise Library has lurched into yet another phase of renovations.

In the best of university planning traditions authorities contemplated briefly - apparently sometime last August - whether students would be in favour of proposed changes and decided equally as quickly that they would.

The results - thus far that is - have proved every bit as confusing as expected. For authorities know full well that if they were to remove all that was confusing about the Paradise Library there would not be much library left. And that left would be of little importance anyway because, conveniently, the confusion centres on those aspects of the library that most students use most of the time - such as the Reserve Collection.

Over the last half dozen years library planners - terminally restless such that they are - have managed to grasp the complex notion that the best time to splurge ahead with renovations is over extended holiday periods when the collective student cheek is turned. It has become a cruel running-joke among university bureaucrats.

In front of closed circuit television they roll around their shag-piles,

high in the Hughes Building, purple with mirth, as hundred of wide-eyes students grapple with the difficult task of library re-orientation, year after year.

Last year the big joke concerned techno-coinless photocopiers, the myriad mysteries of which students without a bump for technology, have just recently managed to penetrate, only to find that the benefits are not especially great.

The same might be said of the newly-installed Hughes Plaza. A monster piece of grotesque proportions and of New Brutalist Design, the decision to replace all that tastefully manicured greenery with concrete slabbery was made when authorities learned that the roof was leaking onto the cropped and coloured heads of SUV employees.

My suggestion in the way of retaliatory action for these misdemeanors is two-fold.

Student politicians should raise their heads from their trousers and harness the war-itching lusts of the Gaming Society to patrol university grounds during holiday periods. If brown shirts, quasi-military attire, and arm bands are permissible, it is doubtless they will oblige.

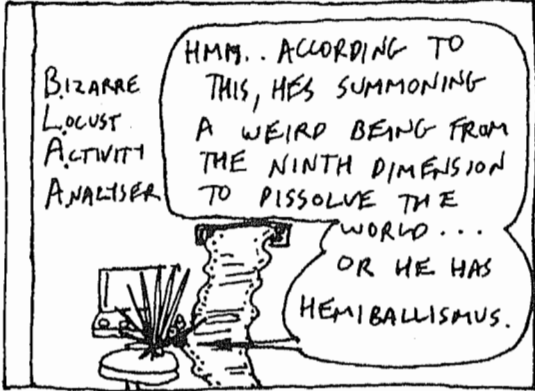
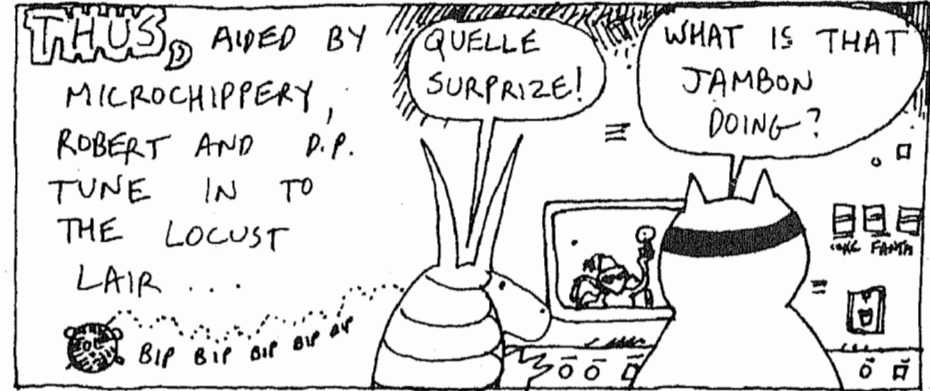
The soft-bottomed bureaucrats responsible should be cornered, collared, and made to swim the Torrens in traditional diving boots.



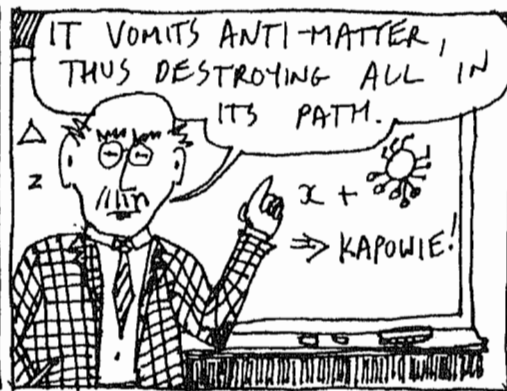
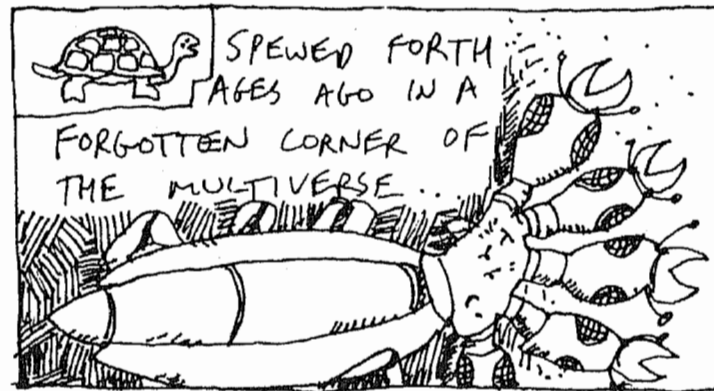
# DANGERPIG!

— AND HIS CONSORT —  
CARELESS ROBERT.

SO PIG FANS -  
OUR HEROES BACK ON  
THE JOB - BUT WHAT  
IS THE MASTER LOCUST  
UP TO? .....

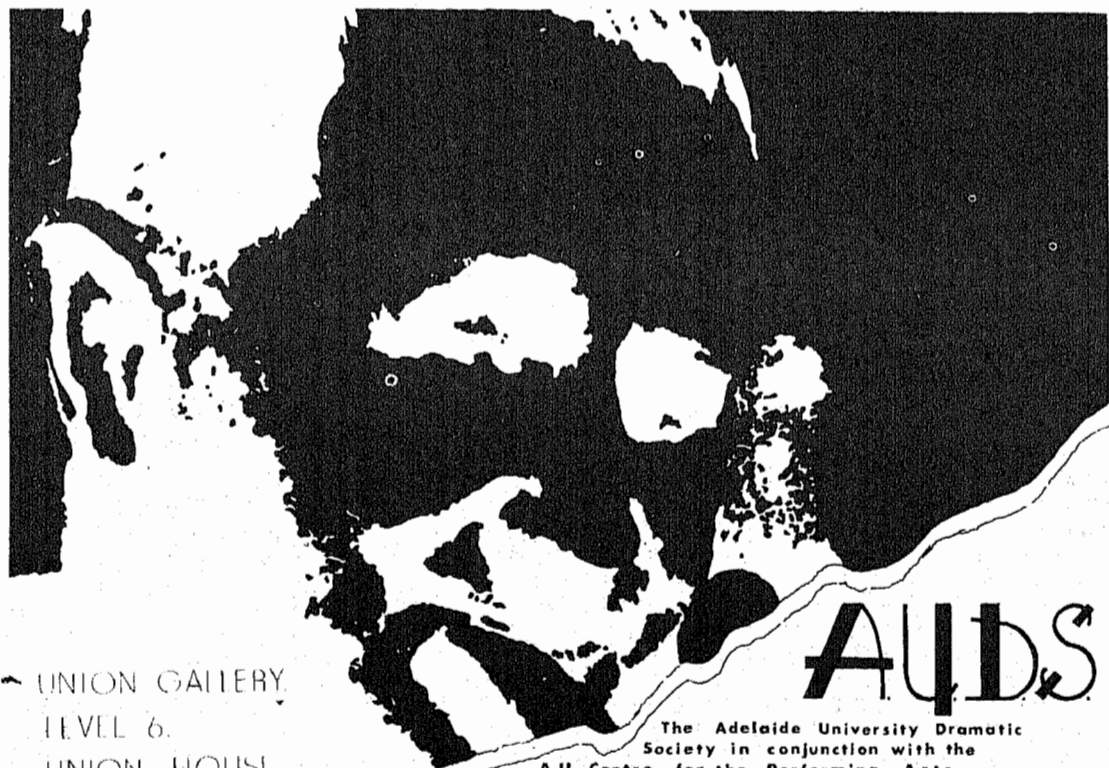


BIZARRE BUT TRUE! FANS -  
FOR WHILE RESEARCHING  
CRIME, THE MASTER LOCUST  
HAS STUMBLED UPON A  
SUMMONING FOR THE  
DEADLY 5-HEADED  
WEEVIL OF AGOROL!



© BABEL MAR. 87.

BY IGOR PLUNGERCOFF



UNION GALLERY,  
LEVEL 6,  
UNION HOUSE

## AIDS

The Adelaide University Dramatic Society in conjunction with the A.U. Centre for the Performing Arts

# BRECHT ON BRECHT

Arranged by George Tabori

An Anthology of the Works of Bertolt Brecht & Kurt Weill in Cabaret

Directed by Max Mastrosavvas

8:00pm TUE. - THUR. 10, 11, 12 & 17, 18, 19 March 1987

The programme also features 'The Writers' playing modern jazz from 7:00-8:00pm & 9:15-10:15pm nightly. An exhibition of comic and satirical Works by MARK CORNWALL. Light Meals & Alcohol available from 7:00pm.

Adults: \$7.00 Students: \$4.00  
Bookings: 2285401

A.U.D.S. would like to acknowledge the generous assistance of  
STATE BANK OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

## POSTGRAD AFFAIRS

Mark Leahy

The PGSA is a member of the only national student body, the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA). What is CAPA and what does it do?

All of the postgraduate student organisations from the 19 universities are affiliated members of CAPA and each year representatives from these groups attend the Annual Council Meeting, which normally runs for four days. It is here that CAPA policy is determined. A comprehensive policy document is published each year, detailing CAPA's policies on a wide range of education issues, such as part-time teaching, privatisation, child-care, supervision guidelines and tertiary fees. Policy is divided into In Principle and Action policy. In Principle policy remains the same each year, and forms the core of the policy document, unless modified by the Council at its meeting. New In Principle policies can also be voted for each year, in response to various issues as they arise. Action policy, on the other hand, lapses each year and, if it is to continue, it must be voted in again. Each year a series of Action policies are put forward, as a means of implementing the Principle policy. Also, a number of general resolutions are passed, usually in response to one-off situations.

CAPA's main task is to lobby the Federal Government and other national bodies on issues of concern to postgraduates. It also publicises the plight of postgraduates and helps co-ordinate campaigns run by its constituent organisations. It usually presents a number of submissions each year to the Federal Government on such issues as Postgraduate Remuneration and ter-

tiary fees. In the absence of a national undergraduate body, students are unfortunately not well represented on a number of important national committees/groups. For example, the Higher Education Round Table, while having a CAPA representative and various other representatives from staff associations, etc. does not, as yet, have undergraduate representation. CAPA, unlike undergraduates, also has access to the Minister for Education and has a couple of Canberra lobby trips per year. (This year one of the issues CAPA will be taking to Canberra is the Overseas Student Visa Charge).

Fortunately, undergraduate and postgraduate issues often coincide, so CAPA is frequently able to take on board "undergraduate" issues in its campaigns. Furthermore, many issues which are specifically postgraduate ones impact upon undergraduates in the long run. For example, in fighting for the protection of part-time teachers, CAPA is also fighting for the quality of undergraduate teaching.

CAPA's office is situated in Melbourne and it has a staff of two - an Organiser and a Researcher. It has an Executive which is elected each year, whose job is to co-ordinate campaigns and help implement CAPA policy.

This year's Executive consists of: President: Anne Seitz (Melbourne); Vice President: Bill Renfrew (Sydney); Treasurer: John Frame (Melbourne); Women's Officer: Devleena Ghosh (Sydney) and Secretary: Mark Leahy (Adelaide). The Organiser is Christine Cunningham and the Researcher Fran Ferrier.

The work CAPA does directly affects postgraduates, postgraduate research and the quality of tertiary education. If you would like to find out more about what CAPA does, contact the PGSA.



# Not bad women, just bad laws

**WOMEN'S SPACE**

*Kathy Edwards*

Prostitution is often referred to as the world's oldest profession. It is a practice which revolves essentially around the economic principle of supply and demand, usually with men creating the demand, and women catering to their desires. Women who become prostitutes have traditionally been looked upon as the lowest of the low. Indeed, to be called a "common prostitute" or a "whore" is one of the greatest insults a woman can be given.

Prostitution is certainly not a nice business. Many prostitutes would be the first to admit that their trade is a degrading practice that humiliates women, and often exposes them to great dangers. For centuries, all around the world, women have turned to prostitution, and they continue to do so today.

It is thought by many that prostitutes are "on the game" to support drug habits. A phone-in conducted in 1986 by the Prostitutes Association of S.A. paints a different, disturbing picture. In the survey, 88% of prostitutes claimed that they entered the trade because they were on the poverty line, and they had children rather than a drug habit to support.

In short, prostitution is not only a problem of demand creating supply but also a problem of an unfair dis-

tribution of incomes. Many women are still poorly educated, and are either unable to gain employment or are only in low income jobs. In many cases their bodies are their only saleable commodity. Men, on the average, have more professional skills than women. Consequently, as a group they earn more.

When marriages break up, and women are left to support children, they often find themselves in severe financial trouble. An Institute of Family Studies report issued recently showed that on the average (after a divorce or separation) a woman's income falls by an average of \$86, whilst a man's rises by \$72. Having children to support, with an income that is below the poverty line, and few or no skills, women have no choice but to turn to prostitution to survive. Women, then, are forced to resort to prostitution because the same men who create the demand also own the money that women so desperately need.

It is further worsened when the current legislation regarding prostitution is taken into account. Under this present legislation women are doubly persecuted. Forced into prostitution they are cruelly dealt with by a legal system which is still largely created, enforced and upheld for and by men.

Under present law, a prostitute is guilty of a crime, but her client is not. It is only illegal to accept money for sexual services, not to tender it. Ironically it is also perfectly legal for a client to testify against a prostitute. A fifty year old man who hires a seventeen year old

prostitute can not be charged for any offence. In fact he can testify in a court of law against her. It is situations like this have prompted the decriminalization lobby to ask: Prostitution - who is the criminal?

Similarly, the most common form of prostitution in S.A. today takes place through escort agencies, which are quite openly advertised in telephone directories and tourist guides. When working for an agency a prostitute is sent out to her client's house or hotel, where, alone with her client(s), she is offered no protection. In this situation she is open to all forms of abuse from robbery to rape or murder.

The "Pickles Bill" which was introduced into state parliament in 1986 seeks to rectify some injustices. The bill is very strict on child prostitution, increasing the penalties for those who coerce children into the trade, or live off their earnings. The legal age of prostitutes has also been raised from seventeen to eighteen years.

Prostitution will no longer be an illegal practice if it takes place in a brothel that is staffed by up to two prostitutes. Nor will it be illegal if it is in a building which is located according to strict guidelines. The promotion of such premises must also meet strict regulations. In this environment, prostitutes are much less vulnerable. Operating within the law they will be able to report such things as child-prostitution, organized crime, drugs and abuse to the police without fear of retribution from either side of the law. By removing some of the criminal penalties for pros-



stitution it will also be easier for a woman to "get off the game". At present prostitutes with criminal records find it virtually impossible to get other forms of employment, and so it is a situation of once a prostitute, always a prostitute?

The "Pickles Bill" is a sound piece of legislation. It achieves a balance between today's unfair system and legislation. If the bill is implemented, Adelaide will not become a city of large legal

brothels, run by crime bosses (as certain conservative groups are suggesting). This is a scenario that prostitutes oppose. Instead prostitution should become less widespread and the situation will be better for all. Hopefully when this bill comes before parliament, sanity will prevail and our parliamentarians will vote for justice, rather than be intimidated by a very vocal, but very blinkered conservative minority.

## Time to get 'Foxed'

**SAUA EDUCATION**

*Michael Fox*

The proposed South Australian Tertiary Students Federation took one further step down the road to reality last Tuesday with a joint campus Press-Conference being held at the S.A. Institute of Technology.

Those who watched television news that night would have seen at least one of S.A.'s student Presidents/General Secretaries expressing support for such a body.

For too long now the establishment of a national student body has been thwarted by petty factional differences. Whilst other states have not been immune to squabbling, at least they've all established statewide representative bodies.

The embarrassment of S.A.'s being the last bastion of disunity has largely been attributable to the previous student administration's

elitist approach to cross-campus communication. The present regime is endeavouring to rectify this situation, and the indications are promising.

On a different note of the same vein, Adelaide Uni's representation is needed for "UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE", an ABC quiz show similar to that seen on "The Young Ones". Whether Aunty portrays us as Oxbridge or Scumbags depends on how many faculty masterminds leave their names in the Students' Association Office or see Barry Salter in the Union Office. My name's down. Up the Scumbags!

On an entirely different note, the week of April 27th - May 1st has been designated as Community Aid Abroad's Stop Slavery Week. Various student organisations and individuals have already volunteered their services for fund-raising as well as educational events, and more support would be welcomed. I can be contacted via my pigeon-hole in the office on this matter or any other matter in which assistance is required.

## Get a Loan!

**SAUA PRESIDENT**

*David Israel*

This week there are a number of issues I'd like to rise.

The first relates to the price of photocopying in the Barr Smith Library. Resource Card is the firm that supplies the B52 with card dispensers and the machine for receiving the cards.

I met with representatives of the company last week and they raised the p-robem of photocopying costs.

They highlighted two problem areas, firstly, the basic cost of photocopies per page is proving too low to cover their costs - as they haven't, to my understanding, raised the price since resource cards came into operation, this is quiet likely.

Secondly, they have had problems with the supply of the plastic cards themselves and have had to source the cards from the USA which has increased the cost of each card dramatically.

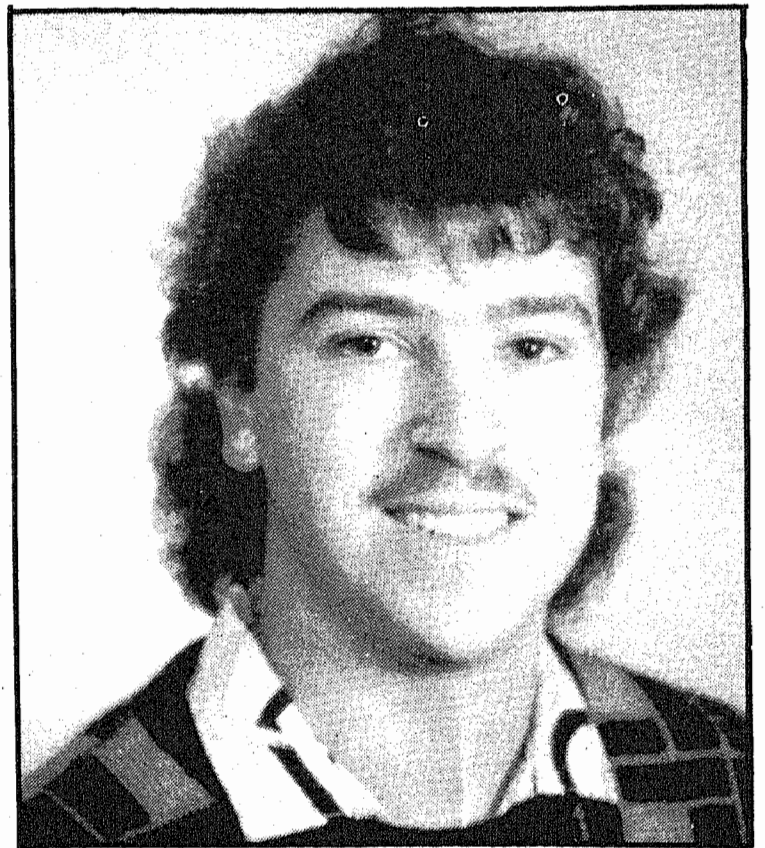
It seems inevitable that some part of the cost increase will be passed onto us, the student consumers. In the meantime the cards still cost one dollar so get one now.

The University Loan Fund is still operating and has plenty of money; so please get a loan. We must drain this fund to maximise our impact on the Federal Government. See Michael Korndyke in Room 001 in the Mitchell Building - loans are interest free.

If you haven't yet filled in and submitted your AUSTUDY application please do as March 31st is the deadline.

Remember even if you only get one dollar per week from AUSTUDY you'll get \$250 back to pay your Administration Charge.

An issue which is lurking in the



background at present but which must be brought forward and debated is that of fee-paying overseas students - not visa charge paying students but students from overseas who pay fees to the Universities and Colleges via strange scholarship arrangements.

It seems to me on first impression that this sets a dangerous precedent. Let's have your thoughts.

The Student Reading Room is now open in the old ANZ bank premises on the Hughes Plaza. This facility is provided for those who like to study on campus outside library hours. There is some doubt at present regarding its precise opening hours: basically early morning 'til late at

night, but I am trying to get from the University some firm commitment to times.

The Students' Association Office now has a workbench and a layout table (complete with light) and we are in the process of making up layout kits - so if you have anything to lay out - posters, handbills, newsletters etc., it's here to be used.

The Association through its Activities Standing Committee will be organising some social events this term hopefully including tours of the local breeries, bands on the lawns and perhaps even a tour of 50 or 60 of Adelaide's most scenic hotels. Stay tuned for further info.

Bye for now, Dave.



**Sale of Clothing  
Good Prices**

**All of March**

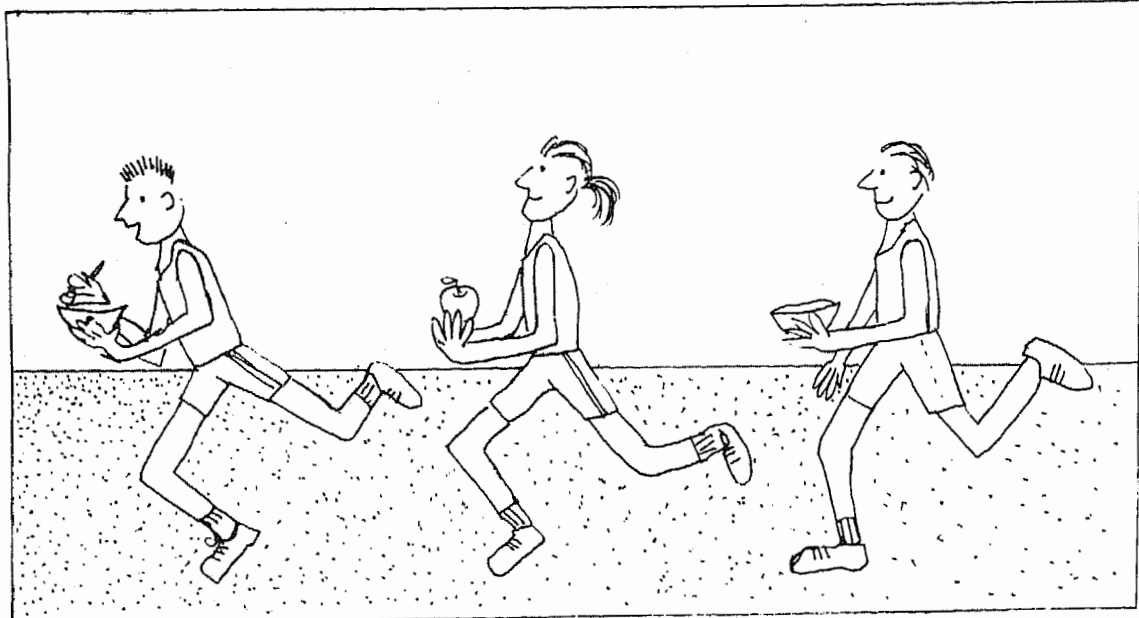
**Bus 600-214-216**

**301 Morphett St. City**

**Hope to be able to help you**

FROM KING  
WILLIAM  
STREET, 1ST  
STOP AFTER  
GROTE STREET





## HEALTH MARJORIE LONG

adherents to a low-fat diet. The Adelaide Sport Sciences Clinic Newsletter lists the following guidelines for achieving optimum nutrition for sport enthusiasts.

### Nutrition Goals for Health and Fitness:

Poor eating habits decrease the sporty person's chances of attaining maximum fitness and health.

Australians do not always consume a healthy diet, eating too much of some foods and not enough of others.

Often spurred on by profit-oriented promotion, the Aussie diet is high fat, high protein, low fibre, and low in the active person's energy food, starch.

Top ranking athletes have high regard for correct food and drink intake. Martina Navratilova and Ivan Lendl are known to be strict

1. Control your body weight - achieving an ideal body weight will improve performance.

2. Eat plenty of complex carbohydrate foods e.g. breads, cereals, pasta, rice, fruit and vegetables. These foods provide energy, fibre and essential nutrients, and should be the foundation of any sportsperson's diet.

3. Eat less fats, oils and fatty foods e.g. cakes, biscuits, chips, cooking oils, chocolate. Many take-aways are high in fat - sandwiches are your best choice. Select low fat dairy products, e.g. skim milk, low fat yoghurt.

4. Avoid salty foods. Athletes do not require extra salt as the body compensates for losses in sweat. Water is the best replacement for sweat.

5. Alcohol intake should be limited. Do not drink alcohol before or during exercise. Alcohol can cause dehydration and impair performance. Alcoholic drinks are high in kilojoules and can contribute to weight gain.

6. Limit high sugar foods - these do not provide essential nutrients. It is a fallacy that they provide a quick source of energy.

7. Drink plenty of fluids, preferably water. Drink water before, during and after strenuous activity. Don't wait until you are thirsty.  
**HEALTHY EATING** - for better sports performance.

# An 8 for food, 7 for service & 5 for atmosphere



**ELLINIS RESTAURANT**  
69 Grote Street  
From \$7.90

by Simon Slade

This week there was, thankfully, no need for me to go through a lengthy process of creating an outfit to wear to lunch.

At Ellinis, the atmosphere is relaxed and yet business like. The businessman's lunch must now be much shorter than those halycon days before that dreaded disease FBT took hold of Adelaide's restaurants, having as joyous a reception as Stuch Elm Disease has in a forest.

Ellinis, too, has been affected by the downturn in expense accounts but whilst it is quieter than it once was, the quality of the food and standard of service remains unchanged.

My companion and I were greeted by George, one of the owners, and he led us to our table. The waitress approached after an interval which I regarded as perfect timing. She had allowed us time to be seated comfortably without leaving us looking around for a drink. My companion ordered whiting with salad and I

chose the deep-fried prawns, also with salad. To complement this we decided on a carafe of riesling. This was excellent; I would go so far as to say it is the best house white I have had in Adelaide.

Our main course arrived and it was quite a shock to see just how much they fitted onto a dinner plate. My prawns were served on a bed of rice with chips and salad. They have obviously found an old Greek recipe for the prawns as they were quite different from the usual bland "fried in beer batter" prawns served around the city. The whiting, I was assured, was excellent.

Strawberries and cream for dessert, the other options all involving a combination of a heavy pastry with raisins, dates, sultanas and other such things in various combinations. If I had to find my main fault with Ellinis, it would be that there is not a wide enough variety of desserts to please all tastes.

We finished the meal with some coffee, which was very pleasant, and was promptly refilled. I found the staff attentive and very efficient and they certainly had to work hard.

I had heard only good reports of Ellinis before I had eaten there. I can now add my seal of approval to those who have gone before: It gets my vote.

On my chowometer out of 10, Ellinis gets an 8 for food, 5 for atmosphere and a 7 for service.

## Contiki Holidays for 18-35's



**Contiki's Europe — the best for less! 14 days from \$ 828**

Book Contiki's Flight 'N' Holiday package and you get

- FREE \$200 Thomas Cook Travellers Cheques
- FREE Return flight from London to one of ten European cities.

Plus lots more! See Contiki's Europe Concept or Hotel brochure for more details.

**Contiki's America 14 days from \$1116**

Seven thrilling itineraries bring you the best America has to offer. Choose from 11 days to two months.

**Contiki's Australia 8 days from \$399**

Seven fabulous tours of Australia give you the opportunity to discover the most exciting and unusual parts of Australia. From 8 days to 22 days.

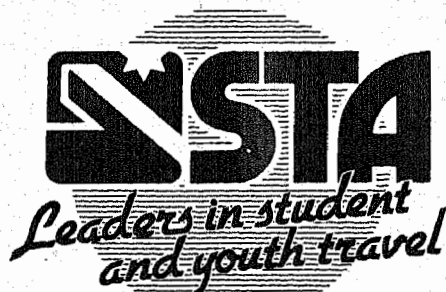
**Contiki's New Zealand 11 days from \$501**

In summer, choose from 4 Concept Tours or 2 Hotel Tours. In winter, there are our fantastic new skiing holidays, or combine skiing and touring.

**Contiki's Cruising**

Contiki's 18-35 Cruises will take you rocking and raging your way through the South Pacific.

**See STA for the best fare to get there**



The Arcade, Level 4, Union House,  
**Adelaide University.** Phone 223 6620  
Union Building, Flinders University,  
**Bedford Park.** Phone 275 2179  
55a O'Connell Street, North Adelaide.  
Phone 267 1304



by Sam Jinna

Video rumours doing the rounds of the shops suggest that two of the big box-office hits from last year, *Out of Africa* and *Ruthless People* will be on the shelves by April.

*Out of Africa*, winner of 7 Academy Awards last year and starring Robert Redford and Meryl Streep is due out on CIC-Taft around Academy Award time. This year's Academy Award ceremony will be held on March 30. The Danny Devito and Bette Midler comedy *Ruthless People* ran for 30 weeks at Greater Union from late last year until recently. The comedy from the directors of *Flying High* is expected to be released on Touchstone label.

Recent releases on the shelves from RCA/Columbia Pictures/Hoyts Video include the Bryan Brown thriller *F/X-Murder by Illusion*; Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*; Robert Altman's *Fool For Love* starring Kim Basinger and Sam Shepherd; the gung-ho pic *King Solomon's Mines*; *Raw Deal* starring Arnold Schwarzenegger; *White Nights*; Stephen King's *Maximum Overdrive*; *La Cage Aux Folles III (The Wedding)*; the comedy *My Chauffeur*; *Runaway Train*; *Jagged Edge* and Richard Pryor in the yet to be seen on Australian screens comedy *Jo Jo Dancer-Your Life is Calling*.

Out in the video stores from CEL include the Academy Award nominated drama, *Salvador*, from the director of the forth-coming *Platoon*; *Car Trouble* starring Julie Walters; *Playing Beatie Bow* and Tom Conti in *Saving Grace*.  
Out from CIC-Taft Video is the John Hughes comedy *Pretty In*

*Pink*; Richard Benjamin's *The Money Pit* and the comedy *Compromising Positions* starring Susan Sarandon and Raul Julia, never before seen on Australian screens.

Warner Home Video have recently released the Goldie Hawn comedy, *Wildcats*; A *Nightmare On Elm Street Part II: Freddy's Revenge*; the first release Prince movie *Under The Cherry Moon*; *Police Academy III* and Sylvester Stallone in *Cobra*.

On the shelves from Cannon Screen Entertainment are *Highlander* starring Sean Connery; the Tom Hanks comedy *Volunteers*; John Carpenter's *Black Moon Rising*; the comedy *Head Office* and *Dreamchild* from Dennis Potter. Vestron Home Video have released the brilliant cop-drama, *To Live and Die in L.A.* as well as H.P. Lovecraft's *Re-Animator*.

Roadshow/Touchstone have recently released Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*; *Short Circuit*; *Dead Time Stories*; *Troll*; *TerrorVision* and Ally Sheedy and Rob Lowe in *Oxford Blues*. Roadshow's March releases include Bruce Beresford's *The Fringe Dwellers* and Tom Conti and Terri Garr in the comedy, *Miracles*.

Out in the stores from CBS/Fox Video is the action pic *Iron Eagle*; the disastrous sci-fi dud *Enemy Mine* and the cult movie, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.

Talking Heads fans may like to learn if they don't already know that *Stop Making Sense* is available in most stores for rental, or sale at \$39.99, from Polygram Video.

### Video Top Ten

1. **Highlander**
2. **Down and Out in Beverly Hills**
3. **F/X-Murder By Illusion**
4. **Short Circuit**
5. **Runaway Train**
6. **The Money Pit**
7. **Back To The Future**
8. **Hannah and Her Sisters**
9. **Salvador**
10. **Cobra**
10. **9½ Weeks**

★ ★ ★



# Trendsetters and Conformists agree

## Flair is something you're born with

There's one born every minute and most of them thrive in establishments of further education. When newly arrived they latch on to people and lurk around in their closets. Like 'em or loathe 'em you just can't get rid of 'em, and if you are now thinking that maybe you have hold of the wrong end of the stick, take that stick and poke it around in your own closet. You are bound to be harbouring several.

**TRENDS.** Cults, crazes, fashion, phases. Call them what you will, they are a fact of student life. They are very happy on campus, thank you very much, because there they find a high percentage of their best buddies.

**STUDENTS.** Cult followers, trendsetters, young bloods, go-getters. Whatever. Also very happy on campus where they team up with trends to pursue their love-affair with fashion in the perfect setting.

They've got grants to spend which, however small, are better than a kick in the shin. Digs that provide (in most cases) a roof over their non-conformist haircuts. One hundred and one excuses for skiving lectures in favour of posing about. And all this given the cover of respectability by the backdrop of intellectual improvement.

Establishments of further education are the veritable dens of the doyens of fashion. There is provided, within the walls of learned halls, a climate perfect for the youthful preoccupations of primping, preening and all manner of fopishness. Which is where we get back into the closet.

Before embarking on your voyage of intellectual discovery, one of your many tasks will be to knock your wardrobe into shape. Leave the hard wooden bits; concentrate on the soft material bits inside. This is a necessary evil - sorting out your clothes. Necessary because you cannot run starkers through your first term. Evil because it raises serious doubts about your ability to purchase, put together and project items of clothing and generally get your act together. This can be damaging to your self-image. It can destroy your self-confidence at a time when you need it most. You do not want to arrive at a new place full of strangers with your clothes proclaiming you a target for ridicule, an object of derision, a right monkey.

**WHAT TO DO?** Go out and blow your grant on swanky modes? No. Tune in, freak out and get down to what's what in whatever part of the country to which your Godforsaken studies have led you. You'll soon be fearlessly putting your pleb garb together in wild and whacky combinations that will establish your reputation as a rogue dresser with lots of fabby ideas.

This will afford you time to check out your fellow swotters and ensure



**In a world where superficiality holds the key to success, new students must remember: What you Wear Is What You Are. JANE BOOTH explains how to knock your first-term wardrobe into shape.**

you get in with the pukka, trend-setting crowd. No imitators, no second-rate suckers. The bees' knees or not at all. If you want to be addressed as Your All the Rageness by the time you leave, you must be able to differentiate between pukkas and suckers.

**LESSON ONE.** Where there are trends there are OAPs. No, not the old dears who got it right the first time round. I'm talking Originators

and Pseuds.

We'll start with Pseuds because they are easier to put one's finger on. (Don't for goodness sake put your finger on a Pseud, in case it is taken as a sign of allegiance).

Pseuds assume trendiness through their clothes and possessions. Whatever is being hyped, a Pseud will buy - providing he is told where to make the required purchases. "As seen on TV", "Made in

Taiwan", "K-TEL Bring You" and "Top Shop" labels are part and parcel of the Pseud's personal possessions. You may even find one stuck to his forehead under his Brylcreemed quiff. As his instincts lead him right up the *chemin du jardin*, when it comes to the *dernier cri* he has learnt to be a very good counterfeiter.

When you arrive he will be turned out like a *bona fide* '50s fanatic, his

current all-time favourite era. Don't be fooled, his fervour is fake. His or her childhood was *not* spent wanting to be James Dean or getting corns from Mummy's slingback winkle-pinkers.

The Originator's childhood was. You must ingratiate yourself with the Originators, the Trailblazers, the Starlets of Style, the girls and boys who were born in crêpe-soled boots, white T-shirts, leather jackets and original shrink-to-fit 50ls. With Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront* as their inspiration, these mean-looking bruisers can lead you safely through the trials and tribulations of trend-setting. They've got it and it stands out a mile. And what's more, they know it too.

These hipsters chuck concrete mix in the washers at the laundrette and get away with it. Anyone else would be courting trouble. (What if Lofty tried it with Dot or Pauline around? He wouldn't sit smirking in his boxer-shorts for long, I can tell you!)

If you want to take a short cut to credibility and confidence, don't be daunted by the Originators' fancy stunts down the laundrette. Get in there and get it with the in crowd. Let your reputation precede you. Let it say, "Hey guys, I'm the funky dude that puts plebby garb together in red-hot combinations. Get a load of these customised culottes, don't you just love 'em?"

It's quite likely that they won't, so be prepared to let your personal pizzaz do its thing and brazen it out. Also fib. Fib that your brother is Nik Kamen (he of the 501 ads) and that you should do it. Unless you are a complete and utter neddy who does not have any pizzaz and gets smacked for fibbing, you should have clinched your passport to some wild-dressing, raey-living good times! Yee haw!

If you are a neddy and you haven't clinched it, they'll not only blaze a trail of crêpe-soled hoot-prints over your face, they'll never let you wash and tumble again - when the going gets tough, tough luck as they say. Still, it is infinitely more desirable to have given it your best shot and failed than to be a Pseud.

**SO, WHAT TO DO NOW.** Snivel? Get back into the closet and stay put? No. Get tough yourself and tell Originators to stuff off for starters. There's still a way to head up your own trend. Get thee to thy packing-cases, rootle out all ye olde gear that Mother packed just in case and hitch a lift on the last late 70s bandwagon out of town. What next? Sit tight for a revival.

Jane Booth is a freelance journalist and a graduate of the London College of Fashion.

Reprinted with permission of Punch Student Issue.

# Speedy new Apple releases

**COMPUTERS**  
JOHN LINDSAY

Apple has announced two new machines. Heralded by some as their greatest advance since the Laser Printer, the new Apple machines are set to give IBM a run for their money. The MAC SE has

been released in the states and is already heavily supported by third party vendors who have rushed to make use of Apples 96 pin Euro-DIN expansion connector. AST have released an IBM compatibility card which allows the MAC to run IBM PC software, read, one would presume, from the MAC's 3.5 inch disk drives in IBM jx/PC Convertible format. The SE runs twenty per cent faster than the old MAC plus and has two disk drives fitted as standard.

The show-stealer is the MAC II.

The machine is a minicomputer on a desk. A 68020 processor runs at 15.7 Mhz with a 68881 Maths Co-processor available for heavy floating point operations. The 68020 gives the MAC II four times the speed of a MAC plus but the Maths Co-processor raised the speed of floating point operations thirty times. In addition to being the fastest desk-top around the MAC II can be fitted with IBM PC 5.25 inch disk drives, hence allowing the MAC II to read IBM PC files. This is very useful in large companies

who have a large investment in IBM hardware but want to use the MAC's super speed. Unfortunately the MAC II will not run IBM PC software straight but no doubt some enterprising company will release a software emulator for the MAC II which will emulate the IBM PC.

The MAC II can also talk to a colour monitor, with 640 by 480 pixel resolution. That means full colour wor-processing and spreadsheets at a resolution which puts an IBM enhanced graphics adaptor to shame. The application which use

colour effectively with now increase and become far more useful as they make use of the MAC II's incredible speed.

Hard disks are available although the usual Apple stunt of selling a machine with more memory than disk space is almost repeated with the MAC II. A machine with the ability to talk to ten megabytes of memory should have more than twenty megabytes per hard disk.

So you want one? Well start saving \$6 000 for a MAC SE in usable trim, and \$14 000 for a MAC II.





**F A S T F O R W A R D**



**GETS WHAT YOU WANT**



Please send me more information on the new ANZ Fast Forward package.

Mr/Mrs/Ms/Miss: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Post today to Freepost No. 459,

ANZ Fast Forward,  
ANZ Bank, Consumer  
Banking, G.P.O.  
Box 537E,  
Melbourne,  
Victoria,  
3001.

11

You've probably heard a lot about ANZ Fast Forward. It's the banking package that gives you real discounts and better banking products. Like Fast Forward Student Loans. If you've completed your first year of tertiary study you can apply for a Fast Forward Student Loan of up to \$5,000 for the remainder of your course. You can withdraw lump sums of up to \$2,000 per year and interest is only charged on what you use. Repayments aren't a hassle either. Your ANZ Bank manager can tailor repayments to suit your circumstances. ANZ Fast Forward. Gets what you want.

ANZ 0347 A/Y&R



# FEATURES

## What State is the U.S.S.R. in today? MARTIN WALKER reports from Moscow on the sickness of the old Russian Heartland.

The cruelest Soviet joke I ever heard was told to me by a Russian as we strolled around the streets of Tallin, capital of the small and relatively prosperous Baltic Republic of Estonia. Like so many Soviet jokes, it begins with Reagan and Gorbachev sitting and chatting by a summit fireside.

"In the USA, we have one private car for every three people," says Reagan. "So what," replies Gorbachev, "in Estonia, we too have one private car for every three people."

"In the USA, one family in three owns its own second home in the country," says Reagan. "So what," replies Gorbachev. "in Lithuania, too, every third family owns a second home in the country."

"In the USA, five people out of every hundred are dollar millionaires," Reagan perseveres. "So what," replies Gorbachev, "in Georgia five people in every hundred are rouble millionaires."

"What is this," Reagan interrupts. "I keep talking about the whole USA and you just talk about Estonia and Lithuania and Georgia. What about the Russians?"

"How dare you," snaps Gorbachev. "Have I asked you about how the blacks live in America."

This joke is too true to be funny. The Soviet Union is a bizarre kind of empire, where the colonised, whether Eastern Europeans, the Baltic people or the trans-caucasians of Georgia and Armenia, enjoy a very much higher standard of living than the Russian imperialists back home.

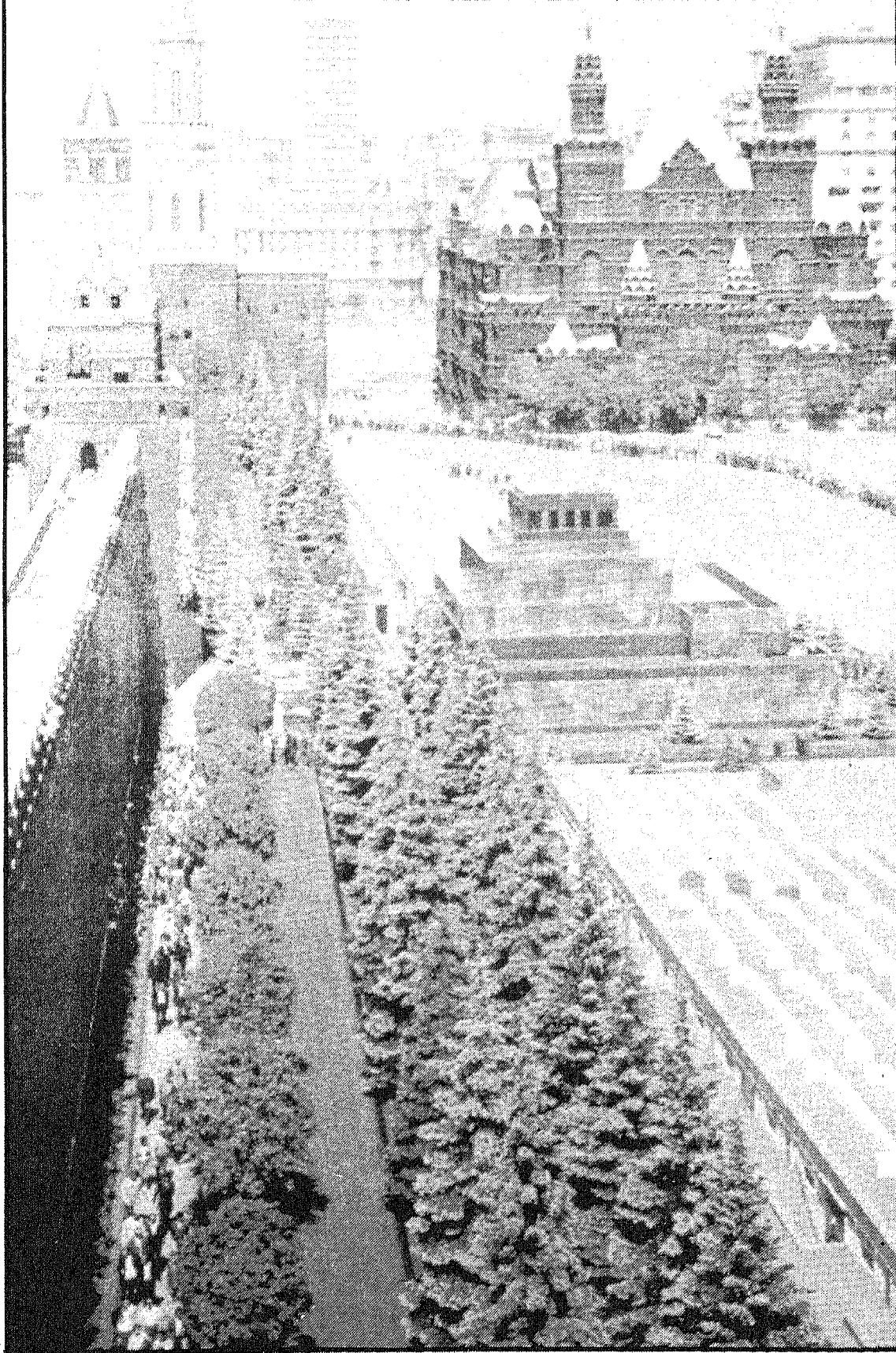
This does not apply to the privileged cities of Moscow and Leningrad, but they are barely pimples on the vast face of the Russian republic. By far the biggest of the 15 separate republics that make up the USSR, Russia stretches from the Black and Baltic Seas to the Pacific, and takes in whole sub-continent along the way.

Each has its problems. This summer, Mikhail Gorbachev made a rapid tour of the Soviet far east, and slammed into the local party chiefs for making the local workers wait ten to 15 years for a flat, for not providing schools and hospitals and public services, and for provoking a steady emigration from the very region which needs a big and growing population if its wealth is ever to be exploited.

In the heavy industrial belt of the Urals, the cities of Sverdlovsk and Chelyabinsk and the surrounding iron and steel regions make up the Soviet black country. These cities began to explode under Stalin's industrialisation plans in the 1930s, grew even faster under the strain of war, when they were remote from Hitler's bombers, and have provided the country's metallic muscle every since.

As a result, in spite of a handful of advanced machine tool workshops and relatively high-tech defence

## FALTERING STEPPES



### Red Square, Moscow

industry plants, this smokestack region is already promising to be the rustbelt of the 1990s. It will have to go through the strains of massive restraining of an obsolescent workforce, and reinvestment in modern machinery just at the time when its own ore resources are running thin, and being replaced from the new super-mines that are being developed in Eastern Siberia.

The social strains in these smokestack cities are already apparent. One of the many off features of Soviet society is that its highest crime rates are not recorded in the biggest cities, which is the case in most other countries in the world, but in the cities of medium size. There are some explanations for this - the large numbers of police in Moscow and Leningrad, and their lions' share of theatres and cinemas and

social amenities compared to the regional cities.

The capital cities of the smaller republics do much better in this regard, because local republican pride insists that each maintain a republican ballet company, an opera house and a theatrical centre of its own. Sverdlovsk has opera and Perm has ballet. But pity them, the Ufas and Gorkys and Chelyabinsk which have the population, but lack the social pastimes and pleasures to keep them occupied.

The evidence for the social problems of the Urals black country is anecdotal, partly because of the difficulty of collecting comparative statistics, and because so much of this area is closed to foreigners. But from the Soviet press, and from the tales of Soviet friends who know the area, one can build up a picture of a

region that seems grimly similar to the depressed industrial northern cities of Britain.

They seem to share everything except the unemployment. But the drug abuse, the teenage vandalism, the broken marriages and depressing lack of amenities, the poor public housing and the general sense of dependency make them brothers under the grimy industrial skin.

A friend of mine, a young musician who has made the occasional tour of this black country, calls them "the desperate cities." And some young Russian journalists I know who are currently compiling *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* latest readers' poll of the year's favourite pop songs, gave me another insight.

"The mail always comes overwhelmingly from these smaller industrial cities, and they always tip the balance towards the established

big-name stars like Leontiev and Pugacheva," one said. "But the readers were nominating songs we have never heard of. New songs, but they weren't on record or cassette. We checked, and found these were songs that had been sung once on TV in the last two or three weeks. The TV is all the kids have out there. The shops are short of records, there are a few discos or concerts. It's a TV culture."

It is more than just TV. It is from Chelyabinsk that a curious rock group calling itself "bad boys" (in English) export their underground tapes, with their lyrics that run "kill all the commies and the Komsomol too."

These are the cities from which come bizarre letters to the Moscow papers, from defiant young gangs who call themselves Nazis, confident that in the Soviet state, this is the ultimate obscenity with which to shock their elders. (But then I have sat in a Moscow cinema to watch "Battle of Moscow" and heard the teenagers cheer every time Hitler appears on screen.)

There are more clues to the social strains of the Soviet black country from openness in the official press.

We read more about violent crime, about the armed bank raid in the city of Perm that killed a policeman, of the attempted aircraft hi-jacking in Ufa in which two drug addicts shot dead two police sergeants and killed two passengers before being shot themselves. We learn more of the scale of the drug problem, or of the growing numbers of orphans abandoned by single mothers, of teenage vagabonds and female alcoholism.

It is tempting to see all this as a geographical strain between the cold north, against the fertile and sunny south, the same kind of shift of prosperity towards the sun which has happened in Western Europe and in North America.

But in the Soviet Union the process is complicated by the prosperity of the northern republics of the Baltic, of Lithuania and Estonia, who sneer at their Russian immigrants as "gastarbeiter" who have come in to do the menial jobs of construction and public services.

Russia explains the prosperity of other republics in a variety of ways. The Baltic peoples, they say, have been part of Europe for centuries, and have traditions of trade and manufacturing and a Germanic sense of social cohesion which makes them more efficient. The Georgians and Armenians have the good climate to produce fair crops and a commercial tradition that makes them rich. Even the Muslim republics have the solidarity of extended families and the cohesion of Islam.

It is ironic that this growing disparity between Russia and its provinces is becoming apparent just at a time when the Russians are about to lose their traditional majority status among the peoples of the Soviet Union. It remains, thanks to the Ukrainians and Belorussians, an overwhelmingly slavnic country for the moment, although the high birth rates of the Muslim lands threatens to change that.

And at the same time, the Russians as a people are faced with the challenge of the new phase of industrialisation that Mikhail Gorbachev has promised. The heart of Soviet industry lies in European Russia and the Urals, and we all know the social strains that Western Europe has undergone in these last ten years of industrial re-organisation.

Gorbachev is determined to whip the country into the post-industrial age by the year 2000. The problem is that, more than any other part of the country, the Russians have not yet absorbed the social tensions that came with the first crash programme of industrialisation. Rightly famous for their endurance, the punchdrunk Russian people have a whole new challenge to face.

Reprinted with the permission of *The Guardian*



# CHALLENGER: THE FINAL 73 SECONDS

**It is now fourteen months since the Space Shuttle Challenger exploded. Only recently has the true impact on NASA been gauged. KENT GREY gives the lowdown on what really happened.**

We all suspected one day a Space Shuttle that went up, would not come down; a mission started would not end, and that those who departed would never return. No matter how trivial the task, people have been and will continue to be killed. But until recently, America's astronauts have done seemingly impossible tasks and cheated death. NASA has, of course, lost astronauts in aircraft crashes, but for 25 years, every astronaut who left the Earth from Cape Canaveral, had returned.

We must have known the law of averages would soon correct its imbalance. But as if hoping to push that fateful day off forever, we kept reminding ourselves of NASA's many close calls, and we regarded them as substitutes for those deaths that should have happened, but had not.

With the twenty-fourth Shuttle mission successfully completed, preparations continued in full swing for the second launch of 1986, that of STS 51-L. The twenty-fifth mission, the tenth by Shuttle Challenger, was a planned 7-day mission, so it was not a unusual flight duration. It was to have launched a powerful satellite for NASA, launched and later retrieved a free-flying scientific platform called Spartan and observed Halley's Comet with an array of cameras. By NASA's own admission, it was not a particularly notable mission; in virtually every respect it was a mission that would have attracted only fleeting coverage by the media. Only one US network would cover the launch live.

In an instant, the Challenger explosion gave America its first true victims of spaceflight, in President Reagan's words, "...seven Challenger heroes". Killed in the explosion were 5 career astronauts and 2 non-astronauts, contracted to NASA just for this flight.

The Commander of the Challenger was Richard Francis Scobee - "Dick" to his friends and colleagues. He had flown Challenger into space once before as Pilot, in April 1984.

The 3 mission specialists onboard had been selected with Scobee in 1978 - Ellison Sizuka, the first Japanese-American astronaut, was also making his second spaceflight. Judith Arlene Resnik had become America's second woman in space behind Sally Ride on the twelfth flight of the Shuttle in 1984, ironically a mission that came perilously close to disaster during launch. She acted as flight engineer during the launch of the Challenger, feeding information to the Commander and Pilot.

Ronald Erwin McNair was America's second Negro astronaut when he flew into space aboard Challenger in February 1984 as a mission specialist. McNair had a dream of taking his saxophone aboard the proposed US Space Station in the 1990s. Speaking after his death, President Reagan reassured that McNair's dream would be fulfilled and his "space station would be built".

The Shuttle's Pilot was Michael James Smith, 40, a Shuttle rookie. Selected as an astronaut in 1980, this was Smith's first Shuttle assignment.

The first of the non-astronauts onboard was Greg Jarvis, 41, an engineer working for the Hughes Aircraft Company. An expert in satellite design and fluid mechanics, his employer made the journey possible. Ironically, Jarvis had been

assigned to 3 previous Shuttle crews only to be dropped from each one. Finally he was offered a seat on STS 51-L virtually at the last minute, and Hughes Aircraft, eager to get him into space, accepted.

But the most famous crew member on this mission was Sharon Crista McAuliffe, a school-teacher from Concord, New Hampshire. By NASA's admission, her inclusion in the Shuttle programme. She had been chosen from 11,000 applicants in a nationwide competition in 1985 and was presented to the public by President Reagan in July 1985. The inclusion of an 'ordinary' person in the crew made the explosion all the more tragic.

Undoubtedly, the most chilling television pictures of 1986 were those capturing the death of Challenger. The sight of the fireball and then the two Solid Rocket Boosters thundering away to form a giant 'Y' in the skies above Florida will go down as an historic moment in live television. Pictures of Shuttle launches have come from two sources - firstly, and most obviously, the US networks provided the views of the actual launch from the safe distance of 5 kilometres away.

Ironically, by this the 25th launch, the Shuttle Programme was seen as so routine that only one network, CNN, chose to cover the launch live. Secondly, the long-range pictures of the Shuttle speeding towards orbit were supplied by the NASA select information system. This consists of remote-controlled cameras operating within the 5 kilometre exclusion zone, as well as ground-based tracking cameras aboard chase aircraft. The NASA select system has provided a dual service. Not only has it provided new and interesting angles of the Shuttle during launch, but it has recorded significant events on high-speed film which is later studied in detail to detect any flaws which have gone un-noticed.

While each of the 24 previous launches appeared routine enough, the NASA select system has detected potentially dangerous flaws on several launches. When an unanticipated shock wave jarred Columbia's tail one metre on the maiden launch, the system caught it on film. When a mysterious plume enveloped the base of the External Tank on Discovery's maiden launch, the select system caught it on film, and when a faulty rocket booster destroyed Challenger, the NASA select system coldly recorded every detail.

This goes part of the way in explaining why NASA was so paranoid about weather at the time of the launch. Of the 24 successful launches, 10 had been delayed by unfavourable (but not necessarily bad) weather.

Ironically, NASA was fortunate the explosion happened on a perfectly clear day. It made the television coverage more horrific but infinitely more important. A launch 24 hours previously, as was scheduled, would have encountered cloud. The long-range tracking pictures were probably the single most important piece of evidence in pinpointing the cause of the explosion. Important as they were, the pictures were also deceiving. In the shock of the moment many theories were raised as to why the Shuttle exploded.

For example, one source claimed the destruct package designed to destroy the launch vehicle if it

strayed off course was accidentally triggered. Proof, they said, could be found in the TV pictures clearly showing flame between the orange External Tank and the Challenger itself, where the package was situated. In fact this had not happened at all. This and many other theories were dismissed.

At the time of the explosion, sources said the crew module did not survive the 14km plunge to the ocean intact and that it was most probably ruptured in the explosion. Such a conclusion was reached after recovery crews reported wreckage was strewn over a wide area of ocean surface.

But the best claim would come in April 1986 when a Brazilian fisherman announced his plans to sue NASA over the death of his son as a result of the explosion. John Kipalani, 52, claimed a 6 metre long piece of wreckage sank his prawn trawler as he sailed off the South Carolina coast at the time of the explosion.

"I heard a racket that attracts me", he said, "and I see a large piece of metal stick like scissors out of my boat". Further, Kipalani claims to have seen, but not retrieved, human remains floating nearby. "I think it's my son blown up. Then I said 'no', my son's skin is not that white. He turned over a piece of wreckage to see a woman's breast floating in the water. If Kipalani's claim was true, it meant that wreckage from the explosion had been thrown 370 km from the accident state.

The official view that the crew died instantly when the Shuttle itself exploded, changed after the astronaut's remains were recovered. Contrary to initial thoughts, the wreckage of the crew compartment was discovered in a relatively small area, indicating that it may have hit the ocean virtually intact. That being so, was it not possible that the crew survived at least part way to the ocean? More evidence supported the theory that the crew survived when NASA released a statement saying the seven bodies were found still strapped in their seats. But that was misleading.

Navy Lt. Cdr. Deborah Burnette of the recovery forces qualified this saying "...We're talking debris and not a crew compartment and we're talking remains, not bodies."

Commander Scobee's father was told at first that only unidentifiable parts were recovered so forensic tests could begin immediately.

More doubts were raised when on April 10, 1986, Terry Armentrout, director of the National Transportation and Safety Board's bureau of accident investigation, confirmed that Challenger's crew compartment hit the water intact inside the nose section, and that the damage seen by divers was caused by that impact with the water.

Contrary to the belief of both Brokaw and NASA, the Shuttle itself had not blown up. In fact there was no fiery explosion as far as the Shuttle itself was concerned. The Challenger was split into about five main pieces one of which was the intact crew compartment. It literally fell away from the explosion unscathed, and was broken apart more by aerodynamic forces.

Also, the nose section containing the crew compartment separated from the rest of the Shuttle "with a clean break". However, Armentrout believed the crew were "probably killed instantly" from either the shock of the explosion or the aerodynamic forces during the



freefall. But the critics were satisfied. They had the evidence they needed. The cabin was intact until it hit the ocean at 333 km/hr, thus providing a protective cocoon in which all seven astronauts may have been alive.

There was no question of the crew surviving the impact. At that speed, they would have been subject to forces two-hundred times the force of gravity. Just 40 gravity forces can kill.

Questions about the fate of the astronauts were first raised publicly in an April edition of the influential *Aviation Week and Space Technology* magazine:

"There is a consensus developing among... officials who have seen this imagery that the... Challenger crew may not have been subjected to fatal or debilitating gravity loads and IT IS LIKELY some or all of them were con-

scious and aware of the crisis".

The final step in the process came when NASA announced that voice tapes recovered from the Shuttle wreckage were in fact restorable, contrary to an earlier finding. These recordings taped the internal communications between the astronauts before and during launch, and might, officials thought, tell whether the astronauts were conscious and aware of the explosion.

Because the tapes were connected to the Shuttle's power source they all ended at the point of explosion and could not record any data or conversations that occurred after the 73 second mark in the mission.

However the voice tape was examined further to find that at least one astronaut may have been aware of the impending explosion. The last recorded message on the voice tape, made at exactly the time of the explosion was pilot Mike

Smith saying "Uh-oh". NASA opinion had been turned from believing that the crew were killed instantly, and that the crew cabin was blasted to pieces, to knowing as fact that the crew cabin hit the ocean intact and that at least some of the crew were aware of the explosion.

But what did Smith see? According to NASA the astronauts would have had no indication of the impending explosion from their instruments. That is only partly true.

Most likely Smith saw the right-hand Solid Rocket Booster pitch and physically strike the External Tank. The faulty Booster was outside his window and only if he was looking at the time could he have seen the disaster begin. But usually the Commander and Pilot are too busy to sightsee, so there is always the possibility that Smith did not see anything at all and was remarking about something completely diffe-

rent, possibly an alternative indication that something was wrong.

Also present at the press conference was Director of Life Sciences at NASA, and also a former astronaut - Dr. Joseph P. Kerwin - who calmly delivered the final findings:

"The forces of the (Shuttle) Orbiter at breakup were probably too low to cause death or serious injury to the crew".

"Medical analysis indicates that these accelerations are survival and that probability of injury is low", said Kerwin.

But, he cautioned, there were many uncertainties in the findings which could have a significant bearing on aspects relating to crew survival.

Kerwin said that following the explosion, the maximum acceleration the crew module was subjected to was 12-20 G forces for a period of

about 2 seconds. After 2 seconds that had slowed to just 4 G forces and after 10 seconds, the crew module was in free-fall.

Having established that the explosion was survivable, he then went on to prove that at least some crew members did survive long enough to start emergency procedures.

When the crew cabin separated from the Shuttle fuselage, the crew was deprived of all oxygen except for a few seconds worth in the lines. Kerwin believes the cabin then underwent a gradual rather than explosive decompression. Evidence from this is found in the fact that the crew activated an emergency oxygen system designed for ground emergencies only. The only way they would have known to activate these supplies was by a change in the air pressure inside the cabin, a sensation similar to their ears popping.

Each astronaut is equipped with a Personal Egress Pack (PEAP), con-

taining approximately three minutes of oxygen, to be used if the astronauts have to exit the Shuttle on the launch pad. At the first sign of trouble, the astronauts would turn a red lever through 180 degrees to ensure an uninterrupted and clean air supply for the time it would take to leave the Shuttle. Engineers figure three minutes would be sufficient.

Of the 7 PEAPs onboard, one for each crew member, only 4 were recovered. Of these three had been activated, indicating that three people were alive after the explosion and at least part way to the ocean.

Each PEAP is located on the side of the astronauts' seats, except for the units of the Commander and Pilot, which are situated on the back of their flight seats. They can't even reach the handles, so to get air one of the two astronauts seated behind them on the flight deck must activate the unit for them upon their request.

Interesting questions about crew survivability are raised when we learn that commander Scobee's unit was recovered unactivated, with 100% of oxygen unused. This may mean a number of things. Scobee may have been killed or rendered unconscious as a result of the explosion such that he could not request assistance. Was it possible that the other three knew he was dead? That is unlikely says Kerwin.

The Scobee mystery is deepened further when we learn that one astronaut, most probably Resnik, did manage to activate Pilot Mike Smith's PEAP. Of the four astronauts on the flight deck (see picture), two were alive - Mike Smith, who requested assistance, and most probably Resnik who gave it. But the second astronaut to have lived was never positively identified.

Mike Smith's PEAP was positively identified and was found to be about 85% depleted. With a maximum duration of about 3 minutes, Kerwin announced that Smith was still breathing 2 minutes and 45 seconds later when the crew cabin smashed into the Atlantic Ocean at 333 km/hr. Although Smith lived through the whole disaster it is questionable whether he was conscious.

Three more PEAP's were recovered but NASA was unable to positively determine who had used them. A second PEAP was about as depleted as Smith's indicating a second astronaut was breathing with him as the Shuttle hit the ocean.

"Much of our effort was expended attempting to determine whether a loss of cabin pressure occurred," Kerwin said, but his team could make no positive finding. Some equipment was recovered from the cabin's lockers which may have undergone explosive decompression, but similar items explosively decompressed in laboratory tests did not produce positive results.

Kerwin's team answered many questions and raised many others. What was the state of the crew cabin as it emerged from the fireball in the sky? Was Scobee dead or alive in the Commander's seat? Was Smith conscious during the free fall? And what of school-teacher Christa McAuliffe and those seated below the flight deck? Did they survive the explosion? These questions may never be resolved. The damage caused by the explosion itself was masked when the Shuttle slammed into the Atlantic.

In total, less than half the Space Shuttle Challenger itself was ever found. Only 110,000 kg, or about 45% of the Shuttle was raised from the ocean.

In past tragedies the elite band of astronauts have drawn together in a small family, and grieved privately. Only very rarely would an astronaut

publicly criticise NASA. On occasions such outspokenness has met with official reprimand. But following the tragedy many of the senior astronauts spoke out, openly blaming aspects of the NASA system for the tragedy. In a memo dated March 4, 1986, NASA's chief astronaut, John W. Young, veteran of a record six spaceflights, criticised the NASA decision-making process, citing launch decisions on 3 previous Space Shuttle missions which seriously endangered the crews.

Along with Robert L. Crippen, Henry W. Hartsfield Jr., and Vance D. Brand, he testified before the Rogers Commission into the explosion. All had no hesitation on tipping the bucket on NASA administration.

The effect on the astronaut corps as a whole has been noticeable. While many have remained loyal to the space programme, in anticipation of further journeys into space, other astronauts have seen this two-year hiatus in manned spaceflight as the perfect opportunity to leave NASA and branch out into other careers.

NASA's second most senior astronaut, Owen K. Garriott, resigned to become an aerospace consultant in Houston, Texas. He had been with NASA for 21 years and the loss of his experience will especially be felt. Closely associated with the Spacecab Project (he flew on its maiden mission onboard the 9th Shuttle) he was scheduled to be chief scientist on an important Spacecab mission planned for late 1986.

Don Lind, who flew the 17th Shuttle, resigned in May 1986, criticising NASA management. Lind's most noticeable career achievement was being the man to wait the longest for a flight - 19 years. Selected in 1966, he did not fly until 1986.

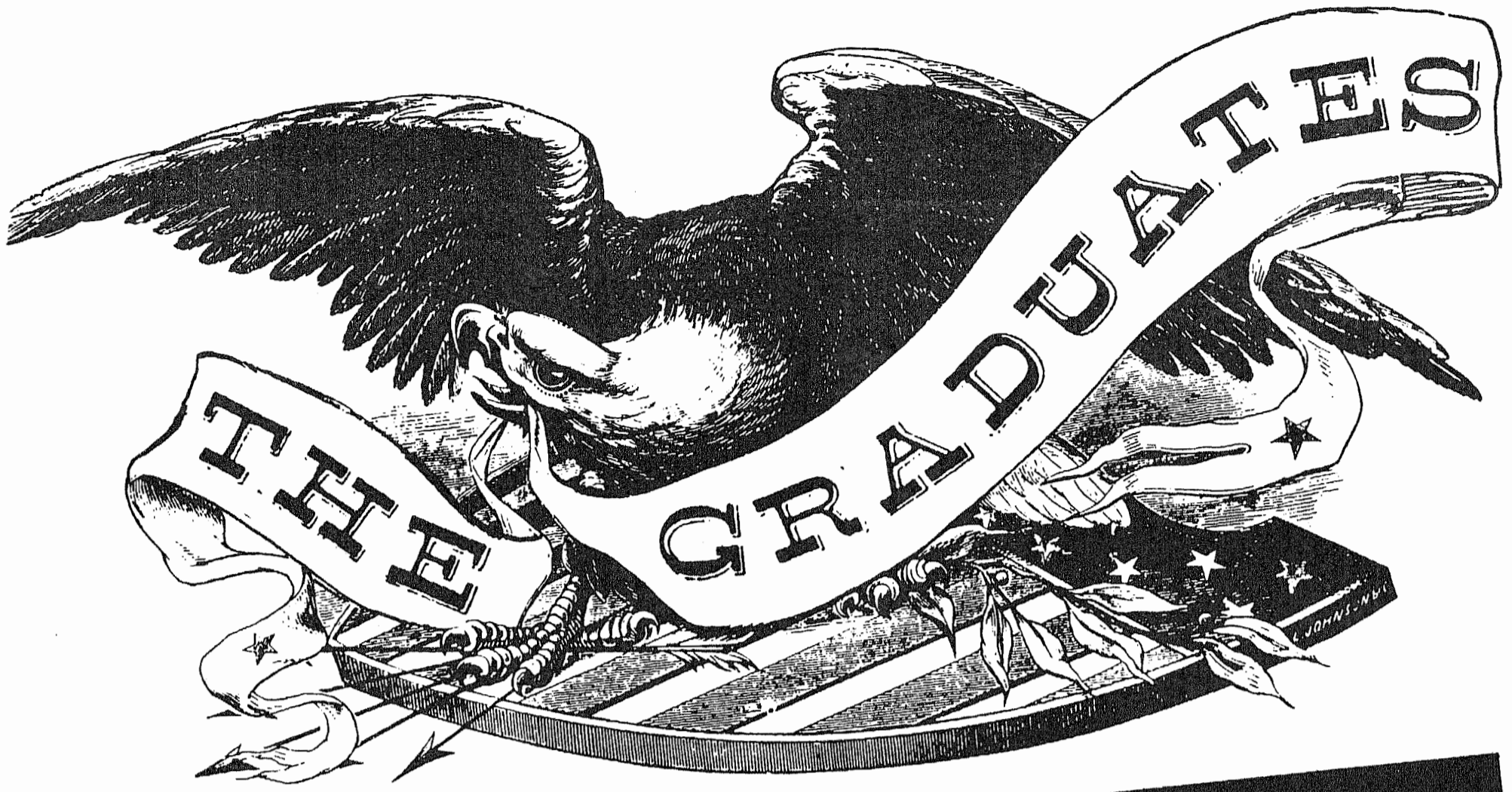
Tragically one other astronaut left NASA in May 1986. Prospective Shuttle Commander Stephen D. Thorne was killed in a light plane crash in Texas.

On the day the Shuttle exploded, NASA employed 101 active astronauts. In the first six months since the disaster, 13 resigned or took extended leave of absence. Today that number has increased by six. NASA plans to stem the flow by increasing the number of applicants it accepts from yearly intakes - that way, by the time the Shuttle flies again in 1988 there will be a young team prepared to serve the Agency for many years to come. In many ways, 1986 would have been a turning point if there had been no accident as many of the older astronauts came close to the point of retirement.

The Rogers Commission has well and truly shaken NASA. Only one senior NASA official occupies the same position he held before the explosion. Astronauts have been given a much higher profile in launch decisions and have filtered up to occupy important administrative positions.

But all that comes too late for Scobee and the crew of 51-L. No matter how faultless and efficient NASA is in the future, the cold fact remains that a spacecraft with even people onboard rose into the Florida sky and was then consumed in a ball of fire. This was one space "first" that neither Russia nor America sought. It was inevitable that one day an accident would happen - people would die and we would all be reminded of how dangerous spaceflight is. In a nationally televised address on January 28, the day of the explosion, US President Reagan reminded us that despite the successes of the past 25 years, manned spaceflight is still in its infancy. No matter how far down the track we go, we are always "just beginning".





# OF AMERICAN HIGH

**Are all American university students Reaganite bores? Are they all obsessed with their grades and careers? CAITLIN DAVIES spent a year with them, observing their strange ways. Here she gives us a glimpse of campus life Stateside.**

"Have a Nice Day!" the porter said as I stepped off the train at Davis, a small clean town in the heart of the Californian flatlands. It was August '85 and the temperature was 100° Leaving the palm tree-fringed station behind me, I walked into town to meet the two other women from Sussex University who were here to study for a year.

Every building I passed on the way was one level high and looked spotless. The cleaning people were out in force, literally Hoovering the streets with strange machines. I soon realised that I was the only person on foot. Joggers and cyclists, yes, but no pedestrians. As I wandered through "downtown", a car screeched to a halt and out leapt a tanned, bearded man in shorts and sandals. "Need a ride?" he asked, and when I declined he produced a card with a flourish and said, "It's OK, I'm a professor."

The first week was spent on an "Orientation Program", my first disorientating introduction to campus life. There were numerous early-morning meetings on green lawns, with obligatory name-tags ("Hi! My name's Caitlin") and rows of tables laden with doughnuts and coffee. Not a cup of tea in sight.

In our introductory talk we were warned about the outcome of cycling violations and of public intoxication: "You will be arrested and sent to jail, and jail is NOT A NICE PLACE." There is only one so-called pub on campus, aptly called the "Last Resort", for alcohol is banned on university grounds - a far cry from Sussex, which boasts at least five bars. Unfortunately I was refused entry into the Last Resort because I had no shoes and no ID. It is impossible to move without an ID, so I applied for one, which involved paying \$10 to have my fingerprints taken. I am now firmly registered on computer in California.

Next was a tour of the campus, which is huge and swarming with cyclists. Step on to a bike lane and you will be run down. The campus

police ride bikes, too, and carry guns. Looking around at the students, I saw little outward variety. They are immaculately dressed (nothing worn or second hand), clean, tanned and sporty. They all ride bikes and carry backpacks. In the evenings they may "party", order pizzas and kegs of beer, lounge in hot tubs and watch their VCRs.

We were also shown round the main library, where we met "Melville" the computer, and toured the undergrad reading room which they are proud to say is open 24 hours a day. The nearby campus store stocks an impressive array of pep-pills (surely some connection here, as the majority of students' lives revolve around their grades). Hidden away in the basement of the nearby Freeborn Hall - no irony intended, I'm sure - are the "alternative" departments. This area houses the Women's Resources and Research Center, by far the most stimulating, friendly, and helpful place on the whole campus. Along the corridor is the Experimental College, which offers courses in Dances of Universal Peace, Bike Maintenance and Massage ("wear loose clothes that won't be stained"). I have to admit that I have taken no courses here.

At first I found it hard to adapt. In every store I was greeted with "Hi! and how are you today?", while in classes I was told to "share my experiences". The initial difficulty in making friends is that there is little understanding of the English vocation for visiting. Instead, most socialising takes the form of pre-arranged and expensive "dates".

As for the university system, after cosy Sussex tutorials of three students I found myself in classes of over 100, where the professor

stands behind a podium and lectures while the students write everything down. I soon learnt that it was not appreciated if a student interrupted or, God forbid, challenged a professor's view. After opening my mouth a few times - to be met with a sea of faces turning round to locate the strange English accent - I decided, for a while at least, to keep quiet.

The system in America centres on grades, deadlines and exams and there are few real complaints. The term is ordered by the exam timetable, which even the town respects. When I first arrived, the local stores displayed banners with "Welcome Back Aggies" (Aggies being the local term endearment for the Davis students). Five weeks later these were replaced by "Good Luck on Mid-Terms Aggies", and eventually by "Finals Week is Here".

But all my moaning stopped when, in the second quarter, I discovered Women's Studies - something which Sussex sorely lacks. Having a Davis professor who was probably the biggest "troublemaker" on campus was undoubtedly a great help. To my amazement and relief, the first day of class she announced that "America is a racist, misogynist, ageist, classist culture". The bewildered look on many of the students' faces is one which I will never forget. Suddenly the trio from Sussex began to get involved.

First, as a "collective act" required for the course, we participated in a boycott of a porn film (*Debbie Does Dallas*) being shown on campus and sponsored, unsurprisingly, by some bogus Fraternity group. I had already come into contact with one such "brother" and had asked him why women and men are segregated into different organisations. "If we

women in the Frat, we couldn't drink or cuss", he replied, and then offered to arrange for me to become a "little sister", a role combining hostess with cheerleader. In reply I demonstrated my ability to "cuss". He looked me up and down and said, "Oh, you're one of those organic types."

Indeed, Davis could be split into these two "types": the all-American conservative student and potential Yuppie, and the "organic type" - he or she appears at the annual Whole Earth Festival as a member of the "Karma patrol" and eats at the local vegetarian place ("Our aim in cooking is nourishment, creativity and consciousness").

Anyway, back to the boycott. When we arrived, the police were waiting, busy making on-the-spot laws. We were quickly moved off the cinema stairs ("It's illegal to stand on the steps") and then away from the pavement ("It's illegal to be nearer than 15 feet from the steps"). The largest cop, hand resting on his gun, advised us to "Go and protest over there in the corner." Bloody typical. Later we were told to tone down the language of our chants, which included such gems as "Go come in your own face!". I was having enough difficulty, as it was, trying to chant in an American accent. By the film's final showing we were surrounded by a nightmarish wall of armed police who were holding back the crowds of jeering Fraternity brothers drunk on Budweiser (not an easy feat) and screaming "You must be communists" - the cry aimed at anyone who challenged anything.

These activities, and a pro-choice rally in LA (marred only by torrential rains, knee-high mud and the coach's generator breaking down),

earned us some notoriety, which is hardly surprising in a university where the majority of students appear quite content with Reagan's 80s. However, while student activism seems confined to reporting professors for teaching "socialist propaganda", the financial resources of the university are sufficient to fund an impressive series of lectures and guest speaker including crowd-pullers such as Alice Walker.

The expectations of the students are different in America. Here, Business majors take English courses because it will apparently give them an advantage when competing for jobs against other Business students. Competition is the key word for this generation of students busily pursuing the American Dream. When you come from London, it is startling to hear students in the US being offered, and turning down jobs before they have even graduated.

Now, after almost a year in Davis, I have to some extent happily adapted. I have grown used to waking up to sunshine every day and going to sleep to the sound of crickets. I say "Hi! and how are you?" to shop assistants before they have time to ask me. I have convinced people that London is not enveloped in permanent fog. I no longer wince when I hear the words "awesome" or "cute", and I smile at people in the street - which will probably get me into trouble when I return to England.

However, every so often something happens to remind me of where I am. Last night at the Davis disco, *The Graduate* happy-hour had just finished when the DJ put on the National Anthem. The American flag appeared on the huge video screen and every single American stood up and began to sing. And yes, the men did have their hands on their hearts. So it goes.

*Caitlin Davies can sometimes be found at the University of Sussex.*

Reprinted from *Punch Student Issue* with permission.



# LIMELIGHT

## BUSTERAMA!!

In a chic East End café or a dingy nightclub; to the more chic of the underground or the most underground of the chic even to an engineering student. The name Buster Hyman and the Penetrators instantaneously rings deafeningly joyous bells. They may be the bells of recognition or they may be the liberty bells of a generation. Either way they are loud and true - and they are here NOW!

*Buster Hyman and the Penetrators*; just the name evinces Apollinarian purpose; Byronic devil-may-care, Aztec splendour on stage these five or six young men like five or six young kneberkabnezzers, at one symbol of everything and yet nothing that their very generation represents, straddle their cause like a colossus or something.

Lead singer, Buster, black waist length hair swirling and dancing like a thousand cat o' nine tails as it dramatically whips his sweating, Herculean features, pounds back and forth across the stage tripping over guitars and amps - his every nuance saying "Bum to you PAL!". Guitarists Ben Penetrator and Rob Penetrator being really rude - swearing sometimes and even dropping their instruments. Drummer Guy Penetrator - cool, street and hard - unmovabl, unconcious. This is Roek 'n' Roll.

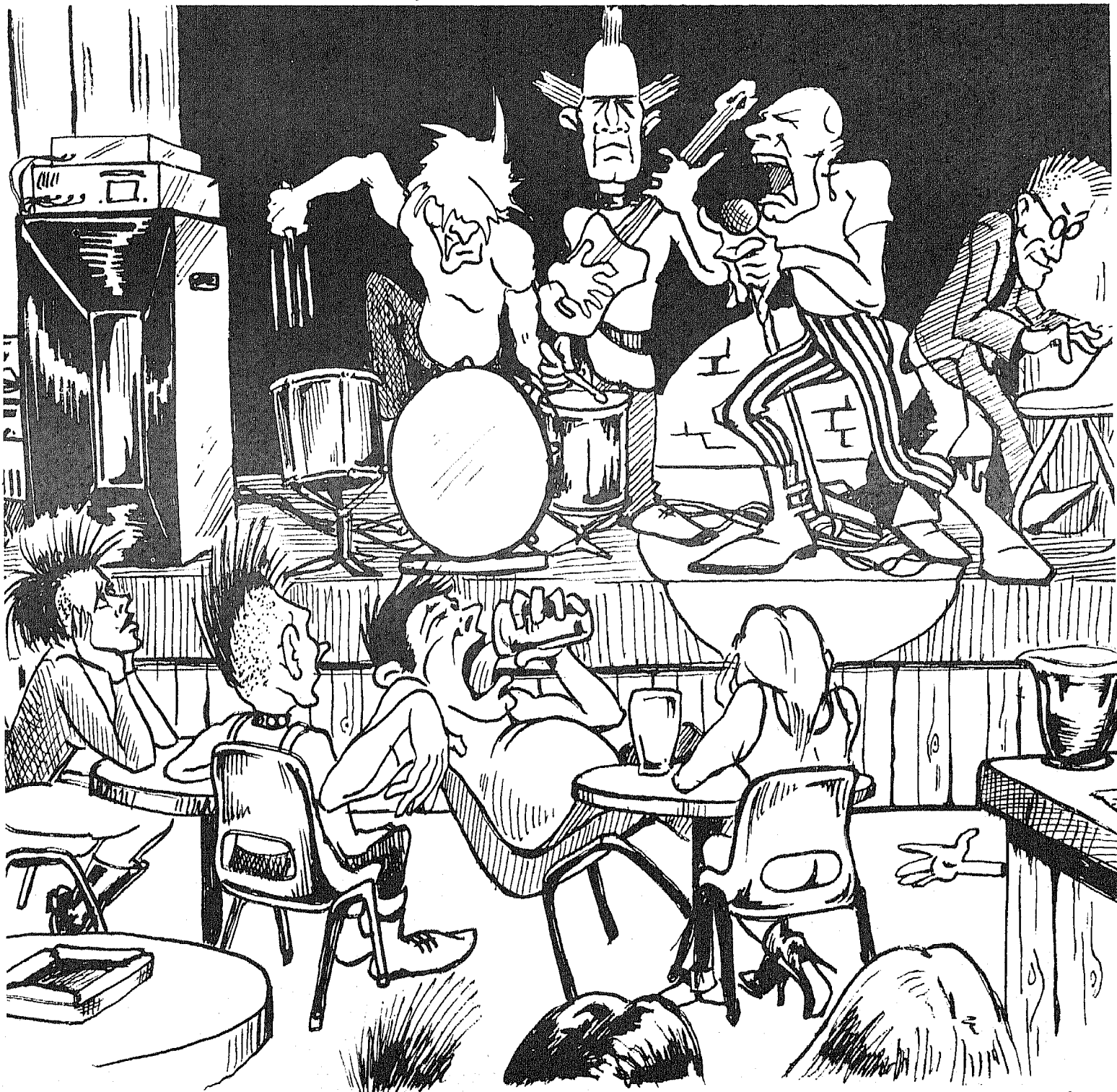
*The music*: Buster H. and the P's (sic) aren't just another "Jolly heavy bunch of mothers". Not these lads. They might be the meanest band in the land (bass player Bob Penetrator once refused to lend guitarist Rob Penetrator twenty cents for the phone to ring his mother) but they DO have a purpose. This isn't merely hedonistic, faceless heavy rock. No sir-ee! The lyrics actually DO mean something. Take "Pack Rape" - a favourite with the fans and testimony to the uncompromising commitment in their lyrics. Another song "Flo's Pumpkin Scones" says it all...

So how did the Buster Hyman phenomenon start? It all started when lead singer Buster, who being a devout Christian and self-confessed admirer of old people, decided he didn't want to form "just another rock band". Betrayed by the previous Rock 'n' Roll generation, whose almost Oedapian hedonism, and lets face it Roman Orgyish debauchery of purpose, coupled with RAMPANT capitalism in the face of artistic integrity and the recognition of every man's (even the working class) right to the pursuit of his true, almost Blakian "poetic-self" as immortalized in the concept of the "poetic Prince" - has really screwed it for the KIDS.

As a result Buster was determined to "do poos" on everyone he didn't like... "Even in school I felt quite sure that one day I would be on top and I'd look down upon the map (on) the teachers who said I'd be a failure!"

Buster was fortunate in that his five best friends all felt the same way and all had the required equipment to form a band. Within weeks they were gigging using the name Buster Hyman and the Penetrators as a tribute to another group called Buster Hyman and the Penetrators or something.

However there remained one drawback - they couldn't play their instruments. In fact they still can't. "It just didn't seem a problem y'know," says Buster. "It still isn't. Y'know I think all this artsy fartsy bullshit about being able to play your instruments it's a load of intel-



lectual BOLLOCKS pardon my French," he emphasizes, and adds "I think what IS important is that we give the people what they want. It's a performance. We PERFORM and have a... repartee with the punters - and they have one back and we have fun, and they have fun and they go home happy... There's none of this "but were we any good?" bullshit! pardon my French again... When we go out there we go out to kick bottom and THAT'S what we do!"

And the formula works. Last year they played this really big party in North Adelaide that got broken up by "the pigs". Since then they haven't looked back. The offers haven't stopped rolling in: "We got one the other day..." says Buster conclusively. Guitarist Ben adds "Yeah... and we got one a couple of months back too..." Bass player Bob - witty as ever - chips in with "Yeah - and we had one before that as well I think from that Reggae guy..."

But its not all fun and games. Life on the road can be hard. On the current tour they've been on the road three days already. "Yeah it can get you down alright," admits Buster. "You've got to really like what you're doing". Ben adds, "Yeah, you've got to really like it..."

"Yeah, you've got to really really REALLY like it... alot," adds Nick Penetrator. Buster continues:

"Sometimes I've been gigging till two or three in the morning and I get home really bushed and I wake up and find clothes every where and empty bottles and crisp packets on the floor - somebodies vomitted on my Snoopy bath-mat and I think, y'know "what's it all about?" and "Is it worth it?" But then I turn on "It is Written" right, and all my troubles just vanish and I think "Yeah this is what it's all about" and I kind of like *know my destiny*. I know my sort of pre-annointed purpose in life," says Buster.

However, there is a darker side to the band. When they're not stompin about on stage or living it up at Buster's grandparents' house there is a serious side to the Penetrators.

Eg. on th surface "Pack Rape" may appear to be "just another love song". However something more than a cursory listen will reveal that it's perhaps about U.S. Imperialism and thinly veiled Reaganit dogma, rampant in the stigmatized Peruvian jungle.

"No. It isn't," states Buster with a twinkle in his eye as if to say: "Actually it is. We feel very strongly about U.S. Imperialism and the way the U.S. seems to have veto for the entire world. Sure there are some bright sparks in Congress and Hey - it's a comfort to know that, but the Reaganite Junta, coupled with middle class white American nineteen

eighties values as epitomised by the overwhelming reaction to *Rambo* and *Reds* - are nothing less than a time device on the fuse of global destruction.

Pretty heavy stuff right. So what about sex. All pop groups like sex - it's a well known fact. But the Penetrators have refreshingly different view - Disillusioned by the "Wham Bam Thankyou Mam" attitude of the sixties and seventies (and the "Whip, Bip, this particular position's Really Hip" stance of the eighties), the Penetrators are pioneering a new course. I asked Buster about it...

"Sex? What.... you mean girls and that? What - kissing and that..." "I kissed my sister when she went into the institution," says Penetrator Ben.

"Oh you mean like on *Perfect Match*?" asks Penetrator Guy. But it's no secret that after the show the girls hang around the boys, spellbound waiting. Often there's as many as three or four girls seen in the vicinity whilst they're packing up. I cornered Buster about it.

"What...when? Oh year that was at the North Adelaide gig... one of them was Diedre who was laying the show on. One was Sharon who's with the guy who lent us the P.A. Oh yeah and I think one was with the caterers - she wanted the cucumbers back." he says with another twinkle in his eye as if to say: "We

have our fair share of women but we don't like to advertise it. We don't think it's particularly clever, or that it proves anything to expound at length upon our conquests like macho men. All these farty old rockers who boast of having one woman a week - it's just not us. We could but we just don't. We have a duty to our fans and to ourselves..."

And from one hairy subject to another: Drugs. "Never touch them," states Ben Penetrator, Guy Penetrator, Bob Penetrator, Buster, and the other one in unison.

"Can't afford them for a start..." explains Rob Penetrator. "Yeah - can't even afford a bloody bottle of Jack Daniels points out bassman Bob.

"It's that fucking Denny (Denny McLoon, the band's manager) He never gives any bloody money" chuckles Guy Penetrator.

"At the end of this tour that bastard GOES!" chukles Nick good naturedly as he starts tearing up the hotel room. Laugh over and the interview complete Buster and the boys prepare for another show. On the way to their bicycles they spot manager Denny and playfully kick him and hit him with the heads of their guitars. As my cab turns and wheels off into the night I catch sight of Guy and Rob Penetrator playfully stuffing the hapless Den under a bus. Crazy guys huh...



## Coppola does the Spielberg Time warp with an adolescent Kathleen Turner

**PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED**  
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

Back in the good old days when Elvis really was King and rock 'n' roll and pony-tails were in, Peggy Sue was the girl that a certain Buddy Holly was singing about.

In Francis Coppola's latest movie, Kathleen Turner is Peggy Sue Kelcher, a disillusioned 42 year-old mother of two whose only claim to fame was being crowned Buchanan High's Prom Queen of 1960.

Reminiscing at her class reunion, she's full of bitter-sweet regret: why did she marry her teenage sweetheart Charlie? He is "Crazy Charlie the Appliance King" who's been fooling around with a bimbo.

Why didn't she ever sleep with Michael Fitzsimmons? She says: "If I knew then what I know now, I'd do a lot of things differently." We know she's about to get the chance.

Much to her embarrassment, Peggy Sue becomes Reunion Queen, and in the stifling excitement she faints and starts doing the time warp, waking up in 1960.

So begins Francis (Ford) Coppola's *Peggy Sue Got Married*, a veritable stroll down memory lane, and not just for Peggy Sue. Peggy Sue is lucky - she gets to relive her youth, but this time she's armed with all the experience and insight of a middle-aged woman who's been through marriage, childbearing and back. She's glad to be young and spontaneous again, and rediscovers a zest for life and an unflagging enthusiasm she barely remembers possessing.

She savours the essentials of a '50s adolescence: bobby socks, flared skirts and baton-twirling practices.



Kathleen Turner as Peggy Sue

She listens to the wordless crooning of the boy she loves and relishes her mother's sexual warning: "Peggy, you know what a penis is - stay away from it!"

But knowing the heartache ahead, what to do about Charlie who's sometimes gawky, sometimes wolf? Is the brooding, aspiring poet Michael what she really needs? Peggy Sue's in a real dilemma, realising she's nothing but a walking, talking, giggling anachronism in tight sweaters who, like Michael J. Fox just wants to get back to the future. And when she does, was it a

dream or was it real?

After a string of diverse films, including *Apocalypse Now*, *The Cotton Club* and *The Outsiders*, director Coppola now turns his hand to recycling the dreams of a past generation. His *Peggy Sue* is gentle, witty and nostalgic, yet never succumbs to mawkishness. It's nothing more than an entertaining film.

While Nicholas Cage (*Birdy*, *Racing with the Moon*) is wonderful as the devoted but later philandering Charlie, and Barry Miller is so convincingly, if clichéd, as Richard, the

class nerd turned social success, it's really Kathleen Turner who shines.

She has already played such varied roles as a sexy hit-woman in *Prizzi's Honor*, a romantic novelist in *Romancing the Stone* and a prostitute who commits *Crimes of Passion*. She meets head-on the challenge of a dual role, portraying the frustrations of a 17-year-old with a mid-life crisis so endearingly. Turner's too old to look 17 and she doesn't look 42 either, but since she's Peggy Sue in a marvellously fun film, who cares?

## Comedy in Tootsie tradition

**SOUL MAN**  
Academy Cinemas

by John Lindsay

*Soul Man* is a comic adventure in the same tradition of *Tootsie*. A young man adopts a false identity to get out of a crisis, but finds himself embroiled in a romantic comic adventure.

When his father breaks the news that he is to receive the greatest gift a father can give his son, Mark Watson (C. Thomas Howell) thinks his father is referring to a Ferrari; he couldn't be more wrong. His father's reluctance to pay his Harvard fees force Mark to take desperate measures. In short, he resolves to win a minority scholarship as a black. With his roommate, Gordon Bloomfield (Ayre Gross), he warms to college life readily, but with a twist: he must act black.

Although the film's makers wish to stress the importance of the story being about racism that side of it is not felt so strongly by Australian audiences. The atmosphere was heavily balanced to the comic side and indeed many of the patrons were in a fit of uncontrolled laughter during most of the film.

The real story of the movie centers around the life of Sarah Walker (Rae Dawn Chong), Mark's beautiful classmate. She is a real black and Mark is drawn to her, finding real love and learning the importance of responsibility. She is what takes the story from being another *Risky Business* or *Animal House* college story, to being a serious, although comic, look at racial prejudice.

If you want to see a feel good movie with a happy ending, a good laugh and excellent entertainment catch *Soul Man* before the season finishes.

The CRITICS agree it's . . .

### ONE OF THE YEAR'S VERY BEST

"A marvellous, engaging adventure about boyhood revisited that evokes memories of that exciting but difficult time on the brink of teenagehood . . . superb performances"  
— JOHN HANRAHAN (THE SUN)

"This rich and magnificent minor masterpiece is a nostalgic tribute to childhood. The performances from the four boys are nothing short of miraculous"  
— KEVIN SADLER (RADIO 2GB)

"Stand By Me' strips the fantasy and the cuteness . . . exposing the reality and the pain of growing up."  
— BILL COLLINS (DAILY MIRROR)

"One film about the rites of passage that you not only laugh with but remember"  
— JOHN HINDE (THE A.B.C.)



ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEE

## STAND BY ME

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON ATLANTIC RECORDS AND CASSETTES.

ACADEMY CINEMA CITY  
HINDMARSH SQ 223-5000

FROM MARCH 26

## Whoopee! for Whoopi

**JUMPIN' JACK FLASH**  
Hoyts Regent Cinemas

by Michelle Chan

*Jumpin' Jack Flash* is a disappointing film, notwithstanding that Whoopi Goldberg is its main character. In *The Color Purple* she showed that she can be a "serious" actress when she wants to be, but in *Jumpin' Jack Flash* she tries to make us laugh.

Unfortunately she only marginally succeeds in this adventure-comedy. Of course she looks funny, dresses even more hilariously and is capable of the kind of foul-mouthed trashy talk that has made Eddie Murphy so notorious.

But in this film something's definitely lacking: Goldberg is the comic ingredient in an otherwise banal spy-thriller and not all of her antics amuse.

The plot is acceptable despite being predictable in places, with the usual red herrings in a sea of apparently unconnected events and the obligatory injection of "this-will-make-you-talk serum. It lacks consistency and substance, and is generally undermined by the film's limp ending.

Terry Doolittle (Goldberg) is a

sentimental romantic, working in a very bland job transferring bank funds on a computer. Because she's so efficient at her work, her boss tends to overlook her few eccentricities (like turning her terminal into a silicon market place, and using it as a means for watching Soviet aerobics classes).

One day Terry receives, via computer, a plea for help from a British CIA agent (code-named Jumpin Jack Flash) abandoned by his colleagues and now unable to get out of Russia.

Lonely Terry would jump at the chance of some excitement in her life, and since she's the only one who can save Jack she plunges straight into the world of espionage and political manipulation.

On the way to becoming a real heroine, she defends herself with a frying pan and a giant toothbrush, does her bit for equal opportunity and engages in armed combat with a paper shredder. She also proves what we already know: Whoopi Goldberg is incapable of being inconspicuous.

Goldberg shows much potential as a screen comedienne, but because of flaws in the often entertaining script, it will take a better film than this to show her true talents.

Australian Drama

Directed by Barbara West

Student Concessions

*A Happy and Holy Occasion*

by John O'Donahue

Sheridan Theatre  
(Mackinnon Parade)

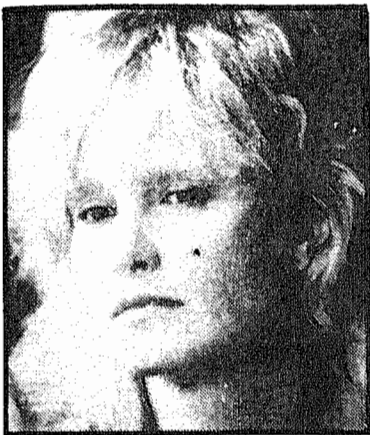
March 14, 17, 21, 24 - 28

University of Adelaide  
Theatre Guild



CELLULOID

JANE EVERETT



Jessica Lange

**Films which start this week include:** *Betty Blue* (Piccadilly, March 19); Bruce Beresford's *Crimes of the Heart* starring Sissy Spacek, Jessica Lange and Diane Keaton (Hoyts, Glenelg, March 19); *Children of A Lesser God* starring William Hurt and Marlee Matlin (Hindley, March 19)

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

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

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

**Cult Clips - Perspectives in the Arts:**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Martin Scorsese picture hustles

## Newman & Cruise into the mean streets

**THE COLOR OF MONEY**  
Hindley Cinemas

by Jonathan Hainsworth

If someone comes up to you and says "I've got good news and I've got bad news" the traditional response is to ask to hear the bad news first.

In my review of the new Martin Scorsese movie *The Color of Money* starring Paul Newman, I am going to reverse the conventional order. I do this because the film itself is split into an excellent first half, followed by a disappointment second.

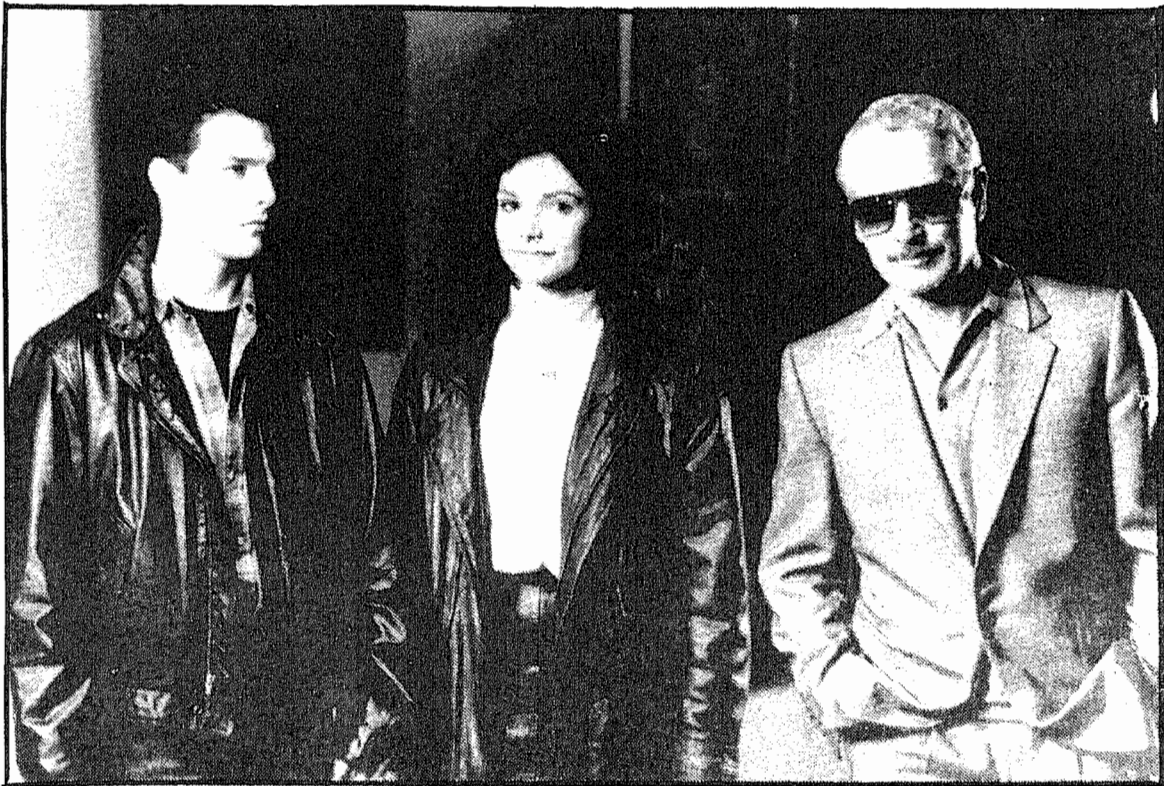
First the good news - Paul Newman as 'Fast' Eddie gives the best performance of his long and distinguished career. *The Color of Money* is a sequel to 1961's *The Hustler* in which Newman played the up and coming pool sharpie 'Fast' Eddie Felson whose ambition was to beat the greatest player in America; Minnesota Fats.

Eddie finds himself corrupted by the sleazy underworld of pool hall hustling - the name of the game being to sucker your opponent. This can be done by "dumping" or losing games in order to lull the opposing player into thinking you're mediocre. Then raise the stakes, and close in for the kill. The other hustle is to throw the game so that the people secretly backing you, the stakeholders, clean up by putting all their money on the other guy.

At the end of *The Hustler* Fast Eddie betrays his stakehorse by actually beating Minnesota Fats. This skillful and moral victory meant that Eddie could never pick up a pool cue again without having his thumbs broken. *The Hustler* was not a great film, but it was very good and has justifiably become a classic.

The idea of reprising the Fast Eddie character 25 years on is intriguing. Even more interesting is the idea of Paul Newman, in many ways a conventional star working with the unconventional director Martin Scorsese. The latter is one of the two or three authentic geniuses making movies today. His *Taxi Driver* of 1976 still remains one of the greatest American films of the post-war era. Paul Newman and Martin Scorsese teaming up to make a sequel to *The Hustler* - what could go wrong? As it happens quite a lot.

For about the first hour the movie runs smoothly and impressively,



Fast Eddie has made a comfortable living in the liquor trade. But he still hangs around the pool halls, and it is there that he sees Vincent (Tom Cruise) a gifted young player. Eddie convinces Vincent to give up his menial job to allow the former to train him into being a hustler. To do this they go on the road, along with Vincent's girlfriend Carmen (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) Eddie has become Vincent's mento/stakehorse and as he sees it for the kid's own good he will corrupt him.

This first half is not by itself brilliant. In fact it is rather contrived and shallow but it's all worthwhile because we seem to be steadily building up to a more powerful second half. Newman at 61 years of age looks inhumanly fit and handsome. With his stylish shades and natty moustache Newman plays Eddie as a very attractive and paternal incarnation of evil. Scorsese has devised seemingly a million different ways to film a pool fight. The camera work in this movie is superb and showy. By that I mean it draws attention to itself so that we can be impressed. But that's O.K. Because by the end of the second half we need something to do while *The Color of Money* embarrassingly

self-destructs on the screen. The film throughout is technically and visually interesting.

Now the bad news. Half way through the film Eddie has a change of heart. He suddenly decides that he himself needs to start playing pool again. There is nothing wrong with this idea by itself - Eddie and Vincent could do a hustling double act. Or if Eddie is more interesting in seeing whether he's still the best then he could take some off from exploiting people and have a private game with Vincent.

But no, the movie-makers, Scorsese and novelist Richard Price, are not concerned with logic or consistency. Eddie is interested in, I'm embarrassed to write, "morally redeeming" himself by playing pool brilliantly and fairly. There was a collective gasp from the audience the moment Eddie abandoned Vincent and Carmen. The second half which is an ignorant artist's idea of pool hustling is a terrible betrayal of all the reasons we were drawn to the Fast Eddie character in the first place. Worse it's not even an exciting development to the movie. The

second half, even when Vincent has returned, is tedious.

Scorsese's greatest weakness as a film-maker is that he needs to personally identify with the protagonist as he is making the film. This is fine when the character is a New York low life. But in transforming Eddie into a conscience stricken moralist Scorsese is exposing to us his own narrow obsessions. It's pointless anyway because Eddie was redeemed 25 years ago! The director is now making a Michael Jackson video. Good luck to him.

As for the ending of *The Color of Money*, I am going to do something I never do - tell you what happens. I do this simply to warn the viewer to avoid disappointment. At the end Fast Eddie and Vincent have a match to see which of them is the best. Scorsese decides to roll the credits just at that game begins. I can see the logic, in that one game, whoever won, would not prove who was the best either way. But to end the movie on this note is to commit dramatic suicide. But then *The Color of Money* has already fallen on its sword long before the ending. It still remains a partially enthralling movie which showcases Newman's ageless talent.

## Deborah Kerr returns to screen in Indian garden gourmet

**THE ASSAM GARDEN**  
Piccadilly Cinema

by Arthur Kavooris

*The Assam Garden* signals the long awaited return to the big screen of veteran actress Deborah Kerr.

She plays an elderly lady, Helen, who is trying to come to terms with the sudden death of her husband Arthur. He was a far better gardener than husband, and as his legacy to Helen he left his Indian-style garden.

While Helen is deciding what to do with his gardenshe receives a letter from a prestigious English journal called "British Gardens" informing her that they would like to feature Arthur's garden in one of their forthcoming editions. Thanks to this letter, Helen's decision on the future of the garden is resolved, and she works feverishly around the clock to maintain the garden's manicured appearance.

One day in the garden she meets an elderly Indian woman, Ruxmani (Madhur Jaffery). In exchange for the use of Helen's phone, she offers to help with the gardening chores. Ruxmani enjoys coming to the garden because it reminds her of India. Her husband is gravely ill, and she desperately wishes to return to India to spend the remainder of her twilight years. By this stage, Helen and Ruxmani have developed a deep relationship. Although Helen will not admit it she has come to rely on Ruxmani for companionship.

*The Assam Garden* works on a number of levels. It is essentially an examination of differing racial ideologies, prejudice and ignorance. The film deals with two women in the closing stages of their existence for whom India holds a special place in their memories.

*The Assam Garden* is a pleasantly engrossing picture. The story moves quickly and hardly a moment of screen time is wasted. This is an



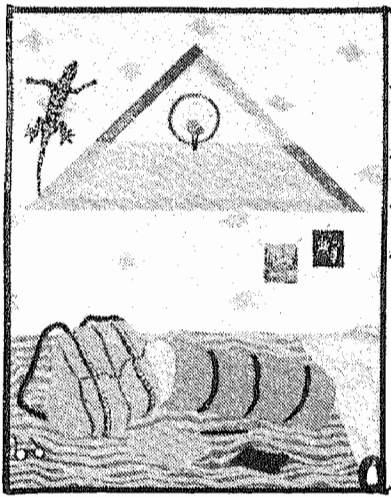
obvious side effect of the film's shoestring finances, thus not allowing the makers of the movie to indulge in any superfluous experimental imagery.

Both Deborah Kerr and Madhur Jaffery perform admirably as their exacting portrayals bring their

characters to life and provide much of the film's atmosphere. The only disappointing aspect of this motion picture is the downbeat ending, which has Deborah Kerr performing some idiotic antics. Despite this, the movie is entertaining and well worth viewing.



## Travel stories for lit buffs



### HOME AND AWAY

Travel Stories  
Edited by Rosmary Creswell  
Penguin \$9.95

by Dino Di Rosa

The renaissance of the Australian short story continues, *ad interim*, with this selection of pieces from Australians at home and abroad, as tourists or as travellers, whether in the heart or in the mind or in spirit. The world, as continents and peoples drift, as prophylactic airliners and mass communications shuttle ourselves and our messages far and wide and back again, is becoming smaller, quicker, more and more instant, like food and sex. We are, all of us, sitting in each other's laps, sharing global diseases and domino principles, more civilized and sanitized and yet inching ourselves half-way back up the tree. Still. Gone are the halcyon days - the almost Byronic age - of Bely, Conrad, Goethe, Keyserling, Kipling, London and Lawrence, who came and saw and conquered distant lands in language, and made of them literature, Art.

We, then, have to look forward to a world as we know it, our literary forbears having discovered, and perpetuated, the outside world as one they knew it. Rosmary Creswell, in her introduction to this volume, explains that "the writers, humorous or serious, adventurous or paranoid, urbane or naive, are cartographers of the hearts and the mind and the spirit. The stories are as rich in these elements as the travel writing that was generated from a world that was larger and less accessible and the landscape less conquerable."

The stories of which she speaks are fine, from fair to very good in fact. But are they really "as rich", even in their own antipodial way, as the stuff handed down to us from the pantheon? Obviously not. There is altogether a good-naturedness, an egalitarianism among words in our short fiction which seems inherited from the days of the bush ballad and the *Bulletin*. Home and Away, Australian words do not seem to "behave" the way Anthony Burgess meant they ought to "behave". They do not it seems to me, feel the need to assume Conrad's maxim that "a work that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line." Home and away, Australian letters are like ANZACs who have seen their own version of hell and almost shit themselves laughing.

Much of what I like in this collection - and it is a good, representative collection, following up on the importance of others like *The State of the Art* and *Transgressions* - has an inside-looking-out or a stranger-in-a-strange-land temperament. Not really for me.

Suzanne Falkiner's *The Killing of a Hedgehog* (written with a firm monkey grip) or the worthless

*Through Road* by Jean Bedford, both of which don't count as travel writing. Nor Andrew Taylor's story about *The Absolutely Ordinary Family*, so absolutely ordinary they are vacationing in Rome, instead of K.I. where they belong. Or Helen Garner's *A Thousand Miles from the Ocean*, womanly emotions in transit as always.

I much prefer *Islands* by Angelo Loukakis, though I am not sure I see the point of it. Calvino's *Invisible Cities* is supposed to have had a bearing on it, but I kept on conjuring the impression of a really pissed off Aussie Joseph K. I like also Frank Moorhouse's *The New York Bell Captain*, and can understand why the French are so interested in his work. And most of all I love a passage in *The Sun in Winter* by one of our foremost men of letters, David Malouf which carries "Conradically", the justification of art in every line and, moreover, says it all about Australians at home and away:

He felt hopelessly young and raw. He ought to have known - he had known - from that invisible kick of the heels, that she had more to show him than this crumblingly haunted and picturesque corner of the past, where sadness, a mood of silvery reflection, had been turned into the high worship of death - a glory perhaps, but one that was too full of shadows to bear the sun. He felt suddenly a great wish for the sun in its full power as at home, and it burned up in him. He was the sun. It belonged to the world he had come from and his youth.



Ms. Hall, bird-like but never too cagey, picks at the bones and the brains of the cinematic situation. "There's another, and perhaps better, film there somewhere", she wrote of *The Adventures of Bazza McKenzie* way back in 1972. "*Caddie* as a film is rather like the woman herself - full of decency and good sense, but a little too modest for its own good." Of *The Last of the Knucklemen*: "There is professionalism but no passion or originality." About *Summer of Secrets*: "While the industry is rich in fine technicians, minds skilled at putting stories together are as rare as unicorns." *One Night Stand* is "more evidence of Australian cinema's preference for going the long way around an issue rather than risk looking it in the face."

Ms. Hall's literal criticisms (and when are they not literal?) are generally valid despite the occasional slip in her tastes and opinions, as for instance her fealty, no matter what, to journeymen like Bruce Beresford and Tim Burstall and her too mild treatment of Fred Schepisi and George *Mad Max* Miller.

Her praise, when she gives it, is faint, as is her criticism, which is somewhat bored and zipliss. (She writes like someone who has never experienced an orgasm, and would not be caught dead using the demotic term "movies" instead of "films".)

Whereas her reviews of American and European films suffer generally from a colourlessness and an overwhelming lack of immediacy, her considered opinions on the films of her own country are certainly worth considering. Consider, for example, her review of Ted Kotcheff's *Wake in Fright*.

She can be quite witty, especially in regard to how the Australian movie economy looks to other movie economies, and how, for some strange reason, other movie economies look to us. Of one of our first relative international success stories, she writes: "The first thing to be said about *The Man From Snowy River* is that the horses are fine." And regarding one of our international debacles, the multinational mutant *Pirate Movie*, she must ask: "What is an Australian film?"

**The Secret Hunters**, Anthony Kemp (Macmillan Aust; \$29.95 Hardcover). Although interesting and informative, this book is best suited for the serious factual war enthusiast. Dealing with true stories of War Crime investigators after the 2nd World War hunting for the murderers of allied paratroopers, (dropped behind enemy lines after the invasion of Normandy), it gets bogged down by detail and too involved in the intricacies of allied operations.

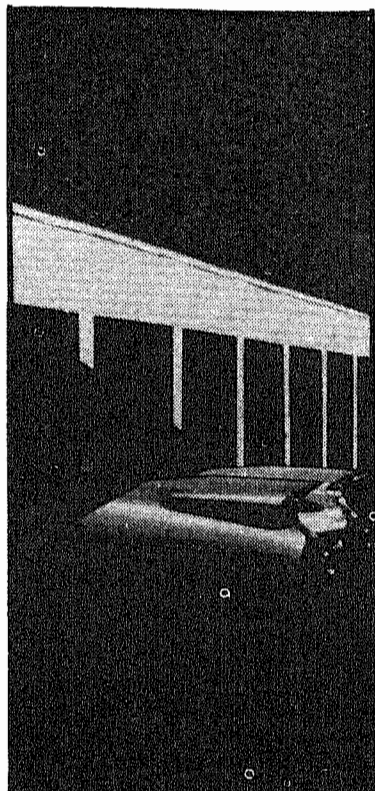
Perhaps best left to the modern history student wishing for extra reading.

Phil Wood

□ □ □ □

**Testostero**, David Foster's ninth novel, has been hailed by Australian critics as a wonderful literary conceit, an hilarious comic novel, but let's face it the jokes and situations are all over the place (though even this fact gives it a sloppy charm). Noel Horniman and Leon Hunnybun, twins separated at birth (Noel, Leon, getit?), clash together in Venice and London, eliciting bad-mouthing lines, punny names and funny Australian expatriates. Foster's descriptions of Venice are best, though. "Waiting for the first pair of high heels to vamp down the calle, Horniman realizes he can see a woman's rolling hips in the echo of her heeltops. The city is a well, in which reflections of sight and sound intermingle. There is something magic about it."

□ □ □ □



*Granta* is a quarterly British publication emanating from Penguin Books which devote itself exclusively to new American writing. I have in front of me number 19, Summer 1986, entitled "More Dirt", which includes none other than John Updike and Primo Levi, among lesser lights, for \$9.95. Updike's pure art has given my summer afternoons in the sun a greater meaning than they otherwise would have had, and his piece on stuttering is an inspiration for those of us who prefer words on a page rather than in the air. "Between the thought and the word falls a shadow, a cleavage; stuttering, like suicide and insomnia and stoicism, demonstrates the duality of our existence, the ability of the body and soul to say no to one another." Not bad, huh?

□ □ □ □

**The Whispering Death**, Daniel Carney (Corgi; \$5.95). The worth of this book to the individual reader can best be expressed by saying that both *Wild Geese* and *Under A Raging Sky* are previous products from Daniel Carney.

For all those readers of Wilbur Smith novels and their ilk this will be an interesting read with an enjoyable story. Told from the viewpoint of a man condemned to death, it involves revenge and massacre set before the Rhodesian War.

## BOOK MARKS

### DINO DI ROSA

In all the offices of *The Advertiser* there must be a sign saying something like, "If you can get away with doing things merely adequately but not very well, then do so." The newspaper, despite being taken over by Citizen Murdoch, continually states its openness to change and world standards, modifying its broadsheet layout accordingly. Recently it aimed to better its Saturday *Magazine* section by stepping up its lifestyle content and placing "Arts and Books" in a lift-out all to itself. At last, I thought, an arts section worthy of the name and in the manner and matter of *The Weekend Australian* and the *Saturday Age*. But nooo. *The Tiser*, Adelaide on paper (flat and dead), still has its pathetic quota of two or three book reviews and articles lifted from other Australian papers. Wake up over there!

*The Adelaide Review*, which represents this city's splendidous, vigorous arts establishment (yes that's you Jeremy and Bianca), has come to an agreement with the Bannan Government whereby it has taken over the Wakefield Press, the only real publishing company in the province of South Australia. Editor Christopher Pearson and his underling Michael Vanstone have assured their readers that the magazine's reviews of Wakefield Press releases will as always be "genuinely independent, reputable". But how can this be done in a suburb like Adelaide where everyone knows everyone else?

Worlds and worlds away, the... *Paris Review* has just published its 100th issue. The magazine whose motto is "enterprise in the service of art" has been enriching good readers for over 30 years with its ability to discover great talent, and if not to discover it then to probe at it in its famous interviews. The issue of *Paris Review* is, however, available only by subscription, 45-39, 171 place, Flushing, NY 11358, at \$US 10.00, which comes at last count to about \$A536.95. Or wait for the Barr Smith to receive a copy in 2 or 3 years.

Last and surely last, *Diphthong*, the magazine of the Adelaide University Literary Society, is gearing up for publication some time this term. And there is (surprise, surprise) still time for hopeful Nobel Prize winners to begin their charmed lives by writing prose and verse for the magazine. Submit your masterwork in the Litsoc pigeon hole in the Lady Simon Building or the English Department, Level 6 Napier Building, whenever you feel like it. Ring co-editor Dino Di Rosa on 260 4678 for a good time.

With the renewed interest in the life and works of George Johnson since the release of Garry Kinnane's biography of the late and never great Australian author, Fontana/Collins has seen fit to push his David Meredith trilogy at \$6.95 a piece: the definitive *My Brother Jack*, the flawed but personally inspired *Clean Straw for Nothing* and the unfinished *A Cartload of Clay*. Both Johnston and his writer-wife Chairman Clift died with feet of clay: she by suicide in 1969, he of cancer a year later.

The Wakefield Press recently published *Double Destiny*, an anthology of new... prose and verse representing the 1986 Youth Festival Awards, edited by K.F. Pearson. Since the Australian literary scene is all about pissing in each other's pockets anyway, let me recommend the work of someone I know: Stefan Schutt, whose two poems "Ode on a Glenside Case" and "Mr Jessel", are almost worth the \$10.95 asking price alone. I'm waiting for my cheque, Stefan...

### CRITICAL BUSINESS: The New Australian Cinema in Review Sandra Hall Rigby \$9.95

by Dino Di Rosa

Pauline Kael, the superbly agile film critic of *The New Yorker*, made a remark in 1982 that explains why she seldom pays any attention - good, bad or indifferent - to Australian movies.

"There's no real excitement in them," she said, a lone voice in the critical wilderness that celebrated - still celebrates - 'Down Under' as flavour-of-the-month. "Australia" is almost like a Seal of Good House-keeping on a movie. It's safe for a young man to take a girl to an Australian movie - a film that is terribly exciting can be upsetting to people out on a date.... Australian films are like reading an old-fashioned novel."

Of course, Miss Kael is not in the position, so far away in the offices of West 43rd Street, to see every Australian release, and she has to sometimes resort to for example calling *Chariots of Fire* "probably the best Australian film every made in England", or brushing aside the *Crocodile Dundee* success as "all this pop-madness".

As with other foreign film communities, whose efforts too infrequently make it to the coasts of the US, the national reviewer's business is to fill the critical breach.

Sandra Hall, the film reviewer for *The Bulletin*, does this better than perhaps any other Australia. This collection of her reviews of Australian films from 1971 was published in 1985, and I do not know why it has taken so long to reach my desk. With its repeated criticisms of how our pictures always seem to break down in scripting and general direction, I could have learnt much - and sooner - about these same areas upon which I am now, with others, actively embarking.





## Butteropera

MADAMA BUTTERFLY  
State Opera Company  
Until March 21

by Fran Edwards

Being a recent convert to opera I looked forward to my introduction to the beautiful Butterfly with anticipation. I was not familiar with the music and had only a passing knowledge of the story. Like so many other lauded beauties, for me she did not live up to her reputation.

In general operas are not renowned for their complex plots, this plot has less depth than most. To be fair this was not enhanced by the fact that the music was not to my taste. It was beautiful and expertly performed but a little too wistful and restrained for me.

Nevertheless for the very many devotees in the audience it was a performance not to be missed, and even though the opera itself was not to my personal taste I must applaud the fine performances of the principals. Christa Leahmann won the

hearts of the audience with her sensitive portrayal of Butterfly and was ably supported by a fine cast.

On the technical side, the set, although essentially pleasing, seemed to give a certain awkwardness to some of the movements. Parts of it, including the house itself, worked well but some areas, notably the slope in the upstage right corner appeared to interfere with the flow of the action.

Nick Shlieper deserves a mention for his excellent lighting design, there were places where, for me, it stole the show. Many of the visual pictures created by the director, Terence Clarke, and the movement director, Rex Reid, were moving and the death scene was played with great sensitivity.

Musically this is not an easy piece to perform but it was well lead by conductor Andrew Greene and the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra.

It was lapped up by the opening night audience who gave the conductor a stirring round of applause.

## Ensemble Acting

BRECHT ON BRECHT  
AU Dramatic Society  
and  
Drama Department  
The Union Gallery

by Mary-Anne Haddad

Intense, ensemble acting was provided by the Adelaide University Dramatic Society and the Drama Department's production of *Brecht on Brecht*.

The production is a provocative anthology of the works of Bertolt Brecht, the great German playwright and poet, with music in collaboration with Kurt Weill.

This production combines an energetic ensemble of actors who perform various extracts from Brecht's plays, poems and songs, captured in true Brechtian style.

The production of *Brecht on Brecht* has recently toured several secondary schools during the summer vacation. Both the cast, director and student audiences found the production to be an enlightening, enlivening and exciting experience shared by all.

The production is currently running a two week season at Adelaide University, at the Union Gallery - an excellent venue for such a cabaret-style production. The Gallery is a relaxed idea location as the audience before the performance may wander around and view the current exhibition of works by cartoonist, Mark Cornwall, who comically presents his political and satirical offerings.

The audience may also enjoy the delights of *The Writers*, a modern jazz ensemble, which plays before

and after the performance.

Max Mastrosavas masterfully directs the play emphasising how both actors and audience must be detached and alienated from any emotional aspect of the play, concerning themselves with the wider political and social implications of the dialogue.

On many occasions the actors directly appealed to the audience, walking freely amongst them.

The production is a musically oriented and entertaining score: Such a moving and melancholy song as "Surabaya Johnny" may be compared to the riotous and bawdy "Alabama Song" and to the sarcastic anti-war attack on the army *The Cannon Song*.

The ensemble employs and involves a sense of sustained energy and vitality throughout the thoughtful and calculated exchange of dialogue and the vibrant song and dance.

Sound by Madeleine Misirdjief is another important element of the production, as the play utilises the interesting taped sequence of Brecht's trial.

Brecht shows his satirical qualities and cynical wit by being the "hound for answers" and avoiding the questions in a dry, sardonic way.

The set designed by Bianca Willem exhibits true Brechtian style, with the use of images on flats, influenced by the German artist George Grosz. These images, including a portrait of Brecht convey reflections of characters, which are so vividly alive in Brecht's writing.

## Wandering the hallowed halls

BUTLEY  
AU Footlights Club  
Little Theatre  
Until March 21

by Mary-Anne Haddad

If you have ever wondered cautiously along the corridor of the University English Department then you may find *The Footlights Club production of Butley*, by Simon Gray, to be highly amusing and very entertaining.

The play is set in a room at London University. The production evolves around the principal character, Ben Butley, a lecturer and cynic extraordinaire. The production successfully captures the play's sardonic and witty elements, and explores them through careful character studies.

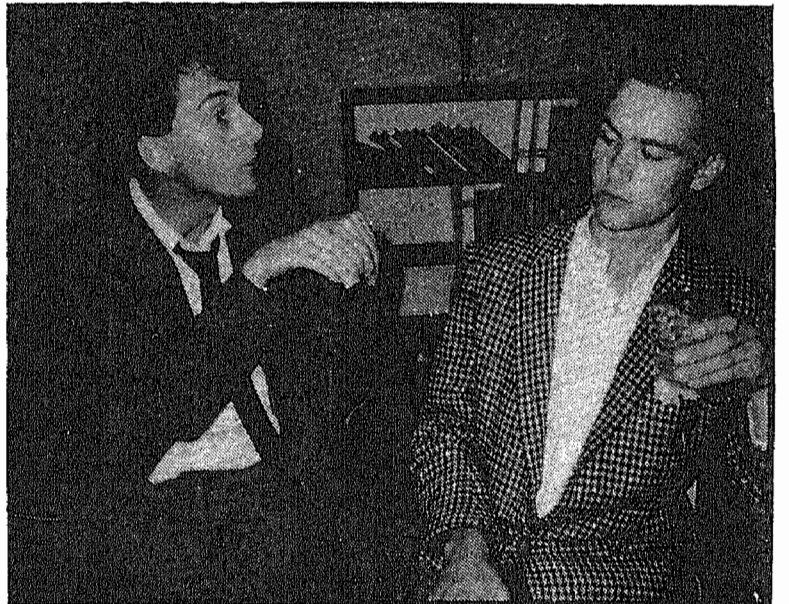
Tim Heffernan in the lead role of Butley provokes the other characters of the play, in his witty and biting verbal assaults.

Ben Butley is a character facing many problems, such as his disillusionment with university life, his drinking habit, his problem facing his sexuality, the breakdown of his marriage and the disintegration of his close friendship with his former protegee Joey.

Butley antagonizes people, (finding most to be boring), he is rude, obscene and very cruel at times.

Nevertheless you could not help but to feel some rapport with him, and the pathetic situation in which he finds himself.

Butley, who he describes himself



cynically, as the "Friend to Education" is a character quite alone in himself.

Tim McKeough's successful sensitive portrayal of Joey, Butley's former protegee, who now shares his room at the University. In many scenes, especially during the first act, both Butley and Joey engage in highly amusing confrontations with Heffernan's and McKeough's cutting wit cynically sending up academic life.

Both Heffernan and McKeough grasp their respective roles with controlled ease, handling the delicate situation extremely well.

Director Stephen Horan has emphasised how the discoveries made by Butley lead to a futile and pessimistic ending.

However at the conclusion of the play, we find Butley taking an interest in a new student, similar to the situation he faced with Joey.

However Butley makes the decision not to be dependent on his past and states that he is "moving on and breaking new ground," not wanting to start again.

This particular play was an excellent choice for productions; it is highly amusing and extremely provocative.

## STAGE LIGHTS

KATE THOMAS

Due to the overwhelming success of the Space Cabaret Club, an additional act has been booked - Kate Cerebrano and Her Septet. The jazz band is a hobby which balances the glamorous singer's work with the band *I'm Talking*. The jazz group will perform a short season from Monday, March 23 to Saturday, March 28. Tickets vary in price and start from \$15.90 at Bass.

The Stirling Player's production of Noel Coward's comedy *Hay Fever* is directed by theatre veteran Anna O'Connor and stars local thespians Keith Bull, Brownwyn Chapple, Hugh Dixon, David Gameau, Helen Thorp, Kate Thorne, Judy Reiderer, Joe and Helen Thorpe. The season closes March 21 at the Stirling Community Theatre.

*A Happy and Holy Occassion*, by the Adelaide University Theatre Guild, marks a directing debut for local actress Barbara West.

*A Happy and Holy Occassion*, a play by NSW contemporary playwright John O'Donahue, opened at the Sheridan Theatre on the weekend and will run until March 28.

Barbara spent a few years on the boards as an actress before extending her talents directing play readings for The Stage Company and The State Theatre Company last year. She said she found her director's role stimulating but was looking forward to returning to the stage later this year in her role as Pauline in the State Theatre Company's production of the *Winter's Tale*.

The outrageous Marat Pack trio - Francis Greenslade, Shaun Micallef and Alex Ward are back with a new show 'As Time Goes By' at Club Foote. It's billed as 'a story where, love and intrigue meet each other, have dinner and a few drinks and wake up in the morning feeling cheap'.



## Pop bop Gospel

THE NYLONS  
Space Cabaret  
Season Closed

by Kate Thomas

There's nothing synthetic about *The Nylons*, their sensuous voices are pure silk. Their cabaret act is wrinkle free and their albums, *One Size Fits All* and *Seamless* are practically faultless.

Canada's "Rockapella", quartet, whose name parodies the music they love best, performed a repertoire of original sup and vocal classics from the 50s and 60s.

Their style is highly theatrical, featuring elements of doo-wop, gospel, pop, bop in slick cabaret show.

When the group first emerged from the Toronto underground music scene in 1979, they initially used four voices with some percussion effects - huge snappy, foot tapping and thigh clapping. Lately the percussion has included tambourine, congas, and electric drums which have given them a greater experimental range.

Since their last visit to Adelaide two years ago, *The Nylons* have attracted a cult following in Australia, Canada, the US and Great Britain where their concerts and albums have been sellouts.

*The Nylon's* success is not due to the scope of their music (which is really only three chord rock and roll pop tunes) but to their spectacular

stagecraft.

The group, Marc Connors (tenor), Claude Morrison (falsetto), Arnold Robinson (bass) and Paul Cooper (baritone) come from acting and musical backgrounds which give them a intuitive sense of showmanship and timing.

A few minutes into their opening act you forget there isn't a band. The senses are seduced by the four part harmonies, a stage decorated with 'nylon' sails, vibrant costumes, energetic choreography and exciting lighting.

*The Nylons* have been accused of relying on a winning formula and failing to experiment. But their opening night at The Space Cabaret, was an exciting mixture of nostalgic hits and original material from their forthcoming album.

Group member Paul Cooper said by phone from Canada prior to the tour "We are previewing material from our new album in the Adelaide shows.

"It's a more aggressive and contemporary style. It's our best to date and we're very excited about it."

Falsetto Claude Morrison added an epithet - "Our music comes from the gut and that is where it hits you."

It seems Adelaide audiences felt the same way. The Cabaret Club season was a sellout and record stores have been inundated with orders for *The Nylon's* forthcoming album.





**BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS**  
Killing Joke  
Virgin

by Richard Wilson

"Through light and laughter flow, to dirge and death we go" "Deserts are paradise, awake to genocides". The references to Nietzsche's "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" are still there, but they're becoming few and far between. Killing Joke, the band formed in 1980 to make music meant to sound like "nature throwing up" have mellowed quite a bit. For a band that has always skirted with the dark side, and in particular, human insanity, this is a remarkably accessible collection of songs.

Geordie's tortured guitar is still there, but mixed down to accommodate all the extra synth-work and production effects on the album. The result does not always work; however there are some excellent tracks. The opening track, and first single, *Adorations*, is a catchy, immaculately-crafted song, with one of the most powerful choruses I have ever heard. The second track is interestingly called *Sanity*, and probably best exemplifies the struggle and turmoil within the band's collective mind as they try to move between good and evil. The song is a confused collection of ideas, notable for being the first track in six albums to contain piano. *Chessboard* is the closest they come to recapturing the sound of their previous album, *Night Time* (considered by many as their best to date), while *Rubicon*, with its heavy bassline, is a strong finish to the album.

Having said all that, I found *A Southern Sky* the best track on the album; with its flowing keyboards and striking chorus, it should be the next single. Sure the album is all black. Sure they all have evil looks on their faces. Sure the Nietzsche references and wall of sound are still there. But *Killing Joke* are mellowing with age. *Urbemensch* to capitalist. The transformation is underway...

□ □ □ □

**DO**  
Trance Dance  
CBS

by Andrew Marshall

As their name implies, these guys don't really want to be taken very seriously. A seven piece outfit from Sweden, *Trance Dance* are, unfortunately very derivative of the major English glam-rock bands. The extent to which they mimic *Spandau Ballet*, *Duran Duran* and *Dead or Alive* cannot be easily overlooked, making it doubtful that they will also emulate the success of these bands. The one trademark they possess is Ben Marlene, the yelping lead vocalist. He hoots his way through every song on the album, enthusiastically assisted by the two backing vocalists Yvonne and Susanne (a la *Human League*). While the standout tracks (all dance songs), "Do the Dance," "Hoodoo Wanna Voodoo" and "Don't Walk Away" are all able executed, the slower atmospheric songs are amateur and cliché. A polished production sorely lacking in originality.

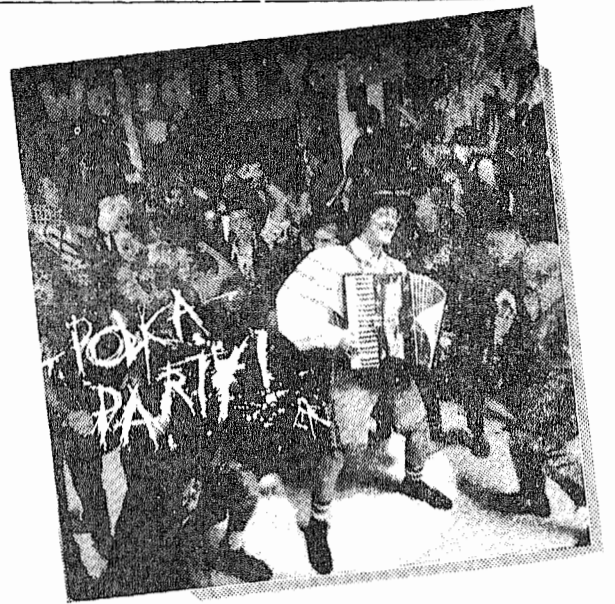
**ROUND MIDNIGHT**  
Warner Brothers

by Richard Ogier

The success of the best film score lies in the way in which they embody a motion picture's mood and spirit. Hence it is difficult to assess the music of *Round Midnight* without having seen the film. Sources say it is expected at the Film Event in the next couple of months. But this record can live without aids. For starters, it features some of the most reputable jazz musicians alive - Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams, Bobby Hutcherson, John McLaughlin, Dexter Gordon and Herbie Hancock.

Their extraordinary collective talents breathe new life into an array of compositions favoured by Bebop musicians of the forties and fifties, ranging from the brooding melancholia of *Body and Soul* to the lightly sprung rhythms of Thelonus Monk's *Rhythm-A-Ning*. Herbie Hancock, somewhat erroneously accredited with composing as well as conducting the music, is undoubtedly its unifying force. His sensitive keyboard touch pervades every selection and his solo work on the title track is a highlight.

Bobby McFerrin's vocal performance on the same track won him a Grammy for jazz-vocal performance. Intellectually - that is to say technically speaking - his distinctive style is quite awesome. Whether or not its appeals emotionally is another question entirely. Irrespective, this performance is certainly deep-felt. Then there is Dexter Gordon. His smoky late night tones conjure up images of whiskey-laced nights in 52nd street clubs. His rendition of *Body and Soul* brings out the darkest warmth of the Tenor Saxophone and vindicates the value of this album in no-time flat.



**POLKA PARTY**  
"Weird Al" Yankovic  
CBS

by Andrew Marshall

Yet again, "Weird Al" Yankovic drags out the same tired formula. Parodies of "Living in America" (*Living with a Hernia*), "Addicted to Love" (*Addicted to Spuds*) and "Ruthless People" (*Toothless*

People) are mixed with Yankovic originals... how long can this go on! "Dog Eat Dog", a less obvious parody of *Talking Heads*, and "Don't Wear Those Shoes", another original, are the better tracks. However, even these don't deserve the commercial attention "Polka Party" is bound to get. "Predictable comedy" is a contradiction of terms.

## SOUNDS

**The Original Wrapper**, Lou Reed (RCA)  
An excellent single, the second from his *Mistral* album. I was initially attracted by the clever lyrics and the obvious play on words in the title, and hooked by the snappy bass-line. On the negative side, the single lacks bottom end (ie. "guts"), due mainly to the use of drum machine and toppy bass, though this has more to do with production than the substance of the song. The flip "Video Violence" is good, but rather drawn out. "W-w-watch Out" for this one.

Andrew Marshall

**World Shut Your Mouth**, Julian Cope (Island).  
Sparse production and minimal instrumentation gives this single an edge that is difficult to find at a time when overworked pop is in vogue. This is a rock and roll song with backbone, complemented by audacious lyrics. Less is more!

Andrew Marshall

**Club**, ZZ Top (WEA)  
They came, they played, they sold lots of records! Half an hour of music on this special tour release makes it better value than anything else around at the moment. All five 12" mixes are proven on the charts, and need no review. Includes "Stages", "Velcro Fly", "Sleeping Bag" and "Legs".

Andrew Marshall

**Breakout**, Swing Out Sister (Mercury)  
It is telling when big money is spent on video production, as with this band. Records that have to be hyped onto the charts, unfortunately, usually stick. The flip sounds like *I'm Talking* on quaaludes.

**Hold On**, The Models (Mushroom)  
Third single from *Media*, "Hold On" highlights the Model's new, more subtle approach to songwriting. A simple instrumental backdrop allows concentration on creating texture and depth rather than complex harmonic patterns, producing a relaxed, open feel. Roger Mason (keyboards) commented recently that this would be a "great single for America". The flip side ("Some Kind of Anger") makes this record a worthwhile buy. Totally dissimilar to the current album, The Models use all the tricks of an extended mix to create a song out of nothing.

Andrew Marshall

**Sugar Free**, Wa Wa Nee (CBS)  
A vast improvement on the nauseating pop of their first two singles, the band inject a little social comment in their third vinyl frisbee. Social conscience however (anti-drugs), just doesn't seem to suit. Danceable.

Andrew Marshall

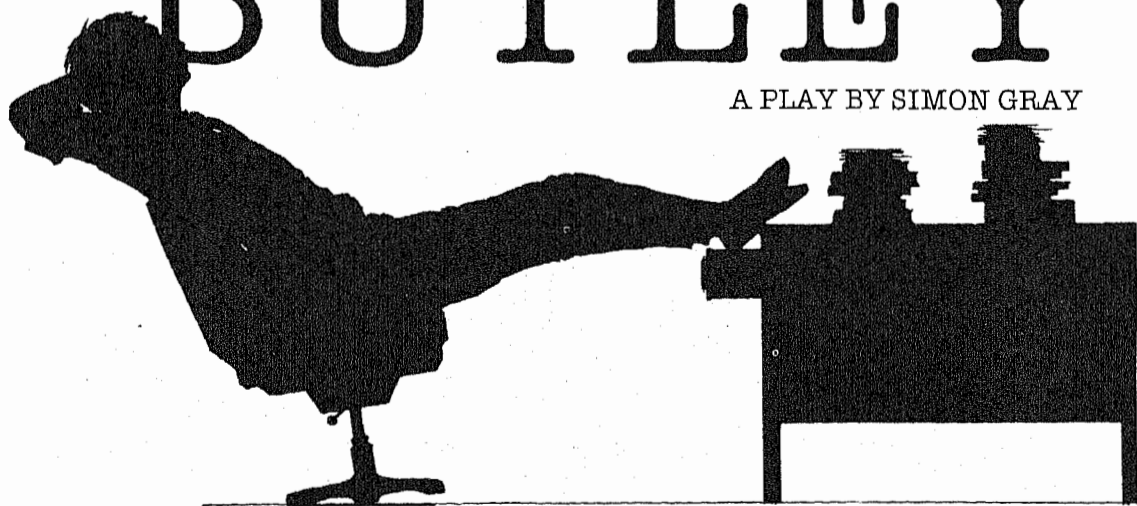
## ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

### FOOTLIGHTS

### CLUB PRESENTS

# BUTLEY

A PLAY BY SIMON GRAY



MARCH 11 - 14  
18 - 22 8.00 PM

LITTLE THEATRE  
ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY

\$3.50 CONCESSION  
\$5.50 PUBLIC

BOOK AT BASS

## GIG GUIDE

**Monday:**  
Grenfell Tavern  
**Wednesday:**  
Findon Hotel

Amnesty

Rose Tattoo  
Latent Debris  
Free Will

**Thursday:**  
Findon Hotel

Rose Tattoo  
Latent Debris  
Free Will  
Macbeth

**Marquee Room**  
**Friday:**  
Murray Bridge Community Club  
Findon Hotel

Counterfeit  
Megaboys  
Macbeth  
Red Handed

**Hotel Victor**  
**Saturday:**  
Port Noarlunga Soccer Oval

Concert South 'Battle of the Bands'  
Counterfeit  
The Nazz  
Second Thoughts  
Red Handed  
Rock Danski  
Megaboys  
The Kult  
Spank You Very Much

**Hotel Victor**  
Grenfell Tavern

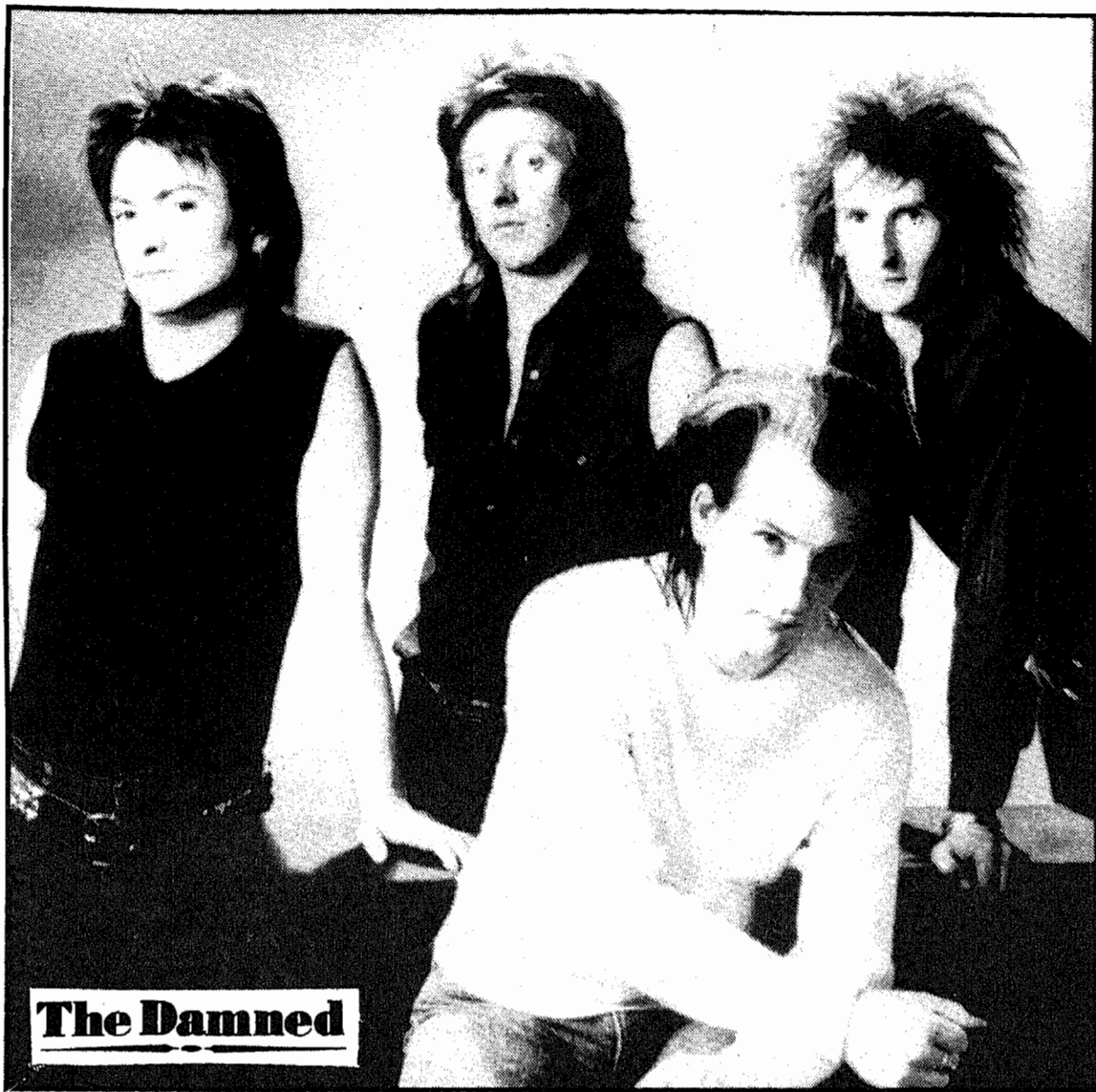
Meltdown

**Marquee Room**  
**Sunday:**  
The Bay



# THE INDIANA JONES OF PUNK.

Legendary punks **THE DAMNED** are misunderstood says **Scabies**. Joe Penhall reports.



On the phone from Perth a hung-over Rat Scabies explains that with interviews "they usually want me to talk about me... because I'm such a great guy." He goes on to explain:

"I always try to bring a ray of happiness into everybody's life.. So what about the stories of arrests for D and D, wild custard pie fights, and smashing up hotel rooms an...?"

"No it's all lies. Like I said we're all great guys." We all send flowers to our mothers and stuff like that."

*The Damned* have been together ten years now, having split up and reformed twice. They're spent as much time as obscurity as in the Top 10. Last year they returned to the limelight with the brilliant Top 10 album "Phantasmagoria" and later the single "Eloise" which climbed to number 2 in England.

Now, coinciding with a world tour, they've just released a new album titled "Anything".

"We're the Indiana Jones of Punk. We're just survivors I suppose..." reflects Rat. "There were times when you had to sell your record collection so you can eat. It came to the point where we were all sitting round and it was like: "Well we've got two hundred quid left in the bank what are we going to do?"

"So we had the choice of dividing the money up and taking fifty quid each or going in and making some demos. So it was very much at the point of finishing. But we decided to spend it on doing demos instead."

The gamble paid off and in 1985 with a new contract, this time to MCA records, the demos became the landmark "Phantasmagoria" album.

"Everything just suddenly started

happening, so it was weird having to work, tour and do interviews again when we'd had sort of a three year lay-off when we couldn't even get arrested."

The reformed *Damned*, dressed in Victorian frocked coats and incorporating saxophones, strings, church organs and even claps of thunder were an immediate success. On album covers they proudly print "Thanks to Nobody". On "Anything" it's "Still Thanks to Nobody". However there is a serious note now to the group. Having been labelled with every possible cliché from "The sole-survivors of punk" to the outrageous labelling of Rat Scabies as a new Keith Moon they are understandably wary. Rat explains:

"We take ourselves alot more seriously now Captain's not here. When he was around everything was always a good laugh. But we found that people just weren't listening to the music which is what I'm here for. People say we're not as outrageous anymore on stage, and no - there's no-one dressed in a ballerina's outfit, and I don't kick the drums over anymore. But we still enjoy what we're doing."

And they're still good at what they're doing - very good. On stage, playing whatever songs they feel like playing - usually a selection of anything from "New Rose" to tracks from the atmospheric new album, they are one of the tightest and most powerful rock acts around.

They'll be performing in Adelaide at Le Rox on Monday and Tuesday, March 16 and 17. Tickets are \$16.00 at CC Records.

# XTC SOLDIERING ON

**XTC: Thinking of England** by Joe Penhall

Not since the reign of Ray Davies in the mid-sixties or Paul Weller in his lam days has there been as concerned an anglophile as XTC's Andy Partridge.

However one thread never lacking from XTC's music is its inherent "Englishness". Keyboard-player and guitarist Dave Gregory agrees "There's definitely an Englishness to all our music, it's probably one of our strongest points - the fact that we exploit our Englishness."

"But", he points out "variety is the spice of life after all - we like to put as many different things on the record as possible, and make it like a juke-box... Each of our albums has always a pot-pourri of musical styles. We think it's a most interesting way to make records - just throw all the junk in the pot and enjoy the stew that comes out..."

In the not of the new XTC album: "Skylarking" is a notable

return to the sixties for musical inspiration. Far from it being the work of Rundgren, Gregory points out that the influence is the product of the band members' own past. "Certainly our biggest inspiration musically is mid to late sixties English pop, because that was when we were at our most musically receptive - we were teenagers at the time and that's when you're at your most impressionable. It's our favourite sort of music - most of the music we play at home is sixties stuff. We listen to very little new stuff basically because we don't find it very interesting."

So close is the affiliation that in the past the band have been referred to as "the New Fab-Four". Gregory explains "The Beatles are certainly our strongest influence... maybe we're just getting more and more nostalgic for the sixties. We're not a sixties nostalgia group by any means - don't get me wrong - I think it's just that today's sound is so dull and

boring - It just seems to have its priorities in the wrong place: it seems to just ignore the song and go for the sound." It's a pertinent point, if the sound of the mid-seventies when XTC started out was punk, then the sound of the mid-eighties is its antithesis with hip drum machines and simplistic synthesizers dominating.

Gregory agrees. "Yeah, machines making music. It's because everyone's using the same technology - the same drum machines, the same sequencers and the same digital keyboards. And of course machines cannot perform, this is the thing. They can do some wonderful things but they cannot perform. Performance has to be human thing."

"Basically the test of a good song is if you can sit down with a guitar or a piano and play it, and people will like it. It doesn't need a lot of embellishment or a lot of treatment."

"But", he points out "it's not going to sell a lot of records, it's not a commercial sound - it's not 1986..." "Something of which Virgin Records, the band's record company, are all too aware. Gregory explains "We're always pessimistic about our future because every time we make another album for them, they have the option as to whether we make another one for them." He quips that the next one will be a heavy metal album with "a lot more drums and nasty guitars."

Another reason for pessimism is that after nearly a decade in the business, XTC have stopped touring.

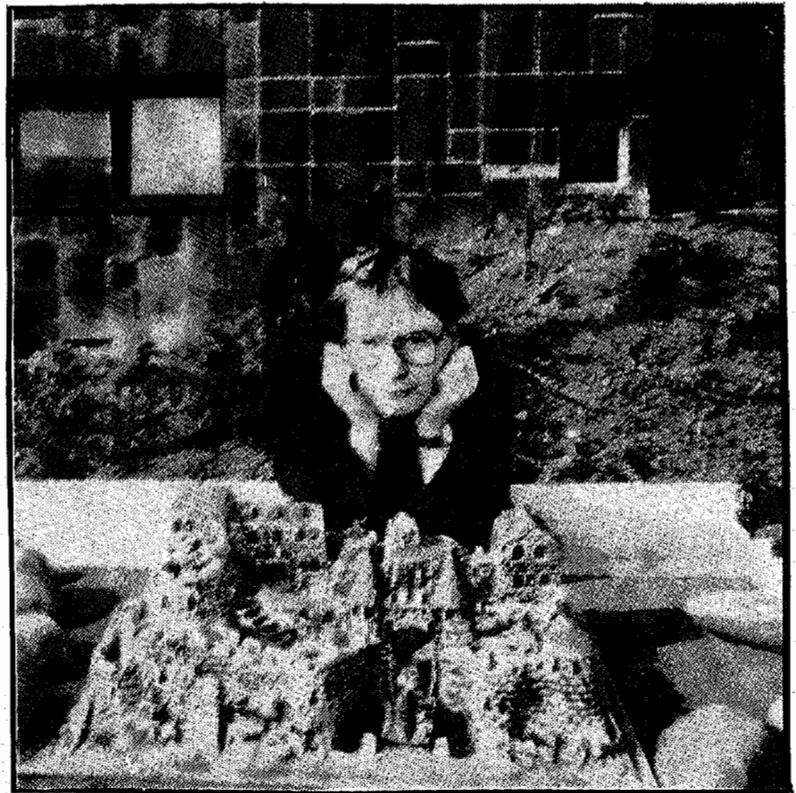
"There's no chance of any touring ever again" Gregory states with alarming finality. "Andy doesn't want to do it... it's that simple. It's not a very nice way to live, it's O.K. for the first two weeks, but after that it's the same thing night after night. It looks glamorous from the outside but it's really hard work." He also points out that XTC are all

family men" now, and besides, Andy misses his toy soldiers. That seems to be his principal interest in life - his toy soldiers. I think it's this dictator in him - the way it can manifest itself in a benign way when he's not making records - you know when he's not bossing us around in the studio he's manipulating his little toy soldiers at home.

That's when he's not designing record covers. XTC have a reputation for producing unusual and highly inventive album jackets.

The *Big Express* - XTC's last album - was completely round resembling a cast iron steam engine wheel.

"English Settlement" was completely green with a white mythical Chalk Horse stamped in relief adorning it. The "Skylarking" jacket is also presented in relief, with a gold plate of two lovers skylarking in the centre. Gregory explains that the covers are Andy's brainchildren: "He does all of them. The basic ideas are all his, even the single bags. Everytime he writes a song he designs a bag just in case it's a single... it's the full artistic experience."



# ANYONE FOR ANYTHING

ANYTHING  
The Damned  
MCA Records

by Joe Penhall

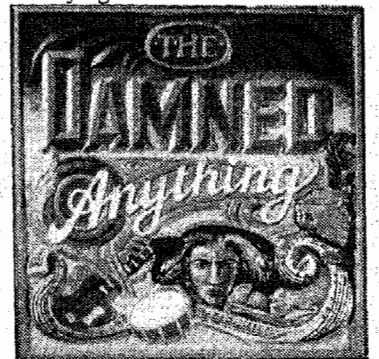
*The Damned* have changed considerably since their early frenetic gigs at the Roxy and the Rainbow, supporting *The Pistols* and the *Clash*. Gone are the sneering vocals and the Smash It Up mentality,

The good news is that having learned to write with more than three chords on the "strawberries"

album, the band have once again come up with their quota of melodic gems. Roman Jugg's *The Portrait* is an atmospheric grand piano sequel to *Santum Sanctorum* off *Phantasmagoria*, complete with swirling wind and rain sound effects. *The Tightrope Walk* is straight out of a Dickensian fairground - continuing the band's new found taste for the English period pieces.

*Psychomania* is a hundred-mile an hour rocker in the best Damned tradition, *Anything* the first single is similar. *Dulce Decorum* is the obvious highpoint of the album,

it alone stands as adequate reason for buying it.





## King of Prosh: Still Makin Sense

**Paul Makin's recent dismissal from 5AA is only one more chapter in the continuing serial that is his career.**

"I worked at UZ until the new management took over. A lot of people were sacked... The ratings plummeted because they tried another format. There was only two of us left - me and the priest! The priest was on Sunday nights and I was doing my *Newsbeat* program, plus news. He used to say, 'Paul, who's going first?' and I said 'Well, you know people in high places' and I didn't mean management. And he was the last to go. On the way out, I said 'I must confess, Father, please forgive me, I thought I would be the last to go.' He stuck on for about a month, and then he got the bullet.

"Priests don't get the bullet, do they? They're ex-communicated. He was de-frocked from the air-waves."

While Paul Makin was at 3UZ, Stavros Pippas, the program manager at Seven Adelaide, asked him to do stories for *State Affair*. Makin accepted, but on a part-time basis.

He commuted to SA, staying for three days every two weeks, filing stories that would be spread over the next fortnight on *State Affair*. When his job at 3UZ was finally over, Makin became a full-time reporter for *State Affair*.

And then, in April 1986, came THAT offer. "I got an offer from 5AA to do the Saturday morning breakfast show. That worked in

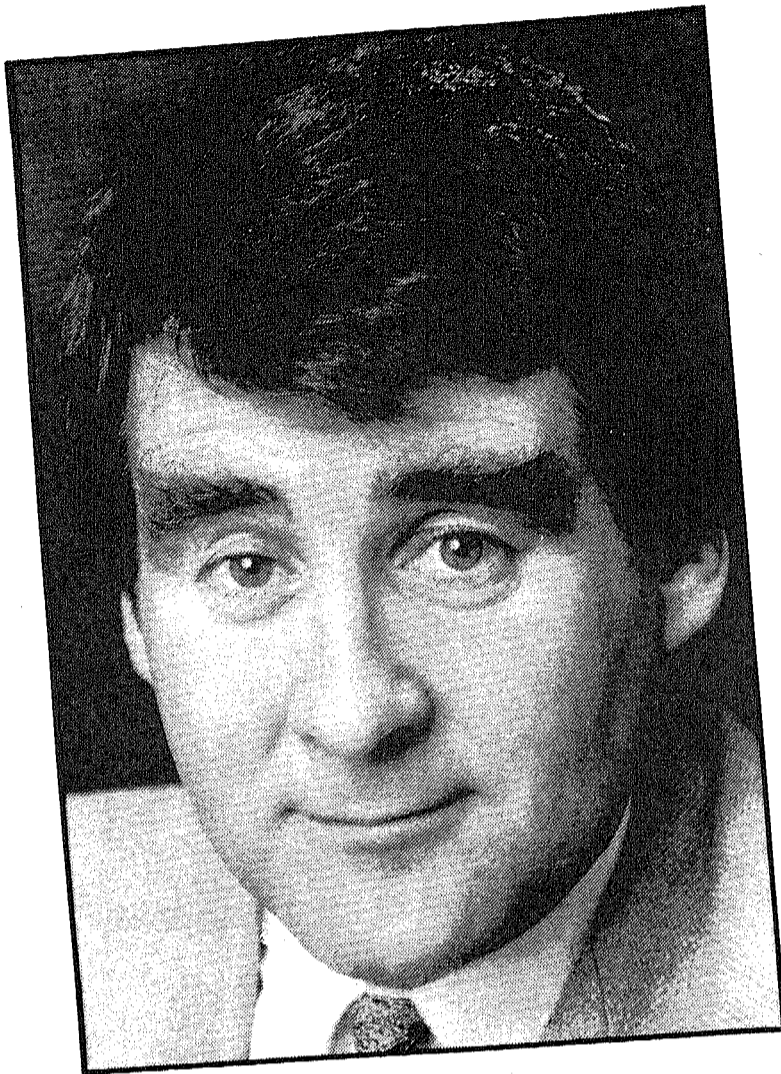
beautifully...I put every effort into that Saturday show. I was on for about two months when Guy Blackmore took over breakfast on weekdays. Then the boss came in one day and said 'How would you like to do it full-time?' I said 'What about Guy?' and he said 'Oh, we'll look after him'. So he went."

Makin now had the 5AA breakfast show six days of the week, and once again, his *State Affair* commitments were reduced to a minimum. The weekday show under Guy Blackmore had been rating at "four point something... In the first survey after Guy, I lifted it to seven point something, which is nearly doubled. Remember the station had problems as well - and I'm not blaming them completely - so you're fighting a radio station that was losing. So my last survey was five point something. I know for a fact that their own (5AA) independent surveys gave me a listening audience somewhere between eight and ten points.

"You can't do it in six months. You can't do it in a year. You can't do it in two years...I was promised three years to do it."

Another indicator to his increasing popularity, says Makin, is the amount of calls that he received. "When I took over from him (Guy), he was getting very few calls. At the finish of my program, we were getting so many calls that we couldn't fit them on the air. I'd ring them back after the show, and say would you ring tomorrow."

"And I believe we did some of the best radio satire you'll ever hear in this town. We had Bob and Paul in their little continuing serial, talking over dinner and who was going to pay for it, and whether it would be a fringe benefit. We did a song called 'Monster Budget' to the tune of the old Bobby Boris Pickett 'Monster Mash'. We did a sketch one day on this advertising team trying to get a



PAUL MAKIN'S SAD FACE

concept together, and we used stuff like: 'Hey, let's fly it up the flagpole and see if we salute it. Let's put it out and see if the cat licks it up.' We got calls from people at University who appreciate that sort of humour. It got me an invite down to the University to host the Prosh Day and get kidnapped (as King of Prosh). I

been hearing about it, and getting into it." Makin is no suing 5AA enjoyed that very, very much."

Looking back now, can he see why he was dismissed? "I can't understand it, because the show was headed in the right direction. That show needed three years. In a year's time people probably would have

for breach of contract, "which they breached 5 days before last Christmas." It is thought that damages have been set at \$250,000.

That case is expected to drag on in the courts for 12 - 18 months, but meanwhile Paul Makin is not remaining idle. The long-suffering news director at *State Affair*, Paul Marshall, welcomed Makin back to full-time work with open arms, and he started three weeks before the rest of the team came back from summer recess. In the meantime he has someone in his sights for an exclusive interview.

"Reagan is someone I'd like to interview. 'When are you and the Russians going to get together and stop threatening us with nuclear arms?' That would be the question I'd ask him. I'd say, 'Look, Ronald, can I get you and that Russian bloke together just for a chat. Let's have a beer and chat about it. You've got kids, they've got kids. I'd like to say 'Why the hell can't you get together and discuss this like two adults?' But I probably wouldn't get the right answer. I'd get a political answer."

And what if he was given the first ride in a time machine: can he name a historical figure that he would like to scoop?

"Yes, Robin Hood. He was like a Paul Keating, only he robs from the poor to give to the rich, but very similar though. I think they looked alike too.

"I'm serious, I would have liked to have interviewed Robin Hood, and found out how he did it, because he did it very successfully, getting from the rich and giving to the poor. It worked very well, because the rich still had plenty left, but the poor people were looked after."

The original socialist re-distributor of wealth?

"...then I'd come back and interview Paul Keating and pass on Robin's information to him."

## New season brings bummers to the box

THE BOX  
Jon Hainsworth

Twenty years ago Australia was making police shows of quality and authenticity - *Homocide*, *Division 4* and *Matlock Police*. Then the rot began to set in with *Cop Shop* which was a soap, the realistic elements of Australian drama abandoned in favour of cheap, sensational plots.

Now we try to copy the Americans and fall flat on our faces. I am sure I must seem to be very critical about all the new shows, but honestly, there have just never been so many bummers in a new season.

Thankfully there are a couple of programmes worth looking at. The new British comedy *Who Dares Wins*, while not as funny as *Not the Nine O'Clock News* is still a very witty half hour.

*Theatre Sports* after a shaky beginning is shaping up to be a fascinating, and hilarious show. Teams of four act out sketches which have not been rehearsed. This is a very different, and exciting kind of comedy. When the young actors fail it's a miserable experience for them and for us.

But when they are inspired this kind of improvised comedy is terrific entertainment.

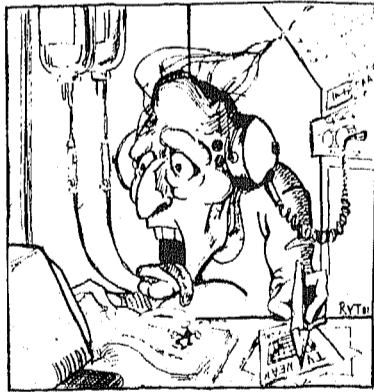
Something that cannot be said for 22

the *Newlywed Game*. Poor Ian Turpie, with his blonded mane, tries his hardest to extract some classy laughs from the hackneyed situation. He is undermined by the newlyweds themselves who give the impression of being ten year olds pretending to be married adults. No wonder the divorce rate is so high. Turpie's still-born comeback since the axing of *The Price is Right* has been relegated to the 5.30 time-slot on 9.

*The Newlywed Game* is up against the new-look *Perfect Match* now hosted by Cameron Daddo and Kerry Friend. While Kerry is a smiling non-entity (why else would she be hired), Daddo is an improvement on Greg Evans.

The latter had a nervousness in front of the camera that he tried to cover with smiles and smarmy double-takes. Daddo is only 21, and bearing a striking resemblance to Brian Epstein (the Beatles first manager). He is an honest bumbler in front of the camera. He ploughs on regardless, with a rather endearing charm.

Evans has moved to 9. We have yet to see his new game show called *Say G'Day*. Surely he can't be any worse than the other rubbish. Evans' barely concealed contempt for his audience is uncomfortably similar to Don Lane's which probably means we'll have to get ready for the Greg Evans decade. Graham Kennedy where are you when we need you?



**MONDAY:** 10.30 - 20 cents of mixed lollies, please (interview with Melbourne band *Psychotic Turnbuckles*, Nick X with his film reviews, and coverage of last Thursday's Anti Fees march); 11.30 - Murray and Clem; 12.30 - Mystery guest hosts the show.

**TUESDAY:** 10.30 - The Dogs die young in Tin Pan Alley (Blues); 11.30 - British Rock; 12.30 - Black Soul

**WEDNESDAY:** 10.30 - 20 cents of mixed lollies, please (interview with the *Warumpi Band*, special guests from the newly formed *Non Con Club* tell us what it's all about); 11.30 - Thunderbirds are Go (featuring interview with the *Huxton Creepers*; 12.30 - The Lullaby Hour.

**THURSDAY:** 10.30 - Overseas Underground Music Show; 11.30 - Malena Mathew and Tom; 12.30 - Glam Show.

**FRIDAY:** 10.30 - Friday on my mind; 11.30 - Get down and Boogie; 12.30 - In Control

## NEW WRITING

### Fireworks On Mars

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

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

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

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

Sarah Sloane

## NEW WRITING



**OPENING OF THE ENVIRONMENTAL SCULPTURE BY HOSSEIN VALAMANESH:** All members of the University are warmly invited to attend the Opening by the Acting Vice-Chancellor, Professor K. Marjoribanks, of the environmental sculpture by Hossein Valamanesh at the top of the steps to the new Barr Smith Library Entrance. The Opening will take place at the site of the sculpture on Thursday 26th March at 4.30 pm. Please come.  
Rosemary Brooks,  
Chairman,  
Works of Art Committee

**A.U. PRESS CLUB: NEWSPAPERS MADE EASY** - Interested in journalism but don't know where to start. *The Press Club* presents a series of three workshop afternoons on the aspects of news writing and gathering conducted by *On Dit* editors and experienced staffers. Session 1: Monday, March 22nd, 1.15 pm. On Dit Office.

**Adelaide Uni Biology Society**  
Everyone who likes to watch Harry Butler and David Attenborough tramp through the virgin bushland looking for rare and dangerous wildlife would love the equally exciting, but less exhausting, atmosphere of the Adelaide University Biology Society 'Wine and Cheese' evenings.

Our first meeting for this year welcomes new and used members with an A.G.M. at 5.30 pm followed by Dr Beryl Morris from the Museum Information Centre. She'll tell us about insects and how they can be used in forensic science.

The rest of the evening can be spent chatting with other students who share a common interest in the world about them.

See you in the 4th floor tea-room of the Fisher Building at 5.30 pm on Wednesday 18th March.  
Members \$1.00, Non-Members \$2.00. Wine and Cheese provided.  
Yours Robyn Hill  
Vice-President

**A.U. Student Life** presents Free full length motion film "Jesus".  
The first totally authentic film on the life of Christ with a cast of over 5000 and nine years in the making. Union Cinema, Level 5, Student Union Building, Monday 16th March, 1.05 pm.  
Wednesday 18th March, 12.05 pm.  
Note: Film runs 120 minutes. All welcome.

**A.U. Spirits Appreciation Society:** The Spirits Appreciation Society is holding its Annual General Meeting at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room on Friday the 20th April.  
A new executive will be elected, and the bar night will be discussed.

**Evangelical Union**  
Are you sure of the Truth?  
Deane Meatheringham will speak as a Christian, on this theme, on:  
Tuesday, 17th March and Tuesday, 24th March in the Union Cinema (Level 5, Union House) at 1.00 pm. Bring your lunch and listen!  
Thursday Brekkies...  
Come to Brekky, on Thursday, 19th March, for Christian fellowship, and good fun. We meet at 7.30 am in the North/South Dining rooms (Level 4, Union House). Breakfast is provided, then we have Roger Kemp, the AFES International Ministries rep., to speak to us.

**A.U. Women's Club** The first meeting of A.U. Women's Club will be on Monday March 16th at 1.00 pm in the Women's Room. Attendance for all prospective members is important as the constitution and future objectives of the club will be discussed. (Perhaps we can even decide on a new and more exciting name for the club!). All women welcome. (Please feel free to bring your children too).

**A.U. German Club:** is holding its AGM/Freshers Wine and Cheese Welcome on Thursday March 19th at 1.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room.

**Sailing Club**  
The Sailing Club is forging ahead in 1987! Saturday March 21 - Sailing Club Bar Night, 8 pm, Uni Bar. The *Suburban Bears* are playing so be there for a fun night. *Wombat* are the support band. Considering the Bear's outstanding performance at the O'Ball, you'd better be there early to get in! Sunday March 22 - Training Sailing day for all new or intending members. Come along and learn how to sail under our professional tuition. These are just this week's activities for the A.U. Sailing Club, the pub crawl is yet to come... Join the A.U. Sailing Club, who knows, you might even get in a boat one day.

**A.U. Golf Club**  
A.U. Golf Club cordially invites all old members and interested persons to the Annual AGM. The meeting will comprise the election of officers for 1987 and discussion of this year's events. DATE: 31st March, 1987. VENUE: North/South Dining Rooms, TIME: 7.30 pm.  
A minimal charge of \$1 donation will be required. Refreshments and films will be provided.

**AU TOUCH CLUB INTRAMURAL COMPETITION:** Touch Football is starting up again during lunchtimes in first term. Another intramural will be held again in third term.  
For those of you who have not heard of 'Touch', it is a non-contact sport with skills similar to rugby (but without tackling). Consequently mixed teams and women's teams are popular. Intramural teams will be in mixed divisions and possibly a women's division too (depending on entries). The Touch Club enters men's, women's and mixed teams in other competitions around Adelaide. For further information about Touch or the Touch Club see the information sheets in the Sports Association Office.

Due to the participation last year (in first, second and third terms) and to the response during Orientation Week, we will probably be having games during two lunchtimes through term.  
Term nomination forms and conditions of entry are available from the Sports Association Office. Please read and comply with the conditions of entry and return the complete nomination to the Sports Association Office (Mary) by Wednesday the 18th March (this week!).  
Late nominations will not be guaranteed a spot in the competition. Scratch games will be held on the Uni oval from 12.45 pm to 2.00 pm on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week. This gives new players teams a chance to learn the game and gives individuals (who have not got a team) the opportunity of meeting other new players and forming a team.  
A good way to start a new team is for a group of friends to get together as the emphasis (in intramurals) is on having fun in a social way and on learning the game.  
There will be a seminar explaining the rules held from 6.00 pm - 9.00 pm in the Jerry Portus Room (behind Sports Association Office) on Thursday, 19th March.

**Table Tennis**  
All students/staff interested in playing table tennis this year are asked to leave their names and contact telephone no./department at the Sports Association Office.

**Intra-mural 5-A-Side Soccer**  
Entries are invited for mens and mixed 5-a-side soccer teams for the 1987 competition to be played on University Oval during first and second term. Entry forms are available from the Sports Association Office. Closing date 27th March, 1987.

**Netball**  
A.U. women interested in playing netball this year are asked to leave their names and contact telephone no./department at the Sports Association Office.

**Women's Soccer**  
The A.U. Women's Soccer teams are looking for new players. Training 1-2 nights per week, matches Sundays. New players welcome, no experience necessary. Contact us via our pigeonhole in the Sports Association Office (north-west corner of the Cloisters).

**A.U.M.C.C.**  
Annual General Meeting. Meet in Meeting Room 1 in the Union Building on Level 5, that's behind the Uni Bar, 7.30 pm Wednesday, 17th March. All members, new members and prospective members are welcome.

**T.I.A.M.A.T.**  
Thought in Action, Manking and Technology Inaugural General Meeting, Little Cinema (Union Cinema), Level 5, Union Building, 1.00 pm Friday, 20th March. The Great Debate: Creationism vs. Scientific Reason. All welcome.

**FOR SALE:** HP 41 series PRINTER (Model 82143A). Excellent condition and less than half new price \$350 o.n.o. Phone 339 6563  
HP 41 series CARD READER (Model 82104A). Excellent conditions: \$200 or best offer. Phone 339 6563.

**Lutheran Students Fellowship**  
Thursday March 19th. This week we will be holding a 'get to know you' session, a chance to learn more about each other and perhaps even remember a few names (shock horror). Bring your lunch along to the chapel at 1 pm and use the opportunity to forget about lectures and tutorials for an hour.

**GAMING:** Adelaide Uni Simulation Gaming Association meets every Friday from 10 am to 10 pm in the Club Room Area on Level 5 of the Union Building and most lunchtimes in clubroom S1.  
For role playing and simulation gaming, bring your own games (or use the club's on Fridays.)  
Yours indebted  
Andre Houben  
PS. 85% of students roleplay or wargame (source: *On Dit* O'Week Ed.) in their spare time.  
- Nice to know that someone took *Abstract AI's Campus Credibility Quiz* seriously - Ed.

**AUSFA Film Event:** Yes, AUSFA's first event. We will converge en masse to see 'The Quiet Earth' on Thursday, March 12th, 6 pm session.

**A.U. FRENCH CLUB:** AGM - 23rd March, 1.00 pm Room 719. Everyone welcome.

**Room in large share house, large rooms, modern kitchen and bathroom, close to shops and transport in PROSPECT \$47/week plus share of expenses, see David Israel in Students' Association Office.**

**Wanted to Buy:** Student urgently needs the textbook "The Legacy of Malthus" by A. Chase (Illinois U.P.). Please phone Kathy 42 2053.

**FOR SALE:** Lab-coats, dental jackets, doctor's coats. Sold by a student at student prices. Ring Chris on 295 6645 (a.h.) and avoid the high prices charged in town. P.S. will deliver to Uni.

**A.U. Student Life** Free Feature film "Jesus", Union Cinema, Level 5, Union Building, Monday 16th March - 1.05 pm, Wednesday 18th March - 12.05 pm.  
This film answers the questions: Is there a God? Is there life after death? Is there hope for today?  
All welcome.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE  
ELDER CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC  
ELDER HALL CONCERT CALENDAR  
MARCH, 1987

**Friday 6th 1.10 pm Admission Free**  
**"AMADEUS IN O'WEEK LUNCH-HOUR CONCERT"**  
Featuring the voices of Prudence Dunstone (mezzo soprano), Janet Healy, Andrea Clare & Raelene Jones (sopranos) with Mathew Henrick (bass) in a programme of concert arias by Mozart.

**Sunday 8, 8 pm Admission Free**  
**"AMADEUS IN O'WEEK EVENING CONCERT"**  
Choral/Orchestral concert celebrating the music of Mozart, directed by Gerald English. Graham Abbott, Greg Dickmans, Robyn Holmes & Miriam Morris with students who participated in the Amadeus in O'Week Summer School. Programme includes: Selected **Divertimenti**, **Solo Works Symphony in D. K385 Haydn**, Overture to **Ascanio in Alba**, K111, Tessa Miller (soprano), James Sanderson (alto), Derek Taylor (tenor) and Mathew Henrick (bass).

**Friday 13, 8 pm Admission \$6,\$3**  
**"MICHELLE GINGRAS - Clarinet**  
**MONIKA LACZOFY - Piano**  
First prize winner at the Quebec Music Festivals of 1979 and 1981 and currently Assistant Professor of Clarinet and Miami University, Ohio, this concert is presented in conjunction with The Reed Instrument Society of S.A. **Programme includes work by Carlos Guastavino, B. Marcello, Louis Cahuzac, Alec Templeton and T. Antoniou.**

**Monday 23, 8 pm Admission \$6, \$3**  
**CLEMENS LESKE - Piano**  
Reader in Music at the Elder Conservatorium, Mr Leske will present the first University Music Society concert for 1987 performing works by **Beethoven, Schubert, and Hooper Brewster Jones**

**Monday 26, 1.10 pm Admission \$3,\$2**  
**KURT BUNG & HEIDI BAUER - Piano Duo**  
One of Europe's most outstanding piano duos, they will perform works by **Mozart, Chopin and Darius Milhaud**

## PSYCHOSOMATICS AND THE AVERAGE FISH

STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING IN EVERY LECTURE...  
Gasp!  
...in the medical school

Gasp!  
...in the law school.

Zzzzzz  
Zzzzzz  
Zzzzzz  
and especially in the arts faculty...

BANG

Heard what has been happening, Jonquil?  
yeah...

Pretty good, eh...

It would be, Asphixia, if my inevitable doom wasn't so closely linked with it...

Oh! That bad, is it, kiddy... Do you want to meet for coffee, then?

Yeh... see you in an hour...

And so you see, Asphixia, if I ignore my quest I don't get a degree, and if I put all my energy into fulfilling my quest I won't have time to get a degree...

I see! Either way you die

Well, as I see it, Jonquil, you have to And out who is killing the great professors of Adelaide University as soon as possible...

But how?

By looking in the last place you would ever expect to find anything...

BIBLION!

BIBLION? WELL, HAVE YOU EVER SUCCESSFULLY FOUND ANYTHING ON BIBLION? THINK ABOUT IT UNTIL NEXT WEEK...

ARE YOU DULL, COLOURLESS AND BORING? GET RID OF THE WEEK THREE BLUES WITH THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! STUDENT RADIO WED 11:30 pm 54V 531 'BYE.



# START AT THE BACK

## Ret there be right

Yang Chunfa, a 26 year-old Chinese peasant from Shimin, can see in the dark.

Yang suffered a mysterious illness while he was a toddler, and ever since, has been able to read books, and thread needles at night. The problem is that he is nearly blind by day, so he works at night and sleeps in the daytime. His parents are said to be worried about his marriage prospects.

## Was this you?

At least 21 people were killed by wild animals in Zimbabwe last year.

Mr Mike Drury, of the Zimbabwe National Parks and Wildlife, said that eight people had been slaughtered by crocodiles, seven had been savaged by lions, five had been squashed to a messy pulp by naughty buffaloes, and one had contrived to be stomped and trampled to death by a completely innocent elephant, who just happened

to be in the vicinity.

He insisted that the blame for the deaths rested entirely on the silly interfering humans concerned, who invariably either provoked the peace-loving animals, or failed to get out of the way. He had this advice for future travellers to areas inhabited by creatures with big feet and bigger teeth. "If you walk across a street without looking, you're going to be hit by a car. If you ford a river without looking, you could be hit by a crocodile."

## Here is the nudes

The *UK Press Gazette* reports that some American cable television stations are employing topless newsreaders, in an effort to lilt ratings (amongst other things). As yet, all of the newsreaders have been women, but bare boys' bods are probably only around the corner.

We wonder when the ubiquitous news console will disappear perhaps only when the "journalists" are completely starker?

## Hoarse sense

Australian cinema-goers are becoming increasingly derisive of outmoded commercials. Heard at one Sydney cinema, during a cancer stick advert featuring a pair of bimboes lighting ciggies on horseback, was the following exchange: "What about one for the horse?"

"Do you think horses are stupid?"

## Fe-lined

A woman in Wollongong phoned her local council more than four weeks ago to report the presence of a dead cat in the street outside her house. Of the council's efficiency in removing the cat, she said: "the person taking the call was very polite, thanked me for reporting the matter, and assured me that immediate steps would be taken to remove the animal. Last night, after having been squashed beyond recognition and its insides pasted to the road surface by passing traffic, this animal was finally painted over by the line-marking machine."

## Quotables

Bill Hayden, on Joh Bjelke-Petersen: "He should put his horse into the Senate too - it wouldn't be too hard to hide among his colleagues in the Queensland National Party."

Valentin Falin, head of the *Novosti* newsagency, on Soviet reforms: "We don't want democracy to exist as a mere slogan, a label...it must be visible."

Jim Thomas, chairman of the company which has introduced bingo to American Indian reserva-

tions: "I think the Indians prefer dealing with English people... they don't blame us for Little Bighorn."

Rupert Murdoch, on the future of the *Melbourne Herald*: "I would never do anything too drastic."

Kobie Coetsee, South African Minister for Justice: "Tear smoke which is used...after requests to calm down have been ignored is the most effective alternative to the application and deployment of more stringent means."

## The Big Fix

'Start at the Back' was startled a couple of months ago to read a Sydney newspaper story about SA Liberal Party candidate Kim Jacobs.

Apparently Jacobs, Liberal candidate for the marginal Federal seat of Hawker and president of the Australian Young Liberals, once confessed to being involved in trying to "fix" an Adelaide University student election.

In 1977 he and three others signed a "confession" to the bungled election rigging. The letter was subsequently reprinted in *On Dit*.

Jacobs' response to the 10-year-old revelations was that he was not involved in the attempted fix and

had been "forced" to sign the letter of confession by the then Vice-Chancellor, the late Professor Don Stranks.

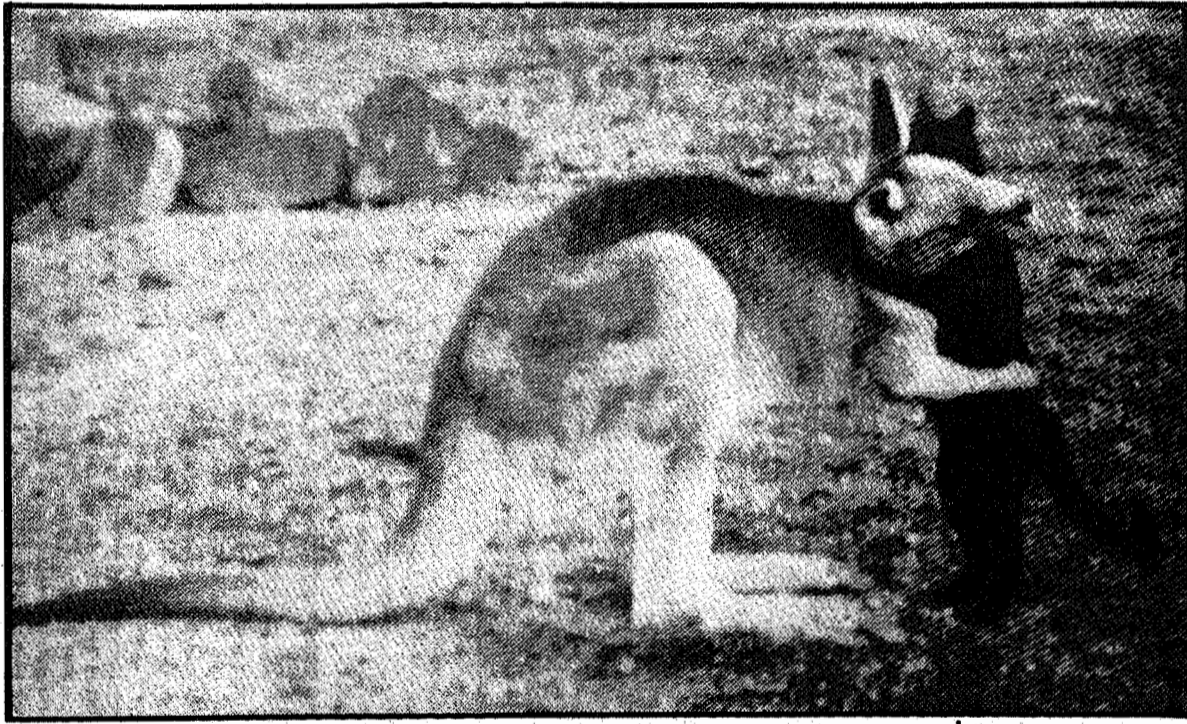
The returning officer the 1977 student election was Justin Malvon, now a Melbourne Law School lecturer.

He said Jacobs and this three colleagues knew exactly what they were signing.

"I remember one of them in tears, saying that his career was wrecked," Malvon said.

He said one of the four had turned suicidal after the confession, and had threatened to jump off the economics building.

"Have a nice day at the office, dear,"



## Brain Strain

Right: this week's comp. The 9 999 of you did not enter our last competition listen especially well. This is so easy that even you can do it.

Take a squiz at the adjacent news poster. (Not too difficult so far?) Now, in fifty words or less, write the news story that would accompany this headline. The most original and most authentic story will win a mystery prize, worth quite a few pennies, and will automatically become an Advertiser cadet.

Those of you who are incapable of counting to fifty may compose your entry in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Deliver your entries to the *On Dit* Office down *On Dit Lane*, s/w corner of the cloisters, and be prepared to bribe.

**THE Sun**  
LATE CITY

**WASHING MACHINE KILLS DAD**

**SPORT MAGAZINE**

AS FAMILIES ALL AROUND AUSTRALIA ARE FOUND DEAD IN THEIR LIVING ROOMS FROM O.D.I.N.G ON "WACKINESS"... AND YOU CAN'T MOVE IN THE STREETS FOR ALL THE CAMERA CREWS TRYING TO ENTICE ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD PEOPLE INTO DOING SOMETHING "ZANY" FOR LESS THAN THE FEES OF PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS... ITS TIME FOR:

**YOU'VE GOT to BE having A LATE POT LUCK GO!**

TELL US PERSON WE JUST RAN INTO ON THE STREET AND HAVEN'T COVERED AT ALL... WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST STORY YOU'VE EVER HEARD?

WELL, THERE WAS THIS MAIRY ALIEN AND THIS ROBOT AND... THEY STOLE THIS SHUTTLE... Y'KNOW? AND THEN THEY FLEW TO THIS PLANET WHERE BUTTOCKS PEOPLE LIVED...

QUIET AT THE TIME OF WRITING, ALL THESE "WACKY" STORIES ARE STILL BEING COVERED BY THE MEDIA AND THE PRODUCTIONS THEY SHOULD ALL BE OFF THE AIR.

DAMN, ROCKET FUELS GONE UP AGAIN... IT WAS 49.9 ON THE WAY HERE.

110 LYPH

I'VE GOT THOSE HORRIBLY DEFORMED, BAG-OVER-MY-HEAD BLUES... WELL I WENT TO THE CHEMIST FOR A TUBE OF CLEARASIL... AND THE LADY THERE, SHE MUST'VE BEEN QUITE ILL, CAUSE SHE FAINTED; PASSED RIGHT OUT AND THEY WOULDN'T EVEN LET ME GIVE HER MOUTH-TO-MOUTH...

\* THE JOHN MERRICK SONG

THOSE HORRIBLY DEFORMED, BAG-OVER-MY-HEAD BLUES... WELL, MUMMY WAS PRETTY BUT MUMMY NEVER GREST-FED ME... AND THAT WAS JUST THE START OF MY BLATANT UNPOPULARITY...

HEY LOOK, DAKERY... THE STARTRUCKS BACK!

NO JOH... I THINK ITS THE STAR TRUCKS SIDE... HA! HA!

HEY GUYS... YOU IN THERE? SCOTTIE? CAPTAIN QUIRK?

BUT WHAT JOH AND DAKERY DON'T KNOW IS THAT INSIDE THE STARTRUCK WE'VE HIDDEN A LITTLE SURPRISE... LET'S WATCH, SHALL WE?

BA HA HA... CANNED LAUGHTER (IMPORTED FROM THE U.S.)

WHA...?

SAY GOODNIGHT GRACIE...

**BLAM!!**

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE MORE VIOLENT THAN THAT IF YOU WANT TO RATE WELL IN PRIME TIME...

YEAH, AND WHERE'S THE SEX?

AND THAT SONG WILL NEVER SELL THE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM...

AND WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR:

**BUY MORE YOU BASTARDS**

WERE BACK... AS TREVOR ARRIVES ON THE PLANET... DAKERY, LOOK AT YOU... YOU'RE PEELING

YEAH... I'VE BEEN LAYING IN THE SUN TOO LONG... HA... HA...

AND YOU'RE ALL SOGGY... YOU'RE SPOILT

YEAH... MY MOTHER DID THAT TO ME... HA... HA...

YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE, DAKERY... I'VE GOT TO GET YOU TO A GROCER

NO... ITS TOO LATE... IT LOOKS LIKE LIKE... I'VE MET MY SUNDAE...

DID THE BUTTOCKS SAY WHERE THEY WERE GOING?

\* LITERARY REFERENCE OF THAT CLASSIC BANANA ANTI-WAR NOVEL 'THE DESSERTERS OF ICE-CREAM HILL'

YES... BUT... THEY MUST HAVE BEEN JOKING... THEY SAID IT WAS CALLED... ALCOHOLIA...

OH MY GOD, ALCOHOLIA... OF COURSE... MY HOME PLANET... THOSE CLEVER LITTLE ARSEHOLES ON MY HOME PLANET I AM JUST AN ORDINARY BEING WITH NO SPECIAL POWERS... HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO STOP THEM THIS TIME?!!