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# OnDit

27 APR 1987

Vol. 55, No. 6

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT WEEKLY

April 13, 1987



**BOUND FOR  
CANBERRA-  
OR UP THE  
GARDEN  
PATH ?  
CENTRE PAGES**



A Chinese student burns his textbook in the protests from January

# Students in China revolt & look towards the West

**Gurus of the 1968 Student Left may say that times have changed yet they would find something to recognise from recent events in Shanghai, Hefei, Shenzhen and Peking. JOHN GITTINGS reports on why the Chinese student protestors are looking to the West.**

Gurus of the 1968 student Left may say that times have changed, yet they would find something to recognise recently in Hefei, Shenzhen, Shanghai and Peking.

The blue jeans and leather jackets worn by the Chinese student demonstrators would have horrified the Red Guards, but they would not have been out of place in Paris, May 1968, or Grosvenor Square.

The green Mao jackets and caps of Chairman Mao's young "rebels" were the uniform of a China-centred movement which was quite unaware of the European students, even if they, too, often wore Mao badges.

Today's student demonstrators know a great deal about the world, including Paris November and Alma Ata December 1986. A great mass of information, mostly undigested, has flowed into China in the past seven to eight years since Mr Deng Xiaoping's reforms got under way, accessible to precisely this generation.

It ranges from the highly trivial to a thirst for new ideas - from foreign fashion and travel to cybernetics and information technology.

The Red Guards were a mass movement only in numbers, manipulated by a small elite which betrayed their idealism and encouraged their excesses. Today's student movement has been much more loosely encouraged by reformist intellectuals whose role is analogous not to Jiang Qing but to Chomsky and Marcuse.

Professor Fang Lizhi, who endorsed the first demonstration calling for direct local elections in Hefei in early December, held a famous debate at the start of the movement with an ageing party veteran, vice-premier Wan Li. Freedom, said Professor Fang, to student applause, was not a gift from the communist party, but a right to be struggled for.

The idea of such vanguard intellectual activity is as shocking to the Chinese leaders as it was to the western establishment which used to deplore the clerly treason of gurus like Chomsky. The Chinese scholar has always worked for the state - or been cast out by it. Profes-

or Fang is now to be expelled from the party by personal diktat of Den Xiaoping.

China today sees a similar combination of factors which created the social basis for European student protest in the late 1960s. A rise in standards of living and education combines with a loss of elite self-confidence to encourage the new generation to look elsewhere.

"All those who have been outside China," Professor Fang has said, "would have to admit, unless they want a lie on their conscience, that discipline, order, morality, and civilisation are on a higher level out there than in China."

This sort of talk unfortunately helps to legitimise the accusation of conservative party leaders that for the reformists, "the moon always shines brighter in the west" But it illustrates a crisis of official ideology which has been further weakened by the growth of party corruption.

The few remaining Western Maoists (they are strongest in North America although a Chinese ballet company visiting Sadlers Wells recently was picketed to its amazement by Iranian Maoists waving "Support Jiang Qing" banners) will find no comfort in the Chinese student movement.

If the Cultural Revolution has any bearing today, it is merely as a "negative example." It is associated with the "empty cannons" (Mao's own phrase) of propaganda, and the "empty talk", of many party officials still holding power today.

There was a transitional generation, midway between the Red Guards and today's blue-jeaned students, which still operated partly within the political idiom of the Cultural Revolution while rejecting its feudal and ritual character.

The students of the 1978-80 Democracy Wall movement were both more enclosed by existing ideology and more straightforwardly "political." Their knowledge of the outside world was still fragmentary - one dissident magazine published side by side extracts from the American and North Korean constitutions for study.

But they included former Red

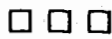
Guards with working class experience who still sought an encompassing theory to answer the question "What is socialism and how can we achieve it?" Today's Chinese youth no longer seek a single answer to anything.

On a country bus in central Zhejiang province, a young lad - ex-army and apprentice builder - discovers my nationality. "England," he exclaims, "I think your parliamentary system is really not bad!"

In a student canteen in Shanghai, a group of young teachers learning English explain patiently: "Only big shots want to join the party. We can do more for our country by staying outside."

On a demonstration in Peking, a student insists: "We support Mr Deng and his reforms and the socialist system, but we can best do so by calling for freedom of speech."

But students bearing these sort of heterodox gifts worry Mr Deng more than anything.



The students of Shanghai who climbed over their college walls recently to get out on the streets and demonstrate may have had a variety of motives, from the desire for democracy to a complaint about official disapproval of a recent rock concert.

But they take their place - and most of them know it very well - in a long and honourable tradition of student protest in modern China which is applauded, though rather nervously, by the Communist leadership itself.

The last great upsurge of youthful criticism, in the Democracy Movement of 1979-80, worked to the advantage of Mr Deng Xiaoping and his fellow-reformers by attacking the transitional post-Mao leadership which he was manoeuvring to replace. Indeed, Mr Deng helped to stir it up, until the movement became too "democratic" and its leaders were imprisoned.

The latest movement, which can

CONT: P6.

# Racial animosity returns to US campuses



**The spectre of racism has returned to campuses in the States. JONATHAN YARDLEY reports on the revival of prejudice.**

Of all the strange and disturbing developments now taking place on American college campuses, surely the strangest and most disturbing is the sudden outburst of racial animosity between white and black students.

There have in recent months been incidents and confrontations that raise the most serious questions about how well the colleges are discharging their obligation to treat all students equally, about the attitudes the society is encouraging in the young, and about the disappearance of history from the national consciousness.

These incidents were catalogued last week in a survey that made for discouraging reading: the fight between blacks and whites at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst after the final game of the world series; the harassment by white students of people attempting to hear a speech by Jesse Jackson at Northern Illinois University; the broadcast of anti-black remarks by a student radio station at the University of Michigan, and four less publicised but equally troubling incidents at prestigious private colleges in Massachusetts Tufts, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke and Smith.

The common theme in these episodes has been white hostility to blacks: vague, ignorant, racist antipathy that is so out of place within the ostensibly civilised grounds of the campus that its presence there almost defies credulity, yet there it is, and it is by no means limited to the aforementioned schools. Students at other institu-

tions, from every region in the country, have testified to the existence of deep racial antagonisms that make a mockery of the academic tradition of free and open minds.

The college campus, which a quarter-century ago became the spawning ground of civil rights activism, now seems to be breeding a new and especially distasteful racism.

This, mind you, is with neither the encouragement nor the acquiescence of the institutions in question: one after another, the administrations of these colleges have reacted with genuine shock and anger to disclosures of racial prejudice, and most have tried to deal responsibly with it. But overall they seem to have been unwitting accomplices in the creation of an atmosphere in which black students feel uncomfortable and white students feel free to engage in bullying.

Although predominantly white institutions welcome black students - indeed, compete to attract the best of them - they bring these students into a settling where whites are firmly in control.

The only ranking black administrator may be a "human relations" vice-president and the only black department chairman may be in Afro-American studies. Most of the campus police force may be overwhelming, if not exclusively, white and fraternities and sororities may be closed, however politely, to blacks. In such conditions, who can blame black students for retreating into black clubs and service organisations?

For there can be no mistaking that what is happening on the campuses reflects what is happening in the country.

Although facile explanations for racial incidents must be resisted, there can be no question that six years of the Reagan presidency have done nothing to encourage the easing of racial tensions.

Although the administration has gone through the right motions on racial matters, in the larger question of moral leadership its record has been deplorable. The President's indifference to the black and the unprivileged is too palpable to go unnoticed by the young and impressionable; Ronald Reagan cannot escape responsibility for the climate he has done so much to create.

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# Political rights lacking

## ASIA

Indonesian students should demand their political rights and not be afraid to protest against injustice, the Foreign Minister for Indonesia said last week.

Dr Mochtar Kusumaatadja said that one of the weaknesses of Indonesian students is that they never ask for their right in a strong way and seem to accept anything that happens.

In a campaign speech at Bandung University, for the governing Golkar Party, Dr Mochtar urged students to demand their rights.

Political freedom does not extend to the campuses in Indonesia. The chairman of the Golkar party, Mr Sudharmono has no intention of lifting the ban on political freedom on

campus. He said that students were free to have any political views and to speak on issues they were concerned with - as long as they do it at the universities.

Mr Sudharmono spoke to 30,000 people at a rally and told them they were free to join any political party they wished.

On the eve of the first parliamentary elections for 5 years, with 900 seats in contention, foreign correspondents find students to have a cynical and apathetic view of their government, comprised mostly of militia.

Jokes going around campus refer to the general election as a "general selection" or "election of generals" - a reference to the preponderance and activity of retired military people in power in Indonesia.

Association of the University of Adelaide.

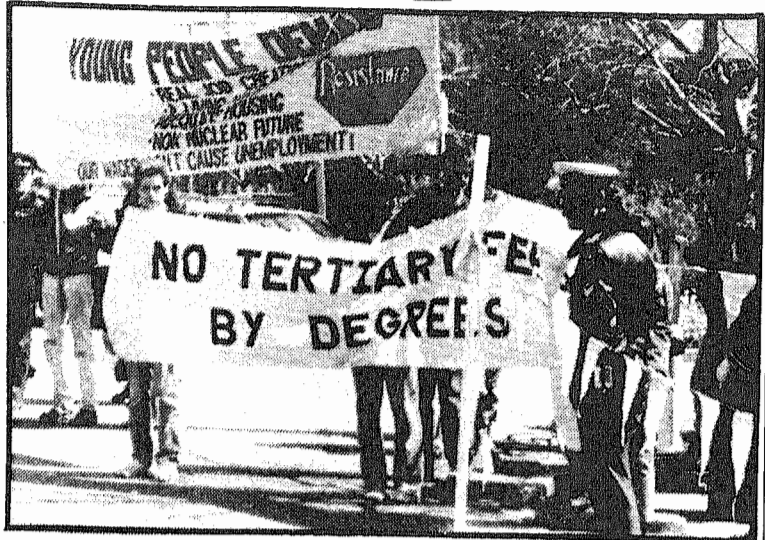
Telephone: 228 5404 and 223 2685.

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## PRODUCTION NOTES

On Dit is a weekly news-magazine produced at Adelaide University. Edited, published and designed by Jamie Skinner for 'the Students'

# Fees update Students say 'NO' to Sir Joh



by Graham Hastings

Student opposition to the \$250 Administration Charge has continued around the country.

In Brisbane a national free education conference, sponsored by the University of Queensland student union, was attended by 60 delegates from 20 campuses. The conference was called to set up a free education coalition and to organise action against the fee and overseas student charges.

Planned actions include:

- A national day of protest around the time of the May mini-budget
- Actions around the August budget
- Possibly standing student candidates at the next federal elections.

According to University of Queensland union secretary, Jorge Jorquera, "We could see there was a need for nation co-ordination against tertiary fees. What we didn't want was to set up a complicated structure which would slow down the movement."

"With this conference we have been able to address the most pressing issue facing the student movement - fees. We are now moving towards national actions and believe a national organisation will develop out of this process."

The University of Queensland's administration has decided that it will not expel students failing to pay

the fee, though they would not be given their results until all fees had been paid.

In Melbourne last Wednesday over seven thousand students marched to Parliament House. At one stage students sat down in the middle of Bourke Street to show their support for NSW students arrested in the Sydney demonstration last month.

At Griffin University students broke into the administration building to speak to the Vice-Chancellor, who had refused to meet with them. Responding the Vice-Chancellor's support for fees and threats to disenroll students who failed to pay, the students later decided to strike and organise a blockade the moment the first student was disenrolled.

They tore up copies of payment receipts and burned pictures of Bob Hawke. About 100 students later occupied the administration building.

Eighty students occupied the Kelvin Grove College of Advanced Education's administration block and burned an effigy of Finance Minister Peter Walsh.

At Curtin University on the day of deadline for payment 500 students marched on the administration's fee payment annex. Once inside, the students sat down and began chanting, "No Way, We Won't Pay!".

## STUDENT POLL

by Jamie Skinner

In the wake of the Joh-for-PM campaign, *On Dit* last week spoke to students about the rise of Sir Joh.

Of those we spoke to, most felt that they didn't like Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen and would not support or vote for a Joh-led party.

Peter Stuart, 29, 2nd year Arts student said that Sir Joh had no basic policies that were rational and that the man himself was totally irrational. He said that he didn't like him and thought that he was a nasty individual.

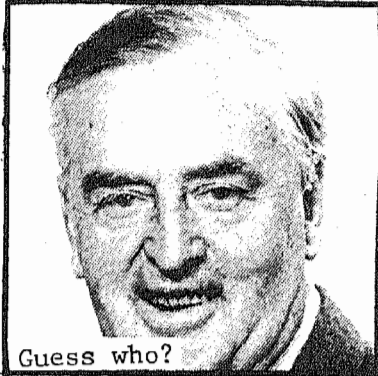
Graham Moss, 20, believed that the Joh-for-PM campaign was a non-event. He said that his flat tax proposition would not be widely accepted by the voters.

Belinda Kittel, 19, Maths Science believed that Sir Joh has something to offer. She said that his age probably would work against him and did not think he would be Australia's next Prime Minister.

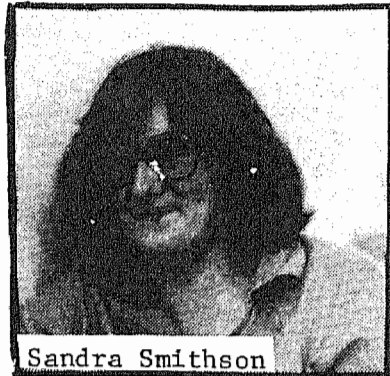
John Walters, 20, 2nd Year Math-Science did not think he would make a good leader because he is getting a bit on in age. He said that he didn't have the support of the Federal Coalition and so wouldn't be Australia's next prime minister.

Sandra Smithson, 19, 2nd year Arts said that as a leader, Sir Joh was a joke, as a politician he should do in Queensland what he says he will do federally and as a person he is too old to be in politics.

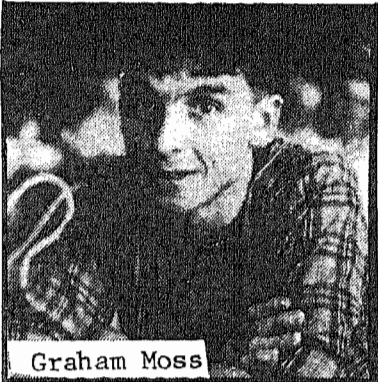
Nick Boyd-Turner, 18, 2nd year Science said that Sir Joh was a dottering old fool who talks in gibberish. He said he would like to wait to see what the Liberal Party had to offer rather than support Sir Joh.



Guess who?



Sandra Smithson



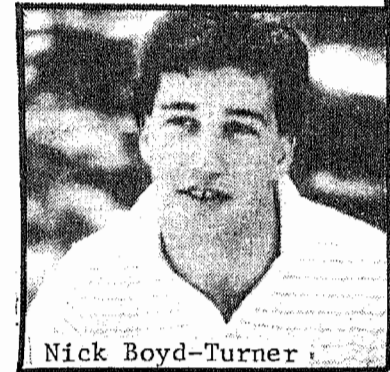
Graham Moss



Belinda Kittel



Linda Gale



Nick Boyd-Turner

Linda Gale, 25, final year Law student said Sir Joh was a right-wing conservative fascist. She said that

his economic policies were off the planet, his tax policies were totally reactionary causing many prob-

lems. She said that his policies on families, morality and God were totally lunatic.

Nearly all students interviewed did not think Sir Joh would be the next PM and his policies did not appeal to them



Anti-US and anti-ANZUS chanting dominated this year's Palm Sunday Peace Rally. Thousands of people marched from Victoria Square down King William Street, escorted by police, to call for peace. Senator Jo Vallentine addressed the rally.

## Postgrad ERO quits

by D.W. Griffith

Outgoing Postgraduate Research Officer Rae Durham says her four months in the job taught her that postgraduates have problems which are different to those of undergraduates.

"As an undergraduate you think postgraduates are just students like you," she said last week.

"But you learn that they really do have a different set of problems - mostly financial, since they're on research grants, not TEAS."

"They do need their own person."

Ms Durham is resigning from the job she took in December as project/research officer to work for Department of Labor, helping to formulate industrial relations policy.

The Public Service offers women opportunities for promotion that her university job just didn't have, she said.



"Ideally the job is for someone still studying... and who has a degree," she explained.

"I'm 39 years old - I can't spend 20 years mucking about."

Ms Durham said the student body had to be involved in the university structure if it wanted to get input into student issues.

## \$500 raised

Over a hundred students were packed into the cloisters last Tuesday to watch the annual Lost Property Sale.

Over \$500 was raised from 1000 items ranging from calculators, bags, soyabeans, jackets, sunglasses, pens, pencil cases, jewellery, a barbeque and a bicycle plus an uncanny amount of numerous umbrellas were auctioned

Auctioneer David Israel thanked the Security Department for their assistance in holding the auction and hoped that the proceeds will valuably benefit the campus Child Care Centre.



## DRUGS

The world's first hashish museum opened in Amsterdam last week.

The museum traces the victory of hashish consumption and displays an elaborate array of hippie memorabilia.

Visitors craving samples of their own can buy them at a Coffee Shop next door.

## Another Viking reply

Dear Editor,  
It was quite sickening to read the innuendos and falsehoods in the O'Camp article by John Cirillo, but his latest letter required a reply as it was just slimy, (funnily enough) outright lies and basically a cover-up to ease his conscience.

Interesting too; to note that John-boy signed his letter No Group Name (I'm not going to do that), as on the O'Camp he formed a short lived group called "The Panthers". The one or two members he could scrounge up ran around snarling at people, quite a buzz really. Still, I'm sure he enjoyed The Viking-run volleyball and cricket games, initiating the dancing on the Pub night, all those really unsociable things.

Despite Mr Cirillo's obvious intelligence and wit.. the original article was still a biased, poorly written crock of shit. Anyone who did not go on an O'Camp, and in particular Camp 2, would have had little idea of what good 'ol CAJ was rabbiting on about. The substance of this pathetic journalistic arse paper was location jokes, sour grapes and a personal attack on one particular leader. Mr Cirillo childishly used an available medium to "have a go" at somebody, and the article's entertainment value suffered. But who cares.

Again, Johnny's presence on the camp must be questioned. Besides a (predictably) ill-fated attempt to make some friends, as he didn't make any last year, he just shouldn't have been there. Who cares if he's enrolled in a different course and is doing first year work. He is not a fresher. Take for example, someone like Paul Coory who is starting a second degree that doesn't qualify him to call himself a fresher and sneak onto an O'Camp. (Now the big finale).

In conclusion Mr Cirillo, egotistical enough to assume everybody cares enough about his nationality to joke about it, is a dickhead with an unfounded air of self-importance who doesn't have enough journalistic talent to displace a teaspoon of soy sauce (my turn to use an "in-joke").

Lots of love,  
**Orange Leader**  
**The Vikings**

## 'Sexist' Language and Communication

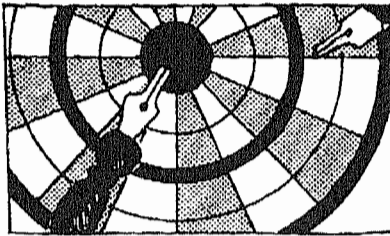
I have to disagree with most of what Kathy Edwards has to say about sexist language (*On Dit* 30 March p. 9), and no doubt will have to wear around my neck her label 'conservative opponent'.

My justification for writing at all must be her assertion, with which I completely agree, that language is fundamental to human existence. I also agree that women have long been discriminated against, and that action must be taken to correct this situation, both by raising the qualifications of women and by ensuring that those women obtain positions in accordance with their qualifications. Compared to this, sexist language is a side-issue. It is, at worst, a symptom of an underlying disease; this disease, rather than the symptom, needs treatment.

Her article rests on two concealed assumptions. The first is that it is possible to change our language by appropriate legislation. The second is that such change would make a positive contribution to what we are agreed is the main issue, i.e. improving the status of women. I should like to take these assumptions in order.

The language of official documents can, of course, be controlled by legislation. To this we owe the rise of 'ms', the use of 'he or she' (or the ungrammatical 'they') as a bisexual singular pronoun, and 'chairperson' and similar compound. Whether such innovations will ever become part of normal (non-official) language is doubtful.

Let us take a non-emotive example. In changing over to the decimal system, our government decreed, no doubt on the advice of certain physicists, that the kilogram was to be the unit of 'mass'. Most Australians know nothing of the distinction between weight and mass



### LETTERS

**Deadline for letters to the editor is noon on Wednesdays prior to publications. All letters must be signed and include the author's telephone number. Pseudonymous letters must include the author's real name. Letters may be edited for defamation, clarity, blasphemy and limited space. Please keep letters concise.**

## Martin a misguided reactionary?

Dear Editor,  
Hugh Martin is a misguided reactionary. This week American apartheid sympathisers were seen on Adelaide television offering to pay anyone who'd stage a demonstration for them.

On the next night, Hugh and his Young Liberal cronies turned up to protest the visit of South African anti-apartheid activist Oliver Tambo.

Having got his face on T.V., waved to Mum, and sprouted some incoherent epithets about anti-apartheid activists being "terrorists", Hugh apparently departed. Didn't see him out front when Tambo's supporters were arriving. Get slightly outnumbered - and scared - did we Hugh?

If they'd waited long enough to hear the speakers (or chorus with the handful of Neo-Nazi Skinheads shouting "White South Africa"), the Young Liberals, led by courageous Captain Hugh, would have been embarrassed. Tambo is President of the internationally supported African National Congress, the most effective of the organisations demanding a new, radically equal system. He acknowledged the accusations of "terrorist" and "communist" levelled at the A.N.C. by Botha's regime, right-wing racists world-wide, and our very own demonstrators. The latter (attention Hugh!) Tambo correctly dismissed as "misguided youths", foolishly criticising the most viable vehicle for achieving social justice in South Africa. Who are they to criticise? "Have these youths experienced apartheid...do they know what it does to the black people of South Africa?"

Apartheid is terrorism. Systematised, legalised terrorism. Tambo had a final question for you Hugh... "Have any of the vociferous Young Liberals ever seen a policeman ... aim a gun at the head of a child? Shoot the child... kill the child?"

Have you, Hugh?  
Susan Coles  
SAUA Council member

## Garbage Lover

Dear Sir,  
In reply to Mark Gramtcheff's letter. I feel this man is a seagull hater. It is quite obvious he doesn't realise that if we all put out rubbish in a bin, the seagull colony we all support would have to look for an alternative food source such as going to Flinders University, (shock, horror; that they should be forced to stoop so low.)

Does he also hate that lovely old lady who walks around picking up cans, as she would have to get them all out of the bin.

I think a little bit of rubbish is insignificant compared to the survival of important minority groups of this University.  
Garbage Lover

## B & C: give 'em enough rope

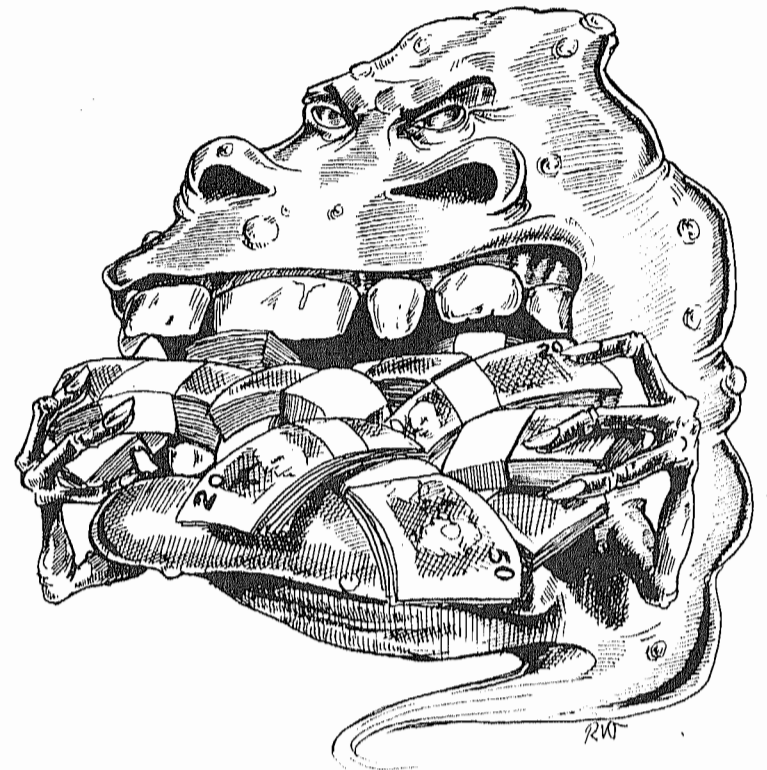
Dear Editor,  
I noticed with some alarm the appearance last week of a petition urging the Students' Association to take action (and pass a policy if necessary) ensuring that sexist and racist material no longer appear in *Bread and Circuses* and that no such material appears in *On Dit* or other SAUA publications.

While I have every sympathy with the sentiments of those who initiated the petition, I think their actions are dangerous. Fortunately the SAUA constitution guarantees campus editors "complete and unfettered editorial discretion" with respect to the contents of their publications, and so it should. They were elected to do that job, and ought not be under the thumb of those who were elected to do other jobs.

Censorship (for that is what the petition effectively calls for) is not the answer. If you wish to discredit *B & C's* editorial policies, let them publish, then debate the merits of what they have done. Freedom of expression not only gives them the right to print; it also gives you the right to object to it. Perhaps this column would be a good place to start. Better still, run on a non-sexist, non-racist platform for *B & C* at the next elections.

Editorial independence is too important to tamper with. In my 5 years as an *On Dit* contributor, including one as co-editor, I saw too many examples of petty powermongers and would-be politicians attempting to control editorial content by various means (including threats of budget cuts) when damaging material was to be published about them.

Your best protection against the likes of the present *B & C* editors is to give 'em enough rope.  
Moya Dodd  
1986 *On Dit* Co-Editor.



## STEVE LEWIS, communications officer at the NSW Institute of Technology looks at the impact of the \$250 tertiary administration charge.

Students from tertiary campuses across Australia have served notice on the Hawke Government that they are indeed serious about campaigning for the abolition of the \$250 administration charge.

While recent events have allowed the media to focus much of their attention on the more newsworthy aspects of the students' campaign, precious few commentators have been prepared to analyse the real issue.

The student body seeks a commitment from the Government that it will return to the fundamental principle of a free and equitable education system. It is folly to argue, as many on the sidelines of the debate have, that students have been inspired to action by their own selfishness. The fact is that the introduction of the administration charge has placed a financial burden on a sizeable proportion of the student population.

Many students have taken out loans to complete their courses. Others have had to re-enrol only on a part-time basis, while many have had to take the more drastic action of postponing or cancelling their studies.

In 1987, students have no option but to pay. The charge was introduced at the "low" level of \$250 so that they would find it difficult to make a credible case against the end of the free tertiary education when they were being asked to share a small part of an economic downturn.

But there exists a legitimate fear within the tertiary sector that the \$250 represents the "thin edge of the wedge". Certainly, assurances by the Federal Minister for Education, Susan Ryan, that the fee will only rise in line with the CPI, are viewed with caution by students. Only 10 days before the announcement of the charge in the 1986 Budget, she told students from Western Australia that there would be no introduction of fees by the Hawke Government.

An increase in fees to, say, \$1,000 would have catastrophic results for the principle of an equitable higher education system. Since fees were abolished in 1973, there has been a significant increase in the number of students undertaking tertiary education whose parents come from a less affluent backgrounds.

Similarly, an increase in the proportion of women students has been achieved. In the period 1974 to 1983, the proportion increased in universities from 35.5 per cent to 44.4 per cent and in colleges from 26.6 per cent to 48.2 per cent.

These shifts are quite significant, particularly in view of countervailing policy in the late 1970s. In this

period we saw the loss of 45,000 non-means-tested teacher education scholarships and a decline in real value of the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme (TEAS).

The administration charge will net the Government \$58 million. \$18 million will be used to provide another 3,000 places in higher education. \$40 million of the total is irretrievably lost to the tertiary sector.

When lobbied by students, many MPs have suggested that if another means of raising or saving \$40 million could be found, the Government would give serious thought to abolishing the fee. The argument that this income must be raised, or cuts made within the education budget, is totally rejected by the student body.

Expressed as a percentage of total Government expenditure, the education budget has been reduced by 33 per cent over the last decade.

Compared with other developed countries, the Australian Government ranks education as a low priority. Our participation rates in higher education, which are already comparatively low, will decrease even further with the reintroduction of tertiary fees.

The skills required for Australians entering the labour market are changing as a result of new technologies and changing consumer tastes. Jobs that have traditionally required only limited education are disappearing.

Employment growth is in these new technologies. They require higher levels of education and technical training. This situation requires a significant input of resources into all levels of education.

Tertiary fees have been introduced at a time when Australia should be upgrading the importance of higher education and not the opposite.

At a time when our natural resources are declining and our Prime Minister keeps reminding us that we can no longer "ride on the sheep's back", we should be encouraging the development of our greatest resource - people.

Australia must heed recent advice from the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD). It recognises the importance of a well-educated and highly skilled people for the development of any country.

The return of fees will restrict access to a higher education for a number of disadvantaged groups. By doing this, the Government is ultimately discriminating against Australia.

Steve Lewis is a second-year communications student at the NSW Institute of Technology and communications officer for the NSWIT Students' Association.

# Psychosurgery and the cuckoo's nest

**Forum is a weekly column where individuals and organisations explain their beliefs. This week GARRY EIFFE reports on the functions of the Citizens' Committee on Human Rights.**

In 1969 the Church of Scientology was receiving many complaints from people who had suffered from the effects of E.C.T. (Electro-Convulsive Therapy) and drug therapy. As a result it established the Citizen's Committee on Human Rights (CCHR) which is a secular, voluntary, non-profit organisation. CCHR is composed of concerned individuals joined together by a common respect for the rights and dignity of those labelled "mentally ill" and the fundamental rights as proclaimed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

CCHR is a world-wide organisation with branches in most western countries and offices in most capital cities of Australia.

Much of CCHR's attention has been directed toward legislation governing the care, treatment, and protection of the "mentally ill". In Oct. 1979 the "Mental Health Act, 1976-1977" was implemented, mainly through CCHR's vigorous campaigning during the 1970s. "Informed Consent for ECT" was added into the Act at the last minute as a direct result of CCHR meeting with the Health Minister at the time. There are also further amendments underway in regard to "Consent to Treatment" and "Expansion of the Guardianship Board".

The need to increase the size of the Board has come about because of a sizeable increase (10 per week) in the number of people coming under the guardianship in abortions and sterilizations for all "mentally ill"

persons incapable of giving effective consent. When we start to look into psychiatric treatment of the "mentally ill" we find scenes one would only expect in a horror movie. Today's psychiatrist has drug therapy, ECT and, where "necessary", psychosurgery at his disposal to achieve his desired "cures".

"In contemporary social usage, the finding of mental illness is made by establishing a deviance in behaviour from certain psychosocial, ethical, or legal norms. The judgement may

be made, as in medicine, by the patient, the physician (psychiatrist), or others. Remedial action,

finally, tends to be sought in a therapeutic - or covertly medical - framework. This creates a situation in which it is claimed that psychosocial, ethical, and legal deviations can be corrected by medical action.

Since medical interventions are designed to remedy only medical problems, it is logically absurd to expect that they will help solve problems whose very existence have been defined on non-medical grounds".

Dr. Thomas S. Szasz  
Professor of Psychiatry at  
Upstate Medical Centre of  
the State University of New  
York

In South Australia we find very little psychosurgery being practised today. The object of this type of surgery is to alter behaviour by destroying or removing some of the actual brain tissue. Because there is deliberate destruction of a part of a brain it is easy to see how this is of no value as a remedial treatment. Anyone who saw the recent television re-screening of "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" will be only too aware of the results of this type of surgery. Whether it is done with a scalpel, an "ice-pick", implanted electrodes or radioactive pellets, the results are still the same; permanent destruction of part of the brain.

In this pharmaceutical age it is quite acceptable for people to cure their ills with one form of drug or another. "Mental illness" is no exception and has seen psychiatry employ a new breed of drug. The first of these psychotropic (mood-altering) drugs was the widely used chlorpromazine (Largatil) and today it is joined by others such as haloperidol (Serenace), amitriptyline (Tryptanol) and Parnate. Unfortunately for the users these drugs do not operate only on selected areas of the brain (e.g. mood and thought) but will affect many parts of the body which are under control of the autonomic nervous system. Side-effects can vary from dry mouth, blurred vision, retention of urine and failure to ejaculate through to Tardive Dys-

kenesia (uncontrollable twitching of extremities and muscle spasms caused by some phenothiazines).

One South Australian woman, Mrs Battersby, became blind after drug treatment for a mental condition. She was being given 2 400 mgs. of Melleril per day, for which drug the recommended maximum dosage is 800 mgs. per day. Retina damage is a known side-effect of such high dosage but her psychiatrist justified this treatment by saying that at that time she was incapable of making a rational decision about her treatment and the risks involved in arranging the regular eye checks had been too great.

In the USA we now find children in primary schools being diagnosed (by psychiatrists or teachers) as having "Attention Deficit Disorder" and/or "Hyperactivity". Both of these "illnesses" are being treated with an amphetamine called Ritalin and the last five years have seen the number of children in U.S. psychiatric hospitals rise by almost 400%.

Another treatment psychiatrists use is ECT. Although anaesthetics are now used for a patient's physical safety, the results are still the same; a severe and long duration grand mal convulsion (identical to an epileptic fit) induced by the firing of electricity through the brain. Despite the fact that it's known side-effects include memory loss and loss of intellectual functions, it is still widely used. In 1960 Ernest Hemingway underwent a series of shock treatments and had this to say: "It was a brilliant cure, but we lost the patient". A few days after being released from Mayo Clinic, where he received the treatment, Hemingway killed himself.

"Many people misunderstand

what Dr Thomas Szasz means when he talks about mental illness being a myth...he's not downplaying the severity of mental problems...either as a social problem or an individual problem... but what he's saying is to say something is a problem is not the same as saying something is a disease... it doesn't make sense to think of problems people have as diseases of the body - they look to me like reactions to what's happening in your life."

CCHR investigates and documents cases of abuse for presentation, along with recommendations, to government bodies responsible for new legislation and better facilities in mental health. We also present information to the media to make the public aware of existing abuses in the mental health system.

CCHR concerns itself with criminal negligence in mental health treatment and a patient's right to recourse and sees the need for tighter self-policing by the psychiatric profession itself. This was vividly shown several years ago in the "60 MINUTES" special on Chelmsford Hospital where 16 patients were suspected of having died after "deep-sedation" therapy. CCHR in NSW played a large part in this investigation and helped Mr Barry Hart in his seven year legal battle to obtain some compensation for brain damage resulting from his treatment.

CCHR acts as a resource centre for both professionals and patients (and also the public) seeking information or advice in relation to mental health.

CCHR also believes that psychiatric evidence is unacceptable in a court of law due to the inaccuracy of psychiatric technology and prediction.

# Privatisation: a privilege for those who can pay

**ANDREW CULLEN analyses the issue of Privatisation of Education**

As current legislation stipulates, the Australian Tertiary Education System is co-ordinated at a Federal level.

The Commonwealth Tertiary Education Commission, under directives of the Government in power, is responsible for ensuring that the needs and interests of the community as a whole are regarded and reflected in tertiary courses.

Unfortunately, in light of the current economical situation, the Government has found it necessary to place stringent controls on the public monies available to education, or find a viable alternative.

In line with trends which are establishing themselves in other countries, the buzz-word Privatisation has been floated among talk regarding education. The media has grasped strongly to the present talk and the proposal is fast becoming an issue.

Privatisation has been seriously considered for sound economical reasons but it is now necessary to consider the priorities of the Government and its regard for a goal of social equity.

If introduced, privatisation of education would bring about a situation where tertiary institutions would be funded by private sources. The services offered by universities, institutes and C.A.E.s would effectively be on sale to the individual, corporate bodies or overseas interests. The policies and planning of the tertiary sector would be brought in line with the influence of market forces or individual demand (usually determined by market forces), and would consequently lose its publicly accountable

nature.

A basic definition of Privatization could be: "Privatization is a term generally used to describe measures which increase the role of private markets in the delivery of services and goods presently on a universal basis by the public sector".

What would be the Government Instrumentalities for sale?

The proposals for privatization and public utilities and public sector corporations such as Qantas, Telecom and educational institutions.

There exist three main avenues for the privatization of education, and the introduction and implementation is successive. They are:

- Marketing of mainstream higher education courses at full cost to a range of developing overseas countries.
- Government approval for the establishment of private institutions.
- The re-introduction of tertiary tuition fees for Australian students.

The Government has recognised the high quality education system that Australia has as a marketable resource. The capital generated from the marketing of mainstream courses would alleviate some economic problems the Government faces. The Government sees that an improved export performance is possible from the sale of our placements in tertiary institutions.

Presently, overseas students are paying a visa charge which goes to the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, and towards the cost to Australia of their education. The proposal the Government is consid-

ering is additional overseas intake, above the existing quota, for those students willing to pay the full cost of a place (estimated to average \$10 000 a year). At the same time, the Government is committed to ensuring that the new scheme would not displace or disadvantage currently enrolled Australian or subsidised overseas students. Attention would be given to ensuring that resources currently available to institutions are not diverted away from the education of Australian students.

This marketing approach could open up the system to the dangers of tuition fees.

There exists the chance that the Government will not be able to maintain or upgrade the subsidised overseas student system. Should this happen, the opportunity to study in Australia will only be available to the wealthy of the less developed countries.

This may worsen the problems associated with the acutely unequal distribution of wealth which exists in these countries.

Those who can afford the fees will become the target of existing racist sentiment as the competition for scarce education resources increases.

Questions could also come from parents of students who missed out on tertiary places. Many would not understand a situation where foreign students could pay for a placement when Australian students with insufficient entrance scores could not have the same avenue available.

Private universities make it possible for any student to attend university, not having to gain appropriate entrance scores. Such students, who are willing to pay for higher education, are those more likely to have greatest interest in the chosen course.

Private universities are more than likely to be cost efficient as the private sector tends to hold more regard for their finances. Students in such a system would have more regard for money and would tend not to waste time starting and not completing courses, or doing a course merely to give them something to do.

The quality of the education is ensured as popularised courses gain financially. The popularity of the courses gain financially. The popularity of the course is usually determined by the employers.

While there exists benefit in interested parties, who have not attained appropriate entrance scores, being able to enter tertiary institutions by payment; the drawbacks are immense. The 'User Pays' ideology caters for the social elite and the strengthening of social class structures. Private education could easily become the preserve of the social elite. As the system exists, it is possible for someone from the lowest socio-economical status to gain a tertiary placement on their merit.

Under the Private system it is proposed that Banks could arrange loans which would mature after placement in a job, but this principle is also flawed. In calculating the loans required, little thought has been given to the other costs a student incurs apart from tertiary fees. There is also the possibility of graduating students not obtaining a job and facing the prospect of employment outside their studied area, and still having a loan to pay off or an unused degree. It is also possible that students may use their qualifications in another country.

As with private universities, State-run institutions could in the future demand a student fee.

Apart from the benefits the income has many other benefits as one would imagine when a non-profit organisation is given such large amounts of capital. More regard would be given to curricula and extra-curricula needs, some of which are catered for by Student Associations.

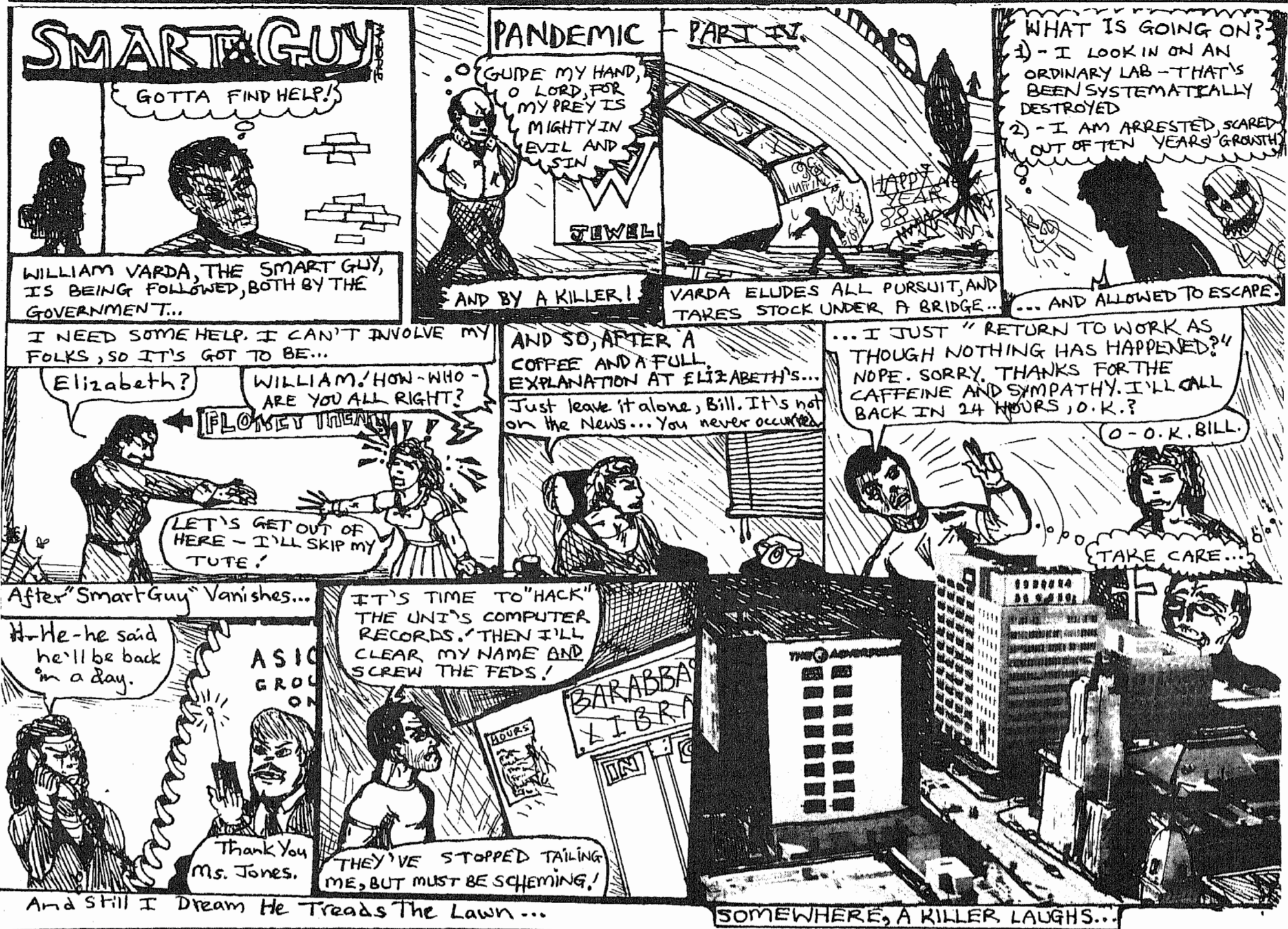
Students are more likely to gain support from the Government with regard to their particular problems, which presently are not catered for properly: eg. Child Care, Loans, Parking, Sporting Facilities, Research Grants.

Most importantly, the extra income would be channelled into the maintenance and upgrading of existing education resources. Capital programmes could bring the resources in line with those being used in the workplace.

Following the same argument against private universities, it is necessary to look at the workability of the 'User Pays' ideology. Basically one needs to look at that over-killed but valid question - "Education: a right or a privilege?"

Under the present system, merit gains one tertiary placement and, no matter what social class, one has the 'right' to take such a placement. Under a fee-paying scheme, education becomes a privilege of the social elite and a right of the rest, but only if they are willing to work hard to earn money for it. Part-time employment would be stretched past the point where it pays for food, travel, resources and rent. More often than not these expenses are catered for by the parents of the privileged student - whereas other students would have to cope for themselves.

The disastrous result of fee-paying is obvious - education becomes the privilege of only those who can pay.



FROM P2.

be traced back to the anti-Japanese student demonstrations of last year (also, some believe, officially encouraged), is less theoretical and more diverse. So far, it has produced no dissident journals of the kind sold six years ago from Democracy Wall in Peking.

Chinese students today are more individualistic and define the future mainly in terms of opportunities for jobs, travel, and personal freedom.

Only toddlers at the height of the Cultural Revolution, most of them no longer share that sense of collective destiny which still sustained the demonstrators against the Gang of Four in the great Tiananmen Square demonstration in Peking in 1976, and the activists of the Democracy Movement.

But they are as quick as any group in the past to seize the chance to protest against official heavy-handedness, often in a tone of drama-filled hyperbole.

"All of you should open your eyes," cried a student leader in Shanghai before a crowd in People's Park. "Maybe the police will come and break us up, but the Chinese people will not be slaves."

The chance which the students in Hefei, capital of central Anhui province, first seized two weeks ago, is offered by the argument now going on within the central party leadership over the desirability of political reform, and how far it should go. There is a wide divide, only partly masked in the public press, between those who seek real structural

reform (perhaps even building in a degree of official opposition to the present system of government) and the more conservative leaders who simply wish to clean out corruption and make the system function more efficiently.

The Hefei students adopted a slogan first coined by the Democracy Movement activist, Wei Jingsheng, who was sentenced in 1979 to 15 years in gaol. "No democracy, no modernisation," they wrote on their banners as they marched to the Anhui provincial government offices, and called for the right to select the representatives chosen in their name by the party for the provincial people's congress.

Mr Deng Xiaoping is really interested in the four economic modernisations - industry, agriculture, science and technology, and defence. But he and his group, nudged forward by more radical advisers, may have to accept now that democracy is the indispensable "fifth modernisation."

There is an odd echo from the experience of Mao Tsetung which led during the 1960s in a very different direction. When new economic policies had failed to produce Socialist plenty and the Great Leap Forward collapsed, Mao launched the Culture Revolution as a political solution to China's problems.

Rejecting that solution, Deng Xiaoping thought at first that the economic modernisation of China was a sufficient goal in itself. But more recently he has discovered that - as the Chairman liked to say - politics still take first place.

Yet the models for action on which the Anhui and Shanghai students now base their protest no longer have much to do with Democracy Wall or the Red Guard rallies. With same-day satellite coverage available on Chinese television, they will have watched last year's student demonstrations in Paris and will have heard reports of anti-Moscow riots in Kazakhstan.

If they are motivated by an ism, it has more to do with nation or nationality than with a particular political theory. Last year's anti-Japanese demonstrations struck a popular chord. So, in the non-Chinese Uighur in Xinjiang (not many miles from Alma-Ata where the Soviet Muslims have been protesting), did the demonstrations last year against the Chinese nuclear programme.

All of these themes may merge in Shanghai where the students on the streets are joined by unemployed youth - including many who have returned illegally from the border regions - and where a second wave of penetration by foreign business and tourism arouses as much envy as admiration.

From the May 1919 movement, which launched the modern Chinese revolution, onwards, every student movement has always sooner or later been suppressed. But it is equally true that every new political stage has been launched by a student demonstration. Those on vigil in the People's Park have certainly learned that in their history books.

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## SAUA EDUCATION Michael Fox

On the weekend of April 4-5 the University of Queensland was host to a National Fee Education Conference.

South Australia's representatives were myself and Joh Ridgway from the University of Adelaide, Lucy Schulz, General Secretary of CSACSO, and John Spoehr, President of the SAIT Union.

Also present were student representatives from all over Australia, excepting TAS and NT, plus a delegation from the Overseas Students' Collective.

After the debacle in Canberra on March 31 (See "On Dit, Vol. 55, No. 5, p. 3 "In-fighting hampers sit-in protest"), it was difficult to lay aside differences for a whole weekend, but, in my opinion, much was achieved.

Obviously, the predominant issue was the \$250 fee. It is the foremost single issue affecting the student body politic at the moment. Not that the Overseas Students' Visa Charges were ignored. Far from it. They were the portent of the demise of free and accessible education for Australian citizens, and reminded all present of the real possibility of massive increases in tertiary fees should reactionary right-wingers gain a stronghold in this fortunate

nation. The privatisation of tertiary institutions was also discussed. One problem I have with this is... what if the institution goes broke? Tough luck, kiddo. There are also worries regarding the setting of suitable working conditions and ethical standards for staff and students alike. Four X Physics, anyone? Elders Economics, perhaps? A tertiary education teaches people to be objective, intuitive, even altruistic. Privatisation is anathema to these ideals.

Settle down, Foxy. Decisions reached at the conference included the setting up of a National Free Education Co-Allition, with co-ordinators from those States/Territories in attendance, unanimous agreement on a full-time boycott for 1985 should our arguments fall on deaf ears, plus the following up of a Queensland initiated plan for a national student-based computer network.

Always underlying the conference, but rarely discussed, was the recognition of the urgent need for a National Student Organisation. Rivalling factions are currently aware of this fact, and hopefully agreement can be reached over the structure of such a body. Perhaps South Australia, void of factional brawling, can show the way for once.

For education's sake, I hope so. PS. Sincere thanks to John for his friendship and support over nine trying days, and for taking the Conference by storm.

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# Lesbianism not just another ISM

**WOMEN'S SPACE**

*Kathy Edwards*

Last year, at the time of the Canberra Women's Peace Camp when "those terrible women!" were in the headlines of practically every newspaper in Australia, I phoned in on the talk-back line of a local radio station.

The announcer had been discussing the Canberra women, who he had called "those crazy lesbian women's libbers who give all women a bad name". As a feminist I was angry at this for two reasons. I did not want to see the *entire* feminist movement characterised as "lesbian women's libbers", because I found this name derogatory to both lesbian and heterosexual women.

Secondly I fully supported the actions of the Canberra Women. When I got on air I explained to the announcer that both lesbians and the Canberra Women represented only two tenets of the entire women's movement. His first question was; "And what about you are you a lesbian?" Immediately I answered "no I'm not a lesbian, I'm just a normal woman." When I hung up the phone I wondered why I had said this. Why was I so anxious to differentiate between lesbians and other feminists and why did I get so angry when people called me a lesbian because I am a feminist? I also wondered why people always assumed that feminists were lesbians, and vice versa.

In today's so-called sexually liberated society lesbianism is still very much of a taboo topic. Unlike male homosexuality it has never been illegal in most western societies. In Victorian times when all "deviant" sexual relationships were made illegal lesbianism was overlooked. It wasn't even conceivable at the time that two women could have a relationship. Despite the legality of lesbianism, however, in many ways it seems that lesbians are the most oppressed of women.

They are outlawed by both men and women, and even many feminists have disowned them.

It needs to be asked, then, why this is the case. The answer seems to be rooted in, firstly, society's concept of femininity, and secondly, in what our society considers to be "normal sexual behaviour". Femininity is usually associated with such characteristics as dependence, submissiveness, and concern for appearance.

A "true woman" reads *Cosmopolitan* or *Vogue*, and keeps up with the latest figure fashions, whether they be modelled after Fergie or Di. She is allowed to have a career, but only if she also spends hours planning her wardrobe, in the hope that she will snare a Male, who will make her happy every after. She will probably be dependent on this male, and will be expected to model her lifestyle to suit him, wearing the clothes that he likes, doing her hair as he pleases. Having a "normal" (i.e. heterosexual) sexuality is also, obviously, part of this image. Not many women do conform to this restrictive stereotype, nevertheless it is there, held up as the ideal image that we should all aspire to. Worst of all it is an image that is for the most part male-defined. Women are supposed to exist to please men. Lesbians have rejected many of

these limitations of femininity. Since they are not dependent on the approval of males they consider themselves to be free of the confines of being a "true woman". They have defined for themselves their own characters and what they wish to be as people.

In this regard, for many homosexual women the word "lesbian" embodies much more than sexual preferences, it implies a political meaning as well.

This autonomous stance, however, has not been received favourably by either the wider society or the women's movement. As a result, many myths have arisen about lesbian women. They are called "dykes" and are characterised as "pseudo-men". The common stereotype of a lesbian is of a woman who is dressed in overalls, lifts weights, and takes male hormones. In reality, as seems to be the case with all stereotypes, no lesbian is really like this.

The word lesbian, however, with all these connotations has become a handy label to throw at any women (heterosexual or not) who dares to overstep the bounds of femininity. This includes any woman who achieves success in a male dominated field, any woman who does not shape her appearance to suit social expectations (i.e. if she has "hairy legs" or "hairy armpits"), or who decides to remain single. Labelling women "lesbian" in this way is a means of social control. The more fear there is attached to the label, the more women will fear being branded as "lesbian". Hence the less they will overstep the bounds of femininity.

The label has been shunned by many feminists, it seems, because they want to gain acceptability. Many feminists have disowned the lesbians in the movement because they fear all association with this group, which is constantly ridiculed, misinterpreted and harassed by the media. They fear a connection will be made between lesbianism and feminism that will brand all feminists as lesbians, and vice versa.

This has had the unfortunate affect of creating a great chasm in the movement, between heterosexual and lesbian feminists, with each group holding grudges against the other. This, then, seems to be a way of "dividing and conquering" the women's movement. Many feminists are also deterred from forming close friendships with other feminists, or joining together in women's groups, in case they receive the brand.

Lesbian women also have disowned their feminist sisters, who in many cases have been called "bourgeois feminists". It seems then that more understanding is needed from both sides of the women's movement if we are to achieve our goals of equality and liberation. With our society becoming more and more conservative we can no longer afford to exist as a divided movement. Also, whilst the word "lesbian" can still be used as an insult *all* women will remain oppressed. When questioned I now wish I had said, "No, I'm not a lesbian, and neither were many of the women at Canberra. I really don't see that this should make any difference though, since we are all united in our cause."

# Mature students en masse

**BILLY ELSOM reports on the role and function of the Mature Age Students' Society.**

In a unlit corner, somewhere on the fifth floor of the Union Building, you will find a door. On this door, in a vertical pattern, are some four rune-like markings, which, deciphered, read M.A.S.S.

The hallway is dark and cool and abandoned save for the occasional teetering victim of the bar, or an equally staggering pseudo - "Geoff Hunt" escaping the torture of the courts.

If you ever care to open the door the transformation is astonishing. The Celestial Light beams out, flooding the passageway with an enveloping glow: just like the discovery of some great treasure never before seen by mankind.

This brings to mind the words of Howard Carter as he gazed upon the riches of TutenKhamen; "I see Wonderful things!" and you will too. The warm atmosphere emitted from within has nothing to do with the lack of air-conditioning - I'm told it is because of rising hot-air, well, something like that!

Seated around the "LONG-TABLE" you will usually find several devotees of M.A.S.S. "quietly" discussing anything and everything (we have twice solved the meaning of LIFE, but don't like to make a fuss about it!)

That, I believe, is the reason I rejoined M.A.S.S. this year - the absolutely unlimited range of topics under discussion. The talkers not



only came from the widest range of backgrounds, but each would have you believe himself an expert on his "pet" topic. This is where the fun begins: believing only half of what I see and five per cent of what I hear, the mass discussions (every pun intended) are a welcome relief to the somewhat gobbledygook one experiences in lectures.

The background of many M.A.S.S. students is not only of a varied nature, but most are, dare I say it, "mature" views. Hence the name of the society (you don't know what M.A.S.S. stands for?)

We have students representing various courses; from Law to Dentistry, Arts to Engineering, and so on. This quite comprehensive range means that any research or academic problems are very often solved by merely mentioning you are having difficulty: it seems

everyone is an expert at solving your problems, but don't despair - you'll probably find that your two-cents worth is also valid, and you are very welcome to put it in.

The M.A.S.S. rooms are not only invaluable for conversation and company, we provide tea and coffee at very reasonable prices (I won't tell you it's only ten cents per cup!) The use of one of those white cold-cupboards (with the little light that comes on when you open the door) and the added attraction of a "lockable" locker (for only one-dollar per year) and a separate non-smoking/quiet study area makes the two-dollar membership fee excellent value for money, possibly the best on campus (especially in these gloomy economic times).

So, why don't you come up and put some sunshine in your life, you might even enjoy yourself - you may even want to join up!

## Rae says goodbye

**POSTGRAD AFFAIRS**

*Rae Durham*



The PGSA strongly believes that non-sexist language is an issue of great concern in our society and one that can be readily addressed both at University and in the community.

I agree with the arguments as presented by Kathy Edwards in her column last week and would like to make some further comments.

It is within the spirit of Equal Opportunity and Affirmative Action policies that non-sexist language be incorporated into our everyday language. It would be an onerous task to rewrite the texts that historically have confused terms such as 'Rights of Man' but one that will be approached with enthusiasm by future writers. There are already legislative changes which prevent explicitly sexist language however as well as pressing ahead with such changes we need to make our every-day language non-sexist so that the community feels comfortable with the 'new' language.

Although some words seem awkward at first it is only because we had years of conditioning in the old ways and as everyone knows old habits are hard to kick. With non-sexist language becoming an everyday occurrence, the next generation of students will no longer associate 'man' with all humans and woman with just one sex.

Non-sexist language is an important and visible way of 'liberating' women. The more subtle ways through social, legal and political changes will eventually achieve freedom and rights for women, but

language is the vehicle for change that people will recognise instantly. Until we actually begin to speak and write about humanity rather than humans in gender roles, women will remain the hidden resource and men the prime innovator in our society.

This is my last column in *On Dit* for the PGSA; I have been offered a full-time, permanent position as Project Officer for the Department of Labour. In the short time I have been working for the PGSA I have been impressed with the Association's attitude towards women at University and changes they have implemented for women here. They supported the Women's Research Studies Centre when their resources were under threat, members of the Executive are active on the Equal Opportunity Board and Harassment Committee, a member of the Executive is also organising a South Australian delegation which will formulate national policy on EO AA for postgraduate women. Recently a woman was appointed as Women's Officer on the Executive and it is hoped that the language issue strongly supported by the PGSA will at least be addressed in departmental handbooks and reports. I wish the PGSA well for the future - keep up the good work!

## Dizzyspeaks

**SAUA PRESIDENT**

*David Israel*

As you may have read in Michael Fox's column, there was a free education conference in Brisbane on April 4th and 5th - the results of this conference are most promising.

A national anti-fees coalition, computer resource networks, and the big news the foreshadowing of a national student body. It has been suggested by some cynics that the \$250 fee is an ALP plot to force students to get their shit together and reform a national union - I think not. However Messrs. Walsh and Keating may soon have a very significant new political factor to account for in their deliberations over student and higher education policies - to put it bluntly - they ain't going to screw us no more!!

Last week the annual lost property sale was held, thanks to your generosity we we raised over \$500 dollars. This money will go to the Child Care Centre to help them purchase some much needed capital items.

A white board is soon to be installed in the SAUA office, this board will be kept up to date with information on upcoming meetings of the Students' Association and the Union and other bits and pieces of interesting information. This is all part of our efforts to demystify the SAUA.

I met with the Registrar and others last week on the matter of AIDS and the University's policy. The most significant thing to come out of the meeting was the need for the University as a Community to publicise the AIDS problem and to provide free information and advice. This can be obtained through the health service.

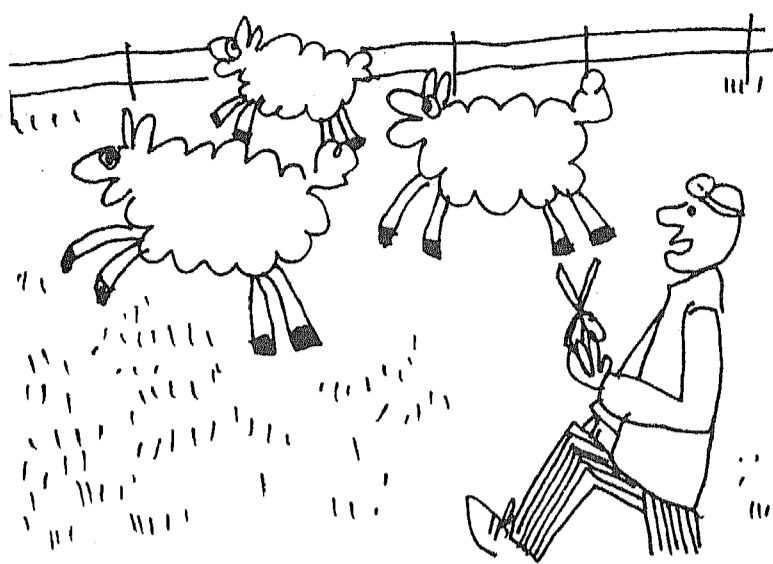
That's all for this week cheers.

## The history of that little latex tube



### SEX

**The current AIDS campaign being broadcast across the country urges people to "use a condom" JOANNA BESLEY and JOANNE PORTER report on the history of those little rubber sheaths.**



lius. He devised a simple medicated linen sheath which fitted over the glands or tip of the penis.

The condom, however, may have acquired its name from another doctor. Dr Condom was personal physician to King Charles II and a major part of his job was to develop effective means of birth control. As Charles II admits to fathering 14 illegitimate children it seems that Dr Condom was not very successful! In fact, some experts speculate that Dr Condom never existed, if this is the case, guesses at the origins of this particular word make the mind boggle.

The growth of a liberalist society in Europe led to more leisure time for more people and the popularity of the condom grew. The passion-killing fabric sheaths of earlier times were replaced with condoms made of animal intestine and tied at the top with raunchy pink ribbon.

The manufacturing process of these condoms was quite complex. They were made from the caecum of sheep, which was soaked in water and various chemicals for some time. It was then carefully scraped to extract the mucus membrane.

The remaining peritoneal and muscular coats were exposed to the vapour of burning brimstone. Finally, they were washed with soap and water, blown up, dried and cut into various lengths.

It appears that these condoms were better if used when wet. A Mr Boswell wrote in the eighteenth century, 'I dipped my machine in the lake in Saint James' Park and performed most manfully.' It didn't take long for people to recognise that these *English Raincoats* not only warded off venereal diseases but also successfully acted as a contraceptive. Many *production houses* sprang up in the eighteenth century. The manufacturing appears to have been a peculiarly female occupation and the term 'Go and see Mr Phillips' became the catchphrase for using condoms, this being the name of a prominent personality of the eighteenth century condom trade.

These condoms were quite sophisticated little numbers. The thickness of some eighteenth century condoms found in England 20 years ago was 0.038 mm compared with today, the 0.075 mm of the current superfine rubber condom, which

gives credence to the claim that they don't make things as well as they used to.

The modern fascination with multi-coloured, textured condoms is not as avant garde as we think. In 1883 in Petticoat Lane, London, one could purchase a condom displaying the likeness of Queen Victoria. Talk about a contradiction.

Developments in rubber technology led to great improvements in the condom. Vulcanization of rubber which was first carried out in 1843, enabled cheap mass production and also improved their reliability.

The beauty of vulcanised rubber condoms is that they were reusable. It's much the same concept as a handkerchief. Throw it in the wash after each blow. Today, however, in the health conscious and disposable twentieth century, we throw away condoms after each use, just as we throw away tissues.

Today, condoms come in all sorts of exotic shapes, textures, colours and sizes and various companies compete with each other to produce more outrageous styles and marketing ideas. Some of the more interesting examples being *The Studded Rough Rider* branded with hundreds of raised rubber studs designed to provide maximum stimulation and *Stimula Vibra Ribbed* the difference is the addition of ribbing along the length of the condom. These variations seem to provide more a psychological stimulation than physical.

Well, obviously there are extremes in the range of condoms just as there are in everything.

The condom has come into its own recently with the frenzied media campaign about AIDS. It is interesting to discover that condoms have always been used to fight STD's yet today our moral guardians can only see them as evil sexual devices that promote and encourage extra/pre-marital sex and not as useful tools in fighting what seems to be, and always to have been an inevitable part of society.



### COMPUTERS

JOHN LINDSAY

The secret is out, IBM has announced the release of their new machine. If you remember back a little, I made some predictions in Vol 55 No. 4. Now is the time of reckoning, have IBM released viable new lines which will sell? Were my predictions correct? Well maybe.

Models 30, 50, 60 and 80. The Model 30 is a new version of the IBM PC-XT, with all the expansion ports and memory on the motherboard, but it only has three expansion slots. The big difference from the XT is the processor and the operating system. The new processor is the Intel 8086 which drives IBM's new baby at twice the speed of an XT, with an 8MHz clock and zero wait-state memory. The only other noticeable difference is the disk drives: 3.5 inch! More on this later.

The Model 50 is a touch more interesting. Its 3.5 inch disk drive packs a 1.44meg formatted capacity which is respectable, add to that a 20meg hard-disk, 1meg of RAM and a 10MHz 80286 and you've got a cute little desktop friend. The minuses are the three expansion slots and the hard-disk's access speed, reported by one journal as 80 milliseconds, safe but slow.

Inbuilt ports include RS-232 and 80287 socket. A surprise port is the 'pointing device' socket, which suggests IBM are embracing MAC like mouses, indeed the new product guides mention a 'Varmint' which would appear to be a mouse.

The new in this array of electronic fashio is the Model 60, a floor-standing monster with seven expansion slots and big hard-disks. It is possible to put 185 megabytes of hard-disk storage on this model which is about 184 more than most users ever need!

But what of the Model 80? Have IBM released a 3? You bet! It sits on the floor, takes 230 megabytes of hard-disk and runs a 20MHz 80386 with slower versions available for less dollars. It runs DOS 3.3 or the new Operating System/2.

All units can take an 87 chip. That's a maths co-processor to the uninitiated. Even the Model 80 has a socket for a 387 which doesn't exist yet but which has a four figure price tag in the advance price list.

What is OS/2 you ask? Well nobody is really quite sure yet. Sure it's released and you can read the brochures, but the real truth won't come out until people get to play with it. Basically it will let software written specifically for the new machines to use the new machine's features. This means new software will not run on old machines. Nice move IBM. Ashton Tate have come to the party with new software but whether other companies like Lotus are going to join the rush is still in the air.

Certainly the blue-chip software companies only sell to people who buy IBMs, why you ask? Do you know anyone who bought a clone who also bought a copy of Lotus? Of course not, so it's no skin off their nose not to support the old machines with new software, but what of the millions of faithful who bought an IBM on the promise that IBM would always support the PC standard? Well I hope IBM do support the old standard because if they don't others will and those others will make a fortune from people who are naturally loyal to a company who give what they promise, in this case a third-party supplier of software.

So what have IBM done to the video displays on their new machines? Contemplate a new video display standard; call it VGA, give it 640 by 480 resolution and make everybody buy a new monitor. For dessert offer an optional board which takes the display to 1024 by 768. The colour displays offer 256 colours from a palette of one million and the monochrome offers a variety of shades of grey.

## Quality grown food bargain at the North Arm Market



### COOKING

The North Arm Sunday morning market is worth a visit. It is located near Torrens Island, and the continual stream of traffic going to and coming from indicates that you are on direct route.

I am told that it starts well before 8 am, with people coming and going till noon, when fruit and veggie prices take a tumble for the bargain hunters.

Autumn is a particularly fruitful time to visit, being harvest time to tomatoes, sweet corn, carrots, egg plant, zucchini, capsicum and chilis, butter nut punking, spaghetti marrow, fennel, various beans, greens galore, and an Asian favourite, bitter melon. Confronting you also on both sides of the long wide aisle stalls are grapes, watermelon, rockmelon, honey dew, apples and pears, and strawberries. Such a spectacle inspires a "great-to-be-alive-pity-those-eating-junk" virtuous feeling.

Surrounded by such lush products and such low prices, the temptation is to buy up big, so have an extra fridge handy, or invite all your friends for a feast.

Be sure to seek out the stalls which

belong to growers who like to market their produce themselves. You then get the satisfaction of young, fresh, and innocent tomatoes, cucumbers, capsicums. (The giveaway sign of freshness is the stem end, or its space, is coloured light green, and not dried out.) And freshly pulled carrots have their own special smell.

Beware the stalls which bring you leftovers from city greengrocer shelves. You quickly learn quality control.

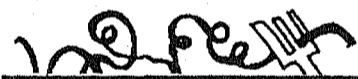
A stall offering dried fruits, nuts and legumes loved by Europeans, breaks the monotony of garden produce.

There is a little ramp leading down to the jetty where fishing boats on both sides show a variety of seafood for sale. Look carefully at the fish gills and eyes, as some are fresher than others.

The buyers are cosmopolitan, all seeking the doublet of fresh food and a low price. It's possible to be offered 5 or 6 cucumbers for a dollar, 4 lettuces, 5 bunches radishes or 7 rockmelons for a mere dollar, but the rockmelons past their prime, looking soft and compost-bound.

But high quality home grown food is there at North Arm, and buying your food becomes an outing instead of a chore. But hurry, before the flush of autumn's bounty fizzles out.

## Something wild



### FOOD

THE ATRIUM CAFÉ  
Upstairs, City Cross Arcade  
Lunch for two - \$10.95

by Simon Slade

How often is it that students look for something a little different from the food offered in the refectories at lunchtime in a setting away from campus? The Atrium Cafe is just such a place.

It's open in the morning and afternoon for coffee and light snacks, and the upstairs setting makes it a welcome retreat at any time of the day.

My companion and I were seated promptly and perused the menu for a little while. My companion chose a 'Hen's Pen', a toasted bagel with chicken, bacon and cheese; and a concoction called an Apricot Yog to drink. I chose a 'Parisienne Bagel'; a toasted bagel with ham and cheese; and a mineral water.

Glenn, the waiter, suggested that I, too, have a 'Hen's Pen' as it was only 10¢ more and it came with french fries; how could I resist?

As Glen retreated to the kitchen with our amended order, my companion swooned, and proclaimed Glenn the most handsome man in Adelaide.

Very soon, our drinks arrived and we took time to look around. The Atrium has a pleasant and subtle decor in pastels with pine tables and cane and pine chairs. It was very busy the day that we were there and the staff were kept on their toes making larger tables or breaking



them down again.

The bagels arrived, much quicker than I had expected, and, with the salad and french fries, they made quite a meal. There appeared to be a good deal of lean chicken in each and just the right amount of cheese to give it additional flavour.

This had been served so promptly, and our order taken quite quickly that we therefore had plenty of time to enjoy the meal, and still be sure of getting back in time for a 2.15 lecture.

We both had a very quick and very enjoyable lunch. This would be the ideal place to take someone for lunch when you haven't got a lot of time or money to spare but want to have something nice in a relaxed atmosphere.

My companion enjoyed it very much and now insists that we go there at least twice a week - but I'm not sure that it's just for the food.

Ratings: Food - 7, Atmosphere - 7, Service - 8.



# TRAVEL COSTS

**Planning a holiday for the Easter or May vacation? OLLIE SARAP of Student Travel gives the lowdown on how much it will cost you to travel across Oz.**

The Australian National Railways insists on sighting your pink State Transport Authority/Railways of Australia card when issuing student tickets. They once had a part-time student (part-time fink) working for them, who drew their attention to the part-time status of many University I.D. card carrying students. It's true! "Kill him", you say? Well, the Public Service is probably doing just that ... slowly!

A national student body that might finally negotiate some sensible system of tertiary student travel concessions sounds like a good idea. However, student concessions are probably far down their list of priorities.

The present travel concession "system" is anything but simple. Apart from the suitcase of I.D. cards one needs, different rules govern who might be eligible and who might not.

Both domestic airlines require full-time status, and insist you are under 26. The railways accept there are

older students, but once again insist they are full-time. Bus Australia is the only coach company offering student rates (no age limit).

Travelling within Australia doesn't have to cost an arm and a leg. Planning (in advance) is the key. Booking ahead of time can lower airfares considerably.

As students usually only travel at peak times (during term breaks) last minute booking onto any scheduled service (at Christmas, Easter and long-weekends) can be difficult.

Sometimes travelling by air is more economical and far less time consuming than travelling by bus or rail. Often any savings on road/rail disappear at watering holes along the way.

It is interesting to note that the further one travels within Australia, the cheaper (rate per kilometer) the cost.

Many might disagree, but bus, rail and airfares down under are not excessive.

In Europe where a multitude of geographic and political divisions force travel costs up, air navigation charges alone contribute to prohibitive airfares for the average Jo Soap.

It can be misleading to compare our situation with the United States. We are not large in number!

Distance affects the cost of travel in Australia!

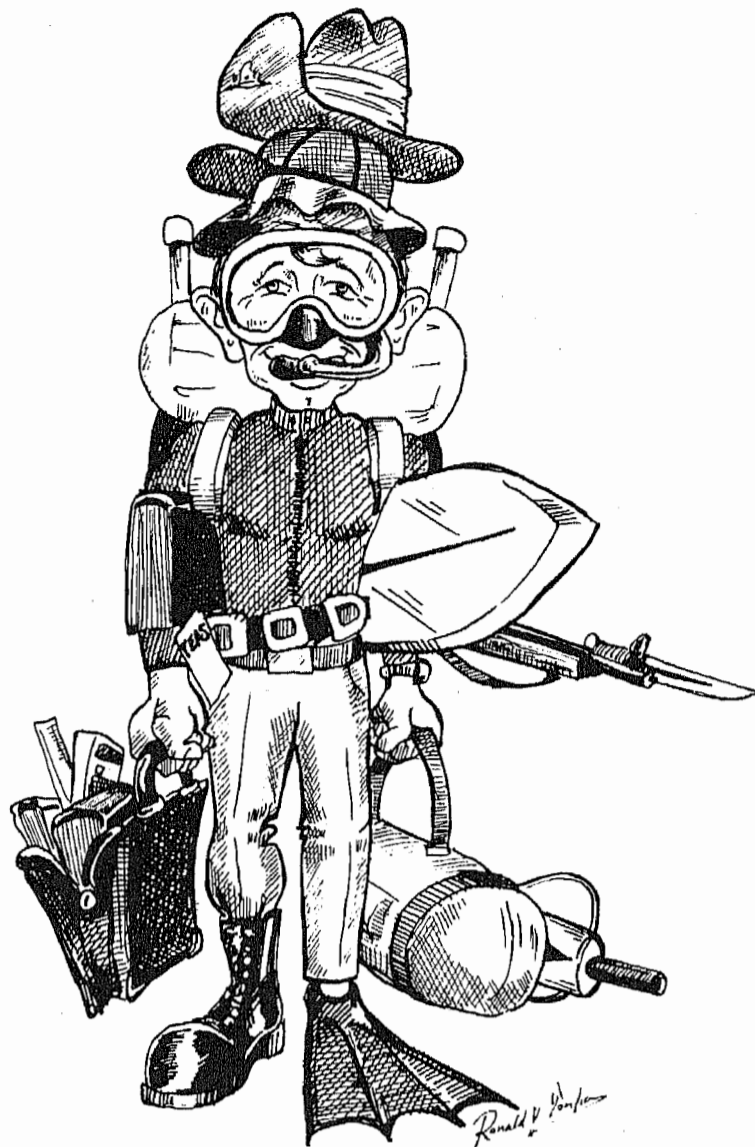
Our transport systems are highly regulated. The government keeps an eye on standards and costs. Arguments for and against such "interference" rage.

It must be said that Australians in general do not realise their good fortune. Travel within this country (strikes permitting) is a breeze!

To help you take advantage of the cheapest travel alternatives, *On dit*, together with Student Travel Australia has prepared a basic road, rail, air travel comparison chart.

Will a "twinette" on The Overland ever be the same?

"Happy trails to you...."



## RAIL

**Bookings/Enquiries:**  
O.H.E. Building  
108 King William Street,  
ADELAIDE  
Hours: 8.30 am - 5.30 pm Mon-Fri  
KESWICK RAIL TERMINAL  
Hours: 7.30 am - 7.30 pm Daily (except Public Holidays)  
Telephone Bookings: Phone 217 4444.  
Hours: 9.00 am - 5.00 pm Mon-Fri only.

**Notes:**  
TRAVEL AGENTS CANNOT BOOK RAIL TRAVEL WITHIN AUSTRALIA.  
Only full-time students in possession of a State Transport Authority/Railways of Australia concession card are eligible for student rates.  
Australian National Railways will not issue any student tickets unless they sight the above card. There is no age restriction for students.

**Fares:**  
Standard/Economy Class Student Fares. (Double for return).  
ADELAIDE - PERTH \$89.00  
ADELAIDE - ALICE SPRINGS \$63.00  
ADELAIDE - MELBOURNE \$22.00  
ADELAIDE - SYDNEY \$53.00  
ADELAIDE - BRISBANE \$84.00  
BRISBANE - CAIRNS \$32.00

**Did you know?**  
- Student rates are also available for 1st Class or Sleeper. (Check with Australian National ... the combinations are endless).  
- Unlike coach companies and airlines, Australian National DO NOT have any "See Australia" unlimited kilometre passes.  
- Trains have showers (Sleeper cars), buses and restaurants.  
- You can take "Fido" as baggage on trains (except Adelaide/Perth).  
- You can also take the metal beast (your car). In fact it is cheaper to travel on the same service with it. Compare \$230 car rate Adelaide/Perth to \$700 if the car goes as unaccompanied freight!

**Schedules:**  
**THE OVERLAND:**  
Adelaide/Melbourne -- Daily Dep: 8.00 pm Arr: 8.55 am.  
Melbourne/Adelaide -- Daily Dep: 8.35 pm Arr: 8.05 am.  
**INDIAN PACIFIC or TRANS AUSTRALIAN:**  
Adelaide/Perth -- Daily (except Tue, Thur) Dep: 6.00 pm Arr: 7.00 am (2 days later)  
Perth/Adelaide -- Daily (except Tue, Fri) Dep: 9.00 pm Arr: Noon (2 days later)  
**INDIAN PACIFIC:**  
Adelaide/Sydney -- Wednesday, Sunday ONLY Dep: Noon Arr: 3.25 pm (Next Day)  
Sydney/Adelaide -- Thursday, Saturday ONLY Dep: 3.15 pm Arr: 4.55 pm (Next Day)

### CAIRNS

23	TOWNSVILLE										
79	68	BRISBANE/GOLDCOAST									
118	88	30	NEWCASTLE								
109	88	34	— SYDNEY								
123	102	48	30	14	CANNBERRA						
143	131	68	64	34	33	MELBORNE					
147	135	72	59	38	38	— GEELONG					
171	151	95	79	63	62	31	29	ADELAIDE			
234	225	184	155	134	134	116	113	89	PERTH		
126	117	153	206	205	212	206	203	170	170	DARWIN	
108	99	140	165	149	149	116	113	89	170	89	ALICE
140	136	171	165	149	149	116	113	89	170	116	32 AYERS

## BUS

BUS AUSTRALIA  
101 Franklin Street,  
ADELAIDE  
Telephone: 212 7344

- SMOKING is NOT permitted on BUS AUSTRALIA services, but regular stops are made.
- Coaches are fully air-conditioned and rest-room equipped.
- Coaches feature aircraft style reclining seats and video!

BUS AUSTRALIA is the only coach operator to offer student concession. They are a quality coachline running daily (overnight) inter city services. Their student rates are a STEAL!  
Notes: ID cards are required on booking, almost any Student ID will do. NO AGE RESTRICTION.

## PLANE

**Student Group B:**  
Students under 26 years of age and attending: - 1. (a) a university of college of advanced education as listed in the States Grants (Tertiary Education Assistance) Amendment Act 1980 or (b) a post-secondary technical or further education institution approved by the relevant State Education Department. Students must be full-time; the concession will be 25% deducted from the

full economy adult fare. Special Tertiary Student Concession cards are required. They are available (\$2.00 each) from STUDENT TRAVEL AUSTRALIA or either domestic airline offices. Australian and International student I.D. cards are also acceptable for bookings through STUDENT TRAVEL AUSTRALIA offices for travel on AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES ONLY.

**EXCURSION 45 - "Flexifare":**  
Excursion 45 tickets are non-transferable (to other flights). Alteration or upgrade to other fare types is not permitted once tickets have been issued. Tickets are valid for the allocated days of travel only. Cancellation penalties are as high as 50% of the value of the return excursion 45 ticket.  
**Air Pass:**  
Economy Class Travel only. AUSTRALIAN AIRLINES PASSES:  
6 000 Kilometres \$540.00

10 000 Kilometres \$860.00  
6 000 Kilometres pass allows minimum 2 maximum 3 stopovers, 10 000 kms pass allows minimum 3 maximum 7 stopovers. An Australian Airlines stopover port that is NOT a capital city (eg. Gold Coast) must be included in the itinerary. A maximum of 4 nights must be spent at that stopover. Cancellation fees apply one travel has commenced.  
**Super Apex (Advance Purchase):**  
No alteration to forward or return journeys can be made within 30 days of the forward journey. A 50% refund is available for a ticket cancelled within 30 days prior to departure.

- NB - Australian Federation of Travel Agents Insurance is available to ensure against cancellation - Premium \$8.00. This covers cancellation for genuine reasons only ... not if the passenger "changes their mind".  
ISIS STUDENT TRAVEL INSURANCE is the cheapest and most comprehensive domestic travel insurance policy available to students. Rates vary in accordance with length of travel and cover required.

	ELIGIBILITY	APPROX. DISCOUNT	TRAVEL TIMES	MIN STAY	MAX	RESERVATIONS	TICKETING	AVAILABILITY
<b>STUDENT GROUP B</b>	Students: Under 26 years attending university or college	25%	Everyday	None	1 year from date of ticket issue	Make your bookings as early as possible	Early payment in full will ensure against subsequent air fare increase	All Australian Airlines flight departures
<b>EXCURSION 45</b>	Adults	45%	Your flight and departure time will be confirmed the day before you leave	1 Night	21 Nights	Book your forward and return journey between 14 and 4 days prior to travel	Payment for your forward and return journey is required at the same time you make your reservation	Limited seats on most jet flights all year round
<b>AIR PASS</b>	Everyone and no further discounts will apply to this fare.	40%	Everyday	10 Nights	45 Nights	Booking your forward and return journey is required prior to departure	Early payments in full will ensure against subsequent air fare increases	Seats are available on most flights to all the cities and towns on Australian Airlines network. Available from 2.10.85 for 18 months
<b>SUPER APEX (ADVANCE PURCHASE)</b>	Adults	35%	Everyday	7 Nights between forward and return journeys	1 year from date of ticket issue	Booking your forward and return journey must be made 30 days prior to departure	Payment for your forward and return journey must be made within 14 days of your reservation	Limited seats on most jet flights and only on a return basis. Available all year round

## MEN

Why such cowards and such fools?

In fear of blunt reality  
they hide behind a veil of words  
and preach a graven goddess  
made of virginal pornography and  
worship it on pedestals  
for it to bow before their lust  
and drag out all their mysteries  
and testaments to arrogance  
they claim to see a deeper truth  
and after all their love-making  
they stare at us with burning eyes  
as if the answer lies therein  
then bend before brutality  
and murder from frustration's pain  
and place the bloodied victories  
like crowns upon the heads of girls  
but then in shame they turn their eyes  
and terrified they silent cry  
for on their hearts is carved a scar  
reminding them of Paradise...  
for men are gods in clay.

M.N. Storm

## ESCAPE

O, the sheer profanity of it all  
As I gaze listlessly at the empty sauce packet -  
The boot.  
Burning heat entering my head  
I sit amid a throng of people on the balcony  
And wonder - "Why is it?"  
My soul sketches its destiny  
As beer bubbles effervesce into eternity  
The ash on the table  
Is the ash in my mind  
And I wonder - "What is now?"  
Be it too arid for the capacity of my imagination -  
I need refreshment.  
Bird excrement reminds me of the provincial -  
Escape.

Jezebel  
(A uni bar poetic collective)

## POETS

A Pharaoh bent with crippling ill  
A Shepherd boy with harp and sword,  
An Ancient Greek without his eyes  
A Persian Lord who stared at stars,  
An Englishman in flower fields  
A Man of Wales in raging fire...  
All of these saw God in Life  
and as is Life their God they made  
from all their loves and fears.

M.N. Storm

On Dit invites further contributions  
of poetry or prose-poetry for publi-  
cation in "New Writing."

# A GODLIKE GAME

A full moon bathed the city. The light cleansed the huge buildings and the filthy sidewalks. The enormous empty structures dwarfed me as I clacked through the deserted financial district. I had forgotten to take my sneakers out of Mom's car when she left the game, so I still had on my cleats. The game went into extra innings; it was still unresolved when it was called, because the umpires had worked their weekly maximum. As I passed the alley behind the Big Bank Building, I saw something, a flash, it was a large ...mirror... but it wasn't reflecting the alley.

What I saw in the mirror was an extraordinary baseball field. The infield was perfectly lined, the rubber, shining white beckoning to me. I could smell the velvet green outfield grass.

A feeling, starting in my stomach pulled me to the mirror. I reached out and nothing stopped my hand or the rest of me as I tumbled right through onto the field.

For some reason I wasn't scared, any egress to the city had disappeared, but I was incredibly excited. The sun had just popped over the horizon. I figured this might be my biggest adventure in life so I wanted to do it right. I took off my shoes and socks and walked around the soft, wet grass, letting the feeling jump right up through the soles of my feet. The grass was cool and a bit wet, but the basepaths were smooth fine dirt that showered a billowy puff with a hard step, promising a beautiful brown shower if I were to slide into home.

I lay down in the grass, my feet on the edge of the mound and quietly thought.

"Hello there."

I sat up and looked around. A man who was the quintessential catcher approached. He had almost no neck and was stocky, the slightest bit out of proportion, just like the best catchers.

He introduced himself as Malakai Smith, the catcher for the team. He suggested we get to breakfast so he could explain some things before I met the rest of the team. Down the road a piece there were a few houses, apparently the edge of town. We entered a nice old building; a sign out front said

Bloom Boarding House  
Lodgers Accepted

Mal sat us down at a long table with simple wooden chairs and began to talk. "The players came because they didn't enjoy the paradise they were in. Most of the players are either gods or heros. I came from around here. I helped

start the league. You are here because you see baseball."

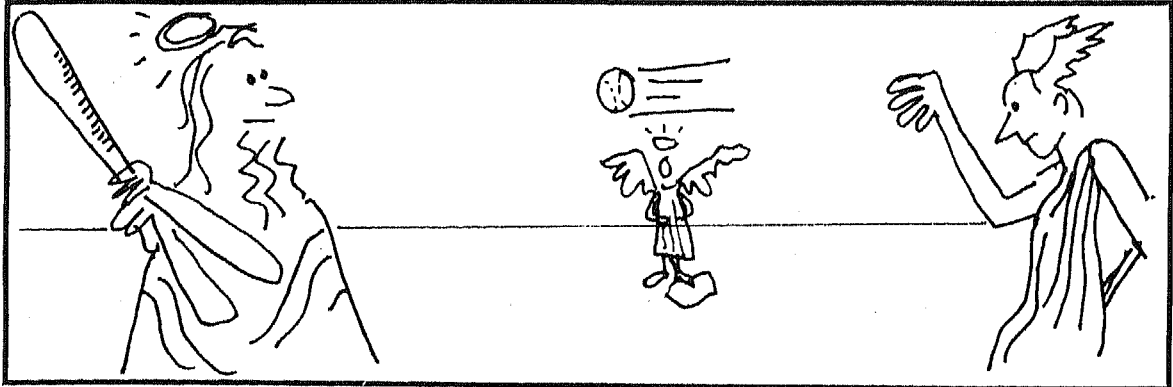
The players came into the dining area. They all carried duffel bags; some also had bats and other equipment. Mal pointed and named as they sat down at around the table. Hastelisi, an American Indian god entered; everyone calls him Hasty because he can run. Twin brothers were the right and left fielders; Hasty covered everything in between. Tsukiyomi stepped in carrying along with his uniform a saxophone case. He was a Japanese deity. Mal said he was a night person, a moon god actually. Satch, an enormous black man gracefully sat down and introduced himself. The last players to enter were God, following by John Girard. Just as I had know Mal was a catcher so I knew John Girard was the ultimate schoolboy hero. Mal explained John was an All American football player, an NCAA champion wrestler, a choir boy and a second baseman. He had died saving orphans and God had brought him along. Little was said over a rushed breakfast and soon the manager walked in. He started everyone to the bus for the long trip to the game. The manager obviously knew who I was and briefly welcomed me, asking if I wanted to pitch tonight.

The bus was a beat old school bus painted gray. The players played cards or slept on the way to the other team's field. Our team was made of many different people; other teams were made of one religion or civilization. We were playing the Greeks.

The pitchers were to be God versus Zeus. I might pitch a few innings at the end of the game. We ate lunch, then headed to the field. Mal said this was always fun because Demeter always had the field looking great and the weather just right. Unlike the more modern teams who had Gatorade or the like, the Greeks were continually battling. When we reached the field, Mal was right; it was beautiful. Everyone stretched or tossed a ball. Fans began arriving; they were all around on a grassy hill that sloped up very gently with flat spots for barbecue spits. Before the game started the smell of lamb reached the field as did songs and a huge tray of meat and wine for the players.

Finally the game began. Hasty got a single and then stole second. John struck out despite a blessing from God. God fouled out to the catcher. Satch hit a mighty drive which was caught by Hermes about 30 feet in the air.

Their leadoff batter, Hermes, was



unable to get to base off God. The next batter was kneeling in on the deck circle, talking to a little figure on a chain around his neck. God hollered, "You shall not worship idols!" Zeus jumped onto the top step, spilling his nectar and screamed "I gave him that idol!" Soon God and Zeus were rolling around hitting and shouting "No one worships you any more," yelled God. God's low blow was followed by one from Zeus. When they were verbally and physically through, the umpires tossed them out of the game. Zeus went to join a group of beautiful women on the hill. God sat in the dug out and muttered and sulked. I warmed up as the umpires discussed whether they had ejected the Trinity as one person. Eventually Jesus Christ was allowed to play; the Holy Spirit was nowhere to be seen. Another fight nearly started when a ball took a funny bounce and Apollo said the Holy Spirit was floating about invisibly helping us. Jesus Christ said not to bear false witness but shut up when he noticed God was giggling. The baseball was wonderful; the Greeks hit me hard but the fielders were brilliant. I struck out Pan, that was the high point of my evening. The umpires were the best I had every seen, but the Greeks and some on our team complained often.

The ride home was great. Tsuki's sax sang upbeat stuff and we jammed the whole way back.

The next game was at home. Concessions were sold by the saints. The visiting team was a group of xen buddhists. There were several dignitaries on the team including Bodhidharma, four or five patriarchs who had preceded Bodhidharma, and even Buddah himself. Just before the game Buddah gathered his followers and asked a question. The disciples who had experienced Satori but not Koan left in attempts to demonstrate their understanding; the masters trotted out of the dug-out, beat pans and cheered for the leadoff batter. A group of Greeks had become inebriated at an orgy

and came to taunt God for playing on a sabbath. God claimed his participation made the game holy. The league established a rule requiring everyone to play on their sabbath because if all sabbaths were honored then no games could be played. A saint caught a young boy stealing peanuts; the saint insisted the boy be burned at the stake. God in his infinite mercy settled with condemnation to Hell for all eternity. The only effect was to scare the boy witless because unbanned to him he was an immortal son of one of Zeus' adulterous affairs. We won because the Buddhists admired the beauty of the ball as someone ran around the bases. The games continued.

Each game was spectacular. It was always captured a piece of the game. The playing was beautiful. Hasty was a whirlwind in center field and a demon on the bases. He caught up with many a shot. Nearly out of sight, he fired one ball to the cut off, on one hop. Others were good too, but God stood out; his play was always great but his actions were more noticed. Once he ordered a group of fans to come to an away game. It took them nearly two days - forty hours exactly. They had a party the first night and the Holy Spirit showed up and reminded them of the rules. They arrived, footwear, in the third inning. God personally seated them because he had been ejected in the second inning. He had dumped a pile of eyeglasses, conjured from air, onto the umpire when he missed a call.

The season wore on. We won all the time and I saw God act childishly every day. Each game with the 3 Greeks, God got into a fight. He continually cursed the opposing fans and his fans were treated very poorly. He expected silly signs of devotion.

One day I saw him standing in front of his fans. Later I realised it was a five minute mass but what I saw was his fans filing into rows; then they knelt, stood, sat, stood,

sat, knelt, stood filed into the front around the sides into seats and then knelt, stood, sat, stood and filed into the bleachers for the game. For all God's need for ego boost, Jesus Christ was a good guy. Christ had come to earth and taught people to love one another and love the Lord. He then had to die to finish God's rules. The same applied to him as a player. Jesus was a scrappy player on the hot corner. He always cheered a good play; he was the one signing autographs for three hours after a game. He had an embarrassing Dad, who he loved too much. The other gods on my team seemed to be regular guys; they saw God's silly ego and controlled their own.

I was getting to know the guys. I truly admired Satch. He was the most elegant man I have ever seen. His stretch at first is enormous and it nabs many a runner, but if someone get on they are treated to eloquent jabber. Satch talks about everything to anybody. He once distracted a jackrabbit Tibetan monk who was picked off for the first time in six centuries. It is Satch who always gets Tsuki playing sax on the bus.

Suddenly we were at the end of the regular season. Abruptly the manager called me in. He said he thought God used the presence of another pitcher as an excuse not to control himself. We were heading into the playoffs. The manager said since God definitely was the best pitcher and the playoffs started in a series against the Greeks, he thought I should return home, removing God's cushion. Creating a result to God's silly actions, forced him to face consequences. I spent the last night with Tsuki, Hasty, Satch, and Mal. We talked and sang all night. Tsuki really was a night person. Just before dawn we walked out to the field over the warm dirt. I stopped to take a breath of the cool fresh air and I exhaled into the city. The alley was still bathed by a cleansing light from the full moon.

Ted O'Callahan

# FEATURES

## TAMBO TALKS

**Oliver Tambo was in Adelaide last week talking on the African National Congress PENNY WONG filed this report on the talk, Tambo, apartheid and the ANC.**

"Racism has been caused to depart from this hall. Racism is about to leave African soil."

It was with these words that Oliver Tambo responded to the departure of anti-black demonstrators at last week's public meeting with the South African leader. Tambo is President of the African National Congress, the South African political movement fighting for the abolishment of apartheid.

The statement reflects his fervent conviction that apartheid will indeed cease to exist and South Africa will become a democratic state in which people are not judged by the colour of their skins.

The optimism with which Tambo speaks of the ANC's objectives is contagious, and anyone who attended last Tuesday's rally at the Dom Polski Centre could not have helped but being infected.

He refers to the abolishment of the apartheid laws as being "imminent", a positive approach almost incongruous in the present climate of confusion within the international community as regards South Africa:

"We knew that however long it took, we would get rid of apartheid in

South Africa, and we have now reached a point where we can see the end very clearly."

Mr Tambo's visit to Australia has been surrounded by controversy. A number of Liberal MPs have attacked the Federal Government's decision to invite Tambo to Australia, seeing it as an endorsement of an organisation which they regard as being terrorist by nature. Lurid descriptions of violence attributed to the ANC have been commonplace in statements made by anti-Tambo demonstrators. Mr Kim Jacobs, president of the Young Liberal Movement, released a statement last week likening Tambo to former Ugandan dictator, Idi Amin.

Mr Jacobs described the ANC as "offering nothing except a deplorable willingness to engage in the most savage violence and murder."

In last Thursday's *Australian* there appeared a gruesome photograph of a charred body accompanied by a detailed description of "necklacing" - a form of abuse which involves the lighting of a petrol-soaked tyre around a victim's neck. The advertisement went on to accuse Tambo's movement of employing this tactic and asked the question "Why is this



OLIVER TAMBO man allowed in Australia?"

Amidst such emotional and sensationalist campaigning, those who attended last week's meeting with Tambo could have been forgiven for expecting some savage-looking terrorist type, armed to the teeth and brandishing kerosene-drenched canyres.

They would have been disappointed. Mr Tambo is a quietly spoken man, who described the racism and violence inherent in the apartheid system in a rational and level-headed fashion.

The only dramatics of the evening came from within the audience with a number of verbal clashes between the pro and anti-ANC camps. Such theatricalities were not present in Mr Tambo's performance.

In his speech, Mr Tambo addressed himself to the dilemma facing most Australians regarding the ANC.

Should we support an organisation which employs violence as a means of fighting apartheid. Even an implicit condonation of such violence is not a decision to be made lightly, and Mr Tambo spoke for a long while in an attempt to clarify why the ANC has taken this path.

The racial divisions which form the basis of apartheid were begun in 1910 with the "Colour Bar" clause, in the South African Act of Union, which prohibited blacks from entering parliament. From there, apartheid became more and more entrenched, and a critical point in the development of the conflict was the election in 1948 of the National Party.

"The (National) Party elected in 1948 were self-confessed supporters of Nazi Germany. They won the elections on the issue of black danger. At the time, the United Party and others were moving towards integration of the races. National Party campaigners would ask voters - do you want your child to marry a black person? So the victory of the Nationalists was a victory against the blacks. Yet the ANC resisted the temptation to fight back and embarked upon a policy of non-violence."

"Non-violence, however, was no deterrent to those who wanted to

impose white supremacy, and the violence of apartheid grew, coming to a climax in the 1960 Sharpeville massacre." [Ironically in the same year the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Albert Lithuli, President of the ANC.]

"In 1961, the ANC was declared unlawful and a national strike was organised. The strike was peaceful and non-violent, but the whole South African army was called out to deal with it."

"It was at this point that the people said - from where do we go with this non-violence. Non-violence had reached its end as an exclusive method of struggle."

"So we embarked on sabotage. We attacked objects; empty buildings, power stations; but we killed none. This went on for 20 years, a period which has seen Nelson Mandela and many others goaded for life."

"Sharpeville was merely a larger massacre in a series of smaller massacres. Soweto was larger than Sharpeville. It was something unheard of anywhere in the world - police shooting down children. They killed, in a matter of two days, some one thousand of them. This is the violence we have known, how can we respond to this by attacking empty buildings to show our discomfort?"

Mr Tambo went on to make a few printed references to the anti-ANC groups here in Australia.

"It is easy today for some misguided young people, and they are misguided - by South African propaganda, to be shouting slogans at the ANC as a terrorist organisation. How do they know? Do they have the background of the ANC? Do they cease to address the number of non-whites who have been killed? Do they care to know? Were they there when Alan Boesak tried to lead thousands of people in Capetown to the gaol to salute Nelson Mandela. Boesak was arrested and the marchers were mowed down - more than 40 people died. Is that terrorism? We say it is."

"What about the children? Have the vociferous Young Liberals seen

a policeman aim a gun at a child, pull the trigger, kill a child? That is what is happening under apartheid."

On a more positive note Mr Tambo spoke of what he regards as the imminent breakdown of the apartheid system:

"Apartheid is not working in certain areas and the regime cannot do anything about it except have those areas occupied by the military. That is not Government. People have reached the point where they will do anything to achieve their aim i.e. a non-racial, democratic South Africa."

Most Australians would do well to listen to Mr Tambo's comments. Whether one is in agreement or not is secondary, the fact remains that the ANC is the most internationally well-known anti-Apartheid movement, and we shall eventually have to decide whether Australia should offer its support. This leads on to the question of economic sanctions. Should we pressure our Government to employ them? Tambo and the ANC have called for total sanctions. In March, Norway and Sweden announced unilateral trade bans against South Africa. Should Australia follow their example, or listen to Mr Reagan's assertions that economic sanctions affect the 'wrong people'?

The decision that must be made by Australians is an assessment to what point we are prepared to fight racism. Apartheid is a global issue and racism is unfortunately not confined to South Africa. This was illustrated at an incident at the Dom Polski centre last week.

A number of youths began chanting racist slogans such as "Long Live White Imperialism", "Down with Blacks". They were eventually drowned out by the rest of the crowd and forced to leave the hall. However, it is a sobering thought that such racism exists in this supposedly free and democratic country. It is to this problem that Australians need to address themselves. Perhaps within the ANC's struggle in South Africa, there is a lesson for us all.



# HOW TO ASSESS THE SIR JOH PHENOMENON

DAVID HUMPHRIES reports on the phenomenon of the Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen Campaign.

"He's got a Messianic glow up and he's decided it's his job to bring down the Hawke Government," said one observer. "But his concern is that if he manages to topple the Government, what then for the policy directions of the coalition as it now stands? Hence his worries about the 'Wets'."

For those worries, he has, at least in the ideological sense, the company of the so-called New Right, a term born in 1970s American political evangelism but still ill-defined in Australia.

Getting that ideological support translated into political activity, however, can be a different matter. Sir Joh says his campaign has cost little money but he acknowledges that the future task will cost serious money. He has unquestioning faith in grassroots support from widening numbers he believes feel threatened by Labor but frustrated with the existing alternatives. He also has undertakings from some wealthy business people, mainly in Queensland, but typically he is short on specifics.

The necessary ingredients extend beyond dollars. The New Right, at least as defined by its so-called principals, are a diverse group, more representative of a lobby than a structured political entity. They are largely committed to the existing coalition machinery.

While unhappy with aspects, most are unlikely to divorce themselves from the mainstream and throw in their lot with some new Sir Joh Party.

What Sir Joh does offer them is a catalyst to shake-out those unwilling to embrace the harder political line. It is here that Sir Joh, with his threats to sponsor candidates against sitting coalition MPs, would appear most likely to be pointing.

"They (the coalition) say they've got the same policies as me but I can't see that," Sir Joh told *The Age*. "You know the record. A lot of them were there in Fraser's days and they mucked it up. They've been in the race and they lost it badly. I want new horses in the race."

But who are these "new horses" to be? "That's for the people to decide," says Sir Joh. "I'll give them strong, positive leadership and they'll gather round like bees at a honey pot." But he is firmer on what he expects of them. "They must make a full commitment to me, come over lock, stock and barrel. And that's what I expect these fellows in Canberra to do."

Sir Joh, previously reluctant to define what banner his candidates would rally round, said they would not be standing as independents. "Joh's Team" was being suggested as a possible unity tag, he said.

"It's very simple. Australia is in crisis and Labor and the unions are doing nothing but aggravate the problem but Hawke hasn't even started oiling his machine yet. When it's election time, he'll bring it out, polish it up, tell us all what a great job they've done for us and leave the Opposition for dead," Sir Joh says.

"People across Australia started approaching me a long time ago and saying, 'Gee Joh, I wish you could come along and show us the way'. They wanted me to head a 'We Want Joh' campaign across the country six months ago but I said, 'No, I don't want that'."

Sir Joh, then, is insistent that his

prescription differs from coalition policies. However, apart from his demand for a 25 per cent flat rate tax (which the Opposition flirted with temporarily) and the abolition of taxation on superannuation (the Opposition wants to withdraw the old five per cent rate), there is little to distinguish one from the other.

Sir Joh wants to clobber the unions and points to his success against the electricity workers of south-east Queensland. But he is yet to exercise the legislative capacity he has to provide for voluntary work agreements between employers and workers - a pledge now incorporated in federal Liberal policy.

One National said: "McLachlan (National Farmers' Federation president) was last year's flavour of the month but he went off the boil because people could see that he wasn't really achieving anything for the farmers. This is an old man (Sir Joh is 76) having his last hurrah."

But that may be wishful thinking. Sir Joh has the coalition very worried. The fear is not that he can beat them at the polls should he mount such a bid, but that his persistent attacks are focusing doubt on the Opposition's ideas, proficiency and harmony. Meanwhile, the Government escapes scrutiny.

Labor, naturally, is not so worried but there is one possible outcome it would not welcome. The possibility remains that, measured against Sir Joh, Mr Howard will assume a more moderate appearance and, hence, become more attractive to middle ground swinging voters.

The Joh phenomenon could easily be misconstrued. What is relevant in Queensland politics is not necessarily relevant in the rest of Australia.

There was a time when Sir Robert Sparkes, the wily president of the Queensland Nationals, had membership of the most potent political triumvirate in the country.

He preferred to describe himself as a part-timer but with the party's trusted full-time (but now departed) state director, Mike Evans, they exerted sufficient influence to check many excesses of the team's celebrated third member,

Premier Bjelke-Petersen. Together, the trio ruled the state of Queensland, using Sir Joh's clout to cajole and clobber colleagues of the parliamentary wing who might be so impertinent as to presume a share of the decision making.

Today, Sir Robert is as mystified as the rest of us. Publicly, the unity is retained. Privately, the Queensland party boss confides to associates that he is no longer able to second-guess the Premier's next move, nonplussed at Sir Joh's national crusade, incapable of any more tightening of the reins.

"Joh is acting like a law unto himself," says one source trusted with Sir Robert's confidences. "For a long time, Sparkes and Evans had fairly firm control over the parliamentary wing, but now there doesn't seem to be anyone capable of welding the parliamentary and organisational wings."

The question of welding, of course, now goes much beyond the borders of Queensland. Sir Joh's uncompromising willingness to tease, berate and punish his hapless associates in the federal coalition and to promise on them a horrible curse has caught the worried conservatives off guard.

They rightly perceive, and state, that a successful outcome for mainstream conservatism, with the harmony so carefully fostered since John Howard and Ian Sinclair came together as respective party leaders, is at risk.

It is a testament to Sir Joh's national influence and the fear of retaliation he can invoke in would-be critics that few of the conservative persuasion would be quoted for this article. What emerges, however, is a prevalent confusion as to Sir Joh's motives, backers and precise prescription for national rebuilding.

Some interesting speculative scenarios emerge. One view is that the primary goal of Sir Joh's crusading is much less ambitious than that embraced by his rhetoric. It has to do with national control of the National Party.

The exertion of greater influence on the federal parliamentary wing requires greater representation on the party's federal council, due for election at the Nationals' federal conference in Canberra late next month.

Sir Joh, whose 40 years in politics (18 as Premier) have not been

marked by regular attendances at federal conference, has promised he will be there. The Queenslanders who have long argued that federal council representation should more closely reflect parliamentary representation, want the national presidency, to be vacated next month by the Victorian, Mrs Shirley McKerron, and a more hardline federal approach.

There is also the Machiavellian-style conspiracy theory fuelled by Sir Joh himself. It places the Queensland premier at the forefront of a bid to force the emergence of a new and potent right-wing party, attuned to his Queensland style of rule and willing and able to stand apart from the Liberals he so publicly loathes.

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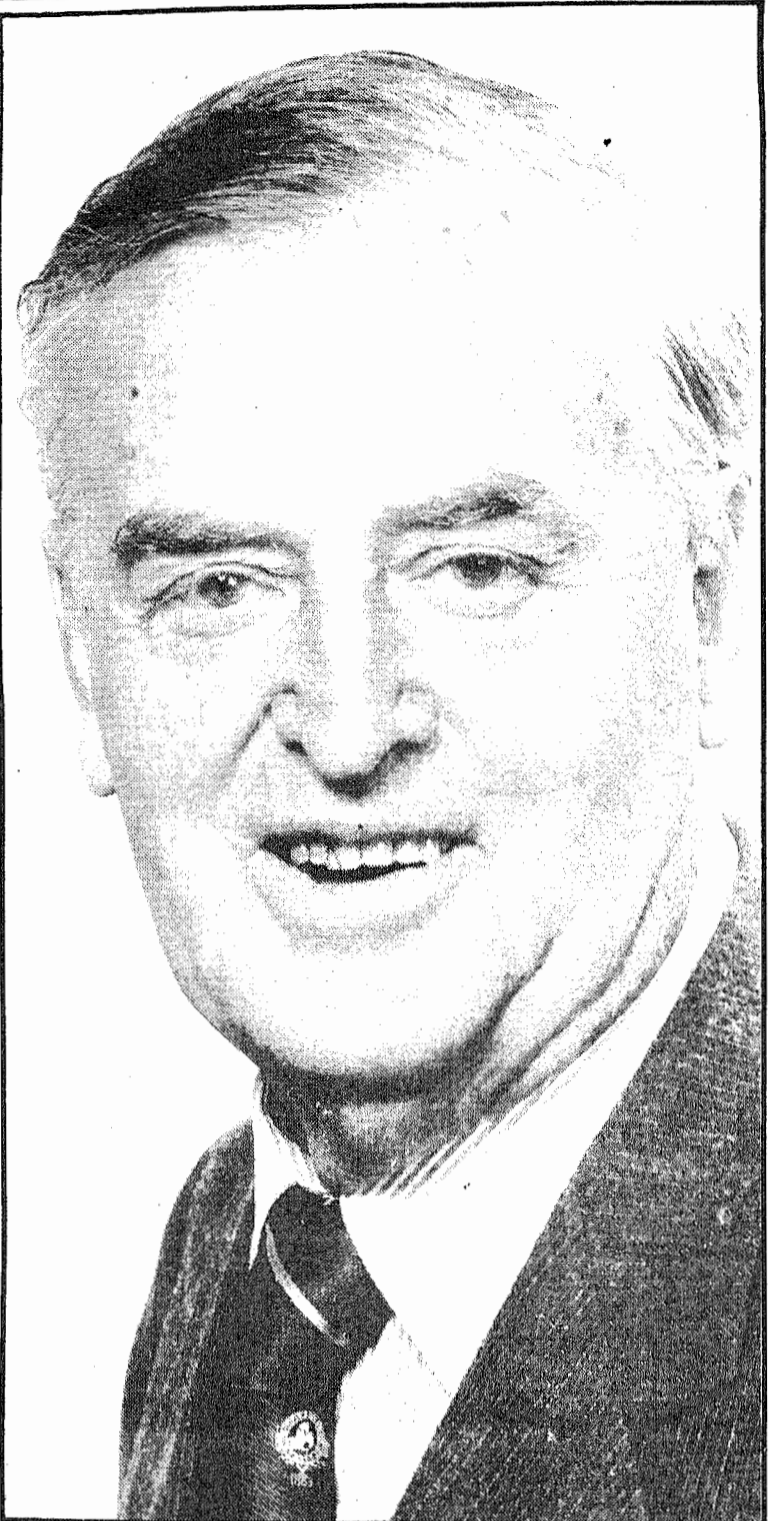
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# JOH FOR PM OR PO FOR JOH?

IAN HUNT gives the lowdown on the Joh-for-PM Campaign.

1987 promises to be a vintage year for political farce. The wild card (to mix metaphors) is Joh Bjelke Petersen's ambition to drive Hawke out of office and become the next Prime Minister of Australia.

This is taking place in the context of a high level of Conservative political mobilisation, more menacing than at any time since the cold-war period in the fifties, or the rise of fascism in the thirties.

The decline in the economy and falling living standards have given the conservative forces the scent of blood, and they are determined to use parliament to alter the balance of wealth, income and power in Australian society.

Joh's "march on Canberra" is part of this conservative mobilisation. However, it is also seriously disruptive. And this mixture of threat and opportunity explains the "Good-on-you Joh," "Join with us Joh," "Don't rock the boat Joh" messages pouring out of the established conservative ranks.

It is typical of our press that, with few exceptions, they have taken Joh and his political capacities seriously. They have been content to be used to manufacture headlines for Joh. The exceptions, well worth watching, are Laurie Oaks and George Negus from "Sunday's" political team. Their clever interview with Joh on "Sunday," Channel nine recently, has clearly exposed the dilemma facing Australian conservatives.

Joh is determined to become the next Prime Minister of Australia. He clearly believes that his win-

against-all-odds in last year's Queensland state elections showed that so long as you persevere, have faith in God, and do what God will, nothing can defeat you. Joh has taken his rescue from potential political oblivion as a sign that he should no longer doubt, if he ever did, that he was doing "the right thing" in God's eyes.

Of course, the reality of the Queensland election is less flattering to Joh. He governs with less than 40% of the vote, a result not likely to be repeated in the federal sphere. Some 5 - 10% of that vote was based on the fact that some conservatives preferred a vote for stability to a vote for the Liberal Party, and also preferred, when it came to "the parties of stability," a vote for the Nationals to a vote for Labor. None of the charges of cronyism, arbitrariness, and corruption against Joh's National Government have been answered by the Queensland result. Joh's "March on Canberra" is therefore threatening to those conservatives who want stability.

The conservatives in Australia are pushing for a redistribution of wealth, income and power from workers to the rich, from the professional to the business middle class, and from women to men. Only a small minority, from about 5 - 20% of the population, will be advantaged by this, while the great majority will be disadvantaged. To get voters to vote against their interests, the conservatives must rely on voters' disenchantment with the Labor Party. However, while this disenchantment stems from the sharp decline in living standards for workers over the last three years, there will be a problem in convincing voters to get along with a further decline in living standards.

There is therefore a need for Joh Bjelke Petersen's brand of invincible self-confidence. Margaret Thatcher in England and Ronald Reagan in the U.S. (and dare we say, Hawke as compared with Hayden) have demonstrated the electoral effectiveness of self-righteousness in a conservative cause, even when it is coupled with extremely repressive policies toward the poor, or with limited competence in handling the problems of high office.

Of course, Joh Bjelke Petersen's push for the Lodge is not being fuelled simply by his boundless self-confidence, and the electoral appeal of a very ordinary person with such extra-ordinary self-esteem. Joh is also refusing to accept what he knows is the electoral liability of a broad-based consumption tax. Joh does want to give billions to the rich. However, Joh knows poorer farmers will not be among those to gain, since most of them pay no tax. And this example, in those to lose from a broad based consumption tax. Joh knows that a new indirect tax will muddy the waters. How can conservatives beat the simple drum of being against the Hawke government's taxes, if they introduce a new tax which hits everybody, even those too poor to pay any tax?

As we have seen, the conservative dilemma is how to exploit discontent with falling living standards, while supporting policies which mean an increased standard of living for the rich, and a further decrease in the living standards of wage earners.

The conservatives clearly need a leader who can appeal to simple pieties, as opposed to a leader like John Howard, who merely appeals to a shop-keeper's calculation of gains and losses.

But the price that Joh is demanding for the use of his "man-of-the-

people self-righteousness is far too high. A coalition government with Joh as Prime-minister is just not on. The senior coalition partner is going to be the Liberal Party winning more seats than the Liberals, if it goes on its own in the next election. The Liberal Party as senior coalition partner will not wear Joh as Prime-minister. But how will Joh, God's gift to the Australian people, put up with being only Deputy P.M.?

The conservatives are now making a desperate appeal to Joh to play a contained role in the push for power. They want him to agree simply to the role of salesman for Coalition policies.

So far, Joh has only made the problem worse by exposing the unacceptable side of conservative policies.

Behind the conflict between Joh Bjelke Petersen and the Liberal-National Party coalition is a difference between the old and so-called "new" Right. The old Right, whose organisational basis has been the League of Rights, has made new gains in rural areas since the rural crisis began three years ago. While wealthy farmers and graziers, with 80% of farm capital, have not been greatly affected by increases in interest rates, the majority of small farmers with only 20% of farm capital have been hit hard, often on loans resulting from over-capitalisation encouraged by the banks. Indebted farmers have provided fertile ground for the old-right politics of the League of Rights.

However, the most rapid gains on the Right have been made by the so-called "new" right, ideologically organised through the R.H. Nichols Society, and politically organised through the National Farmers Federation and the Australian Employers' Federation.

What both the old and new right agree on is that "curbing the excesses is union power". That is, they both want to see unions lose any effective power to represent their members. They key steps in weakening the unions are to give employers the power to dismiss workers for going on strike, and the power to sue unions and/or their members for damages resulting from strikes, or strike related activities, such as picketing. The hope is that if the price of union organisation is made too high, unions will decline, and will not be able to prevent a fall in wage-earners' living standards and conditions of employment.

Where the old and "new" Right party company is on economic policy. So-called "economic rationalists" have gravitated to the "new" Right. Followers of the old Right support subsidies, regulated production and marketing, and have been peddling the single rate tax of 25% for years, with no-one taking them seriously.

The simplicity of the single rate 25% tax is what appeals to Joh Bjelke Petersen. The fact that many people can be misled about the proposal no doubt adds to its appeal. The present tax system is not easy to understand. Virtually no-one knows what rate of tax they pay. So it can seem to people that when Joh promises to cut the top rate of tax back to 25%, everyone who pays more than this on any part of their income will gain. But the fact is, as the Australian tax office has shown, only the top 20% of income earners, those earning more than \$27,000 a year will gain from Joh's tax scheme. The more a person earns over \$27,000, the more gained.

If Joh implements the original 25% single rate of tax proposal, everyone earning less than \$27,000 in 1986, that is, the bottom 80% of taxpayers, will pay more tax. How is this pos-



sible? At present, people pay different rates of tax on different parts of their income. They pay no tax on the first \$5,000 or so of income, 25% on the next \$10,000 or so, 33% after that, and so on. A person earning \$20,000 a year will pay no tax on the first \$5,000, 25% on the next \$10,000, and 33% on the last \$5,000. So in this case, a person on \$20,000 will pay only about 21% in tax, even though they pay a higher rate on part of their income. In this example, the actual average rate of tax is 4% less than the 25% of Joh's single rate scheme.

When challenged with these facts, Joh changed the scheme, promising that no-one will lose. On this new (less simple) scheme, the bottom 80% of taxpayers lose nothing, but will still gain nothing from the so-called "tax reform". However, to fund Joh's promise that people earning less than 25% will not pay more tax, Joh will cut government spending more, or have a higher budget deficit, which in either case, will hit low and middle income earners.

In essence, the Liberal "tax reform" is the same as Joh's. The only difference is that the overall reduction of taxes will be less, as a result of a broad-based consumption tax, the main burden of which will fall on ordinary wage-earners. The cuts in Federal spending, while still massive (about \$6 billion) will be less than in Joh's scheme. For what it is worth,

the Liberal scheme is more "rational" in that it will reduce tax avoidance, but less rational in that it will be immediately inflationary.

On both the Liberal and Joh Bjelke Petersen "tax reforms", we can expect cuts in public spending. People may well consider some cuts are necessary, given our present difficulties with trade. And, in the absence of any immediate threat, it may well seem appropriate to reduce defence spend-

immediate threat, it may well seem appropriate to reduce defence spending for a time, refusing to import expensive military hardware, and thereby help our balance of payments problem.

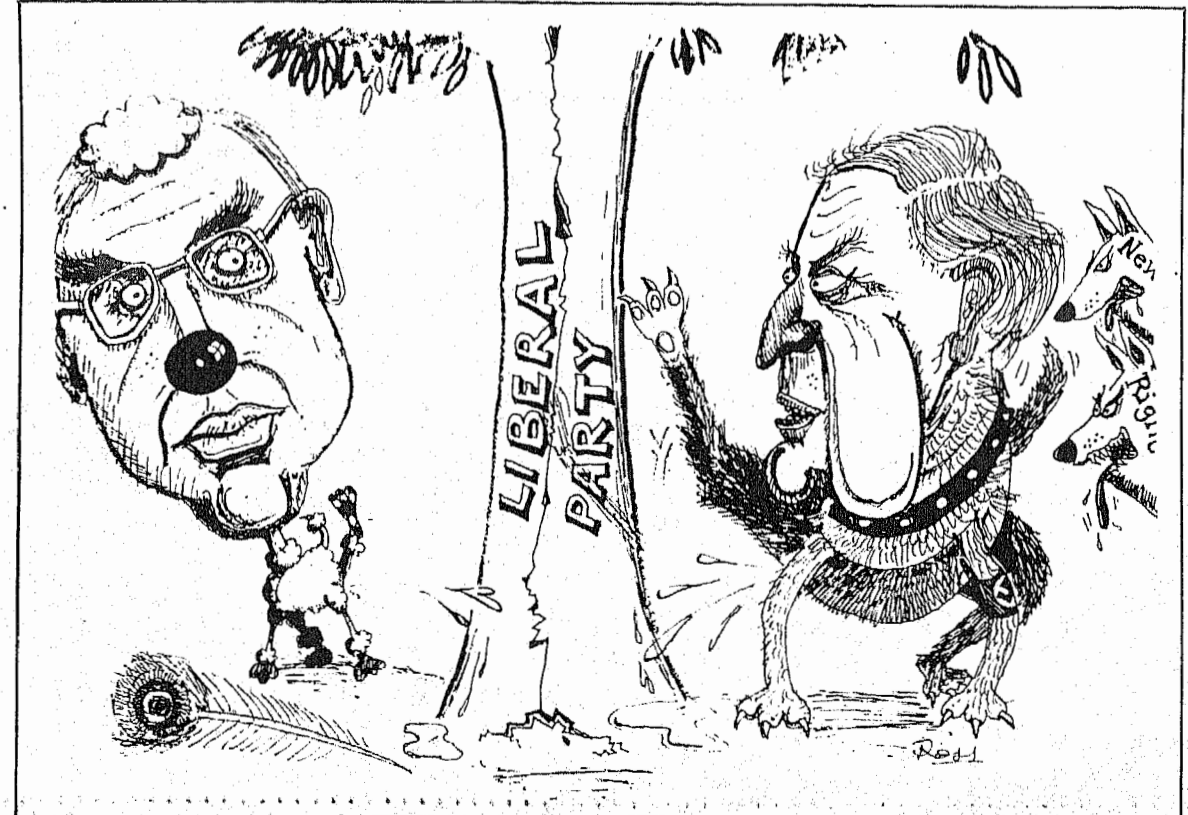
The luxury of defence spending, and its strain on our balance of payments is not, however, the target of the champions of "small government". Joh and the Liberals propose that defence spending should not only be not reduced, but that it be increased in real terms by 3% a year.

Where will the cuts in spending fall then? There are no prizes for guessing that the billions are to be cut off the welfare, education and health budgets. The following represents a good guess at the balance of winners and losers from proposed policies of the new and old Right.

Capital gains tax abolished. Win-

## JOH CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Clues include: 1. Joh, 2. Joh, 3. Joh, 4. Joh, 5. Joh, 6. Joh, 7. Joh, 8. Joh, 9. Joh, 10. Joh, 11. Joh, 12. Joh, 13. Joh, 14. Joh, 15. Joh, 16. Joh, 17. Joh, 18. Joh, 19. Joh, 20. Joh, 21. Joh, 22. Joh, 23. Joh, 24. Joh, 25. Joh, 26. Joh, 27. Joh, 28. Joh, 29. Joh, 30. Joh, 31. Joh, 32. Joh, 33. Joh, 34. Joh, 35. Joh, 36. Joh, 37. Joh, 38. Joh, 39. Joh, 40. Joh, 41. Joh, 42. Joh, 43. Joh, 44. Joh, 45. Joh, 46. Joh, 47. Joh, 48. Joh, 49. Joh, 50. Joh, 51. Joh, 52. Joh, 53. Joh, 54. Joh, 55. Joh, 56. Joh, 57. Joh, 58. Joh, 59. Joh, 60. Joh, 61. Joh, 62. Joh, 63. Joh, 64. Joh, 65. Joh, 66. Joh, 67. Joh, 68. Joh, 69. Joh, 70. Joh, 71. Joh, 72. Joh, 73. Joh, 74. Joh, 75. Joh, 76. Joh, 77. Joh, 78. Joh, 79. Joh, 80. Joh, 81. Joh, 82. Joh, 83. Joh, 84. Joh, 85. Joh, 86. Joh, 87. Joh, 88. Joh, 89. Joh, 90. Joh, 91. Joh, 92. Joh, 93. Joh, 94. Joh, 95. Joh, 96. Joh, 97. Joh, 98. Joh, 99. Joh, 100. Joh.



# ODE ON GRECIAN EARNINGS

**What's it like to teach in the Greek Islands? JONATHAN CLAGUE (who's mad) sent us this ode on Grecian earnings.**

Why should I let the toad work  
Squat on my life?  
Can't I use my wit as a pitchfork  
And drive the brute off?  
Six days of the week it soils  
With its sickening poison -  
Just for paying a few bills!  
That's out of proportion

The late Philip Larkin had the right idea. It's clear that he wasn't cut out for orthodox toil, and neither was I. At university I found weekly one-hour supervisions strenuous enough, and about as much as I could handle. I not only snored resonantly throughout my Shakespeare exam, but over the years grew accustomed to a life of sleep. Finally I could do it with my eyes open.

When I passed my English degree with a miraculous 2:2, it seemed as if I had finally reached retirement. Alas, on graduation day someone reminded me that I had another 42 years of working life to go - perhaps more if the Tories did something funny with the retirement age. "You could always snuff it early, of course," a friend cheerfully advised. But death was beginning to look like a serious option.

Unsure of what to do, I worked for a while as a Harrods porter. Pay in "Fruit & Veg" was poor, I was ordered around all day and began to feel like a manic YTS understudy. Worst of all, I had to start my day at 8 am sharp. When the company tried to prosecute me for eating one of their bananas ("We'll be asking the judge for a crucifixion," they told me) I decided it was time to leave. So, weary of working life, I signed on at the beloved DHSS - and went back to bed.

In student days, whenever I had been challenged with the riveting question of what I was going to do ("...if you grow up"), I'd always said, "Why, work on a Greek Island, of course." Now I began to see the wisdom of my earlier intuition. I resolved to take a one-month TEFL course (Teaching English as a Foreign Language), wisely choosing afternoon sessions and avoiding the odious morning slot.

Securing a TEFL diploma proved more difficult than expected. Real teaching practice, for example, began on day two. My first critical assessment said, "You talk to students as if you are talking to friends in a pub." After one unique public explanation of the word "career", my supervisor remarked that the class had thought it was some kind of disease. He ended his report with "Quite frankly, this was a dire lesson." But, persevering, I managed to complete the course and a few days later had obtained a air-ticket to Greece.

Once there, job-hunting proved disappointing. Tired of finding work only in downtown Athens (not exactly the Utopia I had in mind), I decided to take a holiday and abandon this TEFL madness altogether. But coincidence - really, of course, the intervention of the gods - modified my new plan, and I was offered a job in Monemvasia, deep in the Peloponnese. I agreed to take it rather than return to the dole-queue with nothing to show for my trials.

The night before we drove down, monumental doubts began to set in. One snag was the fact that I didn't speak any Greek. Could I really cope with teaching the Mother Tongue to some seventy Greek children? I considered sneaking out with my bags and making myself scarce by morning. Instead I fell asleep, which was most out of character.

If Monemvasia wasn't quite a Greek island, it was very nearly one. Attached to the mainland by a causeway, the rock is dramatically crested by a medieval castellated city. Not usually one to be overwhelmed by historic monuments (I had fantasised about turning the Acropolis into a giant McDonald's), I found it one of the most inspiring places I had ever visited. Facing the old city was a modern town, and it was here that I was going to work.

To my surprise, the teaching itself went smoothly. I was fortunate that, at this *frontistirion* (language school), lessons never started

before 2 pm. The students all attended state school in the mornings. My sleep, at least, was safe. The pupils themselves were mostly delightful. They often ran to meet me on arrival, bringing flowers, fruit and chocolate as gifts and always shouting, "Mr John, Mr John - you screwball."

The worst problems were the textbooks written by my employer, a manic egotist who thought he was a literary genius. One slim volume of his *Practice the English Conversation* (sic) contained a mere 2 000 linguistic errors. Another of his books featured such inspired essay titles as "The Sun is Bright" and "Can You Live Without Food?" He had chosen to base his main *oeuvre* on the life of his family and himself. The first picture bore the caption: "This is Mr Kot. He is a very good-looking man. He is a very good writer."

These books were the culmination of a lifetime's writing and Mr Kot was understandably very proud of them. In more tender moments he would refer to them as "my works" or even "my children". Once, when asked what I thought of them, I replied, "Quite unique. You are revolutionising the teaching of the English language single-handed." For a moment Mr Kot looked puzzled. Taking time to think by offering me another "mangerine", he said, "I don't understand what you are saying. I have two hands, actually."

Mr Kot was not the only hazard of the teaching profession. A fearsome Greek Orthodox priest, bearded and dressed in black, would occasionally drop by to talk about the number of degrees he had somehow managed to obtain. Once, at an impromptu Christmas party, he had entered the classroom to find an 11 year-old nymphet pursuing me and "stimulating" me with a feather duster. The priest (further embarrassed by my passing comment on his one-day working week) began to make speeches to the general populace, saying - in the chilling tones of Ciaphas - "The English teacher must go!". Mr Kot, stung by

my criticisms of his beloved works, agreed.

Some months later, I finally made it to my Greek island. I am now working on Santorini - volcanic and visually spectacular, beloved by tourists stray dogs and postcard manufacturers. For the latter, the gods have thrown in a few ravishing sunsets. I am a stranger, of course, to the sunrise, but hear that they too are something special. Perhaps one day I will witness one.

My new *frontistirion* is well enough run, and at least rejoices in a friendly and competent head teacher. The main problem is an obscenely early nine o'clock start on Saturdays. One morning I awoke at 9.40 to find a deserted classroom and a note pinned to the door: "You are late. Write the test yourself - Good luck."

On another occasion, the guffaws from the class alerted me to the fact that something was wrong. Could I have erred yet again? I looked at what I'd just scrawled across the blackboard, and read: "The sun was singing and the birds were shining." The verbose boy whom I call *la grande bouche* complained that this was the second time during that lesson that my mind had gone awry. Five minutes before I had written: "Did you remember to post the ladies?" The verbose girl codenamed *la petite bouche* concluded that I must be in love.

Just then there was a scraping at the door. I opened it and the black-and-white, multirole all-weather puppy I had adopted strolled casually in. He yawned and lay down to sleep in the middle of the classroom. "Can he really breakdance?" one of the students asked. The dog opened one gummy eye for a second, then began to snore. Naturally, the class had to be abandoned.

Each of my students has promised to buy me twenty kebabs if they pass their external examinations. With ten of them in the class, I'm trying to organise a rota to reduce the possibility of a single huge delivery arriving on one day. "Oh no," the class insist, "we're going to bring you all 200 at once." Well, there's supreme confidence.

I look forward to delivery of the kebab mountain as I look forward to yet another year in Greece. When I leave, my most vivid memory will be of a country of collectively sane people - kind and generous as people ought to be, born into the routine only of the *siesta*, and convinced that there are better things to do than punish yourself with the toad work. If you're about to become a minor cog in British industry, sell out to Harrods or cop out and join the Metropolitan Police Force, think again. Give teaching in the Greek Islands a try first. Henceforth, all money-grubbing neurotics should be banished there.

The most likely result is that Joh will destabilise the conservative forces, and that his own following will shrink dramatically when it is realised how little credibility his policies have, and how much sheer conceit and ambition have played in his push for Prime Minister. The *Australian Financial Review* in its editorial of 19 February, put the position clearly. The editorial implied that the support of the ruling class in Australia is needed for a political party or leader to govern. To succeed, Joh will need the support of "responsible business leaders". While his promise of a fundamental reduction in the power of unions and the public sector in favour of business is tempting, the gamble involved probably will deter "responsible business leaders". After all, Joh operating within a national arena, with the constraints of coalition and a minority in the Senate, may achieve nothing but a destabilising crisis.

Despite the overwhelming improbability of Joh's making P.M. at his advanced age, there is still a nagging doubt as to the greed and opportunism of our ruling class. No doubt few seriously thought that a buffoon like Mussolini would succeed in his march on Rome. And if history always repeats itself, if only as farce, it may yet have elected Johannes Bjelke Peterson.



FROM P13

ners: the propertied, real estate investors and developers, small business owners looking to convert income into capital gains realised on sale of their business, lawyers hired to construct tax evasion schemes involving conversion of income into capital gains.

Fringe benefit tax abolished. Winners: companies and businesses. Losers: the employees who will be required to include fringe benefits in their incomes and pay tax on them. This loss will be reduced for high income earners by the reduction in higher marginal tax rates promised, but will not be reduced for those employees (most) who do not benefit from the tax cuts.

Lump-sum superannuation tax abolished. Winners: those who receive their retirement benefits in large superannuation lump sums. Losers: all pensioners, whose pensions will be frozen to reduce expenditure to pay for tax cuts.

Top marginal rates of income tax reduced. Winners: the top 20% or so of income earners. Losers: women working part-time, who have income-earning spouses. They will lose the benefit of the tax-free threshold, but will not receive any rebate to com-

pensate, as some categories of low-income earners will. This will "strengthen the family". Further losers are all those other low-income earners who will not qualify for rebates for the loss of the tax-free threshold, such as pensioners, welfare recipients and the unemployed. This will provide others with the "incentive" not to fall into the situation of these people.

Pensions will be frozen or cut. Age pensioners will probably be frozen. This will reward "thrift". Single parents will be expected obtain maintenance from the child's other parent, so their pensions will be cut. This will "strengthen the family".

Public housing programs will be slashed. Welfare programs will be reduced to cater only for the "needy". Recipients of welfare services will be means tested. People without welfare cards will be expected to pay for services.

Unemployment benefits will be reduced by excluding 16-18 year old unemployed youth from the dole. Also, the unemployed will be made to work for the dole. It is not clear that any reduction in cost can be achieved this way. In some circumstances, working for the dole is a good idea, e.g. in some aboriginal settlements everyone voluntarily agrees to make part-time work under award wages

and conditions a requirement for receiving the dole. Everyone benefits from working for a living, and working to improve the settlement. In other cases, such as depression "susso" gangs, working for the dole can threaten paid employment prospects for the entire workforce.

Only welfare card carriers will have free Medibank treatment. Medibank payments will be cut from their present 85% of the scheduled fee, probably to leave less than 50% of the scheduled fee, to encourage private "gap" or full insurance. Wage-earners lost out when the cost of Medibank was transferred to taxation, because the C.P.I. was artificially reduced. The conservatives will attempt to ensure that when the C.P.I. is increased by shifting back to private insurance, wage-increases to cover increased health costs will be refused.

Fees (over and above the "administration fee" introduced this year) for tertiary education will be introduced, possibly accompanied by loan or scholarship schemes for the needy. This will bring "market forces" to bear on University courses, which will hopefully weed out and left-wing influence among academics and students. Of course, "market forces" are not known for weeding out everything but the useful, as anyone familiar with the U.S. private college

system, and other markets such as media, clothing, car, food, etc, etc, knows only too well. Market forces will shape our universities as much by needs for social status and intellectual fashion, as by the need for knowledge.

The Liberal Party's tax proposals amount to the transfer of \$4-7 billion per year from the poor to the rich. (If the Liberals claim to be misrepresented, let them publish their policies in full, and let them show precisely what the re-distribution effects will be.)

Of course, the Labor Party has engineered a redistribution of wealth over the past three years. The wealth of the richest 200 has grown from \$4 billion to \$14 billion. Real wages have fallen by 12%. This means, however, that there is very little left to redistribute. Perhaps the need for a salesman who can con the gullible explains why some conservatives are prepared to entertain Joh's ambitions.

Joh's only chance to be Prime Minister is to emerge as leader of the Nationals or a new "Joh" Party, which manages to hold the balance of power between the Liberals (or the Liberal-National Party Coalition) and Labor in the next election (perhaps this might happen if the economy collapsed in the meantime), and is able to make "Joh for P.M." the price for participating in a coalition government.

# LATE NIGHT

**The punk movie *Sid and Nancy* is expected to hit Adelaide screens next month. CHRIS PEACHMENT reports on how oddball movie director Alex Cox turned the sometimes sicko story of Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen into a true love drama.**

If Alex Cox's first film *Repo Man* was a super-charged hymn to hypertension, his second, *Sid and Nancy*, leaves you in no doubt as to the price paid for a little fake ecstasy.

Second films are always the hardest for directors. They have lived with the first one for a good half of their life, and having got that under their belt are suddenly faced with having to think of the next one straight away. After the considerable success of *Repo Man* which Cox made in LA independently from the Hollywood system, he was slated to make a motorbike movie called *War Baby* for Orion. Set in 1988 on the eve of the election with Ronald Reagan attempting to gain a third term of office illegally, it was a film which needed to be made there and then, or not at all. As it happened, not at all. "The film didn't happen, my marriage was in ruins, I had nowhere to live, so I thought, 'I'll go back to England and do something else'."

"Something else" turned out to be *Sid and Nancy*, which has dropped the "Loves Kills" from its title. This is a pity, for the film is far from being a biopic. "People think it might just be a chronicle of the Sex Pistols. But that's already been done in *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* and *DOA*, both of which really do tell their story. This doesn't, it's just a love story. They might be screwed up, but they are in love and that's the point."

It's worth stressing that this is indeed the point, for many people find themselves repelled by the more stomach-turning incidents surrounding Sid and Nancy's lives. It may feature serious amounts of drinking, vomiting, bad behaviour and more needles than a porcupine, but underneath it all it is a very touching theme. No matter how terrible and ugly and stupid you are, it seems that there will be *someone* to love you. Of course they may end up by sticking a knife in your stomach, but then all the great love affairs end badly.

And anyway, it was only a little wound, nothing serious. She just bled to death because her brains were so fried on heroin she didn't even have the sense to go get a Band Aid.

There is a moment in the film when they both go to collect their methadone from the clean-up clinic, and they are harangued by the black worker behind the counter with a surprising argument. According to him, they could be out there causing real anarchy, discomforting the State, and generally creating a lot of fuss for the common good. Instead of which they are just a couple of victims of another State organised conspiracy to keep the young quiet by lobotomising them and then labelling them a social problem. "That's right. I like that black guy. They could be doing some useful upsetting, instead of which they are just performing another social function by being a junkie. Pathetic. It's like being a traffic warden or something."

The film is not all gloom and terror, indeed there are moments of great humor. Slumped together in yet another motel, gazing at the ceiling in mortal despondency, Sid offers the consolation that it will be all right once they reach America. Back comes the response that in fact

they are already there. Clearly heroin doesn't do much for your sense of geography either. And for people in search of a little humanity, one could point to a brief scene in which the couple are kissing in an alley way, with dustbins and litter falling around them in slow motion. Love will flourish, even while the rubbish rains down. "I know the film may become sentimental, but the end gets tough. That scene came out of the blue while we were shooting. In fact it was Abbie Wool the script-writer who came up with it. Much more than *Repo Man*, this film was very much a collaborative affair.

The final scenes, set in New York's Chelsea Hotel, where they played out their *Liebstd*, are shot through with an appalling black humor, whether it be from their insolent pusher or the embarrassed hotel manager.

"Outside the Chelsea, there's one of those plaques containing the names of all the famous people who stayed there. Every night someone comes along and scratches the name Sid Vicious there, and each morning they dutifully scrub it off. I don't think they are very proud of them. Abbie and I are going to donate a proper plaque to them saying 'Sid and Nancy RIP' but we haven't got around to it yet.

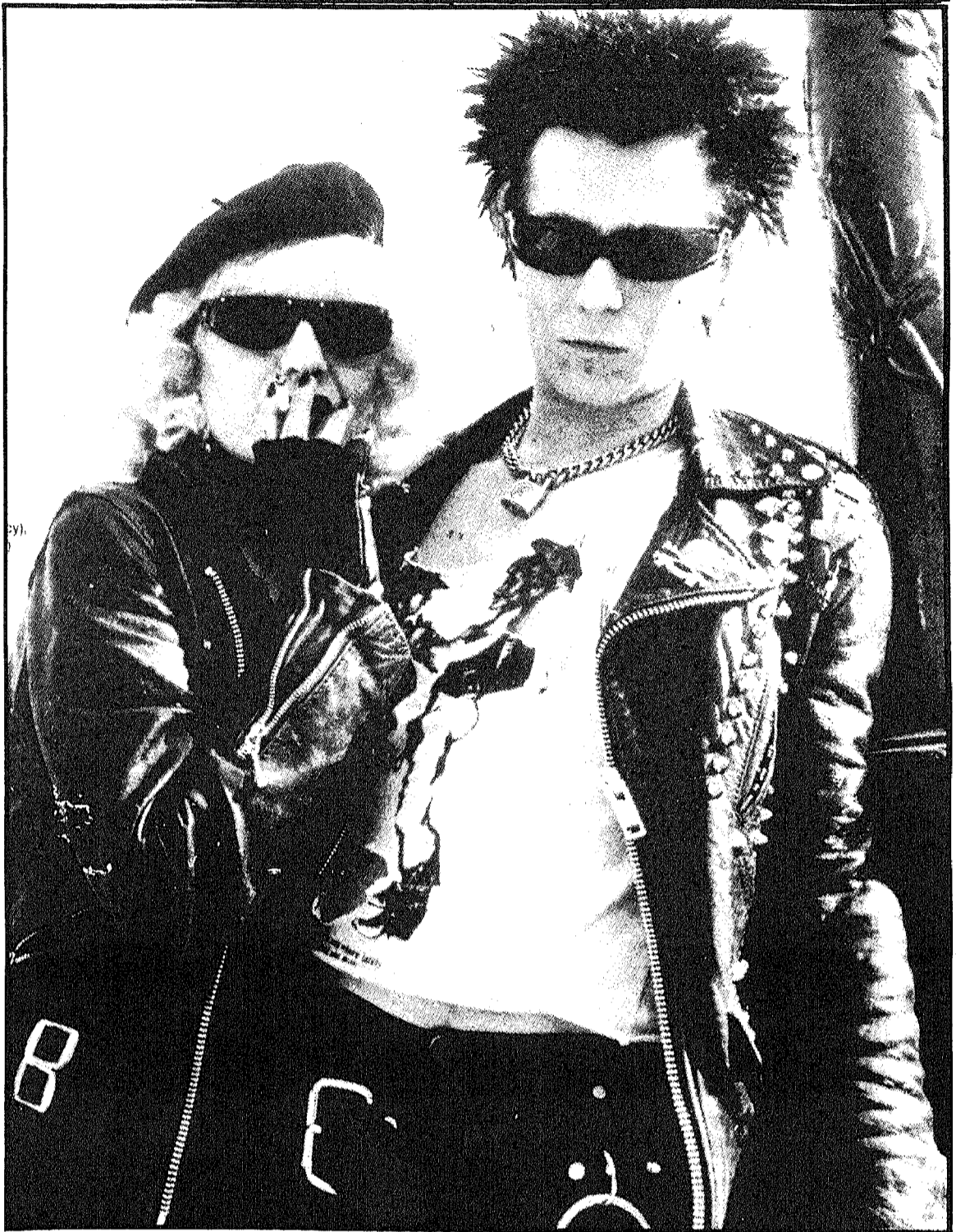
"We actually did shoot those scenes in the hotel. I think the producer Eric Fellner finally persuaded them by saying that if they didn't let us do it, sooner or later someone far worse was going to come along and do them down, so they might as well let us in."

"The film does romanticise Sid and Nancy," Cox says, "but I set out to make a romantic film. However, I don't think it glorifies them and that's an important distinction. There was nothing glorious about them. Nancy's big fantasy was that they should go out in this blaze of glory - 'I'm gonna die before I'm 21, so there' - but they didn't go out gloriously."

"We've taken the liberty of making them more interesting than they perhaps were in real life, but that's what every bio-pic does. I hope we haven't romanticised any of the crap paraphernalia that surrounded them."

The film's producer, Eric Fellner, is a 27-year-old operator who made his money on music promos. "He took Duran Duran to Sri Lanka and made three promos for about \$100,000 and that is how they got popular. They have no musical ability, and nothing to recommend them other than these exotic promos. Now Eric has to *atone*. I'm taking him to Mexico and he'll have to get his hands dirty."

Future projects also include a film to be shot in Nicaragua, called 'William Walker', about the first American President of that country. He was sent there in 1853 to make the country safe for democracy and a canal. The total distance to be dug was only 25 kilometres of Panama. He as a liberal and a progressive and generally brilliant man, who turned into something very dark and sinister once President. It comes from a script by Rudy Wurlitzer who wrote 'Pat Garrett' and 'Two Lane Blacktop', so there's a good pedigree."



**Gary Oldman has been tagged one of the most exciting up and coming actors of his generation. He is hitting the headlines playing Sid Vicious in Alex Cox's movie *Sid and Nancy*. JOHN PRESTON reports.**

There's nothing quite like the sniff of a dead rock star to bring out the social moralists. And few have provided such rich picking as Sid Vicious. Over the years we've had Sid struck down by vengeful fate as punishment for persistent discourtesy and a serious attitude problem, Sid as the personification of character weaknesses transmuted into "social" strengths, and Sid on the mortician's slab as the dead embodiment of the spirit of the age.

Even in life it seemed as if he was half man, half poster. In death, of course, the poster was hoisted up the wall into the icon niche, although there's a strong suspicion that the veneration some people still have for Sid Vicious is tinged with relief at never having actually rubbed up against him.

And now we have Sid on celluloid: golden and not so golden moments from the Vicious canon, with Gary Oldman donning the chain and padlock that Vicious always wore around his neck to make sure no one took his head away. What Oldman has managed to do is reinvest Vicious with the one characteristic he was most keen to hide from the public gaze: a degree of humanity.

No vast amount, devotees will be relieved to learn, but enough to ensure that this time around Vicious doesn't career to his death in quite such a blindly auto-destructive fashion as he was reckoned to have done back in the closing months of the 1970s. The other Pistols may scamper through the film like refugees from the Molesworth books, but Oldman, while looking and behaving remarkably like Vicious, leaves impersonation a long way behind.

Much has already been made of the fact that Oldman out of screen uniform has little or nothing in common with Vicious. He never got involved in punk and according to the film's director, Alex Cox, he's more keen on listening to Mantovani than rock 'n' roll. Oldman refutes this with a touch of asperity and insists that it's Mozart he listens to and not Mantovani. Vicious, as far as anyone can tell, never expressed a preference for one or the other.

But total immersion in the part may have left its mark. At 11 o'clock in the morning there is no reply after repeated rings at Oldman's doorbell. (Devotees will remember that Vicious was not an

early riser). Oldman eventually opens the door, wearing striped flannel pyjamas - devotees will remember that Vicious was not a pyjama man - having slept through is alarm while working late the night before. Now bearded, he bears virtually no resemblance to himself as Vicious, a fact that caused him great delight and the French press immense confusion when he was flown out to Cannes specially for the party following the 'Sid and Nancy' screening.

Oldman has made something of a speciality of playing "not so much angry young men as deeply screwed-up ones", although he has been on less neurotic ground recently as a '60s American revolutionary in Trevor Griffith's 'Real Dreams' at the Pit. There's little about his exterior to suggest a barking inner man just below the surface - he's mild-mannered, friendly, and thinks very carefully about what he says. (On reflections, these are all prime characteristics of those who howl by night). But then he says he is apt to regard acting as some sort of purgation, a means of exorcising personal demons. "I always look for neuroses in the characters I play," he says. "I like the ones who are on the edge."

While there were no problems whatsoever on this score with Sid Vicious, Oldman says he did have reservations about taking on the part. "I didn't want to become known as the man who played Sid Vicious. But I do think that acting is

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about being brave. The actors I admire are people like Jack Nicholson who really do jump through hoops of fire in their acting. At the time it really seemed like a tall order to be asked to play Sid Vicious but I thought, who not? If I fall on my arse at least I went for it.

"When I was first offered it I must say I thought, 'Is this going to be box office?' I had this fear that it might turn out to be terribly tacky and that people would queue up to see it like 'Mommie Dearest' brandishing coat hangers."

Others too had their reservations about Oldman playing the part. Self-appointed custodians of the Vicious heritage - clearly way out of step with their mentor - saw the film as being an act of disrespect to his memory. "Sometimes I'd get really hostile groups of people who'd say, 'You look nothing like him, you wanker'." But undeterred by such spiteful criticisms from the upper echelons of the BFI, Oldman pressed on. "It was never a case of trying to impersonate him. I had a wealth of material which made my job a little easier. And Sid's mother was very helpful. But it was daunting to play someone whose photographic image was plastered all round the world. I just studied him in 'The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle' and I had audio material of him in interviews so I could hear the voice.

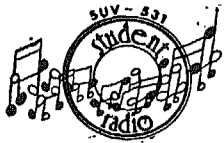
"Apart from his mother I didn't meet many people who had known Sid. I started off with one thing: watching him play the bass. From there I developed the walk and the movement. About three weeks before we finished shooting the movie I saw a TV interview done a week before Nancy died where he was looking awake, being funny and joking with the camera. I wish I'd had that earlier, I really do. But at the time I couldn't watch more than

five minutes of it. I thought I'm too far into it now, this could really mess me up."

Oldman admits that he insisted the original ending to the script be changed. Cox apparently was very keen on the suicide pact theory whereas Oldman had his doubts that Vicious ever intended to kill Nancy Spungen. "Deep down inside I believed that they had had a row and she egged him on. Remember she died from a half-inch knife wound in her lower abdomen. Basically she bled to death because her system was so abused by drugs. I'm convinced he would have got off. He had a very good lawyer and there was no way you could convince a jury that he was a psychopath on a half-inch knife wound. Negligence maybe, but he wouldn't have gone to the electric chair or been put in prison for 40 years."

Born and brought up near Deptford, Oldman set his heart on becoming an actor when he was 15, after what he describes as a "very cosseted childhood". "I was brought up by my mother and two sisters. I didn't really go out very much when I was young so I used to spend a lot of time on my own. I'd spend my time changing the identities of my Action Men by adding on bits of plasticine. And I was always a good mimic. So I don't think it's that astonishing that I decided to become an actor."

At 27, Oldman now finds a goodly proportion of the of the most notable theatre directors in London extolling his virtues, with suggestions already being bandied about that he's the most exciting actor of his generation. Oldman says, rather embarrassedly, that he finds such plaudits a distinctly mixed blessing. "I'm very worried about being over-hyped. There is a thing with acting though that I don't think you can go back and relive your past glories. One must just go on."



Info. about "THE DOGS DIE YOUNG IN TIN PAN ALLEY" - (Blues show) Tuesdays at 10.30

"The dogs die young" cooks its gas playing pure, naked, unaborted, unadulterated, mojo workin' Blues. You done get wise with bro basil and bro Caleb listening to cats such as the Legendary John LEE Hooker, Big Bill Broonzy, John Mayall, Howlin' Wolf, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Hound dog Taylor, Screamin' Jay Hawkin s, LEAD-BELLY leadbelly and the HOOTCHIE COOTCHIE man himself; Muddy Mississippi Waters. "Muddy and Wolf, through the forest they went. Keepin' it together, not gettin' too bent."

**Student Radio Program Guide for week beginning Mon. 13th April:**

**Monday:** 10.30 pm - 20¢ of mixed lollies, magazine hour of news about town: 11.30 pm - Mystery hour, listen if you dare: 12.30 pm - David and James.

**Tuesday:** 10.30 pm - The Dogs Die Young in Tin Pan Alley with Basil: 11.30 pm - British Rock, Nick and Bob: 12.30 pm - Guy and Alison give you Black Soul.

**Wednesday:** 10.30 pm - 20¢ mixed lollies, an hour of essentials of life: 11.30 pm - Thunderbirds are Go with Loise and Sarah: 12.30 pm - Ben White.

**Thursday:** 10.30 pm - Mara and Mike bring you Overseas and Underground: 11.30 pm - Malena, Tom and Mathew invade your house for an Extended Hour of Torture: 12.30 pm - Mara is back with the Glam Show.

**Friday:** 10.30 pm - Susanna and Litza have Friday on my Mind( 11.30 pm - Blue Moon DANCE Show with Bathsbeba: 12.30 pm - Bernie and TIM are in control.

## THE BOX

Twenty years ago, Australians suffered badly from a sense of cultural cringe. A national inferiority complex gripped our culture. The general attitude of the Arts was that if it was foreign it had to be better than the local rubbish. Consequently a lot of our best artists had to struggle for recognition while mediocre foreigners were imported to take the plum jobs.

Into this cultural black hole slipped Don Lane in the mid sixties. To see him hosting this year's Logies was disturbing. Australian T.V. has moved on from the days when we thought we needed the no-talent "lanky yank".

Yet the Australian public is remarkably tolerant towards this grotesque excuse for an entertainer. His latest show *You've Got to be Joking* is a ratings winner. And it is fair to say that in hosting our T.V. awards Lane was tolerably bad as opposed to excruciating. That is, up to a point.

After Ray Martin won the Gold, Lane announced that the show was not quite over. I was intrigued. After two hours of tedium it could hardly get worse. In this I underestimated Lane.

To the audible gasps of the live audience Lane began to sing. He was reprising the song he warbled on his last Channel 9 show in 1983. It should have received a Logie for worst song ever written in praise of a country.

Lane ran around the tables while patrons hid their faces from the cameras. On stage, dancing girls emerged from the wings. Lane shuffled his feet, trying to impersonate the art of dancing. The whole number, which went for a full ten minutes, was the stalest Las Vegas

routine that Lane had begun his career performing, and has yet to graduate from.

For a T.V. critic to watch the Logies is to feel totally dispirited about the medium. You feel like sending a message to Lane - "You win, I give up."

And yet all is not lost. Every now and then a programme appears which makes one realise that the small screen can produce quality drama as good as anything on the big screen or the stage.

Last Saturday night saw the repeat on the A.B.C. of one such glimmer of hope: "An Englishman Abroad" I urge viewers who missed it to get it out on video. You may feel hesitant at paying four dollars for a film that's only an hour long. But brevity is one of its advantages.

It's an advantage because the story could not sustain a longer duration. It's like being told an intriguing anecdote and the beauty of it is in the telling.

"An Englishman Abroad" is the true story of Australian actress Coral Browne's accidental meeting with the British spy Guy Burgess in the Moscow of 1950's.

Browne was part of the Royal Shakespeare Company and she was on tour in the Soviet Union performing "Hamlet". Backstage in her dressing room a middle-aged, effeminate English burst in, and proceeded to throw up in her was basin.

Despite this auspicious introduction, Burgess charmed Browne into calling on his small flat to have lunch with the notorious defector.

In 1983 it was made into this short movie, directed by John Schlesinger and written by Alan Bennett. Coral Browne plays herself and Burgess is impersonated by the brilliantly decaying Alan Bates.

It's a funny, sad movie as Burgess confesses that as a British aristocrat he feels cut off from everything he loved; gossip, good clothes, and cricket.

# GRADUATING?

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## All in a day's work for Jacqui-Anna McBride



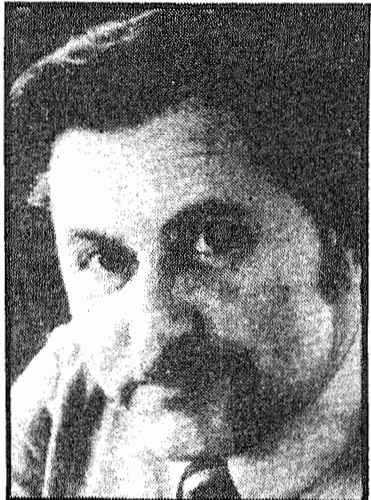
Paul Nestor



Vikki Hamman



Kay Bradley



Fred Dobbin

## Who did it?

### BUSYBODY

John Edmund Theatre  
Season Closed

by Graham Lugsden

What is the attraction of whodidits? The characters are all stereotypes, the plots are convoluted, the dramatic merit is questionable and the comedy is predictable, yet still murder mysteries are almost guaranteed a successful run.

Thus it was with *Busbody*. Although this was not quite the classic recipe of a country house mystery (successfully demolished by *The Real Inspector Hound*), it nonetheless featured an enquiring amateur sleuth, an inefficient detective who was always one step behind the amateur, a disappearing body, and plenty of scarlet-hued herrings.

The busybody of the title was an interfering and tiresome cleaner in a London office block. She discovered the body of her boss and reported it, but then the body disappeared. All the usual ingredients

were then thrown in to confuse the audience until the final explanation.

The director, Barry Hill, kept the cast and the action moving as quickly as Jack Popplewell's wooden script would allow. Popplewell, I fear, will be denied a place in history as a great literary figure. Said Hill, "His other plays are even more trite." Accents are maintained well, (although if Paul Nestor, who played the constable, had had any sense he would have quickly lost his outrageously stagey 'allo-'allo-wots-going-on-'ere-then accent) and the cast were consistently good. Of particular note was Fred Dobbin, as the detective who displayed a deft comic awareness.

Indeed the production as a whole only furthers the J.E.T.'s reputation for amateur productions of quality. Watch out for their next production, which is Alan Seymour's *The One Day of the Year*. It was banned from the 1960 Festival of Arts, so it must have something going for it.

**GRAHAM LUGSDEN** talked to stage actress **Jacqui-Anna McBride** who is soon to appear in the **AU Theatre Guild's** production of **Poor Bitos**.

"I can't sleep for about three hours at least afterwards. It stuffs my throat up to a certain extent...and I've got some beautiful bruises.

Yesterday, I nearly had concussion. I got thrown on the bed and hit a wooden bit that I didn't know was there. And I've had a split lip."

Jacqui-Anna McBride is counting the cost of maintaining her somewhat tempestuous relationship with her co-star in *The Collector*, Wayne Eckert. She plays Miranda, the bright young thing who worries about the Vietnam war, who is kidnapped by Eckert's character, Ferdinand Glegg.

Glegg is slightly retarded and becomes obsessed by Miranda. Aware of his lowly station, he abducts her "for you to get to know me better". Part of this familiarisation process involves the chaining of Miranda to a bed, hence the damage.

"It's very physically demanding...mentally it's very draining as well. He (Eckert) has got bruises too, where I grab him and shake him."

The *Collector* finished last week, and Jacqui-Anna is already rehearsing with the Theatre Guild for her next role. "I

did *The Bacchae* with them last year with June Barnes, and I'm doing *Poor Bitos* with them now, again with June." She will be Victoire, a role that is agreeably more civilised.

"Completely different. Miranda is an upper-class girl, but she's got spark; she's a fighter. She's not going to give in, whereas the woman I play in *Poor Bitos*, Victoire...well, she has strength, but it's not sparky, she's not an exhibitionist. I think you would notice Miranda in a crowd, and she accepts that as her natural right, but Victoire is just a genuinely nice person."

Jacqui-Anna did not involve herself seriously in acting until university and was not even sure that she wanted to be an actress.

"When I was very young I did, but my parents very much discouraged it. My father was a professional dancer, who was sixth in the world at one stage at ballroom dancing. But my parents divorced, and my mother would then have nothing to do with the stage... It wasn't until I went to uni and I enrolled in Drama that I 'got bit'. Since then I've been feeling my way. I've been very lucky with the roles I've had. Like with *Equus*, it was the first thing I ever did and that was a fairly demanding part, and *The Bacchae* and now this. This is a part in a thousand to do. It's just wonderful.

"I walked in one day to return a script from another play, and Bruno (Knez, the director) said, 'Sit down, I want you to read for this.' I sat down and read for it, and he said 'Yeah, you've got it.' Then it was a matter of looking for a Glegg, and after about four - no, more, six - readings against different people we decided to go ahead with Wayne."

The novel of *The Collector* by John Fowles was filmed by William Wyler in the early seventies, but the La Mama production is an adapta-

tion especially from the stage by David Parker.

"I read the novel about three weeks before we opened, and it was very illuminating. It gave me a totally different insight into Miranda, which I did bring to the character, and that was her vulnerability. In the play she's very hard; all the lines are challenging and threatening. When I read it, I realised that when she was alone, she cracked, but that's not shown in the script." So does she think then that the adaptation is not as good as it might have been? "To be honest, no, I don't find it a good adaptation. He's taken things out of context from where they happened in the flow of the book, and he's made Miranda an unsympathetic character. I feel I really had to fight to make her sympathetic."

Quite apart from being chained to the bed, the "wonderful" role of Miranda also involves the pretence of pneumonia, catching pneumonia "for real", a fight scene, and some nudity. Did the latter bother her?

"Not really, I've done it before, in *Equus*. I think we timed it at 8½ minutes of nudity. It was theatre-in-the-round, so you couldn't see from all angles... It doesn't bother me because I'm not self-conscious about my body. She has to get changed, and she wouldn't get changed in the kitchen! It's got to be done, so you do it."

Of all the difficult aspects of playing Miranda, then, what was the most difficult?

"Believe it or not, the fake sickness. The one right at the beginning where she is pretending to be sick. I find that difficult, because I have to be a bit convincing - not very, mind you - and I have to be unconvincing enough so that he knows, and also so that in the end, it's different... That's probably the most difficult bit - oh, and hitting him with a torch."

## TTG Players spark Adelaide renaissance

Adelaide Theatre in the suburbs was alive and well for four days in March. I am referring to the Tea Tree Gully Players Festival of One Act Plays which took place in their theatre from Wednesday March 25th to Saturday March 28th.

I think every one involved would agree it was a resounding success and the organisers should be applauded for the smoothness with which the event was run.

Eight Amateur groups took part in the senior competition, with three entries in the junior section. The overall standard was very high all participants should be commended for their efforts. I did not attend the junior competition as the performances were held on Saturday afternoon, however if the winner of the junior section, which I had the pleasure of seeing on finals night, can be used as a yardstick the efforts expended by the junior players were considerable.

The adjudicator, Mrs Pat Lee of Lee's Theatre Club, was at pains to point out how difficult the groups made her job, and admitted that she was forced to resort to very minor faults in order to separate the top

performances.

As a reviewer I find myself in complete agreement with her, there was not a great deal to separate the companies.

On the Wednesday night the plays were presented by Salisbury Theatre Company, Stirling Players and Venture Theatre Company. I will not comment much on Salisbury's performance as I have an obvious bias, being the director, but it is sufficient to say I was pleased with the cast's performance of Chekov's *The Bear* and we won a Merit Award for the overall production whilst Jakki Causby was presented with a special encouragement award by Lee's Theatre Club for her performance as Madam Popova.

Stirling Players presented *The Margarine Conspiracy* by Lissa Benyon. The performances were very good and even, I especially liked Ann Vander Zhaag as Barbara. I did however find the play itself a little tedious in places, but the judging was based on the production not the play itself and this won second place for Sterling who also took out first prize in the Youth

Section. The third play of the evening *Hope* presented by a group I have not previously seen, Venture Theatre Company, was an original script written by one of the co-ordinators, who was also a principal actor in the piece, Valeric Lame.

Whilst this piece have its moments the performances were uneven and the script a little self-indulgent. It was however still of a good standard but perhaps not the best vehicle to display the group's talents.

The second night displayed the talents of Blackwood Players, the hosts - Tea Tree Players and the first of the groups from Elizabeth Repertory Company. Blackwood's production, a sad little comedy by Cherry Vooght called *See If I Care*, was delightful. In particular the performances of the two old ladies, played by Myra Waddell and Jean Rigby, impressed me greatly. The supporting players were not quite up to their standard but that did not prevent them gaining third place in the competition.

Tea Tree Players presented *Once And For All* by Enid Coles. The play was unusual and quite interesting with fairly even performances.

The adjudicator made special mention of the set, which was very good, and awarded them fourth prize. Elizabeth Repertory Company closed the evening with a performance of *Green For Danger* a thriller by Philip Johnson. I was not impressed by the play itself and found the performances a little uneven. The problem with the script was it was very clichéd and as a thriller it failed because it telegraphed the ending quite a while before it happened.

On the last night there were only two groups: Para Hills Parish Players, and the second group from Elizabeth Repertory Company.

The Parish Players were on first with an ambitious production of *Once Upon A Seashore* by Donald East. This was a very nice piece and dealt with in a sensitive manner.

However the numerous technical problems and the large cast on such a small stage caused them obvious problems. It was however, nicely done and there were fine performances from Iris Aldam and Robert Welford as the two main characters.

By sheer luck, the positions were drawn by lot, the best was kept until

last. The Elizabeth Repertory Company's production of *A Phoenix Too Frequent* by Christopher Fry was excellent. The three cast members were evenly matched and the performance was a credit to the direction of Paula Carter. This play was selected, along with Stirling Players *The Margarine Conspiracy* to be performed on Finals Night where it was declared the winner.

Tea Tree Players have stated their intention to hold this festival every two years (in the off-Festival year) and it is to be hoped that finances will allow them to fulfil this aim. They did seek financial backing and/or support from several bodies before this inaugural festival which was to celebrate 10 years of live theatre at Tea Tree Gully.

Their efforts to find support or even gain recognition from their local council were unsuccessful. Live theatre needs community support and if we are to have a decent alternative to the invidious 'box' we need live theatre.

I hope that when the Players begin their preparations next year, for 1989's festival their pleas for assistance do not again fall on deaf ears.



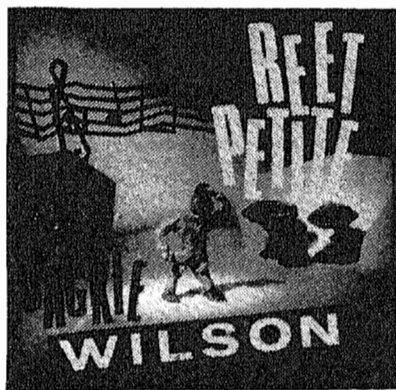
## SCRATCHES

**Music editor ANDREW MARSHALL grapples with the latest music news, new releases and forthcoming tours.**

Fashion plates aren't the only ones getting excited about the new series of jeans commercials on television.

Top 40 charts in both England and the States are featuring Classic 60s Motown tracks which have been revived to back the commercials. To capitalise on the latest nostalgia trip CBS has posthumously released an enhanced (improved sound quality) version of Jackie Wilson's "Reet Petite" - complete with clip.

For lovers of excellent vocals, a hyperactive melody and that big band sound this single is a must. The cover features a shot of the plasticine animation used in the video - mind numbingly brilliant!



Something for the ears of the affluent; a recently issued press release from EMI Records gives "guidelines for the handling and storage of compact discs." Contrary to popular belief the pricey little technological wonders should be handled with care. A scratch or dirt on the disc can cause it to "stop, jump or creat noise." The instructions also provide a word of warning for the over-cautious, "frequent cleaning is not recommended because it may cause minute scratches on the disc surface." Catch 22.

### New Releases:

*The The* "Slow Train to Dawn" (CBS)

Hot on the heels of "Heartland" and "Infected" comes "Slow Train." A snare drum that bites and a chugging rhythm guitar really makes this track steam ahead. Vocals are shared by Matt Johnson and Neneh Cherry.

Mr Johnson was recently accosted backstage at a Billy Bragg concert by rock video guru Suzanne Dowling. Suzanne took exception to sexism in his videos, this one being no exception!

U2 "With Or Without You" (Festival)

The band will no doubt be celebrating the achievement of *Joshua Tree* as the fastest selling album in U.K. history (300 000 in 48 hours!) but the new single may leave you unconvinced. The raw energy of *War* and *Boy* has been channeled away from the studio and into the live arena, leaving the band with a new set that has fallen victim to Brian Eno's ambient production. Repeated listenings make the track more salient but still unable to stand up to its predecessors.

### Tours:

*The Angels* with *Almost Human*

Saturday 18th April

Sunday 19th April

Thebarton Theatre

*Georgia Satellites*

Sunday May 3

Thebarton Theatre

*Sky*

Thursday May 21

Thebarton Theatre

*Jason and the Scorchers*

Tuesday June 2

Wednesday June 3

### Rumours:

*Oingo Boingo, Chaka Khan, James Brown, Lone Justice and Models* (with Jenny Morris).



### THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe

by Richard Wilson

Since Van Halen discovered that by using a simple four-bar keyboard hook, they could make their previously elitist "heavy metal" music appeal to the record-buying masses, we've seen a string of US heavy metal bands adopt the same approach.

Europe is the latest US "super-metal" group to hit our shores. Five pretty boys playing heavy guitar, all taking drugs and going to the same hairdresser. One of the little darlings even has talent. Lead Singer, Joey (Joey!) Tempest not only can sing (well, better than David Lee Roth anyway), but he also writes music - writing all the ten tracks on this album.

Most are of the standard heavy metal format, with a bit of harmony

thrown in as a token attempt at originality (*Ninja, Time Has Come*).

To give credit, the title track has got a catchy melody line, and is quite stirring. It's also tightly arranged with a good video. But even a good single can't save an album of essentially crud-on-33.

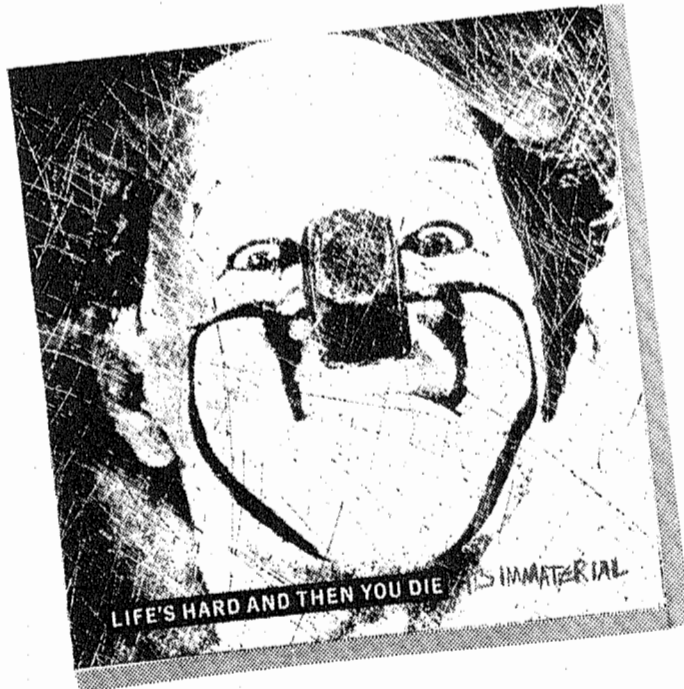
Carrie is the heartfelt ballad of the album, with Joey wailing out undying love.

Cherokee is the conscience piece, lamenting the screwing up of the Cherokee Indians by white man.

Rock the Night however is more along the lines of the heavy metal songs we've all grown to know and love...

"Rock now, rock the night  
Til early in the morning light  
Rock now, Rock the night  
You'd better believe it's right

Yeh. Right on. If the lyrics were any deeper, they'd need miner's lamps.



### LIFE'S HARD AND THEN YOU DIE

It's Immaterial  
Virgin

by Richard Wilson

If it's done well, it's amazing what can be done with just a drum sequencer, two keyboards and a couple of simple bass lines.

*It's Immaterial* debut album is a quirky mix of these basic elements. Unusual arrangements combined with metered verse make for a most unusual collection of songs.

Almost everyone knows the first single, *Driving Away From Home*, but the other two singles lifted from the album, *Space and Rope*, are at least equal in quality and infectiousness.

Virtually all the songs on the album have catchy melody lines in them. Happy Talks rekindles memories of another interesting

British synth/pop group, *Blancmange*, with its Egyptian feel. *The Sweet Life*, on the other hand, is full of Mexican trumpets and sounds. The succeeding song, *Festival Time*, also has that 'South of the Border' feel, while being fast and frenetic at times also.

As a contrast to all this, *Hand On Sleepy Town* is a much slower number, filled with the melodic strains of a weeping violin.

This album could have so easily been a huge turkey, but with imagination, and just a touch of humour, *It's Immaterial* have carried it off; as a result, the album appeals to me as one of the best I've heard so far this year. (Incidentally, 'Life's Hard And Then You Die' has already won my award for album title of the year.)

If you're looking for something new and different, *It's Immaterial* could be for you.

## Solid & Moody

### ANGELS IN THE ARCHITECTORS

Various Artists  
(E.G. Import through Virgin)

Richard Wilson

E.G. is a British record label that specializes in alternative and innovative artists. *Angels In The Architecture* is a compilation showing off the work of eleven instrumental composers in their stable, making use of everything from electronic synthesizers to African drums, tape loops, South American tiples and electrified zithers.

The vast majority of tracks are slow and ambient. The only one that could possibly be classed as 'fast' is "split seconds", but it's awful. Drums and grand piano do not mix. Not in this case anyway.

What's more it utterly shatters the mood just created by the previous track, that being Roger Eno's "A Place In The Wilderness". Possibly my favourite track on the album, its rich atmosphere, literally dripping with emotion, intruded upon only by sparse piano in a minor key, makes it a mournful and haunting piece.

(For some reason, most of the tracks seem to contain pain. Indeed a few sound quite similar).

The two Penguin Cafe Orchestra pieces are among the best on the album, especially the eight-minute "Sound of Someone You Love Who's Going Away and it Doesn't Matter". Verging at times on a classic orchestral sound, this contains the sweet strains of classical guitar with bursts of violin and keyboard effects.

Two Roxy musicians also get a guernsey here; Brian Eno and Phil Manzanera produces a repetitive piece using three or four keyboards and a guitar or two, all enhanced by echo-reverb, while Brian Eno has a hand in quite a few of the tracks, the best being "Delta Rain Dream", in collaboration with Jon Hassell.

Robert Fripp crops up as well, contributing a five-minute piece of indulgence concerning guitar feedback.

While not earth-shattering in it's content, *Angels In The Architecture* is a solid, moody showcase of some very talented musicians. If your music tastes extend further than the sound-alike stereo schlock of SA:FM, this might be worth a listen.

## A quirky mix

### WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Various Artists  
Virgin

*When The Wind Blows*: the soundtrack to Raymond "Fungus the Bogeyman" Briggs new animated feature of the same name is an extraordinary combination of almost dream-like beauty, and nightmarish boredom.

The opening track, and first single is the title track by David Bowie; musically reminiscent of *Absolute Beginners*, there is a pervading sense of tragedy which recalls his depressed Ziggy Stardust stage. It is a beautifully emotive song - a sort of "Five Years" meets *Absolute Beginners* and a perfect theme song to this Anti-Nuclear film.

"Facts and Figures" by Hugh Cornwell deserves a mention, as does Squeeze's jaunty brass-tinged "What Have We Done" (using the legendary TKO horns).

Side two however is all Roger Waters and could easily be the out-takes to "The Final Cut". An album for everyone - even Genesis fans (theirs is an abhorrently abhorrent instrument called "The Brazilian").

## Humanistic Genius

### TALKING WITH THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY

Billy Bragg  
Liberation Records

How much more need be written about Billy Bragg before the majority recognise his genius?

In England, on his own or firing the cause-worthy Red Wedge projects Billy can do no wrong. As an activist he gets things done. As an artist he walks on water. "On Talking with the Taxman..." he does both.

The sentiments of "Ideology", and "There is Power in a Vision" are unmistakably Billy Bragg. Socialism doesn't come into it. This is "Brewing Up" slashed to the bone for those who didn't get it the first time.

However elsewhere on the album there is music that only the milkman of human kindness could have made - only this time there are not startling - sips of beauty. Billy's humanistic genius is there to be gulped.

"Shirley, you're my reason to get out of bed before noon" he enthuses in "Greetings to the New Brunette" and later:

"How can you lie back and think of England when you

don't even know whose in the team"... "I'm celebrating my love for you with a pint of beer and a new tattoo..."

Tingling acoustic guitars and a soaring melody drive it to the heart with the subtlety of a number 17 bus.

"The Mariage" is another beautiful slice of melody whilst "Levi Stubbs Tears" the second single off the album revisits "Brewing..." with another haunting character study.

On side 2 "Help Save the Youth of America" sums up the Beach Blanket Bingo mentality perfectly and makes a snatch for the lapels of those responsible with characteristic gusto.

"Well the nation with their freezers full are dancing their seats while outside another nation is sleeping in the streets."

The final track "The Home Front" nestling in Northern brass says (or asks) it all: "The constant promise of jam tomorrow."

Is the new breed's litany and verse. If it takes another war to fill the churches of England.

## The Pandas rock Le Rox

**ELECTRIC PANDAS**  
Live at Le Rox  
Friday April 3

by Moya Dodd

When a farewell gig attracts only enough patrons to quarter-fill the venue and barely stack the bar one-deep, one doesn't expect the night to be an overwhelming success.

But at the *Electric Pandas* parting performance at Le Rox recently, the 150-strong audience were not at all concerned that they were the only ones there.

The *Pandas* have evidently kept a small but keen following alive in Adelaide despite their lack of popular airplay recently.

The *Electric Pandas* are a four-person Sydney outfit in the classic rock 'n' roll tradition of two guitarists, a drummer and a bass player. Lead vocalist and chief

songwriter Lin Buckfield doubles on guitar while Marcel Chaloupka plays bass, Craig Karl Wachholz plays guitar and Phillip Campbell hammers out the beat on the drums.

They pleased the crowd with most of the tracks from their 1985 album *Point Blank*, including the singles "Missing Me" and "Big Girls", as well as a selection of their more recent work.

To their credit they didn't let the small turnout dampen their enthusiasm, and gave a tight, energetic final performance. And the one they all came to see, Lin Buckfield, gave a fine display of her singing talent and her famous audience eye-contact.

The word is that the foursome are calling it a day but expect to hear from these musicians again. They're a talented bunch and they won't go away.

## The return of the Cockroaches

**COCKROACH CLUB**  
Friday 20  
Le Rox

by Gary Crockett

The return of the acclaimed Cockroach Club urged me to recall countless recommendations. It was suggested that it would be a matter of eternal damnation if by chance I missed out this time.

Just as fate found me confronted by the libidinal Chad Romero, tour-guide of this teenage romp, indulging in a delirious version of "Shimmy Shimmy Coco Pop", something occurred to me. The

resurrection of the Cockroach Club had an exquisite quality of transcendence quite unconscious of itself. In fact the unselfconsciousness remained somehow intoxicating entirely on its own.

Today where the everpresent and banal touchstones of modern revival are nostalgia and hollow sentimentality the Cockroach Club presented an uncynical and soulful dose of originality. They have a

stylistic combination of light cabaret, tight musicianship and good looks. Bass, drums, guitar, saxophone and 3 part harmonies blend in a sassy brew.

## A DYNAMIC Stage

## performance from Paul Young

**PAUL YOUNG**  
IN CONCERT  
Thebarton Theatre  
Wednesday April 8

by Gavin Williams

Despite the relative lack of success of his latest album, "Between Two Fires", Paul Young's concert at Thebarton Theatre last Wednesday proved that he will still be around for sometime.

This is wholly due to his voice, which shone like a beacon through the typically murky Thebarton acoustics. Slower songs such as "Wonderland" and "Everything Must Change" showed Young's voice at its finest.

However his voice was not the only highlight of the show for he showed the crowd he had lost none of his dynamic stage presence since his last visit in 1985.

From the first notes of "Singing In The Rain" to the closing bars of "Everytime You Go Away" over two hours later, he held the audience in the palm of his hand, leading them in rousing choruses of "Wherever I Lay My Hat" and teasing the audience unmercifully in a sizzling rendition of "Sex" (in which he taught some members of the crowd new uses for microphone stands).

Understandably, the best crowd reaction was reserved for his many hits such as "Love Of The Common People" and "Come Back and Stay". Somewhat surprising was the reaction shown to "Some People" which never charted but was



greeted with loud screams and much jumping up and down.

There were no notable songs missing from the set and he performed a range of material from all three albums.

Praise must go to his band who supported him flawlessly for the whole concert, even if they did tend to occasionally overpower Paul Young's voice. Special mention must be made of the guitarist Steve Boltz whose guitar work excelled in many songs, particularly the solo in "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse

Down".

There is very little criticism one can make of such a professional show, indeed Paul Young and his band enhanced the already fine live reputation they have by providing a very polished display.

Noiseworks, who supported him, had only forty minutes to win over the crowd but they succeeded admirably with a powerful rendition of "No Lies".

They showed enough to prove that it won't be long before they are playing out concerts at Thebarton.



## SOUNDS

**U-VOX**  
Ultravox  
Chrysalis

by Richard Wilson

First impressions can often be misleading. The new Ultravox album is called U-Vox, and the whole cover is a garish bright pink. One can only assume the band enjoyed *Pretty In Pink*.

As for the music, however, it still contains the Ultravox trademark piano lines and semi-anthem choruses.

It's the group's fifth album with Midge Ure, and their first without original drummer, Warren Cann (Big Country's Mark Brzezicki performs that task on this album).

After going around in circles for the past couple of albums, on U-Vox we hear a deeper, more complex collection of songs, reminiscent of the enigmatic and sometimes obscure 1981 offering, *Rage in Eden*.

The uptempo tracks, such as the first single, *Same Old Story*, and *The Prize*, generally fail to inspire. This is partly due to the inclusion of brass for the first time. *Moon Madness* is one exception to this: a tightly-arranged sweetly-melodic piece. All pretty pleasant to listen to, though Midge Ure's wailing vocals also get tiresome after awhile.

It is on the slower tracks, however, that the most telling passages of music occur. There is an ambience to them which has only been aspired to since the classic Vienna album. The haunting *Dream On*, and the second single, *All Fall Down* (with music supplied by Irish folk band, *The Chieftains*) are gems.

On the whole, I'd describe U-Vox as being similar to a lump of quartz: contained within its outer surfaces are patches of glistening beauty, interspersed with lumps of worthless crud.

## Stirring melodies and thundering basses simply brilliant

**PLEASURE ONE**  
Heaven 17  
Virgin

by Joe Penhall

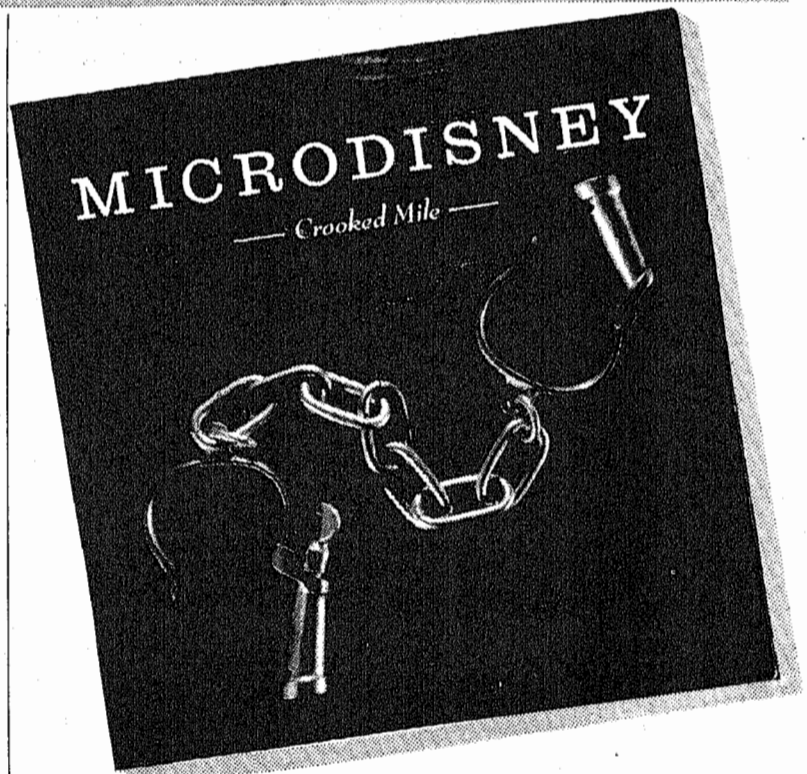
They of the stirring melodies and thundering basses have done it again with *Pleasure One*

*Heaven 17* aren't your average funk band, or your average pop band, and this album is testimony to that. They are simply brilliant.

The album's opener "Contenders" and first single is a brittle powerful song. The first line: "We're going to stop this world from turning" is indication of what is to come.

"Trouble" - also released as a single - is a more mellow variation of the same stirring "Get Up Off Our Knees" theme: "We'll take this place, we'll make it happen" is a promise which the band will hopefully fulfil with this album. As the album closes with the chant:

"Free to choose my brother  
Free to choose my brother."  
there is the suggestion that perhaps this time they will.



## MicroMellow

**MICRODISNEY**  
Crooked Mile  
Virgin

by Richard Wilson

It's not a particularly nice thing to say, but nothing about this album strikes me as being at all original.

Picture, if you will, a song by Australian band, *The Triffids*, played in a gentle American country and western style by an English group, and you get an idea of the sound of *Microdisney*.

As for the lead vocals on the album, if you combine the styles of Paul Young and David Sylvian, but take away the singing ability, you

get an idea of Cathal Coughlan's voice.

Of the songs, 'Give Me All Your Clothes' is innocuous enough, while 'Armadillo Man', 'Town To Town', and 'Mrs Simpson' contain pleasant chord progressions.

On the whole, however, the material is too homogenous, and as exciting as a cup of self-raising flour.

Despite the fact *Crooked Mile* contains 12 songs and over 51 minutes of smooth, easy-listening music, I can't see it getting more than passing attention from commercial programmes or the recording crowd.

BOOK

MARKS

DINO DI ROSA

*How to be Ridiculously Well-Read in One Evening* is the cunning linguistic stunt of a group of in-joking writers, compiled and edited by someone called E.O. Parrott. Subtitled "A Collection of Literary Encapsulations", it rather sends up and belittles every famous writer from Anon. to Oscar Wilde by way of legerdemain limericks, perverse verse and blasphemous blurbs. Of worth only to pedants and bores, I therefore bequeath this review copy (Penguin, \$7.95) to Law/Arts student and literary trouble-shooter, Stephen Horan, who needs only to come into the *On Dit* office and ask for it.

William S. Burroughs, the one and only American writer of such subterranean exercises as *The Naked Lunch* and *Port of Saints*, has had recently published *Sodomizing the Corpse and Other Stories*. No, that's not true: I'm just shit-stirring, seeing if you're alive or dead out there, venting my anachronistic angst. Letters of complaint can be addressed straight to me, care of *On Dit*, or *Ennui*, as I have heard it pronounced.

The story goes that when the River Torrens was last drained of its limpid water, hundreds of copies of *The Adelaide Review* were found scattered and saturated in its silt...

People interested in reviewing books for *On Dit* are needed. It may be possible to obtain request if they are recent releases. Wonder down to the *On Dit* office, *On Dit Lane*, South-Western end of the cloisters.

The name of Paul Theroux has been seen often recently in books pages and on movie posters: his most recent novel, *O-Zone*, has been doing the rounds, as has the inconsequential film based on his earlier book, *The Mosquito Coast*. For some reason, we here at *On Dit* have received from the people at Penguin a 1974 work of his, *The Black House*. And no one wants to review it, in spite of the back cover blub promising a "fatal triangle of fear, fantasy and supernatural eroticism." Dare I nominate it *Theroux of Glass Darkly*? Perhaps Stephen Horan might like again to saunter down *On Dit Lane*, perchance actually read the Theroux and review it, and show us all how literary criticism is done.

The late, great aesthetic pedester and meticulous butterfly collector, Vladimir "The Impaler" Nabokov, has had his good name, by all accounts, besmirched because of the publication, by his son and translator Dmitri, of his early lost work, *The Enchanter*. Apparently, it is a 'embryonic (emBryonic?) draft of his purple prose, priapic masterpiece *Lolita*, and critics that I have read do not like it much at all. But still, get a whiff of this emission: "His nocturnal despair was forgotten, he knew that her friend (whose husband had not come at all) was also out doing errands - and the foretaste of finding the girl alone melted like cocaine in his loins". *The Enchanter* will be reviewed in the coming weeks.

## Scrapes the bottom of the Ozlit barrel

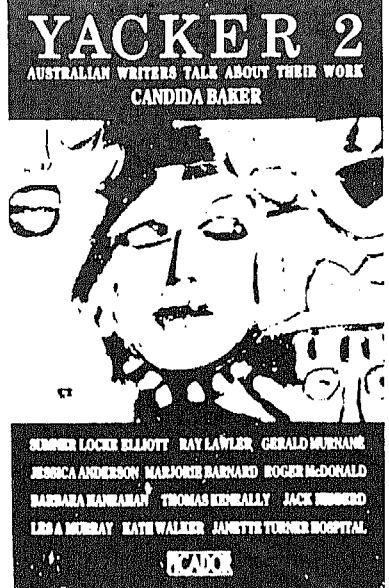
**Yacker 2:**  
Australian Writers Talk About Their Work  
Candida Baker  
Picador, \$14.95

by Dino di Rosa

When the American writer S. J. Perelman was asked, in an interview, how many drafts he took to write a story, he mocked, in a slow-burn: "Thirty-seven. I once tried doing thirty-three, but something was lacking, a certain — how shall I say? — *je ne sais quoi*. On another occasion, I tried forty-two versions, but the final effect was too lapidary — you know what I mean, Jack? What the hell are you trying to extort — my trade secrets?"

There is often fear and trembling among writers when confronted by even the thought of the wordless void, that exists between them and their interviewers: because they deal with the Word as written, they have to think twice about placing alongside it the addenda and errata of words as-spoken. Exhibitionism and voyeurism does of course play a part, but in the best case, such as *The Paris Review* interviews and Candida Baker's second volume of duologues with Australian writers, so does a genuine need to face the critical music and the readership, to exchange letters and ideas, to indulge for once in the "stark insensibility" which Dr Johnson called his own "fortitude of mind."

Baker's *Yackers* 1 and 2 have often been compared to *The Paris Review*, with its reprints of the subject's manuscripts (an act, however, which Vladimir Nabokov once likened to passing around samples of one's sputum), photo-portraits of the artists as middle-aged men and women, and



an atmosphere of bookish informality.

The successful first *Yacker* involved the forefront of Australian writing (Helen Garner, Peter Carey, Christina Stead, Elizabeth Jolley and David Malouf, among others), whereas this one, though it boasts the likes of Gerald Murnane, Les A. Murray and Thomas Kenneally, shows signs of scraping a bit the bottom of the Ozlit barrel (or should that be keg?) (I carefully bypassed the interview with expatriate Sumner Locke Elliott, in case I might hear him.) But we do receive human insights into these still rather anonymous repositories of art, their inscrutable portraits jarring with their indefinite manuscripts, their chaotic thoughts clashing with their cosmic writings. "I just want the pure world of me and the writing," Barbara Hanrahan explains, "where the writing is like a religion."

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**WOMAN: YOUR BODY, YOUR HEALTH**

Claire Rayner  
Pitman Publishing

by Moya Dodd

Clare Rayner's *Woman: Your body, your health* is another in the line of *Our bodies, Our selves* - style get-to-know-yourself women's health books, but boasts the kind of lavish presentation that other writers only dreamed about.

With colour on every page and lots of flash plastic overlays (illustrating exactly where your muscles are on your bones etc), *Woman* could hardly fail to impress.

Its author, Claire Rayner, is a 55 year-old former nurse who has spent the last 25 years in writing, as an agony columnist in newspapers

and magazines, and broadcasting, with her own radio TV series.

At times, the book begins to read like a high school science text, and it is liberally sprinkled with its author's comments on matters non-medical, but it does what many have failed to do - communicate complex information in a lively and readable manner, and use an everyday style without bringing down the value judgements of popular prejudice.

This book includes chapters on anatomy, puberty, menstruation, sex, fertility, illness, old age and lifestyle. Of course, they are all called by far more reader-friendly names, like 'Woman's Body', 'Woman's Rhythm', 'Woman in Maturity', and 'Woman's Wellbeing'. And above all, you don't need a degree in science to understand them.

CELLULOID  
Henry Krinkle.



Lea Thompson from "Some Kind Of Wonderful"

Films which start this week include: the comedy *The Whoopie Boys*, starring Denholm Elliott and Michael O'Keefe (Hindley, April 16); John Hughes' *Sure Kind Of Wonderful*, starring Lea Thompson and Eric Stolz (Hindley, April 16); the Richard Pryor comedy *Critical Condition* (Hindley, April 16); the comedy *Modern Girls* (Academy, April 16); *Light of Day*, starring Michael J. Fox and Joan Jett (Academy, April 16) and re-release of Disney's *Pinocchio* (Hindley, April 16).

Buff's Film Choice:

*Tenue de Soiree* (Classic); *Death in a French Garden* (Trak); *A Room With A View* (Hindley); *Platoon* (Hindley); *Stand By Me* (Academy).

Platoon:

Probably one of the best war movies ever made, and already a classic of the genre. Oliver Stone's Vietnam melodrama is so straightforward, so pared down into hand-to-hand conflicts between Good and Bad, Right and Wrong, that maybe there isn't any room for art. But as Jonathan Hainsworth wrote last week, "It's the real thing..." not before time. (Hindley)

Children of a Lesser God:

Another Jane Everett special. The best part of deaf-actress Miss Matlin is her cleavage, and the fact that no one, least of all her, will be able to hear her screams.... Her little translator must be having a great time under her bed translating her moans and commands to real-life lover William Hurt... (Hoyts)

The Color Of Money:

A rather needless sequel, a quarter-century hence, of *The Hustler*, with Paul Newman again as Fast Eddie Felson, out to make another big killing via a young hot-shot pool-player, Tom Cruise. Martin Scorsese directs feverishly as always, but his priorities are all wrong, the wrong kind of picture, and the last half is thematically a bunch of crap. (Hindley)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS  
Hindley Cinemas

by Arthur Kavooris

*Little Shop of Horrors* is basically a spoof of 40-50's boy-meets-girl musicals, woven around a completely idiotic plot. For the greater part, the music works well, but it gets bogged down half-way through with the romantic entanglement of Seymour and Audrey. The film quickly picks up momentum when Audrey II grows too big to be controlled by Seymour any longer.

The performance by the players gives this spaced-out cartoon musical it's appeal. *Little Shop of Horrors* offers its audiences something different in modern motion-picture entertainment.

Who would have thought in 1960 that a three-day cheapie Roger Corman horror flick about a man-eating plant would become a smash hit stage musical in the 1980's?

It has, and the film adaptation is every bit as enjoyable and thoroughly entertaining as the stage musical.

As with the Roger Corman version, *Little Shop of Horrors* is set in 1960, in that part of town where all the no-hopers gather, known as "skid road". Mr Mushnik (Vincent Gardenia) owns Mushnik's Flower Store, where his two employees, Seymour (Rick Moranis) and Audrey (Ellen Greene) whittle away their time, waiting for a customer. In a last-minute effort to save his job, Seymour places his "strange and unusual" plant, which he has named Audrey II, in the front window, in the hope that it will attract customers. No sooner than he puts

Audrey II on display, a flood of paying customers stampedes into the shop and buys everything in sight.

Everyone is happy except Audrey II, which is wilting. Mr Mushnik orders Seymour to stay in the shop and nurse the plants back to good health, or he will lose his job. Seymour feeds Audrey II every plant food and fertiliser known to him, but nothing works, until, to his horror, Seymour discovers that the strange and unusual plant feeds on fresh human blood.

Rick Moranis, who appeared in *Ghostbusters* and the ill-fated *Club Paradise* fares better as the myopic Seymour. His performance as the awkward but lovable geek who secretly lusts after Audrey, downplays

the severity of his behaviour. He is in top form, as is Ellen Greene, looking like she had been sucked into clothing, and wearing a push-up bra, she plays the quintessential dumb blonde. Her character soon loses its appeal when we meet her boyfriend, the dentist (Steve Martin).

His portrayal as the blood-thirsty, sadistic dentist who has a kamikaze approach to dentistry, will make you relive your childhood fears. Steve Martin is superb, especially his solo where he tells the audience what its like to be a dentist, is the film's show stopper. He, along with an assortment of former *Saturday Night Live* comedians, provide many of the laughs.

Amongst the best is John Candy as Whilk Milker, sen. The D. J. on Skid Road Radio is played by Bill Murray in the role that was perfected by Jack Nicholson on the stage. Murray plays the masochistic dental patient that gleans pleasure from Martin's barbaric attacks on his gums.

The 50's style musical numbers are entertaining, especially the little song performed by the Supremes-inspired trio known as the Rondells, and the Oscar-nominated song "Mean Green Mother from Outer Space", performed by Levi Tubbs. The cartoon-like sets are yet another attraction of *Little Shop of Horrors*, as they give the film an adult fairy-tale quality.

Once upon a time in  
South America...

THE MISSION  
Hindley Cinemas  
Chelsea Cinemas

by Jamie Skinner

*The Mission* opens with a startling scene where a priest who has been crucified on a cross is sent down the river and over a waterfall.

Instantly the audience realises that this film is about faith.

The year is 1750. Jesuit missionaries in what is now Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina, were sent to South America to fish for souls. They set up villages where they taught the Indians Christianity and civilised them. But the Spanish and Portuguese empires at that time had divided their land with that of the missions. In this year, two European empires set up a boundary commission to ratify their borders. The two kingdoms' plan was to weaken the power of the Jesuits, thereby gaining control of all the land. Father Gabriel (Jeremy Irons) is sent out to discover why the Guarani tribe killed a Jesuit missionary and to set up a mission on the land at the top of the reaching Iguazu Waterfall.

This unclaimed area is also the target of an angry slave trader whose outward anger hides his insecurity. He is Rodrigo Mendoza, and is played by Robert de Niro, fit with aristocratic beard and handsome accent. De Niro's most recent pictures, *Falling in Love*, *Once Upon A Time In America*, and *Brazil* show that he still maintains a big drawing power at the box office but of late seems to be mostly featuring in quality British-backed productions.

When Mendoza's mistress tells him that he is in love with his brother, he is grief stricken. In his anger, Felipe (Aidan Quinn from *Reckless* and *Desperately Seeking Susan*) intercedes Mendoza in a fight and Mendoza kills his brother in a duel.

Father Gabriel then finds Mendoza in an asylum where he tells him that his grief and anger can be the genesis of his redemption by becoming a missionary.

Mendoza goes through a dangerous trek with the mission as he must carry a net containing swords, pistols and armour. This makes for some skillful edge of the cliff photography.

When they reach the Guarani tribe, they recognise Mendoza and almost kill him. Gabriel keeps the peace and the Indians toss the weighty net over the rockface. Mendoza breaks up and the tribe feel remorse for the hunter who killed their kin.

De Niro's character from the beginning of the film changes from a tyrannical mercenary to that of a reborn missionary. Irons, who has appeared as gentlemanly as in *Swann In Love* or *The French Lieutenant's Woman* or as a Polish worker in Jerzy Skowlimowski's *Moonlighting*. His



Robert de Niro from Roland Joffe's, "The Mission"

role as an intellectually spiritual man of the cloth is an inspiring performance but sometimes borders on a copy of Peter O'Toole's younger years.

*The Mission* almost falls into the trap of Boorman's *Emerald Forest*, Beineix's *Moon In The Gutter* and Hudson's *Revolution* by being so visually attractive that it seems the director was more concerned with the set pieces, backdrops, tinted shadows and camera angles than continuity. Sergio Leone achieved an irregular balance between the storytelling and the imagery in *Once Upon A Time In America*. Roland Joffe, the director who made *The Killing Fields* a couple of years back does get lost in the beauty and magnificence.

But Chris Menges' photography is very surreal. The shots taken on the waterfall, in the jungle and of the mission are breathtaking and breathless. Menges has added a yellow tint to his camera lens, creating that constant late-afternoon early-evening feeling effect in nearly every shot. Anyone who appreciates a visually attractive film should see *The Mission* just for its photography.

Ennio Morricone, who has composed scores for countless movies, including the *Once Upon A Time* tryp-tych and much of Sergio Leone's work, provides yet another harrowing and haunting score, reflecting the mood of the picture. Mr Morricone uses pan flutes, the Spanish guitar and the orchestrations of the London Symphony, creating a romantic soundtrack full of the film's emotion.

Veteran scriptwriter Robert Bolt gets to write about natives again after penning the screenplay for 84's underrated remake of *The Bounty*. Bolt's script lacks conversational dialogue and lets the pictures tell the story. Some critics have slammed this, saying that the film doesn't reveal enough about the characters.

And so is the critical fate of *The Mission* divided. The Cannes Film Festival last year found it worthy of its Golden Palme, but it has not yet been the commercial success that *The Killing Fields*, *Midnight Express* and *Chariots Of Fire* were. Producer of those movies, David Puttnam, collaborated with Fernando Ghia, who hasn't done anything notable since *Lady Caroline Lamb*. Together they financed this picture with Goldcrest. *The Mission* cost a staggering \$38 million to make and will be lucky to go into profits. It was indeed the dark horse at this year's Oscars race. It is more a film for pseudo-intellectuals to orgasm over than a commercial quality film like the pro-American Vietnam saga *Platoon* or the Hollywood house play *Children Of A Lesser God*.

It has been well-edited to just over two hours — it could have been a lot longer. It is filmed in that detract-observational manner, where the imagery gives it its scope, not its script. Leone's gangster epic *Once Upon A Time In America* utilised the same filmic licence.

*The Mission* is not a film about Jesuit missionaries. The history books say that the Jesuits raped, pillaged,

and spread disease amongst the South American tribes. *The Mission* is about two missionaries with the underlying theme of faith argument.

The film tries to convey what faith is — believing in an idea without bending. Irons plays the most weak and helpless character in the whole cast, but comes off as the strongest.

When Cardinal Altamirano (Ray McNally) gives the verdict in the Treaty of Madrid: the missionaries must return to Europe and the Guarani tribe must return to the jungle, Irons cannot explain the will of God to Mendoza and the Indians. Some decide to fight with Mendoza, the others retreat with Gabriel. Mendoza and Gabriel are now divided and united in belief.

The final battle scene where the Indians are bloodily massacred by the Europeans is a disappointment. It is more choreographed than staged and moves too quickly to obtain any realism. This is where the film starts to end up like *Gallipoli*.

The death of Mendoza and Gabriel reveal the message behind *The Mission* — that to have real faith, one must not turn back after misfortune — even if it means death. The inspiration and beliefs set by the two Jesuits live on after their deaths. It is the test of their faith.

*The Mission*, despite its flaws is a great movie. It could be aptly titled *Once Upon A Time In South America*. It's a better movie than *The Killing Fields*.

Big Green Mother makes mayhem



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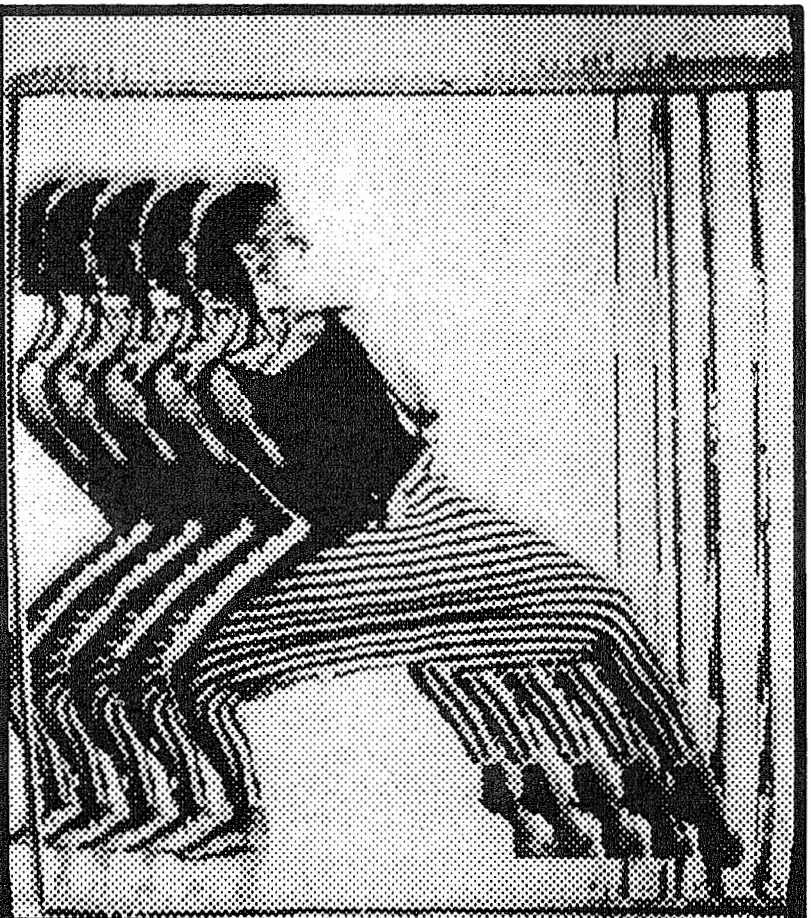
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## MEETINGS

**AU China Society**  
The A.G.M. will be held on Wednesday 15th April, at 1.10 pm in Room 533 Oliphant Wing, Centre for Asian Studies. Elections will be held for committee. Refreshments available. All welcome.

**AU Chess Club**  
Any people interested in playing Chess at lunch times, the Chess Club meets in the Clubs Common Room, Level 5, at 1.10 pm on Thursday. All players are welcome.

**Juggling Club**  
Tuesday and Thursday 1.00 pm. Yes you too can learn to juggle at lunchtime, as long as you have 2 hands, 3 balls and 1 tongue. Come along and find out where to stick your tongue. Barr Smith Lawns or Games Room if wet.  
BYO Balls please.

**Debating Club**  
All who are interested in debating this year must come to this meeting to be placed in teams. Interschool Debating will also be discussed, and interested debaters are invited to express an interest in the competition, to be held in Wellington N.Z., in May.

**A.U. Science Fiction Association Film Events**  
A film night showing *Little Shop of Horrors* will be held on Tuesday 14th April. We will meet in the Rubble at 7.00 pm to converge en masse to the 7.15 pm session.  
Also, remember, committee meetings are held 1 pm Mondays in the 'Rubble' or Clubrooms, level 5, Union House. All members and non-members welcome.

**Adelaide University Billiards and Snooker Club:**  
Next club night is Thursday 16th April 1987 at 7 pm in the Post-Tel Institute, 2A Franklin Street (just at the rear of the G.P.O. and past the post office driveway).  
All equipment is provided free of charge, and we have the use of six full sized tables. Excellent catering facilities are available.  
The club is also considering the purchase of a set of eight balls, and incorporating this into the Club's activities. This issue will be decided upon at the upcoming Annual General Meeting.  
All interested persons are welcome to come along, whether you can hold a cue or not, and enjoy the friendly atmosphere whilst having a game.

**SCM:**  
This week we will be having an Easter discussion. We will meet in Meeting Room 1 (Level 5, of Union Building - near Games Room) at 1 pm, Thursday (bring your lunch). All welcome.

**Lutheran Students Fellowship**  
Thursday, April 16. No meeting today due to the Grand Lottery Draw.

**Notice of the Annual General Meeting of AUCARE (Adelaide University Campaign Against Racial Exploitation).**  
1.10 pm Thursday April 30th, 1987. South Dining Room, Level 4, Union House.  
Agenda:  
- Reports from 1986-87 Officers  
- Co-covenantors  
- Treasurer  
- Any others  
Election:  
of 1987-88 Officers  
- Co-covenantors (2)  
- Treasurer  
- Clubs Association Delegate  
Welcome to South African refugee students studying at Adelaide University.  
Plans for 1987 activities.  
Appointment of delegates (3) and observers (?) to attend CARE National Conference in Wollongong NSW, on May 30th-31st (the end of exam week. May holidays) - also consider travel expenses.  
Please note this meeting down in your diary now... and don't forget to turn up and have your say in the running of your club this year. Besides, it will be a great opportunity to meet Stella, Alan and Don, the South African refugee scholarship students this year. See you there.  
Linda Gale, 1986-87 Co-covenantor.

**AU Surfing Club:**  
Meeting 1 pm on lawns in front of the Sports Association Office. Tuesday 14th April. New members welcome.

**Student notices are published free on this page, subject to space. Lodge your notice at the On DIT office, south-west corner of cloisters or drop it into one of the notice boxes in the SAUA office or refectories. Deadline for notices is 12 noon on Wednesdays prior to publication.**

**A.U. Students Life**  
The resurrection of Jesus Christ - fact or fiction.  
Wednesday April 15. 1 pm North Dining Room.  
This Audio Visual presented by Student Life looks at the historical evidence for the greatest event in history.  
Free. All welcome.

**Evangelical Union Prayer Meetings:**  
Mon. 8.30am EU Room  
Tues. 8.30 am EU Room  
Wed. 8.30 am North Dining room  
Thurs. 1.00 pm EU Room  
Fri. 8.30 am EU Room  
**Tuesday Meeting:**  
1.00 pm North Dining Room, Grant Thorpe will give the first of his talks on the theme "Being Sure of the Truth". This week: "Knowing the Truth of Fatherhood".  
**Brekky:**  
Thurs 7.30 am Dining Rooms. This week Ian Borham will tell us about his missionary experiences in Spain.  
**Cell Groups:**  
These are small, faculty groups that meet weekly for prayer and Bible study.  
**ARTS:** - Mon. 1.00pm Napier 207  
**ENGINEERING:** - Mon. 1.00 pm Engineering Tea Rooms  
**MATHS SCIENCE:** - Fri. 1.00 pm EU Room  
**MUSIC:** - Wed. 1.00 pm EU Room  
**SCIENCE I:** - Fri. 1.00 pm Chapel  
**SCIENCE II:** - Thurs. 1.00 pm Chapel.

**AU History Club Presents:**  
Dr. Christopher Hill: Oliver Cromwell: The politics of Irreverence. Thursday 23 April. 1 pm: History of Politics Common room, 4th floor Napier Building.

Documentary "ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE" screening at lunchtime (1.00 - 2.00 pm) on Monday 6th, Wednesday, 8th, Thursday 9th, Monday 13th and Tuesday 14th April in the 'Close Committee Room', City Campus of SACAE (on the first floor of the old main building off Kintore Avenue [not the big green one]; the building, that is, not the avenue.)  
If you've ever wondered about the truthfulness of the Bible, the science of Archaeology has a message for you.  
Archaeologists' excavations in Bible lands over the last two centuries have made many discoveries which accurately link up with the Bible's record of the past.  
- It's worth checking out.

**AU Micro-computer Club:**  
A.G.M. Wednesday 7.30 pm in the Clubs Area. All members please attend.

## MUSIC

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**Union Activities beginning Monday April 13th**  
Monday April 15th - 1 pm, Activities Council Meeting in Union Office.  
Wednesday April 15th - 2 - 4 pm, New release music in Union Bar; 6 - 9 pm, Music students performance in Union Bistro.  
Thursday April 16th - 1 pm, Voucher Scheme Lottery Draws on Barr Smith Lawns. Your chance to win some of the thirty prizes including Union fee refunds. *Cameo Trek* for 2 out to Alice Springs, lunch with the Vice Chancellor, etc. if you entered the voucher scheme. Special guest drawers. You must be present to win any of the 3 Union fee refunds, other prizewinners hold; 9 pm, Free entertainment in Union Bar with F.A.B. returning to Adelaide Uni at last. AU Students free, Guests \$3. No shows over Easter break, Union Complex closed.

**Coming Entertainment**  
*Seaweed & Wire*  
*Venom P. Stinger*  
*Cockroaches* from Sydney for end of term.

**The Gallery and Gallery Coffee Shop:**  
**The Gallery:**  
Each year the Union Gallery runs an exciting exhibition programme presenting a wide range of media designed to stimulate students' interest, and imagination.

We keep prints on hand in our Print Rack and have beautiful hand-crafted objects for both display and sale in the gallery Showcase. The Gallery also encourages students who paint, draw, take photographs, or make hand-crafted objects to talk to the Arts Officer about displaying or selling their works through the Gallery, as many Craft Studio students users do. (There are some excellent craft - and art-related courses being run at the Craft Studio).  
• There are Board Games such as Backgammon, Trivial Pursuit, Chess and others to be borrowed.  
• Music listening facilities - borrow head phones for the Loft Lounge area upstairs after selecting your choice of music from the catalogue. We have a very wide selection of many types of music.  
• Video equipment may be borrowed/hired.  
**Ask the Arts Officer About:**  
• Organising  
- a theatrical event/a performance/a poetry reading or other  
- a film night on a film programme  
- an exhibition/display  
- other arts related events  
• Using video equipment (classes to be held, depending on demand)  
• Using a 16 mm film projector.  
We also provide daily newspapers, both local and interstate; magazines - current affairs, art, music and film; the latest information on what's on in Adelaide for film/theatre/exhibition goers.

**The Gallery Coffee Shop:**  
Undeniably the best place for good coffee and fresh foods on campus. As our advertising has it "Coffee, culture, and the best view of the Torrens on campus." And now the Coffe Shop is licensed to serve wine with meals!  
We have delicious cakes, soups, savouries (according to season) baked in our own kitchen, freshly made country-baked bread rolls and sandwiches with an exciting range of fillings and fresh salads.  
We can also arrange our specialised catering for your functions in the Gallery - small meetings, morning teas and luncheons, presentations and similar functions are always very successful. Please consult with us well in advance to avoid disappointment.  
Hours of Opening:  
The Gallery: Mon - Fri 10 am - 5 pm  
(and Saturdays 2 pm - 5 pm for selected exhibitions)  
The Gallery Coffee Shop: Mon - Fri 10 am - 4 pm



# PSYCHOSOMATICS And the AVERAGE FISH episode 6

**Well, here it is...**

**WHEN WE LAST LEFT JONQUIL, SHE HAD DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME, AND MOVE INTO A SHARE HOUSE WITH A FISH TANK...**

**IT'S PERFECT! I'LL TAKE IT!**

**...SO JONQUIL AND NAUSEA (THAT'S THIS BAT'S NAME) SETTLE DOWN FOR A NICE CUP OF TEA AND A COSY LITTLE CHAT WHILE NAUSEA INTRODUCES JONQUIL TO THE OTHER RESIDENTS OF THE AFORESAID SHAREHOUSE, TWO CATS.....**

**...NAMED ANAEMIA AND ASBESTOS WHO, BEFORE JOINING THE HOUSEHOLD, WERE OBLIGED TO SIGN CONTRACTS PROMISING NOT TO EAT ANY OF THE OTHER HOUSEHOLDERS....**

**WERE NOT ALL HERE, THOUGH. OBNOXIOUS IS NOT HOME...**

**OBNOXIOUS?**

**YES. OBNOXIOUS IS INTO ETERNAL QUESTS, SO YOU BOTH SHOULD GET ON WELL....**

**LATER THAT EVENING...**

**YOU'RE ...OBNOXIOUS!**

**THANK YOU. IT IS ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE... FISH.**

**NEXT WEEK SOME JOKES... PREHAPS.**

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! STUDENT RADIO WEDNESDAY 11:30 pm - 12:30 am. MORE FUN THAN YOU CAN THROW A FISH AT - AND WE'VE TRIED!

# START AT THE BACK

Edited by Rupert and Enzo

## China Crisis

If you thought that Australian television was bland, the people of Renhua County in Guangdong Province in China were bedazzled recently when a porno movie went public.

Two men borrowed a videotape of a 20 minute pornographic film *The Massage Girl* and went to the local TV station to make their own copy.

But the station's transmitter hadn't been turned off and the film was aired live.

The *China Daily* reports that "many residents of the country were shocked to see the licentious pictures."

One of the men had borrowed a key to the station from his wife who worked there.

"The two men believed that the station's transmitter was turned off, but unfortunately the person on duty the previous night had only cut off the main switch but not the electricity to the transmitter, thus allowing the obscene film to go public," the paper said.

The two men have been arrested for broadcasting indecent exposure.

## Murder Gras

By late afternoon last Sunday, twenty people had been murdered in Rio de Janeiro, a city of 10 million people. Last Sunday, 21 were murdered, and in 1986, an average of 7.8 people a day were murdered in Rio. That is a total of 2 849 people.

## American update

Amount of money that the New York State Lottery has given out since it began in 1976:

\$3,556,000,000.

Cost of a 1987 model of the Excalibur Roadster: \$65,000.

Cost of a 1965 model: \$7,250.

Cost of a plaque on the Chemical Bank's automatic telling machines with the instructions in braille: \$100.

Cost of a bulletproof trenchcoat able to repel a .38 bullet: \$495.



## STUDENT COACHCARD

GIVING ONE THIRD OFF NATIONAL EXPRESS & SCOTTISH CITYLINK STANDARD FARES (ONLY £3.50 VALID FOR 12 MONTHS)

Somebody reads this column!

The entries to our captions competition have been coming in by the truckload; we have obviously inspired all those writers in their lonely garrets. The Literary Society must be fuming. (Speaking of which, did you know that the editor of their magazine, which publishes the poetry and prose of members, has re-opened

the date by which entries can be submitted? Turns out that the editor of *Diphthong*, Dino di Rosa, has successfully lost every single contribution. Commiserations, garret-dwellers.)

We will continue the comp until next week, and thus re-print the comic here. Meanwhile, some of the ripper entries that we have had so far:

"1. I don't care... If I do it with one more cucumber I'll turn green.

2. Never mind Greg, its not how big it is, its whether its got a condom on it that counts.

3. No, I think that's the sewerage pipe bursting again.

4. So if you're determined to catch AIDS, new 'Student Coach Card' with built-in sexism, will open up a whole new world of opportunities." (Troy Dangerfield, who is not entirely unconnected with that comic which is, symbolically, beneath this column).

"1. I wonder why the Mycenæans of Knossos ate cheese?

2. Oh shit, I forgot to buy that book, 'project Squid workshop on Gas Turbine Combustor Design Problems'.

3. Fancy the definition of jockstrap being 'Support or protection of male genitals'.

4. Next week, we check the progress of Eric the tapeworm, as he continues to maintain his rage against Marxism (and the Feudal State)." (John Eastman)

A number of weirdos suggested the same opening line: "But Greg, you know you can't put a square peg in a round hole," and a pair of sinister perverts included a condom with their entry (unused, thankfully). An amazing amount of people thought that poor Greg had wax in his ears. If we were sociologists, we would use this to prove that Western civilisation is doomed, and if we were Marxists, we would prove that all capitalists are decadent. But all we had was a good laugh. Keep 'em coming. And the entries too.

## He's incentivated

Barrie Unsworth, the N.S.W. Premier, has unveiled plans to make Sydney the Paris of the Southern hemisphere. He called it "Parisianisation".

## Cloak and dagger!

There are no flies on the National Crime Authority. A painting in the foyer of the N.C.A.'s offices in Sydney has this caption: "Painting, untitled. Artist, unknown."

## Quotables

Oliver Tambo, on whether he would be meeting Bruce Ruxton: "From what I'm told, he's lost to our cause".

Fred Nile: "The human waste disposal tract was never intended by God the Creator, or Nature, to be used for these unnatural acts."

President Reagan, on the meeting between Nancy and Donald Reagan, whom she had sacked: "It was just Don and Nancy and their food tasters."

*Pravda*, discovering the laws of democracy: "The number of candidates should be greater than the number of seats."

Jen Hodder, director of the WA Tourism Industry Association, on tourists: "We want them to come, but we want them to go home again as well."

NSW Premier Barrie Unsworth: "I have been sitting in a queue trying to get across the Harbour Bridge for about the last 30 years..."

Sir Les Patterson, on his preferred underwear: "Personally, I swear by boxer shorts, so I can put it down one leg or the other."

Indonesian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Mochtar, on his countrymen's toiletry habits: "If you go to the toilet, do not sit there too long. That kind of attitude is not what Indonesia wants."

Mike Carlton, of 2GB: "Every time I turn around, there's Ita Buttrose trying to put a condom on me."

David Williamson, on his \$1.8m Balmain waterfront home: "No-one in Sydney ever wastes time debating the meaning of life - it's getting yourself a water frontage. People devote a lifetime to the quest."

Sylvester Stallone, on the reaction to his latest film: "I am extremely proud of *Over The Top*. What the critics consider a flop, I consider a success."

IM SURE IT WONT BE LONG BEFORE SYLVESTER STALLONE FIGURES HE CAN MULTIPLY HIS EARNINGS BY PUTTING HIS BIGGEST MONEY MAKERS TOGETHER IN THE ONE MOVIE... AND HE'LL PROBABLY CALL IT:

# ROCKY V / RAMBO III / STALLONE = MILLIONS!

